

A Life Sketch of Mary Ann Rowbury Brown Gordon

I remember my childhood home in England, the first house of a row of seven houses. These and about seventeen other houses were owned by my grandfather William Dunn, mother's father. Their rental brought him a fair income. At the house where my father's family lived was a fine well and the tenants of all seven houses drew their water. These houses were located on a sloping hill called Kate's Hill. In England, between rows of tenement houses ran high walls built of stone and brick.

I have no recollection of my grandfather William Dunn, but I do have a vivid recollection of my grandmother Jane (Jewkes) Dunn. My mother took me to her home on a visit when I was very young. We walked the distance. Grandmother was not well, but mother had to return home in the evening to attend to her family, but intended coming back to grandmother's the next morning. To spare me from walking home, grandmother persuaded mother to let me stay overnight.

Grandmother's home was a very grand one, and she was waited upon by servants. These servants made me very welcome in their rooms and in the kitchen. But when supper time came I was obliged to eat with grandmother. She had ordered potato cakes. I told her I could not eat them, where upon I learned that it was grandmother's policy to tell me what I might do and her determination that I should obey. I did not eat the potato cake for supper, so grandmother instructed the servant girl to warm them up for my breakfast. This was done. But they were still unpalatable from my point of view, so again they were saved until the next morning. While grandmother was out of the dining room, I slipped them down the neck of my dress and carried them to the toilet. Afterward I felt very sneaky from having done this and dared not tell it until after my grandmother died. Had it not been for grandmother's sternness, it is doubtful that I should have remembered her. My own parents were not so stern, perhaps the spirit of the Gospel in their hearts made a difference.

When mother was a girl her leg was scalded very badly. Grandfather spent hundreds of dollars with doctors who tried to cure the effects of the burn, but were unable to, and a running sore developed, causing much concern. It happened that one of grandfather's tenants was a Latter-day Saint woman with whom mother was quite friendly.

This woman produced a bottle of Olive Oil and told mother that if she would apply it to her leg, exercising faith in God, her sore would be healed. Mother proffered to buy a bottle of like oil and use, whereupon the woman explained that this was consecrated oil and that it was the consecration which gave it the healing power. Finally mother bought a bottle of Olive Oil and this woman took it to the L.D.S. Elders who consecrated it, and mother applied it to her leg as directed, with the result that the sore began to heal. She became interested and desired to learn more of the L.D.S. The woman invited her to attend their meetings which she did. The doctrine she heard appealed to her, and she said that if her leg healed she wanted to be baptized. Her leg did heal completely and she, true to her pledge, was baptized. Later she made this known to her parents, who were very much grieved over it.

It was at one of the L.D.S. meetings that mother met father, who was also a L.D.S. convert. He later obtained employment from grandfather Dunn, and in due time married mother.

I was born May 2, 1859, in Duzzlin, Mill, Worstorshire, England. My father's name Joseph Rowbury, my mother, Lydia Dunn. There were three brothers and one sister older than me, but the sister died before I was born. When I came my parents were so proud and happy that I was pampered and spoiled. In childhood I was delicate in health. At school age I started school, but had to quit as I was hampered by a severe whooping-cough. It ran its time, but still hung on. The doctor recommended for me a change of climate that I might be kept much on the water. Father arranged for me to stay with a family named Wedge, at Albrighter. Here I stayed for a year and grew very rosy and strong. I desired to stay longer and the family too desired that I should, but mother insisted that I return home and continue school. I found the children of my age had advanced far ahead of me. I became discontented and would go home crying. I was so alone in school. This made my parents very sad. The Wedge family was so urgent in their desire to have me return to them that they promised to see that I would study what was required for my

age. Between their inducement and my importing, my parents allowed me to return. My father had payed for my keep while I was with them the first time. But this time I cared for Miss Ann Wedge's mother, who was feeble. For this I received a small wage. But my schooling was entirely neglected. Miss Ann Wedge was a member of our branch of the Church, but she was the only member of the family who was a L.D.S. member. I stayed with her mother until she died and then returned home. My father was very disappointed about my schooling and wanted me to yet go, but I could not reconcile myself to going to school for I was so far behind. I also did not go because of my mother's need of my help, due to her children being born in close succession. My father was a teamster by trade and very expert. He was employed by a company and often had occasion to move great pieces of machinery. On one occasion the moving of a piece to a particular locality meant employment to hundreds of people. But it was a dangerous and difficult task. He succeeded, however in accomplishing it. The people who were thereby insured employment were so grateful and appreciative that they carried father about upon their shoulders. A book was published telling of this event and containing pictures featuring it. I remember father had a copy of this book.

My father's home was always open to the L.D.S. missionaries. Our family were considered good singers and many times we were asked to sing in their meetings.

In 1879, I worked for a family, but it was hard on me so I went home to care for mother and keep house. My baby sister was born at this time. She wasn't so very old when father, at his work, was taken very ill and was soon seriously stricken with a paralytic stroke and never spoke a word for nine days. The doctor who was called to attend him gave us no hope for his recovery. In fact, he told mother that he would pass away at twelve o'clock that night. The doctor was obliged to leave town, but said he would make out father's death certificate, and leave it at his office so that mother might get it. When my brothers came home from work mother told them that she just couldn't give him up, and lay him away in that country. My brothers asked mother what she wanted done. She asked us to fast and pray that the Elders would be sent to us and administer to him and she knew he would get well. We had fed him with a sponge all the nourishment he had for ten days. We were all around his bedside and mother holding his hands, as it seemed he was breathing his last and yet he lingered in the valley of the shadow of death. While we were praying and hoping, a knock came to the door so I answered and there to my great joy were three of the L.D.S. Elders. One of them Robert Burton, the president of the Birmingham conference.

I was crying, and he placed his hand on my shoulder asking me what was wrong. I exclaimed, "Thank God you have come, my father is dying. We have fasted and prayed for you to come. He turned to the Elders and said, "I told you that Sister Rowbury was having trouble in her family." I led them to father's bedside. They went to mother and shook her hand. She said, "Oh I am so glad you came." Brother Burton said, "Sister Rowbury you say you have fasted and prayed for us. Now what do you want us to do?" Mother said, "I want you to administer to my husband and bless him that he may be raised from this bed of affliction and be gathered to the land of Zion and go to the house of the Lord together and receive our washings and annointings," for she knew that God had sent them in answer to our prayers. Elder Burton stroked father's face and gazed at him, then said, "Alright, Sister Rowbury, as your faith so it shall be." He then asked those who couldn't have faith that he could be raised to please leave the room and the ones who had faith to remain. Everyone stayed. The Elders and our own family were the only Latter-Day Saints there. The family knelt by the bed and one of the elders prayed. Then the other elder annointed with oil and Elder Burton sealed it and promised father that he should recover, gather to Zion, and go through the Temple with his companion.

We learned from the Elders that their coming was not by chance, for it had been made known to them by the Spirit of God that something was wrong at home. Then the Elders had another appointment and had to catch the train, so I prepared a lunch for them. Before leaving they went back to bid goodnight. They saw father's eyelids flutter and his fingers move. They then told us all that if we would have faith that father would soon be restored.

When the Doctor made his next call, he was very much surprised. He said, "What, not dead?" And mother said, "No, and he's not going to die in this country." She then led him to

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father's room. The Doctor shook his head and said, "Well, well, this is a surprise to see you alive." My father spoke plainer than he had been able to and said, "Yes, Doctor. I know you did all you could, but it was a higher power than a physician that saved me." The Doctor said, "Keep on. I would to God wish I had as much faith as you people have." He shook hands with us all and said he would be glad to do anything he could for us. He always inquired about father.

It was but six weeks later when father set sail for America. We thought the change of climate would help him to gain his health and strength. After arriving in America he came to Salt Lake on the train, then went to Fountain Green, Utah, and stayed with my mother's half brother, Samuel Jewkes. After being there for about two months, he suffered another stroke. He lost his speech again, but the Lord spared his life again as promised. About this time mother felt that father was sick again so she told us to fast and pray. In due time a letter came telling about it but he was improving.

I went to work for a family, not of our church for two years, then prepared to sail for America. The woman didn't want me to leave but said if I ever regretted coming to write her and she would send me money to come back on.

We started on our journey about the middle of September. We were about eighteen days between Liverpool and New York. The captain of the vessel said that was the fastest record ever made.

My mother and sister had been seasick all the way, so I had my hands full taking care of them and a small baby. It had been such a strain on me that when we landed I broke down and couldn't walk. I had to be carried all the way on the train. When we landed in Salt Lake my brothers carried me off to meet father. We arrived in time for October conference, 1875. While my father and brother were carrying me on our way to the tithing yards where father was camping, a man saw my condition and asked if I would like him to give me a blessing. I said, "Oh, I wish you would." When we arrived at the tithing yard, he gave me a most wonderful blessing. He promised that I should be able to walk and attend conference, and I did go to conference the next afternoon. We stayed in Salt Lake until conference was over, then went on to Fountain Green with a horse team. We stopped at my uncles's where father had lived for a few days, then he moved us to a rented place.

It had been necessary for father to borrow money from the Immigration Fund to bring us. Naturally he was anxious to repay this so right away he started caring for the Fountain Green Co-op sheep herd.

Father and brother James were out in the hills with the sheep and were rounding them in for the night one evening when James noticed that father didn't look well. He persuaded father to go to the tent and promised to bring in every sheep. When James came to the tent he found father speechless and powerless to move from the effects of another stroke. Finding that he could not revive father, James tried to make his way to town for help. A terrible storm was on and the night was cold and so dark that James was soon lost and could find his way neither to town nor back to camp. In this dilemma he knelt and prayed to God for help, then arose and tried again to find his way, but could not because of the extreme darkness and the storm. Again he knelt and called upon the Lord, as he had never done before. Upon arising he saw a light off in the distance as if it might have been a candle light, and a voice said to him, "Follow this." He did so and it led him to the tent and then disappeared. As soon as daylight came he made his way to town for help. During this night mother had spent sleepless hours of intense anxiety, for she knew by the feeling that was over her that father had been taken with another stroke. When word reached her the next morning of his condition she insisted that he was not dead and said she knew that he would be restored because of his promise of going to the Temple. He was raised again and did go to the Endowment House in Salt Lake.

I relate the foregoing incidents and family history to show the religious, economic, and social environment under which I was born and grew to womanhood.

I began working at my Uncle Samuel Jewkes' for awhile. Then my Uncle Richard's wife died, so I went to keep house for him. I very soon became acquainted with some Indian squaws. They approached the house and came thru the door very quiet as they wore moccasins. When my Aunt Sophia saw them she cut a loaf of bread in three parts and gave them each a piece and that

satisfied them so they went away. Then when working for Uncle Richard I was ironing and three old buck Indians quietly entered and asked for the shirts and quilts and everything, so I did as Sophia had done. (There was a well with a lid on in the corner of the cellar where they lived while building their home.) I cut them some bread, but they were insulted and thru it back on the table. They picked up the butcher knife and raised the lid on the well and imaging my thoughts and fright. Just then a man that had taken me to some dances since I came, saw them tie their horses so he happened in and believe me that was one time I was glad to see my beau. He sent them away.

I worked at cleaning house and washing and caring for women who had been confined until I met the man who became my husband, Charles H. Brown. In England his parents had been members of the same branch of the church as my parents, and my mother remembered Charles when he was a baby, but I did not meet him until he and I had both located in Fountain Green. He had left the old country like so many of the honest in heart for the Gospel's sake, and like others he had felt the power of opposition in his convictions. When he sailed his sister refused to shake hands with him and said that she hoped the ship would sink.

After I came to America, and even after I had married, father tried earnestly to persuade me to attend school, offering to pay my way. But I was unwilling, whereupon he said, "My girl, I have done all I can to give you the advantage of an education. Now my skirts are clear, and if you come up in the resurrection ignorant, it will not be my fault and you will know that I am clear!" I answered, "Yes, father, I know that you are clear and have done all you can for me!" I felt that father had enough to bear to pay off our immigration debt and keep the family going. But now after the many years that I have gone thru life handicapped by lack of the education which he so much desired me to obtain, I am convinced that it would have been better to have been submissive to his will and judgment. I am sure that God would have made his shoulders broad enough to bear his own burdens. Really my attitude did not lighten his burdens, it added to them.

My first baby, Charles James was born September 23, 1877, at Wales, Utah, then died January 10, 1878 with pneumonia. My next girl Sarah Lydia April 14, 1879, Fountain Green. At this time my husband was called by the church authorities to move into Castle Valley and help settle this part of the wilderness of the west. We owned nothing but a small strip of land in Fountain Green. This my husband traded for an ox. My brother James signed a note by which another ox was procured. It was necessary to borrow an old wagon from Albert Collard, as he had nothing to buy it with. Father and mother advised Charles to leave me and the baby at home with them until he could get a place prepared in Castle Valley for us. So leaving his wife and baby my husband made his way into what later became Huntington, Emery County, Utah. This was in the Autumn of 1879.

After my husband had gone I could not bear to live on father. He was getting old, his health was poor and his means were scanty. I looked for something to do and obtained a place to live and fifty cents per week by helping in the home of a Sister Green, my neighbor Marcella Guymon's mother. I would do up her work in the morning and then go out washing by the day. I did five washings a week on the board at twenty-five cents a washing. Mother would care for my baby during the day and send her to me at nursing time by my sister Sarah Ellen. Thus I spent the winter.

Conditions of travel were such that it was a rare thing to receive any word from my husband. In the spring, however, he and Albert Guymon, Joseph E. Johnson, and some others whom I do not recall came back over the mountain on snow shoes. Castle Valley was so frozen up they could do nothing until the weather moderated.

As soon as the weather was warm enough, my husband and others who were pioneering Castle Valley returned to work on the irrigation ditch which they were building. This is now called the North Ditch in the water system of the Huntington, Cleveland Irrigation Company.

In July of 1880 my husband came for me and what kind of home do you suppose I came to. There were four dugouts situated along Huntington Creek and my husband had made arrangements with Noah T. Guymon for the use of one of these. Before we arrived someone had locked three pigs in the dugout that we were to occupy. It was night when we landed. I was

weary and conditions which confronted me were too much. I broke down and wept.

The ditch broke during that first night of mine in Castle Valley. This necessitated that my husband should take the shovel and go to work on the ditch early the next morning, leaving me alone to clean the dugout. During the day I scraped and scraped soil out of it with a hoe, but there was no way of eradicating the pig pen stench except to let nature take its course. So we were obliged to camp in wagons for several weeks.

Possibly my children will care to know what I did with the means I earned while working before I came to Huntington. The spring that Charles came over on snow shoes I had ten bushels of wheat, three hundred pounds of flour paid for, had five dollars in cash saved, and had paid some to Albert Collard on the wagon. I don't remember how much.

My desire was that with the five dollars cash which I had saved Charles should get his second citizenship papers. This seemed very urgent to me, for I realized that without citizenship rights he would not be able to homestead land and enjoy other privileges of an American citizen. Circumstances prevented him however, from getting the papers at that time.

The ten bushels of wheat which I had earned Charles brought with him when he returned to work on the ditch and planted it that spring on what is our old homestead, or the Brown farm in the north fields of Huntington.

The first school we had in this locality was held in a log building of two rooms, situated on what is the old farm of Jens Nielson. Really the school began in a brush shanty, but the log rooms were put up before winter came.

As I remember, Sallie Wimmer was the teacher. I tended her children while she taught. My children were not old enough to begin school at this time.

From the beginning religious services were held in Castle Valley, for the pioneers of this section were God-fearing Latter-Day Saints, most of them had come in obedience to calls from church authorities to settle here.

Our first place of worship in this vicinity of Huntington was a brush bowery, located on the north side of the river just above where the bridge now spans the river on the state highway.

The first conference held in Castle Valley at which representatives from the council of the twelve apostles of the church were present was in Cottonwood. This was a little settlement between what are now Castle Dale and Orangeville.

I attended this conference. It was August 1880, and I had the privilege of riding home in the same buggy in which the visiting elders rode. These were Erastus Snow and Brigham Young Jr. Emery Stake of Zion was organized at this conference, and Elder Christian G. Larson was made president of the stake. I remember how he wept upon receiving this call.

In the conference we, the settlers, were promised by the servants of the Lord that upon condition of our faithfulness in keeping the commandments of the Lord we should prosper and grow. They said that the country was full of riches and that in God's own time these should come forth.

The following autumn my husband returned to Fountain Green and cradled wheat to earn our bread stuff, and while he was gone I harvested our crop of grain grown from the ten bushels of wheat. This is how I did it. I turned the water down a row at a time on the patch to loosen the soil, then pulled up the grain by the roots and stacked it by hand, for it was too short to cut. I placed my baby on a quilt in the field where I could watch her while working. Uncle Samuel Jewkes thrashed with the first thrasher in the country. He said my grain stack looked like a mound of mud. When the grain was thrashed there were nine and a half bushels.

That winter that followed was a severe one, and was marked by an experience which stands out in my memory. When we left Fountain Green father had given us a cow. Myself and two other expectant mothers were dependent on the little milk obtained from this cow for feeding our babies, who of necessity had been weaned from the breast. One morning my husband came in from doing chores with the milk bucket empty. I noticed he looked strange and I said, "What's the matter Charley. Where's the milk?" He said he would never milk her again as she was dead as a doornail. I stood like a dagger had struck my breast when I heard his words, for it now looked like starvation for the three babies. Only God knows how they received sufficient nourishment to survive but they did. Although I wept and the other mothers, who were Emily and Margaret

Cheeny, wept and felt the loss keenly, yet we trusted that God would give us wisdom sufficient to find some way of feeding our babies. There was not the food stuff in the country to select from nor to procure that there is today. Only those who experienced those scanty years can realize how great a loss was a cow in those days.

It was necessary that we should live on our own land to procure our right of ownership. We had lost our team, so after Charley cut the cottonwood logs, I tied a rope around my waist and helped drag the logs to build our dugout.

This same winter my father died and the day of his death there was a sweet singing in my ears which came off and on all day. The notes were sweet, but they caused such a lonesomeness to come over me that I wanted to get away from them. It was two weeks after this that I learned of my father's death. It was a hard trip to cross the mountain in the winter, but when the news of father's death came Charles went on horseback to see mother and try to comfort her. He aimed to make it over the mountain to the first settlement the first day, and so took no bedding except a quilt on the saddle. However night overtook him on the mountain. So he was obliged to build a fire and wait until morning, although he had no feed for the horse. The next morning he spied a smoke and made his way to what proved to be a sawmill being ran by some of our neighbors of Fountain Green. To be sure there was a warm breakfast for him and feed for the horse. The horse had been hired from Charles Otteson.

The day that father died he had been worrying about Charles and me and wondering how we were getting along. Albert Guymon happened to be over there and was leaving that morning for Huntington. Father arranged with him to bring us a box of groceries and meat, and when these supplies reached us little did we realize that father passed away at three o'clock the same day he sent them. Later mother told me the circumstances. He had not felt well that morning. However, he was up and around and did up the morning house work while she went to the store for the groceries. Mother had laughed at his offer to clean up the house. But when she returned from the getting the box of supplies off he had the house in order. They sat and affectionately talked, father remarking that he had dreamed that he was taken with another stroke and that he would have to leave her. Mother said that it was very singular for she had dreamed likewise. They wept in each other's arms, but finally reconciled themselves, saying that they would be submissive to the will of God. Father arose cheerfully and went out to chop wood, and it was but a little later that mother discovered him sitting on a log of wood, overcome by the fourth stroke which he suffered during his later years. Mother's watchful care was always like father's for even after his death she sent me groceries and things which she knew I had no way of getting. Oh, how timely those supplies were in my dugout home and how I used to skimp to make them go as far as possible.

My next baby daughter Mary Jane was born October 31, 1885 at Fountain Green. It was not possible to obtain the medical help that was needed in Huntington. The Elders had been called in to pray for me while I was so sick. When my babe was born, Aunt Jane Woodward, who waited on me, called to Elder James Guymon (uncle to Laura Brown my neighbor) to bless the baby quickly, for she was struggling between life and death and it appeared that she was going. Brother Guymon stopped in his blessing for probably a minute, and my heart sank within me, for I supposed the child had died in his arms. But he continued and promised the child that she should live and be a comfort to her mother, that she should become a mother in Israel, should go to the house of the Lord, that she should be changed in the twinkling of an eye and live to see the second coming of the Savior. My brother James and his wife Elizabeth Jewkes lived in our dugout while we were gone that winter and stayed with us a while after we got back. Just before her death some time ago, while spending the afternoon with me, as we talked over the experiences of those days she remarked, "I would be willing to go thru all that poverty again to have the happiness and contentment which we enjoyed!" Truly we were a happy, contented people. We never went to bed with ill feelings in our hearts and my sister-in-law was as near to me as a sister.)

When I was able to return home my husband came for me, and before we arrived home I came to know by experience the meaning of thirst. We returned by way of Price Canyon and when we had reached this canyon one of our oxen gave out, which caused much delay, for we were obligated to stop at intervals to let him rest. We knew of course that there would be no

water to obtain between Price Creek and Huntington and my husband thought the animal might stand the trip better if we traveled from Price to Huntington in the night. So we filled our little canteen with water and attempted this. Instead of making the distance that night, we were three days on the way.

On the third day Charles walked to get help. While he was gone my thirst became so intense and my tongue so swollen, I was speechless. I had the two babies and I put first one to the breast, then the other to keep their mouths wet.

When I was in this predicament James Jeffs of Castle Dale drove up and called to me. I was unable to answer, but made him understand that I was suffering from thirst. Fortunately he had water, which he administered very carefully and wisely. Even before Charles started to walk to Huntington we had become so thirsty that we had searched for the spring which we had heard born the sign "Water here but death near." We didn't find it so Charles came on to town and got a team and water and came back and brought us on home.

Later it was necessary to build a larger dugout because our family required more room.

My next baby Joseph Alfred was born September 18, 1885, at Huntington. My mother was privileged to be with me for this occasion.

About this time my husband's health was bad. He was subject to consumption. He had a bad cough so it was necessary to stay close at home so as not to catch cold. He couldn't leave home to get work thru the winter so our provisions were pretty scarce. One incident that will never be forgotten was when our flour was gone. Charles at last had exhausted his resources, when he tried at a little store (which by this time had sprung up in town) to procure some flour but failed. I was nursing my baby and for two days I had gone without bread that I might make the little we had last the longer of my children. On the second day my children found me weeping and insisted on knowing the reason. I unfolded to them the true situation and requested them to kneel with me and ask the Lord to open a way for us to get flour. Our prayers were answered in this way. I had walked to where Charles was working to talk over the situation with him and see if we could devise any way that he could see. As we talked who should drive up but my sister Sarah Ellen and her husband George Westwood. I was distracted, for I had nothing with which to fix them a bite to eat, and I felt that I could not bear my sister to know our circumstances.

I invited them in anyway, and as George got out of the wagon he produced a hundred pound sack of flour, saying, "I don't know whether you need this or not, but I felt like bringing it over." Imagine my joy and thankfulness. We assured him that we would pay it back as soon as possible, for he had only two hundred pounds now in his own home.

The end of this sack of flour was drawing near. I had but a small mixing left. Again there seemed no possible way of getting more nor of returning what my brother-in-law had given us. It was a Sunday evening. My husband and I had walked out to look over the chickens and consider whether we might could exchange them for flour.

As we were thus engaged we noticed a number of men with packs on their backs coming along toward us. On arriving they asked if we could direct them to Charlie Brown's home. When they found that ours was the place they were looking for they expressed their thankfulness and said that they were tired and hungry. They said they walked down from Scofield with packs on their backs and were told that if they reached Charlie Brown's place they would be alright.

It was with no little concern that I went to the dugout to prepare supper for them. I had but a loaf and a half of bread for the whole hungry group. I prayed in my heart as I proceeded, and the spirit of the Lord whispered to me, "He who was able to feed the multitude on a few loaves and fishes is able to feed these men on a loaf and a half of bread."

Really I do not know how they made out a supper, but I gave them such as I had and they seemed to enjoy it and to be filled and they spent the evening in song and jollification.

For their breakfast I used the last of the flour. Their business down here was to look over the country and see what prospects there were for building a canal to get water to Cleveland. They were about to be on their way when one of them, an elderly man, (Samuel Potter and he lived and died in Cleveland) called the attention of the others to the conditions. He said, "I noticed that this good woman shook her flour sack to supply us our breakfast. It may have been

the last she had. It is evident that she can cook for us if she has anything to cook. Let's leave her something and we will know where to find a home when hungry." They brought some flour from town, and I have not wanted for bread from that day to this.

These men went to work on the Cleveland canal. There were several camps of them, and I had the employment of doing their baking and washing, which brought means, much needed, into my home.

During the past two years my husband's health was about the same until he started taking a medicine called "Warner's Safe Cure." He was also baptized for his health and began to improve.

Then my older brother James Rowbury came and they decided to go in partners, so he and my husband took up land, then he herded sheep and Charlie raised the crop and then divided it between them.

I did what work I could washing for families and helping with sickness whenever needed. One particular time I washed for a family by name of Leonard Jerden from sun rise until nine o'clock at night. There were clothes every where and when they asked me what I charged as the regular price was 25 cents per day but this was what I called a two days work and charged them 35 cents and the woman thought it too much, but paid me.

My third boy John William was born January 7, 1887. One day about six Indians came to my dugout and begged for everything they saw, but they were easy pacified and left so I went to my neighbor Clara Howard's. Then I could see from the window about twenty-five more came and snooped around and left.

The dugout was a one-roomed house. In one end were two beds, one for us and the other for the children. The other end served as kitchen and general living room. even in favorable weather I was timid about having the family sleep in the open because there were so many snakes in the country at that time. But we did not always sleep unmolested even inside because scorpions were as prevalent as snakes.

One night after we had retired my child Mary Jane cried out that a scorpion had stung her. I sprang from my bed, followed by her father, threw down the quilts from the children, and there sure enough was the scorpion still clinging by its stinger to her toe. her father and I spent the rest of the night poulticing her toe with mud, which was effectual in draw out the poison and no serious results followed the sting.

My home finally evolved from a dugout to a log room. The sense of exultation we experienced in making the transfer is easier left to imagination than to describe it. Charlie had tried so hard to get the log room ready to move into before our daughter Clara Rebecca was born April 16, 1887 but did not succeed. But we moved into it that same year.

The nine years we lived in the dugout really covers the pioneer phase of my life. We began to have more to do with for the country in general was building up and it was not so difficult either to raise crops as at first. The cause of the poor harvest when we obtained only nine and a half bushels of wheat from ten bushels was not due to unproductive soil but irrigation conditions. For quite awhile the farmers had difficulty in keeping the water in the canal. It persisted in washing out. They had to learn how to control it by experience.

After moving into our new home. A log with a leanto. There were two windows, an outside door and a middle door, a fire place in the big room. The kitchen had two windows and outside door.

I was to be confined again. About the last week in March 1892 I took seriously ill as nature wasn't right. For three days and three nights I was so bad that all midwives and nurses were called in, but couldn't do anything so help was summoned from Castle Dale and Orangeville and they were unable to give the necessary assistance. So they sent to Provo for a Doctor and Doctor McCurtland came on the train to Price. Then one of the neighbors, Joseph B. Meeks rustled about fifteen teams evenly stationed between Price and Huntington to get the Doctor. The results were the baby had to be taken with instruments on the 31st March 1892. She just gasp so they couldn't bless her before she died so they gave her the name of Lavinia.

About six weeks before I was sick I had a glimpse of the Spirit World. It seemed that I was dead and a messenger showed me around and pointed out different homes which were prepared for different people. Among them was a very grand place, which the messenger said

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was Christine Pearson's. I remarked to him that she was still alive, I knew, for she was my Relief Society teacher. He explained that the place was nevertheless hers and was ready for her when she should die. I wondered if she would be able to take care of such a fine place, for I knew how humble her state was in this life. This thought I expressed and the messenger assured me that she would have knowledge to keep it all right. Finally I was shown a house consisting of two log rooms. The surroundings were beautiful, as they were about every place in general, but the house, although it was clean but not grand. I asked whose place it was, and was informed that it was my house. I wondered how that could be that I should be given a poorer house than the one I owned on earth. I was told that I had sent up nothing in which to build a better one.

I know that when my husband and I began to prosper and get away from the lowly state of our pioneer days, we began to forget the Lord and to neglect our religious privileges and duties, and grew real careless. I have always looked upon this dream as a warning given me from a divine source to call me back to a remembrance and observance of the teachings of the Gospel of the Redeemer. It impressed me very much with the feeling that I and my husband had grown careless about the paying of our tithes.

My next baby George was born October 12, 1892 but only lived a few minutes but he was given a name. We had buried the baby girl on our own farm, then when this baby died we moved her body and buried them together at the city cemetery in the same grave.

About a year passed by when my children all went to school and one day my oldest girl Lydia said she didn't want to go. She said she wanted to stay and help me, as I was in a delicate condition, but I told her that she would have to stay from school soon anyway and I wanted her to get all the schooling she could get. So she went. It was customary for my children to kiss their parents when they left and returned from school. When they came home they all greeted me but Lydia and she said she wouldn't kiss me because she had the sore throat. Then I inquired how long she had it and began doctoring her for diphtheria for three weeks. Of course her bed was in the same room with me as we only had one room. When I took sick I was in labor for twenty-four hours before the baby, Brigham Edward was born December 28, 1894.

Lydia was so anxious to see the baby so my nurse Maria Christenson let her see him. Then she wanted to kiss him but they advised her that it wouldn't be wise. She was very reasonable about it. She took very bad that night and died about ten a.m. next morning. Well, I thought there was no use of living. It seemed like the sun would never shine again. I was so heart sick as well as in body. I had very good neighbors. Sister Martha Gale and Margaret Washburn and Mary Westover were so attentive and good to us. We were quarantined so they had to lay Lydia out on the porch until her burial. There had been so many deaths caused from diphtheria that lumber was so scarce to make caskets. People had even used lumber from their granaries. Before she took sick she had seen a pretty casket that her girl friend was buried in and she told her sister she hoped she could have one just like it when her time came. It happened that there was one like it left in the store that no one had thought of that we were fortunate in getting. There couldn't be a public funeral, so the school teacher John Scot sent notes to the parents to see if it was wise to let her classmates and friends meet at the cemetery to watch the burial services. They were all there. Before they took her away I could see my children by her casket thru the window. How I longed to go put my arms around them and give them a word of consolation, but I was confined to my bed unable to bear the loss. Then I lost my baby from the disease when ten days old. I was so weak that I took it. I was so very bad one night my neighbors all thought I would surely pass away. My throat was so filled up I couldn't eat. My nearest and dearest neighbor Brother Robert Gordon brought me some beef tea that this wife had sent to me and wanted me to drink it, but I tried to beg out of it. But he insisted and urged so that he said he would watch to see that I did through the window. I tried but it was so salty that I couldn't stand it so Charley took it back to him. Brother Gordon still insisted so I got it down. After awhile it caused me to vomit and it cleaned my throat of such large layers of a white coating that I could hardly get it from my mouth. Sister Washburn had taken care of a good many cases but said she had never seen anything like that before. That was all that saved my life. I began to improve from then on.

My next oldest girl Mary Jane was so near to Lydia that it was pretty hard to bear. She was so broken up and still had to shoulder my burdens and work and she certainly was brave and

faithful. Then Clara was much younger, but she helped in every way she could with the dishes and house work. Joseph was such a man for his age. he chopped wood continually and hauled it to the porch on his sled to keep the fireplace and range burning night and day, besides carrying all the water from the north ditch that was some distance from the house and doing chores all winter. He surely shouldered his burdens. Then John William was very small and he was also down with diphtheria and we were afraid we would lose him too. They were all so upset and worried and grief stricken and couldn't do anything for the sick ones. They could only see thru the window. I could tell how they felt and I am very proud of my faithful children.

After we were better but with sore hearts, there were many nights that we couldn't sleep. Mary Jane would often say, "Ma, are you awake" and I would answer. She would want to get up and read to me to make me feel better and then say, "Are you sleepy now?" And I would say yes just to get her to go to sleep for her rest. She was certainly a consolation to me.

Well, my home had a gloomy cloud shadowing it for several years until we learned of another baby coming. We were all so happy about it.

Finally our baby came March 12, 1899, but she was so weak because of my poor health for so long. she had an awful struggle to live. The Doctor worked so hard to save her. He said he couldn't do any more, so they had the Elders, Peter Nielson and Erin Howard take the baby. They said, "Give us the name quick." Clara came to me and asked if we could name her Zella. I consented. So Peter Nielson blessed her and asked the Lord if he was his will to let us keep her if only a little while. Our home was so lonely and we had waited with such anxious expectation for this little one. I felt like if she didn't live I would never get out of bed again. It seemed that Brother Peter felt the spirit and then he pled with the Lord to let her stay if only for a little while. When he got thru she was breathing natural. That was all that got me up. We were so happy to have her brighten up our home again. She grew so fast and was so healthy. We had her to enjoy for only five months. One Sunday morning we were all prepared to leave the house for Sunday School, when the baby needed attention. So while attending her, someone spoke and said, "Mother, don't go. Stay home with the baby." I went to the door and told them to go on, that I was staying home with baby. So with much urging they went. In due time she went to sleep and she awoke vomiting. We tried ever way to check it but she grew worse. Next day she took convulsions one after another until Wednesday she died August 30, 1899. So she only stayed long enough to get me out of bed and heal our sore aching hearts, when we had it go to thru again. Clara had always run down cellar for baby's milk for her bottle. After that whenever she went down cellar she would come back crying as she missed the baby.

She was the sixth child for me to bury and I felt that I could not bear it. I really grew bitter in my heart and began to argue with myself that there was no God or he would have spared us this sorrow.

While I was in this unreconciled mood, Elder Alonzo E. Wall called as a ward teacher. Upon learning how I felt, he reasoned with me, trying to get me to view the matter differently. I responded to his reasoning that he had never lost a child and did not realize what it was. Then he told me that the time would come when I would kneel at the graves of my loved ones and thank God that they were buried in their purity and innocence and were resting in peace. I have lived to see his words verified for during the terrible stress of the great World War I did kneel at their graves just as he said I would.

Our home was so lonesome and we had had so much trouble that we decided to build a larger home for our family then also to occupy our minds and keep us busy.

We started to get the material for the new home, but before it was completed my daughter Mary Jane was married to Thomas Brasher.

When we had it finished enough, we moved into about four rooms. Then we had to wait until we could get more material. We were so much more comfortable. Our young people enjoyed it so much more with their associates. My husband was working, choring from early until late trying to finish our home and keep the financial end up until his health failed in the fall and he was sick all winter, but trying to win the fight until he took his bed in April and was bedfast for three months. He then fixed his business affairs up with the two boys Joseph and John to run the farm on shares.

Brother J. W. Nixon certainly did a good part by me. He called on us every day and helped me get the best medical care that was possible and when it was necessary he would phone the Doctor. And I will always have a warm spot in my heart for Brother Nixon and the family also. Then on July 8, 1907, Charley passed away after suffering as he had for months before. Brother George Sherman and Sarah (Moran) Merring were there with me that night. My neighbors Brother and Sister Gordon, Brother and Sister Howard and Brother and Sister Nielson had been by my side thru it all. I surely appreciate my friends. Again the sorrow and gloom was in our home. It seemed that I couldn't bear any more. He had plenty of friends by the callers that came. The Indian War Veterans came from all the neighboring towns.

Charley Brown came to America from England for the Gospel's sake. He left his parents, brothers, sisters, and friends and relatives to come to Zion. All the people he ever knew to come was an Aunt Rebecca Jewkes, his mother's sister. She came some years before. He served in the Black Hawk War and helped to civilize the Indians back in the states and in Fountain Green and never received a pension.

The first M.I.A. that was organized in Fountain Green, Brother John Wakefield was made president and he chose Charley Brown as counselor.

It was a month to the day after Charley's death when my mother died. When we sent word of my husband's death she wasn't able to come to the funeral. Then a few days later, while climbing from a wagon she stepped in a ditch and broke her ankle and died ten days later from the effects of it. That was a double sorrow to me as the two best friends on earth to me were called away so soon.

Long years ago in days of our poverty, when I felt there was no expenditure of means should be made except for bare necessities, Charlie brought me a photograph album for Christmas. When I remonstrated because of the apparent extravagance, he said in his quiet way, "I knew you had lots of photographs and needed some place to keep them."

Recently when my married daughters were home on a visit they came across the album and asked, "Why do you keep this old album, Mother? It's so faded and worn it ought to be burned." They did not sense how dear it had grown to their old, faded and worn mother. Its title page I preserved in this my book of remembrance and dedicate it to their father.

After Charles' death we wrote to his parents and brothers and sisters in England and told of his death and they answered kindly but they finally stopped entirely.

After about three years my son Joseph was married to Mary May Hall. About this time my daughter Clara was married to Christopher Neilson. Then about six months later my son John was married to Minnie Hall.

The Gordon family and my family had lived neighbors for so many years. Whenever we had trouble and sickness they were always there to help and we did the same. Sister Gordon was so much like a sister to me. The children grew up together and they always had a home of welcome at my home. They came there very often. There was such a charitable friendly feeling between us, that when Sister Gordon was called away both families thought Brother Gordon and I could be companions for each other and be a comfort as they knew what the feelings of their loved ones were and felt that it was alright to get married and take care of each other in their old age. We were married April 7, 1910 in Salt Lake Temple. Brother Gordon's two younger children were still at home but my children were all married. After we were married he finished a house he had already started over the creek where Walter Murray lives. We lived there for about seven years. Brother Gordon's health wasn't so good so we decided he had better move to town and let his boys run the farm. He said he would run my own farm, so we lived in the old home for about two years.

The farm work was soon more than we could do so decided to turn his farm over to his children and let my children run mine. He then built a nice four room brick home in the center of town. He had it just livable when he wasn't able to work. Doctor Hill and Doctor Fisk did all they could for him so he decided to go to Ogden to another Doctor. We couniled with his family and they wanted him to go so I took him to Ogden and stayed for seven weeks, then was advised to come home. But he didn't want to come home. We stopped in Salt Lake to his brother Foster Gordon's home. Then he wanted to go down to Provo to my daughter Mary Jane's. We had all

the Doctors do what they could for him, but nothing could be done as he had a cancer. They all advised me to get him home, but said it wasn't wise for me to come alone with him. So we sent that word to the family. Two of his boys came up to get him, but he still wanted to stay. But the boys brought him home. He had been home bedfast for about seven weeks. His family all did all they could for him and to help me. It was very hard on me but have always felt that I had done all that was in my power for him and I have nothing to regret. He passed away on the 21st of October 1916. His children have always shown their respect for me.

We were all a happy family before our marriage and we still are.

That winter after the affairs were all settled Jim Gordon asked me what I intended to do. I said, "Well, I'm not going to set down and hold my hands. I'm going to try to do for myself." I told the Gordon children to come and get everything that belonged to their parents and they did. I of course had my own furniture and tried to fix up the home but it was no where near finished so I couldn't live in it in winter. Jim then told me that his children would like to live with me and go to school. I said, "Jim, you can see the condition of the house." So he said we would have to mail sacks to the windows and hang quilts to the doors. He brought my stoves from the farm and furnished coal and food and I cooked for his family until about Thanksgiving. Then he took his family and I couldn't live in the house as it was too cold. So I went to Provo to stay with Mary Jane. While up there I worked out caring for a family the rest of the winter and the next summer.

Then I received a telephone call from a Doctor Bash. He wanted me to finish my home and let him rent it. My family thought it best, but I didn't have the means to do it with, but Mary Jane and her husband Tom signed notes. So I borrowed money and fixed up the house so Doctor Bash could live in it. There were two carpenters who said they would do it for \$1000 and another said he could do it for \$900. So I had it finished to rent. Doctor Bash promised to stay until the debt was paid, but conditions wouldn't permit so he left. I had been living in the old home during that time.

I have been building, remodeling and improving my home ever since trying to make it comfortable and convenient for renters. I have kept house for school teachers and boarded lady teachers to help myself. I have visited my children in different places, Utah, Wyoming, California, Colorado. I have always tried to keep busy doing for myself and not be a burden on anyone.

I wish to leave my testimony with my children that these incidents are not foolishness, neither were they the experiences of superstitious, light-minded or childish people. They were sturdy, sober minded, practical pioneers, whose state was lowly and whose hearts were contrite. In those days we drew near to God, and he, true to his promise, drew near to us. The veil between heaven and earth was thin. We endured willingly many hardships and cheerfully made many sacrifices in order to carry on what we sincerely believed to be God's works in subduing a desert and advancing civilization, and in this God acknowledged us and made us feel His approval and His guiding supporting hand. So it was not inconsistent with the conditions that occasional spiritual manifestations should be visited upon us to give us hope and stimulate us in our struggles.

I am seventy-nine years old and will soon be eighty. I have part of my home rented and I am by myself in the back part doing my own washings and also my son John's. I was called on a mission to work in the Manti Temple thru the winter of 1937-38. I was blessed with good health and I enjoyed my work so much.

I am home this winter alone doing my house work and what hand work I can find to keep busy.

I remember the remarks which I heard Elder Kanute Peterson make in a meeting of the early days of Castle Valley. I think it was in the meeting that Elder Lars P. Oveson was made Bishop of the Cleveland Ward. Elder Peterson said that before any settlers had been called to Castle Valley he was driving thru this country with a mule team. He had filled his barrel with water at Price Creek and judged that he could make it safely that day to Huntington Creek. But after starting on his way from Price Creek he was hailed by a voice which said, "Stop." He looked around, and seeing no one decided to go on, reasoning that it was foolish to stop there. A second time he was called to and told to stop. This time he obeyed, unharnessed his mules, began kindling a fire. As he did this a sound of music from the distance greeted his ears. He humbled

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himself in prayer before the Lord and prayed that if there was a message for him, he might have strength to receive it. The music came nearer, a cloud appeared before him and from out of it a voice said, "Yes, there is a message for you. We want your people to come and settle this country and we have been waiting for you to take this message."

Elder Peterson testified that he did take this message to the General Authorities of the Church in Salt Lake city, and that it was following this experience that settlers were called to settle Castle Valley. He said he actually saw in the clouds some of the musical instruments which he heard. The Elders stopped in Huntington to hold a meeting here, and while the congregation were gathering in the bowery I heard one of the brethren ask if the instruments were like the musical instruments among the people here. He said they were and drew on a piece of paper one of the instruments.

This History was composed by Mildred F. Johnson
Huntington Camp D.U.P. Historian