

JOHN LESLIE ATWOOD

Written by Royal Carlisle Atwood (son)

JOHN LESLIE ATWOOD

Born: 26 May 1889 Pleasant Grove, Utah
Married: Hazel Elizabeth Carlisle on 9 November 1910 in the Salt Lake Temple
Died: 12 March 1954
Buried: Pleasant Grove, Utah

Children:

Name	Birth	Place	Died
Millen Dan	17 Oct 1911		12 Nov 1976
Royal Carlisle	8 Jun 1914		10 Jul 1992
Hazel	22 Mar 1917		12 Jul 1917
Ava	19 Jul 1918		
John Rae	19 Nov 1921		
Annie Nell	25 Apr 1929		

For a more detailed story of him, read his wife's life story. They were inseparable and her story is mostly about him.

I, Royal was first met by my father on the 8th of June 1914, but my memories of him started much later.

I remember the death of my sister Hazel. This was a terrible blow to my father and mother.

They moved to a farm in Manila, where among other things we had a goat with a harness and cart. It only went where the goat wanted to go. We also had geese, which would frighten two small boys no end. A goose egg made a large meal for a small boy. This house didn't have electric lights, only lamps and candles.

We moved to Pleasant Grove. Father bought a sheep herd. He was herding them on the mountains at American Fork Canyon. It was necessary to drive the herd down to the canyon bottom for water. The boys at the power plant would tease the old buck. One day they

tormented him, then ran. The youngest was overtaken by the buck, who cut him up with his horns. The boy was a real mess. By the time Dad could rescue him, he nearly died. It took over a hundred stitches to sew him up. Dad cut the horns off the buck and it went up into the hills and was never seen again.

Dad traded the sheep for a meat and grocery store. He was a real whiz at being a meat cutter. He had a couple of fine riding horses and would go up to the beef herds to buy them alive. He could guess almost within the pound what they would weigh dressed. He would work the shop all day, then go and kill a couple of beef, veal, etc. at a time. He could dress a sheep like a wonder. Millen and myself would hold the rope on the block and tackle. Dad would bring the sheep up, cut it's throat, place the gamble in it's legs and Millen and I would pull it up as fast as we could. We were going to get it up sometime before he had the skin off, but we never made it. He would do it so fast that the skin remained on the ground, then he would always say, "If

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you want mutton, hang it up and skin it, if you want lamb, get the skin off."

He traded the meat market for a farm in Charleston, Utah. We moved there the 2nd of June 1924. Life was hard because people had charged at the store and when hard times came, they wouldn't or couldn't pay their bills. Dad had to pay for both the store and the farm. Much of the time he lived in Charleston was spent working in the butcher shops in Heber.

In 1930 we leased the farm and moved to Heber for a year. Millen and myself both got to work with him at the Smith Meat Market that year. When we moved back to the farm, it was a mess. Took years to get it back in shape.

Dad was sharp, said he would trade anything but his wife and kids - but he was not too sure about the kids. His advice was good. He said "When we work for Wrights, we don't need to do any more than Arnold or Ferris, but when they come to our place, you see to it that you lead the way, see that they work like you do. See to it that if someone is waiting, they are not waiting for you." I think it was his ambition to be in charge of something and to be finished before the slow-poke bishop got there.

Millen would say when we were late or in mischief, "I hope Dad beats us, it hurts too much when he talks to us."

He was a cheerful worker. No matter what he had to do, he never grumbled or complained. We all got to help. He would say, "If it is worth doing, it is worth doing right."

He raised a new team, both of them from old Nell, a mare and a year later a horse. They were a fine team. When we were breaking them in he bought a new set of harnesses. We hooked them to the handplow and started a furrow by the house. The plow stuck on something and he said, "Let's see what they can do." Together they got down and pulled. All of a sudden the horses went through the new harnesses. Wish you could have seen Dad's face. He didn't know whether to be glad the

horses could bust the harnesses or to cry over the breakage.

One of the best jobs was to get to go with him to get kindling wood. We would go overnight up west of Midway for dry quaken aspen. This was the only time we had a bale of hay. The rest was put into the barn loose. The night would be strange for the horses. They would stomp and move around all night. We would load the wagon with all we could stack on. When we came back over the top we rough locked the back wheels. Sitting on the load and holding the brake we would start down. It was so steep you wouldn't be able to see the horses. In the ten years we lived in Charleston we burned only wood, never had a lump of coal.

Life on the farm was always busy. His brothers would come to see him. He would hand them the pitch fork and say, "We will visit while we hay." They would.

We never got to help put up the ice on account of school. We had a lean-to on the east end of the barn. The ice was cut from a pond where Deer Creek Dam now is. The ice was stacked with snow packed between the blocks, then covered all the way around with sawdust. We would find the last piece in September. All summer we had homemade ice cream.

Dad was not a hunter. He used the gun to kill the pigs when we butchered them. He rented the meadow to the sheep man to pasture their bucks in the fall, up to four hundred of them. One night he woke me and said, "The dogs are in the bucks." We dressed and went to the meadow. It was so dark we had to feel to find the bridge over the island creek. When on the other side, he held the gun level with his hip, shot four times at the sound of the dogs and the chase was over. In the morning there were three dead dogs in the field.

He could build the finest fences. We built a new fence between the pasture and the meadow. Mr. Daybell who had helped his father start the farm saw the fence and said, "We never could build like that." It was fun to build fence with him. You held whatever he needed and then placed

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the parts in his hand, just like you see them do in the medical shows; the staples headed the right way, the hammer and pliers when he wanted them. We used cotton wood dancers between posts. Where it was wet they would grow and we would have to cut the leaves off of them. But if we planted them for a tree they would die.

The hay was cut with a horse mower and raked with a hand dump rake, then all piled by hand by turning the raked piles one way, the other the next. It made two rows of piles on each side of a roadway. Then the piles would be pitched on the hayrack by hand. The one on the wagon stacked and tromped it. All the hay was stacked inside the barn for a year's supply for 5 horses, 20 cows, 10 calves, 60 sheep and 1 bull.

We filled the gas tank on the Buick and Dad took me to the meadow. He said, "The roads are between the piles, don't run over them." Can you guess the joy of that afternoon with the Buick and my own roads?

When I would say I was too sick to ride the hayfork horse, he would say, "Come on you'll feel better if you do." He was right, though sometimes I felt I would never make it. The only reason to quit was to be finished.

We never had family night. We had family all the time. We worked together, ate together. Never do I remember my folks getting after or making light or fun of anyone at meal time. When Dad straightened you out you knew it but he never embarrassed you in front of others.

The worst job was to put the hayrack on the running gears. We had a rack built to hold it. He always made it worse by saying, "We'll do it while we are resting." I don't think he ever rested until he was laid to rest. Once when we were struggling with it he hollered, "Move." "Why?" Whoop he knocked me for a loop. When I gathered myself up he said, "When I tell you to move, MOVE. - then if need be, I'll spend all day explaining why." I guess if he hadn't knocked me out of the way, I would have been killed. His first law was like the law of heaven, that was to obey. It is better to be

respected than loved, for you can't be loved if you are not respected.

His love for Mother was something to behold. He would do anything for her. We never heard cross words between them. We could always tell when Mother was put out with him, she would make potato soup which he disliked. He ate it. Dad called mother his best pal. He let her wait on him hand and foot and she loved every minute of it.

We were working in the hay one day when he was called to administer to Dial Webster. Dial was dying from sugar diabetes. He had been given up by the doctor who said he had only an hour or so to live. They did not even give father time to go to the house and get cleaned up. When he came back, he was shaking like a leaf. He had promised the boy he would live to manhood. Said he had to do it, the spirit prompted him. The doctor arrived back at Webster's house with a new medicine, the first he had been able to obtain. They called it insulin. They gave Dial a shot. He lived to manhood.

He was well liked by the townspeople. They asked to have him represent them in their troubles. He was on the School Board and also went to Washington D.C. to help get just payment for the lands taken for the Deer Creek Reservoir. He was called to speak at Church and at funerals. He and mother were the Old Folks Committee for years. He had lots of friends. You never had to guess where he stood on a question when asked.

He was honest. Anyone who knew or dealt with him would tell you so. Dad found a wallet containing \$70.00 in Provo, Canyon. He tried for several years to locate the owner and finally found him in Roseburg, Oregon in 1945. His name was Walter Seth Nimocks and he said he lost the wallet in 1934. It was in the fall and he was driving to Los Angeles and stopped at a filling station in Provo, Canyon. He said, "Imagine my surprise on receiving your letter, it is a case for Ripley." He had sold his home in Los Angeles and bought a ranch in Oregon and had all but forgotten about losing the wallet. He

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gave Dad his correct address and said if the money was still in the wallet to keep out \$10.00 and the cost of mailing. A boy from Pleasant Grove (Henson Walker's boy) returned from the South Pacific in 1945. He said one day he was without anything to do and he picked up an old detective magazine and as he pursued it he ran across a clipping about Honest John Atwood returning a man's wallet. He said the magazine had been kicked around on the boat quite awhile and he couldn't remember the name of it. The clipping read, "Who says people are not honest? Honest John L. Atwood found a wallet in Provo Canyon - tried for several years to locate the owner and finally found him in Roseberg, Oregon and returned the contents

\$70.00." The Walker boy gave the clipping to Dad's brother Lawrence who lived in Pleasant Grove.

He was not beyond a little joking. When we first moved to Charleston, someone seeing him with Millen and me asked if we were brothers. Without so much as a smile he said, "That one," pointing to the blond one, "He is my first wife's boy." Never explaining he only had one wife. To this day many people think we are half brothers. Millen was the blond with blue eyes, I with brown hair and brown eyes. We miss him.

Royal Atwood

JOHN LESLIE ATWOOD

The following story is of John Leslie Atwood as told by his son John Rae Atwood. John Leslie Atwood was born May 26, 1889 in Pleasant Grove, Utah and died 12 March 1954.

HONEST JOHN ATWOOD

I arrived at the waters edge just as the last rays of the sunset were tinting the peaks of the mountains to the west, with all the color of a summer rainbow. As the water gentle moved in small waves toward the shore, I could make out the remains of an old foundation of a home and the outline of a road that started some distance before it entered the waters edge.

The soft summer breeze, the gorgeous sunset, the soft lapping of the waves against the shore must have cast a spell over me. I was still looking down that same road, but the waters that had been formed many years before by a dam built by the government were gone. Coming up the road was my father driving a herd of cows toward the barn, where he would soon begin the nightly task of milking them.

My Father, who was a wise and prudent man had traded a grocery store and secured a large loan to buy this farm, which was located in a beautiful valley, surrounded on two sides by mountains. From the north a beautiful river flowed through the valley along the western slopes of mountains rising to a height of over 11,000 feet.

My Father, always maintained that he had bought the farm so that he would have a place that he could teach his three sons to work. But my Mother always said, "that he bought it because the river was world renowned for its trout fishing." A sport that my Father enjoyed when he owned the grocery store. Dad must have been correct because there was plenty of work on the farm for his sons. I am afraid the work load was so great that my father only had the opportunity to fish the river three times in the sixteen years that he owned the farm.

During the great depression of the 1930s dad owned a Buick automobile which was the sensation of our community. Of course it didn't have glass windows, nor a good heater, it was also missing the good windshield wipers that we enjoy today. But, we loved that auto and one of our favorite trips was to see our Grandmother, who lived far far away. We had to drive through a canyon with steep dugways, many pot holes, and lots of dust on dry summer days.

We always looked forward to these trips to Grandmothers, (actually only 38 miles in total distance) because Father always stopped at Wicks Inn to treat all the family to a cool frosted root beer.

However, on this particular trip Father announced "that we would skip the expected treat this trip and stop by Bridal Veil Falls where we could all get a good cold drink of water." I knew from conversations between my father and mother that money was in short supply. The country was in the midst of a great depression and my father was having a difficult time making payments on the farm loan.

The Buick made the announced stop at the falls, and we all got out to quench our thirst. Father still being a young man, in those far gone days, made his way farther up the falls than the rest of us to get taste of clear crystal water. As he leaned over to take a drink, he noticed a man's wallet laying in a clump of grass.

As he examined the wallet he was amazed at the great amount of money it contained. The wallet also contained the man's name, address, and phone number. He lived in the state of Washington.

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On returning to the car father told mother that the money in the wallet would pay for the three months over due on the farm loan and still leave enough to catch up on other past bills.

By the time we had arrived at our Grandmothers. Dad had decided what to do with this large sum of money. He would call the man in Washington and return the money to him.

Phone calls and letters to this man brought no response. He had moved away and left no phone number or forwarding address.

As pressure mounted to pay back payments on the loan and get the loan current or loose the farm. Dad decided to borrow the money that belonged to someone else and get the loan up to date.

A good number of years would pass, before I would relive this incident again. I would go from boyhood to manhood and see my Father sell the farm to the Federal Government, so they could build a huge dam to contain the rivers flow, so that people living downstream in the large cities would have adequate water for their future needs. I would see the great depression come to an end. And I would see the beginning of World War II and find my self drawn in to that conflict.

After three and a half years in the service of my country I found myself aboard a ship in the Pacific, with lots of free time on my hands. To keep myself from being bored I spent my free time reading anything I could get my hands on. I had nearly finished the last paper I could find on board ship, when my eye caught an item in the Stars and Strips, which was the official newspaper for service men around the world.

The item was headed:

HONEST JOHN ATWOOD

John Leslie Atwood, who found a wallet containing a large sum of money in Provo Canyon in July of 1933, returned the money to a Mr. Williams of Los Angeles, California.

Eleven years after finding the money Mr. Atwood, who manages the Bowling alleys at Kearns Airbase, in Kearns, Utah found the whereabouts of Mr. Williams, when he meet a young man at the bowling alley who said, "he was from the state of Washington that his name was Keith Williams."

From his questioning of Keith Williams, Mr. Atwood found that the Mr. Williams who lost the wallet was Keith's uncle and was now living in California.

Not only did Mr. Atwood return the money to Mr. Williams, but he returned it with interest at the going rate.

When Mr. Williams called to thank him for returning the money. Mr. Atwood related how the money had been instrumental in saving his farm. Mr. Williams related how the money had not been a great lose at the time because he had been a very wealthy man.

However, he had lost his business shortly after his visit to Utah, and this had caused him to move to California and seek employment there. He had never been able to regain the great wealth he had once had and the money had be returned in a time of great need.