Emma and Ernst 29 April 2011

Figure 1 – Ernst Albert Tietjen

Figure 2 – Emma C. Pedersen

This story begins in Norway. Caroline Mariane Olesdatter grew up on a farm 20 miles northeast of Oslo. In those days Oslo was called, Christiania, after a king. The farm wasn't her folks' farm. Her family worked on someone's farm and lived there. The farm was near Nes, a very small village. When she was 28, she fell in love with a farm hand who happened to work there that year. They had a baby boy; they named him Anders, Anders Hansen. But when Caroline was 30, that farm hand had left, and now she was attracted to a carpenter named Peder Christiansen. They had a baby girl; they named her Emma, Emma Christiansen. Later she called herself Emma Christensen Pedersen. But Peder and Caroline separated. In a few more years, Caroline had another romance, and a baby boy was born, named Ole Poulsen.

Traveling missionaries came by the farm. They told Caroline that her sister, Oline, near Christiania, had joined the "Mormon" faith, and thought she might like it, also. Caroline thought that what they

said about Jesus Christ and new prophets made sense. She was baptized in the middle of August, 1862, with a friend, Marthe Eriksen. The branch was off in Christiania, and she could attend meetings only if there was a way there, for it was too far to walk, especially with three children under 10. And then, too, everyone treated her poorly, as she was the only "Mormon" in the area, and "Mormons" were strange. She worked at various farms. In 1865, she was at the farm of Ole C. Christensen, near Nes. After some time, she found an opportunity to emigrate to Canada. She migrated south, married a Henry Peterson from Norway in Minnesota, and lived there the rest of her life. She died in about 1890.

Now, about Christian:
He was from the north. He grew up in Oppland County, near the village of Faaberg, which is near a broad river with boats on it. He learned to be a carpenter. He had a call to help on a farm one year, and that's where he and Caroline met.

He and Caroline kept in touch, so he knew that she had joined those "Mormons". He realized that she was still a nice person in spite of that, so when he was in the city and saw a street meeting, he got interested. He was baptized at the end of June in 1863. Christian liked the new church, but he had jobs in different locations, and didn't get to attend much. He drifted into inactivity, much as Caroline had done.

Now, about Caroline's sister:
The missionaries had been out to the farm of Ingebret Eriksen. Their farm was 14 miles east of Christiania. Ingebret and his wife, Oline (Caroline's sister), were baptized in 1859. Daughter Albertine waited until her little sister, Emma Olava, turned eight, and then they were baptized together. (That was at the end of July, when it was warm, in 1863.) Three little brothers and a little sister were too young to be baptized. This family was able to attend meetings with some regularity.

But Ingebret got sick that winter, so sick that he died. Mother Oline carried on, but life was not sweet for a family labeled as "Mormon". She took stock, and decided that by selling their farm and also their jewelry, she could pay the Church fare to take herself and six children to Zion. The first stop was in Holland, where the Church organized people into groups to go. But to her surprise, she was short by just over 25%. What to do? That meant that two children could not go. She sadly told Albertine and Emma that they would have to go back to Norway. There, they could work on the farms of friends, and be okay until she could get money in Zion to pay their way.

Now, she and Albertine had to separate; finding work was easier if

there wasn't two to be hired. But it worked out. Mother sent for them – but it took nearly eight years.

Now, about Caroline's daughter, Emma:
Caroline and her children had food, but not much money. On a visit to the city when she was six, Emma saw children her age begging for coins. She had her little brother, Ole, along, and they tried begging, too. A policeman caught them doing that, and threatened to put little Ole in jail. Emma cried and begged, and the policeman at last let them go.

Before her mother met the "Mormon" church, Emma learned the Bible well in the state Lutheran church. Emma inherited her mother's forceful personality, and yet she made friends readily. Emma did her best and helped her mother. She was happy that her mother was a "Mormon", but when Emma turned eight, she wasn't baptized because they attended church so infrequently. She was good friends with her mother's sister's older girls, especially the second, Emma.
She was surprised and sad when Albertine and Emma returned to Norway in 1866. They were supposed to have emigrated with their mother. Those girls began looking for work. They also urged our Emma to get baptized. After all, she was ten years old. She was baptized at the end of July, 1866.

As Emma entered her teens, she had to support herself. Her mother went off to Canada and her father was an itinerant carpenter, so she followed her cousins' example. She found work in the wealthier homes as a governess for the children. She was short, but she won over her wards by laughing and playing with them and making up stories to tell them.

Missionaries came and went. One young elder, Solomon Petersen, noticed cousin Albertine, and when he was released in early 1871 and got home, he sent her money to emigrate. She felt so happy. As they parted, she promised Emma she would not forget her. Albertine left Norway in October, and got to Ogden in November. She and Solomon married in the first week of 1872.

Albertine felt bad for her sister, our cousin Emma, and had her husband send money for her to come over. This was the day cousin Emma had been longing for. She and our Emma had a sad parting. Our Emma began to think she would be left in Norway forever. So cousin Emma made a promise: She would send money for her to come over as soon as she could. Cousin Emma was able to leave Norway in June the next year (1872) and got to Utah in a month. She was given a job in the Brigham Young home, which is what just about all young, unattached foreign girls did. The next spring, she was given a job in Santaquin, at a home of a German family. Ernst Tietjen, a son, asked her to go to sacrament meeting with him. Ernst was a leader,

and sat on the stand. Orson Pratt spoke on Celestial Marriage. Emma's face in the audience seemed to shine. Not long after this they got engaged. They married in July (1873). (Ernst's history begins on the next page.)

Cousin Emma's husband was called away on missions to the Indians, and often he was gone for six months. He had also been counseled by Brigham Young to take a second wife. Ernst wasn't sure he could do that, but he felt he should follow Brigham's direction. He had confided that to Emma. One Sunday afternoon when Ernst was at home - not away with the Indians -- he and Emma were out walking. Emma told her husband about her cousin, Emma, who was still over in Norway. He listened and agreed to send the first money he made that would pay her fare. In those days, it cost about $80 to come over. He was working on a railroad near Pleasant Grove at the time. By the summer of 1875, the money was sent, and our Emma was overjoyed. She longed to get to Zion and have a nice house and good neighbors. She left Norway as September started. As the group changed from ship to rail in New York City, Emma saw that people dressed in light colors, and she had a little money to spare, so she bought herself a white outfit. Her aunt had written Ernst and Emma that this Emma had a black outfit. Well, Emma got to Salt Lake City on October 5th (1875), and Ernst easily recognized her in spite of the change of color. According to custom, she was asked to work in Brigham Young's house, to help Brigham's favorite wife, Amelia. The surroundings there were cultured and proper. Emma dreamed of raising her children in such a fine manner. After that year of customizing, Ernst and Emma were married, and Emma went with Ernst and the other Emma to Santaquin. The home that Emma C. found with Emma O. and Ernst (in Santaquin) was nice, but not anything like the fine style she had seen as she had worked in Norway and in Amelia Young's home. But when spring came, Ernst was called to move his families to New Mexico, among the Indians. That was a trial for both Emmas. It's not that the Indians seemed wild; it was just the thought of leaving a place with nearby, friendly neighbors. She and Emma O. just buckled under and did their best.

For clarity, the family has called the two Emmas: Emma O. and Emma C. By the time Emma C. joined the family, Emma O. had two boys, ages 3 and 1.

Ernst Albert Tietjen:
This story begins in old East Germany, which sometimes was called Prussia. Ernst's mother was Ida Fredricka Krueger. She was born in 1825 in the north of Germany, in a place about halfway between Berlin and the North Sea. When Ida was two years old, the family moved about 20 miles west. Her mother died soon after that move. Ida was a good girl. She went to church with her father, and began school

when she was six. He father took her to live with her step-grandmother when she was twelve. The house there was near the forest, and Ida took time to ponder and think. But times were hard, and at age fifteen, Ida had to leave school and go to work as a milkmaid. After three years, Ida got her own job running a dairy for Mr. Baron van Malgen. There was steward working there who was about her age, and also an attractive young man who hauled milk. Ida dreamed one night of the two, and was told to choose the steward.

The steward's name was August Heinrich Tietjen. He was a local boy. He was eleven years older than she. He and Ida married when she was 22 years old. Their honeymoon was a move to a new job. The new job was in Sweden. August's friends had given him enough money for him to start a nice-sized farm in the rich Swedish soil. The farm was near a city in the very southern tip of Sweden. Things went well. Their family began with a boy. They named him Ernst. The next baby, also a boy, was named Charles. The third was a girl, and she got her mother's name, Ida. The fourth was a boy, Fredrick.

One day in Ernst's eighth year, on a trip in their wagon through the marketplace, Ernst and his father heard shouts. Driving closer, they saw two men in suits against a wall, trying to shield themselves from the rocks being thrown at them. Father August caught their eyes and yelled, “Run! Run to the river!” He soon had his wagon near the underbrush by the river where the two were hiding. He told the two men to jump in. He and Ernst took them to his house. There, he and Ida dressed the wounds the two men had. The two were still scared. August had them stay a few days to get better. The second evening, he had them tell what they would about themselves. They were “Mormons”. August had heard of that. They told the family about the gospel and the Restoration. August liked what he heard. In spite of coming from “Mormons”, it sounded true. He had them stay for two weeks. They found a secret place where August could be baptized. That was in June of 1857.

Ida wasn't so sure. “Mormons” were hated. Months passed. Her neighbors warned her to get divorced from her “Mormon” husband. Ida feared to do that, so she prayed about it. She was impressed to be baptized. Probably Ernst was baptized with her. Now Ida found a light in her life. Everything in the scriptures seemed to be so clear now. She thought, “Why, that's so obvious! I'll tell my neighbor.” The neighbor rejected her entreaty outright. Ernst found himself rejected at school, too. And one of Ernst's eyes got an infection. He went blind in that eye. People said there was no hope. Father August had Ernst administered to, and the sight returned instantly.

The family came to see that the only way out of the harsh treatment was to go to Zion, across the sea in America. So about a year later,

August and Ida sold all they had, which was quite a bit, and with their five children, joined a group of Saints in Copenhagen, 25 miles away across the water. There were 335 in the group that sailed from Copenhagen to Grimsby, England. It was stormy and Ernst got real seasick. Rail cars took the group to Liverpool, where more immigrants joined them. The large ship in Liverpool got them to New York in the middle of May. (This is 1859.) From New York, steamboat and rail travel got them to the wagon outfitting place near Omaha by the first of June. August shared the money he had to help other immigrants. After three weeks of preparation, they started out. By this time, August and Ida had helped outfit almost 30 others, there remained only enough for themselves. Ernst and his father were able to shoot sage hens and rabbits along the way. Ida knew how to cook them. They got to Salt Lake City on September 15th.

New immigrants were employed in public works projects for the winter. August fell ill, however. He may have had appendicitis. It took a almost a year for him to get better. They had no way to get money. Poverty was new to this family. Ernst was eleven now. Father August got a contract to make charcoal during the winter, and had Ernst do it. He watched over slow-burning piles of logs, and read and pondered the German copy of the Book of Mormon Mother Ida had included in his pack.

Ida did some small things for money. Really, she and August had expected some form of repayment out of the Perpetual Emigration Fund, but the Fund was nearly exhausted. They learned that the Church had places one could farm, in Goshen. August, still weak, moved his family there in the spring. But there he found the soil unproductive. He wished he could have been back in Sweden. In a few more years, he moved his family a few miles east, into a Scandinavian Ward in the settlement of Santaquin.

Here the family stayed. Ida was called into the leading councils of the Relief Society and the Silk Association there, and August was ever faithful. They never took part in polygamy only because they were not that well-off.

The Church promoted handcarts for emigration in the late 1850s. That didn't cost as much as ox teams and wagons. But that was hard on people. By the early 1860s, the Church found it was better to have members in the Valley supply wagons and teams and send them to pick up immigrants at Omaha. The drivers in this arrangements were called as missionaries. August still liked helping people, and he was able to supply one wagon for that purpose in 1863. He volunteered his son, Ernst, as the driver. Ernst was 15. Over 300 other wagons were in the operation that year. It was good training for Ernst. Father August repeated his donation in 1864, and again in 1868, and Ernst was the driver each time. The years inbetween were filled with

Indian troubles, and Ernst helped guard the settlements.

Ernst once fought off a band of troublemakers who had attacked his brother, Charley. In 1869, silver mines sprung up west of Santaquin. Ernst was twenty-one, and anxious to leave home, so he took up mining. But the miners used chlorine to extract silver more easily, and Ernst couldn't stand the gas after a while, so he returned home and helped on the farm.

It was in 1873 that Emma O. ended up doing housework for Ida Tietjen. We have seen that they married, and then they sent for Emma C., and the story continues:

On the 1874 mission to the Arizona Indians at Moencopi, Ernst befriended an Indian boy. He named him, Sam, and brought him home when the mission ended. The custom was to work your farm in the Valley during the growing season, and go on the mission in the winter. Ernst took Emma O. and Emma C. back for the winter of 1877. He had built a home in the mountains of New Mexico. The place was called Savoia.

Emma O. had come to the Valley in an oxcart train, so she was used to life away from civilization. But Emma C. had come direct by train to the Valley, so now she had to learn how to ride a horse and how to cook on an open fire when the sun was hot and sand blew every which way. It was a rough life for her.

They passed some of the winter in Arizona preaching to the Indians. Then they went east, on to Savoia, which was at the northwest end of the Zuni Mountains, in New Mexico. This was in 1877. This was where they would settle. It was a forlorn place, far from everywhere. Emma C. had suspected this. When the wagons had been loaded with supplies in Santaquin, Emma C. had hidden a few rosebushes under the wagon bed. Hers were the first and only roses in that part of New Mexico. Emma C. learned to make marshmallows from skim milk.

A bunch of immigrants from Arkansas came to settle nearby, and one family got smallpox from living in an abandoned house where smallpox had been. Emma C. seemed to know how to handle cases of smallpox. The principal thing she did was keep the patients in cool, outside air. She was the appointed town nurse.

Crops were meager in Savoia. Many families that had come to settle, decided to move away. But Ernst stayed on, feeling that he still had a mission to the Indians. (A few families also stayed.) To get food one winter, he took a strong team of oxen to go to Albuquerque for food. That was about 200 miles. As Ernst reached the major mountain range, the snow was so deep he just couldn't get through. He returned in sorrow. But two weeks later, he borrowed a stronger team

and made it through.

Ernst used every possible means to get money to support his families, and to build up the community. In 1880, while still in Savoia, Ernst and some others accepted a contract to furnish ties and do grading on the railroad being built in the area. It was good work, but the administrators soon found money tight, and in large part, were unable to pay Ernst and his friends.

Ernst ate but little. For lunch he took a crust of bread and clabber. Clabber is sour milk that has set up in a curd like yogurt. His aim was to conserve, in order to get more land. At the end, he was able to give land to his friends and to each and all of his children.

Ernst got 20 Navajo friends and together they built a 12-foot-high dam for Savoia. That turned out to be a great way to teach the Indians the value of work.

But the Apache Indians were unsettled. They influenced some of the Navajos to help make trouble in 1880. The missionaries were able to calm the Indians somewhat, but the Church authorities in Arizona (for that's where the stake was headquartered) advised everyone to move into Arizona for safety. Ernst got his two families (as part of a Church group) part-way there when some outlaws came by night and stole all the horses. The next morning, a group of men set out to track them down. The going got rough, and the only one to continue on was Ernst. Near sunset, he found the outlaw camp. The had the horses in a large corral, and were in a cabin nearby. But as Ernst crept up for a better view, a voice told him to stop and put up his hands. The outlaws gathered around. They said Ernst was foolish to come by himself. They planned to move on the next morning. They staked Ernst to the ground at the corral gate. They said they would stampede the horses over him as they left. But during the night, someone approached Ernst in the dark. It was one of his Indian friends, who had seen the commotion and wondered who had been captured. He and Ernst were able to escape with the entire herd of horses. Other outlaws frequented the area. It is said that one time an outraged Emma O. broke a large bowl over Billy the Kid's head.

Ernst and his families returned to Savoia. Later, in 1883, they moved a little west, or south, and made a settlement called Ramah (on the west side of the Zuni Mountains). But they were far from civilization. They were poor. They had hardly any food. The Indians one time noticed that the Teitjen children had ragged clothes and, of course, no shoes. Emma C. acted as a doctor for the Indians. She and her three little girls walked over the hills to the Indian villages.

In all this, Emma C. had a dream about Indians, and an Indian girl. Shortly thereafter, another of the missionaries to the Indians, Ira Hatch, visited. He had a daughter, Amanda, from one of his wives, and the wife was an Indian. She was approaching the age of seventeen. Emma C. saw that Amanda was the girl in her dream, and knew that her husband, Ernst, should marry Amanda. Ernst and Amanda married in 1884. Ernst set Amanda up in a house in Savoia. Amanda was well-adapted to the life there. Ernst moved her to Ramah in 1891. In 1894, her home caught fire and she and her first child, Sarah, died in it. Ernst was devastated.

Besides being town nurse in Savoia and then in Ramah, Emma C. was a peacemaker. One time Indian horses got into the settlers' gardens. The men corralled the horses and demanded food to make up their loss. The Indians captured two men. People saw that this matter was getting out-of-hand. Ernst and the fathers of the captives were away, so a few leading men took Emma C. and her three girls (she never had a baby-sitter) in a wagon to meet the Indians. Emma C. spoke the Navajo language fluently. The men expected an ambush as they traveled. They stopped near where they thought the Indians were, and Emma C. and her three girls got out. They went to the top of the hill there and found the Indians with the two captives on the other side. Emma C. told them: You won't kill me; you know how I have cared for your sick; I have fed you; you know how I am your friend. Let's talk. After two long hours, they were able to make an agreement that the Indians would watch their horses better, and the two captives could go free.

Emma C. had grown up in Norway, but had also learned German, and then English. Among the Indians she quickly got fluent in Navajo. [Emma C. spoke Norwegian, German-Swedish, English, Spanish, Navajo and four other Indian languages.] She had a feel for people, and liked being around them. She easily became the central figure in most parties she went to. She was only five feet tall. She never had stooped shoulders in old age. (She died at age 81.)

Emma C. grew to know the Indian ways very well. She made them feel welcome, and let them do small jobs for her, for a bit of pay. She taught Indians how to do things. One time a squaw bothered Emma C. She seemed to be asking for more things than she should. But Emma C. decided to humor her, and loaded the squaw with all she wanted. Later, the tribe sent a group of sullen men to her house. She, in her excellent Navajo, coaxed them to tell what was wrong. They told her that she had given the old squaw so much that it had killed her.

Ernst was the bishop of the Saints in Ramah. He had the Saints refrain from having large herds, for that irritated the Indians, who had their own smaller herds, and wanted to share the grazing land. Ernst was mechanically inclined. He constructed the first (and only)

thresher the settlement had.

In 1895 Brigham Young, Jr., who was acting as a Church adviser talked with Ernst about moving to a place a few miles east (on the other side of the Zuni Mountains). Now, Ernst and Brigham Jr. had been good friends in their teen years. Ernst took the advice to move to the new place, Bluewater. At that place, one main problem was water. Ernst and some others were able to build a dam in a river. The dam was 260 feet wide and 40 feet high. Another party also had rights to the river, and through the years, there was contention about whether the "Mormons" would get their assigned share of the water.

Ernst continued working as a missionary to the Indians whenever he could get free. He considered it a lifelong calling. He recorded many experiences of his missionary work. In about 1897 the work finally ground to a near halt when the courts ruled that missionaries could no longer enter a reservation to preach.

Enrst had many experiences that sprung from his having three wives. After 1890 when polygamy was stopped, he had Emma O. live in Bluewater, and he left Emma C. in Ramah. Emma C. felt alone, and wrote Ernst about it. A while after, he moved her to Bluewater. But with polygamy out, Ernst had to choose one wife to live with. He chose Emma C. because she had no boys to help her. Emma O. felt slighted.

In the summer of 1917, Ernst was at a store in Grants with his sons Alma and Amos. He fainted, and fell over a low railing. He landed on a cement floor one floor below. His sons carried him to a bed nearby, and he took a week to recover. He lived eight more years, and died of a stroke at age 77.

We need to talk about Emma C.'s three girls in the Indian story. Those were Annie, Laura, and Olga. Ramah must have been a lonely and a sad place for Emma C. She had another girl and three boys in that place, and all died at birth except for one, who lived to age four. The year the last child died, 1894, she had a girl, Augusta. Five years after came Doris.

But our ancestor is Laura. Emma C. taught her early to help keep the garden. School in the village was not regular, but Laura got through sixth grade. Sometimes Emma C. did washing in order to help get money for the school fee of $3.50 a month. When Laura was sixteen, the family moved to Bluewater. There, she helped teach her younger half brothers and sisters in their large ranch house. She also was valued s a good field hand.

In 1899 Emma C. took her [now] four girls on a summer "vacation" from Bluewater to Fruitland (some 50 miles north), to preserve and take

home some of the fruit there. Laura's older, married sister, Annie, lived there, and was homesick. That week Laura met a nice young man. We'll talk about him in a coming chapter. Meanwhile, the stories will next tell about that young man's mother's line.
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Notes on locations and people:

Ernst & his families lived in:
Savoia   1878 1883
Ramah   1883 1895
Bluewater 1895 -

Emma C.'s children were:
Annie   1878 1913
Laura   1880 1964
Olga   1883 1941
Elizab   1887 child
Ephraim   1888 child
Ammoron   1890 child 4 yrs
Wilford   1893 child
Augusta   1894 1927
Doris   1899 1958

(for more, general, background on life in the desert, see book report file: BR Nearly Everything Imaginable.txt)
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Amy Jane & William 1 May 2011

Figure 3 - Amy Jane Washburn

An immigrant came from Worcestershire of England in the early 1600s and settled in New England. From there he settled on Long Island, on property he bought from the Indians. After a time, the family took up residence along the Hudson River in lower New York. They were Quakers. Amy Birdsall accepted marriage with Richard Washburn, eight years younger than she was. She was 26 at the time. To this union came nine children. The third one was Daniel; the seventh was Jesse. Those two were born eleven years apart, yet one of Jesse's daughters married one of Daniel's grandsons when Daniel was seventy years old. Those were Tamar and Abraham Washburn.

When Abraham was only seven, his father died. Due to that shock, his mother's health stayed poor. So Abraham ended up helping his mother do the household chores. Being the eldest, he shepherded the family. In those days, education meant learning a trade. He apprenticed his youngest brother, Jacob, to a cooper. Jacob rebelled, but Abraham was able to get him to continue. Afterward, Jacob hated being a cooper, and became a minister in the Methodist church, like he had wanted to be.

Abraham found time to educate himself as a tanner and shoemaker. All who knew him said he was well-educated.

Abraham found a neighborhood girl, Tamar, attractive, and they courted. Tamar was next to youngest in her family. She accepted the idea of marrying him, and they planned their wedding for mid-March in 1824. It was saddened when Abraham's mother passed away a week before their wedding date.

Tamar grew up in a Quaker family (as did Abraham) with strict rules. She and Abraham were a good match. Their family began with Daniel, then Mary Ann, then Amy Jane (our ancestor), then Elizabeth. The family lived in Sing Sing. That is a village 20 miles north of New York City. The famous prison is there. The village was a center for shoemaking.

Abraham ran a tanning and shoe-making shop which also trained young men in that trade. His business did well. He had time to think about life. His Quaker upbringing had been naturally strict, and he

wondered about other ways of life. After a while, he felt that the Methodist church was the best. He joined it, and persuaded all his family to join it, also. He also reasoned, on his own, that tobacco and alcohol were harmful, and he never used them.

Tamar had a dream, or vision, in 1837. She said she saw heaven, and everything was beautiful beyond description. She saw a group of children being tutored and carefully card for by a most gracious, beautiful lady. She saw her Daniel and Elizabeth in that group. They were in the care of a beautiful lady. The kind lady said to her, "Don't grieve for your children. It is your privilege to see beforehand, their joy and happiness, so you will not mourn for them." What could that mean? Well, as winter started, Daniel, age 11, and Elizabeth, only 3, got sick. Both died in early December. It was a sad Christmas. Yet, Tamar drew comfort from her vision.

For six months, some missionaries from Ohio had been in the area. Only in January of 1838 did people begin to listen. Abraham was out on an errand when he heard Parley P. Pratt speak of a new religion. He soon had Brother Pratt and his companions over to his house. To Abraham, the new gospel was like a beautiful light in the darkness. Tamar was still disturbed by the loss of her two children, and she was against any change. She fought it. Abraham got baptized at the beginning of February, 1838. Shortly after Abraham was baptized into the Church, Brother Pratt was holding a meeting one evening when a messenger arrived telling Brother Washburn that his wife had fainted. As he arose to leave the room Brother Pratt said, "Brother Washburn, be not alarmed about your wife. I promise you in the name of the Lord that she will soon be a member of this Church." In a very few weeks she was baptized. However, not one of Tamar's or Abraham's brothers or sisters joined.

Tamar liked to save. Abraham gave her money to spend for herself, but she saved most of it. One time when Orson Pratt was in New York about to leave on a mission he needed a boat ticket. Abraham intended to give the money to him, but was away when Brother Pratt stopped by. Tamar gave Brother Pratt the money from her savings.

Abraham was appointed leader of the group of Saints in Sing Sing (now Ossining), New York. The branch soon swelled to 30 members. (The missionaries left in April.) He had enjoyed associating with Parley and Orson Pratt. By 1841 he had decided it was time to gather with the Saints in Nauvoo. That spring he sold his business and moved his family there. He was happy to associate with the Prophet Joseph Smith and others in Nauvoo. Abraham was in the School of the Prophets. The Prophet even blessed Tamar one time, saying that her liberality had assured her a place in the Celestial Kingdom. Abraham was on the stand as Joseph Smith gave his final speech to the Nauvoo Legion. He was among those who watched Joseph's mantle fall on

Brigham Young. He helped finish the temple, and he and Tamar received their endowments there.

As the people were forced to leave Nauvoo, they knew they would have to leave and go to the Rocky Mountains. Abraham' s ready cash was about exhausted and he did not know how to get money to fit himself for that great journey across the plains. The thought occurred to him to write to his brothers and get some help because he knew they had plenty, but he also knew that if he told them all, they would not help him because they were not in sympathy with his people. So he wrote a history of the mobbings, persecutions, hardships and trials he had gone through since he saw them, and then added that he was tired of it. In a remarkably short time, a nice roll of money came to him -- enough money to fit him out well with teams, wagons and provisions for his journey. So Abraham was able to leave Nauvoo soon, and was among the first of the Saints to reach Winter Quarters. Also, their eldest, Mary Anne, was having an unpleasant marriage, and she soon returned to live with her folks.

During the time in Winter Quarters, a young married lady (Flora) came in. Her husband (a Mr. Johnson) had proved unfaithful, and she got a divorce. Abraham helped her and got her a temporary house. She gave birth to a baby girl there. She was ready to go on alone, but Abraham married her as his second wife.

At Winter Quarters, Abraham assisted in building houses for those who would come later. When the early pioneers were going to the Rockies in 1847, he loaned one yoke of oxen to assist them. These oxen were to be returned so that he would be ready to start early in the spring of 1848. Early in the spring of 1848 while working for people in a colony non-Mormons and waiting for his ox team to be returned, as he went out to his work one morning there stood a fine yoke of oxen with the yoke on, all ready to be hitched to a wagon. He went immediately and inquired of every man living in that section of the country, but none knew anything about the cattle. He accepted them as a gift from God, a direct answer to his prayers, for he had earnestly prayed for the return of his team so he could continue his journey. He prepared immediately to start for Utah.

Abraham and his family got to travel in the 3rd wagon company of 1848. They left in July and got to the Valley in October. Once settled in a house there, Church leaders suggested that Abraham marry Flora. They married in February. Tamar and Flora got along well, and continued as good friends. Tamar's children were halfway to adulthood when Flora joined the family. So in his two wives, Abraham had an older family and a younger family. As the autumn of 1849 came, the leaders assigned Abraham and his families to go settle Manti.

Manti was Indian territory. The Indians visited the settlers often, and sometimes scared them. The settlers made houses by digging into the side of a large hill (now called, Temple Hill). Their houses seemed to be infested with snakes. There was a lot of snow that winter. And Flora had a baby boy in all that. Brigham Young visited them that spring and told them to move away from that hill, for if the Indians ever wanted to attack, they could just run down the hill and rout them. So the settlers built a fort and lived there. After a another year Abraham was able to build a nice house near the center of town, on First East. In time, Abraham was able to set up a tannery and then a shoe-making shop in Manti on Main Street. He was the first Sunday School superintendent, and on the first city council in Manti. Flora was the Relief Society president for many years. Abraham helped set up free schools there.

Every other year, it seemed, grasshoppers ate most of the wheat the settlers planted. By small miracles, they survived. In 1856, the crops failed, but pigweed sprang up all over the south side of quarry hill. With a few potatoes and a bit of meat, it sustained the townspeople. That weed had never grown there before, nor has it since. Flora visited Utah County often and brought back fruit trees and fruit. She planted many fruit trees, shrubs, and flowers in Manti. Abraham and his in-laws made a molasses mill, and the Washburn place had many candy-pulling parties.

In 1864 some pioneers said that Marysvale was a good place to farm. Abraham was among those who started out for that place. Yet, it was just as poor as in Manti. There was a place a bit nearer that might do, though. They called it, Alma. Today the city of Monroe is there. Abraham found a hot spring nearby, and the waters cured a shoulder pain his son Parley had had since having the measles as a youngster. Abraham returned to Manti and told the people about all this. During the meeting, one of Abraham and Flora's children fell into a fire. He recovered.

The year 1865 brought the Black Hawk War. Guarding places was added to the list of men's things to do. And when a big bass drum sounded, it meant all men and boys were to report for duty, with what guns they had, for the drum meant that Indians had done a raid. As an extra precaution, the men fed the latchstring back inside the door, and the family then put something big to block the door in case Indians came. Abraham Washburn had an old style flintlock musket with a bayonet on the end, which he had used as a member of the Nauvoo Legion, but when the Indians got on the warpath he sold a fine ox valued at forty dollars for a new Ballard gun.

Now, Abraham had employed some Indians, and they knew he was a good man. One was a chief called Indian Joe. During the raids, he found ways to do small things to help Abraham, such as not taking cattle

that had Abraham's brand. This love, or respect, continued into the next generation – Indian Joe's sons loved Abraham's sons.

The Black Hawk War lasted until the autumn of 1871. Then Abraham moved his families to Monroe.

In about 1875, Abraham was called to be a shoemaker for the United Order in Sevier County. The United Order lasted less than ten years. While there, Tamar received inheritance money from her father's estate in New York. She gave gifts of that money to all her family and Flora's family.

And Abraham was good at nursing sick people. He often cared for Flora's children while she went and nursed others who were ill. And in Monroe, there were young men who did a lot of mischief. Abraham's comment about them was: They can also do a lot of good if pointed in the right direction. Abraham was very hospitable. Sometimes his house and barn were crowded when visitors came through town. He liked to gather with friends around the fire and tell experiences. In 1884 Abraham was ordained a patriarch. He was 79 years old. He died of Bright's Disease at age 81. Tamar died three months later.

So we see how Amy Jane was raised. She was second-eldest and was a good help to her mother. Her family was in the Church since she was five. She was thirteen when they had to leave Nauvoo. Now, we leave her in Manti and see about William.

[BLACK family]
William and Jane Black were a second-generation settlers in North Carolina in the 1750s. Their son, William, got to know Sarah Stevens, and they married finally settled in Ohio. William built a mill, and did well. The couple had eight children. The entire family stuck close together.

Their eldest son John married in 1821. He was age 24. He married nineteen-year-old Mary Kline. She was the youngest of seven children. Her family had moved west from New York state, where their ancestors had lived for almost a hundred years. They were of the Dutch who settled New York. Her father had served in the Revolutionary War.

John and Mary's farm was a mile inside a forest. The farm did well. John bought a lathe. With this, he could make the fancy legs on tables and bedsteads. He was known for his excellent ax helves. The local town school, two and a half miles from the farm, held classes for three months in the winter, and its books were few. John made sure his children (he also had eight) got an education.

John was a good man. When a neighbor got into trouble, John posted

bond of $500 for him. (That's like $50,000 these days.) The neighbor jumped bail. The farm had to be sold. So John moved his family to Illinois, where there was inexpensive land. It was great there. The country was level, with groves of trees, stretches of prairie, cold springs and stream with plenty of fish. Before the year was out, his parents and brothers moved there, too. There were so many of the Black family, that the place was called Blacksburg. (Today it is Bridgport. It is 12 miles west of Vincennes, Indiana.) In a few years, William and Sarah went back to Ohio. The Blacks were all Baptists. They were leading members in the Baptist church in Blacksburg.

But the land had stagnant pools, too, and malaria broke out. After two years there, John got malaria and died. After that, his parents decided to return to Ohio. One brother, James, moved a short ways -- into Kentucky. Mary became a single mother with seven children and one on the way. The eldest, Sarah Ann, at eighteen could help. The next two, boys, ages 15 and 13, got jobs. William (our ancestor) worked summers in a brick yard, and in winter he worked on farms for pay. For four long years he did this to help his family. Then he talked his mother into letting him go across the state, to where her parents were living. There he got a slightly higher wage for farm work, $8 a month. When he was nineteen, he made a deal with a mason, and learned masonry. The man died when William had two years' experience. So William decided to settle down where he was, in the fledgling town of Cuba, Illinois. He stayed with a family, but gathered material to build a house. He also found a young lady, Margaret Ruth Banks. Their love was mutual. By the time they got married, William had built a nice two-room house.

William thought he would run for the office of sheriff in 1848; he won. But the next year, 1849, there were reports of gold in California. He didn't think it would be too hard to strike it rich. For $100, he got a place in a wagon train of gold-seekers. It was sad to part with his new wife, but William went off driving a wagon. The third day they were at a city called Nauvoo. The city was interesting because most of the houses were vacant. It was said that the people who had lived there were a lawless type, and that they had been driven away.

The wagon train then rolled across the prairies, and had fun shooting hundreds of buffalo. The only dangerous part of the journey to California was that they had to pass through Salt Lake City. That's where the lawless people of Nauvoo had settled. It was scary. But William and his friends noticed that the valley was full of nice farms. As they passed the middle of the city, there were outdoor meetings, as if it were Sunday. But really, it was Saturday, the 28th of July. The wagon train stopped to camp only after they had left the city proper. When the people returned to the house near

their camp, William thought he'd invite himself to supper. The man said, "Sure, but all we have is pigweed greens and a little milk. We haven't had any flour or bread for months." Well, William had plenty of flour, so he took a pan of it to them and they had a nice supper. After supper, William took a walk. A man told him that the past week had been a celebration of the people's arrival in the Valley from Nauvoo. He said he would take William to Sunday meeting the next day. So the man came to the camp in the morning and invited all to come, but William was the only one interested. In the meeting, Apostle John Taylor spoke. William was electrified by the concept of apostles in his day. After the meeting, he told his friend, "I want to join your church!" William was so excited that he hardly slept that night. He gave up his place in the wagon train, and they went on without him. That was hard, for those men were fine, worthy friends. The family he'd had supper with let him stay with them, and he mowed the tall grass near the river for them. Then he used his masonry skill, helping build houses for city use. And William got baptized.

He envisioned going back east to tell his family of this new Church. But Brigham Young, whom William trusted, told him he ought to wait on that. Soon after, he called William to help settle a place a hundred miles south. William had to think that one over, but he did it. It was new to him to have spiritual leaders tell a person what to do in his temporal life. His group of settlers traveled to Manti. That place had been started the year before, with Abraham's family one of the first. Here, William stayed with the family of a nice, fatherly man called Morley (Patriarch Isaac Morley). William had a good time there. He called the man, Father Morley, and William began to use that man's name as his middle name. William did whatever work there was, for free. When the people realized it was time to set up a mill to grind wheat into flour, he helped build it. In the evenings, Father Morley taught William more of the gospel. He even taught him about polygamy. William accepted the idea. Soon William had been in Manti a year. He found a young lady of a good family. He explained about Margaret and the two children back in Illinois. The young lady, Amy Jane, and her folks, Abraham and Tamar, thought it was okay, and Amy Jane married William. Life was good.

William still worried about his wife and children in Illinois, so he left Amy Jane and went to Salt Lake to attend conference and to see about going east. Orson Hyde and some others were about to start, so he joined them. It took him until almost Christmas to get to his old home. Margaret had wondered if she would ever see him again, but here he was. They visited her folks, who lived nearby. William was full of enthusiasm for Mormonism, but he could see that Margaret's folks would be against it. As their week's visit came to a close, he told them about Mormonism. They kicked him out of their house. Margaret trusted William, and got her things and the children ready,

and they left. A blizzard was on, so they stopped at a friend's place two miles away. William found a house to rent and spent the winter working in the wheat fields – early storms had stopped the wheat harvest and during dry periods that winter, wheat could be taken in.

When spring came, William took a trip across the state to see his parent's family. He was enthusiastic about Mormonism. It pained him to see how they rejected it. Still, his mother was very friendly, and his brother, Benjamin, and his sister, Rachel, opened their hearts to the gospel. (These, plus Catherine and her husband, came to Utah in 1865 and decided to live in the Manti area, although they were not members.)

That summer, William did odd jobs, and then found a man who would pay him to drive some freight to the Salt Lake Valley. That's how he got Margaret and Morton and Martha and himself to the Valley. He had some extra things to do in Salt Lake, and sent Margaret and the children on to Manti. Margaret had been baptized and had been told about Amy Jane. Margaret somehow accepted all this, and was a real help and friend to all in Manti. Amy Jane had given birth to a nice baby girl after William had left.

Then (July 19th, 1853) the Walker (Indian) War began. William moved first Amy Jane, and then Margaret to Nephi for better protection. The Indians pulled an ambush on a logging party in October. William's brother, Benjamin, and Catherine's husband were killed. That was too much for Catherine and her mother, and for Benjamin's wife; they left and went back to Illinois. Rachel and her husband stayed; after a while they settled in Beaver.

In the ensuing years, William's lot was to help colonize parts of southern Utah. He and a young man, John, found themselves working together, and they became good friends; together they built mills in several places. And William had married three more ladies, one a widow with four children. William was among those who were called to help start the “United Order” in that area. William enjoyed that. He saw that principle work beautifully. But then after Brigham Young died, the Order was dissolved. Margaret died about six years after. Amy Jane died in 1888. The next year, William found himself in Mexico because of polygamy. He lived there for almost ten years. He retired at about age seventy, and lived to be ninety. He had been a patriarch for some years.

The next chapter introduces the Young line. After that, continues the story about the girl Amy Jane bore while William was back east.
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(some chronology:)

1870 Tamar md John R.
1877 UO ended
1884 Margaret died
1888 Amy died
1889 Mexico
1892 Horses stolen
1893 Louisa back wi folks
1897 Jubilee, retired from milling
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CH-12a Puritan Ancestors 15 April 2012

Robert Bent was a farmer in Hantshire, in England. He had been born in 1566. When he was 23, he married a girl from a neighboring farm. She was Agnes Goasling. The large farm he had made his family a comfortable living. It was near the village of Weyhill. That is a place about 70 miles southwest of London. Shortly after Robert turned 30, he and Agnes had their first baby, a boy. They named him John. He was born November 30th 1596.

John learned farming well. He was a fine boy. He was a great help on the family farm. He became courting age and took note of girls on nearby farms.

Martha (don't know her surname) was a fine girl a few years younger than John. She and John joined hands in marriage in (about) 1626. (Maybe he was 30 and she was 26.)

John's father, Robert, enjoyed good health, but old age overtook him, and he died five years after John and Agnes married. Now, John had a good life, but he and his parents (and now his small family) were Puritans, a sect not especially in favor in England. John could see that opportunities for a better living -- that meant more land in those days -- was to be had only in a new land with more room. He often pondered that, and the freedom to be a Puritan that would come in a new land. Everyone knew the latest advancements in exploration had opened up a land called America. An association (the Mayflower) had sent Puritans to America when John had been 24. John made friends easily. Some of his friends had similar thoughts about land, and America. When John was forty years old, an association was formed that made his dream possible. That next year, in 1638, on April 24th, he and his wife, Martha, and their family of five children Robert, 10, Agnes 8, William 6, Peter 5, and John 2, got on a ship called, "Confidence". One of his friends, John Howe, embarked on that journey, too. There were 110 people on board from the association. The poet, Thomas Whittier, was one of them. Also there were Thomas and Jane Goodenow, and their son and daughter, Thomas and Ursula. Also there was John Goodenow and Edmund Goodenow, with their families. These were all young couples and their families on the ship. The oldest father was Walter Haine. He was 55. The youngest, John Rutter, was 22.

In the next year, 1639, John caught a ship going back to England. He arranged for his sister, Agnes Bent Blanchard or Barnes, and their mother, to come to America, also. They all got on a ship, "Jonathan". Agnes's husband had died, so she sought to fulfill her days in America, and, of course, their mother was a widow. However, she died during the voyage. And Agnes died, too, as the ship reached Boston Harbor. She had brought her son, Richard Barnes, along; John took him in and raised him.

John Bent and his family settled on land that became part of Sudbury, Massachusetts. That's 16 miles west of Boston. Fifty-four settlers joined John in that area. John's land was a quarter-mile from the Sudbury River. His holdings

grew to 25 acres. While his farm was a nice place, it was on the edge of the frontier, and Indians roamed the area all the time.

John and Agnes had a boy and a girl on that farm -- Joseph (1641) and Martha (1643).

Peter continued the farm on the inheritance his father left him.

Martha (daughter) was born in 1643, a few years after their arrival in New England. When she grew up, one special boy-friend was Samuel Howe. They married when she was twenty.

Samuel was a son of John Howe, who had been on the same ship as Martha's father and mother. He was a man of kindly feeling and uprightness of character. John Howe was a leading citizen (as was John Bent) in Sudbury. About 25 years after they had started the city, one of John Howe's jobs for a year was to see that the youth were well-behaved on the Sabbath (a Puritan tenet). Some years later he was asked to build the city a new set of "stocks", the main means of punishment for unruly citizens. The stocks were set up near the meetinghouse, according to Puritan custom. He also had a farm in Marlboro -- near Sudbury -- and established an "inn" there, the "Red Horse Tavern". Marlboro was more exposed to the Indians than Sudbury. Marlboro was destroyed by the Indians in the early spring (March 26) of 1656. However, it was soon rebuilt.

Edmund Goodenow, mentioned above, married Anne Barry in 1632 when he was age 21. They had a girl and two boys by the time they got on the ship for America. Little Hannah was born a month or so after they arrived. Their next child, a girl, was named Mary. She was killed and scalped by the Indians in an attack when she was 67 years old. The Goodenow line comes through the first boy (born in England, 1635), and John's daughter, Elizabeth, who married into the Hayden line (which re-connects with the Howe line later).

These settlers were ancestors of such people as
Charles Marion Russell, of Montana fame. (Silas Bent (1768) became a supreme court judge in Missouri. His daughter, Lucy, married James Russell, and their son, Charles Silas Russell, married Mary Elizabeth Mead, and they had Charles M. Russell.) Lucy's brother, Charles Bent (1799), married a Mexican lady and was the first governor of the Territory of New Mexico. Charles's son, William W. Bent (1909), married a Cheyenne girl, Owl Woman, daughter of a medicine man.
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Who are the Youngs? 8 May 2011

Persis and Lorenzo

Figure 4 - Persis Goodall

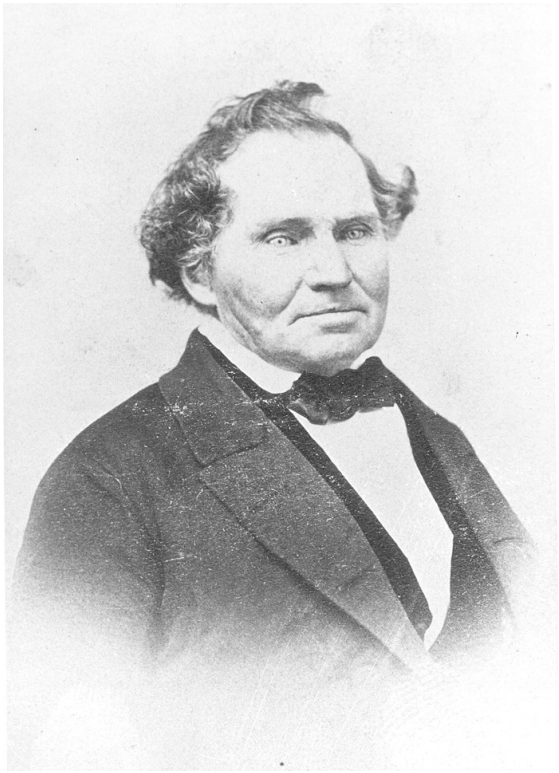

Figure 5 - Lorenzo Dow Young

In 1634, Richard Swain arrived from England on the ship "True Love". He later had his wife, Elizabeth, and children, including his son John, sent over on another ship. He settled in the New England area. He was a planter and bought and sold land around the area of Salisbury, Massachusetts. He was a freeman, meaning that he could vote and he was a leader in the community.

In 1659, he sold everything and moved to Nantucket island with his son John. He and eight other men bought the island from a man named Mayhew. The ten moved to Nantucket because they were tired of Puritan rule. Richard, so the story goes, gave shelter during a rainstorm to some Quakers and so was punished by the Puritans. The island became mostly Quaker. Those ten men brought ten more men over (craftsmen) and gave them half shares of the island. After a short time, the poor

soil was not good for farming so they looked elsewhere to support their families. After a whale had beached itself on Nantucket, they took up whaling. At one time Nantucket was the whaling capitol of the world, providing most of the whale oil to London and elsewhere. Only after the discovery of kerosene did Nantucket quickly die. But during the high time of whale oil, Nantucket grew with big houses and big ships. (In the south seas where the sea captains went looking for whales, north of Samoa is an island named Swain. There is also a reef north of the coast of Australia named Swain's reef. Ships would leave for three to four years filling their barrels with whale oil before returning and many lost their lives on the sea.)

After some generations, Molly Swain married Joel Goodall. They had 13 children. Persis was the sixth. She was named after a great-grandmother in the Goodall line. She grew up in a Quaker neighborhood, as her mother's family were Quakers. She was an avid reader. She studied the Bible, and got what education she could. Yes, these people of the prior centuries were Bible-reading people. The name, Persis, is among the list of friends the Apostle Paul made in Romans 16.

Now, about the Youngs:
In the early 1600s, in Devonshire, England, John Hayden was a man of standing. He was called Goodman Hayden. He met and married a nice girl, Susannah Pullen, who was nine years younger than he. Not long after that, they ventured forth on the ship, “Mary and John”, and helped settle the colony of Massachusetts. They ran short of meat, so they killed deer. They used the sap from maple trees to make syrup. In February of 1632 a ship with supplies from England arrived, and they held a feast as a celebration. John liked to write stories. There being no need for that, he simply wrote out legal documents and contracts. John and Susannah had seven sons and one daughter. The first birth was twins, Joseph and John. Joseph had a mental handicap, but lived a full life. John and his wife, Hannah Ames, had a family. One son was Josiah.

When Josiah Hayden grew up, he rebelled against his family's traditional Calvinist leanings because of its hardness or inflexibility. He held back from joining any religion because he doubted he could live up to precepts. He married when he was 22 years old. After ten years of marriage, he joined a church that his wife, Elizabeth Goodenow, wanted him to. In 1726, he split from his minister. He thought that the Ruling Elder should have power in the congregation. He called the minister, unorthodox. He took 18 others with him away, and joined with the church in Hopkinton, MA. He was very conscientious. He believed that man needed reconciliation with God by being reborn, and that the Holy Spirit helped you understand Christ.

Josiah's granddaughter, Elizabeth, married (in 1739) Joseph Young. They had two daughters and four sons. The third child, John, married Nabby Howe. Here is their story:

John was a hardened settler. When he was 6, his father, a medical practitioner, was killed by a falling tree. He was 40. The family farm was sold to pay debts. The children, ages 1 through 10, were bound out to pay debts, also. John was bonded to Colonel John Jones, well-to-do landowner in Hopkinton. The wife often whipped him. He escaped after 10 years, & joined the Continental Army (1780). After the war, he returned to Col. Jones, this time to work for pay. Then he began courting Nabby Howe. John was small, nimble, wiry. Nabby was one of the five popular Howe sisters of Shrewsbury (that's near Hopkinton) — "pretty girls, vivacious, musical. All were very devout and deeply concerned with Puritan religious life." Physically, Nabby was "a little above medium height. She had blue eyes, with yellowish brown hair, folded in natural waves and ringlets across her shapely brow." And this nineteen-year-old was "exceedingly methodical and orderly in her temperament." She had a musical inclination. Her parents thought it foolish to marry "the little orphan". By 1799 they had eight children.

About that time, free land became available – over in Vermont. They realized that their Massachusetts farm was getting old. So they would try Vermont. They left Rhoda behind to console Nabby's parents. They moved there in January, because the muddy, dusty roads were then frozen and would support wagon wheels or sled runners. The 100 miles took 10 days. On such a trip you would eat mainly corn cakes and salt pork. They used 2 bobsleds, wagon boxes mounted on runners. One for passengers, one for possessions. Once in Vermont, they arranged to stay in a former settler's abandoned cabin. With others there, they had a cabin raising -- walls up in 1 day, roof & chinking with mud clay followed in the next few days. In one end of the cabin would be a stick chimney. There were two-level bunk beds for the children. Until harvest, you ate available corn, wild berries, nuts, and game. They had some sugar maples on their land, which they sugared off in late March and April. The piped the sap thru hollow tubes from sumac. These filled a trough. When that was full, they were emptied into wooden buckets and carried to a large iron kettle under which a fire was kept burning day and night until the liquid thickened. That made solid maple sugar. You could eat it or trade it. And Nabby had innate medical ability. When three-year-old Joseph was chopping wood in play, but with a real ax, he accidentally almost severed his little brother, Phineas's hand. Nabby was able to save the hand. When Nabby was about age 34, she contracted consumption, which we know today as tuberculosis, or TB.

Nabby was good temper John's strict religion, but still demanded

near-perfect behavior of the children. Yet, there was a good, close bond of love throughout the family. The family followed the Methodist faith mixed with some Puritan rules. Someone commented that the Youngs were all gifted singers. Schooling was done by the family when time allowed, with the Bible as text. (Brigham later commented that he was not allowed to play cards or to say "darn it", or "the devil". He was not allowed to walk more than a half-hour on Sunday for exercise. Violin music and dancing were out of the question.)

Now the Vermont land was either full of trees or full of stones. It was hard to get land cleared to farm more, and then, it wasn't all that good. So in a few years, they made another move. It was reported that the land was better in Chenango County, New York. They moved in April 1804, after the sugar was in. They went 160 miles; it took 2 or 3 weeks, with 2 wagons. John was able to plant enough corn to last them thru the first winter. Also they built another log cabin. The family was always poor. They usually had just one cow.

They'd heard the revivalist, Lorenzo Dow, preach in Smyrna. So when their boy was born in 1807, they named him Lorenzo Dow Young. (He was a weak baby, and feeble as a young boy.) But in the same month, 11-year-old Nabby died of TB, caught from her mother. Rhoda rejoined the family in 1809. Then in 1813, Rhoda married John P. Greene, a Methodist preacher. Next, John Jr. married Theodosia Kimball. So John & Nabby decided to move to Aurelius, Cayuga Co., 6 miles from the upper end of Cayuga Lake. That's where John & Rhoda kept house. By this time, TB had worn out Nabby, the mother. She had been weakened ever since Brigham was born. And as the disease slowly disintegrated her lungs, there was no pain killer for her. By the time Brigham was in his early teens, the boys in the family baked the bread, milked the cows, and made the butter. Brigham's routine became this: Fix breakfast for the family, carry his mother from her bed to the table. After the meal, he carried his mother to a chair in front of the fireplace, and then he left to work for the day. When he returned, he would prepare supper, carry his mother once more to the table, then after the meal, back to her chair. Then he would tidy things up for the family time together at home.

When Brigham was twelve, Susannah married James Little, a local builder and horticulturist. Then (after 2 years) in 1815, Nabby died. At this point, five of her children—Joseph, Phinehas, Brigham, Louisa, and Lorenzo—ages just under eight to eighteen, were living at home. Fanny, separated from her unfaithful husband, had returned to the household during Nabby's final days, and for a while kept the family together. Since Louisa and Lorenzo were still young, Father married a step-mother, Hannah Brown. Within three years of Nabby's death, however, father and children had gone separate ways, though strong family ties still united them in many respects. Joseph had

been apprenticed out to a brother-in-law, James Little (Susannah's husband), for miscellaneous "service"; Lorenzo lived for a while with a sister, Rhoda Greene, and later joined the Littles to learn gardening and tree raising – husbandry and horticulture – over the next five years.

As for the sons: Joseph became a Methodist traveling minister in his spare time. He seemed to know that the religions of the day did not fully follow the Bible. Phineas had wavered between spirituality and worldliness, but determined to be faithful. After that, his blessing on a lady dying of tuberculosis restored her to health. At age nine, Lorenzo had had a dream in which a bright carriage came to him. He supposed that the Savior was in it. The Savior asked first and most urgently about Brigham, then about each brother and their father. Then the carriage went away. Lorenzo's first interpretation of the dream was that "Brigham and the rest of us should die." As time went on, Lorenzo felt that he should not align himself with any denomination, and felt the Spirit of the Lord was with him in this.

After a while, Lorenzo was able to join father and the boys. But after Joseph & Phineas had hired out to neighbors, it was just Father and Brigham and Lorenzo in a cabin. One time Father left Brigham (14) and Lorenzo (8) home and went to Painted Post to trade 60 pounds of maple sugar for flour. The 2 boys worked all day as usual & came home--to no food. A robin was near. Brigham got the musket and shot it, then dressed it, and they thumped the flour barrel to have a bit of flour to make gravy, and had a bite to eat. Father returned the next evening. In 1817, John married a Hanna Brown. Phineas married also. Joseph and Lorenzo were taken in by Susannah Little. And one time when James Little was returning from town in his one-horse wagon, it overturned. This was November 1822.

Brigham found a job as a painter of boats (near the Erie Canal). Painters had to pulverize the pigment to mix with the oil and lead. Brigham was involved in that activity, and invented a water-powered pigment crusher that used a cannonball obtained from his father. It became a pestle in an iron pot mortar. His boss was fascinated by that, and promoted him from painter to carpenter.

Our Lorenzo also spent two years learning the blacksmith trade at Mr. Munroe's shop. The crew liked to play cards in the evening, but Lorenzo's father had trained him not to play cards. Lorenzo spent that time reading the Bible. Mr. Munroe gave Lorenzo a work of Voltaire and a book of Thomas Paine's, which were against religion. They disturbed Lorenzo so that he wanted no more of such reading, and had a hard time forgetting those "infidel" principles.

Having experience in more than one way to make a living, Lorenzo felt it was time to marry. He courted Persis Goodall. They didn't live

in the same town, so the courtship was slow. After all, Lorenzo, by this time, had become an itinerant preacher in his spare time. When Lorenzo thought the time was right, he wrote Persis a letter. It was a proposal of marriage. "If I am preserved, about a year and a half from now I am in hopes of seeing this northern country again; and if during this time you live and remain single, and find no one that you like better than you do me, and would be willing to give me up twelve months out of thirteen, or three years out of four, to travel, and that in foreign lands, and never say, 'Do not go to your appointment', etc. – for if you should stand in the way I should pray God to remove you, which I believe He would answer – and if I find no one that I like better than I do you, perhaps something further may be said on the subject." They had a June wedding. That was in 1826.

The same year, Lorenzo had another dream. This time a guide showed him heaven. He saw where God lives, and met his deceased mother and sister, who were happy. The guide told him he had a mission to testify to all of the Savior and of His Atonement. Then the guide brought Lorenzo back and had him take up his body again.

After these years, John moved with his boys 35 miles west to the Sugar Hill district of Steuben Co., near Tyrone, not too far from Mendon. Fanny, who had separated from her unfaithful husband and had returned to look after Nabby in her final illness, was there, also. Gradually, nearly all of John's children moved their families to the Mendon area. In 1828, at Phineas's suggestion, the brothers started a string of weekly "reformation" meetings in a public hall. It was a success, and continued for a few years. By this time, Lorenzo and Persis had two fine little boys, born a year apart: William and Joseph.

In June of 1830, Samuel Smith started out to sell copies of the Book of Mormon. On his second day out, he got to John Greene's place. He was able to sell them a few copies, and went on. He encountered Phineas, who although skeptical, bought a book and shared it with Brigham. Phineas read it to find errors, but was surprised to find none. He loaned the book to his father, who read it and agreed that it was free of any error. Phineas let Fanny read it. To her, it seemed to be a revelation from God. Phineas then went about the neighborhood telling of the book. An old friend, Solomon Chamberlain, said it was associated with a new church. Phineas had not thought of that, but he decided it must be so. He began to see that people needed to be re-baptized in that church. One last time, in his pondering, he tried to equate this book with Methodism, and could not. Brigham agreed: we all must leave Methodism and join the other church.

Where was Joseph? He was in nearby Canada on one of his preaching tours. Brigham traveled there and brought him back to see the Book

of Mormon. On a side trip (in 1831), Brigham, Joseph, and Father John introduced the book to Lorenzo. He thought it was true. They all attended a Mormon meeting in nearby Pennsylvania. A week after, John P. Greene, Rhoda's husband, asked Lorenzo to fill in for him and preach at a public meeting. Lorenzo wondered if he should, but did it. After the meeting five people came to be baptized. One was Mary Ann Angell. The next day, Lorenzo told John Greene that he needed to be baptized. John baptized Lorenzo, and ordained him an Elder.

[The year numbers seem out of sequence in this area.] By then it was April of 1832, and most of the family was baptized that month, and others not long after. Lorenzo was baptized in September of 1832. The wives of the brothers readily united with their husbands in the new faith. Persis was baptized not long after Lorenzo was. She was pregnant with their third child (Lucy), and waited until after the November birth. (This was a happy little girl. However, when she was approaching age four, her clothes caught fire accidentally, and she died.)

Joseph took his younger brother, Phineas, and that summer (1832) became a traveling missionary for the Church. Then Joseph went to Ohio and met the Prophet, Joseph Smith. The Prophet told him to keep being a missionary. He spent the winter doing that.

Near the end of 1833, Father John moved to Kirtland, Ohio. He became a good friend of the Prophet, Joseph Smith. The rest followed as they found opportunity. Joseph was called to go with Zion's Camp. He was also a survivor of the Haun's Mill Massacre. (All got to the Salt Lake Valley. Phineas grew orchards and gardens there. He planted the trees which became Liberty Park.)

Lorenzo and Persis followed their father to Kirtland in the spring of 1834. They had another daughter, Harriet, that July. When the men were chosen for the Quorum of Twelve in 1835, Joseph asked Lorenzo if he would be one. But Lorenzo demurred, and fulfilled other callings instead.

In April of 1837, a son, John Ray, was born to them. The food the family had did not suit him. It rained so much that he had to stay indoors. He continuously felt cold. Then came the migration to Missouri, with its privations.

Lorenzo helped fight in the battle of Crooked River. His heroism there led the state authorities to offer a reward for his capture. In light of that, Lorenzo escaped to Illinois in late 1838. The mob made things hard for Persis and the family, but they were able to join Lorenzo the following spring. It was there that two more sons, Franklin and Lorenzo Sobieski, were born, two years apart.

When the Church settled in Nauvoo, Lorenzo and Persis moved there. One sunny day Lorenzo took Johnny out for some fresh air. On their way, they encountered the Prophet Joseph, along with Hyrum, and Brother Rigdon. Joseph asked Lorenzo if this was the boy the elders had been asked to pray for. Yes, he was. Joseph then ran his fingers through Johnny's curly locks and said, "Brother Lorenzo, this boy will live to aid in carrying the gospel to the nations of the earth."

In Nauvoo, Lorenzo and Persis had twins, a boy and a girl, Lucius and Lucia. However, the twins both died before they were a month old. Then little Frances was born a year after the Prophet was martyred; due to hardships and persecution, she lived only three weeks. The family left Nauvoo with the Saints. It rained nearly every day that spring. (March 1 to April 19.) That made it too muddy for travel, so Brigham Young had the Saints stop and build.

Also, the doctrine of plural marriage came to Lorenzo, and on March 9th of 1843 he married the divorced [we think] wife of a missionary companion and long-time friend. That was Harriet Page Wheeler Decker. They had two sons: John in 1844 and Lorenzo in 1847, the first baby born in the Valley.

When the time came to cross the plains in 1847, Lorenzo was called to be among the pioneers, but leaving his wives worried Lorenzo. Persis was sick in bed. Harriet had a form of tuberculosis, and the bottomlands the Saints occupied seemed bad for her health. So he implored Brigham to have her come along – for her health. That contradicted good sense, but finally Brigham allowed it. Persis and her children crossed the plains in 1850. She stayed with her married daughter, Harriet, in the south part of town.

Once settled in the Valley, Lorenzo became bishop of the 18th Ward in Salt Lake City. When the crickets decimated the crops in 1855, food became very scarce. The Church had no food to pay its "public workers", and laid them off. Many such lived in the 18th Ward, and Lorenzo, as bishop, divided what little he had with them until there was only a pound of flour left in his bin. As bishops do, Lorenzo went to the Church for advice. His brother, Brigham, saw it was serious. After taking a minute to ponder, Brigham told Lorenzo to divide what he had left with those who needed help. The next morning when Harriet went to get flour for breakfast, she was surprised to find about 100 pounds of flour in the bin. Lorenzo was able to share that with those in need in his ward. It lasted until the next (good) harvest.

Lorenzo was able to bring into the Valley and cultivate a variety of fruit trees and plants. In 1870, at age 63, he felt he was slowing down and could no longer give 100% as bishop, so he resigned and

moved to the Sugarhouse area and lived another 25 years in peace and happiness.

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Figure 6 – John Ray Young

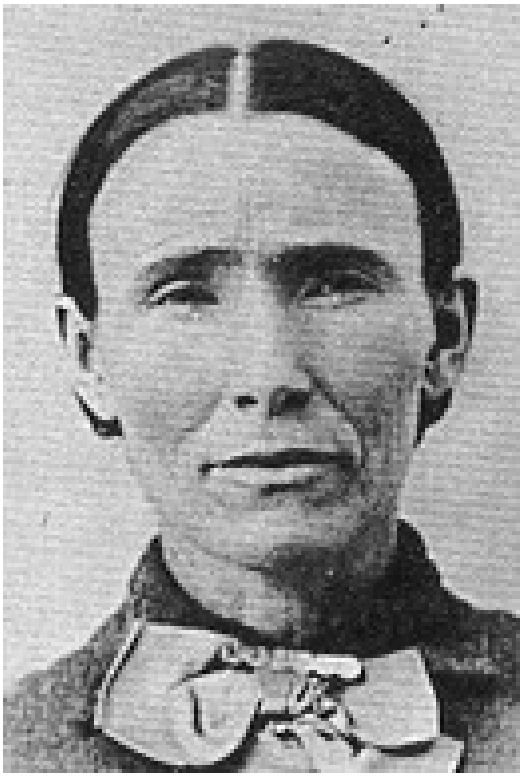

Figure 7 – Tamar Jane Black

Figure 8 - Samuel Claridge Young

Figure 9 - Laura Josephine Tietjen Young

We have told of Lorenzo Dow Young.

As for his son, Johnny, our ancestor:
He came to the Valley in 1849, and he was 12 years old. His uncle John was in the company, and was like a father to him. Yet, others had him do a lot of chores on the trip, and he tired of that situation. When Johnny was seventeen, his name was read in April conference, along with three others, to go on a mission to the Sandwich Islands. He only weighed 96 pounds, and had not received consistent schooling. Apostle Parley P. Pratt went along as their leader until they could get ship to their field. In San Francisco, Elder Young tracted and worked for his ticket money. [McLain] Elder Young was seasick for the entire ocean trip. Once in Hawaii, as we now call the Sandwich Islands, Elder Young was not afraid to help where he could. At one member's home where he stayed, he studied at the seashore, and soon found himself blind from the high level of light, as we here might go snow-blind. He couldn't do a mission if he were blind, so when the family was away, he prayed for help. In a vision, the Prophet Joseph and Hyrum came and healed him through a blessing.

Also, Elder Young was assigned to confront an apostate, John Hyde, as the man toured the islands slandering the Church. One of Elder Young's rebuttals was of this nature: Mr. Hyde asks why, in light of plural marriage, did not God make a dozen wives for Father Adam? Well, we read that God took a rib from Adam's side and made a woman for him. If God had taken twelve ribs from Adam, for twelve wives, would not Adam have been a weak reed for the twelve women to lean upon?

John's brother, Franklin, was called also to the Sandwich Islands, but they never met there. During the latter part of 1857, Elder Young worked, besides proselyting, in order to get money for a ticket home. He was able to leave, with eight others, in December 1857. In San Francisco, he borrowed $2.50 and bought an overcoat. Also he visited his cousin, Lorenzo Sawyer, who was attorney general for California. That cousin offered to educate him as a lawyer and get him started in business. John refused, saying he wanted to be with the Saints more than he wanted money.

John got back to the Valley just as Johnston's Army approached. Father Lorenzo was one of the few who remained to guard the city. John sat with him and watched the army pass.

After that, the bishop in Draper asked John to speak to a group of young people. It was to be in the schoolhouse. Uncle John drove Johnny there in a carriage. The Terry home was on the way, and the family saw the carriage pass. A daughter, Albina, cried out, “Oh Mother, that is my husband. Who are they?” She had been shown in a dream three years before, what he would look like. And as John was giving his talk, a young lady came in late and found a seat in front.

His eyes met hers, and a voice told John, “That is your wife.” Within four months, they married.

John also married Lydia Knight. After a few years in Payson, John was called to help settle the Santa Clara Valley. He and Albina and Lydia did well. But one spring, floods hit. His farm was no more. He moved his family to the city.

In April of 1864, John was called to again go to Hawaii. A companion from the first mission was to be his companion now. During the ocean voyage, the captain encouraged a debate on religion. During this, a Mr. McCarty became angry, and during the night came to stab Elder Young. But Elder Young prayed, and Mr. McCarty fell to the floor, dead. Once in Hawaii, he was assigned to go see the apostate, Mr. Gibson, and get back the books he had taken, and excommunicate him. Elder Young did just that; the natives who had believed Mr. Gibson returned to the true faith. Joseph F. Smith was the mission leader in Hawaii, and he and John corresponded regularly in Hawaiian the rest of their lives.

But President Smith was to go home soon. He appointed Elder Young as the next president of the mission. Elder Young did not feel like staying, since his families in Utah were destitute, so another elder was appointed, and Elder Young sailed for home on the same ship that President Smith was on. They got to San Francisco and found the city celebrating the re-election of Abraham Lincoln.

[TAMAR]
Once home in St. George, John worked in the local cotton factory. On a delivery to Beaver, Utah, Amy Black wanted John to give her daughter, Tamar, a ride back to Washington County. John hesitated, because he knew the trip would be muddy. But that was okay with mother and daughter. It took eight wearying days to go the hundred miles. Tamar counseled with her father there about a marriage proposal she had received in Beaver. It was a bad deal. But the eight days together had shown John and Tamar that they were suited for each other. John gathered Albina and her children, and they and Tamar, drove their wagon to Salt Lake, where John and Tamar married on the first of May, 1870. Tamar was five feet eight and weighed 140 pounds. She was fifteen years younger than John. She was quiet and cheerful, yet quick and heroic when there was danger. She had a gift to be able to tell things that were shortly to come to pass.

In 1872 John got involved in the United Order city of Orderville, north of St. George. Lydia was in charge of the millinery department.

In the spring of 1877, John was called on a mission to England. His traveling companion was Samuel Claridge. John's third wife, Tamar,

was about to deliver a baby, who got the name, Samuel Claridge Young. Joseph F. Smith also traveled with them. He was to preside over the mission in England. Elder Young worked mainly in Wales. The mission lasted two and a half years. A husband on a mission means a poor family, and after three missions, his families loved having him back. Enthusiasm for the United Order had waned, and John found it wise to withdraw. He began again to prosper on his own. He included sheep herding in his ways to make money.

But then persecution began in earnest against the polygamist men. Lorenzo counseled John to take his families to Mexico. Albina elected to stay on the family farm in Loa. Lydia and Tamar went to Mexico with John. He settled Lydia in Colonia Dublan, and Tamar he set up in Pacheco. On a trip back to the States, a gun in the wagon fell to the wagon bed, fired, and the bullet shattered John's left arm. It had to be amputated at the shoulder. John considered himself a cripple, and moved back to the States. Lydia felt she could do the most good by staying in Mexico. John and Tamar returned to southern Utah.

They lived happily there for another thirteen years. Then Tamar died. John lived until 1931, dying at age 94.

To continue the story:
Our ancestor, Samuel Claridge Young or Sammy, enjoyed life as a child in the United Order. He didn't see his father until he was almost three, and the family left the United Order a year later. When he was eight, Samuel was baptized by his father in the Fremont River near their newly constructed family house. That was on his mother, Tamar's birthday, May 1st, in 1885.

The family went barefoot, as a rule. When Samuel was invited to herd bucks (male sheep) near home for a Mr. Pierce, he got 25 cents a day. After two weeks he had enough cash to buy a pair of boots. He was proud of them; he had earned the money and bought them himself. By age ten, Samuel began herding sheep for his family. By this time they had moved to Loa, Utah. In another year, they moved to the Boulder Mountain area and lived near the Wild Cat Dairy. Frequent moves were required due to John's involvement in plural marriage. And Mother Tamar had her last child in the winter of 1889. The family named him Daniel. He lived less than a month. Sammy attended to his Church duties well, but due to the isolation, he wasn't ordained a teacher until he was 16. By that time, Father John had moved his family to Fruitland, New Mexico.

Samuel and his brothers and one sister got schooling from their elder sister, Hattie, the first-born of the family. She married when Samuel was 13, so the schooling largely stopped. Hattie died in an accident two years later, shortly after bearing a son. Then his

older sister, May, married in that year.

Hattie died in April as Father John was moving the most part of his family to Mancos, Colorado. Samuel was to tend the sheep that they had on the side of Boulder Mountain, all by himself. Through all this, he became an excellent camper and cook. He read the Book of Mormon as he walked on the mountainside. He tripped and fell. His left knee got many prickly-pear needles in it. He removed them. The knee swelled, and in a while, he could no longer walk. There was no way to get help, so he bedded down in his tent and expected to die. But in the night as he worried, a bright light illuminated the tent, and a lady and a small child entered. He knew them. It was his departed sister, Hattie, and little Daniel. Hattie told Samuel not to worry; everything would be all right. So Samuel did get to sleep, and in the morning, his knee was all better.

That autumn Father John moved his families to Coralos, in old Mexico. There, they joined other Church members in working on a new railway line nearby. Now, Samuel had been bothered by the sight of an apron that Hattie had on when she and Daniel had visited him in his tent a year and a half before. Here in Mexico he dreamed one night that a guide came and took him to a brightly lit world which was very peaceful and free from any worry. Next they were in a street with all sorts of people. He found that those dressed as Hattie had been could enter doors the others couldn't. That left Samuel satisfied that Hattie's manner of dress was okay, and did not represent any failing, as he had thought.

Soon after this, Samuel went for a Sunday walk in the wilds. He had his gun in order to shoot any deer, if he saw any. He pondered and asked himself, “My parents told me the Book of Mormon is true. If they know it, why don't I know it, too?” He paused on a ridge-top, and sat on a log there. He knew that by prayer you could find answers, so he knelt and offered a little prayer that expressed his thoughts on this walk. He again sat on the log. Just then, he saw a bright, clear light to his left. “There was a man in the light walking toward me,” he wrote. The man walked above the ground. Samuel hadn't planned on meeting anyone, so he got up to leave. But the man spoke, and Samuel felt peace, and sat down again. The man asked Samuel if he believed what his mother and father had told him of the Book of Mormon being true. Yes, Samuel believed. Similarly, the man asked about his belief in Joseph Smith as a prophet. That answered affirmatively, the man said that he was the person that had delivered the gold plates to Joseph Smith, and that, yes, the Book of Mormon was true. The man then continued in his path past Samuel and disappeared.

And Samuel's older brother, William, married when Samuel was 18. By this time, Father John had lost his left arm and could not do much

work, so Samuel had to run the farm. After a year of that, feelings got raw in the family. Since Samuel did the work, whenever something went awry, it had to be Samuel's fault. He tired of this, and determined that Tommy, his little brother, then 18, could handle the farm. Samuel decided to run away. But that had to be a secret. He planned it so that the major farm tasks for the year would be finished, and then he would leave. Two days before his planned exodus, he overheard his mother's whispered morning prayer. He paused in reverence even though he was in the next room. He heard her say, "May Samuel disregard the unpleasant things ... May I have influence with him to keep him with me that he may avoid the pits of sin that he otherwise my fall into." Realizing then that his mother knew his intentions and cared so deeply for him, Samuel gave up any idea of running away. This was in May of 1896.

All this made Samuel aware that it was time to marry. Among the families he knew, there was one stalwart family, the Johnstons. The father, Bill Johnston, was a family friend. He had been in the Mormon Battalion and had been working at Sutter's Mill in California when gold was discovered. The mother, Ellen, had come in the Edward Bunker handcart company and was beloved by all.

[Her name is not in the Overland Trail List; could be EVANS, Eliza Perkins (unknown age-she would have turned 12 during the trip, and she was an orphan) in the Edward Bunker Company which left 23 June 1856, arrived 2 October 1856. (Ellen Jane Perks, 12 July 1844, Sheffield, Yorkshire, England, d. 28 Aug 1937 in Tempe, AZ. They married 26 Jan 1864 in SLC.]

A daughter of theirs, their sixth of nine children -- Clara - caught Samuel's attention. They planned their marriage. They would be married locally, and then after farm work ended in the fall, they would go to the nearest temple and be sealed. They married on Monday, the 13th of September in 1897. Samuel took freighting jobs in his spare time to get a cover for his freighting buckboard. But an accidental fire took the cover he had obtained, so he confided in his bride: I've tried but I just can't get us ready for our temple trip like I want, so let's just go now. Her father went along; he had business in Manti. They got as far as 15 miles north of Moab by Thanksgiving Day. Yes, it snowed on them. But Samuel knew places that would give a little shelter, and they were happy. Their horses tired during the trip, and by favors from his extended-family that lived in Huntington, which was along their way, they made it to Manti by December 13th. There, the temple president ordained Samuel to the office of an elder, and Samuel and Clara were married in the temple.

On Christmas Eve, the couple attended one last session in the temple, and left for home. Their wagon had a part break, but they got it fixed in the next town. They found the ice thick enough on a river

to cross it without worry. Snow slowed their progress. Clara's father had stayed in a town near Manti. Now, at Huntington, a half-brother, Dow Young, volunteered to travel with them. They had to detour a day's journey in order to get across the Green River. Still some distance away from Moab, a blizzard began. Clara began to feel ill. It was after dark when Samuel was able to pick a good spot to camp. Samuel and Dow went and found firewood. Clara was visited by three men, evil spirits, who told her that Dow and her husband were lost, and then laughed at her. The next day they got a few supplies at Moab, and went on. The little town of Monticello was a few miles out of the way, but Clara wanted to rest there; it would be better than traveling. So they stayed at Bishop Jones in Monticello. That night, after everyone was in bed, the three evil spirits came and made Clara act crazy. Samuel and the bishop were able to cast out the spirits after several tries. Yet, Clara got sicker. A blessing helped, but Bishop Jones saw that Clara was close to dying. The next day, he told Samuel that his love and desire to keep Clara was keeping her from dying, and he advised Samuel to let the Lord take control. Samuel did this, and in an hour, Clara passed peacefully away. With Clara in a coffin, Samuel proceeded homeward to Fruitland. He covered 150 miles in five days - good time for those conditions. There they held Clara's funeral. It was January, 1898.

A year went by. Summer came for the second time with Samuel being a young widower. As the early fruit ripened in Fruitland, Samuel noticed a nice young lady who had come from Bluewater to help her sister, Annie's, family preserve fruit. This was Laura Tietjen. She was large-boned, as was her sister. She easily did field work that men did. Samuel had heard of her family, and admired them. Soon, marriage plans were made. This time Samuel wasted no time; they started out in September of 1899 with the buckboard. Encountering no snow, they made good time. They even by-passed the temple at Manti and drove as far as Santaquin. There they took the train to Salt Lake City and were married in the temple there. That was on the first of October. Once back in New Mexico, they stayed the winter with Laura's folks, as she was needed there.

Samuel obtained a farm in Bluewater, and let his siblings take over the Fruitland home. But water was not in Bluewater; it was a few miles away in a muddy pool. Samuel and Laura had three children by the time a loan was arranged and a well dug near their property. It had to be almost 200 feet deep. Besides farming, Samuel got work at times with the Forest Service and with the American Lumber Company, as a Standing Timber Estimator. Samuel wrote later that he had been deputy marshal, deputy sheriff, constable, forest ranger and game warden. Laura was well-known, as her home became a gathering place for the youth of the area. They had many good times there. She also kept a very nice, large garden.

In spite of the hard times, Laura felt she was a part of Bluewater. She was equal to it. When her husband, Samuel, was called on a two-year mission to the Central States in December of 1911, Laura continued to raise three children under age ten. And then ten years later when her eldest son went to the same mission, she got money to support him by taking a contract to run mail on horseback from Bluewater to Deiner, 18 miles west across the continental divide. Laura was valuable as a mid-wife, but she never charged for that service. She found a way to cure smallpox when it ravaged her area in 1902. When her mother (Emma C.) developed dementia in old age, Laura cared for her for her the three years before she passed away.

Some time after Samuel returned from his mission to the Central States, He and Laura had another boy. This one they named Raymond. He was given the same middle name as his father – part of a promise to Samuel's father's missionary companion. Times were still hard in Bluewater, and the next baby didn't come for almost six years. He was named Golden, after Apostle J. Golden Kimball. But we will follow the life of our “father”, Raymond, now.

He is in the middle of Chapter 15, the next chapter.
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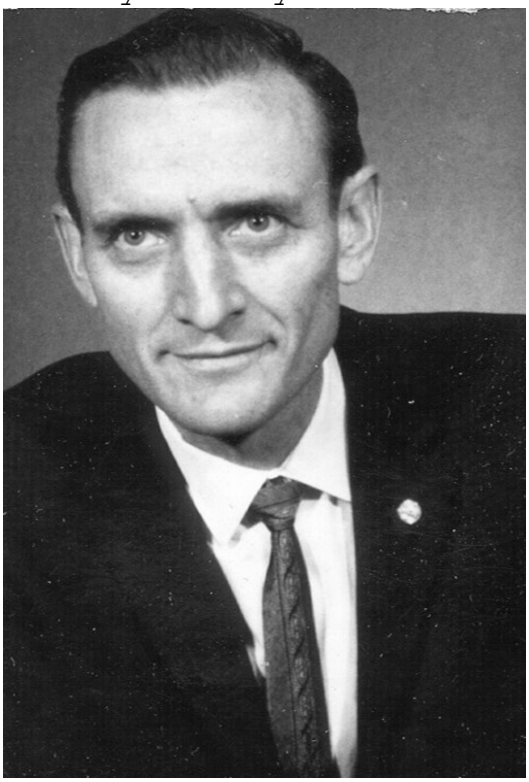

Figure 10 - Raymond Claridge Young

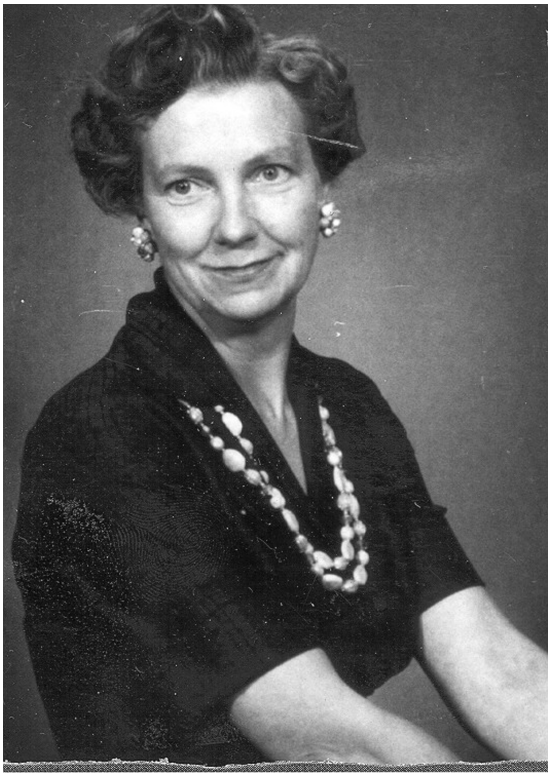

Figure 11 - Dorothy Evans Asper Young

Now, what is Dorothy's story?

She was daughter number four. The two before her had died early, so she received special attention. Dorothy flowered. At age two, she could "recite". She had a remarkable memory and spoke with good diction. One poem she presented to various groups was 13 verses long.

Dorothy's father ha a broken arm and was not working when the Lafayette School burned down. He took Dorothy to see it. She was three years old. Not long after this, she and her mom visited Dad at work. There was a long flight of stairs to his office, and one railing was missing so lumber could be hauled up and down. Mom told Dorothy to stay at the bottom while she visited Dad's office. But Dorothy, a toddler, climbed most the way up, and fell off the open side of the stairs into a pile of scrap wood. She wasn't hurt.

Now, Dorothy also had the "croup" - phlegm in the throat, with a cough. The family dog answered her barking cough one time. Her mother thought that the climate of southern California might help her croup, so she and the children went there by train in November of 1919. Ada and Will spent part of the school year there. Dorothy wasn't yet old enough for school, but she recited at a gathering there, and soon Mayme got a letter from the Charles Ray Studios, asking if Dorothy could go into the movies. That was relayed to her father, and he shot back a negative directive. They got back home in February, 1920. By the way, the family doctor came across a new medicine for croup, and he did a series of injections into Dorothy's muscle, and the croup stopped.

Dorothy began school at first grade, since the trip to California had interfered with her kindergarten enrollment. She had many friends. One time, a friend didn't want to walk home via a shortcut like Dorothy did, so Dorothy picked her up and carried her.

Dorothy continued reciting. At age eight, she recited a poem, "The White Sox" on the stage of the Pantages Theater at the request of Babe Ruth. He autographed a baseball for her. The KSL Radio studio was on top of the Beneficial Life building, and she stood on a chair to reach the microphone and recited over the radio. Her brother, Will, listened on a crystal set at home. All the reciting stressed her, however, and one time after finishing a piece and sitting down, she fainted. She was invited to sing a solo at the Seventeenth Ward, and did it well, but one lady friend told Dorothy's mother, "Keep her reciting, will you?"

The favorite resort was Saltair, not Lagoon. The Great Salt Lake was deep in the 1920s. A train took you to the pavilion. Other times, the family would go out hunting rabbits. It presented no fun for the women, so Mother, Mayme, bought a portable phonograph for $50, and

that provided some diversion.

The neighbors on North Temple were nice. And the way the houses got built, two-story fashion, Dorothy could reach her arm out a window and her playmate in the house to the east (the DeCaro family) could reach, and they could touch hands. The neighbors on "I" St. were nice, too. Joe Bulmer was a great playmate there.

In Dorothy's twelfth year, Ada got married, and Will left on his mission in the northwest. Both events happened in June of 1928. So Dorothy got a little puppy for company. She was called, Trixie. She was eight inches long and four inches high. Dorothy had her for three years. Trixie was hit by a car and died. Dorothy also had pet ducks. One would follow her on errands to the corner store. Dorothy tried to dig a pool for them in the yard, but the water never stayed up. When winter came, the family wondered how to provide for the ducks. Dad said if they laid eggs, the family could keep them. They didn't; but Dad (Alfred) snuck chicken eggs into the nests until the weather turned cold. Then he killed them.

And Mother, Mayme, began singing in the Tabernacle Choir in 1927. A couple of years later, when Dorothy was about fourteen, Mayme got permission for Dorothy to join the Choir, too. That was just when the Choir began its weekly Sunday broadcasts. The Choir also had its outings, or socials, and that was fun for mother and daughter. When the Choir planned its Chicago trip in 1933 when the Century of Progress Exposition was on, Mayme failed the trip audition because of cataracts, but Dorothy was okay to go. But Dorothy stuck by her mother; she stayed home.

Dorothy also liked to roller skate. She liked to swim. The Asper family was affectionate; they kissed good-bye, even if it was for a short errand.

Dorothy was often invited to her grandmother's (Rebecca Noall Asper) apartment to play. Grandmother Asper was caring for her deceased daughter's three children until the son-in-law, Parley James, re-married. Ethel May James was the right age for Dorothy. They were both about age ten. A good pastime was to feed one another soda crackers on a spoon, while blindfolded. They also prepared a program to perform for Grandma Asper and Uncle Frank and Aunt Florence, who lived in the apartment above.

Dorothy attended Bryant Jr. High School, and wanted to go to LDS High, but it was closed the year she was to enter. So she went to East High School. She had taken two years of French at Bryant. She had algebra at Bryant, so she got geometry at East, but it was hard for her. The gym teacher at East once told Dorothy she had to participate in the tumbling the class was doing that day, even though

Dorothy didn't feel up to it. Dorothy complied, but broke her collarbone trying. The teacher reluctantly let her go home early.

After high school, she began courses at a business college, but dropped it, thinking that her parents could ill afford it. She got a job sewing dresses and overalls in a factory. She enjoyed doing this.

Dorothy had a nice social life. One boy, Fred, and she went on a double date. The other couple, in the front seat of the car, began necking. Fred wanted to neck also, but Dorothy refused. She slapped another fellow who wanted to steal a kiss. That broke his glasses. Layne Jones, from a nice family, proposed to Dorothy. She told him no, and that he ought to fulfill a mission first. He soon went on a mission to California, but Dorothy came across another interest. Her sister, Ada, had married a fellow from a farming town in New Mexico, and they were living next door. The husband was Wilford Young, and had met Ada while boarding with her family. Now Wilford's little brother, Raymond, was boarding with Wilford's young family. He was in Salt Lake to attend a better high school than in New Mexico, just like Wilford had. This was in the autumn of 1932.

What was Raymond like?

He had entered this life only five weeks before Dorothy had. He three older brothers and one sister. He was carefree as a child. He loved the family dog – he even got lost with the dog once. He also liked electricity, although there were no wires to his house. He just got a battery and a light bulb, rounded up a couple of wire pieces, and showed his mother, "We have a light in the house now." Later, he was able to save bits of money and get old radios and then the batteries for them. The radios had earphones, not speakers. He could hear KSL (Salt Lake City), KOA (Denver) and KOMO (Tulsa), for instance. He was enamored by airplanes. Sometimes he tried to build one, with his friends helping.

But Raymond's mother kept a vegetable garden. She knew how. She taught Raymond how to care for a garden. He also learned farm chores. His father had grown up as a sheepherder, so he knew animals. Raymond learned a good deal of that from his father. He also worked a trap line in the mountains with his brother, Wilford. He also went with his father and others to do block teaching as early as age twelve. At age 17, Raymond was assistant scoutmaster, and helped lead many campouts and excursions. He also drove a milk truck.

Raymond had natural friends. The town, Bluewater, was small, and everyone was close. And boys like to have fun. Raymond and his friends liked to climb in the tree limbs. One time, he fell to the

ground. That fall hurt his back. It was a bother to him ever after, but did not stop his fun.

Raymond did his part in school. Bluewater had a grade school of sorts, taught by a member of the ward. The local high school, in a town ten miles from his home, had an electric heater and a sound system for assemblies. That was eye-opening for Raymond. He enjoyed it there. He joined the band. The instrument available was clarinet. He learned that. Raymond had opportunities to help with the city fireworks a time or two. He told his children later that the fireworks were fired from a mortar-like device. He knew about timing the fuses to make a good show.

His parents had sent his eldest brother to the big city (Salt Lake City) for the last year of high school. The next eldest had found work, and stayed near home. Raymond and his parents decided that he should go to the big city for his last year of high school.

His big brother paved the way for him. He had already married, had a child, and a house in Salt Lake City. So Raymond went to stay with him and his family. The surroundings were amazing to Raymond. He had never seen a building more than two stories high. And, going downtown, he found the tallest building in the world, so to speak. It was the Walker Bank Building. It had thirteen floors. He rode in the elevator there along with people who worked there. One Saturday, he went there to ride the elevator. On Saturday, the offices were closed, and no one rode with him. He stepped in the elevator and told the operator, "Thirteenth Floor, please!" The operator said, "Huh? There's nobody up there. Who did you want to see?" Raymond didn't know what to say. He thought about it. He could say, Mr. So-and-So, but that wouldn't be true. He didn't want to tell the operator he had just come for a ride. But he realized he should tell his real intentions. He hesitated, but blurted out, "I'm from a small country town, and I've never been in a place anywhere near this high. I just wanted to see things from the top floor." Well, the operator admired his telling the truth, and said, "Okay, I will take you up. You can look as long as you want. Then, you press the button, and I'll come and get you." Once there, the operator took Raymond to the windowed ends of the halls and pointed out the sights. Raymond's habit of telling the truth was good.

Dorothy and Raymond met only in passing, as neighbors, until Raymond nicked his finger chopping wood. Dorothy happened to be on the back porch. She was handy to apply the bandage.

And in June of 1933 they both graduated from East High School. Raymond went back to Bluewater. Dorothy went on a vacation to California with her mother. She then went to the LDS Business College for that year.

Raymond was back into farm life. He helped on neighborhood projects as he could. That next summer, 1934, surprise visitors showed up at the Young home in Bluewater. Dorothy and her mother had come to visit. They stayed about a month. Raymond felt awkward around Dorothy, because he was shorter than she. After the summer visit, Ray (short for Raymond) and Dorothy wrote letters back and forth while Dorothy took another year in college. A great desire to be in Salt Lake City welled up in Ray. Dorothy's mother was in favor of that, so in December she sent him bus fare, as a loan. Ray was overjoyed, but didn't want to spend the money. He joined his brother and a cousin at New Mexico State University, got in a band, and played in a parade in El Paso. Then his brother found him a second-hand bus ticket to Los Angeles. Ray had hopes of attending a radio college there one day. But once there, he used the remainder of the money for a bus ride to Salt Lake City. It had been six months since Dorothy had seen Ray. And Ray looked better; he was now taller than she was.

He boarded with the Aspers there on "I" St., but after a year or so moved to a boarding house on "A" St. He had dreams of a job with radios. But without training, all he could do was bounce from one low-skill job to another. And Dorothy's parents could no longer finance her education, either. She got a job sewing overalls and dresses at Z.C.M.I.

As summer approached in 1936, Dorothy's mother planned a trip to Chicago for her and her daughter. Ray saw that he had to have things settled before they left. He proposed as Dorothy sat on a light bench in her back yard. She gladly said yes. As Ray got up from his knees, the bench toppled over backwards. They had something to make that day memorable, now. But Dorothy's father firmly stated that whoever married his daughter should be making enough for two to live on first. Ray would have to make $20 a week. (Typical rental costs for housing were $18 a month then.) He tried physical labor, mechanical work, and sales. Either his back hurt, or the pay was low or no one would buy. A year passed. Two. He earned some money; He and Dorothy had many 20-cent dates; he even bought an old car. But the $20 a week job just wasn't there. Ray fasted. He prayed. He fasted one time for three days, then went to a mountain top to pray. It was a dark time. There was no hope. But then his brother, Wilford, noted that the police (and that's where he worked) had found a lost delivery van. The driver had absconded with the day's cash. The employer needed a replacement driver. Wilford suggested Ray. Ray was hired. It was with New Method Cleaners. It paid $18 a week. With a little effort, the owner said, Ray could make $20 a week. So the wedding date was set.

The boss at New Method Cleaners would not let Ray off work to get

married. Memorial Day was too soon, the Fourth of July was a Tuesday. They decided on the Labor Day weekend. The Aspers got 100 invitations for $10 and sent them out, and ordered a sheet wedding cake that would serve 90, for $5. Ray was able to buy a newer car for less money than expected. They were married Saturday, and Sunday morning they drove to spent their honeymoon at Bear Lake. They returned Monday night.

They became stake missionaries. All went well for almost two years. And in those years (1939-1941), there was talk of war. Germany had taken over most of Europe, and had gone to attack England with bombs. America wanted to help, but didn't want to get involved.

One June day, Ray cleaned drapes at a home where a child had chicken pox. Ray got chicken pox. Dorothy stayed home from work to care for him. Since he didn't show up for work, he lost his job. What to do? That September, the bishop needed a ward custodian. He knew of this couple's needs, so Ray became the new custodian. They moved into the back portion of a little house next to the wardhouse.

That December, Japan brought America into the World War. It soon became clear that all able-bodied men would have to go off to war. Dorothy noted to Ray that she was pregnant. That might help Ray stay home, but then again, maybe not.

That April, news came that Wilford had talked with a friend of his, Bill Eitel, about Ray liking radios. Bill hired Ray to work at his new plant in the southwest part of Salt Lake City. The plant made radio tubes for high-powered transmitters, and for the new radar systems that had just been introduced. That was important to the war effort; Ray could work there and not have to go away.

The Eitel-McCollugh plant used special machines and special procedures. Ray was sent off to a class at the main plant in San Bruno, California, to learn about these things. He left at the first of June, 1942. That was well, but at the same time, bad, for Dorothy was sure to deliver her baby soon. The class would last until July.

What did Dorothy do?