

HISTORY OF FREDRICK WALTER COX SR

and his family

Re Written by Doug Hansen

Cox family tradition says that three brothers came to America from the North part of England in the latter part of th 17th century about 1660 or 1670. They landed in Massachusetts. Two remained in that state, the other went South. They were James William and Robert Cox, sons of James Cox.

Robert Cox was a fisherman and soldier. He was a Freeman in 1666 a member of a military company from Marblehead and Salem. His Brother James was in the same company. Robert was wounded in the famous 'Swamp Fight' against the Narragansett Indians under King Philip on Dec 16, 1673. Robert Cox by his first marriage had James William, Robert, Jane and Margaret. Their mother died Oct. 5 1703 at Scituate. Robert then married Agnes Okeman the widow of Joshua Kent who became the mother of Joanna, Elias, Ruth, Samuel, Andrew, and Matthew Cox.

Matthew Cox, son of Robert of Cambridge was a tanner. Born in Boston, march 3, 1717/ He was killed in an accident Feb 19 1746 He united with First Church of Cambridge 1739. That year he married Elizabeth Russell of Cambridge who died before 1768. their children were Elizabeth, Agnes, Walter (died in infancy), Samuel, Matthew, William, Joseph, Phoebe, and Benjamin Cox.

Walter Cox son of Matthew, was born 1744 in Cambridge, he married Judith DeLand Nov 17 1769, who was the daughter of John DeLand of Charlestown. Walter was a tanner by trade, and served in the revolutionary war. It was said that he moved to New York. He may not have been very thrifty as apparently his wife Judith and the children were in strained circumstances in Charlestown in March of 1807. She moved to Ohio 1832 with her children Elizabeth, Walter, Susanna, William, John Hobbs, Jonathan Upham, and Samuel Cox.

Jonathan Upham Cox, son of Walter was born Feb 5, 1785, he was baptized in the First Church of Cambridge, on March 6, 1785. He was a miller by trade and married Lucinda Blood in Cambridge on Aug 31, 1807, she was the daughter of Caleb Blood Jr. and Hepzibah Jewett. Jonathan moved about 1809 to Plymouth, New York, and later to Oswego where he died April 21 1830. after his death the family left New York and settled in Nelson, Portage County, Ohio. Lucinda died at Nelson on Dec 5 1838, Her family scattered and the boys pioneered all across the continent. Jonathan was a drinker and so made providing for his family doubly difficult, but not one of his boys followed his example.

William Upham Cox, born March 3, 18807, eldest son of Jonathan lost his wife about the time when gold was discovered in Calif. He had two daughters Esther and Sara Ann. One married and had a family. William being lonely took passage on a ship around the Cape to the Gold fields. On the way there the ship ran out of provisions and the passengers were rationed out wormy sea biscuits and water. The officers of the ship had only the best food to eat. The Captain was a cruel and wicked man. He had their passage money so their privations meant nothing to him. The passengers were patient, hoping to get relief when they touched port on the Chilean coast, but the Captain took a wide circuit and avoided two ports. This did not give the passengers a chance to complain to the port authorities. This so enraged the passengers that they took possession of the stores and obliged the officers to share the same rations they were using. When the reached the coast of California and a pilot came aboard he saw the starved, wretched condition of the people and heard and saw the cruelty of the captain. He proclaimed himself commander of the ship and hurriedly put into the nearest port, then organized a vigilante committee and the infamous captain was never seen again. William visited in Utah and then went back to Iowa and died in Sidney, Iowa on August 14, 1965.

Charles Benjamin, second son of Jonathan was born Jan 10, 1810. He was a prosperous miller, who owned mills in many different places. After the Civil War he went West to visit relatives in Utah. Later he settled in Santa Rosa,

California. He met and married Margaret Lockwood. He was elected to the State Senate twice from California, and once from Iowa. He had eight children. He died April 27 1891.

The third child of Jonathan was Fredrick Walter. We will write more about him later.

Orville Sutherland Cox, fifth son of Jonathan Upham Cox was born Nov 25, 1814. He was very young when his father died. So, he was bound out to a blacksmith Deacon Jones and was to be an apprentice to his master Mr Jones. Mr Jones was to send him to school three months of the year and properly raised him, but he did not live up to this agreement and Mr Jones was very severe to Orville. Mr Jones broke his agreement to Orville, and he would not even loan him any tools, and taught him nothing. He just used Orville as a type of slave. The Jones women had a dairy, but they would not even let him have milk, and he so dearly loved milk. They made him tend the charcoal pits constantly. Orville stayed with them three years, but he felt that his life was unbearable and he was only a slave. So he determined to leave them at the first opportunity with his mother's knowledge and if possible her consent.

The Deacon had official business that would take him away from home all day, so the boy decided this was the time to put a long distance between him and the Deacon. He traveled as fast as he could to the Schenango river, and followed along it until he found a hollowed out log that then served him as a boat. With makeshift paddles, he started down the stream. As night came upon him he was horrified to find the log was filling with water and was in danger of sinking at any moment. Luckily he found an old keller (butter tub), that he could use to bail out the water and keep afloat. Knowing the danger he was in he kept near the shore so that if it sank, he could swim ashore. The next morning he was very tired from bailing and rowing. When a man hailed him and asked to be taken into the boat and to go along. Orville said 'Yes', if he would do the bailing. So they went along together to the point where the Schenango and the Schoolkill joined. There was a boat landing and a steamboat about ready to leave. Using all their remaining strength, they caught the boat and Orville climbed aboard. The man called after him,

"What shall I do with your boat?" Orville answered back, "Let her sink!" After that he made his way to one of his brothers place. As he was logging for a lumber company.

Orville went to Far West in 1837. When driven from there, he located in the Morley settlement near Lima, Illinois. Here he met his wife, a Mormon girl. He was not one, and declared he did not propose to turn Mormon just to get a wife. If she married him, she must marry a Gentile. They were married Oct 3, 1839 in father Whiting's house. On the 6th they visited Nauvoo, twenty miles away, where he was baptized by the Prophet Joseph. So it did not take his girl-wife long to convert him. He was a forester, a lumberman, a brave frontiersman. Became a splendid blacksmith, a very good engineer and a was a 'natural genius'. They have a large posterity of stalwart sons and daughters scattered through Utah and Idaho to carry on their good name and their work.

Augustus Cox was born Dec 7 1816 in Oswego, New York, and was the sixth child of Jonathan. Augustus came to Utah very late in life. He was a kindly old man who life had buffeted and finally left alone. He died Nov 23, 1887 in Springville, Utah.

Samuel Leach Cox, son of Jonathan Upham Cox, born Mar. 2, 1919 in Oswego, NY and came to Utah in 1872 on a visit to Aunt Mary Whiting, then returned to Wisconsin. He died in his home in Shenandoah, Iowa, July 6, 1891 at ten o'clock.

Amos Cox was born March 26, 1821 in Oswego, NY and in his boyhood he crossed the Continent on foot driving an ox team. He had work near Ft. Leavenworth, then in Nauvoo he was chore boy in the family of Joseph Smith. On the way west, he joined the Mormon battalion and continued his way to the Pacific. He was wounded in Arizona, but returned as an escort for Gen. Fremont. He settled in Manti, Iowa, taught school, ran a stage was mail carrier, was captain of militia, ran a motel at Sidney, lived among the Indians at Kamas, then moved to Shenandoah. Nearly all his life was one of hardship and losses would have soured most men not molded on his high plane of character, but he was not one to mummer. He was one of the oldest Masons of his community. His Order buried him. He married Phelina Morley June

20, 1841 in Hancock County, Illinois. They had five children. He left his wife with four children when he went with the battalion and she buried one in his absence. Uncle Chauncey Whiting took her to his home in Silver Creek and cared for her until her husband returned. He was a quite modest man with no enemy in the world and his thoughtfulness for others made him universally loved in his community.

Harriet Lucinda Cox was born Jan 20 1823 in Oswego, NY. She was such a grand person. She lived unselfishly, always ready to work for the pleasure and benefit of others, earned the love and trust of any who were afflicted. She left Sorrow and regret behind her when her short thirty-one years came to and end July 23, 1854 in Manti, Utah. "To live in the hearts that we left behind is not to die."

Fredrick Walter Cox always spoke with regret in his voice and manner of 'baby sister'. Esther Cox was born Jan 21, 1825 in Oswego and died March 10 1827. She was slightly burned accidentally, and the family had not thought that it was serious until she suddenly passed away, being scarcely two years old.

"Down beside the flowing river, there the dark green willow weeps, and the leafy branches quiver, there our baby sister sleeps."

Mary Elizabeth Cox was born Dec. 15, 1826 in Oswego, NY . With her mother and brothers she crossed the continent and 1845 she joined the church at Nauvoo. In the Temple there she became the wife of Edwin Whiting. When driven from that city, they crossed the plains and landed in Salt Lake City in 1849. They were among the pioneers of Manti and saw all the hardships of those early days. From childhood she was an ardent student, and at the age of fifteen she was qualified as a teacher. She taught for forty two years. In 1876 she pioneered in Northern Arizona, where she used her talents generously for the benefit of her fellowmen. She left a large family to call her blessed. She died in Arizona July 5, 1912.

Fredrick Walter Cox was born Jan 20, 1812, in Plymouth, Oswego Co, NY. He was the third son. There were twelve other children. In manhood he was

of more than medium height and weight. He had a mild and kindly disposition, never hasty, but seemed to look at things from every point of view, to be sure that he was right, and then "Woe to the evildoer!! They usually felt sorely punished when he was through with them. With a Loving disposition, he was a universal father. Everyone desired his companionship.

He lived his life on frontiers. At first, the way had to be cut though heavily timbered states. They grew to dislike those towering monarchs of the forest, which caused such arduous labor to remove. Only a small clearing could be made at one time. One was for the cabin and a second near by for a corral for the animals. Living trees were left for posts, the huge overhanging branches served s shade from the sun in summer and shelter from the cold winds in winter. These trees were also used by the wild beasts, especially the panther and wildcat. One pounced upon the shoulders of a girl who was milking a cow. With great grit she reached up and by the hide of his neck pulled him to the ground, then placing her knees upon him, she called for help.

Fredrick Walter was baptized by Thomas B Marsh in 1835 in Ohio, and after being converted to the principles of the gospel of Christ, he took his lot with the Mormons. At first in Far West, Caldwell Co, MO. When driven from there, he made his home in the Morley settlement near Lima, IL. After their homes and hay stacks and property were burned by the mob violence, he moved to Nauvoo. He married Emeline Whiting July 22, 1835 in Nelson, Ohio. She had four children when on Jan 27, 1846, he was sealed to her, also to Cordelia Morley, and Jemima Losee. No man could have tried more than he to live up the high standards of mem it takes to live up to that kind of life, plural marriage.

They left Nauvoo the 8th of the next May in 1846 and started West. They spent one year in Pisgab, then on to Silver Creek, Iowa. They had been driven from place to place, but had stayed together. There in Silver Creek, in 1851, Fredrick was arrested, tried and sentenced for practicing plural marriage. His sentence was one wife - or leave the country! Many did desert their homeless, helpless, women, but he said "I will never desert these women, so help me God." In order to keep peace and to gain time for the making of his own wagons to go west, he moved Cordelia and Jemima and their babies

into a stable in the next county, where they suffered from fear and cold and loneliness. But they were comforted by a 'strange woman' who came in the hour of their greatest need. (read the story later in the sketch of Jemima)

From Nauvoo to Mt Pisgah, Aunt Mary and Aunt Jemima were together. They shared the same wagon and slept in the same bed. Sometimes they would ride. More often they walked. At Pisgah, they had log houses built, planted gardens and made themselves as comfortable as possible. Then came the deadly malaria fever. There were not enough well ones to hand a drink of water to the sick. Aunt Jemima escaped the chills but cared the burden of all the rest of the family. She was just a young woman, but uncomplainingly did everything in her power for the sick. Aunt Emeline was very low and unconscious. She did not know that her little ones were being snatched away in death, nor that Aunt Jemima was working night and day fighting to save her and the children. Nor did she know the stricken father had tried with both faith in God and his works to save his loved ones. Failing in this with all anguish of heart he made their coffins, shrouded their bodies and laid them away.

The family left Kaneshville for Utah June 20 1852. Our outfit consisted of three wagons, seven yoke of oxen and cows. Father drove aunt Emeline's wagon, which was loaded heavily and drove three yoke of oxen. William, then eleven, drove one yoke of oxen with a light wagon. Fred, then sixteen, drove ma's wagon (Cordelia's) also heavy and with three yoke of oxen. They lost one oxen on the way.

I was four, but I remember plainly many little incidents of the journey. I was very tired of being kept in such close quarters. How gladly I raced around gathering buffalo chips for our camp fire. Best of all, I remember the water can with the cup turned over the top. The clear mountain streams had no charms for me. I used to hunt for the old can, take off the cup, and draw a good smell. Cholera raged that year, and every morning father filled the can and added a cup of vinegar with sugar, which I longed to smell.

For beds the wagons were fixed with a projection something like the common sheep wagons of today, and this projection was laced with a small rope making a good roomy bed under which everything that we had, clothes to

wear, tools to work with, and provisions were tightly packed.

Thirteen persons died of cholera during the time we were traveling the first hundred miles and another woman was killed by a stampede of cattle. They were startled by someone shaking a quilt. Father urged mama by every persuasion to stay with her folks, who were mostly in the East, but being a true wife, she refused to stay. Father and Byron both had the cholera, and for days they did not know if they would live or die. Aunt Jemima, in deep trouble, came to mama's wagon saying, "Cordelia, come and see Byron. I am afraid for him and I don't want to sit alone." So both got into the wagon. They knelt and earnestly prayed for their loved ones, that they might be restored to health. Surely our Heavenly Father is not far from His children, for their prayers were heard and answered. Next morning when they were cutting meat for breakfast, Byron reached for a piece of meat. Father said, "Let him have it. Nothing can hurt him now." And though weak and ill from the sickness of the night, he and father steadily grew better. What a thankful family! Father was needed very much for this long journey. Aunt Emeline was also very poorly.

When we reached the Platte, we stopped to wash. How we children enjoyed ourselves playing by the stream. Emily was born there on the Platte, August 8, 1852, so Aunt Emeline needed care the whole of that long toilsome way. Aunt Jemima had a young baby and a sick boy, much of the way too. Aunt Lydia was with them to help get a good part of the work done, but the boys had a difficult task in caring for the cattle.

Crossing the Green River, Fred's team happened to be the last one over. A bend in the crossing hid us from the train ahead. When the team reached the middle of the river, the lead oxen turned right back to the wagon. We were being upset into the stream. We screamed and cried with drowning staring us in the face. About then a horseman came to look for a lost animal seeing our situation he quickly rode into the stream and turned our lead animals toward the correct shore and we were saved.

The journey was weary, but how cheering was the call of the guard, "One o'clock and all is well. Two o'clock and all is well!" It gave us a peaceful and secure feeling that nothing else would have given us. We saw large herds of buffalo and always Indians lurking around and desiring for food.

We reached Salt Lake City September 28, 1852 and went on to Manti on October 4th. We were welcomed by Grandpa Morley, Uncle Edwin Whiting, Uncle Joseph Allen and Aunt Lucy. Also, Uncle Orville Cox and Silvester Hewlett, in whose house we lived the rest of the winter. From there, we moved into the stone fort. It surrounded an acre of ground. The walls of rock were nine feet high. One entrance in the center of the West side was big enough for teams to drive in and out. Opposite that was a doorway one for people. There were bastions built two stories high. One each in the Northeast and the Southeast corners. Both the fort and the bastions had portholes for defense purposes. The dirt roofs slanted toward the inside, so there was no danger of Indians setting fire to our houses. There were nine of the children born in the fort and we lived there nine years. There were only a few houses outside the fort, and they were so close that the people could be inside at a moment's warning. There were no fences and the streets traveled over and past hills, hollows, washouts, scrubby cedars and brush, so that an Indian might start at you almost anywhere. It is not strange that we little folks were almost afraid to go even one block to the mill when it was built where the Becker Mill now stands.

All the early recollections except during the winter months were full of fear of the Indians, snakes, wolves and wild animals. We were always afraid to leave the fort. How I would cling to mother's skirts when she took me just outside to feed the pigs at nightfall. I was always thankful to hear the clank when the old gate was shut behind us. And how we would enjoy the security of that same gate and those high rock walls, when we cuddled down and slept on the floor while wintry winds roared over the old fort.

In April 1863 Father left his home and family to fill a mission to England. He was gone twenty seven months, leaving his large family to get along as best they could. I think we all depended on William to lead in the care and work of the farm. He was the oldest unmarried man in the family. He was capable of the trust, but oh, what trouble came! It seemed we had trouble more in those twenty seven months than in many years before. Aunt Emeline's little Leulla was born in August, but soon sickened and died. Her poor mother had to lay her in her grave while the father who never saw her was 3,000 miles away. Fred too, buried his little Lucy. Aunt Jemima had to part with her seven year old Carmelia. Edwin was accidentally shot in the back. Arletta

had her fingers chopped off. Two of the girls were terribly burned, (Eleanor and Alice) but they recovered. No wonder we were glad to welcome dear father home from on the 3rd of October, 1865. None of us know what we can stand or what we can do until we are tried. The boys never let the flour bin get empty, The potato bin was filled to capacity in it's season, and though we often had to chop our own wood, it was always there to chop.

What happiness we knew the day father came home! One of the boys went to Salt Lake to meet him. He fitted up at Florence for his third trip across the plains by ox team, and brought several people across the planes with him. Father came on home with a team of horses he brought across the planes. We went up in the garret of the 'big house' to watch out the window at the north of the house with field glasses. We watched the country road a very long time before we could see him in our sights. But, we so anxious that it was almost impossible to just wait. It was along in the afternoon when we caught sight of his covered wagon. Then we six or eight oldest girls hurried off to meet him. We finally met at the point of Temple Hill. He stopped the horses, got out, and clasped Rosalia and Adelaide in his arms, while he looked steadily at the rest saying, "you have all grown so fast, I can only guess who you are."

At the time of the Black Hawk War, father and four grown sons participated in those troublesome times. They stood guard, went into the mountains in pursuit of the Indians, and tried to defend our homes and to recover the stolen cattle from the beginning until peace was established again. Four long years the Old Drum beat, calling men together to listen to new deeds of bloodshed and thievery, to plan encampments to campaign against them. They parted from loved ones going to points of danger until the name of Indian became hateful and the sound of the drum was like a stab in the heart. It was long years before we got over the terror of those sounds. Not only fathers and brothers were engaged in fighting this Black Hawk War to a finish, but there were also six young men who were coming to the Big House regularly. The first two William and Lovina, were married December 1, 1866. Ten years later, seventeen of father's sons and daughters were married. Five of them in a company went to the St. George temple at one time, three at another time to get married.

In sickness or sorrow, how comforting it was to feel father's dear hand laid

carressingly on you or in a blessing upon one's head. You could not help but feel the good spirit and know that you would be better soon. There was always something about him to inspire one to better thoughts and deeds. He seemed to be able to read the countenance of a person like an open book and unless their lives were clean, few people had the stamina to face him. He had a dignified and commanding presence, one could not fail to note that he was a leader among men. With his clear conscience, he was always able to look every man in the eye and speak his mind. His advise and counsel was sought in all the affairs of life. The poor and downtrodden looked to him for comfort. Even the savage Indians found in him a true and lasting friend and counsellor. After hours of patient conversation with those treacherous savages, the miracle was that they never left him in anger. For his talk to them was so forceful and the fight so plainly pointed out, that they were usually quite willing to do as he had told them. He read with so clear an eye, he understood cause and effect so well that his word was almost that of a prophet. His sublime faith, his unfaltering integrity in all the walks of life made him a worthy husband, a noble father and an all around man to his fellow men, as he was loved, honored and respected by everyone. His name went far and near as a man of God.

With a family of five wives, God alone knows from his earnest and fervent prayers how hard he tried to be a just and loving husband and that his life with all its joys and cares, its responsibilities and burdens might be equitably distributed. The home life of his wives and children were comfortable and happy in those times, and being guided by his direction and care. They were successful enough to be spoken of as an exemplary family. Of course, one who stops to think will realize that the credit cannot be all his, be he every so perfect. His noble women carried their full share of responsibility and earned their attendant honors as well.

April 14 1879, the corner stones of the Manti Temple were laid. John Taylor officiated for the Southeast corner, Edward Hunter for the South west, Fredrick W Cox the Northwest, and Horace Eldridge the Northeast. Father Cox standing on the corner said, "We now pronounce that the Northwest Cornerstone, properly laid and we pray God the Eternal Father that His spirit may rest down upon all who shall assist in erecting this Temple to His name, Amen." The Temple opened for ordinance work may 29, 1888.

Francis Morley Cox baptized the first person in it. Father's last writing was June 1, 1879 in a letter to his sister Mary in Arizona, from Manti. "Mary, I thought I would write a letter for you to look at; but do not feel like writing. If I were there I would talk better, surely. Your letter came alright. Was glad to see it; and I hope Vest has sobered down by this time; If not tell him for me to settle his nerves and stay where God worked for him so powerfully and raised him to life and health for He might not be found in every place on earth. So much for Vest."

"I often think of you and the boys and wonder how you are getting along and you surely have my best wishes for your welfare. Now understand me, it is not the dollars and cents that I am thinking of, but the work of God. The dollars will come when necessary, no fear for them; but to keep the spirit of this work in our hearts; that is the all important thing for every man and woman on this earth. Never give it up; for nothing can ever be made substitute. Jesus died and there is no other to die for us. So round up you shoulders and let your firmness be to death. So shall you find comfort and satisfaction in this life and eternal reward in your future. (This is to all the boys.) God bless you forever. F. W. Cox, Senator.

P.S. Just buried Father Shoemaker. He never took a dollar to bear expenses but full of spirit of the Gospel to the last.

OBITUARY

Fredrick Walter Cox died at Manti, Utah on June 4th, 1879 from injuries received while unloading logs from a wagon on June 2nd. He remained in an unconscious state until he expired. He was born Jan 20 1812 in Plymouth NY. He joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints at Far West Missouri.

He endured the persecutions in common with the Saints and was driven from Missouri in 1838. Landed at Quincy IL, from there he moved to Lima in the same state where he acted as counsellor to Isaac Morley. Performed three different missions in parts of the U.S. with good success. Was driven from Lima in 1845 having his house burned by the mob and his family narrowly escaped with their lives. He next settled in Nauvoo. He gathered with the saints in 1849 at Winter Quarters. Moved to Council Bluffs in

1848.

He crossed the plains and settled at Manti, Utah in 1852, where he was soon afterwards chosen counsellor to President Welsom Chapman. At a General Conference in April 1862 he was called to fill a mission to England. He presided over the Preston and Durham conferences and spent three years on this mission. In the fall of 1876 he was called as a special missionary to the Indians. He was a member of the City Council of Manti for many years. He held the office of Treasurer of Sanpete County for a number of terms until his death. At the organization of the Sanpete Stake of Zion he was chosen president of the High Priests Quorum. He officiated in the laying of a Corner stone of the Manti Temple.

Fredrick Walter Cox was held in high esteem by the community in which he lived. He was the father of thirty eight children, twenty nine are living. All but one who is on a mission to Colorado attended his funeral. His grandchildren number fifty six, only three are dead. Five wives live to mourn his loss.

Father Cox lived sixty seven years during a period of national history when the War of 1812 was fought with England, the War of 1846 fought with Mexico, Our Civil War, 1860-65, and the two Indian Wars of Utah. With joy, he witnessed each victory, but it is not as a warrior or statesman that we think of him. We love him as our FATHER and one of God's chosen servants who has given us a birth and heritage as pure as any child every got from a parent. We love and respect him because he loved others, because he loved the truth, righteousness, and he had great character. We loved him and his memory because of his numerous posterity, and by his noble works we know him. His posterity has held positions of trust in half the large towns in Utah. They are scattered through the state and every college and university, and in the high schools of this and neighboring states. They have visited nearly every state and country in the world.

His life was a success and the bond of affection which continues unbroken among his decedents is one of the forceful evidences of his worth to mankind

and to God. All their highest ideals, their greatest achievements, their fealty (*) to the principles and faith of our fathers are tributes to his memory. He has become the father of a generation that loves him, and that will add honor to his name as long as they live. Though things may come to pass not yet foreseen as the events of humanity crowd fast upon each other. May God grant that the memory of Fredrick Walter Cox will not be lost as long as his posterity shall have place in the universe.

* = Loyalty; faithfulness to those haveing authrity over another.

60 HOUSES OF ROCK IN MANTI
REMNANTS OF MORMON SOCIETY

by Charlotte Hoe

(this is an article published by the Tribune in January 19 1972.)

MANTI - Although it was built in 1853, the little Log cabin displayed on Manti's Street by the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers is not the town's most typical, or even its oldest, pioneer dwelling.

More typical of pioneers, more durable, and much more massive than the one - room cabin are more than 60 rock houses, constructed from the same oolite stone as the Manti Temple, a national historic site once as famous for its quarries as its architecture.

"I think Manti has more rock homes still in existence than any other community in Utah," said Albert Antrei, who mapped them in cooperation with the Sanpete Historic Society.

Mormon pioneers settled Manti in 1849. Their first homes were dugouts and cabins built of logs cut from the Cottonwood bottoms of Manti Creek.

Easier to Obtain

Rock was easier to obtain than logs, however, and pioneers soon started to build homes of stone. Don Mackey is owner of the oldest pioneer dwelling in town, located at 96 W 400 N, a house built by George Pectol in 1851.

John Patten had completed his home by the early 1850's. Mr Patten didn't use molter to hold the high walls together, but chinked them with sand, gritty mud like that used in log cabins. Mr patten's walls are still sturdily balancing themselves at 1st west and 300 North and the house, missing only two original porches, is lived in still.

Fredrick J. Walter Cox used molter to build his massive three story house at 1st W and 1st N. but it took him seven years to finish carrying loads of rock from the quarry after each day in the fields.

Separate Apartment

Cox's 'Big House', built for four wives, "particularly showed a pattern of polygamy," with each wife in her separate apartment, Mr. Antrei said.

Cox family records show the house to have been "divided like a pie," and Mr Cox is reported to have divided his time as equally with his wives living a month with each in turn. The wives also shared

labor, according to their talents.

Inside the house, it's possible to guess the boundaries of each wife's domain, because original walls haven't been disturbed. Emeline Whiting Cox, Jemima Lossee Cox, Cordelia Morley Cox and Lydia Lossee Cox with individuality and privacy, if they wanted it.

One descendant said "neighbors, couldn't tell the children of Mr Cox's 'one big family' apart; the wives got along so well."

Own Residence

An additional wife Emma Petersen, a lively Danish girl wasn't married to Mr Cox until 1869 or 1870. Whether the last Mrs Cox didn't fit into the Big house because of shortage of space or personality conflict hasn't been decided, but next door she had 'separate but equal' maintenance in her own little residence.

Mr and Mrs Roy Manes arranged to purchase the Big House, most recently inhabited by a flock of very sloppy pigeons. "We'd really like to fix it up without changing the floor plan," said Mrs Maynes....

As Manti has no potential polygamous renters, the Maines propose to rent the three-story structure to a couple of families.

Another House

A big attic workroom where the women carded and spun is the home's most unique architectural feature. A round window carved from two massive blocks of oolite, was great for watching Papa come home from his mission and very handy for advance warning of hostile Utes. The rock at the base of the same north wall is 30 inches thick.

The buyers of the Cox home live in another pioneer house built by pioneer Jezreel Shomacher and named to the state register of historic sites. It is two houses west of the Big House.

OF THE OLD COX HOME OR THE 'BIG HOUSE' AS IT WAS CALLED

by Norma Smith Wanlass
Granddaughter-in-law of Charles Cox

Fredrick Walter Cox and his family arrived in Manti on October 4, 1852. That first winter we lived in a little log cabin owned by Sylvester Hulet, Situated on the corner lot of 2nd north and 1st west, now owned by Dean Lund. The next year we moved into what was called the little stone fort and here we lived for nine years, in two sixteen foot rooms in the Southwest corner. A family of four wives and nineteen children. In the Spring of 1853 the Old Cox Barn, situated approximately where the Twin Pines apartments now stand, was purchased from a Mr Larson. It was used by the Cox family for sleeping quarters while they were living in the little stone fort. During warm weather it was good to sleep in the Old Barn, using straw spread on the ground for their mattress. It was enjoyed very much as bed bugs had invaded the fort. Fred Jr married Lucy Allen in April 1856 which added another member to the Cox family. That made 25 that used the Old Barn for sleeping quarters.

Father Cox realized the need for more room to house his family and began to plan a bigger and better home. During seven of those nine years a house was being built inside the Big Fort on what is now the corner of 1st West on Depot Street. Work on the house had to be done after the day's work in the field was finished. Father Cox and his sons put all their available time in cutting stone from the stone quarry and hauling timber from the mountains. William Arthur Cox tells that he and his brother Fred would work hard all day in the field clearing land and plowing, and when they returned at night they would carry enough rock to supply masons for the next day. The girls worked as hard as their brothers. It was their job to haul the mud and rock up the walls to the men working above. They built twelve rooms with one large room on the third floor which they used for a school room and dance hall. The house quartered like a pie and each of the four wives lived in a section. A fireplace was in each section of the North and South walls. At this time I have been unable to find anyone who knows which wife occupied each section.

One day as Father Cox came out of their home on the Fort, he looked up to see Sarah Ann, just leaving the South chimney of the Big House, Stepping along from rafter to rafter, where they came to a point, on what was to be the roof. To slip here would mean to fall clear to the basement, three stories below. Father Cox dared not call, he feared it would distract her attention and make her lose her footing. When she got to the middle rafter he started walking toward her. By the time he got there she was over to the North Chimney. As he walked up to her he said, Now Sary Ann, don't ever do that again. You've done it this time but don't ever do it again".

Seven years of hard work and in April, 1861, just 100 years ago, their new home was ready and they moved into it. Four wives, seven sons and sixteen daughter's, besides Fred's wife. Then numbered 29 now. The women folks vacated the Old Barn but the Cox boys still remained and added to what became known as the 'Barn Crowd'.

Father Cox had planned one large, light and airy room for service. Spacious enough for two

teachers. School was taught in this room during the evenings as well as days, through the coldest weather, when outside work was somewhat laid aside. Rosalia taught the smaller pupils first and afterwards when she had more experience she taught the higher classes.

They had night school and some married people attended. Singing was taught by W K Barton in this room also. and Uncle Orville Cox taught dancing.

William Arthur Cox tells of the constant effort that was required of every member of this large family. All who were old enough had to work. They all shared alike in everything that was earned or brought into the house. They required a bushel of wheat a day for their bread alone. They had a large oven built in the door yard to bake their bread. It would hold 14 loaves. When shearing time came the wool was brought home and each mother had her portion weighed out to her in accordance to the number of her children. The wives and older girls would card the wool into rolls, and others would spin them into yarn. And, still others would weave this yarn into cloth or knit it into socks or stockings. There were three looms used by the mothers until the girls were older, when each in her turn learned to weave.

At times there were seven or eight spinning wheels arranged along side by side facing the windows and street. We first picked the wool, taking out bits of dirt and straw. Then sorted it into different grades to make different types of clothing or other needed items.

Meanwhile, the boys were harvesting the crops and getting in the wood for the winter. William Arthur at one time, hauled twenty-one loads of wood from the hills alone, in twenty days. there were five fires to keep going all winter and summer and they were obliged to haul their wood from the hills while the Indians could not get through the snow.

Their amusements were mostly in some part of the large Cox house or outside in the door yard in summer times. They had games, singing and dancing; mostly singing. All the wives and children would be together in the evenings and have just glorious times. The music seemed to cement them together. All Evil influences would vanish under the spell of music. They were so united that the people outside the family circle could hardly tell which mother the children belonged too. Father Cox was quite a musician. He played the flute beautifully. He was also a very good singer and sang in the choir in the Old Council House. Often at public gatherings five of the Cox girls sang together: Lucia, Alice, Arletta, Amanda and Eleanor. Sometimes their brother, Sylvester sang with them. At one time a salesman tried to sell Father Cox a sewing machine but he could not see the point. Finally, in exasperation the salesman said, "But Brother Cox, this is a Singer." to which father replied, "Than's nothing, I have a houseful of singers."

In October, 1965, after laboring 27 months, father Cox came home from his mission to England. One of the boys went to Salt Lake City to meet him. We went up in the garret of the Big House to watch out the round window at the North of the house with field glasses. We watched the county road long before he could possibly be in sight, but so anxious were we it was almost impossible to wait. It was along in the afternoon when we caught sight of his covered wagon. Then six of eight of us older girls hurried off to meet him. We met him at the point of Temple Hill. He stopped the

horses, got out and clasped Rosalia and Adelaide in his arms, while he looked steadily at the rest saying, "You have grown so fast, I can only guess who you are."

The Indians were always with us begging and when we had bread they shared with us. They found father Cox to be a true and lasting friend and councilor. They never left him in anger for his talk was so forceful and the right was so plainly pointed out that they knew that he was speaking the truth. He put President Young's advise to work in all his dealings with the indians. "It is better to feed them than to fight them." Often he would kill a beef and give them a feast. He always kept his word with them and they knew that he did not talk with a 'forked tongue'. Often he would go with them for two or three days at a time. Father Cox spoke three different Indian dialects: Blackfeet, Navaho, and Ute. Will Cox Jr tells that he could remember when he was just a young boy, of Frederick Cox standing on the Northwest steps of the Big House preaching to between 1,000 and 1,200 Indians on horseback. They were all around him on all sides North past Ned Armstrong's home, west past brigham McAllister's home, and South to Halbert Keller's home. William Arthur Cox states that he often saw the Indians standing around the Big House in great crowds with father Cox standing on the West steps preaching to them and reasoning with them. The Indians came to father with many of their troubles. Even after he was gone and Indian came from far out in Dixie country to see him and seemed disappointed when he was told that Father Cox had been killed in an accident.

On June 2, 1879, father Cox and some older boys of the family were unloading logs down by the sawmill behind the house where Emma Lived. Belle, aged 7; May not yet 3; and Lee aged 0 were watching them. Belle had hold of the hand of each of the younger girls. She said, "Pa, be careful". Ba Said, "You children move back." They stepped back out of the way. The logs were on a wagon, the boys on one end and Pa on the other. He called, "Hold on a minute," but the boys didn't hear him and putting their strength against the Log, Rolled their end off the wagon. This forced the other end to smack against the Log lying next to it, pinning Pa's head between the two, where he dangled until the boys could move the logs to release him.

In recounting it in latter years, Belle said the logs were as big around as wash tubs. She didn't know whether they appeared that big to her because she was so young or if it really was so. She said Pa's neck stretched way out as he dangled between the two logs so that he looked like a chicken hanging from the shed.

Pa's eyes were squeezed from the sockets and laid on his cheek bones. Blood came from his ears, nose and mouth. His tongue swelled until it filled his mouth. They took him to the Big House where he died on June 4, 1879, never regaining consciousness.

The Cox's lived in the Big House for 21 years, although it wasn't deeded by Manti City to Fredrick Walter Cox until 1872, After Father Cox's death, Emeline and Jemima went to live with their married daughters. Cordelia and Lydia moved to homes of their own.

The estate of F. W. Cox deeded the Big House to Gustav E Carlson on August 8, 1882. On march 19 1883, he deeded to Lars C Kjar for the sum of \$500. On march 26, 1887, it was deeded back to

Gustav E Carlson for \$500. On September 2 1887, he deeded it to Neils J Provstgaard for \$500. A daughter, Florence Provstgaard Larsen now resides there.

Written by Norma S Wanlass 1961.

LIFE SKETCH'S OF THE WIVES OF FREDERICK WALTER COX

As Re Written by Doug Hansen

EMELINE WHITING COX

Emeline was one of God's noble women. She was slender and dark and always trim and neat. Her dark, beautiful hair turned smoothly from a white brow. Her features were clear-cut and in youth or age she was sweet to look upon. So ambitious and active, that one must keep going to make pace with her swift movements. Her family was always neat and her home tidy. In health she was bright, full of humor and wit. The children loved to hear her tell her droll anecdotes. How we laughed! Our merriment was contagious for she laughed with us. But if you did mischief it was your desire to keep out of her sight. Her look of scorn was almost withering. She was just as ready to commend you for a good deed, however. She remained ever true and faithful and devoted to the husband of her youth and pride. No one will ever know what it cost her to share the husband she loved with others, though no one ever robbed her of one jot of his affection and esteem. In age after her family was raised she was endeavoring to console a couple who were going from home on a mission, leaving parents, home and friends. She said, "Why, if I could have my husband to myself, I would be willing and happy to go with him to the ends of the earth." No brighter crown than hers will wait the mortals of the earth.

JEMIMA LOSEE COX

Jemima was a Quaker by parentage and her whole life was influenced by their religious teachings and environment. She was of medium height with a round, full form. She had an unassuming dignity and a graceful and lovable simplicity that one could not help but admire and revere. Her hair was a beautiful dark brown with a smooth and regular wave. She had brown eyes and a smiling countenance. She had a quiet disposition and it was a miracle how everything slipped quietly and gently into place as she made every step and movement count in what she was doing. She was neat and tidy in every stitch and turn. She had a self-sacrificing nature and befriended everyone in trouble or need. She was an ideal mother, a loving devoted wife, and a real women in every sense of the word. "A blessing in the sunshine and an anchor in the storm." Aunt Cordelia says of her, "Your mother Jemima Cox was kind and devoted to her children. No one could say ought against her. She and I lived and ate together. We were driven from our home and husband in the dead of winter among strangers with no

friends to come and visit us. We felt we were alone with no one but God to rely upon. We put our trust in Him. when it was our bedtime, we knelt down in humble prayer and asked God to take us into His care and keeping throughout the night. We had six little children under six years old without a father's care and protection. The finger of scorn was pointed at us. We bore it with patience, looking forward to a time when we could live and enjoy the society of our husband and friends. Your mother bore the cares of life with patience. When she was sick I was her nurse. When I was sick she nursed me. She was born September 30, 1823 in Canada, Township of Zone, County of Kent. Girls emulate her good works and prepare yourselves to meet her and dwell with her again in the realms of the Most High."

"Oh woman, woman, know thyself, and what thy mission, too
Thou comest from thy Maker's hand a might work to do"
Aunt Cordelia

CORDELIA MORLEY COX

Cordelia was perhaps a trifle taller than either of the other women. She too had dark hair and black eyes that in youth twinkled in merriment. As she grew older and we children aroused her ire, how they would darken and glow. She was of a quick, nervous disposition. She was a true and loyal wife, a self sacrificing mother, a noble woman who had many friends. Although her home and family were first with her. she was more ready to mingle with people in public life. This was probably the result of habit, as she had been her father's secretary and scribe. She had taught school in the Morley Settlement and after they came to Manti, also. Later she was secretary to the Relief Society for fourteen years. She was a worker in the Manti Temple for thirteen years prior to her death. :

*****TWO MOTHERS***** A story of Jemima and Cordelia
from Heart Throbs of the West
by Kate B Carter... Vol. 3

In addition to the Kate Carter Version I will put in a version published in the Provo Daily Harold Mar 16 1997 and furnished by Elaine M Moody it will be done in *italics and follow after the other version.*

In the latter part of the year in 1851, while the Saints were being additionally persecuted on account of polygamy, Frederick Walter Cox and families were temporarily located in Missouri. Here Brother Cox was arrested and stood trial for polygamy. His sentence was to "recognize only one wife or leave the country". His replay was, "I will never forsake my wives and children."

It was at Mt Pisgah (according to this report) that Frederick Walter was arrested because he had more than one wife. When he was told he could have only one wife or he would have to leave the area, he said "I will never desert these wives, so help me God."

His second wife, Jemima Losee Cox, was expecting her third child. With sentiment so much against them, he realized that for the safety of the mother and babe, the child must not be born in that state. Cordelia, the third wife, was very devoted to Jemima, so she volunteered to take her three children and go with Jemima wherever the husband thought it wise to take them.

Jemima Losee was born to Quakers, David and Lydie Huff Losee on September 30, 1823 in Yarmouth, Ontario, Canada. When 20, her family moved to Lima, Illinois where she became acquainted with the Cox family. But when the mobs set fire to the Mormon homes in Lima, the Losee's, Cox family and other families moved to Nauvoo for greater safety. And on January 27, 1846, Jemima was sealed as the second wife of Frederick Walter Cox and Cordelia Calista Morley, the third wife. He had married Emeline Whiting in 1839. Emeline assisted in the selection of the other wives which greatly contributed to the love and harmony that continually existed in this family during later decades.

After that the Cox family was forced to leave Nauvoo and travel westward in March 1846, the 28th. At Mt Pisgah, the Cox and Whiting families decided to settle for the summer. Frederick Walter began plowing and planting crops and he built two cabins for his families. In July many of the Cox family became ill with malaria. Fortunately Jemima escaped the illness and was able to nurse her husband and many of the other members of the family back to health. This was an especial difficult time for Jemima, especially when she assisted Frederick Walter with the burial of two of his children, Louisa and Elisa Emeline in August of 1846.

A wagon loaded with food, bedding, a stove, etc. was fitted out for the mothers, and children's accommodation, and they started out to find a place some where in Pottawattamie County, Iowa. The task was not an easy one. At last, on the lonely prairie, not too far from the main road, an abandoned barn was found which has possibilities. In it was a stable 14 square feet, which was cleaned out. The floor boards turned and scrubbed, a window was improvised, the stove put up and beds made. Then wood was provided, after which the husband returned to the main body of the Saints.

In order to keep peace with the law and yet have time to finish building the wagons needed for their journey west, he moved Jemima and Cordelia into the next county Pottawattamie. The only housing available was a windowless one-room stable that he cleaned before leaving.

The women made themselves as comfortable as possible and the care of

the children kept them well occupied. Cordelia, though very devoted, felt she was very poor help for a woman facing the great ordeal of child birth, and nervousness was her ever-present companion.

The two women made things as comfortable as possible under conditions of fear, loneliness and near poverty. Within a short time Jemima was to have a baby. Anxiety increased as the time approached and Frederick Walter did not return as expected.

February was almost gone, when one evening Cordelia noticed that Jemima was trying to hide her distress. She then realized that the time had come. A terrible fear came over her as a thousand thoughts rushed through her mind, and uppermost was the thought, "What shall I do?" The answer was a knock at the door. Cordelia opened it and there stood a woman, unexpected but so welcome, and so necessary, this frightful wintry night. She said, "I felt that I was needed and have come to offer my assistance." That night, February 29 1852, the babe was born. As soon as everything had been taken care of and the babe placed in its mother's arms, the kindly woman left, and neither of the wives ever saw her again or heard from her anymore, but they always felt that this was God-given aid, for who but God could have expressed such a keen sympathy or sent more needed help. He did not send them an earthly doctor, who might appear curious enough to hurt these two wives who were so much alone, but he sent a woman, sympathetic, understanding and very capable.

At the critical time they were frightened by a knock on the door. Cordelia cried out. "Who is it?" A woman's voice answered and she was admitted. The baby was born; the strange woman took charge. After helping the baby into the world and completing the after birth duties, she left as quietly and unannounced as she had entered, never to be seen by the Cox people again.

The baby was named Esther, and when she was three months old, they left for Salt Lake City. They arrived there September 28, 1852. They then continued on to Manti in October of the same year. Here this baby grew to womanhood, and was married in the Endowment House, in Salt Lake City to Gardner E Snow. She became the mother of eight children, to whom she always loved to tell the stories of her pioneer days, and especially the one about her birth and the mysterious woman who came almost from nowhere.

***** Alida Snow Wooley *****

The Frederick Walter Cox families left Council bluffs for the Salt Lake Valley in

June 1852. There were three wagons, seven yoke of oxen and cows, and four adults and eleven children. Frederick Walter drove the first wagon with Emeline and her five children. Fred Jr. drove Cordelia's wagon, and William, who was then 11 years old, drove Jemima's wagon with her little family of three children and their worldly goods.

When cholera broke out during the journey, Byron and Frederick Walter were both very ill, Jemima and Cordelia knelt in prayer and asked that their loved ones would be restored to health. The next morning much improvement was seen and soon they both were restored to health.

With the Walker Company they reached Salt Lake City on September 28, 1852. After a few days rest, Frederick Walter and his families continued their journey to Manti where they were welcomed by friends and relatives. They were invited to share the Hulet family home for the winter. In the Spring of 1853 they moved into a log home inside the Manti Stone Fort. Ultimately a large stone house was built to accommodate the wives in separate quarters. Frederick Walter's wives and families Eight children born to Jemima Losee Cox.

Much later Cordelia said, Jemima was kind and devoted to her children. No one could say ought against her. We were driven from our home and husband in the dead of winter among strangers, with no friends to come and visit us. We felt we were alone with no one but God to rely on. We put our trust in Him. When it was our bedtime, we knelt down in humble prayer and asked God to take us into His care and keeping through the night. We had 6 children under six years old without a father's care and protection. The finger of scorn was pointed at us. We bore it with patience. Looking forward to a time when we could live and enjoy the society of our husband and friends again. Jemima died peacefully on March 9 1901 in the Cox family home in Manti and was buried in the Manti City cemetery. (Submitted by Elaine M Moody)

LYDIA LOSEE COX

Lydia was the daughter of David Losee and Lydia Huff. Sister to Jemima, with the same background. Brought up as a Quaker. She was born July 24, 1839 in Canada, Township of Zone, County of Kent. Although much younger than Jemima, she accepted the Life of a plural wife and was true to her calling. A good wife and mother.

EMMA PETERSON COX

Emma was of Danish blood. She came from Copenhagen, Denmark, where she was born. Her mother was a widow when she arrived in Manti, but soon married again. She seemed to have small patience with the older children which made life very hard for Emma. She married very young, glad to bear the

honorable name of her husband. Then when he died leaving her a widow with a family of four small children, she bravely bore every hardship and tried to make her little ones comfortable. They have grown to be honorable people, striving to be a credit to their fathers name.

MARY DARROW RICHARDSON

Mary was the daughter of Stephen and Harriet Burbank Darrow, she was born Feb 28, 1818 in Hebron, NY. In 1840 she married Edmund Richardson and had Emma, Lynette and George. In 1852 with her family, her mother, sister and a company of fellow Presbyterians, she started over the old Oregon trail for Oregon. Continued and increasing trouble along the trail forced the Richardson's to part with the rest of the company and spent the winter in Utah. They went towards the Mormons wondering of whom they were more afraid, the Mormons or the Indians. But, before the winter was over they were baptized and gave up all thought of continuing on to Oregon. President Young sent them to Manti to help strengthen that new community and over-come its very early troublesome days. They took part in the life of the community and tried earnestly to be worthy Latter Day Saints. In 1858 President Young divorced Mary and Edmund Richardson and she was married to Frederick Walter Cox. By him she had two sons, Charles Edmund who was born Oct 14, 1858 and Sullivan Calvin, born Jan 26, 1861. These boys were raised as the sons of Edmund Richardson and carried his name all their long lives even to their graves, although they knew he was only their foster-father. Mary Darrow was a fit companion for the other mothers of the children of Frederick Walter Cox. All her life she was strong of mind and character, and when she came to know and understand the principles of the Gospel of Christ, she embraced them as firmly and whole heartily as she had other principles of her life. She did not hesitate to make of herself a living sacrifice that her sons might live. May her name be known and honored for her integrity to the end of time and on into eternity.

(Notes by Clare B Christensen in regards to Mary Darrow Richardson)

In 1902 my mother, Maud R Driggs, went to Mexico to teach school. She spent many pleasant hours at the home of Edmund Richardson. He told her that he was her Uncle. He of course, was there to avoid the persecution of the United States to Polygamous men. From her recounting and other verbal accounts, I make the following statement, realizing the dangers of some errors and some criticisms:

"After the Richardson's had the three children, they felt that, that was enough. He therefore had an operation to destroy his masculinity. After they had joined the

LDS church and understood the principles of eternal lives, they both came to realize and sorrow over what he had done. Their repentance was so great that they resolved to undertake a most unusual procedure to have more children. They approached President Young about the matter. He said that it would be necessary for Richardson to put away his wife for this life. Accordingly there was both a divorce and a marriage. One must assume that the previous agreement with F W Cox was that the issue would bear the Richardson name. Charles E Richardson was known to my Mother as Edmund Richardson. I make this explanation because I desire to thwart whispering tongues."

Any history of Frederick Walter Cox would not be complete without a record of his children, for they were his joy, his pride and his wealth.

Children of his first wife, Emeline Whiting:

1. Frederick W. Born 6 Nov., 1836, Wyndham, OH. Married Lucy Allen, Alvira Coolidge.
2. Louisa Jane, Born 3 Feb., 1839, Far West, MO Died 1846
3. William A. Born 27 Dec 1841, Lima, II Married Christina Anderson.
4. Eliza E Born 4 May 1843, Lima, II
5. Rosalia E. Born 22 Feb. 1846, Nauvoo, II. Married Benjamin W Driggs.
6. Edwin M. Born 2 Aug 1848, Silver Creek, Iowa, Died Infant.
8. Emily A. Born 8 Aug, 1852, on the Platte River, Married Luther Terry Tuttle.
9. Harriet L. born 6 Feb., 1855, Manti, UT, Married Henry M Reid.
10. Sylvester Born 15 Feb., 1857, Manti, UT. Married Marry Parry.
11. Lucinda Born 2 Feb., 1860, Manti UT. Married Albert Tuttle
12. Luella Born 10 Aug, 1863 Died 1865 Manti, UT.

Children of 2nd Wife, Jemima Losee:

- 13, Mary Adelaide Born 28 Aug, 1848 Silver Creek, Iowa, Married William T Reid.
14. George Byron Born 18 Nov., 1849 Silver Creek, Iowa. Married Susan L Henrie.
15. Esther Phelina Born 29 Feb., 1852 Council Bluffs, Iowa. Married Gardner E Snow.
16. Elvira J. Born 14 May 1855, Manti, UT. Married Alfred Alter.
17. Carmelia Born 30 Dec, 1856, Manti, UT. Died 1864
18. Abraham L. Born 17 Dec 1853, Manti, UT, Died 1855

19. Sarah Eleanor Born 30 Nov., 1859, Manti, UT Married Brigham J Peacock
20. Alice Born 17 Feb. 1862, Silver Creek, Iowa Married Charles Tennant, and E. V. Hardy

Children of 3rd Wife, Cordelia Morley

21. Lavina E. Born 27 Sept, 1846, Silver Creek, Iowa, Married Andrew Van Buren.
22. Theresa Emorette Born 25 Mar, 1849, Silver Creek, Iowa, Married John M Clark.
23. Sarah Ann Born 10 April, 1856, Silver Creek Iowa, Married Frederick Anderson.
24. Francis M Born 23 Aug, 1853, Manti, UT, Married Elizabeth Johnson.
25. Isaac Born 8 Jun 1855, Manti, UT Died 1865
26. Calista Cordelia Born 20 Dec 1856, Manti, UT, Died 1933. Married W G Crawford.
27. Arletta Maria Born 12 Oct 1861, Manti, Ut, Married Frank M Tuttle
28. Evelyn Amelia Born 8 Dec, 1866, Manti, Ut. Sabra E Stringham.

Children of 4th Wife Lydia Losee

29. Samuel Born 11 Dec, 1855, Died 1847 Manti, Ut **dates????**
30. Amanda Born 1 July 1859 Manti, UT. Married Hortin Tuttle
31. Charles A. Born 27 Jan, 1856, Manti, Ut, Married John M Moffitt

Children of 5th Wife Emma Peterson

32. Peter Born 13 Jun 1871, Manti, Ut
33. Lucinda Belle Born 30 Jan, 1873, Manti, UT, Married Jacob Ruesch Jr.
34. Walter Born 27 July 1874, Manti, Ut, Married Mamie Chapman
35. Marry E. Born 17 Aug, 1876, Manti, Ut
36. Olivaette B. Born 15 Jun, 1878, Manti, Ut

Children of 6th Wife, Mary Darrow Richardson

37. Charles Edmund Richardson, Born 13 Oct. 1858, Manti, Ut. Died 1925, Married Sarah Louisa Adams, Sarah Rogers, Caroline Rebecca Jacobson, Daisy Stout, was the father of 36 children. (This is the Charles Edmund Richardson refereed to in the notes by Clare B. Christensen).
38. Sullivan Calvin Richardson Born 26 Jan, 1861 Manti, Ut. Died 1940.

Married Martha Irene Curtis, Teresa Leavitt, had 21 Children.

Another History.....

EARLY PIONEER LIFE IN MANTI, UTAH

As lived by the Children of Frederick Walter Cox

The first flour mill was built at the mouth of Manti Canyon, but it was destroyed by the Indians on Oct 2, 1853. The millers were also killed. So our first mill for grinding was a large coffee mill which went from house to house as needed. After the mill was built it was not long until we were glad to go even when papa was not there. We would clamber into the great water wheel and run up the side. Our weight would start the wheel over, then we would tumble over and over like a wheel within a wheel. Soon, it was safe to go in every direction, because of the Indian problem being over. Temple Hill was our special delight. In the Spring we gathered little round rocks for "play biscuits" and flowers, sego lilies and garlic decked our play places.

It is needless to say that it was hard to get along in this new country. We youngsters didn't realize the many hardships and self-denials of our dear parents. Even actual necessities were scarce. It was hard to live without bread and other staple foods, but at times we had to. And, we got along without it by substituting corn bread and the greens which sprang up so miraculously at the foot of Temple Hill, and grew so thriftily, that we gathered them day after day. We raised vegetables as the summer advanced. These vegetables really helped our diets.

Like most children, we hungered for sweets. Our parents tried to fill this want by crushing watermelons, cornstalks and beets, then boiling them down into molasses. This was also used to make pumpkin cake, butter custards and other simple foods. There was no fruit in Manti until we had lived there many years, except for a few wild currants and occasionally, in season, there were red and also service berries. One year when the service berries were quite plentiful our children and Uncle Orville's went South on the road which now leads to the Sterling mines. We gathered all that were ripe and then Ada climbed the highest tree out there. When she got as far as she could she snatched her bonnet off and swinging it hard back and forth she called out, "three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue!". And the echo answered back, "Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue!". Not only was this the first time it was voiced in these distant

wilds, but it was the first time I ever remember having heard it. We little ones envied her. We thought it was so grand.

I suspect that most of you reading this could not understand what it was like living without fruit for so many years, you possibly cannot sense the longing for it which is a natural feeling for a growing child. But at times some of us older girls have spent a whole day picking two quarts of wild currants that we might just have a taste of some of them. Only someone so famished for them could tell how good they tasted.

Our parents were resourceful at all times and few pioneers have struggled harder than they to make families and neighbors more comfortable. Having vegetables make up for the lack of fruit in a way helped. Father made a long-legged stool with a sharp wooded peg standing in the center. On this pin he would drop a pumpkin and then with the drawing knife, he would peel the upper half. He would then turn the pumpkin over and the other half was similarly peeled. Then it was cut round and round into serial rings, and a slender pole run through it like a string of beads. When the pole was full, it was raised overhead where it was dried and ready to put in a sack and hung out of the way until needed. At times the little rooms were festooned from side to side with yellow pumpkin. Then with molasses, it was made into pies and sauce for our bread and butter. We used molasses a lot for sweetening and flavor.

We used salt-rasing bread until way into the eighties, as we raised everything necessary for it here at home. Flour and water and a pinch of salt was all that was needed. We had a large dutch oven built in the dooryard to bake our bread. It would hold twelve or fourteen large loaves.

We refined our salt by dissolving rock or red salt, letting it settle until perfectly clear, then dipping it off to put in a vessel over a fire, where the water boiled away. It was then spread in the sun to dry out. In this way, if handled carefully, it would be as white as snow. When soda was needed, like everything else, the people got the best to be had. The men were always on the look out for storms for as soon as it dried fairly well, in the southern bottom lands, it would look like snow, down in what was called the saleratus beds. The storm would dissolve the alkali in the saturated beds, and bring it to the surface where it lay in a loose coating all over the land. Then the wagon would be made ready with the oxen or the team of horses hitched on. Boards were laid across the wagon bed for seats for the larger children. The younger ones climbed in back and all were fitted out with sacks and shingles, and a lunch. At the saleratus beds, each took his shingle and carefully scraped the white coating into small heaps until we had all the soda

we needed for that time. Then we would carry a sack from pile to pile until all the sacks were full, then they were loaded into the wagon. After our picnic lunch we turned merrily homeward. It was a sight seeing day too, for there were large hideous snakes to shudder at, and wild birds that we had never seen before, and that were not afraid of us.

In order to use the saleratus, two or three teaspoonsful were put into an earthen bowl and boiling water added. When it stood long enough to settle, it was ready to use. With lots of practice, the biscuits often looked better than they tasted. Of course the saleratus was a usefully article to the Pioneers for they used it in many various ways; in making soap, scouring wool, washing clothes, scrubbing floors, tinware, knives and forks. It was a cleanser for everything and everybody. We used the leach too, getting lye from the wood ashes. As every good housewife made her own soap, she saved every scrap of fat for this purpose.

Pioneer families learned not only to make everything for themselves but to take care of everything. Even the scraps of clothing were used. The calicos and light fabrics were pieced into quilts. Aunt Jemima made up the heavier goods into shoes for our holiday and summer wear. Once a year we went to brother Ipson or Brother Braithwaite and had our feet measured. Then we were furnished with a pair of cowhide shoes which must last while the cold weather lasted. In warm weather our feet went bare. Our feet got hardened in a little while so that it was in our pride, not our flesh that we suffered. Many times when we were going places and could see some of our beaus riding toward us, we would shy off to the side of the road and sit down by the side of the ditch in order to let our feet hang out of sight. It was the same when we went to work in the fields, to glean, or to plant potatoes or to weed. We would slip our of sight, if possible. William laughed at us, and once we had been planting in a hurry, wishing to be done early enough to go with a crowd of girls to the warm springs - next day being Sunday, beau day. Will said to Haze, "say Haze, if you want a wife who can plant potatoes, she's a dandy. She planted an acre yesterday." Oh, if only the earth had of opened up for me.

Our mothers also made our sunbonnets and hats, With nimble fingers they braided the straw, sewed and shaped, bleached and pressed our hats, and I don't need to say that we were proud to wear them. One holiday, I had both hat and shoes of mother's making but not a dress that was whole. What to do? Mother did not know. The last one had been worn to rags. Since it was a holiday, she did not want to stay at home in the house all day with me. Well, she went to Aunt Jemima and together they fixed over one of Adelaide's and how that day was enjoyed! Then they took thirty pounds of wool in the dirt, washed it, carded it by

hand, and spun and weaved it for half the cloth it made. Of this hard earned cloth, dresses were made for us little girls. The cloth was white so they sent for bark to make it a tan color. When our dresses were dirty, they put us to bed rather early while they were washed, pressed and made ready to wear again.

Aunt Emeline's oldest children were boys so she was the tailor for the family and made whole suits of clothes for father, Fred, William and others. She was an ingenious person, and her work was always admirable. She also made fancy buck-skin gloves, stitched them with silk and they were equal to the fancy gloves of today. The material was prepared in the dooryard. While she basted the edges of two skins which had been tanned by the Indians, together, the boys or father dug a small round hole or pit and made a strong smudge in it. By stretching and spreading the skins above the smoke with pliable sticks, they were smoked a beautiful unfading tan color. Of course, if the skins got blazed (too hot) they were ruined.

As further example of the thrift, they took an old cotton filled quilt of a neighbor, pulled out the stitches, washed and carded the cotton and spun doubles and twisted them making thread to patch and darn our clothes. The neighbor got half the thread for the old rag of a quilt. In this way they helped both themselves and the neighbors.

Father and the boys never lacked for employment. They grew ambitious to put our large family into a better home. So when the sun shone there was the rock and quarry out in the hills. When it was cold and stormy they worked on the looms, spinning wheels, swift reels, shurrler and all the other tools for the women to work with. Then there were sleds, sleighs and everything made of wood which was needed in our home or on the farm to be hand made. The wagons were always being refitted with bows, and the men always tried to have things better made and more convenient. There was all the farm work to do, and more land to be cleared. While father, Fred and William grubbed the land of the heavy rabbit brush and sage brush, the children who were large enough to help, went along to pile the brush to be burned. We made row after row of brush piles. When it was ready to burn a match started the first pile. Then the fun began. Snatching a burning brush we ran to the next pile, then the next and on and on until it was all a mass of roaring flames. Then we raced between the long rows of smoke and flame shouting, singing and laughing. We were a happy band of toilers!

We sang all the way to and from work. Father was a good musician, and played his flute. He played all kinds of music. He and mama sang in the choir in the old council house for years it was where the Carnegie Library now stands.

When the harvest time came the whole family except the mothers and smallest children went to gather the crops. Father or Fred would swing the cradle. The older boys raked or helped Will to bind the bundles. The girls followed behind picking up every head that scattered on the ground. I have heard father say that it would make the 'old cylinder' hum when a bundle of the gleanings went through it.

How hungry we were when noon came! Father sat down by a little stream and drew the dinner bucket dripping from its cool depths in or near the water. No food ever tasted half so good. Then we had an hour of rest. We waded the creek, sat in the shade, or bent a young cottonwood down and springing upon it, we would take a 'horse to ride'. All the way home was a joyful ride. The smaller ones clambered over onto father's knees and often with four or five he sat trotting or swaying them back and forth singing happily:

"Sailing in the boat when the tide rolls high
Sailing in the boat when the tide rolls high
Sailing in the boat the colors how they fly
Waiting for a pretty girl to come by
and by"

"Chose you a partner and dance away, Choose you
a partner and dance away, Choose you a partner we'll
dance till day, And we don't care a frizzle what the old
folks say."

When the milking and the chores were done, he called us all together and we gratefully thanked the Creator for the many blessings we enjoyed. Then off to bed, and our slumber was sweet from honest toil in peace. At times when the harvest was rushed, we would spend the whole week in the field. Rosalie and Lovina went back and forth bringing food from home as we needed it. One night they were a little late and were lost in the darkness and the tall sunflowers. For once, they were glad to hear the voice of Joseph Chapman who guided them to the camp and father.

At night the mosquitoes swarmed over us feasting on our tender flesh. Our noses, lips and eyes were often so swollen we could not help but laugh, though we often felt like crying. We all wanted to sleep by father. To satisfy us and be just, he had us take turns sleeping beside him. Besides our love for him, it was very comforting to feel him near in that wild sagebrush country where snakes roamed at will.

The Indians were nearly always with us, begging, and when we had bread, they

shared with us. About ten or twelve would come to the door to perform and beg. They had a drum made of an animal hide stretched over a shaped wooden vessel like a wash dish, only deeper. Then the hide was drawn together at the back and tied for a handle. They held the drum in one hand and beat the flat side with a stick and danced, singing Hi yia, hi yia, ya yia and keeping time. They kept up the grotesque performance until given something to eat. Then they went to the next door and repeated it there. The children usually put as many people as possible between them and those dark people whose cruel deeds filled us with terror. Sometimes the Indians went away on trips or on the Warpath with other tribes. If victorious on these escapades, we could usually tell by the fact that they brought back little Indian boys and girls to be sold or abused until released by death. At one time they brought so many youngsters that nearly all the older residents in Manti had an Indian boy or girl. A great many of them grew to manhood and womanhood among our people. Of course father wanted no slaves in his family, and besides our homes were very crowded with so many children in just one room for living room, bedroom and kitchen.

One day when Francis was about ten years old, he was with the sheep. Vet, who was smaller was with him. They always carried their dinner in their hands because they must follow wherever the sheep went feeding during the day. On this particular day, a lot of wandering Indians were trailing their tent poles and camp equipment along through the brush and stopped to arrange some packs. The boys came up curiously to watch them. Presently Vet turned to Francis saying, "that Indian took my dinner from me". Handling his dinner to Vet, Francis strolled around among them and came up just behind the fellow who was greedily eating Vet's dinner. He raised his foot and kicked the Indian with all his might and strength. Amidst the jeers of the others, the culprit handed what lunch was left back to Vet, and the campers moved on without further molesting the boys. Indians always admired acts of bravery. It seemed to be a habit among the Indians to just help themselves of his dinner if they found a boy alone with the sheep. The boys were surely glad to get off with that. We watched the Indians sometimes hunting rabbits on the hill. They would first form a large circle. Then they would ride around and around drawing nearer and nearer together until the poor bunnies were completely surrounded. Then they began shooting them with their bows and arrows. Right now, I can hear their fiendish laughter as the poor things fell one by one until none were left alive. They would take them to their "Wickiups" where the rabbits were thrown on the fire, hide and all. When the meat was done, what was left of the hide was stripped off and dinner was ready.

Aunt Emeline's room was lighted by one small window, one door and an open

fireplace, and had room for two beds with the foot boards coming close together. There was scarcely room for her family to gather around the fire opposite the beds. The next room being the corner one, it had a door facing the east, and a window facing the north. The partition walls were straight west from the door and south from the window. Aunt Jemima had two beds in here and Aunt Lydia one. Thy had no fireplace, but used a step-up stove for cooking and heating. Aunt Jemima had a family but Aunt Lydia had not been married long. They did all their work, lived and ate in this one room, Mama had a small bedroom a little more than half way up the side of the fort. In it there was space enough for one bed and a small one on the floor. There was a corner fireplace with room for mother's 'half' chair where she sat to knit and we gathered around her and the fire.

We had plenty of company for there were not any story books or papers nor much of anything else to pass the time for us, and when the long winter evenings came, story-telling was our usual and popular pastime. Reading would have been difficult even if we had books for we had no lamps and only a few candles as there were no cattle to spare for the fat. As a substitute they used what was called a 'slut'. This was a saucer with a large piece of rag in the shank of a button. The weight of the button would hold the rag down in any kind of grease. It made quite a light.

Mother had read a good many stories in her childhood, and when the neighbor children found what interesting stories she could tell them, her evenings were not spent alone. As soon as the chores were done, the dishes washed and the evening's work over, they gathered at our corner fireplace and eagerly listened while mama patiently told story after story. She repeated them evening after evening until the children practically knew them off by heart. Then they would hang up the bed curtains and give a dramatic performance of the stories.

The reformation time came along and the larger boys and girls joined with their parents and evening meeting were held. The young folks learned to get up in those gatherings and bear their testimonies. Some of them got to be real preachers.

Our schools were very simple. Two of the larger children would take their places and choose up sides until all were chosen. Then the teacher would take the place in the center facing them. If the word was spelled correctly, another was given out, but if it were misspelled, he or she sat down. Toward the last it grew to be exciting and lots of fun.

Occasionally we would take a ride to Ephraim in the sleigh to a dance. The

winters went by and in the spring father would go to the stone quarry. All the children liked to run about Temple Hill. We found a soft clay bed and we carried loads home. We spent hours molding clay and making everything from a horse to a frying pan. Edwin or Byron might have made themselves famous as sculptors, so perfect were the things molded by them. The girls fashioned every kind of dish for cooking and for the table. We enjoyed them as well as they do the costly china of today.

Also, on the Hill we found a soft rock which could be whittled into something like a pencil. It would make quite a decent mark if we could keep a point, but it had to be thick and clumsy to keep it from breaking. However, it was the only pencil we ever knew or had the chance to use, and it was so short that it almost made our hands cramp to use it.

Paper was scarce in those days, so we were only allowed to write three or four lines in our copy books each day. Neither were the text-books suitable to our ages. We had only the books which our parents carried and used in their last days in school. Think of such little tots trying to understand the figures and geography adapted for the seventh and eight grades.

Our parents did all they possibly could for the children. Mother had taught school before we came here and again in the "Court House" in the old fort. One evening she was ready to call the roll, but had left the roll-book at home so she sent me back to get it. I got it and started back, when an old Indian started following me. He was old Shintooth, the ugliest human that ever lived and an outcast even among his own people. At first I paid no attention to him and thought he would desist when we met someone, but there seemed to be no one about. He was slowly gaining on me! I could hear his horrible breathing. Fear lent me wings, for I could almost feel his horrible claws grasping me. On and on I fairly flew with him after me all the way. Reaching the door which was unlatched I fell through and dropped on the floor.

One night an Indian came to the Fort and told the people that the Indians were coming to surround the Fort and kill all the Mormons before morning. Our younger children had gone down to the barn to bed. Father hardly believed what he said, but would take no chances when little children were exposed, so he came and got us all up into the Fort for protection. What an anxious night of watching we spent! But not a single Redskin came in sight.

Our family had long outgrown those little rooms in the Fort but it took time in those days to build a home large enough to hold that many comfortably.

Meanwhile they must be fed and clothed. We were seven years building the old home which is called the 'Big House'. It still stands in sound, perfect condition one block west of Main Street on the South side of Depot street. We moved in it in 1861 or 62. Four wives, seven sons and sixteen daughters, beside's Fred's wife, and it seemed so good to have whole rooms to work and play in. At this time young people were visiting our home and we were getting grown up. Young men were making shy advances and the older girls were enjoying dances, the theater and other social affairs. We enjoyed our home life and it will cling to us while this life shall last.

Father was often away from home. In about 1862 'Old Topaddie' came to the Big house and told father of some wagons over near Green River which had be left by Johnson's Army. The Indian sat on the floor and mapped out the whole route describing and locating the mountain, river and valley. And how far they would have to travel without water. This so interested father that he determined to trust the Indian and followed him to the cache.

He persuaded Archie Buchanan to go with him. They took teams, bedding, provisions and trusted their lives to this Indian. Father had always been a friend to the Indians. Many are the cattle, sacks of flour, potatoes and other food he gave them as well as housing them and feeding them. No matter how often they came they never went away empty handed. In spite of all the family's fears he trusted Topaddie. We were all very much frightened as the time set for their return came and went and they did not come. We realized how an Indian might be tempted and a traitor Indian destroy them. But this time the red man proved a trusted friend indeed and though they were gone longer than they had expected they returned safely. Their provisions gave out and the old Indian hunted continually, for game was scarce, Only a rabbit to be seen once in awhile. He always gave the white men the best. He roasted the rabbit skin and all and gave the meat to father and Arch. The part he knew they would refuse as unclean he ate himself. It was hard to realize the value of all father brought home. Several of the wagons were re-made and there was iron and lead to last years in that land a thousand miles from where it could be bought. Even if you had the money, which we did not. The wagons were an essential element to our working men.

The Indians came with so many of their troubles. Even after father died and Indian came from far out in Dixie country to see him and seemed so disappointed when told that father had been killed in an accident.

The food eaten by the family was mostly raised on the farm and our clothing was provided from the work done by our mothers until we were large enough to work

and earn it for ourselves. I asked mother if father ever bought me a dress, and she answered. Not that she knew of. Nor can I remember of getting one from him. Of course he bought sheep and provided the wool to be made into clothes for our comfort. But of "Store Clothing" we had none, only those earned by our own efforts and except the little factory father provided and the cotton yarn for the "linsey". There were no stores until we had been here a good many years. When goods were finally brought here, they were so high it took almost a fortune to get the few things we could not get along without.

Father always made trips to Salt Lake where he would buy the necessities. Usually he made it a time close to conference time and took some of the women so that they could have an outing once in awhile. I remember father paid 90 cents to a dollar a yard for a factory piece of material, 30 cents for a spool of thread, 25 cents for a box of matches. Wheat, oats and flour were usually just as high. I have sold a knitted scarf for a bushel of wheat, then sold the wheat for a five-dollar felt hat for Francis, the first store hat he ever had.

Father planned the Big House with one large and light room for children big enough to keep two teachers busy. Rosalie taught the smaller pupils first and afterward when she had experience she taught the higher classes. Ellen Van Buren was an assistant in winter and was used night and day. There was night school for older boys and girls. Some married people who had not been able to get sufficient schooling attended the evening classes.

W K Barton taught singing school there. Uncle Orville had a dancing school which we children enjoyed, although we were only spectators, yet it was a picnic to watch those who took part. Uncle Orville was a good dancer and with dancing pumps on his feet he was like a rubber ball, so light and nimble was he.

How did our patient mothers ever endure all the racket and bustle? It went on continually all the year round though in a different way in the school season. We held public dances in that room for it was the nicest room in town to dance in.

In the spring, school was cut short for the boys and girls had to work the farms. There was the ground to plough and grain to plant. We did not have alfalfa in those days. Just a little wild day, so the oxen were turned out to feed during the night. Sometimes it took long hours of hunting in the mornings to just find them again. Besides the horses and cattle there was a good sized flock of sheep. These were cared for summer and winter at home. They were never driven to the mountain or desert as they are in these days but were corralled each night.

There was enough range in the valley for them and Edwin, Byron, and Francis each in their own turn had to herd them during the day and bring them home at night. In the spring when there were lambs the girls would cut potatoes in small pieces and scatter them in the troughs so that they might eat and thrive. We also fed milk to the orphaned lambs. Along in April the herd was driven to the Warm Spring where a large spout was erected which would raise the water high enough to have quite a fall. Each sheep was held while water washed out the dirt. Then they were turned loose to dry. When shearing time came the wool was much cleaner. It was brought home and each mother had her portion weighed out to her according to the number of children.

In the Big House there were three looms which were used by the mothers until the girls were older when each in her own turn learned to weave. At times, there were seven and eight spinning wheels arranged along side by side facing the windows and the street. We first picked the wool, taking out all bits of dirt and straw. Then it was sorted. The finest and best was put in a pile, the next best in another and so on. Usually making four grades of raw wool. The first or finest grade was to be used in making fine flannel for dresses, next for linsey sheets, underwear, and so on - next for jeans or heavy cloth for trousers for men and boys. The last lot was carded by hand for quilt batting.

The first three lots were sent to carding machines and made into rolls, then how we made the wheels spin. Our reels would take at least two yards of yarn to go around them. We put forty times, or threads into one knot, ten knots in one skein of yarn making 160 yards in each skein. In weaving, fourteen knots were usually put into one yard of cloth. It required more if very fine and less if course. Making about 1200 yards of yarn to fill one yard of cloth. Then it would take just as much for the warp. We would spin from four to six skeins in a day. We had to be very careful in spinning warp or it would break in the weaving which made the work so trying and tedious.

We would run races to see who could spin the most in a day or a given time. Rosalia wove ten yards of linsey in one day. She was sick the next day to pay for it however. Then Lovina spun ten skeins in one day and eight was the largest day's spinning I ever did. The rest kept close to us. We sang every song we could think of. We set words to music. We sang whole stories told in verse. Aunt Emeline remembered the "Ritter Baun" and taught it to us.

"the Ritter Baun from Hungary came back renowned in arms
Despising jousts of chivalry, of love and ladies charms
While other knights held revel, he sat wrapped in thoughts of gloom

Or in Vienna's hostelry slow paced his lonely room.
 There entered one whose face he knew, whose voice he was aware
 to whom he had often listened in a holy house of prayer.
 It was the Abbott of St. James, monk, a fresh and fair old man
 Whose revered air attested e'en the gloomy Ritter Baun.
 But seeing with him an ancient dame come clad in Scottish attire
 The Ritter's color went and came and loud he spake in ire.
 Ha, Nurse of her that was my bane, Name not her name to me.
 I wish it blotted from my brain, Art poor, take alms and flee.
 Sir Knight, the Abbot interposed, "this case your ear demands."
 and the crone cried with a cross enclosed in both her trembling hands.
 You wedded undispenced by Church, your cousin Jane in spring
 In autumn when you went in search for Churchman's pardoning.
 Her house denounced your marriage bauns, betrothed her to DeCray
 And the ring you put upon her hand was wrenched by force away.
 Then wept your Jane upon my neck, crying, Help me nurse to flee
 To my Ritter Baun Glaymorgan hills. But word arrived, ah me!
 You were not there, and 'twas their threat by foul means or fair,
 Tomorrow morning was to set the seal of her despair.
 I had a son, a sea boy in a ship at Heartland Bay
 And by his aid from her cruel kin I bore my bird away,
 To scotland then from the Divan, Green Myrtle's shore we fled
 And the hand that sent the ravens to Elijah, gave us bread
 She wrote you by my son and he from England sent us word you had gone into
 some far country.

(note) there were 14 verses more and we used to sing them all.

THIS INFORMATION WAS OBTAINED FROM MARGARET PACE IN THE
 SPRING OF 1963. THE STORY OF "EARLY LIVE IN MANTI UTAH" WAS
 WRITTEN BY EMERATTE COX CLARK (child #22). SHE WAS THE
 DAUGHTER OF CORDELIA MORLEY COX AND WE HAVE NO DATE AS TO
 WHEN SHE WROTE THIS STORY.*

* In a note book on "Our Beloved Home and Parents" She said she had written
 much when she wrote to her on May 19, 1919. - "Dear Sister Rosalie" - Clare B.
 Christensen