

Donated by Jim Kennick 8/14/2007

KITTIE EVALINE PRITCHETT DIXON: A Mormon Pioneer Saga from Smyth County, Virginia to Sanpete County, Utah, to Clifton, Idaho, to Star Valley, Wyoming, to Hagerman, Idaho

The following biographies, autobiographies and pictures of Kittie Evaline Pritchett Dixon include:

- A brief biography of Kittie Pritchett Dixon by her granddaughter Calpurna Burton Fluckiger
- An extensive autobiography,



"HISTORICAL DATA", written in about 1902 by Kittie Pritchett Dixon

- A biography, KITTIE EVALINE PRITCHETT DIXON, by Kittie's daughter Alice Lee Burton
- Photo of Kittie and Harvey Dixon (taken from a book by Robert Boyd Jackson, (c)1983)
- Photos of Kittie and Harvey Dixon's cemetery markers in Hagerman, Idaho

Harvey Dixon (1844-1906) married in 1870 Kittie Pritchett Dixon (1851-1924)

BIOGRAPHY OF

KITTIE EVALINE PRITCHETT DIXON

Kittie Evaline Pritchett was the eldest daughter of Samuel Napoleon Bonaparte Pritchett and Mary Elizabeth McEntire. She was born at Smith County, Virginia, December 12, 1851.

When Kittie was four years of age her mother and sister Eunice died, leaving her to care for her father and her grandparents, John Alexander McEntire and Elizabeth Morning Dean.

While Kittie was still young, her father and grandparents became members of the church and migrated to Utah.

Note: Here we insert an account, taken from another immigration story, about Kittie's trip to Utah.

A story told by Kittie Evelyne Pritchett Dixon, copied from an account written of Elizabeth Letitia Higginbotham Perry in which the incident appeared.

Kittie Evelyne Pritchett Dixon came to Utah in this company and was the niece of the Captain William Pritchett, Great-Grandfather's (*Samuel Napoleon Bonapart Pritchett*) brother. The Susan Pritchett mentioned was the cousin and daughter of Captain Pritchett.

"Our journey westward was started on the fourth day of June, 1864, with William Pritchett active in the capacity of captain of the company. Fort Kearney in Nebraska was the western outpost and our last civilized settlement. Facing west we started over the "Old Mormon Trail". One member of our company, through lack of understanding of the habits of Indians, exercised unwise discretion which almost resulted in a tragedy. Two Indians came into camp and this immigrant, jokingly asked them if they wanted to buy beautiful black-eyed Susan Pritchett. The redskins agreed to give two ponies for her and left camp to get them. A freighter nearby warned us that the Redskins were in earnest. Susan became terrified and concealed herself in one of the wagons. The Indians soon returned and Captain Pritchett attempted an explanation, but it was not accepted, the Indians leaving in a rage. Everyone realized that there was trouble ahead.

The succeeding two days were filled with apprehension for the travelers. They were fired on in their camp; their cattle were stampeded by Indians, some of the men were struck with barbed arrows and much physical suffering resulted. The Indians, in order to protect themselves while harassing our people, would hang over the sides of their horses. Our main defense was the large number of freighters traveling with us, but for two weeks we had no feeling of security. One day 300 Indians attired for war swooped down upon us. Captain Pritchett ordered our wagons formed into a corral with the cattle and horses inside. Our tension was relieved however, when we saw one of the warriors approached, displaying a white flag, which indicated to us a truce. We all had a prayer of gratitude in our hearts as we watched them depart.

We arrived in "The Salt Lake Valley" Aug 1, 1864 and camped on Emigration Creek for a few days.

**This story was copied from the scrapbook of Alice Dixon Lee Burton in 1939, by Calpurna Burton Fluckiger, granddaughter of Kittie Pritchett Dixon. The biography continues:*

Upon arrival here Kittie accompanied her father to Sanpete County where he established his home. Her grandparents located in Harrisville.

As Kittie grew into young womanhood, she frequently came north to visit her grandparents and their family. She was charming and attractive with heavy black hair, large dark eyes and a beautiful complexion. Her voice was musical and sweet with a slight southern accent. She was loved and admired by both old and young who looked forward eagerly each year to her visits.

An increasing interest and affection developed between Kittie and [Harvey Dixon](#) (click for a website about him). They were married March 7, 1870.

Harvey built his home beside that of his brother Henry near their father's home. Here they began their new life in comfort, surrounded by relatives and friends. Here also their first child Mary Elizabeth was born, but lived only a few hours. Another daughter, Alice Evaline, came to them later, bringing joy and comfort.

Harvey, his brother Henry, Uncle George Lake and others had engaged in stock raising. As their herds increased in numbers they felt the necessity of expansion and better grazing pastures. Since the barren wastes of the Great Salt Lake region forbade any western movement, they began to move northward, finally locating and founding the present villages of Oxford and Clifton in southern Idaho. This move was a trying one for Kittie. She loved close friends and neighbors, and her southern hospitable nature craved companionship and activity. Into this barren sagebrush plain these sturdy pioneers brought the

same courage, fortitude and perseverance that had characterized their earlier lives in Utah.

Harvey opened a sand quarry, built a saw mill and began to build a new home and to develop the land. Kittie watched with interest and concern the establishment of this new era in their lives. A son, Harvey Dixon, Jr. was born in the summer of 1874. Into the new home was woven dreams for the comfort, well being and happiness of her family.

The little town of Clifton grew rapidly bringing a need for school, church and community life. Harvey and Kittie chose a more desirable location and built a large, more substantial home close in the village, keeping the old home as a ranch house. Orchards, shade trees, gardens and close neighbors gave Kittie renewed interest and happiness. Beyond the village stretched the rich grain fields and grazing pastures. They prospered and life seemed good.

Kittie was always a leader in church and social activities and share the popularity of Harvey in his duties as Bishop of the ward and civic leader. She was a splendid housekeeper. Sewing, weaving, quilting kept her household supplies in stock and in the dairy butter, cheese, and fruit filled the shelves. Her ability as a homemaker brought comfort, cheer and happiness to her husband, children and friends. Here at Clifton four more children were born to Harvey and Kittie, making a family of six, three boys and three girls. When Harvey's activities convinced her that it would be wise to again move northward, Kittie accepted the decision with the same courage and fortitude that had always characterized her life. Like Ruth of old, she sacrificed her own interests and gave to others her allegiance, support and loyalty.

In 1885 Kittie and her family accompanied Harvey into Wyoming and established a home in the beautiful Star Valley. This was a splendid grazing country for cattle where they quickly developed on the rich green feed and were early ready for market. The summers were delightfully cool and pleasant, but the winters were long and severe with heavy snow for many months. The soil was rich and fertile but too frequently the early gardens and grain crops were destroyed by a late frost or harvest delayed by early severe frost in the autumn. Life was rugged, but the children were healthy and grew rapidly. Two more children, a boy and a girl were born here at Afton.

Fifteen years passed. The older children were maturing and making their own homes here in the valley. Kittie and Harvey began to grow weary of the strenuous life and to long for a location in a more moderate climate. Harvey made a tour of inspection into the Snake River Valley on the Pacific slope, choosing a homesite in the beautiful Hagerman Valley. Here he moved his family in 1900.

The scenery was beautiful, the soil fertile, the hills green. The climate was mild and to the great delight of the children there was no snow to be shoveled away and paths broken in the early mornings. A new era seemed to be opening and life ahead looked peaceful. Harvey found time for more active church duties and became Presiding Elder of the Fir Grove Branch of the Cassia Stake. Kittie found interest in the establishment of a new home for her family. But sorrow came to them in the death of their young son, Samuel Wilkinson in Bliss at the age of 15 and again in the death of their youngest child, Elsa May Dixon at the age of 13. During one winter Kittie took her children to Logan where they might enjoy the advantages of better schools and college.

In the summer of 1906, Harvey was stricken with a serious illness. He passed away at their home in Bliss, July 6, 1906.

As the years passed and her children left for their own homes, Kittie became lonely and gave up her home in Bliss. She found comfort and companionship in the homes of her children, sharing with them her vast knowledge of child life and homemaking. She carried into each home a spiritual uplift and

found among her grandchildren an admiration and devotion to her beautiful personality, strength of character, patience and faith.

Kittie and Harvey Dixon were reunited July 18, 1924 when she passed away at the home of their daughter at Afton after a separation of eighteen years.

HISTORICAL DATA OF KITTIE EVALINE PRITCHETT DIXON

Written at Mullin's ranch Hagerman, Idaho, May 25, 1902. This is Fred's birthday and he is 23 years old. I'll go back to that time and see how I felt. I was as near dead 23 years ago as I ever want to be until I take *my* final leave of this sphere.

I was born in 1851, Dec. 12, in the state of Virginia, Smith County. *My* mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Dean. They called her Betty. Father's mother's name was Nancy Hilton Johnson. Hilton being the proper name as our grandfather was an officer in the English army and forsook his position and came to America to assist the people at that time in what he thought was right and just that they should have Independence. It was then that he dropped his surname and took up his middle name which was Samuel Johnson Hilton.

Grandfather Pritchett's mother's maiden name was Anderson. They as well as the Pritchett's were of Scotch descent. My grandfather McIntyre I do not know much about, but I am nearly sure his mother's maiden name was Lester. Grandfather Pritchett's family consisted of five girls and two boys. Their names were as follows: Ann Eliza, Susan, Mary, William Dekalb, Sarah Brant, and Samuel Napoleon Bonaparte, & Nancy.

Ann Eliza married Colman Joplin. She had no children.

Susan married Jackson Hambrick.

Mary married Aleck Brooks. She had three girls. He died in the Civil war, near about Blue Sulphur Springs.

Wm. Dekalb married Barbara Fulcher. They had nine children.

Father (Samuel Napoleon Bonaparte) married Elizabeth McIntyre. They had two children, myself and sister Eunice, who died soon after mother, August 19, 1855. Mother was very young when she was married. She died when she was 18 years old. Father married again in 1860 to a lady from Kentucky by the name of Mary J. Gillespie. They had four children and father died in 1870. She is still alive.

Sarah B. married William F. McIntyre - *my* mother's brother. They had seven children, all alive now but one. Also Aunt Sally is at this writing. Uncle William McIntyre died in 1897.

Nancy married Thompson Pratt. They had twelve children. Most all dead at this writing.

Aunt Nancy died of cancer in the throat. She bled to death. Pratt married again and had his eighteenth child when he was 72 years old. Still lives in Smith County, Virginia, with his second wife.

Grandfather McIntyre's name was Alexander. He married Betty Dean. They had nine children. Their

oldest daughter, Nancy, married a man by the name of Byce. They were in Texas the last we knew of them.

Thomas died in the civil war in 1862. Uncle Eli was taken prisoner and held at camp Chast in the north. He was nearly dead. Had little to eat and was not otherwise treated good. That is more the reason so many died than the change of climate as history would have you believe, but he lived through all and married and had four children. His wife died and a promise that was made to his dying wife by her cousin was fulfilled and that was that she would stay with Uncle Eli and raise her children and she did until they were all grown and then her and Uncle Eli got married and now live in Colorado, or did in 1899.

Martha McIntyre married Wm. Helmadollar. I do not know how many children, but do know she had six. She died in Missouri and I think most of her family are dead. All the rest of grandfather's children died when they were small, but Uncle Henry, who came to Utah in 1871 as did grandfather and grandmother and curious as it may see, they all died inside of three months and the same year.

Uncle Henry married Martha Gillespie. They had two children, one boy, William, and a daughter, Martha. Martha married a man by the name of Bates in Payson, Utah. I think Will is there somewhere now.

Grandfather McIntyre died first. He was dissatisfied with Utah and its wild barren looks at that time after coming from Virginia where the climate was soft and mile and the scenery so grand. It just seemed that he pined and died as he was not undressed and in bed like most people when sick. Was ailing and would sometimes lie down on top of the bed quilts. One day he asked grandmother to come and lie beside him. She did so and laid her arm over him and noticed that his breathing was not right and he passed away.

Next was Uncle Henry. He was sick only a few days and died. No particular disease that the doctor ever told of. Thought it might be pneumonia. His wife took sick and died in a few days. Last Grandmother complained of a pain in her chest and passed quietly away. Uncle called old Dr. McIntyre of Ogden to see her and he did seem to think she was dangerously ill.

There is one thing in that family - they were very much horrified over the taking of life or anything and especially that of human life. In the Civil War all the boys were in the army sooner or later. Uncle Bill and Henry worked in the saltpeter mines as long as they could to keep from taking up arms against their fellowmen; but driven to the last extremity all the able bodied men had to go. At that time the South was nearly ready to finish, but determined to make a last stand - conquer or die trying. Then the North troops were well up into Virginia. My uncles were sent to guard the salt works about ten miles from their home at a place called Marion. Uncle said as the Union men came up the advance guard they were shot down like dogs; and when the wounded would call for water they would give them salt in their mouths and 'damn you, you came for a licking, take it'. The men fought hand to hand, bayonetting one another in an awful way which made Uncle Henry sick and he threw down his gun and said, "Boys, I'm going home. I'd rather die than kill men in this way." My other Uncle said he expected to see him shot down but night found him at home.

Of the cruelties of that war, a tithing has never been told. I'm sure history does not commence to tell it; but I guess it is the best - the least that can be told.

I want to make some comments on some of the trials of that dreadful day. Grandfather Pritchett had married again as grandmother Hilton Pritchett, his wife, died the same time that my mother did of what

was then thought to be contagious by some, bloody flux. In the year 1855, he married a second wife by the name of Jane Debard. She had four girls, Kittie and Fannie, Rebecca and Jenny. My Aunt Sally McIntyre had three or four children and she had to carry one on her back and another hanging to her dress skirts. There were no men to do the work outdoors or in the house, but grandfather, and he had a young family of his own and was in his sixty-sixth year, thus the women had to hoe corn, shear sheep, get their own wood and water and make a living by spinning their own and the children's clothes; and some for the men. I think some of the daughters would make a slim living when it comes to working as many did in the south in the time of the civil War.

Uncle William Pritchett came to Missouri in 1858; my father, the year I was six years old. Father was very unsettled in his mind. He wanted to return to Kentucky to get the girl he had become acquainted with as we were on our route to Missouri.. This he did in 1860 and returned in the spring of 1861, after an absence of one year. I was left in the care of my Aunt Susan Hambrick. . She had three children and one of the three always tried to see how much trouble she could cause me. My life began to be full of sorrow from that time on. While my Aunt was always kin_ but like many others, thought too much of what her own children told her. My cousin kept my life worked up until my father came with a wife of nineteen. I think I must have struck her queer for she seemed to dislike me from the first. And it was rare, if ever, I received anything from her but cross works or looks, and often blows. I was expected to know what was coming and be on the move before the word was uttered. I am informed she treats her last children better than she ever did me, for which I am very glad as it is a hard, cold world at best. (Her last husband was Garlic)

My father having not boys large enough to help him, it fell to my lot to do all outdoor chores which I did, and milked in my tenth year, five cows; fed hogs and chickens and carried all of the water up hill for nearly a quarter mile. I've carried three vessels at a time, one on my head and two in my hands. I was told every day that I was no good and I thought it was so; have not changed my mind yet, in some ways no good yet.

My stepmother had chills and fever all summer and at last she had scrofulous sores break out on one of her legs so she could hardly walk or work. Her sorrow did not add anything to my happiness. I surely do pity any motherless child. I think it bad to be without a father but worse to be without a mother, as it is almost sure that a mother will make things look the best they can for their children, never telling the little things the child has done, and giving the child the benefit of the doubt, as to whether it was willful or not.

We lived in Sullivan County in 1861 and 1862, then we moved 25 miles to Lynn County. Had water plenty most of the time - cistern water, fun off from, the houses into a well and there kept until it was used up. This time we moved where the timber was thick. I have had many good lonely times rambling through the woods, gathering raspberries and blackberries, wild plums, crab apples, hazel nuts, hickory nuts, and walnuts. I think that part of the United States is and has been rich with all such things, so you see I've had a little of enjoyment mixed along with my little trials. It was at this place I first went to a picnic. I was then in my twelfth year. We had a teacher boarding in the next room. She was from Wisconsin and a fine teacher. Her name was Kelly. She took her school out for this picnic. I had my first pair of fine shoes, and went to my first outing without further or mother or relatives. They had long tables set in what was called Thomas grove; swings to swing almost out of sight, and we had a ride on the cars, - that was my first ride in a railroad coach. I had seldom been in town, and it was a treat to me then. Longed many times for such a good time as that was to me. The same winter I went out to a few parties but I was called little speckled rebel as they thought my further was a southern sympathizer at that time. I always have had a great terror of war for people say and do such bad things at such times. Nearly all good men, I mean strong men were pressed into the service at that time in the north; but my father was examined and told he was not strong enough for a soldier, so he was at home most of the

time. Once he was shot at while plowing in the field. Quite a few was picked off in that way if they did not belong to the Union Army. If you were not in the army you had to join what was Quantrell's band. It was just a few southern men that was scouting around, doing the north what harm they could at different places. Some of the James boys was a part of that band; but if you knew the James boys and what they had to contend with, you would not blame them as some do. Their aged parents burned out and other outrages performed on them until they were almost wild; and they did not commit half the robberies that was laid to them. But it is so handy to have a black jack to lay all your bads on. They were the whipping boys for that part of the north to lay all their dirty deeds on.

Well, through this kind of thing I passed some of my teens. In 1864, father got a pass to cross the line into the territories and come to Utah; and we started from Florence five miles up the river from Omaha, April 1, 1864, and was all summer on the plains with ox teams. We had milk and butter most of the way. We had two cows. That year the Indians were bad and done lots of stealing of both horses and cattle. One man was shot with an Arrow and every horse was taken out of the train but one widow named Bede that was going to Oregon and she kept her horses tied to wagon, and gave them meal and pulled grass for them until we got out of the worst of the Indian country. This was somewhere near the mud springs in the Black Hills country. We reached Salt Lake City all OK.

Father went south to Sanpete County, Utah, and stayed there until he died which was in Oct. 1870. He came near being killed by Indians while he was out with sheep, while the Black Hawk War was going on. I saw six buried in one grave that had been killed in a most brutal way. One had his mouth cut from ear to ear; one of the little girls had her head split with a tomahawk; another had her bowels let out. One young man was brained and two more shot and killed. Another time one young man was killed and another wounded, their names, Tommy Jones, killed, and Will Avery wounded. At another time David Jones was shot while out hunting horses and a sheep herder killed. This all happened in or near Thistle Valley. They were buried in Fairview, Utah.

The militia was sent down from Salt Lake to help protect the people. They had a skirmish over in Thistle Valley and one man was killed. He was buried in Mount Pleasant with military honors.

During all these years the people were at work plowing, sowing, fighting Indians, and grasshoppers; young men and maidens made love, found the ones they loved and were married.

Public meetings and Sunday Schools were held and some time dances. The names of the Captain or General was Roy Pace of Payson. Captain John I vie and Mary Cottle were stabbed and lots more killed, but I never saw them, this was just my own knowledge. The people had their sorrows and pleasures just the same as they do now. This took place between 1864 and 1870.

In the spring of 1868 Utah boys were called back to the Missouri River to help the poor saints get to Zion or Utah. Six of them were drowned, one young man I was very well acquainted with, Chris Nublee and two others I slightly knew. That fall I went to Ogden to see and stay awhile with my uncles, Wm Pritchett and Wm. McIntyre. I stayed there one year. While there I became acquainted with Harvey Dixon. He came to Sanpete. The next March, 7, in 1870 we were married in the Endowment House by D. H. Wells. We went to his father's house and lived there two weeks and then went to our own place which was a nice house with three rooms and a porch in front. I had everything new and nice and the world seemed fair to me and that there could never come anything but peace and plenty.

In the year 1871 I had a baby, stillborn, May 14th. I suffered terrible and in the same year I lost father, grandfather and grandmother McIntyre, Uncle Henry McIntyre and wife and it seemed that death

gaped to take all from me at once, and leave me nearer alone than I had ever been There are many things I could mention but it is no use. I'll try to leave out all but a few instances, - one that caused me quite a lot of sorrow was when Harvey became dissatisfied with his home and seemed to long for frontier life. Wanted to move North into Cache Valley or Round Valley as it was better known.

On May 11, 1872 a little girl was born to us. We gave her the name of Alice Evaline. She was blessed when she was four weeks old by Daniel Rawson in Harrisville. I took her along to meeting, my husband having gone north, when she was three days old.

We thought we could do better so we sold our nice little home, where I had thought of ending my days. I had no one but him and the baby so I will yet be happy; but when I got to the place he had chosen for our home, I was as heartsick as ever I was in my life. Not one soul did I know and

some of them I got acquainted with have since caused me more sorrow and trouble than five hundred pages could tell.

He bought a place in what was called Clifton, but it was only a few houses scattered along the road. We had, at that time, about 95 head of horses, a span of mules, good wagon, thirty five

head of cattle, \$1,000 in cash and perhaps more, some loose change, and food enough to last a year. But when we went there they were nearly all real poor. Every place was a place to get rid of money. At that time you could have mowed a swath from Weston to Oxford, but it was soon run out or ate out with horses and cattle. As to sheep there was hardly none. It cost us a lot to get a house put up. He put up a stone house, had the rock quarried out and hauled. We done all right the first winter. Cattle and horses wintered out nearly all together. But the second winter we did not have much feed. Crickets were bad the season dry. The latter part of the winter a thaw came and covered the ground with water and the cattle turned out; and then it froze so that the animals could not get anything to eat. We had a heavy loss. Then we got along pretty good the next year. We got part of the house finished. Then we went and worked on what was known as the Utah Northern Railroad; himself and a hired man, and never got a cent for his labor. A Mr. Yout got a good job done for nothing. And then they started another railroad and again he went because he was called or asked in the same way and with the same pay. Such things as that is the way our time and money went in the spring and summer of the year 1874.

August 16, 1874, I had a baby boy (Harvey). I had him blessed by Elder McQuarrie when four weeks old. I had a girl to help me with the cows and work and he had (her husband) one man and a boy. But will here tell that we never lived alone but three weeks but what we had two or three men to cook for. I will here mention the different boys who have lived with us: Will McDermott, Dan McFarlane, Alf Taylor, Oliver Wilson, Willie Casteel, Alf Henderson, Jim McIntyre. I did well that summer. I sold cheese and butter, paid my help, supplied the house and helped pay the men. We had a fine time, two babies and plenty to do with, but all things have an end, and so it was with us.

In 1875 I done as usual, milked the cows and sold butter and eggs at my door all summer to peddlers and did fine. Pa worked on the railroad and got the same pay as he had been getting only the horses' feed was furnished. That full he thought that he would finish the house as there was one room that had no window in and he was going to put it in and was doing something about the lintel. The two children were standing by the window on the inside while he was working on the outside. I went in and asked if he didn't think a rock might fall on them. He said there was no danger, so I left them back through two rooms to make the bed. I had taken off one quilt when I had a presentiment to go and get the children away, so I went. I said, "I'm going to take the children away." They both cried and said they wanted to stay. I took one in my arms and led the other and before I had gotten halfway across the floor the whole

north wall where they were standing fell. It would have crushed them to death instantly if I had left them. I have always thanked the Lord for his timely warning, and I have never missed it when I have been governed by my first promptings, not even inasmuch as the missing of a batch of bread. I was sure to need it.

Not long after Pa, or my husband, more proper, was going to the canyon to make a road. I dreamed that he got hurt up there, and I begged him not to go that day, and told him why. He said that there was not a thing that could hurt anyone and he went. The road was on the side of a hill, in what was known as loafer creek, he went to roll a rock out of the road. It was very large and he thought that it would require a terrible lift to move it, and he gave a hard push. It went much easier than he had expected, and he went with it down the hill. It caught him against another rock and some bushes and nearly crushed his leg. He was lame for a long time.

One time I wanted \$2 to sign for a paper. I wanted my husband to let me have it, but he said he did not have it. I wanted it just the same, and then I asked the Lord to open up the way where I could get the money. That same night two men came and stayed all night. They asked me what I charged. I told them that was something we never done. He said it was worth \$2 to them and he laid it on the table.

I have had my prayers answered in sickness and sorrow many, many times. I think the Lord has been very good to me when I have lived for it. I have never been turned away in my days of trial. I have pain and sorrow, but when I thought it was only the sorrows that man can bring to man and not the sorrows of wrath of God, and when I prayed with faith, and then taken the opportunities that was offered; in not doing, I have done wrong in many things that would have been to my advantage. I would advise all to embrace every opportunity that the Lord offers, and not question it.

We have lost lots of means by my husband trusting people and not taking notes in a business way. He would always say "O, that will be all right." And often that was the end of it, but there is other ways, and this is one: By signing your name for others, or firms of such institutions. So beware all that read this, and don't get taken in by a supposed mend, or you will want and none to help you. And you should look out for such. Written words of agreement are always good, and will not hurt an honest man, and will catch and hold the doubtful.

In about this time, Harvey thought he must have another wife. In 1876 he was sealed to one Susan Harmon. I grieved over him as though he was dead. It was the greatest trial of my life. It hurts but it won't kill, and I have known.

In 1877, Kittie (Kittie Calpurna Dixon) was born. The first fruits of polygamy. I did as well as I could without anyone to look forward to for comfort or counsel. It was not my lot to have any near me of my blood relatives, while she had her father and mother, and a host of relatives. In all things, I have tried to do as near right as I could. Every day brought its sunshine and shadow and so things went on the same way.

He had a store started but it never benefited us at all. We had quite a herd of cattle but they were sold and put in, at different times, to keep up the stock in the store. My advice to my children has been to never do anything that they would need to make right. Stay off from the devil's floor if you would not have him use you. We lived just the same after all of our loss, but not so well as we might have done if we had been let alone.

Susan lost her oldest boy, 1878. He was kicked by a horse and instantly killed. They tried hard to bring him to life but could not as his neck was broken. The same year the diphtheria was very bad. Some lost

two or three and some lost all their children. We had some very sick but none died. Julia Hooker lived with me. We thought she was dying all night but she lived and is now the wife of Riley Davis of Clifton. His first wife died and it was her request that he should marry Julia to care for her children.

My oldest daughter did not want to have it for fear she would die so Jane M. Howell told her every time she thought of it to take a good dose of cayenne pepper. She took a dose several times a day and never took it.

KITTIE EVALINE PRITCHETT DIXON - by her daughter Alice Lee Burton

In 1865, persecution of polygamous Mormons grew so intense that Father was continuously on the "underground", that is trying to keep from being arrested & tried for having more than 1 wife. He was determined not to stand trial only to be sent to prison for 2-3 years & pay a fine of \$200-500.

During this time their property had diminished & it was hard to care for 2 families, attend to church duties, and look after business as he should. Idaho had then passed "The Test Oath", that practically disfranchised all Mormons. Late in the fall of 1885 he took Aunt Susan with her 4 children & moved to Star Valley. Mother remained in Clifton with her family of 6 children, the oldest being 13 years, the youngest a babe of a few months.

She never saw Father again for 2 years & she had a hard time supporting herself & her family, & trying to save what she could of the property left, (a homestead, 2 town houses, & interest in a small co-op store). Mother worked hard, took in sewing, helped with the sick, took in boarders, etc., trying to feed & clothe & care for the family.

In the fall of 1887, she sold some property, bought a good team & wagon, loaded in what household goods she could, & driving her own team started for Star Valley. We were a long time on the road which was rough & traveled.

She moved into a 2 room log house with a dirt roof. However it was papered on the inside & quite comfortable. Here Asael was born on Aug. 3, 1888, & Elsa Mae, June 15, 1891. They endured all of the hardships of pioneer life & made the most of it. They had a few head of sheep. Father sheared the sheep, Mother washed the wool, carded it, spun it into yarn, knitted our socks, stockings, & mittens, & wove it into cloth for dresses, underwear, & sheets for the bed. Mother was always active in church & community affairs, was public-spirited, taking quite an active part in everything for the betterment of the home or community.

Aug. 14, 1892 at the organization of the Star Valley Stake, she was chosen Stake President of the Relief Society, which position she held for 8 years. They had no buggies or cars, & visits to the different wards had to be made by team & wagon. The wards were far apart, some even being 25 miles away. She was clerk of the school district of Afton for a number of years.

In Oct. 1899, Father sold his homes in Afton & moved to Hagerman, Idaho. Not finding conditions as they expected them, in the spring of 1900 they moved to Fir Grove, on Camas Prairie, where they pioneered again. Fir Grove was 15 miles from Soldier, the nearest town where we could get supplies.

In May 1900, her son Samuel W. (Willie as we called him) was killed in a runaway at Bliss, Idaho, while making a trip from Hagerman to Fir Grove. The team he was driving became frightened, when

some Indians rode up behind him. The team was hitched to a cart with no brake, became unmanageable, both he & his brother Philemon were thrown out & dragged some distance. He walked perhaps ¼ mi and dropped dead on the porch of the house at the Bliss station. Philemon lay unconscious for 3 weeks, but finally recovered. This was a sad ordeal for Mother. In a strange country, away from friends & relatives, neighbors sympathized with her & the family & helped all they could. Mother supervised the laying away of the body, making his clothes herself. Said she preferred to, as it would be all she could do for him. Not many attended the funeral, as we were strangers, which added much to Mother's sorrow. She was called to act as Relief Society President in the soldier branch of the Cassia Stake, which position she held until a ward was organized at Manard, where she was again chosen President of the Relief Society. While at Fir Grove & isolated as we were, she was doctor & nurse when several babies came into the world. Sep. 4, 1904, her youngest daughter died of appendicitis (Elsa Mae). At this time she came near to having a nervous breakdown. She grieved so much it was decided to move to new scenes. She rented the Hotel at Bliss, Idaho & managed that for a number of years, later building a nice home at Fir Grove. Asael, her youngest son, was now ready for college. She moved to Logan, Utah & took in boarders to help keep him in school; living there during the school year & moving back to Fir Grove in the summer.

In June, 1906 her husband contracted spotted fever at Fir Grove. He died at the Bliss Hotel July 2, 1906.

In 1915, she attended a Genealogical Convention in San Francisco, California; being sent there by the Manard Relief Society as a representative from Manard. She sold her home at Fir Grove & invested the proceeds with Asael in a home at Oakley, Idaho. When Asael moved to Buhl, she lived around with her other children for a while, later buying a home at Gooding, Idaho. She had only been there 2 years when she had a partial stroke, from which she never fully recovered.

In June 1924 we persuaded her to go to Afton thinking she would have better care. This was very much against her wishes, for she said, "I don't want to be buried there. I want to rest beside my husband & my children, Will & Elsa Mae in the Hagerman Cemetery." She couldn't stand the trip & change & developed dropsy & died July 18, 1924 at the home of her daughter, Kittie C. Burton & was buried in the Afton Cemetery. We promised, that is Fred & I, not to leave her there & we never intended to, thinking we could move the body later. But we waited too long. When we tried to move her about 5 years later, the casket & box were so decayed they thought best to let her rest where she is. There is a good marker on the grave. But I shall always regret that we didn't take her back to Idaho to rest by the ones she loved.

(Webmaster's note: She is now buried in Hagerman, Idaho, next to her husband Harvey Dixon. Thanks to a great-great-granddaughter in Emmett, Idaho, here



*are
pictures from 2003 of the grave markers of Harvey (left) and Kittie (right) in Hagerman)*

How we're related:

Samuel Napoleon Bonapart PRITCHETT married Mary Elizibeth (Betty)McEntire in Smith County, Virginia. They had Kittie Evaline Pritchett, who married Harvey Dixon. They had Kitty Calpurna Dixon, who married Arthur Fielding Burton.

They had Calpurna Burton, who married Lyman Wilford "Dime" Fluckiger.

They had Dr. Lyman Burton Fluckiger, who married Valene Bradshaw. The Fluckigers are the parents of the webmaster's wife; she's their oldest daughter.

To contact her, please go to her main webpage at www.geocities.com/iflk, or e-mail pedigree_vault@yahoo.com and put "Pritchett" in the subject line. Thank you!