

Harriet Eden Larsen

I was born in Braidwood Illinois Jan. 25, 1880. The fifth child of John and Harriet Allott Eden.

The oldest was Annie, then a baby boy who died when three weeks old, he was named James. Then Sarah May (Sadie), then John Samuel, then myself. I was named Harriet, the same as my mother, then Bertha Emma. We were all born in Braidwood except Annie who was born in Dravosburg, Pennsylvania, where father and mother lived after their marriage. They moved to Braidwood in 1872.

Bertha Emma was born Jan. 19, 1882.

In February of 1882 father left to go to Scofield, Utah. He had read of them ~~opening~~ opening up a mine there and he had a desire to go to Utah. So he found employment there in the coal mine. He started right away to build a home for his little family and sent for mother in May 1882.

I was then 2 years, 4 months old, so I cannot remember anything about the trip, but it took a courageous woman (mother) to undertake a long trip like that with five little children. It took 5 days and nights to make the trip.

Scofield was just a new mining camp with most of the people coming from England and Wales. They had come to find employment in the coal mines and be in Utah with the mormons. It grew fast and was quite a large place when we moved away from there in 1888. They named it Winter Quarters and where father built his house was called Edens Gulch.

Where Scofield is they called the Y. That is where the trains had to go to turn around.

Grandma Eden came to Utah the next year, I remember going with my sister Annie when she went to meet the train that grandmother came on. She always lived with us. She stayed with her daughter Emma Watson in Illinois for the first year after we came to Utah and got settled.

I must say that Grandmother and Mother got along well together. I never knew of them having any trouble. I think it was a little hard for mother, but noone would ever know it.

The first I can remember playing with anyone was my brother Johnnie, and we always played together. He was over two years older than I, but who he played with, and what he did, I did the same so we both got in mischief together.

I think the worst thing we got in was one evening after work and the miners had gone home, a number of kids about our age and a little older got together and went up to the mine where the coal cars were. At that time, the coal cars were not nearly as large as they have them now, and they used mules to pull them out of the mine on the tramway and then they would be dumped from the tramway to the coal cars under the tramway, so there were some of the cars that were empty, so some of the kids got in the empty cars and the others pushed them back and forth to give them a ride. But someone saw us and what we were doing, so our fun was over. I don't know how many kids were there, but

Johnnie and I were two of them and when we got home, someone had told Mother what we had been doing. Father was not there yet, but Mother said that Father would have to punish us for that. He came soon after and Mother said he would have to give us a licking so we both crawled under the bed to hide. Father got a little stick and said Johnnie was the oldest so he would have to come first, so Johnny came and held himself back and it did not hurt him, so he told me how to stand and it would not hurt. That was the first time and the last that father ever punished us and he didn't hurt us at all, but it scared us to think that father was going to lick us. And that's what mother wanted to do was scare us so we wouldn't do it again: But father never did lick any of us kids, in his life, as far as I know if there was any spankings to be done, it was left for Mother.

I remember another time Mother had a bench to put the buckets of water on, (they had to carry all the water that was used in buckets). Johnnie climbed upon the bench by the buckets and jumped down on the floor, he did alright so I had to try it, but my dress caught on one of the buckets half full of water so down I went and the bucket of water with me. (I did not get hurt.)

Now old as I am when I see Bill Potter's two children, Wayne and Beverly, playing, they bring back to my mind Johnnie and myself. Whatever he would do I would try and do it also, and that is like Bill's two kids are.

I remember us going to Sunday School. My father played the organ for Sunday School. In the class for the little ones they had a chart with the A B C's on. When we learned the letters then they would put letters together to make a word such as no, to, up, cat, dog, boy, etc. Then later they had little cards with a verse on.

I also remember all of the people going to a celebration up one of the side canyons. I think it was either the 4th or 24th of July. We all had to walk, that was the only way we had to get there. Part of the way we walked on the railroad track. Everybody seemed to enjoy it, eating, program, etc. Then it got cloudy, looked like rain so all started to go for home, but we did not get very far before it started to rain. We got to the rail road track and there was a barn near it, so a lot of the people ran for it to get out of the rain with their children but they had hardly got in when the man who owned the barn came and ordered them to get out. Well, we were all there and I can just see father (in my mind) as he said "Come Harriet, let's go." ~~When that man~~ (I don't remember his name) saw father and he picked up Bertha and mother had the baby (that was Lizzie) and we all started to go. When that man (I don't remember his name) saw father and his family going out in the rain he called to father to come back. He did not know he was in there, but father did not stop. He said to the man, "We are no better than the rest of them." So we went home in the rain. Got home alright but we were wet and had to get a good fire going and change to dry clothes.

That evening that man came to our home and apologized for telling them to get out of the barn. Father told him that "not many men would of turned animals out in a storm like that."

I think I was about 4 years old at that time, but I remember it so clearly and don't think I will ever forget it.

Johny and I had a play house on the side of the mountain just a little way from the house. We thought it was very nice. We had a large flat rock for down stairs and another one just above it for up stairs and a path from one to the other for the steps. We also had a rock in a nest and some little rocks under it, that was a setting hen.

We put in a lot of time in this play house. I don't remember playing with other children after Johnnie died. He took sick and died while father was down working on the Cleveland Canal. He was the only boy and it was a great blow to them. He died May 17, 1886. I missed him so much and I didn't want mother out of my sight. Wherever Mother went I wanted to go with her. I seemed to be afraid if she was out of my sight that something would happen to her and if anything did, I wanted it to happen to me also.

I used to go to Relief Society meeting with her all the time. She said I was real good there. One day after Relief Society meeting as we were going home there were two women having a fight. They each had long black hair hanging down, and they were sure pulling each others hair and yelling at each other and making a big racket. I wanted to watch the fight but Mother got me away from there as fast as she could.

While in Scofield mother was secretary in the Relief Society.

At Christmas time the ward used to have celebrations with a Christmas tree with presents on for all the children from babies to 16 years old. At first they had one large tree, but as the town grew and more people came to live there, they had two Christmas trees with presents on, one for the boys, the other for the girls. I believe mother always was one to help buy presents to put on the trees. Also to help trim the trees. I remember going with her and watching them trim the tree. I also remember her taking part in a play the ward put on. I thought she had the prettiest dress and was the prettiest one on the stage.

I used to go with mother almost every place she went. She just could not get away without me. I didn't want her out of my sight. And I used to think that if anything happened to mother I wanted it to happen to me also. Like when there was snow on the ground, it was so deer up there and when we went anyplace we had to walk on the railroad track and they would clear the snow off a place by the side of the track every little ways so the people could stand there until the train would pass. But I went to meeting with mother anyway. I used to think if she got run over by the train, I wanted it to run over me also. I think the reason I was so afraid of her leaving me was on account of my brother Johnnie dying. We played together all the time. Then when he died and they took him away and he never came back. I didn't want to loose sight of mother, and I know she realized how much I missed him and tried to make it as easy as she could for me.

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Mother used to go and visit the sick and help when she could. I remember one evening she went to see an old lady and I went with her. The lady was propped up in bed, almost sitting up, and she said she never went to sleep. I thought that was strange, I did not know anyone could stay awake all the time, so as soon as we got out of the house I asked mother about it and she said the lady thought she was awake all the time, but she did sleep and did not think she had been asleep.

I think we lived in Scofield about six years, then moved to Cleveland, Utah on a homestead that father had taken up. The summer before the family had camped up in the canyon while father cut and hauled logs to build a house. When we moved down we lived in a cellar and in the wagon box while father built two log rooms, with a loft over the one room. A large fireplace was in the one room and a cookstove in the kitchen. Many trips were made during the summer to haul the supply of wood for the winter. (Father had bought two mules and a wagon while living in Winter Quarters.) He had to haul water in barrels in the wagon from Huntington creek until a canal was built which furnished water to the farms.

After moving to Cleveland father did not go back to Scofield to work in the winter as many of the men did. I suppose they had a little money saved up from working in the mine, and mother was a good manager. We always had a good dress and shoes to go to church in.

My sister just younger than I got sick and died the 29 of May 1890. She was buried in Cleveland. This, added to Johnny's death made me stay closer than ever at mother's side. Many times we walked to town to Relief Society meeting, store, etc.

Father had it quite hard on the farm. The work was new to him, and so much had to be done. Henry was just small at the time. I suppose we girls helped some. However as time went on we had a good farm and raised some good crops. He used to get Moses Tucker to work for him quite often. They soon got binders and a threshing machine, and he was able to hire the grain cut and threshed.

The grain had to be hauled to Price to be sold, and the wheat had to be taken to Castle Dale to get it ground into flour. This took two days. Later they got a flour mill in Huntington which made it much better.

Father used to raise quite a number of pigs. He would fatten them up and butcher them, then take them to Castle Gate, a mining camp, to sell. Some people bought their pork from him for years. My sister Annie and husband Grover Lewis, and sister Sadie and her husband Tom Lamph lived there so they had a place to stay. Mother usually went with him, and so got to visit the girls quite often.

floods
There used to be some big floods after a rain in the mountains, which used to cover father's farm except where there were a few hills to the north. Many times father had grain cut and shocked in in the fields, or hay cut and piled, only to have it carried away by these floods. He later dug a ditch on the south side to try to catch some of the water. This helped, and as the years passed it became a big wash and carried most of the flood waters.

Father had a Melodian organ, the only one around here, so of course when more people began to take up homesteads and move in, he would put it in the wagon and take it to wherever there was a church meeting or entertainment of some kind.

The people used to meet in Cowley's home to have church. Samuel Alger was Presiding Elder until the church (ward) was organized.

Mother didn't go to Sunday School very often, it took all her time getting all of us ready to go. She used to cook a big dinner on Sunday. Many times father would bring someone who had to practice a song home with him, and they were always invited to stay for dinner. Sacrament meeting was at 2PM. Mother always attended that.

Father was also secretary of the Cleveland Canal Co., and men would come up home to settle their assessments, and many of them joined us for dinner. The men used to work on the Reservoir and canal they were building to pay their assessments.

At Christmas time and New Year's Mother would always cook a big dinner and invite the old folks to join them. These were mostly people who had lived in Scofield. I remember so well their coming and the pleasant visits. There were Mr & Mrs Greenland, Mrs Williams, Mr Walton, & Mr & Mrs John Lewis.

Mrs Lewis was a large woman and was crippled. She could just barely get around with crutches, and hardly ever went anywhere, just sat at home. I have seen her a few times sitting in the wagon when there was a Celebration of some kind, but I think our home was the only place she ever went, and she sure enjoyed it.

There were more people taking up land and moving in. It seems like the people from Scofield and around there settled on the north end, (now called Washboard and Elmo) while the people from Sanpete and Spanish Fork and over that way settled on the south side. It was a beautiful country at this time. There was tall grass growing everywhere, which the farmers used to cut and use for hay.

When the ward was organized in 1890, Lars P. Oveson was sustained as Bishop. He lived up on the Huntington river, so had to leave his home up there and move to Cleveland. His councillors were Thomas Farrish and H.H. Oviatt. (I think) Thomas M. Richards was chorister and father the organist.

Mrs John (Mary) Alger was the first President of the Relief Society with Ann Eden (grandmother) and Sarah Potter as councillors, Harriet Eden Sec., a position she held until just a short time before her death, when she resigned because of poor health.

A one room log school house was built, which was also used for church and entertainments. Later they built a larger one room lumber schoolhouse. Later two more rooms were added, one upstairs, one down. This was built where the school now stands.

By the time I was a teenager there were quite a few young folks living here. We used to have a lot of dances. There never was a 4th or 24th of July celebration without a dance at night. Also all the other holidays, such as Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Years, etc. The young folks from Deseret Lake used to come to the dances on horseback or in wagons. We had some good times.

The town also had a real good ball team and would go to other towns to play ball. Other towns come here to play.

Joe Larsen was one of the best players. Others on the team were Del Larson, Dan Johnson and Andrew Johnson