

Genealogical Data For Husband

HUSBAND Richard Ellis Jones  
 Birth 26 September 1903 Place Henefer, Summit, Utah.  
 \*Chr. \_\_\_\_\_ Place \_\_\_\_\_  
 Death \_\_\_\_\_ Place \_\_\_\_\_  
 Burial \_\_\_\_\_  
 Father Thomas Allen Jones Mother Charlotte Redding Judd  
20 October 1926 Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah.  
 Married \_\_\_\_\_  
 (Other Wives (if any)) \_\_\_\_\_

Where was information shown on this family record obtained?  
Personal Records of Richard E. Jones and Henefer Ward Church Records.

HUSBAND'S Name (in full) Richard Ellis Jones  
 Wife Grace Rhoda Clark

TEMPLE ORDINANCE DATA

HUSBAND Baptized 11 August 1912  
 Endowed 20 October 1926

(Relationship of Family Representative to Husband)

Genealogical Data For Wife

WIFE Grace Rhoda Clark  
 Birth 29 April 1909 Place Upton, Summit, Utah.  
 \*Chr. \_\_\_\_\_ Place \_\_\_\_\_  
 Death \_\_\_\_\_ Place \_\_\_\_\_  
 Burial \_\_\_\_\_  
 Father Francis Thomas Clark Mother Agnes Hayes  
 (Other Hus. (if any)) \_\_\_\_\_

Family Representative: \_\_\_\_\_

Name and address of person submitting this sheet. \_\_\_\_\_

WIFE Baptized 8 November 1919  
 Endowed 20 October 1926  
 Sealed to Husband 20 October 1926

(Relationship of Family Representative to Wife)

date requested only in lieu of birth date (not L.D.S. Church Blessing).  
 List other wives or husbands in order of marriage. List complete maiden name for all females.

Sex M F	CHILDREN List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth	WHEN BORN			WHERE BORN		State or Country	DIED			MARRIED (First Husband or Wife) List Additional Marriages with Dates on Reverse Side of Sheet	BAPTIZED (Date)	ENDOWED (Date)	SEALED To Parents Date & Temple
		Day	Mo.	Yr.	Town	County		Day	Mo.	Yr.				
M	1 Byron Ellis Jones	22	Mar.	1929	Devil's Slide,	Morgan	Utah				Date <u>8 November 1952</u> To <u>Dorothy Jean Husband</u>	13 June 1937	8 June 1949	B.I.C.
M	2 Thomas Lee Jones	8	May	1933	Devil's Slide,	Morgan	Utah				Date <u>27 July 1956</u> To <u>Elsena Jensen</u>	17 Aug. 1941	27 July 1956	B.I.C.
M	3 Stillborn Son Jones	13	Dec.	1937	Devil's Slide,	Morgan	Utah				Date <u>6 Dec 1963</u> To <u>Jean Bunderson</u>	2 June 1948	28 June 1960	B.I.C.
M	4 Norris Gail Jones	2	Dec.	1939	Devil's Slide,	Morgan	Utah				Date _____ To _____			
	5										Date _____ To _____			
	6										Date _____ To _____			
	7										Date _____ To _____			
	8										Date _____ To _____			
	9										Date _____ To _____			
	10										Date _____ To _____			
	11										Date _____ To _____			
	12										Date _____ To _____			
	13										Date _____ To _____			
	14										Date _____ To _____			
	15										Date _____ To _____			

HUSBAND <sup>#1</sup> JONES, Byron Ellis

Born 22 Mar 1929 Place Devil's Slide, Morgan, Utah  
Chr. \_\_\_\_\_ Place \_\_\_\_\_  
Marr. 8 Nov 1952 Place San Diego, San Diego, Calif  
Died \_\_\_\_\_ Place \_\_\_\_\_  
Bur. \_\_\_\_\_ Place \_\_\_\_\_

HUSBAND'S FATHER JONES, Richard Ellis  
HUSBAND'S OTHER WIVES \_\_\_\_\_

HUSBAND'S MOTHER CLARK, Grace Rhoda

Husband Byron Ellis Jones  
Wife Dorothy Jean Husband

Ward 1.  
Examiners: 2.  
Stake or Mission

NAME & ADDRESS OF PERSON SUBMITTING RECORD

WIFE HUSBAND, Dorothy Jean

Born 31 Aug 1931 Place Kansas City, Jackson, Missouri  
Chr. \_\_\_\_\_ Place \_\_\_\_\_  
Died \_\_\_\_\_ Place \_\_\_\_\_  
Bur. \_\_\_\_\_ Place \_\_\_\_\_

WIFE'S FATHER HUSBAND, Bert Andrew

WIFE'S MOTHER HENLEY, Hattie Marie

FAMILY REPRESENTATIVE

RELATION OF P.R. TO HUSBAND

RELATION OF P.R. TO WIFE

TEMPLE ORDINANCE DATA

BAPTIZED (DATE)	ENDOWED (DATE)	SEALED (Date & Time)
HUSBAND 13 June 1937	8 June 1949	9 June 1958
WIFE 9 May 1955	9 June 1958	9 June 1958
29 June 1961		Salt Lake
1 Dec 1962		9 June 1958 Salt Lake
11 Dec 1965		9 June 1958 Salt Lake
4 Mar 1967		B I C

NAMES: WATSON, John Henry  
 PLACES: Sharon, Wadsworth, Yreka  
 To indicate that a child is an ancestor of the family representative, place an "X" behind the number pertaining to that child.  
 ENTER ALL DATA IN THIS ORDER:  
 DATES: 14 Apr 1794  
 To indicate that a child is an ancestor of the family representative, place an "X" behind the number pertaining to that child.

SEX M F	CHILDREN Last Name Child (Whether Living or Dead) in Order of Birth SURNAME (CAPITALIZED)	GIVEN NAMES	WHEN BORN			WHERE BORN			DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE TO WHOM	WHEN DIED DAY MONTH YEAR	
			DAY	MONTH	YEAR	TOWN	COUNTY	STATE OR COUNTRY			
F	JONES, Caren Delaine		21	June	1953	San Diego	San Diego	San Diego	Calif		
F	JONES, Connie Lee		28	July	1954	San Diego					
M	JONES, Clifford Ellis		13	Nov.	1957	Ogden		Weber	Utah		
F	JONES, Cindy Marie		22	Febr	1959	Ogden		Weber	Utah		

SOURCES OF INFORMATION

OTHER MARRIAGES

NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS





Life Story of  
**Robert A. Jones**  
1011 - 30th St.

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courtesy of the International Society  
DAUGHTERS OF UTAH PIONEERS, may  
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**January 4, 1920.**

It is desired by the writer that the items written in this book be read and seriously reflected upon, but not openly discussed and bandied from lip to lip in a light manner, as there are some things very sacred to the writer at least.

R. A. Jones

**Sunday 4th.** Having nothing else to do, I felt like jotting down a few of the main incidents of my life commencing at my earliest remembrance, which according to my father's (Robert Jones) account was when I was two-and-one-half years old.

I was born at Birdlip on February 29, 1854, a small village on the Gloucester and Circucester Road, and almost midway between the two places--the two places referred to being two Roman towns at the time when they, the Romans, "held sway in England". It seems that the turnpike road above referred to was built by Roman soldiers, as were many other roads in England. But, to return, I distinctly remember moving from this place, Birdlip, to a smaller place still on the same road, called Nettleten. It consisted of a public house, a police station, and about four or five families and, as my father said, this move occurred when I was two-and-one-half years old.

The event which is so impressed on my memory was the fact of my mother and I walking from one place to the other, about 1 1/4 miles, and she was carrying some dishes as well as helping me.

I also remember the event of my father carrying me on mornings when he went to his work on to the top of a field called the Rudgehill, and my sister Ellen going to carry me back. This occurred before the move. My memory seems to have lapsed for some little time, but it is difficult to say how long. The next thing I distinctly remember, my sister Ellen was washing clothes and I was dabbling in the tub. She put in some more hot water and I got my arm scalded. I was told that about this time I fell against the fire grate and burned my left arm very badly. The scar remains to this day, but I have no memory of the burn.

As time passed on I began to remember more distinctly of playing with the other children, the neighbor's children, and, later, my brother William two years younger; of my father who was President of the Compton Branch of the Church, a village some eleven miles distant, and over a broken country to travel, as subsequent trips later while on my mission proved. I call to mind his going on

Sunday morning but not his return. I also began to remember my grandfather William Jones who lived at Brimpsfield Cannon, a small piece of ground that was open to the public, possibly 3/4 to a mile distant from Nettleten off the Circucester Road, and my aunts Rhoda, Mary, Elizabeth, and Prudence Jones who lived with him; also, my great-grandfather William Jones who lived at Brimpsfield, my great-grandmother having died long before. My brother Bill and I used to visit him sometimes. He used to give us his crusts, and we enjoyed them. My mind does not recall dates or years.

One of our neighbors was named Josiah Wright and he kept bees. Also, he was the road repairer. At the police station were Mr. Guiliams and Mr. Murdock. I used to play with their children and, as I grew older, I went to school with them. The policemen themselves were always a source of terror to me and the rest.

When I was eight years old my father called me one night to go with him to some distant place where there were some more Latter-day Saint children and we were baptized. By this time my father seems to have been transferred to the Caudlegreen Branch as on the Sunday following my baptism I remember going there to be confirmed.

Sometime before this event my father took me to a school kept at Birdlip by a Mrs. Raymond Merrit. Mr. Merrit was a blacksmith. I must have attended this school about two years. I called on these people some thirty years later when on my mission. I retained a strong feeling of friendship for the lady, but did not have the privilege of again seeing her. A short time after my visit she died. I was transferred with my brother William (he also having attended some at the Birdlip School), to the National School at Brimpsfield, conducted by a Mrs. Harper. This was strictly a parish school as we found out by all "Mormons" being barred from some of the exercises and also social festivities. At Birdlip we were freely admitted to everything. I must have remained a year or more at which time I went to work on what was known as Brimpsfield Park farm for a Mr. John Long--how long I do not know, but probably 1 1/2 years.

I was put to herd a small bunch of sheep in the lanes with my Aunt Prudence who was about seven years my senior. She had previously been engaged at this before my employment, my other aunts, Mary and Elizabeth, also working on this farm. I finally had to herd the sheep alone, Aunt Prudey having been put to something else. Later I was put to drive team for the carter William Hains, a cross old Sooner. The teams were generally three horses in tandem or following single. Sometimes the boys had a hard time of it to suit the caprices of the men. The work consisted of plowing, harrowing, and planting, and finally cutting and gathering the crop. Then in the winter it was manure hauling and, if mild, plowing. A great deal of time was put in at chaff cutting,

mixing hay with straw, and cutting it up with a machine for the purpose.

### Thanksgiving Day, 25 November 1920.

Chettenham was our conference, about six miles from Birdlip. I remember going there to conferences, and what a good time they seemed to have. Quite a number used to walk from our neighborhood and other places. On one occasion I remember Brother James Paskett from Tebbury meeting us. My father was well acquainted with him. He lived a considerable distance from where we did, and in another direction, as I later discovered when on my mission. They held a tea party at Chettenham at one time at which myself and Bill sang a song. I imagine I was about nine years old.

Chettenham is a nice clean place nestling at the foot of the Cotswold Hills, and lying in the midst of a beautiful valley, the valley running north and south as near as I can figure it at this time. No one takes any notice of direction in England. There was 50,000 population in Chettenham in 1890.

Along in the summer late in 1865 I began to take notice of years at least. I was moved from the Brimpsfield Park farm to the Stockwell farm near Birdlip. I remember I was not there long when the Harvest Home was held when a great feast is given to all the workmen on the farm. It is looked forward to with a great deal of interest, because it means a fill of plenty of roast beef and plum pudding and everything else that is good--plenty of beer also, which the English farm laborer enjoys immensely.

My mind is called to an event which will always remain on my memory. My mother who was always in very delicate health seemed to fail rapidly. She had consumption. I remember having to go to Chettenham to get the prescriptions filled quite often during the summer, but all to no purpose. She died on November 12, 1865, and was buried at Cowley churchyard. That was the parish we lived in. My baby brother died in January of the same year. His name was George Willard, about eighteen months old.

My mother's father William Tipper lived with us at Nettleten from the time we moved there until we emigrated to Utah. I don't remember my Grandmother Tipper. My mother's sister Mary Ann Tipper used to pay us visits very often. I think she lived most of her time in Chettenham.

I have spoken very little of my sister Ellen, "that dear girl". Oh, how my heart goes out to her. She was not my father's child. Must I say it? She was born out of wedlock. As I learned later, my mother was living out at service in Circucester, about eight miles from Nettleten. It must have been between 1840 and 1845. At one time she lived at the Crown Hotel, but the items are so

meager that there is scarcely anything known to me of her early life. At any rate, she became acquainted with a man by the name of W. BERRY (so I was subsequently told), and they were engaged to be married, but the marriage was never solemnized. My mother was seduced and Ellen was the child, born on February 20, 1846.

My father and mother were married November 18, 1852, so Ellen was between six and seven years old at that time. Where she was born I do not know, possibly at Birdlip, but the family lived at Birdlip--i.e., my Grandfather Tipper's family. Ellen used to carry me around everywhere with her, and I am told by my Aunt Elizabeth Ure who paid us a visit in June of this year 1920, that I was a heavy child for my age. She also was a strong robust girl. She must have begun to live out quite early 7 1/2 miles from Birdlip at Chettenham at a Mr. Caudles's, a shoemaker and a leather cutter, for she was there so long that they looked upon her as one of their own children. I only remember seeing her at intervals when she would come home. Then the time came when she emigrated to Utah. I shall never forget the day she left to go. My mother and I accompanied her some distance through the fields, a shortcut through some fields to the Chettenham Road. (I have traveled this shortcut on my mission). I shall never forget the parting, and now at this time of life while narrating these events I live over again that scene. My mother felt, and subsequent events proved, that she was never going to look upon her daughter again in this life, but it was not many years before she did see her and clasp her to her heart of which I will write more later, because it came under my own observation and, while I was only a boy of thirteen years of age, it made a profound impression on my mind. I never heard what ship or in what company Ellen crossed the sea and plains, but suffice it to say she landed safe and sound. Whether she went into Salt Lake City, I do not know, but she was at William Kimball's house in Parley's Park and found out by Charles Richins, who I think brought her away from there, and she was shortly married to Edward Richins, his brother, I think in the fall of 1863 or 1864.

But, to return, when my mother died, my Aunt Prudence came to keep house for us at Nettleten. We stayed the winter of 1865 in England. My father being very anxious to emigrate to Utah, I think it was sometime in April 1866 when we left Nettleten for Chettenham where we stayed overnight, then next day took a train for Liverpool, arriving there the same day. We stayed at a lodging house overnight. Next, we went on board the sailing ship *John Bright*. Of course, Prudence came with us, and her beau, Joseph Edgeworth. There were several others of our acquaintance who came also. For the most part the passengers seemed to be Welsh. Miriam Richins and Arth, her son came. (She later became my father's wife.) There was some pleasant weather while crossing the ocean, and some very rough. We were about five weeks on the water and finally landed at Castle Garden. I don't seem to remember much of

the voyage, for I was seasick all the time. We had nothing to eat but the ship's fare which consisted of sea biscuits, salt pork, and oatmeal, rice, tea, and sugar. We got to see some potatoes once. My father peeled them and put them on the galley stove. They were there all day, and we got them at eight o'clock at night, partly raw then. I began to get my sea legs on as we drew near New York, but was glad when we set foot on *terra firma* again. We couldn't seem to get enough to eat now. Our bill of fare consisted chiefly of bread and not enough of that. Father's means were very limited. I remember we were soon hustled onto a river steamer and went somewhere in the night--I think, New Haven. Then we took a train and traveled some days till we came to St. Joseph, Missouri. (I later learned we went through a part of Canada and landed at Detroit, thence to St. Joe, Missouri.) From there we took a steamboat up the Missouri River about 2 1/2 to three days. It was awfully hot. Here we sometimes got something extra from the cooks as there was much wasted.

We finally landed, tired and dirty, at a small place called Wyoming, seven miles up from Nebraska City. I remember passing this place because the main street ran right down to the wharf at the river. It was an outfitting place for the emigrants and teamsters. There were already some ox trains and mule trains which arrived from Zion. We were glad to see a change of faces, for these fellows, although they looked dusty from traveling overland a thousand miles, were at least in sympathy with us. Edward Richins who had married Ellen had sent a team down for us. John Brown from Hoytsville drove the team which consisted of a wagon and three yoke of oxen. The team was not all owned by Edward Richins, but was made up among others, some furnishing a wagon, others a yoke of oxen, until the team was made up. Brother Richins furnished a wagon and one yoke of oxen. George Judd was also with this same train. I think it was called Holliday's train. That was the name of the Captain.

For some reason or other we did not come by this train. It appears that another train had recuperated its oxen and got things in shape to travel sooner than Holliday's train could, so we loaded our things into Henry Chipman's train which was the first ox train out. I don't know how long we laid over at Wyoming. It must have been two or three weeks. We were about half starved all the time we were there. Everyone was given to making yeast powder bread. It seems the allowance was chiefly flour and bacon, a little tea, and sugar. We went out one afternoon to witness the coming in of a train which was considered quite an event, and certainly was.

There was a Mrs. Cook from Compton Branch, over which at one time my father used to preside. The family consisted of the mother and three daughters and a son. This train that we went out to meet was Thomson's train, and one of her sons that had previously emigrated was with this train. But her son could not be found among the teamsters. She began to ask for him, when she was

told her boy had been accidentally shot while on the way down and died for want of medical aid. The anguish of this poor mother who had come all alone looking forward with fond anticipation to the culminating event of the journey of meeting her son was almost beyond human endurance. The wails and sobs of these grief-stricken people was almost more than the lookers on could endure. Her husband had died previous to her starting. She felt now that she was alone indeed, but they finally got to Utah. They came in the same train that we did.

We traveled along the South Platte for some days not going over 25 miles a day, most of the emigrants walking. We finally went across country to the North Platte, and in doing so we had to make what is known as a dry camp--no water for the cattle, and very little for the passengers, only what they could carry to drink. We were first on the south side of the South Platte, then crossed over. It took all day. The river was about a mile wide and full of quicksand. We laid over all next day to dry up.

The road going over the range of mountains went down a very steep hill called Ash Hollow. Wheels all had to be locked. On striking North Platte, we again laid over to recuperate the oxen. From there we traveled up the river for some considerable distance until we came to Fort Laramie. There we were held, too, for inspection of arms, there being a garrison there. It seemed we were prepared to go through the hostile country, so we were permitted to go on. Finally we had to leave the Platte and, it seemed to me, went more southeast, but, of course, I am not sure. We picked up a live Indian sometime after leaving for Laramie, and he traveled with us several days. We also overtook some telegraph line repairers. They were driving hay racks with loads of hay to feed their teams. Some of them had a saddle on their wheel mule and drove with a jerk line. They used to allow some of us kids to drive. That was the first time I saw the use of the "jerk line". You pulled the line to turn to the left or "haw" and jerked it to turn to the right or "gee".

One nice fine day we camped on a small creek. I think it was called "Medicine Bow". The regular camp had been made and everybody had cooked and eaten dinner. Some were lounging about, and the small boys had gone for a swim as usual, me among the number, when an alarm was given that Indians had stolen some oxen. Instantly every able-bodied man was up and a-going and, upon investigation, the alarm was only too true. Almost every available horse and ninety head of oxen, besides a lot which had been shot with poisoned arrows, had been driven off by Indians. It appears they had been lying in ambush waiting for the oxen to be turned across the creek. It was an ideal hiding place as the willows were very thick, and only one guard was sent out with them. And, of course, when the Indians attempted a stampede, they cut off quite a bunch and the one guard was powerless to stop them. When far enough off, the Indians cut the telegraph line and thought to cut off communication, but

as before stated, these linemen were there and they soon repaired the line. But, that did not help us any. We were crippled. Nearly all the oxen shot with poisoned arrows died in less than 24 hours after being shot. There was one out of our team--a fine ox he was--that had to be left by the way. I understand that President Young called the Captain, Henry Chipman, over the coals very severely for allowing this to occur, for it seems nothing short of carelessness.

We had to trudge along as best we could. About two days after the loss of the cattle, while we were yoking up, getting ready to start, we saw a cloud of dust coming closer. We found it was a bunch of oxen, and they ran right into our corral. They had been stampeded and started along the road, but the raiding parties little dreamed of any interruption in their plans. The oxen more than made up our loss and were looked upon as a God send. We hadn't traveled more than half a day when we encountered men seeking them, and finally overtook their wagons and the rest of their outfit. Of course, the cattle were given up. The captain thought they had been more fortunate than we had. Their loss was greater because nearly all their cattle were gone. They had a smaller train. They were carrying freight only. We had 64 wagons in all. Some were what were called independent teams, owned by private individuals.

By this time we were nearing Sweetwater and came to where Lot Smith burned the government supply train during the "Echo Canyon War". We were met by some teams sent out from Utah as a relief train. I think we were near Green River. We began to get nearer to the Utah line. The teamsters could now begin to point out gaps in the mountains through which we had to pass, but, of course, they were quite a long way off, for 25 miles a day does not count up very fast.

We finally got on Utah soil. What a joy it seemed to be! We camped at "Cache Cave," a place at the head of Echo Canyon and now near, if not a part of, David Moore's ranch near Wasatch. This place takes its name from a large cave in the hill overlooking the valley. It is domed over with a rock roof and had thousands of names cut in the surface at some time previous to our coming. This cave had been used to cache goods, hence the name.

Note: Edward Richins and Ellen were married December 25, 1862.

The next night we camped at the mouth of Echo at what is known as the Hayes place, now owned by Brother A. R. Jones and son who owns the grist mill. The next morning, as I understand September 16, we were met by Edward Richins who had married Ellen. We had not gone far when T. H. Stephens came and met us at about the rock store at Echo. A lot of us kids saw our first potatoes growing and began to make a raid on them. They belonged to Mr. William Stephensen, Huckle Bille as he was called, who kept the stage station.

He told us to help ourselves, but our visitors said there was no necessity for me to bring any because we were home, and so it proved. We only had about a mile and a half to go before we met our dear sister Ellen and, oh, what joy and thanksgiving. She immediately began cutting large slices of bread and butter--I shall never forget the taste of it--and a great smiling satisfied look she did bestow upon us as we devoured the food.

Brother Stephens took Prudence to Henefer to her sister Mary and his wife. My father, myself, and Bill and Jane stayed with Ellen; I think my future stepmother, also, although it is not firmly pressed in my mind. At any rate, she was married to my father in December following, and I can't recall her coming after. (Have learned that she came from Provo later). She crossed the plains in Captain White's train, a mule train, and came just ahead of us. Joseph Edgeworth also came with this train. He drove a four mule team. He finally came to Henefer after reporting in Salt Lake. I stayed with Ellen two or three days, then I went to Henefer to Uncle and Aunt Mary Stephens to live all winter. Prudence was also living with them. There seemed to be something ado with her all the time, in hot water with somebody or other. Then she went to live at Bishop Charles Richins'. I don't remember how long she stayed there. My brother Bill went to Croyden to live with father's uncle Charles Shill. I soon became familiar with all the boys and girls. It wasn't long before Sally Thomas began to ask me to go to dances as her partner. I went once or twice, then I went alone. About the amount of the girls were Marant and Mary Jane Bond, Sally Thomas, Sarah Hennefer, Mary Duel, Louie Tristam, Eliza Tristram, Annie Fruie, Mary Morgan, and Mary Morris. Others came from Croyden.

The boys were Lehi Hennefer, Micha Harris, Joe Bond, Nephi and Will Bond, Dan Harris, Charlie Morgan, Rowland Clark, Wellington Richins, Orson Richins, Jim and Will Hennefer, Hays Hennefer, and, of course, some who came from Croyden--Bob Stokes, George Chapman, Will Chapman, and others I can't call to mind.

I got plenty to eat with Brother Stephens. He was always killing meat for the people, and had plenty on hand. Flour was awfully scarce as there had been no thrashing done. Someone went out and got some flour from some mill up the river and everybody was so pleased because they would get their fill to eat. But alas, it was full of mice droppings. Ugh! Then sieves were sought and after people saw the amount sifted out, the flour could only be used with a good appetite. But after threshing time plenty of new flour was obtained and eaten with relish. If one had a grist everybody had some of the flour until all could go to a mill which generally took three days with oxen, and they were the staple team in those days.

I helped Brother Stephens get up his grain and some of his hay from the

"Island". He was farming on shares for Bishop Richins. After winter set in there wasn't much for me to do besides a few chores. Brother Stephens, and others went to work on what was known as the Weber Canyon Road. The work did not amount to much financially. I don't think any of them got their pay. A part of that road remains intact today. That is around under the hill by the river at the slide where it is built up with rock and brush. Much of the rest was changed when the U.P. Railroad was made. After completion, the stage line ran that way for a time. It was running through Parley Park up to this time.

On February 20, 1867 Mary asked me to go and fetch Tom from off the road as she was sick. (Betty Stephens was born that day).

Along before Christmas, Ellen's baby was born. This baby was Alma Richins. (Alma Richins was born December 3, 1866.)

My father and Miriam Ann Richins were married December 2, 1866 at Croyden, by Charles Shill.

Ellen did not seem to get along very well, and when the baby was about a month old she began to develop a nervousness in one of her hands, and especially in her thumb. She couldn't keep it still, and people said it was Saint Vitus's dance. She kept steadily getting worse all the time. It was thought that she would be better if moved down to Henefer where there was more company. This must have been early in January 1867. She was taken to Bishop Richins' place. It soon developed that evil spirits was the cause of her trouble. Everybody was excited and upset. All the available priesthood was pressed into service both to administer and to attend at the bedside. I distinctly remember Brother Stephen Beard as being in almost constant attendance. As were Thomas Job Franklin, James Hennefer, John Wainwright, Bishop Walker of Croyden, Charles Shill, and old Brother Brewer, also Brother William Bond, and in fact all who could do anything, for she had to be held constantly to prevent her biting herself. I went to see her once or twice and I shall never forget what a sorrowful look she bestowed on me. She was quiet a little while when I was there, but still had to be held. It was said there were ten evil spirits in her. It seemed with all the faith they could muster it was of no avail, until one day they made a supreme effort and they finally succeeded in rebuking the evil spirits, but the poor girl was worn out with fatigue. Her tongue was torn all to pieces. I don't think it was more than 24 hours before she died. She died February 15, 1867. This information was obtained from a copy of the *Millennial Star* written by my father. She was buried on February 20, 1867, at the graveyard, Brother Stephens' field. There were 27 teams that followed her remains--all sleighs but one, and that was John Phillips with a wagon. She was born February 20, 1846, just lacking 5 days of being 21 years of age. (Billy Stephens was born February 20, 1867, the day they buried her.) (Dear girl, I hope her life behind the veil has

been an easier one, for hers was certainly a tragic taking off.) I think John Bond and Lehi Hennefer dug her grave. There has been a question as to which was her grave, but to me there is no doubt. I went last summer and showed Hattie Richins (Alma's wife) which it was and, while I don't think I had been on the ground for 35 or 40 years, I recognized it immediately. For some reason my mind has been much exercised about Ellen all this year. There may have been something that should have been done for her and still remains undone. Edward Richins was never more pleased than when looking at her picture. He never had a picture of her until he went to England on his mission, and he obtained a loan of the only one known at that time which was in possession of my Aunt Kezzia Salcombe. When I followed him in 1890, she gave me the original, and my mother's work box (she was about fourteen years old then) which she won at a raffle when she was living as a young girl at the Old Crown Hotel in Circucester. It was the aunt above referred to who gave me the above information, and much more I might have jotted down could I have appreciated the value of it, but foolishly thought I could remember it.

If the little work box could talk it would tell some wonderful things. And to think that when a girl my mother handled it, and no doubt kept it for girlish treasures then. It is a great wonder how it had been preserved from the time my mother died, and taken care of until I went to England 25 years later and obtained possession of it. It is a most sacred thing to me.

#### **December 25, 1922.**

This latter is going somewhat ahead of my story, but I could not help referring to things as they came to my mind. When spring of 1867 opened up which was late I went back home to live with my father at Edward Richins' place. During the winter Edward and my father had built a new log house and that made room for the two families. We lived in the old one. Of course there was only one room in each. Along sometime in April Edward married Sarah Beard, Steve Beard's sister. I know it was early in April because she was there to help with the housekeeping.

Father took the farm on shares. We raised a pretty fair crop this year. I helped with the chores and brought cows up. About fall Alf was born and my brother Bill came home. He had been living with Charles Shill since first we came in. Of course Bill and I were up to all the mischief that kids of our age could naturally get into, and we liked to tease my stepmother and Sarah Richins all we could. When Alf was born, Mary Stephens was up to wait on Miriam, my stepmother. Old Johanna Stevens was the midwife. (C.H.R. Stevens' mother).

We learned all the crooks and crannies of the Richins farm. The grasshoppers came along in the summer and destroyed part of the crop, but

there was considerable raised. Alma was getting to be quite a chunk of a kid. Jane used to mind him most of the time, for Sarah. We lacked a good deal of the necessary things of life. Scarcely no bedding and not half enough to eat. It was certainly a tough time. Everybody suffered from the ravages of the grasshoppers, as all that remember them can testify.

1868--We dragged through another winter. As spring began to develop the young grasshoppers began to hatch out like fleas until the ground was literally covered with them. It was soon seen that nothing was going to be raised. Preparations, however, were soon made to begin work as the railroad was underway. The surveyors came early in the summer and located the road and by June, I should judge, operations for grading began.

That year father and T.H. Stephens mowed by hand nearly 100 tons of hay on what is called The Island because the river divided and part went around Solomon Edwards place, and the other half went around on the west side. We used to go to Solomon's to grind the scythes. He was building a sawmill at the time and an upright saw. He got it going that fall. I thought it was a wonderful affair. After the hay was cut, I went to work on the grade at 75 cents a day.

My grandfather and Aunt Elizabeth came from England, I think it must have been late in August. They came by train as far as Fort Benton, then by mule team from there. Grandfather soon expressed a desire to help with the hay on the Island. The hay was later sold at Echo. The Island was that piece of land embracing what is now the Stephens', and what was formerly the Cluff place, down in the bottoms.

**This page written May 17, 1931**

Solomon Edwards owned the land outside of the river bottom on the east side. Bishop Charles Richins had bought the squatters right to all the land lying between the two streams from a man by the name of Enoch Rheese. a freighter. Later, when the railroad was surveyed, a dam was placed across the east fork of the river about a quarter of a mile below what is known as the Anderton cut turning all the water around on the west side. Solomon Edwards later homesteaded eighty acres east of the railroad and made a trade with Bishop Richins for all his holdings east of the railroad, which later through purchase became the Wadaups and Waite place, then John Anderton's, and next the Dick Wickel place. Then George Thackery took hold of it. About 1900 William T. Stephens bought it whose family is the present owner.

The land lying west of the railroad was sold by Bishop Richins to Ann Cluff of Coalville and added to the original W. W. Cluff place, which latter place was purchased by the writer R. A. Jones, about November 1898, if memory

serves me right. My father and T.H. Stephens, and grandfather hauled the hay and stacked it right on The Island. It was later sold.

### September 1931

But to return, I went to work on the grade close to Edward Richins' place, driving a yoke of oxen and handling a slip scraper (tongue scrapers were unknown then), helping to build the grade. I stayed with the contractor until late in the fall, or rather beginning of winter, until the grade was finished. It seems along about Christmas time the track layers came and great excitement prevailed when we saw the first locomotives. A lot of us boys went up into Echo Canyon along about where the grist mill now stands and gazed at the locomotives at close range. Sometimes when the whistles blew it nearly scared the life out of us. I name the plural because of the fact that all of our companions from Henefer were there with us. Joe and Nephi Bond, Dan Harris, Brig Fowler, Charlie Morgan, and many of the grown ups as well. The cooks in the cooking outfit treated us fine, sat us down to fine dinners after the men had eaten. And, on account of being so well treated, we were not slow in availing ourselves of the opportunity whenever we could. With the advent of track laying came also all kind of stores and merchandise--stores made of large tents, some with sides boarded up about four feet high.

Echo was sure a busy place now, and had been all summer and, especially during the early fall. There was great traffic in railroad ties, also square timbers. Many were procured in what is known as Bishops Canyon.

Charles Richins, Thomas Job Franklin, and James Hennefer had opened the above named canyon during the summer and, of course, held prior right to all the timber and made lots of money out of the sale of it. Hay was \$75.00 per ton, flour \$10.00 to \$25.00 per hundred. Edward Richins had two teams, one of horses and one of oxen. My father drove the horses and I, the oxen. We hauled from what was called Dry Creek, near the Eph Robinson place below the quarry. We got \$10.00 per day each, allowing one day to go down, one day to get the load, and one day to come back--three days to make the trip. We made it in two days, the third day to deliver the ties to the lower end of Echo or switch yard.

Brigham Young, Jr., was in charge of the tie hauling. Cash was paid for the hauling. Brigham Young, Sr., had the contract to build the railroad from the head of Echo to Ogden. It was really a godsend to the people of the territory, as the grasshoppers had destroyed all the crops--even ate the leaves off the trees. Everything was barren.

## Written November 1931

It was bitterly cold weather during all winter. About Christmas time, Brother James Ure and my aunt Elizabeth came to live with us for the winter, he having gotten a job at Sharp's Camp down at the first tunnel.

1869--Along about February, my brother Bill got a job dishwashing at the railroad superintendent's residence. He got it through the head waiter on table (Charlie Stevens, colored). This man had been up and down to our place several times to bring washing. Miriam, my stepmother, took in quite a lot of washing, and I think it paid pretty well as there was no laundry around Echo. But, Brother Bill didn't stay at Reed's over about ten days. He took sick on the rich food, and had to come home. So, I had to go. I got a little sick, but I stuck it out, and stayed there five weeks. Of course, we were well in touch with the place as above stated by reason of carrying the washing back and forth. The cook would give us sacks full of biscuits, doughnuts, and pies, and sometimes chuck in a can of fruit.

I think it was an early spring, and father was bent on attending conference in Salt Lake City, so we started out to walk. We got as far as the mouth of the canyon (Weber) and slept in a shack off to one side of the railroad where a man by the name of Israel Bale had a job night watching. He had been a missionary to England prior to our coming out, and we knew him. But whether father knew of his being there at this time, I don't know. I know it was dark when we arrived at the Devil's Gate Bridge, and we crawled over on our hands and knees. It was about seventy feet high. The next morning we started out before breakfast. This man didn't seem to have anything there to eat. We crossed the river and started out for Salt Lake. We called at Jack Hills' at the foot of Sandridge and asked them for breakfast. My dad wanted to go on, but I found I had a stomach; so, after breakfast we began trudging along till a team overtook us and gave us a lift for a considerable distance, but not quite to Bountiful. We had to walk several miles and finally arrived at the home of a William Thurgood who also had been a missionary to the Chettenham Conference. He gave us dinner and set father planting apple trees. He was running the Co-op store. We went and stayed at his place all night. After breakfast next morning we walked into Salt Lake City and went into the Tabernacle just as the opening hymn was given out. The first conference held in the building, the pipes of the great organ were still in the white or natural color. While in Salt Lake we stayed at Brother Ure's place, my aunt and her husband having preceded us in. After conference was over we began our tramp back home again. We stayed at Brother Thurgood's again on our way back. I think we must have stayed two nights this time. When we did go, we made the mouth of Weber Canyon just after dark and a train of flat cars were going up slow so we got on board. The conductor came along and wanted fares, but father told him I had been working for

Superintendent Reed, and he let us go. We finally got to the Echo water tank and got off and walked the rest of the way home. We put in crops after coming home.

Everything besides farming began to slow down. Father had taken Edward Richins' farm on shares--for two years previous. Nothing at all was raised last year as before stated. With the crops in, water ditch ready, and, I think, some watering done, attention was given to a question of opening the "Lone Tree Canyon". As before stated, the timber in Bishop's Canyon wasn't available to anyone not belonging to that company. In fact, since the railroad was through taking ties nothing was being hauled out, so a movement was set on foot to open the canyon so that people could avail themselves to the timber. I think sometime in June 1869, a company of men made preparation to go up and begin work. The following, as near as my memory serves me, were the ones who worked on the road: Joseph E. Foster, William Bond, William Brewer, Robert Jones, Robert A. Jones, Thomas Harris, Micah Harris, Lehi Hennefer, George Roberts, Cornelius Hunt, Charles H.R. Stevens, George Tristram, Thomas Tristram, John Bond, Lee Miles, William Duel, Joseph Bond, William Mitchel, James Fowler, Thomas H. Stephens. It took about 21 days' hard work, all done by hand. John Bond, Lee Miles and Lehi Hennefer were the choppers. They cleared away the trees up in the narrows and made bridges where needed while the rest moved the rock and dug the dirt.

Soon after completion, a committee of John Bond, Lee Miles, and Lehi Hennefer volunteered to get out a flagpole for the town, which was accordingly done. They brought one out which measured 71 feet. It was a marvel to get a pole that long down that road with so many short turns in it. A crowd of volunteers soon got together to erect it. There was a man with them by the name of Carl Hirshmark who took charge, he being an old sailor. Everyone gave way to him, and he made a perfect success of the job. A hole was dug five feet deep. Tom Harris got down into it and dug most of it while a carpenter named Jim Paxton mortised a place in the top and put a pulley into it. A flag rope was run through the pulley and the hoisting began. It was raised as high as men could raise it, and then the sailor got his block and tackle to work. It was soon raised and firmly planted. The Fourth of July was close and everything was in readiness to hoist the flag. I witnessed all this myself. On the day of the Fourth, Carl Hirshmark got ready to hoist the flag. The rope, being new, developed a snarl at the top of the pole. A young man working for Bishop Richins by the name of Jim Stiff volunteered to climb the pole. He got about half way and stopped, couldn't get any farther. Meredith Dawson said "I can do better than that", so he began to climb up the rope still hanging, and this other man still clinging to the pole. Meredith went on up and over him right to the top and untangled the snarl. Then they both came down, and up went the flag in a bundle and with one twitch of the rope by Hirshmark, the flag unfurled to the

wind. It was a great event to float the Stars and Stripes on such a splendid pole.

A large bowery was built and the Fourth was celebrated in grand style.

Everybody who had a team began hauling timber, house logs, and poles; sawing timber and firewood, etc., until harvest time when they had to begin cutting their grain. It all had to be cut with the cradle and raked and bound by hand. There was a heavy crop on account of the ground having a rest. Father hired two or three men and soon got it cut. After hauling Edward's share in, we hauled ours to Henefer, as we figured on living there. That being done we began putting up a house. Enoch Richins hauled the logs as they were pretty big and heavy, and John Bond helped put the house up. The roof was made of small poles with straw and dirt on top. It was quite in the fashion. (One end of the house was used for grain.) Everybody's house was the same. We hauled logs to make sheds, corrals, and other places during the fall. We had to carry water from the river during the winter as there were no wells.

As the fall advanced, a bridge across the river was contemplated as there was no bridge at this time, it being washed away. Father and Dad Foster (Warwick Foster's granddad) undertook to build one of the abutments. The timber, of course, was furnished by the County, I suppose, and hauled out of the new canyon. The great trouble with all the bridges so far was the center abutments washed. But the plan devised for this one was a raft firmly bolted together with about four 1 $\frac{1}{4}$  inch rods, the raft being about 12x16 feet for a foundation, a diamond crib set on top again bolted with four rods running up through the raft, or foundation, at each end and each side. When placed in the river and loaded down with rock, it seemed the best plan so far. There were two of these centers put in. Of course, they caught much drift wood which had to be taken away. This bridge lasted from 1870 to 1892, twenty-two years, when it was replaced by a part suspension bridge built of wood by George Roberts and John Paskett and another man, a bridge builder. It was being built when I returned from my mission in the fall of 1892.

To go back to 1870, there wasn't much out of the ordinary going on during the first part of the winter, there being no schools. The subject was taken up by the settlers and Joseph E. Foster being the best educated man in town was hired by private subscription to teach. The class was composed chiefly of Louie Tristram (now Lake), Eliza Tristram, Sarahann Thomas, Sarah Hennefer, myself, Jode Bond, Dan Harris, Nephi Bond, Dave Foster, and Warwick Foster, Ann Bird, Brig Fowler, Wellington Richins, Johnny McQueen, and a few others that I do not call to mind.

Two or three nights a week a night school was conducted. Joseph Foster was still the principal with Tom Tristram assisting, the latter being pretty well

educated. I also attended that together with the bigger boys about my age, such young men as John Bond, Tom Dearden, Met Dawson, John Paskett, Jode Bond. It was mostly the common rudiments of arithmetic and spelling that was taught.

But, hold on! Something else of greater importance was about to happen. Along after the holidays two men appeared as missionaries of the Josephite Church (1870), a Mr. Brand and a Mr. Winter. They made an appointment to speak in George Bell's house (the place now owned by John W. Jones, where the Parkers used to live). There was quite a gathering in the small room. I and Nephi Bond went out of curiosity. The missionaries began an attack on polygamy and there was one polygamist present, Thomas Job Franklin, who made all kinds of sneering remarks about the preachers, or preacher Brand. The other man did not talk, only sort of clinched what Brand said. They began to canvass the place, and made headquarters at the Phillips home. In fact, I rather think it was the headquarters for the whole territory.

Before going any farther, let me tell of a dream the Old Man Foster had. He was in meeting one Sunday and related his dream. This occurred before the advent of the Josephites. He said the place seemed to be all upset about something and Bishop Richins was going to and fro awfully excited and put about over something unusual. Then Mrs. Franklin told of some unusual happenings that were about to occur. I don't recall any of her dream although I heard it.

But, to return to the Josephites. They began to make converts and held some thrilling meetings, several of which I attended and, by the talk and sentiment of the new converts, it had a wonderful effect on my mind. The great burden of their talk was that Brigham Young had led the people astray, and their mission was to bring them back. I began to think there may be something in their claim, and it seemed to me I rather began to wobble when I saw influential men converted to their cause. Such men as Joseph E. Foster and family, Stephen Foster (Joseph's father) and wife, James Hennefer and family--one of the staunchest members of the ward--and in fact, Mrs. Hennefer, made a great impression on my mind, together with their preaching which occurred two or three times a week which I usually attended. My father took no notice of them nor attended any of their meetings, and, of course, a number of other men in the church.

All the Welsh people in the ward seemed to join in a body, and they used to ask me why my father couldn't see the truth. However, I was so exercised in my mind that as I was coming from one of their meetings at Phillipses I began to reason that if Joseph Smith could get an answer to his prayer, why couldn't I? Here were two factions of the same church both claiming to be right. So, I

concluded to follow his example and immediately went to a secluded place in the brush somewhere which Leslie Shill owns down by the track, and upon bended knees poured out my soul to God. Upon rising to my feet I at once felt a calm soothing influence which silenced my fears, and a short time subsequent to that I had a dream. Perhaps a week or ten days had elapsed. I saw in my dream Brigham Young and his counselors, and the twelve Apostles and quite a host of the authorities of the church standing on quite an eminence. It seemed to be south of the settlement between where I stood and the graveyard. The surroundings were so beautiful that all who saw them seemed to be anxious to join them, for it was the place most desirable to be of all the earth. This dream made such an impression on my mind that the Josephites never troubled me any more, and it has been an anchor to my soul ever since. I am fully convinced the dream was sent in answer to my prayer.

The Josephites flourished most of the winter and by spring quite a number made preparation to leave for Council Bluffs, Iowa, it being the gathering place at that time. George Bell and family, James Hennefer and his family, William Duel and his family, John Bond, and some others began in earnest. Thomas Job Franklin and his first wife, he having discarded the other two, divided up some property with them. The farm at the mouth of Franklin's he gave to one named Mary. She later sold it to Joseph A.A. Buenot. In March Abraham Parker and family came from Carbon coal mines and bought out George Bell. The property consisted of the house and lot and the Ten Acres, as it was always called. The family consisted of Abraham Parker and wife Barbara, Elizabeth J. and Isabella. Brother James Attack came with them, he being a son-in-law to Mrs. Parker. His wife had died back in Pennsylvania, as I understand. He lived with Parkers quite a while until he had logs brought out of the canyon to build himself a house which he did on two lots he purchased from Joseph E. Foster. The lots are where Noble Richins now lives. Later Attack married a woman by the name of Ann Greenwood.

The families who joined the Josephites were Thomas Job Franklin, Joseph E. Foster, Stephen Foster, Cornelius Hunt, William Mitchel, William Duel, Morgan Jones, John Phillips, William Owen (widower), Isaiah Anderton and family, George Tristram's family (he, himself was never baptized), Alex Fife and family, John Fife and family, James Hennefer and part of his family, (Lehi never joined or took any part--he was quite exercised over his father and mother joining), Bob Jefferies and his family (he being a son-in-law of the Tristram's), Phillip Thomas and his family consisting of husband, wife, and Sarah Ann. Later she became John Paskett's wife.

After spring opened up and farm work was on, the sharp edge of the cult began to work off some, and less interest was taken. I don't recall but of two instances where any of them who went to Council Bluffs returned. That was

James Hennefer and John Bond. They were both so disgusted with themselves for being so beguiled, that they denounced the thing as a fake. James Hennefer came back into the Church, but John Bond did not. He became a bitter enemy to the Brighamites' church and tried to expose ceremonies had in the temples. Many of the others who remained turned infidel, while in their hearts I think they knew they had been misled.

While all this was going on, something of a more personal nature began to develop, although very slow. I began to look rather sideways at the Parkers, especially at one in particular. As time went on I became interested in doing things for Brother Parker, but had an ulterior motive in view. I began making goo-goo eyes at Elizabeth, or Lizzie as they always called her, and in an off-handed way she seemed to be a little interested in me, but of course wouldn't have acknowledged such a thing. Another fall and winter passed by. My father had the Cluff place on shares, some farming land and the meadow by the spring. He cut the grass with the cradle and I and Bill raked and bound it. He also had the piece of land that Irvin T. Jones now owns.

1870--The winter passed much the same as other winters. I with Joe Edgeworth, Joseph E. Foster, John Bond and Mitchel went up to the Lewis Mine to fell coal. We put in considerable time but hardly made our keep. I remember I had the most to draw in the end because I had not taken anything out of the store while the married men had.

During the summer I hauled coal from Grass Creek to Echo, as did most every man who had a team. I had Edward Richins's oxen and hauled on shares. Put a good deal of time in for nothing. Sometimes there were no cars to unload into which caused more or less delay. When not hauling coal, I was helping at home with the grain and, in the fall, thrashing. I generally got a job with the machine.

1872--My affair with Lizzie began to develop somewhat faster, so much so that we thought we couldn't get along without each other. During the early part of this year we were quite engaged. I put in much of my time at the Parker's home as there wasn't much else to do. Towards fall I went to work for Bishop Richins on a contract he had, to build a part of the Summit Co. Railroad at Echo. It ran around at the foot of the big fill of the U.P. Railroad and down into the yards. It was built to haul the coal from Coalville to Echo. At this job I earned about the first suit of clothes I had ever had. It cost \$36.00. The Bishop had bought out the track laying outfit and he supplied lots of clothes to people.

After this was done which was in the late fall, I went with Brother Parker to work in the Robinson Mine, he to dig and me to fill. This was also a failure for

some reason. After quitting the mine which was after the holidays, I got a job on this same Summit Co. Railroad which had begun to lay track. (1873--This was the year I began to sit up and take notice.) William Batchelor and Brother Stephen Beard were working, too. I camped in Asper's house on top of Asper's Hill in company with some more that were working there and also some coal haulers camped there. We got \$2.50 per day, all in store pay. We had to go to Coalville to get it at the Co-op. I worked there nearly a month. Late in February myself, Albert Richins, and Walter Wilson went out in Wyoming to shovel snow off the railroad. Albert and Walt stayed until St. Patrick's Day, then quit because some of the Irish quit. I stayed until the last of March. We got as far east as Green River City then quit along with two or three others, and beat our way to Evanston; then the Supt. Earl gave us a pass to Echo. I was glad to get home, and someone else also was glad.

Brother Parker asked me to work for him all summer, which I did--not much wages, however. We farmed the piece that Arthur Richins now owns. It then belonged to Alex Fife. He let Granddad have it for cleaning the sage off of it. We also farmed the Five Acres, which Edgeworths own, and some of the Ten Acres. They had quite a few cows. Lizzie used to go after them up in the hills with an old broken-down pony. Sarah Ann Thomas also went after the cows, but she had a fine saddle horse. She was the best rider of the lot.

As spring began to blend into summer there was talk of Phillip Paskett and Emma Richins (Joseph Richins' daughter) getting married. As we were quite chummy together, he broached the subject to me. "Why not come along?" It was something we had never dreamed of, but, as he kept urging, it seemed to take form in our minds so much so that we decided to go. There were some others going through the Endowment House, and it seemed fitting that we all should go together--Joseph Edgeworth and his wife Prudence and Thomas H. Stephens and his wife Mary. The Edgeworths were using Brewer's team all the time and said we might go with them. Stephenses took their own team, so Phil and Emma went with them. One or two other teams went from Henefer, but not to go through the Endowment House. It took some time to get garments made, and on the 13th of June we started for Salt Lake. We got as far as Parley's Park the first day. The 14th we went on in to Salt Lake. Lizzie and I and the Edgeworths arrived at Sandy Glen's quite early. I don't know where the rest stayed, but Lizzie and I went and stayed with Jim Fowler's sister, a Mrs. Alfred Brown. After supper we went to the theater. The play was "Alice Ben Bolt". Next day, Sunday 15th, we went to George Shill's for dinner, then back to Sandy Glen's so as to be ready to go all together to the Endowment House.

Monday 16th--We all met at the Temple grounds and the Endowment House about eight a.m. It took till nearly four o'clock to get through. The Edgeworths and us went back to Sandy Glen's. I think Stephenses went to

George Shill's, as Mary is sick and needs a change and is going to stay with them for awhile. The boys around Sandy Glens made quite a fuss over our marriage and after we got to bed in a tent, shivareed us. The principals were Jode Bond, Dan Harris, and some others they had picked up. However it didn't last long.

The next day Tuesday 17th, the Edgeworths wanted to go to Taylorsville to see Aunt Rhoda Bennion, she being Prudence's sister. We stayed there one night.

Wednesday 18th--We started for home, got as far as Parley's Park and made camp. We had eaten supper and gone to bed when the Stephens' team drove up. Emma Paskett was so cold she crawled in with us until Phil got a fire made and supper ready, to get her warmed up. What a difference in travel now and then! What it took us two days to make then can be made in a little more than two hours now. We arrived home in good time Thursday 19th.

Pop Dawson was on the job early in the evening to see what was going to be doing, whether it was shivaree or something to take. I had provided the "something to take" as we came through Coalville. Quite a gathering collected, and Jimmy Lythgoe brought his fiddle and we had a shindig dance. Granny had made some cakes, so everybody was happy and wished us much joy. My stepmother came to the party.

We began to settle down to work watering the Fife piece and also the Five Acres. During the summer I had one cow and Lizzie had one. We made butter from them and let Mrs. Bond take it to Salt Lake and sell it.

Another Fourth of July rolled around and was celebrated in the usual way. A meetinghouse had been started last fall. It was now desired to have the roof put on it. Jim Wignal and John Shill took the job to put on the roof, all but the shingles. It took them some time after the grain was got in. I helped serve mason to put up the gables. Joseph Dawson was the mason. He had built most of the side walls during the summer. The carpenters were busy while we were on the gables. In the fall we moved over to Mrs. Thomas' place. I had taken her farm on shares (the piece back of W. Ovard's place), and we had to have the house to live in. In the meantime I worked on the threshing machine until it was done, then went on the meetinghouse again to help shingle. Everybody who had a hammer was pressed into service. I had never shingled before, but John Paskett showed me how to do it, and I soon caught on. It was getting cold and frosty and some snow was on the ground.

It was late in October during the time we were at the Thomas home, and we used her stove. She insisted on getting hot water every mealtime for the use

of the stove, but it began to be troublesome as someone had to be there all the time to accommodate her. He heard Mrs. Tristram had a good second-hand stove she would sell for \$8.00, so I took some of the grain which I got from Granddad's and bought this stove. Then I put Mrs Thomas' stove in her own part of the house. That immediately put the fat in the fire. She made all kinds of accusations against us to the end that she called in Dad Foster (father to Joseph) as an arbiter, so I called my father to act for me. The result was that she no longer wanted us there and went back on her bargain as to the farm, calling everything off. She said we could have the room by the week, but in no other way.

There was some snow on the ground and it was cold. It was in November, and we certainly felt blue. Just two kids as it were. I wasn't yet twenty, and Lizzie just turned eighteen. We felt that our world had come tumbling about our heads. We wouldn't go back to Granddad's because they were awfully upset when we left, so we didn't know where to look or where to go. One night about this time it was snowing and blowing almost a hurricane. We were sitting near the stove trying to keep warm and seemingly in the depths of despair, when a knock came at the door, and upon going to open it, there stood Joseph Edgeworth. He came in and said, "I have come to tell you that if you (meaning me) will come down and help me move the grain out of the bin in my house and straighten things up a bit, you can come and live with me." Oh the joy and rapture that filled our hearts at the sudden turn of events, for it seemed that an angel of God couldn't have been more welcome, and I really believe that hand of God was in it. I went the very next day to help move the wheat and get things in shape. Inside of two or three days we were installed in our new quarters. We didn't have much to move besides the stove and a dry goods box that I had converted into a flour bin. It had a shelf in the top we used for a cupboard, and a lid which could be raised to make a table. We didn't have too much to eat. Aunt Prudence would help us out occasionally. After we were finally settled, William Betteridge who had a fine big team and new wagon asked me if I wouldn't like to take them and haul coal from Grass Creek Mine to the mouth on shares. I told him I would be glad to, so I took them and hauled in company with George Judd and John Paskett. We camped in an old engine house that had been abandoned up where later the U.P. Mine was located.

1874--The coal hauling did not last long after the holidays, so there was nothing to do but loaf around home. I began to think seriously of building a house, and to that end I went to see Thomas H. Stephens about that knoll in his field by the road. He agreed to sell it to me for \$30.00. There was considerable snow on the ground, but we marked it off the best we could. Just an acre, but later we found it wasn't that much. I paid him two yearlings valued at \$19.00, \$8.00 worth of wheat, and when spring opened up I grubbed one acre of sage

land over below the old graveyard for \$5.00, and the balance on a cellar he was digging. I borrowed enough logs from different individuals to put up a one room shack, ten from Bishop Richins, eighteen from Father, and some from T.H. Stephens. Father furnished the lumber for the floor, and John Shill made a door. I had to cut trenches in the frozen dirt to set some poles for joists. T.H. Stephens gave me a sash. We made the roof by putting small cottonwood poles up the stringers, then straw on them, then finally a good cover of dirt on the straw. The room was about 12x14 inside. After it was chinked and plastered in the chinks on the outside, it made it quite warm. I made some shelves in one corner by putting wooden pins into the logs and nailing boards onto them. I made a bedstead by boring a two-inch hole into log at the foot and another at the head of the bed wide enough away from the logs, then into a post for a corner post on the floor fastening boards across to lay the straw tick on.

We got everything ready and on the last day of March 1874, we moved in. Our flour bin still served as cupboard and table. Later I got some 2x4's for legs and some boards and made a table of which we were very proud. It was quite easy to reach the lower stringer, but with what a sense of freedom and satisfaction we sat down to supper in our own house.

We have had bigger and far better houses since that time, but we never had the pleasure and satisfaction that we had then. And, let me say now, whenever we have made a move we have always had a house of our own to move into.

As spring opened up I went with Father and helped to break up some land for George Shill who lived in Salt Lake, but had lived in Croyden. He had about thirty acres of land in Henefer; the place now owned by Billy Roberts was the land. When we got through there we planted the Cluff place, and then my father's place, then the ditch. After ditching, we hauled house logs and some saw logs to Aaron Smethurst sawmill at the mouth of First Canyon. The house logs were to build a mill house.

On June 4, 1874, our baby was born about 3 a.m. Mary Ann Bond being the midwife. Next day I went with my father to the canyon again for house logs, then built a milk house. I was also working for Aaron Smethurst helping him get the mill started and trying to saw some lumber. I did cut some when the penstock burst and I had to quit. It seemed I had a great liking for a sawmill and Aaron took to me so kindly, yet he was a middle-aged man. As the season advanced and the 24th of July was at hand, a great dinner was gotten up for everybody. Bishop Richins furnished the beef, and everybody who cared to come was made welcome.

Smethurst began taking steps to move the sawmill down onto Bishop

Richins' place close to Stephen Beard's place on the edge of the hill, as there wasn't enough water in Main Canyon. The calculation was to use the irrigation water in the Big Ditch after the watering season was over. I, with others, helped him move it down. Those who worked were supposed to take stock in the mill for their work. A price was placed on the mill and sold to the residents, but it wasn't a success. There was some lumber cut but it didn't amount to much. John Shill was the lawyer.

Later I helped get up the hay, cutting grain with the cradle. That is Father cradled and Bill and I generally raked and bound it up. I went with the threshing machine till quite late in the fall. All summer Granddad Parker was holding a grouch against me because I chose to work for myself and not for him. It was quite late in the fall before he would tolerate me. Granny used to come once in awhile to see the baby.

-----1875--After Christmas and New Year's holidays, Bishop Richins gave me and Albert Richins and Henry Randall a job of serving the plasterers at the court house at Coalville. The plasterers were the Cottrells from Kaysville, late from England and qualified to do decoration work with plaster of Paris. We camped in the upper room of the building, did our cooking there as also did the plasterers. Thomas L. Allen had the contract to do the carpenter work and had several men employed. Our job was to mix mortar in the basement and carry it to the plasterers. The bishop furnished us with beef. Otherwise, I don't know what we would have done, as we got nothing for our work till spring when we got a few things from the Coalville Co-op. Anyway, we worked there till April, then went home and to farming again. I don't have any remembrance of any special thing until fall when Granddad took a notion of building a frame room on the east end of his house intending to make it all the same next year. I took the job for \$42.00 and, off and on, it took me nearly all winter working only a few hours a day, and then I was green at the work, besides.

1876--George P. was born Feb. 26, 1876. I was doing what I could to pick up a day whenever I could after finishing up the room for Granddad. Then I went farming with Father on the Cluff place. During the summer, Hayes Hennefer took the job of putting the rest of Granddad's house in shape. I helped him a few days. When he got through I moved them to Salt Lake along with my cattle. I took in 1200 pounds of cast iron (was allowed 2 cents a pound for the iron castings and machine work \$12.00, balance due \$12.00). I was going to get some lathe castings made. (Jim Metcalf helped me to make them.) I stayed in Salt Lake nearly two weeks waiting for the balance due me for overpaying for the castings. However, I got ready to go at last. I had been staying with Hayes Hennefer's wife's people, her father and mother. A man by the name of Wheeler gave me a little pile of hay that had been damaged by fire, with which I fed the

oxen. I had them tied to the wagon out in the street, so that I was under no expense while in the city.

1877--The summer passed into fall and so on into winter with the usual round of chores. During the winter, Granddad Parker and James Hennefer, and, I think, Lehi had gotten enthused about prospecting for coal up on the Henefer divide. It seemed to cause quite an excitement--so much so that Albert Richins, Phillip Paskett, and I thought we would try it. On Feb. 21 we went up to what is now the Fife place near the divide and began a drift just below what was the old crossing below a ledge of sandstone. We started there on the advice of Granddad (he being the wise guy about coal mining). We worked there two or three days going up and down with my oxen.

**Grouse Creek Expedition.** In the meantime some fellow by name of Ed Kimball, one of Heber C. Kimball's sons had written an article in the *Deseret News* telling what a wonderful place Grouse Creek was. Naturally, of course, we were excited at once, as there were several who wanted to try something new. Besides we could go where we could take up farms of our own, get rich, and independent. There seemed nothing but working from hand to mouth for others if we stayed in Henefer. So, accordingly an outfit was made up consisting of a four-horse team. One spare of horses and wagon were furnished by William Betteridge, and a spare of big horses was furnished by William Paskett, a team as a whole that could go any place. Every man of us furnished his own provisions and bedding. James Simpson furnished \$20.00 cash to buy hay on the road and other little expenses. On March 10 we packed our provisions in the wagon and on Monday, the 12th, we made a start, got as far as Morgan and camped. The roads were very muddy, and travel was necessarily slow. One phase of this trip brings to mind Phil Paskett's' determination to keep the "Word of Wisdom". So, to be what he thought to be in line with the above, he substituted ginger tea. He had laid in a great supply of ginger for the occasion. Ginger tea morning, noon and night, just think of it. No one else objected to it but me, so I had to grin and bear it. And he, poor man, thought he had made quite a conquest. We made Mountain Green for noon. We went over the bench by way of Uinta and reached the suburbs of Ogden way after dark. We had a little trading to do so we didn't get very far by noon. I had to have a nipple put in my gun. It was an old muzzle loader about .22 caliber, but a good shooter. We got as far as Harrisville for noon, then to Willard that night. We began to see the black-tailed rabbit, but weren't fortunate enough to bag any. Next day, the 15th, we arrived at Brigham City about 11 a.m., did some trading, buying grain, etc., and camped just north of the city for more ginger tea. As luck would have it Albert and I went back into the city to look for some people who came from the same conference that we did, and of course we had to eat dinner with them. When we got to camp the others were quite upset about it, especially Betteridge.

Anyway we had a respite from ginger tea. We reached Corrine easily, only about six miles.

**Friday 16**--Reached Connor Springs about four in the afternoon. No stop for noon. Made a singletree after supper.

**Saturday 17**--We crossed over Promontory intending to hit Cedar Springs, but took the wrong road and struck Salt Wells about four o'clock. Here were rabbits galore. We shot seven rabbits, one duck, and one prairie chicken. I saw five rabbits run from under one sage bush. I fired at them with my revolver till I emptied it and threw it at them. Albert wanted to shoot one with the rifle. He got so excited while trying to load the gun that he let the powder run out of it, then rammed the bullet in. Had some time in getting the bullet out. Then we cooked a rabbit and a duck for supper.

----- Salt Wells is well named. The water is so salty we could hardly drink it, even with the ginger in it. It lies at the foot of Promontory on the western side.

**Sunday 18**--We made Locomotive Springs for noon. On our way there we came close to the Salt Lake and the Southern Pacific Railroad. What might have been a serious accident to me occurred soon after we left Salt Wells. I was standing up behind the spring seat, gun in hand ready to shoot a rabbit (for we were shooting them for fun now) when up one jumped. They stopped the team. The gun was resting on the bottom of the wagon on the butt with the muzzle in my hand. I jerked the gun up quickly, and the hammer caught the back of the spring seat and exploded the gun not more than six inches in front of my face. I felt that my life had been saved by a miracle. It sure made me cautious about handling firearms.

Locomotive Springs is much nicer water than Salt Wells. They are located in a great level plain. The springs run into a great slough that runs into the lake, but some distance off. We had no trouble reaching Kelton that night. Kelton is a railroad town and a shipping point for freight to Montana, although at present writing, almost abandoned on account of the railroad crossing the lake and running a ways south of it. We reached Kelton about seven, baked bread and got supper. Betteridge was the baker. Here we got some good water. It has been piped from some springs in the mountains.

**Monday 19**--We left Kelton about eight o'clock headed for Blue Creek, roads muddy. Arrived there about one, got dinner and started for Rosebud Creek. Took the wrong road for about a mile, when we met two men who put us right.

**Tuesday 20**--We left about eight o'clock and left the Rosebud Creek about ten o'clock. Reached the summit of the hill and camped for dinner. A great deal of the surrounding country is dotted with clumps of cedar trees, and we can see away to the south for miles. On going over the summit we passed several old government schooner wagons loaded with lumber. These wagon boxes were so high that we could just see over the end gate by standing on the bed of the wagon. We passed through some lovely scenery for the next two hours, some of the most beautiful cedar forests a person could imagine. We came to the valley about seven o'clock. It had a most forbidding aspect. We felt discouraged, but pressed on until ten o'clock and made camp, then went to bed without supper.

**Wednesday 21**--We left camp at the usual time and made the settlement about eleven o'clock. The settlement consisted of about three or four houses. The first we came to were cowboys. They treated us quite cordially. There was one man whom we knew by the name of Bill Gollier. He formerly herded cattle for William Jennings on East Canyon, and often came to Henefer. William Betteridge said, "Is this Grouse Creek?" and Gollier replied it was. "And a hell of a pretty Grouse Creek it is," replied Betteridge. There was a creek of about three irrigating streams in it. We had noticed the smallness of the creek the night before, but thought it was only a small part of the main stream. However, after dinner we went up the creek about three miles, or above what is called Red Butte Canyon about a mile and selected a place. We were disgusted at the size of the creek, because it should have been high water at this time of year and, of course, it was, but a very low high water. The place we selected was well covered with sagebrush, which is a good indication in new land.

**Thursday 22**--Betteridge and myself started to measure off land while the other boys are unpacking the stuff and gone for some hay.

#### **Written December 1931**

There were several families on the west creek with whom we became acquainted, having met some of them at meeting on Sunday.

**Friday 23**--Myself and Betteridge set up some corners to the land we had measured off.

**Saturday 24 and Sunday 25**--Paskett and I went and shot some rabbits while the others got breakfast after which Albert went to look for the horses, but returned without them. Then Betteridge and Phil went and came back wet through, but no horses.

**Monday 26**--A boy from Gollier's camp came and told us that the horses

were about ten miles from camp. P. Paskett went and got them. Betteridge went to work on a dam in the creek. Albert and I grubbed sage and cooked supper.

**Tuesday 27**--Chopping cedar and grubbing sage.

**Wednesday 28**--All hands grubbed sage. Phillip was quite ready to bet that he could easily grub an acre of sage in a day, but when Albert and I began to measure it off he pretty soon backed down. We also plowed some for a garden. Albert went to Hubbard's for hay.

**Thursday 29**--After getting the horses, Phil and I went to Hubbard's to do some plowing.

**Friday, April 30**--Raining. We were loafing around all day. For two or three days following, Albert and I went to Hubbard's and flailed out some wheat. This is as far as my data goes. For some reason the diary was discontinued. I remember, however, soon after flailing the wheat for Hubbard, it was proposed that Albert and I should go home and make preparations to move our family out to Grouse Creek, and Paskett and Betteridge would remain until we came back. Accordingly, as Mr. Hubbard was going to Terrace, a distance of 35 miles, with a load of hay, it was suggested we accompany him down there. We got to Bovine the first day and camped. The weather was quite warm and we reached Terrace next day about noon. We went and found my cousin Elizabeth Prudence and her husband. He was a fireman running into Ogden. They put us up for a day or two until Mr. Prudence made arrangements with some wheel tappers on board a freight at night, which they did. But our luck changed at daylight. The train stopped at Blue Creek, and a brakey came along and put us off so we had a chance of walking twenty miles to Corrine. Luck again. We went and found a niece of Joseph Edgeworth with whom we were well acquainted. In fact, I went to school with her in England. Her folks lived at Brigham City. She was more than pleased to see us, took us in and gave us dinner and supper. Her name was Alice Bradford, the former Alice Painter.

We got a freight train as soon as night closed in and got to Ogden. Must have got home by same method, but I have no remembrance of it. In fact, I don't seem to have much recollection of much that passed that summer. One circumstance stands out quite clear and that is about June, Nephi Bond found it necessary to take a trip to Nevada to some ranch to ask Wellington Richins to return to Henefer at once. His immediate presence was needed at home. Alice Bond and he were married at once.

I began to get cold feet about going back to Grouse Creek, as Stephens

said he would not give me a deed to my place. The main reason was that Grouse Creek was so isolated from other settlements that it seemed you were cut off from the rest of the world. During haying I went to work some for Bishop Richins for hay, for, having gone out to Grouse Creek, I had no interest in what my father was doing at the Cluff place.

In the midst of haying, Prudence Richins was taken sick with an awful pain in her side. Quite a few of the elders were called to administer to her, me among the number, but she got no better. So, the bishop took her to Salt Lake to Dr. Anderson and, upon examination, he told the bishop she needed a husband. So it seems to have been an even swap between Jode Bond and Wellington. They just swapped sisters, that is all.

The summer and fall passed much the same as usual, threshing and getting a day or two when I could, helping Will Bond play at the dances. I also took a few lessons on the violin from him.

1878--Have nothing special to record this year as I have no data to rely on. John W. was born on March 23 this year. I began to figure on building a better house to live in besides helping with the Cluff place and doing an odd job now and then. The winter passed much the same as the rest.

1879--Began getting rock out of Little Canyon for a foundation after the crops were in and the watering was done. Got Joseph Dawson to build it. I got a thousand feet of 2 x 4's from Solomon Edward's mill. It was at Croyden. By this time they moved it from Billy Stephen's place. In the fall I got Alf to help me get some logs out of Lone Tree Canyon, and took them to Solomon's to get them sawed.

1880--Still helping with the Cluff place to get a little wheat and hay. It was in the fall I went to work at Echo on the U.P. carpenter outfit, moving the old depot and resetting it and siding it up. When we got through with that, four of the gang was sent up Grass Creek to help build some mine chutes. George Roberts was doing the blacksmithing, and Tom Dearden was hoisting coal. We worked up there about two weeks and then went back to Echo to work on a new engine house. I soon after got laid off. Then I went to Coalville and got a job with a gang of carpenters that Ben Cluff was running, building an engine house for the Summit County railroad.

1881--I worked there and up at the Lewis mine until it was time to do the plowing. We built some chutes at the Sprigg's mine in Coalville. When plowing time came I, went home and helped put in the crops. Between times I worked on my new house. When shearing time came, I went shearing for Joe Fawcett at

Stagg's Canyon. Jim Dearden, Tom Richins, William Sargent, John Brown, William Spriggs, and I made up the crowd. After we were done, I went to Sutton's Camp up on the Wasatch range. Jim Sutton came for me. Jim Dearden promised, but backed out when the time came. I sheared up there about ten days. It rained considerable, which made it take longer. The Suttons were good to work for. It was the beginning of our acquaintance. They made our place their camping place whenever they came through. In the fall and winter I got one room of the new house finished, lined with brick and plastered. Old Man Cottrell was the plasterer. We got into it about Christmas time. What a contrast from last year about this time. It rained for about two weeks or more and we had to move to Granny's in order to have a dry place to sleep. There was just enough space for me to stand upright in our old house, and now, just as soon as we moved this year, it began raining again, but we were safe this time.

**1882**--Same thing in the spring, plowing. I had horses now, having sold the cattle to Hammersly Allgood. Bought one horse off a man at Coalville raised by Tom Wildes and another raised by Granddad, and bought on time a new wagon from Hebe Stallings who was doing business in Coalville. Joe Barber was his clerk. So I had a young team. I worked for Mike Harris on a cowshed and barn and got an extra set of harnesses which he had. I paid him the difference, so I was well rigged up for a team.

Whenever I got an opportunity, I worked on the other room to get it ready for plastering. We made an extra effort this fall and winter and got it lined with adobes and brick. We got the old man to plaster it during the winter. We felt in clover to have two rooms completed so we could use them. Still farming the Cluff place and helping Father with his.

**1883**--About this time in the winter I made a small steam engine. It was a crude affair, but it ran, and that seemed the main thing. Billy Stephens put in a good deal of his time with me. As winter came on this year Ma began to develop abscesses in several parts of her body, one on the right shoulder, one on the right hip, another under the right hip, and another under the right thigh. They took sometime to develop and were awfully painful besides. I treated them with poultices, but it seemed to take all winter. Sister Ure came over occasionally as she lived just across the street, and she was about the only one that took notice. The one under the thigh was hard to respond to poultices, so one Sunday night I asked Father and John Paskett to come and administer to her, and soon after they took their hands off her it broke with just a small hole and the pus just streamed out. The power of the Lord was sure manifested.

**1884**--Towards spring the sores began to heal up and she began to gain strength. Rather early this spring Toe and Bill Richins went to Huntington in

Emery County. It is 25 miles west of Price on the D & RG Railroad. They went with a view of locating there later. They reported a splendid spirit and concluded they would go there in the fall. I thought I might go with them.

When spring broke up we had the usual routine of work to do: plowing, sowing, watering, and ditch work, then shearing. I don't remember where I sheared. Probably Sutton's on Wasatch. Then, haying, and cutting and hauling grain, and thrashing.

**1884**--After the work was done up we started on the 14th of October, and went as far as Thomas Copley's at Coalville. Toe and Bill had quite a bunch of cattle to drive, and two teams. I drove one team. I just had my tool chest, and we shipped that when we got to Provo.

**October 15**--We left Copley's at nine o'clock and went as far as Wanship and made camp for noon. Afternoon--went up to the head of Silver Creek and about three miles above and made a dry camp. We broke camp at six on the 16th, and went about a mile to a house and got breakfast there. Later, went over the summit into the Provo valley for noon. Afternoon we made it down by Heber City. We camped for dinner just before reaching there. We went on down the river until we reached Enoch Richins' uncles Toe and Bill. It is nine miles from Heber City. We were late in arriving, nine p.m.

**Friday, October 17**--We laid over all day.

**Saturday 18**--Started down the canyon, reached the toll gate at 6 p.m. and camped for the night.

**Sunday 19**--We went on and struck Provo about seven miles from the toll gate. On account of it being Sunday we didn't see anything of the town. We saw Dave Cluff, who was staying with his Uncle Orson. Dave was sick. We went on about four miles to where we could get a pasture for the stock and camped for the night. It has been raining all day.

**Monday 20**--We moved on to Springville. This is a nice place, three or four stores, bakery, saloon, and other attractions. The D & RG railroad runs through this place. We shipped some freight from here to Price. The railroad runs right through Main Street. After doing some business we left about three and went to the mouth of Spanish Fork Canyon.

**Tuesday 21**--There not being much feed, the horses strayed off during the night. We were hunting horses most all day, and the weather was quite cold.

**Wednesday 22**--Bill and Arth Richins started back towards Provo and got riding horses from Dave Cluff so they could get as far as the toll gate to see if they had gone back, while the rest of us stayed at camp doing the chores. Toe was herding the cattle while I was writing.

**Thursday 23**--Got up about seven and went up on the hills to look for the horses, but only saw Bill and Arth coming with two riding horses they had borrowed from Dave Cluff. We all got dinner, then Bill and I started down the left hand of the railroad and found them about four miles from camp in the Lucerne field.

**Friday 24**--We broke camp and started up Spanish Fork Canyon and went as far as Thistle station, eight miles before noon.

**Saturday 25**--In the afternoon we went on up past Clear Creek station to within four miles of Soldier Summit.

**Sunday 26**--We went over the summit and on through Pleasant Valley without stopping for noon. We followed down the Price River past P.V. Junction, then camped for the night. It has been quite cold today. It is said there are large deposits of coal here. The mines are about thirty miles from P.V. Junction.

**Monday 27**--We traveled all day in the high north east direction of the mountains in what is called The Park. This is a great cattle country, and most of the land is surveyed and taken up by cattlemen.

**Tuesday 28**--We traveled about seven miles where we entered Soldier's Canyon; camped for noon, about    1/2 miles. It is sure a rough-looking place. We went down the canyon about six miles and came to the mouth. This is the roughest canyon road we have ever seen. Some places we had to hold the wagons from tipping over, and others they almost stood on end. It is full of cedar and pinion pine.

We camped for night about 1 1/2 miles below the mouth of the canyon in a nice cedar grove. It is our first view of Castle Valley. It is rather an extensive valley. There is no table land proper, but a great many large flats with low bushes--thousands of acres of land, and no water for it.

**Wednesday 29**--We started for Price. It is ten miles west from the mouth of Soldier Canyon. We did not stop for dinner, but kept right on up to Price, reaching there about four p.m. We went and saw about our freight and got it out on the platform, then got supper.

**Thursday 30**--We loaded up our freight and left for Huntington. Camped for dinner on a small creek called Miller Creek. Went about nine miles in the afternoon and made a dry camp. The horses started back to Miller Creek for water.

**Friday 31**--Bill and Toe started back to look for the horses, while I attended the stock. We got the horses about nine a.m., hitched up and went over a small creek and camped for breakfast about noon. After dinner we hitched up and started again. Have about four miles to go to reach Huntington. We arrived there about four p.m. and had a look around. Found a townsite laid out one mile square with streets running north and south, east and west. Water out on it and some shade and fruit trees planted. Huntington is in a westerly direction, 25 miles from Price. We turned the stock over to some cattlemen by the name of Brinkerhoff, and unloaded our stuff in a dugout. After supper Bill and I attended a dance given by the bishop's son in honor of his wedding, they having just returned from their wedding trip to St. George.

**Saturday, Oct. 1**--We all went for a load of wood. There is an abundance of both cedar and pinion pine.

**Sunday 2**--We all attended meeting and had a good time.

**Monday 3**--We went and laid out a foundation and dug it the same day.

**Tuesday 4**--We laid one out and dug it for Lorenzo Richins.

**Wednesday 5**--Hauling rock. **Thursday 6**--Doing nothing. **Friday 7**--Doing nothing. **Saturday 8**--Doing nothing. **Sunday 9**--Attended meeting. **Monday 10**--In the morning loafing. **Tuesday 11**--Hauling sand. **Wednesday 12**--Tending Mason. **Thursday 13**--Doing nothing. **Friday 14**--Doing nothing. **Saturday 15**--Tending mason. **Sunday 16**--Attending meeting. **Monday 17**--Carpentering. **Tuesday 18**--Doing nothing. **Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday**--Doing nothing. **Sunday 23**--Attended meeting. **Monday 24**--Went to building the house. **Tuesday 25**--Building. **Wednesday 26**--Building. **Thursday 27, Friday 28**--Doing nothing. **Saturday 29**--Building. **Sunday 30**--Attended meeting. **Monday 31**--Till the 16th the same. Started home at five a.m. Lorenzo Richins brought me to Price R.R. Station 25 miles with team. Started home on account of sickness in my family. Reached Price at ten a.m. Left at eleven. Traveled very slow on account of it snowing so much. Train stopped at P.V. Junction for dinner. After leaving, we went at a pretty good speed until we reached Thistle station. There had been a wreck about three miles below with a coal train and a construction train which delayed us about 2 1/2 hours. The wreck caused the death and injury of seven persons. Enough of the wreckage

was cleared away for our train to pass. We arrived in Ogden at ten p.m. Stayed in a car all night. Thursday 17--Got my ticket for U.P. train. Arrived at Echo at 11:30. Walked to Henefer by 3 p.m. My wife was as well as could be expected. She had had a premature birth.

**Friday 18**--I took my team and went to Echo and got some flour and also my tool chest from the station. Saturday 19--Loafing. Sunday 20--Went to meeting. Monday 21--Doing nothing. Thursday 24--I got a barrel of water. Later attended a dinner given by Bishop Richins in honor of William T. Stephens and Hannah Richins' wedding. Afternoon attended a children's party in the meeting house, and in the evening attended a social for the adults. 25, 26, and 27--Doing nothing. Sunday 28--Attended meeting. Monday 29--went to Coalville, got some sacks and can of coal oil. Tuesday 30--Branded the sacks and filled them with grain. Wednesday 31--Justice of Peace: acknowledged some papers for Stephen Foster, John Bond, Ike Bird, and David Foster.

**Thursday, Jan 1 1885**--Looking for my horse; found him at Phillips'. Friday 2--Went to Echo to take a grist. Sunday 4--Attended meeting. Monday 5--Nephi Bond and I went up in Pollock's Canyon to get a tree crook to make some sleigh crooks. Tuesday 6--Trimmed it up and sawed out some of the runners. Wednesday 7--Finished the runners on Thursday, and Friday shoeing one of my horses. Saturday 10--Home all day. Monday 12--Went to Coalville to get some lumber. Tues. 13--To Echo to get my grist. Wed. 14--Working on my sleigh. Thurs. 15--Went to Coalville to get bolts for the sleigh. Friday 16--Working on sleigh. Sunday 18--Went to Church. Mon. 19--Working on Nephi Bond's sleigh. Thurs. 22--Finished the woodwork and began fixing up my fan to do the iron work. Fri. 23--Finished the fan, started on the iron work. Sat. 24--Nothing. Sun. 25--To Church. Mon. 26--Tried the iron work, but not making any success. Went to James Hennefer and got him to do it. Tues. 27--Putting the T's on the sleigh. Wed. 28--Commenced making patterns for a washing machine for Charles Randall. Sat. 31--Making tongue for my own sleigh.

**Sunday, Feb. 1**--Went to Meeting. Mon. 2--Putting bolsters on Nephi Bond's sleigh, and commenced to finish the iron work on my own sleigh. Fri. 6--Finished the irons on my sleigh, then hauled some water. Sat. 7--Commenced to finish the patterns for Charles Randall. Sun. 8--Church. Mon. 9--Still working on the patterns, put some bolsters on sleigh. Tues. 10--Got a load of coal with sleigh. Thurs. 12--Working on patterns. Fri. 13--Finished the patterns, and then went to Echo for a sleigh ride. Sat. 14--Commenced working on my engine. Sun. 15--To Sunday School in a.m., Meeting in the p.m. Mon. 16--Working on the engine. Thurs. 19--It was my birthday. I am 30 years old today. Working on my engine. Sun. 22--Went to Grass Creek to a Sunday School review; attending were Supt. John Boyden, also Elders John Williams and William Wright. Mon.

23--Working on engine. Tues. 24--Got a sick cow, seems to have a bad cold. Wed. 25--Cow getting worse. Thurs. 26--Cow nearly dead, had to shoot her and drag her away. Fri. 27--Did some chores, then put my engine together. Sat. 28--Worked on engine in a.m., the afternoon I went to Echo.

**Sunday, March 1**--Attended Sunday School and Meeting. Mon. 2--Engine. Tues. 3--Working on steam boiler. Wed. 4--Fixing spring seat for Thomas H. Stephens, and then went to Echo to get a heating stove from the mill. Thurs. 5--Fixing up the stove and commenced making some wagon box straps for Thos. H. Stephens. Fri. 6--Made some rivets for the box. Sat. 7--Put bottom and sides on box. Tues. 10--Nothing. Thurs. 12--Ground my planes, and working on my boiler. Sat. 14--Went to Coalville to attend a Young Men's conference. Sun. 15--Attended Sunday School and afternoon meeting. Mon. 16--Attended the funeral of Sister Elizabeth Francis, two of our children are sick. Tues. 17--Sharpened some saws for T. H. Stephens, and worked on my boiler. Wed. 18--Fixed a plow for Henry Randall. Thurs. 19--Making a bunk for the boys. Fri. 20--Went around with M. F. Cowley canvassing for the contributor. Sat. 21--Making doubletrees. Sun. 22--Stayed at home all day, attended Meeting in the evening. Mon. 23--Stayed home; two of our kids are still sick. Tues. 24--Went to Echo to telephone to Dr. Kohler and waited till he came and brought him down with me. He stayed until afternoon, then I took him to Echo again. Wed. 25--I went to Echo to get some medicine for the children. Thurs. 26--Went for a load of coal. Fri. 27--Made some irons for my doubletrees. Sat. 28--Went to Echo to get some wheat cleaned. Sun. 29--Went to Sunday School and afternoon meeting. Mon. 30--Went to Coalville in the evening; made out some papers for Wm. C. Owens. Tues. 31--Made a copy of above papers and took them to Coalville.

**Wednesday, April 1**--Sharpened some saws for Charlie Randall and did some work on my boiler in the afternoon. Also making a place for a garden in front of the house. Thurs. 2--I plowed the garden and then went down to the land to plow. Fri. 3--Plowing some and working on my boiler. Sun. 5--Got my hair cut. Mon. 6--Making a safety valve, and branding some calves. Tues. 7--Put in some carrot seed and made some clevises. Wed. 8--Poll Taxing. Thurs. 9--plowing. Mon. 13--I went to Bishop Richins and got a wheel for my prospective engine I am going to build.

I went to Paskett's and got some brick to make my furnace to put my boiler in. Got the brick built up and set my boiler in and fired it up, but it did not go. I did some fixing to the engine and then it refused to go, so I moved the eccentric just a little and off it went like a whirlwind.

It has been raining all the week. Can't do anything but monkey with the

engine. Lots of people have come to see it because it is a curiosity, having been made in Henefer.

Friday--Plowing. Sat.--Sowed four acres of wheat. Sun.--At home in morning, attended Meeting in the afternoon. Mon.--Trying the engine; afternoon tried to plow but it was too wet. Rained too hard. Tues.--Went to Echo to get some money from Turpin. I got \$5. Wed.--Engine. Thurs.--Same. Fri.--Engine. Afternoon plowing. Still pretty wet. Got wood. Sat.--In the morning sowing. Afternoon went to Echo to get some wheat cleaned. Sunday--Attended Meeting in the afternoon. Mon.--Plowing. Tues.--Plowing and harrowing and sowing. In the afternoon went to Britton's to get a wheel.

### February 20, 1939--Ogden.

Just a brief account of a party given on the 19 Feb. 1938, to celebrate my 85th birthday, which was held by having an open house from two p.m. to five p.m. Some preparation had been going on for some time by Ida and Isabel in regard to it. I would have preferred to let it slide without anything being done, but they thought it was crazy to think of such a thing. The Tanners were first to arrive, and Barbara with them. I can't begin to put all the names down; they will be found in the first cover of this book. When Mrs. Palmer came over she insisted that she must trim up my hair, which she did. Ida had previously baked a ham which they began to carve and serve for lunch. Some of the Tanners had to return to Salt Lake City on account of their work, so Robert and his wife were served at once so they could go. Joe and Ellen remained. We had some singing and familiar talk and jokes, and story telling; then dinner was served to the families. They all enjoyed it immensely, even to Steve Dearden and Lenora who dropped in rather unexpectedly on their way to Henefer. Ida worked like a Trojan to make it a success. Everyone present was quite loud in their praise, and they said the lunch was a complete success, and there was plenty of it. Florence Hobson sang two or three pieces while I played the violin. Brother and Sister Hepworth also sang and played the piano. Willard had to leave Edith and family in Salt Lake on account of the rough weather. We all had a very enjoyable time until about eleven p.m. vowing and declaring this shouldn't be the last party of the Joneses. There about 75 present including members of the family.

George and May

John and Lydia

Irvin and Wife

John Anderton

Dr. and Mrs. Steven Dearden

Mr. and Mrs. Young

Barbara Gallion

Jeannine Gallion, 8 1/2 yrs.

James H. Hepworth

Ivie E. Hepworth

Mrs. Vern Stromberg

Don Anderton

Kathy Anderton

Donna Anderton

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fowers

Melvin Fowers

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Martin

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Tanner

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tanner

Helen Huber

Lois Tanner

Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Mitchell

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Fowers

Lula Fowers

Eldene Fowers

Merna Fowers

Max Fowers

Dora Jones

Ken George

Doug George

Hernina W. Tenscher

J. G. Tenscher

Mrs. Janet Dean

Mrs. Annie Potter  
Stella Urry  
Don Palmer  
Mr. and Mrs. Vern Ball  
Lee Dopp & Wife Adelia

J. N. Hatch  
Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Hobson  
Alfred Hobson  
Mr. and Mrs. Blaine Moore

Mrs. Lola Call  
Alice Call  
Mr. and Mrs. Theone Dayton  
Mr. & Mrs. Joe Fife & Children  
Beth, Mae, Reata, Zona & Don

While all this was going on Chelty Anderton was in the hospital for a rupture operation.

**Feb. 28, 1939**--Nearly every day in this month has been more or less squally, one day fine and next stormy and cold. March 2--Ogden. Ida was going downtown, so I went along. I had to go to get my watch from Smalley Brothers who had it for repairs, and it never ran a lick after I got it. Have to take it back. Then I wanted to take the fiddle that I gave Irvin to let Mr. Edwards see it and get his opinion on it. He tried it out and said it was something to be proud of, but when he showed me some of his work, I felt so small that I wondered what in hell I had been made for. I couldn't help but bawl. He has several shoe shops in town, but when he is gone and all the money he makes by that source is put together, it will never compensate for the beautiful tones of one of his lovely violins.

I went to the *Standard Examiner* to get my photo picture. They had some job to find it, but finally located it. They treated me quite nice and asked me to call again. We then came home. It began to snow in the afternoon.

**March 3, 1939**--We had dinner and sat down for a time, then all at once I had a fit. They had to get me to bed, so Friday I was in bed all day. I didn't feel much of the fit, but I felt the result of it after. It sure was making a person old. Not that I have anything to complain of, I am as well off as lots of others.

**March 19, 1939**--The weather through this week has been fine. The snow is all gone, the mud is drying up so that we will soon be getting a garden in. Ida has been spading up some of the yard and planting grass and seeds. It rained quite a lot today. Jimmy Hall graduated today from Primary and was ordained a deacon. Joe Fife and family were over here for a while tonight. They finally landed at Palmer's after leaving our place.

**Wed. April 11, 1939**--We have come down to earth again. I don't feel any too good in body, rather depressed. I'd like to have her sit there across the table from me where we could sit and dawdle over a cup of good coffee with elbows on the table and hands beneath the chin and we could tell what fun we get in trying to get the "tin".

**April 13, 1939**--Began massaging. There doesn't seem much prospect of

a garden this year, can't get it plowed. The folks are making a party for Ida tonight for her birthday which occurred on the 13th. It is held at Isabell's house, so I am home alone. Ken came up for a bath. It is no use for me to try to write all that occurs, only the main events.

**April 26**--I felt rather logy today and it seems that I must have had a spell in the afternoon, for I found myself lying on the floor at two o'clock. I went and laid down on the lounge and Brother Bingham, our ward teacher, came while I was lying there. I haven't felt very well since. The weather is getting a little warmer now and our radishes are up in row.

### **Ogden, Sept. 8, 1932**

It occurs to my mind to mention my Great-Great-Grandfather Robert Jones, who I think must have come from Wales, as there was a sentiment that our folks came from there. Farmer Winning mentioned him when I was on my mission, and also that my Great-grandfather William Jones was born at Stockwell, a farm near Birdlip. Some woman told me my Great-Great-Grandmother's name was Joan. So that their names were Robert and Joan. I never heard my father or grandfather speak of them. William Jones the older was born in 1778. I had the date but mislaid the book. He married Elizabeth Long. Their children, Samuel, Robert, Ann (died a child), Thomas, and William. They lived at Brimpsfield. I remember Thomas Jones very well, and of course William, my grandfather.

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