THE HISTORY OF THE COMMUNITY Of Freedom

Information provided by the people of Freedom

About 68 pages

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HISTORY OF FREEDOM, WYOMING

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INTRODUCTION

In 1878 due to difficulties with the government authorities in Utah, the General Authorities of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, found it necessary to locate other areas for the settlement of the Saints. Apostle Moses Thatcher was delegated to do some exploring with this in mind he was guided on this venture by "Indian John". We know little about the guide, yet he was of sufficient importance to have been mentioned. As they emerged from Crow Creek Canyon, they found a vantage point over looking the valley. Brother Thatcher explained, “I hereby name this valley, Star Valley, because it is the star of all valleys,” this same feeling has been expressed by many people who see the valley for the first time.

Star Valley was known to, pathfinders, trappers, and traders fifty years prior to Brother Thatcher's officially giving it a name. Many of the streams and lakes bear the names of men in the company of Price Hunt's Historians. The Hoback River and Smith's Forks were both named after men in this company. These early adventurers found the flora and fauna of the area attractive and useful. The canyons, from which the beautiful streams emerge to join the Salt River through its way through the valley, had abundant sources of timber, which could be used for fuel and the building of homes. The trees and shrubs added a great deal to the beauty of the landscape. Poplars and Pines were the dominant flora, but there was a large variety of less important trees and shrubs that added to the attractiveness of the mountains.

There was an abundance of game and fish in the canyons and streams. This was an important source of food for those who first arrived in the valley. Little effort was needed to catch fish, trapping being the chief method used. Deer, sage chicken, grouse, ducks and geese, also helped supply the food for the early settlers who were often in short supply. The purpose of giving this introduction is to acquaint the reader with the area. I am afraid that some may feel, from what I have said that these early settlers had a very easy time of it, and that little effort was needed to make an adequate living. Nothing could be further from the truth. Even though ‘Mother Nature’ truly blessed this area, she also created some natural barriers to comfortable living. She isolated it fifty miles from the nearest settlement, with access gained only by long, tortuous trails. She also played havoc with the seasons. Long cold winters are the rule, with snow in the valley often reaching depths of five feet. Temperatures of fifty degrees below zero were not uncommon when readings were first recorded.

It was difficult to store sufficient food for the family and livestock to last through the winter. If it became necessary to replenish the supply, it entailed a journey of one hundred to one hundred fifty miles on snowshoes, carrying the supplies on their backs the entire distance.

The cattle and horses often survived by feeding on the willows that bordered the many streams. Despite the difficulties encountered, the hardy settlers were able to establish several thriving communities. My purpose in this paper is to give the reader further insights into the problems and joys the settlers encountered in establishing one of these communities, Freedom, Wyoming.

EARLY SETTLERS OF FREEDOM

Freedom lies in the north central part of Star Valley, partly in Idaho and partly in Wyoming. To add to this unique feature, its boundaries include parts of three counties; Caribou and Bonneville in Idaho and Lincoln in Wyoming. The post office was originally located in Idaho, and the town was known as Freedom, Idaho. Difficulty arose, when it was discovered that another town in northern Idaho had the same name. In the year 1922, the Idaho State authorities informed them that they would have to change the name of the town. They had become attached to the name, by which it had been known, and rather than change it they decided to move the post office into Wyoming. This was done by G.A. Newswander, post master at the time.

Freedom was first settled in June of 1879, by the Latter-day Saints who left their homes in St. Charles, Idaho, seeking this isolated valley as a haven from the federal authorities, who were jailing them for their polygamous activities. Among the first to arrive were the families of John S. and Martha Rolph, William and Sarah H. Heap, John and Hannah Hill and Moroni and Cynthia Hunt.

This party came by way of Montpelier canyon, following a trail made by earlier settlers and explorers, to the present site of Auburn. From here they blazed their own trail the remaining fifteen miles to the present site of Freedom. Albert Rolph, one of the sons of John and Martha, in company with John Hill had explored ahead of them and had selected the town site of Freedom as their place of settlement. They selected an area on Tincup, a stream entering the valley from the western range of mountains, as their home site. This area now comprises the farm of Roy Robinson (formerly L.H. Haderlie). It is one and one half miles north of the town site. By 3 July1897, the remainder of their families had arrived in Freedom, making a total of twenty -seven souls in their colony.

Due to a combination of circumstances, the little colony was fortunate to survive the winter of 1879-80. Their late arrival in the valley and the short growing season combined to create a condition of short supply. To make matters more difficult the winter was extremely severe. Snow was deep and temperatures were lower than normal. As a result of these conditions, they lost most of their livestock and would probably have perished had it not been for the efforts of Albert and Jay Rolph and William Heap, who were credited with making four trips on snowshoes to Montpelier for flour.

In February of 1880, Sarah Ann Heap gave birth to a baby boy, William Joe. He was the first boy born in Star Valley and, she was attended in childbirth by her mother, Martha A. Rolph. Martha was credited with saving many lives in those trying times, when distance and road conditions made access to a doctor impossible.

The first account of a Christmas celebration was in 1886. It was held at the home of William Heap Sr., the Miller, Hunt and Rolph families were present and the celebration lasted from morning until late in the evening. Christmas dinner consisted of elk and deer meat, plum pudding made from the tallow of elk, wild strawberries, gooseberries and huckleberries. They danced to the music of Moroni Hunt's violin.

By the year of 1891, the Haderlie, Clark, Brower, Sanderson, Low and Lindholm families had arrived in Freedom and the population of the community had grown to sufficient size to be organized into a ward. Arthur B. Clark was the presiding elder for five years prior to his being called as Bishop in the year 1891 and served until 1894. The ward also had two branches, one in

Etna, which now has a ward of its own and one, in Ulet, now known as Glen. These branches were formed to serve those who lived too far from the ward center to travel to their meetings.
Bishop Clark was replaced as Bishop by Osborn Low in 1894. An interesting story is told concerning his ordination. When he was asked by those who were delegated to reorganize the ward, if he would serve as Bishop, he requested a few moments to consider. He then invited all of the grown men of the ward outside the log building in which they were meeting and challenged every one of them to a fight. He said, "I will not be Bishop over someone I cannot whip in a fair fight." No one accepted his challenge and he served as Bishop until 1900 when Aaron F. Bracken was ordained to this position. By this time the population of the ward had increased by the arrivals of Robinson, Jenkins and Weber families. Bishop Bracken served as Bishop for nineteen years. He served faithfully and well until his son, Asper was killed by a bolt of lightening. Grief stricken, the family left the valley and moved back to Utah. Bishop Bracken was succeeded by Carl Robinson who served from 1919 -32, D.J. Clark-1933-35, Henry Luthi-1935-42, Reynold Robinson-1942-48, D'Orr Child -1948-57, Lowell Jenkins-1957-63, Lyman Crook-1963-68, Dee Hokanson-1968-76, Veldon Izatt 1976-82, Fred Brog-1982-88, Chad Jenkins-1988-91, Ronald Crook–1991-97, Lex Porter–1997-03, Kim C Luthi–2003-08 and Harold Martel Brower–2008 is now serving.

SCHOOL AND SCHOOL BUILDINGS

Prior to 1889, there was no formal meetinghouse in the community. Meetings were held in the homes of various Church members. After A.B. Clark was ordained as Bishop it was decided that they needed a central place to worship. With this in mind, they built a one-room, log house that served as a social hall and meeting house. It doubled as a schoolhouse when the first formal school was started the same year. Sylvester Low was the first teacher to receive a salary, which was paid primarily with supplies. Brother Low was seventy years old at the time. School terms were short, lasting only three months, December-February. Most of the young people were fortunate indeed if they acquired more than seven or eight years of formal schooling.

Many of the students were grown young men and it was not uncommon for the teacher to have extreme difficulty controlling the class. One early account states, "Mr. Raymond, the teacher, prior to starting the class, drew his six gun and laid it on the desk alongside his hunting knife." The account stated that he had a very attentive class.

As the states took over the payment of teachers and supplying instructions, a problem developed. This small community had three counties involved in the jurisdiction of the schools. For many years, three, one-room schools were operated, one in each county. Only two, one-room schools were in operation up until the year 1915 when Lincoln County in Wyoming, built a school one quarter mile north of town. The building was constructed at a cost of $2,376.35. Caribou County built their building the same year, one mile north of town at approximately the same cost (Dale Luthi residence).Three or four years later, after having met for the interim period in homes, Bonneville built their school in Glen, seven miles north of town. The Idaho schools were combined in 1921. The students were transported to school in sleighs. The sleighs were made comfortable with small stoves which provided adequate heat for the coldest days. There was no incidence of severe illness due to over exposure. Some of the students who lived so far from school that the public sleighs would not pick them up, had their own rigs and were the envy of other students.

When the weather would permit their doing so, they would ride their saddle horses to school. It was not uncommon to see fifteen or twenty horses tied up to the hitch-rail in front of the school. At these times, horse racing was an important event during lunch hour.

Wyoming built an addition onto their school in 1925, making it a four-room school. Through negotiations between the two states, it was decided to consolidate the two schools. This was done in 1932. Idaho abandoned their school building and it was vacant until 1948 when Ed Croft purchased it and remodeled it for his home.

This consolidation worked effectively, with Idaho furnishing two teachers, and funds for the upkeep of the building. Secondary school children were educated in Afton, Wyoming with a similar arrangement. At first the students who desired an education on the secondary level, found it necessary to find board and room in Afton, but this problem was alleviated in 1933 when the school district hired Orlan Hokanson, who resided in Freedom, to transport the students.

This first transportation consisted of a truck, with a wooden enclosure built on the back. Three rows of benches ran from the front to the back of the bus. The only heat was derived from the exhaust pipe, which ran the length of the enclosure. It was necessary to dress warmly to keep from being frost bitten. Despite these difficulties, the students were glad for the opportunity of going to school and most or all who could, took advantage of it.

Continuing improvement of the roads and transportation facilities has made these problems seem remote and the twenty- mile ride to school is now an enjoyable experience. We little realize from our vantage point, the effort those who have gone on before us found it necessary to expend, in order to acquire those things we take for granted.

Changing conditions and educational needs made it necessary for further consolidation. After a bitter fight, in which many feelings were aroused, the Freedom and Etna Schools were combined, and a new modern school building was built in Etna during the 1956-1957 school years. This was accomplished under the supervision of Superintendent Bell. With the passage of time, feelings have tempered and the town now recognizes the move as advancement. There will always be a feeling that something vital was taken from their midst. The school might have been located in Freedom, but the Idaho people who comprised a large segment of the community were allowed no voice in the matter and as a result, Etna was able to control the vote.

The Freedom school building was sold to Royal Jenkins who owned the adjoining property it was later bought by Veldon Izatt and the school was torn down.

CHURCH BUILDINGS

Reference has been made to the one-room, log cabin built in 1889. This building served adequately until 1901 when with the press of increasing population, it was decided they needed a better place to meet. In that year they constructed, at a nominal cost of money, but with an expenditure of much effort, a framed meeting and house. This building was sixty feet long by thirty feet wide. It had a stage at the north end of the room. The stage was elevated three feet above the floor with steps ascending on either side. The officers of the ward were seated on the stage. Slat-type benches were used, which they had made, these were distributed throughout the hall. The building served as a social and sacred meeting place until a recreation hall was constructed in 1914.

Sunday school and all organizations that required classrooms were a particular problem. There were no partitions in the building, classes were separated by white sheets, used as curtains, and strung on wires throughout the building. It often became a problem of teachers shouting to make them heard, and you sometimes derived more from the neighboring class than your own.

With the construction of the Amusement Hall, it became possible for the ward to compete successfully with the other wards in the Valley with basketball and drama. Freedom produced more championship basketball teams than any other ward for many years. (We still carry on that tradition). Every year they would present two or three drama productions. Their social activities were a vital part of their lives and they attended them faithfully.

The first moving pictures shown in Star Valley were shown in the recreation hall. August Dabel, who later opened the theater in Afton, provided this entertainment. These silent pictures were a source of entertainment for several years, every Friday night.

There were several traveling minstrel shows, which came to Freedom during the summers, and they found an attentive audience on those occasions. The Glendora Players were one of the favorite groups. Glen Taylor, who later became a Senator from Idaho, headed the cast. He took the part of a red headed hillbilly and kept the audience well entertained with his nonsense. The audience also enjoyed the musical talent of Glen and his Dora. The last few excursions they made into the valley were joined by their young son, who delighted the crowds with his singing, on these occasions, popcorn and candy were sold to the patrons to help defray the expenses.

Dances were another source of entertainment and were held often. They were conducted under the auspices of the Church and were strictly supervised. The floor manager was always present and if anyone began acting in an unseemly way, he would invite them to leave. This unseemly action might include anything from drunkenness, boisterousness, or even dancing in a fashion not recognized in that day. This presented problems as dancing involved from square to fox-trot to waltzing and etc. Those who attempted to make the transition were often times ejected from the hall.

The citizens of the community decided in the early 1940's that they needed a new chapel. Under the direction of Bishop D.J. Clark, a building fund was started. John Luthi Jr. was made building fund chairman, and in 1941 while Henry Luthi was Bishop, the building was completed. It was composed of a lovely chapel and a wing of classrooms built in a v-shape. It was the first modern chapel built in the lower valley. Earl P. Wixom, who was at the time of it's construction, principal of the Freedom school, painted a beautiful mural of Samuel the Laminate on the wall preaching to the Nephite people. This painting was directly behind the pulpit and covered a major portion of the front wall.

In 1959-1960, the ward added a much- needed cultural hall to the chapel. In 1985, the ward building was again remodeled and a new chapel was added. The former chapel was turned into classrooms and the mural was saved by the placing of a false wall in front of it. The ward building was then rededicated 13 October 1985.

MERCHANTS AND THE GROWTH OF BUSINESS

The first store in Freedom was built by the Burton Mercantile Company, of Afton. It was built on the Idaho side of the line, at the south end of the business section in 1902. Typical of country stores, it sold dry goods and groceries and in the early days was a gathering place for the residents, who like to visit around the old stove. The store was managed by several managers until 1924, when it was purchased from Burton Mercantile by Carl Robinson. He operated it until 1929 when C.R. Chadwick purchased it. He continued its operation until 1939. At this time he sold the stock and it has remained idle since then, except for one brief interlude when Ken Olsen attempted to run it as a furniture store.

Shortly after Burton's opened their store; William Heap Jr. constructed a store a short distance to the north. He operated this store successfully until it was destroyed by fire in 1935. In 1939, Roy Keeler purchased the land and built a fine store on the old foundation. He purchased the stock for the store from C.R. Chadwick. After operating the store for several years, he sold it to William (Bill) Croft. This transaction took place in 1957.

Ted Vincent opened a confectionery just north of the Heap store in 1918. His business was the selling of ice cream and other confectionery items. He operated it until 1920 when he sold it to G.A. Newswander. G.A. enlarged the building to include groceries and dry goods. He also became post master and moved the post office from the William Heap Sr. home to the store, where it remained until he moved it to a small building across the street in Wyoming. He also built a hardware store on the Wyoming side of the street in 1925. He ran this in partnership with his brother-in-law, Howard Hemmert, who owned a blacksmith shop in connection with it. Howard was an avid sports enthusiast and he had horseshoe pegs set up behind his shop. It is said jokingly, he used to get the local farmers involved in a game of horseshoes, and while they were thus engaged, he would have someone untie their horses and cause them to bolt. The damage was thus created giving him a thriving business. Howard later purchased the Hardware from G.A. and operated it until it was sold to Arthur Clark, who in 1962, sold it to Garr Robinson.

G.A. sold the store in Idaho at the same time he sold the hardware store. Alvin Robinson was the buyer at this time. He later sold it to his brother Reynold, who then sold it to Ken Olsen. Ken operated it during WWII and then sold it to Ivan Nelson. In 1961, Ivan sold the stock to Bill and Beatrice Croft and the store has been torn down. Thus, the town is now serviced by one store. (No store now.) This change has been brought about by the improved communications systems, which have made it increasingly difficult for small country stores to successfully compete with the larger shopping centers.

G.A. sold the post office to Orlan and Eva Hokanson when he sold his other businesses, and they are operated it in connection with the local service station. (Gary Hokanson owns the white stucco bldg. that houses the post office now, along with the service station and the old hardware store. Only the post office is open today.)

Alvin (Tommy) Schiess opened the first barbershop in 1918. It was operated in connection with a billiards room and served most of the lower valley for many years. Alvin sold it to his brother Del in 1941. Del operated it until 1956, when he found it necessary to leave due to insufficient business. It is now necessary for the residents to go to Thayne or Afton to get their hair cut.

With the advent of the automobile, it became necessary for the town to have a garage. Edgar Heap, who had spent two years in California doing mechanic work, came home and opened a garage. He had the Chevrolet dealership in connection with it. He operated the business until his death in 1945. At this time the business was sold to Clyde Rainey, who still operates it on a part-time basis. As it happened with the stores, modern communications took most of his business and the business is now composed of the repair of farm machinery. (The Rainey family still owns it today for private use.)

This narration could be written about many of our small communities throughout this vast country. The rapid urbanization has passed them by, leaving them as ghost towns in its wake.

DAIRYING AND CREAMERY DEVELOPMENT

Freedom with its climate was best suited to the raising of forage crops. This resulted in an early developing of dairying. When they first started dairying as an economic venture, there was no creamery to deliver the milk to, and have it processed. The farmers made butter at home and it was transported to a ready market in communities outside the valley. Often times it would go rancid, and they would then soak it in fresh milk, which would restore it to a usable quality. Frank Lindholm was the first person in town to attempt to make an enterprise of this. He began renting his neighbors cows, the rental fee being paid in milk, cheese and butter. He would sell the surplus at a profit.

The farmers acquired what little money they could by selling their male livestock in markets at Soda Springs, Montpelier or Idaho Falls. This entailed a long drive from fifty to one hundred miles, to reach the market. They would usually pool their animals to be sold and drive herds to market once each summer. This was extremely difficult at times due to the poor roads. As late as 1904, an article in the *Independent*, the valley newspaper said, "A bridge should be put in at Freedom across the Salt River. It is getting too late in the day to make people ford streams and take so many risks." This is an indication of the conditions of that time.

In the absence of cash, the stores took butter and cheese in payment for groceries. The Burton brothers, recognizing the need for a processing station for the milk, began building creameries throughout the valley, Freedom had their own built in 1907. This gave dairying a tremendous boost and made the farmer's economic position more secure. This creamery operated continuously until 1931.

Ernest Brog, an emigrant from Switzerland in 1923, arrived in Star Valley in 1926. With his arrival, a series of events were started that created a marked change in all of Star Valley. He was a man of vision, the dynamic, driving force that helped shape the whole future of the valley. There was a great deal of competition for the market of cheese produced by the Burton creamery. As a result, prices were low and unstable. Mr. Brog, impressed with the geography of the country, had dreams of producing a cheese that was new to the area, and thus created a new market.

It was a difficult task that he was undertaking. He first had to convince the farmers that his idea was sound. This was not easily accomplished and many of them were unwilling to invest in his dream. Finally, after a great deal of struggle, he was able to convince some of the more influential members of the community, that his ideas were sound.

They formed a corporation with the following men as its first directors: John Luthi Sr., Carl Erickson, Jim Brower, D.J. Clark, John Luthi Jr. and Alvin Robinson. They put in long difficult hours selling stock to the community. Due largely to the efforts of Mr. Brog, who worked long and hard in the construction of the creamery, they were ready to begin operation 22 August 1927. The people who supported him took their milk to him on this day. They had no income from this time until they were ready to sell their first cheese in December. Mr. Brog had found a market for the cheese in Seattle. It was a joyous occasion for them when they loaded their first cheese on a sleigh, packed tightly in straw and tarpaulins to keep it from freezing, then left for Soda Springs, Idaho to ship it. When the cheese arrived in Soda Springs the temperature was forty below zero. This fact was recorded on the bill of lading and when the cheese arrived in Seattle, the buyers would not accept it. They were afraid it had been frozen and thus ruined. This difficulty was not surmounted until Mr. Brog made a trip to Seattle and proved the cheese was good. Thus, after many heartaches, and anxious moments, a new industry was born.

By 1931, the Star Valley Swiss Cheese Company was so well founded, that the Kraft-Burton Creameries in Etna and Freedom closed their doors. Everyone was satisfied that they had made a good move and Ernest Brog had become a vital force in the community.

The cheese factory was located two miles north of town on the Idaho side of the line. The milk was hauled to the creamery by several of the patrons, who were hired to make daily pickups on the various routes. For many years, this was done, by wagon in the summer and by sleigh in the winter. Often times, it was a very unpleasant task. Each route man would be required to haul seventy-five to one hundred twenty five, ten- gallon cans of milk each day. Their loads sometimes required double decking. In the winter months, with the temperature below zero for as much as three weeks, many additional problems were encountered. The milk would freeze in the cans and this would necessitate thawing it, by running hot water over the cans.

Not the least of the route man's difficulties was the extreme discomfort of riding these sleighs in the sub zero weather. Some of them reduced this problem by covering the front part of the sleigh with a tarpaulin and having a small stove in the covered part. This made handling of the milk more difficult, but was still worth the effort. The extreme cold would dry the snow, and as the sleigh would go down the street, you could hear them for miles, as the runners emitted their shrill noise.

In February 1936, what appeared as a disaster, struck the community. It was one of those days when the wind was blowing the snow until it was impossible for a man to see over fifty feet. The first milk had just arrived at the creamery and they were beginning to process it. Suddenly, there was a terrible blast and everyone present realized that the boiler had exploded. Flames raced through the processing room. Realizing the futility of fighting the fire, the men already there and those who soon arrived, began moving the cheese in the curing section and hauling it to the old Kraft-Burton Creamery, three miles away. This was a mean task in a raging blizzard. To increase their difficulties, some of the men found a cache of wine in one of the cellars. Soon, many of the men, some who had never tasted wine, were drinking it. It had near disastrous effects on some of them. One man in particular was overcome by its effects and fell from the sleigh in which he was riding. He was nearly frozen when he was found some time later.

The fire was a great loss to the people, but their immediate need was even greater. The nearest cheese factory was eight miles from Freedom. This made it necessary for the route man to haul the milk to a central place where it was placed on trucks and transported to this factory. Someone with less fortitude than Mr. Brog might have given up at this point, but this was not his nature. He immediately began organizing for rebuilding and by July 4th, the same year, the plant was back in operation.

The plant's operation proved so successful, that within a short time, Ernest, with the help of his brothers, Fred and Paul opened two more factories. One was located in Thayne, serving Thayne and Bedford. The other was located in Osmond and served patrons in the upper Star Valley. The factories were operated in this manner until 1949. On Jan 1 of that year, the first milk was processed in a new, million dollar factory, located in Thayne. Due to the rapid improvement in transportation facilities, it was decided to consolidate and make all the cheese in one central plant. Modern, van trucks, have made possible the handling of much greater quantities of milk, and under more sanitary conditions.

Mr. Brog worked continually with the farmers, urging them to improve sanitation. He realized that with quality milk, a better grade of cheese could be made and this cheese would find a

ready market. The farmers were reluctant to take his advice, but with sanitation laws passed by the state legislature and his continual vigilance, his aim had been accomplished.

I recognized the fact that Mr. Brog could not have accomplished this by himself. He had many loyal supporters who worked diligently at his side and are still doing so. However, I am sure that few people would say that he was not the driving force in the operation.

As often happens, Mr. Brog has not been shown the appreciation he deserves. Through difficulties with his board of directors, who were reluctant to follow his advice, he was released as general manager. The board recognized the necessity of hiring a qualified cheese maker to fill this position and turned to Ernest's son, Frank to manage the business. Frank is doing an admirable job, but I am sure he would be the first to admit that he still confides in his father and seeks his advice.

The Star Valley Swiss Cheese Company now employs one hundred twenty eight individuals in the processing and packaging of their product. Their cheese is well known throughout the western United States and is gaining more popularity each year. It has become the life-blood of the valley and had done so without subsidization by the government, a most unusual circumstance in this day of increased subsidizing.

R.E.A. AND its DEVELOPMENT

Due to the isolated condition of the lower valley, it was not until 1937 that Freedom had electric power. A few of the local farmers were able to acquire Delco plants and produced their own electricity. In 1924, ten of the families in town attempted to build a plant on the Salt River. They struggled hard and dug a canal one half- mile long, parallel with the river. They then purchased a generator and installed it. After expending a great deal of effort and money it was found that there was insufficient fall in the stream to produce sufficient power to fulfill their needs. After struggling with it during the summer months, the project was abandoned when it was found virtually impossible to keep the canal de-iced.

After this unsuccessful venture, nothing was done until 1931, when Ernest Brog and a few of his associates began the formulation of a program that later evolved into the REA. Immediately after opening the creamery, he recognized the need for electrical power. The factory had its own private plant, but this was expensive, and he also realized that the electricity would help him, in getting the farmers to develop good dairying practices.

He received a great deal of assistance from Jess Draney, the local forest ranger and some other individuals who had the vision to see the benefits it derived. By 1937, construction was under way. A six-mile canal was dug and a plant was constructed just south of where the Salt River empties into the Snake River.

The plant was ready for operation by October 1938, most of the work was done by the local residents, who in this way were able to pay for their stock in the corporation. On12 October 1938, the citizens of the communities to be served were gathered in the Freedom Ward Amusement Hall. Those who were in attendance stated, "They had never seen the hall so full." John M. Carmody, one of the Federal REA representatives was in attendance and at a given signal, he pulled the switch and the hall was illuminated for the first time by A.C. electricity. It was indeed a joyous occasion. The people soon learned however, that there would be times when they would have to revert to the use of their coal, oil and gas lanterns. They were still plagued with ice problems and there were times when they would be plunged into darkness.

This seemed to happen at the most inopportune times. As soon as electrical power was available, many of the farmers immediately increased the size of their dairy herds and purchased modern milking equipment. More often than not, just about the time the farmer was ready to start milking, an ice problem would develop. This, in connection, with the increased demand for power, would cause a power failure. He, the farmer, would then have to resort to milking his increased herd by hand.

The Power and Light office was located in the old bank building, which had been vacated when the bank moved to Afton in 1927. They operated the functions of the company from this office, with Elno Draney as manager until 1954. At this time, the Lower Valley Power and Light purchased the Afton Power Company and moved their offices to Afton. They built a second power plant on Strawberry Creek, which emerged from a canyon, east of Bedford. This was made necessary by the increased demand for electrical power.

Since this time, they have purchased the Jackson Hole Power Company and are buying power from Palisades Reclamation Project. Under the managerial supervision of Elno Draney, this company has attained a reputation, as one of the nation's most efficient REA projects.

TELEPHONES AND THEIR DEVELOPMENT

Doctor Love-Joy installed the first phone in Star Valley. It ran from his office to his home. His first conversation was with his wife asking her to have his son run an errand for him. The first mention of telephones in Freedom was in the local paper. The article stated, "Phones are being considered in the Lower Valley. It will be necessary to have fifteen subscribers in the three towns. These patrons will be given exchange privileges at a cost of five dollars per annum. The people will have to build their own feeder lines to the main line." Work must have progressed rapidly, as indicated by the news item in the Freedom news, dated 12 December 1904 that reads, "Last week the team of William E. Jenkins ran away doing some damage to harnesses, wagon and a telephone pole, but no one was hurt."

This line was installed by the Mountain States Telephone Company. It was later purchased by Osborn Low who operated it until his death in 1954. In 1918, a group of farmers organized and financed a telephone system that serviced the lower valley. It was called the Salt River Telephone Company. Rudolph Wolfley and William Mosser of Etna purchased the line in 1926. They improved it and added several patrons to the line. There was still a need for more telephones and in 1946, Sterling Weber, a young man with a dream and initiative to carry it out, bought the exchange. He was not satisfied with the conditions as they were and promptly proceeded to do something about it. He formed a corporation and sold stock to anyone desiring to have telephone service, at a cost of two hundred dollars a share.

His goal was to install a new modern dial system in this he was discouraged by many people who said it would not work on a rural basis. Ignoring their advice he went ahead with his plans. With very little equipment and by hiring as little help as possible to keep expenses down, it took two years to construct the lines and lay the cable to the various circuits. When he had completed the lines and was ready to order the exchange equipment, he discovered he was short of funds. He was reluctant to go to those who had helped finance his venture and was irritated at the long delay in acquiring service. He decided to mortgage his home and in this way finance the equipment.

Against the advice of the company, he decided to install the equipment himself. He encountered no difficulties to large to surmount and on 16 October 1950, the first phone connection

was made on this new system. He, Sterling, called one of the patrons at his home from the exchange office. Thus, against great odds, he completed the first rural, dial system in Wyoming. The system is equipped to handle direct dial calls when bordering systems modernize. It also has a feature that could be used on any party line to eliminate the problem of one person monopolizing the line, there is a five minute cut off on all local calls.

This was the first independent telephone company in America to receive an REA loan and with the money he acquired by this loan, the stock certificates were drawn in. Soon after the completion of this project, Sterling became restless and sold the line to Melvin Hoopes, who is now operating it. (It is now under the leadership of Melvin's son, Allen.)

SUMMARY AND CONCLUSION

There are many events and many people that have been left out of this narration. Most of them have had a marked influence on the growth of the community. I feel it essential to mention some of them even though I cannot go into detail.

Jess Draney contributed a great deal to the community during his years of service as the local Forest Ranger. Under his supervision, range management was improved and the forest campgrounds were always kept in top condition. His service did not cease with his retirement, for he is now doing a fine job of caring for the building and grounds of the church.

Louis I. Jenkins, who served many years as Justice of the Peace, has also been an influence for good. He had done a fine job of helping to keep the peace in the community.

The ward could not have functioned as well as it did had it not been for the fine Bishops and their counselors who presided over it. Also, reference should be made to John Haderlie, L.H. Haderlie, Fred Luthi, William E. Jenkins, D.J. Clark, Charles Weber and Reynold Robinson who were some of the outstanding teachers in the ward auxiliaries. Through their efforts, the ward has been able to amass a remarkable record in missionary service, approximately two hundred missionaries having served. There was one time when the ward had nine missionaries in the field as once.

Reference has been made to the communities' love of sports activities. Their baseball teams were always a challenge to the other teams in the area. At one time, interest was so high, that the town had two adult teams. Both teams were of sufficient strength to defeat the two top teams of the upper valley. This interest was held at a high point through the years by the efforts of Fred and Charley Weber, Reynold and Bill Robinson, Jess Draney, Thomas Rainey Sr., Howard Hemmert, Alvin Schiess and Orlan Hokanson. Fred Weber was one of the finest pitchers who ever played in Star Valley. He was still actively engaged in the sport until his fifty second year. The community owes a debt of gratitude to these men for the interest they helped to stimulate in the community.

Since their retirement from active participation, sports have been unable to hold the interest of the community. Community pride and a desire for activity was the motivating force that stimulated these early pioneers. Even though the population of the town never exceeds five hundred and twenty people, Freedom was the vital force that stimulated the growth of many of the valley's economic developments. They were not able to retain these things they helped to create, yet there is pleasure in knowing they were the initiatory force that made it possible for them to develop. The rush of our modern society has passed them by. Their greatest moments are gone, but there is still a certain feeling of pride in knowing what their former activities helped to create.

FREEDOM AMUSEMENT HALL

The land was donated to the town of Freedom by Albert Rolph, son of John Social Rolph. Albert also went to the canyon, cut logs and took them to Thayne where he traded logs for lumber from Charles Henry Haderlie.

With the help of his sons, Edwin and Melvin, they built the entertainment hall in 1914. This hall was the center of many enjoyable hours of dancing, theatricals, basket dances, basketball games and many fine programs.

FREEDOM CEMETERY

Samuel Weber, father of Fred, Charles, etc., donated five acres of land to the ward to be used as a cemetery. Mr. John Robinson, father of Carl, Reynold, etc., dug a well later on which was the only source of water.

A few early graves were dug on the Haderlie ranch up Tincup and also the D. Rainey ranch and later on the bodies were moved to the present cemetery. The first grave was dug for a Haderlie child, a brother to Luther.

The cemetery was watered by a sprinkler system belonging to Darrel and LaVor Jenkins for many years, his place being next to the cemetery. The ground has been leveled and planted in lawn and a care taker has been hired and is paid for by the tax payers. The cemetery is now being watered with an underground sprinkler. The water was piped to the cemetery compliments of the Freedom Pipeline.

According to Bishop Reynold Robinson, from whom this information was obtained, the exact year of the establishment could not be learned. His mother died in 1916 and at this time there were already a number of graves there. A grave of the Hunt family is supposed to be the first one.

William Heap Sr., John S. Rolph, John Hill, and Hunt families were the first settlers in Freedom.

The earliest inscriptions on the headstones are Samuel R. Miller 20 April, 1887 and William Christensen 6 May 1891. However, there could be older unmarked graves.

FREEDOM CEMETERY'S

The first cemetery in Freedom was located not far from where the first settlement in Freedom was. It was on the hillside a short distance north of where Moroni Hunt built his house. The land is presently owned by Cordell Luthi and there is no evidence any longer because the only markers were slabs of wood and they have long since rotted away.

The following information received from Louie Sanderson, taken from family records; show that at least twelve people were buried there. One and possibly two were later they were moved to the Thayne Cemetery. Listed are the names of those buried their.

1- Minnie Hunt	died	7 May 1882	at birth
2- Arthur Hunt	died	15 November 188	4 years old
3- Daniel Hunt	died	15 October 1888	2 years old
4- Walter Hunt	died	10 July 1890	1 year old
5- Moroni Hunt	died	4 April 1891	1 year old

Abel Moroni Hunt died April 1, 1891 and was taken to Bear Lake to be buried. His son Moroni died while they were gone for his dad's burial. Children of James and Minerva Lucky Miller;

6- James Samuel Miller	died	April 4, 1889	2 years old
7 LeRoy Miller	died	16 February 1889	1 year old

At least one of these children and possibly both were later moved to Thayne.

8- Samuel Robert Miller	died	20 April 1887	50 years old

This is Louie Sanderson's grandfather.

9- William Heap	died	10 January 1893	Son of Will Heap Jr.
10- Effie Heap	died	20 June 1895	Daughter of James Heap

All the above are related

11- Wm. Christenson	drowned	6 May 1891	an adult
12- Mrs. John Ellis (Vene)			no date
13- Heber Felsted			

The present cemetery has been in existence since 1900. The land on which it is located was given to the Freedom Ward by Mrs. Verena Weber. According to dates on the tombstones the first people buried in the new cemetery were Austin Haderlie, died June 16, 1900, and his brother Edward who died March 1898. Edward was originally buried on the Haderlie ranch but moved to the present location when Austin was buried. The third person was a fourteen year old boy by the name of Theobald Andrischock. He was brought over from Germany by the Fredrick's family. He died in 1901. Two other people buried in 1901 were Vernal Robinson Rainey, died 16 March and Mamie Hanson died, March 19, 1901.

From 1900 until 1965 the cemetery was operated by the Freedom Ward with the Bishopric in charge. In 1965 the cemetery was formed into a taxing district including Lincoln, Caribou and Bonneville counties. Three directors were appointed by the governor of Idaho and six were directed in Wyoming to carry out the operation of the cemetery.

In 1964, under the direction of Ivan Call all the tombstones were removed and a large cat was brought in and the ground was landscaped. After this the tombstones were replaced under Ivan Call's direction, then grass was planted and has been watered with a line hooked to a sprinkler system coming out of Deer Creek installed by Darrel Jenkins.

There are as of 1 January 1994, three hundred and sixty four people buried here. Three hundred and sixty two are known and properly marked. Also at this time there are twenty- one service men buried here. The names are as follows:

LaVar Jenkins killed on Iwo Jima	Roy Keeler
Kermit Haderlie killed in an A.F. Zoom Climb	Reynold Robinson

Howard McCulloch
Ted Palmer
Glenn Ritter
Lowell Jenkins
Joe Hokanson
William Schiess
Ernest Haderlie
Marion Robbins
Herbert Weber
Charles Luthi

Leonard Robinson
Dewey Robinson
Roy Rainey
Alma Wolfley
Robert Shumway
Rex Edwards
Larry Neuenschwander

Burials in Freedom Cemetery 1988-1996

*Leone Hale Erickson	19 Mar 1988
Roy Rainey	22 June 1988
*Bryant Hokanson	04 June 1988
Earl Haderlie	16 Aug 1988
Eliza Robinson	12 Dec 1988
*Norma Miler	25 Dec 1988
*Nick Weber	11 Dec 1989
Leola Heap Keeler	01 Oct 1989
*Roy Haderlie	12 July 1990
Robert Shumway	07 Nov 1990
Grant Clark	17 Aug1990
Loretta Clark	18 Mar1990
*Merle Schiess	03 Oct1991
Janel Jenkins	23 Feb1991
Jean Luthi	04 Aug1991
Elmo Robinson	12 May1992
Eldon Luthi	11 Sep1992
*Elaine Jenkins	10 Sep1992
*Jerold Andelin	04 Jul1992
Teena Hoopes	22 May1992
Larry Neunswander	23 Mar1993
*Kevin Sanderson	18 Jun1993
*Erwin Moser	16 Dec1993
*Roy Hoopes	17 April 1993
Nola Robinson	16 May1994
David Weber	28 Jan1994
*Maxine Hansen	02 Jun1994
Howard Jenkins	15 Jan1994
Byron Haderlie	19 May1994
Newell Crook	20 May1995
Joel Barber	12 Aug1995
Roy Robinson	02 Mar1995
Joseph Weber	30 Dec1995
*Oral Hansen	11 Nov1995
*Edith Jenkins Romney	03 Feb1995
Myra Jenkins	17 Jun1995

Alice Jenkins	30 Apr1995
Reberta Brower	13 May1995
Rocky Robinson	03 Feb1995
Alden Brower	23 Jan1995
Theron Jenkins	05 Jan1996
Susan Clinger	19 Jan1996
Allison Clinger	19 Jan1996

VERNA RAINEY DAINES' RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY FREEDOM

I was born in my grandmother's house at the foot of the Big Knoll, on the Wyoming side of the street, one half mile south of the post office and the meeting house on 3 Aug 1899. At the time of my birth, my mother stayed in grandmother's house just long enough to recuperate and then returned to her two-room cabin, five miles north in Glen. Grandma was a widow and her house was a two-story structure built of peeled logs. She had come to Utah as a young girl from Norway. Now as a widow, she worked with her son building a house to resemble the houses she had known in her home land. There were good pine floors and an open stair rail. Grandma was a much sought after practical nurse, but she was never a licensed midwife. Her specialty was diphtheria and pneumonia.

My mother was a second wife in polygamy. Her children were: Julia Teola, Lawrence Ivan, Alta May and Verna. On my fourth birthday, my mother packed the wagon and left my father. She moved back to grandmother's house in Freedom. My mother now had five children, Gladys who was two years old and she was expecting her sixth child. The big log house at the foot of the Knoll was empty when we moved in August. Grandma was finishing a mission in her native land of Norway and did not get home until the middle of November. She had not been informed of the separation and was much surprised to find the house occupied. Fern Sophronia was born New Years Eve, 31 December. Lawrence had the nick-name of Brin. Brin was short for brindle (a cow of many colors). His winter coat was a mackinaw or parka with bright colors. It came from Sears Roebuck and was sort of a Joseph's coat of many colors. He was a kid who didn't start growing until he was eighteen and then he shot up to over six feet. You could spot him coming across the fields, over the snow and everyone would yell, "Here comes Brin."

As a second wife in polygamy, mother's marriage was not recognized by law so she had no legal claim for child support. Father chose to leave it like that and mother was on her own. Mother was respected for her industry and devotion to her children. In the mean time, father moved to Afton, twenty five miles to the south.

I have a vivid memory of my childhood. I remember my grandmother's funeral, she died in November 1905. We were still living in her house, there was no snow, just hard, frozen ground and digging the grave was very difficult. The Relief Society sewed for three days in the upstairs bedroom. I was just past six and mother let me carry sandwiches and drinks up to the ladies. People were so thoughtful at times like that. Men and boys would do the chores, milk cows and pitch the hay. Teenage girls scrubbed floors, ironed, washed, cooked, etc. The Relief Society always made the burial clothing and they had to know tailoring to make white suits for men.

Grandma had three children: Amelia, Heber and Janet. Amelia was married to Bishop Bracken. He had a kit with forceps and deadening and at no charge; he pulled teeth to relive pain. Bishop Bracken made coffins in the back of his store with the help of some of the Priesthood. The

native pine wood was probably from the Haderlie saw mill in Thayne. Charles H. Haderlie's second wife, Babetta, lived there and her sons ran the mill. Materials for burial clothing were kept on the shelves of the store. A corpse was never left unattended as men would come early in the evening and stay over night. A cloth dipped in some kind of chemical was kept over the face to keep it from going dark, and this was changed at regular intervals. Being young, I was petrified at seeing her laid out all cold and stiff. It was my job to fill the reservoir at night and I had put it off until dark. I had to pass by where they had laid her out, close to a big open window, to keep things cool. The well was some distance from the house and my bucket was small so it took several trips to fill it. I ran so fast past the window that the water splashed all down my legs. I was soaked and when mother saw me she said, "I shouldn't have sent you."

Most of the Freedom women were meticulous housekeepers. Their dirt floors were tamped hard and covered with bright colored, braided rugs in front of beds, dressers, and stoves. It was unthinkable to spill anything on the floor. Good linen and fine china graced the table on Sunday, which was brought from the old country by converts. When my grandmother came home from her mission to Norway she brought many fine things. When she came to this country in 1863, as a convert at age twenty, she carried only a knapsack. Her one pair of shoes was in the knapsack as she was saving them for when she reached the valley. She walked barefoot most of the way across the planes, carrying a small baby who was too sick to stand the jolting of the wagon. She and her sister were the only converts from their family and they both married soon after their arrival in Salt Lake. When she came back forty years later, she opened a big, bowed-top trunk, loaded with beautiful things; gold compasses for boys, gold lockets for girls and linen and silver for her daughters.

Well, let's get back to town, running from south to north first. The Hansen hotel, which is still standing (burned down) with its big pine trees, next the saloon and general store owned and operated by Will Heap with a millinery shop operated by his wife Esther. A general store owned by the Burton brothers of Afton and operated by Bishop Aaron Frank Bracken, which he later brought. A candy kitchen owned by Ed Vincent and his wife Edna, who was a Kirkbride before her marriage. The post office and the meetinghouse occupied the Wyoming side of the street. In the early days the dances and parties were held in the church. Later, they built a dance hall on the Idaho side where the boys could also play basketball.

Bishop Bracken lived in a lean-to on the south side of the Burton store, before he bought a house from the Heap family, that was located one half mile north on the Wyoming side. There was no animosity between Will Heap and Bishop Bracken, even though they were both in the dry goods business. In Freedom, there was room for all. The Bishop was a cheerful, liberal minded person and Esther (Hemmert from Thayne) and Will was very generous with their donations to the Church. In Freedom, most of the Jenkins's families were clustered in town; Johnnie, Eddie, Louis, Willie, Phil, Raymond and Wilford. It was a big polygamist family with the original convert, Evan, coming from England and settling in Newton, Utah. Old John Jenkins had come to Star Valley to settle his many sons on virgin land because he considered Cache Valley, too crowded. Before long he moved back to Newton. The Jenkins boys ran five hundred head of white-faced, Hereford cattle on the open range in the lower valley.

Gus Dable ran the Burton Creamery located on the east side of Salt River, about one half mile from town. Joe Heap lived east of the creamery on the north side of the road. Young Ivan Warren and his wife Dolly lived at the top of the hill. The Hokinson's, Jim Laker and Ray and Ida Clark lived further north on the road that goes to Etna.

Eddie and Vean (Alvenia) Jenkins had the first phonograph in town, an Edison with a big horn and disks. They invited people over to listen to music. I heard Enrico Caruso, the greatest tenor of all time. I enjoyed myself when I milked cows for them which were often. They didn't have any children and milked as many cows as the other Jenkins brothers. Vean raised exotic house plants and made life pleasant for any one who came to help them. They always had a hired man. I liked living with Eddie and Vean because they bought my grandmother's house and land from Uncle Heber. When I think of music, plays or parties, I think of the people who lived up the west lane; The Rolphs, Clarks, Hydes, Vincents, and Webers. John Hyde took the part of the villain in melodramas. He was tall, dark and handsome and his acting would have done credit to John Barrymore. When the curtain came down between acts, the Weber boys sang barber shop quartets.

The land north of the schoolhouse was owned by the Robinson brothers, John, Willard, Wynn and their married children. The rest of the town south of the school house was a mixture: Kirkbrides, Neilsens, Warrens, Luthis, Clarks, Hokansons, Heaps, Brackins, Jenkins, Webers, Rolphs, Vincents, Hydes and Spackmans came later. Mrs. Inger Nelson lived on the north side of Tincup Creek. She had three sons and one daughter, Sarah, Soren and John Thomas. Haderlie families lived on up the creek. We lived on the south side of the Tincup road which led out of the valley to Soda Springs. Henry McCullock owned the ranch next to ours going east. We sometimes rode to school in the sleigh with the Nelson children. It was two miles to town from our place, around the main highway, and about a mile across the lots. In summer, we walked through the fields of hay and grain ducking under the fences. In winter, on the crusted snow, when it was frozen deep and strong, and enough thawing and freezing, it would hold up a sleigh-load of hay and horses. (Late February and early March). By this time, the snow covered the fences, and what fun it was trotting cross-lots to town over a highway smooth as concrete and much more beautiful.

Freedom in the winter was basketball, drama practice with oyster stew afterwards, pie sales and basket dances to raise money. Albert Rolph was usually the auctioneer for the pie dances. He knew how to raise the price on a pie by slyly mentioning that he thought a sister so and so had made it. He would drawl out, “this crust will just melt in your mouth.” When there was pie auctioning at the dances, the boys would go together and bid on a pie and then we would sit in the corner and eat it. Everyone came to the dances, small babies were put to sleep on benches up on the stage, and the older children played in the corners or danced with each other among the grownups without getting rowdy. Webers had some beautiful trotters which were hooked to a light-weight sleigh and we would go to the candy kitchen and cut shines in front of the dance hall. This was a fun winter sport for all the kids in town.

Every town had a character ball during the winter and other towns came to compete. There were prizes and refreshments. Esther Heap was always Queen of the Night and many famous people were depicted, such as Napoleon Bonaparte, Columbus, Cleopatra, Sampson and Deliliah, Mary Queen of Scots, the Sheik of Araby, Ivanhoe, Little Miss Muffet and George and Martha Washington.

Basket dances were a lot of fun. The girls spent days making and trimming their baskets with lace, ribbon, flowers and packed them with delicious lunches. These were benefit dances and the auctioneer knew how to make money. Every boy wanted to end up with his girl’s basket and the privilege of eating lunch with her. If the audience was ruthless, they could bid him way up, but they didn't do it to a kid who didn't have much money. Young Willard Robinson had a crush on the pretty new school marm and they made him pay twenty- five dollars to eat cold sandwiches with her. She had been busy with some of her students that needed help after school and she had no time to fix a fancy lunch or trim a basket. She packed sandwiches in an old summer straw hat and hung it upside down by some pink streamers. That was okay with young Willard. He went with her most

of the winter but she left when school was out. That didn't usually happen in Star Valley, as the local lover usually got his girl and made a rancher's wife out of her.

Bishop Bracken's family was very good to us. They put up our hay, took us fishing, took us to the dances if we didn't have a date and played Santa Claus to us when we were little. They had five boys and we had five girls. We had one brother and they finally got two little sisters. In June of 1909, Asper Bracken was killed by lightening while hunting cows in the hills above the Weber ranch. I was born on Asper's birthday and was nine years old when he died. Marley Bracken died of the red measles in Logan, while he was attending his freshman year in college, at Christmas time in 1916. This was a tragedy for me. Bishop had pure bred Percheron draft horses, a breed that came from Europe. They are a beautiful workhorse. They are coal black when born, iron-gray when fully grown and cream white when eight years old. The Bishop's white Percherons and carriage always headed the funeral cortege, carrying the casket with the mourners following directly behind. Bishop Bracken's boys drove the team and it was an impressive sight. He was Bishop of Freedom for twenty years.

Dave Ross, a widower bought a piece of land across the road north of the Henry McCulloch property. Soon after he bought it, he hired me and my little sister to cut Canadian Thistles for him. There were thousands and he paid us a penny a piece, we really made quite a bit of money that summer. Luther Haderlie bought the ranch later.

Eugene Weber's sister Martha, was a lot like her brother, she read every thing she could get her hands on. Her room was stacked with books from Sears and Roebuck for a dime apiece. Many people borrowed their books. There was a saying that went like this, "Beware of folks who borrow books, they never bring them back, the crooks. The ones you see upon my shelf are those I borrowed once myself." In the average Star Valley home, the Sears Catalog stood next in importance to the Scriptures. The out-dated issue was immediately relegated to the "out-house" and usually lasted a year. You could get every thing from a potato masher to a pre-cut home. A copy of a 1908 catalog had a two-bedroom home for seven hundred dollars.

I learned a lot by helping in other peoples homes. My last year at home, before I went to Logan to school, I drove team and tromped hay for Jay Rolph to put up his crop of wild hay. He had a new contraption called a loader and I was hired to drive while he tromped, but he was short and fat and it looked like such a task with his short legs that I traded jobs with him most of the time. It would take half the evening to get the fox-tail out of my overalls and then we'd milk the cows after dark. He was the bachelor brother of Albert Rolph and recently married the spinster sister of Louis Jenkins's wife May. Her name was Ruth. He lived right in town across the street from Albert. He paid me two dollars a week and I slept on the couch in the kitchen. Was I ever happy for that money, it went right in the drawer of the clock-shelf for my college education. Anything above eighth grade was referred to as college. That fall I took my first trip out of the valley. Eliza Luthi went with me as we were going to college. We made the trip by covered wagon with Bishop Bracken. The first night we stayed at Kunz Dairy at the head of Tincup Creek and the next night we stayed at Grace, Idaho where we had our first brush with a telephone. We were both scared stiff and the Bishop laughed at us. We were in a little hotel. I saw my first train in Soda Springs and the next night we landed in Logan. I was thrilled with the chance to pick an apple off a tree, as I had never seen an orchard or even one real fruit tree in my life. I was sixteen years old when I left the valley.

ODE TO THE "VALLEY"

Star Valley is shaped like an hour-glass
And down the middle thru a narrow pass,
Glides Old Salt River--smooth and grand
Cool and constant as hour-glass sand.

The men who came here first, 'tis said
Used the meadow for their bed.
'Twas June--the night was calm and still
A Coyote called from a distant hill.
The stars hung low--so low--they said
You could almost reach them from the bed.

They were there-so thick on a field of blue
That one of them said, "I've got a clue--
I know what the name of this place should be."
And another one said, "Yes--Star Valley."

Well-that's the way the story goes--and it
May be true--who knows--who knows.
But the river rolls on and at its crest
Will swim a horse right up to its breast.
Trout lie thick in its shady pools,
While anglers dangle their fishing tools.
Cows knee-deep in meadow hay, contentedly
Chew their cud away.
Sheep dot the green spots on the hill
While frisky lambs play at "Jack-and-Jill".

Autumn passes like a dream----colors wild
Amidst the green.
Winter comes on---cold and bright with
Popping corn and fire-light
Rosy cheeks and mittens tight!
Christmas time, with pine and Yew--
Candy pulls and oyster stew!

Then comes spring--Oh what of spring?
That wanton, wayward, wispy thing
Peeping out of the western hills,
Dancing down across the rills---
Floating out on fragrant air,
Weaving cowslips in her hair.
Mushrooms frying in the pan--stop me
Stop me--while you can.....
In the entire world there is no thing
As lovely as Star Valley spring!

-Verna Rainey Daines-

RUTH HADERLIE'S DANCE

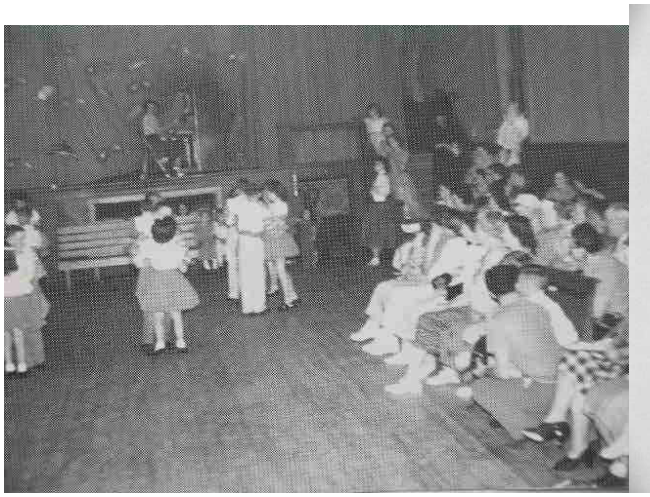
All my life I have loved to dance and never thought that I would ever have the opportunity to use this knowledge. Howard McKim was principal of one of the grade schools in the lower valley and he called me and asked me if I would be interested in teaching dancing. I was very excited at the prospect so he made arrangements for me to teach at Etna and Thayne. The registration far exceeded my expectations as I enrolled seventy- five students.

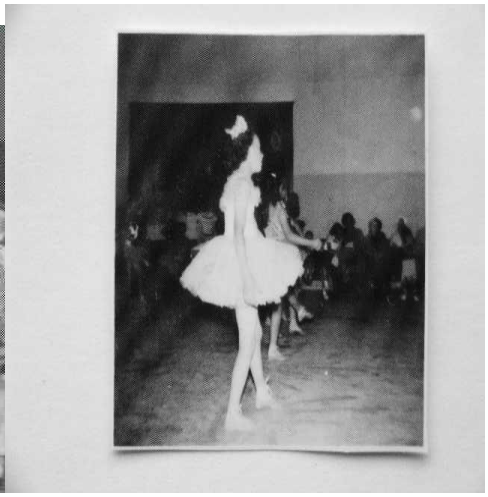
I taught during the school year and at the end of school we had a dance recital. I taught for seven years. The children were aware of an audience, and loved performing for them, and I was so very proud of their performance. There were never any discipline problems as each child was excited to learn new routines.

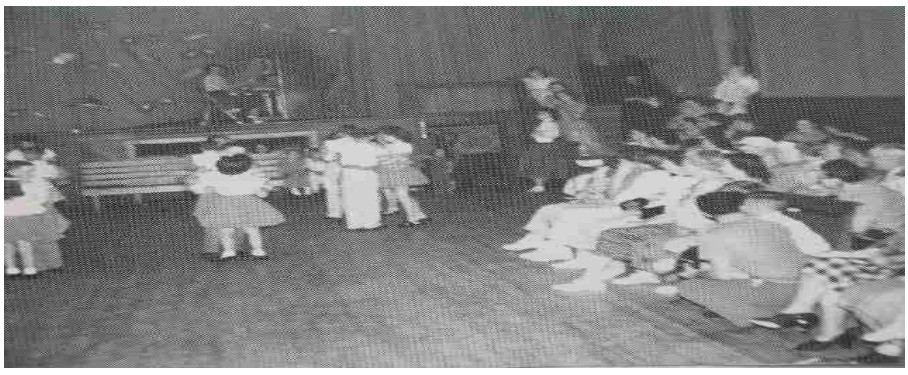
I remember during one recital that one of our little preschoolers was performing a hula number. She was accompanied by a small boy pretending to play the ukulele. Her little uke player was so fascinated by her performance that he didn't realize that he played it upside down the whole time. The audience really got a kick out of that. Another time one little girl forgot her soft-shoes and when the group came out on the floor to perform they were all barefooted. The parents probably wondered why they had paid for shoes. This for me was a wonderful experience, and I loved seeing the excitement in the children's faces while they were learning each new step.

Laura Draney played the piano so the children could dance. She has such a wonderful talent and loved doing this also. She could cover a mistake the children made so expertly, that no one knew the children had made one. She just played and watched their every move. I really missed her when she moved to Afton and I had to use records.

I was so grateful to the parents for their great support and for the opportunity I had to work with these beautiful children and the love I had for them.







A STORY ABOUT POLYGAMISTS

By Ina Erickson

This story was told to me by Roscoe Titensor, as his father told him. Rudolph Wolfley lived in Bedford, and many of these Swiss people who came to Star Valley were good friends. When my father, Charles Henry Haderlie, heard news that United States Officers were coming to Star Valley and Freedom, he rode his horse to Bedford to tell Rudolph they were coming. He ask him if he could hide there, and Brother Wolfley said they had just thrashed and to come into the back yard. They hid the horse and dug a hole in the straw stack and hid C.H. Mr. Wolfley went back to the house and later in the day an officer asked Mr. Wolfley if he knew of any polygamists in the area. Wolfley answered in broken English, "yes, I do know of one." He took the officer out through the yard, and Mr. Haderlie was close enough to hear their conversation from his hiding place. Mr. Wolfley said, “This one likes to hide here,” and took him over to a slab fence. As they came around the corner, there stood a large rooster and twenty- five hens. "You see", said Wolfley, "you caught him right here in my back yard." The officer was a bit disappointed. This experience happened long before I was born.

SILVER STAR TELEPHONE COMPANY

The first telephone company in lower Star Valley was organized and financed by a group of ranchers and businessmen in 1912, headed by Eugene Weber, because the population was not large enough to attract the Bell Telephone Company to come in and serve the area.

This original company was named the Salt River Independent Telephone Company. Its central office was in Etna, and it used a magneto system, referred to the industry today as "the whoop and holler telephones".

By the year 1926 the lines were in very poor condition, needing a lot of repair. The Salt River Independent Telephone Company was sold that year to Rudolph Wolfley. It was re-named the Etna Telephone Company and sold to William Moesser in 1927. Mae Moesser, the daughter of Rudolph Wolfley and wife of William Moesser, operated the switchboard while her husband maintained the telephone lines. The couple operated the company as a team for the next twenty years.

Bill and Mae sold their interests in the Etna Telephone Company to Sterling L. Weber in 1946. Mae continued to operate the switch- board until Mr. Weber had the modern dial system installed and operating in October 1950.

At the time of the purchase in 1946, there were fifty- two hand crank phones in operation, serving only the towns of Freedom and Etna. Mr. Weber's first priority was to upgrade existing lines. Ninety nine percent of all the telephone poles were stubbed with cedar posts. When the rotted telephone poles were wired to the cedar posts, they were held upright but sometimes not to straight. Most all of the old lines were replaced with new treated poles and .080 copper weld wires.

At this time plans were well under-way to extend telephone service to the towns of Alpine, Thayne, Bedford and Turnerville. Up until 1950 this entire area had only two toll store

phones to Afton. They were located in Thayne and the Bedford store and were owned by Osborn Low of Afton. This line was later bought by the Silver Star Telephone Company Incorporated, Freedom and Etna had fifty two phones, services was pretty much limited to daytime service between the hours of 7:00 A.M. to 10:00 P.M. with as many as fourteen phones on one line.

Mr. Weber's goal was to rebuild the system in Freedom and Etna and extend service to the entire lower valley. This goal was achieved. At the time of sale to Mr. Melvin Hoopes in 1956 most all of the outside plant was new, and dial service was available to the entire Lower Valley with two hundred and thirty telephones...

In September 1948, the company was incorporated under the laws of the State of Wyoming, and the name was changed to the Silver Star Telephone Company, Incorporated. The name Silver Star was given to this company by Marion and Sterling Weber when it was incorporated. Silver Star because of the glistening new lines shining in the sun and Star for beautiful Star Valley. Prior to that time, it was the Lower Valley Telephone Company.

The original office workers and directors were: Sterling L. Weber, president and general manager; Wilford Clark, vice president; Marion Weber, secretary and treasurer; Rex Weber and Lawrence Weber directors; and C. Stuart Brown, Attorney.

Sterling Weber was an ambitious and resourceful young man. He sold stock to the local farmers and business people in order to rebuild the outside plant and provide adequate service to the existing customers. About fifteen thousand dollars in capital stock were sold to eighty-seven ranchers and business men in the franchised area.

Mr. Weber purchased a new Leich switchboard and installed it on the main U.S.Highway 89, at the southeast corner of the Freedom junction. The original building still stands.

The new dial telephone building was designed by Sterling and built with the help of his brother Rex, cousins Winslow Weber, Wilford Clark and Mr. Mallory of Afton, a brick layer.

Mr. Weber applied for, and was granted, a Rural Telephone Administration loan. The loan was the first REA loan of its kind in the state of Wyoming. The funds were announced as available to Mr. Weber on 8 November1954 by telegram from Washington, D.C.

In May of 1956, the company had two hundred thirty subscribers connected to the system, all enjoying modern dial telephone service, the first dial telephone service in Star Valley. It is to be noted that Afton did not have dial service until 1965.

June 2, 1965, Sterling & Marion Weber sold their interests in the company to Melvin R. Hoopes and Ardell C. Hoopes. Mel had completed four years at the University of Utah and previous to that, a thirty- nine month overseas tour of duty in the United States Air Force, stationed in England. He served in communications and was in charge of twenty-five men doing radio repairs for bombers and fighter planes. His training, both academic and technical, was to serve him in good stead in the years ahead as the company expanded.

Silver Star Telephone Company now has thirteen full time employees and is celebrating forty years in the business. Mel and Ardell Hoopes have served for thirty- three years as General Manager and Corporate Secretary-Treasurer, respectively.

In Mel's senior year at the University of Utah, he drew a homestead farm in a World War 11 lottery. The young couple decided to prove up on the homestead as a gateway to their financial future. They spent six years in that enterprise. The farm was traded as a down payment for the capital stock of Silver Star Telephone Company.

The first service truck was a Volkswagen with the front passenger seat removed and a ladder rack mounted on top. Mel did all his own repairs the first year, both outside the plant and in the central office. Ardell handled dispatching the service calls and the accounts receivable.

In August 1957, Mr. Hoopes contracted for the purchase of the Osborn Low and Son Telephone Company which provided the only toll service to the lower valley, in order that Silver Star Telephone Company could acquire urgently needed long distance lines to add to the system.

The original employees were Beatrice Luthi Croft as general ledger bookkeeper, Reed Holbrook outside plant maintenance and Mel and Ardell Hoopes as corporate officers and managers. Reed retired in 1994.

Silver Star Telephone Company continued to grow in the ensuing years. On February 2, 1961, a new dial exchange was cut over for the Irwin, Swan Valley and Palisades Communities in Idaho. In 1964 the communities of Wayan and Henry Idaho were added to the system.

The business office was located in the Hoopes home for seventeen years. During that time the couple raised four children; Bonnie their only daughter, who lives in Salt Lake City, Steve and Allen who presently work for the company, and Brad, also of Salt Lake City.

In 1974 a brand new business office was begun. The company moved into their new quarters in January 1975. The office is located on the main U.S. Highway 89, south of the Freedom junction.

The present Manager, Allen R. Hoopes married Jamielyn Harmon 2 April 1987. She is the granddaughter of Bill and Mae Moesser and the daughter of David and Joy Harmon. By a twist of fate, the cycle came back full circle to make them a telephone industry family and to carry on the tradition of many years of service to the public.

The original, tiny company has progressed from a small, turn of the century, plug-type switchboard at the Moesser home in 1926, to electronic switching.

Sixty- three years have gone by and much credit is due to those who persevered to develop all that has been done. We are grateful to each of these pioneers.

Today, all of Silver Star's long distance facilities are either microwave or underground cable.

All four of the company's exchanges are digital switches. These switches are state-of-the-art in the telecommunications industry.

Looking forward to the twenty-first century, the company plans to install its first fiber optic cable within the next twelve months. (This was written 1989) It will replace the present long distance carrier system that serves the Irwin exchange.

Fiber optic cable can bring the information services available in the largest cities to the doorstep of rural America.

"It is an exciting, promising challenge!"

STAR VALLEY STAKE OF ZION

Below is a picture of the Star Valley Stake House in 1915

The Star Valley Stake consists of the Latter-day Saints residing in Star Valley, Lincoln County, (formerly Uinta County) Wyoming, with headquarters at Afton. The stake consists of eleven organized Bishop's wards, namely, Afton North, Afton South, Auburn, Bedford, Etna, Fairview, Freedom, Grover, Osmond, Smoot and Thayne. Also one independent branch named Turnerville.

Star Valley or Salt River Valley was known to overland travelers who passed through it on what was called Lander's Cutoff, which entered the valley from the south through Lander's Canyon and left it, going up Stump Creek, thus crossing the valley from a southeasterly to a northwesterly direction. Lander's Cutoff dates back to 1863.

Elder Moses Thatcher and Bishop William B. Preston visited the Upper Salt River Valley in the fall of 1877 and were highly pleased with its appearance. They came in from Bear Lake

Valley and found neither trappers nor settlers in the valley, but a large number of Shoshone Indian wickiups, built of willows. No Indians, however, were in sight.

In August 1878, Apostles Brigham Young, Jr., and Moses Thatcher and William B. Preston, of the Cache Valley Stake presidency, visited upper Salt River Valley. They stopped their teams on the west bank of the Salt River at a point about five miles northwest of Afton. A meeting was held here and Brigham Young, Jr., dedicated the valley by prayer as a gathering place for the Saints. The company had arrived in the valley in the morning of the day on which they held their dedicatory services, which was 29 August 1878.

At a meeting of the Twelve held in Salt Lake City, Utah, 7 May 1879, Apostles Charles C. Rich and Moses Thatcher were appointed to supervise the founding of settlements of saints in Star Valley. The first attempt at settling said valley, took place in the summer of 1879, when David Robinson, August Lehmberg, and one or two others came over the mountains from Bear Lake Valley and located at the point near the present site of Auburn. These families, who all settled together, spent the winter of 1879-1880 in three small cabins built in the fall of 1879. In the spring of 1879, twenty seven people came to Star Valley and settled in Freedom. They were the Heaps, Rolph, Hill and Hunt families.

In 1880 a few other families came into the valley, among who was Charles D. Cazier, who commenced to build a house where Grover now stands, but he soon moved across the river and located near the present site of Auburn. In the fall of the same year, (1880) Apostles Charles C. Rich and Moses Thatcher, accompanied by others, visited the valley and held a meeting with the saints there, 3 September 1880, on which occasion, Charles Drake Cazier was chosen to preside over the branch of the Church then organized. The Apostles advised the settlers to locate on Swift Creek, the present site of Afton, and directed Brother Cazier to have a town site surveyed there to contain thirty blocks of ten acres each. On the same occasion, Elder Thatcher remarked that the elevated bench at the mouth of Swift Creek Canyon would be a beautiful location for a temple. It was, also, on that occasion that Brother Thatcher named the valley, Star Valley, as he called it a star among all valleys; hitherto it had been known as upper Salt River Valley.

Soon after Brother Cazier's appointment to preside, meetings were commenced in private houses and continued during the winter of 1880-1881. Some of the saints who lived at a distance made their way to the house of worship on snow-shoes. About nine families spent the winter of 1880-1881 in that part of the valley which is now included in the Auburn Ward, west of the Salt River.

In the spring of 1881, a post office called Charleston was opened in Star Valley with Charles D. Cazier as postmaster and Thos. F. Burton as assistant. Cazier's commission was dated 31 May 1881, but though he was furnished with a mail sack and a key, no regular mail was either sent out or received at that time. The first mail service in the valley was not commenced until 1888, when the Afton post office was opened and a regular mail route was established between Montpelier, Idaho, and Afton, Wyoming.

It appears that the saints in Star Valley were a little slow in moving to the east side of the valley, as they had been counseled to do. Hence, Afton was not permanently settled until 1885. In the meantime, other settlements were founded, vis., Fairview, Freedom, Glencoe (now Thayne), Cottonwood, (now Smoot) and Grover.

As the number of saints increased in the valley, it was decided to separate the settlements in Star Valley from those in Bear Lake Valley and organize a new stake, which was done 13 August 1892, on the occasion of a visit into the valley by President Joseph F. Smith. Apostle Francis M. Lyman, President William Budge and counselor George Osmond, and several other brethren from the Bear Lake Stake. George Osmond who had acted as second counselor to President William Budge of the Bear Lake Stake was chosen as president of the stake, called the Star Valley Stake, with William W. Burton as his first and Anson V. Call as his second counselor. A High Council and other stake officers were also chosen on the same occasion. When first organized the Star Valley Stake consisted of seven wards, viz., Afton, Auburn, Fairview, Freedom, Glencoe (now Thayne), Cottonwood (now Smoot), and Grover. Later Afton was divided into the Afton North Ward and the Afton South Ward. New settlements called Bedford, Etna and Osmond were subsequently organized.

President Osmond died 25 March 1913. He was succeeded by Clarence Gardner, who in 1930 acted as president with Arthur F. Burton as first and Albert A. Barrus as second counselor; David Bennion was the stake clerk. Besides those already named, Wilford A. Hyde acted as second counselor in the stake presidency from 1905-1912, and Clarence Gardner in 1912-1913. Following are the names of the stake clerks: William H. Kennington 1892- 1913; Joseph H. Rackstraw, 1913-1917; Adelbert E. Wild, 1917-1918; Carl Cook, 1918-1926, and David Bennion, 1926-1930.

The saints in Star Valley have faced many difficulties in coping with the elements and a rigid climate, as the altitude of Star Valley is about six thousand feet above sea level. But while the crops have sometimes failed through being frost-bitten, the climate has changed materially for the better, and the people generally are prosperous, healthy and strong and most of them faithful Latter-day Saints. The membership of the Star Valley Stake December 31, 1930, was three thousand, eight hundred and twenty six, including nine hundred and seventeen children.

THRASHING IN EARLY FREEDOM (1915)

Men by the names of Hadden and Woolsey thrashed the first grain in the lower Star Valley at Freedom. This fete was accomplished by piling bundles of grain together, then driving a team of horses back and forth over the bundles until all the grain was on the ground. The straw was lifted off and the grain gathered. This was done on William Heap's farm. The grain was first cut with a scythe. It was always put on a hard surface of ground so it wouldn't be mashed into the ground.

Information gathered from William's son, Joseph.

The VAIL COAL MINE

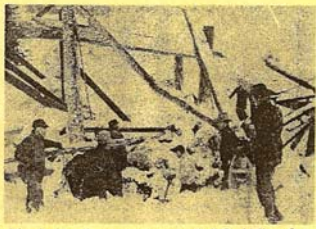
thought Henry knew they were all dead so he insisted on her getting out.
She would come every year and spend two weeks. The first two years she would have them take her to the mine. After that she came two weeks to fish and visit. She could really catch fish. She would put the worm on the hook then spit some snuff on it for good luck. Frank and I really believed in the 'snuff' treatment.'

The area was called the 'Dead Man Mountain ' at first...because a man had been shot there. The name was changed to 'Vail Mine' when Bill Vail got investors to finance work on the mine.

"Two brothers by name of Broadbent were trapping in the 1885, when some curse came along and stole their horses. One brother got on a horse...caught the theif and shot him...thus 'Dead Man Mountain."

...(Swede Robinson taped this story at his daughter Roselena's home in 1975)...

The Vail Coal Mine



Men looking for survivors at the Vail Coal Mine after the explosion.

"Ma" Baker. Her husband, mine foreman John Baker, son Bill Baker and step-son Henry Ashley all died in the Vail Coal Mine explosion.

The Vail Coal Mine after the explosion.

35

Bill Vail, from Idaho Falls, came to J.P. Robinson Sr. and asked him to put up some money to finance work of the mine and new Tipple. Swede, Clara and Helen Robinson worked at the mine all summer and fall of 1936, to keep an eye on the invested money. A lot of others in the Valley invested also. Arnold and Luella Biggler worked at the mine also. Clara and Luella cooked, Helen was the secretary and Arnold and Swede built the Tipple.

Dan Seekage was a little short guy from Kemmerer. He had a lot of equipment and had run a mine over there. He brought it over here and invested it in this mine. He had more in there than anybody.

The following account was told by Swede Robinson, years ago, about the Vail Coal Mine Disaster on11 February 1938.

"We were flown over, from Afton, in an airplane, to the Vail coal mine, and we landed in Greys River. Iliff Ivie and myself, and the pilot, Mr. Bennett, from Idaho Falls. He was an old pilot in the earlier days. He flew us over there in an old rattletrap plane that sounded like it was going to fall apart. We just skimmed over the east of the Rocky Mountains, and he tipped his plane up on its side, and let it fall right straight down to the bottom of the canyon, then he levels it off. The snow was about six feet deep. We landed in that snow so fast, and sank down so deep that it felt like the plane was going to turn a flip-flop -- end over end, but it didn't

We had to tromp him a trail, running back and forth, in order to get the plane back off the ground. On account of the snow being so deep, he couldn't get up enough momentum until he got a good trail tromped. The pilot left immediately.

Iliff and I put on our webs, and walked five miles that night, after dark, up to the Vail Coal Mine. It was too late that night to go in the mine. The mine inspector had to be there to inspect the mine and test it for gas, before we could go in the next morning to get the bodies out. So after he had tested it, we went in, we found two bodies, Iliff's brother Rulon Ivie and Pee Wee Holbrook, laying on the ground floor, in one of the rooms where they had been mining coal. They were laying face down, their coats were singed, and their hair was singed off from the back of their heads. They were lying with their hands up to the side of their faces. When we turned them over, their eyes were open just like they were awake. It was a peculiar sight.

The mine foreman, John Baker, had been blown out of the entrance of the mine and down into the Tipple. It had scalped him just like an Indian scalps a person. We found him under the snow the next day and we found his scalp. His son, Bill, had been blown down over the bank, and one other boy, Henry Ashley, from West Virginia, had been blown over the bank, down by the cabins. Mrs. Baker, John Baker's wife, had gotten him into one of the cabins and up on the bed. She had given him a bottle of whiskey. He was in such pain. His leg was twisted off and he was dead when we got there.

Mrs. Baker had never been on skis or anything in her life. Before Henry Ashley died, he gave 'Ma Baker' instructions to get dressed in her heavy warm clothes.

Susa Robinson Erickson accounts Mrs. Baker's visits: "Later, when Ma would come to stay with my folks, Pearl and J.P. Robinson, they would talk about the people that died. Ma Baker, J.P. and Pearl, always thought Henry knew they were all dead, so he insisted on her getting out.

She would come every year and spend two weeks. The first two years she would have them take her to the mine. After that she came for two weeks to fish and visit. She could really catch fish. She would put the worm on the hook, and then spit some snuff on it for good luck. Frank and I really believed in the 'snuff ' treatment."

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FOOD PRESERVING - BY VERBA ERICKSON

Our grandparents never knew what electricity was, but they were able to cope (putting by) as they called it, very well. These methods were handed down to each generation.

I remember being down to my grandmothers and smelling the awful smell of sauerkraut. Many sized crocks were used for different things. In those days jams were cooked down, also chili sauce. These were put in small crocks with the lids on. I remember seeing a row of crocks in my grandmother's dirt cellar. They were all sizes, from one pint to five gallon. Some of them had blue flowers painted on them. Some of these held lard which was cooked from the butchered pig's fat. This was cooked in the oven and poured into the crocks as it melted. Sausages were cooked, and then preserved in lard. Crocks also held dill pickles.

Hams were smoked in a small building no larger than five feet square. They hung from the top and a small smoldering fire was kept burning for days until the owner decided they were done. They were then put in grain bins to keep them cool and the flies from getting on them. I remember one time when the fire went out in the smoke house and the flies got into the meat. There was a lot said that day. Eggs were also put deep in the grain bins.

Serviceberries, sliced apples, plums, etc., were dried. Some were put in mesh bags or cheese cloth bags and hung on clothes lines. People who had an attic put them up there as it was dry and warm.

Herbs and medicinal plants were picked and hug up to dry, as Doctors were very scarce. I remember seeing the herbs, but never found out what they were, sorry to say. I do remember sage and peppermint.

Soap was made from the cracklings left from rendering fat from pigs, sheep and beef. This was weighed and mixed with lye. I heard that before lye was available in the stores that they made their lye from pouring water over ashes.

I remember my mother putting meat in glass jars. Only glass lids were used and she would put the jars in the clothes boiler and boil them for eight hours.

Nearly every one had an ice bin on the north side of their house. In the winter when the river froze, the men had long saws that cut the ice into blocks. This was put in the bin and covered with sawdust. I can remember cold lemonade and ice cream that was turned with a hand crank in the summer. It was really a treat.

Garden produce, such as potatoes, carrots, onions, and apples, kept very well in the dirt pit. Some people covered the carrots with sand in boxes.

Money went a long way in those days. Women made their own butter and cheese. I remember my grandmother taking old faded coats and ripping the seams, turning them wrong side out and sewing them up again. They looked nearly like they did when they were new.

Wood was got out in the fall. I remember my grandfather owned a gasoline powdered saw with a large blade. A team of horses would pull this to people's wood pile. (Those who wanted it cut) It would take one or two men to push the wood through and one to throw the blocks. I can still hear the sound of that blade as it cut through the wood.

Nearly all the farmers raised their own wheat. After it was harvested, some of the grain was taken to Montpelier and made into flour. They also brought back cracked wheat to be made into cereal. The older the flour got the nicer it was. I will always remember the sticky, yellow, heavy loaves of bread I made with the new flour.

One of my friends told me that her mother would make suet puddings, put them in gauze and hang them from the ceiling in their pantry. Then all that was needed to do was to steam them and they were ready for dinner.

I will never forget the sleigh ride down to the old amusement hall in Freedom on Christmas Eve, or around that time. We would be wrapped up in quilts, with bricks that had been warmed in the oven all day in our wood stove, at our feet. I always was so sure that the stars were brighter in the sky at Christmas time. I always had one of the main parts on the program and I loved to take part in everything, never realizing that I had very little talent.

I remember the joy of staying with my grandmother, where I was loved so much, hearing the kill deer cry, the cows with their bells ringing as they came in to be milked and playing in the hay where grandpa pretended he didn't see me. There were always eggs hidden away and each summer new kittens to play with. Some how it seemed people were closer, cared more about each other, or perhaps it is just me--thinking of those times so long ago.

FREEDOM'S FIRST PIONEER
By LAURA HANSON STOCK

The Heap, Rolph, Hunt and Hill Families

William and Sarah Ann Heap and their five children; Marion, Martha, William Jr., John and Joseph; John Social Rolph, his fifth wife, Martha Ann Miller, their son, Social, daughter, Dorcas, and sons Albert and Jay Rolph from another wife; Able Moroni and wife Cynthia and one child along with John and Hannah Mortinson Hill and family (twenty seven in all) were a group of pioneers who were all related to each other directly or indirectly.

Martha Ann Miller (maiden name) had been married three times and was the mother of the following children--Sarah Ann Heap, Cynthia Hunt, John Hill, Social Rolph and Dorcas Rolph. She was also the sister of Robert Samuel Miller who came to Freedom a year or so later.

These Pioneers had been sent by LDS Church authorities at Salt Lake City to Southern Utah in Zion's Canyon, then to St. Charles, Idaho and on to Dingle, Idaho. They decided to stay together and go to a valley which had not been settled yet, where they had heard the grass grew tall, and elk, deer, and other animals ran freely.

They traveled together to Montpelier, Idaho where they picked up supplies, then followed the old road to the salt works, where they obtained salt to take with them. The road ended at the salt works, and from there on they had to blaze their own trail, having to cross the creek twenty or more times.

William Heap was the first to drive through the canyon. He was known as "The Trail Blazer". It is reasonable to believe the little colony of Utah Pioneers were all trail blazers.

Some were polygamist families seeking a place where they could live peacefully and enjoy freedom and safety from Idaho Marshals who made their lives miserable. Thus they pushed on, building their own road down Crow Creek, to the spot where Fairview now stands. Some days they traveled only a mile or two, their last camp still in sight. They brought eight wagons. Often furrows had to be plowed on the hill side for the upper wheels to keep the wagons from tipping over and spilling their loads of household furnishings and food. It took seven days to travel the forty five miles through Crow Creek Canyon.

After leaving the entrance into the valley, they traveled the Lander Trail along the west side. They camped several days in the north end of the upper valley near the Sulfur Springs.

My mother told me that they saw only one small building, made partly of rock. The building was situated in the vicinity where the town of Auburn is now located, and it was where the Welch's, Joseph, John (Money) and Ben stayed while they were trapping in the area and where they stored their furs.

While the group camped and rested, Albert Rolph and John Hill were sent ahead to explore the country on horse back. They found a beautiful valley with an abundance of tall grass, wild game and streams full of fish. They returned to the campers that night and recommended the lower part of the valley as a desirable place to settle. This was good news to the tired settlers who had worked so hard to eke out an existence in southwestern Utah and in Idaho.

The following morning, camp was broken and the small group moved with their wagons and animals to a glorious land. They camped on the Tincup Creek where the McCullock ranch was located later, and the first house was built for my grandfather, William Heap, on the ground where the Roy and Leda Robinson home now stands. (Previously owned by L.H. Haderlie.)

Because William Heap had several small children, his home was built first. The walls were constructed of logs cut from the hill nearby. On top of the log walls, poles were placed close together so they could hold willows and long cut grass upon which dirt was piled. This combination did not keep the rain out entirely, but it served well as protection from the hot as well as the cold weather.

The floors were dirt, packed hard and smooth as cement. When they could save enough rags, they were cut into long strips, braided and sewed together to make rag rugs which were placed on the dirt floors for warmth and comfort.

Moroni and Cynthia Hunt built their log house in a little ravine up the hill where a spring was located. This spot overlooked the location of the families below. Dee Rainey and family moved there a few years later. Remnants of some of the buildings are still there.

A few years later, Frank Cross married Dorcas Rolph and joined the colony. Frank Cross was the first mail carrier. He went to Montpelier to get the mail for the Star Valley residents. He would ride to Fairview, walk or snowshoe to Montpelier and carry the mail on his back to Afton. It would take over a week to make the trip.

John Social Rolph, his wife, Martha Ann, and their two children, along with Albert and Jay, two sons by a previous marriage, went further north to settle. Their house was built along

the foothills in Glen, a short distance from the old Brower place, where there was a hill of white clay. This clay was used to make the mud for chinking and sealing all the log houses. The clay was mixed with sand and water to a thick mud consistency. It would harden to a white cement-like material which served as insulation. They also used this white clay mixture to insulate storage boxes which were buried in the ground near a spring or placed in a cold stream for the storage of food such as butter, cheese, milk, and meat.

After they were settled in Freedom, ways had to be provided to bring water from Tincup Creek on to their land for irrigation. William Heap surveyed most of the ditches in the vicinity. Some of these original ditches are still in use.

LIGHT AND HEAT

The first lights were made from tallow rendered from elk and sheep fat and molded into candles with a rag wick. At night they also had their rock fireplaces, which served many purposes such as cooking, heat and light.

The first roads were into canyons for logs and poles, logs for buildings and poles for building as well as for fences and corrals. Many logs were required to provide heat.

When coal oil or kerosene was available, it was considered a luxury and used only when necessary. Coal oil lamps were truly a luxury. The glass base was filled with oil and a wick was run from the oil up through a burner into a glass chimney. If the wick was turned too high it blackened the chimney. Care had to be used in keeping the flame just right. Coal oil lanterns were used outside at night as well as inside the homes. When gasoline first came to the valley, gasoline lanterns were used in the homes. This was many years after kerosene. Electric lights did not come to the lower valley until after 1925.

Cook stoves and heating stoves came in the early 1900's. Flat irons were heated on the stovetops for ironing clothes, the first ones were solid iron and, they were later replaced by irons with removable handles. During the winter we would wrap these heated irons in a towel and take them to bed with us to keep our feet warm and heat the bed.

CLOTHING AND BEDDING

The children went barefoot because they didn't have shoes. In the winter deer and elk hides were tanned to make moccasins and coats. Wool was sheared from the sheep; the women carded it, and then spun it into yarn for knitting socks, long stockings, caps, sweaters and mittens. Even dresses were made of home spun yarn. Most women had only one dress. My mother told me her father had promised to buy her a silk dress when he went to Montpelier if she could purr like a kitten. She never could purr but she got the silk dress in 1886 at age sixteen.

Most of the quilts were made of scraps of cloth sewed in quilt blocks, the centers filled with carded wool and quilted. Others were made from outing flannel bought in Montpelier, the inside was filled with carded wool and then the quilts were tied with string to hold the wool in place. Tanned hides were also used as bedding and rugs.

Straw ticks were used as mattresses. Dry grass and straw would be stuffed into the mattress and replaced once a year. Feather ticks were also used as well as feather pillows. The feathers were taken from ducks and geese as well as chickens. These made warm, soft beds. Bunks were built for beds before the old iron and brass beds were available. Straw was placed under the rugs on the floor to make them soft and warm.

HARD WINTER OF 1879 AND 1880

Winter came early in Freedom. With the coming of deep snow, their joy turned to concern. They began to gather the tall grass for their cattle. Because of the severe cold, the rivers froze over and it was difficult to keep them open. Martha Heap Hanson wrote in her life history--"The first winter in Freedom, the snow was six feet deep. We ran out of flour and had to get it brought in on men's back as a pack. We had to eat lots of beaver meat to keep alive. My father had lots of sheep. We did not have any hay. We ran out of feed as the winter was long and cold. My mother and older brothers cut willows for what few sheep they did save. My father took the cattle on crust of snow to the river and shoveled along the bank to get feed of dry grass and willows. Because the river was frozen over, holes were cut in the ice so the cattle could drink. Almost as fast as the ice was cut it would freeze again. He had to stay all day and night while the cold spell lasted, and nearly froze him."

The fall of 1879 some of the colony returned to Bear Lake for supplies, mostly flour. On their return trip, heavy snowstorms slowed their progress. Their wagon broke down and they had to bury most of the supplies in Beaver Creek Canyon. They could only take what they could carry. Later, Albert and Jay Rolph made four trips to Beaver Creek for the remainder of the flour. Each one carried seventy- five pounds of flour on his back and traveled on home-made skis.

Still, there was not enough to eat and in April, another trip was made. It was difficult to travel during the day, as the snow was soft, so they traveled by night and rested during the day. When they reached the Salt River, they obtained a dugout canoe and floated down the river as the ice had melted. Things went well, until they were nearly back to their settlement, when their canoe hit a whirlpool. They fought and worked hard to save their precious cargo.

My mother said she was so hungry, when the flour arrived, she thought she could eat a whole pan of biscuits but she could hardly eat anything as her stomach was not large enough to hold much.

Trips were not only made to Beaver Canyon, where supplies were buried, but to Montpelier and Caribou Mine to ease the hunger and save the lives of the little colony.

SELF SUPPORTING

These first settlers made many articles needed for their own use. They made the lye for making soap by putting wood ashes in a barrel, adding water and left it to soak for a week. The liquid contained lye, which was added to pig cracklings or old tallow and cooked in a large tub over an open fire. It was then poured into boxes to set after which it was cut into squares or bars. Clothes washed with this soap were exceptionally white and the women took pride in having the whitest wash in the neighborhood.

They raised pigs and cured the hams and bacon. Headcheese was made from the head. In fact, everything was used but the squeal since even the feet were pickled.

Wild fruit was in abundance--wild currants, gooseberries, serviceberries and choke cherries. Sometimes you could find wild strawberries, grapes and huckleberries. Wild fruit was dried for winter use.

Fish and beaver were plentiful and wild game such as elk and deer roamed the countryside. Dried jerky was made from elk and deer meat for winter use.

They had cows for milk and when the cream rose to the top of the milk, it was skimmed off to make cheese and butter. The butter was made during the summer months and molded into pound chunks. These chunks were stored in salt brine to keep them sweet. In the fall they would take the butter to Montpelier where it was sold for eight cents per pound. Beaver, muskrat and fox were trapped and their furs sold.

BLACKSMITH SHOP

The first blacksmith shop was owned and run by Leslie Jenkins by the Jenkins slough. He ran this until he started farming. Jack Sizemore had a shop later (1916), which was located by the little meat shop of Peter Johnson on Main Street. I remember my sister Selma and me standing hour after hour watching the blacksmith fashion the hot metal into various shapes.

POOL HALL

The first pool hall was located where Del Schiess' home stood, it was operated by Brin Rainey. It had a hitching rail across the front and side where the horses could be tied. The second pool hall was owned by Alvin Schiess. He purchased it from Ed Vincent Aug. 8, 1919.

FOR FUN

My mother told me what was done for fun in the Freedom settlement. The children played in the haystacks in winter as if they were beavers, making holes and crawling after each other and sliding off the stacks. Many had whistles made for them from green willows by their parents or grandparents. The older ones danced, played cribbage, checkers or cards. Horseshoes were a favorite game for the men and women had many a good quilting bee. Whittling was also a popular pastime for the men.

My mother told me that couples would gather up their children, lots of food and drive to Fairview where the Campbell family lived. They would often stay two days and nights and dance and eat. They would return home when the food ran out and they were too tired to dance any more. Their dancing rules were very strict. No arms around each other, only hands touching for square dancing--no waltzing.

In the 1900's we young people of Freedom would gather in the evening and make a large bon-fire in the middle of the street. We would play Kick-the-Can and Run-Sheep-Run. We also gathered at each others homes for oyster or chicken suppers. The Sulfur Springs and Alpine Springs provided many of us with good swimming parties. We also had many spelling bees in school, played show, mumble peg, and had children's dances and coasting parties.

WEEKLY BATH

On Saturday night water was heated in a boiler. The washtub was brought into the kitchen and the family bath began. It usually started with the youngest child and worked up through the oldest. Clean underwear was put on each child to be worn until the next bath, unless some could go swimming in the summer or had an accident, which necessitated a bath sooner.

All washing was done by hand, rubbed on a washboard in a tub of warm water with home-made lye soap, and then, if possible, the clothes were boiled in water and soap, rinsed twice and hung on a line, fence, bushes or whatever convenient place was available. All water had to be carried and heated which made bathing and laundry a hard task.

The “out house”, for toilet necessities, was a small building, usually a two-holer, out by the barn. Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward catalogs were the only available source of toilet paper. They served two other purposes - reading material and wish book. All of our shoes and most of our clothing were mail ordered from the catalogs.

INDIANS AND GYPSIES

When the little colony settled in Freedom, the valley was full of Indians. The Shoshone and Blackfoot Indians used the valley for their summer feeding grounds. Naturally, the settlers were afraid of the Indians and they had some scares, but nothing really serious ever happened. As a child I remember Indians coming to our door wanting food. They called it "bread". My mother was good to them.

Not only did we have Indians to frighten us children in the early 1900's, but we also had Gypsies. Every summer they made a camp on the ditch bank a short distance from our home. They dressed in colorful, long, full dresses, had long dark hair and displayed great quantities of jewelry. They tried to sell us trinkets and would also steal everything in sight.

DAIRIES AND CREAMERIES

My mother told me that Dee Rainey had the first dairy in Freedom. He rented cows on shares during the summer months, and with the help of his wife and children, made cheese and butter. He lived in Glen at that time near where the Dick Sanderson place is now.

Frank Lindholm came to Glen for the same purpose. He made cheese and butter during the summer and took it to Montpelier in the fall to exchange for supplies.

The first creamery was built in Freedom by the Burtons. August Dabel came from Wisconsin to manage it. His son, Bill, was with him and he married a Schneider girl from Bedford. They raised a large family. August Dabel bought the first car I ever saw.

A milk wagon from Thayne would pick up all the milk along the west hills for processing at the Burton Creamery in Freedom. My grandmother, Sarah Heap, would ride on the milk wagon from Thayne to our place and visit with us while the milk was being processed and then ride back to Thayne when the milk wagon returned.

Ernest Brog opened a Swiss Cheese Creamery in 1926 at Freedom that made cheese until 1950. In 1950 the creamery was moved to Thayne where it operated for many years.

THE FIRST SCHOOLS AND CHURCH

My mother told me the first four families that settled on Tincup Creek were the only ones there for a few years.

William Heap taught his own children and Sarah's brother, Social, at night. Marion was twelve, Martha and Social ten, and William Jr. eight. In 1887 William took his sons, daughter Martha, and Social to Afton for three months schooling. He built a log cabin close to where the first log cabin was built for a school and church in Afton, near Swift Creek. His children lived in this cabin, prepared their own food from supplies their father left with them, and attended school. The first teacher was John Bartlett. They would sit around the inside of the classroom on benches and used slates to write on. There were seventy- five students.

After three months, the food ran out and the Heap children and Social Rolph had to walk home to Freedom. They went on homemade snow shoes as the snow was still deep. They went along the west hills all the way. My mother said she became so tired she didn't think she would make it. She felt like lying on the ground and dying. They finally made it to Freedom in one day.

The first school in Freedom for all children was held in the home of A.B. Clark. The teacher was Kitty Dixon, who later became the wife of Arthur Burton of Afton.

The first combined school and church house in Freedom was built in 1889. It was a log structure, sixteen feet wide and twenty- four feet long. This was also used as a dance hall and theater building. This log building was by the slough and behind where Danny Haderlie's electrical business now stands. The tithing office and yard were also there as tithing was often paid with animals, articles of food etc. Money was scarce. The first ballpark was there also.

In 1900 the Caribou, Idaho school was built by Charles Haderlie, father of the Haderlies of the valley. All eight grades were in one room. It was where Dale Luthi now has his home. Mr. Kirkbride was the first teacher. All the Emil Hanson children attended this school. Neva Smith from Nampa, Idaho was my first grade teacher in 1912. K.H. Blake, Maud Mallow and Phillis Gibbons were some of the first teachers.

In 1927 Autna W. Stock, my husband, and Vernessa Penrose were teachers. The school had another room added and now it was a two- teacher school. Vernessa later married Lyman Wright.

About 1918, a school was built on the Wyoming side of the street, but none of the Idaho children could go there until the schools consolidated. I attended this school for my last three years of grade school and Maud Mallow was my teacher. Her daughter, Evelyn, and I rode a horse to Thayne to take the eighth grade examination before we could go to high school in Afton.

A school was also built in Glen, through the efforts of Frank Lindholm, which served until 1935. Autna W. Stock taught there in 1928 and 1929. He had six of the eight grades to teach. He bought a pair of hand hair clippers and cut all the boys' hair. He also bought a shoe shining kit and taught the students how to shine their shoes.

CHURCH ORGANIZED

The organization of the Church in Star Valley did not take place until 1886 when Arthur B. Clark arrived in the valley. In December he was made First Presiding Elder.

President Charles D. Cazier from the upper valley. President Cazier arrived in the valley in 1880. The Freedom Ward was organized June 17, 1891. Arthur B. Clark was set apart as Bishop by William Budge in May 1894. On 12 August 1894, Osborn Low was set apart as Bishop by Francis M. Lyman. Eugene Weber was in charge (not Bishop) in 1899.

In July 1900, Aaron Franklin Bracken, who moved to Freedom from Thayne, was chosen as Bishop of the Freedom Ward. He was released June 22, 1919, and on that same date, Carl Robinson was chosen as Bishop, and set apart by James E. Talmage. He presided as Bishop until December 31, 1930. At that time there were three hundred eighty six members, including seventy- seven children in the Freedom Ward.

The first church meetings were held in the homes. Some of the first colony lived in Glen. The meetings were held alternately in Freedom and Glen.

The first baptisms were performed in Salt River or one of the creeks that was deep enough. Many people who were baptized in the early days had to be rebaptized when they received their endowments, because Bishop Clark had a fire in his home and many of the early records of the Freedom Ward were destroyed.

William Heap's mother, Margaret Beesley Heap, joined the LDS Church in Indiana in 1844. She was the only Heap to join at that time. William's mother and brother, George Heap, came to Freedom in 1888. George built the house where Franklin Bracken lived. He married the second polygamist wife of William Heap, Margaret Brown Heap, in 1889.

George and Margaret had five children born to them while living in Freedom, Arthur 1890, Alice 1892, Mildred 1894, George 1896 and Bessie in 1900. The George Heap family later moved to Idaho. Franklin Bracken moved to Freedom and lived in the same house that George Heap built, this house is now owned by Kent Luthi. William Heap built a new log house in the town of Freedom about 1887 or 1888.

CELEBRATIONS

In the early 1900's, the fourth and twenty- fourth of Julys were great occasions in Freedom. By ten o'clock in the morning, people from the entire town would meet at the amusement hall for a patriotic program. The town had a band, which boomed out the good old tunes. Emil Hansen played the drums and any local talent had the opportunity to sing a solo or in a duet, trio or quartet. Comic readings were given and there was a lot of community singing. After the program we went home for lunch or went to the store to buy real treats such as fresh cherries, bananas hanging upside down on their stalk, oranges, candy, or go to the confectionery for ice cream or soda drinks from the fountain.

In the afternoon we went to the "ball diamond" as we called it. The band was there. The kids ran races for bags of candy, there was dunking for apples in a tub of water and finally the ball game. The towns were rivals and we always had a rousing good time.

In the evening everyone went to the dance. The small children were wrapped in quilts and put to sleep on the benches, while the oldsters danced their hearts out. We always had to have our hair washed and put up in rags, and we came forth with beautiful ringlets and bows, wearing a bright new dress made by our mothers.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

The first Christmas celebration was in the home of William Heap in 1886 on the Tincup Ranch. All the families were present: Moroni Hunt and family, Samuel Miller and family, Martha Ann Rolph, Social Rolph and Dorcas and Frank Cross. Samuel Miller was a brother of Martha Ann Miller Rolph. The celebration lasted all day and night. The dinner consisted of elk and deer meat, plum pudding, made from the elk tallow, and service berries which had been picked during the summer and dried for winter use. They danced to the music of Moroni Hunt's violin and Samuel Miller called the dances.

CHRISTMAS IN FREEDOM 1914

On Christmas Eve, the town's people gathered for a special Christmas Program. A large Christmas tree decorated with popcorn, colored paper chains, tinsel and candles stood on the stage. Most of the children took the part of angels on the program and wore a halo of tinsel around their heads.

After the program, Santa came and gave each a bag of candy and nuts. Everyone was anxious to get home to decorate the family tree so they could get to bed and be up early to find the "ONE" gift Santa left.

The family was all together for Christmas dinner. The first to arrive tried to beat my mother in shouting "Christmas Gift!" Dinner was wonderful. We raised our own turkeys and chickens and had all the trimmings. There were large milk pans full of delicious cakes, and pies and plum pudding were a must. After dinner we gathered around the piano and sang songs. The children took their new sleighs out in the sparkling frosty snow. Sleigh bells would jingle from around the horse's necks as they were driven up and down the roads pulling the children on the sleighs. This was a happy time.

FIRST CONFECTIONERY AND SODA FOUNTAIN

The first confectionery was owned and operated by Margaret Heap Kirk and Phil Kirk. After the Kirks moved away, Albert Rolph bought it for his sons, Edwin and Alvin. Alvin ran it for a time and then sold it to Ed and Edna Vincent, who later ran the post office, which was located on the southeast corner of the main street as you came into Freedom.

The Vincent's sold the confectionery to G.A. and Nora Heap Newswander. This was the place where all the kids liked to spend their small amounts of money and meet friends.

G.A. sold to Alvin and Mary Schiess. Alvin later sold the business to Reynold and Eliza Robinson, who were the owners in 1938 when electricity first came to Freedom. By this time the business had grown to include groceries and many other items as well as a confectionery. Reynold owned it for only a few years and sold it to Alvin and Thetta Robinson. They sold it to

Ken and Carol Olsen who operated it and a furniture store. The old building where C.R. Chadwick had his general store was the location of Ken's furniture store. Ken and Carol sold the confectionery store to Ivan and Bernice Nelson, who later sold the stock to Beatrice and Bill Croft, who were running the store they had purchased from Roy Keeler, and Ivan had the store building torn down.

FIRST GENERAL STORE

A.F. Bracken opened the first store in the 1890's and he sold it to Burtons from Afton in 1900's. George Kennington from Afton and Rosetta Rolph from Freedom ran the store. Rosetta worked there for many years.

Carl Robinson bought the store in the 1920's and he sold it to C.R. Chadwick in June 1929. It was called The Red and White Store. C.R. Chadwick operated it until 1941 when he sold the stock to Roy Keeler.

About 1900, William Heap Jr. built a home just north of the Emil Hanson home, and in 1917 he purchased the store that Frank Roberts from Afton had built. This store burned down August 15, 1930.

Roy Keeler bought a lot where the William Heap store had burned. He constructed a large cinder block building which housed a beauty parlor operated by Nan Hughes, a three-bedroom apartment upstairs and an apartment in the back of the store, which was later made into a freezing compartment and rented freezer lockers. Roy opened his store for business in May 1940. Subsequent owners were Bill and Beatrice Croft, Bruce and Judy Hoopes, and it is presently owned by John and Tracey Baugh. (It is now owned by Ron and Laura Lechner.)

Howard Hemmert ran a hardware store and also a blacksmith shop.

THE FIRST CHURCH BUILT OF LUMBER

In 1901 the first real lumber church was built on the site of the present church. There were no classrooms, only one large long room, with a raised stage at one end, where seating was available for those presiding and conducting the meetings. The pulpit was in the front center, and white curtains were drawn lengthwise to make classrooms for Primary, Sunday school and Priesthood meetings. I can remember one of my classes that was held on the stage, and Abbie Robinson, wife of Willard Robinson and Minnie Luthi Robinson were my teachers. A large pot-bellied stove was in the very center of the building, and if you were more than ten feet from it, you froze. Many early socials and parties were held in this building. In 1892 my father, Emil Hansen, was superintendent of the Sunday school.

THE FIRST BANK

The Freedom people were not experienced in taking their money to a bank for safe keeping. A clock, mug, or jar in the pantry served the purpose. If over ten dollars was saved, one would be considered thrifty, and if it got up to fifty dollars you were well off. In 1914 a bank was established under the direction of Eddie Mehr. It had a capitalization of twenty five thousand dollars. Some of the early stockholders were John Robinson, Lewis and John Jenkins, and James Brower. The first cashier was Parley P. Baldwin followed by Roy Harrison, David Bennion and Albert Perkins. Louis I. Jenkins was the President until the bank moved to Afton.

FIRST PHYSIANS, DENTISTS AND MIDWIVES

Arthur B. Clark who moved to Freedom in 1886 served as a dentist, and Angus Dutson practiced dentistry for the valley people around 1900. Dr. L.C. Proctor was the first permanent dentist. He practiced from 1905 to the 1950's. Many early Freedom residents remember Dr. Proctor. During the summer months traveling dentists frequently stopped in Freedom. The town of Freedom never had a physician. The first physician located in Afton; Doctor C.P. Groom and Doctor G.W. West were among the very first.

Midwives carried on a blessed mission. Cynthia Hill Hunt, wife of Moroni Hunt, served the expecting mothers who lived near her. She was a natural midwife and was always willing and anxious to assist in delivering babies, often staying with the new mother until she was able to care for herself.

Some wondered if Moroni Hunt's home on the small hill overlooking the settlement could have been pre-planned. From the location, a communication system served in time of sickness or childbirth. When Cynthia could see a light in the window of one of the homes, she knew that home needed her services. Cynthia went to serve regardless of the weather.

One cold winter night after Cynthia had returned home after caring for the sick, she found to her sorrow, that her own three year old daughter had tried to follow her and became lost. She was never found. Cynthia had a very sad life. Her first husband, Henry Morrow, killed their only child because it cried too much. She and Moroni Hunt had nine children, none of which lived past 1902. She then married Jacob Miller and had two more children. Both of them died before Cynthia.

Tribute should be paid to Constance Ann Stephens Eggleston, wife of Orson H. Eggleston, for the God-given ability in relieving pain and suffering. She came to Star Valley in 1884, and her willing service was effective throughout the valley. She helped in the delivery of many in our family. If the family being served were poor, there was no charge, otherwise one to five dollars was accepted. In over fifteen years she helped in the delivery of more than one thousand babies.

Elsie Fluckiger Roberts also served as a midwife from 1899 to 1930 in the lower valley. Her first delivery case was in Thayne. Delbert Heap was born to Marion and Evalena Miller Heap. I was also brought into this world with the help of Mrs. Roberts, who served the sick in many ways traveling on foot, horseback, wagon, sleigh and toboggan.

CEMETERIES

The first cemetery was located not far from the Tincup settlement. It was on the hillside a short distance north of where Moroni Hunt built his home. The hill was covered with sage-brush and the graves were marked with wooden slabs. Among those buried in the first cemetery were:

Children of Moroni and Cynthia Hunt:

Minnie Hunt	7 May	1882	at birth
Arthur Hunt	15 November	1882	4 years old
Daniel Hunt	October	1888	2 years old

Walter Hunt	10 July	1889	1 year old
Moroni Hunt	4 April	1891	1 year old
Abel Moroni Hunt	1 April	1891	Husband and Father

Two children of James and Minerva Lucky Miller. James is the son of Samuel Robert Miller:

James Samuel Miller		1889	2 years old
LeRoy Miller		1889	1 year old
Samuel Robert Miller (brother of Martha Ann Miller Rolph)	20 April	1887	50 years old

William Heap	15 January	1893	6 mo. son of Wm. Heap, Jr.
Effie Heap	20 June	1895	Child Dau. Of James Heap

All of the above were related.

An adult woman was also buried in this cemetery and also the following:
Wm. Christensen, drowned 6 May 1891, Mrs. John Ellis (Vine), and Heber Felstead.

The present cemetery was laid out by Bishop Franklin Bracken in 1900.

THE FIRST ENTERTAINMENT AND DANCE HALL

The land was donated to the town of Freedom by Albert Rolph, son of John Social Rolph. Albert also went to the canyon, cut the logs, and took them to Thayne to be traded for finished lumber from Charles Haderlie. With the help of his sons, Edwin and Melvin, they built the Entertainment Hall, which gave many hours of pleasure in dancing, theatricals, basket socials, basketball games as well as many fine programs. It was built about 1914.

TWINS IN FREEDOM

By Ina Erickson

Fred Luthi's	Frank & Ella (boy & girl)
John Robinsons	Leonard & Reynold (boys)
Eldon Luthi's	Curtis & Cody (boys deceased)
Denzil Jenkins	Girls (died soon after birth)
Roy Keelers	Lorna & Laura (girls)
Walter Weber's	Doyle & Royal (boys)
" "	(died soon after birth)
G.A. Newswanders	Jean & Jessie (girls)
Walter Barbers	Joel & Jan (boy & girl)
Newell Crooks	Kelly & Kerry (boys)
Lyman Crooks	Vicky & Val (girl & boy)
Royal Jenkins	Jay & Kay (boys)
Nick Robinsons	Chanda & Heath (girl & boy)
Chad Jenkins	Jamie & Jodi (girls)
Ladell Heiners	Brock & Bobbie (boys)
Elmo Robinsons	Karl & Kami (boy & girl)
Ed Crofts	Joan & Judy (girls)
Lyle Jenkins	Kent & Brent (boys)

Charlie Luthis	Kent & Carol Janis (boy & "girl deceased")
Royce Jackson's	Jody & Janette (girls)
Gene Warrens	Dixie & Danette (girls)
Lorenzo Jenkins	Tamara & Tyson (girl & boy)
Dean Reed Luthi's	Michelle & Ashly (girls)-Riki & Rili (girls)
Rol Wellmans	Brandie & Mattie (girls)
Rick Hunsakers	(boys deceased)

MISSIONARY LIST COMPILED BY INA ERICKSON

To the best of her recollection

Albert Rolph & Son
Charlie Weber
Fred Weber
Walter Weber
Lawrence Weber
Gerald Weber
John F. Jenkins
Winslow Weber
Sterling Weber
Nola Weber
Arlene Weber
Elvira Weber
Ardith Weber
Myrna Weber
Wade Weber
Larry Weber
Kurtis Weber
Robert Weber
Alvin Robinson
Carl Robinson
Reynold Robinson
Willie Robinson Jr.
Dean Robinson
Lamont Sanderson
Golden Erickson
Barry Hoopes
Danny Hoopes
Allen Hoopes
Donnie Baker
Spencer Erickson
Bryce Erickson
Rondo Erickson
Gary Nelson
Milson Clark
Troy Clark
L.I. Jenkins
Willie Jenkins
Wilford Jenkins
Marlan Erickson
J.U. Schiess
L.H. Haderlie
Conn Haderlie
Morris Haderlie
Juel Haderlie
Vaughn Haderlie
Charles Luthi
Henry Luthi
Curtis Luthi
Jeff Luthi
Kristine Luthi
Rick Luthi
Randall Luthi
Kirk Brower
Martell Brower
J.P. Robinson
Fred Brog
Eric Robinson
Kip Robinson
Byron Haderlie
Chad Miller
Ward Wolfley
Perry Hoopes
Borden Jenkins
Steven Jenkins
Kendall Jenkins
Jolynn Jenkins
Alice Jenkins
Farrell Jenkins
Vernal Jenkins
Eldon Jenkins
Glen Jenkins
Myra Jenkins
Alice Jenkins Hamilton
Edith Jenkins
Norma Jenkins
June Jenkins

Glen Jenkins
Louie Jenkins
Kenneth Jenkins
Wendell Jenkins
Claudia Jenkins
Leon Jenkins
Lyle Jenkins
Chad Jenkins
Dahl Jenkins
Dave Jenkins
Lynett Jenkins
Merrill Robinson
Dannie Haderlie
Dallie Haderlie
Rick Warren
Gene Warren
Roydell Haderlie
Lin Dee Hokanson
Randy Hokanson
Bob Hokanson
Bret Hokanson
Drew Hokanson
Van Hokanson
Lindon Jenkins
Sherman Jenkins
Tad Jenkins
Will Jenkins
Edward Jenkins
Brad Jenkins
Perry Robinson
Darren Robinson
Lex Porter
Scott Rainey
Clyde Rainey
Don Rainey
Rex Wolfley
Lavell Hawthine
Lyman Crook
Richard Crook
Tracy Crook
John Baugh
John Sturr
Kim Luthi
Todd Luthi
Trudy Jenkins
Anna Jenkins
Ivan Sharp
Fred Wright
Trevor Roberts
Kenny Hokanson
Matt Clinger
Don Jenkins
Ardell Jenkins
Darrel Jenkins
Lera Jenkins
Lavon Jenkins
Earl Jenkins
Curt Jenkins
Kim Jenkins
Brent Jenkins
Dana Nelson
Marty Clinger
Maury Robinson
Stacy Robinson
Karl Robinson
Nolan Jenkins
Wynn Jenkins
Keith Izatt
Stanley Izatt
Dana Izatt
Jed Izatt
Dale Izatt
Lane Izatt
Drew Izatt
Paula Izatt
Airica Izatt
Launa Izatt
Dirk Izatt
Ross Spackman
Brad Spackman
Steven Warren
Sandra Warren
Wyatt Warren
Dallas Warren
Jody Warren
Darnell Jackson
Jack Draney
Newell Crook
Wayne Crook
Ronald Crook
Marie Crook
Russell Tilleck
Joel Barber
Cody Luthi
Kip Robinson
Aaron Jenkins
Cathy Carlisle
Vern Osmond
Evan Jenkins
Tyler Brog
Farren Haderlie
Joe Rainey

Nathan Clinger
Jayson Cazier
Clint Warren
George Rainey
Dan Weber
Fletcher Roberts
Rod Wolfley
Blake Jenkins
Evan Jenkins (grandson)
Eric Heiner
Todd Jenkins
Michael Haderlie
Theras Jenkins
Eddie Jenkins
Jay Haderlie
Jared Jenkins
Kerry Heiner
Courtney Roberts
Kade Clinger
Adam Rainey
Shane Crook
Kyle Luthi
Blake Izatt
Luke Brog
Matt Heiner
Lorna Haderlie
Golden Erickson

COUPLES

L.H. & Johanna Haderlie
Veldon & Veloy Izatt
Leslie & Delia Izatt
Dean & Elaine Jenkins
Darrel & Magdalene Jenkins
Fred & Hazel Weber
Keith & Gayle Izatt
Lavard & Atha Jackson
Carl & Francis Baker
Dee & Ida Hokanson

MEMORIES OF FREEDOM, WYOMING
BY IVAN AND BERNICE NELSON

Bernice and I met some time in October or November of 1930. I had worked for the Woods Livestock Company for the past two summers, at a location at the mouth of Birch Creek, some forty five to fifty miles northwest of Idaho Falls, Idaho. I always had a strange feeling about Star Valley as if some large person had their arm around me, to shield and give comfort to me when I was in the valley. As the summer wore on, I had more and more of the feeling of wanting to be in Star Valley for this reason. I left the Reno Ranch and Carl Robinson had befriended me in times past, and seemed to have an interest in me so I went to work for him. This was about the middle of September. Carl had told me if I ever needed a job to look him up and he would try to help me, and this is what happened.

I was born in Driggs, Idaho to Edmond William Nelson and Pheobe Hannah Hebdon and was the last of six children; five boys and one girl. We moved to Star Valley when I was about two years old. My father and mother separated when I was either four of five years old, and Father and the boys left Star Valley to seek a living elsewhere. My mother and sister stayed in Star Valley at the place we had been living at. Father died just after I turned sixteen, and from there on I had to fend for myself.

Bernice was the youngest daughter of Carl G. E. Erickson of Glen, which was a small community, five miles north of Freedom, Wyoming on the Idaho side. She was the eleventh child of a family of thirteen children. Two boys were younger than she. Her mother, Annie Elizabeth Bright, had passed away when the last child was just a few months old. The family had no mother in the home from then on.

Prior to the time when we started going together, Bernice had lived with a sister Hilda and her family at Lewisville, Idaho. While we were going together, she lived with her uncle Jim and Aunt Mirnen Brower for about a year.

I will always be grateful to Carl and Minnie Robinson for the influence they had on my life. They treated me like one of the family. In looking back over the years, Carl has always been a man of his word. In the fourteen years of continual close association with him, he has always been honorable and has kept his word in everything I know of. He was the Bishop of the Freedom Ward all the time I knew him, up to the time he left Freedom and moved to Afton. Others who had a marked influence on me were his brothers Alvin and Reynold and his wife Eliza Robinson.

Carl was asked to be the cashier of the Star Valley State Bank and needed someone to take care of his ranch. It seemed like a good chance to get started ranching or working for ourselves. He wouldn't rent the place to me unless I was married, so we decided to get married in December rather than June of the next year. Owen Draney and Zelda Erickson, along with Bernice and I were married the same time by Bishop Carl Robinson at Afton, Wyoming 29 December 1931.

The great depression was in full swing at this time, and of course we felt the effect of it in our lives. We were milking from twelve to fifteen cows, and our half of the milk check was about fifteen dollars per month. This is all we had to live on to buy what we needed and pay the bills with. I have no idea what would have happened if it had not been for Clarence, or "Doc" Chadwick as every one called him. He was operating a store at the time and helped many with solving their problems by giving them credit. We would take our milk check up to him, and he would let us have what we really needed. It took several years for us to pay off our debt to him. I will always be grateful to him for his kindness to us.

Since this is history, I would like to make a comparison to present times. At that time, about 1931 until about 1933 or 1934, we sold weaner pigs for about one dollar each. We sold older pigs weighting up to about one hundred twenty five pounds, for one dollar and twenty- five cents each. We sold our milk for about thirty to thirty- five cents per hundred pounds and so on. Now try to buy a pork steak, or try to buy a pig! About all you get for a dollar twenty -five is the squeal! A gallon of milk costs about a dollar ninety-five or about twenty-three cents per pound. During those trying years we had almost no money to spend, but we had plenty of milk and cream that we could trade for flour or wheat. We had a flourmill, the owners of which would mill the wheat for a percentage, so we lived through that time.

Some time about 1926, the Star Valley Swiss Cheese Company was formed and by this time was, (1933) going pretty well. During a blizzard in the month of February 1936, the Swiss Cheese factory burned down. We had two feet or more of snow on the ground with a fierce wind to fan the flames. The cheese had to be put out of the factory through the basement windows and covered with snow to keep it from freezing until it could be hauled to a place to store it. With very few telephones, it was amazing how the word spread, and in just a few minutes there were some thirty to forty men working feverishly to save the cheese and put out the fire. The factory was quickly rebuilt, and cheese making went on as usual, except better. Better, because some of the defects were adjusted and places where changes were needed were made.

That was a rough winter because we had a large amount of snow. It had drifted, until the roads into the fields, where the farmers went to their haystacks, were literally on top of the snow. On the first day of April, where we lived, we could drive our team of horses out over the snow to

the hay stack, and for a very few days bring a load of hay up to the yard on the crust, very quickly though, the weather changed and became warmer at night. The snow would freeze, but melt quicker in the mornings, and it became very difficult to get the hay from the haystack in the field to the cattle at the corrals. By the first of May, the five feet of snow, which we had the first day of April changed to water, and we had to wear hip boots to get to the cow barn and around the yards.

Our three children were all born at Afton, Wyoming. Boyd--9 May 1933. Gary--18 March 1937. Bernice's father, Carl Erickson, came to live with us for about a year and was such a help with the children. We sure enjoyed having Grandpa with us. Gary was happiest when his grandfather would sit and rock him for long periods of time. Alomar came to greet us on a beautiful summer day 6 July 1942. I believe she was sucking her thumb when she was born or at least just minutes after. She was so cute. Our children were always good to care for themselves. When milking time would come, Bernice would put them to bed and they knew they were to stay there until she came back from milking. They were so good-natured and so pleasant to be around that we knew that if one was cross or having a bad time of it, he or she was ill. In the mornings they would stay in their beds and play until their mother or I would come to take care of them.

At some time in 1939, we finally had electricity to help us. It was such a help to have a refrigerator and milking machines, and about the same time or maybe a year earlier, we bought a tractor and equipment so that we did most of the farming with a tractor instead of having to feed and curry the horses. It took time to harness the horses, slowly get the field work done, give the horse’s time to eat and rest at noon, get them ready again to go to the field and take care of them again after work. Now we could work as long as we wanted to, even into the night if need be. This helped wonderfully, but of course it all had to be paid for.

During the time when Gary was a baby, we used to hire a beautiful girl by the name of Ruth Anderson to take care of the house, and Bernice would work in the field with me. We sure made a good team and accomplished a great deal. She was some of the best help I could ever ask for. She loved to work outside and took such an interest in doing her work well. At the same time, the girl took excellent care of Boyd and Gary and had the meal ready for us at noon so that no time was lost. When we didn't have help like this, it slowed things down a lot. When Alomar was a baby we couldn't get Ruth so we hired a Roberts girl. I've forgotten her name, but it surely helped out. (Yvonne Roberts, I believe)

Each year it seemed like I had more trouble with my breathing in the winter time, and Doctor Worthen finally told me to leave the farm if I wanted to live long. Bernice had more of the outside work to do as this progressed. Finally in 1945, Alvin Robinson came to us and wanted us to buy his store. This was such a surprise and shock just to think of getting off the farm and not have to work so hard. It was a hard decision to make, but after a lot of consideration, we decided to try to make the change. Things happened at this time to make me more aware that The Lord does answer prayers. We purchased the store that Alvin Robinson owned, also the merchandise from Ken Olsen, and we were in business. We had to take over the store September 15, and still operate the farm until December 15. During this time, Boyd, who was now twelve years old, was such a help to me. He could run the tractor and buck in the hay from the field so fast that two men could hardly take care of it. He even milked the cows on one or two occasions. We were milking about twenty- eight to thirty head of cows, and he did it alone! Gary was such a help to his mother, and Alomar stayed with me and was so good. She was only three years old. She was obedient, considerate, helpful and hardly ever cried. She was just made to order. She grew up that way too. If she saw her mother or me doing something, she

wanted to help. Her mother would get up early to get the lawn mowed before Alomar awoke. Many times she would be out helping in just a few minutes after Bernice was out. In later years, sometimes I would pick up as much of our groceries as the car would hold. When I would get home, if she heard me she would come to help.

When the work on the Palisades Reservoir started, I started out as a carpenter's helper. I was able to learn from those I worked with. Our supervisor was a whiz in math. It was like going to school.

In 1953 we had the opportunity to purchase the lot just north of our store. We decided to buy it to build a home on. So during the fall of 1954 and the summer of 1955 our home was built. We hired Fornham Call to build it, with my family doing as much as we could to help. It was the first brick home to be built in Freedom. It stands west of the Freedom LDS church house.

Our sons Boyd and Gary had experience working with heavy equipment, both worked at the Palisades Dam. The work of building the Palisades Dam changed the lives of many people of Star Valley. Life was never the same afterwards. A number of our young men from Freedom became foremen and worked up quite a reputation for themselves. Wages were good comparatively, and this made a great impact on each of the communities of the valley.

Boyd followed the heavy equipment line of work. Gary went on a mission for the LDS Church during 1958 and 1959 and was married in 1960. He married Helen, the daughter of John and Gladys Mallory of Afton, Wyoming. Boyd married a girl from Glens Ferry, Idaho, Barbara Lish

Alomar finished high school in the spring of 1961 and wanted to go on to college at Salt Lake City, Utah. After being in the store business sixteen years, we decided to sell out and go to Utah. Alomar attended college and married Earl Kern from Afton, Wyoming.

Note: The store had been owned or operated by Ed Vincent, G.A Newswander, Alvin (Tommy) Schiess, Reynold Robinson and Alvin Robinson before he owned it. Some of the young ladies that helped work in the store were: LaRue and Jennie Child, Mable Draney, Cherrie Luthi, Annieta Jenkins, Opal Heap, Jeraldine Jenkins, Edith Weber, Opal Draney, Jeul Nester, Ilta Robinson and Marge Stewart.

LEONE ROBINSON'S MEMORIES

My memories of John Robinson by Leone Robinson, written June 1989 while staying at Doyle and Rose Jensen's place in Provo, Utah.

My first remembrance of John Robinson was the year of 1921 or 1922 when he hired my father, Robert Erickson. They were brother-in-laws. John married Hilda, Robert's oldest sister. My father went to work on his home ranch in Freedom, Wyoming. I say home ranch as he had large acreage of land and other homes, but this was where he lived. It was where Aunt Hilda had died in 1907. Now his family was raised and had gone for higher education or had married and had families and homes of their own.

My father had lost his forty- acre farm in Heyburn, Idaho because of a year's battle with Typhoid Fever, and he was struggling to provide for his family. He was working at Austin's

ranch near Soda Springs, Idaho, for fifty dollars a month. Uncle John paid my father one hundred dollars per month, gave him a nice place to live in his big house, and provided our milk, cream and wood. We all had to work. I learned to milk and milked eleven cows every morning and night. I was thirteen years old and in the eighth grade, and had to ride two miles to school. We were so happy to live in a big house; it was so special, that was one of the first homes in Star Valley with hot and cold running water and a bathroom. Uncle John had his kitchen, pantry, bathroom, back bedroom and a back entrance for chore clothes, and a large living room with an organ and a Victroia phonograph. He used to let us play it sometimes. The parlor was where Mother had her kitchen and living room and all. No water was piped in there so we carried it in from a hydrant out on the lawn.

Mother and Dad had the big bedroom (master bedroom, they call it now); that was where Aunt Hilda died. After her baby girl was born, she got blood poison and had a loss of blood. She died three days later. Uncle John slept upstairs; he said so he could get the boys up. The stairs were so wide and spacious to me. They were open, too, with only a banister. Sometimes, we would straddle it and ride down into the large hall that was around it. Uncle Reynold and Aunt Eliza had that part torn down in later years. Aunt Eliza thought it was old-fashioned with such high ceilings and tall, narrow windows and doors with transoms on top so you could put it down and let air in. Aunt Eliza told me many times she wished they had never torn it down. Aunt Eliza was a special housekeeper and homemaker, but she had a bit of keeping up with the world in her; she did not want to be classed as old-fashioned.

At first Uncle John helped us milk, and we sang all the songs and hymns we knew. Uncle John could sing without stammering so he enjoyed singing. " My Darling Nellie Gray" was one of his favorites. Now as I think about it, the words must have expressed some of his feelings. The chorus, "Oh, my darling, Nellie Gray, they have taken you away, and I'll never see my darling anymore. I am sitting by the river, and I am weeping all the day for you've gone from the Old Kentucky shore."

I am sure Uncle John had many sad and lonely hours and days after he had lost three wives in childbirth. "Love at Home" and "Count Your Blessings" were favorites, too, for all of us. He would help us sing them, and my father's beautiful bass voice would make it so good and special. These songs are a "family must" to sing as the family gets together.

Uncle John took my brother, Milton, with him to ride the range. Milton rode a small, buckskin mare named Buck. Melvin's father had her when Melvin was a little boy. His mother used to put Melvin and Dewain on her and walk and lead her, two and a half miles to go to Relief Society in Freedom or to visit Grandma Luthi. Grandpa and Milton left early in the morning and came home just in time to milk, or after Grandpa had bread and duck for lunch (that is, dry bread ducked in a clear stream of water where they had stopped to rest so the horses could feed). Uncle John always had a nap if the mosquitoes and horseflies would let him. (Uncle John went to bed late and got up early and had naps during the day.) He very seldom made it through a meal without napping. He would get his food on his knife (an English habit) and halfway to his mouth two or three times during his nap. He took one hour easy to eat a meal at the table.

I am thankful that he had Melvin and I come to live with him during the Depression. There just was not paying work to be had at this time. I had married Melvin (J.P. and Rose's oldest boy) so now Uncle John was Grandpa. He had sold his home place to Uncle Reynold and Aunt Eliza, and Grandpa moved on to the Hammond place; that used to be where J.P. and Rose lived. That was where Rose died. Melvin had many happy memories of his boyhood there, and he was so happy when we could live there. We were paid fifty dollars per month with milk,

cream and wood. Grandpa ate with us when he didn't go up to "the Girls" (that is what he called Hazel) or to Carl and Minnie's; they were both about a half mile away on ranches he had helped them buy.

Grandpa was a handsome man (never fat, not even heavy) and, oh, so kind and neat and clean. I just loved him, and I think he loved me. I was pregnant with my first baby and, oh, so sick; it was all such a new experience for me. Grandpa would bring tea and toast and a poached egg to the bed for me. He said it would make me feel better; he used to do that for Hilda and it helped her, he said.

Tom and Virginia were in Philadelphia at medical school. He was so proud of Tom and the honors he had in high school and college. When he would get a letter from him, he would go to "the Girl's" (Hazel) to have her read it to him. Grandpa could neither read nor write. He stammered and stuttered really badly. He was always so proud of his big family. I often think of these handicaps and the loss of three wives in childbirth, and now not having a loving wife and counselor to come home to, meals prepared and someone to share the work of the day with; it's no wonder he stayed outside and worked and worked and worked, and he expected everyone else to do the same. He had no other recreation. I feel he cried and prayed and was given divine help to carry on.

One time he was in the field harrowing, and for some reason the team ran away, dragging him under the harrow, which was an implement with eight to ten inch steel teeth, used to break up clods and sod to make ready for a seed bed. I do not know how far he was dragged, but they ran over a ditch; he was dropped in it and that saved his life. There were many such accidents in those days, and some farmers were killed. I washed the dirt and blood out of his hair and off his face; his beautiful hair would curl around my fingers. It was a great experience for me. Uncle Carl administered to him and took him to the doctor in Afton and all was well. Soon, he was out helping again. Uncle Bill had a fast four-horse team that he used on the seed drill; Grandpa hired him to do the drilling. Grandpa was upset with him and said, “By gum, boy, you go so fast you don't give the seeds time to get down.” He meant it! Bill could drill twenty acres per day and that was a lot for horses. It would be fun to have Grandpa see the methods and power they farm with today.

Melvin and Uncle Warren Edwards milked forty four cows, took care of the calves and fed the dry stock and lots of horses. It was a big job and went well into the night sometimes. It seemed with Grandpa that the more you accomplished, the more he thought (with a little longer time and more effort) you could do. I can understand that now because his work was his recreation and all to him. Grandpa divided the Hammond place between J.P and Leonard, and he went to live with Carl and Minnie, and Royal and Sybil in Afton. They were so good to him and he enjoyed his last days

On the Hammond place there were big cattle scales and corrals where people from all over the valley brought their cattle to be weighed and sold to cow buyers. They were then driven to Soda Springs, Idaho or Idaho Falls and shipped on the railroad to the cattle market. Melvin loved to work with cattle He had a good horse to ride, a good faithful dog, and took good care of both. He got five dollars per day; that was good money, but it didn't last long. Grandpa could always figure in his head how much the cattle were worth, and the buyers and neighbors sat around the kitchen table many times figuring for a long time. Grandpa could draw his name and that was all I ever knew he could write. He had a good, figuring head, so I do not think very many people cheated him on money matters.

Grandpa always had a stallion of good breeding. Horse sales were comparable to a tractor sales business now. In Grandpa's day, everything was done with horses and everyone wanted the best. There were many exciting and dangerous stories told about these stallions as they were big, strong, mean and hard to keep under control. They traveled all over the lower valley in breeding season, breeding mares to keep a supply of work horses on the farms. The best horses of the year had to be kept in a strong, high corral where they could exercise and squeal and stomp all they wanted. I was scared to death of them.

Grandpa John Robinson was a gentleman in every way. The greatest fault that I could see in him was his work habit; it was life. He expected everyone to work hard and help His stammering was so bad he did not enjoy visiting, or public or church work. Therefore, he was very supportive with finance, teams and machinery. He had the well drilled on the Freedom Cemetery. It has the original pump and a good flow of water, and we have never had to prime it to this day (this is the year 1990). While we, Bruce and I, were working on a headstone, we talked about our heritage and all the many loved ones who are buried there. We figured the well was drilled seventy five or eighty years ago. Uncle Tom may know for sure. Many children pump water every Memorial Day out of curiosity.

Grandpa John Robinson was one of the men who started Freedom State Bank. You can find out more about this in Star Valley and its communities. It consolidated with Afton State Bank, and Grandpa was one of the main stockholders. Uncle Carl moved to Afton to be cashier and later became president and main stockholder; his son's (Max, Kay and Hal) are all directors and managers in some capacity. One of Uncle Carl's sons is in the banking business in Salt Lake City. I am sure that would have made Grandpa happy. As far as I am concerned, he was a financial wizard. If anyone needed to sell anything to get money, they came to Grandpa; he could always give cash if they needed it. He always had a great acreage of land, a large range right and lots of pasture, so he bought what people needed to sell. The market then was a long way off. There were no big trucks and the roads were not very good either, (always going around sections of land and the hills were steep and dangerous), certainly not what they are now.

Grandpa always had good horses. There were workhorses, a traveling team and lots of saddle horses. I can see him now on Brin, his big, strong saddle horse, a great walker. The horse and Grandpa could go all day, up hill and down through streams, chasing cattle; I think they were sorry when night came and they had to quit. He knew how to ride a horse and make it easy for the horse. There is a great art involved in this and Grandpa had it. Melvin inherited that gift and art from him, and also the love of it.

When anyone lives to the age he did, seventy -six years, and loved and worked to make this world a better place to live, volumes could be written about them. I am thankful to have known and loved and lived with Grandpa John Robinson. We have a great heritage and many noble people have helped us all. Let's all vow to " Press On!" and "Do Good!" I love each one of you--Grandmother Leone Robinson

WIN ROBINSON

For a time Melvin and I lived across the road from his home. His yard, corrals, barns and shed were almost as clean and orderly as Aunt Emm (Win's wife) kept her house, not anything out of place. You could set your clock and not be very many minutes off by the time Uncle Win's light came on in the mornings, or the time it was blown out at night. (There was no

television) The cow barn was cleaned everyday at the same time, early in the morning. You knew what day in February it was when Uncle Win butchered pigs (three, at least and maybe five).

When the wood was sawed and split for the next year, the branding, dehorning and castrating of calves were done, also. These were done by the signs of the Zodiac so they would heal faster and not bleed so much. Aunt Emm made her soap, did the housecleaning and washed bedding and curtains at regular times of the year.

They were prompt and exact in everything, never late. They were short of patience with anyone that had this bad habit. They raised a good, hard-working, neat, clean and methodical family. I learned a lot from them.

The Cow Barn

I must describe the cow barns (milking parlors, they are called now). Grandpa Robinson's big barn was built to hold forty to fifty cows, with a large calf pen. There was a place for stools and cans as well as a milk stand outside where the cans of milk were put so the milk hauler could pick them up easily. There was also a large water trough with cold spring water running night and day for the animals, and in the summertime, the milk cans were set in the water to cool. The milk had to be hauled about five miles to the creamery by horses, and some people's milk would be sour by the time it got there, because they had not taken good care of it. For years Grandpa had the hauling job as he had the most milk and was on the end of the route. They hauled empty swill cans to bring them back, full of whey, which they fed to pigs and chickens. Sometimes you hauled as much swill as milk.

The stalls were long enough for the cows to stand with all four feet on the level. The feed manger was in front of the cow and was filled night and morning so she always had plenty of good hay. There were bins all along each side of the barn big enough to hold large loads of hay. These had to be filled every other day if you were milking lots of cows. The cow could not get through the headlock, so she couldn't walk on and waste her hay. The partitions between the stalls were made of good one inch boards so that the cow in the next stall could not kick or hurt you while you were milking. I have seen my brothers climb the boards many a time to get away from the cow they were milking, sometimes they had real sore teats, caked udders or cut teats, and had to be hobbled to be able to milk them. Some men were cruel, and beat the cow with the stool they sat on, which had nails sticking out of the end so it wouldn’t slip out from under you. They even twisted the cow's tail until it was broken and she would bellow and groan in pain. I know many of the ribs of cows were broken, too. I cried and scolded many a time. I only hope that some men have to answer for their cruelty to animals that were defenseless.

The gutter was behind the cow; it was about two feet wide and six inches high. This was to keep the manure and urine from going all over the barn. Then there was an isle between the rows of stalls about ten to twelve feet, for the cows to come in, and the horses to pull the manure boat through each day. They would load the manure and urine and take it out on the fields to spread for fertilizer. Some men were not very particular (or just hated the job, like two of my brothers), and the barn would soon be a stinking mess since that job had to be done everyday (especially in the winter when the cows were kept in the barn all night). Sometimes the milk would be an "off" flavor.

The cans were five and ten gallon cans. Now, my milk cans are worth a good price, and they are used for storage and to cook "milk-can dinners". Bruce and Joyce have learned to do this

and have cooked and served up to three hundred people. We always have one or two during the summer. There is a recipe for them and pictures in my scrapbook. I am so thankful for the milking parlors, cooling systems and sanitary laws they have now. Milk, cream and butter taste so good, and the cheese has a much better flavor and quality

The Cellar

Everyone had one. Grandpa Robinson's was the only one I knew in my girlhood that joined onto the house, so you could go from tile kitchen to the cellar without going outside. Grandpa's was made of rock, strong, clean and cool, and it is still in use in 1990. There were as many different kinds as there were people who had them. Some were dug under one room of the house and the trap door was part of the floor; you went down a ladder to put things in or get things out of them. They were also used for punishing kids that wouldn't mind; they were put down in the dark and cold until they decided to be good. We had one like this in Etna, and Uncle Warren Edwards put my brother, Warren, down there when he was naughty while Dad had taken Mother to the doctor in Ogden. He cried until he couldn't make a sound; they had to doctor him for days with olive oil and sugar. Warren was very stubborn and hard to manage. Some cellars were quite a ways from the house; ours was, up Tincup. We made it on the highest ground we had because the water level was so high. Even then, in the springtime, when the snow melted, we would get a wet floor and it was hard to keep it from smelling musty and moldy. You had to have a ventilation hole in the top, and when the weather warmed, leave a crack in the door so the air could circulate. We had a big, hard snow-shoveling job in the winter. Sometimes we went to the cellar once a week and brought enough vegetables, apples, bottled fruit and meat back to last a week, then the next week we took the empty bottles back to the cellar and got the next weeks supply. We didn't have a refrigerator, but sometimes the vegetables and apples would freeze in the house if there was a long cold spell. We had a cupboard on the outside of the house where we could keep things that could be frozen like meat and butter. We had to plan ahead and improvise. The tile cellar had shelves for bottled fruit, meat and vegetables and large bins for potatoes (eight hundred pounds). Then there was a place for apples (ten bushels or so), and they were often bottled as the bottles were emptied. I always planned on four or five hundred bottles of fruit and vegetables. In the winter, you couldn't buy fresh produce, as they couldn't get it from Montpelier without it being frozen, and besides, they had to freight more needed things than produce. I was married before I tasted grapefruit, and then they were not good like now. I bottled forty to sixty quarts of meat (pork, elk, chicken, deer and meat balls of pork and elk). There were always the wild serviceberries and chokecherries that the family picked. I never liked them much as I was worried I was eating a worm or a bug, the chokecherries were not wormy, but guile bitter I liked it better with juice from apple peelings mixed in it. It was a real good feeling when the cellar was filled as the snow started coming.

Cleaning the cellar for the next year's supply was a major job. You had to sort the potatoes, carrots and apple, as there would always be some wilted and rotten ones, and we had to have enough to do us until we raised some more; so we did a lot of sorting. I was married before I had bought potatoes or carrots from the store. Mother taught me how to hang cabbage with the roots left on so they would keep sometime until January. We usually had a big barrel of sauerkraut and we always had a few rutabagas for a change of menu. We could raise them in Star Valley

Sometimes milk and butter were kept in the cellar; it was the coolest place we had. You had to be very careful to store them in mouse-proof containers as there were mice and rats in the cellar. We trapped them all the time. The mountain rats would carry off anything that was small

enough for them to carry. I am so happy to have a nice, clean storeroom, as part of my wonderful home. It even has carpet on the floor. I love it!

Some Memories of :
JOHN MELVIN ROBINSON

Melvin was a good swimmer and a beautiful diver; he hardly made a splash when he went in and came up so quickly. I loved to watch him. One time he saved his sister, Helen's, life. Some friends had talked her into swimming a deep hole in Salt River; there was an undercurrent that took her under a big willow bush. Melvin heard them telling her she could swim it. She could barely paddle swim. She went under and could not get loose, and Mel dove in and brought her out. They worked quite a while to get her breathing again.

Melvin was a real good woodchopper and sawyer. He and George Laker held the record for felling the most trees in a day on the Forest Bug Project out of Ogden. Melvin worked for the Forest Service for many years, building trails, improving springs, burning bug timber, and making and improving campgrounds. He loved this work. This work all started during F.D.R's administration as President of the United States to help provide for families and improve the country, too.

I cooked for the bug camp up McCoy, the summer of 1931. Verlene was the baby, and we lived in a big cook tent. Melvin would get the water from a spring and always chopped and split the wood I needed. He was always the first one on job in the morning. He made three dollars a day and I made four dollars; he earned half of mine, I always said. We always saw and heard lots of wildlife. The mosquitoes were terrible until sundown. We always had repellent for them. The scenery was so beautiful and peaceful. Those were happy days that summer, with money coming in, and I loved to cook. The Forest Service furnished the food so I did not have to worry about that. I always had time for a nap each day, but Mel didn't.

When the Forest officials came to check our camp and our work, they always gave us compliments on our camp and our food. Always, the men were hungry and enjoyed anything I fixed. My brother, Edgar Erickson, worked on the same job and helped with Verlene a lot. She just loved him; he sang and whistled to her and carried her outdoors a lot. Melvin found a real good huckleberry patch in a place they named Hells hole, but he said I would never make it in there and I didn't try.

One time a salesman that sold plumb axes to the hardware stores in the valley, came to Freedom to demonstrate chopping a log, at least two feet in diameter. He wanted someone in the crowd to take his axe and chop it first. Friends and relatives persuaded Melvin to try. He was twenty- seven years old then, and oh, so strong and handsome. He did a super job; I do not remember how long it took. Then the man took the axe and how the chips did fly! I never thought a man could chop so smooth and fast. For years after, Melvin always used a plumb axe.

The spring after he came home from Preston, where he went to high school, there was a good one-mile runner from Afton, (I have forgotten his name) home from college. and he challenged anyone for a one-mile run. Melvin was herding cattle up Tincup at the time, so Fred Weber and Uncle Henry Luthi went up to get him to run. The race was at Thayne, from the Muddy String road down to the road that goes by the church north and south. There was a big crowd for that day, and Melvin gave it all he had and won the race by quite a ways. The lower valley people

went wild! Melvin could not get out of bed the next day and he always said that was the sorest he had been. In those days, we didn't have bathtubs in which we could soak in hot water; you rested and suffered it out.

There are many, many things I could write and have written at other times, but this will be all for now. I would hope that each one of you would try to overcome your faults and weaknesses and do the things you know to be right, as he did. He had a great love for the gospel, motherhood and ladies (not hussies--they were bad, bad in his book). He loved his Father in heaven and he loved his heritage; it was the greatest to him. He truly loved me, and his children and did all that he could for us. I am so thankful for the sealing power that has been restored and that we are all sealed so that if we desire, and will obey the laws that govern the principle, we can continue on eternally, loving, caring and helping each other.

Hair Care

From the beginning of time, women have been concerned and worried about how their hair looks, always trying to find a new method to make it more silky and beautiful. We read many times that a woman's hair is her "crowning glory." That is a bit of a strong statement to me, but I have worried, brushed, shampooed and worked until my arms ached, and I shed tears trying to have my hair look becoming to me. I am thankful that at eighty years of age, I have never had a color-rinse or dye of any kind on my hair. I am thankful I have a heavy head of hair that grows fast, but it grows a bit more stubborn as it goes gray.

As young girls we wore it braided and had ribbons to wear in it for Sunday and special occasions. After so many wearings, we had to wash and press the ribbons. Our hair was washed once a week, or maybe two weeks. There was no shampoo; we used the bar soap we used for our hands. Some used homemade soap if they had no other. There was no running hot water either, so we heated it all on the stove. When we were done, we carried it out and threw it on the yard. On the farms there was no planted lawn and there were no lawn mowers (at most homes there was not any water available to water the lawn). So we threw the water that was not used to wash greasy dishes on the lawn, and it was enough to keep the yard green in spots. They would stake the saddle horse on it to do the mowing.

There was no rinse or conditioner so we used vinegar in the rinse water to make our hair shiny and not sticky from soap scum. It made the hair easier to comb. As we grew older, we would use lemon juice instead of vinegar. Then we found out if we boiled the rind of the lemon, our hair would be more glossy and it would bring out the color more. As teenagers, Norma and I would wash our hair and then go out in the sunshine to see if we had done a good job. We both got many compliments on our hair; it was a lot of work. We found if we melted snow in the wintertime it was so much better since the snow water was so soft. We would get two big dish pans heaped high with clean, white snow and put them on the stove to melt. Sometimes we had to get more snow depending on how nice we wanted our hair to look; so much depended on how well we rinsed the soap out. If our hair would snap and crackle when we brushed it, we had done a good job. I was thirteen years old when my braids were cut off, straight around my head and just below the ears ("Dutch cut," they called it). My hair had a little curl in it and I would put it up in rags. Then came the curling irons you heated in the kerosene-lamp chimney, then a comb we could use to make waves, then metal curlers, then brush curlers.

I was nineteen years old when I saw my first lady with a permanent. Nora Newswander had a sister in Blackfoot, Idaho that had a beauty parlor. I stayed with Nora's children, and she went to Blackfoot to get curly hair; it would be curly for six months. When she came back,

crooked, was a better word than curly, and she had several burned sores in her head. The perms were done by electricity, and the hair was rolled so tight on the curlers that your head was sore for days. The curlers and clamps, with the heat to curl your hair, were so heavy you could hardly hold your head up (some weights were on the clamps to help take the weight off of you or you couldn't have done it). The heat would be on twenty or forty minutes, depending on how hard your hair was to curl, and how long you wanted it to last. I have had many a burn on my head. When cold waves came in, there were women that would not change and would go miles to get a hot wave (Norma, my sister, was one of them). Nora was so pleased with her fuzzy, dry, cooked hair, that soon all the ladies were wanting a perm.

Hair Styles

Hair styles are always changing. Some are very becoming, and add much to the beauty of the person; however there are those who go to extremes in every style. Then, no matter how pretty the features, the hair makes one appear ugly. One style that I did not like, when I was a teenager, was what they called "The Cootie George". You pulled the hair on the top of your head smooth or with a wave, then took some hair over your ears and snarled it real tight. You then pulled the top hair down over it and some had a bump of snarled hair that stuck out three inches from the head like a big lump over their ear. Alta Sanderson was real good at making hers big. There were some girls that curled the top hair, (the hair they pulled over their “Cootie George” and that made it look better. Aunt Sybil did that, and I thought she was so pretty. She fixed it pretty everyday whether she was staying home or going to church. She put the long back part in a bun (this style came from World War I times). Aunt Sybil was always so ladylike and well-groomed and her manners were so nice; I just loved to watch her.

Then there was the "Bubble" hair where you ratted your hair on top your head. Some could make it stand at least eight inches high! At church and meetings you could hardly see the speakers; you had to try to look over or around all the hair in front of you. I hope there are some good pictures of them.

There are boys and men now that wear their hair like the women do; it is hard to tell whether they are male or female since the girls wear pants and shirts just like the men. I have seen many strangers that I couldn't make up my mind if they were men or women. With all the hair color, sprays, combs, ribbons and different perms, you can look anyway your heart desires. There are some very pretty and becoming styles, some are funny, some are ridiculous and that will always be the case. Some care, some don't and some just want attention.

Wash Day

My, how it has changed! Has it ever changed!! When I was a girl, if you were a dutiful wife and took pride in managing your home, you washed on Monday and ironed and mended and darned the stockings on Tuesday. Some super managers would wash and iron on Monday--that was Aunt Mary Luthi, Lula Jenkins, Ida Jenkins and a few others. Some women kept track of when and what time of day your wash was on the line and how it looked; you were judged as to how good a housekeeper you were by the way your curtains hung in the windows and how the wash looked on the line. I still have that bad habit and hate to admit it.

Some men were extra good providers and built a washhouse with a stove. The washer, if you could afford one, had to be turned at least one hundred to one hundred and fifty times to get the clothes clean, so you had to have enough children to take turns doing it. We did not have one until I was a big girl, sixteen years or so. We had big wash tubs of galvanized tin that would

hold about fifteen gallons of water, and two fifteen gallon boilers that we heated our water in on the stove. Then we had to boil the clothes on the stove after we had rubbed them. When the water got so dirty, say four or five batches, you had to get some clean water. Now, it required lots of wood to heat that much water so someone had to keep filling the stove. It was the hardest day of the week.

The washboard was made of wood and galvanized tin, glass or another metal. I don't know what kind we had; this metal had ridges on it and a place for soap at the top. You put the board that was the frame in the tub, and went to work, putting extra soap where it was needed, and rubbed and rubbed. Mother was so fussy, and I had to do them over many times until I decided it was easier to do it right the first time. You sorted your clothes before you started. Sometimes we would have twenty six piles, the bed linen in one, the tablecloths and dish towels in another, towels in another, underwear in yet another; these were all white. If there was a baby, those clothes and diapers were washed first so they would stay a pretty color. There were some that looked terrible; they didn't put colors on babies until they were nearly a year old.

We always had at least four tablecloths as we nearly always had a tablecloth at noon; morning and night we just used the oilcloth. It was so neat to me when we could have a clean dish towel every day. I used to stitch embroidery in the corners and sometimes I ironed them so they would look nice. When my mother died at the age of sixty- eight years, all her dish towels, sheets and petticoats were neatly ironed and put away in drawers. Remember, she was crippled on her right side. We did not have Clorox bleach so we had to rely on lye soap, and sunshine to bleach our clothes.

I learned to sew on the treadle sewing machine by hemming dish towels made from our flour sacks. Most of the tablecloths were made from flour sacks too, with colored borders and embroidery. That way, we got the feel of the sewing machine and learned to guide the cloth through Bannock Chief was the brand of flour Mother used, and it had a big Indian Chief on it that was terribly difficult to get off. Some never did come all out. We washed most all day until it was milking time; it felt good to sit down and milk. I always had sores on all my knuckles every week from the lye and strong soap.

We had to carry the water from the well or creek and carry it all back out; that was a big job. Daddy and the boys usually carried the water Sunday night, and then filled all the milk buckets in the morning before they went to their work. We always hung the sheets so they were the same length on the line, and all the pillowcases were in pairs with the embroidery to the front. The dishtowels and tablecloths were next and they were hung according to size. The underwear was hung on the middle line so they would not be on display. The stockings and socks were a batch by themselves; if we had two pair a week that was enough. They were cotton or wool and were dark colors.

When I was a teenager, Mother sent to Sears and got some mercerized staple cotton in a color like suntan. Oh, that was so great. I was working in Uncle Carl Robinson's store before I got my first silk stockings. They cost one dollar and ninety eight cents per pair, and you could get flesh color and another color. I also, at that time, got my first silk bloomers. They came to our knees, and we felt so dressed up. Also, we didn't have to worry so much if the wind blew our dresses up. Rayon soon came in and was cheaper, but it was easier to run. I have spent many an afternoon with a fine crochet hook fixing a run instead of taking a needle and sewing it together (or worse, wearing it anyway). There was always a big mending and darning-socks day. Mother always did the darning and was so good at it. It had to be a smooth and durable job or

the feet would get sore, and if it wasn't done tight, you would have it to do the next week (forbid that!).

We always ended the wash with the rugs and hung them on the fence to dry. I can see Aunt Mary's rug, (nine by ten or twelve feet) hanging on the board fence to dry. We carried water in buckets to throw on them in order to rinse them out well. One person couldn't lift them when they were wet!

Enough said about washday. You can see how much it has changed. I am doing my washing and drying while I am writing.

BISHOPS AND RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS

Arthur B. Clark	1891 -1894.
Osborn Low	1894 -1899
Aaron F. Bracken	1900--1919
Carl Robinson	1919 -1932
D.J. Clark	1932-1935
Henry Luthi	1935-1942
Reynold Robinson	1942-1948
D'Orr Child	1948-1957
Lowell Jenkins	1957-1963
Lyman Crook	1963-1968
Dee Hokanson	1968-1976
Veldon Izatt	1976-1982
Fred Brog	1982-1988
Chad Jenkins	1988-1991
Ronald Crook	1991-1997
Lex Porter	1997-2003
Kim C Luthi	2003-2008
Harold Martel Brower	2008 is now serving in 2009

Freedom Ward Relief Society Organized July 19, 1891

Mary Rainey	July 1891 – September 1900
Sarah Ann Heap	(Second Society) April 1895 – September 1900
Mary Clark	September 1900 – October 1906
Lena Jenkins	October 1906 – September 1932
Annis Jenkins	September 1932 – August 1936
Mary Luthi	August 1936 – May 1943
Ressa Chadwick	May 1943 – October 1944
Hazel Weber	October 1944 – July 1947
Carol Luthi	July 1947 – Unknown
Eliza Robinson	Unknown – August 1954
Fern Warren	August 1954 – July 1956

Beatrice Croft	July 1956 – 1958
Norma Osmond	1958 – 1961
Phyllis Haderlie	1961 – 1963
Marge Stewart	1963 – 1965
Gayle Izatt	1965 – October 1968
Elaine Jenkins	October 1968 – October 1972
Deola Warren	October 1972 – August 1977
Vona Vee Luthi	August 1977 – May 1982
Ida Hokanson	May 1982 – November 1984
Magdalene Jenkins	November 1984 – May 1987
Barbara Heiner	May 1987 – January 1993
Sherry Luthi	January 1993 – March 1997
Carole Hokanson	March 1997 – October 1999
Deanne Jackson	October 1999 – 2001
Eileen Jenkins	2001 – December 2005
Rea Stock	December 2005 – December 2008
Karlene Hokanson	December 2008 now serving in 2009

HISTORY OF THE SWISS CHEESE CREAMERY IN FREEDOM
Picture of the Freedom Swiss- Cheese Creamery some time before 1936

Freedom Swiss- Cheese Creamery about 1938

left to right: Melvin Robinson, Buhl Wakeman, Swede (Merle) Robinson, Frank Sibbett, Edgar Erickson, Gayle Luthi, Waldo (Pat) Harris, Clarence Heap. Dog was Jerry.

Ernest and Martha Kaufman Brog and their son Frank Ernest, arrived in Freedom, Wyoming in a Model T Ford on August 6, 1926, through invitation of a small group of Freedom dairy farmers, led by Carl Robinson. This group of dairymen had heard of Ernest's success in converting cow's milk into fancy grade Swiss cheese.

Ernest Brog, following the tradition of his work experience in Switzerland, and in the state of Wisconsin, organized the dairy producers of Freedom and the surrounding areas into a farmer's cooperative. The cooperative was made responsible for providing the physical facilities

to manufacture Swiss cheese, using the building plans of Ernest, and Ernest was made responsible for purchasing and installing the cheese making equipment, necessary to manufacture and market the end products, which were Swiss cheese and liquid whey. Ernest was hired for 15% of the gross receipts.

Bare in mind, these were pioneer times with no water, electricity or sewer systems. His only assets were work, knowledge, and perseverance to be successful.

Ernest was responsible for cutting, hauling and contracting the trees from the surrounding mountains, which he used to feed the boiler, to make the steam, which fueled the generator to create the electrical power to run the cheese plant. A well was dug to obtain the water, and sewer facilities were designed to accommodate the waste materials.

The milk at the farm was cooled in a slough, creek or small river, which were usually found nearby the cowherd. The milk was placed in metal, ten-gallon cans, and the cans of milk were placed in the cool mountain stream, after removing the lid, so the milk could both aerate and cool at the same time. This cooling process made it possible to find many things in the milk that should not be there. These had to be screened out of the milk at the cheese plant. Sometimes an occasional cream dipper or a white flour sack would be found. Ernest, who had received formal training in milk sanitation, saw that it was to his advantage to supply, without charge, white cotton filter discs to the milk producers to help maintain a cleaner milk supply. The cleaner milk would definitely make a higher quality cheese.

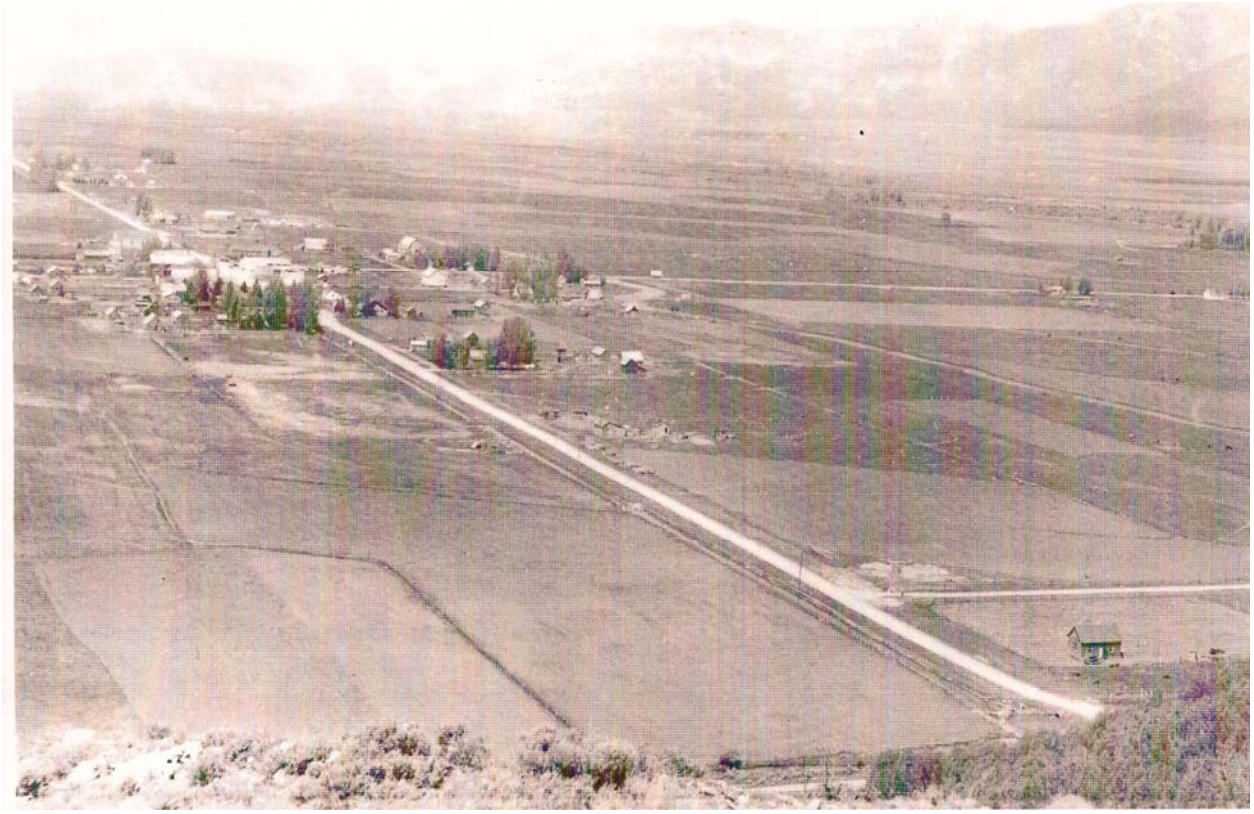
Ernest and Martha purchased the Wayan Swiss Cheese plant from John Herschsprunger and sent Earl and Lorna Haderlie of Freedom to operate the plant. Ernest made many a trip between Freedom and Wayan while the Wayan Swiss Cheese plant was in operation.

In 1934, Ernest had another plan, an idea to bring electricity into Star Valley. Ernest had to install individual power plants to operate the cheese factories he had started, and he could see an urgent need for electricity for use in dairy manufacturing and other industries. The Rural Electrification Act (REA), was passed by Congress in 1937, allowing cooperatives to borrow from the government to help rural areas obtain electrical power. The original members of Lower Valley Power and Light applied for, and received a mortgage note in the amount of one hundred and forty five thousand dollars, and Lower Valley Power and Light was incorporated on 12 April 1937. Salt River was chosen for a hydro generating plant site and by the end of the year membership applications totaled three hundred seventy five. Customers in Swan Valley and Irwin, Idaho also joined the cooperative in 1937 so they could receive the benefits of electricity. On November 12, 1938, the newly constructed Salt River generating plant and power lines were energized, and two hundred eighty seven members began to receive electric service. A celebration was held at the location of Lower Valley Power and Light's first office in Freedom. Ernest had the opportunity to turn on the first electric light in the Mormon Cultural Hall. Later, the Lower Valley Power and Light office was moved from Freedom to Afton, Wyoming and presently supplies electrical power to all Star Valley, Jackson Hole, Wayan (Idaho), Swan Valley (Idaho), and parts of Teton County and Yellowstone National Park.

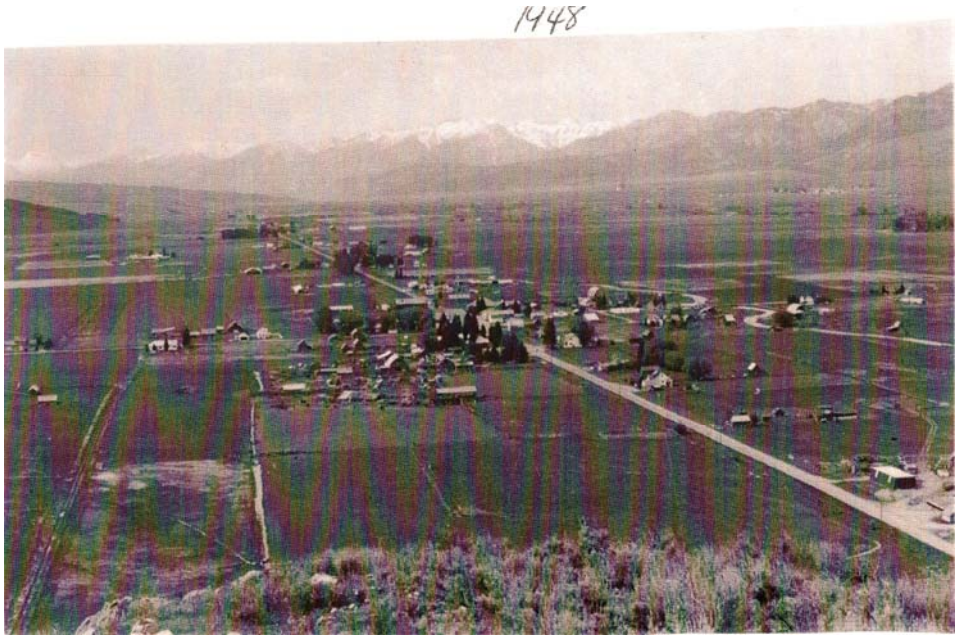
The assets of the Freedom Cheese Factory were merged with the assets of two other Swiss cheese factories, which had been operated by Ernest's brothers, Paul and Fred Brog, and this resulted in the largest Swiss cheese factory in the world, being built in Thayne, Wyoming. When Ernest left Wisconsin to come west, he left Wisconsin along with forty other contemporary Swiss cheese makers; thirty nine returned to Wisconsin, claiming that good Swiss cheese was not capable of being produced in the west. Ernest proved that this was not true.

Ernest and Martha loved their home in the creamery and lived there until their death. Martha designed the sales room and restaurant facility on the west end of the Thayne, Cheese Factory. This was a very profitable business and made a lot of money for the Star Valley milk producers. It is still in operation today.

Picture of Freedom in 1914



Picture of Freedom in 1948



Town of Freedom Buldings

THE FIRST ENTERTAINMENT AND DANCE HALL

The land was donated to the town of Freedom by Albert Rolph, son of John Social Rolph. Albert also went to the canyon, cut the logs, and took them to Thayne where he traded them for finished lumber from Mr. Charles Haderlie. With the help of his sons, Edwin and Melvin, they built the Entertainment Hall which gave many hours of pleasure in dancing, theatricals, basket socials, basket ball games as wellas many fine programs. It was built about 1914.

ENTERTAINMENT AND DANCE HALL AS IT APPEARS IN 1983

OLD BURTON STORE AS IT APPEARS IN 1983

FIRST BANK BUILT IN FREEDOM - LATER OFFICE OF LOWER VALLEY LIGHT & POWER CO. AS IT APPEARS IN 1983

HEMMERT'S BLACKSMITH SHOP AS IT APPEARS IN 1983

-19-

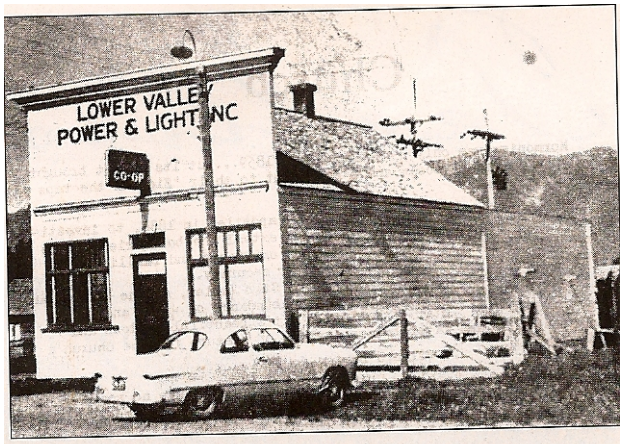
FREEDOM'S "NEW" POST OFFICE, once straddles three counties and housing Lower Valley Power and Light, Inc

Idaho School

Wyoming School

Picture painted (with crayolas) behind pulpit in old Freedom chapel by Earl P. Wixom (painted in 1941)

Earl P. Wixom, who was at the time of it's construction, principal of the Freedom school, painted a beautiful mural of Samuel the Laminate on the wall preaching to the Nephite people. This painting was directly behind the pulpit and covered a major portion of the front wall.



Lower Valley Power & Light's First Building in Freedom, Wyoming.

Power & Light building Freedom
1910 Censes of Freedom & Etna

FREEDOM, UINTA, WY
(Includes ETNA) (381*)

AMES, Aliver & Sarah Ann
AMES, Clark C
AMES, John C & Anna
ASHMAN, John
BAKER, Ether C
BAKER, William A & Blanch
BATEMAN, Alford J & Sally
BEHRING, Frank D & Margret Ellen
BOOTH, John W
BRACKEN, Aaron F & Amelia
BROMLEY, Jessie & Gulia
CALL, Alice J
CLARK, Arthur R & Ida V
CLARK, Edmond & Elizabeth
CLARK, Joseph James & Tatienne Delila
CLARK, William Wallace & Cora
COBB, John W
COY, John A & Harriet Emma
COY, Robert E & Doria L
CRANNEY, Larton M & Mary Elisabeth
CROOK, Carl & Ella
CROOK, Willard H & Alzada
DABEL, August & Sarah Isabel
DEGRAW, John D & Mary Emaline
ERICKSON, Earl G & Berth
HANSEN, Heber
HANSEN, Jenet
HARDMAN, Alexander
HARDMAN, George & Agnes
HARDMAN, John & Mary Elvina
Gertrude Alise
HARDMAN, Mark & Margret E
HARDMAN, William O & Elisabeth J
HEAP, Joseph & Mary
HERRICK, Aroet
HERRICK, William J & Emma J
HOKANSON, John A & Luella
HOKANSON, Ole
HUMPHREY, Ray R & A Genet
JENKINS, john

JENKINS, John F
JENKINS, Louis J & Mary Ann
JENKINS, Phillip
JENKINS, William E & Lena
JOHNSON, Peter J
JORDAN, James H & Hattie
KENNINGTON, George S & Ada C
KENNINGTON, Samuel & Rachel
KIRKBRIDE, Charles F & Vinnie
KIRKBRIDE, Robert Wesley &
LAKER, James A & Josephine W
LEE, John & Rosella Frene
LEVER, Robert C
MARGETS, Robert B & Mary
MC GAVIN, George
MC GAVIN, Roselia
MC NEEL, Granville W & Julia
MC NEEL, William Loyd & Emma
MILLER, George R & Mamie
NAIL, Tyonha Ann
NAIL, Wallie & Clara
NELSON, Andrew J & Lucy A
OTTO, Moses & Ida
RAINEY, George W & Emma
ROBBINS, Isaac R & Celia
ROBINSON, John P & Rose
ROSE, Charles & Zerella
ROSS, David
ROYEA, Henry
RUDD, Lester
SANDERSON, James & Almeda
SANDERSON, Richard S & Martha
SMITH, James & Elsie
SNIDER, Elizabeth L
STEPHENS, Edmond A & Mary
STONE, Samuel James & Eva
SUMMERS, Benjamin & Helen Marr
WARREN, Thomas W & Annie E
WEBER, Eugene & Annie A
WEBER, Robert & Louie
WOLFLEY, Fred & Clena
WOLFLEY, Henry M & Gena

WOLFLEY, Rudolph E & Eliza N