

CARLYLE STIRLING HISTORY

Dec. 27. 1988

I, Carlyle Stirling, at the pressing of my wife, have decided to try and record some of my history. So I have done some thinking about it and this first part would be called the early years.

THE EARLY YEARS:

I was born on June 30, 1928 to Marguerite McMullin and Joseph Stirling. I was their last child and, considering the circumstances under which I was born it is easy to see why I was the last child. As I said I was born on June 30 and as my Mother has told the story, that was a very hot day, and the last of June can be very hot here in Dixie, so it was a very hot day. I weighed 12 lbs and was born in a small little three room home that was certainly not very fancy. The doctor was called to come out from St. George and there was a story about the doctor, a doctor McGregor was supposed to have been the doctor, but he wasn't available so the new doctor, in the country, who was a Dr. Reichman, came out to take care of the birth and my mother said how shocked and disappointed she was when she saw this young man show up to help with the delivery, but anyway he must have done a good job because I was born all right and he became the family doctor and was the family doctor as long as he doctored in St. George. So, anyway, being a hot day and a very difficult birth and I say perhaps this was why I was the last child born. My mother was the youngest one in her family, she came from a family of eight, her parents were Ruth Caroline Parker and David McMullin. My dad was the youngest one in a family of fourteen and his parents were William Stirling and Sarah Ann Leany. Both of these families on my Mother's side and my Dad's side were early settlers to the Leeds area and spent their entire adult life here in Leeds and are all four of them buried in the Leeds Cemetery.

My Father's home was on what is now Main and Center, on the corner between Main and Center street, and Eldon Stirling, one of David Stirling's sons whom my Dad was his uncle, owns that home now and has restored it back to its original condition and it is a stately old mansion that was built back in the 1870's, I believe and has survived today because of the work Eldon has done on it.

My Mother's family home was north of that in the middle of the block and is East across the street from the church-house and is out of the family and owned by other people and has been redone many times, but the original part of the home is still there. My grandfather McMullin worked as a miner much of his life and a mason and a blacksmith. Those are the kinds of work he did. In carpentry work, he built a granary for my dad I suppose soon after my Dad and Mother were married in the 20's and this granary stood just south of the old house that I was born in for I don't know how long; but when I was a young boy my dad hooked on to it with his team and moved this big granary, a great big granary and a little bitty team it looked like, but he moved it down by the corral and then just a month ago they were putting the culinary water down through the field and the trench was going to go right by where this granary was so I got my son-in-law Ronald Whitmer and we moved it again, and pulled it down by the corral I have built down further in the field. I was planning on pulling it off somewhere and just letting it set, but we got to looking at it on the way down and decided that with a little work it could be put back together and so we set it up there by the corral and I have put it back together and put a tin roof and it is there and will last perhaps another 50 years. It was built in the 20's and so is some 70 years old now and it is quite a building. With the history of my grandfather building it all those years ago.

Grandfather Stirling was involved in the farming business. He had farm land and he and his boys

apparently worked together in the farming business and then his main last farm that he had my dad and his brother Dave got that, this is known as the land around the point and they divided that farm and each of them had their section of it that they spent their lifetime working on and now I own the biggest part of that which was my dad's share.

I indicated that I was the youngest one in the family, three other boys, my brother Stanford was just two years older than I was but Harold was five years older and then I had a half-brother, Roscoe McMullin who was nine years older than me. Mother had married a cousin when she was quite young and had this one son and so we grew up as a family of four boys and never had the opportunity of having sisters, or girls in the family. The cousin she married was Dan McMullin who was Roscoe's father.

My earliest memories of anything are walking through the hot dusty field through Tom Stirling's field, over and down the street with my mother and Stanford to visit grandmother and those were very early and very faint memories and it seems like when I start remembering and thinking about things would be when we spent a couple of winters in St. George and this was when I was five and six years old. When I was five apparently Roscoe was in high school. We just had school up to the eighth grade here in Leeds and no bus ran from here to St. George and so we moved down to St. George and lived there during the school year. My Dad would stay here and live on the farm and just come down occasionally, and the rest of the family lived there in St. George so Roscoe could attend high school. And we did that for two winters. The first winter when we lived there when I was five, we lived in a little house back behind the Ed Snow home, and we lived there. I remember they had their grandson or someone came there and we got in a fight about something and I remember that was quite a big commotion. But the main thing I remember about that was that Stanford was in school, he would have been in the first grade and I was waiting for him to come home from school so we could play together and sometimes we swing. I don't remember if he would take me back over or what, but we would swing, bad swings it was on the school grounds and we would swing back and forth on the school grounds. One other incident I remember from that time was, I guess it was at deer season time and apparently father had written a post card to mother saying something about the deer hunting or something and for whatever reason, I don't know, it upset her, and I remember she gathered me up and we went up town and got on the bus and came up and out again; I remember walking out in the dusty field out to the old house and she confronting father with whatever and anyway, they had a big argument and I remember when we had started out to leave and there was a big old board gate out in the front of the house and they were still going at it and my Mother threw herself down on the ground would cry and it scared me and I remember looking at my dad and saying Daddy, Daddy, you won't hurt her will you? And he said "Hell no, I won't hurt her", and I never did understand what it was about but with that we left and went in and stayed at grandmother's until we got a bus going back to St. George, but that was the thing that always stuck in my mind and like I say, I never did know what the problem was about. But anyway, that was the first year that we stayed in St. George and I would have been five years old, and then the next year we went back again and this time we stayed over just West from where we had the first year, in the home where Andrew McArthur now lives, his dad, the old gentleman who use to run the baker lived there then, and we lived in part of their home.

And I remember that year, grandpa brought a cow down, we had a cow, a milk cow, named old Peach, and old Peach was a yellow jersey cow with little sharp horns, I remember I was out there when we brought her or something and she was kind of a mean old thing and I was a little kid

getting around there and I got too close to her and she took after me and I had a jumper suit of some kind on and her horn just hooked that thing and ripped it, never hurt me, but sure scared the life out of me, but anyway we had her there for milk that winter. That was the winter that I started to school and I went that first year in the bottom of the old Dixie College building. They had us in a room down there and I think it was a Miss Worthen that was our teacher and I don't remember too much about the schooling or anything just that we went to school there, and one thing I do remember is that we had to go out a door and up some back stairs up to the rest room. I remember one day on the way up there I wet my pants. I don't remember what else happened in relation to that whether I got sent home or, not, but anyway I remember that incident. This was in the early 1930's, it was the depression time. We were poor and I guess everyone else was poor too so that is just the way things were and at these times I am talking about there was no car or anything. When we went to St. George I remember Uncle Tom had a truck and he hauled our stuff down in that and I remember Dad hauled hay down on the wagon for the cow and also wood. During that time we had an old airedale dog called Tip and when my dad would come down in the wagon, he would travel along with him and at least once, and maybe more, he would just show up down there, walk from Leeds down on his own and just show up down there. I remember him doing that at least once, I don't remember whatever else with that.

They started to run the school bus later, it would have been the school years of 1933-34 and 1934-35 when we lived in St. George. And apparently the next year which would have been the year of 1935-36, they started to run the bus and from then on Roscoe was able to ride the bus and go to school so we just lived there those two years.

I went to the second grade here in Leeds and we had the old school house and in the school house there were two rooms, one on the north side of the building they called the big room and one on the south that was known as the little room. And in each of those rooms there were four rows of desks and in the little room, starting from the East there was the first grade, the second grade, the third grade, and the fourth grade was the row furthest to the west. When you went into the big room for the fifth grade, the fifth grade was on the west, and you went to the sixth, then the seventh, then the eighth, so I started in the second grade here in Leeds and those that were in my grade my same age there was a cousin Brent Stirling and Hal Sullivan, and Dorothy Emmett, and Ada Jean Mickleson, and later sometime, I don't remember what age he came with us, was Alex Smith and then he came and was in that grade, so there would have been four boys and two girls that were in that class, and stayed in that class altogether until we graduated from the eighth grade. We were the last eighth grade they had here in Leeds and after that they cut it back to just the sixth grade. Miss Andrus was our teacher, and if I remember right, she taught me in the second, third, and fourth grade. I think it was the same teacher all the time through there. I think it was the same teacher all the time through there. I don't remember too much what went on there, I just remember I went to school. I do remember one incident in the fourth grade. At recess time someone brought some gloves and we would have boxing matches, and it was at recess in the afternoon that Hal Sullivan and I were having a boxing match together and we banged our heads together and it made me dizzy and sick and when I came in from recess I didn't tell anyone that something was wrong with me. I don't know why you don't tell anyone. I didn't say anything to anyone, but we had a spelling test and my eyes were so foggy and rolling that I couldn't see to write my spelling words, I scribbled them down some way, but my eyes would come in and out and I don't know how I did on that particular spelling test, but anyway after spelling school was soon out and I went home and went out to the house and there was no one there so I started down into the field to find someone and I saw or heard my Dad & Mother

down there below the corral, and there was a pole fence there. I remember I was climbing over this pole fence and they saw me and I fell, I lost my balance and fell and they came running up and I told them what was the problem and they took me down to see Dr. Reichman, this same doctor that had been there when I was born, took me down to Dr. Reichman and he told them I just had a concussion and it would take me a day or two to get over it and there wasn't anything that could be done and so they brought me home and I don't remember any more about that incident. I guess I did get over it.

I was just figuring out the time on that. When I was in the fourth grade I would have been ten years old and that would have been in 1938 and they bought a pickup in 1937, we had a 1937 Chev pickup. I remember we went down to the doctor in that pickup so that time frame all works out right there.