

John Henry Cato, Sr #3
Born 30 May, 1824
Died 9 Feb, 1866
Age at death 42 years



Jane Elizabeth Willey Cato
Born 22 Nov, 1834
Died 21 June 1872
Age at death 38 years

John Henry Cato was a prisoner of war in the Union prison at Alton, Illinois. I have an article about the prison.

A tightfisted businessman named Samuel Buckmaster was the prison's warden. The army paid Buckmaster a flat sum of \$20,000 a year with which to maintain the prison and care for the prisoners. Any money left over, after paying a part time physician and providing a watery stew, was his to keep. It was said that Buckmaster became a rich man during the war.

The prisoners were fed 1 meal a day of the watery stew. Whenever the inmates caused trouble, he canceled their rations. A heavy rain turned the dusty prison yard into a swamp. Shortly after the rain had subsided, a strong wind blew the Union flag off it's pole and into the mud.

Two dozen ragged inmates rushed out of the cellblock and began to trample the flag in the mud. They were singing "Dixie" as they trampled, but a prison sentry heard them and shot one of the demonstrators through the head.

Buckmaster ordered all meals stopped for a week because of the incident. Twelve prisoners died during the period.

Smallpox broke out in the prison. The mayor of Alton refused to let any of the stricken prisoners be transferred outside of the prison. Patients were quartered in woodsheds, stables, hallways and storage rooms. The men in the Alton prison, who at the time of the outbreak of smallpox probably numbered about 5,000 were crowded together in a penitentiary that was built to accommodate no more than 1300 men. They slept 3 in a bed, ate standing up in the prison yard and used a common latrine.

Cleanliness was unknown at the Alton prison. There were no bathing facilities, the burlap covered mattresses were never changed and the prison yard was covered with pools of stagnant water and urine during most of the year.

Once the small pox started in the prison, there was no stopping it. Weakened by filthy living conditions and an inadequate diet, the prisoners were defenseless.

The epidemic raged through out the winter of 1863 and into the spring. Prison officials gave up trying to keep accurate records of the number dead. Estimates carried after the war in newspapers through out the nation, ranged from 1,000 to over 5,000 deaths. Although the army officially lists only 1,354.

The Cato family originally were natives of Scotland. There were three Cato brothers that came from Scotland together to New York City. One stayed in the North, one went South, and one went to the middle part of the country. That one is our line. *

Our records start with John Cato. He was born in 1772 or 1774. He lived in York County, Virginia, which is now West Virginia. He married Ollie Perry who was born in 1780 in York County also. **

There were at least three children born to John and Ollie. The eldest named George Edwin was our ancestor. John Cato's death date is unknown but the children were moved to Wilson County, Tennessee, by their Father's brother where they were raised. **

George Edwin's wife was Euphania Reif (Rief). *** She was born in York Co., Virginia, and their marriage was in Wilson County, Tennessee, on 1 January 1822. They lived in Wilson County until after the birth of their fifth child. Then -- "Dec. 31, 1836, they moved from Tennessee to Green County, Illinois in(a)two wheel cart a cow hitched to cart while Grandfather rode a horse and packed the bedding. They arrived in or near Carrolton, Green County on the 25th day of Jan. 1837. They homesteaded a farm 5 miles East of Carrolton." Five additional children were born in Illinois. **

The second in this family of ten children was John Henry Cato, our ancestor. He was born in Wilson County, Tennessee, on 30 May 1824. His wife was Elizabeth Jane Willey, born in Wilson County Tennessee on 22 November 1824. They were married 22 November 1851 in Fayetteville, Arkansas by Justice of the Peace, James Pearson. They were the parents of five sons: Urias, Ozias, Quintus, Emmett (the Duke), and John Henry (Dick). **

John Henry Cato's personality, trials, hopes and dreams are preserved for us in letters written to his sister, Amanda, her husband and his parents. We can surmise from these he loved his wife, needed money, and dreamed of going to California during the gold rush in 1849. John Henry speaks of "ironing wagons"

and is concerned about prices of horses, grain and land. In his last letter written to Amanda he asked her to send him "baked chicken, some pies, and bread some butter and a peace os sausage." **** The last letter was written just a year before his recorded death 2 February 1865 as a Confederate Soldier in a Union Prison after the Civil War. He was ill, hungry, and eventually starved to death. He died at Alton, Madison, Illinois about thirty miles from Carrolton, Green, Illinois. The home of his parents.

* Mary Ellen Westwood Cato as told to Vonna Ione Hamaker

** Letters from Emmett Cato in 1863 to Edith Ione Cato Johnston

*** Emmett Cato also gives us some history of

Euphamia Rief. --- She was the daughter of Henry Rief and

Katie Sick. Katie was an heir to a farm that is now

in the heart of New York City. It was owned by her

father and was leased for 99 years. When the lease was up

an advertisement was published in a New York Paper and

one of the Rief heirs received a copy. He did not notify

any of the other heirs nor try to establish a claim as he

disliked some of his relatives so much he was afraid they

would maybe beat him out. Some of the family tried to

get the paper but he claimed it was burned. A lawyer was sent

to New York but couldn't locate an heir to the Sick family.

And thus no claim has ever been established on the inheritance.

**** Letter to Amanda McPherson from John Henry Cato

dated 7 January 1865

Arkansas Washington) August, Wednesday
County the 22th 1849

Dear Brother and sister

I take the pleasure of writing a few lines to you to let you know that we are all well at this time hoping when these few lines come to hand that they may find you all enjoying good health I received your letter dated July the 28th about a week ago and I was very glad to hear that ^{you} were all as well as you was I should have written to you before now but I thought I would wait a while as you generally do and you would be gladder to hear from us.

We have bin idle for 2 or 3 days on account of waiting for a man to finish the wood work of a wagon and I dont care much for it it is awfull hot wether here specially to be driving wagons we sold a wagon to James Lary and a horse too ~~but~~ we bought the horse for \$25. and I was owing James Lary \$35. and he took the horse for the det so that puts me out of the land scrape we let him have the wagon for \$80. and he paid \$10. down and is to pay \$30. at cristmas Lary and old man Biley the got here the 2th day of July and stayd untill the 5th. we have another wagon ready for sale now and want to iron another

August Friday 24th and ^{warm} Saturday at that
I will try and finish this letter for I
expect that you are looking for it now best
look on you will get it after while.

We went to town yesterday evening and got
the wood work of the wagon and we will go
to work at it next week we have to make
a new wagon tyre to narrow and it is 2
inches wide and $\frac{3}{4}$ thick a very heavy job
for this hot weather. times is very hard
here now we dont get but very little money
we have got about 1.70 or 80 Doseen out
of that we payed work for we payed from
12 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts to 14 cts per Doseen delivered we have
bin out of corn for more than one month
where there is any to sell they ask 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts
per Bus. Wheat is selling from 62 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 79 cts
and flour took a rise yesterday evening to
82 79 cts per hundred Bacon is from 5 to 6 cts
per pound the association commenced
the last day of this month about 12 miles
from here on the middle fork of White River
I expect that Uncle Tom. Willey will
be there I love to go and see anyhow. A
protracted meeting will commence the 30th day of
this month at Mr. Cates about $\frac{1}{2}$ of a
mile from here By the missionary Babbitt
~~they~~ Monday night the 20th an man died 2
mile from here he was taken Saturday night
previously to that

Some think it was the chollery but it is faulty
at man by the name of Anderson. Sometime
since started to the south with a negro man to
sell for his milk behaviour and they came
to wash grass creek some distance South
of Warburen and it was too full to cross
and the negro said he would not go any further
or then Anderson ~~then~~ it surposed went to
tye him and they negro killed his master
and took his horse and money and came
back here to Fayetteville and told what
he had done and after that tried to make
escape but they wounded him with shooting
at him and in a few days he came in and
gave himself up and brought him here to
Fayetteville and he said some of the other ^{negroes} were
moving to it before he started for he said he never
loved to be sold and told them that he would be
back in a few days and shure enough he
was and they hung the Dankey last Monday
the 20th he was hung in Benton county 35 miles
from here where Andersons connection lives Iest
before he was hung he said he did not regret
killing Anderson - they have seven other
negroes up and are going to try ^{them} at court and
they low they ^{will} send some of them to the pen
tencherry & well. I shall drop this subject
at presant as it is too tedious to give you the
particulars in writing. I have nothing more of

any importance. To right at this time more
than you must get soon and when you start
to town with the letter to put in ^{of the} office
give you ^{in your} pocket so you won't lose it tell all of
the family and friend to right.

use

Smith

give my best respects to all inquiring friends
Especially to the pretty girls and receive a portion
your letters so I add none at present
But remain yours respectfully
John H. Cato { Capt. James H. McPherson
 { Amos E. McPherson

Attou Illinois

Jan. 7th 1865

Dear Brother and sister

I will try to rite a few lines to you to let
you know that I received a letter from you several
days ago was glad to hear hear from you all
I have had such a cough that I could not rite before
know I have bin very bad off with cough and hoarseness
but I am happy to say I am getting better I received the
things the Boys got for me and a \$5 receipt from
some body. my lungs are all awfully diseased

I cannot speak about my breath now to do any
good tho I still live & inhopes of things
in future for the better and trust in the Lord

Dear sister a few words to you you no ~~at~~ ^{not} feel
when they have bin sick about something to eat
I wish you would send me something when I am cum
to attou again baked chicken some piez and bread
some butter and I'd like a piece of sausage cooked
Box it up so I can have the Box to use in here
I hope to live to repay you all for your troubles
with me for I expect to stay in Illinois I do
not wish to go back south at all if I can have my choice
my respects to all write as soon as you
git these lines

John H. Cato

Fayetteville
Arkansas

April 20th

1856

Dear Brother & Sister

I at last take the opportunity of writing
a few lines to you to let you know that
we are yet all here and all tolerable. We
at this time and truly hope if ever these
lines come to your hand that they find
you all well and enjoying the blessings of
life if there is any on this Earth of soil rocks
and clay. - Well I expect you have
wondered many times why you have
not written to us before now.

I have no particular reason at all for not writing
only negligence and a confused mind
about what the way mother talked and
did when we was there. Great god to think
of charging me for my board when on a visit
maybe the last time in life it keeps grievous
feelings upon me that I shall never forget
my mother unless I am convinced that

she was not in her right ^{father} and
the boys did what was right. But in all
my travels I have never seen ~~as~~ a cross
a snarl for mother and vanity for stinginess.
I am sorry Jim that we could not be
with you any more than we was you and
I Kit are James favorites.

I would like for you to cum out here
next fall and spend the winter. But let us
not talk of that untill we find out a little
more about how crops will be this year
this is the second letter that I have tried to
write to allinog sence I left there
last fall I bought 38 $\frac{1}{2}$ acres of land all
on a hill side joining town it costs me \$600
a private spring on it. great place for a still
A team works of any kind or tanyard
we lived in a camp untill I built a house
last winter was the worst that I ever seen
here snow on the ground most all winter
Misty Bad winter for work in or out doors
I have bin stocking and selling some ploughs
I bought Iron and got Jake to make it up as
I have no blacksmith tools
flour is selling at \$2 per 100 pounds wheat
50 to 60 cts per bush corn from 24 to 34 cts
per bushel Cow and calves from 15
to 20 dollars horses from 75 to 100 dollars
My weare got a very fine mule colt
But Jewelish thing wont follow her attall
I wanto sell her and the colt I ask \$150
for them But I fear I cannot git it as
money is very scarce here
our youngest chap has bin walking some
time and can talk some

I have nothing more to write at
presant worth notice and wish you
to excuse me for not writing sooner by
writing to me as soon as you git they
how does maria and all git along does
she were any on that loom I made for her
is ~~Captivity~~ and nancy married
wore at presant But remain yours
Respectfully } give respects to all that owns them
John H. Cato

April 21. I sold my mare on colt
today for \$150 dollars I agw to git the
money in the morning. Sakes were
here today they was all well
J. H. Cato

February 25
1855

New Hartford, Missis

Dear Father and Mother

as this is a cold lonesome Sunday I try
to write a few lines to let you know that
we are all alive and well except one or two of
our set here that had and got the small
pox the chickens pose but they do not go
to bed for it. Truly hoping these lines may

find you all well. We are all in a sinking
position here and if winter dont Brake up
shortly or they dont cum rain we will
all sink for the want of money.

it is as much as I can do to get something
to eat I ^{never} was at such a place in my life
people will come and and get work done
and walk off and never say good by kiss
my foot nor nothing else

I done some 10 or 12 dollars worth of work last
week and did not get one cent of money. I am nearly
Bar headed and soon will be Bar footed and
my money all gone. the truth of the matter
is I never was in a fix before so but what
I could see my way out. they say times
~~will~~ will change when winter Brakes and
the miners ride and people gets pay for their
work. Well after all these efs and ands
cum to pass something or other may
cum to be better or worse. dont
talk about worse for if that was to happen
I be blammed my skin to blame nation
as town. Will ust to say if I dont take up
a hollow tree. Since I have found it out
this is not the place that it was represented
to be. though I suppose it has changed name
since last fall

Take if the worst home sick person you ^{tell}
ever seed and he cant git away now he
makes something to git away and if he could
he would go Back to old Hansaw as soon as
winter brakes never to see Illinnis ^{+ again} I respect
any Lawns is out of business except this pittyful
post office worth pence let me see gosh
~~its worth~~ ~~three and ten~~ ~~make five~~ and
some times it gits up to the mammoth
sum of \$1001. oh yes ten cents per day
Well the fellow is like the rest of us he is
making nothing and if winter last all summer
somboddy will have to by him some cloathes
wash rag pin making money I discover and he
spent it and now its his and my surprise
ows Bettovene 5 and 7 dollars and you may
put the hundreds to finish the numbers if you
choose. When you git this letter you
will think it nary foolishly written but recede
it over tell you git it rite end for must
Well I got a letter from Meek Kieff
yesturday he is married and says they are
all well there and times dull money
I have provision & pork from 3 till dollars
corn and meal \$1 per bush flower \$5 per 100 pound
he says they have had a very pleasant winter there
Cannon had not moved away yet his first
time to move up & bin out some time and
the first of march his time is out again he
must move this time. Well I like to had
sold out last week I asked \$800 for the
place and wanted \$500 down and he offered
\$400 down an \$400 on credit But I did not
wanto sell had enough to take him up. I want
improve the place before I sell it

I expected to git some money from
Arkansas by the first of this month any
how you see I sold a horse a day or so
before we started from there which was
to be payed the first day of January I left
the ^{note} with Henry Pieff and he was to send
me the money when payed so I got a letter
from him last week he said the fellow
had not got back yet from Texas he
went there to sell his horses. So I may not
git the money untill next fall..

Well I believe that I have written all that
would be worth your notice and maby a good
deal more tell Jim Mack. he had better
write to me before I cum over there next
fall or he give him good I wish some
of you would write sometimes so as to let
us no that you are all alive

So no more But remain your

John H Cato

Fayetteville March 8th 1852
Washington County Ark

Dear Brother and Sister

I once more in this life take the pleasure of writing a few lines to you to let you no that we are all in tolerable health at this time. Hoping when these few lines come to hand that they may find you and all well. I received your letter of the 22th of Feb. day before yesterday and was very glad to read the contents thereof and hear from you but surprised to hear that you ~~had~~ have a boy so old and I had not heard at before now and I suppose wash is married at last tell him to go it while he is young that is the plan I wish him great joy and good luck tho I can tell you one thing he must acknowledge that tho I have got the prettiest wife and you would say so if you could see her I would like very much to see you all again and take a look at wash and Sarelda now Iest look at him laster in the letters that Sarelda wrote to wash last summer it was nite deventing to here how she wrote every ^{day} and a while she would say ^{well} I will tell you what it is Mr. Cato I would like to see you very much say that to wash and see what he says I have nothing much to write that would be of much interest for you to read as you are not acquainted here

I reckon I had bet how
reads his letters or told you what I
am working at I am pushed mitally
now for there is a good running going
from here to Oregon and to Cal
ifornia this spring and they
want a good deal of gun
work and I have
from 8 to 10 guns
in the shop all
the time

I show

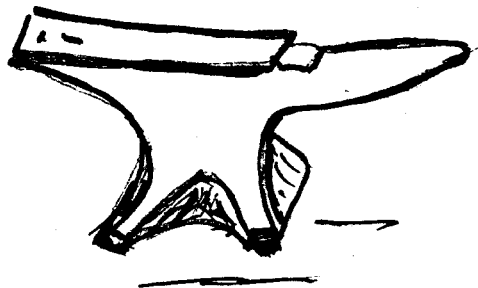
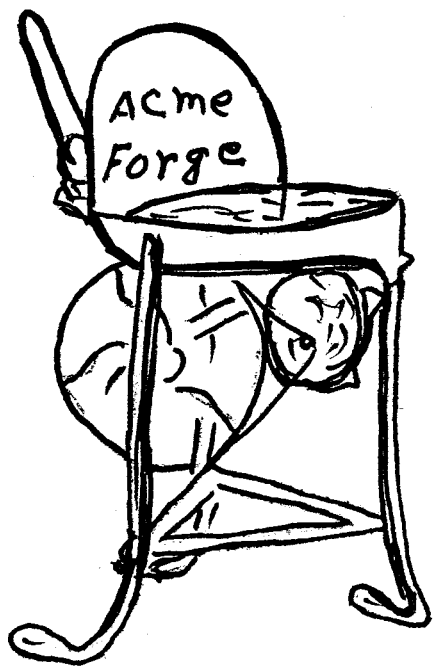
To try the gun busin
ess this year and keepe an
account of everything that
I make and spend and at
the end of the year I will
see what I can do at

it if I cant make nothing
at the gun mitting I will go
to making wagons again

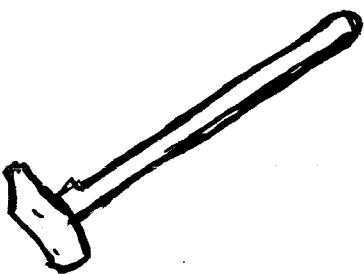
times is tollerable dull
here money hard to get. I
doe work for nothing but
cash up it will not doe to
credit for small jobs like
gun work. Corn I believe
is selling for 37¹/₂ to 50 cts
per bus. oats from 25 to 30 cts
flour \$2 per hundred

I have none more to write
(with your attention)

The gochock bell has rang you must
rite soon give our respects to all. As I
remain yours till death to J. W. McPherson
(L. H. cats) & E. Jane cats) J. W. C. McPherson



Our
Grandpa
Quintus Cato.



About My Grandpa Quintus Cato

by Edith Cato Johnston

He was born the 1st day of May 1857 at Fayetteville Arkansas. the 3rd child of John Henry Cato, and Jane Elizabeth Willey. His Grandpa and Grandma were George Edwin Cato and Euphania Rief,

As near as we know the Cato's were natives of Scotland, My Grandpa Cato was only about 9 years old when his father died from starvation malnutrition, Etc. and only 15 when his mother died. Grandpa lived with a Methodist Minister, for a while, until his Uncle took Grandpa and his brother to care for them. While grandpa was with the minister, He had a hard time, -the minister made him go to Church, and he had to wear the ministers clothes that were way too large for grandpa, He learned to hate church and the Minister, So he was happy to go with his Uncle. But Grandpa must of gained some knowledge from the minister because he never did swear or use bad language, The only cuss words he ever said was, "Dog gone, The Dog Gone thing, or Dog Gone It" He was a very talented man, and out standing blacksmith, he was a honest, good natured, He loved his family and was good to us Grandkids. He was a big man, weighed around 280 to 285 lbs when he was young. His hair was dark and curly and he wore a mustache, I don't remember when he didn't have it. He had to keep his hair cut short, if it got too long he couldn't comb it. Out on the deseret where we lived when I was a kid there was no barbers, to keep his hair cut so when I was about 9 or 10 grandpa taught me to cut his hair, I don't remember any clippers, just scissors and a barber comb. and I've cut hair all my life since then, Grandpa was blind in one eye, The eye wasn't gone he just didn't see with it. I always heard that lightning struck the water so close to him that it blinded the eye. Grandpa was an early riser, 4 A.M. and he wanted his meals on time. 6 A.M. noon, and 6 P.M. he went to bed real early at night, He was a hard worker. Most ever one knew him as "Pop Cato" Grandpa slept with one foot out of the covers, winter and summer. And Zona took that after him she sleeps that way, Leda sometimes reminded me of grandpa too when she said, " Dog gone it" the way he used to say it. I guess what I got from grandpa was my curly hair, tho I don't think mine is as curly as his was.

Grandpa married my Grandma, Almeda Jane Taylor, on December 25th 1877 in Longmont Colorado. I haven't heard how come the Cato's came from Arkansas to Colorado, Grandpa mined gold at Cripple Creek Colo. and was foreman of the Gold King at Silverton and Gladstone Colo, So I think it could be possible that they came during the Gold rush days. I know that Grandpa mined gold at Cripple Creek Colo. and had a ring made for him self from the gold, He wore the ring all the time until he got sick and lost so much weight. The ring was so big that it fit some of us kids wrists, I don't know which baby it was was that they put it on tho, and after he got sick and couldn't wear it, Aunt Winnie was going with a guy there at Fruita that was almost as big a man as Grandpa, she let him wear the ring and never got it back from him. A few years after that I and Wayne asked the Guy (Mr. Erickson) about the ring he told us he had also lost weight and had lost the ring. Or he'd of given it to us. It was about 13 carrot gold really too pure gold to stay in shape, I have felt bad that some of us kids couldn't of inherited it, Instead of a stranger haveing it to lose/ Gold at this time is near \$500.00 per ounce.

Grandpa had a machine shop at Silverton Colo. and also one at Rifle.

My Dad, Charles Urias Cato, was born at Longmont, Colo. and also his sister, Winnafred Helen Cato Hickmen. (Aunt Winnie). Then Uncle Lois Elsie, was born in New Mexico. and Uncle Ralph Edwin was born at Rifle Colo. So they must of moved around a lot.

The machine shop burned at Rifle and they moved from there to Oregon. In Portland, Grandpa bought a half interest in a machine shop, he had just paid for it, and got word that there was a gold rush in the LaSal Mountains, So Grandpa and My Dad left Oregon on bicycles,

Continued next page.

One of the bicycles gave out so they discarded them caught a train and rode to Thompson Utah. got on the stage and went to Moab. Some one in Moab told Grandpa he would locate them on some claims in the LaSals for \$10,000.00, and According to Ralph (quote) Grandpa gave him a check for the ten thousand dollars, They went up and looked it over and located in Gold Basin, Grandpa built a mill, Grandpa hired a guy with a 6 horse team to haul the equipment in from the rail road, (Cisco or Thompson.) They didn't take out any gold and Ralph says lost their shirts on that deal.

They all came back from Oregon, My Dad, Uncle Lois, Uncle Frank and Aunt Winnie Hickman, Grandpa and Grandma Cato. Uncle Ralph was real small, Then they moved down from Gold Basin in the LaSal Mts. and camped at Dewey, they camped on the south side of the river, while camped there grandpa walked up the river and discovered the gold at the Big Six. they took up 6 claims, I guess that is how the name: "The Big Six," came about, the six claims.

They went back to Grand Junction, and Grandpa and Daddy went to work for C.P. McCarry, He was making the irons for Wagons at Mc Carry's machine shop, He had a contract and made the irons for the Studabaker wagons. He said they made good money but the family spent it, so fast they couldn't get ahead so they moved to Utah again, near the Colorado River, at that time it was called the (Grand River) and took up a homestead, They farmed some and Also was not too far from the Big Six, they worked it and that is where My Dad met my mother, Grandpa and Grandma westwood were living at Dewey at that time and they run the Ferry boat, Grandma westwood cooked and had a boarding house for the stage stop and travelers going from Cisco to Castleton (A Big mining boom town at that time.)

There was a school at Dewey and Uncle Ralph went his first 3 years there.

My mother and Dad were married on January 18, 1911, They built a log cabin a mile or so to the South of Grandpa and Grandma Cato's. little log cabin. November 12, 1911 I was born in Grand Junction Colo. and on Mar, 22, 1913, my little brother Elwin was born, but he was born too soon and didn't live but about 12 hours He was born in the cabin near Dewey where my Dad and Mother lived, Grandpa Cato made a tiny casket, Grandma Cato and Aunt Lolla, (uncle Lois first wife) lined it with white satin and they buried him on a gravel hill just a little ways west of mother and Daddys home. At Sagers Wash.

Grandpa borrowed some money from C.P. McCarry, mortgaged the home and ground on Sagers Wash, Then they moved to Danish Flatts, 3 miles north of Cisco. Grandpa had gone to work for Eleck Reed on a ranch up near the Mountain on Cottonwood creek, He was helping with the farming and doing the blacksmith work on the ranch He could see all of the waste water running down cotton wood creek, He went down on Danish Flatt and took up a homestead there, Ralph says Quote, that Uncle Lois homesteaded that place for Grandpa, if he did he deeded it back to Grandpa, because thats where they lived from the time they moved from Sagers wash till the fall befor grandpa died, when they traded it to Hermon Row for a place East of Fruita. Colo.

They built a Cabin on Danish Flatt out of hand hewn rail road ties from the Narrow Gauge Rail Road, That Rail Road was built thru the counrty some years before, but never was finished, No rails was ever put on it and the ties were only laid part of the way, but the grade had been built most of the way from Grand Junction to Price, Most of the men that built the grade was Chinese, and the narrow gauge was abonded and changed to Standard Gauge in 1885, The year my Dad was born. we used one ties to build with and for fire wood.

Some of this following history is not clear to me, as I have heard my folks tell about walking out to Danish Flatt from Cisco and carrying me, They said I was 3 months old, Grandpa and Grandma were living there then, They said it got dark before they got to the house, It was a dark night and the only way that they could tell where to go was by the light from Grandpa and Grandma's house, I guess they had a hard time walking the catus was so bad, and before they got there Grandpa and Grandma blew the light out and went to bed. My Dad whooped and yelled till Grandma heard him she got up and lit the light and they made it on in.

This is where I'm not so sure about, they were living at the Sagers wash place when Elwin was born,

Grandpa took the water out of Cotton Wood Creek a ditch 7

miles long. Every time there was a flood in Cotton Wood wash the ditch would wash out. Grandpa spent many a day of hard work with his team, plough and scraper putting the dam back in the ditch. They planted fruit trees, had a nice big garden, and a hay field. Our folks and also Aunt Winnie and Uncle Frank homesteaded on Danish Flatt. Uncle Frank built them a nice house also out of the Rail Road ties. My Dad moved a shack up from the old Mars reservoir on our ground. It was just one room. We lived in it till our tie house was partly built. Then we moved in to it, and it was never finished. They got it lathed ready to plaster. I was 7 years old when we lived in the Marrs shack. During World War one, Mother had us three girls by the time we moved from the Marrs shack. Leda was born at Cisco in 1915 and Zona in Moab in 1917. We hauled water 5 miles with team and water tank on a wagon. We stored it in a cistern. Drinking water that is. We existed but seems to me our fair was pretty meager. We ate millions of cotton tail rabbits, we gathered stray sheep, that was lost when the herds were trailing thru the country.

Daddy met a Mr. Otto in Fowler Colo that staked him to a herd of cattle, and seed to plant grain. But none of the Cato's were livestock people and it wasn't long till the rustlers had the herd. Uncle Lois tried to be tough enough to out smart the rustlers, but he wasn't and they went broke at that venture.

While we lived there on Danish Flatt an old man Billy Cato heard of the Cato's, living there and came out there to try and trace relationship to us, but we couldn't find any connections. He stayed there, A long time and I guess worked for his board. I remember how he kept the weeds hoed in the lane. I don't know where he went from there and I don't know that any of the family got any record of him.

When the family still lived at Sagers wash Grandpa and My Dad drew the plans for the Dewey Bridge. but they didn't get the contract to build it. The original plans are in the museum at Moab. signed Q. Cato.

The year I was in the 3rd grade a school was built on Danish Flatt. There was enough homesteaders came there to dry farm, that we could have the school. Grandpa had an old goose that got her foot cut off in the hay mower. Grandpa made her a peg leg, and she got around pretty good. The goose went ever where grandpa went. When grandpa was out in the shop, working, the goose was near him. us kids happen to get to close to Grandpa the goose took after us she sure put the fear in us she would pinch a chunk out of our legs. But she layed an egg nearly ever day and I and Leda took turns having the hard boiled egg in our lunch.

Wayne remembers one time when some of the neighbors had bought a pitch fork from the store at Cisco, and one of the tines broke they took it back to the store and wanted their money back. They told him to take it out to "Pop Cato's and have him weld it. The farmer didn't think it could be done. So they made a \$50.00 bet Grandpa didn't know about the bet till after, but he welded the tine, and you couldn't tell where the weld was. No bumps or rough spots. In fact it was the same as a new one. So the farmer paid the \$50.00 bet. No welding outfit just an old coal forge.

He shod lots of horses, made the shoes and put them on. You could ride your horse up where Grandpa could see its hoffs he'd make the shoes and put them on and ever one fit perfect.

Grandpa was real particular about his anvil. He had it set with a compass. The gravity pull North and South. He didn't want any one moving the anvil one way or another.

My Dad and uncle Frank went to California. So Grandpa had the responsibility of all three families. Mother and the four of us kids, for in 1919 Clinton was born in Moab. Aunt Winnie had Quintus and Gladys, tho they were older than we were. Then there was Grandma and Ralph. Daddy stayed in Calif all winter and I can't remember that uncle Frank ever did come back to Utah. But Daddy came back and got Mother and us kids. Also Grandpa went with us and we went back to Calif. Redondo Beach where Daddy had been working for a man moving houses.

Grandpa got work out I can't remember what he was doing he stayed with us some of the time. He got real sick, while he was with us, Mother took care of him, that was the year that Owen was born 1924 in Redondo Beach. When Mother was washing Grandpa he said to her "Now Ellie remember your not washing one of the kids."

I guess he thought she was a little rough. After that he seemed to be out of work and not feeling too good so he decided to go back to Utah and Danish Flatt. Grandma and Aunt Winnie were left there to exist on the homestead the year Grandpa was in Calif. Aunt Winnie and Gladys also went to Calif, But Aunt Winnie and Uncle Frank were divorced, She stayed out there a while and then she came back to Utah, but Gladys or (Mary) as we called her got married and never came back only for a visit. Quintus married a girl from Grand Junction, and they went to California to live. If they ever came back even for a visit I never seen them.

We stayed in Redondo for a short time after Grandpa went home, then Daddy decided the grass was greener in Northern Calif. So we packed up and moved to Islton Calif. Daddy got work in a machine shop, we stayed there a year, But Grandpa was still not too well and also Grandpa Westwood wasn't in the best of health so we came back to Utah.

We got back to Danish Flatt in the fall, Mother was expecting Rowland that Oct. So we 5 kids lived with Grandpa and Grandma, Mother went to Grand Junction and stayed with her sister, Aunt Grace, till Rowland came. Daddy fixed up an old car and took a family that were stranded, to California. Rowland was born before he got back.

Grandpa drove us kids to Cisco to School all that winter, by then the homesteaders had starved out and moved away except for two or three familys. So after three years the school had to close.

We had some wild rides, that winter Grandpa couldn't see the best, some times he'd miss the corner of the bridges, We were always thankful ever night when we would arrive home safe. Grandpa waited all day in Cisco for us to get out of school, Seems like he did a little work at times when he was waiting. One stormy afternoon when we started home it was raining real hard, There was no oiled roads at that time and when the roads got wet they were really slick we slipped and slid, all of the way till we got about 2 miles from home the washes were all running water and the one by the old school house was too high to cross, We waited, and it never run down, it got dark, We built a fire from wet scraps of wood we found around the school building, We were wet and cold, Grandpa was worried that Grandma would be worried to, So he decided that we would walk to Johnstons homestead, If I remember right there was 6 of us, Us four Cato kids and two Andrews, Bud Johnston had been with us but he got out when we crossed Pace Wash, Johnstons lived about a mile up Pace Wash from the road, (The Midland Trail) They lived in a dug out in the bank, We had about a mile to go from where we were stranded, So we took out, Grandpa got turned around and he thought all the way that we were going wrong, there was too many of us that knew the direction so we won out and we got to Johnston's, after struggling thru water, mud and all. Clinton, had on a pair of sandals they kept coming off we'd have to feel around in the mud to find them, Zona always looked after Clinton so she kept track of his shoes most of the time, I can't remember why we didn't drive the car, Its possible that it didn't have any lights because it got dark after we stopped at the flood in the wash. I know it must of been hard for Mrs. Johnston to find food for us, and beds, as we kids stayed there that night, but grandpa wouldn't stay, He walked back to the car, waded the wash in waist deep flood water and on home. Grandma had seen our fire so she wasn't too worried, But I worried about Grandpa all night because I knew he had been so turned around in his directions going to Johnstons.

Grandpa was also a carpenter, He made the furniture for his and Aunt Winnie's house, He made, a library table, settle's writing desk, to name a few, and I have a stand table that I cherish very much, he made it mostly with a pocket knife, Its inlaid 33 different kinds of wood. The legs are made from a whiskey keg.

On December 25th 1927, Grandpa and Grandma celebrated their 50th. wedding anniversary, Daddy, I and Zona, Ralph Winnaferd & Verling, Uncle Charley Taylor, (Grandma's brother), his girl friend Grace Miller and her son Bill Jones. And grandpa and grandma, Mother Leca, Clinton Owen and Rowland were quarantined for scarlet fever in Cisco.

We moved to Dewey after school was out that year and after that I wasn't around Grandpa so much, Grandpa kept going down hill and in 1928 He and Daddy traded the Danish Flatt homesteads for a farm East of Fruita Colo. Grandpa got worse he and grandma moved in with Ralph He was bed fast for about a year, in Dec. 1929 they moved to the place at Fruita and Grandpa died January 13, 1930.

M

To **R. J. BRUNS** Dr.Furniture, Undertaking, Carpets, Moldings, Shade and Picture
Goods, Doors, Sash, Cabinet Hardware, Etc.

Joiner and Cabinet Maker.

GREENE STREET, HALF BLOCK NORTH OF THE POST OFFICE.

Know All men by these presents, that
 M. M. Hix of San Juan County State of Colorado,
 for value received do hereby sell transfer and convey
 to Quintus Cato the exclusive right to Manufacture
 use, sell or handle in any manner, Hix's Patent Roof
 Paint and material, Patent Number 21,718 in the
 States of Idaho and Utah for the use of himself
 and benefit of himself and heirs and assigns forever
 Dated at Silverton Colo this 16th day of September 1897
 Witness
 J. W. Berry
 M. M. Hix
 Seal

This Agreement made and entered into by and
 between M. M. Hix of the first and Q. Cato of the
 second part, the said party of the first part
 agrees that at or before the expiration of four
 months after date hereof, the party of the second
 part desires to return a certain bill of sale of
 Patent Roof Paint in the States of Utah and
 Idaho, that he the said party of the first part
 will refund the Consideration paid for same
 Provided No town City County or State Rights have
 been sold by said party of second part in above
 named States

Witness our hands and Seals this 16th day of September 1897

Witness

J. W. Berry

M. M. Hix
 Quintus Cato

QUINTUS CATO, FORMER CISCO MAN, SUMMONED

Jan 18 1930

Quintus Cato, for many years a resident of the Cisco section, passed away at his home near Fruita late Saturday night. He was 73 years, 9 months and 17 days old at the time of his death, having been born in Fayetteville, Arkansas, on May 1, 1857.

Mr. Cato had lived in western Colorado and eastern Utah most of his life. He first came to Colorado in the spring of 1876, and was married to Almeta J. Taylor at Longmont, Colo., on December 25, 1877.

In 1904 Mr. Cato and family moved to the Cisco district, residing near Dewey and on Danish Flats until a short time ago. Recently he purchased a ranch on the highway between Grand Junction and Fruita about two miles from Fruita, and it was there that death occurred.

Mr. Cato and sons were the pioneer settlers of Danish Flats, taking up homesteads there which they still own.

Mr. Cato was United States commissioner and notary public at Cisco for many years.

He was the father of four children, three sons and one daughter, all of whom survive him. The sons are Charles U. Cato, Lois D. Cato and Ralph E. Cato, all of whom reside in the Cisco district. The daughter, Mrs. Winifred Hickman lives in San Pedro, Calif.

Funeral services were conducted at the Stark-De Yarman mortuary in Fruita Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, with the Rev. J. Edwin Elder of the Fruita Episcopal church officiating. Burial was at Elmwood cemetery at Fruita.

*Saturday
August 21
1948*

Mrs. Almedie J. Cato, Grand Junction, Dies At Fruita Saturday

Mrs. Almedie J. Cato, 87, Grand Junction, widow of Quintus Cato and a member of a pioneer Colorado family, died at 1:15 p. m. Saturday at the home of a granddaughter, Mrs. Leda Smith, in Fruita. Mrs. Cato went to visit Mrs. Smith two months ago and became ill while there.

The Starks Funeral home is in charge of funeral arrangements, which will be announced later.

Almedie J. Taylor was born Oct. 5, 1861, at St. Vrain, near Longmont, the daughter of David C. and Ann Taylor and the first white girl to be born there. She spent her childhood there. When she was three years of age, she, her mother, and a sister experienced an attack by Indians on the settlement.

The deceased was married Dec. 25, 1877, to Quintus Cato at Longmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Cato removed to Rifle in 1900, and Mr. Cato owned and operated a blacksmith shop there for several years. They moved to Grand Junction in 1910, and Mr. Cato was a foreman in the McCary Blacksmith and Machine shop for several years. He died in 1930.

Mrs. Cato was a member of the Presbyterian church.

Surviving are three sons, Ralph, First Fruitridge, Louis E. Redlands, and Charles, Grand Junction; two brothers, J. W. Taylor, Fowler, and C. M. Taylor, Fruita; one sister, Mrs. Florence Gilbert, San Diego, Calif.; nine grandchildren; and 17 great grandchildren.

Anna M. Gibson Taylor

Mrs. D. C. Taylor passes away Monday morning March 25, 1918 at 3:30 A.M. having suffered an accident by falling, the Sunday before, by which her hip was fracured, and being at the advanced age of 80 years, she failed to rally from the accident and shock.

Anna M. Gibson Taylor was born June 12, 1838, in Clark county Ohio. Later the family moved to Indiana and in less than a year her father and mother both died about the same time, leaving five small children, Ann M. Gibson was the second oldest of the five children. Their mothers mother, was at the time living with them. At the time of the death of the father and mother. The grandmother then took the children back to Onio, where they made their homes with uncle and aunts on the mothers side of the family, The grandmother died soon after their return to Ohio.

David Commer Taylor and Ann M. Gibson were married January 1st 1857. by Rev. Wm. Williams at Mechanicsburg Champaign Co. Ohio. They resided there until October 5th 1858, then they moved to Missouri and lived untill spring on 1860, Then they started for the Rocky Mountains with two yoke of Oxen and one yoke of cows, and arrived at Boulder City the 12th of June, after traveling six weeks and meeting with no misfortunes on the plains. After staying at Boulder City until July 6, they located on the St Vrain, a little west of Longmont, Colo. They celebrated their 61 wedding anniversary January 1st, 1918.

Six children were born to them all are living. There were four girls and two boys. Mrs. Mary Roby, who was born at Summerford, OHIO, and Mrs. Fred Gilbert (Florence) are married and live at Fowler. William and Charles Taylor also live here. Mrs. Allie J. Cato lives in Cisco Utah. Louella Dorman Pueblo, There are 18, Grandchildren and 9 Great grand-children in the family.

Mrs. D.C. Taylor was one of the first three white women on the St. Vrain river. She united with the M. E. Church when she was 13 years old, And her neighbors and friends testify that she lived a good, useful, christian life. The funeral was held at the home. Puesday and Rev. C.F. Lucas officiated and interment was in the Fowler Cemetary. A large croud of her neighbors and friends attended the funeral services, to pay their tribute of respects to the departed.

Copy from the Fowler Advertiser

Printed March 29, 1918 on Friday.

T. n

State Pioneer Passes Away

David C. Taylor's Death Follows Closely After that of his Companion for 61 Years.

With in the past few weeks two aged and honored people out of same family, long resident of this community, have passed from life to the bourn of that undiscovered country whense no traveler returns. David C. Taylor died at the home of his son, William, some four miles southeast of town, Saturday after-noon at 12:45, Mrs Taylor having passed away only 33 days previous. For more than sixty-one years these aged people had been all to each other that husband and wife could be. They had shared each others burdens and sorrows; together they had braved the dangers of an overland trip across the great western country, at that time infested by treacherous Indians; they had raised their family of children under unusual circumstances, vastly different from the peaceful, prosperous life in Colorado at this time; they had been close, loving, confiding helpful companions all through those long sixty-one years. It is a small wonder, therefore, that when Mrs. Taylor passed away a few weeks ago that her companion should grieve for her. He simply pined away until he died- not of disease, but of a broken heart. During the past few weeks he frequently spoke of her being by him speaking to him. He declared that he saw and heard her, and that constantly she sought him to come to her. He grieved his life away, and died happy in the thought that soon he would be with her and with his lord.

Funeral services were held Monday afternoon at the home, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Lucas, and were attended by a large number of friends, who have long known the deceased and and the family. Interment was made in Fowler cemetery. the body reposing beside that of his life long companion. We may confidently say these aged people have gone to inherit the rest prepared for the people of God.

David Comer Taylor was the son of Ass and Elizabeth Taylor, and was born July 6, 1832, at Mechanicsburg, Ohio. At that place on January 1, 1857, Mr Taylor and Anna M. Gibson started the New Year as husband and wife and launched out on life's journey that was destined to unfold to them long years of intermingled joy, dangers, hardships, happiness, failure and success. Perhaps they little dreamed at that time what their united life held in store for them. They passed through the civil war, Spanish-American war, and a part of the great world war now being waged in the East. they migrated into a strange and dangerous country to make their home in the great and then undeveloped west; their life together entered so happily that New Years day, was destined to be filled with strange and dangerous happenings; but through it all they stuck close together for more than sixty one years.

T- -

After a short residence in Mechanicsburg, Ohio, they moved to Missouri, where they resided until the spring of 1860. Then they started to the Rocky Mountain region. That was fifty-two years ago, and the trip was not made in a modern, comfortably upholstered automobile or on the cushions of a luxurious Pullman. Their traveling accommodations consisted of a prairie schooner, drawn by two yoke of oxen, and accompanied by a yoke of milk cows. At that time one child had come to bless their home, and this daughter passed with them through the dangers of the perilous trip across the prairies.

The red man and the lonely prairies were enough to try the most heroic spirit. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor knew no night nor day. For self-preservation the one would watch at night while the other one slept and in the day time the other would drive the oxen while the one slept. Nearly every day and night of the journey witnessed some narrow escape. Such experiences helped to explain how Mrs. Taylor had the distinction of being the third white woman in northern Colo, and Mr. Taylor that of serving on the first jury. Mr. Taylor had earlier in life prepared himself for law practise, but on coming west found a more congenial occupation in farming. The immigrants landed in Boulder City June 12, 1860

In the spring of 1892 they came to Manzanola, and three years later moved to Fowler, and here they have since resided. The six children born to Mr. and Mrs. D.C. Taylor. in order of their birth are: Mrs. Mary E. Roby, wife of S.S. Roby, of Fowler; Mrs. Allie J. Cato, of Cisco Utah; Mrs. Louella Dorman, Pueblo; J. William Taylor, Charles Norton Taylor, and Mrs. Florence Gilbert, all of Fowler. Mr. Taylor was a member of the Universalist church, After leaving the populated regions of the east he was thrown among a rougher class of people in the new western country. However, always he lived for the better things in life constantly he was an inspiration to others to do likewise. His children are his witness that he was a considerate and impartial father and always they will remember and honor him for his kindly life. Mr Taylor was honored and respected by the people in every community where he lived, and will be missed by his large circle of friends in and around Fowler. To the bereaved family of children, the Tribune extends its sympathy in the two fold loss they have so recently sustained, and yet congratulates them in that they have an unbroken family of children, enjoyed the presence, love and comfort of their parents, spared to them for a number of years seldom allotted to mother and father.

Copy from a clipping, No dates.

No death dates on it. Figure
33 days from her death was.

25th 1913 would be April 27th
or near that in 1883

T-1.

TAYLOR FAMILY HISTORY

This history was copied by Mary Ellen Cato, recopied by Zona I. Nowels from note taken by Florence Taylor Gilbert, Mary Taylor Bradford and Charles Morton Taylor. Their mother was Ann Mariah Gibson Taylor.

Our Great Grandfather, Thomas Gibson, was born in England. He died on the ocean and was buried at sea as he was returning from England where he had gone to look after land he had there. He was our mother's Grandfather. And he lived in Indiana and owned lots of slaves. He set them all free but one and she came north with Grandmother and five children but soon after died.

Aunt Fanny said her Grandfather lived on a small hill in Old Virginia and she could remember seeing all the colored slaves laying on the grass on sunny days sleeping at noon or until Grandfather sent them to work. Now, this was Thomas Gibson, Lemuel Gibson's father, our grandfather.

Now, the land our mother's father (Lemuel Gibson) owned was like this; Asa Sharp sold the land to James Sillebough or (Sillebaugh). Then James sold it to Lemuel Gibson. Martin Smith was administrator of the Gibson Estate. (Lemuel's). And it was sold to Daniel Michaels. *(who may be Mary Ann Michaels father or brother).--note by Mary Ellen Cato

Upon petition the probate judge at Aug. Term 1824⁽¹⁸⁴⁸⁾ The land was ordered sold for \$1,000.00 for a trumped up debt against all the Gibson children for their keeping. Now this is what happened to the papers. The court house in Albion, Indiana burned and all the records, too. Administrator, Martin or Morton Smith died and also the judge and the Gibson children were left homeless only for Aunts and Uncles. (Of course in the early days people were honest--Quote by Charley Taylor.)

** Now this is just what I wrote down at the court house in Albion, Indiana. The clerk told us the court house burned and the papers were all burned but these few lines. Maybe they didn't burn. Note by Florence T. Gilbert.

Lemuel Gibson in 1840 bought 100 acres of land at Wolf Lake. Eighteen miles from Fort Mitchel and paid \$500.00 down. He died soon after and Daniel Michaels took possession of it. (This is what Charley's Stanley's mother said and she was the oldest Child. This story was told to Florence Gilbert when father and mother and Florence were there to visit in Ohio.)

Our mother's mother was Mary Ann Michaels. Born in Carolina. Her mother's name was Grace. (Maiden name unknown.) and her Father may have been Daniel Michaels. Grace was born in Virginia. No date of birth.

Mother's family and the children of Lemuel Gibson and Mary Ann Michaels.

1. Louise Janet: born Sunday 28 Dec. 1835
2. Frances Qin (Aunt Frances or Fanny) born in Albion, Ind. born Monday March 1837 She was supposed to have come back from the dead when Ann Mariah Taylor died. They had her picture on the wall and she came out of it and stood by the bed. Story told be Almeda Taylor Cato. Ann Mariah was Grandma Cato's mother.
3. Ann Mariah: Our mother was born in Albion, Ind. Tuesday 12 June 1838
4. Harriet Ellen (Greer or Green married name) born Tuesday Sept. 24 1839 died Tuesday February 1, 1877
5. John Marchall born Saturday 3 July 1841
6. Thomas Washington born WED. 23 sept. 1843
7. Margret Elizabeth (Aunt Maggie) born Sunday 12 Jan. 1845 died 4 Oct. 1877 ---- Pap, Mother and Florence made the trip back east to see Mother's sister, Aunt Maggie and the youngest one, Frances, was buried before mother got to see her. ** This is wrong because the dates say different. ZI Nowles

***** Note. Grandma Cato (Almeda Jane), Aunt Mary and maybe more of the family were sitting by their mother's side (Ann Mariah.). When she fell and broke her hip, they had sent to Utah for Grandma to come as her mother was dying. This picture of Aunt Fanny-Frances Qin was on the wall in the room and both Grandma Cato and Aunt Mary saw her image descend from the picture and stand by her sister's bed. Just as Ann Mariah died and then the image faded back into the picture. They figured Aunt Frances as she was called had come to take her sister back to heaven with her or wherever. They all remembered how she was dressed. -- I, Edith Johnston heard my Grandma Cato tell this story when I was a kid. 11 April 1972

TAYLOR FAMILY HISTORY

Now this is just as it was told to me when we were back east. I wrote it down just as they told it to me. (Florence Gilbert Taylor)
On our father's side (David Comer Taylor)

Samuel Comer: Great Grandfather of David Comer was a Baptist Minister. He Samuel Comer, was followed while driving cattle and was murdered for his money in the mountains near Baltimore Maryland about 1821. He married Elizabeth (Betty) Pence. They moved from Pennsylvania and settled in Fairfield Co. Ohio about 7 miles west of Lancaster.

Their children:

1. REBECCA: SHE MARRIED A MAN NAMED STEPHENSON
2. DAVID: OUR FATHER'S GRANDFATHER WAS BORN 26 NOV. 1789. MARRIED SARAH CALLED SALLY BAER OR BOER WHO LIVED IN THE SHANANDOAH VALLEY IN VIRGINIA. AFTER THEY WERE MARRIED THEY RODE HORSEBACK TO LANCASTER OHIO.
3. ANNA: MARRIED ROBERT CLOUD AND LIVED NEAR COLUMBUS, OHIO. HE WAS THE SUPERINTENDANT OF THE INFIRMARY THERE.
4. JOHN: MARRIED ANNIE/MAIDEN NAME UNKNOWN AT FAIRFIELD CO. OHIO
5. MARGRET: MARRIED BEN CLUP
6. ISSAC: MARRIED A SISTER OF BEN CLUP
7. BARBARA: MARRIED A STEPHENSON. A COUSIN OF REBECCA'S HUSBAND
8. BETSEY: MARRIED A METHODIST PREACHER AND MOVED TO ILLONIS
9. LOUIS: WAS A CAMPBELLITE PREACHER. HE WENT WEST AND MARRIED A WEALTHY WOMAN.
10. RACHEL: MARRIED SAMUEL HOVEY AND LIVED IN URBANA, OHIO
11. MARY: MARRIED THOMAS DODD OR BODD
12. SAMUEL: MARRIED HARRIET STEPHSON OR ST. JOHNSON) AND LIVED IN ILLINOIS

DAVID COMER TAYLOR'S GREAT GRANDFATHER ON HIS MOTHER'S SIDE WAS ----- BAER OR BOER. MARRIED ELIZABETH ? . THEY LIVED IN THE SHONANDOAH VALLEY OF VIRGINIA. THEIR CHILDREN HAD TO CROSS THE RIVER TO SCHOOL. THEY SETTLED IN FAIRFIELD CO OHIO IN 1799

THEIR CHILDREN:

1. KATHERINE: MARRIED PHILLIP LAMB
2. GEORGE: MARRIED SARAH CHERRY SISTER OF RALPH CHERRY
3. SARAH CALLED SALLY: MARRIED DAVID COMER. DCTAYLOR'S GRANDFATHER AND AFTER HE DIED SHE MARRIED RALPH CHERRY. (NOTES BY CHARLES W. TAYLOR---NOW AS I UNDERSTAND THIS SHE WAS OUR FATHERS GRANDMOTHER ON HIS MOTHER'S SIDE AS I HAVE A PICTURE OF GRANDMOTHER

CHERRY. SHE WAS GERMAN AND COULDN'T SPEAK ENGLISH.

4. POLLY: MARRIED JAMES STEADMAN AND LIVED AT OTTAWA, OHIO.
5. BETSEY: MARRIED JAMES MILLER
6. ANNIE: MARRIED ISSAC MASON OR MASEN
7. ADAM: MOVED WEST

OUR GRANDFATHER ON FATHER'S SIDE WAS ASA TAYLOR. WAS BORN 20 JAN. 1803
DIED 26 JAN 1884. HE MARRIED ELIZABETH COMER. SHE WAS BORN 22 JAN. 1813
AND DIED 23 JAN 1902. ELIZA COMER TAYLOR DIED WHILE WE LIVED AT
MANZANOLA. THIS IS OUR GRANDFATHER AND GRANDMOTHER TAYLOR WHOM WE
SHOULD GET THE HOME PLACE FROM. THEY LIVED AT COLUMBUS, OHIO

their children:

1. DAVID COMER-OUR FATHER- BORN JULY 6, 1832 PROBABLY IN
COLUMBUS OHIO. DIED 27 APRIL 1918 AT FOULER COLO.
2. OLIVER L. BORN JAN 14, 1834 DIED 16 OCT. 1887 IN MISSOURI
3. WILLIAM B. BORN 12 NOV. 1838 DEATH DATE UNKNOWN
4. JESSON A. BORN 19 DEC. 1840 DEATH DATE UNKNOWN
5. SLYVENUS B. (CALLED UNCLE VENE) BORN 1 MARCH 1847
BURIED AT GLENCOE MO.
7. OSCAR W. BORN 12 DEC. 1850 DIED 14 APRIL 1906
8. GEROGE McDONALD BORN 22 MARCH 1853 DIED 5 SEPT. 1854
LIVED LITTLE OVER A YEAR.
9. MARION: NO DATE OF BIRTH - DIED 25 FEBRUARY 1862 WENT TO
WAR AND CAME HOME TOOK FEVER AND DIED

T-1

TAYLOR FAMILY HISTORY

This history was copied by Mary Ellen Cato, recopied by Zona I. Nowels from note taken by Florence Taylor Gilbert, Mary Taylor Bradford and Charles Morton Taylor. Their mother was Ann Mariah Gibson Taylor.

Our Great Grandfather, Thomas Gibson, was born in England. He died on the ocean and was buried at sea as he was returning from England where he had gone to look after land he had there. He was our mother's Grandfather. And he lived in Indiana and owned lots of slaves. He set them all free but one and she came north with Grandmother and five children but soon after died.

Aunt Fanny said her Grandfather lived on a small hill in Old Virginia and she could remember seeing all the colored slaves laying on the grass on sunny days sleeping at noon or until Grandfather sent them to work. Now, this was Thomas Gibson, Lemuel Gibson's father, our grandfather.

Now, the land our mother's father (Lemuel Gibson) owned was like this; Asa Sharp sold the land to James Sillebough or (Sillebaugh). Then James sold it to Lemuel Gibson. Martin Smith was administrator of the Gibson Estate. (Lemuel's). And it was sold to Daniel Michaels. *(who may be Mary Ann Michaels father or brother).--note by Mary Ellen Cato

Upon petition the probate Judge at Aug. Term ⁽¹⁸⁴⁸⁾ 1824. The land was ordered sold for \$1,000.00 for a trumped up debt against all the Gibson children for their keeping. Now this is what happened to the papers. The court house in Albion, Indiana burned and all the records, too. Administrator, Martin or Morton Smith died and also the judge and the Gibson children were left homeless only for Aunts and Uncles. (Of course in the early days people were honest--Quote by Charley Taylor.)

** Now this is just what I wrote down at the court house in Albion, Indiana. The clerk told us the court house burned and the papers were all burned but these few lines. Maybe they didn't burn. Note by Florence T. Gilbert.

Lemuel Gibson in 1840 bought 100 acres of land at Wolf Lake. Eighteen miles from Fort Mitchel and paid \$500.00 down. He died soon after and Daniel Michaels took possession of it. (This is what Charley's Stanley's mother said and she was the oldest Child. This story was told to Florence Gilbert when father and mother and Florence were there to visit in Ohio.)

7-6-

HISTORY OF MARY TAYLOR BRADFORD

MARY ELIZA TAYLOR BORN IN TRATERSVILLE OHIO 10 JUNE 1858. MARY
CROSSED THE PLAINS IN AN OX CART IN 1860 WITH HER PARENTS DAVID COMER
TAYLOR AND ANN MARIAH GIBSON. THEY HAD MANY ENCOUNTERS WITH HOSTILE
INDIANS. FATHER SAYS WE MOVED TO DENVER IN 1860 13 JUNE. THEY MOVED
TO GOLD HILL AND PUT IN THEIR CROP BY THE FIRST OF JUNE. THEY PLANTED ALL
THEIR SEEDS AND THE NEXT MONTH THE FIRST OF JULY THEY DUG EVERYTHING
UP AND TOOK THEM TO A LOWER CLIMATE AND STILL THEY HAD A GOOD GARDEN.

MOTHER SENT MARY AFTER SOME CHIPS AND SHE GOT IN THE RIVER.
SHE WAS ABOUT GONE WHEN THEY GOT HER OUT. GEORGE BECKWITH HELPED REVIVE
HER. MARY REMEMBERS WHEN NA'AM (ALLIE) WAS BORN IN LONGMONT, COLO.

THEY BROUGHT CLOTHES AND THINGS ACROSS THE PLAINS IN A BIG BOX
THAT THEY USED FOR A TABLE. ONE DAY THEY FOUND A RATTLESNAKE IN IT.
ANOTHER TIME AN INDIAN MAN OPENED THE DOOR AND SAID, "HOW. HOW."
HE ASKED IF THEY WERE SICK. MARY ALWAYS LIKED THE INDIANS. AFTER THAT
THAY MOVED FROM THERE TO THE LITTLE FARM WEST OF LONGMONT. THEN
THEY MOVED BACK INTO THE HILLS AS THE INDIANS COULDN'T BE SO BAD.
MOVED FROM THERE BACK WITH A STRANGE MAN AND WAS TWO DAYS ON THE ROAD
BACK HOME.



The Dewey Bridge today retains much of its old character.

Historic Documents Discovered...

While Grover Lawrence was cleaning out one of the desks at the courthouse last week he came upon a roll of paper wrapped in parchment. Upon opening it he discovered the original drawing of the Dewey Bridge. It is entitled "Proposed Dewey Bridge"- Drawn by Q.Cato. Capacity with safety 40 tons. Specifications called for the "South side foundation to be cement tower anchored with bolts set in cement," and Cables anchored to suitable dead men cemented in. "Notations for the north side are" "Tower anchored to rock."

The drawing was mounted by Grover behind glass and is now on display at the Moab Museum. Thursday April 22, 1976

"Dewey"

Dewey is located twenty-five miles up the river from Moab. Today there are a few log cabins, acres of cleared land where once big crops of corn and alfalfa were grown, a very prominent swinging bridge, and a farm house. This is a; that remains of the early settlement of Dewey.

It is not known who first settled on the ranches along the west bank of the Colorado river. Miners built small log cabins under the trees near the river and panned for gold.

Finally more permanent people, C.R. McKerry and Samuel King, settled on ranches at Dewey. The land was fertile and soon there were many settlers.

Before a school was built, the Wister children and others climbed the huge river cliff, walked across the mesa and climbed down near Fisher Towers to attend school at Richardson. In all this was a distance of four miles-- mostly straight up and straight down. The need for a school at Dewey became apparent. L.H. Eddy contracted to build a school for the fantastic sum of \$400.00 Gay Brown traveled through Dewey in 1902 on his way to visit his Uncle John Martin in Castleton. He liked Dewey and soon returned to help build the school.

It was one room, sixteen feet by twenty-four feet, made of native lumber, and lined with unbleached muslin. A short three months comprised the first year of school. The first teacher, Joe Scharf, taught nine pupils: Ella, Kate, and Ruth Westwood; Clyde and Offie Scharf; Hannah Day; Agnes Dingman; Henry and gnes. Waring. Other teachers were Bert Brown, Russel McConkie, Elmer Kelly, Selam Erp, and Maude Euyser. The school was discontinued in 1914.

For most of the year the river was difficult to cross so in the 1890's Samuel King built a ferry, Dick Westwood operated it. In 1909 a one-year contract was awarded to George A. Combs for operating the Dewey Ferry for twenty dollars a month and for the ferry tolls. Gay Brown was the next ferryman.

Samuel King applied for the Dewey postoffice on August 30, 1898, followed by Samuel J. Scharf, January 27, 1902. About this time the people of Dewey decided to change the name to Kingsferry in honor of Mr. King. Martha A. Westwood applied for a post office under the name Kingsferry, which was granted June 12, 1902. Two months later the post office was discontinued. It was too late for a name change. The name Dewey remained.

The farmers at Dewey had from fifty to a hundred head of breeding cattle grazing on free range near their homes. Produce was not hauled to market but was fed to their cattle.

when large herds of transient sheep, numbering 6,000 to 10,000 head in one bunch, passed through Grand County, the range was left barren. Stockmen in the Western States banded together to seek protection from further grazing of the land. By an act of Congress, the B.L.M. was created. The old timers say it was not what most of them wanted because it put the small stockman out of business. The free range was gone. Cattle were taken off the range, farms were abandoned, and Dewey became a ghost town.

Dewey Bridge:

Gay Brown helped in construction of the impressive swinging bridge. It is a 502 foot long and 10 foot wide cable bridge. There are seven cables on each side that go to a platform over the towers. It was completed in 1916.

Dewey's Name.

Many people wonder how Dewey got its name. a discussion between two old timers and a tourist may or may not shed some light on the subject.

The tourist asked, "Would either of you know why a bridge that crosses the river about twenty-five miles upriver from Moab is called Dewey?"

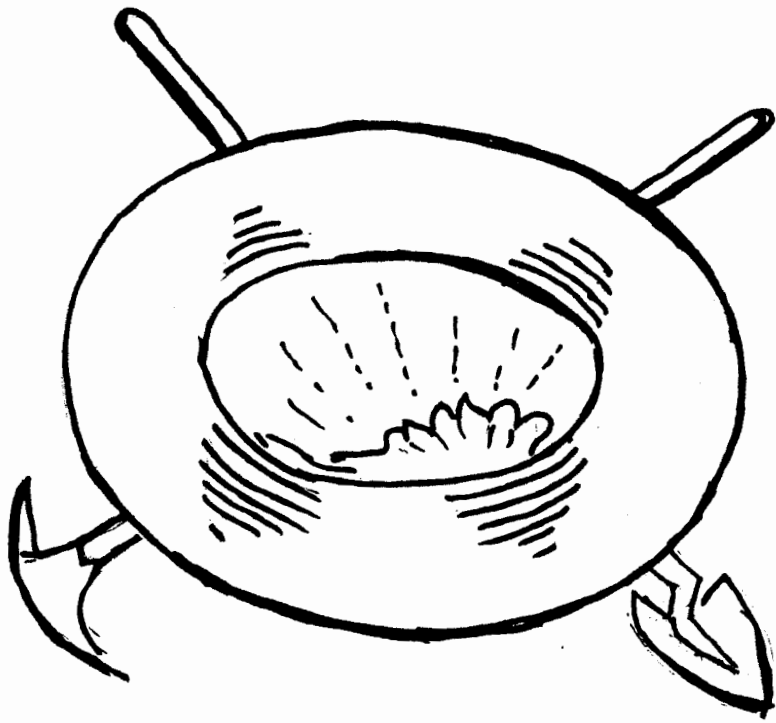
After some thought, the first old-timer replied, "Well, seems li like I did hear about a prospector, Dewey Smith, camping by the river ford in about 1880."

The second old-timer disagreed. "Seems to me someone built a raft, which he launched near the ford, to take supplies down the river to the mouth of Professor Creek, He named his raft after Admiral Dewey."

Take your choice.!

Copied from the "Grand Memories".

Daughters of Utah Pioneers.



KTO

BIG SEVEN CO.
Thompson, Utah

Charles Cato

Uranium

Memories of
Charles Wrias. Cato.

Mining Questioner
Of Charles Urias Cato.

I am taking this following article from a tape Mary Ellen Cato made. She says she is taking it from a mining questioner. That Charles is sending away to night, to the mining journal. Title and Trust Building Phoenix Arizona,
Charles Urias Cato, full name. Present address, Fruita, Colorado P.O. Box 307, Present position: Vice President of Ruby Mining Company. Address, date and place of birth: August 4th. 1883 Longmont Colo. Date and place of marriage, January 13, 1911 Moab, Utah. Name of wife Mary Ellen Westwood. born October 10, 1883, Mt. Pleasant Utah.

Name and age of children.

Edith, 26, Leola 22, Zona 20, Clinton 13, Owen, 13, Rowland 11.

Educational record. went to the 12th, grade, Silverton Colorado Durango and Rifle Colo.

Experience record. Company. Address years position.

Worked at:

Gold and silver mining Company, Silverton, Colo. Four years Engineer. Alignment Amalgamation in assay office. Four years at Telephone Research work at Rifle Colo. Placer mines two years at Cisco Utah. Two years at Baker City Oregon, Placering one year for Gold Basin Mining Co. LaSal, Utah as Mill Foreman. Vanadium and Uranium, research, work Nine years. Placer mine Seven years Black Hawk Colo Rocky Mountain Mining Co. Dewey Utah, Big "6", Moab Utah, and now at Ruby Canyon Mining Co. Building a dredge.

Society: Give names of clubs, Societies, which you are a member: Elks Club.

Out line present work: building a dredge to operate on Colo. River :Suction type:

Gold here is fine, Some flour gold, On the top gravel, but on the bottom the gold is coarse, Our dredge is equipped to handle 1000 yards per 10 hours, expect to be operating in two weeks.

Hobbies or Specialities:

Chemist, working out a process to handle Vanadium ores, mechanical engineering. Collecting and polishing gem stones.

Ambitions in other technical work:

Extraction plant on Vanadium and titanium ores.

Signed

Charles U. Cato.

THINGS I KNOW ABOUT MY DAD by OWEN CATO

Pop told about riding a bicycle from Bend Oregon to Winnemucca Nevada, and going thru volcanic ash and said if you got off the highway you'd go up to your neck in the ash.

Daddy did a lot of extremes it seemed like. I remember at one time a neighbor that was kind of a smart guy, Daddy had a truck load of coal to unload, This neighbor had his car parked near the coal bin so Daddy hooked on to it and drug it out in the street, The guy was watching but he didn't do any thing.

I remember a fight Mother and Dad had, I don't know what it was about, but he pushed her head threw a window, Cut her head she bled like all get out, It was quite a battle for a while, but that ended it.

I don't remember much that happened at Dewey, Guess I'd follow Daddy around a lot and I remember how on the 4th of July, He'd come out with the firecrackers, He'd throw them under our beds early in the morning and stuff like that.

We had a black board and he'd always be drawing pictures of us kids setting on a pot, Or some times he'd draw the teacher chasing us with a stick. He'd read the funny papers to us, in the places where there would be signs of cuss words, Daddy didn't pass over that he'd say the cuss words right out. He'd get the action in.

I remember when he got the job at the pickle factory We were all surprised because he always said you never made any money working for wages, but then he got a job with the W.P.A. working on the monument. They only worked about half a month, we was always glad for what work he got.

We lived in some pretty bad places at Grand Junction and Fruita, no electricy etc. I didn't like to tell people where I lived, I remember he'd move houses, He was always bidding too low, and we wouldn't make any money, "e were tearing down and moving houses in the Red Light district. One time we looked at a place that was dirty and I mean dirty dirt they had messed on the floors it smelled terrible and you had to watch where you staped, Daddy asked what I thought about it. I told him I didn't think we should even mess with it, So we didn't do that one. Some times he kinda got me in scrapes, I remember one time he got me in a whore house, I guess the first and last time. The place on 250 Colo. Ave. we was tearing down a house next door to it. The old madam came over and wanted us to help move a bed. So thats how I got in the whore house. Helped move the bed, Ever thing in there was really elaborate, I saw some of the gals they looked shallow and washed out. Like they had Yellow Jauntis, I was a little leary about going in there, but we went and moved the bed, Thats one of the experences I had with Pop.

One thing Daddy told me about when he was deputy sheriff in Cisco, They got a call from the sheriff in Grand Junction, Some people had robbed a bank or something, There was a reward of \$100.00 or so, quite a bit of money tho, Just as he got the call he looked out and seen them go by, He said, "Yeah they just went by" The Sheriff said, "I'll double the reward," They went by then came back to town, Daddy was watching them, A man and a woman, I don't know if he got the reward or not. He did arrest them tho.

He never had much to do with Charles Taylor, (his uncle) after the things that happened at the Big Six. but he did make up with him and visited him and Tillie Reader befor Charley died.

Daddy took some courses in Cartooning, and hand writing, He had some pretty good ideas, He was pretty much of a genesis, He could do any thing, Did some pretty good cartoons, He knew music he could play any musical instrument, He read all of the time, He was self educated. He was a good mechanic, He knew Electronics, Chemistry and things like that.

Daddy was always giving strangers a ride, along the highways. It made me nervous but didn't bother Daddy, One time he picked up this guy, he was broke and hungry and didn't have a place to stay but Daddy gave him a place to stay, and some canned fruit (peaches) I think, and made sure he got home O.K. Later he got a letter from the guys wife Thanking him for all he had done for her husband.

Another one was about an Indian, He was having dinner with the family, Grandpa Cato was having some home made mustard on his bread The Indian wanted to taste it, Of course it was better than hades The Indian jumped up and yelled "Mustard, Mustard, heep Shit."

Two Christmases I remember, one he made I and Rowland each a truck out of wood. The other one we were given 50¢, and that we bought then would cost 10 times that much now. We bought a lot of stuff.

Charles Urias Cato was known as Charley Cato except to the family. We called him Daddy. I never kenw him when he had teeth. He was always a gummer, but could eat almost anything. He tried several sets of dentures in his later life, but usually wore them in his pocket.

One day at dinner he noticed Bernice staring at him, she had stopped eating and was just looking at him with awe. He realized that she had never seen him eat with teeth either. He got a big kick out of her because she couldn't figure out why he look different with his teeth in use.

One of the stories Daddy told was about when he was young, he went to a watermelon bust on July 4th at Rocky Ford, Colorado with someone, I think it was his uncle, Charlie Taylor. They arrived late after the watermelons were all gone except for a pile behind a fence. They paid a kid to get them a watermelon and got in trouble for stealing the melon.

Then they walked along through the crowd of people and came upon an old Italian pulling toffee. He was pulling the toffee hanging from a peg and then folding it over and hanging on the peg again. Charlie Taylor reached out and grabbed the gob of toffee and handed it to Daddy. Daddy ran through the crowd with the old man hot on his heels and when he went around a pile of straw, he thrust the gob of candy into the straw. After he had out run the old man and things quited down, they picked up the toffee, but were not able to get the straw off the sticky stuff and had to throw it away.

Rowland Cato 4/23/81

My Dad, Charles Cato, by Rowland Cato

I can remember very little about Daddy before Christmas 1930. He made Owen a Mack truck and me a white truck out of wood. I can remember being surprized that he found time to make them because I thought that I had been watching him too closely.

Shortly after then he took Owen and I over to Grandmother Cato's house so that we could view Grandfather Cato's body. He must have died during the night. Daddy pulled back the sheet so that we could see him. I don't remember Quintus Cato except for that incident.

Owen and I spent a summer with Daddy and Mother in Blackhawk, Colorado. I don't remember where the rest of the family was. He was running a dragline at a Placer mine. Every morning before he left for work he chopped a pile of wood for the cookstove. Our job was to carry it into the house before the afternoon thunder shower. Usually we waited until the last possible minute. There was a ditch or creek running through the town that was partly covered with boards. Also, there were lots of mine shafts in the area. They must have been a source of concern for Daddy because he always told us not to play too close to them.

Daddy had a friend named Mr. Moran who had a tiny Austin car and made a living by showing a film about Alaska to the schools. He gave Daddy a large piece of Alaskan jade. Over the years this piece got smaller and smaller as people cut it for Daddy and kept part of it for the cutting. I have a ring that Daddy made out of a Monel metal nut with a setting from this rock. It is one of my most prized possessions.

I was always fascinated by the way Daddy could make things. One time he visited Wayne and Edith's ranch at Fish Ford. The wire gate was pretty hard to close and Daddy went to the shop and made a lever device out of scraps he found to close the gate.

There was a cartoon character named 'Slim Jim'. Daddy got a stick of wood and started working on it and 'Slim Jim' appeared as if by magic. He made it for one of the kids. He made a violin out of manzanita wood for Owen. This was never finished, but Owen still has it. He made Polly and I a trunk for a wedding gift. One summer he ran a stamp mill on Wilson Mesa. One of us kids had to dip water with a pail and pour it into the mill. He made a pump with some one by fours and an old shoe that operated from the bull wheel and pumped the water. This list could go on and on.

All his life, Daddy continued his education. His interests were many, and he studied all sorts of books and magazines. He kept notes and memos, some of them written on the magazine covers or in notebooks about the things he was interested in. He had a good collection of rock specimens and lots of chemicals and laboratory equipment. He experimented with radios, electroscopes, Geiger counters and all sorts of scientific projects.

He was a good workman. He knew how to do many things from throwing a diamond hitch to welding in a forge. He would not make us kids do chores. He said, "If you can't see that the coal bucket is empty and go and fill it, I will do it myself." He was always up early and had breakfast ready. This may not have been too good for me because when something broke, he fixed it while I watched. I may have been a better workman if I had been more involved.

He tried to encourage me to be a chemist. But, I did not want to be involved with classrooms and people at that time, I should have followed his advice. I was always proud of Daddy for his honesty and loyalty as well as his sense of humor. I have had to listen to people all my life who detracted from him by saying that he could make anything but a living, when in fact, he was always ready to share what he had with those who needed it. Or that he took something apart to see what made it tick, when in fact, he was able to repair anything with almost nothing to work with.

He loved children and I am glad that mine were able to know him a little before he died. I will enjoy having a history of his life, so that they and their children can know him a little better.

THINGS I REMEMBER ABOUT MY GRANDPA DADO

I remember quite a few things about Grandpa Dado, and some are stories that Dad used to tell about during the depression and how He and Grandpa came up from California with a siphon hose for a credit card.

How Grandpa fixed their old Modle "T" when it threw a rod, Dad figured they would have to abandon it, or go to work and get enough money to fix it, But Grandpa found an old shoe along the road, pulled off the pan and after soaking the leather in oil made a main bearing from the shoe leather, It really worked and lasted for thousands of miles.

I guess ever one knows about the time Uncle Mex gave Grandpa some coal, Grandpa had to convert his truck over so that he could burn practically anything, Pass the smoke through a line vat for a filter and then burn the gas by adjusting the carburetor, Grandpa couldn't afford gasoline.

Karl and I mostly remember Grandpa and Grandma when they were at Yellow Cat, We stayed a few days a couple of times with them They treated us real good, Grandpa always tried to act real tough and rough but was super kind-hearted. When I was about 5 or 6 it seemed funny to watch Grandpa eat. He never had any decent false teeth. So was always a gummer, So his lower jaw would come up till it bumped his nose. Dad told us about how he carved a set out of wood and they tasted terrible so he made a set out of aluminum, I guess he could practically bite a nail in half with them, but they looked terrible.

Grandpa was pretty ingeneous, was almost too kind to anyone else in need and Dad always said he would never be a very good business man, but he had a lot of people who loved and trusted him. Dad said, Grandpa would give the shirt off his back to someone in need.

Dale was pretty young when Grandpa died- He was only 3 years old in 1958, but I can remember that it was a real shock to Dale and hard for Dale to get over, Grandpa was always good to Karl Dale and me, When He, Grandma and Owen would come to see us in Ogden, We didn't have very many relatives come and stay with us except on rare occasions and it was really a treat to have company come. Wayne and Edith came a few times and Grandpa, Grandma and Owen, that was about it. This was about 1950 and we weren't exactly well to do and they would bring a few treats along and us kids really enjoyed them.

I remember when Grandpa bought a real nice Plymouth car and I was about 17 and got to drive it from Ogden to Yellow Cat. I can't remember if Grandpa had gone back earlier or what, but I got to drive, Grandma was in the back seat numbling for me to slow down, the whole time, she did that all the time when Grandpa drove too- Anyway she finally fell asleep and so just out of Green River I decided to see what the Plymouth had under the hood and put the pedal to the floor, This car had his lights on behind me. It was dark (about midnight) and I asked Owen if it was a cop- well he couldn't tell so I decided it wasn't. To make a long story short It was, and I had to talk like crazy to keep from getting fined. I only got a warning for driving 90 MPH.

Grandpa was actually a worse driver than me and he drove to fast too!

Grandpa worked hard in the mines right up until he died. In the Fruits hospital in 1958. He was a hard worker and he liked to be independent, liked to be his own boss most of his life and finally made it big in Uranium. He spent years in search of a million dallar dream. "Gold Mine."

Clair Smith, April 9, 1981.

N1

Memories that I have of MY GRANDPA CATO., by Norma

Grandma and Grandpa were at our house quite a bit and one of the first things I remember about Grandpa was getting up in the morning and he would have a cartoon drawing of me sitting on the pot on the blackboard.

Grandpa's eyes were blue and sad looking. All the time I knew him he didn't have any teeth. He was fun to be around and had a fun, cute laugh. He liked to visit and was always good to visit with us kids. He made a little guitar for me out of a cigar box when I was little.

I can remember several Christmas's we spent with them at Grandma Allie Cato's house in Grand Junction.... and I can remember several Christmas's they spent with us at Mom's house in Fruita.

Grandpa liked to take a drink (of whiskey) once in a while but Grandma Cato objected to that. One Christmas, Mom bought Grandpa a bottle of whiskey for Christmas. She put it in a shoe box and wrapped it for him. When he opened it, Grandma was anxious to know what he got. He told her he got shoes. Mom and he played the game the rest of the day, Grandma kept wanting to see the new shoes and he had one excuse after another not to show them to her.

I can remember Grandpa calling Grandma "Rain-in-the-face." He generally had a reason for calling her a name but I don't know the reason.

He was always up early in the morning and would get pretty impatient with Grandma when she wouldn't get up.

He had arthritis and wore copper bracelets on both arms to help it. He also believed a cold bath helped arthritis and would take one every morning.

My Dad tells the story of giving Grandpa a load of coal if he would come to the mine and get it. It was during the depression and Grandpa had nothing. (no money) He had an old, old truck that he made out of parts of other trucks. He didn't have gas or money to buy gas and Daddy said he converted that truck from a gas motor to a steam motor and came up for the load of coal.

Daddy also tells about Grandpa making a pea sheller to take peas out of the pods from an old washing machine.:

Grandma and Grandpa were very poor all their lives. When they started making a little money on the uranium, they were so good to share with everyone. I can remember the first new car they bought. Grandpa was so proud! They would come to our house almost every weekend, and Grandpa was so nice about letting us drive his new car. Madalyn and I were both driving age so that was a big deal for us. He asked me to slow down once but other than that he didn't criticize my driving. That was o.k. with me because I can remember asking him to slow down too.

I can remember Grandpa telling about a trip to California in one of his new cars. He was going across a bridge and a truck hit him in the rear 3 times before he got across the bridge. I laughed at him and told him I thought I would have put the thing in gear and got out of the way.

N.2.
I always wanted to write a story about my Grandpa Cato and had mentioned it to my Mom several times. She said the story she was going to write about her Dad for the book was:

After Mom and Ivan were married, they had an old Dodge car. It wouldn't run so Mom was trying to get it to the garage to get it fixed. She and Pat were trying to get it to the garage. Mom wrapped a rope around the bumper of the car and got in the towing car and jerked off the bumper ~~OF THE DODGE~~.

Grandpa Cato saw the whole thing. When Ivan came home, Mom told him how the bumper "just fell off the car".

Mom said Grandpa just jumped up and down he got so excited and said, "now, Leda, you know that bumper didn't just fall off...you pulled it off".

When Orris and I lived in Moab, Grandpa Cato came to visit us. He had bought a new car. It was pink! and had push button controls. Grandpa Cato was so proud of that car. He let me drive it all around Moab.

Owen had come with Grandma and Grandpa and while Grandma visited with Aunt Ruth, Grandpa and Owen came to visit me. I had just made a batch of fudge. (it was the kind made with marshmallow creme and is so rich). They both ate and ate. I was afraid they would get sick and told them not to eat any more that they could take the rest of it home. They ate it all anyway. Grandpa had quite a sweet tooth.

Mama told the story of Grandpa eating a spoon of sugar after each meal and one time they (her brothers and sisters) put salt in the sugar bowl and he took a spoon full of salt. They thought it was funny but Grandpa didn't, and they all got spanked over it.

Grandma and Grandpa were at my wedding. I believe Orris and I would still be standing there if it hadn't been for Grandpa standing up and saying he would like to congratulate us.

Orris tells of looking at a book Grandpa had of old maps of the gold and silver mines of the Spaniards. He said Grandpa had found an old mine the Spaniard had (Orris says he called it leaf gold and Grandpa and Owen went up to the mine but Owen got sick and they had to come home.) on the LaSals.

Orris and Leon Marsing flew over it in Leon's plane and they could see it was the workings of a mine.

"When we lived in Moab, Grandpa told Leon Marsing and me about a dream he had had. Grandpa said in the dream, he had fallen into a big hole. It was dark at the bottom of the hole and he knew he didn't want to go to the bottom. He had kind of stopped about middle way down the hole. He could see the light at the top but the sides were too slick to climb back out. He looked again toward the bottom and saw a giant spider the size of the hole. He didn't want to go down any further. He woke up before he figured a way out of the predicament.

Leon laughed and told him it was a warning, that he better get baptized or he would be at the bottom of the hole.

Leon was always trying to convert Grandpa. He took him up in his plane once and told him he wouldn't land until Grandpa agreed to being baptized. Grandpa just waited him out. Uncle Luis told me the reason Grandpa didn't get baptized was because he had promised his Mother He would never join the Mormon Church.

I remember the day that Grandma Allie Cato died. Grandpa was very

N3

sad. He cried and my Mom and Grandma Cato held him in their arms. It was the only time I remember seeing him cry.

The last trip we made that we got to see Grandpa Cato was the fourth of July the year he died. We were at Moms, and Grandma and Grandpa seemed to be there each time we did any thing special. We decided to go to La Sal, by way of John Brown road. We came across a big eagle on the side of the road that flew up when our car went by. Grandpa was excited over seeing it and pointed it out to all of us. Mom had bought him a new shirt for Fathers Day that had a metallic gold thread in it. He wore it that day and Mom kept telling him how sharp he looked. He told us stories all the way up and back about the country. We had a picnic on the LaSal's.

He showed up where a couple of his precious metals claims were. He told us where an old felspar mine was.

On that trip Grandma Cato told us she used to make jewelry from sage brush. For some reason I didn't ask how she did it or what kind of jewelry but I wish I knew now.

I never heard Grandpa say any thing bad about anyone. My Dad was a little abuse about him but If grandpa held a grudge , I didn't know it. To me, Grandpa was a very kind gentle gentleman. He was very smart. He read alot of the time. I am very proud that he was my Grandfather, and for all the influence that he had on me during my life time.

Norma

M. L.

Grandpa Carter 6-29-81

The

Most lasting impression
that I had of Grandpa Carter,
was how he could eat Steak
or corn on the cob, with
out any teeth.
He had a
set made but
I never saw them.

They were
made of aluminum
I remember
the made, but I don't
think I ever saw them.

Grandpa was
gentle natured
believe I ever heard him
his voice. a very sweet
man - I don't

even raise
Mama loved Grandpa a
lot and missed him so
much she was a real lady
Mama

M 2

(2)

Grandpa died in our house in Iruita, Co. I remember correctly he died of uranic poisoning. He was in my bedroom when he died.

Great Grandmother Cato also died in the big bed room that was mine when I was older.

Of my three children, John my son gave the Cato's. He got the Prize! The big ears? (He isn't a bit impressed either.)

I remember when Grandpa hit uranium at Yellow Cat. That was the greatest thing that ever happened to them. I think they had more money then than they ever had in

M-2

3

their lives. When they would come up from Yellow-Cat to see me Grandpa would always give us a dollar we could buy a lot of stuff for a dollar back then!

When I was a Jr. in high school. Grandpa Cat brought me a great big Scorpion - we had a contest in Biology and that Scorpion got me a A. - It was the biggest scorpion I have ever seen.

Every time I see one now I think about that.

I remember a little about Yellow Cat and Newey but not very much - I remember the dirt floor in their house.

I didn't type this as I thought it would be a little more personal if it was hand written.

Madelyn (Smith) Kester

Dear Grandpa and Grandma Cato:

As I sit here reminiscing about the past and as a small child growing up, I hear others say, how lucky I was to have Grandparents. If only they could have known you, I wish I could have had more time with you to, You Grandad, you because, I was just 17 when Our Dear Lord called you away. and how ~~ever~~ one of us have missed you. But as this letter is being made, some how I feel very close to you. I can never remember any kind of bad weather, so my thoughts must have been only the summer time, when school was out. With this, I will share this part of my life with the most wonderful Grandparents in the whole world.

When I was 10 years old Great Grandma Cato had been liveing with us, and was very sick, she passed away on my birthday, Aug 21, 1948, Grandma, Mary Ellen Cato, helped me to understand why God had to have her in his flower gardens in Heaven. Great Grandma Cato was my first incounter with death.

This was when I became very close to my beloved Grandparents, Mary Ellen and Charles Cato. I can remember when I'd be in school I'd think about them.

I remember how my classmates would laugh at me because I told the story of my Grandad finding the dinosaur tail, needless to say I got even with those kids. I helped Grandpa take the big rocks out of the truck and we put them on the ground in a line, then you could see the tail. I'm sure I was more in Grandpa's way than I was help, but I didn't hear him complain, not that he would. It was the next summer that Patsy, my sister, and I got to go to Yellow Cat with Grandpa and Grandma. I can remember helping, sweep the dirt floor. We would dip the broom in a bucket of water, well it was the dish pan and after the dishes had been washed, I've never since then, ever seen another woman use less water, for more things, before or since in my life. the water would be mud when she would get thru. any way as the summer went Granpa put the new wooden floor in the cabin for Grandma, and this one morning she was sweeping the floor, the biggest scorpin was crawling across the floor, Grandma took after it with her broom. She mashed that thing and really let him have it, and told that darn thing not to ever come across her new floor again. She swept it out the door. what I remember most about that broom was, I told Grandma, I hoped she would never get that mad at me to where she had to use the broom on me. She just laughed and then came over and gave me the biggest hug and kiss, I think I'd ever had, She used to make me feel so proud.

Patsy and I used to about tare the doors down to get out to meet Grandma and Grandpa when they came to our home.

Patsy and I would beg mama to let us go with them to spend the night. Their home was in Grand Junction Colo. Owen lives in the house today. The summer Patsy and I got to go to Yellow Cat, Grandpa Cato took us down in the mine, so we could see his Black light show the color of uranium, that was really some thing. We didn't stay down there very long because Grandpa said it was bad luck to have girls down there. So he sent us back to the cabin to Grandma, He kept asking Patsy and me if we remembered the way back. We assured him we knew our way back, as we made our way back we had to walk in the wash, when we were walking this big lizard scared us half to death. We spent a lot of our time with Grandma's quart canning jars catching lizards that year. any how that big lizard wouldn't have fit in a gallon jar, It made a really funny "hiss". We didn't stick around there we went right to Grandma.

It wasn't long after that, when Aunt Zona, her two son's Karl and Clair, came to visit, while the grown ups were talking and visiting we four kids went exploring, we found this old abandoned mine and it was full of water, Grandpa Cato made sure we knew a dynamite cap and what it would do, well kids will be kids, there was these caps laying all over the bottom of the mine floor, we wanted to make them go off, So we took a big rock and threw them down on top of the caps, Now tell me we don't have a Guardian Angel,? not one of the caps went off. It didn't take long to tire of that sport and went looking for something else to do. I can't help but wonder if Patsy, Karl and Clair have ever thought of this.

There is another story I'd like to tell here about Grandpa and I, they came to visit us and I was standing in the back door of our house eating a piece of cake, when I heard this noise behind me, the next thing I knew, Grandpa's dog, "Jerry" was in hot pursuit of me, I out run that darn dog, I run to the front porch where Grandpa was sitting he jumped up and asked me what was the matter,? well I really don't know if I was up set because I thru my piece of cake, or if it was because "Jerry" was after me. Grandpa kept encouraging me to come sit down and tell what happened, I told him what had happened and I never seen that dog again. So I don't know what happened to Jerry after that, Grandpa never did bring the dog around me any more.

*I Love you Both
 Marge & Family
 April 1981*

P 1

CHARLES "URANIUM" CATO

If I were to describe my Grandpa Charles Urias Cato in a single word, it would be ADORED. A Jack-of-all-trades with a Million Dollar dream, my Grandpa could, and did, do everything--but make a living. He raised his family in vertical poverty, BUT his family ADORED him. I don't know what quality this lovable, stubborn, quiet man had, but each one of his children loved him and his grandchildren did too. When Grandpa died (at 75 which was old age really) it was a traumatic shock to his family--he was young at heart, had lots of vitality and his family adored him.

I was privileged to live with Grandpa and Grandma Cato (and Grandma Foy) my Senior year of high --1958. Grandpa worried that I was too thin and didn't eat enough so he made a point to get up with me each morning and fix breakfast and see that I ate it. He told me story after fascinating story in those precious early-morning hours--stories of him and his life, and in the frailties of human memories, I can't remember them.

I do remember thinking that he had done every job there was but asked him if he had ever been a railroad engineer. He said yes he used to drive a train from Silverton to Gledstone (Colo) and had been caught in an avalanche once. If there was more detail, I don't remember it but how fascinating it was that he actually could engineer a train!! He could do, and did many things--put together a car from parts of other cars, made his own teeth, he his own photographer, etc. Once he learned you could convert a car engine to burn coal. My Dad told Grandpa if he could do that and could get his car up to the mines where Daddy worked, he would give him a load of coal to burn. Daddy was amazed, but Grandpa made it up there and used the coal to burn in his car.

I don't know how long Grandpa went without teeth, but as long as I can remember (and in almost every picture), he had no teeth. He made himself a set once--out of aluminum! I see from his pictures that us 5 Smith kids inherited his chin and nose--that are on the verge of meeting. A dentist tried to make me a new set of dentures last year and commened on how extreme my jaw is set and the teeth he made would not work at all--so Grandpa's just must have been extremely hard to fit in those days. I guess his aluminum teeth worked--I don't know. (I'll bet they were beautiful!!)

What I do know about Grandpa was the time they lived in Yellowcat and would come to Grand Junction. They would always come by and we would add another vegetable to supper and it would extend to feed the three guests..

If we weren't home, we would always know they were there by the cartoons Grandpa scrawled on the blackboard --"Now and then"

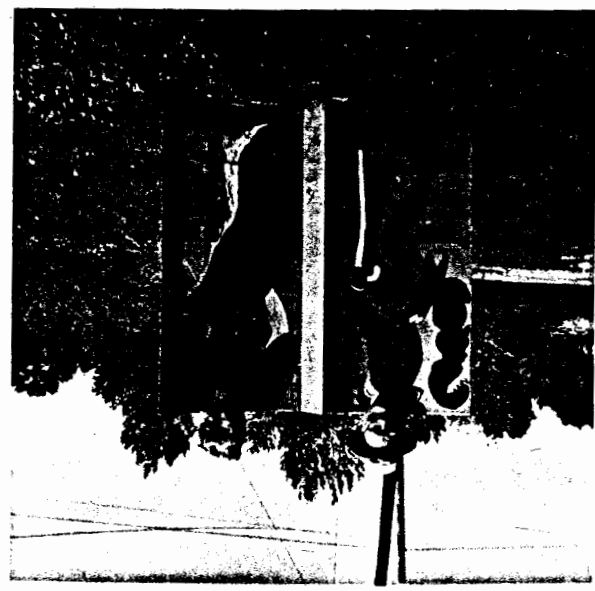
Once Karl, Elaine, Maxine, and I spent some time at Yellowcat with them. It was the 4th of July and Grandpa cut off a stick of dynamite for us to celebrate!!

Grandpa Cato found his "million-dollar dream" at Yellowknife--in the Big Seven Uranium mine. He made enough money to retire and take his in complete enjoyment. They traveled lots of places--which he loved. He was a generous, unselfish man and always was bringing home presents to laws and us kids.

Grandpa organized family reunions--he'd say "Let's go such a such for the 4th of July"--and we'd go. One year we camped out at Mesa Verde. Once we went to Dewey to the old homestead. That year we followed a "trail" set by Uncle Wayne by dropping toilet paper around the curves to mark the way.

Our last reunion was on the La Bata--that was the summer of 1958 and there was a camp at us there--always with lots of love, food, and watermelon. (You know a Cato never eats watermelon with a fork!)

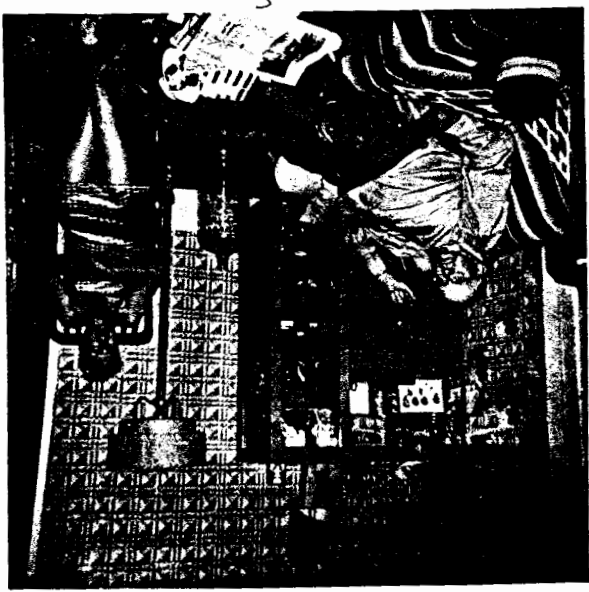
I was fortunate to have shared Grandpa's life that year--1958. Not only through the school year, but that summer and that reunion as well. Then in July Grandpa suddenly got sick--a man who had known no sickness in his life--a man who finally had learned the leisure and fun of retirement--sick for 3 weeks. The family all came in and took turns taking care of him in the hospital. I even got my turn to take care of him this time. We moved him home to our house where he died on Aug 9, 1958.



The family was never quite the same something was missing. No more family reunions. Grandpa was lost. Uncle Owen came home for a short while from his mission, then went back. Things were just different; our "Grandpa" and "Daddy" was gone.

Although man might not label him as "successful", his family would. The money he never made was not as important the love and affection he gave and received from his family.

1958



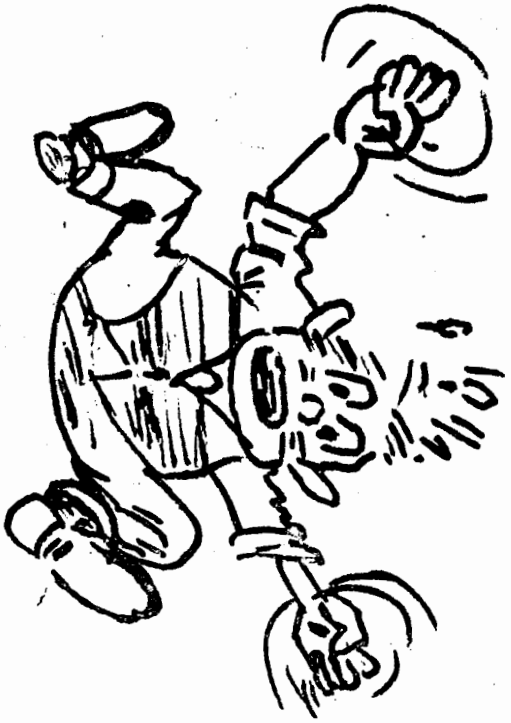


Family
Reunion
La Sals
1958



P 3

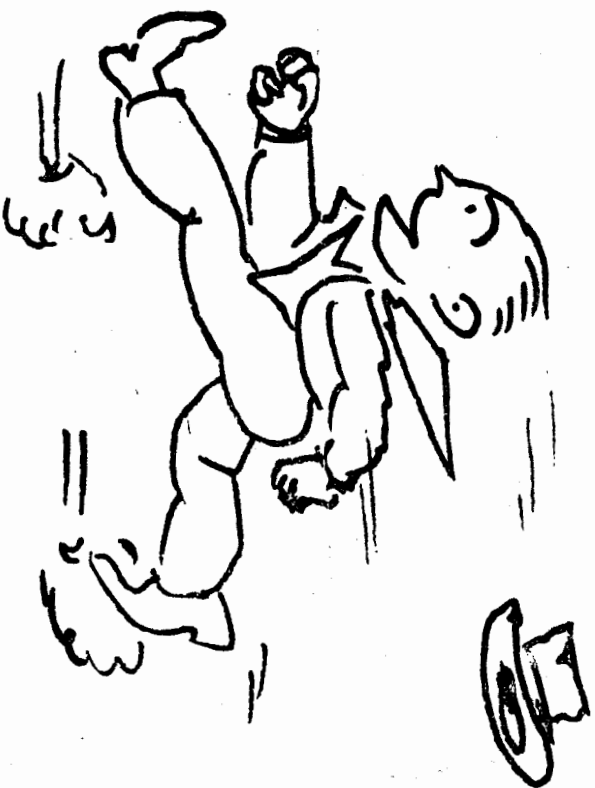




OH HELL



Forgot your
Birth day.



Im going to write

Maw's of Dad

Grandpa Cato

What do I remember about Grandpa Cato? I remember that he was here and is here even now even after years of death, but there was no death for Grandpa, He always had something to do tomorrow.

I remember his dreams, dreams that he put into reality, He put a bit of himself in to us I mean each of us Grand kids, When I look at a cousin, brother, sister, or my self, I can remember Grandpa. I remember how he liked to use his hands to create something. I remember how he liked to use his mind to create something. I remember how he could use his mind and hands to create something that was broken or called useless and he did it with what ever was at hand, a piece of wire, a rusty nail a stick of wood. His repair kit was in his mind and his repair tools was his hands.

What Do I remember about Grandpa Cato, I remember he was here.

Grand Son

Von wayne Johnston

REMEMBERING GRANDPA CATO

by Vion Johnston (Second son of Edith Cato)

One of the first things that I can remember about Grandpa Cato is when he and Grandma lived out at Seven Mile. He was digging a shaft for copper on the North Rim of Corral Canyon. That was in the early forties. He was taking the copper to Midvale Utah. He had an old Federal truck with a hand crank to dump it. I don't remember how long they lived there, it must have been about three or four years. He would get a little copper out and haul it to Midvale, usually stopping in Price on his way through.

Then Grandpa and Grandma moved to Yellow Cat. We got out there to see them once in a while. Times were not so good then, but Grandpa always seemed to be able to make a living some way or another. I think that Grandpa and Uncle Louis were mining Vanadium when they were first in Yellow Cat. Grandpa and Grandma lived in an old mine shack while there, part of the old house still remains.

In 1949 Grandpa got a new dump truck, I think it belonged to Utah Alore (the company that he leased mines from). One day Mother, Dad, Von and I went to see them. Grandpa was getting ready to take a load of ore to Monticello, Utah. I went with him. That was just about the longest day I can remember. It took about fifteen hours to get to Monticello and back. Grandpa was very proud of that truck, part of it is still at the old camp in Yellow Cat.

For the next few years we saw Grandpa & Grandma in Fruita, Grand Junction, and sometimes at Yellow Cat and Price.

In 1952 Dad, Uncle Bud, Grandpa, Uncle Louis, Uncle Owen, Merel and Myself formed the Big Seven Mining Company and mined uranium at Yellow Cat. It was quite an experience. Grandpa always had some kind of project going - from making false teeth to analyzing vanadium samples in an old cellar. He would get quite a scatter on his projects, but if you moved anything he knew. We called it organized confusion. He was fun to work with.

Colleen and I were married in 1953, and our oldest son Dwayne was born while we were still living there. (Dwayne is mining at Yellow Cat at the present time.)

I continued to mine with the Big Seven for two more years, and learned to respect Grandpa for his ability to keep most anything working with few tools and parts. He could repair a car or compressor with an old piece of shoe leather or wire. Grandpa was always happy and didn't complain about much. Whatever anyone else did was alright with him.

I was on deer hunts four or five times with Grandpa. He would always get his deer and sometimes more. One year Dad, Mom, Owen, Grandpa and I went to Fisher Measa, it rained a lot that season. He went down a wash just a little ways from where we were camped and sat on a big rock, he got four deer and saw a mother lion and two kittens, he thought it was quite a successful hunt.

Mostly my memories of Grandpa Cato are impressions. Specific events I don't recall. I remember his shop at Yellow Cat. It was between the cabin we lived in and their house, with a trail between that ran past the shop. Us kids didn't go in the shop. Grandpa didn't want us to scatter his tools around I guess. The shop had an oily dirt floor from all the oil and grease dripped from the cars and trucks that had been parked there and worked on.

I see Grandpa in my mind in blue long sleeved shirts and dark pants. With a rimmed grey hat that had seen much wear on his head. His eyes were blue and hair was light - either grey or blondish.

He was always working at something. I don't remember him being idle much. He seemed to be tinkering with or building something all the time.

Mom tells me he took me and Valynda on an overnight cat-fishing trip on the Greenriver by the old gyser but I don't recall it.

I remember when Grandpa died. We were having an auction and Mom was clerking. They called from Fruita and told us he had passed away. She had to finish the sale before she could go back. She had been down there when he was sick and he was at Aunt Leda's.

My memories of Charlie Cato by Vonna Ione Johnston Hamaker

Memories of Grandpa.

by Valynda Clark.

I don't remember too much about Grandpa Cato. I remember he had a mustache once, but Mom tells me he didn't have it too long.

When Grandpa got sick and Mom went to Fruita, she had been taking care of Scott and Dwayne, (Vions boys) Scott was about 9 Months old. So she took I and Scott with her, Me to help her take care of Scott. She left Dwayne with Dad and Vonna, I remember sleeping with Scott, and giving him his bottle in the night. I guess Mom was taking her turn at staying at the Hospital with Grandpa.

I also remember some about our camp in Yellow Cat, When we were mining Uranium, I know every 4th of July Uncle Owen and Grandpa would get big grocery bags full of fireworks and bring them to camp and set them off. Mom tells me Grandpa loved fireworks.

I am grateful for the memories I do have of Grandpa, and that I did get to spend some time with him.

Valynda Clark

MEMORIES OF MY DADDY, CHARLES URIAS CATO

by
Zona Ingrid Cato

When I was about four years old my daddy made me a rawhide shoe. I wore it out to the pond and threw it in. I vaguely remember trying to find it in the pond. I thought he had made both shoes, but Edith says he only finished one. Mother told me when she was here that Aunt Winnie put me up to throwing it in the pond because she didn't think I should have to wear that kind of shoes.

I also remember him carving on a doll for me. It was redwood, from the Redwood Forest. It had a large head about five inches in diameter, and a pretty face. All he got started was the head and torso. It must have gotten lost when we moved.

Edith got a beautiful China baby doll with real hair and sleepy eyes for Christmas one year. She was so beautiful and I dearly loved her; so for Christmas the next year I wanted one like her. I asked for a "hairy" doll. When Christmas morning came, there was a furry little monkey sticking out of my stocking. I wouldn't go near it. Edith says she can see me yet; I ran right over and got into bed with Mama and Daddy.

I remember Daddy taking me on his knee and trying to coax me to look at it, but I would have no part of it. There was nothing else in the stocking except maybe candy and nuts, or an orange. It was a cute little carnival-type monkey that bounced on a string, made of rabbit fur. I don't know whatever happened to it.

Daddy felt bad when he saw how I reacted because I was so disappointed --- which is probably why he started carving the doll out of redwood later. Mother told me when she was with me in Scottsdale that they were so poor at that time they couldn't afford another "Dimples". Edith still has her doll.

We moved to California, and I got a grown-up doll the Christmas before Owen was born. I was disappointed in her too, because I was the youngest my doll was smaller and cheaper. To this day I have a passion for beautiful dolls.

Daddy was really talented. ~~He studied~~ . He studied calligraphy. I remember his beautiful writing and signature. We always had a blackboard, and nearly every morning he'd have a cartoon of one of us sitting on the pot, with our name on it, or Leda chasing Zona, or something. We'd try to beat him up over it, and his blue eyes just twinkled.

He loved to draw and studied cartooning and taxidermy before we kids came along.

Sometimes when we came home across the alfalfa field from Grandma's late at night, Daddy carried me on his shoulders. Mother carried Clinton. We had buckskin (venison) or mutton hanging on the north side of the house. The coyotes would try to get it and we scared them away when we returned.

When we moved to California he loaded us kids in the back of the old car piled high with our belongings. (Four kids and 3 grown-ups, because Grandpa Cato went along). It rained so hard the bridge washed out in Price Canyon. Daddy put the car on the railroad tracks and drove it across the railroad tressle. A motor car came along and told him he'd better hurry because the train was due in 10 minutes. He made it. He had all of us walk across the wash; by that time the flash-flood had passed. I also remember starting down the summit; the road was so slick the car turned completely around the opposite way.

When we got to Needles, Calif. we found a dry land turtle, so we took him along. Daddy put him in the bed-roll in back with us kids. We were afraid of the turtle at first but he became such a pet; we had him for years. We named him Paget after an elephant in the comics in a Redondo Beach newspaper. We carried him all over. Daddy carved his name in his shell after he got away one time in California, and had to pay a quarter to get him back. He got away out on the Utah desert; someone found him years later down by Moab.

Daddy had a neat sense of humor, but when he told us to do something we knew he meant it. He only gave me one "lickin'" in my life; that was in California. We went to the ocean to gather abalone. Mother cooked it and I wouldn't eat it. Daddy loved fish of any kind. He really gave me a lickin', but I still wouldn't eat it; he took me on his knee and humored me afterward. I remember the abalone on the cabinet before it was cooked. It looked repulsive to me, shaking like black jelly; it turned my stomach.

When Everett and I went to San Francisco, I ordered and ate abalone. It was delicious with a faint fishy taste. The meat was white as snow. I couldn't believe it. I can still see it on the cabinet, and it definitely was black. Mother told me later they also gathered muscles and they were black.

He bought me my first pair of black oxfords. I really liked them, but we went to the beach that same day and I took them off to play in the sand, forgot, and left them on the running board of the car. When daddy stopped, there was only one left. I never forgot them and grieved over them for years.

We went to L.A. to see Santa Claus. Daddy put me on his shoulders so I could see. Santa was a block away, and there was a sea of people, but I was sure I had seen Santa.

Daddy had been a really good baseball pitcher. He loved to dunk the niggers with the side-show ball-throwing games. He'd laugh when they begged him to stop after he'd dunked them a few times.

He took me to the beach to wade in the ocean and swim down to the pier to see the sharks, and to the glass factory to see how glass was made. We got two glass dippers and left them in the house in Redondo Beach. Mother said we just didn't have room to carry them.

We went to Venus and rode the roller-coaster. Daddy saw to it that we got to see everything there was to see. We saw and had all kinds of fruit: oranges, nectarines, blackberries, and daddy loved canteloupe and casaba melons.

He was a musician too. He played the guitar, violin, mouth-harp and a sweet potato (a clay instrument which I still have); he played by year, and also knew how to chord on the piano.; Little Brown Jug, Turkey In The Straw remind me of him.

Thanks to both Daddy and Mother, I love music, arts and crafts, science and travel. I love the stars. Daddy explained the constellations to us out on the Danish Flats, where the stars are so brilliant and beautiful -- they come right down to meet you on a dark night. One of the last times I saw him was in Ogden in August of 1957. He showed me the comet, Mikos. We had been to Oregon.

Daddy also took us to the big Ringling Brothers Circus in California. We saw a huge python coiled up about four feet high in the cage, with a mouth that looked big enough to swallow us.

Daddy taught us kids to swim in the Sacramento River. I was seven. I was the last one to take off the tube. He knew I could swim, so he put me on his shoulder and dived in. We went down, down, down -- but boy did I swim! No one saw me come up first and get on the bank, so I hid. Pretty soon Daddy came up. He didn't see me and was ready to dive in to find me -- when I told him I was OK!

I got even a day or so later. He was under the diving board, teaching Mrs. Rowland to swim. I jumped onto his shoulders. He sure coughed and spit when he came up. He was mad. I didn't get a lickin' tho -- I told him I was even with him for throwing me in.

He was friendly and kind to everyone. There was an old Chinaman in Isleton who lived in a box. Daddy used to visit with him. He died and was dead several days before they found him.

We lived in a tent behind the garage where Daddy worked as a mechanic for awhile. One day we came hom and they had a big roast. I was so good, we all really enjoyed it; he told us it was duck. After it was all gone his boss came in and said "How'd you like the raccoon?" We kids went outside and tried to throw it up!

I had a boyfriend on the bus: Antony Bettencourt. He was Portuguese. I used to kiss him goodbye every nite, until the bus broke down and Daddy was the mechanic who fixed it. The driver told on me. That stopped the kissing scene in a hurry!

When we were on the way back to Utah at Ely, Nev. all the tires were flat including the spare. Owen was about two. He threw the tire patching in a creek that was roaring thru there. We all chased it, but Daddy really ran. He had to catch it and he did.

We camped there, put a Mormon bed out in the middle of the desert. Next morning when the folks awoke at daylight we were surrounded by about 20 sherff's posse with their guns trained on us. They thought we were some outlaws they had been chasing.

We thought we were at least 30 miles from anywhere, but they told us it was only six miles to Ely.

Clinton and I played over on an island at Dewey. There was lots of drift-wood and we smoked it. We had a playhouse built. One morning we looked up and there was Daddy. He had followed us to see what we were up to. He didn't catch us, but that stopped the smoking. We didn't take any chances of getting caught.

For some reason Clinton couldn't please him; he wasn't very tolerant of him. When Clinton was dying, however, Daddy was by his side continually, giving him his morphine shots, unless Edith was there to help him and give him a break.

I used to love to listen to Daddy's stories. He told about buying a Smith & Wesson gun by mail. He had a set of traps strung out and was trapping for fur. One trap was set by a bush at the edge of a steep hill. It had snowed a skiff that night. When Daddy got there the trap was gone. Suddenly, he slipped on the pine needles and snow and slid down the hill toward the gaping jaws of a ferocious timber wolf caught in the trap. The gun snapped several times and finally went off practically in the wolf's mouth. He cursed the gun and threw it as far as he could send it over a cliff. That was too close a call for him.

He also used to laugh about Uncle Louis sliding into a den of wolves. He slipped on the wet snow and went sailing into the den but when he went in one side five wolves ran out the other. He said Louis had such a shocked look on his face!

For several years Daddy was the deputy sheriff at Cisco. One of the Lamar bank robbers came and stayed at the ranch on Danish Flats for over a week. Finally someone came and picked him up. Daddy had a wanted poster of him on the wall the whole time and didn't recognize him. The guy left a couple of suitcases full of boxing gloves. Daddy just trusted everybody.

Another time he took a woman prisoner to California to be tried for murder.

One day we came home from school at Cisco. Mother was crying her eyes out. She told us she was afraid both Daddy and Grandpa Westwood had been killed. Grandpa was the Sheriff of Grand County and Daddy was the deputy. They made a raid on a still down by the pump house. Daddy sneaked up and took the wires off the distributor caps of all their trucks. They woke them up; the bootleggers were so surprised they were shooting at everything in sight and running across the slick rocks in their BVD's. They were all captured; no one was shot. I remember the stills, big boilers of copper, when it was hauled into Cisco for scrap.

Another story Daddy told was about a big poker game in Cisco. One player accused the other of cheating. He drew his gun and pointed to his own temple and said "This is what will happen to you if it happens again." He accidentally pulled the trigger and shot off the top of his head. The guy fell to the floor and kicked and flopped around like a chicken for several hours before he finally died. They built a pine box to put him in while they waited. There was no doctor except at Moab. Daddy took him to Moab and he said there was a ball of fire bounced along the mountain from Valley City down past Court House. He thought it was his ghost or something. It was all pretty awful. Daddy was quite superstitious.

When we lived in the house next to Fitzpatrick's in Cisco, Daddy was digging a fence pole or something in the corral and dug up the bones of a man's foot. It had been sawed off at the ankle. He brought it in the house and wrapped it in newspaper and put it way up in the top of the cupboard. The ceilings were ten feet high and the cupboard went to the top.

Uncle Joe was killed in Moab. Daddy left Leda in charge of us kids. Clinton and I and Rowland and Owen. She told him it was OK, but she asked Daddy to take the foot out of the house because it bothered her, so I guess he buried it again. Mother and Daddy were gone a week to Uncle Joe's funeral. There was a bullet hole in the back of the rocking chair in that house; we rocked in it all the time. Cisco was a tough place. Daddy expected a lot of us kids, especially Leda and Clinton.

Grandpa had a black and white team named Polly and Babe, out on the ranch at Danish Flats. Old Babe went loco. Daddy needed a horse at Dewey so he had Leda ride her to Dewey. It was about an 18-mile ride. She had quite a time with that crazy old horse; she shied at everything. Leda made the trip to Dewey OK, but that's how she broke her big toe. She bent it back getting off ole Babe and suffered with that toe the rest of her life. We never could ride the horse after that -- she'd buck us off every time we tried.

The Denver Post came every Monday. Herb Johnston drove the mail down. Daddy always sat us down and read the funnies to us and just laughed and laughed. He liked to tease Mother about Andy Gump and old Major Hoople in "Our Boarding House". She'd say, "Oh, you old sap-head." It was funny -- and about all the humor we knew. He loved to read, write, figure and draw.

They had to pump water out of the river for the garden. It took all the daylight hours to keep it going. He built a big corkscrew outfit with big blades on it and called it a cat-a-wampus. When he put it in the river, the cable wrapped around it and twisted the thing up in about fifteen minutes. That sure didn't work.

He was working on the Big Six with Grandpa Cato then; but they didn't get much gold. We lived on the 25¢ a week we got from testing the river water. I think that was Edith's job.

Daddy was an inventor, mechanic, surveyor, artist and anything else he needed or wanted to do. Grandpa Cato and Daddy drew the plans and bid on the Dewey Bridge. The plans are in the museum at Moab, now.

They were working on a car when the first Ford came out and they were also building an aeroplane. The old cars he drove were held together with leather, canvas and bailing wire, and never any brakes or lights. He'd make one out of several old cars.

I remember a few trips down the dugway from Cisco to Dewey when it was pitch dark and no moon. He stood on the running board with a stick so he could tell where the edge of the riverbank and road was, and either Leda or I would steer the car like he told us to. He drove most of the way by feel, except the really bad places.

Every 4th of July he always woke us up by throwing a firecracker under the bed. One time we were waiting for him. We put pillows in the bed like we were sleeping, then hid and watched. He threw the firecracker; we jumped out. It really got him; he was so surprised he couldn't believe the joke was on him!

Mother used to cry a lot when they were first married, so Daddy called her "Rain-in-the-Face". Finally, Aunt Winnie told Mother a story about Daddy wearing her long black stockings to school when it was so cold in the winter at Longmont. He didn't have any garters, and the stockings worked down over his shoes and trailed out behind. The other kids would run along and step on them. They called him "Sox-a-lock-sus-Charles" so after that Mother retaliated by calling him that.

Daddy went on a bender in Silverton one night and married some gal. Grandpa got him out of it by having it annulled. I have her picture. Mother told me the story about daddy's first wife.

My Dad was a handsome man with steel blue eyes and red curly hair. I guess he smoked like a chimney when mother met him. I don't know if she wouldn't marry him because of it, but they went to a dance on the ferry one night and he smoked one right after another. When the dance was over he told her he'd quit, and he did. He never smoked again.

The Cato's lived at Sager's Wash, and Mother lived at Dewey. When she saw his name on the mail box, she made fun of it and said "Cat-o -- ha! Wouldn't I like to have that for a name." Well, she did; it wasn't long until they were married. She was 22; he was 27.

Grandma Cato (Almeda Jane) told me Daddy and Aunt Winnie were always into something. She was born on his third birthday.

One time they killed 500 young pullets and salted them down in the granary bin while Grandma was gone, helping a sick neighbor. Grandma came home and went to feed the chickens; there wasn't a one in sight!

Aunt Winnie almost shot Daddy one morning. He wouldn't get up, so she pointed the gun at his temple. Grandpa yelled just before she pulled the trigger. The bullet went thru the pillow on the bed.

There was a girl, Leda Hornbogen, who lived at LaPlata, New Mexico, that Daddy really liked. She was his first girlfriend. They went to school together. She died of pneumonia at age 16. Mother almost had her sealed to Daddy when she had their temple work done. She told me about it. I tried to find out more, and she said "Oh, I wish I'd never mentioned it." She was Leda's namesake.

Daddy loved hot Mexican food and chili paquis. He tried to talk a little Mexican, I guess because they lived around them in New Mexico. I'm still trying to learn Spanish. He was always reading, studying and keeping up with the world. I had a hard time with chemistry in High School. Through the years he'd tell me I wasn't interested in chemistry. I finally told him, "Daddy, I got straight A's in chemistry". It was the teacher who upset me. His name was George Penner, a German goose-stepper.

Throughout his life, Daddy was interested in mining and minerals. He had four beautiful polished rubies and a couple that were in the raw. They disappeared. Mother thought Charlie Taylor took off with them. They would be worth a fortune now. He also had a huge piece of smokey topaz. It was a foot long and about 5 inches in diameter on one end and 3 inches on the other. It weighed about 50,000 carats. It also disappeared.

Judge Moran was Governor of Alaska for twenty years. He came to Fruita in a little Austin car, smaller than the Volks now. He had a movie of Alaska that he showed in the theater to all the schools. He and Daddy were both interested in mining and became lifelong friends. Judge Moran gave Daddy a huge piece of Alaskan jade. It weighed 20 pounds or more. Owen says he thinks Daddy gave it to Clyde Granere, the shop teacher in Grand Junction, when Owen was in the 8th grade. Anyway, I have a little unpolished piece of the original stone. Daddy had a ring made for each of us. He mailed mine to me while I was in Ogden. It got lost in the mail. Two years after he was dead, on Mother's Day, it arrived in the mail. I really bawled when I opened it. I still have the letter he had written, the box it came in, and the ring.

Just before I graduated, Daddy and Nort went to Cold Beach, Oregon to try to get rich, panning gold on the beach. Nort had a little rattletrap bug with no top that they traveled in. They had about \$20.00 between them. We were so broke then. They had quite a time. Daddy got so upset because Nort was such a picky eater and he wouldn't get up in the morning. Daddy would be up and at 'em at the crack of dawn, and Nort would sleep all day. He tried to talk me out of marrying Nort.

When they got back to Reno they had no money and the car broke down. They went in a gambling joint; an old guy really took a liking to Nort and offered him anything he wanted. Daddy was really upset when Nort didn't tell him he needed \$10.00. Nort wouldn't take anything. They went to a junk yard and looked around for the car part. Nort told the dealer they couldn't find the part. After they left the junkyard Nort asked Daddy, "What shall we do now?" Daddy pulled the little part out of his pocket and said "We're going to put this in and go home." The gas for that whole trip cost only about \$5.00 -- but they didn't have the \$5.00.

While we were in Fruita, Daddy made a wood-burning outfit for the old truck. You'd put in the wood, it burned and changed to alcohol and ran the motor. It had a smokestack like the Diesel trucks nowadays.

I can't remember Daddy when he had his teeth. He had them pulled when I was little. For some reason they didn't fit. He went for years with no teeth. While we were in Fruita he took some plaster of Paris and made impressions and made himself some teeth out of aluminum. They worked fine, too, except they looked terrible. Everyone had a fit when he wore them.

Every once in awhile he would grow a mustache. Mother didn't like it. One time both he and Nort grew a little mustache. When Edith came up the four of us took them down and shaved them off (Edith, Leda and I and Mother); Nort never tried it again, but Daddy did.

Daddy used to repair everyone's shoes and cut our hair. He always nicked my ear. I cut his hair many times after I was grown, so did Leda and Edith.

In September 1929 I awoke to hear Mother sobbing her heart out. Grandpa Westwood had been murdered at the jail in Moab. We had just moved to the Re lands. We drove to Moab.

They had Grandpa laid out on a slab in the Court House, covered with a sheet. He was nude. Daddy turned the sheet back and showed me the two bullet holes in his chest; also where they came out his back. I remember it vividly to this day -- two round holes over his heart, about two inches apart.

A huge crowd gathered outside the jail fence. Several people were holding Uncle Vere and Niel back, because they were trying to get to the two murderers who were standing there grinning inside the fence. They were just young boys,

20 or 21 or so, about the same age as Uelle Vere and Niel were then.

Daddy built a dredge-boat on the river down by Ruby Canyon. He worked hard on it all one summer, but it didn't work out. Several people including Burches financed it. They said Daddy absconded with the money. I had married and moved away. I don't know why it didn't pay.

Nort and I were trapping at Gold Park for the government. It was mining country. I wrote them and they came up; Daddy, Mother, Owen and Rowland and Lois. We started mining the Hunkydory. It was a rich sulfide ore. It assayed over \$200.00 in gold and gold was only \$35 an ounce then.

Nort and I had our trailer house in Gold Park. It was four miles straight up to the lake. Daddy looked it over and told us there was a good cabin up there. When Mother and I got up there the cabin had only a few logs on the walls and part of a piece of galvanized iron for the roof. It didn't even strain the sticks out of the wind and rain, and it rained all the time and was always cold up there, at the edge of timberline. We borrowed two donkeys. Lois, Nort and Daddy mined the ore. The mine was two miles above camp. Rowland and Owen were 13 and 14. They brought the ore down on the donkeys and Mother and I cooked. I was pregnant with Karl.

Jack Dalling hauled the ore to the smelter in Leadville. They beat us out of it all. After a summer's work we owed them and had no money.

Daddy fixed up an old 10-stamp mill that was there by the lake. They built an oven out of rocks and roasted the ore for a month, panned and amalgamated the gold and came out with around \$400.00 for the summer's work. If we had known and had done that in the first place, they would have been rich in those days.

Daddy was only 46 then, but seemed like an old man. He was a kind and gentle man. His favorite color was red. Each spring he presented mother with an Indian Paintbrush as soon as they bloomed. Mother was 41 and she seemed old too. They had a hard life.

Daddy helped Nort and me build our first home, a trailer house. We were so proud of it. While we were working on it everyone in the family got sick except Nort. Mother, Clinton, Owen and Rowland had the "flu" and Daddy had the hiccoughs, for days. He was really bad. Nort got Dr. Orr. He told us to get ice from the hospital. (No one had a refrigerator then). I would put an ice cube in his mouth; it melted in a second his temperature was so high. Finally the hiccoughs stopped. Clinton was sick because of his cancer, but no one knew it then.

After Nort and I went to Kremmling Daddy made me a doll and named him Slim Jim. He carved his face and head and hands and feet out of wood. The body and arms and legs were material. He cut out and sewed it and stuffed it. It was neat. Every once in awhile he'd sew something on the sewing machine, and always kept it running. I enjoyed that doll for a long time.

When Karl was two years old, he was such a little fire-bug; he stuffed Slim Jim in the ash pan. He burned up along with a picture of Edith and Wayne. All I found was a tiny scrap of each in the ashes.

Daddy, Mother, Owen, Dale and I took a trip to Arkansas. It was a lot of fun. We stopped in some ice caves in Missouri, saw Omaha, the capital of Nebraska, went to the Mormon Bridge and visited the Mormon Cemetery. We went to a place called Cato, Missouri - population 2. Daddy talked to the people to see if they were relatives; they were not. We went to the old Cato farm where Q. Cato lived, and talked to Daddy's cousin, Lena Cato Walker. She showed us pictures and told stories about the Cato family. We also stopped at Sapulpa, Okla. to see what we could learn about Uncle Emmaet. Daddy got pretty upset with me because I wouldn't take off on the wrong road; instead I followed the map and the freeway and got us to where we were going. Dale wouldn't eat on the whole trip, and that really upset him.

Daddy worked hard all his life but we barely existed. He had a million dollar dream; it finally paid off at Yellowcat in the uranium after he was 65 years old.

He enjoyed his money for ten years; he bought a couple of new cars; they traveled some, also. He was generous with everyone in the family.

He wore a copper bracelet for his rheumatism and took penicillin for arthritis. He called it "penn-a-seal-un." He suffered all the time with his sciatic nerve, like I do.

He loved Dale. He enjoyed teasing Dale about his Cato ears. Dale was really broken-hearted when he lost his Grandpa.

Karl helped me sit with him at the hospital. Clair was in Gold Park.

The morning Daddy died he put his arms around my neck and kissed me. I had to unlock his arms. He passed away from a stroke about four p.m. on August 9, 1958. He was looking straight at me. I'll never forget him and take comfort in the fact that he is in a better place.

He was the best dad in the whole world. How I'd love to get another letter from him, or see him driving up to visit me. He was the greatest!

Lena Ingeborg Cato

E.T.

Memories of My Dad
Charles Urias Cato
by Edith Cato Johnston

My Dad was born August 4th, 1883, in Longmont, Colorado, to Quintus and Almeda Jane Taylor Cato, He had red curly hair and blue eyes. I don't know too much about him as a small boy, but they were still living at Longmont Colo. when his sister Winna-fred Helen Cato Rickman was born on August 4th. 1886, but the family had moved to LaPlata New Mexico, when Daddy's brother Lois Elsie, was born in 1889 October 2,. From La Plata they must of moved to Silverton Colo, I heard my Dad tell of some of his experiences while they lived at Silverton.

One was, ~~His most embarrassing moment.~~ He told me that he had to wear a pair of Aunt winnies long stocking to school, He was walking a girl home after school and I guess the garter came unfastened and one sock came down, He was too embarresses to stop and fix it, so he just let it fall, the sock worked down lower and lower, finaly worked down over his shoe and trailed out behind, I guess thats what dubbed him the nick name Sock a Lockas Charles,

Grandpa, Quintus, Had a machine shop in Silverton, They also lived at Galdstone and Grandpa was foreman of the Gold King Mine At Gladstone, And Daddy worked in the mines,

While living at Silverton, Daddy was acquainted with Evalyn Welsh McLean.. Evelyn Welsh McLean was at one time the owner of the Hope Diamond, (a 45.50 carat gem of flawless purity, the finest diamond in the U.S. and among the finest in the world.) Its first owner in the U.S. The woman who brought it to these shores was Evalyn Welch McLean, she was not unaware of the negative side of her possession, The jeweler who sold it to her in 1910 for 154.000, mentioned its shady Halo of legend! bad luck objects for me! she said, are lucky, and according to stories she did start having bad luck.

I have heard stories about my Dad's romances, One was that he got on a bender and married some gal, but when he sobered up and got his senses back, He called on grandpa for help. Grandpa had the marriage annuled.

My dad had a childhood sweet-heart in LaPlata New Mex. a girl by the name of Leda Hornbogen she died with pnumoniam, He grieved for her for years.



5.

From Silverton, the family moved to Rifle Colo. Grandpa had another machine shop there, and while they were there, Ralph Edwin was born February 17, 1902. Daddy was 19, years old when Ralph was born. He worked in the shop with Grandpa, He learned the blacksmith trade also and was good at that trade, and like his Dad, our Daddy could do any thing, he was a jack of all trades, He studied, and read all his life, He studied Taxidermy, Cartooning, and Calligraphy (beautiful hand writing). He was an assayer, a geologist, and a chemist, He could play any musical instrument that he picked up.

They had a fire at Rifle and the machine shop burned, Grandpa moved his family to Oregon, and bought a half interest in another machine shop, soon after he paid for it, They heard of a gold strike on the LaSal mountains in Utah, So Daddy and his Dad left Oregon on bicycles, headed for the gold strike in Utah, /

They bought claims or an interest in claims anyway and moved to Gold basin on the LaSals, I don't know when or how Grandma Cato and the family came to Utah from Oregon. They joined Grandpa and Daddy, in Gold basin, by that time Aunt Winnie had married Frank Hickman and they also came to Gold Basin, They built a mill, and hauled in equipment with mule teams, but after a while they had to give up, They didn't take out enough gold to pay so they left and was going back to Grand Junction, when they got to the Grand River (now the Colorado). they camped and while there Grandpa walked up the river to a gravel bar, done some panning and discovered gold, They staked out six claims, "The Big Six." located on the south side of the river east of the Dewey bridge, at that time it was a Ferry,

My mothers father and mother were living at Dewey and they run the Ferry Boat, freighted, ever thing across the river, The stage, people and livestock.

The Cato's must of went back to Grand Junction and worked in the C.P. McCarry machine shop for awhile, then come back down to Sagers wash, where they homesteaded a little place on the river bottom, And they worked the "Bix Six".

The Cato name was on the mail box and when Mother first seen it she made all kinds of fun of it she said "Cat- O, wouldn't I like to have a name like that !" and she had it for a good many years.



I don't know a lot about Daddy's and Mother's romance, I do know they went to lots of dances, They danced on the ice on the river in the winter time, and on the Ferry boat in the summer time, My Dad smoked, and I remember mother telling that on April Fools day they were dancing on the Ferry boat. Daddy kept telling her he was going to quit smoking, he had smoked one cigaret right after the other all night, But that was the last time he smoked, he did quit, and never smoked again the rest of his life.

Daddy and Mother went to Moab to be married, Went with a team of horses hitched to a buggy, I think Aunt Ruth went with them and also a cousin of Mother's, They were married at Uncle John and Aunt Violet Wilcox's home. On January 18, 1911, Charles Urias Cato and Mery Ellen Westwood were married.

After they were married they drove back to Dewey, and the wedding dance was held at Grandpa and Gramma Catos, In their little cabin on Sagers Wash. The cabin Daddy and Mother was to live in was built with Rail Road ties hauled with teams and wagons from the old narrow guage R.R. that was never completed, The grade was built and the ties laid, but no rails were ever put down. (note I and my daughter Vonna dug bottles at the old Rail Road town of Cisco, and I



found a 1860 half dollar while digging there,) and my Dad told me the Rail Road went to Stanard guage, and moved the town of Cisco to where it is today in 1883. Most of the building at the new Cisco was built with the narrow guage ties (hand hewn.) and all of our familys built homes with them on the desert north of Cisco as well as at Sagers wash.

Daddy and Mother's house washed away in a flood before they moved in to it. Then they built another house on the hill I don't know if it was built with the ties or not. I was born November 12, 1911, in a rooming house in Grand Junction, Colo. and on March 22, 1913, Our little brother Elvin was born, But he was 3 weeks premature and he didn't live but about 12 hours, He was born in the house on the hill, Grandpa Cato made a tiny casket, and Grandma Cato and Uncle Lois first wife lined it with white satin, and they burried him on a gravel hill West of the house, Mother could see the grave from her window. Mother said they named him Elvin for an old friend of hers that she went to school with at Castleton, Elvin Miller.

Grandpa Cato had mortgaged the place on Sazers Wash to C.F. McCarry, and moved to Dannish Flatts, 8 miles north of Cisco, they built another home out of the R.R.ties. and Daddy and Mother sold their home on the hill to a man by the name of Kitson, they moved out to Dannish Flatts to, and Daddy moved a shack up from the old Marris resivor that we lived in till our house was partly built then we moved to it but it was never finished, By this time Leda Helen, had joined our little family she was born on February 13, 1915, in Cisco Utah, Daddy had rented a little one room cabin that they stayed in that winter and Uncle Ralph lived with them and went to school. I can remember when she was born, I remember my bed, it was a cradle swung from the ceiling, It hung over Daddy and Mothers bed.

I'm not sure of the year that the family went to Fowler Colo. Grandma Cato's mother and father were not in the best of health and I think that was why we went, Grandpa and Grandma Cato and Uncle Ralph, Daddy Mother Leda and my self, went, in an old car, some where along the way the car broke down, I can remember a little bit about that, just vague memories, I know we didn't have any money and were really stranded, Daddy and Grandpa tore the thing down to see what was wrong, It happened that a farmer lived not so far from where we were, Let grandpa use his forge and anvil, Grandpa found an old part of a mowing machine or hay rake, he made a ring gear, the iron was soft so after he got it made he had to temper it, we were camped out in the open, It seems to me we were going over the mountain, Over Monark Pass. when they put the thing together, one nut was missing and they thought I had swallowed it. I may have, but I can't remember that.

We lived with Grandma and Grandpa Taylor for a long time, Daddy found a little work, and he got in with a Mr. Otto, He must of had money, because he put up money to buy farm machinery for the homestead on Dannish Flatts and a herd of cows. But Daddy didn't seem to be in any hurry to come back to Utah, Mother got really discouraged she wanted to come home, she was also pregnant with Zona, So Grandma and Grandpa westwood sent her money to come home on, She, Leda and I, came back to Moab, we rode the train to Thompson and the stage to Moab. I don't know what time of year that was, but Daddy did come back home before Zona Ingrid was born September 14, 1917, Zona was 7 months old the winter we lived in the Marris house, We all had the whooping cough, Mother and Daddy didn't both sleep at the same time for fear one of us would choke to death, I remember Daddy made cough syrup from catcus, I guess they didn't have much to Doctor us with.

I remember when world war one ended we were still living in the Marris house, I can see Aunt Winnie and Gladys running thru the fields to tell us "The war was Over."

Daddy's brother Lois and Mothers brother Neil were both in the war so we were all happy and excited when it was over.

I forgot to add that when Leda was born Daddy named her after his old girl friend Leda Hornboran, and I was named after a friend Edith Ione Crumb, I don't know who the other four kids was named for.

When our Rail Road tie house was done except for plastering we moved in to it, Zona was still not very old, I started to school in Cisco, Aunt Kate, (mothers sister) moved to Cisco from the ranch to send my cousin Lucile to school so I stayed thru the week with them and went to school, I think I turned 7 years that Nov. I didn't get to go long as the "Flu" got so bad, people died from it, and Ever one was scared to death, the school closed. I only went about a month.

Daddy brought a big tractor from Fowler, and Mr. Otto sent 1200 pounds of beans to plant also some kind of grain. Daddy bought 100 or more head of cattle, Mr Otto was putting up the money. I guess they used some of the money to build our houses, They built on to Grandpa's and built Uncle Franks and Aunt Winnies, and ours, They did get one or two rooms plastered in ours.

Uncle Lois was the cowboy that was taking care of the cattle, Braded with the KTO brand, but he wasn't tough enough or smart enough to keep up with the rustlers, and the cattle business didn't last too many years. Mr. Otto wanted a mortgage on the places but Grandpa said, "No" and that ended the partnership.

Daddy bought a motorcycle, with a side car, He was always crazy about a motorcycle. I can remember going to Moab in it one time. He went to Salt Lake with a Fred Brown, and got his front teeth pulled and a bridge put in, I guess that was a real mess the teeth were too long and terrible fitting, He didn't get back with the motorcycle tho. got as far as Provo and rode the train home, that was the first part of his tooth problem.

In 1913 some time he had a operation for apendicitis at the hospital at Fruita Colo. Mother and us kids stayed at a rooming house there, she missed Leda one day and nearly scared her to death, but when she found Leda she was at the hospital, she'd gone to see Daddy, She wasn't very big, but she knew the way up there, He was there about a month, was really a sick man.

In the spring of 1919 Mother went to Moab again, she lived with Grandma and Grandpa westwood. and August 7, 1919 Charles Clinton was born, In October Mother and Daddy moved in to a house in Moab, Daddy carried the mail to Monticello, Ralph was staying with us he was working, I started to school, again in the 1st. grede, and in January we all got the "Flu", except Daddy, He and Grandma westwood had there hands full, with all of us sick, Ralph had to go to the hospital, he nearly died. Grandma Cato came down to help take care of him.

v. 60

Aunt Ruth lived just across the road from Grandma Westwood when she got the "Flu" Grandma had to go home and care for her, Mother told me that about ever one in Moab had the "Flu". Lots of them died from it, Daddy bought mother a Maytag washer "Gas" that was really something, I never went back to school again that year, took me so long to get over the "Flu". and Clinton never was well after that either. He got sick ever time he got a cold.

We lived there in that place(The Hinton house)for a year then moved over by Aunt Ruth in a tent. We weren't there long and moved over in the Thompson house almost in the main part of Moab.

That fall 1920, I started to school in the first grade again, That made three times I started in the first grade.

I hadn't gone long tho when the teacher promoted me to the 2nd, Daddy was still carrying the mail, He also did odd jobs, worked on the phone line, Jack Corbin owned the line, He had lots of trouble with it and Daddy told him how to insulate the poles so they wern't grounded, some of the poles were iron, Or some of them were fastened to the rocks, After Mr. Corbin did like Daddy said they got better phone reception.

In the Spring of 1921 We went prospecting, Daddy fixed up an old rattle trap of a car, No top on it, a flat bed on the back where the camp and us kids rode, I don't know what happened to the washing machine, I can't remember ever having it out on the desert(Danish Flatt). We went to Monticello, He and Cope Christenson, Cope had some horses, they rode all over the country, We were camped in a tent on the Blue mountain, we went from that camp over to LaSal, Grandpa and Grandma Westwood, Aunt Ruth and Uncle Joe and Uncle Niel all had homesteads near Old LaSal or Coyotee.

Then we moved back out to Danish Flatt. Daddy did some more prospecting tho on the LaSal mountain We went from LaSal over the mountain to Castleton with a team and wagon, I can't remember how we got the team up to LaSal tho as the team belonged to Anais Dolph, (he was one of the homesteaders that came to Danish Flatt in 1921)

That was a hard trip, the wagon kept breaking down, there wasn't any roads, just trails that we went over I remember it was pretty rough going. I think all of the wheels went to pieces, I know Daddy found an old wagon some where along the way that had been broke down and discarded, he took all of the parts off of it.

Tent

Leda Zona

Clinton

87

we could use. When we got to Castleton, both back wheels of the wagon was gone and Daddy had fixed drag poles, some way they were fastened to the front axels and drug, to hold the wagon box from dragging, We barrowed a wagon at Castleton from Chester Wright. went on out to Dannish Flatt. Just below Castleton there was and still is a big bed of big Catus, we gathered and ate the Prickly Pears off them, I don't think we had anything else to eat till we got back to Cisco and Dannish Flatt.

The homesteaders came to Dannish Flatt, Took p homesteads all over the desert out there, Thats when Johnstons came, I think I was 8 years old. I don't know what Daddy did that winter unless he just helped the homesteaders buid homes etc. There wasn't any school near so I didn't go to school at all that year, I should of been in the 3rd. grade.

By fall of 1922, there was enough homesteaders on Dannish Flatt that we had a school, Grandpa Cato and Daddy worked on the school house. Miss Woodhouse was the first teacher. She stayed with Grandma and Granopa Cato, The school house was about 2½ miles from from where we lived,

Daddy and Mother drank Arbuckle Coffee It came in a manila paper bag with a coupon on each bag, Dadday saved the coupons and Mother thought he must of saved a thousand of them, He bought his first 30-30 rifle with them. He was helping the homesteaders, the Baker Brothers look for a place to settle on, They went up Diamond Canyon and Daddy lost the gun while they was up there, Mother didn't know how he lost it but they run into a range war while up there, and she thinks some one might of taken the gun away from him. He told her he lost it coming back down the canyon, He wouldn't go back up to look for it, he felt bad that he lost it, They had a rough time on that trip to, The pack horse bucked the pack off and spilled all the flour they had in the mud, They gathered up as much as they could and used it.

Daddy and Uncle Frank Hickman decided to go to Calif. They hoped to make some money out there, They left in the fall of 1922, and was gone all winter, I don't think Uncle Frank ever came back, if he did it wasn't for long. We didn't fare too good that winter, Daddy sent home a little money, At Xmas time my shoes were wore out, mother tried to sew them with twine string, Daddy sent a package of Oranges, and Pomgranits, the first we had ever seen, and I'm sure a little money for a few groceries. We ate lots of cotton tail rabbits that winter we could twist them out of the holes with a barb wire.

One day during a blizzard we looked out the window and a herd of sheep was clear around the house, The herder came to the door froze, and hungry, He asked mother for something to eat, I know she didn't have much to give him, but she fixed what she had. when he left he courht a big mutton and gave it to us, we put him in the

Cellar to keep him till Grandpa could kill him for us. Then we ate for a while.

Daddy came back in the spring I guess to get mother and us kids, He and Grandpa fixed up an old car that had been burned, and they began making plans to go back to Calif. We had a few old hens that I and Mother killed, she canned them to take with us, It was pretty exciting, planing to go to Calif. Us kids thought that money would grow on bushes out there. We had heard so much about Calif.

It was still pretty hot weather when we left Dannish Flatts. Grandpa Cato went with us. We went the souther route, Stopped at LaSal to bid good bye to All of Mothers family. The road was hot and sandy, We putted right along I acubt that we made a hundred miles a day. We found an old turtle when we crossed the desert, we kept him, and brought him back to Utah when we came home. we named him Paget, Daddy carved "Cato" on his shell,

When we crossed the line into Calif, It was so hot, there wasn't any shade, Instead of finding Calif a paradise, It was more like Hell. We kids were realy disapointed.

When we got to Redondo Beach where Daddy had been working before, He got his housemoving job back, and we even had a little shack to live in. Granpa got work too, out I can't remember what kind of work he did. He stayed with us some of the time. I turned 12, that November , mother was pregnant with Owen and she didn't feel very good most of the time, so I remember doing most of the washing on the board, cooked some of the meals, and cleand house. Daddy was interested in the Radio that was just begining to come to the world, He built a crystal set, I can see it in my mind but don't know how to explain it. It was spread out on a board, All kinds of little wires and a clear crystal rock, We listened to it with ear pones, we had to take turns. Wish I had it today. I don't think we took it to North ern Calif. when we went up there. That was our first Radio.

Daddy used to take us kids to the beach ever Saturday, That was a fun time, that we looked forward to each week, we'd ride the Roller Goaster, The Merry Go Round. have treats, and Daddy was a good ball player, We always had fun when He would throw the 3 balls for 10¢, at a trap door and duck the Negro that was sitting over a big tank, The black fellow got so when he seen Daddy and us kids comin; he'd try to get them not to sell that guy any balls, he knew he was going to land in the water tank when Daday threw the balls at the trap door.

On January 12, 1924 Owen was born, In that little snack, just two small rooms. Owen was a cute little red head that we all spoiled and loved, He had one hand that was kinda deformed, That made us all baby him more.

9

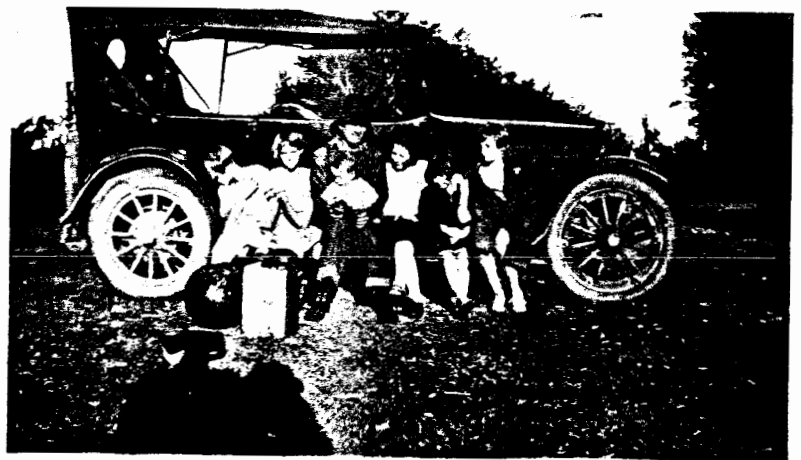
Grandpa Cato got sick and also homesick, and he decided to go back to Utah, Uncle Ralph had given his girl friend, Winnaferd, Scutherland a diamond, Grandpa was anxious to meet her, So he left us and went back to Utah.

It wasn't too long after Grandpa left that Daddy decided to go to Northern Calif. I think he had a job in a machine shop waiting for him at Isleton, 43 miles from Sacramento, on the Sacramento River, We lived in a tent on an Island for a while, at Rio Vista, then moved into a big army tent at Isleton, right next to the shop where Daddy worked. After cannining season, we rented one of the cannery houses, That was another little two room shack. That's where we met Mother's good friend Mrs. George Rowland. Us kids had fun at that place, It was close to a field where they grew celery, after the harvest they let us go in to the field and gather all of the cull celery we wanted. We really ate it, and enjoyed it. Daddy traded the old car we went to Calif. in for a big old Chandler, They bragged about still having Utah air in the tires on the old car when he traded. From the cannery house we moved up to a place on the bank of the river. a big old house, had Black berrys as high as the house in the yard, did we ever enjoy them, Owen would eat them by the hand fulls he didn't care how stickery the bushes were. Daddy came home for lunch every day, Us girls would be waiting with our swimming suits on when he got there, and we'd swim in the river, He taught us to swim, That was a fun time with our Dad.

The Pickle vatts were close by, they were big tanks, Men worked on them night and day when they were pumping the brine. We kids would go out to the vatts and the men would throw us each a big pickle, They were so good, Mother tried to keep us from going after pickles too often. Ever chance we got we'd head for the pickle vatts,

In the late summer of 1925, Daddy made up his mind to go back to Utah, Grandpa Cato hadn't been feeling too good and Grandpa Westwood was not well either. So we packed ever thing we had in the old Chandler car and started for Utah.

That was a rough trip, we were loaded too heavy and ever few miles we'd have a flat tire. We finally had to sort our load and left ever thing we didn't need. all of our souvenirs, and keep sakes. We were going to send for them after we got home but never did.



California

It seems like school started right soon after we got back to Utah, mother was not feeling too good, She went to Grand Junction Colo. and stayed with Aunt Grace (her sister) till Rowland was born, Oct. 23, 1925. Daddy took a family to Calif, They were stranded I don't think he got any money for taking them, That was a rough trip for him, nothing to eat half the time and no money, He said the man was mean, Daddy was afraid he would kill his wife, and Daddy said he watched him all the time afraid he might kill Daddy too. He was glad to get them where ever they were going. I remember daddy telling about killing a sage hen on the way back, I guess he never did get it cooked done enough to eat. but he had the broth off of it. That kept him going, When he got home he had a new boy, Rowland had arrived.

By that time all of the homesteaders had starved out and there was no school on Dannish Flatt, There had just been school there three years, That winter Grandpa Cato drove us to school in an old open Chevrolet car. we had side curtains to put on when it got real cold, No car heaters, we'd heat rocks to put our feet on and have blankets over our laps, I really don't remember what Daddy did that winter, there wasn't much work, but he was always busy with something, He built another radio, This one worked off of a car battery, It worked good till the battery run down, We listened to it with the ear phones to.

It was several years after that before a radio come out that operated on a car battery, I and Wayne bought one of the first ones that come out, we had a wind charger with it to charge the battery.

Daddy could of been rich if he had of been more aggressive, He could do any thing he wanted to do. Grandpa westwood said, "Daddy could do any thing but make a living," That was about right, But just as I said he wasn't aggressive enough.

The fall of 1926, Daddy and Mother moved to Cisco to send us kids to school. Mother and us kids were alone a lot that winter, I can't remeber what Daddy did, We had lots of fun that winter with the Cisco kids, we had lots of dances, we played games like "Run Sheep Run," "Kick the Can," we'd have candy pulls, There was quite a few kids in Cisco that year, they had moved in to go to school.

That spring when school was out Daddy moved us to Dewey on the Hatch place, About a mile up the river from the Dewey Bridge. Some one had been farming it, There was alfalfa planted there, Daddy thought he could pump water out of the river to irrigate it, And we did, But fuel for the engine to run the pump was hard to get, I went several times with him to Cisco and we dipped oil out of one of the old oil wells that had been drilled, several years before.

He had a one cilinder engine that the oil burned in. It worked for a while. Then he made another out fit, He called it a "Cat A Wampus" It was a big log with paddles on it, The water turned it and that turning run the pump. It worked a little.

We put up hay, and had a little garden we enjoyed it there we could swim in the river, we fished and ate lots of fish, Daddy bought me a 22 Rifle, it cost \$4.25, and I'll bet I killed a million rabbits and lots of morning doves with it. We ate pretty good then.

Daddy was always pulling jokes on us kids, He wired the old truck so that when he flipped a switch, and we were riding on the running board hanging on to the frame we'd get shocked, He got a kick out of that, we'd be riding on the running board going to and from the hay field. He taught me how to drive the truck, I'd pull the hay slip and Daddy would load the hay.

Daddy always enjoyed the 4th of July and firecrackers, He'd manage for them some way, He got a kick out of throwing the fire crackers under our bed early the morning of the 4th, Leda and I decided to fool him. There was four separate cabins on the Hatch place, I and Leda slept in one, Zona and Clinton in one, and Mother and Daddy and the 2 little boys, Owen and Rowland in one, and one was the kitchen, living room and dining room all in one. When Leda and I went to bed we spent half of the night carrying our bed clear around all of the buildings and down to the shop, Our old car was in the shop and we could see the door of our bed room from the back window of the car.

We slept very uncomfortable that night in the back seat of the car. We wanted to be sure to watch Daddy as he went to wake us up with the fire crackers. About day light he headed out there, threw in a firecracker and nothing happened. Then another one, still no response So he went in and pulled the covers back "NO one was there" I can see him yet when he came out he leaned up against the door "Really Got" We must of laughed so loud that he heard us because he came right down to the shop, we got out of bed in a hurry. It wasn't near as much fun moving the bed back as it was moving it down to the shop. WE had put our coats in the bed to look like we were in it.

We moved back to Cisco to School again that fall lived in the Green Top that winter, Daddy had been appointed Deputy Sheriff, And that paid a little money, Some of the neighbors cleaning out their corrals, Uncovered a mans foot, that had been sawed off at the ankle, They brought it to Daddy being he was a deputy Sheriff.

Daddy put the thing high up in the cupboard, out of reach of us kids and out of the way. He did a lot of things that winter, Was always getting call about some one that had broke the law, or Raiding Still (that was the bootlegging days), Mother worried about him when ever he was off on a raid. chasing cattle rustlers or horse thieves.

Christmas that year Grandpa and Grandma Cato Celebrated their 50th. wedding anniversary December 25th, 1927, Leda, Clinton, Owen and Rowland had the Scarlet Fever, Zona and I didn't happen to be home or Daddy! when they broke out with the fever, So we wasn't quarentened with the rest of them and we got to Celebrate with Grandpa and Grandma. There was Daddy, I and Zona, Uncle Ralph Winnaferd and Verling.

Uncle Charley Taylor, and his girl friend, Grace Miller, her son Bill Jones. Grandpa and Grandma. we had a nice dinner I can't remember what tho.

Zona, I, and Daddy rented a cabin in Cisco and stayed in it till the other kids got over the fever.

Between Christmas and New Year we got word that Uncle Joe Jonsen had met with an accident, a horse fell with him and he was killed. Mother was still quarantened, but she funugated herself out and we went to Uncle Joe's funeral in Moab. Leda told Daddy she wouldn't be afraid to stay there with the three little boys if he would take that foot out of the house, So He took it out and burried it.(A mvstery, Among many that was never solved.)

We moved back to Dewey when school was out that spring 1928, that year they got some kind of a promotion deal, going on the "Big Six," again. A man by the name of Mr. Boss, seemed to put up the money, They built a lot of sluice boxes, Brought in a big Drag Line, It was shipped to Cisco by rail, when it arrived, there was no one that could operate it to unload it, So they got Daddy to do it, He had never operated such a big piece of equipment befor, but it didn't take him long to learn how to handle it, He drove it to Dewey, going down that four miles of narrow dugway was quite a feat; It was so heavy that lots of places he had to crib up and build the road wider , Money was bet that he couldn't get it down there, They had to ford the river with it when they got it over the dugway and down to the river.

They scooped lots of gravel with it, took out some gold but not enough to pay, for the big equipment and the men they had hired,

Daddy was the operater of the dragline while they used it and he had to take it back out to the railroed when the Company went broke.

That fall when school started the folks sent us four kids to Moab, We stayed with Grandpa and Grandma westwood. Daddy . . . Mother Owen and Rowland stayed at Dewey all winter, 1928 and 1929, That was a rough time for us four kids, and I know it must of been hard for Grandpa and Grandma, takeing care of four extra. Daddy was still Deputy Sheriff. It was a cold winter, lots of snow, and the ice was thick on the river. I remember mother telling about the ice when it went out, Jammed in the river and swept a path as it moved along even on the edges, I got a letter from Daddy telling me that when the ice went out it took his pump, the Cat A Wampus along with it and "quote," He hadn't seen them since:

We didn't farm that summer, They worked at the Big Six. and that fall we moved to Grand Junction, on the Redlands,

Grandpa Cato was bed fast by that fall 1929, Ralph and Winnaferd lived on the Redlands, Grandpa and Grandma Cato stayed with them Winnaferd helped Grandma take care of Grandpa.

The depression was on then, and times were really hard, There was no work, no way to make any money. Daddy was back down at Cisco, a lot of the time I don't know what he did but he was still deputy sheriff and that paid a little.

I was in the 10th grade that fall and went to school in Grand Junction, Leda, Zona and Clinton went to the Redlands school. In November I and Wayne were married and I quit school and went to Cisco to live, Daddy was at Cisco when we went down there to live.

I think it was about Christmas time when the folks moved down to Fruita, on the place they traded the homesteads on Dannish Flatts for. They hadn't lived there but about two weeks when Grandpa died, January 18, 1930. When Daddy moved to Colo. he had to give up his Deputy job, and things really were rough from then on. we thought it was rough when I was at home but it got worse. I remember hearing Mother tell about Daddy killing Black birds in the grain field, for them to eat. He called them "Stubble Duck"

Clinton was real sick when they lived there on that place East of Fruita about two miles. They thought he wouldn't live, Dr. White gave them stricknine to give Clinton, so many drops and right at the exact time. Daddy sat up night and day to give it, He didn't trust any of the rest of us to give it. Daddy really didn't treat Clinton too good, but when Clinton got sick then Daddy made up for the other times.

Daddy owed Dr. white quite a bit of money I don't know just how much. But Dr. white had Daddy steal his car, A big nice Stutz car, that paid the bill off. Daddy drove it down on the river, where we lived at the time. We took it all apart, threw ever thing in the river that we couldn't use. We helped him dispose of it. I took the uppholstery and made Wayne a shirt and Von some pants out of it. they never did wear out. We used the motor to run our pump with, filed all identifying number off the motor. Daddy stayed there and helped us dismantle that beautiful nice big car. Dr White reported it missing, and it never was found. The law figured it was taken for dope that might of been in it.

I don't know exactly how much Daddy was paid for doing that job. but I know he got his Dr. bills paid and I have been wondering if that wasn't maybe how the balance of Daddys hospital bill wasn't paid, after he past away, mother had been paying on his bill by the month and the last \$5 or \$6 hundred dollars was marked paid, No one knows How come, or who paid it. Another unsolved Mystery!

Times were still rough, Daddy worked at ever thing he could find to do. On the W.P.A. at the pickle factory, They lost the place out East of Fruita, and moved here and there till they got hold of the place at Grand Junction, That was home, from then on. Daddy still dreamed of hitting it rich some day. He mined and prospected all over the country, He and Nort Smith went to Gold Beach Oregon, to prospect, Daddy figured there was gold in the water and on the beach. They didn't find much of any thing, was broke, One place coming home the old car clonked out, some little geer or something went out, Nort figured they were really stranded, but Daddy told Nort he'd seen a wrecking yard aways back so they walked back, Daddy asked the proprietor if he had that little geer? the guy was busy so he told them to look back there thurgh the boxes etc. So they looked and didn't find any thing, "so they told the proprietor," When they got out side Nort said to Daddy "Now what are we going to do?" Daddy pulled the geer out of his pocket and told Nort they was going to go put it on and go home. Nort hadn't seen Daddy when he got the geer, or any thing. Another time on the trip they run out of gas, not far from a construction camp, the guys at the camp were all playing cards in one of the camp houses, Daddy and Nort syphoned gas out of the machinsry parked there, but all they had to carry it it in was a small tomatoe can, I guess they made a lot of trips but got gas enough to go on. Thats the way they got by.

When we lived there on the river below the Pump house and Hallets ranch, we neighbored with the Hallets, They told us ^{that} when Daddy was young he had fixed their telephone, the lightning had struck it, Daddy took it all apart, and when he got it put back together he had a whole wash tub full of wires left over, Hallets were worried about all of the wire, Daddy said, "Oh you don't need that, it was too much any way," They said to us, "There it is still working after all of these years." He had also made a pully out of a cotton wood log, the Hallets were still using it and couldn't believe it could be made true round to work. and last so long. He could do any thing and make any thing he wanted. He was a genius, of a sort.

We moved to Price in June 1938, We built a sale barn, and corral, started an Auction Yard. and things got better for us, but the folks still were struggling to live.

In 1939 Daddy was prospecting again on the LaSal Mountains, they moved in a tent on Wilson Mesa, there had been an old stamp mill there before, Daddy, Clinton, Owen & Rowland put the thing together, It crushed the gravel, but had to have water to run it, The boys packed water from a spring, but that was too much work so daddy made a Pump some way and got the water to the mill, Owen say, "quote" Daddy cougth the gold in a sluice box, picked it up with Quick Silver.

215

He thought they were going to be rich when they sold that ball, and He got about \$20.00 for it. After starving, working their heads off, all summer. Clinton got to enjoy hunting a little that summer tho, he poached a lot of deer. Some neighbors by the name of Night gave them milk, and I remember taking groceries up to them a few times.

Mother told about them walking down west on the mesa, to watch the fire work display at Moab on the 4th of July. I don't know how far they walked. When it got too cold to work the stamp mill they moved back to Grand Junction.

Clinton got a job driving truck, and went to Texas, also back east. a few times, Then he started having trouble, had a lump in his groin, and got so bad he couldn't work. Clinton was a born mechanic to, he was good with machinery, a good truck driver. The Doctors said he had to have surgery and Daddy couldn't pay for the operation, So Uncle Vere Westwood paid for it. Clinton was operated on at Moab,

Dr. Allen told uncle Vere he would give him just six months to live. that the lump was cancer.

Daddy did ever thing he could for Clinton then, tried to make amends for the way he had treated him when he was little. The last few weeks of Clintons life Daddy stayed with him day and night, gave him all of his shots, (for pain) except one shot, Daddy went with some one to look at a mining project, and I gave him that one shot, Clinton worried all while Daddy was gone that I wouldn't give the shot right. I'm sure Daddy didn't mean to treat Clinton the way he did when he was young, He seemed to like him O.K. maybe he was jelous. Or just didn't realize he was neglecting him and treating him the way he did. I and Leas always thought Daddy liked Zona better than he did us, After Owen came along then Owen was his favorite. Rowland was cute and full of life that he got a lot of attention from us all.

Clinton died on the 23 rd of Sept. 1941 and was burried in Moab. There wasn't a mortition in Moab at that time Aunt Anna layed him out, I and Wayne bought the clothes and the casket. Daddy bought the cemetery plot. Clinton was just 22 years old when that dredful cancer took his life.

The folks had stayed with Grandma westwood from May till Sept. After Clinton was gone they went back to Grand Junction. I think Daddy mined at, or prospected at Marble, Central City, and Black Hawk Colo.

One year the folks came to Price, and Daddy made rock dust for the mines, Owen Stayed with Grandma Gato at Grand Junction and finished his senior year of school He graduated down there and Rowland graduated here at Price, I think they were working with the rock dust for about a year. It didn't pay either.

Daddy was expermenting with Vanadium and Uranium for a long time, They were out in the Spew Park area and lived under a rim for quite a while.

At Sqaw Park he mined mostly Vanadium. Then he got in with Mr. Nye. and they went to Yellow Cat.

His hopes of striking a rich gold vein, (the mother lode). never came about, but when he got to working in the Uranium, he did make a little money, He got to Own a couple of nice new cars, That was something, after driving old built over clunkers, most of his life.

He gave ore from the Yellow Cat mine, to The Madam Curie foundation for expermenting of radation for a cure for cancer, Madam Curie was a Polish Scientist, she discovered radium.

When Charlie Steen and his family were out in Yellow Cat area prospecting, They didn't have enough to eat, and Daddy gave them groceries, He was always helping some one that was worse off than he. But when Charlie Steen struck it rich at the MiVeda and became a millionaire, He didn't remember Daddy.

Daddy and Owen were featured in the Desert Magazine, Feb. 1950. the author, Jay Ransom, (A uranium and vanadium story), The author also tells about helping Daddy and Owen pack the stanastone Lizzard tail replacement that Daddy found back to the truck. Daddy took the lizzard tail to a rock show at Bayfield Colo. and won a Prize for showing it.

Daddy always wanted to prospect in the Henry Mountains, for Cinabar, (Mercury). A story goes that Uncle Frank Hickmans uncle lived some where on the Henry mts. He had a spot where the Mercury run out of the rocks, He would keep a fruit jar under the drip, when ever he went to the City he'd take his bottle of Mercury (quick silver) and sell it. It sells high, so he lived well on his little jar of Mercury.

The only time Daddy got to go down there he and mother went with I and Wayne and our rock club. Tho we went ahead of the club, (it never got down there.) We just got camped when it started to rain and It never stoped for three days, Daddy and Wayne decided we'd better try and get back out of there, that old scobe mud, along with the bentonite made pretty rough going. we pick-ed up the camp and started, why we didn't wait till the rain stoped I'll never know. we was stuck all the way and Daddy's old truck, konked out, we had to leave it, put their camp in our truck, I and our little girls rode in the back, so Daddy and mother could ride in side, we couldn't pull daddy's truck the mud was so deep and we didn't have a 4 wheel drive then. It didn't stop raining; till we got about half way to Hanksville, Then we stoped, built a fire and dried us out, we were wet and cold.

Daddy didn't get to prospect for the cinabar, and we didn't get to hunt rocks either, Daddy had Red hunt pull his truck to Hanksville he fixed it up, and daddy went and got it a week or so after.

While we were down in the Henry Mountain country, Daddy told us about driving a bunch of cattle to the Star Springs ranch, when he was quite young, He didn't tell us the details, so I don't know, where they drove them from , but I think they were stolen cattle. He told us about seeing gourds still growing at that time in the cliff dwellings, in the Needles country, which makes me wonder if they didn't ford the river at the Spanish Bottoms on the old Spanish trail. That would be the likely place to see the gourds.

Daddy had nick names for Mother, and some of us kids, He called her "Rain in the Face" and because she made so much Sour Dough bread, he called her, "Sour Dough Ell." Rowland when he was first learning to talk couldn't say "Apricot" He called them "E-cots", and Owen learned to talk with Rowland, He said, "Gurby" for Gravey, Daddy got to calling Rowland "E-cot," Mother and us kids started calling Owen, "Gurby;" when that started, Daddy dropped the nick names, he Didn't like the name we had for Owen,

Daddy was generous and helped any one that needed help, He never went by very many hitch hikers on the road with out stoping to pick them up, He picked up some shady ones some times, and some he was afraid of.

While we mined at Yellow Cat with Daddy and Owen, We got to know them better, and learned to appreciate them and the knowledge they had. Wayne said Owen could look at a load of ore and tell just what precent it would run. He very seldom would miss. We can still appreciate the knowledge that Daddy had, His ability to make some thing work from nothing but a safety pin and a tin can. I wish more of his knowledge could of rubbed off on me. A lot of it did on my family, So I have no regrets.

When he helped Rowland and Polly move to Grants New Mex. he stoped to see Winnaferd and Lois. Winnaferd had been very ill for some time and they said she couldn't live. Daddy wrote me a card and told me, That she was realy bad and that she would be gone any minute.

In three weeks he was gone and she recovered to live several years after that.

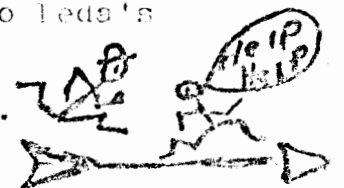
We think he had a stroke, Owen was on a mission at the time,

At first he could talk a little when Owen came he mumbled a few word, that were hard to understand, but we knew he was wanting to know if Owen had flew home. I guess we didn't realize that he could under stand us, but couldn't answer. We stayed with Jim night and day, when he didn't improve we moved him to Led's thats where he passed away on August 9th 1958.

He had many friends, Ever one liked Charlie Cato.

I treasure my memories of him.

by Edith Cato Johnston



CHARLES URIAS CATO

Charles Urias Cato, 75, died Saturday afternoon at the home of a daughter, Mrs. Ivan Likes of Fruita. He had been ill three weeks.

Born Aug. 4, 1883 in Longmont, Colo. he spent his childhood in LaPlata, N.M., and Silverton, Colo. He was engaged in mining most of his life, and lived at Moab and Cisco many years. On Jan. 18, 1911, he married Mary Ellen Westwood in Moab.

Surviving besides his wife are two sons, Owen of Grand Junction and Roland of Grants, N.M.; three daughters, Mrs. Wayne (Edith) Johnston of Price, Utah, Mrs. Likes (Leda), and Mrs. Everett (Zona) Nowels of Ogden, Utah; two brothers, Louis of Farmington, N.M., and Ralph of Grand Junction; two uncles, Billie Taylor of Fowler and Charles Taylor of Fruita; 15 grandchildren and 11 great-grandchildren. He was preceded in death by two sons, Charles and Elvin.

Services were held at 10:30 a.m. Tuesday at the LDS Chapel in Grand Junction. Henry Palmer officiated. Burial was in Moab. Graveside services were at 5:30 p.m. with Vere Westwood officiating.

Pallbearers were LeRoy Smith, Harold Hughes, Jack Kester, Orris Behrmann, Von Johnston and Vion Johnston.

Aug. 9 - 1958

*Funeral Aug 12 - 1958
Moab*

obituaries



Mary Ellen Cato

Mrs. Mary Ellen Westwood Cato, 90, the widow of Charles V. Cato, died Thursday at Garden Village Nursing Home.

Mrs. Cato had lived in Utah and Colorado except for a brief stay in California. She was active in the LDS Church, as a teacher of Sunday School, in the Relief Society, and in genealogical work. Her hobby was handwork, tatting, crocheting and quilting.

Mrs. Cato was born Oct. 10, 1888, at Mt. Pleasant, Utah. The Catos were married Jan. 18, 1911, in Moab. Mr. Cato died Aug. 9, 1958, in Fruita.

Surviving are four children, Mrs. Wayne (Edith) Johnston, of Price, Utah, Mrs. Zona Wood of Scottsdale, Ariz., Owen D. Cato of Grand Junction, Rowland L. Cato of Grants, N. M.; three sisters, Mrs. Grace Morse of Salt Lake City, Mrs. Ruth Johnson of Moab, Mrs. Ida Double of Apache Junction, Ariz.; 15 grandchildren, 48 great-grandchildren, and 12 great-great-grandchildren.

Services will be held in Moab Saturday. Martin's Mortuary.