

*Turning the hearts of the children to their fathers and the hearts of the fathers to their children*

# *Our Swallow Heritage*

## *Volume II*

### *The History of*

### *George Swallow and His Sons*

Compiled, Written and Published  
by  
Russell M. Robison

## Dedication

*These family histories are dedicated to all my Swallow ancestors and their descendants.*

*The goal of these histories is to allow us to know, understand and love those who have gone before us. These histories also provide a record of individual and family successes and challenges along with how each individual and family dealt with their successes and challenges. It is hoped that all of us, including future generations, will gain strength from these histories as we face our own successes and challenges in life.*

*The following untitled poem was given to me by Leah Swallow Rudd. It expresses my feelings about my ancestors and their descendants.*

*I've always known your names.  
You were flat people on a white page  
until I read your stories.  
Now you are more than name.  
And I know that your blood  
flows also in my veins.*

*– Author Unknown*

*Russ Robison*

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## Introduction

### **A Great Big Thank You!**

*Gathering, writing and compiling the family histories of the Thomas Swallow Family (Volume I) and the George Swallow Family (Volumes II, III & IV) has been a most rewarding experience. These histories were made possible because of all the help and information freely given by members of the Swallow family.*

*The Swallows are great. In each Swallow family, Gloria and I were welcomed with warmth and love. How grateful we are for such gracious relatives. We now know many of you personally and feel a bond of love that is impossible to describe.*

*Thanks to all of you who helped with material, chapter editing and encouragement. Special thanks goes to Elva Swallow Lindberg, Karen Lindberg Rasmussen, Paula Lindberg Paradise, Verlie Stevens Archibald, and Tiffany Robison McEwan who spent untold hours reading and editing the many drafts of these multiple volumes.*

*My wife, Gloria, deserves the most credit for the completion of these histories. She traveled all over the west with me doing research. She made sure that what I wrote was understandable and she did not complain when I spent most of my time at home in the computer room. Without her love and support none of this would have been possible.*

*This is a list of Swallow decedents contributing to one or more of the volumes of Our Swallow Heritage.*

- 1. Donna Read Mitton, a granddaughter of Frederick Swallow – Paul, Idaho*
- 2. Rada Larsen Voigt, a niece of Louisa Mills Swallow Jukes (Louisa Mill's first husband was Frederick Swallow) – West Covina, California*
- 3. Delma Jukes, a step daughter-in-law of Louisa Mills Swallow Jukes – Marysvale, Utah*
- 4. Sherrill Swallow Craghead, a granddaughter of William Swallow – Salt Lake City, Utah*
- 5. Marion Swallow, a great grandson of Joseph Swallow – Pocatello, Idaho*
- 6. Leah Swallow Rudd, a granddaughter of Joseph Swallow – Denver, Colorado*
- 7. Carma Robison Larsen, a granddaughter of Joseph Swallow – American Falls, Idaho*
- 8. Carold Robison, grandson of Joseph Swallow – Fillmore, Utah*
- 9. Jondrae Larsen Reeve, a great granddaughter of Joseph Swallow – Magna, Utah*
- 10. Joe Warner, a grandson of James Swallow – Fillmore, Utah*
- 11. Connie Warner Drummond, a great granddaughter of James Swallow – Fillmore, Utah*
- 12. Joyce Warner Terbet, a great granddaughter of James Swallow – Fillmore, Utah*
- 13. Bruce Warner, a great grandson of James Swallow – Sandy, Utah*
- 14. Sandra Turner, a granddaughter of James Swallow – Fillmore, Utah*
- 15. Bert Beeston, a grandson of James Swallow – Fillmore, Utah*
- 16. Tom Beeston, a grandson of James Swallow – Orem, Utah*
- 17. Elva Swallow Lindberg, the youngest child of Charles Swallow – Salt Lake City, Utah*
- 18. Paula Lindberg Paradise, a granddaughter of Charles Swallow – Salt Lake City, Utah*

19. *Karen Lindberg Rasmussen (by phone & mail), a granddaughter of Charles Swallow – Kingwood, Texas*
20. *Grover Swallow, a grandson of Charles Swallow – Panaca, Nevada*
21. *T. Frank Swallow, the youngest son of George Swallow – Salt Lake City, Utah*
22. *George N. Swallow, a son of Richard T. Swallow – Ely, Nevada*
23. *Richard M. “Dick” Swallow, a son of Richard T. Swallow – Waverly, Iowa*
24. *Darlene Swallow Whitlock, a daughter of Richard T. Swallow – Baker, Nevada*
25. *Jennifer Swallow Lee, a granddaughter of Richard T. Swallow – Ely, Nevada*
26. *Karen Johnson Breau, a granddaughter of Richard T. Swallow – Springville, Utah*
27. *Glenda Johnson Egbert, a granddaughter of Richard T. Swallow – Woodland Hills, Utah*
28. *JoAnn Swallow, the wife of Rowland Swallow, a grandson of Richard T. Swallow – Orem, Utah*
29. *Mary Wright, a great granddaughter of Richard T. Swallow – Springville, Utah*
30. *Dave Arlo Swallow, a grandson of Richard T. Swallow – Elko, Nevada*
31. *Michael C. Murphy, a step grandson of Richard T. Swallow – Texas*
32. *Gordon G. Swallow, a son of Alfred M. Swallow – Freemont, California*
33. *Benjamin Swallow, a grandson of Alfred M. Swallow – American Fork, Utah*
34. *Chris Swallow, a grandson of Alfred M. Swallow – Seattle, Washington*
35. *Mary Kerr Williams, a daughter of May Swallow Kerr – Reno, Nevada*
36. *Betty Jean Kerr Frazer, a daughter of May Swallow Kerr – Tacoma, Washington*
37. *Connie Kerr VanNess, a granddaughter of May Swallow Kerr – Antioch, California*
38. *Doyle K. Swallow, a son of Ray G. Swallow – Kanab, Utah*
39. *Donna Swallow Gowans, a daughter of Ray G. Swallow – Scottsdale, Arizona*
40. *Fay Swallow Jurgensen, a daughter of Ray G. Swallow – Scottsdale, Arizona*
41. *Myrna Christiansen Broschinsky, a granddaughter of Ray G. Swallow – Murray, Utah*
42. *Ray Christiansen, a grandson of Ray G. Swallow – Bountiful, Utah*
43. *Alpha Lambert, a daughter of Birdie Swallow Robison – American Fork, Utah*
44. *Elwin A. Robison, a son of Birdie Swallow Robison – Reno, Nevada*
45. *Norma Garrett Robison, a daughter-in-law of Birdie Swallow Robison – Orem, Utah*
46. *George Swallow Robison, a son of Birdie Swallow Robison – Kent, Ohio*
47. *Verlie Stevens Archibald, a granddaughter of Birdie Swallow Robison – Provo, Utah*
48. *Birdie Stevens Rasmussen, a granddaughter of Birdie Swallow Robison – Provo, Utah*
49. *Joan Lambert Kirk, a granddaughter of Birdie Swallow Robison – Taylorsville, Utah*
50. *Ronald E. Robison, a grandson of Birdie Swallow Robison – New York, New York*
51. *Gerry Robison Miller, a granddaughter of Birdie Swallow Robison – Orem, Utah*
52. *Beverly Robison Hardy, a granddaughter of Birdie Swallow Robison – Reno, Nevada*
53. *Rebecca Robison Sorensen, a granddaughter of Birdie Swallow Robison – Fresno, California*
54. *Marie Robison Bassett, a granddaughter of Birdie Swallow Robison – Orem, Utah*
55. *Judy Bowen Jones, a granddaughter of Birdie Swallow Robison – Paul, Idaho*
56. *Bruce R. Bowen, a grandson of Birdie Swallow Robison – Burley, Idaho*
57. *Neil Robison, a great grandson of Birdie Swallow Robison – Orem, Utah and California*

58. *Dorothy Joseph Stark, a daughter of Mamie Swallow Joseph – Ely, Nevada*
59. *Laura Stark Rainey-Carpenter, a granddaughter of Mamie Swallow Joseph – Ely, Nevada*
60. *Lillian Swallow Stark, a daughter of Mamie Swallow Joseph – Henderson, Nevada*
61. *Barbara Stark, a granddaughter of Mamie Swallow Joseph – Henderson, Nevada*
62. *Wyoma Faucett Snarr, a daughter-in-law of Pearl Swallow Robison – Murray, Utah*
63. *Lois Robison Rowley, a daughter of Pearl Swallow Robison – Cedar City, Utah*
64. *Norman L. Robison, a grandson of Pearl Swallow Robison – Reno, Nevada*
65. *Lowell J. Robison, a grandson of Pearl Swallow Robison – Provo, Utah*
66. *Reni Robison Jensen, a granddaughter of Pearl Swallow Robison – San Jose, California*
67. *Dennis Rowley, a grandson of Pearl Swallow Robison – Las Vegas, Nevada*
68. *Mark Rowley, a grandson of Pearl Swallow Robison – Cedar City, Utah*
69. *Tiffany Robison McEwan, a great granddaughter of Pearl Swallow Robison – Pleasant Grove, Utah*

*This is a list of family friends contributing to one or more of the volumes of Our Swallow Heritage*

1. *Dean Baker – Baker, Nevada*
2. *Marlene Bates – Gandy, Utah*
3. *Melchor Gragirena– Bakersfield, California*
4. *Doug Maxwell – Orem, Utah*
5. *David E. Moore – Baker, Nevada*
6. *Brian Ocalberry – Big Springs, Nevada*
7. *Leona Oryall – Payson, Utah*
8. *Boyd Quate – Suffolk, Virginia*
9. *Genevieve Richardson – Garrison, Utah*
10. *Patsy Schlabsz – Baker, Nevada*
11. *June Shanutis – Ruth, Nevada*
12. *Margaret Smith – Tremonton, Utah*
13. *Dave Tilford – Tremonton, Utah*

*I hope you enjoy the volumes of Our Swallow Heritage as much as I enjoyed writing and compiling them.*

*Your Relative and Friend,*



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**Figure 1 - Gloria & Russ Robison – 2002**



## Preface

### Document Structure

*Major portions of these family histories are compilations of previously written and oral histories I have gathered or recorded from the many individuals already mentioned. The original words were preserved to the best of my ability. When events could be verified, I have done so.*

*The portions of the histories I wrote have text with 11 point Palatino Linotype font and 1 inch margins. The text that others have written is at 10 point Palatino Linotype font and 1.25 inch margins. Margins are 1.5 inch for quotes within quotes. Clarifications or comments I insert within what others have written are in italics. The text that others have written is documented as such within the body of this work instead of footnotes and a list of sources. I think knowing who wrote the text at the time the reader is reading it makes for a better understanding of the material.*

*Family group records and photos are included for each primary family covered in this volume.*

### Printing and Distribution

*The Our Swallow Heritage series is now being printed and distributed at cost through [www.lulu.com/fussell40](http://www.lulu.com/fussell40) – a non-profit, print-on-demand company.*

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- 1. The low per copy print cost*
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*The multiple volumes of Our Swallow Heritage were written and compiled for the benefit of family and friends – not for any individual or entity to profit from the sale or use of the material they contain.*

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*I have thousands of old Swallow family photos and documents in a high quality digital format. If you are interested in getting copies on CD or DVD, contact me (Russ Robison) and I will burn you a copy of what you want and send it to you at my cost plus packaging and shipping charges.*

# Family Group Records

## Family Group Record

<b>Husband George SWALLOW</b>			
Born	11 Jul 1851	Place Stebbing, Essex, , England	
Chr.		Place	
Died	20 May 1932	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	
Buried	23 May 1932	Place Filmore, Millard, Utah	
Married	16 Jan 1878	Place St. George, Washington, Utah	
Other Spouse	Matilda (Mattie) CHESLEY		
Married	29 Mar 1917	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	
Husband's father	Thomas SWALLOW		
Husband's mother	Caroline CROW		
<b>Wife Anna DAY</b>			
Born	4 Nov 1850	Place Waterloo, Gloucester, England	
Chr.		Place	
Died	6 Dec 1915	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	
Buried	9 Dec 1915	Place Fillmore Cem., Millard, Utah	
Wife's father	Richard DAY		
Wife's mother	Elizabeth SMITH		
<b>Children</b> List each child in order of birth.			
1	M	<b>George William SWALLOW</b>	
		Born 11 Jan 1879 Place Filmore, Millard, Utah	
		Chr. Place	
		Died 22 Jan 1882 Place Shoshone, White Pine, Nevada	
		Buried Jan 1882 Place Ocoola, White Pine, Nevada	
		Spouse	
		Married Place	
2	M	<b>Richard Thomas SWALLOW</b>	
		Born 10 Jan 1880 Place Shoshone, White Pine, Nevada	
		Chr. Place	
		Died 1 Dec 1943 Place Shoshone, White Pine, Nevada	
		Buried 5 Dec 1943 Place Ely, White Pine, Nevada	
		Spouse Matilda Elizabeth MORTENSON	
		Married 30 Oct 1907 Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	
3	M	<b>Alfred Marian SWALLOW</b>	
		Born 10 Aug 1882 Place Filmore, Millard, Utah	
		Chr. Place	
		Died 18 Sep 1974 Place Reno, Washoe, Nevada	
		Buried Place SLC Cemetery, Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	
		Spouse Nellie V. SMITH	
		Married 18 Nov 1914 (D) Place Beaver, Beaver, Utah	
		Spouse Margaret Irene URRY	
		Married 17 Aug 1936 Place	
4	F	<b>May Caroline SWALLOW</b>	
		Born 17 Oct 1883 Place Shoshone, White Pine, Nevada	
		Chr. Place	
		Died 31 Jan 1972 Place Reno, Washoe, Nevada	
		Buried 4 Feb 1972 Place Ely, White Pine, Nevada	
		Spouse David Russell KERR	
		Married 5 Jul 1909 Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	
5	M	<b>Ray G SWALLOW</b>	
		Born 6 May 1886 Place Shoshone, White Pine, Nv	
		Chr. Place	
		Died 4 Dec 1981 Place St George, Washington, Ut	
		Buried 7 Dec 1981 Place Mayfield, Sanpete, Ut	
		Spouse Ethel Zedonia DORIUS	
		Married 21 Oct 1914 Place Richfield, Sevier, Utah	
		Spouse Elva Christine FOOTE	
		Married 9 Jan 1935 Place Richfield, Sevier, Ut	

## Family Group Record

<b>Husband</b> <b>George SWALLOW</b>			
<b>Wife</b> <b>Anna DAY</b>			
<b>Children</b> List each child in order of birth.			
6	F	<b>Birdie E SWALLOW</b>	
	Born	18 Oct 1887 Place Shoshone, White Pine, Nevada	
	Chr.	Place	
	Died	13 Feb 1968 Place Burley, Cassia, Idaho	
	Buried	17 Feb 1968 Place Garrison, Millard, Utah	
	Spouse	James Fredrick ROBISON	
	Married	6 Sep 1911 Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	
7	F	<b>Laurene Mamie SWALLOW{G}</b>	
	Born	Abt 1885 Place , White Pine, Nevada	
	Chr.	Place	
	Died	25 Nov 1925 Place Baker, White Pine, Nevada	
	Buried	Place Baker, White Pine, Nevada	
	Spouse	Joe JOSEPH	
	Married	Abt 1903 Place , White Pine, Nevada	
8	F	<b>Ida Pearl SWALLOW</b>	
	Born	23 Apr 1894 Place Shoshone, White Pine, Nevada	
	Chr.	Place	
	Died	18 Mar 1979 Place Cedar City, Iron, Utah	
	Buried	21 Mar 1979 Place Reno, Washoe, Nevada	
	Spouse	Doyle Charles ROBISON	
	Married	7 Jun 1916 Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	

## Family Group Record

<b>Husband</b> <b>George SWALLOW</b>			
	Born	11 Jul 1851 Place Stebbing, Essex, , England	
	Chr.	Place	
	Died	20 May 1932 Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	
	Buried	23 May 1932 Place Filmore, Millard, Utah	
	Married	29 Mar 1917 Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	
	Other Spouse	Anna DAY	
	Married	16 Jan 1878 Place St. George, Washington, Utah	
	Husband's father	Thomas SWALLOW	
	Husband's mother	Caroline CROW	
<b>Wife</b> <b>Matilda (Mattie) CHESLEY</b>			
	Born	14 Jan 1876 Place Provo, Utah, Utah, USA	
	Chr.	Place	
	Died	25 Feb 1944 Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA	
	Buried	28 Feb 1944 Place Provo City Cem, Provo, Utah, USA	
	Wife's father		
	Wife's mother		
<b>Children</b> List each child in order of birth.			
1	M	<b>Thomas Frank SWALLOW</b>	
	Born	27 Feb 1918 Place Salt Lake, Salt Lake, Utah	
	Chr.	Place	
	Died	Place	
	Buried	Place	
	Spouse	June BERGESON	
	Married	13 Jun 1941 Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	

## Family Group Record

<b>Husband Richard Thomas SWALLOW</b>					
Born	10 Jan 1880	Place Shoshone, White Pine, Nevada			
Chr.		Place			
Died	1 Dec 1943	Place Shoshone, White Pine, Nevada			
Buried	5 Dec 1943	Place Ely, White Pine, Nevada			
Married	30 Oct 1907	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah			
Husband's father George SWALLOW					
Husband's mother Anna DAY					
<b>Wife Matilda Elizabeth MORTENSON</b>					
Born	23 Mar 1888	Place Prttyville, Sanpete, Utah			
Chr.		Place			
Died	3 Apr 1983	Place S. Spring Valley, White Pine, Utah			
Buried	6 Apr 1983	Place Ely, White Pine, Nevada			
Wife's father Niels MORTENSON					
Wife's mother Ingrid Sofia SAMUELSON					
<b>Children</b> List each child in order of birth.					
1	M	<b>George Niels SWALLOW</b>			
		Born	25 Sep 1910		Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
		Chr.			Place
		Died	16 Feb 2005		Place Ely, White Pine, Nevada
		Buried	23 Feb 2005		Place Ely, White Pine, Nevada
		Spouse Lydia KOHLER			
		Married	17 Jan 1949		Place
		Spouse Nancy Ball MARTINEAU			
		Married	28 Jan 1962	Place	
2	F	<b>Golden Nevada SWALLOW</b>			
		Born	27 Sep 1912		Place Mayfield, Sanpete, Utah
		Chr.			Place
		Died	15 Apr 1977		Place Provo, Utah, Utah
		Buried	18 Apr 1977		Place Spanish Fork, Utah, Utah
		Spouse Louis Arni JOHNSON			
		Married	15 Jun 1941	Place Shoshone, White Pine, Nevada	
3	M	<b>Richard Mortenson SWALLOW</b>			
		Born	4 Jan 1915		Place Mayfield, Sanpete, Utah
		Chr.			Place
		Died			Place
		Buried			Place
		Spouse Ethel Mandeville BURR			
		Married	16 Mar 1935 (D)		Place
		Spouse Vesta C. CALL			
		Married	21 Nov 1962 (D)	Place	
4	M	<b>Arlo Byron SWALLOW</b>			
		Born	29 Jul 1917		Place Mayfield, Sanpete, Utah
		Chr.			Place
		Died	Mar 2002		Place
		Buried			Place
		Spouse Beatrice Mary KOBZA			
		Married	16 Jan 1945		Place Corpus Christi, Nueces, Texas
5	F	<b>Darlene Matilda SWALLOW</b>			
		Born	21 Nov 1921		Place Mayfield, Sanpete, Utah
		Chr.			Place
		Died			Place
		Buried			Place
		Spouse Lee Charles WHITLOCK			
		Married	3 May 1941	Place	

## Family Group Record

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<b>Husband Alfred Marian SWALLOW</b>			
Born	10 Aug 1882	Place Filmore, Millard, Utah	
Chr.		Place	
Died	18 Sep 1974	Place Reno, Washoe, Nevada	
Buried		Place SLC Cemetery, Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	
Married	18 Nov 1914 (D)	Place Beaver, Beaver, Utah	
Other Spouse	Margaret Irene URRY		
Married	17 Aug 1936	Place	
Husband's father	George SWALLOW		
Husband's mother	Anna DAY		
<b>Wife Nellie SMITH</b>			
Born	Feb 1889	Place Big Wash, White Pine, Nevada	
Chr.		Place	
Died	16 Dec 1980	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	
Buried		Place	
Wife's father	Elias Mc Clellan SMITH		
Wife's mother	Emma PAUL		
<b>Children</b> List each child in order of birth.			
1 M	<b>Calvin A. SWALLOW</b>		
Born	29 Aug 1922	Place Portland, , Oregon	
Chr.		Place	
Died	27 Jul 1945	Place Tokyo Bay, Pacific Ocean, Japan	
Buried		Place	
Spouse			
Married		Place	

## Family Group Record

Page 1 of 1

<b>Husband Alfred Marian SWALLOW</b>			
Born	10 Aug 1882	Place Filmore, Millard, Utah	
Chr.		Place	
Died	18 Sep 1974	Place Reno, Washoe, Nevada	
Buried		Place SLC Cemetery, Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	
Married	17 Aug 1936	Place	
Other Spouse	Nellie V. SMITH		
Married	18 Nov 1914 (D)	Place Beaver, Beaver, Utah	
Husband's father	George SWALLOW		
Husband's mother	Anna DAY		
<b>Wife Margaret Irene URRY</b>			
Born	23 Oct 1898	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	
Chr.		Place	
Died	14 Feb 1987	Place Reno, Washoe, Nevada	
Buried		Place	
Other Spouse	Walter WADE		
Married	23 Aug 1916 (D)	Place	
Wife's father	Edgar Septimus URRY		
Wife's mother	Margaret Hird MAXWELL		
<b>Children</b> List each child in order of birth.			
1 M	<b>Gordon Gilbert SWALLOW</b>		
Born	30 Oct 1941	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	
Chr.		Place	
Died		Place	
Buried		Place	
Spouse	Marcelle Frances ANCKAERT		
Married	8 Sep 1967	Place	

## Family Group Record

<b>Husband</b> <span style="float: right;"><b>Ray G SWALLOW</b></span>			
Born	6 May 1886	Place Shoshone, White Pine, Nv	
Chr.		Place	
Died	4 Dec 1981	Place St George, Washington, Ut	
Buried	7 Dec 1981	Place Mayfield, Sanpete, Ut	
Married	21 Oct 1914	Place Richfield, Sevier, Utah	
Other Spouse	Elva Christina FOOTE		
Married	9 Jan 1935	Place Richfield, Sevier, Ut	
Husband's father	George SWALLOW		
Husband's mother	Anna DAY		
<b>Wife</b> <span style="float: right;"><b>Ethel Zedonia DORIUS</b></span>			
Born	6 Nov 1891	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	
Chr.		Place	
Died	11 Aug 1929	Place Mayfield, Sanpete, Utah	
Buried	14 Aug 1929	Place Mayfield, Sanpete, Utah	
Wife's father			
Wife's mother			
<b>Children</b> List each child in order of birth.			
<b>1</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>Ethel Verl SWALLOW</b>	
		Born 3 Sep 1915 Place Mayfield, Sanpete, Utah	
		Chr. Place	
		Died 26 Oct 2002 Place Bountiful, Davis, Ut	
		Buried 1 Nov 2002 Place Bountiful, Davis, Utah	
		Spouse Ray Stewart CHRISTIANSEN	
		Married 12 Feb 1935 Place Richfield, Sevier, Ut	
<b>2</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>Edith Velma SWALLOW</b>	
		Born 5 Apr 1917 Place Mayfield, Sanpete, Utah	
		Chr. Place	
		Died 27 Jan 1988 Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Ut	
		Buried 30 Jan 1988 Place Mayfield, Sanpete, Ut	
		Spouse	
		Married	
<b>3</b>	<b>M</b>	<b>Raymond Charles SWALLOW</b>	
		Born 17 Mar 1919 Place Mayfield, Sanpete, Utah	
		Chr. Place	
		Died 23 May 1971 Place American Fork, Utah, Ut	
		Buried 25-26 May 1971 Place Mayfield, Sanpete, Ut	
		Spouse	
		Married	
<b>4</b>	<b>M</b>	<b>Doyle K SWALLOW</b>	
		Born 4 Apr 1927 Place Mayfield, Sanpete, Utah	
		Chr. Place	
		Died	
		Buried	
		Spouse LeOna Lucile TITCOMB	
		Married 22 Aug 1952 Place Idaho Falls, Id	

## Family Group Record

<b>Husband Ray G SWALLOW</b>			
Born	6 May 1886	Place Shoshone, White Pine, Nv	
Chr.		Place	
Died	4 Dec 1981	Place St George, Washington, Ut	
Buried	7 Dec 1981	Place Mayfield, Sanpete, Ut	
Married	9 Jan 1935	Place Richfield, Sevier, Ut	
Other Spouse	Ethel Zedonia DORIOUS		
Married	21 Oct 1914	Place Richfield, Sevier, Utah	
Husband's father	George SWALLOW		
Husband's mother	Anna DAY		
<b>Wife Elva Christina FOOTE</b>			
Born	25 Dec 1905	Place Huntington, Emery, Ut	
Chr.	13 Feb 1904	Place Huntington, Emery, Ut	
Died	11 Jun 1963	Place Mayfield, Sanpete, Ut	
Buried	14 Jun 1963	Place Mayfield, Sanpete, Ut	
Wife's father			
Wife's mother			
<b>Children</b> List each child in order of birth.			
1	<b>F Donna E. SWALLOW</b>		
	Born	8 Jan 1936 Place Mayfield, Sanpete, Ut	
	Chr.	26 Jan 1936 Place Mayfield, Sanpete, Ut	
	Died	Place	
	Buried	Place	
	Spouse	George Andrew GOWANS	
	Married	24 Nov 1954 Place Manti, Sanpete, Ut	
2	<b>F Ella Fay SWALLOW</b>		
	Born	6 Aug 1940 Place Mayfield, Sanpete, Ut	
	Chr.	1 Sep 1940 Place Mayfield, Sanpete, Ut	
	Died	Place	
	Buried	Place	
	Spouse	Charles Phil HANSON	
	Married	31 Oct 1964 Place Las Vegas, Nv	
	Spouse	Charles Eduard JURGENSEN	
	Married	18 Apr 1987 Place Scottsdale, Maricopa, az	

## Family Group Record

<b>Husband Thomas Frank SWALLOW</b>				
Born	27 Feb 1918	Place Salt Lake, Salt Lake, Utah		
Chr.		Place		
Died		Place		
Buried		Place		
Married	13 Jun 1941	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah		
Husband's father	George SWALLOW			
Husband's mother	Matilda (Mattie) CHESLEY			
<b>Wife June BERGESON</b>				
Born	22 Apr 1919	Place		
Chr.		Place		
Died		Place		
Buried		Place		
Wife's father	Joseph BERGESON			
Wife's mother	Matilda Addie CALL			
<b>Children</b> List each child in order of birth.				
1	<b>M Dennis SWALLOW</b>			
	Born	20 Oct 1942	Place	
	Chr.		Place	
	Died		Place	
	Buried		Place	
	Spouse	Patsy Susan WESCHE		
	Married	1 Sep 1967	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	
2	<b>F Patricia SWALLOW</b>			
	Born	18 Dec 1946	Place	
	Chr.		Place	
	Died		Place	
	Buried		Place	
	Spouse	Charles HAUSSLER		
	Married	18 Jun 1973	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	
3	<b>F Dixie SWALLOW</b>			
	Born	18 Oct 1949	Place	
	Chr.		Place	
	Died		Place	
	Buried		Place	
	Spouse	Mike BURBRIDGE		
	Married	16 Jun 1970	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	
4	<b>M Tom SWALLOW</b>			
	Born	2 Feb 1951	Place	
	Chr.		Place	
	Died		Place	
	Buried		Place	
	Spouse	Kaye THORNE		
	Married	9 Jun 1975	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	

## **Chapter 1 – The Two Families of George Swallow**

The history of George Swallow was presented in *Our Swallow Heritage, Volume I*. However, to introduce *Our Swallow Heritage, Volumes II & III* and tie all three volumes together, I have included a brief review of George Swallow's history and added additional information that was not available for Volume I.

### **George Swallow Unmarried**

George came alone to America from England in the summer of 1868 when he was 16. He settled in Fillmore, Utah and worked there several years on some of the farms. Starting in about 1870 he began freighting supplies from Fillmore to the mining town of Pioche, Nevada, about 80 miles south of Shoshone, Nevada. He spent one winter in Pioche, cutting and cording wood for the local mining operations. He also helped move cattle from Pioche, Nevada to Elko, Nevada in 1872. The cattle herd stopped for a day or two at Shoshone because there was good feed and water. Benjamin Kimball, an older man who had a cabin and a little homestead at Shoshone, took a liking to George and asked him to return and watch the place while he, Benjamin, went on a vacation for a few weeks.

The first few permanent white settlers came to Snake Valley and Spring Valley, Nevada in about 1869. This country took real pioneers to settle it. George Swallow was one of those pioneers. He first came through Shoshone, Nevada in 1871.

In the spring of 1873 George Swallow, at age 21, came back to Shoshone and purchased an interest in the Benjamin Kimball homestead.

Shoshone, a remote and sparsely populated area even today, is located in south Spring Valley on the east side under Mount Washington. Mount Washington is now part of the Great Basin National Park. Shoshone is a place of many natural springs and meadows. During the 1800s a number of Native Americans from the Shoshone tribe lived in this area at various times of the year because of the water, meadows and game. Shoshone was named for these Native Americans. From the beginning George got along fine with the local Native Americans and he employed many of them to help on the ranch over the years.

For five years, 1873 to 1878, George worked night and day to develop the ranch with Benjamin Kimball. During that time George returned several times to Fillmore, Utah (over 300 miles round trip) to visit his parents and brothers who lived there. (See *Our Swallow Heritage, Volume I* for the history of George's parents and siblings).

### **George Swallow Marries Anna Day**

During these visits he met and courted Anna Day. In January of 1878 George married Anna and brought her to his ranch at Shoshone, Nevada. For a number of years they lived in the original log cabin that had been on the ranch when George first got there in 1873.

Their first and third children were born in Fillmore, Utah. The other five children were born on the ranch and delivered by a midwife. One of the midwives was a Native American Shoshone woman.

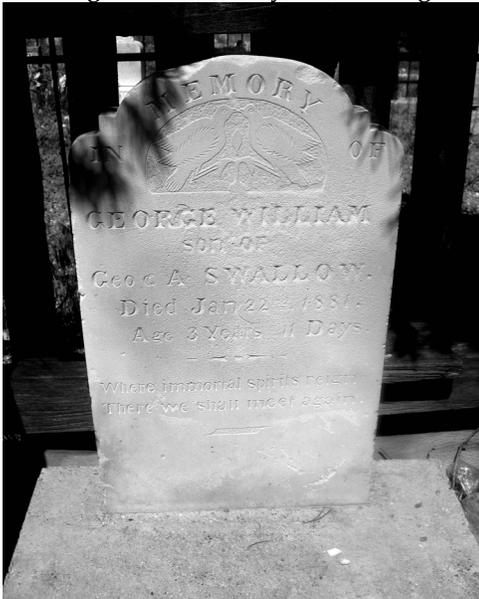
Their first son George William "Willy" Swallow was killed at the age of three after being kicked in the head by a horse while he was alone in the barn. Photos of their children follow:

**Figure 2 - George & Anna Day Swallow – c1880**



Married January 16, 1878

**Figure 3 - George William "Willy" Swallow's grave – 2004**



Born January 11, 1879 – Died January 22, 1882  
"Willy's" grave at Osceola, Nevada inside a wood fence

**Figure 4 - Richard Thomas Swallow**



Born January 10, 1880  
1880 – 1943

**Figure 5 - Alfred Marion Swallow**



Born August 10, 1882  
1882 - 1974

**Figure 6 - May Caroline Swallow**



Born October 17, 1883  
1883 - 1972

**Figure 7 - Ray G. Swallow**



Born May 6, 1886  
1886 - 1981

**Figure 8 - Birdie E. Swallow**



Born October 18, 1887  
1887 - 1968

**Figure 9 - Ida Pearl Swallow**



Born April 23, 1894  
1894 - 1979

**Figure 10 - Laurene Mamie Swallow**



Born about 1888  
c1888 - 1927  
Foster daughter raised by George and  
Anna Day Swallow from c1898 to 1904

In about 1898 an orphaned ten year old girl from the Shoshone tribe came to live with George and Anna Day Swallow. They raised her as a foster child until they moved to Salt Lake City in 1907. This orphaned girl took the name of Laurene Mamie Swallow.

Volumes II and III of *Our Swallow Heritage* give the histories of each child and their family, including Mamie Swallow.

As the years went by, the children grew and they were able to start a school on the ranch in 1890 when their children were ages 10, 8, 6, 4 and 3.

**Figure 11 - George Swallow family home – fall 1893**



The George Swallow Ranch home at Shoshone, Nevada – The original log cabin is on the right – Just to the cabin's left is a small door to the potato cellar and the structure under the roofs on the left is the home George Swallow added for his expanding family to live in – L to R: Richard T. Swallow (13), Ray G. Swallow (7) and Alfred M. Swallow (11), Jennie Crowther (the schoolteacher), Anna Day Swallow with the broom, Birdie Swallow (6), Lillian Olmstead (the mother of Jasper Fox) and May C. Swallow (9)

It required all members of the George Swallow family to work hard for the family to make a living in this isolated but beautiful place in Nevada. The three girls worked very hard along with the three boys. But even with all the hard work and isolation, George and Anna taught their children to be gentlemen and ladies. They never forgot their English heritage, and they never forgot the LDS Church that brought them to this land of opportunity, even though it was difficult to be a Mormon in eastern Nevada between 1870 and 1900. The Mormons were not liked at all.

Home missionaries, John Ashman and Allen Russell, from Fillmore, Utah were at Shoshone, Nevada on October 1, 1896 and gave a name and a blessing to my grandmother, Pearl Swallow (age 2 ½), George Swallow assisting.

In Birdie E. Swallow's personal history as written and compiled by her family it states:

There were no Mormons in that area at that time and there was much hatred for them, so father and mother had to keep quiet about their religion. But he often told his family that he never once doubted the truth of the Gospel; he was always faithful in paying his tithing each year and of observing the Word of Wisdom.

Lois Robison Rowley, a granddaughter, writes in her Personal History:

Grandfather Swallow always asked for a cup of hot water, and he added sugar and cream. This took the place of the English tea that was a staple of all Englishmen.

In Birdie E. Swallow's history it states:

### **The Original Log Cabin**

The first home on the ranch was a large log cabin (*built from native red cedar*) with only curtains to divide the bedroom from the other part of the house. This log cabin was later used as a schoolhouse (*and then a bunkhouse and a milk-house*).

Birdie grew up attending school only four months out of each year; her teachers were hired by her father. Her closest girlfriend when she was a child was an Indian girl (*Mamie Swallow*). Many times during her adult life she expressed her love and concern for the Lamanite (*Native American*) people.

Next to the first log cabin, there was later built a large potato cellar. Mother states that "it was not like the potato cellars of today or even forty years ago. It was a large hole dug in the ground with large pine logs set up to hold the roof on, and many bins were built, in which to store the potatoes. The potatoes were raised and sorted to sell to the mining camps at Ward, Taylor and Pioche. Much grain was grown and harvested which was also sold to the miners."

The sorted potatoes were loaded on a lumber wagon, and her father would hitch a four-horse team to it and be gone sometimes for a week or more to make the trip to the mining camps. Her dad would take food and a heavy bedroll and camp out – much of it during cold weather. She remembers how worried her mother would become when her dad was late returning or when storms would occur.

### **The Home George Built on the Ranch**

To the original log cabin, her father added on a front room, two bedrooms, a large kitchen and a porch. The family used the new addition and the old log cabin was used as a school and as a storage place. In the kitchen, a stove was placed – the first their mother used. The logs in the new addition were hewn so they would fit together and would keep more of the cold out during the very cold winters.

**Figure 12 - The home George Swallow built at Shoshone**



### **Life on the Swallow Ranch**

Life on the ranch in those early days was not easy for her parents, but she and the other children learned to work hard because their father was gone periodically hauling freight with team and wagon to the mining camps near and far from the ranch.

Mother (*Birdie*) tells in her (*personal*) history:

We were all kept busy; there was no place to go for amusement. We had to make our own fun and that was by playing checkers, Old Maid, and the general run of games that we had in those days. There were always plenty of horses to ride. We had such beautiful mountains and creeks nearby; the canyons were so lovely and our family enjoyed camping and picnicking in them. The highest mountain in the State of Nevada was just north and east of our home and it was called Mount Wheeler. Spring Valley was a long and wide valley; we lived at the south end of it on the Swallow Ranch with its many acres of meadowland, waving grain, and alfalfa hay. When I was a girl, the valley was covered with patches of Wild Iris and Bird Eye flowers; cattle and sheep grazed all over Spring Valley.

The famous Swallow Ranch was my home – I loved it. I can't remember my mother cooking over a fireplace, but I do remember the fireplace, the iron kettles and brass buckets that she used when she was first married. I remember the large earthen crocks she packed butter in for storing. All of the utensils sat on the flat rocks in front of the fireplace.

### **Work On the Ranch, Even For the Girls**

Because there was much livestock to care for, Birdie was assigned the task of watering a stallion which her father owned. She relates that she always rode horses and loved them; but when it came time for her to untie the stallion and lead him to water, she was always frightened.

She loved the out-of-doors and helped with the chores as well as helping with the housework. Her mother would send her each day in the summer to gather vegetables from the garden which was several miles away. She would ride on her horse bareback to the garden and put the vegetables in a gunny sack; but the problem was that she was not tall enough to jump up on the horse, so she would lead him into a ditch and from the bank jump on his back and ride home. She mentions in her history that when she was a girl, she owned two saddle horses; and just before she was married, she sold them to buy a sewing machine.

She learned to ride horses, drive a team of horses, cook, sew, and crochet. All the bread, pies, and cakes were all homemade; the yeast used for the bread and rolls was made from a start and kept for years; the shortening used was lard rendered from their own pigs. She remembers her mother as an excellent cook and a good seamstress; her mother made all the clothes for the family and knitted all their stockings. She says she remembers her mother telling the children once that she even made a suit of clothes for their father.

In her home as a girl, she remembers the straw ticks which were slept on in the summer and the feather ticks used in the winter. Candles were used for light in the bedrooms and coal-oil lamps were used in the front room and dining room.

### **Father Away From Home**

She remembers a trip her father made to Ward and Taylor with a load of grain in the dead of winter, and a heavy snowstorm came up and a blizzard developed. The snow piled up along the side of the house, and it was so deep that the boys and her mother had to shovel paths to the stables and corrals to feed the stock. The wind blew so hard it would blow the hay off the forks they were using to move the hay. When the outside cattle had to be fed, it took hours to get the hay to them and some never had feed for days. She says (*in her personal history*):

I remember that I was really small then and had to stay in the house alone. Not knowing where Father was, or even if he was alive, so frightened us that we could hardly stand it. Three days later we could see a dark spot coming slowly over the ridge three miles away; what a rejoicing, for we knew it was Father coming home! He was on his way home when the storm started, and he made his way to Conner's Pass and stayed until the storm was over. There was a house, stove, and food, and Father had feed for his horses that he carried on his wagon. To get home he had to shovel his way through every gully, and at times he followed ridges with no roads where the snow had blown off them. Overshoes were not enough; he had to wrap his feet and legs in gunnysacks to keep from freezing to death.

### **Hard Cold Winters**

Mother (*Birdie*) recalls that hard winter of 1891/1892 when two to three cows froze to death standing in the fields because it was impossible to get feed to them or move them due to the deep snow. (*In the White Pine News, dated April 7, 1892, it was reported: "George Swallow lost many cattle over the winter."*) Mother expressed her feeling about this event by saying.

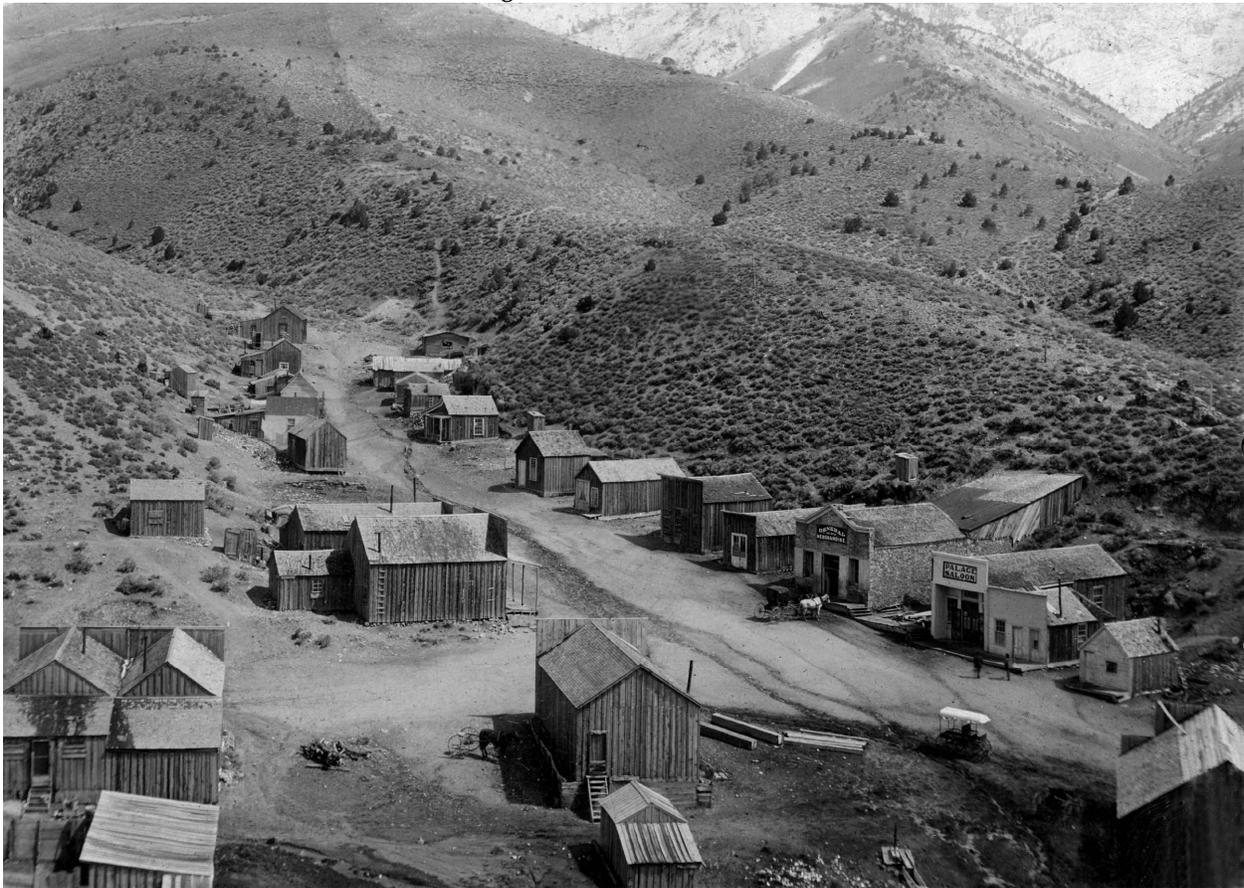
There were many other frightening experiences that happened, but with faith and prayers the Lord protected us; but I cannot forget how my mother suffered perhaps more than my father did. She had to go out in the weather which was thirty to forty degrees below zero and help the boys with the livestock; when she would get back in the house, she would be completely exhausted. As a result of these difficult tasks, she suffered from rheumatism the rest of her life.

### **Osceola**

Osceola, Nevada was the nearest town; it was a mining town which had a small hotel, two stores, two saloons, a restaurant, and a livery stable. Mother (*Birdie*) tells that, "I remember on a Fourth of July (1897), we (*our family*) went up to Osceola for the celebration. I was a small child about nine years of age. It was so cold, and it snowed so hard that there was not room in the small hotel for the crowd that had gathered for the celebration, so the stores and saloons were opened so all could keep warm."

Osceola was the local economic and social center of Spring Valley and Snake Valley in the late 1800s. Most celebrations were a two-day event for the families who attended, and parents would pack their children in the back of a wagon with hay or straw on the bottom and then cover them with canvas and quilts to make the journey more pleasant.

**Figure 13 - Osceola – c1900**



Birdie E. Swallow's history continues:

### **Many Laborers Were On the Ranch**

Mother (*Birdie*) recalls that most of the hired labor on her father's ranch was done by Indians. She relates that during harvest time or when the cattle were rounded up her mother would have Maggy, Jennie, and Ada, (*Indian squaws*) help in the house. There were always many men to feed during those periods, and she recalls that her mother, with the help of May and herself, would do all the cooking and the squaws would do the washing, scrubbing, ironing, and vegetable gathering. There were always two large tables set for the men and family and a third one for the Indian helpers.

Her father had sheep also and when shearing time came around in the spring, she would go out and herd a bunch of sheep during the afternoons. She learned to work on the ranch as well as in the home. She led the derrick horse during the haying time and picked potatoes at harvest time. She did this each year until the family moved to Salt Lake City (*in 1907*).

### **Indian George Swallow**

There was a Native American family from the Paiute tribe that lived at Shoshone and worked for George and Anna Day Swallow. This Paiute family had a son born April 10, 1885. They

thought so much of George Swallow that they named or re-named their son, George Swallow. From then on he was known as Indian George Swallow. Indian George worked on the Swallow Ranch at Shoshone for most of his younger life and is shown to have registered for the WW I draft in 1917, along with Alfred M. and Richard T. Swallow, in White Pine County, Nevada.

<b>Name</b>	<b>Birth Date</b>	<b>Ethnic</b>	<b>Birth Location</b>	<b>Place of Registration</b>
Swallow, Alfred M.	10 Aug 1882	W		White Pine, NV
Swallow, Indian George	10 Apr 1885	I	dad lives Newhouse, UT	White Pine, NV
Swallow, Richard T.	10 Apr 1880	W		White Pine, NV

Indian George Swallow was the first chief of the Paiute Reservation at Indian Peak, Utah (near Newhouse and Frisco, Utah in Millard County). The reservation existed from 1915 to 1954 according to the Utah History Encyclopedia, History of Beaver County.

Elwin A. Robison remembers Indian George Swallow visiting the ranch where he grew up in Snake Valley in the 1920s. Richard M. "Dick" Swallow also remembers Indian George working in White Pine County and visiting the Swallow Ranch in Spring Valley over the years.

### **Traveling Over 80 Miles to Get Groceries and Farm Supplies**

Birdie E. Swallow Robison's records in her personal history:

When I was around nine years of age (1897), I remember my father going to the railroad at Frisco, Utah to get groceries and farm supplies and bringing home a pump organ. (*The railroad came to Frisco in 1880.*) That next year we had a teacher that could play the organ and also the banjo. This is how I learned to play the chords for dance music. I learned the notes and scales and was able to play a few waltzes. I was too much of an outside girl to take interest in reading or music. My children and grandchildren, I am sure, will doubt that I had a good singing voice and played my own accompaniment. I played hymns and easy songs on the organ and also learned to play the harmonica.

As a little girl and as I grew older, I can't remember of ever being lonesome or being unhappy. There was always something to be done. I was my father's shadow; I followed him in the fields and watched him in the blacksmith shop. He repaired all of the machinery that he used such as a reaper, mowing machine, and plows. The first year my father settled on the ranch, he cut his grain with a scythe; for years he had only a hand plow, but later he bought what they called a sulky plow that he would ride on rather than walk behind all day.

**Figure 14 - Horse-drawn mower on the Swallow Ranch**



**Figure 15 - Workers threshing on the Swallow Ranch**



Over the 35 years George owned the Swallow Ranch he purchased and developed many of the other small ranches in the area when their owners wanted to sell. He also expanded his use of public lands for grazing sheep and cattle. By 1907, George Swallow's ranch was one of the largest and most successful cattle and sheep operations in Nevada.

Alfred M. Swallow attended school in Salt Lake City for the school year 1903/1904. Richard T. Swallow attended school in Salt Lake City for the school years 1903/1904 and 1904/1905.

Mamie Swallow lived on the Swallow Ranch until she married Joe Joseph of Baker, Nevada, in about 1904.

From the spring of 1905 to the spring of 1907 Richard T. Swallow served an LDS mission in California. A few months after Richard returned he married Matilda Mortenson in October 1907.

George sold the ranch to his two oldest sons, Richard T. and Alfred M., in the fall of 1907 and moved to Salt Lake City with his wife, three daughters and youngest son. He bought two nice homes and property to build an apartment building on. The homes were located at 327 and 329 East First South St. Within a year or two George had built the Swallow Apartments on the large lot next to the two homes.

**Figure 16 - The George Swallow home: 329 E 100 S, Salt Lake City, Utah – July 1908**



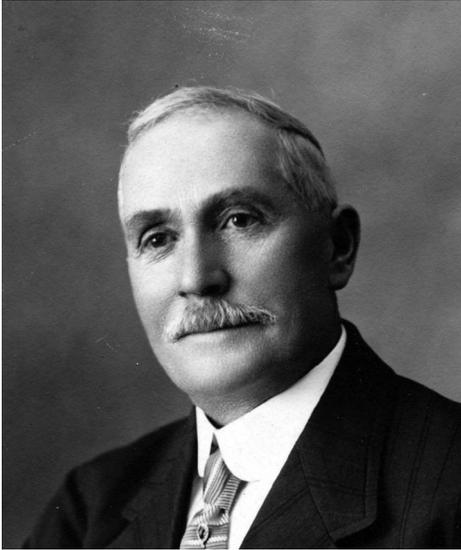
Standing L to R: Ray G. Swallow (19), Birdie E. Swallow (20), May C. Swallow (24), unknown, unknown, Anna Day Swallow (57), unknown, unknown, unknown, unknown, and George Swallow (56) – Sitting L to R: unknown, Ida Pearl Swallow (14) and unknown

After moving to Salt Lake City, the three girls, May C., Birdie E. and Pearl, along with their brother, Ray, attended school. They returned to the ranch at Shoshone every summer to work or to visit.

In 1909 May C. Swallow married David R. Kerr.

In 1911 Birdie E. Swallow married James F. Robison.

**Figure 17 - George Swallow in – c1910**



**Figure 18 - Anna Day Swallow in – c1910**



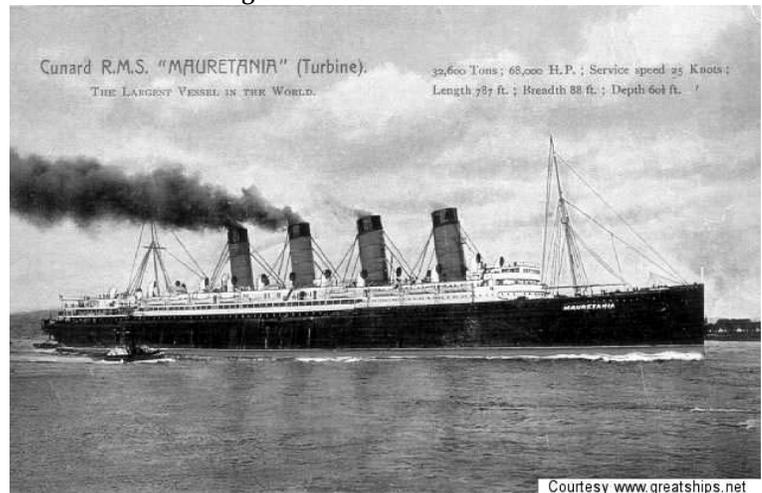
In the summer of 1913, George, Anna and Pearl Swallow went to England for about four months. They came home on the SS Mauretania and entered the U.S. through Ellis Island on September 20, 1913.

**Figure 19 - George Swallow family in England**



George is standing with Anna & Pearl seated

**Figure 20 - The SS Mauretania**



Ray G. Swallow married Zedonia Dorius in October 1914.

Alfred M. Swallow married Nell Smith in November 1914.

In December 1915 Anna Day Swallow died.

Pearl Swallow married Doyle C. Robison in June 1916.

In the summer or fall of 1916 George and all his children and their families had a reunion at the Swallow Ranch at Shoshone, Nevada.

In March 1917 George Swallow married his second wife, Matilda "Mattie" Chesley Madsen, a widow. In *Our Swallow Heritage, Volume I*, I did not include "Mattie's" history. It is a touching and wonderful history that needs to be shared.

### **Matilda "Mattie" Chesley**

The following History of Matilda Chesley and Brigham Madsen was written by Donetta J. Madsen from her personal knowledge and accounts related to her by the children of Matilda and Brigham: Leah M. Kirk, Grace M. Gossling and Stanley A. Madsen.

Matilda was born January 14, 1876 in Provo, Utah to Matilda Robertson and William Alexander Chesley. She was the second child in the family and the second daughter in a family of ten children and was known by the name of Mattie. She grew up in Provo and learned to love the Gospel from parents who were staunch and dedicated members of the Church.

Mattie was a very pretty young woman. When she was about 19 years of age she became engaged to a certain young man and he gave her a ring. Not long after this she met and fell in love with Brigham Madsen who was a very handsome young man, as his picture proves. (Oh, the charm of these Madsen men.) A short time later she and her "intended" were together and she told him she couldn't marry him because she was in love with someone else and she gave his ring back to him. They were standing by an open well and he took the ring and tossed it down the well. If he couldn't have her, then the ring meant nothing to him. Mattie felt bad about this but she couldn't change what her heart dictated.

**Figure 21 - Matilda Chesley (1876 - 1944)**



Matilda and Brigham were married on March 23, 1896 in Lake View, Utah. Several years later, on December 23, 1903, they were sealed to each other in the Salt Lake Temple. They became the parents of eight children - 3 girls and 5 boys. Brigham was a very talented musician and played several instruments, among them being the piano, the fiddle and the mandolin. He was much in demand to play for dances and Mattie often went with him. They took their children with them (which was the custom at that time) and bedded them down on the benches.

Brigham worked on the farm with his father, Peter Madsen. One spring the men folk of the family were clearing land on the farm and Mattie had taken Brigham's lunch to him where they were working and while there Brigham showed her a large hole in the ground where they had taken a big tree out the fall before. The hole was several feet across and was full of water snakes.

Brigham also worked with his father on Utah Lake fishing. His father did Commercial fishing on Utah Lake as well as farming, and his boys must have helped him in both operations. Brigham got a job as a Game Warden for the Utah State Fish and Game Department. After a time he was promoted to Chief Warden and the family moved into the State owned home on the Hatchery property. It was a two-story home on the north side of the Hatchery. (Stanley (*my husband*) and I and our son, Reid and his wife, Katie, stopped to see it just a few days before it was demolished in 1977.)

Sometime in the spring of 1910, Brigham injured his hand and it became infected and turned into blood poison and he was very ill. Leah remembered him sitting on the front steps of the house one day and she could see how sick he was. Possibly due to the lack of proper medical treatment a large lump formed under his arm and was so painful it had to be lanced. The doctor was summoned and he lanced it and drained almost a quart of pus from it. However, Brigham did not improve and within a very short time he died. What a tragedy it was for Mattie and her seven children and one on the way. According to Leah, it was even more tragic when her mother went to change the bed after Brigham's death and found the mattress soaked with blood and a small puddle on the floor under the bed. Evidently, the Dr., when lancing the lump, misjudged and cut too deep and Brigham bled to death. He died on July 11, 1910 and was buried in the Provo City Cemetery. Sometime before his death Brigham had a feeling or a premonition that something was going to happen to him so he took out some life insurance which they could hardly afford. This proved to be very beneficial for his family. Also, Mattie had a dream in which someone died and she thought it was going to be her since she was pregnant at the time. In the dream, she was given to understand that her family would be taken care of. Not long after this, Brigham died, and she felt that the dream had been a warning to her. Grace relates that after Brigham's death Mattie had a blessing in which she was promised that her children would not lack for the necessities of life.

Mattie bore a great load of sorrow in the years of 1910 and 1911. On March 17, 1910 her father passed away; then she lost her husband on July 11, 1910. On March 4, 1911 her eighth child, Lynn, was born but lived only two days. In May 1911, she lost her 8 year old son, Gordon, who had developed spinal meningitis as a result of the after effects of smallpox. Then, in August of 1911, Brigham's father, Peter Madsen, passed away. When Gordon died, Mattie had to prepare him for burial because they were quarantined and no one was allowed to come to her home.

With Brigham gone the family had to leave the home provided by the Fish and Game Department and Mattie had to find a way to support her young family. With the money she received from the Insurance, she moved her family to the old Peter Madsen farm in Lake View and started up a dairy. This was very hard work. She and her oldest son, Shirley, who was about 11 1/2 years old, milked a large herd of milk-cows night and morning. She delivered the milk and cream with a horse and buggy or wagon to Provo. According to Grace, she opened up a small lunch counter to help supplement her income. After a time the dairy proved to be unsuccessful so they moved to Salt Lake and lived for a time with her mother, Matilda Robertson Chesley and family on the Chesley Dairy Farm which was located near the old Bamberger Electric Railroad Line, about 14th South and 4th West. While here, her sister and brother-in-law, Grace and George Gordon who lived in Grand Junction, Colorado, sent for her. She went and while there they took care of her much needed dental work.

When she returned from Colorado, she went to work. Some members of the family think it was at a cafeteria. She always had the welfare of her family in mind and moved them from place to place trying to make a better home for them. They lived for a while in a little house, set back in the field a little distance, on 2nd West and 15th South. They were not too contented there because tramps would try to get into the house. From there they moved to a red brick house on State Street and 17th South, near the corner and located between a grocery store and a meat market. Then Mattie had the opportunity of taking over the ownership and running of the Cafeteria located in the Old Social Hall on State Street at Social Hall Avenue. This she did, and it solved her transportation and housing problems because living quarters were provided in the building. Schools were nearby. She didn't need to leave her family, and Irma and Leah were old enough to help her in the cafeteria. However, it was not all work -- Mattie and the girls shared many happy experiences together.

Salt-air was a very popular place of entertainment in those days and Irma and Leah wanted to go to the dances there. Their mother would go with them as their chaperone, and I imagine she loved it as much as her daughters.

Avard Fairbanks, sculptor, had his studio on the upper floor of the Old Social Hall at the time that Mattie operated the cafeteria. He was much taken with Leah's beauty and perfect profile and wanted to sculpt or paint a bust of her, but her mother thought it was not the "proper thing" for a young lady to do.

### **George Swallow Marries Matilda "Mattie" Chesley**

**Figure 22 - George Swallow (1851 – 1932)**



**Figure 23 - Matilda "Mattie" Chesley Swallow**



A little over a year after the death of Anna Day Swallow, George began to eat regularly at the Old Social Hall cafeteria in Salt Lake City. It was owned and operated by Mattie Chesley Madsen, a widow. She and George struck up a friendship as told in the following [History of Matilda Chesley and George Swallow](#) written by Donetta J. Madsen. The content comes from the personal knowledge of Matilda's children: Grace M. Gossling, Stanley A. Madsen and T.

Frank Swallow. Some incidents were also related to Donetta J. Madsen by Mr. Swallow's daughter-in-law, Nell Smith Swallow, in September of 1977. Nell and her husband, Alfred M. Swallow, lived in the Swallow Apartment building for a number of years while Mattie lived there. Nell was 88 years old when she related these incidents, but she was sound of mind and had retained a very sharp memory.

The cafeteria that Mattie operated in the Old Social Hall was well known for the delicious food served there and many prominent people came there from time to time – Heber J. Grant being one of them. After a time, she noticed that an older man had started coming in quite regularly who seemed to be rather lonely. One morning she told her daughter that she was going to take her plate to his table and sit with him to eat breakfast. She continued to do this for a time and thus they became acquainted. The gentleman was George Swallow who had recently lost his wife.

George and Mattie decided to be married although he was 25 years older than she was. They were married on March 29, 1917. Mattie disposed of the Cafeteria business and she and her family moved into the Swallow Apartment Building on 333 East 1st South. They got along very well together – her financial problems were over and she had security for her family. This marriage was probably the result of two lonely people getting together. It did, however, develop into a marriage where there was a lot of love and affection for each other. On February 27, 1918, a son, Thomas Frank, was born to them – Mattie was 42 years old at this time. This event brought them closer together. Mattie was an excellent housekeeper and a wonderful cook. She and George made and maintained a lovely home and a good, healthy environment for the children. (Now she knew that the warning she had received in her dream had been fulfilled – her children would be taken care of.)

**Figure 24 - T. Frank Swallow – c1920**



**Figure 25 - T. Frank Swallow – c1944**



Mattie's oldest daughter, Irma, was married to William E. Mitchell on March 30, 1916 while they were still living at the Cafeteria. Soon after they moved to the Swallow Apartments, her second daughter, Leah, was married to Raymond C. Kirk on June 21, 1917. Another daughter, Grace, was married a few years later to Harold Giles Gossling on September 24, 1924. Mr. Swallow was very generous and gave her the money to take care of her daughters' wedding expenses.

When George was 16 years old, he came to America from England, where he had joined the church. He became a successful cattle and sheep rancher in Nevada. He sold the ranch to his boys and built the Swallow Apartments in Salt Lake where he retired. He and Mattie would spend some time at the ranch in the summertime. Sometimes Mattie's children would go with them and at other times they would be left with relatives. George loved the theatre and he often took Mattie to the Old Salt Lake Theatre where the top shows of the country came. Grace often went with them.

According to Nell (*Smith*) Swallow, Mattie and George went to Nevada the first summer after they were married. She was pregnant with Frank, so their hosts gave them the bedroom. That night George kidded her about being pregnant and taking up so much room in the bed. She became very indignant and promptly picked up her pillow and slept on the floor. Another time, when they were in Nevada at the ranch, there was a rabbit hunt and George insisted on going along. When they came back George's face was so flushed that Mattie was very concerned -- she thought he was going to have a stroke.

**Figure 26 - The George Swallow family up the canyon – fall 1917**



The Ray G. Swallow family is on the far left: Zedonia Dorius Swallow (standing), unknown girl (in front) and Ray G. Swallow seated – Standing to the right of Zedonia is George Swallow and Matilda Chesley Swallow (Matilda is pregnant with T. Frank Swallow) – Continuing to the right – standing: Matilda Mortenson Swallow holding Arlo B. Swallow, with Golden N. Swallow just to Matilda's right. The other 3 men and 2 women standing are unknown. The girl just to the right of Golden is unknown – The boy standing on the far right is unknown – Seated and to the right of Ray G. Swallow are 2 men and a small child; the man is unknown; the second man is Stanley Madsen holding Ethel V. Swallow – George N. Swallow in next, then his father, Richard T. Swallow. Richard M. "Dick" Swallow is the small child on the lap of the boy sitting second from the right – The man and three boys seated on the right are unknown – the five people standing in the middle rear are unknown

Nell and her husband, Alf Swallow, one of George's sons, lived for many years (1928 to 1934) in an apartment on the 3rd floor in the Swallow Apartment Building and Nell became very well acquainted with Mattie and considered her to be the best friend she ever had. They had many good times together. They went to picture shows and lunch together and they both loved to play cards. Mattie would invite another couple in and they spent many evenings playing Bridge or

500. Nell's tribute to Mattie is: "I think she was one of the greatest women I ever knew." She was also a faithful and devoted member of the Church and made many delicious chicken pies for Church entertainments. She also took good care of her mother and her brothers, Jim, Graham and Elmer, in their declining years.

In 1923 Mr. Swallow bought a Packard. It was a 1923 model, sport touring straight eight, and the color was robin-egg blue -- a beautiful car. Neither, Mr. Swallow or Mattie, drove a car, but he gave her a car key with the understanding that the boys were not to take it out alone. It was agreed. In 1925 Stanley went on a mission and Grant went away to work. Evidently there was no one at home to drive the car, so he sold it for \$500.00. He had paid \$3300.00 for it when it was new.

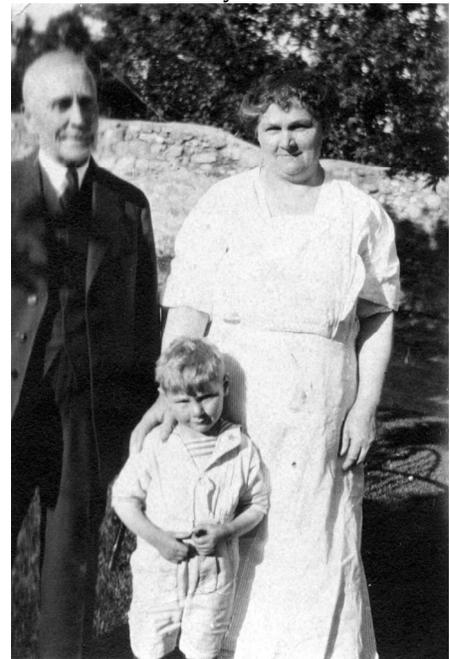
**Figure 27 - George & Matilda Chesley Swallow – 1917**



**Figure 28 - T. Frank & George Swallow – 1921**



**Figure 29 - George, T. Frank and Matilda Chesley Swallow – 1925**



Mr. Swallow was a man of very strong constitution and also was very considerate to the needy, although Mattie didn't know to what extent until after his death. He religiously took a long walk every day. Many times, when Frank was old enough, he would walk with his father. In 1931 Mr. Swallow began suffering with cancer and he died on May 20, 1932 at his home. He was buried in Fillmore, Utah.

**Figure 30 - The front Swallow home and the Swallow apartments in SLC – 2005**



Mattie and Frank continued to live at and manage the apartments, which Mr. Swallow had left to them. Here again she was faced with carrying on without her husband; however, this time things were different -- she had no financial difficulties except those generated by her own children. Frank was a great comfort to her, always concerned for her comfort and welfare.

Except for high blood pressure which she had to watch and a slight stroke she had previously suffered and which left her face partially paralyzed, she continued in fairly good health. Occasionally she had some severe nose bleeds which were corrected by cauterizing. In the early winter of 1944 (January), she slipped and fell on the ice on the steps just outside her back door. Complications arose that brought on another stroke which took her life on February 26, 1944. She was buried in the Provo City Cemetery.

Stanley says his mother taught him one lesson for which he has always been grateful: "Never dance to the tune of the fiddler unless you have the money to pay him." In other words, "If you can't pay your way, don't go."

Figure 31 - George Swallow obituary - 1932

May 20, 1932

## George Swallow, Early Utahn, Dies

George Swallow, 80, owner of the Swallow apartments and active L. D. S. church worker, died at his residence, No. 2 Swallow apartments, Friday at 2:35 p. m., after a lingering illness of cancer.

Mr. Swallow was born July 11, 1851, in Stebbing, England, the son of Thomas and Caroline Crowl Swallow, and emigrated to Utah in 1868, locating in Fillmore. In 1870 Mr. Swallow moved to White Pine county, Nevada, near Ely, and engaged in ranching and stock raising, establishing the famous Swallow ranch.

Mr. Swallow moved to Salt Lake in 1907 and built the Swallow apartments.

Besides his widow, Mrs. Mattie C. Swallow, he is survived by seven sons and daughters: Richard T. and Alfred M. Swallow, Mrs. D. R. Kerr, Mrs. James F. and Mrs. Doyle C. Robison, all of White Pine county, Nevada; Ray G. Swallow, Mayfield; Thomas Frank Swallow, Salt Lake. He also is survived by 28 grandchildren and four brothers, William, Joseph, James and Charles Swallow, all of Fillmore.

Funeral services for Mr. Swallow will be conducted Sunday at 3 p. m. in the Twelfth-Thirteenth L. D. S. ward chapel. Friends may call at the residence Sunday between 10 a. m. and 2 p. m.

The body will be taken to Fillmore Monday, where burial will take place in the Fillmore city cemetery at 1:30 p. m.

Figure 32 - Matilda Chesley Swallow obituary - 1944

## Deaths

### Matilda Chesley Swallow

Funeral services for Mrs. Matilda Chesley Swallow, 68, 333 East First South street, who died in a Salt Lake hospital at 9:30 p. m. Saturday of a cerebral hemorrhage, will be conducted Tuesday at 11 a. m. at 124 Fourth East street.

Mrs. Swallow was born January 14, 1876, in Provo, a daughter of William A. and Matilda Robertson Chesley. She moved to Salt Lake City from Provo in 1913 and was an active member of the Thirteenth LDS ward where she was secretary of the Relief society for many years.

She was married to Brigham Madsen March 23, 1896, in Provo, and, upon his death, was married to George Swallow March 29, 1917.

He died several years ago.

Survivors include three daughters, Mrs. Irma M. Mitchell, Provo; Mrs. Leah M. Kirk, Twin Falls, Idaho, and Mrs. Grace M. Gosling, Portland, Ore.; four sons, Thomas Frank Madsen, Fort Ord, Cal.; Shirley B. Madsen, Oakland, Cal.; Stanley A. Madsen, Blackfoot, Idaho, and Grant G. Madsen, Grand Junction, Colo.; two sisters, Mrs. Myrtle Foulger, Los Angeles, and Mrs. Grace Gordon, San Francisco; four brothers, James A., W. Graham, Elmer and Paul R. Chesley, all of Salt Lake City; 22 grandchildren and 12 great-grandchildren.

Friends may call from 6 to 8 p. m. Monday and from 10 to 11 a. m. Tuesday at place of services. Burial will be in Salt Lake City cemetery.



Mrs. Swallow

In the second article it refers to Thomas Frank Madsen. It should be Thomas Frank Swallow.

## Chapter 2 - The Swallow Ranch from 1907 to 1916

### **Partnership of Richard T. Swallow and Alfred M. Swallow**

When Richard T. Swallow returned from his mission in 1907, his father started the process of turning the ranch over to his two oldest sons, Richard T. and Alfred M., and the rest of the family moved to Salt Lake City in the fall of 1907.

Alfred M. Swallow's history of his father states:

In 1907 when Dad decided to turn the ranch and livestock over to Richard and myself on a buy and leasing basis, he was running 1,200 cattle and from 5,000 to 6,000 sheep, and was probably putting up 1,000 tons of hay and 75 tons of grain per year, and he owned from 6,000 to 7,000 acres of farming and grazing land. I believe this was one of the better sheep and cattle outfits in the state of Nevada.

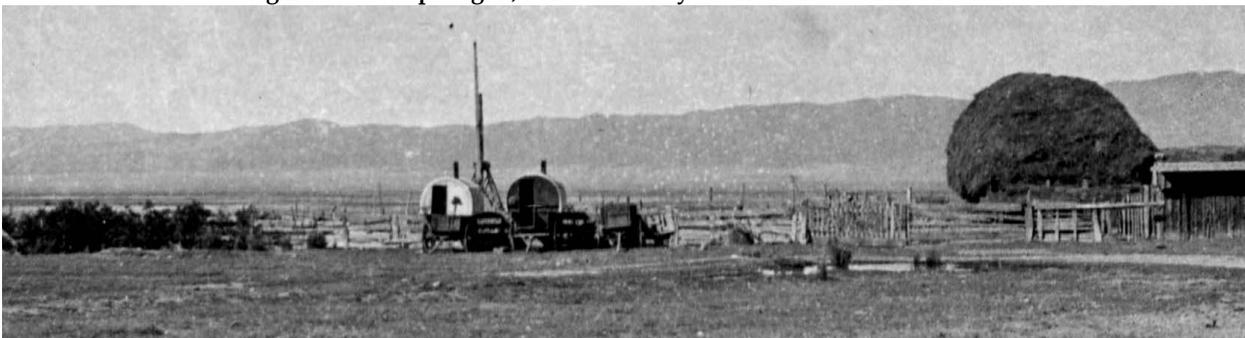
Richard T., being the oldest son, no doubt felt the full responsibility to carry on his father's name and reputation as well as making sure the Swallow Ranch remained successful. Like his father, Richard was a very serious man, religious, a very strict disciplinarian and a hard worker.

Richard T. and Alfred M. Swallow worked the ranch together on a sale/lease agreement with their father for three years. They leased the ranch and sheep and bought the cattle. Their younger brother, Ray G. Swallow, worked on the ranch for wages during this time.

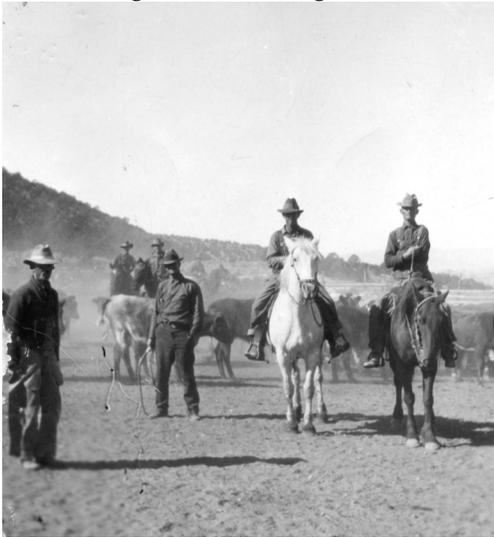
### **Partnership of Richard T. Swallow, Alfred M. Swallow and Ray G. Swallow**

In 1910 it was determined by George Swallow and his two oldest sons that Ray G. Swallow should also buy into the ranch on the same sale/lease agreement. The three Swallow brothers worked the ranch together the next three years, 1910 to 1913.

Figure 33 - Sheep wagon, corrals and hay stack on the Swallow Ranch



**Figure 34 - Working cattle**



**Figure 35 - Sheep wagon being moved by team of horses**



They found work was never finished. There were cattle to be branded, sheep to be sheared, hay to be cut and grain to be threshed. On the Swallow Ranch, like most other ranches, work started at sun-up and ended at dark. To make a ranch successful, the owners and ranch hands had to work 12 to 18 hours each day, 7 days of the week, 365 days a year. Ranching is not an easy life.

**Figure 36 - A good day's work**



The threshing crew is about done for the day – with 15 to 20 tons of grain, bagged and ready to ship.

**Figure 37 - In front of the Swallow home and bunk house – c1910**



Picture is labeled the bunk house because in later years it was used as a bunk house. At this point the original log cabin on the right may have been used as a bunk house, but the Richard T. Swallow family still occupied the main home on the left until 1917. From left to right: three ranch hands, Alfred M. Swallow, Richard T. Swallow and Ray G. Swallow.

### **First Car in Spring Valley**

In 1911, Richard was the first ranchman in that area of Nevada to purchase an automobile. He was very proud of it and he gave rides to all his family and friends.

Moving from the horse and buggy to the automobile was a major event in rural Nevada. By 1916 most of the ranchers had cars and life would never be the same again.

**Figure 38 - Richard T. Swallow with first car – 1911**



L to R: Richard T. Swallow, Birdie E. Swallow and unknown woman

**Figure 39 - Richard T. Swallow with first car – 1911**



Richard T. is giving a ride to three men; the man on the far right is Ray G. Swallow

## **The Swallow Sisters Visited the Ranch Regularly**

Each summer after moving to Salt Lake City and until they were married, Birdie Swallow and Pearl Swallow, Richard's younger sisters, would spend time on the Swallow Ranch helping their sister-in-law, Matilda. Birdie and Pearl took this opportunity to spend some time dating their future husbands, James F. Robison and Doyle C. Robison, two brothers who lived over in Snake Valley. Birdie married James F. Robison September 6, 1911 and Pearl married Doyle C. Robison on June 7, 1916.

**Figure 40 - Pearl Swallow visiting the Swallow Ranch – 1913**



L to R: Matilda Mortenson Swallow holding Golden N. Swallow, Pearl Swallow with George N. Swallow in front

**Figure 41 - Ray G. and Birdie Swallow – c1909**



## **Partnership of Richard T. Swallow and Ray G. Swallow**

In 1913 Alfred M. Swallow became unhappy in the ranch partnership because he and his brothers could not agree on the management decisions of the ranch. Alf sold his interest in the Swallow Ranch to Richard T. Swallow and Ray G. Swallow and then bought an interest in a mercantile store in Garrison, Utah with his brother-in-law, James F. Robison, who was married to his sister, Birdie Swallow Robison.

George N. Swallow told me the following:

For several years around 1910 Dad and Mother (*Richard T. and Matilda Mortenson Swallow*) would hire young women from Sterling and Mayfield, Utah to come work on the Swallow Ranch. They would help with the cooking, washing, cleaning, etc. Zedonia Dorius was one of these young women. This is most likely how she and Ray G. Swallow met.

Ray G. Swallow married Ethel Zedonia Dorius on October 21, 1914. Ray built a new four room house, just south-east of the original Swallow home, for himself and his new bride. They lived in this home from October 1914 to the fall of 1916.

**Figure 42 - A cold winter day on the Swallow Ranch**



The house Ray G. Swallow built for his new wife, Zedonia Dorius, in 1914

Ray G. Swallow loved the ranch and liked to spend all the time he could there. He was a good cowboy and liked to rope and work with the cattle.

**Figure 43 - Ray G. Swallow on his good roping horse**



To the right is the new home Ray G. Swallow built for his new bride, Zedonia Dorius Swallow, in 1914

In January 1916 Ray G. and Zedonia Dorius Swallow had their first child, Ethel V. Swallow.

Life was hard out in Nevada and there were no doctors. Zedonia's health was fragile and Ray had his share of sickness. They made the decision in 1916 to sell their interest in the Swallow Ranch to Richard T. Swallow and move to Mayfield, Utah.

Richard T. Swallow and Matilda Mortenson Swallow now owned all of the Swallow Ranch at Shoshone, Nevada.

## Chapter 3 – Richard T. Swallow and His Family

### Early Years

Richard Thomas Swallow was the second son born to George Swallow and Anna Day Swallow. His middle name was taken from his grandfather, Thomas Swallow. Richard T. was born April 10, 1880 in a log cabin on the Swallow Ranch at Shoshone, Nevada a little over a year after his older brother George William Swallow was born – January 12, 1879. When Richard T. was just two years old, his older brother George William Swallow was killed. His head was crushed while alone out in the barn on January 22, 1882. Pearl, his youngest sister, always said he was kicked in the head by a horse; but there were no witnesses, and he was unable to tell anyone what happened before he died. He was the first son of George and Anna Day Swallow and was known as "Willy." The family traditionally put "Indian Paint Brush" flowers on his grave.

**Figure 44 - Grave of George William "Willy" Swallow**



1879 – 1882

This is the Osceola Cemetery where George William "Willy" Swallow is buried. His grave is the one in the middle foreground with the wooden picket fence. The picture is taken looking west across Spring Valley. The Swallow Ranch is about 20 miles south, in the valley.

**Figure 45 - Richard T. Swallow**



1880 – 1943

After the death of "Willy," Richard T. was now the oldest son and the one that would carry on the family name. George and Anna watched little Richard T. grow up and were thrilled with his progress. They gave him many responsibilities early that taught him the principles of hard work, integrity, honesty and obedience. They also spent time teaching him the principles of the Gospel even though there was no LDS church for them to attend.

According to Lois Robison Rowley, her mother, Pearl, told her that her father, George Swallow, (also the father of Richard T.) was a strict disciplinarian, a true Englishman. He expected his children to be obedient. He expected his family and his hired help to work as hard and long as he did. He was a good father, had high ideals and was very successful in business. There was, however, not much good old fashioned fun and games on the ranch.

By the fall of 1893 George and Anna Swallow had five living children: Richard T. (13), Alfred M. (11), May C. (9), Ray G. (7) and Birdie E. (6). Ida Pearl was born in 1894. Richard T., no doubt, was expected by his parents to be the leader and example to his younger brothers and sisters; and he likely exercised considerable authority over them as would be expected in an English family where there was much tradition that supported the patriarchal order; or primary family responsibility being passed from father to oldest son. One can only imagine that there was tension caused by this, especially among the brothers. All indications are, however, that Richard tried his very best to honor his parents and do what they wanted him to do.

There were several families of Native Americans from the Shoshone tribe that lived in a settlement just north of the ranch. The Swallows regularly hired the Shoshone women and men for domestic and ranch work. Also there were several homesteads within five to ten miles of the ranch; but it was about 80 miles by team and wagon to Frisco, Utah the nearest railhead town where supplies could be purchased. The Swallow family and the other families in the area had to be completely self sufficient – the children and their parents had to do everything.

Life was good, but hard. The winters were cold, and the isolation complete at Shoshone, Nevada. School was limited to only a few months each year. It was the fall of 1890 before they had a school. Five students were needed to start a school in Nevada – the three oldest Swallow children and two local Native American children were the first five students.

In 1951 Roland Swallow wrote in the [Birth of the Swallow Ranch](#):

A one room log house was the school house. It is a few hundred yards from the main house, which was also of logs. The log cabin was there when George Swallow first came to the ranch in the spring of "72." The other part of the house (and an immense potato cellar) was built room by room as the family increased. The ceilings were of heavy muslin and the roofs were of dirt. No lumber or shingles were to be had for a hundred miles around. *(After George expanded the new home addition so the entire family could live in it, school was held in the old original log cabin.)*

**Figure 46 - The home where Richard T. Swallow grew up**



Richard T. learned to be a man early in life just like his father had done. He tried to emulate his father in every way and do all within his power to honor his parents throughout his life.

### **LDS Business College and Mission**

In the fall of 1903 Richard went to the LDS Business College in Salt Lake City. He grew up with a faith in Christ, but at LDS Business College he gained a testimony. He was baptized March 3, 1904 by Benjamin Stoddard, confirmed March 6, 1904 by Mathew C. (or A.) Miller and he was ordained a teacher December 11, 1904 by John W. Baud in the 15<sup>th</sup> Ward, Salt Lake City, Utah.

When he finished at the LDS Business College, at age 25, he went on a two year mission for the LDS Church to California. He left Salt Lake City April 13, 1905 and arrived in San Francisco April 15, 1905. Over the next two years, he served in San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Bernardino, and San Diego. The last entry in his journal is dated April 16, 1907 when he arrived back in San Francisco from San Diego. He was the first to serve a full time mission in the George and Anna Day Swallow family.

**Figure 47 - Richard T. Swallow on his mission**



**Figure 48 - Richard T. Swallow on his mission**



**Figure 49 - Mission home in San Francisco, California – 1905 to 1907**



Richard T. Swallow standing in the very middle of those between the two posts

**Figure 50 - California missionaries – June 3, 1906**



L to R - Standing: H. A. Gull, E. C. Jones, R. T. Swallow, A. G. Benson and George F. Garner  
Sitting: M. E. Holt, James Peacock and B. F. Trimble

*Turning the hearts of the fathers to their children and the hearts of the children to their fathers*

**Figure 51 - Richard T. Swallow on his mission**



Richard T. Swallow standing on the far right while on his mission in California 1905 – 1907

The following are some journal entries Richard T. made on his mission:

Figure 52 - Pages from Richard T. Swallow's mission diary

Dec. 25, 1905. (Imps.)  
In the morning Elder Badger & I went out to Bro. Coopers, and administered to his little boy who was quite sick.  
About two o'clock we went up town to Pres. Jacobson's Restaurant for Xmas dinner and had a very nice dinner there.

In the evening all us Elders went over to Sister Sniffs to spend the evening, and had a very pleasant time.

April 3, '06.  
Elder Harding & I went to Rio Alto. It was about five miles over there, and we walked it both ways, except about two miles one way. A butcher hauled his about miles going over.

April 10, 1906.  
All us Elders, Acord, Harding, & myself, went over to Bro. Wilkerson's for dinner and stayed there till four o'clock then, Elder Acord & myself went down town, called on Dr. Campbell, from there to Kate Kellar's shoe shop, where Kershaw was, and him & Elder Acord

came nearly having a fight. In the evening all us Elders went down to the Illinois Society where we were invited by Mrs. Brandle.

Saw Bernardino, Calif. July 11, 1906.  
Went tracking here today in company with Elder McGavin, and had several very nice conversations. <sup>Held shut meeting</sup> till the evening.  
Saw Bernardino, July 12, 1906.  
Went visiting over to Redlands in company with Elder McGavin, we called on Mrs. Bell & Mrs. Mason, and had a very nice talk at both places. didn't get home till late.

San Diego, Calif. Nov. 5, 1906  
Received a letter from Elder Parkinson  
this morning stating that he would be  
here in a day or so. and I felt fine  
to know that some one was coming  
soon as I had been alone now five days  
and I spent today reading the improvement  
Era through;

San Diego, Nov. 6, 1906.  
Elder Parkinson, arrived today on the  
12.55 train, and I was pleased to see him  
after he arrived we went to the Restaurant  
for dinner. Then hunted in some rooms  
for the winter, and after a long walk  
we finally decided to stay at 25 21 D. St.  
So we thought we would move in  
this evening, and I had to pack up

my bundle at 7:32 P. M. and we are  
very tired this evening after so much walking

San Diego, Calif. Nov. 7, 1906.  
Today we fixed up our rooms a little  
and went to the Restaurant for dinner, and  
then to see Bro. Thompson who was sick  
and we administered to him while there.

San Diego, Calif. Nov. 8, 1906.  
Today Elder Parkinson and I went out  
North through the parks towards University  
Heights, and we called on Bro. Redpath  
and had a very pleasant visit with him.  
and met Miss Kerr on our way out  
there.

San Diego, Calif. Nov. 9, 06  
In the Afternoon Elder Parkinson & I  
went down to Bro. Thompson, to see  
how he was getting along through his  
sick spell. also went over to the Auto-  
mobile Shop a few minutes, and saw  
Pres. C. E. Hunt a few minutes.

Richard T. Swallow returned home to join his parents and brothers and sisters on the Swallow Ranch in April 1907. He had a successful mission and all were thrilled that he served well.

## **Heritage of Matilda E. Mortenson**

In My Grandmother Swallow's Ancestry, dated 1951, Roland Swallow wrote:

Matilda Elizabeth Mortenson was born March 23, 1888 in a small town near Manti, Utah. She was the ninth of a family of ten children. Her father, Niels Mortenson, and her mother, Ingrid Sophia Samuelson, were born and raised in Sweden near Brelang which is close to Stockholm near the ocean. They met and married in Sweden about 1867. In 1883, they came to America and settled in Sterling, Utah. They cleared land and farmed and raised cattle after buying a farm two and a half miles southeast of Mayfield, Utah. Niels Mortenson was an expert in raising potatoes. When he lived in Sweden, he raised potatoes in the summer and fished in the winter and took his produce to Stockholm. Great, Great Grandfather died March 11, 1893.

Ingrid Sophia Samuelson was born April 29, 1849, a daughter of Ingrid Sophia Samuelson and Samuel Samuelson, both born and raised in Sweden. Ingrid Sophia was a tailor and plain and fancy weaver by the time she was sixteen years old. The Crown of Sweden required its boys and girls to have a trade by the time they were sixteen. Her mother could shear the wool off a sheep's back and process it until she had beautiful yard goods. Also she was a baker in Sweden. Grandmother knew of no other material for clothes until at the age of ten she was old enough to earn seventy-five cents by weeding potatoes for two days to buy some calico. Her mother had woven material and made suits that her father and two of the boys wore to America. The seventh child was born on the ocean three days before the ship landed in New York.

Grandmother was educated in S.L.C., Mayfield and Burbank, Utah before she married.

Darlene said that her mother, Matilda, at age 14 (1902), lived and worked with her mother and sister two miles north of Big Springs. This is when she first met and dated Richard T. Swallow. She went with him to dances at Osceola and the Swallow Ranch. Also, George N. Swallow said his mother, Matilda, worked as a cook at the Atlanta mine in Silver City, when she was age 16 (1904).

**Figure 53 - Ingrid Samuelson  
Mortenson**



**Figure 54 - Charles, Matilda, Alfred &  
Emma Mortenson**



**Figure 55 - Matilda Elizabeth  
Mortenson**



## **Richard T. Swallow Marries Matilda E. Mortenson**

On Page 4 of the “Ely Daily Times,” dated April 5, 1978, it reports:

Nineteen-year-old Matilda Mortenson married Richard Thomas Swallow in the Salt Lake City Latter Day Saints Temple on Oct. 30, 1907. After their wedding, they took the train to Frisco, a mining town near Milford, and then traveled on to the Swallow Ranch in Spring Valley by team and wagon, a journey of several days. They immediately set up housekeeping in the original home his parents had built.

**Figure 56 - Matilda E. Mortenson  
- c1904**



**Figure 57 - Richard T. and Matilda  
Mortenson Swallow - 1907**



**Figure 58 - Richard T. Swallow  
- c1905**



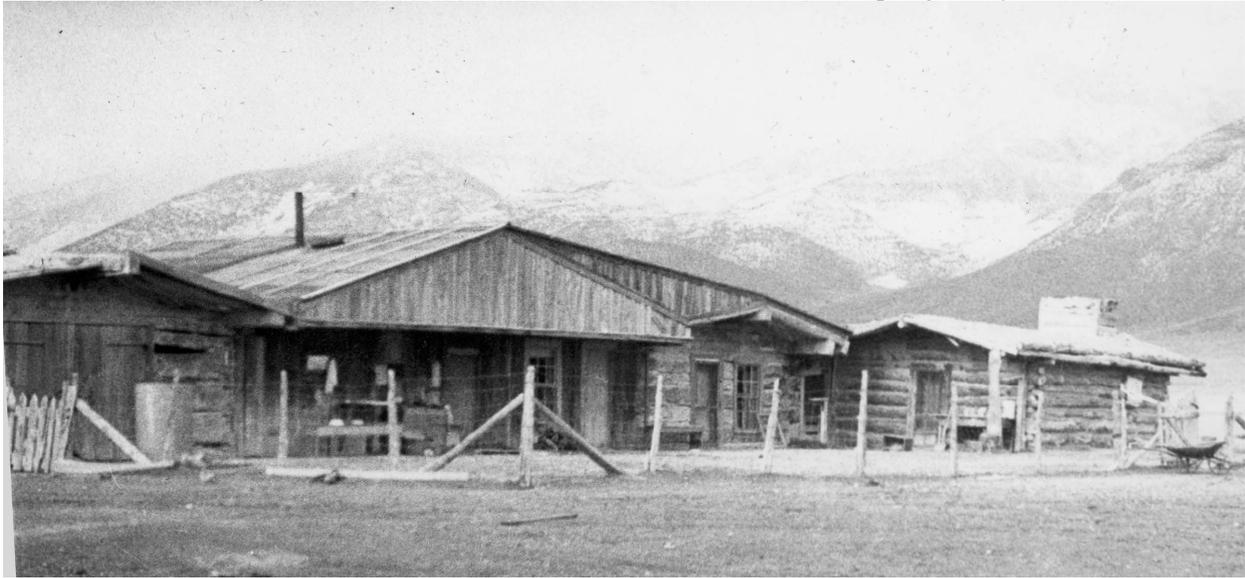
## **Life on the Ranch for Matilda**

In White Pine Lang Syne by Effie O. Read we find on pages 182 and 183 the following:

In the fall of 1907, George Swallow sold the ranch to his three sons, Richard, Alfred, and Ray. Richard “Dick” married Matilda Mortenson who came to the ranch in 1907, a bride nineteen years of age. She said, “I tried to do everything just like Grandma Swallow. We put away enough butter in crocks to last a whole year. It had to be worked and worked to get the buttermilk out of it. We would kill a dozen hogs at a time, and they all had to be cured and prepared for winter.” She told of the busy thrashing season and of the potato gathering.

She was called “Little Mrs. Dr. Swallow.” Mrs. Swallow had no training in the medical profession; yet she was pressed into caring for badly burned hands, pneumonia cases, and delivering babies. She told of traveling to aid the sick in the dead of night and traveling by horse and sleigh in two feet of snow, with the mournful howl of coyotes nearby as she watched the rosy light of morning break through the mist and steam from the horses’ nostrils.

**Figure 59 - Matilda's new home on the Swallow Ranch in Spring Valley**



The old Swallow Ranch house as it was when Matilda Mortenson Swallow came to Spring Valley as a bride. The cabin on the right, which served as a milk house, was the original structure. In it, Richard T. Swallow was born.

**Figure 60 - Butchering hogs**



**Figure 61 - Thrashing time on the Swallow Ranch**



When Annie Rielly, the daughter of George and Ada Swallow (*See pages 8-9*) Indians who had taken the Swallow name, lost her baby, she came to Mrs. Matilda Swallow and asked her to make burial clothes and a casket. Mrs. Swallow took a guitar case, lined it with pleated white material, made a pillow, and laid the Indian baby away "white man style," but the last she saw of this couple was when they were headed for the foothills to finish the interment Indian fashion.

### **The Birth of George N. Swallow**

On September 25, 1910 Richard and Matilda's first son was born. They named him George Niels Swallow after his grandfathers, George Swallow and Niels Mortenson. They were as proud of George N., as he grew up, as George and Anna Swallow were of their oldest living son, Richard T., when he was growing up. Richard and Matilda no doubt looked to this first-

born son to be the standard bearer of the Swallow name for the next generation just like Richard T. had been expected to be the standard bearer for his generation. They looked to George N., when he became an adult, to accept the full responsibility to carry on the George Swallow name and reputation as well as making sure the Swallow Ranch remained successful. *(Note added by Russell M. Robison. For the sake of clarity, I will refer to George N. Swallow as George N. to distinguish him from his grandfather George Swallow.)*

**Figure 62 - George Niels Swallow - 1911**



**Figure 63 - George Niels Swallow - 1915**



**Figure 64 - Three generations of Swallows - 1910**



L to R: May Swallow holding George N. Swallow, Matilda Mortenson Swallow and Anna Day Swallow at 329 East First South, Salt Lake City, Utah in 1910 shortly after George N. was born

**Figure 65 - George N. Swallow riding a colt – c1914**



**Figure 66 - George N. Swallow – c1920**



### **The Birth of Golden N. Swallow**

Golden Nevada Swallow was born to Richard and Matilda on September 27, 1912. How proud they were of her. She was their first daughter and must have been loved because all her photos show she was very happy. It is not often a person gets to be named after the state they were born in. Golden had a personality as bright and rich as gold and she loved her birth state of Nevada.

On October 16, 1914 Matilda wrote the following to her future sister-in-law, Zedonia Dorius, in Mayfield, Utah:

Dear Zedonia. There is no news for a letter and since you will soon be here I will write this card to say we are fine. George (*N. Swallow*) feels good but keeps breaking out to beat the mischief. Today the right jaw is all purple and swollen as if he had the mumps. I will be glad when you folks get out here so I can leave to take him to some Dr. in Salt Lake. The weather is like summer this last week. We are surely enjoying it.

Birdie (*Swallow Robison*) & James (*F. Robison*) came over Sunday and will stay until next Sunday. Richard will go for the mail tomorrow. Much love and best wishes to you for this ought to reach you Wed. Love Matilda

On October 24<sup>th</sup> she wrote:

Dear Zedonia – I meant to have written a letter but since I didn't know of this chance soon will just write a line. Stormy weather now days. After it clears up I will house clean. George is improving I believe and Golden is fine. Golden doesn't remember you but George can. Calls you Wadonia. Much love. Matilda.

**Figure 67 - Golden Nevada Swallow – January 1913**



**Figure 68 - George N. and Golden N. Swallow – January 1913**



**Figure 69 - Golden Nevada Swallow – c1919**



**Figure 70 - Just "Regular Girls" – c1919**



L to R: Mildred Hampton, Carol Hampton and Golden N. Swallow

## **The Birth of Richard M. Swallow**

Richard Mortenson Swallow was born to Richard T. and Matilda on January 4, 1915. There were now three grandchildren with the Swallow name. *(Note added by Russell M. Robison. For the sake of clarity, I will refer to Richard T. Swallow as "Richard T.," "Richard" or "Rich" even though he was known as Dick for much of his life. I will refer to Richard M. Swallow as "Richard M." or "Dick" by which he was known throughout his life.)*

**Figure 71 - Richard M. "Dick" Swallow – 1915**



**Figure 72 - Richard M. "Dick" Swallow – 1918**



The Buster Brown outfit

**Figure 73 - Three generations of the Mortenson family – c1919**



Grandma Sophia Mortenson, Richard M. Swallow, Golden N. Swallow and Matilda Mortenson Swallow

## **The Birth of Arlo B. Swallow**

Richard and Matilda's third son and fourth child, Arlo Byron Swallow, was born July 29, 1917.

**Figure 74 - Three Swallow children – 1918**



Arlo B. Swallow and Golden N. Swallow with Richard M. "Dick" in the background

**Figure 75 - Arlo B. Swallow – c1921**



**Figure 76 - Grandmother Mortenson and Arlo  
– c1919**



Sofia Samuelson Mortenson and Arlo B. Swallow

**Figure 77 - Arlo B. Swallow & Carol Hampton – c1920**



**Figure 78 - Carol Hampton and Arlo Swallow – c1919**



**Figure 79 - Arlo Swallow and Carol Hampton – c1922**



Arlo Swallow and Carol Hampton were about the same age and played a lot together between 1919 and about 1925. (See the Hampton family on pages 43-44.)

### **The Birth of Darlene M. Swallow**

Darlene Matilda Swallow, born on November 21, 1921, was Rich and Matilda's second daughter and fifth child. And no doubt, being the last child and a girl, her siblings felt that their parents spoiled her. I know they raised her right, and she is one of my favorite relatives.

**Figure 80 - Darlene M. Swallow – 1922    Figure 81 - Darlene & Golden N. Swallow    Figure 82 - Darlene M. & Golden Swallow**



**Figure 83 - Darlene Swallow – c1929**



**Figure 84 - Darlene M. Swallow – c1935**



**Figure 85 - Darlene M. Swallow – c1935**



**Figure 86 - Darlene M. Swallow – c1935**



**Figure 87 - Sweet 16 – 1937**



L to R: Mary Kerr, Jappie Fox and Darlene Swallow

**Figure 88 - Darlene & her Mother-in-law – c1950**



Darlene Swallow Whitlock with Lee's mother, Bardella Nielson Whitlock

### **The Hampton Family**

The Hampton family came to work on the Swallow Ranch about the time Alfred M. and Nell Smith Swallow moved to Big Springs in 1919. The Hampton family lived in the home that Alf and Nell had lived in. From then on this house was called the "Hampton house". The ages of three of the Hampton children were about the same as three of the Swallow children. Rex Hampton was about the age of George N. Swallow; Mildred Hampton was about the age of Golden N. Swallow; and Carol Hampton was about the age of Arlo B. Swallow. The Hampton family lived in the Hampton house on the Swallow Ranch for about five or six years. During this time the children of the two families became close and did many things together.

**Figure 89 - The Swallow and Hampton children – c1920**



L to R: Rex Hampton, Uncle Charlie, Golden, N. Swallow, Mildred Hampton and George N. Swallow  
The garage is in the background and the main home on the far right

**Figure 90 - The Swallow and Hampton children – c1922**



L to R: Arlo B. Swallow, Rex Hampton, Richard M. "Dick" Swallow, George N. Swallow, Golden N. Swallow, and Mildred Hampton

## **Jasper Fox**

Effie O. Read recorded in White Pine Lang Syne the following:

Over the mountain to the west was "Horse Camp," where Mr. and Mrs. Olmstead lived for a number of years. Mrs. Olmstead's two sons, Marion and Jasper Fox, were Shoshonites. "Jappie" was the mail driver. Mrs. Swallow said, "There were times during the winter when the snow was so deep that it was six weeks before any mail got through from Osceola." Mr. Olmstead was at Shoshone as early as 1884 and established a ranch and stage stop that later became part of the Swallow holdings. This was probably where "Jappie" and his brother tried to raise silver fox and muskrats.

**Figure 91 - The ranch where Jasper Fox lived**

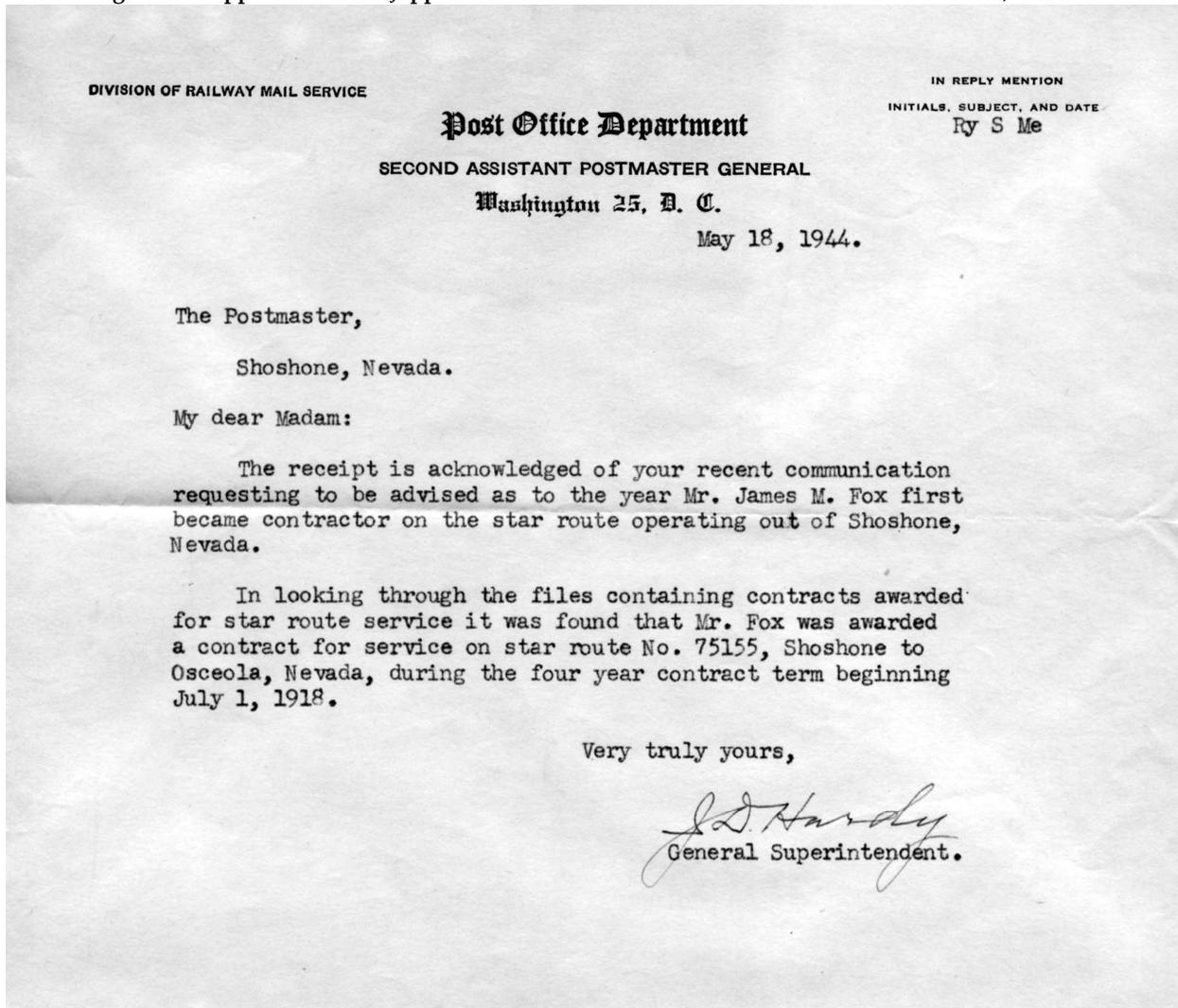


For many years Jasper M. "Jappie" Fox lived just south of the Swallow Ranch on the old Olmstead ranch that belonged to his mother and step-father. The "White Pine News," dated January 12, 1905 reported that the L. C. Olmstead ranch and stage stop was sold to George Swallow. Jasper stayed on and worked with and for two generations of Swallows. He worked with and for the Swallow family for most of his life. He was just like a member of the family.

According to the 1880 U.S. Census, Jasper Fox was age 12 and a farmer in the Spring Valley & Shoshone district. In the 1900 U.S. Census he is shown as a 33 year old stock raiser. In the 1920 U.S. Census, he is shown as a 50 year old mail carrier. In 1900 Jasper was household #1 and George Swallow was household #2 in the Osceola Precinct. In the 1920 Census Jasper was living with the Richard T. Swallow family because they have the same household and family number (family 63 and household 67). Jasper was born in Illinois, his father was born in Illinois and his mother was born in Iowa according to the U. S. Census. Jasper had a brother, named Marion Fox, who was about seven years older than he and was shown to be a miner at the Shelets mine in the 1920 Census.

Jasper M. "Jappie" Fox was fifty years old when he was first awarded the contract for mail service between Shoshone and Osceola, Nevada on July 18, 1918. He served as mail man for this route at least through about 1935. Richard M. "Dick" Swallow said Jasper bought a new car in 1934 to drive the mail. Jasper, age 66, even tried his hand at sparking Ethel Burr's mother in late 1934. He gave her a ride in his new car to and from her Doctor appointment in Ely.

Figure 92 - Appointment of "Jappie" Fox as Mail Carrier between Shoshone and Osceola, Nevada



Darlene Swallow Whitlock said:

"Jappie" Fox was the mailman for the Swallow Ranch for years. He drove the 18 miles each way to and from Goodies where the mail boxes for south Spring Valley were located on highway 50. When the road was impassable, he rode his horse to and from Goodies. Goodies is located on the east side and north end of south Spring Valley right where highway 50 turns north and about five miles due west of the mining town of Osceola. Goodies was created to process ore for some of the mines in that area.

**Figure 93 - Goodies and the road to Osceola – August 2003**



Looking east on highway 50 at Goodies on the right and the road up the mountain to Osceola

**Figure 94 - South from Osceola to Shoshone – August 2003**



Looking south-southeast from Goodies on highway 50 – The Swallow Ranch is 18 miles south just off the right side of the photo – Wheeler Peak is right in the middle of the photo with Mt. Washington (looks like an upside down bowl) on the right

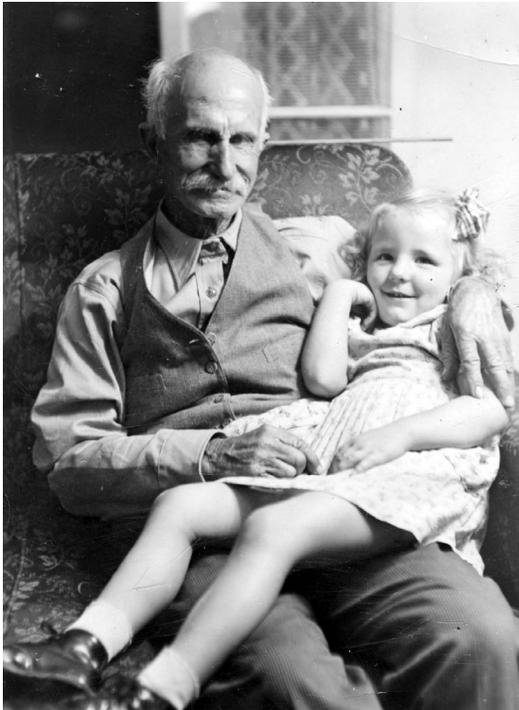
**Figure 95 - Jappie Fox riding "Duchies" – c1910**



**Figure 96 - Jappie Fox in a field of corn – c1920**



**Figure 97 - Jappie Fox and Max Steelman's daughter – c1930**



Jappie worked for the Steelmans for a number of years because he liked Mrs. Steelman's cooking

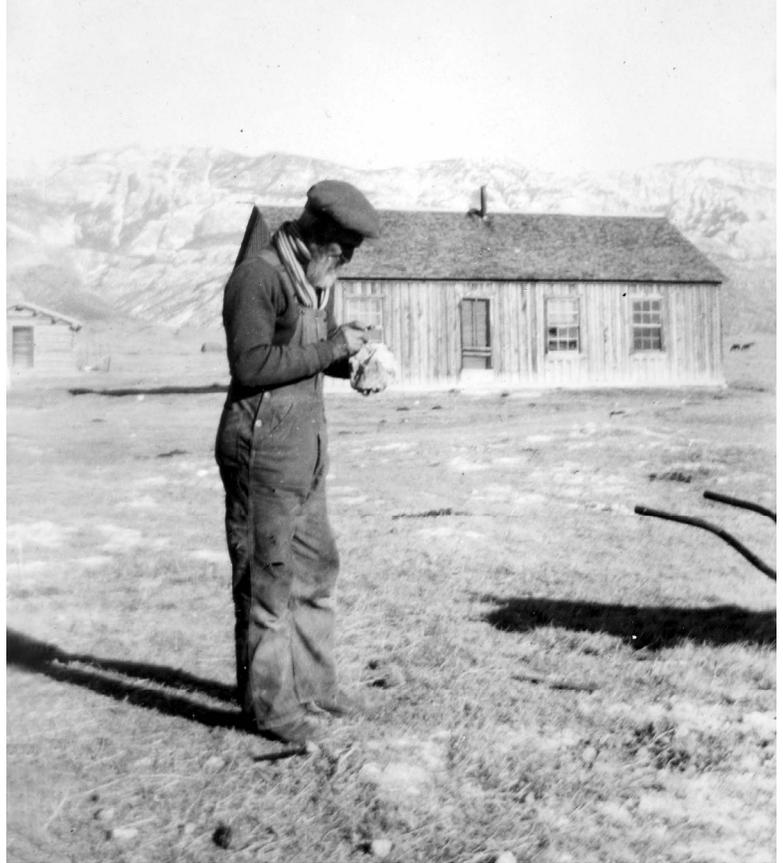
**Figure 98 - Jappie Fox and his dog – Tillie**



Figure 99 - Jappie Fox and Archie Robison – c1935



Figure 100 - Jappie Fox with the Hampton house in the background – c1945



According to Darlene Swallow Whitlock, Jasper M. Fox died in 1956 when he was 88 years old. Based on the census and his age at death, he was born about 1868. He is buried next to his brother, Marion F. Fox, in the Ely Cemetery. Neither has a marker on his grave at this time.

At [http://whitepinecountygenhelp.accessgenealogy.com/Postmasters\\_by\\_Surname.html](http://whitepinecountygenhelp.accessgenealogy.com/Postmasters_by_Surname.html) we find the Shoshone Post Office was established May 9, 1896 and discontinued August 31, 1959. Jappie Fox was the mailman for this Post Office for many years. The Shoshone Postmasters were:

George Swallow	May 9, 1896	to	April 9, 1909
Richard T. Swallow	April 9, 1909	to	December 11, 1920
Matilda E. Swallow	December 11, 1920	to	March 27, 1929
Ellon V. Bunderson	March 27, 1929	to	February 11, 1930
Chauncey H. Funk	February 11, 1930	to	October 29, 1935
Matilda E. Swallow	October 29, 1935	to	February 28, 1954
Darlene S. Whitlock	February 28, 1954	to	August 31, 1959

## **Richard T. and Matilda Build the Swallow Ranch on Their Own**

In the fall of 1916, Ray G. Swallow sold his interest in the Swallow Ranch to his brother, Richard T., and moved his family to Mayfield, Utah. Richard T. also began the process of purchasing the balance of the Swallow Ranch from his father, George.

In 1917 Richard and Matilda added on to the four room house that Ray Swallow had built in 1914. They moved into this expanded home in late 1917 or early 1918 when Arlo was still a baby. This home was used as the main home on the Swallow Ranch from then until the Swallows moved from the ranch in 1965. (As of 2006, it is still used as the main home on this ranch.) After 1917 the original George Swallow home was used as the bunkhouse, cookhouse, dining room and milkhouse.

**Figure 101 - The new Swallow home with 1917 addition**

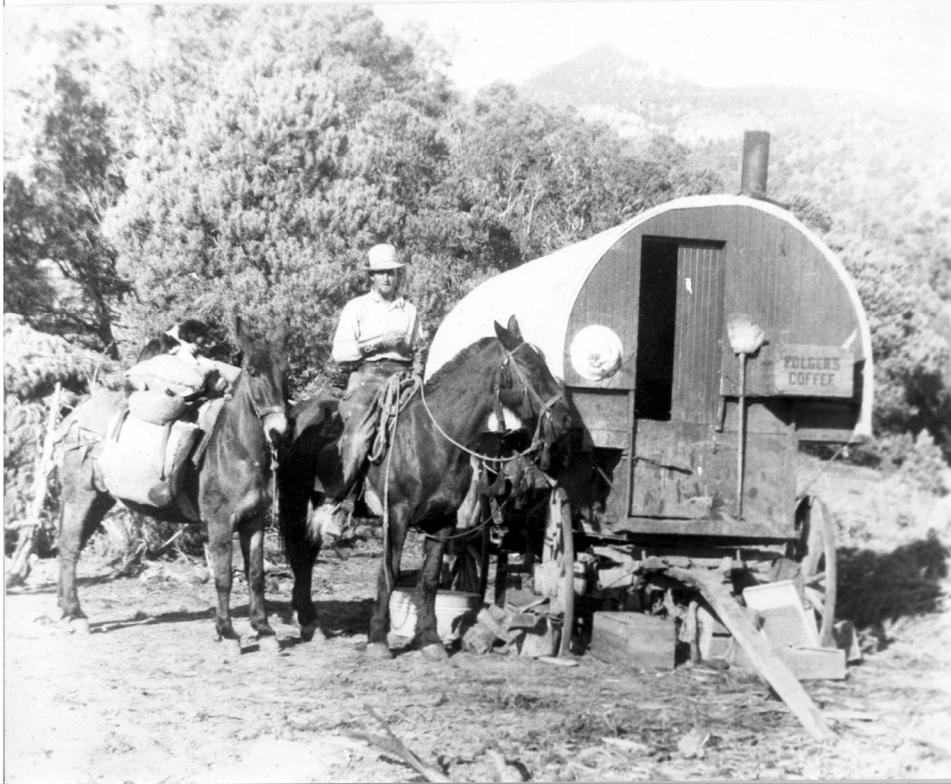


Richard T. and Matilda were united in their belief and activity in the LDS Church. They both wanted to teach their children the principles of faith, service to others and hard work. And on a ranch, like the one they had, working hard was what everyone did if they were to succeed.

In the [Birth of the Swallow Ranch](#), dated 1951, Roland Swallow writes:

During the early years of their (*Richard T. and Matilda's*) married life, it was early rising and then work until dark. They always had a crew from fifteen to twenty men in the summer, and six to eight in the winter. Work on the ranch was done with team and horses which were gradually replaced by tractors and large machinery.

**Figure 102 - Taking supplies to the shepherd**



**Figure 103 - Richard T. Swallow with prize work horse**



**Figure 104 - Threshing crew on the Swallow Ranch – c1921**



Richard and Matilda's three boys, George N., Richard M., and Arlo B. Swallow, are standing in the right front

**Figure 105 - Thirteen cowboys and the Chuck Wagon – c1920**



### **Richard T. Swallow's Brothers and Sisters and Their Families Return for Holidays**

The children of Richard and Matilda were close to their cousins of similar age in the James and Birdie Swallow Robison family and the David and May Swallow Kerr family. Between 1915 and 1925, Richard and Matilda hosted a number of holiday gatherings for their extended family at the Swallow Ranch. In the 1920s they also attended family gatherings in Snake Valley, where James F. and Birdie Swallow Robison lived, and at Willard Creek, where Doyle C. and Pearl Swallow Robison lived.

**Figure 106 - The George Swallow Family – c1924**



This is a photo of the family at Thanksgiving time on the Swallow Ranch in Shoshone, Spring Valley, Nevada in about 1924 – From left to right the adults are: Nell Smith Swallow, Alfred M. Swallow, Birdie Swallow Robison, James F. Robison, Richard T. Swallow, May Swallow Kerr, David R. Kerr and Matilda Mortenson Swallow

### **The Ranch Provided Many Wild and Domestic Resources for the Swallow Family**

Even though there was a lot of hard work being done on the Swallow Ranch, there was always time for a little hunting in the fall of the year.

**Figure 107 - One big duck-feed from this hunt**



A photo of several dozen ducks harvested from the meadows and ponds on the Swallow Ranch

**Figure 108 - Venison for everyone**



A photo of two nice four point bucks (Mule Deer) killed in the mountains above the Swallow Ranch

**Figure 109 - Domestic ducks and geese**



**Figure 110 - Thanksgiving dinner still walking**



**Figure 111 - Pork chops, bacon and more**



**Figure 112 - Beef steaks on the hoof**



**Figure 113 - Lamb chops to be**



## **School for the Children**

In Birth of the Swallow Ranch, dated 1951, Roland Swallow writes: "Good nine-month schools were provided by 1916 on the ranch."

George N., Dick and Arlo Swallow attended grade school in a log house on the Swallow Ranch until the spring of 1924. They went to school at the Single Creek school for the 1924/25 school year. After that, Matilda and the children went away for the school year and returned to the ranch in the summers. For the school years starting the fall of 1925 to the spring of 1928, they lived in Manti, Utah so George N. and Golden could attend high school. Then, from the fall of 1928 to the spring of 1931, the family lived in Ely, Nevada, and the children attended school there. George N. and Golden N. both graduated from high school in the spring of 1929 in Ely. Golden was valedictorian. George N. went to BYU for the 1929/30 school year. He was ordained an Elder in the fall of 1930, and he baptized his sister, Darlene, in November 1930. Soon after this he went on his mission. The family lived in Salt Lake City from the fall of 1931 to the spring of 1932.

In the fall of 1931 Golden N. went to Henegers Business College in Salt Lake City for two years. The first year she lived with the family in SLC. The second she rented an apartment and Arlo stayed with her while he went to junior high school. The Business College guaranteed a job upon graduation; however, due to the Great Depression, they did not fulfill this promise, and Golden returned to Nevada in the summer of 1933 and worked as a cook at the Geyser ranch which her father then owned. Some of her friends suggested she go back to school and get a teaching degree because teachers were always needed. Golden then went to BYU in 1933 for two years and got her teaching degree. She then taught school in Pioche from 1935 to 1941.

George N. returned from his mission because of illness in early 1932 and lived with the family in Salt Lake City. In the early part of 1932, "Dick," at age 17, decided he did not need to finish high school; he bought a motorcycle and moved back to the Swallow Ranch. The rest of the family also moved back to the Swallow Ranch in May 1932 when school was out.

From the fall of 1932 to the spring of 1936, Darlene Swallow attended school at the Shingle Creek schoolhouse about ten miles north of the Swallow Ranch. Darlene's teachers at the Shingle Creek school were: Alpha J. Robison (a cousin) for fifth and sixth grades, Ethel Burr Swallow (a sister-in-law) for seventh grade and Christine Iverson (Marjorie Iverson Robison's sister) for eighth grade.

The Shingle Creek schoolhouse is also where the Richard T. Swallow family attended church in the 1930s. Richard T. Swallow's two sisters, Pearl Swallow Robison and May Swallow Kerr with their families also attended school and church there. Dick said his father always had difficulty giving talks in Church. However, Lenard D. Robison, the oldest son of Doyle and Pearl Swallow Robison, remembered attending church in the old log school house on the Swallow Ranch in July 1926 after he was confirmed a member of the Church. Lenard said how impressed he was with the talk his uncle Rich Swallow gave in Sacrament meeting that day.

**Figure 114 - The Shingle Creek schoolhouse in Spring Valley, Nevada**



Used as a school from about 1905 to 1937 and also used as a church in the 1920s and 1930s

**Figure 115 - Class at the Shingle Creek school in about 1934**



L to R – Back row, Lois P. Robison (blond), Betty Jean Kerr (far right)  
Front row: Darlene M. Swallow (far left) and Mary Kerr (second from the right)

In the fall of 1937, the Shingle Creek schoolhouse burned down. According to Darlene Swallow Whitlock, she and her cousin, Mary Kerr, spent all day cleaning the schoolhouse and getting it ready for the start of school. On the Saturday before school was to start, the teacher started a fire in the stove in the attached shed; some debris caught on fire, and the shed and schoolhouse burned to the ground. Dick Swallow liked to tell a tongue-in-cheek version of this story.

When Uncle Doyle Robison was giving a talk in church at the Shingle Creek schoolhouse, there was so much hell fire and damnation being preached that a fire started in the back room and burned the schoolhouse/church down. And then to make matters worse, Uncle Doyle gave another talk at the church in Lund, Nevada sometime later. During this talk a fire started in the back room and the second church burned down.

According to Darlene Swallow Whitlock, when the Shingle Creek schoolhouse burned down, a building was moved from the Kerr ranch to just east of the Swallow Ranch and school was held there after that. This schoolhouse was used at least through the early 1950s and was torn down for the lumber in about 1956. Russell M. Robison went to this school just east of the Swallow Ranch from the fall of 1946 to the spring of 1948. This one-room school at Shoshone was located just east of the junction of the current paved road and the lane to the Swallow Ranch. All eight grades were taught in one room. In 1946-1947 there were 9 students and in 1947-1948 there were 10 students.

**Figure 116 - South Spring Valley school at Shoshone – 1946/47**



L to R – Back row: Mrs. Ethel McGuire, Rene LaFever, Roland Swallow, Richard B. Swallow, and unknown –  
Front row: Russell M. Robison (in first grade), Larry Robison, unknown, unknown, and Norma Spencer

From the fall of 1936 to the spring of 1938, Darlene went to high school in Pioche, Nevada where she lived with her sister Golden who was teaching school there at the time. Then from the fall of 1938 to the spring of 1940, Darlene lived in Manti with her mother's sister, finished high school and met Lee Whitlock. After this she moved back to the ranch and married Lee.

**Figure 117 - School in Manti, Utah**



Darlene Swallow, center front, with an arm full of books while going to school in Manti, Utah

**Figure 118 - Manti school bus**



School bus that took children to and from school in Manti, Utah in 1938

## **Recollections of Life on the Swallow Ranch**

### **Christmas at the Swallow Ranch in 1923**

The following is a talk given by Sheldon Olds in the mid 1980's and made available to us by his grandson, Doug Maxwell of the Orem Park 7th Ward:

I would like to share with you today memories of a most wonderful Christmas. One in which we children did not receive any presents.

It happened when I was only five. My father had found work as a ranch hand on the large Swallow Ranch located in the Shoshone Valley in Nevada. It was such an exciting place to live in, with large herds of cattle and sheep, our own pet dogs, other kids to play with and new adventures each day. Summer passed quickly, all too quickly, for soon it was winter. The snows came early that year. Day after day it fell, driven by cold, howling winds from out of the north. Then a few days before Christmas, the big storm hit. The snow was driven into huge drifts by the unrelenting winds. The Ranch hands labored hard and long to drive the cattle and sheep in from their winter ranges so that they could be fed hay while they weathered out the storm. Finally, the day before Christmas, this was accomplished. The hay wagons had been converted to bobsleds and four horse teams were hauling large loads of hay out into the pastures to feed the hungry herds. The men were exhausted. The children were cross and irritable, victims of cabin fever. The ranch was completely isolated. We were snow bound.

**Figure 119 - Winter in Spring Valley, Nevada**



Then came an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Swallow for everyone to join together for a Christmas Eve party to be held in the large dining room of the bunk house. There was to be a

program, plenty of food, Santa Claus and door prizes. Dad brought a team pulling a bobsled and after we had dressed in our Sunday best, we braved the storm and climbed into the sled. Mother covered us over with blankets and we were off to the big party.

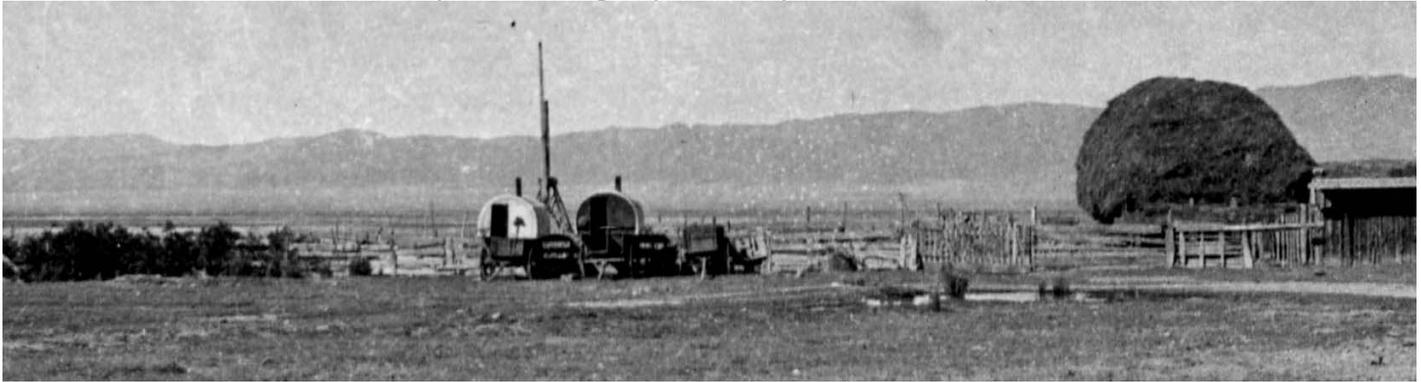
Everyone was there when we arrived. A blazing fire in the big fireplace kept everyone warm. To start the program our lovely young schoolmarm stood up and sang some Christmas songs. Someone said they were opera songs. One of the cowboys brought out his guitar and the two of them began singing songs like Clementine, Skip to my Lou, Turkey in the Straw, and others. Next, a girl came forth with an instrument I had never seen before and mother whispered that it was an accordion. Sheets of paper on which they had hand written words of familiar Christmas carols were passed around and while the accordion played, our schoolmarm led us in singing them.

After the singing, Mrs. Swallow and her two ranch cooks came out of a room carrying platters piled high with ham and beef sandwiches, cookies, cakes, pies, and home made root beer. Everyone was invited to "pile in and eat our fill" which, needless to say, we did. When we had finished eating, we heard a big commotion down at the end of the hall; and then the clanging of sheep bells and with a big ho, ho, ho, out came Santa Clause. He wasn't dressed like the Santa Clause I had seen before. Instead of a red cap he wore a big wool stocking on his head, and a red ribbon was tied on the toe. Instead of a beard, he wore a piece of white cloth across his face and rather than a red suit, he wore a sheep lined denim jacket and his pant legs were tucked down into his cowboy boots. But to me he was a real honest to goodness Santa.

Over his shoulder he carried a big gunny sack filled to overflowing with goodies that he passed around to everyone. Then, back he went into the hall and came dashing out again carrying a box, and with many a Ho-ho, he passed to everyone something of the like I had never seen before. They were large, round and the most beautiful color. As I stood with mine in my hands I looked up at my father, who said: "It's an orange son, it's an orange."

As I was beholding the wonder of it, I saw that the others were peeling theirs and eating them. Mother, noticed how reluctant I was to deface something as beautiful as it was, reached out her hand and gently pressed the orange next to me and said. "Keep it honey." She then gave me section after section of hers. Next Mr. Swallow stood up to conduct the drawing for the door prizes. All of our names had been placed in a hat and he would pull one out and read it. Amid the clapping of hands, whomever's name he called came up to claim his prize. He reached in and pulled out another slip of paper and looking around he called out the name "Sheldon". I was horror stricken and stood there petrified. Mr. Swallow didn't want me to come up and get a prize; instead he was going to eat me alive. No way! I thought, as my mind raced back to a time about a month before. The Swallows' six year old son Arlo who was my bosom buddy, and I had gone out into the corrals one afternoon in search of adventure and in that same afternoon, we managed to set fire to and burn down the huge stack of straw that was in the center of the barn yard, in spite of the frantic efforts of all the ranch hands to save it. Knowing that we were in deep trouble, we had run away and found refuge in the new sheep wagon by the dipping pens, and somehow managed to set fire to it also.

**Figure 120 - Sheep wagons waiting for some little boys**



Sheep wagons down by the hay stacks in about 1920 on the Swallow Ranch

Punishment had been swift and most unpleasant. Since then I had carefully, very carefully avoided meeting up with Mr. Swallow – until now, and there he stood, 12 feet tall at the end of the room waiting for me to come into his web. No way, and I turned back to my mother and held on to her for dear life. But Mother, inch by fearful inch, shoved me toward Mr. Swallow while the others in the room roared with laughter. Finally she succeeded in pushing me to where Mr. Swallow was standing over me, looking down with a smile on his face. Trembling, I stood there awaiting my fate. But this was Christmas Eve and I somehow had a feeling he wasn't mad at me anymore. Mr. Swallow had a paper bag of goodies in his hand, but he put it back on the table and began searching among the other prizes and pulled out a box that was wrapped in paper of indescribable beauty. As he handed me the box I knew that all had been forgiven but I was still too frightened to move, so he lifted one arm and tucked the box under it. With my new treasure pressed closely to me and clutching my precious orange in the other hand, I started backing away slowly, never taking my eyes off him for a split second. When I reached the center of the room I turned and dashed headlong into the safety of my mother's lap.

After the other prizes had been handed out, we all joined in singing "Silent Night" and our wonderful Christmas Eve party was over. Bundling up again, we went outside to the bobsled for our ride home. The wind had stopped blowing and the snow was falling softly to the ground. The horses were most anxious to get back to their warm stable, and they took us racing over the snow to our cabin. After lighting the lamp and stirring up the fire, Dad went out to take care of the horses. While he was gone, we put on our night clothes; and mother nursed the baby. After Dad returned, we all sat quietly and contentedly around the fire, popping popcorn we had raised that summer. Then mother reached behind her and brought out a knife, a plate and my beautiful box. After asking if I would like to share it, we very carefully un-wrapped it and found inside a box of the most delicious looking store boughten chocolates.

Almost reverently Mother lifted each chocolate out of its little brown cup, cut it into quarters, and placed it back into the cup. She then put them on the plate, and I proudly passed them around. What a delicious feast it was as we slowly ate our chocolates, one quarter at a time so that they would last longer. It was truly a special time. Mother put the baby on her knee and let him taste some of the chocolate and how we laughed with glee as he smacked his lips and begged for more. Soon, all too soon, the chocolates were gone and mother recited to us "Twas the night before Christmas" and off to bed and to dreamtime, with my very first ever and my very own big beautiful orange tucked away safe and sound under my pillow.

Over 60 Christmas's have come and gone since then with brightly lighted Christmas trees and beautifully wrapped presents piled high round about, but I still hold in fond remembrance that Christmas when our little family was shut in from all-the-world without. There would be no presents for us that year for Santa had been unable to go to the store to get them. Though we spent the Christmas in the humblest of circumstances, it was still the richest most enjoyable I can remember. Merry Christmas and May God bless us, everyone.

### **George N. Swallow's Memories of Growing up on the Ranch**

One of the jokes Richard T. would tell about his mother's family (the Days) in Fillmore was this: "It takes seven Days to kill a hog."

Between 1921 and 1927 when George was 11-17 years old, he remembers the good dinners they would have while visiting Doyle C. and Pearl Swallow Robison at Willard Creek.

They also had many good dinners at the old Gregory Ranch in Snake Valley when the Jim and Birdie Swallow Robison family lived there. And they often went with Jim and Birdie's family on family picnics up Baker, Lehman or Strawberry Creeks.

The Swallows would picnic up Williams Creek in Spring Valley. Williams Creek runs into the Kirkeby Ranch.

**Figure 121 - The Swallows up Williams Creek – July 4, 1922**



Find Golden holding Darlene, George N. holding the US flag and George and Mattie Swallow in the back row

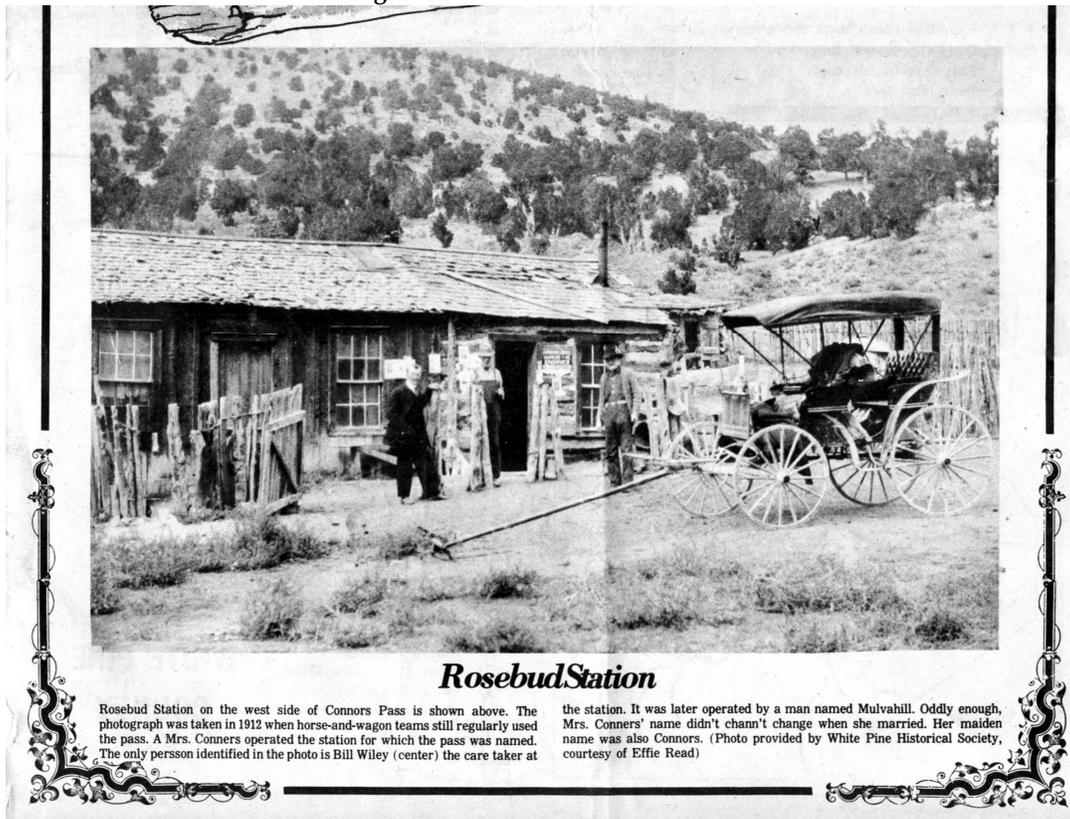
When Matilda made chocolate pudding, Richard T. always asked her to make him a double portion because he liked it so well.

Aunt Mattie, his grandfather's second wife, had a good sense of humor, and he hit it off good with her.

When George N. was a teenager he learned a valuable legal lesson about water rights in Nevada. He accompanied his father who had been asked by Jim and Doyle Robison to join them and the White Pine County sheriff to visit some property, up towards Osceola, where Jim and Doyle had recently purchased water rights to water their sheep. The owner of the land that had to be crossed to get to the water would not let the sheep cross his land; so Jim and Doyle had asked the sheriff to come out and enforce their right to water the sheep. A court ruling had validated that Nevada law allows anyone with legal livestock water rights to cross private land to get to the water. George N. never forgot this.

George N. said he stayed at Connors Station many times while traveling to and from Ely from the Swallow Ranch. Connors Station was on the west side of Connors pass and was owned by a Mrs. Connors. George N. told of one incident when he was just a boy and traveling with his father to Ely. George N. needed to wash up before dinner, so he went to the stove to get some hot water for the wash basin, just like he did at home. The man at the Station jerked the water kettle out of his hands and filled the wash basin with cold water. He told George to wash in the cold water just like everyone else did. George washed in cold water thereafter while staying at Connors Station.

**Figure 122 - Connors Station – 1912**



Rosebud Station was also called Connors Station by many of the locals

Sheep sheering for many of the sheep outfits in south Spring Valley was conducted at the Swallow Ranch for as long as George can remember. All the local sheep men would come to the Swallow Ranch to have their sheep sheered. This included Robison Brothers.

The sheep sheering corrals were located about 100 yards west of the main paved road running to the east of the Swallow Ranch and about 100 yards north of the lane running west to the Swallow Ranch buildings.

The brands used on the Swallow Ranch were: "S" (Swallow) for the sheep, most of the time, and "SB" (Swallow Brothers) for the cattle.

In the photo opposite, the brand, "SB," is being painted on a sack of wool by George N. Swallow prior to the wool being shipping.

**Figure 123 - George N. Swallow**



### **Richard M. "Dick" Swallow's Memories of Growing up on the Ranch**

In November 1918, at age three, he was playing with a little coaster wagon across the creek from their home while being watched by George N. and Golden. A girl ran out of the original log cabin next to the house and stopped on the bridge that crossed the creek. She yelled that the War was over. In their exuberance to get back to the house, George and Golden put Dick into the little coaster wagon and pulled him very fast toward the bridge crossing the creek. Prior to getting to the bridge, they lost control of the wagon; and the wagon with Dick in it went splashing into the muddy ditch. With a little work, Dick was soon extracted from the mud, and all crossed the creek to join in the excitement over World War I being over.

**Figure 124 - "Dick" Swallow on the little bridge – c1918**



Richard M. "Dick" Swallow and his little coaster wagon by the creek

He remembers his Uncle Alf and Aunt Nell living part of the time on the Swallow Ranch from 1917 to early 1919. Dick would spend time at their home. They liked him and he always liked them. He thought Aunt Nell was the best, and she would have him over for dinner quite often.

In the winter of 1920, he walked with his mother over the ranch fences because the snow was so deep.

His mother and dad always got up at 5:00 AM.

At age eight, in 1923, he remembers going into the field in the evening to get the calves so they could be fed milk; then he would take the calves back to the field in the morning. He also remembers raising about 150 orphan or "bummer" lambs.

Dick remembers getting up early and going to the cook house for breakfast (the cook house was in the old George Swallow home) and then returning to sit on the front steps of his parents' home to wait for his grandfather to get up. Grandfather Swallow stayed at his parents' home and would sleep a little late in the morning, have breakfast in the house and come out on the porch fully dressed in his white shirt, tie, vest, suit and hat at about 8:30 AM. Grandfather Swallow would have a toothpick in his mouth and say with an English accent "Good morning Dick. Isn't this a fine morning?" Dick greatly admired and looked up to his Grandfather Swallow and wanted to do everything within his power to make his Grandfather proud of him.

By the time Dick was ten, in 1925, his father always asked him to help with the ranch work because he was a good worker and got the job done.

As a middle child, Dick remembers feeling unappreciated and unloved by his father and mother. This was an emotional burden for Dick most of his growing up years. Dick admits,

however, that he may have contributed to the problem with a rather aggressive personality that caused him to talk back to his parents occasionally.

*(Note added by Russell M. Robison: Pearl Swallow Robison said that her father, George, never showed much physical affection and never said, "I love you." This was not uncommon for the time period or for the English. Richard T. no doubt treated his children the same as he had been treated. Also, within most families the first male child is expected to be the one who will responsibly carry on the family legacy and can do no wrong. The first female child is the darling of her father's eye and can do no wrong. The last child is loved, enjoyed and spoiled just because they are who they are. A middle child is often taken for granted without any great expectations of them; and when there are expectations, the middle child is often compared to the oldest child and seldom measures up because of the age difference. A middle child often feels overlooked and under-appreciated. Most parents try their best but make mistakes. Often a middle child feels all the mistakes were made on them. In reality parents make mistakes with each of their children.)*

Dick also remembers going out with the ranch foreman and the two dogs, Fanny and Sport, to wrangle the horses out of the field that was two miles away. When the dogs were gone, Dick had to do all the horse wrangling alone. Richard T. had a "hot blood" horse that no one wanted to ride except Dick. So Dick rode that "hot blood" and used it to help him do the horse wrangling.

### **Darlene Swallow Whitlock's Memories of Growing up on the Ranch**

She fed the bummer lambs on the Swallow Ranch as a little girl.

**Figure 125 - Darlene Swallow feeding bummer lambs – c1924**



Her grandfather Swallow was always very distinguished, polite and nice.

Her father was a chocolate lover. One time he bought a punch board that you played for chocolate candy with a grand prize of a small fancy chest. If someone wanted chocolate, they could pay for a punch and see if they won. Father's best customer, however, was himself. Darlene won the grand prize of the small fancy chest and kept many of her valuable things in it as a child.

Her brother, Arlo, always liked to tease her, and Dick was always her defender. This resulted in Dick and Darlene being very close over the years.

### **Public Service Was Important to Richard T. and Matilda**

Richard T. and Matilda were active in local and state politics. They were Republicans, and he served two terms, 1927 and 1929, as a State Assemblyman in the Nevada legislature. He was very active in the LDS Church, serving on the Nevada Stake High Council for many years and as a counselor to the Nevada Stake President for nine years. Richard also served as a vice-president and director of the Bank of Pioche. He served as vice-president, secretary and treasurer of the Nevada Hotel Corporation. He was postmaster at Shoshone for over 15 years.

**Figure 126 - Richard T. and Matilda Mortenson Swallow**



Attending a convention in about 1926

**Figure 127 - Richard T. Swallow**



Richard T. while a Nevada State Assemblyman from White Pine County in 1929

Richard T. Swallow was a very successful rancher, and his family did extremely well financially from 1907 when he started ranching until the Depression hit in 1929. In mid 1927 Richard started to expand and diversify his investments. Following the advice of his banker in Pioche rather than the advice of his wife and siblings, he invested \$250,000 in the new Hotel Nevada being built in Ely, Nevada. George N. Swallow remembers when his father sold 800 head of beef cattle to help pay for his investment in the Hotel Nevada.

After investing in the Hotel Nevada, while the hotel was under construction and his family in Manti for the 1927/28 school year, Richard T. was called by the LDS Church to serve a six-month mission to California.

**Figure 128 - 1927/28 LDS mission to California**



Richard T. Swallow standing on the far right while serving his six-month mission in California – 1927/28

**Figure 129 - 1927/28 LDS mission to California**



Richard T. Swallow standing in back row on the far left while serving his six-month mission in California – 1927/28

When Richard T. Swallow returned from his mission in the spring of 1928, he expanded his ranching investments by purchasing the Geyser ranch in Lake Valley.

According to T. Frank Swallow, a brother, Richard T. made this purchase against the advice of their father, George, who felt the Geyser ranch was overpriced and would not be profitable.

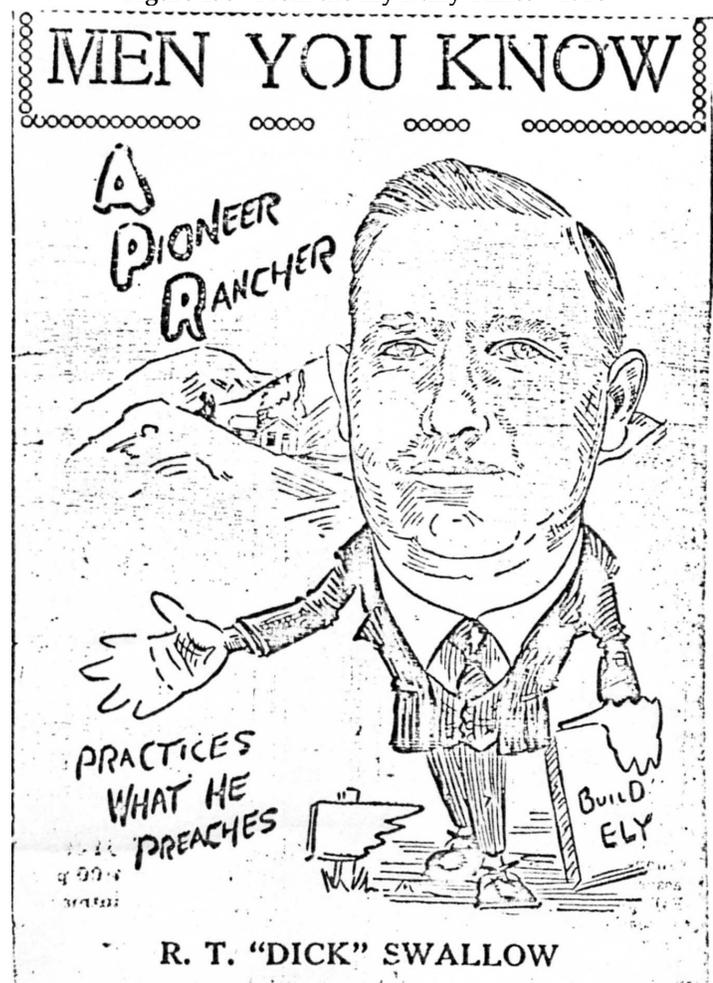
At this point in Richard's life, he had reached the pinnacle of success. Through his hard work, he had maintained and expanded the Swallow Ranch just the way his father would have done. He owned two ranches in Nevada – the Swallow Ranch and the Geyser ranch. He was a major stockholder and a director in the new Hotel Nevada. He had served as a Nevada state legislator and was running for a second term. He had just returned from a six-month mission for his church. He was second counselor in the Nevada Stake presidency for the LDS Church. He belonged to the Lions Club and Elks Lodge. And he had a wonderful wife and five children. Who could ask for a better life?

Richard T. was one of the most successful, influential and respected people in White Pine County. The following article is from the Ely Daily Times in late 1928.

R. T. or "Dick" Swallow is a native of the Ely district. He was born on the Swallow Ranch in the county in 1880 and grew up right here. He received some of his education in the district and topped it off with two years at Business College in Salt Lake City, after which he returned to the ranch and went to work. He started with practically nothing twenty years ago and today is ranching ten thousand acres, including the Geyser ranch, which he recently purchased, and is the largest individual tax payer in this county.

Dick was married twenty years ago and has five children – three boys and two girls. He is admired and respected here, and is a big shareholder and director in the new Hotel Nevada. He is also second counselor in the stake presidency of the LDS Church. Two years ago (November 1926) he was elected to the state legislature, and he has served with distinction. Dick is a member of the Elks lodge and the Lions club.

Figure 130 - From the Ely Daily Times – 1928



Like many individuals that are successful in one area, Richard T. was persuaded by his financial advisers, contrary to the advice of some of his immediate and extended family, that he

could also be successful in other businesses. And like many trusting men before him, he found out that those advising him were more interested in how to get his money into their pockets than they were in trying to increase and protect the money in his pockets.

## **The Hotel Nevada**

The following short history of the Hotel Nevada from its conception to its first two years in operation illustrates how sharp entrepreneurs work to make money from others. In this case the cement company, steel supplier and construction company made money without much risk while Richard T. Swallow and others risked their money to finance the building of the hotel. The Hotel ended up being worth less after it was built that it cost, so Richard and several others lost all their money.

A [History of the Hotel Nevada, Ely, White Pine County, Nevada](http://www.webpanda.com/white_pine_county/Buildings/hotel_history.htm) © by June Shaputis, January 1997 as found at [http://www.webpanda.com/white\\_pine\\_county/Buildings/hotel\\_history.htm](http://www.webpanda.com/white_pine_county/Buildings/hotel_history.htm) is reproduced here with her permission.

While searching for markets for his Utah Portland cement product Earl Ray "E. R." Miller, an East Ely businessman and owner of the Miller Cast Stone Works, decided to promote the building of a large hotel in Ely, Nevada. Miller traveled to his old hometown, Indianapolis, Indiana, several times during 1926 and 1927 where he had connections from participating there as a race car driver and in early transcontinental auto races between New York and San Francisco. Miller convinced his friend, James H. Lambert, then manager of the twenty-story high Washington Hotel in Indianapolis for the past seven years, and a Mr. Carpenter, a friend of Lambert's, to come to Ely, Nevada to promote the new project.

With financial backing and pledges from R. T. Swallow of Spring Valley, Jake Gubler of Lund, the White Pine County Chamber of Commerce, local mine officials and other businessmen and ranchers, the Hotel Nevada Realty Company, Incorporated, was formed. The first officers were; Joseph "Candy Joe" Fouilleul, president, Richard T. Swallow, vice president, George Doyle, secretary, William C. Goodman, treasurer, James M. Lockhart, general counsel. Members were: J. D. Wallace, J. C. Wheeler, J. J. Gubler and Clarence Moorman.

The desired site for the new hotel was already occupied by Joseph "Candy Joe" Fouilleul who was operating Joe's Candy Kitchen at the corner of Aultman and Fifth Streets. Fouilleul was finally persuaded to move his establishment across the street and halfway down the block by being offered a high position on the board of the newly formed Hotel Nevada Realty Company. His candy store lasted a few years at the new location.

The H. L. Stevens Company of San Francisco was hired to design the new building. Mr. T. P. Moorehead represented the well-known architectural company. Included in the plans for the six-story hotel were at least sixty rooms, a cafeteria/coffee shop, banquet room, club room, barber shop, and large storage areas. In September 1927, a picture of the proposed Hotel Nevada appeared on the front cover of "Hotel World" magazine.

Mr. W. C. McCuddin of Los Angeles, California was hired as building superintendent. The local Wheelwright Construction Company did the excavation work. Foundation work was in progress

in June of 1928. Eighty tons of steel were ordered from the Pacific Coast Steel Company in San Francisco, California on June 28, 1928. An order for 2,500 barrels of Utah Portland Cement was placed with E. R. Miller's Cast Stone Works in East Ely. Approximately four feet of cement was poured between each floor of the Hotel Nevada during its construction.

When the Hotel Nevada was completed in 1929, it was not only the tallest building in Nevada due to its six full stories, but it was also the first fire-proof building built in Nevada. The hotel also had the largest mural painting in Nevada on the outside of the building. This mural was recently restored by Stephanie Bruegeman, a Hotel Nevada secretary and art teacher by profession.

Promoter and experienced Indianapolis hotel man, James H. Lambert, was selected as the first manager of the Hotel Nevada. Under J. H. Lambert's leadership in 1929, rooms rented for \$1.50 and up, "All with private toilet; 85% with private bath."

**Figure 131 - The Hotel Nevada in Ely, Nevada**



Photo courtesy of the White Pine Public Museum

The well-publicized Grand Opening of the Hotel Nevada was held on July 15, 1929 and was attended by 167 enthusiastic guests. Guest speakers were Senator Tasker L. Oddie and Congressman Sam Arentz. The Lions and Rotary Clubs soon began holding their popular meetings in the grand new edifice.

Prohibition had begun on January 29, 1920 and was still in effect when the Hotel Nevada opened its doors in 1929. From the beginning, the Hotel Nevada operators quietly made sure bootlegged refreshment and gambling was privately available twenty-four hours a day to those wishing to partake of these forms of entertainment. Hotel Nevada patrons had access to "Bathtub Gin" made from raw alcohol, water, and flavorings as well as the local "White Lightening" which was conveniently supplied by several local individuals.

Then, on October 24, 1929, the "Great Depression" hit the United States, including White Pine County and Ely, Nevada. The complete collapse of the stock market in the following days caused devastating and long-term economic distress throughout the country until World War II began. Low cash flows forced the Hotel Nevada to fight for its survival by leasing commercial space to a bank and drug store as well as providing tourists and locals access to illegal gambling and booze.

Gambling had been illegal in Nevada since 1910 until it was again legalized in 1931. Legalized gambling offered the Hotel Nevada a source of additional income to continue operations and the owners immediately instituted live gaming blackjack tables along with providing slot machines for its customers. This practice has continued throughout the years by each of the many owners and managers of the Hotel Nevada.

### **Financial and Family Trials for Richard T. and Matilda Swallow**

With all of Richard and Matilda's resources tied up in two ranches and the Hotel Nevada, there was little cash to live on. The Richard and Matilda Swallow family moved to Murray St. in Ely, Nevada in September of 1928, so Richard T. could actively be involved in the Hotel Nevada that was under construction. Dick can remember overhearing his father tell his mother that she needed to tell "Dick" that he needed to find a job to help support himself and the family. In the fall of 1929, at age 14, Dick went to work as a bell hop at the new hotel where he worked seven days a week, with time out for school, until 1931. Dick, seeing all the vice that went with the hotel, had a hard time understanding why his father, Richard T., was involved with it.

The hotel business in Nevada with gambling and all its related vices was something Richard T. knew little about. He found himself dealing with business issues that were nothing like the ranching business, and he was exposed to things he wanted nothing to do with and did not want his family exposed to. However, most of his financial resources were invested in the Hotel Nevada.

These had to be trying and very stressful times for Richard T., Matilda and their family. We can be sure they sought the Lord in prayer to help them through these very troubling times; however, the answer they received from the Lord was surely not the one they were looking for.

The depression hit in 1929 and the hotel struggled to stay afloat but was finally sold at a substantial loss in 1931, with the initial stockholders losing their entire investment in the hotel. This included Richard T. and Matilda. With the financial collapse of the Hotel Nevada, Richard and Matilda struggled to cover their debts on the Swallow and Geyser ranches.

Ely Daily Times, Ely, Nevada, page 4, April 5, 1978, in an article about Matilda Mortenson Swallow states:

There were several buildings which were important in the life of Mrs. Swallow, the least of which was the Hotel Nevada in Ely, "We didn't need a hotel," she said.

Richard M. "Dick" Swallow stopped going to church sometime between 1929 and 1931, and he did not become active in church again until 1949.

From January 1931 to February 1932 George N. Swallow was on his mission to Germany and Czechoslovakia. While there and upon his return, his attitude about life changed. He saw all the problems in the world and at home that seemed to have no solutions. When he left on his mission, the family still had financial control of the Swallow Ranch and the Geyser ranch, but when he returned, there was heavy debt on both and they were in real financial jeopardy. George N. became disillusioned with the approach to life's problems shared by his family and his church. He stopped going to church and did not become active again until many years later.

**Figure 132 - George N. Swallow – 1930**



Richard T. Swallow worked hard on the Swallow and Geyser ranches to recover from his financial trials. In the spring of 1932, Matilda and the children joined him on the ranch full time in this hard work. (*Matilda and the children were in Salt Lake City for the 1931/1932 school year.*)

The father of Richard T., George Swallow, passed away on May 20, 1932, in Salt Lake City, Utah, shortly after the Richard T. Swallow family returned to the Swallow Ranch.

The stress on the Richard T. Swallow family must have been great. Richard T. was expecting his oldest son George N. to help lead the family out of this financial difficulty, but it did not happen. In 1935 the Geyser ranch had to be sold. The following was recorded by the Ely Daily Times, Ely, Nevada April 5, 1978.

It was during this time that Mrs. Swallow sold milk and eggs, fixed up and rented the houses on the ranch, and took in boarders. Her customers were the employees of the Minerva Mine and Mill (*located just south of the Swallow Ranch.*)

**Figure 133 - Old building at Minerva – 2005**



**Figure 134 - Old building at Minerva – 2005**



In about 1936 Richard T. and Matilda Swallow began a chicken business on the Swallow Ranch. Matilda had always raised chickens for the family to have a little extra money, but now they

went into the chicken business in a much bigger way. They also had a go at raising black, silver fox. These had to be hard, humbling times for Richard T. and Matilda, but they worked hard, maintained their faith and made the best of it. They demonstrated great patience with the trials that were sent their way.

**Figure 135 - Matilda Mortenson Swallow feeding chickens**



**Figure 136 - The Fox Farm east of the Swallow Ranch**



### **Swallow Brothers Take over Ownership of the Swallow Ranch**

The Swallow Ranch was in real danger of being lost by 1936. However, George N., Dick and Arlo Swallow, with some help from the George Swallow estate, were able to arrange financing to pay off the outstanding debts of the Swallow Ranch and have enough left over to operate the ranch at least for a year. In late 1936 or early 1937 a clear title to the Swallow Ranch was obtained by the Swallow brothers: George N., Richard M. "Dick" and Arlo B. Swallow. Things were looking up. In late 1936, unknown to Dick, the sheep operation was turned over to a man named John Oucguy who put up money to run the operation with an understanding he would have the option to buy it. He was not successful and went broke. The Swallow brothers took the sheep operation back over in late 1937 or early 1938.

Between 1936 and 1942 Dick and his father became closer and a mutual respect developed between them. Dick relates this event that helped heal the negative feelings he harbored toward his father.

There were many problems we encountered in running the day to day operation of the ranch. What crops to plant? When, where and how to move the livestock? When to sell the livestock? How many cattle and sheep should we run? From the age of 13 to 17, I had spent most of my time away from the ranch. And now, in my early twenties, I did not have the experience I needed to solve all the day to day ranch problems. So, I would seek out my father's advice. He freely gave me advice and I used it. Through this process we became much closer. I learned to trust him and he learned to trust me. Even though my brother, George, and I did not see eye to

eye on running the ranch, Dad was very helpful in making sure I got the support I needed to accomplish what was needed. This is when I learned to understand and appreciate my father for what he was and what he had done.

**Figure 137 - Mother & Daughters – c1935**



Darlene M. Swallow, Matilda Mortenson Swallow and Golden N. Swallow

**Figure 138 - Branding Time – c1950**



Richard M. "Dick" Swallow ear marking a calf while his son, Richard B. Swallow helps hold the calf

**Figure 139 - Sheep Camp – 1935**



L to R: Wanda Childs, Ethel Burr Swallow, Dick Swallow and George N. Swallow

**Figure 140 - Sheep Camp – 1935**



L to R: Wanda Childs, George N. Swallow and Ethel Burr Swallow

**Figure 141 - A load of posts**



Richard M. "Dick" Swallow with a load of posts and fencing material

**Figure 142 - Farm equipment fixed right in the field**



**Figure 143 - Work on the mountain**



Richard M. "Dick" Swallow watering horses at a spring on the mountain above the Swallow Ranch

**Figure 144 - Richard M. "Dick" Swallow**



**Figure 145 - Doctoring cattle on the Swallow Ranch**



**Figure 146 - Working cattle on the Swallow Ranch with the help of a dog**



**Figure 147 - The Richard T. Swallow family – c1948**



L to R: Back row – Richard M. “Dick” Swallow, Louis A. Johnson, Beatrice “Bea” Kobza Swallow, Arlo B. Swallow, and Lee C. Whitlock – Front row: Ethel Burr Swallow, Golden Swallow Johnson, Matilda Mortenson Swallow and Darlene Swallow Whitlock

## **George N. Swallow Expands His Business and Political Interests**

In the early 1940s George N. moved to Ely, started a Real Estate business and was not as involved in the day to day running of the ranch. However, he did have legal control over all the ranch finances and was the one who made most of the decisions as to how money would be spent or not spent. Over the years this combined with a different approach to gaining financial success caused considerable friction between Dick and George N.

According to George N. Swallow:

I got started in the Real Estate business when a fellow in Lund who had property in Fayette, Utah contacted me to help him sell it. This was before you had to be licensed to sell Real Estate. I told him I would sell it for him. Then I took a trip to Fayette to become familiar with the property, and found someone interested in buying it. First I took the buyers to a bank in Gunderson, Utah but the bank said no. So I then went to see a progressive banker I knew in Salina, Utah. After sitting down with the banker and the prospective buyers for a little while, a loan was secured and the property was sold. My Real Estate business grew from there. I was one of the first licensed Real Estate Brokers in the state of Nevada. Since Nevada did not have a Real Estate exam of its own, they finally had me take the New York state Real Estate exam. Governor Pitman, who was chairman of the Nevada Real Estate Board at that time, asked me to give the Real Estate exam to those taking it in Austin, Eureka, Elko and Ely. I did this for a number of years even though I didn't think I was qualified to do so.

I was very involved in a lot of things outside of ranching. I was a full time Real Estate broker with my own office and spent a lot of time in Washington D.C. as a lobbyist. I was active in state and local politics. I often think that if I had spent more time on the ranch and less time in my other activities things might have been different.

Both George N. Swallow and Richard M. "Dick" Swallow tried to recoup the family fortune. From the day they regained control of the ranch, George N. vowed to recoup the family fortune using his brain not his brawn, no matter what it took. And Dick vowed he would recoup the family fortune using his brawn and rebuild the Swallow Ranch just like his grandfather Swallow had done. They both worked their entire lives trying to do this, but because their approaches were so different, they had many disagreements and many hard feelings over the years. And, eventually they were unable to fulfill their dreams and the ranch had to be sold in 1965. Over the next 20 years George N. Swallow tried his best using all the legal means at his disposal to regain control of the Swallow Ranch. In the end it was not to be.

## **Death of Richard T. Swallow**

In 1943 Richard T. was diagnosed with prostate cancer. The first week of November in 1943, he went to Salt Lake City for an operation on his prostate. The operation went well and while recuperating he and Matilda stayed with Aunt "Mattie" Swallow, his father's second wife. During this recuperation period, Richard T. visited his daughter Darlene who was also in the hospital recovering from an operation. After a few weeks Richard felt he needed to get back to the ranch even though his doctor wanted him to stay over a few more days, so he could have a

check-up. He left Salt Lake City early on the morning of November 30, 1943 by bus and arrived in Ely in the late afternoon. His son, George N., met him at the bus station and suggested he stay overnight in Ely. However, Richard T. insisted that he be taken to the ranch that night.

The Ely Daily Times reported on December 1, 1943 and again April 5, 1978:

1943 - While eating dinner there (*the Swallow Ranch*), he complained of not feeling well and left the table to lie down. Members of his family remained with him until a late hour when he dropped off to sleep. At 4:30 this morning he was found dead, and it is believed he died in his sleep from a heart attack, probably between 2:00 and 2:30 a.m. He was very weak when he arrived at the ranch.

1978 - After Richard Swallow died in 1943, Mrs. Swallow continued to live in Spring Valley with her daughter and son-in-law, Darlene and Lee Whitlock. When they moved to Snake Valley, she came with them, and now lives in Baker on the old Bellander Ranch.

**Figure 148 - The extended Swallow family – December 1943**



A Swallow family gathering at the Swallow Ranch in south Spring Valley, Shoshone, Nevada after the funeral of Richard T. Swallow – L to R – Back Row: Darlene Swallow Whitlock, George N. Swallow, Arlo B. Swallow, Matilda Mortenson Swallow, Louis A. Johnson (husband of Golden N. Swallow who took the picture), holding daughter Karen Johnson (now Breau), Mrs. Purvan, Mary Mortenson and May Swallow Kerr – Front Row: Lee C. Whitlock, Alfred Kerr, Ethel Burr Swallow, Richard M. Swallow, David R. Kerr and young J. Kerr (Bob Kerr's son)

### **Matilda Mortenson Swallow's Latter Years**

Matilda Mortenson Swallow was a devoted mother, grandmother and great-grandmother. She loved her family and spent most of her time with them. She also loved to sew and made beautiful quilts, pillows, very realistic artificial flowers and over 100 white rugs of all shapes and sizes.

The Ely Daily Times reported April 5, 1978 on page 4 the following:

She still enjoys handwork, making beautiful white rugs and crewel embroidery items. Secure in the caring and appreciation of her large family, she looks forward to visits from any of her four surviving children and their families, including 16 grandchildren and 35 great-grandchildren, numerous nieces and nephews, and her many friends, many of whom offered "Happy Birthday" wishes on her 90th birthday anniversary.

**Figure 149 - Grandmother Matilda & Timothy – 1946**



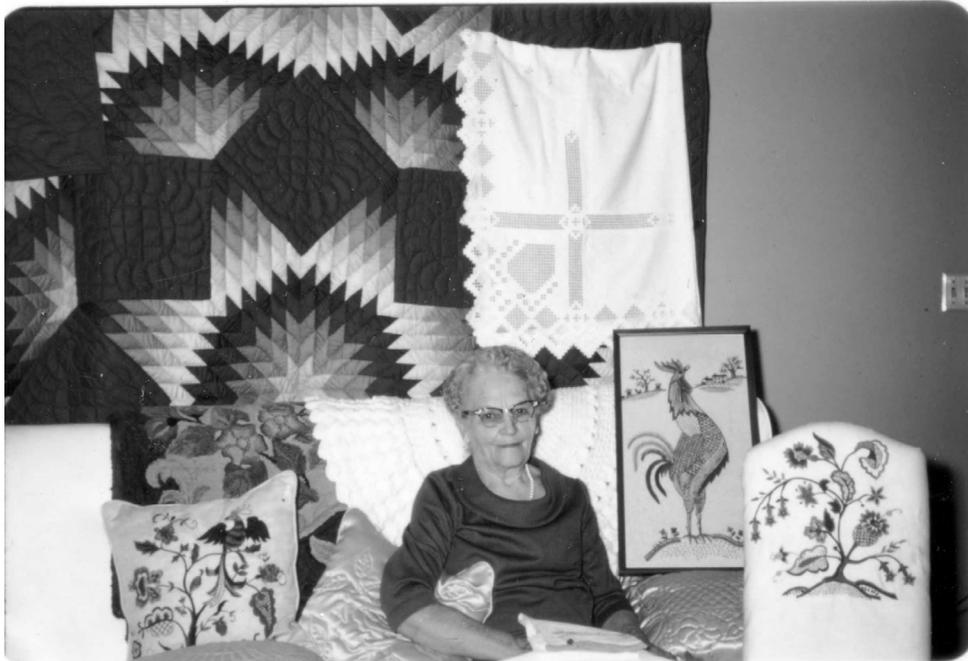
Matilda Mortenson Swallow & Timothy Arlo Swallow

**Figure 150 - Matilda Mortenson Swallow**



90th birthday party in 1978

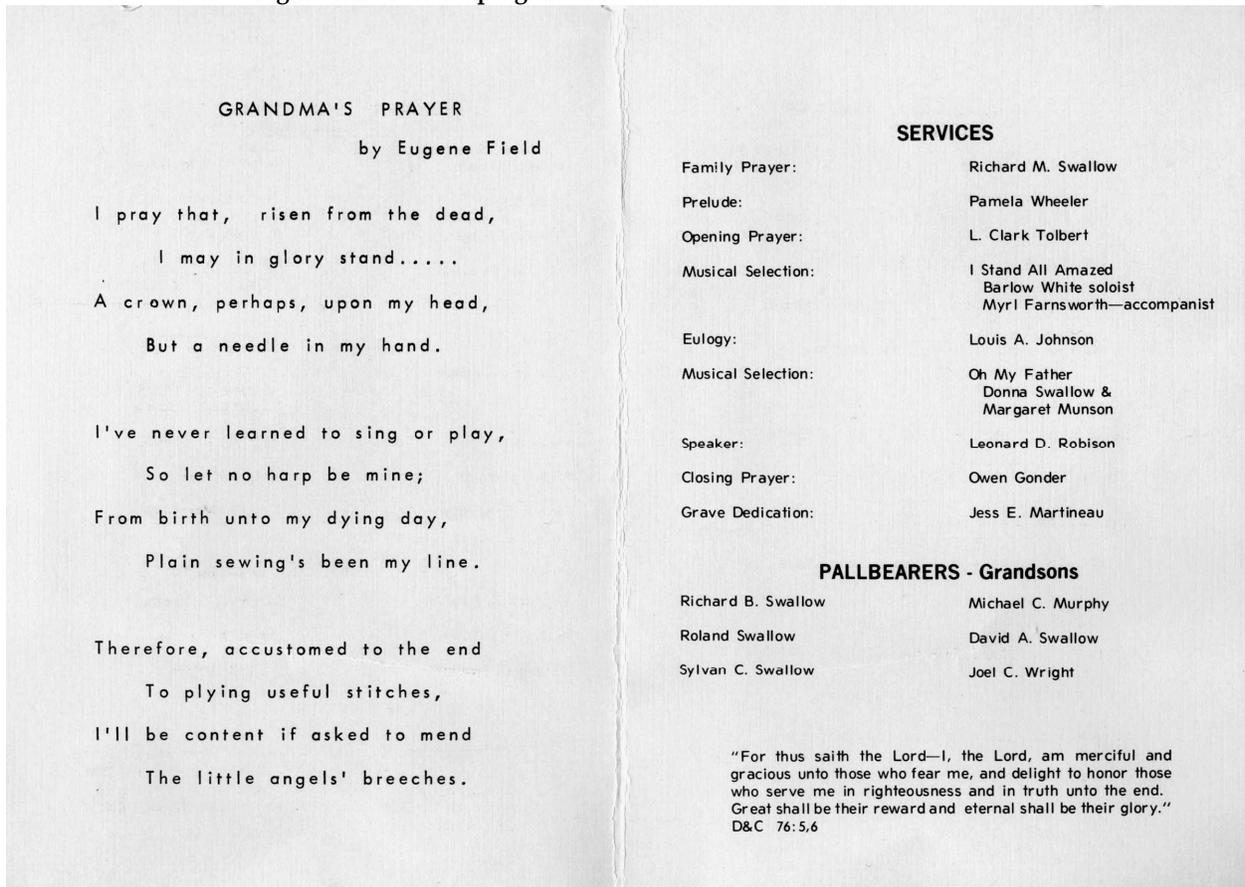
**Figure 151 - Matilda Mortenson Swallow**



Matilda Mortenson Swallow with some of the beautiful quilts, pillows, rugs, wall hangings, etc. she made

Matilda Mortenson Swallow passed away on April 3, 1983 at the age of 95 – almost forty years after her husband, Richard T. Swallow, passed away – December 1, 1943.

**Figure 152 - Funeral program for Matilda Mortenson Swallow – 1983**



## **Marriage and family for the Children of Richard T. and Matilda Swallow**

### **George N. Swallow – Married January 17, 1949 and January 28, 1962**

George N. Swallow married Lydia Kohler on January 17, 1949. Lydia Kohler's parents were Russian Jews and escaped Russia when she was just a baby. George and Lydia had no children but raised one of Lydia's nephews, Michael Curtis Murphy. Lydia died December 10, 1959.

At George N. Swallow's funeral, Michael C. Murphy said this about George:

When a boy, in 1950, I came to live with George and Lydia. Lydia was my mother's sister. George became my father and saved my life. He taught me how to live, did things with me and became my role model in life.

George had extra ordinary vision or eye sight. This made him an excellent pilot. He flew his private plane all over the west and even to Texas.

**Figure 153 - Michael Curtis Murphy**



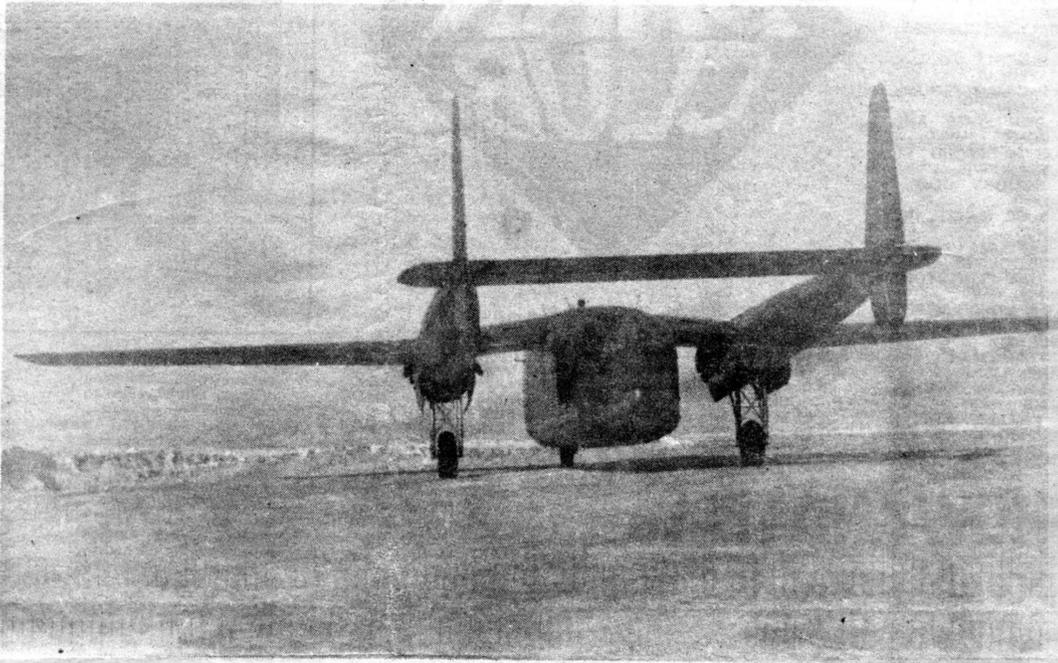
George N. Swallow related the following story about his role in organizing and running the big hay-lift for Nevada the very bad winter of 1949, right after he and Lydia were married. The snow had fallen so deep in December and January that thousands of cattle were stranded in Nevada and Utah without a way to get food. Without this hay lift most of those cattle would have died that winter.

While Lydia and I were in route to California for our honeymoon in January 1949, I received a phone call asking me to return to Ely. We did so, and then we registered at the Hotel Nevada. I then called Governor Pitman's office where I was told that Governor Pitman was in Washington D.C. Finally I got hold of him in D.C. just as he and Mrs. Pitman were leaving the hotel to return to Carson City, Nevada. The Governor said he would stay in D.C. a few days longer to help arrange Federal help. I then called Senator Pat McCarran in Washington D.C. to get immediate help. Senator McCarran asked me if they could use some army tanks. I said no; but we could use some flying box-cars. Within 30 minutes after I hung up the phone, Senator McCarran called me back at the Hotel Nevada and told me that General Nordcroft of the Air Force would be calling me in about 30 minutes. When the General called he asked me for the plan of operation. After I gave the operating plan to the General I just stood by the night stand beside the bed in the hotel room perspiring all over. I bowed my head and prayed to God that the plan would work. After that, I was put in charge of the Nevada Highway Department, the Nevada National Guard, the California National Guard and the sixth army stationed at the Presidio in San Francisco for all activity relating to the hay-lift for Nevada. We also made sure we helped those ranchers in western Utah close to the Nevada border even though it was out of our jurisdiction.

Figure 154 - Winter of 1949 Hay-lift

# **INTERMISSION**

**Jan. 7 thru Jan. 13**



## **Ely's winter of '49**

The winter of '49 in Ely will always be remembered as the year of the "Haylift". Heavy snows and strong winds piled the snow in huge drifts, bringing traffic almost to a standstill and stranding cattle everywhere. To alleviate the situation, government cargo planes like the one shown here, and their crews, came to Ely and dropped hay to herds of cattle and bands of sheep. Many local folks volunteered, riding the planes and helping with the hay. The effort saved many of the

ranchers' herds, as well as some of the antelope, deer and elk. The whole affair caused much activity in town, and later a movie production company did a show "Operation Haylift" which they filmed here, using a number of local names in key roles, as well as having quite a few Ely people in the movie as "extras". (Courtesy W.P. Historical Society—Effie Read collection).

Ely **DAILY TIME**

George's first wife, Lydia Kohler Swallow, died December 10, 1959 from cancer.

Several years later, on January 28, 1962, George N. married Nancy Ball Martineau. They had one child, Jennifer Lynn Swallow, born February 27, 1963.

**Figure 155 - George & Nancy Newly Married – 1963**



Nancy Martineau Swallow and George N. Swallow

**Figure 156 - George & Nancy Are Proud Parents – June 1966**



Nancy Martineau Swallow and George N. Swallow with daughter Jennifer Swallow

**Figure 157 - The George & Nancy Swallow Family**



L to R: Jennifer Swallow, Nancy Martineau Swallow and George N. Swallow in 1977

**Figure 158 - Father & Daughter – February 1984**



Jennifer Swallow with her father George N. Swallow as she was leaving to go on her Mission to Denmark for the LDS Church

On February 16, 2005, George N. Swallow passed away in Ely, Nevada. At his funeral, on February 23, 2005, I learned the following about George.

George's wife, Nancy, said:

George always wanted to learn new things. In 1998, at age 88, he wanted to learn how to use the computer, so he took two computer classes.

In December 2004, at age 94, he took the test on the internet to renew his Real Estate license. He passed with an 84%.

His daughter, Jennifer Lee, said:

Dad was a small man physically, but larger than life to me. He was big on political debates. He had big dreams and big causes. He had a good heart even though not all his dreams and causes turned out the way he envisioned.

David A. Swallow, a nephew said:

I never saw him lose his temper. He always pushed his political views. He had large and visionary dreams.

Sean Pitts, the LDS Stake President, said:

George lived what he believed.

George is one of very few men who left the world around him permanently changed because of his passion and drive to make things happen. While not everything he envisioned turned out, many things did, and they made a difference.

He helped organize and coordinate the great hay lift for eastern Nevada in 1949.

He was the only one who would fly a doctor and nurse to Eureka to help a woman in labor during the great 1949 snow storm. All roads were closed. The airstrip in Eureka was closed. None of the Air Force pilots helping with the hay-lift would fly in and land on Eureka's main street. So George did. On his return flight, he even had to take off at night using the lights of two Sheriff's cars following behind each wing to see where he was going.

**Figure 159 - George N. & Nancy Swallow – August 2003**



Nancy Martineau Swallow and George N. Swallow in the conference room of their Real Estate office

He wrote much of the material, known as the "Sagebrush Rebellion," presented in Congress against the formation of the Great Basin National Park.

There were many people, even members of his immediate and extended family, who did not always agree with George N. Swallow's passions, dreams and visions. Some choose only to remember George's dreams and visions that did not succeed. While others choose to remember his dreams and visions that did succeed.

To be certain, George N. Swallow had the passion and drive needed to make big things happen. And while not everything he tried succeeded, he deserves full credit for his successes and full credit for having tried, against great odds, those things that failed. He was never afraid to try.

**Figure 160 - George N. Swallow's real estate company in Ely, Nevada – 2005 photo**



**Golden N. Swallow – Married June 15, 1941**

Karen Johnson Breau wrote the following about her parents and their family:

Golden Nevada Swallow, an intelligent and educated woman who graduated Valedictorian of Ely High School. She was teaching elementary school in Pioche, Nevada, a former quintessential Wild West mining town, when she met Louis Ami Johnson, who was working for Bradshaw Motors in Cedar City, Utah. He was born May 20, 1910, Spanish Fork, Utah, to a multi-generational Latter-Day Saint family - his mother is Henrietta Hales whose family immigrated from England; his father is John William Johnson of Icelandic origin.

They were married on the Swallow Ranch June 15, 1941.

**Figure 161 - Golden Swallow Johnson**



**Figure 162 - Louis A. Johnson**



**Figure 163 - Golden & Louis Johnson**



**Figure 164 - The Swallow - Johnson wedding**



L to R - adults: Margaret Sullivan, Mildred Ashworth, unknown girl, Golden Swallow Johnson, Louis A. Johnson, Mark Johnson, Zeffie Dixon, and Muriel Hammond – Child: June Thorn

Their first daughter, Karen Lou, was born in Ely, Nevada, August 12, 1942, while Lou was serving in the Army Air Corps and Golden was helping on the ranch. Following World War II, Lou became part owner of Morris Motors Co. in Pioche. Glenda Kay was born in Ely on May 31, 1950.

**Figure 165 - Proud parents – December 1942**



L to R: Golden Swallow Johnson, Louis A. Johnson and Karen Johnson

**Figure 166 - Karen Lou Johnson – c 1945**

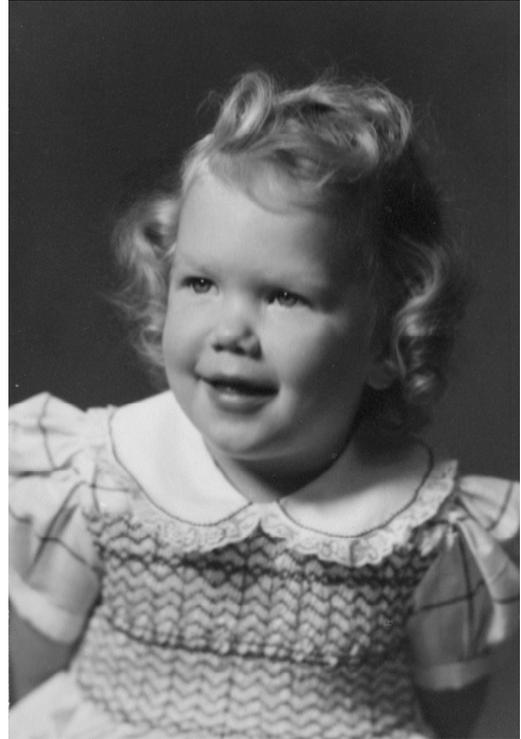


**Figure 167 - Now a family of four – c 1953**



L to R: Golden Swallow Johnson, Glenda Johnson,  
Louis A. Johnson and Karen Johnson

**Figure 168 - Glenda Kay Johnson – c 1952**



In the fall of 1952, the family moved from Pioche to Cedar City, then a year later to Springville, Utah, Lou's home territory. He was part owner of an automobile agency, sold Mack Trucks, and in 1965 returned to college to earn his teaching certificate at USU in Logan to teach Math and History at Tintic High School in Eureka, Utah, a daily commute of 80 miles. Golden worked for the U.S. Conservation and Stabilization Service in Provo, Utah, where she received several recognition awards for her excellent work. She was employed from the mid 1960s through February 1977, when her year long, painful and trying battle with cancer was taking its final toll; she passed away on April 15, 1977, at Utah Valley Hospital in Provo. She left not only a grieving family, but myriad of admiring friends, neighbors, and co-workers, as well. Lou continued alone for eleven years, missing Golden terribly. He loved being a grandfather, visiting often with Glenda and her brood until August 1, 1988, when he succumbed to lymphoma in the Payson, Utah hospital, after a brief illness. Both were "Down-winders," suffering the devastating effects of the government's atom bomb testing in the Nevada desert in the 1950s.

**Figure 169 - Three generations of Swallows – about 1960**



L to R: Matilda Mortenson Swallow, Glenda Johnson, Golden Swallow Johnson and Karen Johnson

Golden reared a healthy family; a stellar cook, she made sure her meals were beautiful, creative and nutritious. That is surely one reason Glenda and Karen have always been healthy - early nutrition. In addition to her many friends and family, Golden was very much loved by all the neighborhood children and their parents - an amazingly kind and generous person to everyone who crossed her path. And this isn't just a "nice" eulogy, she actually was. She had a remarkable work ethic, taking her secular work and her church work very seriously, doing her best at all times. Louis was a star athlete at both Springville High School and Brigham Young University, playing basketball, football and track for the Cougars, winning the AII-BYU Sports Award. He and Golden were steadfast followers of BYU Sports. Lou always kept in shape, exercising and walking daily until just before his death. Bright and articulate, he was well respected - a man of principles and integrity. He was helpful both to his family and to others. All four family members have served in various capacities in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day-Saints, an extremely important part of their lives.

In 1962, Karen became one of the first Peace Corps Volunteers, serving as a teacher in Liberia, West Africa, for two years. This was a life-changing experience for a sheltered little Mormon girl of 19. Following the Peace Corps, she studied for a year at the Universite de Besancon, France. Graduating from BYU in French and English Literature, she has followed various paths including teaching in the Clearfield, UT Job Corps and junior high in Napa, California. She also worked for the Smithsonian Institution and National Park Service, eventually settling on a career as a gemologist in Washington, D.C., New York City, and Toronto, Canada, where she owned a fine gemstone company with her former husband, Melbourne Breau, (born February 10, 1939 in

New Brunswick, Canada) whom she wed in New York City on February 3, 1979. Presently she is part-owner of Mt. Moriah Stone Quarries, a quartzite quarry in Baker, Nevada, and still practices gemology at a fine jewelry store in Provo. Karen currently resides in Springville during the winter and Baker during the quarry season, April through November. Traveling abroad and learning about different world cultures has always held fascination for her.

**Figure 170 - Four generations of Swallows – 1980**



L to R: Karen Johnson Breau, Glenda Johnson holding Cara Darlene Wright and Darlene Swallow Whitlock

Glenda Kay, following in the footsteps of her mother, father and sister, graduated from BYU, worked at the Smithsonian Institution and then married Joel Wright (born December 6, 1950), from Woodbury, New Jersey, on March 3, 1973. They reared five unique and wonderful children: Paul Christopher, born September 15, 1974 in Provo, Utah (wife Jayann); Daniel Louis, born October 25, 1976 in Provo, Utah (wife Cami - children Jaydan, Dylan, and Alyssa); Cara Darlene, born December 6, 1979 in Jackson, North Carolina (husband Brandon – child Cameron Danger and a boy "bun in the oven"); Mary Elizabeth, born September 3, 1983 in San Diego, California; and Michael Lee, born September 7, 1986 in Sandy, Utah. As a family, they very much enjoyed the experiences of living on both coasts and in between while Joel was serving in the military. *(Glenda and Joel were divorced, and)* On January 7, 1995, Glenda married Lawrence Egbert (born July 31, 1939 in southern Idaho) former Director of Purchasing for the LDS church, whom she met while working in the Purchasing Department at BYU. In June 2003, they moved from their residence in Orem to Woodland Hills, Utah. Their lovely new home, perched gracefully on a mountainside overlooking all of beautiful Utah Valley, is barely large enough to contain the thirteen children between them, their spouses, and 19 (thus far) grandchildren on their frequent visits.

**Richard M. Swallow – Married March 16, 1935**

According to Richard M. “Dick” Swallow, Ethel M. Burr came in the fall of 1934 to teach school at the Shingle Creek School house. Ethel and her mother lived on the ranch. Dick and Ethel were married on March 16, 1935. After Dick and Ethel were married, they stayed on the Swallow Ranch until school was out in May. Then they moved to California in June 1935, where Dick could earn more money working in a packing plant. Chauncy and Aletha Funk had been managing and running the Fox Farm for Richard T. Swallow since 1928. One of their four sons was deaf, so they decided to move to Ogden, Utah in the fall of 1936 to get him into a school for the deaf. Dick returned from California in the fall of 1936 so he could manage and run the Fox Farm (also known as the “Spring-fields” or the “Spring Ranch”) as well as help manage and run the Swallow Ranch. Ethel and sons, Richard B. and Roland, returned from California in the spring of 1937 to join Dick on the Fox Farm. In the fall of 1936 Dick pelted out 175 black, silver fox for market. In the fall of 1937 he pelted out their entire inventory of black, silver fox – these 275 fox pelts paid off the debt on the foxes at the Bank. The Swallow’s were out of the fox raising business.

**Figure 171 - The Fox Farm or Spring Ranch – 2005 photo**



**Figure 172 - The Fox Farm or Spring Ranch – 2005 photo**



The Fox Farm is on the bench just east of the Swallow Ranch about three miles at the mouth of Water or Swallow canyon. Prior to it becoming the Fox Farm it was called the “Spring-fields” or “Spring Ranch” because there is a large spring on this small ranch. When Richard T. and Matilda were first married, Matilda remembers some hay being raised there along with a fruit orchard.

**Figure 173 - Dick & Ethel Swallow's 1st house on the Swallow Ranch – 2005**



Dick and Ethel moved to the main Swallow Ranch in the winter of 1937/38. They remodeled and added on to the bunk house just west and south of the main home where Dick's mother lived. They moved into this remodeled home in 1939 and lived there until 1949. They moved into the main Swallow home in 1949 and lived there until 1962 when Dick and Ethel divorced.

Dick and Ethel had five children: Richard B., born October 31, 1935; Roland, born October 26, 1936; Sylvan, born January 24, 1943; Tim, born November 24, 1944; and Sharon, born October 3, 1952.

**Figure 174 - Mother, Son & lamb – June 1937**



Ethel Burr Swallow holding Roland Swallow and feeding bottle to a "bummer" lamb at the Fox Farm

**Figure 175 - The Dick Swallow family – May 1937**



Ethel Burr Swallow and Richard M. "Dick" Swallow holding Richard B. Swallow at the main ranch

**Figure 176 - Winter sports – winter 1940/41**



L to R: Roland and Richard B. Swallow

**Figure 177 - Brothers on a sled – winter 1945/46**



L to R: Timothy, Roland, Sylvan and Richard B. Swallow

**Figure 178 - Dick and Ethel Swallow's family – 1989**



L to R: Back row: Richard B. Swallow, Roland Swallow, and Sylvan Swallow  
Front row: Sharon Swallow, Tim Swallow and Ethel Burr Swallow

Dick married Vesta Call on November 21, 1962. Dick and Vesta had three daughters: Louise Swallow, Marcia Swallow and Linda Swallow. They were later divorced.

**Figure 179 - Dick and Vesta Call Swallow – c1975**



**Figure 180- Richard M. "Dick" Swallow & children – c1975**



L to R – Back row: Roland, Richard B., Sylvan & Tim Swallow  
Front row: Marcia, Louise, Richard M. & Sharon Swallow

**Figure 181 - Richard M. "Dick" Swallow kissing granddaughter – c1980**



L to R: Laurie Jean Swallow (Dick's granddaughter), Richard M. "Dick" Swallow and Linda Darlene Swallow (Dick's youngest daughter)

The Swallow Brothers owned and operated the Swallow Ranch at Shoshone from 1937 to 1965.

In 1966 Richard M. "Dick" Swallow purchased property about 10 miles north of the Swallow Ranch and developed what was known as the "Alfalfa Farm." Dick owned and operated this

farm from 1966 to 2001. He then moved to a small home on the Cleveland Ranch. In November 2004 Dick moved to Iowa to live with his son Tim. That is where he lives now.

**Figure 182 - Dick Swallow cutting hay on the Alfalfa farm**



**Figure 183 - The Alfalfa farm looking northeast**



**Figure 184 - The Richard M. "Dick" Swallow family – c1985**



Standing - L to R: Linda Darlene Swallow Kallery, Anita Louise Swallow Hall, Timothy Arlo Swallow, Richard Burr Swallow, Roland Swallow, Sylvan Charles Swallow, Marcia Swallow Adams and Sharon Nancy Swallow Smith – Seated are Vesta Call Swallow and Richard M. Swallow

**Figure 185 - Richard M. "Dick" Swallow – August 2003**



Dick Swallow at his home on the Cleveland Ranch

**Arlo B. Swallow – Married January 16, 1945**

After a few years on the ranch, Arlo joined the U.S. military as a member of the navy air corps. While in the U.S. Navy, he met and married Beatrice “Bea” Kobza in Corpus Christi, Texas on January 16, 1945.

**Figure 186 - Arlo Byron Swallow – c1945**



**Figure 187 - Beatrice Katherine Kobza Swallow – c1945**



When Arlo left the military, he came back to the Swallow Ranch. The Swallow brothers purchased the Kerr ranch in about 1948 and Arlo with his family moved there. Arlo and Bea had 5 children: Mary, David, Carol, Pamela and Laura.

**Figure 188 - Swallow Sisters – c1953**



Golden Swallow Johnson, Darlene Swallow Whitlock and Carol E. Swallow, Arlo's daughter

**Figure 189 - Arlo & Bea Swallow – c1955**



In the fall of 1961, the Swallow Ranch was experiencing financial distress. To help support their family, Bea moved to McGill and went to work for the Kennecott Mining Co. Arlo stayed in Spring Valley and worked at different jobs until 1963 when he too moved to McGill and went to work for Kennecott Mining Co.

**Figure 190 - Bea Swallow – c1965**



Beatrice "Bea" Kobza Swallow at work at Kennecott in McGill, Nevada

According to Darlene Swallow Whitlock, Arlo and his wife, Bea, worked for Kennecott from the time they left the ranch until Kennecott closed down in 1977.

**Figure 191 - Grandma Bea and Alicia – June 1971**



Beatrice "Bea" Kobza Swallow and granddaughter Alicia Morris at 6 months

**Figure 192 - Grandma Bea and Christopher – June 1981**



Beatrice "Bea" Kobza Swallow holding grandson Christopher Arlo Christean

Beatrice "Bea" Kobza Swallow died in October 1984. Darlene Swallow Whitlock said that about two years later Arlo sold his house in McGill, Nevada and moved to Elko, Nevada to be closer to his son David.

**Figure 193 - Arlo and "Bea" Swallow's children – 1997**



Arlo's 80<sup>th</sup> birthday, July 29, 1997 – L to R: David Arlo Swallow, Carol Elizabeth Swallow Morris, Pamela Ann Swallow Jones, Laura Jean Swallow Christean, Mary Arlene Swallow Roman and Arlo Byron Swallow, sitting

**Figure 194 - Arlo and "Bea" Swallow's family – 1997**



All of Arlo and "Bea" Swallow's children and their spouses on July 29, 1997 at Arlo's 80<sup>th</sup> birthday – L to R – Back row: David Swallow, JoAnne Swallow, Jay Jones, Keith Roman and Ken Christean – Front row: Curtis Morris, Carol Morris, Pamela Jones, Mary Roman and Laura Christean with Arlo B. Swallow in the chair

**Figure 195 - Arlo and "Bea" Swallow's family – 1997**



Arlo and "Bea" Swallow's grandchildren, children and spouses on July 29, 1997 at Arlo's 80<sup>th</sup> birthday party – L to R – Back row: David Swallow, Keith Roman, Curtis Morris, Joan Swallow, Chris Christean, Brando Roman, Brodie Roman, Dustin Christean, Arlo Swallow, Blair Roman, Jay Jones and Ken Christean – Front row: Ryan Morris, Carmen M. Twyman, Alicia M. English, Carol S. Morris, Sarah Jones, Pamela S. Jones, Mary S. Roman, Susan Roman (Blair's wife), Laura S. Christean and Mitchel Jones to the left of Grandpa Arlo Swallow who is in the chair

**Figure 196 - Arlo and "Bea" Swallow's grandchildren – 1997**



All of Arlo and "Bea" Swallow's grandchildren on July 29, 1997 at Arlo's 80<sup>th</sup> birthday – L to R – Back row: Ryan Morris, Blair Roman, Chris Christean, Brandon Roman, Dustin Christean and Brodie Roman – Front row: Arlo David Swallow, Alicia M. English, Carmen M. Twyman, Mitchel Jones and Sarah Jones with Grandpa Arlo Swallow in the chair

Arlo B. Swallow passed away in March 27, 2002.

**Darlene M. Swallow – Married May 3, 1941**

On May 3, 1941 Darlene Swallow married Lee Charles Whitlock who was then working on the Swallow Ranch. Lee helped Dick Swallow run the day to day operations of the cattle until 1964 just before the Swallow Ranch was sold.

**Figure 197 - Lee C. Whitlock and Darlene Swallow Whitlock – 1941**



**Figure 198 - Lee & Darleen are married – May 3, 1941**



L to R: Golden N. Swallow, Darlene Swallow Whitlock, Lee C. Whitlock and Richard M. Swallow

Darlene Swallow Whitlock relates the following:

Lee came to work on the Swallow Ranch the summer and early fall of 1940. From the late fall of 1940 to the Spring of 1941 Lee worked at the tungsten mine just south of the Swallow Ranch so he could save some money before he and I got married. We were married in Pioche, Nevada on May 3, 1941. From the time we got married until October 1941, we lived in Mayfield, Utah with Lee's mother. Lee had a job working with cattle on the mountain. I was in the hospital with appendicitis or recovering from it most of the time, so we were unable to spend much time together. In October 1941, Lee and I moved back to the Swallow Ranch and lived with my parents until May of 1942. In May of 1942, we moved into the log cabin just west and south of the main Swallow Ranch house where my parents lived. Lee and I lived in this log cabin for seven years – May 1942 to 1949.

We were unable to have children of our own, but we helped raise most of our nieces and nephews. *(Lee and Darlene are loved by their nieces and nephews like a second set of parents.)*

Lee and I did not have a car of our own until the latter part of 1946. In 1949 we moved into the home just south of our log cabin and lived there until 1964 when we moved to the home we live in now. It is located on the Baker ranch in Baker, Nevada and was the home where Glen and Claudia Bellander lived and had their ranch before the Baker brothers bought them out.

**Figure 199 - Three homes on the Swallow Ranch**



From L to R: The Hampton house, the house Dick and Ethel remodeled and moved into after leaving the Fox-farm and the log cabin Lee and Darlene lived in for 7 years – Lee and Darlene also lived in the center home

Lee and I spent seven summers together in a sheep wagon (1942 to 1949) over on Cave Creek in Steptoe Valley while we managed the cattle that the Swallow brothers were summering on that mountain. Lee helped my brother Dick manage the cattle on the Swallow Ranch from 1942 to 1964.

From 1964 to the end of 1965 Lee and Darlene went to the Twin Springs Ranch that is south towards Tonapah, Nevada. In January 1966, Lee Whitlock and DeVon Bellander leased Lee Dearden's ranch for three years. Then Lee and Darlene worked for Lee Dearden until March, 1975. In 1975, Lee and Darlene went to work for Dean Baker on the Baker Ranch. They still live in the old Glen Bellander home on the Baker Ranch. Lee, who will be 86 years old in 2006, still works full time for Dean Baker and rides a horse almost every day.

**Figure 200 - Darlene Swallow Whitlock – c1945**



**Figure 201 - Lee C. Whitlock – c1945**



**Figure 202 - Richard T. Swallow family – Memorial Day 1977**



Back row: L to R: Lee Whitlock, Darlene Swallow Whitlock, Matilda Mortenson Swallow, Nancy Swallow and George N. Swallow – Front row: Linda Murphy and Jennifer Swallow

**Figure 203 - Darlene teaching Merry Miss class – 1981**



L to R: Allison Murphy and Darlene Swallow Whitlock

**Figure 204 - Darlene and her mother – April 1971**



At Donna Richardson Carey's wedding – L to R: Darlene Swallow Whitlock (49) with her mother Matilda Mortenson Swallow (83)

**Figure 205 - Lee & Darlene Whitlock – c1985**



**Figure 206 - Lee C. Whitlock – June 2004**



**Figure 207 - At the Ray G. Swallow Family Reunion – Baker, Nevada – June 2004**



L to R: Darlene Swallow Whitlock, Donna Swallow Gowans and Lee C. Whitlock

## **Measuring the Real Success for the Richard T. and Matilda Swallow Family**

**Figure 208 - Matilda Mortenson Swallow and Richard T. Swallow**



Richard T. and Matilda Mortenson Swallow demonstrated great patience throughout the successes and trials that were sent their way. They learned valuable lessons that all of us can benefit from.

Richard T. Swallow and Matilda Mortenson Swallow were good hard working people with strong moral characters. They were dedicated parents who worked very hard to teach their children faith, morality and hard work. They served their family, their church and their community. The only mistake, I could find, that Richard T. made was trusting in the suggestions of others as to what investments he should make. These new business ventures moved him from a little debt to a lot of debt. This, combined with the fact that he did not have much business experience outside of ranching along with the great depression, caused his financial world to collapse. Through it all he learned great humility and kept trying and working hard until his death in 1944.

Throughout these ordeals and after Richard's death, Matilda did everything within her power to keep the family together and close to one another. Matilda's hard work as a mother, through these many trials and tribulations, was instrumental in helping the members of her family to become self-reliant with good moral values – excellent members of the community who actively love and serve others. As Richard and Matilda have shown us through their example, real success is not measured by dollars and cents but by how we live our lives and raise our children. This is the real success we are all seeking.

## Chapter 4 – Alfred M. Swallow and His Family

### Growing Up and School

Alfred Marion Swallow, the third child of George Swallow and Anna Day Swallow, was born in Fillmore, Millard County, Utah on August 10, 1882, seven months after the death of little “Willy” Swallow. Sometime prior to Alfred’s birth, Anna and two year old Richard T. went to Fillmore to stay with Anna’s parents. In Alfred’s personal history, he states that he did not return to the ranch until he was a young boy. It is likely that Alfred was left with his grandparents in Fillmore for a year or two as a safety precaution, while his mother, Anna, and his older brother, Richard T., returned to the ranch in Nevada. George and Anna’s fourth child, May C., was born at Shoshone, White Pine County, Nevada, on October 10, 1883 just 14 month after Alf was born.

LDS Church records show that Alfred M. Swallow was blessed by Chris Anderson on September 6, 1882 in Fillmore, Utah.

Reading from Autobiography of Alfred M. Swallow written January 1965:

Alfred M. Swallow was born in Fillmore, Utah August 10, 1882 to George & Anna Day. I was taken out to the Swallow Ranch in Spring Valley, White Pine County, Nevada when I was just a young boy. This is the ranch my father, George Swallow, located on for thirty-five years (1873 – 1907).

I had no schooling until I was eight years old as there were no schools closer than the town of Osceola, which was twenty miles distance from the ranch, and no transportation was provided for school children at that time.

My folks finally got a school district formed there on the ranch (*in the fall of 1890*), as with five children over five years of age a school could be formed. So with three of the Swallow family of school age (*Richard T. – age 10, Alfred M. – age 8, and May C. – age 6*) and two Indian children, we got a school district. We had one month (*of*) school the first year (1890-1891), and the second year we had three months (*of*) school (1891-1892). We probably had four months (*of*) school for the next two years (1892-1894), then six for two years (1894-1896); and the last two years I went to a school on the ranch (1896-1898) we probably had eight months (*of*) school. That was the end of my country schooling as I was needed for ranch and livestock work. (*This would have been in 1898 just before Alf turned 16.*)

I got dissatisfied on the home ranch when I was twenty years old (1902) and left home for one year. I got a job on the Cleveland Ranch, which was thirty miles north of the Swallow Ranch in Spring Valley. I worked for A. G. Cleveland, the owner of this ranch, for one year. Then at the age of twenty-one (1903), I came to Salt Lake City and took an eight month business course at the Salt Lake or LDS Business College.

**Figure 209 - Alfred M. Swallow – about age 16**



**Figure 210 - Alfred M. Swallow – about age 18**



**Figure 211 - Alfred M. Swallow – center – age 21**



**Figure 212 - Alfred M. Swallow – age 32**



## Ranch and Mercantile Owner

Alfred M. Swallow continues his history:

This ended my school education which was not much in comparison to what our young people get now days. (*Alf went to school for a total of 40 months before going to the LDS Business College, compared to a High School Graduate today with 108 months of schooling.*) After going to Business College for eight months, I returned (*in 1904*) to the Swallow Ranch and went to work for my dad again. (*Alf's older brother Richard T. attended LDS Business College from 1903 to April 1905 after which he went on his mission for two years. Richard T. did not return to the ranch until April of 1907.*) I worked for him for three years, and then my brother Richard and I took over the ranch and livestock from Dad on a sale and lease basis (*in the fall of 1907*).

**Figure 213 - Counting sheep after sheering – c1910**



L to R: Alfred M. Swallow, Richard T. Swallow, two unknown men, Ray G. Swallow and an unknown man

At the end of three years (*spring of 1910*), my parents had come back to the ranch (*for a short time*); and Dad and Richard decided that Ray should come into the deal on the sale and lease basis. I finally decided that it was no more than right to do this, and the three of us were partners for three years. The three of us could not agree on a lot of issues that came up; so at the end of three years (*in 1913*) I sold what interest I had in the business to Richard and Ray.

In 1913 I moved to Garrison, Utah where James F. Robison, my brother-in-law, and I had bought a Mercantile Business from (*the*) Thomas Dearden, Sr. estate. We operated this business as partners for three or four years (*1913-1916*); then I sold my interest to Doyle C. Robison, who later married my sister, Pearl. (*Pearl & Doyle were married in June 1916.*) I then put in a couple of years working at odd jobs in different places. And in the fall of 1918, I bought a small interest in

the Murray Sheep Company. This was a livestock outfit that operated mostly in Lincoln County, Nevada. (*The headquarters, Big Springs Ranch, was in south Snake Valley, Nevada.*)

Alfred M. Swallow married Nell Smith in 1914 when he owned the store in Garrison, Utah with his brother-in-law James F. Robison.

### **Nell V. Smith and Her Heritage**

Nell V. Smith, sometimes called Nellie, grew up at Big Wash in Snake Valley, just over the mountain from the Swallow Ranch. She went to all the local dances and knew the two unmarried Swallow brothers, Alf and Ray. She sent Ray G. Swallow a postcard on March 28, 1912 that said:

Dear friend, I can not clasp your hand today. But still I know this will convey, my wish sincere, my greetings true, and tell you that I think of you. How are you getting along? Hope you got over the dance alright. Good bye. I am as ever your friend, Nell V. Smith

Nell V. Smith was born September 29, 1889 (based on Social Security death records) to Elias McClellan "Bob" Smith and Emma Paul Smith. Nell was their fourth child and the first to be born at Big Wash in Snake Valley, White Pine County, Nevada. Her two older brothers, Grant and Dennis, along with her older sister, Jennie, were born in Holden, Millard County, Utah. Nell had three more brothers (George, James and Alwin) and three more sisters (Laura, Annie and Mary) born while the family lived at Big Wash in Snake Valley. Big Wash is almost straight east over the south Snake Range from the Swallow Ranch. Big Springs, where Alfred M. and Nell Smith Swallow lived after 1919 is on the southeastern tip of the Snake Range.

To understand Nell Smith one has to understand her father, Elias M. "Bob" Smith. Bob Smith was a man larger than life in the eyes of his children. He had business dealings with everyone in Snake Valley and many in Spring Valley. His children married many of the relatives of the Robison and Swallow families. I am including some articles and interviews about Elias M. "Bob" Smith along with part of his diary. Nell Smith had a strong personality much like her father did. It is hoped that this material will help the reader better understand the Smith family and Nell V. Smith.

In the book *Pioneers of Snake Valley* by Boyde E. Quate, there is a description of Big Wash written by Mrs. Effie Reed of the Ely, Nevada, Ely Daily Times – October 11, 1961. Big Wash is located in a larger than life area.

We reached the top of the summit and began dropping down, winding in and out among the cedars and pine trees. Almost abruptly we were at the canyon floor, where the vegetation was so heavy that we couldn't see the sun or the rim of the mountain enclosure.

This fertile acreage, made by erosion thru the centuries, showed signs of man's handiwork of an earlier date. Pine, junipers, willows, wild rosebushes, chokecherry and elderberry bushes made dark shade. There had been flowers and a garden. There was a lovely log cabin. Its silence gave one a measure of life held by its occupants.

An orchard was deserted and unkempt. The trees were covered with wrinkles, whose limbs were supported by crutches. At the kitchen door, an apple tree stood drooping fruit to the ground to fashion a calico print of its colors of red, green and yellow. Its branches seemed to need stiffening with rods and braces. Near the orchard stood an old buckboard silently telling of days when it was fashionable and grand. Hidden by excessive growth were farm implements of early fabrication in an excellent condition for museum relics.

I was thinking this was the Elias M. Smith place, and a reminder came to me that Mr. Smith, who drove the first team and wagon into the Big Wash, said the greasewood was so high and thick that he had to stand on the spring seat of the wagon to see over it. This was also the home of the Calicos who did not take it over until sometime in the 1920s.

The following is part of a taped interview Boyd E. Quate had with Mrs. Elsie Smith, wife of Hilman Smith, on June 10, 1992 in Overton, Nevada and found in *Pioneers of Snake Valley*, along with information Boyd E. Quate took from the records kept by Mrs. Dennis Smith, Hilman Smith's mother – (*Nell Smith's brother, Dennis R. Smith, married Ruby Robison, the daughter of William Henry Robison and the granddaughter of Peter Robison. William Henry Robison was also the second husband of Emma Wagener Beeston, the first wife of Joseph Swallow. Dennis and Ruby were married 10 months prior to Alfred Swallow and Nell Smith getting married.*)

E. M. (Bob) Smith's grandfather was Sgt. Patrick Gass, a member of the Lewis and Clark Expedition when they explored the Northwest.

Patrick Gass's daughter, Anne Jean Gass, had a son she named Jimmy, before she was married. (In those days they called an illegitimate child a "Woods-Colt.") Then she married a James Smith, who was Bob Smith's father. This meant that Jimmy Gass, "The Woods-Colt," was Bob Smith's half-brother.

Jimmy Gass became a member of the "Hole-in-the-Rock" outlaw gang.

Bob Smith, at age 9, helped drive the Hockman cattle west and was with the family when they arrived in Snake Valley in 1870. Sometime later he returned to his home in Iowa. He stayed with his folks for awhile and then returned to Snake Valley when he was 17 (1879).

His first wife died. He then returned to Iowa and married his childhood sweetheart, Emma Paul (on September 29, 1884). They had 10 children.

Emma Paul, Bob Smith's wife, was the daughter of Nichols Paul, the man who built (helped build) Cove Fort over in Utah. (He died of thirst on the Wah-Wah desert.)

Bob Smith was Justice of the Peace at Garrison. He was also the official coffin maker of the Valley. He was a good carpenter and built many of the houses in the Valley.

Also found in the book *Pioneers of Snake Valley* by Boyde E. Quate is a sketch of the life of Elias "Bob" Smith, as written by Mrs. Effie Reed of the Ely, Nevada, Ely Daily Times, October 11, 1961. The following are some excerpts from that sketch:

Smith left a partial diary, leaving me no choice as to which one was my major sketch. He was born in Wellsburg, West Virginia in 1861. His wife, Emma Paul, was born at Deseret, Utah in 1862. Smith's yen to set stakes in White Pine County's raw wilderness came naturally. Pushing

west rubbed off on him from his ancestry in the Lewis and Clark Expedition.

The Smiths settled in the Big Wash in 1889 after three children had been born to them in Holden, Utah. Not long after they arrived, a daughter was born named Nellie. Five more children were born at Big Wash and one at the Kilby place near Garrison. Life must have been rough. He was finishing a log home in 1898.

He was in demand when grief came to the valley as well as when a joyous occasion was at hand. On January 10, 1889 Mrs. Ketcham sent for him to build a coffin for her mother, Mrs. Jardine. He worked from noon until 11 p. m. He then took the coffin and rough box to Mrs. Ketcham from Brick Hockman's. He put the corpse in the coffin, sat up the balance of the night, then helped bury her the next day.

He spent all night by lamp light the night Charles Pack (or Peck) died. Through the years he helped put away G. W. Baker, Isaac Gandy, Uncle Peter Robison and many others of those early citizens.

During the flu epidemic of 1918, there was a scarcity of lumber in the valley and he was obliged to use wagon boxes for his material.

Those people made their own pleasures. Smith was a great attraction with his fiddle. On December 27, 1900 he went to play for a dance at John Smithson's. On March 2, he took his family to the new school house on the Bottoms (Snake Creek) where he played for a dance. March 9, he went to the Rowland party to play for a dance and received \$2.50 wages for playing. Times began to change a little during the boom at Blackhorse. At that time he staked some claims, went to the races and received \$38.75 for his services as a musician.

Smith's records told of the Wah-Wah desert in Millard County, Utah, termed by the early freighters as a "hell-on-earth."

July 26, 1901, started from Snake Creek, going to hunt for Mr. Paul who is his wife's father. He was lost on the Wah-Wah desert about two months ago and perished for lack of water, there being no water for miles and miles in the country where he perished. Found the first traces of Mr. Paul's bloody rag and some pieces of cotton. His dead dog was found. My dog gave out and I divided my water with him, but he died anyway.

Six months later from the record of January 10, 1902 - Went to Black Rock and met there with William Paul, Louis Carrington and Arthur Day (*a nephew of Anna Day Swallow*). They had been out to get the remains of Mr. Paul. There was not much left of him: only the skull, three of the arm bones, and two of the leg bones, one hip bone and one jaw bone. There were some of his clothes. With the heat he was literally melted. All his papers, money, and clothes were soaked with the grease from his body. His watch was full of it. What was left of him was buried at the foot of his wife's grave in Holden Utah.

In 1899 he helped build the furnace in the Lime Kiln in Snake Creek. He took turns with George T. Smith (no relation) firing the kiln. (*George T. Smith was the husband of Esther Dearden.*) The lime preparation was valued at 75 cents per bushel. His record also told of him and Fowler taking friends hunting and fishing, of their exchange of water for irrigation and of how helpful and neighborly people could be who lived such an isolated life.

It was an extensive trip when he was obliged to travel for a midwife when the children were born. On February 12, 1889 he went for Mrs. Ketcham. She stayed ten days and was paid \$20.00 for the ten days work. (*This would have been for the birth of Nellie Smith.*)

Based on the above date of getting the midwife, it might be concluded that Nell or Nellie Smith was born in mid February 1889 rather than September 29, 1889 as shown in the Social Security death index.

Here are parts of Bob Smith's diary:

January 1, 1898: I live at Big Wash, Nevada. Own all of the lower creek and 1/2 of the upper streams. W.T. Fowler (*a son-in-law of Peter Robison*) owning the other half and he lives 1/4 miles west. We have a public school district and have had 2 terms of school taught by Mrs. E. W. Clay, Mrs. Simonson 1st term, Geo. T. Smith, now teaching 2nd term. He boards with us, paying \$12.00 per week. Spent the month building stables, getting wood and doing chores. Visitors mentioned:

15th: May Paul who works for W. H. Jones at Big Springs came by today.

16th: Ed Robison (*a son of Peter Robison*) and W. Fowler called today.

29th: Started work building corral and gates for R. Pack (\$2.00).

31st: This is 24 days of very cold weather. 20 degrees below zero, longest cold spell remembered in Snake Valley.

Feb. 10: Killed pigs for R. Pack. He being at Corn Creek, Utah to see his mother Jane Pack who is not expected to live. (*Jane Robison Pack is a niece of Peter Robison. She died March 2, 1898 in Hatton, Utah. Hatton is on lower Corn Creek.*) Spent most of the month building addition to house and feeding cattle.

March 9th: First robin seen this spring. Made "hot-bed" for gardening. Farm work most of the month. Traded and did business with R. Pack, Mrs. Ketcham, D. A. Gonder (*D. A. Gonder was married to Elsie Rosetta Robison, daughter of Peter Robison*), G. W. Lacy, E. B. Jones, Brig Young (*Brig Young was married to Mary Elizabeth "Lizzy" Robison, a daughter of Peter Robison*), Sherm Folbert, and Dan Simonson. (*This was the father of Daniel Howard Simonson who married Vida Pearl Robison, a granddaughter of Peter Robison. Vera Emma Simonson, daughter of Daniel and Vida Pearl Robison Simonson married Henry Vivian Dearden.*)

June 21: Grant very sick. Taking him to Doctor at Nephi, Utah.

August: R. Pack here after wagon to take his wife to Nephi.

Sept. 3: Made coffin for G. C. Estes. It was a rude affair. We had to cover our faces with handkerchief dipped in carbolic acid when we put him in casket on account of smell. We covered the coffin with black cloth.

Jan 10, 1899: Built coffin for Mrs. Ketcham's mother (*in-law*) - Mrs. Jardine.

July 13, 1899: R. Pack getting ready to move from Snake Creek, having sold to S. Holbrook. Most of year spent farming, raising cattle. Built several derricks.

October 9 1900: Traded to J. C. Woodard 100 lbs. of potatoes for encyclopedia.

October 15. Came home to get money to buy Kilby Ranch. Failed.

October 16: George Richardson and I went to his place and no money to buy Kilby Ranch.

November 5: Went to Baker to make coffin for Chas. Pack.

November 25: Started work on Kilby Ranch.

January 9 1901: Case found dead.

February 24: Sold to Ed Heckethorn and H. P. Young north east 1/4<sup>th</sup> of Kilby Ranch for \$250.00.

March 18: G. C. Richardson and wife have divided Kilby Ranch. This being 2nd time George had his choice.

April 21: Had G. Richardson and wife sign deeds to my part of Kilby Ranch.

April 29: My Father James Smith came to see me.

July 12: Paid Mrs. Kilby \$510.00 on Kilby Ranch. \$185.00 having been paid.

July 22: Heard that Mr. Paul, my wife's father is lost in desert.

July 26: Started to look for Mr. Paul who has perished on Wah-Wah desert of thirst.

September 11: Laura very sick. Afraid it's Typhoid Fever.

October 28: Dissolved partnership with G. Richardson. I have to pay him \$100.00 in 2 years. I took ranches. George (*Richardson took*) the threshing outfit.

October: Moved from Big Wash to Kilby Ranch between the 20th and 26th.

December 11: Went to Rowland's, to Lester Robison's (*a son of Peter Robison*) wedding dance, the fiddler didn't come, so I played.

January 20, 1902: Sold Big Wash Ranch to Gregory. Received \$400.00. (\$350.00 in Gregory's Note payable 1 year from first of July.) (*William T. Gregory was a son-in-law of Peter Robison.*)

March 11: Started for Kilby Ranch. Den and Grant took 4 horses and load of furniture. Expect to live there.

March 25: Made Coffin for Ed. Atkinson.

June 15: Promised to sell this place to J. Holbrook for \$3500.00. (Ed. note: This figure may have been an error.)

October 21: Went to Gregory's place to make coffin for Uncle Peter Robison. Received \$3.00. (*Peter Robison died at the Gregory ranch in Snake Valley.*)

Feb 16, 1903: Den sick with the mumps.

March 15: Very sick today. Mumps went down on me.

May 7: Went to Frisco to get my father.

May 24: Went to Frisco took father. He is going home to Iowa.

March 18, 1904: Fred Gonder shot himself at Heckethorn place. (*This was Lester Frederick Gonder, a grandson of Peter Robison.*)

March 19: Made his coffin. Held inquest.

April 18: Made coffin for W. W. Baker.

April 29: Made coffin for Calvin Warlick.

June 15: Mother and Jimmy (Gass) going home.

June 22: Built coffin for Isaac Gandy (*His daughter Emma married James Henry Robison, a son of Peter Robison.*)

December 9: Started for Goldfield.

December 24: Arrived at Tonopah.

January 14, 1905: At Silver Peak working on quartz mill.

March 9: Came home having been gone 3 months.

July 8: Sold lease on Gandy place to G. T. Smith for \$100.00. (*This was George Thomas [Cripps] Smith who married Ester Dearden the daughter of Thomas Dearden Sr.*)

October 13: Geo. T. Smith house burned. Took up a collection. Received \$184.00 for him.

Feb 19, 1906: Made coffin for Jim Egar.

September 30: Made coffin for Howard Baker.

Feb 15, 1907: Spent part of winter in California. Myself, wife, Jennie, and George.

1907-1910: 3 years just farming and carpenter work.

Now back to Alf and Nell Smith Swallow.

**Figure 214 - Alfred M. and Nell Smith Swallow – November 1914**



### **Marriage and Family for Alfred M. Swallow and Nell Smith**

Alfred M. Swallow continues in his autobiography:

Soon after I sold my interest at the Swallow Ranch and (*bought*) into the mercantile business at Garrison, Utah, I married Nellie Smith of Garrison, Utah. We were married at Beaver, Utah (*on*) November 18, 1914 and lived at Garrison, Utah most of the time before moving to Big Springs in 1919. Big Springs Ranch was headquarters for the Murray Sheep Company.

Alfred M. Swallow was 32 and Nell V. Smith was 25 when they married just one month after Ray G. Swallow, married Zedonia Dorius. Nell and Alf went on their honeymoon to Pasadena, California. They sent Ray and Zedonia the following on a postcard dated December 1, 1914. "Dear Bro & Sis: This is sure some fine country. You don't need any coat just like summer all the time and flowers and fruit 'till you can't rest. Lovingly Nell & Alf."

**Figure 215 - Ranchers Store that Alfred M. Swallow & James F. Robison purchased in 1913**



The Ranchers Store in Garrison, Utah in about 1904 soon after Thomas Dearden purchased it from James & Clay L to R: Eva Young Heckethorn, Lola Heckethorn, Bert Ashman (on the porch), Mattie Heckethorn with child

Alf and Nell lived full time in Garrison, Utah until 1916, when they sold their interest in the mercantile store to another brother-in-law and sister, Doyle C. and Pearl Swallow Robison. From 1916 to 1921 this store was known as the "Robison Brothers Mercantile Store" and was owned by James F. Robison and Doyle C. Robison and their wives, Birdie Swallow Robison and Peal Swallow Robison, who were Alfred M. Swallow's two youngest sisters.

Alf and Nell then lived, at least part of the time, on the Swallow Ranch. During the years 1916 to 1918, Richard M. and George N. Swallow remember Alf and Nell living in the house that was later known as the "Hampton house."

Darlene Swallow Whitlock related the following:

Uncle Alf and Aunt Nell lived in the house we later called the Hampton house just south of the home my parents lived in. At that time they did not have the artesian well drilled and the culinary water came from a little spring between the two houses. Well, this spring did not run very fast and it took a while to fill the bucket. It became kind of a competition as to who could

get the water first, Mother or Aunt Nell. Mother said that when Aunt Nell got the water first, it would irk her.

**Figure 216 - The main Swallow home and the Hampton house – c1940**



Richard and Matilda Swallow lived in the main home on the left and Alfred and Nell Swallow lived in the house on the right

George N. and Richard M. Swallow also said that Alf was at sometime subject to the military draft for World War I. The first draft was in June 1917 for men ages 21 to 31 without dependent children or in a draft-exempt occupation. Alf was 34, so he was not subject to the draft then. In September 1918 the age was expanded to ages 21 to 45. At age 36, Alf was motivated to act on his desire to get back into being an owner of a livestock business. He purchased an interest in the Murray Sheep Company in the fall of 1918 and that made him draft-exempt. He and Nell moved to Big Springs in early 1919.

While they lived at Shoshone on the Swallow Ranch, Alf's sisters, Birdie Swallow Robison and May Swallow Kerr would come and visit.

**Figure 217 - Four Swallow wives on the Swallow Ranch – c1918**



R to L: Matilda Mortenson Swallow, May Swallow Kerr, Birdie Swallow Robison and Nell Smith Swallow

**Figure 218 - Four Swallow wives on the Swallow Ranch – c1918**



R to L: Matilda Mortenson Swallow, May Swallow Kerr, Birdie Swallow Robison and Nell Smith Swallow

## Big Springs Ranch

Big Springs is located on the southeast end of the Snake range that divides south Snake Valley from south Spring Valley. It is named Big Springs because of the many large natural springs that originate on this ranch. The water from these springs runs constant over time and the excess that is not used on the Big Springs Ranch flows into south Snake valley and helps provide water as far north as the Burbank Meadows just south of Garrison, Utah. The ranch along with the BLM and Forest Service sheep and cattle grazing rights made the Murray Sheep Company a very good outfit to run with 12 to 15 thousand sheep and some cattle.

**Figure 219 - Big Springs sign – 2005**



South of the Swallow Ranch about 8 miles, in Hamlin Valley, is the turn off to Big Springs to the east – Big Springs is about 20 miles from the Swallow Ranch and 20 miles from Garrison, Utah

**Figure 220 - Big Springs Ranch looking north – 2005**



After traveling from the Swallow Ranch about 20 miles one approaches the Big Springs Ranch from the south – in this photo the ranch is viewed from the south looking to the north into south Snake Valley

**Figure 221 - Chris & Ben Swallow at Big Springs – 2005**



The natural springs at Big Springs come out of the ground all over the ranch. The head of the main spring comes from the ground just south of the main ranch house (upper right) – Alfred M Swallow’s grandsons, Chris and Ben Swallow, are standing by the spring

**Figure 222 - Gordon Swallow at Big Springs – 2005**



The head of the main spring that feeds this stream of water comes out of the ground 200 yards to the west (see Figure 222) – these natural springs at Big Springs flow the same year round – Alf Swallow’s son, Gordon Swallow, is standing by this large spring fed stream of water

On February 12, 1909 the following postcard was sent to Ray G. Swallow in Salt Lake City. "Hello Ray. We are all well. It is storming here. Excuse scribbling as I am in a hurry to attend to the duties of my lemon club. Alf is at Big Springs. By-By, Erma." Big Springs was known and visited by Alf long before he purchased an interest in the ranch in the fall of 1918 and moved there in 1919.

Alfred M. Swallow continues:

The same year I became associated with the Murray Sheep Company (1918), Lee Winder and I went to Craig, Colorado and organized another livestock company under the name of Utah Colorado Land & Livestock Company. The same stock holders that owned and operated the Murray Sheep Company owned and operated the Utah Colorado Land and Livestock Company.

I was General Manager of the Murray Sheep company for twenty years and officer of the company also after I had been with them for ten years. I lived on our Big Spring Ranch most of the time during those twenty years. I did, however, spend a little time with the Colorado outfit during those twenty years, but the Winder boys, Lee and Norman, spent nearly all their time operating the Colorado Company.

**Figure 223 - Front of main home at Big Springs – 2005**



This is the home Alf, Nell and Calvin Swallow lived in – however many changes and additions have been made over the years

**Figure 224 - Back of main home at Big Springs – 2005**



Alf's second wife, Irene Urry Swallow, and her three youngest children came to the ranch during the summers of 1938, 1939 and 1940

We were running 25,000 sheep and some cattle in connection with the two Corporations. We had four ranches in Nevada containing about one half of the sheep and some cattle, which I managed. The days were long and the nights short, as I never could tell when I started out on the job in the morning just when the day's work would end that night. We went through two periods of low prices for wool and lambs, and at one time it looked like our creditors would take over. We went through a drought in 1934, and we had to ship most of the sheep out of Nevada to Colorado to get feed and range for them during the summer. We sold most of the lambs and then shipped the ewes back to Nevada that fall.

These experiences took a lot out of me, and sometimes I wondered if I would survive physically or financially.

**Figure 225 - Looking east from main home at corrals – 2005**



**Figure 226 - Looking west from corrals at main home – 2005**



**Figure 227 - Sheep on Big Springs Ranch – 2005**



**Figure 228 - Horses on Big Springs Ranch – 2005**



**Figure 229 - An old log building at Big Springs – 2005**



**Figure 230 - Inside old log building at Big Springs – 2005**



There were many log structures on the Big Springs Ranch when Alf Swallow owned it – they were used as houses by the hired help and as barns or storage buildings

Gordon G. Swallow, son of Alf Swallow, and Ben Swallow, grandson of Alf Swallow, standing inside one of the old log buildings on the Big Springs Ranch

In 1938 Leo and Norman Winder got dissatisfied with the operation of Utah Colorado Land & Livestock Company as they were not getting along satisfactorily in a business way. To clear up the situation, they decided they would like to have individual operations of their own. They wanted to divide the Colorado outfit and each of them take half; and they wanted me to take the Murray Sheep Company. After giving this some consideration, I finally decided to do as they wished.

**Figure 231 - Ben Swallow with the Big Springs Ranch in the background – 2005**



Snake Valley is a vast valley over 60 miles long – Even though the Big Springs Ranch has lots of water and supports beautiful meadows and fields plus lots of livestock, it is like an oasis. Once you are a few miles away from the ranch it looks like a speck in the desert – This photo was taken from the road to Garrison, Utah looking west toward the Big Springs Ranch – Ben Swallow, Alf Swallow’s grandson, is standing in the foreground

We dissolved the two corporations, the Utah Colorado Land & Livestock Company and The Murray Sheep Company, and the Winders took over all the assets of the Utah Colorado outfit which was divided and each of them had an outfit of their own. I took over all the assets of the Murray Sheep Company, which I operated under my own name for a period of three to four years (*until 1941 or 1942*), and then decided to quit the livestock business. I sold out and moved to Salt Lake City, Utah on a semi-retired basis. I decided I was getting too old (*age 60*) to operate a range outfit so I quit the business while my health was still good.

### **Calvin A. Swallow, the Only Son of Alfred M. and Nell Smith Swallow**

Alf states: On August 29, 1922 our son Calvin A. was born in Portland, Oregon (*not know why in Portland*).

**Figure 232 - The D. C. & J. F. Robison and A. M. Swallow families – 1925**



L. to R – Back Row: Pearl Swallow Robison holding Lois P. Robison, Nell Smith Swallow, unknown, unknown, and Birdie Swallow Robison – Front Row: Elwin A. Robison, Calvin A. Swallow, Newal J. Robison, George S. Robison, & Beulah A. Robison

**Figure 233 - Alfred M. Swallow and James F. Robison at Big Springs – c1927**



**Figure 234 - Calvin A. Swallow – age 5**



L to R: Calvin A. Swallow, Beulah A. Robison and George Swallow Robison at Big Springs in 1927

It states the 1988 Autobiography of Melvin A. Robison:

I remember one time Uncle Alf and Aunt Nell came to Uncle Jim and Aunt Birdie's for a party. They got in there in the afternoon. People never waited until the time of the party, but always came early. At this time Uncle Alf was driving a big Packard. As he drove in, one of the dogs took after the car. So Calvin, who was about three years old and a little guy, came into the house and looked up at Uncle Jim and said, "You know you should go out there with one of your small cars and run over him to teach him, because my Dad is going to kill him with that Packard." Oh, Calvin was a holy terror. He was an only child, and I tell you he was a stem winder. Smart Kid, though.

The children of George and Anna Day Swallow gathered at the Swallow Ranch in Spring Valley, Nevada for many holidays during the 1920s.

**Figure 235 - The George Swallow family gathered for Thanksgiving – c1925**



The families of Alfred & Nell Smith Swallow, James & Birdie Swallow Robison, Dave & May Swallow Kerr, and Richard T.& Matilda Mortenson Swallow

Camping and picnics were an integral part of the George and Anna Day Swallow family traditions. All of their children carried on with this tradition.

Melvin A. Robison continues:

Every summer without fail, on Baker Creek, we went camping. Dad (*Doyle C. Robison*) would be at the top camp, as far as the car would take us, and then if Grandfather and Grandmother Robison were there, they would camp just below us, with Uncle Alf and Aunt Nell camping there someplace close, and Uncle Jim and Aunt Birdie (*James F. and Birdie Swallow Robison*) and the family right below that.

Those were really great times!

We never missed a day fishing . . . And we knew how. There were plenty of fish then. At the spring where we got our drinking water, I don't think you would ever find less than 100 fish that had been caught. It was just ice water, and they would keep for many days. Everybody liked to fish.

**Figure 236 - Up Baker Creek – summer 1924**



Standing behind table – L to R: Beulah A. Robison, Lenard D. Robison, Birdie Swallow Robison, Newal J. Robison, Bertha B. Robison, Melvin A. Robison, Dick Kirkland, ?, Harold V. Parker, and Orvis C. Robison  
Standing by or sitting on the near side of the table: George Swallow Robison, Calvin A. Swallow, Nell Smith Swallow, Pearl Swallow Robison, Elwin A. Robison, and George Samuel Robison  
Sitting on the ground in front of the table: unknown, Alpha J. Robison, Emma Meecham Robison, James F. Robison, Alfred M. Swallow, and Doyle C. Robison

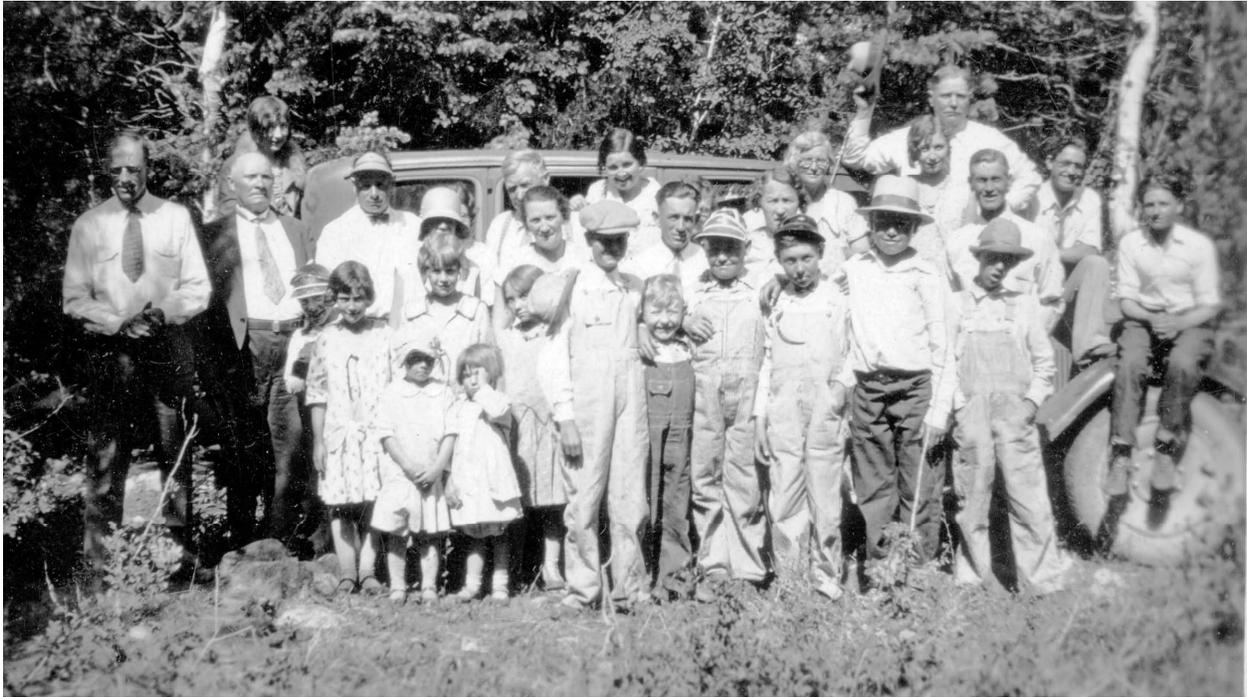
While camping during those summers, everybody cooked their own and yet you swapped back and forth, or had one of the family join you. As for the kids—it didn't matter where they ate: whichever camp looked like it had the best feed – that is where the kids would go.

Of course, we were taking care of the summer sheep at this time, while camping, so we had plenty of mutton and lamb, lots of bacon—both salt belly and the breakfast bacon, all in slabs. Lots of potatoes and onions, sourdough bread every meal and fish at least once a day, fried fish. Most of the trout were 6 to 10 inches.

The 4<sup>th</sup> of July was a big day! All of us kids always had a new cap gun, a whole block of caps and firecrackers that would make a miner feel ashamed of himself. . . . With those big ones . . . , we would blow a can into the air a hundred feet or more. It was amazing the fun we would have and never get hurt. . . .

Oh, everyone was patriotic! On the old square topped cars there was a place on each side where they would place flags. Some cars had places for four flags. Everybody you passed had their flags on. At the houses we would fly a flag, too.

**Figure 237 - The Swallow & Robison families on the 4th of July at Lehman Creek Camp – 1929**



L to R – Back row on Car: Pearl Swallow Robison standing on back bumper, Birdie Swallow Robison and May Swallow Kerr standing on middle running board, Bertha Robison and Alfred M. Swallow standing on front running board of the car, with Bob Kerr and Elwin A. Robison sitting on front hood and fender of the car  
Middle row standing in front of the car: James F. Robison, George Samuel Robison, Doyle C. Robison, unknown, The Forest Ranger with his wife in front, unknown, unknown, and David R. Kerr  
Front Row – first six children unknown for sure (should include Mary Kerr – age 8, Betty Jean Kerr – age 4, Lois P. Robison – age 5, and Beulah A. Robison – age 8), then continuing with the six boys: Claude Kerr, George Swallow Robison, Melvin A. Robison, Lenard D. Robison, Newal J. Robison and Raymond C. Swallow  
Note: Raymond C. Swallow, son of Ray G. Swallow, was spending the summer with his aunts and uncles in Nevada because his mother died in 1928

The picnics were out of this world: Everybody brought their own kind of sandwiches. Mother (*Pearl Swallow Robison*) made two kinds of sandwiches: one that remains in my mind forever is a ground walnut sandwich that she made her own dressing for, spread it on buttered bread and then a leaf of lettuce over that. . . . Then she used to grind boiled chicken with different kinds of peppers or pimentos, for flavor, and then spread that onto a sandwich.

But, everybody brought a different kind of thing—some, fried chicken, or whatever. Watermelons were always plentiful and potato chips. And we all sat together. There might be 50 of us for the 4<sup>th</sup> of July.

It was a great time! I never remember a fight or anything of that nature. Oh, there was plenty of kidding going on. If Uncle Burt was there, there always was a water fight. Wherever he was, there was a water fight.

Two families of Swallows (*the Richard T. and Matilda Mortenson Swallow family and the Alfred M. and Nell Smith Swallow family*), the Kerr's (*David R. and May Swallow Kerr*), our family (*Doyle C. and Pearl Swallow Robison*), the Jim Robison family (*James F. and Birdie Swallow Robison*), and Uncle Burt (*Burton H. and Fern Bates Robison*) were all there.

The fun would come to an end when the sun was about to go down, because everyone had chores to do back at their ranches—milk those cows and feed everything.

**Figure 238 - On Baker Creek – July 4, 1937**



L to R: Lois P. Robison, Irene Urry Swallow, Lenard D. Robison, Beulah Robison, Alfred M. Swallow, Elwin A. Robison, Wendell S. Lambert, Calvin A. Swallow (eating watermelon), Alpha Robison Lambert, and Matilda ("Aunt Mattie") Chesley Swallow

## **Alf and Nell's home in Salt Lake City**

T. Frank Swallow wrote the following in 2005:

When Calvin reached school age (in 1928) Alf and Nell moved to Salt Lake City from their ranch known as Big Springs, which was located 20 miles out of Garrison, Utah.

They moved into the Bell Wines Apartments three blocks east of the Swallow Apartments on 1st South Street. This was the year that the dreaded disease, Polio, was so prominent in Salt Lake. Alf and Nell were so protective of Calvin, that except for school hours he was rarely out of their sight. Some would say a better word than protective, would be restrictive. Calvin did not enjoy a lot of freedom.

About a year after their moving to Salt Lake, a unit became available in the Swallow Apartments. Calvin went to school with me until I moved on to Junior High School.

The 1930 US Census shows the following:

Utah, Salt Lake, Salt Lake City, ED 79, Page 1B, Line 90/ Head: Swallow, Alfred M. [Living next door to parents in Apartment Building owned by his father, George Swallow] #90/ Family #30/ Swallow. Alfred M/ Head/ Renting. \$50/mo/ radio-yes/ farm-no/ male/ white/ age 47/ Married, age at first marriage-32/ school-no/ read-yes/ birthplace-Utah/ Father's birth-England/ Mother's

birth-England/ English-yes/ Occupation-Stockraiser/ Industry-Ranch/ Own account/ employed-yes/ veteran-no. Also living with this household: Nellie (wife) and Calvin, a (son)

According to Nell Smith Swallow, she and Alf lived on the third floor of the Swallow Apartments for five years and she felt Matilda "Aunt Mattie" Chesley Swallow was one of her very best friends.

**Figure 239 - The Swallow homes & Apartments – 2005**



**Figure 240 - The Swallow Apartments – 2005**



T. Frank Swallow continues:

My father had just been diagnosed with cancer when I was 13 years old, and my mother was not enjoying good health (1930). My father told my mother that he was concerned that funds be available for me to fill a mission and get sufficient schooling. Dad had complete confidence in Alf, and it was agreed that he would be my legal guardian. In my father's will these provisions were made.

I had a good relationship with Alf. One year, when I was 16 years old (1933), I worked for Alf one summer on the Big Springs Ranch. Some of my duties included milking cows, mowing hay with a team of horses, raking it, putting it into piles, loading it onto the hayrack and hauling it to the hay stack. I did the same things, except the cutting of the grain, when we harvested the grain. Another duty was attending the sheep camps, etc.

That summer Alf taught me to drive a car. Most kids by the time they are 16 years old already know how to drive. This, however, was my first experience. Alf was a good man, but he did not have much patience. It was a happy day in my life when this learning experience was over.

Even though Alf had moved his family into Salt Lake, he still had a ranch to run, so he was away on the ranch most of the time. After they moved to the Swallow Apts., when Alf was in town, we used to play a card game named 500. Alf and Nell both had very controlling personalities. There was no way that they could be partners, so Alf and my mother were partners and Nell and I were partners. Nell was a tough partner, and if I did something wrong she never hesitated to let me know. I was just a teenager, but I soon learned the game very well. I learned you had to remember cards that had been played and pretty well know the cards your opponents had against you.

In 1933 Margaret Miller married George E. Smith, the youngest brother of Nell Smith Swallow. Margaret and George moved to Big Springs when they were married and worked for Alf and Nell Swallow for a couple of years. According to Margaret Miller Smith, Nell, her sister-in-law, was “bossy and liked the material comforts of life that were hard to come by way out on the ranch in Nevada.”

Margaret described Alf, her brother-in-law, as “a penny-pincher who demanded all his hired help to work seven days a week and paid only for 30 days even if there were 31 days in a month. He did not let his help off on Sunday, even to go to church. The ranch foreman was the one my husband and I dealt with most of the time.” It is likely that Alf and Nell were not very happy at this time. They divorced within a year of these events.

**Figure 241 - The home the ranch foreman lived in at Big Springs – 2005**



T. Frank Swallow told me the following in 2006:

From my perspective, Alf and Nell never disagreed on how to raise Calvin. With their controlling personalities, they jointly over-protected and controlled Calvin’s life as a boy growing up.

In my opinion, Alf and Nell married more because it was expected than because they were deeply in love. Alf was 32 and Nell was almost 25. In 1914 this was old to get married. They had been going to the same dances and social events for years. They enjoyed each others company and were at the age they should have been married. I did not see them demonstrate much

affection or love toward one another. These observations along with their controlling personalities indicate why they may have had real challenges in making their marriage work.

Alf and Nell's marital problems were ongoing over many years. In about 1933 Nell made an attempt to reconcile with Alf when she joined the LDS Church and prepared herself to go to the LDS Temple. There was, however, too much water under the bridge and a divorce followed.

Alfred M. Swallow's history continues:

We were divorced in 1934 and Calvin and his mother moved from Salt Lake City to Pasadena, California.

Each summer, after he and his mother moved to Pasadena, Calvin would come back to Nevada to spend some time with his father and his other relatives. In the summer of 1936, Calvin spent some time with the Doyle C. and Pearl Swallow Robison family at Willard Creek. He would accompany his cousins, Lenard and Melvin Robison, as they took supplies to the sheep camps on the mountain.

**Figure 242 - Calvin A. Swallow & Melvin A. Robison - 1937**



This photo is of Calvin A. Swallow & Melvin A. Robison on horses just west of the old rock cellar at Willard Creek in the summer of 1936 – it was taken by Lenard Robison – Calvin, Melvin and Lenard were getting ready to ride up on the mountain to re-supply several sheep camps

Alfred M. Swallow continues:

After Calvin had completed his College Education, (*T Frank Swallow adds: "Calvin finally got permission from his dad and mother to join the US military and became a pilot"*) he joined the Marine Air Corps and was stationed in different bases in the United States during his training. Right after war broke out with Japan, he was called into the Pacific Theater of War. (*T Frank Swallow adds: Calvin had completed all of his missions and was preparing to come back to the states, when a special*

need came up for a pilot, and he volunteered for it.”) On July 27, 1945 he and about fourteen other men in the service, who were on the bomber with Calvin, were shot down over Tokyo Bay. The last report from the Bomber was that they had one motor working and were many miles from land. The War Department never did find a survivor off that Bomber, and at that time Calvin was presumed dead. He was a first lieutenant in the Marine Air corps.

**Figure 243 - Calvin A. Swallow – 1943**



**Figure 244 - Calvin A. Swallow – 1943**



Lowell J. Robison said that his grandfather, Alfred M. Swallow, always kept a framed photo of Calvin on his desk along with a model airplane. Alf never wanted to forget his son, Calvin. A. Swallow.

T. Frank Swallow wrote the following in 2005:

Sometime after Calvin's death, Nell moved from Pasadena to Hesperia, California, which was located about 15 miles south and east of Victorville, California. Nell lived there several years. During these years, each summer, Nell visited June and me and her other relatives in Utah.

Nell finally reached a point physically, when she could not live alone, and she came to live with us. She lived with us four years and then her health required her to go into a rest home. She was later buried in the Salt Lake City cemetery.

## History of Margaret Irene Urry

Margaret Irene Urry was born on October 23, 1898 to Edgar S. and Margaret Maxwell Urry in Salt Lake City, Utah. She was the fourth of nine children. Irene had a loving family and had a happy childhood growing up in Salt Lake City. Her father passed away when she was 14.

Figure 245 - M. Irene Urry, age 19 – 1918



Figure 246 - M. Irene Urry Swallow – 1935



At age 17, Irene married Walter S. Wade on Aug 23, 1916. They had four children: Walter A. Wade (born June 17, 1917), LaVon I. Wade (born December 25, 1919), Lois E. Wade (born February 12, 1922) and Robert J. Wade (born February 27, 1928).

Figure 247 - Walter A. Wade – 1941



Figure 248 - LaVon I. Wade – 1938



Figure 249 - Lois E. Wade – 1938



Figure 250 - Robert J. Wade – 1941



Irene had a very unhappy first marriage. Mr. Wade, an alcoholic, was physically and mentally abusive to Irene and the children. The marriage ended in divorce. Irene was the primary breadwinner throughout her first marriage. She worked at the Old Cullen Hotel in Salt Lake City as the restaurant's manager. While working here, in about 1919, she met Selma McDermott known as "Mac." They became lifelong friends. Mac was a great friend

to Irene and her family throughout these trying times. Irene's mother, Margaret Maxwell Urry, was her other great friend and supporter.

Mac was just like part of the family as long as she lived. From 1941 to 1951, Mac would spend a part of most summers and falls with LaVon Wade Robison in Nevada during the canning season.

**Figure 251 - Margaret Maxwell Urry – age 90 – 1960**



**Figure 252 - Best friends – c1955**



L to R: Selma McDermott "Mac" & Irene Urry Swallow

## **Marriage and a New Family for Alfred M. Swallow**

Alfred M. Swallow continues:

*On August 17, 1936 I (age 54) married Margaret Irene Wade (age 38) at Tacoma, Washington. (It is believed that Alf and Irene wanted to get married privately away from Salt Lake City.)*

**Figure 253 - Alfred M. Swallow – 1941**



**Figure 254 - Irene Urry Wade – 1941**



After Alf and Nell were divorced, Alf liked to eat at the Old Cullen Hotel when he was in Salt Lake City. Irene was the restaurant's manager, so they got to know one another. T. Frank Swallow told me: "Irene was very loving and caring toward Alf. This was something Alf had never experienced. In turn Alf was very caring and loving to Irene and her children. They both were experiencing a real loving relationship for the first time. Their love continued to grow and they were married in August of 1936. Throughout their married lives they demonstrated love and respect toward one another."

When Alfred M. Swallow married Irene Urry Wade in 1936, he also took on the responsibility of four more children: Walter A. Wade, age 19; LaVon I. Wade, age 16; Lois E. Wade, age 14; and Robert J. Wade, age 8. At this time Calvin A. Swallow, Alf's first son, was just turning 14 and lived with his mother in California.

When Alf and Irene were first married they lived with all four of Irene's children at 932 Military Dr. in Salt Lake City. Alf developed a close relationship with all four children. According to LaVon Wade Robison, Alf was the only dad they really had.

**Figure 255 - Alfred M. Swallow & step-children – 1938**



Alfred M. Swallow, LaVon Wade and Walter A. Wade

**Figure 256 - Father & Daughters – 1938**



Lois Wade, Alfred M. Swallow & LaVon Wade

Figure 257 - 932 Military Dr. – 1938



L to R: Lois Wade and LaVon Wade sitting on the steps of their new home

Figure 258 - 932 Military Dr. – 1938



LaVon Wade in the side front yard of home on Military Drive

The 1977 Autobiography of Lenard D. Robison includes the following:

In *(the summer of)* 1938, I met LaVon Wade, step daughter of my uncle Alfred Swallow who lived at *(the)* Big Springs Ranch *(in south Snake Valley)* Nevada and in Salt Lake City, Utah. When I returned to LDS Business College *(Salt Lake City)* in the fall of that year, LaVon and I started dating and continued to date for the few months I went to College – that was till February of 1939. We didn't see much of each other again until I was hospitalized *(in Salt Lake City for an appendectomy)* in March 1939. When I returned from the hospital I stayed in my uncle's *(Alfred M. Swallow)* home till I was strong enough to return again to Snake Valley *(Nevada)*. That summer LaVon and her family moved out to *(the)* Big Springs Ranch and we were able to see each other occasionally during that summer. In the fall she returned to Salt Lake City and I remained with the livestock operation in Nevada, and we saw each other occasionally that year. We became engaged on Christmas of 1939 and were married October 8, 1940 in the Salt Lake Temple.

We then returned to the ranch *(in Snake Valley, Nevada)* where we established a home on the old George S. Robison ranch.

Alfred M. Swallow's new son-in-law, Lenard D. Robison, was also his nephew, the oldest son of his youngest sister, Pearl Swallow Robison. Alf's two youngest sisters, Birdie and Pearl Swallow, married two brothers, James F. and Doyle C. Robison, from Snake Valley, Nevada.

**Figure 259 - Alf's Family – 1939**



LaVon Wade, Alfred M. Swallow, Irene Urry Swallow and Birdie Swallow Robison, Alf's sister

**Figure 260 - Mother and sons – 1941**



L to R: Irene Urry Swallow, Walter A. Wade and Robert J. Wade

## **Birth of Gordon Gilbert Swallow**

Alfred M. Swallow's history continues:

On October 30, 1941 our son Gordon Gilbert was born. This was about the time I sold my Ranching and Livestock Business and came to Salt Lake City, Utah to live.

**Figure 261 - Gordon G. and Irene Urry Swallow – early 1942**



**Figure 262 - Gordon G. and Alfred M. Swallow – early 1942**



In about 1940 Alf and Irene Wade Swallow along with their son, Robert Wade, moved to a new home at 1842 Harvard Avenue in Salt Lake City. This is where Gordon was born and lived until he got married in 1967.

**Figure 263 - Winter at 1842 Harvard Ave., Salt Lake City – c1955**



**Figure 264 - LaVon Wade Robison & Gordon Swallow – c1943**



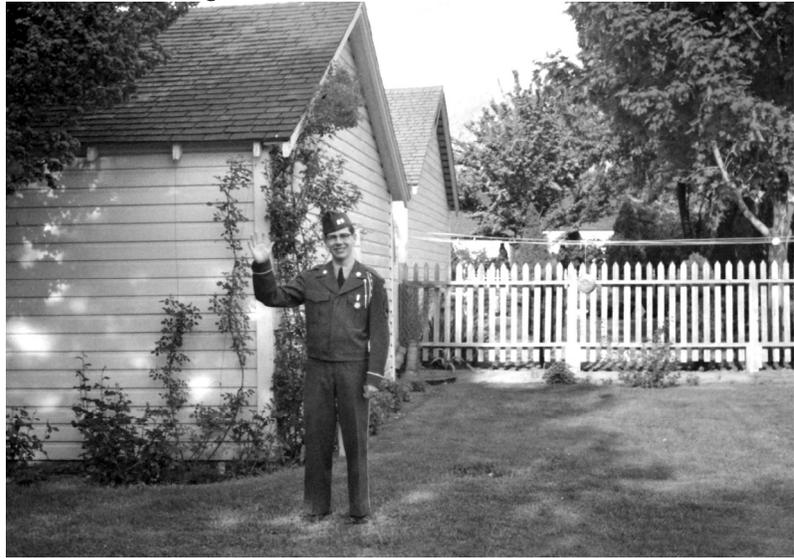
**Figure 265 - Gordon G. Swallow – c1945**



**Figure 266 - Gordon G. Swallow –  
c1947**



**Figure 267 - Gordon G. Swallow – c1959**

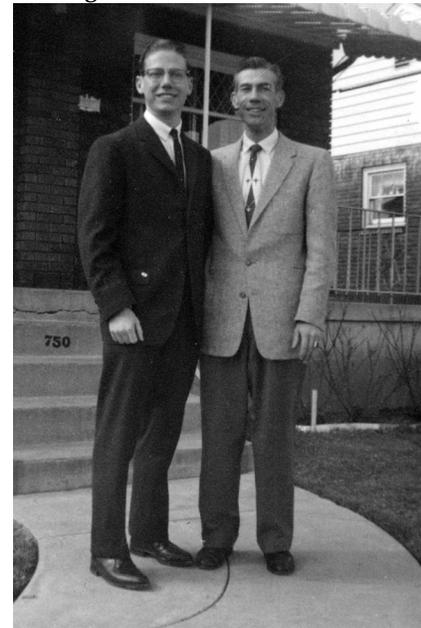


Gordon in his high school ROTC uniform

**Figure 268 - Gordon G. Swallow's dog Tiny – c1958**



**Figure 269 - Brothers – c1963**



Gordon G. Swallow and Robert J. Wade

Alfred M. Swallow continues:

After retiring from ranching, I invested some money in First Mortgages on homes and land in and around Salt Lake City. I also purchased some stocks that have paid fairly good dividends. These investments have made at least part of a living the last twenty years.

On February 24, 1959 I was sealed to my wife Margaret Irene Urry at the Temple in Salt Lake. At this time my step daughter, LaVon Wade Robison; stepson, Walter A. Wade; and our son, Gordon Swallow, were sealed to us.

**Figure 270 - Alfred M. Swallow – c1958**



**Figure 271 - Irene Urry Swallow – c1958**



The LDS Membership Records of Deceased Members shows that Alfred M. Swallow was Baptized March 3, 1904, ordained a Deacon May 19, 1957, a Teacher on January 19, 1958, an Elder August 27, 1958 and a High Priest April 29, 1962.

### **Close Relationship with Doyle and Pearl Robison**

The 1988 Autobiography of Melvin A. Robison includes the following:

I knew Uncle Alf very well. He was as close to Dad (*Doyle C. Robison*) as his own brothers were; closer than any after Uncle Jim passed away. Dad and he had a good relationship. More like brothers than brothers-in-law.

Uncle Alf was in partnership with Uncle Jim in the mercantile business. In fact, that is where my dad bought his interest, when Uncle Alf left and went to the ranch at Shoshone. That little old Garrison store put a lot of them into the livestock business. It had to be a little gold mine.

## Memories of Grandfather and Grandmother Swallow

Lowell J. Robison, a grandson and grand nephew recalls the following:

Grandfather and grandmother Swallow had one of the first black & white TVs in the late 1940s. It had the small oval screen, and they liked to watch TV together, especially the wrestling matches. Grandfather had a deep infectious laugh and I enjoyed listening to him laugh throughout those wrestling matches when I visited their home. Grandpa and Grandma Swallow also liked to go to the drive-in movies and to play cards with their friends and family.

**Figure 272 - Christmas in the Alfred M. Swallow home – 1954**



L to R: Small screened black & white TV, Robert J. & Delores Maffei and Lowell J. Robison – Robert lived at home until he and Delores were married on December 28, 1954

**Figure 273 - Alfred M. Swallow having a good laugh**



**Figure 274 - Irene Urry Swallow having a good laugh**



Grandfather Swallow liked to read all the time I knew him. He read the newspaper in depth every day and would read several books a week. One of his favorite places to read on nice days was under the shade of a large tree in the back yard of his Harvard Avenue home in Salt Lake City. He would lay back on the chaise lounge there and read for several hours every day.

My grandfather Swallow liked a nice car and he liked to drive it fast. During the 1960s, while I was going to college at BYU, I would catch a ride with him to go hunting out in eastern Nevada. He would pick me up in Provo and I would ride in the front seat until we got a little past Eureka, Utah. At this point Grandpa would have me get in the back seat and watch for Utah Highway Patrol planes that supposedly patrolled the road for speeding. He would then kick up the speed with him watching out the front window and me watching out the back until we got into Nevada where there was no speed limit at that time.

Another thing that grandpa Swallow did while driving was to wear leather driving gloves, but he only wore one glove at a time. After some time with the right hand glove on, he would take it off and put on the left hand glove. I never asked him why he did this, but I am sure he had a good reason.

Grandpa Swallow was always active and busy. He got up early, did his gardening and yard work, and took care of all his own finances and investments. He went downtown to keep track of the stock market and to play cards with his friends several days a week. He invested in first mortgages through his attorney. He was an excellent businessman and managed his own finances all his life.

Even as grandfather Swallow got older he planted a garden every year and took care of it. He insisted on cutting his lawn with a hand mower. He used the hand mower until he moved to Reno in 1967 and then, at age 84, he broke down and bought a power mower. He did all his own yard and garden work until the day he died at age 92.

## **Memories of My Father**

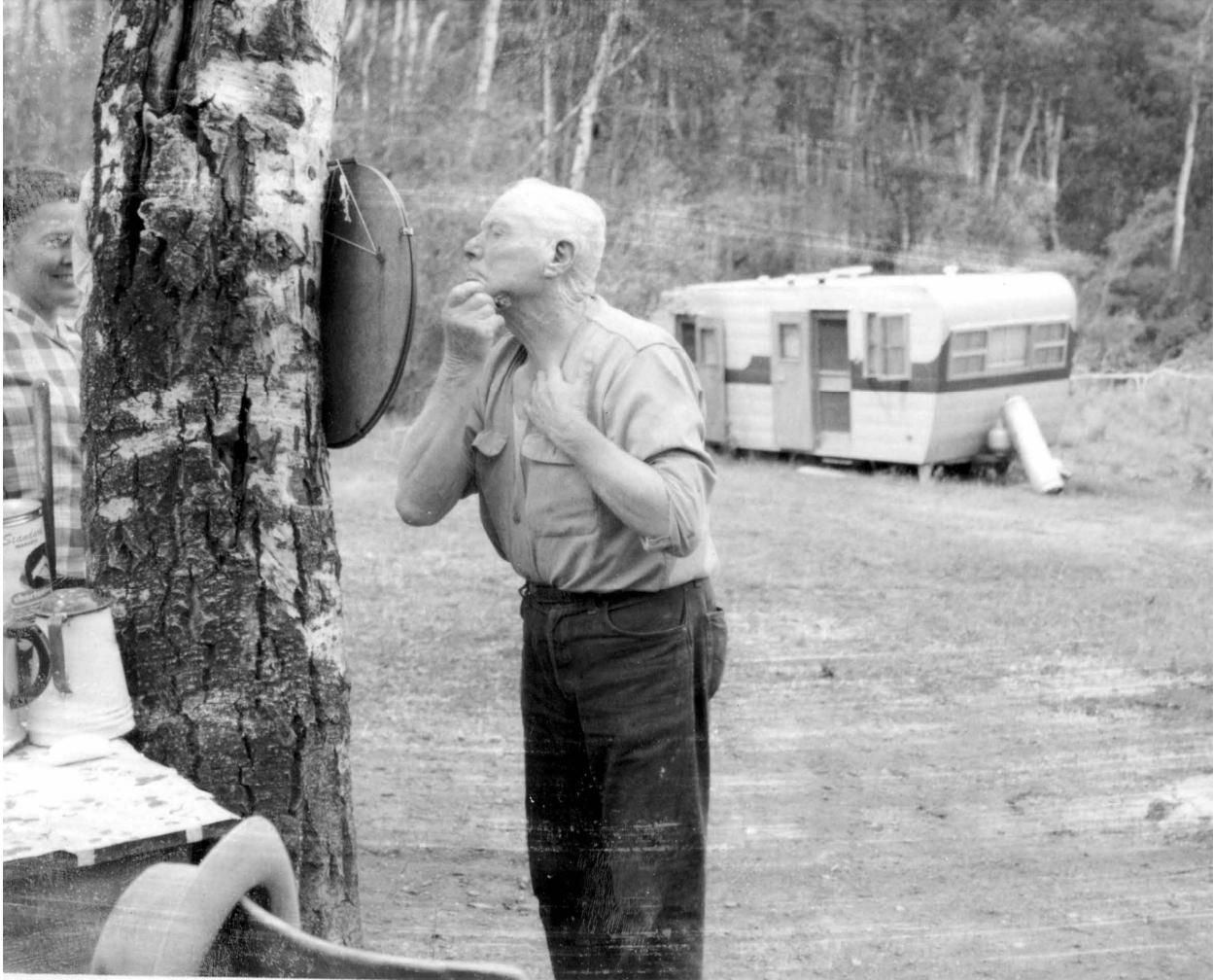
Gordon G. Swallow told me the following: In the early 1960s after my father had purchased a new car, we drove to Nevada. On the trip we crossed one of the new painted on cattle guards that the highway department started putting on the highways about then. After we crossed that painted on cattle guard, my father said. "This new car rides great. We didn't even feel the vibrations from that cattle guard we just crossed."

## **Memories of Great Uncle Alf and Aunt Irene**

When Norman L. Robison (my cousin and Alf's grand nephew and grandson) and I (Russell M. Robison) were going to school at BYU in 1959/1960 we would go up to Salt Lake City and stay with great uncle Alf and great aunt Irene Swallow for the weekend about once a month. Those were great times. Only college students living in a sleeping room can appreciate how good it is to go somewhere normal for good food and family love. Gordon, Norman and I would play cards, watch TV and look at old home movies. Uncle Alf would have us go to the Fernwood Ice Cream store to get several different flavors of hand packed ice cream. We would then come

back to the house and all have big bowls of the greatest ice cream while sitting around the kitchen table.

**Figure 275 - Alfred M. Swallow shaving at Strawberry Creek – 1959**



LaVon Wade Robison is to the left of the tree

I remember great-uncle Alf Swallow coming out to Strawberry Creek in Snake Valley, Nevada every year when we were there camping with my grandparents, Doyle C. and Pearl Swallow Robison. When great-uncle Alf and my grandfather Robison got together it was just like they were 30 years old again, not age 76 and age 64. Every morning on Strawberry Creek great-uncle Alf would shave, brush his teeth and brush his hair in front of a mirror hanging on a tree. At night he would mix a spoonful of baking soda in a cup of cold spring water and drink it. He did this all his life. Great-uncle Alf had all his original teeth. He would tell us that he still had all his teeth because he chewed tobacco until he was 50 years old and the tobacco killed all the germs in his mouth so his teeth stayed in.

**Figure 276 - On Strawberry Creek – 1958**



L to R: Doyle C. Robison, Lowell J. Robison and Alfred M. Swallow on Strawberry Creek 1958  
Doyle is preparing meat to cook in the Dutch-oven for dinner

**Figure 277 - On Strawberry Creek – 1958**



L to R: Lowell J. Robison, Alfred M. Swallow and Russell M. Robison on Strawberry Creek 1958

**Figure 278 - Alfred M. Swallow – 1960**



Out for a morning walk

**Figure 279 - Two old warriors ready to ride – 1959**



Doyle C. Robison & Alfred M. Swallow ready to ride up to the head of Strawberry Creek and onto Bald Mountain and back – a good six hour ride

**Figure 280 - The two old warriors relaxing back at camp after a long day's ride – 1959**



Doyle C. Robison standing on the left and Alfred M. Swallow reading a book on the right  
Scott D. Robison is on the far left and Ellen Wyman Robison is on the far right

Gordon also came camping on Strawberry Creek with his father, Alfred M. Swallow. In 1960 Gordon hiked to the top of Wheeler Peak with me (Russell M. Robison), Lenard D. Robison, Norman L. Robison and Lowell J. Robison. In 1961 Gordon hiked again to the top of Wheeler Peak.

**Figure 281 - Gordon & Alf Swallow on Strawberry – 1961**



L to R: Gordon G. Swallow, Lowell J. Robison, LaVon Wade Robison and Alfred M. Swallow

**Figure 282 - Gordon G. Swallow hikes Wheeler Peak – 1961**



L to R – Standing: Lenard D. Robison, Ed Perry and Lowell J. Robison  
Sitting: Gordon G. Swallow and George Perry – Norman L. Robison took the picture

Great uncle Alf and great aunt Irene liked to visit their family. They would travel to Strawberry Creek or Reno and to visit Doyle C. and Pearl Swallow Robison and the Lenard D. and LaVon Wade Robison family at least once a year. They also made visits to California to visit the John B. and Lois Wade Clark family.

**Figure 283 - The best of friends – c1965**



L to R: Alfred M. and Irene Urry Swallow with Doyle C. and Pearl Swallow Robison

**Figure 284 - Visiting family in Reno – 1955**



L to R: Alfred M. Swallow, Lenard D. Robison, Norman L. Robison, Lowell J. Robison, LaVon Wade Robison and Irene Urry Swallow

**Figure 285 - Grandma and granddaughter – 1962**



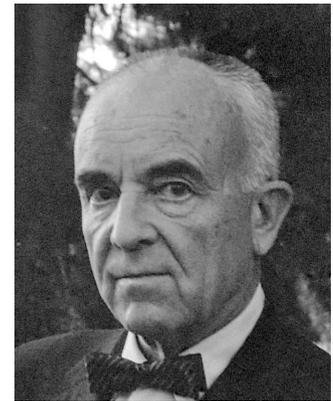
Irene Urry Swallow holding newest granddaughter, Marlene Clark

**Figure 286 - Proud mother – 1962**



Lois Wade Clark

**Figure 287 - Proud father – 1962**



John B. Clark

**Figure 288 - A time for reflection – 1966**



Doyle C. and Pearl Swallow Robison's 50th Wedding Anniversary – June 7, 1966  
L to R: Doyle C. Robison, Alfred M. Swallow, May Swallow Kerr, Irene Urry Swallow and Pearl Swallow Robison

### **Gordon G. Swallow's Mission, Marriage and Family**

Alfred M. Swallow continues:

Gordon served two years on a mission in London, England in 1963 (to 1965).

**Figure 289 - Time for an LDS Mission – 1963**



Gordon, Irene & Alf Swallow on day of Gordon's mission farewell, February 17, 1963

He married Marcelle Frances Anckaert on September 8, 1967.

**Figure 290 - Gordon G. Swallow & Marcelle F. Anckaert – 1967**



**Figure 291 - Marcelle F. Anckaert & Gordon G. Swallow – 1967**



*(Alf & Irene sold their home on Harvard Avenue in Salt Lake City and moved to a new home at 1460 Palisade Drive, Reno, Nevada in 1967.)*

They have three son's Christopher Gordon, born May 21, 1970; Gregory Sanford, born December 28, 1971; and Benjamin Alfred, born May 17, 1975.

**Figure 292 - Gordon G. and Marcelle Anckaert Swallow with first son Christopher G. – 1970**



**Figure 293 - The newest grandson – 1970**



L to R: Irene Wade Swallow and Alfred M. Swallow holding Christopher G. Swallow

**Figure 294 - Extended Swallow family – 1970**



L to R: Doyle C. Robison, Pearl Swallow Robison, Christopher G. Swallow, Alfred M. Swallow, Gordon G. Swallow, Irene Urry Swallow and May Swallow Kerr

**Figure 295 - Proud grandparents**



L to R: Alfred M. and Irene Urry Swallow with Gordon and Marcelle Anckaert Swallow's two oldest children, Gregory and Christopher Swallow

**Figure 296 - Christopher G. Swallow – 2005**



**Figure 297 - Gregory S. Swallow – c 2002**



**Figure 298 - Benjamin A. Swallow – 2005**

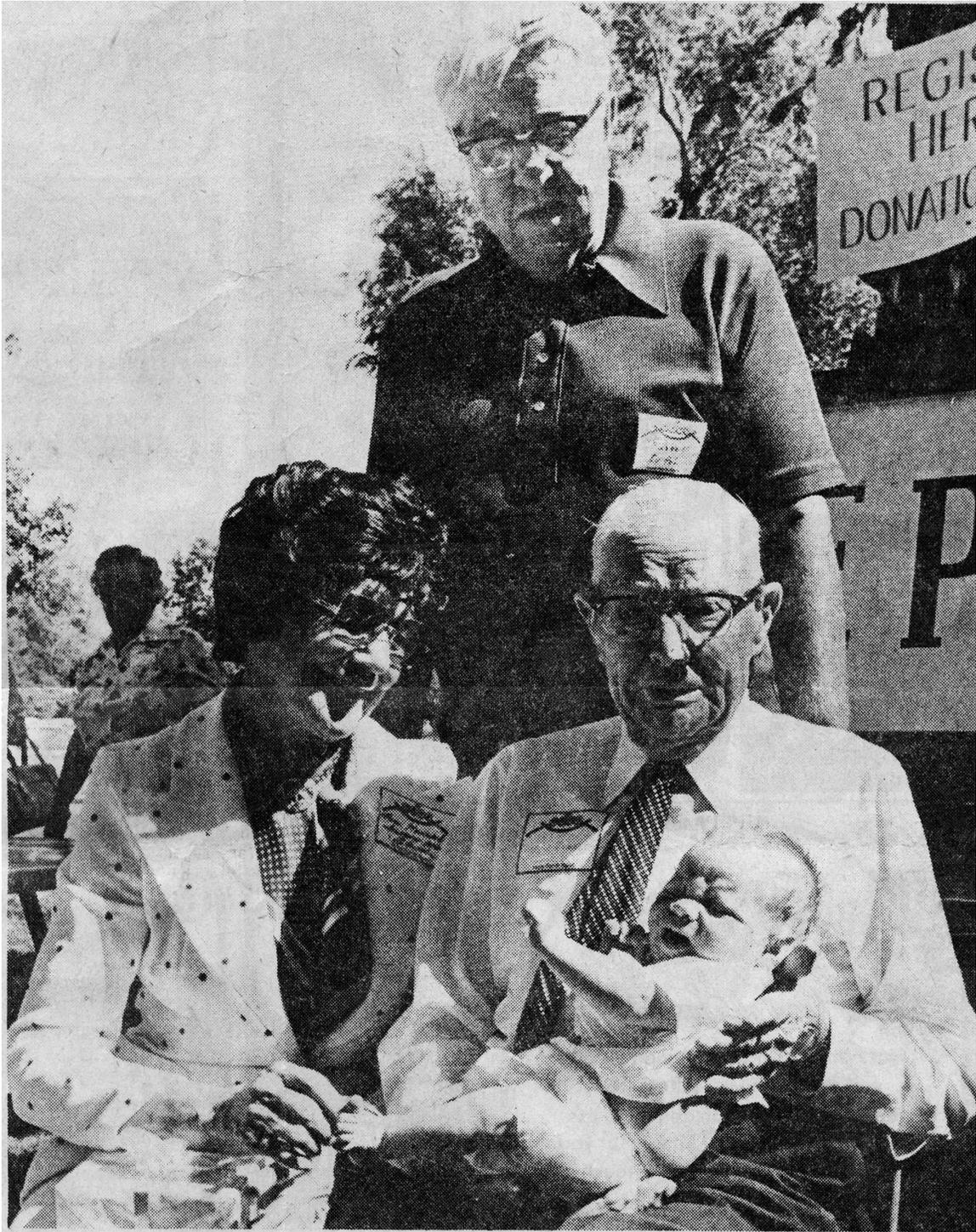


### **The Death of Alfred M. Swallow**

LaVon Robison wrote the following after the death of Alfred M. Swallow:

In August of 1974 Alfred Swallow was honored at the annual White Pine County Picnic as the oldest County resident in attendance. Being 92, he was presented with a plaque.

Figure 299 - Alfred M. Swallow at White Pine Days – 1974



**'White Piners'**

Former Nevada governor Charles Russell, standing, looked over shoulders of some fellow 'White Piners' at annual White Pine County reunion picnic Sunday at Virginia Lake Park in Reno. Rosella Konsehuh, left, from Alberta, Canada was believed to have come the farthest for the picnic; Albert Swallow, 92, was possibly the oldest attending; and, 5-week-old Patrick Duncan got the nod as the youngest. (Journal Photo)

Up until his death he was a 100 percent Home Teacher, did all his own lawn mowing, trimming, etc., and even kept his home painted. The day of his death, September 18, 1974, he had weeded his vegetable garden, picked vegetables, watered lawns and garden, then cleaned up, drove to Doyle Robison's with some tomatoes and on to the grocery store. Then he came home, had his lunch, got his book and went in the living room, took his slippers off and started to read and went to sleep with a tooth pick in his mouth. He read seven books from the public library every two weeks. He is buried in the Salt Lake City Cemetery.

As a step daughter to Alfred M. Swallow, I would like to add here that he was a most gentle, loving kind father to me and my brothers and sister for 38 years. That is longer than we lived with our own father. He was the father to us that we had so longed for, for so many years. In him we had the example of what a good father is. Our home finally became a place with two parents shielding us and helping us with all our needs, encouraging us to do the right things. While I had always had a deep love for my Savior and Heavenly Father it wasn't until mom married my step father that we began to be able to attend church and learn of them. He has been the grandfather to our sons and also great grandfather to our grandchildren. I will ever be grateful to him for what he has done for me and my brothers and sister.

I know I express the feelings of my brothers and sister.

The obituary of Alfred M. Swallow in a September 1974 Reno Newspaper says:

Alfred M. Swallow, 92, of 1460 Palisade Drive, died at his residence Wednesday.

**Figure 300 - Alf and Irene Swallow's home at 1460 Palisade Drive, Reno, Nevada**



A native of Fillmore, Utah, he was born Aug. 10, 1882 to George and Anna Swallow. He lived most of his life in Nevada, where he was a cattle rancher, and also had a mercantile store in Garrison, Utah.

Swallow owned an interest in a livestock business known as The Murray Sheep Co., which was operated in Lincoln and White Pine counties. Later he had holdings in the Utah Colorado Land and Livestock Co., Craig, Colo.

In 1936, he married Irene Urry Wade and the marriage was solemnized in Salt Lake City Temple in 1959.

A Reno resident for seven years, he was a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

In August, Swallow was honored at the annual White Pine County picnic as the oldest county resident in attendance.

Surviving are his widow, Irene of Reno; Sons, Gordon of Fremont, Calif., and Robert Wade of El Paso Tex., daughters, LaVon Robison of Reno and Lois Clark of Santa Cruz, Calif.; sister Pearl Robison of Reno; brothers, Ray of Mayfield, Utah, and Frank of Salt Lake City; 10 grandchildren and seven great grandchildren.

A funeral is scheduled at 11 a.m. today in the Walton Funeral Home, Reno, with burial in the City Cemetery, Salt Lake City.

### **The Death of Irene Urry Swallow**

Irene Urry Swallow continued to enjoy visiting her grandchildren and great grandchildren. She lived in her Reno home until shortly before her death on February 14, 1987 at age 88.

**Figure 301 - Irene with great grandchildren – c1983**



L to R: Jeffery Robison with Gregory Robison in front, Denise Robison and Irene Urry Swallow – Jeff, Greg and Denise are Irene's great grandchildren and the children of Lowell J. and Kathryn Wakefield Robison

**Figure 302 - The Irene Urry Swallow family that attended her funeral – 1987**



L to R – Lois Wade Clark, Brian L. Robison, Karen Clark McBain, Lenard D. Robison, LaVon Wade Robison, Norman L. Robison, Christopher G. Swallow, Gregory S. Swallow, Gordon G. Swallow, Benjamin A. Swallow, Mark J. Robison, Robert Clark, Yolanda Pearson Clark, James Clark, (in front), Robert J. Wade, Elizabeth Clark, Jim Clark, Marcelle Anckaert Swallow and Nikki Wadell Robison

## Chapter 5 – Ray G. Swallow and His Family

### Ray G. Swallow Growing Up

The following is from the 1950 Autobiography of Ray G. Swallow:

I was born May 6th 1886 on a ranch at Shoshone, Nevada. My childhood days were spent on this same ranch where I was born. My first schooling came about 1894. Then we had a permanent school. The teacher taught all the children in different grades. I attended this school until, a few years later (*when*) a public school was allowed there.

Although being only 5 years old, I still remember the really hard winter of 1889 and 1890. Some of the things that still linger in my mind were the way the livestock crowded into every place of shelter there was to be found. The fierceness of that storm and the amount of snow that fell during that one storm was really something to remember.

About two years later, I remember a trip to Fillmore Utah where my parents went to visit their parents. The large red apples in the orchards (*and*) a few other happenings are about all I can remember of that trip. At the age of seven, I had my special chores to do each day and night. The important thing was that I do them. As time went by, my work and responsibilities grew along with myself. At the age of twelve years, I was doing a great deal of work on the ranch: plowing, harrowing, cutting and raking hay, and a great deal of irrigating.

I was thirteen years old now (*1899*) and had to go to Salt Lake City for an operation. Dr. Richards operated on me at the Holy Cross Hospital where I stayed for about two months. (*Then it was*) back to the ranch again and on crutches for several months.

Donna Swallow Gowans, a daughter, added:

The operation referred to was on his leg bone. A disease or infection of some kind had caused the bone to deteriorate and required that the bone be scraped several times to remove the problem. Then the bone had to repair itself, which took quite some time. Dad always told this story as an event that caused him a lot of trauma. At the age of thirteen, I think this was a major factor in his life.

Ray G. Swallow continues:

About two years later (*starting in about 1902 through 1907*) I was working most of the time with livestock, sheep and cattle – more with the cattle. During the period of riding and working with the cattle, I became a very good roper. I roped a lot on the range as well as in the corral at the ranch. It seemed a great pleasure to have pride in one's riding outfit, and I did this – a good saddle, bridle, spurs and lariat.

(*It was*) now (*time*) again for a little school. After going to school at the ranch where I completed the eighth grade and most ninth grade subjects, I spent a part of two school years at the LDS Business College in Salt Lake City (*1907/1908 and 1908/1909*) but did not complete the two year

course there. One great reason for that was too many diseases that I should have had when a boy, that I sure went for after going to the city.

**Figure 303 - Ray G. Swallow – about 1905**



**Figure 304 - Ray G. Swallow – about 1907**



**Figure 305 - Ray G. Swallow – about 1909**



Back to the Ranch again in 1907, where I worked for a few years (*each spring and summer*) on a salary. Then (*in 1910*) I bought an interest in the ranch together with my brothers.

**Figure 306 - Ray G. Swallow mowing hay – about 1910**



Figure 307 - Ray G. Swallow in the doorway to the barn – about 1910



The next thing I knew, I was back in Salt Lake City in the hospital for an operation for appendicitis (*June 1911*). There I spent two or three weeks before going to the home of my parents who were living in the city at that time. After a few weeks there I went back to the ranch at Nevada again (*August 1911*).

I joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints while in Utah (*in 1913*) and have been a member ever since that time and am very thankful that I did join, as I am a firm believer in that gospel.

### Postcards Received by Ray G. Swallow

Ray was a very popular young man during this time as shown by the many post cards he received. These postcards document what was going on in his life. Some of the ones he received between 1907 and 1913 follow:

Date	From	Mailed From	Sent To	Message
1908-03-09	Susanna	Monroe, UT	Shoshone, NV	Was very surprised to get a card from you & the words you wrote. I could not hardly believe them. But never mind I will do as you said. Give my love to Tilldie & her husband. Your True Friend. Susanna. Ans. Soon
1908-05-13	?	Garrison, UT	Shoshone, NV	Photo on card is of a Dutch boy standing on a dock reading a letter. Caption is: "I hope you can READ

				this." Hand written on the letter is: I am anxiously waiting to hear from "you."
1908-08-02	Josie	UT	Shoshone, NV	Dear Ray: How is life using you by this time? I am not going back to school this year are you? If I hear about the next dance in time will send you a card. Just say Hello to Birdie. Josie
1908-09-18	DF	Shoshone, NV	329 E. 1 <sup>st</sup> South SLC, UT	Hello Dearie, Rec'd your c'd today and it was great news to the commodore and myself. I won the two lbs of candy from the Capt. I believed in bat all the time, but I don't think you will get any Stetson hat. Good by lovei. DF
1908-09-21	Alf Swallow	Shoshone, NV	329 E.-1-South St. SLC, UT	Illustration on card: A butler holding a tray with two bottles of liquor and two glasses. Caption: "An Eye Opener" Dear Brother, Things are going along just fine. All the hay up and half of the grain. Expect to thrash about the Oct 1 <sup>st</sup> . Took nearly all the cattle to the mountains. Pretty exciting times at Geyser will write as soon as I get particulars. A.
1908-10-05	JWF	Shoshone, NV	329 E. 1 <sup>st</sup> South SLC, UT	Hello! Ray rec'd yours all O.K. Will be through thretching ( <i>threshing</i> ) today and I am going on the Mt. to start them down today. Every body is looking fine. Will write when I get back. Hudson's boys have been here for a day. Good by. JWF
1908-12-08	Lon Beauregard	Fillmore, UT	329 E. 1 South St. Salt Lake City UT	Mr. Ray Swallow, Dear Cousin just a card to let you know that I am home now for the winter how do you like school this winter. I hope you will be down here for holidays I will try and show you a good time. Good by. From your cousin. Lon Beauregard ( <i>the son of Peter and Martha Day Beauregard</i> )
1908-12-10	A. M. (Alf) Swallow	Shoshone, NV	329 E 1 S St. SLC, UT	Printed on card front: "Here's to Matrimony, where would we be without it."
1908-12-30	Matilda & Richard Swallow	Shoshone, NV	329 E 1 <sup>st</sup> So. St SLC, UT	Dear Ray – Just a line this morning to say all is well at the ranch and Richard will be home to day. Said for me to write a card to you. No more snow but cloudy. Hope you keep on having a jolly good time. Good for anyone isn't it. Mr. & Mrs. Symon stayed all night. Washed yesterday and will prepare for New Year today. Iron tomorrow. I made a dress for L. today. Much Love M. & R.
1909-01-17	Alfred Mortenson	SLC, UT	Shoshone, NV	Illustration on card: Young man and woman kissing on a park bench with this caption: "Men may come And men may go, but THIS goes on forever!" Dear Friend Ray. Just a line to let you know that I still remember you. Wish you were here so I could

				have some fun just for old-times sake. With best wishes to you all. From your friend Alfred Mortenson.
1909-02-12	Erma or Emma or Enna	Shoshone, NV	329-E-1 <sup>st</sup> So-St. SLC, UT	Hello Ray. We are all well. It is storming here. Excuse scribbling as I am in a hurry to attend to the duties of my lemon club. Alf is at Big Springs. By-By, Erma
1910-05-26	A.S., M.S. & P.S. (Alf, May & Pearl Swallow)	SLC, UT	Shoshone, NV	Haven't heard from you for a coons-age. Why don't you write once-in-a-while.
1910-08-29	Ted	Monroe, UT	Shoshone, NV	Heloo kido. Got your card. Was pleased to hear from you. I am feeling fine but I am not in the cow punching business but wish I were. Well Ray I was out to a dance last night. Showed your girl a time. Say Ray, kiss the cook for me and give all the rest my best regards. Tell Adolph I will write him soon. I have been working all the time. I remain your old friend, Ted.
1910-11-01	J.K.	Manti, UT	Shoshone, NV	Hello old Pall. I rec'd card the other day. Was glad to here from you. Is little George still herding for you. I have got till the 27 of this month to stay here. Then I will come right out. I wish I was there now. Gee this is a lonesome town. Write soon, JK
1910-12-25	Pearl Swallow	SLC, UT	Shoshone, NV	Outside part of card: Photo of ocean waves against rocks. Inside part of card. To Ray from Pearl. Then this verse: Christmas. The old, old words, yet ever new, The old, old wish I send to you. Though ways may part, though miles, divide, "God bless you dear this Christmas – tide."
1911-04-12	Birdie Swallow	SLC, UT	Shoshone, NV	Dear Ray, - I arrived here OK last evening. All are fine. Left all well at McGill. Carl left last night for home. He is doing fine. Regular winter weather here today. It has been snowing all morning. It seems so good to be home again. All we have done today is to visit. With love to all. Birdie
1911-06-21	Doyle Robison	Osceola, NV	329-E-1 <sup>st</sup> , So. SLC, UT	Hello Ray, Hope you are getting better by now and will be here by the 4 <sup>th</sup> of July. The horse is looking fine but he does not feel just right. Doyle
1911-06-30	Andrew	Shoshone, NV	329-E.1 <sup>st</sup> South SLC, UT	Dear Friend, Rec'd your card. Glad to get it. I am well at present. Hope you are improving. Also hope you will soon be back out. We have started to hay in the Spring Field. All is well out here with us. All for this time write soon. Your friend Andrew
1911-07-04	D.S.	Shoshone, NV	329 East 1 <sup>st</sup> South SLC, UT	Friend Ray: Sorry to hear you had to go under any operation but hope you get alright and will be strong again. Hope you do not have to suffer with

				gas pains like I did and that you will be able to sit up by this time. We have had some grand storms since you left. With best regards, Your Friend D.S.
1911-07-10	Scottar	Monroe, UT	329 East 1 <sup>st</sup> South SLC, UT	Friend Ray, I received your card. Was glad to hear you are getting along fine. I am feeling fine. It has been raining here today. I would like to go up there for 24 <sup>th</sup> but don't think I can get away. Most everybody down here is going away for the 24 <sup>th</sup> . Your Friend, Scottar
1911-12-18	W. Libbitts	21 So. 3 <sup>rd</sup> East SLC, UT	Shoshone, NV	<p>Christmas Card illustration: A lucky horseshoe with a boy working on horseshoes at an anvil. Caption: "Christmas Greetings from Mugh" and "Once I was a horseshoe Nailed upon a horse, Now I'm on a Christmas Card To wish you luck, of course!"</p> <p>Dear Ray: I have lost your charming letter and so do not know as this would be strictly an answer to it or not, of course, you see I can not remember every thing you stated, but will endeavor to satisfy you to some extent.</p> <p>You say you have had no snow that let you know that it is Xmas time and that winter has come, well we have had enough for both so here's a handful for you, just to look at. I guess there will be skating and all that soon.</p> <p>I saw Richard &amp; Matilda and of course the baby. He certainly is a darling. (<i>The baby was George N. Swallow born in September 1910.</i>)</p> <p>About the penny, well seeing that you have got it and intend keeping it, I guess I will have to sit down and try &amp; consol my self with some thing until I catch you.</p> <p>We are certainly going thru a busy time and we are going to have a fine time during the holidays. Well seeing that the paper refuses to last any longer and as I am pretty busy I will wish you a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year &amp; leave you. W. L.</p>
1911-12-18	Pearl Swallow	SLC, UT	Shoshone, NV	Dear Ray, Just this card to wish you all happiness on Christmas day. Lovingly Pearl.
1911-12-27	Mother (Anna Day Swallow)	SLC, UT	Shoshone, NV	Dear Son, With this little card comes all good wishes for a happy New Year. Lovingly Mother
1912-02-12	Doyle Robison	SLC, UT	Shoshone, NV	Dear Friend Ray. Received your card yesterday. Was glad to here that you were all well out there. For this leaves me the same. Fat and sassy – have only gained 20 lbs. since I came up here; that is not much for a kid. With the best wishes to you all.

				Doyle
1912-03-28	Nell V. Smith	Baker, NV	Shoshone, NV	Dear friend, I can not clasp your hand today. But still I know this will convey My wish sincere My greetings true And tell you that I think of you. How are you getting along? Hope you got over the dance alright. Good bye. I am as ever your friend, Miss Nell V. Smith ( <i>Nell married Ray's brother, Alfred M. Swallow, in November 1914.</i> )
1912-12-25	Pearl Swallow	SLC, UT	Shoshone, NV	Envelope: A Merry Xmas To Ray From Pearl Outside of card: Souvenir portrait of Pearl Swallow. Inside of card: To Ray From Pearl. Verse: Xmas – Here's happiness and fortune true, And health to you beside, To make it what I wish for you. A happy Christmas tide.
1913-02-22	Jas	Garrison, UT	Shoshone, NV	Hello Ray. I am here sending you some of my poetry. Just take your girl in fond embrace, And put both arms around her waist. And draw her up with gentle grace. Till you get her to the proper place. Then, heart to heart, and face to face, Lip to lip, and nose to nose. Flippity-Flop, and away she goes. Jas.
1913-07-23	Viola	Baker, NV	Shoshone, NV	Dear Friend: Your card was rich. Useless to say, was very glad to hear from you. I thought you had forgotten me. Just the same you were thought of. Would of asked sooner but have been very busy moving. We came down here Sat. Sun. & I am going to Garrison one day before long. Wish you were going be there. Love & X by Viola
1913-08-27	Merline	Mayfield, UT	Shoshone, NV	Just because I know what a tease your brother is I can guess who got you to write or perhaps it was Zedonia. I don't mind that kind anyway. Even tho' you signed only part of your name I knew who you were as I have heard of you from Richard. Merline
1913-12-20	Richard & Matilda Swallow	Shoshone, NV	329-E. 1 <sup>st</sup> So. SLC, UT	Dear Brother – This is to wish you a Merry Xmas. All are fine here and there will be a remembrance here for you when you return. We thot It unnecessary to send it. Lovingly, Richard & Matilda
1914-07-22	Angie Dorius	Mayfield, UT	Shoshone, NV	Photo of a small mountain lake. Written by sender: on the mountain last summer. Hello Ray. – Will answer your card this morning.

				Say boy I do wish you were here to go with us on the mountain to the ball game. Sanpete & Emery County will meet on twelve mile flat on the 27 <sup>th</sup> . There will be one big time. Our ball team have played with Sterling, Fayette, Axtel, Centerfield & beat every time. To-day they play Gunnison. Your S.H. is the same as ever. She was down to see me last night. She's awfully lonesome. Come down & cheer her up. Ans. soon. Angie
1914-09-12	Angie Dorius	Mayfield, UT	Shoshone, NV	Hello Ray: - How R U enjoying the sunshine. We're having dandy times here. Wish you were here for a dance or two. Danced last Tue. night on a lawn. Was another dance last night but I didn't attend. She is sweeter than ever. I think everything of her. This is a picture of the ball game on the mountain. Can you find Zedonia and I? I can't. Angie.

## Recollections of Ray G. Swallow's Early Life

### Dad's Early Life by Donna Swallow Gowans:

I have no direct knowledge of my Dad's life before he was 50 years old. He was born in 1886 and I was born in 1936. He wrote his own brief history when he was 64 years old. Dad wrote his story at the request of my brother, Doyle, as an assignment for one of his classes at BYU, in 1949. As Dad lived for ninety-five and a half years, there were thirty more years of his life to tell about.

Dad had grown up on a ranch in Nevada. The Swallow Ranch was located at Shoshone, White Pine County, near Mt. Wheeler. Effie O. Read states in White Pine Lang Syne, Published in 1965 by Big Mountain Press, Denver:

Shoshone is the only part of White Pine County immortalizing its friendly tribe of Indians. It is located at the southern end of Spring Valley, where several canyons on the west side of Mt. Wheeler (13,000+ feet high) carry streams of water to the valley floor.

Mt. Wheeler in your sights would have been something. Dad loved the mountains. He told stories of roping and riding, cattle and sheep, and life on the ranch. Because of his stories of cowboy life, one of our favorite childhood pastimes was playing "Cowboys and Indians." My sister, Ella Fay, and I were known in Mayfield as "tomboys." Dad talked about his youth on the Swallow Ranch, but I don't think that he realized its significant history and the environmental importance of the area. I wonder now what he would think if he could read the books written about the Great Basin.

### Dad's Early Life by Ella Fay Swallow Jurgensen:

One of the stories Dad told me was of when he was a young man and went out to move the sheep camp. He said it was usual to leave a herder, wagon and dogs with the sheep, and then take a team out and move them. I have no idea how often this was done. He perceived a

problem long before he got to the camp, for the sheep had moved off. Within view of the camp the dogs came out to meet him and he really got worried. When he got to camp he found the herder had been shot. He said he was frightened, and drove the team extremely fast back to the ranch, where someone was sent for the Sheriff. It was discovered that the herder had leaned his gun against a shrub and when he picked it up the trigger snagged on the shrub and the gun went off, killing him.

Another story Dad told was when he came face to face with a Lion on top of a mountain one day. He said he could feel the hair rise on the back of his neck. He and the Lion looked at each other for a moment; then both slowly turned and walked away from each other. Dad said he was sweating all the way down the mountain, but he didn't dare run and he didn't dare look back.

Dad also told the "cat in the gunnysack" story that others have written about.

### **E. Zedonia Dorius as a Young Woman**

Zedonia was born to Heber C. Dorius and Ane C. Christensen Dorius on November 6, 1891 in Salt Lake City, Utah. She spent most of her growing up years in Mayfield, Utah. Like most young women of that time she worked where she could find a job – usually for someone her family knew. In the summer of 1911 Zedonia worked in Emery, Utah and then stayed in Mayfield until April of 1913 when she went to Shoshone, Nevada to work on the Swallow Ranch. She worked there until February 1914. Matilda Mortenson Swallow, Richard T. Swallow's wife, was from Mayfield, Utah. Because of Matilda's connection to Mayfield, a number of young women from Mayfield came to work on the Swallow Ranch. It was while Zedonia was working on the Swallow Ranch that Ray G. Swallow got to know her. They were married in October 1914.

According to Doyle K. Swallow, the Dorius clan came from Denmark. And Doyle's Grandfather Dorius' brother also built apartments in SLC. The Dorius Apartments were only a few blocks from the Swallow Apartments.

### **Post Cards Received by E. Zedonia Dorius**

These postcards are a real snapshot into the life of Zedonia during this time. She was a popular young lady with a number of boyfriends. Some of the post cards she received from 1911 and 1915 follow:

<b>Date</b>	<b>From</b>	<b>Sent From</b>	<b>Sent To</b>	<b>Message</b>
1911-09-20	Mother (Ane Christensen Dorius) and PS: from her brother, HCD	Mayfield, UT	Emery, UT	Our dear daughter Zedonia, We read your card yesterday and was glad to hear from you and you was ___? ___? this ___? ___?. We are all cleared up and turned lose but we had a dandy dose. We were glad to hear that you are soon coming home. School will start on next Monday. There is not room for any more so I will close. Love from all.

				PS: Write soon and come home. Your loving brother HCD
1912-07-04	Kistie	Emery, UT	Mayfield, UT	Hallo Zedonia, How are you and Oscar coming? Nearly married I guess. Well I hope so. Well I heard that you and Angie were coming over for the 24 <sup>th</sup> . Gee I hope so. If you do be sure and bring my little Joe with you. I can't hardly wait until then. Will miss. Ans. Soon to Kistie
1912-09-03	Dora	Gunnison, UT	Mayfield, UT	Dear Friend Zedonia. It is sometime since I saw you or heard from you so this card. I would drop each of you a card - Angie and you. I saw your Theron Sun. He said when I wrote to give you his love. I haven't heard when there is a dance again. I was to a big show Sat. N. Who is your Best now? Mine is home now and is going to come down Wed N. to see me Ha, Ha! Answer soon to Dora
1912-09-05	Ward Dorius	Provo, UT	Mayfield, UT	Dear Cousin Sidonia. I thought I would write you and let you know that you can get a job in the Peaches at good wages. I am going to work in them. Come at __?__ to work. You can work more at this than any other job. I hope you are all well, Ans. at once. Your loving Cousin Ward D.
1913-04-04	Fern Dorius and Eldon Dorius	Mayfield, UT	Shoshone, NV	Dear Sister Zedonia, How are you? We received your letter yesterday. Well ma is sending you some candy and Angie some gum. We was glad to hear you had escaped the measles so far. We hope you don't get them. We will write a letter next mail day. From Fern and Eldon – Sweet kid
1913-04-10	Angie Dorius, Lena Dorius	Mayfield, UT	Shoshone, NV	Dearie: Was disappointed yesterday as I did not hear from you. I hope I get a letter today. I was to Ethel's & Joe's wedding Mon. night. Had the best time. All that were invited besides the married folks were Pearl, Mace, Hatch, Angie, Isaacson, Dani Leonard on the sly. Tue. night Devoda found it out before morning but I do inch care. I hope you haven't the measles. Do write often. Lovingly, Angie – Lena
1913-08-21	Wallace Dorius	Mayfield, UT	Shoshone, NV	Dear Cousin Zedonia, When are you coming home to see us all? Fern and I are going to have our pictures taken with the Sunday School class next Sunday. Then Aunt Angie will send you one. Lyman is a big boy now, and so am I. Lots of love from Wallace XXX
1913-10-02	Una Dorius	Mayfield, UT	Shoshone, NV	Dear Sister. Thought I would write you a few lines. We got your letter was glad to get it. I got your card. I thank you for it. We will write you a

				letter next time. I will close with Love from all. Una XXXX
1913-10-11	Mazer Dorius	Mayfield, UT	Shoshone, NV	Dear sister Zedonia. I thought I would answer your card. I was glad to get it. I am going to school and I like my teacher and I am in the fifth grade. Mazer D
1913-10-21 <i>(written about October 1<sup>st</sup> but not mailed until the 21<sup>st</sup>)</i>	Me (Mother) Ane Christensen Dorius	Mayfield, UT	Shoshone, NV	Dearie; Your card came last night. Was glad for it. Hope next mail day will bring me a letter. Father is going to Salt Lake to conference today. I'll be busy. I'm going to write you a letter soon, soon as I hear from you. We have Primary conference Oct 19 <sup>th</sup> . Then Amelia, Emara & myself will be released. Huriah Olive is working here in the shop. Says to tell you hello. Oh do write soon. Lots of love. From Me
1913-11-20	Una Dorius	Mayfield, UT	Shoshone, NV	Dear sister. Just a card to let you know we are well and hope you are. We received your letter and was glad to hear you was well. As it is about school time we will write a letter next mail. From Una XXX
1914-01-15	Me	Mayfield, UT	Shoshone, NV	Dearest Zedonia: I rec'd your letter last night. Was sure glad for it. I know you think I'm affel for not sending you even a Xmas card before but dearie I've been sick for two weeks. I haven't my dress made for today. We had a Xmas tree to Clingers. Had a nice time but we missed you. Your folks were all there. Elden looked so sweet in his new suit. Santa was good to me. I'll tell you all about it in a letter tomorrow. I started to make a raffia basket for you, but got sick and couldn't finish it. Am sending you a little remembrance. It isn't much. You'll get the basket to some other time. I'll send a long letter tomorrow. Lots of love. From me XXXXXXXXXX
1914-01-24	Una Dorius	Mayfield, UT	Shoshone, NV	Dear Sister, Just a card to let you know we are all well. Hope you are. We got your card the other day. The weather is horrid and it is snowing nearly all the time. We are waiting for the letter to tell us when you are coming home. Love From All XXX Una
1914-04-30	Pearl Swallow	SLC, UT	Mayfield, UT	Dear Zedonia. Your welcome card came & I was glad to hear from you. Suppose you are busier than a bee this summer. I have doing a lot of sewing and going out a lot so I have been busy too. Ans. when you have time. Lovingly, Pearl
1914-08-13	Pearl Swallow	SLC, UT	Mayfield, UT	Dear Zedonia: You will think I know that I am not going to ans. your card but I did not get it

				until a day or two ago. We have been away for nearly three months & the manager did not forward your card to me so you will pardon me this time I know. We certainly had a dandy time while out west. I don't know when I have ever enjoyed a vacation so much. I did more dancing than a little & also did a lot of horse back, buggy & auto riding. Be sure & not be as long in answering as I have been. Lovingly, Pearl
1914-09-07	Theron (old boyfriend on a Mission)	Kansas City, MO	Mayfield, UT	Dear Friend Zedonia. In answer to your most welcome letter I can say I was very much pleased to hear from you. Had began to think you had forgotten me for I never heard from you for some time but me must not get too selfish as to think that is all there is to do. Sorry to hear you are going back to Nevada for the winter, for it is sure cold out there. Would like to be there and have one night with you but let me know when you are going and what your add. will be. I am going to the stick tomorrow again so goodbye for this time. As ever Theron
1914-10-16	Matilda Swallow	Shoshone, NV	Mayfield, UT	Dear Zedonia. There is no news for a letter and since you will soon be here I will write this card to say we are fine. George ( <i>George N. Swallow</i> ) feels good but keeps breaking out to beat the mischief. Today the right jaw is all purple and swollen as if he had the mumps. I will be glad when you folks get out here so I can leave to take him to some Dr. in Salt Lake. The weather is like summer this last week. We are surely enjoying it. Birdie & James came over Sunday and will stay until next Sunday. Richard will go for the mail tomorrow. Much love and best wishes to you for this aught to reach you Wed. Love Matilda
1914-10-24	Matilda Swallow	Osceola, NV	Mayfield, UT	Front of postcard shows a road through tall trees with the caption: "To remind you of the good times we had in Shoshone Come again" Dear Zedonia – I meant to have written a letter but since I didn't know of this chance soon will just write a line. Stormy weather now days. After it clears up I will house clean. George is improving I believe and Golden is fine. Golden doesn't remember you but George can. Calls you Wadonia. Much love. Matilda. ( <i>Card was hand delivered.</i> )
1914-12-29	Your loving Mother	Mayfield, UT	Shoshone, NV	Dear Zedonia & Ray: We rec'd your card yesterday. Was glad to know that you are well as

	(Ane Christensen Dorius)			this leaves us. We rec'd all the Xmas things you sent us. We think they are just lovely and we thank you very much especial your pictures. It filled my heart with joy to have them. Love from all. Your loving Mother
1915-06-25	Ray G. Swallow	SLC, UT	Mayfield, UT	Dear Zedonia: Just a card to let you know I am all O.K. Will write soon. I hope you are feeling fine. Lovingly, Ray.

### The Marriage and Family of Ray G. Swallow and E. Zedonia Dorius

**Figure 308 - Ray G. Swallow – October 1914**



**Figure 309 - Ray & Zedonia's Wedding Photo**



**Figure 310 - E. Zedonia Dorius – October 1914**



Ray G. Swallow continues his history:

In 1914 (*October 21, 1914 in Manti, Utah*) I married my first wife -- a girl from Utah. We lived in a home which I built there on the ranch.

**Figure 311 - Home Ray built for Zedonia on the Swallow Ranch – 1914**



**Figure 312 - Ethel V. Swallow – 1916**



Dad's First Family by Donna Swallow Gowans:

Dad's first wife, Zedonia Dorius, had grown up in Mayfield. She went to Nevada to work on the Swallow Ranch. There Dad and Zedonia met and they married in 1914. Dad built a home there. Their first child, Ethel Verl, was born on September 3, 1915 (Zedonia went to Mayfield in the summer and remained there until after the birth).

Ray G. Swallow continues:

After about two years, my health was very poor. I sold out my interest in the ranch (*in the fall of 1916*) and moved to Mayfield, Utah where I have lived ever since. (*Zedonia's health was also not great and being isolated out in Nevada was not a good thing for either of them.*)

**Figure 313 - The Ray G. Swallow home in Mayfield, Utah**



Dad's First Family continues by Donna Swallow Gowans:

Zedonia having family in Mayfield no doubt decided this location. Dad says in his story that his health was poor. Perhaps he did not have the stamina for ranch life. I have heard that he did not get along so well with his brother, Richard. I did have a general feeling of some estrangement. Whatever his reasons, he sold out his interest to Richard.

Dad was moving into a very tightly knit little Danish Mormon community. I don't think it was easy to fit in. I think of the Swallows on this ranch in Nevada as strong-minded, individualistic types. He arrived in Mayfield with the finances to buy a very good brick two-story home with a bathroom and indoor plumbing, which was not usual in Mayfield at that time or even in 1936,

when I was born. Ella Fay and I have often said that we were fortunate in our time that Dad had bought this house when he could.

I find it interesting that Dad, like some of his relatives, tried the store business. However, Mayfield was a poor setting for such an investment. Doyle tells that Dad had a beautiful team of horses and the choicest farm south of town. He bought one of the first automobiles in town. Doyle remembers an old Model T Ford. He had one of the first few telephones in town and people would come to use it.

According to Dad's story, several of his business investments and his farming didn't work out successfully during his earlier years in Mayfield. I think that whatever funds he came with were soon exhausted. The amount he sold his interest in the ranch for could not have been very much, really, but I imagine that any amount of cash in a little farming town would be noticeable. We have been told that there were many people in Mayfield who still owed Dad money from various transactions. I remember loads of coal being delivered which Dad said was payment on a debt. As was said of his brother, Richard, Dad made the mistake of being too trustful in financial matters. When people in town said that Dad was considered to have money, my sister and I thought this was funny. We had been raised extremely frugally and there was no such thing as money around by the time we came along. One elderly neighbor told us that there was money buried in coffee cans in the back yard. Dad got a big laugh out of that story.

Dad and Zedonia had three more children: Edith Velma (April 5, 1917), Raymond Charles (March 17, 1919) and Doyle K. (April 4, 1927).

**Figure 314 - First three children of Ray & Zedonia**



L to R: Ethel V. Swallow, Raymond C. Swallow and Edith V. Swallow in about 1924

**Figure 315 - First & fourth children of Ray & Zedonia**



Ethel V. Swallow with Doyle K. Swallow in front in about 1929

## Interaction with Other Members of the Swallow Family

In the summer of 1925 Ray's sister, Birdie Swallow Robison, and her family came to Mayfield to visit.

**Figure 316 - The Ray G. Swallow family and the Birdie Swallow Robison family**



Mayfield, Utah – summer 1925 – L to R: Back Row: Birdie Swallow Robison, James F. Robison and Zedonia Dorius Swallow. Middle Row: Edith V. Swallow, Elwin A. Robison, Ethel V. Swallow, Alpha J. Robison and Newal J. Robison. Front Row: Raymond C. Swallow, George Swallow Robison and Beulah A. Robison

**Figure 317 - The Ray G. Swallow family and the Birdie Swallow Robison family**



Mayfield, Utah – summer 1925 – L to R: Back Row: Birdie Swallow Robison, Zedonia Dorius Swallow and Ray G. Swallow. Middle Row: Elwin A. Robison, Edith V. Swallow, Alpha J. Robison and Ethel V. Swallow. Front Row: Newal J. Robison, Raymond C. Swallow, George Swallow Robison and Beulah A. Robison

### Dad's Parents and Siblings by Donna Swallow Gowans:

Ella Fay and I never knew our paternal grandparents, George Swallow and Anna Day, both of whom had died before our births. Their families had been converted to the Mormon Church and came to Fillmore, Utah. My grandfather was the first of the family to emigrate as a young man in 1868, and he started the Swallow Ranch in Nevada in 1873. He died of prostate cancer in 1932. Grandfather Swallow was honest and strong-willed. So was Dad. So are his children. It is apparent from the family histories that these characteristics appear all through the Swallow family.

Dad's brothers and sisters lived on various ranches in Nevada and apparently worked and played together often. Living in Mayfield, we had little contact with them, although I did meet

each of them at least once, except for his oldest brother, Richard, who had died when I was young. I remember when Dad went to Uncle Richard's funeral.

According to Ethel, Grandpa Swallow visited a few times to Mayfield. Aunt May and Aunt Birdie each visited at least once. I remember Dad speaking lovingly of his sisters. Uncle Frank stopped in Mayfield once or twice when I was old enough to remember. Dad did not travel much at all. I remember visiting Aunt Birdie once in Provo. Aunt Matilda had relatives in Mayfield that she visited occasionally and she stopped by our house once or twice that I remember. She likely visited Dad and Zedonia in earlier years as well. Ethel knew cousins, Golden and Darlene, who I think attended high school in Manti. Doyle remembers that he and Dad visited Uncle Alf in Salt Lake City a couple of times.

During the years of my childhood, Aunt Pearl and Uncle Doyle Robison were the ones from Dad's family that kept contact with us at Mayfield. They came occasionally to visit us, bringing fruit and mutton with them, which was a nice treat. Uncle Doyle was a big tease and I remember Aunt Pearl as being an energetic lady who laughed a lot. We always enjoyed their visits. In 1949, Dad, Mother, Ella Fay and I visited them at their ranch in Nevada. It was a very big deal for Dad to drive us out to Nevada. Today that seems a small distance, but people in Mayfield thought Gunnison (at 8 miles) was a long way away, and my Dad was nervous about traveling when he was older. I had great fun seeing the ranch life and riding an old mare around the place. Uncle Doyle drove us to visit Melvin and Lenard and their families. We also went to see the spectacular Lehman Caves. The lights were turned off while we were inside and this made a tremendous impression on me.

On this trip we also visited the Swallow Ranch, where Dad grew up. I am not clear, but think that Richard M. and family, George and Arlo were there. Lee and Darlene Swallow Whitlock were there. There was a big dinner for everyone. One thing I remember clearly is that my father had tears in his eyes when he saw and spoke with an old cowboy (*Jappie Fox*) who had taught him many skills when he was a young man on the ranch. This is one of the few times I saw my father express such emotion. We also visited at Aunt May's ranch nearby and met some of her family. I was thirteen years old at the time of this trip; and going to Nevada and meeting Dad's relatives was important to me. I wish I could better remember each and every one.

#### Ella Fay Swallow Jurgensen Remembers:

The trip to Uncle Doyle and Aunt Pearl's ranch was also a highlight in my childhood. I remember the stream that ran in front of the house and the bridge across it. I especially remember the storehouse they had out back of the main house. I was astonished at the amount of canned goods, dry goods, etc. stored there. I remember talking to mother about it and her explaining that when you lived so far away from a town or city you had to have a large supply of food and other necessities available. Uncle Doyle drove us to visit our cousins, Melvin and Lenard, and their families. It was a long way between houses, and I remember Uncle Doyle driving very fast. They had a one-room schoolhouse, and I was invited to join their afternoon session with Russell, Reni, Norman, Lowell, etc. The teacher gave me a nice sized piece of petrified wood (the first I had ever seen) to take home. I forgot it at Uncle Doyle's and Aunt Pearl's. I still remember how sad I felt to have left it.

**Figure 318 - Uncle Doyle & Aunt Pearl's ranch in Nevada**



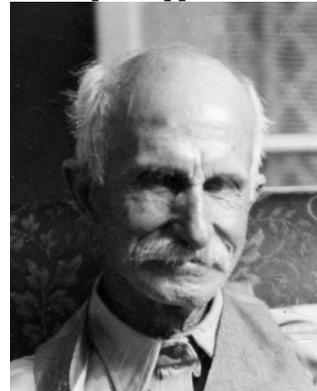
Note the bridge and stream in the foreground and the commissary or storehouse on the left

We visited the Swallow Ranch on this trip also. This was so exciting for me because I had heard so many stories about Dad's times there. I was eight years old at the time of this visit so I remember very little. I do recall the very long dining table, many people and lots of food. I definitely remember, just after we were seated for dinner, a knock on the back door and one of the women saying, "Ray, I think this is someone you'll want to see." Dad jumped up from the table, with tears in his eyes and said, "Oh, I never thought I'd see you again." It was an elderly cowboy. Clearly this was a person my Dad loved. I'm thinking this was the person who taught Dad the little bit of Spanish he knew. I also remember Dad talking of a cowboy who taught him to braid ropes and trick rope. Dad was very good at roping. As a kid I would ask him to trick rope. Once in a while he would, but he always said the rope he had was too stiff. He said if only he had one of his old ropes he had braided himself, he would show me some roping. I believe this. I thought he was pretty good with what he had. Other people did also. Even into his seventies the neighbors would call on him whenever they needed help roping calves. The fact that Donna and I both remember so vividly the emotion dad showed when meeting his dear friend at the Swallow Ranch shows what an impression it left on us. I think now the ranch hand my father was so thrilled to see was Jappie Fox.

**Figure 319 - Old home on the Swallow Ranch**



**Figure 320 - Jasper "Jappie" Fox – about 1940**



Aunt May and Uncle Dave lived on a ranch not too far from the Swallow Ranch, so we had the opportunity to visit them also. Aunt May cooked a nice meal for us. I remember how sweet and loving Aunt May was and that she gave me lots of hugs. She had that warm and comfortable way about her that is so endearing to a small child. Twenty years later, my husband, baby son and I visited her in Tacoma, Washington, at the home of her son Rodney. Aunt May was still the same. It was like I had known her forever, not just seeing her for the second time in my life. We had another wonderful meal, and spent the evening visiting and looking at family photos.

**Figure 321 - Aunt May &  
Uncle Dave Kerr**



**Figure 322 - Uncle Doyle &  
Aunt Pearl Robison**



**Figure 323 - Aunt  
Matilda Swallow**



Aunt Pearl and Uncle Doyle would visit us in Mayfield sometimes. I remember a couple of times they brought mutton. They always brought fun and a lot of laughs. Uncle Doyle was such a tease. He would always bring bananas. I hated the taste of bananas and, of course, he knew that. He would tell me they were orange bananas, especially from Nevada, and though they looked like bananas, they tasted like oranges.

Aunt Matilda used to come to Mayfield and stay with her sister. When she would visit us she would always have some sort of hand sewing or knitting with her. She did beautiful handwork. She taught mom to make Swedish cookies that had to be pressed into forms, then baked. They were so delicious.

I do not remember meeting any other of dad's siblings. Donna says we were once at Aunt Birdie's house in Provo. I have no memory of this.

When I was 17 or 18 years old, Doyle and Leona took Dad, Mom, and me to Reno to visit Uncle Doyle and Aunt Pearl. They took us for a drive around Lake Tahoe and also to Virginia City. Dad loved walking around that old mining town. We visited our cousins Melvin and Lenard and their families, so I got to touch base again with Russell, Reni, Norman and Lowell who were more my age and a lot of fun. I remember Uncle Doyle making the best-fried chicken ever.

## **Recollections of Ray G. and Zedonia Dorius Swallow**

In I Remember Mama Ethel Swallow Christiansen wrote:

My dear Mother was the sweetest, best woman I ever knew. Her children and husband always came first, also her own Mother and Father. My Father did much to help his in-laws. It pleased her.

I used to have words with Neva, a friend from the Order, as to whose mother was the best. Of course, my mother was. She was always kind to everyone with whom she came in contact.

**Figure 324 - Four generation photo – about 1918**



Back row: Zedonia Dorius Swallow and her mother, Ane Christensen Dorius  
Front row: Zedonia's grandmother, Fredrikka Michaelson Christensen, and Ethel V. Swallow

**Figure 325 - Ray & Zedonia Swallow family – 1927**



L to R – Standing: Ray G. Swallow with baby, Doyle K. Swallow, and Zedonia Dorius Swallow  
Sitting: Edith V. Swallow, Charles C. Swallow and Ethel V. Swallow

She was Secretary in the Relief Society, as I was also later. She worked as much in the Church as my Father would let her, because she was so precious to him and to all of us.

Even though I've lived close to the Great Salt Lake most of my life I suppose the only time I ever crossed it was as a baby. My Mother was happy to tell me that she and my Father took me on the train across. This was one of the few times she went someplace other than home. She never went many places but conferences in Salt Lake sometimes. She loved and appreciated all of them.

In Musings of Ethel Swallow Christiansen Myrna Christiansen Broschinsky wrote:

Mom used to tell me about her mother. Zedonia loved flowers and always had Geraniums in the parlor windows. Mom found it to be a little embarrassing when her piano teacher (Armont Willardson) came, so she would remove the Geraniums to another room until the lesson was over. Mom was afraid it would look a little "country". She often reiterated how clean and careful her mother was with food and how conscientious she was with anything she did.

Grandma Zedonia was very gentle and kind, full of good cheer and willingness.

Ethel shared that her Father was kind of strict and felt keenly the responsibility of raising his family correctly. He kept tabs on them and watched carefully the activities that the children were involved in. One time when she was a little late coming home from a church dance Grandpa met her part way and said to her, "Now you march along home young lady!" He ran a pretty tight ship.

Grandpa had a great garden. When we would go down to be with our Grandparents, on every holiday, it would be fun to see the pride he had in his garden and the progress it made from spring to summer to fall and winter.

The family had a nice home, and Mom talked about how they were one of the first families in town to have indoor plumbing. They also had a telephone early on and from what I hear people from town would come and ask to use it. Ray Swallow and his family also had one of the nicest homes in town and he always had a car.

Mom used to talk about how they would pass out the handbills for the movies in Gunnison. For this service they were able to go to the movies quite often. Mom loved it when they were able to go to the Wisteria Café for a treat after the movie.

## **Death of Zedonia Dorius Swallow**

Ray G. Swallow's history continues:

After raising four children (*Ethel Verl born September 3, 1915; Edith Velma born April 5, 1917; Raymond Charles born March 17, 1919; and Doyle born August 26, 1927*) by my first wife, I lost her in childbirth (*August 11, 1929*). That was one of the hardest tasks to take that I have ever gone through.

Myrna Christiansen Broschinsky wrote the following based on what her mother, Ethel Swallow Christiansen, told her:

Ethel felt extremely close to her Mother and was very worried about her when she became pregnant that summer. She felt an impending doom from the time the pregnancy was announced until Zedonia died. Ethel felt that her Mom was really frail and wouldn't be able to survive another birth. That August (*in 1929*) Zedonia fell down the basement stairs, and it started her into labor. There was a lot of hemorrhaging and in the end both the Mom and the baby died. It was a very sad day for the whole little family.

Donna Swallow Gowans writes:

Dad often said how hard that was on him. It was difficult for the children as well. Dad received help with their care from both Zedonia's family and his family in Nevada. Ethel, Edith and Raymond went to stay with relatives in Nevada for a short time. Doyle was only two years old. His maternal grandmother in Mayfield cared for him for a while, but she died only fifteen months later. I have been told that Zedonia's sister, Rhoda, also helped out for a time. I am sure that Ethel, being fourteen and the eldest, took on quite a bit of responsibility.

Neighbors in Mayfield have told us that Zedonia was a wonderful woman. We know from her pictures that she was lovely. We've been told that she was a good singer. Neither Ella Fay nor I have any personal memories of her. Doyle tells me that he found a lock of his mother's hair in Dad's safe. I think Dad loved her very much.

## **Lonely Times without a Mother**

Ethel Swallow Christiansen continues:

When she (*Zedonia Dorius Swallow*) died in August 1929 I felt the world had come to an end, as it did in many ways. She always saw her children had clothes like the other children, no matter how hard it was. She kept the home as clean and neat as a pin and everyone loved her – neighbors and all.

There was nothing mean or selfish about her – ever. She was so happy when I had the lead in an operetta, "Madame Lazare." Also the next year I had the lead as "Peggy" and was feeling so badly she was not there as that was the year after she died.

My Mother was the greatest. I remember my Daddy also such a comfort when I needed him. He came to Salt Lake City and bought my Prom dress – so beautiful. I'll never forget it. He had to be both Mother and Father. I loved him.

Myrna Christiansen Broschinsky wrote the following based on what her mother, Ethel Swallow Christiansen, told her:

*(After Zedonia's death)* Zedonia's Mother (*Ane Christensen Dorius*) took on the day to day work with the family and helped as much as she could. Her health was not very good but she worked hard. Ethel often talked of the beautiful garden that was kept by her Grandmother. It was a second blow to the family when Grandma Dorius died (*January 1931*). Then Ethel took over the house and those responsibilities.

Doyle K. Swallow writes:

*(I was)* born April 4, 1927 in Mayfield, Utah. I remember very little of my early childhood days.

One of my earliest recollections is standing on the pebbly banks of Town Reservoir and reveling in jerking out a fish and seeing it flopping so desperately. A lot of family were there (Dad, for sure) and sometimes I think I can remember a glance of my mother, but I really don't remember anything about her. My sister Edith told me that there was an instance once that went like this:

Doyle: "May I have a penny?" – Mother: "Here is a nickel." – Doyle: "No I want a penny." – Mother: "There are 5 pennies in this nickel." – Doyle: "Cut the pennies out then."

I was two years and four months old when my mother died. I've often wondered, if I was able to have a conversation with her like this, why I wouldn't be able to remember her in some way. So many people have told me that she was a wonderful person.

I remember that I really enjoyed starting school in the 1st grade (*in 1933*) and how I liked my teacher. As I was growing up I was close to my dad. He gave me a lot of freedom, but we spent a lot of time together and I went many places with him. We always had a blessing on the food at mealtime - and mealtime was on a rather strict schedule. When I would be out at mealtime or at other times when he would call, I could hear his voice one or two blocks away easily. He taught me to say individual prayers, which I always did. And as I would be headed upstairs to go to bed, he would say, "Good night, little man." I tried not to get in much trouble, but one day I started a little fire outside between our chicken coop and the big hay barn. I had put the fire out and as I was coming out of the corral toward the house my dad was there and asked me if I had started the fire. I said "no" even as I had matches in my hand. He gave me a couple of spats, but not very hard (and the only time I remember any physical punishment). But from then on my prayers at night and at other times included "bless that our house, or car, or barn will not catch on fire." -- Incidentally, I'm glad the "old barn" stood sturdy for many, many years later.

When the barn finally started to fall apart, we took our old jalopy Ranchero up and loaded it with the most colorful barn wood ever, and I think Dad thought I had gone off my rocker. However, when he saw it covering our long wall in our family room downstairs, even he thought it was a good idea. Besides that, he had plenty of other boards to saw up with his old hand saw while he was sitting in the shade under the big old tree in back of the house. He liked to do that for firewood as well as for enjoyment.

### **The Marriage and Family of Ray G. Swallow and Elva Foote**

**Figure 326 - Ray G. Swallow**



**Figure 327 - Elva Foote Swallow and Ray G. Swallow – about 1935**



**Figure 328 - Elva Foote Swallow**



Ray G. Swallow continues:

After seven years of living without a companion I married again (*to Elva Foote at Richfield, Utah on January 9, 1935*) and have two children (*Donna born in 1936 and Ella Fay born in 1940*) by her. She has been a real companion for me and my children, and we have been very happy.

Doyle K. Swallow continues:

When I was 7 years old, I remember how delighted and excited I was when Dad invited me to go with him on his date with Elva Foote, who later (but not much later) became my stepmother. We went to Gunnison to pick her up and then went to Manti to a movie, etc. She was so pretty and nice and it was a real treat for me. Of course, when Dad brought her home I was so pleased.

Throughout the years we had a mutually strong, respectful, loving relationship.

### **Heritage and History of Elva Christine Foote Swallow**

According to Donna Swallow Gowans, the Foote ancestors came from England in the 1600s and Elva Foote's maternal ancestors, the Hendricksons, came from Denmark.

From The History of Elva Christine Foote Swallow, as handwritten by herself in 1962 and typed into the computer by her daughter, Donna Swallow Gowans, on November 23, 1998, we read:

I, Elva Christine Foote Swallow, was born December 25, 1904 in Huntington, Emery County, Utah. When I was three months old, I came across the mountain with my parents. We came in a covered wagon, and it took three days. There was a lot of snow; and it was cold I have been told. We arrived safely in Mayfield where we made our new home. We lived in the east part of Mayfield on the first street running north and south. We lived there about five years. Two brothers were born in that house, Leland and Elray. We then moved to Christianburg on a farm. Arnold was born there. I also started school there in a two-story brick building. There were about twenty students, and they ranged from the first to the eighth grades. We were all in one large room with a large pot bellied stove in the one corner. We all had a good time, learned our lessons well, and none of us froze to death. I always remember the last day of school. We all took our lunches, and the teacher gave us a treat. We ate out in an orchard that was by the school building.

We moved back to Mayfield and we lived on the road going to the canyon. Cyril was born in this house. I was a little disappointed because I was expecting a sister. I soon got over it and loved him as I did all my brothers. I attended the second, third, and fourth grades of school in Mayfield. I had a perfect attendance record in the second grade; and at the close of the year, my teacher, who was Pearl Whitlock, gave me a little pair of scissors with gold handles and tied with a pink ribbon. I was very proud of them. I also went to Primary and Sunday school. We also had a religion class after school one night a week. At the end of my fourth grade in school, we moved back to Christianburg on a farm just west of the railroad track. In that day there were a lot of "tramps" and many of them stopped at our house. Mother has prepared many meals for them. We used to be very frightened when they came. That summer we had the whooping cough. We would run and play, then lay down and cough.

I have gone with my Grandmother Foote many times to the Sanpitch River just below our house to catch fish, mostly carp. We ate many of them. When it was time to start school that fall, we were undecided whether to take the school wagon to Gunnison or drive our own outfit to Mayfield. Our neighbors had two children to go to school, so we decided to go to Mayfield with them. We took turns driving outfits. I remember that old buggy and horse very well. Her name was Pet. We didn't mind the drive back and forth while the weather was good, but when it was

cold, it wasn't so nice to unhitch the horse and hitch it up again after school. Our mothers heated bricks and put (*them*) by our feet to keep us warm. I remember cars were just beginning to travel on the road then; and when we would meet one, the horse would become frightened and want to run away. Many a time we would jump out of the buggy and hold the horse by the bit. We drove that way part of the year, the other part I stayed at Elmer Poulsen's house. They had a small family of little tots. I would help with them and do things I could to pay for my board. After that year I went to Gunnison to school. They had a big white-topped buggy or wagon drawn by two horses, with a stove in the one end. The driver came around through Christianburg and picked up the school children. Sometimes if the roads were muddy and slick, we would have to walk to the depot on the main road. One day Leland and I got late to catch the bus, so we decided to walk. It was a cold day; and when we got to school, we were so cold and were crying. The teachers came and rubbed our hands and feet to get us warm.

In those days there was high-water in the spring. The river would overflow its banks—no bridges then. I remember one day, I was going with my Grandpa Hendricksen to Gunnison and he always drove a shiny new buggy and well groomed horses. When we crossed the river, the bottom of the buggy filled up with water. I was really worried, but we got through OK.

About 1919 my folks bought a home in Gunnison. It was located in the west part of town. In fact it was the last house. When we moved into the house, we lived in the two back rooms and another family (Royal Whitlock) lived in the two front rooms. There were two rooms upstairs, but the stairway was outside – very cold and inconvenient in the winter. We had a stove up there, and it was nice once we got there. Anyway, the thing I remember most was I got pneumonia and was very sick. It was hard for mother to chase up and down to care for me. As soon as the other people in the house could find another, they moved; and we had more room downstairs and were more comfortable.

My dad always raised beets on his farms. So I did my share of thinning and topping beets. Me and my two oldest brothers worked together—we thinned many acres for other farmers. We were very proud when we bought our mother her first electric washer with our wages.

In 1920 my sister, Vera, was born. I was happy to have a sister at last. I was also very proud of myself, as I was to be the hired girl and do the work and take care of the family while Mother was in bed. It was my first year in high school. We went to school where the city hall is now. We also had classes in other buildings nearby. The new high school was in the process of being built and was ready by the next fall. School was never easy for me. I think my biggest trouble was I was too self-conscious. I liked sewing and cooking and got good marks; but when it came to speeches and book reports, I wasn't proud of myself. So not having too much interest in school, I got a job working in the telephone office as an operator. So I never went to school my senior year. To this day I have regretted it, but I couldn't see it then.

About this time I was called to work in the Ward Sunday School and Primary. I also was secretary in the Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Association. I always enjoyed working with little children in church capacities. In about 1924 I was called to work on the Sunday School Stake Board. That was a new experience for me. I enjoyed my visits to the different wards. It was about this time that my brother, Leland, was filling a mission to the southern states. I was happy to do my part in keeping him there. It was during this time that I saw my sister very sick with pneumonia. Before she recovered from this my mother had a serious attack of appendicitis

and had a very serious operation. In fact, she nearly lost her life. A neighbor took Vera and cared for her. I had all I could do to do my regular job and care for the family as well as worry and visit mother at Salina hospital. Mother became so ill that the doctors didn't give us any encouragement at all. Through her great desire to live and the power of the priesthood, she recovered and is still with us at the age of 81 years.

I was about 22 years old when I had my first trip to Salt Lake. I went up for M.I.A. conference. I stayed with a friend, Erma Lundeburg, who was working up there.

I worked in the telephone office for twelve years. I started at the bottom as relief operator, night operator, chief operator, and the last several years I was the secretary. I kept the books, sent out the statements, issued all the warrants, besides being operator. I had many experiences both good and bad. I made many friends. I learned to serve the public with a smile. I trained many operators who came and left during those twelve years. My wages when I started were \$28 a month. After I had worked a year, my wages raised to \$40 a month. I received \$20 for secretary work. I think I earned every bit of it. Besides paying my tithing and keeping myself, I helped my family in many ways. I felt very proud when I bought my large cabinet radio. That was a real luxury at that time. I also bought my piano—my intention was to learn to play it. I took some lessons but never got good enough to play in public. *(This same piano has been played by all members of the family, providing many hours of enjoyment. It has been in continuous use down through the years in the Mayfield home, in Doyle's home, in LaRae's home, and it resides currently in Provo, Utah with Aubrey Radmall Pettit, a great granddaughter of Ray G. Swallow.)*

From 1923 to 1935 was spent then with church work, my job, my family, my friends, entertainments such as parties, shows, and dances. Excursions to the mountains I think were enjoyed most. The entire telephone gang were mountain loving people, and we enjoyed many picnics.

**Figure 329 - Elva C. Foote Working at Telephone Company – about 1930**



**Figure 330 - Elva C. Foot – about 1934**



It was April 1932 when I started going out with Ray. January 9, 1935 we got married at noon in Richfield. We ate our dinner at the Rainbow Café. We spent the afternoon visiting and riding around. We went back to Gunnison, had lunch at Mother's, and went to the show. After the

show we came to Mayfield—here I have been ever since. Ray had four children when I married him. I accepted my responsibility with humility. I realized I had a big job. With cooperation from all, I am happy to say things have worked out to my satisfaction. My stepchildren have honored and respected me on many occasions, such as birthdays, Christmas, and Mother's Day. I appreciate that and only hope I have helped them in some small way.

On coming to Mayfield, I was made welcome by all ward members. It became my privilege to work in the Primary and in the Relief Society as visiting teacher shortly after I moved here.

On January 8, 1936, it became my great honor to become a mother. Donna was born early that morning about 3:30 A.M. She weighed in (at) a little over six pounds with beautiful brown eyes and dark hair. I was very proud of her. When she was about twelve days old, I got an infection, was very sick and it took about six months to get over it. We had many happy hours together.

**Figure 331 - Donna and Elva Swallow**



Elva Foote Swallow and Donna E. Swallow – Mayfield, Utah in 1936

**Figure 332 - The Ray G. Swallow family – 1937**



L to R: Kneeling: Ethel Swallow Christiansen holding Myrna Christiansen, Edith Swallow, Ray G. Swallow, Raymond C. Swallow and Elva Foote Swallow – Sitting: Doyle Swallow and Donna Swallow

After that, on August 6, 1940, another baby girl came to bless our home. She arrived at 7:00 A.M. She weighed eight pounds and had big brown eyes and auburn hair.

Again I was a very proud mother. This time my health was better. When Ella Fay was three months old, I was called to work in the Relief Society as secretary. It seemed impossible with a baby and a small child; everyone in the presidency offered their assistance in caring for the children, so I accepted. Sister Gregerson was the president. I held that position for nine years. I always liked secretarial work.

Figure 333 - Elva and her daughters – 1941



L to R: Donna E. Swallow, Ella Fay Swallow, and Elva Foote Swallow in Mayfield, Utah

Figure 334 - Ray G. Swallow family – 1942



*Donna Father - Fay Mother 1942*

L to R: Donna E. Swallow, Ray G. Swallow, Ella Fay Swallow, and Elva Foote Swallow

Figure 335 - Ray G. Swallow family – about 1944



L to R: Ella Fay Swallow, Doyle K. Swallow and Donna E. Swallow

Figure 336 - Ray G. Swallow family – about 1947



L to R – Back row: Donna E. Swallow, Ray G. Swallow  
Front row: Ella Fay Swallow & Elva Foote Swallow

I started working at the Bonnet Factory in 1947 and worked there until 1962. I worked in M.I.A. three years as a teacher: two years Beehive and one year in Gleaner class. I worked in the Primary presidency a short time in 1955.

July 16, 1952 was a great day in my life when we went to the Manti Temple and had our marriage solemnized and our two daughters sealed to us for time and all eternity. This is the day I dreamed of, hoped and prayed for.

I served on the Stake Board of the Relief Society from 1955 to 1957. In October 1957 I was called to be the president of the Relief Society. I served in this capacity for three years. It was a wonderful experience for me. In 1958 I was called to be assistant coordinator in the Junior Sunday School. In 1961 I was called to work on the Sunday School Stake Board. I resigned this job in 1962 due to an operation. January 15, 1962 I had a minor operation; then on February 2<sup>nd</sup> I had to go to the hospital for a major operation.

In 1955 I traveled to Logan, Utah for the birth of granddaughter, Shirley Ann Gowans. In 1958 I traveled to Boise, Idaho for the birth of granddaughter, Kolleen Kay Gowans. In 1961 I traveled to Grand Canyon, Arizona for the birth of grandson, Charles Ray Gowans. Other trips: 1956 to Las Vegas, 1957 to California, 1958 to Reno and 1960 to Grand Canyon. *(Most of these trips were taken with Doyle and Leona Swallow.)*

## **Recollections of Ray G. and Elva Foote Swallow**

In Dad's Second Family Donna Swallow Gowans writes:

I was part of Dad's second family. Dad married my mother, Elva Christine Foote, on January 9, 1935 and I was born on January 8, 1936. At the time my parents met (1932), mother was working in the Telephone Office in Gunnison, Utah. At that time, people had to go into the telephone office to make a phone call. That is how they became acquainted. My sister, Ella Fay, was born on August 6, 1940. This was a memorable day in my life. We two sisters shared many experiences growing up in Mayfield.

Doyle was almost eight years old when Dad remarried in January of 1935. Edith was almost 17 and Raymond was almost 15 at that time. Ethel was 19 years old then and she married just a month later. She married Ray Stewart Christiansen, also of Mayfield, and they lived in Mayfield for a few years. Their daughter, Myrna, was born just a year later than I was (March 24, 1937) and in our very young years we played together. Ethel and Ray later had two sons: Ray George (May 25, 1941) and Lee Stewart (March 9, 1945).

Doyle was at home until he graduated from High School and joined the Navy. So I had a big brother living with me for almost ten years. He has always looked after Ella Fay and me and been an important influence in our lives. Edith and Raymond left the home in Mayfield shortly after my birth. Edith left to work in Salt Lake City and Raymond entered the Utah State Training School.

Figure 337 - Children & grandchildren of Ray G. Swallow



Mayfield, Utah 1945. L to R: Back row: Myrna Christiansen, Donna Swallow and Ella Fay Swallow. Front row: Lee Stewart Christiansen and Ray George Christiansen

Figure 338 - Doyle K. Swallow – 1946



Figure 339 - Doyle K. Swallow – c1950



Figure 340 - Ella Fay Swallow and Donna E. Swallow – 1948



## Growing Up in Mayfield

In Life in Mayfield Donna Swallow Gowans writes:

Mayfield was and is a very small town in a beautiful valley at the mouth of Twelve Mile Canyon, in Sanpete County, Utah – Population around 350, Elevation 5575. Mayfield was built on the site of an old Ute Indian camping ground. Twelve Mile Creek splits the town into the

north side and the south side. Mayfield is located twelve miles south of Manti, Utah, which is the location of one of the earliest built Mormon Temples. Mayfield was settled in 1873 by Mormon pioneers and the social and religious life was and is dominated by the Church, both doctrine and activities. These activities provided for the expression of such talents as speaking, singing and piano playing by the members. The LDS Church building held social occasions like dances and celebrations as well as numerous church services.

Dad was well versed in Mormon Church history and doctrine. He taught Sunday School and served as Ward Clerk. He believed in the teachings of the Church but was not one of the sanctimonious ones so often found at Church. He smoked a pipe or chewed tobacco and he enjoyed coffee or a coke. I remember how much I wanted to go with him to the store to get a coke. He would only give me a sip. Dad also allowed us to go to movies and ball games and play cards on Sundays, which were activities the Church frowned upon. I think Dad's judgments about what was important were very good.

Life in Mayfield was similar to other Utah towns, perhaps a little more sheltered and circumscribed due to its size. Mayfield lacked amenities found in larger communities. There were no restaurants, no library other than that in the elementary school, and no shopping or services. There were two small general stores in town, to supply those goods people needed that they didn't make or grow themselves. There was a post-office and a barbershop. At one time there was a pool-hall. There was a Ball Park with a grandstand and tennis court. There was a Garage for the service of automobiles, where Dad worked as bookkeeper for some years. I remember the "fire bell" that would be rung whenever there was a fire somewhere in town. Dad, along with the other men in town, would rush to help. Dad worried about fire and had a keen sense of smell for smoke.

During the 1940s, '50s and early '60s, there was a business called the Mayfield Bonnet Factory, which made fancy dresses and bonnets for children. Mother had good sewing skills and worked there for many years.

Women in Mayfield made their own clothing, kitchen towels, rugs, quilts, pillows, and soap. During the summer months, they also bottled many vegetables and fruits. Most of these were home grown, but there were also fruit peddlers who drove into town to sell fruits. I have lots of memories of shelling peas, cutting corn from the cob, and preparing other produce for putting into bottles, which were then pressure-cooked and stored for winter use in the cool cellar under the house. This was, often as not, a joint project with neighbors and so provided conversation and laughter to go along with the work.

Mayfield had a good schoolhouse for first through eighth grades, with a playground and ball-field. There were four teachers, each teaching two grades. The High School was in Manti so we students rode a bus there every school day. High school offered a broader horizon for Mayfield students. We looked forward to learning about the larger world and the activities that went along with the education. It so happens, that Ray Swallow was the first bus driver, in 1926.

This school bus was referred to as the Mayfield Truck. The following photo and article from the school newspaper is about Ray driving the students from Mayfield to Manti High School. The author is unknown.

**Figure 341 - The Mayfield Truck**



L to R – Back row: Nels Bogh, Lloyd Whitlock, Lloyd Christiansen, (?), Joe Willardsen – Middle row: Arvilla Jensen, Miles Michaelson, Cleone Whitlock – Front row: Erna Sorenson (?), Josie Larsen, Delma Anderson, Anna Gregerson. Driver: Ray Swallow

And now I write a brief account of the Mayfield Truck.

It come to pass that in the ninth month of the year 1926, that almost a score of souls gathered together at three great terminals, to await the coming of the Mayfield truck, which was to carry them to the Temple City.

Peace reigned for a short time, but it soon came to pass that much strife and contention did arise, and it became necessary for our great and beloved prophet, R. G. Swallow, to set forth these two great commandments: First, "Thou shalt honor and obey the rules and 'regulations' of the truck," and the second is like unto it: "Thou shalt respect the rights of others." And behold these two great commandments did succeed in making peace reign for a period of a few short hours, when it became necessary to banish to the Isle of Patmos a few of the unruly members.

But it soon came to pass that they did humble themselves before our great prophet, and their pardon was granted and they were taken back into the fold, and lo, there was much rejoicing throughout the land and our great prophet gave a feast in honor of it, and rejoiced exceedingly.

And I now say unto you: "Ye students who live in the shadows of the temple little know of the strife and the contention, of the joy and the sorrow encountered by the students who ride in the Mayfield Truck."

Donna Swallow Gowans continues about Mayfield:

Most of the families in Mayfield had outlying farms and also animals and barns in corrals near their homes. I remember the milk cows being driven from neighbors' corrals past our house each morning on their way to pasture. In the evening, they made a return trip to be milked. I also remember herds of sheep being driven through the town on their way to the summer range in the mountains.

Deer would come down into the fields at night and Dad would drive us out to see them. During deer season each fall, Dad hunted deer, as did most of the other men in the town. It was a big project, after the deer was brought home, to hang it from the tree branch, skin it, and butcher it. Then most of it was cut up and bottled by our mother. We lived on that good deer meat all winter.

Free play all over town was the general rule. Parents did not worry about crime and not much about children being injured doing all the fun and sometimes-dangerous things that children did in small Mormon communities. We rode horses, roller-skated on the concrete court in the park, went sledding when it snowed, and climbed in trees and barns. We played Cowboys & Indians and War and Hide & Seek and Run My Sheepie Run into the late evening, roaming through the yards and corrals of the near vicinity. Quieter games were marbles, jacks, pick-up-sticks, and as we became older, various card games.

Growing up in Mayfield had both positives and negatives. Positives were security, the small town sense of self, the feeling from the religion that you were a "child of God" and the beauty of the valley and mountains. The biggest negative was that there was no future available—almost all youth had to leave for education and work. Another negative was the parochial outlook on people, religion, and the larger world. You pretty much had to educate yourself through reading—both church and school had some censorship.

Mayfield was surrounded by hills: The "white hills" on the west, where we hunted Easter Eggs; and the foothills on the east, where we collected pine nuts. The Wasatch Mountains rose high to the east, with Musinea Peak (Mary's Nipple) looking over the valley. This town, and my life there, with my parents, had an immense influence on me. I have strong remembrances of the people and the atmosphere.

Sometime in my early years, there was a milk cow, pigs in a pen, and always chickens. It was our job to feed the chickens and gather the eggs from the coop. We would sometimes leave a hen with a group of eggs to hatch baby chicks. When it was time for the chicks to emerge from the eggs, we would bring them into the house by the warm kitchen oven to watch and help the process. We children became attached to some of the chickens and would feel bad when, on special occasions, one would become a nice dinner.

I remember watching and helping a little with the separating of the cream from the milk in the complicated machine for this purpose, which was located in the summer kitchen. Then we would churn butter in a big old wooden churn with a crank type handle. This was a fascinating experience until it became a chore to do.

Another chore was passing out the show bill schedule around town for the movie theatre in Gunnison. For doing this we could see the movies for free. We would go to the movies quite frequently. Dad liked to see all of the westerns and mother enjoyed musicals. Mother told me that she and Dad went to many shows while they were courting. Many different people in town would ride with us at various times. I remember the old 1936 Ford that Dad drove for many years.

I remember helping plant tomatoes and potatoes in the garden in the spring, and dropping seeds of peas and corn into the garden rows, which had been carefully prepared by Dad. Dad was known for his wonderful big gardens, where most of the food we ate was raised each year. There were two large gardens, where many vegetables and greens were raised. There was a garden on each side of the house, with a wide lawn separating them from the house. Dad had beautiful flower gardens also. He grew prized gladiolas and dahlias in a plot next to the garage. My favorite was the big red peony bed on the east side of our house. On Decoration Day (as we called Memorial Day) these flowers, along with the many flowers made from brightly colored crepe paper, were placed on the graves in the family plot.

Doyle also has large wonderful gardens of which I love to partake. I remember Dad's gardens when I visit Doyle in Kanab and think of how this has passed down to us. Dad knew a lot about growing plants. During the time he worked at what we called the "Pea Vinery," Doyle says that it was up to Dad to make the decision as to when the peas were at the right stage to be harvested from the fields.

**Figure 342 - Ray G. Swallow family – about 1947**



L to R: Back row: Lee Stewart Christiansen, Ethel Swallow Christiansen, Ray G. Swallow, and Elva Foote Swallow – Front row: Ella Fay Swallow, Donna E. Swallow, Myrna Christiansen, Ray George Christiansen and Charles Lynn Thompson (Zedonia Dorius Swallow's nephew) –

Photo taken at the Ray Swallow home in Mayfield, Utah

## **Ray's Work in Mayfield**

Ray G. Swallow wrote:

I bought into the store business here in Mayfield some time after coming here. After two years I sold out to my partner. Then I decided to try farming again and bought a farm here in the district. After farming a short time, my health became very poor. After a physical examination, it proved to be Sugar Diabetes. I went on a diet for a long time and improved greatly from that. Then to make things worse, I discovered I had ulcers. The combination wasn't much fun, but I still decided I could work some and did. I leased my farm now and worked for the County for some time as Rodman & Chainman with the County Surveyor.

Donna Swallow Gowans writes:

Whatever work was available in and around Mayfield, Dad worked at. He was a highly intelligent man and could do most anything if it was not too strenuous. Fay and I remember that Dad was always working around our place when he was at home. Besides the garden work, he chopped wood and kept the yard very clean. He was particular about the front lawn and I can well remember how he would stand out there sprinkling water from the hose onto the grass.

Ray G. Swallow continues his history:

Shortly after loosing my (*first*) companion (*Zedonia*) I started working for the Rocky Mountain Canning Corporation as field man and some work in the plant. I worked about five years during the planting and harvesting season for that company.

A few years ago I was working for the State of Utah on the State Roads. My work there was, most of the time with the engineers, laying out the roads to be built. Was Grade Inspector for some time and graded and ran samples for gravel for the road beds. I worked several different years for the Mayfield Irrigation Co; the last time, two years ago. I was Watermaster for them about six or seven years in all. That of course was during the irrigation season.

At the present time (*1950*) I am working at the Mayfield Garage of this Town where I have worked for over a year now. My duties there are keeping books, servicing cars with gas and oil, and the Parts department.

I am about sixty-four years old now and am expecting to see several more years of life and labor and satisfaction.

Doyle K. Swallow writes:

LaRae (*Ray G. Swallow's granddaughter*) wondered what might be in that old heavy safe in the bathroom of Dad's house. I don't know what was in it in earlier years, but in later years as I had access to it – it didn't have much. One thing in it was the blueprints of a device for "Hernia Belt Support."

I remember George N. Swallow coming to our house 2 or 3 times and visiting with Dad and they had pleasant visits. I think George was interested in getting a patent for it.

Since Dad was Watermaster in Mayfield for many years, it gave him an opportunity to mix business with pleasure. And I was able to share that with him. The business was tending the lakes and reservoirs in the mountains and the pleasure was fishing.

Twins Lake, Towns Reservoir and The Feeder were all just 7 or 8 miles above Mayfield and stored water for later use in town and in the fields south of town when needed. Of course there were times when it was just business and times when it was just pleasure. Then, of course, there were also the Creeks. We both enjoyed that pastime very much. Dad taught me at an early age to drive his 1936 Ford from "Head gate" to "Head gate" checking and regulating water going around the south fields of hay. Dad also enjoyed hunting deer very much. He was a "crack" shot. He could see and hit a moving Buck 300 yards away with his short barrel 30-30 Savage.

As I was growing up, Dad in the early evenings would go out quite often, to the pool hall mostly. I would often ask to go with him. He always asked, "Are Your Chores Done?" I could nearly always say "yes." It was fun for me. I enjoyed being with him. The men, and once in awhile a boy or two, were nearly all good people, and I don't think what was usually done at the pool hall had any detrimental effect on me. Good way for me to be sure and get the chores done! Huh!

I think one of the reasons Dad lived to age 95 is that he enjoyed living and monitored his health carefully. I think the reason I would try to be good and successful is that it seemed so important to my father in a real but not demanding way. So, I thank him for that. I thank my father, my mother, and my stepmother who were especially good and religious people. I love and respect them so very much.

In Remembering Dad Ella Fay Swallow Jurgensen wrote:

I remember going around the ditch as one of my favorite things to do when I was young. Maybe it was because of the open bed of the Bug, in which we rode, or maybe it was because of the time spent with dad. I remember Donna being with us some of the time, but mostly I remember Ray George, my nephew (9 months younger than me) being there. Dad would tell us we could go with him if we would obey. He liked us to stay in the "bug," but that got pretty boring while dad (or in Ray George's case, Grandpa) walked sometimes to the far end of a field to check water. One time Ray George and I walked along the edge of an electric fence with our hands around the wire, feeling the low vibration. Suddenly I found myself flat on my back, Ray George was yelling for Grandpa, and Dad was running toward us. I knew I was in serious trouble. To my pleasant surprise, and immense relief, Dad picked me up, found out I was okay, then showed me the wet ground where I had stepped, and said "I've told you many times not to touch electric fences. Now you know why."

Donna Swallow Gowans continues:

One of my earliest memories is of my father coming home from work at night. I would run to him and hold up my arms and he would take my hands and help me walk up his legs and body until I could reach my arms around his neck for a hug.

There was a saw-mill where Dad worked part time. I have fun memories of being with him there, playing on the sawdust piles and the stacks of logs. This sawmill was operated by

Wallace Thompson, who was the husband of Rhoda, a sister to Zedonia. They had children near the ages of Dad's children, so we played and went to school together.

One of my big memories was called "going around the Ditch" with Daddy in his Bug, an old cut off vehicle similar to a jeep, on his job as Watermaster. The Town Watermaster job involved checking each family and/or farmer's use of the water from the canal that was used for irrigation of the farms. Irrigation is the real story of the Mormon town. Each farm and yard was allowed so much water and a certain length of time to use it on each farmer's fields and gardens. The amount of water allowed was measured by an adjustable wooden gauge, which was raised and lowered at the entrance to each field or yard. And sometimes there was great temptation to cheat a bit and take more than your share or forget to shut off the gauge. Thus, it was necessary for a Watermaster to drive around the canal and make sure of the proper share and usage of the water. For a child, it was great fun riding in the Bug and traveling out of the town and around all of the fields. Sometimes there was a trip up into the Canyon, to check on the sources of the water, as well. Sometimes my niece, Myrna, would go with us. My younger sister, Ella Fay, went with us as soon as she was old enough. Our older brother, Doyle, also has many memories of helping Dad with this work. Dad also measured the water level in the concrete tank that held the town's water for drinking and indoor use.

For quite some years Dad was the butcher for the Town Beef Association. He would kill a beef (which was contributed by a farmer in turn) and cut it up and apportion the cuts to all of the members. There was a special screened shed attached to the barn in our corral where the different cuts would hang on the hook assigned to each member. Part of his payment for this work was to be given a cut plus the organ meat: heart, liver, sweetbreads and tongue. Dad thought that meat was an important part of every meal. Doyle tells that Dad was known as an excellent butcher. (I noticed in Grandfather's story that Great-grandfather Day was a butcher in England.)

The Butcher story and the Watermaster story both illustrate that Ray Swallow was looked upon as a very honest man, trusted to be fair to all.

## **Remembering Elva Foote Swallow**

In Remembrances of Mother Ella Fay Swallow Jurgensen wrote:

She takes fresh baked bread out of the oven, spreads butter on it, sprinkles it with sugar and hands it to me. She stands in front of the wood cook stove fixing dinner, or sits on the sofa crocheting or tatting. She sits in front of her sewing machine making me yet another dress. She teaches me to pray, she French braids my hair, and holds me when I hurt. She's my Mother. The smell of vanilla reminds me of her.

This sounds weird, I know, but I could tell without even going in the house if Mom was home. There was just this feeling. She was such a warm presence.

Many times I heard her say, "If you can't say something good about someone, don't say anything at all". She lived that rule.

Mom had a little saying I would hear whenever I misbehaved or was nasty tempered. "There was a little girl, who had a little curl, right in the middle of her forehead. When she was good she was very-very good, but when she was bad she was horrid."

She would sing "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles." She loved my sister Donna and I to play the piano and sing. If ever I wanted to get out of doing dishes, I would start practicing the piano (the lesser of the two evils, in my opinion). I knew Mother would never stop me from practicing, and would do the dishes herself. Now that I am a mother, I can picture her smiling to herself. I'm sure I got away with only what she wanted me to.

Mayfield had a small general store that bought eggs from those who raised chickens. I found out from friends that you could take a couple of eggs to the store and get penny candy in return. I got away with it once. The next time I tried, I had two eggs in each front pocket of my jeans. Just as I was leaving the yard, Mom called me in the house saying she needed to talk to me. She told me to sit down. I have no idea what she talked about, the wet, slimy feeling of those broken eggs was all I could think of. I know she didn't mention the eggs. She never did. She never had to.

Mother had a very real testimony of the gospel, and she lived as she believed.

Many words would describe mother – kind, unselfish, humble, generous: If I had to pick one word it would be love. She was the most warm, and loving person I have ever known.

In Memories of Mother Donna Swallow Gowans wrote:

The first thing that comes to my mind when I think of my mother is LOVE: My love for her and her love for me.

Both Ella Fay and I were very close to our mother. She gave us everything in her power to give. She gave us a sense of security. She taught us to accept and care for others.

One of my strong memories is of the day my sister, Ella Fay, was born. I was woken up very early and bundled off to the neighbors in my pajamas. I remember I did not like the way the neighbor lady dressed me (certainly not gently like my mother did it). When I was allowed back home, there I met this tiny redheaded baby sister, who from then on provided both joys and bothers in my young life. And Mother was no longer all mine.

While mother was still in confinement, I was being a big girl and helping my half-sister, Edith, do the laundry in the summer kitchen. We used old-fashioned washing machines then, with wringers above. While pushing the wet clothes through the wringer, my fingers and hand got caught between the wringers. I set up such a howl that mother could hear me and she was upset that I had got hurt. No big damage to me, but Edith felt so very badly that I ended up feeling sorry for her.

My memory of our home---of the layout and every piece of furniture---is vivid. One of my very early memories is of playing underneath the furniture in the living room. I was always exploring and mother says that my constant words were "What's this?" She told me that my curiosity would sometime get me into trouble, and I have to say she has been right on occasion.

I remember that Myrna and I were under the table one time with a pair of scissors giving each other a hair cut.

I remember Mother would get up early in the morning to make a fire in the kitchen stove and heat water so I could bathe before dressing for school. It was important to our mother that we study and get an education and improve our lives. She wanted us to do better than she had in school and to have opportunities she missed out on. She encouraged us to take piano lessons and develop whatever talents we had. She was always proud of our accomplishments.

Mom writes in her story "School was never easy for me. I think my biggest trouble was I was too self-conscious." I think this is an inherited trait because both Ella Fay and I recognize this in our personalities. School was easy for me, but I was still self-conscious, so the two aren't necessarily connected. My two daughters exhibit this trait as well.

Ella Fay and I were "tomboys." One of our games was to pretend to be horses. We gave ourselves names and raced along together on the way to piano lessons. We could play freely, but mother was careful that the influences on our lives were good ones.

Mother was talented at sewing, crocheting, tatting, and handwork of all kinds. One of the vivid pictures in my mind is of her sitting in the chair by the fire in the evenings, crocheting. Another is of the many daytime hours she sat at the sewing machine in front of the kitchen window. She made all of the clothing for her daughters as well as for herself. Doilies and pillowcases were made for her daughters' trousseaus. She made many quilts. Her grandson (my son, Charles Ray) still has one though it is tattered and torn. She made braided rugs from strips of cloth taken from old clothes. It was fun watching this braid work (and sometimes joining in) and remembering which item of clothing was represented by a particular section of the rug. She taught me to sew, but I was never much interested in the handwork. In 1967, I retrieved from Mayfield the sewing machine she had used all those years and we carried it on top of our station wagon all the way home to Virginia. Her granddaughter (my daughter, Kolleen) is now in possession of the sewing machine.

I have lots of memories of watching and helping mother when she was bottling meat and fruits and vegetables. Making ketchup and chili sauce and pickles was such a production and the kitchen smelled so good. Pickled beets were my favorite and I still love them today. Although, somehow, they never taste as good as the ones mother made. I liked to shell the peas because we could all sit together and visit at the same time.

Mother made good bread and cookies and she would let me knead the dough. And I got to lick the spoon after batter was poured into baking pans.

When I was older, helping mother included hanging the washed clothes outside on the line. In winter they would be stiff from the cold before we could get the pins on. Then there would be bringing in the clothes, folding, and worst of all, ironing. I soon learned that time spent with Mother doing laundry, cooking, washing dishes, and cleaning the house seemed pretty unexciting, probably because it was so constant. I could always think of things I would rather be doing.

Besides being a homemaker, she was always doing Church work, both before and after her marriage. The Church was very important to Mother. She was deeply spiritual and humble, but

strong in conviction. She was a calm person, a trait I have always strived for. I never saw her be mean and she became angry only when greatly provoked. She did not like to gossip.

Mother had organizational and secretarial skills and she liked that type of work. She says in her story that she learned to "serve the public with a smile." She passed these skills on to me and I put them to good use in my business many years later.

When we were older, she worked long hours at the Bonnet Factory. She continued to work there after I was married and made lovely outfits for her two granddaughters. She worked there with two good friends (the mothers of two of my classmates) who sang at her funeral.

One of my special memories with mother was of a rose-giving ceremony for a Mutual class. We girls were to give a rose to our mothers to show our appreciation for all they had done for us. I was filled with emotion at the wonderful bonding feeling between us.

Mother occasionally took me with her to visit relatives. Her parents, Jacob Dutton Foote and Elsinia Hendrickson Foote, lived in Gunnison and I loved to go to their home and look at all the interesting things there. There was Aunt Kate and several cousins living in Mayfield. We could always count on a cookie if we went to her house.

Mother always wore dresses so I was impressed that she wore a pants suit when we went driving up in the canyon. I remember that it was a dark green color and I thought she looked so good in it.

Mother often talked about her years of work for the Telephone Company. She said that after twelve years there, she was so happy to get married and raise a family. Mother kept a diary for the year 1934, which ended just before she married Dad on 9 Jan 1935. It revealed her daily work and pleasures during that year, which included many dates and calls with Dad.

Mother always supported Dad whenever we would complain of him to her. Compared to Mother, Dad often seemed self-centered. However, compared to my mother, everyone I ever knew was more selfish. I once asked her why Dad never showed physical affection. Her answer was that though affection and emotion were not expressed outwardly, much was felt inwardly. That has stayed with me. I do know that there was deep love felt in our family, and we all absorbed that even if we didn't say it.

In 1952 Doyle married Leona Titcomb. Dad, Mother, Fay and I went to Altamont, Utah for the wedding reception. They had one daughter, LaRae Michelle Swallow, born September 2, 1963.

In 1954 I married George Andrew Gowans of Tooele, Utah. At that time, George was attending Utah State University. Over the next seven years, George and I had three children: Shirley Ann (December 20, 1955) Kolleen Kay (September 2, 1958) and Charles Ray (April 7, 1961). We lived for short periods in Utah, Idaho and Arizona. We visited Mayfield for special occasions.

In 1956, for Dad's 70<sup>th</sup> birthday, the family celebrated in Mayfield. By this time I was married and had a baby girl.

**Figure 343 - The Ray G. Swallow family – 1956**



L to R: Ella Fay Swallow, Doyle K. Swallow, Donna E. Swallow, Ethel Swallow Christiansen, Elva Foote Swallow, Ray G. Swallow and Edith V. Swallow

**Figure 344 - Ray G. Swallow & Shirley A. Gowans – May 6, 1956.**



**Figure 345 - Shirley A. Gowans & Elva Foote Swallow – September 1956**



In April 1961, when my son was born, both Dad and Mother came to visit us at Grand Canyon, Arizona. In July 1961 our family moved to Virginia, where we lived for the next 29 years.

Mother came to stay with me for a week after the birth of each of my three children. Her helping me with the babies was an especially good sharing experience. Particularly because I did not live close to my parents after I married, I cherished those visits.

**Figure 346 - Ray G. & Elva Foote Swallow with grandchildren – April 1961**



Grand Canyon Arizona – Home of Donna and George Gowans  
L to R: Charles Gowans, Elva Foote Swallow, Shirley Gowans, Ray G. Swallow, Kolleen Gowans

## **The Death of Elva Foote Swallow**

Donna Swallow Gowans continues:

In 1962 mother suddenly had surgery for ovarian cancer. After radiation treatments and fighting for over a year, she lost the battle and passed away in June 1963. She was 58 and one-half years old. She is buried in the family plot in Mayfield. This was a hard year for our families. It was another tough blow to Dad to lose a second wife. He was then 77 years old.

My last visits with my mother were full of both joy and sorrow. In 1962 I was living in Virginia when I got the call that she had just had major surgery for ovarian cancer and might not live. After I arrived at Mayfield, mother was immediately sent to Salt Lake City for radiation treatments. Dad, Ella Fay and I went to Salt Lake City with her. After three weeks, my own young family needed me in Virginia. Ella Fay cared for mother for the remainder of the treatments and returned with them to Mayfield. That was one time I really gratefully relied on my sister, who quit her job to do this.

**Figure 347 - Elva Foote Swallow with three of her Grandchildren – Spring 1963**



Mayfield, Utah – Home of Ray Swallow, 6 weeks prior to Elva's Death – L to R: Kolleen Gowans, Charles Gowans, Elva Foote Swallow, Shirley Gowans, and Ray G. Swallow in doorway

Mother struggled to regain her health, but the treatments had only gained her a little time. In April of 1963, I brought my three young children to Mayfield for a few days so they could share some time with, and possibly remember, their grandmother. In June, I returned to be with her during those last few days. Even then, from her pain and bed, she would try to cheer us up. Ella Fay and I and Dad planned her funeral. It was so sad to lose mother at such a young age.

Mother always listened to me --- to my joys and to my troubles. My biggest regret is that she did not live long enough for me to share my adult life with her. From my mother, I learned that material things were not as important as character and self-respect. She taught me to be grateful for all things. I am most grateful of all that she was my mother.

Mother died at home on June 11, 1963. This was a little more than a year after her surgery for cancer, followed by radiation treatments in Salt Lake City. This was a sad, sad year for Dad and for Ella Fay and me. We were all with her during the weeks in Salt Lake City for the treatments. Mother was buried in the family plot in Mayfield.

Mother was loved and admired for her warm and caring personality. She was the kindest person I have ever known.

## **Remembering Ray G. Swallow**

In Memories of Dad Donna Swallow Gowans wrote:

There were certain things that Dad especially enjoyed. As a result, his children grew up to enjoy them as well. I have warm memories of family gatherings at holidays and special occasions. Ethel's family, who lived in Salt Lake City, would arrive at our house and we could play with Myrna, Ray George, and Lee Stewart. We had great adventures. There was always good food. Mother's Thanksgiving dinners were superb. The adults played cards, mostly the game of "500." Dad had been a card player most of his life and he clearly loved to play. It was a big thrill when we children were allowed to join in and learn to play. It was important that we learn to play well. We applied this lesson to other areas of our lives.

Another thing Dad loved, which we always did perform when the family was together, was Music. All of his children sang and played the piano. Doyle made some recordings at Christmas 1948 that include songs by Dad and Edith and little Lee that are special to our family. Dad had favorite songs that he would request us to sing. Dad would sing "Sweet Bird." He also played the harmonica and recited poems. Ethel and Doyle had good voices and musical talent and performed in church and operettas at school productions. Donna and Ella Fay sang together as children in church programs. Donna was accompanist for church hymns and sometimes led the singing. Ella Fay sang with several groups in High School and Seminary that performed around the area. Ethel's children and grandchildren are musically talented, both voice and instrumental. Zedonia was a good singer. Elva belonged to the Glee Club in High School. Dad's mother, Anna Day, was known for her voice. And Great-grandmother, Caroline Crow, was a great singer, according to stories that have come down. Dad was proud of his family's musical talent.

One of the habits of life I learned from my Dad was a love of reading. Every evening Dad would read the newspaper, and he always had a book going. He would sit in his chair between the stove and the window. He read a lot of Church books and he loved to read Westerns. I think that Ray Swallow was better educated than most of the people in our little town. He was interested in history and politics. I would find and read his stash of western books, which proved more exciting than the Relief Society Magazines that my mother wanted me to read.

Dad would get mad when we forgot our chores. He gave us children different chores: Bringing in the "chips" of wood for starting the morning fire in the kitchen stove or hauling up the coal for the stove in the living room. There was a coal cellar underneath the summer kitchen and a shed for chopped wood nearby. It was our job to bring in potatoes and carrots from the "potato cellar" where they were stored after harvesting. (A potato cellar like ours is described on page 15 of the George Swallow History.) Dad mentions "chores" of his own in his story, and he felt that this was an important part of our upbringing. If we sometimes "forgot" to bring in the wood chips at night, mother would often do it herself, to save us from Dad's discipline. It was imperative that the chips be available for making the early morning fire.

Dad's personality was quite authoritarian, although Ella Fay and I have been told by his older children that we had it easy compared to them. They reported him as being a strict disciplinarian. I remember a few embarrassing spankings. One important requirement was always being home in time for supper and obeying any curfew he set.

In Remembrances of life with Dad Ella Fay Swallow Jurgensen wrote:

Dad was 54 years old when I was born, and 60 years old before I can remember much of anything. More than half his life was over before I came into the picture.

In Mayfield, the eve of the 4<sup>th</sup> of July seemed to be the night for pranks and sleep-outs. Girls would get together at one house or another and sleep out in the yard, where of course, the boys would find them and throw buckets of water on them. Most of the kids in town would be out running around that night, divided into age groups and boy/girl groups, which then avoided or found each other. The scariest was the walk through the cemetery, where it seemed older boys were always waiting in hiding to scare us to death. Tomatoes would be thrown at cars and each other, gates would be taken, gardens would be raided, once in a while an outhouse would be tipped over (usually at the cemetery), and someone's gate or piece of clothing would always be flying from the flagpole at the schoolhouse. Our gate flew from the flagpole one year. I remember wondering how anyone would dare take Dad's gate, and thinking they were very brave. I had heard stories of him shooting over the heads of kids stealing melons from his garden.

Dad taught me to shoot when I was a teenager. When I asked if I could take the 22 rifle and go out shooting with my friends, mother was horrified. Dad, however, much to my surprise, told me if I learned to handle the gun to his satisfaction, I would be able to take it on my own. He seemed glad that I was interested in learning to shoot and spent many hours with me in the west hills where we would set up cans as targets. It was important to him that I learn how to run, with the gun on safety, holding the rifle in just the right position. I spent a bit of time running up and down the foothills before Dad was satisfied. I never understood why that was important to him. I only went shooting with friends a couple of times, but my hours learning from my dad were priceless.

The Deer Hunting season was as exciting to me as Thanksgiving or Christmas. Dad would get out the tent, camp stove and a large wooden "grub box." He'd clean his rifle; pack up all his gear and off he would go for several days. It was so exciting when he came home with his deer. He would hang it from the tree just west of our kitchen window. If it was too cold to be outside watching, we could watch from the window while he skinned and cut up the deer. He cut it up into small chunks and mother put it in bottles and then in the pressure cooker. We ate very little of the deer fresh, and we had no freezer, so pressure cooking the meat was our way of preserving it. This was mostly the meat we would eat. I couldn't count the times I heard my mother say, "Run down to the cellar and get a bottle of meat." I had the opportunity to go with Dad deer hunting for three years. Dad was in his seventies by then and no longer camped out, but instead took day trips into the lower mountains. Mom was nervous about him hunting by himself at his age, so I would go with him whenever I could. I did not have my license and did not carry a gun, but it was wonderful hiking in the crisp cold air of October. We would hike a while, then Dad would find a good place for us to sit and watch. There was very little talking, except while we ate lunch. I was impressed by his patience and stillness. I'm 63 years of age now, and I wonder at his eyesight. I had excellent eyesight at the time, but he knew what to look for, and could spot movement a long way away. Only one time was I with him when he shot a deer, and I quickly learned the fun part was over. I was there for the good and the bad.

Dad loved to fish for trout. He would go to one of the lakes that weren't too far away or he would fly fish in 12-mile creek. I have a picture in my mind of him standing in the middle of the stream in his big black rubber hip boots. Dad, Mom, Donna and I spent five days at the Town Reservoir one summer when I was pretty young. We rode up in the "Bug," and I remember in one place the road was so steep we started to slide backward. Dad had all of us get out and we would put rocks as large as we could carry in back of the back tires, then Dad would pull up a little way, and we would move the rocks in back of the tires again. We did this all the way to the top. We all slept in the tent, and Mom cooked on the camp stove or over the open fire. Dad fished mornings and evenings. I still love trout. Other than the trips to Nevada, this was the only family vacation I remember.

Dad loved baseball and football and boxing. When I was young he managed the Mayfield baseball team for a while. He also umpired in both baseball and softball games. When the Friday Night Fights were on, a group of men would get together at one of the few houses in town that had a television. When he was older and moved around with his kids, he had a television in his room tuned to sports, news, or westerns. My son, Jared, at eight years old would run to get grandpa whenever a football game came on. There was such a difference in their ages but watching sports was one of the things they could enjoy together. At Dad's funeral his great grandchildren sang "Take Me Out to the Ballgame."

The interest in western movies and books Dad had certainly rubbed off on me. When I was a teenager, my dad and I read the whole collection of Zane Grey books, and I still love a good western movie. In his eighties he read most, if not all, of the Louis L'Amour books.

Dad mentions in his history working at the Mayfield Garage. I remember that so well. The garage was a mile or so from our house and my piano teacher lived very close to it. I had my piano lesson every week at 4:00 p.m. I would walk to my lesson, but afterward would go to the garage and wait for Dad to get off work so I could ride home with him. He only let me do that in the winter when it was cold and got dark early. In the summertime, I walked. I would wait in his office, a building detached from the garage. He would never let me go in the garage, which I was dying to do. He would say only that it was not suitable for a young girl. This, of course, made me even more curious, and I finally got my chance. I answered the telephone in Dad's office while he was inside the garage, and I went in to call him to the phone. I'm sure he had several reasons for not wanting me in there. Men working, oil and grease, etc., but I'm also sure the main reason was because of the calendars. I didn't get a very good look, I was ushered out pretty quickly, but I had found out what I wanted to know.

I have tried to think of one word that would best describe my dad. I can think of several that apply. My sister, Donna, mentions Responsibility. He certainly did teach us that. Honesty: I believe Dad was very honest. He passed that on to his children also. I would not have liked Dad to catch me in a lie. Punctual: He was always on time, or early, and wanted his kids to be also. We were definitely in trouble if we were late for meals. Maybe the word I would choose is "Disciplined." Dad was certainly that. He had set times for his meals, work, and sleep. Dad was in his seventies when I was in my teens, so I experienced him at home more than my brothers and sisters. After breakfast in the mornings he would either chop wood or work in the garden, yard, etc. Mid morning and mid afternoon, he would drive to one of the two small stores in town for a coca-cola. He didn't keep cokes at home. Late afternoon he would be chopping wood again. We had a wood-burning cook stove, so we used some wood each day,

but he certainly had more than a year's supply chopped. I feel he did this partly for the exercise. When he was in his eighties and moved around living with his kids, he took a lot of walks. At my place he would take one long walk mid morning and mid afternoon, and several short walks. He said he stiffened up if he sat around too long. He was disciplined in his diet also. He liked candy. He especially liked the dollar size chocolate covered mints; however, he limited himself and would only have one once in a while after a meal. A box would last him a long time.

## **Ray G. Swallow's Later Life**

In Dad's Later Years Donna Swallow Gowans wrote:

By 1966, when Dad turned 80 years old, he no longer felt comfortable living alone in Mayfield. His children were residing in scattered locations. For a short time, Edith lived with him in Mayfield. Then he lived with one of his married children, by turns. So he had the opportunity to share time and stories with all of his grandchildren.

In 1967, my family came west from Virginia to visit all of our relatives in AZ and UT. Our last stop was in Bountiful, UT at Ethel's home, where Dad was then staying.

**Figure 348 - Ray G. Swallow & family – 1967**



George A. Gowans, Kolleen Gowans, Shirley Gowans, Ray G. Swallow and Charles Gowans  
The photo was taken at the home of Ethel Swallow Christiansen in Bountiful, Utah

We took him home with us. The drive from Utah to Virginia crossed a good portion of the United States and was an impressive trip for Dad. I remember he was amazed that we carried the old home sewing machine on top of the station wagon from Mayfield all across the country. (Today, that sewing machine which mother used is in the home of my daughter, Kolleen.) We

stopped at many interesting places along the way. Dad enjoyed going up into the Jefferson Arch in St. Louis. We got home just in time for Christmas and there was lots of snow waiting for us. We took a few trips with Dad during the five months he stayed with us. He especially liked driving in the tunnel underneath the Chesapeake Bay. He also enjoyed driving up into the Shenandoah Mountains and along the Blue Ridge Parkway.

**Figure 349 - Ray G. Swallow & grandchildren**



December 25, 1967 – Christmas in Virginia  
L to R: Ray G. Swallow, Kolleen K. Gowans  
and Shirley A. Gowans

**Figure 350 - Ray G. Swallow & grandson**



Christmas 1968 – Ray G. Swallow and  
youngest grandson, Jared Phil Hanson,  
son of Ella Fay Swallow Hanson.

In 1971, Shirley Ann visited her grandfather in Mayfield during her summer travels around to all her relatives. At that time, Dad was still returning to Mayfield during the summer months.

In 1972, Dad stayed again in our home in Virginia for a few months. He would go for a walk every day. With two female teenagers and one active eleven-year-old male, our household was a fairly hectic place for an elderly man. I was working at that time, so the girls would fix lunch for Dad. I remember Dad did not care for the humidity, the rain, or all of the trees in Virginia. He would ask why we didn't cut the trees down so we could see the mountains. I could identify with his feelings. I always wanted to return to the wide-open spaces and the blue skies of the west. It gets in your blood when you grow up with it. Mayfield was located at the eastern edge of the Great Basin, next to the Wasatch Plateau. There were clear blue skies, mountains not obstructed by trees, and not much rainfall compared to Virginia. I did return to the west in 1990, where George and I made our home in Scottsdale, Arizona when we retired.

In Dad's Later Life Ella Fay Swallow Jurgensen wrote:

Dad lived with my family parts of several years after mother died. He stayed with us in San Diego, El Cajon and Mission Viejo, California and two different homes in Scottsdale, Arizona. He loved the warm climates of southern California and Arizona as he got cold easily, and always wore long sleeves and often a sweater. He loved going for rides and "seeing the country." Quite often Dad, my young son Jared, and I would go for a long ride or outing of some kind. We happened to drive over to Coronado Island while the USS Enterprise was docked there. They were having an open house, so we took the opportunity to board. The open house was for families only, but they very nicely assigned us an escort and showed us around

the ship. We also went whale watching. We took a boat excursion from a San Diego Harbor and were out for several hours. The whales were migrating and we were lucky to see several. My son was the youngest person on board, and Dad was the oldest. This was the first dad had ever been out on the ocean. Whatever we did he was appreciative and would always say, "Well, I never thought I'd experience that". In Arizona, he loved the fields of flowers, the Superstition Mountains and the stories about them, and the wide-open spaces.

Dad celebrated his 90<sup>th</sup> birthday while staying with my family in Arizona.

**Figure 351 - Snowball fight – 1972**



L to R: Ray G. Swallow – age 86 and Jared Phil Hanson – age 4

**Figure 352 - Grandfather and grandson**



May 6, 1976 – Ray G. Swallow and youngest grandson, Jared Phil Hanson, son of Ella Fay Swallow Hanson

I visited Dad several times in the two years he was at the St George Care Center. I would stay at a motel for a few days and visit him two or three times a day. At first we would go to lunch and take rides, giving him a little change from the care center. In the last year of his life his eyesight was failing and he, in general, was weakening. Even so, at age 94 he was still standing straight and tall, and his mind was still sharp. He could no longer watch television or read, and detested the fact that he could no longer keep up with news or sports. He said to me on one of my last visits that he wondered why he kept living. Long life seems to run in the Swallow family.

Ray G. Swallow wrote a postcard to Darlene Swallow Whitlock on January 3, 1978.

Dear Niece & all,

Recd your nice card and your mother's message. It was nice hearing from you three: Hope you all have wonderful New Year and a Happy one.

I am in Scottsdale, Arizona for the winter staying with Fay & Family. It is sure a nice climate here, warm & sunny most of the time.

It was sure nice meeting you and your husband at the cemetery at Mayfield last Decoration Day.

I don't write many letters these days. It is hard for me to write now at my age – will be 92 in a few months.

Thanks a lot for remembering me. Love & Best Wishes, Uncle Ray

**Figure 353 - Father & daughters – June 1977**



L to R: Ella Fay Swallow Hanson, Ray G. Swallow, and Donna Swallow Gowans.

**Figure 354 - Father & daughter – 1980**



Ray G. Swallow (age 94) and Ella Fay Swallow Jurgensen (age 40).

In Memories of my grandfather Ray G. Swallow, dated November 25, 2003, LaRae Michele Swallow Radmall wrote:

I am the only child of Doyle K. Swallow and Leona Lucile Titcomb Swallow. My father, Doyle, is the fourth child of Ray Swallow and Ethel Zedonia Dorius. At the time of this writing, I am 40 years old.

When I was born in 1963, my grandfather was in his late seventies. His second wife, Elva, had recently passed away and so I grew up not knowing a grandmother on my father's side. Grandpa was at the season in his life when he had more time to spend with those he loved. I have many fond memories of times spent with him.

My first memories of getting to know my grandfather were at his home in Mayfield, Utah. Going to his house was always a great adventure for me. There were so many unusual and exciting things to see and do.

The house itself was always a marvel to me. In fact, Grandpa's house made such an impact on my mind, that variations of it frequently enter my imagination when I dream or read a fictional novel.

From my grandfather, I learned what a root cellar was. I learned the old fashioned way of washing clothes. On the back enclosed porch, I was amazed to see him run the old fashioned wringer washing machine. Cooking was done on a huge wood burning stove that seemed to take up most of the kitchen. I took baths in a big free standing tub and often examined the safe that was kept in the bathroom. I was so curious to know what my grandfather kept in that safe, but was always afraid to ask.

I remember how much I enjoyed looking through the photo albums that were kept in the front living room. The books had black pages and the family pictures were held in place with photo corners. I enjoyed hearing my grandfather and others tell stories about the pictures.

There was a very narrow, steep and creaky stairway that led up to the bedrooms where we slept when we visited there. I remember lying there in bed thinking a lot and wondering what life must have been like when my father was a child in that home.

I enjoyed spending time on the big front porch and big cement steps. It was a great play area. Grandpa usually let me do just about anything I wanted around the yard.

My grandfather had a wooden garage that was detached from the home. It was barely big enough to hold the pink and white car inside. One of the most memorable times I spent alone with my grandfather in Mayfield was when he took me for a ride in his car out of town (I believe it was to Manti) to go to the Laundromat. I don't remember what he said to me during the ride, but whatever he said made me feel very important and loved. When we got to the Laundromat, I remember seeing very small boxes of Tide laundry detergent for the first time. I was so enthralled with the small detergent boxes and grandpa knew it. He bought one for me to keep and take home. I was thrilled beyond belief!

I remember when our family would leave my grandfather's home in Mayfield to return to our home in Kanab, grandpa would give us all big hugs and tell us he wasn't sure if he would be around very much longer. He never seemed very sick to me. But, I got the feeling he thought he was getting pretty old, even in his late seventies and early eighties. I don't think he had any idea he would live well into his nineties!

During my late elementary school, junior high and early senior high years, my family had the opportunity to have my grandfather live with us for several months at a time. He rotated between our family, my Aunt Ethel's family, my Aunt Fay's family and my Aunt Donna's family. As a youth, this was not a hardship at all. It was a real treat.

I spent a lot of time getting to know my grandfather in a variety of ways. He was always very patient and kind to me. I often would find him in his bedroom reading Louis L'Amour books or watching westerns, or baseball games on his small black and white TV. Whenever I wanted to talk or spend time with him, he would always put the book down or turn off the TV.

For as long as I knew him, he was hard of hearing, but I learned to speak slowly and loudly and it didn't interfere much with our communication.

We loved watching baseball together, especially during the World Series! My love for watching baseball continues today.

We talked a lot. He told me lots of stories about his life in yesteryear. I vividly remember him showing me the big scars on each side of both knees where he had surgery in his youth to remedy a serious infection or disease.

Grandpa let me roll his hair up in curlers on many occasions. He also turned the jump rope for me a lot. We'd tie one end to a pole and he would turn the other end.

He chewed tobacco, and I remember thinking that that must be what all grandpas do. It was not offensive to me at all. It was just a part of the man I knew and loved as Grandpa. I often try to remind myself of this attitude of acceptance that I had as a child when I deal with overlooking other's weaknesses or bad habits in my adult life.

Grandpa had Total cereal for breakfast every morning without fail. I vividly remember the few times we were out of milk and he poured juice or water over his cereal and ate it as usual. I was so amazed by that at the time.

Grandpa always wore a hat when he went out. I remember always being fascinated with his collection of hats and thought he looked pretty distinguished in them.

My friends thought my grandpa was really cool! My freshman year of high school I was the class president, and consequently my class prepared the 9th grade Homecoming float at my house. Lots of kids came to complete the task of stuffing napkins into the many holes of the chicken wire. Grandpa spent quite a bit of time outside talking to all of us and getting acquainted with many of my classmates he had not previously met. The kids really liked him and after the project was complete they would come by to visit with him or intercept him on his daily walks down to the café for coffee. Even a few of the rough boys in my class (who never spoke to me on a regular basis) would stop me in the school hallways and ask how my grandpa was doing.

My grandfather spent the last couple years of his life in the St. George Care Center in St. George, Utah. My family and I frequently visited him there and after I went away to college in Cedar City, I had the opportunity to travel to St. George with friends and visited him every chance I got. He continued to enjoy reading and watching TV. He was always happy to see me and we still enjoyed great conversation.

In Memories of Ray Swallow, my Grandfather, dated December 2003, Kolleen Kay Gowans wrote:

Grandpa Swallow came to Virginia to live with us twice. There are several memories I have as a child of his visits.

One of my best memories is when he would play cards with us. I must have been quite young, I don't recall how the success of the actual game went - but he taught us how to play blackjack. We used whole pine nuts for ante, eating our piles of 'loot' while playing - we were 'rich' in pine nuts.

One Christmas I remember giving him a can of shaving cream as a gift. I recall thinking this mustn't be a very fun gift for him since it was something he already used every day and would have bought anyway. I had wished I knew more about him to know what kind of personal fun gift he would like.

He liked to read and watch westerns on TV. As a child I sometimes resented the fact that when 'his' TV shows were on (Gunsmoke and Lawrence Welk), we couldn't watch what we wanted.

Another memory of his visits involves food. I recall he wanted to have a banana every day with breakfast. My mother concerned herself to ensure this was available. During the summer I came

home from classes each day in time to fix him lunch. He would stay in his room reading most of the day – but he would come down to the family dining table each day exactly at 5 minutes before 12:30 and sit at the table waiting for food regardless of whether anyone was present or fixing or eating food. My mother was working at her office and I was required to come up with some variation of soup and sandwich. He never commented or indicated preferences – he just sat and ate whatever I provided in silence. He would fix his own breakfast and on weekend mornings when our family liked to sleep in, we would hear him in the kitchen. He always had cereal with his banana and always at the same time every morning. He seemed very old during his second visit to our home.

I remember Grandpa always had the smoky, earthy odor of tobacco. He chewed tobacco, and always had some in his pocket.

I remember the last time we visited Grandpa Swallow in St. George, Utah. Our mother had brought us to his nursing home to visit him. Grandpa was in a hospital room at his nursing home. While we were in his room – he gestured towards a bureau of drawers that had one drawer slightly open. He asked us to open the drawer wider. We didn't understand what he was asking – and when he asked again he told us that the wagon was stuck in there and we needed to open it wider so it could get through. Knowing just a little of his life's history, I've always been fascinated by what thoughts and memories might have been playing in his mind at that time.

He didn't remember us grandchildren that day – we lived in Virginia and didn't get out to Utah often. But after spending some time with him that day, I was told that the following day he had named us and recalled that we had been there.

He died a few days following that.

## **The Death of Ray G. Swallow**

Donna Swallow Gowans writes:

1981 was the year of my last visit with Dad. It was at the St. George Care Center. Dad had needed the care provided there for the last two years of his life. I was visiting from Virginia with my family and staying at Doyle's home in Kanab. Fay, Phil and Jared were with us. It was at Thanksgiving time. I remember there was a lot of snow, which made it difficult to travel to visit Dad. He was ninety-five and a half years old and at that time he moved in a wheelchair. I remember how frail and small this larger than life father looked as he lay in his bed. Even so, his mind was sharp and we could have good conversation. He told me it was time for him to go. After a few days in southern Utah, I traveled to Bountiful, Utah to see my half-sisters, Ethel and Edith. While visiting at Myrna's home on December 4th, we received the word that Dad had died in his sleep. We were sad, but I felt blessed that Dad had held on to life until I could see him one last time. His family met in Mayfield for his funeral service and we buried him in the family plot. Dad lived a long life and his family honors his name.

The most important thing I learned from my father was responsibility. "Always be on time," he would say. He taught us that behavior has consequences; that a good life results from good choices. He taught us to rely on ourselves. His life exhibited pioneer qualities that were

integrated into his children's lives. Seriousness and a strong sense of privacy run in the family. I would say pride and perfectionism as well (which sometimes keeps you from associations and ventures.) Dad worried a lot, probably due to the hardships in his life. Dad might have been somewhat disappointed by the lack of opportunity in Mayfield, but he did not have the means or the self-confidence to leave. Instead, he made the best of what was there, contributed to the community, and supported his family as well as he could. He seemed quite content in Mayfield during the years that I lived there.

I attribute to Dad my own love of gardening, reading, music, and games. My love of gardening is expressed with native desert plants at my current home in Arizona and in my volunteer work at the Desert Botanical Garden. My appreciation of all things western and my love of the desert began with Dad as well. I am grateful for this heritage.

Ella Fay Swallow Jurgensen writes:

My family and I had our last visit with dad the Thanksgiving weekend in 1981, about a week before he died. He was so small and frail. Dad was ready to leave this life. We can be grateful that he went so peacefully.

Ray G. Swallow passed away December 4, 1981.

Music was a big part of our life. "Whispering Hope" was a big favorite of Dad's. So much so, that Ethel and Doyle sang it to him for the last time at his funeral. It was very emotional for all of us who had sung it for him over the years. Another song, "Suddenly There's A Valley," became a favorite of his in 1957 when I was 17 years old. He would have me sing it over and over again. I always felt the words had some real meaning for him, and assumed he was thinking of the beautiful valley where Mayfield was nestled. Since I have read more about the Swallow Ranch and the mountains and valleys there, I wonder. Maybe it was the valley in Nevada he was thinking of. Maybe both.

LaRae Michele Swallow Radmall continues with Memories of my grandfather Ray G. Swallow:

I did not see a decline in his mental capacity until a few weeks before he died in 1981. Our extended family gathered together to visit him over the Thanksgiving Holiday. It took him a while to recognize me and it was harder for him to communicate with us meaningfully. I was not completely surprised when he died a few days later. What a blessing it was for him to enjoy relatively good health until his last days.

I found out about the death of my grandfather from my father. He called me at my apartment where I was living while attending college. At the time I was 18 years old. As was to be expected, I was very melancholy. I had enjoyed such a wonderful relationship with my Grandfather Swallow.

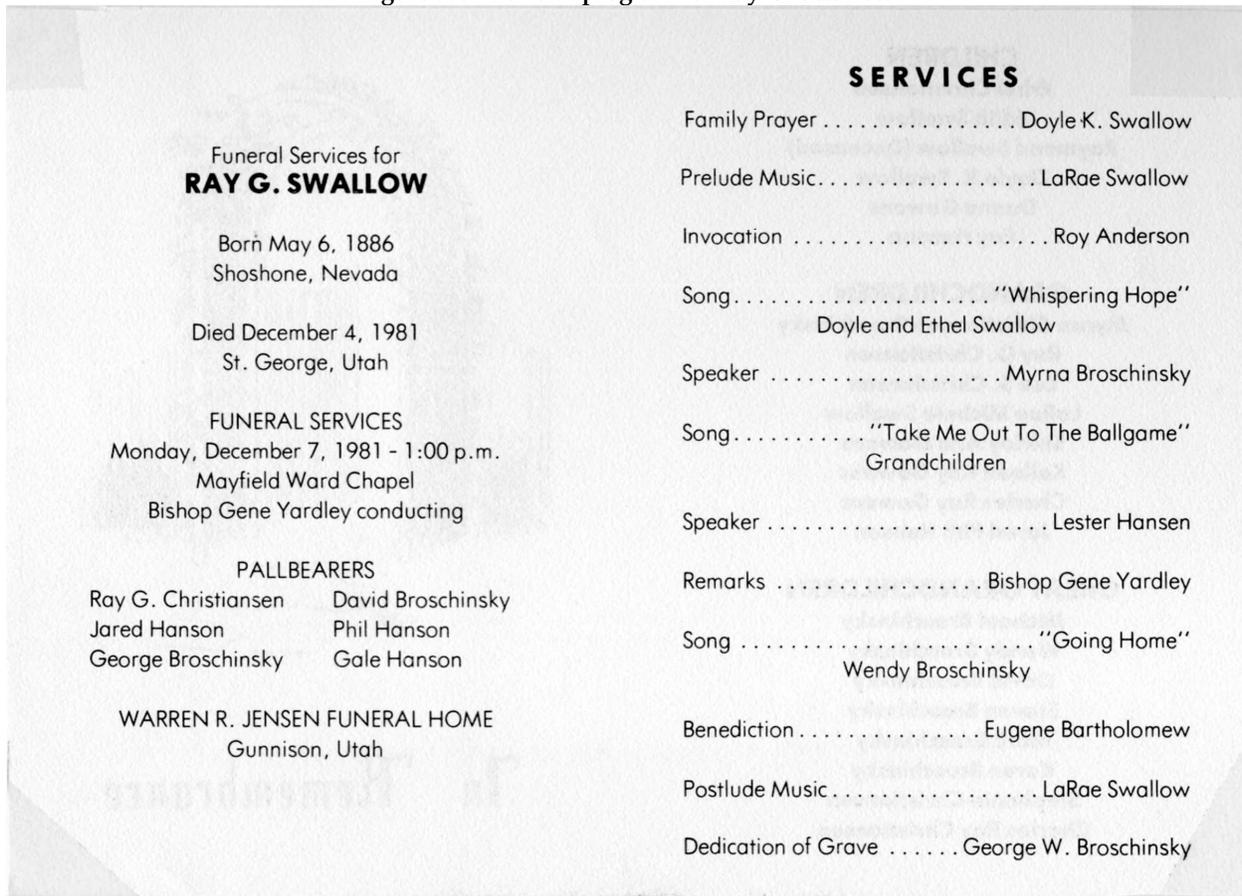
I accompanied my father to Mayfield in order to make preparations for Grandpa's funeral and burial. It was special for me to be able to participate in helping my dad pick out burial clothing, and a casket. It also meant a lot to me to help plan the funeral. I was able to participate in a lot of the music rendered in my grandpa's behalf at the funeral. I played prelude music and also

accompanied family members in singing "Going Home," and "Take me out to the Ballgame." My mother prepared a spray that was placed on top of the casket. It was made of evergreens and had a baseball glove and ball placed in the center of it.

The passing of my grandfather was a sad time, but it was also a time when I was able to reflect on the blessing he had been in my life. I enjoyed a close relationship with him throughout my life. I did not have any regrets. We had touched each others lives in a unique and special way. I'm also grateful to my grandfather for giving life to, and raising my wonderful father. My dad blesses my life beyond measure and I love him more than words can say.

I have the faith and hope that I will see my grandfather again, and that we will be able to continue our great relationship together.

Figure 355 - Funeral program for Ray G. Swallow



The image shows a funeral program for Ray G. Swallow. The program is divided into two main sections: biographical information and funeral services. The biographical section includes his birth and death dates and locations, the date and location of the funeral services, and the pallbearers. The funeral services section lists the order of events, including family prayer, prelude music, invocation, songs, speakers, remarks, benediction, postlude music, and dedication of the grave, along with the names of the individuals performing each service.

**Funeral Services for  
RAY G. SWALLOW**

Born May 6, 1886  
Shoshone, Nevada

Died December 4, 1981  
St. George, Utah

**FUNERAL SERVICES**  
Monday, December 7, 1981 - 1:00 p.m.  
Mayfield Ward Chapel  
Bishop Gene Yardley conducting

**PALLBEARERS**  
Ray G. Christiansen     David Broschinsky  
Jared Hanson             Phil Hanson  
George Broschinsky     Gale Hanson

**WARREN R. JENSEN FUNERAL HOME**  
Gunnison, Utah

**SERVICES**

Family Prayer . . . . . Doyle K. Swallow

Prelude Music . . . . . LaRae Swallow

Invocation . . . . . Roy Anderson

Song . . . . . "Whispering Hope"  
Doyle and Ethel Swallow

Speaker . . . . . Myrna Broschinsky

Song . . . . . "Take Me Out To The Ballgame"  
Grandchildren

Speaker . . . . . Lester Hansen

Remarks . . . . . Bishop Gene Yardley

Song . . . . . "Going Home"  
Wendy Broschinsky

Benediction . . . . . Eugene Bartholomew

Postlude Music . . . . . LaRae Swallow

Dedication of Grave . . . . . George W. Broschinsky

**Figure 356 - Children of Ray G. Swallow – Mayfield cemetery December 7, 1981**



L to R: Doyle K. Swallow, Ethel Swallow Christiansen, Ella Fay Swallow Hansen, Donna Swallow Gowans, and Edith Swallow

**Figure 357 - Children of Ray G. Swallow – Memorial Day 1995**



L to R: Ella Fay Swallow Jurgensen, Ethel Swallow Christiansen, Doyle K. Swallow, and Donna Swallow Gowans next to the Headstone of Zedonia Dorius Swallow - Mayfield, Utah

## **The Children of Ray G. Swallow**

### **Ethel V. Swallow**

Ethel Verl Swallow was born September 3, 1915 to Ray G. Swallow and Ethel Zedonia Dorius. She was the eldest of four children.

Ethel Swallow Christiansen wrote the following history about herself in about 1981:

I had a wonderful Mother and Father and had their support in school and church. These were happy days for the most part. Sundays we went for rides as a family.

My mother died on August 11, 1929. I think we all had a rough time adjusting to that. Grandmother Dorius died January 9, 1931 – also hard to take. She had been the closest thing we had to a Mother for a year and a half.

I went to Mayfield public school nine years and then off to Manti High School for three more years – graduated from High School in May 1934.

My friend Anna Larsen and I sang many duets at our assemblies, and finally at our Commencement exercises.

My best friends were Helen Johnson, Melba Madsen, Anna Larsen, Verna Scow, Eleanor Hansen (my second cousin) and Norma Harmon.

Learning, doing and performing came very easy for me. At Mayfield I was given the lead parts in Operettas and Musicals. I worked hard at Manti also and got the parts of Madame Lazare and Peggy. There were many things to do at home since Mother had passed away and the house needed cleaning every once in awhile.

There was the depression, but High School was fun and educational and we didn't seem to mind being poor. We had pastel organdy dresses for graduation.

Myrna Christiansen Broschinsky wrote the following about her mother, Ethel Swallow Christiansen, in 2005 as a supplement to what her mother wrote in 1981:

Mom was very attached to both her Mother and her Father. Each one was a strength to her in different ways and at different times. They had a close family relationship and each child was treasured. She talked often of her Mother and how she influenced Mom's life. Zedonia kept a spotless home and cared for her children in a loving environment. Zedonia came from an educated family and Mom gained much knowledge and a love of learning from both her Mom and Dad. Education was always an important thing to Mom and she would do anything to get to College – that is until she fell in love.

Ethel often talked of how her Mom gave her children many opportunities to grow and develop. Piano lessons were taken, books were available, anything Zedonia could provide was freely given and talents were encouraged. Ray Swallow also encouraged his children in these areas.

The children were encouraged to watch out for each other and to take care of each other. They protected Raymond as best they could and became strong in their advocacy for him.

Mom talked about her time in Nevada. She worked at the ranch, working for Dr. Bradley, and at the local cafe. It was hard work in all cases, but she enjoyed being out there and loved the association with the extended family. We kept trying to get out there to visit, but there never seemed to be the right moment.

Ethel saved her money and was able to go to Snow College (*in Ephraim*) for one year. She loved being there. It was the one thing she was determined to do. I think it was difficult for her to go, not because of the school work but she continually worried about things at home. She was able to ride back and forth from home, but she felt that Edith had to bear a lot of the home situation and Mom didn't feel that it was fair to Edith.

When Grandpa began courting Elva I think Ethel decided that perhaps she wasn't as needed on the home front any more and so decided to marry Ray Christiansen. Her great desire was to go to the temple and be sealed, so that was accomplished in March of 1941.

She married Ray Stewart Christiansen on February 12, 1935. His family lived just across the street and up on the corner. Ray lost his Father when he was five years old in a farm accident. He had four brothers and they all worked together to make things go after Grandpa died. It was a hard life – as Mom's was. His Mother remarried awhile later and had a little girl. All of the boys loved and cherished Marva.

Ethel Swallow Christiansen continues:

There wasn't a lot of money, and I was in love; so I married Ray Stewart Christiansen on February 12, 1935. Later in March of 1941 we were sealed in the Manti Temple.

**Figure 358 - Ethel Swallow Christiansen –  
c1935**



**Figure 359 - Ethel S. & Ray S. Christiansen –  
c1945**



A beautiful daughter, Myrna Anne, was born to us on March 24th, 1937 – then handsome sons, Ray George on May 25th, 1941 and Lee Stewart on March 9th, 1945. I felt I had really been blessed.

**Figure 360 - A beautiful daughter**



1938 – L to R: Myrna A. and Ethel Swallow Christiansen

**Figure 361 - Two handsome sons – c1954**



L to R: Ethel Swallow Christiansen, Lee Stewart Christiansen, Ray Stewart Christiansen, and Ray George Christiansen

One of the highlights of my life was when I came to Salt Lake with the Singing Mothers to sing in General Conference in April 1939.

I was to do the same thing later when living in Salt Lake City but the first time was great – the only drawback – I missed my husband and little daughter. I saw a little girl on the street and started to cry – one of the ladies said, “We can see where your heart is.”

I may have been a source of embarrassment to my family at times. I loved them so much. On one occasion, when my husband was riding for cattle in Mayfield Canyon he did not arrive home when I expected. I saddled his horse and rode 12 miles up the mountain to find him. I was 19 or 20 at the time. I stopped at the forks – half way up at a camp where my Aunt Rhoda and her family were having dinner. They had me eat something with them. Later, her sister-in-law told me Aunt Rhoda had said, “She really must love him a lot to take that chance.”

There have been similar occasions I have tracked down my children when I have been concerned about them.

It was a very dark day in August 1975 when I learned my dear husband, whom I loved very much, had Cancer. He died on May 6th, 1981 (my Father’s birthday). Ray would have done anything for me or given me anything. Then my Father died December 4th, 1981. We had close ties as we had gone through quite a lot together. I loved him very much also.

The sweetest and dearest eight grandchildren have come to bless us – and Ray did know all of them. I’m also happy for our son-in-law, George W. Broschinsky, and daughter-in-law, Bobbie Fraleigh, who have helped to make Ray G. and Myrna happy.

Myrna Christiansen Broschinsky continues:

Ray (*Christiansen*) would have loved to be a farmer – but there just wasn't enough money to buy the land and procure the water to make it work for his little family. The support of his family was foremost in his mind. He went to Salt Lake City in January of 1941 and went to work for the Lang Company. His brother Horace also worked there so it gave him some family contact. We stayed in Mayfield for awhile, until he became established. He worked very hard – became a foreman and everyone loved and respected him at work. He did not waste time nor mess around. He was a welder, metal shop worker, and site foreman for the Lang Company until it was sold to Graver Tank and Iron. During the Graver ownership he supervised the building and installation of the steel sleeves for the Minute Man Missile silos. After Graver closed its Salt Lake shop he worked for a variety of companies until Mark Steel opened a shop on the same site as the Lang Company. He continued working there until he became too ill.

Ray was very active in the Church. He attended regularly, was a Stake Missionary and was always active in scouting. He was active in Elders Quorum, his Seventy's Quorum and in his High Priest's group. He was very proud that he was able to earn his Eagle Scout Award, along with some of his scouts.

The family moved up (*to Salt Lake*) later in 1941, first to an apartment on K Street – not far from the Swallow Apartments and the Dorius Apartments. We did see some of the family then, but I was not old enough to remember who. One Swallow relative brought me a cute little bathrobe and some other clothes while we were there. We moved from there to Lincoln Street. We loved it there. It was possible to walk to Liberty Park, the Tower Theater, and stores were close by. Mom and Dad took us to these places. Dad loved to play baseball and horseshoes, so we often went to watch him play. Finally, we were able to think of buying a house and did. We were so happy to have our own place on 1939 Hollywood Avenue.

Dad continued to work hard and Mom worked also at an ice cream store and sandwich place on 21st South and 21st East. When we first moved to Hollywood Avenue we were about the farthest east development. When they started to build houses up above 20th East we kids sold lemonade to the workers during the summer. It's hard to believe it as you drive through that area now.

In 1951 the family moved to Bountiful (738 West 3600 South), near the Val Verda area and just across from Adelaide Elementary School. We all adjusted to the change, but I don't think Mom was ever as happy there as she had been on Hollywood Avenue. While in Bountiful she worked at the Serv-Us Drugstore. She did everything they needed, working the lunch counter and as a cashier. She began working at ZCMI in the China Department while we were in Bountiful and she loved it. She could tell you all about china, crystal, glassware, and gifts. Many people went to her because she gave such good advice about dishes. Many of the General Authorities wives would call her for gifts and help. She worked there long enough to get a little retirement - and loved it so much she worked until she was way past retirement age (75 years old). She received letters of gratitude from ZCMI as well as awards for her years of excellent service. Each of her children and grandchildren have sets of dishes that she got for them.

Ethel was a passionate mother. She always watched out for us and was always there when we needed her. She could track us down wherever we were, and we often said she missed her

calling – she should have been a detective. She would have always found whoever she was searching for. We went to Mayfield for every possible holiday there was. That’s how we got to see Grandpa’s garden in every season. This helped us to be close as a family and we got to see Grandma Christiansen a lot too, Donna and I were good friends as well as relatives and Faye and Ray G. were the best of friends. We hated to go home from Mayfield and so would hide so that we wouldn’t be able to leave. We always had a good time there. Mom loved her family a lot. We often had someone staying with us for work or just to stay over. Doyle was with us some summers, (*Ella*) Fay stayed with us some, and Edith was there quite often. If ever there was a generous person it was Ethel, and she worried about her siblings as much as she did about her own children.

Ethel’s love of music continued on through her life. She played the piano and sang whenever she could. She loved to be in Ward and Stake Choirs. She had a beautiful alto voice. She was a faithful member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and she served in many callings: Secretary of the Primary, Visiting Teacher and Visiting Teacher Supervisor are a few. She also belonged to some clubs. Her sewing club was one she truly loved. They met for years and years (*and all the ladies*) became fast friends. These were ladies from the Hollywood Avenue neighborhood. Later, she joined the Tourist Club with some of her friends from ZCMI. This provided her the opportunity to travel. She had the opportunity to travel a lot. As a family we took many vacations together – often to California, but also Yellowstone Park and many other places. She traveled in Mexico and she also came to France to visit Myrna’s family and from there got to visit England. We even found a Swallow Street in London.

Ethel’s “Depression-Days-Born” frugality, which she rigidly applied to herself, was the exact opposite of the generosity she extended to her family and friends. Thus when you read Krystopher’s history of her great grandmother you understand that she did always have one more gift if it was needed for someone. Sunday family dinners are just one of our treasured memories.

**Figure 362 - The Ray S. Christiansen family**



L to R - Back row: Lee S. Christiansen, Myrna Christiansen Broschinsky & Ray George Christiansen – Front row: Ethel S. and Ray S. Christiansen in 1968

**Figure 363 - Ethel Swallow Christiansen and her children**



About 2000 – L to R: Ray G. Christiansen, Myrna Christiansen Broschinsky, Ethel Swallow Christiansen, and Lee S. Christiansen

In Memories of Ethel Verl Swallow Christiansen, dated 2005, Donna Swallow Gowans writes:

A major memory for me is that I met my husband, George, while I was visiting at Ethel's home in Bountiful, Utah, in 1954. I remember other times staying at Ethel's home both before and after I was married. We would have long talks late at night in the living room. I enjoyed hearing stories of people in Mayfield from before I was born. Ethel was always generous, we never left her house without a gift--I still have in my home many little mementos from Ethel.

Because Ethel's daughter, Myrna, was only a year younger than me, Ethel seemed more like an aunt to me during my childhood years. Myrna and I played together as children in Mayfield. Many of my memories of Ethel include my niece. When I was quite young, Ethel and Ray moved to Salt Lake City.

Always a high point over the years in Mayfield was the Christmas Holidays when Ethel, Ray and family would visit -- I remember the fun times playing cards and the family music programs. I loved listening to Ethel play the piano because it always seemed to come so naturally to her.

Ethel and Ray visited our home when we lived in Virginia. Ethel also visited at our home in Arizona in 1994. She, Fay and I had some good laughs and good times talking about Mayfield and old acquaintances. Ethel was very smart and had a great memory right into the last years of her life.

A memory I cherish is of Ethel and Doyle singing "Whispering Hope" at Dad's funeral in 1981. It was the highest tribute to our Dad, who dearly loved that song. A more recent memory is of me, Fay, Doyle and Ethel, with her family, getting together at Mayfield Cemetery on Memorial Day, 1995.

In Ethel Swallow Christiansen's Life Krystopher Broschinsky recorded these attributes about her great-grandmother:

### **Family**

Ethel's father and step mother gave her two half-sisters, Donna E. and Ella Fay. She loved her entire family to death, literally.

She absolutely loved birthdays – the parties and the giving of gifts, from her of course. When she got presents, she didn't look at them much; she was too interested in giving people gifts instead of them giving gifts to her. After everyone had gone home, she poured over every little detail.

If someone didn't have as many gifts as everybody else, she ran to a drawer, that seemed to contain an endless supply of gifts, pulled one out, already wrapped, and gave it to that person.

### **Personality**

The following are some of Ethel's personality traits: She was very hard-working. She loved to fuss over people but hated to be fussed over. She loved to throw parties and give gifts. She was

caring and giving. She liked a clean house. She was very unique. She was a worrier to the extreme!

### **Motivation and Ambition**

Her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren always provided motivation for what she wanted to accomplish. She always wanted to have a big family. Because she wanted her family always around her, she never wanted to go to a nursing home, and she did not. That made her happy.

### **Appearance**

For a long while Ethel dyed her hair, so I am not really sure what color it was. When she got older, she stopped dying her hair and it was white. She was always very thin and had extremely dark eyes. In her later life she had a lot of wrinkles and laugh lines.

### **Accomplishments**

Her number one accomplishment was a large family that loved her very much. She was in many school musicals, more often than not, playing the lead. For a long time she worked at ZCMI in the china department and her work was recognized. She even helped Marie Osmond with some hard decisions. She also worked at a drugstore lunch counter, as a waitress in a café and on a ranch.

### **Problems and Conflicts**

Ethel had her share of life's challenges. She lost many close family members through death. She lost her mother in 1929; her step-mother, Elva Foote Swallow, in 1963; her brother, Raymond C. , in 1971; her husband in 1981; her father in 1981; and her sister, Edith, in 1988.

A few years ago, she broke her hip in a car accident and it was thought that she would be paralyzed. Although she wasn't paralyzed, she couldn't drive anymore, she couldn't get out of the house and it made her mad.

### **Death**

Ethel Verl Swallow Christiansen died October 27, 2002 with a posterity of three children, eight grandchildren, and thirteen great-grandchildren.

### **A Tribute to Grandma**

People who knew her remember her as a grandmother who loved her family more than anything else in the world, and a friend who loved to make people happy. She didn't care what religion or race you were, or what your political belief was. She didn't even care if you had some faults, she loved you anyway. It was her nature to love everyone no matter what. People who haven't met her before are close to her; they just feel so at home, like here is a person who loves me as me and nothing else, and no matter what I do, she'll keep on loving me.

Something that ties all of her characteristics together is that she had a heart of gold, with a place for everyone, so it was bigger than the ocean. She always had a place for everyone in her heart, even those she didn't like that much. I have always compared her to a character in a favorite book of mine. She always reminds me of Aslan, in The Chronicles of Narnia, because she knows what it's like to lose a loved one and she would die if she knew she could protect her family. She was always loving, caring, and generous, and I will miss her greatly and never forget her. She will never be forgotten by anyone who knew her well.

In Memories of Ethel Verl Swallow Christiansen, dated 2005, Donna Swallow Gowans writes:

Ethel died in 2002. A last memory of Ethel was feeling her strong presence at the Ray G. Swallow family reunion in Nevada in 2004. Being the eldest sibling, there were questions about family history Ethel could have answered. We all had many thoughts of Ethel as we toured the Swallow Ranch and learned about our family's history.

**Figure 364 - Swallow Ranch home taken during the Ray G. Swallow family reunion – June 2004**



The left half of this home is the original home Ray G. Swallow built for Zedonia in 1914  
L to R: Gloria Owen Robison, Bobbie Fraleigh Christiansen, Ray G. Christiansen, George W. Broschinsky, Myrna Christiansen Broschinsky, Donna Swallow Gowans, Darlene Swallow Whitlock, Doyle K. Swallow, Karen Johnson Breau, and Mary Wright

## **Edith Velma Swallow**

**Figure 365 - Edith V. Swallow – 1924**



**Figure 366 - Ray's girls – May 1956**



L to R: Leona Titcomb Swallow, Donna Swallow Gowans, and Edith V. Swallow

In [A Life Sketch of Edith Velma Swallow](#) Donna Swallow Gowans writes:

Edith V. Swallow was born April 5, 1917 and died Jan. 27, 1988.

Edith was the second child of Ray G. and Zedonia Swallow. She grew up in Mayfield. The loss of her mother at age twelve was very hard on her. Edith worked in Salt Lake City during her adult life. Most of the time, she worked as a live-in nanny. She was good with children. Over the years she kept in close touch with her sister, Ethel. Sometime in the 1950s, Edith was married for a very short period, and divorced. She had no children of her own. Doyle remembers that Edith was especially quick at piano lessons. She loved to sing and her version of "Old Shep" would always make me cry. I remember her telling me stories about when the CCC boys were stationed and working west of town. Edith would play games with Ella Fay and me when we were young and we enjoyed that attention. The important thing I learned from Edith was to keep trying even when life was not so happy. Edith cared for people, especially her family, and would comfort their hurts and try to cheer them up. I particularly remember Edith singing to me when I was sick. Once I was quarantined upstairs and she would sit at the bottom of the stairs and sing to me. I always loved her for that

Edith joined our family in Boise, Idaho for Christmas of 1958. We were planning to move to Utah in January, and Kolleen was only three months, so Edith was a big help to us. She visited our home again in Virginia, about 1974. She was beginning to show signs of the physical difficulties with her eyes and muscles that diminished her quality of life during her last few years. She died January 27, 1988. She is buried in the Mayfield family plot.

## Raymond Charles Swallow

Figure 367 - The Ray G. Swallow family – 1925



L to R - Back Row: Zedonia Dorius Swallow & Ray G. Swallow. Front Row: Ethel V. Swallow, Edith V. Swallow, & Raymond C. Swallow

Figure 368 - The Ray G. Swallow family – 1936



L to R – Back Row: Edith V. Swallow & Raymond C. Swallow. Front Row: Donna E. Swallow, Elva Foote Swallow, & Doyle K. Swallow

In A Life Sketch of Raymond Charles Swallow Donna Swallow Gowans writes:

Raymond C. Swallow was born March 17, 1919 and died May 23, 1971.

Raymond was the third child of Ray G. and Zedonia Swallow. Raymond had been born with physical and mental impairments (his speech was affected by a cleft palate, and he also was somewhat retarded), which made his life in Mayfield difficult. This was a sorrow in Dad's life. When Raymond was about seventeen years old, it was decided that he would go to live at the Utah State Training School. Raymond had friends there and activities to enjoy. He worked in the Dairy and liked working with the animals on the farm. My memories of Raymond are all of playing games with him when he would come home from school to visit the family. Ella Fay and I remember that he would go with us to the school playground and push us on the swings. He was always anxious to return for the dances held at the school. Doyle remembers that Raymond was never sick. Also that he loved the song "You Are My Sunshine" and could sing all the verses. Raymond was never married and had no children. Knowing Raymond gave me an appreciation of and compassion for all handicapped persons that I met throughout my life. In 1971, our brother Raymond died. He is buried in the family plot in Mayfield.

## **Doyle K. Swallow**

In the 2001 Autobiography of Doyle & Leona Titcomb Swallow Doyle K. Swallow writes:

Doyle was born April 4, 1927 in Mayfield, Utah. Leona was born December 12, 1932 in Boneta, Utah.

**Figure 369 - Doyle K. & Leona Titcomb Swallow - 1952**      **Figure 370 - Doyle K. & Leona Titcomb Swallow with LaRae - 1963**



Doyle graduated from Manti High School in 1945. He was in the U. S. Navy from 1945 to 1946. He attended BYU from 1946 to 1950, and taught Business Education at Altamont High School from 1950 to 1953. Leona and Doyle were married in the Idaho Falls Temple on Aug. 2, 1952. Doyle was Principal of Tabiona High and Elementary School; Leona taught 2nd and 3rd grades from 1953 to 1955. Doyle was Principal and Leona taught at Altamont Elementary School from 1955 to 1959. Doyle was auditor of daily cash receipts at "Lagoon" and attended the U. of U. the summers of 1951 to 1955. He received his MS in 1955. Leona attended U of U during the summers of 1953 to 1956. Doyle was the first Bishop of the Altamont Ward, Moon Lake Stake from 1957 to 1959. The Altamont Ward was created in 1957 by the consolidation of the Boneta, Altonah, and part of the Mt. Emmons Wards.

They were both employed by the Dept. of Education of the Govt. of Guam from 1959 to 1963. Doyle was Principal of Andersen Elem. School adjacent to the strategic Andersen Air Force Base for 1.5 yrs. and Agat Jr. High School near the Naval Base for 2.5 yrs. Leona taught at the Wettengal Elem. School. Doyle also taught Business Law and typing part time at the College of Guam. Also, we were stake missionaries for awhile (Hawaii Stake). Leona was one of the 1st 2 four-year graduates of the College of Guam (now a University).

In connection with their assignment on Guam, they traveled around the world during the summer of 1961 – visiting places in the Philippines, Japan, Hong Kong, Burma, Thailand, India, Iran, Greece, Turkey, Egypt, Jordan, Israel, Italy, France, Germany, Austria, Belgium, England, Netherlands, USA, Utah, Altamont, Mayfield, SLC--then back to Guam.

**Figure 371 - Doyle K. & Leona Titcomb Swallow with daughter, LaRae – 1958**



**Figure 372 - Stephen P. & LaRae Swallow Radmall – 1983**



Doyle was Kane County Superintendent of Schools (stretching from Alton, Glendale, Orderville, Mt. Carmel, Kanab, Big Water to Bullfrog on the shores of Lake Powell) for 22 years, 1963 to 1985. He retired and then some consultant work. Their daughter, LaRae, was born Sept. 2, 1963 in Kanab. Now Doyle and Leona have four grandchildren: Aubrey – 18, at BYU; Chelsea – 15, Jared – 12, and Devin – 6. Leona, for the most part, was a stay at home Mom from 1963 to 1972. She then taught at Kanab Elementary School until 1993. Leona had a severe stroke in 1993, but has recovered reasonably well. Leona was a Counselor at "Girls State" for several years and was Director of Girls state in 1978. Over the years we have hosted several "foreign exchange" students each for one full year from Japan, Mexico (2), Brazil, and Columbia. We also had an Indian placement student for 3 years.

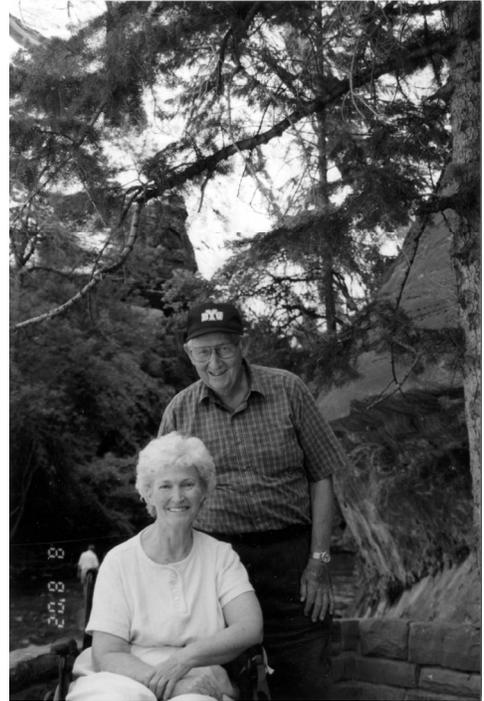
In elementary school Doyle's favorite activities included playing marbles as often as possible – for "keeps" of course. Both Leona and Doyle enjoyed participating in bowling leagues in Guam, and they both have always liked music and musical productions. Doyle's love for music began from the example of his older sister, Ethel, who played the piano and had an excellent singing voice. She played the piano for many singing activities at family get-togethers. Our daughter, LaRae, and granddaughters, Aubrey and Chelsea, are also accomplished pianists. Our grandsons, Jared and Devin, are taking lessons and moving right along. Musical activities are still always an important part of our family get-togethers.

**Figure 373 - The Steven & LaRae Radmall family – November 1997**



L to R: Chelsea M. Radmall, Stephen P. Radmall, Aubrey L. Radmall, LaRae Swallow Radmall, Jared P. Radmall, with Devin S. Radmall in the middle front

**Figure 374 - Doyle & Leona Swallow – 2002**



As of this writing Doyle and Leona both exercise and have other activity together most days and often with friends and family. Doyle continues to be active in the Lions Club and the American Legion. Currently his church assignment is Ward Clerk and Stake Financial Auditor. Doyle has participated in the Huntsman World Senior Games every year since its inception in 1986 (19 years). Events participated in include tennis, golf, ping pong, basketball free throw and 3 pt shot, bridge, and horseshoes. Other hobbies include music, gardening and fishing. Leona's hobbies include music, gardening, sewing, and tennis.

LaRae married Steve Radmall in June 1983 in the St. George Temple. They both graduated from SUU in June 1985, with a little five-month old baby girl in their arms. Steve is now a CPA and partner in the accounting firm "Savage, Esplin, & Radmall." LaRae is a special Mom and a whole lot of other wonderful things.

## **Donna E. Swallow Gowans**

In My Autobiography, dated 2005, Donna Swallow Gowans writes:

I was born at home on January 8, 1936 in Mayfield, Sanpete County, Utah. My early years were written about in my remembrances of my Dad and my Mother, particularly in the section about Life in Mayfield.

I graduated from Manti High School in May 1954. I always enjoyed school, and participated in many of the usual student activities. During the summers of my last two years of high school, I worked in Salt Lake City. I stayed with my brother, Doyle, and his wife who were living in the University of Utah housing at the time.

**Figure 375 - Donna Swallow - 1939**



**Figure 376 - Donna Swallow - 1947**



**Figure 377 - Donna Swallow - 1951**



**Figure 378 - Donna Swallow - 1954**



I married George Andrew Gowans in November 1954.

**Figure 379 - George A. & Donna Swallow Gowans - 1954**



**Figure 380 - The George & Donna Gowans family - c1962**



The first fifteen years of my marriage were primarily filled with homemaking and the raising of three children. Our first years were spent in Logan, Utah where my husband, George, graduated from Utah State University in 1957. Our first child, Shirley Ann, was born in December 1955. Our second child, Kolleen Kay, was born in September 1958. Our third child, Charles Ray, was born in April 1961. We lived in Preston and Boise, Idaho, in Salt Lake City, in Zion and Bryce Canyon National Parks, and for two years in Grand Canyon National Park. In 1961 we moved with our three young children to the Virginia suburbs of Washington, D.C. There, George continued his career at the headquarters of the National Park Service. Life around the nation's capital was inspiring and exciting during those years. John Kennedy was President and we had learning experiences in politics and world affairs. Our horizons were expanded as significant events in our country's history transpired.

A changed climate and culture proved stressful to begin with. A lot of hard work and adjusting accompanied such a drastic change. During those years I worked at a co-operative pre-school that my children attended for several years. Our children grew up, went to school, and started their own careers in Virginia. As we lived in the same home in Virginia for 30 years, we did lots of remodeling and yard improvement projects.

In 1970, I went back to college, and in 1973 I began working in a law office. Off and on I studied accounting, office management, taxes, and computers. In 1975 I incorporated my own small business, which provided services such as legal document preparation, bookkeeping and income tax preparation. I managed and worked in this business for fifteen years. I was also active in church work and involved in social events with a large circle of friends. I enjoyed motorcycling trips, hiking and camping, snorkeling in the Caribbean, volleyball, and gardening. A major interest was the ecology and preservation of our endangered environment. I traveled with George to a lot of National Parks, including those in Alaska and Hawaii. I traveled with my sister to England and Scotland.

**Figure 381 - The George & Donna Gowans family – 1978**



L to R - Back row: Shirley A. Gowans and Charles R. Gowans – Front row: Kolleen K. Gowans, Donna Swallow Gowans and George A. Gowans

**Figure 382 - A Gowans Arizona Christmas – 1990**



R to L - men: Mike Suarez, Charles R. Gowans, and George A. Gowans – women: Holly Gray Gowans, Donna Swallow Gowans, Shirley Gowans Suarez, Kolleen K. Gowans

In 1990, my husband and I returned to the West. Our hearts had always belonged to the wide-open spaces with the mountains in your sights. We moved into our present home in Scottsdale,

Arizona, where we have pleurably adjusted to a new climate and culture. The past fifteen years in Arizona have been good. I love my home here in the Sonora Desert, which has provided satisfaction for my lifetime curiosity and favorite activities. I have learned about the desert and its unique plants. A major interest and activity was with the Desert Botanical Garden, where I worked as a volunteer for seven years. I enjoy and benefit from Tai Chi classes and close association with my sister, who also lives in Scottsdale.

Although George retired from the Park Service in 1988, he continued working in various occupations until 2004, when he retired for good. For ten years after we moved to Arizona, he worked as a consultant for a company based in Los Angeles. In 1991, George took a job in Australia for six months. This provided us another chance to see more of the world and open our minds to several other cultures and environments. We visited a lot of places in Australia, learning about the plants and animals as well as the 50,000 year old aboriginal history. I also had the opportunity to visit New Zealand, where I could enjoy the Maori art and history and see the stunning scenery of the country. There I also met with a pen pal I had corresponded with since elementary school days. It so happens that our daughter, Kolleen, was working in Bangkok, Thailand during this time period, so I was able to visit there as well. We had a holiday in Fiji on our return trip home.

In recent years I have spent time on genealogy and in researching the history of Mayfield, Sanpete County, and the history of both my paternal and maternal families from the time of their immigration to this country and the making of their way to Utah as converts of the LDS Church. On visits to Mayfield I have been impressed with the beauty of the little valley where I grew up. I am grateful that my life as a child and now as an elder was and is lived in magnificent physical surroundings. I believe this has a positive effect on the soul.

The year 2004 included two outstanding events in my life. The first was a visit to the Great Basin National Park (a long awaited addition to the National Park System) and vicinity. The centerpiece of this trip was a reunion of the Ray Swallow family at the Swallow Ranch in Shoshone, Nevada. Attending were Donna and George Gowans, Myrna & George Broschinsky, Ray and Bobbie Christiansen, and Doyle Swallow. Fay Jurgensen had planned to attend but was unable due to an accident incurred by her husband. A tour of the Swallow Ranch and surrounding vicinity was arranged by our cousin, Russell Robison, who also provided a guided tour and history of the surrounding area. We were able to visit with cousin Darlene and her husband, Lee Whitlock, in Baker, NV. (Lee Whitlock was from Mayfield. He and his siblings attended school with the children of Ray Swallow.) We visited cousin, George N. Swallow, at the hospital in Ely. We met Karen, a daughter of cousin, Golden Swallow. We were impressed with many views of Mt. Wheeler. We took group pictures at the Swallow Ranch. For the Ray Swallow family there was a sense of homecoming, appreciation, and closure to stories we had heard over the years. I felt that this trip was a great complement to the Swallow Family History we have been involved with creating. I thank Russell Robison for this trip and for the History he has produced.

**Figure 383 - Ray G. Swallow family reunion – June 2004**



Photo taken at Shoshone, Nevada, in the old Swallow Ranch yard area looking at the front of the home built in 1914 by Ray G. Swallow and added onto in 1917 by Richard T. Swallow  
L to R: Gloria Owen Robison, Ray G. Christiansen, Russell M. Robison, George W. Broschinsky, Myrna Christiansen Broschinsky, Donna Swallow Gowans, George A. Gowans, Darlene Swallow Whitlock, Doyle K. Swallow, and Karen Johnson Breau

The second event was our 50<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary, which George and I celebrated with a cruise among the Dalmatian Islands in the Adriatic Sea. We also toured Venice, Italy and Dubrovnik, Croatia. This is a good place to say that my husband has been a wonderful partner and we have shared love and respect for one another over the years.

**Figure 384 - George & Donna Swallow Gowans – 1982**



**Figure 385 - George & Donna Swallow Gowans – 1996**



**Figure 386 - The George and Donna Swallow Gowans family – 1995**



**Figure 387 - Tyler and his grandparents – 1985**

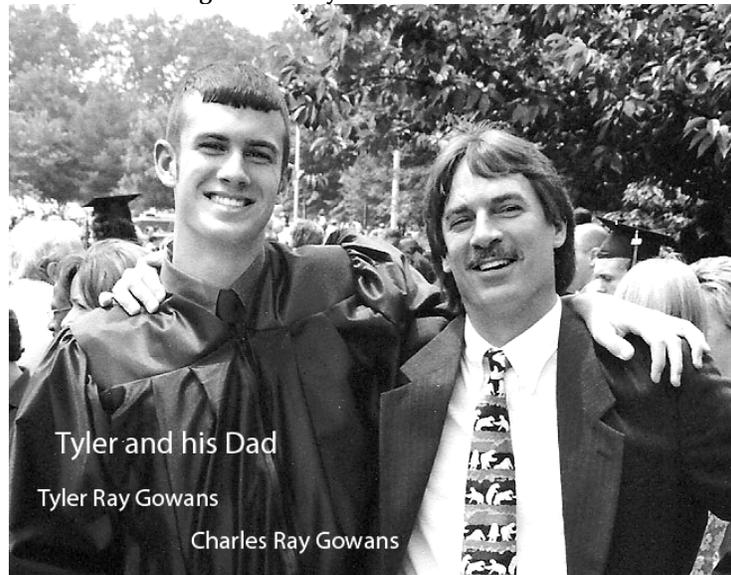


George & Donna Gowans  
with new grandson, Tyler

**Figure 388 - Grandma Gowans and Tyler Gowans – 1985**



**Figure 389 - Tyler and his dad – 2003**



Tyler and his Dad  
Tyler Ray Gowans  
Charles Ray Gowans

My life has been full and interesting. I have been part of two wonderful families: My birth family and the family that my husband and I share. Our daughter Shirley married Michael Anthony Suarez in 1985 and they live and work in Alexandria, Virginia. Our daughter Kolleen has recently moved to Arizona. Following a nineteen-year career with International Monetary Fund, she has found enjoyment and interest as an herbalist. Our son Charles works as a computer programmer for a consulting firm and lives in Alexandria, Virginia. He was married and later divorced. His son, Tyler Ray Gowans, was born in 1985. Tyler has always loved visiting in Arizona and is presently attending Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University in Prescott, AZ. Our three children and our grandson have brought much joy to our lives.

I conclude my story with appreciation for my heritage, my good life, and the blessing of having my sister Ella Fay as a close presence in my life.

## **Ella Fay Swallow Jurgensen**

**Figure 390 - Ella Fay Swallow – 1947**



**Figure 391 - Ella Fay Swallow – 1960**



Ella Fay Swallow Jurgensen writes:

I was born August 6<sup>th</sup>, 1949 in Mayfield, Utah. I lived there the first eighteen years of my life and was involved with family, friends, school and church. Mayfield is nestled in a beautiful little valley, which I failed to appreciate in my youth. I now feel fortunate to have grown up there, knowing everyone and feeling safe and comfortable.

After High School, I went to Salt Lake to work. I worked for the Genealogical Society for a while, and then went to work for Sperry Rand. While working at Sperry, I took night classes at the LDS Business College. When my mother became ill and needed surgery, I went home to be with her and my dad who was in his late seventies at the time.

Donna Swallow Gowans recalls:

In 1959, when Ella Fay left home to work, she stayed a few months with our family in Salt Lake City, where we were living at that time. When we moved to Grand Canyon later that year, she moved into a studio apartment at the Swallow Apartments that Grandfather Swallow built about 1910. Recently, in 2002, one of Dad's great grandsons, Charles Ray Christiansen, rented one of the Swallow apartments.

Ella Fay Swallow Jurgensen continues:

When I went back to Salt Lake, I worked for a Life Insurance Company for about a year before mother became ill again and I went home to care for her. My sister came to help also. After Mother died, I stayed with Dad for several weeks, and then went back to Salt Lake to work for the Commerce Attorney at the State Capitol.

I married Charles Phil Hanson in October of 1964, and we moved to Phoenix Arizona.

**Figure 392 - Jared Phil Hanson, Charles Phil Hanson and Ella Fay Swallow Hanson – 1980**



Phil's career was in real estate. He worked for small, then very large builders, and eventually owned his own business. We moved around a lot for the first ten years. We lived in Bellevue, Washington, St Louis Missouri, and in California, we lived in Concord, El Cajon, Mission Viejo, and San Diego. I enjoyed our moves and experiences, but was happy to settle in Scottsdale, Arizona.

The most special time in my life was in April 1968, when the baby boy, Jared Phil, we had been waiting to adopt was born. I soon realized the most important thing I would ever do in my life was to raise this child. He has been the greatest source of love and joy to me.

**Figure 393 - Ella Fay Swallow Hanson and Jared Phil Hanson – 1984**



Myrna, my niece, sent the following poem to me many years ago. It has been held in my head and in my heart since the first time I read it.

### **My Own Child**

Author unknown

I did not plant you, true,  
But when the season is done –  
When the alternate prayers  
For sun and for rain are counted –  
When the pain of weeding  
And the pride of watching are through –

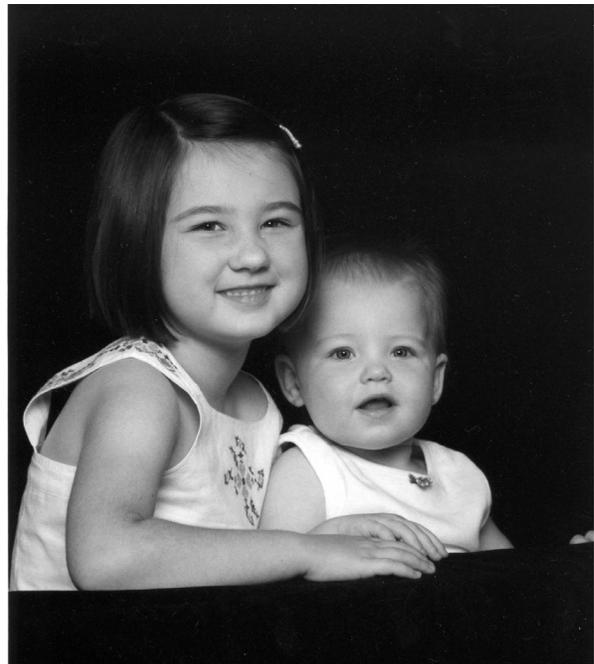
Then I will hold you high,  
A shining sheaf  
Above the thousand seeds grown wild.  
Not my planting,  
But by heaven my harvest –  
My own child.

Jared and his wife, Amy, have two beautiful daughters: Olivia Clare and Sofia Elise. They live in San Diego, where Jared has a law practice and partnership.

**Figure 394 - Jared P. & Amy Ellis Hanson – August 6, 1994**



**Figure 395 - Olivia Clare Hanson and Sofia Elise Hanson – 2004**



Phil and I lived in Scottsdale the remainder of our married life. We ended our marriage in January of 1984.

In April of 1987 I married Charles Eduard (this spelling is correct) Jurgensen. The first two years of our marriage were spent in Atlanta, Georgia where Charles was finishing up his military career. Charles, being born and raised in the south, was a great tour guide, so our visits through the southern states were fun and interesting. When he retired, we moved to Scottsdale, Arizona, which was “home” to me, and soon became home to him.

**Figure 396 - Ella Fay Swallow Jurgensen and Charles E. Jurgensen – 1987**



Charles and I were divorced October 17, 2005.

I've enjoyed traveling to many places both inside and outside of the United States. In my younger adult years, I enjoyed various crafts and also played a lot of tennis. Now one of my favorite pastimes is playing Bridge as well as other card games. Both my sister and I take Tai Chi classes, which we find beneficial as well as enjoyable. What I have always enjoyed most is reading; a passion I share with my dad, my sister, my son, my daughter-in-law and my granddaughters.

I especially appreciate the family I was born to, and the love, care and support that we give one another. I am fortunate that my sister, Donna, lives close by. I feel very close to her family, and in my sister, I have also found my best friend.

## Chapter 6 – T. Frank Swallow and His Family

### Childhood of T. Frank Swallow

Most of the text for this chapter is from T. Frank Swallow's Personal History as he wrote it in 1976 with additions in 2001 and 2005. It begins:

This is the life history of Thomas Frank Swallow who was born of goodly parents February 27, 1918 in the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake City, Utah.

**Figure 397 - T. Frank Swallow – 1918**



**Figure 398 - T. Frank Swallow – 1919**



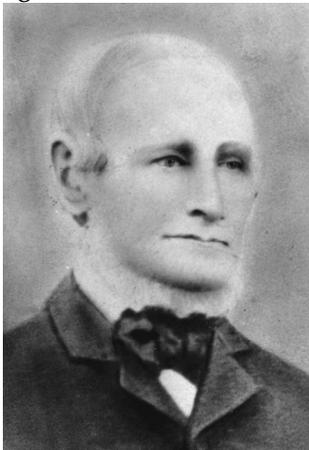
**Figure 399 - T. Frank Swallow – c1922**



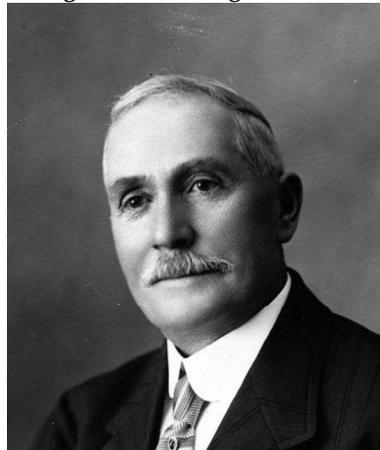
Thomas Frank Swallow was a very cute child and was loved by his parents

I was named Thomas after my grandfather and given the name Frank because my father liked this name. I grew up being called Frank by my parents and all my relatives and friends. However, when I entered the military service, I learned to answer to the name Thomas or Tom.

**Figure 400 - Thomas Swallow**



**Figure 401 - George Swallow**



**Figure 402 - Matilda Chesley**



I was the only child born to my parents. My father's name was George Swallow and my mother's Matilda Chesley Swallow. Both my father's and my mother's first spouses had died previously. They were married in the temple for time only, as they had been sealed previously

to their first spouses. My father was 67 years old when I was born. (*Frank's mother was 42 when he was born.*)

My father's children by his first wife were: George William "Willy", Richard, Alfred, Ray, May, Birdie and Pearl Swallow. My mother's children were: Irma, Leah, Grace, Shirley (male), (*Gordon*), Stanley Grant Madsen and (*Lynn*).

Previous to my father's and mother's marriage, my father had retired from ranching in Nevada and built the Swallow Apartments at 333 East First South in Salt Lake. He was living there at the time that he met my mother. My mother was operating a cafeteria and my father used to come in to eat and this is where they met. The cafeteria was located on Social Hall Avenue.

**Figure 403 - T. Frank & George Swallow – c1921**



**Figure 404 - George, T. Frank, & Matilda Swallow – 1925**



**Figure 405 - T. Frank Swallow in front of the Swallow Apartments – c1938**



**Figure 406 - The Swallow Apartments – 2005**



I grew up in the Swallow Apartments. That was home to me until the time I got married some 23 years later. There were thirteen apartments and four stories, including the basement level. When I got old enough, I would carry the garbage cans from the apartments and empty them into containers in the back yard to be picked up by a commercial garbage truck. There were lots of vacant areas in those days. So, the city used to have me clear the snow from the sidewalks with a horse pulling a triangular-shaped wooden form that pushed the snow to each side as he trotted along the sidewalks.

I remember going on walks in the evening after supper with my father. My father always took a walk after his evening meal. Back then all of the homes were heated with coal. The smoke in the city would be so thick in the night time one could hardly see a block away. There were times I would get scared because I would think the whole city was on fire.

Due to the heavy smoke in the winter time, spring cleaning was a real chore. The kitchen and bathroom walls all had to be washed down with soap and water. All the other walls were papered and they all had to be cleaned with wall paper dough. I remember how dirty a can of cleaner would become before opening another can. I remember how surprised I would be seeing how dirty the walls were after the first two or three strips were taken on the walls and ceiling. What a blessing it became when gas fired furnaces became available

There were big fields on each side and in back of our apartments. On these lots we played all kinds of games, such as baseball, football and night games such as “kick the can,” “run sheep run” and “hide and seek.” There were large billboards with lights on them, and we would play marbles and spin tops under these lights. “Tops” was a popular game we played. We would draw a five foot diameter ring, place the tops in the ring and knock them out with another top which was wound up with a string. We used to do lots of tricks with our tops.

“Marbles” was also a very popular game when I was a boy. I loved to play marbles, and was a pretty good shot. I would play until 8 or 9 o'clock at night, especially on weekends under these lights. These sign boards sat on the ground where the Blind Center now is. Some of the marble games we played were rings, pots, patsy and lags. “Rings” was a popular marble game. We would draw a circle in the dirt about eight feet in diameter, place the marbles in the center of the ring and knock them out of the ring shooting from the circle line. Another popular game was “pots.” It was a game played with five holes in the ground. Four holes were dug in the ground about four feet apart in a square, and a fifth hole in the center of the square. The knuckles on the back of my hand would get raw and would bleed and hurt until I would want to cry, but I would still play. I would get a little piece of fur to set my knuckles on to keep the moisture from the ground from chapping them.

## **Frank's School Years**

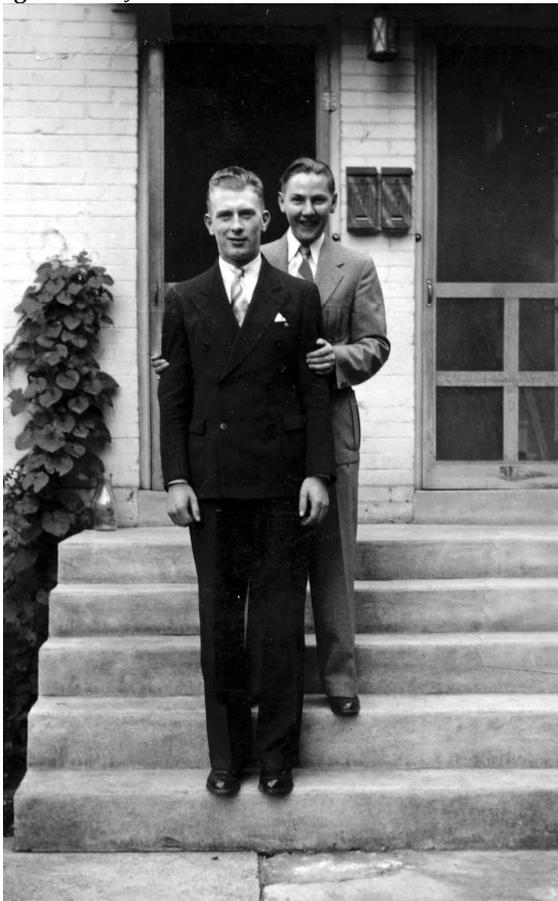
I started school at the age of six attending the Lowell Elementary School on Second Avenue and E Street. Two of my close friends were Jack White and Alf McClelland. I attended all of my elementary grades at Lowell. In the second grade, I began emptying the waste paper baskets for the custodian, whose name was Peter Norda. Each year he kept giving me more jobs to do, so I managed to have pocket money most of the time, from then on, until going on my mission.

I remember well my first grade teacher, Miss White. I had a crush on my fourth grade teacher. Her name was Miss Houghten. She was a pretty red haired gal and she was always letting me do things for her. In the seventh grade, even though we had several teachers, I remember Miss Snyder was a favorite. She taught math, and I enjoyed her class.

My Junior High School days were spent at Bryant, located at 650 East First South. Some of my friends there were Jack White, Tom Doxey, Jack Ringwood and Orson Madsen.

The high school I attended was "West." I still ran around with the same friends there. During my senior year at West, I was playing sand lot football, broke my leg and I was out of school for about three weeks. Jack White brought my assignments home to me during that time. Jack was a really close friend to me. I graduated from high school in June 1935.

**Figure 407 - Jack White and T. Frank Swallow – c1938**

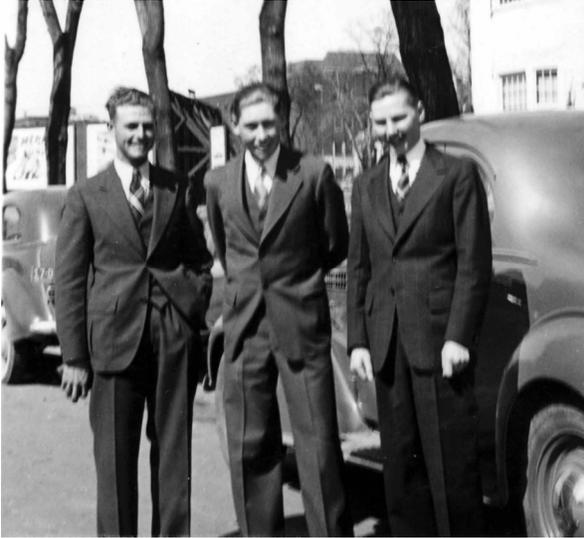


**Figure 408 - Family and friends – c1938**



L to R: Standing: Kenneth Baker, Birdie Swallow  
Robison and Dorothy Roseberry  
Seated: ?, Lenard D. Robison and T. Frank Swallow

**Figure 409 - Two cousins with uncle Frank – c1938**



Elwin A. Robison, Lenard D. Robison and T. Frank Swallow while attending LDS Business College

**Figure 410 - A nephew visiting from Nevada – 1941**



T. Frank Swallow, unknown child, Geraldine A. Robison and Newal J. Robison

After graduating from high school, I attended the LDS Business College and majored in accounting. I was there about two years when the college sent me to an interview with a public accountant.

I was hired by Lorenzo Summerhays. He had a number of accounts around the city. I worked mostly on two accounts. One was a general contractor, Fullmer Brothers, and the other was Summerhays Music Company. I worked for him about a year before I was called to fill a mission.

I was baptized October 9, 1926 by Royal B. Garff in the Salt Lake Tabernacle baptismal font. I was confirmed October 10, 1926 by John B. Alvery. I was ordained a Deacon March 2, 1930 by Daniel Mortenson; a Teacher March 12, 1933; a Priest by John H. Chapman April 21, 1935; an Elder by Heber P. Wagstaff March 21, 1937; a Seventy by Thomas A. Williams before leaving on my mission; a High Priest by Arthur S. Anderson January 31, 1965 at age 47. I was ordained a Bishop in August 1967 by Marion D. Hanks and was released as Bishop in June 1972. I was called to be a temple Veil Worker September 22, 1976.

## **Farm and Ranch Life Each Summer**

Several of my half brothers and sisters lived on farms and ranches. My father's children lived in Nevada in Spring Valley and Snake Valley. These areas were about fifty miles south and a little east of Ely, Nevada. My mother had children living in the Blackfoot, Idaho area.

Each summer until the time I graduated from high school, I would visit either in Nevada or Idaho. Most of my half brothers and sisters had children my age, so I really enjoyed my summers with them. As I got older, I was expected to help with the work. Even though I worked hard at times, I still did lots of fun things with my nephews.

**Figure 411 - On the Swallow Ranch – c1926**



Carol Hampton and T. Frank Swallow

**Figure 412 - Father and sons – c1924**



T. Frank Swallow, age 6, with his oldest brother, Richard T. Swallow, age 44, & his father, George Swallow, age 73

My brother, Richard Swallow, had a ranch known as "Shoshone" located in Spring Valley, Nevada. My father had developed this ranch as a young man, and, when he retired, he sold it to my three brothers, Richard, Alf and Ray. Richard bought out Alf's and Ray's interest. My father enjoyed visiting his children. He had three daughters and two sons who had ranches, all within about 75 miles of each other.

**Figure 413 - Stack-yard with a hay derrick on the Spring Ranch**



A hay derrick and cable similar to the one with which T. Frank Swallow injured his hands

One particular summer, when I was about nine years of age, I don't remember why but my father stayed in Salt Lake and I went to Richard's ranch alone. One day the men were putting up wild hay about 1 1/2 miles from the ranch house. Arlo, my nephew about a year older than I, was riding the derrick horse. I was playing around the derrick cleaning up some of the hay,

being the water boy, etc. Somehow I grabbed hold of the steel cable used to lift the hay into the stack. It had little prickly steel wires sticking out, and my hands were pulled into the pulley. All my fingers on my left hand were injured and two on my right hand. My hands were a bloody mess and looked like I might have lost at least three fingers on my left hand. The hired man loaded me into the hay rack and drove me one and a half miles to the ranch. From there, I was taken by car fifty miles to Ely to the hospital. After my hands healed, I ended up permanently losing the nails on three fingers, with the little finger being about three fourths inch shorter than the one on my right hand. My right hand healed completely.

Aside from this accident and a few bumps, I really enjoyed my summers. I was involved in most of the chores and work that takes place on a ranch and farm. I advanced from tromping hay, when young, to handling the large derrick fork when older; shocked grain, threshed grain, thinned beets, hoed gardens, did all types of watering, milked cows, wrangled horses, drove hundreds of head of cattle from area to area, tended sheep camps, plus many other things that take place on ranches.

**Figure 414 - Getting ready to go on a cattle drive on the Swallow Ranch – c1930**



**Figure 415 - Boys & girls hauling a load of hay on the Swallow Ranch – c1925**



**Figure 416 - Threshing grain and stacking straw**



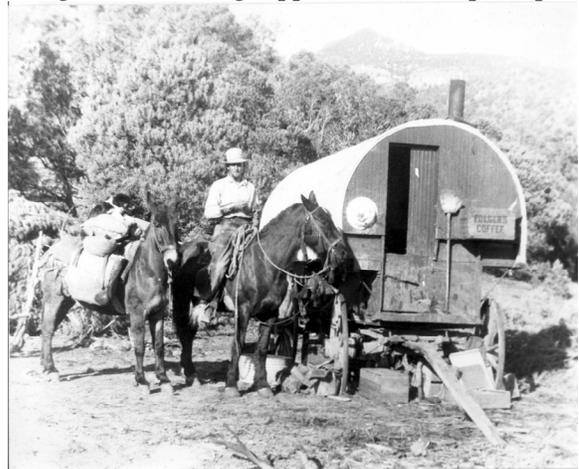
**Figure 417 - Lambing time**



**Figure 418 - Cattle ready to be moved**



**Figure 419 - Taking supplies to the sheep-camp**



**Figure 420 - Melvin & Lenard Robison – 1930**



**Figure 421 - Big Springs Ranch in June 2005**



I remember one year when I was about 12 years old (1930) I was visiting a couple of weeks with Pearl (*a half sister*) and Doyle (*Robison*) on Willard Creek. Their sons, Lenard (*age 13*) and Melvin (*age 11*) had the job of servicing one of the sheep camps. After leaving the supplies with the herder and after having a sheepherder dinner we left to come back home. Pearl and Doyle lived

in the foot hills. When about a mile from home we jumped some deer. Lenard said, "Melvin and I will go up this draw and see if we can head the deer off. Frank, you ride over to the next draw and see if the deer will come running down the draw." That I did, and to my surprise these deer came running down the draw. Also to my surprise I shot and killed a deer.

One memorable summer, when I was about sixteen, I worked for my brother, Alf, on his ranch at Big Springs, Nevada, which was located about twenty miles from Baker, Nevada. Alf had a hired man with a family working for him, and in the family were two sons, the older named LeGrand Asay, who was my age. There were many wild donkeys running on the range, and we got the bright idea it would be fun to trap one. After many attempts we were successful, to the amazement of everyone on the ranch. The donkey we trapped had just given birth to a cute little baby about two days previously. It so happened that this donkey had been domesticated several years before; and, therefore, we had no real trouble in putting a harness on it. We built a little four-wheel cart, and we had a barrel of fun. We would lock the baby donkey in the barn. Going away from the barn, down the country road, was a real challenge to keep the donkey going; but when we turned around and headed back to the ranch, that donkey would take off on the run and would not stop until we reached the barn.

I remember one occasion at Blackfoot, Idaho when I was about twelve years old and was staying with my sister, Leah Kirk. They were farming a few miles out of Blackfoot. Their son, Shirl, was about my age. Shirl and I wanted to trap some skunks and use their hides. After several attempts we finally caught one. We thought we were being real careful to avoid any direct contact with the skunk. I guess we were wrong because when we got home for dinner Leah wouldn't let us in the house. She put our dinner on the porch, and we were so insulted we wouldn't eat it and gave it to the dogs.

## **Death of Parents**

In my fourteenth year my father took very sick with cancer in his prostate glands. He was bed-ridden for several months. He was at home, and my mother took care of him. I was fourteen when he died. He was eighty years old – twenty-five years older than my mother. The Swallow Apartments were left to my mother.

The latter part of January 1944 my mother fell on the ice and broke her hip while I was in the military and stationed at Fort Ord, California. She became very sick; and through the Red Cross, I was able to get leave to come home. June (*my wife*) and Dennis, our only child at that time, were living off the base at Pacific Grove, California. We had a horrible train ride coming to Salt Lake. The train was so crowded with military men that Dennis had to try to sleep across our laps. Mother never recovered from her fall and died in February 1944.

Mother left no will, so we divided all her things into seven groups. We assigned a number to each group; then we each drew a number out of a hat and that group became ours. There was some trading of items for various reasons back and forth. When the Swallow Apartments were sold the money from the sale was divided equally between mother's seven living children. (*This last sentence was added based on a phone conversation between Russell M. Robison and T. Frank Swallow on February 20, 2006.*)

## **LDS Mission for T. Frank Swallow**

In March of 1938, I left on my mission to the West German Mission. The headquarters' for the mission was in Frankfurt, Germany. President Douglas Wood was Mission President. My first assignment was to a small town named Backnang located a few miles out of Stuttgart. My companion was Elder Wirthlin. He was of German decent and knew German from his parents. He had relatives in this little town. They spoke a dialect. I had no German language study, and the six months I was assigned to this town were very frustrating. I had a German Language book, but the language I was trying to study was far from the language I was hearing in conversations. It wasn't until I was transferred from Backnang to Weimer that I began to hear the language that I had been studying. This may have been the reason the language did not come easy for me.

The major type of transportation, within the cities in Germany, was by bicycle, and all the missionaries rode bikes. Most of the motor vehicles were either two or three wheelers. The government had a heavy tax on four wheel cars, and most of the people tried to avoid such a tax.

In the U.S.A. the first floor is always the ground floor, but in Germany the first floor is the first floor above the ground, which we would call the second floor.

The beds in Germany were all single beds. They were short, and one big feather tick was used for the covers. They were pretty tricky. If the weather was mild, you would push most of the feathers to the side of the tick so that you just had a few over you; when it was cold, you would distribute them equally over yourself.

One night while in Erfurt, Germany, my companion was sick and I went to church meeting alone. It was rather late when I got out of the meeting. Many of the buildings had an iron security gate on the ground floor that was kept locked at night. The keys for those gates were large. My companion and I lived on the fourth story of one of these buildings. I came hurrying home from church, opened the security gate and started running up the stairs two at a time. It was dark; I put my apartment key in the door and walked in. The hall in the apartment was pitch dark, and I felt my way down the hall to my room. I opened the door and turned on the light. To my great surprise, I was in the wrong apartment. When I turned on the light, a young eighteen year old girl sat up in bed. I started to say something when her dad and mother stood right behind me. I started explaining to them what must have happened and asked them to pardon my blunder. They seemed to believe me, and I went up stairs to the right apartment directly overhead. I was shocked to learn that my key fit both apartments. The next day after returning from our missionary work, the wife of the family we were renting from said the people downstairs were pretty upset, and to be sure that such an occurrence did not happen again or we could be in real trouble. To say the least, I kept good track of the number of flights I walked up from then on.

I had been on my mission about eleven months when Hitler decided to invade the south land. This was 1939. The Church Authorities decided the missionaries should not remain in Germany, so we were all called out. I was told to go to Holland. It appeared that everything was going to calm down in Germany, so we were all sent back in again.

After being in Germany about four or five months longer, we received a telegram from the Mission President to leave Germany immediately. I was Branch President, and I was to select someone from local members to take over and proceed to Copenhagen, Denmark as quickly as possible. This was done; and to my knowledge, we were the last boat to leave Germany for Denmark prior to World War II. All of the missionaries got out safely even though many of them had some narrow misses due to train schedules, boats, passports, etc. After remaining in Copenhagen for about a month, it was determined that missionaries that had been out over two years would be released. The others would be transferred to other missions. In September 1939 I arrived in the Texas-Louisiana Mission where I served for the next year. I was released from this mission in September 1940.

The missionary work in this mission was quite different from Germany. We tracted long hours and held street meetings nearly every day. By the nature of the Texas Mission and the freedom of this country, I enjoyed it much more than Germany. In Germany we were always on edge, not knowing from one hour to the next if we might have to defend ourselves before a public official.

When I was stationed in Dallas, Texas, we used to hold street meetings on one of the busy downtown street corners. Most people would pay little or no attention to us. As one Elder spoke, the other gave out tracts. One day a lady came up to my companion and me and asked a few questions. We arranged to hold a cottage meeting with her and her family. When we met with her the first time she said that she had been standing around the corner from where we were speaking on the street corner and listening to our messages. She was a member of the Church of Christ. Her name was Jewell Peavey, and she was a very well-read person. She was in her late twenties, single and living with her parents. Her mother listened to our lessons but never became a part of the discussions. Jewell was very much impressed with our message. When we told her our next lesson would be on the Holy Ghost she asked if it would be all right for her minister to attend. The Church of Christ does not believe in the laying on of hands for the Gift of the Holy Ghost. My companion and I couldn't think of a good excuse so we agreed to it. On the evening of the next cottage meeting, not only was her minister there, but he had also brought along another minister. To say the least, the evening was not a pleasant one. Church of Christ ministers and their members are great students of the Bible. My companion and I were not a very good match. There were several scriptures we were able to use in support of our belief, the strongest one is found in John 3:5 where the Lord said, "Except a man be born of the water and the spirit he cannot enter the kingdom of God." The ministers accepted that water meant baptism, but did not believe Spirit meant Holy Ghost. They became very angry and said if Spirit meant Holy Ghost the scriptures would so state. My companion and I felt pretty bad over the evening and felt we had lost all the ground we had gained with Jewell. Naturally this occasion was heavy on our hearts and still was the next morning. We prayed to the Lord for help. That morning as we were tracting, an elderly lady came to the door. After our introduction, out of the clear blue sky she said, "I am a Catholic. Have you ever seen a Catholic Bible?" She opened the door and invited us in without even waiting for an answer. She went directly to the shelf where her bible was and handed it to me. As I opened the Bible, it opened to John 3:5. To my amazement this scripture read, "Except a man be born of the water and the Holy Ghost he cannot enter the kingdom of God." Not knowing how I might get hold of a Catholic Bible, I prevailed upon this dear lady to let me borrow her Bible. This Bible was a family heirloom and meant a lot to her. I told her I would leave some money with her to assure her I would bring it back. Finally she said, "You two young men look honest, I will trust you

with it and you need not leave any money." We could hardly wait for Jewell to get off work to call her. We knew the Lord had answered our prayers. That evening we called her and told her we had something very important and could we see her for a few minutes. It was exciting to show her this scripture. A short time later, I had the privilege of baptizing her.

## **T. Frank Swallow's Work, Marriage and Family**

In September 1940 I was released from my mission. About the first thing I did, after getting a job, was to get a car. I had had a car when I was called on my mission, and in order to realize the most out of it, I turned it in to a car dealer to apply on a car when I returned home; so I negotiated for a little blue Plymouth club coupe.

The next thing I did after my mission was to date a few girls. I dated some cute girls but the cutest was June Bergeson. I met June in the Ward MIA class being taught by Malcolm Watson. The class was on Courtship and Marriage. Looking back that seems appropriate. We went on many dates including dances, shows, parties, etc. After feeling out her girl friend, Veryl, to see if I dare ask June to marry me, I purchased a ring and popped the question one night in May 1941. On Friday June 13, 1941 we were married in the Salt Lake Temple. We left that afternoon on our honeymoon. We went to San Francisco, up the coast to the Northwest and back home through Idaho.

After my return from the mission field in September 1940, having been out 2 1/2 years, I was hired full time by Hyrum Summerhays to work for Summerhays Music Company where I had worked previously doing his accounting. It was a good job. I made \$135.00 per month while many of my friends were earning around \$80.00 per month. I was working for the Music Company when I married June Bergeson June 13, 1941.

**Figure 422 - T. Frank Swallow and June Bergeson Swallow – June 13, 1941**



I was with the music company until the late summer of 1942. At this time, I left to work for the Remington Arms Plant as an auditor. I worked there and also for the Army Engineering Department until March 1943, at which time, I was drafted into the military service. I was released from the military in January 1946.

**Figure 423 - The T. Frank Swallow family – 1943**



June Bergeson Swallow and T. Frank Swallow holding their son Dennis (age 5 months) - March 30, 1943 on the Swallow Ranch

**Figure 424 - The T. Frank Swallow family – 1944**



June Bergeson Swallow, Dennis Swallow and T. Frank Swallow

A few months before going into the Military Service, June and I purchased a building in Midvale, Utah with a very small down payment. By the time the war was over, we were able to sell the property for a substantial profit.

While I was in the service June found a home in Salt Lake City she wanted to buy. Alfred M. Swallow, my brother, lent her the money. June took in roomers and boarders to pay to make the loan payments while I was in the service. We sold the house when I got out and paid my brother, Alf, back. Without Alf's help June would have been unable to get a home at that time. *(This last paragraph was added based on a phone conversation between Russell M. Robison and T. Frank Swallow on February 20, 2006.)*

I wanted to go into a business for myself and when I came out of the service I looked for a business opportunity. I became acquainted with two fellows in Ogden, Utah who wanted a third person to join them in opening an appliance store. June and I purchased a third interest in this company, known as the MGM Appliance Company. My partners were Howard Green and Ray Mayberry. We opened this business in the spring of 1947. About two years later, my partners decided they would like to get out of the business and offered to sell their interest to me. They wanted their original investment out of it. I agreed to this. I ran the business several months. My lease was coming up for renewal, and I felt now was a good time to liquidate. In February 1950, I was fortunate in being able to run a successful sale that cleared out my investment with an extremely good profit.

We decided we would like to move back to Salt Lake. June's mother, sister, Thora, and brother, Eldred, lived in Salt Lake. We built a house at 1431 Wasatch Drive and moved to Salt Lake in May 1950.

I started looking for another business venture in Salt Lake. A baby and children's ready-to-wear shop was up for sale. After some investigation, I decided to purchase the Baby Bunting & Jr. Shop located at 53 East Third South across the street from the Paris Company. Edna Fagan had been managing this store for the previous owner, and I retained her as manager. The business was never a great success, but it produced a good living. The first few months I spent full time in the business; but as time went on, through the arrangement of my employees, I spent less actual time in the business and was able to engage in other business activities.

I became acquainted with a Paul Cardon. He was a chemist and was working on experiments to develop processes for extracting minerals from ores. He worked on rare earths, uranium etc. He was extremely well read and a very rapid reader. The name of his company was Mineral's Refining Company. Paul needed some financial backing and also some council in the use of funds. About this same time, two more men became acquainted with Paul. They were Lewis H. Larson and B. E. Anderson. They were also impressed with Paul Cardon's abilities and invested money in his company, but I had no technical knowledge background and I became more involved in the operation, mainly from a management standpoint. Since there were operations in other areas, I would be gone sometimes a week at a time to Colorado and other areas.

There would be days that I would never get into the Children's store. It became apparent that I had to make some arrangements with the store because inventories were getting out of balance. I decided to sell the store and devoted my full time and effort to Mineral's Refining Company.

As the company grew more sophisticated, new management came into the company, men who had greater technical background and (*who were*) in a better position to guide Paul Cardon's activities. Eventually a wealthy Texan purchased controlling interest in the company. He was a promoter. I decided that perhaps I should be considering a move. There was a market for minerals refining stock through a broker in New York. I called him and told him I would sell a few shares. When the Texan learned I had sold some stock, he became very upset. I had come to the conclusion in my mind that I did not want to be a party to this promotion; so when he gave me the word that I couldn't sell any more of my stock, I decided now was the time to make a clean break from the company. I left Minerals Refining in the late summer of 1958. I sold my stock for three and four dollars a share. This venture within a couple of years later sold for as high as \$18.00 per share.

The next venture I became interested in was plastics ware manufacturing. It included plates, serving trays, coasters, etc. These items were produced through the plastic being forced into a metal mold. The machines that held these molds were large, weighing many tons. When the product came out of the mold, it looked like beautiful cut glass crystal. It was a beautiful product.

My half brother, Grant Madsen, heard about these molds being available and together we researched the market possibilities. From our investigation it appeared that these plates would be marketable. The molds were made in Germany. We entered into a contract with a German Company to lease the molds. There were thirteen different molds, each producing a different sized plate.

After bringing the molds from Germany, we negotiated with a company in Salt Lake City named Sunset Plastics to manufacture these items for us. We registered the trade name "Crystal-even," and operated under the name of Crystal-een Corporation. The officers of the corporation were myself, June, Grant and Lorette. We began packaging these items in our basement on Wasatch Drive. Dennis and Pat helped us with the packaging after school.

As our business grew, we rented a warehouse area and moved all of our operation there. Grant, Lorette, June and I did all the packaging, shipping, etc. from there. Long hours and a lot of traveling were spent setting up distributorships across the United States. The products were placed on Sears buying list and many of the Sears stores, as well as other important stores, stocked the items.

A particular provision in the lease with Germany, was creating some problems. We spent several months trying to get this ironed out, but we absolutely couldn't work it out. Our attorney advised us the best thing to do would be to put the molds in a bonded warehouse until settled. So in the late fall of 1959, this is what we did.

After we stopped production of the Crystal-een product, I decided to enter Real Estate; more as a stop gap measure with something to do until the problem with Germany was settled. After about six months, the situation with the company in Germany was settled, and they decided to work with us. But by then all our Crystal-een accounts were gone. I had become so entrenched in real estate, I had neither the desire or the finances to start all over again promoting Crystal-een.

As of the writing of this history, I have been in the Real Estate field eighteen years. The business has been good to me, and I have enjoyed it.

After I passed the state real estate examination, I went to work for Merve Wallace of Alder-Wallace Real Estate Company. I was with him only about a month. Shirl Kirk, Leah's son, along with a fellow named "Tatro" formed a company by the name of Award Realty in Granger. They asked me to come with them, so I did.

Another fellow, Thel Pearce, joined their company about the same time. I don't know the circumstances, but it seemed Award Realty didn't have a broker. It turned out that Thel had been a broker before; and, therefore, the State authorized him to be the broker of this company. Award Realty was in existence only about one and a half years. During the time I was with this

company, I purchased a lot in St. Mary's Hills. The address was 1437 South Wilton Way. I started building a home on the lot. During this construction Award Realty went out of business.

Thel Pearce opened a brokerage under the name of Pearce Realty. He was basically retired and didn't want to do much real-estating so he said to me, "Frank why don't you operate under my brokerage just as if you were the broker. You are the only person I know that I would dare trust in this way." This was a compliment to me, so after being exposed to the business about one and one-half years, I was on my own. A few months later, he sold his brokerage with the Salt Lake Real Estate Board to Edward Johnson. He sold it, however, with the provision that I would be able to operate under the same terms with Johnson as with him.

When I had been in the business three years, which was the state requirement to become a broker, I took the State Brokerage Examination and took out my own brokerage.

I was basically a loner, operating out of my home until about 1970. At that time Alma Gygi, who was a builder, wanted a Realtor to join him and handle his properties. While I was there, Joe Biesinger, who was related to one of Alma's sons through marriage, wanted to sell real estate. He joined Swallow Realty. About this time the government's "235 home building program" came into existence. I approached Alma about building these homes, but he did not want to enter this field. Joe had had considerable experience in home building, so we decided to do some building. I incorporated my company under the name of Swallow Realty & Construction, Inc. Joe and I carried on this program of building and real-estating together for five years. We then decided to part ways.

In 1974 my son, Tom, decided he would like to sell real estate, and a couple of other fellows joined my company.

In 1973 I purchased the franchise to the Hall Institute, a national real estate school. The headquarters are in Boston, Mass. For a couple of years, I taught two night classes a week. Then Tom started teaching one class a week, and this was a big help to me. In October 1976, Lynn Lambert, a former real estate teacher from Washington state, approached me to head up the Hall Institute and really promote it. Lynn has done a good job, and the school has grown. In May 1978 we leased a large store and remodeled it into a school.

In March of 1976 Dee Reynolds, a friend of Dixie and Mike, joined my company. He is in charge of our building program. He is a great person, very likable, and is also a very capable builder.

My callings and assignments in the church have been many. I have taught in the Sunday school and in the Priesthood Quorums. When we lived in Ogden, I was the MIA Superintendent. After moving back to Salt Lake, I was on the Sunday School Stake Board, a President in the Seventy's Quorum, a ward clerk at two different times to bishops in different stakes, a bishop's counselor, bishop, assistant high priest group leader, and a member of the Stake High Council.

I have enjoyed numerous faith promoting experiences. I will mention one. When I was called to be Bishop of the Monument Park 8th Ward, I was asked by the Stake President who I wanted for counselors. I asked for a couple of days to decide. I began a fast and wrote down about twelve names of people who I thought would be good counselors. I continued this fast and went to the temple hoping and praying for inspiration. As I entered the World room, it came to me just as plain as if someone had handed me a sheet of paper with the names on it, the two

men I should call. David Doxey and Gordon Gygi were called to be my counselors. David Doxey had just moved into the ward, and I had barely met him. Many in the ward had believed that I had chosen him at the request of the Stake President, but the Stake President had not made one single suggestion to me. I know that these were the best men that I could have chosen.

It is now February 2001, and I have decided to look over my history previously written and add to it. It has been 25 years since last writing.

In the early 1960s, an acquaintance of mine, Biard Anderson, called me. He said he would like to meet with me concerning a property located at 2700 West and 4700 South.

When we met he took me out to Taylorsville to a chicken farm that was situated on a 10 acre piece of land. He presented a program showing how we could acquire this land with little investment on our part. He presented figures indicating that the egg production from the chickens would pay the mortgage off. I knew nothing about chickens, but I believed the land had a great potential.

He said he understood the chicken operation; and if I would handle the accounting and business he would oversee the chicken operation. So we purchased the chicken operation located on the 10 acre plot and called the operation "Cackling Acres."

I never had any idea that so many problems could happen in a chicken operation. After operating the chicken farm a few years, due to chicken diseases, low egg prices, a major fire, etc., we were to a point where we were unable to make our mortgage payments. In the early 70s we negotiated a sale with Dan Gardner, who owned a chain of several grocery stores. He agreed to buy the property for the existing balance on the contract, with the option that we could purchase back 49% at the same price we were selling it to him within a certain time period. When the option date came up, Biard Anderson was unable to purchase his share so I purchased the 49%.

Sometime later an acquaintance of Dan Gardner, Milt Matthews, wanted to purchase a 25% interest in this property. With Milt Matthew's expertise in zoning, etc. we felt he would be a good partner. After acquiring the zoning for a shopping center, which took over a year, we negotiated a contract with a company to build the shopping center on the ten acres.

I managed the shopping center for a couple of years before our call to fill a mission in Israel. The partners decided to have a professional company manage the center.

## **Frank and June's Retirement Years**

I sold my real estate business before leaving for our mission in June 1981. We returned home November 1982 after 18 months of enjoying our mission.

We had many wonderful experiences while filling our mission in Jerusalem. We made many friends. In one two month period, we had over 80 Israelis in our apartment. This mission was truly a great experience. We visited many historical sights, many of which tourists never have an opportunity to see.

A few months before our mission was over, I received a letter from one of my partners in the shopping center wondering if I would consider managing the shopping center upon returning from our mission. I informed them that I would. I then managed the center until December 1987 at which time we sold the center.

In 1987 June and I decided to make a change in our living quarters, so we started looking at various condos in the valley. We decided that we would prefer to live, if possible, within walking distance of the temple, as we were temple ordinance workers. After looking at several units, we decided to buy at Terrace Falls located at 171 Third Ave. Its location seemed to be ideal for us. It was not only close to the temple but also the downtown malls, etc. We obtained our unit in December 1987 and moved in April 1988. As of this writing, we have lived here just short of 13 years. We have really enjoyed living in Terrace Falls. We have made many, many friends over the years.

**Figure 425 - T. Frank Swallow and June Bergeson Swallow – c1990**



When we first moved here, I was in good physical condition and enjoyed many hours in the yard. I am still in charge of ordering the flowers each spring and fall, but we now have other people doing the planting. I was also on the Terrace Falls Board for two years which oversaw the operation of the condo.

We had live in Terrace Falls about a year and a half when the Church decided to divide the Canyon Road Ward and organized another new ward. I was shocked to be called as the Bishop of the new ward named Eagle Gate Second Ward. I was set apart August 27, 1989 as the Bishop of the ward. I had two great counselors, John Clifford and Golden Muir. This association as a Bishopric continued for over five years when we were released.

At the time I was called to be Bishop of the Eagle Gate Second Ward – the Stake President received a letter from the First Presidency requesting that I be released as a temple worker while

being the Bishop. June continued as an ordinance worker during the time I was Bishop. After being released as Bishop, I returned to the temple as an ordinance worker.

In my 80th year, I was having a lot of trouble with my respiratory system. After a few examinations, I was diagnosed as having asthma. Until I got it medically under control, I didn't care if school kept or not. I answered an ad concerning the need for asthma patients for research purposes. Upon their examining me, my asthma was too far advanced to use me for their research. I asked them if they could recommend a doctor to me. They recommended Doctor Bitner. After several tests and drugs, he put me on an inhaler called "Flovent." It has proved to be a wonderful drug for me. If I take it regularly twice a day, I never know that I have asthma. Let me miss taking it, and I have problems getting back to normal again.

In December 1999, I was operated on for cancer of the colon. They removed 14 inches of the colon. I was then put on six months of chemo treatments. These treatments kill the good cells along with the bad cells. As a result I lost most of my energy. There are also some disagreeable side effects during the treatments. As of this writing, February 2001, I feel really good with no apparent physical problems.

The status of our family as of February 2001 is as follows: June and I have been very fortunate to have four lovely children born into our family.

### **Children of T. Frank and June Bergeson Swallow**

**Figure 426 - Children of T. Frank and June Bergeson Swallow**



Back row: Dennis Swallow and Patricia Swallow – Front row: Dixie Swallow and Tom Swallow

## **Dennis Swallow**

T. Frank Swallow wrote:

Our first child Dennis was born October 20, 1942 in Salt Lake City. After completing a mission in Australia he married Patsy Wesche in the Salt Lake Temple. They have five children: Cory, Travis, Taffeny, Caprice and Perry. Cory, Travis and Taffeny all filled missions. Perry is currently on a mission. All of their children are married except Perry.

**Figure 427 - Dennis Swallow**



Dennis Swallow recorded the following in October 2005:

I was born October 20, 1942 to June Bergeson and Thomas Frank Swallow in Salt Lake City, Utah. I was born during World War II. My dad was drafted into the military service when I was six months old. During my dad's military service I lived in California, back to Salt Lake, Mississippi and North Carolina.

My parents were intent in teaching their children the meaning of work. They gave us this opportunity by helping us find things to do. One was a hotdog cooker which we placed in the local stores. The hotdog was placed into a two prong holder energized with electricity running through it and in a matter of seconds it was ready to eat.

From age twelve through fifteen I was mowing lawns which provided me with spending money. I remember how happy I was when I was able to buy a neighbor's three speed bicycle.

At age sixteen I worked during the summer for Hygeia Ice Company. The balance of my high schooling I worked at the Lamp Lighter Restaurant. I graduated from Highland High School in 1962.

I spent six months basic training for the army reserve. In April 1963 I was called to fill a mission for the LDS Church and my call was to the Southern Australia Mission for the next two years.

Upon my return I went to Weber State College. I studied electronics and I landed a job with the Air Force. I started working at Hill Air Force Base in the instrument shop.

I married Patsy Susan Wesche September 1, 1967 in the Salt Lake Temple. We have five children: Cory Anthony, born 5 March 1969; Travis Blaine, born 1 July 1970; Taffeny Marie, born 12 December 1972; Caprice Ann, born 3 July 1975; and Perry Lee, born 13 October 1981.

I was transferred from Hill Air Force Base to McClellan Air Force Base at Sacramento, California in July 1974. In Sacramento I started commuting on my bicycle ten miles to the base to work each

day. After peddling a couple of years to work, I started bike touring, first with the Boy Scouts, then on my own. My first long tour was with my two oldest boys, when they were 14 and 15 years old. We rode from Sacramento to Salt Lake City, with the rest of the family driving along as a sag wagon on Interstate 80. The next year the three of us traveled alone with all our gear loaded on our bicycles. We rode US 50 to Salt Lake City, then on up to Bear Lake which was about a 1,000 miles in 9 or 10 days. I have been on many bicycle tours, but these are the most memorable.

**Figure 428 - Dennis & Patsy Swallow family – 1991**



L to R: Keith & Taffeny Swallow Evans, Travis & Jennifer Swallow, Frank & June Swallow, Dennis & Patsy Swallow, and Perry Swallow

I have worked with the Boy Scouts of America for 40 years. My experiences have been many and varied. Some of the most enjoyable was working on the Eagle Board and as the Eagle Board Chairman. During the last five years in Sacramento I had the opportunity of working with and interviewing about 50 Eagle Scouts a year.

Shortly after moving to Idaho I again became involved in scouting. In July 1999, after 32 plus years with the government and the closing of McClellan Air Force Base, I retired, and moved to Idaho. Here I began building a retirement home for us. It was a big project. We used Blue Max blocks that are put together like ligo blocks strung with rebar around and up and down and filled with concrete. The outside walls are one foot thick before dry wall and the outside log siding is applied. After many hours, days, months (couple of years) we have a house, with still the basement to finish. We have built a large barn.

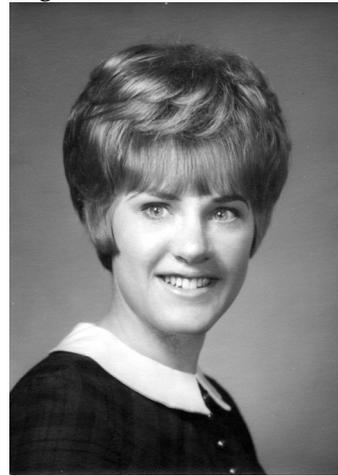
I have always been involved with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I have had the opportunity to hold many different callings. My faith is strong and my desire is great to continue in following my savior.

## **Patricia Swallow**

T. Frank Swallow wrote:

Patricia was born in Ogden, Utah December 18, 1946. She developed a heart condition soon after her birth, and we nearly lost her. It was a very frightening experience. She has had no after effects and has enjoyed good health except for allergies. She married Charles Haussler in the Salt Lake Temple. They have five children: Christine, Rebecca, Jacob, Paul and Joshua. Christine and Jacob have filled missions; Paul is currently on a mission. Christine and Rebecca are married.

**Figure 429 - Patricia Swallow**



Patricia Swallow Haussler wrote the following in 2005:

I, Patricia Swallow Haussler, was born in Ogden, Utah on December 18, 1946. I had a few health problems as a newborn but thanks to good parents, doctors, and nurses, I got better and have enjoyed good health ever since. At the age of three, we moved to Salt Lake City, where I spent the rest of my childhood. I do not remember this experience but my mother told me many times that when I was two years old, our family went to the Swallow Ranch. I had on a beautiful new dress. I was playing outside and found a barrel of oil. It looked fun to get into. I poured oil all over me and my new dress.

Growing up in Salt Lake City was great. Our first house butted up to rolling hills of undeveloped land. The summers were spent in the hills, playing every imaginative game we could think of. My friends and I would even catch horny toads and pretend they were families. We also had large open yards and every night we would play games like Kick the Can, I want a Beckon, Red Rover, etc. We had lots of kids in our neighborhood. In the winter the open hills were a terrific sleigh riding and toboggan hill. After traveling down a large hill, we could continue to sleigh ride down the street for about 2 blocks. It was great. But it did take us a few minutes to climb back to the top. I also learned to ski on this hill and then advanced to the ski resorts close to Salt Lake, which I loved.

If you have read my dad's (Frank's) history, he tried his hand in several different business ventures. A few of them involved us kids in helping him with the businesses. We had a few "fun" jobs of putting together a hot dog machine, assembling "crystal-een" (plastic crystal-like plates, trays, coasters, etc.) in packages, selling spudnuts, cleaning rentals, etc. etc. Being paid piece-meal taught us how to work hard and fast. At times we were not too happy but all of us learned to work hard and expect pay for only what we accomplished. My parents are hard and honest workers and we learned that value also.

One summer I was looking for a job and I went into a bank and filled out an application. As the Vice President interviewed me, he asked if I knew Frank Swallow. I told him that he was my father. He told me that my Dad's word was as good as a written contract and if he gave his word,

it would be done. He said he was the most honest man he had met. Our parents are wonderful examples of honesty, faithfulness, steadfastness and obedience to righteous living.

I graduated from high school in 1965 and attended BYU from 1965-1969. I graduated in Business Education and obtained a teaching job in Sacramento, California. I taught business subjects at a high school for two years. During this time I met a teacher who introduced me to my future husband. Charles had spent eight years in the military, two tours in Viet Nam and Germany. We were married on June 18, 1973 in the Salt Lake Temple. Charles moved to Salt Lake and we have lived here ever since. Charles spent 21 years as a sheriff deputy for the Salt Lake County Sheriffs Dept. We were blessed with five wonderful children, two girls and three boys. I loved being home and able to be with our children during their childhood.

**Figure 430 - Patricia Swallow & Charles Haussler family – 1991**



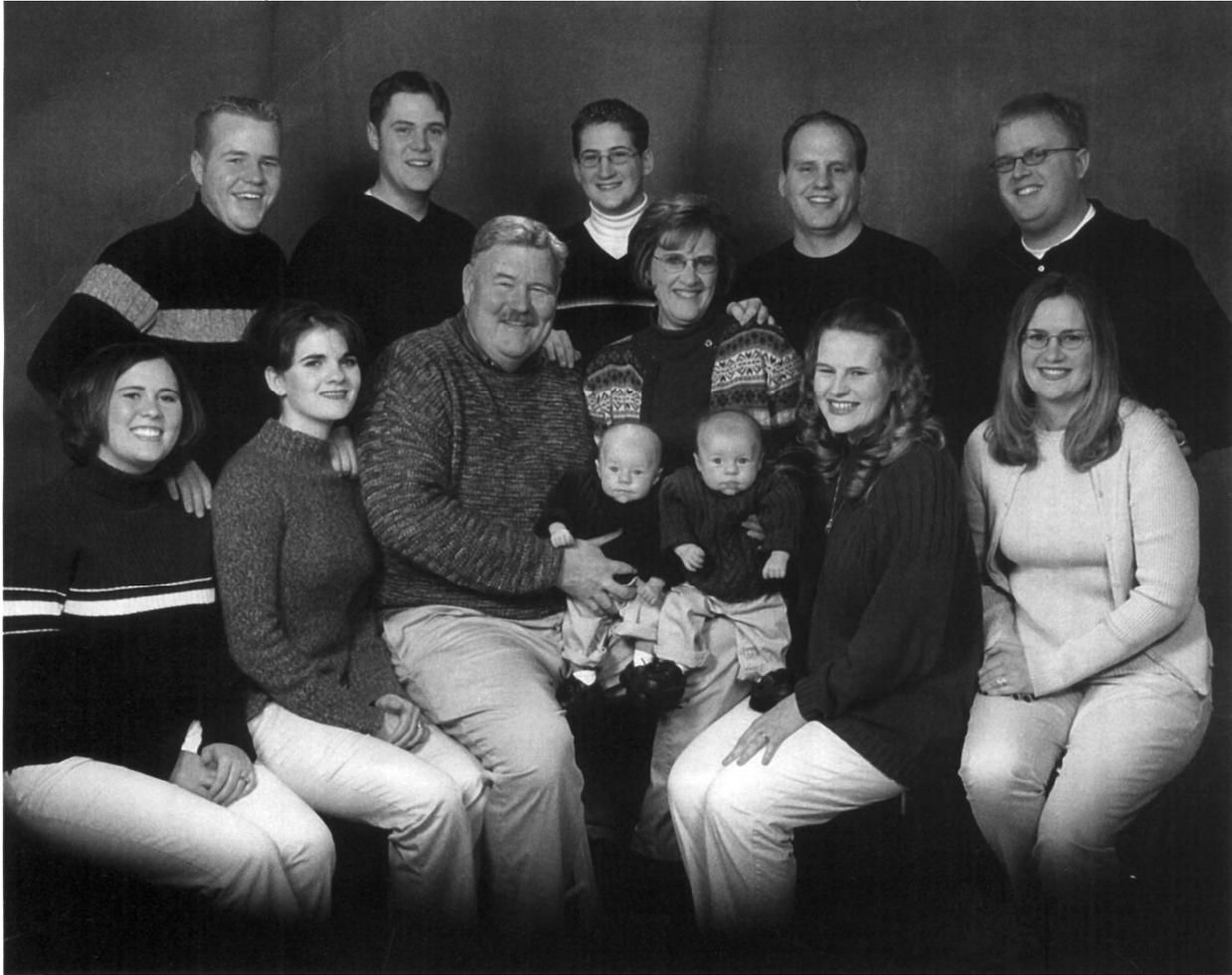
L to R: Paul, John & Rebecca Haussler Reiser, Joshua, Christine, Frank & June Swallow, Patricia & Charles Haussler

The Church has been very important in our lives and we have served in many callings. My husband has worked with the youth, taught lessons and served in the Elders and High Priests Quorums. He is now serving in the Bishopric. I spent most of my younger years in Young Women's serving as advisor and as Young Women's president two times. I loved being with the youth. I am currently serving as Enrichment Leader in Relief Society.

In 1991 I went to work at the corporate office for Rhodes International and I am still working there. Rhodes is a manufacturer of frozen bread dough. I worked in several different positions but I am now working in Human Resources, dealing with health insurance and other employee benefits.

My husband retired from Salt Lake County Sheriff's office in 1995. He worked for the Division of Occupational and Professional licensing for a few years and now he is the chief investigator over the Special Investigation unit at the Attorney General's office.

**Figure 431 - The Charles and Pat Swallow Haussler family – Dec. 2001**



L to R - Back row: Paul, Jacob, Josh, John Garrard and John Reiser – Front row: Kim, Joslin, Charles, Pat, Christine and Rebecca – Babies: Charley and Christian Garrard

We have four married children. Christine lives in Sacramento, CA with her husband John and three children. John is an administrator at a high school and Christine works part-time overseeing home taught students. They have twin boys, Christian and Charley who are four. Maren, their little princess, is two years old and wants to be the center of attention. Both Christine and John filled missions in the Leeds, England mission.

Rebecca and her husband live in Salt Lake City. She graduated from the University of Utah Medical School in May 2005 and is in her first year of residency at the U of U. She is happy when she only has to spend 80 hours per week at the hospital. Her husband John is a commercial mortgage broker.

Jacob and his wife Joslin both graduated from the University of Utah in May of 2005. Jacob graduated in business and is working for Edward Jones, an investment brokerage, in Albuquerque, New Mexico. His wife, Joslin, graduated in nursing and Spanish and works part-time as a nurse. They have two children, Collin, who is 21 months and Olivia who is three months. Jacob fulfilled a mission to Bristol, England and Joslin went to Venezuela.

Paul and his wife, Kim, live in Salt Lake City. Paul works for an insurance company and Kim works at a credit union. Paul went on a mission to Chile.

Our youngest, Josh, lives at home. He is working and going to college.

Our trips consist of visiting our grandchildren. We have lots of fun with them.

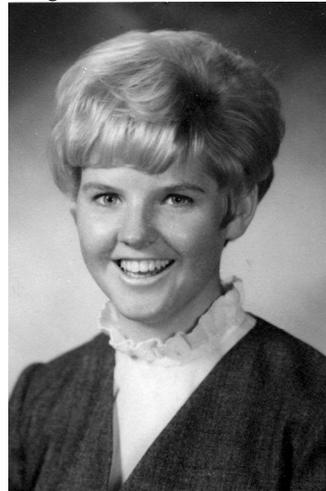
In June, 2005, my brothers, Dennis, Tom, and spouses, and our parents took a short trip to the Swallow Ranch. We had heard lots of stories about the ranch but did not know exactly where it was. Reading the history of George Swallow and looking at all the pictures gave us a greater desire to visit the Ranch. It was a wonderful experience to see the ranch; listen to Dad tell more stories of what he remembered, when he visited the ranch as a boy; and to view the surrounding areas. We had a delightful visit with Darlene Whitlock and learned more about the Swallows.

## **Dixie Swallow**

T. Frank Swallow wrote:

Dixie, our third child, was also born in Ogden, Utah on October 18th, 1949. She married Michael Burbidge in the Salt Lake Temple. They have five children: Garrett, Marci, Ryan, Teresa and Angela. Garret, Marci and Angela are married. Teresa is engaged and Ryan is still looking.

**Figure 432 - Dixie Swallow**



Dixie Swallow Burbidge wrote the following in 2005:

On October 18, 1949 I was born to June and Frank Swallow in Ogden, Utah. My father had a children's clothing store and I think I was pretty well decked out at that time. When I was 8 months old, our family moved to Salt Lake City and lived on Wasatch Dr. There were no homes behind our house-only open hills and a Catholic school.

I always tell people I had a charmed childhood with loving parents, an older brother I adored, a sister who put up with my constant talking and a brother one year younger than me who was a constant playmate. I have always admitted that my faults and weaknesses are of my own doing since I have no one to blame them on.

My birthday was in October and I remember many birthday parties including scavenger hunts, Halloween parties and hobo parties and all were outside! As a child we played fox and geese in the snow in our *large* backyard, built igloo houses and forts, ate cherries in the trees in the summer and played on an enormous swing set in the very back of our yard. We explored the foothills of Salt Lake on a regular basis. I always wanted to be apart of my older sibling's

adventures. We were scared of the Catholic school and tiptoed around the grounds and grottos. There was a crazy lady who lived in the all rock witches house (or so we thought) which was a constant source of fun and fear with various dares to make her life miserable.

In kindergarten, I was bused for one half year to Uintah Elementary. It was a very old building even that long ago and was quite intimidating. They then opened Curtis Elementary and we walked to school everyday. It was probably one half mile away and of course we had several demons to face on that walk. I picked up my best friend, Kristi Baker, on the way to school. Her backyard backed up to a cemetery and it became one of our favorite playgrounds. We even had a slumber party there one night. There was a large hill behind our house that became the sledding hill in the winter. You could sled down the hill and hit the road and continue another block. It is a wonder no one was killed.

When I was in the third grade they built Indian Hills Elementary. School was now only a block away. Since all four of our neighbors' yards came together in the back and we had no fences, we just cut through the yard and we were at the base of the hill where the school was. The bad news – they ruined our sledding hill!

In the third grade I entered a picture in an art contest. It was actually picked to be displayed in our school district's art fair. I was so proud of my picture and was convinced I had true talent. It didn't take long to realize I couldn't even draw stick figures well!

In the fourth grade we had to pick our favorite song and sing it before the class. I picked "America the Beautiful" and thought I did a magnificent job as I belted out the lyrics. It wasn't until the seventh grade that I tried out for choir and found out I was tone deaf and couldn't carry a tune. This has been one of the hardest facts to face in my life. I have not been able to join in and sing with others. In my next life I plan on rectifying that weakness and sing with the angels!

When I was ten we moved up the mountain to Wilton Way. They started to develop the land behind our house and moved our playground much higher on the mountain. Dad was in real estate and decided to build a spec home. We moved into it for a year and felt like we were in a dream home with our own waterfall in the backyard.

At this time I took up sewing and creating all kinds of original stuff! My favorite was a stuffed walrus with tusks. I actually think I was pretty good for my age and developed a drive to create objects, whether cooking desserts, sewing or building that were outrageously time consuming.

Tom and I were constantly building huts in the gully behind our house. We loved hiking to Dinosaur Rock and discovering snakes, tarantulas, lizards and all sorts of creatures in the great outdoors.

We had to walk down a dirt path to school that was always muddy or snow covered when the other kids had dry sidewalks. I remember wearing boots for days when no one else was.

My parents put us in swimming, ice skating, and tumbling classes and my older brother Dennis taught me to ski. We would often ride the bus downtown even when very young to go to the YWCA to swim class. I took piano lessons until the teacher said my hands were too small and I had no aptitude for music.

Just before seventh grade we moved to Blaine Ave. It was a rather funny looking house with no backyard, but we were growing up and didn't require so much room. We lived right around the corner from Hillside Jr. High and the same kids from our elementary school went there so it was an easy transition. In the seventh and eighth grade a Dr. Jenkins from the University of Utah came to Hillside to teach a special math class for one period a day. I don't know why I was chosen for this class; I do not remember having a special gift for math in elementary. This was a time of awakening for me. He opened my mind and helped me realize the joy of logic and what the mind could do. He would give us logic problems to take home and I remember many a dinner discussing the problem with the family and defending my solution. It started a trend of having open discussions over dinner on many subjects. I always felt that my ideas were listened to and I felt my Dad was the wisest man I knew.

In the ninth grade I had a science teacher that continued to challenge me and inspire me to study hard and get good grades. In the tenth grade I decided I wanted to go back East to college and so worked hard for good grades all through high school. I had a group of four girl friends, Cindy Williams, Jennifer Davis, Karen Cooms and Kristi Baker who stayed very close. We were all in Pep Club together, dragged State, went to all the games and did drive by's. They were great examples to me and we never struggled with some of the temptations of the day. Not to say we didn't think we were living 'on the edge'. I certainly wasn't the Belle of the Ball, but I dated, went to most of the school dances and remember laughing my way through high school. I took many classes that were mostly boys and they were usually a year older than me. Consequently most of my high school years were spent on crushes for older boys. Tom and I belonged to a ski club and we had great times going to different ski resorts. Dennis took us to Sun Valley to ski and I felt like I was a world traveler!

During my senior year I decided to go to Europe with my money instead of an Ivy League School. I was gone over six weeks and visited eleven countries. There were thirty six students and Dean Collett, my Russian teacher, was our chaperone. We flew many places and then took a bus through the Italian and Swiss Alps. It opened my eyes to the world and gave me a great desire to continue to travel and learn more of other cultures.

I came back with no money and enrolled in the University of Utah. I lived at home, went to school and worked different jobs. One summer I sold encyclopedias door to door. I think my parents worried themselves sick since I was dropped off in not so nice neighborhoods and picked up around 10:00 pm. The job was horrible, but I made enough money to pay for school that year.

I then took a job that I really struggled with. I was a physics and math major and had taken Russian. I wasn't good at Russian, but I had the math background and the vocabulary of math was small. I took a job translating Russian math into English. Because of the job, I decided to go see my Russian teacher and European adventurer for advice. Mike Burbidge was visiting him after a road trip to Montana selling windshield deicers. Mike walked me to the car and made sure I saw the moon with him before he sent me home. A few days later he called me for a date to a fireside on campus. We realized we had similar schedules and he drove past my house on his way to school. He started to pick me up for school everyday. I fell hard and immediately forgot about all the career goals I had made! He was handsome, made me laugh, and was true to his faith. By Christmas we were pinned, in February we were engaged and then we were married June 16<sup>th</sup>, 1970 in the Salt Lake Temple.

We bought two houses on one lot on 5<sup>th</sup> East and about 35<sup>th</sup> South. A large house sat in front that we rented and a small house (a chicken coup converted to a house) sat in the back. It had a cute picket fence around it. A slanted roof went down to five feet over the kitchen, bathroom and second bedroom. It was quite amusing watching Mike try to shower all bent over. He hit his head just a few times on the kitchen ceiling. Mike had his first experience putting in a new kitchen. I had a great time painting and decorating a putrid olive green house. When all was done, it was really quite charming.

I went to work for three internists, Drs. Evans, Evans and Evans, as a bookkeeper. I had my first feel for the inside world of doctors, their humor and compassion.

A year later, Mike and I took a road trip with my Mom and Dad back East. We went to the church historical sights, Niagara Falls, New York where Mike served his mission, and Washington DC. We covered 5,500 miles in eleven days. It was a great trip. We were definitely on a budget and slept several nights at truck stops in sleeping bags. What a memory!!! I started getting sick the last day of the trip and came home to find out I was pregnant. The baby did not develop properly and at 4 months I miscarried. It was a very hard time with questions about our ability to have children. It was a time of spiritual growth and an even stronger bond between Mike and me

We were blessed a year later with a healthy baby boy, Garrett, just two weeks before Christmas on December 11<sup>th</sup>, 1972.

I quit work and became a stay at home mom. What a change this brought into our lives! Having a baby in the house was the greatest blessing, and at times I thought my heart would explode! Garrett had an easy disposition and for awhile I wondered what I was going to do with all this time. But when he was three months old, I was called to be president of the Young Women. I no longer had any free time. This calling also brought many blessings and my testimony of the gospel grew. Eighteen months later, Marci was born on June 18<sup>th</sup>, 1974. She was small and petite and Garrett adored her (the rest of us adored her too.) She was also an easy baby to care for and we had great fun with our two children.

When Marci was about six months, the Seitz family moved in a few doors down the street. They had two children the same ages as ours. We became good friends and Ann was great to get up and go with both kids in tow.

Two years later, Ryan was born on September 18, 1976. He just made us laugh from the time he was born. We started building a new house in the summer of 1977. We sold our house and moved in with Mom and Dad the end of August. We thought we would be there a few weeks. The second week in December we were finally able to move into our new home on Lombardy Drive. I continued to work in the Young Women's in our new ward. While serving in the YW, I went to a youth conference put on by BYU which was a six day survival course. We faced many challenges including a solo hike at night, killing animals and eating them, rappelling, and a ropes course. This was a life changing experience for me.

On February 12, 1980, Teresa was born. She had tons of black hair and won us over immediately with her ready smile. Just one year later, Angela came into this world two months early. She was in intensive care for about five weeks and we couldn't wait to bring her home. At the same time,

my Mom and Dad were called to serve a mission in Israel. They left shortly after Angela came home from the hospital. It was difficult to see them go, but what a great experience for our family. Mike and I were able to visit them for two weeks a year later. We traveled to all the important Christian sights in Israel with our own personal guides!!!

In December of 1981, we moved again. We found a house on Chapel Oaks Dr. in a neighborhood that several of our friends had moved to. It had a great Ward and lots of young children for our kids to play with. The yard was enormous so we put in a sports court to take up some of the space. It ended up being a great place for the neighbors to congregate. We also had our own football field and baseball diamond in our backyard. There were no fences and plenty of grass for any sport.

In 1985 I ran the St. George Marathon. Ginger Goff and I had been running for several years and thought this would be a great idea. I can honestly say that one marathon is all I ever need to run. You run daily for health and a marathon for your mind.

That same year my parents bought a share of a condominium in St. George. This became a favorite vacation spot for our family and now for our children's families.

In 1985 I also returned to school and started working on my degree again. I decided to get an accounting degree, but when I took the math classes for business, I realized that my first love was really math. I changed degrees and finally graduated in 1990.

After graduating I went to work for Rhodes Bake N Serve. I did bookkeeping for them and stayed with them through the very stressful years of buying a new business and trying to get it off the ground. Ken Farnsworth has always been very appreciative of my efforts and has supported my later endeavors. I left Rhodes in 1995 to be the Development Director of the Utah Food Bank. I was responsible for raising two million dollars a year for their budget and bringing in ten million pounds of food through food drives. This job took all the energy I could find and took an emotional toll on me, but I have never grown as much or appreciated more what I have.

In 1999, we sold our home and started building the Stone Canyon Inn. We had bought property in Tropic four years earlier in hopes of building a business in the area. We decided to start with a Bed and Breakfast. I moved to Tropic during the week and returned to Salt Lake on the weekends. Annette Chynoweth adopted me for the year and let me move in with them.

**Figure 433 - The Mike & Dixie Swallow Burbidge family – 1991**



L to R: Chad Nell holding Ethan Nell, Marci Burbidge Nell, Dixie Swallow Burbidge, Frank Swallow, June Swallow, Angela Swallow, Teresa and Allen Larson

It was quite an experience to run water and sewer lines for one mile and power and phone lines for one half mile. I became the general contractor and learned more than I ever wanted to know. We completed the Inn in August of 2000. At that time, I moved in permanently and Mike traveled to Tropic on the weekends. We found that we had a very unique spot and filled a niche for fine lodging that did not exist in the area.

All of our children have married in the Temple and we now have 12 grandchildren. There is nothing more exciting than to be together with family. We love to play together, to do high adventures and explore the great outdoors. I am forever grateful for loving spouses that have married my children. Family is the most important thing in my life and I feel so blessed to have loving relationships with each of them.

## **Thomas "Tom" Swallow**

T. Frank Swallow wrote:

Thomas "Tom" was born in Salt Lake City on February 2, 1951. He was called to the Australian Mission. He married Kaye Thorn in the Salt Lake Temple and they have four children: Ashley, Lindsey, Amber and Scott. Ashley and Lindsey are the children married in their family.



Thomas Lyle Swallow wrote the following in November 2005:

I am the fourth and final child of Frank and June Swallow and was introduced into this world at Holy Cross Hospital on Ground Hog Day, that being February 2, 1951. Max Sharp MD, our family doctor, delivered me; he was one of the meanest men I ever knew – that coming from a little boy who got all of his shots and medicines from him. Going to the doctor was never a good day. When I was born it was determined that after three beautiful children their luck had run out and it was time to close up shop. I came home to 1431 South Wasatch Drive, where Mom and Dad had just finished building a house.

The home on Wasatch was a great home to grow up in. It had a large living room and dining area that could hold all of Mom's family for our annual Christmas Eve party. The old black and white TV was in the living room where we watched endless episodes of The Lone Ranger, Superman, and Howdy Dowdy. The basement had everything a little guy could want, a family room with built-in shuffle board tile and a furnace room complete with blood thirsty killers and monsters that only came out at night when you had to go to your basement bedroom alone. The backyard was huge. It was ideal for playing games and had lots of fruit trees. On hot summer afternoons my best friend Stevey Turtle and I would climb the cherry trees and sit and eat cherries until we were sick. We always had to dodge the hanging pie tins and other unnatural objects that were hung there to scare the birds away. We usually had one pet or another hanging around. Often when we would visit Uncle Phil on his farm up in Cache Valley they would send us home with a stray cat. We weren't good with cats and they usually ended up straying away from us as well. Once we got a parakeet named Jasper. We taught him to say a few words. My parents bought this record that you were supposed to play for the bird hours at a time to teach him to talk. Jasper didn't learn much but we all started talking like parakeets. If Jasper was out of his cage at dinner time Jasper would fly to the edge of some ones drinking glass and start dipping his beak in. It didn't bother me but Mom couldn't stand it. One night as we were sitting down to eat, Mom asked me to put Jasper in the other room. I put him on my finger and walked him to the room where his cage was. As was my usual way I flipped him in the air so that he

could fly to his cage and I turned around and walked out, closing the door behind me. To my chagrin he came flying out with me, and I caught his neck right between the door and the frame. From then on I was known as "the guy who murdered Jasper."

The mountains and their foothills were our play ground. Crossing through our backyard and our neighbors, we were in the foothills. We made huts in the scrub oaks, caught endless amounts of lizards, horny toads, and snakes, and did lots of exploring. I also found out that I had a gift... starting fires. I don't know why it came so natural; I was just good at it. As a toddler I lit my bedroom on fire and then went and told Dixie, "Dixie, come look at the pretty fire." She screamed and Mom and Dad came running. They were able to catch it just before the curtain caught hold. On several occasions when I was a little older Stevey and I would go up in the foothills and start a fire in the June grass. We would see how big we dared let it get and then stomp it out. That was great fun. Sometimes they almost got out of hand. Once it did get out of hand and several fire trucks had to be called in to put out the fire and protect the homes nearby. The next year the school district built the Indian Hills Elementary School on the very spot. I thought sure that we would get an award or something for having already cleared the site. Later on as a teenager I almost caught the cabin on fire, twice, but fortunately there weren't witnesses. This developed skill served me well in the scouts. When we would go to jamborees they would usually have a fire building contest. The goal would be to see which troop could be the first to start a fire from scratch and get it large enough to burn through a string that was stretched across a fire pit that was two feet off the ground. I was always the guy to start the fire. Once going, others would jump in and add wood and blow. Often times it would have been raining and the wood would be damp. Some troops never could get their fires started. Not troop 564. Enough of my strong points.

When I was 10 Dad built a beautiful home at the top of the St. Mary's subdivision. The home was on Wilton Way and it was neat! My bedroom had a fireplace and we had a waterfall in the backyard. The best part was that we had a legitimate bomb shelter with two foot thick cement walls. To go in the shelter you first walked in straight, then turned left, then turned right. Radioactive fallout can't go around corners. The Cold War was at its height and anyone over 20 worried about Nikita Khrushchev, the Leader of Russia. For us kids, it was a cool room to show my friends. Life was good.

A year or two later we moved to 2349 Blaine Avenue. I was just going into scouts and the Deacons Quorum. There were 36 boys in our troop. It didn't seem like any big deal at the time, I can't believe what a heroic job my scout master did. In the scouts I learned to love camping and hiking and of course starting camp fires – a love that has never left.

From the home on Blaine I went to sixth grade at Beacon Heights Elementary School, 7<sup>th</sup> through 9<sup>th</sup> at Hillside Junior High, and tenth through twelfth at Highland High. I graduated from Highland with a 4.0 average and number one in my class. (Not really, I was just glad to graduate.) Soccer was my high school sport. I played all three years, two on the varsity team. While in junior high and high school the Viet Nam War was raging. Many of us tried to join National Guard or Army Reserve units. At least we got to pick our poison. I joined the National Guard 144 Evac Hospital. One week after graduation I boarded a plane for Fort Polk, Louisiana to do my basic training. After three months of drills, exercising, shooting and basically learning to quit thinking and be a follower, I was sent to Fort Sam Houston in San Antonio, Texas. There I became trained as a field medic. We became good targets because our helmets had red crosses

painted on the front, easy for the enemy to site onto. Fortunately my unit was not called up and my eight year commitment was all in Salt Lake.

After returning home from basic training I had to pause and determine where I wanted to go in life. I wasn't committed to serving a mission for the LDS Church. During this time I worked as a surveyor for the State of Utah. After a few months of wrestling with the decision, my prayers were answered and I put in my papers. I received a call to the Australia West Mission. I enjoyed two wonderful years of cultural exchange and spiritual experiences.

Upon returning I enrolled at the University of Utah. While taking general ed and business classes I became interested in real estate. I took the exam and started part time which very quickly became full time. Early on in real estate someone told me that the business was too hard of a way to make a living unless you are going to invest in yourself. I started early on picking up a rental property here and there. Thirty years later I still do it. If I could remember who it was that gave me the advice I wouldn't know whether to shake his hand and thank him or to punch him for all of the evenings and weekends that I've given up. The way I look at it, all I'm doing is working for my kids' inheritance.

When I was 23 I was reintroduced to a girl that I had met in high school. We went on one date while in school, but it was pretty much a disaster so we didn't go out again. When reintroduced I was pretty attracted to this Kaye Thorne, but she had just gone through a broken engagement, which I wasn't aware of, and wasn't interested in dating. Two dates, two disasters! About six months later Kaye was "getting over" her self imposed celibacy and called me to see if I would go to a school faculty party at an elementary school where she was teaching. She needed an escort and knew that a faculty party at best was going to be a bad date, so why not call Tom. I went and it was painful, but not horrible. Well, third times a charm and we started dating and were married in the Salt Lake Temple June 9<sup>th</sup>, 1975. It has now been 30 years of bliss and heaven on earth.

Kaye and I bought a home on the Avenues and had a baby. Ashley. A year and a half later we bought another home on the Avenues and had a second girl. Lindsey. The following year we purchased a home in the East Millcreek area and had our third daughter, Amber. A few years later we moved into our fourth home, also in the East Millcreek area, and had our fourth baby, Scott. We always thought that we would move a couple of more times, but . . . well you see the pattern.

All of the kids grew up participating in myriads of activities, but our main family events have been snow skiing, water skiing, and camping and hiking.

The three girls have all married well. Josh and Ashley Kirkham currently live in New York in Manhattan. Mike and Lindsey Dunn live in Salt Lake and have two beautiful daughters. Anthony and Amber Meyer live in Virginia, a short distance from Washington DC, and Scott has recently returned home from a mission to Mexico and is living at home.

**Figure 435 - The Thomas & Kaye Swallow family – 1991**



L to R: Mike & Lindsey Swallow Dunn, Frank & June, Amber, Scott, Kaye, Tom, and Ashley Swallow

**Figure 436 - Tom and Kaye Swallow – June 2005**



Upper Lehman Creek road with Wheeler Peak in the background

**Figure 437 - Tom and Kaye Swallow – June 2005**



Tom and Kaye Swallow in front of one of the Bunkhouses on the old Swallow Ranch at Shoshone, Nevada

This brings me up to November 1<sup>st</sup>, 2005. I'm 54 years old so my life must be close to a third over. I'll update this again in 2055.

## Testimony of T. Frank Swallow

Having a firm testimony and knowledge of the purpose of this life, I feel I must leave my testimony to the truthfulness that the Gospel has been restored in these latter days through the prophet Joseph Smith. I am grateful for my testimony of God the Father, for my testimony of the mission of Jesus Christ, that He is my Savior and Redeemer and only through the principles of repentance and obedience to his commandments may one enter once again into his presence. I have a testimony of the importance of temple work. I have a testimony that the Book of Mormon is true, that we have a living prophet on the earth today, and that the Word of Wisdom is important in our lives.

I am grateful for my family and their desire to live the commandments of the Lord. I am grateful for the testimony that we are not placed on this earth to fill a life of peaches and cream, but that we will be faced with trials. Some of those trials may be financial, health, death of loved ones, etc. Whatever these trials might be, I know the Lord will give us the courage and the strength to cope with them if we do not waiver in our testimonies.

In February 2001 I bring this history to a close. On February 27, 2001 I reached my 83rd birthday.

I may at sometime in the future add to this history.

T. Frank Swallow made an addition to his personal history July 1, 2001. The part in his history about his grandmother, Caroline Crow Swallow, was included as part of *Our Swallow Heritage – Vol. I*.

## Frank Honored as Son of 1868 Pioneer Settler to Utah

Figure 438 - T. Frank & June Bergeson Swallow



Figure 439 - T. Frank & June Bergeson Swallow



T. Frank Swallow and June Bergeson Swallow are honored in the 24th of July parade for 2002 – Salt Lake City, Utah

Figure 440 - Newspaper account of T. Frank Swallow being honored – 2002

# The Salt Lake Tribune

http://www.sltrib.com

Utah's Independent Voice Since 1871

## For Son of One of First Settlers, Utah Always Remains the Place

BY SHRUTI L. MATHUR  
THE SALT LAKE TRIBUNE

A painting of Jerusalem hangs on Frank Swallow's wall, opposite one of Jesus Christ. A Grecian urn rests on one table, a bust of Joseph Smith on another.

Appropriate decorations for the 84-year-old son of one of Utah's pioneers. Today, 135 years after his father started his long walk across the plains, Swallow and his wife, June, will be in pioneer garb, riding in a covered wagon in the Days of '47 Parade.

Swallow, like his father, has crossed oceans and continents, but always comes home to Utah.

"We've traveled a lot," says June,

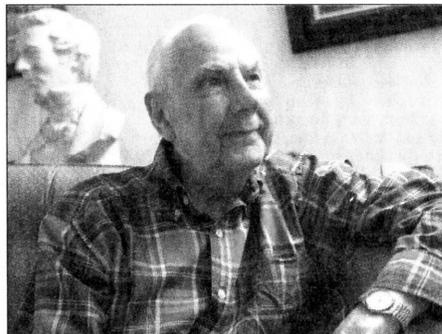
"but we like to be back in Salt Lake City."

Swallow's father, George Swallow, was an English convert who left North Platte, Neb., at age 16 to make a home in the Salt Lake Valley for family members who would follow.

As it happens, Frank Swallow's maternal grandfather was a member of the band, led by Brigham Young, that entered the valley on July 24, 1847.

See **PIONEER DAY**, Page A-10

**DAYS OF '47**  
SLC parade lineup **A-10**  
Statewide roundup **A-11**  
Bountiful handcars **D-1**



Grayson West/The Salt Lake Tribune

Frank Swallow, 84, plans to don pioneer garb and go for a ride today in a covered wagon with his wife, June, in the Days of '47 Parade in Salt Lake City.

## Pioneer Day Has Special Meaning for Settler's Son

■ Continued from A-1

George Swallow was 67 and his wife, Mattie, 42, when Frank was born in 1918. George died when Frank was 14, and the son has few memories of what his father was telling about the trek.

"When you're young, you don't ask much," Frank says.

What he does know about his father he learned from his 12 half-brothers and sisters — like the story of how his parents first met. Mattie, a widow, ran a cafeteria on Social Hall Avenue when George, a widower, walked in. Mattie's daughter, as the story goes, told her mother to "go talk to that man. He looks lonely."

Frank has a photograph taken in the mid-1920s. There he is, a tousled-hair boy standing shyly between his mother and father.

"Memory has a tendency to slip away at this age," Frank says.

Still, he remembers much of his childhood: the summers at his father's ranch, his first job (as a janitor's assistant in elementary school), the Great Depression, and especially the theater that showed serialized movies.

"First I went to the Empire Showhouse" for 10 cents, Frank said, "then had a hamburger for 5 cents." It was all the money he had, he said, "but it was a good outing."

An accountant by training, Frank was stationed at an Army post in the Aleutian Islands during part of World War II. Later, he would start a real estate and construction business and begin traveling the world with June.

The couple have been to Greece, the United Kingdom, New Zealand, Australia and China, and together served an 18-month mission to Israel for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Proselytizing is not allowed in Israel, so the Swallows were simply instructed to "make friends," he says.

"You can't ask for a better assignment than



Frank Swallow is joined by his parents George and Mattie Swallow in this picture, taken in the mid-1920s in Salt Lake City.

that," he said.

More recently, Swallow served as trek master for the Sons of Utah Pioneers, organizing annual trips to places such as Moab, Martin's Cove, Wyo., and along southern Utah's Highway 12. Even Swallow's belt buckle bespeaks his love for home: It is silver, with the word "Utah" etched above a pioneer scene.

The Swallows still love to travel, but these days it is to Arizona, Oregon, California and Washington to visit their four children, 19 grandchildren, and 18 (soon to be 20) great-grandchildren.

smathur@sltrib.com

As of 2006, T. Frank and June Swallow still reside in Salt Lake City.

## Appendix A – Maps

Figure 441 - Map of Spring Valley and Snake Valley

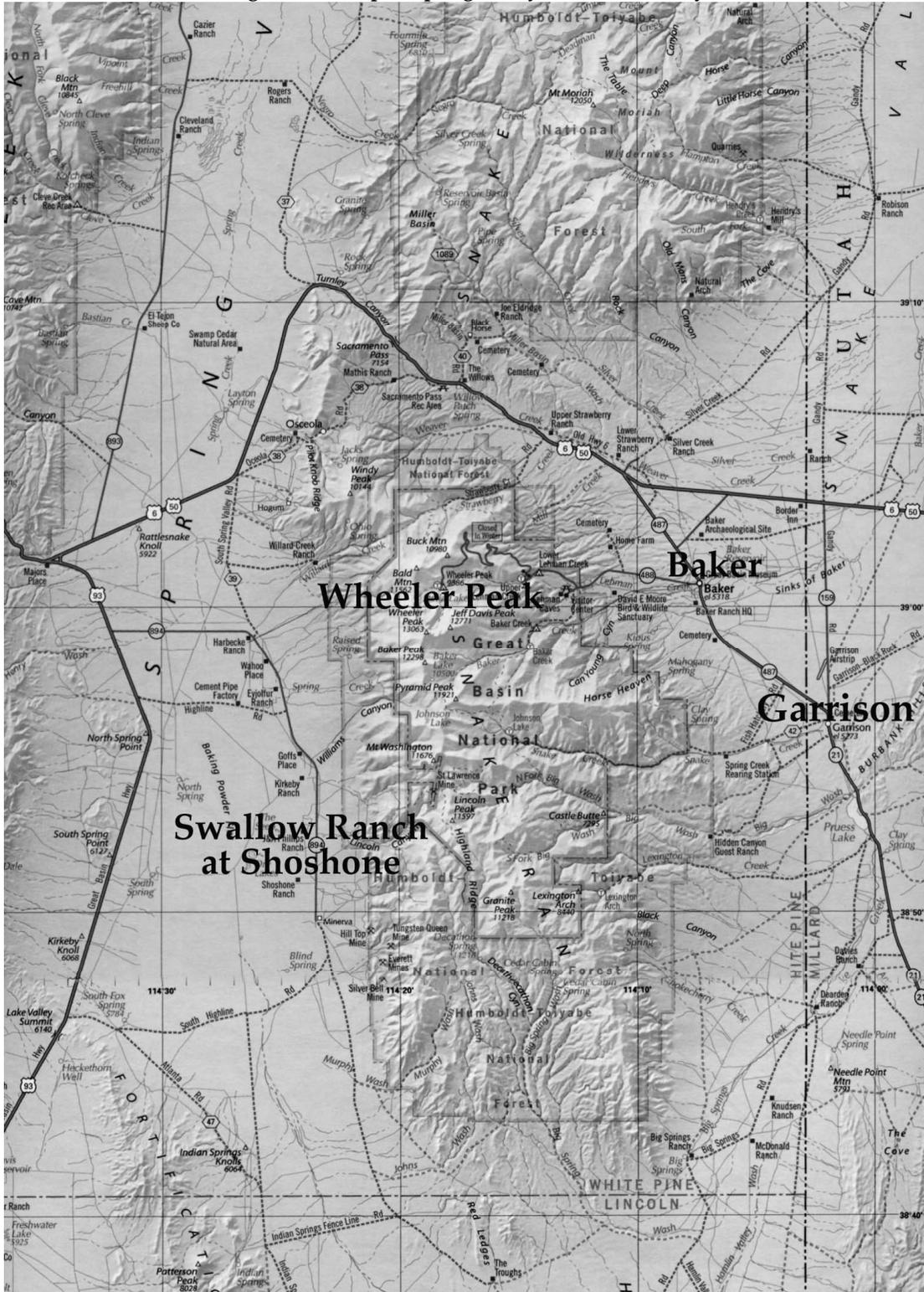
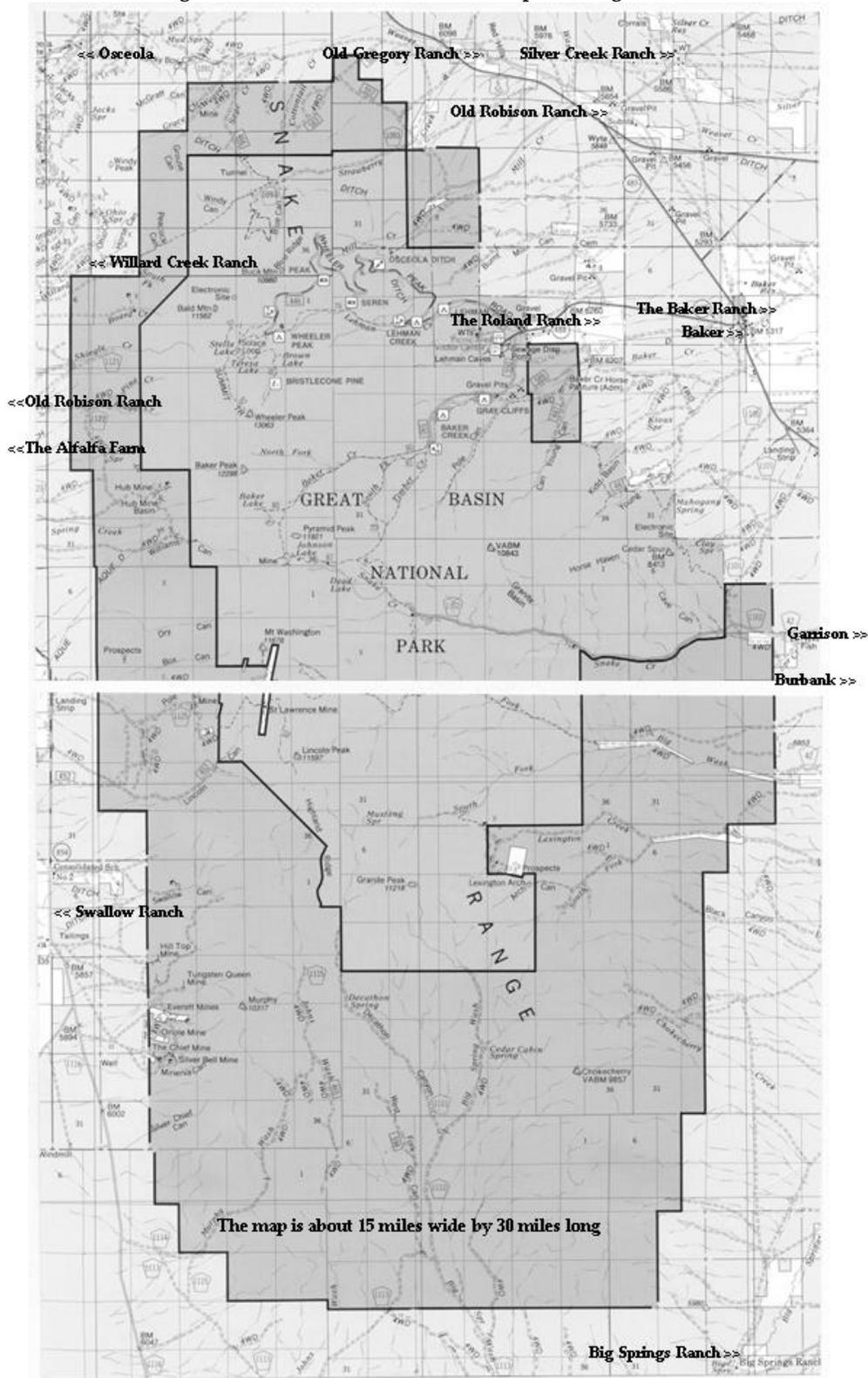
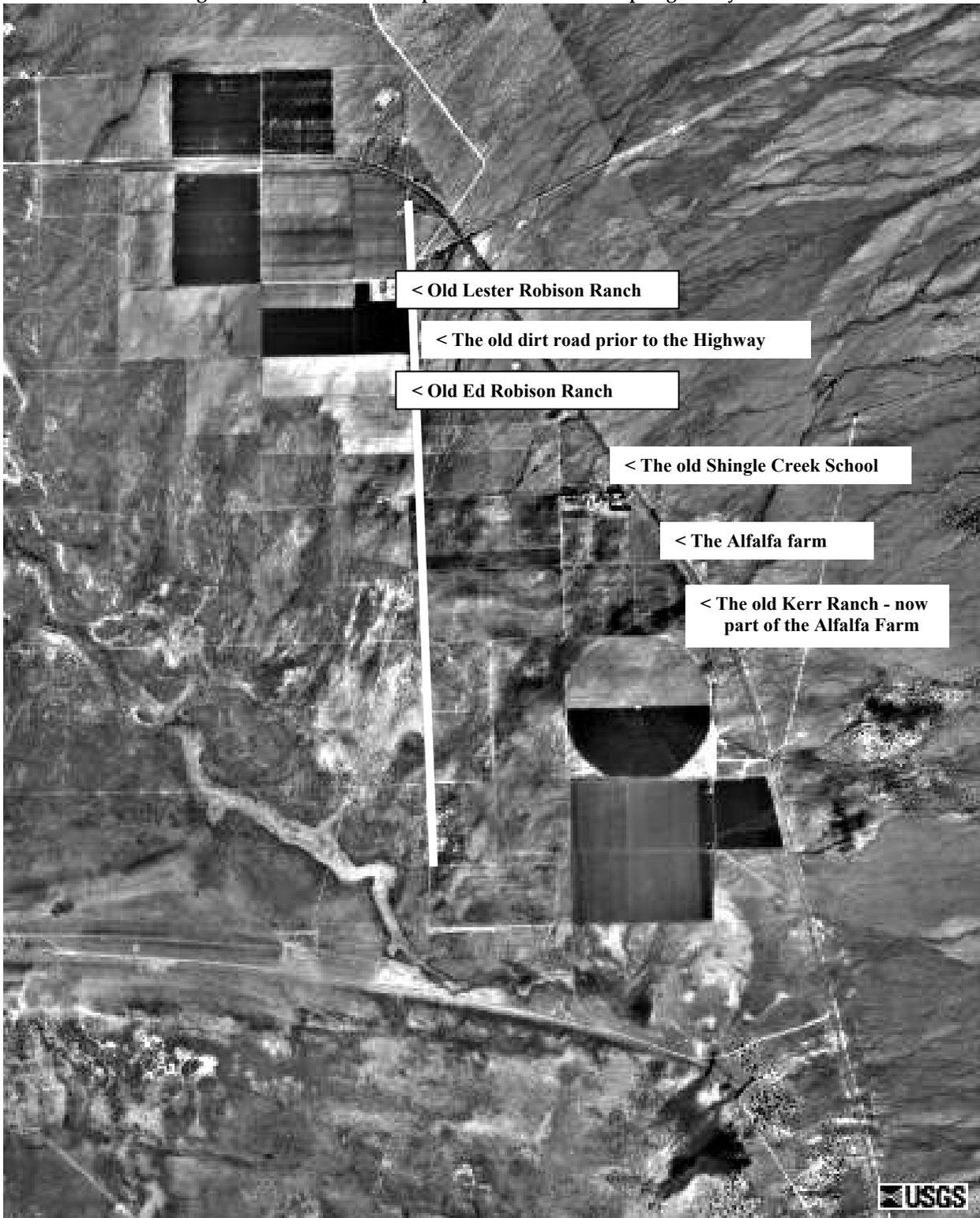


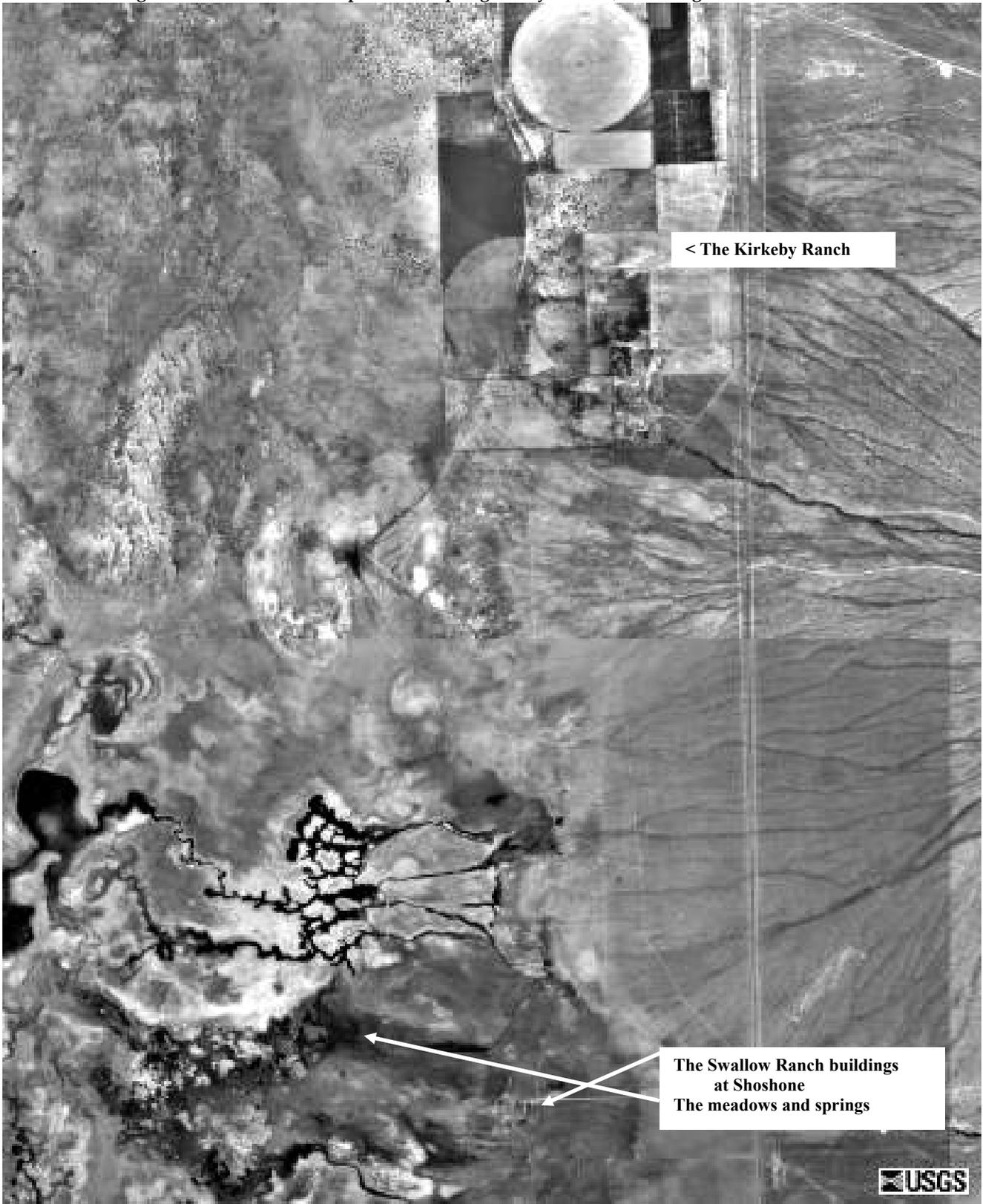
Figure 442 - Great Basin Nat'l Park map showing ranch & town locations



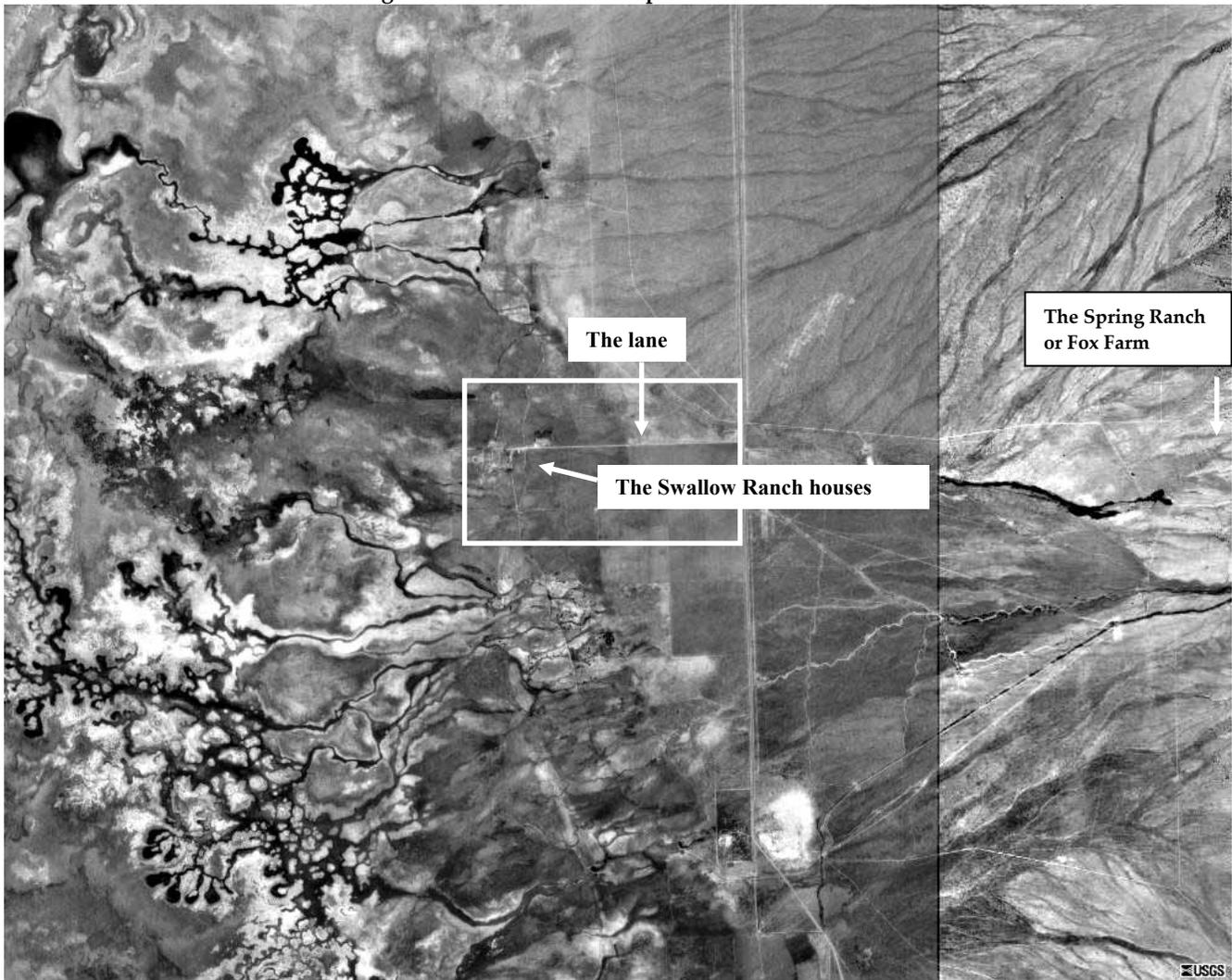
**Figure 443 - USGS aerial map of some of the south Spring Valley ranches**



**Figure 444 - USGS aerial map of south Spring Valley ranches, including the Swallow Ranch**



**Figure 445 - USGS aerial map of the Swallow Ranch**



This aerial map shows the highway running north and south just to the east of the Swallow Ranch. The one mile lane to the homes on the Swallow Ranch is running west from the highway. The Spring Ranch or Fox Farm was located on the right of this map next to a large natural spring. The Swallow Ranch is located on a large number of natural springs that are clearly visible in the left half of the map.

The following seven pages show the detail of the section within the white box on this map along with photos. With the help of Darlene Swallow Whitlock, I did my best to reconstruct the layout of the Swallow Ranch for the period 1910 to 1945.

## Appendix B – Diagrams and Photos of Swallow Home and Ranch

Figure 446 - Diagram of original George Swallow home

### The George Swallow Family Home at Shoshone, Nevada

Diagram furnished by Darlene Swallow Whitlock

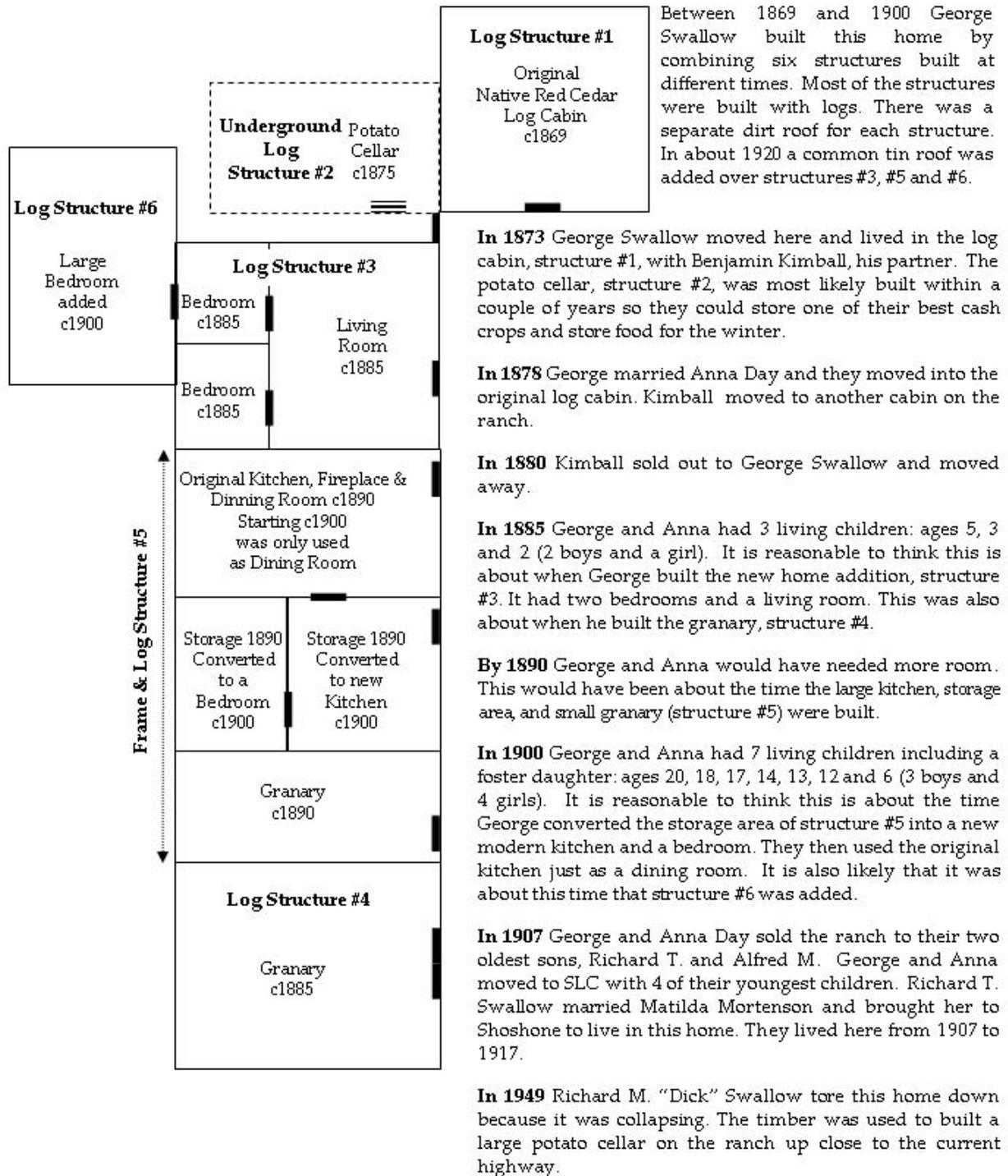
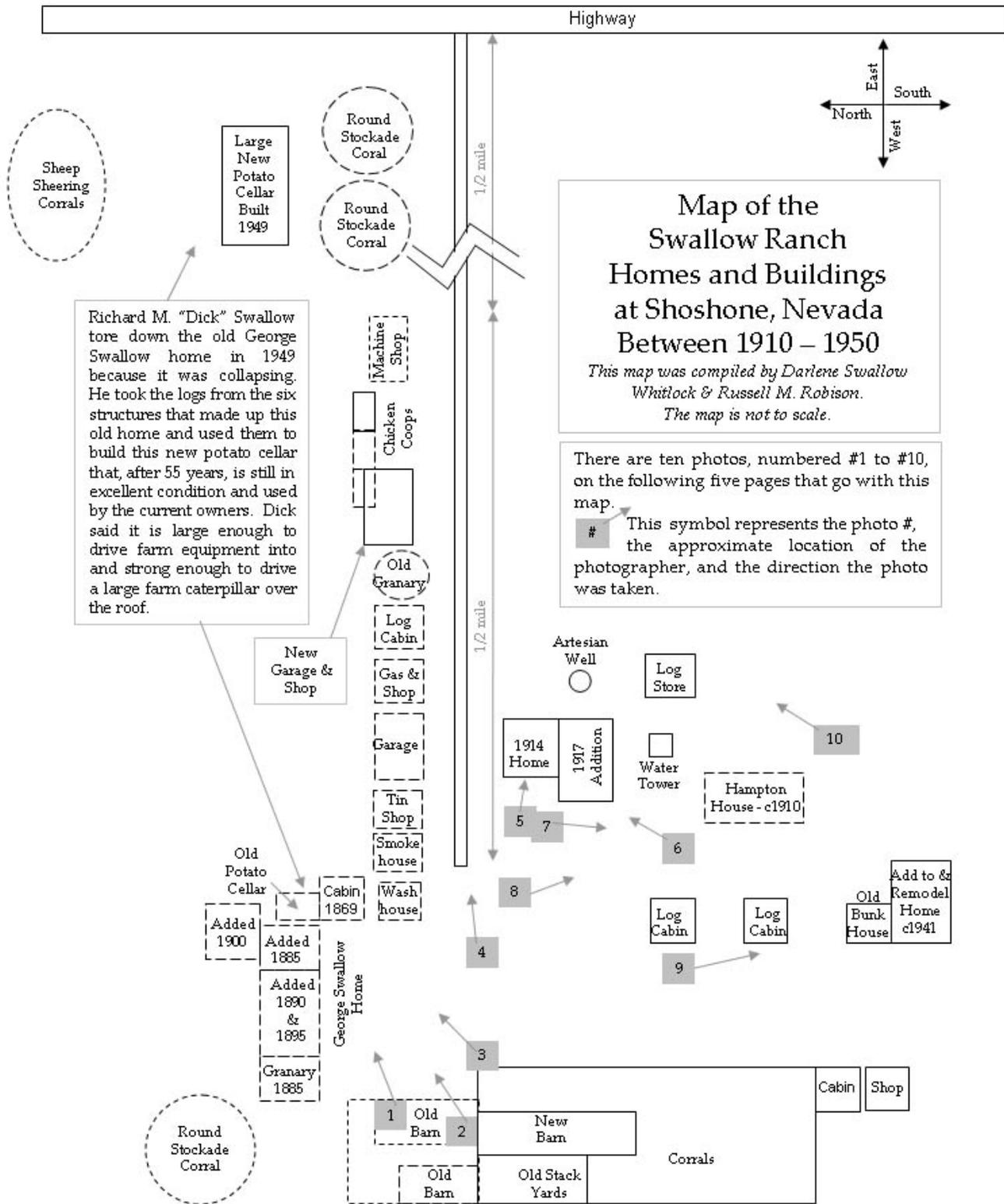


Figure 447 - Map of Swallow Ranch buildings – 1910 to 1950



**Figure 448 - Photo #1**



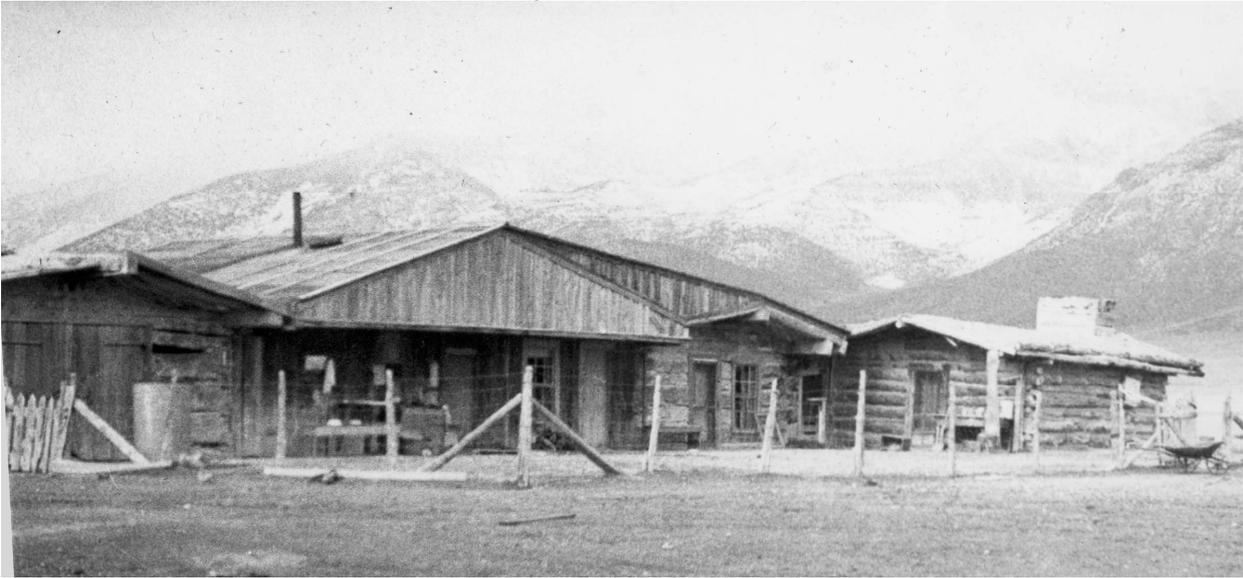
The George Swallow family in about 1893

**Figure 449 - Photo #2**



Richard T. Swallow's new car in front of the Swallow home in about 1911

**Figure 450 - Photo #3**



The old Swallow home with the wash-house on the right in about 1920

**Figure 451 - Photo #4**



Looking east up the lane – L to R: The original log cabin, the wash house (now moved), the garages, the shop/gas building, the round tin granary and another building in about 1940

**Figure 452 - Photo #5**



All the George Swallow family on the steps of Ray G. Swallow's new home during the Swallow reunion of 1916

**Figure 453 - Photo #6**



The new Swallow home with 1917 addition – photo taken about 1940

**Figure 454 - Photo #7**



L to R: Tree and fence of the main Swallow home, the Hampton house, the second Swallow home (lived in by "Dick" & Ethel Swallow and then Lee and Darlene Whitlock) and a log cabin – about 1945

**Figure 455 - Photo #8**



The Swallow home on the left and the Hampton house on the right in about 1940

**Figure 456 - Photo #9**



L to R: Log cabin and the log cabin attached to the first home of Dick & Ethel Swallow and then the home of Lee and Darlene Whitlock – Photo taken about 1945

**Figure 457 - Photo #10**



L to R: the trees in the yard of the Swallow home, the log store, outhouses, round tin granary, chicken coops, and a building in about 1940

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