

Story of Heber George Stone

Newton, Utah 19 May 1939

Transcription: Amanda R. Stone

This is a brief history of my life as far as I can remember it. I was born in the town of Marlborough, County of Wiltshire, in England, on the 7th day of July, 1868, on the street that was named Silverless. The town was built on the sides of two hills, one on the north and one on the south with a narrow valley between, not over one half mile wide, with the River Kennett, running between. This is a tributary of the River Thames. The town was noted as being one of the oldest towns in England. It had one grist mill; one rope factory; one boys college; two district schools, St. Marys and St. Peters; a grammar school and a private school for girls. It was known as the town of one street as the main street ran through from east to west with streets running North and South at each end. It was a town of about 5,000 people which didn't move very far away from home. The town was owned principally by the Marquist of Silsbury estate. His estate was situated on the south part of town about four miles in the midst of a large forest consisting of oak, elm, and birch. There was quite a number of deer in this forest as all the people could see their Sunday walks and exercise, picnics and such. People came from several miles around in the summer time. When you went anywhere it was on foot as the people didn't have the money to ride.

It was to this town that the Elders of the Mormon Church came one day in the year of 1878 or 79. I don't remember the names of the Elders but believe that Bro. W.W. Willey of East Bountiful was one of them. I don't remember his companion but a number of years before some Elders had visited this place. I believe it was Heber C. Kimball, he made quite a few converts but for some cause or another did not follow up. There wasn't any Elders for several years between Elder Kimball and Elder Willey. There was two families of saints in Marlborough, my grandfather and grandmother being one. The other being Richard Stagg, he immigrated to Provo in the year of 1882. There were two others at what was known as Larrants Farm. There were Brothers John Spackman and Stevens. They came over in the fall of 1880 or 81. Brother John Spackman going to Newton to work for Bishop Rigby. Brother Thomas Stevens going to Smithfield to work for Samuel Roskelly moving to Newton the next year. I came to Newton with my grandparents in the fall of 1882 (Nov.) staying with Brother Spackman for a month or six weeks and then moving to the Rigby Ranch west of Newton. This was quite a change as I was always in a town in England. I was 15 years old when I left England. I was not used to the Climate. It took me about two years to get acclimated.

I worked for Bishop Rigby after which I went to work for Brother Ludwig Ericksen for seven dollars per month and board the year of 1885. I herded sheep for Ludwig Ericksen 1886 and 1887. I rented Brother Ericksen's farm for one third crop in 1888. I went to Woodland in Summitt County and got work with John and Wm. Barker, Mark Benson and one or two others but not find things as we expected some of us returned. I came to Park City with Mark Benson then took the train to Morgan to visit my Aunt Sarah for a few days before going home.

I married Brother Ericksen' daughter, Josephine C., on the 20th day of June 1888. Seven days after my marriage, I went to Morgan to work for my Uncle Joseph Spendlove, he having married my Aunt Sarah. I stayed there six or seven weeks helping put up hay and doing other farm work after which I went to Ogden and found work on the U.P. Brewery for a while cleaning out. Paterson Contractors digging cellars and foundations using the dirt to level up around the U.P. Depot. This land where the depot stands was swampy , full of

small washes and lakes. This was all filled in from Wall Street to the Weber River. The wages were \$1.50 for 10 hours work, board was \$5.00 per week so there wasn't any chance of saving money. In Oct. of 1888 I had to quit and go home as my feet getting so sore I could not walk.

I stayed around Newton that winter working for a little flour but money was out of the question, got out wood for the winter and ect. The spring of 1889, I went with my Uncle Alfred to work on the Railroad Section at Thatcher, Idaho, and our section foreman John Pitcher of Smithfield. One day while cutting a rail I got a piece of the steel in my right eye and had to go to Logan to Dr. Ormsby to have it removed. IN the fall of 1889 we moved to Logan to work for J.Y. Stewart, farming. We worked in the winter shoveling snow for the railroad, digging out a passenger train on Cache Hill with three locomotives attached. The first locomotive was completely covered up with just a little fender showing. The engineer and fire man having to be dug out by the other train crews, after which we went to Battle Creek to dig out another Train that was stalled.

The winter of 1890 and 91, I went to work for the Chicago Bridge and Iron Co., who was building a bridge over Bear River at Cache Junction. My family were still in Logan. While waiting at the end of the bridge for the passenger train to pass, I was hit in the head by a steel plate thrown off by our foreman who had gone to Pocatello to have one made to replace one that was broken in Transit from Chicago. This accident cost me a weeks work as I had to lay off. The company did not do like they do now days, if you get hurt it was your own fault and you had to pay your own doctor. Later in the spring I was jacking up the box car of the new steel I ran out of pipe I called to the straw boss to send down a longer piece where upon Jim Haskell threw down a piece hitting the jack which buckled the blocking hitting me in the head knocking me over board onto the ice. The ice at this time was about two feet thick on Bear River, strong enough to hold up any weight placed on it. Later in the spring, there was one of the men drowned falling into the water from a boat being used to gather up floating timbers.

Late in the fall of 1891, I worked for the R.R. in the canyon mixing marter for masonry, at tunnel helping powder monkey, nipping steel, drilling and anything there was to do. In the spring of 1892, I worked for the Bear River Water Co. on the canals. From then on I worked for the Utah-Suger Co. They having bought out the interest in the canals. I worked fall and spring laying off in the summer while water was in the canals, and in the winter except when work could be done and in the summer when breaks occurred in the canals. The Utah Idaho Suger Co. selling out their interest in the power plant to the Utah Power and Light Co., I went to work for the Utah Power and Light CO. On 1 March 1913 stayed with them as canal foreman until March 1919 then went to work for the railroad as canyon watchman.

In March I was taken sick, the doctors could not find out my trouble. About every six weeks I would loose consciousness for a while. It would take about four days to recuperate. On 10 January 1929 I was working alone in the yards cleaning switches when I falling the snow unconscious, when I came to it was 11:50 A.M. How long I had been there I do not know. When we went to dinner I told the foreman (Bailey) if I didn't feel better I could not work. He gave me a cussing and said I was laying down on him when he needed all the men he could get, but I got my pass and an order to the doctor. I went to Logan told Dr. D.C. Budge I wanted him to give me a thorough examination. He said he would, so started and Called in SM. Budge, the two Haywards and Dr. Eliason. They went over me decided to try again in a day or two. In about a week they sent me to Salt Lake City where Dr. Landanaberger and four others went through the same process and about the latter part of January decided to operate on me find a tumor wrapped around the appendix. I went back

to work near the end of March, worked one day then the railroad layed the gang off except for one man.

The 1st of April worked steady till the end of 1934 when the railroad cut men off so we only got three days per week. On the 20th of Feb., 1936, I went to work as usual but my left foot gave me a little pain. I did not know the cause but by night I could not bear any weight on it so I got the roadmaster W.L. Spitler to take me home. The next morning I got L.L. Goodsell to take me to Logan to Dr. D.C. Budge. He pronounced it was blood poisoning caused by cutting a corn with an infected razor blade. On 4th March, I was sent to Salt Lake City to the hospital, I was operated on 18th March for prostate gland trouble. Tried to work again on 5 Oct worked nine and a half days and then had to go back to the hospital for a month and on June the 27th 1937, was dismissed from the railroad. The U.S. Railroad board granting me a small pension which I am still receiving.