



Memories of Melvin Samuel Jackson
Dated June 6, 1978

I will try to make these memories in order of their occurrence. My first memory was living with my sister Elvera and Warren Rasmussen in Ogden, Utah. He was a veterinarian and had a state practice where he would go out into the country to test the cattle for "Bangs and T.B." - I remember him buying us drinks + Ice Cream Cones as I spotted the good places to buy. He had

Chinchillas behind the hospital and we all helped take care of them.

I enjoyed living in Utah with Warren + Eloera. Warren was my "Dad" and my real earthly father was "Papa" - When we used to go visit them ^{IN COLORADO} Eloera always had me learn a poem or give a reading to "Papa" - I really thought that was great. And then there were the "Boys" in Colo (my brothers) I enjoyed them and looked on them with awe for their accomplishments on the ranch with the sheep, cattle + horses.

Then one day Warren called me to him and with tears in his eyes told me my "mommy" was dead. I remember her being ill - lying down alot and having a full stomach (fluids due to her heart condition) but I wasn't ready for her death. I felt the loneliness for the first time of losing a mother.

at the funeral Warren held me up to her so I could kiss her goodbye - I was shocked that she was so cold. - I'm sure the Lord left her on earth an extra 10 YRS. so that she could give me a start in this life. I was about 10 YRS old at her death.

I was put on a train to Colo - I had a sign on me telling them where I was to get off. I remember Will Jackson (brother) picked me up at the railroad station and I had more fun riding in the back of the Pub-up with Jay + Ray + Jean - His Boys. I was going to live with "Pa Pa" and the Boys - I was excited, it was a new adventure for me.

One of my first impressions of "Pala"
was his discipline - He never spanked
me but he gave you a talking to that you
wish he would of spanked you. I love
and respect that man as no other. I
admire his courage to raise his family
alone. I commed him for his
spitual strength and wisdom. I
soon learned that Dad + Pala were one
and the same. His boys + girls
all learned to respect his patriarchial
place in the sacred circle of the
family. I remember sitting down
to the supper table - there was long
bench on the one side and chairs all
around the rest of the table. Everyone
would be talking - giggling or fighting +
Dad would thump his hand on the
table 3x times and then extend his
index finger up in the air with a

stern looks - and you could hear a pin drop. One time he looked right at me and I burst into tears. I spent the rest of my life with him trying to be in ^{found} his favor. I wanted him to think good of me - I wanted to please him in word & deed - I loved and will always love my gentle earthly father.

I remember every morning and I mean every morning we got up and started the ~~of~~ old coal stove with wood chips brought in the nite before and put on a pot of MUSH - Cracked wheat cereal. We all really ate big helpings with thick Cawo Cream that we had separated from the milk the nite before -

Then you ate eggs, Bacon & toast etc. - Dad always said eat a good breakfast - you might not get home til supper -

Dad taught me to drive on the ranch. I wouldn't ask - that was being to Brook. but he knew I wanted to. So when we would come to a gate I would get out & open it for Dad he would drive the Pick-up thru and then scoot over to the passenger side. Boy! I was thrilled and would jump in the driver seat and get my lesson!

Dad was older by the time I came along - I was the last of 12 and he had been through all the experience of raising a family. But, we would be walking on the ranches and all of a sudden he would draw a line on the ground and say "go" that meant the race was on and I would run like the dickens - of course he always got the head start but let me finish first.

Jay + Ray + I would work at shocking grain. Sometimes the shocks of grain were as big as we were + weighed about as much. Dad would come by + pick us up as we were sweaty, dirty + tired. Then he would drive the pick-up around by the river + drive slow. We would all be in the back looking at him to give the word. He would turn around smile + stop the truck - Ray in 2 seconds we had all our clothes off and were in that river for a good dip. We didn't know how to swim that came later at the "High Banks" on the San Antonio River.

When I was 13 years old it was decided that I would go on the trail with the sheep for 2 weeks. - we drove them from Manassa to the pasture in the mountains

I was given the task of going with a Mexican herder who couldn't speak English - and I couldn't speak Spanish.

I was to pack three horses with the tent - camp etc., cook our meals and help him drive the sheep. It seems me now to shank about it - I know I wouldn't let one of my boys do that Ha!! We had 2500 head of blackface sheep - the toughest head of them all (there were 3 heads of the Jackson sheep).

I would drive sheep with him until about supper time - then by waving his arms - broken English & drawing on the ground with a stick he would tell me where to go put up camp. I really learned to pray - I was alone but I had been taught of a God - a Heavenly Father who I could call on.

I would set up the camp + cook a meal - The herder would come in eat and retire for the night - I would do the dishes. Next morning early I would get up - get breakfast - He would eat + leave and I would throw the camp on the horses + race after the herd. This process was repeated morning noon and night. We grew up fast in Colorado.

Putting up hay was a fascinating process as six wagons would keep a moman derrick busy stacking high stacks of alfalfa hay. I remember Will would ask me to "thread the Derrick" as we moved from one ~~to~~ derrick to another. That meant I would have to take the loop of cable out to the very end of the derrick + put it over the lead pole - It was higher than any tree around - It was that same love for Will that I had for Dad - I would do anything

