



# LORENA EUGENIA WASHBURN

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## INTRODUCTION

### *Mother's Birthday Prayer*

*Dear Father this day I humbly bow  
Before Thy Heavenly throne,  
In thanksgiving, and praise,  
For Thy treasures sent,  
To cheer, and bless, our home.*

Nine times on the pathway of life, after months of prayer, anxiety, and joyful expectancy, dear Father, Thou sent to me a new companion, a dear sweet child, a beautiful babe, with the dews of Heaven fresh on its brow, and Devine love-light shining in its eyes. The rapture which filled my soul as I embraced each new treasure, only Thee, and the angles knew.

The joy and happiness of our little group has grown as the days, weeks, months and years have passed. We still march hand in hand, with love, hope, courage, perseverance, Devine trust, our guiding star.

And today dear Father we all thank Thee, for the fine combination of undeveloped possibilities which Thou gavest us, when Thou sentest us on this earthly pilgrimage.

We thank Thee for the light from Thy presence which has been on our pathway from our earliest recollections. Even as little children when we wandered through the green pastures of childhood and youth, where wild flowers in gorgeous colors were scattered on either side of our pathway, as far as the eye could reach, and every thing in the distance seemed to have a shimmering halo about it, a guilding, an enchantment, which urges youth to rush forward, and grasp the seeming treasure, but Thy voice whispered, keep to the path children, keep to the path.

We thank Thee that our path led by small streams, and great rivers, whose banks were lined with willows, shrubs and trees, where birds sang their sweetest melodies in the sunshine, and inspired the passer-by with new hope, and courage, as he listened to the enchantment of their happy songs.

[Page ii] The path led by fertile fields, and barren wastes. By both neglected, and well-kept gardens. By happy homes where children played. By schools, and churches, where Thy children struggled to learn more of Thee and Thy works, and our hearts were often touched with the earnestness with which many of Thy children strove to develop, grow, and solve the great problems of life.

Today instead of nine, our group numbering 91 are thankful to Thee, dear Father, for the opportunities which have come to us, and for Thy devine guidance in the hours of need.

On our path we passed through great forests where lurked animals who were enemies to man, but in the hours of danger the light from Thy presence shown on our pathway, and kept us from harm.

And now on the great mountain-side of life, we often come to great cliffs, wooded glens, coves, shaded nooks, and open spaces, where Mother Nature, "Thine handmaiden" has spread a carpet of such loveliness, that we stand awe-stricken before the magnificence of the mighty works of Thy hand, And as we gaze upon such splendor dear Father, our hearts are filled with rapture, and praise to Thee.

Ah-men

Provo, Jan. 10, 1939

Mother's Prayer

*Father, I need Thee every hour.  
Give me courage, strength and power  
To live my life aright.*

*The children Thou has given me  
Are jewels very fine and rare,  
That I may be worthy of this sacred trust  
Is my constant, sincere prayer.*

*May my dear ones each draw near to Thee.  
Be Thou their inspiration, guide, and friend.  
Keep them close to Thee, each day, each hour,  
Guide them safely on life's journey to the end.*

*Lovingly,  
Mother.*

Fillmore, October, 1934

**LIFE SKETCH OF  
LORENA EUGENIA WASHBURN LARSEN**

Birth and Childhood

I was born at Manti, Sanpete County, Utah, January 10, 1860 in a room in the northwest corner of a fort which the people had built for protection from the Indians. A little rock school house stands now (Nov 15, 1931) on the exact spot where I was born; it is directly across the street east from the Manti City Hall, and just north of the old Manti Courthouse. The same old courthouse stood there when I went to school in the little rock school house when I was a small child.

My father was Abraham Washburn, born in New York State March 17, 1805.

My mother was Flora Clarinda Gleason, born in Tolland, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, August 2, 1819.

Life Sketch

The farthest that my memory goes back is when I was about three years old. My father had what they called a blessing meeting.

My parents invited a patriarch "Father Isaac Morley" to come one evening and give

their family patriarchal blessings. Small as I was I was overjoyed at the thought of having a patriarchal blessing. I was in the habit of going to bed very early, and so before the patriarch arrived I was fast asleep.

The next morning when I awoke and found that I had no blessing my sorrow can scarcely be described; I cried and cried and refused to be comforted, until my father promised to have the patriarch come back soon and give me my patriarchal blessing. I and my sister Almeda were the only ones of our family of children who did not receive their blessings that evening. She had gone to Wales, Sanpete County, to a party.

[Page 2] My parents somehow neglected to have the patriarch come back, and give me my blessing, and I went longing for that blessing year after year until I was fifteen years of age, when I received a blessing from Patriarch William McBride.

Often as a child when walking on the street I would chance to see Patriarch Father Snow, I could scarcely keep from running to him and telling him how badly I wanted a patriarchal blessing. But children in those days were taught that they must be seen and not heard, so I kept silent.

When I was almost six years old, January 5, 1866, my two older sisters Almeda and Huetta were married to Alphonzo and Zenos Wingate. There was a double wedding at our house. I remember the elaborate preparations for that occasion.

The new white dresses made of book muslin, and palm leaf hats, with a wreath of pink roses on them, which they sent to Salt Lake City for.

The fine wedding under slips, with 15 inch hand embroidery on the bottom scalloped something after this order.



This is a very poor representation because the work on those slips was very beautiful and very elaborate filled in with exquisite work. Their pillowslips had crocheted and knitted lace several inches wide on them, and quilts the finest obtainable, with sheets, tidies, and table cloths, and even some of their towels had a bit of hand embroidery on them. And when I saw all these lovely things and the pile of new rag carpet, I felt that no people in the world were richer than my sisters.

But there were no suits to be bought. No cloth to be found to make suits for the grooms. So mother had the girls spin yarn quickly, she dyed it, and wove jeans. Then she cut and made the Wingate boys wedding suits.

Mother had a large adobe oven at the back of the house, which for this occasion was filled several times to its capacity with bread, meat, pie, cake, and puddings.

[Page 3] The time arrived, the guests assembled, and Bishop Andrew Moffat performed the marriage ceremony for my two sisters and the two Wingate boys.

Thomas or Tom Bowles from Nephi brought his family over to Manti in a sleigh to be at the wedding, he was full of fun and thought he could play a joke on the newly weds, so he told the girls that he had the sleigh at the door, and said just as soon as you are married step into the sleigh and have a ride. His eyes twinkled, and a roguish smile was on his face. He intended to take the girls for a ride and leave the boys to receive the congratulations. When the marriage ceremonies were finished, Tom started for the door, when a stalwart man Elias Darvill standing near by, took him into his arms, while the two newly married couples stepped into the sleigh and drove off.

During that afternoon and evening more than 200 guests ate at the wedding banquet which mother and her daughters had prepared.

The Wingate boys gave a fine wedding dance that evening in the old council house. And again refreshments were served.

Here I had another great disappointment. I had been promised that I could go to the dance in the evening, and again while guests were being served, I fell asleep, imagine my sorrow when I awoke in the morning, and found that the night had passed, and I had not been to that wonderful dance. My 4 year old brother Orson had been there for a little while, and he told me how the fiddlers had sat on the stand, and one big fellow had stood here all the time and hollered balsa-hay. I felt that I had surely missed the time of my life. I thought my sisters had married the finest men in the world, and maybe there would never be any more such men, and what would I do when I was old enough to marry.

In the years which followed I certainly enjoyed going to my sisters' homes, they were such dear kind sisters and I loved them so.

When but a small child mother often sent me on errands, sometimes they took me several blocks from home. She would usually tell me to hurry back.

Sometimes I would meet some of my little friends and would stop and talk for quite a while. Then I would remember that mother sent me in a hurry. I usually felt conscience smitten, and often [Page 4] offered up prayers as I walked rapidly home, hoping that mother had not needed badly the article I had been sent for. I was always surprised when mother smilingly said, "Oh I am so glad you are home again, and all right."

Mother was Relief Society president from the time I can remember back, until she resigned on account of old age. She was the confidential friend of many women.

Aunt Sally Peacock, George Peacock's first wife, sometimes came and talked over her private affairs with mother. I would be playing with my dolls on the floor, and sometimes Aunt Sally would say in a low tone to mother, but which was plainly audible to me, "Clarinda will this little girl understand the things I am about to tell you." Mother would say "Oh no, she is always so absorbed in her play, she doesn't notice what is going on around her." Then Aunt Sally would proceed to tell mother all about her troubles. They were not about her husband's other wives, oh no. She always spoke in the highest terms of Mary and Sarah Bell, the two other wives. But she had some deep sorrows, and I sat there and heard her relate them to mother, and I have remembered them almost word for word ever since.

When I was very small we seldom saw a horse until the Black Hawk War commenced. And then men came from northern Utah to help protect the people at Sanpete from the Indians and brought their horses with them.

When very small I think my health was not in good condition, and often I lay awake at night for hours or so it seemed to me. I felt afraid in the dark, and would try to awaken my sisters so that I could talk to them, but they were sound sleepers and could not keep awake. Then I would lay and wonder what there was to be afraid of. And I could not think of anything, unless there might be a little colt under the bed, and if there was, it might at any moment kick up its heels. Then I would try to reason, that there were no colts in the neighborhood, so there wasn't any under my bed, finally along came the sandman and I was asleep.

On one occasion when I was 4 or 5 years old Tamer Washburn my brother Daniel's daughter came to our house on a visit. Her mother lived at Fountain Green or Wales. There were two children in the family, Tamer and John.

Mother told me while Tamer was our guest it would be nice of me if I would let her

handle my playthings to suit herself. Now though [Page 5] so young I was very particular with my things, and it was quite a trial to me to have her do as she pleased with them. And as she hadn't brought changes of clothes with her, she had to wear my clothes when we went to meetings. In those days we wore pantalets which came two or 3 inches below our dresses. I had one very fine pair with tucks and lace on the bottom which I used just on Sunday for Sunday School or church, and on returning home they, and my best dresses must be taken off, and less valuable ones worn the rest of the day. Well fast day came while Tamer was our guest. We must all go to meeting. It was springtime, the canyon streams were all swollen, and it was very dangerous for children to cross the big creek, or any of the larger streams.

When we came to dress for meeting, mother told me to let Tamer wear one of my best dresses, and my very best pantalets, and I for once could easily wear something less beautiful. This was quite a trial but I did it uncomplainingly. We went with mother to church but after the closing prayer, Tamer was no where to be found. There was quite an excitement for everybody was afraid she had tried to cross the creek and had fallen in; and while everybody was rushing around searching the streets, and raking streams, I was so young then that I do not remember which I mourned the most about, my little niece, or my beautiful pantilets and new dress.

She was finally found down by temple hill, which was then the edge of town, she had gone out of meeting unobserved, and being so small, and in a strange place had wandered away. I was so glad that she was alive and that my lovely pantalets and new dress were not lost.

When I was 6 or 7 years old we had neighbors by the name of Crain. Sister Crain was a large woman.

A part of her dresses were sacks "a sort of blouse," and skirts.

One day when she was not at home her daughter Ann who was about my age asked the neighborhood group to come to their house and play. We were all there, and seeing sister Crain's clothes hanging on the wall we decided it would be lovely to dress up like big ladies. Ann said we might take her mother's dresses if we would hang them up on the wall just like they were before her mother came home. We all made a rush for the clothing because we had never had such an experience before. But to our surprise the dresses were each large enough for two girls. What could we do. It was suggested that some of us could take the pillows and put inside the skirt band while others rolled up articles of clothing to make these skirts and blouses fit.

[Page 6] We had a glorious time parading around with the skirts dragging on the floor, and forgot that the afternoon was rapidly passing away. But Lo, we were reminded when someone stepped through the doorway. There stood Sister Crain. As she beheld us dressed in her clothes, she was filled with rage, and made a dash for us.

I never knew just how we got out of that only door in the house. But I do know that the pillows and clothing were left in the gooseberry and currant brush in the garden and that girls were flying in all directions to escape being caught. And when we congregated an hour later we could not imagine how any woman could be so angry and unkind.

A few days later Hannah Ware and I were making playhouses on Ware's straw stack which was straight across the street from our home when we saw Sister Crain going home past our house. We felt a bit revengeful and decided to vent our feelings a little, by sitting down in the play house we had just made. And we thought that she could never guess that we had her in mind. So we sang to the

top of our voices Chickama Chickama Crainama Crow.

Mother was an expert weaver and it was my every day duty to have the quills filled, and I could only play when there were enough filled to last a while. Well when I was busy filling the quills next day, and mother was weaving, my sister Huetta came in to talk awhile. A knock came on the open door, and Sister Crain walked in. I felt like sinking through the floor. She looked at me with that terrible look which was on her face that day when we were wearing her dresses. She walked up by the side of the loom and said to mother (by the way she couldn't speak plain). "This gal orane of yours, and Hannah Ware yesterday had the himpudence to sing Chickama Craine a crow. I couldn't see um but they were singing to me sure. I know they vere." Mother very solemnly called me to her and said, "Lorena did you do that." I said "yes." Mother gave me a spanking - the only one she ever gave me. When she had given me a few hard strokes my sister Huetta said "Mother that is enough." Mrs. Crain walked out and Huetta was vexed with mother for spanking me to please Mrs. Crain, but I never sang Craina my crow to that lady again.

It is interesting to recall childhood days when my time was so thoroughly occupied in building rock houses with the assistance of the neighbor boys who came hopping over the partition fence to help me lift a stone that was heavier than I could handle. I took great pride in building, thinking how comfortable my rag doll family would be in each new home I built. There was Susie, Mary, Jane, Anna and Clara, [Page 7] which had been made, and their beautiful calico dresses and white pantalets by my married sister Almeda while she was convalescing from a sick spell, and then she took a backset on account of over doing. My little heart just ached, to think she might be suffering from making my beautiful dolls and their lovely clothing.

One day Joe Dennis on jumped over the fence to help me lift a heavy rock, and as we

went to put it in place the rock fell onto my toes, of course I cried a little and Joe ran as fast as though he had committed a crime and didn't come back to our house for days.

My brother Parley, a small boy, was sent out to cut wood. The piece of wood would not stay in place when the ax hit it, so he got my sister Philena to put her foot onto the wood to hold it in place. Then he raised the ax thinking this time the stick would surely be cut in two, but alas the ax came down on sister's foot, he was so badly frightened he jumped over the fence repeating, "thunder boys thunder, I have cut Philene's foot."

When I was a child skating and sliding on the ice were great pastimes in winter. My brothers made wooden skates for me, regular skates were very scarce. One day on the big creek I would have been drowned but for the quick work of Emiel Nielson. Mother had told me not to go on the creek sliding it was so dangerous, but one day when I went to school I forgot all about her warning. There were dozens of boys and girls sliding and skating. The creek was one smooth glare of ice for more than half a block from the bridge which I was crossing. At the far end of this glare of ice there was a dam about 3 feet high, where a part of the water was taken out to run the carding machine.

Forgetful of everything but the longing to slide, I ran onto the ice, and oh what a delightful slide, but, as I approached the dam I could not stop myself. Over it I went, and in spite of all my efforts I was going straight into the surging whirling airholes at the foot of the dam. Emiel was an expert skater and saw my danger, he came swift as an arrow and grabbed my arm just as I was going in. I never forgot the danger after that, and whenever I saw Emiel I felt that he was the angel who saved my life.

When I was about 7 years old my sister Almeda lived across the street east, and a half block south from our home. She had a small dog named Queen. It was a family pet.

[Page 8] Xmas time was approaching and I longed to do something to add to the pleasure of that good holiday which everybody looks forward to expecting some fine surprise. When I had racked my little brain trying to think out some way of getting a small gift for each one of our family, I finally knew that such a thing could not be done; then I thought I must do something which would start the day out with laughter, so I caught the little dog and with mother's measuring tape took the measure of the length and circumference of her body, and the measure around her neck and head.

I kept my plans a secret. I watched mother's sewing basket, and saw some white material which I thought was suited to my needs, and after some persuasion mother said if it is for something useful you can have it, but remember, do not waste it because it is valuable.

My playhouse was in the attic, and there with needle, thread, the measuring tape and mother's best scissors I worked with a will until I had completed a hat and dress or body covering for Queen, the little dog. The hat was made of a round piece of material gathered to fit Queen's head, with a ruffle almost 2 inches wide encircling the hat, tape and strings to tie it securely under her chin. (While making the outfit I was obliged to capture the dog and hold her down to fit the things to her body and head.) The dog dress was a complete covering for her back and sides, from neck to tail, with the 2 inch ruffle all around it and numerous matched tape strings to tie it underneath her neck, and body, and around each leg and her tail.

Bright and early Xmas morning while the family were dressing, I ran to my sister's home and got the dog, took her to my attic, and dressed her in her new costume. Oh what a comical sight that doggie was, her dark little eyes filled with excitement peering out from under the ruffles of the white hat, and when I turned her loose in our living room her behavior was most amusing. She ran in circles, jumped in the air and almost turned

summersets trying to extricate herself from that new costume. She barked and yelped while dancing around the floor with her ruffles waving in the air. The whole family came running to find out what the noise was all about. The roars of laughter that filled the house were the climax to the dog's excitement.

Someone came rushing from the outside and as the door opened the dog gave a leap and went bounding over the snow in double quick time.

[Page 9] There was a cat hole in my sister's door large enough for the dog to push through, she was through in a jiffy. As she ran home I followed close behind. And as I came close to the house I heard the laughter of my sister and her husband. The dog was still dancing in her new suit, which was so securely tied she could not dislodge it.

When my sister was able to control her laughter she said, "You young rascal how could you think of doing such an unusual thing. Why it's as good as a circus."

#### How We Procured the New Testament

When I was a child of 7 or 8 and 9 years of age, we received small tickets or cards, with a passage from the New Testament printed on them, each Sabbath morning at Sunday School. And when we had collected about 50 of those small cards, we could exchange them at Sunday School for a New Testament. We could also get those cards for reciting in our class chapters from the New Testament, or any good poetry.

My brother Parley and I put our tickets together, and each got a Testament.

Our sister Louisa who was married and lived in Washington, Dixie, was visiting at home during the winter of 1869 and 70, so we decided we would put our Sunday School tickets together and get her a Testament for a present.

We worked hard, I recited all the poems I could think of, and chapters in the Bible.

One morning I recited the 16 chapter of Mark. I repeated the names of both the Ancient and Modern Twelve Apostles, and was still lacking a few tickets to get the Testament. I told my troubles to my teacher and she said "Can't you think of just one more poem to recite; it would likely be enough." I told her I had one more, but maybe she wouldn't like me to recite it to the class. She said "Oh go right ahead and recite it." So I recited the following:

*Oh may that cursed Jef Davis float  
In open sea, in open boat,  
To islands cold without a coat  
Glory hallelulah*

*[Page 10] Without a compass, sail or oar,  
A million miles away from shore.  
Where mighty waves like mountains roar,  
Glory hallelulah*

*Without a paddle, wheel or stern  
Where sharks e'r wait at every turn  
May the devil take the whole concern  
Glory hallelulah.*

It was enough. The teacher suppressing smiles, while others giggled, handed me the needed tickets, and after the closing prayer, I walked home with the New Testament.

#### My Memories of the Black Hawk War

I was just a small child when the Blackhawk War with the Ute Indians began in April, 1865. We lived in Manti, Utah.

All the people living in the east part of town were told to move onto our street or into houses not farther east than the second row of blocks east of Main Street. That would make it easier to defend the town against the Indians.

In our home there was one large living room, a bedroom, and a kitchen. Under the living room was a large cellar with a trap door in the living room. There were steps going down to the cellar, which was the store house for the barrels of pork, molasses, groundcherry and fruit preserves (all made with molasses), dried fruit, and dried squash.

The bread barrel was there and there were cupboards for milk, butter and cheese. The vegetables were kept in an outside cellar.

During the war we were in danger of Indian attacks at any time of day or night. Mother told us and the neighborhood children to be on the lookout in the daytime. If we saw a group of horsemen coming at any time we were to all run to our house and she would hide us in the cellar.

We had one such scare. A large group of horsemen came riding around Temple Hill and came galloping up our street. We all ran and were quickly hidden in the cellar. Then Mother discovered that it was a scouting party who had been out looking for Indians.

[Page 11] South of Manti the country was covered with an alkali called saleratus. It was crude soda, and supplied Utah with soda. It was used in combination with lime and a solution made from wood ashes to make soap.

One day during the Indian War Father was going to get a load of it. He told us children we could go along, as he was just going a little way from town.

When we got there Father and the boys were busy shovelling it into the wagon, and we smaller ones were dipping it up with tin plates.

All at once Father looked to the south and saw horsemen coming over a hill. They were too far off for us to tell if they were Indians or whites. It didn't take us long to hop into the wagon. Father made the ox team run until we were well into town. Again, it was a scouting party returning.

These two scares were false alarms, but there was plenty of real excitement, too.

The worst possible sound at that time was the sound of the big bass drum in the night. That was the signal of trouble. Perhaps the Indians had stolen some cattle, or attacked some traveller. Perhaps they were attacking our town. The drum was the signal for every man in town to hurry to the public square to do his part, if need be, in fighting the Indians.

While the men were gone the women and children huddled in dark corners, hiding and hoping that the Indians were going some other way. They stayed hidden until some of the menfolk returned to give the word that they were not in danger. When we finally got to bed again, we were always so excited that it was almost impossible to get back to sleep.

At one time a group of Indian prisoners were lodged in the Manti jail, which was the upstairs of the old court house. This was near our home.

The Indians were chained up, and so considered helpless so far as making an escape was concerned. The people took turns cooking food for them. It was delivered to the guards at the jail. The members of the guard took the food to the prisoners, up a back stair on the east side of the old court house to an upstairs door in the jail room.

[Page 12] The place was heavily guarded, but in some unknown way the Indians had gotten a knife. They made the knife into a saw, and at last sawed their chains in two. One day, as the guard opened the door to pass the food in, the Indians rushed and overpowered him and the other guards nearby. They jumped from the stair and headed east toward the mountains. Other guards, on the ground, sent a shower of bullets after them.

My sister, Huetta, lived east of the jail. When the firing started she looked out of her back door. She saw the Indians with the guard after them, running straight for her open back door. She was too frightened to move. Her husband grabbed her and held her against the inside of the adobe wall, away from doors and windows and out of the way of stray bullets. Luckily the Indians passed the house without coming in.

The Indians hadn't gotten out of town, instead they hid in corrals and among haystacks. Darkness came on. There was no moon and it was really dark. There were few lanterns to be had. Every man in town who was brave enough was out hunting Indians in

the eastern part of town, while the women and children in that part of town sat or laid on the floor below the range of the windows, that they might be protected from bullets which might come through the windows. Our large living room floor was filled with people. One of our neighbors came running with his whole family of children to our house, as soon as the fleeing Indians and guards had passed his door. His family stayed there until the trouble was over.

There were other battles near town and many scares. Men were killed. We had guards posted along the road.

One night the guards heard someone coming along the road. "Who goes there?" they called. There was no answer. The guard got ready for trouble. They called again. Still no answer. A guard called out, "Answer or I'll shoot!"

Suddenly a voice came out of the darkness. "Oh, ve is yust two peoples going to the south. " It was a couple just arrived in Utah from Norway or Sweden. They had been travelling at night, since they thought that was safer.

Another day of awful excitement was the day that the Indians on their way from the Ephraim east mountains going after the herds of cattle in the region of Sanpich River had killed people in the Ephraun fields. A messenger arrived at Manti in a very short time, and the [Page 13] news spread like wild fire. Men, women, and children filled the streets. The more excitable ones were crying, others trying to soothe them. I remember that Mary Ellen Snow Peacock was the most excited person which I saw that day.

The first day of the war when Peter Ludvickson was killed, and the day that Vance and Houts were killed at 12 Mile Creek were exceptionally exciting days. But I think there are never times of great stress that are not intersperced with some slight amusing incidents.

The soldier boys who came to Manti to help protect the people from the Indians camped in the little fort which was just back of our corrals, and the neighborhood children were delighted with the bugle calls night and morning.

The soldier boys enjoyed many fine dancing parties in Manti, while protecting the people from Indians. Several were making marriage dates with some of the fine girls. And weddings took place later.

Joseph Noble, a nephew of mine, came to Manti, and was our guest for a while. He had a fine riding horse and used to put me upon the horse's back when he took it to water. That was my first experience with a horse.

The war had scarcely closed when William (Billy as we called him) and John Black came from Washington, Dixie, with a mule team. They stayed at our home for a few weeks, and the neighborhood girls had a great time riding those mules. Three or four of us would get on each mule, and the boys would take turns leading the mules all over town. On one occasion I slipped off when we were in the extreme south part of town, and I could not get on again. The boys were too small to lift me on and so I was compelled to walk until finally a young lady saw my plight and came and lifted me on.

One day I wanted to show the crowd the spring which I believe now supplies the Manti Temple with water. Father owned the spring then, and I had heard him tell where it was located. Well we went moping with those mules along the south side of the stone quarry going east, until it looked like the town's houses were getting too far away to suit me and the thought of Indians was running through my mind quite rapidly, so I told them we had better go back, and we would see the spring another day.

[Page 14] The next Sunday Billy and John hooked the mules to the wagon and told us to come and take a ride. After we had gone a few blocks we thought it would be nice to go to Ephraim. I told them when we got to

Ephraim we would go to Willardsons and have dinner. Willardsons were special friends of my parents. But when we got there we could not find Willardons, so we went to an old couple's home by the name of Hanson. Their daughter Maria was one of the 6 wives of Billy and John's daddy. The Hansons were so glad to see us. They shook hands with each one. The table was laid with the best linen and dishes in the house, and we were served in fine style to the best food they had.

They had pumpkin butter on the table and as Sister Hanson passed it around, little Tom Bowles asked what it was, and when told he said he didn't want any of that stuff. We were all horrified and each one decided that Tom should never come with us again.

When we were through with dinner Sister Hanson found that our parents did not know where we were. And in her kind way urged us to hurry home. We found on arriving at Manti that they had been searching for us everywhere.

A few months after the treaty of peace was signed with Blackhawk and his warriors, one late afternoon I was sitting near the hearth in our living room, with my back toward the open door. I heard a light footstep and turned quickly, and to my amazement and horror, there stood two large Indian men in the doorway grinning at me. They were the first Indians I had seen since the war. I was so terrified that I never knew how I got past them and out into the garden where Mother and the rest of the family were.

In the fall of 1868 or 9 Mother went to Utah County to dry fruit, and put up preserves. She took me with her. My brother Hyrum drove the ox team. We camped in Salt Creek Canyon one night near where some people had been killed during the Indian war. That event had been talked about after we made our camp that evening. I scarcely slept a wink during that night. Early next morning I was up and dressed waiting

for the folks to go on. And wondering if we would ever get out of that canyon alive.

I saw a carriage coming toward us, and ran out and hailed it, and asked the driver how much farther it was through that canyon. My people laughed heartily and could not imagine what prompted me to run out and stop a passing stranger.

[Page 15] While we were in Springville drying fruit William Black who, married my half sister Amy Jane as second wife, and had a few years later married as fourth wife Lanet Richardson who applied for, and received a divorce from him. And at this period, if I remember rightly was married to another man.

Mother and I were staying at the time with an old friend of mother's, who was the second wife of a Mr. Sanford; and just across the street to the east, lived the parents and brothers of Lanet Richardson.

William Black as I remember him was tall and angular, with red hair which was braided in such a manner that it had the appearance "at a glance" of being cut evenly around the neck. The ends of the braids were tucked under out of sight. He always had a pleasing smile on his face, and his voice was angelic. Well he came to Springville from Washington, Utah's dixie, traveling in a big white top buggy, with a young lady whom he was taking to Salt Lake City to marry as fifth wife; but he had the audacity to go and stop with Richardson's the parents of his divorced wife. Richardsons and Sanfords were close friends, and as he decided to stay over one day and rest, while his bride to be did a little washing, the two ladies of the Sanford home, and Mrs. Richardson got busy and had an afternoon tea and social chat with the traveling young lady, and during the conversation they related to her how brother Black had neglected some of his wives, and although he was such an angelic man, any woman marrying him must expect to earn her own living. After the young lady left the

house and went for a walk, the ladies said well she won't marry him unwarned anyhow.

The next morning this young lady asked permission to be the guest of the Richardsons and Sanfords for a while. They readily consented, and she told Brother Black she had decided not to get married just now; his persuasions did not change her mind. Oh how those women did giggle to think of the chagrin he would feel going back and facing his family and community jilted.

Sanfords had a fine young son named Cyrus and in a few months Cyrus and the young lady guest were married.

Mother went home at the end of the fruit season, with the wagon loaded with sacks of dried fruit, barrels of preserves, peaches, plums, pears and apples, cooked in molasses. Mother's table was always loaded with good things to eat. [Page 16]

### Dream

When I was quite a young child I dreamed I was on a level plain, and in the midst of the plain was a high pole, with one end fastened into the ground; the pole was literally covered, and recovered with serpents of various sizes, with a part of their bodies and their heads reaching out toward the great group of people who were standing around. I was given to understand that the serpents on the pole represented sin and vice.

In my childhood days our whole group of children used to go east of town, each carrying a sego digger. It was a piece of wood sharpened on one end, and flat on the other. We would go just out of town and look for segos, which were quite plentiful. When we found them we each went to digging by putting the sharp end of the stick into the ground close beside the sego and pressing down on the flat end of the digger until it was a few inches in the ground. Sometimes we pounded on the top of the dipper with a rock, and if the ground was too resistant we put our stomach against the flat end of our digger and with all our strength tried to loosen the dirt

around the sego. When the stick was far enough in the ground to suit us, we just pushed it to one side, and up came the segos. Then we ate them, and oh how we enjoyed hunting them. On one of those excursions we discovered that the mud in a deep wash just east of town was fine for molding things. The wash had likely been there for ages, and was perhaps from six to ten feet deep, had almost perpendicular walls on either side, and was several feet wide at the bottom.

There were very few toys in those days, and children in all ages love toys, and at certain ages love to mold things with mud or clay. The whole group went into this pastime with vigor. We each leveled a place where we could dry our own things by themselves. We made stoves, dishes, cooking utensils and anything that suited our fancy, and though a trifle older than the youngsters who love to make mud pies, I think a few of those were on our drying fields also. As we were leaving for home we each made a pledge that we would not injure in any way the property of the others. When we came back to see how our things were drying, everything was in fine shape.

There was a family of Danish people by the name of Monk who moved into a room of the Dennison house just through the fence from our home. One girl Maria was about my own age, and being children [Page 17] we soon played together. Although at first we couldn't understand each other. But after a short time I began saying some broken Danish words, and they some broken English ones, and so our difficulty of understanding vanished. Our parents often smiled at the sudden mixing in the Great Melting Pot.

There were some very fine children in our immediate neighborhood, some of whom were my close associates. Alice and Hannah Ware who lived one half block to the north, and across the street east from our home, and Mary Sorenson a half block north on the north east corner of the block. Maggie Moffat and Nettie, her younger sister, lived in the little fort just back of our corrals which

had been built by early Pioneers, but later when their new home was built it was a half block south and across the street east.

There were others too who lived farther away who were very fine.

Then there were the boys who were just a little older, my brother Parley, Ephriam Peterson, George and John Snow, and several others.

We often gathered at our homes in the early evening and made molasses or sugar candy, or parched sweet corn which was very tender when parched. The boys often carried small tin cake molds, to mold the sugar candy.

I remember how very accurate they were in dividing either candy or corn to see that each one got their full share.

My father owned a molasses mill which was built about 2 blocks east of our street. And after school during the molasses making season, the children fairly swarmed there and sometimes became a nuisance to the workers by their eagerness to help skim the boiling molasses, or by wanting to taste the molasses from the different barrels or containers, often asking for the skimmings from the almost finished molasses.

They often went home with faces and clothing besmeared, from their adventures among the molasses mill utensils, but often overjoyed as they journeyed home with some of the last skimmings in their dinner bucket.

[Page 18] The only children's dances that I remember of in my childhood were those arranged by the children themselves in our neighborhood. We occasionally had a dance, by getting permission to use a large room in the Dennison home which was sometimes unoccupied. Then make arrangements with some of our mothers to serve a fine lunch to the violinist at the close of the dance. The violinist would usually play 2 or 3 hours in the early evening for us children for a good dinner.

The violinists whom I remember best in Manti were the Westenscows, "high class musicians," and Fiddler Hans who later moved south, Pat Murphy (Peter Marker) and -----.

My mother took more than her turn in serving someone who would play for our dances.

There were a number of families who had recently migrated from Scotland, some of these came to our neighborhood, one family by the name of Jack. There were besides the parents, three boys, James, William and Gavin, and a daughter Janette.

On one moonlight Xmas eve, many of the Scotch and English people were enjoying a real holiday at the home of Little Johnson. The children of the Jack family invited the neighborhood children to their home to have a party, they decided on a theatre, after the Robinhood order. One of the boys conducted the program, and with difficulty brought us through to a triumphant ending.

The Jack home was a two roomed adobe house just recently built. One room housed the family and as winter came on before our buildings could be built, one room housed their flock of chickens. In preparation for the play that Xmas eve and for lack of costumes, we girls were told to go into the north room while Robinhood and his men dressed in their Lincoln green, which was done by turning their coats wrong side out. They had gay colored home made linings, at least some of them. We immediately discovered we were among an excited flock of birds, and before the costuming of the boys was complete, those hens were dashing themselves against our heads, trying to make their escape. We were sure glad to be ushered into the theater.

After the play we all started for home, when we heard boys in all directions doing mischievous work on Xmas eve. So we, mainly the boys in our group, turned over a few planks which served [Page 19] as bridges on some sidewalks. Some large boys saw us, and ran toward us. Then the boys in our

group took hold of our hands and we went flying home as fast as our legs would carry us.

One fine evening George Snow invited us all to come to his home and make sugar candy. Each boy in the crowd had a small sack of brown sugar and tin moulds to mould the candy when cooked. And the whole group at twilight, stood before George's door. Imagine our disappointment when we found no one at home. We found later that George's parents had been invited out to dinner and had taken George with them.

The boys said we must go somewhere and make this candy.

Across the street to the south stood the one roomed adobe home of John Grear and the boys with some persuasion got the girls' consent to go there and make the candy.

The door was unlocked, a part of the furniture and cooking utensils were there, all in their proper place. The Grear family consisted of the father, mother, Alic, Miriam, and Jene. Miriam was a charming, talented young lady and had a season's stage contract with the Provo Theater Company to play, and the family was there with her.

After going timidly into the Grear home the boys assuring us that it would be all right and no harm would come from it if we all behaved ourselves, and left things as we found them.

The boys ran out and gathered wood and made a fire in the fireplace while we washed the dust from a suitable small kettle. Then the boys proceeded to make, mold, and divide the candy. After a few ghost and other stories were indulged in as we sat around the bright fire, we girls washed the little kettle, spoon, and candy molds and stepped out into the moonlight while the boys with an old broom swept up the ashes from the hearth and carefully put out the fire.

Most of the boys and girls walked along side by side. One young fellow stepped up beside me, but I refused to walk by him, as I

very much disliked him. The following day after school, he handed me the following note and told me that Brigham Peacock had sent it.

*[Page 20] Darling do you know, I love you.  
Do you know my heart is yours.  
I am lonesome here without you,  
While this parting time endures.  
As every morn to school I go  
I sure would like to be your beau-*

I knew that he was the Brigham who was the author of that note, and so with a little assistance I wrote and next day handed him this:

*Young man. I think you are rather fast,  
Your love note perished in a wintery blast.  
Now, please bother me no more.  
Your messages are not welcome at our door.*

The boys of our young group who lived nearest our home were my brother Parley, George and John Snow, Ephriam Peterson, and Hans Dennison, and George the bishop's son, who was perhaps 3 years younger than the rest. The older boys refused to have him in their crowd because of his size and age, but he living just back of our corrals in the little fort and coming across our lot every time he went to his daddy's lot where they were to build their new home. And as he had been a playmate of mine, day after day in my young childhood, when he came and helped me build my playhouses, tended my dolls while I ran into the house and brought bread and butter, sometimes gingerbread or cake, for our play lunch.

So he said if the boys wouldn't have him in their gang he was going to come to our house sometimes and talk to me, even if I was 10 months older than he.

George sometimes got into mischief. As a small boy he sometimes took eggs from our hens' nests in the corral, and when mother told him if he did not stop it, she would have to report it to his father, he would look up laughingly and say, "Oh if you should tell father he would never believe I would do such a thing." And so time passed on, and

George, with all the rest of us, grew and became more mature.

Some of those boys were very fine. My brother and the Snow boys and Ephriam Peterson were favorites among the group of girls. George had his fine points too. He was handsome, clever, and kindly. And later if he had kept in the proper environment would have developed into a fine young man. He no doubt had ambitions too. I remember [Page 21] after we moved to Monroe, and I would go back to Manti to visit my sister, George would be among the first of my many childhood friends to come to see me. And sometimes in the lingering twilight when we were in our early teens, we would sit on my sister's doorstep and he would tell me of his plans for the future.

Once he said his dad had made arrangements with the Nailor Brothers in Salt Lake for him to come and take a business course under them, and they would give him a good job in their business when he was old enough. And he said even if you are 10 months older than I am that won't make one bit of difference when a few years have passed. Why said he Aunt Sally Peacock is two years older than her husband.

That is all the talk of marriage which ever passed between us, and we were just children then, and childhood friends.

A few years passed. And I was warned by a boy friend that George was not keeping good company, so I shunned him, but after I was married he came twice to Monroe and cried and took on like a mad man. And said that although we had never been really engaged, he had always thought that someday I should be his wife. He was desperate, and I was very much afraid of him.

Our bishop, George's father was a jolly man, and a great tease. He usually wore boots, with one trouser leg inside the boot, and one outside. He always had a twinkle in his eyes. He was medium height, dark complexioned, not overly large, yet a bit inclined to be fleshy.

From the time I was 6 or 8 years old, I always felt like hiding, or running in the opposite direction when I saw him, for no-matter where I was, nor how large the crowd, he would always announce that here is the girl which will be my wife some day. "Why" said he on many occasions, "When she is old enough to marry I will just be in the prime of life, and she shall be mine."

He was president of the Coop store, and as he did not appear to have much to do, he was often at the store. I did the small shopping for my mother and two married sisters. On one occasion they sent me to get a supply of nutmegs which in those days we bought whole, and grated them on a grater.

James or Jim Browne, a Scotchman, was store clerk, and one time he gave me wormy nutmegs, quite a package of them. When I [Page 22] got home mother and my sisters examined them and told me to take them right back and tell Mr. Browne that they could not use them. I tried to make excuses. I would have preferred taking a whipping, I thought, though I had never had a real one. But my excuses were of no avail, back I must go. So with faltering steps and shaky nerves I went back to the store. And when I got there, to my great dismay, Mr. Browne was busy with other customers and the bishop hopped over the counter and came to me and said, "What can I do for my best girl today." If blushing was possible, I must have blushed scarlet, but I knew I must face the music, so I handed him the paper sack of nutmegs, and said, "Mother said tell Mr, Browne to never send nutmegs like these to her again, because she had no use for them." He looked into the sack, and then said, "Jim, don't ever send out such things to the people again." To me he said, "You are a brave little girl." And to the crowd he said, "I will marry this girl some day." And with the newly selected nutmegs he gave me a sack of candy, which was a rarity in those days.

The mother of Alice and Hannah Ware died when they were very young. She was very ill for some time before her death, and

was removed to the home of a dear friend, that she might have better care. There was Ruth the oldest, a girl in her teens, who, with the assistance of a younger sister Mary Ann managed, as best they could, the housework. Their father Samuel Ware, a mild kindly man, was the town miller. Tommy was the little brother who was the family pet. Alice was a year older, and Hannah a year younger than I. They stayed for some time at our home during their mother's illness and death. And we loved each other like sisters.

After the death of their mother, their father married an immigrant girl, who could scarcely speak a word of English, but she was a very capable woman, skilled in housekeeping and all kinds of fine knitting and needle work.

There was just two years and two days between the ages of Alice and Hannah, and although Caroline their stepmother was very strict, each year on the day between their birthdays, she arranged the finest parties for them that the children of our neighborhood had ever seen,

My sister Louisa's first confinement was drawing near, so she came from Washington, "Dixie" home to Manti to be under mother's care. And Caroline Ware had a baby boy about the same time that William or Willie, my sister's baby came.

[Page 23] The Ware girls and I were overjoyed at the sight of those sweet babies. We wanted so much to make them each an appropriate present.

Caroline had knitted beautiful booties for her baby. And the Ware girls borrowed one, and we got beautiful yarn and sat day after day in a playhouse in our haystack and tried to knit booties for those dear babies, but ours would not turn out beautiful like the sample which we had, so we unraveled, and knit again until at last we decided we would get Caroline to give us lessons on that kind of work. And although our efforts were a failure, there was lots of love went into that knitting.

Among my early recollections are the lovely flower gardens around our home. The old fashioned flowers, snapdragons, larkspurs, marigolds, poppies, and bachelor buttons, with a fine plot of asparagus close by, which was so tall and feathery by the side of a few moss roses which nestled just in front.

And the dear old peach tree, with its large yellow peaches, which were so delicious. Years after, I put my hands almost lovingly onto that old tree, remembering how as a tiny tot, I had stood on tip-toe reaching up to the lower limbs to pick one of those golden treasures.

Then there were the apricot trees, the English currants, and gooseberry-bushes, and the two lovely catalpas flowering trees, and other shrubs which mother had brought from Utah County in the early sixties. She was among the first to raise tomatoes, and strawberries in both Manti and Monroe.

I remember the interesting quilting bees at our home just before my sisters Philena and Louisa were married, the laughter which followed when sister Tooth while drinking the last drop of tea from the teapot, said, "It is better to have a stomach ache than waste a drop of tea."

After dinner she laughingly groaned from an overloaded stomach and some of the ladies proposed rubbing her, while I looked on in wonderment wondering what was going to happen.

On one occasion as they took the quilt from the frames, they rolled my sister Louisa in the quilt, while I stood wondering what it was all about. Louisa arose and unwrapping the quilt from herself quick as a flash she rolled 2 of those ladies at the same time in that [Page 24] quilt; the others ran outside, and into the bedroom, to avoid taking their turn at that game.

In the evening during those years the grown girls of our neighborhood often gathered into our large living room, with their

knitting, and in couples would measure off yards of yarn, and have contests to see who could knit the fastest. They all knitted men's socks, and sent them to Salt Lake with the Coop store freight man, and sold them for \$.50 per pair to get beautiful delane and other fine material for their best dresses and linens for their Hope Chests, and other finery which girls always used.

Before the year 1869 there were no Primary associations, no Mutuals, no auxiliaries in our church except the Sunday School. All the grown girls belonged to the Relief Society where they often had very enjoyable times with their mothers in their interesting work bees and socials.

In my group the spirit of expansion and growth was developing. We felt that we must have an organization of our own. We thought of a Child's Relief Society. We called all of the girls in our neighborhood together, and talked the matter over. They were all delighted at the thought of having such an organization.

The Manti Relief Society was in session while we were having our discussion. Mother was President of that organization, and we – about 25 of us decided to wait at our house until she returned and ask her permission to organize. When she arrived we told her how we longed to have a child's organization. She went to Bishop Moffatt's who lived near by and laid our case before him. He said, "Let them organize, and hold their meetings and sing as much as they please, but they had better not pray in opening and dismissing their meetings, for fear it might be a mockery."

On mother's return home she told us what the bishop had said, and that he heartily approved of the organization. We were overjoyed and proceeded to organize immediately.

The following officers were elected:

Lorena E. Washburn, President  
Anna Wingate,

Alice Ware, Counselors  
Hannah Ware, Secretary  
Sally Parsons, Treasurer

We held meetings every Saturday at 2 P.M. In the summer they were held in our large frame granary, and in cool and cold weather in our living room.

We invited all the girls about our own age to join us, and they were glad indeed to have the privilege.

There was a girl or two that we were not extra fond of, but we felt that it was not right to bar them from enjoying this fine opportunity of organized associations.

We were a little afraid that friction might arise, so we made a bylaw that no one should say an unkind word to, or about, anybody while we were in our meetings.

We certainly enjoyed those meetings.

In those days instead of glass tumblers for children to drink from, for everyday use. the people used tin cups, which were made by a tinner who came to the homes and made all kinds of tin articles such as cups, milk and other pans, to order.

Those pioneer mothers were very neat, particular people, everything must be kept scrupulously clean. The uncarpeted floors must be scrubbed and kept white. Tin pans and cups, knives, forks and spoons must be polished every Saturday with wood ashes. The copper and brass articles must first be rubbed with salt and vinegar then washed with soap and water, and as soon as they were wiped dry, they must have a thorough polishing with wood ashes. The lighter part of the polishing was done by the children. And so when Saturday came the members of our Relief Society got busy because the work must be done before 2 o'clock. Not a single member wanted to miss the meetings.

At our meetings we sang songs, both religious and other. "Our Lovely Deseret" was a favorite.

The officers wanted something new that would represent our activities, so one evening Anna Wingate and I were sleeping with my sister Philena. We told her how anxious we were to have a new song about our Relief Society. She told us to go to work and compose one. And as we lay there we composed the following, which was happily adopted by the association, and was sung with vigor in each meeting thereafter [Page 26]

### Our Relief Society Song

We organized our Society  
The next thing we did do,  
We gathered up donations  
To make a quilt or two,  
Some people gave quite liberally  
Whilst others gave but few.  
In our peaceful homes in Manti.

#### *Chorus*

Hurrah, hurrah, our quilt we have begun  
Hurrah, hurrah, we are having lots of fun,  
And while we are united together we will come  
In the old board granary of Washburns.

Lorena Washburn is president,  
Anna Wingate is the next,  
Hannah Ware is secretary,  
Sally furnishes the text.  
Sally Parsons is our treasurer.  
I think there is several more,  
In the old board grainery of Washburns.

#### *Chorus*

Hurrah, hurrah, our quilts we have begun  
Hurrah, hurrah, we are having lots of fun,  
And while we are united together we will come  
In the old board granary of Washburns.

We bring our eggs and quilt pieces  
As many as we can .  
The eggs we gather together,  
And to the store we run,  
To get a piece of calico, to help us with our quilts.  
In the old board grainery of Washburns.

#### *Chorus*

Hurrah, hurrah, our quilts we have begun.  
Hurrah, hurrah, we are having lots of fun  
And while we are united together we will come  
In the old board granary of Washburns.

[Page 27] The group of girls in our neighborhood just older than our group

sometimes had theaters in some rooms in the little fort situated just back of our corrals, a lane running between.

Such plays as Cinderella were played. One, two, and sometimes 3 eggs were charged for admission. Occasionally Aunt Sally Peacock and Margaret Moffitte were in attendance among the audience.

On one occasion these older girls caught me on the street and compelled me to sing our Relief Society song before they would let me go. There was quite a stir among them about our organization, and song, and finally they organized. We smaller girls felt quite proud of ourselves when word came to us that the older girls sometimes quarreled in their meetings.

We held our meetings regularly during the years of 1869-1870-1871, and had gathered donations by sometimes going to the homes of our members and asking the mothers for pieces of cloth, or a little thread to help us in our work. And often the members would bring an egg or two or sometimes 3 eggs or some small pieces of cloth, or a little thread which mammas had wound from her spool on a paper or piece of cloth. A spool of thread was a choice article in those days.

In April, 1872, we moved to Monroe, Sevier County, and our dear Relief Society dissolved.

We presented to the Manti Woman's Relief Society two fine quilt tops which we had cut and sewed by hand.

After going to Monroe I often longed for the association of my dear friends in Manti.

Most of the people lived in the fort at Monroe, and often I went outside the fort walls and looked toward Manti with a longing in my heart which is hard to describe. But I often went back to Manti and it was like going home to my own family.

There was a fine social spirit among the young people of Monroe. Most of the people were living in the fort. The young folks had the fort enclosure for evening playground.

The whole group gathered there nearly every evening and played games. We were sometimes quite noisy, which was quite trying to the older people.

[Page 28] On May day 1872 the young lady who had been selected as May queen failed to appear. The Sunday School was all ready for their May March or parade, and although I had been there less than a month, they insisted that I lead the parade. I wore a light dress with small blue figures, ruffled on neck and skirt with a light blue panner or overskirt which was short on the sides with a few folds on side seams, and dipped to the bottom of my dress back and front. It was a delightful day and I had a splendid time. The evening dance was in the log school house at the north east corner of the fort, which served as church, schoolhouse, and dance pavilion. There was just a path between that and our living quarters.

During that summer father built an adobe house with one basement room four blocks south from the fort. He owned the whole block. We moved there as soon as the house was completed.

In the early days, there were more boys in Monroe than girls, so the girls could have their choice among them. There were a number of very fine young men in Monroe, among them the Harris boys, the father and uncles of President Franklin Harris of the B. Y. U. I am thankful that they were among my close friends as I grew to womanhood.

In the first years at Monroe young men seldom wore their coats to dances in warm weather, and I thought the two Harris boys Dennie and Martin looked so much alike that I could scarcely tell them apart unless they had on different colored shirts. Sometimes I could not tell whether I had been dancing with both, or was I dancing with one of them many times.

I met Hyrum Harris the first Sunday after I came to Monroe. Our family were all taking a walk south of town to see the land which had been taken up by our family menfolk, and

as we came to the first of the three streams of water which came from the canyon and ran in a westerly direction, there was Hyrum Harris with his sister Ellen and her family. And as there was no bridge, no stones to step on, we all decided to take off our shoes and stockings and wade the streams.

In 1873 the Monroe people were preparing to have a big celebration. The Relief Society made a large flag to be put on the high liberty pole in the center of the public square. Dennison E. Harris and I were chosen to select 24 young men "who were to wear dark suits, and 24 young ladies who were to wear white dresses who were to march next after the martial band in the big parade." But on the 21<sup>st</sup>, as the Relief Society were finishing the flag, I was taken very ill. And so when [Page 29] the 24<sup>th</sup> arrived, the parade came up by our home, and I was propped up with pillows to see them pass. I remained in a serious condition for some time. There were no dependable doctors in the country. Mother did all she could with careful nursing - still I did not recover. One day mother asked sister Eliza Cooper, and Hannah Bertelsen to come and help her wash and anoint me for the restoration of my health. They lifted me out of bed and into a tub of water, and began to wash me. I was very weak, and the washing was done hurriedly and I was soon lifted back into bed; Eliza Cooper commenced anointing me with oil, I felt that I was dying, my breath grew shorter, and shorter, until it was almost gone. I was perfectly calm.

I had heard what a glorious, sacred thing the temple endowments were, and I regretted that I had not had mine before I had to pass away, and I longed to have my mother stand right by me until I was gone; I saw mother leave the room, and I was grieved to see her go. All at once Sister Hannah Bertelsen put her hands upon my head, and said in a commanding voice, "You shall not die, but shall live and have a large family of children, and do a great work in the Church of God."

She said many other things which have come to pass.

While she yet prayed for my recovery, my breath began to come, I could breathe more easily, until it soon became normal.

I did not regain health immediately but my recovery was wrought by the inspiration and power of God.

### All Night Dancing

In early days we sometimes danced all night.

On one such occasion, it was the 5<sup>th</sup> of July, 1873, just 5 days before the illness of which I have just spoken. My brother Hyrum and Bent Larsen had just returned from Salt Lake where they had been married in the Endowment House. The boys gave a public wedding dance in the log school house in the old fort. The house was filled to its capacity. The dance continued from early evening until daylight, except for an intermission for 11 to 12 o'clock. During that period the invited guests were being served wedding feasts at the Washburn and Larsen homes. The only way that I could get a rest during the dance period was to run outside until the floor was filled with dancers. As a result I went home after daylight, so hoarse I could not speak a loud word, and I remained so until the 21 July when I became so ill.

[Page 30] In September, 1875, I came with my sister Huetta and her family to Utah County to dry fruit. We had been there during the autumn of 1874 for the same purpose. On the evening of October 17, 1875, I became engaged to a very adorable young man, whom other people said was as fine a man as the sun ever shone upon. He was nineteen and I scarcely 16 years of age. He wanted me to marry him immediately, but I felt that I was entirely too young to become a wife and mother. I went back home to Monroe, and later to Manti to take care of my sister Philena during a sick spell. I neglected to write. He wrote several letters while I was in Manti, they were not forwarded to me.

And when I returned and read them, the last one was not to my liking. As he was quite impatient because he had had no word from me for a few weeks, he believed I no longer cared for him, so he said that he had loved, he now loved, but if it was necessary he could love again. I wrote a hasty letter not explaining the cause of my absence, and told him if he wanted to love another girl, he was perfectly welcome to do so.

In a few months I heard that he was ill and oh how I prayed for recovery, but was too proud and independent to write him a note. And I dared not tell my feelings to a living soul. The blue sky and birds helped me keep my secrets.

Before a year had passed my young man married another girl.

I believed that there were several people in the world that a person could love, and I was young and life all before me.

I had lots of fine associations with the young people of our town.

When the M. I. A. was organized in Monroe in 1877 I was chosen assistant and corresponding secretary.

I wrote a number of articles among them some poems, to the Woman's Exponent. My articles were all published very soon, which of course pleased me.

In 1878 I was chosen President of the YLMIA and Dennison E. Harris was president of the Young Men's Association. I was president of that organization for almost 10 years. During that period nearly every girl in our town was an active member, and we loved each other. They seemed like my own relatives.

When I was 15 years old, our bishop Harris and his wife invited father and mother to their home and told them that they had decided if it was possible to get my parents' and my consent, they were both very [Page 31] anxious that I should marry the bishop. The family was an extremely fine family and my parents gave their consent. They were to

arrange a time when the bishop could meet me. When they told me about it, I told my parents I was too young to marry, and although the bishop was one of the finest men in the land, he was old enough to be my father, and that either of his 3 fine older sons were much more desirable for a husband than their father. My father said, "I am afraid you will some day be sorry for turning down such a fine man."

When father told the bishop that I did not feel inclined to marry him, he said, "I love that girl dearly, and will never give her up as long as she is single." In the years which followed the bishop often called at our home, and as he sat there having a nice chat with father, he often told incidents in his own life, and incidents in the lives of his acquaintances. Sarah, his wife, was in delicate health, but she kept the house spic and span. I suppose the boys helped her with the house work, and finally she was very ill. I called one evening to see how she was, and found that the boys were very tired from sitting up nights, and from their great anxiety about their dear mother. She had been administered to by the elders several times, and they had exercised their faith, and felt that the Lord would surely hear their prayers. But their mother was constantly growing weaker, and the boys' faith was being sorely tried. I told the boys that I would sit up that night if they would like me to. They were glad to have me stay. Late in the evening the bishop said we are all very tired and weary, and there is no need of us all setting up. A part of us had better get some sleep. I told them to all lie down and rest, and I would sit there and wait on their mother and give the medicine according to the bishop's directions.

They consented and said we will lie down if you will not be too lonesome. I assured them that I would not.

Sister Harris slept most of the time while I sat there, she spoke to me a few times, and I gave her the medicine, and tried to arrange her pillow more comfortably and do whatever she asked me to do, which however was not

very much. Finally toward morning Hyrum awoke and insisted that I lie down a while. I did lie down and had slept awhile when he came and told me they believed his mother was dying, that she hadn't spoken since I laid down. I sat or stood around with the family until after daylight. The boys were heart broken. They had always felt that although their mother was delicate that she would be able to live for years to come. After daylight I told them I would go home and send my parents over, as they would do much more good than I possibly could. That morning a fine splendid soul passed on. She had been a careful saving woman. Some of her old neighbors told me she had always had plenty of fine linens, enough to last a lifetime, and such [Page 32] things were scarce with most people in those days. Although my mother and many other pioneer women had brought many fine little treasures to this mountain wilderness because of their refinement and love of the beautiful, I remember several fine silk aprons which my mother had, and which she wore just on occasions, and her fine straw bonnet which had cost 15 dollars when new, and her fine embroidered linen cape and other things which were carefully cared for as the years rolled on.

Some time after Sister Harris's death, the bishop hired a girl for housekeeper, Mary Powell. The young people often gathered at the Harris home on Sunday afternoons and sometimes in the evenings. I remember one evening after a dance Martin said let's go to our house and sit a while. So he and I, Mary Powell and Nephi Foreman went there and sat until morning. The boys sang almost constantly, once in a while the bishop would call from his bedroom upstairs, saying isn't it time to go home. Martin would say "Yes, Dad, we are going soon," but the day dawned and the boys were still singing.

The bishop was a very agreeable and tolerant man and kind to his children, and in fact to everybody. There was a few rough boys in town when he became bishop, but he and Thomas Cooper his councilor, by their

fine management, persuaded those boys to adopt a finer method of living. As a result sometimes people from other places said we had the cleanest lot of boys they had seen anywhere.

As the years passed there were lots of fine things which came into our lives. Denny Harris went to Provo to the B. Y. Academy and came home as our teacher. All of the large boys and girls were pupils, and we had some very interesting times.

One evening after a Sunday School officers meeting bishop Harris came to our house and wanted me to go with him to a dancing party. He tried hard to persuade me to go, and my mother and Maria Gregerson, my brother Parley's girl, said, "Please, oh do go." Well I finally said to Maria, "If you will go too all right." We were both ready in a very short time. And we went with him to the Larsen home where they were already dancing. Just before the dance closed Maria and I went into the back room to get our wraps as we had decided to walk home alone. Just as we had our wraps on in stepped Old Newby and another young man whom Marie was acquainted with and said please let -us walk home with you. We told them the situation, and they said "we are going with you." We hurriedly walked out just before the closing prayer was offered. The boys took hold of our hands and we ran for two blocks straight up the street, and then walked rapidly [Page 33] the other 3 blocks. And when we crossed the foot bridge just in front of our gate, there stood the bishop. We felt awful and we girls screamed, we were ashamed to meet him. Then we all ran down street and around the block, and came into our house the back way. The Harris family were very loyal to each other, and I fully expected that one of the boys would punish me in some way for running away from their father. At dances when dancing quadrills with either of the boys I was afraid I would be left on the dancing floor without a partner, but it never happened. They were always very fine to me. However one young lady who in some way

had been rude to the bishop, and later was walking out with Marten, they came to the center of the public square, the night was dark, and she nearly 5 blocks from home, when Martin said good night, this is to pay you for being unkind to my dad.

My young girlhood passed all too rapidly. I had some obstacles, but many enjoyable experiences. All my time was occupied with something interesting.

The girl school teachers who came to Monroe to teach were my special friends. Celia and Ina Hunt, and Geneva Bean were very close friends and whenever I went to Richfield to conferences they took me to their homes and showed me a good time.

My father was president of the Sevier County Tannery at Glenwood, and his first wife was there keeping house for him. She received a legacy from her father's estate in New York, and asked me to come and keep house for father while she went out to visit her children and give them presents.

In less than a week after I went there, three married men came and asked my father if they could marry me. They were fine men, and father said to each one, yes, if you can get her consent.

They were as follows. Bishop Oldroyd of Glenwood, Hyrum Palmer, and Andrew Hepler who was later our county judge.

Years after this Sister Hepler told me that one day her husband came home from the tannery and asked her if he could marry me. She told him she wanted to see me before she gave her consent, but she had regretted it many times that she did not tell him yes when he asked her.

I felt that things at Glenwood were too lively for me, so I got a neighbor lady. Chariot Beal, to cook for my father and I went home to Monroe. [Page 34]

During the following week there came a letter addressed to father from Orderville, Utah. I had a sister living there, and

supposed it was from her, so I opened it, and to my astonishment it read as follows:

*Elder Washburn*

*It is long since I fell in love with your daughter Lorenca. And if you will give her to me, to be my wife, I will devote all my time and talents to her exaltation and mine.*

*Very humbly yours*

I laughed until my sides ached, and said is there no place I can go to be shielded from this bombardment.

I said to the family, if Mr. should have the privilege of spending all his time working for my exaltation and his, what would become of his present wife and 3 children.

Early in 1879 I learned that my young man of earlier days felt that he could never give me up. The following note came.

Though you are far away my dear  
I never can forget that bright, bright  
Summer dream of ours,  
It haunts me strangely yet.

We plighted vows of eternal love,  
And sang beneath the stars,  
In that glad summer time of old  
Beside the orchard bars.

We commenced a new correspondance and in August, 1879, he came to Monroe, and after asking my parents' consent, I went home with him to meet his wife. She was very kind to me, but I could plainly understand that she was sorely tried. He was a merchant, and had plenty of means, but she took off her shoes and went around barefooted. I thought it was to humiliate her husband.

After visiting with friends for a few days I asked him one evening to take me to the depot next morning and I would go to Nephi by train and by stage the rest of the way home.

He called me to his wife's room that evening, and while we sat there, he told his wife that I was the girl he should have married before [Page 35] he married her.

And that he had told her that before he married her. She, dear girl, couldn't remember.

Next morning it was a little hard for me to see tears in his eyes all the way to the depot, but I felt that I must not spoil the happiness of his wife.

He kissed me as he left me on the train and said, "God be with you wherever you go. Remember I can never forget." I wrote the following note back to him:

As we parted dear friend at the depot  
And the train bore me away  
I could not refrain from weeping  
Grief in my heart had full sway  
(more)

I found a letter awaiting me when I arrived home, and we corresponded for awhile; then I decided it was no use, so I wrote and said goodbye.

After which I received the following:

Two little boats were drifting at sea,  
One was for you the other for me.  
Silently, softly, they came to the shore,  
And taking us in, put out once more.  
Gently we glided, side by side,  
Tho the wind was high,  
And the ocean wide,  
What cared we for wind or weather  
Life was bright when we were together.

But, after a while we drifted apart,  
And I left in that boat with you my heart.  
You may never know, what the parting cost,  
Nor dream of the wealth, of the love you lost.  
Until when all is silent, and still,  
We meet in the heaven under the hill.  
At the city's gate, on the other shore.  
Where we anchor our boats, And sail no more. [Page 36]

### Dream, and History

In the early winter of 1879 I had no thought of marrying Bent Larsen, but one night I dreamed that we were at a dancing party, and he took me to his home, and pled

with me to marry him. A short time after I had dreamed this, it happened just that way.

We were taught in those days that there was no way to get to the highest degree in the Celestial Kingdom, only by plural marriage; and my patriarchal blessing said that I was heir to all the blessings of Sarah, and of all the daughters of Israel, and if I would obtain them, I must yield obedience to the law of Sarah.

I believed Bent Larsen to be a thoroughly religious, straight-forward and splendid man, and though it was a hard thing to do, and it required so much sacrifice on my part, yet I finally consented, after Aunt Julia said she would feel worse if I did not marry him, than if I did.

We started in mid-February and traveled to St. George by team, Bent taking a load of freight to Silver Reef at the same time.

He and Nephi J. Bates had arranged to go to St. George together. Bro. Bates was taking Sarah Ann Collings to be his second wife.

In those days if men were going into polygamy their recommends had to be sent to the President of our Church for his approval before marrying a plural wife.

When we left Monroe, Brother Bate's recommend had not yet returned, but was expected with the next mail, and he expected to join us the next day.

We camped that night in Clear Creek Canyon, and next morning early we were at the foot of the great hill where men had to double team to get on top. There was a group of freighters there ahead of us, doubling teams and swearing a bit. A very mild friendly looking man who sat on a knoll by the roadside came down and asked Mr. Larsen if he would please double team with him.

They took our wagon up first so I would not have to be left with that group of men while they were gone. [Page 37]

I must confess it was a bit lonesome sitting on top of the mountain while they were gone to bring the other wagon up. This man was a stranger to us, and when we were safely on top of the Clear Creek hill, we bade him good day and traveled on.

After leaving Cove Fort it began to snow and the snow increased in volume as the hours went by, finally the snow was so deep that the brush was covered, and the whole country looked like a level white carpet. We reached Pine Creek in the very late afternoon. And procured a camp house, wood, and hay for the horses from a red headed fellow who was stationed there to sell hay to travelers.

It was surely fine to see, and feel the warmth of the blazing fire after being in such a dreadful storm.

We had a warm dinner which we cooked over the fire, and every sound we heard we thought it must be Bro. Bates and Sarah Ann coming. Finally at about 9:30 Bent brought the bedding in (which included a feather bed). I made my bed in one corner by the side of the fire place, and he made his in the far corner of the room. At this point we heard the loud creaking of wagon wheels in the snow, and knew there was a new arrival. I told Bent to go out and if it was anyone except Bro. Bates and Sarah Ann, to have them get another cabin, as I simply would not have strange men in the room where I slept. He went out and soon returned telling me that it was the man who had doubled teams with him in the morning, and that he was nearly frozen.

This man had never driven a team in his life until he left Elsinore the day before, and that after we left him that morning he had been impressed to follow, overtake, and travel with us to St. George, as he was going to Arizona.

Bro. Larsen brought him in, gave him a warm dinner, and as he sat there he told of his experience that afternoon and evening in the storm. After leaving Cove Fort and as long as the road was partly clear he was all right, but

when the snow got so deep that the road was no longer visible, he was lost. He had never been in that part of the country before, and didn't know where to go, nothing but a white blanket of snow in every direction, so many times during that afternoon and evening he knelt down and asked the Lord to lead his team in the right direction, that he might not perish in the snow. And when he was just about giving up hopes, he saw the glimmer of our firelight through the window which wasn't so far away. The windows of the cabin were on the west side toward the highway which ran north and south. [Page 38]

There was no water at this camping place in winter, and the next morning after breakfast Bent and Mr. McDonald were directed by the camp tender to take their horses to the east mountain and behind a certain hill where he said they would find a spring of water. At the same time he was urging me to come over to his cabin and stay while they were gone. I didn't like the looks of the fellow at all. He looked like a villain to me, and I was afraid of him. I asked the men to let me ride with them to the mountains but they said I would freeze to death.

Mr. McDonald said you are worried but take this (unbuckling his revolver) if necessary use it, but I think you will be all right without. A large black wooly dog belonging to P. S. Quist had followed us when we left Monroe and the men said keep the dog with you too.

They went to the mountains and stayed so long that it seemed like ages to me. I buckled the revolver belt around my waist, took the dog and walked back and forth on the south side of the cabin in plain sight of the mountains, while the fellow stood outside his cabin across the street watching me. After about 2 hours I saw them come around the corner of the hill, it was surely a relief to see them.

The winter had been a severe one; there was lots of old snow, and with the fresh snow it made difficult traveling. Mr. McDonald

didn't know a thing about guiding a team, and that day going from Pine Creek to the top of Wild Cat Canyon, Bent had to go back 3 times with his team, and get McDonald's wagon onto the road because he couldn't keep the track. Then he would bring McDonald up to our wagon, and we would start again. Bent would look back occasionally to see if all was well with our neighbor. The country was rather rolling, lots of hills and hollows, and often nothing could be seen of McDonald. We would wait, sometimes for long periods, and when he did not appear we knew he was fast in the snow. Bent would unhook the team and go back. I would crawl back in the wagon leaving the dog on the spring seat, and when a group of freighters came by I would have my hand near the loaded revolver while they passed.

That night before dark we got to the top of Wild Cat Canyon. The men waded in snow waist deep and got wood, came back and dug a deep hole in the snow to make a fire. A fierce cold wind blew up the canyon. The men made a big fire, I came out of the wagon, and stood by the fire to get warm, but the fierce wind chilled me to the bone, and the fire melted the snow until it sank lower and lower and finally was in a pond of water and going out. There was nothing for [Page 39] me to do but go back into the wagon, in a freezing condition. Bent made the bed for me, putting the featherbed on with the covers. He took safety pins and pinned a heavy quilt in the front of the wagon to the wagon cover. I got in and went to bed, almost frozen, my teeth chattering. He tried to fasten the bottom of the quilt down to shut off the wind, but it was so fierce that it blew the quilt straight up against the bows. The men were sleeping in McDonald's wagon which was directly behind ours, and sheltered from the wind. Bent came several times to try and fasten the quilts down, but in vain. Well I was so cold and the wind so fierce, that I never expected to see the morning, and I surely wished I was at home snug in my own bed.

When I had given up hope, I didn't get any warmer, and that awful wind blowing over me like an iceberg. The dog jumped up and came into the wagon, and when the quilt which was pinned in the front of the wagon (but which was blown straight in most of the time) came down with a sudden flop the dog jumped onto it and lay down snug against the front end of the wagon box, on top of the quilt, and on the bedding which covered my feet. After a while with the wind shut off and the dog lying on my feet I got warmer and fell asleep. That dog saved my life that night.

Next morning some freighters from Beaver came along and with great difficulty passed our wagons. On seeing me, one fellow said my g- here is a woman. Do you know the snow right here is 20 feet deep. It's never been so deep here before.

That day we went to Beaver and stayed all night at the home of an old gentleman by the name of White. He had a lovely home, and during the evening told us several very interesting stories, his personal experiences. Bro. White had a dromedary which was a novelty to me, and quite interesting.

As we traveled on Bent had to go back to help McDonald, and when we were 8 miles from Buck Horn springs his traveling became so difficult that we had to leave his wagon, as darkness came on and go to Buck Horn Springs to get shelter for the night. There were two fellows at that station, and next morning when our men were going back for McDonald's wagon, I refused to stay at the Springs, preferring to ride one of the horses back in the cold, rather than being left behind with those tough looking fellows, and thereafter I would not be left alone on the road any more.

We were obliged to camp out a few times and found that McDonald was quite an entertainer, he gave a lot of fine readings by the camp fire, and told stories of his life.  
[Page 40]

He was a Scotchman, had lived in Salt Lake for some years, and was acquainted with

the L. D. S. Church authorities. He and his wife had had some difficulty, and he had been advised to leave Salt Lake for a while to prevent her from getting his property, so he came to Elsinore and had stayed for 3 months at the home of Soren Peterson. Then during the first part of February, he bought a new wagon, and a team, and took some freight and started for Dixie and Arizona. And on arriving at St. George Pres. McCallister was so well acquainted with him that he took him into the temple without a recommend.

That night we stayed in St. George, Feb. 24, 1880. Joel Johnson and his brother came along on a wagon. He insisted that I go to their home and stay all night. They lived between St. George and Washington. I refused but he stayed and plead with me to go. Bent when he heard him pleading instead of coming to our campfire and helping me to get rid of Joel, he went off up town and did not return until Joel had left. I was rather out of patience with Bent for leaving me in such a situation.

We were married in the St. George temple on February 25, 1880. On our homeward journey the snows were melting, and when we arrived home they were planting grain.

From the time I was married, Aunt Julia and I took turns milking the cows and doing the house work. She would do the cooking and kitchen work one week while I did the milking, and took care of that department, and then we would change for a week.

We did the washings together. And when the autumn came and the potato starch was to be made, we worked together. With hand graters, we grated the potatoes and made from 50 to 100 lbs. of dry starch annually, which was used for cake, puddings, and the laundry.

We made all our laundry soap, usually a year's supply at one time, and stored it in the attic.

We carded our own wool bats on hand cards and made our quilts and we had a goodly supply of them.

I lived in the same house, and ate at the same table with Aunt Julia 7 years. We never quarreled, but were often badly tried with anxieties. [Page 41]

About March, or April, 1880, I dreamed I was in a great mill, had worked there for years, and years, along with many other people. All at once we were notified that we must quit our work, gather our families, and be ready for the judgement day. I went outside, and there I saw a level country stretching away for many miles on either side.

There was a gathering place not far away, and people were coming toward it from all directions. And as I approached I discovered that the Apostles were judges. As I came nearer I saw my husband standing on a platform before one of the Apostles. I did not hear what was said, but I soon found that my husband had been assigned a certain place east and a little south from where the Apostle sat.

Then Aunt Julia and her family stood on the platform before the same Apostle, and she was (and they were) directed to go to the same place.

Next I, and my large family stepped onto the platform. We stood there for some time, the Apostle just looked at us. I looked over to the place where Pa, and Aunt Julia were, and they were feeling pretty badly, they were crying. I don't know why, but it didn't affect me in the least to see them cry. Then Aunt Julia came over to the Apostle and said "what have we done that we must be separated." The Apostle said the place there was not prepared for her and these. Aunt Julia went back crying.

Then the Apostle said to us, "I would that I could take thee to myself." And I awoke.

Next morning I went to my father, and told him my dream, he said "my daughter you have seen the judgement day as it will be, but I hope the part about you and Brother Larsen was just a little Joke."

To My Husband

I love thee more husband dearest  
Than all the world beside  
And am thankful dear companion  
That I have become your bride.

Thy memory I fondly cherish  
And think of thee where'er I roam  
And I love to kneel beside thee  
In our pleasant happy home.

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I have left my splendid parents  
And some friends who would die for me  
Have given up all things earthly  
To unite my destiny with thee.

Then don't forget me dear one will you,  
In the future time to come.  
Think how tenderly you loved me  
When this heart of mine you won.

My path was strewn with thorns and  
flowers,  
Before I met you, husband dear.  
The future now is bright with sunshine  
And my heart hath not a fear.

Yet, future prospects may be blighted.  
And the earth be filled with gloom  
Storms may threaten, dark clouds gather,  
Or friends be laid in the silent tomb.

Still I beseech thee husband dearest  
To prove true to those that God has given  
Love me ever husband dearest,  
And lead me on to heaven.

In December, 1881, my husband went to Milford to find work to earn some money. Aunt Julia and I grated about 8 or 10 bushel of potatoes, on hand graters, and made about 80 or 90 lbs. of potato starch. We were both pregnant. Aunt Julia was not feeling extra well, so she got her mother to come each morning and help me lift the tubs of starch, as the water must be changed every day until it was perfectly clear; I was not strong myself, but was too timid to mention it, so in a few days I found myself very ill.

I was in dreadful pain for five days. The pain would come on very early in the morning, and last until evening, such dreadful

pain, then for a few hours during the night I slept. A midwife by name of Mary Griffith was with me the first day, but she was called to Geldings' home the second morning early. They had twins that day. And so they brought Julia's Aunt Stena Christiansen, she said I was thru, and she put ice packs on me. Oh I was a sick girl. The fifth day I was so ill that mother stood by my bed, and would raise me up very often, so I could breathe more easily. I offered a silent prayer for hours during the afternoon and early evening that God would bring me some relief. [Page 43]

My brother Parley came just after dark, and asked if there was anything he could do. I asked him to go and get Andrew Rasmason and David Griffith to come and administer to me. Bro. Griffith was a man of great faith, but was a sort of invalid or cripple. He had to lean forward and have one hand across his back while walking, so he had to walk slowly. Andrew Rasmason arrived first, he came in and looked at me, and saw how very sick I was, and without saying a word to anyone, he went to the mantle piece, above the fireplace, took the bottle of oil and began to anoint my head. The instant the oil touched my head every particle of pain left me. It seemed that heaven itself had descended upon me, such peace, can only be understood by being taken suddenly from the most excruciating pain to perfect ease.

After Brother Griffith arrived the elders sat and talked awhile finally Bro. Griffith said, "I feel that there is a good spirit here, but I feel also that we must administer to her again," and while they administered I was delivered without a particle of pain.

My husband was a Norwegian, and in Norway, he had often said, confinement was just a day's work in the house, and he thought that it was just an American fashion for women to lie in bed so long and rest for 3 weeks. So I felt that I must get to work as soon as possible, and one week later I washed the dishes and thereafter helped with the housework, until my health broke and I went to mother's to stay for a while. I had

prolapsus of the uterus, and was weak and nervous, and for months was almost an invalid, just from trying to live up to old country ideals.

My husband returned in a few months, and my health slowly returned. And with home making and M. I. A. work, the time passed rapidly and quite happily on.

In the summer of 1881 my husband was called to go on a mission to Norway, his native land. So we all went to work making preparations for his departure. On September 24, I and Aunt Julia had a surprise party at our home for him. (He had always said that no one could surprise him.) I cooked the refreshments at our neighbors, Louis Anderson's, and he was thoroughly surprised.

It snowed about 4 inches during that night.

In those days money was scarce, and the price of produce low. To raise money to go on that mission my husband sold seven acres of land Just north of Monroe for fifty dollars. He also sold some of the domestic animals. [Page 44]

The same land, and in no better condition in later years sold for 200 dollars an acre.

My husband left for that mission October, 1881. I was pregnant, and on account of having had such a serious time before, I felt that I could not live through a real birth, so it was very hard for me to part with my husband, not expecting to ever see him again.

For days after he left I thought I would have to send a telegram to the authorities of the church and tell them that it was more than I could endure to have him go under the circumstances.

All our relatives and neighbors were very kind to us; my brother and his wife, and others came and slept at our house until I was more reconciled.

While my husband was gone on that mission the Manti Temple was in course of erection, and Brother Cyrus Wheelock came

occasionally to solicit donations for the temple. He would sometimes ask the people to make a statement of just how much they would give during the season. On one occasion Aunt Julia and I put our names down for 25 dollars. That year we only got 27 bu. of grain from the farm of 32 acres, of course there was hay, but the farmer who had the land had made a failure of the grain crop.

We were afraid to let anyone know what we had promised to donate to the temple; they would have thought it ridiculous, with our husband on a foreign mission, and we had to supply him with money, and our resources so small. So we got Julia's brother Chris to take flour to the store for us, being careful to keep our secret, and in that way we bought material for the outside of quilts. We owned some sheep. We took wool, carded bats, and made quilts and paid our temple donation long before some of the big farmers had paid theirs, and they raised a thousand bu. of grain and a few hundred bushels of potatoes each year.

During the time which our husband was on his mission we held the Y. L. M. I. A. meetings at our home. I was president and Aunt Julia councilor. We had very splendid meetings with a large attendance. The officers occasionally cooked dainty articles of food, and together we visited the sick, and old people, and left at each home a parcel of what we had prepared to cheer them, and let them know they were not forgotten. [Page 45]

One old lady by name of Rich was an invalid for 6 years, and when we came she often cried and said it would be such a blessing if she could die instead of some young person who had passed away Her kindly husband stayed right by her and waited on her all those years. Finally she had faith that if she could be taken to the Manti Temple and baptized 7 times she would be healed. Someone took her there. They had to carry her into the temple from the wagon also into the baptismal font. She was baptized 7 times, and walked from the font and through the

halls of the temple singing and praising the Lord.

Some of the temple workers have told me that that was the greatest miracle which had ever happened in the Manti Temple.

A. Letter to My Husband  
The Future

*Just as I sat me down tonight  
The future passed before my view  
And I looked forward to behold  
The destiny of me and you.  
But, as I gazed upon the scene  
The vision began to close  
And I thought I heard a voice  
Which said, go, take thy repose.  
The future is not for thee to know  
A full view cannot be given.  
But, when thou hast accomplished all  
And thy soul doth dwell in heaven,  
Thou mayest then look back with pride  
Upon the days, and years gone by,  
And know the source from whence thy  
strength  
And courage came.  
When it seemed no one was nigh,  
My thoughts then rested upon thee,  
For it seems like, thou art almost my  
earthly all.  
Oh canst thou love me in old age  
Though sorrow, or misfortune may us  
befall?  
Can thine eyes trace my wrinkled brow  
Or gaze upon my feeble form  
With that same tenderness and love  
As they did in youth's bright morn?*

[Page 46]

*And when the winter's chilling blasts  
Have outside all things frozen,  
Will there still be a true fond heart  
Beating within each bosom?*

*About 1881.*

Between October, 1881, and May, 1882, while I felt afraid I would not live through my coming confinement, I dreamed I was on a very sandy plain, the sand was knee deep. And I was traveling alone with five dear

sweet children of my own. We struggled on though the wind blew fiercely in our faces. We clung closely together, and made progress, though the odds were all against us.

I believe the Lord gave me this glimpse of the future to let me know that I should live, and have a family. I had prayed many times and told the Lord I was willing to endure hardships if He would bless me with a splendid family of children. And my children were just as much children of prayer as Samuel of old. This dream was fulfilled when Floy my fifth child was born, and through some years that followed.

During the last months before baby came Aunt Julia excused me from the hard work but I did the family knitting. We all wore home knit woolen stockings in the winter. I also made crochet and netted tidies. I made one beautiful netted tidy with worked in designs which we sent to our husband in Norway, a present for his Aunt Tameria Torvaldson from Julia and I. And I did painting on velvet, flowers on little girls' velvet dresses, and on the sides of velvet hoods for children.

Aunt Julia was so generous she wanted me to use her baby clothes as money was very scarce. But my mother was doing tailoring, and dress-making, and she gave me the opportunity of coming to her home and helping her, and sharing the money which came from the work. And in that way I had a very fine layette for my baby, beautiful clothes, fine white flannel shoulder-shawls and slips embroidered with silk floss, dresses of delicate materials tucked with insertion, lace and ruffles. All the clothing were among the finest in the country, I made about half dozen little shirts of white material, beauties at that time.

My sister Huetta gave me one made of pure linen. (The following is the history of that baby shirt.) [Page 47]

Before her first baby was born about 1867 she made her little baby shirts from a pure linen cape which had been bought in the east

before the Pioneers came to Utah. It was richly trimmed with white braid. Mother gave the cape to my sister Louisa when she was in her teens, and it was her fine summer wrap for a few years. Then on one wash day it was left on the clothesline over night, and a calf chewed it on the front corner and ruined it. It was then given to Huetta for baby shirts.

Her six children had all worn those shirts. My baby was presented with one of them, a very choice heir-loom. My first four babies each wore that little shirt, and I still have it among my things at Monroe.

By holding the Y. L. M. I. A. weekly meetings at our home, there were occasional visits from my mother, sisters, and friends, and the almost daily visits of my father, who had always been my confidential advisor as mother was almost constantly in the public service being R. S. President, looking after the poor, and needy, nursing the sick, and teaching emigrant women how to adjust and make a living in this new strange country. She did more public work than some whole communities do now. Father was kindly, and wise, and I always thought if I had a problem he could surely help me solve it.

With the above conditions, I had all the fine social contacts necessary for my happiness during that shut in period.

I occasionally wrote poems, and small articles for the Woman's Exponent, and though they may have been primitive, they were published. I wrote most of them in the wee hours of the night, when I awoke and the mood came on.

On May 10, 1882, my son Bent Franklin was born. I was very sick from Sunday evening until Wednesday at 1:30 o'clock. My life was despaired of, but by the goodness and mercy of the Lord I was delivered, and the instant my babe was born, my father prophesied that he would be a Prophet, Seer, and Revelator in the Kingdom of God. On Sunday evening just before I took sick I dreamed that I was up by the mill near the mouth of Monroe Canyon. I started for town,

but found streams of water everywhere so deep I could not cross them. I tried and tried to cross the streams, I wandered for miles trying to find a shallow place but there was none, finally I was away northeast of town. I had traveled on the east side from the first, but now I had got nearly to the Washburn farms and found that the great stream was more narrow, but very deep. I could hear its [Page 48] awful roaring deep in the ground. I was looking in vain for a place to cross when I saw on the opposite bank Bishop Dennison L. Harris and two other men, one dark complexioned, and Brother Harris told me to wait a little while, and they would get me across. They then felled a forked tree, and put the forked part onto my side of the stream, and Brother Harris told me to crawl carefully onto the tree and cling tightly to the trunk and they would pull me over. I did so and when I was safely landed, I knelt down and kissed their hands in gratitude for their splendid services.

On Wednesday forenoon before baby was born Brother Harris came and brought Uncle Al Wingate, and I think Martin Larsen, and when I saw the three men, and Uncle Al with his dark hair, I was inspired with a little hope that I might live through it. Brother Harris said there is something wrong, and we have no dependable physicians. We must do what we can. He came and put his hands on either side of my abdomen, outside my clothing to see if he could discover what was wrong. He and Uncle Al went away, but he came back about 1 o'clock, and said his own wife had been taken out of bed, and had been delivered on his knees. When it seemed there was no other way, he then asked if there was anyone present who would volunteer to take me on their knees, and see if that would help. Martin Larsen said he would, and I was lifted onto his lap, and soon after baby came, the house was full of people, and everyone praying at the same time, with tears in every eye.

Word had gone out that I was dead. Grandma Swindle, Charles Swindle's mother

was washing that morning, and when she heard it, she fainted.

They dared not let me close my eyes for hours after baby came, for fear I would never open them again.

As soon as I was able I wrote to my husband and asked him what we should name baby. And while we were waiting for his answer, when baby was about six weeks old, Mother took pneumonia. One morning when I went up to see how mother was, I met Bishop Harris. After he looked at baby he said "I advise you to have your father name and bless him." I told him I was waiting to find out what my husband wanted him named. A few days later when I had undressed baby to get him ready for night, he started to scream. It was a long time before I could even get his band fastened. I wrapped him up to keep him warm, but he screamed the whole night through. We sent for Uncle Martin Larsen and Andrew Rasmason to come and administer to him. But he could not be administered to without a name. After [Page 49] consulting with Aunt Julia I told them to name him Bent Franklin. Next morning baby was in a stupor. Julia and I did not know what to do. Mother was at the point of death, and no doctor, and we decided that I would have to carry him on a pillow up to my sister Almeda Wingate's, and get her to help me nurse him, or give directions, as she had had some experience.

That afternoon I sent for Bishop Harris to come and administer to baby, but when he came he said he was not well, and did not like to administer when he was feeling poorly. He told me to have my father and about five other men come in the evening, and told me to undress baby, and have his entire body anointed with oil, and then administered to, and he said if that doesn't heal him, and he is to live, the Lord will put it into the mind of some old lady to tell you just what to do so he will recover. I told the bishop I loved baby so much that if he should die the light of the whole earth would go out, there would be nothing to live for. He said "foolish woman

don't talk that way. We have to be resigned to the will of the Lord which ever way things turn."

That evening when the elders came baby was still in a stupor. I told them I was almost afraid to undress him on account of the way he had been the night before, and most of them said better not undress him, but my father said if the bishop said undress him and anoint his whole body, that is what we will do. So we did, and he slept on.

After he was dressed again, Uncle Al told me I must lie down and get some rest as I had not slept for two days and one night. I seriously objected, but he said he would carry him on the pillow and watch him every minute, and if there was any change he would wake me. So I laid down and slept for hours, and when I awoke baby was sleeping peacefully by my side.

It was a time of great anxiety, mother so very ill, and Orson had a little boy who died that night.

We soon after had a letter from my husband and he said name baby Benjamin Franklin.

We had a fast and prayer day for mother and in the afternoon the whole family gathered for prayer, and during the afternoon some members of the family said they thought that they needed a little stimulant, so toddy was made and nearly all excepting myself and my father took some toddy. I was disgusted, but said nothing. [Page 50]

I think a great majority of people in those days knew very little about the real spirit of fasting and prayer. And nearly every body had a little brandy, alcohol or wine in the house for sickness and special occasions, yet you saw very little real drunkenness.

While my husband was on his mission he wrote letters regularly every 2 weeks. He addressed all the letters to Mr. Bent Larsen. Aunt Julie and I decided that she should take the first letter, and I the second, and divide

them all in that same way until he returned home.

We were glad that there were two of us; it kept the home more cheerful. And with Mutual meetings at our home once a week, we had plenty of social life.

The Mutual girls thought it was sure an ideal life, and some of them said they would never marry unless there could be two of them, congenial like we were.

#### Answer to Prayer

I always had a special liking for Sunday School, perhaps it was because everybody took part.

When baby was about a year old his shoes wore through on the toes, and soon looked very shabby. I was too proud to take him to church looking shabby. Some people had previously asked me to do velvet painting for them, but I had been too busy. But now when I was needing shoes for baby, I sent word that I would do their painting for them, but no work came. I went to mother, but there was a lull in dress making. And it kept us rustling to get enough money for our husband's missionary expenses. But I knew the Lord could open up a way. So one day when Aunt Julia was to her Mother's home sewing, and no one at our home but baby and I, I knelt by baby's crib and told the Lord that I knew He could help me, that He knew how I longed to attend Sunday School and church, and that it was so hard for me to go and have baby looking shabby, and would He please inspire someone to send me work so my baby could have new shoes.

I arose and started toward our corral, when but a few steps from the house Marie came running and said. Aunt Lorena have you any new shoes for baby. I said no. Then she said Aunt Mary Ann told me to run as fast as I could and ask you, and if you haven't, she is going to buy the nicest ones in town for your baby. Next day she sent a beautiful pair of cream morroco trimmed in black. [Page 51]

Letter to Daddy  
about Baby B. F.

You are in far off Norway  
Oh Husband, dearest one,  
And I sit at home alone today  
Beside our little son.

And as I gaze upon him  
My heart overruns with joy.  
I know you would be happy  
Too, to embrace our darling boy.

His eyes are bright as diamonds  
They shine with an intellectual gleam  
He is the finest Heavenly treasure  
That mine eyes have ever seen.

May his life be filled with progress,  
Angels guard his earthly way.  
God, send many more just like him  
To bless our home some day.

Lorena

Our husband went on his mission in perfect health, but one cold stormy night in February he and his companion were traveling out in the country. Night came on and although they asked at every farm house they came to, no one would give them a night's lodging, because they were Mormons. Finally with their clothes wet from the storm they crawled into a barn, and slept on the hay. My husband took a heavy cold that night in Norway, his native land, which later developed into asthma, from which he never did recover, but suffered from its effects the rest of his life.

Returned from Norway

When my husband returned from his mission he sent us word from Salt Lake that he had many fine presents from Aunt Tomina Tholverson for the relatives who were scattered from Salt Lake to [Page 52] Monroe, and that he must deliver them to each family on his way home. To the Bent Rolfsen family in Salt Lake, the Frank Rolfsen family in Pleasant Grove, the Jacob Rolfsen family in Mt. Pleasant, the Aunt Marie Petersons and Aunt Ellen Dorius families of Ephraim.

He also said that he would be at a Sanpete County celebration at Ephraim on a certain day, and would go as far as Gunnison, and stop with a friend that night, and that we need not come for him as he would find a way home.

The word reached us the day before the celebration at Ephraim. And although he had told us not to come for him, we immediately made preparations to start for Gunnison early next morning. Chris Brown, Aunt Julia's brother was our driver. We arrived in Gunnison mid afternoon, and went to the home of Charles Gladhill, and stayed until just before sundown when the people who had attended the celebration began to arrive home. (While at Gladhills I found baby B. F. with an open can of lye in his hands. Fortunately he had not gotten any of its contents on his fingers nor mouth.)

We drove onto the main highway and watched every vehicle which passed, but as there were other roads entering the town, we failed to see them all. But we made a thorough search of the town and when darkness settled upon us, we had to abandon the search. We camped about 2 blocks north of the Sanpich River on Main Street. Aunt Julia and I were so disappointed we could not settle down to rest, so we walked toward the river bridge, and then within a short distance from the bridge we stopped to discuss how we were to proceed next, when all of a sudden we heard a wagon coming from the south, and as it came to the bridge it was hailed by someone and stopped. There came to us on the evening air our husband's voice saying, "Are you August Bohman from Monroe?" And the driver answered "No". Then the wagon rushed toward us. We stopped the driver and asked if he had a stranger in his wagon. He answered "No". "Then who spoke to you at the bridge?" we asked in the same breath. He said "A stranger asked if I was August Bohman from Monroe." We said, "Oh where is he. That stranger is our husband who is just returning

from a mission in Norway and we came here to meet him.”

The young man said, “Jump into my wagon and I will help you find him.” He took us a long way out into Centerfield. He went into every house on either side of the highway and made inquiries but without results. He drove us back to our camp where Chris Brown was tending the children. We heartily thanked him for his kindness and he wished us success and went on his way. [Page 53]

Another council meeting, then Chris Brown harnessed and hitched the horses. We all got into the wagon and drove on the highway passed the last house in Centerfield, singing at the top of our voices, “We are going to old Monroe, Oh we are going to old Monroe.” We sang so loud to attract his attention if he happened to be anywhere along the highway, that the farm dogs all barked and occasionally a rooster crowed.

This adventure to find him failed, so we drove back to our former camping place and decided we would wait there until daylight, then continue our search. At family prayer we prayed earnestly that the Lord would help us find him.

We were out at the break of day next morning going to every home where people had been to the celebration the day before. We found several places where the people had a stranger lodging with them, but when we inspected him, he wasn't the one we were looking for.

We went back to camp and had breakfast, got ourselves and the children Marie, Minnie, and Bent Franklin ready for whatever adventure seemed to us most plausible.

We stood there beside our wagon on Main Street looking up and down not knowing what course to pursue when we saw a wagon with two men in it come onto the highway just beyond the river bridge from an east side road. One of the men had on a broad brimmed white hat. I jokingly said to Aunt

Julia we will not have to hunt any longer for our dear husband, there he comes, wearing that beautiful white hat. Julia said Bent would never be wearing a hat like that returning from a mission, though it would make a fine field hat. So we grinned at each other and joked until they were within a hundred yards of us, then we discovered it was really him. At the same instant he recognized us. The wagon stopped and we ran and before words could be exchanged we each had our arms around him at the same time. As the excitement passed we discovered people looking out of every house door and window, I suppose they were wondering what on earth was happening.

#### Our Presents from Norway

When we arrived home it took my husband a few days to distribute the presents from Aunt Tomena to the Larsen family.

She was Grandma Larsen's sister who joined the church among the early ones in Norway. Her husband never joined. He was a ship [Page 54] owner and ship captain. A rough man they called him, but his wife loved him and stayed with him though most of her family came to Utah, both those who joined the church and those who did not.

When my husband went back to Norway she asked him what his wife's name was. He did not like to tell her he had two wives, so he said her name was Julia Lorena, and he gave her the names of his children.

When baby B. F. was nearly a year old, Aunt Maria Petersen came on a short visit to Monroe, and made a great ado' over him. She wrote a letter to her sister in Norway telling her about Bent's wonderful baby boy. The letter arrived just before my husband was coming home, after Aunt Tomina had bought and packed all the presents for her relatives in Utah. Bent was making a tour of the district, and bidding good by to the saints and friends, and when he finally came back to Aunt Tomina's she took hold of him and laughingly shook him, and asked why he had told stories to her. He said I told you the

truth. My wives are Julia and Lorena, but she said you never mentioned the boy. Well said my husband, he was not born until long after I left home. She said that boy must have a present, so she went shopping again, and bought for him a boy doll and Scotch cap.

She said you must divide the presents I have bought for your wife between the two.

She sent to Tomena Larsen Hunt a silver perfume container very exquisitely designed which had been in the family for nearly 100 years. To Venka Larsen Harris a silk parasol or umbrella. Also several of them to other members of the family, and many other things which I do not now recall.

To her sister Ingeborg Maria Rolfsen Larsen she sent many things, among them a beautiful black French mareno double shawl, and lace curtains or lamberquins.

She sent to Bent's wives a feather bed, French mareno dress cloth, lace curtains just like the ones she sent to her sister, and other things. We were to divide them. Aunt Julia had no feather bed and she was older than I so I insisted that she take the feather bed, and her windows needed new curtains, so I told her to take the curtains. I think we divided the dress cloth and each made a skirt.

Aunt Tomina's husband had two solid silver spoons made for our husband with his initials on them and the date of making. We each [Page 55] had a spoon. My husband brought some fine large Russian bowls. They were divided, and some choice china dishes with the Larsens had left in Norway when they came to America. They were divided. I got the blue and white large china cup and saucer which Granpa Larsen had drunk his coffee from for 30 years in Norway, and the old silver watch which had been Grandfather Bent Rolfsen's, and his and his son Bent's timekeeper when they were ship builders near Reisor, Norway. It had been handed down to my husband because he was named Bent Rolfsen Larsen for his grandfather. He had owned it when they lived in Norway, and being young and not knowing it's great value,

had traded watches with a cousin in Norway. He had kept the cousin's watch in good condition through the years, and when he went on his mission, he took it back to exchange for that valuable family heirloom his own old watch.

After his arrival in Norway he went to the home of his cousin and immediately saw the old watch hanging on the wall. They did not recognize him, so he talked to them for some time and then with a twinkle in his eye he called his cousin by name and said, "I see you still have the old watch, how would you like to trade it back again?" His cousin said, "can it be Bent who speaks? If so, and you have my old watch we will exchange." A happy reunion followed. And that is how it happened that on the night our husband returned home from Norway he had his grandfather's old watch running as correctly as it had more than 80 years before when his grandfather bought it to keep time for the men at the shipbuilding wharf when he was a master ship builder.

That first night after my husband's arrival home, before going to bed my husband came to my room with the old watch and said, "this is a choice treasure, I leave it here to keep you company." Later he said it shall be the property of our son B. F. when he is older.

Grandma Larsen brought her lace curtains and gave them to me, and she willed me the French mareno shawl before she died. Grandma Larsen willed everything she had to the different members of her family. When settling up Grandma Larsen's affairs at a meeting of the Larsen children Aunt Venka said I should never have that shawl, she was going to have it herself she said. It was the best thing that her mother owned. Martin spoke up and said, "Mother has been unkind to Lorena, and if she wants to make it right now, she shall have the privilege."

The years which followed were filled with work and anxiety. Our husband was home with broken health, and although we kept up a happy appearance we did not know how

long we could keep up. His [Page 56] health was so delicate he couldn't even chop the fire wood. Day after day Aunt Julia and I knelt together in prayer for him. We both prayed and cried together and tried to make life as easy as possible for him.

During the period there was plenty of work, and we all worked with a right good will. And thus days passed into weeks, weeks into months, and the months to years, and the great wheel of time rolled on, bringing joys, anxieties, and problems of various kinds to be solved, but thank Heaven we were usually equal to the occasions. And so time rolled on.

#### Confinement and Toothache

Before Ida was born I was thankful for the privilege of becoming a mother again. Yet at the thought of my coming confinement I would almost turn cold. I was frightened almost to death, on account of the dreadful time I had had in my previous confinements. I sought the Lord with all my strength that He would give me courage and bring me safely through.

God was with me, and I rejoiced amid the work and anxiety for I longed to be the mother of a fine family of children.

On the 10<sup>th</sup> of January, 1885, my Ida Lorena was born in my bedroom in the southeast corner of our home. Mary Swindle, who had been to Salt Lake and studied under Dr. Maggie Ellis Ship, was our midwife. I was very sick for many hours. She compelled me to lie on one side. She would not let me turn in any other position, though baby's head was in sight for four hours, and she kept telling me the next pain would be the last. Finally she became discouraged, and mother told her to let me change the position, and as I did so, every thing went fine. The next day she put her arms around me and cried, she said, "Your awful suffering was all my fault."

Ida was another fine intelligent child, another child of prayer. I was so thankful for such bright intelligent children.

Time passed rapidly on with joy, anxiety, happiness, and problems intermingled all along the way.

In 1885, when Ida was about 9 months old, I had never had toothache, but one tooth had a small cavity in it, and my husband urged me to go to Dr. Smith, a traveling dentist, who was working in our town, and have the tooth extracted. On examination the dentist said [Page 57] it should be filled, but my husband said "cold steel is the only remedy for an imperfect tooth." The dentist said that my teeth were so solid that if I was his wife he would not ask me to sit down to have it out for 25 dollars, but my husband thought he was just wanting to get a job.

When I sat down the dentist buttoned his coat from top to bottom, and told me to grip his coat firmly and hold on. It was a half hour before sundown, and he worked until the twilight. He broke the tooth off twice, tried to pry out the roots, and finally gave it up. He said he had never found such teeth. He said, "Keep your teeth filled, for they will never be any easier to take, until after you are 45." (I am now 78 and they are still solid.) The doctor was now at Elsinore. He put in 7 fillings for me during the next few days. My broken tooth began to ache, and ached hard for a month. My husband poured out a stream of apologies for being so insistent about having the dentist try to extract that tooth.

The dentist promised to keep my teeth filled for five years without any further cost, as I was one of the first in Sevier County to have my teeth filled, but I never saw him again for 12 years.

#### In Our New Home at Monroe

About this time Aunt Julia's fifth child, Clara, was born. She was a fine little girl.

As persecution of those in polygamy was increasing, Pa decided it was no longer safe to have his two wives in the same house. So he bought another home, one block west, and a block south from a Aunt Julia's home.

The home was bought in the spring of 1886. It was an adobe house with one large room. During that spring time we planted trees, shade trees on the sidewalk and fruit trees in the lot – pairs, apples, peaches, black cherries, and sweet blue damson plums. There were wild plums and currants growing on the place when we bought it. We planted a garden, laid out paths to the coral, and to the front gate, after Pa and Uncle Martin did a lot of leveling and scraping around the house to where the lawn should be, and covered the door yard with sand. After that they dug a cellar on the south side which they covered with a good sized frame kitchen, with a closet and cupboards built in. The house was finished inside with a fine coat of new plaster. And oh! What a delightful place it was. I was wild to move in. We [Page 58] raised a fine garden there that year. Little B. F. went with me day after day and was delighted, and as he tried to use the hoe or pulled a few weeds, he surely felt his manly importance. On one occasion as we walked home after doing some work on our new lot, he said, “Mamma, do you know why my overalls make such a loud noise.” I told him I did not know. He said, “When I walk I rub my knees together and it sounds just like a big man, ‘cause that’s the way men do.”

On another occasion as we walked home he said, “Mamma, I do wish we had a whole herd of boys like Barneys.” I asked him why. He said, “Why they could go in the field and help papa and I could do all this work for you.”

In August and the first of September sweet baby, Ida, was very sick for a few weeks with summer complaint. I carried her in my arms a good part of the time, and felt so sorry for the dear little soul. In those days children and some adults were stricken with that complaint during August and September. Often there was a real epidemic of that disease and many died; cholera maribus they called it.

On September 10, 1886, our dear Lottie was born. Mary Swindle was midwife.

Mother came and-nursed me and helped take care of Bent and little sweet sick Ida. When Ida saw a new baby in bed with mamma, and she so sick, and needed me so, it nearly broke her little heart, until she was getting better, then she loved baby dearly.

I had had 7 teeth filled a year before and while I was in bed with Lottie, one filling came out, and I took an awful toothache. My jaw gathered and broke and I had no real sleep for 10 days and nights. Oh! it was awful. No doctor. Bishop Thomas Cooper had a collection of fine doctor books which he studied a lot. He came down often. Pa was away to Salt Lake. Bro. Cooper and Mother did all they could, but to no avail. On that 10<sup>th</sup> day they sent to Richfield to see if they could get Sister Ramsey or Sister Lund (two doctor ladies who went out among the sick) but they were too busy with other sick people to come. Pa got back as far as Richfield and was going to stay for the night but he heard how very sick I was and came on home.

My face and neck were very badly swollen, and my agony was awful. I lay praying for help, and had been praying all the time for days. As I lay there so very sick I remembered that someone had [Page 59] said that the warm entrails of a chicken would draw out inflammation and I called mother and Aunt Julia and told them. They went to the coop and caught a chicken; the neighbor man cut the head off. They opened it quickly, brought the warm entrails, applied them to my badly swollen jaw and face. They eased me a little, and as they got cold, Mother and Julia got the entrails of another one the same way. I got easier again, and while the entrails of the 3<sup>rd</sup> one was on the swelling on my jaw it broke. Oh the awful corruption which came, at least a whole quart within 24 hours. The stench was almost unbearable. I, however, was thankful beyond measure for ease from that awful pain. It continued to drain for a month when some small pieces of bone came out through the opening. Two of them were from one half to three quarter inches in length. I had neuralgia along with

toothache for about 11 months after that. Then Cyrus Wheelock came gathering donations for the Manti Temple. He administered to me and I never had neuralgia or toothache again for at least one and a half years, and was I thankful.

### The New Home

I moved into my lovely little home in the spring of 1887, and was I the happiest girl in the land. Oh how I worked and made lovely ornaments to decorate my little mansion. Lovely tidies on every table and chair back. Lamp mats, beautiful ones, for the kerosene lamps, towers and boxes, covered with shells, and varnished, for the mantle piece. For the kitchen table white oil cloth hand painted with floral designs. Also a splasher at the back of the wash bowl. The little home was a haven of peace and rest. Often James Farmer, SR, on his journeys about town selling books, magazines, and papers, would call in to rest. He always looked around the house, and sometimes heaved a sigh, and said, "Oh what solid comfort a man could take reading the paper in a home like this."

Some of the town's people and school teachers have told me it was like going to a fair to come to my house.

I was president of the Y. L. M. I. A. and had presided for nearly ten years. Often some of the young girls and their boy friends would call in the evenings and visit a while. I loved those girls, and felt that they were almost like members of my own family.

From 1881 to 1883 while our husband was on a mission to Norway, we held the M. I. A. weekly meetings at our own home, and [Page 60] some of the girls have told me since their own children were grown, that as they walked home from the meetings held at our home, when our husband was on his mission in the early eighties, that they made a vow they would never marry unless there were two of them, so they could live an ideal, happy life like Aunt Julia and I.

After I moved to my little home Aunt Caroline Washburn told me that she daren't come with her children visiting because I kept everything so spic and span, but that were merely imaginary. I always had a good supply of blocks and play things and wanted my children to bring their playmates home in sunshine or storms.

Perhaps Ralph and Alma Nielson, two of the neighbors, although they are grandfathers now, will remember the times when they were playing with B. F. on stormy muddly days, how, when they were tired of playing out side would all run to the door-step and wait while I got the mop cloth and cleaned off the shoes of the group, to save the floors from being covered with mud tracks. And perhaps within half an hour the kitchen floor would be filled with toy houses, corrals, and barns, made from the wood blocks, the odds and ends from the carpenter's bench. And when lunch was announced, they all sat at the table like little men and enjoyed the lunch.

During the period before Lottie was born, I was determined that I would not follow the old custom of housing up any longer. During my former pregnancies I had stayed at home as was the custom, for several months before my children were born, and before one could recover from confinement it seemed ages before we could go to church again. So I bought natural colored linen and made what we called a duster, a summer wrap and went to church gatherings. My husband would have preferred that I remained at home, but I needed the spiritual food which I got at church, and the contact of other good people. There was another woman in town who was going out just as I was, Catherine Erickson, and it so happened that we were chosen on the committee to help arrange the program for the Fourth of July.

I was surely happy that my husband had bought a home for me, and that springtime I took my small 5 year old son B. F. and planted a garden there. He was so happy to help me plant. He would drop the peas in the

furrow which I had made, and I covered them.

Whenever I became pregnant I prayed earnestly, day and night that God would give me a bright intelligent child, free from deformity of body or mind, a child that would be a blessing and comfort to me and our home. He heard and answered my prayers in every one of my blessed children. [Page 61]

#### Persecution and Prosecution

In my first chapter I must relate the incidents which occurred before our going to Colorado that you may understand why we were almost compelled to make that trip.

The Lord had revealed to Joseph Smith our L. D. S Prophet the principle of plural marriage and had commanded him to marry other wives. That principle had been practiced in the Church for years. My mother was married in the temple at Nauvoo in January, 1846, a plural wife. Her first baby was born in Winter Quarters 15 Jan. 1847. I myself was a product of that order of marriage. I believed that God had revealed it, and that some of the finest men and women on earth had been born and reared in polygamous families.

I knew that people must have self control. They must master selfishness, and greed, and try to love all members of their husband's families, or there could be no happiness in plural marriages. We were taught that there was no way of getting into the Celestial Kingdom only by plural marriage.

I, as I grew to maturity, thought of life as a great school with all its departments, its grades, it's colleges, to prepare us for the great beyond, that we might there, go on advancing and progressing. And if plural marriage was the cap-stone, I was afraid I wasn't equal to the occasion. I had a lot of proposals before I accepted. I went into it hesitatingly, reluctantly. I could not think of hurting a man's wife by marrying her husband, but Aunt Julia told me she would feel much worse if I did not marry her

husband than she would if I did. She said that she and Bent had planned for a long time that if they could get my consent, they sure wanted me to be a member of their family.

On Feb. 25, 1880 I married Bent Rolfsen Larsen in the St. George Temple. I lived in that 3 roomed home with Aunt Julia for 7 years. And in all that time we never quarreled – not once, but I cannot say that we didn't sometimes feel like it; but we had gone into that order of marriage because we fully believed God had commanded it, and while we had human nature to contend with, we worked and prayed for strength to overcome selfishness and greed and live on a higher plain, learn to love each other, or there would never be happiness in our hearts and homes.

The home was built with a large living room, a good sized bed room, a kitchen and one big basement room and an attic. The large living room [Page 62] was Aunt Julia's, the bed room was mine. We did the kitchen work in turns every other week. When she did the kitchen work I did the milking and made the butter and kept the milk shelves and basement in order. Each of us looked after our own room. We did the washing together, each one did her own ironing.

Each autumn we made from 50 to 100 pounds of potato starch which was used for cake, puddings, and for the laundry. Also during the summer months we made soap to last the year round from the waste fats.

#### Bent's Mission to Norway

During the summer of 1881 our husband was called on a mission to Norway. It was very hard to have him go, as I had nearly died in September the year before with a premature birth. And I was pregnant again, and was afraid I would never see my husband again.

Bent had always said it would be impossible to surprise him, so Julia and I decided we would give him that kind of home party before he left for the mission field. We got permission from the Louis Andersons, our

neighbors who lived across the street to do the cooking at their home, and keep everything for the party luncheon there until serving time. Bent was very busy all day getting ready to leave. It was Sept. 24, 1881, his birth anniversary. And when the guests arrived in a group, he was a very badly surprised man. Everybody had a very enjoyable time.

He left Salt Lake City for that mission at the close of October conference.

On May 10, 1882, my son Bent Franklin was born. I was sick for 3 days and nearly died again. Thank heaven, it was the power of God which saved my life.

While my husband was on this mission we held the Y. L. M. I. A. meetings at our home every Wednesday evening, I was President and Julia was one of my councilors. Every girl in town except one or two were regular members and we all loved each other, and had a splendid time.

Aunt Julia and I were sure glad there were two of us.

The weeks, months, and years passed by. After 2 years our husband returned. He left home in perfect health, but because he and his companion were compelled to sleep in a barn one night after traveling for hours in a [Page 63] snow storm, he came home almost like a skeleton. Julia and I often knelt in humble prayer asking God to restore our husband to health. He returned in the summer of 1883.

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The Edmonds Tucker Law was signed by the President of the United States on 21<sup>st</sup> of March, 1882, and thereafter the storm clouds of persecution began to rise, at first slowly, then terrifically, and from 1883 to 1890, the storm raged.

Our church had law suits trying to test the legality of that law. George Reynolds offered his as a test case, and was sent to the pen. for 5 years. There were lots of polygamous prosecutions during that period. President

John Taylor went into hiding in Jan. 1885. His last public address was Feb. 1, 1885. All of our apostles and leading men were in hiding. Pres. John Taylor had one wife who died and he couldn't go to see her, neither in sickness nor death because her home was constantly watched by deputy marshals who were trying to arrest him. He died in exile on the 25<sup>th</sup> of January, 1887.

Those fine men who had married more than one wife were hounded day and night, by despicable scoundrels, who would stoop to any low down thing which came their way, but who had gotten themselves the job of U. S. Deputy Marshals, to sneak around and help find those in polygamy, many of whom were living on higher standards than ordinary people had yet attempted. And so the pen was well filled with some of the finest people in the land.

During the summer of 1888 my husband, Bent Rolfsen Larsen, spent 5 months in the Utah penitentiary for having two wives. He was sentenced for 6 months, but five days were taken off from each month for good behavior. While there he made 4 beautiful tidies, a large and a smaller one for each of his wives. They were made on a frame, and wound onto the frame forming squares, and then tied in squares. White crochet cotton was the background and beautifully colored wool zepher yarns for the bordering and lettering. One of the large ones had the motto in the center "Sweet Home" the other one had "Happy Home". He had a ship builder who was in the pen at the same time make a small toy sail boat for Bent Franklin, our oldest son. He also hired another man to make a horse hair riding whip with 1888 woven into the handle of the whip, and for Ida, Lottie, Maria, Minnie and Clara he hired a man to make beautiful wood rattle boxes, and other things.

The penitentiary was filled with Mormon men who were there for the same cause. [Page 64]

Oppression and Persecution Deeply Affected  
Fathers, Mothers and Children

### Little Soldier

I am a little soldier brave  
For truth I'm going to fight  
We boys will scare bad marshals  
And put them in a fright  
They're afraid we'll be like Samson  
So mighty and so strong  
They think they will stop our progress  
But in that they are surely wrong.  
If strength like that of Samson  
Were given unto me,  
I would push the Utah prisons down  
And set the good men free.  
I would scare off wicked marshals  
By one glance of my eye.  
Evil judges and their juries  
From the Utah courts would fly.

*Written at Monroe, 1886.  
One of B. F.'s first readings in public.*

### Utah Penitentiary, July 29, 1888.

Comrad, Friend and Brother,  
I trust we will all fare well  
In taking meals and lodgings  
At the Grand U. S. Hotel.  
When once departed from this place  
I trust we shall ne'r return,  
For boarding here with Uncle Sam  
Man's heart doth seldom yearn.

*Bent Larsen, Monroe, Sevier Co. , Utah.*

This verse was written by Bent Larsen in the autograph album of Mads Christensen, father of Dr. P. A. Christensen. The album is now in P. A. C.'s possession. [Page 65]

Wilford Woodruff was sustained  
President of the L. D. S. Church April, 1889.

Persecution continued until our church property and temples were about to be sized and taken over by those scoundrels. Pres. Woodruff worked heroically to ward off this awful calamity. He called upon the members of our whole church to fast from Saturday night sundown until Sunday night sundown, and to pray earnestly that God would bring peace to our people. Parents were requested

to have perfect peace in their homes during that fast-day. They must not scold or slap a child. There must be perfect peace and harmony, and in each ward public prayer meetings were held.

Soon after this fast day the dark clouds began to lift. It was so arranged that the church property was legally held by the Ecclesiastical Ward in which it was located. Many other problems were solved.

The Manifesto was issued Oct. 1890.

### Arrested for Polygamy

One bright moonlight night (in the fall of 1887) just before moving to my new home, about 2:00 A. M., we discovered that our house was surrounded by deputy U. S. marshals who were peeking in the windows, although Andy Sargent, our local deputy marshal had previously sent word to my husband to just keep out of his way and he would not bother him, and we felt perfectly safe. But there he was with three other marshals, McGary, Mowers, and Hutchings, prowling around our home at that hour of the night. Finally they knocked on the front door; we were all dressed and my husband said, "Is it you, Andy?" He said it was so we opened the door and they all came in. [Page 66]

They were so snoopy they went and looked in every bed and examine the pillows to try to find out who had slept in the beds. Aunt Julia was going out of a back door, but was stopped by McGary. Later she slipped out and brought Bro. Jenson, a neighbor. I gave Mr. Sargent a Scotch blessing, he supposed he could bring that dishonorable group to our home, and after arresting Chris Anderson, and Hans Brown for the same offense and bringing them there, that we would cook and serve them a nice breakfast before dragging our men to Beaver for a hearing. They had a subpoena for me. I was ill, and after I gave Andy a piece of my mind, they brought the Justice of the Peace there. And I was bound over to appear later before the Grand Jury at Provo.

Bro. Jenson told the group what he thought of them, and McGary handcuffed him. Among other things I told Mr. Sargent he would sure reap his reward for his filthy work. Before 2 years had passed Sargent was busy trying to capture or kill a man who had been too familiar with his wife. And Sargent said, "I did not think that my reward would come so soon."

(In the summer of 1892) Marshal Redfield came to subpoena my husband and me to appear at Provo. He and Ole Larsen, my husband's brother, had been good friends before he got into his present position. And when he came down to Monroe he came and stopped at Ole's home. Ole asked him what he was in Monroe for, and he said to serve some papers on a few people. Ole said "Now if any of those papers are for any of my family you are no longer my friend, and cannot stay at my home."

It was mid afternoon on a bright sunshiny day. I think it was August; I was cutting out clothes on the kitchen table when a man knocked at the door which stood open. I said, "How do you do?" He stepped inside, closed the door and stood against it, and was trembling from head to foot. I thought he was insane and I was trying to plan how I could make my escape. The door to the next room was only 2 feet from him, and I figured if I tried to go through that door he would grab me, so I stood perfectly still and looked at him. He fairly shook, then he began to speak, he said, "I beg your pardon, Madam, I beg your pardon. I did not know when I came to this town that I had to serve papers on you." Then I knew he was a deputy marshal. I found later that he was Redfield one of the worst ones on the list.

I was relieved to find out who he was, and so amused at his trembling that I stood and smiled while he made his exit. [Page 67]

At the hearing in Provo my husband was sentenced to 6 months in the Utah Penitentiary for having two wives. The pen was filled with our Mormon men. George

Reynolds was there writing books. His was a test case and went before the Supreme Court to see if the Edmonds Tucker law was constitutional.

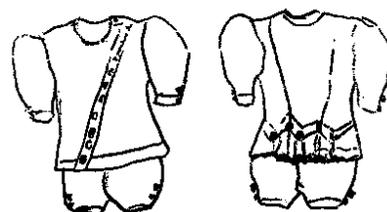
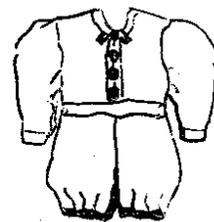
The Mormon men were very busy in there making souvenirs to take home to their families. My husband had the blacksmith in there twist a wire handle with two short prongs at one end for his eating fork, and his knife was a broken table knife with about 1 inch blade. He carried them in his pocket while there, except at meal time. He brought them home and gave the knife to Aunt Julia and the fork to me.

While he was in the pen we surely missed him. Baby Lottie would stand in the door and call "Daddy, Daddy."

My brother in law Alfonzo Wingate, was very kind to my children, and he often passed by our home going to his farm. Ida would stand on the door step and say to him, "Lal, I do like you."

The year slipped by, and the children grew and matured beautifully. They were such a source of comfort and blessing to me. I had so much pleasure in making beautiful clothes for them, and when I took them to Sunday School or church, or saw them in groups with others, I always knew that God had sent me some of his choicest treasures.

I made Bent F. a beautiful black velvet suit something like this with detachable white collar and cuffs.



[Page 68]



Late in the year 1888 I was pregnant and knew that I must go in hiding or my husband go to the pen again. I couldn't tell just how things could be arranged, and I loved my little home so much. I and the children had been so happy there, and we had lived there only a little more than a year and a half. My husband had been in the Utah pen 5 months of that time.

I had had a premature baby during that time, a little boy, perfectly formed.

When we first moved to that dear little home one day I noticed Ida on the door yard mixing the soft dirt with a spoon. I saw eggshells near by and when I came closer I asked what are you doing? Little Ida looked up with a smile and said. "I am making Prudence pudding for Pa." She was stirring eggs in the dirt. She knew that we took pains to have something extra nice when Pa came.  
[Page 69]

#### A Call to Work in the Manti Temple

And after living thus for about year and 8 months I had to leave and go into hiding to save my husband from going to the pen again. I and my children had to leave our precious home and hide somewhere, probably for years, and leave that beloved little home which was to us the dearest spot on earth, but where would we go?

At the same time the bishopric were to choose a person to go to the Manti Temple as an ordinance worker. They were to be called

on that mission for 6 months. Sister Conover had been selected at Richfield. The Monroe bishopric (Thomas Cooper, William A. Warnock, and Bent R. Larsen) had about decided on Sister Ann Tidd, who was thoroughly qualified for the position. She was a fine faithful saint, had no children, but if she was called they must also send her husband. While they were thinking the matter over Sunday came. After sacramental meeting, Bishop Cooper called his councilors to one side, and after the congregation passed out, he said "As I sat here today and looked over the group I knew who we were to send to the Temple, it is Lorena E. W. Larsen. She is the person to go."

I was thankful when they told me, but when the bishop said you are to leave your children at home with their father, it was almost more than I could endure, for my children were dearer than life itself. It surely was a test of my faith, but I thought if I trust in the Lord some way will open so the children can be with me. Many other women in our church had to leave their children and go into hiding in obscure farm houses or wherever they could find a hiding place. My opportunity was the best imaginable, so I prayed for strength and for the protection of my loved ones, and hard as it was I went. I stayed with Sister Higgs a few days. She was my brother Orson's mother in law and an ordinance worker in the Temple. Her husband was the Temple engineer.

I rented an upstairs room in the home of Little Johnson, who lived about 2 blocks south of Temple Hill. The room was rented for a week to some people by the name of Holt. The family consisted of a middle aged woman, her son and daughter, and the daughter's fiance. The young couple had come to the temple to get married, and the whole group were doing ordinance work for the dead. When I went there to look at the room the two women persuaded me to move right in and not wait for them to go. They were so nice and friendly that I had my things brought right there. It was one large room

with two beds in it. The mother and daughter occupied one bed and I occupied the other. The menfolk slept in their 2 large carriages out in the back door yard. The couple were not married until the day before they were to return home. [Page 70]

It was such a trial for me to be away from my children, it was constantly on my mind. One night during that first week I dreamed my baby, Lottie, was a short distance away crying, reaching out her little arms toward me. I rushed forward trying to get to her, and awoke crying bitterly. At the same instant I found myself in the arms of that dear older lady from the other bed, saying over and over "Oh dear Sister, what is it?" When I told her we both cried. She was so sympathetic and full, of human understanding.

They had brought cake and everything for a wedding dinner - and the evening after the wedding we all had a lovely wedding feast, and a very pleasant, happy time.

I think it was the young married man whose name was Holt. I believe the young couple stayed at the hotel that night. Next morning they all started for home. The older lady and her family lived on a ranch between Payson and Spanish Fork. They were very hospitable people. Dozens of nights she had gotten out of bed, made a fire, and fixed a warm drink to cheer and comfort some belated wayfarer who was traveling in the old fashioned covered wagon drawn by either ox, or horse teams, and many were the thankful travelers thus taken in on cold stormy nights.

I went to work with a will trying to learn the temple ordinance work, and assisting in the morning washroom work, and studying during the day. Everybody was so kind and considerate. Sister Minerva Snow, the leading lady at the temple, was just like a mother to me. Every day when she went down to dinner she took me with her (she was Apostle Erastus Snow's second wife, married to him in Nauvoo. Her first baby was born there. She told me many things about her life that were confidential.)

She was not seen in Nauvoo for some months before her first baby was born. She stayed in upper rooms in her husband's home during the day time, and for fresh air, a change and exercise she walked in the garden at night. One night her baby was born. It died, and was buried in the garden. She told me that that was the darkest hour of her whole life. It was reported that she had been visiting in the east during this period. There are many things which she told me at the Temple as we leisurely walked through the halls, up, and down stairs, day after day.

One Friday afternoon at the temple, Sister Snow asked who would assist the females wring their clothes after baptisms next Tuesday. I looked around and realized that I was the youngest of the group of workers. No one knew that I was in a delicate condition, so I volunteered. Next Tuesday was a busy day. The work kept me constantly going for quite some time, and the end of the day found me with labor pains. I told Sister Snow. She reported [Page 71] it to President Wells, and he wanted me to take a bedroom in the Temple and stay right there. But I preferred to take a bedroom at Sister Higgs' home. So, they took me there.

Before this however, Pres. Wells called me to his office and told me it was too hard for me to be away from my children, told me I could make arrangements to have the children brought to me, and have someone look after them during Temple hours.

There was a lady who had been sealed to Pres. Wells who wanted me to take room in her home. I told Bro. Wells and he approved, so it was arranged that Pa would bring the children and Maria, Aunt Julia's daughter, should tend the children in the daytime.

But later President Wells said to me, "You are honorably released. Go and take care of your family, and when they are all raised come back to the Temple and finish your mission then."

I had a telegram sent to my husband and my mother telling them I was ill. Next day

they arrived, bringing my children. That night I was taken to Sister Higgs' home. I lay praying that I might be healed. My eyes were closed, but I could see a man dressed in Temple clothes. He was standing by my bed. He said, "You shall be healed, and go to the full time of your delivery, and bring forth a son, and shall call his name Enoch, for in him shall be a generation of usefulness." When my husband came I told him about this experience, he smiled and said, "It will be a great joke on you, if you have a girl."

On the Underground We Change Our Names and Live at Redmond.

My husband took us to Redmond, as he supposed there was no one in that place who knew us. He got a two-roomed adobe house of Christian Jenson, just next to the north field fence. My husband and mother went on home that day but before leaving it was decided that while I lived there my name should be Hannah Thompson (Polygamists were hunted down everywhere) and the children were to be taught to call their father Uncle Thompson when he came. It was not hard for B. F. and Ida to learn this, but it took a lot of training for baby Lottie. I had to repeat it many times a day for a while. She would say, "Is my daddy my uncle?" I told her while we were in Redmond to call him that. [Page 72]

The same afternoon of our arrival, B. F. was standing outside the house in the warm sunshine when a crowd of small boys from the neighborhood gathered in the street outside of our gate and asked B. F. what his name was; they repeated the question several times without an answer, then they began throwing rocks at him. He came into the house, when for twenty minutes or a half hour there was a perfect shower of rocks against our door and the side of the house.

When we came, there was nothing in the house. It was the home of Christian Jensen's plural wife, and she had been in hiding for some time. The place needed cleaning. So I proceeded to house clean. I had nothing but

some bedding and some clothes. Pa went home to bring the absolute necessities. We lived just outside the north field fence and just inside the field fence lived Chris Brineholt and his two wives, one had a larger adobe house, the other a smaller one. I didn't think there was a person in town who knew me. When I started to clean, I decided to ask the lady in the smaller house to loan me her broom so I could wipe down the walls, and sweep the floor, and dooryards. She was very gracious, and said if there was any thing she could do to help me she would be very glad to do it. When I took the broom back and thanked her, she smiled and said she did not want to be inquisitive, but she said "Aren't you related to Louisa Washburn Black?" I hesitated, and then asked, "Who are you?" "I am Anna Hanson Brineholt, Marie \_\_\_\_\_ Black's sister. We each have a sister married to William Morley Black." I told her she was not to tell a living soul who I was because our safety from the pen depended on it. She gave her promise, and I was really glad to have a friend whom I could talk to.

We had to keep away from public places so each Sunday forenoon we had a little family Sunday School. We sang songs and told stories. The afternoons were spent on a grassy knoll in the field, by the side of a small spring whose water fell a few feet and made a beautiful little waterfall. The streams of water around Redmond were filled with fish from the lake. The children caught them with their hands in the irrigation ditches and in the furrows when the city lot was irrigated.

I sat and crocheted tidies and lace while the children played. I also did some dress making while in Redmond. Lottie sometimes carried off pieces of my work but she could take my hand and lead me every time to the place where she had put it.

One day when I came to Brinholts the R. S. teachers were there, and they giggled when I came in. After being introduced to [Page 73] them they told me that they had asked Lottie what her name was, and she had said

her name was Uncle Thompson. She said, "Why isn't my name what my Papa's is?"

As I walked to the store the evening before May Day the small sister of the May Queen ran and overtook me, and told me that her big sister was to be May Queen tomorrow, and that she was in the tub right now taking a good scrubbing. She said, "I tell you Sis don't want any dirt on her back tomorrow."

The people grew to be very friendly and kind. The evening before Easter I opened the door, and there on the doorstep were several small buckets of eggs and a pound of nice fresh butter.

Bishop Cooper came there once to see me, but no one would tell him where we were, not even the bishop, until he finally went back to the bishop and said, "I am Thomas Cooper, bishop of Monroe. This woman that I am looking for is the wife of one of my counselors. If I am lying you may hang me to any of the large trees in your town." Then the bishop told him to go to Mrs. Brineholt, my friend, maybe she could tell him. He came and asked her and when she said she didn't know he said, "She is living somewhere in this neighborhood," and he repeated the same thing he had said to the bishop. She told him to sit down and she would find out.

She came and told me all about it, and I told her to bring him over, and we were sure glad to see each other.

We had the most enjoyable chat imaginable. I plied him with questions and he told me about everybody at home and very much regretted that I couldn't be there. He later sent me a fine recommend to carry with me in my travels; on this recommend he stated that any one showing me a kindness, he as my bishop would consider it a personal favor.

### The Underground Tree

While there I had the following dream: I thought I had been away from my dear home

a long time. And then I came home. It looked like the place had gone to ruin. My door-yard and front lawns were entirely overgrown with weeds, wild bushes, and vines. My heart ached at the sight. I immediately went to work on the north side of the front path pulling weeds and digging out the rubbish. I was very sad to think my place had gone to ruin while I was on the [Page 74] underground. While I was pulling at roots which went deep into the ground, suddenly I found myself by a beautiful tree completely covered with the finest fruit I had ever seen. It stood a few feet from the northeast corner of the house, and had been entirely underground. And as I looked in astonishment, a voice said, "The underground tree brings forth very choice fruit too." I looked and there stood a man leaning over the fence who had been watching me. Presently my children were there, grown, and the place was filled with people. My children brought me dishes, bowls, and small baskets. We filled them with that delicious fruit and they passed them around to the people. Among the group were descendants of Grandma Larsen's people, the Rolfsens and others. My heart rejoiced, and I was glad to see what my children were doing. I was thankful for what had, and was now happening.

There was another woman on the underground living in Redmond that winter, the plural wife of Sam Peterson of Elsinore. She had a fine cured ham stolen from her home one night. There was a man living in town who was a bit loose fingered, but there was no proof. So the whole town was searched next day. The neighbors told me not to feel bad if the searchers came, but they didn't come. Mine was the only place that wasn't searched. They went back to the suspicious man the second time and put rods down into his bins of flour. He told them that if he had stolen the ham he would not be fool enough to put it where they would find it.

The Sheriff had a field adjoining town and when he ploughed his field in the springtime he plowed up that ham.

Pa brought mother and my sister Almeda to visit me one day while I was living there. Meda told me afterwards that when she saw what a barren place I was living in, and compared it with my lovely little home, she felt like screaming.

#### Straw Hat

Christian Jenson Sr, was my landlord while living at Redmond.

He was a fine old man. The spring was early with plenty of lovely sunshine. One day I asked him if he would like a home-made straw hat for field work. He said he would, so I got my prepared straw, and within a few days had a lovely hat all ready to wear, with a ventilator around the crown just above the fine black band. I gave it [Page 75] to him and he was very much astonished to think I could make such a beautiful hat. He said, "This fine hat does not go into the field, it's my Sunday hat." Next day he wore it to Richfield to conference.

#### The Journey to Sanford, Colorado May, 1889

On account of the persecution of the men in polygamy, my husband decided to go to San Luis Valley, Colorado. He came to Redmond where I and the children had been living since late January, and said he would take us to Huntington and leave us there while he, with a company of others went to Colorado, and there he would make a home for us.

My brother Daniel lived in Huntington, Emery Co., and my husband wanted me to stay there, but I was to be confined in August. We were without money, and I just felt that it was too much for me to be dependent on my brother who was a poor man, and just at that time he and his wife were in Monroe at my father's house, and she was sick with typhoid fever. So I plead with my husband to let us go with him, as he was totally unwilling to let me return to my own home, though I longed so to be there again.

In May, as the time drew near for my husband to go to Colorado, and I must go somewhere farther away from my home, it was a great trial to me. I could scarcely endure it to be away from the little home which we loved so much and from my mother and sisters and relatives who were very dear to me, and be confined among strangers, and my three sweet children who needed my care every hour, and money scarce, and where would the necessary help come from to take care of the children and me?

#### In a Dream I Was Shown the Way 1887 or 1888

One night I had a very wonderful dream, I thought I was traveling on a lonely desert road. And all at once I met my father who had died some time before, I was so glad to see him. He said, "My daughter would you like to go with me?" I told him I would like it very much. We started back the way he had come, and soon entered a very beautiful city. We entered at about the northwest [Page 76] corner of the city. The houses were all white or very light in color, and extremely beautiful. Everything in the city was in perfect harmony and order. Father took me into a beautiful mansion which was his home, and into a bedroom. There were a fine bed and easy chairs in the room. I sat down on one of the chairs, and was so happy for I though the room was my room, and that I was going to stay in that wonderful place. As I was rejoicing, father and mother came into the room and lay down on the bed to rest. Then I realized it was not my room, and I was very much disappointed.

When they had rested awhile they got up and father said, "Let us go and see the city." It was evening but not dark, a great comet was above the city, and turned round, and round. It just played in the heavens, its tail extending downward. It was a real ornament, a beautiful sight to behold. It lighted the city and surrounding country.

We visited many places, where work of various kinds was being done. There was

perfect order in every department. I longed to take part in the work at some places, but was not permitted to do so. At one place many people were dancing. They were dancing reels and quadrilles, but needed no caller – every movement and step was perfect, oh how I longed to join them, but again was not permitted. We went on and enjoyed the beauty of that wonderful city, every person we saw was busy, and perfect order prevailed everywhere. We finally entered a large room, or meeting hall, on the southeast corner of the city where people were gathering, and we took seats. The seats were arranged all around the wall. Soon after we entered, the people were all seated. A south door stood open, and Bishop Andrew Moffit entered with his arms filled with rolls, which resembled school certificates, and he passed them around to the people. When he gave me one I was overjoyed, I thought now I know I can stay here, but he came back and took mine.

I looked around and saw people younger than myself who had theirs, and I wondered why he had taken mine. He stepped to the center of the room and said, these are certificates from the Lord, and those receiving them, no matter what they desire in the future, it shall be given them, but these certificates are only for those who are educated, and fully prepared to receive them.

At this period a person came into the room and told me I was wanted outside, so I followed the messenger, and he led me through an opening between the buildings and out onto the edge of the city, and we looked down onto the earth. [Page 77]

He said, “You must go now, the wagon is waiting for you.” I looked and saw a covered wagon, the kind that was used at that time. It looked so repulsive to me compared to the things I had just seen that I felt that I could not endure to travel in such a vehicle.

The messenger said, “I have come to show you the road you must travel.” He pointed to the south on the earth below us. I

looked in that direction. He said, “You will have to cross those awful rivers, and when you come to them it will seem to you that it is impossible to cross; and your only danger is in becoming excited, in those dreadful places. I have confidence in the driver for he is a man of great experience.” Those rivers came from a great mountain which was south and east of us. On their banks grew innumerable trees, we could hear their waters roar from where we stood.

The road in the valley was a short distance from the great east mountain, it was a rough road. Some distance ahead it turned toward the mountain. The messenger at my side said, “You will have to climb that mountain. It is very steep and rough. You will come to places that will seem impossible to climb. It’s an awful road, and so you will not be alone in all this, I will go with you.”

I looked and saw every particle of the road to the top of the mountain, and my heart grew sick, and my courage failed.

The road went south in the valley, then turned east onto the mountain side, where great boulders often blocked the pathway. The road was very steep in many places. After coming to the top of the mountain, it took a curve to the north, the mountain top for miles was grassy, smooth, and beautiful, then far to the north the road turned to the west, and came right back to the city where I had entered with my father.

The sight of the first part of that road had filled me with such dread, that I felt I could not undertake such a journey without the advice of my parents, so I asked the messenger if I might go back into the city and talk with someone about it for a few minutes. He told me I could.

I went back to the room which I had left a short time before, but the people had gone, the room was empty. I went onto the street and looked everywhere for some one that I knew. I opened the doors of buildings. Everybody was busy, the same perfect order prevailed. Everything was beautiful beyond

description, but the people were all strangers to me. Finally I opened a door and entered a room. The room was filled with women sewing, and in the center of the room [Page 78] sat Sister Ann Tidd. I said, "Oh Sister Tidd, I am so glad to see you." I then told her all that the messenger had said to me, and of the dreadful road he had pointed out which he said I must travel; I said, "What shall I do?" She said, "If you only knew the reward there is for traveling that road you would never hesitate." I said to her, "Have you ever traveled that road?" And she said, "No, I never had the privilege." Then I decided I would go and do my best. I awoke.

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I have traveled that road, and God has sustained me, and while traveling on the rough parts, at intervals, He sent to me the choicest gifts of heaven, my children, who have stood firm and true by my side in all the battles of life, and are still the same.

Yes I have been richly rewarded for traveling on that road, in the hard, yet rich experiences which I have gained, and my splendid children, and the great blessings, spiritual and temporal, which God has showered down upon us. He has truly been with us to this hour.

*Kamas, winter 1932*

*L. E. W. L.*

#### Our Journey to the San Luis Valley

The company which we were to travel with to Colorado were ahead of us, but said they would wait at Green River until we arrived.

We left Huntington and took a short-cut through the mountains to try and reach the company earlier than we would by going back to Price and traveling on the regular highway.

We traveled all day on a very poor road. Our keg of water was exhausted, both ourselves and the team very thirsty. My husband had been told at Huntington that there would be no water that day except in holes in the rocks by the side of a rock

canyon. Dark came on, but fortunately the moon shone, and I drove the team while my husband went off to hunt for water. After what seemed hours he came and said he had found a little. Imagine the loneliness of that hour, I driving the team on a lonely mountain road, the three children fast asleep in the wagon, and my husband no where in sight or hearing. I called to him occasionally, sometimes I got no reply, but once or twice he called back and told me to go on. [Page 79]

When he found water we camped for the night, and after he had watered the team, he and I took a drink of the brackish water, ate our lunch in the dark, and went to bed.

Early next morning the children awoke and asked for water. I went to get them a drink and found the water full of small insects which we called wigglers. Then I got a cloth to strain it, but the water was so thick only a small amount would go through a thin cloth. It was nauseating to look at, and yet we had to moisten our throats with it. We immediately hitched up the team, and traveled on as rapidly as possible, but we had gone but a short distance when we came to a rock canyon which we must cross. It was very steep on both sides, and very difficult to cross. My husband had to unload a part of the load, which was a great trial to him, and he gave way to his temper and made some very uncomplimentary remarks before he got the last half of the load across that awful place. I and the children walked across, but we were helpless as far as making his burdens lighter, though we longed to help him, and surely felt sorry to see him have so much trouble.

Then the road led for many miles down a great gulch where a small stream of Alkali water was running, the sight of the water was tempting, but we had been warned that it was almost sure death to drink it. Bones of animals were bleaching on either side of it, as a testimony that our warning was correct.

Our thirst was almost intolerable until about 12 o'clock when we came to a side gulch where a very small stream of water came from another direction. We drank some of that and rested the team for an hour, then traveled on. It just seemed that we would never come to a human habitation again, and I was afraid our bones would be bleaching by the road side like the bones of animals which were strewn along the way.

As the road passed an opening in the mountains, far away a railroad train passed, and it was a welcome sight indeed.

That evening we arrived at Green River, the company had just been ferried over. That evening we visited the power plant which was near the river. Next morning we went down to look at the ferry. There was an island near the opposite shore. To cross the river the teams would drive onto the boat, and the boat would take them to the island. There the team would drive onto the island and across the remaining part of the river. [Page 80]

I was afraid to cross that way, and preferred to walk the railroad bridge, which was also very dangerous. We were told that a train would not be along for half an hour. So my husband took Lottie in his arm, and took Ida by the hand while I took Bent F. by the hand and we got over the bridge in safety, but we had not got off from the grade, until a great eastern train came rushing by.

After our arrival on the east bank of the river we spent a short time getting acquainted. The men were getting everything ready for traveling. The company consisted of Paul Poulsen and his wife, Oleanna, and 4 children, Marns Funk, and his first wife, Will, the grown son, Tilda, a grown daughter, and Walter's small son and 4 other families from Utah's Dixie. There were 12 wagons and 1 white top buggy.

They were all going to San Luis Valley to take up large farms, build new homes and get rich. It all sounded like a will-o-the-wisp story to me. I wasn't going there for that

purpose at all. I was going because I could see no other way.

We traveled all day over the bench-land east of the river, and stopped at night near a very large railroad water tank, and a railroad section station. The water which the men had taken from Green River was almost gone, and the group of Chinese section men refused to let us have water, but after a lot of persuasion, and strong talk, our group finally got permission to fill their water barrels and water the horses. That night we all rested the best we could on beds scattered on the ground.

The next morning I was quite tired, and did not feel extra well, so after the breakfast things were cleared away, and while the men were filling their water barrels I went a short distance from camp, and just out of sight, and sat down to rest a few minutes if possible. The future didn't look very bright, with a journey of 600 miles to travel in a lumber wagon over rough roads and all the perplexing problems to be solved, and each day going farther away from the little home which we loved, and leaving the dear relatives behind, and my confinement drawing nearer, no home, no money, and how would things turn out. No one but God could help me, so I prayed earnestly for strength and comfort. B. F. came running and said, "Oh mamma, all those China men are going away on funny little cars, all but the old woman. I guess she has to stay home and get the dinner." Very soon my husband came, he discovered that I wasn't in camp and was worried. He told me never to go out of sight of camp again, said those Chinamen were dangerous. There were two section houses a short distance apart, [Page 81] and all morning the Chinamen had run back and forth with a cup of tea in their hands chattering like a flock of geese.

We went on that day to the Grand River north of Moab, and rested there the next day. Some of the men tried their luck at fishing while some of the women did a little washing and baking.

The river was an immense stream. It looked a very long way across. The ferry was at the mouth of the canyon. And on the following morning we all drove up to the ferry. It was a large flat boat. Across the canyon had been stretched a large metal cable which was securely fastened at either end in solid rock, and on either end of the flat boat was a somewhat smaller metal rope. One end of each rope was fastened to each end of the boat and then the other end fastened over the large wire cable which spanned the river. When the boat came to either side of the river to receive its cargo, it was made fast to the shore. The teams attached to the wagon would drive onto the boat. When I crossed there was, on the boat, 2 covered wagons, 8 horses, and about twelve people. The method of crossing the river was, as I remember, as follows. The back end of the boat was lowered, and the current of the river took the boat to the other side of the river. We just went into Moab that day. Next morning we enjoyed the beauty of the little town. It was like an oasis in a desert, and looked very good to us.

We traveled that day on the bench beyond Moab, and camped near a ranch house for the night. Next day we traveled past Cane Springs then through hills and mountains, by the side of a deep rock canyon, which had to be crossed by going in a very round-about way from one ledge of solid rock, to another until we reached the bottom, and repeated the same method going up again.

Near the canyon, when we reached the top, there was a great cistern of good water, called the "Great Hole in the Rocks," a great hole in solid rock, more than 40 feet deep and many feet across at the top. That place is now called "Double Nipple Springs". We camped near by overnight. Next morning after filling 12 water barrels with good cool water, and giving the horses all the water they could drink, we started for Hatch's Ranch. When part way there we left the regular highway and took a short cut to the ranch. Talk about sand, that day we traveled through

sand ankle deep. Most of the women and children walked, the teams had to stop and rest very often. We walked, often sat down in the sand, and tried to rest a little and empty the sand from our shoes, only to have them fill up again as soon as we started to walk.

[Page 82]

Ole-Ann Poulsen and I usually walked a little ahead of the wagon train, she carrying her 10 months old baby boy, Leslie, in her arms. We were each going very reluctantly away from our dear homes to save our husbands from going to the pen. She had been hiding up since her baby was born, at a ranch either in northern Utah, or in Salt Lake country. She had 4 children, Henry, Milton, Etta, and Leslie. As we traveled on, poor little Milton often cried nearly all night with toothache, his father tried to make him keep quiet, and the dear little fellow tried hard to obey. Will Funk, the only grown young man in the group, often got disgusted traveling through the stretches of sand and poor pioneer roads, creeping along at a snail's pace, up mountain sides when his young blood was boiling and his youthful spirit urging him to rush on. He was like a war horse tied in its stall, and often when he, like the rest of us had to stand around waiting for the teams to rest, he often declared that he would commit suicide before he would travel over that road again. But the small children all seemed to enjoy it. Little Walter Funk and my Lottie had a grand time playing together. They were like caged birds just set free. They got so tired sitting cramped up in the loaded wagons and the horses just moping along.

As we drew nearer to Hatch's Ranch we could see the house for quite a long distance. It was built on the hillside with many evergreens on the mountainside as a background. The evergreens came trailing down on either side to the bottom of the mountain where the immense cattle corrals nestled against an almost perpendicular hill on the west side. In fact the great corrals were built against the hill's perpendicular wall.

The cowboys of the ranch were having a roundup. I had never seen cowboys before, and shivers ran down my back for fear we would be murdered before morning, but they surprised me. They told our men where to take the horses so they could have good grass to feed on during the night. They had just killed a beef and told our company to take all of it except one hind quarter.

Mr. and Mrs. Hatch were from the east there looking over their property. Mrs. Hatch, a very refined lady, came and visited with us awhile, she said their cattle men were very fine fellows.

The next day two desperado cowboys passed us on the highway. They were carrying a loaf of bread and eating as they went. They had gone to a resort in the mountains a few miles from the highway, had drunk liquor and had begun shooting out the lights in the houses through the windows the night before. [Page 83]

Shortly after they passed us, two officers came along looking for them.

We arrived at the foot of Blue Mountain on Sunday morning. And when we came to Peter's Hill it was so steep that we all got out of the wagons and walked up. The following poem tells how we spent the day.

*Sunday morn we climbed up Peter's Hill  
And of nice fresh water had our fill  
Which to us was a treat most grand  
After traveling for days through scorching sand.*

*We cooked and feasted for an hour or two  
As travelers at camp usually do.  
That afternoon I'll remember long  
Spent at Blue Mountain in San Juan.*

*An Indian with his two wives came and asked  
for food.  
I gave them sweetsoup, he said, "wino,  
good."*

*T'was in a grassy dale we stopped that day,  
The children had a fine time at play.  
They ran to and fro in frolicksome glee  
Like caged birds just set free.*

*Pie, cake, pudding and bread was made  
By the womanfolk, while the children played.  
Bishop Paul, and Counciler Bent  
At a game of checkers were content.  
While Bishop Marques Funk repaired the  
shoes  
On the ponies he next day would use.*

*At the close of this the Sabbath day  
All hands were happy, glad, and gay  
As round the campfire we drew near  
A genuine song service to hear.  
Which was rendered so complete  
It was indeed a campfire treat.  
A group of cowboys drew near  
On knee and hand  
To listen to the songs of that Mormon band.  
  
At a late hour we retired to rest  
Feeling that all had been greatly blessed.*

Our travels took us through southeastern Utah, into northern New Mexico, and back into Colorado.

While in San Juan Co., my husband and Paul Poulsen decided to travel on ahead of the rest of the company on account of my condition. [Page 84]

One night we came to a group of watering troughs one placed just above another, and placed just so the seepage from one would go into the one just below, so that not a drop of water should be wasted.

We made our bed on the ground, and next morning discovered that our bed was just between two graves, but we had slept well nevertheless.

All the men that we saw in that part of the country were heavily armed, and some of the ranchers came to our camp and talked to us during the noon hour or evening when we stopped near their ranch. And some of them were at sword points with their neighbor, and swore that they would kill them at first sight. It was so different from our dear old Utah, and our people, that I could not understand how people could feel that way toward each other.

When we came to the Mancus River there was a horseman in the stream letting his horse drink, and immediately I discovered that he was unarmed. I called my husband's attention to it, and he said to the man, "You are a Mormon." The man replied, "Yes, and you fellows are Mormons too". My husband said, "How do you know?" He said, "I can always tell um."

We traveled on past Mancus and Durango, over the Conejos Range of mountains on a narrow gage road not wide enough for our Utah wide track wagons. The journey was a hard one for me. On one occasion when we were on the mountain top I was so tired I could hardly endure it. Mr. Poulsen came over to our wagon and arranged the load so it would be more comfortable for me in the wagon.

As we came off the high range of mountains and were nearing Conejos it was Sunday afternoon and the Mexican people were coming from their church in town and going to their villages and ranches.

For miles we kept meeting them in groups. The women all wore a shawl of some kind over their heads, though the sun was almost unbearably hot. Their head coverings were all the way from the finest embroidered silk shawls, to a common hand towel, and their complexions all shades from blue eyes and red hair to black hair and eyes.

#### Life in Sanford, San Luis Valley, Colorado

We went into San Luis Valley, and rented a house from a Mr. Carter, and lived in Sanford for a year. [Page 85]

My son, Enoch, was born 22 August, 1889, and at his birth I nearly lost my life. He weighed 14 pounds at birth. On the fifth day I had a bad fever. A woman by name of Bertelsen was the midwife and at her home there was a child sick with typhoid fever. She called on the third day, and we were afraid to have her come again on account of the sickness in her own home.

When I took such a fever I got my husband to make me some hop tea, and put that and quinine on a table by the side of the bed, with a glass and spoon, and a pitcher of water. And having no doctor or nurse I dosed the quinine and hops out to suit myself. My husband administered to me and I got better.

A part of the time while I was in bed we had no woman to help us. A neighbor lady, Sarah Jane Crowder Johnson, who was very sweet and kind, came and washed the baby, and brought me cornmeal gruel, which had a very fine flavor.

The day I was confined there were present beside my husband, Julia Ann Johnsen, Sister Libbie Snelling, and a Sister Hosteeder. I was so very sick before baby came that it seemed like I would die. There was a special meeting in town. Dr. Maggie Ship and a number of church authorities were there, and I begged my husband to send for Dr. Ship. The midwife was cross, she thought I was making more fuss than was necessary. She did not realize how very ill I was. One lady, the one that I do not remember her name, fainted because she thought I was dying, and Sister Snelling ran all the way to the meeting house which was several blocks away, and with one slipper on, and one stocking foot. When she got there she saw a man outside and told him to go in and tell the bishop to send two of the best men in town to our home to administer to me.

Bro. George Casto and another elder came, and when they saw how sick I was, they anointed my head and never ceased to pray for me until baby was born.

When the midwife saw baby she said she knew he was a big fellow, but if she had known he was so large, she would not have had any hopes for me.

She said she had been a midwife for 26 years, but had never seen such a large baby. I was crossways on the bed when baby came and could not be moved nor changed for 24 hours. [Page 86]

Sister Julia Ann Johnsen was a delicate woman and from her anxiety and worry at my home on that occasion she was sick abed for nearly two weeks.

We had a girl from the south working for us for about eight days, and when Sister Johnson came to see how we were, the doctor from Lahara came to get the girl to work at his home. I said I simply could not get along without her, but when the girl went out, Sister Johnson said if you could see how your work is being done you would be glad to get rid of her.

When baby was three days old our southern girl took the children when I was asleep and went to her home some distance away. I awoke when a terrific wind from the west blew our west door open. My bed was just in the path of the wind. Everything in the room was waving in the air. Things that were not fast were blowing in all directions. A heavy carpet was going in waves a foot and a half high. The curtain around my bed was against the ceiling. I called and called, but receiving no answer, I pulled the bed covers over mine and baby's heads, and waited in awful suspense until the girl came back, which was not in a hurry.

When baby was ten days old I had been so weak and poorly I had not even been bolstered up in bed. Baby had not been washed for two days. He was thoroughly soaked through. I slept on a fine old fashioned bed with a rope cord. The cord on my bed broke and let the bed and me in a heap on the floor. We had no girl, so my husband said he would fix the rocking chair and I could get out and he would fix the bed. I was very weak and dizzy.

When the bed was in order he said he would bring water and baby's clothes and I must try and wash the baby as we had no money to pay for help, and he did not like to ask the neighbor lady to do it without pay. Well I managed somehow to get it done, and tended baby every day after that, though so

weak I trembled and perspired through each ordeal.

My little Bent F. and Ida were just wonderful. B. F. mopped the floor, carried the chopped wood from the wood pile, tried to sweep the floor and help put the house in order, and do all the things he possibly could to make mamma happy. And Ida, the sweet little soul, with a goods box for table, washed all the dishes, and did them beautifully, although she was only between five and six years of age.

And when they saw mamma's sincere appreciation they just beamed with happiness. [Page 87]

My husband was cook for a week or two, and the children were such helpers. I tried to be careful, but I went beyond my strength, and never regained my health again until after I came home to Utah.

When baby was perhaps two and a half weeks old my husband went onto the mountain to try to find work. He thought he would be gone just overnight, but an awful blizzard came on and he was obliged to stay at a saw mill, and did not return for three days. The blizzard was a fierce one. Our anxiety can scarcely be imagined. We didn't know what had become of him, and we couldn't get away from the house.

There was very little work to be found there for me. New land did not produce well, and the men who went out there to make their fortunes were glad to get enough money to get them back to Utah.

We were living there for one year. We got a lot in Sanford and my husband built a fine log stable and a one room log house. We had to move into the house before the chinking, plaster, and whitewash were dry. I slept next to the damp wall the first night after we moved in, and had a terrific spell of neuralgia and toothache for a month. Then Apostle Francis Marion Lyman administered to me and I was instantly relieved, and had no more neuralgia for some years.

My son, B. F. Larsen, was baptized at Sanford.

While at Sanford there were four Monroe boys working there for Jim Warnock, who resided there, but was formerly from Monroe. The boys were as follows: William Warnock, Jim's brother, Louis Magleby, Lorenzo Farmer, and Robert Johnson. They came to our house just like it was their own home. They brought their letters for me to read, even their love letters, and they seemed just like my own brothers.

While I was still in bed with baby, Charles Harris came there with a second wife, Lizzie. He was afraid of being arrested, and said his second wife was his daughter. He was very affectionate to Lizzie. They stayed at our house all day, and toward evening while he was talking to my husband, both standing near the door, my Lottie, who was not quite three years old, went and stood right in front of Bro. Harris and looking up into his face said about three or four times, "Oh Brother Harris, Brother Harris." Finally he said, "What?" Then she said, "Are you married?" He said, "Who should [Page 88] I be married to?" and she pointed to Lizzie and said, "Why that little girl over there."

They came to our home very often, as long as we remained there, and stayed many afternoons, and had dinner each time before leaving. He was a bald headed man. He was not very fond of work so they had plenty of time to visit. He had a grown son, Eugene, who worked at a sawmill to support them.

One evening while they were at the dinner table Lottie stood on a chair and looked at his bald head and then at her daddy. She rubbed her head with her hand and said, "No sir, no sir, he hasn't any hair on his head like my daddy has."

Twice during that year Lottie took sharp scissors and cut the hair from one side of her head so tight that her daddy could not shingle it as close, and once she put a long button hook up her nostril and gave it a jerk to get it

out. Blood streamed out which gave the rest of us quite a scare.

The children had such a fine time playing there. Bent was always daddy and Ida mamma, and Lottie the big girl.

Bent went to the mountains (woodpile) for logs, and got wood and poles to fence the farm, build the house and stables, and keep the home fires burning, while mamma (Ida) and the big girl, Lottie, cooked dainties and decorated the little house. Daddy Bent, often went to the field which was a few yards away and worked like a beaver, plowing the ground with the hoe, leveling it with the rake, laying it off and planting grain and vegetables, while the ladies of the house planted flowers and shrubs near the house.

Often they would come and take baby Enoch out, and have a real holiday playing with him. When he was old enough to put his weight on his feet Ida would put her hands under his armpits and walk him around and he loved this exercise so much that he often called, "Ida, Ida," when he was only nine months old. People coming to our home often said they never saw children play so congenially together before.

After leaving my home in Monroe we had to stay at home for fear some one would recognize us and then report our whereabouts and then U. S. marshals might arrest my husband for having two wives. I always loved Sunday School, so we had a little Sunday School at home and each one of us would take part, tell a little story or sing a little song. At Sanford the neighbor children found out about our [Page 89] little home meetings and asked permission to join us. We had them come in on Sunday evening so as not to interfere with any public gathering.

Often we had the house full of children, who kept perfect order, but who anxiously awaited their turn on the program. We continued having our little home meetings during our two years in exile, and when we returned home to Monroe the children loved them so much that we still continued to hold

them, and again the neighbor children were delighted to join us. Many pleasant, happy and profitable hours were spent in those little home meetings.

Before leaving Sanford money was very scarce, and work for men was impossible to get, so we economized in order to get away from there. For six weeks we lived on eight dollars, that paid for our food which consisted mostly of bread, bacon, potatoes, turnips, a little meat, sugar and rice, etc. Also for the coal oil our lamps, and soap for toilet, and laundry. I also bought an apron or two for the little girls.

Pa was away working a part of that time to get enough money to travel to Durango, which was about 200 miles west.

I had some very fine neighbors in Sanford, Julia Ann and Sarah Jane Johnson, Elizabeth Lewelling, a Mrs. Carter, and Mrs. Brown, where the nearest neighbors with whom I was most closely associated. I learned to love some of them very much.

#### A Church-wide Fast with Prayer

While living in Sanford, Colorado, the President of our Church issued a Proclamation asking all church members to fast and pray and ask our Father in Heaven to remove the persecution from us. The U.S. Government had made a law against plural marriage, and nearly all of the authorities and many members of our church were living in that order of marriage, because they thoroughly believed that God had commanded it.

The officers of our government were hunting down every man who was living in that order of marriage and prosecuting them, and sending them to the pen. Unscrupulous scoundrels were acting as deputy sheriffs, and men and their plural wives went into hiding to keep out of their way. And the officers of the law were about to seize the temples. They said they would turn our temples into places of merchandise. [Page 90]

Our church had spent thousands of dollars trying to test the law which was made against plural marriage to see if it was constitutional and to protect our church property which was being seized and taken away from us.

So great was our persecution that every man, woman, and child was asked to fast for 24 hours commencing at sunset Saturday evening and continuing until Sunday night at sundown. We were instructed to neither eat nor drink during that time, and were to pray earnestly for help from the Lord. We were to keep our tempers and not scold a child, but have perfect peace in our homes. In our home we kept it strictly.

There were public prayer meetings in every ward in the church. The people humbled themselves before the Lord and sought him earnestly, especially those who were suffering persecution. Our hearts were tried to the utmost, and during that awful trying time when our hearts were wrung with grief, I wrote the following:

#### Freedom

Proud America blush with shame,  
Disgrace is shadowing thy fame,  
Innocent men in fettered hells are found  
In Utah, and the adjoining country around.  
Not only men, but women too  
Are imprisoned for proving true  
To their sacred covenants, and their God  
Who cower not, 'neath the chastening rod.  
Faithful husbands are torn from loving wives  
Officials laugh at children's cries  
As an affectionate father is torn away,  
Doomed in the pen for months to stay.  
To dwell with convicts of the blackest type  
Who in deeds of crime are fully ripe.  
Oh, America, where is thy pride,  
That liberty for which our fathers died,  
That freedom for which their blood did flow  
Little more than a century ago?  
They gave their lives, their blood did flow  
In summer's heat, in winter's snow,  
That they to us might guarantee  
That precious boon, sweet liberty.  
A century now has passed and gone

Since liberty was won. [Page 91]  
The Stars and Stripes have proudly waved  
Waved proudly 'neath the sun.  
Have bid the refugees of earth  
The exiles from all lands, to come,  
And drink at freedom's fountain,  
On freedom's soil stand.  
Have promised ail the sacred rights  
That mortal man could ask,  
That we, in freedom's perfect sun  
Forever more might bask.  
T'is passed, the tyrants hand is raised,  
We feel oppression's power.  
The faithful servants of our God  
Are hunted every hour  
Take down the dear flag that proudly waves  
For liberty has fled,  
And freedom 'neath the dreadful stroke  
Seems lifeless, cold, and dead.  
Or let it wave at scarce half mast  
'Till innocent men are free  
And the faithful servants of Israel's God  
Enjoy their liberty.

Lorena E. W. Larsen  
Monroe, Utah, 1887

The authorities of our church worked hard, both through courts and otherwise, spending thousands of dollars, to legalize the holding of church property and get back that which had been taken from us, and keep our temples from going into the hands of the receivers. And God blessed their efforts, and finally the dark clouds began to lift.

Again, our church President proclaimed a 24 hour fast asking the whole church to fast, pray, and give thanks to our Father in Heaven for the dawn of peace which was appearing.

The fast day was held and we surely had a time of rejoicing.

In our traveling about to keep out of the way of U.S. Marshals, our son Bent Franklin had no opportunity of attending school until we were living in Sanford. And I had no school books with me, so I took the Bible, the dictionary or a newspaper, or anything which contained reading matter which was available and taught him small words. When he finally

started to school the teacher put him in the chart class, but to her surprise he read it right off, and was promoted to the first reader immediately. [Page 92]

For the Mrs. Carter who owned the home which we rented when we first came to Sanford, Colorado, we, the neighbors, had some sewing bees. We made her some dresses, aprons, and other things.

Mrs. Hans Brown, the Danish lady who lived just across the street west, and whose husband had taken up a new farm on the west side of the mountain from Pueblo, was among the group sewing until mid afternoon, when she suddenly jumped up and said, "Oh good vomans, dar is myn Hans, I skall haf to run home, he ish not worry strong. I skall haf to fex up hes tings, befor he go to de farm. He skal stay two or tre day, maby von veek, and ven he ish away, I can do nothings vor heim. Myn dear Hans, I must run." And while she talked she ran around the room trying to find her needle, thimble, and scissors.

Her grown daughter Taah, was a great hand to borrow things from the neighbors, and seldom returned them, and when asked about them she would say, "Oh, I was just going to bring them to you."

When I lived at the Carter house she borrowed our flat irons every week. We had three new ones. After we moved to our new home one iron was missing. Months passed and I supposed we must have lost the iron in moving. One day the children were playing at Browns, and B. F. came running home and said, Oh, Mamma, I know where your iron is, it's to Brown's, I just saw it there. I told him to go back and ask Taah if I could please get my iron. And when he asked her she smilingly said, "Oh, I was just going to bring it home."

She was in love with Robert Johnson one of our Monroe boys whom I have previously mentioned. One evening our Monroe boys came to town from their ditch work 20 miles away. Always after corning to town they would rush to our house, riding as fast as their

horses could run, and giving a few Indian war whoops as they came, to let me know they were coming. They would then proceed to tell me all the news from home, or give me their letters to read, then rush back to Jim Warnock's for dinner, and get from his store supplies for the coming week or weeks as the case may be. One evening Taah was watching for their coming, and went immediately to the store to meet them. When the boys came in she was doing some shopping. Will Warnock stepped over to her and in a low tone said, "Taah do you know that today is Rob's birthday?" Taah thanked him, and proceeded to buy several quite expensive gifts for him, and in presenting them she said, "Oh, Rob why didn't you tell me before [Page 93] about your birthday." The boys came back to tell me what a joke they played on Taah.

There were some quite exciting stories going around town about men trying to get into homes. And as my husband was away every time he could get a chance to find work, and no substantial lock on the door, I took the ax in one night for protection, but I was much more frightened with the ax than without it, so it remained outside thereafter concealed under a stick of wood.

We investigated one of the most exciting stories which was going the rounds. It was reported that a black man came to the Casto's home after midnight, and stealthily tried to get in at every door and window in the house. After trying in vain for hours, he finally left. We made close inquiries about the date of this happening and it coincided with the date that my husband went there late in the night to get brother Casto to go with him to administer to the sick.

My husband had knocked at every door, and finally went to the bed-room window, knocked several times on it calling brother Casto all the while. Finally when he got no response, though he knocked and called loud enough to waken the neighbors he went away. Well I decided that if all the reports were like

that one, that I and the children were perfectly safe whether my husband was there or not.

At the time we lived in Sanford there were but a very few men who administered to the sick. I don't know of any beside my husband, Hans Brown, Brother Casto and the bishop, "Bishop Bertelsen." There may have been a few others.

Before our Mormon people went there, there were a few rich ranchers in the southern part of the valley. Mr. Eskerige was one of them. He owned a lovely home and large farm on the west side of the valley, which was irrigated from large flowing wells.

Conejos, an old Mexican town, was the county seat of Conejos County. Lahara was the large railroad station a few miles west of Sanford. Manassa was six miles south and a little west and the almost abandoned town of Ephraim was between Sanford and Lahara. Alamosa was 20 miles north. San Luis Valley is supposed to be 100 miles long by about 30 miles wide.

Among the first Mormon settlers there were quite a group of young Mormon boys who had taken little interest in church activities in their homes in Utah, but were full of adventure and went there to get rich, -- Quite a large part of the population were Mormon converts from the southern states, who had but little experience in the church. [Page 94] They, after coming to Sanford, were sometimes so badly tried with those young indifferent fellows that they returned to their homes in the south.

Bro. Birk our neighbor, and ward teacher, told us that he took his family and went back twice, and was packed up the third time to go just because those young fellows seemed so irreligious and indifferent. He said that he was so tried that he disposed of what property he had in Sanford, and had packed everything ready for going to his southern home next morning. He had a wife and two children. In the afternoon baby went to sleep normally and the mother laid her on the bed on the floor. In three hours they found her dead. He

said when he looked at his dead child he knew it was his punishment for his lack of faith in his God. He said, why all those people he had been so tried with, whom he had considered good-for-nothings, without human sympathy, rushed to his aid, overflowing with love and sympathy, and that his own kinsfolks wouldn't have been so kind. From that hour he loved them, and the Lord, and the Gospel as he had never loved them before, and had worked in the church ever since, with such joy and happiness as he had never known before.

One family told my husband about their conversion. It was about the time when the Mormons were so badly persecuted in the Southern States. There came a man into the town where this family lived, who called himself Robert Edge. He began holding street meetings. He taught the Gospel, the same as the Mormons, but the people of this locality knew nothing about the Mormons, nor the name Mormon was never mentioned by him. He held street and cottage meetings for some time, and had a large group of people converted.

They wanted him to baptize them, but he said he could not. They very much wanted to be baptized and asked him what they should do. He said, "There will come someone from the west who will baptize you."

This Sanford lady said that he often came to their home, that he often shook hands with her, and would say, "Does my hand feel like a natural hand?" She would say, "Yes, only it's much cooler." She said she never saw him come, nor go. He would just be there.

One day he came and said he couldn't stay any longer, that there were other people he had to visit, and asked if their son could take their carriage or light wagon and take him about 15 miles out in the country that evening. There was to be a cottage meeting that evening. And as their son and this man drove into the country, he told the boy just what was happening at the meeting. A mob gathered [Page 95] and tried to break up the

meeting and the whole scene was told to the boy as they traveled along. No one suspected that he was a mysterious person until after that meeting.

The whole group of people waited for baptism. They finally heard of a Mormon missionary baptizing the people quite a distance away. They sent for him to come and baptize them, but he supposed it was a plot to get him there and murder them, and he refused. Then they sent messengers to him to assure him that they were sincere. He came and they were baptized.

I may be mistaken, but I believe the Mormon missionary was either Thompson Lisonbee, our former Monroe bishop, or Franklin Spencer, our Sevier Co. President.

I had heard some thing about it, before it was related to my husband in Colorado.

We left Sanford May, 1890 soon after our son, Bent's, baptism May 10, 1890.

While living in Sanford, cottage meetings were held at the homes of the people. One evening at a testimony meeting I got up and bore my testimony. After meeting, some of the ladies said they believed I was the first woman in town who had ever spoken in a public meeting.

#### We Move to Durango, Colorado, and Live at Lightening Creek

I was quite ill with cramps on our way from Sanford to Durango. We traveled in company with two Hostedar boys who had recently been to the Manti Temple and married two sisters by the name of Martensen – Emma and Rigley. There was also an Englishman, an old bachelor of a not too good a reputation. His name was Fred -----.

It took us some days to travel that 200 miles from Sanford to Durango. When we got there they all went to work on the new railroad grade, an extension from Durango west. We pitched our tent near the camp of 200 men who were working on that same road. Emma Hostedar and her husband

pitched theirs about 100 yards from ours under a great pine tree.

One day just after dinner when the men had all returned to work, an awful electrical storm came; the thunder was almost [Page 96] deafening, and lightning flashed in all directions. Emma ran over to my tent crying, I walked back and forth on the tent floor wringing my hands saying over and over again, "Oh Lord save us." I kept this up. Emma laughed, then cried, and kept on laughing and crying. I stopped suddenly and said, "How can you laugh and cry at the same time?" She said, "Your behavior is so amusing and this storm so terrifying I just can't help it." I stepped to the tent door, just in time to see the lightning strike a great pine tree, a short distance away, about one-third distance from the top, which crashed to the ground, while the trunk was split in two pieces.

The railroad grading was too hard for our teams. The company had a boss who carried a great whip, and as the teams passed they felt its force. My husband could not stand that so he secured a job farther down the canyon, about five miles from Durango hauling coal from the mine and delivering it in town. Chester Hosteader got a job hauling ties.

The other brother, Nephi Hosteader got a job near the mine and lived near us the rest of the summer. A Mr. Erickson, a Mormon, also had his tent near ours.

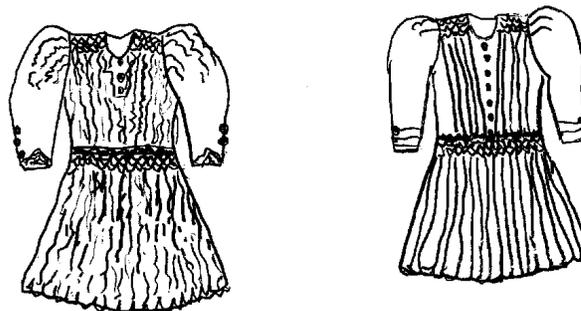
The railroad company had built a double grade beside our tent. The highway was just beyond the double grade and next to a high mountain. The coal mine was about a quarter of a mile below our tent, and they were building a grade on the side of the mountain above our tent, to the mouth of the mine, and on that grade they were blasting several times a day, and we had to be on the look-out and when the signal was given, I had to take the children and run and hide behind piles of ties, while the shower of rocks from the blast passed over our heads.

The children had a great time that summer digging tunnels, and building little railroads just back of our tent. There were hundreds of men working around us every day. One day little Ida was very ill, and the noise of the workmen was terrific. Ida said many times that day, "Oh mamma, do tell them to please keep still."

There were two other men who hauled coal to town and they wanted to have their noon meal at our house, or tent, so I tried it for a month but there was nothing gained, so I quit.

The bakers and bosses at the R. R. Camp begged me to do a little washing for them. They changed underwear several times a week, and I charged them from 10¢ to 15¢ for each article, though [Page 97] most of them were scarcely soiled, and I soon had quite a few dollars piled up, and during September my husband suggested that I buy with my money winter clothes for the little girls and myself, and he would buy for himself and little B. F. So B. F. got a new suit (his first boughten suit), a coat with two pairs of pants, shoes and other things; while I and the girls got beautiful wine colored flannel for dresses and material for wraps, underclothing and shoes.

I made those little dresses something like this: Honey-combed shoulders and skirt.



The mine was on the left side of the canyon going toward Durango, about five miles from town. It was up from the canyon floor about 125 feet. The great tunnel ran straight through the mountain with continuous rooms on either side. Then on the opposite side of the mountain the cars went

over trussel works which bridged a canyon and then into another tunnel straight into the next mountain.

The mine was closed for a while during the time we were there and a notice was posted up that visitors were not allowed, but the mine boss who had a lovely home down the canyon, had no children, and took such a liking to our Lottie he told her she could have a pass for our family any time she liked.

One day when we visited the mine, the workmen had come to a petrified pole while raising the roof of the tunnel, and were carefully trying to take the pole out whole. The tunnel was 1900 feet straight through the first mountain, and when you were half way through you could see light at either end about the size of a pin head. [Page 98]

There was a large mine hotel, and a separate large sleeping house for the miners on the mountain side, on the opposite side of the canyon from the mine.

The lady who ran the boarding house was extremely kind to us. She often came to see us and whenever the miners wives came on a visit she brought them down to see our little family. She was so thoughtful of the children. They had two fine Holstein cows, but bought canned milk for most of her cooking; several times each week she brought fresh milk and said "these little ones must have fresh milk."

We were surrounded with a conglomerate mass of humanity. When we first came there my husband told me to cover our garments whenever I hung them to dry, and we would say nothing about being Mormons. We followed that advice but in a very short time every body knew we were Mormons.

The horses got distemper, and one Sunday afternoon my husband brought the horses to the tent door, put their blankets over their heads, took a shovel of coals and poured some kind of horse medicine on the coals and asked me to hold the shove while he held the horses, to let them inhale the fumes. Men

were leisurely strolling around, and before we were aware, quite a group had assembled on the highway 100 yards away. They were looking straight at us. One man asked "What on earth are they doing?" Another man said, "It's some Mormon charm they are working."

After meals when my husband went to the coal shoot to get his wagon he often put the children on the horse's backs and let them ride. I walked along to bring them back. One gruff old fellow working nearby sometimes said, "Governor, I would hate to be you and have a bunch of kids to bother with."

There was a Mormon man by name of Erikson lived in his tent not far away. One day when I was crocheting I got up to do something, when Baby Enoch who was on the bed where I laid my croquet work, he got hold of the hook, and stuck it in his eye. There were a few threads of wool from the quilt which were still in his eye ball; when I pulled it out a little blood oozed out. I sure was frightened. I ran with baby to Mr. Erickson's tent to see if he could tell me anything to do. He said, "Just be calm, I think it will be all right."

While I was crocheting little Ida begged me to let her try. She was between 5 and 6 years of age, yet that sweet little soul crocheted a nice edge on underslips for herself and Lottie and one for me. [Page 99]

I had always thought that polygamous wives had great trials but I found that their trials were not be be compared with the trials of women whose husbands were untrue to them. One of the miner's wives while wringing her hands and crying told me her life's story.

She had come to stay with her husband and they had a large lovely tent, and furniture too. She told me to come and use her machine when ever I had sewing to do. She was a native of Iceland a very fine woman. One day when I came over to sew, I found her lying on the bed, she seemed to be in great agony. I asked if she was ill. She said, "Oh no, good lady." I sat down to sew. She

seemed convulsed with pain. I went to her and asked if there was anything I could do for her. She said, "No." She groaned, got up, wrung her hands, cried, lay down again and groaned. I put my arms around her and said, "Oh please let me help you." Then she asked "Does your husband drink?" I told her no. She said, "Then you don't know what I suffer today." She said, "My Freddy got his month's pay last night, and he has gone to town. And oh, good lady, I don't know when he will come back, nor where he will go while he is away."

She said she had married Freddy because she loved him so. They went to New Mexico and went into the hotel business, made lots of money every month, but Freddy spent it all in bad ways. They sold their hotel, and tried other things, but the money went the same way. Finally they came here, she hoping things would be better but now Freddy was in town, perhaps intoxicated, and the town was full of corruption. The largest house in town was the gathering place and dancing quarters of bad people, and Freddy was liable to be there.

This time Freddy returned earlier than usual, and her happiness knew no bounds.

The evening after Freddy returned, my husband and I went over to their tent on an errand. Freddy offered my husband a drink; my husband said, "Thank you, I never drink." Then she passed him a box of cigars. My husband said again, "Thank you. I never smoke." They were both astonished. She put her arms around her husband and said, "Oh Freddy, Freddy, just look at this man who neither smokes nor drinks."

#### Blue jay

During our stay at Lightning Creek, as the canyon was called on account of the fierce electrical storms which often passed over the place, Nephi Hosteader was sometimes out of work, and on such [Page 100] occasions he would take little Bent F. with him trapping small animals up and down the great wash which ran the full length of the canyon and

carried off the flood waters when the storms came. He also shot birds, bluejays, very often. A taxidermist lived near and the bluejays were so pretty, and I was wishing I could have one stuffed so I could take it home to Utah with me. So he taught me how it was done. Nephi carefully killed one for me, and though I had no chemicals, I proceeded without them and stuffed my bluejay, and brought it home to Utah and kept it for a long time.

#### Bears

One day over the mountain from our tent, a mother grizzly bear attacked a man, knocked him down and began chewing his arm. The man fainted. And when he came to the bear was a short distance away going in the opposite direction where she had left her cubs. The man dared not move until the bear went out of sight. Then he crawled for some distance, and as his strength returned sufficiently he arose and went as rapidly as possible to the tie camp. Men rushed to the place where the bear attacked. There was the bear with her cubs.

They were soon dispatched and the man taken to the hospital.

Another morning as the men went down the grade half mile from our camp they met a grizzly coming up the canyon. They ran back for guns, but when they went back Mr. Grizzly had disappeared.

There was a U. S. Soldier fort, about eight miles from our camp. Every night and morning we could hear the bugle call.

Each month a group of soldiers with their officer came down the canyon past our tents on their way to Durango to escort the pay car to their camp, and as they neared our tents the bugler would play a tune. The officer gave commands and the group of soldiers would go through some fine maneuvers, some fancy military stunts for our benefit. It was surely interesting. In this fort the U. S. troops were exchanged while we were there. They were

sent to the East, and a group from Brooklyn, New York, were brought to their fort.

This company came marching right by our tent on the railroad grade, four abreast. Baby Enoch was playing near the tent door and as the great group was passing I heard some one talking in very [Page 101] gentle tones to baby. I came immediately to the tent door, and there was a trouper on one knee beside my baby, talking in such loving tones to the little tot that it was quite touching. On seeing me he arose and bowed saying, "How do you do, Mother." As the last of them passed I came out and watched them marching down the grade, and thought it was a very pathetic sight. I thought if I had a son in a group like that marching off to war it would almost, if not quite, break my heart.

In a few days the Brooklyn group came by. We had a feed box for the horses' grain about 20 feet from the tent door, the box was securely nailed onto two posts which were set in the ground, and the box was just high enough so the horses heads came even with the box. When the horses were away, dozens of chipmunks, little ground animals, ran up and down those posts filling their pockets with grain.

When the Brooklyn group came, the ladies, I suppose they were officers wives, came in carriages and when they came even with the feed box they stopped, saying, "Oh look, see those funny little animals. Oh just look, I never saw anything like that in my life. What are they, and what is that box up there for?" Oh said one, "That must be their hotel."

The body of troops soon came by, marching four abreast again. And as they were passing a shout went up, "We have got a new recruit! We have got a new recruit!" Men's laughter followed. I stepped out to see what it was all about, and there was my baby toddling right off among the men; he had gone at least 25 yards along-side of a big fellow, amid the shouts and laughter of all the men.

## We Leave Durango and Stay Until Spring at Huntington, Utah

### Important Events Enroute

In October 1890, I and my husband and our children left Durango, Colorado and started for Utah. When we got to Mancus we stayed all night with John R. Young and his third wife, Tamer Black Young, who was my niece, and Lydia Knight Young, his second wife.

After dinner that evening Mr. Young opened his newspaper to the Conference news, and there was the Manifesto which had been given in Conference by President Woodruff. We were all greatly astonished, and we discussed it for some time. I could not believe that the authorities of the church had given up plural marriage, it had [Page 102] been called the crowning principle of the gospel. And it had been such a sacrifice on the part of many young women to go into that order of marriage, but they did it because it was taught that it was the only way that a person could get to the highest degree of the Celestial Kingdom of God.

John R. Young said, "If it is really true and we are going to have such a whip lashing, I am going to get away as far as possible from the end of the lash. I am going to Old Mexico," he said.

### Indians on the Warpath

At Mancus we were warned that the Indians in the neighborhood of Bluff and the blue mountains, in the southeast corner of Utah were on the warpath, and it was unsafe to travel through that section.

October was here, and my husband felt that he must get home before winter set in. There was no one to get the winter's wood for his family at home until he arrived. And he also wanted to go to Salt Lake for a new wagon and other things before the weather was too severe. So he said maybe the Indian reports were exaggerated, and so we traveled on. I was worried, day after day, but said nothing, because the children would be

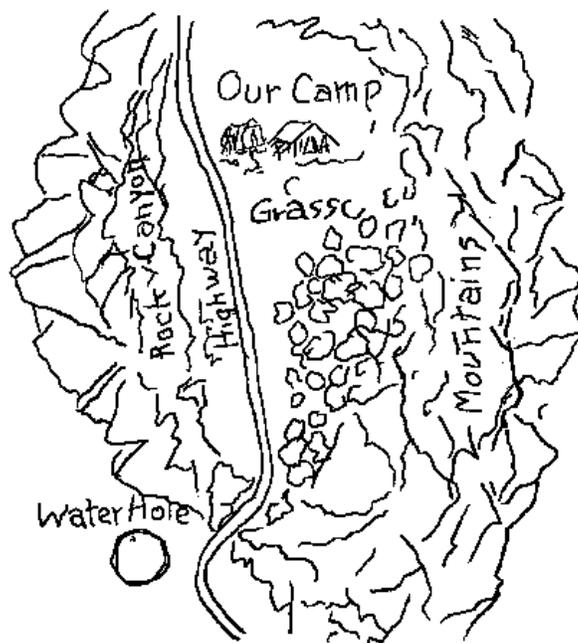
disturbed and unhappy if they knew I was worrying about Indians.

One morning after passing Blue Mountain we met the Stake President of San Juan County returning from Conference. We talked to him for a few moments when he asked, "Where did the Indians camp last night?" We told him we had seen no Indians. He said, "There is a large company just ahead of you, and they must have camped somewhere near you last night." He said, "They may be going to some hunting ground to get supplies for the winter. The Indians hereabouts have been a bit uneasy of late, but they may have calmed down. I think you will get through all right," he said.

About the second day after meeting him we came to the head of what we called Rock Canyon, a great gorge of almost solid rock near the southern end of which and at the opposite side of the road was a deep solid rock water hole perhaps 60 or more feet deep, where travelers drew water for themselves, their teams, and filled their large barrels to supply them while traveling on the sandy plains beyond.

I have seen 12 large barrels filled, after 12 teams had been watered, and the men said the water had not been diminished in the [Page 103] least. I have thought that perhaps there was a spring in that hole, but I do not know.

We came to this place in the afternoon, filled our barrel, and crossed the rock canyon which was crossed something after this fashion on layers of rocks. The mountain and the rock canyon were about like this.



In camping each night we put up our tent and set up a small sheet iron stove, took our bedding out and slept in the tent. This night when we came to the grass my husband said, "Here is a fine place to camp, plenty of grass."

Just as he had set up the tent and was taking the other things from the wagon, a group of surly looking Indian men passed, going south. At the sight of them I felt very much afraid, we a lone family in the mountains with no human habitation near, and my husband without a thing to protect us, not even a good pocket knife. I plead with him to travel on to Moab which was about a day's travel from our camp. He said it was impossible as beyond the point of the [Page 104] mountain just ahead of us, he would be obliged to make two trips up the steep mountain side. He could not take us and the luggage up at the same time. We would have to stay at the foot of the mountain while he took the luggage up, or he would have to unload the wagon, and leave everything at the bottom, while he took us up, and then we would have to remain there alone while he made the return trip for the load.

He said, "Now I will tell you what I will do. I will not tie the horses to the back of the wagon, as I usually do. I will put the hobbles

and the bell on them, and turn them loose on the grass. Then if those Indians want our horses they won't have to murder us to get them."

I made the children's bed that night in the middle of the tent, and ours at the side. My husband lay by the side of the tent, and I next to the children. Sometime after midnight I awoke. I put my arm over to my husband's side of the bed, but he wasn't there. Then I felt all over the children's beds, they were all sound asleep. I raised the side of the tent to see if my husband could have just rolled out. No one was there, perfect silence reigned. I got up, went to the tent door, opened it slightly and put my face in the opening trying to solve the awful mystery of my husband's whereabouts, with a thousand fears racing through my mind.

It was a bright moonlight night. As I stood there a man came out of the cedars onto the highway. A perfect hurricane of thoughts rushed through my mind. I thought if that is my husband he will have shoes on. I will hear his footsteps, and he will come to the tent immediately, but if it's an Indian he may have moccasins on, and there will be no sound. The man was passing on the highway. Then the thought rushed into my mind, Oh they have carefully taken my husband from the side of the tent and murdered him, and that man is going to guard the narrow pass between the mountain point, and the rock canyon. And in an instant the Indians will rush to the tent and massacre me and the children. I gave an awful scream and the man stopped dead still. Then I heard, "Oh Lorena, what is it?" My husband rushed to the tent, and explained that he had awakened some time before and couldn't hear a sound of the horses' bells. He knew I would be afraid to stay alone while he went to investigate, so he rolled carefully outside the tent and put on his sox and trousers. He had left his shoes off so I would not, and so the Indians would not hear his footsteps while he investigated the whereabouts of his horses. He had been back quite a distance but had not seen nor heard

anything of either Indians or horses. When I screamed he was just going around the point of the mountain at the north to find out, if possible, if the horses had gone in that direction. [Page 105]

He said he was obliged to go and find what had become of the horses, that I must be brave and trust in the Lord for protection. He told me to listen carefully and when he found the horses, if the Indians didn't have them, he would ride them fast. Then when I caught a sound of the bells, and they were ringing fast I would know that he had them, and that he and they were all right.

He went, and I stood listening what seemed like ages. Finally I thought I caught the faint sound of bells. Presently, with my heart beating fast, I heard the bells distinctly, and knew my husband was safe. He had found the horses several miles back on the road.

#### At Moab

On our arrival at Moab we found several people there who were just returning from conference. My husband went out and talked with them about the Manifesto. They told him that it was a fact that that principle was dropped by the church. They said that the first presidency and the apostles were all united on it, and that it should be practiced no more.

My husband came to our tent and told me about it, and my feelings were past description. I had gone into that order of marriage solely for the purpose above mentioned and because I believed God had commanded his people to do so, and it had been such a sacrifice to enter it, and live it as I thought God wanted me to. And as I thought about it, it seemed impossible that the Lord would go back on a principle which had caused so much sacrifice, heartache, and trial before one could conquer one's carnal self, and live on that higher plane, and love one's neighbor as one's self. My husband walked out without saying a word, and as he walked away I thought, "Oh yes, it is easy for you,

you can go home to your other family and be happy with her, while I must be like Hagar, sent away.”

My anguish was inexpressible, and a dense darkness took hold of my mind. I thought that if the Lord and the church authorities had gone back on that principle, there was nothing to any part of the gospel. I fancied I could see myself and my children, and many other splendid women and their families turned adrift, and our only purpose in entering it, had been to more fully serve the Lord. I sank down on our bedding and wished in my anguish that the earth would open and take me and my children in. The darkness seemed impenetrable.

All at once I heard a voice and felt a most powerful presence.

The voice said, “Why this is no more unreasonable than the [Page 106] requirement the Lord made of Abraham when he commanded him to offer up his son Isaac, and when the Lord sees that you are willing to obey in all things the trial shall be removed.”

There was a light whose brightness cannot be described which filled my soul, and I was so filled with joy and peace, and happiness that I felt that no matter whatever should come to me in all my future life, I could never feel sad again. If the people of the whole world had been gathered together trying with all their power to comfort me, they could not compare with the powerful unseen Presence which came to me on that occasion.

And as soon as my husband came back I told him what a glorious presence had been there, and what I had heard. He said, “I knew that I could not say a word to comfort you, so I went to a patch of willows, and asked the Lord to send a comforter.”

In the trying years which followed, often a glimmer of that same light came to me again.

We came to Moab on our journey homeward and expected to stay there for a week and rest, but after staying one day in

which I baked many loaves of bread in the house near to where we had pitched our traveling tent, the lady of the house told me that her daughter was very ill. I asked what was the matter with her, and she said, “It is a dreadful sore throat.” After she described it to me I told her that her daughter had diphtheria. She said that a young man of the house had been away and came home with the same thing a short time before.

Now I had baked all that bread in that house in another room. But was I scared?

Next morning early, after my husband had been directed how to ford the Grand River, we started out and came to the river, but it looked unfordable to me. And I dared not try to cross it, we with a lone team and no one in sight. A man with two teams and two wagons had been carried down with the stream two weeks before.

My husband rode across on one of his horses and put his feet up high behind him on the horse’s back and his feet were wet with the water.

There was a large island in the river; the larger part of the river ran on the Moab side. We were directed to go part way across the first stream and then go upstream for some distance and then [Page 107] onto the island, and follow a road to the other part of the river. I tried to get my husband to go back to town and get someone who had had experience in crossing that dreadful river to come and pilot us across. He finally went back toward town and met five cowboys who came and rode on both sides of the wagon, the two on one side and three on the other. They said in case the wagon was swept down stream they would each rescue one of us. It seemed while we were crossing the first part of the river where the current was strong that we were being carried down stream. When we got to the other shore we pitched our tents and took a bath and hung all our quilts and the clothing that we had worn, in fact all the clothing except what we were wearing, and burned sulphur to disinfect them. We decided

we would watch ourselves carefully and we would say nothing about it unless some of us showed signs of ill health.

The next spring I read in the Deseret News about the epidemic of diphtheria which had been going in Moab for months and that scarcely a person in that town had escaped.

After leaving camp on Grand River, the day before, we arrived at Green River. While traveling close to the mountain we discovered an animal traveling just a short distance ahead of us. It looked a dark brown in color and I asked my husband if it was a stray dog. He examined the tracks and decided it was a mountain lion. At a turn in the mountain and in a patch of high brush it disappeared.

On account of the team we were obliged to stop where grass was plentiful. When we arrived at the place where the animal had disappeared, we found plenty of grass for the team, and my husband said we must stop there for the night. After dark the coyotes howled and kept it up until daylight. I was so frightened that night thinking of the animal which had disappeared there, and the coyotes all around us, that I had cramps all night and was thankful for daylight when it came, as I fully realized that a camp tent is small protection out in the wilds.

We forded the Green River a few miles upstream from the bridge. Traveling from Green River toward Price I had terrible cramps in my stomach, and my husband had to stop several times and heat water. I sipped the hot water and was relieved each time but not permanently. On one such occasion some section men were working near by, and insisted that we put a little of their brandy into the water.

Once we got onto the wrong road and my husband left the wagon and went to find out, if possible, if there was a short cut to the main [Page 108] highway. He went but a short distance until he came to the Big Spring Ranch. It was not in sight until we were right there. He made arrangements with the boss to stay there a few days and rest. There was a

tough looking group there then, both men and women, and when they found that I was ill they would not allow us to stay over night. The women came out to find out what was the matter, and one woman brought a bottle out and told me if I would just take the contents I would have no more cramps. I was very sick and my husband urged me to take the medicine which he pronounced was brandy and water. And as my cramps were almost unbearable, I drank a little, and as the cramps returned I drank a little more. They told us to follow a not often used road and that at a certain distance we would find a spring of good water and plenty of grass. When we arrived at the place I was easier, but when my husband helped me from the wagon I told him that the medicine must be poison as my mind was almost a blank. He told me not to worry it was just the effects of the brandy.

We arrived at Price next evening.

My husband had decided to leave me in Huntington until spring. He was going to rent a house there, but my brother Daniel would not hear of it. He said he had lumber and urged my husband to help him build a large room on the back of his house. I lived there that winter but had flu three times before spring. Daniel furnished us with milk, pork and wood, which was all brought into the house ready to use. He positively refused pay for it.

He was one of the kindest men besides my father and my sons that I have ever met.

#### We Return to Our Home in Monroe

In the spring, April of 1891, my husband sent for me to meet him in Manti, as he and Aunt Julia and nearly all of his mother's family were there working in the temple. It was the rainy season and the railroad had been damaged in places.

Daniel came in one morning and said, "Sister, I see that your children's shoes are in a bad condition and I know that with your pride it will be hard to travel on the train and not be embarrassed. You go down to the store

and ask them to let you have new shoes for the children, and let Bro. Larsen pay for them later. I was afraid that Bro. Larsen's money was scarce. I took some beautiful tidies down to the store and asked them to give me orders for enough tidies [Page 109] to cover the price of the children's shoes, and to let me have the shoes now, and make and send the tidies after I got home. They were perfectly willing. I got the shoes, and paid the bill with tidies which I made after I got home.

When I arrived at Manti at 2:00A.M. the children were all asleep and had been for hours. Bishop Reed of Manti, who had been my school teacher when I was a child, was glad to meet me again. He had helped me hold the children part of the way from Thistle. The roads were very dangerous to travel over on account of the storms, and in places the train barely moved, for fear of a wreck.

When we arrived at Manti I expected to meet my husband as he had sent for me to come on that train. But no husband was there. Bro. Reed helped me get the children into a cab, and I asked the driver to take me to Thomas Higgs' place. The snow was a few inches deep, and the cab driver said he would go to the door and announce my coming as I had a sleeping child in my arms. I had been off away from home for more than two years, three months, two weeks, and three days when I finally returned, and having different assumed names in different societies so that it would be more difficult for U.S. marshals to find me in case they wanted me as a witness against my husband if he happened to be arrested for having more wives than one. In Redmond I was Hannah Thompson and in Huntington I was Mary Peterson, and I had to address all my letters to my husband, and put on an extra envelope on the outside addressed to Sam Peterson of Elsinore. My husband went there for his letters from me.

Well when the cab driver asked what name to announce I didn't dare tell him my own name and the Higgses wouldn't know me by any other. So I said, "Say it is a lady

friend from Colorado." But they told him they had no room for strangers. He came to the cab and told me there was no use trying to stay there. I did not know where to find the Larsens. He said, "I will take you gladly to the hotel." Then I was compelled to tell him that I had just given him the last half dollar that I owned. He urged me to take it back but I would not. Then he took my sleeping baby and I got out of the cab and went to Sister Higgses' door and when she heard my voice she opened the door quickly and had me in her arms, with many an apology. She and her husband did too much to make us comfortable.

Next morning I went to the Temple Hotel where the Larsens were staying. I met Grandma Larsen and Aunt Maria Peterson at the gate. Then Grandma Larsen almost screamed, "Oh have you come back to put my boy in the pen?" Aunt Maria said, "Ingeberg, you must not talk like that." [Page 110]

I went up to the temple expecting to stay in the outer hall and tend the babies for some of those who were going through.

I told someone to tell Sister Minerva Snow that I was there. She came out quickly, put her arms around me, and told me to come in, but I told her I had just arrived in the night, and that I had no temple recommend with me. She went and told President Wells and he sent for me immediately to come to his office. He greeted me like a father would his child, and told me to go get temple clothes and go through the temple for the dead. I told him that I had no temple recommend. He said, "We will make that all right later." He also said, "Bring your children and visit me at the temple boarding house tonight." I did as he told me. When Aunt Julia heard that I with my children was to visit Brother Wells she wanted to go too. I told her all right.

When we arrived for the visit that evening, besides President Wells there was Bishop Farnsworth of Sanpete Co., and the lady who kept the hotel. Brother Wells asked me to sit by a table close to where he was

sitting and the children to come there also, while the others sat a distance away. He looked at my four fine children and said, "Sister Larsen, you are surely repaid in these fine children for any thing you have gone through in your life." I told him I surely was. Then he said, "You will be repaid just the same for those that are yet to come." I said, "Brother Wells, there can be no more because we have to obey the law." He said, "There is no law but the law of God for you." He then told me just how to live. He spoke low, and I don't think the others heard the conversation, but after he finished he said to Bishop Farnsworth and the others, "I have told Sister Larsen what I daren't tell anyone but the most faithful of the brethren, but I know Sister Larsen, and I knew her father before her."

This talk with Bro. Wells which was only a few weeks before he died, helped me bear up under the trials of the years which followed. If sometimes the load was too great, I went and talked with some of the other authorities. President Lund, on one occasion, when Floy was three months old, shed tears with me and told me to walk straight ahead amid the sneers and jeers of everybody. "You are all right, God bless you."

#### The Great Test, My Husband's Decision

After arriving at home the responsibility for the support of my family partly depended on me. I went to dressmaking, but on account of other dressmakers working so cheap, it didn't pay very [Page 111] well, and to keep the children in clothes and other things which called for money, it kept me working pretty hard.

My husband furnished bread, potatoes, wood, and hay for one cow, and sometimes a few other things.

My great trials came because the whole people felt that the Manifesto almost automatically divorced men and their plural wives, that their family ties, their marriage relations were dissolved, and my advice from

the highest sources was quite different, yet I could not explain to a living soul.

I was pregnant, but kept it a secret for months. My sister told me one day that a pregnant plural wife was equal to an adulterer. And two weeks before Floy was born, Mother came to see me and told me that my brother Parley was almost apostatizing on account of my condition. It was a terrible blow to be so misunderstood by my loved ones.

That evening my husband came about 10:00 P. M. to chop some wood for me, and he brought the deed to my lot, which had been at Aunt Julia's while we had been in Colorado. And after putting on one of my dress skirts, and a shawl around his shoulders, as was his custom when coming to cut wood, so that any passer by would think it was me cutting wood, he came in for a little talk.

For years during that polygamous persecution if our neighbors had seen him come to my home they would have reported to either spies or U. S. marshals; he never ate a meal in my house in Monroe for several years.

Well after the wood chopping that night I told him about Mother's visit, and what she had said. Then he told me he was of the same opinion as Mother, and that he and Brother Andelin, and Paul Poulsen of Richfield had had a consultation, and decided to take their first wives and live with them for this life, and the rest must keep themselves pure for them in Eternity.

I was almost struck dumb. He had repeatedly told me that although the whole world turned in the opposite direction, he would never forsake me. --- I had always had the utmost confidence in him, and sometimes when he seemed to be a bit partial in his family dealings, I thought it was just a slip of his judgement.

Well here I was expecting to be confined at any moment. I didn't know that I had an earthly friend now that my husband had

turned. [Page 112] God was my only friend, and only He knew what I suffered that night, as I wept and talked to my husband. We talked until the day was breaking, and he told me I had wept rivers of tears since he married me, but weeping didn't change his plans, but the dawn was here and he must go. I told him that if I didn't believe that he thought he was doing God's service, I could never forgive him.

After he left, I pled with the Lord to give me strength and wisdom. About sunrise I went crosslots to the stables on Aunt Julia's place where I found him feeding stock, and with dry eyes I told him that he had got to stand by me until baby was born, and then he could go where he wanted to go.

I had always felt that my husband loved his two wives as a mother loves her children, but since he had made a choice in his wives, was willing for me and mine to be sent adrift, something happened to my confidence. And the days which followed before baby came were days of almost blighted hope concerning my husband. Yet days of work, and earnest prayer followed.

I had dressmaking heaped up high, and I worked all day and until far into the night, and often when I got up from my sewing machine, I could not stand straight, and had to take hold of any piece of furniture in reaching distance to get to my bed. I did this so that I could earn enough money to get my children comfortably clothed before my confinement, and comfortable in other ways.

#### Dream - A Call to the Beyond

On January 28, 1892, I had been confined, my baby Floy was five days old. I dreamed that father came and told me that at 5:00 P.M. his vehicle would be there and that I should come to him. I thought of my five small children. To leave them seemed more than I could endure. I pled with father to let me stay for the sake of my dear children, but he said the Lord had decided that I should come. I asked him to go and plead with the Lord to let me stay. I told him to tell the Lord that I

would be patient, endure whatever trials came to me and never complain if only He would let me live until my children were grown and able to take care of themselves. Father said, "You will have to come unless the Lord changes the decision. It is like this," he said, "If you do not come some other member of my family must come because I have to have help." I awoke. It was 5:00 A. M., and my feelings can scarcely be described. I felt that it was real, that my father had been there. [Page 113]

I knew that my husband was going in the mountains for wood that morning, so I sent immediately for him to come, and when he arrived I told him my dream and asked him to stay at home that day, but he said, "It's only a dream," and he went to the wood hills.

I began to pray, and never ceased praying until after 5 o'clock P. M. I repeated many times in my prayers that day the promise that I would try by the help of the Lord to endure trials and hardships and do all I could to further the work of the Lord in the earth if only He would let me live for the sake of my children.

And as I prayed my anxiety was so great that great drops of perspiration stood out all over my body, and even after 5 o'clock had passed I had no assurance that I should live.

I prayed many times a day during the months which followed, and whenever I thought of the dream again the perspiration stood out all over me. My recovery to health was very slow, and I was so poorly that I was afraid I might go yet.

Two weeks after I had this dream my brother Daniel died. They kept the news of his death from me for several weeks for fear the shock would be too much for me, but even after I knew of his death I was not sure that I would live.

I think that the realization of the fact that I was just about to be taken helped me to be more patient, to endure with greater fortitude,

and be truly thankful to the Lord for life during the years of trial which followed.

On one occasion, later when I was at Manti Temple and received a blessing from

President McCalister, he said I should live as long as I desired. [Page 114]

## Life's Voyage

I am alone calmly reflecting  
On the happy long ago,  
When trials like the present ones  
I thought we never should know.  
I knew we had entered the work of life  
Each with an honest heart  
From the fond embrace of each other  
I thought we never should part.  
The sun shone brightly down that morn,  
Fate and fortune seemed to smile on me.  
As I left the shores of parental care  
To embark dear one with thee.  
The breezes blew so favorably,  
The day was so pleasant and bright,  
The ocean smooth, all was peace  
Until the shore had vanished from sight.  
Now it is a stern reality  
We are on the great ocean of life.  
I have a heroic work to perform  
As mother and wife,  
In training the minds of the little ones  
Which God to us has given.  
They are more precious than the wealth of earth  
They are precious gems from heaven.  
It is true we now are sailing  
On the ocean broad and deep,  
And we must steer our vessel well  
Or we will have cause to weep.

The breeze has changed  
The storm breaks forth.  
Life's sky is often overcast  
With clouds which seem as dark as night,  
Ah we feel the wintry blast.  
The blast that kills the summer flowers  
Which bloom along the shore,  
And filled man's hearts with glad delight  
Shall we see them never more?  
Ah yes, the flowers will bloom again  
When wintry days have passed  
When gentle springtime zephyrs blow  
And not the wintry blast.  
The hearts that ache, shall happy be  
In the glorious blooming spring. [Page 115]  
The hopes we cherished long ago  
Their fragrant flowers will bring.  
And when the golden summer sun  
Shines on the tree of life.  
I then will not regret I have been  
An exiled plural wife.  
Autumn I trust, will crown our lives  
With a harvest rich and rare,  
Let us praise our God who gives us strength  
And keeps us from despair.

Redmond, March 23, 1889.