

Tamar Jane Black 2020 Feb 6

William M. Black had a wife, Margaret. In 1851 William also married Amy Jane Washburn. For the April 1852 general conference, William hauled his tithing wheat to Salt Lake City, and sent his families to Manti, where the Washburns lived. When William got to Manti several days later, Amy Jane presented him with a daughter, Tamar. Due to Indian trouble, William moved Amy Jane to the better-defended town of Nephi, and he moved Margaret there after a few months (the spring of 1854).

There, Tamar grew, and watched her mother and Aunt Margaret keep house. It was a fun time. [bapt?]

In 1860, the family moved again, this time to Ephraim, not far from Manti. Happy home. Tamar turned ten, and had lots of friends and relatives come to her baptism. But in the spring of 1865, Father William had to go work in Circle Valley. This lasted only little more than a year because the Indians gave trouble. So the family moved to Beaver, where Father did more milling. After four years, he accepted a call to Dixie; that was in 1868. Tamar was sixteen. Father went ahead, planning to bring his families later.

Father William worked with a man named John Young, who had two growing families. One time, Mr. Young had freighted some cotton up to Beaver, and was about to leave with a load of wheat for St. George when Mother Amy asked him to take her daughter, Tamar, back with him. She had received a marriage offer from a wealthy man who was not very religious. Upon advice, she had refused it. Her mother, Amy, wanted to get her away from the situation. The trip to St. George took eight days in snow and mud. They got to know one another. With encouragement from her father, who was working in St. George with Mr. Young, the marriage was arranged. That involved traveling to Salt Lake City to the Endowment House. When a load of wheat was to go to Salt Lake, John volunteered to take it. He took along Albina and her children, and Tamar. They married in 1870. At age eighteen, Tamar was 5-foot, 8-inches tall, and weighed 140 pounds.

Soon, Tamar had a baby girl to adore. That was Hattie. Then there was May. William followed soon after. Then came Sammie, Tommy, and Martin. Tamar was happy at first. But by the time Hattie was eight, the marshals began snooping around, intending to arrest her husband, and trying to get her and others into court. So Tamar's life was thereafter on the move. John tried to stay one step ahead of the marshals. Her parents' family were in Manti; but that was easy for the marshals. At times her father's family traveled to St. George, to avoid marshals. In 1880, while she, John and the children resided in Orderville, her parents arranged for their children to be sealed to them in the St. George Temple. (A younger sister had suddenly

died; that prompted the project.)

Tamar's husband, John, moved his families all over southern Utah, and into Colorado (Mancos), and even into old Mexico. It was hard to have a house to call home for more than a year. They hid in Huntington (Utah). Hattie found a beau and married him. Tamar's mother, Amy Jane, got sick. Tamar helped care for her, but Mother died in the late summer of 1888. But the summer saw joy, also. Hattie had found a beau; they married the week before Christmas. Then, at Christmas, Tamar had a baby boy. He lived only a month. Then the family moved to Colorado. There, fifteen months later, Hattie had her first baby. But Hattie had a hard delivery; she died. The next Christmas, Tamar had a baby (her last) in Mancos, a little boy. But he got sick and died within a month. After a few months in Colorado, John took his families to old Mexico. John found a nice house in Colonia Pacheco for Tamar and her children. Life was more quiet there. On a trip back to visit family in March of 1892, John's left arm got shot off by accident. On the same trip, Tamar was able to surprise a small band of Indians that raided their wagon. One head-strong Indian found a bottle of concentrated vinegar. He thought he had found whiskey, and raised it to start drinking. Tamar found an old board handy. She clubbed the Indian on the bridge of his nose. It bled badly. The other Indians laughed at him -- he had been defeated by a white squaw -- and they retreated.

After that trip, John moved Tamar and her children to Fruitland, New Mexico. Son William went back to Mexico and married in 1895. Tommy found work in Arizona. Since her husband, John, was a cripple, Sammie ran the farm. Tamar ran a little store. She always made a morning fire, opened the store, and did other chores. She liked to pray while the fire came up. Her prayer for Sammie (one that he overheard) caused him to abandon his plans to go work in the Colorado mines. As Tamar approached age 60, her family being grown, she went and lived with her daughter, May. May moved from Fruitland to Blanding in 1912. That's where Tamar's father was. He was very senile. He died in June of 1915. But Tamar had had stomach pains for a year. that summer, she couldn't keep food down. The doctor came and said she was beyond hope; she had stomach cancer. She died a month after her father.