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The Whiting Family  
by Verona Snow Whiting  
(Amy Whiting Thurber)

Grandmother and Grandfather Whiting lived in Springville, Utah and were prospered and happy there until about 1876. Albert and Charles were called to go to Arizona and help settle there at Sunset. Albert returned to Utah that same summer, but Charles stayed until 1878 when he went back to Springville and spent the summer, returning in the fall to Arizona. (His sister) May's health had been very poor for a number of years and she seemed to be getting worse all the time. The doctors thought that a change of climate and a journey might do her good, so grandfather encouraged them to go. Grandmother and her unmarried sons fitted out an outfit and went to Arizona with Charles. The two baby boys of course (went) with us. The two Richardson boys, Edmund and Sully, being orphans and friends of our boys, fixed up an outfit and went with us making quite a company.

On our way we camped one night by a pasture and after we women had gone to bed a woman came to our camp complaining to the boys that her fence was down and she was afraid that our horse would get in on her land. She was quite riled up. After she left grandmother said if she came again she would talk to her. Early the next morning the boys saw her coming. They began calling grandmother. Edmund called, "Hurry, Aunt Mary, the old hag is coming." Grandmother talked to her and won her over. She left feeling alright toward us.

We reached our destination in due time, about six weeks on the way. May's health greatly improved and for four years she seemed to enjoy life. She took parts on the stage and in entertainments and was so sweet and jolly until the year the railroad came through Arizona and a half mile from where we lived at Winslow, as they called it. Here the round house was built. Merchants came and established stores in tents until they could throw up something better. May, during the Christmas holidays, went with some of our family to purchase goods and caught a cold and was never well again.

When spring came her mother and all of us thought it better to take her back to Utah to a doctor as soon as possible. We formed a company of four teams and four wagons. Our company consisted of the following: Grandma, May, Edwin, Arthur, John and Fred, also Henry and Harriet Curtis and children. Harriet was an older daughter of Grandma's and sister to May and the rest. I, myself and two children were along. Also Bro and Sis Adams and their daughter, Fannie Merrill. They were on their way to St. George, and how thankful we were to have them along with us in our trouble.

Never will I forget the day we reached House Rock. We drove along all day so anxious to get there for it seemed that any minute might be the last. She could not lie down without smothering. It would break your heart to hear her every little while exclaim, "Oh in this lonely wilderness! I wish I was home. Oh! This lonely desert." I believe she knew her time was short. Finally we reached House Rock. There was a family living there by



the name of Adair. Surely the Lord raised up friends unto us. They were lovely people and did everything they could to help us. It seemed a haven of rest to poor May. The company camped down a little way in the cedars and pinon pines. Sis Adams, myself and Fannie Merrill helped Grandma nurse May. Harriet, not being well stayed at the camp with her little children, Clara, being the baby. Brother Adair rode horseback to Kanab for a doctor and the doctor arrived next morning at daylight. When he looked at May he shook his head and said, "I think she is a poor suffering girl." We knew then, that he had no hopes. We had persuaded grandma to lie down before the doctor arrived. He prepared a little medicine for May. As she sat on the couch talking, she leaned back on the pillows and was gone. I called, "Grandma, May is dying." How could I tell her she was dead. I was weeping. She began to try to comfort me and said, "Don't weep. Let her die in peace." And if she ever shed a tear I do not remember it. I knew that her heart was breaking. These are some of her characteristics, her quiet nature and self dominant resignation. It was not, "What will we do? but rather what can we do?"

Brother Adair happened to have some lumber. That very morning two sons of Bishop Stewart of Kanab came. (I know our Heavenly Father sent them to us.) They had come to round up some horses and they made the coffin, which was a nice roomy box. Grandma had along some bleached muslin which we used to line the coffin inside and out. She had no lace or trimmings, but some of you here may remember when we were young of cutting out paper lace. Well, I took some of this muslin and cut it in strips six inches wide, then I cut scallops on one edge, then cut notches around the scallops on one edge, then I cut a design in each scallop. This we pleated all around the inside of this crude coffin.. We made her a soft bed with our own choice pillows. When she was dressed in her endowment robes we placed her in and she looked more comfortable than crowded up in a casket. I thought so myself for I do not even like to look at a casket. I feel like all of this had to happen. There was a greater mission for her on the other side. Never will I forget that sad funeral. I believe her brothers dug the grave. They carried her up on that mound and buried her just as the sun went down or a few minuts later. This was the sadest funeral I ever attended. I think Bro Adams dedicated the grave. Sad! Sad!

The above was written for the Whiting reunion held at House Rock (1936) (where Aunt May was buried. Verona Snow Whiting (Amy Whiting Thurber)

## Life of Charles Whiting Senior

Written by his daughter May Whiting Cardon for the daughters of the Utah Pioneers of the Totah:Stevens Camp, San Juan County, New Mexico.

My father, Charles Whiting was born in Manti, San Pete County, Utah. He was the third child of Edwin Whiting and Mary Elizabeth Cox Whiting. He had six brothers and two sisters. His brother Albert being the eldest son, then his sister Harriet, the second child (was) just older than Charles. Next was Philetus Edgar (nicknamed Eck), then Edwin Marion, Arthur Cox, May, John and Frederick Walter who was called Fred. (Actually he had 33 brothers and sisters in all, but those named above were his mother's own children.

Although Charles' mother, Mary Whiting was a school teacher and the only one (most of the time), in the small settlements where they lived, Charles did not have much chance nor time for education. His father was a horticulturalist, farmer and nursery man who had five wives and the older boys in the family were obliged to work most of the time to help support such a large family. When they were living in Manti Grandfather Edwin was called to fulfill a two year mission and, of course, the farm work fell on the shoulders of the oldest sons.

There was one brother, Albert, Charles' own brother, older than he and four half brothers. Three of Aunt Elizabeth's (Edwin's first wife) William, Lucus and Oscar, and Edward, the oldest son of Aunt Almira (the second wife of Edwin) which made five brothers older than Charles but, of course, there was a lot of work to be done so Charles only aspired to what they called in those days the Third Reader. However, he was a very intelligent man who took every opportunity to read and improve his mind and some of the happiest times of my life and the most enjoyable were sitting around the home fireplace listening to Swiss Family Robinson, Robinson Crusoe, and Horation Alger's books, (The) Ragged Dick series and others.

He would start a new book and then we all hustled after supper to get the dishes washed and be ready as he resumed his reading each evening. I have remarked that every evening was Family Night at our home. (Family Night was promoted by the church during the 1930s as a way of getting the family to do things together. W.W.S.)

Edwin, his father, and his first three wives had been mobbed, driven and persecuted in the early days of the church. They were among those who were driven from Nauvoo, Illinois, (A city built by the Mormons in 1842 on the banks of the Mississippi River) where Grandfather and his father, Elisha Whiting had built homes and a chair factory. They made chairs with rawhide bottoms and sold them to get money to live on. They also participated in the building of the Nauvoo Temple.

The mobs set fire to their chair factory and everything was burned to the ground, including a lot of material. They suffered many privations crossing the plains. At first, they stopped at Mount Pisgah and many died of cholera among whom were Elisha and



Sally Hulett Whiting. There is a monument with their names engraved on it at that place.

Edwin and his families together with Walter and Orville Cox, two brothers of Mary Cox Whiting, (Walter was married to Edwin's sister, Emmaline) went on across the plains to the Salt Lake Valley.

One great trial that came to Edwin was when all of his brothers and sisters except Emmaline left the church and followed Alpheus Cutler. They became Cutlerites and went up to Minnesota. They could not accept Brigham Young as their leader but they finally merged with the Reorganized Church and their descendants still believe in Joseph Smith's teaching but very few ever came back into the true original church.

They were so weary and tired after crossing the plains, Grandmother Mary said. How beautiful the fertile valley of the Salt Lake looked to them and how they would liked to have stayed there but President Young called them to go on and settle in the Pitch valley (Sanpete) where Manti now stands.

Obedient to their leader, as always, they with Father Morley and others went on, but it was late in October and the snow fell early. They built dugouts in the side of the hills to live in. Their food was so near gone that they almost starved. Many of their cattle died.

While they lived at Manti, Edwin Whiting was among the foremost men of the community in religious and civic affairs. He was counsellor to the Stake President, was mayor of Manti from 1857 - 1861 served two terms in the Territorial Legislature: filled a two year mission while living at Manti.

The severe winters were so hard on his nursery stock that in 1861 he moved to Springville (called Hobble Creek Canyon at that time). There Edwin began to show what he could do raising all kinds of trees, flowers and fruits and vegetables. It was in Springville that Charles grew to manhood. His father's home was a place where young people gathered to have parties, to sing and dance. It was in Springville that he fell in love with my mother, Verona Snow. He was nearly seven years older than she. She also had been born in Manti but her father Bernard Snow left there when she was only two years old.

Charles and Verona were married January 24, 1876, in the old Endowment House in Salt Lake City, and three weeks later Charles was called with hundreds of others to settle in Arizona on the Little Colorado River.

There they endured many hardships like the Utah Pioneers having to cope with outlaws who stole their horses. They tried to farm but the land turned to alkali, so this land had to be abandoned. The first few years they raised food crops but finally all they planted failed to yield.

Charles than tried cattle raising and would have been quite successful if it had not been for thieves and outlaws of the worst kind who stole thier cattle and horses. Then they went into the United Order called Brigham City near the site of Winslow, Arizona. Not far from Brigham City was another United Order called the Sunset Order presided over by Lot Smith.

The oldest child (Pearl) of Charles and Verona went to Provo,

Utah to the Brigham Young Academy, then returned home and taught school in Mexico. In 1901 she married Erastus Beck and in February gave birth to a baby boy but (she) did not live to raise him. She passed away when he was only ten days old on her birthday, Feb. 17, 1902. Brother Beck let Grandma have the baby. He was Charles Whiting Beck called Carl.

About four months later (June 11, 1902) my mother, Verona gave birth to her 10th child and last child, a beautiful healthy boy, Herman and so she and father raised the two boys, Carl and Herman, like twins.

Another terrible tragedy that came as a shock to Father, Aunt Eliza and all of us was the sudden death of John, Aunt Eliza's oldest child. (Aunt Eliza Jacobs was the third wife of Charles Whiting.) He was a big strong, healthy man, just 21 years of age. He had gone to St. Johns, Arizona and was working for Uncle Edwin Whiting at his saw mill, when he accidentally (was) thrown and fell on the buzz saw and before anyone could rescue him or stop the machinery he was severed almost in half. He died on the 11th of August, 1911.

It was almost a year later that the Mexican Rebels drove us out of Mexico, so Charles with his two wives (Amy Porter died in 1885 and was buried in Mexico) three married children and six unmarried children had to leave everything they had and their homes were burned to the ground by the Rebels.

The first winter after leaving Mexico, Charles and Aunt Eliza stayed down at Franklin, Arizona on the Gila River along with Charles, his oldest son and his family of five children. Bernard and his family of five lived close by the Mexican border. The three men went back into Mexico at different times to bring out some of their stock and household goods, a very dangerous and difficult thing to do.

Mexico was in such an uproar with no stable government to protect anyone. Three Mormon men were hung by some of the raiding parties or Rebels. They were found hung by their necks from a tree. These men were Andrew Peterson, Burton Jensen and a young man, Hugh Acord. Both Peterson and Jensen were men with families. While Charles and Eliza were living at Franklin, the shack they were living in caught fire and burned to the ground, leaving them with absolutely nothing but their teams and wagons. They salvaged nothing because they were away at the time of the fire.

The Bishop of the ward, there, came and brought him \$100. from the fast offering fund, and several people got up a collection that helped them so very much in their time of need.

Father had always paid an honest and full tithing and also fast offerings and felt he had never even missed it. On this occasion he held that he never received \$100. in his life that was ever needed more or that did so much good and he was truly grateful for his blessing.

In the summer of 1913 Charles and Eliza, with their daughter, Iris, son William (Bill) and baby Estelle moved up to St. Johns. Myrtle had come on to St. Johns in the fall of 1912 and was working for Eddie Whiting in his store and ice cream parlor.

Uncle Eddie, his wife, sons and the other brothers (now living in Utah), decided since Charles had lost everything in Mexico that



they would give him two city lots tha had belonged to Grandma Mary Whiting, his mother. She had passed away in July of 1912 just before we were driven out of Mexico and all agreed that it would be her wish to do this for her son. Then Uncle Edwin from his sawmill gave lumber to build a house for each of his wives (Verona amd Eliza).

Charles was now 61 years old and had to start all over with a pick and shovel but it was not long until he had two new frame houses built. He had always farmed before but did very little now. One summer he went down below St. Johns at what was called Greer Valley and planted grain for E.I. Whiting. He harvested a good crop and Mother (Verona) lived down there with him in a little shack.

The next year in 1915 he planted there again and that is when the dam above St. Johns broke and left him with nothing once again. Discouraged but not finished Charles quit trying to farm and started freighting. He now owned two teams and two wagons. He hauled lumber and other freight for the Whitings from their sawmill (in the mountains) to St. Johns.

It was on December 1917 that Charles was making such a trip. His son Bernard who had moved up from the border (of Mexico) was also making the trip and was driving the other wagon. They were hauling grain. Bernard was ahead of his father when he came upon a dead horse lying at the side of the road. It caused his horse to become a little frightened. This caused Bernard to become a little concerned for his father was driving a young team who were not very broken. One horse in particulat was high strung and spirited. Charles had been warned by his son Bernard to get rid of the horse because of the danger. Bernard's concern for his father did not (go) unwarranted for as Charles team passed the dead horse they became giddy with fright. Lunging forward as they started to run they pulled Charles off the wagon directly in front of the wheels. The wheels passed over his head and crushed his skull. Thus on the 20th day of December, 1917, the mortal life of Charles Whiting came to an end. Just four days after his 65th birthday. His sudden death was a terrible blow to all of us especially Mother and Aunt Eliza.

It seems fitting at this time to tell of a little incident that happened just four years previous to his death, that served as a comfort to us all at the time of his passing. Just before his 61st birthday someone was having a party and Charles remarked at that time that he was 60 years old and had never in his life had a birthday party. So on December 16, 1913, his 61st birthday, we gave him a party which seemed to please him so much. He received some lovely gifts and one in particular that he really enjoyed was a nice arm chair from his (cousin) Eddie Whiting.

No better, patient, kind and loving father ever lived. He was deeply religious, honest and honorable. When he left Mexico he did not owe one dollar to anyone and when he died he owned enough to settle his debts. It can honestly be said that he did not just profess his religion but that he truly lived it.

We all revere his honor and feel that no one ever had a more noble father than did we.

May Whiting Cardon.

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Charles Whiting, Sr.

Pulpit Canyon, in the Mexican Sierra Madres, forms a forbidding piece of the boundary between Chihuahua and Sonora. My memory reverts to one wintry day when Father drove our big dappled grays, Vic and Clip, over a treacherous bit of road in that canyon. I still see the noble pair as they, fearlessly, guided the lock-wheeled wagon down the perilous cliffs, stepping cautiously over the slippery rocks, while I breathless with fear, at a distance, looked on, and father, at their sides, followed in speechless anxiety their every move. But he knew they could be trusted to make the descent safely, and they did. Ah, how he adored them. he adored all his horses. I never saw him angry but once. It was when one of the boys had neglected a horse. He used to remark, "They say animals have no souls, but if I can't have my horses in the Hereafter, for me it will not be Heaven.

I always associate him with those two horses. He was so like them in character: fearless, dependable, patient, cautious and faithful in the service of his Master, when at twenty, obedient to a call of the Church with our mother, a bride of sixteen, seeking a home, he braved the bandit-infested desert wilds of Arizona.

As a child, I remember his coming through the tall pines at sunset, his horse laden with venison and wild turkeys, and I scarcely able to reach his booted leg, gazed at him, my hero, as he dismounted. Early impressions remain - it seemed to me a man without boots was really not a man. Perhaps that is why I have always admired uniforms.

I, his eldest living child, believe I speak for the rest when I say that our happiest childhood hours were those spent by the chimney fire with father reading aloud Ragged Dick, the Coral Island or telling us of his hunting adventures or of practical jokes played on others. He had the keen sense of humor of all Grandma Whiting's boys. He was always our companion throughout life. He taught Pearl and me to waltz at home with Mother as musician.

His sound judgement and careful teachings were our guides through life. Among his sayings were: Avoid snobbery. Dress so as never to attract attention either by shabbiness or ostentaion."

"Accept no favors so that none will be expected in return."

"Never incur a debt without seeing a means to repay it."

The fortitude and patience with which he bore the loss of our home and lands in Mexico were unparalleled. His quiet, unassuming manner won friends where he went. I think he never had an enemy.

We cling to the memory of his sterling qualities. Many men have attained greater worldly fame, or in the church, but to us, his children, there has never been a man more truly great.

written by Alice Whiting Gustavo.



### Edwin Whiting

About the year 1800 in the little town of Lee, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, near the border of New York, lived the family of Elisha Whiting and Sally Hulett. Elisha's father was a sea captain and lived in Connecticut. He died when Elisha was very young. His mother, not knowing what else to do bound him to a quaker, who was very cruel and after a few years he ran away to Massachusetts and worked on a farm with a wheelwright. Here he was married to Sally Hulett. They were highly respected, honest, generous and firm in their convictions.

Elisha followed the trade of wagon and chair maker and did his work well. His wife was very gifted in making prose poetry, a characteristic that has been bequeathed to many of the Whiting descendants. To Sally and Elisha twelve children were born, eight sons and four daughters as follows: Charles b. Sept. 1806 d. same day. William b. Sept. 19, 1807, Edwin b. Sept. 9, 1809, Charles b. Mar. 24, 1811, Catherine Louisa, b. Oct. 3, 1813, and d. May 27, 1900, Harriet b. Aug. 16, 1815, Emiline b. July 1817, Chauncy b. Aug 18, 18(19) and died June 7, 1902, Almond b. Nov. 1821, Jane b. 1824, Sylvester b. Ju(ne) or Ju(ly) 29, 1;829 and d. June 19, 1915, Lewis b. Sept. 22 1831.

When Edwin was six years of age his parents moved to Nelson, Portage County, Ohio. At that time it was the western frontier of U.S.A., a place suitable to get timber for his trade for the support of his large family.

Edwin's chance for education was very limited but they were taught the "3Rs", Reading, Writing and Arithmetic. and he wrote a legible hand, an extra-ordinary feat for his time. At an early age he wrote creditable verse.

His early life in the forest, no doubt accounts for his love of the out-of-doors, the beauties of nature, the trees, the flowers, mountains and the desire to hunt.

One Sunday morning, when a small boy he decided to go hunting. He knew this was contrary to his parents teachings so he tried to draw his gun through the cracks between the logs of his bedroom and go unnoticed. His gun caught and was discharged, inflicting a serious wound in his left leg. This, he said, was a lesson to him to observe the Sabbath Day and obey his parents.

He learned the chair making trade from his father and his workmanship was considered very good.

In 1833 when he was twenty four years old, he married Elizabeth Tillotson, an Ohio girl of French descent. She was a highly educated school teacher, quite an accomplishment for those days.

In 1837 the gospel was brought to the Whiting family - Edwin (joined) the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. They were baptized by Thomas Marsh in 1838. Here as in the time of Christ and his apostles, the humble hard-working class of people were the ones to listen and accept the gospel of truth.

They were among the early members of our church and soon joined the church in Kirtland, Ohio and it took true manhood, womanhood and faith in God to endure. They were forced to leave their new, comfortable home, complete with furniture, orchards and land in Kirtland, Ohio and took only their clothing and a few valued relics and went to Far West, Missouri. By this time Edwin and Elizabeth

had four children, Sarah, Emily, Jane and William. They were only in Far West a short time and had just built a new home, when, the mob, several thousand strong, ordered them out. Every house in the village was burned except Father Elisha's because he was so sick they could not move him.

We remember of hearing Aunt Elizabeth tell how she sat on the pile of bedding far into the night with her little daughter, Jane in her arms. Little Jane died soon after from the exposure and lack of proper food. Sarah clapped her hands at the big bonfire the mob had made with their fences and the select wood from her father's chair shop, They were compelled to flee again so they joined the Saints at Lima in Father Mosley's branch, when Edwin acted as counselor to Bro. Mosley.

For several years the Saints were happily building up the city of Nauvoo and their temple. Here they worshiped God without so much persecution as they had experienced at Lima. Edwin was appointed colonel in the Nauvoo Legion and was an active worker all the time for the upbuilding of his church.

Through the advice of those in authority and for a righteous purpose, he entered the law of plural marriage. In the year of 1845 he married Almira Meacham, the next year in 1846 he married Mary E. Cox. The same year he was called on a mission to Pennsylvania and was there at the time of the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum. He soon returned home and took up arms with his brethren to protect his property and the lives of his loved ones.

During the battle of Crooked River his brother Charles was killed by the mob. Still another test awaited him, his brothers Almond and Sylvester, Chauncy and Lewis and his sister Louisa did not feel that Brigham Young should be leader of the church so they followed a Mr. Cutler and called themselves Cutlerites and moved into Cletheral, Minnesota. To this day they hold tenaciously to the teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith. They still correspond with the children of Edwin Whiting and have given us, for temple work, an extensive genealogy of the Whiting family.

Edwin, his families, his father and mother, stayed with the Saints, who were compelled to move west as far as Mt. Pisgah. There they stayed to prepare for the journey across the plains. The dreaded disease, cholera, took the father and mother of Edwin, his little brother and little daughters, Emily and Jane. Their names are on the monument lately erected at that place in memory of those who died there. So many in his family were sick at one time that there was no one to get the sick ones a drink, but even in those trying times they still had faith and rejoiced in the gospel for the Lord was with them. Emiline, a sister of Edwin, married Walter Cox and they were all as one big family for years. They established a chair factory and hauled them to Quincy, Ill. Aunt Mary taught school two terms and helped the family some. While at Mt. Pisgah three sons were born, Albert, Lucius and Oscar.

In April, 1849 Edwin and Emiline, the only children of Elisha Whiting who stayed true to the church started westward in Bro Mosley's company. Volumes have been written of the westward journey of the Saints and a congressman Leatherwood has said, "It is the greatest emigration trail there was ever blazed and our pioneers



will some day stand out in history as the greatest pioneers of the world."

They fought Indians, had their cattle stampeded, suffered for lack of proper food, and even though tired from that long, tedious trek, still they went on.

After reaching the Black Hills a heavy snow storm came and for three days they were shut in. Many of their cattle died and perhaps they would have died also had not teams and provisions, sent by Pres. Brigham Young come to their aid. On Oct. 28, 1849 they reached Salt Lake City. "We were so thankful our journey was at an end." But their rest was of short duration for in a few days Edwin Whiting, the Mosleys and Coxes were called to settle on the Sanpitch River, now known as Manti, Utah. Again they journeyed on. It took three weeks to go from Salt Lake City because they had to build their own road. Provo was then a village of about six homes. As they passed Hobbles Creek afterwards known as Springville, Edwin remarked, "This is a fertile spot. I would like to stay here."

They arrived in San Pete County Dec 1, 1849 with almost nothing to eat, no feed for their cattle, no shelter to keep them warm and cold weather was on them. They made dugouts on the South side of the hill where the temple now stands. It was a severe winter, with snow so deep the cattle could scarcely get any grass and most of them died. Food had to be divided with the Indians to keep peace. Pres. Young promised them provisions and help but none came so Edwin and Orville Cox put on snow shoes and with a little parched corn in their pockets for food, placed their bedding on a sleigh and started for Salt Lake for help. When they reached Nephi Canyon they met Bro Dace Henry, his young wife, her brother, Mr. Dags and an Indian snow bound. Their cattle had died and their wagons were all covered with snow. The young wife was very sick so Edwin gave them the sleigh to pull her to Manti. They put their quilts on their backs and walked on to Salt Lake and reported conditions to Pres. Young. Aid was immediately sent but some of the company went back to Salt Lake.

Edwin's family now numbered fourteen. They had a large room in the side of the hill with their chair factory in one end. The men and boys hauled wood from the hills on hand sleighs.

The following spring, 1850, two girls were born in that dug out. Louise, daughter of Elizabeth and Harriet, daughter of Mary.

For several seasons very little was raised. It became necessary to erect a fort to protect themselves from the hostile Indians. The gates of the fort were locked while the men went to the fields with their guns. From this developed the Walker War. Edwin was appointed captain of the militia. Twice the Indians drove his cattle away and stole whatever they could. Edwin often told us of one big ox he owned who rebelled whenever an Indian tried to drive him. He would always turn on his captors, break away and come home. He hated Indians and would always lower his head and challenge them if they came near.

Edwin tried planting fruit trees, shrubs and flowers but they could not survive the very cold winter. Their crops were poor but they managed to exist and were a happy family in spite of it.

In 1854 he was called to Ohio on a mission for two years. While he was away the grasshoppers came and took nearly everything they

raised. They faced starvation but miraculously where the crops had been a patch of pig weeds grew and they lived on them until corn ripened in Utah County. A strange thing it was for the Indians said pigweeds had never grown there before nor have they since. Walter Cox divided with his brother's family while he was away.

Edwin on his return brought many kinds of fruit trees, some from his father's farm that he had helped plant when a boy, shrubs and flowers and tried to grow them again but the climate was too cold.

In 1856 Edwin married Hannah Brown, June 13, 1858, here at Manti Abby Ann was born.

While he lived at Manti Edwin was among the foremost in religious and civic affairs. He was counselor to the Stake president, mayor of the city, member of the legislature two terms and as stated before captain of the militia in the Walker War.

After finding the climate of Manti unfavorable for the raising of fruit, his special work, he was advised by Pres. Young to try out his nursery at Springville. He moved there in 1861 and was able to grow all kinds and varieties of fruit trees, vegetables and flowers.

He built a home on the lot where the Second Ward chapel now stands. That two story adobe house will stand in the memory of the members of the Whiting family as a place of many happy evenings of fun and amusements. ←

He transplanted in different towns many evergreens from the mountains. Those around the old courthouse in Provo, those at Springville City Park and one large evergreen that stands southwest of the Manti temple which can be seen for miles around. He said "I brought that in my lunch basket and I think it was first evergreen transplanted in Utah." His life was typical of this great tree. ←

He had one of the largest families in Utah. Many of these stand at the head of Stake and Ward organizations in our church. Among the descendants we find seven bishops.

In his later life he did temple work for his dead relatives in the Salt Lake, St. George and Logan temples. He lived the principles of his religion. He was honest, charitable and never accumulated great riches, but was thrifty and loved his wives and children and gave them the comforts of life.

He died at Mapleton 9 Dec. 1890 at the age of 81, firm in his belief of the truthfulness of the gospel.

His descendants are numerous and found in Idaho, Arizona, Mexico, California, New York and Utah.

Aunt Louisa Whiting Johnson suppld the material for this history and it was compiled by Jennie Bird Hill, his granddaughter.



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Life Sketch of Mary E. Cox Whiting  
by Lucinda Cox

Mary Elizabeth Cox daughter of Johnathan Upham Cox and Lucinda Blood Cox was born Dec. 15, 1826 in Oswego, Trogo County, N.Y. Her story follows: My father was a miller but the last two years of his life he was almost an invalid and his work in the mill was carried on by his oldest boys. We were a large family - twelve children. Father died when I was a little girl three years old and my brother, Johnathan was born six months after my father's death which occurred in April 1830. William, my oldest brother was twenty years of age and on his young shoulders devolved nearly the whole care of the family but he had the whole care of the mill for so long it was a comparatively easy for him with the help of his two brothers next younger than he, Charles 18 and Walter 16, both of whom looked to William for council in all things.

We were all taught obedience and I never heard jars among the boys as one might expect among a large number. Mother was never well after father died though she lived years. When I was six and one half years old William thought it best to move to the northern part of Ohio so that he could get some land to farm and have employment for the younger boys and he accordingly went to Nelson, Portage County, Ohio and secured 80 acres of woodland covered with heavy timber of all kinds with a thick growth of underbrush. He then came back and took mother and the five small children and came on the canal to Buffalo, then across Lake Erie to Painsville. A team met us there and we soon passed thirty miles arriving at our new home. But what a change! --a log house in the center of a little clearing, most of the trees and brush being cut out and burned. Fences made of split rails laid one upon another enclosed the place. It was many days before it seemed like home but we children soon found delight in the new home that compensated for what we had left behind. Mother never gained in health but grew worse until she died: when we were left to shift for ourselves. The three oldest boys were married and so homes were found for Johnathan and me. The others were at work where they had a chance and the home was sold. The proceeds after mother's expenses were taken out were divided among the family without a jar that I ever heard. Walter was married to Emiline Whiting about two years before mother died and as the boys began to leave home about that time we were seldom together.

William married Sarah Ann Beebee before Walter was married. I went to live with a Mr. Barber in Nelson, Ohio and Johnathan, a Mr. Rote in Mindham. Mother died in December 1838 and was buried in Nelson.

Walter Cox and Edwin Whiting with their families and Amos Cox, 16 years old, had gone to Missouri at that time, the gathering place of the Latter Day Saints. None of us had ever heard the gospel only as we heard of "Old Joe Smith and his gold Bible" and everyone thought that Mormonism would soon be a thing of the past and forgotten so were surprised to learn that Walter and Emiline also Edwin and Elizabeth had joined the Mormon Church in Missouri and they were soon driven with the rest of the Saints from the state

and settled in St. Lima, Ill. They remained there until 1845 when the Saints were driven out and had to flee for their safety.

I lived with Mr. Barber two years then went and stayed with my brother, Charles in Garrettsville, Ohio. Soon after a Mr. Davis who lived in Akron, Ohio was looking for a girl to help take care of their children, three little girls, so I went home with him and stayed two years. I was never mistreated by anyone but was often lonely being away from all relatives and especially sister Harriet who I almost worshipped. It was also a great trial being separated from my little brother Johnathan.

I always loved books and so I learned easily, was always encouraged in my efforts to get an education, as a consequence at 14 years of age I was far ahead of most children of that age. An occasional chance to attend a select school and one term at an academy were all the chances I ever had except the common schhols. In the summer of 1841, on presenting myself as a candidate for a teacher, I was given a certificate for teaching all the common of the English language, and taught four summers in Ohio. In 1844 I came west with my brother Walter; my sister and her husband, Charles Jackson also coming west to Illinois.

In Aug. soon after the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum, the mobbing commenced and the Saints were compelled to go to Nauvoo after having their homes burned and much other property destroyed. I had taught three terms in Lima, Ill. then went west with my brothers and their families to Nauvoo for I had been baptized in April 1845 by Father Mosley in the Mississippi River, being there to attend the April Conference (Church). That was a busy time for the people for they had previously agreed to leave the state within a year, so we were all unprepared it meant business for us.

In the meantime our beautiful temple was nearing completion and many were looking to receive great blessings there. It was there that I entered into the celestial order of marriage with Edwin Whiting and his wives, Elizabeth and Almira, Jan. 27, 1846 and have never regretted it, knowing as I do the Lord has blessed us together. We moved from Nauvoo in April of the same year and came west as far as Mt. Pisgah in Iowa as many of the Saints had gone through the state and built up what was known as Winter Quarters where the town of Florence now stands. We were not prepared well enough for the journey so we stopped and went to plowing and planting. The Whitings and Coxes put up a chair factory and made chairs which they hauled back to Quincy, Ill. where they found ready sale for them.

We stayed at Pisgah two years during which time many died with chills and fever, among them father and mother Whiting, one of Elizabeth's girls, Emily, four years old and two of my brother Walter's little girls. The rest of us were sick for months; sometimes there were not enough well ones to give the sick a drink. Those were times of trial yet we felt that we were remembered by our Heavenly Father and had many seasons of rejoicings. I taught two terms of school in Pisgah, Albert my oldest was born there Dec. 1847 and in April 1849 we started on the great move of all moves toward the Great Salt Lake in the unexplored regions of Mexico. We were about three months reaching the Elkhorn and were organized in Brother George A. Smith's fifty. Bro Benson being of the 100 had



gone ahead for it was thought best for more than fifty to travel together on account of firewood and other conveniences and fifty were considered safe from Indians. Of that long, tedious journey volumes might be written. In our camp we had one stampede of cattle. It was after three weeks of travel and it was horrifying, being in the night about one o'clock. No one was hurt so we were all comforted although eight or ten of our cattle were lost. We saw many herds of buffalo but our worst and most trying experience was on the Sweetwater. After reaching the Black Hills we were snowed in for about three days and many of the best cattle in the company died. Father (Edwin Whiting, her husband) counted nine head in one little bunch of willows. There were only enough teams left to move the wagons to a new camp a mile or two ahead but in a day or two we met the teams sent from Salt Lake to meet us.

We arrived in the city Oct. 28, 1849 and it was one of the prettiest places I ever saw. The young shade trees on the sidewalk were yet green and many young orchards all quite green made a picture of loveliness to us weary travellers never to be forgotten. But we were soon to leave as we were chosen by Father Mosley to help form a settlement at San Pete County which had been located at Manti (It became the settlement of Manti) and it was the first of Dec. and there were so many discouragements. My husband and Uncle Orville (Cox) went to Salt Lake on snow shoes to report the starving condition of the Saints. About half of our company returned to the city and the long, snowy, dreary winter was endured by those who remained with the blessings of the Lord. We had many seasons of enjoyment in various ways and our prayer meetings were held every week. Sunday evenings and Thursdays were well attended.

Father put up a laythe and he and William who was fifteen years old, hauled the timber from the mountains on a hand sled and made a hundred chairs with rush bottoms and in April they took them to the city and sold them.

Two of my boys, Albert and Charles were (sent to) help settle Arizona. Accordingly they fitted themselves with wagons and teams and started in Feb. and settled on the Little Colorado near Sunset Crossing. Albert returned to Springville the same summer, but Charles stayed until 1878 when he came and spent the summer returning in the fall to Arizona. In the meantime May's health was so poor and it was thought that a journey might do her good so with the encouragement of her father we fitted out and went with Charles. May was benefitted by the move but never entirely recovered her health and in the spring of 1882 she wanted to return to Springville and we again commenced the homeward journey.

But alas, the sands of life were too nearly exhausted and when we reached the Houserock Springs we stopped with Bro Jedediah Adair who lived there at the time. They were so kind and though she lived only two or three days, it was a great comfort to be with friends. That was the one great trial of my life but must acknowledge the hand of the Lord who doeth all things well but the loved earthly form is still sleeping there in the lonely grave. We reached Springville early in June, weary and sorrowful but comforted greatly by the sympathy of loving friends. Albert and Oscar came to meet us with supplies and dainties for May. We stopped at Mapleton and made our home there. Fred and John built

quite a nice house there on some land they bought of Oscar.

This is the sketch as I received it but would like to add a little - I see the picture of a tiny white grandmother sitting by the fireside, always ready with song or story, sympathy or council, to advise or cheer whoever came whether young or old. Even a peacemaker, finding only good where others were telling bad qualities. She was never too tired to stay up until the crowd left. Her laugh ringing out clear as a silver bell over our foolish nonsense.

She always kept young people around her and took Clara Curtis to live with her when she was five years old. Clara was one of her daughters' younger girls and they were never long separated. Her home was Clara's until she married Joseph Burk then grandmother went to live with them and spent the remainder of her years there.

She lived for about twenty years in Mapleton and Hobble Creek Canyon but in August 1901 four of her boys decided to go to Arizona. I think it was the thought of seeing again the lonely grave of her daughter May at Houserock which induced her again to make the long trip in a wagon as there is no railroad on the route and the remainder of her life was spent in sunny Arizona.

She was the mother of nine children and today there is a host of children, grandchildren and great grandchildren to revere her memory. She began teaching at fifteen years of age since which time she taught forty two years. Her hair was snow white the last time I remember her teaching.

Few people were ever blessed with more friends who loved her for her amiable disposition, her sterling integrity and devotion to her family.

She was an energetic church worker for many years until her health failed. She was the first secretary of the Mapleton Relief Society and her handwriting in those record books is as clear and plain as print. Her mind was bright up to the time of her death which occurred at the ripe age of eighty five years. She was the first school teacher of Mapleton and taught in the kitchen of her home just north of her son Albert's place. Her boys built her that home.



A Sketch of My Life  
by Verona Snow Whiting

My father, Bernard Snow, was of the old puritan stock. His emigrant ancestor, William Snow, settled in Plymouth. He married Rebecca Brown, daughter of Peter Brown who came over in the Mayflower. (His son, Joseph married Hopedstill Alden, granddaughter of John and Priscilla Alden). We find by reading William Snow's history that the Snows were an educated, thrifty people. My father was born in Pomfret, Vermont 22 Jan 1822. Here he attended the common schools, the academy and graduated from Cambridge College in Mass. He married Louisa King of Pomfret and three children blessed this union though two died in infancy, the mother also died leaving a son that lived to be eight years old. Father, being bereft of his family and disheartened left for California during the gold rush. On returning from there he stopped in Salt Lake City and met my mother at a boarding house. She became the mother of five children, three boys and two girls. There were two older and three younger than myself. My mother's name was Alice Smith. She and her mother joined the church in England. They left all their family ties and when my mother was eighteen sailed for America. While still living in Salt Lake City my father filled a mission to England and visited my mother's people but no more of them ever joined the church.

While living in Salt Lake City two children were born, a girl and a boy and they continued to live there until the invasion of Johnson's army. By the council of Brigham Young a great many people moved south and they moved to Manti. There was a new house built of stone near where the Manti temple now stands. It had been built by Brigham Young but as Johnson's army had been held back he never moved from Salt Lake. However for many years this house was called Brigham's house and in it I was born, Mar. 17, 1859. This house still stands and is well preserved although built about seventy five years ago.

My father as a pioneer helped build up the country. He was a mill-wright by trade and built a number of mills in Utah. He built lumber mills in both Little and Big Cottonwood canyons near Salt Lake. When I was a year old my parents moved from Manti to Ft. Ephraim, a distance of about eight miles and here my father built a lumber and a flour mill. During this time two more children were born and I was about six years of age when he sold his mills and property in Ft. Ephraim and moved to Fountain Green about twelve miles distant. I feel that this place is where I began to live. Memory carries me back to those child days, where the world seemed ever bright and beautiful. We lived west of this little town and I with my brother and sister used to walk a mile to school. A mile further west from our home was the mountains or hills and of all the beautiful places that I have ever seen in my life or at least in my childish mind, this seemed the most wonderful. There was a large spring of cold water which supplied the little village and was also the stream that ran the lumber and flour mills which my father built here. A flume of heavy lumber carried the water from the lumber mill down the slope about the distance of a city block to the flour mill. Our home was about half way between the two

mills. This spring came out of the rocks and was surrounded by wild currant bushes and other shrubbery. The hills are covered with this same shrubbery and the village gets its name, Fountain Green, from this fertile spot. We children delighted in gathering the currants when they were ripe. In winter the water leaking slowly from the mill flume would freeze into icicles to the ground and these icicles would gradually get larger around until some of them would get to be one and a half feet in circumference and this ice instead of being crystal would turn a milky white and freeze into so many shapes that it was a most beautiful sight. There were little apartments where we children would play on sunshiny days. We played that these little apartments between the icicles were rooms or houses. We never seemed to notice the cold. This ice would stay for several months during the coldest weather.

When I was ten years old my parents moved to Springville, where we children could have the advantage of better schools. At the age of fourteen I was invited to join the dramatic association which I enjoyed very much as dramatics are my hobby if I have any. I followed this all the rest of my life off and on until old age came creeping on. Here was where I met my husband, Charles Whiting, who was also born in Manti seven years before I was. His father being a horticulturist moved to Springville also where the climate is more mild and more adapted to fruit and flower growing. He also kept a nursery and had lots of honey bees. In the year of 1876, Jan 24, my husband and I were married in the Salt Lake endowment house and three weeks later my husband was one of two hundred called to the Arizona mission on the Little Colorado River. We then became real pioneers. The men built a dam and brought water out on the land and we raised good crops for several years but in time the alkali raised to the surface causing the land to be worthless so we had to abandon this part of the country.

My husband then went into the cattle business and was quite prosperous for those days. We moved to a little place called Wilford in the White Mountains, about twenty five miles west of Snowflake. This was a fine place for raising stock but it became infested with outlaws of the worst type. My husband was in partnership with J.J. Adams. ((Wasn't Hettie Adams Tenney a daughter of this J.J. Adams? W.W.S.) At one time they missed seven head of their best horses and in tracing them they found that they had been driven off over the mountains, so they followed them. My husband by practise had become expert in tracking horses. When they strike solid rock they would lose the tracks entirely. He would hunt around until he would find a mark on the rocks where a horse's hoof had made a little scratch. This was slow work but he followed this up until he struck ground again when the tracking would be easy for a while. This was in the fall and during the summer of this year two men entered the Woodruff Co-op store and held up two men (Joseph Fish being one, I do not remember the other) and robbed the store. Among other things they took a pair of field glasses and got away. No one knew where they came from or where they went. Now back to my story, as Whiting and Adams proceeded on their journey they camped on top of the mountain for the night and the next morning as they were going down on the other side they came onto a log cabin and a garden spot with a spring



near by. No one was there so they dismounted and each pulled a turnip. As they were peeling them two of the toughest looking men they had ever seen rode up. They both had rifles swung across their saddles and belts well filled with cartridges. Our men knew in a minute that they were the horse thieves and they also knew that they had better not let them know that they were after the horses if they valued their lives. One of them carried a pair of field glasses over his shoulder. My husband knew at a glance that these were the men who had robbed the Woodruff store as he had heard the description of them and also felt that these were the men who had robbed the store. They seemed puzzled to know whether our men were after the horses or if they were prospectors going through the country and asked all kinds of questions. Whiting told them that they were on their way to the Tonto Basin to see a friend by the name of Martin Sanders. They enquired where they camped the previous night and (Whiting) pointed to a different place from where they had camped. One of the outlaws answered, "Like hell, you did. You came over the hill there." My husband and Adams knew that they had been watching them, then and that they were in real danger. Their own rifles were in their scabbards tied on their saddles. The outlaws finally offered to direct them to Tonto Basin. This mountain in those days was very rugged and not passable for wagons, there being just narrow trails for horsemen. The outlaws took the lead, Whiting and Adams following. While riding along they came to a little nook by the side of the trail just large enough for a horse to stand. One of the outlaws turned his horse in here pretending to fix his saddle and then rode in behind leaving our men in between the two. They knew then that they were in close quarters and could only trust in God for their protection. After a while they came to a little open spot and the desperados left them saying, "When you come here again come and camp with us, like white men and don't come sneaking around."

Our men followed this trail for some distance then turned their horses heads toward home, glad to get out of a hot-bed with their lives. But undaunted they kept quiet three weeks, then got four more men and went back over the mountain to search again for their horses. They separated into couples and it was understood that they would all meet at camp in the evening and report. The second day of their search my husband and Ira Porter saw a man coming toward them. They thought they had seen them and hid behind some rocks. Whiting remarked, "I have hoped all my life that I would not have to shed blood but I'm afraid that the time has come. We will let him come up but we will not let him go away. It is our life or his."

Happily providence overruled, for when he came to the turn in the road he went the other way, evidently he had not seen them. They returned to camp to report and found two of the men there but they had seen nothing. While they were preparing supper, Adams and his son came with all seven of the horses. They had found them staked out and the man Whiting and Porter saw had just been there staking them on fresh feed. The horses' brands were burned and disfigured. There were big scabs like they had been burned with an iron. Stealing horses was the outlaws profession and when there were no trace of their former brands they would take them to other parts of

the country and sell them. Horses brought good prices in those days before automobiles ran the country wild.

The following winter in February my husband was called again with others to settle in Old Mexico and help establish colonies there. There were not enough men left at this place of Wilford and surrounding country to hold the watering places and this gang of outlaws jumped them and it became a hot bed of thieves and they ran all the decent people out. There were three outfits of them, Blains, Tewksbury brothers Grahams and Blevins. In the Blevins family there were the old man, his wife and several sons, also a man by the name of Cooper, Mrs. Blevin's son by a former husband. They were all desperate men. There sprung up trouble among them and Blain got shot in the mouth but he was too tough to die. Soon after this Blain and one of the Tewksburys were arrested and taken to St. Johns for trial for robbing the Woodruff Co-op. Having in those days mostly Mexican officials, it was easy to buy off and they were soon turned loose. At one time Cooper, his mother and her baby boy, thirteen years of age with two more of their gang came to Holbrook. The officers had been wanting to get them for some time, so sheriff Owens offered to go and arrest them. He went to the door, knocked and Cooper came to answer. Owens notified him that he had a warrant for his arrest and Cooper started to pull his gun and the officer shot him. Then the baby boy leveled a gun on Owens and the officer had to kill him to save his own life. The old feud between the three gangs continued until they killed one another off. There was only one of the Blevins left and the last I heard of him he was living in the southwest part of Arizona. They say he is a good citizen. From these incidences the plot of Zane Grey's novel - To the Last Man - was written.

In the year 1884 (1885), my husband with others moved to Old Mexico. Through stock industries and farming we overcame the hardships of a new country and we liked that land.

In the following summer we returned to our old home in the White Mountains to look after our stock which we had left there. In the fall we prepared to return to Old Mexico and expected to travel back with Joseph Cardon. When we reached Taylor he was ready to go but word had come from Fort Apache that Geronimo, chief of the Apaches with other Indians had stolen away from the fort and was on the warpath and it would not be safe to travel over the mountain at that time. It was a disappointment to us being ready to go and not able to reach our destination before winter set in. So we conferred with the officials at the fort and they told us if there was quite a number in our company perhaps we could cross the mountains in safety. We ran the risk of our lives, having only two married men and three boys between the ages of sixteen and eighteen. With these we started out, passed Fort Apache and crossed Black River, climbed the big dugway and camped on top. We made a large fire and was standing around it enjoying the warmth after being crowded on two wagons all day. One of the old ladies said to me, "I wish we had camped down by the river. I believe it was here that the Indians killed Mr. Henderson. At that the cold chills ran down my back. When I was a child I was just old enough



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to remember the horrors of the Black Hawk War. Just then a little Indian dog ran up to the fire and we knew that the Indinas were near. Our horses began to make a fuss. My husband and Mr. Cardon went to quiet the horses and they saw about twenty Indian warriors coming up the dugway. When they saw our fire they turned off the road and passed close to our campk turning their heads to look through the cedars at us. Our men watched them as they rode on. Before this when we saw the dog we knew we were in danger so we kneeled around the campfire and prayed for protection. The men and boys stood guard all night and when morning came we gave thanks to God for preserving our lives. Later we learned that Geronimo had gone to Fort Apache and stolen three squaws. One had a papoose and the bucks wanted to kill it but the mother cried so much that they let her take her baby and go back to the fort. She told them there that the Indians had killed all our company. This word was sent to Taylor and the people fomed a posse of men to investigate when word came from the fort that our company was safe. Another squaw had returned and said that the wild band had intended to kill us but they saw us praying to the Great White Spirit and they were afraid to harm us, so we felt that our lives had been saved through prayer. The soldiers told us that the Indians had gone up there to Deer Creek and murdered two men who were herding beef cattle for the government. They killed people ahead of us and behind us so we were thankful when we reached our destination in safety.

We were established in Old Mexico when the revolution started and then we had grief and were finally driven out of the country by rebel bandits. We were finacially well fixed and lost it all. Our nice homes were burned to the ground and after all we came back to our own country under the shadow of Old Glory and the protection of Uncle Sam.

A Sketch of the Life of Alice Smith Snow a Utah Pioneer of 1852

by Mae Whiting Cardon

Grandmother was born in Bury, Lancashire County, England, February 13, 1828. She was the daughter of Ralph Smith and Mary Walsh. She crossed the plains in Capt. James W. Bay's co. They were the first group to reach the Salt Lake Valley in 1852, arriving in July.

Grandmother and her mother, Mary Walsh Smith came across the plains with Bro and Sis Steven Farnsworth. She was to pay her way by giving what assistance she could with cooking, packing and also by helping to drive the cattle part of the way. I have a vivid picture of our plucky little grandmother at the age of 24 riding all day on horseback, keeping the slow, awkward cattle along the poor, broken trail, then in the evening helping to make camp and prepare the evening meal, doing more than her share so as to make the load lighter on her mother and others.

Mary Walsh and her daughter were the only ones of their family to accept the gospel in England. Grandmother was a very young girl and soon after she was converted she attended a cottage meeting that the elders of the church were presiding over. After this meeting she got up and talked in tongues (not knowing what she was saying). After she was through a little girl arose and interpreted it. She said that grandmother had said that she would be going on a voyage in the near future and there would be a great storm at sea that would frighten the people on board, however, the ship would not sink, but they would reach their destination in safety. And sometime later this came true for, she and her mother sailed for America. The storm arose with such fury that the people on board became frightened and hysterical, crying and calling on the Virgin Mary for help as most of them were Catholic. Grandmother and her mother kept calm and grandmother went among the passengers speaking kindly to them in a low voice and telling them to have no fear for she knew the ship would not go down and if they would control themselves they would be alright. She soon had them calm and unafraid and immediately the storm subsided and the angry waves were calm and serene.

All the rest of the way grandmother was paid a great deal of respect and even reverence by the passengers, some of them came to her for council and advice, looking up to her as if she were a saint.

When she arrived in Salt Lake she went to work in Kalob Rhode's boarding house. There she met Bernard Snow who later became her husband. They were married in the Salt Lake Endowment House Feb. 17, 1854.

Two years later, Aug. 9 1856, her husband was called on a European mission and left one month from that day. They had a little girl eighteen months old. She was named for her mother, Alice. In Dec. of this same year she was expecting another baby, but in spite of her condition she felt that grandfather should go. His wife, Anna, was also expecting a baby in Feb. 1857.

They lived in Salt Lake until Johnsons' army came to Utah. Then most of the people were compelled to move south. Aunt Anna and grandmother were always devoted; they even raised their families together. Anna was not very strong so when they went to Manti to



live it was up to grandmother to make the living for them all including her own mother, Mary Walsh Smith. By this time the new babies had come, Bernard to Grandma and Nellie to Aunt Anna. Though responsibility was heavy grandmother never complained. I believe it was because her testimony of the gospel was so strong that she was glad and happy because she was well and strong enough to care for grandfather's loved ones while he was serving as a missionary. Grandmother worked in the Shoemaker home as Mrs. Shoemaker was an invalid. She felt that the comforting spirit of Alice helped her as much or more than the tasks she did in the home. This way grandma was able to secure food and clothing for those depending on her for support and she had her own mother in her home to care for the children while she was away. After grandfather's mission was finished and he returned home they lived on at Manti where their third child was born. She was my own mother, Verona Snow, She was a beautiful brown-eyed baby with curly hair. Then they moved to Fort Ephraim where the last two members of this happy union were born, Herman and Eben.

During the Black Hawk and Walker wars our brave little grandmother endured no end of hardships. Placing her trust in her Heavenly Father she was blessed with increasing faith.

From southern Utah they moved to Springville and lived for several years, then grandfather bought a farm on Weber River, Summit county, Utah. Grandmother and her family moved there. They got along as well as could be expected without much help from grandfather who was running a hoisting engine at the King mine at Ophir.

Grandmother would accompany her husband when he was doing home missionary work. On one occasion (when) they were asked to go to Sissions Settlement (now Logan) a rather unusual thing happened. Grandfather had been doing quite well financially and they were dressed in their "Sunday Best." Even though they took a great deal of pride in their appearance grandmother often said, "It isn't what you clothe your body in that counts but how you clothe your soul."

The people of the settlement were ashamed of their humble condition and the bishop apologized for their appearance. Then he introduced grandfather as the speaker. Grandmother was so impressed by this humble and valiant band of settlement workers and was so inspired by the Spirit of God that she arose and spoke in tongues. Her message was interpreted by a man in the audience. who said she promised that in the near future they would have a lovely and prosperous town and that a temple of God would be built there. We all know how that came true. There is the city of Logan and the beautiful temple on the hill.

The years on the Weber River were too taxing for grandmother's health. She sold her farm and went to Salem to live. Although her health broke her spirit never did. She was searching for names for her genealogy work when she died. Twenty days before her husband's death she returned to her Father in Heaven, Feb. 1, 1892 at Salem, Utah where she was buried. Grandmother was loved and respected by all who knew her. She was so unselfish and willing to help everyone, even beyond her strength. She had the gift of discernment. She always seemed to know when any of her children were in trouble. Alice Smith Snow lived a beautiful life.

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A Sketch of the Life of Bernard Snow  
by Amy Whiting Thurber

Bernard Snow was born at Pomfret, Vermont January 22, 1822. (He was a) son of Ebenezer Snow and Polly Hayes. The old homestead at Pomfret where his childhood days were spent held a very sacred place in his memory. It was reflected in his character through out his life. He was a graduate of Cambridge University (College). On Nov. 24, 1841 he married Louisa M. King at Boston, Mass. They were very devoted to each other but this union had a very tragic ending. Three children were born to them; Sydney, Flora Melissa and Bernard. Flora and Bernard only lived a few months. A short time after Bernard's death, he (Bernard Sr.) sailed from Boston Harbor for California with a small group of people. To make the voyage around Cape Horn to the west coast in the poorly equipped ships of those days (1849) took courage and a great deal of faith that God would help them to reach their destination in safety.

While he was in California it was impossible to get a letter to the east coast where his wife and son were or to hear from them. Louisa grew weary of waiting and started for Utah. Her plan was to stay with her sister, Melissa King Wallace, until her husband could come from California to join her. Grandfather did not know that she had undertaken the trip. He said he never would have consented to it because her health was so poor! She only got part way, dying July 7, 1850 on the plains. This left Sidney who was 6 years of age to come on with the company. Grandfather learned of his wife's death months after from her sister Melissa. He came from California to Utah in 1851 to be with his son, Sidney but Sidney died one year after his own arrival on Oct. 19, 1852.

It was at this period of grandfather's life that he found comfort in religion and after studying Mormonism he joined the church. He had a difference with Pres. Brigham Young over the sub-contract for the Union Pacific and was disfellowshipped from the church. At the meeting where this took place he stood up and said, "There is no knife sharp enough to cut out of my soul the spirit of God that is burning within me." He was true to his religion as long as he lived, he felt that God would understand the misunderstandings between men in the earth life and they would be righted in the life to come. His second son, Seymour B. Snow went to Pres. Lorenzo Snow after grandfather's death and all of his priviledges were restored to him by the "laying on of hands", Seymour acting as proxy.

In the church historian's office are many recordings of eventful happenings in the life of Bernard Snow. The first was recorded Feb. 12, 1854. Pres. Young directed Bernard Snow to take charge of the children and property of Bro. Thodes and share the same on his return home. Grandfather loved to write poetry. In spite of the fact that he lived a busy life, making enough money to support six wives and twenty two living children he found time to give some beautiful contributions to the literature of our state. He wrote the hymn "Our God We Raise To Thee." It is sung to the tune of "America". Tuesday, June 27, 1853 at the Salt Lake Tabernacle it was sung for the first time at confrence. Recently Prof. Edward P. Kimball has written music especially for this hymn. It is



published in the new Latter Day Saint Hymn book. At the death of Flora Kimball, the young daughter of Mrs. Heber C. Kimball, grandfather composed a poem and sent it to her. I'm sure she received a great deal of comfort from this hymn, "Your Sweet Little Rosebud has left you." This poem was published in our church songbook under Eliza R. Snow's name. She wrote a letter to grandfather telling him she was sorry of the mistake and would have it changed but it was never done. We have the letter among the family heirlooms.

One of the outstanding characteristics of grandfather's personality was patriotism. In 1855 he delivered an oration in Salt Lake. It was published by the Deseret news and recorded in the church historian's office. One year later at the 4th of July celebration Bernard Snow Esqr. read the constitution of the U.S. at the ten o'clock program, history records. July 24 1863 a report was sent by the Deseret News reporter of Fountain Green - "Wonderful Celebration. The honored people of the procession were Bp. Johnson, Bernard Snow, Edward Collard, C. Ottison Jackson and Samuel Miles. Bernard Snow gave a fine oration."

While grandfather was a member of the 27th quorum of Seventies he did a great deal of missionary work. His wife, Alice, went with him on many occasions. One speech we have was published in the Deseret News, Sept. 9, 1855. The subject was Mis-using Useful Weapons. He explained the value and usefulness of a saw, razor, axe, good thoughts and good words. The saw helps us in cutting large trees to uniform sizes so we can make an attractive building, but if a man was caught in the clutches of the saw it would perhaps kill him and become a thing of horror. Razors are a necessity for men to keep neat in appearance but lives have been taken by this useful article so we look upon it with fear. A sharp axe is used to cut trees and dry wood but many accidents have been caused by them so we should use them with caution. Good thoughts are a useful weapon in building a beautiful character but bad meditation will destroy it. Charatable words to and about people will encourage them to do better, to do fine things and cause them to love you. Where evil words are spoken it brings only regrets and sorrow. Let's strive to make the best use we can of these weapons. We then will be following the teachings of our worthy ancestors." April 27, 1856 at the morning session of conference in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, grandfather and Pres. Young were the speakers.

Aug. 10, 1856 Pres. Young called Bernard Snow on a mission to Europe. Thomas Bullock received his call at the same time. The friendship between these two men lasted thorough their lives. They worked constantly together. They left Salt Lake Sept. 10 of that year and arrived in St. Louis on Nov. 11. From there they went by train to Vermont. There grandfather visited with his family before sailing for England. On his way across the Atlantic he wrote a letter and a poem to his brother Gary who lives on the old homestead. The poem was entitled, "The Old Tammarach Tree." The tree had been brought from a long distance and planted near the door of their home by his father. The children as they grew up had all carved their names in its bark and enjoyed playing under it in the shade.

One year after grandfather's arrival in England he was put in

charge of a section of the mission and given new missionaries to train. After his mission was completed he sailed from England in the ship, "Empire". There were forty missionaries and 25 saints. When they passed New Foundland they had a slight collision with an iceberg. It was not serious however. They passed many enormous ones near Sable Islands but God directed their course and brought them safely home in 28 days. They had a remarkably short trip. Some vessels were 65 days in crossing the ocean.

A company was organized at Elkhorn for the purpose of returning to Utah. John W. Berry, Capt. Thomas Bullock, clerk, Bernard Snow, Captain of the guard. Grandfather arrived in Provo at 10 A.M. June 28, 1858 and went immediately to southern Utah where his families were.

Soon Pres. Young called him to build mills in Sanpete County. He was a millwright by trade. The following are clippings taken from the Deseret News: The spirit of improvement continues unabated and saw and trist mills are being built in nearly every settlement through the county. The circular saw mill at Fort Ephraim owned by B.S. Snow and Co. is doing a cash business as reported, cutting from three to four thousand feet a day. The carding machine of Snow and Peacock at Moroni is doing a good business and there is said to be plenty of work in that county and Juab. At fountain Green, Bernard Snow and Bp. R. L. Johnson are putting up a good circular saw mill and from the known ability of Mr. Snow the people anticipate a good mill."

When the Union Pacific was being built grandfather took a sub-contract for Pres. Young. His work was at the narrows in Weber Canyon. Grandfather was elected representative of Sanpete Co. and met in the Social Hall with the house of Representatives at 10 o'clock, Dec. 12 1859. They met to appoint speakers so that interest would be created among the people regarding the forming of the State of Utah.

During the Black Hawk and Walker Wars grandfather displayed a great deal of wisdom and courage. In Whinnys History of Utah it says, "In one of the raids on Fort Ephraim, Bernard Snow, the veteran actor, who was building a mill at the mouth of the canyon near the settlement sustained during several hours a lonely but heroic siege. The savages surrounded the mill, but the gallant defender kept up a fire so vigorous that they were forced to retire." During these Indian war days he was presented with a Henry repeating rifle. It was the first gun of its type in the west. It held 15 shells in the magazine and of course grandfather was very proud of it. The Indians learned to fear and respect that gun as well as its owner. They knew him as the man who loaded his gun in the morning and shot all day.

Another of grandfather's avocations was acting. This talent has a been passed down to the third generation. In a letter written by Heber C. Kimball it says: The Deseret Dramatic Association gave a free party to their members and a few friends. They are performing on the evenings of Wed. and Sat., "She Stoops to Conquer." A benefit to Bernard Snow to be given on Mon. night when he will play the part of the Roman father in Virginius." Seven years later he played the same part in the Salt Lake Theater. Elder Geo. A. Smith wrote of his grand success. He said, "It was a magnificent



performance." Bro Geo E. Piper in his book, "Romance of an Old playhouse", tells of Bernard Snow playing in the drama, "Othello."

Grandfather built homes at Manti, Ephraim, Fountain Green, Springville, Salt Lake and Wieser, Idaho. This is where he died. As descendants of this fine and noble character may we carry on what he began and make our link in this family chain as strong and bright as our grandparents have made theirs and thank God for the heritage they gave us.

His granddaughter,  
Amy (Whiting) Thurber

## An Incident In the Life of Albert E. Thurber in Mexico

In 1885 a migration began in the south western United States of white people to northern Chihuahua, Mexico. They were welcomed by the president, Porfirio Diaz, of Mexico to establish colonies and help develop the resources of that country. As a result three thriving towns (seven communities were established in the state of Chihuahua and two in the state of Sonora, A.E. Thurber must be referring to the larger towns of Colonia Dias, Colonia Dublan and Colonia Juarez W.W.S.) were established in that part of Mexico. About ten years after their beginning, my father, hearing of the advantages of having a warmer country where the winters were short and the summers long, moved his family there, where I grew up from a small lad to manhood and married a daughter of one of the first settlers.

As a livelihood I secured a job as a clerk in a large merchantile establishment called the Union Merchantile. Up until the Revolution started things were very peaceful and we were a very happy and contented people. After the war had been going almost two years and our part of the country was filled with rebel bands they looted all merchantile institutions starting with Japanese, Chinese and German businesses and then they began on the American owned stores. These rebel bands consisted of about five hundred men and the more desperate they became the more demanding. They first demanded horses, saddles and cattle for beef. Their source of supply of guns and ammunition were coming from the United States. Smuggled across the border mainly through small New Mexico ports.

First occasion of their raid on our store was by one of their agents, however, when he completed out-fitting his small band of men consisting of about twenty five to thirty, to our surprise and astonishment he brought in a whole bag of silver pesos and gave them to us in payment.

A week later the big leader came down from his head-quarters at old Casas Grandes with a troupe of cavalry about two hundred men. He demanded that his entire company be outfitted with clothing consisting of shoes, hats, underwear and blankets. Being the head man in the clothing and shoe department, I immediately dismissed all the lady clerks consisting of both white and Mexican girls and sent them out through a gate in the back fence, so the rebels did not see them at all.

The managers of all the departments held a council with the rebel leader requesting that the transaction be orderly but we would give them what they needed. The first gesture we made toward being friendly was to offer hay to feed their horses while they were there, requesting that they retire across the street to a vacant lot and the hay would be delivered to them. This resulted in their leaders becoming friendly rather than aggressive. With our force we were able to wait on about fifty men at one time and we handled it in such a way that we made an itemized statement of all the goods which we gave out to them so that we might make a claim on their would-be government, or provisional government.

Throughout the day there was not a single incident that was disagreeable except one fellow who was not satisfied with the hat



I gave him and poked his gun in my ribs, demanding a better one but was immediately reprimanded by his superior officer standing near.

After they were outfitted and had retired from the store to where their mounts were, the leader requested a statement of the amount which came to nearly \$3000. This he signed by writing in red ink the name of the Provisional Government across the face of it and that was all the pay our establishment received.

Shortly after that the colonies left there and the merchandise that remained in the big store was haluled off in box cars to the rebel army and the building (was) burned.

The following are a couple of pages I copied from Aunt Amy's Book. They are just partially there but I thought they were interesting enough that we would want to read them. W W.S.

#### Reminiscences of A.E. Thurber

-----ten horses, three wagons and (I) continued freighting for nearly a year before returning home. Father had left me and gone home because of the illness and health of my young sister, Geneveive. He (?) stayed and tended the farm and I stayed with the freight job until almost Christmas time, when I sold part of the teams and returned home.

During the winter I was 19 and 20. I went to school with several older boys and we finished the 7th and 8th grades in one winter. Then I attended the Juarez Stake Academy three years, completing a course in bookkeeping and accounting and the two years of Spanish under Manrique Gonzales, a very good Mexican teacher.

I had good times all through the years with many boy and girl friends. It was while attending the academy the second year I met and fell in love with Amy whiting whom I married and who has been my faithful wife and companion through the years. It seems now in reminiscing that all of my companions through the years were of the very highest and cleanest type both girl and boy friends, all of whom so far as I can learn have taken their places and filled them well in the church and the business world, but of all of these I chose the very finest and but for her faithfulness I'm certain I could not have accomplished half of what I have. Amy graduated from the Juarez Academy in the spring of 1908 and we were married in the Salt Lake Temple Oct. of that year. After our marriage we spent two weeks visiting relatives in Utah, then returned to Dublan, Mex. where I continued to work in the store for about four more years or until July 1912 when we were forced to leave there on account of the revolutionary conditions there.

We landed in St. Johns in August of 1912, Amy, her mother and the children coming about two weeks before I came. I had remained in El Paso and Hachita, New Mexico trying to find work. I found Aunt Amy and children staying with Clara Burk and family and the next morning I left to take a job on the Whiting sawmill. In October (I) started to work in the A.C.M.I. and worked there for 15 years. In 1917 (I) homesteaded a ranch at Vernon. In 1914 (I) completed a new home on (a) five acre tract on the edge of St. Johns and we moved into it at Thanksgiving time.

(In the) spring (1915) the Lyman Dam broke and left us without water for several years. I sold the ranch and cattle at Vernon in 1928 and in February of the year opened a barber shop and dry cleaning business in St. Johns where we are still in business.

In 1940 I bought a lot in town close to my business and built a home in town. I sold my large home and land to Bud Cowley and moved into the new home in town in the fall of 1941. Now at 74 I am still active and operating my business.

#### Church Activities

Sunday School chorister in Dublan for one year before I left there. Ward clerk in Dublan under my father, A.D. Thurber, bishop for six months just before leaving. Sunday School superintendent in St. Johns three years. In the presidency of Seventy's Quorum for about ten years. Filled a short term mission in northern states in 1927 in Wisconsin District.

Stake clerk in St. Johns with Pres Levi S. Udall twelve years. In the High Council one year, then Stake clerk again for two years until Pres. Udall was released. Secretary of High Priests Quorum under Pres. Carl A. Anderson and Hugh Richey about four years. Group leader of High Priest's group in St. Johns Ward for six years.

Ward teacher 25 years. I took pride in always making full and complete visits. Believe fully in law of tithing, proud of having been a full tithe payer all my adult life. Thoroughly converted to church welfare, fast offering and budget system of Ward. Felt that we have been blessed abundantly in trying to comply faithfull with these requirements.

Have always cultivated and cherished love and friendship for all people. (I) Believe wholly and sincerely in prayer as a medium of communication with our Father in Heaven.

written by A. Ezrel Thurber



## John Eagar Family

The Eagar name has been spelled in many ways beginning as far as is known with the 1st Earl of Kent in 853. There were Ealcher, Aucher(Saxon), Auger, Eggar, Egger, etc.

There was a Kentish Gentleman in 1066 named Walter Fitz-Auger, followed by Thomas Fitz-Auger who was Lord of the Manor of Loshenhan in Kent. A Henry Fitz-Auger who was with Edward 1st and fought in the seige of Carlaverock.

There was John Eger Esquire, County of Surrey who changed his name to John Eagar in 1783.

There was a Charles Agar who was archbishop of Cashel, later earl of Normanton. The County of Kerry was under his diocese.

In 1784 a general meeting was held to come to an agreement on the spellings at which it was agreed to change the final syllable to "agar", Some kept the spelling of Agar.

In the 1600s there were Eagers in counties, Kent, Surrey and Lincolnshire.

The first Eagar of our line with positive identification was Robert Eagar who married a Miss Hamilton. He was a major in the army of King Charles 1st. He settled in the County of Queens.

Robert had a son named Alexander who married Rose daughter of Captain O'Toole of Limerick. He died in 1698 or 99.

Alexander sold property in the County of Queens and settled in the County of Kerry in 1660 about the time of the Restoration.

Alexander became the proprietor and resident of the Ballymalis Castle about 1667. It is now a National Monument in Ireland (number 364).

Alexander served under General Ludlow in Cromwell's army.

In 1674 Alexander bought the lands of Tarmons and Currane, Currane Lake and Skellig Island. After buying this property he exchanged it for the remainder of the Ballymalis property and for Kilbonane - later called Cottage and Culleenymore.

Alexander had one daughter, Rose, who married Captain Clarke.

Alexander had six sons. The eldest was born about 1665.

The Eagar name died out in two of the lines of descendency.

### John Eagar (Eagar) Second Branch.

John was the third son of Alexander. He married Dorothea, daughter of Philip Tallis Sovereign (Mayor) of Dingle.

John had two daughters, Rose, b. 1716, married to Robert Saunders and Lucy b. 1718 and married to Murrough Moriarty and six sons: Robert, Philip, James, John, Francis (our direct line) and Alexander.

OF CUEL

John inherited from his father the lands of Culeenymore. He acquired the lands of Ordinane and Rathmilode in 1710.

John's fifth son, Francis was born in 1710. He married Honoria, daughter of Thomas Hickson of Dingle. Francis died at Brackloon in

1772. He had five daughters and six sons.

The third son of Francis and Honoria was Thomas who was the direct ancestor of the Eagars in Arizona. He was born in 175?, married about 1779 an Elizabeth, daughter of Dominick Rice of Dingle. He died about 1799. There were four sons and four daughters of the marriage.

The third son of Francis and Honoria, Thomas was born Jan. 1st 1791 in the County of Tralee and emigrated to the U.S. in 1810.

Thomas first married a Mary Ann (Sally) Leonard who died in childbirth, aged 24 years on June 5, 1821. The child died also. He married second Lucy Buell, born Sept. 23, 1803, daughter of Joseph Buell and Hannah Rider. Thomas Eagar ran a hotel at Auburn, N.Y. where a federal prison was being built. He died June 9, 1840.

Thomas and Lucy had eight children, one set of twins of which one twin lived only a few months. After the death of Thomas, Lucy joined the church and she and her children sailed to the west coast and all settled in the San Francisco area except John, the eldest. Lucy died Dec. 5, 1888 at Monterey, California.

John Eagar joined Mormon Battalion men and crossed the Sierras when the Battalion built the first road across them in 1848.  
see the John Eagar Mss. by W.W.S.



Letter from E.F.Eagar of England

The Grove House  
Charlton Kings  
Cheltenham, England  
24th August 1954

Dear Mr. Eagar,

Many thanks for your letter dated 5th August, which I was very glad to get - your records tally exactly with mine as far as your great grandfather Thomas, (son of Francis Eagar of Cuel).

My records cease with the words "settled in America" as regards Thomas and his brother Dominick. I am therefore delighted to be able to add his descendants to my family records, and am most grateful to you for sending me your line of descent.

Francis is a very common name in the family. My great grandfather Francis Russell Eagar fought in the Peninsular war with the 31st Regiment. One of my brothers, also Francis Russell Eagar, was killed in action in 1915 in Northern France.

By all means copy my letters for your brothers, sisters and children. I am pleased to have connected up with yet another branch of our numerous family.

I have never been able to trace the birthplace of Robert Eagar - he spelt his name Eager, by the way! So did his son John Eager of Ballinhover and his great grandson Francis. Francis Eagar of Cuel was the first of your branch of the family to adopt the present spelling.

I believe Robert Eager came to Ireland from Lincolnshire about 1650, but I have never been able to verify the connection. There are still Eagers and Egars in Lincolnshire. Another theory is that he came from Alton in Hampshire, where there have been Eggars for the last four or five hundred years. At least one of this family (whose tomb is at Alton) spelt his name Eager.

I learned of the town of Eagar (Arizona) in rather a curious way. I am a stamp collector, and the Secretary of the Philatelic Society came to me one day with an envelope with the post mark "Eagar" on it. Every envelope with the family post mark is carefully kept.

I have been adding to the family records ever since I retired from the army in 1936. (I went back to the army for the last war). I have records of members of our family resident in Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, as well as in the U.S.A.

Your branch is the second branch, mine is the fourth branch. I am descended from George Eagar sixth and youngest son of Alexander Eager. His brother John Eager of Ballyna court was the third son and he founded your (second) branch.

I enclose a few notes with details of various members of the family. They are of course incomplete. I think the best way to help you in research is for you to put any questions you want answered, and I will do my best.

Yours very sincerely,  
/s/ E. F. Eagar

## LIFE OF JOEL HILLS JOHNSON

A sketch of the life of Joel Hills Johnson, son of Ezekiel Johnson, who was born at Uxbridge, Massachusetts, January 12, 1776. My mother's name was Julia Hills, born at Upton Massachusetts, January 12, 1801 and I was born at Grafton, Massachusetts, March 23, 1802.

When a small child, my parents emigrated to the state of Vermont, where they lived about nine years and in 1813 they let me go with my uncle Joel Hills for whom I was named to New Port in Kentucky on the opposite side of the Ohio River from Cincinnati, Ohio, both small towns at that time.

In the spring of 1815 father came and took me to Pomfret, Chautauqua County, New York, where I lived with him until I was twenty one years of age, March 25, 1823. I had little or no opportunity for an education, but was very religious from a small child, not daring to transgress the will of my parents or do the least thing I thought to be wrong, and always attended religious meetings and studied my books by firelight after I had done my work. I bought a sawmill and lot of land and built a house and had my sister keep house for me, until the 2nd day of November, 1826, when I married Anna P. Johnson, daughter of Timothy Johnson, squire. She was born August 7, 1800. In the year of 1829 I invented and patented the shingle cutter, or the machine now used to make shingles throughtout the United States and Canada. The patent is dated 8 December 1829 and signed by Andrew Johnson, President and Martin Van Buren, Vice President of the United States.

In the fall of 1830 I moved my family to the town of Amherst, Lorain County, Ohio. I there first became acquainted with the Book of Mormon and the Elders of the Church of Jesusu Christ of Latter Day Saints and was baptized into the church on the 1st of June, 1831 and was ordained an Elder on the 20th of September following and was appointed to preside over the Amherst Branch of the church numbering 100 members. I attended the first October Conference of the church. It was held in Orange Townsite, Ohio in October 1831. It was here that I first beheld the face of the Prophet Joseph and heard the words of life from his mouth which filled my heart with joy and thanks to God.

In January of 1832 I went on a mission to the state of New York, preaching the Gospel and visiting my father's family in Pomfret. They willingly heard and believed and my mother and some others were baptized. On my return home, I baptized many in and about Amherst and ordained several Elders and Priests.

In July 1833 Prsident Smith advised me to move to Kirtland and buy out certain obnoxious individuals, which I did. I was there when the foundation of the Temple was laid and built a sawmill for its benefit.

On August 26 I went on a short mission throughout the southeast part of Ohio, preached in many cities and baptized several and returned home. I labored, preaching in all the towns all about Kirtland, baptized many and ordained Elders and Priests. I received a blessing under the hands of the First Presidency for my labors in preaching and assisting in building the Lord's House. I was present at the calling and ordination of the first twelve



apostles, also at the calling and ordination of the different quorums of the church. I attended the dedication of the Lord's House, on the 27th of March 1836 and all the meetings and councils that followed, saw and heard the power of God manifested as mentioned in the life of Joseph Smith, and was chosen a member of the quorum of Seventies, so went on several missions. In the fall of 1852 I was selected to assist George A. Smith in forming a settlement at a Little Salt Lake (Parowan). I sent with him my two eldest sons with two teams loaded with provisions, seed, farming tools, iron sawmills, et cetera and in the spring I went down with stock and several more teams laden with necessaries for a new settlement. At the organization of the City of Parowan, Iron County, Court of High Council, I was elected one of the City Council Selectmen and one of the High Council and on the 19th of November, 1851 I was sent by George A. Smith to the springs twelve miles south of Parowan to make a fort and myself a farm and herd the stock for Parowan and Cedar City. The name is still called Fort Johnson.

In the fall of 1855 I attended a second Judicial District Court held in Fillmore, Utah as petit juror. December the 10th the Legislative Assembly convened in the State House at Fillmore and I was selected Chaplin of the House which office I filled.

In the spring of 1857 I was called on a mission to the states and started on the 6th of April arriving at Florence on the Missouri River on the 13th of June and returned to Salt Lake again on the 5th of October 1860. On the 11th of June I went to President Brigham Young's office and had Miss Margaret Threlkeld, an English woman, sealed to me by the President. I arrived at my home in Iron County the 20th of October having been absent over three years. My labors were mostly preaching the Gospel in Iowa and Nebraska.

In the fall of 1861 I moved my families down the Virgin River. I was then sent by President Erastus Snow up North Creek six miles to build a sawmill which I accomplished and planted out large orchards and vineyards and made many improvements. In July 1866 I sold out and moved back to Virgin City and the 1st of March 1868 I moved to Bellevue, my present place of residence.

After I was baptized in 1831 I never lived long in one place while in the states on account of mob violence and since I have been in Utah I have made my home in 11 new places. I was never called on a mission in regards to my faith or the glorious hope that is within me or the mission of Joseph Smith or the true principles of life and salvation through the fullness of the Gospel in the last days that I excused myself. I was with Joseph Smith when the Word of Wisdom was given and have strictly harkened to its precepts from that day to the present by not using tobacco, strong drinks, tea or coffee and but very little flesh. I have written nearly 1000 hymns and songs now in manuscript entitled "Zion's Songster" or the "Songs of Joel" a few of which have been published in the Church Works.

In this short sketch of my life I have mentioned but a few of my labors and travels in the kingdom. My testimony for the last forty-eight years has been and still is that I know that God lives for I have felt his hand and heard his voice and I also know that the dispensation of the fulness of the Gospel brought forth through

Joseph Smith is the word of God for his voice declared it unto me as it did to the Saints on the Day of Pentecost for my mouth was opened and my tongue was loosed. I could pray and preach day and night and I had the gift of tongues. I could remember everything I had read in the Bible or other books, thus fulfilling the words of Christ, speaking of the Comforter, that it shall bring things to or living human being on the earth, Truth, Eternal Truth, even so AMEN.

(Signed) Joel H. Johnson. High Priest and Patriarch in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, the only living and true church of God on the face of the earth.

(Grandfather Johnson moved from Bellevue to Johnson, Kane County, Utah in October, 1880. After he moved to Johnson he gave all his children and grandchildren a patriarchal blessing and promised all of them that the words he pronounced upon their heads would all come true inasmuch as they obeyed the Word of Wisdom.)

Joel Hills Johnson died 24 September 1882 at Johnson, Kane County, Utah.



Anna Sariah Eagar  
by Lurlene and Rosalia Tenney

Anna Sariah Eagar was the eldest daughter of John Eagar and Sariah Anna Johnson.

Time does not dim the memory of those she loved and served. Anna Sariah Eagar was born at the turn of the century, May 29, 1850. She liked to say she was six weeks older than the Deseret News, (Newspaper published by the L.D.S. church.) Her father, John Eagar joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in New York. He came by boat around South America with Sam Brannon to Yerba Buena, (San Francisco), landing in July of 1846. He soon traveled to Salt Lake City with Mormon Battalion men where he met and married Sariah Anna Johnson, daughter of Joel Hills Johnson. John's and Sariah's first child, Anna Sariah, was born in Mill Creek now a part of Salt Lake City.

Sariah's sister Susan writes in her diary, "We arrived in Salt Lake City on October 3, 1850. We took dinner with Uncle Benjamin and my Aunt Sarah went with us to my father's home in Big Cottonwood. I found my sister Sariah there married to John Eagar. They had a baby girl about six months old, Anna Sariah, and seemed very happy together in their one room log house.

John Eagar soon moved his wife and two children to Manti, Utah where because of his education he found many things to do. He was assessor and collector of taxes, clerk of the court, postmaster, tithing clerk, stake clerk and even lawyer. Anna Sariah told her children of seeing her father wrap bed clothes around himself to sit up in bed to give a woman a divorce. He continued to work even after he became ill. In 1864 he died leaving his wife with eight children. She had a lovely home which still stands, a farm and other property but she longed for her own family so she sold all and went to Virgin City in southern Utah where after two years she married Jacob Workman and took his four motherless children to love as her own.

Anna being the oldest of twelve was the family weaver. She carded, spun and wove nearly everything they used including carpet. Joel, her younger brother tells, "Everybody had to work as soon as he was old enough. The corn harvest was piled in one corner of the very large Loom Room and I was sent there to shell corn. Anna did her weaving in this room and was there when Ammon Tenney came to see her. He had to ride nine miles on horse back to visit her. He must come early and leave early because of hostile Indians. There were kindly greetings between us but he kept looking at me. One day he asked me very kindly to leave.

"No, I have work to do," I told him.

Then he offered me money.

"No I have work to do," I said.

"Just for a little while," he said.

"No," I said.

Then he got a little cross and told me to get out he would shell the corn. I left. I was happy to have a little time to complete a project I had started.

Anna wove and Ammon shelled corn while they made plans. Anna

took the wool as it came from the shearers. She washed it, carded it, spun and wove it, cut and sewed her own wedding dress. They were married in the endowment house in Salt Lake City on November 9, 1867. Their first home was in Toquerville, Utah. Two of Anna's ten children were born there, then they moved to Kanab, Utah so Ammon could be nearer to Jacob Hamblin who needed him as an interpreter. Ammon was gone much of the time with Jacob.

When Ammon was home he was either studying Spanish or the Book of Mormon. Anna had thought much of the commandment of plural marriage practiced by the people of the church at that time. She would discuss the subject with her husband or try to as he would only look up from his book to say "Yes," when she mentioned the commandment. Apparently he paid no attention to her interest until she brought the subject up again and again. One day he looked up at her with disgust. "Do you want to do that?" he asked.

"Yes, I do," Anna answered. "It is a commandment from the lord with a blessing promised for those who fulfill it."

"Alright," he said, "You find her. You will find someone you love and who will live with us in peace. I would rather have that than anything."

But Anna insisted that since she would be his wife he should find her. Ammon found and married Eliza King Udall, sister of David King Udall who had come to Kanab to visit her brother.

Anna and Eliza lived in the same house, taking turn about in the kitchen for eighteen years with never a quarrel. Eliza bore Ammon two daughters, Olive and Phoebe, both born in Kanab. Anna loved these two girls as her own and they tell that they preferred to stay at home with Aunt Annie and the other children rather than go with Ammon and their mother when Ammon took her to cook for him on his many business trips.

If anyone had a cough in the family Anna was after it even in the middle of the night. She would make a fire in the kitchen range to heat water. The cougher would be taken from bed, wrapped in blankets then immersed in water as hot as he could take. Anna would dip the water over his shoulders until he was really warm then dry him with alcohol. After dosing him with bitter aloes she put him in her bed to keep him warm and covered. Olive and Phoebe both say it was getting into Aunt Annie's bed that made them well.

Nathan, Levi and Abbey were born in Kanab. In 1876 Ammon was called to preside over the Indian mission in Arizona and New Mexico, also he was purchasing agent to find and buy locations for Saints. He bought St. Johns for the church. Besides being president of a mission he was presiding elder in St. Johns for one and a half years so his family had to go to the lonely settlement of St. Johns. It was lonely indeed until the President of the Church called David King Udall with one hundred families to go there to make a town. Anna was very happy, she had known the Udall family in Kanab. Ammon spent nearly all of his time on one mission or another leaving Anna and Eliza to manage the best they could.

Church, school, homes had to be built in St. Johns. Elizabeth Cox Whiting was the first school teacher in St. Johns. (Elizabeth was the grandmother of one of Anna's sons-in-law much later.)

Pioneering was in Anna's blood. She could take more hardships than anyone. She never complained. She loved her church enough to



die for it. She had her children and under normal circumstances she was happy.

Ammon moved the family to a place called Windmill Ranch. Lois Janet was born there on December 28, 1879. From there they moved to Cebolleta, (pronounced Savoyeta). (Cebolleta was near the Zuni village. W.W.S.) It was a favorite pastime of the Indians when Ammon was away to come to the house and stand like statues at the door. It made Anna very nervous to have them watching her but she couldn't let them know this. Early one morning a big buck came with two squaws. Anna gave the children their breakfast but she was too nervous to eat. After the two squaws left the men continued to stand there staring in. Anna busied herself with little nothings to keep the children at the table - one of them dropped a spoon. Anna was too nervous to pick it up so she got the child another one. She had to leave the room to get it and when she returned the spoon was gone from the floor. She didn't know what to do at first. She knew that if she let the Indian get away with swiping the spoon he would be bolder next time because he would know she was afraid of him. When she went to the stove she noticed the lengths of stove wood there. She grabbed one and raised it high, lunging in his direction, saying "Give me that spoon." He took the spoon from under his blanket, laughed a little and muttered, "Brave squaw." He left.

Cebolleta was sheep country. Most of the Anglos moved away rather than fight for their rights. Ammon stayed longer than most of them but he too gave up and moved back to St. Johns where three more children were born to Anna. Lulu Maud in October of 1882, Rosalia in October of 1884 and John Eagar in September of 1887.

Under the advice and calling of Bishop Udall Ammon offered himself as a test case to be tried for polygamy. These men thought the authorities couldn't do anything to them because it was not unconstitutional and that it would put to test the case because the polygamists would have no peace from the government until they did. There was no law against it in Arizona but the judge borrowed Utah's law. They were tried, convicted and sentenced to three and a half years of hard labor in the Detroit House of Correction and a three hundred dollar fine. Ammon and four other men served this sentence.

Rosalia was two weeks old when Ammon left for the U.S. House of Corrections. He had a miserable time there. In one of Anna's letters to him she wrote, "How I wish I could serve the sentence for you. I am sure I could stand it easier than you." She assured him that all was being done possible to get him released. His sentence was cut to less than two years for good behavior.

While Ammon was away Anna spent most of the time at Walnut Grove where the family had a farm and garden. (This place is between St. Johns and Springerville, Arizona (-usually called Richville. W.W.S.) Her letters at this time are without complaints. She writes that her brother, Arthur (Arthur was a younger brother of Ammon. W.W.S.) helped the family from time to time. The oldest son of her family was sixteen, she and the three oldest sons, Ammon Junior, Nathan and Levi ran the farm with a little help from a Mexican who lived near. They left the farm each year to put the children in school in St. Johns.

After Ammon returned home he worked hard to put the family on a decent living standard and to pay debts but turned aside from this soon to again answer a call from the church to go to Sonora, Mexico to teach the gospel to the Yaqui Indians. (Ammon was still on the run because he had two wives. He filled a mission to the Papago Indians in southwestern Arizona and northwestern Sonora. This information I got from his diary. W.W.S. He entered the mission in November of 1878 and left it in 1890.)

The government was still after the polygmists and many times Aunt Eliza had to hide when law officers came around. Ammon decided he had had enough of hiding. He traveled to Mexico to prepare for his family to move there.

This move was hard for Anna. She had to leave two little graves on the hill side, Abbey and Lulu Maud (who had died from a vicious strain of measles.W.W.S.) but in 1890 she gathered her children together and with the oldest boy as driver of the team and wagon went to Mexico. They traveled over mountains, through rivers. Heat and cold, rough roads, pioneer food caused not a murmur from these mothers. They arrived in Colonia Diaz, State of Chihuahua in good shape. From this colony Ammon took them to a sawmill where he had a job running it. The sawmill was in the mountains.

Ammon married a third time, Hettie Millicent Adams. He married with the consent of his other wives. Hettie was younger than Eliza's two daughters. She was the same age as one of Anna's.

Anna's younger children believe that she really tried to be agreeable and to help. She learned to love Anna and told her step children that the trial of her life was having to leave Anna when Ammon moved away, taking his two younger wives with him. Hettie wrote in letters that Anna was the best of women.

Anna went back to St. Johns during the winter for a few years after moving to Mexico to put the children in school. She traveled those hundreds of miles every fall and spring with the boys driving the team.

Soon they moved from the sawmill into Colonia Diaz. They lived in an abandoned shoe store on main street. Ammon bought this shoe shop which the family used as the one large room. The wagon boxes lifted from their wheels and placed around the room were used as bedrooms. Later Anna's second son built two more rooms on the house, a kitchen and a loom room.

Anna Sariah, Jr. (Minnie) married Prime T. Coleman of St. Johns. Ammon Jr. married Amanda Thayne, a sweet lovely lady. Nathan married Pearl Walters.

After Ammon moved to Dublan taking his two other wives with him Anna was left to seek a livelihood as best she could. Lurlene was born to her in May of 1891 and this gave her five children at home, Levi, Lois, Rosalia, John and Lurlene.

Levi who was seventeen years old got a job as cook for a big cattle company. His wages in U.S. money were fifty cents a day. He had to work with men of the lowest moral standards. One of the few times Anna's children saw her cry was because she had to let Levi work with these men. Later Olive, Aunt Eliza' oldest daughter who was married and living in Logan, Utah invited Levi to live with her and go to school at the B.Y. college there. He went to be with her. The Spanish American War took him to join Teddy Roosevelt's



Rough Riders but he only got as far as Florida where he caught swamp fever. (They camped in the swamps there for training.) He was released and came home on September 13, 1896.

John Eagar, the youngest son of Anna, died during the same month of 1896. Anna had to bury him with only her four youngest children to comfort her. Ammon Jr. and Nathan came soon after her return from the cemetery. Aunt Eliza came as soon as she could. She had gone to meet her two daughters, Olive and Phoebe who had come to Dublan for a visit. Aunt Eliza had expected to have John Eagar with her on the trip to get them at the border. His illness prevented this. She wept greatly at his death. John would have been nine years old.

Anna didn't even get a letter from her husband on this occasion. She was a brave, noble true Saint who got her strength from God, her children say about her.

Rasmus Larson under Anna's guidance made a loom for her so that she could earn a living. She sat at the loom so many hours day after day that her children would cry when they came home from school and found her still there. Just once when her girls were older she wove material for dresses, each a different check and color for her three daughters. She carded and spun the wool, wove the material, cut out the dresses and sewed them. They were very proud of those dresses. When people stopped them on the street to admire and feel of the material the girls would brag about how their mother spun and wove material for her own wedding dress.

Levi and Lois married, Levi to Clara Accord and Lois to Kim Lemmon. They had a double wedding. Rosalia married William Edward Payne.

In her younger days Anna was a councilor in Relief Society, later a visiting teacher. Her love for her church was outstanding. In those days tithing was paid in kind (services or goods). Anna would choose all the biggest and best part of her products until they were valued more like 50% than the 10% required for tithing. She loved Sunday School and was always hungry for knowledge.

When Lurlene was eighteen and out of school she worked to help with the family expenses. Lurlene worked in the Union Merchantile store. Anna never seemed to recover from a sick spell so she took the old loom down and said she was thankful she didn't have to weave anymore. Life seemed easier but not for long.

The Mexican Revolution was growing worse and the local Mexicans were getting bolder. They began stealing and plundering from the old residents of nearby towns and ranches. People once thought to be friends turned traitor. The towns had to be guarded. The fear all day and the sleepless nights were too much for Anna. She welcomed the news sent by the church stake president to evacuate Diaz and move into the United States.

Lurlene and Anna like all the other residents left everything behind except a change of clothing and a little food. They had to accept an awaited offer from someone to take them across the border; they would not presume to ask for help. Anna was used to having to accept help but she was old now and it was hard on her pride. She only said, "The Lord is good," when Fred Whiting offered room in his wagon for her and Lurlene.

They traveled fifty miles to the border, when they crossed the

line they rested in Hachita, New Mexico. From Hachita they went to El Paso where the United States government had set up temporary quarters for the refugees and had provided some food for them.

Fred, Lurlene and Anna went to Salt Lake City from El Paso where Fred and Lurlene were married in the temple. (The United States government provided transportation for the refugees to any place they want to go. Fred, Lurlene and Anna took the train to Utah.) Anne went from Salt Lake City to Hurricane, Utah to visit her mother whom she had not seen for thirty years, so long an interval of time that they didn't recognize each other.

Anna stayed in Hurricane for one and a half years then she came to live in St. Johns, Arizona. Here in St. Johns old friends and neighbors gave her material to build a small two room home, some of them donated the labor to build it. Fred Whiting bought the lot for her to build it on. No one was ever more grateful than Anna. She was settled once more and happy.

Later she went to Salt Lake City to see her daughter Lois. She worked in the temple while she was there. She visited her daughter, Rosalia who lived in nearby Provo.

When she was getting really old, too old to move about or do temple work she went to live with her daughter, Minnie who resided in Thatcher, Arizona. She died January 19, 1934. after eighty years of pioneering.

Anna was a true pioneer who did more, much more for her community than is required of any member. She was the only nurse, doctor or midwife in many of the towns she lived in. She brought countless children into the world. Her children continue to meet individuals who say, "I know your mother saved my life, or my child's life.

One person told Lurlene that the greatest sorrow of her life was that her little sister died. She could never understand why Aunt Annie who had made all the others well couldn't make her sister, Bee, well.

Aunt Annie was always ready to serve in the middle of the night or any hour of the day, she never turned anyone away without trying to help and she never asked for pay.

She was goodness, faith, hope, charity personified.

Her children remember her with the tenderest of feelings.

It must have been glad meeting over there when she arrived with all her cares left behind.

(I copied this biography from one written by Lurlene many years ago. Rosalia added to it and changed it some. I, too have changed it from the original version whenever I thought the sentences needed more explanation.

Winifred Whiting Smiley 1965.)



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## Fred Arthur Whiting

I was born July 24, 1890 in Colonia Diaz, Mexico. My father's name was Charles Whiting, born in Manti, Utah, December 17, 1863. My mother's name was Verona Snow born at Manti, Utah, March 17, 1858. My mother had ten children, five boys, namely: Charles Jr., Bernard, Francis, Fred and Herman. She had five girls, named Pearl, Alice, Amy, Mae and Fern. On August 21, 1912 I was married to Lurlene Tenney. We have the following children, Alice born June 2, 1913, Frederick Afton, August, 15 1915, Nathan Tenney, August 2, 1917, Winifred, December 26, 1920, Warren Grant, February 28, 1923, Verna Mae, February 18, 1927. One baby girl born still birth, May 10, 1933, named Rose Ann.

When I was a baby I had Spinal Meningitis which left me with very poor eyes and also I didn't seem to grow as fast as my half brother John who was just older than I.

The only time I ever remember my father hitting me was one time John and I had forgotten to turn out the calves to graze. He threatened to whip us for forgetting this as the calves stayed in the corral all day unless we turned them out to feed. So this evening we were playing in the alfalfa when Father came up behind us with a switch and hit us each across the back. We knew what it was for and hurried to the corral to let the calves out. Father made us take them out and herd them until very late at night. Needless to say we didn't forget again. We thought we had been killed.

### An Ugly Little Boy

As a boy I was ugly, puny, squint-eyed and otherwise not too handsome. One time when I was only about six years old I went with Frank to meet my sister Alice at the depot. As the train stopped a lady looking out of the window called to her son and said, "Oh, come and look at this funny little boy." My sister after hearing this remark by the lady always told the story, then added, "And I had to get off the train and kiss the ugly little cuss." I was her favorite brother.

Our mother was a seamstress. She was off to the neighbors sewing much of the time, leaving Alice to tend me when I was a baby. She said as I grew older I was really witty and cute as a talker.

One time a new family moved into town. As I had to stay out of school the first semester to help father gather crops I was not acquainted with this family. One of the boys met me riding home one evening. In the conversation we held he mentioned that I looked just like his Spanish teacher, my sister Alice. I kidded him telling him I didn't know her. But the next time my sister Alice kidded me about being ugly I told her what this boy had said, "I looked just like his Spanish teacher." This tickled her so that she told all of her friends.

In school I was a very good student, smart and willing to study, my teachers said, but quite an annoyance to them as I had the other students laughing a lot of the time.

Colonia Diaz was made in a large flat with mesquite trees growing all around. This flat valley was about forty miles long and twenty wide with the Casas Grandes River running through it. During flood periods this river often spread out over the valley making it three

or four miles wide. We built a levy to keep the floods out of town.

On account of the town being surrounded by mesquites the coyotes came close to it, often stealing chickens in broad daylight. And also we were often bothered with hydrophobia coyotes, skunks and dogs. I remember as a boy nothing would scare me as much as hearing of another mad dog in town, which happened nearly every month in summer. Two boys (young men) died from hydrophobia bites.

William Derby Johnson was out on a cow camp with two other young men. While they were asleep a mad coyote grabbed Johnson by the throat. The other boys had to pry the coyote's jaw apart to get him loose. He went to see a doctor in El Paso who told him that a hydrophobia coyote would not hang on like that but would just snap at something and then let go. They did nothing about it. In thirty days Johnson took the disease. He had the most violent fits until it took four men to hold him down. After the fit was over he was just as rational as anyone else but these fits kept getting worse until they knew he could not get well, so an old doctor gave him enough morphine to put him to sleep and he did not wake up. Another boy, Charles Frederickson, was bitten by a skunk and died the same way. Several others were bitten later but by that time they had a cure for this disease so they were saved.

#### My Brother John's Accidental Death

As we grew older our quarrels ceased we learned to love each other as only brothers can. John was more near to me than my whole brothers. I guess because we were nearly always together. In 1911 when we were twenty one years old John decided to come to Arizona. I wanted me to come with him but I was going to the Academy at Colonia Juarez and didn't want to leave before school was out. He and Wilford Rowley came to St. Johns together. This was in the spring. In August of that year while he was trying to pry the carriage back on the track of the sawmill of Uncle Edwin Whiting where he was working the crow bar slipped causing him to fall over the saw, cutting a cash about twelve inches long over his stomach back to his hip. It was thirty miles to the nearest doctor, with only horses for transportation so before the doctor arrived the next day blood poisoning had commenced and he died in about a week. I'll never forget how I felt when I heard about it. I was off to work so didn't hear about it until he was dead. I so wanted to see him but he was already buried before I knew.

#### Two Hungry Boys

I remember one time when we, John and I, were to stay two miles down on our farm away from home. We were lonesome so we buried our bread and bacon so we'd have an excuse to go home. The trip home was fine but we'd had breakfast that morning very early and father was to come down later and bring our dinner. He didn't come until about two o'clock. We were so hungry. We hunted all around for the bread and bacon we had buried but couldn't find it. John made some gravy with just flour and water but it tasted too bad to eat.

When we were about fifteen or sixteen we were down at the farm again planting corn with a walking lister. As we planted our corn very deep in the ground we had four horses hitched to the planter. I was riding one of the wheel horses, driving the lead team which



consisted of our high tempered horses and the other broncs. My brother Herman then a kid of about five was riding the other wheel animal, a mule. We let him ride holding onto the horses fur to amuse him. John was holding the plow or lister. We had stopped to rest a minute, the lines of the lead team were laying across the hams of the horse I was riding,. Something frightened the broncs and they started to run. Herman just sitting there had let go of the hams and keeled over backward starting to fall down in between the mule and the horse I was riding. Afraid that the horses or plow might hurt him I grabbed him and tried to pull him upon my horse but his feet were caught in the chains so that I couldn't lift him up. John tried to run in front of the team but this only scared them more and by this time they were really running. So all I could do was hang onto Herman. After they had run about half a mile they slowed down some and the mule being tired of running just struggled loose from everything. As they were circling away from the mules side and he was out of the way I decided to throw Herman out of the way of the plow which I did but either the plow or something else cut a gash in his forehead. I then jumped off the horse and grabbed the lines and stopped them. Father really gave us a scotch blessing when he heard about our having Herman on the mule, saying we didn't either one of us dare ride it ourselves.

#### Almost Died From Pneumonia

When I was seventeen years old I was hurt from riding a steer calf so my parents took me to a hospital in El Paso, Texas. I stayed there a week but since I didn't have an operation which I thought I was going to need I went home feeling pretty good except that I was weak. I went right home to work on the farm, overdid and got pneumonia. I nearly died. I didn't leave the bed for two months. I will always remember how my shoes felt the first time I put them on after I got up. I was so thin it was just like putting my feet into big boxes. They didn't seem to touch any place except on the bottom.

#### Another Run Away

My father had a mail contract and we boys drove it. We only had to take this mail once a week but it was one hundred twenty miles each trip. It had to be made from Saturday noon to Monday noon. We had a pair of mules hooked onto a buggy; these mules carried this mail for eight years steady except once or twice when the roads were too muddy. We would spell then with one of the other teams. It was only about two weeks after my sickness that I went with this mail. The first night we always stayed at Sabino Urutias' ranch. This rancher had pigs running loose in the mesquites. When they needed meat his vaqueros would rope them and haul them in wagons to the ranch where they would feed them corn for a month or more then butcher them for the ranch. When we were within about four miles of this ranch some of these pigs ran from behind a mesquite tree and scared my mules. This caused one of them to jump onto the wagon tongue which broke. They began running. The broken wagon tongue would stick in the ground every rod or two and make the buggy jump in the air like a bucking bronco. Finally it broke off just in front of the doubletree. All this time the buggy had been lurching right or left with the whims of the mules pulling it. Herman, my five year old brother and I

had a hard time staying aboard. Mules are smarter than horses in a run, they never hurt themselves. And they always stop when they find all the damage has been done. A horse in a runaway will sometimes run into a fence or anything and kill itself. These mules stopped in about three hundred yards so I unhooked them, tied the gentle one to the buggy and proceeded to whip the other one. But I forgot how weak I was from my sickness. The mule jerked me down and of course ran away with the harness. I then took the tame one to the buggy without a tongue and led it along the road. After about a mile I fixed some lines and climbed into the buggy and drove the rest of the way to the ranch. Herman wouldn't get back into the buggy. He decided he'd had enough of my runaways.

The next morning Mr. Urutia sent one of his vaqueros on to Palomas with the mail and I stayed to fix a wagon tongue so I could get back home. He loaned me a mule, harness and so forth and when I arrived back to where the runaway had occurred I found that his vaqueros had caught the other mule and tied her to a mesquite tree. I led her along home. This team often ran away. After this time I would just hold them n the road and whip them until they were tired of running. (The whipping sounds cruel but mules have tough back sides and this seems to be the only way to ge through to them)

#### Saved From A Rattlesnake Bite

Once my chum and I, Earl Lemmon, were riding in our town pasture for cows. At noon we sometimes went to a rocky hill named the Lower Knoll to eat our lunch. This day we had just finished eating when I walked upon the hill to a rock ledge about eighteen inches wide which made a half circe with a cliff above and another below. I was making this circle when Earl called to me to come back. I was almost half way around so I wanted to go on but Earl kept saying to come back. I insisted that it was almost as close to go around and started on but he was so determined that I come back that I finally turned around and came back just to please him. Upon reaching him I enquired why he wanted me to come back. He said he was just fooling. I called him some name and let it go at that. We both of us went the other way around this ledge and to our surprise there was a large rattlesnake in a hole in the ledge coiled up ready to strike within a yard of where Earl stopped me and where I could not have seen him coming from the other side. We then knew why he wanted me to stop.

We neither of us knew anything to do for snakebite and the nearest town was ten miles away.

#### The First Year of Highschool

The fall of 1907 I went to my first year of highschool. I went to the academy of Colonia Juarez. This was the first time I had lived in another town than Diaz where I was born I was surprised to find the girls I thought were pretty when I first arrived in Colonia Juarez seemed to fade after more acquaintance.

At the Academy I took a three year business course. For mathematics we used a commercial arithmetic. I remember that we learned short cuts in arithmetic: multiplication, for instance. We would add two zeros and divide by two for 50 times a number. Or for 25 times a number we would add two zeros and divide by four, thirty three and one third times a number we would add two zeros and divide by three and so on.



### That Old Sweetheart of Mine

Before I went to the academy I was in love with a very pretty, dark haired girl with snappy black eyes. We had gone together sometime but had kind of drifted apart. I was very independent as far as girls were concerned because as I said before I was quite popular. I decided this lady did not care for me so I would not care for her. She was sporting around with Otho Johnson and I was sporting with his sister, Viva.

She confided in me later that she loved me all the time but like me had thought that I cared more for Viva than for her. She wasn't going to let me know how she really felt. This went on for more than two years. In the meantime she and Otho had split up and I had gone with Lettie Stowell at the academy as well as several other girls. I didn't go to the academy the next year and she had taken a job in the local store at Colonia Diaz where we both resided. This winter of 1908 we started going together again. We had one or two little spats but were steady lovers from then until our marriage on August 21, 1912. I still don't know how she married me. Must have been that old thing called love and blind at that. She could have married plenty of others who were well off while I had nothing. We have had plenty of hard times but our home has always been full of love. I've neglected her plenty of times but have always tried to be kind. We have one of the loveliest and nicest families in the world. I guess probably the reason we were engaged for nearly four years was because I was either off to work or at the academy most of the time, only coming home two or three times a year.

The first year at the academy my sister Amy and I rented rooms and Otho Johnson and his sister Winnie (also) rented rooms at Professor E.K. Fillerup's. The girls each had separate rooms with kitchens downstairs while we boys had a room together upstairs. A fellow named John Vidmar stayed with Otho and a girl named Dora Hendricks stayed with Amy. We boys were always hatching up some yarn and making these girls believe it. I remember we went down to Diaz for Thanksgiving. A new bridge had been built across the Casas Grandes River. The girls wanted to know how it looked and if it was nice. We started telling them how beautiful it was and kept adding different things until we had them believing that there was an enormous clock on the center of it. This clock we told them was made so that a different kind of animal came out each hour to chime like a chicken for one o'clock and two cats for two o'clock and so on.

### Joke Played On Sister Amy

In the spring the water that we used was carried from the river that was about four rods from the house. As the weather was really warm by May this water was warm too. My sister said there was a spring of cold water two or three hundred yards up the river. I took the bucket and went after some but could not find it. So I just dipped up a bucket at the old place and set it down in the house.

All three of the girls took a good drink. They remarked that it was not as cold as it should be but it didn't taste like that water we'd been drinking. Shows how imagination can change things.

### A Night Ride Of Seventy Miles

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In December of 1910 Madero started his revolution. That Christmas I went home for the holidays on horseback. It was fifteen miles from the academy at Juarez to Colonia Dublan. I went that far and intended to go on home Saturday, the following morning, but as the Rebels (Madero's Forces) had burned all the railroad bridges and cut off all communications the Stake Presidency wanted me to ride on through that night to take word to church headquarters at Salt Lake City as soon as possible so I rode on through the night. From Dublan to Diaz was forty miles and I had already ridden fifteen but they needed to get word on to Salt Lake City so I continued the journey. Ordinarily it didn't bother me to ride a horse but I hadn't been on one for a long since I didn't have a horse at school. As we knew the Rebels were along the road I left it and took off through the prairie. At midnight I unsaddled and hobbled my horse to graze and rest a while. I tried to snatch a few minutes sleep with nothing but my saddle blanket over me. Even though it was quite cold I slept a while.

Then I rode on through, getting home at sun up. As this word had to be taken on to Columbus, New Mexico where it would be wired to Salt Lake City I called my brother, Bernard to take it on over another sixty miles. Believe me I took my meals off the mantel piece for the next day or two.

#### A Spooky Evening

My sister Mae and two other girls living with us had to move into a house the church had bought for an academy dormitory. We moved on Saturday and had everything pretty well in order by Sunday. Sunday night the girls went to M.I.A. (Mutual Improvement Association, an organization provided for young people) while I stayed at home. I was busy studying and everything was quiet as a mouse when I heard someone walking in the kitchen, I thought. Ordinarily I wasn't excitable as wild dogs and coyotes were the only things I was afraid of. I went into the kitchen but couldn't see anything so I went into all the rooms down stairs and still couldn't find anything. I concluded I had just imagined a noise. I started studying again and had just become interested when I heard it again. This time I was nervous. But I started my work again. No sooner had I quieted down than the same noise came again. I went outside and looked around the house but still could find no one. I was frightened enough by now that I stayed outside until the kids came home from church. I didn't tell them about the noise but we found afterwards that it had come from a squirrel under the house. The squirrels would knock their tails on the floor above them which sounded just like a person walking in the house.

#### First Battle of the Madero Revolution

The revolution was in full swing at this time. There was a garrison of Federal Cavalry stationed at Casas Grandes ten miles away. Madero had concentrated his troops in preparation to take Casas Grandes. This was in January of 1911. The government was sending troops from Ciudad Juarez, but on account of all the bridges being burned on the N. W. Railroad they had to come overland by way of Columbus or Las Palmas just inside the Mexican border. My brother John was carrying mail at this time. These troops were in Las Palmas when he arrived so they made him stay



with them until he arrived home with them as escort. They didn't want Madero to know they were on their way to Casas Grandes.

Casas Grandes was pretty well fortified but it didn't have too many troops hence these troops were coming to help out. The Federals had received word some way just when Madero was ready to strike. While he was charging this town he came in from behind. To disillusion Madero they wore large sombreros and changed just as they were in striking distance to their regular to white military caps. This surprised and upset Madero's troops and they scattered in all directions. This happened about noon. By night time there were a lot of foot sore Rebels wandering into Colonia Juarez. They didn't seem to have much fight left in them by that time.

In this battle there were thirteen Rebels killed and twelve Federals. We received the El Paso Herald the day after the fight. We were astonished to read the exaggeration it printed. It said five hundred were killed and that they were still fighting. The battle had been over for four days and only twenty five had been killed.

Madero wasn't through. He commenced gathering his troops at San Diego, a large ranch belonging to Terrasas, a land and cattle Baron who owned one fifth of Chihuahua. Dan Skousen, a son of Brother Skousen who lived in Alpine, Arizona and who prayed for rain especially in the upper country had a grist mill at Colonia Juarez. By the way his wife was Aunt Malley, a sister to Sister DeWitt and Aunt Sue Hamblin of St. Johns, Arizona. One morning just as school was taking up we saw several soldiers appear on one hill east of town, then another group on another hill and soon every hill on that side of the valley had soldiers on it. Juarez is built in a long valley, a narrow valley, not over a mile wide in any one place until it opens up about four miles south of town to ten or twelve miles wide at San Diego's ranch.

These rolling hills on both sides of this valley remind me of the hills east of Concho, Arizona where you can look down on the whole town. To continue with my story, we found these to be "look outs" or scouts ahead of the army. Soon about 300 or more of these Federal soldiers were looking down on our town. We were plenty excited as we didn't know their intentions. Finally they all entered town and went to Dan Skousen's flour mill. They needed more food so they took all of his flour for their use. I suppose they paid him for it as these were government troops.

Madero was gathering plenty of troops at San Diego during the spring months. He was about ready to take Casas Grandes when the Federals decided he was too strong for them so they pulled out for Chihuahua City.

This summer Madero moved in to take Ciudad Juarez. This was quite a battle but Madero was victorious and President Porfirio Diaz vacated the presidency. Madero was a fine man and a just one, but unfortunately he was killed before he had time to accomplish much. Then there were factions springing up all over the country just taking advantage of no government. During the summer we could buy the best cuts of meat for 12 centavos a kilo, this was about 3 cents a pound. These Rebels just killed the fat cattle of Don Terrasas and sold it for hardly anything.

My Most Frightening Experience

The summer of 1911 I was working for some railroad contractors in the mountains seventy miles south of Colonia Juarez. The railroad company was finishing the Mexico North Western through to Chihuahua City and also logging railroads into this large forest of pine. These contractors had all the bridges and culverts to build on one of these logging roads and I was foreman of a gang of Mexicans putting in the culverts.

Our horses had strayed so the boss sent me out in the timber to hunt them. While I was riding I met a Mexican who apparently didn't like Gringos and commenced cussing me and saying they were going to get the Gringos out of the country or kill them. He had a six-shooter and I had no gun but did have a good quirt. As I was riding I quietly slipped this quirt so as to have a hold on the small end, the other end had an iron braided inside of it. I decided if he tried to use his gun I would hit him over the head or knock the gun out of his hand. We were at one end of a small park. This park was about one quarter of a mile long and just as he started to pull his gun I noticed two men riding through the other end of the park. I yelled at them. They didn't hear me because they rode on but the Mexican thought they must be my friends because he quickly rode the other way. I never will know if he intended to kill me or if he just wanted to scare me. If the latter was his intention he certainly succeeded because after it was over I was plenty scared. I rode straight to camp and told the boss about it. He had a 45 pistol so he gave it to me to put on, then I felt plenty brave and would have liked to have met this Mexican again. But I never met him. I never left camp without the revolver after that. I bought a 38 colt to wear and which I brought with me to the United States.

#### Five Men Killed And Three More Hurt

I was stationed at this camp where a crew of men, Mexicans and Japanese were making a large cut not far from where my crew were building a culvert. They would drill a hole down the desired depth 15 or 20 feet then spring it by putting (down it) one or two sticks of dynamite and increasing these shots each time until they had a large enough hole at the bottom to put in several kegs of black powder. This black powder has a tendency to lift and hence throw a lot of this dirt and rock clear away from the cut thus eliminating a lot of hauling. The hauling was done by mules and two wheel carts.

They had three of these shots ready to go off, they lit them and gave the signal to take cover. We were close enough that we hid behind pine trees too. Two of these shots fired but the third one didn't. These men came back after a few minutes to see what had happened, what it had done and eight of them were standing right over the third one when it went off. It lifted them high in the air and when they lit the three were killed instantly and two more died later. I never heard of the others, whether they were OK or not.

#### A Prospecting Or Hunting Trip

It was in December of this same year after we were through with our job that these contractors and two of the engineers decided to take a prospecting and hunting trip into the wilds of Sonora. They invited me to go along as they had taken a liking to me. We each



had a saddle horse including the Mexican camp rustlers and five head of pack mules to carry our equipment and of course bring back any deer if we killed any. The second day we dropped down off a steep bluff, which reminds me of the Grand Canyon only there is no ledge on the other side. You must drop down and stay down until you come back up on the other side. They say there is only one trail down this bluff so we didn't want to miss it. It looked level enough from the top but when we arrived at the bottom we found it to be very rugged and broken country. The Mexican population men cut blazes and piled stone monuments along so to help us find our way back out. Just as we pitched permanent camp the second day we sighted a deer across the canyon. What a bombardment took place. All five of us trying to be the first to hit it. As soon as it was down Mr. Sevey and I ran over there and he quickly cut its throat. This furnished us meat for several days. These deer were fairly tame not having been shot at before.

#### The Time The Guns Wouldn't Work

A day or so later Mr. Sevey and I were out together. We weren't hunting as yet, just prospecting. Of course we didn't hesitate to shoot deer if we saw them. He was higher up on a hill side than I, about a quarter of a mile away. Before this we had heard a mountain lion roaring so we knew they were around. I heard him shoot four or five times and then commence yelling for me to come quick. So I took off as fast as I could up this hill as I didn't know but what a lion was wounded and after him. I had no more started until a young buck jumped up right in front of me and stood broadside. I couldn't help but take a shot, killed him cut his throat and put him in a small tree for fear we couldn't find him again in this thick brush. I hurried up the hill with him yelling all the while. Upon reaching him I found that he had wounded four deer and then his gun had jammed. Two of the deer were still in sight when I arrived but something had gone wrong with my gun too. I probably bumped it on a rock in my rush up the hill. We fussed with those guns until these deer were out of sight in the thick brush. I afterward wondered what would have happened if it had been a wounded lion he had been yelling about. We never did find the four deer he wounded.

Afterward we climbed down into a deep canyon where palm trees were growing. On top of the rim pine trees were flourishing and down in this canyon palm trees were growing. We found plenty of lion and bear tracks here.

#### A Scary Path

On our way out we saw what we thought would be a short cut back to our horses. It looked like a nice level ledge leading up out of this canyon with a high cliff above and another several hundred feet drop below. Up this we started. It was a fairly good trail but as we proceeded on this nice level path it turned into an incline of about 45 degrees and there we were. We didn't dare go back down because there was more chance of slipping off to a hundred or so feet below than to keep on going. So we climbed, holding onto small grass roots or brush and digging our feet into whatever there was. Never did we know if the next step would be the last or not. I don't remember now for sure but I think we each were praying a silent prayer for help. After getting to the top we

both decided we didn't have need of any more short cuts.

We cut our names on trees in this canyon and in the cliff dwelling in some hills called Las Tres Costillos (The Three Ribs). We cut our names on the rocks.

In about ten days we climbed back up onto the rim. Then we went over into Guaynop Canyon, a place where there had been considerable mining and prospecting done. Mr. Heeder and I found a ledge we thought might be very rich in silver. We brought samples out but I never had mine assayed. Right after this the Revolution became so bad that mines way down in the interior didn't interest me at all.

Near this place was the Yaqui River and at this point it was nearly one hundred yards wide and very deep but just as clear as a spring. It was a very beautiful sight to see. It was warm enough to go swimming in. This was where our camp was located. We all had a good bath. From this canyon we climbed to Candelaria Peaks. From 1500 to 9000 feet we climbed. It was nearly Christmas but no snow had fallen as yet. This was where we could do our deer hunting. And believe me they were there. White Tail, Black Tail You could jump one up every hundred yards. We stayed just two nights and one day and had all our pack mules loaded and some of the smaller deer tied on behind our saddles. Each night at this place we could hear the lions roar. Sometimes quite near, they sounded, probably the smell of the freshly killed deer induced them to come so close.

#### The First Killing In The Colonies

At the end of 1911 things began to tense between Mormon colonists and Mexican neighbors. In the spring of 1911 several Mexican officials at Casas Grandes had appointed a presidente (Justice of the Peace) Baca, of Juarez. They thought it might help keep some of the difficulties ironed out. He appointed several deputy constables from the Mormons. The proof of stealing had been obtained on a Juan Soszo. So these deputies went to arrest him. Brig Stowell, one of them was crawling through a wire fence when Juan started to hit him on the head with his shovel. It looked like he might kill him so Jess Taylor shot Juan Soszo, killing him instantly. This caused quite a stir among the Mexicans. But the presidente stayed by our people. However Jess skipped out to the U.S. until it quieted down.

#### A Tragedy At Colonia Diaz

In the spring of 1912 my brother Frank who lived in part of our house (He and his wife occupied some of the rooms separated from the rest of the house) got up one night to see about his baby. The bedroom was upstairs overlooking the merchantile store which was surrounded by a high adobe wall. As it was moonlight he saw two Mexicans breaking into the store. He quietly aroused some men to arrest these fellows. They were stationed outside on the street where these men had to come out to leave the place. They hollered for them to throw up their hands but the Mexicans instead started firing and jumped on their horses to leave. In the shooting one of these Mexicans was killed. He fell from his horse about five blocks down the road at the edge of town.

He was a stranger to us but about two days later Brother Harvey went up to his farm several miles from town. Cesario Gonzales'



horse was in Brother Harveys crops so he sent his boy to tell the Mexicans where it was. Gonzales talked so mean to this boy that he became afraid and reported to his father. Brother Harvey went up to the Mexican's house where he was and found Gonzales with a gun. Brother Harvey saw that he was going to kill him so he ran quickly around the house But he was met by Gonzales at the next corner and shot down in cold blood. It was learned that the Mexican who had been shot at the store had been a brother of this Gonzales. He sought revenge. Gonzales skipped the country and no one ever heard from him again.

#### Working For The Railroad

In the spring of 1912 Earl Lemmon, John Galbraith and I each ran a commissary along the Mexican North Western line for the railroad company. In my camp were anywhere from 50 to 100 Mexicans. I was the only white. I had studied Spanish in school but couldn't speak it very well until this time but believe me I soon learned to speak it in a hurry. Most of the Mexicans were from way down in the interior of Mexico and all of them carried machetas reaching in length from fifteen to twenty four inches.

Nearly every day some one was cut badly or killed. As I mentioned before I had my army six shooter. For this commissary I had one box car for the store and another for my ware house. I had a cot which I slept on in the store car. I boarded with one of the families living in the tents. I was plenty nervous while working here as I never knew when something might happen that would get me in a jam. I always kept a pick handle ready under the counter in case of an emergency. This place was in a canyon with a big bluff nearby and I always thought if anything started I would try to get to this bluff and then see if I could keep them off with my gun.

Things became worse so they moved us three men into a central commissary. And boy it seemed good to have three of us together instead of being alone. The three of us with good guns felt fairly safe. But after a month things became so bad that they gave up having a commissary completely.

After the commissaries closed I worked for the Pearson Lumber Company helping build monorail and drying sheds for their lumber. There were seven miles of this monorail and another man and I riveted all this rail. This rail hung like a barn track only the beam was made of heavy steel eighteen inches high and hung between posts thirty one feet up in the air. We had a platform built which hung from this rail with a hand forge to heat our rivets.

The Rebels under General Salazar and Compo came to Pearson, this small sawmill town. They helped themselves to everything they wanted horses, saddles, clothes, groceries and so on from the company store. Things were plenty bad and we didn't like to stay here but they were paying such good wages because whites were hard to get that we hated to quit. I was drawing \$6. perday and that was big money in those days. When we left I went to Utah and worked for \$1.50 per day, so I felt kind of let down. These Rebels kept burning railroad bridges until they couldn't keep material on hand so the last month or so they kept me doing almost anything so I wouldn't leave. Things became so bad they finally closed everything. This was only a week before we all left the Mormon colonies. I had come home to visit and left a full set of

carpenter tools at Pearson which I never saw again.

This summer of 1912 there was another tragedy at Colonia Diaz. Aunt Domer Adams had died and her daughter and son-in-law, Charlie Parker had come to her funeral. They came in an automobile and a Rebel leader arrested Parks as a spy. He took him to Ascension, a Mexican town three miles from Diaz and held him there in jail. The Parks had a chauffeur driving the car. Will Adams, Parks father-in-law had a very bad temper. He started quarreling with this Rebel captain. The captain drew his six shooter to kill Adams. Parks wife jumped in front of her father but he being a tall man stood head and shoulders above his daughter. The Mexican shot him through the neck and killed him right there. So we buried Brother and Sister Adams in the same grave.

Will Adams sons, two grown men, were bound to go over and kill the captain but Bishop E.V. Romney (a brother to Sister Minnie Farr) talked them out of it. He said it would only cause more bloodshed.

(The history ends here. He could have written much more. I wish he had written about the exodus from Mexido and the trip to Salt Lake City, etc. W.W.S.)



## Lurlene Tenney

I. Lurlene Tenney, was born on the 19th day of May, 1891 in a two room Mexican adobe, flat roof house in Colonia Diaz, State of Chihuahua, Mexico. My father's name was Ammon M. Tenney born November 18, 1844 in Lee County, Iowa. My mother's name is Anna Sariah Eagar Tenney. She was born in Mill Creek, Utah on the 29th of May, 1850.

According to the pattern given to us by our church I was christened in Sacrament Meeting, though I have not been able to obtain any proof of this by records kept in the church. These were all gathered up by Bishop Romney at the time of the "exodus" from Mexico in 1912 and sent to church headquarters in Salt Lake City. To my very great sorrow I have no record of anything. What I remember is all I know. I was baptized as soon after my 8th birthday as possible. This was some time in May 1899. --Such a beautiful balmy day, I remember very well, warm and pleasant. Bro Andrew Anderson performed the baptismal rights, I knew this was the proper thing to do, then, as I do now. Then the next Sunday Bro Charles Whiting Sr. confirmed me and made me a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. In talking about this with my very best friend, Lucy Johnson, I recall that I said, "And just think-all my sins are forgiven", which meant very much to me at the time.

My school days began when I was seven years old, in our church building, which consisted of one large meeting room and auditorium for dancing and whatever we chose to use it for. Also four small class rooms. My first teacher was a Miss Florence Cluff, who came from Salt Lake City for the purpose of teaching. Never could I love anyone more. She was beautiful to me, patient and good. My school days to the eighth grade were a great joy to me. It was easy for me to learn. I was greatly favored by my teachers and certainly I loved them dearly. --My Dear, Sweet Pearl Whiting, also Alice Whiting, both of whom had been to school in Utah. Oh! It was magic to see the way they combed their hair, kept their shoes shiny and clean, above all (to see) their lovely dresses. Also the Fillerup Brothers, Charles and Erastus-good Latter Day Saints-best teachers who seemed to be interested in each one of us as people. Bro Charles who stayed in our schools for more than 25 years helped me more in my religious training than any other person I know. These two boys married the lovely Johnson cousins, Monita and Lulu. Erastus moved his family to Colonia Juarez where he taught in the church high school. (Academy)

My mother wove carpets for a living, our father having left us in Colonia Diaz. He moved to Colonia Dublan when I was four. The girls and boys both, all ten of us, as we became old enough worked and helped to buy food and clothing for the family. Mother sat at her loom eight hours a day and I remember her telling our friends when they would inquire that if she wove at the loom eight hours, she wove eight yards of carpet and if she was able to sell those eight yards she would get one Mexican peso which provided us with food for several days. My brothers usually worked for farmers around and would get produce for their work. My youngest brother, John, took sick with a sore throat and fever which I am sure we

would call diptheria now. He was very ill for two weeks and finally passed away.

Oh! The desolation of having to leave Johnny out there alone and the bitterness of home without him I was four years old at the time. My Dear, ever faithful mother would tell me when I would cry about Johnny, "He is with our Heavely Father now. Nothing can hurt him." This consoled me momentarily however, when I would try to play with his little red wagon the sting of his being gone seemed almost more than I could bear. Dear Brother John who comforted me when I was hurt, watched over me at all times. If I'd fall asleep he picked me up and carried me into the hosue, spent hours giving me rides in the little red wagon. I was the baby of the ten children. They were all indulgent with me, loved me, but none so much as Johnny.

Well! these happy and unhappy days passed as all times do and one experience follows another until it makes up a life time. -- Believe the next event of interest in the family was when my big brother Levi went away to school. While he was in Logan attending the Agricultural College the Spanish American War started. They were calling for volunteers everywhere. Mother received a letter saying that he had enlisted. This, of course, almost took her breath away. But with her deep courage and ever present faith she steered us through the sadness of what might happen by saying that God would watch over him and bring him safely home which he did after only about 10 months in the service. He was one of the famous "Teddy's Rough Riders" who trained and started to Cuba by way of Florida but at Key West their leader was killed, an accident, and Levi was able to come home.

Then there was the homecoming. --the happiness of everyone for his return. How proud I was of him in his blue suit--so handsome and grand. There was a double wedding in our family. My soldier brother married Clara Acord and my sister, Lois married Peter Kimball Lemmon. Oh! This was joy indeed. I was so thrilled over the plans and preparations. The girls dresses seemed to be the prettiest in the world. Then I had a new sister and a new brother. This takes me up to about 9 or 10 years of age. One sister remained at home with mother and me. This was Rosalia whom I thought was the prettiest, most beautiful girl. She had lovely dark eyes and a pretty olive complexion and what a sweet disposition she had. We loved her so much but as usual a good man saw and loved her and our home was mighty empty and desolate again when Ed Payne took her to Colonia Dublan to live.

When I was about twelve years old the president of the Primary Association asked me if I'd like to be secretary to that association. Of course I was very much honored and chose as my assistant Mynoa? Richardson. As friends we labored together - couldn't either one of us write very well. (What does she mean? W.W.S.) But we did our best and kept the roll books and minutes up to date. When I was older maybe 13 they asked me to be organist in Primary. This was the greatest honor I could have had at the time. You've never seen anyone who worked harder than I did to qualify for this job. --don't remember how long I was organist but I guess it wasn't very long because there was a Geneva Cox who could play the organ much better than I.



I started working in Primary when I was twelve as stated above and I have stayed with it pretty steadily. I believe I have taught all the classes, been president and held most of the offices at various times through my life. (Only last summer I was awarded an honor for having worked in the Primary for 25 years or more. (If she started at age 12, I would think she had worked in it for more than 50 years. W.W.S.) I am grateful for all of this experience. It is in Primary more than anywhere else that I have learned the fundamental principles of the Gospel. I learned that it is something you can lean on and tie to because it was given by our Heavenly Father.

I believe I was 14 when I graduated from grade school, the eighth grade. There was one year that was perfect. I was really someone. I was busy, happy, a little bit in love, I think, with Fred Whiting who was generally rated the worst tease in town. Well, he teased me so much that at times I wondered what was the matter with me. I always thought I was smart enough to keep even with anyone but Fred knew just what to say and what to do to make me feel frustrated. This went on for years. One moment when he was there I was in heaven the next I'd be so mad at him because he teased me so much. He graduated a year after I did from eighth grade, (Fred and John Whiting took turns helping their father on the farm which necessitated them missing half a year of school at a time.) Fred was a year older than I but due to this work on the farm he was behind me in school. My mother was ambitious for me to go to school so I attended the Juarez Stake Academy one year. Of course, I met many new people, made many friends and enjoyed myself very much. After this year or before the close of school my brother-in-law wrote me that if I'd come home I could get a job in the Union Merchantile store in my home town. (It was very difficult for Lurlene to stay at the Academy. Her mother tried to make a living for them while they were there but she couldn't make it work. W.W.S.) I was very happy to do this as my mother was getting too old to be able to work. I was glad to take over the responsibility of providing for her as well as myself.

From the time of going home from school (the Academy) until we were forced to leave "Old Mexico" we had very happy times. I was 17 years old. We, mother and I had built a new house down in the field east of our old one. Having sold the land and old house we used the money to build another adobe house which had a good shingle roof and real honest to goodness windows and doors. (Ammon had bought a shoe store building for them to live in when they first arrived in Colonia Diaz) We moved what little furniture we had from the old home into this new one and I made it my pleasure to add to furniture and to add all the things it takes to make us a comfortable home - such as a pump on the back porch. It seemed to me at the time that this was a most wonderful thing as indeed it was because at that time we didn't know about pipes, faucets, etc.

While we were struggling to get furniture in our house I recall that my sweet sister Rosalia came to visit us. I proudly bought her a new cot or couch, one that could be let down at night but could be made to look really nice in the daytime. She and her baby LaVon slept on it. Shortly after this my mother became very ill and all the children came home. How I enjoyed them, especially my oldest

brother Am who was so tender and sweet with our mother. She had a bad time for some months but finally recovered her health.

During the years that I worked in the store I taught the kindergarten class in Sunday School with Winnie Johnson Whiting and Verna Susan Black. These girls were cousins and very lovely people. There were in those days no picture shows in Mexico. We, the people, the members of the ward had to make our own entertainment. We had dances every Friday night as long as I can remember. In those dances we were not allowed to round dance. The position for round dancing was considered all together too familiar. We square danced and thought we were having the best time imaginable. Our dances were opened and closed with prayer, we always had a dance manager who looked after each boy and girl as they felt they needed looking after. We were more like a big family. Everyone was interested in everyone else.

Another form of entrainment which we had was the "Play" or theatre. This, I think, afforded more development and talent than any other one thing. We were careful to choose good clean plays and everyone sooner or later had a chance to take part. I loved it and shall never forget the evenings spent rehearsing and the fun we had. We also took pride in our music. There were so many nice, good voices in our little home town. We would sing everywhere we went, church parties, hayrack rides, walks for crowds in the beautiful moonlight nights. I have said all along that Arizona does not have as lovely moonlit nights as we had in Mexico. We also had the national holidays which we celebrated-such as El Cinco de Mayo, Sixteenth day of September, (Independence Day, from Spain W.W.S.), maybe some others which I can't recall. We used to go out to certain lakes too. Half of the town would go one week, the other half stay at home to do the chores. Everyone had cows, chickens, horses, gardens to irrigate and all the many things to care for on a daily basis that it takes to maintain homes and families. The next week those who had stayed home would go and vice versa, etc.

I saw the first automobile while I was working in the store. Mr. Alfred Boyd owned the car. He and his wife came to take me for a ride in it. It seemed incredible, I couldn't believe it. While I worked in the store I learned to speak the Spanish language pretty well. Most of our trade, Mexican trade, came from La Ascencion, a little town about five miles south and across the Rio Grande River. My Heavenly Father was good to me during that four years I worked in the store. The Mexicans would get small pox and died like sheep from it. Sometimes half of the little town of La Ascencion would die. I remember one epidemic they had when there were so many who died they didn't have enough people left to bury their dead. They would come over to the store and leave big scabs and scales as big as silver dollars on the counter. Yes, my Heavenly Father certainly blessed me and kept me from harm.

Most of the time during these four years while I was working in the store I was engaged to Fred Whiting. He was away at school in the winter and was working in the summer. We corresponded and I shall never forget how thrilled I was when I'd see him coming up the sidewalk toward the store.

Oh! The ecstasy of those long winter evenings at Christmas time



when we would walk or go for drives with the crowd and what grand fun we'd have holding hands, on the sly of course, and singing songs. Then, the goodnight kiss and early to bed, 11 o'clock, because we both had to work the next day. And the plans we made. When he would have all the schooling he could afford and I would have everything arranged and ready to go to Salt Lake City where we would be married in the temple. This arrangement was brought about sooner than we either one expected or hoped for.

Villa was on the war path and we were frightened all the time. With the men guarding at night and trying to tend to their crops during the day it was a very bad and sad time. We loved our town, our homes and our friends. We were terribly saddened when on July 1912 my brother Levi who had been in Dublan and Juarez brought the official word from Stake Presidency headquarters at Colonia Juarez that we were to pack a few things and move into the United States or at least across the line.

St. Johns Arizona to Salt Lake City between 1880s and 1890s  
Phoebe Tenney Gardner

One of the thrills of a lifetime came recently to Phoebe Tenney Gardner (Mrs. Horace B. Gardner) of 2008 E. Copper Street, Tucson, Arizona. Traveling from Phoenix to Salt Lake on July 22, 1959 in some two hours seemed like a dream compared with several of the long six week wagon treks made from St. Johns to Salt Lake City when Mrs. Gardner was a child. She best remembers the trip taken during her tenth year.

Phoebe Gardner was born February 10, 1876 in Kanab, Utah to Ammon M. Tenney (born November 16, 1844 in Lee County, Iowa) and Eliza Ann Udall (born June 20, 1855 in Nephi, Utah). Early in 1880, Mr. Tenney was sent to St. Johns to find out the possibilities for Mormon colonization in that region. He not only spoke Spanish fluently but also had served on a mission for the Mormon church in Arizona, New Mexico and Mexico in the 1870s. He kept a diary of his experiences in which he tells of a land inhabited by a few white men with Indian wives--a land of white men who were interested in only exploration and mining. He was, therefore, well qualified to study the future possibilities for successful colonization in Arizona.

Ammon Tenney's report on the St. Johns area was followed by the arrival of Jesse N. Smith and D.K. Udall, his brother-in-law, with the Mormon settlers in 1880. During the time the Tenney family lived here, and prior to their migration to Mexico, the family made several overland trips to the Salt Lake area. These trips were multi-purpose: visiting the relatives and working and marrying in the temple at Salt Lake City.

According to Mrs. Gardner forty or fifty people made those northward treks together. They apparently followed Beale's road to the Mormon road, on to Lee's Ferry where they crossed the Colorado River. (There was no bridge across the Colorado River until 1930 W.W.S.) The wagons were light weight and not the heavy type used in the westward movement. They were drawn by mules and horses, not Oxen.

The wagons were loaded so heavily with hay for the animals, that the children could not sit upright for some days. Grass across the vast stretches of desert land could not be depended upon for feeding the animals so essential to human survival. Two barrels of emergency water were carried--one for the animals and one for the occupants, unless the animals needed that water. The animals came first. They also had to have a supply of rock salt.

If water was scarce, Mrs. Tenney gave her children a small wooden chip that had been moistened in the water to hold in their mouths to somewhat control their thirst for water.

At night the wagons were placed in a circle with a fire in the center and a night guard. In the morning the families gathered around the fire for prayers to thank God for the safety of the night, to ask for safety during the day and to bless the food of which they were about to partake.

During the long, hot days, Mrs. Gardner recalls that the children often lived in fear of renegade Indians and outlaws. The occasional roadside graves added to their terror. In reminiscing, she said that all the people who died in route had not died



violently but among the children a worse fate could not have been imagined than dying and being left alone in a roadside grave.

The Lee's Ferry that operated to help people across the Colorado was not the four wagon flat-boat that Mrs. Gardner recalls. After the river was reached she remembers delays in finding a place for the wagons to go down and also get out; a wait for the melting snow water to run down.

The stay at the Colorado River was atleast for a week. The women and children were taken across first on a small flat boat held by guide ropes. This was a busy time for the women who washed clothes and put them out on the river bank to dry. Children were bathed and heads shampooed. Frijole beans were cooked and whole wheat bread made with starter yeast was baked in the dutch ovens (big iron pots on legs). It was an important time for the women to prepare for the last lap of the journey northward.

Meanwhile the men on the south banks of the roaring Colorado took the wheels off the wagons and brought them over one at a time. The mules refused to swim so were pulled across with their halters alongside the boat. Some boat loads would contain wheels, wagon tongues and boxes taken from the wagons.

One incident that Mrs. Gardner recalls was a wagon which floated off the boat and downstream. After much struggle the men were able to stop it which was no small feat in the dangerous rapids of the river.

Mrs. Gardner remembers in a later trip that there was a small settlement at Lee's Ferry. The trading post, there, had a few things to sell or trade, such as: dried peaches, sweet corn, squash and popcorn.

The travelers went on northward with the men trying to supplement their diet with an occasional deer, antelope, dove, squirrel or rabbit.

Eliza Ann Tenney probably hadn't heard much about conservation of natural resources but she insisted that no stick of wood be wasted in the camp fire. Precious wood must be saved for other travelers who were to come in the future.

As the group went on more rivers were to be forded. Two spans of horses were used for every river crossing as a safety measure. The men and boys had from the beginning to the end of the trip the constant job of building new roads or rebuilding the existing ones.

The return trip was much the same with the exception of a new additon from Utah's orchards-apples. Apples were everywhere possible, including the pockets of every child. Some apples were put away to share with the St. Johns neighbors on reaching home.

Collected by:

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Eliza Udall Tenney had two daughters, Olive who married Roy McFate and Phoebe. Eliza is buried in the Thatcher cemetery along with Anna Sariah Eagar Tenney and Hettie Adams Tenney, the first and third wife of Ammon M. Tenney. W.W. S.

Millicent Tenney McKellar

Mrs. McKellar was the eldest child of the third wife of Ammon M. Tenney. Her mother was Hettie Adams.

I was born in Old Mexico on December 25, 1890. I got a job keeping house for school teachers and I rented a piano and studied music. Then in the spring I went back but after one year in high school I left again and worked in a big sewing room in El Paso. While I was home, I met Bruce. Mother liked him but Father didn't. He had a small livery stable and was nice to me. When all, or almost all, the white people left Mexico he didn't leave but came to see me in El Paso and asked me to marry him. We were married that next summer--1913--in July. We both loved El Paso, so stayed there for four months and then went back to his work. My father spoke Spanish so he had us children learn from a well-educated woman, but he never allowed us to be friends with them only as they worked for us.

--?where he did a small business and was quite happy. Then a big company from London, England came in and leased the timber off the Sierra Madre Range from the Mexican Government and this opened opportunity in a big way for many people. Bruce happened to have more rolling stock, so got the biggest concessions. His work was up the San Miguel River twenty-five miles to the little town of Pearson.

For a long time Bruce had been a sixty-dollar a-month cowboy. then the Green Gold Company went to the deep south where they owned gold mines. Bruce followed them, and there he obtained a really good job. Then the company went broke, but they paid him every cent they owed him: \$2000. gold or American money, many horses and mules, buggies, saddles, harnesses, a blacksmith shop, a weaving house (where our saddle blankets and house blankets were made) and a complete hunting outfit in which several hunting men could go comfortably. Thus he got acquainted with many business men and doctors in El Paso. We paid taxes on twenty-eight thousand.

Bruce was a quiet man and this was his first real living. He was also a gentleman, with consideration for others.

At that time Mexico was a rich land. The Louis Terrasas (Terrasas?) cattle were fat and sleek the year around because the grass was good feed. Water was plentiful for there were rivers and lakes and springs every few miles, so the grass grew where you were. And all the cattle of Louis Terrasas didn't keep the grass eaten off. He was known as the Cattle King of the world. It seems there should have been plenty for everyone. There were many possibilities for the soil had hidden wealth. American men found it but had to leave it on account of the Revolution.

It seemed the poor had been poor for so many generations that life just was that way--a repetition of what had gone before. If only someone could have helped them--think. Finally someone did decide to do something to make conditions different and the result was chaos. We never dreamed that Mexican men could stir up so much blood-letting and cause so much more poverty and sorrow.

We left Columbus early one morning in a one-horse buggy as happy as we could be. After only a few miles we met about fifty Red flaggers or Rebels all drunk. But they were all friends to Bruce



so it was a happy meeting. They visited with him all day but just before dark they said good-bye. I was scared but Bruce just laughed at me.

The next day we were in the depot (of Nueves Casas Grandes). (then) he took me through the big, beautifully furnished home he had bought to get the carriage stable that went with it. Here he had a small business until the Pierson (Fred Whiting spells this Pearson, W.W.S.) Lumber Company leased all the lumber on the Sierra Madres Mountains and had started building the town twenty five miles up the San Miguel River. So that evening we were in Pierson. These English People had beautiful ideas. They built a lovely town, and so it could function properly all the public buildings were very large and extremely nice, too. And because Bruce had more equipment than any other man, he obtained a long-term lease on their big barn, where he could house three hundred horses out of the weather. (He had for a long time been a sixty-dollar-a-month cowboy for the Corralitas Cattle Company.) Then he quit and went to the south of Mexico and worked for the Green Gold company, which had gold mines down there. However this company went broke, but they paid him every dime they owed him and he had saved this money. (This company paid him \$2000 in American money, etc. see preceding page.)

Early in 1916 I was glad to see Dr. Spring back. I had spent the afternoon with Mrs. Alexander and when I came into my house there sat Dr. Spring in my kitchen with a five-gallon can of new molasses from the colony. He had a tablespoon and was eating molasses. I laughed but didn't blame him. We were all hungry for something sweet and that molasses made everyone a piece of cake that winter.

Already the Revolution had caused most of the white people to leave Mexico. Then when the great ship Titanic went down, Mr. Pierson, who was the head of the concern lost his life. With the Revolution the town was soon left with few white people. When we came back the electricity had been turned off and Bruce had about fifty men in the woods cutting and delivering wood to keep the fire insurance up.

The night we landed in Peirson, Ong, the Chinese cook had a nice meal and the house was clean. In a day or so he told me he didn't feel well. He showed me that his scalp was swollen about an inch all over. Bruce put him in the hospital but in a few days he died. So the head man sent me Sam. He would cook nothing but bread and stew. When he cut up lovely steaks into stew, I told him I'd cook and he could go home. Bruce talked to the head boy and so one morning a young Chinese boy came in with a white apron on his arm. He introduced himself to me, told me he could cook and was a good house keeper and said he hoped he could please me. He was my cook till I left Mexico. His name was Woo and he was a really good cook.

Now the Rebels were more daring. This was one of the first things I noticed about the uprising. They went into stores and helped themselves to bolts of bright colored satin, then had one shirt made and unfurled the rest of the bolt to drag behind the horse in the dirt. And about now Villa seemed to be the top leader. In the spring, Bruce took me to Idaho for our baby to be born in the United States. We were gone six months but were glad

to get back. We named the baby Bruce, Jr.

After a battle at Ciudad Juarez the Carranzistas (or Federales) and the Rebels decided to have one more fight to decide who should rule the northern part of Mexico. It was to be Agua Prieta (on the border between U.S. and Mexico in the State of Sonora). Villa went south for men and money and he claimed that the United States let the Federal soldiers across the border at El Paso and that they were shipped to Agua Prieta or near to it by train while the Rebels waded through the snow over the Sierra Madre Mountains. So when the Federales landed they and their horses were fresh but Villa and his men had waded through the snow and were not fit to fight. Of course he was badly beaten and was very angry at the United States. On his way south he killed every white person he found and vowed he would kill us all. He went over the Chocolate Pass and landed in Madera, another little American lumber town. There he found all the white people gone on the train. He caught the train and killed every man, woman and child--more than twenty innocent people. Then he went over the hills to the Frank Wright Ranch. There he took Mr. and Mrs. Wright and their cowboy, Frank Ridder out and stood the two men up and shot them. Then he took Mrs. Wright with him--to Columbus. Now he was going to whip the United States. He attacked Columbus and there, after about nine days with that devil, Mrs. Wright got away from him and hid in a ditch so when the rebels were beaten she was on the right side of the line.

When Villa took Mrs. Wright she had left a twenty-month-old baby boy in the house alone. That little fellow was there about three days--no fire, snow on the ground, no food. It must have been terrible. Finally the Mexican family who had watched and finally decided the Rebels were all gone came and got him. Then as soon as the thirty five Federales knew the Rebels were gone they went up and brought him to the white women in Pierson who sent him to his mother then in the hospital in El Paso.

Early one evening Bruce came home and asked me if I would like to ask Mrs. Womer and family to go to Colonia Juarez. Certainly I wanted to go so I called her. She was as interested as I was, so we went. That afternoon it had rained and it was cold. It was ten miles to Colonia Juarez over low hills; when we got over the first hill, the rain had turned into hail large as marbles or even baseballs and about sixteen inches deep. When we got to the hotel Mrs. Harper told us the town was having an ice cream bust and asked us to go. It was to be in the high school auditorium. We went and I never saw so many different kinds of cake and ice cream. We danced and had a really delightful time. The next day we came home and the hail had frozen. The poor horses feet were all cut and bleeding. It was our only way to get home--but we had a delightful time.

Mrs. Keeler was almost an invalid and she almost never went out of her house. She was very nice but ill, so we tried not to bother her. One day we were all invited to her house to a tea. We all went. She was very charming and we had a lovely afternoon. Then the train unexpectedly rolled in and we all got mail. It was a red-letter day. She seemed to shower us with a special happy feeling. And to add to it, all of us got our mail. Funny, she read our tea leaves and told us about our mail that would be in



before dark. It was certainly a day to remember.

Then one day soon after, we asked Mrs. Keeler to go with us to the river for the day, but she told us she wouldn't try anything so big. So Mrs. Womer and her children, Mrs. Mann and her three, and Bruce, our boy, Bruce Jr. took a picnic and spent the day on the bank of the San Miguel River. Bruce seemed his happiest that day with a son. A Mexican man came to my door one day to tell me that Louis Terrasas' foreman at San Diego had joined the Rebels and his family were ill. I tried to think what I could do but for days I didn't know for the poor Mexican will not take charity. Finally, this was my plan. I tore a sheet up and found some socks and a silk shirt of Bruce's that needed mending. Then I got ten kilos of fresh meat, ten of corn, ten of beans, four pounds of coffee and five of sugar. I asked Mrs. Womer to go with me. I showed the mending to do. Then I showed them the food and asked if it was enough to pay for the mending. The mother said, "Wonderful, wonderful." I gave her needles, thread, a thimble and scissors. She must have been forty or fifty but seemed able. She had a blind and crippled daughter and then there was the young mother with several small children. When we went back for the clothing I never saw such beautiful mending and she said the scissors and needles, thread and thimble would make her the richest woman in San Diego.

In a few months a Mexican came by to tell me the foreman was home. Before daylight Bruce put five shells in his pocket, took his gun and went to the river. He came back with fourteen ducks cleaned and ready to cook. After breakfast he went to the barn. In an hour or so he called to see if he could ask the Federal officers to breakfast. Of course he could and Woo fixed them a nice meal. I mention this because there was an American boy about my age with them and he had been shot in the head. When it was too late I was sorry I didn't ask him if I could look at it. Maybe if I had clipped the hair around it and cleaned it, it could have saved his life. Mrs. Womer had taught me many things. But the only thing I did for him--he asked me to play some on the piano and I did. Poor little boy! He must not have been more than twenty three or four and died before his train got to El Paso.

The poor lived in one room jacals (pronounced hackals). They were built of mesquite limbs tied together with grass and mud. There was only one room and one bed and one small trunk or box which held the single change of clothes for each. Every day the bed was rolled up against the wall and no one sat on it. The rich people lived in larger houses around a patio where each child was taught the fineness of right living. The rich people didn't seem to be aware of the cruel poverty of the poor.

Now we had Bruce Jr. and we were content. He was a very nice child and it was a pleasure to have him. His father was so proud of him and immediately started taking him horseback riding.

Now that he had a son he was ready to settle down and make a good life. He liked the upper-class Mexican boys and I am sure they liked him. He went with them to their bull fights and weekly rodeos. But he left most of the dances to others although he was a good dancer and if I wanted to go he took me.

As soon as he got back to work he persuaded Mr. Cooper, the manager, that those huge mills would never make money. Small

mills set up in the timber would do it cheaper and bring faster money. So soon train loads of lumber were rolling to Ciudad Juarez for El Paso or Chihuahua City which made the men all happy to be working.

Pierson was a pretty little town and nicely laid out. There was a huge hospital, a large hotel, a big store where one could buy anything from groceries to golf equipment, a liquor store with a lounge where one could drink, a large dance hall, and there were two very large saw mills. It was fronted by a beautiful artificial lake where Bruce used to take us boating once in a while. These saw mills were about one block square and two stories high. Bruce gave me a lovely saddle and he and I hid it in one of these mills but could never find it again. Then there were cargo storage buildings and a large place for dry kilns. Bruce had hauled \$15,000 worth of dry sand to build these kilns but the wind blew the sand away.

I guess Mrs. Womer and family and Bruce, our son and I were the only people who took lake rides which we did quite often. It was a most charming lake, sitting against these two big mills and now water willows grew around a lot of it. There were lots of fish, especially river bass. We could appreciate the beauty of the town's location. Just below, five miles, were a few hot springs. The upper-class Mexicans had built bath houses and the springs were in a narrow place where the hills pushed the river and springs close together with lots of water willows for privacy. Out of the side hills gushed the hot water which, mixed with river water, was warm and pleasant.

In Pierson because of a big dance hall the elite young ladies of each town put on a dinner dance. It smacked of high society and made us all feel very alive. There were several things which made us all happy. We Americans were always invited and always went. The young people were dressed in the latest fashion and all were beautiful dancers. They danced at least two square dances without callers--and it was a beautiful sight. The hall swayed as these young people silently would swing through the different patterns. We white people danced but once with our partners, usually a waltz or lancers(?) but the American men always danced with the hostesses, usually a tag waltz. And after the dance the dinner was delightful--so many kinds of good food so daintily served. These were the only social events of the year because of the Revolution.

As soon as Bruce started working the money began rolling in and he hired more help. Now I had Woo, the cook, another Sam, a professional laundry man and Fong, a housekeeper. These boys had been trained in California and now my house was run like clock work. Then he hired a nice little Mexican nurse girl (criada), Presaliana, to care for my baby when it came. And he gave me Manuel, a lackey or Moso. I protested but he explained that they all had to eat and he was more able to hire too much help than most. I was really glad he hired Manuel for he lived in a dug-out with a wife and six little ones. And he was really a lackey, for when the trains didn't bring ice every day Manuel cheerfully waded into the river for ice for my ice box. I always had him sit by the range in the kitchen to get dry and warm and gave him dry socks, three good meals a day and milk and eggs every day for his family.



Mr. and Mrs. Womer were good friends of Bruce's. She was a trained nurse and Mr. Womer bought and sold cattle. They had three lovely children: Margaret, Mike and Ma-Honey or Stanley. Margaret was going to Maria Lara to learn Spanish, Mike had his dogs and Ma-Honey his stick horse. They were cute boys and Margaret was a charmer. Mrs. Womer got a trained nurse from Colonia Juarez to help her through her pregnancy. One day the nurse's father came by with a load of hay for the Chinese boys up the river three miles. These boys raised vegetables for us to buy. Well, she went with her father and had only been gone a few minutes till she was needed. Mrs. Womer called me. I had never been to a birthing but it was good experience. When the nurse got back there was a lovely baby girl bathed and asleep and Chewey had the other children home and fed. From my first day in Pierson Mrs. Womer was my warm, true friend and I needed her so it was a mutual friendship. Each morning we had a little visit and she even gave me a get-acquainted party. There were four of us.

As if we didn't have troubles of our own we shared those of others and they ours. The last part of one of the Womer herds came by way of the Chocolate Pass. When they got that far, men and cattle were tired so they camped. Soon some Rebels came riding into camp. Mr. Bishop was head man, Carl Eck was the driver of Mr. Womer's car, and Bill the only negro in the camp. (It is a disgrace to sit or stand by a Negro in Mexico, or used to be. M.T.M.) The Rebels took these three, stripped their clothes off them and then shot them. Bill was dead with one shot. Mr. Bishop ran down hill, Carl ran up hill. It took one more shot each for the other two to die.

Mr Eck, an old friend from El Paso who came in as soon as he heard of his son's death, sat in my living room in front of the fireplace, not talking, eating or sleeping much--just grieving, as we all did. for those fine men who had lost their lives in such a senseless way. But his son, Carl was only fourteen or fifteen and we had learned to love him for he had spent his leisure hours in our house playing our phonograph with the one hundred fifty disks we had. The phonograph was in a room by itself and so bothered no one.

After weeks of no train, we suddenly had a train. On it that night Mr. Romney brought his son who had been killed in a mine in Arizona. The river was up so he put the coffin in my living room (with our consent) and it stood there maybe a week waiting for the river to go down.

The next morning, Mr. Eck took Carl to El Paso to bury him. Because he was so young and we loved him our hearts were with them.

The last herd of cattle Mr. Womer took to the border was out on the Mexican side while we went to the officers on the line to get passage and money. In a few days these officers decided they had better see where he was. Investigation disclosed two white men floating in the Rio Grand River which separates the United States and Mexico. They wired Bruce to get Mrs. Womer out to identify her husband. She left with her children, but all they ever found were his tracks back to his herd. Several of his friends decided he had been murdered and thrown down a deep dry well. Bruce came to investigate and came to the same conclusion.

She wrote me a sad little letter asking if I would pack her possessions and ship them to our broker in Ciudad Juarez. We never lost her but didn't see her for twenty-five years. She came to see us and we went over it many times. We sent her everything except the two big dogs. Tige, the bull dog, loved my son and came home with him willingly, but the hound wouldn't leave the door step of the Womer house or eat, so we just had to watch him grieve and starve to death. It made us all ill.

With the snow on the ground and a cold wind blowing one of the wives of Bruce's help waded barefoot through the snow to bring me some tamales--The Rebels had shot her only game hen. She felt she owed me because I had dressed a wound on her husband's hand that happened in the wood camp. The little criada told me I shouldn't eat anything for I was already sick but she was so proud to offer me anything as wonderful as a tamale. Finally I took a bite right through uncleaned guts. I have never been so desparately ill in my life, but it offended her. Well, I gave her a pair of old shoes so now we were fast friends. After that she often came with some small favor but I always gave her something in return-- a loaf of bread or a cup of molasses or a jar of jam. She never knew how terribly ignorant she was, poor dear.

The regular Federal Army came to town so the next morning the women who followed them on foot came in. I kept my eye on my front door so none of them could get in. I looked up to see the most horrible woman I had ever seen. She was terribly dirty but also very diseased and was practically dragging a little girl who looked to be about seven years old. This child was not a Mexican for she had long, very blond ringlets hanging to her waist. No Mexican ever could claim that hair. She was eaten up with disease. I wanted to take her but didn't dare say anything: "neutrality" or help to some starving family was our only salvation. I gave the woman some bread and told her not to come back.

Mr. Webb was a small, nice, old man. He rode a big horse and often came to my door to greet me but he never came in. One day he said, "Mrs. Bruce, do you know how to make gravy?" i said, "Yes, I do." He asked if I would make him some and I said certainly I would. After that we always kept a dish of milk gravy on the stove for him. The Mexicans all liked him and many of the men told me how he had helped them through sickness and poverty. He had some kind of business but I've forgotten just what it was.

One afternoon Bruce came into the house just as pale and agitated as a man could be. "What on earth is the matter?" i asked him.

"The Redflaggers brought Silvester Cavada to the barn and were going to force me to witness his execution. Now you know how long we've been friends and I just couldn't do it. Well about that time the shetland stallion got under the belly of one of the male horses and was kicking the daylights out of him. They thought that was pretty cute so while their fun lasted I got away."

To walk into a Mexican home one would never think there was fear but I found most Mexican women were just as afraid as I was. The Revolutionists were the only ones who were not afraid and they were on someone else's horses showing off. All the rest of the men took an easy day each day to live another day.

The Chinese boys usually went to the big hotel every afternoon.



and as soon as he could walk they took young Bruce so in no time he spoke a few words and understood a lot of Chinese. Then he had a Mexican nurse who was anxious for him to speak Spanish. He didn't get the two languages mixed but sometimes he forgot how to speak English.

Of course I was alone in the house most afternoons. One day a loud knock sounded on my back door. I froze, but knew I had to go and greet whoever was there. I went and it was a white cowboy. He told me Bruce had sent him to me but he had just met Mr. Cooper who told him to open an empty house. He wanted to know if I would take care of his big bag. I did, heavy as it was, I put it in the ice box and it lay there for months. When they came to Pierson again and were at my breakfast table he said he would take his bag, "Please. I hope it's all there, Mrs. Bruce." I said, "You don't think any one of us would open it?" "Well," he said, "There is only \$20,000. in American money in that bag." Then I said, "What if the Rebels had searched our house? When they found all that cash, they would have shot us all and taken your money." Well, that sobered him some.

We had to take our baby to the depot twenty-five miles down the river to Dr. Gay. When he passed our big house, there was a long line of people waiting to see Villa. In the line was a white cowboy. Well, Villa had moved into our lovely home without leave. Now this cowboy knew Bruce and called a "hello" to him. He has never been seen again. A Mexican who knew him told Bruce that Villa had him shot that day.

When Villa left our house he set fire to it and burned it down. I have often thought of those huge paintings--one was a dance scene-- and of those hand made drapes hanging from high ceilings to floor. When I visited Maxmillion's palace in Mexico City there were the same drapes but not the elegant furnishings. We also had a large moose head. The Moose Lodge wanted to buy it and offered \$1000. but we never got it to them.

One morning I stepped out my back gate into the back yard and there lay a negro boy guard with a knife in his back. Oh Dear--I stepped back in, locked the gate and went into the house to phone Bruce. He came and called Mr. Cooper and in a few minutes that poor boy was gone.

On a crisp morning I went to Mrs. Mann's on an errand. We were standing on her back step when three Rebels rode up taking her dress off her line.. Then they started off with my little guernsey cow. I took after the cow, talking in Spanish just as fast as I could, telling them how many sick babies depended on that cow's milk to live. All the time they kept driving her on. I was in front of these Rebels but behind the cow. They just kept driving her on and on--then all at once they gave a big yell and rode off leaving me and the cow behind. That was once I cried a few scared tears.

On another occasion Bruce came into the house agitated and when I asked him what the matter was he told me of this other boy whom we both knew who had been brought in to be executed. This time the train was bringing two cars of horse feed to be unloaded in the barn and Bruce's full force was there to unload the hay and grain. The Rebels' horses were on the track so they had to get them.

While they were doing that the stable hands all got away. I can't seem to remember this boy's name but I knew him. He was eighteen. His parents were wealthy as were the Cavadas.

I was bathing my baby son when Woo asked me to come to the kitchen. I saw five Rebels and three prisoners digging a hole--in fact a big hole. In a few minutes they stopped digging and were lined up and shot so they fell into the hole they had just dug. Then in a few minutes the Rebels left but came back with two more prisoners who shoveled dirt onto the three who had just fallen into the hole.

One evening Bruce brought two men home for dinner and a bed. One seemed quite ill--he had a high temperature and a bad cold. I did what I could for him and the next morning he was better though far from well. I tried to get them to stay until he was well but they were in a hurry so Woo fixed a lunch for them and they started out in an open handcar in a bitter cold wind.

Once three or four of them were riding through Pierson and stopping where anyone lived. Sam was outside washing. I took some dainty hand-trimmed dresses out to be washed. I held one up to see if it need mending. These fellows rode up and the leader reached over and took that dress out of my hands. These foolish men kept riding as far into the big lake as they dared with all that silver on their saddles and bridles and clothes and hats. The leader had his saddle bags full of silver coin. Then he went in again, this time farther. Down he went never to come up again. His wife lived near me and seemed a lady. She was a trained nurse and all she said to me was "Es. es por Dios--God's will." She didn't stay long in the north but went home, I suppose.

In the early fall of 1915 when Villa brought his badly beaten soldiers back from Agua Prieta, Sonora, he stationed three hundred top officers in San Diego, the headquarters of one of Louis Tarrassas' cattle ranches, five miles from Pierson. There these men rested through the winter. They were mostly Spanish not Mexican or Aztec. Almost all were blue eyed with fair skin and reddish-blond hair. They were all of the wealthy class and the most handsome men I had ever seen. Their clothing was simply grand to look at. Even their horses were beautiful and their saddles were works of art, trimmed with inlaid silver and mother of pearl and silver bangles all around. The most outstanding part of their dress was their hats. They were like huge sombreros, trimmed with gold and silver and precious gems. The local people called them "Garudos", poking fun at them. These men had nothing to do so they rode over the country all winter, taking anything they wanted from the very poor and helpless. And so we were all very much afraid of them and their riding and laughing through the town kept us all in a state of fear and anxiety. I had encountered these riders several times before and had come away with the best of the encounter but I was still very afraid.

One morning there was a sound at my front door. I looked out and there were five of these riders on horses at my door. I tried to get some of the help to go to the door but the Chinese men got worse treatment than the poor Mexicans so neither the cook nor the laundryman nor the little Mexican Nurse girl nor the moso, Manuel would go, so I did. "Buenos Dias Senores," I said. He--the head



man--returned my salute and then proceeded to tell me how beautiful I was and that he had always wanted an American wife. Would I go with him? "Con su permiso, senor, soy casada y tengo familia." ("I'm sorry to have to tell you that I am married and have a family") Then he said he didn't want my family, just me. I told him I had a fine husband and a two-year-old son and was expecting another soon. That sort of cooled him a little, but then he asked me for a loaf of bread. I went back into the house to find out if there was any bread to spare. I brought him a loaf and hoped that was the end of the scare but the next morning they were there again and were each morning for many weeks.

His constant love-making was getting very fervent and I was almost ready to panic. My husband and I didn't know what to do because we were not allowed to leave town, so we couldn't take me to the United States. He said it was wiser for me to handle the situation alone. So I just kept giving him a loaf of bread each day.

One morning early a man who was our good friend and neighbor called at my front door. Mr. Arosco was sort of a leader of the regular men in Pierson. He told me had just heard about this man calling at my door each morning and making himself disagreeable. With this news was the information that the officers were being shipped out on the next morning's train. This man had planned to kidnap me. Now Mr. Arnold told me not to open the door to him one more time because he was boasting of this new American venture and was capable of carrying out his plan. And it was so--he was going to kidnap me.

I was almost beside myself with fear but knew I was much better off with my husband not there. In fact, Mr. Arosco said I was better off alone. So I locked the house and pulled down the window shades before they came. He shouted and when no one came to the door he pounded with his quirt on the porch post. Then he became violently angry and beat his quirt to shreds on it. After a while he jerked his horse and spurred him away. This was the last I saw of him for at three the next morning he was shipped south. But some of the men took my baby's pet bull dog. Of course we comforted him as best we could, knowing how his baby life would have been changed if he had lost his mother.

Toward the end of our stay in Mexico, the train came in and brought all the railroad officials and their wives. Each woman opened a vacant house, borrowed a broom and swept it out to make herself comfortable for a few days. They were a happy crowd. The next morning the men took the train for Chihuahua City to meet with the Mexican State Officials. The night before these people got into Pierson, a train of lumber was started up there to Chihuahua City but when it got halfway there, to Cumbre Tunnel, the Redflaggers had set fire to the tunnel and they forced the engineer of the lumber train to run almost through so it would burn. This passenger train ran quite a way in before the engineer discovered that the tunnel was on fire for it was long. He stopped and reversed the engine but it jumped the track and there they were. There were a few women on the train one with five small children whose husband was dispatcher in Chihuahua City. None were burned; they all smothered to death. The tunnel was sheared up with

mesquite wood and creosote. There was nothing that would put out the fire. Two Mexican men saw the passenger train go in. They tried to get there to tell them but they just could not go so fast. Well, every available man went to the aid of those stricken people. Bruce took equipment that would have pulled the passenger car out but those people had gone into little pockets where they smothered. Everyday for weeks I had tools repaired and sent groceries and horse feed and anything they could use. But there was one bad sight. About fifty yards in the tunnel stood the little flag boy, leaning against the wall with his handkerchief over his nose with the other hand holding his flairs for help--standing dead.

While we were still talking about this awful thing a boy from town came to tell us that an old gentleman whose family lived in El Paso had had a stroke and died. Then, while we were still together a man on horse back came to tell us that George Redd had been shot and killed by a Mexican neighbor who was a Rebel. And a little Mexican boy herding sheep had been found killed by a mountain ? out north of Colonia Juarez.

After his encounter at Columbus, Villa camped three miles north of Colonia Dublan, vowing he would kill every white person the next morning. That night he released a prisoner from Pierson who came home fast. Bruce told me he had to guard all night but he and Mr. Webb went on horseback to Villa's camp and told him those people were on his side--although they were not fighters they sympathized with him. The next morning Villa made a big detour around that town and camped three miles south of Pierson, vowing he would come in and kill us all, especially Webb and Bruce.

The next night Bruce and I were sitting at the dinner table when we heard the most peculiar noise. It sounded like a motor but it was up in the hills. We listened and then went to the back yard with the Chinese boys. Finally we decided that it was those sixty Chinese boys who lived in town in the big hotel. They had lost their reason. At least we could understand that. Then about eight o'clock a train whistled down the river about a mile. Villa! We knew he had been below us for he had sent word that he was going to come in and kill us all. When Villa could, he came in on a train and some of his followers set fire to the town. Well, the whistle blew--Villa! Now the train was across the river and the guns began to pop--Villa! We got up. Bruce took his gun and ammunition, I picked up the two babies and we went out the front door. He took the boy. I walked about twenty-five feet to give a sniper a chance to shoot as I always did. I stood a moment then back I came. It was a dramatic moment. He kissed us all three and promised me he would shoot us all if necessary rather than let us go through the Wright's experience. I sat in a large wicker chair with both babies. Bruce was gone on the run and in a minute a train load of lumber between me and the train yard was set on fire. Now I knew it was Villa. But now I was calm. All these three years of fear and suffering were over. I had nothing to fear. When that bell rang which was the signal for me and the Chinese boys to go to the hotel behind my house I never gave it a thought. In fifteen or twenty minutes Bruce came running back. He stood for maybe a minute before he could speak. Then he almost whispered: "No more fear. General Pershing is here!" Then the Chinese boys who were



standing in the door began chattering in Chinese. Bruce said, "I'm going to the slaughter house and dress meat out for those hungry boys for their supplies are all behind them." So I put my babies down and Woo, Sam, Fon and I kept my big range going full blast making biscuits and coffee. When the meat came in we began cooking it. Joyous day--or night! Those colored boys were our salvation for certain. About four o'clock they left after Villa. He never came back north and although he is a hero to some, those who lived through those thee dreadful years can never count him a friend, although he is dead.

The next morning we were all about in the street to hash it out and there was that noise again and soon it was over our heads. It was a one-beater scout plane and was used by General Pershing to keep track of the Redflaggers and keep them in their place.

Why were we by-passed so many times? And how did we live to tell this tale? This is a true story though there is more to tell.

Now I am told that Pierson as it was is just a small Mexican town--nothing big, just a small farming community.

The John Slaughter Ranch  
by Millicent Tenney McKellar

(Millicent was the eldest child of the third wife of Ammon M. Tenney. She was born in December of 1890 in Colonia ~~Dublan~~, Mexico. W.W.S.) Dier

In 1892, John Slaughter hired my father to run the farm on his ranch. So he moved his family to the ranch and we lived there one year. Mr. Slaughter had been married and had two children, Addie and Johnnie. His first wife died and then he married Charlotte.

Soon my brother, Eugene and I were welcome in the Slaughter home. Mr. Slaughter had a big house about a mile from where we lived. He and his wife were partial to both of us. They tried to get my mother to give us to them. Of course she took this as a joke.

There are many memories I have of those kind people. Mrs. Slaughter often made a bed for us at the foot of her bed so we could stay all night. Mother had a nice singing voice and the family was often invited to spend the evening, for Mother played chords on the piano and sang. This made an evening on a ranch a little nicer.

Across the fence (the fence ran along the border between Mexico and the U.S.) from us was a Mexican family. Their daughter who was about my age and I ran away one day. When we got close to the big house I realized I had a dirty dress on so I got Juana to unbutton it and I put it on back to front. As soon as I got there, Auntie Slaughter sent me home for she knew I had run away. But she had Fisher, one of the cowboys, take me home on his horse. I was just three years old. Now I had always thought that Fisher was extra nice so this day I was certain he would marry me some day. I can't remember how Juana got home.

Come Christmas Auntie Slaughter gave me a set of dishes, even with knives, forks and spoons. She also gave me a lovely satin chair and a doll. I could keep my doll clothes in the seat of this chair. I remember a family came to visit my folks and mother fixed a play dinner for me, as there were two little girls, one older and one younger. We did have a grand day, for they had their dolls too.

Behind the house was a negro family. His name was Bat, hers was Lavinia. Everyone liked him. He raised a big garden and was kind to everyone. Lavinia was always cross and we were all afraid of her. One day mother went to the garden to get vegetables, which was her privilege. Bat was in the field helping my father. Mother looked up and here came Lavinia with a big knife. Mother grabbed me and got out of the garden right then.

The Slaughters had a swimming pool. (It is a large pond fed by the spring. W.W.S.) Auntie Slaughter used to take my dress and petticoat off me and the young people would swim a little with me, then set me on the edge of the pool to watch. Johnny always teased me. He made me think he was going to pull me into the pool. I knew it was too deep for me, so I was afraid.

My folks went to Tombstone to get their groceries and of course Eugene and I went also but I have never been back, and cannot remember anything about the town. I do remember going there but the town didn't impress me as the ranch did. Somewhere mother got



a pretty little bed for me. She put it at the foot of her own but I wanted it fixed so my head was next to her. She moved it as I wanted and one night I looked up to see a wild Indian looking at me. I called Mother and she picked me up and took me into the other room where she rocked me to sleep. But my father went out and talked to the Indian and I was never scared again.

One day Eugene and I were on Mr. Slaughter's lap. He took his gun out of his belt and had it in his hand, almost in my lap. I thought he was going to shoot a calf that had pushed its head into a can so far that no one could get it out. It scared me, because I thought that shooting a big calf like that would be wicked. But he gave the calf to one of the girls who was visiting there and he showed me I could touch the gun without getting hurt.

I remember that when anyone had a birthday, Auntie Slaughter always had a party. And, of course, Eugene and I were included. All the cowboys were unmarried and sometimes there would be girls there for the party. But the big thing to me was that I either slept with Mr. and Mrs. Slaughter or she made a bed on the floor for us. That was the next best thing. Then, in the morning we had breakfast there and some of the boys took us home before dark.

That fall my father cut the corn and harvested the ears. He put the stalks to one side for the cattle to eat. The corn itself did not impress me. I just saw a big pile of ears--but the stalks were cut in small pieces for the cattle to eat and I was not allowed to play near it and I wondered why.

Auntie Slaughter came to see us in Safford, Arizona in 1910 and again begged mother to give me to her because she could put me in school. But mother was really ill so I didn't want to go with her.

After the years, Mr. Slaughter died but before his death he cleaned Cochise County of bad men. For that the state should be thankful for in those days there were many of them. But John Slaughter was afraid of no man. As I think of him now, he was short and sturdy but I may be mistaken. I saw Auntie Slaughter after I was twenty and she was still a very beautiful and intelligent lady. I am certain that John Slaughter was no ordinary man or Charlotte would never have been his wife.

I feel free to say they were all law-abiding people and respected. Young though I was, I learned many good things from Auntie slaughter. And, as John slaughter could not abide bad men, he had the sterling quality of demanding decency in his associates. He was a wonderful man just the sort the west needed, for at that time Indians and bad men migrated westward because there were so few strong men who stood for the right. I wonder if there is one Arizonan who has never heard of John Slaughter. He was famous for good reason. Even his cowboys were strong men who were not afraid to stand for the right. If they were weak or dishonest they didn't last long.

Now the ranch is sold. This little article is in memory of those two wonderful people.

(Today the "John Slaughter Ranch has been made into a National Monument. It is an interesting place to visit. It is about thirty miles east of Douglas and less than half a mile north of the Mexican border. The Tenney house was built with the breezeway stradling the border. In case the "Feds" came Tenney could step across the border. Eliza Udall Tenney, his second wife, lived there with him also. Wasn't there a television series made about John Slaughter and his ranch? I think the ranch used to be called the San Bernardino Ranch??? If so it was established during the 1500s and used as a watering place by the Spaniards on their way north to Santa Fe.) John Bret Harte who was the editor of the Journal of Arizona History helped Millicent with the organizaton of this article during the 1960s. To my knowledge it has not been published. W.W. S.)



MANTI CEMETERY

Sacred  
to the  
Memory  
of  
JOHN EAGER

who was

Born 13 July 1823

Cauga Co. N.Y.

Baptized 1844

Died 5 March 1864

Dear Brother John May Your Remains  
Rest here in peace  
'Til that great morn  
When Michael's trump  
Shall sound its strain  
To Awake the Church of the First Born  
Amid that Britht Celestial Throng  
Thou'll take thy place  
Without complaint  
For hast faithful been on earth  
As husband, father, friend and saint.