

LIFE HISTORY OF  
WILFORD WILLIAM WARNICK  
By Wilford William Warnick 1939

Life story started in 1939. Beginning May 1, 1881, at Deseret Millard Co., Utah.

To begin my story, I must start back several years before with my forefathers all born in Sweden. My Great Great Grandfather Peter Adolph Warnick was born in 1725; Great Grandfather Christian Adolph Warnick born 10 May 1765 in Stockholm, Sweden; Grandfather Anders Peter Warnick Born 12 July 1801 in Varsas, Sweden; my father Adolph Fredrick Warnick born 22 Oct 1832 in Forsby, Sweden; and my mother Christina Olsen was born 5 Mar 1843 in Ledsjo Socken, Sweden.

Father died in Deseret, Utah, January 25, 1905. Mother died in Deseret, April 2, 1939.

Father joined the Church, Feb 23, 1860, came to United States on July 12, 1870, he was a carpenter by trade. Mother joined the LDS Church May 6, 1860, came to the United States in 1871. They were married Oct. 30, 1871. Later they were married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, Utah. They lived in Pleasant Grove until about 1880 when they moved to Deseret, Utah and went through some of the hardships the people of Deseret had to go through when they first settled there.

When my father's family came to the United States, they met with serious sickness on the way. Cholera got in the family; there were nine in the family, the father, mother and three children died with it; grandfather died August 10, in St. Joseph, Mo. and grandmother died August 5, in Marcella, Mo., as they were coming to Utah. I have no dates of the three children's death.

Now for the doings of myself.

I was the 5th child in the family of 6 children, Fred, Annie, Oscar, and Parley were born in Pleasant Grove, then father's feet got to itching for a new place to live so they moved down to Deseret Millard Co., Utah where I was born on May 1, 1881 just 1/4 mile south of where Dewsnips store now stands in a 4 room adobe house, also my brother John was born in Deseret. All the houses in those days were built of adobe. Deseret was the largest town on this side of the County, and a lively little town it was, The Main part of the living was fish caught in the Sevier River, and they were glad to get them.

Our family lived in Deseret until I was 5 years old, then they moved out on their farm 1/2 mile north and 1 mile west of Deseret. After we got on the farm it fell to us boys to herd the cows. We

would take them 3 or 4 miles south and west of our farm where there was plenty of grass, then we would have to go after them at night. We nearly always rode a horse after the cows but most always we walked home. When we started out on one of Grandfather Erickson's mares she would always get scared of something and jump side ways. Of course we were young and active and we would dodge her and then we walked home, but we got used to that and didn't mind much. We herded cows like that until the farmers all got their farms fenced then we were quite old boys.

Some days we would take our pitchforks with us and go down to the lakes and fish all day long till it was time to go take the cows home. We nearly always had all the fish we could carry, not little fish but big carp. There were eight of us boys about the same age living neighbors and we sure had lots of fun when we didn't have any work to do. We spent lots of our time fishing when we were not helping on the farms.

My father had 120 acres of farm land, 80 acres were in Hinckley about 2 miles from our home and that kept us all quite busy. We hauled all our hay and grain to the home place. It was quite a long job but we always had a little spare time. There was 4 and 5 of us all the time to help do the job, but for several years we didn't have a hay derrick and it was quite a hard job to build a very high stack when the stack was about 10 or 12 feet high we would build a scaffold or platform to throw the hay on. The man would pitch the hay up a few feet high so we could make a good stack so it was not so easy after all, but when we got a derrick it was a lot easier, and it always fell my job to ride the derrick horse which I did until after I got married. Then I worked at all haying jobs mostly running a team and unloading and stacking. I have stacked as much as a thousand tons of hay in a year. I would sooner stack hay than do any other hay job in haying time.

In 1901 Jim Christensen, Alpin Allred and myself went out to Rudy Valley, Nevada to work. We got a job at Eugene Wines Ranch helping put up hay. There were ten of us Deseret boys working on this same ranch. We sure had some times that summer even if the work was hard. I raked hay for two and one half months with a hand dump rake - that was some job. We worked for \$1.50 per day, so you see the working man didn't get much those days.

Jim and Alpin had a team and an old buckboard and hauled our grub and bedding. I rode my saddle horse. Some time going up the steep hills I would have to tie my lasso rope on the end on the tongue and help pull the buckboard up the hill. It took us six days to go out there a distance of 200 miles. On our third out while we were camped for dinner, "Old Squaw", Jim's horse, nearly choked to death eating grain. We were quite scared for awhile because my horse was a broncho and had never drove on a wagon, but finally the "Old Squaw" got alright and we were surely glad. We came home in October.

That was the first and last time I was ever out of Utah up to the present time. I don't know whether I will ever get out of Utah again.

About my school days. I started to school when I was 6 years old in 1887. We went to school in Hinckley the first 2 or 3 years in a two roomed adobe house called the "little mud temple". It was one mile straight north of our home.

Miss May Bishop (now Mrs. May Webb) was my first teacher, and she was a very kind and good teacher and I liked her very much. When we went to Hinckley for 2 or 3 years we changed and went to Deseret the rest of my school days. We walked all the time to school unless some mornings when it was snowing or raining hard then father would take us to school in a wagon "no not an automobile".

I don't believe we were ever late or absent. We had to walk a mile and a half to the Deseret school, unless in the winter when the river was frozen over and the ice was good then we would walk about half a mile south to the river and we would skate till I was about 12 years old. I well remember the first pair of skates I ever had. We went to school one Friday and when we got to the school the teacher said there was no school so we started home, and when we got as far as J.P. Gibbs store, Fred bought me a pair of skates, size 8 1/2 (he was clerking for Mr. Gibbs). I learned to skate that day and the next day (Saturday) I went with a crowd of boys down to the lake to skate. We went down on the river and skated all day long, and I surely was tired when I got home (my first day of real skating). After that I skated whenever I had time and there was ice.

I don't know what the school children now would do if they had to walk as far as we did. All they have to do now is walk out to a bus and get in, and they hate to do that. It is too much exertion for them.

As far as I can remember, I had the following teachers, but I can't remember in what order they came. Miss May Bishop was my first, then May Craft, Mariam Lufkin, Lizzie Barron, Milton Moody, David D. Rust, Harry Brown. Harry Brown was also Millard County School Superintendent for several years. Maggie Peterson and Charles Broadbent. I cannot remember of any more, nor did they teach in this order, but they were all good teachers and I liked all of them.

When Maggie Peterson was teacher she organized a society in school and called it "The Central Society", and I was elected President, the only time I was ever president of anything. We had lots of good times with our Society when we had programs which we did about once a week.

There was one thing I didn't like, I never could stand still long enough to have my picture taken with the school. If I stood still too long, I would faint away and couldn't get my picture with the school which I regretted very much.

There were no high schools in Millard County when I graduated but we went through 12 grades the same as if there were high school. Mary Cropper and I were among the first graduates to receive diplomas in Millard County, and I was very proud to be one of the first on the west side of Millard County to get a diploma. I still have mine and think a lot of it.

The next winter (1900-1901) I attended the Brigham Young Academy in Provo (it has since been named Brigham Young University). I only went to the BYA one year. That summer (1901) is when I went out to Rudy valley to work with Jim and Alpin.

#### Our Married Life

On Dec. 28, 1903, I was married to Lynn Cropper, daughter of George Wise Cropper of Deseret. We were married in Fillmore, Utah by Thomas C. Callister.

It sure was snowy and cold when we went to get married, it was much colder then in the winter than it is now.

We lived with our folks for a few months then we bought a house and lot in Deseret from Gilbert Hunt. We lived there about a year and then we sold it to Fred Dewsnip and moved up to Mr. Cropper's and ran his farm for a year. (Josephine was born in Deseret Oct. 22, 1904 on my father's birthday). The next year we built a house on the land we had homesteaded after we were married in 1903. I built the house myself with a little help from Glenn. It was a lean-to house 12 x 24 ft. We sure were happy when it was finished and moved into it. "Those were the good old days." After we moved in our new house, our work just started in. The greece woods and sage brush were so high we couldn't see the road or anyone who went past, but I got busy with the grubbing hoe and grubbed all the brush and burned them, then we could find the house when we went away. It was hard work to start a new home and farm but we were young, happy, and full of pep and made fun as well as work out of our first few years while we were getting our farm broke up and crops put into grain and alfalfa, but hard luck struck us and the Delta people, the first three years we planted crops, and the reservoir above Delta Broke. The fist one they made washed out three years in succession and we lost our crops each year. Times were hard and I had to work for wages every spare day I had to make a living, but we didn't give up. We kept on staying and working till we got our farm all in crops and started to raise hay and grain of our own, that made us feel quite rich. When we started to raise our own hay we got along better because we didn't have to buy our hay. We always had several good milk cows so we

always had all the butter, milk and cream that we wanted. We also kept chickens and pigs so we had all the eggs and meat we needed. We didn't have to buy so much of our living after we got to raising our hay feed for our animals. Then we started to live better and that made us a little happier. But we were very happy before that after we got in our little new home, and I mean home because we were happy and live was in the home.

My hobby was good horses, and I raised some of the best mares there was in the County. For several years my mares and calfs took first prize at the county fair that we used to hold in Desert every year. That was between 1910 and 1925, then after that people didn't go in so much for good horses. They started to get tractors in this part of the country, and they didn't use big horses for the heavy work, but it was several years before tractors took the place of horses entirely. But now in 1947 (the date I am writing this) tractors are doing most of the work on farms and every place that horses used to work, and it is a big time saver and man saver.

I didn't keep dates of things as they happened so I can't tell when things did happen, but for a long time we raised pretty good crops and sold lots of hay for fairly good prices in those days. I sold lots of hay for \$10 or \$12 a ton and that was big prices, and we did pretty well with our crops. We raised some pretty good seed crops and we got about \$.10 or \$.20 a lb. for it and thought it was a good price (but now in 1946 they get 2 or 3 times that price and they want more). People are never satisfied any more, they want too much.

Along about 1925 or a year or two later water started to get quite scarce and we didn't get enough water to mature the crops so we soon got to getting less hay and grain and we couldn't get along as well as we did and we couldn't keep up our payments on our farm mortgage and pay our taxes and live so in Oct. 1932 we left the farm and moved to Delta.

We raised all our vegetables, potatoes and other garden crops so we didn't have to buy any of that until we moved to Delta.

We lived in our little 12 x 24 ft house until 1917 when we started to build our big brick house.

In March of 1917 we started to dig the basement and by October the house was finished and we moved into it about the 10th of Oct., and that was one more happy day because we moved out of 2 rooms into 7 rooms. We surely did feel lost to make that change, but it was a wonderful change and we enjoyed every minute we lived in it. We surely did have some good times when we had parties and had our friends call to see us.

We didn't eat very many Sunday dinners alone after we got in our new home, and we were always glad to have so much company. We had lots of friends all around the country because we were both born in good old Deseret, a town I will never forget, even if it isn't very large and the people who lived were wonderful people and we will never forget Deseret. There is where I met my wife when she was a young happy girl. I well remember the first time I met her to know her. It was on a holiday either the 4th or the 24th of July, I don't remember the year. I was too excited and happy because I knew she was the one I wanted.

Our new house had 7 rooms, living room, dining room, 3 big bedrooms on the east side of the house, a kitchen and a big bath room which we did enjoy. We had a six foot bath tub which was quite a difference from a wash tub.

Mr. R.F. (Dick) Crum had the contract to build our house and he was a very good carpenter and built the house like it was for himself. He owned a farm up on the bench north of Delta at the time.

Our nearest neighbor lived just across the river, Mr. Mahonri Bishop and family. He lived there for several years then he moved out to Hinckley and his son Don Bishop lived there then and was our neighbor until we came to Delta.

Our other neighbors were Lynn's sisters, Mattie and Bine and their families, also Amos and Fannie Maxfield, and farther down Cropper Lane, Rich Cropper's family and Pete Hansen's family. He married Lynn's oldest sister, Dona, and she died in 1911. Mattie and Bine would bring their babies up to see Lynn about every week and she would take her babies and go down to see them every week or oftener. They surely had good times together and they never were so busy they couldn't go visiting any time, and especially Mattie. She had the most babies but she could always find time to go any place.

Those were the good old days when people were more sociable and could find time to help each other. They were not as greedy and selfish as they are now. Now it is every one for himself.

In my early days from the time I was big enough we always had to haul our wood to burn (we didn't buy coal then). The wood was so plentiful and it would take us 1 1/2 days to make a trip after one load of 2 cords or more. We hauled all the wood there was in the Clear Lake wood district. This was about 18 miles southeast of Deseret, and hauled a good many loads from the hills east of Oasis about 15 miles and the wood there got quite scarce, and it is a hard job now to get a load of dry wood. We also hauled a lot of wood from northwest of Lyndyle in and around the sand mountains, and a good many load of pine wood the Saw Tooth Mountains in the

north canyon district. It took 5 and 6 days to make a trip out there, but that was good wood, a lot better than the cedar wood we got from the other places. But now we don't have only enough wood for kindling, we use coal entirely except for a few who use oil stoves. It used to take 5 or 6 big loads of wood to last us for a year, and all that had to be chopped into stove lengths, and that was a good hard job, but we liked to chop wood, It was good exercise for rubber backs.

In those early days money was not as easy got as it is today. I used to work for \$30 a month and my board for my wife and baby. I worked for Lynn's father 2 or 3 years for \$30 a month, but we could buy more for a dollar then and we didn't need as much. I always worked for wages when I got my farming done.

One spring in 1910 I went out to work for Norman Bliss in Abraham in the first part of March. I had a sheep wagon for Lynn and two babies, Jo and Ruth, and myself to live in. It was a little crowded, but we enjoyed it and had a good time. Al and Mattie was there with 3 children and Lynn and Mattie had some good time visiting each other every day all the time. That is when we enjoyed ourselves and got along as good or better than we do now. It didn't take lots of money and cars to make us happy.

I worked there 2 weeks then we moved out north of there 8 or 10 miles and worked for Warren Black putting in oats. They sowed the oats first then the men who worked there covered the oats with hand plow. It was an easy job and we only got \$4.00 a day for team. We made about as much in a week as some of the skilled workers got when they built Topaz during the war, yet we were more satisfied.

We worked there for Black for 2 weeks, then I went still farther north where they were breaking up new ground on the north tract country. When they started to farm that new country, it was 10 miles or more north of Sugarville in a place they called Sunflower. I worked for a man by the name of Farmer. I was given the job of making ditches with a plow and tongue scraper. I did that work for 2 weeks then I had to quit and come home to farm for ourselves.

Lynn and the babies were with me all the time. Jo was about 5 years old and Ruth was 7 months but she could walk around by things, and by the time she was 9 months old she could walk all around alone.

Mr. Farmer planted 2000 acres of wheat and oats, and I don't think he got any of it irrigated. They didn't get the water out there that year. It was in April 1912 when I worked for Mr. Farmer.

When we left there to come home it took us a big days drive to get home. I had two wagons with the camp wagon, and there wasn't more than 6 or 8 houses along the road when we came home but there has been a big change since then. There are farms and houses all over the country. It don't look like the same place any more.

When they started to make the canals and headgates out in Sutherland I helped haul gravel for a great many of the headgates and bridges. I hauled a good many yards of gravel out over that part of the country. Glen Cropper and I hauled all the gravel to make the headgates that is now in the Abraham Canal, but I don't remember when it was. I have hauled gravel all over the part of the country that is farmed.

The time we lived in the sheep wagon were some of our happiest days. I wish we could live in them again. Our cares were not as great as they are now (1947). We didn't have so much worry about our children. There wasn't as much temptations as we have now. We have temptations of all kinds and it is nothing to see young boys and girls smoking and drinking and doing many other things that don't become young people.

In our young courting days we didn't have things as nice as they do now. We had to go with a horse and buggy and that was not so very fast driving, but then we had one advantage over the automobile, we could tie the lines around the whip and the horse knew how and where to go and we didn't have to worry about any wreck. My horse knew all the roads and turns and never got lost and we never run out of gas or had a flat tire (I mean a blow out). Our tires were flat all the time and we enjoyed our buggy rides even if they were slower than they are now.

We used to have good times when we were young. We had parties 2 or 3 times a week, and if there wasn't any other place to go we went out to mother's home. We were always welcome and we would have some good times. There were about 10 couples of us at the time but several have passed away and the rest have moved to other parts of the country.

I remember one time when 10 of the crowd went up to Oak Creek canyon for a two week vacation, and we did have a good time hunting, climbing mountains and anything to make fun. There wasn't any game laws then so we had plenty of venison and trout, and I don't think there was a meal cooked that Leffel Croft and I didn't help cook and Lynn did most of it for the girls. Some of the girls were to lazy to cook or do anything else. The ones in the crowd were Lynn and Ephraim, Glen and Pheobe, Will and Stella Reed, Leffel Croft and Bessie and John and Stella Black, but we didn't come back with the same partners we went up with. Lynn and Ephraim and Stella Reed and I went up to the top of the Mountain and Ephraim got mad and went back to camp alone. After that I had Lynn to myself and was with me from then on until now and I think she

will always stay with me.

About our family. We were married on Dec. 28 1903, and Josephine our first girl, was born in Deseret on the 22nd of October on her Grandfather Warnick's birthday. We were going out there for a birthday but that stopped us. Dr. Damron was our doctor or (midwife) as she was called then. We were proud of our first baby. She had long black hair and looked just like her father. Her grandfather lived just 3 months and 2 days after she was born. He died on the 24th of Jan. 1905 of pneumonia. He was sick only 2 weeks.

Our second girl, Ruth, was born in our little two room house up on a farm on Sept. 19, 1909 on her Uncle Ward's birthday, and Ward died on 9 Sep 1910 of diphtheria. Dr. Damron was our doctor for her. I had to go after the doctor with a horse and buggy. It took me 1/2 hour to make the trip down to Deseret about 8 miles.

Our first boy, Fred, was born in Deseret. We moved down there for the winter in Uncle George's old house. We moved down in Oct. 1911 and Fred was born on Feb. 17, 1912, and we had some trouble after he was born. Lynn didn't get along very good. She had trouble with her legs and didn't get out of bed until in April, but she finally got well and we moved back to the farm.

We had a good time that winter. We lived by Annie and George, my sister and brother in law and kids. Our houses were about 4 feet apart so we were together most of the time that winter. George and I hauled 12 big loads of wood and we sure had a big pile of wood.

Our 4th baby, Donna, was born in the little house on the farm on one of the coldest days I ever got out in and lots of snow on 28th of Dec. 1916 in Deseret or Hinckley which ever you want to call it.

Dr. Damron was our doctor again. It was so cold we had to blanket the house to keep it warm, but we lived thru that and came out fine in the spring. Donna was born on our 13th wedding anniversary, but it was much colder that day than on our wedding day. We were happy just the same even if it was so cold and snowy.

Our fifth and last child, Charles, was born in our new big house on the farm on Nov. 6, 1923. Doctor Wallace H. Wright was doctor for him. He was born in Hinckley we called because we belonged to the Hinckley Ward. We had a hard time with Charles. He got along better for a few weeks and then he started to get thin and was cross all the time. He didn't get food from his mother and one Mr. Thomas Reid of Hinckley stopped into see us and told us about some baby food they gave one of their babies and it got along fine, and Mr. Reid brought us a can of that food and we fed it to Charles and he started to grow from the first can, so we kept

feeding him that and he started to fill and got to be a big normal boy. We gave Mr. Reid and Dextra Matose thanks for his being with us today. Aunt Mattie said he looked like a little starved bird, she didn't think he would live but he did and has seen lots of this country and part of Europe since and spent 2 years and a half in World War II.

That is the last of our kids, but we have 10 nice grandchildren, 5 boys and 5 girls.

We named our farm (Riverview Farm) because it was on the east side of the Sevier River in plain view of it. We lived and farmed there until we had a drought and we couldn't get enough water to raise our crops. The big open drain ditch on the south drained the ground so bad we couldn't raise crops enough to keep us going and pay taxes and interest so on Oct. 1, 1932, we left the farm and moved up here to Delta and bought us a home which we had paid for and have a clear title to it. The first time we moved we just had a trunk tied on the back of the buggy, and when we moved up here we had several truck loads, a wagon load or tow and then some.....

We moved from the farm on the river Oct. 1, 1932 and bought a house in Delta. We had lived in Delta a little more than 2 1/2 years when I met with an Accident on July 26, 1935. I fell from a tree that I was cutting dead limbs from. I fell on my back across a ditch bank. I was completely paralyzed from the waist down. I have been bed fast since. My wife Lynn has taken care of me faithfully for 14 years only being away from home one night. A wife could have never taken better care of anyone than I have been taken care of.

This was written by my father while he was an invalid. he was patient, kind and an inspiration to all that visited him during his 14 years of sickness. Hundreds of people visited in their home thru the years, rich and poor, good and bad, he always had a smile and a joke for everyone. Father passed away Jan. 11, 1951 at the age of 70 years.