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Title: **The teenage years in his own words (Part 3)**
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Person: **John Wickersham Woolley**
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When, Mont, my older brother, was about eighteen, he learned to play the clarinet. He and a friend joined the 12th infantry band at Fort Douglas in Salt Lake. Their unit was sent to the Philippines. He was wounded by a Philippine native and had a scar on his stomach to prove it.

Sam my younger brother, became acquainted with a man who was a part of the YMCA in Salt Lake who took a liking to him. He invited Sam to go with him and his family to Ellensburg, Washington. That left me alone on the farm. The man put Samuel through school and he became a school teacher. Sam met and married Aura Hunsaker, also a school teacher. They lived the rest of their lives in Bellingham, Washington. (Uncle Sam later became successful in real estate)

One day when I was about sixteen I was at the railroad station in Centerville. I met a man there named Porter who had just bought a farm in Rexburg, Idaho. He was waiting for an engine to come and pick up a boxcar that was filled with his positions. He invited me to come along with him and his family and help them on the ranch. I climbed up into the boxcar without saying anything to anyone about leaving. Shortly after we got to Rexburg his son went on a church mission so the Porters asked me if I would stay with them. And I did stay for almost three years until his son returned.

In Those days you worked for your food, lodging and clothing. It was not like that today. There was very little money to go around. A sugar mill was being built at that time near where we were located and I delivered the first load of Sugar beets to the mill with a team of horses.

Brother Porter died shortly after his son returned from his mission and I decided to leave.

I had saved a few dollars they had given me for the work I had done. Uncle John Woolley's

youngest daughter had married a man by the name of Cherry. They were living in St Anthony, Idaho, not very far from Rexburg, so I spent some time with them. (This was Thomas Cherry, born 27 September 1870 in Centerville, Utah. He married Amy Irene who was also born in Centerville, 12 February 1868.)

Yellow Stone Park was being built 60 miles east of St Anthony and Cherry had a contract to

haul supplies into the park, as at that time there was no railroad going there.

He had two wagons and while I was there we each hauled freight into the park. Almost all the way we passed through lava beds. there was no roads, and there were very large boulders that we had to go around. The supplies we hauled were stock for the stores and restaurants in the park.

After staying there a while I decided to return home to Salt Lake. I went to Idaho Falls and spent a few days llooking around the town. Then, instead

of going to Salt Lake, I jumped on a freight train that was headed for Dillon, Montana with a couple of other fellows. We got there about four in the afternoon. The others stayed on the train, but I got off. Dillon was a small town with boardwalk streets. There were just a few buildings on the boardwalk. A farmer drove up in his wagon in front of a store. I asked him if he knew of any work in the area. He asked me if I could milk cows, I said I could. I had milking ten to fifteen cows a day while I lived with the Porters. He told me to get in the wagon.

He was Swiss and his name was Isadora Judicy. When we got to his farm I found he had a family of girls, but no boys. I stayed with him for a couple of years. I had a good time while I was there. He was really a nice fellow. He had a big Swedish wife whose name I can't remember. He was always after me to marry one of his daughters.

He had two ranches: the biggest was in Ruby Valley about fifteen miles away. On this ranch he raised grain and hay and on the other he raised his cows. He had brought large cowbells from Switzerland. Each of his cows had a bell tied around its neck. When the cows moved the cows made beautiful sounds. In the winter when it was very cold, down to 50 degrees below zero, the sounds of the bells could be heard from miles away as if the cows were across the street.

While I was there he gave me a horse . One day he and I rode out to his Ruby Ranch on horseback. He had an Italian man taking care of this ranch. While we were there Judicy sent me out to bring a cow in from the meadow to milk. All I had was a rope around my horse's neck and I would guide her by applying pressure with my knees. I looked for her, but could not find the cow. I saw an animal trail leading up a small hill. As I was going up the hill looking for the cow, my horse bolted and I was thrown to the ground. When I came to my senses I looked up the hill and there were tree timber wolves I had ever seen looking back at me! The horse had seen them but I hadn't.

I think I beat the horse back to the house. When I told Judicy what had happened , he said we needed to go back to see what damage had been done. We rode back and when we got there the wolves had left, and sure enough, they had killed the cow and eaten part of it.

It was the fall of 1905 and another winter was approaching. When winter comes things get very bitter and everything comes to a stop. The first winter I was there it got down to 50 degrees below zero. It was a very dry cold or you could not have survived it. When we milked the cows the milk would freeze in the buckets before we could get them back to the house. I had no desire to spend another winter there so I told Judicy I was leaving, going back to Salt Lake.

Submitted by Michael Rugg