



**WILLIAM ALBERT BEEBE**

Person #30 on chart #1

William Albert Beebe, son of John Beebe and Lydia French was born at Greenville, Green, New York Jun. 1813 and is a direct descendant of John Beebe, born at Broughton, Northampshire, England in 1577. who died on board ship May 18, 1650 when he and his children were coming to America.

I have been unable to find very much on grandfather's life before the early 1840's when I found a notation of his eldest son having been born in Sheridan, New York, where it is presumed he joined the Church together with his family and probably one or two brothers as Joseph Beebe was ordained an Elder on March 4, 1840 and did missionary work in New York and New Jersey, where he baptized twenty five converts and it is know that grandfather took his family to St. George to work in the Temple, that he baptized for his father, John Beebe, his grandfather Joseph Beebe and work was done for his sisters Sophia Pauline, born at Weststockbridge Oct. 10, 1809 and died July 24, 1872 and Julia Ann, born at Greenville, New York Aug. 23, 1811, died Feb. 22 or 24, 1845.

Grandfather didn't take his family to Nauvoo until the fall of 1844 after the martyrdom of the Prophet and they lived in this city where on Jan. 7, 1846 he received his endowments and his first wife Louisa Newton, daughter of Philo Newton and Lois Brooks, was sealed to him. That fall, they were driven from Nauvoo by the mob and after they left the city, they lived in a cellar together with seven other families and often had to live on fragments of food which was left by the soldiers. They, then went to Winter Quarters, where they remained until 1847 when they recrossed the Missouri river and went into Pottawattamie Co. Iowa.

On June 21, 1845 grandfather and his wife Louisa received patriarchal blessings given by William Smith, Patriarch of the city of Joseph and in this blessing he was told, "the gifts of wisdom and knowledge are thine and the discerning of spirits and no one shall have power to deceive thee by their cunning craft, for in a most marvelous manner hast thou enjoyed the gifts of the spirit in times past and the wicked acts of men have known to thine understanding from which thou hast been delivered from their devices to destroy thee, and if faithful and true conquest shall be your common lot and for thy comfort, thou shall inherit greater wisdom and understanding and greater mysteries even as Paul of old." And in another patriarchal blessing given by Patriarch, John Smith, he was promised that "thy posterity shall be many and shall be esteemed as the excellent of the earth. Thy name shall be honorable to all generations."

On the 17th of March 1845, Captain Ruben W. Jolly and Captain William A. Beebe and others left camp at Richardson's Point, according to counsel, for Nauvoo. Bishop Noble carried letters to Nauvoo. William Albert Beebe attended a Seventies' Jubilee held at the log Tabernacle in Pottawattamie Co., Iowa where George A. Smith and Wilford Woodruff were the principle speakers. The Jubilee lasted five days and during the meeting, a petition to the legislature of Iowa for a county organization was read and signed and a memorandum to the Postmaster General for the establishment of a Post Office near the Log Tabernacle with semi-weekly mail service there to and from Austin, Missouri was read and signed by those in attendance.

Grandfather and his family remained in Pottawattamie Co. until 1852 when they crossed the plains to Salt Lake City. When they arrived, they located in what is now Sugar House Ward, where grandfather had twenty acres of ground where now stands the business section of Sugar House and here he established a blacksmith shop. On July 10, 1855, grandfather married his second wife Sarah Elizabeth Luce, daughter of Stephen and Mary Wheeler Luce, and in 1854 he and his family were called to Ogden, Weber Co. where he again established a blacksmith's shop.

Later they moved to Payson, Utah Co. where he and his eldest son Leroy Winslow Beebe and Mr. Sabin, father-in-law to Leroy Winslow, established the first nail factory in Utah. This factory was located in what is now the Public Park of Payson and beside nails, they also manufactured many other useful articles.

On April 8, 1857 grandfather's third wife, Clara Emma Luce a younger sister of Sarah Elizabeth, was sealed to him.

At the Oct. conference, grandfather with his families and his eldest son and his family, were called with two hundred other missionaries to go to the cotton country. They were both listed as blacksmiths at this time. After the afternoon meeting, Pres. Heber C. Kimball met with the cotton missionaries at the tabernacle and told them that there was

not one required to go unless he could as well as not. He also said they were hand selected good men, not one was being sent to get rid of him, but because his ability as a leader in his particular field and that the heads of the Church wanted a settlement down there of men who could be relied upon. "God is inspiring this mission, we do not know the result of it."

They, immediately, began making plans to go, never stopping to think of the loss of their homes and the hardships they would have to endure. They had moved from place to place establishing themselves only to be called in a few months or years to move again. Grandpa still owned the twenty acres of ground in Sugar House but he sold his other property and they prepared to leave. Aunt Louisa and grandmother were ready and willing to go but when they broached the subject to Aunt Clara, she said she thought she would remain. She was expecting her first baby and didn't feel that she wanted to go into the wilds of an unknown country. My grandmother, who was also expecting a baby, her 6th was willing to as was Aunt Louisa, who had seven children (I might state here that Aunt Clara gave birth to a son who was called Jason Reed Beebe, and that later, she was divorced from grandfather and remarried).

When they got to Dixie they located on the Rio Virgin in what later became Virgin City, Washington Co. and they lived in a tent and it was here on March 8, 1863 that my father was born (Gilbert Reed Beebe) before they could get moved into their new two roomed lumber and log home.

In the meantime, Aunt Louisa and two sons, Bert and Joe left Dixie and returned to the North, however my grandmother with her six children and grandfather's married sons remained with him.

Grandfather had a good education for those days and to his work as a blacksmith, was added the work of school teaching and being Justice of the Peace. His text books were largely the Bible, Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, Pilgrim's Progress and the Territorial Laws of Utah, which were first compiled in 1866 and a later compilation in 1876. It seems, at this time, many of the words of his patriarchal blessings were fulfilled. I think this is best illustrated by a story told during the time they were living the United Order.

Of course, all the Saints belonged to the order and we all understood how it was supposed to work, each person contributed his share of the work and received his share of the food, clothing and other necessities. Uncle Willard who was just a boy, was placed with a group of wood-haulers and they were to go into the near by canyons and secure sufficient wood for the Saints' use during the winter. After several weeks of hauling, the overalls or jeans as we would call them, Uncle Will was wearing, were so badly gone that grandfather told him to go to the store, which was run by Bishop Parker, and get him a pair. Uncle Will went into the store, picked up the jeans and started to walk out with them. Bishop Parker called him back and said "Will, where's your money for those?" Uncle Will explained about the wood hauling and his need and asked if he wasn't supposed to get what he needed. "Oh but you know, my boy, this store is not in the order." Of course, he didn't get the pants and reported it to his father. Grandfather didn't say anything until the next Sunday in meeting when he got up and started to tell the story. White faced Bishop Parker shouted "Brother Beebe, sit down." Grandfather sat down but jumped up, immediately and replied, "I obeyed you once Bishop Parker; but I will not sit

daughter married and the older boys got jobs. Then death struck taking their son Will, now a young man bringing in a man's wage, and beginning to be a main stay to his parents.

The winter after he died, grandfather and grandmother and their four youngest children, (they now had eight ) went to St. George where they spent two weeks doing Temple work. They returned home spiritually renewed and determined more than ever to find happiness in their new home. The next spring they planted crops and everything was growing beautifully. Grandfather and my father who was then twenty went away to work for a few weeks hauling lumber to add to their small but comfortable home. Then one night the roaring of the creek awakened my grandmother and she had no sooner gotten to safety with the children when this flood came filling the peaceful little lakes with mud and debris and washing their crops, their pigs and chickens, even their cow down the canyon with a roar and growl that almost sounded like a satanic laugh as it wrought it's destruction. Grandfather returned home to find no home, no crop, nothing. Discouraged and broken in health and worldly goods, he once more to move into new country to begin anew. So early in the spring of 1884, he took his wife and smaller children and moved to Circleville, Piute Co. They left my father in Kanab to carry mail from Kanab to Schonnesburg, where it was let down a rope for distance of 1000 feet; then picked up by another mail-carrier, the Kanab mail hooked on to the rope, pulled and delivered, for the magnificent sum of \$30.00 a month with the understanding that my father was to send as much of this money home as was needed to keep the family living until crops could be harvested. The first load was taken on a spring wagon, a one-roomed home was secured, grandfather left his two girls, Agnes and Minnie and his son George, with their mother and returned for the balance of their property. His trip by wagon and return occupied a month. In the meantime, grandmother had taken over the care of a harmless demented old lady to help eke out a living until grandfather could return. One night, this old lady set fire to the curtains around grandmother's bed, destroying the house and all its furnishings and almost claiming the life of my grandmother. To this scene of desolation grandfather returned. Then another small house was secured and they moved in with the things he had brought on the last trip together with a few gifts shared by the neighbors.

They secured a piece of beautiful land, cleared 8 acres of brush, plowed and sowed their wheat. Each morning he would walk out in the field rejoicing in the green beauty of the growing crops, each evening they knelt in prayer, thanking the Lord for His blessings, asking that their crops might mature.

The weeks passed swiftly, the wheat went into the dough stage, ripened, each stalk hanging it's heavy head as it filled with the golden grain which meant life and security for this family, Finally, it was harvested and standing in strikes and they knew it would be but a short time until it could be threshed and taken to the grist mill. Weary but happy that night they retired. About midnight a gentle rain began to fall. Worriedly grandfather wondered if it would cause the wheat to spoil in the shock. By morning the rain was falling in torrents. Nothing could be done, they must wait, trusting in God, believing always that what He did was for the best. All day it rained and all night, then just before daylight they heard an added sound, a sound too well remembered from their experiences with the Rio Virgin and the Kanab creek. As they knelt and prayed for deliverance from the destruction of these swirling waters, they heard the terrified whinnying of the horses,

down until I finish my story." Then others took up the complaint, telling of equal indignities heaped upon them, needless to say the meeting broke up in an uproar, as did the order. Each man determined he would rather go hungry on his own than remain in an order that wasn't fair to all of them.

It seems to me from the stories I have heard about grandfather that he must have been a very direct man and that he must have been very understanding of human nature. He didn't waste words and after he had his say he kept quiet about it.

During one summer, a young man used to hang around the blacksmith shop and grandfather who despised idleness, said to him one morning, "John, haven't you any kind of job, haven't you anything to do?" "Nope" John replied, "but I would work if I had a job." "All right my boy, be here at 8 O'clock in the morning and I will give you a job." At 8 next morning John was there ready to go to work, grandfather pointed to a large pile of rocks and said "Carry those rocks over there to the back of the blacksmith shop and pile them up against the fence." All day John struggled with the rocks, carrying them one by one and piling them up as he had been told. That night he heaved a sigh of satisfaction at having completed his task, and smiled happily as grandfather handed him the promised dollar; then he said, "Brother Beebe, if I come back tomorrow can I work for you?" "Why certainly my boy," grandfather replied. The next morning, John was there again and grandfather had him carry all the rocks back and place them in their original place again he received the promised dollar. "Brother Beebe, if I come back tomorrow, what will you have me do?" he asked. "Well, I think I will have you carry the rocks back and pile them against the fence, better that a boy carry stones than remain idle." Needless to say John did no more loafing at the blacksmith shop.

Battling the treacherous Rio Virgin has always been heartbreaking work and how much more so was it for those early pioneers with their crude implements and scanty rations. The story of the building of the Hurricane Dam and canal is an epic in itself. How those brave men struggled all spring and early summer building dams to save their precious crops. Then how the sullen dribble of the creek would suddenly be turned into a roaring destructive monster which swept down over their fields destroying the efforts of man in one wild orgy of destruction, then it's lapsing back once more to the sullen dribble of a few days before. After spending twelve years battling the Rio Virgin for a scanty living grandfather and his family were once more called to help settle new country. This time they were called to Kanab, Kane Co., Utah. At about the time they were called to leave their Virgin home, grandfather was prevailed upon to deed his holdings in Salt Lake to one of the of the leading authorities of the church for the sum of one dollar and other good and valuable consideration. When asked to do this, his reply was simple, "If Pres. Young says that it is right for me to do this, then I shall do it without question."

When they arrived in Kanab, they began looking around for a suitable site for a small farm and home. They found the ideal spot a few miles north of Kanab in a beautiful canyon with three small lakes situated on it. The ground was level and fertile and they began building a new. Their home was small and crude but with a few chickens, a cow and a couple of pigs and a bounteous crop in sight, they were contented and unafraid. Again grandfather taught school, although he was 61 years old. He was loved and respected in this community and was a leader of his fellow men. Several years passed and they felt their troubles were ended and peace and quiet had, at last, come into their lives. Their oldest

the frightened clucking of the few hens, then the wall of flood struck the fields. When they went out later the sun was shining brilliantly upon a scene of destruction. The strikes of wheat were lying half buried in the black mud, again their crop was destroyed.

With the destruction of this crop it seemed that grandfather's spirit was broken. He became an old man almost overnight and in spite that my father, now 21, was working for cash and could take care of the family until another crop could be raised. Grandfather gradually grew weaker and on the 21 of Dec. 1884, he answered his final call. His body was buried in the new cemetery at Circleville and word was dispatched to my father who did not receive it until a month later. The responsibility had fallen upon his slender shoulders and he took over, sorrowfully. He had worshipped his father as few boys seldom do. Sometime later, grandfather's body was exhumed and taken to Kanab to be placed by the side of uncle Will Willard.