

An account of my life as well as I can remember given at the home of Jim and Penney Griffith in Genola, Utah during the fall of 1978. I was 77 years of age.



Oliver Ira Griffith (age 8 months)

I was born on July 29, 1901 in Boise, Idaho. My father was working for Boise Lumber Co., cutting timber. He rented a house from Mr. Holcomb. I was the third child of James Harris and Mary Jane Sharp Griffith. Two previous babies died in infancy, James Harris (lived nine hours) and Retta Mae (lived ten hours), so I was to be the oldest child.

When I was eight months of age, my father had to move the family to St. Anthony, Idaho because the water in Boise and Nampa was so bad my mother could not take it. My father, James Harris, worked at Fog and Jacob Lumber Co. When I was three, my family moved to Parker, Idaho, seven miles from St. Anthony. Here they lost two more children, a boy and a girl; Loren lived eleven hours and Geraldine lived three months and died of pneumonia. My first memory is at three or four years of age. I was looking in the cradle at little Geraldine and I couldn't believe she died. I remember Uncle Jim and Aunt Annie Sharp visiting and seeing her.

When I was five, we moved into the mountains of Marysville, Idaho. My father was still working timber (hauling with an ox team). I can remember going to St. Anthony for 4th of July with father, mother, grandmother, Mr. Jacobs and his wife in a white topped buggy with two seats being pulled by a team of two long-legged Texas steers.

In the spring, when I was soon to turn six, we moved to American Falls, Idaho. We stayed one winter while father worked for a rancher and drove ox teams, farming, with 20 head of oxen. To backtrack just a little, from the time I was eight months of age, we lived in sheep wagons, and traveled with my fathers' work. My grandma Sharp lived with us (even on my parents' honeymoon) until she died. I can remember when I was five or six, we were in Island Park, Idaho along the Snake River during an awful storm. Dad was gone and mother and I crawled under the feather bed to get away from the lightning.

The next spring, we moved to Twin Falls, Idaho where Dad worked on the Rogerson Hotel (building it). It still stands today. After summer, in the fall, we cleaned sage brush off the land to get ready for farming with Uncle Ira. That winter when I was seven, we moved to Filer, Idaho and spent a month or so cleaning brush. From there we went to Milner, Idaho where my father worked on the northside canal and Milner Dam. He helped set off the biggest charge of black powder that had been set off up to that time (900 lbs. of powder in one blast). It made everyone get out of town and up on the hill. My cousin, Mimie Packer, was on her honeymoon with Bill Packer. She did not want to get up on the hill. Grandma Sharp made her get off of the bed and go up on the hill. When they came back down, they found that a rock went through the tent and right through the bed (into the spring) where she had been laying.



James Harris and Mary Jane Griffith wedding picture.