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Recounts Some Significant Events in His Life
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One day, when I was about five years old, my dad took our family on a vacation to the United States. We stopped at the International Border between Canada and the United States of America. There I saw two flags – the Canadian flag and the flag of the United States. My dad said, “That is the most beautiful flag in the world.” To my surprise, he was referring to the flag of the United States. My father had never lost his love for his native country, for he was born in Arizona. It was at this time that I decided that I wanted to live in the United States.

On a clear day, we could see the Sweet Grass Hills to the south of Barnwell, Alberta, Canada. They appeared as a very faint, thin blue mountain on the horizon. To the west, we could see the Rocky Mountains along the horizon. In the Summer, the sun would rise at 3:30 a.m. In the Winter, daylight was from 8 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. I really enjoyed seeing the beautiful Northern Lights during the Winter months.

I learned about poetry early in life. I remember that my mother recited a poem: “Birdy with a yellow bill, sat upon the window sill.” My mother and father both wrote many poems, and this is a talent that I have also enjoyed.

Later, while serving in the Utah House of Representatives, I was called upon to summarize some of the activities that took place during the annual legislative session. I would read my original poem on the closing night of the legislative session. This was always enjoyed by the legislators, especially if they heard their names mentioned during the poem.

I joined the Canadian Air Cadets when I was 15 years old. I remained in the Air Cadets until 1945, when I graduated from Barnwell High School. At that time, it was expected that the Air Cadets would join the Royal Canadian Air Force, but World War II in Europe was ending and I was never asked to go. The way was now open for me to go to college, instead of going into military service, so I made the decision to attend Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah, in Autumn of 1945.

At BYU, I met Rae Marie Jerling whom I married in 1949. We built a new home in Highland in 1960 just south of Velma Jerling (Rae Marie's mother) to raise our growing family.



(Left to Right, Back - Alan, Ray, Annette, Kathy, Dennis, Gerald, Front-Donald, Rae Marie)

Experiences as Mayor

In one of the first meetings after Highland was incorporated, a gravel company requested a permit to mine gravel on the north bench, next to the canyon entrance. This company had gone to the Utah County Commission, who indicated that the gravel company must get a permit from Highland City.

Of course, none of us knew anything about how to run a city and how to deal with unfavorable aims of large corporations.

The Highland City attorney, Vern Romney, suggested that the city's best defense would be to delay issuing a permit to the gravel company, which wanted to build an extraction and batch plant near the canyon entrance. The sweet canyon breeze would be replaced by the smell of creosote.

At one point, a representative of the gravel company said to me, "Tomorrow morning we intend to have bulldozers lined up to start operating." I told them that we would have women lined up with locked arms in front of the bulldozers, and we would have the TV and newspapers there to report on the scene.

The gravel company did cut a gash on the bench, where there is now a road to Viewpoint. The gravel plant never did get built. Instead, there is a beautiful housing development on top of the gravel bench.

Highland City eventually lost the lawsuit to the gravel company, but won the war, because at this point, the gravel company moved to another location because they needed gravel in order to run their business.

The Kountry Korner store sold mainly candy, gum, bread, and milk. Then the Utah County Commission granted the store manager a license to sell beer, and soon 80% of

the sales were from beer. When Highland City told the manager of the store that Highland would not renew the license, the store manager threatened to go all the way to the Supreme Court. Later, he called the Highland City Mayor and said that he just wanted to deplete his stock. It was a deal.

At first, Highland City did not have a place in which to meet, so the nearby city of Alpine agreed to let Highland use the Alpine city building for a minimal cost. Highland agreed to pay the cost of keeping the lights on.

After my experience in city government, I continued living in Highland. In 1986, after Rae Marie passed away, I married RoseMary Thomas Wiscombe and have enjoyed adding her 3 children to my family.



(Left to Right, Donald, RoseMary, Tiffany, Patrick, Maryelle)