

THE DAVE CARRUTH FAMILY HISTORY STORIES AS TOLD BY THE
CARRUTH CHILDREN. JAN 1965 storeys took place back in 1920 & 30

These storeys were remembered as Vera & Son Philip Anderson , Leroy Carruth and Norman and Dean C. Welch drove to Vernal Utah From Connell and Olympia Washing to attend the funeral of a brother-in-law Stan Marrison.

PAPPAS BUCK SHEEP

When Vida Carruth Clark was a young girl , she and two girl friends were upon a hay stack playing , the buck sheep appeared and the girls were afraid of him, Vida wanting to show off a little as it had been the nessary thing for us Carruth to learn how to protect ourselves from the bunting of a buch sheep, Said to her friends "OH! I am not afraid of him, see Ill show what you do, She tost her pitchfork over the haystack and jumped down to tease the buck, when it charged she reached for the pitchfork and to her utter supprise she found she hadd tossed the fork a little too hard and couldnt get the tines up out of the ground , before she could recover from her efforts of removeing the fork out of the ground the buck hit her and knowked her down, and as she got up it would hit her again, the girls on the haystack began to scream and cry thank goodness as their crys brought the folks out to her add.

As Vida and Dean were returnning from the carrols to the house a buck sheep lowered his head and took after them, Vida staped aside and caught his horns and held him fast while Dean got a club and beat the bucks nose, and as Dean was bloodying his nose he tost his head and the stick hit Vidas hand, Vida let go of his horns ad ran to the house leaving Dea n to battle the buck by herself, by that time he didnt have much fight left in him.

Our Dad had always owned buck sheep with big curley horns and always ready to knock us kids down everytime we staped out the door . one day Pappa came home with a mullie buck and that is a buck sheep with no horns, each one of us thrilled at the sight of a buck on the farm with no horns, and right away we rubbed the soft cushion on the flat of his head and thought what a nice soft head he had , and were glad that our buck sheep fighting days were over, we showed our Lovetad respects for the old boy by naming him MULLIE. but that fond build up was short lived, and in the months to come our dear Mullie made history for himself and where ever we went among the neighbors they each had a tail to tell about him,

The next day after Dave Carruth baught him he throughed his shovele over his back and went out to water and to his supprise and delight he had companey, Old Mullie followed him around like a dog, knowing buck sheep as he did he thought it would be worth his time to keep his eye on him, and as the morning progressed Pappa become more and more confident in the goodness of Mullie, he turned his back on him and lowered his shovel to direct the water in another ditch, and t this was the chance Old Mullie was waiting for , he lowered his head and as papa was scooping up the second shoel of dirt Mullie let Pappa have it right square in the back end, Pappa soon learned that one should never take an eye off that cretter , the Buck always went with him when he went wattering but they were always eye to eye of each other, and so long as you had your eye on him he was very harmless .

The very next night after my Folks baught Mullie he went visiting, it was a hot night so they left their doors opened, and Mullie invited himself in when all was settled for a night rest, as the first on rose up after being awaken by his big clumbeys feet, and arose to see what was going on Mullie lowered his head and let Mrs Anderson have it right in the tummy, it wasnt long until the family were all up screaming and running out of the house. and the buck lived on