



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 "Papa" 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 night 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 night 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 woman 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

He asked me to do - and not ask questions as to why. One day in stacking the hay the stackers got sick - in fact there were 2 stackers - Will told me to get up there & take over - I scrambled up the derrick - jumped on the stack & worked my heart out. If noon hadn't come I'm sure I would have killed myself. I was so tired but I didn't want Will to know it! I didn't know my mother but how I heard wonderful stories about the kind of woman she was. Oh, how my heart goes out to Dad - to lose such a companion during her prime of life - But I never once heard him complain to us or to the Lord. I'm sure mother's strength & heritage shows in her great family - I'm so proud to be one of her sons - even the last -

My high school days were very memorable to me because of basketball and girls.

During my senior year our team made it to the state finals but due to our inexperience with the outside world we took third place.

I met Pauline at a high school dance in La Jara Colo. She was dancing with someone - and I was playing the saxophone in the Band.

I watched her all nite - later I asked if she noticed me - at all. She didn't even know there was a saxophone in the band!!

I danced with her the first time at a school dance in La Jara, Colo in an old gym that used to be the garage for the buses. -

I called her up soon after and made our first date one month in advance.

Taking her home one nite after a nice formal dance it was raining and as we were walking into the house she stepped off the bridge over the garden ditch clear up to her waist in muddy water. We had a good laugh over that. I didn't kiss her the first nite but when I did first get up the nerve - I kissed and ran as fast as I could - I took a lot of courage for me to kiss a girl - the only one I had been used to kissing or being kissed by was my PaPa!!

Pauline was the cheerleader for the La Jara team so we both enjoyed Basketball - it was common ground for us to start a lasting relationship -

After graduation from high school I decided to stay on the farm. Mother and Papa had planned that I go on a mission but no one asked or encouraged me to prepare - I was never interviewed by a bishop to go. It is a goal in my life to have that opportunity still - and with my sweet dear wife.

Pauline & I were married May 18, 1949 I served as Counselor in the bishopric to Bishop ^{Subere} Bagwell. Then I know the Lord called Pauline and I to other parts of His vineyard to serve in other callings.

We sold all we had with no chance of coming back to work with the boys or Papa. Our bridge was burned behind us but that turned out to be a blessing in disguise.

We went to Alamosa, Adams State, for ¹⁷
one quarter then packed everything we
had into the pick-up and moved to
Ft. Collins, Colo to enter Veterinary
school. I would be afraid to do that
now - but the Lord blessed us and
~~I~~ was accepted into the school
a year before I thought I could
make it. Only 1 out of 10 applicants
were accepted into this school. What
if I hadn't made it? I had to
borrow \$500 to get out of town when I
graduated. During school Paulnet worked
as the Pres + Supt. of the Mutual - Mary
a nite we would go to our meetings when
I needed to study - But Oh, how the Lord
watched over and guided us - We didn't
get the best grades in the class but I
came out with my testimony intact
and much stronger than when we started
school. Some of my fondest memories

are of our struggle to get through school
financially + physically. We would
have only pennies - nickels + dimes at
the end of the month. We would pack
all the kids in the car (Stove, grey - court)
and go to a show - the kids would
sit quite or go to sleep - We couldn't afford
a baby sitter - and then to the root beer
stand for ice cream. - We were really
living. I worked 5 part-time jobs
@ ^{.75} ~~1.00~~ / hour. I would take my things
to memorize + do that while I worked
my jobs. I hoe-ed weeds thru the
Campus along the railroad track while I
memorized Chemistry formulas. I did yard
work in lawns + gardens, I worked on the
veterinary farm taking care of the sheep + cattle
I washed flower pots to raise Cocklebears
for someone's agriculture experiment. I got
up all hours of the night to read the weather
meters and teletype it into Denver.

I emptied all the waste baskets in the
administration building for \$1 day (30/mo).

The rent on our apartment was \$30/mo.

I took care of an office - vacuum - windows
^{wastebaskets} ~~and~~ all. We washed out blood bottles from
the hospital at home. Pauline worked as a
nurses aide. I bought into a Kosta-tiller
company (three veterinary students) ~~where~~ we
worked peoples yards during our free time.

I put ^{DATA} cards of veterinary medicine procedures
into plastic and sold them to the 4 vet
classes for \$1 ea. I helped type up +

produce the surgery notes of last years
class and sold them to the up-coming
class - lot of work but we made money.

I sold rubber stamp to vet. students in
the locker room during breaks. I

remember I always wanted to buy a Candy
bar or pop but just couldn't bring myself
to splurge. The first whole bottle of Soda
pop I remember of drinking was when a
more affluent friend invited Pauline

and I over for dinner with our 2
kids and we all had a full
bottle each. I told Pauline after - those
guys must be rich to drink pop
like that. When we had pop we all
shared - and that wasn't very often.

I was so excited to get to Idaho
and go to work @ my brother's

Del's Inn that I didn't even wait
for graduation - who needed that stuff
I had my diploma. As a matter of
fact during my freshman year - I
worked on the Veterining farm while
they had freshman initiation - I was
too busy and in too big of a hurry
to get through school -

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Dad's holds fond memories of starting
to work in my chosen profession. My
brothers taught me so much and
how to work. I have always looked
up to Del & Ivin as idols - I wanted
to please them - I didn't care what
they paid me - I just wanted them
to be proud of me. Before we got
out of school Del & Betty took Pauline
& I out to dinner - Delwyn took
\$14 out of his bill fold and paid for that
dinner - I told Pauline I couldn't believe
anyone would carry that much money
around & him and to spend all that
on dinner one night was unheard of -
I was impressed !!

I remember going on Ranch calls -
stopping getting out my Merck Manual of
Veterinary Products & Medicines & taking a
quick check up before going on a call -

