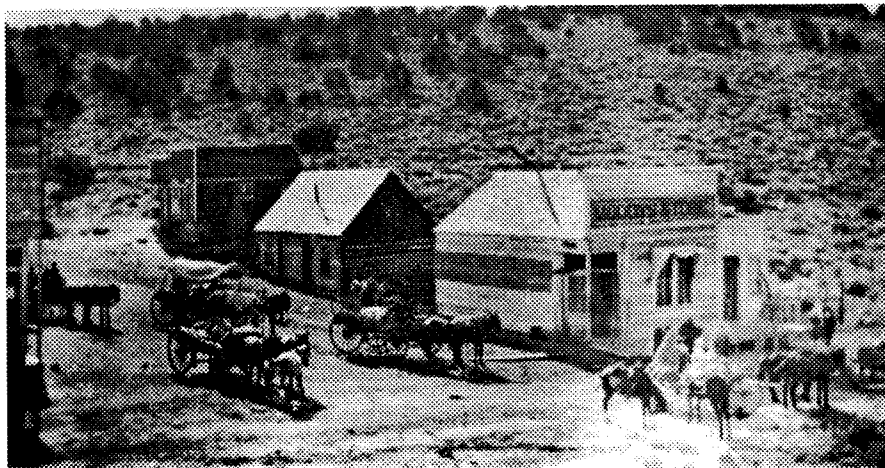


Called to Settle



The Moodys and Hammonds in Nevada

Elinor Hammer Hanson and Ross Moody
Project Coordinators

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by
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Acknowledgments

The editors gratefully thank all of those who have contributed to this work, including Ruth Hammer, for typing the Hammond story, and Mike Hammer, for laying out the book.

Also, the book would not be complete without the help of many others from in and out of the family, who contributed pictures and memories and their time.

Elinor Hammer Hanson and Ross Moody

MAY we speak of one of those things for which all the thankfulness we have is yet not adequate—thankfulness that our fathers kept faith with us and counted no sacrifice too great to bequeath their children a right to freedom in a free land. There were many things they could not achieve in their day, but they did not destroy the future by any unwillingness to meet and to solve and to pay for their own problems and perplexities. We have learned one of the greatest lessons of life when we learn to live not only for ourselves but also for those who follow. Some of the greatest satisfactions men ever achieve, come not directly to them, but to their children. Those things which we would have liked for ourselves and which we have reached for but fallen short of, we often realize with greater joy by making it possible for our children to achieve them. And a man has never known one of the greatest compensations in life until he has had the surpassing vicarious experience of seeing himself and his plans projected into the next generation. That is how the race was builded. That is how civilization has grown—by the debt each generation pays to those who follow, since they cannot pay their debt otherwise to those who have gone before. And so we are grateful that our fathers kept faith with us, and we ask for strength and wisdom of foresight to pass on to our children and our children's children a free and unfettered heritage, unburdened by any compromising ways of ours.

* * *

Richard L. Evans

Prologue

The following life history was written by my grandfather, George Moody, without the knowledge of any of his family. The manuscript was found in the top of his closet at 1120 W. 27th St., Los Angeles, California, after his death February 21, 1950 at the age of 90. The manuscript was written sometime in 1934, with the cover page dated May 10, 1934. He was 74.

At the time of the first typing of Grandpa's story I was 17 years old. I thought it was important to type his story as he had written it, including the spelling, punctuation and layout. Grandpa's signature I traced from some papers he had signed.

Over the years many have read Grandpa's story. One remark is that it is as good as any of the cowboy movies or any western shown on TV. Another comment has been that his life story reminds the reader of a Louis L'Amour novel.

I feel that Grandpa's story is so good that I should have it printed and bound professionally. This I want to do soon. My intention is to correct my typographical errors and leave the history as he had originally written it.

I loved my Grandpa Moody very much. As a child I remember him being a very tall, thin man. I think that I was very enchanted by his having been a cowboy, gold miner, storekeeper, school teacher, surveyor, etc., all in the time of the old west. Grandpa was a quiet man when I knew him. He was nearly 73 years old when I was born, so not exactly a spring chick during my growing years. Just a nice old man. I really feel that I was very fortunate to have known this man during the first 17 years of my life.

Grandpa was about 40 when he contracted typhoid fever. He tells about it in his story. Anyway, the fever caused him to go partially deaf. We always had to talk loud for him to hear us. I remember one day, when I was about 9 or 10, sitting next to Grandpa on the couch in our living room in Santa Monica. I was trying to teach him to lip read because I thought this would help us all out. I thought he could read our lips and we wouldn't have to talk so loud. Well, Grandpa just sat there and smiled at me. He very patiently went along with that little girl and her lessons on lip reading. I can still picture that just as if it were happening right now. One time Grandpa told my dad that it was really very convenient to be deaf because when Grandma got after him about some-

thing he could choose to have heard her or not. Maybe that's why he always smiled so much. Maybe he heard more than we thought he did. Hmmm. Did he put something over on all of us?

I wish Grandma had written a history of her life. Surely it would have been just as exciting as Grandpa's. She gave life to eight children, seven lived to become a living testimony to her faithful and loving nurturing. But because she didn't, we have included here a short history of her parents, John and Selina Hammond.

The stories included here show that we have been left a legacy of which we can be proud. Now sit back and enjoy reading the history of the old west through the eyes of our forefathers and remember and be thankful that some of those pioneer genes have passed on to you.

Elinor Hammer Hanson



George Moody relaxes at home in Fay.