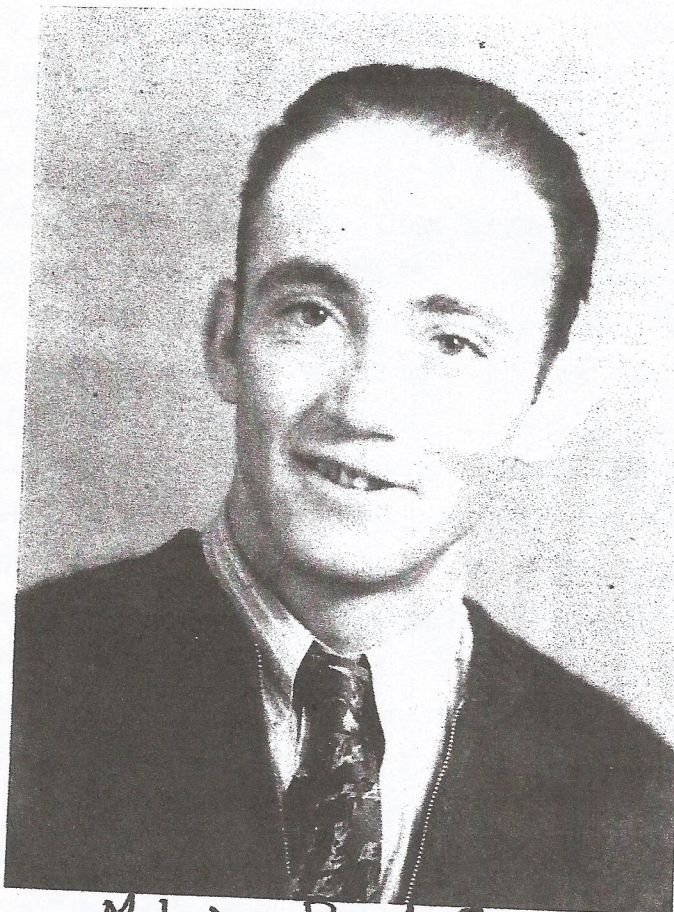


MY GREAT GRANDPA CROSSLEY



Melvin Reed Crossley
11/19/13 - 5/29/75

Aaron Cutler
Iron Springs Elementary
Mrs. Carson

To begin, my great grandpa Crossley, Melvin, was born November 19, 1913 in the terrible year of World War One. His parents Emanuel and Lucy Crossley lived on a dry farm in Thatcher, Idaho where they had eight children and Melvin was the sixth one. When Melvin wasn't working he was riding horses, snow skiing behind them, or jumping sagebrush. Swimming and mud crawling was a favorite for him too. But if that wasn't an option there was always family, friends, and neighbors to torment. His dad was mechanically minded and always had his machinery clean and well oiled for good working. One day his brother, Eph, had stated that he was done working so Melvin went and got the oil can and oiled his joints for him to work better, smart idea right. Later he met Lucille, his wife to be. She lived on the hill and were neighbors for years. They kept in contact with each other through her grandparents or Melvin's aunt and uncle. When he started the seventh grade he went to help his dad with the threshing machine at Brig Young's field who said, "there's a boy back there so darn small he can't reach the sacks." That was Melvin. On the first day of school Allene Pond drew an eye on the wrinkle by her little finger and "winked" at him. He thought that was cute so he drew one and winked back at her. Unfortunately, the teacher saw and told him to wash his hands and stay after school. The teacher said that his grades were dropping and he would help Melvin catch up if he worked really hard. In the end he finished eighth grade with a 97.5%. He was soon in Central High School in Thatcher for two and a half years. He did jobs around the neighborhood such as feeding the cattle for Mr. Pond, took care of the lambing for Dave Bartlem, and for a couple of winters hauled logs in a bobsled. The wood was carried behind a horse and one day his brother lost control and came tumbling down toward them. Lucky for them, no one got hurt. Exciting even for kids, don't you think?

During the depression it was hard to find a job so Melvin took his first hobo trip to California and nearly starved. Second, he couldn't find a job because it was in the depression and married men had a better chance of getting one. His friend got them a bag of grapes to sell, but they were so hungry they ate too much and got sick. With no money or work in California they hopped on a train to Idaho falls, but it wasn't first class either because

they were in the coal car. At one point his friend burrowed into the coal and Melvin had to make him get out and do jumping jacks and pushups so he didn't get hyperthermia. He met a group of people that were working and needed to get to Yellowstone like he had to, so they got a government owned work cart on the train tracks and started down the hill. Not long after that they saw the nose of a train so they pushed the work cart off the tracks and crashed! Unfortunately, one of his friends died while tumbling down the hill. They went a different way and Melvin never saw them again; he didn't want to go to prison so he went over a hill. An officer asked Melvin if he needed a ride and they rode to Yellowstone. He didn't travel much by train after that experience. He worked for his brother-in-law on the farm then he went back home. He and his friend went to visit his cousin Joe, he worked for Harvey and Susie. They stuck around a long time when they ran out of money. They offered work on the farm so they accepted. While at Fruitland, Idaho he met their daughter named Lucille, while they were on a fishing trip Melvin asked Lucille if she wanted to get married and she accepted.

Lastly, they found a farm for rent with a porch, two rooms, and a dry backyard with a chicken coop. He'd milk the cows at night and morning. Lucille would make breakfast after he would throw a stone at the window for her to make it. He borrowed machinery and harvested crops. They sold their horses for more cows and some chickens. Their first son, Ferrel Boyd, was born on April 6, 1941. They moved to Fruitland where they had a daughter, Maxine, born October 13, 1942. They moved to New Plymouth where they sold \$12,000 worth of apple crops and attended church every Sunday. They moved again to a dairy farm east of Fruitland where another son, Clifford Emanuel was born March 15, 1949. They began going to fairs with a couple of animals. The cow was not acting obedient for his wife so he gave her the 200 pound bull and he handled the cow. In the end she was happy to note he behaved like a gentleman. Between 1950 and 1954 some of his cows were selected for the state herd and he was soon the manager of it all. He took his herd to Portland and San Francisco in 1954 and won enough money to pay expenses. In 1957 they sold everything and moved to a cattle ranch south of Council on the Weiser River. The next year, his brother Eph made Melvin break three colts and for payment a choice of the three horses. He picked a mare and named her Fly. It was

the best horse he ever had, really good at cutting, always quiet, and above all gets the work done. It's been sixteen years of hard work and a lot of things have happened. Spending time on the water system is one, another is the fields have been diked, fields leveled, a large island was cleared of brush and seeded to pasture. Their children have grown up with the opportunity of attending college and finding partners in whom they went to the temple and went to church. In 1965 Maxine was married to Stanley J. Cutler son of Stanley H. and Rachel L. Cutler, They had four children. Ferrel married Doris Guiles, daughter of Harold and Martha Manser Guiles, and had seven children. Clifford married a girl named Gwen Jacobs the daughter of Don and Nona Marchant Jacobs, they had three children. Back to my great grandpa, he's been a member of the Agricultural Stabilization and the Conversation service. In 1969 he got honored for the Adams Country Grassmen of the year. Melvin served as second counselor in the Cambridge branch under president Stanley H. Cutler from October 19, 1959 to January 26, 1969. Then in October 1972 his son, Ferrel, was sustained bishop in the ward. Around that time his kids were taking over the ranch so he went back to school trying to receive his G.E.D. to get his diploma and got it. He did real estate for a while then he went to well drilling. He moved to a house east of Cambridge, Idaho where he died May 29, 1975 when my dad was about seven years old. He gave my dad the nickname Kevin-Weven-Snotty-Nose-Kevin.

In closing, I hope you enjoyed my essay and see how deeply I love my great grandpa Crossley. I hope you see him the way I see him, as a teaser, a funny guy, and a hard worker.