

"LIFE OF HANNA OLSEN SEELY"

Hanna Olsen Seely was born in Helsingborg, Sweden on November 27, 1842, a daughter of Hans Olsen and Chastty Okerson.

As much time had to be spent in order to make clothes for the family, the younger members had to card wool almost every nite. Her older brothers would assist her as she was the youngest in the family of eight children.

Her work in the day time was to herd geese and to carry in the toore, a swamp grass which was cut into blocks and used for fire wood. So she learned to fit into the hive of industry at a very early age.

As the family lived on their farms it was necessary to walk three Sweedish miles to school. School was held just a few weeks during the winter and the snow would be piled as high as the buildings on both sides of the road.

Her lunch consisted of eel and rye bread and as a child she couldn't eat fish, so she carried the same kind of lunch, day after day, as there was meagre change in their daily menu.

When she was in her late teens, she and her mother walked five miles to be baptized into the Mormon Church. It was necessary to cut through three feet of ice to have their baptism done. They were baptized at nite and were very careful to have it done secretly as the gubocrats would have mobbed them had they become aware of it.

She and her older sister, Eliza, went to Copenhagen, Denmark, to work in a dish factory in order to obtain money to immigrate to Zion. Her sister painting the flowers on the fine china and she polishing and glazing the dishes.

When "19" years of age she took passage on boat from Sweden unaccompanied by any of her family or friends and in 1862 she crossed the plains with John Murdock's Company. Despite the trials and hardships, she has often told of the enjoyable times they had singing and dancing while crossing the plains and how the young men teamsters would manage to give the young girls a ride now and agsin. These rides were welcomed by her for she sprained her ankle and was very lame for a number of days.

Locating first at Mt. Pleasant in 1862, and where on July 24, 1863 she married Orange Seely, a young man she met and who drove an oxteam that supplied many of her rides, for he was much attracted to her and lovingly called her his "Smiling Hana".

They later went to the Endowment House in Salt Lake City.

She went through the trials and fears of the Black Hawk War.

COPY

1866 - 1925

Biography of Hannah Seely Olsen

A Native Pioneer

By her oldest daughter

Chasty Olsen Harris

January 1956

American Fork, Utah

HISTORY OF HANNAH SEELY (OLSEN)

Mothers ten grown children have entertained their families with interesting events from the lives of their unusual grandmother. This is my memory of Hannah Seely Olsen.

She was born September 19, 1865, at Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete County, Utah, the second child of Hanna Olsen and Orange Seely. Her brothers and sisters were an older sister Emma Jane, then Hannah, Orange II, Sarah, Chasty Eliza, Henry Alonzo, Mary Bertrude, Ethel Ingra, and David Randolph. Ethel died at the age of 4 years. All the rest lived to marry and have families.

Hannah's father was a prosperous farmer of the time, and their lives were full of activity in the growing community of Mt. Pleasant.

Aunt Mary Jorgensen Seely told me on a recent visit, that she, Emma and mother used to take all their younger brothers and sisters, in the summer time, down to Pleasant Creek to give them their Saturday bath. Of course, they took towels and plenty of home made soap. I wonder what kind of lather they got in creek water.

Joseph Page, who by the way had a wooden leg, was the school teacher in Mt. Pleasant. Mother and Aunt Emma were pupils. Besides the three R's he taught them to "tat", a lovely art they never forgot. Many a yard was used to adorn the clothing of their children in the years to follow. It was really "something" to watch my mother tat; her shuttle flew so fast you wondered how she did it. All the schooling they ever had was in this school but they made much of their opportunity. They both wrote a fine hand and never stopped trying to learn and improve their lot.

Mother practically lived at the home of her mother's parents, Hans Olsen and Kjerstie (Chasty) Persson, who needed her help. From them she learned to speak Swedish fluently which was useful to her all her life. She would get along very well with Norwegians and Danish folk.

She was not a stranger to the fear and excitement incident to the Black Hawk War. As a small child, she, with her family, often ran for safety. Her father was a minute-man all through that war.

I've heard her tell of the joyous associations they enjoyed as a family with grandparents on both sides, uncles, aunts, cousins, and friends, in Mt. Pleasant. Sometimes they treated boyfriends to a small helping of sugar.

Orange Seely had been Bishop of Mt. Pleasant for some time when President John Taylor called him to take his young family to help settle Emery County.

To leave everything that was dear to them--relatives, friends, schools--and move to a most desolate and lonely place was a great sacrifice to all of them, especially the older children. Their mother must now leave her aged parents who wishing to be near her had followed Hannah, their baby girl, to America.

But the thought of refusing this call from the Authorities of the Church rever entered their hearts, so they started immediately to prepare for the move. They dried all the fruits and vegetables available, plums, apples, apricots, corn, squash, and beans to take with them. Grandfather had run cattle in Emery County so he knew some of the problems. He built a one room log cabin which would have to serve as a home for the present. The Indians wouldn't stay in Emery County. They told grandfather not to bring his squaw and papooses there, because the water would kill them.

The new home they had just lived in two years was one of the very finest in Mt. Pleasant. They just couldn't bear the thought of leaving this comfortable dwelling in which they had such pride. Aunt Harry, whom I have quoted said, "All that summer the girl friends dreaded the time of departure. They hated the Church leaders for being so mean as to call this family away."

It did put grandmother to bed which delayed the going for two weeks but the dreaded day finally came in October of 1880. The young folks followed them for miles up the dusty road toward Fairview Canyon to say their tearful good byes. Mother was 14 years old, Emma 15, Orange 12, etc. Seven children of the nine were born in Mt. Pleasant.

They built the road as they went. Grandmother drove the team and each child that could, carried an ax or hatchet. There had never been a wagon road from the west side at that time. Cattle men used trails with pack mules to carry supplies.

Having no powder it often became necessary to build fires to heat the rocks so they could be broken when pounded in order to get the wagon through. In passing, I will say that the road they made at that time up Fairview Canyon was later improved and was used for many years known as the "Seely Road." The marks of it can be seen to this day.

The journey through the mountains was trying and hard but they finally arrived at the one room log cabin near the river. The first Sunday the older children built a dug-out playhouse in its steep bank and constructed a fireplace, that gave comfort and delight to the younger children for many long months.

Winter came all too soon which added to their loneliness and discomfort. It was necessary for Emma and Mother to sleep in a covered wagon box set on the ground against the house near the back door. It was very cold. Grandmother was in constant fear of their health but as always the "back was fitted for the burden."

Mother and daughters shed many tears during that long dreary winter. There was no mail till Spring, then Mother and Aunt Emma walked to Wilsonville, many miles, and came back with their aprons full of letters, precious news from friends and loved ones in Mt. Pleasant. They laughed and cried as they read and reread until the letters were worn to shreds.

They soon became absorbed in the problems and burdens of frontier life. The girls helped father or mother according to the need. Mother became an expert horse-back rider; when necessary she could lasso a critter, and tie it to the fence.

Grandpa Seely was very particular about the construction of his irrigation ditches on the farm, especially the head ditch. The banks were straight up and down, in other words like a box, the bottom as wide as the sides were deep. The young folk found that when a pig got into this ditch it couldn't turn around or get out. Mother and Aunt Chasty had great sport riding the pigs to the delight of all the rest. Their amusements were homemade like their clothing.

As time went on and other settlers made homes along the river, the distance between them was soon covered on horseback or lumber wagon.

I quote from my father, "George Biddlecome with his fiddle comprised the grand orchestra. He was ever ready and easily paid with home grown products. He traveled many miles to those scattered places to make music for their dances either in their cabins or around the camp fire. He yet lives in the memories of those pioneers who still survive him."

Mother attended these happy social functions and no doubt her cheerful disposition and ready smile added much to the occasion.

A trip over the mountains to Mt. Pleasant was made every summer for a visit and to dry fruit, etc., until fruit trees could be grown. This furnished memories to talk about for another year. In order to supply this isolated group of pioneers with flour, grandfather, with the help of his brother J. W. Seely, built a grist mill one block south of the comfortable new home which the family now occupied.

Aunt Emma married early and that brought added work and responsibility to Hannah whose natural abilities were developed early. She was her mother's main stay, cooking for the men who built the mill. Emma married Christian Grice Larsen, the son of President O. G. Larsen, who had also been called into this same place, Castle Valley, as it was called.

Not long before Emma's marriage, some Jews, traveling through the country with goods to sell, stopped at their home and sold Grandpa Seely two packages with yards and yards of lovely silk. He paid \$150 for the material to be used for Emma's wedding dress and later on one for mother. Emma chose the grey brocade with plain of the same color to use for trimming.

other put the heather brocade with plain to match, carefully away for some future day.

In August, 1883 while mother was horseback riding over the town site of Castle Dale, Emery County, she saw coming toward her, on a mule, a strange young man. A strong impression came to her. Using her own words, "When I saw him galloping along I said, 'There is the man with whom I shall spend my life!'" This young man was Abinadi Olsen, but to all his family and friends he was called Ned. In his history also is recorded his definite feelings concerning this historic meeting.

After three and a half years of courtship, the beautiful heather colored brocade silk was made into a wedding gown in the style of the Jay--big puffs of silk in the back of the skirt, trimmed with the plain color. I have seen it many times, also Aunt Emma's grey one. It always thrilled me when mother took it with its wrappings, from the big chest and gave it an airing and then stored it carefully away again. Whatever became of it? I don't know. Perhaps the brocade fell to pieces. I am sure Grandpa and Grandma Seely were thrilled to have the girls enjoy these lovely dresses to help make up for the sacrifices they had been called to endure.

By this time there were many families along the river and quite a little town of homes was started.

On February 21, 1887, Hannah Seely and Abinadi Olsen were married, and the wedding was quite an affair with families and friends coming from far and near. The ceremony was performed in the home by President O. G. Larsen. Two years later they took six month old Chasty to Manti where they were sealed for time and all eternity by Daniel H. Wells.

On a recent visit to Castle Dale, Father's sister Mal Berg who is now eighty-seven years old, told me she and Aunt Sarah helped cook the big wedding dinner of roast beef, chicken, and different vegetables that had been kept in the cellar for winter use. She especially remembers the great number of dried apple pies she helped to make. She said everyone in all the surrounding country was invited. Hannah's father had been the bishop of Emery, Carbon and Grand Counties and knew everyone. Grandfather Seely gave as a wedding gift twenty head of sheep and a beautiful saddle horse. Grandmother had prepared a lovely trousseau of quilts, pillows, sheets, pillow slips, towels, and comforting things for the home.

Before they were married father had the home built on what became the finest location on the main street of Castle Dale. Grandpa Olsen, who was an "Old Country trained mason" built the walls, the two fireplace chimneys, and did the plastering and white washed the walls. The three main rooms were finished with space left above for upstairs rooms. In time a kitchen and cellar was added, and the upstairs finished. Grandfather Olsen and father were always pleased when mother came along with a nice mid-afternoon lunch while they were working on the new house.

This union was blessed with eleven children as follows: Chasty Lagdelane, Orange Abinadi, Henning Benjamin, Hazel, Nelson Simon, Jenny Lind, Crystal, Wanda,

Wendell Seely, Foyer, and George Linwood. Just before the first twins were born father felt he must make one more trip into the mountains to the saw mill to close things up for the winter, before the storms made it impossible to make the trip. So he left hoping to return before mother took sick. But the very first day he was gone she knew her time had come. Mrs. S. J. Shipp had moved to Castle Dale in 1888. (She was later Post Mistress.) She was the practical nurse and midwife on this occasion, Grandma Seely carried the word to the two grandfathers and sent them in a hurry to bless and name the boys as they feared the one wouldn't live. (Jenning) When they looked at them they each picked up a baby. The light complexioned baby, by Orange Seely who had blue eyes and light hair. The dark haired baby was in the arms of the brown eyed dark haired Jennings Olsen. Each bestowed his own name on the baby he held. And incidentally they grew up resembling the one who christened them.

So father had a big surprise on his return. It was all over and he had two sons instead of just a new baby.

When I, Chasty, was six weeks old, father was moving mother to the saw mill where he had been called (by the church) to get out lumber and shingles to build up Emery Co. This was in late May. They became lodged in the snow with supplies and equipment. Mother mounted a saddle horse and rode the rest of the way to the mountain cabin carrying her tiny baby in her apron which made a comfortable hammock for the little one.

While I was still a baby Grandpa Seely came to the saw mill on horseback. Mother rode back to Castle Dale, twenty seven miles, on her horse and carried me all the way.

Seven years of this mission was shared by mother who moved to the mountains north of Jose Valley in Black Canyon where timber was plentiful every spring, then back to town to spend the winter. Two or three other men brought their wives and children while they worked at the mill. They lived in log cabins close by. If eggs were brought from the valley, they were packed between layers of oats to keep them from breaking. Butter was kept cool by packing in a box of alfalfa picked in the morning, while wet with dew.

My very earliest memories are of our life there: the big, high swing, under a pine tree; seeing the twins going round and round in the "jumping jack" father had made of a birch bough set in an iron thimble in the floor; the birch with two opposite limbs on which the boys dangled in a sort of harness or jacket mother had made of strong strips of blue denim.

Mother raised a little motherless fawn deer we called "Jenny" until it was grown but when taken to town no correll could hold it so it had to be killed, much to our sorrow.

Mother told of little Henning coaxing for fresh meat after moving to town. "Kill the cow, mama, kill the cow." Mother would explain if we did that we would have no milk. "Then kill the calf." When he was talked out of that he said, "Well than kill a chicken."

One terrifying experience at the mill was when Henning was lost. Everyone searched the place in vain. Finally, the water in the mill race was turned into another channel while the men searched for him all through the mill machinery. At last one of the men found him at another saw mill a long way up the stream. He had followed a pig.

Another incident I shall never forget was the day several of us children were playing among the big logs that had been dragged in from the forest (some by ox teams) ready to saw into lumber. Mother's brother, Orange II and wife Trena were there as helpers. They had two or three little girls, Habel and Pearl, I remember. Of all things to happen, one of those big logs rolled on poor little Pearl. We ran screaming to our mothers for help. There wasn't a man in sight or hearing but mother and Aunt Trena, by super human power beyond their own strength, lifted the log enough to

to get the child out. As far as I can remember no serious harm came of it, but I heard it referred to many times as a miracle. When you realize that the logs were green and freshly cut and were moved only by tears or oken you can see that the lifting of this weight from the baby was indeed done only with divine help.

Mother was a wonderful homemaker and cook. Her home was a place where family and friends loved to gather because she was so cheerful and everyone was made welcome. It was a marvel to us all, the speed with which her hands could work, slicing potatoes, tating, knitting, picking fruit, quilting or whatever claimed her attention.

Once when she had a young baby (Wendell) she laid him on a pillow in the shade and picked 105 quarts of gooseberries in one day. Mr. Timber the owner of the patch remarked, "that he would trade wives with Ned Olson any time."

Her first cook stove was a four hold flat top with no warming closet on top. It gurned wood or small pieces of coal. In the front was a small hearth over which a little door opened exposing the fire-box or grate. Opening or closing this door regulated the draft. The oven opened on either side.

Toast was made either on top of the stove or in the oven, more often she held a slice of bread on a fork in front of the blaze on the hearth of the stove or even the fire place.

By the way, the cutlery were steel (not stainless) knives and three tines forks. These had to be scoured everyday with sand or wood ashes.

Each spring the year's supply of home-made soap was made from the fat, rinds, and trimmings saved during the winter. For toilet soap Pure Castille was used.

If she every bought a loaf of bread it was after 1900. The stores did not stock bakers' bread and only commercial cakes or cookies were half inch thick squares called "Sweet Crackers". I wish we could by them now.

Mother made her own sour kraut by fermenting shredded cabbage in a jar by the fireplace. She made her own vinegar, by saving all the rinsing from honey, molasses, and preserve containers. This was poured into a suitable wooden keg and kept back of the stove where it fermented and became choice vinegar, providing a small piece of "mother" was added.

In season, corn, squash, and beans were dried also apples, prunes, and apricots. Much of the preserves were made with honey. In the early years she had but few glass jars for canning fruit but as time went on she filled her shelves in the cellar.

The big flour-bin was filled with flour each autumn at harvest time. Cornmeal "mush" and rich milk was a favorite supper dish. Another dish was made by whipping egg, then poured over flour, then mixing and rubbing with hands into rice sized pellets. These were slowly sifted by the hand into boiling milk and slowly cooked till done. This dish was called by some, "thickened milk," others called it "lumpy dick."

Bread was truly the "Staff of Life". As the family grew, to keep the big bread jar from getting empty was a never ending problem. Big pans of sour biscuits, corn bread, (Jonny Cake) and even fluffies made with pieces of bread dough fried in fat, supplimented.

Yeast was made the day before mixing. All potato water was saved for this purpose to which mashed potato was added along with honey or sugar. Dried yeast cakes could be bought in packages of six cakes. One of these soaked in luke warm water until soft then added to potato mixture would be light and foamy by morning and ready for bread mixing.

She made flour starch on wash day by mixing flour and water together until smooth, then added boiling water and cooked till clear. This was added to water into which the aprons etc. were immersed and then hung up to dry.

At night the coal oil lamps were lit and a lantern was kept handy for use for outside chores. The glass chimneys were washed in the morning with breakfast dishes. The oil wicks were kept trimmed so the blaze would be even and not smoke. Coal oil was always on the want list when going to town. Everyone owned a gallon coal oil can with a spout for pouring into the bowl of the lamp. The top of the can had a trust on lid and a potato made a good stopper for the spout.

Mother didn't have electric light in her home until 1906, when the plant was built to supply Castle Dale and Orangeville.

She never knew the joy of having water piped into the house for bath room and sink. They did have a fine cistern which was considered quite modern.

All washing was done with tub and washboard. Father bought a washer to be turned by hand after he returned from his mission, but mother didn't like it. It didn't do the kind of work she liked.

We have all been delighted with pieces of her beautiful handwork. I used to tell her she would injure her eye sight, working so steadily at crocheting, etc. She replied, "I won't have much to leave to my children except a few things I have made with my hands."

After father's 9 years of service was up at the saw mill, they moved back to Castle Dale for good. One morning mother announced to father that she had a strong feeling that he was going to be called on a mission and sure enough, three weeks later the call came. Father left December 31, 1894 (his birthday) for Samoa where he labored three and a half years as a missionary.

Times were hard and money was difficult to get, so you see it took real courage and faith to outfit him and put him in the mission field. Besides that, Mother was being left with herself and four children to care and provide for. She worked unceasingly and cheerfully to supply our needs as well as father's. I was old enough to remember her activities. She was janitor for the two schools and I felt it was a big task to help sweep them night after night.

She made quilts, did dressmaking and helped people clean house. Anything that came her way that was honorable she did to perform her part of that mission. She often said it was the happiest time of her life. Father was kept blissfully ignorant of all such things as a broken arm (Hemning), measles, sore throat, colds etc., taxes and lack of money. Letters were four weeks on the way and only one mail boat per month. Mother thought, "no use to worry father with such details that he could do nothing about."

When the children were sick, Mother resorted to home cures, she was a splendid nurse and helped others besides her own family.

A cold on the lungs called for a plaster. A piece of woollen cloth was coated with lard then sprinkled generously with nutmeg and ginger. Onion cough syrup was made by slicing the onion in a bowl and sprinkling with sugar, then covered and placed on the back of the stove. This drew out the juice to be given to the patient.

For fever, a bath, then put to bed with mustard plasters on the feet and plenty of hot ginger tea to make you sweat. I hated the mustard plasters most of all.

For croup, a towel was dipped in cold water and wrapped around the throat and it really brought relief.

Long before father went on his mission, we had a fine heifer calf which broke her leg. Father was for killing her but Mother coaxed him to let her try to set the bone. She supplied herself with wood cleats and long strips of blue denim. Father stood by to help. To make a long story short, the bone healed perfectly and she became the main stay of the family during father's mission. When mother churned butter for the first time after this cow had her calf, we children stood around the kitchen table to watch her mix and mould the butter. I remember so well what she said, "Now we want to round this pound as full as possible, because this first pound, we will give to the Lord to show him how grateful we are." There was just a small pat left for us till the next churning. Orange and Henning were sent with the pound of butter to the Bishop.

When the deacons came for Fast Offerings she always put some flour in the sack they carried and often sent me to the cellar to fill a bucket with potatoes, "Remember only the biggest and best for the Lord."

While working over tub and washboard surrounded by loads of soiled clothes to be scrubbed clean, she took time then, to talk to us children. In answer to my questions, Mother taught me to honor and revere the garments of the Holy Priesthood, that it was a great privilege to have the opportunity to wear them.

One summer the twins, Orange and Henning, were left with Grandma and Grandpa Olsner Hazel and I at Grandpa Seely's while Mother went to Mt. Pleasant to get her artificial teeth. She rode horseback both ways, at least 140 miles. I recall, too, how thoughtful and kind Grandpa Olsen was, during the years father was on his mission, calling most everyday to see how we were. In winter when the snow was deep he came in the early morning to build our fires and help with the chores.

Every drop of water we used was dipped into barrells to settle. Then it was carried by bucket across the street for our use. Each morning, while cool, the daily drinking water was set in the cellar. Those who could stored ice, packed in sawdust, which was a real luxury. In winter the little stream was frozen, so our only recourse was to load the 40 gallon barrell on a homemade horse-drawn sled with nail cleats to keep the barrell from slipping off. A clean cloth was spread over the barrell, then a tub fit down over that to keep the water from slopping over. It was my duty to go with Mother to the river, some three or four blocks away to help steady the load. Quite often the whole thing tipped off as we came up the bank to the road, then we had to start over. When this happened we came home wet and cold. Whenever possible, Mother melted snow and ice, even icicles, on the stove in a big tub and emptied it into the barrell and wash boiler for washing. She always thrilled at the softness of this water which could be used without lye, and made such wonderful suets. Whenever possible she saved rain water for washing nice things.

Or course we always bathed in the wash tub in front of the fireplace or in the kitchen where it was warm. Bath water was heated on stoves in the wash boiler.

In order to have our own meat, pigs were raised. The gardens were kept clean of weeds to feed them, along with alfalfa and bran and shorts which was wet with either milk or water. Chopped hands were helped by soaking them in this mixture which was prepared ahead of time and kept in a barrell. Henning always had more use for this treatment than the rest. His poor little hands always had cracks in them. Mother often rubbed castor-oil on them to loosen the dirt then scrubbed them clean while he cried and jumped up and down. Then a good coat of mutton tallow was rubbed on and a pair of mittens or stockings pulled on to wear through the night, always with fine results.

At pig killing time in the late fall, everything else stood still for a week to care for the meat. The hams, shoulders, and side meat were placed in a barrell and covered with a sugar and salt-petree brine and left till cured. Then it was dried and smoked in a homemade smoke house.

The sausage was all ground at home in a hand turned sausage grinder, stuffed into home prepared casing and I tell you there is no sausage like that. The lard was rendered and stored for future use. Head cheese was put in a press. The feet pickled. Ribs, liver and heart were soon used, as everyone was fresh meat hungry.

During father's absence, Mother was a counselor in the Y.L.M.I.A. In order that she might be at home with her small children, she arranged to have the weekly meetings held in her own home. Of course, that was long before young ladies and young men held their meetings jointly.

Christmas was a joyous occasion, but one or two gifts were the limit. The one I can't forget was during father's mission. We had a tree but Mother couldn't make the stand so she tied a cord to the top of the tree and pulled the cord through the hanging lamp hook in the ceiling. Of course the stump hung down and we couldn't reach it but the gifts were wonderful and represented long hours of work and sacrifice for Mother. I got a black cape trimmed with fur and a red felt hat. The brim turned back with three feather tips curled forward. Could anything ever be so fine. My joy knew no bounds. Orange and Henning each spied a pair of black leather boots trimmed with red leather hanging so high up on the tree that Mother stood on a chair and handed us our precious belongings. Hazel was in extacies over her dolly, which had a china head, hands and feet. Mother sent a large fruit cake to Father by Elders who were going to Samoa. I remember her saying the ingredients for that cake cost her \$5.00. Of course, she had a thick icing on it to keep it moist. How she ever got it to Salt Lake, I don't know. In later years she also sent a cake to Orange in Germany.

When Father was ready to come home, Mother sent him \$25.00 with which to buy souvenirs. She had worked hard for this long awaited time and made careful plans. The home was furnished with new rag carpets, strewn under them, new curtains, new chenille cover on the parlor table and other little touches that made the whole place like a place of wealth to me. Mother had washed the carded wool into batts to make a new mattress, the first we ever had. It was quite a new thing or idea. Always before we had slept on straw ticks or bed ticks filled with corn husks which Mother liked much better because it didn't make such a dust when she stirred it up. We had never had bed springs, but wooden slats on which the straw filled ticks were placed.

You may know it took a lot of work over a long period of time to card batts enough for a 30 or 40 pound mattress. It made a lovely soft bed when finally completed. Of course, she had the wool from her own sheep being cared for on a share basis by her old Mr. Pleasant school teacher, Joseph Page, who now had his home in Orangeville. The 20 head given on her wedding had now increased to a worthwhile sheep herd.

She was proud and happy to have the big flour bin full of flour and the cellar well supplied with the necessities of life. She also had \$25.00 to start Father out with a bit of cash in his pocket.

I was eleven and remember so vividly our going to Price to meet the train. Mother, Uncle Alonzo, mother's brother, and we four children in a light spring wagon, traveled 30 miles which was a day's journey at that time. It was June and the moon shone brightly as we made camp on the Price River. Five-year old Hazel was frightened for fear we might be mistaken for the notorious gang of outlaws known as the "Robbers Roost." (Only she said, "Robbers Roosters".)

Father had sent several pictures home of himself wearing a long black beard. I was sick with fear that Mother wouldn't know him and get the wrong man, but my worry was dispelled the next day at 1 p.m. I knew him as soon as he stepped off the train. Oh, what a joyful reunion after three and a half long years absence. Father brought home with him a native boy, James Mackie and George Kennison, a young man twenty-three years old. Mother took them both to her heart and home and was truly a good Mother to both of them, as long as they were with us. Little Jim was near the same age as Orange and Henning, being just three months older. His father was a Scotchman but his mother

was a native princess. The tribe wanted to take Jim to train him to be King. His father wished to come to Zion so he sent Jim on ahead. He was a wonderful child and we all loved him. After several years his parents did come and he went to live with them. George Kennison died after a few years.

The following February 5, 1899, Mother gave birth to pre-mature twins weighing two pounds each. Theyk like the older twins were not identical, one dark, one light. Dr. William P. Winters and Mrs. S. J. Shipp were in attendance. She came once a day and cared for Mother and the babies. The rest of the time, I (almost 12 years) took over under Mother's watchful eyes.

The babies were not dressed; but wrapped in cotton; not bathed in water, but rubbed gently with warm oil. Warm pieces of wool blankets were tucked about them. They were kept and handled on pillows, which helped to conserve what little strength they had. Fruit jars of hot water supplied warmth. The milk from Mother's breast was fed every little while with a medicine dropper. There were many prayers said in that household for the two welcome little ones who were blessed and given names immediately after birth. The boy Simon Delong, the girl Jenny Link. The latter died when 11 days old. When laid out she measured 11 inches, 1 inch for each day she had lived. Her hair and eyes were dark. The clothes for her burial were made by Aunt Minnie Ungerman and looked like doll clothes.

No one will ever know what Mother went through raising Delon. He was her constant care for months. He weighed only 4 pounds when 4 months old. When his suffering was so great that the seams across his head stood up as big as a lead pencil, I've seen Mother kneel down with him in her arms, always on that pillow, or kneel beside his bed and plead with the Lord to take him out of his misery. She just couldn't stand to watch that struggle for life. As the years went by, he overcame being so delicate and grew up to do a man's full part and was always a great comfort and help to his parents.

On October 18, 1900, Crystal was born in Castle Dale. She was a beautiful baby with dark eyes and hair. She and Delon were constant companions, so Mother really had twins after all.

The fall of 1901, the family moved to Sunnyside, Carbon County, Utah. This was a prosperous mining town where Father had built a new hotel called the "Green Front," which was immediately filled with boarders. Aunt Bertrude went to help Mother, along with others. Uncle Lon also spent most of the winter in Sunnyside, so I, Chasty, was left in Castle Dale for the school year to attend the Emery Stake Academy, living with Grandpa and Grandma Seely.

At the hotel they had good help and with Mother's able management, all went well.

On a hot dry Jay the following summer, the lint in the ventilator over the big cook stove caught fire. Everyone ran out calling, "Fire!" Mother was in her room, she had a badly sprained ankle at the time, so she came to the kitchen as fast as she could with her knee bent in a chair for a crutch, and called me to help her. She dipped the big broom (called "Ole Settin" by Father) in water then brushed the burning lint down on the top of the stove while I drew water in a bucket which she dashed into the flames (there was no fire department.) After a time others ventured in to help and all was made safe. But for her cool headed courage, that whole frame building and a kitchen covered with oil cloth would have burned like a crackerbox. She was always thus, under great strain and trouble. Years later in Castle Dale, the hot stove pipe set fire to the kitch roof. Mother flew up stairs, pulled the window out of the frame, called Orange from a late Sunday morning sleep as she worked. On the roof she pulled shingles loose and got a passing man to hand her buckets of water while Orange tried from every angle to get his trousers on.

Only about three months after the Sunnyside incident, October 5, 1902, Vanda was born. She too, had dark eyes and hair and was mother's baby girl.

She had three more sons born to her, making 6 sons and 5 daughters. Eleven in all, who honor her as a most wonderful mother, endowed with all the qualities and abilities that made for a happy successful Latter-Day Saint home. She taught us to pray to a kind loving Father in Heaven who would be grieved at any wrong doing; not a God who stood ready to punish. Every child was taught to be truthful, honest, and to guard our virtue with our life.

Father and Mother decided that a hotel was no place to raise a growing family so they sold the place to Joseph Christensen and moved back to Castle Dale in December 1902. e were glad to be back in our dear old home again.

These years and many to follow were hard years for Mother. There were trials and hardships incident to raising a family. Besides her own, there was always some poor soul who needed a lift or a temporary home. Once an old one-armed man stayed for the summer. A tiny baby whose Mother had died came in for her loving care. At two different times girls with St. Vitus Dance, with over-wrought nerves, learned her calm strength and returned home much improved. Then my father's maiden Auntie, Johanne Ungerson, was brought into the home to spend the rest of her days as a loved member of that household of vigorous, noisy, growing boys. Mother gave up her downstairs bedroom for Auntie's comfort till she passed on, March 17, 1918.

In 1909, my brother Orange was called to the Swiss-Austrian Mission. He was 19 years old the day he left Salt Lake City. He was gone two and a half years.

Father and the boys still farmed the paradise Ranch in the summer and moved to town in the winter.

To raise the money each month for Orange, besides the needs of the family, meant extreme sacrifice for every member of the family.

It was at this time our dear old home on Main Street, where all Mother's children had been born, was sold. Mother's youngest brother, David and his wife Elva became its owners.

Father owned eleven acres on the north bench where a new home was built but in the interim, what used to be the Titling Office was rented for a winter home. It had a full basement and two big rooms on the ground floor. Although they were crowded, they managed till the new house was built, which they moved into before it was completely finished. Mother's youngest child, Georgette, was born in the rented place.

Although Mother's life was filled with much toil, sacrifice, and disappointment, she could always smile and exhibit her natural cheerfulness. She played with her children while going about her work, carrying on play conversation. She often played horse with her little boys. She would be the horse with a wooden stick in her mouth for a bit, with string reins attached. Then she would cut all kinds of caper, much to the delight of a little boy.

Her oldest grandson, Grant, was left with her for an evening on one of our visits. He cried for his mother, and undertook to follow her down the road. (No fear of cars then.) Mother cut across the lot and hid in the corner near the cemetery, where she bellowed like a bull as he drew near. He turned and ran for home but she was sitting calmly in a chair as he ran into her welcome arms. Grant wouldn't believe till he was a grown man, but what a real bull had been after him. Her favorite hymn was, "Guid Us, Oh Thou Great Jehovah." She sang it often. It seemed to have a special meaning for her.

Their next venture was in lower Jose Valley, 20 miles west of Castle Dale. Here they homesteaded a piece of mountainous land-160 acres. This homestead was just a few miles south of the saw mill where this couple lived for the first years of their married life. This place they named Crystal Park, for the big spring of clear water just back of the first log cabin they built. Mother loved to spend her summers at this lovely spot where the pines and wild flowers and grass grew so abundantly. There were

no close neighbors so Wendell, Foyer, and George were her constant companions. Mother had a most beautiful flower garden in front of the cabin. Sweet Williams, California poppies, Caraway and Hollhocks were a delight to see on each side of the walk. In this quiet place I think she knew some days of leisure for the first time in her life.

She made lovely pieces of handwork. She excelled in this field. By the way, when I was small I went many times with Mother to spend a day at Grandma Seeley's where she used the big spinning wheel to spin yarn from the wool she had washed, carded, and made into rolls and arranged in neat piles. From this yarn she knitted stockings for herself and children for winter wear. Most all children went barefoot during the summer. Mother made moccasons of blue denim, mostly the best parts from worn out overalls. For the soles, she sewed many thicknesses of denim together, quilted back and forth on the machine. We loved them on our tender feet in the spring.

Her hands were never idle. She crocheted any pattern she saw and I wish you could have seen her tat. I have watched many others, but never anyone with her speed, her shuttle flew so fast you couldn't see what happened. She made all her children's clothes and did dressmaking for many others. She sewed all the underwear for herself, husband and youngsters made of unbleached muslin, outing or cotton flannel. Stores did not stock underwear for children, in our town, until about 1900. There were no knitted L.D.S. garments until about that time either.

She served as chairman of the Burial Committed in Castle Dale for many years, laying out the dead, preparing the body for burial, and helping to sew the clothing with sympathy and loving care.

Uncle Clair Winter always asked Mother to cook fried potatoes whenever they visited us. I learned later it wasn't the fried potatoes he enjoyed so much, as watching her slice them into the frying pan. I have never at anytime seen a person who could slice potatoes as fast and even as she could. Her knife was always real sharp and to give it an extra edge she either honed it on the stove pipe or on a rock kept close by, outside the door. Then it became almost a blur as she put it into action.

In the summer of 1920, my family and I visited Mother and Father and the boys at the beautiful summer home in Jose Valley for two glorious weeks. There was more joy and precious memories crowded into that short visit than many months often hold. We have never made a trip that meant so much to my children, who had known very little of their grandma, only through letters. But this trip made them feel they really knew her in a way they would never forget.

This was the last time any of us ever saw Mother. It seems unbelievable now in these days of cars and easy travel. Mother died very suddenly of a heart attack, March 6, 1925, about 8 p.m. at her home in Castle Dale. She had spent a very busy day, baked a big batch of bread, churned several pounds of butter. She had prepared and served a lovely dinner to all the family including Father, Delon, Wendell, Foyer, George, Wanda, Reuel and Wimmer Hill, Hazel's husband who was there on a short visit from St. Anthony, Idaho.

After Wanda went home the boys all went to a ball game, Wimmer went to Huntington and Father went ward teaching. While he was gone she took a bath and shampooed her hair. Reuel went back down and she was sitting in the rocker in her bathrobe. He left to help Wanda put the children to bed. When Father got home she said she didn't feel good so he took her by the arm and said she must go to bed. She was sick at her stomach and he gave her water to rinse her mouth. She lay back on the pillow, Father sat at the foot of the bed, he thought she want to sleep very quickly as she made a sound as if she snored. The light from the other room shone on her face and soon he noticed she didn't look natural. He called her and shook her but she was gone. "She had been changed in the twinkling of an eye."

We will always remember the shock and grief of that sad day. She was too young to die, just 59 years old. I had looked forward to the time when the boys would be raised and she could visit us often.

I'm sure she is busy and doing useful and needful things in her Heavenly Home.

Her funeral was attended by all her children, her mother, brothers and sister, relatives and friends from far and near.

The Castle Dale Ware Relief Society served a hot chicken dinner in their banquet hall to the large family and a host of out of town friends.

She was buried in Castle Dale Cemetery March 10, 1925.

"Now she belongs to the ages," but she will always live in the hearts and memories of her children.

TALK GIVEN BY JOHN LEO SEELY
AT THE SEELY REUNION ON

August 8, 1970

Dear Relatives, I am happy to see everyone of you here today.

These are wonderful occasions, and each of us should make every effort to be to these reunions, to take advantage of becoming better acquainted, and to help one another pursue the records of this great family.

They've asked me to relate a little history of the Seely family, and in so doing, I am mindful that we have in our presence geneology workers who know much more about the Seely record than I do, but I am thankful for the opportunity to relate what has been handed down to me.

The Seelys have a record back to a man by the name of Robert Seely, who lived in the 1600's and I would be the tenth generation from him. In talking to Morris Seely yesterday, he tells me they have the geneology of Robert Seely's father, so now I am of the eleventh generation, and I will name them to you.

My name is John Leo Seely, and my father's name was John Henry Seely, and his father was Justus Wellington Seely, (that's my grandfather) and his father was Justus Azel Seely, (that's my great grandfather) and his father was Justus, and Justus' father was Joseph, and Joseph's father was John. John's father was Benjamin, and Benjamin's father was Nathaniel, and Nathaniel's father was Robert, and now we are back to William, Robert's father.

I am not going to start back there, but with the Seelys with whom I am more familiar, my great grandfather, Justus Azel Seely. He was born November 17, 1779, in New Milford, Connecticut, and he was married

in the year 1800 to a lady by the name of Mehitable Bennett at Luzerne, Pennsylvania. Mehitable Bennett was born October 12, 1780. They were blessed with ten children. The first two were twin girls born in 1801, and they were named Rachel and Mehitable. Mehitable, named after her mother, died at birth. In 1803, another daughter was born, and she was named Rebecca. The next child was a son, John, born in 1805, and he died in 1826. The aforementioned children were born in Luzerne, Pennsylvania. The next two daughters were born in Steubenville, New York; Elizabeth in 1807 and Mary in 1810. Then my great grandfather, Justus Azel Seely, moved to Canada, in the vicinity of Toronto. In 1815, my grandfather, Justus Wellington Seely was born. Sarah Ann came to them in 1817, and their last child, David, was born in 1819. Now you know where all those children were born.

Living in Canada at that time was a brilliant man by the name of John Taylor. He had come over from England. He lived in Toronto, Canada where he was a Methodist Minister. He had a parish of his own, and Justus Azel Seely and his family were members of his parish. Now, I am going to connect the Justus Azel Seely family with the restoration of the Gospel of Jesus Christ in this dispensation. I want you all to know the happenings connected here. Justus Azel's last son was born in 1819, which is very near to the restoration. You all know, you Latter Day Saints, that the beginning of the restoration of the Gospel of Jesus Christ came in 1820 when God, The Eternal Father and His Son, Jesus Christ, visited a mortal man here upon the earth. You all know the purpose of that visit, to answer the question "which of all the churches was true." And God, The Eternal Father said in that visit, and I quote, "This is my beloved Son, hear Him," and his beloved Son, Jesus Christ, our Redeemer, said "Join none of them, they are all wrong. Their creeds

are an abomination in my sight. Their professors are all corrupt. They draw near me with their lips but their hearts are far from me. They teach for doctrine the commandments of men, having a form of Godliness, but they deny the power thereof." (Pearl of Great Price) Unquote. So that being true, you can see the great need for the Gospel being restored.

In 1827, the Angel Moroni appeared unto mortal man and gave unto him from mother earth what we have contained in the Book of Mormon. In 1830, The Church of Jesus Christ was organized anew, but there was not a perfect organization until 1835, when the Twelve Apostles were chosen. The Twelve Apostles were selected from those men in Zion's Camp, who marched from Kirtland, Ohio, afoot to Independence, Missouri. The purpose of this march was to try and redeem property which they had lost or had stolen from them. The Prophet Joseph Smith appointed the three witnesses, Oliver Cowdery, David Witmer, and Martin Harris to select the Twelve Apostles from those men who had made the march in Zion's Camp.

Parley P. Pratt was one of those called to be an Apostle in 1835, and in 1836 he went into Canada proclaiming this restored Gospel. He met John Taylor, and he converted him. Then Parley P. Pratt and John Taylor converted most of John Taylor's Parish. And the Seeleys, our progenitors, were among them. It was customary in those days to gather with the body of Saints because of the great persecution the members were receiving. The body of the Saints was in Farr West, Missouri, and Justus Azel Seely and his family, with the exception of two sons, left to be with them. They went by boat down the river, and when they arrived in Missouri, they found the Saints had all been driven out of Missouri. When the Saints were driven out of Missouri, they went to Illinois, and it was then they started building the City of Nauvoo.

Justus Wellington, our grandfather, owned a span of black Percheron mares he valued very highly, so instead of going with the family, he drove his mares from Toronto to Missouri, and his youngest brother, David, went with him for company. David also drove a team of horses. When they arrived in Missouri, they weren't able to find their family, and it was some time before they were united.

The Seelys went through the Nauvoo Exodus, and there are many stories that could be related. There is one story you should know. My great grandfather, Justus Azel, was very crippled with arthritis and could not walk. Exercising great faith, they carried him into the Nauvoo Temple on a blanket and baptised him seven times for his health, and he walked out on his own power.

When the Saints were driven out of Nauvoo, the Temple wasn't yet dedicated, but the Authorities of the church appointed two months, January and February of 1846 for the members to go and receive their endowments, and have their sealings done. Justus Azel Seely with his three sons and their wives were all on the same session, February 3, 1846, and they all received their endowments. Records show that a daughter, Sarah Ann, received her endowments on this date, too. There was mob violence during this session, and it broke up the session, and they weren't able to complete their sealings. And, it was many years before these sealings were all completed. Justus Wellington Seely and his wife didn't get sealed to each other until 1869, and then they had a hard time getting all those children sealed to them. My father, for instance, was married to mother in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City in 1880, and father didn't get sealed to his parents until 1912. Don Carlos didn't get sealed to his parents until 1927, and Stuart Randolph didn't get sealed to his parents until after his death in about 1936.

John Taylor had now become an Apostle, and because of the great persecutions and mob violence, the body of the church headed west. John Taylor was captain of one of these companies, and the Seelys came in his company, arriving in Salt Lake Valley in September, 1847. Justus Azel Seely and family, consisting of Justus Wellington Seely, William S. Seely, David Seely and Elizabeth Seely Young and their families came with the John Taylor Company.

For a few minutes I would like to talk about Justus Wellington Seely, our grandfather, in whose name this organization honors. He was born in 1815, and was married in 1842 to Clarissa Jane Wilcox. I would like to relate a faith promoting experience about Clarissa Jane before she married Justus Wellington Seely. She was a maid in a hotel or a lodging house. She was making a bed in one of the rooms, and as she pulled the pillow off the bed, a pistol that had been placed there by the hotel guest, discharged and she was shot through the trunk of her body. A physician was called immediately, and he said he was very doubtful that she would live, and if she did, she would never be able to bear children. She was administered to by the Elders and the Elder that pronounced the blessing promised her she would live and that she would be blessed with children. Now we'll see if this came to pass. She and Justus were married in 1842, and they had their first son in 1843. He was given the name of Orange Seely, and in 1844 Sarah was born, and in 1846 Don Carlos was born. As I said, they came to Utah in 1847, and early in 1848 another son, Hyrum was born. In 1850, Justus Wellington II was born. In 1851, they, with others, received the call from Brigham Young to take their families and go down and settle San Bernardino, California. With their five children, they hooked up the oxen again and made the wagon box their home for the long journey to California. William Hazard was

born in San Bernardino in 1852, and then in 1855 John Henry, my father, was born. In 1857 another daughter, Miranda, was born. This was at the time the Johnson Army was moving in. Brigham Young heard they were coming, and he took a stand to not be driven any more. And he called all the Saints home, not only those in California, but from wherever they were.

The Seelys had prospered down there and had good homes, but they left everything and started back to Utah December 24, 1857. They arrived in Pleasant Grove, Utah the first of April, 1858. That was a long hard trip back. They spent the summer and winter in Pleasant Grove, but they hadn't had quite enough travelling around, as Brigham Young called them to go settle Mt. Pleasant. The men came to Mt. Pleasant in early March to get the brush scrubbed and plowing done and some crops planted. Justus Azel Seely died April 1, 1859. He was buried in Pleasant Grove, and those members of the family in Mt. Pleasant went up there for the funeral. Then they brought the women and children to Mt. Pleasant to live, in May, 1859.

The Fort in Mt. Pleasant was started immediately, and it covered a whole city block. It was built out of rock. It was four feet at the bottom, two feet at the top and twelve feet high. Just imagine what a few men accomplished in so short a time. They prepared the ground for planting, put in the crops, and had the Fort finished by July. Then they built their homes inside the Fort. I've heard my father tell of playing in the Fort when he was a boy, and of the things that took place.

Now, let's go back to Justus Wellington Seely. The same year they came to Mt. Pleasant, 1859, they had another son, David. He lived only a year and died in 1860. He's buried here in Mt. Pleasant. In 1862, Joseph Seely was born, and then in 1865 another child, Stuart Randolph was born.

This was the last child born to my grandmother, Clarissa Jane Seely. Justus Wellington Seely had a daughter from a second marriage. His second wife was Sarah Jane McKinney, and he married her in 1873. The daughter from this marriage was named Eva. She was born in 1874. I want to relate to you that I have a sheet of all Justus Wellington's children. I have gone through them and numbered how many children each one had, and I've totalled them up. Clarissa Jane Seely had, and it will astound you, an even 100 grandchildren, and then Eva had a posterity of eleven. That makes one hundred for my grandmother and one hundred eleven for my grandfather. That's really a record. Grandmother Seely had a posterity of four hundred before she died.

I would like to tell you about David Seely, who went to California when my grandfather went. His wife objected to coming back to Utah when Brigham Young called the Saints back. She said she had moved around all she was going to and she wouldn't come. David came back with the rest of the company and went to Brigham Young and told him what had happened, and Brigham Young told him, "We're not splitting up any families, so you go back to California, and see if you can convince her to come back to Utah." He had to go back alone, with the hope of persuading his wife to come back. They had ten children, and I knew some of them. They were cousins of my fathers and they used to come and visit us years ago, quite a few years ago, because my father had been dead 50 years. David couldn't persuade his wife to come back and here is the result. As far as we know, that whole family is out of the church. There may be some descendants that have come into the church. We really don't know. But this is what happens when you don't heed counsel.

I will now tell you some of the things Justus Wellington did when he lived here in Mt. Pleasant. His brother, William Stuart was the first

bishop of Mt. Pleasant. He was older than my grandfather and he was bishop here for 30 years. Justus Wellington Seely was his counsellor for 17 years. Justus Wellington was Justice of the Peace for 20 years and he was very active. In fact, all of these Seelys made a record for themselves. Justus Wellington owned that whole block where Elva Seely Guymon and Ray Seely live, and where the Co-op Service Station stands. He owned that whole block and his home was on the southeast corner where Elva lives now. The northwest corner he gave to his son, Joseph Seely. The southwest corner he gave to his oldest son, Orange. Orange built the home that stood on that corner for years. It was really a well built home, and it's a shame they ever took it down. Orange Seely had holdings here. He had his home, he had a herd of sheep, he had cattle, he owned land, but he was meant to do more colonization. He was called to go over and settle Emery County. He picked up and left what he had and started all over again. He gave his home to Justus Wellington Seely, his father, and that's where Justus Wellington lived until he died in 1894. Justus Wellington built a barn on that block, and it still stands there. Ray Seely owns the property and he's repaired the barn and replaced the old roof, but it's worth your time ,if you have not seen it,to go down and see how it is built. He had hewn the blocks out of great big timbers about a foot and a half square, and they are mortised in, and the framework is standing there today, as good as the day it was built, and that is close to a hundred years ago.

When Justus Wellington moved into the home, Orange Seely had built, he gave that corner where he had lived to Stuart Randolph, the youngest son. He took the home down and built the home that is there now. He later moved to Idaho and Joseph Seely, his brother, moved into his home. The northeast lot was given to Eva Seely, a daughter of Justus Wellington Seely.

Time is passing and I could relate different stories for hours.
I'm afraid nine-tenths of the Seely's marvelous history will never be
written. I challenge each one of you to start writing this great history
of a great heritage.