

Pgs. 30, 118, & 142 taken
from "Memories" by
Vance Lind.

Handicapped Award - May 1973

Arvilla sent a clipping showing Farris receiving Handicapped Award from Julie Eisenhower (President's daughter).

Boise Polio victim wins prize as Handicapped. Farris Lind a 57-year old polio victim who directs a chain of 23 service stations was given the President's trophy as Handicapped American of the Year Thursday (May 3) by Julie Eisenhower, President Nixon's daughter.

Persistence and belief in self are qualities necessary for both politicians and the handicapped, said in presenting the award.

Entertainer Pearl Bailey, recounted how Lind was stricken with polio in 1963 after taking a vaccine which was supposed to immunize him from the disease, but had the opposite effect.

"For the past 10 years, there's been little improvement in Farris Lind's physical condition," Miss Bailey said, "He lives either in an iron lung or with an electrically operated breathing mechanism. However, he directs a chain of 23 gasoline stations over a four-state area and employs 112 people."

"Lind has never been too involved with his own struggle," she said, "to forget that others need help along the way."

"He visits by phone and by letter with handicapped people throughout the nation," Miss Bailey said, and his employees include many who are physically disabled or socially disadvantaged."

Through his handicap, Lind said, "I have learned tolerance and patience and adaptability to the conditions beyond my control."

"I've learned to depend on others and consequently I appreciate people more."

From John Lind's Personal Record

In 84 Sander (Alex) raised 8 acres of wheat on his land. Together we had 300 bushels of wheat. The oats we fed in the straw. The wheat we tramped out with horses and got a fanning mill of Helaman Campbell in Park Valley to clear it with.

In 85 I got the thrashing machine. Thrashed the wheat for Kinney and August Shelberg in December. August had 11 acres and Kinney 4. I also cut their wheat that year as I got a table rake (reaper) in July that year. Also in 86 and 87 I cut the grain and hay for Shelberg. In 88 he sowed the land to lucern and I cut his hay for 6 years, from 84 to 90. The 26th of November 1890 August died. This property was left in my care. His brother John came and got the place in January, 1891. (Keith Nelson's place) The first water from the first ditch was brought and conveyed on Shelberg's place in 85. KEITH NELSON'S PLACE

I cut the hay on Sander's place for 11 years, from 1884 to 1895. Then he got a machine of his own. I got mine in 1884. I cut 34 loads of hay from the

This was about 1901 and enough good lime was produced, with which to make the mortar for the 150 foot rock wall as part of the new shed which was built at this time. Also for the school house, for the Anderson home on Basin Creek and for repairs on the Lind home etc. For many years the homemade hoe with its sixteen foot iron handle with which to stir the fire was a reminder of the kiln.

The Reservoir

After settling in Junction Valley and a few years in farming there, it became apparent that there was a great variation in the amount of water available for irrigation from year to year.

Father felt that if a reservoir could be constructed to store some surplus water, the problem of water shortage could be greatly improved. So in 1903 he began the construction of a small reservoir about four miles up the creek from the Lind home where the Road Canyon water empties into the main creek.

He purchased two wheel scrapers and about sixty feet of twelve inch clay pipes with which to get started. His plan was to have his boys do the work during the slack season of farming. So brush were cleared from the reservoir bank site and work commenced on its construction. There was no engineering help, secured as father figured he had sufficient knowledge of such matters to go ahead without technical advise or supervision.

One team of horses and the operator for each scraper and another team for the sulky plow and its driver constituted the main working force, while if there was other help available, they were put to work picking and burning brush, picking rocks, etc.

It proved to be a greater job than was expected and although prosecuted quite vigorously the banks on each side of the creek rose very slowly.

The clay pipes were never installed, and in fact the entire construction was finally abandoned after several years of intermittent work. It was probably realized that it might not stand up under the pressure of stored water. Also the natural flow of the creek was good for a number of years at this period of time.

Emer Taylor and Morris Smith

Emer Taylor from Yost was our first mail carrier when a post office was established at Lynn in 1904 and he served for two years in this capacity. He was well liked by the Lind family.

It seems as one thinks about by gone days, some sixty or seventy years ago, that people were more friendly and neighborly then, than they are now. Although living a long ways apart, people were pretty well aware of each others circumstances.

The Houlton (Lynn) ward had decided in 1953 to build a chapel of their own and purchased the Rosette meeting house, which was no longer being used as Rosette and Park Valley had united into one ward. It was a frame building about thirty by sixty feet in size and lined with adobes on the inside. Before it could be moved it was necessary to remove the adobes as they added too much to its weight. A housemover from Tremonton contracted to move the building to Lynn. It would have been impossible to move it across the mountain to Lynn, a distance of only twenty miles, so it had to be done by way of Streville, Almo, City of Rocks, Junction Valley a distance of about eighty miles. It was a long, slow journey and required a number of days but finally the hazardous journey was completed, and it was placed on a foundation and basement which we in the ward had prepared for it. The work of remodeling began and slowly the building was converted into a modern chapel which would have been a credit to any small ward in the Church. The Church Building Committee required an extension on the rear end of the building in the basement, of which the furnace and coal bin were located. The remainder of the basement was divided into classrooms, kitchen, toilet, etc..

The chapel was put into use in 1955 but was not finished until 1958 and was dedicated in May of that year by Elder Thorpe B. Isaacson. This was done as a part of a Raft River Stake Conference.

In 1956 the U.S. Department of Agriculture started what was known as the Soil Bank Program, its purpose being to cut down on wheat production by having farmers plant wheat ground into grass and keeping it free from stock until the grass was well established. For this they were paid a certain price which was based on what the probable yield of wheat would have been. I put 115 acres into this program in 1957 and added 84 acres in 1958 for which the payment was \$7.00 per acre for five years. Nearly all of the farmers participated in this program more or less, and through the encouragement of the A.S.C. vast areas were planted into grass wherever the soil could be tilled and which had produced little but sagebrush before.

In 1958 we, the shareholders in the ~~Jind Reservoir~~, borrowed money from the Utah Water and Power Board and began an A.S.C. project of enlarging the reservoir, which, when completed, would double its capacity. It was finished in 1960, and nearly all of the work was done by the shareholders having organized into a corporation known as The South Junction Creek Water Usersline. The Western Box Elder Soil Conservation District provided some equipment for this work, technical advice and something over \$7,000 in financial aid. Dick Harris and Merlin Cook contributed engineering work. The total cost was about \$50,000.

from "Forgotten Trails" by
Phibert Lind

was soon back to camp where John had fixed breakfast. While they were eating John remarked, "I have been thinking this is the place where we will stake our claims. We will set a cedar post on that little knoll over there and write our claims description on it, then plow a furrow around our claim with our plow. (a little ten inch hand plow) A post was set firmly in the ground, Alex said, thirty years later, "The post we set in the ground is still there."

They were busily engaged with this work when two riders rode up (James Lyman and Joe Mac) to greet them. "They didn't seem too friendly. "You fellows aiming to jump our claim?" Before John could answer they started telling "We own the whole north end of the valley to the Utah line and maybe some in Utah. We need it for our horses." Merely a bluff. "You haven't staked your claim," replied John, "but I guess there are other places we can locate." "You could try the south end of the valley. We wouldn't quarrel with you there would we Joe?" "Nops," Joe agreed.

Another discouragement had to be met. Throwing the camping equipment into the wagon they were soon on their way. "I can't fancy these "land grabbers" who want the whole country. If we ever get settled I'll want some neighbors," said John.

~~Then Alex further south they showed near the south fork of~~
~~Back River. Here a small stream of water flowed into the river~~
from the west. There were some large black willows and quaking aspens growing near its banks and farther to the west they could see a small meadow, five or six acres, which the spreading water had formed.

They seemed to like it here. The routine job of taking care of the horses and camp was quickly done. They had time to do some exploration before night fall and the brothers seemed well pleased with the ~~ISOLATED~~ place.

Next day posts were set in the ground and water was turned from the channel and spread on the land. Wherever they could they made visible signs of staying. Spending a few days at their work of homesteading, locating timber, cedar post and other necessary things that always accompany a new field of endeavor in farming.

At present they were not sure if their location was in Utah or Idaho. They had done considerable development and were about ready to leave when they had a caller come to their camp.

"Howdy! boys. Looks like you are aiming to homestead?"
"Yes, we have already done so." "When?" "Just now."

"I'll be ~~down~~ wood ticks ought to chew me to death," said the caller with much apprehension and misgiving. "No one can live here in the winter, to say nothing of trying to farm in the summer."
"Will you give us your reasons for assuming we can't make a living here?" asked Alex.

"The valley is too high, too much frost in the summer time, too much snow in the winter. Boys, I really mean it. I feel sorry for you if you stay here and try to make a living from this soil. Why I have been here a long time, many years, I know the country pretty well, what its seasons are like."

"You seem to like it here," said John.

"Yes, I like it here but its too high to live here in the winter. Its a good range for cattle in the summer."

"Are there many cattlemen here now?" asked Alex.

"Yes, too many of them graze their cattle here in the valley-- Lesey's and Hylands south of us, Sparks and Bartell to the west of here and Keogh to the north, Clarks, Reseveres and Andrews to the east."