

LIFE OF CLARENCE LESTER SCHOONMAKER
1902-1989

I was born January 13,1902. My parents were Charles and Emily Coles Schoonmaker, and I was born in a railroad pump house in Granger, Sweetwater, Wyoming. This was where my parents lived at this time.

I was not very anxious to make my appearance into this world. I was born at 12:30 A. M. If I had made my arrival before midnight, I would have been born on my Grandma Coles' birthday. Mrs. Anderson was the midwife that helped my mother through this long ordeal. Midwives were trained in this profession of obstetrics. Women had midwives instead of doctors took care of this during the delivery of their babies.

I was the fourth child born to Charles and Emily Coles Schoonmaker. The following brother and sisters were borne before me:

Hattie was born on December 16, 1883.

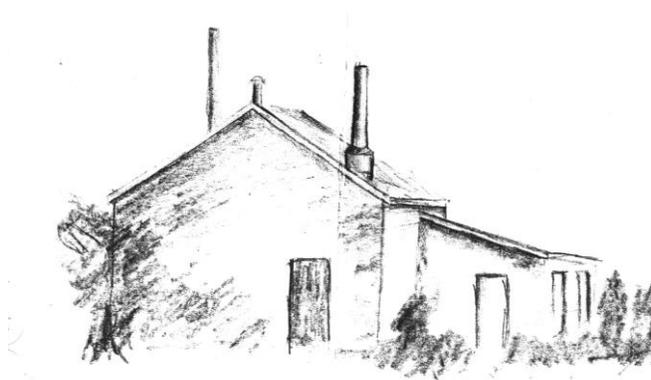
Nettie was born September 9, 1885. She died when she was only three years old. She died July 25, 1888 of typhoid pneumonia.

Charles Fredrick was born September 23, 1889.

On July 12,1877 , when my father was seventeen, his leg was amputated just below the knee. The accident occurred while breaking on train #4793 of the Union Pacific Railroad. They were switching cars in Uintah, Utah. (At that time, each car had to be braked by hand). He slipped as he jumped while trying to make it to the other car. He was unable to catch himself because the coal was piled so high. He fell between the cars, and one set of trucks ran over his leg. He pulled his leg away so that he wouldn't suffer any more injury as the rest of the car passed over him. They picked him up and placed him in caboose #37, and brought him in to Ogden where Dr. Adams amputated his leg in the caboose. Since there were no anesthetics at this time they gave him a strong drink of whiskey, strapped him to a door, and amputated his leg. Ouch!

As a result of this injury, the railroad gave him a lifetime job running the railroads water pump at Granger, Wyoming.

This steam driven water pump was in part of the house in which he lived and pumped the water into the water tank which was high enough to fill the boilers of the steam engines on the trains. In those days, steam engines pulled the trains. It was dad's duty to keep fire in the boilers going to keep the steam pressure up to pump the water and to make sure there was always plenty of water for the trains.



1902.

This is where I was born January 13,

My father married Emily Coles on March 22, 1883 in Evanston, Wyoming. My father and mother made their home in the pump house. My mother was very handy doing fancy work, sewing, and home-making. Soon their home was like a small palace.

At this time there was no electricity so they had to use kerosene lamps. Mother cooked on a wood or coal stove. She ironed the clothes with an iron that she put on the stove to heat. It took mother a lot of time to iron the clothes. As their little family grew, my father, being an industrious man, he sought many ways to increase his income. He bought some sheep, and he, and my brother, Fred, took care of them. They herded the sheep on the range land around Granger. Mother and my sister, Hattie took care of the post office.



This is a picture of Clarence



Hattie, Fred, and Dad

Before moving to Plain City

She washed clothes by scrubbing them on a washboard. All the water was heated on the stove for washing dishes and clothes and bathing.

When the railroad sold some of their land to private people, my father understood he would not have a place to graze his sheep. With this mind he sold all his sheep and later, he found out that he could have grazed his sheep as before. Since his sheep were gone, he

quit his job for the railroad, and mother quit her job at the post office.

Dad bought a small farm in Plain City, Utah. Dad and Fred loaded some of our belongings into a wagon. The remaining stuff and furniture was shipped by railway for we had a small grand piano.

The wagon was probably a covered wagon to protect them and the furniture from the elements. I am sure they cooked their food over a campfire and made their bed on the ground at night. It took dad and Fred several weeks to make the trip. This was in the summer of 1905, and the roads were dirty and dusty, which made it a long, hard trip for Dad and Fred.



We finally got settled in our new home in Plain City. My mother, Hattie, and I came by train to Ogden. Dad met and took us to our new home. It was located in Poplar lane which was a part of Plain City. It was located about two and one-half miles east of Plain City. It was a two-room adobe house, and later, we added two more rooms. We had no electricity, only a kerosene lamp for lights. We did not get electric lights until about 1918.

There was no water in the house, but there was a flowing well about two hundred yards from the house. This was where we got our water. There was a flowing well closer, but it was salty. When I was big enough to carry water, it was my job to keep the house supplied with water.

The house was standing until the spring of 2001. It was torn down to build a modern home. Family property is no longer belongs to Schoonmaker's. I guess this progress!

John Henry Taylor's family lived across the street from us. His son, Gilbert, and I were good friends. There were several Taylor families living along the lane. The Thompson family lived around the corner, Theo. Thompson was another very special friend.

All the boys and girls played together. When we got older, we went to dances and other social activities together. Orvilla Taylor was one of my first girl friends. She is the daughter of Charles and Lillie Taylor.

In those days, I went to church in a one room church house on Poplar Lane. It was located at approximately at 3475 West 1975 North. It was a branch of the Plain City Ward. Later it was closed, and we went to Plain City. The church was the center of all the social activities. The dances were wonderful. Everyone danced, and the young folk were taught to waltz, two-step, quadrille polkas and every other dance that was popular.

I always went to church until I became embarrassed because I could not partake of the sacrament and hold the priesthood. My friends always went to church so I usually went in spite of this problem. My mother was member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, but my father was not. He did not want me to join the church until I was twenty-one, and knew for sure that was what I wanted. I was baptized April 15, 1923 by Wilmer J. Maw at the Ogden L.D.S. 6th ward chapel. It is located at 682 23rd Street. There was not a baptismal font in the Plain City Chapel.

I went to Plain City School for eight years. I went to school in Warren for the ninth grade. I rode the school wagon to school.

Swimming was one of my favorite sports. We swam in every irrigation canal or pond. Anderson hole on the Weber River was one of our favorite spots. The Anderson hole was on the river just below the Warren pumps by the bend in the river and northeast of the bridge.

We used to go by buggy or on our bicycles to get there, and there was always a large crowd having a great time. The Anderson hole was secluded enough so there were no girls around. For the men and boys, it was pure skinny-dipping. If any boy had shown up with a swimming suit, they would have laughed him right out of town. I liked to take my Saturday night bath there.

One of the winter sports was sleigh riding, and I can still hear the merry sound of sleigh bells ringing. Nearly every family had a string of sleigh bells. In the wintertime, the roads became snow packed and very slick. This was the time to go sleigh riding. The horses were sharp shod so they could stand up and not slip. We would put straw in the bottom of the sleigh bottom and get some quilts to keep us warm. We would gather up a load of boys and girls. It was time for the fun to begin.

Whenever we came to a corner where the road was wide, we would cut shines. The horses being sharp shod would stand still and swing the sleigh around and around. The girls screaming with fright, and the boys yelling with delight. I enjoyed every minute of it.

In the spring of 1921, I bought me a new Model T Ford four door touring car. I was a happy guy.

The car cost \$650. It had a cloth top and side curtains. There was a glass mirror inside the curtains and one for the rear view vision. The side curtains buttoned on and could be removed. The top could be folded back whenever the weather permitted.



There were no heater or windshield wipers. The gas feed was located on the steering wheel. You controlled it by the use of three foot pedals (clutch, reverse, and brake) located on the floor. There was also an emergency brake on side next to these pedals. The top road speed limit was about thirty miles per hour. I never tried to go faster because the wheels were twenty-one inches and therefore, it was very easy to tip over. Especially while going around corners too fast.

The car had four cylinders. Sometimes going up a long hill, we had to get out and push. If that did not work, you could turn around and go up backwards. This was necessary because the gas tank was in front with no fuel pump to pump gas to the engine. The gas was gravity fed into the motor so by going up backwards the gas would run into the engine.

Another thing different about this car was you could use reverse for the brakes when you were going forward. I can remember one time when I was backing up and I forgot I was using my reverse for braking and backed into the drain ditch. Mr. Crane had to pull the car out.

I started to work at the Harrisville brickyard when I was sixteen. While I there, I worked on the brick presses. Each press had four molds. Moist dirt would come down and fill the four molds. The press would come down and press them. The dirt would come down again and filling the four molds again as it pushed the first ones out. I would load them on a truck. The truck could hold a hundred bricks.

Another worker would take the load of bricks to the kiln to bake. I made 15,500 bricks a shift and I earned \$4.25 a day. This was where I earned the money to buy my first car.

In the spring of 1922, I got a job on the maintenance crew on the Southern Pacific Railroad as a carpenter helper.

I worked out by lakeside.

Later, I was promoted to a carpenter.

I worked on the bridges in Nevada, the snow sheds in Truckee, California, and the Lucrene cutoff fifteen miles west of Ogden. It felt like going to sea by rail because the cutoff extended 102.9 miles across the northern arm of the Great Salt Lake. There was seventy miles of rails on land and thirty miles of lake was

rock fill and heavy trestle. I worked with the crew to kept the trestle in repair. In the late fifties or early sixties, the Lucrene cutoff was abandoned for a newer and shorter Dad working on railways in route across the lake.

In Nevada

My father died September 5, 1922

This is a picture of my Dad preparing a meal while we were fishing. Fred was pumping up the tire on his model T Ford up at Lost Creek



I met Clara Lofthouse on May 14, 1921. She and Ella Boss were going home from their eight grade graduation exercises. Gilbert Taylor and I offered to take them home, and after a lot of persuasion and a promise that I would teach Clara to drive. We took them to Clara's home.

After two and one-half years of dating, LeRoy B. Young married us on November 5, 1924 in Ogden, Utah in the Weber County Courthouse. Later, our marriage was solemnized on May 13, 1965 in the Logan L.D.S. Temple.

Dad & Mom

Wedding

On the evening before our wedding, we went to Ogden to watch the presidential election returns flashing on the window of the Standard Examiner New Paper. There weren't any radios or TV to receive the outcome of the presidential election. It was snowing when we went home. There weren't any wind shield wipers on

the car so I had to raise the top half of the wind shield in order to see. The snow came in, and Clara's hair got all wet. Her hair-do was ruined.

The next morning I went and picked up Clara, and we went to get married. My brother, Fred, and sister, Hattie went with our witnesses. Clara's mother prepared a close relations in the evening.



us and stood up as wedding supper for



Fred and I bought fourteen acres of land in 1923. I built a two-room house in the fall of 1925 with plans we would build more rooms when we paid off the cost (\$200) of the lumber. But the depression of 1929 came and money and work were very scarce so the plan enlarge our house was put on hold until 1935. At this time, we dug a basement under the house. This was accomplished by using a scraper and one of our horses to pull the scraper from under the house. With Clara leading the horse, I working the scraper, we removed 40-50 yards of dirt from under the house.

After the entire required dirt was removed, Clara's brothers and my brother Fred mixed waterproof cement with a hand mixer and poured it to build a basement. The water table was so high, we had to pump water out as we laid the cement. We put the empty sacks on the floor before we poured the cement to try and keep the water from coming up through the cement. Clara and I stayed up all night filling in little springs which pushed up through the cement. We would dig out the pushed up dirt and fill the holes with cement.

Home in 1924

This addition under the house (basement) gave us more room. We put two beds down in the basement so Kenneth, Jay, Freda, and Emily could sleep there.

Clara and I had seven children, and they are as follows:

Kenneth Dean born February 14, 1926

Freda was born August 21, 1927.

Emily Esther was born June 9, 1929.

Lester Jay was born November 28, 1930.

Wilma Ilene was born September 11, 1935.
in 1944

Jay
Charles Dennis was born July 18, 1941.



Family

Ken, Freda, Emily,

Dad, Mom, Charles, and

Carol

Carol Jean was born September 24, 1944

When Kenneth was born, I decided to farm during the summer and to return to work for the railroad in the winter.

One fall, I was working for the railroad in Wells, Nevada. When I got there, the work train had left. There wasn't another train until the following morning, I didn't have any money, any place to stay, and anything to eat. I thought about selling my carpenter tools when a man came up to me and asked me if I had come to catch the work train. I told him that I had. This man was so nice to me. He took me to his home and gave me lodging and fed me for the night. I tried to pay him the next day. I found out his son was my boss. I gave him the money to give to his father, but he never did accept it. I am sure the good Lord was watching over me that day.

In those days, farm required many long hard hours using horse drawn machinery. We plowed our ground in the fall or early spring. After we had furrowed out the rows and sent the water each row. We would plant several acres of tomatoes by hand. This would give the tomatoes plants a drink of water after we planted them with a shovel. I would make the hole with the shovel, and Clara would put the plant in the hole.

The sugar beets were drilled with a beet seed planter that would put the seeds dose together in the row. There weren't any segregated seed so the beets came very thick. This would require us to cut out most of the plants using a short handled hoe to space the beet plants twelve inches apart. I would pull out the extra beets by hand leaving only single beet plant every twelve inches. During the rest of the summer, the crops required hoeing and cultivating to eliminate the weed growth. In addition, the crops required regular irrigation each week to give moisture for plant growth.

In the fall, we would dig the beets with a beet digger and each beet was picked up by hand using a long bladed beet knife to cut the green leaves from the tops of the beets. The beets were thrown into piles or rows to be gathered up with large beet forks throwing them into a special built beet box on a horse pulled wagon or a truck and hauled to the beet dump. The beet dump was located where Coy's Store and Leon Thompson's home are. This is 1875 North 2000 West in Farr West City, Utah.

We would cut the hay with a mowing machine pulled by a team of horses. The following day, we would rake it with the horse drawn hay rake.

One day, Kenneth was coming out from the neighbors with the hay rake when he stepped on the trip and down went the rake on the concrete road. The nose of the rake hitting the road frightened the horse, and it started down the road. This caused Kenneth to fall down into the rake tines and caused him to go around and around in the rake as the horse ran down the

road As the horse went over the railroad tracks into the drain ditch, the tines hit the rail and caused the rake to jump up and release him. Kenneth was very lucky he didn't get killed because the rake and the horse ended up in the drain ditch. He received no serious injury.

After the hay was raked. We would pile it into piles using a hayfork. When the hay was dry enough to keep, we would hand pitch it on to a hay wagon. The horse would pull it down by the barn where we would pitch it off the wagon on to a stack of hay. The hay was used for feeding the animals in the wintertime. Later, we built a derrick, which allowed us to lift a large amount of hay from the wagon onto the stack. We used a horse to pull the derrick fork up. This saved a lot of hard work. Now, the hay is cut by a machine that cuts it into a 16 foot swatch, and the hay comes out of the back into a windrow in one process. After the hay dries in the windrows, a bailer picks the hay up in the windrow and bales it. Now, I do not have any animals, I sale the hay to a buyer who comes in and hauls it away.

A binder would cut the grain and tie it into bundles. We would stack several bundles together with the heads up and the butts down letting the grain dry out thoroughly. We hauled them to the stack. The thresher would come and thresh the grain for us. The thresher was run by a steam engine. Three men went with the thresher to operate the engine. At threshing time, the neighbors worked together helping each other. A couple of men would feed the bundles into the thresher, and someone would sack them and would take the filled sacks and empty into the granary, and return for more grain. If the grain bundles were left in the field, someone would haul them on wagons to the thresher. The dirtiest job was stacking the straw. At mealtime, there were usually twelve men to feed. Boy! These meals were good--chicken, roast beef, mashed potatoes, beans, corn on the cob; plus pie and ice cream. Now the combine and a truck come in and do a complete job in half the time. And they're no big meal to cook or enjoy.

We got our irrigation water from the corner of highway 84 (1800 N. 2000 W). Irrigation water was pumped with an electric motor pump so we could pump the water for our irrigation turns.

The Pineview Reservoir was built in 1932. We got irrigation water from the reservoir in 1935. We have had plenty of water except for a few drought years.

The depression started in 1929, I could not find work anywhere to supplement my farm income. The government furnished a script and a few handouts; but we always had enough eat and to keep warm. People, in the cities, hardly had enough to eat or and to keep warm.

When President Roosevelt took office in 1933, he established the Work Progress Administration (WPA) and the New Deal, which gave work to the needy according to their needs and the size of their families. They were paid with monies.

At first, I worked as a laborer or used my team of horses to do work around town. When this didn't provide sufficient money, I worked as a carpenter. Each month, we would get work orders to work a certain number of days. Some of the projects, I worked on as a carpenter were Loren Farr Park's swimming pool, dressing rooms and restrooms. I also worked on the Wahlquist Jr. High School and the machine shop at Weber County High School on 12th St. &

Washington Blvd. in Ogden(where Shopko is located). The W.P.A. provided many worthwhile projects in and around Ogden, such as: building roads, curb and gutter and many buildings.

In 1935, I got a job taking care of Mrs. Utsman's cows and her farm. I would milk our cows and help with our farm work. It took all the money to payoff Mother and Fred and to keep my place. I used the money I made at Mrs. Utsman to keep us alive and with the help of the WPA, we were able to survive.

When we had chickens, the truck would haul the grain to the barn and dump it into the grain bin. Now days, we sell our grain to a granary who comes in and does all the work. They haul it to a grain company, and in few weeks, we receive a check for our grain. This is how much farming has changed during our lives.

I had a very keen eye for straightness. I would plant our beets and row crop as straight as an arrow. The neighbors always wanted me to plant their beets.

The neighbor's in the lane like one big family always helping each other. If anyone was hauling hay, and it looked like rain, the rest of us would hitch up our teams and go and help them to get their hay in before it stormed. One fall, when my brother Fred was sick, the entire neighborhood came and helped to get the beets out.

One day, when our cows were being kept in the upper pasture during the day, the boys drove them home through the hayfield where they stopped and ate too much green hay. By the time, they got to the barn, several of them had bloated. Jay ran home to tell me. When I got down there, all the neighbors were there and had taken care of the cows; thus saving several cows from dying.

We would have plenty of irrigation water in the early spring, and by fall, the water was very low. In 1930, Art Crane, Mrs. Utsman, Joe Stevenson, Jess Brown and I dug a well on Jess Brown's farm (now the Church farm). We had electricity brought in to increase the flow of the irrigation water.

Kenneth and I would get up early and milk Mrs. Utsman's cows. When Jay was about five years old, he was playing around with her calves. Mrs. Utsman said, "Jay you can't milk a calf!" Jay replied, "If that wall had tits on it, I could milk it".

When Ogden State Bank went broke, we had enough money in it to payoff the land payment of \$84.50 to the Federal Land Bank. We tried to borrow enough money from a Finance Company. We had ten heads of cows for security. but no deal. The Federal Land Bank extended the payment until we harvested the beets in the fall.

My mother had to be operated on in 1932. To pay for this, we dug potatoes with a digging fork and sold them for twenty-five cents for hundred pounds. We were able to pay her hospital bill. To make it through the fall, we had to borrow money from Clara's life insurance. These were very hard times for everyone in the family.

My cousin, Florence Coles, stayed with mother and took care of her. I borrowed \$10.00 from her to buy an old Model T Ford coupe. We had to put the children on the ledge back of the seat to ride. I took the trunk off of the car and fixed it so I could fasten a trailer to haul logs home for firewood from the mountains. We would go up on Monte Cristo every summer and get enough firewood to last through the year. This would save the expense of buying coal.

Another thing that happened twice a year, was the gypsy horse traders coming to town. Every wagon would lead a large number of horses. They would have several camps. One would be located under a cotton wood tree in front of where we built our house. After we built our house, they would make their camp across the street and east of our driveway. This made it difficult to get into mother's field. The children were afraid of the gypsies because they were famous for taking things that did not belong to them.

If we had horses to trade, we would bicker all day long. To be sure we did not get stung. We usually did not buy; but this one time we did. She was a beautiful horse. When we started to work her, she would start to have the heaves. This is a disease of the lung which makes a horse short-winded.

In 1939 or 1940, work started to open up, and war was brewing in Europe. I found work as a carpenter on the government bases. There were many buildings on the bases to support the war effort which America was surely involved.

I joined the Carpenter Union on June 6, 1941, I still belong to the Union. I got my 35 year pin in 1976.

In 1940-1941, we added three bedrooms, a bathroom, and enlarged the kitchen on to our little house. We would save the money to buy the lumber as we built the house. We first put the framework then the roof and finished the rooms one at a time. We paid cash for all the lumber, The 2 X 4's were \$28 dollars a thousand. I did not have too much time to work on the house as I was working away and running the farm. The family helped with the farm work, and Fred helped some with the house. It took us over two years to accomplish this task. Oh Jay broke an arm climbing around on the joist while we were building.

In 1942, I built a barn and brought my share of the cows up here on my place. We milked the cows by hand and put the milk in ten gallon milk cans and placed them out front of the house by the street. The milkman would pick up the milk every morning and take it to the Weber Central Creamery. When it became necessary to have a milk house with a refrigerated milk tank to keep the milk cool, I figured it was too expensive for my small herd. I quit raising cows for milk production. I did though raise a few steers for meat for the family.

Kenneth joined the Navy in January 1944. He left for active duty in June after High school graduation. He served on the aircraft carrier Saratoga. In the waters off Iwo Jima on February 21, 1945, the carrier was severely damaged. She took seven direct hits from the Japanese bombs and suicide planes and suffered 315 casualties. With luck she made it to the states under her own power. Kenneth was very lucky. He did not suffer any injury.

After my mother died on December 10,1944. Fred and I divided up the property. Fred took Mother's place, and I took this place in Farr West. We paid Hattie for her share. Fred and I continued to help each other. We shared the horses and machinery, and we bought a tractor and machinery in 1947 which saved more time and energy.

In 1946, I built a cinder block chicken coop. I laid the blocks and Clara mixed the mortar. The concrete for the floor was mixed with a small electric cement mixer and wheeled the cement from the mixer with a wheelbarrow. In 1947, I built the garage and the utility room. I laid the cinder blocks with Clara's help. The cement for the floor came from a ready-mix company.

Emily Ester married Charles Wayne Stipe June 11,1947. They were later divorced.

Kenneth Dean married Doris Vivian Adrens July 11, 1947. It was later solemnized in the Logan Temple on July 11,1958.

Freda married Henry John Eggli October 18,1947. Later, they were divorced.

In 1948, Jay joined the Navy and served four years for his country during the Korean War.

I have worked as a carpenter since I was a young man. First for the railroad, then on the "WPA". and then working for local contractors in 1940. I have worked on many buildings in Ogden and along the Wasatch front. Royal Taylor, Hance Taylor and I contracted and built several business buildings houses and farm buildings, I also did a lot of remodeling for Dick Gunn. I went to California for Dick Gunn and built a motel for him in 1947. I also helped Kenneth build his house, and I have made some furniture for my children. I like to help the family, friends, and neighbors by doing small repair jobs and making things for them.

One of my main hobbies is fishing. I love fly-fishing, and I could usually catch my limit. I would stay until I did, and I also taught my children and some of my grandchildren how to fish. I cannot wade the streams now I am seventy plus years old for fear of falling. I have taken up fishing from the bank in a chair on a dam or reservoir. My luck is not what it used to be. My problem is teaching my wife how to fish. I bait her hook and throw her line in, and she pulls in the fish when she is lucky. I remove the fish. We sure did enjoy going together until my hands got too shaky. Another thing I always enjoyed was going hunting pheasants and deer, and I usually got one.

I have taken family on many fishing and camping trips into the mountains. We always liked to get together for picnics. We used to go up the canyon for our family picnics. Now the canyons have gotten so crowded, and it is hard to find a good picnic spot. The family has several nice yards which are great for a family get together, and for special occasions. We

get together several times a year to enjoy each other.

We made several trips to Yellowstone National Park nearly every summer until the fishing got poor, and it became so difficult to find a place to camp. We would see many bears. Now, you see fewer bears.

We have gone to Zion's National Park, Bryce, Disney Land, Nevada and California. We also make trips to Portland, Oregon and to Vancouver, Washington to our daughter, Emily, and her family. While there we have gone to the ocean and done some deep sea fishing for salmon.

One year, we went to the Campbell River in Canada. We went up the Alaska Strait fishing. On this trip there was Charles, RaNae, Christy, Jill, Kenneth, Vivian, Marilyn, Michael, Clara and I from Utah and Emily, Wayne, Cindy and Steve from Portland. We went to Victoria, Canada and from there to the Campbell River. When were there, we rented a guided boat which took us up through the straits. This was a wonderful experience to take some of the small grand children on such an interesting trip.

In January 1977, Clara and I went on a fourteen day trip to Hawaii and saw many wonderful things. This was our first airplane ride, and we found it quite enjoyable.

The additional family following important events took place during my years as a father.

Lester Jay married Sarah Fredrick on March 15, 1952. The marriage was later solemnized in the Ogden Temple on March 26,1977.

Wilma Ilene married Ronald Robert Weinstock on May 25, 1956.

Charles Dennis married Ra Nae Morris on June 6,1963.

Carol Jean married Charles Austin Groberg on June 28, 1968 in the Salt Lake City Temple.

My sister, Hattie, died March 19, 1967.

My brother, Fred, died April 5,1971.

On February 1,1925,1 was ordained a priest. This was a big occasion for me, and I made plans for my advancement in the priesthood and finally going to the temple to have my family sealed to me. But this desire was put on hold for many years because of failures to live up to the Word Of Wisdom.

In 1953 we attended a senior Aaronic priesthood class to prepare us to go to the temple. After attending the class, we realized we were not ready.

One of my stumbling blocks for being ready to go to the temple and being advanced in the priesthood was smoking. I quit smoking for about a year, and then I thought I could take one smoke thinking it would not hurt. As it turned out I took one, and another and finally I was smoking again. I kept stopping and starting until 1960 when I stopped for good. With the Lord's help, you can do anything.

In 1965, we attended another senior Aaronic priesthood class, this time we felt we were ready. I was ordained an elder April 25, 1965. The glorious day came early morning of May 13, 1965 when a group of us met at the church to go to the temple. There were about ten couples with their families and friends. Clara and I were sealed for time and eternity, and we were able to have Kenneth and Carol sealed to us. Later, Jay and Sarah were sealed to my father and mother on March 26, 1977.

We are looking forward to the day when all our other children are sealed to us. Oh, how much better it would have been if we had this temple work done when they were young? If we had not procrastinated all our children would be sealed to us. So don't put off until tomorrow the things that you should do today.

I have been a ward teacher or home teacher since 1953. I have enjoyed going to the home of the families in my district. They have inspired me with many worthwhile things and have formed close friendship ties. I have taken many worthwhile messages into their homes.

I was ordained High Priest on February 3, 1974 and Clara and I enjoyed going to the Ogden Temple to do temple work for the dead. We are very thankful that there is a temple so close, and we have the opportunity to do this work. We hope we are making someone happy. I am sure I made my brother Fred happy when I did his work and had him sealed to our father and mother. I also had my father, and his brother and sisters sealed to our grandparents.

On November 5, 1974, we celebrated our golden wedding anniversary with an open house in the Farr west cultural hall.

Friends came from far and near and all our children were there except Jay who was living in Taiwan with his family. He was there two years working for the U.S. Air Force. In the evening, the family hosted us to a big family dinner at the Mansion House in Ogden. They had a program and

Dad & Mom members of the family performed. It was very lovely. Emily,

Freda, Ken, Dad, & Mom



Charles, Carol, Wilma,

On January 13, 1977, my children and grandchildren gave me a party and dinner at the Hilary house to celebrate my seventy fifth birthday. My wife and I were special guests.

On January 26, 1977, Clara and I went to Hawaii for a two weeks. There were forty-two of us in this group. Clara's brother, Charles, and wife, Faye, went with us. This made the trip prefect.

In the fall, Freda and Carol went with us to visit Emily. We went salmon fishing on the ocean and only caught only two fish. In 1978, Wilma and Ronald went with us to visit Emily again. Once again we went salmon fishing on the ocean, and we caught only two fish.

During this period, we enlarged one of the bedrooms and made it into a family room. We also installed a wood burning stove because of the fuel crisis we were having at this time. This made us feel more secure. With Clara's help, we did most of the work ourselves. Our children also helped with the things we could not do ourselves. We were proud of what we accomplished by ourselves.

In 1979, Clara and I went to Monte Cristo five different time to cut wood to burn in our new stove. I made a big door in the chicken coup, so I could store the wood and park my truck in there.

This year Freda took us to visit Emily

I am proud of my family and love every one of them.

I am thankful for the blessings our heavenly father has given us through out all these years.

All my love,

C.L. Schoonmaker

This was the final entry in the history of my father,
Clarence
Lester Schoonmaker.

My mother died on 26 December 1984 of a massive stroke she had on Christmas night. My father continued on until April 23, 1989 when he passed on after almost five years of living by himself. During these years, each of us kids took turns cooking for him and making sure he got in bed at his home each day. During this time he continued to suffer with memory lost, and sometimes would have trouble saying the correct words when he spoke. But we all loved him very much and enjoyed having him around. I remember how he would like to help me do farm work, like pick tomatoes and do weeding. Sometime he would

Clarence Schoonmaker
FARR WEST — Clarence Lester Schoonmaker, 87, of 2687 West 1900 North, died Sunday, April 23, 1989 in a local nursing center.
He was born on Jan. 13, 1902, in Granger, Wyo., a son of Charles and Emily Coles Schoonmaker.
On Nov. 5, 1924, he married Clara Lofthouse in Ogden. The marriage was later solemnized in the Logan LDS Temple. She died on Dec. 26, 1984.
He had worked as a carpenter in construction. He was a member of the LDS Church and belonged to the Farr West 3rd LDS Ward. He had been a home teacher, temple worker and member of the Ward High Priest Quorum.
He liked to fish. He taught his children and grandchildren to fish which they enjoyed doing together.
He was reared and educated in Plain City prior to moving to Farr West.
Surviving are three sons and four daughters, Kenneth D. Schoonmaker, Farr West; Lester Jay Schoonmaker, Plain City; Charles S. Schoonmaker, Ogden; Mrs. Ernie (Freda) Avondet, Sunset; Mrs. James (Emily) Rudnick, Vancouver, Wash.; Mrs. Ronald (Wilma) Weinstock, Roy; Mrs. Charles (Carol) Groberg Jr., Honeyville; 30 grandchildren; 52 great-grandchildren; two great-great-grandchildren.
Services will be held on Thursday at 11 a.m. in the Farr West 3rd LDS Ward Chapel, 1800 North 1800 West, with Bishop Charles A. Groberg officiating. Friends may call at Myers Mortuary, 845 Washington Blvd., on Wednesday from 6 to 8 p.m. and on Thursday at the church from 9:30 a.m. to 10:30 a.m.
Interment in the Plain City Cemetery.



step on a few tomatoes and maybe pull out a vegetable plants; but he was always great with me. My father was a simple; but great man who was an example to all his peers. Few men could have accomplished what he did as father. He was always there to take us fishing or to give us good advice. It was a sad day when our father passed away after living 87 wonderful years on this earth. During the last few weeks of his life, he had suffered so very much. His final weeks were spent in the McKay Dee Hospital and then a rest home, which he never wanted to go to. He stopped his desire to for life after this. I remember him saying to my sister Emily "What have I done to make you want to leave me in this place". It was sad, but there was nothing we could do. But from this time on, Dad stopped eating or having any desire to live. I know I went up to visit him at meal time, and no matter how hard you tried to get him to eat, he refuse to eat



Dad & his little dog, Taffy.
She was dad's best friend after
Mom died.

it. He would spit it
his tongue. I
nightmares about this
this visit.-L.J.



Home Sweet Home

out of his mouth with
remember having
for many days after
Schoonmaker