

REMEMBERING "POVERTY FLATS"

ORAL HISTORIES OF AREA RESIDENTS

In 2014 the Cottonwood Heights Historic Committee undertook a community project to erect road signs highlighting historic "sub-communities" that had existed since the earliest days of pioneering settlement of the area.

Many of the signs were closely tied to families or individuals who had established early settlements or farming locations. "Butler", "Union", and "Colebrook's Hill" were among these.

One sign produced community concern. This sign was placed to correspond with an identified community initially settled in 1869 in an area roughly bordered on the North by the current 6800 South and stretching South to approximately 7500 South. To the West the area started at 1300 East and culminated slightly East of 2000 East (or Highland Drive).

The people of nearby "Union" sometimes called the area "The Hill" for the large rock and gravel mesa created by the ancient alluvial plain of Lake Bonneville. Brighton High School now sits on a portion of this mesa.

But the people who lived in the immediate area knew it by another name for more than fifty years. Challenged by scarce water and rocky soil, the land was extremely difficult for farming. Land was much less expensive than areas with direct access to dependable water from Big and Little Cottonwood Creeks.

The land became commonly known (and self-identified) as "Poverty Flats", and a handful of hardy families moved on to the landscape and worked tirelessly to bring the land to life with water diversions for irrigation. In the 21st century the land is now home to thriving shopping centers, offices, parks, and neighborhoods of family homes.

The Cottonwood Heights Historic Committee is fortunate to have personal recollections of a number of residents of this unique and special bygone landscape. The interviews generally speak of life in the early Twentieth Century, and describe hardship, success, and the people who built a community. These are offered as written transcripts of their interviews.

[NOTE: While the majority of the interviews are offered in First Person context, the reader will note, on occasion, the interviewer converts the transcript into attributed statements rather than direct recollections. These variances were well intended, and are not meant to divert attribution.]

MEMORIES OF "POVERTY FLAT" AROUND 1924
(now known as Cottonwood Heights, Utah)

By Helen Thorpe Staker
July, 1992

My husband, Wayne Staker, moved here when he was seven years old in 1924 which is about 67 years ago. At that time, land was very cheap compared to today's prices. His father purchased ten acres of land with a home and ten shares of water stock for irrigation and the price was only \$3,000.00.

There was no culinary water. All water came from a cistern with a water pump. Salt Lake City put the culinary water in about ten years later, around 1934, which covered the area from 13th East to 20th East, South of 70th South to the sand hill.

There were about 19 homes in this area, then called "Poverty Flats". There were few homes because the land was covered with wheat fields and orchards, sandy soil and rocks and it was difficult to build homes. The area north of us, which is now Greenfield Village, was nothing but pastureland. Teams of horses had to be brought in to clear the land. But once cleared, fruit orchards and gardens became prevalent. The peaches were especially juicy and delicious. Most of the homes were heated with coal stoves and later oil stoves. All homes had outdoor toilets. Mail was not delivered to each home but all mail boxes were lined up in front of our house, at *then - 1702 E 6800 So.* Because people had to pick up their mail near our house, we were able to socialize and

keep up with news of our neighbors.

When we needed to go grocery shopping, Murray or downtown Midvale were the closest places. There were two stores, "Burgeons", a small store where McDonald's is now on 9th East and 70th South and "Greers", a small store back and East of where Harmon's is now. The store clerks sat behind the counters and got you what you ordered. Self-help was not even thought of then.

There were no telephones yet, the only ones available were the crank type on the wall and you had to call the operator. We had small radios that we spent many hours listening to shows like Amos and Andy, Wrestling and Kazno the Magician.

Wayne and I used to hunt rabbits in the area where the Butler 20th Ward is and on up past Antzak Park. For other entertainment, there was an Amusement Hall in Union where Ward dances were held. It was also used as a roller skating rink and for Ward movies.

Schools in this area were Butler, at the top of the hill, Union Jr. High and Jordan High School. Transportation to school was by horse and wagon or by horse and bob-sleigh in the winter months. The first school bus was purchased around 1928, which was a Chevrolet and held 25 students.

For church meetings, there was Butler Ward and Granite Ward, which was in the mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon. About 30 people would be a good attendance at meetings. At one time, Butler and Granite Wards considered combining

for lack of members. We belonged to East Jordan Stake which included.. Butler, Union, Midvale, Sandy, Crescent, Bluffdale, Draper, West Jordan and South Jordan. We have belonged to at least twelve different Wards and 3 or 4 Stakes without moving from our home at the corner of 17th East and 70th South (Ft. Union Blvd.) where we have lived for 53 1/2 years. We built our home out in the country, but before we knew it, the center of town moved out here.

Some of the families in our Ward were the Petersons, Johnsons, Whitings, Prices, McCarthys, Stelters, and Stakers. We have met a lot of people who moved in and out of our area, and all were quite friendly.

Wayne and I have raised three sons, *Gary Paul Scott*, and one daughter, *Susan*. We have thirteen grandchildren with three of them married. We are proud of our one great grandchild, *Marshall* and look forward to another in January '93. We have been happy all these years in this area of Utah and hope to have many more good years here.

Ruby Price Information on Poverty Flats (The Hill) recorded 6/29/2015

The Whiting house was on the northwest corner of 7200 South and 1700 East. A family named Sorenson was kitty corner. 1700 East ended at 7200 South. The duplex that is there today was originally Whiting's house it has been turned into a duplex. The house that is down a small lane on the south side of the Mountain Shadows Christian Church was once a chicken coop. The other Whiting, Jack and Alminea, lived in the lower section. His son Gene Whiting now lives across the street from the old Cottonwood Heights Elementary. He was a Seminary teacher at Brighton. From Alminea's first marriage came the Larsons, Leo her son, owned the property on the west side of the Price property, across the 7200 South from his mother and stepfather. Before Ruby was born, some property was sold to a lady named McKay. One of her daughters was Barbara. Mrs. MaKay remarried and became a Chamberlin. Alminea and Jack owned all the property below the west side of the Price property on both the south and north side of 7200 South except for that piece sold to McKay.

The McCormick property on 1300 East extended up onto the hill. Thus the names of some of the streets in the subdivision built on their property.

When Ruby grew up people had stopped calling this sand hill, Poverty Flats. The people in the Union area knew where she lived when she said, "The Hill." There was Butler Hill and then there was just the "Hill." Of course, this would be the "Hill" to those living in the lower Union area.

Ruby's father bought the piece connecting to 1700 East. Ruby is not sure who he bought it from. The original Price property extended from 7200 South to 7000 South (Fort Union.) He accessed his property from 70th South by a small road that went to the west of the Staker homes back to the Price home. Her father made a little road through the new portion to Grandpa's.

Grandpa Price sold his property to a developer who was to put in homes, he also bought property on the south side of 7200 South that belonged to Alminea Whiting. He got into money trouble and sold to Leggett Sand and Gravel who turned it into a gravel pit. This is the property that is now Santa Fe and all the other things on Ft. Union Boulevard.

To the east of the Price property was a small section owned by the Munteer family. It was a very small house. Across the street were the Tebbs and up a little lane to the top of the ridge was a family named Cartello. His daughters were older than Ruby but were very nice. East of that lane was the Smith's. Annette Smith lives there now with her daughter (Hudson) in the original home.

Ruby remembers that because of her father working for the railroad he was out of town a lot and when there would be a water turn while he was away the children had to go up the ditch which came down from the ridge and clear the ditch and change the head gates. One of the neighbors always gave Buddy and Ruby trouble when they would try to change the head gates.

Brownings never lived there while Ruby was growing up. A little old man would come and visit the Smith's so I am wondering if that wasn't him. Not sure who the Perodi was but there was a little lane above the Whitings where a family named Morrow lived.

The Pedersen's had a son nicknamed Bunny.

Ruby remembers Grace Wilcox. She was a very beautiful lady. They probably lived in the old Pedersen home which is no longer there. It is the new parking lot for Ridgecrest Elementary School. When asked who she was related to because my aunt knew her from growing up in the area, she said she thought she was a Berrett.

Next to them was the Brothers and their property extended to Highland Drive. They are the ones with the big old windmill, next to the tennis courts. The property on which Antczak sits was once the Brothers.

Ruby said the Smith's moved when she started kindergarten and next to them was a lane where the Leek's lived. They also moved from the area. Glenna Leek married Melt Stelter. Her family moved in town and she would ride the bus on State Street to attend and graduate from Jordan High.

Ruby did not know the Fetchners.

Linda Olsen's family rented from the Millards. The family moved to 9th East but still stayed in the Union area and rented until they could afford to buy a new home on the lower part of 7200 South by the red chapel.

This brings us to Brookhill Drive on the north side of 7200 South.

Ruby is also familiar with the families along 1300 East. She said that all the houses on the west side of 1300 East between where the new portion of Ft. Union intersects were all Bradys, either by last name or married into the family. This went right south as far as the gas station on the corner at the Fort. It was called Bradyville. The first house on the west side was Slat's Brandy, Gayrold Brady, Raynold Brady, their sister Alice Gould, her sister, Henry Brady's father (his mother taught school at Butler.) Down 6600 South there was a Brady and in Fort in the old, old house was a Brady. Henry's house was directly across the street from Milne Lane. The property on the west of the Bradys was the Walkers.

On the east side of 13th were the Malstroms, and then the McCormicks. Their property extended up on the hill and was next to Milne Lane. The southeast corner of Ft. Union and 1300 East was a swamp.

On the northeast corner lived the Godreys. There were three houses, the father and his two daughters, one was a Freeman. To the east were the Berretts. In between was a Curtis home, just recently torn down. This is where Gary and Dennis lived. Along 13th on the east side next to the Godfreys was another Curtis home, this one was home of Nanette Curtis. On the west side of this portion of 1300 East were two Walker homes and then a lane where Porters lived. Maude was the mother and one of the daughters, Paulene Porter, married a Milne and lives up on the hill. She is the last of the Porters. This is the lane where the Walshs now live. Grandpa Curtis also lived down this lane.

Past Milne Lane on the east side of 13th were the Grahams and the Dows. Pete and Twila Dow bought the property from her grandfather, David Smart. John Zebediah Smart was the original owner. He was a son of the Smart who settled on 10th East and had the dairy. His name was Thomas Henry Smart and his wife's name was Sarah Ann Morgan. He was the brother to Sussannah Bayless Smart Margetts. Sussannah had come to Utah earlier than her brother and her husband had been called on a mission. She lived up by the mouth of Big Cottonwood. When her brother arrived she moved down to the fort in Union.

Once, Ruby found this out she said it answered a question she had after reading a story written in the newspaper about her grandpa Atkinson.

Back in the 1800's her grandpa Atkinson was having a friendly poker game with his friends, this would be about in the area of the Walmart on 13th East. He was 60 at the time and had some of his older friends over. A young man whose last name was Smart, who was 200 pounds, big, only 22, and very drunk came in and wanted to play. He was upset when they told him to leave so he jumped in one of the horse and buggies and took off to his house. Now grandpa Atkinson was very small and had bones like a bird and also lots of gray hair, he went over to the Smart's. The boy had a friend there with him and they planned to beat up the old man. Little did they know that grandpa Atkinson had been a white slave in China for three years and while there he had picked up some martial arts skills and he beat the daylights out of the Smart boy. The smart boy took my grandpa to court for assault and battery. When the judge saw the big strong boy and the little old gray haired man, he asked who had beat up who. After hearing the story he fined my grandpa \$3.00 and told the Smart boy, "Let this be a lesson to you, do not bother old men when they are playing cards." She wasn't aware that a smart had lived on that corner and knew it was too far for her grandpa to go over to the dairy Smart's owned on 10th East.

Up Creek Road were the Mounteer's. They lived on the south side of the road across from the Forbush property. The mother's name was Emma, and is the great aunt of Ruby Price. Ruby has her story and will share it with our committee. Their son, Archie raised his family in the smallest house you ever saw on 1700 East. It had no inside plumbing. It was more of a shack and there they raised 6 children. While Shirley Mounteer was on her mission, her mother developed cancer and when she came home from her mission and saw the conditions her mother was living in she was so upset that she demanded that the house go! The ward helped move a small house on the property. To the mother, Ellen, it was a mansion. It had indoor plumbing and an indoor bathroom, and even an indoor kitchen. Shirley paid for the home. It has recently been torn down.

Ruby's great grandfather was the owner of the original property where Wheeler farm is. He sold to someone who then sold it to the Wheelers. My grandmother was living and was a neighbor of the Wheelers she worked for them cleaning house. Ruby has the history of the farm and will also share that with our committee.

The original corner gas station belonged to her uncle Frank Atkinson and he operated it. Next to him was the Atkinson home. This was the station Mike Milne later ran. This grandfather was also an outbacker. He would take a team of oxen and supplies to Wyoming and bring the wagon trains to the valley. This is where he met his future wife. He would also load up fresh produce and go up to the mines in Little Cottonwood and sell the produce for lots of money to the miners.

Also along Creek Road were the Greers and Denneys. Mr. Denney married into the Brady family. When his first wife died he married Ruby's grandmother and moved over to the Price property to live.

Interview With Lael Cowley Lundeen July 6, 2015

Lael had two large photos, one of her grandmother's family, the Butlers and a photo of the Tuckers, her grandfather's family. The names are on the bottom of the photos. Alva Butler's son, Alva is in the Butler photo.

My grandmother was Mary Elizabeth, evidently her mother was also a Mary Elizabeth. Three of the Butler girls married a Despain. My father's mother was a Despain. My mother and father were related through marriage somehow. Edward C. Tucker and my grandmother are in a smaller photo, we noticed he had a bandage on his head but I didn't know the story behind it. I think the photo of my parents was taken around 1955. I was born in 1930 and born in Park City. We moved down here when my grandmother died. My mother took care of her father until he died. I was 8 years old when we moved here. Deer Valley is located where the red light district was in Park City. My mother and father lived in a tent for a while.

When my parents first married my father was working in a mine in Alta. I think some of the Despain's owned a mine up there. They also owned the Jitney. It was a little train that ran up the canyon between Granite and Alta. It would take the ore down. I am not sure why my father went to Park City, maybe the mine in Alta was closed.

When we moved here the orchard had already been planted. My grandmother's sister had married a Maxfield and they had the property next door. Shortly after we moved down they moved up on the hill. The property was sold. I think the house the Wilsons moved into was the Maxfield house. My grandfather had helped build that house. This was not long after my grandmother died. The Maxfield's moved to the hill that goes down by the old mill. They lived in a house that sat back in. We used to play down on the hill and we played over there all the time. I was good friends with Jenny Rae Green and Beverly Hansen. Beverly and I still go to lunch together. When we moved down here, Bonnie Maxfield was just a little older than me and was a grade ahead of me. We rode the bus together down to Union. From the third grade on that is where I went to school. We went to Butler for church. I knew Beverly and when she came down for junior high we became good friends.

The Colebrook's owned all the land east of the Maxfield/Wilson property, all the way up to Highland Drive. The Colebrook house was on the corner. I thought one of the Hennenkamp daughter's was married to a Colebrook. I made more friends in Union than I did in Butler because of school. The Blair's are our cousins. Ivy Dean Blair was my father's sister. I went around with Glenden when I went to church and then I had my friends down here.

Our property went all the way back to 7200 South and there were no houses going east from Brookhill, which wasn't there at the time. The Boyce's lived across the street on Highland Drive. Their property went up to about 7200 South. They had a lot of property. Charlie Boyce built a house there, and Marilyn Boyce built a house there. I think Mrs. Moser was a Boyce. LaFern Moser married a Green. Beverly Green married Wally Gotberg, who was my bother Kent's best friend. My dad sold two pieces of

property on this side. Wally wanted some so he sold some to him. Then he sold some more to another person. When my husband, Russ, got out of the service, we bought the property from that person. The McCarthy's property started at our back fence line. We built our house in 1952. When we moved here my husband dug by hand a trench from 7200 south down to our new home for a water line. We lived in a basement for four years and when it was wet, this lane was so muddy. Russ had some friends that worked for the county and they plowed a road up to our house and went all the way to 7200 South. That's how the road (Brookhill) was made. Our house was the only one on this street except for Wallace's at the end. I do not know who lived in the white house on the west side of Brookhill. Johnsons lived there for a while, but were not the ones who lived originally. They had an acre. They built Lynne Ford's house and sold the white house and lived there for a while.

The original Wilcox home was just in front of the school on the west side. The son built the smaller white house then they put the double wide mobile home in for her mother.

Just east of the Wilcox property lived the Brothers. For years after electricity was here the Brothers did not have it. Their house was by the windmill, not closer to Highland. Even years after we moved to this house they had no electricity.

Wallace's bought a lot just west of the church and Millard's bought some property from Wilson's. They built the little white house on the east of the church. Then they wanted some more property and my dad sold them the piece between their house and the Wallace's. The Millards sold that piece of property to the church.

We built the house next door for my mother. She moved in 1985 just before Christmas. Garth had moved to West Jordan. My mother didn't want to leave the area so we built her the house on the south of us. She lived in Gotberg's apartments until her house was completed.

Across the street (70th South) there were no houses. Kays lived on the corner, then there was a house off of 70th that sat back in but I don't know who lived there and I think it was unoccupied most of the time. The lane was about where the road today goes into Greenfield. The area across the street was a beautiful field. We had a big pond here on our property. There were frogs, toads, and crickets were so loud at night you could hardly get to sleep. I wish I had taken pictures of the area.

Glenden was going with a fellow. Dolly Wilkinson was related to a boy who lived on 13th East and she wanted Glenden to go with her cousin, and he wanted a friend to go with his friend. That was in 9th grade and we went together then stopped seeing each other in high school. After high school, somehow I got back with him my last year of high school. Russel Lundeen was his name. Russ was born in California, his father worked for the aerospace industry. His father's parents lived on 13th East, right where Woody's is today. When the grandfather died they moved back to take care of grandmother until she remarried.

We used to walk down over the hill to Milne's Lane and walk down to Union for the movies in the old amusement hall, every Friday night.

When we moved here we planted Poplar trees all around our property for a wind break from that hot wind that came over the sand hill on the south. We were sorry after they grew and cut them down.

When I grew up I knew that from 1700 East down was Poverty Flats, but I never thought that was our property was on the flats. Our property was lower and we had water.

Boyce's lived above Highland Drive, then, Antczak's they had a basement house there until they moved up on the hill on 23rd. Next was LaRue Boyce, then the Jones. Those were the only homes between Highland Drive and 23rd East. There were no houses from 23rd to 27th except for the principle's house at the school. (This would be the south side of 70th South.)

I remember the night my brother died. It was so foggy that you couldn't see your hand in front of your face. It was Christmas Eve and my brother and his friend were driving home up 64th just east of State Street. Where the Fashion Place Mall is now there was a station that had a huge pit by the side of the road. I guess that the lights from the oncoming car made my brother, Kent, swerved to avoid a collision and his car went right in the pit. His neck was broken and he died immediately. My family never got over that.

My mother was a very nice person, but had a hard life. My grandfather was a brick mason and one time he was working across the valley for the Bingham Mine, building some sheds. They needed a cook so he took my mother out there to cook. After my father and mother got married he was working in Alta and the guys up there didn't like their cook, so dad got mother a job up there cooking for the miners. My father only went to 8th grade, by the time he was 19 his father was gone. My mother did go back and finish school.

Interview with Melt Stelter June 26, 2015

The water for Poverty Flats came from Big Cottonwood down and cuts kitty corner across Butler Hill over the hill to ditch A about where Bengal goes over Highland Drive at Parkridge Drive and then down into the flat. Ditch B ran down the north side of 7200 South, a more direct route to our house but we were on ditch A and could not use water from it. Needless to say we lost so much water having to use ditch A. The round dots are wells that were dug for water. Old house built by pioneers that came up this road claiming the land going up to Big Cottonwood. I lived my whole life growing up in the first house it was Freeman's house. The well was dug for that house. It was about three feet across. It had a right for a 33 feet well, it only went down about 22 feet. It was our only culinary water the entire time I was growing up. The next wells to be dug were dug by Mr. McCarthy, he was told Stelter's had the top well on the hill if any of the new wells stopped the water in Stelter's small well they could shut down the new wells. With more people moving in it required a new ditch, that was called ditch B. The early pioneers didn't want to live up here either. They used the well and built a two room house. Each room had a stove. The Freeman's were the owners of the property before we moved in so I am sure the Freeman's built the house. It was the only one. When Grandpa and grandma moved here in 1910 they lived in it and built on lean-tos. I am not certain who came in next I think it was the Price.

No one wanted to live up here except those couple of families, hence the name, "Poverty Flats." No one wanted to live here. There was a little 2x4 shed used for the storage of veggies it where the new parking lot at Ridgecrest School on the east end. One of the Berrett's had converted my wife's parents out of North Carolina, and they wanted to live close to the Elder who converted them. They couldn't find anywhere to live so three of them lived in that one room structure for two or three years. Then they left and lived 6 years in Austria before moving back. The Berrett's had everything down where they lived. They had homes, they had water, they had everything cooking! It was a different world down below where the water was available. When my wife's parents left it became just a storage shed once more. That was probably the second home up here. I am not sure when the Colebrook's home on Highland Drive was built. Also there was the Tucker house on 70th. It was a different story from Tuckers on up to Highland. Down by McCarthy's gate across the street it was like a free flowing well coming out of the ground. Mint grew all over. Right after McCarthy's property there was a high water table. The high part was poverty flats. To my knowledge my family were the first to actually live on the flats. They made fun of us living on Poverty Flats. I told people all my life that I was from poverty Flats. Now the people who are offended can join me. I've lived here all my life and thought it was okay.

At the edge of the hill to the west when I was 10 or so there was a dead orchard. The trees looked like it was a nice orchard. I don't know how they watered it. I used to play over there like I was out in the wilds, which I was. The rest of the hill was just coyotes, rattle snakes and sand. The sand dune that was made by Lake Bonneville came down just right here and those living to the east of it had no problem.

The first well Grandpa McCarthy dug was right near 70th south. He dug another one for his son Merle. In the 1930's they built a new home. That one is many feet different than the first one. That is the

difference between the two areas. The historic signs placed where you had them was exactly Poverty Flats. The little cut down around the north of 7200 South and east of about McCarthy's property 1800 East was lower and even though they thought they were on Poverty flats I didn't. the homes at the top of the ridge was Poverty Flats. When water comes in the soil yields a wonderful bounty. I can see that new comers would look at the signs and say that they don't want to be living in an area that once was known as Poverty Flats. I hear on Fox 13 the weather man giving out some beautiful descriptions of Cottonwood Heights, I can see those who moved in not wanting to face historical facts and realize that the city did not always look like it does today. I told my wife that when they talk about how beautiful Cottonwood Heights is that we have never lived anywhere that great.

Originally we had the property between 70th and 7200 South. Grandpa McCarthy built another house and his son moved into the old one. Every day he would walk back and forth along a trail from one property to the other. I can understand why the Tucker/Cowley names are on the same property, but why are the Maxfield/Wilson names on the same property? I don't know they are not related like the Tucker/Cowley's. Not sure if a Maxfield married a Wilson. The thing that divided us was the church. Tucker and Cowley was the division between the Butler and Union wards. Our tire tracks went west, never ease. The border might as well be" the Wall of China." We were not socially interactive. I don't really know much about east of here.

Grace Wilcox lived right in front of the east part of the elementary school. She was a Berrett. I think that house was built by a family named Johnson. There are lots of fun stories about the Johnsons. The girls were kind of cowboys. There was a dispute in Cowley's orchard. My brother had taken an apple away from one of the Johnson girls and was teasing her with it. She had a knife and she planted it right through his arm. We have lots of those stories.

The Brothers were much a part of Poverty Flats. They had a group of boys. They were a group of violent people, they would shoot at you if they didn't like you. We were friendly with them. The mother would come down and visit with my mother. She seemed nice. Except for those few houses there was just burning sand. The ditches and Grandpa McCarthy's wells brought the water to the area. Grandpa McCarthy dug all the wells by himself. He was a tuff old Irish-Catholic man.

When we purchased our property we got the abstract and I loved to read through it. It was many inches thick. The main group of the original people were primary blacks. They didn't seem to live here, just stored their produce. I don't know how they got water up here. They seemed to be more interested in mining. Their headquarters was down on the corner of 13th and 70th South. I don't know what happened to the abstract. I knew what was in the abstract and wish I could find it. The Historic committee could surely make good use of it. I am sure the blacks had the orchard that I mentioned.

There was a driveway just below Stakers and it went down below and around their homes to the Price house. My mother raised turkeys and earned enough money to pay for Murray Power and Light to bring the electrical lines up here to our house.

The church property line also split where the children went to school until junior high. It divided everything. All the people east of McCarthy's only wanted to talk about Butler, never Union when I was

collecting information for my book. They had their backs turned to us on this side .That (Butler) is where they looked, they never looked our way. Even our own Union people didn't want to live up here until my parents wanted to live up here.

McCormick's did have property on 1300 East and had property that came up over the hill. They bought 16 acres. The bottom of the hill where the fort was located it was the rich place of the early valley. There are a lot of rich stories, none of those settlers would ever move up here on this hill. Their house was on 13th East.

The second group to enter the valley, the Mississippi saints, settled in the Holladay/Cottonwood and those were the ones who came out of the Union. They had everything so why would they ever want to come up higher on Poverty Flats that was so barren.

When I reached 80 people began to reach around me and ask my wife how I was doing. I would say ask me I am right here. I am now 82 years old. Teaching so many students over the years burned my memory.

You are welcome to use any information either from this or my book.

Fred Buxton, Poverty Flats, June 28, 2015

Lewis Colebrook came down from the hill and bought a tract of land from the Bakers. It took in all of the land between 70th South (now Ft. Union) and 7200 South. The Bakers had a large tract of land that extended down to the Wilsons on the southwest corner. Originally this had belonged to Lewis' father, Charles. The old Charles Colebrook home was on the corner, along with Lewis' new house next to his, and the two homes along Highland Drive belonged to Vivian Buxton and her sister, Tilly Wiseman. Lewis Colebrook and Clyde Buxton built the two homes. They were barracks from Kearns. Clyde Buxton dug out a basement in his home by hand. There were no supports the walls were lined with blue bricks from the refinery in Midvale. Fred always wondered if he was going to die of some terrible disease caused by the blue bricks.

Bakers lived on the corner. The Colebrook property started about where McDonald's is today. Charles had 20 acres on the corner. Once Lewis sold his property on 23rd East he bought the land and began giving it to the kids. Lewis and Lucy had the first lot, then Vivian, then Tilly. The next lot went to an aunt and she sold it right away. The next lot was a family named Harris, Adrian Gates, Joy Cullis (her parents lived down 7200 South). Brown's is where the new café is, another two houses and then the Hennekamp home on the corner. The Hennenkamp house burned down, he rebuilt and much later, it also burned. Going down 7200 South the Hennenkamp place was gone is now a DDS office then a vacant lot, then Cullis, then Gates new house, Millard's new house and then the old Millard house (where Olsen's rented.) There was a well on the Colebrook's property. (NOTE: Mrs. Cullis was a daughter of one of the Peppers from Pepper's Hill.)

Fred worked at Canyon Inn for 22 years. He managed the place. The one man he had worked for most of those years committed suicide. He had sold the restaurant and bar to another person. His girlfriend dumped him and he sold it just to show her and then he regretted it. He was going to move to Texas and he was all loaded to go. He had a huge garage sale and he sold everything, only keeping a very small amount. When they went over the next morning to his four story condo, the garage door was open and they found him on the fourth level, in bed dead. The bullet went through the wall, through the neighbor's wall and their ceiling and they didn't hear a thing.

Gates held chicken fights and some nights there would be 15 cars parked along Highland Drive. VanValkenburgs also held chicken fights down in the creek. Dean Van lives in Tremonton and had owned a small hamburger place across from Bear River High. He is not doing well.

Clyde and Vivian had four children:

Clyde Lavern Buxton, born Holiday, UT 4/14/1930

Verl William Buxton, born Garland, UT 2/7/36

Fred Lewis Buxton, born Murray, UT 3/29/41

Shirley Gay Buxton Taylor, born Murray, UT 6/24/44

Clyde and Vivian were married on July 3, 1929, living in Holladay and then moving to Garland, UT, that is where the Buxton's originated, however, he began to "honkey tonk" so Lewis Colebrook drove up and gathered up the two boys and Vivian and brought them back to Butler. Clyde could not be happy without his wife and he moved here and finally she got back with him and they had two more children and lived a very happy life. Fred is the last living Buxton from that family. His brother Vern has been

dead 14 years, his sister Shirley, 16 years and his brother Verl (Bucky) just recently passed away. Buck was not only his brother, but also his best friend and Fred misses him very much.

NOTE: My questions are: Did Charles sell some of his property to Bakers? Did Lewis buy some back when he moved down to Highland Drive.

Information from Adrian Gates June 30, 2015

Adrian moved out to Highland Drive in 1948. She and her husband had just married. We bought the property from a Mr. Hennenkamp. My husband built a two car garage house. We bought the property before we were married so when we did we had a house. Mr. Hennenkamp had a very little house on the corner of 7200 South and Highland Dr. He had five acres and Gates bought an acre. On the corner of 70th South and Highland (Southwest side) there was a farm. The next house was Colebrooks, then Vivian, Tilly, Harris, Gates, Joy Cullis Walker, Browns, two more houses then Hennekamps on the corner. Howard and Amos Moser built the houses next to Brown's. The Hennekamps were Butler people, their family was from up on the hill. When Cullis' moved out on 7200 South they mostly camped out, using a part of the structure for their kitchen and that is mostly where they lived because they were finishing their house. They moved in about the same time we did. At the time Joy, their daughter was in high school, we used to pick her up and take her school (Granite High) because I worked at the VA on Redwood. Pat Cullis Walker was a sister to Michael and Butch.

The line between Union and Butler schools was the east side of McCarthy's property. The school line followed that of the LDS Wards.

When we moved out here we went to Stake meeting in Midvale.

Going west of Highland Drive on 70th South, there was Tom Wilson's. Shirley Blair was a Wilson. Bill and Betty Wilson lived in a little house that today is a pet clinic. It is the only home of that group that is still there and sits on the southwest corner of Ft. Union and DeVille. The Shirley Wilson and Harold Blair's house was next, followed by the Cowley homes, Garth, Lael, and their mother and father, Vera Tucker and Ted Cowley. Garth built a new home in front of the old family one for his mother and he and Leona lived in the old home. Later when the property was sold, a new house was built for Vera on Brookhill Drive. Lael and her husband, Dean Lundeen, built a home next to hers.

Wally and Beverly Green Gotberg bought property west of the Cowley's and built a home. Wally was from Union and Lael originally was from Butler, a Green and a Wootton. She had later moved to 10th East in Union.

Grace Wilcox lived in a little house that was torn down about a year ago and it is now the parking lot of Ridgecrest Elementary. Next to them were the Brothers. They had a big windmill. They had all the property from about 1875 East to Highland Drive and on the south side of 7200 to the ridgeline. I don't really remember anyone living in that house then Barrows came and moved into the house. Barabra and Cliff Barrows were their names and their daughter was Ranae.

I don't recall the Johnsons, Pedersens, or Perodi. There was a house right next to the school and to the front of the west end of the school. I don't know who built it but a lady named Darlene Furhiman lived there.

Our house was not fancy, it was a double garage. We had a bedroom, bath living room and kitchen. We added to it through the years, it went out, it went up, it went everywhere. We had 6 children. Part of our property and part of Joy Walker's is where the medical center and pharmacy is now. Brown's house is the Cottonwood Heights Café, and the house next to that is also still there. All of the houses have either been turned into businesses or have been torn down and replaced with businesses. There are all commercial.

Going west on 7200 from Highland Drive there was of course the Hennenkamp's house on the corner, a family named Juhlin, and the Cullis house and Millard's on the corner of DeVille, just east of the church.

The Millard's lived in town, he was a bishop. She would come out and live in the summer. They had a huge garden. Later they built a larger new house between Adrian's new house and the old Millard home. Her son was an architect and he designed the new home. There were still two children living at home. Laura's parents lived in Greenfield.

Adrian grew up just west of South High School. Her brother would wait until the bell rang and then he would leave the house to go to school. We were three houses east of Main. My junior year had taken type and shorthand. My dad worked for the Post Office Service and they announced that 16 year olds could take the civil service test and about three weeks before school was out I got a call to work at Ft. Douglas. During my senior year I went to night school at West High and worked at the post office during the day.

When I first moved out here there were only farms. A farm on the corner and the farm house and Boyce's across the street. We were in the sticks. Everyone thought they were driving forever to get out to our house. Kay's house was on the northwest corner of Ft. Union and Highland. Their house faced south and then there were three other houses along Highland going north, Whitaburg's and Anderson's but can't remember the other one. There were no other houses on the north side of 70th. Tom Wilson's brother owned the property where Greenfield Village is. He ran turkeys. Tom had cows and that is where I got my milk. There were artisan wells where Tom's brother had his land. There were no other houses till the Berrett homes. Ft. Union ended at 1300 East.

When we moved out here we shopped at the Safeway store on 33rd South. We thought the smaller stores out here were too expensive. We could buy a week's groceries for \$5.00. Gas was 19 cents. The first winter we moved out here was a real dilly. The water froze. The pipes froze under Highland Drive. It was the winter of '48. Jim had to park on the road. You would shovel to the street then when you turned around you had to shovel back to the house. The drifts were so bad. I can remember sliding down Butler Hill after church. My oldest child started at Butler School. Mountview was built then he went there. Her youngest child went two years to Mountview, two years to Bella Vista, and two years to Ridgecrest. Harold Blair had been the principal at Butler, but went to Mountview when that school was opened.

My husband died at 54, 40 something year. Only one child was married the rest were at home. My youngest was in kindergarten. He had been in the air force and flew in a B17. I met him while he was working for Western Airlines and I was working at Eastern. He died of a heart attack and it was war related. He was very nervous. He had always had me take care of all our business so I was prepared to handle being alone. My children are Christ, James, Rebecca, Marlena, and John. I have 23 grand children and 35 great, great grand children.

Highland Drive was only two lanes and if I was in the front yard I waved to everyone going by because I knew them all. We didn't go up Big Cottonwood Canyon we had chickens and garden and so didn't have time to play. The children all had chores and sometimes if there was time he would load the kids up and go to Utah Lake to fish.

I remember when I first moved out here the people at the ward would not talk to me. They looked at me like, "Who and the heck was you and what are you doing here?" I learned that you never said

anything to anyone about anyone else because everyone was related and you just kept your mouth shut and learned.

I knew I needed to move because Brighton Bank had been built and the street was going commercial so President Hales was building this home for speculation and I wanted to stay in the ward so I bought it from him. I moved to this new house 1978, 30 years in this house and 30 years in the other house. When I moved here the Bishop was Tom Fyans, he was a very young man. The children used to walk across the street from the school to go primary. They would get out of school early one day a week for primary. They did that so that they be finished in time to catch the school bus.

Adrian is 89 years old.

Interview with Lester Gene Whiting July 3, 2015

Looking at Melt Stelter's area map for the time period of the early 1920's to 1940, the Whiting house on the corner of 7200 south and 1700 East belonged to my uncle, Lester Whiting. His wife's name was Nora, they were Duane Lester Whiting's grandparents. His parent's home was on Highland Drive just south of the Christian Hansen home near 6500 South. The Hansen's property was on the west side of Highland Dr. and south of 6400 South and the Whiting's just next door to the south.

The Whiting family to the west of that house was where I grew up. My father's name was John Edwin Whiting. The property on the east side of ours belonged to a family named Browning. I do not recall the parent's names but the children were Glen, Gaye, and Bob. We thought that they always thought they were better than us because she had come from the Holladay area. They had the nicest house on the whole hill. I do not recall the Perodi family, but, I did know the Petersen's. There was a Dootsie Petersen. That was his nickname and that is what his mother called him. He was the mean one, his brother's name was Frank. I don't remember the other children's names.

On the hill next to Browning's was a house, people seemed to come and go there. I don't know who lived there. Next to them was a family named Hudson.

My uncle Lester Whiting lived on the northwest corner, and kitty-corner across 7200 south lived the Cannons. I just remember the name Norene. So they were between the Hudson's and the Petersens.

In the house that is marked Johnson lived a Grace Wilcox, she was a Berrett. She was very beautiful, she had a very pretty daughter, I don't remember her name.

Then there was the Brothers. We were happy to live by them because they made everyone else feel better. The mother of the Brothers was very, very dominating, she had a large family. The father was always down in the well reading books. (Just to keep away from her.) He had dug the well. They had the windmill and it would pump water up through the well. He was a nice old man but we were afraid of the mother. She would not let them play with the other children.

We moved here from the Uintah Basin and bought 10 acres of land. We bought the land from a Mrs. Hattie Thaxton, she lived up on the avenues. We called her Aunt Hattie. We bought it for \$1,000.00. She would stop by and collect payments from us, if we had \$100.00 we would give it to her and if not, we paid her what we could and that was okay. Lester told us about the 10 acres. Ellen Whiting married a Mounter and they built her a house down the lane to the west of her father's house. I have a picture of Lester and all his brothers, I will find it and let you copy it. Irene was the oldest, Wayne, Ray, Paul, Mary, Hennrietta, Karl, Hewett, I am missing someone.

Leo Larson is my half-brother, he dug a basement across the street from us. His daughter, Elaine Barr, still lives there. Down where Target is now, was at the time also up on this hill before the sand and gravel pit ate it away and at that time 1930's there was an old house on the edge of the hill sitting right where Target is today. It was vacant and my uncle told us about it so we moved into it the first year we

were there and then John, Leo, Earl (big war hero) Emma, Barbara, and Bert. My mother had these children by another husband, who had been killed in Idaho. Uncle Lester and his wife got my mother and John back together, they had been childhood sweethearts. I was the big surprise, their only child together. I was the youngest and my mother spoiled me to death. My father had been a smoking, drinking, swearing cowboy and my mother's job was to tame the bachelor, which she did. We swore a lot in my family and my next oldest sister helped raise me. When mother would leave me with her, she would say to my sister, "Wait ten minutes and then whip him into shape. After they left, she would shake her finger at me, and say "You little shit, I'm going to shape you up." Everyone called my father Jack not John. He wanted everyone to call him Jack.

Everyone moved down here with the family. My older brother, Leo Larson, dug a basement on the north side of 7200 South. And that's where the rest of the family live for another year. Then the boys dug another basement across the street and we made our final move there. There were lots of basements in that time span. They were called depression homes. We moved here in 1934. We lived in that basement from the time I was 6 until I was 18.

We were over to the Hyatt's in Sandy (cousins) and my dad was going to make a fireplace in the middle of their house. He said that since it would be covered I could lay the bricks. My dad was so surprised that I could naturally lay bricks that he said, "you are going to build your mother's house and I did. I laid all of the outside bricks and my dad laid the inside ones. The house is still there today. Because brick laying came so natural to me I got my first job down in Union.

On the east of Browning's lane at the corner a family named Hudson lived.

The Price family was already there when we moved here. Ellen's mother lived there and we called her Grandma Denney. She was very sweet.

There was also a Millet family, very nice, kept to themselves. They had a mentally challenged son and I would always be nice to him and play with him. I was asked by Mrs. Millet to go to Lagoon with them because I had been so kind to her son. I had been raised in a very poor background and it didn't bother me to have him for a friend. Their house is no longer there but it was by the Price home.

We would walk down the hill to where Milne Lane ended and go over to Milne and Hilton Service Station. Gil Hilton and Mike Milne owned the station. Mike's property went up to the edge of the hill. I knew the McCormicks, Darrell Curtis, Maxine Walker, another family across from Milne's Lane, but I don't remember their name. (Later remember it was Atkinson.) There were the Jensens and Hathaways on little lanes going east off 1300 East. The west side of 1300 East was called Bradyville. From Ft. Union today south to a little lane where Atkinsons lived, were all Bradys.

My mother-in-law has a photo of all of the Brady brothers. I am going to a party on and will see if I can get it for you. Hyrum, Lawrence, all had nick names, a daughter, Alice, married to a Gould and lived in last house, also Royal, and Kenneth.

A family by the name of Gottschalks lived down a little lane by McCarthy's. She was a very nervous lady and was frightened of men. I remember one day when a group of children were by her door and she came out with a pan of hot dish water and saw us and dropped it. It went down her legs and I remember the big red blisters. She didn't say anything, just went back in the house.

When we first moved out here we did not have running water, we had to go over to the Mounteer's and fill a bucket from their well and carry it home. You would have to hand pump the water.

I did know the Tuckers, but not well. They had a son who was killed, he was Garth Cowley's older brother. They lived next door to the McCarthys. On the corner of Highland Drive and 2000 East were fields and farms. The farm on the east was Boyce's. The farm on the west side (Colbrooks) was available for us to use. We grew green beans for the cannery. We would fill the baskets and they would come and pick them up. Lester was very good at growing string beans. We also grew peas and carrots.

When we first moved out here, the mail was delivered to mailboxes located on the southwest corner of 7200 South and Highland. The kids were sent up to get the mail (one mile) and they would pick up everyone's mail and deliver it to the houses on their way back down. Later the mailboxes were in front of the Stakers on 7000 South and 1700 East. This was also where the school bus stop was. We were so excited when the bus stop was moved to the corner of 1700 East 7200 South. Mike Mine was the bus driver. The man who delivered the mail was an old man in a model T ford, his name was Millard Christensen. His son married my mother-in-law, Ivy Croxford.

My father was in WWI and got gassed with mustard gas. It made him have a cough every morning. His cough was like an alarm clock (rooster crowing). He eventually died from lung cancer. I still have the gas mask he used in the war. My dad started smoking when he was 14. During the war the soldiers were given packs of cigarettes. My dad's best friend was George Faust. He would give my dad his cigarettes. George Faust was a good Christian. *I went on a mission and got really upady and my dad said to me, "I am proud of you for being one of those damn second lieutenants in the ROTC, I am real proud of you going on one of those missions, and you are a good boy, but you are not one damn bit better than anyone else. You grow up to be as good a Christian as George Faust."*

I got in trouble in class (taught seminary) because I would swear in class and was so laid back. All of the other teachers would send their bad students over to my class. I had what I called "the bad ass kids." They liked me because I could speak their language. I taught from 1962 in Idaho, went down to BYU and got my master's degree, then was sent up to open Brighton High Seminary. I taught there from 1969 to 1998. I also got in trouble there for being too laid back, and they gave me a choice of retiring very early or being the Chaplin at the Juvenile Detention Center. You can't teach Mormons but you can teach generic Christianity to the gang kids. Much to their surprise I jumped at the change to teach at the Detention Center. I had a very successful career there. I never felt God closer than I did with those gang kids. God will forgive them of the sins, they will have to repent, but he will forgive them because they are innocent, they hadn't been taught better.

We considered that we lived on Poverty Flats in Union. We told people that was where we lived, Poverty Flats, ok then, everyone knew where we lived. The school bus first picked us up at Staker's corner, then

we changed to 1700 East 7200 South. We thought we had it made. We associated more with the Union people we considered the Butler people thought they were a little bit better than us on the flats. We would go up there and buy fruits and vegetables. They were a lot of Italians. They were nice people in Butler, but sometimes they would take our water. I still have one share of Brown & Sandford water and it doesn't cost much to water my property. I live at 2520 East Bengal Boulevard. I bought the old Morse house. It was just a basement and I had someone dig out the basement to the west of the house, increased it by 15 feet and then built up. The tree in the front yard was planted by the Morse's in the early 1940's.

I kind of thought the Millet's were descendants of polygamists and that's why they did not mix with the neighborhood. They didn't go to our ward but they went to church. I had friends that were Zittings, Browns and others down in the creek. It just was not an issue. We use to go to Greer's woods and swim in the water and swing on ropes from the trees. We found many Indian arrowheads by the gross. Especially up on the sand hill where the condos are now on the east side of Highland Drive where the sand pit was. We would sled down the sand hill in the winter.