TREASURES

OF

SAMUEL C. YOUNG

Compiled by his son, Wilford T. Young, in 1967

Spelling has been modernized; transcription was done in 2001.

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PREFACE

“I don't believe the Book of Mormon is true!”

This startling statement by our father, Samuel C. Young, used to perplex his fellow Mormons in our small country town of Bluewater, New Mexico, and it would please his non-Mormon friends, at least momentarily.

“No Sir! I don't believe the Book of Mormon is true!” he would repeat for emphasis, especially accentuating the word, believe. “I don't believe it is true, because I KNOW it is true!” he would say, putting all the enthusiasm he could muster behind the words,

“I KNOW IT IS TRUE!”

At this last statement, his fellow Mormons would sigh a breath of relief and clear up any doubts they may have had about Sam's integrity, and his non-Mormon friends would accept it out of respect for him and his right to his own opinion.

He, never to our knowledge, told them why he knew it. Evidently it was too sacred to him, but we in his family knew, because in confidence, he had shared with his wife and children some of his most cherished experiences.

Like Father Lehi of old, our father was a visionary man, having received many unusual spiritual experiences for his benefit and strength. Apostle Paul explains that the Lord blesses each of us with some particular gift for our benefit. This was our father's gift: a spiritual eye, which, when the occasion was right, enabled him to see things that ordinary mortals cannot see.

At first – and sparingly – he shared some of these experiences verbally, and then later, he made a record of some of them for the express purpose that they be perpetuated for his children and

passed on down to his children's children and then, to theirs, as long as they will accept them. This was in hope that the record will strengthen them spiritually as the original experiences strengthened him.

In this same spirit, we, his children, have taken steps to perpetuate them in this duplicated record. We say “duplicate”, because we sought to perpetuate our father's spirit and characteristics just as they are, by having his original writings – whether done in longhand or in typewritten work, photographed and duplicated, just exactly as he wrote them, with all the mannerisms, honest mistakes, (particularly in grammar and spelling) all the love and concern for his children and children's children, as they appear – in his sincere effort to do something for them, with no changes or inflections made by us. It is, if we will read it in the right spirit, as if our father were right in our presence, speaking to us.

[This typescript version has revised some passages to clarify meaning by: modernizing spelling, inserting clarifying text in brackets [ ], and by changing punctuation to avoid the numerous commas in the original.]

It is our hope that we may all be strengthened spiritually as he hoped we would be, by his words, and, that it will help us all to keep hold of the iron rod of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and let that rod lead us onto salvation in His Kingdom.

INTRODUCTION

Grandpa John Ray Young, Pioneer of '47, wrote in his book, that during the winter of 1873-74, that President Brigham Young gave him a written appointment to organize the United Order in some of the communities of southeastern Utah. Orderville, near Glendale, Utah, was one of these places. In the year 1876, John Ray Young and his family moved to Long Valley, and there became associated with the United Order in Orderville.

John Ray Young was called to fill a mission for the Church and started his journey from Orderville on April 20, 1877. Four days later a son was born to him and Tamar Black Young, and he did not see his new son, Samuel Claridge Young, until he later returned from his mission.

John R. Young lived in Orderville for about seven years. Then, in the winter of 1884-85, he moved his wife, Tamar, and their children to a new temporary home on the Fremont River, then known as the "Dirty Devil." They located and built a small one-room log house west of where Pleasant Creek joins the Fremont River, at a place not far from where Albert's Trail crosses the Fremont River.

During the winter and spring of 1886-87, John R. Young moved Tamar and their family to Pleasant Creek west, of where the stream enters into Capital Wash. Here was an area not large – but room for a small farm and garden and a home with a clear crystal brook furnishing water for their use. Here he built a log house with three rooms. One room was a large room, and was used for gatherings such as Church services and parties and dances, as well as for living quarters.

In March 1887, Samuel C. Young was large enough to learn to herd sheep. On his tenth birthday, he was herding sheep for his

father and was camped at Spring Gulch. Later in the summer, the Young family moved to the "Wild Cat Dairy" on the Boulder Mountain, near the source of Pleasant Creek.

Samuel had a visit from his angel sister, Hattie, in this area, while he was very ill. He tells of this experience in his writings. He also had a remarkable experience at this time while he was a "sheepherder", telling him of the divinity of the Book of Mormon. Later he had a similar experience while in Mexico. He wrote of the experience in Mexico, but he did not leave a written record of the experience on the Boulder Mountain, but he told it to his children.

In November 1890, John R. Young took Tamar Jane and Lydia Knight Young and their children, and moved to Mexico, arriving at Colonia Diaz. Then [they] settled at Caralos, Mexico, near Pacheco, not far from [Colonia] Dublan. (See page 71 of Pioneer of '47, John R. Young.) They arrived at Colonia Diaz January 1, 1891. The next move came August 1892, when Grandpa John R. Young took his wife Tamar and her children and moved them to Fruitland, New Mexico.

When Samuel C. Young was 20 years old, he married Clara Johnstun, daughter of William J. Johnstun and Ellen Perks, who lived in Ramah, New Mexico. She died soon after their marriage.

Ernst Albert Tietjen and family lived at Bluewater, Valencia County, New Mexico at this time. Brother Tietjen had previously lived at Ramah, New Mexico, but the authorities of the Church called him to move to Bluewater, New Mexico, and colonize that area. It was common for members of his family to take trips during the "fruit canning" season and "put up" fruit for their winter use. Laura Josephine Tietjen and her mother, Emma C. Pedersen Tietjen had journeyed to Fruitland, New Mexico, to "can" or preserve fruit for the family use. Samuel C. Young and Laura J. Tietjen became acquainted, and their acquaintance developed into friendship, and friendship, into courtship. They were married in the Salt Lake City Temple on October 10, 1899. Their first child, Wilford Thomas, was born in Fruitland, July 4, 1901, and in

the spring of 1903, Samuel moved his little family to Bluewater, New Mexico, feeling that his [Samuel's] health would be better in the dry climate of Bluewater, compared to the river-bottom of Fruitland. Clara Maurine was born to them on March 7, 1904.

Samuel C. Young farmed and ranched for a living, and raised cattle as a main source of a livelihood, but he also became a surveyor for the American Lumber Company. And then he became a United States Forest Ranger on the Zuni Mountains.

A third child, a son, Samuel Hubert Young, was born on May 3, 1907. Hubert, as we called him, died November 12, 1909, as a result of injury received when his baby dresses caught fire from the blaze of a fire used to heat branding irons to brand some calves on the farm.

A fourth child, Ernst Clifford Young, was born on November 19, 1910. Father Samuel C. Young was called to serve on a mission for the L.D.S. Church to the Northern States, and left Bluewater by train, December 8, 1911.

A fifth child, Raymond Claridge Young, was born on November 6, 1915. A sixth child, Golden Junius Young, was born on July 27, 1921.

In December 1941, when their children were grown and had families of their own, Samuel and Laura Young moved to Salt Lake City, leaving the old homestead at Bluewater, to fulfill a long-cherished desire to serve in their later years in the House of the Lord. "Grandpa Young" became employed in the Temple and worked from early to late, often opening the Temple doors for the day's activity, and locking them up at night when everyone was gone. "Grandma Young" became "The Temple Nurse" to the children who came to the Temple for various reasons and occasions.

Samuel C. Young died April 2, 1954, in the Gibbs Apartments at number 69 North State Street, where they were then living. Laura Young died ten years later, while recuperating from a hip injury at the L.D.S. Hospital, on November 16, 1964. They are buried,

significantly, side-by-side in the Salt Lake City Cemetery in Salt Lake City, Utah.

It is a cherished memory of the children of Samuel and Laura Young, and we are thankful to our Father in Heaven that He permitted our parents to thus serve Him in His Holy House during the later years of their life.

Married in the Salt Lake City Temple October 10, 1899

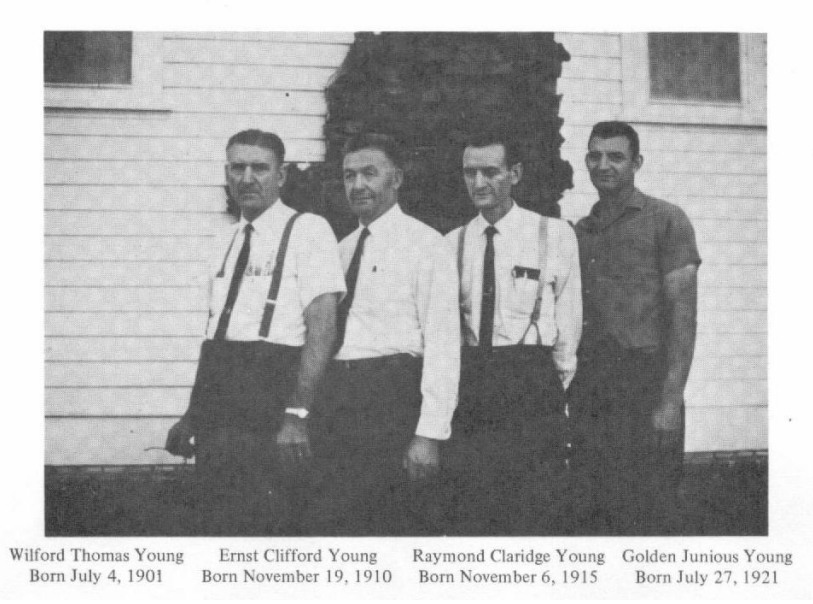
Samuel Claridge Young
Born 24 April 1877

Laura Josephine Tietjen
Born 17 March 1880

Married in the Salt Lake City Temple
10 October 1899

Clara Maurine Young
Born March 7, 1904

Samuel Hubert Young
Born May 3, 1907
Died at the age of 2 years
November 12, 1909



Wilford Thomas Young Born July 4, 1901 | Ernst Clifford Young Born November 19, 1910 | Raymond Claridge Young Born November 6, 1915 | Golden Junious Young Born July 27, 1921

Wilford Thomas Young
Born 4 July 1901

Golden Junius Young
Born 27 July 1921

Ernst Clifford Young
Born 19 November 1910

Raymond Claridge Young
Born 6 November 1915

1954

1954

FRONT:	Left to Right:	
	Samuel Claridge Young	Father
	Laura Josephine Young	Mother
REAR:	Left to Right:	
	Ernst Clifford Young	Son
	Wilford Thomas Young	Son
	Clara Maurine Young Roberts	Daughter
	Glen Eldon Roberts	Grandson
	Raymond Claridge Young	Son
	Golden Junius Young	Son

READY FOR PARTY—Samuel C. Young pins corsage on Mrs. Young in preparation for party Sunday honoring their golden wedding anniversary. Couple was married in Temple.

Month Late, but LDS Couple Has Golden Wedding Party

(excerpted from 1949 Church News)

The big event will be held at the home of a son, Wilford T. Young, 738 Sixth Ave, at 1 p.m. Sunday. Two other sons, Raymond of Salt Lake City and Golden Young of Provo also will attend. Another son, Clifford Young an a daughter, Mrs. Clara Roberts, both of Bluewater, N.M., will be unable to attend the party but already have telephoned congratulations. The couple also has 11 grandchildren.

The couple live at 69 North State Street. [The party was held on Sunday, November 6, 1949.] The couple was married in the Salt Lake Temple, October 10, 1899. The couple are active members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; they moved to Salt Lake City about eight years ago to devote more time to temple work. Prior to that they had lived in Bluewater, New Mexico, where Mr. Young was engaged in farming and cattle raising.

Two of the Young sons, the daughter, and Mr. Young all have served missions for the Church. Each of the sons and daughters was married in the temple, and the older couple now spend most of each day working at the temple.

Recently Mr. Young has been attempting to locate relatives of Guy and Freida Whitlatch, whom he baptized October 19, 1913, while on a mission to Illinois. At the time a mob attempted to prevent the baptism, but Mr. Young performed the ceremony at a watering trough. Recently he has written an article about the experience and wants to send it to some member of the family. [Noted on page 439]

FAMILY GROUP SHEET
JOHN RAY YOUNG and TAMAR JANE BLACK.

John Ray YOUNG	30 Apr 1837, Kirtland OH - 15 Sep 1932
Tamar Jane BLACK	1 May 1852, Manti UT - 31 Jul 1915
children:	
Harriet Amy	11 Apr 1872, Glendale UT - 19 Dec 1888
Mary Whipple	2 Feb 1874, Glendale UT – 13 Apr 1959
William Lorenzo	29 May 1875, Glendale UT - 9 Apr 1929
Samuel Claridge	24 Apr 1877, Orderville UT - 2 Apr 1954
Thomas Robertson	18 Dec 1879, Orderville UT - 3 Oct 1967
Martin Ray	10 Nov 1885, Loa UT - 12 Oct 1973
Daniel Washburn	25 Dec 1889, Huntington UT - 12 Jan 1890

CHAPTER ONE

A TRIP TO THE BOULDER MOUNTAIN

by Wilford T. Young

Father had spent much of his time in his "growing-up" days in the "out-of-doors", and as he grew older he never lost his love for nature. He often took walks into the nearby foothills, as the occasion afforded him the privilege. I took him with me and my group many times hunting deer in the mountains. The rest of us reasoned that this hunt was a special occasion and since it was of short duration we continued the hunt through Sunday. But Father would never hunt on Sunday with us. When we who did hunt would return in the evening, tired, worn out and hungry, we always found him in camp with a lot of good things cooked and ready to eat. He was a good "camp" cook.

A short time before his death I had the pleasure of taking him on a camping tour of his choice. He asked me if I would take him on this trip, for he wanted to visit the land of his boyhood days.

Not the land of his birth, but where his tender childhood days were spent. Among other things he wished to visit the area and the place where he had first seen the Angel Moroni who came in answer to his prayers about the authenticity of the Book of Mormon. Father had an experience in Mexico similar to this incident, of which he gives a written account, but this first experience he only told to his children.

In compliance with his request, in the fall of 1952 I took Father with me in my old reconditioned 1941 Pontiac Sedan to make the trip. We traveled from Salt Lake to the forks of the road just north of Richfield, where we took the Fish Lake road. We traveled at our leisure. We carried our equipment for cooking and our food and our

sleeping bags in the trunk and rear seat of the car. When darkness or night overtook us, we stopped and cooked our meals over a camp fire and then slept on the ground in our sleeping bags under the clear, starry sky.

We visited Bicknell, Utah. And then Lyman, Utah. Here we visited the graveyard where Father spent some time exploring the markers and making notes of some of his deceased relatives. We then went on to Pleasant Valley on Pleasant Creek, west of Capital Wash. He was very disappointed because the floods had so widened and washed out the creek bed to such an extent that the area where his home had stood was entirely washed away. We then started to enter Capital Wash, but a threatening thunderstorm caused us to abandon the idea of going into the canyon.

We then visited Boulder Mountain, the main object of our trip. We visited the old "Wild Cat" dairy where he used to help with the dairy chores. We went a little way up the mountainside. Again, Father was disappointed, for this had been a dry year and only the stubble remained of a once luxurious growth of grass. There was water in the old creek, but the creek bed was much trampled compared to what it used to be when he was a boy. We parked the car because of the bad road, and walked on up the mountain. [We] passed the creek to [the place] where he had once had his camp and his tent while herding sheep when he was a boy, where his Angel Sister had visited him when he was very sick. He tells of this incident on page 69 herein. We walked a short distance along the side of the mountain, near the slope of a small ravine. Father stated that he had a much worn copy of the Book of Mormon he often carried and read from. He thought very much about it, and desired to know of a surety for himself concerning its divine origin, and its truthfulness.

As we stood here, he related this sacred incident as he told me the story. "Right here! In front of us!" he said, "is where the sheep were grazing that morning. I was seated on an old stump about here, and read from the book, as the sheep peacefully grazed. My dog was lying just over there." He pointed to the places he spoke of. "The angel came from that direction." He pointed toward the south, towards a small group of leafy trees to our right. "He walked toward

me. He was in a white robe and I could see his bare feet. It seemed that they just barely touched the tops of the tall waving grass as he walked." The angel asked me if I wanted to know if the book was true, and I answered that I did. He assured me that it was true, for he was one of the characters of the book. He then walked away from me, going in the same direction he came from. Father stated that as the angel walked away from him he simply disappeared or vanished before him. He told me that the angel stated that he was Moroni.

Father and I stood in silence for some time after he told me these things. Then, still in silence, we walked back to the car. Father seemed very deep in thought.

At the time of our trip, I believe that Father sensed that his days on this earth were near an end, but I had no idea that he was so near to the end of his mortal life, or I would have made more than just mental notes of our conversation. Later, as we traveled home, Father told me how grateful he was for having been able to visit his old home again, even though things were not as he had known them.

Chapter One

CHAPTER TWO

AUTOBIOGRAPHY of S. C. YOUNG, 1938

Salt Lake City, Utah, April 5, 1938:
I was born at Glendale, Utah (so Father says in his record, although in all of my records, I have it recorded as Orderville, which is three miles from Glendale) on April 24, 1877. Father was in England at the time. His name was John Ray Young, born at Kirtland, Ohio, April 30, 1837 [the] son of Lorenzo Dow and Persis Goodall Young. My mother was Tamar Jane Black, daughter of William Marley (Marley being a self-chosen name) [spelled Morley elsewhere], and Amy Jane Washburn Black. She was born at Manti, Utah, May 1, 1852. They [her family] lived in a wagon box set on two logs, [and] sheltered by a large wagon cover or canvas.

When I was about six weeks old, I was blessed by Howard O. Spencer. On May [no day given] 1885, I was baptized in the Fremont (Dirty Devil) River, near the mouth of the south desert or Albert's Trail, as it was often called. This is in Wayne County. We lived at Lyman, Pleasant Creek, and on Boulder Mountain. Father owned the Wild Cat Ranch. We went [to] Mancos (lame-on-the-front-feet), Colorado, in March 1890. Here Hattie (so she was called) died April 11th, the day she was 18 years old, leaving a son 10 days old. She [had] married Eugene D. Buchanan. [Now, about Mother] turn back to December 25, 1889: While spending the winter at Huntington, Utah, Mother's last child was born: a son, who died in February 1890.

Mother, with all her family except myself, went to Mancos. I was left with the sheep herd. It was the last part of June, or fore-part of

Chapter Two

July, while I was alone on the Boulder Mountain, I met with a very painful accident, which resulted in my passing or witnessing one of the grandest experiences ever witnessed by a human being.

Father moved two of his families to Mexico in the fall and early winter of 1890. We located at Dublan [and] spent the summer of 1891 building [on the] railroad 35 to 70 miles south of Deming, New Mexico. We [were paid] nothing for our work. I was ordained a deacon in the spring. In March 1892, the folks, while on their way to Deming, had a sad accident: the accidental discharge of a gun. The ball shattered Father's left arm, tore the flesh from the thigh of Ray's left leg, passed directly through the head of May's baby (which was nursing), and buried itself in May's breast. In August, Father moved Mother and three of us boys to Fruitland, New Mexico, where we farmed, dug ditch, and freighted. On this trip, while passing between Gallup, New Mexico, and Fruitland, we had a narrow escape of having trouble with the Navajos. They were hateful, and followed us a day and a night.

When 16 years old [1893], I was ordained a teacher. In 1896 I decided things would be more pleasant if I went away from home. This was stopped by overhearing Mother pray for me. My [mother was] one of the most wonderful persons I ever knew. In September 1897 at Ramah, New Mexico, I married Clara Johnstun. Her father was a Mannanbatattan boy. Her mother [was] an orphan from England [and] was in the ill-fated handcart company of 1856. Clara and I drove a team to Manti, went through the temple December 15, 1897. She [Clara] died on our way home, at Monticello, Utah, January 16, 1896, and [was] buried at Fruitland on the 23rd.

October 10, 1899, Laura Tietjen and I were married in the Salt Lake Temple. We had six children. One died by [accident]. [Laura was the daughter of] Ernest A. Tietjen, founder of Ramah, New Mexico, [also] being bishop there and president of the Navajo Mission, and Emma Christensen Pedersen Tietjen.

I spent 1912-1913 in the Northern States Mission. Three of the children filled missions. In all, we spent eight and a half years in this work at a cost of cash and time of about $13,000.00. This was well

spent. I have worked in the bishopric, the superintendency of the Sunday School, the Mutual, and [of the] teachers and deacons [quorums]. [Also I have been:] Civil U. S. Deputy marshal, deputy sheriff, constable, forest ranger, and game warden.

The greatest thing I have is this: I know the Gospel [and the Church] of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is true. [I know] that there is a here-after that we exist and move [in, and that we] work and talk after death. [I know] that the Angel Moroni is a reality and does exist, that the Book of Mormon is true, that our temple work is accepted on the other side. God has blessed us wonderfully, and may he continue to [do] so.

My blessing I bestow on my family,
S. C. Young

Chapter Two

CHAPTER THREE

THE STORY OF AUNT CLARA

This was originally a letter to his son Raymond, date unknown.

Dear Raymond,

I want to do what I can to encourage you in your having faith and confidence in the leaders of the Church, and as an aim in this direction I wish to relate a blessing which was given to your Aunt Clara when she was a baby and see how it was fulfilled and show you how we worked and toiled to do the things we were taught, especially by our mothers, to be the right. But first, I want to commend you for your earnest endeavor to live a clean upright life, trying to do the things which your Church leaders ask you to do and, in this way you honor and sustain them in their offices.

That you may see what we have done, and the way we had to do it, and the things we had to pass through in doing these things, I will tell the story of her life in some detail.

In March [probably the 9th] of 1878 at Sunset, Arizona, a baby girl was born to William J. Johnstun and Ellen Perks Johnstun, to whom they gave the name of Clara.

Brother Johnstun was with the "Mormon" Battalion, and was one of the men who found the gold in California.

Sister Johnstun was Ellen Jane Perks from England. She was an orphan, and crossed the plains in the ill-fated hand-cart company of 1856. [not verifiable]

Chapter Three

In early Sept. of 1878, Wilford Woodruff attended the stake conference at Sunset, after which he was to go on to the Salt River Valley and visit the settlements down there, but as he had a week of spare time, he decided to spend that week in the mountain at what is now called Mormon Lake. He, with Lot Smith, were making up a list of the people who were to go on this pleasure trip, and Brother and Sister Johnstun were among the number.

Bro. Woodruff met Bro. Johnstun and spoke to him about it, and Bro. Johnstun said, "Well, it is just as Ellen says." So the two men went to the Johnstun home, and Bro. Woodruff told Sister Johnstun what was wanted, and she replied, "Why, I would give anything to go, but I can't. My baby is sick. She has a bad case of whooping cough, and I would not dare take her out."

Bro. Woodruff asked to see the baby, and asked if he could take her up, which he did. Then he said, "Isn't she a sweet little darling?" and began to bless her: He rebuked the disease in the name of the authority he held, telling the disease to depart, and never return, promising health and strength, and life to grow to womanhood, and to be a bright and shining light for good among her associates, and to receive her blessings in the house of the Lord. Then, he laid the baby down and turned to Sister Johnstun and told her to get ready for the trip, and said, "The baby will be all right."

So the trip was taken, and the baby never had another spell of coughing.

As the years went by, she worked in the Primary, Sunday School, and the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association and the Relief Society. And on September 13th 1897 at Ramah, New Mexico, we were married by Bishop Samuel E. Lewis, and then we went to Fruitland to live. I was the proud owner of eight acres of land, a team of horses, one of which was a two-year old colt, and a harness and wagon.

We at once began to plan to visit the temple that fall. We had no money with which to pay our expenses, and a ticket on the railroad

would have cost nearly a hundred dollars, and there was two of us, which meant two railroad tickets, and such an amount of money was out of the question with us. So we decided to go by team, to Manti. This would not take much money, and as for time, we had a lifetime before us. In order to get the money to pay our expenses on this trip, I began making trips to different places for freight as I could break away from the farm work. The farm belonged to Father, and he being a cripple, depended upon me to do most of the work on his farm. My team was small, and the roads were rough, so at best my earnings were small.

On one trip I got some cloth and a little clothing. On another trip, I got a wagon cover, and broke a wagon wheel, which had to be rebuilt, and that took all of the money made on that trip. I made another trip with no success, then I went to Gallup, New Mexico, and was returning much encouraged. The last night out, I camped about 15 miles from home on an open ridge, as there was a small pond of water there, caused by a rain of a few days before. Early the next morning, I got breakfast, started, and went off a short distance to water the horses.

Firewood was very scarce, so my campfire was very small. My wagon and bed was off some distance from the fire. The bed was rolled up and ready to be thrown into the wagon. While I was gone, a sharp gust of wind suddenly arose and blew the fire around, and when I returned, I found the bedroll afire which ruined my new wagon cover, and almost ruined the bed. As soon as I got home, I told the young wife that bad luck seemed to be on my trail, and that as I had ten dollars on hand and winter was at hand, we would start for Manti in two days. That would be November 15th, and it was more than 450 miles to the temple and [there were] two ranges of mountains to cross. My two-year old colt was worn out with hard work, but we made a start, just after dinner, and as we were leaving home, we met a neighbor who said, “Sammie, you had better give it up and wait until spring, as winter is on, and you will never make it.” I replied, “We are going to go if I have to put the girl on Pet [the older horse] and I have to walk and lead her.” Brother Johnstun was living with us, and, of course, was making the trip to Manti with us.

Chapter Three

The second night out, we camped on the La Plata just under Red Mesa. The next morning, we had not gone far, when I noticed the young horse was not feeling well, [so] we put a short stay chain on Pet and kept on going. We passed Mancos and Monticello, but before we were able to reach Moab, the snow was six or eight inches deep. At Moab we spent the night with Bishop Mont Peterson, who was very kind to us, and let us have a sack of corn, and we were to send him his money later on.

We left Moab in the morning on Thanksgiving Day, and by night fall, we were all of 15 miles from Moab. The road was muddy and the weather was cold and the country was open, bleak, and void of wood. We had passed Courthouse Rock and the sun was down. I saw off at a distance a cove in the hill or rock, where the ground was dry and I was sure there must be a water hole there, and also a dry-topped cedar tree. So we drove over to it and spent a very pleasant night in this place. It was a camping place to be thankful for. When we crossed Grand River, the man at the ferry boat was very kind to us, and only charged us 25 cents, when the regular charge was 75 cents.

We forded Green River three days later. This was Sunday morning. We drove to a farm and got feed and a place to camp, and rested for the day. Here we got some hay to take on our way, and this took the last cent of money we had and we were two-thirds of the way to Manti, and we were only able to travel about 15 miles a day. At the Buckhorn Flat, we were visited by another snow storm, which piled up the snow until we were hardly able to travel at all, and the young horse was so worn out that we could hardly get him along. We also ran out of horse feed and had to hobble the horses out one night. But lucky for us, two teams from Orangeville loaded with oats came along early the next morning, and we got a sack of oats from them, and sent him his money later on.

A man with a good buckboard and a good team going to Huntington passed us and let Brother Johnstun ride to Huntington with him. They told my brother Silas about our condition, and the next morning Silas came out with a good team, and pulled us in to his home where we were taken good care of. I had lots of good relations

at Huntington, and as soon as they heard of us, they came and gave us all the help we could ask for. We [also] received a letter and five dollars from Mother. Uncle George Gale came and got the young horse and cared for him. Uncle Lorenzo Young let us take a good horse to drive to Manti, and Uncle Charley Black got us a light wagon for the trip.

We were treated kindly by the people we met between Huntington and Manti, where we arrived December 13th, and were made welcome at a Brother Breathwait's home. He was a distant relative of Brother Johnstun. We went to the temple December 15th and received our blessings. I did several days work there for Sister Lydia Taylor. She was Hiram Taylor's mother, and a neighbor of ours on the San Juan. We received $25 from Mother. December 24th we attended one session at the temple and in the late afternoon we started for home.

The snow was deep and the road was rough. We spent the night with some of Brother Johnstun's friends at Sterling. Brother Johnstun remained here. The next day, while out a few miles from Salina, we broke the reach of the wagon, but with the aid of our ropes, we reached Salina and stopped with Nate Lewis, with whom we [had] spent a night on our way to Manti. We repaired the broken reach, and the next morning went on our way. We now had one dollar and five cents in cash, but we had done the work we had started out to do, and we felt very thankful.

A man in Salina heard of us, and came and told us not to try to go up Salina Canyon, as the crossing of the creek at the narrows was dangerous, and that two days before, a light buggy with two men in it had broken through the ice, and came nearly [to] drowning one of the men when the buggy tipped over. That was the only [way] to go, so we would have to go that way. A kind-hearted man let us have some hay, and we drove on.

The team was fat, so we made good time. When we reached the narrows I left the wagon and walked out to the side of the road to the creek. Here the bank was several feet high, and to be sure I did not fall off [the] steep bank, I sat down and slid down the bank, which

proved to be only a steep bank. I found the ice on the creek strong and good at this place, which was about 100 yards below the bad crossing which we had been warned of.

A reef of rock some five feet high, or possibly higher came out of the hill on one side of the creek, crowding the water over against the bluff on the other side of the creek, and this made a very bad crossing, and at this time [it] was awfully bad. I soon learned that the snow had drifted in under this reef of rock and had filled in so as to cover up the large rocks below the reef and made a gentle slope up and over the reef, and was packed in hard and crusted on top. Now, if the snow over the reef would only hold the horses up all would be well. There was only one thing to do, and that was to try. At the bottom of the reef, I took the team off the wagon, [and] drove them over the reef. (I should have told [you] that one of the horses broke through the snow at the top of the reef, but its front feet and the most of its weight was over the reef, so the horse was able to get on over the reef.) Then with a long chain, and the halter ropes I hitched the team to the end of the wagon tongue, and then by pulling the wagon up a few feet and blocking it while I got a shorter hitch, the wagon at last was pulled above the reef. The smooth ground above the reef was only a few feet long. (That is why we had to block the wagon, and get a shorter hitch so many time.) This we did and succeeded very well, although we did break through the snow. And [we] were soon back in the road, and on we went. Night soon came, and we found, on top of the divide, a dry spot of ground where we and the horses crowded in together and spent a cold but pleasant night.

The roads were in fairly good condition, and we made good time, and in three days, we reached Huntington. Here we got a letter with five dollars in it from Mother, and Father had written to the co-op store at Huntington and arranged for us to [buy] 500 pounds of oats from them. We visited a few days. And then with our own team, which was now in good condition, and wagon, five sacks of oats, hay enough for three or four days for the team, and some flour and dry salt side bacon for ourselves, and accompanied by Dow Young and his riding horse, [we] started for home. When we reached Green River, we found the ice on the river had broken up and had lodged against the Denver and Rio Grande railroad bridge 'til the water was

several feet deep, and had spread out over the land on each side of the river, and [so] to cross the river was out of the question, and we were at a loss as to what to do.

It was night so, of course, we camped. We got hay at a farm a short distance north of the railroad depot. During the late evening, a man came to our camp and said he had heard of our wanting to cross the river, and he had come to tell us of a place 12 miles up the river where he had crossed the river two days before, and he believed the ice at that place was still good, and the only place where it was good. There was nothing else to do but go up the river to this place, so in the morning we drove up the river, following the wagon tracks of our friend, there being no wagon road to follow; but, we at last reached the place.

At this place, the river struck the north side of a hill which was almost a bluff, and made a sharp turn to the east, and we had to go down this steep hill onto the ice. I left the team [at the top of the hill], took the ax and went down to examine the ice and conditions generally. The ice was good and the bank on the opposite side of the river was smooth, so I went back for the wagon and team. I took a chain which I always carried with me, and put a good rough lock on one hind wheel of the wagon, and drove down the hill, but as soon as I reached the ice, I stopped and took off the rough lock, and I took the team off the wagon and took the team apart. I took the chain and hitched Pet to the end of the wagon tongue, putting her out full length of the chain from the wagon, so as to avoid having much weight at any one place. Dow led the other two horses. Clara caught my hand, and we started across the river with our outfit strung out until it reached half-way across the river, but we crossed in peace and safety, for which we were very thankful. We gave the horses a good feed of oats, ate our dinner of baking powder bread and fried dry salt side bacon, and having put the great, and I will say, dangerous, obstruction behind us, we started down the river.

Soon we came to a traveled wagon road, and was able to travel three or four miles an hour, and about sundown, wee camped at a farm, where we got hay for our horses. This ended another hard day's travel, and yet we were only one mile from the place we had left

early that morning. The following morning we got hay enough to feed our horses two nights, and started for Moab, which place we expected to reach in three days, as the distance was only 65 miles. Clara told me she did not feel well, and seemed to be tired and weary. A few miles out from Green River, we found the road a little muddy, caused by the frost leaving the ground; and that blue clay country is awfully sticky when it is muddy, so our progress was slow. The morning of the third day we were out quite a distance from Moab and a cold blizzard, or snow and wind, was on. All day we traveled in this storm through a bleak open country. It was cold and bad. By traveling long after dark, we reached some rough broken hills, seven miles north of Moab, where the wind could be broken by the hills, and there were a few stray scattered cedar trees, if you could find the trees.

We camped, gave the horses part of the hay we had for them. Leaving Clara in the bed we had fixed for her in the wagon, where she had been all day, Dow and I went in search of the lonely tree to get some wood, so we could bake some bread, so we could have supper. In 15 or 20 minutes we returned with all the wood we could carry, and was building a fire, when Clara called to me. I went to the wagon to see what she wanted. She asked if it was me, and if we, Dow and I, were both back to the wagon. She went on and said, "You have had an awful time getting that wood, and you have been gone an awful long time. How did you keep from freezing to death?" I told her we had only been gone a few minutes and had had no trouble in finding wood, and that Dow now had a good fire started, and every thing was all right.

She then asked what became of those "three men". When I told her we had not seen any men, she answered with surprise and said, that three men had been at the wagon twice and told her we had to go so far to find wood that we had got lost, and I had frozen to death and Dow had fallen off a ledge and that neither one of us would ever get back to camp alive, and that the last time they were at the wagon, they had laughed at her. We baked some bread and ate supper, and went to bed. For the rest of the night, nothing uncommon happened, and at last morning came. As the night passed, the wind went down,

and when morning came, it was still and quiet, but the snow was several inches deep.

We reached Grand River the first one [first day] after the ice had cleared away enough so as to let the ferry boat be used. We got a few things, or some flour and bacon and hay, at Moab, and started on toward Monticello. There was but little travel on the road, and as we neared the Blue Mountains, the snow got deeper, and our progress was slow. One night we camped in the lower part of the Peter's Hill Canyon. Here the snow was deep and the road was not very well broken. We were up late, as Clara was pretty much under the weather. We were startled by hearing a man calling “hello” and soon a man walking came to our camp. He was walking between two places, Coyote, near the La Salle Mountains and Carlisle Ranch, near, but south of the top of Peter's Hill, and had met with some mistake in directions. And added to this, the snow grew deeper as he neared Peter's Hill. And having no road to follow, he became discouraged, and had almost decided to give up, when he came in to our road, and followed on until he came to our camp.

We were intending, when six miles north of Monticello, to take the left hand road, and go to Piute Spring, and miss Monticello. After we had eaten dinner, near Carlisle Ranch, and at the forks of the road, Aunt Clara thought she wanted two or three little things, so we got Dow to ride to Monticello to get them and then ride across the country to the north-east to the road we were to travel, then follow us to camp for the night. After he left, Aunt Clara came to me and put her arms around my neck, and asked if I was in a hurry, and if I had time to take her to Monticello. She said she wanted to rest a few days and “Then,” she said, “you can go on.” She asked about Dow's safety. I told her how Dow would follow us around and come to us that evening at Monticello, and that he would be all right, so we changed our plan and drove to Monticello, and stopped with Bishop Fred Jones, who received us kindly. Dow found us all right. I had met Bishop Jones two or three times at stake conferences. When I drove up to his house, I went in the house and told him of our condition, he replied by saying, “No sick woman can pass my house!” and all the family made us welcome.

Chapter Three

During the last few days, Clara had been very poorly, and a number of times she had asked me not to go away and leave her alone, as almost as sure as I did, those three men would come and tease her. At Bishop Jones' we were given a room just across the aisle from brother and sister Jones' room. Not long after we had gone to bed, I went to sleep, and suddenly Clara began to jump and rage, at times jumping almost to the ceiling and screaming at the same time. I was frightened and did not know what to do, as I had never seen such a thing before. I ran to Brother Jones' room and called him, [and] he came at once and, after getting his hands on her body, he rebuked, by the authority of the Priesthood which he held, the power of the evil one, but it seemed to do no good. I then caught hold of her and Brother Jones put his hands on her head, and in a very firm voice, rebuked the evil one and commanded him to depart and never return again. In an instant, she lay down being still and quiet, but completely worn out from the effects of about two minutes of extreme exertion. She was not tormented again. While it is great to see the power and the authority of the Priesthood of Jesus Christ when exercised in the name of Jesus Christ, overrule and subdue the power of the evil one – a thing that I have witnessed several times since, I would suggest that you never desire to witness the power of the evil one upon the body of a person when the evil one is permitted to enter a mortal body.

She began now to be very sick and the good people did all they could for her relief, and gave every aid and assistance possible for them in their condition to do. On the way, before reaching Monticello, Dow and I had prayed as best we could for her, and she had received much relief through our humble efforts in her behalf. On January 15th she took a turn for the worse, and Brother Jones called for several of the brethren, who, when they had come, gathered around her bed and all kneeled in prayer. Then one of the brethren was asked to anoint her with oil, and another one of the brethren confirmed the anointing. After this was done, Bishop Jones asked: if any of the brethren present had the gift of healing, and if he was living in such a way that he could exercise the gift when needed. [And] if so, we want you to say so and come forward and exercise that gift in behalf of this woman, as something has got to be done if she is to live. You see her blood seems to have stopped flowing in her veins, [and] you see

how dark her skin is. A man, I think his name was Perkins, but I am not sure, said, “He did not desire to boast or to exalt himself, but he had always tried to live a clean, upright life, but [was] a human being and has many faults, but the Lord has been merciful to him, and many times with his own family and neighbors, he had administered to the sick in the authority of the Priesthood which he holds, and in the name of Jesus Christ, and the results have been wonderful.” Bishop Jones said, “That is enough; come forward.” Again the brethren laid their hands on her, and this man led in the prayer that was offered. In a few minutes the dark color of her skin began to disappear, and soon the natural bright color of her skin returned, and she went to sleep.

Later, Bishop Jones came to me and said, “Brother, if I understand the impression of the Spirit correctly, you must prepare yourself to meet the worst, because the last must come, and you must prepare to meet it.” I told him I did not think the blessing given her by Brother Woodruff, which I had related to him, had been fulfilled, and so I did not think her time had come to depart this life had come. In the morning of [Sunday] January 16th, Bishop Jones sent word out, asking the people of the ward to observe a special fast and prayer for her, which most of the families did. In Sunday School and in the afternoon sacrament meeting, she was remembered in their prayers. The Bishop did not leave the house during the day. I think it was about 2:00 PM [when] the Bishop came to me and said, “Brother, the last must come, but you are in the way, and you must get yourself out of the way by giving up and let[ting] her go, and [so] relieve her of this awful pain and suffering.” I said, “Brother, I am in the Lord's hands for Him to do with me as He sees best, and whatever He does will be all right with me, and I will not complain, but as long as there is life there is hope.” The Bishop replied, saying, “That is all right, that is enough.” Then he went away from me. It was now 3 o'clock p.m. She called to me, and I sat down by the bed and took her hand, and almost at once her spirit departed, leaving her with a very beautiful, pleasant, contented smile on her face, and in every way she was as natural as life.

Now my dear son, I have told you in as short a way as I can, the story of the blessing given to her, when she was a small baby, and

what she passed through in the fulfillment of the blessing, as I can. I have told it in a rough way, but I have told it in an honest, truthful way, and I hope it will be an aid to you in assisting in directing your life in harmony with the teachings of the Gospel and being forever in harmony with the leaders of this Church, for the teachings of the Church are true and correct, and the authorities of this Church are true servants of God.

Let us not stop here, but follow the remains of our dear one to its last resting place. At once the good people, under the directions of Bishop Jones, were busy. The sisters were preparing clothing for the burial, and two of the brethren began work on the coffin, and at noon the next day, which was Monday, the body, which was ready for burial, was placed in the wagon. And with the aid of another team and wagon, which went with us to haul hay for us and to break the road through the snow, which was two feet deep, we started for home. And [we] camped that night at Piute Springs, which was twenty miles east of Monticello. That night as darkness came on, we reached Piute Springs. Early the following morning, we broke camp, the team returning to Monticello, and we for home. At Cortez, Colorado, the snow was six inches deep, and from there on to Fruitland, we had every thing from snow and mud to dry roads, but very little dry road. It was about 150 miles from Monticello to Fruitland, but we were able to make the distance in a little less than five days time, but I can not understand how we did it with the roads in such a bad condition. On the afternoon of January 23rd, 1898, her remains were laid to rest in the graveyard on the hill at Fruitland, where for four years I, by hard work, sometimes carrying water in buckets, for a mile, left some roses and other flowers growing. Then on account of ill health, I moved away.

The following is copied from the Burnham Ward record. Elder John R. Young, Ward Clerk.

Sunday, January 13th, 1898.

Funeral services over the remains of Sister Clara Johnstun Young were held at 2 p.m. in the meeting house. Bishop James B. Ashcroft presiding.

Choir sang: "God Is Love"

Elder Ira Hatch offered a short, but touching prayer.

Choir sang: "The Resurrection Day"

Elder Hans Bayliss, of Bluff City, Utah, and Elders Luther C. Burnham, William G. Black, and Bishop Ashcroft gave instructive and consoling remarks, after which 12 vehicles followed the remains to the Fruitland Cemetery.

The dedicatorial prayer was offered by First Counselor of the ward bishopric, William G. Black.

The day was very cold, causing the ceremonies to be somewhat brief. The departed was the wife of Elder Samuel C. Young. They had just visited the Manti Temple, and received their blessings and sealing. She died at Monticello, Utah, while on their way home. Brother Young had the sympathy of the entire community.

Chapter Three

CHAPTER FOUR

THE STORY OF LAURA JOSEPHINE TIETJEN

Three accounts of her life

Chatper Four

Account One

AUTOBIOGRAPHY of LAURA JOSEPHINE TIETJEN 1939

Salt Lake City, Utah, April 8, 1939.
I was born in New Mexico, March 17, 1880. At the time there were just three families living there with Indians for their neighbors. My father was called, with a man by the name of Burnham, on an Indian Mission in New Mexico. He lived there till he died, and most of his children married and live in New Mexico. We all learned to talk the Indian language, so we became very friendly with them. My mother would take us on a visit to their camps. We always walked, and enjoyed it. They would cook us a warm meal, and then take us to their gardens and we would eat watermelons. On Sunday, the people would go to their camps and have a meeting. When I was seven years old, we all went to one of these meetings. My mother would stand on one side of the room. The bishop [would stand] at the other. His name was McNeil. He would give the sermon; my mother would tell the Indians what he said. At these gatherings they would pass the sacrament around. Some of these natives had been baptized. At this time, as soon as the meeting was over, they gave us dinner. I watched them cook it. They killed a lamb by cutting its throat. [By] catch[ing] the blood in a pan, [they would] make bread using the blood instead of water.

Some time later, some more people came to our little town. My father, with their help, built a dam just below this little place, so we moved from this place below the dam, in a wide flat [area]. We called it Ramah. People had large farms and not good fences, so the Indians' horses would break in on their grains. [Some] neighbors by the names of Bond and Harris put their [the Indians'] horses in [the]

stray pens. This made the Indians very angry. They were on the war-path and were coming to kill us all. These Mormon men took my mother, with us girls with her (Annie, Laura, Olga), to make peace with the Indians, as my mother (Emma C.) could talk their language and [she was] a great friend to them. From Ramah [we went] about three miles. As we looked up a draw, we could see the Indians with their guns. The men (Bond and Harris) stopped their team and my mother with us little girls, went to face the Indians. I thought it great fun and had no fear of them. They with their guns were laying behind rocks, pointing [their guns] towards us. My mother asked them if they were going to shoot her. They answered: No; she was their friend, but for her to get out of the road so they could kill the men down in that wagon. So my mother began to talk to them, and soon they put their gun[s] up and were at peace with the white people again. When I was 19, I met my husband (S. C. Young). We traveled with team and buggy to Salt Lake City to be married in the temple. His father and sister were with us. We were on the road many days.

Laura Josephine Tietjen Young

Account Two

THE STORY OF LAURA JOSEPHINE TIETJEN

(written in 1950, by Samuel C. Young)

On the 17th day of March, 1880, [Laura was born] in a little town of six or eight families who were living in log houses, by the name of Sovoia, in the county of Valencia, now McKinley, in the state of New Mexico:

The little town stood on a small ridge some 300 yards west of the wash, or stream bed, and a mile north of where the water comes off the mountain, and [this is] six miles north of the present town of Ramah. But this was before the town of Ramah was started. In this little town stood a small log house which consisted of one room, with an inside measurement of 14 by 16 feet (or is it possible the measurement of this room was 16 by 18 feet) with a door and a small window on the east side, and a window of not a very large size on the south side of the house, and a fairly large fireplace on the north. The chimney to this fireplace was built on the outside of the house so as to avoid taking up the precious space in the room. The roof of this house was covered with dirt, while the floor was made of common rough lumber of different widths. This log house had for three years provided shelter from the rain, snow, and wind in winter, and warmth from the winter's cold blasts, and cooled the burning rays of the summer sun.

In this house, on the 17th of March, 1880, was born to Ernst A. and Emma C. (Pedersen) Tietjen, a baby girl, the second one to come to their humble home, and to whom they gave the name of Laura Josephine. The mother was the second wife in Brother Tietjen's family.

The Tietjen family were the original settlers of this little town, and the first white settlers in this part of the country, in a radius of 25 miles. And as far as I have been able to learn, they were the first family of Latter-day Saints to settle within the boundary of the state of New Mexico. The Tietjen family settled at Sovoia in November, 1878, in response to a call made of them three years before by President Brigham Young to go and live among the Navajo Indians, and be missionaries among those people.

In the fall of that year, 1880, the family moved to the present site of Ramah and started to build that town. Here the new baby thrived, grew, and lived the first sixteen years of her life. The family was poor to the extreme, and of course, their daily fare was of the most common, coarse, but wholesome variety. Their bread often times was made of flour that was ground on the little hand coffee mill (as they were called) by the children. [The bread was] accompanied by potatoes and gravy. The rough corners of the bread would be smoothed over with a liberal coating of butter and washed down by drinking freely of the fresh milk which was supplied by the good cow, which was milked each morning, then turned out of the corral on the open hills to hunt for a living until night came, when she would be brought back to the corral, where she would be milked again, and kept for the night. Meat was reasonably plentiful. Fruit was very scarce and sugar and candy were often talked of, and wished for, but seldom enjoyed. The children were taught while young that they must take part in the work, not only in keeping of their rough log house clean, and washing and mending their limited amount of clothing, but to take care of the garden, from the preparing of the ground, to the harvesting of what was raised, and the work was often extended to help their father in the field. In all of this work, the children were taught by example and words of kindness. I do not think they were ever punished by being whipped.

Laura, the first few years of her life, was called by the pet name of "Lola". With the other children of the town, she went to school. [That was] some times, when they had a chance. Schools in those early days were not provided by the county and state as they are today, in 1950. School was held in the one room log house that was

used by the ward for [the] holding of all meetings in the Ward, and dances, and the school. The teacher often received as much as 30 or 35 dollars a month, and besides teaching the school, the teacher saw that the wood (which the men hauled) was chopped and the fire kept burning, the floor swept. And any thing that was for the interest of the school was looked after by the teacher. Often times the parents complained because the teacher got up a school program, claiming that the minds of the children, while preparing the parts for these programs, were taken from their school work of reading, spelling, and arithmetic.

To raise the money to pay the teacher for her work, each student of the school was charged a fee for attending the school, which often amounted to three dollars and 50 cents a month, and when the parents of a student could not pay the monthly fee, the child could not go to school. Sometimes these schools were kept going by some member of the ward teaching the school for a month, or even a week, at a time, then some other person would teach for a while. Sometimes the teacher would be one of the larger, or most advanced students of the school, in which case they received no pay. In schools of this kind, the subject of this sketch reached what now would be called the sixth grade. Her mother, in her determination to see that her children had the advantage of these schools would go, when she could get the chance, and do a week's washing for a large family, and mop the floor after the washing had been done, for a whole fifty cent piece.

When she was 16 years old, she went to Bluewater, New Mexico, and spent the winter with her half sister of the same age, her father having moved his first family to that place in 1895. Part of this winter was spent in teaching her younger brothers and sisters in her father's family school. In 1896 her mother's family was moved to Bluewater. In Bluewater, her father got a large farm and she was looked upon as being a good hand in the field. In the spring of 1899, she was permitted to go to Fruitland on the San Juan River to spend the summer with her older sister who had married and was living there. Here she met S. C. Young, whom she married on the tenth day of October, 1899 in the Salt Lake Temple, the marriage ceremony being performed by Elder John R. Winder. The trip from

Fruitland, New Mexico, to Santaquin, Utah, and back to Fruitland was made by team. At Santaquin, the team was left at the home of a brother Anderson, whose wife was a distant relative of her mother's and the trip from Santaquin to Salt Lake City and back to Santaquin was made on the train. The young couple spent about four months of the following winter at Bluewater with her folks. Although she had married, she was still with a poor family, and poverty and hard times still prevailed.

On the fourth day of July 1901, at nine o'clock in the evening, her first baby, a boy, was born. A bounding strong boy, who was given the name of Wilford Thomas. In the spring of 1903, on account of poor health in her family [her husband], they moved from Fruitland, where they had lived up [to] this time, to Bluewater. Poverty in Bluewater became so oppressive that often times it came to a point of almost suffering for the want of the most common articles of food and clothes.

On the 12th day of November, 1909, she lost her two and one-half year old son, Hubert Samuel, by fire. She is in no way, whatever, responsible for this accident. That rests with the father.

For a number of years there was no water in Bluewater for irrigating the land, beyond a very few acres, and water for the house was often hauled in barrels, by team, as far as five miles, as there often times was no water of any kind nearer than that. And lots of times, this water would be dipped out of a pond, at the end of a small stream, in the canyon that was so rough that a wagon could go no further, and while the water was being dipped up with a bucket and put into the barrel, there may be a herd of sheep and from 50 to 100 head of cattle and horses drinking out of the same little pond of water. In 1907 a well 190 feet deep was drilled on her lot near the house. When the pump and a windmill with a small water tank was completed, the cost of it all amounted to 800 dollars, which was worked out at small wages beginning in 1905, and was mostly paid off in 1909. Hard times in Bluewater were everlasting and never came to the last end.

She [was] opposed to leaving Bluewater, as her folks lived there, and she seemed to like the country, and she believed it was wrong to leave the place, and when she thought anything was right, she would stick to it, even facing death, if necessary, without flinching. Five of her six children were born in Bluewater, in the little lumber shack that was built for her in 1903. In 1908 it seemed that the hard oppressive condition began to ease up a little, and the family began to get ahead a little by [their] getting a few head of cows around them[selves]. During 1910 the husband was with the Forest Service, and in 1911 he was with the American Lumber Company, working as Standing Timber Estimator.

In December 1911 he went on a mission for his church to the northern states, returning in December 1913. During the time of this mission she was at home struggling and slaving beyond her strength to keep the family and the missionary going. The beauty of it is: She succeeded. In 1921 or 1922 a small contract to carry the mail on horseback from Bluewater to Deiner, going over the top of the Zuni Mountain (a distance of 18 miles) was taken.

In April 1923 Wilford went on a mission, going to the Central States. Wilford had been doing most of the work of carrying the mail. When he went away it made it necessary for us to shift our working plan some. In making this change, it so happened that she, often times, in order to keep some of our work going, had to carry the mail. The horse used on this work, and often the only horse on the place, was known to be a bad bucker. When she first saw that conditions made it necessary for her to ride that horse and carry the mail, it scared here half to death, as she was a poor hand on a horse. But her son's remaining in the mission field depended upon the money received from the carrying of that mail. Her boy must not come home on the excuse of no money. Duty called, and she must not fail. She did as she always did: She told the Lord of her condition, then she put the saddle on the horse and got on him and took the mail and away she went, returning in the evening safe and sound. The horse had not made an awkward move with her during the day, and during the many times she rode that horse and carried the mail, while Wilford was away on this mission, that horse was never known to make a bad move with her. But let Clara or I get on

that horse, and before the day was gone, we were almost sure to have a job of pulling leather.

Clara and Clifford have each filled missions, and she was always on hand to help in any way that was needed. No sacrifice was too great for her to make to keep the missionary in the field, until they were honorably released. Her children were always at their Primaries and Sunday Schools and Meetings, and she was there with them.

For years she worked in the organizations of the Church, and held several different offices in those organizations, and she helped those of her family to work in the offices of the Church as they were asked to work. Her remaining in Bluewater was a great blessing to her mother, who, as she began to advance in years, became poor in mind, and much of her strength left her. And for three years she had to watch over her mother as she would a little child, and she provided for the comforts of her mother, and took care of her after her death. She broke down two days before her mother's death and was sick in bed at the time. Living, as she did, a long way from any medical aid, she was often called upon to be with, and take care of a neighboring woman when her baby was born, and she handled every case well and successfully, and she never made a charge for what she did, and seldom was she ever made a present from the neighbor. In February 1925, her father was stricken with a stroke of paralysis and died a week later. During the time of his sickness, she was by his side most all the time. It was largely through her efforts that it was learned that carrots could be successfully grown in Bluewater, and helping to bring that industry into the valley. The same is true about potatoes.

In December 1941 her children sent their parents to Salt Lake City to work in the temple, and largely took care of them that winter. In April 1942 the parents returned to Bluewater to complete a contract with the state Agricultural College. During the winter of 1941-1942, things in Salt Lake City took a very unexpected turn. The parents found work in the temple, which furnished a small wage, not much, but enough for them to live on.

The first of November 1942, the work for the Agricultural College being finished, they returned to Salt Lake City and took up the work

in the temple, in helping to keep the building clean, and spent some time each day in doing endowment work for the dead. As time passed by she was placed in charge of the temple nursery, to care for the children who were brought to the temple to be sealed to their parents. Her wages were small, for a while being 30 dollars a month. Then they were raised five dollars a month. But she was careful and saved a little each month, and in time, she began to have research work done on her Father and Mother's family lines. She kept this up until in June 1950 she has spent more than $1,000 on that work, and has now had the work done for some five or six hundred of her dead ancestors. In all of her temple work she had been the means of having done [by] herself, or hiring the work done, for about 1,000 endowments, and the sealings for these people have been finished.

Adding to her hard work and worry, on the 5th of December 1946, a high ladder, on which her husband was working, slipped from under him and he fell 14 feet, striking on the steps of a hardwood floor, badly injuring the right side of his head. [Also,] the right shoulder and hip were injured, and three ribs broken. This happened on the balcony of the fifth floor. He was finally able to work his way to the nursery, where he was administered to by Charles R. Jones, assisted by Brother Caine, and then hurried to the LDS Hospital, where it seems to have been reported that the doctor who was sent to take care of him, said the patient had no possible chance of recovering, so there was no need of trying to do anything for him, and that he was to be permitted to have anything to eat that he wanted. Thus he lay. On the afternoon of the second day an X-ray picture was taken, revealing the broken ribs, and on the afternoon of the third day, bandages were put on him, and his diet was somewhat restricted. Before that, Wilford called several times each day, bringing him ice cream and milk shakes, all of which the patient was very fond of. She exerted herself and kept her work in the nursery going, and spent some time each day at the hospital, spending three nights there. In two weeks he was released from the hospital, and was taken to their room.

Again in the last days of December 1947, on Saturday morning at 10 o'clock, three blood boils which had gathered in his chest, broke, and they bled freely until 10 o'clock Sunday evening. Hours before the

bleeding had stopped, the husband had become so weak from the loss of blood, that the least effort on his part to move or to take care of himself [would cause him] to faint and lay where he happened to fall. [He could only] lay there until she came and took care of him. She kept her work in the nursery up, and gave him enough care to get him back to his strength, so that he was able to go on with his work in the first [part] of January 1948. To pacify the people, the doctor was called in on Wednesday, three days after the bleeding had stopped. [The doctor], after making some examinations said there was hardly one pint of blood left in the body.

On the 28th of August, after the husband had suffered for several months from an undetermined cause or source of trouble, although a number of doctors had failed to locate the cause of the trouble, a specialist located a cancer in the lower part of the body, and a cure, which required months of time, was taken up, with success. This course of treatment may have been making some progress toward bringing about a cure of the case, but the patient was suffering a great deal and was weak. The family were much concerned about him, when one Wednesday evening when Wilford came to the temple to assist with the ordinance work of the evening. In the prayer meeting held by the group of officiators to which he belonged, before they began their evening's work, the patient's case was taken up and a prayer was offered for him, and immediately a change for the better in the condition of the patient was noticed, and he rapidly improved.

The same is true of her (Laura) in a former case, when on the 18th day of May 1904, the husband, while working as a teamster for the American Lumber Company was kicked by a large horse, on the side of the right leg, driving the knee joint sideways out of place, laying him up for four months. In those days, a workman, as in this case, got no help from the company he was working for. Those were awfully hard, sorrowful days. May they never return.

Yes, she (Laura) has had some very bad sick spells, some of which were severe, but in all of them she has been a wonder. In her work in the nursery, she is doing a wonderful work in caring for the children which are brought to the temple to be sealed to their parents,

through her motherly way of winning the children over to her, and she is admired by all who come in contact with her in her work, for [her] wonderful way of controlling and caring for the children. Oftentimes as she is walking along the street, children will come to her and say, “Hello, Sister Young; Don't you remember me? You took care of me in the nursery when we went to the temple to be sealed to our parents.” May she be able to continue, as she is doing, in caring for the children, and in searching out the names of her dead ancestors, who have lived and died without the privilege of having heard of the saving power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and in doing their work for them in the temple.

SMALLPOX

The following is somewhat of a side-track from the subject at hand, yet the subject of this sketch was interested in this, and took part in it with the rest of us, and the information given here is useful to all who may become a victim to the disease.

During the winter of 1901-1902, a scourge of smallpox broke out in Fruitland, New Mexico, and we had a great time with it. In March 1902 the husband came down with the disease. He went to bed and was in bed four days, but was sick for a week or more. The cows, horses, and chickens had to be taken care of and she (Laura) looked after them. This took her out of the house a good deal. She and Wilford, who was not a year old, both came down with the disease. The baby was less fretful while outside, so she would take a quilt and spread it out on the ground on the sunny side of the haystack, and they got along nicely, and were through with the disease before the husband was.

We learned in dealing with the smallpox to never take any thing into the body that is heating, such as pepper teas, liquor, grease of any kind, or anything that is hot or heating, and [to] keep the patient where there is plenty of cool fresh air. Cold skim milk is a good food for a patient who has the smallpox. Cream of tarter with cold water is a good medicine for the smallpox. Among the Latter-day Saints at Fruitland that winter, there was more than 400 cases of this disease, and not a death. The town as a whole had some 600 cases of smallpox, and no deaths.

Two of our men, as they were coming down with it, said they would kill it, so they got drunk, and they came near killing themselves by doing so. These were the worst cases we had. Four other cases were severe. This was because the patients were put in a warm room near the fire, and all fresh air was cut off from entering the room. As

soon as this was corrected, the patients got well. One man went out in the field, and during the day, he would walk around and at night he would lay down on a tarpaulin, or wrap up in the tarpaulin, but he stayed outdoors all the time, and he got along in a wonderful way. We had no doctors with us. This disease was dubbed, by our neighboring towns as "The Fruitland Freckles". People from up the river, when hauling coal from the Fruitland coal mine (There was no other coal mine in the country.) had to pass the place. Some 15 of these people came down with the disease, and were cared for by good doctors, and from one-half to two-thirds of [those] patients died.

With this disease, a person breaks out with small boils, which as they mature turn white. This white is matter (pus), and these boils itch like the very dickens, and we are told that we must not scratch them, for if we do, the result will be that the patient will have pits, or scar marks on the body. This is a great mistake. To avoid being covered with pits, or smallpox marks, when the boil turns white and is itching awfully bad, take a sharp knife and cut the white of the boil off and scrape the matter (pus) out of the boil, and cover [it] over with a good salve. This may need to be repeated the second time, but very seldom three times. The reason why a person pits with the smallpox is: The matter (pus) in the boil is left in the boil and soon dries and becomes hard and settles in the skin. A new skin will always grow under the old skin. The new skin will grow under this dry matter (pus) which will come off with the old skin. The old skin always peels off, and the hole or pox mark will be left in the new skin. That is why people are left pitted with pox marks.

Account Three

MY LIFE

(an autobiography)

My father (Ernst Albert Tietjen) was born of German parents. The family, for business interests, had moved from Germany to Sweden, and [they] lived there until Father was ten years old. During this time, they had accepted the Gospel as taught to them by the Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. [Then] they immigrated to America, coming to Utah and settling at Santaquin in 1859. In 1864 Grandfather answered the call of the Church leaders asking for men and teams to volunteer to go to the Missouri River and help bring the poor saints who were at Winter Quarters, to Utah. Grandfather Tietjen put up a team of two yoke of oxen and a wagon, and sent my father (who was then sixteen years of age) to drive them. In 1873 Father received a letter from President Brigham Young, asking him to go on an Indian mission. The instructions in the letter said, "Locate as near as you can in the heart of the Navajo country in New Mexico. Learn their language, their habits, customs and ways. Teach them the Gospel and a better way of living."

Early in July of that year, Father married Olivia Erickson. Soon after this, in company with other missionaries, [he] left his young wife at home and started off on his mission. This company of missionaries went to where Tuba City, Arizona, was built later, and spent the summer and fall making adobes and building the first houses that were built at that place. Late in the fall, the missionaries returned to their homes in Utah. Father was a poor man, and he had to work hard to earn and save money so that he could buy an out-fit [so] that he could move to his field of labor somewhere in New Mexico.

In 1875 Father, on the recommendation made by others, [on behalf of] my mother, Emma K. Pedersen, sent money to Norway and paid the immigration expenses of my mother to Utah. A year later they were married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, Joseph F. Smith perform[ing] the ceremony, on the 20th day of October, 1876. And soon, Father and his two young families with an out-fit of two yoke of oxen, one wagon, two cows, and a little riding pony, began their journey to their new home wherever that was to be. But they did not know where that would be. Father was joined on this trip by Luther Clint Burnham and his family. These two [were] missionaries. After the Zuni Indian village of Pescado (Fish Springs) – the most eastern village of the Zuni Indians – [they went] some ten miles further and located at the south foothills of the Zuni Mountains on a little stream of water that came off the mountain. It is said that they were directed to this place by Lorenzo Hatch and John Hunt, who preceded them [by] some five months and [who] located at San Lorenzo, fifteen miles east of them [and] who were acting under the direction of Jose Pino (Joseph Pine), a Navajo who lived near the location. Lorenzo Hatch and John Hunt seem to [have been] the first Mormons (by about six months) to settle in the state of New Mexico.

Father and Brother Burnham named their new home, "Sovoia" ([Spanish:] onion). By 1878, the little town that began in November 1876 with two families, had grown to eight families, and [so] a branch was organized, with Father as presiding [elder] of the branch. At the same time, my mother was set apart as Ward Nurse. She was very successful in handling the outbreak of smallpox that came to the branch in 1878. Although there were a few deaths from that disease in the branch, this dreaded disease raged through the country [for] a year. Many of the people (Indians) died of the disease. Mother did not limit her work as nurse to the branch, but she went out among other people (the Indians) [and] wherever she went, the blessings of the Lord attended her in her work. Mother did not take the smallpox. My mother and father soon learned the Navajo Indian language and were able to speak the language as well as the Indians could. They were helped with the learning of the language by a Navajo Indian boy that [Father] had taken home with him from Tuba City in 1873. Father and Brother Burnham soon began to reach out in their missionary work, and trips were made among the Indians on the

reservation. These two men were on the San Juan River near where the town of Bluff City was built, before the pioneers of that place [later] reached the place in 1879.

I was the second child of my mother's family. I was born at Sovoia on the 17th of March, 1880. The people of Sovoia had an awful hard time in making a living. The people of Sovoia had some trouble with the Indians. This trouble was caused by the bitter anti-Mormon feeling that existed at Fort Wingate and other places where other churches had missionaries located. Father started the town of Ramah in 1880. (I must pass on and tell things that I remember.)

It was [a] common thing to see my mother with her two little girls (At first there was only one little girl, but as time passed, there were three little girls.) with a bundle on her back, walking over the hills on her way to some Indian camp where a new baby was expected. [There she intended] to take care of the sick woman when her baby was born. She never lost the life of a mother or [a] child. On some of these trips, we would be gone from home for several days at a time. Mother always took her children with her. She was never known to leave her children home alone.

In 1883, Father was ordained Bishop of the Ramah Ward. In 1885 he was set apart by Brigham Young, Jr., and Heber J. Grant, as President of the Navajo Indian Mission. He was never released from this position. As the years passed by, a lot of missionary work was done among the Indians. Near Ramah, meetings were often held among the Indians. When Father was at home, he would attend these meetings and take charge of them, and he would be the interpreter for the men who spoke at these meetings. When Father was away from home, my mother (who always took us girls with her) would go along with the men who had been appointed to hold these meetings. And she would be the interpreter for the meeting. This would generally be done by the one who spoke standing at one side of the hogan, and Mother would stand on the other side of the room, across the room from the speaker.

The Navajos have a tradition among them, that a man, after he marries, must not see the face of his wife's mother. If he sees the

face of his mother-in-law, he will go blind. Often times, both the mother-in-law and the son-in-law would be at these meetings. So that both of them could be in the hogan during the meeting, a blanket would be hung across the room. Then the mother-in-law would sit on one side of the blanket, and the son-in-law would be on the other side of the blanket. It made no difference how close together they were, just so the son-in-law did not see the face of his mother-in-law. Generally, the son-in-law would be near the door, so that he would be able to slip out of the hogan and hide while his mother-in-law was passing by. At one of these meetings, the sacrament was administered to and given to the members of the Church.

After the meeting had been dismissed, the Indians, to show their appreciation to the missionaries for what they were doing for them, got a fat lamb and killed it. They caught the blood from this lamb, and with the blood, they made some bread and baked it in the coals, and cooked the meat the same way, and served the missionaries with one of their most favorite (sacred) meals. My mother was often called upon to act as peace-maker between the Indians and the white people. The Indians had great confidence in her and they never failed to call upon her when they were in need of a friend, and she always responded to their call and acted without fear or hesitation, as the following affair will show.

In those early days, the fields of the white men had poor fences, or no fence at all, around them; oftentimes animals that were feeding on the range would get into these fields, and of course, would eat a great deal of the crop and in other ways do much damage. One day, the Ramah men found several head of horses belonging to the Indians in their fields. This had happened many times before, and the white man thought it was time to teach the Indians the lesson of keeping their horses out of the white man's fields, so the horses were taken and put in the stray pen, and held for damages. This led up to a heated argument between the white man and the Indian. The Indians refused to pay the damages which the white men were asking, and the white men were firm, and would not give the horses up without the damages being paid. The Indians returned to their homes without their horses, and not long after this, word came to Ramah, by a friendly Indian, that the Indians had armed themselves, and were

coming to Ramah to take their horses by force of arms, and to teach the white man to leave the Indians' horses alone. This message was taken to Emma C. Tietjen, who told the Bishop of what she had been told. (Father had been released as Bishop [by this time].)

Upon this word reaching Ramah, the white men soon decided it was time to find some way to stop further trouble: and they would meet the Indians with a peace party. So the Ramah men hitched a team of horses to a wagon, and several men, with my mother (who took her little girls with her) as a peace-maker, [and] went to meet the Indians.

Out about one and one-half miles from town, the wagon road came up near the top of a bluff. Then the wagon road made a turn, [then] followed a long way around the bluff, and came back up the valley to the foot of the bluff, while a trail led from the turn of the road over the bluff to the road in the valley. The Indians, on leaving their homes to go to Ramah, took this trail, which led over the bluff. As the Indians came to the top of the bluff, they learned that the men from Ramah were coming that way.

The Indians, being in doubt as to the object [that] the white man had in coming, took advantage of the bluff for their protection by hiding in the rocks and crevices of the bluff, and made ready to fight. The wagon came to the nearest point of the road (to the trail at the top of the hill) and stopped, as the men from Ramah had an idea that the Indians were hiding in the rocks waiting. [Also, the Indians were] thinking that possibly some of the white men would be riding horseback and they would ride on the trail down the bluff, and would ride into a trap.

[They stopped] where it was still protected by some trees. Mother and us girls got out of the wagon and walked on the trail to the top of the bluff, while the men waited in the wagon. When Mother and us girls came to the top of the rocks, we walked up to the nearest one of the guns and Mother began to talk (although we had not seen an Indian yet) to them like this: “Why are you going to shoot me? Am I not your friend? Haven't I gone to your homes and taken care of you sick women when your babies were born? Haven't I given you

something to eat when you were hungry? And now you want to shoot me!" The Indians came out of their hiding places from behind the rocks, and said, "You are [a] friend and we will not hurt you, but we do want to shoot those men in the wagon because they will not deal honestly with us!"

We sat down on some rocks, and Mother and the Indians continued to talk. Soon the Indians began, one by one, to come out of their hiding places and sat down on the rocks around us, and Mother talked with the Indians for some time. At last, she succeeded in persuading the Indians to send their guns back to their homes. And Mother wrote a note to the men in the wagon, telling them to come on up where we were, and sent the note by a friendly Indian (to the men) who came up to where we were. And Mother interpreted for the two parties. They talked for a long time (perhaps two or three hours) but at last it was agreed that the Indians should come to Ramah and get their horses without paying for the damage that had been done to the growing crops. The Indians were to try and keep their horses from getting into the white man's fields, and the white man promised that they would not shut the Indians' horses up in the corral anymore. Peace and good will once more prevailed, and all shook hands in witness of their friendship, and all went to their homes feeling good towards each other.

Chatper Four

CHAPTER FIVE

MY OPINION OF MY MOTHER

Tamar Jane Black was born the first day of May, 1852, nearly seven years after the first pioneers arrived in Salt Lake Valley. She was born in a wagon box with the bows and a wagon cover stretched over it to keep the rain and sun out. This was the bed room for the mother. The wagon box had been set on two posts which were laid on the ground in the shade of a pinion pine tree which stood under the hill north of where the Manti temple now stands, in San Pete County, Utah.

My father and mother were married on the ninth day of May 1870, in the endowment house in Salt Lake City, Utah. Mother was the third wife in this family. To me, nobody never lived a more upright, humble, God-fearing and upright life than did my mother. When a child, she attended school for three weeks [or months]. You may think that because of this lack of schooling that she was unlearned, but she was the equal in book-learning to the fifth and sixth graders of years later.

She passed through the hardships of early frontier life and the Indian troubles of those early days. During her life she endured many things which I consider was sufficient and just cause for her to complain bitterly, and to cause her to take a firm, determined stand in her behalf, but she never complained or found fault, that I ever heard of.

With her children, she was always kind and patient. To me she was the most perfect person I have ever met. Next to her stands my sister Hattie. Mother and Hattie, especially Mother, could always see something good in the things I did. A few others have been good to

me also, while most of the people I have met seemed to have been of the opposite turn of mind. No matter how hard I worked to do good, no matter how much I sacrificed or suffered myself to do good, it was always wrong and done with an evil intent. So, can I bless and praise the name of my mother too highly? To me she was in daily communication with the Lord. She often told me of things that were to come and they came to pass as she had said.

HER PRAYER

A turning point in my life was when I was 19 years old, and [it] was an answer to her prayers.

Things at home were far from being as pleasant and agreeable as they should have been, and all the fault and cause seemed to be placed on me. Regardless of how hard I tried to work, or how many hours I worked each day, I should have done more. No matter what I did or how I did it, it should have been done some other way. I seemed to be a perfect Jonah to the whale, and everything was upside down, and it was all by fault. What could I do to bring about a change for the better, and how could I do it? In the spring of this year I decided that if I was to blame for all this, and everything was my fault, I would correct it by leaving home. I would go somewhere in Colorado, where wages were good. I seemed to be able to find work wherever I went, and who cared what happened to me, or how it happened? Nobody but Mother, [because] Hattie had died in 1890.

But Father was a cripple and was getting old. The Fruitland water ditch had to be cleaned out every spring, and it was a hard piece of work. Father could not do that work, neither could my younger brothers, so I would do that before I left. The hay crop was heavy. I would put the hay up, and disregard the things which were unpleasant while I was doing the work, and then I would be off for Colorado. Nobody knew of my plan, as I kept it to myself.

One June morning, in the early part of the month, long before the stars were out of sight, I hitched my faithful little team (I had bought the team from Father two years before, and I had paid for them.) to the Buckeye Mower, and began to cut the hay. I had made several rounds on the piece when I decided I must change the guard on the knife bar that was giving me so much trouble. It was now getting light in the east, and I would be able to see to make the exchange, so when I came to the end of the piece which was nearest to the house, I

let the team stand, and I went to the house to get the new guard, which I knew was in the store room.

Father had a small store and a post office in this room, and Mother took care of them. To enable her to see people when they came into the store, we had fitted a pane of window glass in the door between the kitchen and the store, and then Mother could do her work in the kitchen and watch the store, too. At so early a time in the morning, I had to pass through the kitchen to go to the storeroom.

I entered the kitchen and saw that Mother had started the fire in the cook stove, but I did not see her, which made me wonder, as I knew she was not out to the corral as I had just come from there, and she was most always in the kitchen. As I stepped to the middle door to open it so I could go into the storeroom, I heard a soft, low voice which caused me to stop and listen. Yes, it was my mother's voice, but where was she? She was speaking to someone, but not to me. The person she was speaking to did not seem to be very far away, and she seemed to be speaking in a very accustomed way. I did not open the door, but I listened. I heard here speak, "May Samuel (my name) disregard the unpleasant things which others may say to him. May I have influence with him to keep him with me that he may avoid the pits of sin that he otherwise may fall into."

I looked through the glass in the door, and there behind the counter, in the light of the early dawn of the day, I saw my mother kneeling by an old chair, with the back broken off from it, engaged in her secret prayer, and she was pleading with the Lord for me. She seemed to know all about my intentions of leaving home – and how did she know it? (So far as I know, Mother never knew that I saw her that morning.) Well, I did not need that guard; I was perfectly able to get along without it. I went back to the machine and, after spending some time wiping the tears from my eyes, (a thing I have to do as sure as I think of that morning) with my shirt sleeves, I repaired the old guard as best I could, and went on with the hay cutting, but I gave up the idea of going to Colorado. What [a] scene that morning; [it] was more than I could stand.

My Mother

The last time I saw my mother was in the street in Blanding, Utah, in late February 1911. I had gone with Father, who had called at our home in Bluewater, New Mexico on his way home after visiting his sons who were then living in Old Mexico. I had decided to move my little bunch of cattle from Bluewater to Blanding that summer. As I got on my horse, in front of my parents' home in Blanding, to return to my home in Bluewater, Mother came out to see me off, and as I started to go she said, "My boy, I will never see your face again in this life." I replied, saying, "Mother, I am going to bring my cattle over here this summer and live here after this." Mother answered, "Yes, I know that is your intention and your plan, but you will see that something will come up which you are not expecting that [will] make you change your mind, and greatly change your affairs, and I will never see you again, in this life."

In June the bishop came to me and told me I had been selected to go on a mission. I sold part of my cattle and rented the others out, and about the 5th day of December 1911, I started on that mission. I returned home on the 25th of December 1913 at one-thirty in the morning. I neglected to go and see my mother. I was waiting for a more convenient time to go. She passed away on the 31st day of July 1915.

To me, nobody never lived a more upright, humble, God-fearing life, and nearer to the Lord, than did my mother.

S. C. Young

Chapter Five

STALKED BY INDIANS

An Experience

I wish to tell of an experience which happened to us in the latter part of August 1892. In 1890 Father, having become weary of having been troubled so long by the raid[s] which the government of the United States had waged against our people who had large families, and having been asked by his cousin to go to Old Mexico and help to build a railroad for him, Father took two of his families and went to Mexico and spent the greater part of 1891 building railroad track, and in March 1892 lost his left arm at the shoulder, by the accidental firing of an empty gun. Misfortune had taken everything Father had, and left him heavily in debt. His father had offered him some help by loaning him a sum of money, if he would return to Utah, or at least to the United States. In this narrative I want to show Mother in her mild, kind way, and [how] (then) when emergency arose, how quick she could change and act, and that without [hesitation] or shadow of fear.

In those days the road between Gallup and the San Juan left the railroad four miles east [of] Gallup and went north, following a long open draw, known as “Hetches Draw” (it is now known as “Oil Draw”) for some twenty-five miles to the top of the ridge. At this place the road divided, one branch of the road bearing north and east [which] came to the San Juan River at Bloomfield, which is twenty miles east of Farmington. The other branch of the road turned west of north, and came to the present highway near Joe Dorlett's store. We called this wash, “Uncle Tom's Wash”. The road passed Sheep Spring, Captain Tom's Wash (now Newcomb) to the Sulfur Spring where the road turned more to the east and finally came to the San Juan River at Fruitland. We traveled the last described road.

The years of 1891, 1892, and 1893 were very dry, and all of the watering places, with the exceptions of a very few springs, dried up; there was no feed on the range to be found. These dry years caused hundreds of thousands of cattle, horses and sheep to die of starvation, and drove the big dominating companies out of business.

In 1892 there were only five places between the railroad and the San Juan River where water could be depended upon, and these were only small springs or seeps which were taxed to their utmost capacity. At times water at these places was hard to get, and cost a high price. We had watered the mules at Rock Canyon at noon and filled the five gallon keg for our camp use. We then traveled until night, and made a dry camp. The afternoon sun had been hot, and the road was quite heavy. The following morning we were out early and on our way.

Near noon we came to a wash some four miles south of Uncle Tom's Wash where an Indian had a small well in the bottom of the wash, and about one-half mile west of the road. We learned this from an Indian boy who happened to be herding the family's little bunch of sheep and goats near the road. Father gave the Indian boy twenty-five cents to water the four mules, and I went with [the Indian] to water the mules while Father, with Tommy's help, was greasing the wagons, and Mother and Ray were getting dinner. Father had lost his arm in March, and for three months he had had an awful time as the results of the accident, and for some time he was not expected to live. Mother, without any help, except the doctor, had nursed and cared for him both day and night. I have heard her say that during a period of time of two months she did not take her clothes off, and very seldom did she take her shoes from off her feet. Father and Mother, at the time this affair took place, were both very weak. Tommy, who was 12 years of age, was small for his age, and was rather delicate besides, and Ray was five years younger, while I was large in size [and] only 15 years old. While we were busy doing these things, five or six Indians who had seen us stop, rode up to the wagons, and they soon saw the condition of things, and it was evident from their actions that they had trouble in their minds.

The Indian who had dug the well saw from the tracks of the mules that the teams had been taken to the well, of course to be watered, so he dashed as fast as his horse could run for the well. I had just given each of the mules a bucket of water, when the Indian came to the well. His pony was still on the run [as] he passed between me and the well, striking a vicious blow at me with his heavy riding whip as

he passed. I happened to see him and moved a few inches to one side, which saved my head from getting the blow. Just then the Indian boy came up out of the well with a bucket of water, and the Indian gave him a stinging blow with his whip. Of course we got no more water. When I got back to the wagons, I saw that everything was packed in the wagons ready to travel, and I was told to put the harnesses on the mules as fast as I could, and hitch them to the wagons and go. I told Father the mules had not had their grain; neither had we had dinner and I was hungry. I was told that it was not safe for us to stop there any longer.

We had been told, while at Fort Wingate, that the Indians were very cross and hateful, almost at the point of starting another war, and we would have to be very careful, or we [would] get into trouble with the Indians. Father said to me, "Do you see the two Indians setting on their horses on that hill there? They are watching our movements, and the other Indians have gone to get more help, so we must be gone at once." We were soon on our way, and then I was told of what had happened at the wagons while I was at the well with the mules.

The Indians, seeing the weak condition that Father and Mother were in, and having no fear of the two little boys, (the Indians) began to act bad, and helped themselves as they pleased. One Indian had pushed Father over, and another Indian had shoved Mother back against a wheel of the wagon. One Indian climbed into the wagon and began to rummage through the chuck box. Mother climbed into the wagon and tried to get the Indian to leave things alone. The Indian had replied to her by giving her a hard slap on the side of the face.

Just then the Indian saw a bottle with something red in it. (It was a quart bottle of strong acid vinegar. That bottle of acid vinegar would make forty gallons of standard vinegar.) He picked the bottle up and called out in a ringing voice, "Whisky, whisky!" and pulled the cork from the bottle, and was raising the bottle to his mouth. Mother knew if that Indian took one good swallow of that acid vinegar, there would be one good Injun, for he would, without a doubt, [have] been dead in five minutes. To prevent such tragedy, she had to do

something, and do it quick. She knew it would do no good to grab the bottle and try to wrench it out of the Indian's hands, as he was much stronger that she was, and if she tried to wrench the bottle out of his hands he would only abuse her.

In the front end of the wagon lay a piece of a board which I used in whittling shavings from (to start our camp fires with). At this time this board was an inch thick, two inches wide at one end, and an inch wide at the other end – and two feet long. Like a flash, Mother picked up this board at the small end, and laid the larger end of the board across that Indian's nose just before the bottle of vinegar reached his lips. The bottle fell from the Indian's hand, and he fell over backward, while the blood flew in two large streams, and flowed freely.

The Indian climbed down from the wagon, and the other Indian's laughed and hollered in their making fun of the fellow for letting a "squaw" whip him in an even fight. That is why the Indians were sitting on the hill about 400 yards from our camp watching us and seeing what we did, While the other Indians ran for more help. After we left camp and started on our way, one of the two Indians followed after us, while the one Indian sat on the hill to wait for the help that would come.

The roads were rough and heavy, and our mules were weary and badly in need of feed and water, so our progress was only three to three and one-half miles per hour, but we were doing the best we could. Soon the Indians began to appear on both sides of the road and were gathering in a bunch about two miles behind us. Father, Mother, Tommy, and Ray rode in the carriage and drove ahead, while I drove the wagon and followed them. Father called to me and told me to get my old gun (It was a 45-70 caliber, and it shot wickedly at both ends whenever it was fired; and it lay where it was handy) and to fill one of my pants pockets with cartridges, so that, should the Indians begin to shoot at us, I could shoot back at them. And in case we had to shoot at them, for me to be sure and shoot at the stomach instead of the head. Said he, "The belly is much larger that the head, [and] it is easier to hit, and has just as much effect in the outcome."

Late in the afternoon we came to a small spot of green grass, a mighty scarce article, I can tell you. We stopped for a while. We had some ropes and we staked one mule in each team, and hobbled the other two mules close, or short. I took the gun and lay down in a deep narrow gutter, back of the wagons. Father was on general guard. We knew the Indians were following not far behind us. Mother and the boys got a hurried dinner, and fixed the grain for the mules. Then the mules were brought up and each mule was tied to the wagon and fed its grain. We ate dinner like a pig would, put the things in the wagon, hitched up and were on our way. We were traveling at night, knowing that at dark, quite a number of Indians were following us.

We came to a place where the road crossed a deep narrow wash, and followed in the bottom of the wash for a few rods. About 100 yards east of the road, the wash came to a small cobble rock ridge, and turned south and circled back to near the road, leaving about five acres of nice level land in this bend. The grass on this spot seemed to be a little green, so we camped, placing the wagons side by side with about six feet of space between the wagons. Two of the mules were staked, and the other were hobbled. A bed was made between the wagons for Mother and the boys. I made my bed to the front and to one side of the wagons, and laid down with my clothes on, and the old blunder-buss the gun, in my hands. Father had told me to have the gun ready to shoot at a second's notice. Father stood guard and would walk from the wash ahead of us to the wash near the road back of us.

Before morning a half moon arose, and as it came up over the horizon Father thought he saw objects quietly moving along the small ridge across the wash east of us. Father was an early pioneer of Utah and the entire West, and had had a lot of experience with the Indians and knew of their movements. They were planning to place a guard at the crossing of the wash ahead of us, and a guard in the wash behind us, so as to keep us from following the road ahead or back (of us) and then attack us by coming across the flat west of us.

Father came to my bed, and placed his hand on my side and spoke. I arose like a flash, with the gun in my hand, and ready for action. Father put his hand on the gun and said, “Not so fast, my boy. I have not told you to shoot. As the moon arose I think I saw objects over on that small hill moving, and I feel sure the Indians were fixing to close in on us by cutting us off at the crossing of the wash ahead, and by coming up the wash from the side and behind us, and by coming across the flat west of us, so we must get out of here as fast as we can. I do not think they will attack us now while we are traveling, but we must not camp here any longer.”

We were soon on our way, and in time we came to Sheep Spring before it was daylight, and gave the mules a drink. This spring is just a seep, or dripping spring, and the water is collected in a pond under the rock which holds about 200 gallons of water. Of course the mules drunk heartily. This was the first water they had had for two days, and for some time after this we had to drive very slow. As we drew near to Captain Tom's Wash (now Newcomb) we saw the Indians for the last time, on a hill back of us, where several of them had gathered in a group, sitting on their horses watching us as we disappeared in the distance.

End of Experience.

Chapter Five

AVOIDING THE MARSHALS

An Accident Happens

An experience related from his father's book.

Speaking of Mother having had but three months of schooling, the idea may be drawn that she was unlearned, but she was a good average reader and this rating would apply to her other branches of common school studies. The things I have written above have never been written before, that I know of. She was a person who did not care to have her name mentioned in the way of man's praise and human glory.

From John R. Young's Book:

The following article is printed in Father's book *The Memoirs of John R. Young* but I have been asked to write it here as I remember it, [so] that my children may have it in their collection.

To tell of this experience so that it will be understood, I will begin the story in late August or early September of 1889, in the famous Capital Wash in Wayne County, Utah. Eugene Buchanan, my brother-in-law, my sister Hattie his wife, and my little brother Tommy, were passing through the wash on their way to the valley. Eugene and Hattie were riding in their wagon, and Tommy, who was nine years old and small of his age, was riding a large (he weighed 1700 pounds) dappled gray stallion, belonging to Dan Allen of Grover, on Carces Creek.

They were overtaken by the United States deputy marshals who subpoenaed all three of them as witnesses against Father on a charge of polygamy. They were to appear in court, or before the Federal Grand Jury, in Beaver on the 28th day of December 1889.

The following day, Father was riding the range along what I will call the foot of the mountain on the south side of Oak Creek. The

afternoon had passed well away and Father had started for the dairy at Wild Cat, where Mother and four of her children were. Father was riding an iron gray mare of about 1050 pounds in weight. She was quite active on her feet. Father was crossing Oak Creek at the lower crossing. At this place the creek came out of a canyon into a place where cattle could cross and get water, and it was possible for a wagon to be taken across the canyon. Then the creek entered into a very rough canyon.

As Father came down the hill to the creek, a heavy rain storm set in, so Father held up at the old camp-house and let it rain, which it did for some time. After the rain passed over, Father rode on. Climbing the hill he soon came to the wagon road which went up on the mountain. On the side of a ridge, a road branched off to the north going to the Wild Cat Dairy. We called this place "The Park" (a lovely place, now known as the "Park Pasture"), or the ranch headquarters. When Father came to the road, he saw the fresh tracks of a buggy in the wet ground, and looking up the road he saw the black top of a light buggy, and at once knew it to be the buggy that the marshals drove around the country.

Father followed behind the buggy for some time. Then the road, to avoid a rocky ridge, turned to the left and circled around the ridge and came back to the trail which crossed over the ridge. Father took advantage of this bend in the road, and let Pet dash over the ridge of rocks and reached the road in ahead of the buggy and felt sure he was not in range of a gun. The buggy came out into more open ground and saw the gray horse ahead of them. And the marshals seemed to think the rider of the gray horse was Tommy, the boy they had subpoenaed the day before, and [that] he was on his way up to the mountain to tell his father and George Brinkerhoff of the coming of the marshals, so they called to him. They hollered, they yelled, one of the men stood up in the front end of the buggy and swung his pistol in the air and threatened to shoot, but the rider of the gray horse did not seem to hear, so the marshals made their team trot, and the gray horse ahead trotted.

The marshals put their team on a run, and the gray horse ran, but the road had so many crooks and turns and rocks in it, that riding in the

buggy at such a speed was not safe, so the marshals slowed their team down to a walk. For a while the gray horse was not to be seen, but at last, as the stars began to appear, they saw the gray horse quietly walking along the road as it passed over a ridge and went out of sight for good.

It was now dark, and the marshals had been led past the road which turned to the north and led to the Wild Cat Dairy. Father knew that nobody was living at the Brinkerhoff Dairy at that time, but thinking perhaps George Brinkerhoff may possibly be spending the night there, rode well ahead of the buggy, and made sure that no one was at the place. Seeing that the place was alone and for once in the history of the ranch all doors were locked, Father rode off a short distance to the side of a hill. The hill was covered with a nice growth of quaking aspen trees, and [there Father waited] for the arrival of the black-topped buggy.

The officers soon arrived, and after some time decided that they were alone at the ranch, and without food or a bed. They put their horses in the pasture and hobbled them, built a fire, and were consigned to spend the night by the fire. From where Father was, he could see all that was taking place with the new visitors. He thought of entering the pasture, through the gate on the opposite side and driving the horses off. He even thought of using his “45” and giving them a little fireworks, by shooting their camp fire out, but this thought was also put away, and he quietly rode away and left them.

On reaching home, the Wild Cat Dairy, Father told Mother what had just happened, and after a short time they arranged plans for the future. Father went to the pasture and got a fresh horse, which he tied in a quaking aspen grove near the house. Before daylight came, Father was off in another direction. The few milk cows which we were milking were milked and the cows were turned out of the corral. William, my older brother, and I took the sheep herd and started up the mountain west of the dairy. We had gone some distance, when, from our location high up on the side of the mountain, we saw the marshals on their horses riding toward the dairy where Mother (who was an expectant mother, in the near future) May, and Ray, who was four years old, were.

I did not like the idea of those men going to our home as I feared they would do, with Mother [there]. [I thought of how] as some other women had been dealt with by such officers. That is, the women were arrested and taken off to court and sometimes put in jail, and this I wanted to prevent, if I possibly could. As William and I were setting high up on the side of the mountain, and I thought, at a good safe distance (about 3/4 of a mile) [and] away from the trail, I thought I could take the gun I was carrying and fire a few shots at the officers and frighten them away. (This gun had as long a barrel as any rifle I have ever seen and I understand it may have done some service in the Rebellion, and had been carried for years by the scout Ephraim K Hanks, and at long range was as true to the mark as can be made.)

I raised the gun and said, "William, watch me make that strawberry roan throw his rider!" William, being older and of a wiser trend of mind, told me not to shoot, and he caught hold of the gun until the men had passed out of the opening they were in, and were behind a thick grove of timber. Of course, Mother gave them a good breakfast and some bread and butter, cheese and meat to take with them. This done, they subpoenaed May and arrested Mother and instructed them to be in Beaver on the 28th day of the coming December, but they did not try to take Mother with them. Thanks to them for that.

I think it was in the early part of November, Father fearing physical results of Mother going into court, took her, Tommy, and Ray, and started for Huntington, where Mother's brothers and sisters lived, thinking in this way to hide her out and keep her away from the courts. They were traveling in a new three and a quarter inch wagon, with heavy sharp edged tires on the wheels. The wagon was heavily loaded and was drawn by four good animals: A pair of bay mares worked on the lead, Nell was on the right-hand side. She was an extra good animal. The wheel team was a pair of mules, weighing about 1150 pounds each. A black and a yellow. That yellow mule was a kicker from the first to the last, and was never known to let a chance to kick go by without making full use of it; otherwise she was a fine work animal. Joseph Wright, who was traveling with them,

had a lighter outfit, and was driving the lead wagon, and at the time when the following accident happened, was some distance ahead of Father.

They were passing over the hill or bench between Blue Valley and Grave's Valley (now Hanksville). The road, in order to avoid the dangerous quicksand that would be encountered in the crossing of the Dirty Devil [River] if the road followed down the river, went over this hill. Father and Mother were setting on a spring seat which was sitting on the top of a high wagon box, resting their feet on the front end gate.

Something in the road attracted Mother's attention, and she leaned a little forward to see what if was, just as the left front wheel of the wagon dropped not a chuck-hole of some kind, and she was thrown from the wagon. She fell on her back, her head to the outside of the road, and across Beck's (the yellow mule)'s tugs and against the mule's hind legs. The mule, frightened by something heavy striking against her hind legs, bolted and began to run, but was soon brought to a stand-still, just as Mother's body passed between the tugs, down the mule's hind legs, to the ground. The left front wheel of the wagon passed over her right arm, but did not break the arm, and stopped with the wheel on Mother's body just below the trunk of the chest.

Father was afraid to call for help, for fear his voice would frighten the team, and they would run, and perhaps drag Mother under the wagon. He put his knee under the hub of the wagon wheel, and lifted as much of the weight of the wagon as he could off from Mother's body, and at the same time spoke quietly to Nell. Nell leaned here body into the collar and drew the wagon ahead about two feet, (Not one of those four animals moved a foot), which took the wheel off from Mother's body, but the wheel dropped on her left hand, breaking the bones in all four fingers, and except for the skin and the cords on the back of her fingers, cut them off. Her body was soon removed from the road. During all this excitement that yellow mule never offered to kick, which is a mystery to all who knew that mule.

Father finally got Brother Wright's attention, and he came to see what had happened. The two men administered to Mother and lifted her onto the wagon where she could lay down, and with the aid of a rope the was kept from falling off the wagon.

That evening they reached the home of a Brother Baker, who lived near the last crossing of the Dirty Devil River, where they rested two or three days. Father arose early, long before there were any signs of daylight, one morning and called Brother Wright and said to him, "We must get out of here. We must not stop one minute longer than it is necessary, or the marshals well be upon us."

No time was lost in getting on the way. The road, soon after crossing the river, entered the mouth of a very heavy sand wash, which in its course to the north made a slight curve to the east, and after a few miles came out on top of the bench. Near the entrance of the wash, a branch of the road turned off and climbed up a steep hill to the top of the bench. Then [it] followed north near the rim of the wash. Our travelers were too heavily loaded to pull up this hill, so [they] followed up the wash, and by resting their teams every few steps, were making it all right but it took lots of time. At Brother Baker's the road parted, one road going north. Our travelers were on this road. The other branch of the road went south, to what the people of Bluff City, Utah called "The Dandy Crossing" of the Colorado River. Here was the two roads, one going north, the other one going south.

It was not long before the marshals arrived at the forks of the road. The marshals looked at each one of the two roads for fresh tracks, but they could not satisfy themselves as to which road had been traveled last, so they went to the house and made inquiry, but could get no information about the travelers. But the marshals decided to try the road going north, so started off on that road. They had trouble in crossing the river, but they finally got across, and away they went. At the fork of the road in the wash, they took the right-hand road up the hill and drove as fast as they could for a few miles. When they came to the top of the ridge, which gave them a view of the road for a long distance ahead, they saw no sight of a wagon on the road ahead of them, so they were sure that there were no travelers

on the road, so they returned by the same road to the river, and took the road going south.

Our travelers, while following up the sand wash, saw the top of the black-topped buggy over the top of the hill as it passed along the top of the hill, and they felt sure they knew who was in the buggy, and feeling sure that the buggy would soon return, took still more time. They were in no hurry, just now. At last the buggy passed on its way back to the river. Then our travelers, feeling sure that the danger for them was over, pushed on, and in a few days reached Huntington, where on December 25, 1889, Mother's last baby was born. It died in February of 1890, when six weeks old.

End of Excerpt from John R. Young's Book.

My Mother

CHAPTER SIX

THE BOULDER MOUNTAIN

In February 1890, my baby brother, who was born December 25, 1889, died. I make mention of this so you will be able to grasp more fully the knowledge it gives us. [Then] On April 11, 1890, my sister Hattie died. In March of this [same] year, Mother, with her children Hattie, May, William, Tommy, and Ray, were moved to Mancos, Colorado. Hattie's first baby was born April 1st and she died eleven days later. I was left to help Eugene, Hattie's husband, with the livestock.

In June, Father came back from Colorado and took over the handling of things, and Eugene went to Colorado. Father and I were taking turns in herding the sheep and riding the range. In the last days of June, or the forepart of July, I was left alone with the sheep. I was then thirteen years old. We were on the Boulder mountain in Wayne County, Utah. Father had induced me to read the Book of Mormon, while watching the sheep, and what a time I had in trying to read, as my days in school had been few!

At the time of which I am writing, my camp was on the Wild Cat, one, or one and one-half miles up the stream from the Wild Cat Dairy, at the brink of the hill, and at the south end of a nice flat or opening, and on the west side of the little stream of water in the north edge of a quaking aspen grove of trees, and about one-half mile south of where the spring comes out of the lava rock at the foot of the bluff, or top of the mountain.

Some people from Ephraim had some sheep on top of the mountain. They were camped at what we called, “Frank's Lake.” A man by the name of Snow had come to see the herd, and Father had gone with him to show him the way, and I was left alone with the sheep. As Father left me, he said, “I will be back in three days.” The day after Father left, I was, as I walked along, trying to finish a few lines at the

end of a chapter, before I closed the book and put it in my pocket, and as I walked along, I caught my foot in some under-brush, and was tripped down. I fell with my left knee in a large bunch of prickly pears. I think the bunch on the hill, and my knee was completely covered with prickly pear needles. Of course, I got, pulled or dug, out as many of [the] pear needles as I could, but some were too deep in the flesh to be found. My leg at once began to swell and become sore. I got some balsam from some pine trees, and put [that] on my knee and used my dish rag for a bandage. (I tied it on with my fishing line.) Then I made me a cane from a young quaking aspen, and followed my sheep.

Father was gone longer than he expected to be gone, and the days passed by. I got so lame I could not go with the cane, so I made a pair of crutches from young quaking aspens and by the aid of these, I followed the sheep. Then I got sick. My leg was in a bad condition, being badly swollen, and had turned black. I had to go to bed. My camp was on the Wild Cat, about 1-1/2 to 2 miles above where the Wild Cat Ranger Station now stands. I had made a bed by putting four stakes in the ground, and letting them stand about 18 inches above the ground. Then I had a cross piece at each end of the bed, and on these I put a layer of sticks (young green quaking aspen) length-ways, and on these I put boughs from some young or small spruce trees, and had a good easy bed (as good as I have ever lain on). I had been in bed three days (if I am not mistaken) with no food or water, and one night, thinking I was dying (and I am fully convinced that I was) of blood poison, and thinking of Mother: She had lost two of her children, and now I would soon be dead. How would she take the news? Could she stand it? What would she do? Such thoughts of her were in my mind, and when Father came back and found me dead, and the sheep scattered and lost, what would he do about it?

My feet got cold and damp. This feeling had passed up my body to my waist. I felt no pain in my leg; it was easy now. Just then, a light showed to the east and south of me. I saw the sheep laying still and quiet on the bed ground; the dog lay on his sheep-skin just outside of the tent. I could see right through the trees; I could see the

rings in the trees, [the] grains in the rock – nothing seemed to stop or check this light.

Horses and cows on the side hill south of the Pleasant Creek could be plainly seen, although they were four or five miles away. All of these animals were still and quiet, yet this light was so bright; couldn't they see it? What was the matter – was I dead? Was this heaven?

Just then I saw the fingers of the left hand of a person enter the tent door. I knew that hand; it was Hattie's hand. When she was a baby creeping on the floor, grandfather Black had stepped on her (left) hand, breaking the first joint of the front finger, and this joint was always crooked. Behind her was a smaller person – the baby (brother), and [also] a third person of full stature who stood by the tent door post, as if a-hold of it, and resting against it. I was sure now that I was dead. I raised up and held out my hand to shake hands with her as she came up to my bed, but she said, "No, Sammie. It is impossible for the mortal to touch the immortal." Then she began to talk to me, saying words like the following, as near as I can remember: "Now, Sammie, don't worry, but go to sleep and rest. You are all right, and nothing is going to happen to you. We are taking care of you. The sheep are all right, and will be all right. In the morning all will be well with you. You know me, and you know who this is. (She pointed to the baby.) And this one is always with you – you are never out of his sight. Now, go to sleep, and don't worry any more." She turned and walked out, followed by the baby and the third person. She paused a minute, and smiled at me, stepped back, closed the tent door, and was gone.

The darkness of the night reigned again, and I thought, "What has happened? Am I dead for sure? What did this mean anyway? I thought of Mother again, and her sorrow when she heard of my death, of the sheep scattering and being lost, and [of] Hattie – Why did she have that green apron on? Hattie had been married in the temple, and I had been told that everything in the temple was white. (I had never before seen the temple clothing.) Did this green apron show that Hattie had done something wrong, and this apron was a sign of doing wrong? I thought Hattie to be one of the best persons

that ever lived, and now she had a colored apron on! Just then, the light showed again, so bright and beautiful. The three persons came in as before, but I did not try to shake hands this time. Hattie repeated the words or instructions of the first visit, speaking with sharpness and chiding. They went out as before, and all was dark again.

Well, I soon went to sleep, and oh, how I did sleep and rest. In the morning as the sun was rising, (over the ridge east of camp) I got up, dressed, and walked out. The dog greeted me as only a dog's expression can show. I started the sheep from the bed ground, then went to camp and soon was eating a breakfast of good fat mutton, and baking powder bread. And such a breakfast! How I did eat!

That leg was well, and has never, not for a minute, pained me since that night. This is [now] April 1936. All that is left as a witness of this is three scars on the left knee, which grow dim as the years go by. There was no one within six miles of me (that I know of).

CHAPTER SEVEN

HATTIE

After seeing Hattie, in that wonderful experience on the Boulder Mountain, and seeing how she was dressed, and having been told by my Mother that "everything in the temple is white", I wondered and worried about the colored apron she had on. I thought, if everything in the temple was white, then why did Hattie have on a colored apron? Was it a way of knowing people who had hone things that was wrong? What wrong had she done? What did it mean? To me, she was one of the best, most perfect persons I have ever met, and to see her with this colored apron on, when I understood that everything in the temple was white, and she had been in the temple and had done her work there, and she had on this colored apron, and I could not see how she could have done anything that was wrong. To me she was the next thing to perfection. I could remember when I was a small child (a baby yet), how she would get up at night and wait upon me, or stop her work, no matter how busy she may have been during the day, to see that my every want was taken care of – and now she had that colored apron on. I was afraid to ask anybody about the reason for this, even of my mother, for fear I would be told that: that was nothing to do with me, or that I was a green-horn, a simpleton, and that I was not bright, or something like that. So I kept my thoughts to my self.

It was in February 1892, while we were living at Coralos in Old Mexico, that Father and I, while camped in the San Diego Canyon, that the following happened with me. Before I tell the story, I want to tell why we were camped in the San Diego Canyon. We were working on the new road which the colonies were building up the canyon, so we could get away from the old road which was so bad that it was really dangerous to travel over it. William had helped us with this work for a few days. The colonies had appointed a committee to locate this new road, and to make an estimation of the

cost of building the road and to make a classification of the different kinds of work (such as dirt, gravel, and rock). When this was done, each man, between the ages of eighteen and sixty years of age who was able to do a day's work, was asked to do a given number of days work on the road. Father and I were doing his allotted amount of work, and the work for a few other men who had hired him to do their work for them.

One night I dreamed, (to me it was more than a dream, but I will call it a dream), that a man who was dressed in white with a bright light around his person, came to me and took me with him, and we went off into another world, where every thing was so light and bright. Not a dazzling, glowing light, but a bright, clear light that was penetrating, [like] it would pass right through anything, and did not stop at distance. In this world we saw many things, but they were all natural things. The land seemed to be so level, yet it was not level like the floor of a room. It seemed to have a very slight gentle wave, a very gradual slope as it would rise and lower, but this was so very gradual and but a very small amount, so that the land appeared to be level. Everywhere the trees and flowers were so beautiful in shape and color, with so many varieties and so many colors, and all so perfectly blended together. Oh, what a lovely sight! Great fields of grains of all kinds, varieties! Different kinds of grasses to be used for hay! Wonderful pastures where all kinds of useful animals were feeding. They were so perfect in size, according to breed, age, build, and color, and so peaceful, gentle, kind, so contented. I thought of myself as being the owner, or care-taker, of one of these wonderful farms. The grain was headed out with such large heads of fine full kernels of grain. The hay was ready to be cut, and I had three head of nice horses: a strawberry-roan mare, a sorrel gilded with white feet and white face, and an iron-gray horse, gilden. They were not large, but of fair size (Years after this I owned three such horses.), with a mowing machine cutting this hay.

On each of these farms was everything, so far as I could see, that was needed for the support of a family. Yes, everything that a family would need. There was nothing lacking.

I saw a great street, and was given to understand that this street represented the world in which we now live. On the left, (we were going east.), of the street was a high wall, with now and then a gate which passed through the wall. I saw people so numerous that they seemed to be with[out] number. Some of these people seemed to have no expression in their faces. They just seemed to be going down the street with no objective, no aim, no purpose, no future, no nothing before them. They were just going down the street. Some were jostling, pushing, and of course, there were contentions, and jarrings. Some were whooping, yelling and bellowing like a bull. Some trying to howl like a coyote or a wolf, some trying to holler, as we say, like an Indian. It seemed they were doing anything they could do just so as to make a hideous noise.

There were some who were not so noisy, [but] more quiet. Some were very quiet, more serious, some were very serious, more deep thinking, more serious meaning in the expression of their faces. These were quiet, but seemed to be worried. They were by far the most peaceful. Their dress was of every kind I could think of. At last I saw a few, both men and women, who were dressed like Hattie was, but there was only a half-dozen or so of them.

Behind them I saw a woman, I would say she was about thirty years of age. She was dressed in a nice common plain dress. Her face was sad and turned to the ground. Her eyes looked at the ground, and she seemed to not look at, or notice anything about her. She walked slow[ly] but steadily on. With her left hand she was holding the right hand of a boy, whom I took to be about nine years old. The boy was very observing. He was watching everybody around them, and was asking his mother so many questions, such as: “Why are they hollering like that? Why are they doing that or this? Why do they dress that way?” Then he asked about the people who were dressed as Hattie was, and asked about the very same thing that I was worried about. He looked behind him and saw others who were dressed (as the few ahead of them were dressed) and he said, “Why don't they dress (meaning the people who were dressed as Hattie was), dress like these other people are dressed?” To all of these many questions he had received one answer: “Oh, never mind!” or, “Oh, come on. Never mind.” But the little fellow did not seem to be

satisfied with this answer, and he asked, “Mamma, why don't we dress like those folks?” meaning the folks who were dressed as Hattie was. The answer was, “Oh, they think they are better than we are. Come on, and never mind.”

Just then the few folks ahead of them, who were dressed as Hattie was, turned in at a gate, and he asked as he and his mother were passing the gate, “Mamma, they went in at that gate. Why can't we go in there too?” And he was answered with “Oh, come on, and never mind.” He looked back and saw the others, who were dressed as the former ones were dressed who went in at the gate, and he said, “Mamma, those people went in at that gate too. Why couldn't we have gone in there to?” And he got that same answer, only this time the voice was a little sharp, “Oh, come on, and never mind!” The mother and her son walked on down the street, neither of them [speaking]. It was not long until they came to a second gate, and the boy, as if by a means I cannot explain, let loose of his mother's hand, and she seemed to make no effort to hold onto his hand, and he turned in at the gate, while his mother walked on alone, down the street, with a sad, disappointed look and expression upon her face, that was awful to look upon.

You may want an explanation as to the reason why this woman was so sad and downcast and alone. I was not told this, but this is what I understood was her condition. She was a good worthy woman as a girl. But when a girl, she had rejected the hand of [a] good worthy young man in marriage. He was a common, good, honest, hard-working man, and could have taken her to the temple, but he was not outstanding in attraction, and she was proud. She had married a man who was attractive in appearance, but who was wholly unworthy as to honorable qualifications, and who had deserted her. (See Deuteronomy 7:4-5.)

My guide and I passed on for some time through this lovely place, looking at the beautiful homes, fields, pastures, and all kinds of useful animals and lovely birds. My guide stopped and said, “We must stop now, as you can not go any further. You see there is a very grand, beautiful light over there. That is where the Father and the Son live. There is no sun there. They do no need the sun

because the Father and the Son are there. Your sister Hattie and your baby brother are there, and your sister is dressed just as you saw her. All those who arrive at the age of accountability must live as your sister lived, and do the work that she did, or they can not go there. If you live as she lived, and do as she did, and [become to] be able to dress as she is dressed, you, too, may go there; but if you do not, then you cannot go there."

We turned and started back. We had not gone far when the beautiful clear light and the lovely scenery disappeared, and all was dark again, and I awoke and found that I was laying in bed beside my Father, and we were in our little camp in the San Diego Canyon, near our work.

As there are two places spoken of in this dream, a thing which is so oftentimes overlooked, by many people, I want to show that this is in harmony with the teachings of the scriptures, so I am going to quote, at some length, from the scriptures in support of the scene. We read in 1 Cor. 15:41: "There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another star in glory." So there are many degrees of glory. We read in the D&C, section 131:2-4: "And in order to obtain the highest, a man must enter into this order of the priesthood (meaning the new and everlasting covenant of marriage);
"And if he does not, he cannot obtain it.
"He may enter into the other, but that is the end of his kingdom; he cannot have an increase."
In section 130:20-21 we read, "There is a law, irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundations of this world, upon which all blessings are predicated;
"And when we obtain any blessing from God, it is by obedience to that law upon which it is predicated—"
In section 76:50-70 we have the following: "And again we bear record–for we saw and heard, and this is the testimony of the gospel of Christ concerning them who come forth in the resurrection of the just—
"They are they who received the testimony of Jesus, and believed on his name and were baptized after the manner of his burial, being

buried in the water in his name, and this according to the commandment which he has given—
"That by keeping the commandments, they might be washed and cleansed from all their sins, and receive the Holy Spirit by the laying on of the hands of him who is ordained and sealed unto this power;

"And who overcome by faith, and are sealed by the Holy Spirit of promise, which the Father sheds forth upon all those who are just and true. …
"They are they who are priests and kings, who have received of his fullness, and of his glory;
"And are priests of the Most High, after the order of Melchizedek, which was after the order of Enoch, which was after the order of the Only Begotten Son.
"Wherefore, as it is written, they are Gods, even the sons of God—
"Wherefore, all things are theirs, whether life or death, or things present, or things to come; all are theirs and they are Christ's, and Christ is God's,
"And they shall overcome all things.
"Wherefore let no man glory in man, but rather let him glory in God, who shall subdue all enemies under His feet. …
"These are they whom he shall bring with Him, when he shall come in the clouds of heaven, to reign on the earth over His people.
"These are they who shall have part in the first resurrection.
"These are they who shall come forth in the resurrection of the just.
"These are they who are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly place, the holiest of all.
"These are they who have come to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of Enoch, and of the Firstborn.
"These are they who are just men made perfect through Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, who wrought out this perfect atonement through the shedding of His own blood.
"These are they whose bodies are celestial, whose glory is that of the sun, even the glory of God, the highest of all, whose glory the sun of the firmament is written of as being typical."

In section 132:19-20 we read, "And again, verily I say unto you, if a man marry a wife by my word, which is my law, and by the new and

everlasting covenant, and it is sealed unto them by the Holy Spirit of promise, by him who is anointed, unto whom I have appointed this power and the keys of this priesthood; and it shall be said unto them– Ye shall come forth in the first resurrection; and if it be after the first resurrection, in the next resurrection; and shall inherit thrones, kingdoms, principalities, and powers, dominions, all heights and depths–then shall it be written in the Lamb's Book of Life, … and if ye abide in my covenant, and commit no murder whereby to shed innocent blood, it shall be done unto them in all things whatsoever my servant hath put upon them, in time, and through all eternity; and shall be of full force when they are out of the world; and they shall pass by the angels, and the gods, which are set there, to their exaltation and glory in all things, as hath been sealed upon their heads, which glory shall be a fullness and a continuation of the seeds forever.
"Then shall they be Gods, because they have no end; therefore shall they be from everlasting to everlasting, because they continue; then shall they be above all, because all things are subject unto them. Then shall they be Gods, because they have all power, and the angels are subject unto them."

The above treats on the highest of all glories. The Father and the Son dwell there. The following will deal with the second degree of glory, but the Father and the Son do not dwell here. In the Doctrine and Covenants section 76:71-79 we read, "And again, we saw the terrestrial world, and behold and lo, these are they who are of the terrestrial, whose glory differs from that of the church of the Firstborn who have received the fullness of the Father, even as that of the moon differs from the sun in the firmament. Behold, these are they who died without law;
"And also they who are the spirits of men kept in prison, whom the Son visited, and preached the gospel unto them, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh; [See 2 Peter 4:6]
"Who received not the testimony of Jesus in the flesh, but afterwards received it.
"They are they who are honorable men of the earth, who were blinded by the craftiness of men.

"These are they who receive of his glory, but not of his fullness. These are they who receive of the presence of the Son, but not of the fullness of the Father,
"Wherefore, they are bodies terrestrial, and not bodies celestial, and differ in glory as the moon differs from the sun.
"These are they who are not valiant in the testimony of Jesus; wherefore they obtain not the crown over the kingdom of our God."

Section 132:15-17 read thus: "Therefore, if a man marry him a wife in the world, and he marry her not by me nor by my word, and he covenant with her so long as he is in the world and she with him, their covenant and marriage are not of force when they are dead, and when they are out of the world; therefore, they are not bound by any law when they are out of the world.
"Therefore when they are out of the world, they neither marry nor are given in marriage; but are appointed angels in heaven, which angels are ministering servants, to minister for those who are worthy of a far more, and an exceeding, and an eternal weight of glory.
"For these angels did not abide my law; therefore, they cannot be enlarged, but remain separately and singly, without exaltation, in their saved condition, to all eternity; and from henceforth are not gods, but angels of God forever and ever."

Another commandment which is given to us is found in section 68:25-28: "And again, inasmuch as parents have children in Zion, or in any of her stakes which are organized, that teach them not to understand the doctrine of repentance, faith in Christ the Son of the Living God, and baptism and the Gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of the hands, when eight years old, the sin be upon the heads of the parents.
"For this shall be a law unto the inhabitants of Zion, or in any of her stakes which are organized.
"And their children shall be baptized for the remission of their sins when eight years old, and receive the laying on of the hands.
"And they shall also teach their children to pray, and to walk uprightly before the Lord."

S. C. Young

Chapter Seven

CHAPTER EIGHT
THE BOOK OF MORMON

In the beginning of the year 1892, we were living in Old Mexico, in a little place by the name of Caralos, south of Pacheco. It was possibly in the month of February, that Father and I were working on the new road that the colonies were building in San Diego Canyon, when the following happened:

One Sunday morning Father said to me, “This is Sunday, and we must not work today, as it is a day of rest, but as food is so scarce, and we have so little to eat, and no way of getting any more food, you may, if you want to, go and see if you can kill a deer so we can have some meat to go with our corn bread and gravy.” I took my gun and climbed up the mountain north of us, circulating as I got on top of the mountain, to the west around that high peak and back to the south. As I walked along I thought of Mother, many times, telling me that the gospel was true, and the Book of Mormon was true, and that Joseph Smith was a true prophet of the Lord. Father had told me this, and I had heard other people say the same thing, and all of them had said they knew this was the truth, and I thought, “If they know these things, why don't I know it too?”

I had climbed to the top of the ridge and had turned to the west, I was passing along the south side of a large tree that had died and had fallen down, with the top of the tree to the east. I was tired of walking so I sat down on this fallen tree, near the roots of the tree, facing the south. As I sat there resting, and watching for a deer, I was still thinking of what Mother and others had told me about the gospel being true, and about the Book of Mormon and Joseph Smith, and I still thought if they know this, why don't I know it, and how can I know it? I had been taught, all my life, to pray to our Heavenly Father, and told to ask Him for things I wanted, so I knelt down and

asked the Lord how I could know that these things, that I had been told by my mother and others were true.

After I had offered this little prayer I again sat down on the log or tree. Presently my attention was drawn to my left and in front of me, as I saw a wonderful clear, bright light out a few steps from me. It did not cover a very large area, but it was so bright clear and penetrating, but not dazzling to my eyes. Yes, I had seen a light like that once before, when I was sick in the sheep camp on the Boulder Mountain. In this light I saw a man walking toward me. He did not walk on the ground, but some twelve to eighteen inches above the ground, and as he stepped the tops of the grass seemed to bend or sway under his feet.

I was rather startled at seeing the man, and I arose to go on when the man spoke to me. Such a nice pleasant voice, so reassuring, the fear left me at once, and I sat down on the log again. The man had hair which to me was yellow in color (You who saw the color of the statue of the angel Moroni, which stands on the top of the large central tower on the east end of the Latter-day Saints' temple in Salt Lake City, Utah on January first 1953 saw a color which corresponds very well with the color I have in mind.) which almost glistened in the bright sunlight. His hair was combed back leaving his face and ears free and open to view, and hung in curled ringlets down the back of his head and neck to his shoulders. He came up to me and said, "You have heard your mother and father and others say that the gospel was true and that the Book of Mormon is true. Do you believe what your mother and father have told you?" I answered and said, "Yes." The man asked, "Do you believe that Joseph Smith was a prophet of the Lord?" I answered and said, "Yes, I believe Joseph Smith was a prophet of the Lord." The man asked, "Do you believe the Book of Mormon to be true?" I answered and said, "Thou knowest I believe the Book of Mormon is true." The man said, "Blessed art thou for believing these things in thy youth. I am the same that delivered the plates of the Nephite records to Joseph Smith, and he translated them by the gift and power of God, and the translation thereof is true and correct." He walked on to my right for a few steps and I lost sight of him and the light.

This man wore a robe or loose coat like which was very white. It fit close up around the back and sides of his neck, and came together in front some five inches below the collar bone. The sleeves came down on his arms to about three inches above the wrist or wrist joint. It covered his lower limbs to about five or six inches above his ankles. He wore no shoes on his feet. He had no beard.

CHAPTER NINE

SOME THINGS I HAVE WITNESSED

The Healing of Sister Evans

It was in the early part of June, 1899, at Fruitland, New Mexico. I was mowing hay at the time, when one of Brother Evans' little girls came running to me. She was crying, and said, “Sammie, get some elders and come at once and administer to mamma; she is dying.” Sister Evans was suffering with a very bad case of lung trouble. I unhitched my team from the mowing machine and went to the corral and hitched them to a heavy freight wagon, the only wagon on the place, which was standing in the yard, and started up the street, letting my willing team go in a run. I overtook Ira Hatch, the old Indian missionary. I stopped the team and told him to climb in the wagon as he was wanted. He asked no questions, but climbed into the wagon, and we went on up the street. We soon met two other elders and got them into the wagon. We then turned the team around and started for Brother Evans' home. I was in a hurry so I let the team go into a run.

Brother Evans and two of his sons were away from home at work, at the time this happened, and one son was on a mission, and Sister Evans was so grateful, happy and proud of this, and her very life seemed to be centered around this missionary son. Aunt Clarissa (that name may not be spelled right, but I know who I have in mind) Black was taking care of Sister Evans that day. We drove up to the house with the team on a run. I stopped them and jumped out of the wagon, and walked into the house, the other brethren following me. Brother Hatch, being old and not very active, was the last one to

come in the house. As I entered the room, Aunt Clarissa said, "Sammie, I am so glad you have come. But you are too late; she has gone." I asked Aunt Clarissa if Sister Evans was dead, and Aunt Clarissa said, "Sister Evans has not breathed or shown any signs of life for more than five minutes, so you are too late." I replied, saying that as long as there are any signs of life, there is hopes. Just then the other men came into the room, and I said to Brother Hatch, "You are the oldest; you take the lead." He made no reply to me, but said, "Let us kneel down and pray."

We gathered around the bed, which was, for her convenience, on the floor, and the five of us kneeled down and Brother Hatch prayed. The prayer was short, possibly not more than twenty words were spoken. The sentences may have been disconnected and broken, as Brother Hatch had spent so much of his life among the Indians that it was hard for him to speak his own language, but he prayed. Sister Evans' body lay there, as far as we could see, as lifeless as the wood in the door of the house.

That being finished, we arose, and Brother Hatch took the little bottle of oil which I handed to him, and he anointed her head with the oil. He then turned to me and said, "Sammie, you seal the anointing." In this blessing I had said but a few words when I heard the voice of a person, who was just behind and above me, say, "In the authority of the Holy Priesthood which we hold and in the name of Jesus Christ, we command death to depart, and for health and strength to return, and you shall live to see your son, who is now in the Eastern States Mission, after having fulfilled a good mission , return home in glory and honor." I repeated the words as I heard them spoken.

In a very short time, she was breathing naturally, and she spoke saying, "I am so tired, but I feel so much better, now I can go to sleep." In a few minutes she was sleeping as calm as a young baby. In a few days she was assisting with the house work, and she was walking a mile to attend our Sunday afternoon sacrament meeting. This blessing was fulfilled in every way. The missionary boy came home in eight or ten months, and Sister Evans died from the effect of the same ailment about two months after his return home.

CHAPTER TEN

EXPLORING THE WAYNE WONDERLAND IN 1879

My father, John Ray Young, came home from his mission to England in October 1878. Our home was at Orderville, Utah, where the family had lived for a number of years. Father, having been one of the first to take up the work of the United Order under the direction of President Brigham Young, was in charge of a group of people who went to that place (or, settled the place) about the year of 1871.

In the early summer of 1879 his younger brother Franklin W. Young, who at the time was living in Rabbit Valley, came to see him. His home was [ad]joining west and north of the round mound that was being used as a grave yard, with his wife Nancy, daughters Persis, Pearl, and Alie, and his son LeRoy. Though I was small, I well remember that visit by them, and their names. They came to Mother's home to stay, and I remember how crowded we were. Their beds covered all of the kitchen floor. LeRoy slept outside by the wagon.

One morning the team was brought to the wagon, and was hitched to the wagon, and Uncle Franklin and the women got in the wagon. LeRoy had a riding horse. Father and two of his boys were riding horses, and they all went off together. Father and his boys were going to Rabbit Valley to look at the country. As they drew near the valley, Uncle Franklin got on LeRoy's horse, and LeRoy drove the team. The men on horses came to the top of the hill west of the valley during the afternoon of a wonderful summer's day. Not a breath of air was stirring, not a cloud to be seen. The sky was clear and blue, and it seemed there was no limit to the distance they could see. The men set on their horses, on top of the hill, and looked over

the large valley beneath them. The few log houses which made up the little town, as it nestled at the foot of the hill, in the edge of the valley, looked so calm and peaceful, and really beautiful, to the men on the hill.

As the men talked of the scene before them, Father asked, “Franklin, what is the name of your little town? What do you call it?” Franklin W. replied, saying that they did not have a name for it, although several names had been suggested, but no name had been decided upon. “Oh, that is the way of it, is it?”, said Father. “Then, *Aloha* is not out of place.” The word, *Aloha* comes from the Hawaiian Islands. These two men had each spent a number of years on these islands doing missionary work for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and each of them had a very good knowledge of the language. Later in hearing these two men give a description of the day and the view below them, I got the understanding that the word, *Aloha*, would mean, “Peaceful, Quiet, Nestled”, but lately I have been told that the word would be applied to a point of black which stands out in the valley north of the town. Later in the summer, at a town meeting, Franklin W. Young presented (to the meeting) the name of “Aloha” as the name of the town. After some discussion, in which the meaning of the word was explained, it was decided to drop the letter “A” from the word “Aloha”, and the word “Loa” was accepted as the name of the town.

While Father was visiting with his brother in Rabbit Valley, he met the president of the stake, A. K. Thurber. During the middle eighties, I remember of seeing this man's name, and the date, carved on the bluff, and how he got his name written so high up on that bluff, as it was, without the aid of a long ladder, is a puzzle to me. This was a cove or small circle of the bluff facing to the south, on the north side of Pleasant Creek, and about two miles down the creek below Ephraim K. Hanks' place on the Pleasant Creek, south of the head, or west end of the Capital Wash. President Thurber, while talking with Father, said, “John R., you are a good hand at exploring new countries, and I want you to take a few men, not many, but enough for company and for your possibly needed safety, and follow this river (the Fremont, or Dirty Devil) down the country and see

what is down that way that would be suitable for the establishing of settlements."

At the time there seems to have been nothing south of Thurber, except a few ranches, and Thurber was a small settlement of some ten or fifteen (at the most) families who were living in log houses. This place was named in honor of President A. K. Thurber, and to me it is a shame that the name of the town was changed from honoring a man who did so much for the good and upbuilding of the country. I have not been able to get a correct list of the names of the men who were in this exploring party. But, so far I have not heard of any contradiction to the following named persons as being in this party: John R. Young, Franklin W. Young and his son, Archie, John Elliott, and possibly Vance Shaffer and William (Bill) Webster. I am convinced in my own mind that there were younger men than these in the party, as I have heard Father in speaking of things which happened on this trip, such as the incident of Brother Elliott and his mule in the river, which was exciting to him, but laughable to the others, [so I] use the expression of "younger men, or the young rascals, [they] liked to have never got over it."

They followed down the river to below Thurber, then they crossed the river and followed the road to where Teasdale now stands. I understand at that time there was a few families living on ranches. The party followed on south, crossing Fish, or Fishing, Creek, and on to Carcass Creek. They followed up this stream to where the creek comes off the mountain. Then they returned the way they had come, to near Teasdale, where they turned east, and crossed the river and climbed up the hill to the bench near where the town of Torrey now stands. They crossed this big flat and followed through the low sandstone hills between the river and the high bluffs north of the river, until they came to the river at what they called, "The Junction", now Fruita. Here they crossed the river and traveled south through those sandstone hills until they came to a wash, more like a crack in that great high sandstone bluff or mountain to the east. They followed down this wash, which they called Grand Wash, for a mile or two, then they returned to the head of the wash and continued their way to the south until they came to another big wash, which went east through this big sandstone bluff. The formation of the rock

and strata in the bluffs of this wash or canyon so attracted their attention with its grandeur, that they sat on their horses and looked with amusement at it, and while they were looking and talking, John R. Young expressed his opinion of the scene before them by using a life-long expression of his when he was satisfied or pleased with anything, by saying, “My, but isn't that Capital?” And from that expression the wash took the name of “Capital” and the name has remained with the wash every since. Father had known the Cedar Breaks, Zion National Park, and Bryce Canyon. Father once owned a ranch in Bryce Canyon, and [in] the Grand Canyon since the early days of southern Utah, but here, in the formation of this great “Capital” Wash was a wonder to behold. So far as I have been able to learn, this party of men were the first white men to see and pass through this wash.

The party, after passing through the Capital Wash, reached Pleasant Creek, which they followed up to where the hills closed in and cut the valley off, and then they turned and followed down the river to what was later called “Grave's Valley”, in honor of a man who seems to have come to the place about that time, with a few cattle. This man later went to the San Juan River country, east of Bluff City. His wife was named, “Alice”. I do not know what became of him. The first people I have heard of going to this part of the country was Tucker and Guise, if I have not this last name misspelled, who took a herd of cattle from Colorado to the Henry Mountains in the early sixties. (Letter from Tommy Foy, about 1948.) This valley is up the river above the deep narrow gorge or canyon which the river enters or passes through on its way to the Colorado River. I will refrain from telling a cowboy story about this gorge. Since then a little town has been built at the east end of this valley, and [it was] named, “Hanksville”. Here the party turned back, and followed up the river to where Sand, or Sandy, Creek comes into the river, and they followed up that creek to where the water comes out of the canyon into the valley, and then they turned north and followed an Indian trail back to Pleasant Creek, coming to the creek some two miles south of where the Capital Wash joins with Pleasant Creek.

Near the junction of Capital Wash with Pleasant Creek, they left the creek and traveled in a north to west direction and climbed to the top

of that great high sandstone mesa, between Capital Wash and Grand Wash, and made a dry camp for the night. That is, they had no water for their horses. The days were warm, and the air was dry, so their horses became very thirsty for the want of water, before they were able to get down off that great sandstone mesa to the river, which they reached after noon the next day. The party came down off, to the river, at what was later called the "Bad Crossing". Here I do not think the canyon is more than four rods wide, and the river will take up fully one-half of that space. The water on the upper, or west, side is following along under the ledge of the north side of the canyon where the water strikes a sharp point of the bluff and makes a very short turn to the south, crossing the canyon, where the water strikes the bluff and makes another very short turn to the north side of the canyon, and then follows along under the bluff on the north side of the canyon, making a perfect flying V in its turning. Here the river bed is deep – that is, the banks of the river are several feet high. The channel is narrow, and the water is deep, and the current is swift. How I dreaded those bad crossings, even if I was on a good horse.

Brother Elliott had a pair of little mules. I remember them well – very kind and gentle, so it was said, but still they had the ideas of a mule, just the same. Brother Elliott was an old man. His hair was gray and his body was used up and bent with hard work in the coal mines of England, and he was not used to handling horses. He was riding one of these mules and had a pack on the other one. As the men came down off the bluff onto the smooth ground a few feet from the bank of the river, the mule he was riding, as it came up near the bank of the river, took things in its own way, and turned and slid down the high steep bank until its front feet were in the water. Then is stuck its head down, jerking the bridle reins out of Brother Elliott's hands, and over its head, into the water. Brother Elliott came very near to going with the bridle reins over the mule's head and into the water, but he did manage to save himself from this unpleasant fall, and was able to stay in the saddle. After he was able to get his balance, he braced himself in the saddle, and having recovered the bridle reins from the water, he, in his wrath, proceeded to take vengeance out on that poor mule's mouth by jerking on the bridle reins with all the strength and energy he possessed, and he even went so far as to give expression to his feelings, and called that little mule

a very bad, mean name, by saying, “Oh, you Dirty Devil!” [That was] the worst language he had at his command. From this expression the stream seems to have taken up the name, locally at least, of “Dirty Devil”, although it is said that among the many stories that are told about the naming of this stream, the following story is told. In 1869, as Major Powell, with his three boats were going down the Colorado River one afternoon. As the evening was near, and the men were preparing for the night, they began to fish, as was their custom, to get some fish to help out their supply of food. One of the boats had moved on ahead of the others and had come to the place where this stream empties into the Colorado, and had stopped to fish. A second boat came up [with]in calling distance of the first boat, and a man in the second boat called to the first boat and asked, “Is there a stream coming in there?” A man from the first boat replied, and said, “Yes, but she is a Dirty Devil.” From expressions like these we have the name of the river well established, and when it is applied to the lower part of the stream, the name surely is not misapplied. But the upper part of the stream is most beautiful, having as it does, its heading in the Fish Lake.

The men, after coming down off the bluff to the river, followed up the river to the Grand Wash, and then they turned to the left and went through the Grand Wash to the west end of the wash where they took up their former trail, and retraced their way back to Rabbit Valley. You ask, “Did those men see any deer or mountain sheep on that trip?”, and, “How many did they kill?” Yes, I understand a few head of these animals were seen, and it is possible that one deer was killed. Father would not let us boys, or the men in his care, kill a deer or other useful animal, unless we were with[out] food, and hungry. The above is a short, but correct account (but possibly not told in an interesting way) of the exploring of the country south of Rabbit Valley in the summer of 1879, as I understand and remember the history of it, after hearing Father and others talk of it. In 1881, Mosiah Buchanan was called by President A. K. Thurber to settle in that lower country, and he was the first to settle in the country east of the Capital Reef. He lived on the Dirty Devil below the Pleasant Creek for two years before any other settler went into the country.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

A TIP-OVER

"For it is written, He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee;" (Luke 4:10) I wish to tell you a story of one of my own experiences, which is only one out of many I could tell, which, when put with an experience which I had in Illinois in October 1913 [referred to on page 439], convinces me that someone is watching over us, and directing things for our good, and that the statement we so often hear people say (as they may be arguing against prayer and [be] expressing a doubt of [their] faith) and remark, "Oh, it just happened that way!" is not a true statement. I firmly believe that with each person who is born into this world, [that] at the time that person is born, a spirit is sent to accompany the spirit that is to dwell in that body while that person lives on this earth, and [I believe] that accompanying spirit or guardian angel is given instructions, power and authority (to a given extent or limit) over that person while here on this earth. (See Matt. 4:6; Luke 4:10-11.) I am further convinced of the power of this guardian angel over the person by the experience of my trip to Colorado one night in the month of May 1934. (Compare Luke 4:5 and9; 2 Cor. 12:2-4; 1 Thess. 4:17; 1 Ne. 11:1.) This guardian angel can see into the future and see things that will take place, and they work accordingly for the good of the person.

This experience took place in February 1908, if I remember correctly. We were living in Bluewater, New Mexico, and I was doing some work at McDaniel-Taylor's saw mill. I was in the timber, logging, and one day I had an occasion (It was handy to do this, that was all.) to hitch my team – King, a sorrel stallion of about 1600 pounds in weight, and Pomp, a dappled gray Gelding, weighing about 1400 pounds – onto a log with my log-chain, which was a good heavy chain. The pull was not a hard one, but as my team started, possibly with a little life in their work, that chain broke as though it may have been a string, about four feet from the grab hook which was at the end of the chain, and I could not understand why

the chain should break as it did, but it did break just the same. I got a piece of bailing wire, and tied the two unbroken links together, and went on with my work. The next day, I worked in the mill. We were sawing lumber, and I handled the saw. The following morning I loaded my wagon with eleven hundred feet of lumber and started for home, which was 13 miles away.

I was following down a ridge, or hill, on a reasonably good dugway. The road followed along by the side of a narrow canyon, which at this place was about 15 feet deep and 10 feet wide at the bottom. We were entering one of the upper branches of Prop Canyon. The road followed along by this canyon for a little way, and then went down the hill into the canyon. This piece of the road faced to [the] south, and the snow had melted off, so the ground was bare or dry (as we speak [say]) but for a narrow strip of some eight feet wide that extended clear across the road, which was covered with ice caused by the shade of the top of a tree which stood across the little narrow canyon which we were following along by.

As the wheels came to this spot of ice, I let the brake (on the wagon) off a little, so as to let the hind wheels turn a little, as they were less apt to slide on the ice when the wheels are turning. As the hind wheels came onto this strip of ice, I noticed the wheels slide sideways on the ice, but I did not pay any attention to that, as I thought they would only slide a foot or two, and then the lower wheel would be on bare ground and would not slide any more, and I thought before the wheel had time to slide off from the dugway, the wagon would be past the ice, and on dry ground, where there would be no danger of the wheels sliding, and at the worst, if one wheel did slide off the dugway, it would only drop down on the axle at the edge of the dugway. But, to my surprise, I soon realized that I was falling. Yes, I was passing through the air! Then I was struck on the right hip by something heavy, and, Oh, how it did hurt! I thought the whole hip was gone. The blow was a little sideways, and not a straight blow. This had a tendency to push me a little to one side (say, three feet), and then I landed in the bottom of the canyon on my hands and knees, in snow about 16 inches deep.

Thinking the wagon had only turned length-wise up and down the hill and across the road, and [had] tipped over, leaving the team standing in the road, I got up and turned, looking over my right shoulder, with my back to the road, to see where the wagon was, and to see just what had happened, when [I was] struck a heavy blow on the top of my head, but a little to one side of the center of the head and on the left shoulder. Of course, I was knocked down, as if I was a small willow. I did not try to get on my feet, but I crawled on my hands and knees up the opposite side of the hill with thoughts like these coming to my mind: What the deuce has broken loose, anyhow? Works are essential to salvation. What is happening in these woods these days? I crawled up the steep, almost bluff, side hill to where I was sure that, if the wagon did tip over again, it would not roll that far up the hill. Then I sat down in the snow and looked down at my outfit, and what a sight I beheld! What a great surprise it was to me! There in the bottom of the canyon was my team and wagon, strung out in order as they were while traveling along the road, only the top side was down – that is, the lumber was on the ground under the wagon, the wheels were up in the air, and the horses were laying on their backs with their feet in the air. Of course, I expected everything to be pretty well broken up, and at once I began to look around to see what was broken. I soon saw that the brake lever (an oak stick about three inches in diameter and five feet long, and the two by six, which I used as a binding pole to keep the load from slipping, were [both] broken, and that was all. One break block had in some way been knocked loose, and was out of its place, or its socket on the brake bar. I think this brake block is what hit me on the hip, which caused it to be loosened and fall from its place, so it was no wonder that my hip hurt so bad.

I unhitched the horses (I mean the tugs and breast straps.) from the wagon, and undone the lines, so that the horses would be separated from each other. Then I said, talking to one of the horses, “Pomp, lay still and don't kick, and I will take hold of your hind feet and turn you over on your side so you can get up.” And when I turned him over, I found my hat (which was on my head at the time I was knocked down) laying under his hips. I decided that I must have been falling under the wagon, but being struck on the hip, as I was, forced me to the side a little, and enough to get me out of the way of

the wagon. But I was still in the way of the falling horse. Being hit by the horse, as I was, may have killed me, but for the fact that I was struck (by him) a little to the left center of the head, which knocked me a little to one side, enough to move me out of the way of the falling horse; otherwise, I would have been under the horse. I got my horses on their feet and turned my attention to getting my wagon loose from the load and straightened up.

The first thing to do was to get that heavy log chain that held my load in place loose. I had nothing to work with but an ax, so I would have to work slow. The hook of the chain was now under the load, so I could not get hold of it, and if it had been out where I could have got hold of it, the chain was too tight to be unhooked, so some[thing] else would have to be done. I found the wire link, which I had put in the chain two days before, on the side of the load where I could manage to get at it, so I took the ax and held the edge of the blade against the wire link, and used the end of the wagon wrench (a bolt 5/8 of an inch in diameter) as a hammer, and I soon cut two or three strands of the wire (in the wire link), and then, with the blade of my pocket knife, I was able to draw the cut strands of the wire link from the chain and loosen the chain and get it out of the way. The wagon and the load was at last properly rearranged, and we were on our way down the canyon, and sometime after dark we arrived safely at home.

I would ask, “Why did that chain break while I was working in the timber two days before?” To me the answer is very plain and easy to be answered.

CHAPTER TWELVE

ORIGIN OF THE MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION

The people generally seem to have the understanding that the M.I.A. first came onto existence in 1875, but that is when the general church organization of the M.I.A. was organized.

The first or earliest beginning of the M.I.A. that I have heard of goes like this: In the fall and winter of 1853-4, a saw mill, which was located in Big Cottonwood Canyon, had ten men working there. I do not remember the names of all the men who were working there, nor the name of the man who was running the mill, but Joseph F. Smith, then fourteen years of age, and John R. Young, my father, from whom I got this history (then 16 years of age), were there.

The operator of the mill was in town (Salt Lake City) one day, and President Brigham Young sent word to him telling him that the President wanted to talk to him. The man came to the President's office, and during their conversation, the President said in part, "Those men will become tired, restless, and weary sitting in the bunk house during the evening for want of something to do, and they will resort to card playing, and will give way to contention, telling of bad stories, and reading light trashy novels. To prevent this as much as possible, we want you to organize a class with a leader and a clerk at the head, so that everything will be done under a head. Have a record kept so that they will know what is being done, and everything will be done in an orderly way. This class will meet one night each week for about one hour and a half. The class will begin

with singing and an opening prayer. Let someone speak for ten minutes on faith, another on repentance or some other principle of the gospel. That the class will not become tiresome and dry, let someone sing a good song, speak a piece, tell a lively story. Then have a lesson in arithmetic, reading or spelling – something like that – so that all may be able to take part, and that all may be mutually benefited, as all those men need instructions in the principles of the gospel and school learning. At each class, a program will be assigned for the next week."

It was carried out as President [Young] lined it, and it proved to be a great success, and soon the wards through the Church began to adopt the plan, and by 1875, it was in use in most every ward. That everything may be uniformly done (in the wards), in 1875, a general organization was perfected in the Church. In the spring of 1854, at least four of these ten men were called to go on missions. Among those called was Joseph F. Smith, who had passed his 15th birthday in November 1853, and John R. Young, who passed his 17th birthday in April 1854, and I think [that] Simpson Molar [also]. The names of the others I do not remember. They left Salt Lake City on the 4th day of May 1854, in company with President Brigham Young, Lorenzo D. Young, Joseph W. Young and others, who went as far as Cedar City, Utah, where the President's party turned back. So says the record of John R. Young. The missionary party continued on their way to California. These boys were going to the Sandwich Islands. In the book, "Memories of John R. Young", are some interesting stories of these two boys while on this mission. It tells of some fights they got into while defending the principles of the gospel and the leaders of the Church. This account of the origin of the M.I.A. is short and brief, but to the best of my knowledge, it is true and correct.

Chapter Twelve

CHAPTER THIRTEEN
MANNA ON THE TREES

December 4, 1945, Salt Lake City, Utah

Elder Heber G. Richards

Dear Brother: A short time ago, you asked myself and others if any of us had ever heard of an experience, or an instance, in Utah, of the people [taking] dew, or something resembling dew, off from the leaves of the trees and grass, which was sweet to the taste, and [of their] making sugar of it. You told us that you had lately received a letter telling of a time at Provo in 1854 when the people gathered this dew-like article, and making sugar of it. You said that you had never heard of it before receiving this letter. I told you that I had heard of it, and you asked me to write what I could remember of what I had heard about it, so I will answer: Yes, I have heard of it three different times, from three different persons.

Some years ago I read a sketch of remembrances, printed in a magazine (I think it was the *Juvenile Instructor*, but I am not positive.), about the early days in Provo. This article spoke of the people, for a short time, gathering a liquid-like something, which they called "Manna", off from the leaves of the trees. This liquid-like something was very sweet and it was used as sugar. This sweet something, or dew, was found by a small boy and girl. It was the custom of the people, in those early days, to keep the calves in the corral during the day, and turn the cows out of the corral to feed on the grass and such other things as they could find to eat. At night the cows would be put in the corral and milked, and the calves would be turned out of the corral to feed. One morning this boy and girl was sent, as usual, to hunt for the calves and to bring them to the corral. They were both bare-footed and their clothing was old and worn. One of them saw this dew, or something, hanging on the leaves of

the tree, and just to be doing [something], put the tongue out of the mouth and licked the drop of dew, or whatever it was, off the leaf of the tree, and tasting the sweetness of it, called to the other and said, “It's sweet!”, meaning the drop of dew or the something that was on the leaf of the tree.

While on a trip to eastern Arizona during the winter of 1898-9, I heard a person say that a relative of theirs, an old-timer from Provo, had told them that, one summer (In those days, sugar and other sweets were very scarce and hard to get.), early in the morning, a substance, looking like heavy dew ready to drop, would be hanging from the leaves of the trees, but as the sun arose and it began to be warm, this article would disappear. This substance was very sweet and pleasant to the taste.

Another account of this same experience was told to me by a person, a woman, who said her mother had told them a story of early days in Provo, when sweets of all kinds were very scarce and hard to get at any price. To get sweets, some of the people would raise a patch of corn, and as soon as the corn on the cob was large enough to use, the corn would be pulled off the stalk, and the stalk would be cut and taken to a molasses [factory] and the juice would be pressed from the stalk, and the juice would be made into corn sugar. But even then, this kind of sugar could not be obtained, and the people seemed to be suffering from some kind of sickness which seemed to be caused from a lack of sweets in their food. Just at this time, a sweet dew was found to be on the leaves of the trees early in the morning. The outcome of this was that many of the people gathered this dew. Some of them gathered several gallons of it. They would put it on a slow-burning fire and gently boil it for several minutes, then set it aside for a few days, and it would turn to a crude (like) sugar, which was much sweeter than cane sugar, and in using it, a common table spoonful would be equal to pint cup full of cane sugar. This new sugar kept very well. With the use of this sweet, the sickness soon left them.

This is, in brief, the main facts or parts of the stories I have heard about the sweet dew coming on the trees at Provo, and the use made of it. I believe this experience to be true. In the Sunday School

outlines for the *Gospel Doctrine Class for 1950*, Thomas Romney, in speaking of the life of Elias H. Blackburn. More of this in quoting from the journal of Brother Blackburn, about this sweet manna: When I was a boy in Rabbit Valley, Brother Blackburn was our bishop for about eight years. I knew him very well.

Chapter Thirteen

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

THE MORMON BATTALION

We have heard a great deal about the "Mormon" Battalion, and what they did and what they did not do, and I am going to tell you some things about them, which members of the "Mormon" Battalion have told me. These things I have never seen in print. These men who told me these things, took part in all of them [these affairs] but one, and this one [affair] they looked on and saw it done.

I first heard Father tell of this affair. He very likely got the story from the man who did the job, as he was well acquainted with the man. In my younger days, I saw this man a number of times, so you see, I have a good deal of confidence in this story and the stories that will follow.

On the 16th day of June 1848, Captain James Allen reached a camp of the Latter-day Saints, (commonly called "Mormons" by our opponents) who were traveling under the leadership of Elder Wilford Woodruff, who referred the captain to President Brigham Young. [The captain came] with a request from the federal government for the Latter-day Saints to raise an army of 500 volunteers to take part in the war with Mexico. On the twentieth day of August, this body of volunteers left Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, on their long and weary march to California, under the command of Captain Allen. Captain Allen was sick at the time they started off, but he sent the battalion on ahead of him, with the understanding that he was to follow them later. He died on the 23rd day of August, and an officer from the regular U.S. Army was placed in charge of the battalion.

Affair #1

The following affair took place while the battalion was marching. You understand [that] these men were walking up the Arkansas River. The commander of the battalion seemed to have a hatred in his heart for the "Mormon" people, and he showed it in his dealings

with these men. He was a good fist fighter, and liked to show his authority, and he seemed to delight in abusing the men, and sometimes he was very severe in his abuse to the men. One day he took the liberty of striking William (Bill) Maxwell. Bill was not a large man, but he was very independent by nature, and did not believe in a bully running things all his own way, so Bill returned the blow, and a fight was on. The officer, being the larger man of the two, and a good fighter, felt no concern as to the outcome of the fight, and as the fight went on (and it was a bloody fight), Bill seemed to be getting the worst of the fight. Some of his friends asked him to give up and quit, but he refused to do so, and told them that, "He is so overbearing now, that we can hardly get along with him, and he has abused so many of the men, and now, if I give up to him, there will be no use of us trying to get along with him. He may be able to kill me, but he can't make me give up to him; I will die first!" So the fight went on. The two men became so completely exhausted, that neither one of them could stand on their feet. They laid on the ground and scratched at each other. Bill was the first to regain his strength enough to stand up, and when he got up, he would kick the officer on the head or in the side with the toe of his boot, and as he became able to balance himself, he would plant the heel of his boot in the officer's face or stomach. Finally, the officer asked Bill to let him give up, but Bill said, "You have not got all that is coming to you yet!" The officer begged Bill for his life, and made promises for his future treatment and conduct toward the men. The officer appealed to the men who were standing by them, asking them to save his life. Bill's friends carried him away and took care of him. Needless to say that trouble with that officer was overwith.

At Santa Fe, this officer was transferred to another division and Sgt. George Cook was placed in charge of the Battalion. A well by the side of Highway 66, twenty- five miles north, or north-east, of Santa Fe, New Mexico, [north of I-84 & west of Las Vegas, NM] is advertised as the oldest well in the state of New Mexico, and water from that well is sold to tourists for ten cents a cup or pint. Very likely that well was dug by the "Mormon" Battalion men, under the direction of Captain Thomas Jefferson Hunt. This is 1947, so that well would be 100 years old, and it is said the well has never been dry. Some people say the "Mormon" Battalion followed down the

Rio Grande River to just above El Paso, Texas. Some say they wintered at the north end of the Las Cruces Valley, so I will call it, and as an evidence of this they will tell you of some old tumbled-down houses that stand on a low hill at the north end of the valley, on the east side of the river. Some may say it is the north side of the river, and tell you that those houses were built by the "Mormon" Battalion for them to winter in. Let some of the men, who were members of the "Mormon" Battalion, tell us of some of the things which they did. But first let us reason together. The "Mormon" Battalion left Fort Leavenworth, Kansas on the 20th day of August 1846, and they were in Santa Fe, New Mexico, in the latter part of October 1846, and in San Diego, California in January 1847, so where did the "Mormon" Battalion spend the winter? Surely it was not on the Rio Grande River in New Mexico. These stories were told tome by Johnstun, Smith, Brown, and Bigler. Bigler kept a diary while on this trip, [and showed it to me] while we were in the Manti temple in December, 1897.

Now we will have the stories:
"The Battalion passed through Socorro and followed down the river to Rincon [that town now is far too south of the path], San Mateo [Mountains]. This would be about 40 miles. Then we [the Battalion – Bigler talking through his diary] left the river and traveled south-west across the table land to the mountain. Then we climbed up that awful rough, rugged mountainside. Before we reached the top of the mountain, we, on account of the steep rough mountain, had to take the loads off from our wagons and carry the loads on our backs for three miles before we reached the top of the mountain. We had to take the wagons apart and for half a mile we carried them [too], piece by piece, over the bluff. After we reached the top of the mountain, we passed through that saddle under the high peak at the south end of the mountain. We followed down the Members [Mimbres] Canyon until we were in the valley, then we turned to the west or just west of south, and passed about 25 miles west of the present site of Deming, New Mexico. (In 1951 I went over this part of their route, and I was riding in a good automobile, and on a fairly good highway (the highway passes through this "saddle" which is named Emery's [also Emory] Pass [Hwy 152, between Caballo & Silver City], and I am convinced that if those men passed up the

mountain to that pass, they must have carried their loads fully five miles. On the other hand, from where they came near the foot of the mountain, it would have been one or one and a half day's march over a much smoother ground, to the south end of the mountain, to Cooke's Peak, which is in the edge of the plain north of Deming.)

"When the Battalion reached the Indian village of Casas Grandas, we traded clothing for wheat and corn, [or bought such with money] as we could, from the Indians. The commander had told us we could put what grains we could get on the wagons, and the teams would haul it for us. In two or three days, it was plain to be seen that on account of the heavy sand and rough road, the teams were not able to haul our grain for us, so a raft was made and loaded with the grain we had bought, and sent down the river. We thought we would travel as fast as the raft would go on the river, and as we were traveling down the river [too], we thought [that] in a few days our loads on the wagons would be reduced enough [by our using food] that we would be able to take our grain from the raft and put it on the wagons again, and the teams would be able to haul it for us, for surely we needed that grain very badly for food. We could parch the corn in the evenings and fill our pockets with it and eat the parched corn as we were marching. But in this we were disappointed; the raft and the grain was lost, and we have no idea as to what became of them."

I am not sure as to where this [next] experience took place. I have understood that this affair took place in the eastern part of Arizona, but it may have been near the Arizona and California state lines. These men continued with their narrative:

"During the afternoon of the third day of a three day's forced, waterless march, a number of our men became exhausted for the want of water, and were dropped by the way. When the Battalion reached water, which was just a small spring, about the first thing that was done was to fill three two-gallon canteens with water, and Lot Smith was given a little mule to ride and to carry these three canteens of water; and [he was] sent back after the men who had been left behind, with orders not to stop or open a canteen until he had reached the first man that had been left behind. Then he was to

give that man one cup of water, but not more. He was to start back with that man, and when he came to the second man, he was to give that (the second) man a cup of water, but no more. He was to keep this order up until he reached the last man to be left behind, and that man was to be given a cup of water. Then beginning with the first man, and each man in their turn as they had been dropped behind, he was to give them a second cup of water. After each man had been given two cups of water, they were to be given no more water for a stated length of time. After that time had passed, each man in his turn was to be given a third cup of water. Then they had to wait for a given length of time before they could have a fourth cup of water, which could be given to them in their turn, and in this order the balance of the water could be given to them.

"Lot got on the mule and started off on his errand. He passed two or three men, but he did not heed their pleadings for water, but went on his way. Finally, he came to a man laying by the side of the road. The man did not seem to realize anything that took place around him. His tongue was out of his mouth, and badly swollen, parched and cracked. Lot looked at him and spoke to him, but the man made no sign of recognizing his presence. He was a pitiful looking sight. Lot was touched by his appearance. Lot got off the mule and took a canteen down and opened it and bent over the man and carefully poured a few drops (or a little water) on the man's tongue. The touch of the water, which seemed so sweet, cool and refreshing to the man, revived him enough so that he realized that water was coming into his mouth, and he quickly reached up with both hands and caught hold of the canteen and pulled it to his mouth and began to drink. Lot tried to pull the canteen away from him, but he held on to it so firmly, that Lot, in pulling on the canteen (in trying to take it from the man) was dragging him along the ground. To get the canteen away from him, Lot put his foot on the man's breast to hold him, and then pulled the canteen away from him. Lot closed the canteen and got on the mule and went on his way, and from then on carried out his orders as he had been told to do, and before morning he arrived in camp with every man.

"The next day, the poor unfortunate man, to whom Lot had given the water, through the gratitude of his heart, to lot, for saving his life,

and believing that it was the water Lot had given him as Lot was passing by that did it, told of what had been done. The commander, hearing of it had Lot court marshaled. The results was, Lot was kept under guard that night. The next morning he was given no breakfast, and when the Battalion was ready to march on, his hands were tied together and then tied to the end of the cross piece at the back end of the wagon box, with only about six inches of space between his hands and the corner of the wagon box, where he was compelled to walk all day with out food or water. This was his punishment for disobeying his order, not to stop or open a canteen of water until he had reached the last man.

"It was nearly night when the Battalion reached this small spring of water, and to give each man a chance to get a little water, it was necessary to place two men at the spring, one on each side of the spring; then the men in marching order would come up to the men at the spring and hand his cup to the man at the spring, who would dip the cup into the water and hand it back to the owner, who would move on a step or two and stop and drink the water, and then move on and turn – the men on the right-hand side would turn to the right, and the men on the left hand-side would turn to the left, and they would walk back until they came to the last, or back end of the Battalion, and then they would fall in line and march, as before, back to the man at the spring, where they would be given a second cup of water, so that as the last man in the Battalion got his first cup of water, the first man to get a cup of water was there for his second cup of water, and this regulation was continued. It was not long before it was evident that the water was not coming from the spring fast enough to give each man a cup of water, so the amount of water given to each man was reduced to three large spoon-fulls to the man." William J. Johnstun said, "We marched around that little spring all night long, and when morning came and it was time to begin to prepare for the day's march, some of us were still marching around that spring trying to get more water."

As the Battalion moved well to the west, it was learned one morning, that three men did not answer to the roll call, and upon making inquiry it was learned that the three men had become sick, and at their request, had, three days before, been permitted to drop behind

by themselves, to follow on as best they could. When this was learned, nine men. William J. Johnstun and Azariah Smith [were] two of that nine, [of] Company "C", to which company these three [lost] men belonged. [They] agreed that they would not march on any further, until after they had learned of the welfare of these three men. Johnstun and Smith may be called the long and the short of the Battalion. Johnstun stood fully six feet and three inches tall, while Smith was under the army regulation size in both height and weight, but said he: 'I was among the first to enlist, and at that time, they did not think they would be able to get the desired 500, so they took me in.'"

Smith was talking while Johnstun, Brown, and Bigler were listening [in this conversation at the Manti Temple together, about these past events].

"When the bugle sounded for us to take up the line of march, the nine of us refused to march forward. We were ordered to march but would not move. Nine men were placed in front of us and ordered to fix bayonets and to charge us. They did so, and I can tell you, when those bayonets went through our clothing and began to stick in the hide and the blood started to run, it hurt like the dickens, but we stood firm. The order was given for them to stop, and we was glad that they did stop. The officer talked with us a little while, and satisfied himself that all we wanted to do was to go back and see what had become of the three sick men. If they were dead, we would bury them, and if they were alive, we would help them on the way to overtake the Battalion. We were given some rations and permitted to go back. We found the men alive, and following as well as they could. The nine of us divided their packs between us, so the sick had nothing to carry, and we started out to overtake the Battalion.

"Being alone, we could travel as we liked, so we would start early in the morning and travel until in the forenoon, then we would rest until in the afternoon, when we would start out and travel until late at night. This way we traveled when it was cool, and we rested every day, as well as at night, and we made good progress. Unexpectedly, we came to the Colorado River, and there we was, afoot and alone and no way of crossing that great big river. We hunted for

something we could make a raft with, or a log that we could use to help us to swim with, but we could find nothing of any kind that we could use. But we had to cross that river, so we decided the only thing to do was for us to try and swim, and trust to the Lord for the outcome. So, after asking the Lord's help, we set the bayonets on our guns and tied our clothes in as small a bundle as we could, and stuck them on the end of the bayonets of our guns, and started across that river. And we crossed it, too. We did not swim a step; we waded. Just think of a little scrub like me, wading the Colorado River! But I really did wade clear across that river. For a ways, I had to tip-toe it like this! (And he tip-toed across the room to show us how he had to stretch. "I could just keep the water from getting into my mouth and nose, but we did wade all the way across the river. We were now all safely across that big river, and our prayers were answered. Of course, in time, we overtook the Battalion, and all was well."

Brother Johnstun had several times told me all of these stories. Some will question the story of these men wading across the Colorado River, [but] in answer let me ask you: Did not Jonah live three days in the belly of a fish, and the children of Israel cross over the Red Sea on dry ground? And hundreds of other things which we do not understand – how they were done. [But they really] took place. Since writing the above I have read a report (I think it was by one of Fremont's men) of a man following up the Colorado River for quite a distance to see if the river could be used for navigation. In his report, after giving his estimated average width of the river, he said it would have an average depth of three and a half feet. If the water was only three and one half feet deep, any grown person would be able to wade the river. But should there be a place two rods wide where the water was only one foot deep, then there must be a place along that line, for a distance of two rods where the water would need to be six feet deep, and Johnstun, himself, would not be able to wade that place and keep his mouth and nose out of the water. So I ask, "How was this man Smith, little as he was, able to wade across the Colorado River?"

Chapter Fourteen

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA IN 1849

During the past 100 years much has been said and written about the finding of gold in California, and who found the gold and got the credit. Much of it at least, has been given to a Mr. Marshall, who was a part-owner of the property where gold was found, and the general director of the work then under construction at the time gold was found, but he did no real labor in the building or the construction that was being done. Owing to the much that has been said during the last, or late celebration being held in California January 24th, 1949, of the finding of gold one hundred years ago, and having been asked to try and correct some very grave mistakes that have been made, in telling of this discovery, I wish to offer some corrections to those reports. If it is necessary to have somebody offer or give support to my story, in the general line of happenings, I will offer the names of the following persons: Jess Johnstun (He spells his name Johnston) and Rebecca Johnstun Day, both of Ramah, New Mexico, son and daughter of William J. Johnstun, Company "C" Mormon Battalion, and foreman of the men who dug the mill race leading to the mill and the mill race which carried the water away from the water wheel of the mill, at Sutter's Mill, in which gold was found on January 24th, 1849. Also Abbie Stevens Young, 374 6th Ave., Salt Lake City, 3, Utah, and Thomas J. McNeill, Bluewater, New Mexico, and others if they are needed. In the current reports this man's name, when used, is oftentimes spelled, "Johnson" or "Johnston". This man spelled his name, "Johnstun". To certify to the correct way of spelling his name, I will refer you to the records of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The records of the Endowment House, where he received his endowments in 1867, has the name spelled "Johnstun" and his signature at the time he enlisted in the army, in 1846, is spelled "Johnstun". These Church records

will include the ward records of the following wards: Kaysville, Davis County Utah; Washington and Santa Clara, Washington County, Utah; Sunset, Arizona; Ramah, McKinley County, New Mexico; and the Manti Temple records, all of which have his name spelled, “Johnstun”.

William James Johnstun was born in August 1824, and he was twenty-two years old at the time he enlisted in the army (the Mormon Battalion). I first met him in the summer of 1894, at Fruitland, New Mexico. He was passing from Ramah, New Mexico, to Manti, Utah, to do work in the temple there. He was riding a little blue roan Indian pony, which he called “Punch”. In September, 1897, I married his daughter, Clara, and soon after that, Brother Johnstun came and lived with us, for a while. In December 1897 we went to Manti and was in the temple for two weeks, while there I met Azariah Smith, Henry Bigler or Bigelow, and a Brother Brown – three of Brother Johnstun's buddies in the Mormon Battalion, and who were with him and a part of the group over which he was foreman, and helped in the digging of the mill race and the race in which the gold was first discovered at the time when gold *was* discovered.

Brother Johnstun had told me the story of the finding of the gold a number of times, but here in the Manti temple, these three men, (William Johnstun, Azariah Smith, and Brother Brown, with Brother Henry Bigler standing nearby) told me of the finding of the gold, and a good many other things of their experiences while in the Mormon Battalion.

Brother Smith did much of the talking. Said he, speaking of William J. Johnstun, “Yes, Bill there, was the foreman, and we looked to him for instructions and to tell us what we were to do. We had dug the mill race, and we had turned the water into the mill race to see if it was alright, and then we had taken the water out of the mill race and done some small repairing or fixing about it. Then we turned a small stream of water in the mill race to see if the water wheel was working alright. We soon noticed that the water was not drawing off away from the water wheel in the tail race as it should, so we went to work digging the tail race (near the water wheel) a little deeper so

that the water would draw away from the water wheel with a ripple. This was quite a job, and we were there some time before we got it to working right.

While digging in the gravel with the water running over it, we noticed something yellow in the gravel, but thought it was only some colored grains of gravel, and thought no more of it. But we kept on finding it, and at last, we got to looking at it, and finally we got to wondering what it was and if it was possible that it could be gold, but we knew nothing about gold. This went on for two or three days. Then we decided to show some of it to Marshall, so we gathered up several pieces of it, and Bill held it in his hand and we went to Marshall's house and Bill held out his hand and showed that yellow stuff to Marshall, and we all talked about it and Marshall told us he thought it was gold. Then we went and showed him where we found it, and where we seemed to find the most of it."

This is the story of [the] finding of gold in California in 1849 as it was told to me by three of the men who were there at the time, and who took part in the work, [told] as we sat in the Manti Temple waiting to be called to begin our work. In January 1898 the state of California sent to Utah and got Johnstun, Smith, Bigler, and Brown, all of whom were living at Manti at the time, and paid their expenses from the time they left Manti until they returned to Manti, and took them to California and entertained them as the last four survivors of the original discoverers of gold in California, and the honored guests of that historical event at the celebration held in January 1898 in honor of the event. Each of these men were given a badge of pure gold made from (as I understand) gold produced in California, as a token of gratitude in remembrance of the part they played in the finding of gold in California. After these badges were presented, their pictures were taken showing their badges on their breasts. I have one of those pictures in my collection. Some of these nuggets were as large as a large garden pea, and the larger ones must have been fully one-half inch in diameter. While I was at Manti these three men, Johnstun, Smith and Brown, were talking to me every chance they could get, [and] while Bigler was interested, he was not as eager to talk as the others were.

Chapter Fifteen

S. C. Young 1949.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN
A GRAND THANKSGIVING

We were on our way to Manti, and had spent the night at Bishop Mont Peterson's in Moab Utah. We left Moab a little late in the morning. It was Thanksgiving Day, the last Thursday in November, 1897. The snow being about six inches deep, we had traveled all day with only a poorly broken road to follow. We had passed Courthouse Rock, and were in that wide open cold, bleak country, where there was no water, nor wood of any kind, not even a cow chip with which to make a fire, and it was cold, and a gentle breeze was blowing. Chances for a cold camp, and no fire was awfully good, and having no fire meant no supper or breakfast.

About one mile east of the road, I saw a place in the bluff where I knew, from the setting of the place, the snow had melted; and there would possibly be a hole in the rock where the water from the melting snow would be caught, and there was a cedar tree, and a part of the top of the tree was dry. Well, we could have a fire and a dry place for our bed, anyway, so I thought. I turned the team from the road and started to drive that way. In a minute Aunt Clara asked, "What in the world are you doing out here in the flat? The road is back there!" I drove on to the place, where I found things as I had thought – bare ground to camp on, water and wood. In a short time, the horses were eating their hay, a nice fire was burning. I soon had bread baking in one frying pan, and dry salt side bacon frying in another. We had a good supper, and spent a pleasant night, and in the early dawn of the morning, we were on our way again.

To me that was as grand as any Thanksgiving I have ever had.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN
THE UNITED ORDER

I am going to tell you of some of the things I remember about the United Order in Orderville, Utah, and some things I have [remembrance] of taking place in Orderville and in some other places where the United Order was put into practice. These things will be, most likely, told in a very awkward and broken way, but you may be able to gather several things from this article.

During the early days of 1946 we heard so much about the Church (I am speaking of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints) welfare plan, and [about] the ways of the Russian government, [with] some people claiming that the Russian government had all things in common, and that the [United Order] was only patterned after the Russian government; but let us take a glance at the past and see who we are patterning after:

In 1831, Joseph Smith, the prophet, in Kirtland, Ohio, taught the people the Law of Consecration, which is a law or principle higher than the Law of the United Order. This principle of consecration was practiced quite extensively in Missouri between the years of 1832 and 1838. The people failed to live up to the high standard of the principle of the Law of Consecration. It was too high for them, so the Lord, on the 8th day of July, 1838, gave to the people the Law of Tithing, which is a lesser law or principle – to take the place of the higher principal of consecration.

Laying aside the claim of Joseph Smith receiving revelation about these things, we will go on and see who Joseph Smith patterned after. We find that this law, or principle, of consecration was organized, established, and put into operation, or working order, by the apostles of Jesus Christ in Jerusalem soon after they began to

direct the affairs of the Church. (See Acts 2:44-45; 4:32- 37; 5:1-10; 6:3-6.) So we have the fact established that the members of the Church, soon after the death of Jesus Christ, under the direction of the apostles, were practicing the principle of consecration. This was hundreds of years before the Russian government was thought of. So who did the apostles pattern after? Corresponding with this same period of time, we find a people living on this western continent (America) who came here 600 years before the birth of Jesus Christ, who were visited by Him soon after His resurrection from the grave. (See 3 Ne. 11:8-10.) And He organized His Church among them with twelve apostles with authority to administer in the ordinances of the Church. (See 3 Ne. 12:1.) And they had authority to heal the sick. (See 4 Ne. 1:5.) [And they] lived under the same rules, regulations, laws and conditions as did the Saints in Jerusalem under the directions of the twelve apostles. (See 3 Ne. 26:19 and 4 Ne. 1:3; and 4 Ne. 1:25-26.) [This shows] that the people who were living on this, the western hemisphere, had a knowledge of the principle of consecration, or the United Order, and were living by it at the same time the Saints in Jerusalem were living it, and for 200 years the people on the American continent lived up to the high and lofty principle of consecration, when on account of selfishness and pride, this unity was broken up. I am convinced in my own mind that Joseph Smith, in introducing the principles of consecration, united order, and tithing, did not copy after any earthly government.

According to the statements of several people, whom I am acquainted with (my mother being one of them), Brigham Young, while striving to establish the principle of [the] United Order among the people, one time was speaking at Orderville, Utah, in the early 1870's. [He] said he was speaking of two subjects. [In] one of them he said, “Give me 25 men who will work unitedly together for ten years, and I will show you an independent community.”

The United Order was organized in Orderville in the early 1870's, and continued ten years, or about that length of time. The members of this United Order was composed of (as was most of the United Orders which were organized) poor people. Often times a family, when they came into the United Order would only have a small team of horses, or a yoke of oxen, [and] an old wagon, two or three cows,

and a few old clothes – their bedding being included. So the United Order had to begin with almost nothing and build up. As a small child, I remember the following property which belonged to the United Order at Orderville: farms, farm equipment which would include mowing machines, self binders, thrashing machines and so on, garden, tannery, shoe shop, blacksmith shop, carpenter shop, carding mill for both wool and cotton, weaving loom or mill for making cloth, [a] store, dairy, and lots of good cattle, plenty of horses (and some of them of the very best), three or four herds of sheep, a flour mill, and a saw mill. In 1883 or 1884 when the United Order at Orderville was broken up, Thomas Stolworthy, who was superintendent of the cattle, was instructed to gather up the cattle that was left, and sell them. I have [heard] Tom say he gathered up 2000 head of cattle and drove them to Colorado and sold the mixed [herd] for $11.00 a head.

Why should not a community like this be independent? When we stop to think and consider that the people who made up the membership of the United Order, in the first place, were as a general rule, poor people, old people, crippled people, [and] then to think of them, in from 10 to 15 years, having such a lot of property, can anyone say they were not a prosperous community? And why were they prosperous? Because they were trying to live a righteous principle, and they were supported by being given good management through inspiration from on high.

They were all working on an equal base. Or, to explain it more fully, a child at 12 years of age was given a small credit for each day's work, [and] as the child advanced in years, the credit was increased until the child became full grown. Then [as] a man, [he] would receive a credit of, say, $1.50 a day, and a woman would receive a credit of $0.75 a day, and each person was charged a corresponding price, each day, for their living expenses. At the last of each year, each person's account was balanced, and in a case where a person's charges, on account of sickness or some other kindred cause, was more than their credit, the board of directors would take a percentage (enough to satisfy the shortage) off from each of those who had a surplus (that is, more credit than charge), and balance the books, so at the first of each year, all were put on a clear account. This system

seemed to be working very well, until, when one of our Church leaders, while visiting at Orderville, told them that [the] system was not right – that the work should be classified and paid for accordingly – that the work of a bookkeeper was worth more than the work of a farmer or sheep herder. So the old system was done away with, and a new system was installed. Under the new system some work was given a credit of $2.50 a day, while some other work received a credit of only $0.75 a day. Of course, many of those who had made good under the old system failed under the new system, and some of those who were now receiving the higher credit were not willing to give of their surplus credit to help balance the account of those who did not have enough credit to balance their own accounts. And this caused trouble, because the spread of credit allowed in this classified work, and the charge that was made, was too great to permit the person who received the lower credit to meet the charge. Later, President Young visited Orderville, and when he saw how things were, he told them that the system was wrong, that they were working on an equal, [and] that the farmer and the sheep herder worked just as hard, and put in just as much time as the bookkeeper, so each would be credited alike. Some refused to return to the old system.

When the United Order was first started, all the people ate their meals at a common table, but later, the officers had a kitchen and dining room built apart from the common or general kitchen and dining room where the officers and their families ate their meals. Then they had parties for the people, and parties for the officers. It was not long before the officers had buggies and carriages for them[selves] and their families, with special driving teams, and private riding horses, while the people had wagons to ride in, and other things like that. One thing which caused a great deal of trouble and went far toward breaking up the Order, was the claim made, by at least some of the officers, that they, as officers, had an unquestionable right and the authority, to punish by whipping or otherwise (at will) the children of the families who belonged to the United Order, and some children were whipped – some severely – and one boy was beaten in a shameful way. This thing had a great deal to do with the breaking up of the United Order. It is too bad that the idea of the officers having the right and authority to whip and

punish children of the United Order existed in a number of other settlements where the United Order was being practiced, but it did, and it was the means of causing a great deal of trouble.

The United Order at Bluff City, Utah, had trouble of another kind. The people who settled at Bluff City had hardships, trials, and troubles which were almost beyond the power of the people of today to believe and accept as being true. But the people who remained at Bluff City endured them because of their unwavering faith and confidence in that man who stood at their head here on earth, who had called them there to accomplish a certain thing – and they succeeded.

Besides the Indians who were living in that country, some of which were very quarrelsome and [were] a threat of danger, the country was infested with some of the most desperate, dangerous characters to be found in any country. The poverty of the people, while it was so bad that it hurt, was but little, when compared with these greater troubles. At last the people were able to get a start of sheep and cattle (the things the country was well adapted to). The people had trouble of another kind to meet: The men who were in charge of the sheep and cattle hired outside, cheap labor, and paid cash for that labor. The Indians could be hired for $20.00 a month, and a Mexican, for $22.00 (and, of course, their board, which was of very common food). This left the Bluff City men without work, as Bluff City had only a few acres of farming land. The men at Bluff City had to have work, and to get work, they had to go to Colorado, which was a hundred miles away from home, but there the wages ranged from $35.00 to $50.00 a month. So the outside, cheap labor got the work at Bluff City, and the Bluff City men had to go away from home to get work. The United Order at Bluff City was finally discontinued.

In every place that I have heard of, where the United Order was put into practice, the members of that United Order thrived, prospered and grew, financially and spiritually, so long as the people were united and worked in harmony. But as soon as they permitted jealousy, selfishness (which is the devil's greatest tool on earth and in heaven), contention, pride and class distinction to enter in among

them – then they begin to go down, both spiritually and financially, and finally [they] fail. The Law of Tithing and the Welfare Plan: [these] programs will, if lived up to, lead us back to the Law, or principle, of Consecration, which is a high and lofty principle from on high.

May we as a family, be humble and submissive to the teachings of the scriptures, and [to] the counsel and advice given to us by our Church leaders, upholding them by our works, faith, and prayers, so that when the time comes for us to accept of these things, we may be able to do so with all our heart and soul, and live up to them.

For further reference on the United Order, see Moses 1:21, 27 and 31.) I have above, spoken about President Brigham Young speaking at Orderville. He was speaking upon the subjects of plural marriage and the United Order. In his remarks, he said in part, "If the people, as a whole, do not accept of these things, in their hearts, and live up to them, I do not want to live to see the trials and troubles they will be called upon to pass through." He died in August, 1877. In 1882 the Edmund-Tucker anti-polygamy law was enacted, or passed, by congress, and we as a people (Church) suffered terribly for the next eight years. How well I remember those years. They were awful. May they never return.

Chapter Seventeen

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S DREAMS

I have heard my father tell the following two dreams of President Brigham Young, which I will relate in his own words, as near as I can remember them.

"Brigham had worked hard and untiringly to lead and direct the people in both their spiritual and temporal affairs, as far as it was his duty to direct in temporal affairs. Many people had been brought across the plains to safety, and many settlements had been established, all of which seemed to be successful, and much trouble with the Indians had been avoided by his method of dealing with the Indians, which was brotherly kindness. (Feed them instead of fighting them.) But so many of the people were complaining about him and falsely accusing him of so many things, that he finally decided he could stand it no longer, and he decided that he would resign his place as president of the Church and let some other person try it, and see if they could give the people better satisfaction.

"He wrote his resignation and prepared to present it to the council of the Twelve for their consideration. Then, one night, before this was done, he dreamed that he was passing through a large valley, traveling toward a very high, and an awful[ly] rough mountain. In the valley were some brush and rocks. As he walked along, the ground became covered with a heavy growth of brush, and there were many rocks, and these were all covered with snow, which hid many of these brush and rocks from view, and made his traveling more difficult. As he drew nearer to the mountain, the slope of the ground became steeper, and the snow got deeper, and he became very tired and weary. At last he reached the base of the mountain,

and began the climb up the mountain, which was terrible. The mountain was steep, the growth of brush was thick and tall, and the rocks were large, and the snow soon became waist deep. As he struggled to climb up the mountain, the ground became fearfully rough, almost a bluff, and there was danger of him slipping and falling down the mountain. He thought of giving up. He turned and looked back, and to his great surprise, he saw his father standing just behind him. And he said, 'Father, it is so awfully bad that I cannot go any further.' And his father asked, 'Brigham, can't you go a little further? Try and go a little further; just a little.' Brigham struggled on, and was able to climb a short distance, but with a great effort. Then Brigham turned to his father and said, 'Father, it is impossible. I can not do it.' His father asked, 'Can't you go a little further? Another step? Try!' Brigham looked at the ground ahead of him and finally saw a place where he could place his foot and take another step and be able to stand. He turned to tell his father that he could take another step, but his father was nowhere to be seen.

"Brigham awoke and pondered upon the dream. He decided, for the present, not to present his resignation to the council of the Twelve. But still Brigham was troubled, and he worried a great deal. And then he dreamed again. He was greatly troubled and worried over the condition of several things, and the way some of the people were living. In spite of his efforts to prevent it, some of the people were apostatizing from the Church, and some were accusing him of all the ungodly acts and [of] doing [any]thing that could be thought of. Some of the people were dissatisfied with everything and everybody. Some others were satisfied and content(ed) with everything, and willing to go on where they were asked to go and were willing to stay there and try to do the things they were asked to do, and everything, as it came to them, was just as it ought to be, and was alright.

"In this second dream, Brigham saw down the road yonder, a lone man. He was riding a good horse, but the horse was leg-weary and worn out from being overworked. The man was driving a herd of cattle. In this herd of cattle were animals of every kind of condition and disposition. Some were very fat, some fat, some were poor, some were very poor, and some were awfully poor. Some fast, and

some were slow. Some were very wild, and some were wild. Some were tame and gentle; some were very gentle – pets; and some were slow and lazy. Some of the cattle would drag behind the herd and hide behind the brush and in this was try to get away from the herd. Others in the herd would go off to the side, while others would run down the road ahead of the herd and try to get away from the herd. But the man must keep them all together in one herd.

"The man would go behind the herd and urge the poor, the lame, the tame and the lazy cattle along, always being kind and gentle with the cattle. Then he would go along the sides of the herd and get the cattle which were going off to the side back into the herd. Then [he would] ride ahead and stop the wild run-aways, and get them back into the herd. And then he would have to do it all over again. It was one long drawn-out hard weary struggle of continued watching and [of] keep[ing] on going. There was no time to stop (not for a minute) and rest. The herdsman was very busy with his mixed herd of cattle. The man was wearing a rather badly worn suit of clothes, an old sloppy hat that came well down over his face, hiding his face from view.

"Brigham was very anxious to know who this man was, and made several attempts to meet him and learn who he was, but was not able to meet him. He had called to the man, but the herdsman was so busy with his cattle, that he could not reply to Brigham's call. Finally, Brigham, being determined to see who the man was, rode up to his side and reached over and raised his hat off from his head so as to be able to see his face, and when he saw the man's face, he recognized the face of Joseph, and in his great surprise at seeing Joseph, he asked, 'Why, Joseph, what in the world are you doing?' Joseph, in a calm quiet way, without slacking his horse in his movements, replied, 'Brigham, I am doing the very best I can.'

"The dream was so real to life, that Brigham awoke with a start(le). He thought of the dream and the comparison it made with the people and the cattle. Some of the cattle were doing everything they could do to get away from the herd. Some of the people were apostatizing because of this thing or that thing not being done just right, and leaving the Church. And others were apostatizing because of some

other little thing; some were willing; some were contrary and hard to handle direct[ly]. Brigham decided to follow the example of the man with the cattle and stick to his job. He destroyed his written resignation and stuck with his place."

Ernst A. Tietjen also told me this last dream, and of Brigham intending to resign as president of the Church.

Chapter Eighteen

CHAPTER NINETEEN
A TRIP TO COLORADO

Complying with the wishes of my children who are now grown and have families of their own, [so that] they may have in their book of remembrance a more full and complete account of some of my experiences, some of which are marvelous, and even unbelievable to most people, [I will relate this now.] But the Lord in His own wisdom, on several occasions, has been very merciful to me, and [has] granted me favors for which I am very thankful, and I try to be humble, and I have tried to be patient and put up with many things which were entirely opposite to my will and liking, and things that, if I had have given way to my feelings, I would have done things that would have been serious and of the utmost extreme [nature] for a person to do. But remembering the teachings of my mother: "Suffer evil to be done to you rather than knowingly do the least little thing that would injure another," and thinking of the experience I had on the Boulder Mountain when I was a small boy and alone and dying of blood poisoning, [and] being supported by an experience which I had in old Mexico while Father and I were working on a piece of road in the San Diego Canyon between the towns of Juarez and Pacheco in February of 1892, [I know I have been blessed.] These things have been a great support, and a strength to me in resisting temptation during my life, and they have prevented me from doing many things which were not right.

The following experience took place at Bluewater, New Mexico, during the summer (Clara says it was in May) of 1934, and [it] happened as follows:

Clara, our only daughter, had married, and was living in the mountains somewhere near the town of Hayden, Colorado, on a homestead. She was alone at the time with her baby, Eldon, who was then a little more than one year old, while Glen, her husband,

was away with the sheep. She became very sick, and at last gave up in despair. But this we, of course, knew nothing about [in Bluewater], so we will leave her experience and what she did for herself, and what took place, for her to tell.

We were living at Bluewater, New Mexico, and [were] some 600 miles from Hayden, Colorado, at the time this experience happened. We were sleeping in the back room, as we called it, back of the door, with the bed in the north-east corner of the room. The head of the bed was to the north, and what happened seemed to me like a dream, yet I knew that I was awake and that something was really taking place, so I never said anything to anyone about it. Two or three years after this happened, Clara came to Bluewater and was living with us. One day while she was talking with her mother she spoke about it, but her mother had not heard me speak of it, so she knew nothing about it. Clara asked her mother to ask me about it.

During this particular night, I was awakened by a very dim light by my bed, and in this light I could see a person who was dressed in white – not a shirt, pants and shoes, but a robe which fit neatly around the body – who said to me, "Come and go with me." I raised up and said, "All right." I got out of bed and sat on the side of the bed, and must have put my work clothes on, although I do not seem to remember. I was sleepy [while] putting them on, but I must have done [so], as later in the night I had my work clothes on. In a short time I said, "All right, let's go." We went out of the house and followed the path around the front room and out into the street, and a part of the way across the street, and turned to the north. Then I felt myself gently raising off the ground into the air, and we started off toward the north. We passed the west end of Brother Nielson's field, and over our own field, and on, and over the point of Goat Mountain, which is [on] the east side of our homestead near Pintatha, ten miles north of Bluewater. After a little while, I thought, "I would like to see the ground we are passing over. It must look rough from up here. We must be about over the bad lands now. Oh, what difference does it make where we are or how things look below; it is all the same anyway." (This bad land is a strip of land ranging in width from one to two miles [in width] and fifteen to twenty miles long. It is of a blue clay formation, and is thickly dotted with

mounds or pinnacles, varying in height from two to fifteen or twenty feet. These pinnacles are small around, and are slender. To get through them, the trail or road winds and twists and turns and circles around these knobs until the opposite side is reached. This bad land is about 45 miles south of Farmington, New Mexico.) Later, I thought, "Wouldn't it be a joke if we were passing over the top of the La Plata (Spanish, for silver) Mountain? Well, if we were, it would be all the same." (This mountain stands in the southwest part of the state of Colorado, and is more than 12,000 feet high.) Just a minute; let me say: all this time, my guide was at my right side and just a little ahead of me. That is about one-half of his body was in front of me. I am not sure just how we traveled, but I think we must have walked as we were walking when we raised off from the ground at home, and we were walking when we came back to the ground in Colorado, and we were walking when we started on the return home, and we were walking when we reached home. Most all people will disbelieve this story, and they will ridicule the idea and say it is impossible. But, let me ask you, does not the Bible tell us that Jesus was taken and set on a pinnacle of the temple, and then He was taken up on an exceedingly high mountain (Matt. 4:5, 8), and [that] Elijah was taken up into heaven with out tasting death? (2 Kings 2:11) The Pearl of Great Price tells of Enoch and his city being taken up. (See Moses 7:21 and other verses.) And Nephi was caught up and carried onto a high mountain (1 Ne. 11:1), so what is there about this trip to Colorado that is impossible?

At last we came to a small house in the mountains. (I may not have a correct description of this house and the country around the house, but this is the way it seemed to me.) East of the house the ground was smooth and raised to a higher elevation with the higher part to the east and south of the house (where there may have been a few quaking aspen trees and some scrub oaks and sage brush. A small trickling stream of water came from the east to just north of the house, where it turned to the north. The house seemed to have been built of logs, with the long way of the house setting north and south. The door was on the east side of the house and about half-way between the north and south corners, with a small window between the door and the north end of the house. In the north end of the room, there seemed to be a table, a stove, or a fireplace. In the west

near the north corner of the room there may have been a door entering a small room to the west. On the east, outside of the house and south of the door, there seemed to be a small lean-to, possibly used to set a stove in during the summer months. To the left and behind the door stood a common kitchen chair. Between the chair and the corner of the room to the south, was a clothes closet made of a common piece of lumber with a dark colored piece of cloth in front of it for a curtain. On a chair near the bed, which stood in the south-west corner of the room, with the head of the bed to the south, was two open cans of fruit, a spoon, saucer, and a piece of bread. These dishes showed signs of being used. On the bed lay a woman with a wet cloth and a towel over her face and head. She lay as if in a stupor, and did not seem to realize anything that was going on around her. A child of about one year old lay sleeping soundly in bed near her.

As we entered the room through the door and came near the bed, my escort dropped back behind me, yet on my right side. This person spoke to me (the first time he had spoken since we left home) and said, "You go ahead and bless her." I asked if he would join with me and place his hands on her head and be mouth (lead in giving her a blessing). He replied, "No, you go ahead and bless her, and I will stand here." I realized that this person had greater power than I had and of course was greater than I was. When he would not join with me in laying his hands on this woman, the thought of the Boulder Mountain experience flashed through my mind, and I remembered being told that, "It is impossible for a mortal being to touch an immortal being." and then I understood, and I proceeded with the blessing. Not once during this prayer, which was a short one, was the word, "to" used, but the word "and" was used a number of times. Everything was to the point, positive. Often times since then, I have tried to call to mind and repeat to myself, the words of that prayer, but I cannot. Only a few of the opening [words], the right to bless, and the closing words, are all I can recall.

The blessing finished, we stepped back to near the door. I was still in front of my escort. We stood in silence. After a time, the woman stirred a little and seemed to realize that someone was present, but she did not speak or raise [up], and was soon still again. We stood

watching; finally I said, “She seems to be resting nicely.” The person said, “Yes, she is resting; she fells better now.” Then, turning to me, the person said, “There is a chair; you sit down and rest.” I answered, “You take the chair and sit down, and I will stand here.” The person said, “No, you sit down and rest all you can, as you will have to work tomorrow, and you will need all the rest you can get so you will not feel tired and worn out. As for me, it will make no difference to me.” I sat down. (From the above statement, I am convinced that I went in the body, not [just] in spirit by the spirit leaving the body, but the body went on this long journey, or why be told that I would need all the rest I could get so that I would not feel tired and worn out?) We waited for some time. The person said to me, “My, but that was a wonderful prayer.” I said, “Yes, it was great.” The person said, “How did you say such a wonderful prayer; I have never heard you say such a prayer before.” I answered, “The words were not mine; I only repeated words I heard spoken.” We waited and watched; the woman did not move, but slept soundly. At last I said, “She is sleeping soundly.” The person replied, “Yes, she is sleeping good. She has been awfully sick, but she is feeling better now. It is getting late, and we had better go back.”

We passed out of the door and outside of the house, we turned to the south and began the return journey home as we had come, and reached home. At the usual time in the early dawn of the morning, I awoke and went about the day's work as before, thinking of the experience of the night before, I told myself that it was only a pleasant dream, and said nothing to the family about it. Commenting on my opinion, now, based on my experience, [I will say]: In the spirit world, the people are very busy and watchful, and they cooperate with each other and assist each other. They are well organized and orderly. With each child that is born into this world, and at the time the spirit of that child enters into the body of the child, another spirit is sent to accompany (guard) that first spirit on its journey through this earthly life [or] period. These guardian spirits, angels, can, when conditions require it, call upon others (that would include persons in this earth life as well as spirits in heaven) to aid and assist them in caring for the person here on earth that they are watching over. I have in mind my experience on the Boulder Mountain, when that large herd of sheep went the greater part of a

week with but little or no care being given to them by me, though my dog was a very faithful animal. The country was wild and rough, the timber was awfully thick, and wild animals were everywhere, and yet I do not think a single sheep was lost. These guardian angels cooperate with each other, and can call upon others, even those in this life, to come to their aid, and assist them if it is necessary. I am now referring to the experience just related above. A spirit is an individual person just as we are, and the spirit is in the exact likeness of a person. (See D&C 77:2.) The spirit is of a more refined, pure substance than the human body is composed of. Now we will let Clara tell her story of this experience.

Chapter Nineteen

CHAPTER TWENTY

PAPA CAME TO SEE ME

CLARA GIVES HER ACCOUNT OF MY 'TRIP TO COLORADO'

It was in the month of May 1934 while we (Glenn Roberts, my husband, and I) were living on our homestead in the mountains south of Hayden, Colorado, that the following experience took place.

Glenn was herding sheep for Mr. R. H. Pitchforth, which made it necessary for me and our baby, Eldon, who was 16 months old, to be left alone a good deal of the time. At the time of which I am speaking, the snow had not all melted off from the ground. There were patches of snow and snow drifts all around the place. The house we had built on the homestead was standing with the general direction of north and south, but it was turned to a little east of north to west of south. The house was a large one-room structure, built of hewn logs. It was our intention, as soon as we could get around to do it, to put a partition across the room, thus making a two-roomed house of it. With this object in view, a door and a window was put in the north-east part of the house, and a door in the south part of the house, and a fireplace in the south end. The stove stood at the north end of the house. Our nearest neighbor lived three miles from us. We had no telephone connection with anybody, so our only means of communication with our friends was by personal visits. During the time of which I am speaking, I became very sick, and being alone, I had to do what I could for myself, and take care of my baby.

I took sick on Sunday with a very bad headache, and soon my whole body was full of pain. As we had no medicine of any kind, or anything else to get relief from, I had to use wet cloth packs in trying to get relief from my pain. I was in such distress that at times I seemed to loose consciousness, and would remain in this condition for I do not know how long at a time.

The week was mostly gone, and I was weary and worn out. Not a soul had happened to pass our way. I became discouraged, and thought of giving up and let[ting] things go, and I had resigned myself to let the end come. But, I thought of the baby and the condition he would be left in, and I tried to arouse myself, and for his sake, not give up; but I continued to grow worse. I feared the last was coming, and I worried about the safety of the baby. I exerted my strength and got up and made sure the doors were securely closed, so the baby could not get out of the house. I got some cans of fruit and milk, and opened the cans. I got some bread, a spoon, plate, and a cup, and placed them on a chair near the bed. I did this so he would be able to get himself something to eat, in case he should be left alone, and I would trust to good luck that someone would be passing nearby and would call in and get the baby and care for him before anything serious should happen to him. I did what I could for myself and went back to bed and left the rest to what may follow. I did this on Friday. Sometime during the night, I became sensitive that someone was in the room. I felt sure I heard Papa speak, and I felt someone place their hands on my head. I at once realized that Papa was there, and I wondered how he came to be here. I heard him speak and I knew he was administering to me. In a short time he removed his hands from my head, and I saw him leave the bedside and start toward the door. I do not remember of seeing or hearing him again as I soon went to sleep. When I awoke, it was morning, and I seemed to be perfectly well, but I was weak. When I awoke, Papa was gone, and I wondered how it was that he had come so suddenly and left so soon, and I had not been able to visit with him. I got up and went out and caught the horse, which we had in the pasture, and, taking the baby with me, I rode to our nearest neighbor. This happened early Saturday morning.

Chapter Twenty

Dictated by Clara Roberts in December, 1951, at Bluewater, New Mexico.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

SCENES IN THE DESERT

I thought that I had written enough, and I had thought that, should I write anymore, I perhaps would be accused of being everlasting and tiresome, but a short time ago, while copying some family group sheets for my records, I came across a date which drew my attention, which was as follows:

Thomas Robertson Young baptized May first 1887 by Elder John R. Young.

And I could not remember it; yet I was with him at the time. But in a few minutes, like the sun coming from behind a cloud, it came to my memory, and I thought of our lives at that time, and I decided to write some of those days, and make a comparison of our lives and our condition then, and the condition of most boys of the same age today. My mother was the third wife in my Father's family. There was no law in the United States (until 1882) against a man having more than one wife at the same time, and our Church was practicing this principle at that time. Yes, it is a principle, and for a wise purpose, this principle had been introduced (given to the people) by the prophet Joseph Smith in the year of 1843, and carried on by Brigham Young after Joseph Smith's death, and a few of our people had tried to practice and live the principle, and my father was one of that few. In 1882, the practice of a man having more than one wife at the same time was stopped by congress' enacting the Edmund-Tucker law, which prohibited a man [from] having more than one wife at the same time. (Some day this Edmund-Tucker law will be declared unjust and unconstitutional, and will be repealed as such.) [So] for the next eight years, our people who were trying to live that principle were hounded and chased worse than any murderer or any other criminal in the land. (See “An Experience of George Brinkerhoff”, page 277.)

During the summer of 1879, Father went from Orderville to Rabbit Valley to visit with his brother, Franklin W., and spent some time there. And while there, under the instructions of the stake president, (I think it was A. K. Thurber.) spent some time exploring what is now known as the Wayne Wonderland, and the Blue Valley country. Very likely, it was through Father that Mosiah Buchanan (in 1880) was called by the stake president and moved into the Blue Valley country in 1881. He located on the Fremont, or Dirty Devil, River some two miles below where the Pleasant Creek joins that river. In 1883, Ephraim K. Hanks located on the Pleasant Creek south of the west end of Capital Wash, (so named by Father in 1879 while on his exploring trip through that country. Brother Hanks named this place "Flora Dell". That same year, a few families moved to the Blue Valley, and one family, Cutler Buchanan, located on the Pleasant Creek south of, but near the mouth of the Capital Wash. In 1884, Lorenzo S. Young, one of the original Pioneer boys of 1847, located at the junction of the Pleasant Creek with the Dirty Devil, but [he] only remained that [one] year.

During the winter of 1884-5, Father got a set of house logs from Pole Canyon (which is at the north end of Thousand Lake Mountain) and hauled them to a location on the Dirty Devil, across the river from where Albert's Trail (a big cattle man who lived at Loa) or south Deseret empties into the river. (A man by the name of Jorgensen owns the place now in 1951.) In March 1885, Mother and her children were moved to this location. In April, Father, with the aid of us four children, put those logs into the walls of a house. As the walls of the house raised in height, the logs were rolled to the top of the wall by means of skids – two long poles leaned up against the top of the wall – and ropes. One end of these ropes would be tied around the top log on the wall, and the other end would be passed under the log that was to be raised, and then thrown over the top of the wall to the other side, where we would stand and pull on the ropes, and [thus] roll the log up the skids to the top of the wall. As the log would near the top of the wall, Father would say, "Hold it, children!" and leave us to hold the log while he would climb to the top of the wall (at one corner of the house so as to place the log straight on the wall as it came to the top of the wall). As he would leave us to hold

the log, Tommy, who was five years old, and who would stand and look on, would call to us at the top of his voice and say, “Hol' it, Chillins!”

A lumber roof was put on this house, which was the first house with a lumber roof on it [that] Mother had lived in for a number of years, but the floor was a dirt floor. The cracks, or openings between the logs were left until later, to be filled up with chinking, and [then] plastered over with mud (by us children doing most of this work). That summer, Mother and her children were left alone on that lonely ranch a good deal of the time.

On the first day of May, 1885 (this being Mother's birthday) I was baptized by Father in the river, a short distance below where Albert's Trail empties into the river; and confirmed by him, at the house a few minutes later.

We went up the river a little ways and dug a ditch to take the water to the land we farmed. Father located this ditch by using a level, which he made by nailing two light boards together in a “V” shape, and then he turned the “V” upside down, and nailed a third board across the wide end (or bottom) of the “V”. Then he nailed a leg at each of the two corners of the “V” [and] a plumb bob was hung to (or from) the highest point of the “V” frame. The surveying was done by moving the length of the frame each time a move was made – by placing the leg on the right-hand side of the frame. The work was slow, but it was done correctly.

One time while Father was away, Mother took sick, and she seemed to be very sick. We children were frightened until we were white in the face with fear that [she] might die – and what would we do without Mother? To get help, Hattie was going to walk (as there was no horse around) alone, six miles to Pleasant Creek, where Christian Yergersen and Cutler Buchanan and their families were living – our nearest neighbors. [This she did] and the two men left their work and came in answer to her call and administered to [Mother]. She was soon up and at work again. Thanks to the Lord for His goodness to us.

When we went to this place, a wagon box with a cover stretched over it was set on two sticks of wood which lay on the ground. This wagon box was Mother's bedroom. We children slept on the ground under the stars. In case of a snow or rain storm coming up, we would pile our beds into the wagon box under the cover where Mother was, and then we would crawl inside and set around anywhere we could and wait until the storm had passed by. Then we would get out and make our beds down on the ground again. After the house was built, we slept in the house on the floor. Father made a rude bedstead, which stood in the north-east corner of the house (for Mother's bed). In the fall, Father moved Mother and her children back to Lyman, (as it is now called, in Rabbit Valley) where Ray was born in December 1885. After Father left Orderville in 1881, we lived in Rabbit Valley. It was the conditions that had arisen on account of the enacting of the Edmund-Tucker law that caused Father to take Mother down on the river where we lived alone. This same condition caused Father to do many things which he did do.

In Rabbit Valley, I was set to herding bucks (around home) for Amasa Pierce. He paid me twenty-five cents a day for this work. With the first two weeks' pay I received, I bought me a pair of boots, paying three dollars and fifty cents for them. Proud boy that I was, brand-new boots – and had earned the money, and [had] bought the boots myself. Before that, I was without shoes much of the time; so were the other children in Mother's family. Soon after Ray was born, Father went to Snowflake, Arizona, and bought two herds of sheep for Isaac Riddle, and rented the sheep from him. In the early part of 1886, William, who was then coming into his eleventh year, was taken to the sheep herd in Arizona. He was kept with the sheep herd for a long time – that is, most of (if not all) the balance of that year.

Chapter Twenty-one

ABOUT HATTIE

During the winter of 1886-7, Mother was moved to Pleasant Creek. I spent my tenth birthday at the sheep camp. I had been with the herd one month [as of] that day – 24 April 1887. How well I remember that day. Father and I were camped in Spring Gulch with the small herd. Frank and Ray were with the big herd in the flats at the west or head of the Sulphur Gulch. This day, our work had been hard, and I suppose, rather discouraging. It was dark when we got into camp, and then we had to cook supper, and it was late when we were able to go to bed. A black, heavy cloud hung overhead, and the night was dark, and I was homesick, and I had an awful hard time to keep from crying.

At Pleasant Creek, Father built a three-roomed house. One of these rooms was very large, and while it was a part of our home, it was used for the holding of our meetings, school, and parties held by the settlers living on the Creek. We would carry out the bed and other furniture for these events. This place was forty miles from a store, post office, meeting-house, or a school. While we were living at this place, a school was held for the children of the settlers, three months each winter. William would attend this school the first and the third months, and I would go to school the second month. The next year, our time of attending the school would be reversed. Hattie was our teacher, and she received no pay. Hattie got much of her education by studying at night. Generally, she had to use the fire in the fireplace to get her light from, as a coal oil lamp was something to be used when we had company, or a meeting, or a party at night – something of a special nature, you see. In the summer when it was too warm to have a fire in the fireplace, she would use a tallow dip for her light. It was a common thing for her, during the day, to get a pan of nice pitchy kindlings, and, in the evening when the work was "all done", she would take her books and these kindlings, and lay full length flat on the floor in front of the fireplace, using the large hearthstone (which was four feet wide and seven feet long) for her slate, or blackboard. She would use a charcoal from the fire for her

pencil. When I was at home, I would help her by taking the pan of kindlings (and I would lay) at one side of the fireplace and keep the fire going until late in the night when my eyes would close and my head would drop. The next morning I would find myself tucked in bed. One time Hattie said to me, "Sammie, we are living off out here alone, and if we learn anything, we will have to teach ourselves." And how she would study. At the age of fifteen, she was taken to Richfield, where she took the examination given for school teachers, and she was given a second-grade certificate for teaching school. That hearthstone! How well I remember it! Father took two of us boys, and the team – well, a bay mare (and a wonderful animal she was) and Pete, a large sorrel mule – and the wagon, and we went out by the mouth of the Capital Wash, on the south side of the wash – and got that rock. In the summer we were moved to the (or to what developed into the) Wild Cat Dairy, on the Boulder Mountain. Father owned that place at that time.

Chapter Twenty-one

TOMMY'S BAPTISM

In the fall of 1887, Father returned his rented sheep to Brother Riddle. He had 500 head of his own sheep, which he located on the Tantless [unknown]. William, who was then 12 years old, and Tommy, who was only seven (Tommy would be eight in December) was left to herd them. Then Father went off to look after some other work, telling the boys he would be back on a certain day. Something delayed him several days, and the boys ran out of food. They were down to one meal of dry bread crumbs and a small piece of meat and a little tallow. They cut this meat and tallow up into small pieces and fried them, and with a dust of flour they got out of the flour sack, they made some gravy and put the bread crumbs in it and ate their breakfast, and that was the last food they had for three days, when Father [at last] came back to camp, bringing supplies with him and [then] moved them to the forks of the Sulphur Gulch. In a few days, I was taken to the herd, and Tommy was taken home. Later the herd was moved to the north end of Albert's Trail, where William and I (and then William and Tommy) did the herding. In March and April, the boys were camped in the southeast part of that nice round valley, where a small trickling stream of water was running. About a quarter of a mile from their camp was a sink-hole, which did not look a bit good to us boys. Tommy took to getting up in his sleep and going off, if William did not wake up when Tommy was getting out of bed. One night, Tommy went off. And later, for some cause, William woke up and found Tommy was gone, and he had to go and find him. This frightened the boys so bad, they would not go to bed again that night. So they set on the bed in the tent and waited for morning to come. There was no stove in the tent, so they had to have a campfire outside of the tent. And wood was too scarce to have a fire burning very long at a time, so they just set in the tent. The next day, they got two buckskin shoe strings and tied them together. And after that, when they went to bed, they would tie one end of the string to Tommy's big toe, and the other end to William's ankle. This put a stop to Tommy's getting up at night and going off while he was asleep.

About the middle of April, Father took me to the herd, as he wanted William to do some work that he thought was too hard for me to do; and Tommy and I were left with the sheep. I was not quite eleven years old. We were alone for quite a while, when, one evening (It was getting dark.), Father rode into camp. Early the next morning Father took the shovel and began to make a dam across the wash, so as to pond the water up. After a few hours, the water in the pond was about two and a half feet deep, and then we boys learned the reason why Father had put the dam across the wash: He was going to baptize Tommy. They did not have a change of clothes in camp. Father took his overalls off and Tommy took off his overalls and shirt, and Father baptized him in the pond of water. That being over, Tommy sat down on the bank and Father confirmed him a member of the Church. After this was done, they put their clothes on and Father got on his horse (which I had got [rounded up] and saddled for him) and he rode away. And again we boys were left alone for several days. We boys continued to herd the sheep and ride the range after the cattle, in the wild, unsettled country, and often times endured hardships such as being out in the cold and storms. Our clothes were oftentimes scanty, and being without food for a number of days at a time, until conditions changed. The United States deputy marshals being after Father so much of the time on account of him having a large family, he became tired and weary of being chased by them, and he gave up the cattle business.

MORE SCENES IN THE DESERT

In the fall of 1889, the deputy marshals subpoenaed Eugene Buchanan, Hattie's husband, and Hattie, Tommy, and May, and arrested Mother but left her at home, giving her instructions to appear in court in Beaver, Utah, in December. Mother was an expectant mother, and this would be near the time her baby should be born. Father declared, that as long as he could prevent it, those deputy marshals would never take her in to court. So in November, he moved her to Huntington, Utah, where she had a number of brothers and sisters living. (I have wrote more extensively about this

in another article “My Opinion of My Mother”.) There, on December 25th, 1889, her baby was born. This was her last baby.

In November 1889, a man (I have no idea what his name was) who had crossed the plains in Captain John Ray Young's independent company of emigrants in 1854, and who, in years after that had apostatized from this Church and had become very bitter in his feeling against the members of this Church, went to Judge So-and-So's Court and made a complaint, charging Captain Young with murder in what he called “blood atonement” of a man [who had been] a non-Mormon while on the way to the Valley. The judge accepted of the man's testimony and passed a death sentence on Captain Young and issued a warrant for his arrest, and offered a nice reward for the “person of John Ray Young, alive or dead.” All this took place without Captain Young being in court in person or by a representative. This action caused a great deal of excitement. At the time of the court proceedings [for] this case was taking place, Captain Young was not (as has been stated) under arrest, and I do not suppose a dozen people knew anything about his whereabouts. Well, the outcome of this case was quite laughable, and should have been very humiliating to the judge. The said “murdered” man showed up on the scene and told a story, which put the accuser in a very embarrassing possession [situation]. I am afraid to comment any further upon this case, so will pass on.

In the fall of 1888, Father rented a herd of sheep from Levi Steward, for one year. After he had returned this herd of sheep, he rented another herd of sheep from a man who lived south, but near, Scipio, Utah, for a year. When he moved Mother to Huntington, and after the affair spoken of above, he left Eugene in charge of the herd while he remained free from binding cares for a while. In the last of December, May, William, and I went to Huntington. In March 1890, Father moved Mother to Mancos, in Colorado. I was left with the herd, [and] with Eugene. Hattie, who had gone with Mother, died on the 11th day of April, 1890 – the day she was 18 years of age – leaving a baby boy ten days old. In June, Father came back to Rabbit Valley, and Eugene went to Mancos. In September 1890, Father got Aunt Lydia, who had remained in Orderville up to this time, and moved her to the Mancos. Aunt Albina remained in

Lyman, Utah, where she had a good home. In November, of that same year, Father took Aunt Lydia and Mother, and moved to Old Mexico, arriving at Colonia Diaz on the 1st day of January 1891. Father located at Colonia Dublan, and bought 32 acres of land at the north side of the town, just south of the Corletes' land. In April, Father took a contract to build ten miles of railroad grade between Palomas and Colonia Diaz, for John W. Young, his cousin. He did $10,000 worth of work on the Boca Grande River, and never received one cent of money, or anything else, for it. While doing this work, Father had to run in debt in Deming, New Mexico, for supplies for his camp, after he had spent what little ready cash he happened to have.

In March 1892, just north of Columbus, New Mexico, while traveling on his way to Deming, Father lost his left arm (at the shoulder) through an accidental gunshot. At the same time, Ray was wounded in the left leg, tearing the flesh between the knee and the hip, from the under-part of his leg, and May's baby, which was six months old and nursing at the time, was shot through the head, the ball stopping in May's breast. The baby died an hour later. Father's arm had to [be] amputated at the shoulder, and he had a long hard siege of it. For some time, he was not expected to live. This compelled Father to go in debt a good deal more – something that could not be avoided. In August, Mother was moved to Fruitland, New Mexico, on the San Juan River. May and Howard, her husband, were living at Jackson, on the La Plata, fifteen miles from there. At Fruitland, Father arranged to buy some land, and in March, 1893, he went to Salt Lake City, Utah, where his father was living, and arranged to borrow $1100, or an advancement on an inheritance from his father. Aunt Lydia had remained in Old Mexico, where she had a small home. While on this trip to Salt Lake City, Father bought a home in Huntington for Aunt Albina, as she was there without a home, or any way of supporting herself, and was living with her sons. Father paid $300 out of this $1100 he had gotten from his father, on this home for her, giving his note for $300 more. This note was paid from Fruitland, later on. Father made a down payment of about $600 (out of the $1100 he got from his father) on the place he had bought at Fruitland, and gave his note for the balance of the purchase price. At Fruitland, he managed to get, or set up, a small

store, and did very well with it. Father gave his note for $1,000 to Clark Brinkerhoff of Mancos, Colorado, for 40 acres of land near Huntington, and gave the land to Frank, his oldest son. This put him in debt about $2,200 besides his debt in Deming, for the supplies he got for his railroad camp in Old Mexico, and his doctor bill. Father sold his store to help pay off these debts, but in time – say, within eight years, they were all paid off. I wanted a piece of eight acres of land. This land lay off to one side of the farm. Father sold this land to me for $350, and I paid every cent of it. Father helped to build a small grist [or] flour mill at Fruitland. He owned a one-third interest in this mill. He later sold his interest in the flour mill. In eight years, by selling his store and his interest in the flour mill, he was able to pay off every dollar he owed, and keep Tommy on a mission for two and a half years.

Father had his book *The Memoirs of John R. Young, Pioneer of 1847* published, and it is a pretty good book, too. To do this, he ran in debt $3,000. One day he came to Bluewater and happened to see a few cows with my brand on them, and at once, he came to me and said, "I am surprised; you seem to have more property than any of my sons, and I want to help you. I want to let you have the copyright of my book. I will sell you the copyright to my book for $3,000, cash in hand, and I will tack a rider to my will giving you the copyright after I am dead – but as long as I live , the copyright is mine to do with as I please." To me the offer was so unreasonable and ridiculous and out-of-place, that I did not take time to reply to him, thinking that he would know from this, that I would not consider his offer. A year or two after that, he wrote me a letter about it. The letter was short, sharp, and demanding, but I paid no attention to it, and did not answer it. One day we happened to meet – say, for 20 minutes – [and] he came to me and told me that he had made me a fair and square offer on the copyright of his book, and I had treated his offer with contempt. He said he wanted his money; it was his, and he wanted it, and if it was not [forth]coming at once, he would make other dispositions of the copyright to his book, and I would learn that I could not fool with him. He soon learned that I was not interested in the copyright to his book.

Soon after this, I learned that he had sold his home in Blanding, Utah, and 40 acres of farming land, and had paid off the debt on his book, and he had tacked a rider onto his will giving the copyright to Newell, after his death. I have written the above because some others in Father's family have accused Mother and her children of making Father's life miserable and unpleasant, and that we got off with all of his property, but [instead] the above is true.

Chapter Twenty-one

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

LORENZO DOW YOUNG'S FLOUR BOX MIRACLE

The author and subject of this book, *The Memoirs of John R. Young, Pioneer of 1847*, as a boy came to [the] Salt Lake Valley [on] 21 October, 1847, and assisted in the building of the first house to be built on a city lot in Salt Lake City that [autumn] fall. This house was built where the Beehive House now stands. On this spot in 1856, when flour could not be bought for $1.00 a pound because there was no flour to be had, and Lorenzo D. Young's family (like hundreds of others) were without food.

One morning his wife, Harriett, came to him and asked, "Lorenzo, where did you get that flour?" Lorenzo asked, "What flour? I know nothing about any flour; we have none. You have been without food so long, you have lost your mind!" Harriett said, "Come and see!" In that box that had been empty so long, was found more than 100 pounds of good flour. Daily, from one to three cups (pounds) of flour was given to people who had no flour, and that flour box was never known to be empty again, though no flour was put into that box until the harvest came on, three months later.

That summer 1856, a man on horseback passed through Salt Lake City. He, too, was without food. He hunted for flour. He finally found a man who said, "I have no flour to sell at any price, but I will do with you as I would like to be done by: I will divide with you." Fifty pounds of flour was brought and set on the ground. The traveler asked the price. the man said, "That is for you." The traveler placed $50.00 by the flour and said, Take your choice." The owner said, "You choose." The traveler took the flour, saying, "I wish I could get more at the same price!"

With best wishes, S. C. Young

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

A LETTER TO GOLDEN

In June 1944, while Golden was in the army, and located at Monroe, Louisiana, I wrote him a letter, in which I endeavored to encourage him in living a good clean life, showing in a brief way, that our lives in the spirit world before we came here in this earth life, controlled or determined, or foretold, our condition here in this life, and our lives here determined our lives, or condition, in the hereafter. (See Alma 12:24).

In this letter I spoke of a few persons whom I was acquainted with here, and then, by taking the testimonies of some other persons' experiences with those same persons after they had departed from this life, I wished to show the effect [that] this life has on the condition, or lives, of those same persons in the life to come.

I also tried to show that our life here, is, to an extent, at least, limited, and that we can shorten or extend our lives here a little, but, possibly not to a very great deal. In doing this, I spoke of Hyrum Naegle, in Old Mexico, who was killed by a bear. [Also I spoke of] Howard Roberts, who lost his life in the San Juan River while trying to help others, and [also of] a young man who lived near Orderville, Utah. He was killed while logging. I remember his name as “Johnnie”. Also, a man I remember as [name not known]. [In the letter,] I only mention these facts. He wrote back saying, there must be a story connected with each one of them, and he wanted the stories. I wrote back giving the story of each one. In this article, I am endeavoring to connect the two letters. In this article I will add the name of William James Johnstun, one of the Mormon Battalion boys of 1846.

A wonderful lesson can be learned by reading the experience of David Kimball while he was traveling between Prescott and Mesa, Arizona. You will do well to read about David W. Patten's

conversation with the original Cain. In this conversation, Cain said he was in misery all the time, and he had no place to go. This took place in Tennessee in 1835. I have also heard that Cain was seen in the Sandwich Islands, and in each of these two visits, the same story was carried out, which agrees with the visit of [name unknown] to my father, John R. Young. Here are some scriptural references which show that in our former existence we had our free agency, or right to choose between two opposite things, and our choices there controlled or determined our lives here. Satan and his followers, through their using their free agency, chose one way, or course, and were cast out of heaven (Rev. 12:7-8) and were deprived of the privilege of coming here on earth and receiving a body of flesh, and of having this earthly experience. While we who chose the other course were permitted to come to this earth and receive a body of flesh and [get] the advantage of this earthly experience. Later I will show that our lives here will determine the condition of our lives hereafter.

In these references, one thing is standing out in full view to our understanding, and that is the law of obedience. No matter what we do or how we do it we must obey the law which governs that thing, no matter what that thing may be. (D&C 130:20-21) To have good health, we must obey the law which leads to good health. A person, to play a fiddle must have the strings in harmony one with the other. Then music can be produced, as all music is, [which] is harmonious and [has] sounds properly blended together.

The people in the early history of the world, though their choosing to live evil lives, brought the Flood upon themselves, and they were destroyed. (Gen. 6:18-19) Going back before the flood came, we find one city where the people, through their choosing to keep the commandments of God, were saved from being destroyed by the flood – by God taking their city up into heaven.. (Gen. 5:24, Moses 7:21-23, etc.)

Let us go back and look at the people who were hard-hearted during the days of Noah, the people who rejected his teachings, and because of this, God destroyed them from off the face of the earth, so as to get rid of their evil deeds. Then look ahead for 2000 years, or

possibly more, and see where they were 34 years after the birth of Christ, at the time of his death, while his body was lying in the tomb. (1 Peter 3:19-20)

Having taken a brief view of the condition of the majority of the people who were living upon the earth at the time Noah was building the ark before the Flood came, and after their destruction and death in the flood, Peter says they were in prison, where they had been kept since their destruction, until the death of Christ, whose spirit went, while his body was lying in the tomb, and visited the spirits of those disobedient people, and taught them the same things that Noah had taught to them.

Now let us take a look at the man Adam, the first man to live upon this earth. We understand before his death, because of his faithfulness, he was given the name of "Arch-angel", the "Ancient of Days", and at some other time he was given the name of "Michael", which means "Like Unto God". Noah was given the name of "Gabriel", and according to Saint Luke chapter one, it was Gabriel (Noah) who was sent to announce the coming birth of Jesus Christ. If we are able to depend upon cases referring to both in the spirit world before we came on earth, and our condition here on earth, and the condition of those same persons after they have left this earth, (John 16:28; Acts 7:55-56; Moses 4:1-4) then we must conclude that this is a generally established rule, and it applies to all of us. (D&C 132:29 and 37) Here it is declared that the men Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob have been exalted, and are Gods, while David, that sweet singer, has fallen from his high exalted position, and is condemned forever. (D&C 132:39)

Let us leave the people who lived on this earth long ago, and come to the people who have lived in our day. People whom I have known, and the stories I have heard, of their doings here on earth, and their condition after they left, or departed from this life.

JOHNNIE'S STORY

In Orderville, when I was a child, there lived a young man whom I remember as “Johnnie”. He had the name of being a clean person. He was a hard worker, and seemed to be handy at almost any kind of work, and he was bright, intelligent, and studious. This young man was killed while hauling logs to a saw mill. As I remember the story of the accident, it was like this: He was driving two yoke of oxen on this work. One day he did not return at noon with his load as he should have done, so after dinner, two men went out to see what had detained him so long. When they arrived at the place where he loaded up, they found that he had skidded a load of logs up by the wagon, ready to be loaded onto the wagon. He had placed one yoke of the oxen by the wagon tongue, ready to be hitched onto the wagon, then the other yoke of oxen was put on the cross haul, as we speak of it, to be used to pull the logs up on the wagon when the skids and chains were made ready.

Judging from the looks of things, the skids had been placed, and the rolling chain had been put around the log, and hooked to the fly chain, which was hooked to the yoke on the oxen. The first log, which was fairly large, had been pulled up the skids, until it was ready to leave the skids and go onto the bunks of the wagon. Tracks showed that Johnnie had stood at his place near the back end of the wagon, with the cant hook in his hands, ready to aid in any way necessary to place the log on the wagon. At this moment, the fly chain had broken near the hook on the rolling chain, and let the log go dashing back down the skids to the ground. The end of the chain, as it flew through the air, forced by the heavy weight of the log, struck Johnnie on the temple, or forehead. He had dropped the cant hook and stepped back three steps, and had fallen backward, and lay, full length, on the ground, not having moved after he fell.

Time passed by; I do not know how long, but one day a close friend of Johnnie's said, “Last night I saw Johnnie. We talked a minute, in which time he told me what to do. Then he started off, and I asked why he was in such a hurry, and he said, ‘My time is about up, and I

must go.’ I asked what he was doing now, and he said, ‘I am teaching school, and the only regret I have is that I did not make better use of my opportunities while I was on earth.’”

HYRUM NAEGLE'S STORY

[Hyrum was sick.] Everything was done for him that the people could do. Bishop Jessie N. Smith Jr. called a special fast for his benefit and the people responded in a wonderful way. Our request was granted, by the Lord, and Hyrum got well, and we were thankful that Hyrum was okay. The Naegle family had some cattle on the range 15 miles west of town, which required the attention of one of the boys all the time, so the boys took turns riding the range looking after the cattle. Each one in his turn would ride for a week at a time, and then the next one would go. In this way they were at home on Sunday.

George, the oldest brother, while riding, discovered that a bear had killed some calves, so when Saturday night came, George went home and told what he had found, and it was arranged that George should go back Monday morning with Hyrum, who was to ride after the cattle the following week, and see what they could do to put a stop to the calf killing.

The work went on as usual until Thursday afternoon, when the two men were working their way back to camp. They were riding up North Creek, as it is called, (it is a small stream of water.) when a bear ran out of the willows which grew along the water course, and started up the hill across the stream from them. The two men got off their horses, (George was riding a little mule, and Hyrum was riding a brown horse) and began to shoot at the bear. George had a 45-60 Winchester. He had six cartridges for his gun. Three of these cartridges were in the magazine of his gun and the other three cartridges were in his pocket. Hyrum had a 44 caliber Winchester. In shooting at the bear, as it ran up the hill, they broke one leg (left front) of the bear, and one bullet struck the bear in the body, knocking it down, but it got up and in a few feet it went out of sight in the brush at the top of the hill. Just as it disappeared, George fired the last cartridge in his gun at the bear. The bear, after it went over the top of the hill, seems to have only gone a few steps (as it was out of sight) and in the thick brush and [was] badly wounded. George

took the three cartridges from his pocket to put them in his gun. Hyrum, with his gun in his hand ready to shoot, started on a run up the hill after the bear. George called to him, telling him not to follow behind the bear, but to get above it, and [but] Hyrum passed over the top of the hill and out of sight.

George got the first cartridge about half way in the gun where it caught, and he could not push it into the gun nor pull it out of the gun. He took his pocket knife and was able to remove two screws from the side of the gun and the side plates of the gun were taken off and the cartridges were placed in the magazine of the gun, and the side plates were replaced. After George got his gun arranged, he got on the mule, and rode up the hill. George, not hearing Hyrum shoot, had to go by chance and look for Hyrum. He had just passed over the top of the hill and was passing a large clump of service berry bushes, when the mule became frightened and dashed off to one side. As the mule dashed away, George saw the cause of the mule's becoming frightened, which was the bear between two large bunches of service berry bushes standing on something, which was moving, and he recognized it as his brother Hyrum. The sight so filled George with horror, and a determination to rescue Hyrum, that as soon as he was able to get the mule under control, he turned the mule [around] and ran it at the bear, in an effort, if possible, to run the mule over the bear. It was a case of “do something”, no matter what it was – any thing he could do to get the bear off from Hyrum.

As the mule charged up to a short distance of the bear, the bear moved off from Hyrum and began to move away. The mule became frightened and shied away. George jumped off from the mule, holding the gun in his hand, and shot the bear, knocking it down, but it struggled to its feet and made a charge at George.

Here we have George afoot, the mule had run away, with two cartridges in his gun. Hyrum was lying helpless on the ground. The bear, badly wounded and fighting, was only a few feet away. George fired the second shot, striking the gear in the breast. The bear fell to the ground, but was quivering and struggling to get on its feet again. George took a desperate chance (and we may say, the last chance – and only chance left, as the bear was a good way from being dead),

and ran to the bear and put the muzzle of the gun near the bear's ear and fired the last cartridge he had at the bear's head. The bear fell to the ground, but George was taking no more chances than he had to. He laid the gun down, took his knife from his pocket, opened the blade, and walked up to the bear. With his left hand, he caught the bear by the ear and placed his knees on the bear's neck, and reached down and cut the bear's throat.

The bear was now disposed of, and George turned his attention to Hyrum. Hyrum was in a dreadful condition. His head was torn to pieces. In a number of places, the skull [scalp] was torn loose. Above the right eye, the flesh had been torn loose, and lay down covered the eye. In three places the brain was coming out of the wounds. In all, there were twenty-two wounds, or places, where the bear's teeth had penetrated his head, with twenty more on his hands, arms, and legs. The bear had struck him on the left side of his face and head, with its one remaining good front foot, which shattered the lower jaw bone into splinters. The wounds were done up as best they could be at the time. George took Hyrum's gun and looked at it to see why Hyrum had not shot at the bear. The hammer was raised, but he soon learned that he could not pull the trigger. He saw that the lever under the stock of the gun was not up to its place against the stock of the gun, and, pull as hard as he could, he could not get the lever, up to its place against the stock of the gun, so he took the cartridges out of the magazine, and carried the gun home with the hammer raised.

From what could be understood from what Hyrum tried to tell, he was running, and was passing between two large bunches of service berry bushes, when he was attacked by the bear, which was walking on its hind feet, and only a few feet away. He raised the gun to shoot, but he could not pull the trigger. (In the working parts of these Winchester rifles is a safety device. This safety device is a small bolt that sits back of the trigger, and when the hammer is raised and the magazine lever drops down from the stalk of the gun, even if it is but an half inch, this bolt drops down and prevents the trigger from being pulled back, which would release the spring which holds the hammer up. To pull the trigger, the magazine lever

must be up against the stock of the gun. Hyrum could not pull the trigger.)

As night came on, George, with Hyrum tied in his saddle, which was on the old trusty, reliable horse, started for home where he arrived long after midnight.

At home, several men tried to lower the hammer of the gun, but could not do so. At last, Henry Lunt, who, on account of his age, was almost blind, (and he was quite feeble) said, "Brethren, let me see that gun; there must be something wrong with it." He took the gun and almost at once, with the slightest effort on his part, the lever came up to its place, and he lowered the hammer with this comment, "Why, brethren, you didn't do it right, that's all!"

We will not speak of the awful suffering of Hyrum and the great effort of the people to take care of him, but I will say he was the most horrible looking sight I have ever seen. (I spent from Friday 3:00 p.m. in the afternoon until 1:00 a.m. Saturday morning, and the same time that afternoon and night, with him.) Often we would take a spoon and gather the brains that would pass out of three wounds, and every few minutes we would have to change the wet clothes on his head. As I remember, it was at the first faint rays of light of the early dawn of Monday morning, in late June, three days after he was hurt, that he passed away, and Oh, what a relief, to him, it was.

The young wife took his passing away very hard, and the family saw to it that she was never left alone, neither day or night, until some two weeks after his death, when she spent the night alone in their bedroom. That night Hyrum visited her, and the following is the story of her experience of that night, as I remember it, having heard some of the family speak of it.

"He [Hyrum] said, the council in heaven had asked for a report of his father's family. The report to be given by one of the family then living on the earth, and I had been selected by the council to make the report; so the severe sickness of a few months ago had been sent to him to take his life, as the report was wanted then. But the people showed such strong faith, and pled so hard with the Lord for my life,

that the Lord yielded to their pleading and their request was granted, and the report of my father's family was put off for a time. Then the time came when, for the progress of the work, the report must be given, so it was arranged to get me out alone, away from everyone, so no one could come to my aid or interfere in any way, and that bear was set upon me to take my life. He asked me not to mourn or feel bad, as all was in accord with the will of the Lord."

Chapter Twenty-four

HOWARD ROBERT'S STORY

Having told so much about Hyrum Naegle, as I recall it to my mind, we will turn to Howard Roberts, and tell of his death and visit to his wife. Howard was a good clean man, and he took an active part in the affairs of the Church as well as the town in general. In February 1897, he had a severe sick spell, but he finally got around again, but he was slow in regaining his normal health and strength. We were living at Fruitland, at the time, and May, Howard's wife, who also [is] my sister, was living in an old log house, which stood under the hill north of town, and west of the big sand wash that came into the valley from the north.

In those days our wagon roads were awfully poor, which made traveling slow, and hard work to haul our farm produce to market, and expensive as well, and also the hauling of our supplies into our homes. The people on the San Juan River thought that Gallup (which was more than 100 miles south of us) a very good market for our produce. But the roads between the San Juan and Gallup were very bad. They were sandy, and we thought they were everything else that was bad. Water was scarce, and generally of a very poor quality. The work was killing our horses off as fast as we could raise them. We were all interested in finding a road to Gallup that was free from sand, and where water was more plentiful.

With this thought in view, the people in Farmington, New Mexico, sent out a committee of four men in Mr. Louis Cole's two-seated, white-top carriage, to look for a good road to Gallup, and they wanted to get this done in time so as to be able to use the new road in hauling the fruit crop, which would soon began to come off, to Gallup. The old San Juan River was up and a-booming, running bank-deep. Fruitland had the only boat crossing the river, and this was only a sixteen-foot row boat, all the other boats on the river having been washed out by the high water. So the Farmington committee came to Fruitland to cross the river.

Crossing the river was, to say the least, dangerous, and everybody was trying to avoid the danger, so help in crossing the river was hard to get. Mr. Cole was a particular friend of the Roberts family, so Howard, being interested in Mr. Cole, and the good road movement, took an active part in helping the committee across the river, and the work of crossing the river, under Howard's direction, began.

The top of the carriage, tongue and wheels of the carriage, were removed, leaving the two high-backed seats in place. The carriage was then set on the boat, with the axles of the carriage resting on the rim or top of the boat. Then with Howard in the front of the boat, with an oar in his hand so he could help with the rowing of the boat as pilot, and Mr. King with an oar as his helper, and Cyril Collyer and Henry Nole in the back of the boat as oarsmen, the boat took off from the bank to cross the river, and made good headway. The boat was about two-thirds of the way across the river and had passed the main current of the water, when the boat was to make a slight turn, in order to make a good landing, and in the right place. In trying to make this turn it was learned by the men in the boat that the high backs on those two seats had caught the air current, or breeze, caused by the swift current, or movement of the water, and were acting as sails in the wind (to the boat), and the boat was taken out of the control of the men, and they could not turn the boat.

Her, let me hesitate and say that with all moving things, there is always a current of air moving in the opposite direction, and the faster the first article moves, the stronger the current of air is in the opposite direction. So with the swift current of the water in the San Juan River, there was a strong current of air moving up the stream. This current of air had caught the high backs of those seats, and the seats were acting as sails to the boat, and the boat was taken entirely out of the control of the men.

Down the river a quarter of a mile below the boat, was a rapid, as we called it, or in other words, there was a drop, or fall, in the river bed of six or seven feet in a distance of about fifty yards, and 150 yards further down, the water struck straight against a bluff, and made a short right-angle turn. During times of high water, this rapid would be several rods below the actual fall, and a short distance below that,

the water would strike against the bluff with such force, that the water would be thrown twenty feet into the air, and it would roll back several feet, where it would be caught by the on-rushing force of the water, and would, seemingly, be rushed, with dreadful speed, against that bluff, and here was that boat, carrying four men, being rushed into that rapid, and there was no way of avoiding it.

During the past, in times of high water, we had never known of a man to go over this rapid and come out alive, and here was this boat being carried right into that death trap, and the four men in the boat were perfectly helpless in their efforts to keep the boat from going into that rapid.

Howard told the men that there was no possible hope of saving the boat from going into that rapid, and if they escaped with their lives they would have to swim for their lives. He warned them of the danger in their leaving the boat – of the water drawing them under the boat, and told them when they left the boat, they must get out away from the boat so as to be away from that danger.

Howard was the first one to leave the boat. He stepped on the edge of the boat and made a long leap, diving under the water, but he came up in good condition and seemed to be alright. Cyril and Henry did not like the looks of this (diving under the water) so they slid off the back corner of the boat. Mr. King thought Howard's way was best, so he stepped on the edge of the boat as Howard had done, and made a long leap. Mr. King was sixty years old, and his hair was gray.

Cyril and Henry were able to reach some scattered willows which were growing on a low bank, which at this time was being flooded, and with the aid of these willows, were able to reach the higher bank, and safety. Mr. King was carried down the river for a quarter of a mile, and had given up hope of reaching the bank, although the bank was only a few feet away from him.

The course taken by the men in their leaving the boat when they did took them over a part of the low bank and to one side of the rapid. As Mr. King was being carried along by the water, near the bank, ...

something scratched his face, and he reached up with both hands and caught hold of it. He was able to get hold of that "something" with both hands, and he held onto it with all his might. That "something" was a large bunch of Iron-brush which was growing on the edge of the bank, and hung out over the water. After some effort, Mr. King was able to reach the bank.

Mr. King, while holding onto the Iron-bush, heard Howard call for help. This call was repeated three times. He saw Howard out some thirty feet from the bank, his head and part of his shoulder were above the water. This was the last that was seen or heard of Howard in this life.

I will now tell of how the wind or air current caused by the high wave of water acted on the seats of the carriage and saved the boat from going into that large wave, which would, without a doubt, have destroyed it, but sent the boat gliding safely enough down the river. Nor [will I tell] of the desperate, dangerous ride made by Orson Black, on Tommy, a spoiled running horse Father happened to own. Orson thought the men were in the boat, and he was after the boat so as to save the men. But Orson ran that horse, with just a short rope around his neck, two and one half miles, to a bend of the river where the boat was being carried to near the bank. He took the rope off from the horse, and rushed into the river, risking his life, and caught the boat and succeeded in drawing the boat to the bank where he, with the rope, tied the boat to a fence post. Then he had to walk back home.

With the aid of friends and neighbors, we hunted in that river for a week, for Howard's body. This accident happened on the 16th day of June, 1897.

Almost at once the water in the river began to go down, and it fell very fast. The Collyer brothers headed a subscription list to raise money to pay a reward for finding the body, and the paper was passed around the community, so the people would have a chance to contribute to the fund. The body was found at Jewett, ten miles below Fruitland. It had caught against the roots of a cottonwood tree which the high water had washed up and carried down the river, and

it had lodged in the middle of the river. The body was found by a Navajo Indian.

May was left with three little children, and a fourth child was born in October. May, of course took Howard's death very hard, and we arranged to have someone of us with her all the time, but one night, near the last of June, it so happened that she was left alone (one night) with her little children, and the next day she told Mother of the following experience.

“Howard came to see me last night and said he was wanted on the other side to do some work that had been assigned to him. So the sickness he had, had been sent to him to take his life, but we held onto him and had pled so hard that the work he was to do was put off for a little while. But the need of having the work done was so urgent, that he was put into the river and his life was taken while he was out of the reach of anybody. But it was all in the plan of the Lord, and was alright. He asked me not to mourn or feel bad. He started off, and I asked him, “What is your hurry? Why can't you stay a little longer?” He said “It is my turn to preside at the meeting today, and I have quite a long way to go, and it is almost meeting time, and I must be there and see that every thing is arranged.”

You see in each of these three cases, Hyrum Naegle, Howard Roberts and Johnnie, each had an assignment given to them that was in harmony with the lives each one of them had lived while on this earth.

Yes, I believe the testimony of these women.

WILLIAM JAMES JOHNSTUN'S STORY

William James Johnstun. After suffering the drivings of the Latter-day Saints from their homes in the states of Missouri and Illinois, each time in the dead of winter, which the government consented to, (at least no effort was made by the government to stop those drivings) and the Saints, or "Mormons" as they were commonly called, lost everything they had, and were out in a wild unsettled Indian country, with no homes, no food or means with which to buy food with, and the government called upon them for an army of five hundred able-bodied men, to go and fight an enemy (Mexico). And 549 men who were full of courage, forgiveness, and a determination to be loyal to this God-established government, answered to the call, and 500 men, (as that number was all that was called for) went and helped save their country.

William went along in company "C". He, as did many others, while on this trip or after they returned home, took up the habit of using tobacco – smoking a pipe, which he kept burning a great deal of the time. Neither did he object to taking a drink of liquor, even though he emptied the bottle while he was getting the drink.

It may have been in 1894, William with his family were living in Ramah, New Mexico, where they had lived for about eleven years, when the following experience happened with him. William was about 65 years old at the time. He had a dream, so we will call it, in which he saw a man, who was dressed in white, standing by his bed, and the man told him that he, the visiting man, had come to take him, but on one condition: if he would promise to stop using tobacco and drinking liquor, coffee and tea, and live up to the Word of Wisdom, and go to the temple and work for his dead, he would be given fifteen more years to live. (See Isaiah 38:1-5) I do not think he ever lit that old pipe again or took another drink of liquor or coffee. He spent most of his time in the Manti temple. (like Isaiah 38:5) He

drew a pension from the government, of $12 a month, and that was his only means of support. He died at the age of 83. Having heard of the reported condition of three worthy young men after their death, and the time extended to one man, on condition of his reforming and working in the temple, we will now turn to a man I remember of seeing a number of times when I was a small boy.

This was in the middle 1880's. The first I have heard of this man was through Albert Lyman, who says when the pioneers of Bluff City reached that place in the summer of 1879, this man, with two companions, was living up the river 15 miles above Bluff City. He soon left there and went north across the Colorado River. He seemed to be of a rambling, roving, moving disposition. He was around the Rabbit Valley country a good deal, lingering near the Colorado River. He was interested in cattle. At times it would be reported that he had left the country, and then it would be reported that he had returned. Whenever he was around, we would hear complaints that he was driving cattle off, crossing the Colorado River and selling them. It was said that he got in trouble with a man over some cattle and that he had killed the man. It is said this happened near Escalante. A good honest man with the same name as the man I am speaking of lived at that place, so I am not using the name of the subject. In all of his wanderings, he seems to have had two companions with him, but he was the leading figure. These men would go from the Rabbit Valley and Henry Mountain country, across the Colorado River to the Blue Mountain country, or from the Rabbit Valley country east to Green River, then to Moab, and on to the Blue Mountain.

It was in the forepart of January, possibly about the tenth, in 1898 that Dow Young, your Aunt Clara, and I, after traveling hard all day, and late into the night, in an awfully cold blizzard of a strong wind and driving snow, camped in the rough broken country, some seven miles north of Moab. Aunt Clara was not feeling well, so she was in bed in the wagon. We had given the horses some hay, and Dow and I had gone to get some wood, if we could find some, and while we were gone from the wagon, which was only about twenty minutes, three men visited the wagon and told Aunt Clara that we had wandered from camp in search of wood and had become lost, and

that Dow had fallen off a ledge, and was killed, and that I had frozen to death. They had made faces at her and had laughed at her.

We had come back to the wagon, with the wood, and Dow was making a fire, when Aunt Clara heard us, and after a while, raised courage to call to me and ask if it was really us. I went to the wagon and she told me about the three men coming to the wagon. During the days spent in reaching Monticello, these three men, a number of times (when I was away from the wagon) visited the wagon and they would laugh at and make fun of her.

We arrived at Monticello Friday after noon on January 14th 1898 and were made welcome at the home of Bishop Jones. I think it was Saturday night: the evil one attacked her and took complete possession of her. (To me this was not the three men who had followed us while traveling.) The sight was awful. It will never be forgotten. I called the bishop, who came and in the authority of the priesthood which he held, and in the name of Jesus Christ, he rebuked the evil one, who was stubborn and seemed to refuse to obey. We both caught hold of her and again the bishop repeated the rebuke with a command for the evil one to obey and depart. The command was obeyed, and in a second, like, all was well. This was the first battle, so I will call it, between the good and the evil spirits[that] I had ever seen, and I was frightened half to death, and if I had never seen another one, I would not have felt bad about it.

Your Aunt Clara died peacefully and quietly at half-past three in the afternoon of January 16th, 1898. In 1899, possibly in the latter part of August, Father went to Durango, Colorado, to get supplies for his store, and took sick and had to stay in Durango two or three days longer than he had expected to do. As he did not come home as we expected him to do, Mother and I decided that I should go and see what had dept him so long, so I got on Dan and went on my errand. In mid-afternoon I met Father a few miles out from Durango, coming home. I tied Dan at the side of the team, and drove the team, so Father could take it easy. It must have been near midnight when we reached the home of a family of our people who were living between Aztec and Cedar Hill, where we stopped for the night.

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The folks let us use a room on the west side of the house so Father could have a better bed, and I slept in the door-yard in front of the door. Before I went to bed, I went out to see if the horses were alright, and Father says as I passed out of the door, he saw three men crowd past me in the doorway. They came over near the bed, and lined up by the side of the bed, then turned, looking as if they were watching me, until I was several steps from the house, and around the corner of the house, and out of sight. Then they turned so as to face Father, and one of them began to talk to him, and to tease him, tormenting him about a fine mare and colt at home, saying they were both dead, and many more things like that. Father told them he did not believe them, and that they were tormenting him because he was sick and not abler to defend himself. The spokesman told Father to "get up and get out of this house, as the place belongs to us, and you are intruding." He said, "We died here and this place belongs to us." Father asked him who he was and he said, "I am [name not given] the chief of the three, and we want you to get out of here." Father said to them, "I am spending the night with a family of Latter-day Saints who are trying to live their religion, and if you do not go away and let me alone, I will call my son who is out tending to the horses, and is in hearing distance. He has lived so the authorities of this Church has seen fit to confer the priesthood of the Son of God upon him. He is big and strong and is not afraid of all of you, and if I call him, he will, by the authority which he holds, drive you away!" At this the three men left in a hurry and gave no further trouble. To me, if we but knew the facts, the following explanation would be true.

A cattle company who had large holdings of cattle and other property, in Utah near the Blue Mountains, south and east of Rabbit Valley, and in Colorado and New Mexico [as well], had a headquarter ranch north of Aztec. This man, [name not given], seems to have worked a good deal for this company, and it is possible that these three men did die in that house. But during their life-time, they traveled a good deal through the country south of Rabbit Valley, driving off cattle, crossing the Colorado River to the Blue Mountain country, or the longer route, but through smoother country, east of Rabbit Valley to Green River, then south to Moab and to the Blue Mountain.

To me, these men, being rough men with low habits and principles in this life, when they left this life and entered the next life, they had nothing to do, no place to go, so they spent their time wandering over their old trails, visiting their old haunts. They were as Satan was when asked, “Where comest thou?” Satan's answer was, “From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it.” (Job 1:7; 2:2) To me, these three men are the same men who were at camp north of Moab, and on the road to Monticello, and at Aztec. To me, life is real, and what I am I was and what I am I will be. So choose to live a good clean up-right life, for our works will follow after us.

S. C. Young

Chapter Twenty-four

HYRUM NAEGLE'S STORY

as told by Walter H. Steiner, who was raised by the Naegle family.

When George and Hyrum Naegle were hunting cattle on North Creek, they encountered a bear. One of them shot, and the bear went up over the rock ledge out of the creek back of the mesa between Gevilan and North Creek. As the bear went up, Hyrum followed him, going ahead of George. George's cartridge stuck in his gun, and Hyrum went on ahead while he was getting it loose, and when he got on top of the little bench up from the river he, Hyrum, followed the bear so close, he ran [onto] on him in a clump of small oaks. When he saw the bear, it was so close that the bear jumped on him before he had a chance to shoot. Then George followed up on the mule. (Mules are very scared of bears.) As he rode up and saw the situation, the bear was so enraged that he left Hyrum and made for George on the mule. Of course the mule got scared and ran, and when he got stopped, he shot from the mule and hit the bear and disabled him. And then he shot a second time and killed him.

When George went up to Hyrum he found that his gun was laying beside him cocked, but had never been fired. When he first saw Hyrum and the bear, Hyrum had his arm over his face and the bear was chewing his arm. On close examination, he found that the bear had chewed him on top of the head, and out through the skull, and the brain was oozing out. He put Hyrum on his horse and he rode behind and held him in the saddle. They had 15 miles to go up over the top of the Sierra Madre Mountain to go to Pacheco, and on the way over, they got to the divide. They rested at Bee Springs. Hyrum begged to be left there, saying he couldn't go any further, but George told him he had to go and at that, got him on the horse again, and took him to his home, and I think it was two days later that he died. I later saw the bones of that bear, and he was a Silver-Tip and was a big fellow.

This was dictated to Sylvia in the fall of 1949. Walter H. Steiner is a foster son of John C. Neagle, Hyrum's father. He brought two boys, three and five years old, from Germany about 1875 or 1876 and raised them as his own children.

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CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

STORIES ABOUT ERNST ALBERT TIETJEN

Raymond C. Young and all of my children: I have been asked by a number of persons to write the story of a trip [that] your grandfather made from Ramah, New Mexico, to Santaquin, Utah, and back home during the summer of 1888.

Brother Tietjen never kept a diary or wrote anything about the things which he did, so all we have is what we can remember of the few things he told us of, and these things were told in a very brief way. But before I tell the story of this trip, I want to tell you something of who your grand-father was – where he came from and how he came to be at Ramah, New Mexico.

HIS HISTORY

Ernst Albert Tietjen was the son of John August Henry Tietjen, (generally known as August Henry Tietjen) and Ida Fredraca Kruger Tietjen. He was born on the 14th day of September 1848 at Skaane, Sweden. His parents were Germans who had moved from Germany to Sweden for business. In Sweden, the family received the Gospel as taught by the elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and emigrated to Utah in 1858 or 1859 (I think it was in 1859) and settled at Santaquin, Utah. The place seems to have been named in honor of an Indian chief who died near that place. Father Tietjen later became the bishop of that place.

In 1864 the Church called upon the people to furnish teams to go to Winter Quarters (now Omaha, Nebraska) and help bring the poor Saints who had gathered there ([still] on their way to Utah and who had no way or means of traveling any further) to Utah. Father Tietjen fitted up a team (I understand this team was two yoke of oxen, and a wagon.) for the trip, and sent Ernst along to drive the team. Ernst, at this time, was 16 years of age. Though he was young, he was large and strong. He went willingly, and made the trip successfully. In the early spring of 1873, President Brigham Young wrote a letter to Ernst Tietjen, asking him to go on an Indian mission among the Navajo Indians. In this letter, President Young, in giving some instructions as to what he wanted Ernst to do, used words something like this: "Locate as near as you can in the heart of the Navajo Indian country; learn their language, their habits, customs and ways. Teach them the Gospel and a better way to live." Ernst was always proud of these words of instruction. He replied to the letter and accepted (of) the call.

On the 7th day of July, Ernst married Emma Olivia Erickson in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. Daniel H. Wells performed the ceremony. And soon after that, Ernst, in company with others, packed up their horses and started on their way to the Indian country, on the south side of the Colorado River. They went to where Tuba City, Arizona now stands, and Ernst spent the balance of the summer helping to make adobes and building the first houses to be built by (the) white people at that place. Ernst himself carried the load in the building of all of the houses they built. He was the general mason there. Late in the fall, the party returned home, and Ernst, with his young wife, began to plan for their moving into the Indian country where their new home was to be. While Ernst was [had been] at Tuba City he made, or gained, the friendship of an Indian boy and his parents. This boy seems to have been ten or twelve years old. The little fellow wanted to go home with Ernst, so after getting the consent of the parents, Ernst took the boy home with him.

Ernst was a poor man, and he had to work and save and gather up an outfit to move with, and this required time to accomplish. In 1875, Ernst sold his wagon and sent the money he received for the wagon to Norway and [thus] emigrated Emma C. (or K.) Pedersen, a young

woman he had never seen, to Utah. This was done on the recommendation of his wife, Emma O. So when Emma C. came to Utah she came on the train and missed the pleasure of walking across the plains. On the 20th day of October 1876, Ernst and Emma C. were married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. The ceremony was performed by Joseph F. Smith, and in a few days the journey to the new home (But they knew nothing about [just] where that new home would be.) was begun. As near as I can remember the description of their outfit, having heard them speak of this outfit [it was thus]: They had one wagon for the two families, two yoke of oxen, two cows, and a small pony, which Emma C. or the Indian boy rode [on] and drove the cows. I remember hearing Emma C. telling of the hard time she had in learning to ride the horse.

On their journey to the south, they passed the towns of Nephi, Salina, Richfield, Panguitch, and Kanab – the last settlement in the state of Utah. Luther Clinton Burnham and his families were their missionary companions. At Kanab, Ernst presented an order given to him by President Brigham Young, to John R. Young for some supplies at Kanab. This order was addressed to President John R. Young, who was president of the Order at Kanab. Ernst got some flour and a few other things on this order. The road took them over the Buckskin Mountain, and to Lee's Ferry, in Arizona, on the Colorado River, which was six miles above where the Navajo bridge across the Colorado River is now located. [Then to] Tuba City, Sunset, Joseph City, Holbrook, and St. Johns (the last four settlements are on the Little Colorado River), then to the Zuni Indian village and to the foot of the Zuni Mountain, six miles north of where the town of Ramah now stands – but that was four years before the town of Ramah was begun. These people were, without a doubt, the first “Mormon” people to settle in the state of New Mexico, and they were the first white people to settle in that part of the country. This settlement was located about one mile south of where the water comes off from the mountain, on a small ridge some 300 yards west of the wash, or stream bed. A few piles of rock (the remains of the foundation and fireplaces of their home) are still to be found. They gave their new home the name of Sovoia (onion, [in Spanish]) because of the many little wild onions that grew there.

I have it said that these missionaries were directed or led to this place by Ira Hatch, an Indian missionary since (in) the fifties. I was well acquainted with these three men: Hatch, Tietjen, and Burnham; and I never heard one of them mention Ira Hatch's name in connection with this move or settlement. As they passed through St. Johns, they may have talked with Ammon Tenney, who did some missionary work among the Zuni Indians is 1875, and who had been in St. Johns for one year at the time these people passed through there. Up to 1883, I do not think Ira Hatch had been east of Fort Defiance. Fifteen miles east of the town of Sovoia was a Mexican ranch, which was spoken of under two names: San Lorenzo, and Tenaja – the last name seems to be given to the place by Coronado in 1541, signifying "small water hole, pond or tank". Otherwise, Indians were the only inhabitants near them. A few more families joined them the following spring and summer. The little town lasted but two or three years, when all but Ernst moved away.

Your grandfather and grandmother soon learned the Navajo Indian language, and Ernst was as good with the language as any missionary we ever had among those Indians. The little town of Sovoia had an awful[ly] hard time. Crops were generally poor, and even failed completely. Food, and everything else, were hard to get. Many times, your grandmother would take the children and go and dig those little wild potatoes that grew no larger than a marble, and the family would eat them. They gathered, cooked, and ate several varieties of weeds, and were glad to get them. While in Santaquin, before Ernst moved to his new home, the Indian boy, "Sam", who Ernst got while at Tuba City, was sent to school. But he had a hard time while at school. A new language to learn, and all the funny things: letters, figures and maps, and things like that – things that go with the language and education, and the ill treatment that some (but not all) of the pupils gave him – went awfully hard with him. But in spite of all this, he did learn the language very well. He went with Ernst to the new home, Sovoia, where he lived for about three years, when because of his knowledge of the English language and his own native language, the army officers at Fort Wingate offered him some inducements to go to the fort and live and be their interpreter, so he went with them. His [honorarium] was very bad. In 1885 Ernst thought his family was too small, so he got Amanda Mariah Hatch,

daughter of Ira and Sarah Hatch (Ira's Indian wife [which] he had raised (her) from a child of ten years of age) and made the long journey from Ramah, around by Lee's Ferry, to Salt Lake City, and they were married in the Endowment House on [the] 1st day of November 1885. The ceremony was performed by [blank space]. In 1887, the temple at Manti, Utah, was completed, dedicated, and opened for general temple work.

TRIP FROM RAMAH TO SALT LAKE CITY

Brother Tietjen (at Santaquin) wrote to Ernst and asked him to come to Santaquin and go with the family to Manti and do the family's work of sealing. In those days, it would take a letter a month to go from Santaquin to Ramah, and this work was to be done in 1888. Ernst wrote to his father and told him he would be at Santaquin at the desired time. So in the late spring or early summer of 1888 Ernst prepared to walk from Ramah to Santaquin. Ernst at that time was too poor to have horses, but believing that it was absolutely necessary that this important work should be attended to in this life, (and it being impossible for him to raise money enough to ride that distance on the railroad, as only the well-to-do could ride on the railroad in those days) he decided to make the trip on foot. The route to be traveled (by him) on this trip would be through an unsettled, wild country where even Indians, at time, could not be found until he reached Pleasant Creek in Wayne County, Utah. Ernst prepared to start on this long, lonely journey. His equipment consisted of two small sacks. In one of these sacks was a shirt and a change of underclothes, and in the other sack was a little bread and some dried meat. And, as for money, he had less than one dollar in his pocket.

As he was ready to start on this journey, he learned that one of his neighbors was taking a team to Fort Wingate, which was on his way, and 25 miles from Ramah. And of course, Ernst could ride with him. So the journey really began. At Fort Wingate, it was learned that the neighbor had to go six miles further, and of course, Ernst went with him, as it was still on his way. At this point, the road going to the San Juan River (that Ernst was to travel) left the Gallup Road, and went to the north, following up a long open draw, which at that time was called, “Hatch's Draw”. Now it is known as “Oil Draw.” Out in the flat, and about half-way between the railroad track, and the bluff on the north side of the valley, was some wagons camped for noon, and it was easy to be seen by the location of the wagons that they

were going to the San Juan, so Ernst told his neighbor good-bye, and he walked over to the wagons and soon learned that he was welcome to go with them – he could drive a team, and he knew the road and [the] Indians well. This took him another 100 miles on his way. On reaching the San Juan, he went to the home of Luther C. Burnham, who lived on the north bank of the river at the ford, and who was bishop of the Burnham Ward at Fruitland. Brother Burnham, in settlement of a small account, let Ernst have six boards, (These boards were one inch thick, 12 inches wide, and 16 feet long.) and some pieces of 2x4's and some nails. With these, Ernst make a boat, and one morning, he set adrift on the San Juan River, [and] headed for Bluff City, Utah, which was 90 miles down the river.

I must pause and tell you of a moving cause, of not only this movement and other projects, but which upheld and supported Ernst during his entire lifetime. He was a constant reader of the Book of Mormon, and, of course, read (many times) the statement of Nephi to his brothers when they had been sent by their father (while they were camped in the wilderness, some distance from Jerusalem) to Jerusalem for the purpose of getting the brass plates from Laban – and they had made two attempts to secure the brass plates from Laban by exchanging things of value with him for the brass plates, and in each of these two attempts to get the brass plates, they had nearly lost their lives, as Laban had tried to kill them, and had taken their valuables away from them. But notwithstanding all this, Nephi spoke with this assurance, saying, “I will go down and do the things which the Lord hath commanded, for I know that the Lord giveth no commandments unto the children of men, save he shall provide a way for them, that they may accomplish the thing which he hath commanded them”. (1 Ne 3:7, author’s quote) With this statement in his mind, Ernst set out afoot and alone to make this long and almost dangerous trip.

With a tin pail, to be used in dipping the water out of the boat as it leaked through the cracks between the boards into the boat, and a small supply of food, such as Ernst would take with him, for Brother Burnham was not the man who would let a hungry man pass his door without being fed, Ernst drifted, or paddled down the river until he reached the place where Shiprock now stands, or a little below that

place, and, as the sun was disappearing below the western mountains, he drew the boat up on the bank and soon found a camp of Indians, whom he was well acquainted with, and spent the night with them. Early the next morning, the boat was pushed back into the water, and Ernst continued his journey down the river.

Before night came on, he had reached country where the ground was more level, and the stream bed was wider, and the water was not as deep as it had been. The water did not run as swift[ly] as [it] did further up the river. At times, the bottom of the boat would rest on the sand in the bottom of the river, and he would have to push the boat, instead of rowing it. At night, the boat was pulled ashore near where the Indian school and post office of Annath now stands, and again, Ernst spent the night with the Indians.

The next day, about three o'clock in the afternoon, Ernst reached Bluff City. Here, the route he was to travel left all civilization, and we may as well say, Indians too. He would travel north from here on. For a while, he would follow the old road built by the pioneers of Bluff City, of 1879 and 1880 up the Elk Mountain, [and] then he would turn directly north and go to the Dandy Crossing of the Colorado River, and over the low, dry, sandy and wind-swept country to Pleasant Creek. Father owned a nice place at this point.

Just think of the great surprise (and yet it was an awful disappointment that was to be his) when he reached Bluff City: Apostle Brigham Young Jr. was there with a buck-board (as they were called) and a man with him, ready to start the next morning over the same road that Ernst expected to walk over, and he was alone. (But hold up for a while, and don't be in too big of a hurry!) That buck-board was already loaded to its full carrying capacity with Brother Young's supplies for the trip to the settlements to the north, so Ernst was still afoot and alone. But Brother Young was willing to wait one day for Ernst to find a way to go with them. Ernst went to Bishop Neilsen and bought a 44 caliber Winchester from him. This make of gun, at that time, was a new model, and was considered to be the outstanding make of gun. The price of the gun was $20.00, and, of course, was bought on credit. Ernst took the gun and crossed the river and traded it to an Indian for a good pony, which the Indian

delivered to him in Bluff City. The horse was then packed with bedding and [was] led behind the buck-board, and Ernst rode in the buck-board. The co-op store gave him some groceries in exchange for the lumber which was in the boat, and the journey was continued. Traveling was slow, but in time, the party reached Pleasant Creek, and as Father's family was at the dairy on the Boulder Mountain, Brother Young went on one mile and a half to Gordon Smith's home for noon[ing]. Thomas Yates and Henry Thompson had cattle on the Henry Mountain, which was just north of the Colorado River, and they would leave their supplies (for their camp) at Father's and they would come and get them as they were needed. Some of the Thompson boys were in after supplies at the time Brother Young passed by Father's, [and] they heard of this and they rode down to Brother Smith's to see Brother Young, and while there, traded Ernst a two-year-old steer which was on the Bluff City Range, for the horse, and they were to turn the steer over to Bishop Nielsen. The load on the buck-board was now so reduced, that the extra horse was not needed, as the party was now in the settlements, and did not heed to carry supplies. This was the first I ever heard of Ernst Tietjen, the Indian Missionary. In a few days the party arrived at Santaquin, and Ernst was with his parents.

Ernst made a trip to Salt Lake City, in hopes of being able to collect some money from a man who lived in Salt Lake City, on an old work debt. Ernst had done several hundred dollars worth of work (in New Mexico) for this man, so he could ride on the railroad back home. But is this he was disappointed. But he did get a second-hand suit of clothes and a watch which had been used for a number of years. Besides these two articles, there was never a cent paid on that account. The family work in the temple was completed, and Ernst was ready to return home, but, how was he to go? He had failed in collecting any money on the old work account, and it looked as though he was doomed to take to the road, afoot and alone, and this time [to] walk for sure, and there was no way of him getting out of it.

Unexpected things are liable to arise at any time, when least expected. Word reached the Tietjen home that a man with quite a large outfit was passing by, some 30 miles away, on his way to southern Arizona, so Ernst was taken to see the man, and after the

man learned that Ernst was acquainted with the road and the Indians, the man was willing to take Ernst along, and he was put to driving a team for his passage. This took him to Snowflake, Arizona. Upon reaching Snowflake, he left the man, as his route home lay east of that place. The man, in telling him good-bye, wanted to (in some way) show how grateful he was for the assistance Ernst had given him, so he gave Ernst a $10.00 gold piece. The Snowflake Stake conference was being held at this time, and Ernst attended the conference. In those days, it was customary for the wards to furnish teams to take the visiting Church authorities from one ward to the next ward, so the St. Johns Stake had teams at Snowflake, ready to take the visiting Church authorities on to St. Johns, where the next conference was to be held, and, of course, there was room for Ernst to ride with them. At St. Johns, there was a number of teams from Ramah attending the conference. In those days, people looked ahead and tried to arrange their work so that they would be able to attend these stake conferences, which gave them a great spiritual feast – and why should it not be a spiritual feast when it often times required two weeks of time and the traveling of two or three hundred miles by team, through an unsettled, wild country, and every person they met on the way was a friend, although that person may be a perfect stranger to them. At the close of the conference, Ernst got in the wagon with one of his neighbors from Ramah, [and] went home with him. To his great joy, on reaching home, he found his family enjoying good health, and all was well with them. He had been away from home about four months, and he had traveled nearly 1200 miles.

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ERNST'S PHOTOGRAPH

The story of his trip to Santaquin in 1888 has now been told, so let me tell you something more about Ernst A. Tietjen. He never liked to have people speak of him in a way of praise or flattery, and he had a very strong disliking to having his picture taken. During the time I knew him, I only know of him getting into three pictures. In one of these pictures, he was holding Golden, who was only three or four months old. One [other picture] was a year before that. We had just finished a program and dinner, at the old log meeting house. He had not joined in with us, but had stood nearby looking on. Did he eat dinner with us, did you ask? No, not on your life! He did not eat dinner in a crowd like that. We lined up along the south side of the house for a picture of the group, but he stood off to one side, just about one rod from the crowd, thinking he was out at a safe distance from the crowd [so as] to be out of the picture. The man with the camera set it so he thought Ernst would be in the picture, but when the picture was developed, it showed that Ernst's left side was out of the picture. John M. Knight, who was president of the Western States Mission, and several of the missionaries, were at Bluewater at the time, holding conference with the people, and he was anxious to get a picture of Brother Tietjen, so when he saw that Brother Tietjen was not in the group picture that had just been taken, he went over to where Brother Tietjen was standing and began a conversation with him, and as they talked he drew Brother Tietjen up near the side of the house where the people had moved away [from], and in front of the camera. Brother Tietjen saw the trick that was being played on him, so he turned with his back to the camera, and started to walk away. I saw this and I thought perhaps I might be able to go to him and attract his attention for a minute, and throw him off his guard long enough to get him to turn and face the camera long enough for them to get his picture and still be able to step back out of the way and leave the two men (Knight and Tietjen) in the picture, so I went over to him and caught him by the left arm and spoke to him, and if he turned as I thought he would, it would have him facing the camera, and I said to him, "Brother Knight wants to talk with you

about your mines." (These mines were very dear to him, and he was always ready to talk about them.) He turned as I expected he would, and said, "Uh, what do you want?" The man with the camera had kept it set on him, and before I could step back out of the way, he snapped it and took the picture with Brothers Knight, Tietjen, and myself in it. Ernst at once saw what had been done, and he was very much put out with me for helping them get his picture. While others found fault with me and complained at me for butting in and spoiling the picture. Ernst was a very hard-working man, and he ate as little as any large man as I ever saw.

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GETTING WINTER SUPPLIES

In the former article, I wrote some about Ernst A. Tietjen – his life and his life's work. Since writing the above, I have been asked to write more about his life. A little more is all I am able to tell, as he was a very busy man, and his life's works are full of affairs and adventures of faith. I never knew of him spending much time in telling of "what I have done": he always said, "I have never done any thing worth talking about. I have only done the best I could." The following instances are not (I do not think) just in calendar line as to dates, or even years, of their happening, but that they did take place is a sure thing. It is possible that the two following tough experiences began to take place in the latter part of January, 1878. The winter so far had been a very severe winter. The weather was cold and the snow was deep.

Brother Tietjen, with perhaps a half-dozen other families, was living at Sovoia, at the foot of the Zuni Mountain, six miles north of the present town of Ramah – but that was three years before he began the town of Ramah. The people in the little town of Sovoia were getting awfully short of food, and during this awfully hard winter, it was impossible to get a wagon, or even a horse, over the mountain to Fort Wingate or Gallup – the only places where supplies (even in small amounts) could be bought, and then the prices would be sky high. Gallup, at that time, was only a small place. About all there was to it, was an overland mail station – with a few small adobe houses that were used by the hands who worked at the mail station – a small general store, and of course, the indispensable saloon. And Fort Wingate had *no* general store, and it was a very hard thing to get supplies from the officers at the fort – and especially was this the case with the little settlement of Sovoia, as the feeling of bitterness of the officers at the fort against the people was very strong. But the people at Sovoia were in need of food and something had to be done about it, at once.

In the latter part of January, 1878, Ernst hitched his two yoke of oxen to his wagon, and with the little money he had, (and some money of his neighbors) started for Albuquerque, New Mexico, which was 150 miles

east of them. During the afternoon of the second day from home, he passed the little Mexican ranch of Tenaja (a small water tank, hole, or pond, 15 miles from home), and soon began to climb the slope leading up to the top of the continental divide. After passing over the top of the continental divide, there was the Agua Frio Valley to cross, and the snow fell deep over that part of the country. Ernst was not half-way up the ridge when the snow became so deep, the oxen could not go any further. He left his team and worked his way on ahead for one or two miles and found that the snow got deeper all the way, so he turned back to his wagon. This meant that he must give up making the trip, and he dreaded the thought of such a thing. The people at home were in need of food, and they were depending upon him to bring that food, and he feared they would find fault with him and say that he gave up too easily. He was a man who, when he set his mind to do a thing, he would almost as soon meet death as to give up. But, what could he do? The oxen were already snowbound, and on ahead, the snow was deeper than it was where his wagon was, and it would be deep for 10 or 15 miles ahead. He did finally get his wagon turned around, and with a sad, disappointed feeling, started back for home where he arrived at nightfall of the third day after he left home.

Two weeks later, Ernst succeeded in persuading a neighbor to put a yoke of oxen with his two yoke of oxen, and go with him and again try to get through the snow and go to Albuquerque and get the supplies which the little town was now beginning to suffer for. These two men, with three yoke of oxen and the empty wagon were able to work their way over the continental divide and across the Agua Frio Valley and down the country into the lower valleys toward the town of San Rafael, and out of the snow. They tried in vain to get flour at San Rafael and Laguna, an Indian village 40 miles east of San Rafael. It was during the afternoon of the 11th day after they left home, that they were able to reach Albuquerque. They at once got busy buying their supplies, and on the following day, were able to load up with one ton of flour, three sacks of sugar, and possibly a half-dozen bolts of cloth, and make a start toward home. Of course, traveling was slow. The oxen were poor and weak, and it was an uphill grade to the top of the continental divide. It was well for them that there was no long steep hills to climb until they reached the continental divide west of Agua Frio; and even then, the road up the hill was not bad.

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The first 15 miles of the road west of Albuquerque was not only uphill, but it was sandy as well, and that made a very heavy drag on the poor oxen, as they worked all day pulling on the wagon, and then they spent the night trying to find some food to eat that they could live on. Not only feed for the oxen was scarce, but water was also hard to get, and the little water they did get was of a very poor quality. If the oxen got water twice in one day they were fortunate. The oxen were fed no grain, and hay was not known, or was not to be had by them, in those days. The days passed wearily by and nothing of a serious nature happened to them as they worked their way toward their homes. The 25th day (since they left their homes) had passed away and the stars of night were shining, when the weary travelers, with their jaded oxen and precious supplies reached their lonely homes at the foot of the Zuni Mountain, where they were warmly welcomed by their loved ones and neighbors. The long, hard, weary journey had been successfully made, and the little town now had a new supply of food, and they were happy once more.

LIFE IN THE RAMAH BRANCH

The little town of Sovoia had been organized as a branch with Ernst as presiding elder. He was the push and the pull and the working influence that kept the place together. By 1881, the town of Sovoia had been abandoned, and the town of Ramah had been started. Ernst had moved his families to the site of the present town of Ramah in 1880, and [had] begun the work on the Ramah Reservoir Dam, and went off to work on the railroad, which was building through the country, where he did more than $1000.00 worth of work. (Some $700.00 are still due him on this work.) In 1883, several families from Sunset moved to Ramah and the town was organized as a ward with Ernst as bishop. Soon they were holding Sunday School and meeting each Sunday in the one-room meetinghouse which they had built. This house was used for all the needs of the ward. Besides the meetings that were being held each week, they had a dance once in a while. Tickets (to pay the expenses of these dances) were sold for 25 cents each.

The town tried to maintain a school for three months each year. As no help was given to them by the county or state, they had to carry the expenses of the school themselves. To meet these expenses, a fee was charged, by the month, for each pupil attending the school. At times this fee ran as high as $3.00 a month. This tells us that only ten pupils were attending the school. The men hauled the wood that was burned in the large fireplace, in keeping the house warm for Sunday Schools and meeting[s] and the day school. The teacher would have the larger boys [who were] attending the school chop the wood, and the girls would sweep the floor and keep the house tidy. Each Halloween and Christmas had been honored in the usual way. The boys had not neglected to haul and chop wood for the widows and the aged; neither had they missed the fun of pushing over a number of small out-buildings that stood in the town. For this last act, the alert bishop had requested the guilty ones to come before the Sunday afternoon meeting, and confess their guilt and solemnly promise to do it no more – before they could further be called worthy members of the ward and be

permitted to attend the socials that were held in the meetinghouse. Neither could they step heavy while dancing, or sit by the girls who came to the dance. In these dances, the boys would sit on one side of the house, and the girls would sit on the other side of the house. For a boy to sit by the girls in a dance or social was very rude, and out-of-place.

A JOKE ON THE BISHOP

The bishop had a nice gentle, little pony – a perfect pet – for the children. Its hair was as black as jet, and of course, it was a great favorite with the family. One Christmas evening some of the young men who were boiling over with energy for the want of something to do, but who had no desire or intention of injuring anybody or anything, took this little black pony and gave him a complete coat of white wash, and turned him into the bishop's stack yard. Christmas morning, the bishop went out as usual to do the morning work about the corral, and found that "consorned dirty whistle trigger" (the bishop's way of swearing) of a white pony right in the stack yard, and it was standing right on top of a pile of hay! The bishop let down the bars to the stack yard, and gathered up some sticks which were too large to be put in his pocket, and so large that they would have felt very uncomfortable in his boot-tops, and began to throw them at that "consorned horse". The horse was driven out of the stack yard, out into the street. And [it] started down the road. In a little bit, the bishop saw the pony standing by the cow corral barn, and again the bishop was after him with a lot of sticks, and was doing his best to drive the pony from the place, but the pony would only go a short distance, and then he would turn around and come back to the corral. The bishop called the dog and tried to get the dog to help him drive the pony away, but the blamed dog would only run along at the side of the pony and smell of the pony. At last, Joe, the bishop's boy, came out of the house and saw what was going on, and he said, "Why, Pa! That is our black pony, and the boys have white-washed him. You will have to make them ask forgiveness for it!" At last the bishop was convinced that it really was their little black pony with a coat of white-wash on him. It is possible [that] the bishop never learned who it was that gave the pony that coat of white-wash, as nobody was asked to ask forgiveness for doing the job.

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JOE'S FEISTY DOG

Joe, the bishop's son (he was very large for his age.) had a pet dog, which had the habit (and it was a sure thing) of running out into the street after everything: a person walking by, or anything that passed by the place. One day, Sam Johnstun, while riding a young, untamed horse (which had the name of being a mean bucker) rode by the bishop's place, and the dog, true to his habit, ran out into the street and bit the horse on the hind leg. The horse, not being used to this kind of treatment, began to buck. Sam, not expecting anything like that, was caught off his guard, and came awfully near being thrown off from the horse; but he did manage to stay in the saddle and save himself from the fall. When Sam came to the next street, he turned and rode around a few blocks and returned home. When Sam got home, he got off the horse, and tied it to the fence, and went in the house and got his pistol and buckled it on. Then he went out and got on the horse, and rode back up the street, passing by the bishop's place. And sure enough, the dog, true to his habit, was ready, and again rushed out into the street to bite the horse. But Sam was on the lookout for the dog, and was ready for his dash out into the street after the horse. Just as the dog was running in behind the horse to bite him, Sam reached back past the horse's hips with his pistol, and fired a shot at the dog. The shot did not kill the dog, but it tore a bad gash in his side. The horse, frightened by the noise of the gun, and the howling of the dog, began to buck, but Sam rode him to the finish. The dog, howling and yelping with pain, managed to crawl back into the lot and to the house. The bishop's family, hearing the report of the gun, and [the] howling of the dog, came running out of the house to see what had happened, and when Joe saw his dog with the ugly would in his side and the blood gushing from it, began to cry as hard as he could. Joe's mother, in trying to console her son, said, “Joe, don't you cry! Pa will make that Sam Johnstun ask forgiveness for that!” This was the balm that cured all things, and Joe stopped crying. In time, the dog got well, but he was never known to run out into the street again after anything that was passing by.

The bishop appointed two faithful brethren to act as special ward teachers and take a labor of love with Sam and convince him of the evil

of his way in shooting the dog for running out into the street and biting his horse. After about three weeks, Sam appeared before the Sunday afternoon meeting to ask the people to forgive him for shooting the dog. Sam, in his statement of confession, said something like this: "Brothers and Sisters, you know I am here to ask your forgiveness for shooting the bishop's dog. If you will forgive me for missing him this time, I will try to do better next time!" Well, he had said it wrong, and the bishop would not accept (of) it, so the ward teachers had to continue their labor with Sam and have him come before the people again and say it right. In course of time he did, and then he was a good fellow, and could come to the dances again and mingle with the young people without corrupting their good morals. But the bishop never once spoke of the [dog] running out into the street and biting the bucking horse, which was the cause of all the trouble.

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ERNST'S GRATITUDE

Times in Ramah were hard, and food and clothing were scarce and hard to get. The people were not actually suffering for want of food and clothing, but they were staggering all around that condition. The Ramah Reservoir Dam had been built and the road had been built on the west side of the reservoir, just above the water line by digging a dugway under the sandstone bluff that came down to the water's edge. One bad, windy day, Ernst was passing along this narrow dugway. A sharp point of the bluff seemed to protect a small piece of the water from the strong wind, and a flock of Mallard ducks (they were a nice lot of ducks.) had taken shelter from the wind in this spot of still water. As Ernst came around this sharp point of the bluff and came suddenly upon this flock of ducks, which [happening] frightened them, and [they] rose in the air to fly away. This brought them into the wind belt, just as a sharp gush of wind was passing. The ducks were caught by this sharp gush of wind, and several of them were thrown against the bluff with such force that they were stunned, and fell to the ground. Ernst jumped out of his wagon and gathered up ten of those lovely ducks. My, but he was glad – such a nice lot of ducks! "Why," he thought, "We can have ducks for several days!" Then he thought: Moses told the people to only gather enough food (manna) to last one day; why should I be so selfish and want more? One of these ducks will make a meal for a family, and I have three families. Three ducks will do us for one day. So seven ducks were turned loose. In these three families, Ernst had 15 large, fast-growing, husky, healthy, hungry children. In all there were 19 persons in his family, and only three ducks for all of them. Do you think three ducks would make a full meal for them?

ERNST WAS INVENTIVE

In Ramah, sweets of any kind were scarce and hard to get. And, of course, the children got hungry for something sweet, so to meet this need for sweet, Ernst planted some sugar cane, and during the summer while the cane was growing, he made a rude molasses mill, so he could work this cane up, and make molasses out of the juice in the cane. This mill was made by taking two blocks of wood, or pieces of a large pole, about ten inches in diameter and two feet long. He bored a hole through each of these blacks and in these holes, he put a large rod. To keep the blocks, rollers, we will call them, from splitting, he took four iron bands (of the right size) off from the hubs of an old wagon, and put one band on each end of the rollers. He then took two large posts and bored two holes in each post, so as to fit (in distance apart) the rods in the rollers. The posts were set firmly in the ground. He put the rollers in place in the posts. The end of one of these rods, he bent, so he could [use] that bolt for a crank to turn the rollers. The rollers [were] placed near enough together so that they would not quite touch each other. Then the stalks of cane would be run through (between) the rollers, and the juice in the cane would be pressed out. While pressing the juice out of the cane, Ernst would turn the rollers and one of the children would put the cane – one stalk at a time – into the mill, which would press the juice out of the cane. The juice would be caught by a piece of tin that was placed under the rollers, and [then it would] run into a bucket, which was set under the tin. The juice was then put into a kettle and placed over a slow-burning fire, and boiled until the juice was cooked and brought to a suitable thickness. And then it would be put away and called good molasses – and sure enough, it was good – and they were the only ones in the town that had any of this good cane molasses. This cane molasses was used by the family in their cooking and on the table, and in the making of candy, which the children were sometimes permitted to do; and how the children did like it!

In the Sovoiaeta Canyon, four miles east of Ramah, Ernst had a dry farm, and one of his families lived on this farm. Some good crops of grain hay, grain, corn, and potatoes were raised. The more tender

plants of garden vegetables did not do well on the dry land. To get water for the house and the animals that were used on the farm, Ernst had dug an open well in the bottom of the draw (some may call it a wash, as it was where the water ran when it rained hard enough to make the water run.) about 100 yards from the house. This well was about ten feet deep and four feet across. This well was enlarged until it was several feet across. Then he built a tower, and put a windmill over the well, so that it would pump water out of the well to irrigate the garden with. This windmill was built stationary – that is, it would not turn to the different directions of the wind. This windmill outfit was built by setting four posts in the ground in the bottom of the well, so that they were at one side of the center of the well. A frame was built around the top of these posts, and four braces were put lower down around the posts. A heavy pole was placed across the frame at the top of the posts to be used as an axle. On one end of this axle a wheel (windmill) was built. I do not know whether the fans in this windmill (wheel) laid flat – that is, stuck straight out, or stood upright. At the opposite end of the axle from where the wheel was attached, a handle, or crank, was attached to the axle at the top of the frame. This handle had an arm attached to it, which was attached to a second handle lower down, which was attached to a second axle, which was placed across the braces in the middle of the posts. At one end of the second axle was the light frame of a wheel. [Resting] on the frame, or rim, of this second wheel was a number of tin cans nailed to the frame or rim of the wheel. When the wind turned, it would, through the connection of the two handles and the arm, turn the wheel with the tin cans nailed to it, down into the water in the well, where the cans, as the wheel turned around, would be filled with water and carried to the top of the wheel where, as the wheel turned over, the water in the cans would be emptied into a flume which would carry the water a few feet to a ditch which would take the water to the garden which was near by. By the aid of this tin-can pump, the family was able to grow a garden which covered an acre or more of land. The vegetables that were grown in this garden [were] a great help in furnishing a living for the family.

A SECOND JOB

In the late summer or early fall of 1880, Ernst went to work on the Atlantic and Pacific (now the Santa Fe) Railroad that was building through the country. He did some work on the grade or roadbed. Then he took a contract to furnish several thousands of ties for the road. He got ties from the following named places as we know the names of those places today, [in] 1950. Bear Spring, Prop Canyon, Bald Mesa, and the Saletra Mesa. Ties from these places were delivered at Bluewater. Another lot of ties were taken from the Bluewater water-shed and the Cottonwood water drainage. The ties that were taken from these places were delivered at Baca, Chavez, and Thoreau – on the east side of the continental divide. A third lot of ties were taken from the Foster and Smith Canyon area on the west side of the continental divide, and were taken from the Zuni Mountain. When Ernst settled up with the man for his work, (The man was a large contractor in the railroad building business, and, sorry to say, but the man lived in our own beloved Salt Lake City, and Ernst had an unlimited confidence in him.) the man was several hundreds of dollars short of having enough money to pay Ernst off – but, of course, the balance of the money would be there in a few days. Days passed and so did the years, and both of these men would have died of old age without a cent being paid on the debt if Ernst had not had been in Salt Lake City in 1888, and the man let him have a second-hand suit of clothes and an old watch on the account.

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SOMETHING OUT OF NOTHING

In 1893, Ernst, without a dollar of money to back him, succeeded in buying up the remnant of the 7th Cattle Company's cattle, and he located the Bluewater Reservoir site. And a year later, with the aid of Frihoff G. Nielson and John L. Norton, he bought the ranch (or land holdings) of the 7th Cattle Company at Bluewater. And in 1896, they – Tietjen-Nielson, and Norton (Mr. Norton was represented by his father-in-law, J. S. VanDarn) built the first reservoir dam to be built at this reservoir site. In this reservoir work, Tietjen-Nielson owned one-half of the reservoir. (And) J. L. Norton was a wealthy man living in California, while Tietjen-Nielson were poor men. Later, conditions arose that induced Tietjen and Nielson to dispose of their interests in the reservoir to John L. Norton for 340 acres of land (I may be mistaken in this, but I understand that this water or water-right was non-assignable. Later they lost this water-right, and never got a cent out of it.

ERNST, THE MISSIONARY

We have spoken of Ernst A. Tietjen having been called to do missionary work among the Indians [see letter of calling, p. 514], and so far in this story, we have told of the above things, and we have not said a word about his missionary work among the Indians, and you may ask, "Was he a shirk, and did no missionary work among the Indians?" No, sir! Not on your life. He was no shirk. As soon as he had located at Sovoia, he began to visit among the Indians, and he, and also his wife Emma C., were not long in learning their language so as to be able to talk with them intelligently, and while both of them were good at speaking the Navajo Indian language, he became as good with the language as any Indian missionary the Church ever had. He did not confine his work to the Indians near his home, but he went out among them. He was on the San Juan River before there were any white settlers at Fruitland or Jewett ([now] Liberty), and when there were but a few people living at Farmington. He was down the San Juan to the place where Aneth [Utah] now stands as early as the coming of the first pioneers of Bluff City – or before their coming. Luther C. Burnham was with him on these first trips.

It must have been in 1884 that Ernst and Jim (James Barton) Ashcroft (as his companion) made an extended trip across the reservation to the San Juan River and down to Bluff City [and] then back through the Chin-de-Lee [Chinle] Valley, passing Round [Rough] Rock (or is it Red Rock?) to what is now known as Crystal, and [then] over that mountain country, then to Fort Defiance and on back to Ramah. Yes, he was well acquainted with the Navajo Indian Reservation by the year of 1885.

It was while Ernst A. Tietjen and Jim Ashcroft were on one of their missionary trips in 1885 or 1886, that Jim baptized Chief Sandoval and his wife, and Jim Curley Bagay – he had curly hair – and his wife. There is an interesting story told about how Chief Sandoval came to be baptized. Brother Ashcroft had got into the confidence of

the Indian until Chief Sandoval seemed to think that Brother Ashcroft was a ruling power in the earth, and whatever Brother Ashcroft said was to be, and would be done. Through this admiration for Brother Ashcroft, Chief Sandoval said, "Jim, I would give all I will ever have, or do anything I could do, if I could be as good and white as you are." Brother Ashcroft answered him by saying (You understand Brother Ashcroft spoke the Navajo Indian language very well), "Sandoval, if you will accept of these things which we have and are teaching to you, by being baptized and then liv[ing] up to these teachings, you will live to see the time when you will be as white as I am." Chief Sandoval was baptized and that man lived to see the time when he was of a swarthy white, with the exception of a belt, or strip, about eight inches wide, around his waist, which never changed color. These people were baptized in the San Juan River just below where Shiprock now stands – but on the west side of the River. I knew this man well.

They did not make many converts among the Indians, yet when the number of baptisms are considered, there was quite a lot of them, and they made many more friends among the Indians. At Ramah, several families were baptized. I am not able to spell their Indian names, so will not attempt to name them.

I am not sure of the year, but it is possible that it was in 1881 while Ernst and Luther C. Burnham were on one of their missionary trips, they were passing between Ganado (That was long before there was a place known as Ganado.) and the Indian villages to the west – very likely (they were) going to the Oribia villages, [that this happened]. It was getting night, the sun had gone down, and they were looking for a place where there was grass for their horses so they could camp for the night. As they passed a small hill, they were surprised at the smell of an old coal oil lamp wick burning. They looked around (to be sure) for a place, a house, or a camp, where someone might be living or stopping, who had a coal oil lamp, but they found nothing. But still at the point of that hill, they could smell the odor of an old coal oil lamp wick burning. Brother Tietjen claimed to his dying day, that at or near the point of that hill, there was a cropping out of an oil bed, and that some day, oil would be found near that hill. Brother Burnham also told me about this.

At a meeting with the Indians east of where Crystal now stands, these missionaries (Tietjen and Ashcroft) laid much stress on the Book of Mormon and its truthfulness, saying that the book did not come by the way of the gentiles, or that the gentiles did not write the book, but it came by the Lord sending an angel to a boy, and the angel showed the boy in a vision where the record that the book was written from was, and that this record was the history of the forefathers of the American Indians, and [that] the boy had been given the right to go and dig the record out of the ground where it had been hid for about 1,400 years, and the Lord had given the boy power to read the strange language which the record was written in, and to write the things which he read, into his own language and put the things he had read into a book known as the Book of Mormon; that it was a new book, given to them by the Lord, and the things which were written in the book were true and correct.

As soon as the meeting was dismissed, an old man (an Indian) spoke up and said, "A long time ago, the white man came to us with what they said was a good story – the gospel – and a book, which they said was a good book. Now you come to us with what you say is a good story, but your good story is not like the good story those first white men brought to us, and you say you have a new book, and that it is a good book. If your story is a good story and your new book is a good book, why did not the first white men who came to us bring your good story and your good book to us [then]?"

Before Brother Tietjen could speak, a young man (an Indian) spoke up and said, "We were plainly told that this new book did not come by the way of the gentiles, but that the Lord sent an angel to a boy, and this angel told the boy of a book that was written on gold plates, and [he] gave the boy the right to go where the book was hid in the ground and dig the book up, and the Lord gave the boy power so he could read the strange [language] that the book was written in, and to write the things that were written in the book into his own language and put them into this new book. So this new book did not come to us by the way of the gentiles, but was given to us by the Lord, and (that) the book is true and correct, and it is the history of our forefathers who also lived on this land."

Chapter Twenty-five

CORN DUMPLINGS

Ernst often left his family in need and upon their own recourse while he went about his missionary work. He spent much of his time traveling among the Indians teaching them the Gospel as it was taught by Jesus Christ. One time Brothers Tietjen and Ashcroft were spending several days with the Indians on the east side of the mountain, a little to the north and east of Crystal, where the following laughable thing took place: The Indians had been giving them some corn-meal dumplings in soup to eat, which Jim seemed to think were real good. One evening the two missionaries and the Indian men were sitting back a short distance from the fire out of the way, while the women were busy preparing supper. [It was at this time] when Jim noticed an old woman ([or] grandma) who was too old to do much of the work. This woman had no teeth. [She] was sitting back behind and away from the others. She had a spoon, a cup, a small sack, and a kettle by her. Jim saw that the old lady would put the spoon into the sack, then into the cup, and move the spoon around a little, and then she would move the spoon from the cup to her mouth. And [then she would] move her mouth a little and then she would place the spoon to her lips and then pass the spoon to the kettle. And then she would go all through the same movements again. Jim watched her for some time, but could not understand what the old lady was doing, so he spoke to Brother Tietjen and asked, “What is that old lady doing?” Brother Tietjen was better acquainted with the Indians' habits and customs than Jim was, so he explained that she was “making those corn-meal dumplings you like so well.” Jim asked, “How in the world does she do it?” Brother Tietjen went on with his explanation: “She has a little sack of corn meal, a cup with some water in it, and a kettle with some soup in it, in which the dumplings are to be boiled, and [also she has] a spoon. She gets some corn meal in the spoon and puts the spoon with the corn meal in it into the water in the cup. Then she stirs the meal around in the water in the cup, until the meal is wet. Then she gets the wet meal into the spoon and puts the wet meal into her mouth and moves the meal around in her mouth with her tongue until a

smooth round ball is formed. Then she puts the smooth corn-meal ball in the spoon and puts it into the kettle of soup. Then the kettle will be put on the fire and the dumplings will soon be cooked and ready to eat." Well, it was too bad, but Jim suddenly got his fill of corn-meal dumplings, and he would eat no more of them.

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THE BAD INDIAN AGENT

As I remember what Brother Tietjen told me about this, it was in 1888 or 1889 that the Indian agent from Fort Defiance and an Army officer from Fort Wingate – [they] were riding in an Army carriage drawn by a government team of mules and driven by an orderly, or officer's servant – came to Ramah to see Brother Tietjen, who had been set apart as President of the Navajo Indian Mission in 1885 by Brigham Young, Jr., assisted by Heber J. Grant. The agent gave Brother Tietjen orders for him and all of his associates to keep off from the Indian reservation, and to stop their missionary work among the Indians, and to leave all the Indians alone. Brother Tietjen contended that the man's authority as an Indian agent for the government was limited to the reservation, and that he had no authority over the Indians who lived off from the reservation, and they had a lively argument. The government Indian agent held out that, should any of them – Brother Tietjen or his fellow Indian missionaries – come on the reservation, [that] he, the Indian agent, would proceed to have them put off from the reservation. Soon after this took place, Brigham Young Jr., while passing by, called at Ramah, and while talking with Brother Tietjen about what the Indian agent had done (and after thinking it over), Brother Young said, "Well, if they have ordered us to keep off from the reservation, that is what we will have to do." After that, but little missionary work was done among the Navajo Indians, and the little missionary work that was done was confined to the Indians who were living near Ramah.

CLOSE SCHOOL ELECTION

The first movement toward civilization that I know of in Bluewater began in or about 1865 when a mail station and a general store was established at Bluewater. In another article, I have the location of this mail station. Some farming was engaged in. The cattle industry was promising from the beginning, and although the ownership of the ranch and cattle changed hands a number of times, in the later years of [the] eighties, the owners of the place claimed to have 42,000 head of cattle on the range. Owing to the great drought of 1890 to 1893, this company went behind, and in 1893 they sold the scattered remnant of their cattle to Ernst, who had nothing but a good reputation to back him, and a large family of young, fast-growing children. In 1894 he, with the aid of Frihoff G. Nielson and a man from California, bought up the company's land holdings, and in 1895, he moved his first family to Bluewater. And, Ernst, realizing the great need of a school, in the fall of 1895, established the first school to be held in Bluewater, by having his daughter Eda (who was the third oldest child in this family) teach the younger children for three hours each day for three to four months during the winter. This school was continued until the fall of 1902 when Brother Tietjen hired Edwin H. Dewey to teach the school for him. This was a step in advancement or efficiency of the school. He worked hard and untiring[ly] for the school and the advancement of the school, and was a member of the district school board until 1914 or 1915 when he was defeated as a member of the school board by Emma Hakes, who won out over him by some six votes. And a week later when the stone bearing the names of the school directors was placed over the door of the district schoolhouse, which was then under construction, Emma Hakes' name was on the stone instead of Ernst A. Tietjen.

The house in which the first school was held was the cattle company's ranch house. This house stood a quarter of a mile west and a little north of the railroad depot. The house in which the second school was held (under the direction of E. H. Dewey) stood

in the north-west corner of lot 2 in block D [of the] Bluewater town site. This was Aunt Emma O.'s house before it was finished or completed. School was held in this house for two or three years. Aunt Emma O. moved into this house in the spring of 1904, soon after the first reservoir flood – meaning the flood caused by the breaking of the dam that was built in 1896, which was at the site of the present Bluewater reservoir.

In 1896, Bluewater was organized as a branch, and Ernst was appointed Branch President by Bishop W. E. (Ed) Lewis of Ramah, which position he held until 1904-5 when Collins R. Hakes, who had moved into Bluewater in 1904. The first Sunday School was organized in 1896 with Hyrum D. Chapman as Superintendent, and Thomas J. McNeill as his Assistant. The first M. I. A. was organized in December 1899 or January 1900 with Joseph E. Tietjen as President and S. C. Young and James Edward Stevens as his Assistants. This was accomplished by the young men and the young women joining under the name of the Y.M.M.I.A. There was no organization of the Relief Society – what work was done in this line was directed by Emma O. Tietjen. [There was no] Primary. Meeting and Sunday School and socials were first held in the cattle company's ranch house. Brother Tietjen was living in the house. In 1896 Emma C. Tietjen was moved to Bluewater and a house was built for her on the homestead one mile south of the cattle company's ranch house, which, through the purchase of the 7th [7th Cattle Company] lands in 1894, became the property of the man from California (John L. Norton). Frihoff G. Nielson also built a house near the house built for Emma C. Tietjen. After the cattle company's ranch house was destroyed in 1904, we held our meetings and Sunday School in the homes of the branch [members]. It was about 1908 that we were able to build a log meetinghouse in which we held our gatherings. When the Bluewater Ward was organized with Collins R. Hakes Jr. as Bishop, Frihoff G. Nielson was his first councilor and Welcome O. Chapman was his second councilor. Emma W. Nielson was the first president of the Relief Society with Emma O. Tietjen and Rhoda Chapman as her councilors. Following Emma W. Nielson as President of the Relief Society was Emma C. Tietjen, Emma Hakes, and Emma Jane Stevens Burnham Nielson.

ERNST'S INJURY

It must have been in the summer of 1917 that Ernst, while in the Bond-Sargent Store in Grants, [that he] was standing near the low railing that was around the open, uncovered entrance of the stair-steps that led from the floor of the store to the basement under the store. While there, he must have fainted. (He had been having fainting spells at irregular periods for some time (past). These fainting spells had been brought on to him years before through overworking, worrying, and an injury he had met with some few years before.) And he fell some 12 or 15 feet, striking, or falling, [hitting himself] on the back of his head on the cement floor of the basement. He, being a large man (not fleshy, but of a large frame and heavy bones) was knocked unconscious by the fall, and he remained in this condition for three or four days before he became rational and anything like his natural self. After the accident, his two sons, Alma and Amos (who were in the store with him), with some help from the clerks in the store, carried him to a camp house in the yard of the Bond- Sargent Company, and placed him on a cot. He seemed to be as nearly dead (or perhaps more dead than he was alive), but they did the best they could for him. A runner was sent to San Rafael calling for Doctor Grover, who came as fast as his little pony team could run, and he did what he could for the injured man, who was in a very bad condition, and to say [pronounce] that he was alive, and that he would live, was like holding out encouragement in the face of actual disaster, when the facts of his condition and everything else seemed to be against his recovery.

About two hours after the accident happened, we heard of it in Bluewater, and while I understood that two of his sons [were] with him, I also knew that he would need more and better care and attention than they were able to give him. So I got Emma C., and we went to his assistance. One of his sons left that evening, and the other son stayed all night with us, laying on the floor with me, as there were no beds or other place in the room where we could lay down. Emma C. and I had each taken a quilt with us, and we would each roll up in our quilt and lay on the floor whenever we could get a

chance to lay down for a short time. The next morning, his second son left us, and Emma C. and I remained with the injured man, who seemed to be lingering between life and death, with death seeming to be winning out. The folks at home prayed earnestly and continuously, as did we who were [with] him for his recovery. But for a number of days, the little improvement (if there was any improvement) in his condition was very little and slow. Doctor Grover called each morning and evening and did all he could for his recovery, but he was very reluctant about holding out any hopes of his recovering. Emma C. and I had been with the patient four or five days (It seems to me that is was longer than that.) and we had been very hopeful that he would be able to recover, but one evening, it seemed that his condition was decidedly changed for the worse. The color in his face and eyes was bad, and his face and nose were drawn and pinched. About sundown, Doctor Grover called in to see him, but the doctor would not talk about his condition any more than to say, "Things look bad." As the doctor was leaving the room he took what I will call, a small shotgun needle from his pocket, and inserted or stuck the needle into the patient's arm, and injected a small amount of fluid into the patient's arm, and without saying a word, walked out of the room.

To Emma C. and I, the chances and hopes for the patient to live looked very dark and quite impossible. The patient lay on the bed in a stupor, and the coloring of his face was unnatural. His face and nose were haggard, pinched, and drawn thin. Things looked very bad, and we watched and waited. During the night, the patient became very sick, and we thought the last was only a few minutes away – and what could we do to prevent it? – only one thing, and that is what we did. We knelt by the side of the bed and each of us in turn, Emma C. first, and then I, prayed as earnestly as we could, and we pled with the Lord for his life, and for his recovery. After this was done, I administered to him. This had been done several times before, and I thought I went to the extreme limit of my right and authority in promising him blessings of life and a return to health and strength. After this was done, the patient's appearance changed for the better, and it seemed that the pain was easing up, and that he was not suffering as he had been, and he finally became easy and rested well during the balance of the night. When morning came, and the

sun was shining bright and warm, his looks and actions showed that he was much better, and we renewed our hopes for his recovery.

The morning had advanced well into the forenoon and Doctor Grover had not called. I thought he was putting off calling as long as he could, thinking that, without doubt, [that] during the night the change had come, and [he] dreaded to see the changed condition. But when he did finally come, he stepped into the room and took a good long look at the patient before he spoke. Then he turned to me with a merry ring of surprise in his voice [and] said, "Sam, the old gentleman is much better this morning. His condition is much better. When did he draw water after I [had] left the first time (last night) and how long has it been since he last drew water?" I told the doctor that no water had passed from him since late yesterday afternoon. The doctor looked at me and in a shocked breath, said, "Sam! You do not mean to tell me that *no* water has passed from that man in more than fourteen hours?" I replied, saying, "That is just what I am telling you." The doctor looked at me with a staring gaze and struggled to get his breath and said, "Sam, for God's sake, what have I done? Sam, what has happened? I injected that stuff you saw me put into his arm last evening as I was leaving as a last resort. There was nothing more that I could do for him. That stuff was (I [the author] do not remember the name of it) was expected to work off in his water in from two to four hours after it is injected. During that time, it is perfectly harmless, but, after it has been in the body for six hours or more, it becomes a deadly poison, and there is no known antidote for it. It is a sure, deadly poison. According to medical science, that man should have died several hours ago, but here he is in the face of all that, this morning, [and] in a much better condition, physically, than he was in yesterday. He is now on the way to recovering. Sam, I have had nothing to do with bringing about his improved condition; medically, it is just the reverse. You are responsible for his present favorable condition. It is something you have – something that I know nothing about – it is latent to me, but it is that something, whatever it is that you have, that has brought that man through the crisis and into this changed condition (for the better) and the man is now on the way to recovery."

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Brother Tietjen continued to improve, and in a few days, with the help of others of his family, we took him home to Bluewater where he continued to improve until he again returned to his natural health and strength. He passed away on February the 22nd, 1925, from a stroke of paralysis. He lived 77 years and 8 days. He was buried in Bluewater by the side of two of his sons who had preceded him to the other side.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

RAMAH

In the *Utah State Historical Society Quarterly* for April 1953, [there] appeared an article entitled, "Ramah, New Mexico, 1876 to 1900", which dealt with the settling of Sovoia and Ramah, New Mexico. The article is an abstract of, or parts [are] taken from, the writings of a Mr. Irving Teller in his study of the Gallup, New Mexico area. In this article quotations have been made from quite a number of persons (some of which have never lived in or near Ramah), and [from] the journal of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Nielson. This journal I would want to see before accepting (of) it, as some fish receive a fish hook. I have been acquainted with several of the people the author of the article referred to, and [have] spoke[n] [to] (or conversed with), or in other ways got information from. I have met some of them as early as August 1892. The ex-postmaster and his young friend I was more fully acquainted with in 1893-4. The article is supposed to give a short history of the settling of Sovoia and Ramah. The report seems to be fairly good as far as it goes, but is does not seem to cover enough early history in detail.

The article speaks of Ammon Tenney, with a companion by the name of Robert H. Smith, doing missionary work in 1875 among the Zuni Indians. A most wonderful work was done among those Indians in 1875 by these men. I talked with Ernst A. Tietjen and his wife, Emma C., who located at Sovoia in November 1876, and who learned the Navajo Indian language so well that they could speak the language as readily as the Indians could, and [of] Samuel J. Johnston and his mother. These people moved from Sunset to Ramah in 1883. (Some say it was 1882.) Mr. Johnston spoke the Navajo Indian language very freely, and his work took him among the Zunis in 1885. I got the understanding that Ammon Tenney was alone, but it is not the practice of this Church to send a missionary off on a trip like this alone. I have heard of the wonderful work of Lewellyn

Harris among the Zuni Indians in 1878. Regardless of what Dr. Henry K. Palmer had to say about it, what Mr. Harris did was in strict harmony with the teachings and work of Jesus Christ and the apostles after him. I have heard of Mr. Nathan C. Tenney and his sons being driven, or forbidden, to do missionary work among the Zunis. This same thing was done with Ernst A. Tietjen and his assistants, at Ramah in 1888, by the Indian agent from Fort Defiance, while the other Christian denominations were permitted to go on with their work without being molested.

ERNST A. TIETJEN'S WORKS

The article says but little about Ernst A. Tietjen and his work, either to his building up and improving the country, or as a missionary among the Indians. One of the parties who was interviewed by these searchers of history seems to have said the people who moved from Sunset, Arizona, to Ramah, built the Ramah Reservoir. Mr. Tietjen kept no diary or written account of his life's work, and he seldom spoke of what he did; neither did he like to have his name spoken of in a way of giving praise. The article spoke of Mr. Tietjen as a Swedish immigrant. [But] Mr. Tietjen was German. His parents were John August Henry Tietjen and (his mother was) Eda Fredreka Krueger – a first or second cousin to the well-known Paul Krueger. The parents had moved from Germany to Sweden for business interests, where Ernst Albert Tietjen was born September 14, 1848. The family, while in Sweden, met the elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and accepted of their teachings and immigrated to America, going to Utah and locating at Santaquin in 1859. In 1864 the authorities of the Church called for volunteers (men and teams) to go to Winter Quarters (now Florence, Nebraska) on the Missouri River, and help the poor saints who were there (and who had no means or other means of traveling) on to Salt Lake Valley. Father Tietjen fitted up a team (I understand this team was two yoke of oxen and a wagon) and sent them on this long journey. His son, Ernst, who was now 16 years of age, was sent to drive the team. He went, and was successful in making the trip. In the spring of 1874, Ernst received a letter from President Brigham Young asking him to go on an Indian mission to the Navajo Indians. Ernst always claimed this letter was written by President Brigham Young himself, and years afterwards I heard him express his regret at not having preserved that letter. (See page 514.)

In July of that year (1873), Ernst married Emma Olivia Erickson, formerly from Norway, and at once, with others, started off on his mission. This company of missionaries went to where Tuba City, Arizona, was built. They spent the summer and fall making adobes

and building the first houses to be built at that place. In the late fall, these missionaries returned to their homes in Utah. While at Tuba City, Ernst made friends with a family of Navajo Indians, and when he returned to his home, the parents of that family gave their consent for their ten-year old son to go home with him. Upon returning to his home, Ernst at once began to make arrangements to move his family to his new home, which was to be somewhere in the Navajo Indian country, but, where it would be, he did not know. In 1874, a baby boy was born to this couple. The newcomer did not live with them very long, but passed away. In 1875, their second son (to whom they gave the name of Joseph Embert) was born.

Ernst thought his family was too small for his future benefit, so, acting upon the recommendation of his wife, a young woman of Norway whose name was Emma Kristiansen Pedersen, was thought suitable for an addition to his family. Ernst, in 1875, sold his wagon and sent the money he received (for the wagon) to Norway and paid Miss Pedersen's immigration expenses to Utah. Ernst later sent for Miss Pedersen's father, paying his immigration expenses. He did this as a missionary activity. On the 20th day of October 1876, Ernst and Miss Pedersen were married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, by Joseph F. Smith, and at once the family began their journey to their new home.

Ernst's family now consisted of his two wives, Emma O. and Emma C. – (In America, she dropped the name Kristiansen, and adopted her father's Christian name, that of Christian.) – [plus] his young son, Joseph, and his young[er] brother, Joseph, and the Indian boy, whose name was Sam. Their outfit was two yoke of oxen, one wagon, two or three cows, and a little pony. They were accompanied by Luther Clint Burnham and his family, which I understand consisted of two families, with six children. These two men located or settled on a ridge, which they later called Sovoia, which means onion in Spanish. The *Utah State Historical Society Quarterly* states that these men were led to this location by Lorenzo Hatch and John Hunt and Jose Pino (a Navajo Indian who lived nearby). The article says that Hatch and Hunt were living at San Lorenzo (Tenaja) some 15 miles east of Sovoia. I do not remember of Messrs. Tietjen or Burnham telling me of this, and the only thing that I can remember of (that would support

this statement) was in 1910 when I called at San Lorenzo (Tenaja) in the interest of the Forest Service to see Mr. Leopoldo Mazon, the son of Leopoldo Mazon, who was owner of the ranch in 1875, and the ownership of the property was with the family at the time of my calling there in 1910. While Mr. Mazon told me that years ago, some Americans had settled there. He said they had located around the point of the hill north of there at the mouth of the little canyon, but they did not stay there long. Later, while doing some surveying at the place he had spoken of, I saw the remains of some log houses, which I took to be the houses he had spoken of. I have heard Messrs. Tietjen and Burnham speak of Mr. Hunt going [with?] them at Sovoia in 1877 or 1878. He later moved to Holbrook, Arizona. Messrs. Tietjen and Burnham soon began their work as missionaries among the Navajo Indians. Mr. Tietjen learned the language very quickly and well. He was as good with the Navajo Indian language as any man I ever saw, not excepting Ira Hatch, who I was well acquainted with. I have heard Mr. Tietjen say that he and Mr. Burnham were on the San Juan River, opposite from where Aneth [Utah] now stands, before the pioneers of Bluff City reached that place.

In 1880, Mr. Tietjen seems to have the credit of doing the largest year's work ever done by one man [and] who was in the depths of poverty. In this year, two fine baby girls were born to the family. Indian trouble (which was caused by the bitter anti-Mormon feeling which existed at Fort Wingate and other places where sectarian religious leaders were working) [made] it necessary for him and Mr. Burnham [and] also the two or three neighbors they had, to take their families to St. Johns for a while, for safety. Then he, with his families moved back to their lonely home in Sovoia. Mr. Tietjen, with the aid of 20 Navajo's (so I have been told) whom he had hired, began work (with shovels) on the reservoir dam. They worked on the dam with shovels until the distance they had to throw the dirt became so great they could not go on with the work. Then Mr. Tietjen, with a scraper [which] he had made from pieces he had gathered from the dump pile at Fort Wingate, and one yoke of oxen (and alone), continued with the work for a while. He built a house with hewn logs on the site where Ramah now stands. This was the first house built on the Ramah town site, and it was the best house in

looks and quality in the country. And [he] moved one of his families into the house. (This house has been used continuously ever since, and this is the year of 1953.) Then he went to Grants Camp (now the town of Grants, New Mexico) on the Atlantic-Pacific (now the A. T. and S. F.) Railroad, which was building through the country, and worked on the grade with his oxen for a while, for a contractor who lived in Salt Lake City. Then he [made] a contract (from the same contractor) agreeing to furnish several thousand ties to be delivered at different points along the railroad grade. He delivered quite a number of these ties before the year 1880 came to a close. The last of these ties (in this contract) were delivered at Coolidge (now Guam) in 1881, and he settled up with the contractor, who claimed to be $700.00 short of having enough money to pay the bill up in full. With the exception of a second-hand suit of clothes and a watch (which had seen several years of use) which Mr. Tietjen received from the contractor while visiting in Salt Lake City in June 1888, that $700.00 was never paid.

About the time (But I do not know whether it was before or after.) Mr. Tietjen left Sovoia and moved to Ramah, (But I am inclined to think it was after he moved to Ramah.), a man by the name of Pace (He lived in one of the larger settlements of Utah, but I do not know which one it was.) was passing through the Ramah country, and made arrangements with Mr. Tietjen to buy some sheep for him. Mr. Tietjen bought 1500 head of sheep for him, and took care of them for one or two years before Mr. Pace called for them. Before the people from Sunset moved to Ramah, the reservoir dam must have been fully twelve feet high. [It was] the work of one man – Ernst A. Tietjen. It must have been in the latter part of January 1878 that the little town of Sovoia became short of food. The winter was a very hard one, and getting over the mountain[s] to the north was quite out of the question. Besides, prices of goods was very high and [provisions were] hard to get. To relieve their needs, Ernst hitched his two yoke of oxen to his wagon, and started to go to Albuquerque (140 miles east of them) to get food for the people living in the little town. He tried to get flour at the San Lorenzo Ranch as he passed by that place, but in this he was unsuccessful, so he drove on and was climbing the ridge that led to the top of the continental divide. He had not gone half of the way up to the divide, when the snow became

so deep, that his team was stalled in the snow, and the oxen could not wallow through that deep snow any further. He left his team and worked his way on up the ridge for a mile or two and saw that the snow was getting deeper all the time. Besides the snow on the divide, there was the Agua Frio Valley to cross after he got over the divide – and the snow fell deep in there. His oxen were already stalled in the deep snow, and the snow on top of the divide was much deeper than it was where his oxen were, so what could he accomplish by trying to get high up on the divide? At last, discouraged and disappointed, he finally turned back to his team. But he could not clear the thoughts from his mind of the complaining the people would do because he gave up and turned back, for the people were in need of food, and they were depending upon him to get that food for them. But he could not take his team any further, so he had only one choice to choose from, and that was "turn back". Two or three weeks later the little town was at the verge of starvation, and something had to be done. He was able to persuade one of his neighbors to put a yoke of oxen in with his two yoke of oxen, and they hitched the three yoke of oxen to his wagon, and again an effort was made to get over the mountain[s] to the east and go to Albuquerque and get some food for the town. The two men succeeded in getting over the divide and across the Agua Frio Valley, and soon reached lower country. And before they reached San Rafael, they were out of [the] snow. In the late afternoon of the 11th day after they left home, they reached Albuquerque, and at once set about to secure their supplies. The following day, they were able to load up with one ton of flour, three sacks of sugar (something very rare – special in those days) and some cloth, and make a start towards home. They were 15 days reaching home.

It must have been in 1877 that Ernst was appointed to preside over the little branch at Sovoia, which position he held at [both] Sovoia and Ramah until 1883, when he was sustained as Bishop of the Ramah Ward.

In the article I am referring to, Bishop Tietjen is criticized for not reaching out and buying some land (when he had a chance to buy the land) which the people at Ramah were using, but which they had no deed for. In this I would put forth two reasons why he did not act in

favor of buying this land. First, he was, and always had been, a very poor man. He was so poor, that his poverty hurt, and it hurt awfully bad, too, and he could not, for the life of him, see how in the world he would be able to meet his part of the demands, no matter how reasonable those demands would be, that the owners of the land would make upon the people, and there were some others who were standing at the door of want. The question was: Would it be better to give up the land? or to exert themselves to the extreme limit and buy the land? To me the real reason why Bishop Tietjen did not act in favor of the land deal is because [of this]: A man [who] is mentioned in the article I refer to, who lived in Ramah, and who was by far the most prosperous man in the place, [and who] had a dominating influence over the Bishop – and whatever that man said (or told) the Bishop to do, the Bishop was sure to do it. I make this statement of these facts: This man's sister, in 1896, told me of the way she, as a 16-year old girl, had been treated by this man in the settling of their father's estate, in which this man acted as the administrator. When he was asked why he had done it that way, he justified himself by saying, "Bishop Tietjen had approved of it being done that way." The story is a long one, so I will not tell it. Years after that, I asked Mr. Tietjen why he had approved of such an unfair settlement. And he said, "I only did what I was asked to do."

My experience with those two men went to uphold the fact of the existence of a dominating influence, sorry to say. Years later I heard this man say (This was in a land deal, too), "We have got it, so why obligate ourselves for something we have got?" That remark would kill Bishop Tietjen's acting in favor of the land deal. So I size the two men up in this way: Mr. Tietjen, a large, heavy-boned German, who was as strong as a prize-fighting bull, standing 6' 4" tall and weighing 200 pounds. The other man was a little Danish man who would not weigh much more than 150 pounds. But Mr. Tietjen seemed to be [as] afraid of that man as a mouse is of a cat. But, let us see the other side of the two men. Mr. Tietjen would most anything in his power that he could do to have peace and unity and harmony, while the other man was just the opposite. It was his way, regardless!

Mr. Tietjen often left his families badly in need of food and clothes and went in the discharge of his duties as an Indian missionary. Many meetings were held with the Indians at their camps. Mr. Tietjen, being at the head of the missionary work among the Indians would, when available, take charge of these meetings, and he would be the interpreter for whoever it was that spoke at the meeting. When Mr. Tietjen was not there, the Bishop (J. R. McNeil) would preside, and Emma C. Tietjen would go along and be the interpreter for that meeting.

Chapter Twenty-five

THE STORY OF THE EX-POSTMASTER

The article I refer to made mention of some trouble that took place at and near Ramah. One of our sons who had been raised at Bluewater, but had moved away from the place, was visiting at the old home. During a meeting, he was attending, some remarks were made about the early settling of the Ramah country. The speaker, in his remarks, seemed to pass over the makers of the history of the Ramah [city] and left the honor of making that history go without being placed on any particular person. Our son had the understanding that his grandfather (Mr. Tietjen) was the person who had done the work referred to. After the meeting, our son overheard some persons conversing about it, and one of the persons said, "Mr. Tietjen was not thought much of at Ramah, because he had tried to kill a certain young man in Ramah. Our son at once came to us and asked for some information about it. These things arising, as they did, has become the reason for my telling the story of the Ramah trouble, as I understand it, after talking, with part (the most interesting part) of the five men, all of whom I was well-acquainted with, who were the actors in the Ramah trouble. And [after] listening to their neighbors talk of it, and in talking with a man who visited the campgrounds where the trouble took place less [than] a week after the trouble – and he with his friend took some time in looking over the ground and in following the tracks (of the people and horses who took part in the trouble) over the grounds and in measuring distances. I am not writing this article with the object of having it printed for [the] public (a thing I [would] rather have not done), but to try and leave a clear account of it for my sons and daughter, as their grandfather was in the trouble. But if questioned ([or] called upon), I think all that I will say can be upheld.

The story, at best, will be as long as an endless telegraph wire, so I will be as brief as I can. I will avoid the mentioning of names, with the exception of four. I have heard the leading character in this

trouble (This man is spoken of in the article I have referred to as the ex-postmaster.) tell of this experience with the post office, and he told how he was falsely accused of using large or small amounts of U.S. postage stamps as letters mailed, and then collecting the cancellation money from the government. He told [me] that the post office inspector, when he came to his post office, was so dead drunk, that he could not write his own name or add up the smallest and most simple number of figures. And [that] the man who took the post office inspector to the post office was in no better condition than the inspector was, and that they were both drunk all the time they were at his post office and that the charges that were preferred against him were all false. Then I have heard some of the story from the man who took the post office inspector to the post office [also], [and] the two stories varied a great deal.

I have heard the ex-postmaster say his wife went off and left him without any cause or reason whatever, and that she was induced to go off and take his little boy with her and leave him as she did. I have heard the ex-postmaster say the reason he had in following his wife and her mother when they left Ramah to go to Arizona, was to get ahead of them and get to St. Johns first, and have papers made out against the wife to prevent her from taking his young son across the state line without his knowledge or consent, and to get papers against his wife's mother for helping his wife to go off and leave him, and have the papers ready to be served on them as they went into town, and that [when] he and his young friend left Ramah, he did not expect or intend to have trouble with them outside of the courts of the land. [He also said] that he and his young friend had only carried their pistols and rifles with them, which was a generally common thing to do in those days, but Lewis, Bond, and Tietjen had carried pistols and rifles with them, and they had bought more ammunition for their pistols and rifles at the store in the Zuni village as they passed that place, and that Joe Lewis must have been killed by a stray bullet from Mr. Tietjen's pistol, as he could see no other way for that to have been done.

I do not remember of hearing the ex- postmaster speak of two girls in this family that were younger than “my little boy”, and that the youngest of these girls had been drowned. I have heard that the

runaway wife had been told that her life had been threatened several times, and that at the time, their little daughter (she was somewhere about two years old) was drowned [and] she was accused of being responsible for the accident and her life was threatened, and she was abused; so to protect her life, she had taken the little boy and girl and gone to Ramah and was living with her brother Ed Lewis, while she could send to Arizona and get her mother to come and get her and take her back (to Arizona).

While she was waiting (in Ramah) for her mother to come and get her, the ex-postmaster succeeded in getting the little boy, and taking the little fellow home. This was in the canyon six miles from Ramah. The little girl was drowned in a little wash, gully, or ditch, that came off from the hill east of the house, and passed in front of the house, passing between the house and the corral (which was some 75 steps to the northeast of the house). This gully was not more than three rods from the house, and where the road crossed the gully, it was about three or four feet deep. It was a bad place to cross with a heav[ily] loaded wagon drawn by four good horses, as it was about as wide as it was deep. It was deeper above and below the road than it was at the crossing. A rainstorm had passed by and the water had come down off the hill and was passing the house. The rain had stopped, and the children had gone out of the house to play. The smallest one had (without being noticed by the others) went to the gully where the children played a great deal, and of [course] had slipped into the water and was carried down the stream. Soon afterwards the little body was found in a pool of water not far below the road crossing.

Mr. Tietjen told me of a case where the ex-postmaster had accused his wife (before she left him) of immorality with his son (by a former marriage) and that he (Mr. Tietjen) was one of two men that had been sent by Bishop McNiel as ward teachers to look into the charge, and that they found no grounds or reasons upon which a charge could be made, or [any] reason why the charge had been made. It was not long until the mother of the runaway wife came to Ramah, bringing her son Joe (who must have been under 20 years of age) and a young daughter.

The runaway wife got her sister to go with her, and they walked over the hills (to avoid the road, or places where they possibly [could] be seen) to the house in the canyon, and hid themselves in the fall brush near the house and waited until the little boy came out of the house to play. The mother attracted his attention and he ran to her. Between the two women they led and carried him to Ramah (back through the hills). This done, and then trip to Arizona was ready to begin. They were to start the following Sunday morning at three o'clock in the morning. The ex-postmaster sent word to Joe Lewis, telling him not to leave Ramah, taking the runaway wife with him – that if he did, he (the ex-postmaster) would follow him to "hell" if necessary, and would kill him if it was the last he ever did. And the word was delivered to Joe. The report goes on to say, that after Joe and his mother had been disposed of, the ex-postmaster would take his wife and his little boy (and his young friend, who would go with him), [and] the young girl (sister of the runaway wife) and they would leave the country.

Owing to the reports that came to the runaway wife and her brother, Joe, as to what the ex-postmaster had said he would do with them if they left Ramah, the family changed their plans as to the day and time of their starting off, and tried to take every precaution they could to get away from Ramah without the people knowing when they left. So they got ready to start from Ramah at three o'clock in the morning (Sunday). This was to be kept to themselves, but the evening before the start was to be made, Joe, being friendly with the young friend of the ex-postmaster (but very likely he did not know of the close friendship that existed between the ex-postmaster and that young man) went and spent the evening with him, and during the evening, they may have talked of the early start that was to be made in the morning. The start was made as planned. The sun was not up when some of the Ramah people saw (beyond the fields south of town) two men riding Indian fashion (single file) along the foothills. There was no road there – not even a good cow trail – and the people who saw them believed them to be the ex-postmaster and his young friend following after the runaway wife and her folks. The direction in which the two men were riding would take them over a hill into another valley, and the two valleys would come together four miles west of Ramah.

Word was taken to Ed Lewis, who also believed the two men to be the ex-postmaster and his young friend, and Mr. Lewis was very much concerned about the safety of his mother and her son, Joe, and her two daughters. So Mr. Lewis asked Mr. Bond (who was not only his friend, but was a friend to the ex-postmaster and his young friend and he seemed to have an influence for good over the young friend of the ex-postmaster) to go with him and see if they [might] not keep danger and harm from the traveling party. As they were in the Indian country, they asked Mr. Tietjen to go with them, as he was able to talk with the Indians. Mr. Tietjen thought the two men were too hasty in thinking that the two men which had been [seen] south of the fields to be the ex-postmaster and his young friend, so he asked Mr. Lewis and [Mr.] Bond to wait before they started out, until he could ride to the Indian camps in the canyon (four miles west of Ramah, and near the ex-postmaster's home) and ask the Indians if they knew anything about the ex-postmaster and his young friend. So Mr. Lewis and [Mr.] Bond said they would wait until he got back before they started out to follow after the people who had already gone. Mr. Tietjen went on his errand. He saw the Indians, who told him the young friend of the ex-postmaster had passed their camp before daylight that morning going up the canyon. They thought he was going up to the ex-postmaster's home, and that just as it was beginning to show signs of light in the east, they had seen the ex-postmaster and his young friend riding along the foot of the hill, which would be 200-300 yards to the east of their camp. They were going down the canyon and riding Indian fashion (one riding following behind the other) and they were keeping in the trees as much as they could. Mr. Tietjen returned to Ramah and told what he had learned from the Indians about the two men. At once, the three men (Lewis, Bond, and Tietjen) started out after the two parties that were ahead of them, hoping they would be able to overtake the wagon before the two men molested them (the party with the wagon), but they had to ride hard to do so.

It was after nightfall, when the runaway wife and her party crossed the Arizona and (the) New Mexico line, and soon after that, they crossed the Big Zuni Wash, and made camp about 300 yards north of where the road came up the bank of the wash – on the west side of

the wash. The bank[s] of the wash, for a number of miles along here, are very high (To say 25 feet would not be out of reason.) and [there are] not many places where a wagon can get up or down the banks. At this crossing of the wash, the road on the east side of the wash works its way down the bank to the bottom of the wash, then follows down the wash (It seems to me.) for 300 yards before it begins to climb up the bank of the wash [again]. (I want to give you the description of this camp and what took place at this camp and how it took place, as it was told to me three days ago by a man who was acquainted with most of the people connected with this trouble, ([who lived] in Sunset, Arizona, and who moved with them from Sunset to Ramah) just as near as it was told to me as I can. He lived in Ramah until 1896 when he moved to Bluewater and has lived there ever since that time. He has worked with all the parties who were connected with the trouble and worked in partnership with some of them, and he has talked with all of them about the trouble. This man is naturally of a curious mind.) He, with a friend, about one week after the trouble, visited the campgrounds and spent some time in looking over the grounds, following the tracks of the wagon, men and horses. There had been no rain or wind, so the ground had not been molested in any way. They could identify the tracks of the men and horses and knew which man and which horse made this or that track. One of these men was lame and could only get the toe of his foot on the ground. His tracks were very easily identified and followed. They measured distances from one set of tracks to another set of tracks. They saw the empty cartridge shells laying on (or scattered over) the ground where the men had taken the shells out of their pistols. The ground on top of the bank on the west side of the wash is smooth and level. Fifty or seventy-five yards north of where the road comes to the top of the bank, the gentle sand ridge which follows along the west side of the wash (and state line) comes – with a little point – down to [within] two or three rods of the bank of the wash. Then it swings a little to the west and goes north. At this narrow strip of level land is a gully coming off from the higher ground to the west. This gully was washed out by the rain water gathering in a cow trail that led down to the wash. This gully is about 100-150 yards long, and from one to four feet deep and three feet wide. Some 200 yards north of this gully, the wash makes a sharp turn from the west to the east for a few rods, [and] then swings

back to the west to about two rods from the lower end of the little gully, leaving a small piece of nice level land between the wash and the sand ridge. At the north end of this spot of ground, the smooth level land is about 100 yards wide. In this spot of ground the grass was fairly good.

The wagon, on coming to the top of the bank of the wash, left the road and turned to the right (west) and pulled up the sandy slope to the west end of the gully. Then it turned to the north and circled around the end of the gully and worked its way down the slope to the level land, and [they] made camp at the north end of this spot of ground, placing the wagon at the edge of the sandy slope and about 100 yards west of the sharp bend of the wash. The little party thought this location hid them pretty well from view of the road. They made no fire. After their evening prayer and supper was overwith, Joe took his Winchester and went to the gully to take up his watch of the camp from there. So here we have the camp well-located for the night, protected on three sides, and the people at each end of camp could see most of the way along the west side.

The ex-postmaster and his friend came up close to the wagon after night and followed behind the wagon [and] saw the wagon cross the wash, leave the road and turn to the west. And [they] followed the wagon to the camp for the night. The two men left their horses a short distance (say, 150 yards west of the wagon) and they walked down to near the camp and listened to the folks talk. And when the folks held their evening prayer, the two men were laying on the ground in the brush listening to what they said. The two men saw Joe take his Winchester and go to the gully. They saw right where Joe got into the gully. They waited near the gully for some time for Joe to raise up. After what seemed to be a long time the two men talked, only saying a few words. Joe heard them talk, and he knew who they were and that they were on the north bank of the gully and near him. So he laid down in the bottom of the gully where it was dark, so that he would be out of sight. As the two men spoke, Messrs. Lewis, Bond, and Tietjen came to the top of the bank out of the wash, and they heard the two men speak, and they recognized their voices and knew who the men were, and that the two men were north [and] west of them and not very far away. The three men

turned their horses and rode to the north-west. They crossed the gully near the north side of the gully. The three men heard nothing more from the two men, but knew they were not very far from them. The three men had not gone far when Mr. Bond thought he would call to them, thinking in this way, the two men could be found, so he called the name of the ex-postmaster's young friend three times, the last time calling the name in full. Joe, laying in the bottom of the gully, at first thought Mr. Bond was calling to him, but when the last name was called, Joe knew that the call was not for him, but he knew who it was that had called, and he knew that friends of his had come. He thought that now his friends had come and were so nearby [so] the two men would not try to molest him, and now that his friends had come, he was in no further danger. Joe was anxious to be with his friends and have their protection, and he knew that his friends were on the north side of the gully and only a few steps from him, so he raised up, facing up the gully, his right side to the north bank. And [he] looked over his right shoulder to see where Mr. Bond was. He knew that Mr. Bond was northeast of him, when a shot was fired at him. Joe saw, from the flash of light made by the burning powder, two men laying on the ground a few feet from him. He saw the gun in the hands of the man who fired the shot, and he knew both of the men and recognized the man to be the ex-postmaster. Joe was standing with his right arm down by his side. The ball passed through the fleshy part of the arm and entered the body below the armpit and passed straight through the body to the left side, raising the flesh under the left armpit, but [it] did not come through the skin. (My informant said [this] at Ramah; he [had] helped to cut the ball out of the body.) The three men saw the two men jump up, or appear very suddenly, and run up and across the rise of the ground to the northwest, but in a short distance, the two men disappeared. You understand it was in the night – ten or eleven o'clock.

Mr. Lewis thought that they may be able to approach the two men in a more friendly way if they were walking, so the three men got off their horses and were walking and leading the horses. They had gone but a few steps when they were surprised by hearing the young friend of the ex-postmaster call to them to: “Halt, drop your guns and put up your hands!” but nobody could be seen. Messrs. Lewis and Bond raised their hands. Mr. Tietjen took his pistol from the holster

and laid it on the ground behind him, then turned and raised his hands. Later the young friend of the ex-postmaster said, “When I saw that pearl-handled pistol of Mr. Tietjen's laying on the ground, I did my best to get hold of it.” Just then a shot was fired. The light made by the burning powder from the shot revealed two men in the brush laying flat on the ground 15 feet away. When this shot was fired, Mr. Lewis' horse fell dead. He had been shot in the forehead. (This horse had a white spot in his forehead as large as a man's hand from the wrist-joint to the end of the fingers.) Mr. Lewis was wearing a white shirt with a dark vest over it. It is believed by many that the man that fired that shot mistook the white spot in the horse's forehead to be the breast of Mr. Lewis' white shirt. Mr. Lewis saw, by the light that was made by the burning powder, the man who fired that shot and knew it was the ex-postmaster. Just then a shot was fired by the other man, at Mr. Tietjen. Mr. Lewis drew his pistol and returned the fire at the man who had shot his horse. Mr. Tietjen reached back and got his pistol and joined in with the other shooting. Mr. Bond drew his pistol and tried to shoot, but he could not raise the hammer, so, of course, he could not shoot. Later in Ramah others tried to raise the hammer on that pistol (which before had been in good condition) but they could not. Mr. Bond tried to get his Winchester (He was the only one of the three men who had brought a rifle with him.) off from the saddle, but the scabbard in which the gun was carried was tied on with the leather saddle strings, and one of the strings was wrapped around the gun to keep the gun from sliding down into the scabbard, and the strings were tied in a square (or hard) knot, and he could not untie the hard knot. Besides, his horse was badly frightened by the shooting that was going on, and was making a desperate effort to get away. So Mr. Bond got on the horse and let him get away from there. The four men emptied their pistols at each other at a distance of less than fifteen feet. During this shooting (so Mr. Tietjen told me) he saw the young friend of the ex-postmaster taking his time in aiming at him. Mr. Tietjen watched the young fellow until he thought the young fellow was going to shoot, [and] then Mr. Tietjen dropped to the ground at the second the shot was fired, [and] the ball struck the upper part of the leg fender on the stirrup strap, going through the fender, the saddle skirt, and a heavy saddle blanket, and struck the horse (“Pick”, by name) in the side, and lodged between two of the horse's ribs. Later at Ramah, the

hole where the ball passed through the horse's hide was cut out, and made larger. Then the point of an awl was placed under the ball and the ball was raised up until the ball could be caught with a pair of pinchers and [thus] the ball was pulled out. Many times I have looked at the scar on that horse's side and felt (of) the rib to see if the [bone had] been broken.

When the four men had emptied their pistols, the two men [who] had been laying on the ground jumped up and ran for their horses, putting a few cartridges in their pistols as they were running. Messrs. Lewis and Tietjen put two or three cartridges each in their pistols. As the two men mounted their horses and started off on a run, Mr. Tietjen fired a shot in the direction of the two men that were getting away. The fire was returned by the two men on the horses. Mr. Lewis joined in with the shooting. The two men on the horses fired at the wagon as they passed about 100 yards from the wagon. [The] two women showed bullet holes in their dresses, that were made by the shots that were fired by the two men as they passed by.

The gunfight between the four men was over without any damage, besides the killing of one horse and lightly wounding another ([having been done]. Mr. Teitjen reloaded his pistol and looked around for his friends, but saw that he was alone on the spot of action. He soon found Mr. Lewis, who had stepped behind a large bush while he [had] reloaded his pistol. And [together] they went in search of Joe, whom they found laying in the bottom of the gully. They located the wagon and carried the wounded boy to camp, where he briefly told the story of how he learned that he was being watched, and how he knew who it was that was watching him, (and to try and get away from them) was why he had laid down in the bottom of the gully. He had laid in the bottom of the gully for a long time before he heard the two men speak. They seemed to be standing on the north bank of the gully directly above him. Then in a short time, he heard Mr. Bond call, and at first he thought the call was for him, [but] then saw that the call was for the young friend of the ex-postmaster. Then he thought that now these men were so nearby [that] the other two men would not dare to do anything, so he stood up to see where Mr. Bond was so he could run to him and have [the] protection of his friends. He had just stood up when he was

shot. When this shot was fired, he saw (from the flash of fire from the gun) two men laying on the ground a few feet from him, and he saw the gun that shot him was in the hands of the ex-postmaster. The wounded boy did not live long after he was taken to the wagon.

As soon as things could be made ready [the following things were] put in the wagon: Mr. Lewis, and the mother and sisters, with the two little children, and the body of the dead boy. (Mr. Teitjen rode his horse.) The party started back to Ramah. While on the road to Ramah, they met an Indian who told Mr. Tietjen that he had seen the two men (the ex-postmaster and his young friend) on their way to Ramah, and that the young friend had told him that he (the young friend of the ex-postmaster) had shot Mr. Tietjen in the breast of his white shirt and killed him, and [that] he (the Indian) would never see Mr. Tietjen alive again. This same story was told at Ramah as the two men were passing through on their way to the ex-postmaster's home in the canyon. When Mr. Lewis and his party arrived at Ramah (which was in [the] mid-afternoon), most of the people in town were out in the street watching the party as they came into town. (This party could be seen coming for more than a mile before they reached town.) The people had heard about Joe having been killed. As the party came near to town, the people were much surprised to see Mr. Tietjen riding his horse at the side of the wagon. But, Mr. Bond? Where was he? Nobody knew. When he left the place of the shooting, he rode to St. Johns (40 miles away) to get help, as he knew the trouble had taken place in Arizona. While at St. Johns, he had told the stake president what he could about the trouble. While the people at Ramah were busy with the burial of the body of the murdered boy, the ex-postmaster and his young friend rode to San Rafael (a small Mexican town 50 miles east of Ramah) where they swore out complaints (against themselves) on a number of charges, that of murder being among the number. They sent the local constable to Ramah with a summons for Mr. Bond, as their only witness, besides themselves, in the case [was he]. And they were tried before the local justice of the peace. As there was no witness against them, they were (of course) acquitted.

The ex-postmaster (in talking to me about this a few years later) said they did this for their own protection, as a man could not be tried

twice on the same charges, and that self-evidence is the strongest evidence that can be had. In all that I heard the ex-postmaster say about this trouble, I do not remember (of) him saying a thing about Mr. Lewis doing any shooting in this trouble. The stake president, on hearing of the trouble from Mr. Bond, went to Ramah at once to see about it, and he made a very careful inquiry about it by going to each person who was connected with the trouble. After the stake president had talked with each of the persons who were connected with the trouble, [he] called meeting to be held with the men, (members of the Church in the Ramah Ward – priesthood meeting) and said, "This trouble could have been, should have been, and would have been avoided if it had not have been for a busy-body of a fussy granny." The stake president [also] asked each one of those who had taken part in the trouble to come to St. Johns and meet with the stake high council, which they did. The ex-postmaster was not a member of the Church – neither had he been a member of the Church for a number of years, and the Church had no jurisdiction over him, but he went to St. Johns and, with the others, met with the high council. During the meeting with the stake high council, the story that was told by Joe Lewis before he died was told, after which the stake president asked the ex-postmaster this question: "Did you fire the shot that killed Joe Lewis?" To which the ex-postmaster replied, "I don't know. I may have done, but I am not sure."

It was an easy matter to show that the ex-postmaster and his young friend were the aggressors in the gunfight, and the young friend of the ex-postmaster was cut off from the Church and was not permitted to come back into the Church. The above account of the question by the stake president to the ex-postmaster and the answer given (by the ex-postmaster) to the stake president, and the action taken by the stake high council, was told to me a year ago by a man who is a relative of two of the parties (one on each side) who were deeply connected with the trouble, [and] who said he had heard the story a short time before by the last and only living member of the high council that [had] handled the case. The father of the ex-postmaster's young friend was disfellowshipped from the Church because of his defending or protecting his son in the affair and [he] was not permitted to come back into the Church for possibly more than two years. This man, from the early 1850's had been a staunch, solid,

faithful friend of Jacob Hamblin. In 1894, if I remember correctly, Bishop James R. McNiel left Ramah and moved to Idaho (?). This left the Ramah Ward without a bishop. It was not long until the Ramah Ward was given a new bishop. This new bishop was Samuel E. Lewis, with William (Will) Bond for his first councilor. Mr. Tietjen was buying some property at Bluewater, to which place he moved his families in 1895 and 1896, and was appointed Presiding Elder of the Bluewater Branch of the Ramah Ward. The same stake presidency and high council which acted in hearing the case of the Ramah trouble approved of these appointments.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX
EMMA C. TIETJEN

In the following article, I will try to give a brief outline of the life and work of Emma C. (Kristiana Pedersen) Tietjen.

Emma C. (so I was told) had no middle name, and as it was necessary that she have some way of identifying herself from the others near her home, she added her father's given, or Christian, name of “Christian” as her middle name. Emma C. was the daughter of Christian and Carolina Pedersen. She was born on the 15th day of November, 1856, in the city of Christiania, Norway. The family was very poor, and all of them worked for wages, so early in her life, Emma C. began to hire out and earn her own living. The family seems to have been members of the Lutheran church, and in early life, Emma C. learned to read the Bible, and became well acquainted with its historical events. When she was ten years old, the elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints came to the home of the Pedersen family, and Emma C., with her parents and her brothers Ole Olsen (as he later addressed himself) Mabeck and Anders, were baptized by them. This seems to have been done in 1866. Two of her brothers never came to America, but I do not know which two it was. Ole was a sailor, but later in life, he located in New Zealand, where he owned a large cork factory. He had a large family. He died possibly in 1912. Emma C., it seems, never heard from Anders after she left Norway.

Her parents separated when she was small. Her father remarried and in 1876 emigrated to America. (Ernst A. Tietjen paid his emigration expenses.) He located at Provo, Utah, where he died about 1893. During the last years of his life, he did some temple work in the Logan Temple. Emma C.'s mother came to America and located in South Dakota, where she married again and lived to a nice old age.

Chapter Twenty-six

After Ernst A. Tietjen had been called to a mission among the Navajo Indians and had been asked to make his permanent home among them and to settle as near as he could in the heart of their country (and he was doing all he could to get ready for the move) he sold the only wagon he had and sent the money he received for the wagon to Norway, and paid Emma C.'s emigration expenses to Utah, although he had never seen her. So Emma C. came to Salt Lake City on the train, and missed the experience and pleasure of walking across the plains. After Emma C. came to Salt Lake City, she worked by hiring out, for a year. Most of this time was spent in the mansion home of Amelia Folsom Young, who was one of the last women married by President Brigham Young. This nice home stood in the corner of South Temple Street and south State Street, being south of South Temple Street, and east of south State Street. On the 20th day of October, 1876, she was married to Ernst A. Tietjen in the Endowment House which stood in the southwest corner of the temple block. Today (1952) the Assembly Hall stands on part of the ground used by the Endowment House. Joseph F. Smith perform[ed] the ceremony. (And) soon after this the journey to the new home began.

This traveling brought her into a new life, where everything was new and strange to her, and she had to learn new things and a new way to do every [single] thing. Yes, it was a new life to her – entirely new to her. This camping out in the wild open country at night [with] the coyotes howling and prowling around the camp at night, sent the chills creeping all over her. [This] cooking over an open campfire, milking cows, yoking the oxen up, and riding horses. The sun would be hot, or the weather would be cold; the wind would blow the sand and the snow would fly. My goodness, what a life it was! But the Prophet of the Lord had asked her husband to take his family and go and settle among the Indians – the descendants of Joseph – who were in need of help in the line of having the Gospel of Jesus Christ taught to them, and he was on his way in answer to that call, and she must not hold him back in this great work. She must be strong and brave and be an aid to him – encourage him – so she did not murmur or complain, but [did] her whole duty, although this new life was very unpleasant and hard on her feelings. The experience was new to her;

the country was new; the roads (such as they were) were poor and full of bumps and covered with rocks. Often times it was necessary for her to ride the horse and drive the cows. Traveling with an outfit like this was slow, and difficulties were everywhere, but they must be met and overcome. She could, and she would, do her part.

The settlements along the way were few and far between. Kanab was the last settlement in the state of Utah to be passed by them. On the Buckskin Mountain in Arizona, there was a ranchhouse at Jacob's Lake, and the rock house in the valley on the east side of the Buckskin Mountain. These places were used principally by the cowboys in their working with the cattle which were kept on the range. From here, the road followed east, near the high sandstone bluff to the north of them, [on] to Lee's ferry, which was up the river six miles above the great Navajo Bridge that now spans the Colorado River. This ferry was located at the head of Marble Canyon. The road, going down off the bluff to the river on the north side of the river, as well as the road going up the bluff on the south side of the river, was steep, crooked, and narrow – and of course, it was dangerous as well.

While going down off the bluff on the north side of the river, Emma C. walked in the road in front (or ahead) of the oxen, to be sure that the oxen would stop when Ernst said, "Whoa." While crossing the river, nothing of an unusual nature happened, so they crossed in safety. While going up the bluff on the south side of the river, her job was to walk behind the wagon and carry a rock or some other article of a suitable size, and when the oxen stopped to rest, which was every few steps. She would put this rock back of and under the hind wheel of the wagon so as to keep the wagon from going back down the hill while the oxen were resting.

The road, in going up this sandstone bluff on the south side of the river, followed a narrow, winding, crooked ridge between two deep narrow canyons or gorges. These gorges would be as much as 200 or 300 (I was about to say two and three hundred.) feet deep, and as narrow as twenty feet wide at the surface of the ground. In places the ridge was so narrow, that should a wagon wheel miss the right place for it to pass – only a few inches – there was danger of the

wagon (with all that was in the wagon) and the team falling to the bottom of the gorge, and all would be a complete loss, as there would be no way to recover it. This ridge and the gorges came down off from a high sandstone ridge or mountain that was high, steep, and narrow.

After the road at last reached the top of this high sandstone ridge or mountain, and went down off from the mountain on the south side [of] the grade going down the hill, [it] was so steep that it would cause the hair on the head of most (of the) people (who pass down the hill) to stand on end(s) – but the road always reached the bottom of the hill at the smooth sandy level flat, whether the wagon arrived at the same place, in safety, or not.

The settlements to be passed from here on to the end of their destination, was: Tuba City, Sunset, Joseph City, Snowflake, Saint Johns. [And then on] to the Zuni village in New Mexico (on) the foot of the Zuni Mountain six miles north of the present town of Ramah, where they stopped, and started to build their homes and gave their little town the name of "Sovoia," in honor of the little wild onion which grew so thick at that place. These were the first settlers in that part of the country, and [the] original locators of both Sovoia and Ramah. These two families lived alone at Sovoia for several months before they were joined by a few other families. And by the end of a year, they had a town of eight or ten families.

This town was located about one mile south of where the water comes off from the mountain into the valley, and some 300 yards west of the wash, or stream-bed, on a small ridge which is west of the wagon road. There is still to be found a few scattered, small piles of rock – the remains of the foundations and fireplaces of their homes. These people endured many hardships. Food and clothing were often times very scarce and hard to get. Crops were generally poor, and even failed completely. The little wild potatoes, which grew no larger than a common-sized marble, were often times dug and eaten, and called good. The little wild onion and several varieties of weeds were eaten with (a) relish. The little town was organized as a branch in the St. Johns Stake, with Ernst Tietjen as Branch President, and Emma C was sustained as town nurse. And,

with the officers of the branch, [she] was set apart to that position. The family lived here, some times alone (I said lived – I mean to say, they existed) for about four years, when all but the Tietjen family moved away.

Fort Wingate was over the mountain 30 miles to the north of them, but food or other supplies could not be got there without money, which was scarce and hard to get, as they raised nothing that they could sell, and there was no work of any kind in the country except sheep herding, and Indian and Mexican sheepherders were plentiful at from $12 to $15 a month. Besides this great drawback, the anti-Mormon feeling sometimes ran so high, that those at Fort Wingate who had things for sale would not have sold to people living at Sovoia [even] for cash. There were times when this bitter anti-Mormon feeling at Fort Wingate ran so high that if it had not had been for the friendship of a few of the Navajos, Ernst's (or others' – theirs) lives would have been taken. As it was, one time this bitter feeling [was] so high that it was necessary for Ernst Tietjen and Luther Burnham (the only people left at Sovoia) to move to St. Johns and stay until this bitter feeling had (to an extent) passed away. Then Luther C. Burnham moved to Fruitland on the San Juan River, and helped to build that country up. But Ernst, with his two families went back to their lonely home at the foot of the Zuni Mountain.

Here, at Sovoia, Emma C.'s first two babies, Anna Oliva, and Laura Josephine, were born. In 1880, after Ernst had started to build the (what is now known as the Ramah) reservoir dam, [he] moved his family to a new home and began the town of Ramah – he being the original settler of the place. The first house he built (which is of logs) was a fine house for that time [and] is still (this is 1953) standing and is being used. A family is living in the house. In 1883, several families, among which were the families of Bloomfield, Ashcroft, McNeill, Neilson, Bond and some others, moved from Sunset in Arizona, to Ramah. The town was then organized as the Ramah Ward, and Ernst was sustained as bishop, and Emma C. as ward nurse. She did not confine her work as a nurse to the people of the Ramah Ward, but she went out, quite extensively, among the Indians and even among the Mexican people.

She worked in answer to this calling the greater part of her life. She was with hundreds of women when their babies were born, and she never lost a mother or a child (that I have heard of) and she never made a charge of more than three dollars for her services. And she did not like to receive presents from the people she waited upon. At Ramah she did, on several occasions, take her two or three little girls [along] with her [with] a little food [too]. She never left her children behind, at home alone. And they would walk several miles to an Indian camp to take care of a poor Indian woman when her baby was born. On one of these trips, she and her little girls were gone from home for several days. Often times when a baby was born and she saw how much in need of clothing the new arrival was, she would take clothes from home (although her own family may be much in need of that clothing) and make it over for the newcomer. She never neglected to teach the principles of the Gospel to the Indians, and whenever a meeting was being held with the Indians and it happened that Ernst Tietjen or J. B. Ashcroft could not be present at the meeting, she would act as the interpreter for the meeting. She was often times called upon to act as peacemaker between the white people and the Indians. The Indians seemed to never fail to call upon her when they were in need of a friend, and she always responded and acted without fear or hesitation – as the following affair will show:

EMMA C. ARRANGED PEACE

In those early days, the fields of the white man had no fences around them, and often times animals feeding on the range would get into these fields, and, of course, eat a great deal of the growing crop and, in other ways, do much damage. One day the Ramah men found some horses which belonged to the Indians in their fields. This had happened many times before, and the white men decided it was time to teach the Indians the lesson of keeping their horses out of the white man's fields. So the horses were taken and put in a corral and held for damages. This led up to a heated argument between the white men and the Indians. The Indians refused to pay the damages which the white men were asking, and the white men were firm and would not give the horses up without the damages being paid. The Indians returned to their homes without their horses, and not long after this, word came to Ramah, by a friendly Indian, that the Indians had armed themselves and were coming to Ramah to take their horses by force of arms, and to teach the white men to leave the Indian horses alone. This message was taken to Emma C. Tietjen, who told the Bishop about it. Ernst Tietjen had been released as bishop of the ward.

Upon this word reaching Ramah, the white men decided it was time to advise some way to stop further trouble, and to meet the Indians with a peace party. So the Ramah men hitched a team of horses to a wagon, and several men, with Emma C. (She always took her little girls with her.) as peace maker, went to meet the Indians. Out (about one and one-half miles) from town was a trail, a short-cut, which led from the Indian camps up a hill or bluff, which was about one-half mile from the Indian camps, the top of which was near the wagon road, while the wagon road had to follow along this bluff for some distance and then turn around the end of this bluff and then follow back under the bluff to near the Indian camps. The road at this point made a long narrow “U”, making the distance to be traveled in going around this “U” to be nearly one and one-half miles – while the

distance between the Indian camps and the road up on the bluff was not much more than one-half of a mile. The Indians, on leaving their camps to go to Ramah, took the trail leading over this hill. When they came to the top of the hill, they discovered that the men from Ramah were coming. The Indians, being in doubt as to the purpose of the white men's coming, took advantage of the bluff for their protection by hiding in the rocks, and made ready to fight.

The wagon came to the nearest point of the road ([nearest] to the trail at the top of the hill [where it still had] the protection of the trees, and stopped. Emma C., with her three little girls, got out of the wagon (while the men waited in the wagon), and walked over to the top of the hill to where they felt sure the Indians were hiding and waiting for the white men to come. When Emma C. and her little girls came to the top of the hill, they saw several guns pointed at them from over the tops of the rocks, and Emma C. began to talk to them like this: "Why are you going to shoot me? Am I not your friend? Haven't I gone to your homes and taken care of your sick women when your babies were born? Haven't I given you some[thing] to eat when you were hungry? And now you want to shoot me?" The Indians replied, saying, "You are our friend and we will not hurt you, but we do want to shoot those men in the wagon, because they will not deal honestly with us."

After she had talked with the Indians for some time, she succeeded in persuading the Indians to send their guns back to their homes. [Then] she sent a note, by the friendly Indian, to the men in the wagon, telling them to come on up to where she was and meet the Indians, which they did. And after a good deal of talking, it was agreed that the Indians should come and get their horses without paying for the damages they had done to the crops. The Indians were to try and keep their horses from getting into the white man's fields, and the white men promised to not shut the Indian horses up in the corral anymore. Peace and good-will, once more, prevailed, and all went to their homes feeling good.

During the years she was going out among the people, whether the white people or the Indians, as a nurse or as peace maker, she was never known to leave home (on these acts of kindness) until after

she, with her little girls, had knelt before the Lord in prayer and asked Him for His protecting care to be over them, and for wisdom inspired by Him to guide her while she was performing that duty. It is possible that during the time she spent among the people as nurse, that she was with 200 to 300 women when their babies were born. For years she was a teacher in the Sunday School, Primary and the Relief Society, and for two or three years, she was President of the Relief Society in the Bluewater Ward. During the last years of her life, she did some temple work in the Salt Lake Temple. She was the mother of nine children: six girls and three boys. The three boys and one girl died in infancy or early childhood. She had several spiritual manifestations, which she cherished very dearly. In one of these, she saw her son, Ammon, (or was it Ammoron) whom she had great hopes of raising to manhood. He died when he was five years of age, and she mourned over his death. He was in a large, beautiful room with a large number of other children. They were playing together. They were happy, peaceable and contented. He looked up at her and sweetly smiled at her, and went on with his play. After this she did not grieve over the death of her children. She was a firm, devout member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and she tried to put her faith into practice. In the year of 1896 her family was moved to Bluewater, where she lived the remainder of her life. After the death of her husband (which took place on the 22nd day of February, 1925, she looked to her daughter, Laura, as her protector [to] care for her. The last two or three years of her life, her health was poor, and her mind was worn out, and she had to be watched very closely. During this time, she lived with, and was provided for, and taken care of, by her daughter, Laura. She passed away in the morning of the 30th day of December, 1937, and was buried the same day. She lived to be 81 years, one month, and 15 days of age.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN
THE ZUNI INDIANS

I am telling this story from information gathered from persons who had lived with, or near, these Indians, and who were well acquainted with them and their habits, customs, and ways. The story is of a wonderful experience of Elder Ammon Tenney. (Thomas C. Romney, in his book, *Mormon Colonies in Mexico* – quoting from Church records – says Robert C. Smith and Ammon Tenney were sent into New Mexico in the spring of 1876 to do missionary work among the Indians.) [He it is] whom you read about in the Sunday School outline, "The Church in Action" for the Gospel Doctrine class in 1950, [and] who, during the summer of 1875, was doing missionary work among the Zuni Indians in New Mexico.

That you may be able to get a better understanding of this story when I tell it, I will go back to the year of 1541, at which time the Zuni Indians were found by the Spaniards. And [I will] tell you of two (out of many) of their habits, customs rules and regulations, under which these people had lived for many generations. These people were governed by a council of twelve governing chiefs. The first of these twelve governing chiefs is the head, or Big Chief. And his word, especially when supported by a majority of the twelve (of the twelve governing chiefs) is the final word from which there is no appeal. This council of governing chiefs, of which I am now speaking, are the central or general council, having control over all of the Zuni Indian nation. This council of governing chiefs live in the Big Zuni Village, and from there, [they] direct the affairs of their people. The Zuni Indians work under a cooperative unit or system under this council of twelve governing chiefs. Each of the outlying villages of the Zuni Indians (of which there are four or five) have their local council of twelve governing chiefs, all of which come under the direction of the Central or General Council of twelve governing chiefs at the Big Zuni Village. These people have their

work classified, divided and subdivided into different groups, such as farmers, stock raisers, sheep raisers, builder, and so on. And the people are assigned to the different class or group of work which they are to do. Each group or class of work is under the direction of a supervisor, who in turn is under the direction of the Local Council of twelve governing chiefs, who are under the direction of the Central or General Council of twelve governing chiefs. Each of these councils, both local and general, hold their regular council meetings. Each of the local councils make their regular reports to the Central or General Council of the twelve governing chiefs.

These people had the custom of storing food in the Big Zuni Village to be used at a time of an expected (some time in the future) famine [as it might come upon them.] At the time they were found by the Spaniards in 1541, until just a few years ago, [they] had enough food on hand to last them seven years. This was done by them having seven bins or rooms underground. Each bin represented one year. In each of these bins was stored enough food to last the people one year. This food was used and replaced in the following way: The first year, they would use the food from bin number one, it being the oldest food on hand, and they would fill bin number eight with a new, freshly grown supply of food. They would put more of the new fresh food in bin number eight than there was in bin number one, as they expected there would be some loss by spoiling or other causes, and they [also] expected to have an increase in the number of their population – and they prepared for this emergency [exigency]. The second year, they would use the food in bin number two, and they would fill bin number nine as explained above, and they continued this until the first seven bins were empty and the second seven bins were filled.

In the spring of 1875, Elder Tenney came to these people as a missionary representing the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, entering their country on the east side. The first village he came to is four miles west of Ramah. There was no Ramah there at that time, as Ramah was not settled until 1880 when Ernst A. Tietjen (grandfather of Wilford and Raymond Young) moved his families there from Sovoia, which was six miles north of Ramah – where he, and L. C. Burnham had started a settlement in 1876 in answer to a

call from President Brigham Young. They were the first settlers in that part of the country, and as far as I have been able to learn, they were possibly the first of our people to settle in the state of New Mexico. The village is known to the white people as "Fish Springs." The Indian, or Spanish, name for this village is "Pescado." The largest of these springs is several feet in diameter, and it forms a nice little pond in which there are some small blue fish; hence the name, "Pescado", or, "Fish Springs." These springs furnish enough water to irrigate two or three hundred acres of land, which makes this place an important farming area with the Zuni Indians, as they raise some splendid crops of Indian corn, wheat, beans, and squash.

Around the point of the high red sandstone mesa, some ten or twelve miles to the northwest, on the Nutra Creek, a small stream of water (which comes off from the south side of the Zuni Mountain, and which furnishes water if the snowfall in the winter and the summer rainfall is heavy enough) [is sufficient] to irrigate about one thousand acres of the good rich fertile soil of the Nutra Valley. [There] is a village of the Zuni Indians, known as the Nutra Village. This place is the best farming district I know of in the Zuni Indian country, and is very important with the Zuni Indians. My story is centered around these two Zuni Indian villages, and the range adjoining them.

Elder Tenney had a very good knowledge of the Spanish language. He also spoke a number of Indian languages fairly well, so he was able to begin his missionary work among these people at once – [with] as many of them [that] spoke the Spanish language. The people (the Indians) had planted their crops [for the year] 1875. They had no plows pulled by horses; neither did they have shovels and hoes made of steel as we have. Their farming tools, such as they had, were made of wood cut from trees, which in growing, had twisted and bent in such a way that (this) piece of wood would suit their use as a rude tool. These crops, under the favorable conditions of the year, were making a fine growth, and the prospects of a full harvest in the fall was good. The grass on the range was in splendid condition, and their sheep and horses were fat, and the increase from their animals was promising. The year seemed to be a prosperous one for them, and they were rejoicing. Their fields of wheat had

advanced until it was heading out, and their corn was ready to tassel, and their beans and squash were doing well.

THE GRASSHOPPERS

The Indians had, for some time past, noticed a few grasshoppers in their fields and on the range, but no thought was given to it. But as the days passed by they say that the grasshoppers were growing more numerous (in number) and much larger in size. In a short time, these grasshoppers became so thick on the ground, that they almost hid the ground from view, and they were destroying their crops very rapidly. The Indians were doing everything possible to protect their crops from being destroyed by these grasshoppers. They went to the pine and cedar trees and cut limbs as brush to whip the ground with, in an effort to kill the grasshoppers; or they would swing the limbs in the air above the growing crops in an effort to keep the grasshoppers stirring or moving so they would not settle on the stalks of wheat and corn, and destroy it. Women and children, as well as the men, would get blankets, or something they could swing over the crops, and go into the fields at the first signs of day, and work with their might and strength until night came upon them. But in spite of all they could do, each day they could see that these grasshoppers were steadily and surely destroying their crops and the grass on the range. A few more days, with the grass[hoppers] as they were, and there crops and the grass would be gone, and they would be going hungry. They would miss the good sweet green corn they would cook in their roasting pits, and the beans they would cook in the ground, and those nice cakes made from the newly ripened wheat and those nice squash that would be baked in their out-of-door ovens. Well, my mouth waters as I think of those fine foods.

They would not be able to furnish their part of the grain that was to be taken to the Big Zuni Village, and all the Zunis depended so much upon these two villages (Pescado and Nutra) to be stored away and held for use in some future time when a famine would be upon the land. The time of prosperity, with plenty for themselves and to have some to spare, seemed to be blasted, and instead of prosperity and plenty, hard times, starvation and famine seemed to be staring them in the face. Besides loosing their crops, the grass on the range would be gone, and their animals would grow poor and finally die of

starvation. Especially would this be true at Nutra, where these pests seemed to be the more numerous.

What could they do to save their crops and their animals? The twelve governing chiefs of these two villages met in special council meeting. They invited the people to meet with them, to see if anything could be done to save themselves from this awful disaster that was before them. Each of these councils failed to find an answer to their question, so the two councils met together. This joint council meeting also failed to find an answer to their situation, so they finally decided to send a delegation from each of these two councils, as messengers to present their trouble to Elder Tenney, who was a few miles from Pescado, and ask for his advice and council. Elder Tenney had been successful in his missionary work among these people. At Pescado, he had baptized quite a number of the people. Among this group was the head chief of the local council of the twelve governing chiefs, a man who had a great deal of influence with his people and some of his associates in this council. He had baptized a few of the people at the Nutra Village [also]. These people had learned to look upon Elder Tenney as being more than just a man – almost a "god", or at least a man with great power and influence with God – for had they not seen him while he was visiting their sick? And while making these visits to their sick, he had taken a small bottle containing oil from his pocket. And, putting a few drops of the oil on the head of the sick person, he would place his hands upon the sick person's head and offer up a prayer, and in the authority of the Holy Priesthood which he held, and in the name of Jesus Christ, make, or give the person, great promises, or blessings of life and health and strength. And no matter how sick the person was at the time this was done, all that he had prayed for in this way were made well. Some of them were made well at once, and at least one person who was very sick had, almost as soon as Elder Tenney had removed his hands from off the person's head, got up off from the bed and followed Elder Tenney from the room, and had gone off to work – a well and strong person. So can we blame these simple people for looking upon Elder Tenney as being almost a "god"?

The messengers found Elder Tenney in the late afternoon, and at once delivered to him their message. After thinking about it for a

short time, Elder Tenney asked them to stay all night, and said: in the morning he would tell them what to do. Early the next morning Elder Tenney met with the messengers and said to them something like this: "Go home and tell your people to fast for three days, beginning the fast today. During these three days, they must not eat any food at all, and if they drink any water, it must be but a very little. They must kneel in prayer three times each day, closing their eyes while they are praying, (and they can pray more often if they want to) and while praying, tell the Lord about the grasshoppers destroying your crops and the grass on the range. And tell the Lord if your crops and the grass on the range is destroyed, you and your animals will suffer from hunger, and that some of you, and many of your animals may die from starvation. If you fast and pray right, that is, with faith, before the three days are all gone, the grasshoppers will be destroyed, and your crops and the grass will be saved. But during these three days, you must continue to work and try to keep the grasshoppers from eating your crops up. You must do all you can to save your crops. Then the Lord will come to your assistance." (See D&C 1:38 – whether by mine own voice or by the voice of my servants, it is the same.)

The messengers went back home and told what Elder Tenney had said. They accepted of his advice and began the fast at once and did all they could to carry out the instructions that had been given to them. Elder Tenney joined with the people in fasting and prayer, and he went back to Pescado, so as to be with them. The first and second days passed by, and the people were not able to see any change in their condition. Some few of the people may have become discouraged, thinking this fasting and work at the same time was hard on them, and it did not seem to be bringing them any results, and they thought that all was lost anyway, so what was the use? The forenoon of the third day passed, and no change in their condition could be seen. Could you blame them if some were discouraged and wanted to give it up? But the promise was, if they fasted and prayed for three days, that before the third day was over, the grasshoppers would all be gone. So they continued with their fasting, praying, and work[ing].

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It was late in the afternoon, and the sun was getting low in the western sky, when one of the men who was working the field at Nutra turned to his companion and said, “What is the matter? It seems that dark spots are coming over the sun, and it is not shining like it should do.” They talked a little bit about the dark spots on the sun, and wondered: What was coming next? The people at Pescado saw what they thought was dark spots on the sun, and they talked about it and they wondered. The sun was now resting on the top of the hills in the west, and the people were beginning to notice that the grasshoppers did not appear to be as numerous as they had been, and they began to take renewed courage, thinking that it may not be too late, as the sun was not down. Each of the villages were seeing the same things, but neither of these two villages knew anything about what the other village was seeing or had seen. A runner was sent from the Nutra to Pescado to see if the grasshoppers were getting less in number there, as they were at Nutra. About the same time, a runner (these runners were on foot) was sent from Pescado to Nutra to see if the grasshoppers were getting less in numbers there. The two runners met, and each of them, in their excitement, told the other what was happening at his own village. The conditions were the same, so the runners returned, each to his own village, and told what he had heard.

The people were beginning to rejoice. The grasshoppers were leaving. By the time the sun had gone down, there were but few grasshoppers to be found in the fields. The last rays of sun had disappeared on top of the high red sandstone bluff to the east and north of these two villages, when the people said there were no grasshoppers to be found in the fields, or on the range. They were all gone. And where had they gone? Nobody knew. The fasting, praying, and hard work had been answered, and the grasshopper pests were ended, and the people returned to their homes to eat and satisfy their hunger and be merry, and join in the dance after their Indian chants. While Elder Tenney, in humble prayer, thanked the Lord for his great mercy in answering his and the Indians' humble prayer, by taking the grasshoppers away, which saved those people from hard times. Growing conditions were favorable, and the crops in the fields and the grass on the range soon took on new life, and grew in a surprising way. In the fall the people harvested a very

abundant harvest. They had an abundance of food for themselves, and they took more grain than their share to the Big Zuni Village, to be stored away and held there to be used in some future time when a famine may be upon the land.

The source of my information is from Ernst A. Tietjen and his wife, Emma C., (who moved into this country in 1876, one year after the above took place, and who spoke the Navajo Indian language as well as the Indians, and who spent their lives with the Indians) and Ellen J. Johnstun and her son, Samuel J., who moved into the country in 1883. Sam spoke the Navajo Indian language very readily, having learned the language at Sunset before moving to Ramah. Sam, for several years, worked for the "Box S" Cattle Company. His assignment was to ride the line on the east side of the Zuni Indian Reservation and keep the cattle back off from the Indian Reservation. His work was near the villages of Pescado and Nutra. He learned to speak the Zuni Indian language quite well. From him, while we rode the range, I gathered the details of this story.

S. C. Young

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CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

AN EXPERIENCE of GEORGE BRINKERHOFF IN 1889

For some time I have been thinking of writing the following story, or account, of an experience which happened with George Brinkerhoff and his family during the summer of 1889. The family lived at Thurber (now Bicknell), Wayne County, Utah. In telling this story, I wish to show the honor and high principles and the broad mindedness of the men who are mentioned in this story, and some of the hardships and the injustice[s] that we as a people had to endure. I took no part in the happenings of this story, but I was with my father's sheep and cattle on the north side of Pleasant Creek on the Boulder Mountain, just a short distance from where some of these things took place. I am telling this story from memory, after some sixty years; [telling it] from what I can remember of hearing my Father say while he was talking with others who were on the scene, and in some way took part in it.

Brother Brinkerhoff was the bishop of the Thurber Ward. The place was named in honor of A. K. Thurber, who was the president of the Sevier Stake, which at that time, covered a large part of country. Brother Brinkerhoff, besides being a bishop, was also considered to be a prosperous cattle man, having his cattle on the Boulder Mountain. Their general range location was between Pleasant Creek and Boulder Creek, and their winter range was in the low country to the east of the mountain. George Brinkerhoff, like a few others of our Latter-day Saint men of those early days, had more than one wife, which practice was in keeping with the teachings of the Bible

and in harmony with the laws of the land until 1882, when Congress, [and] the President of the United States, and the Supreme Court of the United States, trampled upon the Constitution of the United States and enacted a law which made it a crime for a man to have more than one wife [which was] punishable by a sentence in the state penitentiary of from three months to four years, and a fine as high as $5,000 – either one or both of these, whichever the good pleasure of the federal judge felt like imposing on the defendant. When the Supreme Court of the United States declared this (the Edmund-Tucker Act, which forbad a man having more than one wife, to be in harmony with the Constitution of the United States) the government authorized a rather large number of men to act as United States marshals, which we called "deputy marshals", or "deputies." These men were, with very few exceptions (or at least they were accused of [so] being – a class of men who had low standards or principles, and a lack of honorable manhood, which sometimes cropped out in their being very abusive to the people with whom they came in contact. Some of these deputy marshals seemed to take delight in meeting a woman who it was claimed, to be a plural wife, and especially so if she happened to be an expectant mother. And they would ask her all kinds of improper questions about herself and her condition, as to who was the father of her unborn child. Neither did they overlook the young women, or girls, to talk to them (every time they got a chance to talk to them) and lecture them against this "awful" law-breaking. [They did this] even to children, boys or girls, some of them may not have been more than eight or nine years old, and they would ask these children all kinds of questions about their mothers' lives, and their fathers' family in general, and about the families of their neighbors – going so far in some cases, to threaten some of them with different kinds of punishment if the answers given to them by the child or person to whom they may have been talking did not suit their purpose. It was not uncommon for things that was said by these children (during these scare-you-to-death conversations) to be used in court as evidence against a defendant. The following is a case of this lack of honest, upright principle and manhood, which was shown by some of these "deputy marshals" to children. But this is only one, out of many cases, that took place.

The “deputy marshals” were visiting a small out-of-the-way place where a few families lived (not more than ten or twelve) some of which were plural families. The “deputy marshals” met a boy of about twelve years of age who was about one-half mile from home. One of the “deputy marshals” got out of the buggy and called the boy to him and began to ask him all the questions he could think of about his father's family, and those of his neighbors. Not getting the answers to his questions that he wanted, the “deputy marshal” caught the little fellow by the shirt or neck, and shook him in a very rough, mean way, threatening to whip the boy and to take him and put him in jail. He accused the boy of being a liar, and said his parents had taught him to lie, and many other things like that. My own experience was not that bad, but it was tough enough to scare the wits out of me. However, the “deputy marshal” got no information that would help them in their devilish work. These deputy marshals seemed to be able to find a few persons, in almost every settlement, who were of their low class, and who were willing to join with them (secretly, of course) in locating these men with large families and in keeping the “deputy marshals” informed about the movements of these men with plural wives. These people were called “spotters.” Generally, these spotters would be apostates from this Church. Others would be what we called “gentiles”, or non-members of this Church, and, sorry to say, some of these spotters would claim to be members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. For a man to be accused of having a plural wife was almost equal to being sentenced to the penitentiary and a fine being imposed. There were cases where, when a man was caught by the “deputy marshal” and taken into court, he would be in court not more than an hour when the sentence would be passed, and the man taken off to jail. The evidence in the case would have been gathered by the “deputy marshal” through questioning of children whom they had met by the roadside, and the “deputy marshal” would take what suited them of the conversation, and present it to the judge of the court as evidence to be used against the accused. The court was being used only to permit the judge to pronounce the sentence, which in some cases, had previously been decided upon. George Brinkerhoff had a partner by the name of George Baker. They were not partners as we generally use the word, but they [kept] cattle on the same range and

always worked together. They were a good pair. This man was not a member of this Church, but he was a good, honest man.

In 1888, a man whom I will call Mr. “R” came on the mountain with some horses. I well remember his name. He was not a member of this Church, but he proved himself to be a reliable, upright, honorable man. At the time this happened, Mr. “R” had his camp well up on the mountain on Boulder Creek, while Brinkerhoff and Baker were camped lower down, but on the same stream, and all of them were using the same range. Brother Brinkerhoff's plural wife was rather small and not very strong, and in the spring of 1889 was soon to become a mother.

One day, in the spring of 1889, one of these “deputy marshals” came into Thurber in the early evening. I will speak of this man as Mr. “D”. He went directly to the home of the spotter. Soon after Mr “D” arrived at the spotter's home, the two men got on horses and in the early darkness, rode around the little town. They passed and re-passed the home of Brother Brinkerhoff's plural wife, and the location of the house, with its windows and doors, were carefully noticed. This Mr. “D” was determined to get George Brinkerhoff and his plural wife. His whole heart was centered on this one thing. Then the two men returned to the spotter's home. Mr. “D” was shown a map of the three rooms in the house, which showed the placing of the furniture, including the bed, in the house. The weather was beginning to get warm, and it being the custom of the whole country to sleep with the doors of the house open at night (for there was no thieves or robbers around – nobody to hurt or make afraid, as everybody was a friend and all was at peace) so the doors of this home were left open at night. Brother Brinkerhoff was off on the mountain with his cattle, so the wife was at home alone. Sister Brinkerhoff may have been the mother of one or two children; if so, they were small (almost babies) and of course, sleep soundly. It may have been past midnight when Mr “D” went to this home. There being no dog on the place, no alarm was given of the approach of a man. Before Mr “D” reached the house, he stopped and took his boots off and went to the house in his stocking feet. He quietly passed through the open door, and with extra caution, he approached

the bed where the woman lay sleeping, and in peace. On reaching the bed, he took a slow burning sulfur match (the only kind of a match to be had in those days – these matches burned so slow and a long time before they made a glow or blaze, that some people called them the "seventh-day match") from his pocket, and struck it on his pants. [Then] as the sulfur on the match began to burn, he placed it under the sleeping woman's nose. And, of course, she, in breathing, inhaled the burning sulfur smoke, which strangled her and caused her to cough and to inhale a larger breath of air, which, of course, was just more burning sulfur smoke.

With struggling, coughing, and choking from the effect of the burning sulfur smoke, and fighting for her breath, and at the same time discover[ing] that a strange man (who was laughing, hollering and almost yelling at the top of his voice in his merriment of overjoy at the wonderfully smart trick he had played on her, and the great surprise he had given her) was standing by her bed, she screamed, and most likely became hysterical, and lost all consciousness. The neighbors from across the street heard her scream and the noise Mr. "D" was making, [and they] came hurrying in. But before the neighbors came in, Mr. "D" had placed the almost unconscious woman under arrest. Soon after the neighbors came in things took a great change. Mr. "D" was not injured in any way, but he left the house without the poor woman. Needless to say, her baby was soon stillborn, and for some time it was a guess as to whether or not she [the mother] would be able to live, with many guessing that she could not live. It must have been two or three months before the poor woman began to regain her strength and comfort.

About this time, Mr. "D" was heard to say, "The reason the other 'deputy marshals' do not get Mr. Brinkerhoff is because they do not know how to do it. Besides, they are afraid of him. But I am not afraid of him and I know how to get him. I'll not wait for him to come home, to get him; I'll go out to his camp and get him." So one morning in the late summer or early fall, Mr. "D", driving his favorite horse, in his two-wheeled cart which he took along so as to be able to bring Mr. Brinkerhoff back with him, left the spotter's home in Thurber, on his way to the cow camp on the Boulder Mountain, to get George Brinkerhoff. The distance was only 45

miles, and the road was, at the best, not a very good one. The last few miles was only a dim trail cut through the thick quaking aspen trees that grew so thick and rank on that part of the mountain and only the best of them could follow that road in the daytime – but this, Mr. "D" did not know. In starting out from Thurber, Mr. "D" said, "I am not going to hurry. I'll take it slow, as I do not want to get to camp when there is too much daylight. I want it to be a little dark when I reach the camp, so I can take him by surprise before he will have time to get away." Those brave (Please pardon me for lowering the value of this word, brave) deputy marshals: they would half kill themselves in chasing a Latter-day Saint who was honest, peaceful, uptight and striving to do good (but who was said to have more than one wife). They would tell of the hard times they had in upholding the law, and how they were opposed in their work, but let a bank robber come along, and see how quickly those deputy marshals would follow the example of a whipped dog when he got scared. Some may ask, "What would the dog do?" Why, he would stick his tail between his hind legs and run the other way with all his might. One fall, a man came to our little settlement on Pleasant Creek and stayed until the next spring or summer. He introduced himself among us as Joy Sweet. Some called him Joy Sweat. Some, with whom he associated, he did not hesitate to tell of some of the holdups he had helped with and how he had got away. He told of how, not long before he came to our settlement, he had helped with a holdup in Colorado, and afterward, the officers had gotten them (the holdup men) into a corner and how they had had to fight. Also how he had been wounded in that fight, and how he had got away from the officers and that he was there hiding out while he was recovering. Two of these "deputy marshals" visited the little place one or more times while this man was there, and one night they stopped at a home that was not more than 150 yards from where the man was living. If the man made any effort at all to avoid meeting these "deputy marshals", it was to saddle his horse in open sight of them, and ride across the open flat to a ridge a quarter of a mile from the house he was living in and wait until it got dark. Then he came back home and stayed until sunrise, when he may have ridden the same horse back on the ridge, but he seems to have gone no further, and the "deputy marshals" paid no more attention to him than they would have paid to a little child that may have been playing on the same

ridge. But, Joseph Wright was a poor, honest man with a plural wife. They saw him at a distance, learned that it was he, and they chased him as fast as they dare drive their buggy, for sixty miles. But, thanks to goodness, they were too slow to catch up with him. Yes, Joseph Wright was a bad man – a law-breaker. He had two families which he had long before the Edmund-Tucker Law was enacted, but the bank robber was doing no harm in relieving a bank of its cash. He was a good fellow for those "deputy marshals" to leave alone.

Mr. "D" drove along the road, passed the little ranches known to us as Grover, across the bench, down the hill into Sulfur Gulch, and followed it down to its junction with Pleasant Creek. He crossed the creek and followed up the stream to where the Tantless came into Pleasant Creek. Then, he followed up the Tantless a couple of miles. Then [he] turned and went up the hill and across the bench, and the brush-corral flat and on up the country, passing the vacated Brinkerhoff Dairy, to the forks of the road on the side of the mountain. During the day, Mr. "D" had been reading a very interesting book, which he had brought along, and the faithful horse had moved quietly along the road. He was in no hurry, and he had not been urged to go faster. Mr. "D" turned the horse off into the left-hand road, which was still plain and easy to follow, and all was well. Mr. "D" thought he would reach the cow camp just at the right time, and he would grab Mr. Brinkerhoff like a cat would catch a mouse. The sun went down behind the high mountain, but the road was still plain, and it was no trick to follow it. The grass was thick and tall and so was the quaking aspen trees. The country was so beautiful to look at, and Mr. "D" was happy with his thoughts of his success. But dusk had passed so quickly; the stars had began to shine, and then it was getting dark; then it was terribly dark. In that thick tall grass, the road could be seen only once in a while, and Mr. "D" was having a hard time to keep track of the road. There were patches of thick forest trees where the quaking aspen trees grew so close together that they almost touched one another. In places like this, the trees would be cut out of the way enough so as to make room for a wagon to pass through. Where the trees were scattering, the road would wind, twist, and turn among the trees anywhere, just to keep on going. In these thick forest[s] were quite a number of openings where there [were] no trees. These open places, we called

parks. These parks were of different sizes and shapes. One might be round, while another might be narrow and long. One might be only a few steps across, and another might be several rods across. The road might come into one of these parks from any one side of the park and go out of it at any one of the other sides of the park – and to follow this road through this mass of thick, tall grass and trees when it was awfully dark, was the thing that was giving Mr. "D" a great deal of trouble. Again he lost the road, but after some time, he was able to find it again, and on he went. He would yet succeed in getting Mr. Brinkerhoff. So he thought. He lost the road again, and after driving his horse and cart around the park a number of times without finding the road, he tied the horse to a tree in the edge of the park and went on foot to hunt for the road. After what seemed to Mr. "D" to be a long time, he found where the road went out of the park and into the forest, but he did not know in which direction the road was going. He got a small tree that had died and fallen down, and leaned it up against a tree that stood at the edge of the forest, to be used as a marker, or land mark, to help him find the road again when he came with his horse and cart. But [now] he was not able to find his horse and cart. He hunted for a long time, but could not find the horse and cart. At last he thought rather than miss the chance of getting Mr. Brinkerhoff, he would let the horse and cart go, and he would go to the road and walk on to the cow camp. He must get George Brinkerhoff tonight. It could not be more than four or five miles to the cow camp, and he would walk that far; Yes, he would do anything – face anything, even death, to get George Brinkerhoff. If he waited any longer, Mr. Brinkerhoff might get away. Yes, he must get Mr. Brinkerhoff, now, while he had a chance, as all he had to do was walk into camp where he was, and he had him.

So he went to find the road, but where was the ?? (darned) road? He had leaned a fallen tree up against a standing tree as a guide, or land mark. But, Gosh, he could not find that tree, or the road, He had lost his horse and cart, and now he could not find the road, and he would lose his chance of getting Mr. Brinkerhoff. Oh, he was having an awfully hard time. Well, he thought, the only thing he could do would be to make a fire and wait until morning. Then, he remembered, he had been told that there were bear in that country, so he thought he would not make a very large fire, so as not to attract

the attention of one, if it did happen to pass nearby during the night. And tomorrow, he would study out some way to get Mr. Brinkerhoff. He must not fail to get him, and tomorrow, he would find his horse and cart. The night passed in peace, and in the morning, Mr. “D”, as soon as it was good daylight, started out to find his horse and cart and the road. Yes, he was lost, afoot, and alone on the mountain, and he was hungry. The day before, he had brought a light lunch, a mere nothing, with him, as he was sure he would reach that cow camp in good time and be given plenty to eat. But instead of his expected success, he had lost his way and was now lost on the mountain, and he was afoot and did not know which way to go. The sun had climbed well up into the sky and the forenoon was advancing. But he was lost. Where to go and what to do, he did not know. But he must not give up; he must keep trying. As he came out of a thick grove of quaking aspen trees into a park, he saw a man on the opposite side of the park. He was riding a large, pretty roan horse. (The horse would weigh 1,200 lb.; he was well built. His color was a little too dark to be called a strawberry roan, but he was a pretty horse, and as good as he was pretty.) [The man] was coming out of the timber and he was coming to meet him. The man was a pleasant-looking man with a light brown beard about two inches in length. The two men met in the park, and Mr. “D”, as they shook hands, introduced himself (I do not remember the name he gave, but it was not his true name, so I will say, “so and so”.) and said he was on his way to see Mr. “R”. They had some business interests together and he was on his was to see Mr. “R” about it, but the day before, he had been delayed some on his way out here, and night had overtaken him, and he had lost the road in this thick timber and darkness, and he had tied the horse to a tree while he had gone and found the road, and then in the darkness he was unable to find his horse, and in hunting for the horse, he must have somehow become bewildered and gotten his directions confused and was not able to find his horse, so he had made a small fire and set by it all night. The stranger listened to the man's story, sympathized with him, and felt sorry for him because he had such a hard night of it. The stranger said, “You are tired and worn out from traveling yesterday, and your hard time last night, and you are half starved, too. You ride my horse while I walk, and we will see if we can find your horse.”

After a while they found Mr. “So and So”'s horse, and he said it was tied right where he had tied it the night before. Mr. “So and So” got in his cart, and the stranger rode his horse, and soon they found the road. They saw the fallen tree leaning against the other tree, just as Mr. “So and So” had put them the night before. The stranger took Mr. “So and So” to a camp where three men were evidently waiting for something. Their horses were saddled and standing nearby. Of course, Mr. “So and So” was introduced to the men. The stranger asked a young man to take care of Mr. “So and So”'s horse. The horse was given water, a good feed of oats, and then hobbled out in some good fresh mountain grass, to feed. The stranger, with the aid of the other two men, soon had a nice breakfast cooked, and the stranger and Mr. “So and So” sat down and enjoyed a late breakfast. After a time, Mr. “So and So” said his horse had rested long enough, so the man brought the horse in and he was hitched to the cart. The stranger told Mr. “So and So” how to get to Mr. R's camp, and put him on the road. When Mr. “So and So” got to the camp, Mr. R. met him in a courteous way and made him welcome. Mr. “So and So” was introduced to two other men who happened to be at the camp. The horse was carefully taken care of. The men at Mr. R.'s camp were told what had happened the night before, and that morning. After dinner, Mr. “So and So” got a chance to speak to Mr. R. unnoticed by the other men, and he told Mr. R. that he wanted to talk with him privately. The two men walked off away from camp, and when out far enough from camp so that their voices would not be heard by the men in camp, Mr. “So and So” said, “I am (giving his correct name) – I am a United State deputy marshal, and I have come here to get George Brinkerhoff. I could go to Mr. Baker, but he is a partner of Mr. Brinkerhoff's, so I do not think he would help me. All the other deputy marshals have failed to be able to catch him, so I have come out here to get him and show them how easy it is to do it. As I am not personally acquainted with Mr. Brinkerhoff I want you to give me a good description of him so that I will be sure to recognize him when I meet him, and will not be making the mistake of taking some other man for Mr. Brinkerhoff. I am asking this favor of you because you are not a member of the “Mormon” Church, and you know Mr. Brinkerhoff is breaking the law by having two wives.”

Mr. R. listened to Mr. “So and So” while he was talking and when he had finished talking and had made his request, Mr. R. began, but he made no mention of the question that had been asked of him, or the request that was made, but said something like this: “You remember that you were in Thurber two or three months ago. You remember that you went to the home of Mr. Brinkerhoff's second wife in the night. You remember that you slipped into the house and up to her bed without letting her know anything about your being there?”

Mr. “So and So” interrupted him by saying, “Yes, Mr. R., but what has that to do with your giving me a good description of Mr. Brinkerhoff?” Mr. R. went on: “You remember that while the woman was sleeping, you struck a slow-burning sulfur match –”

Mr. “So and So” put in again and said, “I am asking about Mr. Brinkerhoff. I came out here to get him!”

Mr. R. went on: – and while the sulfur on that match was burning, you put the match under her nose so that she would breathe the burning sulfur. Her breathing the burning sulfur smoke made her strangle, choke and cough and fight for breath. This tickled you and you laughed as hard and as loud[ly] as you could. This woke her up, and when she saw you standing by the side of her bed laughing like you were, you scared her nearly to death, and she screamed. You hurried and put her under arrest. With this happening as it did, it gave her such a shock, that she fainted. You knew that she was not a strong person, and that she was in a delicate condition, yet that is what you did. The neighbors from across the street heard her scream and heard you laugh, and they hurried over to see what was happening. They found she had fainted away, and you were laughing as hard as you could.”

Mr. “So and So” said, “Well, I soon left the house.” “Yes,” said Mr. R. “You left the house because you had to leave, and you were a lucky man at that. You have heard that her baby was “stillborn” and they had a hard time to save her [the mother's] life and she is not well yet.” You have told us about your getting lost last night: How you tied your horse to a tree while you hunted the road, and [of] the leaning of the dry tree up against a standing tree after you had found

the road, and how you could not find your horse, nor the road the second time, and how you made a fire and sat by it all night; and this morning, you could not find your horse or the road; and that, late this morning your met a man with a short brown beard who was riding a big roan horse. He let you ride his horse and he walked; he took you to your horse and cart, and took you to his camp and had your horse taken care of, and he gave you your breakfast and told you how to get up here."

"Yes," said Mr. "So and So", "But tell me what Mr. Brinkerhoff looks like!" Mr. R. Said, "Let me tell you something: You [do] remember passing a certain place – object – down below the forks of the road yesterday? Well, George Brinkerhoff was passing near there when you passed. He saw you, and was near enough to you, so that he was able to recognize you. He followed you and he knew every move you made. When you tied the horse up and went to hunt for the road, he moved the horse and cart over there and tied the horse up again. Then he took the fallen tree down from where you had put it, and when you made your fire, he was over here a few step, watching you. And when he saw that you intended to stay all night, he rode to camp and told what had taken place. He gave his horse a feed of grain and ate his supper. He then rode back to your fire and he sat just a few steps from your fire and watched you, and held his horse, all night, so we knew all about you and your plans last night. This morning while you were hunting for your horse, he got your horse and cart and put them back where you had left them. Then he took the fallen tree and put it back as you had it. Then, after you had walked until he knew you were nearly given out, he rode in so as to meet you, and he took you to his camp and took care of you. That man was George Brinkerhoff. Those men at his camp were there to try and take care of you by doing what they could to persuade you not to attempt to arrest Mr. Brinkerhoff, because they knew full well what would happen to you if you did. Let me tell you what is the best thing for you to do: Get your horse and cart and get off this mountain just as quickly as you can, and do not let anything stop you this side of Thurber!" Mr. Brinkerhoff is a good, honest man. He is doing nobody any harm, and he minds his own business. He could have killed you a dozen times, and nobody would have known anything about it. Take my advice, and *never* molest or

interfere in any way with any of George Brinkerhoff's family. By all means, *never* try to arrest him, for as surely as you do, he will kill you so quickly you will not have time to bat your eye, for he has not forgotten the way you treated his family!"

Mr. "So and So" soon decided to leave the mountain at once. The two men went back to camp, and Mr. R. told the other men that everything was alright: That Mr. "So and So" was ready to go back to the valley, and for them to hitch his horse to the cart so he could go. This was soon done, and Mr. "So and So" got in the cart and started the horse down the road. As the two men who had been at Mr. R.'s camp had to go that way, they [too] got their horses, which had been standing nearby with the saddles on them all this time, and rode with him until he was out of the thick timber, where the road was plain and easy to follow so there was no reason why Mr. "So and So" could not follow it. The sun was setting when the two men told their friend good-bye and wished him "good luck" and turned their horses to the left and up the mountain, saying they were going up this way to hunt for the "gray mare." As it was late and Mr. "So and So" had a long way to go, he urged his pet horse along the road.

(I will add, that with the surprisingly fast speed in which that man drove his horse and cart over that forty-five miles of rough mountain road, was commented upon by the whole country.) But he reached Thurber before daylight the following morning, where he rested until it was light. [Then] he continued his journey on toward his home, which was further to the west, and I never heard of his coming back into the Thurber country.

S. C. Young

Chapter Twenty-eight

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

THE MUD HOLE

During my short lifetime, I have heard several people express their opinion about dreams and the cause of these dreams, saying the dreamer went to bed with a sour stomach, or that their supper did not agree with them, and many more such comments of experiences. Then I have turned to the scriptures and read of people dreaming and of the dreams they had coming to pass just as the dream said it would, and I have wondered if the dreamer (of those early days) had overeaten at the supper table the evening before. Then I thought of Jacob (Genesis 28) when he left his father's home and had walked all day long and was spending the night in the open air under the stars with a stone under his head for a pillow, and the earth for his bed. He slept and he dreamed of wonderful things. He may have had but [little] to eat during the day and no supper that night – but he dreamed, and [just] what was the cause of his dreaming?

Joseph, the son of Jacob, before he was sold into Egypt, had two dreams, in which he saw his father, mother and eleven brothers were to show him reverence. Was not this reverence shown to him in Egypt a few years later? In Genesis 41 we read of Pharaoh having two dreams. In one of these dreams, he saw seven poor ears, which devoured the seven good ears of corn. At supper that night, had he eaten everything that was on the table and had gone to bed after overloading his stomach, wondering what he would have for breakfast in the morning? But during the night, while he slept, he had a dream and the dream troubled him. What caused him to dream? Why did he not sleep in peace through the night and let the famine come upon Egypt as it came upon the rest of the world? Because he worried about his dreams, he sent for Joseph, who told him what the dreams meant. Those dreams, with the interpretation of the dreams as given by Joseph, saved Egypt from suffering during the time of the famine, as [while] the rest of the country did suffer.

Chapter Twenty-nine

Joel says, in chapter two, that young men shall see visions, and the old men shall dream dreams. He made no mention as to [a] limit of time in which these things were to happen, so they could happen anytime. Did Joel mean what he said? In Matthew, the second chapter, we read of Joseph, the husband of Mary, the mother of Jesus, being warned in a dream to take the young child and his mother and flee into Egypt, as the life of the child was being sought. Why did not Joseph sleep in peace, and not worry about the safety of the child, and let the life of the child go the way the lives of hundreds of other boy babies were going? But Joseph did as he had been warned, and fled into Egypt. Later Joseph was warned to take the child and his mother, and return to his own country, as the man who had sought the child's life was dead.

We read in the 16th chapter of St. John, where the speaker says, "Howbeit when He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, ... and He will show you things to come." Was that an idle remark? or did the speaker mean what he said? If he meant what he said, then people, under certain conditions, were to be shown things that were to come sometime in the future. He did not say whether these things were to be great or small things, spiritual, or temporal. Then I have to think of, among other things, the experience I had in a mud hole, and the outcome of this experience. The outcome of the experience is what I want to bring to your attention. [See page 333 for another account.]

Out on the Navajo Indian Reservation, a few miles south of Captain Tom's Wash, now Newcomb, – and I am going to tell the story as it happened, as it is an interesting story: It was in the last days of April, 1897, that Father, Ray, and I left Fruitland with loaded teams for Gallup. I had a four-horse and a wagon loaded with wool and pelts from a local store, and I was to bring back a load of merchandise from the same store. Father and Ray were loaded with the same kind of a load as I had. [I was going] as far as Gallup, but their destination was to southern Arizona. On my return home, I was traveling alone, and the wagon was loaded very heavi[ly]. The roads in those early days were not very good, even at their best, and at that time of the year, grass for the horses was poor and hard to find, and we depended so much upon the grass for feed for our horses, as

[since] we hobbled the horses out at night and let them find what grass they could, and in the early morning, we would give them some hay to help out. In this way we got along with about one[-half] as much hay as a team really needed. I had a ration of grain for the team with me. I made fairly good progress in my traveling, but in spite of the fact that I was traveling from early in the morning until nightfall, I was not able to travel as fast as we had planned, and I would be one or two days late in reaching Fruitland.

I reached Sheep Spring early one morning, and gave my horses a drink of water, and then I drove on. I passed between two low hills and was entering the edge of a large valley that extended to Captain Tom's Wash, which was several miles ahead of me, when I noticed a small patch of fog (as I thought it was) on the side of the mountain to the west, and about where Toadolena now stands. I thought nothing of this, any more than to see that it was growing in size very fast. The fog, or cloud, (which it proved later to be) was strung along the side of the mountain for four or five miles. I was surprised to see how fast it had grown. It had formed in such a way that I could see the top of the mountain above the cloud, and the lower part of the mountain below or under the cloud. Thus this cloud which had formed so quickly hung on the side of the mountain. Then, all at once, a dark point at the south end of the cloud seemed to start moving east and down the valley that I had just entered. The rest of the cloud seemed to swing in behind this leader and follow down this valley. A small arm of the cloud passed over me, and for a few minutes I was in a nice gentle rain. But it did not rain enough where I was to wet my clothes through; but ahead of me I could hear the rain falling in a terrific manner, and I could hear the roar of the storm and see the rain as it whipped and swirled as the cloud seemed to angrily spend its strength, so I knew that a very hard rain was passing in front of me.

As I passed along, I soon saw where the water had gathered in small holes in the ground. Then [I could see that] the water had begun to run in the tracks made by the wagon wheels, and in the small furrows or ditches in the ground, and soon the water was flooding over the ground and going everywhere. By this I knew that the wash, down in the valley, would have a big flood of water in it, and that the

valley would be muddy, and I would very likely have trouble with the mud. So I stopped on a high spot of ground and nooned, although it was not much after nine o'clock in the forenoon. I hobbled the horses out for a while and then gave them some hay. I took a good long nooning, as I knew the flood would have to pass by [me] and the ground [must] have time in which to settle and dry out before I could cross the valley.

The storm passed by, and the water had stopped running, and it was now long past noon, so I hitched up and moved on. I moved on without any trouble with the mud, to speak of, and at last came to the wash which the road crossed. This wash was about ten feet wide, and it was as deep as it was wide. The flood had overflowed the banks of the wash as though there had been no banks. I drove up to the wash and stopped the team, and I went to inspect the condition of the ground in the bottom of the wash where the road crossed. The road, in going down the bank into the wash, made a slight turn. Then it followed down the wash about fifty steps and made a turn and went up the bank, so that the road, in going down the bank of the wash, into the wash, and (in going) up the bank out of the wash, made a slight turn. The flood had been a flash, or spurt, flood (so I will call it) – that is, the flood had come with a rush, and it had stopped almost as quickly as it had come. After the storm had passed by, the sun had come out, and had shown bright and warm. It had been three hours or more since the water had stopped running in the wash, and I was in hopes that the ground, with the warm sun shining on it, had settled and become firm and solid again. I walked over the road in the wash two or three times, and I had tested the firmness of the ground by stamping and jumping on it. And while I was fearful of its condition, I thought by keeping the team moving (on a good walk) it was possible that I would be able to pass over without getting in the mud. So I got the team and made a start. The team was willing and anxious to go, so they moved along with a lively step. The wagon moved along nicely and all seemed to be fine and dandy.

The lead team –. Now let me take time and give you a description of this team: The leaders were a pair of mares – fat and nice. Maude was a sorrel, with flaxen mane and tail, [and] a large white spot in

her forehead. She was rather loose[ly] built. Five years old. She weighed 1,400 lbs., and [was] a very free traveler. Pet, a strawberry roan – heavy, blocky build. She would weigh about 1,200 lbs. and she was willing to do her part of the work. On the right wheel was a flea-bitten gray, Brigham, by name. He had been given this name by a former owner, who liked to charge everything he did not like to the "Mormons", and this horse had run away with the wagon while this man had owned him. Hence came the name, Brigham. He weighed 1,200 lbs. He was getting old, but he was a good, dependable horse. Bally, a roan horse with a white face and four white legs from the knee down. He was the smallest horse in the team, but he was all horse.

The lead team was climbing up the bank out of the wash and the wheel team had their front feet on the bank, when it seemed that, in a sudden, quick as the snapping of the fingers, the ground dropped out from under the wagon, and it settled down in the mud until the wagon box rested on the ground, or mud. I have never seen a wagon go down in the mud as deep as this one did. Here the outfit was, in the mud all over as we say. Well, what good would it do to pull good, willing horses in[to] such a mud hole? I unhitched the horses from the wagon, and took them up on the bank, and took their harnesses off from them, and hobbled them out, so that they could try and find something they could eat. Then I began to carry the load from the wagon by using the wagon tongue as a foot-bridge between the wagon and the bank. At last, this part of the work was done. I then lifted the wagon box off from the wagon, and worked it ahead of the wagon (as there was not room to set the box by the side of the wagon), and to where I could [hitch] the team to it. I took the bolster off the front part of the wagon. This disconnected the front part of the wagon from the back part of the wagon. And [I] carried it up on the bank. Then I took the shovel, and dug the mud from around each one of the wagon wheels, digging clear down to the bottom of each wheel, and from in front of the wagon. I shook each wheel, so as to make sure that each wheel was loose and free from the mud. In doing this, I had piled the mud up at the side of the wagon four feet high. And then this hole in the ground around the wagon wheels surely made a hard sight to look at. This done, I got Maude and Pet. They were kind and gentle as could be, and easy to be handled. In

short, they were an intelligent team. I put their harnesses on them and hitched them to the stretchers, and by using the fifth, or lead, chain, I hitched them to the wagon box, and pulled it up on the bank. Then, I took them and hooked the hook of the stretchers into the hold-back on the end of the wagon tongue, and in a short time, the front part of the wagon was up on the bank. With the fifth chain, I hitched the team to the end of the wagon reach, and soon the hind part of the wagon was up on the bank. This done, I unhitched the team and hobbled them out again.

Here I was (and I thought I was a lucky boy at that), everything was out of the mud hole, and up on the bank, and lay scattered about anyplace I could put them and have them in any degree of order. I used my shirt sleeve to wipe the sweat from my face, and went to work putting the wagon together. After the wagon was made ready, I began to replace the load on the wagon. The work was progressing as well as I could expect, but the sun was low and I knew that night would be upon me before I could finish putting the load back on the wagon and get everything ready to start on my way in the morning. I also had to get the horses, and feed them their grain for the night. As I worked and thought, my attention was drawn to an object which was moving along the road two miles ahead of me. It proved to be two covered wagons, and they were coming this way. When the wagons came to where I was, I learned that it was Brother James Huff and his son-in-law with their families. They were on their way to old Mexico, where Brother and Sister Huff had other children living. When they came up to where I was and saw how things looked, Brother Huff wanted to camp for the night, which was the only reasonable thing they could do. But his son-in-law argued that they should go on, saying that it was not sundown yet, and they could go two or three miles further before night. Brother Huff told him they had no way of passing this mud hole, and it was then almost sundown, so they camped, and after they had hobbled their horses out for the night, they gave me some help in finishing the loading of my wagon. The night passed by in peace, and all was well.

Before there was any sign of light in the east, I was up and was starting to make a fire, so I could get breakfast overwith and get the

horses up, and get off with an early start, as I was now (or would be) three days behind our plans by the time I reached home. I was surprised by Brother Huff coming to me and saying, "I have been watching for this for some time. Now, Sammie, don't make that fire. We are going to have breakfast in a little while, and when we do, there will be plenty for all of us, and I want to talk with you." I was well acquainted with Brother Huff. He had been a neighbor for several years at Fruitland, and, as a neighbor, I knew his affairs, and I knew him to be a very good man, and, like many other people, I knew he had some ways, ideas, and opinions of his own, and I thought he was going to give me a good, long, fatherly, gospel lecturing, and that I was in for it (so to speak), and I thought, "Well, I might as well take it and get [it] over with," so I let the fire go out and I straightened up for what was to come. He said, "Sammie, I am a peculiar man, and I have some ways that some people think is funny, but during my lifetime, I have had some experiences that I cherish very dearly. And through these things, I have learned to have a great deal of confidence in dreams, and many time I have been benefited by following the promptings of these dreams. And last night I had a dream, and that is what I want to talk to you about."

"I dreamed that I was standing on that high piece of ground, and he pointed to a bush which stood directly above the place where my wagon had been in the mud. This bush had caught and held the sand which the wind had been carrying by, until it had built this spot up, until it was quite a bit higher than the ground around there, and the only spot the flood of the day before had not run over, and as I stood there looking into the wash and saw that big hole you had to dig to get your wagon out of the mud, it looked awful to me, and I realized that we had to pass over that same place to go on our way. I wondered how we would be able to do it, for there is not room enough for a wagon to pass between that hole and the bank. As I looked, I wondered, and I worried. Just then, a voice said to me: Sammie can show you a way around that mud hole, so that you will not have to pass over it."

He paused for a moment, and then he asked, "Sammie, can you do it?" I thought for a minute to get things straight in my mind before I replied, and then I replied, saying, "Down the valley a half-mile or

so, this wash runs out, and the water spreads out over the smooth valley." And I answered, "Yes." He asked, "Will you do it?" And I answered, "Yes."

Brother Huff went on and said, "I was told that you would pick out a place where we could go without getting our wagons in the mud. The way would be a kind of a circular route, but you would be satisfied that the ground would hold up the weight of our wagons, and that you would take a stick and make a mark where you wanted the wheels on one side of the wagon to go, and you were to say which side of the wagon those wheels were on, so we would make no mistake by getting the wheels on the wrong side of the wagon on that mark, as that may make a great deal of difference. On the side where we leave the dry ground to go onto the wet ground, your mark made a rather short turn [in the dream] but it was not so short but what the wagon, by driving careful[ly] could follow the mark. After you had done this, we went to breakfast. "G", the son-in-law, had the horses ready, and after breakfast, he put the two teams on one wagon, and we started out to cross the wet ground. As he came to the place where we went off the dry ground onto the wet ground, I had "G" stop the team, and I pointed out to him where you had made the mark, and I showed him the short turn of the wagon on the mark. But he was head-strong and hateful, and he told me that he had just as much sense as you had, and he knew as much [about] the ground as you did, and that the ground on the right-hand side of the mark was just as hard as the ground on the left-hand side of the mark was, and he would drive where he pleased. He started and drove out a little way from the dry land when the wheels on the right-hand side of the wagon went down into the mud until the hubs were covered with mud. We went and gathered some brush to be put under the wheels so the soft ground would stand the weight of the wagon and bring the wheels back on top of the ground. We dug out in front of the wheels and put the brush down under the wheels. "G" had, while working with the team, taken a clevis off from the doubletree, but, as he was not ready to use it just then, he laid it down on the wet ground, so when he did want it, he would have it handy. But when he went to use the clevis it was gone; it had settled into the wet ground, and was lost in the mud. About this time, "G" took a stay chain off the wagon, but, seeing he was [not] quite ready to use the

chain, he also laid it down on the wet ground, and when he went to use it, and reached to get the chain, it was gone. It, too, had settled into the mud, and was lost. At last, we got the wagon out of the mud and up on the top of the ground, with the wheels on the right-hand side of the wagon on the mark, and the wagon went on across the wet ground without any trouble. With the next wagon, "G" was careful to keep the wheels on the right-hand side of the wagon on the mark, and we crossed without any difficulty." [End of dream]

"See, it is getting light. Let us go and hunt out the route," he said. We went, and, in time, located the route, and had just finished with the marking of the way (as Brother Huff would have me make a mark where I wanted the wheels on the right-hand side of the wagon to go), when we were called to come and eat breakfast. So, you see, Brother Huff had told me his dream in careful detail while it was still dark, and we were standing by my wagon. And when we were called to breakfast, the sun had been up for an hour or more. So we must accept of the fact that the story of the dream was told to me some time before the working part of the dream took place.

While Brother Huff and I were locating the way around the mud hole, and the women were doing the camp work, "G" got the horses and fed them their grain and put the harnesses on them. So as soon as we had finished with our breakfast, he hitched the two teams to one wagon and a start was made. "G" had been to the place we had chosen, and had seen its location and knew of the short turn that was to be made in going off from the dry ground onto the wet ground. He drove up to the place, and was driving onto the wet ground, but he was not driving so as to have two wheels follow the mark which we had made for him to follow. Brother Huff stepped in front of the team and stopped it, and again (for I have no idea as to how many times [before]) explained the purpose and object of the mark on the ground to him and told him to be sure and keep the wheels on the right-hand side of the wagon on the mark, and all would be well. When Brother Huff stopped the team, "G" called to him in a tone that was not kind, and told him to get out of the way, and to mind his business, saying, "I am driving this team, and I will drive where I want to drive." Said he, "I have just as much sense as Sammie has, and the ground on the right-hand side of that mark is just as firm as

the ground on the left-hand side of the mark is, so I am going to straddle the mark, and it is nobody's business." He started the team, and Brother Huff stepped back out of the way. But he told "G" he would get in the mud, as sure as the world. "G" had driven about two-thirds of the way across this short turn of the mark, when the wheels on the right-hand side of the wagon sank into the mud until the hubs of the wheels rested on the ground, while the wheels on the left-hand side of the wagon remained on top of the ground. We gathered brush (which was not very plentiful [or, took time to find]) from any place we could find a bush, and brought it to the wagon. Then we dug the soft ground away from the wheels, which were in the mud and packed the brush well under the wheels and up the slope of the trench we had dug, so as to raise the wagon wheels back up to the top of the ground. Then we were ready for the horses to pull on the wagon.

"G", in his work of fixing and re-fixing the chains and doubletrees, took a clevis off from the doubletree to be used in another place, [and then] saw that he was not quite ready to use the clevis. So he laid it down on the wet ground near him[self], as he would use it in a little while. Brother Huff saw him lay the clevis down, and he reached over and picked it up, saying, "We were warned of this last night, and we would be foolish, after being warned, to let that clevis lay there and settle of its own weight into the mud and be lost in the sand, so I will take care of it until you need it, and then I will hand it to you." While Brother Huff was doing this, "G" was firing sharp, unpleasant remarks at him, telling him what to do and what not to do. In less than no time, "G" got a stay chain and laid it down as he had laid the clevis down, and Brother Huff picked it up and took care of it until it was needed, and then he handed it back to "G".

At last, the wagon was back on top of the ground, and "G" had the wheels on the right-hand side of the wagon on the mark, where he was careful, after that, to keep them, and the team walked along as if they were in the road, and were soon over the wet ground and back into the road again. The four horses were taken back and hitched onto the second wagon, and "G" drove, but this time, when he came to the place where he left the dry ground to go onto the wet ground, he made sure that the wheels on the right-hand side of the wagon

were on the mark, and soon, the wagon was across the wet ground, and back into the road, and not one thing out of the way had happened with that wagon. We are now through with the mud hole, and Brother Huff and his folks are on their way. But my wagon is standing on the bank of the wash, and my horses are still hobbled out. The forenoon is well near passed. The [day] is nice and warm, and I am fifty-five miles from home. I am short of feed for my team and myself, and my load is heavy for my team. Pardon me, but I cannot refrain from saying that I had not gone far when Bally took sick and died before sundown.

Chapter Twenty-nine

CHAPTER THIRTY

A FALL IN THE TEMPLE

About the first of February, 1951, Brother Carl J. Harris came to me and asked me to retell to him a story about Mary Fielding Smith, who is, as I understand, his great-grand mother. I had told him this story once before, and he wanted to record it for his book of remembrance. Another reason why he wanted me to retell the story is this: My father, as a small boy, remembered of seeing Mary Fielding Smith [for] the first time, about the first of December, 1838, at or near Far West, Missouri, and was well acquainted with her [for] the balance of her eventful life. Father was nearly two years older than Joseph Fielding Smith, the son of Hyrum and Mary Fielding Smith, and Mary's oldest son, who at this time, was two weeks old. At the time Father saw them, Mary's condition was (to be brief) this: Her husband, Hyrum Smith had been taken, with his brother Joseph and others, by the mob militia, under the direction of General Lucas – and cast into jail, and Mary Fielding Smith, with some of her friends, were fleeing for their lives from their homes in Far West, Missouri, going somewhere (they knew not where) leaving the state in search of a place of safety. They were walking, carrying their "all" on their backs. Mary was carrying her young son, who was wrapped in a shawl. She was carrying two small sacks containing clothing for the baby. The sacks were tied together with a rag string, and swung over her shoulder. The snow was several inches deep, and the weather was very cold. Thousands of others of our people (Mormons) were homeless and, like Mary Fielding Smith, were fleeing before this mob militia for their lives. My grandfather's family were among those fleeing thousands.

These two boys, John Ray Young and Joseph Fielding Smith, grew up together, and were together much of [the] time during their lives.

Chapter Thirty-one

They were working at the saw mill in Big Cottonwood Canyon during the winter of 1853-4, when the first Mutual Improvement Association meeting or class (whichever you may want to call it) was organized, and they were members of that first Mutual. On the fourth day of May, 1854, they, in company with others, left their homes in Salt Lake City going on their first mission to the Sandwich Islands. They were together on those islands during two missions, and they were together in England on a mission during the years of 1877 and 1878. After I had told the story to Brother Harris, he asked me to tell him something of my own experience that would be faith-promoting, so I told (in part) the following incident. But I made the mistake of leaving out the deep, vital, faith-promoting part, so I wrote to him the following, which corrected the mistake I had made while talking with him. Just why I told him of this experience, I am at a loss to be able to explain, as it is possible that I should not have told it; but I did, and the experience happened, and the story is true and correct. The telling of this experience make me think of some instructions which the Prophet Joseph Smith gave to the Twelve Apostles in November, 1835, while he was talking to them on a certain subject, when he said to them, "Brethren, if you receive any manifestations or inspiration about this, keep it to yourselves; do not talk about it!" So should I have told of *this* experience?

On the fifth day of December, 1946, about two o'clock in the afternoon, I left my place of work at the recommend desk in the Salt Lake Temple, and went to look for a place where I would be alone and not be disturbed by the people who were in the building, and where I could rest for a few minutes, as I was putting in long hours in trying to keep up with the work that was necessary to be done. Finding no suitable place on the lower floors of the building, I went to the fifth floor to look for a suitable place. [That is] where I saw one of the round windows, up near the top of the building. These windows look small when a person is outside of the building or standing on the main floor of the room, but the measurements of these windows are six feet-one inch by four feet-seven inches. [It] had blown open, and the glass in the window had broken and there was danger (with a little more jarring and shaking of the window by the wind) of the glass

shattering and falling on the floor and possibly (of) doing some further damage. So I went to work to close the window and try, if possible, to avoid any further trouble. Just under these windows is a shelf, or cat-walk, as it is called. This cat-walk is generally twenty-eight inches wide, having a slope of five inches, sloping to the center of the room. In places, this shelf is only sixteen inches wide. This shelf being so narrow and so steep (that) it is hard, almost dangerous to try to walk on it. Below these windows is the balcony, with six steps, one above the other, with a rise of eighteen inches from one step up to the next step. These steps are about two feet wide. They make a very good seat to set on. It is eight feet from the lower edge of this shelf to the top of the first step.

I got a lean-to ladder, that I had used for a long time, to climb from these steps to the shelf, as I had stood on that shelf while I was cleaning the wall above the shelf. To make this lean-to ladder safe to stand on (and secure from slipping and sliding on the hard-wood floor while I was using it) I had driven a nail in the lower end of each leg (or side) of the ladder, and had filed the nails off sharp, so they would stick into the floor and hold the ladder firm and solid. The man who followed me in doing this work had bent one of these nails forward, so instead of the nail sticking into the floor and holding the ladder firm and solid, it would act more as a skid to the ladder. I knew this, but I had used the ladder once before this after the nail had been bent. I got the ladder, and put it in place, setting it as usual on the second step and letting it lean against the shelf. I was ready to climb up the ladder to the shelf in front of the open window, when a person (Please, do not ask me who the person was; I did not see him, neither do I know his name. I was introduced to him years before this by being told what he was doing.) told me, “The nail which you have driven in the right-hand leg or side of the ladder has been bent forward, so that the nail would not stick into the floor and hold the ladder from sliding, but the nail, bent as it has been, would let the ladder slip or slide more readily, and there is danger of your falling!”

I replied, saying, “I have used the ladder a few days before,

when I had closed one of the other windows, and the ladder was in the same condition then as it is now, [and] I kept my weight on the left-hand leg, or side, of the ladder and I had got along alright, and I would be careful and do the same thing this time."

The person said to me, "Take your shoes off and go up in your stocking feet, as your shoes have hard, slick leather soles on them, and that makes it so you are the more apt to fall."

I replied, saying, "I had these shoes on then, and I was careful and did not fall, and I will be careful now."

The person said, "You will fall, but no matter how badly you are hurt, you will get well and come out alright, because you are willing to risk hurting yourself in trying to take care of the House of the Lord."

I climbed up the ladder and was moving from the ladder to the shelf. I had placed my left foot on the shelf, when I noticed that my right foot was a trifle past the center, favoring the right-hand side of the ladder just a little. I tried to put my weight on my left foot. I felt the ladder move a little, and I tried to lean toward the window, and I thought I reached for the window sash. I felt my head strike something. Then I seemed to be floating in midair. Then thoughts like the following began to pass through my mind: As I leaned forward I bumped my head on the window sash. The first bump was not bad. Now I am falling. I will have to wait until the final bump comes, to see if I am very badly hurt. I dread the final landing. I could ask my guardian angel to catch me, but that would take the human part of nature out of life, so that will not do, as while I am here in this life, I must take the human side of life as it comes and not be asking for unnatural things from the other side. (I had in mind an experience of twelve or thirteen years before.) I will keep still and will not move, as that will help to break the force, or shock, of the final landing. I must be still, and not move, as moving may start me rolling down the steps to the railing at the edge of the balcony when I do finally land, and if I should strike the railing at the edge of the balcony and break it, I would have a

great fall to the floor below.

I laid still and soon saw that I was not rolling. And to be sure I did not roll, I laid still a little longer. Then I reached my hand out and learned that I was laying on one of the steps. To make sure that I did not roll down the steps, I laid still a little longer. Then I began to try to get up. My right arm and shoulder was badly out of order; also my right hip and leg, and I was bleeding a stream from my head. There was quite a cut across the bone or frame of the socket of the right eye. The flesh on the right side of my face (over the cheek bone) was cut and bleeding freely. I finally got up and went up to the top step, so as to keep as far from the edge of the balcony as I could. There, I sat down and held my head until the blood stopped coming in a stream and was only dripping. Then I managed to walk along the steps (near the wall) to the staircase which leads to the floor of the room below. There was a wash basin there, and I began to wash the blood from my face so I could go down to the lower floor, or dressing room, and work my way to the nursery where Sister Young was. While I was at the wash basin, Brother Lynn McKinley came by, and he helped me to wash the blood off from my face.

In the men's dressing room, I met Ezra Dixon, and he guided me to the nursery where he and Sister Young laid me on the bed. Word of my being hurt spread fast, and soon Charles R. Jones and Brother Caine came into the nursery and administered to me. Brother Caine anointed me with the oil In his prayer, I thought I could catch the feeling of doubt. Brother Jones confirmed the anointing. He spoke in a soft tone of voice, in humility and meekness, but firm and full of meaning – positive, assuring – there was no doubt. This was all done through the authority of the Priesthood and in the name of Jesus Christ, and rich promises were made. The leading General Authorities of the Church were holding their regular weekly Council Meeting on the fourth floor at the time this happened, and as soon as it could be done, Brother Joseph Fielding Smith was sent to see what was the cause of the noise they [had] heard on the fifth floor. He learned of what had happened and came to the nursery. When he saw me, he looked at me and said, “Talk

about miracles! And say that miracles have ceased! There lays a miracle at the hand of the Lord. We could not expect him to be with us! We have no right to ask that he be with us. That sixteen-foot fall, naturally, would have mashed him to pieces and killed him so quick that he never would have known what happened, but through the mercy of the Lord, he is here with us."

I asked that they let Sister Young go home with me, saying that by being careful and taking it slow, we would be able to get home. But Brothers Smith and Jones firmly objected to this. Brother Terry, of the city authorities, who officiated that night, called for the city ambulance, and I was taken to the L.D.S. Hospital. Sister Young went along with me. So did Wilford, our son, of the city authorities. A few hours after I was taken to the hospital, a doctor was sent to take care of me. He was a good, faithful L.D.S. [member], a man getting along in years. He looked at me and talked to me some, in a way of examination. He talked a little to the nurse, and permitted Sister Young to remain with me all night. In the evening after I was taken to the hospital, Wilford (who had went to the hospital with me), returned to see me. He brought Raymond and Brother Asper with him. I asked them to give me a blessing before they left, which they did. Wilford asked Brother Asper to lead them in giving me the blessing, which he did. I thought I could discern a hesitation, a doubt, a fear, in the giving of this blessing.

The next day, I heard it had been whispered around that the doctor had told the nurse that there was no use of trying to do anything for me, as I had only a short time to stay (there being no hopes for me to recover), so she could let me have anything to eat and drink that I wanted, and as much as I wanted. This was fine, as I was [a] lover of ice cream, and Wilford, our son, had arranged his work as a city officer so that he could call several times each day. And each time he called, he brought me ice cream or milkshakes. In the afternoon of the second day, I was no worse, so the doctor had an X-ray taken of me. In the afternoon of the third day, the picture was studied, which showed that, while my shoulder and hip were in bad condition, no bones were broken. But three ribs were broken, and I was badly bruised from head to foot,

especially on the right side. And then a bandage was put on my right side. In ten days I was taken home by Wilford. In a few days after this, I was permitted to go (by train) to Bluewater (Sister Young went with me.), where we visited for two weeks. Then we returned to Salt Lake City and at the opening of the temple (after the winter holidays were over) we took up our usual work. It was with difficulty that I did my work at the recommend desk, but I did, and have taken my part of the work ever since, this being the 19th day of March, 1951. The only thing about this that I regret, is that I did not remove my shoes as I was told to do, and go up the ladder to the open window in my stocking feet – as, by doing so, after I had put my left foot on the shelf, I may have been able to stand (after the ladder slipped from under me) until I could have caught hold of the window sash, and possibly avoided a hard fall.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

A VISITOR IN THE TEMPLE

I am writing the account of a strange visitor in the Salt Lake Temple, about 9:30 PM of September 24, 1953. I wish to comment upon this and other unusual things before I tell of this rare visitor. This visitor (without any doubt, whatever, in my mind) came from the other side – the Spirit World. Some people think that people that have lived on this earth and have passed through the scene called death – and their spirits have returned to the Spirit World – can come back to the earth and visit their friends whenever they want to, while others believe that people, after they die, know nothing about what people on the earth are doing. With one passage of scripture, I will refute both of these ideas and show that people after death know what is going on here; and they do mourn and suffer in their feelings over the actions of some people. St. Luke 16:24 and 29:30. The rich man knew while he was here on earth that his five brothers were living evil lives, and he took the knowledge with him to the Spirit World, and he wanted his brothers to escape being in the place of torment where he was. He also knew that he could not go to his brothers and talk to them. He knew he had to have the consent of someone to do this – this someone seems to be Abraham. He seems to have not been able to get Abraham's permission for him to visit his brothers. (St. Luke 16:21) so he asked Abraham to send Lazarus (the beggar) whom they had ill-treated, to talk to his five brothers. (St. Luke 16:29)

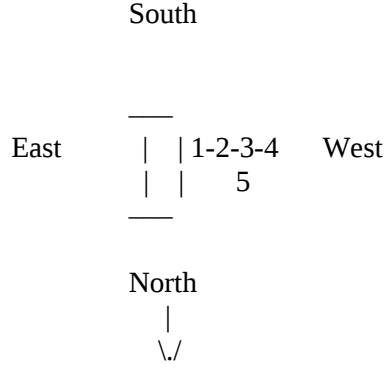
The strange visitor, which I have reference to, had (in my opinion) got permission from the proper persons and came to the Salt Lake Temple and at the close of the session, presented himself for one short minute, and during that time told the person who had represented him through the session, what had been done for him, the length of time the strange visitor had waited for that work to be done, and how grateful he was that his work had been done. You, of course, understand the way this work is done.

To me, without a doubt, this strange visitor had watched (from the Spirit World) the researchers of genealogy search the records of families and place the names they gathered in their proper families and in their order in these families. He saw his name gathered and placed in its order. He followed it to where it was listed. On this particular evening, he saw a man ask at the card desk for a name, and his was given out. The man took the name and did the work, as we speak of it.

After the work was finished and the man went to his locker and changed to his everyday clothes, and [then] with three other men, was [in the act of] leaving the dressing room on their way out of the building. This brought the four men in a straight line [waiting to hand back in their locker keys]. As the first of these four men came up to the key desk, I took his key and shook hands with him (as I am in the habit of doing). This, of course, for a second, like, stopped the three men [behind him]. When suddenly, unexpected[ly], a fifth man appeared from nowhere. He just came out of space and appeared by the side of the third man from the key desk [next-to-last] and spoke to him (the third man from the key desk) in a clear, plain, distinct voice, and said, "I have come to thank you for what you have done for me." (At least two of us heard the man speak, and understood what he said. And we saw the man as plain as we saw the other men.)

The third man turned so that he faced the fifth (or strange) man and asked, "What have I done for you that you want to thank me for, and when did I do it?" The fifth man said, "I have waited more than one hundred years to have this work done that you have just finished for me, and I am here to thank you for doing it." And, as he finished speaking, he disappeared as unexpectedly as he had appeared to us.

That you may understand the position these men were standing in at the time that this conversation took place, I will make this following diagram. The square will represent the key desk where I was working, and the numbers 1 to 4 represent the four men who were on their way out of the building. Five represents the strange visitor. So here we have it:



Chapter Thirty-two

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

IS THERE A PERSONAL DEVIL

The question, “Is there a personal devil?” has often times been asked, and a great deal of arguing, for and against the question, has been indulged in. The question has been asked of me, so I am going to try, as best I can, to answer the question by referring to the scriptures and reason upon the subject, so as to (if possible) to leave no doubt in the minds of those who may happen to read this article.

In my discussion of this subject, I am not as fortunate as the colored parson was, when one Sunday morning, he began his sermon without announcing where his text was to be found. (When) An elderly colored brother, who was sitting in the congregation, arose and asked, “Please, Parson, where is your text found?” The parson replied by saying, “In de Bible.” “But,” asked the good brother, “Where in de Bible?” The parson, in a rather annoyed tone of voice replied, “Well, seein' as yo done axed 'bout it, ah'll tell yo: It is between the first chapter of Genesis and the last chapter of Rebelations. Now Ah's tole yo where it is, [and] if yo wants to read it, yo can jus' find it.”

Sorry to say, the Bible has but little, almost nothing, to say upon this subject, so I will have to look elsewhere to find a clear explanation upon this subject. So I will turn to what we will call modern scriptures and look for our answer to the question, “Is there a personal devil?”

We are going to use not only the Bible, in this discussion, but we will also use the following named books of scripture: The Pearl of Great Price (abbreviated as follows: P.G.P.), the Book of Mormon (B.M.), and the book of Doctrine and Covenants (D.C.). And from

these four books, the Bible, Pearl of Great Price, Book of Mormon, and the Doctrine and Covenants, we will try to answer this important question: "Is there a personal devil?" in a clear, understandable way.

We hear of people while they are talking, in speaking of the devil, try to tell us what the devil looks like, and how he acts. The following is the description (as near as I can repeat it) given of him, by some people, [about] some of his habits and ways. Some say the devil has a black skin. Horns on his head, and a long tail with a spear-harpoon-shaped point on the end of his tail, and [that] he uses this long tail with the sharp spear-harpoon point by shyly, cunningly approaching a person, [and] then quickly throwing his tail (I suppose, like a scorpion [would]) and driving the sharp spear-harpoon point into the person, and possibly hypnotizing the person. And while the person is still unconscious, [he] drags them off to his abode, from which place there is no way of escaping. They say he has split hooves like an ox, for feet. We ask: Can you get any sense out of such a description as the above?

We will all agree that in order to describe anything, that which is to be described must have a shape, a form, so in order to give a description of the devil, we must (first of all things) find out what he looks like. In this discussion, I will use four characters or persons as the great moving force of action that is coming up before us. These four persons are known to us in the scriptures as God the Father of us all (Genesis 1:27, P.G.P. Moses 2:27 and Abraham 3:22-24; who is the great leader, holding all the power and authority that we, as mortals, know anything about – "I am the Lord Thy God; I am more intelligent than they all – P.G.P. Abraham 3:19.

The second person in this group of leaders is Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Savior of the world. He was known in heaven before the world was: "By mine Only Begotten, I created these things." P.G.P. Moses 2:1, Luke 1:28-33, B.M. Ether 3:14-20, 1 Nephi 11:33. He had no selfish motives. He worked for the good of all. (P.G.P. Moses 1:32-33 and Abraham 3:24-26) He was willing to do service for the good of others: P.G.P. (Abraham 3:27) The Savior said, "Father, Thy will be done, and the glory be thine forever." (P.G.P. Moses 4:2. Compare Matthew 26:39 and John 4:34.)

The devil was known in heaven as "an angel of God who was in authority in the presence of God" (D.C.76:25) He was an aspiring, grasping, selfish person, seeking only his own glory and praise, striving to exalt himself above all others. "Wherefore, give me thine honor," so he told the Father in P.G.P. Moses 4:1. [Also it says he is the one "Who rebelled against the Only Begotten Son" in D.C.76:25-29.] In heaven he had the distinguished name of Lucifer, which means "light bearer." He seems to have been the only person in his group of followers who had the positive knowledge that Jesus was the Christ. Through his great selfish desire for honor, he let his greed for honor overcome his knowledge, and he became a son of perdition, which caused him to lose his exalted position in heaven. In Job 38:7, and in D.C. 76 [in general] he is spoken of as a son of the morning. Through his great selfish greed and desire for honor, he forsook his right to be in the presence of God, and he fell. And because of his fall, he became the devil.

Michael, the fourth person in this group of leaders, was a true and faithful follower of Jesus Christ, and a great leader under Him among the followers of Jesus Christ. Michael was the person who led the followers of Jesus Christ in the war in heaven (Revelations 12:7-9), that was waged against Lucifer, when he rebelled against Jesus Christ by trying to destroy the free agency of man, which [agency] God had given to man in heaven. (P.G.P. Moses 4:3) Michael is spoken of in Jude 1:9 as the Archangel." The name Michael signifies "who is as God." (D.C. 107:54) The Doctrine and Covenants commentary, in commenting on verse 54, gives the meaning of the name of Michael as "who is as God."
Having had established the individuality of each member of this group of the four great leaders, I want to ask: "What does the devil look like?" Lucifer, the devil, was created in the image of God. (Genesis 1:27 P.G.P. Moses 2:27) Some may say this passage has reference to this earth, but let us see if this passage is limited to this earth. [In] so [doing] we read Genesis 2:5 – "And every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb before it grew." That we may get a more clear understanding of this passage, [we] read from P.G.P. Moses 3:5 and Abraham 3:22 to 26. Verse 22 speaks of intelligence (spirits) that were organized before the world was.

Verse 23 speaks of God seeing that these souls were good. And from among them, He (God) chose leaders. (Compare Jeremiah 1:5) To show that the above references speak of man being formed (created) before the world was, we will return to P.G.P. Abraham 3:24 to 28. In the 24th verse of this chapter, (compare with Abraham 4:1.) we are told of the decision made by the council to go down and make an earth "... whereon these" (the spirits gathered there) "may dwell." The object and purpose for the making of this earth and peopling it with those spirits, was for the good, benefit, and advancement of those spirits – which was explained to them: "And we will prove them herewith, to see if they will do all things whatsoever the Lord their God shall command them." (verse 25.) In the above paragraph, we get the understanding that those spirits had the right to do, to act, and to choose for themselves – or, how could they be proven "to see if they will do all things whatsoever the Lord their God shall command them." (P.G.P. Abraham 3:25) In order to prove a person, and see what they will do of themselves, they must have the privilege, uninfluenced by others, to choose between two opposite things. To do this they must have their agency which was given to them in heaven by God. (P.G.P. [Moses] 4:3) The doing of one of these things would be pleasing to God. The keeping of the commandments of God would be pleasing to Him. To neglect to keep the commandments of God would be displeasing to God. To encourage those spirits to keep the commandments of God, a prize, or a reward, was offered by God. This reward or prize is spoken of as (or called) an estate. In the twenty-sixth verse of the third chapter of the book of Abraham [in the] Pearl of Great Price we read of this reward: "And they who keep their first estate shall be added upon; and they who keep not their first estate shall not have glory in the same kingdom with those who keep their first estate." But the reward does not end here – it goes on and offers still more encouragement to those who keep their first estate to continue on and keep a second estate which will be given to those who have kept their first estate. We read: "... and they who keep their second estate shall have glory added upon their heads forever and ever." A very wonderful prize to be in possession of. Who would not desire to have such a grand prize? "Those who keep their first estate shall be added upon" – and – "those who keep their second estate shall have glory added upon their heads forever and ever."

After this plan had been explained to the assembled spirits, the Lord asked for a volunteer leader to lead out in the carrying out of the plan; and two of the great leaders who were present arose, and each one of them offered their services as that leader – each one of them offered or presented a different plan for the governing of those spirits while they were here on the earth. These two leaders and the plan each of them offered is what we are greatly interested in. We will watch the difference between these two persons and their plans. In the Pearl of Great Price, book of Moses, fourth chapter and the second verse, we read: "But, behold, my Beloved Son … said unto me – Father, Thy will be done, and the glory be thine forever." (Compare Matthew 3:17, B.M. 3 Nephi 11:7) In the Pearl of Great Price, book of Abraham 3:27, we read "... and one answered like unto the Son of Man: Here am I; send me ..." (Compare Moses 4:2)

At once, a second person arose and offered a plan. The second plan was just the opposite of the first plan that was offered by the first person. We will see what the second person had to say in offering his plan: "Behold, Here am I; send me, I will be thy son, and I will redeem all mankind, that one soul shall not be lost; and surely I will do it; wherefore give me thine honor." (P.G.P. Moses 4:1. Compare P.G.P. Abraham 3:7) The plan presented by the council was to prove them, to see if they, after using their agency, would keep all the commandments of the Lord in whatsoever things they were commanded – and the honor was to be "thine forever and ever." The person who presented this plan did not ask for a reward for his services. But, see what the second person asked for, in presenting his plan: "Wherefore give me thine honor." This plan would have left the Lord [God] without anything, and He would have been left penniless, to use the expression. The Lord [God] said, "I will send the first." (P.G.P. Abraham 3:27) The difference of opinions between those two plans brought on a contention which resulted in the dividing of the spirits in heaven, and those spirits, through the use of their agency, chose for themselves the plan each one of them thought to be the best, and each of them followed the leadership of the person who presented that particular plan. The contention between the two parties became so bitter, that it finally brought the two contending parties into war: "And there was war in heaven:

Michael fought and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not; neither was their place found anymore in heaven. And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the devil … and his angels were cast out with him. (Revelations 12:7-9 and 2 Peter 2:4) In the Pearl of Great Price, book of Moses [chapter] 4:3rd and 4th verses we read: "Wherefore, because that Satan rebelled against me, and sought to destroy the agency of man, which I, the Lord God, had given him, and also, that I should give unto him mine own power; by the power of mine Only Begotten, I caused that he should be cast down; and he became Satan, yea, even the devil, the father of all lies, to deceive and to blind men, and to lead them captive at his will, even as many as would not harken unto my voice." In section 76 of the Doctrine and Covenants, and the twenty-sixth verse, Lucifer is called a son of the morning, and is spoken of as a deceiver, falsely representing things, making a wrong impression upon the minds of the people, and lying to the people, as shown in the following quotation from the Pearl of Great Price: "And now, when Moses had said these words, Satan cried with a loud voice, and ranted upon the earth, and commanded, saying: I am the only Begotten, worship me." (P.G.P. Moses 1:19) (Compare with the 12th verse.) We further read: "And the serpent said unto the woman: ye shall not surely die." (Genesis 3:4; see also P.G.P. Moses 4:10)

As to the condition of the devil, we read in the Book of Mormon the following: "And I, Lehi, according to the things which I have read, must needs suppose that an angel of God, according to that which is written, had fallen from heaven; wherefore, he became a devil, having sought that which was evil before God. And because he had fallen from heaven, and had become miserable forever, he sought also the misery of all mankind. Wherefore, he said unto Eve, yea, even that old serpent, who is the devil, who is the father of all lies, wherefore he said: Partake of the forbidden fruit, and ye shall not die, but ye shall be as God, knowing good and evil." (2 Nephi 2:17-18) You would do well to read of the conversation between Elder David W. Patten and the original Cain in 1835, as reported by Elder Abraham O. Smoot, wherein Cain said he had no place to go; that he was a very miserable creature; that he had earnestly sought death, but he could not die.

(Life of David W. Patten, by Lycurgus A. Wilson, 1900)

Chapter Thirty-two

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

PAGES FROM MY DIARY, 1897-1898

17 January 1897
Went and took dinner with William Evans. Went to meeting at 2 p.m. and was called upon to speak, which I did, and was followed by elders William L. Young, Thomas Evans, Sr., Louis B. Burnham, and Peter Shumway (the second counselor in the ward bishopric). In the evening went to YMMIA meeting and was called upon to dismiss the meeting.

18 January
Went to school. Four of the larger boys were very noisy, and to save being expelled, they left school.

19 January
Went to school in the fore-noon, but on account of the teacher's head aching, there was no school in the afternoon. I put some poles on my stable for the roof.

21 January
Went and spent the evening at Uncle William G. Black's.

22 January
Went to Wm. A. Walker's and called for a dance. Ate supper about 11 p.m. Shortly after, I went home; the dance continued.

23 January
Helped William haul a load of hay from T. C. Bryan's.

24 January
Fasted in the morning. Went to Sunday School; Afternoon to meeting; in the evening to YMMIA meeting.

25 January
Went to school in the fore-noon and worked at home in the afternoon.

29 January
I accompanied Elder Charles Morris (of Mancos, Colorado) to a dance.

31 January
Went to Sunday School. Stayed home from meeting on account of pain in my left leg. In the evening, I went to conjoint (meeting).

1 February
Went to a dance and supper. Stayed until 3 a.m. I went to school in the fore-noon, and worked at home in the afternoon.

4 February
On the 4th, Ma (Mother) was taken sick, and I had to look after the house.

5 February (Friday)
School closed on account of funds being short. (Note: We were paying the teacher $35.00 a month. To raise this, we were charging each pupil 50 cents a month, which would bring in $10.00 to $15.00 a month. The county was asked to pay the amount needed to make up the $35.00 a month. The county failed, and [so] we had two months of school.) I spent most of the day mending harnesses that I had been repairing for several evenings past.

7 February
I stayed at home and cared for Ma (Mother) while the others went to meeting.

8 February
(Monday) I went to work digging (up) some cotton-wood trees; got one tree down.

9 February (Tuesday)
Continued the same task and got two trees down. These trees were from 12 to 18 inches in diameter.

10 February
Thomas was confined to his bed and was very sick.

14 February
Was fast day, and as usual we all fasted until late in the afternoon. During the night of the 13th, Father rubbed some turpentine on Mother's side. He happened to get some (turpentine) on his face. The next morning, his face was swollen very bad.

15 February
All about the same. In the evening, I went to a dance at the school house, it being (a) YMMIA (dance).

16 February (Tuesday)
I worked in the house in the fore-noon as usual. In the afternoon I started a ditch for Father. In the evening I went to William's. When I returned, I went in to the stack yard to pray. While engaged in prayer, I became so dizzy I could scarcely remain on my knees. My jaws would lock, and it seemed to me I was in a dungeon. I was dizzy for some time after I finished my prayer.

17 February
Today the sick are moving around. In the evening, Thomas and I went to the Walker Hall for a dance.

18 February
In the fore-noon, I plowed for a short time, and early in the evening, I retired, being very tired.

19 February
I plowed most all day. Late in the afternoon (The wind had been blowing all day.) the wind increased, and the snow flew very thick and fast until sunset, and then cleared up and the wind stopped blowing.

20 February
The snow was on the ground, but Tommy and I plowed all day.

21 February

I stayed home and read all day. In the evening went to Uncle William's. On account of a bad cold, I neglected three meetings. Today is Sunday, and a nice day.

22 February
I spent plowing on my place, breaking the lucerne up between my fruit trees.

23 February
Was spent working on Father's place. We worked in the orchard in the fore-noon and plowed in the field in the afternoon.

Feb. 24th
I spent helping Ma (Mother) wash, as it was wash day and she was very weak. In fact, I help her every morning. In the evening I went to Howard's to sleep, as Howard was very sick. About 10 o'clock we (he) wished us to kneel by the bed-side and pray for him, which we did. May was mouth (first) and she prayed with the spirit of God. I then prayed, and the spirit of the Lord rested upon all of us. He soon felt better and rested pretty good all night.

Feb. 25th
Was spent in various kinds of work. In the evening I went up to Howard's and spent the night with him.

Feb. 26th
I spent on my place. In the evening, I again went and stayed with Howard.

Feb. 27th
At 3 a.m. I started for Father. Uncle William [and] Aunt Lacreata [Lucretia?] returned to Howard's about 5 a.m. During the day, I put in some wheat on my place. In the evening went (to) Lealia Hatch's. Spent the evening.

Feb. 28th
I went to meeting in the fore (after) noon. In the fore-noon I went on an errand for Howard, so did not get to Sunday School. In the evening my left ear started to ache, and (I) suffered horrible all night.

March 10th
I spent the fore-noon helping Father. In the afternoon I finished furrowing off my wheat, and harrowed lucerne.

March 11th
I finished harrowing my lucerne and set out some goose-berries, currants, grapes, and two pear tree roots which I had dug up in Father's lot. Also some poplars, which I got from Grandpa Pipkin.

March 12th
I went on the ditch with my team and hauled rock all day.

March 13th
Was stormy and cold. We stayed in the house until after noon. Then Tommy and I went out and worked on our wagons.

March 14th
I went to Sunday School and meeting and visited a number of places.

March 15th
I went and worked part of the day for Cyril Collyer and took a contract to set some small shade trees out at four cents each. Dug up about 20 (suckers) and carried them home. Took ten and set [them] out on my place, Father taking the others.

March 16th
Was pretty cold and stormy, so I stayed at home. In the afternoon, I worked on a drain ditch for a while, and set out some goose-berries.

March 17th
I went to work for Mr. Collyer; dug 62 tree holes in the fore-noon. In the afternoon I dug (up) and (set) 40 trees.

March 18th
I stayed at home in the fore-noon. In the afternoon I went to set some trees for Mr. Collyer, digging six holes, and set[ing] out 28 trees, bringing some home.

March 19th
Was very stormy, so we stayed in the house. In the afternoon I set out ten shade (trees), dug one cottonwood (tree up) and rung three others.

March 20th
Was cold and stormy. In the forenoon, I dug some goose-berry [trees] and set them out for Father. In the afternoon I dug up one cotton-wood tree.

March 21st
Was cold all day. In the morning I went to Uncle William's and shaved, taking breakfast with them. I went to Sunday School and meeting. Spent the afternoon at Lealie's (Hatch).

March 22nd
Was still cold and stormy. I stayed in and read the Young Ladies' Journal, and the laws of New Mexico. In the afternoon, I went and dug up a cotton-wood tree. About eight in the evening, I went to the stack yard and knelt down in secret prayer and asked the blessings of God to be with me in the future as it had been in the past.

March 23rd
I went and set out 40 trees for C. J. Collyer, and brought some home with me. In the afternoon I dug the holes; dug and set the trees in the afternoon.

March 24th
In the fore-noon I dug 14 tree holes. In the afternoon Tommy and I dug 12 more holes and set out 26 trees and came home.

March 25th
We were greatly surprised on going to the corral and finding old Brock (a large Durham-Hereford cow) with a pair of twin calves.

March 26th
I helped William on Bishop Burnham's levy. We shoveled eight rods. In the evening, I walked up to the school house to a dance.

March 27th

I again went and helped William on the levy. I shoveled alone, and shoveled four rods.

March 28th
I went to Sunday School and meeting. In the afternoon, we walked up to Mrs. Walker's. On our return we visited Lealia Hatch and Brother Huff.

March 29th
I went and shoveled during the fore-noon. In the afternoon I took my team and worked them, plowing a little and scraping the rest of the time, raising parts of the levy some two and a half feet in height.

March 30th
In the fore-noon I helped William on the levy. We traded wagons. I took my wagon to Brother Walker's to have it cut down, but kept the bed (box) at home.

March 31st
I worked all day on my wagon and just got it together. For the past three days, the wind has been blowing, but [it] is easing (up) this evening.

April 1st
I spent in working on my wagon box, but did not get it fixed. It was a nice warm day.

April 2nd
In the morning, Tommy and I started to haul some hay, but [were] stopped by a snowstorm which lasted the fore-noon. In the afternoon the wind blew, so I went to Bishop Burnham's and got a pear tree for Father, then went to my place and worked on the sidewalk.

April 3rd
I went and worked for Bishop Burnham, digging a drain ditch through his orchard.

April 4th

I went to Sunday School and bore my testimony. In the afternoon, I went to meeting, after which I, in company with Will and John Evans, in the evening. We all went to Uncle William's Today is Easter Sunday; we had a good time.

April 5th
Tommy and I went and hauled two loads of hay from Collyer's. In the afternoon I repaired a shovel.

April 6th
In the fore-noon I plowed for a while on the ditch, and finished the day scraping.

April 7th
In the fore-noon I scraped on the ditch. In the afternoon I shoveled. In the evening I went to see Uncle William, who was sick.

April 8th
I scraped in the fore-noon, and shoveled in the afternoon.

April 9th
I went and scraped on the ditch; scraped 30 rods.

April 10th
In the fore-noon I went and finished scraping on the ditch, and spent the afternoon making a headgate.

April 11th
I shoveled and went to Sunday School. Took dinner with Lalia (and Joe Hatch) and J. P. Pipkin. Went to meeting. Finished (the day) by going to Uncle William's for a while.

April 12th
I worked for Brother Walker, scraping in the fore-noon and shoveling in the afternoon. In the evening, I went to Priesthood Meeting.

April 13th
I shoveled most of the day on the ditch for Brother Walker.

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April 14th
I plowed with Pet during the fore-noon, and in the afternoon, Tommy and I went and got a wagon wheel that Ray broke, with Father. We then went to Brother Walker's after some poles. In the evening, I went to a Sunday School choir practice, and went to Uncle William's with the girls.

April 15th
I went to Farmington with a load of coal, driving Pet and Stall; led Dan behind the wagon. Returned late in the night, being very sick.

April 16th
I went and shoveled for Bishop Burnham, working with his sons, Clint and Johnny.

April 17th
In the fore-noon I plowed with Pet. In the afternoon I planted some onions which I got from Brother Huff, and shoveled for a while. In the evening, I went to Priesthood Meeting and spoke for a while. At the close of the meeting I was called upon to dismiss.

April 18th
I went to Sunday School, after which I took some water up to May. In the evening, Will Evans and I (went) up to Mrs. Walker's with the girls, taking my team. On our return I went to Priesthood Meeting.

April 19th
I shoveled all day on a waist-ditch.

April 20th
I shoveled in the fore-noon. In the afternoon the water came down and I assisted in attending it.

April 21st
I shoveled in the fore-noon. In the afternoon I helped Clabe Brimhall on his pipe floom [as spelled].

April 22nd

In [the] morning I worked Dan, my two-year-old colt. In the afternoon I repaired ditches.

April 23rd
I drove Pet and Dan to Farmington. Took dinner with Mr. Newton, the blacksmith. Left my wagon there to be cut down. Rode Dan home and let Pet follow. Arrived home about 5 a.m. [possibly 5 p.m.)

April 24th
Was my birthday. Was 20 years of age. In the fore-noon I worked on my place. In the afternoon I went a fishing; caught one fish. In the evening Bishop Burnham called on me to (go) to Jackson as a (home) missionary, which I promised to do.

April 25th
I asked Bishop Burnham to excuse me of the task, which he did. Went to Sunday School. In the afternoon, stayed at home and mended a pair of nose-sacks. In the evening went and regulated some water on my wheat.

April 26th
I helped to stretch the cable over the (San Juan) River, and crossed some things [over].

April 27th
Howard and I crossed the stock – six horses, one cow. Took the wagons and the remaining loading, loaded up and pulled on to [the] (top) of the hill. Father and Ray stopped with the wagons. I went home (with the horses, to get feed for them) and stayed all night. (We were headed for Gallup.)

April 28th
Went to Charcoal (Wash) and camped.

April 29th
We went to the Gap, four miles (north) from Sheep Springs.

April 30th

Went to Six-mile Point. This was Father's birthday. He was 60 years old.

May 1st
Today we went to the foot of the hill (west end of Manuleta Valley. We are making a new road from four miles north of Six-mile Point to this place). This is Mother's Birthday. She is 45 years old. (Today I saw the first peach trees belonging to the Navajo's. They were growing in the sand at the bottom of a sloping sandstone ledge where the (rain) water drained from off the rock on to them.)

May 2nd
We went to Gallup and stayed there until the 4th, [on] which day I parted with Father and Ray. (They were going to Mesa, Arizona, and I was returning home.) (I) drove to Manuleta Wash.

May 5th
I went to the forks of the road. (This forks of the road is on the ridge north and east of the Manuleta Valley. The road from here to the west and south side of the valley is a new road. This is the fourth wagon (to) go over this part of the road.)

May 6th
[See page 291 ('The Mud Hole') for another account of the story told here.] I went (to) eight miles (south) from Sulfur Spring. (This would be three miles south of Captain Tom's Wash, now Newcomb.) Here I got in the quicksand, and part of the afternoon was spent in packing the load out. At evening J. (James) Huff and G. (George) Lewis and their families came up. We camped together. Let me tell: Early this morning I saw on the side of the mountain, about where Toadalena now stands, a small white cloud, [or] fog, about the size of my old hat. Late in the fore-noon I saw this cloud had grown to be large enough to cover quite a large spot on the mountainside, some six or eight miles west of the road – and was moving east. I could see the lower part of the mountain below the cloud, and the top of the mountain above the cloud. The cloud passed down the valley north of me, moving east. A little rain fell on me, but ahead of me the rainfall was very heavy. I soon saw where the water began to gather in small puddles. Then the water began to run and then, to flood. And then, everything was

covered with water. That rain (storm) was a bear-cat, but did not last long. But the flood covered everything. (I had to stop for a few hours.) Near the middle of the afternoon I came to a wash, about three miles south of Captain Tom's Wash (now Newcomb). This wash was six or eight feet deep, and just wide enough to let a wagon through nicely, but the flood had gone over the banks and all. To cross this wash, the road went down the bank, turned to the right, and followed down the wash a few rods, then turned to the left and up the bank.

As I came up to the wash, I stopped the team and walked over the road, which seemed to be firm, and it had been about three hours since the water had stopped running over the road, so I called it good, and I drove in. Everything was nice. I drove down the wash and turned to go up the bank. My lead team was on the side of the bank, and the wheel team had their front feet on the lower part of the bank, when suddenly, the wagon dropped in the mud until the wagon box was resting on the ground. There we were, [and] nothing could be done. I unhitched the teams, and up on the bank, the harnesses were taken off, and the horses were hobbled out to find some feed. And I set to work carrying the load up the bank. When this was done, I lifted the box off from the wagon and finally got it away (in front) from the wagon. Then I dug the mud away from the wheels and shook each wheel to make sure they were free from the mud. Then I uncoupled the wagon. Then I got my lead team, Pet and Maud, hitched them to the wagon box and pulled it up on the bank. Then I hitched the team to [the] front part of the wagon and pulled it up on the bank. Then I did the same with the hind part of the wagon.

Well, here I was on the bank: The wagon uncoupled, the box off, and the load scattered on the ground, and still I was a lucky boy. I turned the team out and I went to work putting the wagon together and putting the load back on the wagon. The load was partly back on the wagon, and the sun was low in the west. Looking ahead of me, I saw two wagons coming toward me, which turned out to be Brother Huff his wife and son, Jimmie (a little fellow) and his son-in-law, George Lewis and his wife and two small children. They camped and helped me load up.

May 7th

Chapter Thirty-three

A dim streak of light was just showing in the east, which showed morning was coming, and I was just starting a fire, when Brother Huff came up to me and said, "Sammie, don't make that fire. We will have breakfast after a while, and there is plenty for you. Instead of doing what you are going to do, let us talk to you, as I must tell it to you at once. Last night I dreamed that I was looking from up on top of the bank, at this awful hole you had to dig yesterday to get your wagon out of the mud. And it looked terrible to me, and to think we had to drive right into that same place – to cross this wash. Then I was told [that] you could show us a way around this hole; and you took a stick and made a mark right where you wanted the wheels on one side of the wagon to go, and by keeping those two wheels right where you had marked, we went along without any trouble. But in one place, there was a short turn, and George would not keep the wheels on the mark, but straddled the mark, and the two wheels that should have been on the mark sank in the mud, and we had a hard time getting out. While we were trying to get out, George laid a clevis down on the ground where it would be handy to be used in a minute, and when he reached for it, it was gone; it had settled in the mud, and was lost, In a little bit, he laid a stay-chain in the same way, and it was lost, too. But where the wheels on one side of the wagon were kept where you made the mark, we went along without the least bit of trouble. Now, Sammie, can you do this, and will you do it?"

I knew that, down below, a half-mile or so, the wash ran out, and the water spread out over the smooth ground, and that the water had not run over the ground since the flood some 18 hours before. And the ground was well-settled down again, so we went and picked out a place. Then he stuck to it that I must mark the way, and I did. I told them to keep the right-hand wheels on the mark. They put their four horses on one wagon, and the start was made. In leaving the dry ground and going on to the flooded ground, a short turn had to be made. But it was not a sharp turn. But George, complaining at us two "Knotheads", straddled the mark, and from this [point] on, everything happened just as Brother Huff had told it to me before daylight that morning, except that, when George laid the clevis, then the stay-chain, down, Brother Huff picked them up and took care of them. This caused a sharp fire of words from George.

I drove four miles, when one of my horses took sick. I camped until 4 p.m., when I started on, with three horses on my wagon, letting the sick horse follow. I had driven a mile or so, when the sick horse came to the side of his mate (as they [had] worked) and laid down in the road and was dead in two or three minutes. I drove past Sulfur Spring, and camped for the night.

May 8th
I drove to Charcoal (Chacho), crossed the wash, and camped.

May 9th
I had driven about one and a half miles. The sun was just up. In turning a sharp point of a hill, I met William, my brother, who had come to meet me, as I was several days late. He had camped on the Cottonwood Wash, three miles from where I had camped. He took part of my load. We drove to [within] 15 miles of home, and camped.

About the time my horse had died, Mother met William and said to him, "Sammie is in trouble. Will you go in the morning and meet him and help him home?" That is why William came to meet me.

May 10th
We came (to the river), swam our horses over the river, and ate dinner at home. After dinner, we went (to the river) and brought the wagons over (the river, in a small boat) and went up to Mr. Wiedmeyer's with the loads. (They were his store goods.)

May 11th
I stayed at home today and got ready to go off to the sawmill (for lumber).

May 12th
Uncle Wm. G. (Black), Wm. L. (Young) and I went to the sawmill. We camped on the La Plata (River).

May 13th
We went to the sawmill.

May 14th

We loaded up and went (and started back home), to the last crossing of the La Plata.

May 15th
We drove to the Narrows and camped (a dry camp) all night.

May 16th
We went home for dinner. (We ran out of food the day before.)

May 17th
I went to Sunday School and meeting, and [was] called [upon] to open the latter.

May 18th
I unloaded my lumber. Went to the coal mine and did some work on my place. In the evening I went to L. B. Burnham's and Dora Barker's wedding dance.

May 19th
William and Tommy Evans and I went to Farmington. I let Muten (Newton) and Graff have a load of coal. Got my wagon and went home.

May 20th
Tommy and I put some fence on my place. About noon, it began to rain, and continued most of the afternoon. Toward evening, I went and sowed some lucerne seed.

May 21st
I sowed some more (lucerne seed) and harrowed it all in. In the afternoon I prepared and started for Mancos to conference. I drove a few miles, and was caught in a rainstorm, and returned home.

May 22nd
I again started for the Mancos. Drove to the last crossing of the La Plata.

May 23rd

I drove to Mancos about 1 o'clock. Attended to afternoon meeting. I stopped at President (First Counselor in the Stake Presidency) William Hall's. In the evening, I went to Priesthood Meeting.

May 24th
William (Young) and I took breakfast with John Perkins. Went to Sunday School. Ate dinner with William Hall, Jr. at the school house. In the afternoon I went to the Union Hall to meeting. Elder Charles W. Penrose spoke most of the time, followed by Apostle Franklin D. Richards. His wife was also present. In (the evening) the young folks went to Charles Brown's to spend the evening. I took supper with N. A. Decker.

May 25th
I took breakfast with William Hall, Sr. I attended part of the Primary conference. Went to Bishop George Hall's for dinner. William and I went to S. S. Hammond's for supper.

May 26th
Took breakfast with him (S. S. Hammond), and then started home. I loaded a load of lumber at Cherry Creek Sawmill and went to the last crossing of the La Plata.

May 27th
I drove ahead for home. At the four-crossings, I fell in with three men from Provo, by the name[s] of Cluff, Peay, and Daniels. We drove to Jackson by 9 o'clock in the evening.

May 28th
I came home and unloaded.

May 29th
I worked on my place grubbing lucerne (from among the trees).

May 30th
I worked on my place grubbing lucerne until noon. President F. A. Hammond, his wife Martha, President William Halls Anna Halls (his daughter) and others came. I went to warn (tell) the sisters of a Relief Society Meeting to be held at 4 o'clock (p.m.).

May 31st
I went to Sunday School. In the afternoon, went to a ward conference. All the ward officers were sustained. William Evans made a confession (voluntary) of his wrong-doings, and was forgiven, after which (meeting), William Evans and I went riding, taking Miss Sarah Walker for William Evans' (partner), and (I took) Miss Tena Tietjen as our (my) partner. Also went to the bishop's to spend the evening.

June 1st
Uncle William and I started to work on the mill race. (We were building a grist mill, run by water power.) In the evening, William L. had a dance in his house. I accompanied Miss Tietjen. I opened the dance by prayer. Soon after, I got up a collection and went up to T. C. Bryan's (store) after candy (for the crowd).

June 2nd
Uncle William G. and I continued our work. In the evening Thomas Evans Sr. and I went to P. M. Shumway's as (ward) teachers. Found them in good spirits.

June 3rd
I and Uncle William went to work.

June 4th
Uncle William and Tony went to work on the race; I worked at home. In the afternoon I joined them. They drove the teams and I held slips (scrapers). In the evening I met Martha and John Black, who had just come from St. John's (Arizona).

June 5th
As I went on the work, Uncle William G. and John (Black) came up. Thomas, Johnnie, and (I) were the workers today. We plowed all the fore-noon. In the afternoon, we scraped in sand and mud. After work we went in bathing.

June 6th

Tommy and Johnnie and I went to work. In the afternoon, Morley joined us. At four, we stopped and went to the ball-ground and played a while.

June 7th
I went to Sunday School. Today (and) all the School fasted. In the afternoon, I went to testimony meeting. In the evening, I and others went to Lealia's (Hatch) and later, Miss Tietjen and I went to Brother Evans, and Will and Tommy played the fiddle and mandolin for us.

June 8th
I spent most of the day in hunting machine guards, but failed to find any. In the afternoon, I hoed in the orchard. In the evening, some of the boys came in to see us; also (Sister) Lena Brimhall.

June 9th
I hoed during the fore-noon. In the afternoon, I went and played ball and got a machine guard at T. C. Bryan's. In the evening, Brother Evans and I went (to) Uncle William's as ward teachers. I took charge of the meeting.

June 10th
Tommy and I went to work on the mower, and at noon had a knife [all] ground and ready for work. In the afternoon I hitched Pet and Dan up and took Ma (Mother) up to T. C. Bryan's (store).

June 11th
I worked around home at no particular job. In the evening, Brother Evans and I went to E. S. Dustin's as (ward) teachers.

June 12th
I worked at home hoeing and such like.

June 13th
I hoed a little, got ready for a game of baseball that was to be played between Aztec and Fruitland baseball teams. I drove Pet and Dan in (and was accompanied by) with Tena Tietjen, Howard Roberts, and May, his wife. I played (on) first base. The game ended as follows: Aztec, 5 white-washes (I mean by that, that no scores, [nor] runs were

made in five innings.), 9 tallies (and nine innings). Fruitland, 4 white-washes and ten tallies and one inning our due (8 innings). After the game, Miss Tietjen and I went to the coal mine and Jewett. After our return (home) we went to a dance.

June 14th
I went to Sunday School and meeting. At the close of meeting, we went to the river to meet Father and Ray, who had just returned from Salt River (Mesa).

June 15th
I went to mowing on my place and finished at noon. The afternoon was spent on Father's place cutting (alfalfa).

June 16th
I worked around home during the fore-noon. In the afternoon as I started to rake (hay), C. J. Collyer and C. H. King told me that I was wanted at the river, as the boat had got away, and Howard was drowned. All the town turned up (out), and a hard search was made for the body, but in vain.

June 17th
Father and I went down the river bank to Jewett (looking for the body), but met with no success. A reward of $20.00 ($25.00) was offered for (the discovery, recovery) of the body. (This was headed by the Collyer brothers.) On our return, we found most all the men (were) out hunting (for the body), but [they] dispersed at noon. In the party, five (men) went (on) to hunt. William and I went to work on my hay.

June 18th
Bishop Burnham and others went down (the river) in the boat (which had been caught through the desperate efforts of Orson Black soon after the accident on the 16th), in search of the body, but in vain. William and I hauled my hay in the fore-noon. The afternoon was spent in hauling hay for J. W. Hatch.

June 19th
William and I hauled hay for J. W. Hatch.

June 20th
I raked for Uncle William during the fore-noon. In the afternoon, while some of us were taking a bath, Father came and told us that the Indians had found Howard. Maxie and I took Pet and Dan and got C. J. Collyer's buggy. Father and I went with the buggy. Will Evans and Maxie went on horseback (after the body). We reached the Mission (Presbyterian Mission, for the Indians, at Liberty) about 7 p.m. Got the body out of the river and started home, arriving there about 10 o'clock p.m. Uncle William and Orson (Black) and myself washed the body and put his garments (on). Orson and I went home about 12 p.m. (midnight). Soon after, Brother and Sister Roberts (Howard's parents) came (from Jackson) with the clothes for the burial.

June 21st
At 1 a.m. I drove Sister Roberts to the mill (Uncle William's) where the body was, and stayed with her for some time, and then I went home. In the morning, I assisted in dressing, laying (in the coffin) and bringing him to Father's, where May and Ma (Mother) took their last view of him – but neither looked at his face, as it was badly bruised. The funeral was held at 2 p.m.. As William and I were assisting May in the meeting-house, she came near fainting. The speakers were (Bishop) L. C. Burnham, O. P. Black, L. B. Burnham, and J. R. Young. He [Howard] was then taken and laid to rest where the angels can look after and guard his body. (Two weeks after this, May witnessed a very remarkable experience of a visit from Howard. ([This is] described in my "Letter to Golden" on page 151 of this book.)

June 22nd
Brother and Sister Roberts went home. William and I finished hauling J. W. Hatch's hay.

June 23rd
William and I hauled some hay for Father and shocked about three acres up.

June 24th
In the fore-noon, Ray and I hauled three loads and shocked in the afternoon, spending (a) couple of hours in the afternoon.

Chapter Thirty-three

June 25
Shocked in the fore-noon and hauled in the afternoon.

June 26th
William, Tommy, Maxie, and I went to hauling with two teams; hauled 22 loads [that] I pitched in the field.

June 27th
The same hands went to work and finished the field with 9 loads.

June 28th
(In) the forenoon I went to Sunday School and gave a short talk [or] lecture on repentance, and assigned a lecture (on) necessity of baptism. (You see, I was the teacher of the class.) Edd (Edward, called Edd) Stevens took dinner with us. Went (to) meeting after which a crowd went to Brother Burnham's for a social, after which I drove a crowd up to the Mrs. Walker's.

June 29th
I plowed a piece of corn for Father and played ball for a while.

June 30th
I done nothing much in the fore-noon. In the afternoon, I plowed a while on my lot and played ball for a while. Went to bed early, feeling very blue.

July 1st
I sewed balls and shoes during the fore-noon. In the afternoon, Father, Tommy and I plowed on the race (millrace) with six horses.

July 2nd
I scraped all day (on the millrace).

July 3rd
Scraped during the fore-noon and prepared to go to Farmington (the next day) in the afternoon. In the evening, I went to a dance.

July 4th

I and company went to Farmington, and attended the program in the fore-noon, and horse races, and a ball game between Aztec and Fruitland, in which we were badly defeated. (During the first three innings, Aztec made 17 tallies; we had nothing. A quarrel arose, which came near being a free-for-all. The umpire was dismissed, and a stranger – a ball player from an eastern ball team – was chosen. During the remaining six innings, Aztec made no runs, and we made three runs.) In the evening we all went to the dance, after which, we started home, but had not gone far before the team got frightened at some (drunk) Indians (who were) sleeping in the road (a narrow cut through a bank) and started to run, and tipped the wagon over. Nobody was badly hurt. We arrived here (home) at daybreak.

July 5th
I slept all the fore-noon, and in the afternoon, I read church works and wrote a letter to Miss Clara Johnstun. (I had been corresponding with her for a year.)

July 6th
I was not able to do much, but prepared to go to Mancos.

July 7th
I completed preparations and about 1 p.m., Father and I started (for the Mancos).

July 8th
We arrived at S. S. Hammond's, and stayed all night.

July 9th
I got a job of work of (from) Bishop George Hall, and the same day, went to Exon's shingle mill; loaded on 8000 shingles, and started home.

July 11th
In the fore-noon, I reached home, unloaded, and got ready to start back to the Mancos.

July 12th
I assisted William L. in fitting his wagon so he could go (to Mancos), but he changed [and] (decided) not to go, as I had promised to be on the

Mancos on the 14th, Monday. I started Sunday morning, July 13th (on ???) and Monday noon the 14th. I went up on the mountain north-east of Mancos and worked until the 23rd. And in the afternoon, went downtown. Stopped at Charley Lamb's.

July 24th
I, in company with Ruby and Sadie Lamb, and Dan Mathews, went horseback riding, and visited Wheeler's Dairy in East Canyon. (The girls and I had no saddles. The girls rode sideways. The trip covered some 25 miles.)

July 25th
Sunday, I went to Sunday School and went home with sister ?? who and Ruby Lamb. That night I stopped with Morris Decker.

July 26th
On the 26th, I took dinner with William Hall and in the afternoon I saddled up (Father came on the 20th and got my team and left [me] his horse and saddle.) and started for home. I rode most all night, then hobbled my mare out, and I went to bed (on a saddle blanket). I reached home early in the morning of July 27th. I worked around home until in the early part of August when William L. and I started for Gallup with fruit for L. C. Burnham. We were four and a half days on the road. We stopped with Frank Dugan. The next day, we sold most of our loads, and I got me a new suit of clothes. The next morning, I took the remaining parts of the loads and went to Fort Wingate. William returned home. That night I camped at Lime Mill Flat, and about 1 p.m., arrived at Ramah, where I went to see Clara. I visited with her until Wednesday, when I started for home. At noon Thursday, I was at Mr. Dugan's. Soon after, Mr. Dugan, his son, and I, were on the road for home. We were three days on the way reaching home – Sunday noon. I worked around here (home) in the hay; filled a contract in the millrace for $35.00, and on the 4th day of September, Tommy and I started for Ramah with apples for Father, where we arrived on the 10th and 11th – I was one day ahead of Tommy. (He stopped at Fort Wingate to sell apples.)

Sept.12th

Sunday; we went to Sunday School. In the afternoon went to meeting and I was called on to speak for a short time.

Sept. 13th
Monday: The six Fruitland boys and the Ramah boys played four innings of baseball, which ended 2 to 29 (tallies) in our favor. At half past six, Clara and I were married by bishop E. S. Lewis (at the home of her parents) and (at) night (we had our wedding) dance.

Sept. 14th
The young folks intended to put us in bed with a doll and a bottle, but for our good luck, Tommy, my brother, [and] Lizzie Ashcroft, and George Johnstun (Clara's sister and brother) got to hear about it, and us – so as the crowd came in (the house) at the front door, Clara and I ran out of the back door and went over to Lizzie's. She soon came and took us off to an empty house and showed us the way in. She then went home. We made a bed of some quilts we carried along, and went to bed. The crowd, thinking we were at Lizzies, shivered [shivereed] the place until 2 a.m. The next morning, they were told that two of Clara's sisters were the only grown persons in the house.

Sept. 15th
Tommy started for home with J. H. Hatch (and the other boys from Fruitland). I remained at Ramah 'til the afternoon of the 16th, when Clara and I started for home. We stayed all night at the ranch (Willow Valley) where her father and two brothers are staying (farming).

Sept 17th
We went on.

Sept 18th
We nooned at Mr. Dugan's (in Gallup). I bought Clara some dishes – namely six plates and bowls, a set of knives and forks, a tureen, and a water pitcher. In the afternoon, we drove out in the middle of Manuleta Valley. We reached (home) in the early evening of Tuesday (Sept.) 21st, and were welcomed home by friends.

Sept. 22nd

Chapter Thirty-three

We gave a dance in the school house. We were given several presents, among which was a two-year-old heifer from Father and Ma (Mother). I at once went to haying. I got wet in a rainstorm and took (came) down with LaGrippe, and was sick for a long time (a week or ten days), after which I made a trip to Durango with fruit. On my way back, I broke a wagon wheel, and had to leave the lumber I had on. I was very sick on this trip with flu, and came near dying from loss of blood (bleeding inwardly from broken blood vessels caused by lifting). We reached home Monday night about 9 o'clock, after eight days absence, finding all well at home. A few days later, I, in company with O. C. Roberts Sr., and Ben Burnham (went to Crystal) where I [had] left the others, and returned home, being gone seven days, two of which I was without anything to eat. While going over the mountain, I broke one of my wagon tires. On my return home, I found several Huntington people here. Among them was Uncle Ben (Black) and his family. A few days later, I went to Farmington to take a load of fruit to Durango, but (could) not load, so I came home and prepared to go to Utah.

November 12th
We got ready and Saturday (Nov.) 13th we (Brother Johnstun, Clara, and I) started, and drove 12 miles.

November 15th (14th)
We drove up past the last crossing of the La Plata.

November 16th (15th)
Dan was very sick, and we were compelled to lay in camp 'til rather late. We were after dark getting to Bishop Hall's, where we stayed all night.

November 17th (16th)
Tuesday. We went to the bend.

November 18th (17th)
We went to the head of Cross Canyon.

November 19th (18th)
Thursday. We went to Piute Spring.

November 20th (19th)
We drove to Carlisle Ranch.

November 21st (20th)
Saturday. We went nearly to Hatch's Tank, and camped. I took the horses off, about one mile and a half, to water.

November 22nd (21st)
We drove to a clump of cedars some three-fourths of a mile from the road and laid over. Early in the evening, Clara and I took the horses to water.

November 23rd (22nd)
Monday. Brother Johnstun took the horses to water. We drove to Looking Glass Rock for dinner, and while in camp, President F. A. Hammond, William Hall, P. Lyman, and Apostle Brigham Young, George Teasdale, (Anthony) Lund, and several other brethren came up (and passed). We drove to Mule Shoe Bend.

November 24th (23rd)
We drove to Moab, and stayed with Bishop Mont Peterson.

November 25th (24th)
Wednesday. We drove to Courthouse Spring. Brother Johnstun stayed at Moab to get his pension. Shortly after, we camped. It began to rain, and continued all night.

November 25th Thursday.
We wallowed in mud six inches deep, driving ten miles. In the afternoon, Brother Johnstun came with the mail.

November 26th Friday.
We drove to Green River Station, camped a little before night on account of getting stuck in a dry wash bank.

November 27th Saturday.
We drove to Green River.

November 28th

We crossed (forded) Green (River), and stopped at a Mr. Trapp's (for the day.

November 29th
We drove to Cottonwood Wash.

November 30th Tuesday.
We drove to the Little Tanks.

November 31st Wednesday.
We drove to the Buckhorn Wash. Soon after we camped, the snow began to fall. (We had no horse feed, so we turned the horses out.)

December 1st [Really, the 2nd]
The snow was about eight inches deep, with a heavy north wind blowing. (We made no effort to get an early start. I got up and made a fire and went back to bed. About sunrise, we heard two wagons coming from the north. They came up to our fire and asked if they could cook their breakfast at our fire. They were welcomed. During the stay, we had gotten up. They learned that we were going to Manti, and that we were without money and feed. These teams were loaded with grain, on their way to Moab, to see if they could sell the grain. The younger man, upon hearing where we were going, and that we were without money and feed, said, "If a sack or two of grain stands between you and the temple, here they are – and more too, if you will take them." We took a sack of grain, promising to send him the price of it. I do not remember his name, but I think it was Larsen. He lived at Orangeville. Brother Johnstun got a chance to go to Huntington (with a buckboard and a good team), and left us to come as the weather would permit. In the afternoon, we drove to Buckhorn Reservoir and had a good camp. The afternoon was quite mild, as the wind ceased and the sun came out.

December 2nd [Really, the 3rd] Friday.
We drove to about five miles of Huntington Creek, when we were met by Silas (Young, my brother) with a good pair of horses to put in lead of ours, and (we) were driven home to Silas' place, where we were met by his kind and loving wife and many other relatives.

December 1st to 7th
We visited with friends. Uncle George Gale took the young horse and cared for him. Uncle Lorenzo Young let us take a good horse. Uncle Charley Black got us a light wagon.

December 8th
We drove to Ferrin, and stopped (for the night) with Bishop Peterson.

December 9th Thursday.
We drove three miles south of Emery.

December 10th Friday.
We drove down a ways in Salina Canyon.

December 11th Saturday.
We drove (to Salina) and stopped with Nathan Lewis, a nephew of Brother Johnstun's.

December 12th Sunday.
We laid over.

December 13th Monday.
We drove to Manti, and stopped with Sarah Tuttle Breathwait, a niece of Brother Johnstun's. While driving through town (Manti), we met President Maben (Counselor in the Manti Temple Presidency) who pronounced God's blessings upon us.

December 14th Tuesday.
We got ready to go through the temple.

December 15th Wednesday.
We went through the temple and received our endowments. I was ordained to the (Melchizedek Priesthood) an Elder by President John D. T. McCallister (and Samuel Weir) and we was sealed by President John D. T. McCallister. We spent eight days in the temple – or I did – Clara was not feeling very well, and so only put in four days. I worked for Sister Lydia Forbush (Taylor) Smith. I went through (the temple) for her five times, was adopted for three, sealed for three, and baptized for 34. We left Manti in the evening of the 24th (day of December)

after work[ing] in the temple, and drove to Mayfield, and stopped (all night) with Brother Johnstun's niece.

December 25th
We parted with [my] brother, and went on our way. We drove to Salina and stopped with Nate Lewis. On our way, we broke our (the) wagon reach, and spent the afternoon in repairing the wagon.

December 26th
We started up Salina Canyon and drove to the head of the canyon. (For a description of this day's travel, see the section on the life of Clara Johnstun. I would [entitle] it: A Blessing Fulfilled.

December 27th
We drove to Emery and stayed with Joseph Christian Sr.

December 28th 1897
We drove to Huntington and stayed with Uncle Sam (Rowley). In the evening we went to a dance and met two of my brothers, Newell and Joe (Joseph). I had not seen Newell since August 1892 at Dublan, (old) Mexico, and Joseph since August 1890 in Loa, Utah. We visited around with friends until January (1898) when Dow (Young), Clara, and I started for home (Fruitland, New Mexico), and drove 12 miles.

January 5th 1898
We drove to the Big Holes (water holes in the ledge, or rock).

January 6th
We drove to the lower part of Cottonwood Wash, reaching there about 1 p.m., and rested there that afternoon.

January 7th
We drove to Green River. Found that the ice on the river had broken up in the center of the river, and the floating ice had lodged against the railroad bridge, and had backed the water up until it had covered much of the bottom land, and that crossing the river was quite impossible. Late in the evening, a man came to our camp and told us that he lived on the east side of the river, [and] that he had crossed the river two days before by going up the river twelve miles, and that place was the only

place that he knew of – if the ice had not broken up since – where the river could be crossed.

January 8th
We left Green River (town) just after sunrise, and followed a wagon track through the snow, across the country, and drove twelve [miles] up the river, where we found the place we had been told of. It was at the foot of a very steep – almost a bluff – hill. This hill shaded the river and preserved the ice. I put on a rough lock and drove down the hill. The river came right up against the hill. Before I drove down the hill, I had walked down to the river and made sure the ice was good. As soon as the team got on the ice, I stopped the wagon and took off the rough lock, and took the team off from the wagon and separated the team. With the chain, I hitched Pet to the end of the wagon tongue, so as to string the outfit out as far as I could. Dow led Dan with his horse. Clara caught my hand and we went across the river in safety. We were now across the great barrier, and was able to go on. We ate dinner and hitched up, and away we went. In a short distance, we came to a traveled road, and made good progress down the country to the road near the railroad, and at nightfall, we camped – about one and a quarter (of a mile) from the camp we had left that morning. We had traveled twenty-five miles that day, and had gained a mile and a quarter. But we were across that river.

January 9th
We drove nearly to the forks of the road (one road going to Thompson Spring and on [to the] east; the other road going south [where it] joined the Thompson-Moab road near Courthouse Rock.) We had no fire tonight. We drove [to] the forks of the road and (stopped) and cooked breakfast. We drove about twenty miles today. The road was heavy.

January 10th
The road was heavy and progress was slow. A cold wind was blowing and the snow was flying. It was a bad, cold day. After dark, we camped in the rough broken country some seven miles north of Moab. Clara told me she was not going to live very long, and she related a dream she had had of a nice, dimple-cheeked baby. The experience of the night was dreadful. A more full account of the night is written in the section about her life.

January 12th
We drove to Hatch's Wash or Tanks. The road is heavy. The snow is getting deeper all the time. Our progress is slow.

January 13th
We drove to the foot of Peter's Hill. The snow is above my knees and the road is bad. Late in the evening a man came to camp. He was walking from Coyote Creek across-country to Carlisle's Ranch. He was exhausted and badly discouraged, thinking he was facing his end. Clara is very sick. Dow and I administered to her. She gets weaker every day.

January 14th
We pulled up the hill and nooned near Carlisle's Ranch. Here the road forked, one going south to Monticello, which was six miles [distant]. The other road went south and east, to Piute Spring, which was twenty miles east of Monticello. We wanted to go to Piute Spring, which would put Monticello some eight miles off our road. Clara wanted some things from the store in Monticello, so Dow went to get them. From Monticello, he was to ride (he had a saddle horse.) north-east to the road we were to travel, then follow our wagon track (this road was not traveled at this time), to [our] camp. Dow started off before we left camp. I had hitched the team to the wagon, and we were ready to get in the wagon. Clara, who was standing by the fire, came to me and put her arms around by neck and asked, "Are you in a hurry to get home?" I told her that I was in no rush. Then she asked, "Will you take me to Monticello? I want to rest a few days." She paused, and then said, "Then you can go on." I asked, "What about you? Won't you go on to?" And she answered, "That will be just as you say." We drove to Monticello, reaching there about 3 p.m. and went to Bishop Fred Jones and asked if he would take us in. (We told him our condition, and he answered, saying, "No sick woman can pass my house!" And we were made welcome. Dow made his ride as (we had) planned. When he came to the road which we were to travel, and seeing that no wagon had passed that way, he followed the road toward Carlisle's Ranch, and when he reached our noon camp, he soon saw from our wagon tracks, that we had gone to Monticello. He followed, and soon reached Monticello and found us.

January 15th
About 3 a.m. this morning, Clara was seized by unseen spirits and was handled very roughly. Bishop Jones was called, and after some time (at the second rebuke) the evil one was, by the authority of the Priesthood, driven away. This evening some elders were called in and administered to her. She sat up a good deal (during) of the day and told some experiences of her life.

January 16th
She did not rest any the night before, and at 3 a.m. she took a change, and for several hours, appeared to be dying. Bishop Jones sent out word for the people to fast and pray for her, which they did. About 3 o'clock a.m., several of the elders called in and administered to her. She took a sudden change, and seemed to be much brighter than before. She, for the first time, began to rest, and continued to rest until 1 p.m. o'clock, when she beckoned for me to come to her, as I had been absent for the past two hours. As I sat down by her, she threw her arms around my neck and said, "Ah, Me." Soon after this, she said, "Let me go!" About 3 p.m. she again said, "Let me go!" Bishop Jones, before this, had told [me] that I was in the way – that I was holding her, and that I must get myself out of the way and let her go. About 3:30 p.m. I kissed her good-bye, and she set her eyes on me and ceased to breathe, speaking my name in a low, soft tone as she passed from this life to the life behind the veil. The sisters at once set to work on (making) her (burial) clothes, which were of the best of cloth. She was dressed in her wedding dress as she had done it up before she left home. She was dressed and placed in the coffin ready for burial. She was dressed in her temple robes with a card on her waist with a wreath of flowers and two doves on it, with a motto, "Forever Thine", and two white doves, one on each side of her head, made of tissue, and a house plant flower on her breast. (The brethren made the coffin.)

January 17th
(At noon) Dow and I started home. We left Monticello at 3 p.m. Clara was in the wagon. Ezra Dalton went with us – to break the road and carry feed – to Piute Spring, where we camped for the night.

January 18th

Tuesday. Ezra turned back at Piute Spring. Dow and I drove nearly to Cross Canyon Station.

January 19th
We drove down in Montezuma Valley (as we supposed), near Cortez, but found we were ten miles (west) out of our way.

January 20th Thursday.
We camped at Navajo Spring.

January 21st
We started before daylight, and drove to West Water. We intended to drive home, 50 miles, but when we reached West Water, the horses were tired – the road had been heavy. So we camped 10 miles from home.

January 22nd
We drove home, reaching there about ten o'clock a.m. Here we were met by many kind friends. Uncle Ben Black directed the digging of the grave. In the evening, we opened her coffin, finding Clara in good condition.

January 23rd
The folks came and looked at her. At two p.m., the funeral was held. Bishop James B. Ashcroft (twice her brother-in-law) presided.

Choir sang, "God Is Love".
Prayer was offered by Elder Ira Hatch.
Choir sang, "Resurrection Day".
Elder Hans Bailey was the first speaker, followed by Elders Wm. G. Black, L. B. Burnham, and Bishop J. B. Ashcroft.
Choir sang, "Dearest Sister, Thou Hast Left Us." The benediction (was) offered by _____.
William G. Black offered the prayer at the grave.
Twelve teams followed (the remains) to the graveyard.
The day was cold.

January 24th 1898
I sat around the house and done nothing.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

MY MISSION

Upon being called to fill a mission in the Northern States, I left my home in Bluewater, New Mexico, in the evening of December 8th, 1911 at 6 p.m., and traveled over the A.T. and S.F. Railroad to Pueblo, Colorado, and from there I went by Denver-Rio Grande Western to Salt Lake City, Utah, where I arrived, after a successful journey, at 5 o'clock in the evening of December 10th, and was met at the [train] by George Van Gunton, and was taken to his home and received the best of treatment by his family. It being Sunday, I went to meeting in the evening with Brother Van Gunton in the 18th Ward. My grandfather, Lorenzo D. Young was the first bishop of this ward, and held that position for 27 years.

December 11th
Was spent in visiting Brother W. C. Spence, who represented the Church with the railroad companies, and Mr. Warner of the A.T. and S.F. Railroad, trying to get a refund on an overcharge on my ticket from Albuquerque, New Mexico, to Salt Lake City, Utah.

December 12th
I went to the Church offices for an examination, and was ordained a Seventy by Seymour B. Young. We then went to the temple annex and I was set apart for my mission by J. Golden Kimball. I do not remember which room we were in.

December 13th
I went to the temple and did the endowment work for Pearson Chipman.

December 14th
In company with Leona Ossman, Jennie Fox, Elders John C. Anderson, Henry Sorenson, Henry F. Petterson (for the Northern States Mission)

and Lynn H. Hatch, William A. Allen, Edward Hinman, and Herman Sowarts (for the Eastern States Mission), we left Salt Lake City at 7:10 a.m. over the O.S.L. to Ogden; [then by] the U.P. to Omaha, Nebraska, and [on] the C.B. and St. P. to Chicago. I was appointed (by the group – to act as president of the group) president of the company. We had a pleasant journey, and on December 16th, we reached Chicago, and went to the mission office, and reported our arrival. Then we were taken to our rooms.

December 17th
Went to Sunday School in the forenoon and [to] meeting in the afternoon and evening.

December 18th and 19th and 20th
Was spent in looking over Chicago. In the evening of the 20th, we were assigned to our fields of labor. I was sent to Galesburg, in the North Illinois Conference.

December 21st
I left Chicago at 9:45 a.m. on the C.B.Q. Railroad for Galesburg, where I arrived at 2:30 p.m. and took a room at the Palace Hotel for the night. I mailed a card to Elder John W. Brasher, of Huntington, Utah, telling him where I was rooming.

December 22nd
This morning, Elder Brasher called at the hotel for me, and we went to his room. In the afternoon, we went out tracting. My first experience at tracting.

December 23rd
We left Galesburg for Monmouth, 20 miles west of Galesburg, where we went to spend the holiday weel [meal?] with some saints. We stopped at the home of Sister Atwood and her daughter, Lucy Schwedt, and their two sons.

December 24th
We visited Brother Wagner and his family, taking supper with them.

December 25th

Spent all day with Sister Atwood and her family.

December 26th
Was at Sister Atwood's all day.

December 27th
Spent the day in study.

December 28th
In the forenoon, I did the usual reading and studying and in the afternoon we called on a Mr. Hamlin (who), in the early days of San Pete Valley, Utah, lived at Manti and then Ephraim. He seems to have left the Church and went to Illinois. He is a cripple (He moved around in a wheelchair) and has followed the business of mending shoes. In the evening, we visited Brother Wager. He has a nice family.

December 29th
We had heard of some friends the former elders had made, and we tried to find them, but could not. We spent the morning and evening in studying at Sister Atwood's.

December 30th
Did nothing much today, but study.

December 31st
The wind blew cold, and drifted the snow (badly). Was at Sister Atwood's during the forenoon, and Brother Wager's in the afternoon and evening.

January 1st, 1912
The day is clear and the sun is warm, yet there is some frost in the air. We spent the evening in talking of the principles of the gospel.

January 2nd
Elder Brasher and I went to Galesburg and rented a room at 46 South Allen Avenue, for $3.00 a week.

January 3rd
Spent the day in tracting. Visited 23 families.

January 4th
The wind is very cold, with a north wind blowing.

January 5th
We went and visited Lyman Lagthrop, former husband of Lucy Schwerdt. He is a member of the Church; his wife is a member of the Re-organized Church, and she is very bitter in her feelings toward us. She treated us very courteously.

January 6th
Still very cold. We spent an hour with our land-lady talking of the principles of the gospel. Sent in our weekly reports.

January 7th
Sunday; we spent in the usual way of study.

January 8th
The weather is very cold, so we have to stay indoors most of the time, yet we did a little work today.

January 9th
Our work today was about the same as yesterday.

January 10th
Today, I visited four houses, but the weather was so cold I could not get any reply to my knocking, so I returned to the room and wrote a gospel letter to Mr. L. B. Johnson of Houston, Minnesota. This was done by request of my sister, May, who is living at Blanding, Utah. The weather has been bitter cold for a week.

January 11th
The weather was very cold today. I understand it was 30 degrees below zero – so we were not able to go out. Today I saw a three story (brick) hotel being moved without as much as disturbing the furniture. The roomers would leave their rooms during the day, while the workmen were at work.

January 12th

The weather was 23 degrees below zero this morning, and was cold all day. Conference President James Walton came to our room. We went to Brother Lindbloom's and had supper. Elder Walton stayed all night (with Brother Lindbloom). Elder Walton succeeds Elder Alma Wells as President of the North Illinois Conference – who was, through mistake, shot once in the right leg, and a second shot was fired against his breast, but it did not penetrate through his clothing – his clothing having turned the course of the ball. This took place in the north-east of Galesburg, where the railroad track passes over the street [on] about November 20th, 1911. He is not able to be about yet.

January 13th
On account of the cold weather, we were not able to go and work, so we stayed in the room and made out our weekly reports and sent them in.

January 14th
Spent the forenoon in the room. Took dinner with Brother F. A. Lindbloom, and in the afternoon, held a sacrament meeting with them. Elder Walton presided. Each of us three elders spoke.

January 15th
We remained at the room all day – the weather being very cold – studying and writing letters.

January 16th
I accompanied President Walton to Monmouth, where we went to visit the saints. In this city, the Prophet Joseph Smith stood trial, being defended by Stephen A. Douglas. It was a hard-fought trial. Joseph was acquitted, and after the trial was over, he preached to a large crowd of people on the public square in front of the courthouse. I stood near the spot where he had stood while speaking to the people.

January 17th
Was spent visiting with the saints. In the evening a meeting was held at Sister Atwell's. There were present three of the Atwell family, two of Brother Wager's family, and three visitors.

January 18th

We spent with the saints and Mrs. Eva Willman, who came to converse with us on the principles of the gospel.

January 19th
We returned to Galesburg and President [Walton] took the 4:40 p.m. train to visit other elders and saints.

January 20th
Spent most of the day reading. Sent in our reports for the week.

January 21st
We spent the forenoon in the room, went to Brother Lindbloom's for the afternoon, and took supper with them.

January 22nd
Elder Brasher and I spent the day tracting.

January 23rd
Was spent in tracting. This is very hard for us to do, as the people generally (are) very cold and indifferent toward us, and say they are satisfied with what they have – and as near as I can find out, that is about nothing.

January 24th
Rather chilly today. Re-tracted all day.

January 25th
Spent the day tracting. At 3 p.m. a man asked me in – my first invitation into a home – and we conversed on the gospel for an hour.

January 26th
Tracted all day. Nothing out of (the) order happened.

January 27th
Sent in our weekly and monthly reports. Wrote letters and studied the rest of the day.

January 28th

Spent the forenoon at the room, and in the afternoon and evening, visited with Brother Lindbloom and family.

January 29th
Re-visited five families, and in the evening, went and visited a friend by [the] name of Petterson at 1038 North Willard Street, and had a very good time conversing on the gospel until ten o'clock.

January 30th
We went to Monmouth and visited the saints there.

January 31st
Returned to Galesburg and at 10:30 a.m. we started for Peoria, where we had been called, on account of the elders there meeting with an accident – and reached Peoria at 1 p.m. Found Elder Kinghorn had a mashed knee, Elder Blackham had a leg broken, (Elder) Higbee had one heel cut (almost off), and an ankle sprained, while Elder Lyons [had] a bruised leg, but was around alright again. Got a room at 305 2nd Avenue – of Mrs. Meadows – at $3.00 per week.

February 1st
Elder (President) Walton (who had come in), Elders Lyons, Higbee, Brasher, and I met in Priesthood meeting. The balance of the day was (spent) in conversing on the gospel, and in study. In the evening, Elder Brasher and I visited the two elders who were in the hospital, and administered to them. This was my second visit (to the hospital). The elders who were injured are doing nicely.

The accident: The Elders Lyons, Kinghorn, Blackham and Higbee had held a cottage meeting at Sister Lucy Hasting's, on West Bluff, in the evening of January 19th, and in returning to their room, accepted an invitation to ride down the hill at Third Avenue, on a coaster, which, at the foot of the hill, ran into the curbing; and twenty-three of the thirty persons who were on the coaster were hurt – the four elders being among the number who were hurt.

February 3rd
Was spent at the room and visiting the other elders and especially those at the hospital.

February 4th
At 11 o'clock, five of us met and held a priesthood meeting and partook of the sacrament; each of us spoke. We visited the sick elders, and in the evening, Elder Brasher and I went and administered to them.

February 5th
This morning, we started to tract, but it was so cold, we had to stop. I went to the hospital this evening to see the boys (elders). I met two sisters of the saints. (Nettie Secrets; I do not remember the name of the other sister.)

February 6th
This morning an old lady (Mrs. Meadows' mother) met us as we were leaving the house, and asked us to pray for her son, who was sick. We talked to her (a short time) on the principles of the gospel. Elder Lyons and I also talked with two men in the next room. Elder Lyons and I went to a small show at night.

February 7th
Elder Brasher and I tracted all day. One lady told us she [was] a Roman Catholic and should Jesus Christ Himself come and tell her she was wrong, she would not believe him. Another lady invited us in the house and we talked with her for some time. I sold my first Book of Mormon this evening.

February 8th
Spent the forenoon tracting with Elder Brasher, and visited during the afternoon with Elder Lyons.

February 9th
Tracted all day.

February 10th
President Ellsworth came to see the elders who are in the hospital. Sent in our reports.

February 11th Sunday.

As usual, we visited the elders at the hospital. In the afternoon we four elders (Lyons, Higbee, Brasher, and I) held a meeting, and Elder Higbee and I went to visit Sister Hastings and her daughter, Nettie Secrets.

February 12th
Spent the day tracting. The only thing of interest during the day was an old darkie – nearly drunk – came to us and asked if we were not preachers. We answered, "Yes" and he said, "Well, we raised $300.00 for our Rabbi and waited for him all last night, and we will wait for him tonight, and then if he does not come, to hell with him!" He said, "We are looking for Moses. He promised to come, but that was a long time ago. He married a colored woman, and said he would come, and that was before Christ came, and he had not come yet." I remarked that he may have gone on a journey, and had taken a long trip. The old darkie said, "Yes, he said he would come, but he has been a hell of a long time about it!" After some little bother, we got away from him by going down the street in the opposite direction from which he was going. The lingo in which he talked was amusing.

February 13th
Conference President Walton and Elder Ward W. Reynolds came in from Bloomington. Elder Brasher and I tracted all day.

February 14th
Elders Walton, Reynolds, Lyons, Higbee, Brasher and I met in priesthood meeting at 8 a.m. at 602 W. Third Avenue, (after which) President Walton and [Elder] Lyons returned to Bloomington. Elder Brasher and I moved from 305 W. Second Ave. to 602 W. Third Ave., where the other elders were (rooming) and tracted as usual.

February 15th
Elder Brasher and I tracted all day. We spent an hour and a half with a Catholic gentleman in a very pleasant way. In the evening we all (Brasher, Higbee, Reynolds and I) went to Mrs. Kimler's home and held a cottage meeting. Elders Higbee and Brasher did the speaking.

February 16th
Tracted until noon. Spent the afternoon in visiting.

February 17th
Sent in our reports and read during the day.

February 18th
This being Sunday, we spent the forenoon at the room and walked down to the Illinois River. At one o'clock, we four elders met in priesthood meeting and administered the sacrament. Spent the evening at Sister Hastings'.

February 19th
Performed the usual work of tracting; did some re-tracting. Met some very nice people.

February 20th
Did the same kind of work as (we did) yesterday.

February 21st
The snow was about four inches deep this morning and still snowing, with a north wind blowing. We called on a colored man whom we had met (before) who wished (us to bring him) some books. We sold him a Book of Mormon, a Voice of Warning, and a Cowley's Talk on Doctrine. Another colored man had asked us to call at his house so he could get some of our books, so we went to see him and sold him a Book of Mormon, [a Mr.] Durrant of Salt Lake City, and a Brief History of the Church, but we did not talk much with him. In the evening we called on Mr. and Mrs. Meadows. Sold them a Book of Mormon and a Cowley's Talk of Doctrine.

February 22nd
Spent the day tracting and visiting.

February 23rd
We did not tract today, but went down to the Illinois River and viewed the new bridge being built, and went to a moving picture show – a supposed act of real life in Utah. It was a straight falsehood and a regular slam on Utah. It was called “Marriage or Death”.

February 24th

We made out our reports and sent them into the office.

February 25th
This being Sunday, we visited the elders in the hospital (something we [have] done one or more time each day) and after dinner, Elder Higbee and I went up to Sister Hastings'. Elder Reynolds is quite sick today.

February 26th
(The weather) being cold and snowing, we did not go out to work this morning. In the afternoon, Elder H. F. Higbee and I went and visited a lady on First Avenue and called at 306 South Chestnut Street and at 1709 N. Perry Street, but found no one at home at the last two places. Visited the hospital in the evening with Elder Brasher.

February 27th and 28th
Was spent in the usual way of tracting and conversing with the people (when we had a chance to talk) on principles of the gospel.

February (This seems to have been the 29th)
Was spent tracting. Today I went and visited for a short time with a lady by the name of Mrs. L. N. Barr, who is a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. She was born and raised in Richfield, Utah, but has married out of the Church. She is full of faith and (seems) (is a) fine woman. (Her maiden name was Lula Morrisson.)

March 1st, 1912
Elder Brasher was not feeling well this morning, so we did not go out to work. We went up on West Bluff and looked over a part of the wealthy part of the city, and in the afternoon we picked our grips and prepared to go to Bloomington, Illinois, for conference.

March 2nd
At ten o'clock a.m., W. W. Reynolds, F. M. Higbee, J. W. Brasher, Nettie Secrets (member of the Church) and myself left Peoria for Bloomington (to attend the conference) where we were received very nicely (kindly) by the saints. Elder Brasher and I went (were sent) and stopped with Sister Scruse. In the evening, we attended a priesthood meeting.

March 3rd
Conference began at 10 a.m. The time (morning session) was spent by the elders and saints bearing their testimonies to the truthfulness of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Five meetings were held today, and a good flow of the spirit of God prevailed. The elders received their appointments. I was (to) return to Peoria in company with Elders Cockeran [Cochran?], Thomas, [and] John C. Anderson.

March 4th
Visited among the saints today, and went to a party at Brother Williamson's in the evening. The house was full, and all enjoyed themselves. Elder Brasher left for Waukegan, Illinois, today. Elder Higbee stopped all night at Brother Williamson's.

March 5th
At 10 o'clock the Peoria company started back, and reached Peoria about twelve o'clock. Elder Anderson and I got a room from Mrs. Reynolds at 614 Third Ave. The other two (elders) got a room at 706 Monson Street. Spent the evening at Sister Hastings'. Sister (Nettie Secrets) of course came back with us.

March 6th 7th and 8th
Elder Cocheran [Cochran?] and I spent [the days] visiting friends. The time was spent very nicely and usefully. We [had] some very good conversations (with the people) and on the evening of the evening of the eighth we held a very good meeting at Sister Hastings'.

March 9th
Sent in my report, wrote some, and did some other work as is incidental to missionary work on [a] Saturday.

March 10th
Sunday was spent visiting (the elders) at the hospital (and attend[ing] our priesthood meeting; and in the evening [we] went to the Congregational Church. The minister took for his text, "A Wrestle With an Angel." Reference Genesis 32:24. The minister explained this passage to mean that it was an inward wrestle (struggle) with Jacob's feelings, and did not take place in reality (at all). Said he, "It is enough for me to believe that it was an inward wrestle with Jacob's feelings, as

he had robbed his brother Esau out of his birthright, and he was trying to work himself up to where he would dare to meet his brother, who was coming to meet him." The quotation of the reference given above is as follows: "And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day." Please read the balance of the chapter.

March 11th
Elder Anderson and I spent the day tracting and in the evening Elder Thomas and I went to Mr. D. (Dave) Meadows' for a pleasant visit.

March 12th
The usual labor of tracting was followed today. We held a meeting at Mrs. Kimler's this evening. The congregation was small, but we had a good time. We had been holding a weekly meeting at Mrs. Kimler's since January.

March 13th
Was the regular work of tracting. Today, I sold one small book, distributed 36 tracts, visited 36 families, and had 30 gospel conversations. (A very good day.)

March 14th
Tracted during the forenoon, but were unable to work in the afternoon on account of the rain. Held a meeting at Sister Hastings' in the evening.

March 15th
Fresh snow four inches deep, and snow falling, kept us from work this morning, but we visited eleven families during the afternoon. In the evening, Elder Cochran and I went to visit Mr. Leahman at 1709 N. Perry Ave. He was away from home, but we had an hour in gospel conversation with his wife.

March 16th
We made out or reports and sent them in. Elder Thomas was transferred from Peoria to Freeport, Illinois, and left at 12:40 p.m., leaving three working elders here (at Peoria). We moved Elder

Blackham from the hospital to 706 Monson Street, to room with Elder Cochran. Elder Kinghorn had gone home before this.

March 17th
Held priesthood meeting this morning and spent the day writing letters.

March 18th
We tracted this forenoon. Found one woman who knew more about the Church than any other person on earth. She claimed to have one of our endowment robes, as she called it, but refused to show it to us. She is surely (seems to be) a she-devil. Went to Mrs. Kimler's to see about meeting tomorrow evening.

March 19th
Tracted today with fair success.

March 20th 21st 22nd
Was spent tracting; had fair success. Conference President James Walton has been released, and J. F. Wasden has been appointed to take his place. He spent Wednesday afternoon and Thursday forenoon with us. We held a very nice cottage meeting at Sister Hastings' Friday evening, the 22nd.

March 23rd
Sent in my reports and wrote some letters; also went to Sister Hastings' and made some cough medicine.

March 24th Sunday.
He held our weekly priesthood meeting. Elder Anderson and I went to Sister Hastings' and spent the evening.

March 25th
Attended our regular class meeting at 8 o'clock a.m. and then went to tracting on the 600 block between Third and Fourth Avenues. Met with poor success. I tracted with Elder Cochran in the afternoon. In the evening, we went to visit Mrs. Meadows; they were away from home, so we went to a picture show.

March 26th

Re-tracted all day; had fair success, and some pleasant conversations, but they were all short. In the evening we went to Mrs. Kimler's and held a cottage meeting. At this meeting was a young lady (woman) and her three little girls. I spoke on the birth, childhood, and life of Jesus Christ. Elder Cochran spoke on baptism.

March 27th
Re-tracted this forenoon and in the afternoon, Elder Cochran and I visited friends together. We called at the Proctor Home for the Aged.

March 28th
Elder Cochran and I tracted together during the forenoon, and in the afternoon, I visited some of our friends and conversed with them on the principles of the gospel; and in the evening, Elder Anderson and I got Mr. and Mrs. Thompson and went to Sister Hastings', and, with Elders Cochran and Blackham, held a very good meeting.

March 29th
We tracted all day. The weather was nice and warm today.

March 30th
Spent the day writing letters. I received a refund check from the A.T. and S.F. Railroad Company, of $15.95 (an overcharge) on my ticket from Albuquerque, New Mexico to Salt Lake City, Utah.

March 31st
Being Sunday, we held our regular class meeting and priesthood meeting together. We went down to the Illinois River, which is said to be 19 feet above high-water mark. Spent part of the afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Barr. In the evening, we went to the Salvation Army meeting.

April 1st
Elder Anderson and I tracted this forenoon, and Elder Cochran and I visited (friends) during the afternoon. We also arranged for a meeting at Mrs. Kimler's tomorrow night.

April 2nd

Elders Cochran, Anderson, and I went to Mrs. Kimler's this evening, and held a very good meeting. I spoke on repentance. Elder Cochran and I tracted (together) all day.

April 3rd
Elder Cochran and I tracted all the forenoon. In the afternoon, Elder Blackham and I visited my friends.

April 4th
Elder Anderson and I tracted (together) this morning. About 11 o'clock I (we) met a lady who was a fright. She charged the "Mormons" (people) with most everything bad, and especially (with) polygamy. She would not accept (of) the Old Testament. She wanted to know where we got anything from the teachings of Jesus Christ (teachings) to substantiate polygamy. I told her we did not preach, teach, nor practice polygamy (and in this way tried to avoid the argument. This, she seemed to take as admitting that we had no ground for (or [to] support) polygamy.) and I referred her to the ancestry of Jesus Christ, but that was no good, so I quoted Luke 18:29-30 (verses), but she claimed that was no good, and said the New Testament said a man should have one wife, and not two. I asked where the Bible said that, and she said the Savior said it about a bishop. So I quoted 1st Timothy 3rd [chapter], 2nd [verse], and said it says he should be the husband of one wife, but did not say he should not be the husband of two wives. This would not do, so she said the Savior said to beware of false teachers, and I asked her who he was talking to when he said that? and she said he meant the new churches, such as the Spiritualists, and people who believed in speaking in tongues. So I quoted Mark 16th chapter and 17th verse, but she did not believe it anyway. She accused us of several things, but she never believed a thing [from] scripture when she was headed off. After a long talk this way, I got out of patience with her, and told her that she claimed to believe in the New Testament, but that was only when it was closed. And I bid her good-morning. Elder Cochran revisited this afternoon. In the evening, we held a very good cottage meeting at Sister Hastings. I presided.

April 5th
We tracted this forenoon, and just after dinner, I helped Elders Cochran and Blackham to get ready to go to Bloomington to spend Saturday and

Sunday. Elder Anderson and I then went to Mrs. Wrigley's with some books I had promised her. In the evening, we went to a dime show, and to the zoo.

April 6th
Was spent in writing letters and making out my report. Spent some time with Sister Hastings. In the evening, Elder Anderson and I went to a dime show.

April 7th
Elder Anderson and I went to the Catholic Church (cathedral), it being Easter (Sunday). The services were grand. The building was decorated fine, and every act had a resemblance of the customs, fashions, and ways of the days (time) of Christ. This is the first Catholic church I have visited, and I was much interested in the exercises, which represented the taking of Christ (by the Roman soldiers), the trial, and some other things, which I did not understand (the general life of Christ). We went up to Sister Hastings' for a while, and in the evening, attended the Central Christian Church. The sermon treated on spiritual death and the resurrection, showing the great necessity of baptism by immersion. I agreed with the speaker in the general run of his sermon. The weather the last week has been nice and warm, and spring seems to be near.

April 8th
This morning, we tracted and this afternoon, we visited and went to Mrs. Kimler's to see about a meeting tomorrow night.

April 9th
Tracted during the forenoon. At noon, we met Elders Blackham and Cochran as they returned from Bloomington; also Elder L. S. Roundy from the South Illinois Conference. (He was being transferred to this conference.) We all went to Mrs. Kilmer's and held a very good cottage meeting.

April 10th
Elder Anderson and I tracted all day, and in the evening, we all went to Sister Hastings' and held a good cottage meeting.

April 11th
Elder Anderson and I spent the day tracting. We had fair success.

April 12th
This morning, we tracted, and as a heavy rain came on just after dinner, we stayed in the room.

April 13th
I wrote some letters, and made out my reports during this forenoon. In the afternoon, Elder Roundy and I visited Mrs. Wrigley, and had a good conversation with her and her friend, or a friend of the family. In the evening, we visited John Hines and family.

April 14th Sunday.
We held our class and priesthood meeting together. This afternoon, Elder Anderson left for the office. Elder Roundy and I are (working) together.

April 15th
Elder Roundy and I tracted today. During the day, we met a woman who claimed her mother was a sister of Bishop Hunter. We had some very good conversations today.

April 16th
This morning, we began tracting on West Bluff, west of Garfield Street and Moss Avenue, among some of the wealthy people. Got very poor conversation.

April 17th Sunday.
This morning, we held our class meeting. As usual, we went to Elders Cochran and Blackham's room. During the meeting it began to rain, and continued until noon, when it began to snow. I spent the afternoon with Sister Hastings. Her son, Samuel, is quite sick. Storming tonight.

April 18th
This morning was cold and stormy, but after class, Elder Cochran and I went tracting, and in the afternoon, Elder Roundy and I went to the Proctor Home for the Old (Aged) to visit Miss Hubbard (a nurse of the Rebellion). We happened to meet her on the street, so after a few

minutes' talk, we left her and passed through the edge of Glenn Oak Park, and down to Sister Hastings' (poor Sister Hastings), where we ate supper and spent the evening.

April 19th
We tracted on Moss Avenue. Today we met a few fair minded people and had some very nice talks with them, at the door. This evening we held a meeting at Sister Hastings'.

April 20th
Today I wrote letters and sent in my reports for the past week.

April 21st
This morning we held class and priesthood meeting. I finished my letter writing and spent part of the afternoon at Sister Hastings'.

April 22nd
This morning, Elder Roundy and I went tracting on West Bluff. During the day, we had several short but good conversations with the people.

April 23rd
We had fairly good success today. But the people are hard to get interested in the gospel. I am not feeling very well tonight. President J. F. Wasden came in today.

April 24th
I am feeling better today, and did some tracting today. But as we both were feeling poorly, we did not go out this afternoon. In the evening, we held a street meeting. This afternoon or evening I was given a paper by one of our friends, which contained a very bad story of our work on West Bluff, and said (which said) we were trying to induce the women to go to Utah, and all like that. Elder Roundy is not feeling well.

April 25th
Today neither of us did not feel well, so we did not go tracting. In the evening, President Wasden and I visited Mr. and Mrs. Wrigley; we had a nice evening.

April 26th
We went to work on West Bluff, but had poor success. At the last house, we called at (just at noon), the lady attacked Elder Roundy, but he was too good for her, so she left the door, and her husband came to the door. Elder Roundy told him we were the Latter-day Saint elders doing missionary work, to which he said, "Yes, and if I had a shot gun and a good dog, you fellows would get out of town G.D.M. quick." and then he was gone. ([We] went back to the street and waited for some time for the man to come out of the house, but he did not come. I used the expression [above]: the lady attacked; I meant to say: She argued with him.) In the afternoon we went to some factories and asked for permission to go through them, but was refused the privilege. We were intending to tract the factories as the men came out from work, but we had to wait so long, that I got tired of waiting for the time the factories would close, so we went home without tracting the factories. Held a meeting at Sister Hastings' this evening.

April 27th
We made out our reports and then went down on the street to see the famous Wild-West Show Parade, and then I came to the room and wrote some letters. In the evening, we held a street meeting. At the close of the meeting, a man who had stood by and listened to us came to us and invited us to take part with them in their meeting (the coming) Sunday evening. We promised to do so.

April 28th
The day was stormy and wet. We held class and priesthood meeting, and after dinner, were contented to stay in the room. Elder Cochran and I went to the place where we were to attend meeting. We had some trouble in finding the place, but at last we found it in the north-east part of town, between the railroad track and the Illinois River. The house had more of the appearance of a boxcar than anything else, with a belfry on one end – but was nice inside. The preacher was a colored man. Tonight, besides the minister and us two elders, there were three colored people and three white people. After singing three times and prayer by the minister, the minister began his sermon. It was short. He did fairly well. When he gave us the privilege to talk, [then] Elder Cochran spoke on revelation and authority. (Matt. 16:16-18. At the

close of the meeting, we were invited to hold meeting Sunday afternoon.

April 29th
I tracted alone this morning, visited eight families, but was not able to converse very much with the people. In the afternoon, Elder Roundy and I visited Mrs. Bell Taylor and family. Had a long talk with them and appointed a meeting with them for Thursday evening. Then we visited Mrs. Kimler and had a good talk with her.

April 30th
Elder Roundy and I tracted on West Bluff this morning. We met some very nice people. I call them nice because they were willing to accept of our tracts and speak to us as a lady or gentleman should speak to another person. So many of the people do not speak this way. In the afternoon we went to visit some homes, but found [we] did not have the numbers correct, so came to the room and got a bunch of tracts and went to one of the factories and gave them to the hands as they came out of the building. We held a meeting at Mrs. Kimler's. I spoke on the life of Christ and overcoming temptation.

May 1st, 1912
This morning, Elder Cochran and I tracted on West Bluff. We met some very nice people and had several good conversations. All four of us elders went to Sister Hastings' for dinner and spent most of the afternoon with the family. We tried to hold a street meeting tonight but was not able to, on account of our not being together at the time the meeting should have started, so the Volunteers (of America) got ahead of us, and we could not get another place where we could gather a crowd, so Elder Cochran and I went up the street and handed out about forty tracts each.

May 2nd
The morning was so stormy, we could not go out, so we did not hold our class meeting. Today, we got 10,000 tracts from the express office, and divided them among us. Elder Roundy and I tracted on the West Bluff this afternoon and tried to visit the railroad shops (to hand out tracts) but we were too late. In the evening I got Nettie Secrets and we went to Mrs. Bell Taylor's, where Elder E. T. Blackham joined us, and

we held a cottage meeting. (One reason why I got Nettie was to show them – Mrs. Taylor – what fine people our converts were.)

May 3rd
I tracted along this forenoon on West Bluff. In the afternoon, Elder Roundy and I did some re-visiting. In the evening we went to Sister Hastings' and held a cottage meeting. Elder Cochran presided. I spoke of how I know the gospel to be true.

May 4th
I wrote some letters and sent in my weekly reports.

May 5th Sunday.
We did next to nothing this forenoon and in the afternoon Elder Blackham and I visited Mr. and Mrs. Barr at their home on Forest Hill and California Avenue, and blessed their baby. I was mouth (in blessing the baby). We held our class and priesthood meeting in the evening.

May 6th
Mr. C. F. Reynolds (our landlord) moved this morning, so Elder Roundy and I were obliged to find another place to room. We called at several places, but found nothing that suited us. At last we got a room at 207 Spencer Street for $3.00 a week, with a small family by the name of Lillie. We were all the forenoon getting located, and in the afternoon I went to see about a meeting at Mrs. Kimler's. She was not at home, and the rain prevented me from doing anything more.

May 7th
Elder Cochran and I tracted on the Bluff during the forenoon, and met several nice people. This afternoon Elder Blackham and I visited Mrs. Wrigley, and in the evening we all went to Sister Hastings' to hold a meeting, but nobody came in, and the meeting failed.

May 8th
This morning I tracted alone on West Bluff and during the afternoon Elder Roundy and I did some re-visiting. In the evening we all went down on the street to hold a street meeting, but the Salvation Army was

ahead of us, and were using the corner where we had permission to hold meetings.

May 9th
I went with Elder Cochran on West Bluff this forenoon. During the afternoon I went to Mrs. Wrigley's and Mr. Thompson's and invited them to our meeting. Then [I] arranged [a] meeting at Sister Hastings'; then Elder Roundy and I went to one of the factories and distributed a few tracts. In the evening we, with Elder Cochran, held a meeting at Sister Hastings'.

May 10th
I tracted alone this forenoon, and had only fair success. I was not invited into any of the homes, and got only short conversation (at the door).

May 11th
We wrote some letters, helped Elder Blackham to the Union Depot, as he had been transferred to Bloomington, Illinois. In the evening, Elder J. K. Lyons came in; he has been assigned to labor here (Peoria).

May 12th
We held priesthood meeting in the morning, then read most of the day. A slow rain fell most all day, and the air was cold, so we did not go out.

May 13th
Today we met (with) good success on the Bluff and in the afternoon we went to Mrs. Kimler's and arranged for a meeting tomorrow evening, and called at Mr. Hinds' to see how his little boy, who was hurt by a horse a few days ago, was getting along. In the evening we went to Sister Hastings' and talked with them for a while. The day has been nice, and it is clear tonight.

May 14th
We tracted on West Bluff this forenoon, and during the afternoon we made one or two re-visits, and went down to a large factory to distribute some tracts, but were too late. ([We] were [there] after closing hours.)In the evening we held a meeting at Mrs. Kimler's. I spoke for a few minutes on why I am a Latter-day Saint.

May 15th
We tracted on West Bluff this morning. We called at two houses and had conversations at each place. The last place (house) was at a member of the Christian Church, and we talked for two hours with him. He claimed the four gospels, or book of the gospels, was Christ's (writings) to the people, and the Acts of the Apostles was the only books we (the people of today) could go by, and (he) would not accept of anything from any of the other books of the Bible. He did not believe in authority or the Holy Ghost, but he was good natured and pleasant to talk with, so we enjoyed the conversation. In the afternoon we called on Mrs. Wrigley and spent all the after noon with her, and talked of the principles of the gospel and organization of the Church.

May 16th
We tracted on West Bluff this morning and had a variety of people to deal with, but we got three or four nice conversations. In the afternoon we called on Mrs. Bell Taylor and talked with her for an hour, but could not get the privilege of holding a cottage meeting with the family.

May 17th
We went on West Bluff near the Bradley College, and tracted this forenoon. About 2 o'clock I met a businessman, Charles H. C. Charvatt, who told me he lectured for Stephen A. Douglas (during his campaign for the presiden[cy] of the United States) and spoke the religious world of today. He spoke of a prediction made by Brigham Young against Governor Thomas Ford (on account of the actions of the governor at the time Joseph and Hyrum Smith were killed) and said it was fulfilled to the very letter. He said he did not belong to any church at all; said he knew Joseph Smith was a true prophet; spoke of Joseph's statement to Mr. Douglas, and said he knew it was fulfilled. (In another article I have written of this conversation in some detail – see my letter to J. J. Daynes.) We went to one of the large distilleries and distributed some tracts. This distillery makes 50,000 gallons of pure liquor (alcohol) every day.

May 18th

We wrote some letters and sent in our reports. Toward evening I started out to visit my friends and invite them to come to Sunday School and meeting Sunday morning. I was invited to eat supper with Mr. Wrigley, and I did. I talked with them on the gospel for a few minutes. I visited four families and then went on the street to meet the other elders to hold a street meeting, but we did not meet, so we did not hold a meeting.

May 19th
Sunday all day. We went to the hall we have rented on the corner of Madison and Main and held our priesthood meeting and a short meeting. Our congregation consisted of us four elders, two saints, and Mr. and Mrs. Wrigley. We arranged for our Sunday School and Elders Lyons and Cochran spoke a while (for a few minutes). At the close of the meeting I was invited home to dinner by Mr. Wrigley, and spent part of the afternoon with them. Elder Cochran and I went out to California Avenue and Grove Hill Street and spent the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Barr.

May 20th
We tracted on West Bluff, east of Bradley College. We met some fair-minded people and had some very nice talks on the principles of the gospel. In the afternoon we went to a factory to distribute some tracts but had poor success, so went to Mrs. Kimler's and talked with her on the gospel plan. Spent the evening in the room.

May 21st
We are still tracting on West Bluff near the Bradley College. We met rather a cold lot of people this morning – only three or four conversations. In the afternoon we went to make some re-calls but found the people had moved away, and strangers [are] living in the houses. We went to the factory and gave out several tracts as the men came out from work. In the evening we all went to Mrs. Kimler's and held a cottage meeting, having eight (persons) in attendance (all told).

May 22nd
We tracted on the tier of blocks west of the Bradley College; most of the people were cold, but a few of the people talked (with us) for a short time. One lady was (considerate enough to us) to tell us not to go

to the next house, as the people (who lived there) were Catholics, and (they) would ill-treat us, but Elder Roundy (who was to take the next house) wanted to go, as he thought she could only refuse a tract and shut the door in our face. He rang the (door)bell; the lady came, and he introduced ourselves as the Latter-day Saint elders. We were hurriedly ordered off the porch. ([We] went back to the street.) We could see [the] ignorance of her mind in the expression of her features as soon as she came where we could see her. She then turned to her neighbor (whom we had just left) and said, "Damn them, I wish to hell I had turned the hose on them." We spent the afternoon talking with Mrs. Wrigley and ate supper with the family. In the evening we went on the street to hold a meeting but as the other elders did not come, we listened to some of the G. A. R. soldiers play on their fifes and drums; then [we] went to a five-cents show.

May 23rd
I spent part of the day helping Sister Hastings clean house, and then I went and called on some of my friends and asked them to our cottage meetings at Sister Hastings'. Some of them promised to come, but did not show up, so the meeting was rather slim. The G. A. R. are having a grand time today. The city is well decorated, and quite a number of the veterans are here. I understand 2500 people joined the parade at 2 o'clock today.

May 24th
We tracted east of the Bradley College this forenoon. The people were cool towards us, but near noon, we called at three houses where we were kindly received and ask[ed] to call again. After dinner we called on Mrs. Taylor and spent the rest of the day preparing our reports. We had a short but pleasant talk with the postmaster.

May 25th
Wrote some letters and sent off our reports. I had a haircut and got my pants pressed. We held a street meeting in the evening. I spoke on baptism.

May 26th
Being Sunday we went to the hall and held our priesthood meeting and a short meeting at 11 o'clock. In the afternoon us four elders, Nettie

and Clyde Secrets and Sister Barnett went out to Bradley Park and amused ourselves the best we could for a while; then ate our lunch and went home.

May 27th
Elder Roundy and I went to Sister Hastings' and planted some garden for her. Elder Roundy pressed our coats, and after our dinner I put up a lawn swing. Then we went to Mrs. Kimler's to see about a cottage meeting.

May 28th
We went up on West Bluff and tracted today. This afternoon was spent in visiting. In the evening we went to Mrs. Kimler's to hold a meeting but nobody came, so we went back to our rooms without holding a meeting.

May 29th
We spent the forenoon tracting on West Bluff. Most of the people treated us cool; yet we were able to have a nice conversation. Early in the evening, Elder Roundy and I went up to Forest Hill Avenue to see [if] Sister Barr would be able to go out with the picnicking party tomorrow.

May 30th
This morning ten of us went to Mackinaw, where we were joined by nine of the people from the Bloomington Branch. We went to the river and fished, ate dinner, had a very nice program, played ball, and had a generally good time; and in the evening we all returned home, as far as I know, in safety.

May 31st
We did not do much today on account of a grand doings at the Bradley College and grounds. Elder Roundy and I went to Mrs. Kimler's to see how she was, as we were satisfied she would be sick from the effects of her trip to Mackinaw. She was in bed, but gaining and resting well. In the evening, all four of us elders went to the Avery Manufacturing Company and gave out six-hundred tracts as the men came out from work. Besides this we sat in the room and studied.

June 1st
We wrote letters and sent in our reports. In the evening we went and held a street meeting, but we did not have a very large crowd, and the street cars made so much noise we could not make the people hear, so we closed.

June 2nd
This is Sunday. We held a very good Sunday School and Testimony Meeting this morning. Elder Roundy and I spent the afternoon in the room and in the evening took a short walk in the north part of the city, and went and listened to the Volunteers of America, who were holding a street meeting. They advanced no doctrine at all, but sang songs, getting two little girls to sing a song each, while one passed the hat. They did nothing but coax for money. The crowd was (a) good-sized, but the amount gathered was small. Judging from what little I have seen of religious matters in the world, I do not wonder that so many people are disgusted with religion and say it's all a graft and a scheme to get the dollar.

June 3rd
Today Elder Roundy and I tracted and (on) the Bluff, finding the people a little more willing to talk with us and accept (of) our tracts. Shortly after dinner, I had a good talk with a businessman. I explained a few passages of scripture to him, when he said, "Elder Young, you are a wonder with the Bible!" We called at Mrs. Kimler's and talked with her and arranged for a meeting tomorrow evening. I saw Nettie Secrets in town and asked her to call up the Schmidt girls and invite them to the meeting. It is lightning and thundering very hard tonight, with rain.

June 4th
We went up on the Bluff and tracted this morning. We had the usual class of people to meet, but were able to hold our own with them while talking to them. Some refused to talk with us or accept our tracts. In the afternoon we went back to the Bluff to make some re-calls. We called at one house – a place where the lady had consented to our calling again, but when she saw who it was, she said, "I have no time for that!", and shut the door in our faces. This hurt me more than any other thing I have had happen to me since I came in this field. We

came back to the room and then went down on South Washington Street to locate some factories and hand out some tracts to the hands as they came out from work, but [we] was too late; the factories were closed before we got to them.

June 5th
We are still on West Bluff to work; the people are rather cool; yet we were able to talk to a few. This afternoon we called at Mr. Wrigley's and visited for one hour and a half, and then we went to Mr. Hinds' and invited them to our Sunday meeting, getting a promise that some of them would be there at the meeting Sunday. We got a nice rain this evening.

June 6th
We spent the greater part of the day on West Bluff. The people were very cool today, with only four or five short conversations during the day. We went to a barrel factory this evening and gave out a nice-sized bunch of tracts. This evening we were on our way to Sister Hastings' to hold a cottage meeting, when a man with whom we had talked with several (times) called to us and told us he had a copy of Volume L and No. 9 of the Deseret News, which he prized very highly. The meeting was good. I walked home with Mr. Hinds and Mrs. Wrigley. We had a very good talk on the gospel.

June 7th
Elder Roundy and I, while on our way going on West Bluff, called on a man who has a number of papers and letters of old, which he prizes very highly. This is the man I spoke of yesterday. We spent an hour with him and had a very pleasant talk along historical lines. The people we met this morning were cool, but we had three or four nice talks with them. We spent the afternoon with Mrs. Kimler and talked on various subjects. I loaned her the Doctrine and Covenants.

June 8th
We sent in our reports and wrote letters. Today is Saturday. I called on some families and gave each a Liahona. We went on the street to hold a meeting, but could not, so Elder Roundy and I went to a Vaudeville.

June 9th Sunday.

We met at the hall for priesthood meeting, and then we held Sunday School, having 13 in attendance. We administered the sacrament to the saints, and held meeting at 11:30 a.m. Elder Roundy and I went home with Mrs. Wrigley and had a good dinner with them. Then we talked on the gospel and Church history for two hours. Then Elder Roundy and I went to Glen Oak Park and listened to the band play. Hired a boat and rode on the pond for an hour. (This pond is in a hollow behind a bank which was built as a breastwork by the French during the French and Indian War, to be used against the British, in one of their battles. General George Washington led the English in this battle. The French had taken a stand on the (what I will call) east slope of West Bluff, and built dams across several hollows and used these banks or dams for protection. The British came over the level benchland to the east and down the hill. (This hill was one and a half miles from the French location. The French were using cannons with a three-mile range [which reached] to the Illinois River Valley [so that they, the British, were] in good range of the French cannons), and crossed the river and [went] up the hill to the French location). The British met this great disadvantage and were successful in driving the French out and took at least one of their cannons. (This I saw on the grounds near where it had been used in the battle.) The other two elders and Nettie (Secrets) joined us there.

June 10th
We are still tracting on West Bluff and have fairly good success in getting the people to accept (of) our tracts. In the afternoon we called on a Mr. Decker (a shoemaker) and talked with him for a while, and on our way back, stopped at a store and talked for some time.

June 11th
We went on West Bluff again, crossed over to the north side of Main Street and began on a line of blocks on the west side of North Garfield. Got five or six good chats and an invitation to call at one place some evening. This afternoon we went to Mrs. Kimler's to arrange for a meeting tonight, and talked all afternoon. Had a long talk with a young man, a distant relative of hers. The young man is almost blind, is a first-class violinist, and is very bright. Elder Roundy and I went to hold the meeting this evening, but as nobody came, we did not have the meeting.

June 12th to 15th
Was spent in the usual way of tracting and conversing on the gospel. We held a good meeting on the 13th.

June 16th
Conference. President J. F. Wasden and Sisters Mary Smith and Annie Fearnly came over from Bloomington and spent the day. We held priesthood, Sunday School, and a very short meeting, in the hall at (214 South Adams Street) and a cottage meeting at Sister Hastings' in the evening. All were well attended.

June 17th
Elder Roundy and I left Peoria about 2 p.m. and walked out past East Peoria, and when out away from East Peoria, we began tracting the farmers. I sold a Cowley's Talk on Doctrine. We walked about six miles and got entertainment of a farmer who was very kind to us.

June 18th
I gave our friend (whom we had made and spent the night with) a Book of Mormon. We passed Groveland, and at about 7:30 p.m., reached Fremont. We met several good or nice people today. We walked 24 miles today.

June 19th
I sold the hotel man a Book of Mormon and paid him the balance for our lodging. The people today were not so courteous. We got dinner of a lady who had kept two elders overnight about a year ago. I let (gave) her have two small books. Near Hopedale, we got entertainment of a farmer by [the] name of Joseph Lyons. At first they did not with to keep us, but finally told us to come in. They were very kind to us. We talked to them on the principles of the gospel.

June 20th
During the day we had a good rain. We walked 12 miles. I gave Mrs. Lyons a Book of Mormon and a Liahona subscription for one month. They asked us to call again and see them. The people along the way received us fairly well. I sold a small book. We had a good rain today. We were unable to get an entertainment at night, so had to go to a hotel

and it cost us $2.50 (two dollars and fifty cents) to stay overnight. Walked 12 miles today. (It was sure muddy.)

June 21st
We did some tracting this forenoon and tried to tract the little town of Covell, but the people would not accept (of) our tracts, so did not work all the town. I sold a small book. The road was awful[ly] muddy during the forenoon. This afternoon the people were so cold toward us, we did not go to the farmhouses, but put tracts in the gates. We reached Bloomington and got located about 9 o'clock p.m. We walked over 15 miles today. We stopped with Brother Housers. We had no dinner today, nor supper tonight.

June 22nd
We met in conference at 10 a.m. All the elders and lady missionaries from Illinois were present, except Elder J. W. Brasher, who had been delayed. Three meetings were held during the day. The forenoon and part of the evening meeting were taken up in reports. Elder Roundy and I went and stayed at Brother Eaton's.

June 23rd Sunday today.
The elders and lady missionaries met at 7 a.m. in priesthood meeting. At 10 a.m., 2 p.m., and 8 p.m., general meetings were held and fine discourses were delivered by President German E. Ellsworth and others. The hall was well filled. At a short meeting (at the close of the afternoon meeting) the elders and lady missionaries were assigned to their fields of labor.

June 24th
Most of the missionaries met in Miller Park and had their pictures taken and conversed on the prospects of their work. Elder Roundy, Nettie, Sister Bardeat and I left Bloomington about 4 p.m. for Peoria, at which place we arrived at 5:30 p.m. We elders went to our rooms at 207 Spencer Street.

June 25th
We tracted on West Bluff north of Main Street. The people were hard to get hold of. We did not leave the room this afternoon on account of the heat, or should I say, lack of courage. About 5 p.m. I went to a

bookstore and bought a history of the Bible. Elder Lyons came from Bloomington. Elder Cochran is sick and went home today. This evening Elder Roundy and I visited Mr. Hinds and had a good talk with him.

June 26th
We tracted north of the Bradley College today. The people are very cold towards us. We spent most of the afternoon and evening with Sister Barr.

June 27th
We are still tracting north of the Bradley College. The people are very cold towards our message. This afternoon we hunted up a room for the lady missionaries and a room for the other two elders. This evening we visited Mr. Wrigley.

June 28th
This morning, Elders Lyons, Roundy, and I started out to tract, but as we were passing Sister Hastings' we all went in, and of course, liked to sit in shade, so we were slow about starting. The time flew by, [and] at last it was too late to go to work, so we helped her with some berries she was putting up, and ate dinner with her. After dinner I left and went back to my room for a while, and then to the interurban to meet Sisters Osman and Kuhl. I took them to their room and we went to look up a place for them to board. We were joined by Elders Lyons and Roundy. Soon after this, we met Elders Carver and Thomas, who were doing country work, and just came in for a Sunday. Elder Roundy and I went to our rooms with these two elders. In the evening, we held a good meeting at Sister Hastings'.

June 29th
We spent the day writing letters and in sending in our reports, and I visited Mrs. Kimler at the hospital, and done such running around as necessary on such a day. In the evening I got the sisters and went to the street where the elders were to join us, and we were to hold a street meeting. The elders did not come, so after waiting 30 minutes for them, I went off tracting on the street, handing out 150 tracts. The sisters followed some distance behind me to see if the tracts were thrown away. They said they did not see a tract thrown away.

June 30th
This morning, I got the sisters and went to the hall where we all meet, and held a priesthood meeting at 9 o'clock, and Sunday School at 10 a.m., and meeting at 11:30 a.m. We had a good turn-out today. I presided at the priesthood meeting this morning. Elder Lyons and I went and took dinner with Mr. Wrigley and spent part of the afternoon talking on the principles of the gospel.

July 1st, 1912
About 10 o'clock this morning, Elder Carver and I went out in the country. We walked as far as Hanna City, a distance of 14 miles – the first half of the way during a hot sun, then a rain came and cooled the air off, but still it was very warm. We reached Hanna City about 6:30 in the evening and went at once to a family of saints and asked to stay overnight. The sister told us her husband was away from home, and this being the case, she was afraid her neighbors would talk about her if we stayed all night. We left our grips and went in search of supper and a bed, which we were unable to find. We tried to hold a street meeting, but could not find a place nor a crowd. About 9 o'clock we went and got our grips and started to go out of the place when the sister told us of a family who often kept travelers overnight, and said they were kind people. We at last found the place, and after some talking, the man gave us a bed, and the next morning, a breakfast.

July 2nd
At Hanna City, the lady gave us our breakfast, after which I gave her a Book of Mormon and talked to her about 15 minutes about the book. Elder Carver also talked to her a little while and gave her a brief history of the Church. We had prayers with her and took our leave. On account of the storm continuing, we started back to Peoria. We walked about six miles and were passing a small station where a freight train was standing on the side track. The conductor invited us to get on top of a box car with him and ride a ways (to South Peoria) which we did. When we got off the train, we walked about one mile and came to the streetcar line at the south side of Peoria. We took the car and went to where we were rooming. In the evening we two, with Elders Roundy and Thomas, went to [the] south side of the city and were taken through part of the Clark's Distillery, which is the largest in the world,

and we tracted the barrel manufacturing company. I gave away 185 tracts. In the evening the lady missionaries went with me to Mr. Hinds' where we held a cottage meeting with the family.

July 3rd
I did not feel able to go to work today, so stayed with the room until 3 o'clock, when Elder Cochran and I went out and called on Mrs. Wrigley and Mr. Hinds and Mr. Thompson, returning at 6 p.m. I am still under the weather, so did not go with the crowd out to Glenn Oaks Park for a picnic. In the evening Elders J. B. Thomas, W. L. Carver, Sisters Emma Kuhl, Leona Osman and I went to the boat landing to see the boat (an evening picnic) party start off, and then to a moving picture show.

July 5th
Elder Roundy and I tracted on 1st Avenue part of the forenoon. We stopped tracting because we could not get the people to the doors. We tried to tract a factory, but were too late; the men had stopped work and gone home before we reached the building. The weather is very warm.

July 6th
Was spent in writing, sending in our report and studying. In the evening, we went to a moving picture show. This was the best of picture shows I have ever seen.

July 7th
This Sunday has been a busy day. The elders and lady missionaries met at the hall at 8:30 in the morning and held priesthood meeting, then Sunday School, then Testimony Meeting, as it was fast day. Today we had ten persons at meeting, and eight bore testimonies.

July 8th
Elder Roundy and I tracted along the south side of 1st Avenue. We had hard work to get hold of the people (that is, to get them to talk to us, or accept of our tracts), but had some very nice conversations.

July 9th
We are still tracting on First Avenue. We met several nice people toady and had some very good talks with some of the people, but a very

few refused to accept (of) our tracts. We went down to the factory this evening but were too late; they had stopped work and the men had gone home. Elder Lyons, Sister Osman and Kuhl, and I went to Mr. Thompson's this evening. Elder Lyons presided, and those three spoke.

July 10th
Today we tracted along Prairie Street. We met a family by [the] name of Berry, who had met the elders some time before. We had a long talk with them, and they seemed anxious to have us call again. About 4 p.m. we went and saw Mrs. Kimler at the home. In the evening, we went to the park to hear the band play.

July 11th
This morning we tracted on Prairie Street and Widenham Street. We met some nice people and had some good conversations. This afternoon was spent with Elders Cochran and Lyons. We were trying to get Elder Cochran to go home on account of sickness which has troubled him for some time. We also visited Mrs. Wrigley.

July 12th
The forenoon was so stormy we could not get out to work, and in the afternoon, Elder Roundy slept until late, and then I gave way to not feeling well, so we made two calls and in the evening we went to Sister Hastings' for meeting. Elder Roundy spoke first, followed by Sister H. L. Osman and Elder Cochran.

July 13th
This morning we went to see about getting Elder Cochran off for Chicago, as he has been feeling bad for some time, and is getting worse. He left here at 12:40 p.m. today. We failed at holding a street meeting this evening, but the lady missionaries and I tracted the public square and distributed 125 tracts.

July 14th
This morning three Elders and one lady missionary met in the hall and had priesthood meeting. At 10:30 a.m. we commenced Sunday School and continued with a meeting. We had a good time.

July 15th

Elder Roundy and I tracted on Prairie and Widenham Streets with some very good success. At noon I got a letter from President Wasden instructing me to go in the country with Elder Carver. I spent the afternoon with the lady missionaries visiting my friends, some of which told us they were expecting me to baptize them. I spent the evening with [at] Sister Barr's.

July 16th
Elder Roundy and I tracted on the west end of First Avenue and met some nice people. We met one lady which had stood outside of the house where we were holding some cottage meetings and listened to us speak. She seemed pretty much interested in the message we have to bear. Elder Carver came in, this afternoon. This evening, we held a very good meeting at Mr. Hinds'.

July 17th
Elder Carver and I prepared to leave on the morrow. In the afternoon, the lady missionaries and I visited Mr. Wrigley and had a very good visit with her. Elders Lyons, Roundy, and I went and tracted one of the factories. I distributed 130 tracts. In the evening I and the lady missionaries visited Mrs. Taylor. While there, the fire department went by, and we went to see the fire, but were too late, so went to a show. I was very sorry to leave these sisters, as they are fine women. (They were good, congenial, working, companions.)

July 18th
Elder Carver and I took my suitcase and grip to the express office and sent them to Chicago, and bid our friends good-bye. At 2 p.m. we took the Terminal Car to Hollis, where we began to ask for a place to spend the night, but was refused. We ask[ed] 15 times at Kingston Mines. About 9:30 p.m. the hotel man, after telling us he would not let us have anything, repented and gave us a bed. We walked 12 miles today.

July 19th
We feel pretty good this morning. We walked two miles and got breakfast at a farmhouse. We also got dinner at 1 o'clock, of a poor family. At night, we began to ask for a place to stop, but was refused. We went to [the] town of Breads and asked the minister (Baptist) but he would not keep us. We ask[ed] several of the places but was

refused. The Re-organized Elder told us there was no room for us; his wife said there was an empty room and a good bed in it, upstairs – that we were welcome to (as far as she was concerned) it. The man said in reply, "It does make any difference how many empty rooms there is; there is no room for these fellows." The Spiritualist offered to keep us, but his wife, who was sick (and it was no put-on) asked us to excuse them, as they had just moved in and had unloaded their things in the house and they were everywhere on the floor. At the last house in town, the lady said to us, "The little boy and I are here alone, but you are welcome to stay. I have kept your Elders before, and they are men of honor, so you are welcome." But because there were only the two of them, (so) we went on. The sun had gone down and night was on. We called on 21 farmhouses and asked for a place to stay, but we were not only refused a place to stay, but were called many bad names. At 10:30 p.m. that night, while following a dugway, crossing a canyon, as they were called, we came to a field of oat standing in the shock. Elder Carver was sick and I was carrying his grip, and a heavy cloud hung over us; rain was expected at any time. We took several of these shocks [of oats] and tried to make us a shelter. Drops of rain as big as a 25-cent piece began to fall, and prospects of a good soaking was mighty good. We got ready to lay down and take what come. (I said), "Elder Carver, it is your turn to preside this week, but if it is all right, I want to pray before we lay down." He said he wished I would. In a few simple words, I told the Lord who we were and what we were doing and why we were doing it, and that we had asked at (for a place to sleep overnight) some 30 homes that evening to let us spend the night with them, and that all but two had refused us that privilege, and they had called us many bad names. At the two places where they had offered to keep us, it was not wisdom for us to stay, so here we are in this grain field; Elder Carver was sick, and this rain [is] beginning to fall. He [Heavenly Father] was asked to postpone that rain until we were able to find better shelter. The rain stopped falling at once, and in a few minutes, the stars were shining, and we slept well. At the first streak of light in the east, we were on our way, and walked five miles to Canton, and seeing a card in the window of a nice cottage, "Room for Rent", we went in and asked for the room until Monday morning. (This was Thursday.) The room was 50 cents a day, and we did not have more than 25 cents with us. Elder Carver went to bed, and I soon went out. As I was passing the post office and saw that the door was

open and a man was sweeping the floor, I stepped in and asked if the post office was open, and the man said, "Well, you are inside, aren't you?" I said, "Yes, but what I meant, was it open so I could get my mail?" The man looked at me and said, "Yes, I have some mail here for you. And he went without asking who I was and handed me several letters – one was from my mother. (In it was two stamps.) Now I could mail the letter I had written to her (but was unable to mail, as I did not have a stamp) and one was from the mission office with the $5.00 that I was looking for, and was due not earlier than Saturday – and here is was Thursday morning. Why had it come three days early? That night, not long after dark, a black cloud settled over the place and [it] (I wonder if I ever saw a harder rain.) started to rain. I pulled the bed near the window and Elder Carver, leaning on his elbow, looked out and said, "Elder Young, what is this, but the answer to your prayers that you offered last night, and asked that it be postponed until later, when we could secure better shelter. We have shelter now, and here is the rain!" Monday we went on. We found the country had been flooded, and a good deal of damage had been done. Today, we walked 25 or 30 miles.

July 20th
Is told in the story above. [Kingston Mines is south-west of Peoria, and they followed the Illinois River south-west. and then turned west and went to Canton.]

July 21st
This is Sunday, so we remained in our room, and wrote letters and read and spent the day in this way. It rained hard during the night. Elder Carver is feeling pretty good today.

July 22nd
We walked [north] and tracted the country to Farmington, Illinois, (a distance of 20 miles). Held a very good street meeting, got a room from the City Hotel free of charge – the proprietor of the hotel was short and gruff with us, but let us have a room.

July 23rd
This morning we left the hotel and had walked across the street, when I asked Elder Carver if he had thanked the man for his kindness, to

which Elder Carver replied, "Let the old grout go; forget about him!" I said, No, we must let him know that we were thankful for what he had done for us, and I handed my grip to him (Elder Carver) and went back to the hotel and asked for the proprietor, and was told that he was out with some men. I soon found them and walked up [to] them and asked them if they would pardon me for interrupting them, but I wanted to speak to the proprietor of the hotel. He wanted to know if I wanted to speak to him alone, and I told him I could say what I wanted to say there, just as well as anywhere else, and I went on and thanked him for his kindness to us last night. And he said, "Why, all I did was to let you have a bed to sleep in!" And I told him that was all we had asked for and he [had] granted it. He accepted of it in a rather of a so-so way, and it was all right. I handed him my mission card, telling him that he might be interested in my card – that both my mission and home address[es] was on one side of the card, and our Articles of Faith was on the other side. He took the card and looked at the name, then at me, and turned the card over and looked, and again turned the card over, and then asked if he may, without offending me, ask if I was related to the old gentleman? I asked if he meant President Brigham Young? to which he said, "Yes, that is the man I mean." And I said, "I am proud to say he is my great uncle. He eagerly put his hand out and asked to shake hands with me, and said, "Last night, if I had have known you were the person you are, you would have got a different treatment than you did!" And I said, "Yes, I may have got a coating of tar and feathers and a ride on a rail out of town." He said, "Now, Elder Young, do not put me down that hard, but let me tell you: My father helped to drive your father out of the state of Illinois, [This location is only about 70 miles due east of Nauvoo.] and I have been taught all my life to hate and despise you people, and that I could do nothing that was too mean and hateful to you people, and last night, when I consented to let you have a room, I just swelled up until I felt like I had a heart in me as big as an ox, because I was so generous." I told him that we promised people who helped us in our work as he had, a blessing. He said, "Oh, I only let you have a room." And I went on: "The greatest blessing I can leave with you is a copy of this book (and I handed him the Book of Mormon.) And he wanted to know what it was for, and I told him. Then he wanted to know what the book was for and I told him that it was a record of the people who used to live here, and [of] God's dealings with those people – just as the Bible was a record of the

people in the old country. He said he would accept it on one condition, and that was [that] I would inscribe (autograph) it. I said, "Write it, and I will sign it." He said that would spoil it – that I must write it. I did so, and then they wanted to know more about it, and I explained more to them. He said, "If you ever come back this way, my hotel is open to you, and you will not have to go off to a hot-dog stand and ask for something to eat – your meals will be served in the dining room, and they are already paid for!" I shook hands with all of them and left them standing on the street, reading and talking about the Book of Mormon.

I went to London Mills, about 16 miles. I was late in getting to London Mills, so we did not hold any street meeting. After some bother, we got a room – also supper and breakfast (next morning) – of W. W. Colse (an editor) who was very kind to us. In return I gave him a Book of Mormon.

July 24th
The way we walked from London Mills to Fairview was 20 miles. The day was warm, so we were completely worn out when night came. We did not hold a meeting. Rented a room at a hotel.

[They started out walking generally west from Peoria, and London Mills is about 30 miles due west of Peoria; now they drop south again, (going first south, and then back east), in a loop back, which, at this point puts them in Fairview. They are by-passing the shorter way back home that goes through Canton.]

July 25th
From Fairview to Cuba was about 14 miles. We got a room at a hotel. Tried to hold a meeting, but could not find a place where we could have a crowd, or a light.

July 26th
We went from Cuba to Lewiston, about 12 miles. Rented a room from a family by [the] name of Stoddard. Tried to hold a meeting, but the streets were too dark.

July 27th

Got some mail; wrote some letters; sent in our reports and studied. Got the consent of the police to hold a street meeting, but did not, as there was only one light, and the band used this place to give their concert.

July 28th
Was spent in the room reading and writing.

July 29th
Spent the forenoon preparing to go on our week's journey and talking with our landlady. The afternoon was spent tracting the businessmen. In the evening we went out to hold a street meeting, but did not find enough people on the street.

July 30th
We walked from Lewiston to Ipava (a distance of 15 miles). Got a room of a family, then went and held a street meeting. Had a nice crowd.

We left Ipava and went a round-about way to Vermont [Illinois – midway between Carthage and Peoria, south of the main road]. Walked about 20 miles. A family promised to keep us overnight. We held a good street meeting and then took our grips and went to the house where we expected to stay. When we went in they told us they would not keep us unless we would pay them 50 cents. This we did, as it was very late. (At the meeting) I spoke on Salvation for the Dead.

August 1st
Went from Vermont to Astoria a round-about way; walked 16 miles. Got a room at the hotel (free). [Astoria is nearly back at the Illinois River, south-west of Peoria.] We held no meeting, as the streets were dark, and few people were out.

August 2nd
Left Astoria and started toward Havana, expecting to spend the night in the country, but the people were very cold towards us, and all we could do was to give them a tract, and some would not even accept of a tract, so we made good time. Walked about 16 miles, when a young man ask[ed] us to ride in his wagon, which we did, and [so we] arrived in Havana about 4:30 p.m. After some trouble, we got a room for 50

cents for the night. We had set our grips inside of [the] grocery store while we looked for a room. When we returned for our grips, the store had closed for the night, so we were without our books, and unable to hold a meeting. [Havana is just across the Illinois River.]

August 3rd
This morning we found another room by paying 50 cents per day for it, and went and got our grips and spent the day in writing letter, sending in our reports, and studying.

August 4th Sunday.
As we had laid in a good supply of fruit and other things to eat for Sunday, we stayed in the room and finished up our work.

August 5th
We left Havana and walked about seven miles east, then two miles south through a very sandy country, to Poplar City, [east of Havana, SW of Peoria] with few farms and a thick stand of oak and other hardwood trees, but all were scrubby and of little use. We got no dinner. At poplar City, we turned east to Briggs and Easton, where we remained overnight. We got a room at the hotel. Held no meeting. Walked 16 miles. [This area is only about 25 miles north of the Lincoln Historical Sites.]

August 6th
Left Easton going east to Mason City, a distance of 16 miles. Got no dinner today. We reached Mason City about 6:30 p.m. Were directed to a family who kept rooms, and went and asked for a room, and was promised one. We went back to the store and got our grips and returned. The lady of the house then told us we could not have a bed unless we paid her 50 cents. We thanked her for her kindness and went our way. We next went to the hotel. The landlady was out, and would not be in until seven o'clock, but the waiter thought she would give us a bed. When the landlady came in , she refused us the bed. We found us another family who had rooms, and we asked them (for a place to stay). They were full, so they said, but directed us to her friend who was living a short distance off. We asked of them and received a hearty welcome. But we had left our grips uptown, and we returned for them and came back to the house, found all dark, and could not get an

answer to our knocking. This hindered us from having a meeting. We waited until seven o'clock for someone to let us in the house, and then we left, and went to the railroad, and, finding a boxcar on the side-track, which had some bailed hay in, we climbed in and spent the night.

August 7th
We bought our breakfast, and left the city going north by San Jose, going to Green Valley [which then puts them half-way back to Peoria]. We got dinner at a farm. The family was nice, and all, but the lady of the house welcomed us. We had a good talk with them. About six o'clock we began asking for a place to stop for the night, but one had no room; another was sick; another had just thrashed, or getting ready to thrash. About 8 o'clock we came to a schoolhouse where a young man from Ohio was camping for a while, and he invited us in. He had but little to eat, so we had no supper. At bedtime, he gave us a quilt and a blanket for a bed. During the night a heavy (rain)storm came up, and he took a tarpaulin (which I supposed he had (on) his bed wrapped in, [and had been used] to cover a sick horse). To my surprise the next morning, I found out he had given us all his bed, and he, himself, had lain on the bare floor most of the night. (So all people are not bad!) We walked 15 miles today.

August 8th
On account of the rainstorm during the night, the road was so muddy we could not travel them, so we went to the railroad (3/4 of a mile away) and walked along it for 16 miles, when we reached Pekin at 2:30 [p.m. – essentially home, now], only having a light breakfast. At Green Valley, we got dinner at a restaurant, which cost us 80 cents. The rainstorm continued to sprinkle, so we were unable to do anything. So we went by car (streetcar) to Peoria. We got a room at Mrs. Cheek's with Elders Lyons and Roundy.

August 9th
We did but little today. Thought. I and the lady missionaries went and called on Mrs. Hinds, Mrs. Wrigley, and Mrs. Kimler. In the evening we went to Sister Hastings' and held a meeting. Elder Lyons had been called to the office, and at midnight I helped him to the depot, but we were five minutes late.

August 10th
Elder Lyons left at eight o'clock this morning. We write letters today and did such other things as were at hand. In the evening, the lady missionaries and I went to a five-cent show.

August 11th
Went to the hall and held priesthood meeting. At 10:30 a.m. we held Sunday School. I presided. About 7 p.m., President Wasden and Elder Reese arrived from Bloomington. We went to Mr. Hinds' and held meeting.

August 12th
During the day we did nothing to speak of except loaf about the room. Towards evening, Elder Thomas arrived. In the evening I, accompanied by Elders Carver, Thomas and Roundy, held a good street meeting.

August 13th
Elders Reese and Thomas left for the country work. Also Elders Roundy and Carver. They well meet at Galesburg on the 17th. President Wasden and I tracted today. In the evening, we were invited by the lady missionaries to hold a meeting with a family on California Street near Forest Hill Avenue, which we did.

August 14th
Elder Wasden and I tracted again today. In the evening, the ladies and us (Elders) visited Mrs. Wrigley. Sang songs and conversed on principles of the gospel.

August 15th
During the forenoon we tracted, and in the afternoon we remained in the room, talking over the conditions of the work here in Peoria. In the evening, we went to a picture show.

August 16th
Rained most all forenoon, so we did not get out at all. In the afternoon, we went to see the trotting races, but owing to the storm, the races were called off (for the day), so we were out our trip. In the evening, we held a cottage meeting at Mrs. Hastings'.

August 17th
We wrote letters and sent in our reports and wrote up our journals. Spent the afternoon visiting the Avery Manufacturing Company's shops. They make most all kinds of farm implements and tractors, engines; also automobiles of different kinds. They have their own foundry and shops, furnishing their own electricity. In the evening, Elder Higbee came from Bloomington.

August 18th
This is Sunday. We met at the hall, held priesthood meeting. Elder Higbee was placed in charge. I was to look after the Sunday School. Sister Leona Osman, the music and minutes, and Sister Emma H. Kuhl, the singing. Sister Nettie Secrets [had] the Primary class. Held Sunday School and meeting during the forenoon. About 2 p.m., President Wasden left for Bloomington. In the evening we went to Mr. Hinds' and held a meeting. I spoke on tithing.

August 19th
Elder Higbee and I tracted the south side of Second Avenue during the forenoon, and in the afternoon, visited some of the friends, and in the evening the ladies (missionaries) and us (Elders) went to Sister Barr's at California and Forest Hill, and held a cottage meeting at her house. She was expecting several of her friends (neighbors) to call in, but only one came.

August 20th
We continued to tract on Second Street. As usual, people of all kinds of opinion were met. Had some very good talks. Spent the afternoon visiting. We called on Sister Hastings, but as she had a full house of visitors, we did not stop long. We called on Miss Hibbard (a nurse during the Rebellion) at the Proctor Home, for a short time. In the evening we all went on the Bluff to visit a family, but the were away from home.

August 21st
We are still tracting on Second Avenue. After dinner, we were tracting as usual, when a lady asked us to wait; she had someone who would talk to us. In a moment a Catholic Priest (as we took him to be) came

to the door and asked us to take seats (on the porch), which we did. Elder Higbee was at the door, so he handled the conversation. He told the gentleman we were desirous of talking on the principles of the gospel with the people. He (the man) replied that in order to do so, he would like to reveal who he was, and asked us who we thought he was. Elder Higbee replied that he was a Catholic minister or priest. (The man had a beautiful beard.) He asked if we ever saw a Catholic priest who had a beard? He then explained why he had a beard. He was a higher officer than the priest, [or] a cardinal, and he was permitted to have a beard if he chose, and he said, "You see I chose to have a beard." Several subjects were talked on, and in every case, we (so I think) had the better of the conversation. The man was very calm all the while. Of course, he spoke of Authority and Polygamy. He was pleasant to talk with. Dinner was called. We shook hands with him when we left. (Several times we met up with this man. If we were standing at the door, or talking with someone, he would always raise his hat off his head as he walked by us. If we met him on the sidewalk, he would always stop and shake hands and ask if the people were receiving us with courtesy and kindness.) In the evening we held a street meeting, at which I was the only speaker. I spoke for thirty minutes, authority being my subject. My only standing audience being a man (standing behind a lamppost and telephone pole while people were passing in crowds) most all the while.

August 22nd
We tracted on Second Avenue this morning and First Avenue this afternoon. We met some very indifferent people, but in all, the day was pleasant. In the evening we held a cottage meeting with our landlady. Also, some other roomers came in. Sister Osman and Elder Higbee spoke well. We were then invited to take of some refreshments, which we enjoyed.

August 23rd
Spent the forenoon tracting on Second Avenue. The afternoon was spent going to the south side of Peoria and visiting Clark's Distillery, which is said to be the largest in the world. They were doing some repair work(ing), so we were only taken to the bottling room and warehouse. Held a meeting at Sister Hastings'.

August 24th
I took the lady missionaries to the Rock Island Depot and got their tickets to Rome, Illinois. They went on a day's outing. Spent the forenoon in the room writing and sending in reports. In the afternoon, we visited with Mr. and Mrs. Wrigley. Also called at Mr. Hinds' home. He was at work, so we did not get to see him. In the evening, we held a street meeting. Elder Higbee and Sister Osman were the speakers. I presided, so spoke of our books and tracts.

August 25th
We went to the hall, held priesthood meeting; also Sunday School and meeting. Our gathering was small, but we had a very good time. We called at the post office for mail, and the postmaster asked about our meetings and where we were holding them; said he would be there the following Sunday. On the street, we met Sister Hanks, of Springfield, and Sister Bowers of Oakley, Illinois.

August 26th
Elder Higbee does not feel very well today, so we did not do much tracting. So we went among the businessmen and sold books. I disposed of two Books of Mormon and three small books. In the evening we went with the ladies to visit some of their friends – a family by the name of Stewart.

August 27th
The Ringling Brothers' show is in the city. They gave a parade in the forenoon, which was splendid. We went and saw the parade and show. It was very good. I sold a Book of Mormon and a small book. In the evening the ladies and we two elders visited Mrs. David Meadows, and spent a nice evening, sang several hymns, and talked.

August 28th
Early this morning we went and helped the ladies to the Rock Island Depot and saw them start to Chicago, where they were to attend a conference of the lady missionaries of the Northern States Mission. They left at eight o'clock and ten minutes a.m. Then we went about our usual work. In the evening, we held a street meeting. I presided, and Elder Higbee was the main speaker. We visited Mrs. Wrigley in the afternoon.

August 29th
Spent the forenoon tracting. Elder Higbee sold four small books. The afternoon was spent with Sister Hastings and Nettie. As we were not feeling very well, we did not try to hold a street meeting. Went to Vaudeville.

August 30th
Did some tracting among the businessmen, and waited to see the great "101 Wild West Ranch Show" parade, but got tired standing on the street, and came to the room. Did some tracting in the afternoon, and in the evening, made a call or two to see some of the people we had met while tracting. But all were away, so we went to a nickel show.

August 31st
Was spent writing letters and sending in our reports and holding a street meeting in the evening. I spoke for 25 minutes.

September 1st Sunday.
Went to the hall at nine o'clock and held priesthood meeting and then Sunday School and a testimony meeting followed. Our attendance was the smallest we have ever had for some time. In the evening, we went to Mrs. Brumley's and held a cottage meeting, after which we conversed upon the principles of the gospel for some time.

September 2nd
Tracted this morning, but not with much success, as the people were mostly away from home attending the Labor Day doings. So we did not go out in the afternoon. Spent the evening with Sister Hastings' folks.

September 3rd
Tracted this morning and spent three hours in the afternoon with two Christian ministers (or at least one of them was – the other man was the minister's father, and a leading man among them, and the more intelligent of the two). Elder Higbee conducted the conversation. It was a hard one, but well handled, but I think we got the best of it. They called us false prophets in sheep['s] clothing, and all such things as that. Said we were teaching false doctrine and would be damned for doing

so (and so). Some things we talked about (They claimed that Joseph Smith coaxed Sidney Rigdon, who was one of their leaders, away from them with polygamy. I showed them that we knew nothing about plural marriage for fully eleven years after Rigdon joined us, and that Rigdon did not accept of plural marriage by taking another wife – as long as he was with us.) (They condemned as false the claim that Joseph Smith received revelations and visions, so we referred them to Amos 3rd chapter, Proverbs 29th [chapter] 18th verse, John 16th chapter, and [to] Revelations 14:6-7. They claimed that salvation for the dead was false and damned doctrine, and that severe laws should be enacted to stop us from teaching it. We referred them to Isaiah 24th chapter and the 42nd chapter, John 3rd chapter 1st Peter 3rd chapter 18th - 20th verses, and the 4th chapter 6th verse. A sign was also asked for, but in a short time, the young minister said he did not care anything about what the Savior said about sign seekers. He was not interested in the least, but he said no more about a sign.) Went to a picture show.

September 4th
Tracted this forenoon, and at 3:30 p.m. went to the Union Depot and met Sisters Osman and Anderson as they arrived from Chicago. Then we did some more tracting. In the evening, we Elders went and visited Mr. Hinds by appointment which I [had] made with him on the street this evening.

September 5th
We tracted and re-tracted today, meeting people of the usual way or kind.

September 6th
Was spent in the usual way of tracting and re-tracting. In the evening we all went up to Sister Hastings' and held a cottage meeting. I walked to the meeting with Sisters Osman and Anderson, and home with Mr. Hinds. We had a very pleasant talk on the gospel. I got to bed about 11:30 p.m.

September 7th
I did some visiting today and made arrangements to leave for Sterling (Illinois) on the 5 p.m. train. [Sterling is about 80 miles due north of Peoria.] This was the instruction of President Wasden by letter

yesterday. I left on time, and about 9:30 p.m., arrived at Sterling and was met by Elders Roundy and J. B. Thomas and W. L. Carver. Elder L. S. Roundy went with me to supper, and then we went to a five-cents show.

September 8th
Most of the day was spent in the room, but towards evening, Elder Thomas and I went and visited a Mr. Mott; ate supper with him, and talked with him until meeting time. Then the three of us walked down to where Elders Reese and Carver were, and held a good street meeting, at the close of which, we had some good talks with some of our listeners. I have forgotten to say that Elder Roundy has been transferred to [the] West Iowa Conference, and [he] left at noon today.

September 9th
Elder Carver and I walked to Tampico (a distance of 14 miles to the south-west.) [Tampico has the Ronald Reagan Birthplace Site.] The road was dusty, and the sun was warm. Had fairly good success in our tracting, and in the evening we had several people attend our street meeting, and [they] gave us good attention. We were unable to get a place to stay overnight, and as Elder Carver was not feeling well, we went to a hotel and gave 50 cents for a bed.

September 10th
Today we walked to Hooppole (a distance of about 14 miles [still south-west]). We got a room of a family who also gave us our breakfast (next morning). This town is very small and has no street lights, but we were anxious to hold a meeting, so we looked for a crowd, and found three men sitting at one place. We counted 12 persons on the street in four blocks. Three persons were the most [gathered] together in any one place, so we gave up and did not try to hold a meeting.

September 11th
It is ten miles to Atkinson [south, reaching where I-80 is] from Hooppole, and we walked all the way, calling upon the people as we went. At Atkinson, the hotel lady gave us a bed, and breakfast the next morning. Our street meeting was good; we feel encouraged in the work.

September 12th
We left Atkinson and started to go to Cambridge [south-west]. We walked about four miles when an auto overtook us and asked us to go to Genesee, six miles west of us. So we did so. This was my first auto ride. We then went to Cambridge (a walk of 10 miles). At noon I asked a man for dinner. He spoke to his wife in the kitchen and came back and told us they did not want to give us dinner, as they had had dinner and it was too much bother to fix [it] for us. I then asked if he had a watermelon that he would five us. He willingly gave us two small melons which he said was not very good, but the best he had. While we were eating the melons, his wife came out and told us our lunch was ready and for us to come and eat. We were not looking for this, so we were surprised. The lady had a good dinner for us on the table. We gave thanks to God for it and then ate very heartily. At Cambridge, the hotels were full, but one of them gladly gave us our supper. We held a good street meeting, which was well attended, and the crowd was quiet. We went to the fairgrounds and slept in an empty box-stall where a race horse had been kept during the racing season. (After trying in vain to get a place to stay all night, we started to go to the fair grounds. On the way, Elder Carver said to me, "Don't you feel so light that all you would have to do to fly is to raise your arms up and you would fly right over those telegraph wires?" It seemed as though we were walking in the air.)

September 13th
We walked about four miles and got breakfast at a farm. We went on to Bishop's Hill (a distance of about five miles [south-east]) where we expected to hold a street meeting, but on arriving at the place we found it to be an old-fashioned place, built and inhabited by some Swedish people, and no chances for a meeting, so we went on to Galva [a few miles, south-east still], and as the clouds were low and black, we took the interurban car to Kewanee, and after some trouble, we found Grandmother Palmer, a sister who had obeyed the gospel in England forty years ago, so it was late when we got to bed. Today we walked 18 miles and rode 10 miles; our tracting was very poor.

September 14th

We had breakfast with Sister Palmer, and then went down to the post office, where we met Elders Thomas and Reese. The day was spent writing letters and getting our reports off. In the evening, we asked the police if we could hold a street meeting, and the Chief [of] Police said we could not. Again we were hindered by a rainstorm. Elder Thomas and I started out to Sister Langs' (a distance of three miles) but had not got far when it began to rain again, and [it] continued most all night, so we were as wet as a drowned rat long before we reached the place. Mr. Lamb came in about midnight as wet as we were.

September 15th
We sat in the house reading and talking on the principles of the gospel and necessity of obeying the same. About noon Elders Carver and Reese came. We all had dinner and then they went back to town.

September 16th
Elder Thomas and I went to town and met the other elders. We then paired off for the week. Elder Reese and I went together. After dinner, we went out, going as far as Galva. On account of a rainstorm, it was late when we reached Galva, and a storm threatened, so we were not able to hold a street meeting. We then went out in the country to look for a bed. After being refused (a place to stay all night) a bed a few times, we went to a haystack and dug a hole in the straw and spent the night. Elder Reese caught a cold (and lost his fountain pen). This straw stack was about one and [a] half miles east of town.

September 17th
We went south about two miles and east one miles and got breakfast at a farmhouse. The man's name was Frank Faminel. We had a good breakfast and a splendid conversation after breakfast. We went south and east to Victoria, [They are now quite near Galesburg, where he began his mission.] where we were in hopes of holding a meeting, but changed our minds, as the streets were dark and the town strung out like a string town, so we went to the south, and about eight o'clock got a place to stay. They treated us fine. Their name was Johnson. They lived near a schoolhouse called, Truta. Today we walked 20 miles.

September 18th

Elder Reese is not feeling well. We walked south-east today. The people this week have as a rule, been indifferent toward us, but most of the time, we are able to get three meals a day. Tonight we had some bother to get a place to stay. One man was quite angry because we called at his place late at night, and said he would not keep us because we did not come early. But the next place we came to gave us a hearty welcome. Their name was (is) Grant. They lived north-east of Brimfield. Today we walked about 23 miles.

September 19th
We started out this morning going east, but had not gone far when Elder Reese complained of not feeling well, or able to continue the journey on foot, so we went to Oakhill, a small railroad station about eight miles from where we had spent the night, and bought two tickets to Peoria. (He was not willing to go and leave me alone in the country.) We arrived at Peoria about 12:30 p.m. (noon) and went to Checks' where the elders were rooming, and got a room until conference was over. I visited Sister Hastings in the afternoon. In the evening, I went to Sister Hastings to borrow money from Nettie. (We [elders] were without money.)

September 20th
I did some running around today and distributed a few tracts. I got a dollar from Nettie, so I got our grips out of the express office. Today, Elders Carver, Thomas, Ashby, and McCune came in. We tried to hold a street meeting, but were driven in by rain. Elders Ashby, Carver and I went to a picture show.

September 21st
Did a little work today. I met Mr. Hinds while he was on his way home from work, and arranged to spend the evening with them, so Elder Ashby and I went and talked with him until ten o'clock. The elders who have been here told me a bad article had been printed in one of the papers about us, and it had caused Mr. Wrigley to feel pretty hard towards us and (he) had left word for the elders not to call again at his place – especially Elder Young. Elder Reese is all right now. The elders laboring in Peoria are J. F. Wasden, H. F. Higbee, and Sisters Osman and Anderson.

Chapter Thirty-four

September 22nd Sunday

Conference began this morning by the elders and lady missionaries meeting in the Observatory Building on the Third floor at 8 a.m. There was present: President German Ellsworth, President J. F. Wasden, Elders S. T. Blackham, J. F. Ashby, W. L. Carver, J. B. Dudley, M. F. Higbee, J. B. Thomas, R. H. McCune, S. C. Young, and Sisters Leona Osman, Emma Kuhl, Viola Howard, and Pearl Anderson. This was a priesthood meeting, and we gave in our reports, and received many good instructions. The elders and lady missionaries were all feeling well in the gospel and encouraged in the work. This meeting lasted for four hours, during which time President J. F. Wasden and Elder Blackham were released to return home. At the close of this meeting, we went to the Miller Studio and had a photograph taken of the Northern Illinois Conference. (Omitted): President Ellsworth chided some and commended others. At 2 p.m., conference continued with a general public meeting. Saints and friends from Peoria and Bloomington gathered in and we had about 75 in attendance. Three of the elders and two of the lady missionaries spoke during the first part of the meeting, and President Ellsworth spoke last, taking up 45 minutes of the time. About 4:15 p.m., another priesthood meeting was called for the purpose of giving more instructions and having a secret ballot cast for a conference president. (I think President Ellsworth did this more than anything else to see if the conference was united or not.) The results was Elder Dudley and Higbee each got six votes, and Elder Ashley got one, and one blank was cast. At 7 p.m. another general meeting was held. The number of speakers and the time used was about the same as at afternoon meeting, President Ellsworth taking up the last half of the meeting. All spoke well, and a good spirit prevailed. The attendance was about the same as the afternoon meeting.

September 23rd

Elder Dudley was appointed Conference President. In the forenoon the elders and lady missionaries met together and were assigned to their field of labor by J. F. Wasden. Both he and J. F. Dudley spoke. Elder Wasden and I went to Central Park and arranged for a baptismal service, and about 12:30 p.m. I baptized Malinda Evelina Russell Kimler. We then went to Sister Hastings' and had dinner. Elders Blackham and Wasden came, and we confirmed her a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Elder Blackham being

mouth. In the evening, Elder Ashley and I ate supper with Mr. Hinds, and talked with him until nine o'clock p.m.

September 24th
I prepared some things belonging to Elder Roundy and expressed them to him. After dinner, Elder McCune and I, having been assigned to labor together in Livingston County [50 miles east-northeast of Peoria], left Peoria, going east on foot. We spent the night with a farmer (five and [a] half miles east of Washington, by the name of Joseph Guth.) They received us very kindly.

September 25th
We reached Washington at noon and got lunch at a residen[ce] in the west side of town. The weather was too cold for a street meeting, so we walked some three miles and was given a place to stop by an Amish minister. They were very kind to us. Soon after supper, the family left for a visit for the evening, and left us alone with the house. We were in bed when they returned.

September 26th
Today we went to Eureka, a walk of eight miles to the north-east [from Peoria]. We reached the town about 3:30 in the afternoon, and soon got a room at the hotel and went to see the mayor, and got his consent to hold a street meeting, which he freely gave us, but said we were requested not to put too much stress on the selling [of] our books, or we would be requested to get a license. We got supper at a restaurant. Our street [meeting] was fairly well attended but several people who had promised us they would be at the meeting were not there. At the close of the meeting, a Mrs. Thompson (I knew her by that name.) whom I had got acquainted with in Peoria, came and invited us to her house. Our work of books and tracts today was pretty good.

September 27th
We went to Mrs. Thompson's to shave, and she gave us our breakfast; also a lunch of cookies and apples, which we put in our grips. About six o'clock in the evening, we ask[ed] for a place to stay, and the young man said he and his sister and younger brother were working the place for their father, and had strict orders not to keep any strangers at all. But he finally said we were not regular traveling men, nor tramps, so he

made us welcome and treated us fine. We spent a very pleasant evening with them and talked until late on the principles of the gospel.

September 28th
Today we went to El Paso, reaching the place about 10 a.m. As we went into the town, we passed the canning factory, so stopped and asked permission to go through the building, which we were permitted to do. It was very interesting how the work was done. They were canning corn, and we followed it from the wagon to the case ready for shipping. I was told (so I understand) the cost of buying and canning the corn amounted to three cents per can. We went to the Campbell Hotel and got a room free of cost for one night, and a charge of 50 cents a day after that. We paid for our meals. We got permission of the police to hold a street meeting. And [we] made a good start, but when Elder McCune talked about ten minutes, the rain began to fall, and we had to stop or get wet. The crowd left, and so did we. Today we made out our monthly reports and sent them into the office; also to the conference president. (Pres. J. B. Dudley)

September 29th Sunday.
We sat in the room most of the day and read and wrote letters. In the evening we visited the Christian Church. The minister spoke on the subject of love, taking his text from Matthew, 24th chapter, and 12th verse, and quoted some passages to prove what love would do. [He] said nations preparing for war was a sign that they had no love, one for the other, and should [spent] most all the time on the condition of the nations of the earth.

September 30th
We left El Paso [east of Eureka] about nine o'[clock this morning, going to Gridley [due east] (a distance of about eight miles). The hotel gave us supper and a family gave us a bed. The weather was too cold for a street meeting.

October 1st, 1912
The family we stayed with last night gave us our breakfast. We started toward Chenoa (a distance of about 10 miles), a little east of north. About four o'clock in the afternoon, while Elder McCune was talking at a farmhouse, I was going on to the next place. While walking along, I

came to three young men who were talking in the road. One was a school teacher driving home from school, the other two were farmers standing – one on each side of the road in the field. As I came up to them, the one on the north side spoke to me about the election to be held in November, and of course, I replied, joining in(to) the conversation. Elder McCune came, and after a while they asked us what our business was. We, of course, told them, much to the chagrin of the schoolmaster, on account of a story he had told. He begged pardon and talked to us a while. [He] bought a "Cowley's Talk on Doctrine of Men" and suggested to the young man who had first spoken to me that he ought to take us home with him for the night, as he was alone, and had a large home. We offered to help him finish his load of corn and assist with the chores. He finally took us home. We cooked supper and talked on the principles of the gospel. Had a good bed.

October 2nd
We cooked breakfast, and at nine o'clock, left, leaving the young man feeling good towards us, [and] with a hardy invitation to return again that night if we wanted to. Today the people treated us cool[ly]. We asked for dinner several times before we finally got dinner. At evening, we were refused several times for a place to stay, and near seven o'clock, a man overtook us with a one-horse buggy and asked us to ride with him, which we did. He took us to Fairbury (about two miles east of us.) We got supper at a restaurant and a bed at the Illinois Hotel.

October 3rd
This morning we started in the country again, going south and east to Forest, then north into town. We got a room at the hotel, but had to pay for supper. We held a street meeting. On account of cold weather, we could not draw much of a crowd, so after I had spoken about 15 minutes, we closed the meeting.

October 4th
This morning, our direction lay south and east. About 11:30, we got dinner with a Catholic family who seemed to be very nice people, and honest at heart. Tracting so far today has been very poor. This afternoon, we had some very good talks; some of them lasted at least

an hour. This evening we had rather a hard time finding a place to stay, but about seven o'clock we were taken in by a Dutch family, who at first were like the little boy, which the calf had run over – had nothing to say, but after a while, they began to talk and treated us splendid[ly]. We had a good supper and a good bed.

October 5th
This morning we traveled north-east. At noon we got dinner with a family by the name of Miller. They seemed to be a very nice family. The wife and mother had been dead for three years. The father seemed to take great interest in salvation for the dead. (This was the first he had ever heard of the principle.) About three o'clock in the afternoon, we reached Chatsworth, which has a population of 1,200 people. [Population is the same in 1990. These elders have traveled from the center of Illinois, almost to its eastern border.] Here we had a hard time getting a place to stay, but finally got a room with a family by paying $1.50 for two nights. I got a bath at a barber shop, for nothing. In the evening, we held a large street meeting. It was the largest I have helped to hold. At one time, the crowd must have numbered 250 people. At the close of the meeting, we distributed a good many tracts.

October 6th Sunday.
Today we wrote letters and sent in our reports. In the evening we visited the Baptist Church. The minister (Rev. Mr. Gunn) spoke upon the subject of the three crosses, or the cross on which Christ and the two thieves were put to death, mapping this illustration of them: One of them had bitter feelings, full of doubt, saying, "If thou art the Son of God, save thyself and us!" which the minister repeated several times in order to show the hard feelings of the thief. The next one on the cross showed a meekness, sorry [sorrow], desire to do better, repent, and have his sins forgiven; confession. In order for the minister to bring this point out, he quoted this passage of scripture several time: "Lord, remember me when thou comest in[to] Thy kingdom." The cross on which the Savior hung was represented as patience, love, and charity. The minister impressed this upon the minds of the people by quoting "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." (Luke 23rd chapter, 43rd verse, carrying the impression that the one thief in his unrepented [unrepentant] condition went to hell, while the other thief, on (the) account of his confession of his sins, went to heaven with Christ. [He

said] that the Savior had promised salvation (to the one) on the strength of the thief's confession.

October 7th
After some time, we got our laundry arranged for, and left town about noon. We traveled north-west about seven miles, tracting as we went. In the evening we had to ask for a place to stay several times, and finally after dark we were taken in by a German family named Voss. They soon became deeply interested in the message we bore to them, and we talked until a late hour. We also sang several songs.

October 8th
This morning, we went north and east to about one mile west of Cullom. [This is 9 miles due north of Chatsworth.] Then on account of the cold, we turned north-west and soon began to ask for a place to stop, but were refused several times. It was now after dark, and the rain had began to fall, (It had been raining most of the day.), so ewe went to the Lord in prayer, (Elder McCune led in the prayer.) and asked for a friend to be raised up unto us. We went on a half-mile and turned (We saw a dim light in a window, back of the road.) to a house which sat back off the road in the field. I asked for a place to stay all night, and we were kindly taken in. This was a widow woman with two children (or young folks) at home. Their name was Skinner. (God bless that humble home!) We gave them the Book of Mormon.

October 9th
We were delayed by the storm this morning, so it was late before we got away from the place. We went to the railroad three-quarters of a mile away and walked along the track until eleven o'clock, when we went to a house and asked for dinner. At first the man was afraid we were frauds, but finally said we could have dinner. After dinner we talked on the gospel, as revealed to Joseph Smith, for two hours. (This was [with] the woman's son.) We then went to Saunemin [7 miles west of Cullom] to try and hold a street meeting, but the weather was against us. The hotel was not willing to keep us overnight, so we went to the country and asked at several places for a place to stop. We were (finally) taken in by a Mr. Tucker. They were farmers, and raising chickens – such as a fancy kind of Rhode Island Red – for sale. Not much interested in religion.

October 10th
On account of the storm continuing, we went to a railroad station and took train to Pontiac [12 miles west], where we got a room at the YMCA building for 50 cents a day, and at a hotel or restaurant (rather) we got our meals for 25 cents, a discount of 10 cents a meal.

October 11th
We got a letter from President Dudley saying for us to go to Peoria next week, and he would meet us there. We wrote letters and I did some copying in my journal. In the afternoon we went to the factory where shoes were made for women and girls. In this building (I judge) there must of [have] been 300 men and women at work. Almost all the work was done by electrical machinery. I was much interested in the factory. Rained tonight.

October 12th
I got letters from home and answered them. Did more copying in my journal and made out my report for the office. The [weather] is very chilly today, and we were not able to hold a street meeting on this account.

October 13th
Sunday. Today I finished copying in my journal and have it up to date now, and read, so I have not run around much. In the evening a Union Christian meeting was held here in the hall of this building. They took up and discussed the subject "Can We Do Better?" Several persons spoke for a few minutes or two, but no one spoke long. At the close of the meeting, Elder McCune and I went to the Grace Church. After the usual exercises, opening exercises, were through with, the priest took up his text from 2nd Peter 1st chapter, 2nd – 8th verses, and spoke some time on it. He had some good ideas.

October 14th
This morning we had a time getting our grips containing our books and tracts and laundry, which was [were] left at Chatsworth, and should have reached us Saturday. At noon we got our grip[s] and made some preparations for leaving on our way to Peoria as soon as dinner was over, which we did. We [had] walked about three or four miles, when

a young man in a one-horse buggy overtook us and asked us to ride. Said he was going to Flanagan [10 miles west of Pontiac] (which was about ten miles on our way) and was a great lift to us. At the end of the ride we went south-west about seven miles. We had to ask several times for a place to stay before we got a place, but when we did get a place, we were made welcome and talked with the people until about 9:30. Then we had prayers with them and went to bed.

October 15th
Today we were taken in the auto (of our [new] friend) and rode two miles on our way with him. We did not stop and converse with the people, but put tracts in the gate as we passed along. We started on our was this morning about 6:30. We were given a fine dinner at a farmhouse. We passed Roanoke [20 miles on their way to Peoria] not long after dinner, going west to about three miles of Metamora [this put them 15 miles north-east of Peoria], then south for a ways, and got a family (who seemed to be very wealthy) to keep us overnight. We rode three miles in an auto.

October 16th This morning we were up at 5:30, ate breakfast, and was on our way in no time. When out about three miles from Washington, we were taken into an auto, and rode to town. Then we took the train to Peoria, where we arrived at 11:00 a.m. In the evening we saw the lady missionaries. President Dudley, [Elder] McCune and I held a street meeting. So the day passed.

October 17th This morning President Dudley and I went up on west Bluff and tracted over some of the ground Elder Roundy and I had tracted in May, June and July – but with no amount of success. In the afternoon we went to the south-west part of the city and tracted a few of the houses, with the usual success. We also visited Sister Kimler. In the evening, I accompanied the lady missionaries to Mrs. Brumley's and held a class meeting with her. Her husband was sick.

October 18th This morning Elder Higbee and I tracted on the east side of Garfield Street. We met several ladies who treated us kindly, but were frank in saying they did not want to talk with us about the gospel. One lady, in no uncertain words, ordered us off the porch. As we addressed her as “Sister”, she replied, “Don't you 'Sister' me! For I

am no sister to a Mormon!" (She was, or seemed to be, pretty much taken back when I said, "You don't look much like a brother to us.") But, thank goodness, she was the only one we met this morning who was so bitter against us. We met two ladies. One (of these) had lived in Ogden a year, and the other (one) had lived in Salt Lake City three years ago. They spoke of our people in the best of terms. This afternoon, we did some calling on Piarra [Prairie?] and Widenham Streets, and some [were] good talks and some were not so good. We made an appointment on Widenham Street, which President Dudley and I filled in the evening.

October 19th
Elder McCune and I went to Sister Hastings' and pressed our clothes. Also ate dinner with them. During the afternoon, we wrote some letters and made out our reports out. In the evening, I stayed at the room, while the other elders went and held a street meeting. The reason I stayed home is because I had a headache.

October 20th
This morning President Dudley and I went to the ladies' rooms at 401 Seventh Avenue and held a priesthood meeting. (This is Sunday.) Then the others came, and then we had Sunday School. At 3:00 p.m. we held meeting, and again at 8:00 p.m. In the evening meeting, I and Sister Osman was the speakers.

October 21st
Today Elder Higbee and I tracted and re-tracted on Hulbert and ?? [question mark his] Streets, with fair success. In the evening we made several calls, but were a little late to get in and talk with people, so we went and seen a play called, "The Common Law".

October 22nd
Today I tracted alone on Hulbert and Smith streets with not much success. As seen on the opposite page where I have crossed. [The illustration was not included in the typed manuscript.] Elder McCune and I held a good class meeting at Sister Kimler's.

October 23rd

Elder McCune and I tracted on north Madison Street. We were generally treated with consideration. One lady was opposed to our doctrine, and another lady wished to hear no more of what we believe in. This afternoon I tracted on Smith Street. This evening, Elder McCune and I made two calls, but nobody was at home, so called on Mr. Hinds for a while.

October 24th
This forenoon, Elder McCune and I tracted on the west side of north Jefferson Street. We left several small books, but did not get many conversation. This afternoon we worked on the 900 block of Smith Street. Spent a pleasant hour with Mrs. Smyth. (This woman was favorable to our principles. And her children, two of these [being] girls 16 and 18 years old, were regular attendants [attendees] at our meetings held at Mrs. Kimler's. But Mr. Smith was bitter towards us.) In the evening, we, with Sister Osman, went to Mrs. Brumley's and held a class meeting, the subject being Salvation for the Dead, continued.

October 25th
Today I spent the time alone tracting on the west end of the north side of the street (Jefferson). The people were all indifferent to the message I had for them, and I was only able to leave a few tracts and talk a little to a few people. I have a headache tonight, so have remained in the room, and did some reading and wrote to Laura and the children.

October 26th
I spent the forenoon mending my clothes. In the afternoon I prepared my reports and wrote letters. In the evening, we elders went down on the corner of Harrison and Adams Streets and held a very good street meeting. I spoke for a while on the Personality of God, but could not draw a crowd, so closed my remarks, and Elder McCune spoke for 25 minutes and succeeded in getting a very nice crowd.

October 27th Sunday.
We held a very profitable Sunday School today, although we only had seven in attendance. Our subject was the organization of the Church at the time of Christ (in Jerusalem), [and] among the Nephites (on the western hemisphere after Christ's resurrection), and at this time. We

held no afternoon meeting, and in the evening, Elder Higbee and I called on 501 Webster Street for a short time.

October 28th
Today I was alone. I tracted the south side of Smith Street as far as the 800 block, then called at Sister Kimler's for a few minutes to see about our meeting tomorrow evening. I hope to have a good time in this class. I called to see the lady missionaries for a few minutes this evening. Sister Anderson had some teeth pulled today, so is not feeling well this evening. We elders went to the 1400 block on Third Avenue to see some people, but they were away from home.

October 29th
Today I tracted on Johnson Street. I met several people, but was not able to talk with many of them, as when we get to explaining some of our principles and show it from the Bible and they see they can not disprove it, they excuse themselves by saying they are busy and have not got the time to spend. This evening, the ladies and I went by car (streetcar) to Sister Kimler's and held a good class. (I say good, possibly, because I enjoyed it so much. And maybe the reason of that, is I did most of the talking.) The subject was "God the Son". On the way home, I had a short, but interesting talk with the conductor on the car.

October 30th
This morning Elder Higbee and I worked on the south side of Johnson Street. We met one lady who asked us in, and we talked with her for a long time, and when we left, she asked us to call back again, telling us we were the first people in ages in religious work that had called at her home for a long time, and, if the Lord had sent us to her door, she was glad of it, and she wanted to learn more about what we were teaching in the world. In the evening, the lady missionaries and I called at 1002 (on) First Avenue, but as no one seemed to be at home, we went to the theater and saw the play called, "Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde", which was well presented, but tragedy from start to finish. So we did not like it at all.

October 31st

This morning the rain was falling, so I and Elder McCune did not go out to work. This afternoon, the weather was a little better, so Elder Higbee and I went out to West Bluff re-tracting. We had a good time, although the weather was rather cold, and some [rain was] falling. In the evening, we called at a place to visit, but the husband was away from home, so we returned. Today I heard that [the] Vice-President of the United States, [James S.] Sherman, was dead, and the flags in the city are at half mast. [The President was William H. Taft.] The rain is falling tonight.

November 1st
I went down on Main Street and tracted for two hours. Then, as the wind was blowing very cold and some snow [was] falling, I went to Sister Hastings' where I had left my suitcase, and got my overcoat, and helped her tie a quilt. In the evening, Elder McCune and I went to 109 Widenham Street and visited a family. Wa had a long, hard talk with him about the Book of Mormon, but he was very fair, as he did not get angry, and stayed with the Bible, so we had an enjoyable evening.

November 2nd
Today we did some running around town and then I wrote some letters (one) to Laura, and after supper I went to studying my lesson for Sunday School.

November 3rd Sunday.
This morning we met in priesthood meeting and had a very good time. We also had a good Sunday School, though there was only six in attendance. In the afternoon I went to Webster Street and spent the early evening with a man who had lived a while in Idaho, and was acquainted with our people there. I came to the room, and on account of a headache from the effects of fasting, I went to bed.

November 4th
I spent the day tracting on Martin Street. I met several good people. I say 'good' because they had clear features and would listen to me explain the gospel. In the evening, Elder Higbee and I went to visit a family on Second Street. Had a nice evening. I wish to state that vice-President Sherman died October 30th, and as yet, his successor has not

been appointed. (Sherman was the Vice-President of the United States.) He was buried November 3rd.

November 5th
This being a presidential election, we did not start out to do a regular day's work. I got the lady missionaries to go with me to 114 Johnson Street to visit a lady there. She was not at home, but her daughter was, and we talk[ed] with her a short time. It began to rain about ten o'clock. In the afternoon, Elder McCune and I made some calls on his friends, but did not get to talk with them. We made a call in the evening, but the people were not at home, so we went to a 10-cent show. The rain continued yet into the night, which is eleven o'clock now. People are greatly excited over the returns of the elections, which seem(s) to favor Mr. Wilson.

November 6th
This morning we met in class, then went to our work. I went to Martin Street, but because of the rain and cold air, I was unable to work to any advantage, so called on Mrs. Kimler a few minutes – and from there, to dinner. We did not go out during the afternoon, so wrote some letters. In the evening, Elder Higbee and I went out visiting. We called at four or five places before we got in, but at last met a nice family and had a long talk with them. Their name is Love. The storm has stopped.

November 7th
This morning I tracted on Martin Street, 600 to 700 blocks; had several short conversations. In the afternoon, Elder McCune and I went up on the West Bluff and also over on Kettelle Street, to gather some books we had out. In the evening, we went to the lady missionaries' and attended a party of Sister Osman's (it being her birthday). She served supper, after which a few of her friends came in and we spent the evening singing songs. (She is 22 years old.)

November 8th
I tracted on Martin Street this forenoon, and on Kettelle Street during the afternoon. I did not meet many people who would talk at any length with me. In the evening the lady missionaries and I went to 1219 Madison Street and spent a few minutes with a nice family, and talked some with them on the gospel. We were invited to call again.

November 9th
I did not do much of anything this morning. I wrote a letter to my mother and went downtown for a while. In the afternoon we elders went to a theater called "Alma" – a wealthy French play. The lady missionaries went to Decatur [south-east, about 80 miles] to attend the Southern Illinois conference. In the evening we three (elders) held a street meeting. The air was cold, and we had difficulty in speaking, but were able to draw a nice little crowd.

November 10th Sunday.
This morning we elders held our regular priesthood meeting. About 10:30, Mrs. Wrigley and Miss Grace Slackers came, and we held a Sunday School. Late in the afternoon, we went to Sister Hastings' and spent two hours talking and singing.

November 11th
This morning I worked on [the] 600 and 700 blocks of Kettelle Street, meeting some very nice people and getting some good conversations. Elder McCune and I spent the afternoon re-tracting, and in the evening we called on a family on Monroe Street. This evening a very interesting thing happened. As we were walking along the street, I spoke of marriage by the law of the land, holding that people who marry by the law of the land and separate and marry some other person, did not commit adultery, because God had not joined them together. But, when they were married by the power of the Priesthood and sealed for time and eternity, and then separate over a small affair, and either or both of them marry again, they had committed adultery, and the sin would rest upon the one who was at fault and caused the separation. The lady we visited asked us about this subject and wanted to know my ideas on the matter. (Since all people who marry, then separate (save for the cause of fornication – Matthew 19:9 – and marry again, commit two crimes: divorce, which is one of the greatest evils of the day, and adultery, which, in the Ten Commandments is placed next to murder.) (Exodus 20:14) The lady missionaries returned last night. They had a good time while they were gone.

November 12th

This morning I tracted on the 500 block on Kettelle Street. I met some very nice people and had some good long talks with them (or, the people, I mean). The afternoon was spent doing some retracting, and in the evening, Elder Higbee and I went to Mr. Hinds' and spent the evening.

Today my mind has dwelt on past memories a great deal. This being the day of the month (November 12th, 1909) on which Hubert, our three-year old son met with the sad and painful accident, and died five hours later (or near 10 o'clock in the evening). He was burned to death by a fire [in] which I was heating irons to brand some calves. I left him at the fire and went to the house for just a minute, but for some reason I stayed for about five minutes, when the little fellow came to the house, his clothes were all ablaze. I am responsible for the accident, and some day must answer for it.

November 13th
This morning I tracted on Kettelle Street, finished the 700 block or the west end of the street. I had several nice talks this morning, but was unable to leave any of my books. Elder Higbee and I re-tracted on Hubert Street this afternoon. Yesterday (November 12th) I got five books out without any effort at all, and today I worked hard and only got out one. In the evening, Elder McCune and I went to 702 Hubert Street but could not get in, so came back to the room.

November 14th
This morning I tracted on the 100 and 200 block on Kettelle Street, getting several good, short talks. During the afternoon I re-tracted on [the] 100 and 500 blocks on Smith Street. I met with fairly good success. This evening I went with the lady missionaries to a place on First Avenue to visit a family, but they were away from home. We, however, had a short talk with a man who I think favors the Free M. E. Church.

November 15th
I finished tracting on Kettelle Street this morning, and in the afternoon, Elder Higbee re-tracted on Smith Street. We also called on a woman on Johnson Street and talked to her for some time. In the evening we called at a place on Prairie Street, and had a very vice talk.

November 16th
Today I wrote some letters and sent out my reports for the week. I also bought a few things to send home to the children, but cannot send them until I get money to buy more things for them.

November 17th Sunday.
This morning we held priesthood meeting at 8:30, and then I went to Mr. Hinds' and got him and his wife and son, and went to Sunday School with them – they went with me. We were very late, but was in time for the class, which was good. In the afternoon I went to the room and read until evening time. At 7:30 p.m. we had a good meeting. Elder McCune, Sister Anderson, and I spoke.

November 18th
This morning I tracted on McBean Street. I met several who were glad to read our books and tracts, and I conversed with most of them for a few minutes. During the afternoon I re-visited a few families, and in the evening, Elder McCune and I called on a family who lived on Martin Street. They were strict Catholic people, but were very nice and fair in [their] ideas, but could not see how Christ and His Father were two different persons. The Catholic say Christ founded their church, so [as] we began to talk, he said if we (the L.D.S) were right, he could not see why Christ instituted a false church, for he fully believed that Christ founded his (Catholic) church. He also said that the history of their church ran back before Christ's time.

November 19th
Today I tracted and re-tracted on McBean Street and Smith Street, with the usual results of meeting some people who were willing to talk with me and take our books and read them over, and become acquainted with what the gospel of Jesus Christ really does stand for. In the evening, the lady missionaries and I went to Sister Kimler's and held a class meeting. We had a large turn-out and the class was interesting and instructive to all.

November 20th
I tracted and re-tracted on McBean and Johnson Street[s] again, meeting with the usual results of the work. Elder Higbee accompanied

me during the forenoon. In the evening the lady missionaries and I went and visited Mr. and Mrs. Wrigley.

November 21st
This morning I finished tracting on McBean Street and in the afternoon I went with Elder McCune on Monroe Street to tract. In the evening, I was down with the headache, so was not able to go out, and spent a very weary night.

November 22nd
I feel much better this morning, but did not feel like going to class meeting. I did not go out tracting today, but I went and got some things for the children, and left a Book of Mormon at the store, and during the day, left some tracts at stores and at barber shops. This evening we all (elders and lady missionaries) went over to Sister Hastings'; held a good meeting or class, taking up the Book of Mormon. Elder McCune, the lady missionaries and I spoke. We had several visitors. Last night while laying awake, I was amused at the other two elders, and more so at Elder McCune, who is in the habit of talking in his sleep. He was preaching (in his sleep) a gospel sermon, and gave several short talks along that line, when all at once he began to bellow like a bull, only keeping the noise going. Elder Higbee also did some tracting in his sleep. I think it was Wednesday when a man by the name of John H. Mathews and his wife went to the lady missionaries' room and claimed to be members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and they were in need of assistance, so each of us elders let him have a dollar to help him get a position in a barber shop, which he had [had] offered to him, but had to raise $3.00 to get a license with, before he could go to work. Last night he came to see us and seemed to be pretty much under the influence of liquor, so he was not entertained long. This evening was the next I heard of him. He was arrested last night on a charge of posing as a member of a lodge, and during the last three months has defrauded members of that lodge in different parts of the country, out of several hundred dollars. So I guess our money is also gone.

November 23rd
This morning I got letters from home and relatives. These are not the first I have received, by any means. I replied to some of them during

the forenoon. In the afternoon I went up to Sister Hastings' to get Sister Osman. She was alone and working hard on a new dress which she needed. She asked me to keep her from getting lonesome, so I read to her, sang, whistled and laughed, and helped her pull basting threads out of her dress. We went to the lady missionaries' rooms about seven o'clock. From there, I went to a restaurant, ate supper, and then to the room. From here, Elder Higbee and I went to a Vaudeville.

November 24th Sunday.
This morning I went to priesthood meeting, then went to Mr. Hinds, and he and I went to Sunday School. Our attendance this morning was small, yet we had a good time. In the afternoon I went to 501 Webster Street and visited a Catholic family by name of DeVala and ate supper with them. Then I went to a meeting and presided. Had a good meeting tonight.

November 25th
This morning I was late in getting off to work. I did some tracting on Brotherson Street, with poor success. In the afternoon I did some tracting on Johnson Street, but did not get a single talk, or a double-talk, neither. The air was rather cold, so I went to Sister Kimler's for a few minutes, and then to Sister Hastings' and got my suitcase. In the evening, Elder Higbee and I went to three or four places in making some calls, but could not get a place to go in, so went to Mr. Meadows' for a while, and then to the room to study. Looks like snow.

November 26th
I did not feel like tracting today, but was preparing to go, when I got a letter from the office, speaking of my being behind, and asking for a settlement. I spent the forenoon writing them a reply, showing I was not behind with the office. I also wrote a letter to Elder Lyons. In the evening, I, with the lady missionaries, visited a family and had a good conversation with them.

November 27th
This morning, I called on two of my friends and talked with them for a while. In the afternoon I read and went down to see about sending the children's things home. In the evening I went to Mr. Hinds' and spent

the evening with him, studying the lesson for Sunday. The other elders went to Bloomington at noon.

November 28th
I sat in the room reading and writing. At noon [I] ate oysters with Mr. and Mrs. Cheek. The elders returned about 1:30, so we all went to Sister Hastings' for dinner, and spent the early part of the evening. Then we all went to the lady missionaries' room – they going with us; also Grace Slacker. I spent some time talking to her (Grace Slacker). We all sang songs.

November 29th
I did some tracting among the businessmen and made some inquiries as to where I should take a box of things to have sent home. This box contains a trunk, cloth, overalls, shoes, and some other things. In the afternoon, I, with the ladies, made some calls on some of my friends. In the evening, Elder McCune and I went on Fisher Street and visited a family. President Dudley came in the evening.

November 30th
Today I did some writing, and also visited a store and did some talking with some of the clerks. President Dudley left for Bloomington at 2 p.m. About 5 p.m. we got word that Sister Cruse of Bloomington was dead, and the folks there wanted us to come over. I remained here, and the other elders and the lady missionaries went to Bloomington, leaving here at 7:15 p.m.

December 1st
I went to Sunday School and talked for one hour and [a] half with Mrs. Wrigley, as she and her little boys were all that came out. About 3 p.m., Elder Warburton came in from Indiana. We went up to Sister Hastings' for a while, and then to Mr. Hinds' for the evening. I tried to sing some songs, but, Oh – my! So I stopped.

December 2nd
This morning I got a delivery rig and took my box of things to the Peoria-Perkin Union Depot, and billed it out. I spent the balance of the forenoon writing and reading. In the afternoon I went to the Lincoln Branch of the Public Library, and left a Book of Mormon with them. I

also called at Sister Kimler's to arrange for the class meeting tomorrow evening. In the evening, Elder Warburton and I went to a 10-cent show. We saw some splendid tumbling and sleight-of-hand performances.

December 3rd
Elder Warburton and I went out tracting, but did not meet with much success. The air was cold and some rain was falling. In the afternoon, we started out to tract, but soon came back, as I was under the weather and the rain was falling quite fast. In the evening, Elder McCune and I went to Sister Kimler's and held a class meeting.

December 4th
Elder Warburton and I again tracted and re-tracted, but did not meet with any great success. We attended the regular class meeting this morning. I feel much better today.

December 5th
We two tracted together today, and in the evening, Sister Osman, Elder Higbee and I went to Mr. Brumney's and held a class meeting. Subject: Authority.

December 6th
This morning Elder Warburton and I tracted on Butler Street, but found the people very indifferent towards us. In the afternoon we did a little re-tracting [on] Martin Street, and talked to Sister Kimler for a while. In the evening, Sister Anderson went with us, and we visited a family on First Avenue.

December 7th
Today I wrote letters and sent in my reports. In the afternoon we elders went to the theater; the play was "Madam X" (or Mex.), and was very touching. It was true-to-life. It touched me very much, as it brought to my mind experiences that I have passed through. The colored light hurt my eyes and gave me a bad headache, so I was real sick tonight.

December 8th
I am feeling much better today. Attended priesthood meeting and Sunday School during the forenoon. Just after dinner the six of us went

and had our pictures taken. I then went and visited Sister Hastings for a while, eating supper with them. In the evening we held meeting.

December 9th
This morning, the weather is cold – the coldest this fall. I did some tracting on Butler Street, and in the afternoon went with Elder McCune to do some re-tracting on north Howard Street. In the evening I went with Elder Higbee and Sister Osman and visited a family at 121 North Douglas Street; we had a good time.

December 10th
I tracted on Butler Street this morning, meeting with good success. In the afternoon I re-tracted on McBean Street and had some very good talks with the people. This evening, Sister Osman, Elder Warburton and I went to Sister Kimler's and held a class meeting. We considered briefly the creation of the earth, and that of man for a wise purpose: Man may become as God through the Fall of Adam.

December 11th
This morning, Elder Warburton was to go to Bloomington, and I was helping him to the train, as he would leave at 10:10 a.m. So I did not go to work this morning. Just as we were leaving the room, the lady missionaries came in with a telephone message from President Dudley, saying for Elder Warburton to stay here, so we went down on Johnston Street and visited a family there. In the afternoon, we visited Mr. Hinds and four other families, and made an appointment for tonight. We called at the house where we were to visit, but were unable to get anybody. The weather is very cold tonight, being below zero.

December 12th 12/12/12:
This is the only day this number will be written for one-hundred years This morning the weather was one degree below zero, and was cold all day; is still cold tonight. This morning, Elder Warburton and I tracted on Butler Street, but [had] no success to speak of. In the afternoon, we re-tracted on Kettelle Street, but were unable to get anybody interested in our message. This evening, Elder Higbee and Sister Osman and I went to call on some people, but they were away from home.

December 13th

I tracted on Butler Street this morning. I spent an hour at one house conversing with a lady; left a Durrant [tract] with her. In the afternoon, Elder McCune and I re-tracted on Smith Street and also called on Sister Hastings and one of his [Elder McCune's] friends on the Bluff. In the evening we two called at a place on Third Avenue, where we had [an] appointment, but when we arrived, we were told they had decided not to consider our ideas any further, so we came back to the room.

December 14th
Elder McCune and I called on one of his friends, but the family had forgotten about his going to call this morning and had gone from home, but asked us to call next Saturday. I wrote some letters and sent in my reports. In the evening we called on another one of Elder McCune's friends, by name Hackett, and had a very enjoyable time. I talked for some time on the ruins of the ancient inhabitants of America. We talked of the Book of Mormon until ten o'clock, and were urged to call back again.

December 15th
I fasted this morning and the results were the same as usual – old headache that night. We held priesthood meeting, Sunday School, and meeting in the evening, with the usual good results. Elder Warburton and I went up to Sister Hastings' and marked some references in the Bible which [show] Salvation for the Dead was taught in both New and Old Testaments.

December 16th
I was not feeling very well this morning, so did not go out tracting. In the afternoon, Elder Warburton and I went out and did some re-tracting and went to see Sister Kimler and arrange for a meeting Tuesday night. This evening, Sister Anderson, Elder Higbee and I visited Mr. Cunningham and family. We had a good time talking on the gospel, and were invited back. It is raining hard tonight.

December 17th
I was up extra early this morning and did a great deal of reading. Elder Warburton and I re-tracted on McBean Street this afternoon and were well satisfied with our work. In the evening, Sister Anderson went

with us to Sister Kimler's and handled the lesson; the subject was the Atonement of Christ. Elder Warburton took charge of the meeting.

December 18th
This morning I tracted on Webster Street, with poor success, but I met a lady whom I had met before, and I had a very good talk with her. In the afternoon Sister Anderson, Elder Warburton and I went to Johnson Street and visited a lady and had a good talk with her. In the evening, Elder Higbee and I went to Johnson Street, number 100, and spent an interesting evening.

December 19th
This morning Elder Warburton and I tracted on Webster Street. We met one lady who opposed us, but was lady-enough to invite us in the house and talk to us, or with us, for 30 minutes, and talked very fairly. In the afternoon I got some small toys and sent [them] to my children. I went to Mr. Hinds and helped him wheel in a load of coal, and then talked with him for a while. And after we had eaten supper, I went and accompanied Elder Warburton and Sister Anderson, and visited Mr. Willard and family. I did the talking; I talked for two hours. We were given a hearty handshake and a warm invitation to come again.

December 20th
Today we did but little in the line of tracting, as the people were very busy with their Christmas affairs. I got some things and sent [them] to the children. In the evening Elder McCune and I went to Mr. Elmore's and spent the evening. They received us rather cool[ly], but we seemed to draw them to us a little.

December 21st
We sent in our reports and did some writing. In the evening Elder Warburton and I went to the Sisters' (lady missionaries') room and (they) invited Mr. and Mrs. Hanes in, to eat an oyster supper with us.

December 22nd
This morning we met in priesthood meeting, after which we held a nice Sunday School all by ourselves and Clyde Secrets. We spoke of the life of the Prophet Joseph Smith. In the afternoon, Elder Warburton and I walked down to the river and then up to Sister Hastings' until

meeting time. Then we joined with them and went to meeting. Elder Warburton presided. I was the first speaker. I spoke of the Kingdom of God, and used up about 30 minutes' time. Elder Higbee followed.

December 23rd
This morning Elder Warburton and I called on some families down where we have been tracting, and wished [them] a Merry Christmas. In the afternoon, with Elder Higbee, we went to the theater. The play was "There Was a Fool", showing how many men are captivated by a charming woman, and how they could be drawn down to ruin. In the evening, Elder McCune, Sister Anderson and I visited Mr. Hackett and family. We had a good time.

December 24th
This morning I did not do much of anything, but watch the mail for something from home, which did not come. In the afternoon President Dudley came and we began to look for a place where we could do some baptizing. Elder Warburton and I went together. We at last got a place in the German Insurance Building. In the evening the whole bunch of us (seven in all) went up to Sister Hastings' and spent the evening, and I began to think we would stay all night. We had a Christmas Tree. Elder McCune was Santa Claus. I got a box containing: one "Plan of Salvation" (our favorite tract), and a safety pin; also, a small box with a nice little book from Sisters Anderson and Osman, and a nice scarf from Nettie Secrets. Each of us, elders and lady missionaries, got presents, so we were not forgotten by Santa Claus.

December 25th
This morning, President J. S. Dudley and I went and talked with Mr. Hinds for some time about being baptized, but did get him to promise he would be baptized this week. President Dudley left for Bloomington about eleven o'clock a.m. The lady missionaries and us four elders ate dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Cheek. I was [the] honored guest. (I sat at the head of the table and asked the blessing.) We also spent a pleasant evening with them. I had a headache and left the party at eight o'clock in the evening. This morning I got a letter from Brother F. G. Nielson (our neighbor).

December 26th
Today I sent off 378 tracts which I done up in 54 rolls of seven tracts each, and five small books. I wrote four letters and arranged to do the baptizing Sunday morning. I mean, that I arranged the time at the German Insurance Building. That is pleasant for this time of the year.

December 27th
Today I did some job work, such as tiething [?] going downtown on errands, patching my coat, and reading, so have been keeping busy. It is now 12 o'clock (midnight) – my usual time for going to bed.

December 28th
This morning I went and made arrangements for a hall in the Observatory Building for Sunday afternoon and evening. This cost us $6.50. I then called on a number of our friends and asked them to our meetings. In the evening I went with Mr. Hinds to a Volunteers of America meeting. It was more of a Free Methodist meeting, so we left, and I walked home with him.

December 29th Sunday.
While we were holding priesthood meeting, Elder Carver from Bloomington came in. Not many came to Sunday School, so Sister Anderson held a class with some small girls, while the rest of us went off to other things. At noon I met the people from Bloomington and we proceeded to do some baptizing in the German Insurance Company Building. Three persons from Bloomington were baptized. Elder Carver officiated. At the two o'clock meeting, they were confirmed by Elders Dudley, Carver and Thomas. The meeting was good. At the close of the meeting, Mrs. Wrigley, one of my friends, who, it seems, has turned to the Reorganized Church, came and introduced two elders of that church to me. They at once began a conversation (argument) on polygamy. Sister Howard and I were talking when this happened, and we, I think, we withstood them to a finish. One of them said for argument's sake: "We will admit that Joseph did marry a number of women, but by doing so, he became a fallen prophet." Sister Howard said, "[We] do not admit it for argument's sake, but for the plain truth's sake." And I replied, "You may be following a fallen prophet, but we are not." Sister Howard's answer was, "No, not for argument's sake, but for the truth's sake, be honest and admit the truth." One of them

was a gentleman and did not crown his argument much. The evening meeting was good. The Bloomington people started back at 9:15 p.m.

December 30th
I did some running around this morning, calling at the Observatory Building to pay the rent, but did not find the man in, so went on with some other work. In the afternoon, I went back and paid the hall rent and talked for an hour and a half with the man. In the evening, I went to Sister Hastings' and they gave me 50 cents on the hall rent.

December 31st
Elder McCune and I visited some of his friends. In the afternoon I called on Sister Kimler for a while. I did not go out this evening; I had a headache. I went to bed early and slept for two hours. Then I got up and prepared some small books for presenting to the elders and the lady missionaries. At midnight, the bells and whistles did a great lot of ringing and whistling, as the Old Year went out and the New Year came in.

January 1st, 1913.
This being a National Holiday, we did not do much. I did some mending on my clothes and spent part of the afternoon with the sisters (lady missionaries). I got a letter from my Mother, the first in two weeks. In the evening, we elders went downtown to a show. We were walking along the street and saw a Vaudeville sign. We went in and it happened to be a Vadal or Vaudeville of chorus girls of the tough part of the city, but the play was very mild (or, I should say, respectable). We did not stay long. We then went to the Empress picture show, which was good.

January 2nd
This morning, I called at the hat store, as we call it, and had a long talk with the man. (Mr. Charles C. H. Charvatt) on [the] history of different people and conditions of the world today. In the afternoon I did some mending and wrote a letter to a boy (William Willard Thompson, as I know him) – a long gospel letter. In the evening Elder Warburton and I called at a home to spend the evening, but the people were not at home. In the afternoon I accompanied Elder McCune to the Rock Island Depot; he is going to meet his brother, who is passing this way.

January 3rd
This morning I went down to the stockyards and looked through the stables, as all the cattle on hand were chained to the stall and were being fed. I was told they had 8600 head of cattle on hand. They feed these cattle on grain after it has been used by the liquor manufacturing companies, [and] grass hay, straw, cotton pulp, and things of this kind. In the afternoon I did some re-tracting on Butler Street. In the evening Elder Warburton and I visited Mr. Hackett and family. We had a very good talk for two hours on the Book of Mormon. In the evening I got a registered letter from Laura, the first word I had from her for three weeks. I, of course, was anxious to get a letter from her, and some money (as I was out of money), but on opening the letter I found it contained a money order in favor of President Ellsworth, and I had to send it to Chicago.

January 4th
This morning I wrote some letters and in the afternoon went to the lady missionaries' for a while, and spent the evening reading.

January 5th
This morning, we went to priesthood meeting as usual (except) but we were late. Clyde Secrets was the only one out to Sunday School. I presided over the school this morning. The time was spent in bearing testimonies. During the afternoon I wrote a letter to Laura and the children. In the evening we held meeting. Mr. Hinds, his daughter, and a lady (who was living with them) were the only ones our to the meeting. I spoke on the first principles of the gospel, for 40 minutes.

January 6th
This morning, Elder Warburton and I tracted on Webster and Charlton Streets – and [on] Jackson Street in the afternoon. In the evening the lady missionaries and I went to Mr. Shaw's and spent a pleasant evening.

January 7th
The weather being cold and stormy, Elder Warburton and I went to Sister Hastings' in the forenoon. In the afternoon we did some calling in the west side of town. Went to a picture show in the evening. About

6 a.m. this morning I heard warning bells on wagons and such as they passed up the street, but paid no attention to them until about seven o'clock, when I got up and looked out. Everything looked foggy, as I thought. On going to another part of the room to close a window, I could smell smoke from a burning building, and I knew fire was near. I called the other two elders and we soon went out to see the fire, as it was nearby. It was the Central Christian Church (one and a half blocks from here). The flames soon broke through the roof and leaped high into the air. The fire department was helpless, although they fought hard. The inside of the building was ruined, but the walls were in pretty good condition. The church had, just the week before, paid off the balance of a debt on the building. This payment amounted to $1,500.00. There is some insurance on the building. The original cost of all, building and furniture (I guess, or heard) was $15,500.

January 8th
This morning, I tracted on Charlton Street. Most of the people were as cold as the weather was – a good reminder of ice. Elder Warburton and I did some re-tracting and calling down on McBean and Butler Streets; also went to Mr. Cunningham's and arranged for a visit in the evening. Went to a picture show of early days at Santa Fe, New Mexico. The scenery was good. Elder Higbee and I went to Mr. Cummings'. I had a bad headache, so went to bed early.

January 9th
The weather is rather cold. I tracted on Saratoga Street. I got three very nice conversations, but the people as a rule were very distant. In the afternoon Elder Warburton and I re-tracted some of his work on the West Bluff. In the evening I stayed at the lady missionaries' and talked with Mr. and Mrs. Hinds on the Book of Mormon. About 11 o'clock p.m. or after Elders Warburton and Higbee had gone to bed, my attention was drawn by the young man in the next room, that a large fire was burning. The elders were soon aroused and put on their clothes and the four of us set out to find the fire, which we soon did. It was a large supply establishment, just over the river. We walked over and saw or watched the fire for an hour. The building and stock were completely burned down. We got back to the room at 12 o'clock and 15 minutes after midnight.

Chapter Thirty-four

January 10th This morning Elder Warburton and I tracted on Saratoga Street, finishing the street up. We got a few nice conversations, and in the afternoon called at a place on Butler Street to collect pay for a book, and I talked most of the afternoon with the lady. Then her father came in and I talked a while with him. In the evening I went with the lady missionaries up to Mrs. Elmer's and spent a pleasant evening.

This is the end of the typed manuscript. (January 1913)

The following event of October 1913 was referred to in the Church News, not in the writings we have:
(from the 1949 Church News)
… Recently Mr. Young has been attempting to locate relatives of Guy and Freida Whitlatch, whom he baptized Oct. 19, 1913, while on a mission to Illinois. At the time a mob attempted to prevent the baptism, but Mr. Young performed the ceremony at a watering trough. Recently he has written an article about the experience and wants to send it to some member of the family.

APPENDIX ONE

ARTICLES
on
GUARDIAN ANGELS

The following articles were “collected” and included here only because of their information about the possibility of guardian angels.

GUARDIAN ANGELS 1

Alvin R. Dyer mentions in an incidental manner in a talk, an experience of a young Belgian Jew, who was being led with his father, hand-in-hand, to the truck for the gas chamber. Somehow, another person took his hand, and he was led outside of the Nazi prison camp.

(From BYU Speeches of the Year, 9 May 1962, pp. 5 and 6, quoted in “Outstanding Stories by General Authorities, page 91.)

GUARDIAN ANGELS 2

This article was submitted by Richard B. Young – great, great grandson of Brigham Young, Costa Mesa 2nd Ward (California). (From the Church News.)

My grandfather, Brigham S. Young, the oldest son of Brigham Young, Jr., told me this story of how his father had relied all of his life on his Guardian Angel.

Brigham Young Jr., as an apostle, had to make many trips to the different outlying areas of the Church to give talks at the wards and stakes and to keep in contact and relay the word from the headquarters in Salt Lake. On these trips, my grandfather would go with him and drive his carriage. On this particular trip, they had to go to Logan, Utah, to speak at a stake conference. This trip took three days: first night at Ogden, second night at Brigham City, the third day at Logan.

It was during this time that the Federal Marshals were really hassling the top men in the Church because some of them were still practicing polygamy. It seems as though they didn't bother them while they were in Salt Lake, but if they could catch them outside of the Salt Lake area, alone, they would arrest them and try to create a lot of trouble.

After spending the second night in Brigham City, they prepared to go on their way to Logan, but as they reached the mouth of Logan Canyon, Brigham Jr. said to my grandfather, "Brigham, stop the carriage!" Grandfather did so, and then said, "What is it, Pa?" The elder Brigham said, "Just sit here and listen." My grandfather said they sat there for at least thirty minutes and not a word was spoken. Finally he said, "I have just been contacted by my Guardian Angel and he informs me that a posse is laying in ambush five miles up the canyon and their intention is to arrest me, so we will stay in Brigham City and speak at their ward on Sunday." So

they turned their carriage around and went back to the farmhouse where they had spent the night. The next day at the Sunday meeting, the Saints living up the canyon reported that a posse had been lying in wait for someone up the canyon.

My grandfather told me that that was only one of the many times that his father had relied on his Guardian Angel for advice and direction. He told my grandfather that if you will have faith, patience and prayer, you can stay in constant contact with your Guardian Angel, and he will really be a true friend.

GUARDIAN ANGELS 3

George Albert Smith, in his book, “A Story to Tell”, pg. 156, says:

This experience occurred during [my] first mission to the southern states. Late one evening in a pitch-dark night, Elder Stout and I were traveling along a high precipice. Our little walk[way] was narrow; on one side was the wall of the mountain; on the other side, the deep, deep river. We had no light, and there were no stars and no moon to guide us. We had been traveling all day and we knew that we would have hospitality extended to us if we could reach the McKelvin home, which was on the other side of a high valley. We had to cross this little mountain in order to reach the home of Mr. McKelvin. Our mode of travel of necessity was very halting. We walked almost with a shuffle, feeling each foot of ground as we advanced, with one hand extended toward the wall of the mountain. Elder Stout was ahead of me and as I walked along I felt the hard surface of the trail under my feet. In doing so I felt the wall of the mountain which had acted as a guide and a steadying force. After I had taken a few steps away, I felt impressed to stop immediately, that something was wrong. I called to Elder Stout and he answered me. The direction from which his voice came indicated I was on the wrong trail, so I backed up until I reached the wall of the mountain and again proceeded forward. He was just a few steps in front of me, and as I reached him, we came to a fence piling. In the dark we carefully explored it with our hands and feet to see whether it would be safe for us to climb over. We decided that it would be secure and made the effort. While I was on the top of this big pile of logs, my little suitcase popped open, and the contents were scattered around. In the dark I felt around for them and was quite convinced I had recovered practically everything. We arrived safely at our destination about eleven o'clock at night. I soon discovered I had lost my comb and brush, and the next morning we returned to the scene of my accident. I

recovered my property and while there my curiosity was stimulated and aroused to see what had happened the night before when I had lost my was in the dark. As missionaries, we wore hob-nails on the bottom of our shoes to make them last longer, so I could easily follow our tracks in the soft dirt. I retraced my steps to the point where my tracks left the mountainside, and discovered that in the darkness I had wandered to the edge of a deep precipice. Just one step and I would have fallen over into the river and been drowned. I felt very ill when I realized how close I had come to death. I also was very grateful to my Heavenly Father for protecting me. I have always felt that if we are doing the Lord's work and [have] asked him for his help and protection, he will guide and take care of us.

Appendix One

APPENDIX TWO

PROPHECY about BLUEWATER

From a note by Samuel C. Young's son, E. Clifford Young,
22 February 1981.
Bluewater, Valencia County, New Mexico

During my early youth my grandfather, Ernst Albert Tietjen, would take me with him to the ranch at Baca or up in the hills for wood or the canyon for some other purpose. There existed a good grandfather-grandson relation. He had a purposeful story for everything that came up. His examples of honesty and charity were impeccable and his consideration for others was unquestionable.

I cannot remember how many times he told me the story that I wish to relate or how many times he referred to that story, but it was often. He felt that because of an experience that he had with Elder Brigham Young, Jr. the apostle, that he had been called to the Bluewater Valley for the purpose of settling the valley and for its preparation of events to come.

In my early youth and early adulthood I pondered the prophecy made by Apostle Young concerning the Bluewater Valley and I wondered how that prophecy could possibly be fulfilled. While presiding over the Bluewater Branch from 1948 to 1956 I felt an urgency to verify the prophecy and I went to Brothers Thomas James McNeil and J. Fred Nielson who were settlers of the Bluewater Valley. Each confirmed the prophecy. I wish to tell the story of the prophecy as near as I remember it as having been told to me by my grandfather.

August Henry Tietjen and his family joined the Church in Sweden while August Henry was on diplomatic assignment to Sweden by the German government. It was in Sweden that Ernst Albert Tietjen was born.

Shortly after migrating to Utah, Ernst Albert became a close friend of Brigham Young, Jr. Their friendship lasted through the years.

President Brigham Young called Ernst Albert and his wife Emma Olson to go south to Arizona as Indian Missionaries. They began their missionary labors from Kanab, Utah. It was while stationed at Kanab that Ernst Albert married his second wife, Emma Christiansen, who became my grandmother. Shortly thereafter Ernst Albert moved, with his two families, to Tuba City, Arizona, where he became engaged in missionary work among the Navajo and Hopi Indians. It is thought, by some members of his family that he built the first white man's house in Tuba City.

His next assignment was to move his families to and settle the Ramah area. By this time he had three families, having married Amanda, a daughter of Ira Hatch. Amanda was a beautiful woman. Her mother a full blood Indian.

It was while Ernst Albert and Luther Burnham, his companion, were doing missionary work among the Navajos at Ramah that Apostle Brigham Young, Jr. came to visit the Ramah colony.

Apostle Young's cousin, John W. Young was one of the sub-contractors engaged in the building of the railroad grade for the Atlantic-Pacific Railroad that passed through what is now known as the Bluewater Valley. Elder Young invited Ernst Albert to accompany him on a trip over the Zuni Mountain range to visit John W.

This was the first time that either of the brethren had seen the Bluewater Valley and they were favorably impressed. After driving out into the valley they stopped their carriage, got out and walked among the grass and sage brush. As they looked over the valley Elder Young felt impressed and made a prophecy concerning its future.

He said, “Brother Ernst Albert, this is a beautiful valley, a valley that the Lord has prepared for his people. It will become a resting place and a haven for them. Here there shall be wards and stakes, a Lamanite educational center and a Lamanite temple shall be built here.” Elder Young then counseled Brother Ernst Albert to return to Ramah, dispose of his belongings there and with his families return to the Bluewater Valley and cause the valley to be colonized. Ernst Albert followed Elder Young's counsel and the Bluewater colony had its beginning.

[This is the statement that Uncle Clifford made for the Church Historical Department, and it is on file there. This transcript is a copy of it.]

APPENDIX THREE

CHURCH NEWS ARTICLE

Originally included after the chapter "The Story of Aunt Clara."

Church News, 4 October 1952,
remarks by President David O. McKay

DOING THEIR SHARE

In the remarkable report of progress made by President David O. McKay in the opening session of the semi-annual conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints yesterday, there was one piece of information of special interest.

President McKay reported that the L.D.S. Church population in Utah is 488,863. Of that number, 9,370 L.D.S. young men are in military service – 1.9 per cent of the total L.D.S. population in Utah. Of the almost exactly 200,000 non-L.D.S. members in Utah, 1.3 per cent are now in military service.

From the days of the Mormon Battalion, the L.D.S. Church has stood ready to do its part and more to send its young men wherever necessary to defend the country. Our young men are ready today. Sad as we are at their absence, we are proud of them. They are good soldiers and good citizens and they are there, in uniform, in their numbers and in their individual qualifications more than adequately representing their Church.

APPENDIX FOUR

GOLD DISCOVERY BACKGROUND

This is extracted from the Old Farmer's Almanac of 1998, pg. 90-98. Added on 4 July 2001.

The date of the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill is January 24, 1848. The foreman, James W. Marshall, was a former carpenter from New Jersey. Secular history says that he, alone, found the gold in the millrace. Azariah Smith's diary is quoted, saying that, “Mr. Marshall grants us the privilege of picking up gold [during] odd spells and Sundays.” Marshall charged them half of their findings. The work crews were mostly Mormons. Seven weeks after the discovery, Sam Brannan came to see. He collected the tithing. Azariah Smith paid tithing on $400. But Mr. Brannan did not forward the funds to the Church. He returned to San Francisco and in his flamboyant way, told people of the ready gold on the American River. He was the first “gold” millionaire. Ship hands abandoned ship (even though it meant forfeiting four years' pay) to go after gold. Nuggets weighing five to eight ounces were pried loose with jackknives. (Gold was worth $10 an ounce then.) A Missourian wrote home that his girl could wash out $5 to $25 a day; he himself could find the worth of about $150 a day. A machine, with about 100 men tending it (mostly Indians, for less pay), could obtain $17,000 a day. After six months, people in Hawaii heard of the gold, and began coming.

The treaty after the Mexican War, ceding the southwest to the United States, was signed nine days after the discovery. The army sent two observers to the gold fields. They found it all true. And, amazingly, there was a lack of crime. There was gold enough for all; no need to steal. But a meal cost $3.00. Shoes, if a store had any, brought $10.00.

Shovels cost up to $10.00. The army observers sent off a report, and went to prospecting. The report took three months to get to President Polk. (Now it's November, 1848.) The president declared the gold find a reality, and the gold rush of 1849 began.

Outcomes:

People supposed that James Marshall had special powers of divination, and soon newcomers would follow him all over, and when they supposed he "failed" to lead them to gold, they almost lynched him. He had to hide many times. John Sutter, the owner of the site, found that people that came took everything he owned. He said, "There is a saying that men will steal everything but a milestone and a millstone; they stole my millstones." Sam Brannan cheated business associates, and amassed a fortune. But he speculated, and soon lost it all. These three men all died impoverished.

Azariah Smith left California in August of 1848. He said, "I was homesick. I wanted to see my mother, and I did not care whether there was gold in the locality or not." He took $500.00 in gold to Utah, paid his tithing, and donated $1.00 for each of the apostles, and some fast offerings. He never left his Utah home for more that two nights in a row. In 1898, California paid his way for a trip there, where they honored him and a few others. He said to the assembly, "If I had stayed [in California] I would have been under the ground in a short time. By coming away, I have lived to be 69 years of age." He lived to age 83 before dying – contentedly – at home.

APPENDIX 5

ERNST TIETJEN'S STORY

copied by Barbara Lorena CLUFF TIETJEN on 18 August 1924.

Ernst's mother, Ida Fredreka Kruger, says she was born in Mecklenburg, that part of East Germany which borders on the Baltic Sea and on Denmark, famous as a farming country. She was an orphan at two years of age, and when she was fifteen she left school and her grandmother taught her the dairy business. She says, "When 18 years old, I left her (grandmother) and went and superintended dairy and housekeeping for Mr. Baron Von Malzen and while there, I formed the acquaintance of August H. Tietjen, who was the steward, and another man. I rather think the latter suited me best, but I was undecided which one to accept. One night I had a dream that August H. Tietjen was the right one. I was married to him on the 22nd day of October, 1847. The following day the young couple moved to Sweden.

When Ernst was nine years old, he tells, "My father and I having been in market and just returning home when we seen a large crowd gathered around two American boys, throwing things at them and mobbing them. My father drove up as close to the two boys as he could and told them to run towards the river. My father picked them up and brought them home where they remained some time. This was the first time they had ever heard of Mormon people. My father at this time was baptized, but not my mother."

Ida had her doubts about Mormonism. She says, “I felt very much opposed to it, thinking they were the false prophets that I had read of that should come, for I had been a Bible reader. When my husband was baptized, he got the spirit of gathering to Zion in Utah, where the Saints had settled. I did not want to be separated from my husband, so I prayed to the Lord. I would go ahead and get baptized and if it was right I wanted him to give me a testimony, and if it was wrong, I wanted him to forgive me. As soon as I was baptized and had hands laid on my head for the gift of the Holy Ghost, I received a testimony, and began to preach the gospel to all I came in contact with. I thought that when I could see it, they could see the gospel truths that the Elders had preached. They that had been my friends now turned against me to be my enemies. They told evil things about me and would not speak or believe the truth. I read the scriptures in their true light. I saw fulfilled what the Lord had prophesied, that signs would follow them that believe.” Their oldest boy, Ernst Albert, had a disease of one of his eyes, and he lost his sight in it. The doctors couldn't do anything for him, but recommended that he go to the city where there was a river that had some mineral qualities which if he could bathe his eye in, might help, so he went to this city as the boy wanted to do this, but the father took him to the Elders of this new church and had him administered to, and his eye was healed instantly.

Ernst recalls, “On account of the persecution I received at school because my father was a Mormon, my teacher in school advised my parents to keep me out of school, so I had but very little school, although my father was a very wealthy man and could have afforded to have given me a good education.” In fact, the entire family was persecuted. August Henry tells the following: “During the two years we were in Sweden, we housed and defended the missionaries many times. One night in particular, the missionaries were holding a meeting and a mob started to break up this meeting by throwing rotten eggs and breaking windows and making such a noise. I was a trustee and in charge

of the hall where the meeting was. The mob was soon squelched and the Elders spirited home until the disturbance was over. In the spring of 1859 we made ready to start for Utah."

The Tietjen family sold everything they had but a few clothes and bedding. On April 1, 1859, a company of 355 Scandinavian Saints sailed from Copenhagen (which is about 20 miles from Helsenberg, Sweden). They went from there to Greensborg, England, then to Liverpool, where they were joined by English and Swiss emigrating Saints. A total of 726 souls sailed from Liverpool on the 11th of April, 1859, on the ship, "William Tapscott". Ten wards were soon organized on board: five Scandinavian and five British and Swiss, with a president over each. His duty was to see that the voyagers fully adhered to the observances of cleanliness, good order, etc. The voyage lasted only 31 days. There was one death and 19 couples were married on board. Dances and instrumental music as well as congregational singing helped the Saints pass the hours on board ship. Elder Neslen, as a general president, recorded that it was quite a task to take charge of a company speaking nine different languages and with different customs and peculiarities. Upon arriving at New York, the group was pronounced to be the best disciplined and most agreeable that had arrived at that port in the in the memory of the government officers and doctors. The bulk of the Saints took a river steamer to Albany, then went to Niagara Falls by rail, then to Windsor, Canada; Detroit; Quincy, Illinois; Sty. Joseph, Missouri; then up the Missouri River by steamboat to Florence, Nebraska, (now Omaha) where they arrived on May 25th. The Saints were soon organized into temporary districts and branches. Three companies of handcarts were organized, and left on the 9th of June, followed by an ox-cart company, which left the 25th of June and arrived in Salt Lake City the 15th of September. The handcart companies were met by thousands of people led by local bands. Ezra T. Benson gave a welcoming speech, followed by a bounteous feast. (From "The Land of the Midnight Sun", by Albert Zobell) We can imagine that such a

reception did much to lighten the hearts of August Henry and his family.

Of their journey from Florence, Ernst Albert writes, "We fixed ourselves out with an ox-team to go from there to Salt Lake. This was quite a trial, especially to my mother, for all her life she had had plenty and had never known what "want" was. My father had been counseled to give all the money he could spare to help the other poor saints so they too could gather to Zion, which he did willingly. We had a distance of 1000 miles to travel with our ox-teams, with our other brothers and sisters who had left their home the same as we."

On the way, the things they had became too heavy, so they had to unload some of them. There was one thing in particular they had to unload: a cook-stove. They hated very much to leave this, but later, some of the men and teams that were sent back to help the Saints get to Utah picked it up and brought it to them, which they appreciated very much. It has been said that this was the first cook-stove in Utah.

Ernst continues, "We arrived in Salt Lake Valley all right. We did not suffer for food on the way, as my father and I were both good shots, and usually had meat. My mother was a good cook, so our journey was a pleasant one. While at Salt Lake City, my father took a contract of burning charcoal. The trees or logs were piled up high like a mound, and dirt was thrown on top and all around them. After a good fire had been started under them, this dirt was placed on them so that the fire would only smolder, but never burn big. After a certain length of time, we would uncover these logs and they would be charcoal, used for blacksmith work. My father took me up into the mountain and built three or four of these charpit beds, as they were called, and left me there to watch them. I must not let a hole get in them, for if I did, they would burn up and only ashes would be left, so with a shovel and my little roll of bedding and a box of food, Father left me there

alone. I think I was about twelve then. My mother was a wise mother; she knew how lonesome and lonely her boy would be up there and maybe afraid, so she put a German Book of Mormon in my box of food for me to read. I read it and I did as Moroni said in the tenth chapter, verse four. I did this, and there alone in the mountain with only myself and my Heavenly Father, I received my first testimony of the gospel that has remained with me all through my life."

After a few months in Salt Lake, they moved to Goshen at a place called Sandtown, where August Henry thought he would engage in farming, this being his trade, but the land wasn't very good. It didn't suit August, so after eight years, he moved to Santaquin, where he engaged in farming, but he was never satisfied because the land wasn't as good as in Germany or Sweden, but he toughed it out as long as he lived, which was quite a while, he being in his seventies. They had quite a hard time building up a new country and he was quite sick a good many times, probably from appendicitis. Karl G. Maeser offered him a teaching position at B.Y.U., but he refused, saying that he could starve as well elsewhere. Ernst's mother says, "Our means we spent as we were counseled to do in helping the poor in immigrate, and for other donation, and the rest we lost, so we came down to know what poverty was. I had never known what it was to be poor until this time, and it was quite a trial to me. But all the time, my faith strengthened in the principles of the Gospel. Nearly the whole of the first year that we were in this country, my husband was sick and we had to sell our clothing to buy bread. I had to work very hard to take care of my family and we had to make [the] most of our clothing. Three children were born in Utah. Since that time, with work, we have enough to get along very well, and have enough to make us comfortable." August Henry was never repaid for the money he had given to the Immigration Fund, and he could scarcely conceal his disappointment at times. Among other things, he made shoes for a living.

We return to Ernst's narrative: He writes, “I was called, when 16 years old, on my first mission: to drive a team of oxen back to Nebraska City to bring emigrants over from there to Salt Lake. I made four trips back to Omaha, Nebraska, for the Saints who had left their homes for the gospel. We had many things on our trip that were not very comfortable. One of the men had the misfortune to loose one of the burrs of his wheel, so we had to travel very slow on account of the wheel kept coming off. We also had a very sick little baby about one year old. He was so sick, that he could not stand the jolt of the wagon, so the mother walked each day and carried him on a pillow. At night I would go out and hunt a rabbit and bring it in for this mother to stew for the baby, as that was all he would take. He lived, though, and when grown became one of Utah's most famous judges, “Judge Erik”.

Little did Ernst know that the baby was to become his brother-in-law in later years. Mrs. Ivy Gentry tells the following: n “Joseph H. Erickson, my father, was born in 1864 in Oslo, Norway, and was the youngest of seven children born to Englebret and Olena Olsen Erickson. Not much is known of his father except that he was a hard-working man and was baptized into the Mormon Church a few years before he died. Grandma Erickson's grief was deepened by the drowning of one of her little boys. When Father was about two years old, his mother decided to join a company of emigrants coming to Utah, which she had been told was a land of milk and honey. She wished to bring her children to Zion to mingle with the members of the Church which she had embraced. So she sold her home and what jewelry and silver she had to get the means for the long journey. When they reached Denmark, where they were to embark, she found to her dismay, that she had not enough money for all of them, so she was obliged to leave her two oldest daughters (one of whom was Emma O.), twelve and fourteen years of age, behind, until she could earn enough in her new habitation to send for them. They

went back to Norway and stayed with neighbors and friends and worked for a living until the time came – years later – for them to come to Utah. After arriving in New York, after a long and arduous trip on the ocean, they traveled by train westward to Council Bluffs. Here they were met by wagons from Salt Lake to take them on to their destination. (This was the group with which Ernst Albert had been sent on a mission.) My father, who was the baby, was desperately ill and could not endure the jolt and rumble of the wagon, so grandma had to carry him. She walked all the way, sometimes holding an old black umbrella over him to keep off the blazing sun, for it was summer now, and the heat on the plains was almost unbearable. When her arms ached, she would suspend him from her back in an old shawl, much like the Indians do. She trudged along, day after day, and sometimes became so tired [that] she lagged far behind. The captain reproved her and urged her to let the child die, because no one felt he could possibly get well. She was told she was only retarding progress by hanging on to him. She refused, of course, and assured them that she would make out all right if they cared to go on ahead without her.

When the company arrived in Salt Lake, grandma and her children were sent south to Provo to make their home. Father was better [now] and recovering fast. Their first home was in an old deserted schoolhouse. Grandma hung old pieces of rugs over the broken windows to keep out the cold, for it was early fall. Before long they moved south to Santaquin, where they had a more comfortable home. Grandmother worked from daylight until late at night weaving carpets, for she had brought her loom from Norway and also her spinning wheel. She took in washing and sewing to earn enough to support her small children and save to send for her daughters as she had promised.

(Judge Erickson, the baby, served as county attorney for two years, and as Richfield District attorney for eight years, and as judge of the Sixth Judicial District for eight years, and he died in

December 1943 at the age of 84. We can't help wondering if Ernst Albert had any idea this baby would someday be his brother-in-law. Emma O. and her sister did not come over until Solomon Petersen came to Norway as a missionary. He later married the older girl and brought her to America. Sometime afterward, he sent money for Emma O. to come to Zion. No wonder, then [that] Emma O. sent for her cousin Emma C. She knew how it felt to be left alone in that distant country.)

Resuming Ernst's account in his journal, we are told that, "In 1873, I met Emma O. Erickson. She was a girl from Norway. I asked her to go to sacrament meeting with me. (I had been keeping company with a Holladay girl, but one evening I called to see her, and she was sitting at the table playing cards with some other young folks. This surely caused me a sorrow, for I knew here was our parting of the way. They invited me to join them, but I declined and never went back to see her again.) While at the meeting, Orson Pratt was the speaker. All elders sat on the stand, so I could see Emma O. Erickson from where I was sitting. He spoke on the principle of celestial marriage. As he spoke, it seemed that Emma O.'s face was white and beautiful and just shone with purity, with his sermon and the truth of it. The beauty of Emma O.'s [face] thoroughly convinced me that Emma O. was the right one for me to marry. Some time after this, we were engaged. One Sunday afternoon as we were out walking, she told me that she had a cousin over in the old country that she loved very dearly, and I have promised to help her so she can come to Zion. She had me promise to help her as soon as we were married. Soon after we were married she said, "Won't you please give me the first money you get so I can send for my cousin, Emma C. (Christiansen) Pedersen, so she can join me here in Zion.?" Of course, I promised her I would. Emma O. Erickson and I were married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City by Daniel H. Wells, and, true to my promise, the first money I made after we were married was working on the Utah Southern Railroad, and strange as it may seem, I had worked but

a short time and had made $80.00 [the amount needed], and sent it to her cousin, Emma C. Pedersen.

A humorous sidelight here is that Ernst's brother, Charley, married the Holiday girl, and she made a wonderful wife. Charlie went on a mission back to Sweden and became well-known there for his outstanding work. While there, some of the Tietjen family in Germany sent for him to come see them, but forbade him to mention religion. He remembers that they were soldiers in the king's army, and rode huge white horses.

The occasion for Ernst Tietjen's missionary call to the Indians is told by Anthony W. Ivins, who went to Savoia as a missionary: Ivins writes in his journal, “In 1876 Ammon Tenney and R. L. Smith left the Mexican settlements near El Paso, traveled up the Rio Grande to Isleta, remaining there some time, preaching. [They] then traveled west to Zuni where they remained for some time, baptizing many of the Indians. Soon afterward they were released, went home, and the Indians drifted back into their old ways.” Andrew Jenson, the Church historian, continues: “Elder Lorenzo Hatch accompanied Daniel H. Wells and party on a visit to the Little Colorado River in 1876. On the return of the company to Utah, Elder Hatch met President Brigham Young at Kanab, Utah, and during the interview, President Young called Brother Hatch to return to New Mexico to take charge of the Indians who had been baptized among the Zunis a few months previously by Ammon Tenney and Robert L. Smith. Elder Hatch responded to the call, and with his family left St. George for New Mexico on 25 July 1876. Near Kanab, he was joined by John Maughan and family, and these two families then traveled by way of the camps of the Saints on the Little Colorado River, to Fish Springs, in New Mexico, about six miles southwest of the present site of Ramah, where they stopped a few weeks, then moved to San Lorenzo (probably what is now Tenaja), a Mexican village situated about 15 miles southwest of the present

Ramah. Both families wintered at this place, laboring during that winter among the Indians and Mexicans.

In that same year, Sam Young tells us that "President Brigham Young wrote to Ernst Tietjen and asked him to go on an Indian mission. In this letter he used words something like this: '... locate as near the heart of the Navajo Indian country as you can; learn their language, their habits, their customs and ways, and teach them the gospel, and a better way to live ... '. Early in the spring – one day after his marriage to Emma C. – Ernst Tietjen, in company with several others, packed up their horses and went to where Tuba City now stands, and there, Ernst spent the summer making adobes and helping build the first houses to be built in that place. That fall the party returned home."

The Church Historian continues thus: "Early in 1877, Luther C. Burnham and Ernst Tietjen, missionaries to the Navajo Indians, arrived at San Lorenzo. Brother Hatch located them in Savoya Valley, where Jose Pino, a local Navajo leader, pointed out the most favorable location. They built a house about six miles northeast of the present Ramah, while Elders Hatch and Maughan raised a crop at San Lorenzo and the two families moved to a neighboring valley and located at a place called Savietta. John Hunt joined Lorenzo Hatch at San Lorenzo in 1877 with Elders Burnham and Tietjen."

Anthony Ivins wrote: "23 February, we traveled ten miles to Fish Springs, where the Zunis have a farm. It is a beautiful place. The land is rich and the water good. One hundred families might be sustained here." Jenson says that "Soon afterwards, Nelson C. Beebee arrived with a company of Saints from the southern states, mostly from the state of Arkansas, they having been counseled to settle (perhaps on the strength of Ivin's report) in New Mexico. This company of Saints consisted of 100 souls and came through by teams. Some of them stopped at Savoya while others went on to Joseph City. One of these brethren had

contracted smallpox while passing through Albuquerque, and owing to an epidemic of smallpox, and for other reasons, the winter of 1877-78 proved a very hard and unpleasant one for Elders Hatch and his fellow missionaries, as well as for the Saints from the southern states. Hatch reported in October; 'The mission numbers 116 Zunis who have been baptized and 34 Navajo.' Nor was this their only harvest. Blacksmithing had earned a thousand pounds of corn from the Zunis while nearly 40 acres under cultivation yielded wheat, corn, beans, potatoes, and other produce. These provident measures proved insufficient that autumn, when nearly 100 Arkansas converts drove up, straining the Mormon cupboards so severely that Lorenzo Hatch sent most of the newcomers to Joseph City to avoid a famine." That winter, I am told, the Indians were remarkably solicitous of the welfare of their white brethren. Many times they brought deer, turkey, and other game off the mesa and left it a hundred yards or so from the settlement, not daring to come nearer on account of the dread smallpox.

Despite this fact, those were days and men of great faith. Preston Nibley records in his "Missionary Experience" the story of Llewelyn Harris who arrived in Zuni the 20th of January, 1878, on his way to the Mexican settlements to preach the gospel. "Brother Harris was awakened in the night by the cries of the Zuni family with whom he was staying. Their little girl was dying of smallpox. He administered to her, and she recovered. In the succeeding days, he visited about 25 families a day, healing their sick. The disease spread rapidly and in one day he administered to 406. A Presbyterian minister persuaded a medicine man to circulate lies about the missionaries, saying they were healed by the devil. Next day, Brother Harris went to Savoia Valley, where he remained three weeks. All except five or six to whom he had administered for smallpox recovered completely."

Ernst informs us further that, “The following year I came back to my family. I brought with me an Indian boy from Ramah, New Mexico, to help me learn the Navajo language. In 1878, I left Santaquin, Utah, with my two wives and children for Ramah, New Mexico, with an ox-team. The road was long and rough. Emma C. ran along with a stick to hit the leaders on the nose so they would stop when the wagon pushed on them, or we might have had a runaway downhill. There was not a town then at Ramah. My brother, Joe, who had come with me, and an Indian called Sam and myself started the Ramah Dam and also built the first house in Ramah and planted the first trees there, which we had brought from Santquin, Utah.”

Sam Young recalls that “In 1880, Ernst, with a scraper made from scraps he had gathered at Fort Wingate, with one yoke of oxen, began the work on the Ramah Reservoir, and moved to the present location of Ramah. He had an awfully hard time while at Savoya. Food, at times, became so scarce that your grandmother, Emma C., had to take the children and go dig wild potatoes that grew in that country, and eat them.”

At a quarterly conference held at Snowflake, Arizona, in June 1880, President Jesse N. Smith reported that the little L.D.S. settlement at Savoya had been “called in” on account of Indian troubles. Most of the Saints had gone to St. Johns. All left, except Ernst Albert Tietjen, which practically ended that place as a settlement of the Saints. Brother Tietjen finally moved his family away also, about 1885. When Andrew Jenson, Assistant Church Historian, visited Ramah in 1894, there was nothing left of the former settlement called Savoya. Only Ernst A. Tietjen and John Hunt remained (after the recall) to carry on the religious work, supporting themselves by freighting and selling wool from the Navajo's sheep. (We can imagine that Ernst's five trips across the plains stood him in good stead in this venture.) In Ernst's journal, we read, “I did a great lot of missionary work among the Zuni Indians and had many true friends there. On one of my

missionary trips out among the Navajos I baptized 40 Navajos, and could have baptized more, but there was no one to leave there with them to continue teaching them in the gospel. Among those I baptized was Lameback Charley, Cho Gosepino, and many others. In 1888, while out on the Navajo Reservation, I converted and baptized 100 more Navajo Indians. It seemed that they were hunting for the truth. There were also other missionaries sent among the Indians (about 28). We were called to St. Johns, Arizona, for conference by Apostle Brigham Young, Jr. Each one of us arose and were asked to tell what we thought about the Indians. Well, some thought them very filthy low in a moral way, and that we were just wasting our time trying to preach to them. Finally Apostle Young turned to me and said, 'Well, Brother Tietjen, you have not said anything. What do you think?' I then arose and said, 'Brethren, I think we see just what we are looking for,' and sat down. The room was quiet; they knew it was the truth, for if they were true missionaries, they would be so busy in the Lord's work that they couldn't find fault or see other people's faults or failures."

"Faced with incipient defeat along the Little Colorado, the Church Authorities called several families from Sunset to revive the New Mexican outpost. Almost at once the new settlers chose Tietjen as president elder and selected teachers and a Sunday School Superintendent. Then moving a few miles south of Savoia, they laid out a townsite and irrigation ditches, name[ing] the village, Navajo, and by winter, more than half the families were living on the location. Administrative duties proved irksome, and in 1886 Tietjen resigned as bishop to devote more time to the Lamanites. A three-year attack on the crops by grasshoppers (1888-90) proved far more serious. In the midst of these difficulties, Ramah faced extinction when an eviction notice in January, 1889, arrived from a neighboring cattle company which had bought the townsite from the railroad. Urging the people to exercise their faith and prayers that the hearts of these men might be softened, the Mormon leaders

conferred with the ranchers. The latter demanded $10 an acre for the Ramah Section, but Bishop McNeil, deeming the price exorbitant, told his flock to build up and improve their surroundings in defiance of the gentiles. Ignoring the danger brought another eviction notice in 1890. This time McNeil appealed to Salt Lake City, whence came funds with which the Ramah Land and Irrigation Company bought the land. President Wilford Woodruff sent word that the Ramahns were all called to stay there and help make that purchase – an indefinite sentence, when they had barely been able to survive. Finally the Church authorities agreed to accept an equivalent amount of work on the dam as repayment. At a stake conference in January, 1900, Apostle Grant read a release from the First Presidency of all who were called as missionaries to the St. Johns Stake, releasing them to go elsewhere if they so desired. The Saints in Ramah combated Satan in whatever guise he assumed. S. E. Lewis condemned gambling in every form. Horseracing came under this ban on a number of counts. Counselor Bond spoke to those that were in the habit of betting on horse races, and said it was wrong and against the principles of the gospel, and encouraged all who had been in the habit, to try and quit it. In 1886, Bishop Tietjen denounced horse racing in the street – it was not safe. Professor Clyde Kluckhohn has suggested to the author that the comparative absence of gambling among the Ramah Navajos might be traced to Ernst Tietjen's influence on Jose Pino. The Rahamns in 1882 were equally certain on the subject of 'us coming here as Indian missionaries', but as the years passed, the objective became blurred in their minds – but not in those at Salt Lake City. Apostle Brigham Young, Jr., stated flatly in 1878, 'We calculate on this place more than any other as a nucleus for the Indian Mission.'" (The entire above paragraph has been taken from an article, "History of Ramah", by Irving Teller, which appeared in the Utah Historical Quarterly in 1953.)

Ernst recalls this interesting episode in his journal: "In the summer of 1884, I was called by Apostle Brigham Young, Jr., to

go over on the reservation. Some kind of difficulty between the Indians and Lot Smith [was involved]. It seemed that he had been very overbearing to the Indians – running off their sheep and horses, and not allowing them to have their own watering holes and pastures for their sheep and horses. Brother Lewis Burnham and myself started at once by team to see what could be done. One evening when we had camped, a Navajo rode into our camp. I talked to him for a while and told him we had been sent to see if we could make peace between the Indians and Smith. I asked him if he would tell the other Indians that we wished to hold a council with them the next evening and hear their story of their trouble with Smith. The next evening about 25 chiefs and warriors met us at the place appointed. This is the story they told:

Lot Smith owned a store and had a large flock of sheep and horses. He was a man who dearly loved raising fine horses. The year before had been very dry and there was a shortage of water and feed, and Smith had done all he could to make it very unpleasant for the Indian's sheep and horses, so that there would be plenty for his. After running off the sheep and horses, he told them this story to frighten them, so they would not dare to come back.

He, Smith, said one day he was going along and saw a 'tremendous snake – about 20 feet long and large enough to swallow a horse whole. Soon after this, one of my sheep herders went up in there, and the snake 'chased him'; he left his horse and fled for his life on foot, but the snake caught the horse and swallowed him whole.'

So, of course, the Indians were afraid and while the Indian's sheep and horses died of hunger and thirst, Smith's grew fat. Finally one brave Indian ventured to go up [that] canyon and find the truth of the story. He found it was only a story to scare the Indians.

After hearing the Indians' story, we told them that they could meet us over at Moencopi, where we would hear both their story and Smith's. The next day we arrived at Smith's and told him what we had come for. He just smiled and said, 'Let us hold up this afternoon. Meanwhile, I would like to show you folks and the Indians my very best breed of horses.' So he sent one of his boys after the band of horses. When the boy brought in the horses, he corralled them in a large round-pole fence. Smith took his rope and caught one fine horse and commenced to show us his fine qualities, leading him around the corral. Some way, the horse got more slack of the rope than Smith intended and whirled and kicked Smith in the stomach. All of the Indians just laughed at him. We picked him up and carried him to the house. He was unconscious. After two hours, he rallied to, and sat up. About two o'clock he sent word to us that he was ready to meet us. In a short time, he came walking very slowly with the aid of a stick and one of his wives, while the other one carried a large rocking chair for him to sit in. When everything was ready, we called in the head chief of other Navajos to tell his story. he arose and said, “We Indians have nothing to say. We believe the Great Spirit has punished Smith enough by having his own horse kick him for the pay of telling us Indians such a lie, and we wish to be friends with Smith, if he will not mistreat us anymore.” Smith consented to this, so we had them shake hands as a token of their friendship ... From all we could learn, the Indians tried very hard to live up to our counsel, but Lot Smith was a very hot-headed man and did not always live up to his teaching. One day he got in a dispute with an Indian, and in it, his temper got the better of him. This so enraged the Indian, that he watched for his chance to get his revenge on Smith.”

In connection with grandfather's account, we have this tragic note recorded in McClintlock's “Mormon Settlement in Arizona”: “On June 20, 1892, the Indians at Tuba City turned their sheep into Lot Smith's pasture. Brother Smith went out to drive the

sheep away and while thus engaged, he got into a quarrel with the Indians and commenced shooting their sheep. In retaliation, the Indians commenced firing upon Lot Smith's cows, and finally directed their fire against Lot Smith himself, shooting him through the body. Though mortally wounded, he rode home, a distance of about two miles, and lived about six hours, when he expired."

Of his family life, Ernst records this heart-breaking episode: "In December, 1884, Sarah Amanda was born. She was light-complexioned, and rosy-cheeked. While plowing in the fields I would see Sarah coming across the plowed land, hopping and running. She was so beautiful. And I said to myself, if anything should happen to here, I don't think I could stand it. She came up telling me her mother had dinner ready. Taking my hand, she chanted to me as we walked back to the house. On the evening of May 2, 1889, I was at Emma O.'s place, just a short distance from Amanda's, reading my paper when I heard someone cry, "FIRE!" I ran out, only to see Amanda's place all afire, and Sarah in it. I wanted to run in and get Sarah, but three men held me back. They formed a chain line with buckets and passed the buckets of water in that way, from one to the other, until they had put out the fire. They chopped a path through to Sarah's crib. Amanda had put Sarah to bed and asleep, and had just stepped out across the street to the church-house to watch them dance for a while, when someone called 'fire'. This, of course, broke up the dance. Jim Hatch and Amanda were the first ones to go into the house after the fire had been put out by water. Sarah was burned just a small spot on her forehead, but the smoke had strangled her to death. This was by greatest trial, for Oh, how I loved this little girl! She was my pride and joy. Amanda it seemed, could not get over this great shock, and on December 30, 1893, she died."

From Sam Young's Journal, we learn of the remarkable faith as well as the physical endurance that characterized those pioneers: In 1887, the Manti Temple was completed and opened for

general endowment work. Brother [August Henry, the father] Tietjen at Santquin wrote to Ernst and asked him to come to Santaquin and go with the family to Manti and do the family work and sealings. In those days it took nearly a month for a letter to go from Santaquin, Utah, to Ramah, New Mexico. Ernst wrote to his father and told him that he would be at Santaquin. At this time, he was too poor to have horses.

His equipment consisted of underclothes and in the other sack was a little bread and some dried meat, and as for money, he had less than a dollar in cash in his pocket. One of his neighbors was taking a team to Ft. Wingate, and Ernst rode with him. At Ft. Wingate, it was decided that the neighbor had to go 12 miles further. Out in the flat and about half-way between the railroad and the bluffs on the north side of the valley were some wagons camped for noon, and it was easy to see by the location of the wagon camp that they were going to the San Juan River, so Ernst told the neighbor good-bye and walked over to the wagons. He soon learned that he was welcome to go with them as he knew the road and Indians well. On reaching the San Juan, he went to L. C. Burnham's who lived on the north bank of the river, and was bishop of the Burnham Ward at Fruitland.

Brother Burnham, in settlement of a small account, let Ernst have six pieces of lumber and some pieces of 2x4 and some nails. With these, Ernst made an open boat and one morning set adrift on the San Juan, headed for Bluff City, 90 miles down the river. Ernst drifted or paddled down the river until he reached the place where Shiprock now stands, drew his boat up on the bank and soon found a camp of Indians whom he had known before, and spent the night with them. Next night he pulled his boat ashore where Aneth now stands, and again spent the night with the Indians.

The next day about 3 p.m. he reached Bluff City. Apostle Brigham Young was there with a buckboard, but the buckboard

was loaded to full capacity with Brother Young and supplies for the trip to Pleasant Creek. Brother Young was willing to wait one day for Ernst to find a way to go with them. Ernst next went to Bishop Neilson and bought a 44-caliber Winchester. This gun was a new model and was considered to be the outstanding make of guns. The price of the gun was $20, and of course, was bought on credit. Ernst took the gun and crossed the river and soon traded the gun to an Indian for a good pony which the Indian delivered to Bluff City. The horse was packed with bedding and other things which made it possible for Ernst to ride in the buckboard. The co-op gave him some groceries in exchange for the boat, and the trip was continued to Pleasant Creek. While there, some of the brethren traded Ernst a two-year-old steer on the Bluff range for the horse. The steer was to be turned over to the Neilson people. In a few days, the party reached Santaquin ...

When the family temple work was done, word reached Ernst that a man with quite an outfit was passing some 50 miles away on their way to northern Arizona. After the man learned that Ernst was acquainted with the road and the Indians, he put Ernst to driving a team for his passage to Smowflake. From there he rode with some of the visiting authorities to St. Johns, and with some neighbors attending conference, to Ramah.

APPENDIX 6

A LIFE SKETCH OF IDA FREDRIKA KRUEGER TIETJEN

[Here, the spelling has been left intact.]

A Life Sketch of Ida Fredraca Krueger Tietjen.
To be read by those of her grand-children
who may be living in the year of Jubilee, 1930.

I was born in Maklenburg, [County of] Strelitz Town [of] Leppen, [in] Germany September 8th 1825. I am the Daughter of Andreas Krueger and Dorothea Linstead. When I was two years old, my Parents moved from Mecklenburg Strelitz to Mecklenburg Schwerin, and my mother died there the same year. My Parents belonged to the Luthearan Chruch and I was taught to believe in the same.

When I was 6 years old I comenced to go to school and when I was 12 years old I went to live with my step-grandmother, and with being alone, it led me to seek the Lord.

When I was 15, I left school and my step-grandmother learned me the Dairy Business, and when I was 18, I left her and went and Superintended Dairy and Housekeeping of Baron Von Malzen, and there I formed the acquaintance of August Tietjen,

who was the Steward and on the 22nd day of October 1847 I was married to August Tietjen, being then 22 years of age. We moved to Sweden October 23rd, 1847.

My husband is the Son of Carl Tietjen and Sophie Helmere. He was born December 9th, 1814 in Maklenburg, [County of] Schwerin Town [of] Reuhn.

In 1857 I first heard of the Latter-day Saints and I felt very opposed to them, thinking they were the false prophets that I had read of that should come, for I had been a Bible reader.

My husband believed in Mormonism as soon as he heard it, and he went and was Baptized June 24th, 1857. He then got the Spirit of gathering to Zion to Utah where the saints had settled. I did not want to be seperate from my husband, and I Prayed to the Lord to show me if the Latter-day saints was right. Although I could not get any Testomoney, I told the Lord that I would go and get baptized, and if I was right I wanted him to give me a testomoney, and if I was wrong, I wanted him to forgive me. As soon as I was baptized and had hands laid upon me for the gift of the Holy Ghost, I received a testomoney and I began to preach and teach the gospel to all that I came in contact with. I thought that when I could see it, that all could see it [–] that the gospel was true (that the Elders had Preached).

I read the Scriptures in the true light. I saw it fullfilled where the Lord promised that the signs should follow those that believed. I saw the Healing power in my own family, and especially on my oldest Son; he had lost the sight of his left eye. The Elders administered to him, and the eye was restored again. I was like my husband [–] as soon as I was baptized, I wanted to gather with the Saints to Utah.

On the 1st of April 1859, Myself, my husband, and five children left Sweden and went to England, and there joined a large

Company of saints, and crossed the sea to New York. We was 5 weeks crossing the sea. Then we traveled by Railroad and Steam boat to Florence, where we waited 5 weeks for our outfitt to cross the Plains. We traveled across the plains with ox teams and arived in Salt Lake City September 15th, 1859.

We had a great many trials to pass through. But still I felt like it was a pleasure trip. I felt satisfied when I got here with the way I found it, for they Preached the same Gospel here as they did in the old country. Our means we spent as we were counselled to do, in helping the Poor to Emigrate, and for other Donations, and the rest of our Property, we lost, so that we come down so as to know what Povery was. I had never known what it was to be poor untill this time, and it was quite a trial for me. But all the time my faith strengthened in the principles of the gospel.

Nearly the whole of the first year that we was in this Country, my husband was sick, and we had to sell our clothing to buy bread with. I had to work very hard to take care of my family. We had to make most of our own clothing, and during that time, I had 3 children Born. Since that, with working hard, we have been able to get along very well and have enough to make us comfortable.

My five older children are now married and they are all married in the right way in the gospel and have had their washings and anointings, and I hope that all the rest of my Posterity will be the same, and who ever this sketch of my life may go to. I hope and pray that they may live fruitfull in this work which I have commenced. My husband and myself are strong and healthy according to our ages. My Parents are both dead, but I have 2 brothers and 5 sisters living, but there is not one of my relations that I know of that have embraced the gospel.

The Relief Society of this place was organized August 29th 1868, and I was one of its first members. I was also one of the first Teachers that was appointed to go around and visit the ward. In

1871 I was released from being a teacher and appointed Treasurer, which office I hold at present. I am also Second Counselor to the President of the Silk Association.

I will now write to those of my offspring who may be liveing 50 years hence:

My Dear and Beloved children: I have written you a short sketch of my life, hoping it will be interesting to you and that you will Preserve it and hand it down to your Posterity for generations.

I say unto you all: be humble and prayerfull and always under all circumstances put you to it and the Lord gives, and he will not forsake you. I want to testify unto you that I know this to be the true Church and Kingdom of God established upon the earth never more to be thrown down, and I hope and pray that all my future generations may live so as to receive a testomoney for themselves of this work. And it is my desire that you may further carry out and establish the work that I have commenced. So that when we have finished our probation here, we may receive an exaltation in our Father's kingdom. I also Testify to you that I believe the principal of Plural Marriage to be a Divine principal of God, delivered unto Joseph Smith. My husband is also a strong believer in this principal. The reason we have not practiced it is oweing to circumstances. I will say good bye to you all and I hope we shall all meet on the Golden Shore with our heavenly Father who has sent us here, after we have filled our mission here upon this earth. I do pray that we may live faithfull so that we may be worthy to enter the Celestial Kingdom
Of Our God

My Children's names are:

Ernest Albert Tietjen	14 Sep 1848 in Arrape, Sweden
Charles August Tietjen	12 Mar 1851 in Arrape
Ida Henrietta Tietjen, now Farnsworth	Apr 1853 in Arrape

Appendix Six

Frederick Ludwig Tietjen	30 Jul 1855 in Arrape
Josephine Albertine Tietjen	5 Feb 1857 in Arrape
Ephriam John Tietjen	1859 in Salt Lake City
Joseph Henry Tietjen	1864 in Salt Lake City
Augusta Mahata Tietjen	26 Jan 1869 in Salt Lake City

Santaquin, Utah County, Utah, March 25, 1881.

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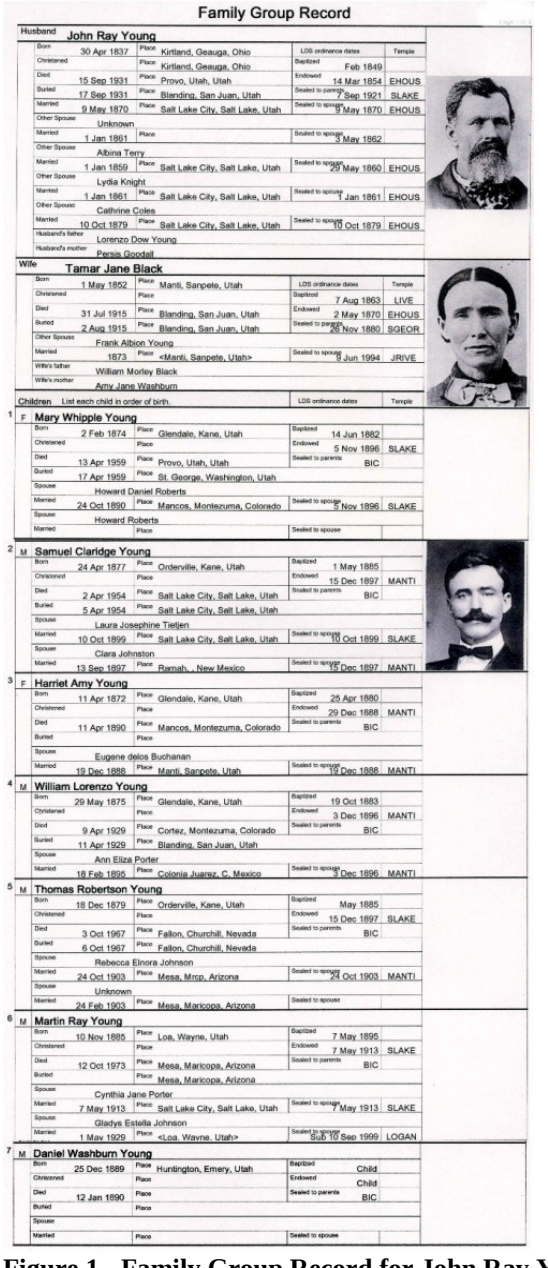

Family Group Record

Husband: John Ray Young

Born	30 Apr 1837	Place	Kirtland, Geauga, Ohio	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Christened		Place	Kirtland, Geauga, Ohio	Baptized Feb 1849	
Died	15 Sep 1931	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah	Endowed 14 Mar 1854	EHOUS
Buried	17 Sep 1931	Place	Blanding, San Juan, Utah	Sealed to parents 7 Sep 1921	SLAKE
Married	9 May 1870	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Sealed to spouse 9 May 1870	EHOUS
Other Spouse	Unknown				
Married	1 Jan 1861	Place		Sealed to spouse 3 May 1862	
Other Spouse	Albina Terry				
Married	1 Jan 1859	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Sealed to spouse 29 May 1860	EHOUS
Other Spouse	Lydia Knight				
Married	1 Jan 1861	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Sealed to spouse 1 Jan 1861	EHOUS
Other Spouse	Cathrine Coles				
Married	10 Oct 1879	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Sealed to spouse 10 Oct 1879	EHOUS
Husband's father	Lorenzo Dow Young				
Husband's mother	Persis Goodall				

Wife: Tamar Jane Black

Born	1 May 1852	Place	Manti, Sanpete, Utah	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Christened		Place		Baptized 7 Aug 1863	LIVE
Died	31 Jul 1915	Place	Blanding, San Juan, Utah	Endowed 2 May 1870	EHOUS
Buried	2 Aug 1915	Place	Blanding, San Juan, Utah	Sealed to parents 26 Nov 1880	SGEOR
Other Spouse	Frank Albion Young				
Married	1873	Place	<Manti, Sanpete, Utah>	Sealed to spouse 9 Jun 1994	JRIVE
Wife's father	William Morley Black				
Wife's mother	Amy Jane Washburn				

Children — List each child in order of birth.

1 F	**Mary Whipple Young**			LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Born	2 Feb 1874	Place	Glendale, Kane, Utah	Baptized 14 Jun 1882	
Christened		Place		Endowed 5 Nov 1896	SLAKE
Died	13 Apr 1959	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah	Sealed to parents BIC	
Buried	17 Apr 1959	Place	St. George, Washington, Utah		
Spouse	Howard Daniel Roberts				
Married	24 Oct 1890	Place	Mancos, Montezuma, Colorado	Sealed to spouse 5 Nov 1896	SLAKE
Spouse	Howard Roberts				
Married		Place		Sealed to spouse	
2 M	**Samuel Claridge Young**				
Born	24 Apr 1877	Place	Orderville, Kane, Utah	Baptized 1 May 1885	
Christened		Place		Endowed 15 Dec 1897	MANTI
Died	2 Apr 1954	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Sealed to parents BIC	
Buried	5 Apr 1954	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah		
Spouse	Laura Josephine Tietjen				
Married	10 Oct 1899	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Sealed to spouse 10 Oct 1899	SLAKE
Spouse	Clara Johnston				
Married	13 Sep 1897	Place	Ramah, , New Mexico	Sealed to spouse 15 Dec 1897	MANTI
3 F	**Harriet Amy Young**				
Born	11 Apr 1872	Place	Glendale, Kane, Utah	Baptized 25 Apr 1880	
Christened		Place		Endowed 29 Dec 1888	MANTI
Died	11 Apr 1890	Place	Mancos, Montezuma, Colorado	Sealed to parents BIC	
Buried		Place			
Spouse	Eugene delos Buchanan				
Married	19 Dec 1888	Place	Manti, Sanpete, Utah	Sealed to spouse 19 Dec 1888	MANTI
4 M	**William Lorenzo Young**				
Born	29 May 1875	Place	Glendale, Kane, Utah	Baptized 19 Oct 1883	
Christened		Place		Endowed 3 Dec 1896	MANTI
Died	9 Apr 1929	Place	Cortez, Montezuma, Colorado	Sealed to parents BIC	
Buried	11 Apr 1929	Place	Blanding, San Juan, Utah		
Spouse	Ann Eliza Porter				
Married	18 Feb 1895	Place	Colonia Juarez, C. Mexico	Sealed to spouse 3 Dec 1896	MANTI
5 M	**Thomas Robertson Young**				
Born	18 Dec 1879	Place	Orderville, Kane, Utah	Baptized May 1885	
Christened		Place		Endowed 15 Dec 1897	SLAKE
Died	3 Oct 1967	Place	Fallon, Churchill, Nevada	Sealed to parents BIC	
Buried	6 Oct 1967	Place	Fallon, Churchill, Nevada		
Spouse	Rebecca Elnora Johnson				
Married	24 Oct 1903	Place	Mesa, Mrcp, Arizona	Sealed to spouse 24 Oct 1903	MANTI
Spouse	Unknown				
Married	24 Feb 1903	Place	Mesa, Maricopa, Arizona	Sealed to spouse	
6 M	**Martin Ray Young**				
Born	10 Nov 1885	Place	Loa, Wayne, Utah	Baptized 7 May 1895	
Christened		Place		Endowed 7 May 1913	SLAKE
Died	12 Oct 1973	Place	Mesa, Maricopa, Arizona	Sealed to parents BIC	
Buried		Place	Mesa, Maricopa, Arizona		
Spouse	Cynthia Jane Porter				
Married	7 May 1913	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Sealed to spouse 7 May 1913	SLAKE
Spouse	Gladys Estella Johnson				
Married	1 May 1929	Place	<Loa, Wayne, Utah>	Sealed to spouse Sub 10 Sep 1999	LOGAN
7 M	**Daniel Washburn Young**				
Born	25 Dec 1889	Place	Huntington, Emery, Utah	Baptized Child	
Christened		Place		Endowed Child	
Died	12 Jan 1890	Place		Sealed to parents BIC	
Buried		Place			
Spouse					
Married		Place		Sealed to spouse	

Figure 1 - Family Group Record for John Ray Young and Tamar Jane Black Young

MAPS

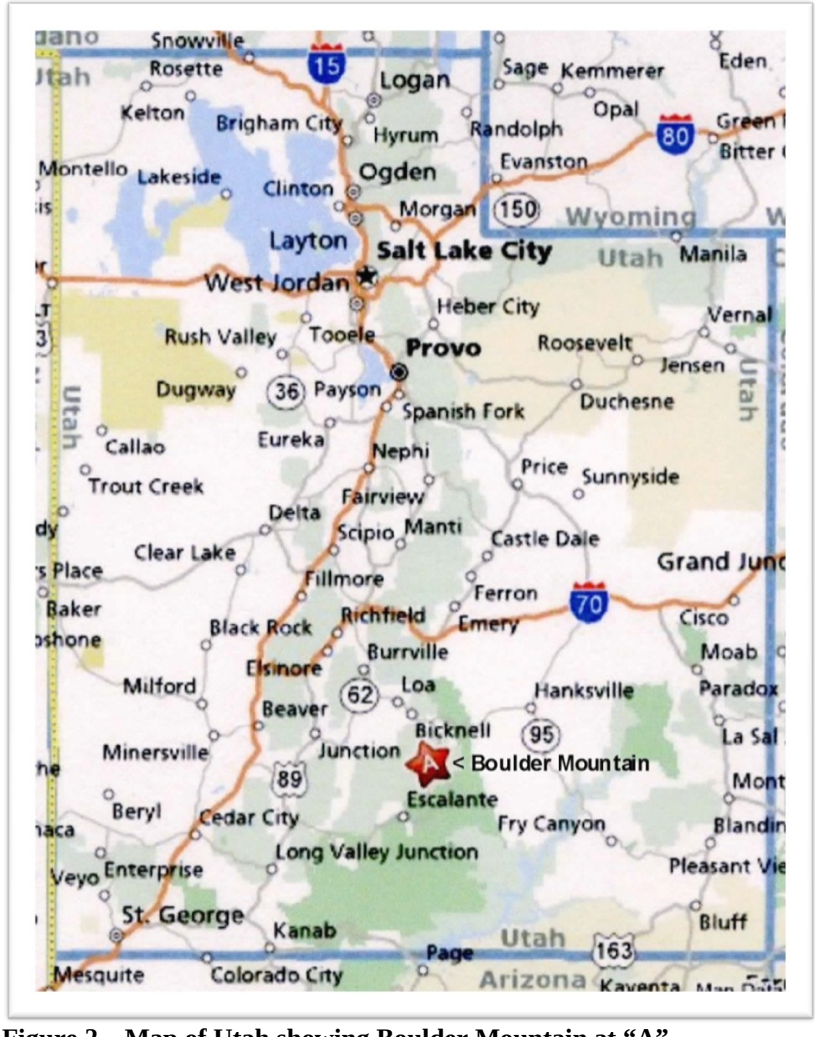

Figure 2 – Map of Utah showing Boulder Mountain at "A"

Figure 3 – Partial map of Utah showing Boulder Mountain at "A"

Figure 4 - Wild Cat dairy as it appeared in 1999.

Figure 5 - John Ray Young

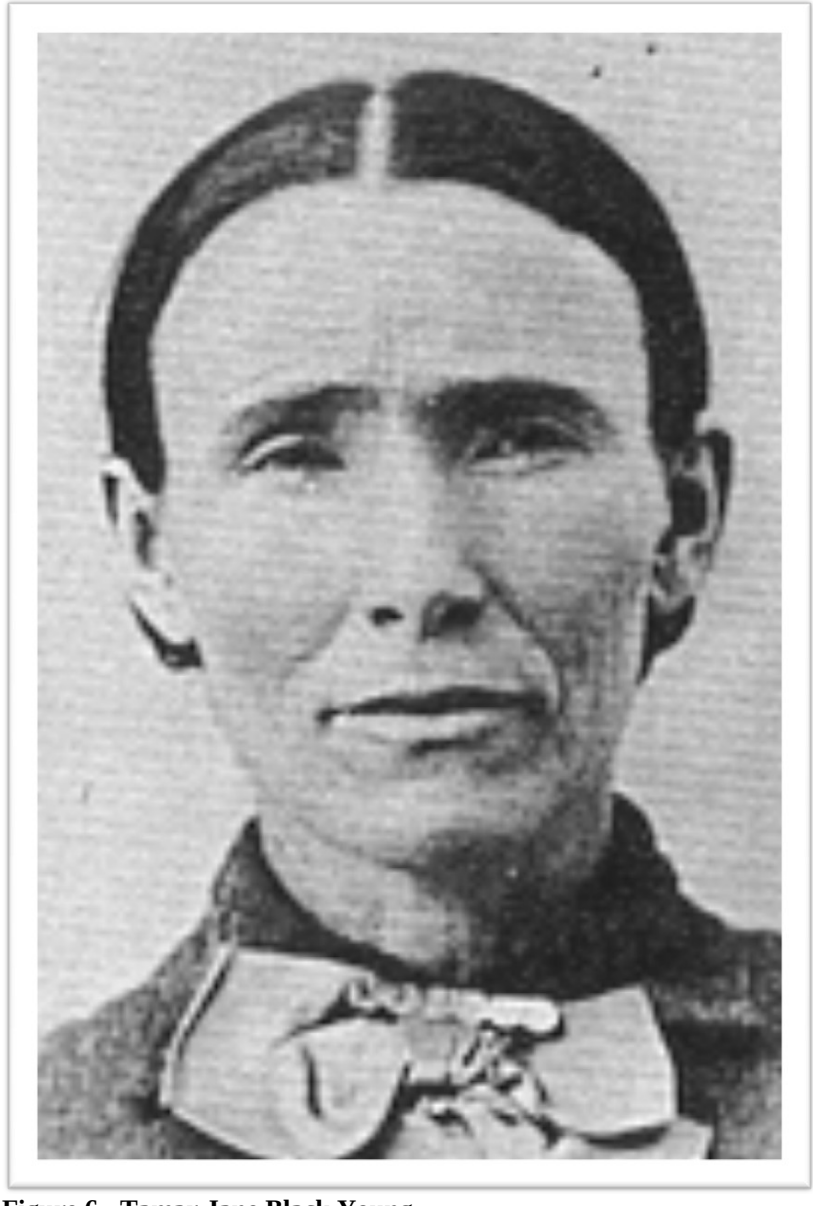

Figure 6 - Tamar Jane Black Young

Figure 7 - Map of Southern Utah showing Glendale and Orderville

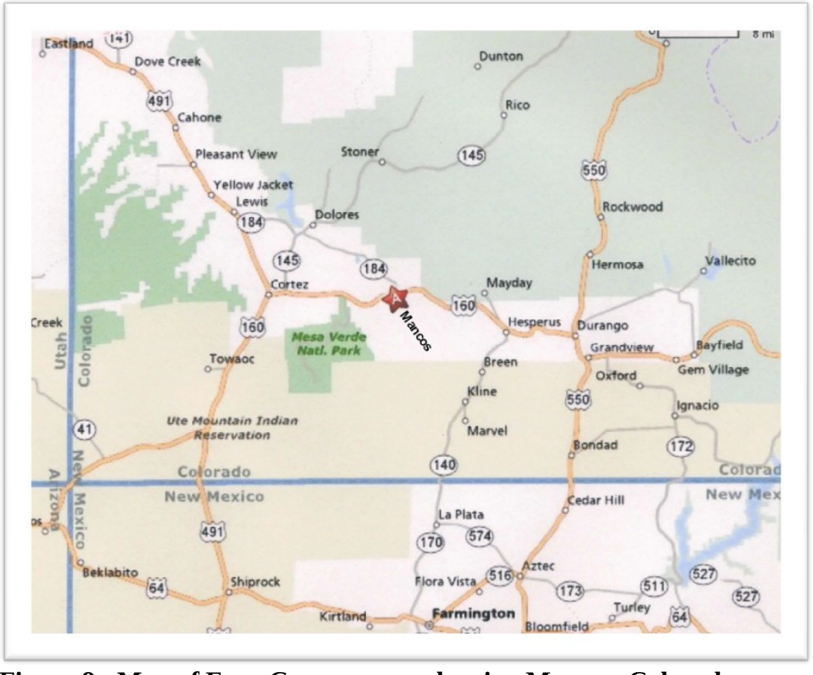

Figure 8 - Map of Four Corners area showing Mancos, Colorado at "A".

Figure 9 - Mormon Colonies in Mexico.

Deming, NM
New Mexico
Ciudad Juárez
El Paso
Las Cruces
Alamogordo
Sierra Vista
Nuevo Casas Grandes
Colonia Dublan
Colonia Juarez
Deming
Columbus
Palomas
Socorro
Anthony
Sunshine
Hillsboro
Silver City
Lordsburg
Rodeo
Agua Prieta
Nogales
Cananea
Douglas
Bisbee
Tombstone
Willcox
Safford
Thatcher
Duncan
Virden
Animas
Hachita
Guadalupe Victoria
Los Castillo
Samalayuca
El Barreal
Guzman
Ascensión
Buenos Aires
Fernández Leal
Casa De Janos
Casas Grandes
Juárez
Galeana
Benito Juarez
Moctezuma
Ricardo Flores Magon
Constitucion
El Sueco
Ojo Del Carrizo
San Pablo
El Cuervo
Rancho Bracamontes
Los Sauces
Ojos Calientes
Cajoncitos
Hot Wells
Sierra Blanca
Salt Flat
Cornudas
Timberon
Sunspot
Weed
Orogrande
Radium Springs
Dona Ana
Mesilla
University Park
La Union
Canutillo
Zaragoza
Las Elizario
Tabens
Guadalupe Bravos
Praxedis G. Guerrero
El Porvenir
Candelaria
El Kilo
Banderas
Ejido Nuevo Casas Grandes
Benito Juarez
Ejido Colonia Juarez
Ejido Colonia Dublan
Ejido Galeana
Ejido Benito Juarez
Ejido Moctezuma
Ejido Ricardo Flores Magon
Ejido Constitucion
Ejido El Sueco
Ejido Ojo Del Carrizo
Ejido San Pablo
Ejido El Cuervo
Ejido Rancho Bracamontes
Ejido Los Sauces
Ejido Ojos Calientes
Ejido Cajoncitos
Ejido Hot Wells
Ejido Sierra Blanca
Ejido Salt Flat
Ejido Cornudas
Ejido Timberon
Ejido Sunspot
Ejido Weed
Ejido Orogrande
Ejido Radium Springs
Ejido Dona Ana
Ejido Mesilla
Ejido University Park
Ejido La Union
Ejido Canutillo
Ejido Zaragoza
Ejido Las Elizario
Ejido Tabens
Ejido Guadalupe Bravos
Ejido Praxedis G. Guerrero
Ejido El Porvenir
Ejido Candelaria
Ejido El Kilo
Ejido Banderas
Ejido Anthony
Ejido Columbus
Ejido Palomas
Ejido Deming
Ejido Sunshine
Ejido Hillsboro
Ejido Silver City
Ejido Lordsburg
Ejido Rodeo
Ejido Animas
Ejido Hachita
Ejido Guadalupe Victoria
Ejido Los Castillo
Ejido Samalayuca
Ejido El Barreal
Ejido Guzman
Ejido Ascensión
Ejido Buenos Aires
Ejido Fernández Leal
Ejido Casa De Janos
Ejido Casas Grandes
Ejido Juárez

ERNST'S MISSION CALL

Samuel C. Young mentioned, on page 235, that Ernst A. Tietjen had no record of the letter calling him on his Indian mission. The transcription here is by courtesy of the Church History Library in Salt Lake City, Utah. It is included here, along with the call of Ernst's companiion, Luther C. Burnham, for Ernst's descendants' benefit.

page #577 Salt Lake City, Utah 16 October 1876

Elder Ernest Teitjens
Dear Brother:
You are hereby appointed to take a mission to, and labor and travel amongst the people of the Navajoe nation, to preach unto them the principles of the everlasting Gospel, to teach them how to live better and more useful lives, to instruct them in the arts of peace, and to administer to them in all the ordinances pertaining to your office as they come to understanding and with the blessings of the same. You will labor in unison with and under the direction of Elder Luther Burnham, to whom we have given a detailed letter of instructions, which instructions are intended to apply equally to your labors as to his.

We pray God the Eternal Father to bless you, guide you, inspire you and preserve you from all evil.

Your brethren in the Gospel,

Brigham Young
John W. Young
Daniel H. Wells

Now, the referred-to letter to Luther Burnham: (No handwritten copy)

pages 574-575 Salt Lake City, Utah 18 October 1876

Elder Luther Burnham,

Dear Brother: --

You are hereby appointed to take a mission to, and labor and travel amongst the people of the Navajo nation, to preach unto them the principles of the everlasting Gospel to teach them how to live better and more useful lives, to instruct them in the arts of peace and to administer to them in all the ordinances pertaining to your Office. We especially enjoin upon you the duty of dissuading them from warring, or stealing from any of the rest of mankind, whether they be other tribes of their own people or the whites, but on the contrary you must use all your influence to have them maintain peace, good will and friendship with all the world. You must in all your teachings strive to raise their thoughts and their lives to a higher plane than that which they now occupy, and encourage them by your teachings and example to adapt that which is good, virtuous and praiseworthy, and to cease from their gambling, stealing, idleness, and all the other evils to which they are now addicted.

Accompanying this we forward you an imperfect vocabulary of the Navajo tongue, which we should be pleased to have you correct, revise amplify so soon as you become sufficiently acquainted with the language to do so. In this and in all your duties you will be assisted by Bro. Titjens who has been appointed to labor with you in this mission. Should Bro. James S. Brown return to the Moencoppy he will resume charge of the Indian missions in the surrounding regions, and to promote harmony, and good feeling, and a union and concert of actions amongst the missionaries so necessary for the successful accomplishment of the purposes and designs of your calling we desire you to counsel and advise with him when opportunity offers, and to work harmoniously with him in all things.

And we pray God the Eternal Father to bless you and all who receive you and minister to your wants, with the blessings of heaven and earth, for time and for all eternity, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Your brethren in the Gospel,
Brigham Young
John W. Young
Daniel H. Wells