

## History of Fred Booth as written by himself



Fred, Rea, and Elma Booth

Fred Booth was born in ST. George, October 31, 1908. He was born in a little house which stood on 1st North 160 East. His parents were James William Booth and Marvel Riding.

The first memories I have are living in Milford, Utah in 1912. Elma, my oldest sister, was a baby. The snow was so deep we had to dig a

tunnel to get the coal. Later we took some puppies up on that coal shed and dropped them off. It's a wonder we didn't kill them.

Dad worked on the railroad for four years as a fireman. In that time we lived in Salt Lake, Provo, Milford and Caliente. When we lived in Salt Lake we must have lived by the hot Springs on Beck Street. I remember going out in the winter and see the steam rise off the ditch.

While we lived in Provo some electric wires were down on the ground. I run my hands down the wires, when I came to the ends of them they threw me into a ditch of water. A lady, who lived in the downstairs of the house we lived in, pulled the wires off me with a garden rake. There were bats in the roof of the house. My dad took railroad fuses and poked in the cracks, killing the bats and he got half a tub full of them.

At Caliente we went behind the Pool Hall and dug nickels out of the Slot machines. There was a terrific flood, a man came in one of those old grocery delivery buggies and rescued us out of our flooded house. When we went back there was mud on the floors.

The next I remember, we lived in St. George. We lived in the house at 500 W 300 N. Shirley (*Shake, born 1 June 1914*) was born there. Aunt Lou Blair lived in the house caddie corner across the street. I went over to get something one night. Aunt Lou had just finished the dishes, she opened the door and threw the pan of dish water in my face and nearly drowned me.

Next we moved to Diamond Valley. Dad drove the stage from there to Modena. I used to go over to Myrza Miles'es and get yeast and would drink half of it before I'd get home. I remember climbing up on the Volcano with the Miles girls, Mary, Bertha and Vera.

The next move we made was to an old house owned by Brigham Jarvis almost over to the black hill on the east side of town about 500 South. I went to the Dub Pace farm to get milk, this was where the interchange is now.

We moved to Harrisburg, Utah from there. Jim was born there November 6, 1916. I started school while we lived there. I walked three miles to Leeds to attend. Miss. Margeret Olsen was my first teacher. I went to the 1st, 2nd and part of the 3rd grades there.

The Hyrum Leany family and Bill Emmett's family lived in Harrisburg and walked to school with me. Gertrude Leany was my age. Glen Emmett was older and let me ride on his horses at times. The mail truck came up through Harrisburg and once in a while they would pick us up and give us a ride providing we threw rocks out of the road. Glen wouldn't let any of the other kids ride because they called his Dad a bootlegger, which he was. Dad went over to the Emmett home, Bill kicked back the rug lifted a board, took out a bottle of wine and gave my dad a drink. He made good wine, fig and grape. We went down to the creek and caught fish; we also swam in the same creek.

This was the first time I remember my grandmother Elizabeth Tye Booth Lee. She wore glasses and false teeth and wore her hair in a little knot on the top of her head. We lived in the old schoolhouse, one big room. The freeway runs right through the old house. Grandma Lee lived in the house that still stands on the East side of the Highway. We went to Grandma Lee's to get milk. She would skim the milk which had been set in pans. I would watch her and hope she would miss a bit of cream but she never did.

My first recollection of church was at this time. Grandfather Lee would hitch up the team and we would go to Leeds to Sacrament Meeting.

One Sunday Afternoon when they left Swartz (*Rea*) and me by ourselves, two guys came by in a buggy and watered their horses. They brewed up some coffee but didn't have anything to drink it out of. They gave me a nickel to crawl in the window and get a couple of tin cups. I left the window open so Grandma knew what happened. Then we poured some oil in the washing machine. It was the old type with a handle you pushed back and forth. After this we crawled upon the house and ate the fruit that was drying. When Dad came back from Church all hell broke loose. I thought I could out run him but found I couldn't. He whipped me for pouring the oil in the machine, selling the cups and eating the dried fruit then he gave me a few extra kicks for running from him. He didn't do anything to Swartz because I was the oldest.

One day I step in some ashes which were not cooled and burned my foot. Grandma Lee took me to her house and chopped onion up fine and bound my foot up in it. I can't remember having any after effects.

It was at this time that I first learned to swear. Glen and Dad were good teachers. I was saying some choice words one day. Vivian Leany threatened to beat me up if I didn't shut up. The Leany family was a very religious family.

We had rabbits at this time. We asked Brother Leany for the Alfalfa on the edges where the mowing machine didn't cut. These was fine until we would get carried away and take the other too.

Eugene Leany and I aggravated Brother Leany one day. We went up to his melon patch and plugged a few of his choice melons he was saving for the fruit festival that they held in the basement of the St. George Tabernacle.

We moved from Harrisburg up to Layho, about ten miles south of Milford. Dad hauled ore from the mines in the area to the railroad. There was a well with a pump on it. Every day I pumped a barrel (50 Gal.) to water the horses. At the end of the summer Mr. Gibson gave me a \$1.50 pair of shoes.

We moved from Layho in to Milford and I went to the 3rd grade. One day I did something to a kid, he chased me up the street, I ran out in front of a Model T ford and it ran over me. The driver picked me up and took me in to the Doctors office, near by; the Doctor examined me and found nothing wrong. The driver gave me \$.50 because I wasn't hurt; it was the easiest four bits I ever made.

We rode on the train to Lund, Nevada and took the stage to Harrisburg. About this time we moved back to St. George. We lived in Grandma Lee's house at 434 N 400 W. I finished 3rd grade there. Emma Snow was my teacher. I also started the fourth grade there. Arnold Snow was my teacher. He taught me in the 5th grade too. We lived there over a year.

We had the flue. Swartz nearly died. We hauled wood from up around the water Cress Springs for Mamma to wash with. We had little roads built all over up back of Hemingway's pond. We would play up there and sneak down and watch the girls' change their clothes back of

the bushes. One girl tied all our clothes in knots. They used to have girls day and boy's day at the pond. We would sneak up to Andrus's pond, around the hill west of Hemingway's and watch the girls go swimming in the nude. Wenzel Hemingway was my partner also Edwin Riding.

This area we lived in was known as sand town, Ridings, Blakes, Cannons, Rogers, Fullertons, Whipples, Hemingways, Cragins, Pearces and Cunninghams made up a group of rough, tough kids. They would gather up mock oranges (*horse manure*) and green tomatoes and anyone that showed up were in for a belting. These people were really clannish, all for one and one for all.

Esther was born here in 1918. Then we moved to Elmo Adam's house a 500 E 150 S. While living here I was playing outside at recess. Frank Baker struck a match and burned a hole in my arm. A few days later Jesse Pearce saw a scab on my arm and wanted to know how I got it. When I told him he caught Frank who was his age and beat the heck out of him. In retaliation Frank was going to get his bigger brother and beat the heck out of Jess. Jess told him, "ok, I'll get the sandtown gang and we'll see who gets beat up".

One day a while later Clarence, Frank, Grant and LeGrand took turns fighting -----time to get them tired out. (*part of the writing is off the bottom of the page*) me. It took me a long time to get them tired out. (*the writing here goes from page 4 to page 5 here and some appears to be lost*)

We moved to the Washington fields when I was eleven. Life began to change. My playing days were over. I had to learn to tromp hay, pitch hay, feed cows and horses, milk cows, ride horses and drive teams with wagons. We drove a horse and buggy to school from there. Swartz and Elma went to school with me. If they couldn't go I rode a horse.

I went with Healy and Frank Seegmiller to ride out on Shitcreek Mountain. I drove a derrick horse for George and Charles Seegmiller for a dollar a day.

While we were living in the Washington Fields Elma went off to visit the McGee children. When she came home she was dragging a skunk by the tail. She found the skunk eating a dead animal she got her a

club, snuck up behind it and killed it. When Mama saw her dragging the skunk she nearly fainted. She couldn't understand how Elma killed it without getting sprayed. It reminds me of the story of the old guy who got hit by a skunk who said, "My goodness if his pee smells like that what if he sheet on me."

My dad bought me a 22 rifle which was a high light of my life. It took me six shots to kill my first rabbit with a dead rest over Swartz shoulder. I got pretty good at it later.

I picked clover seed for one summer and Healy Seegmiller gave me a small horse.

From the Washington Fields we moved to a grainary like building at Wilford Schmutz's right where the St. George Armory is on 3rd South and 400 E. Johnny was born in this little house (*19 November, 1920*) and Swartz nearly died of pneumonia.

The following year we moved to Middleton. We walked to St. George to school. We went up over the black hill; there wasn't a tunnel there then. Dad got a team of horses and a wagon; I still had the little horse. I helped him haul wood and posts with the team. We had a woven willow fence around the garden. The jack rabbits would eat the garden and grapevines so we set a trap right where they would jump through the fence. We ate them. They tasted good to us. We didn't have money to buy meat. The only kind of meat I ever remember us buying was salt pork. We used that to cook in, the beans and to make gravy. Food was always a problem.

We moved back to St. George after a while. We lived in a little lumber house at 1st West and 275 North. It was just above the Old Whitehead home. We hauled wood, posts and hay. I worked in George Whitehead's garden and cleaned his outhouse twice for which he paid me \$.50 each time.

Dad traded the team, horse and wagon for a Model T Ford. We loaded all we owned into this old car along with 7 kids, and Mama and Dad. Dad sold my little horse and 22 rifle for the gas to take us to Lehi. Sad days.

We were two and a half days getting to Lehi. We stayed two days in

Benjamin with Uncle Melvin on the way. We moved in with Aunt Mary Herron on her farm. It was in September 1921.

I went to 6th grade at this time. I had to walk three miles to school. The other children went to a closer school. That first winter was really rough. Going from the south to the bitter cold of Lehi with out warm clothing presented a real problem for us.

We lived with Aunt Mary a month or two then they moved to Salt Lake and we stayed on the farm. It wasn't worth a hoot, it was swampy and only half was any good at all. We tried to grow sugar beets and didn't get enough back to pay for the seed. The wheat had so much wild oats in it that my Dad was ashamed to take it to the Miller so he sent me. The Miller said he didn't want to but he finally gave me a few sacks of flour for it. That was wonderful taking that flour home to my mother.

Getting enough wood and coal to stay warm was a real hardship for us. Swartz and I stole coal from the railroad. One day we had a sack of coal from the engine shed, along came a care taker and told us to get our butts out of there. We said," OK, but can we take the coal with us?"

He told us to get the hell out of there which we did but we took the coal. One day we took the horse and buggy down across the tracks and loaded in a few sacks from the depot. The men at the depot couldn't help but see us but I guess they felt sorry for us and didn't stop us.

Uncle Will Herron was an Engineer; he threw us coal when ever he got a chance. One day Dad got on a coal train and threw off a couple of wagon boxes full. We took the horse and buggy and hauled it home to our mother.

We had good neighbors that helped us with our food. We finally got a cow. We raised a pig or two. I was old enough then to work and help out too. I worked on farms.

On June 7, 1923 my mother died. She was operated on for gal stones.

She had nine children, was 32 years old two days before she died. I bought her a comb and brush for her birthday.

Dad came home one day and said he didn't think she would make it and he didn't know what he would do with all the kids. She was buried in Lehi, some of her family came to the funeral. Aunt Rhoda Laub came

from Enterprise, Utah and took Johnny who was the baby, about two years old. She kept him till he was 8 or 9. I loved my mother with all my heart, words cannot express how I felt.

I went to work on the railroad. We stayed in the same house for a while. The railroad run out to a limestone rock quarry. I worked on the section gang, I made \$.37 an hour. I came back to Lehi and worked on the Denver and Rio Grande railroad on the fence gang between Lehi and Riverton for about three months. I was 14 at this time. We then moved to Salt Lake.

They ordained me a teacher in the Latter Day Saint Church. I mopped the stairs once a week at Uncle Jim Booth's Studio. He gave me a dollar each time. I set pins at the bowling alley; I received \$.05 a line for that. We scrounged around in railroad yards and Van companies for boxes and pieces of wood for our fuel.

While some of us kids were playing ball out in a field I found a five gallon keg of whiskey, I took it home, Dad bottled it up in pint bottles and bootlegged it, up town. A neighbor lady ask me what I found out there, I told her nothing. She said I did and if I didn't give it to her she would call the police. I told dad about it but he said not to worry she wouldn't call the police.

Dad had double hernias so bad he couldn't do anything in the line of work. The (*LDS*) church decided the only thing to do was have him operated on. They put him in the L D S Hospital. They put Elma, Shirley, Jim and Esther in the Orphan's home on 11th South 13th East. in Salt lake City. Swartz went to Sandy and worked on a dairy farm. I went to work in the County Hospital on 21st South Street.

I worked there four months. Dr. Strop was County Physician, he owned Bingham Hospital. I was making \$50 a month and room and board, he offered me \$65 if I would go out to Bingham which I did. They raised me to \$70 after I had been there a few months.

The first time I had to get up and help the undertaker at 1:00 am scared the soup out of me. One night I helped him, he had four bodies, then I did get scared.

The experiences I had at the hospital were maturing to me. I learned to smoke, learned that I didn't like whiskey. I went up to the whore



house once and looked around. No one paid any attention to me, they didn't want contribute to my delinquency.

There was an Indian lady that cooked at the hospital who took me under her wing to help me in my personal appearance and personal life. I was 16 at the time; none of the 8 nurses or 3 doctors took any interest in me.

One night, I went down to the furnace room to take care of the monkey stove which had to be kept burning all the time for hot water in the building. As I opened the door of the stove a hand and part of an arm was standing right up in the middle of the flames. I lit clear out in the middle of the street. Then I happened to think that they had cut an arm off a man that day that had T B in it, they put it in the stove to burn it.

One man who had been operated on, while coming out of the ether he held my hand and cried. He told me if I'd take care of him he would buy me a watch. Several months later he came to the hospital to visit a friend. He told me he had left something in my room; he left me a nice watch. I was surprised because they usually don't remember what they say when coming out of Ether.

I learned to play pool. I bought me a sled and after about 10:00 at night we would slide for three miles down the canyon. We had a rope and cars would pull us back, once in a while we had to walk back.

On Sunday afternoons we would go up the canyon and watch them blast. My hours started at 7:00 in the morning, I bathed the men, gave them their enemas, and bed pans, mopped and swept the floors, served the trays, cleaned the operating room, two or three times I gave guys ether when there was only one Doctor and one nurse there, when they were operating. One day when I was cleaning the operating room there were two pieces of meat by the operating table, when I turned them over there were nipples on them, that was a surprise.

I almost made a thief of myself one day. A man died in the hospital, as far as anyone knew he didn't have any relatives in the country. He had \$100 in cash in a small purse and a watch that had rubies and diamonds embedded in the back of it. It was a real temptation to me to take some of this as I was sent to gather up his belongings. I'm glad I didn't.

I went to the show every night. On my way out of the hospital one night a patient gave me an apple. I ate about half of it then threw it at a coal bin, it missed the coal bin and hit a window in a house. I doubled back in the hospital. The lady called the police. I stood and watched then went over and told them I did it. It cost me \$14 to replace the window.

They kept piling work on me till I was working 12 hours a day and part of the night so after 1 year and 3 months I quit.

I went into Salt Lake and lived with Aunt Mary Herron for 30 Days. Dad stayed in the hospital for several months, he got phlebitis in his legs after the operation. I went to live in a rooming house with him, he sold clothes. He went to Caliente peddling shoes and clothes and got me a job on the tunnels in Caliente. Dad lied about my age, I was 17 and he said I was 18.

I worked on the bull gang for \$.50 an hour. Later they gave me a job on the cement gang, I got \$.64 for that. I worked there for 6 months. Dad bought a car with my money. He came back to Caliente from Salt and sent word to me that he wanted to see me in his room. We were working overtime and the boss wouldn't let me off so I quit. It was a sad mistake because what Dad wanted wasn't that important.

We went out to Alamo and I went to work for Sid Pace for \$50 a month and board and room. Swartz stayed with a lady there and went to school in Alamo.

I hauled 144 loads of manure, pitched it on and off by myself. I milked 3 or 4 cows, took care of the cows and horses and I worked 12 to 14 hours a day. The only recreation I had was huntin ducks, quail and rabbits. Sid Pace didn't go to church so I didn't either. I didn't miss it as there had been very few times I had ever gone in Salt Lake, Lehi or Bingham. I worked most of the Sundays while in the hospitals. When I worked on the tunnel gang the only time we went to Caliente was on pay day.

I worked for Sid for six months then went back to Caliente. I worked for Charles Coverwell for a couple months as a mule skinner for \$.50 an hour. Jim was with Dad also Swartz and Shake part of the time. I worked on the school house they were building in Panaca for a couple of months for \$5 a day. The bunch of us went to a ranch and worked in the

hay fields, I really learned to pitch hay. On our way out to Lund we had 9 flat tires. It was while we were here that Dad received a telegram from Aunt Mary saying Elma had died, this was in July, 1927.

After we left Lund we went to Connors Pass up by Ely. Swartz and I worked on the road for a month in October. Then we went to St. George and left the kids in Gladys Wilson's granary. Shake, Swartz and Jim stayed there while we went back to Caliente. I walked 3 miles up to the tunnel in January 3 times before the Boss would give me a job. I worked almost 2 years this time. I worked on the cement gang for \$.72 an hour; I sent the old man \$70 a month and blew the rest.

I went in and asked for a Christmas vacation, the boss said no so I left to spend Christmas with my family. Rodney Leany and I drove home in Dad's Ford bug. When we got to Panaca the bug began to knock. In 14 inches of snow we pulled the pan off, tightened up the bearings and went on home.

I stayed in St. George the rest of the winter. It was tough pickins. We went back to Panaca in the spring, I worked for Charley Hansen putting ice in his ice house. We took the team and wagon out to the pond; we marked the ice into 300 lb. squares. We chopped a hole in the ice with an axe, we cut the squares and lifted them out with tongs, pushed them up in the wagon on a board. We hauled them back to the ice house. It was a beautiful sight when we had the ice house full. We tamped sawdust all around the edges and on top. They sold this ice to every one in town.

After russeling for several weeks they hired me back on the tunnel gang.

Dad Married Gladys Wilson, she was crippled but she had a house so he got all the family back together.

I worked on the railroad till the work ran out a year later in 1931. I mined with a jackhammer this time while working there. I moved to St. George.

A big Swede asked if I was going to work on Boulder Dam which they were starting at this time. I told him no, I was going to St. George and marry a cute little blond girl which I did 2 years later in 1933.

It was really tough going for those two years. The depression really set in, weren't any jobs for money. I wheeled brick for the South Ward Chapel for 30 Days. Swartz carried the mud. We received a cow and a dollar a day. We did anything we could to get food on the table. When they were building the highway from here to Hurricane, the way it goes now, I got a jackhammer job there. I drilled into a loaded hole and ended up in the hospital. They were concerned about eyes but I was lucky, outside of some gravel under my skin in a few places I was alright.

Shake was working for Mel Cox, he and Dad had a falling out so he was living with Mel and Harriet. It was through Shake that I started to work for Mel with Ken and Lorraine Cox on the thresher. Mel asked me if I wanted to learn a trade? He said he wouldn't do it for everybody but he would for me. That was how I became a Mechanic.



Fred married Myrza Marie Lang, October 5, 1933 in Panguitch, Utah. They lived and raised their family in St. George, Utah. Fred own and operated his own garage where he employed his brother Rea. (Swartz). Their original home was located on 2<sup>nd</sup> West just off of St. George Blvd. Fred's garage was located in their back yard. They later sold their home to the School Board and built a new home further south on a piece of property they owned.

The following newspaper story adds to the story of Fred's life. He was the oldest volunteer fireman in the State of Utah at the time this story was written.

This article is dated Sunday, March 20, 1983 and was in the St. George Spectrum.

The head line reads: After 47 years of community service, Charter fireman retires, but doesn't stop.

By Terry A. Green, Staff Writer

St. George - After devoting 47 years to fire prevention and combating roaring blazes, Fred Booth retired from the St. George Volunteer Fire Department.

Retired - yes, but stopped - no.

Booth said that even though he is not able to get out and physically fight the fires, he will try to be there when the alarm sounds to give aid in any way he can.

A St. George native, Booth began working for the railroad as a cement layer and jack hammer operator between 1929 and 1933. He helped enlarge and cement tunnels around Calientie.

After the job ended he went to work in St. George for Melvin Cox at the Arrowhead Garage.

He drove a truck for the garage until one day Cox asked Booth if he would like to learn about mechanics. He did and ended up working seven years for Cox before branching off to begin his own Fred Booth Garage, Located at 47 North 200 West St.

It was while working for Cox that the St. George Volunteer Fire Department got its start.

### Bell Meant Trouble

Booth remembers the days before the organized department. He said that a bell in the Tabernacle would sound indicating trouble. Volunteers would gather at the troubled area and forma bucket brigade or, if the location was close to the city's four hydrants, attach a loose hose the men had obtained and try to put out the fire.

In 1936, the American Legion sponsored a drive to organize a fire department and accepted bids on a pumper.

Cox's bid on a 1936, six-cylinder Studebaker for \$3,400.00 was low and Woodrow Staheli and Rulon Cox traveled to the Studebaker factory in Dearborn, Mich. To drive the new truck back.

Through the years Booth served faithfully with the volunteers until January, when he felt it was time to step aside.

During his career with the department, he has held every position of authority, from captain to chief.

#### Organization within organization.

There is also an organization within the organization. Booth said that the department is one thong, but the volunteers also belong to a club with a president and vicepresident.

They meet every Monday to train or drill.

Booth has not been idle during his years after closing the Fred Booth Garage. He said that he is still a part-time auto mechanic and is able to spend as much time as he wants fishing and hauling wood.

He also said he wants to spend some time on his garden, which will help feed him and his wife, Marie, throughout the year.

Many of the swings and playground equipment throughout the city and many on the public schools was made by Booth. He enjoys working with metal and is responsible for swing sets, merry-go-rounds and slides which children have played on for years.

#### Won many blue ribbons.

He also has many blue ribbons to prove that his metal work with miniature tricycles, wagons and other vehicles are appreciated. "I really enjoy working with these things," he said.

Although his first love is his wife, he admits that fishing runs a close second and that his devotion to the St. George Fire Department has filled his life.

He said that he has nothing but respect for the men on the department and his wife, Marie, added that many of them looked upon him as a brother of father figure.

"Even though they are all different, that's what makes a good department," Booth said, adding that the department has grown and he is proud of what has happened. He added that he did have some concern about the height of some of the buildings now being built, but said that since sprinkler systems are required, no major problems should arise.

The former chief noted that every business in town owes a debt of thanks to the department. He said that almost all of them have been served by the department at one time or another.

“I’ve enjoyed being there,” he said, it’s taught me a lot of things.” He also said between the fire department and his church activities, his time had been taken up over the years.

With his official departure from the fire department, Booth said that he won’t be gone. “I’ll be just as much a fireman as I always was.”





The above photos were part of the newspaper article. One item of interest is the coveralls Fred wore. They were his trademark as far as I was concerned. Him and Swartz always wore striped overalls like the train engineers wore.

Fred was the instigator in holding family reunion in the Booth Family. Several were held and were usually rotated between the family members from St. George to Tooele to Las Vegas.

The first reunions were held every June at the Old Dance Hall on the Minersville river. The opening of fishing season was held about the first weekend of June and those that could would congregate at the old dance hall which was located about halfway between Minersville and Beaver. The only thing left of the old dance hall was a concrete slab that provided a ideal place to camp. Great times were held there, but when attendance dwindled Fred started holding a reunion at St. George, and other family members sponsored reunions at Tooele, and Las Vegas.

In the early days families often met at Panguitch Lake. Of course competition was held and bragging rites awarded for the biggest fish.

Fred own a small fishing boat in those days and him and Swartz were the first to get up and be on the lake before anyone else was awake. Swartz was Fred's partner and they were together most times. The photo below is of Jim and Fred Booth.





This was probably taken sometime in the early 1950's. The truck in the background was Jim's and he had purchased it from Fred. I would guess it was taken at Minersville.

The photos below are of Fred with his brothers and sister.



Left to right: Swartz, Esther, Fred, Jim and Shake standing



From left to right: James William Booth, John, Esther, Jim, Shake, Swartz, and Fred.



From left to right: Shake, Esther, Fred, Johnny, Jim.





This photo is of Fred and Marie standing in front of Jim and Alice's home in Tooele,





This photo is of Fred and Marie in later life. Their 50<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary photo.

Fred had a pecan tree in his yard and I remember gathering the nuts when we went there. He also kept a milk cow on the property where they built their new home. They always had plenty of milk and it was really good.

The following was provided by Fred's family at his Funeral.

Fred was bless by Isaac. C. McFarlane.  
Fred was placed in a rest home on May 3, 1998 as his health had deteriorated to incontinence and Marie could not care for him further. Craig and Kelly blessed him that night as well as Marie. It was evident that Fred would not last much longer. Fred passed away peacefully and

was not in much pain. He died from old age and congestive heart disease.

His viewing was 8 May, 1998 from 7 to 9 pm with over 200 people coming through. The funeral was preceded by another viewing from 9:30 to 11:00. Kelly gave the family prayer and the funeral consisted of Jay D. Booth giving the invocation. Bishop Carlos Gonzalez conducted, sang the first song, "A Perfect Day," Dorrel spoke next. He was followed by a violin solo by Dr. Norman Fawson accompanied by Brittany Booth. Kelly spoke next relating the earlier life of Dad. Marvel Lynne recited a song verse and then played "Oh My Father" on the piano. Craig spoke last and Bishop Gonzalez closed with some remarks. Kyle T. Pace gave the benediction. The St. George Fire Department drove Dad to the cemetery in the first fire truck in St. George, a 1937 Studebaker. Dad had replaced the engine with a Chevrolet engine some time later. Dad was buried next to Lloyd with enough room for Marie. Cemetery-Burial: St. George Cemetery, Utah. Plot number A-0A-03004-00-00

Fred's obituary reads as follows:

Fred Booth

St. George - Fred Booth, 89, died Thursday May 7, 1998. He was born October 31, 1908, in St. George, son of James William and Marvel Riding Booth. He married Myrza Marie Lang October 5, 1933 in Panguitch, Utah. Their marriage was late solemnized in the St. George LDS Temple.

Fred was reared and educated in St. George. He walked to school from Harrisburg to Leeds for two years. At age 12, his family moved to Lehi, where his mother died when he was 14. They moved back to St. George two years later. Fred worked on the railroad in Nevada before moving back to St. George to work as a mechanic. He worked for Mel Cox at the Arrowhead Garage for four years and then opened Fred

Booth's Garage, operating it from 1941 to 1978.

Fred was a charter member of the St. George Fire Department and served for 46 years, eight of which he served as chief. He was active in the LDS Church and served in multiple positions including the Bishopric of the St. George First Ward from 1955 until 1959. He served as a scoutmaster for 15 years and was a recipient of the Silver Beaver Award. Fred loved athletics, deer hunting and fishing. He began fishing to live and ended living to fish. Dad loved Mom, his family, this community, and gave great service to all of them.

He is survived by his wife, Marie of St. George; four children: Dorrel (Arlene) Booth of Pine Valley, Marvel Lynn (Kyle) Pace of Veyo, Craig (Maureen) Booth of St. George, and Kelly (Mary Ann) Booth of Moapa, Nev.; daughter in law Nesa Booth of Las Vegas.; brother Jim (Alice) of Tooele, He was preceded in death by his son. Lloyd Booth; brothers: Jesse Rea "Schwartz" and Shirley "Shake", Johnny; sister Elma, Esther, and Ruth.

Funeral services will be held Saturday, May 9, 1998 11 am, at the St. George Main Street Chapel, 166 South Main St. Under direction of the Spilsbury & Beard Mortuary. Friends may call at the Spilsbury and Beard Mortuary , 110 S. Bluff St. Friday Evening from 7 until 9, and again on Saturday, at the Main Street Chapel, from 9:30 until 10:30 am. Interment will be at the St. George City Cemetery.

*In Loving Memory Of*

## **Fred Booth**

*October 31, 1908  
St. George, Utah*

*May 7, 1998  
St. George, Utah*

### **FUNERAL SERVICES**

*11:00 AM  
May 9, 1998  
Main Street Chapel  
St. George, Utah*

### **PALLBEARERS**

*Grandsons*

<i>Jay Booth</i>	<i>Berkeley Booth</i>
<i>Chad Booth</i>	<i>David Pace</i>
<i>Brett Booth</i>	<i>Kim Booth</i>

### **HONORARY PALLBEARERS**

<i>Scott Booth</i>	<i>Derek Booth</i>
<i>Adam Pace</i>	<i>Courtney Booth</i>
<i>Fred Booth</i>	<i>Kevin Booth</i>
<i>Randy Booth</i>	<i>St. George Fire Dept.</i>

**OFFICIATING** *Bishop Carlos Gonzalez*

**FAMILY PRAYER** *Kelly L. Booth*

**PRELUDE MUSIC** *Mary Ellen Gonzalez*

**INVOCATION** *Jay D. Booth (grandson)*

**MUSICAL SELECTION** *"A Perfect Day"*  
*Bishop Carlos Gonzalez*  
*Accompanied By Mary Ellen Gonzalez*

**SPEAKER** *Dorrel F. Booth*

**VIOLIN SOLO** *"Ashokan Farewell"*  
*Dr. Norman Lawson*  
*Accompanied by Brittany Booth (granddaughter)*

**SPEAKER** *Kelly L. Booth*

**PIANO SOLO** *"O My Father"*  
*Marvel Lynn Pace*

**SPEAKER** *Craig L. Booth*

**REMARKS** *Bishop Carlos Gonzalez*

**BENEDICTION** *Kyle T. Pace*



### **INTERMENT**

*St. George, Utah*

**DEDICATION OF THE GRAVE** *Craig L. Booth*

Marie Lang Booth remarried after Fred's death to Shirl Pitchforth on May 15, 1999 in St. George, Utah. They spent 10 years together in happiness after which Shirl passed away on July 26, 2010.

Marie passed away on December 20, 2010 in St. George, Utah after 94 years on this earth. We can thank Marie for her efforts in recording our Family Genealogy. Without her efforts we would not have the stories and information about many of our ancestors. She wrote many stories that we now have that tell of the lives of our Grandparents and Great Grandparents. Also without her and Fred writing their life histories, we would not have an understanding of their younger lives and the history of the Family. We owe her our thanks for her efforts. Marie's Obituary reads as follows:

Marie Lang Booth Pitchforth May 25, 1916 - Dec 20, 2010

Mom passed away on December 20, 2010 in St. George, Utah. She was born on May 25, 1916 to Rufus Henry and Hazel Miles Lang in St. George. She married Fred Booth on October 5, 1933, in Panguitch, Utah and became the cook for his threshing crew. They were later sealed in



the St. George Temple. She graduated from Dixie High School in 1955, along with her son, Lloyd, to make sure he did the same.

Mom was an accomplished seamstress, did private sewing and was especially proud of all the wedding dresses she sewed for local girls. None of her children wore “store-bought” clothing until they reached high school. She was an accomplished cook and could stir up a great meal from absolutely nothing. Mom and dad highly respected honesty and education and convinced their children there were no other options.

In 1962, she traveled to St. Louis, Missouri, for training and then trained hundreds of workers over the years for the Kellwood Company. She later served as their Personnel Director before taking a posh job as a receptionist at her son’s clinic, Medical Associates.

Mom and Dad loved the St. George Fire Department and both served as President of their respective State Associations. Mom was a Relief Society President when wards raised money for their chapels and later very much enjoyed teaching Gospel Doctrine for many years. Mom loved hunting, fishing, camping, sewing, quilting, visiting shut-ins and fixing Christmas breakfast for the local relatives. She was remarkably faithful to her Church and its Temple, her husbands, her children and her grandchildren. She attended Alice Louise Reynolds activities for many years and sweat blood over her presentations.

Dad passed away on the 7th of May 1998 and Mom later married a longtime family friend, Shirl Pitchforth on May 15, 1999. After 10 years of great company, travel, meals, and Diet Coke, Shirl passed away on July 26, 2010. They were loved and coddled by two indulging families.

Marie is survived by a younger sister, Anna Lou Bundy (Owen) of St. George; three sons and a daughter, Dorrel (Arlene McArthur) of Pine Valley, UT, Marvel Lynne (Kyle) Pace of Parowan, UT, Craig (Maureen Haslam) of St. George, UT, Kelly (Mary Ann Cooley) of Moapa, NV; and daughter-in-law, Nesa (Hendricksen) Booth of Las Vegas, NV. She was preceded in death by her parents; husbands, Fred and Shirl; a son, Lloyd Ellis Booth; and siblings, Gaylen Lang, Mary Sabaitis, Arshel Lang and Keith Lang. She is also survived by Shirl’s family, Peggy Ann (John Steele) of Michigan, Sharon Snow (Ron) and Charles Pitchforth both of St. George; and, including both families, 30 grandchildren and 61 great-grandchildren.

The family greatly appreciates the professional and personal care extended to Mom by the staffs at The Meadows and Porters.

Funeral services will be held on Monday, December 27, 2010, at 11:00 a.m. at the Spilsbury Mortuary Chapel, 110 St. Bluff St., St. George. There will be a visitation on Sunday, December 26, 2010, from 6:00-8:00 p.m. and also Monday, from 9:30-10:30 a.m. prior to services, both at the Mortuary. Interment will take place in the St. George City Cemetery.

Fred & Marie's Posterity

**Dorrel (Arlene)**

Jay  
Kim  
7 Great-grandchildren

**Lloyd (Nesa)**

Fred  
Scott  
Jude  
8 Great-grandchildren

**Marvel Lynne (Kyle)**

Kelly  
David  
Leslie  
Adam  
11 Great-grandchildren

**Craig (Maureen)**

Berkeley  
Derek  
Corbin  
Brittany  
Kevin  
13 Great-grandchildren

**Kelly (Mary Ann)**

Michelle  
Clad  
Tasha  
Jennifer  
Fred  
Randy  
6 Great-grandchildren

*In Loving Memory*



*Marie Lang Booth*

*Pitchforth*

*1916 ~ 2010*

In Loving Memory of  
*Marie Lang Booth*  
*Pitchfork*

May 25, 1916  
 St. George, Utah

December 20, 2010  
 St. George, Utah



*Funeral Services*  
 Monday, December 27, 2010  
 1:00 a.m.  
 Spilsbury Mortuary Chapel  
 St. George, Utah

*Pallbearers*

(Grandsons)  
 Kim Booth  
 David Pace  
 Derek Booth

Jay Booth  
 Scott Booth  
 Berkeley Booth  
 Kevin Booth  
 Fred Booth

Brett Booth  
 Adam Pace  
 Corbin Booth  
 Chad Booth  
 Randy Booth

Family Prayer ..... Kelly Booth, Son  
 Officiating ..... Craig L. Booth, Son  
 Prelude & Postlude Music ..... Parrina Price Ford  
 Opening Number ..... Violin Solo  
 By Amanda Booth, Great-granddaughter

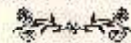
Opening Prayer ..... Kyle T. Pace, Son-in-law  
 Eulogy ..... Maureen Booth, Daughter-in-law  
 Speaker ..... Marvel Lynne Pace, Daughter  
 Piano Solo ..... "How Great Thou Art"  
 Played by Marvel Lynne Pace

Speaker ..... Derrel Booth, Son  
 Speaker ..... Kelly Booth, Son  
 Musical Selection ..... "Families Can Be Together Forever"  
 Sung by Great-grandchildren

Accompanied by Michele Anderson  
 Christer Leslie Nielsen, Granddaughters

Talk ..... Craig L. Booth, Son  
 Piano Solo ..... "The Ashes We'll Follow"  
 Played by Brittany Fomespeck, Granddaughter

Closing Prayer ..... Nasa Booth, Daughter-in-law



*Interment*

St. George City Cemetery  
 St. George, Utah

Dedication of the Grave ..... Craig L. Booth, Son

Compassionate service provided by the  
 St. George 3<sup>rd</sup> Ward Relief Society



BOOTH

MYRZA MARIE  
LANG  
MAY 25, 1916

FRED BOOTH  
OCT. 31, 1908  
MAY 7, 1998



MARRIED OCT. 5, 1933

SEALED APR. 1, 1936