

Written by Heber C. Lund

My father, Mathias Lund, bought 100 acres of land on the North Range about two miles north of Plain City. He bought it from the railroad company paying \$1.50 an acres [sic]. It was covered with a very good crop of sage brush. The brush had to be cleared off in order to till the land. It seemed that this land would have to be a dry land farm as there was no prospect of getting water there for irrigation.

Father decided he wouldn't need so much land so he turned all but fourteen acres back to the railroad company.

I remember my brother Francis telling of working hard with father to clear the land of sagebrush and get it ready for planting, alfalfa and grain at first, later they were able to get water for the farms out there and our farm, being a rich sandy loam, we raised all kinds of garden stuff. We also got sagebrush from the Little Mountain, this brush was like small trees and very hard to cut down. I remember father telling us of giving an acre of his land out North to a man for a sack of wheat to help keep them through the winter.

All of the children in Plain City were baptized in the canal when they were eight years old.

When I was about five years old Father took Francis, Victor and myself with him up Center Street near the Plain City Canal to get a load of willows to put on top of our stack of hay, we put willows on top of the hay stack to keep the wind from blowing the hay off as we didn't have a hay shed.

The boys were cutting the willows and father was loading them on the wagon, the wind was blowing quite hard and blew off the wagon on the one side. The horses were frightened and they ran away. I was sitting on the spring seat on the wagon. In trying to stop the horses father fell and the wagon wheel ran over his head. I fell from the seat falling on the end of the bridge unconscious, father ran to me picking me up fast as I was about to fall in the canal. He took me in his arms not knowing if I were dead or alive, blood was running from his wounded head on my face. He held me tightly in his arms, as he knelt on the ground and prayed to his father in heaven to spare his boy. Then he arose and walked several blocks to the nearest house, Peter Peterson. (Where George Palmer's home now is.) A neighbor boy saw them and seeing the blood on father and me, he ran to our home and told Mother that I was dead, the neighbors were there with mother when father arrived. I soon came to and was soon all right. The horses hit a post and were separated and were soon brought home.

Sometime later were all out on the farm working, it was so warm, it seemed as though we never could get enough water to drink. Francis got on one of the horses to go for water. He had a small bucket, the bucket rattled and frightened the horse and he ran away again. Francis dropped the bucket but stayed on the horse until it got home.

We boys didn't get much schooling as from early spring until late fall we helped father on the farm. He had 15 acres of land, 10 good land and 5 pasture, out in Poplar, east of Jim Robsons place, besides the place out North. We went to school when we could and studied hard during the winter months. We had lots of snow and no boots to wear then, it seemed our feet were wet and cold most of the time.

There were three acres of land where our home was. Father had a nice fruit orchard and grapes. At times we had terrible electric storms. Mother was so afraid of lightening and I think we were all a little afraid too.

One day Sadie and Rosella, my sisters younger than I, were out in the lot hoeing weeds when a bad storm came up. Rosella was afraid, so I told her to go to the house, she was so afraid she just fell on the ground and wouldn't get up. I picked her up and carried her in the house.

I met a nice young lady whose name was Alta Martin. She lived in Farr West, we kept company for some time. When we decided to get married I told father that I would have to get a job where I could earn some money, and he told me if I would stay with him he would let me have two acres of beets for my help.

On December 17, 1913, Alta and I were married in Salt Lake temple. We were blessed with two children; Ethel Lucile, born July 26, 1915 and Carl Albert, born October 5, 1918.

Although Alta's health hasn't been the best at times, she has been cheerful and has been cheerful and has done all she could to make a happy home for the family. We are truly grateful for all the blessings we have.

After Francis, Victor and I were married we often helped dad with the hay. One time we had just finished hauling hay and had a beautiful large stack finished off. Father wanted Victor and me to go with him to get a load of willows to put on top of the stack because it looked like a wind was coming up. We were so tired and didn't want to go, it was late and getting dark, so father let us have our way and we had supper and went to bed. During the night a fierce east wind blew and tore the stack in half. Father was very much upset, he was so particular and proud of the perfect hay stacks he made. Sometimes mother would stack the hay, she could make a perfect stack too.

When father saw what a mess the wind had made of his stack he decided it was time to build a hay shed. Sometime later he built his hay shed.

When dad and mother died the farms and home were divided up. Francis, Etta and Emma got the farm out North. Sadie and Clide got the house and  $\frac{3}{4}$  acres. Vira got one acre north of the house. Zella received one acre south of the house. Victor and I got the land by Robsons in Poplar Lane. (out east, we used to say). Victor and I gave Zella and Vira money equal to the land that

had been divided among the others. Francis bought Etta's and Emma's land because they didn't want to farm and he wanted it all in one piece as dad had had it.