Our Legacy of Faith
Introduction

After spending years working with records concerning our deceased ancestors we have felt a great desire to do justice to them and to pass down their lives to a greater audience of their descendants. We both feel very honored to have such wonderful ancestors. Each one of us has been highly blessed because of their trials and their sacrifices. Without them our lives would be cast in far different molds.

In response to our feelings of gratitude we have put together this book. Our hope is that the format will be pleasing enough that you will desire to read it many times through the years and that you will share these stories with your children.

In 1836 Elijah restored the keys of turning the hearts of the fathers to their children and the hearts of the children to their fathers. May our hearts ever so be turned.

The Editors,
Robert and Ann Jensen

The Olson Crest
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Our Legacy of Faith

Olson
I was born 13 Feb. 1912 in Burley, Cassia, Idaho. I was the second in the family of nine children. I was the son of Charles M. Olson and Alice Almira Gransbury. I was raised on a far four miles southeast of Burley, Idaho, which my father homesteaded and developed from sagebrush. We belonged to the Unity Ward in the Burley Stake.

I graduated from high school in 1930. I excelled in mathematics and science subjects. When I was in high school, we started raising purebred pigs and exhibiting them in the fairs in the fall. From 1927 to 1937, we believe that we won more prizes than any other swine growers in the eleven western states, showing our hogs each fall in Montana, Idaho, Utah, and sometimes in California, Oregon, and Washington.

On 13 Jan. 1934, I married Violet June Tripp of Burley. Our first daughter, Shirley, was born 6 Nov. 1934. We farmed until 1937. During 1937, I worked as a flour packer in the Burley Flour Mills. Nadine was born 15 Oct. 1935, and Carrol was born 30 July 1937. On 25 Feb. 1938, we moved to Tremonton, Utah, and started a tire repair business. About this same time, Violet’s parents moved to Winnemucca, Nevada, and started a tire business. During the summer, they moved back to Utah; and we worked together for a while. In September of that year, we moved to Richfield, Utah, and started a new tire shop and left Violet’s parents in Tremonton. The next April, Violet’s parents moved to Richfield. We worked with the Tripps until December. Between Christmas and New Years, we moved back to Tremonton, Utah (1940). Mary Anita was born June 11, 1940.

In Tremonton, we lived in a converted chicken coop on an alley. We lived in one end and had our tire shop in the other. We stayed there all of that year. That fall we got a chance to buy a lot; so we bought it and started to build a tire shop during the winter of 1940-41. While we were building the tire shop, we got a chance to buy a home right next to it for $1,250.00. Incidentally, we only paid $46.00 interest on that home when we had the payments completed.

The War started 7 Dec. 1941; and the next summer, about in May, I received a call for a six-
month mission in the Texas Mission. During the last nine weeks of my mission, my wife came out and served as my companion. We had four children at this time. We returned home just at Christmas time in 1942.

At this time I took a job with the O.K. Rubber Welders system out of Denver as a salesman. During the next year, I traveled 30,000 miles in 24 of the states; and I seldom saw my family. By fall I was very sick of being away from home so much. In October, I quit the job and moved to Salt Lake City, Utah, while my wife was in the hospital with a new baby girl (Geraldine).

In Salt Lake, I went into business with my brother, Carl. At this time, my brother Neal was running our business in Tremonton; and, eventually, we sold it to two fellows who worked for us.

We moved to 990 Princeton Avenue in Salt Lake City, Utah; then, in about sixteen months, we moved to 3080 South 1423 East, where we lived for eight months. Finally, in December of 1945, we moved to 7701 South 7th East in Sandy, Utah (Union Ward). We had five acres of land, some cows, pigs, horses and a big barn. The kids had a lot of fun. While we were there, business went to pot. We went bankrupt and lost everything. It was necessary to sell our home, pay off our debts, and move to Crescent, 12th East 10600 South, on 13 May 1948.

Dorothy was born while we were at 3080 South 1423 East on 8 May 1945. Barbara was born just before we left our home at 7701 South 7th East.

Floyd Tripp Olson, our first son, was born while we were at 7701 South 7th East on 30 Nov. 1946. He passed away on 31 March 1947.

Carl Tripp Olson was born while we were at Crescent on 15 May 1951. We lived there until 27 April 1952, when we moved to Moreland, Idaho, where we lived until 2 April 1955, when we moved to 335 Horrocks Drive, Blackfoot, Idaho. Kathleen was born while we were in Moreland, Idaho.

We lived in Blackfoot, Idaho, until 17 October 1956, when we moved to Murray, Utah, to 421 East 6270 South. It was here that Kenneth Tripp Olson was born.

While we were in Crescent (Sandy), we re-established our tire business, bought the property we were on, and, by the spring of 1952, thought we had enough money to retire from the tire business and go into dry farming which had been my life-long ambition. However, three dry years in a row put an end to that ambition as well as losing all of the money we had. So, in the fall of 1954, I started selling electric heat.

This was the business that took us to the new home in Blackfoot and eventually brought us to the house in Salt Lake until the present time. Although we have not yet made any money, we have had some very good experience rooting a company, pioneering, and have actually discovered a principle in heating engineering that is still very controversial. But it has resulted in our being featured in seven national magazine articles and has made us known throughout the United States in this field.

When I returned from my mission in Tremonton, I had the privilege of serving on the Stake Genealogical Committee, and one of the presidents of the 70’s quorums. When we moved to Salt Lake in the Princeton Ward, I was district president in the Stake Mission. When we moved from there to the Wilford Ward, I served as a teacher of the Gospel Doctrine Class and, later, counselor in the Superintendency of the Sunday School. When we moved to the Union Ward (Second), I served as a Sunday School teacher, Mutual teacher, and was in charge of the Aaronic Priesthood over 21, and
eventually became second counselor in the Bishopric. When we moved to Crescent, I served as Special Interest Class leader in Mutual, as a counselor in the Mutual Superintendency, group secretary of the High Priest Quorum, and as a member of the Senior Aaronic Committee. In Moreland, I served as superintendent of the Mutual and instructor of the Senior Aaronic Priesthood class in Priesthood Meeting. Later, as chairman of the Genealogical Committee. In Blackfoot, I served as general secretary of the Senior Aaronic Priesthood Committee. Soon after we moved to Murray, I was put in as first counselor in the Bishopric, and 30 July 1961, was sustained as President of the Priests Quorum (Bishop of the Murray 14th Ward, Murray South Stake).

(In 1935, I served as superintendent of the Mutual in the Unity Ward. In 1929, I started as Scout Master. During most of the time in between, I was Scout Master, Sunday School teacher, and Priest leader to the same group of boys. Most of these boys have served in Bishoprics or as Bishops.)

In 1969, we learned that I had cancer of the lymph glands in the upper part of my body. After 33 treatments of colbalt and many days of being very ill, I began to feel better. I took the business over again; and things went well until two years later. I again had cancer of the lymph glands in the lower part of my body. I had 36 colbalt treatments this time and was very ill from them.

In the fall of 1972, we decided to move to a farm and try an experiment of feeding pigs rye. We moved to Lehi, Utah, in October of 1972; and in May of 1973, I had the Shingles in my back.

Realizing that I was not going to be able to do this experiment, I went to Dr. Nelson of the Brigham Young University Agricultural Science Department. He listened while I explained what I had wanted to do and why I could not do it. He then went ahead with this experiment using two pens of five pigs each. We were fortunate enough to buy six of these ten pigs so that most of our family had half a rye-fed pork that year. I did not have the opportunity to check back to see the results of this experiment.

In September, we learned that I had cancer again and decided that the seven acres was more than we could handle along with our electric heat business; so we sold our farm and moved back to 421 East 6270 South, Murray, Utah.

The cancer was under control until May of 1974, when complications began to develop. On 10 October 1974, Floyd D. Olson passed away.

**Autobiography**

**Recorded Jan 10, 1973 by Shirley Olson Chase**

Tonight, but I was just telling Shirley that I am actually going to record the whole thing I hope in this next month in about 5 chapters and so tonight we will talk about the first chapter and this is, I think, could be entitled “Who I Am and Where I Came From.” Now I think before I tell anything about my life I should tell one event in my father’s life that has had a tremendous influence on my life and I think as the story of my life unfolds you may see how and why.

When my father was 5 years old, he lived in Sweden, his mother talked to him one day and told him he should never taste liquor or tobacco. Now these two things had been his father’s downfall and so he promised his mother that he would never taste or touch liquor or tobacco. Now then when he was 15 years old, they lived in New Zealand by this time, he met a Mormon missionary, a Brother Porter, I believe, from Rexburg, Idaho, and he was going to join the Church and as part of the
<table>
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<th><strong>State of Idaho</strong></th>
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<td><strong>County of</strong></td>
<td>Bureau of Vital Statistics</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>City of</strong></td>
<td><strong>CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Burley</strong></td>
<td><strong>State of Idaho</strong></td>
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**File No.** 3992  
**Registered No.** 27

**Full Name of Child**

<table>
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<tr>
<th><strong>Sex of Child</strong></th>
<th><strong>Full Name</strong></th>
<th><strong>Father</strong></th>
<th><strong>Mother</strong></th>
<th><strong>Occupation</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Boy</td>
<td>E.M. Olson</td>
<td>Alice Grandbury</td>
<td></td>
<td>Farmer</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Date of Birth** Feb. 13th, 1916

**Place of Birth** America

**Age at Last Birthday** 45 (Years)

**Residence** Burley

**Color** White

**Birthplace** America

**OCCUPATION** Farmer

**Number of child of this mother, including present birth** 2

**Number of children of this mother, now living, including present birth** 2

**Certificate of Attending Physician or Midwife**

*When there was no attending physician or midwife, then the father, householder, etc., should make this return. A stillborn child is one that neither breathes nor shows other evidence of life after birth.*

**State of Idaho. . . . . . . .
County of Ada . . . . . .

**This is to certify** that this is a certified copy of a certificate filed with the Department of Environmental and Community Services under Title 39, Idaho Code.

**APR 25 1974**

**State Registrar of Vital Statistics**

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**Floyd’s Birth Certificate**

Note: Floyd was born legitimate. He was the second of many children. However, the recorder refused to change the certificate when Floyd requested that it be corrected.

teachings of the missionaries, he promised before he was baptized that he would never touch liquor or tobacco or in other words he would keep the Word of Wisdom and so he had made this promise both to his mother and to his Heavenly Father and it was a very sacred promise to him. When he was 67 years old, this was way back in 1934, he
was laying in the hospital in Salt Lake with pneumonia and he heard the doctor say, “There’s only one thing that has a chance to save him and that’s a shot of liquor.” In those days they didn’t have antibiotics, wonder drugs and so on and he heard the doctor say that and he was still conscious and he opened his eyes and said, “I would rather die.” And he did. Now to some that may have sounded foolish but if you had known my father and knew his integrity you’d know that he’d rather die than break a promise that he’d made to the Lord and to his mother.

This has been a strong influence in my life in wanting to be like my Dad. I certainly hope that I can be as good a person as he was because he was a dandy.

So now, I was born in Burley, Idaho on February 13, 1912, the second in a family of eleven. Dad’s name was Charles M. Olson and mother was Alice Alma Gransbury. She was father’s second wife; his first wife having died after they had four children. He had two of the kids with him. His first wife’s name was Sylvia Carter from Park Valley. He kept two of the children and his brother’s wife - now his brother had gotten killed about the same time Dad’s wife died and so his brother’s wife took the oldest girl and the baby and father kept the oldest boy and the second girl and he was in the process of starting a farm, a homestead it was called, on the Burley Project at this time. So he had to have a place to live so he stayed with a family in Burley named Gransbury and that’s where he met mother. So he was about 41 years old then and she was about 22, that making him about 19 years older than mother. Well, they were married on January 6, 1910 in the Salt Lake Temple and he went on and developed his farm then.

Father went ahead and cleared the sagebrush and built a house and started to develop his farm.

I can remember when they were steel raling the sagebrush. They’d take a big long steel rail and pull it with horses and then they’d have to go over and over the sagebrush and then they’d kind of knock it down and chew it up a little, but I can remember some of that.

Now Grandpa and Grandma Gransbury lived down on the north side of Burley and for some reason Grandma always seemed to like me. I was her favorite and so I can remember staying with her many times and she had a cupboard that was just indeed the living room from the kitchen and she always had cookies in it and I can still see me walking through the door, looking up and seeing the glass dish full of cookies. I’d ask Grandma for one and she’d give it to me. I can remember going out with Grandfather to hitch up his horses. He had a horse and buggy. There were a few cars around Burley at that time and others said later that Grandpa used to say about cars, he’d say, “They may be all right around the city but they’ll never drive them out in the country.” I remember being there for dinner one day in February, 1915, when I was just 3 and Grandma sent me out to call Grandpa to dinner. They lived near the sugar beet factory and he was a night watchman for the sugar beet factory and he was digging a cistern (a cistern is a storage tank to store water in). They didn’t have wells in those days, like they do now, and they would fill this cistern and then use that for at least their cooking and bathing and washing water. And I went out there and he was sitting down, resting and when I tried to call to him, he didn’t answer so I went in and told Grandma that he was asleep.
and she came out and he had died of a heart attack. But I can still see Grandpa sitting on the north side of that cistern that was about 8 feet across and about 4 feet deep at this time. This was Grandma Gransbury, my mother’s mother. So I appreciate the memory of Grandpa and Grandma.

Well, I went to the Burley schools and I don’t suppose I was a very outstanding student in any way. I did pretty well in my math subjects. When I was in the first grade I had the nicest teacher, a Miss McShea. But I’ll never forget that one day, for some reason, I started going across the desks on my hands and knees and she took a 3 foot ruler to me and it almost destroyed my image of Miss McShea but I still liked her after that. But anyway, I think when I started in the 2nd grade and they asked me my name I said “FloydDonaldOlson.” No, I mean, “FloydDonaldOlson, that’s right.” And so they wrote it down “Floyd Donaldson.”

And I worried all year about how I’d ever get that straight. Now there were lots of our neighbor kids right in the same room but they never said anything and I didn’t say anything so the teacher just called me Floyd Donaldson. Well, one day Father was in town about time for school to let out and he thought he’d pick me up and let me ride home with him and he came to the door and asked if he could see Floyd Olson and the teacher said, “I don’t have a Floyd Olson.” “Oh, yes, I’m sure you do,” father said. She said, “I have a Floyd Donaldson.” Dad said, “Let me see him.” and that’s how my name got straight but that had worried me for a whole year and I think that just dramatizes how a problem can look to a small child. So I appreciated my dad helping me get that straight.

I enjoyed school but we lived 4 miles out and I took band when I got in high school and the band

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This certifies that Floyd Donald Olson has completed the course of study prescribed for graduation from the Burley High School and in recognition thereof is awarded this

Diploma

Given at Burley, in the State of Idaho, this twenty-eighth day of May, A. D. nineteen hundred and thirty.
practice always came after the buses left so all four years that I was in high school I walked home those 4 miles every night. You know that was actually good practice. When school would start it seemed quite a ways but after I’d gotten used to it, I’d walk that in 48 minutes every day. In 48 minutes I was home. And then of course, I had pigs to feed and cows to milk and in the fall to help with the harvest and this sort of thing. I played a horn baritone. Now this was a silly instrument for me to play but I played it because I got it from my older brother, or half-brother who was in Pocatello. He’s a very good horn baritone player. In fact, Mr. Sousa, and I don’t know how many of the kids will know who Sousa was, but the older ones should know, wouldn’t you? Anyway he was in Pocatello one time and they had my brother, Earl, play in a special audition for him and he said “I believe this is the finest baritone player west of the Mississippi.” Earl was very good at it so when his old horn was bent up, he gave that to me and I learned to play it, but you see you have to play that with your right hand and I’m left handed and it never dawned on me that this was a handicap. I just struggled and struggled and struggled with that thing but I never was good at it because I just couldn’t play it with the right hand and that’s the only thing I ever learned to do right handed really, was to play that cursed horn.

But anyway, I tried but I hate to give up on anything, so I stuck it out for 4 years. So I didn’t ever get to do any homework. Also every fall we’d have to stay out of school for about 6 weeks and help with the harvest. Now in those days they didn’t let you go out like they do in the farming communities today. And so we’d start to school about 6 weeks late and everybody’d be ahead of us. We’d have make-up work but still the entire time I was in school I don’t remember ever doing homework. Not once. But I did work while I was in school. I didn’t goof around much.

We were poor and I knew that I was poorly dressed and I had a very serious inferiority complex and I always imagined that our family was always looked down on because we were very poor. And so I wasn’t upset because I wasn’t popular in school, it just didn’t bother me. I didn’t blame people for not making a fuss over us. But the most humiliating thing was when I went to graduate, I found that I was the shortest boy in the class. There were 121 in the class; there were 18 girls shorter than me but I was the first - they lined up by height and I was the first boy. This just about killed me because there were two little runts in our school, there was Fred Kater and Clyde Boyner and I knew I was bigger than the two little runts but the pictures said that I wasn’t. They made me march in front of them. And that really hurt. But anyway, I always figured that I was as big as the average kid, so I’d always tried to do everything that everybody else did. If I’d have known what a runt I was I’d probably had a worse inferiority complex.

Well, after I got out of high school there wasn’t much to do. We had no money to go on to school as much as I would have liked to and there were basically two things that I could have gone to school for. One would have been to learn to be a school teacher and the other, of course, would have been to have gone to an agricultural college in Moscow and that’s what I would have liked to have done. I wanted to be a farmer. You know, father was getting pretty old and his health was bad and there were a lot of younger kids and so I knew there was just no hope, no chance for it. Also, there was what they call a depression going on at that time. Money was terribly tight and so there was no hope so when I got out of school, why I just worked and helped with the farm and helped manage things and tried to take as much burden off Dad as I could. Well, this cut off my social life. There was no opportunity to meet other kids to speak of. A great many of the
kids either moved away or went to school or went someplace else and got jobs but there were just a few of us of the old guard left at home. And I was really unhappy about my prospects in life and by the time I had been out of school 3 1/2 years I was realizing that if I was ever going to get married I ought to be doing something about it. I’d ought to be looking for a wife.

And I wanted to be very careful, I wanted a temple marriage. I believed that the Lord had picked out a girl for me and that someplace there was the very girl that the Lord wanted me to have and so I was careful in my looking. And one day I got a chance to haul some beets for a neighbor and I found the girl I wanted. The thing that attracted me to her was that she wouldn’t flirt with me. She ignored me. Now that may sound funny but that was a challenge and I thought, well now there’s a girl that’s serious minded and she is clean and she doesn’t tell dirty stories and she would really be worth having, so I determined that I was going to try and get her. You know, it took a full three months to do it. So when I finally got up courage to propose to her, we were sitting in the truck and I said, “There’s something I’d like you to think about.” And she said, “What’s that?” And I said, “About marrying me.” She said, “I’ve already thought about it and the answer is yes.” And that’s how the proposal went. But our folks objected to the marriage. Her father because he’d raised her for a work horse and didn’t like to see her leave him. My family for two reasons. One because her family was inactive in the Church and they were afraid we would drift away into inactivity. Also money was so terribly scarce that although they never did tell me this, I’m sure that they were afraid we would pull away and go away to make our own living, and leave the family in desperate circumstances. But we never had any such intentions. Never did.

Now I think at this moment it would be well to mention that I had always been active in the ward and when I was seventeen I was Scoutmaster and at the time we got married I was Scoutmaster, Deacon’s Advisor and Sunday School teacher all to the same group of boys and it’s become common practice now but it was rare then. But I thought it was a good thing because I just about lived with those boys and we had a good relationship and a good understanding and so now to get back to our family. We were married in January and we eloped to get married because of the resentment or resistance of our families. We realized that the problems of taking the time to get a temple recommend might make it impossible, that our families were both objecting and actually my sweetheart was only 17. This was in January, we were talking and she wouldn’t be 18 until in June and that just looked like it was wasting a few months, you know to wait that long, so we eloped and then we had to wait a year before we could go to the temple. We went to the temple on the 25th of February a year later. But we were married on January 13, 1934. And our first little girl came along in November 6, 1934 so she was with us when we went to the temple.

Well, I think we had a happy married life but a very hard one because money was tight and we
lived under extremely humble circumstances. Our second little girl came along in October 15, 1935 and our third little girl came along on July 31, 1937 (correction by Carrol - July 30). The second was Nadine, Shirley was the first and number three was Carrol. And at this time Mom had some physical and health problems and the doctor told her that she would never be able to have anymore children and even if she could she shouldn’t so he wanted to perform an operation on her to make certain that she would never have any more children. Well, we felt very badly to think that we had already had our family but one night we were talking about it and she said, “Well, Daddy, don’t feel so badly about it because my patriarchal blessing promises me that I will be the mother of sons and daughters and we haven’t got any sons yet.” So she didn’t have the operation and I think that showed a lot of faith and of course, there was Mary, then Geri, and then Dorothy, and there was a little boy but he had a bad heart and only lived 4 months and then he passed away. And then there was Barbara, and it was getting a little discouraging but then we got Carl and then Kathy and then Kenny. So actually we’ve had 3 boys. Mother has been the mother of sons and daughters.

I guess I was sort of like other boys; there used to be a ditch that ran in front of our place and when I was about 3 years old, or 4, I remember how much fun it was to go wading and swimming in this ditch in the summer time. And I found that I could get my skin wet and then run and rub sand on it and that would absorb the water and then brush the sand off and it was clean and nobody could see I’d been in there. But one day I went in the ditch with my overalls on and I got Uncle Carl to go with me. And we swam and swam, then we got out in the dust and put dust all over our overalls and all over our arms and legs.
but instead of brushing off, it just made mud and pretty soon Grandma came out looking for her two little boys and there we were all covered with mud and I can still remember that she spanked the daylights out of us and we cried and cried and pretty soon we stopped and I turned to Carl and I said, “We had fun, anyway, didn’t we.” And then she was madder then ever. Carl was about 5 and I was 4. So that was one of the pranks.

Then it seemed like that we had horses, all my life; I can remember having a horse named Nig when I was about one and I sure loved that horse but you know, he wouldn’t go past our place going up the road and this always annoyed me. He wanted to turn in when he got up past our place and so I was trying to train him to stay in the road and keep running. And I got him past our place all right by keeping him on the other side of the road and when we got up to the neighbors about 100 yards further up the road, their lane went the other way from ours so I had him on that side and was kind of holding him over there and when we came to the lane he put on his brakes and headed into that lane and I can remember sliding forward, bouncing forward and after a while I woke up and I was laying on the ground right by his front feet. Whenever you jumped off or dropped the reins he would stop and, of course, when I fell off I went over his head but he stopped and just stood there.

So I loved that horse but my half-sister, Amy, rode him over the neighbors one night and he got poisoned. I don’t know what he ate, something in the hay, that he ate over at Lorene Balms and he got poisoned and a day or two later he died. So I lost him but I enjoyed him. But we had other ponies. We always had ponies.

We lived about 4 miles from town and we lived 2 miles from church and in those days automobiles were very poor and they were open. We didn’t have glass closed in automobiles so in the winter time we would just jack the car up on blocks and let the air out of the tires and the water out of the radiator. We’d use the horses and the buggy and we’d use the buggy on Sunday and we’d use the horses to go to Mutual or Priesthood Meeting or any special meetings like that or to run errands to town. So everybody had horses or ponies and we always had two ponies as long as I can remember. And then in the spring when the weather was good why we’d put water in the radiator and start the old car up and use it just in the summer time. And I always appreciated a good pony and I feel sorry for boys that have to grow up now and never know the love of a good horse, because horses have personalities very much like people do. Well, anyway, I surely loved mine.

Well, I finally graduated. Well, let me go back. Sundays were a hard day. There wasn’t much to do and so we used to, the boys would all gather on the ponies, and we’d ride up to the canals (a canal is just a big irrigation ditch) and we’d go swimming. And so I’ll never forget this one Sunday, we were about 10 or 11 years old and we went to our favorite swimming hole and here was a white duck swimming in the canal. And so somebody said, let’s have roast duck. So I don’t remember how we caught him but we caught him and we killed him and picked his feathers off but we didn’t know that before you cooked him you should take his insides out. So we built a bonfire and we held him over the fire and cooked him and cooked him and cooked him and pretty soon it was getting time to go home and so we finally ate him. But you know, he wasn’t very well done. Oh, that was raw duck. That was the poorest duck I’ve ever eaten in my life. We
never dared tell Dad about that because he would have really - he didn’t mind our going swimming on Sunday but he certainly would have been opposed to our killing someone’s duck because it did belong to someone. Just because it was in the canal didn’t mean it was lost or that, anyway, I’ve long been ashamed of that and the Bishop’s son was with us so we took some comfort in that but he was just as guilty as we were and we were just as guilty as he was.

We liked the ward that we were in and it was a good ward. And as we grew older we worked for the neighbors and worked in the hay and thinned beets and in those days we used to have to put up hay by hand. It was all hard labor. Beets and all were hand labor. And so in the summer time there were jobs to be had and we worked around for the neighbors to get our spending money.

Well, now to jump back to getting married, and I certainly feel that by a wide margin the wisest thing, of course, that I ever did was when I picked Grandma to be my wife. She has certainly been a wonderful person to live with. Now I’d ought to go back and tell one other little story here.

When she was a little girl her family lived south of us about 5 miles and they had quite a few milk cows and being short of pasture why her dad would have her herd them along by the canal bank in the daytime where they could eat the grass and alfalfa that grew there and she would start them down the canal banks in the morning and she would follow them and keep them together until noon and then she’d walk around in front of them and stop them and she would sit and eat her lunch and then in the afternoon she’d have them graze back home. And she found herself at noon coming to a little house where there was an old lady lived. And this old lady would come out and bring her a drink and a cookie and I guess she’d invite her into the house wouldn’t she? (Mother: No, I never went into her house.) So she’d bring her a cold drink and they’d visit and they became very good friends. And when we started dating my Grandmother was still alive and that was my Grandmother. She was keeping house for my Uncle Will, he was farming a little farm there and you just can’t imagine how happy she was to see me bringing this little girl, that she loved so much, home. And of course, when we were married, that was one of the happiest things, I think, that happened in her life. So not only was I her favorite grandson but mom was her favorite of all the grown girls she knew. And I thought it was wonderful that mother had been courteous and kind and friendly to her. It helped to make her days pleasant.

There’s two or three little events that might be worth telling. We used to burn wood for fuel and every summer we’d bring about 15 wagon loads down, and of course, that made a big pile out in the north side of the yard and father would go out there in the morning and chop wood to last the day and then, of course, we kids would carry it in. We had a big wood box behind the stove. So in the fall mice would come into this wood pile for shelter, you know and so there was a family of black cats that lived, always lived, in that wood pile. There was always a dozen black cats lived in that wood pile. They were wild actually. You couldn’t pet them, but they were around the place and there were a lot of rats and mice in the fields.
and alfalfa so they had a good living but they lived in the wood pile because the mice did. Well, I was out in the feed house, mixing up a barrel of hog feed and my little sister, Nelda, was coming across the yard and she was 9 then and she was walking across the yard and didn’t notice that there was a black cat walking past her but there was. And so I just stepped back out of sight and I said, “Hellooooo, Nelda.” And she looked around and she saw that black cat walking across behind her and she said, “Why, hello kitty.” And so I kept out of sight and finally I went in for breakfast and of course, she had gone into the house and told mother, she said, “I didn’t know that cats could talk, but that cat said hello to me.” So when I came in and they were talking about the cats talking, and I said, “Hellooooo, Nelda.” She’s never lived that one down and she still gets quite a laugh out of it when I kid her about it.

I had to walk through a certain gate that had a bar across the top, we called it 3 x 6 because it was 3 inches thick and 6 inches wide and as Carl was there with me, so I drew a line with my foot and I said, “I bet I can jump from here and catch that bar.” “Oh,” he said, “You can’t either.” So I got back and took a big run and I looked down just as I jumped to make sure I didn’t step over and I jumped as hard as I could and I caught the bar all right but I was going too fast and as I swung through I remember loosing my grip and I came down with my knees in my face. And I laid there for quite a while, I can remember, trying to get up and for some reason I - it was quite a while, but anyway I finally got up and there was an old car sitting there and I walked over and sat down on the running board and Carl said, “Are you all right?” and I said, “I don’t know.” And so I walked over to the house and as I walked through the kitchen I looked in the mirror and here my face was all bloody and dusty and so I washed it and mother said, “What are you doing?” and I said, “Oh, just washing my face,” and she thought I looked kind of funny and she said, “Are you all right?” and I said, “Oh, yes, yeah.” And she said, “Aren’t you going to take the pigs down to the fair?” And I said, “Oh, yes, I’d forgotten that.” So we went out and I don’t know how we got the pigs loaded but we went down to the fair with them and I put them in their pens and when I went to feed them I couldn’t find our pigs and I went around the barn and around the barn and around the barn and I could recognize them when I saw them but I couldn’t remember whether they’d been fed or not. And that was the oddest feeling. Now the barn at the fair had 2x4’s overhead and I kept catching myself wanting to jump and grab one and swing on it but this pretty well broke me. I got so I could walk past a bar without jumping and catching it.

But you know one year Carl took a bunch of pigs up to Montana to the fair and as part of a prize he was given a box of cigars. Well, of course, we had never had things like this around home and he kept those hid for a long time and sometime the next summer, now this would be when I was about 18 or 19, I remember he brought out a couple of those cigars and we thought we’d try them. I mentioned this old car sitting out in the yard, it was there then so this was apparently just before that fair season but I know we tried a couple of those old cigars and I’ll tell you I’ve never been much sicker in my life. I sat on that car fender and heaved and heaved and heaved until I’ve never had any more desire to smoke cigars. That was actually a good experience for me, I guess, because it got that curiosity out of my system.
When I see little boys do things they shouldn’t I have to feel very tolerant toward them because I remember an experience I had. We had an old chicken coop that had four windows in the front and each one had twenty-four little panes of glass in them. They were 4 high and 6 wide so that made 96 little windows in there. And my Uncle Charles Gransbury worked for dad and they lived there at our place and they had a son Marlin who was just 8 days younger than me so there was quite a lot of rivalry between us and we were always trying to outdo each other and somehow we got started gathering up rocks in the yard and throwing them through these windows. We were probably 4 then. And we were trying to see how many windows we could break out. Now it was in the summer time and the door was open and the chickens were turned loose and the windows weren’t doing a bit of good, you know. Just sitting there. And when we had thrown all the rocks we could find outside, why then we went inside and were throwing them back outside through the glass we’d missed going in. And I’ll never forget picking up a handful of rocks and I looked out the door and there was my dad coming from the field just coming in the yard. We had a gate that separated the field from the yard and he was just coming through that gate and do you know, I remember right at that second getting the realization that I shouldn’t have done it. So when I see little guys do things that you think they know they shouldn’t, I’m aware that sometimes they forget that they shouldn’t do it.

A Very Important Man
By Dorothy Olson

The most important man in the twentieth century was born in the growing community of Burley, Idaho on Feb. 12, 1912. He was second in a family of five boys and four girls. In his childhood he was full of mischief and fun. He was loving and hard working, just like most other boys. One thing different about him was that he worked things out for himself. Also he was always trying to improve things.

When he was in the first grade he went to the building that is now the Burly High School. At that time this building was the largest in the world heated electrically. The only thing wrong was that there was not quite enough heat and they had to wear their coats all day.

When he was young he attained many successes that were important to him. He belonged to the Future Farmers of America and the band. He played the horn baritone. He started raising purebred pigs when he was 15. Every year he took them to fairs in Idaho, Montana, Utah, Oregon, Washington and California. During the depression his main income came from the prize money for these pigs.

He married Violet Tripp on Jan. 13, 1934. After their third daughter was born in 1937 they
lost their farm. They moved to Tremonton, Utah with the intention of getting into the tire business. They left Burley with a sack of potatoes, a sack of flour, a sack of beans, and one cent. On the way they saw a man with a flat tire. This man was all dressed up in a good suit so he allowed them to change his tire. For this the man gave them a dollar. Now they had money to buy some milk for the baby.

This proved to be a good start. For the next seven years their tire shop progressed. By 1945 he had a main shop, six branch shops, and six daughters. Suddenly due to circumstances beyond their control they lost everything. They were forced to sell their business, their home, and their car.

After this they moved to an old ramshackle house in Crescent, Utah. Most of the windows were out and the plaster was falling from the ceilings. Luckily it was in the summer time. He took care of some chickens that were turned loose in the gully behind the house. These chickens were owned by the man who gave him the house. The owner allowed him one chicken a week and all the eggs his family could eat. All they had to do was feed the chickens every day and gather eggs once a week. But this was only part of what he did. He also raised pigs for another man. This other man had an agreement with the Safeway stores and the Fisher Bakery. He would receive all the day old bakery goods and the ripe and near ripe fruits and vegetables every day for free to feed to his pigs. All this food that he received was still good but the stores didn’t think that it was quite good enough to sell. So his family could use a lot of it. For one year all the groceries the family had to buy were sugar and flour and a few things like that.

This was all very nice but sometimes a bit funny. One day one of his daughters school teachers asked her class where their family got their food from. His little girl raised her hand and said, “We get our food from the garbage.”

By 1952 he had the house fixed very nice and even built on to. He also had a small swimming pool built for the children.

About a year later he got the urge to try dry farming. So he picked up his family, which was now seven girls and one boy, and moved to a small town in Idaho by the name of Moreland. He bought a dry farm in Arco, Idaho about twenty-six miles away from Moreland. With-in three years he went broke because it never rained enough to raise a crop.

Then he started selling glass heat for a company in Salt Lake City. Within a years time the company in Salt Lake went broke.

He had spent a lot of time and study to determine why their installations weren’t proving satisfactory. He discovered a new formula how to install the electric heat so it is competitive with gas. Then he started a new company of his own. In a few months the owner of Electric Company in Salt Lake that had gone broke came back to him and asked for a job. Now F.H.A. has accepted this formula.

To me this man is the most important because even after all his failures and disappointments he has kept trying and finally attained success. By the way, this man is my father, Mr. Floyd Donald Olson.
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For some time I have been impressed with the fact that when the Lord has something to do he does not do it personally but works through an organization. If he has a message for the whole Church, it comes through the prophet. If he has a message for the ward, it comes through the bishop. If he has a message for a family, it logically should come through the Priesthood-holder. In every case, only those who will accept counsel from the proper authority ever receive the message.

Furthermore, we often speak of a person as having a Guardian Angel. I am imagining that our Guardian Angel is usually one of our own ancestors who is interested in us and of whose kingdom we are a part. This makes sense to me and to most people because the Lord certainly did give a man a right to protect his own interests, and his own kingdom is his family.

When we receive a patriarchal blessing, we know that someone has to have both the authority and interest in seeing that patriarchal blessing is fulfilled if we are worthy; or when we pray, if we are worthy for our prayers to be answered, someone has to have both the right and authority to see that the prayer is answered. With these thoughts in mind, on November 12, 1971, in my sleep I found myself in the Spirit World. I was not conscious of how the streets were made or the buildings or how people were dressed, but I was very conscious of a wonderful, warm, peaceful spirit which I recognized as the spirit of our Father in Heaven.

As I walked along, I met my father, and I said, “Father, I have a question I want to ask you. When all of the families of the earth claim to love each other, why is it that some families can live in peace and harmony but other families just seem to fall apart at the seams?” He gave me an answer which was so simple and straight-forward that it shocked me and yet I recognized it as being the truth. He just simply said, “Some of them will not organize so that we can help them.”

At the end of the conversation, I said, “Well, I must be getting back.” And he said, “It is optional whether you go or stay.” And I said, “I have some unfinished business that I must get back to.” And he said, “All right, that is fine,” and excused me. As I turned to walk away, I woke up, still feeling that wonderful spirit that had come over me. I am not sure whether I was actually in the Spirit World or whether this was just a dream or revelation. In any event, I am sure that the answer is basically true.

To me it means that we should organize ourselves so that we are worthy and willing to accept counsel through the head of the family. And the head of the family must live so that he is worthy to receive the promptings of the Spirit.
Hello, Honey, surprised to hear from me? I thought you would be. I just called to tell you that I am hopelessly in love with you, and I like to be that way.

Say, is little Mary around? Oh yes, here she is, and how is Daddy’s little Darling today? Do you still remember that your Daddy is in Texas? And Mary, do you play with Smudgy? I’ll bet you do, and Mary Darling, I love you, you little Sweetheart. And how are you Carrol? I surely do love you and I like that nice letter you wrote me, too. I’ll answer it one of these first days. I didn’t know that you could write so good, Darling, but you surely can. I love you Darky Darling and I hope you take good care of little Mary. Tell Nadine to come here a minute, will you Carrol? Oh This is Nadine, isn’t it? Why Dinie Darling you are growing so fast I hardly knew you. My but I’ll bet you are a big help to Mother now aren’t you? Did you have fun this summer down to Grandma Tripps and up to Yellowstone Park and up to Uncle Ray’s farm? I’ll bet you did I have had a lot of fun too, but I have been awfully lonesome for my five Darlings. I love you, Nadine and I hope you will keep on being a very good girl. And here is Shirley. My goodness, but I didn’t realize how lovely my girls are. I know that Grandma Olson will need you to help her take care of the other girls while Mother comes on her Mission, and you can do it, can’t you Dear. I surley do love you Shirley Darling, and I’ll bet it is lonesome up in Heaven since they sent us the four very best girls they had.

And now for a few words to the sweetest and best pal in all the world. Of course I remember our theme song Honey, and I mean every word of it a million times over. Why I can hardly wait till the day you get here, Sweetheart, and I am going to see to it personally that you enjoy every minute of your Mission. And Darling, don’t worry about the Girls, because I know that they will get along just fine with their Grandma Olson. I received a letter from her the other day saying that she will be more than glad to go up there and live with the Girls while you are down here.

We surely do have fun, Honey. My companion and I live in a six room house with a group of Spanish American Elders and it is just the most lot of fun. I would like to introduce to you my very good friends Elder Reed Powell and Elder Grant Blake, both of Provo, Elder Powell— and now Elder Blake— . . . .

When I get a picture of the three of us I will send it to you. I hope you are going to shows, etc. and having all the fun you can. In case I forgot to mention it, Darling, I love you with all my heart and it looks like I always will. In fact my whole purpose in living is to make you happy and to make you love me as I love you.

Give my love to Neal and Lorna and their Family and all our friends and tell the girls that if they will be real good while you are out here that we will bring them home some nice Mexican presents.

I love you my Darlings and goodbye for now.
Letter from Floyd to Violet
at Christmastime, 1966

To My Darling Wife: Sweetheart, at this Christmas-time I thought it would be appropriate to tell you some of the reasons that I am in love with you. I think first, and one of the foremost reasons is because of my hope for eternal life. Without you, this would be impossible. Your encouragement in serving the Lord, in keeping his commandments, in making the covenants in the temple, and in trying to live the gospel in our home have been invaluable. I can’t imagine how it would be to try to do these things without complete co-operation and harmony in the home. And so, I love you because of your contribution to my hope for eternal life.

Another major reason, of course, is our family. When I see and think of the family that you have brought into the world for me, and realize what fine people they are, every single one of them, and the start in life they have, their testimonies, the families that they are raising (some of them), and the type of life that they are trying to live, this is our reward for the efforts we have made, and this would not be possible without you. When I see the talents and abilities they have, I know that they could not have had these things except for you. And so, my joy in my family is just unbounded and it is all because of you.

Another reason that I love you is because of the joys of every-day living. Certainly this is not to be overlooked, and is important. When I think of the nice home, the good meals, the clean clothes, the warm bed, and the pleasant and comfortable surrounding that we have, when I think of the orderliness, neatness, the attempt to meet schedules, all of the things that go to make life worthwhile and orderly and pleasing, plus the fact that you encourage us to have our family prayers, to hold our home evenings, and attend our meetings, these things are tremendous in making life happy and worthwhile. So, my joy at the problems of every-day living I owe to you.

The opportunities that I have had to make a living, although I feel that I haven’t done a good job at this, but at least you have given me every encouragement and every help to make the most of every ability that I might have had. This is a source of satisfaction and joy. I hope that we have accomplished some things in our work day that are worthwhile, and whatever they are I owe it to you because they couldn’t have been done without your complete co-operation and support and help.

Now, there are many other little reasons why I love you so much, but I thought these major ones and rather general ones should be mentioned and certainly made a part of the record. I think that you are one of the finest people that the Lord had to put on the earth. And, for this reason, I love you. Because he gave you to me, I love you. Because you have devoted your life to making my life happy and worthwhile, I love you, Darling, and I hope that you never have cause to doubt or question my emotions. Bye, Sweetheart, and I want you to know that I do love you with all my heart.

Floyd
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Burley, Idaho
June 26, 1933

Patriarchal Blessing given by W.L. Waite upon the head of Floyd Donald Olson, son of Alice A. Gransbury and Charles M. Olson, born Feb. 13, 1912 at Burley, Idaho.

Brother Floyd in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ by virtue and power of the holy priesthood I place my hands upon thy head and give unto thee a Patriarchal Blessing and say unto thee that thou art of the true blood of Israel a descendant of Joseph through the loins of Ephraim, and through thy faithfulness are entitled to the blessings and privileges of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Thou has been greatly blessed in being permitted to come upon the earth in this day when the gospel has again been restored to the earth, having parents to teach you the principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ and I say unto thee to listen unto the counsel of thy parents and to the counsel of the servants of the Lord who may preside over you and if you will do this you will have power to live a life in the earth that will be an honor unto them and unto you and to the church and kingdom of God. If thou will be faithful you shall be blessed with a strong testimony of the gospel of Jesus Christ and will have power to bear thy testimony wherever you may be called to labor and there will never come a time in thy life when you will be ashamed of the gospel of Jesus Christ but you will always have power to bear thy testimony to those wherever you may go, both to those that belong to the church and to those that do not belong to the church. You will have power to bear thy testimony and to teach them the gospel of Jesus Christ. You will have power and be blessed with the privilege of receiving the priesthood from one office unto another until you shall receive a fullness of the Melchizedek priesthood and through the power of that priesthood shall have power to go forth and perform a labor and a mission in the earth that will be an honor unto you and you shall be called to bear thy testimony unto the nations of the earth, to those that do not understand the gospel and through thy testimony and through thy influence many shall be led to serve the Lord through thy teachings.

I bless you with faith in the principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ and with faith to go forth to live them and to keep all the commandments of the Lord and promise you that if you will be faithful that you shall not only bear thy testimony to the nations of the earth but you will be called to labor at home among thy brothers and thy sisters to counsel them and to assist them in doing their duty for many responsible positions will
be placed upon you and you will have power to magnify them and power to go forth to live a life of usefulness in the earth, to live a life that will be an honor to thee and that the world will be better by thy being upon the same. If you will be faithful and live worthy you shall have the privilege of going unto the house of the Lord and there receiving thy blessings and in that holy house you will receive a testimony that the work that is done there is of the Lord and you will be given a companion that will be a companion unto thee for time and for eternity who will be sealed by the power of the holy priesthood. Thou shall become a Father in Israel be an instrument in helping to rear a family that will be an honor unto thee and unto the church and kingdom of God. Thou will be blessed in having the privilege of doing not only thy own work but you will have the privilege of doing work for those that have gone before you for there will be many of them that are waiting for their work to be done and you will have the privilege of doing their work and you will take great joy and great satisfaction in the same.

Now dear brother, remember that the Lord will bless you if you will live a life that will permit his Spirit to be a companion to guide you and direct you and I promise you that the Spirit of the Lord shall be a companion unto thee to guide thee and direct thee in thy labors and you will have power to discern between the promptings of the Spirit of the Lord and those of the evil one and will have power to choose the things that will come from Him and reject the ones that come from the evil power. Keep thy body clean, observe the Word of Wisdom and I promise you that you will not have a desire to break it. Thy appetite shall be for those things that will not break that commandment and you will have power to resist evil and resist temptation when they are placed before you and if thou hast a desire for these things I promise you if you will humble yourself, go before the Lord, He will bless you that you will have power to overcome them and that you will have power to live a good clean life and a life of usefulness in the earth for I bless you with them and promise you that no power in the earth can deprive thee of them if you will live in a way that the Lord can bless you with them and I bless you with every blessing and every desire of thy heart in righteousness for I promise you that He will bless you and He will guide you in all thy labors all the days of thy life for thy labors shall be a pleasure and a joy and thou shall live upon the earth until thou art satisfied with life and shall enjoy the blessings of the gospel of Jesus Christ and shall assist in many ways in helping to build up the church and kingdom of God. These blessings I seal upon thee and promise you that they shall be yours if you will live for them and I seal thee up to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection to be a king unto thy posterity to rule and to reign with them and I do it in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ Amen.

W.L. Waite
This Certifies that
Alfred C. Quartz & Hazel C. Olson,
were lawfully married at Salt Lake City, on the 3rd day of January, in the year Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen.

Floyd Olson
Violet C. Olson

WITNESS

WITNESS

LICENSE ISSUED BY THE CLERK OF SALT LAKE COUNTY

IN THE PRESENCE OF

Margaret A. Johnson

Married 1-3-1913

Floyd and Violet's Marriage Certificate
This is to Certify that

Floyd Donald Olson and Violet June Tripp

Who previously had been legally married, were SEALED by me as husband and wife according to the ordinance of God, for TIME and for all ETERNITY, in the HOUSE of the LORD, Salt Lake City, Utah, 14th February 1935.

Robert M. Haynie

Witnesses

Geo. W. Richards

An Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

MISSIONARY CERTIFICATE

To All to Whom this May Be Presented:

This Certifies, that the bearer, Elder Floyd Olson who is in full faith and fellowship with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, has been duly called and set apart as a missionary of said Church, with authority to preach the Gospel and administer all the ordinances thereof pertaining to his office and calling. And we invite all men to give heed to his teachings as a servant of God, and to assist him in his travels and labors, in whatsoever things he may need.

David O. McKay

President of

Salt Lake City, Utah

March 8th, 1944
To Whom It May Concern

We the undersigned Presidency of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints hereby certify that on the 16th day of August 1961

Floyd D. Olson

was ordained and set apart as Bishop by Elder Alma P. Sorensen

Asst. to the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles

to preside over the Murray 16th Ward of the Murray South Stake, in the County of Salt Lake and State of Utah

in conformity with the rites, regulations, and discipline of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

In Testimony Whereof, we hereunto subscribe our names at Salt Lake City, Utah, this 25th day of August 1961

David O. McKay

Presidency of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
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Floyd’s Death Certificate

DECEASED—NAME
Floyd Olson
SEX Male
DATE OF DEATH October 10, 1974
PLACE OF INJURY 421 East 6270 South, Murray, Utah 84107

DECEASED—AGE 24
MOTHER'S NAME Alice Gransbury
MOTHER'S ADDRESS 421 East 6270 South

DECEASED—DATE OF BIRTH November 13, 1912
MOTHER'S STATE OF BIRTH Utah

DECEASED—LAST RESIDENCE
MOTHER'S COUNTY OF RESIDENCE Salt Lake

DECEASED—BIRTHPLACE
MOTHER'S CITY, TOWN, OR LOCATION Salt Lake

DECEASED—STATE
MOTHER'S COUNTRY OF CITIZENSHIP U.S.A.

DECEASED—INFORMANT
MOTHER's NAME Floyd Olson
MOTHER's ADDRESS 421 East 6270 South

DECEASED—INFORMANT—NAME
MOTHER's MARRIED NAME Alice Gransbury
MOTHER's MARRIED ADDRESS 421 East 6270 South

DECEASED—RELIGION
MOTHER's RELIGION L.D.S., Hospital

DECEASED—DISPOSITION
MOTHER's DISPOSITION Burial
MOTHER's CREMATION REMOVAL Midvale City Cemetery
MOTHER's Date October 15, 1974

DECEASED—RACE
MOTHER's RACE White

DECEASED—LOCATION OF DEATH
MOTHER's LOCATION OF DEATH Salt Lake

DECEASED—HOSPITAL OR OTHER INSTITUTION
MOTHER's HOSPITAL OR OTHER INSTITUTION L.D.S., Hospital

DECEASED—REFERENCE
MOTHER's REFERENCE President

DECEASED—SURVIVING SPOUSE
MOTHER's SURVIVING SPOUSE M. Olson, M. Olson
MOTHER's SURVIVING SPOUSE NAME Alice Gransbury
MOTHER's SURVIVING SPOUSE ADDRESS 421 East 6270 South

DECEASED—SURVIVING SPOUSE—NAME
MOTHER's SURVIVING SPOUSE MARRIED NAME Alice Gransbury
MOTHER's SURVIVING SPOUSE MARRIED ADDRESS 421 East 6270 South

DECEASED—SURVIVING SPOUSE—DATE OF MARRIAGE
MOTHER's SURVIVING SPOUSE DATE OF MARRIAGE October 10, 1974

DECEASED—SURVIVING SPOUSE—DATE OF DEATH
MOTHER's SURVIVING SPOUSE DATE OF DEATH October 15, 1974

DECEASED—SURVIVING SPOUSE—AGE
MOTHER's SURVIVING SPOUSE AGE 24

DECEASED—SURVIVING SPOUSE—MARITAL STATUS
MOTHER's SURVIVING SPOUSE MARITAL STATUS Widowed

DECEASED—SURVIVING SPOUSE—RELATIONSHIP
MOTHER's SURVIVING SPOUSE RELATIONSHIP INFORMANT

DECEASED—SURVIVING SPOUSE—INFORMANT
MOTHER's SURVIVING SPOUSE INFORMANT M. Olson
MOTHER's SURVIVING SPOUSE INFORMANT ADDRESS 421 East 6270 South

DECEASED—SURVIVING SPOUSE—INFORMANT—NAME
MOTHER's SURVIVING SPOUSE INFORMANT MARRIED NAME Alice Gransbury
MOTHER's SURVIVING SPOUSE INFORMANT MARRIED ADDRESS 421 East 6270 South

DECEASED—SURVIVING SPOUSE—INFORMANT—DATE OF MARRIAGE
MOTHER's SURVIVING SPOUSE INFORMANT DATE OF MARRIAGE October 10, 1974

DECEASED—SURVIVING SPOUSE—INFORMANT—DATE OF DEATH
MOTHER's SURVIVING SPOUSE INFORMANT DATE OF DEATH October 15, 1974

DECEASED—SURVIVING SPOUSE—INFORMANT—AGE
MOTHER's SURVIVING SPOUSE INFORMANT AGE 24

DECEASED—SURVIVING SPOUSE—INFORMANT—MARITAL STATUS
MOTHER's SURVIVING SPOUSE INFORMANT MARITAL STATUS Widowed
Charles Magnus Olson

THE ROAD TO ZION

1867 1934

History
by Alice Gransbury

Charles was born October 21, 1867, his brother, Peter, about two years later, in Austrop Jutland, Denmark.

How long they stayed in Sweden after they went back I do not know but I’m sure it wasn’t very long because Charles and Peter were very small boys when they went to New Zealand.

Conditions were a little better in New Zealand and they soon bought a home and all worked together to pay for it. However, before many years had passed, the Mormon Elders came on the scene. The father was quickly converted and wanted to come to Utah, but the mother was very bitter against the Elders and said now she had a home, she would not leave it, so leaving everything to her except just enough to get to Utah, he left his family and came to Zion.

Charles and Peter were getting old enough by this time to work and earn a little money.

About this time they became interested in Mormonism. They were baptized secretly because they knew their mother and Nils would be very much opposed to it, so they started saving their money to come to Utah. If I remember it right, it took about two years for them to get enough money together for their fare to Brigham City, Utah.

That was where their father had settled. Before they arrived here, their father had married a Swedish widow woman and they set to work to help him get a home, but times were very hard in Utah at the time and they worked in harvest fields and sheep shearing camps or wherever they could get work during the summer and fall. There was nothing to do in the winter, so for two or three winters they went to school for a few months. Then one winter there came a call for school teachers in Park Valley, Utah. Charles and Peter took the examination, passed and were sent to Park Valley.

While teaching there, Charles met and married Sylvia Carter the 26th of August, 1891.

For several years they had no children. During
that time Charles was called on a mission to Sweden in 1896. While he was away his father and mother both died.

On the 16th of June, 1899, their first child was born; a son they named Earl. On the 17th of August, 1901, their daughter Vinnie was born. Amy was born June 20, 1904, and Leroy March 17, 1908.

Sylvia, being a very delicate girl and having contracted tuberculosis of the lungs sometime before the birth of Leroy, died when he was fifteen days old in Peter’s house in Brigham City. The baby was very small and delicate and Sylvia, feeling that she had very little time to live, gave him to Peter’s wife, Mary. She had never had a child of her own. She proved to be a very good nurse and mother and she raised him to manhood. She also took Vinnie and raised her.

Before Sylvia died, Charles and Peter had both filed on land on the Minadoka project in Idaho, which was just being opened up for settlement. They helped build the canals and laterals for watering that project. A town soon sprang up there which was named Burley.

After Sylvia’s death, Charles and Earl moved to Burley and started improving their land which was about four miles from Burley.

Peter and Mary also spent some time there on their land. One day about six months after Sylvia’s death, Charles and Peter went to the canyon to get some poles and logs to build corrals and sheds with. The road leading out of the canyon was very rough and on the way out Peter was thrown off his load and killed. This was a terrible blow to Charles, coming so soon after the death of his wife. He and Peter had been very close brothers all their lives.

About a year and a half after this, Charles and I met, fell in love and were married in the Salt Lake Temple January 6, 1910. We lived in Burley on the land he had homesteaded until his death after an operation on the 9th of December, 1934 in the LDS Hospital in S.L.C.

He was always firm in the Gospel and held many responsible positions in the LDS Church and did his best to teach the Gospel to his children. I should mention that Earl and Amy both lived with us until they married.

This narrative was written by Alice Gransbury Olson, the second wife of Charles Magnus Olson.
Charles Olson’s Children (The four older children are from his marriage with Sylvia Carter; the six younger from his marriage with Alice Gransbury)
August 3, 1932
Hall St. Cambridge
New Zealand

Dear Charlie,

Got your letter this morning. I had been thinking about you. I had not answered your last letter. You ask how we came to think about coming out here. Well we will go back about 78 years. Father had a nice farm (with a mortgage of course) so he had to look for a wife with some money. Well, he did not get the money though Mother was supposed to have some.

I don’t think they got on from the start, and then Father took to drink, lost the farm and dragged up and down the country working on the railway and drinking all the time. Next he got off to Denmark and things got worse and you and Peter arrived. Things were so bad Annie and I used to go around the country begging from house to house.

Next he got the emigration mania. Found he could get out here with four children almost free but he had to pay for the outfit. So they left me in Denmark and went back to their native place to try

and get a little help, but they would not give him anything, so he had to go to work there and sent for me to come home and I, thinking their way out. Then I was 15. Next he planned for me to come out and sent money out for the rest of you.

We got work that winter scrubbing a lot of green oak trees and we got the bark and the small branches for our work. Next spring we got the bark off when the sap came up. We had left the sap and roots. Now I am near 16 so away I go with 2 loads of bark. Just enough money to pay for my outfit, sent the rest back. Landed here the end of 1874 without a shilling or a friend or a word of English. Well, I battled away, saved all I made and sent money home and you were all out here about 12 months later. Then we got to work, saved up to get a home together. From then you know pretty well what happened. Tom came on the scene. The --------. I transferred the place to Mother and was ordered out of the house that night.

Now for a long jump. We land out there, you and Peter gave me my fare from Frisco and when
you found out we would not stay, you took the money back knowing we had only just enough to land here penniless, with a sick woman and five little children.

The first two or three years we were half starved but we have pulled through and are all settled and comfortable.

Emily has bad health most of the time. Has asthma and bronchitis. But she won’t give in.

Things have been very bad for the farmers. Prices have been very low for everything and, of course, when things were good they splashed their money on motor cars and other things they could have done without.

Wages have come up out of all reason and now they won’t agree to lower it.

Well, I am 76 next birthday, Mom 67, so I supposed our time is nearly up, anyway I am glad to get your letters and if you write again I won’t be so long answering. This is really a reply to yours of April 3, 1930.

Kind regards to all the family from your brother, Nils.

The forgoing letter is all I know of what happened in the family of Ola Nils Olson and Hannah Matsen until the birth of Charles and Peter. Charles was born October 21, 1867, Peter about two years later in Austrop Jutland, Denmark.

How long they stayed in Sweden after they went back I do not know but I’m sure it wasn’t very long because Charles and Peter were very small boys when they went to New Zealand.

Conditions were a little better in New Zealand and they soon bought a home and all worked together to pay for it. However, before many years had passed, the Mormon Elders came on the scene. The father was quickly converted and wanted to come to Utah, but the mother was very bitter against the Elders and said now she had a home, she would not leave it, so leaving every-

thing to her except just enough to get to Utah, he left his family and came to Zion.

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About this time they became interested in Mormonism. They were baptized secretly because they knew their mother and Nils would be very much opposed to it, so they started saving their money to come to Utah. If I remember it right, it took about two years for them to get enough money together for their fare to Brigham City, Utah. That was where their father had settled. Before they arrived here, their father had married a Swedish widow woman and they set to work to help him get a home.

**Autobiography**

Ola Niels Olson born 4 July 1823
Ostro Sallerup Frosti Hered, Malmo Lau, Sweden.

Baptized in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in Alford Forrest, Canterbury, New Zealand on the 2 April 1882 by William Burnett, confirmed same time by the same Person. Is a son of Niels Olson and wife Sissa Person. Was ordained to the Office of a Priest on the 9 April 1882 by John Hutchison.

Emigrated from New Zealand on the 28th Febr 1884 and arrived in Brigham City on the 29 Mar 1884. And was ordained an Elder on the 20th April 1884 by John Burt.

Had my endowments in Logan Temple on the 18 November 1886 and was married to Jensine Christiansen on the same date.

Ordained High Priest May 2nd 1891 by Rudger Clawson.

*Note: After taking out his endowments Ola and his wife Jensine did the ordinance work for dozens and dozens of their deceased relatives and ancestors.*
My father, John Wesley Gransbury, was born in Delaware Co., near Walton, New York on the 9th of February 1848. My mother, Laura Elmina Cole, was born in Otsego Co., New York on the 24th of September 1850. They were married on July 29, 1874. They lived near Walton until after their second child was born. William Leslie was born January 12, 1875, and George Howard on September 9, 1877.

Father worked as a lumberman, but wanted to be a farmer. About this time Kansas was being settled and a man could file on 160 acres of land for a small amount of money. Father and mother decided this was their chance, so they went West to Kansas and father filed on land almost immediately and built a shack 10’ by 12’.

They stayed for a short time with an uncle of father’s, Henry Gransbury, who had been there for some time. His wife’s name was Julia. We always called her Aunt Jewel.

Father soon got a job working on a large cattle ranch for a man by the name of George Avery. He was a bachelor, but had quite a large house. Mother, not wishing to be a burden at Uncle Henry’s asked to go with father to cook and keep house for Mr. Avery for their board and room. Their board consisted of corn bread and molasses three times a day. Father was paid fifty cents a day cash, and a days work was anywhere from ten to fourteen hours.

Mother worked there through the summer, but in the fall the baby became so ill that she could not take care of him and do the work, so father moved her and the two children into the shack on their own land. It was four miles from Mr. Avery’s and they had no way of traveling except on foot, so father didn’t always get home at night. The country wasn’t nearly all settled then and the neighbors were few and far between.

On the night of the 15th October the baby died. Mother was there alone except for Willie, and he was not yet three years old. She took him in her arms and walked that four miles in the middle of the night to tell father the baby had died. Father took two days off for the funeral and Mr. Avery was very angry and came near firing him. Another
baby boy was born to them in that little shack on April 4, 1879. They named him Charles Wesley.

One night while Charles was a small baby a cyclone struck the house and tore it all to pieces and scattered it across the prairie. However, none of the family were injured and they were very thankful of that.

Father mortgaged the land then and built a good four roomed house and a large barn. He and mother worked very hard for a few years. They set out trees and beautified the place so that it was a nice house.

During this period, my sister, Jennie Elmina, was born 2nd January 1884. One day that fall after the hay and corn had been harvested and stored in the barn, mother was alone with the children, and she saw smoke coming from the barn. The fire already had a good start and there wasn’t a thing she could do, and everything burned, even the horses. They had a few more desperate years then, and during this period I was born 10 March 1887.

Owing to poor crops on account of drought, hot winds, and low prices, father could not pay the mortgage. So when I was about four years old the mortgage company foreclosed and we lost our home.

Father bought another 160 acres five miles west of the old home. This place had not been improved much, and the land was very sandy. We set out a great many trees, so I guess that is why I love trees so much. I spent several years of my childhood playing among the trees. The house on this place was just an old shack with a trap door in the kitchen floor and a ladder leading down into a small cellar. I’ll never forget how mother cried when we moved into that house. Father tried to comfort her by telling her he would soon build a new house, and this he did. The new house stood on a rise of ground. We had a deep well at the foot of this hill, with a windmill. The wind blew so much in Kansas we had no trouble getting the windmill to run.

While we were living in the old house we were all asleep one night and a cyclone struck the house. It was so terrific, father and mother thought every moment the old house would surely go. They jumped out of bed, threw some bedding in the cellar, and dragged us children out of bed and dropped us in on it. We spent the rest of the night there; and when the morning dawned, the storm had passed and the house was still there.

Down by the windmill there was a peculiar soil formation. Underneath a layer of sand was a deep layer of blue clay. Father scooped out a large hole there shaped like an oblong bow. We filled it with water from the windmill and put fish in it. We children had many a happy time playing in the water there. The neighbor’s children often came to swim and play with us.

We were living in a scattered community and a long way from town. It was almost impossible for people to get a doctor every time someone got sick. There were no telephones and they had to ride or drive a horse there and back again. Mother had studied nursing quite a lot and was a splendid nurse for those times. So people would come for her and she delivered nearly all the babies born in that section of the country. She also went out in other kinds of sickness, and in case of death she was always there to lay out the dead and help with whatever had to be done. There wasn’t a home for miles around that mother had not been in, in times of sickness, death, or other troubles. She never made a charge. Sometimes they would give her a dollar or two, and sometimes as much as five dollars.

When I was quite young, my oldest brother, Will, became very hard to manage at home and he started running away. This was a great worry to father and mother, for he would be gone some-
times for several months that we wouldn’t know where he was. Father and mother were always religious people and had great faith in prayer. One cold stormy night in winter Will was gone and we didn’t know where he was. They knelt by their bed to offer a prayer before retiring, and they promised their Heavenly Father that if he would watch over their boy and cause someone to give him food and shelter, they would never turn anyone away from their door who might come looking for food and shelter.

I don’t know just how long it was after this that there came a knock at our door one blustery day in March, and when father opened it there stood two men dressed in Prince Albert suits and each carrying a satchel and umbrella. One of them stepped forward and said, “We represent the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, more commonly known as Mormons.” Father and mother had heard something of the Mormons before they left New York, but nothing good; only what terrible people they were, so they were naturally frightened to think of having two of them in their own house. Father turned to mother and said: “What shall we do?”, and then the promise they had made to their Heavenly Father flashed through their minds and mother said to let them come in. Father took them into the living room, told them to make themselves comfortable, and he went out to do his evening chores. Mother prepared supper. We children came home from school and were frightened when told who our visitors were. We asked mother to please not send them upstairs to sleep. She promised they should not sleep upstairs.

After supper, father, mother, and the two Mormon elders went into the living room. Father had been a bible student for a long time, but was puzzled about some passages of scriptures and had never been able to find a sectarian minister that could give him a satisfactory explanation. So he thought he would like to hear how the Mormons would explain these passages. They talked until the wee hours of the morning and when father and mother went to their room father said: “Those men have got the truth, and I know it.” From then on we had some of the elders in our home most of the time. Mother would wash their clothes, press and mend for them, and enjoyed doing it. In April, 1897, father, mother and several of our neighbors were baptized in our fish pond.

After this our friends and neighbors all turned their backs on us, and father and mother could see what life would be like if we stayed there, especially after the elders were moved somewhere else. So they began to make preparations to come west. Father bought two new wagons and fixed them like sheep camps. He put the place up for sale, but land just wasn’t selling those days. He got what he could out of the stock and farm implements, and left the place in the hands of businessmen in Sterling to sell. It
was finally sold for taxes several years later, and we never did receive a penny for it. Mother wanted to stay there another year or two and try to sell the place, but father said no. He said if we stayed there after the elders left, we would drift away from the Church. Jennie and myself and several of the neighbors children had been baptized in August just before we were ready to leave.

The day before we were leaving, father had brought the wagons up close to the back door, and they worked hard all day packing clothing, bedding, food, dishes and tools into the wagons. None of the neighbors had been near us, except one man that came and helped father get the wagons ready. We know there was quite a feeling against us, so father said we would just climb into the wagons early the next morning and slip away unnoticed. But just as the sun was going down on that last evening mother stood in the kitchen door looking out, and she saw a train of wagons and carriages coming towards our place. She turned to father and said: “It looks like a funeral procession coming down the road. I wonder who could have died and they have never let us know?” But the teams came into our yard and people started climbing out and taking packages out of their wagons. They trooped to the house and filled the table and side table with all kinds of food, and said they had come to bid us good-bye. I don’t think there was a dry eye in the place. I was a little past ten years old then, and if I live to be a hundred I will never forget that night. We had such a wonderful time and our hearts were a great deal lighter as we went on our way in the days to come.

My oldest brother had married and was staying in Kansas. Neither of the boys ever joined the Church. Charles came West with us and drove one of the wagons. On the third day out a large rattle snake bit our best horse on the ankle just as we were passing a farm house. The farmer noticed we were in trouble and came out to see if he could help. By this time the horse’s leg was badly swollen, and she was very sick. This man said he had medicine for snake bites in the house and he ran to get it. They finally succeeded in getting her on the lawn by the house. We stayed there three days waiting for her to get well, but she was still very sick, and this man offered to trade us a horse of his for our sick horse and a saddle that belonged to Charles. His horse wasn’t worth half as much as our mare when she was well. We could see she was getting better, but father was worried about running into snow in the moun-
tains and didn’t dare wait any longer, so he made the trade and we were on our way again.

We had to cross several large rivers, but made the trip without anymore trouble. We were nine weeks on the road, and very tired of traveling when we arrived in Albion, Idaho.

Elder William T. Harper was one of the two first elders that came to our door. He was from Albion, Idaho, and had left his wife and three little boys on a farm there. His wife had developed rheumatism very badly and needed help, so Elder Harper asked father to go there and run the place until he was released from his mission, so that is what we did. Before Elder Harper came home father bought forty acres of land from Hyrum Lewis and worked in the canyon getting out logs to build a house, when he could get away from the farm.

We came West in the fall of 1897 and lived with the Harpers one year. By that time, father had a four-room log house nearly finished. We moved into it as soon as Elder Harper came home. That was our home for eleven years. During this time Charles
and Jennie both got married. I stayed at home, attended the Albion State Normal School winters, and worked out summers wherever I could find work. Wages were very low. Three or three fifty a week was the most a girl could get. Finally the Minadoka Project opened up. They started putting pumps in Snake River and digging ditches. I worked at the boarding house where they were putting in pumps for twenty dollars a month and thought I was getting rich. About this time the town of Burley was started. People came in from near and far and the town grew quite fast for a time.

Father carried the mail from Albion to Burley for a time. However, Burley was called Stars Ferry then. A man by the name of Star ran a ferry across the river there. But later the town was named Burley.

Father had had some heart trouble ever since he fought in the Civil War when he was young. And as he grew older, it grew worse; until he was not able to take care of the farm and stock, so he decided to sell the farm and move to Burley in the year 1908. He bought a lot and built a house just a short distance from the sugar factory. He got a job as night watchman at the factory for a while, but had to quit on account of his health.

I married Charles M. Olson January 6, 1910, and we moved out on his homestead about four miles from town into the community now known as Unity. We worked very hard on this farm, and had a great many hardships and disappointments. The water was expensive and a crop failure could be quite disastrous. One year the grasshoppers took most of our crops. Another year sub-water ruined our beets, and one year we had no snow, consequently no water, so we finally had to mortgage the place.

We raised a large family there. Our children were Carl Wesley, born 16 January 1911; Floyd Donald, born 13 February 1912; Vernon Magnus, born 22 February 1913 and died 29 August 1914; George Howard, born 30 May 1914; Leland Ray, born 26 October 1915; Fern, born 10 March 1917; Neal Roland, born 23 July 1918; Doris May, born 4 May 1920; Ruth Louise, born 21 July 1924; and Nelda Elaine, born 9 September 1925.

My husband died in the L.D.S. Hospital 9 December 1934 after having a double operation. The children were active in the Unity Ward, and attended grade school and high school in Burley.

Carl and Floyd tried raising thoroughbred hogs and were very successful for several years. But being young and inexperienced, cholera started among the pigs and just about wiped us out. Then the second year after their father died a hard hail storm came along and destroyed all our crops. This was during the depression that followed World War One, and it was hard to get work.

Floyd married Violet Tripp, 13 January 1934 nearly a year before his father died. They have nine children living and lost one. They live at Blackfoot, Idaho.

Carl went to the Western States on an eighteen months mission, 19 September 1935. He returned 13 February 1937, and soon after married Wava Lewis, a missionary he met in the mission field.
from Rexburg, Idaho. They have nine children and live at Holladay, Utah.

On account of the cholera taking our hogs and the hail storm destroying our crops we lost our home, and on September 3, 1936 I and my four girls came to Salt Lake City, Utah. We rented a basement apartment for $15 a month. Ruth and Nelda went to school. Fern, Doris and myself went to work at anything we could get to do. Fern soon got a job in the telephone office at $11.50 a week. We had a very hard time for a few years.

George came to Salt Lake and lived with us for a while. He married Rachael Hermansen, 30 April 1938. They had two children, then separated. He went into the Army for three years, came home and married Elva Lee. They have five children.

Leland married Gladys Horn of Rupert, Idaho, 19 May 1936. He bought a farm at Burley, Idaho and is still living there. They have five children.

Fern filled an eighteen month mission in the Eastern States in 1946 and 1947. She has never married. She works for Benson and Elfredge Insurance Corporation.

Neal married Lorna Ward, 25 February 1938. They have three children. Neal is the Bishops counselor in the East Stratford Ward, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Doris married Austin Bowen of Clayville, Utah, November 10, 1938. He died of cancer a year later. They had one child. She is now married to Robert E. Feyhl. They live in Cody, Wyoming and have three children.

Ruth married Alexander Di Francisco, 6 June 1942. They live near Murray, Utah and have four children.

Nelda married Jerry Daniel Tieten, 23 December 1950. They have two children.

As for myself, I feel that I have had a full life and have been permitted to live in a marvelous era. Nearly all of the greatest and most marvelous inventions of all time have come in my day. But the thing that I am most grateful for is that I have lived in the day when the gospel has been restored to the earth and that I have been permitted to accept it and to raise my family in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, for I have a testimony that it is the true Church and Joseph Smith was a true Prophet of God, and all the leaders of the Church from Joseph Smith on to the present day are true seers and revelators. I hope and pray that all my children have that same testimony burning in their hearts.

I am now sixty-nine years of age. I have written this sketch of my families lives hoping it will be of some interest to my grandchildren and great grandchildren.

I now have forty-three grandchildren living, and one great grandchild. We have laid away two grandchildren and one great grandchild.
Obituary

Friday, May 19, 1972

Alice Gransbury Olson, 85, 633 3rd Ave., died May 18, 1972, in a local hospital of natural causes.

Born March 10, 1887, Sterling, Kans., to John Wesley and Lura Elmina Cole Gransbury. Married Charles M. Olson, Jan. 6, 1910, Salt Lake Temple. He died Dec. 9, 1934. Member 21st Ward; worked in Relief Society.

Survivors: 1 sister, 5 sons, 5 daughters, 51 grandchildren, 72 great-grandchildren.

Funeral Monday, 10 a.m., 21st Ward chapel, K St. and 2nd Ave. Burial, Pleasant View Cemetery, Burley, Idaho.

Pictures on Left and Right: Gransbury Siblings, from left to right in both pictures- Jennie, Charles, Alice
John Gransbury, familiarly known in Walton and vicinity, as “uncle John,” died Thursday Feb. 26th at the home of his daughter in Unadilla. He had gone up there on a visit, some weeks ago, and being stricken with illness, was unable to return to his home at Pinesville. He was 84 years of age. His wife died a few years ago, but eleven children and numerous other relatives survive him. Mr. Gransbury was a native of the town of Walton, and most of his life was spent near here. He served in the Civil war, enlisting in the 144th Regt. in ’62 and continuing until the close of the war. He was a man well known in this vicinity, and enjoyed the respect and esteem of all. No better tribute to his memory could be given briefly than to quote the words of one of his fellow soldiers who said to him “Uncle John was a thoroughly good man.” His body was brought to Walton for burial, Rev. Robert Knapp, preaching the funeral sermon at the M.E. church Saturday. The Ben Marvin post of which the deceased had been a member attended in a body.

Six of John Gransbury's Children

John and Naomi Gransbury's Headstone
Naomi Puffer, wife of John Gransbury, died at her home at Pinesville, Friday, July 22, aged 77 years. She suffered a shock of paralysis six years ago and has never been well since, though she has been able to be about the house most of the time until six weeks ago when she had an epileptic fit. She continued to grow worse and passed away peacefully at 6 o’clock.

She is survived by her husband and thirteen sons and daughters. Two sons have died, William killed in the civil war, and Herbert, who died at home. The living are Henry, who resides in California, Benjamin in Colorado, Wesley in Kansas, Edward residence unknown, Charles lives at Lomis, Herman at Accord, N.Y., Mrs. Levi Foote in Roxbury, Mrs. Neils Larson in British Columbia, Mrs. Charles Vandusen in Unadilla, Mrs. John Nicholsen at Boulder, Colo., Mrs. Henry Vandusen at Unadilla, Mrs. Timothy O’Connor at Cooperstown, Mrs. A. Bradley in Walton.

Mrs. Gransbury was a member of the Episcopal church of Walton. Her funeral was held Monday at her late home at Pinesville and was largely attended.

Headstones for Naomi’s parents: Benjamin Puffer on the left and Sabra Redfield on the right.
Mrs. Rachel A. Cole died at the home of her son-in-law, Robert Clark, Tacoma, town of Masonville, February 16, aged 77 years, 9 months, 5 days. Funeral services at the house conducted by the Rev. C.A. Hubbell, of Trout Creek, who preached a very able sermon from these words, “I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith,” Second Timothy 4th chapter, 7th verse. Interment in Pinesville cemetery.
Newspaper Notice

When my day’s long task is done.

Oh glorious happy promise
Most comforting and sweet,
The Lord himself descendeth
And his saints together meet;
When the heavenly trumpet soundeth,
   According to his word.
   We are caught up in glory
   To be forever with the Lord.

So I’m watching and I’m waiting
   Each moment of the day.
For it may be noon or evening
   When he calleth me away.
And it makes the day go faster
   And the trials easier borne;
When I’m thinking every moment
   Today the Lord may come.

MOTHERS GONE
She tented near the gates of glory
While she sowed good deeds below.
And those gates swung widely open
To let that sainted spirit through;
Did ye not hear the joy bells ringing.
Did ye not hear the angels singing;
Though the chariot swung not low
When they took that saint to heaven
   In the morning’s tender glow.
   --Mrs. Sam’l Finch

A Card.

To those who so kindly assisted at the death and in the burial of our mother,
we wish to tender our most sincere thanks.
—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Finch, Mr. and Mrs. Erwin Dumond.
Our Legacy of Faith

Tripp
I was born 26 June 1916 in Burley, Idaho. My father is Melvin Reynolds Tripp and my mother is Stella May Anna West.

I started school at the age of five years in the Stars Ferry School. The first and part of the second grade I went to school in Glensferry, Idaho. The remainder of my school days were spent in Burley, Idaho.

I and my brothers and sisters used to go swimming in the Snake River when we lived in Glensferry. When I was about three or four I used to have to carry water a quarter of a mile. At night my father would go down to the canal with a barrel to get water for washing the dishes and clothes. Virginia, my sister, used to eat grasshoppers. They were so terribly thick in 1923 that they would just line the streams on the sweet clover. Everyone she could find that was dead and crisp, she would eat. She would eat the live ones when she could catch them. I can remember playing house with my best friend, Lillian Harwood, with the first big dolls we ever had. They had cloth bodies and eyes that would go to sleep. My mother had a big doll about three feet high that had joints in its fingers, wrists, arms, ankles, knees, waist, etc. -- everywhere humans do; but she wouldn’t let us play with it. She would get it down and let us see it every so often, but that was all. My sister, Grace, used to carry me home from school on her back because I would get so tired. We had one and three-fourths miles to walk. It would be dark when we left for school and dark when we returned home.

On 13 Jan. 1934 I married Floyd Donald Olson; and the last part of May of that same year I graduated from high school.
Shirley Lorraine was born 6 Nov. 1934, Fern Nadine was born 15 Oct. 1935, and Carrol Jean 30 July 1937. When Carrol was eight months old we moved to Tremonton, Utah. In the Fall of 1938 we moved to Richfield, Utah; and in 1940 we moved back to Tremonton, Utah, where Mary Anita was born on 11 June.

Floyd left for a six-months mission to Texas when Mary as two years old; and I joined him for the last nine weeks of his mission. Mother Olson came to stay with our four daughters for that time. I taught first year Beehives that winter.

Geraldine was born on 17 Oct. 1943, and ten days later we moved to Salt Lake City, Utah. In 1945, May 8, Dorothy Ann was born. I taught in the Jr. Sunday School for a short while that year. A week before Christmas in 1945, we moved to Union and while there I served as 2nd counselor in the Relief Society again. Our first son was born on the 30th day of November 1946, and died the 30th of March 1947. He is buried in the Midvale City Cemetery in Utah.

On the 10th day of February 1948, Barbara Lee was born and when she was three months old we moved out to Crescent, and I was the Blue Bird teacher in Primary and 2nd counselor in the Relief Society again. On 15 May 1951 Carl Tripp was born, and on 27 Apr. 1952, we moved to Moreland, Idaho, to try our hand at dry farming; this wasn’t very successful.

On 13 Aug. 1953 Nadine was married to Donald Ranquist, and three weeks later, on 1 Sept. Kathleen joined our family, making our eighth daughter. On 11 Jan. 1957 Carrol married Raymond Hudson. Kenneth Tripp was born on 9 Aug. 1957.

We moved to Murray, Utah, on 17 Oct. 1956. Mary married Zane Curtis on February 7, 1958.

**Autobiography**

My father’s name was Melvin Reynolds Tripp. He was born in Murray, Utah on September 22, 1893.

My mother’s name was Stella May Anna West and she was born in Sandy, Utah, May 29, 1895. My mother’s father moved to Murray after the death of his wife. Mother was 9 years old at this time. They lived with an aunt Polly who was much older than my mother, and had a family of her own.

My parents dated for nine years before they were married on October 9, 1913. They moved to Tooele, Utah where my father worked in the smelter for a while, then they moved back to Murray, Utah where my sister Grace was born, March 22, 1915. Later they moved to Burley, Idaho and I was born June 26, 1916. We lived on a small farm in the Starsferry Ward.

The Starsferry Ward got its name from an old man named Stars who operated a ferry across the Snake River.
At the age of four years I spent one summer with my Uncle Ray and Aunt Alice Tripp and their daughter, Daisy, who was six months older than me, in a place called Fish Creek, somewhere near Carrie, Idaho. Fern, Daisy’s sister, stayed with my folks that summer. Uncle Ray had a band of sheep and he trailed them all the way from Burley to Fish Creek every summer and back again in the fall. He rode a horse and Daisy, Aunt Alice and me rode in the wagon with our supplies.

We had to leave early enough in the spring that the rattle snakes were not yet out. We went right over the Lava rocks on a sort of trail.

This was a choice experience for me. Their home life was so different from ours. We always had prayer morning and night, family, and church on Sunday in Carrie.

In the winter Aunt Alice and Uncle Ray lived on a farm about one fourth mile from us and we were very close friends. Fern, Grace, Daisy and me.

One summer while playing cowboys in the orchard, I tripped on a piece of metal and broke my nose and split my knee cap. My nose never did heal right and to this day I have a hole thru the center part of my nose. I always thought this was normal until I had children of my own and found that they didn’t have a nose like mine.

We used to play house in the granary during the summer when it was empty and it was cool there. One day I sat my doll, which was the first doll that I can remember having, by the door when it was open and the wind caught it and slammed it shut and broke her head off. She had a china head, arms and legs. We tried to glue it back on with the only glue we had but it wouldn’t stay on. Nearly broke my heart. Our glue was made out of flour and water. It worked on paper but not on china.

While we were living in Starsferry, my little sister Dorothea just five months old died with diarrhea. She had hair that was almost copper colored, long and thick. Grace had Auburn hair and my hair was as black as coal. Every-one used to call me an African blond. (Daisy’s hair was almost white) so we made quite an odd looking pair.

When Grace was five years old we were playing at some neighbor’s home whose name was Casper. We were running like all kids will. They had two boys just our ages and they liked to tease. Mrs. Casper was heating their bath water in a big tub balanced on some rocks over an open fire and as Grace ran past, she
tripped and fell and the tub of hot water tipped over on her and we were afraid she was going to lose her legs. They did finally heal but she had terrible scars from her knees to her hips.

Aunt Alice and Uncle Ray moved to town about this time so we didn’t have anyone to play with.

We spent one year in Glensferry, Idaho. My dad thought he wanted to work on the railroad. There we lived right on the Snake River and we had a nice beach and could wade in the water all day, which we enjoyed very much. We only lived there about one year.

We moved back to Starsferry to the same farm and it was time for Grace to start school. She had to walk 3/4 of a mile before she met anyone else to walk with. She was afraid to go by herself, so I went with her and though we didn’t have a kindergarten class, the teacher let me draw and color and anything else as long as I was quiet. I often wondered why she didn’t just put me in the first grade. This was a one room school house with all eight grades in one room. It was heated in the winter time with a pot bellied stove in the center of the room.

The weather in Burley is cold. We were nearly frozen before we got to school as it was one and three fourths miles and we left home in the dark in the mornings and returned after dark at night. I would get so tired walking that far and would end up being carried piggy back by some of the older boys who walked our way.

They discontinued using this school the next year and we rode a bus to town to a new school which was called the Southeast school. We enjoyed riding on the bus. I was put in the second grade because I knew everything that they had learned in the first grade and I was bored. That was nice to be in the same class with my sister Grace all the way thru school. I was larger than she was and everyone thought I was the oldest anyway. We went to the Old Miller School for the fourth and fifth grades. It was nice to ride a bus to school and not have to walk.

We didn’t have the opportunity to be in school plays because that was all done after school or before school and we had to ride the bus. This was for city kids only.

My brother, LaWayne, was born while we lived here. He was three years younger than me. Virginia was born here also. I was eight years old when we moved to the View ward. LaWayne was five at this time. He was the first boy and the joy of his father. We moved in February and we both caught a cold which turned into pneumonia. LaWayne passed away in late March. This left just three girls in our family. My father said he was never again going to be a pal of one of his kids so we never really knew him. He wouldn’t take us anywhere with him.

Ross was born the first year we were on this farm. My dad was just renting these farms. Mostly for just three years so we moved quite often. Ruth came along just before we moved from this place.

We next moved to the Patton place in the View ward just down the road 3/4 of a mile and this is where we lived when I went to school without my dress.

All our dresses were cotton in those days and they wrinkled quite badly. We would press our dresses and not put them on till we could see the bus coming down the road. Well this morning I ran out of time. Our iron was one that we heated on the stove and wiped clean with a cloth then pressed your dress. I was watching for the school bus, but turned to say something to one of the other kids, someone said here’s the bus and I grabbed my coat and ran. All the teachers kept asking if I didn’t want to take my coat off as it was warmer that day in the class rooms and I was melting. It was terrible. I must have been in the sixth grade.
because we were in the high school building at this time. In those days the teachers changed rooms and the children stayed put all day.

This was at the time when the old Model T Ford was in fashion. Our parents were going up into the hills to gather logs for firewood and they made about three trips a year. On one of these trips they left all us kids home alone. I was to do the chores, and Grace was to do the cooking and cleaning. The chores included irrigating the farm and milking the cows. My dad promised that if we did a good job he would teach us to drive the car.

The first night they were gone we had a woman come to the door about 12:00 A.M. You can imagine how dark it would be without any lights in the whole valley. Needless to say, we were frightened. She only wanted to know the way to Albion but then we didn’t hear a car or a wagon drive away. Grace and I got up to see what was going on.

There were several men and women out by our barn and chicken coop, and the chickens began to make a noise and before stopping to think what I was doing, I got my dad’s shotgun. I don’t think it was even loaded. But I stepped out the back door and said as loud as I could, “If you don’t leave I’ll shoot you.” And thank goodness they believed that I would and they left running thru the field. After a little while we began to wonder if they had taken all the chickens or maybe if they had taken the gas out of the car.

Our barn was made of straw and it was very dry. We didn’t have flashlights so we got the kerosene lantern and waited until we got out to the barn to light it with a match. Well, what an explosion we had!!!! Gas had been spilt on the ground and the match was all that was needed to start a fire. All the cows and horses were in the barn and shed right next to where the car was parked. We found some old dirty gunny sacks laying on the ground and Grace and I got them and beat the flames out. But those men had left the cap off the gas tank and in beating out the flames we got dirt in the tank. The men had taken all the gas out of the tank or we wouldn’t have been able to stop the fire at all. Needless to say, we didn’t get to drive the car --- my dad was so mad that we got dirt in the gas tank and we thought we were doing good to get the flames out.

Going back a little to the first farm that we moved to in the View Ward. The house was old and drafty and at the time LaWayne was so ill with pneumonia. They had no wonder drugs. He was so very ill that he was delirious most of the time. I remember the doctor coming out to see us one day and telling my parents that my brother was going to be all right. Not twenty minutes after he left the house my brother passed away.

We were not acquainted in the ward yet, and my father wanted to have LaWayne’s funeral in the Starsferry Ward and the Bishop of the View Ward said no it had to be in the View Ward. Well, there were words said and my father said he would never go into a church house again. He never did, and he forbid us children to go. My father and my brother had been so close. Everywhere my father went LaWayne went too. He was five at this time.

It was my job to tend the cattle as they fed on the canal bank each day. I took my lunch with me and when the sun was high in the sky, I would turn them back toward home and sit down under a tree to eat my lunch.

There happened to be a house right there, and a nice lady lived there. She always came out to visit with me and would always bring cookies and punch, something I never did have in my lunch. Through the summer months we became quite good friends and I always looked forward to these visits. I missed them when school started and I didn’t see her anymore. I was eight years old at
this time. She had the blackest hair and eyes. Her hair was always very neatly arranged.

The next summer I expected to see her again but she had moved and I didn’t see her again for years.

Ross and Ruth were both born while we lived in this home.

We moved from this place when I was ten to the Patterson Place, still in the same ward. This time we lived between the Petersons and Bishop Patterson, who was the brother to the man who owned the farm we lived on. They were very nice families and never a week went by that they didn’t both invite us to go to church with them.

My father would never let us and I can remember sitting on the front doorstep watching them go by on their way to church, the chapel was eight miles away so it was too far to walk. I just could not keep the tears back because I knew that that was where we should be, learning about the Gospel.

After Sunday School we were allowed to go over to the Peterson’s to play and Sister Peterson would play the organ, all the songs they had sung in Sunday School, and Brother Peterson would tell us stories from the Bible or the Book of Mormon. I really believe that they knew how hungry we were for something spiritual and they knew this was lacking in our home. They were truly missionaries. I think that if my dad had known why we wanted to go over there every Sunday and every evening that we could, he would not have permitted us to go.

It has always seemed to me that I have had a testimony of the Gospel. I knew that it was true and oh, how I wished we had the spirit of the Gospel in our home.

My dad had been smoking and drinking for two or three years and I can remember my mother asking him to please not drink so much. He was not violent when drinking, just silly.

It was winter time and my dad had told us that when one of our cows calved we must be sure to save the calf because that was to be our meat the next winter. One stormy night as we were getting home from school, we found our mother outside trying to get this cow to go down into the potato cellar as she was about to have her calf and that was the warmest place for her to be.

Dad was in the house drinking and was of no help at all. My sister and I being the only children old enough to help, dropped our books and went to help. Dad came out to help too. Mother had made a path in the snow which was two feet deep from where the cow was to the cellar by tramping back and forth to pack the snow down.

It just seemed to me that every time we got the cow close to the cellar my dad was in the way and headed her back. I got so angry with him that I gave him a shove and he fell into the snow. He just lay there and I thought to myself, that’s a good place for him, why not just leave him there all night.

We finally got the cow into the cellar and got the doors shut after much shoveling of snow. She had her calf and about nine o’clock that night we decided maybe we better go get dad or he might freeze. We helped him into the house and put him to bed. He was fine, I guess he was too drunk to care about anything.

We swam every day in the 3rd left canal which was the highlight of every day. That old canal was so wide and so deep, and today it looks so small.

It was while we lived here that my dad gave our organ to the View Ward and nearly broke my mother’s heart. Her father had bought it for her when she was 12 years old.

I liked to ride horses, our old work horses when I was young. I always complained that Grace didn’t have to work in the fields like I did and so one day after my dad and I had just put up a nice neat fence for a pasture, he said he would let Grace harrow the piece of ground next to the fence and see if she could handle the horses. You stand on a board placed across the harrow and I had never thought it as such a bad job. Grace was afraid of the animals and, of course, the horses sensed that and they really gave her a bad time. They got all tangled up, the harrow tipped over, Grace was thrown clear but the horses ran away and pulled

Grace was thrown clear but the horses ran away and pulled about half our new fence down.
about half our new fence down. And that was the last time I ever wanted her to help in the field.

The year that I was twelve my dad broke his right arm and I stayed home from school and plowed, harrowed and planted the wheat. Then came time for the potatoes and I did the same thing. Somehow I didn’t mind doing the farm work. Dad’s arm didn’t heal as it should and I did all the watering that summer. I must have been intended to be a boy.

While Grace was learning to keep house and cook, here I was doing the farming. I can remember while cutting hay that summer, cutting off the legs of a pheasant and how I cried. I tied up the horses and took the bird to the house, thinking something could be done to help it, and what do you think, we had it for supper that night! Only I couldn’t eat any of it.

After living on this farm for three years, it was sold and we found another farm back in Star-ferry that we could rent. We moved in the early spring and it was my job to move the cows and calves from one farm to the other. The new farm was located right on the canal bank and though I had never been there before, I started out with the cattle. I was riding one of the work horses and it seemed that the cows moved so slow, but by dark I came to the home we were to live in for the next three years.

When my family first moved to this home, which we called the Baton place, we were welcomed by the Bishop and his family. He had a daughter Grace’s age and another my age. In all he had eight or nine children. I know he could tell that my dad was not going to let us go to our meetings and as we four girls always went to the Saturday night dances together and would be getting home late, the Smiths invited us to spend Saturday night with them. This way we could go to Sunday School and Sacrament Meeting and then go home. The three younger children were never allowed to go. If we were at home Sunday morning Grace and I were not allowed to go either.

We went to Mutual because that was after working hours. Our chapel was one and three fourths miles away and we always walked both ways with all the other boys and girls. We were on the edge of the ward and the boys and girls who were active all along the way would join us as we went by their homes and so we would have twenty or more when we arrived at the chapel.

It was really a choice experience to visit with so many people who all believed that the Gospel was true.

I really don’t know how the Smiths put up with us those two years, but I will always be grateful to them and the Petersons in the View Ward. I believe that my soul would have withered and died if I hadn’t been able to hear about the Gospel at that time. This was real missionary work.

About this time I met Floyd D. Olson in the beet field. He was hauling the beets to the sugar factory for my dad. My sister Grace and I and three of my cousins from Murray, Utah were topping the beets. This was in October of 1933.

First he asked me for a date on Wednesday to the movie, and when I said yes he asked me for a date for the next Saturday night to the dance. Then he came back and asked me if I would go to Sacrament meeting with him the next day. He was so persistent in asking for dates that I never had another date with any other boy after that.

That Sunday in Sacrament meeting he went to sleep and snored. I was so embarrassed.

After I started dating Floyd, I guess he must have felt sorry for me because I had 5 cows to milk every night. My dad milked them in the morning and I milked them at night. Anyway, Floyd would always come about
an hour earlier than he should, put on a pair of my dad’s old overalls and come out to the barn to help me finish up. I was so embarrassed to have him catch me doing chores, then I would have to bathe and dress before we could go on our date. Shows and dances were our dates in those years.

One Friday night Grace had a date with Floyd’s brother, George and I had a date with Floyd. It was the Green and Gold Ball, very formal. George came for both of us and said Floyd was running late. He was driving a truck from Burley loaded with potatoes to Salt Lake City and would bring a load of horses back for a man who auctioned them every week. Anyway, an axle had broken on the truck which was going to make him late. We were to wait for him at his home.

He called after we had been there for an hour and told George to go into town for something that he needed for the truck and he would meet us at Strevel, Idaho. In the course of events we had me, my sister Grace, George and Leland, Floyd’s brothers, and his sister, Fern and her date, in the car. It took us longer in town than we thought it would and Floyd drove the truck to Strevel and caught a ride home with another car. We missed him. He knew that we would have to stop at home because the radiator leaked and we would need water, so he called by phone to the service station to tell them to send us back home to get him.

What a night! It was raining and after picking up Floyd we started out for Strevel again and the car quit. Leland walked to Malta and got a tow truck to come get us and take us to Strevel where the truck was.

My parents didn’t have a phone so we had no way to let them know what was going on. It was after midnight before we got back to Strevel and while Floyd and George and Fern’s date were fixing the truck, Leland took Grace, Fern and me into town for something to eat. The hotel there stayed open 24 hours a day.

After eating a nice breakfast of pork chops, --all he had-- Leland reached in his pocket for his wallet and, wouldn’t you know it, no wallet.

We had to wash dishes and clean up the dining room to pay for our meal and I think he must have saved all the dishes for a week, there were so many of them.

The next day at 4:00 P.M. we arrived home. Floyd’s dad had gone over to my parents to let them know where we were, so all was well. We were all dressed in our best suits and long formal dresses. We were certainly glad to get home after that date.

On Thanksgiving day we became engaged and planned to get married in the spring. Our parents were unhappy with us when they learned of our plans. My parents said that they needed my help at home, and Floyd’s parents said they couldn’t afford to feed another mouth. They also thought that I was inactive and they didn’t want their son to become inactive. They really didn’t think we were going to be a family by ourselves at all.

The weather stayed nice all winter, we had no snow, so we had no crops the next summer. Since our parents didn’t want us to get married at all we ran away and were married January 13, 1934 in Salt Lake City, Utah. We knew that our parents were not going to change their minds when spring came, so what was the use in waiting till spring.

Five months later we went to our Bishop (A Bishop Gee) and asked him if we could get a temple recommend. He said, “NO” and he wouldn’t give us a recommend until we could prove to him that we didn’t have to get married. We were finally sealed in the Salt Lake Temple February 4, 1935.
I did not realize that Floyd’s parents depended upon him as much as they did. I think that the brothers and sisters counseled with Floyd more than they did with their parents. We always had one of them in our home talking to Floyd, and they would always want me to go out so they could talk in private. This always made me a little angry. I thought they should go out somewhere to do their talking.

At the age of 16 Floyd’s name was on his father’s bank account and you might say he was put in charge of organizing the rest of the family whenever there was work to be done. He was in charge to see that every detail was carried out. Maybe this is the reason he felt responsible for all his brothers and sisters and mother all his life.

Floyd’s father passed away on the 9th day of December, 1934, just 3 weeks after our first daughter, Shirley, was born and Floyd promised him that he would take care of the family. This certainly proved to be a big task.

We lived in Burly, Idaho and the following spring Floyd’s mother decided that she would move to Salt Lake City, Utah, thinking that the girls would have a better chance to get work and help out. George was the only boy who went with them. The rest of the family stayed on the farm and I did the cooking and housekeeping for them.

In the fall of 1937, we had three small daughters at this time, and we lived in a small home. Two rooms and we have 5 men living with us. Floyd was working at the flour mill in Burley at the time and so very often when he came home tired at night the chores would be left for him to do, while each boy did what ever he wanted to do. They played cards all day long on the kitchen table, and that was the only room that was heated so our little girls were always in their way or making a noise that disturbed them. Needless to say our relationship with them was a bit strained.

We didn’t have a washing machine and I always went over to my mother’s to do the weekly wash. One day I decided that I had taken all that I could stand of those five men. Floyd always took me over to my parents home before he went to work on wash day and came for me at night after work.

I told him as he was helping me carry the dirty clothes into the house that I didn’t want him to come for me that night until he had cleaned house at home. He said, what do you mean by that? What I wanted him to do was get all those men to go find somewhere else to live.

I had been ill all the time that I carried our third little daughter and when she was two days old I had a heart attack and when she was 4 days old I had inflammation of both ovaries and the doctor didn’t think I would ever pull through that. The doctor told us that we wouldn’t be able to have anymore children because the inflammation would make me sterile and he said even if we could, we shouldn’t because my health would not be very good.

We felt so bad to think that we had all the family we were ever going to have, but I felt that there were still more spirits that were supposed to come to us and after reading my patriarchal blessing again, I told my husband not to feel too bad because doctors were not always right and if we were supposed to have sons and daughters, we would have more children because we had no sons yet. We had 6 daughters before we had a son.

One day, not long after Floyd had sent all those men on their way to find a new place to live, he was going to sell some pigs and had to have them at the market place by 1:00 in the afternoon. He came home at 12:00 to eat his lunch and went to load the pigs in the truck. Shirley, who was three at the time, went out to him, crying so hard she could not tell him what she wanted. Thinking that she wanted to go with him, he took her back to the house, scolding her all the way, telling her she couldn’t go. She just clung to his hand and ran back to the house. What she was trying to tell him was that I had fallen on the floor and of course, it had frightened her. I had fainting, something that I did quite often that year, but I hadn’t wanted to worry Floyd because he had so much on his mind.
anyway. Well, needless to say he got a neighbor to come spend the rest of the day with me and the next day he took me to the doctor.

Floyd had spanked Shirley when she wouldn’t quit crying so she could tell him what she wanted and he felt so bad when he knew what the problem was. This was one reason that I just couldn’t take care of all those men, too.

The next three years were bad ones for me. I just did not have the strength that I really needed to take care of my three little girls.

Floyd’s father had left a lot of debts and for those first three years of our marriage we tried to pay a little on each note each month in order to save the farm. Finally we realized that the others were not going to help us pay these debts, but we would not be able to inherit the farm anyway; we rented the farm in the spring of 1938 and moved to Tremonton, Utah to start an O.K. Rubber Welders Tire Shop.

We had three daughters at this time, February 25, 1938.

We hadn’t been able to find a house or an apartment to rent so we moved into the back room of what used to be a butcher shop. There was a blacksmith shop on one side and a pool hall on the other side so all day we played the radio as loud as it would go so our little girls couldn’t hear the swearing on either side.

At nights the rats would come up out of the basement to play on the floor. This was very terrifying to us because we had never seen rats before and they came in droves. We went to the County and got some bait to poison them and then went to Salt Lake City to spend the weekend so that we wouldn’t get bitten by them. When we got back we had dead rats all over and had to scoop them up and put them in the trash.

After several months we found another place that had been constructed for a chicken coop and converted into an apartment. We had the tire shop in the end that opened onto the alley and we lived in the other end. We didn’t have money for fuel that winter so we burned old tires. They make a really hot fire and smell terrible, but they kept us warm.

In the winter of 1939, my parents lost the tire business that they had started in Winnamucka, Nevada and they came to join us in Tremonton, Utah. We had borrowed one hundred dollars from them when we started our shop and hadn’t been able to pay it back so we thought it only fair that they come to us for help at that time.

Ross and Ruth were still in elementary school and this made 4 adults and 5 children to live in a two-bedroom apartment. We did have an indoor toilet and wash room, but we had no tub so we still bathed in a round tub in front of the kitchen stove.

There was an opening in a town in southern Utah for a tire shop (Richfield), and if the franchise that my Dad had on Winnamucka, Nevada was not transferred to another place within six months, he would lose it. Well, my dad did not feel that he had the ability to make a success of starting a new business and we knew that we could not go on being in the same business with them, and living in the same house, so we decided that if they wanted to take the Tremonton shop and stay there that we would go to Richfield, Utah and start all over again.

We only had $100 in our pocket when we left Tremonton with all our earthly possessions on the back of an old truck. We arrived in Richfield about the first of September 1939 and could not find a house or apartment for rent but we did find an old building that had been used for a garage that would do very nicely for a tire shop. We moved in and set up our business. The building had a rest room and a room which had been used for an office. It had glass on three sides; we used
this room to live in but we had no privacy at all in the day time.

I had a washing machine on the truck but, of course, with no place to heat water. I couldn’t use it so I washed in a tub with a scrubbing board with what water I could heat on a hot plate. We lived this way until after the deer hunting season when we could rent a motel room with a kitchenette and a shower for the winter. It was while we were living here that I had so many boils on my buttocks that I was miserable all winter; when they cleared up I was pregnant with Mary. This must have been the way to get ride of all the poisons in my body from the infections I had had. However, we had to agree to move from the motel in the spring before the tourist trade started.

While we were living in the motel our little girls got lice in their hair. The doctor said this was common if you lived in motels. He called the county health board and they had the owner destroy all the mattresses in the motel and get new ones. We used kerosene to clear up the lice. Twice a day we put it all over their hair, leaving it on a short while and washing it out with a special shampoo. We had to boil all the linen, pillows, clothes, everything we could. We did get rid of this problem.

We had only been in Richfield for two or three months when Floyd’s brother Carl W. called to ask if he could join us and go into business with us. He couldn’t find a job and they were living with Mother Olson and not liking it very much, and of course, Floyd told them to come. I don’t think he ever refused anything that any of his family ever asked of him.

We really were not making enough for even one family to live on but somehow we made do with what we had and took Carl into business with us. He didn’t have a dime to put into the business but he came in as a full partner.

In the spring we moved our business into an old hotel that had been condemned and the rent wasn’t very much. We used the big dining room for the shop and we had two rooms and Carl and Wava had one room. We shared the bath room. The bathroom had a tub and toilet but we had to heat water on the stove if we wanted to bathe.

We were never free of Carl and Wava for more than a few months at a time for the rest of Floyd’s life.

In November of 1939 my folks decided that Richfield had a better climate than Tremonton and they would rather have the shop in Richfield. Floyd had never felt that a written contract should be necessary between friends so my parents sold off all the tires they had repaired and left the shop stripped of supplies and they came to Richfield.

Carl said he would not work with my dad so we gave him all the cash we had to send him to Tremonton to take over that shop.

It soon became apparent that we couldn’t work with my dad either so we began to wonder just what we were going to do. About this time Carl
got a chance to buy the shop in Rexburg, Idaho. This is Wava’s home town and she wanted very much to move.

Again the Tremonton shop was stripped and left. We decided that we would move back and start all over again. This time with less that we had when we first moved from Burley, Idaho in 1938.

Also we had a little girl who was very ill. Nadine had Bronchial Asthma. It always seemed to us that we were being forced out for the best. We found a doctor who cured our daughter. He became a home teacher with Floyd and they had many long talks. His name was Dr. Schaffer. He had joined the church the year before and was having such a hard time understanding so many things about the gospel. For instance, this was during World War II and hundreds of Japanese people were moved into our area and whenever they were ill they could not find a doctor to take care of them.

Dr. Schaffer’s office was always full of these people and he was a real friend to us to. He took care of Nadine, removed tonsils from Shirley, Nadine, and Carrol and delivered Mary and charged us $35.00. He was a real friend when we needed a friend.

Before Mary was born Shirley and Nadine felt they couldn’t wait another day for her to come and would go out to look for her under all the bushes and trees and they just knew that’s where they would find the new baby boy we were going to have. One day they were sitting on the doorstep talking and I overheard Nadine ask Shirley, “When people get sick and die, why doesn’t Heavenly Father just fix them and send them back?” After a minute, Shirley said, “I guess he is so busy making new ones that he doesn’t have time to bother with the old ones.” I thought this was good thinking for a six year old.

The spring of 1941 we decided to buy a lot that was offered for sale and build a shop on the street that faced the railroad tracks. It would be a much better location than the one on the alley.

The house next door to the shop came up for sale shortly after we had completed the shop and we bought it for $1200.00.

Soon after we had bought our home, Neal, another of Floyd’s brothers, called to see if we would make a place for him in our business. They were living in a small mining town near Boise, Idaho and there was no social life there and Lorna, his wife, was very unhappy there. Also, if Neal didn’t get into something that had a government priority, he would be drafted. Without a second thought or speaking to me about it he rented a truck and set out to bring them to join us.

As you can see, Floyd was always ready to help his family or mine.

After Neal had been with us for a few months Floyd was called to serve a short time mission for the Church. He left Neal in charge of the business, making him a full partner, and Floyd left for Texas on a mission.

He had told Neal that they could use our car whenever they needed it as they did not have a car. This really left me on foot because Lorna would not walk anywhere and every evening they needed to go somewhere.

On the fourth of July I took the bus with four little girls and went to Richfield to visit my parents. That ride was so hard that I decided I was
going back home and get my car and take Ross, Ruth and three of my children and we would go to Yellowstone Park for a vacation. Neal didn’t want me to take the car, but I had it for a whole two weeks before I went back home.

I was called to join Floyd in the Mission Field and served with him the last nine weeks. I really enjoyed the days but at night when I couldn’t tuck my little daughters into bed I always cried. We arrived home on Christmas Eve of 1942.

I had purchased Christmas presents before I left, and we had a nice Christmas. Floyd’s mother tended the children while I was away and the day after Christmas Floyd took her home.

The middle of January 1943, Floyd decided to be a traveling relations representative for the home company (OK Rubber Welders). If he stepped back into the management of the business, Neal would be drafted, so Floyd was away from home again for weeks at a time and of course, Neal needed the car again.

One day while Floyd was traveling as a representative for OK Rubber Welders home office in Denver, the President of the company was Harold James, he received a letter from home. Mary had just turned three and wondered if she was ever going to have a daddy again. When he read that letter he called the Denver Office and told them he just had to quit and go home to be with his family again.

We moved into a new home on the North side of Tremonton and Neal and Lorna bought the home straight across the street from us.

It was a miserable time for me. We had a finished apartment in the basement of our home and I suggested that we rent it to help make the payments. Floyd went to Salt Lake to buy tires to recap and instead of bringing tires home, he brought his mother and sister and all their belongings which really complicated my problems.

On one of the weekends that Floyd was home he made a sandbox for the girls and filled it with sand. We thought
this would make a good picture; we went into the house to get the camera, returned to find so many kids in the sand pile that we couldn’t tell which ones were ours. So many unpleasant things happened during that time that I wasn’t happy with my new home.

A month before Geri was born, Floyd told me we were going to move to Salt Lake City to go into business with Carl. Carl had moved his business from Rexburg to Salt Lake City and was having a hard time getting it going there. I never could understand why Floyd always felt that he was responsible for his brothers.

He didn’t want to go back into our Tremonton business and let Neal be drafted so we sold our home and moved into the basement apartment until our baby was born. I went into the hospital October 17 to have Geri and Floyd went to Salt Lake that same day to buy us a home to move into. I was there in the hospital 10 days without one visitor. Floyd came for me in the afternoon of the tenth day and moved us to Salt Lake City.

My parents had our other four daughters. They brought them to Salt Lake to join us. We stayed with Floyd’s sister, Doris, for two weeks before we could get into our home. We certainly appreciated their hospitality at that time. We were never happy while we were in that home those eighteen months. It was located at 997 Princeton Avenue. Then one day we took a drive and saw a small house for sale; we inquired and before the night was over we had bought us a new home. This was at Mt. Air Acres at 11th East and 32nd South in Salt Lake. We lived there when Dorothy was born, May 8, 1945, which was Victory in Europe Day and all the nurses wanted us to name her, Victoria. I bet she would have loved that name.

The business was growing and Carl and Wava decided they needed a better house so they took the money out of the business and bought a very large home. Neal and Lorna became unhappy in Tremonton and moved to Salt Lake City to join in the business as partners.

We lived at Mt. Air Acres for eight months and decided that we needed a place where Floyd could have his pigs. This time we moved to Union and we were there 2 1/2 years. We moved just a week before Christmas and the Ashtons and Jeppsons came over that same week to invite us to a Christmas party. It has always seemed to me that each time we moved we always met a new group of friends. We really felt at home in that Ward.

We had our first son while living there. When I was five months along with him, I had a dream or maybe it was a vision. I saw a beautiful lady in white with a small baby in her arms standing in the bedroom and she said to me, “You can have him for a little while and then I will return for him.” I didn’t say anything and she repeated the same words twice more! I then seemed to realize that she was trying to tell me that the baby I was carrying was a boy but that he would have a problem and we wouldn’t be able to keep him very long. If I wanted him with these conditions, I could have him or if I was not willing to accept him as he was, I would have a miscarriage. After she had offered him to me the third time, I sat up on the edge of the bed and held out my arms to take him. At this moment I woke up to find myself sitting on the edge of the bed with my arms outstretched. I woke Floyd up and told him what
I had dreamed and he thought that’s what it really was, just a dream.

Nevertheless I knew that something would be wrong but we would have a boy. Well, on the 30th of November, 1946, we had a little boy with a defective heart (a hole thru the inner lining). I was not allowed to hold him while we were in the hospital as he needed oxygen nearly all the time.

We took him to Dr. Vico, a heart specialist when he was 5 days old and after tests and x-rays, he told us the problem and said we probably wouldn’t have him for more than a month. This was so hard to realize and the dream I had had kept going thru my mind. He was too weak to nurse and had to be fed with an eye dropper. It took one hour to feed him and then he slept for two hours. This went on day and night.

Every morning as soon as the girls had gone to school my wonderful neighbor, Grace Ashton, came over to sit with him for two hours so I could sleep without interruption. Geri and Dorothy were small and someone had to keep an eye on them too.

We all loved this baby dearly and prayed that he might get well and live. But it wasn’t to be and he passed away March 31, 1947. The next few months were very difficult. If it hadn’t been spring and I could get outside, I don’t think I could have endured it. Our address there was 7701 South 7th East, Midvale, Utah.

Our seventh daughter was born here on February 10, 1948. We were so happy to get her and know all was well with her.

We had had an Internal Revenue decision made that we could depreciate our equipment rapidly because we only had a 99-year lease on it. Therefore, we started seven more shops, in the towns surrounding Salt Lake City. Neal was over the home office and bookkeeping. Carl was over production of the home office and Floyd was in charge of the outside shops.

In 1947 the IRS reversed their decision and assessed us a lot of back taxes. I never did know how much but we had to liquidate our shops one by one to meet these payments. Neal was in charge of getting the money paid. First he paid his share and paid his home off. Then Carl’s share and his home off. By this time we were down to the home office and the shop in Springville. Neal wanted out of the business and wanted the Springville shop as his share. This left Floyd with his share of IRS to pay and nothing to pay it with.

Carl took the SLC office and we sold our car and home to pay our share of IRS. We were left with no home, no income and seven children to support. Floyd never discussed our business affairs with me. He would just tell me we were going to do this or that and that’s what we did. I could never get him to understand that I should have some say in what we were going to do.

At that time I asked Floyd why he didn’t take his two brothers to court to get something back. They ended up with a home and a business and we ended up with nothing. Floyd said, no, he wouldn’t take any member of his family to court to get any material gain. If they wanted material wealth that much then somewhere in this life things would even themselves out. I was so angry that I wouldn’t even speak to him for a week.

It just seemed to me that we had tried so hard to help each brother to make a better living for his family and they were willing to step on us every time we turned around. We were to find that this was to be their methods all through Floyd’s life.

We lost our home in 1948. During this time we had moved a small home onto a foundation on part of our land and this is where Floyd’s mother and two sisters were living. We
had given it to Floyd’s mother so she would feel more secure. She was not happy living that far from town and wanted to sell her home and move closer to town.

Floyd had been made a counselor in the Bishopsopric of our ward and we wanted to stay in that ward. We asked Floyd’s mother to sell us her little home so we could buy it but she was angry that we had had to sell our home and upset her way of life and she wouldn’t sell it to us unless we could pay her cash which of course, we couldn’t.

We had an offer to move out to Crescent, in May of 1948, to an old abandoned house and tend 20,000 chickens for the summer. Well, $5 a day is better than starving. We had a few pigs (purebred) and seven girls so this offer sounded good. We moved in May and I taxied the girls back to school until school was out.

We rented this old house with 110 acres of ground for no money but an option to buy it within 3 years for $6500.00.

Life there was busy and hard yet we enjoyed ourselves there more than we ever had. Another man who had pigs went into business with Floyd and he hauled the feed for them and Floyd took care of them. We got the waste produce, anything that was ripe or marked in anyway, from the Safeway Warehouse, and we have never lived so good. Anything we needed to eat came on that truck, from vegetables to fruit, cheese, cakes, breads and bananas, tons of them. From the chickens we tended we got eggs and at least 3 chickens a week. We had a cow so we had milk, butter and we even made cheese.

In the spring of 1951, we decided to build a bedroom downstairs. The old house had a lean-to built on the back but we didn’t use it so we tore it down and built a family, utility and storage room, a bedroom and bath. We also made a swimming pool. Also we added two dressing rooms facing the pool.

This pool was the joy of all the family. The girls lived in their bathing suits. We were back in the field almost 3 blocks from any other families and the girls learned that they enjoyed playing together.

Here we met our good friends, the Stanley Fullers, Melbourne Lloyds, Harold Kemps, Hartly Greenwoods, and the Pete Jones. We all went square dancing once a week.

On May 15, 1951, Carl T. joined our family. The girls had all summer to spoil him and by fall we had a very spoiled little boy. Life was hard for him and I for a couple of weeks after school started.

While we were here Floyd had harvested the wild rye that grew on the farm and had ground it and mixed it with hay and fed some of the pigs...
this diet. This was the best pork we had ever eaten. Floyd so wanted to get a business going of feeding rye to pigs and marketing them. He had read in the Doctrine & Covenants, Section 89, about rye for chickens and swine and wild animals and wanted to prove that it really was true and the best feed for them.

I had forgotten to mention that Floyd and his brothers won more blue and purple ribbons at the fairs in the Western States until the time we were married. Floyd had started raising pigs in FFA class in school. FFA means Future Farmers of America. The girls had an organization called FHA, Future Homemakers of America and nearly all farm boys and girls joined.

Our girls were talking about pigs one day. We had some that were about nearly ready to have little ones and Carrol said, “You mean the ones with the white blouse and black trousers?” Mary spoke up and said, “Oh, yes”, she could tell they were going to have babies because she could see “all those little bottles on their tummies.”

We were really happy the first 2 years that we were there. After 2 years Carl decided that he needed Floyd to help him in the tire shop as things weren’t working out like they should.

Floyd went back into the shop and it was a prosperous shop for about 18 months. Then Floyd said he could not take anymore of it. Carl just would not stick to a wage but was always dipping into the till. It was Floyd’s responsibility to pay expenses and purchase supplies. Things could not go on like this. He came home one night and said he would like to sell our farm; we had 110 acres and a home, and move to Idaho to try his hand at dry farming rye and feeding it to pigs. This had been a dream of his for a long time.

We found a buyer for our farm and we went to Moreland, Idaho to look for a dry farm and a home. We gave Carl our share of the tire shop and walked out.

Within six months Carl had to sell the tire shop to pay the bills and he came to Idaho to help Floyd. I was so mad because we were right back where we were before. We still had Carl tied to our necks. We hadn’t been making much with the dry farm anyway because we hadn’t had any rain so the rye wouldn’t come up. We were doing some plowing for the farmers and were able to keep going, but we could not support two families on what we were making.

There just didn’t seem to be anything to do but to give our farm and home back to the people we had bought them from, sell our equipment to pay what was owed on it and look for a job. When we were really down and out, Carl went back to SLC and his family. He had his home paid for and his wife worked so he really didn’t worry about anything.

Carl sent us a clipping from the paper advertising for salesmen in our area for Glassheat, something new on the market. Floyd went to Salt Lake to see just what it was. He came back with several sample heaters and lots of literature and a new job.
He was so worried about being a salesman of a new product. He shouldn’t have worried about it because he was a natural salesman. He liked people and he could talk about anything. Really, instead of selling people he interviewed them and they sold themselves. He did a lot of studying and kept records on everything. He found a new house being built in Blackfoot that the builder would let us put glass panels in and do the insulating as the down payment. Floyd believed electric heat would be easier to sell if we lived with it.

He sold many heaters to the farmers that fall. They had a good crop of potatoes and got a good price for them and were all anxious to improve their homes. But when cold weather came we got many complaints that it cost too much money to heat with electricity. Floyd decided to solve the problems rather than to have that many people unhappy with him or the product he was selling. He began to put insulation in their attics, those who had put heat throughout their homes. This seemed to help our customers but it didn’t put money in our pocket.

About this time the company in S.L. (Glassheat of Utah) came out with a new product called cable that was to be installed in the ceilings of new homes. The only problem was no one knew what size cable to install in a room.

Floyd had been doing a lot of studying and experimenting with insulation and was able to put all the facts together and came up with a formula that really worked. The company in SL went out of business and Floyd decided that we should move our business to S.L.C.

The Utah Power & Light Company was very unhappy with their experience with electric heat and wouldn’t give him any encouragement to start electric heating here again. They had had nearly every one who had used the panels take them out and they were very unhappy.

Floyd knew that it could work and was determined to try. He found a builder who would let him put cable in the ceiling, insulation in the walls, ceiling and floors of one house. He had agreed to guarantee that the heat would cost a certain amount for the year.

We had bought a lot on 1800 E. and 3900 S. and intended to build us a home that was engineered for electric heat, but we couldn’t get a loan to build it and as winter was getting close we decided to buy the tract home and make it do until we could build just what we wanted.

It was a long hard struggle. We had been in SLC for about one year when Carl approached Floyd to take him into business with him. I begged him not to but he said he had promised his father that he would always take care of Carl, and to his dying day he did just that. Carl came into the business again without putting anything into it. He was always on a salary so didn’t put forth too much effort to do his share.

A lot has happened during our 19 years here. During the last six years of Floyd’s life he had cancer. When we first learned that he had cancer we were in the room at L.D.S. Hospital in September of 1968. Floyd was still asleep. My two daughters, Shirley and Nadine were with me. Carl came into the room and asked what Floyd’s problem was. We told him and he said, “What is to become of me?” He has never thought once of what Floyd was going thru. Only what was to become of him.

I have heard him tell two different men that he was never again going to let Floyd put him in a position where he had to worry about money. This is the attitude that he has always had. Somehow he felt that because Floyd had promised his father to take care of him, that he was to do so all his life. I’m sure that was not what Floyd’s father meant when he asked him to take care of his mother and her family.
We moved to Murray on October 17, 1956. In March 1957 Floyd was made a counselor in the Bishopric of the Murray 14th Ward. On August 9th, 1957 Kenneth was born. He is our last child. On Aug. 16, 1961 Floyd became Bishop of the Murray 14th Ward. He served 4 1/2 years in this position. He often said this was the only time in his life that he only held one position in the Church.

Floyd was very interested in raising purebred pigs even when a young boy. After he had read in the D&C about the Word of Wisdom and knew that rye was for pigs he had to find a way to feed rye to pigs. All the feed books said it couldn’t be done but he knew that the Lord wouldn’t have said that rye was for pigs and the fowl and beasts of the field if it really weren’t so. In October of 1972 we moved to Lehi on a 7 acre farm so that he would have one more chance to prove that this could be done.

But it wasn’t meant to be and I think he knew it when he became so ill in April of 1973. He finally went to BYU to a Professor Sorenson and told him what he believed and what he wanted to prove. Prof. Sorenson said he had read that in the D & C and for twenty years had wondered if the Lord had really made a mistake.

Dr. Sorenson agreed to try the experiment along with other feeds they were experimenting with. We were able to buy 6 of the 10 pigs that were raised on rye, (90% finely chopped rye, 10% finely chopped alfalfa. (I hope someday that someone will really make a success of this project that Floyd so much wanted to do).

He was never without a project of some kind to work on and life was never dull while he was in good health. I don’t believe that anyone really knew how ill he was during the last 6 years of his life. He always greeted everyone with a smile and said he felt fine. He just wouldn’t give up.

Even if his last experiment of dividing the state into 4 territories, having each man have a company independent of the parent company and the parent company being a supplier for these companies. It didn’t work, but if he had had another year or two to get things working and the problems solved it would have.

The only thing I can remember about getting Shirley ready for her mission is leaving Dorothy in charge of baby sitting all day one Saturday and Shirley and I went to go out to the Airport village where Nadine lived to some kind of a party that night before going home.

After we had shopped all day and were tired something kept telling me to go home before going to Nadine’s. As Shirley had this same feeling we went home and Kathy had taken some aspirin out of the bottle and was eating them. She had 17 aspirins in her hands and we had no idea how many she had eaten. We ended up at the County hospital and had Kathy’s stomach pumped and never did get to the party.

Sister Dalton had taken an Indian girl on the Indian placement program and couldn’t handle her so as Bishop of the ward we felt responsible to keep her till school was out. We received a letter telling us to help this child pack before going home and even though it was underlined in red I thought she is old enough to pack her things. When she was gone we discovered all the girls underthings and Barbara’s new Parka were gone and all Kathy Whitehair’s old clothes and books were in the drawers.
She would tell her dad how stupid it was to go and get drunk, but only to his face when he was drunk. Other than that no one talked back to Melvin.

When they lived at the Baton place their next door neighbors were the Petersons. The Petersons had 11 children and a niece and nephew who lived with them. Every Sunday afternoon they would have family home evening and Violet and Grace would be invited (although of course Melvin didn’t know they were going there for family home evening.) Seventeen people would sit around a large table and the children would tell what they had learned at Church that day. Then they would sing hymns and learn about the gospel. Violet hungered and thirsted after the gospel and the Petersons were her lifeline. She has always known that the Church is true.

Later when she was 15 her family moved and the new Bishop had Violet and Grace over every Saturday evening so they could go to the weekly dance with his two daughters, who were the same age. After the dance they would spend the night, all four girls in a double bed, and go to church the next day. They would borrow church dresses from the Bishop’s daughters. Each girl had only one long dress that they could wear to a dance, and since all were about the same size they shared dresses so that each girl had on a different dress each week. Violet learned to dance at those dances. The Bishop always said that at least two girls had to come home together - the other two could come home with dates. However, all four girls usually came home together. The dances were held out under the stars on a raised wooden platform. They were proper young ladies and did not do the modern dances of the day nor dress like “flappers.”

When Violet was young they lived in very small houses, usually three rooms. The children would sleep wherever. In one house Melvin and Stella slept on a back porch that was covered in canvas (very cold in the wintertime). Violet slept in the front room, and it was her job to light the fire in the stove every morning since she got to sleep in the best room. They would always light it with paper, a little wood, and kerosene.

Violet always worked in the fields next to her dad. They would work from sunup to sundown and then feed the animals and milk the cows after it was dark. Melvin even worked on Sunday. Violet has few memories of her mother because she was always out in the fields working and never had time to talk. Everytime the farm they were renting would just begin to become prosperous, the owner would sell it; and they would rent another farm. However, they never felt like they were poor. Stella kept a big garden and they always had enough food to eat and clothes to wear and besides, everyone around them was in the same financial condition.

When Violet got to go to church with the Bishop and his family, she was accepted by the other girls at church. Later when her younger sister and brother joined the church it was a different story. Their clothes always smelled like smoke because Melvin smoked, so they were rejected by the other children. Violet was apparently allergic to the smoke and always had headaches when she was a child. She remembers going on trips in the car and riding behind her father. When they would arrive her head would be ready to split in two.
The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
Office of the First Presidency
Salt Lake City, Utah 84111
March 3, 1977
Mrs. Violet Tripp Olson
Murray 14th, Murray Utah South Stake
421 East 6270 South
Murray, Utah 84107
Dear Sister Olson:
You are hereby called to serve as a missionary of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to labor in the Louisiana Baton Rouge Mission.
You should report to the Salt Lake Missionary Home at 75 East North Temple on Saturday, May 21, 1977.
You have been recommended as one worthy to represent the Lord in proclaiming the restored gospel. You will be an official representative of the Church. As such, you will be expected to maintain highest standards of conduct and appearance by keeping the commandments, living mission rules, and following the counsel of your mission president.
You will also be expected to devote all your time and attention to serving the Lord, leaving behind all other personal affairs. As you do these things, the Lord will bless you and you will become an effective advocate and messenger of the Truth. We place in you our confidence and pray that the Lord will help you meet your responsibilities.
The Lord will reward the goodness of your life. Greater blessings and more happiness than you have yet experienced await you as you humbly and prayerfully serve the Lord in this labor of love among His children.
We ask that you please send your written acceptance promptly, endorsed by the presiding officer of the ward or branch where you live.
Sincerely,

Violet's Louisiana Mission Call

Saturday, May 21, 1977
My first cherished experience on May 20, 1977. I had to pay a State Tax for Solar Electric Heat of $25.25, which had to come out of the money I was to take with me when I entered the Mission Home. I didn’t know where I was going to get that much on a moment’s notice. As the Bishop (Kent Hanney) entered my home when I was to be set apart as a missionary, he handed me a check. When I looked at it after everyone had left that night, it was for exactly the amount I needed. I know that he is a man of God and was really prompted and knew that I needed just that amount.

My first day in the Mission Home. We have had so many lessons that my head is swimming. There are eight girls in this room. My companion’s name is Sister Red Fox, a Ute Indian, and very shy. There are 8 couples, 26 lady missionaries, and 146 young men.

Sunday, May 22, 1977
We were up at 5:00 am, dressed and ready for breakfast by 6:15, studied, at the Visitors Center at 7, listened to the Tabernacle Choir from 9-10 am, back to the Mission Home for class till 3, lunch at 12:15 (sandwiches, potato chips, and an orange), back for more classes till 3:55 pm, Sacrament Meeting from 4-5 pm, dinner from 5:15-5:45 pm (Kentucky Fried Chicken), more classes till 9:30 pm, studied till 10:15, and to bed at 10:30.

Monday, May 23, 1977
When we are called to the office, our companion must go with us. My companion is being sponsored by her Mission Branch President. She lives on a reservation. Today they called her down to tell her that if they didn’t have her travel money by Thursday morning, she could not go. She has had one problem after another ever since she arrived here. Having gone through similar problems before arriving, I can certainly relate. She cried tonight and said she was going back home and forgetting the mission. I put my arms around her and told her that was exactly what the Devil wanted. I think she will feel better tomorrow. The Mission President is going to call her Branch President tonight.

Tuesday, May 24, 1977
The Mission Home has a new pilot plan for missionary work, and we are learning it. There are only 3-4 groups of missionaries learning this new...
technique. We should be ready to start as soon as we arrive in the field. Returned missionaries are teaching us these new concepts, and they are really excited about them.

**Thursday, May 26, 1977**

Up at 4:45 am, left the Mission Home at 5:40 am, at the airport by 6 am, on the plane at 7:25. Some of my children were there to meet me. I felt good about going on a mission.

**Friday, May 27, 1977**

We had another testimony meeting, given instructions as to where we were going, given our new companion, and how we were to travel--Greyhound Bus. When traveling, we are to sit with someone other than our companion and talk to them all the way. I thought I couldn’t do that but found it very easy.

A lady about my age asked me to sit with her. We discussed our families. We tell them at first who we are and who we represent. We discussed everything from raising children to family home evening, and she asked me about our welfare program and how it worked. About 10 minutes before we arrived in New Orleans, she showed me a book she was reading--the history of where the Indians came from--Asia. That was my cue, and I told her what we believed, and she was quite excited and asked if I had a copy that she could read. I truly hope she will read it. She wouldn’t give me her name; but if she likes history and will read the Book of Mormon, she will be contacted some day and remember what she has read.

We are at our apartment: 3417 Cleveland Avenue, New Orleans, Louisiana, 70119. My new companion is Sister Williams from Malad, Idaho. Prices are about the same here as at home. Maybe a little higher.

**Saturday, May 28, 1977**

We couldn’t sleep for the heat. We insisted that we close up the house and turn on the air conditioner because we just could not stand the heat. We were actually ill, it was so hot.

**Sunday, May 29, 1977**

We were up at 6:30 am. Had a study class and breakfast. Went to Sunday School and attended the Investigators class. Not too many in the class. Stayed for Fast Meeting then home for lunch which was really dinner, rested for 1/2 hour, then studied for another 3 hours. The first discussion is really hard for me to memorize. But I am still working hard on it. It is extremely hot and so very humid and I am having a difficult time adjusting to this climate.

**Tuesday, May 31, 1977**

The Mayor of New Orleans has signed a proclamation designating the week of June 13-19 as Family Unity Week. Today we visited all the stores in the Carrolton Mall asking the managers to allow us to display a flyer and giving them an invitation to the open house at the Uptown Branch. We are also going to gather as a group this coming Saturday, all 16 missionaries, to work as a team in one district. Then the lady missionaries have been asked to prepare the lunch, and we will eat in the park.
Thursday, June 2, 1977
This is another hot sticky day. Sometimes we wonder if we will ever be cool again. We tract from 9:30 am to 12:30 pm, then go home for lunch. Then eat, rest, study, and return to tracting by 2:30 pm. We quit at 5 pm and go home for dinner and more study.

Tuesday, June 7, 1977
After knocking on a block of houses, we met a young woman who wanted to know more about our Church. She had known a patient in the hospital who was a Mormon, and she was always so cheerful, even though she was in pain. She told her a little about our religion. It is really a great feeling when you meet someone who is willing to listen to you. It’s like visiting with a friend that you haven’t seen for a long time. I will always appreciate the opportunity to come to this mission field.

Friday, June 10, 1977
We have tracted this whole day and found one lady that would talk to us. She said she was already saved but would we like a drink of ice tea. We told her ice water would be just fine, and we went in and sat down and drank slowly and talked to her all about our beliefs. She has a friend who is LDS, and she has a Book of Mormon, but she hasn’t read it. We told her what the book was about and where the book came from, and she said she would try again to read it. We will drop in again in a few days and see if she really has.

Sunday, June 12, 1977
We learned that New Orleans is built on a floating island, and the houses rock every time a car goes by. It is 11 feet below sea level and in most places the ground is 18 feet deep.

Friday, June 17, 1977
We called Mrs. Hart today to see if she would like to go to the Family Unity Week program with us. She brought her car and gave all 4 of us a ride. She enjoyed the dinner and program. It was so different from anything she had ever seen. It was really kind of corny. Mrs. Hart has a fruit dryer and needs help learning to use it, so we are going to see her again and help. She is also interested in food storage.

Mrs. Hart’s doctor lived here and moved to Salt Lake City. She needed an operation, and so she flew to Salt Lake City to have him operate on her. When she was released from the hospital, the doctor’s wife took her home for a few days till she was strong enough to fly home. She did some missionary work, and Mrs. Hart called the mission president. Sister Stones and I have an appointment teach her the gospel.

Sunday, June 19, 1977
We caught the bus at 8 am this morning to go to Relief Society, Sunday School, then Correlation Meeting. We caught another bus to return home for lunch. Back to Sacrament Meeting at 4 pm, and caught the bus again to come home. It seems like we waste a lot of time standing in the hot sun waiting for a bus. I’m really happy to be getting my car here. I’m really happy to be getting my car here. It may be a few weeks, but it will certainly beat waiting for busses in the hot sun. The tracting is a different experience with Sister Stones because her approach is different. She is quite frank to tell people that their Church
does not have all the truth, and they should be doing something about it.

**Monday, June 20, 1977**
We got our wash done early this morning, rested for a few minutes, then caught the bus and went to the cemetery. It is the weirdest place— all these tombs on top of the ground. It is quite old and not very well kept. We could see parts of the bones of men and women on the floor of the tomb. I hope I don’t dream about it tonight. There were several tombs of Wests. We will go back again, as this might help our genealogy.

My testimony grows stronger all the time. I feel so sorry for people who have no time to listen to us. Some of them just say, “I’m Catholic, and I don’t need anything else.”

**Tuesday, June 21, 1977**
Either Carroll and Nadine or Carl and Vivian should arrive with my car Saturday. We have permission to take them sightseeing if they can stay over till Monday. I didn’t realize I was homesick. I can hardly wait to see them.

**Friday, July 1, 1977**
We were told the other day that a man was stabbed on a bus. The bus driver didn’t even act like he knew anything had happened, but he didn’t stop the bus till he was uptown, and then when he stopped, plainclothesmen boarded the bus at both doors and got the man who had done the stabbing. We wondered what kind of signals they used to alert the police they had trouble aboard. When we ride the bus, we stay as close to the front as we can.

**Tuesday, June 20, 1977**
We got our wash done early this morning, rested for a few minutes, then caught the bus and went to the cemetery. It is the weirdest place—all these tombs on top of the ground. It is quite old and not very well kept. We could see parts of the bones of men and women on the floor of the tomb. I hope I don’t dream about it tonight. There were several tombs of Wests. We will go back again, as this might help our genealogy.

My testimony grows stronger all the time. I feel so sorry for people who have no time to listen to us. Some of them just say, “I’m Catholic, and I don’t need anything else.”

**Friday, July 15, 1977**
It makes me even more grateful that I was born into a Latter-day Saint home and did not have to make a decision of whether to change religions or not. Most people after middle age just seem to accept what they have and live each day, but they realize that most of the things they hear in Church doesn’t agree with the Bible. I think most people are afraid of change, so they don’t even want to listen.

**Saturday, August 20, 1977**
We have had 3 very good experiences this week—all on one day. We are teaching a lovely young woman named Gladys Egegura (pronounced egg goo e ra) and have given her 3 discussions. She asks so many questions that we can never stick to one discussion, but we have been able to answer all her questions. She always asks us to come back. We asked her if we could teach her when her husband is home, but she would rather we teach her and let her tell her husband. Her little one is 3 months old, and she has not had him baptized yet. Her parents think she is wrong, but she thinks he really doesn’t need to be baptized yet, which is exactly what we believe. We gave her the New Orleans Cemetery

Church. We live right next door, and as we have no meeting tonight, we thought this would be a good opportunity to find out about another religion. It was a nice meeting— more like a fireside than our Sacrament Meeting. During the 45-minute meeting, we stood and sang 3 songs and had prayer 3 times. I suppose that’s the way to keep people awake. They are very friendly people, but they certainly don’t have the Spirit of God in their chapel.
discussion about little children being innocent before the Lord and needing no baptism before they are capable of sin. I think the fact that we always have the answer to her questions is quite impressive to her, and she always asks if these things are also taught to our children. We should stay only 45 minutes, but she has so many questions that we end up staying 1 ½ hours and have such a wonderful feeling there. As we leave, she follows us out the door with still another question. It’s like she is hungry for knowledge, and she wants to know everything right now. She wants to know how to do her genealogy. I will get some family group sheets and pedigree sheets and teach her how to get started. Then we will challenge her to be baptized.

We walked a few blocks and saw a man was working on his car. He said he couldn’t talk to us that day but could we please come back. We went back yesterday and told him who we were, and he said he remembered us and thought we wanted to convert him to another church. We said that was exactly what we wanted to do. He said if he ever joined another church, the preacher would have to be a plow boy 6 days a week and a preacher by night and on Sundays. We told him that we had that church and would like to make an appointment to tell him about it. He said, “I’m ready now if you have the time.” Of course we did—you don’t miss an opportunity like that. We stayed there nearly 2 hours and could have stayed longer. He said he wished he knew the right way to pray. He is Catholic and didn’t think praying in the same words ever told the Lord what he really wanted to. The flip chart that we had with us had the prayer dialogue in it, and we quickly turned to it and told him the example of a prayer the Lord gave to teach our children when they are very young, so they could learn to pray. We explained each step, then asked if we could pray before we left. He gave a most beautiful prayer. He said to expect him at Sacrament Meeting next Sunday.

We had ½ hour before our next appointment, so we tracted down the street. At the first door, the most beautiful girl answered and invited us in before we had even given the door approach. We told her who we were and a little about our message. We asked if we could come back at another time and teach her, and she said yes. Then we asked how old she was—14, so we told her we would need permission from her parents before we could teach her. She called her father into the room, and he called in another girl who looked exactly like the first—twins and so beautiful. He said to give him a little time to think about it because he didn’t want us to teach his daughters anything that he didn’t know about. That was the perfect answer. We told him we would rather teach families as a whole because we didn’t intend to break family relations in any way. Rather, we were working for family unity. We know he felt good about our message because he is Catholic and the girls are Baptist, and one religion would bring them closer together.

Sunday, September 4, 1977

We have converted one man, Mr. James Morrison, and he is being interviewed for baptism today. We have given him 2 discussions and bore our testimonies to him of the necessity of baptism. He said he intended to be baptized before Sept. 15. That’s a little soon, but he seems to have a strong testimony of the gospel. The District Leader will interview him and give him the discussion on obedience to the Lord’s commandments. We will continue to teach him the rest of the discussions.

We have another man, Mr. Brooks, who should be baptized. He knows the gospel is true but can’t see the importance of paying tithing. Sister Stones and I are working on him, he has promised to go
to church with us today and will earnestly pray about tithing.

**Sunday, September 25, 1977**
We are teaching a young Spanish man from Chicago. His sister is a member, and he came to Sunday School with her. He wants to know more about the Church. We have given him 4 lessons in one week and challenged him to baptism. He needs more time to read, study, and think. We told him we would give him all the information we could, but he would have to convert himself. We feel he will accept baptism soon.

**Monday, November 14, 1977**
We are working with Ramon Noriega, Mr. and Mrs. Victor O'Briant, Dr. and Mrs. Ray Russell, Carol Kinabrew, Mrs. Rose Cook, Mrs. Colbert, and Mrs. Cuppert. We have also started teaching Darlene Heber and Jane Harrison. We teach these 2 girls during Sunday School. Their parents don’t care if they take the discussions and go to church, but they won’t allow us to teach them in their homes. One is 13 and the other is 14.

**Thursday, December 8, 1977**
We are being moved to Bastrop, L.A., on December 24.

**Wednesday, December 28, 1977**
We are finally settled into a small home in Bastrop, Louisiana. Our address is 805 Gibbs St., Bastrop, LA 71220. The people in the branch have been very nice to us. We had Christmas dinner with the Branch President and his family, Alfred Hemphill. One of our new duties will be to help activate all the people who have been baptized and are inactive. It might be just as hard to activate them as it was to convert them. Probably they weren’t really converted in the first place.

**Monday, March 13, 1978**
On March 11, I was sustained as a teacher in Sunday School (Course 9) and then President Hemphill asked if I would accept the position of Relief Society President of the Branch. I accepted, providing I had permission of our Mission President (Lemmon). I am very nervous and shaken up over this calling, but I know if I humble myself and do the work of the Lord, I will receive the blessings and help I need. Sister Stones will be with me for another 2½ months, and she will be a great strength to me. I pray with all my heart that I can succeed in bringing these sisters closer together and help to remove many of the tensions that are in the branch now. I was sustained on April 2 as Relief Society President of the Bastrop Louisiana Branch.

**Friday, June 2, 1978**
Sister Stones went home on the 25th. My new companion came on May 27. Sister Jarvis and I are having a few problems adjusting, but we will make it.

**Thursday, June 8, 1978**
We met a very nice lady who had seen us on the other side of the street. When we knocked on her door, she was very curious and let us in without even knowing who we were. We told her we were missionaries for the Lord and had a special message to share. She is Catholic, her husband passed away in January, and she is lost. We ended up giving her the Plan of Salvation, along with the Joseph Smith story. After 2 hours, we felt we should leave, so we had a prayer and planned to go back on the 13th. When a person has lost a loved one, it is easier for them to be touched by the Spirit of the Lord, they open up, and you can really teach them the gospel. Today we didn’t use any flip charts or the discussion, we just taught by the Spirit. It’s such a beautiful, satisfying feeling.
**Sunday, June 11, 1978**
Tonight in Sacrament Meeting President Hemphill told us about being in a meeting Sunday morning in the Salt Lake Temple and hearing of the revelation President Kimball had received on June 9, stating that every worthy male member of the Church can now hold the Priesthood of God and go to the temple.

**Wednesday, June 28, 1978**
Tonight we are baptizing one of our contacts—Verna Lowery.

**Friday, July 14, 1978**
Today we went to Lake Providence, which is about 60 miles distance, to call on a referral. We always refer to them as “bad pipes” because they are very seldom any good—1 in every 1,000 wants any more information about the Church. This one was Mr. and Mrs. Mark Hager, and they seemed very impressed with our religion. Mrs. Hager has a friend in Vicksburg who has joined the Church recently and has told her a little about it. They have purchased the Book of Mormon. We left them many pamphlets and asked them to pray before reading them that the Spirit of the Lord would bear witness to them that they were true.

**Tuesday, July 25, 1978**
Tonight we gave the 2nd discussion to Dewey and Jamie Sharbono. They seem to be very interested but, of course, like all people of the South, have a smoking problem. I know it will be hard for them to stop smoking, but they can do it. Jamie Sharbono and Verna Lowery are sisters. They live across the street from each other.

**Saturday, July 29, 1978**
The leaves are changing to fall colors and falling from the trees. The Magnolia trees are losing their leaves, but new ones come also, so the trees are never bare. Members are planning their winter gardens. We have been well supplied with tomatoes, but this crop is about over. Now they will plant again and harvest in the fall. Most people here can most of the produce they raise. Potatoes don’t keep well in this damp climate, so they are canned too. They also make and can a soup mix out of all the vegetables in the garden. They do not raise carrots here, and the carrots we buy are very tasteless—like eating wood. The flowers are still blooming and are very pretty.

**Thursday, August 3, 1978**
We have just returned from a lovely dinner with Inez Henderson. We had called to tell her goodbye. They are moving to Clinton, Miss., and she invited us to come have dinner with her. We ate fried chicken, okra, and butter beans—a true Southern meal. Most people drink Sprite or 7-Up because the water is terrible.

**Saturday, August 12, 1978**
We have an appointment with the Dewey and Jamie Sharbono’s for 2 pm today. We will challenge them to be baptized. Dewey refused baptism at this time. Jamie, his wife, is ready for baptism, but we will wait and work with him a while longer. He cannot see that the authority to baptize in Jesus’ name has not been on the earth.
all the time. I wish I knew a magic formula to get him to understand.

Friday, August 18, 1978
At our Zone Conference, we learned that on August 25 I will be transferred to Liberty, Miss., and Sister Jarvis to New Orleans. My new companion is Sister Nola Boren. She came out into the mission field with me and will travel home with me in the car.

I have to tell what he asked me one morning when I was meeting with him on Relief Society business. It was when I first accepted the calling as Relief Society President. He wondered if I would mind giving him a little counseling. He wanted to know if I thought it was wrong for him and Kathy to go on short trips alone without the children. He has been very severely criticized by the branch members for doing so. Kathy’s mother always takes the children. I told him they really needed some time alone, that they should keep close together. They won’t always have the children with them, and they need to remain close so one day they won’t find themselves alone and miles apart. Then he sent me to talk with Kathy. I guess everyone needs someone to talk to. Kathy just sobbed when I talked to her. The people here are so critical of her. Her parents are not members, and she feels she can’t express her feelings to them. So I have been a second mother to her while I have been here.

Tuesday, August 22, 1978
We went this morning at 9:30 am to give Jamie Sharbono the discussion on the commandments. She has accepted baptism, and Dewey, her husband, has given his consent. We were so hoping they would both accept. Tomorrow night at 6 pm will be the baptismal date. It is a very special feeling when you know you taught them the gospel and they accepted baptism. I cannot express the feeling. It’s like losing a child and then finding them. Jamie is about 23 years old and comes from a family of 13 children. She is number 11. Dewey is going with her tomorrow night, and I know he has felt the Spirit many times as we were teaching them. I feel he might accept baptism tomorrow when the Spirit is so strong. No one can deny that the gospel is true when the Spirit bears witness to them. I have called most of the people in the Branch and invited them to the baptism, and I hope most of them will come. It means so much to those who are baptized.

We have been teaching a lady by the name of Ruth Tucker. We met with her on Tuesday and told her we were leaving soon. On Wednesday she called and asked to see us between 2-3 pm. We arrived, had prayer, and then she told us of a dream. That morning in the early hours, she had had a dream that two white doves came toward her. They got very close and then turned and flew away to the south. She knew the two doves were us two sisters and that if she had allowed us to come close we had something to give her. Then she wanted to know if the dream was from the Lord or the Devil. We asked the kind of feeling she had when she saw the doves, and she said a very warm feeling. That is the feeling of the Lord. We told her if she had been frightened and had a dark feeling, then she would know it was from the Devil. She felt she had almost found something she had been searching for and was then going to lose it before she really knew what it was. She will accept baptism sometime in the future, but not right now.
Wednesday, August 23, 1978
Tonight at 6 pm Jamie Lou Sharbono was baptized and confirmed a member of the Church. We will give her the last discussion Thursday night at 6:30. Dewey will be home then, and I asked him if we could give this last discussion when he was there so he would know about the priesthood. The Sharbono’s have one little 3-month old daughter—Brandy.

Saturday, September 2, 1978
Today we have been to Centerville, Miss., with Brother Wethers. He is the Ward Mission Leader here and is setting up some cottage meetings, so we won’t have to do so much tracting. The houses are so far apart, we can’t do much tracting. Neither of us has taught at a cottage meeting, but it can’t be much harder than teaching one or two people.

This morning we went to visit one of the members who has been ill for a long time. She has been staying for a few days with her son who is inactive and her daughter-in-law who is not a member. The daughter-in-law said she had never joined the Church because she could never understand the young Elders because they spoke so fast. We have an appointment to give her the first discussion next Monday night. We are also going to teach her husband because he has been inactive for so many years.

Wednesday, September 6, 1978
We decided to call on Vickie Morgan. She is not a member of the Church and, although she has been given the discussions twice, she had not been able to understand them. She had a testimony that the gospel was true, that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God, and that we have a living prophet today. It’s so wonderful to feel the Spirit of the Lord when we are teaching a discussion and challenging for baptism. It’s a feeling I would like to have constantly.

Monday, September 11, 1978
Tonight we gave the first discussion to Mrs. Umbrello’s 12-year-old son. Her husband was at home, but he drives a big logging truck all day and didn’t come out to hear us. We suspected he was listening from the bedroom. We challenged the son to be baptized on Sunday, the 17th. He didn’t accept. He wanted to take a while to think about it. We just might have 3 baptisms on Sunday.

Sunday, September 17, 1978
Tonight at 8 pm we had the baptismal services for Vickie Morgan. We have given her only 3 lessons and will continue teaching her as long as we are here. I will always marvel that the Spirit of the Lord can be so strong at a baptism. It is a wonderful experience to know you have had a part in bringing the truthfulness of the gospel to someone. We were surprised at the number of members who stayed to the baptism, even though the hour was late.

Wednesday, September 27, 1978
Today we have given Vickie Morgan the discussion I promised and also the C discussion to Virginia Crosby and her 2 children. Sister Crosby was baptized when she was 8 years old but has never been active in the Church. She is a niece to Vickie Morgan’s husband.

Sunday, October 1, 1978
Today we traveled 30 miles to McComb to hear the first session of General Conference on
TV. They have cable there and could pick up a station which carried the General Conference broadcast. We were in one room of the National Guard Armory. After 2 hours of conference, we had Fast and Testimony Meeting, which made for a long day.

**Tuesday, October 10, 1978**
I’m trying to pass off my discussions again, so I won’t forget them. I hope I can be called as a stake missionary when I get home.

**Wednesday, October 18, 1978**
At 7 pm we went to the home of E.C. Bates to teach his son-in-law. We gave him most of the first discussion, and I challenged him to be baptized. He knew that the Church was true, and we had told him that the Holy Ghost would bear witness to him that what we were telling him was true. When he knew for himself that the gospel was true, we would baptize him. It’s set up for Tuesday, October 24.

**Thursday-Saturday, November 2–4, 1978**
I came home a little early from my mission to help Dave and Shirley. Derek has been burned and is in Salt Lake City at the University Hospital. We had a very hectic 4-day trip home. The first day we were traveling, a truck tire picked up a piece of metal off the road, and it came right at us. I could just see it coming through the windshield, but it hit the license plate and bent it, and that was all the damage.

**Monday, November 6, 1978**
Today I was released from my mission.

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**Violet Tripp - 74**

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints

**Louisiana Baton Rouge Mission**

**Violet Tripp Olson**

This certifies that you are honorably released from your appointment as a missionary on this Mission. No greater service can be rendered than to labor faithfully for the salvation of the souls of men. The gratitude of those who have been the beneficiaries of your voluntary generous labors will ever be a source of satisfaction and inspiration to you.

May the joy that comes from the conscientious performance of the duties of this high calling ever abide with you and inspire you with a constant devotion to the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

November 7, 1978

Mission President

Violet’s Certificate of Mission Release
Sister Violet Tripp Olson  
Route #2 Box 12  
Liberty, Ms. 39654

Dear Sister Olson:

Your Certificate of Release has been mailed to your Stake President. Immediately upon returning home, you are to report to him and receive your release. Please be reminded that you are still a missionary, and therefore must continue to comply with the rules of missionary conduct from the time you leave the mission field until you are released by your Stake President.

I am certain the Lord is pleased with your faithfulness as a missionary, and as you served in the Louisiana Baton Rouge Mission. You have filled this position of importance with honor, setting an excellent example for the missionaries, encouraging them and stimulating them in their efforts.

It has been a privilege to serve with you here in the mission field. I have appreciated the fine service that you have rendered and hope that in the days ahead things may go well with you and your family. May you always remember who you are and why you are here, and live so that none of the great blessings which our Heavenly Father has in store for you will pass you by.

As you return home, many eyes will be upon you and the spirit you radiate and the words you speak will do much to motivate and stimulate young men, and young ladies who will be holding you up as an idol. I would hope that you would draw close to the Lord and continue to search the scriptures and remember your prayers so that you will continue to have power with him.

We send you home with our love and blessings, and pray that our Heavenly Father's choicest blessings will be with you in the days ahead.

Sincerely your brother,

C. Jack Lemmon  
Mission President

CJL: jlb  
cc: Stake President, Bishop, Parents
Journal
1978 – 1995
(abridged)

Sunday, November 12, 1978
I will give my Homecoming talk in Sacrament Meeting on November 26, 1978, and report to the Stake High Council the third Sunday in December.

Sunday, November 26, 1978
I have spent a few days with Nadine and enjoyed them so much. Carrol, Nancy, and I spent Sunday night with Carl and Vivian and got an early start Monday morning for Pocatello. Carrol, Ray, Nancy, and I had family prayer tonight, and I told them how much it meant to me to know they were having their family prayers. I have been a little upset that the children that I have visited with so far are not having family prayer. I know it is very important to have prayer very faithfully if you want your family to remain close. Maybe in some tactful way I can tell them this. I got a temple recommend from Bishop Hanney and had President Donaldson sign it before I left the chapel last Sunday, so I may get an opportunity to go to the Idaho Falls Temple before I go back home.

Tuesday, November 28, 1978
Gary and Kathi are going to move into my home this Friday. I was dreading moving back into that big house by myself. We have asked Sharon Oliver to find another apartment, so I can move into the apartment. It may take her a month to find one, and I will live with the Clifford’s for that time. I hope Gary doesn’t find it too hard to drive over the Point of the Mountain and back each day to work. I know they will enjoy the ward, and it won’t be any time till they will be settled and enjoying life again.

1979

Friday, January 12, 1979
I think I am finally settled in the apartment. I have applied in several places for work, but when you are 62, no one wants to hire you. Kathi and Gary pay me rent, but so far it has all gone for repairs on the house and car. Everything falls apart at the same time. I will start teaching the 10-11 year olds in Sunday School on January 21, then on the 28th, I will go to Barbara’s to take care of her little ones for a couple of weeks while she has a new baby. Jan Curtis is being married in the Manti Temple on January 20. Mary Jo and Dave Barber’s baby was born the same night as Jan and Tammy’s marriage.

Saturday, July 21, 1979
I have been working Fridays and Saturdays as a Demo for Dannon Yogurt and at the Auto Auction on Thursdays. I am now in Alaska with Ruth, my sister, Ross, my brother, and his wife Edith. We left Salt Lake City, Utah, Wed., July 18, and reached Anchorage, Alaska, about midnight Wednesday. Larry and Heidi Tripp live in Alaska, and we are staying at their home.

Thursday we went to see the Portage Glacier, which was beautiful. We stopped to see a jade stone being cut. It will take 3 months to cut all the way through--it was so big. We saw candles being made out of seal oil, crude oil, and wolves oil. I didn’t buy any.

Larry Tripp borrowed a Volkswagon camper from his friend for us to use to go up to Fairbanks and the North Pole. Friday night we were about 100 miles from Fairbanks, and we were all tired out. Saturday morning we will leave early so we can see all the things we want. The temperature is around 70 deg. in the day time and much colder at night. So far, I have enjoyed the trip very much. I’m sending postcards home today.
**July 21, 1979 (probably July 22, 1979)**

We have been to Fairbanks and the North Pole today. They are not at all what I expected. Nearly all the articles have been made either in Japan or Russia and are very expensive, so we didn’t buy anything. Ross, Edith, and Ruth are good company. We have been lost more than found. We spent Friday night about 100 miles from Fairbanks, Alaska, and it never did get dark, which was very strange. It’s hard to go to sleep when it’s daylight all the time.

**Sunday, October 7, 1979**

I am in Fayette, Utah. Heber and Geri’s 5th child (Sara) was born Saturday morning at 6:10 am. She weighs 8 lbs. 2 oz. and is 22” long. I will probably be going home on Thursday. I have canned peaches, tomatoes, corn, and peach jam. I have enjoyed most of my visit here. Sometimes the children treat me as an intruder, which really hurts, but I guess they are no different than other children. Sometimes I wonder why these children act as they do if they are the chosen generation.

I have decided to sell my home in Murray and build a smaller home somewhere else just big enough for me. At this time of life, I have a hard time keeping my spirits up. I wish I could find a companion to spend the rest of my life with. I don’t find the kind of companionship I need with my children, and I don’t want to live with any of them.

**1980**

**Thursday, January 24, 1980**

I started working at the State Capitol on Jan. 7 in the mailroom where all the mail is sorted for the various departments. They are paying $3.34/hour which isn’t much. So many people smoke and my nose is getting so sore. I hope I get some rest over the weekend. Working 8 hours a day is very taxing for me, but I will endure to the end.

**Sunday, March 9, 1980**

In Sunday School class this morning the question was asked, “Do parents love their children more than their children love them?”

I have been thinking back when all those connected with Solar Electric gave me back their shares of stock. At the time, I couldn’t understand why they would do this, but now I know that as a stockholder they would be held responsible for all taxes due the State and the IRS. I had to use every penny of my insurance money to pay them all off, and now I have my home and Social Security and whatever I can earn to keep me going.

Not many of my children are interested in what is happening to me, but I guess they are busy with their own lives. I’ll learn to depend on my home teachers to help me and not wait for my children. I hope my time will come to leave this world before I have to depend on anyone else for a roof over my head and for something to eat. I know all my children love me, but some of their mates don’t like them doing things for me or spending any time with me. I’m not a very interesting person anyway, so I’ll do the best I can and get along as well as I can. Some day they will all realize how very lonesome I have been these last 5 ½ years. I truly believe that parents love their children much more than the children love their parents.
1981

Sunday, January 4, 1981
Little Denille passed away in July, and it is hard for Dave and Shirley. I realize now why the Lord took our baby boy after just 4 months. I know just how wrapped up I was in him and was not giving our daughters the attention they needed at that time. I know His wisdom is always just, but it is so hard to see at the time. We all could see what was happening in the Chase family, but it is hard to tell one of your children that they are not doing what they should for the rest of their children when one child demands so much of their attention.

I’m going to call the State again to see if I can work there. I have been sewing little dresses for my brother, Ross. But it looks like the market for them is gone, so I am going to have to look for something else to do. I am still doing the cards for the American Greeting Cards, but that’s only 2 days a week for a few hours. I think I could do that at night and still keep it. It’s a good job but just not enough hours each week. If I worked at the State Capitol, I would do the cards after work. The State Capitol job only lasts till May.

I have enjoyed seeing each of my children over the holidays. It’s really hard for me to see how strapped for money they all are right now. I wish I were rich, so I could help out, but I know the Lord would not approve of that. We must each one work out our own salvation here on this earth and not having a lot of money can help a family get closer together than having a lot of money.

Monday, January 12, 1981
My health remains good. This summer I will be 65 years old. That used to seem real old to me, but now I don’t feel that old.

Sunday, February 15, 1981
On Feb. 5, I started working at the State Capitol mailroom again, and the smoke is so bad, I can’t take it anymore. I have decided on Tuesday the 17th, I will quit. Life is too short to spend all the time with a headache. I will miss the money but maybe I can find something else to do.

I am working as a merchandiser at the Skaggs Drug for the American Greeting Cards and sewing little dresses and carpenter aprons for my brother, Ross. But I don’t seem to have enough income to cover all my expenses. I feel that while I am able I should do all that I can to take care of myself.

I have just started teaching genealogy in the Murray 14th Ward again. I have held this position many times but have never felt more inadequate to teach it. I was prepared for maybe 4-5 persons in the class, and I had 20 or more. It really frightens me to think of teaching that many people at once.

Shirley came Friday night and spent the night and Saturday with me. We worked on our records trying to verify all the dates. We got a history of Enoch Barletti Tripp and Catherine Allen’s lives. It was a very profitable day.

Wednesday, April 29, 1981
I will have 3 great-grandchildren blessed next week. It makes me feel really old to have so many great-grandchildren.

Tuesday, May 19, 1981
On May 11 I was on my way to see Ken and Emily’s new baby girl born on May 10, and I was involved in an auto accident. I was going north on 9th East, and a young girl made a left-hand turn onto 9th East and didn’t see me. I was taken to the Cottonwood Hospital and stayed till Wednesday noon. I don’t have any broken bones, but I’m badly bruised. I don’t think I have been so sore in all my life with all the operations I have had. I have a lump in my right breast and will have to go back to have it taken care of.

Most of my daughters were at my home the Saturday before Mother’s Day, and we went out to the Sandy City Cemetery and found George West’s grave. On the 18th, we called the Sandy City
Violet Tripp - 79

Courthouse and got some valuable information on the West family. Now we are a little closer to getting them sealed as a family.

It is a rainy morning and very dismal. I have had one of my girls with me or I was with them since the accident, and last night was the first I was alone. Today I’m very lonesome. It’s a terrible feeling.

**Sunday, May 24, 1981**

Most of my children are coming on June 20 to do repairs on my house and yard. I have made a list, and it looks like a big job for everyone. We are going to reroof the small house, pull out some trees and shrubs, paint, and visit, visit, visit. I hope we can get started on a garage soon.

**Poem on slip of paper in the journal:**

Consider the family reunion
It’s planned as a time of communion
With friends, kith and kin
Old and young, thick and thin
But mostly with knife, fork, and spoon-ion.

**Sunday, May 31, 1981**

During this month, we have located George West’s grave and more information on his children. We may get that family sealed sometime this year. It’s strange that I thought all my life that all my relatives were members of the Church, and now I find out they weren’t. It’s hard to get dates and other information I need to get their work done. Had I realized this when I first became interested in doing this work, it would have been so much easier because some of them were still alive.

**Thursday, June 4, 1981 (but probably Sunday, June 14)**

Yesterday Kenneth graduated from OTS at Camp Williams. Emily, her grandmother, Faye Eustance, and I spent most of the day there. It was very nice. Ken holds himself so straight. He will make a good officer. He is assigned to the Springville Utah unit. I have purchased a new car. It is on lease for 2 years and then a balloon payment. It’s an Oldsmobile Omega. It is lovely to drive, and I feel much safer than in the little Chevette.

My health remains good, but I don’t accomplish all that I should. At this time I have 45 grandchildren, having lost 2, and 12 great-grandchildren, having lost 1.

**Sunday, October 25, 1981**

This month I made the biggest decision I have ever made in my life. I sold my home to Ken and Emily, and I’m living in the small house till I find something else to live in. I have lived here for almost 26 years now. Though the big house was so very lonesome for me, I may be even more lonesome now because all my children feel that Ken and Emily are so close they don’t need to come see me so often. I hope they will see that I need to see or hear from them just as often or even more so now.

Emily would like for me to move so she could have her grandmother come live here. I am looking. I hope I find something close or where there are older people in the ward. It’s nice not to have to worry about the outside work anymore. There are some things that need doing to the outside of the buildings, and maybe someday Ken will find time to do them.

This old life is so lonesome that I sometimes wish I could be called home. I don’t want to live to be so old that I have to be taken care of by my children. They have enough to do without that. I know it would be hard to live for any length of time with any of them. I guess I am too critical of so many things.

**Sunday, December 6, 1981**

During this last month a very fine gentleman from California began writing to me. I have heard
from him twice now, and I really look forward to his letters. Also, a fine man that Kaylene knows called me and came out to see me. We had a very nice visit, but I guess he wasn’t too impressed because he didn’t call back.

I still have 14 dresses to make before Christmas. I hope I get them done. I started sewing “Little Princess” dresses for Edith, my sister-in-law. This fall I bought the serging machine from them, and I’m sewing for myself. I sew for Small World and for Donna Kings besides all that my children and friends order.

Sunday, December 20, 1981
I have had 3 dates with Ray Gage, the gentleman that Kaylene knows, and he really is a fine gentleman. My children are so anxious to meet him. Today he is coming for dinner at 5:30, so I have invited Ken, Emily and family, Carl, Vivian and family, Kent, Nadine and family, and, if I can get Roger and Dorothy on the phone, I will ask them to come too. I just hope it’s not too much family all at once for him.

1982

Sunday, January 3, 1982
I have been writing to a gentleman friend (Clyde Pulsipher)(strictly friendship), and on Dec 31 (Thursday), he asked me if I would marry him. It really shocked me. I had to have time to think about it. Friday morning I knew I would say yes, and Saturday we bought our rings. We will be married within the next 2 weeks. It’s all so exciting, I can’t believe it yet.

Thursday, January 14, 1982
I’m counting the days—almost the hours till Clyde will be here—Saturday at 12:55—and I will be there waiting for him. We will be married for time in the Salt Lake Temple at 9 am on January 19, 1982. The wedding breakfast and open house will be held in the Murray 14th Ward Cultural hall. I hope all my family and all of Clyde’s can be with us on the 19th.

Clyde also has 10 children—all married—51 grandchildren, 13 great-grandchildren. I have 10 children, 46 grandchildren, 15 great-grandchildren. We make a large, delightful group. We will make our home in Yucaipa, California, after we are married. I know I will want to come back often. Clyde has family here too, so it shouldn’t be a problem. Not to be lonesome anymore is a wonderful feeling. I love him, and I know my children will too.

Monday, January 18, 1982
I have just been reading my patriarchal blessing this morning, and I can surely see the hand of the Lord in all the things that have happened in my lifetime. I know that prayers are answered if we but take the time to listen for His answers.

Tomorrow is our wedding day, and we are going to be happy. It may take a little give and take, but anything worth having requires that. Clyde is so good, and I hope I can keep him happy. He is truly a gentleman in every sense of the word. I love him and his family. Our families seem to fit together as though we had all known each other forever. Clyde and I feel that somewhere we have known each other and knew that we would be together. I’m very excited and a little frightened at starting a new life, but it just seems that I have been preparing for this for a long time. Had I not been on a mission, I would have had a hard time
leaving my home and family, but that was preparing me for a new life. I have been alone now for 7 years, and to have a new companion is wonderful--especially one like Clyde.

**Tuesday, January 19, 1982**
The day has finally dawned, and Clyde and I will be married this morning at 9 am by Elder Howard W. Hunter in the Salt Lake Temple. Most of our families will be there.

**Sunday, February 7, 1982**
All the people of the ward have accepted me with open arms, and I truly feel that this is where we should make our home. Lots of things will be changed to make it seem more like us, but we will take our time and do it a little at a time. My love for Clyde grows with each day. He is very considerate and thoughtful all the time.

Doug’s little daughter (Lindsey) came to spend a few hours with us yesterday. I think she came to see me more than Clyde. She just follows me around like she has always known me. She asked her mother if I was sent from heaven to Grandpa Clyde. I thought that was a very nice thought.

**Monday, May 3, 1982**
We were in Pocatello for Mike and Cindy’s marriage on April 19. And today we got our plane tickets to go back for Leslie and Danny’s marriage. While we were in Utah this last month, we saw all my children and all of Clyde’s. We are going back to Pocatello for Leslie’s wedding on May 19.

**Wednesday, June 2, 1982**
Clyde and I worked at the DI for 3 ½ hours. I pressed slacks, and Clyde checked for hangers among the clothes racks. I was so tired I was ready to drop. I couldn’t have stayed another ½ hour. I was glad Clyde wanted to go.

**Saturday, July 17, 1982**
On June 30 we flew to Salt Lake City to attend an Olson-Pulsipher reunion on July 1-3. We had rented a small motor home to use for this occasion. We arrived at Bear Lake without any problems.

**Thursday, August 19, 1982**
We bought us a mini-motor home and made our last trip to Utah in it. We took Linda Cook and her 3 teenage children. We have decided we don’t like traveling with teenage kids. We are taking the trees out in front to make room for the motor home. We need to build a shelter over it, and we need to fasten it to the guest house roof. We have been trimming the irises and doing some general cleanup work each morning.

**Sunday, September 26, 1982**
This month we did 8 endowments each. We go to the temple in our motor home and do a few endowments, spend the night at the Visitors Center in the motor home, then start endowments at 6:30 am. This is the only way to do temple work when the temple is so far away.

Carl and Vivian had a baby boy this month. Only 4 lbs. but he is doing all right now. Barbara and Curt went to Spain early this month.

We are getting a fireplace insert in the first of October which should make our home a lot warmer. Last winter it was so cold. It is quite a change moving from a home with electric heat to one heated with a gas floor furnace. Clyde and I get along pretty well. We talk out our problems and really enjoy being together. He has started league bowling again, so I have 4-5 hours twice a week that I’m by myself. Sometimes it’s hard to keep myself occupied.
MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE

This certifies that

CHARLES CLYDE PULSIPHER
of YUGAYA, CALIFORNIA

and

VIOLET JUNE TRIPP
of MURRAY, UTAH

were joined by me in the holy bonds of matrimony, for the duration of their mortal lives, according to the ordinance of God and the laws of the land, on the 19th day of JANUARY, 1982, in the presence of the CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS Temple at SALT LAKE COUNTY, SALT LAKE, UTAH.

Authorized representative of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

SALT LAKE, UTAH

Authorizing officer

SALT LAKE COUNTY, JANUARY 18, 1982

#59042

Violet and Clyde's Marriage Certificate
Sunday, October 31, 1982
Doug and Sally have a new baby boy born Friday morning the 29th.

Friday, November 19, 1982
On the 17th, we went to the Los Angeles temple to do some endowments. We did 5 on Wednesday and were asked to be the witnesses on 2 of them. The next morning we started at 7:30 am and did 3 more, and on 2 of these were the witnesses.

Friday, November 26, 1982
Clyde fell a week ago and has had a very sore arm since then. We stopped at the Kaiser Hospital on the way to Lee’s, and they took an x-ray. Nothing is broken, but his arm is bruised and swollen.

1983

Tuesday, January 4, 1983
Christmas was very nice, and we left the night of the 25th to go to Portland, Oregon, to attend the baptism of Angie Clifford. It was very inspirational. Angie had waited since June for her daddy to put his life in order so he could baptize her. I gave a talk on the Holy Ghost.
Clyde and I have known each other for a little over a year now, and we are very happy together. Christmas was wonderful.

Monday, March 7, 1983
We have just arrived home from a trip to Utah. We visited with all the families and attended Nanette’s wedding in the Jordan River Temple on March 4, 1983. We went to the library, and I checked the emigration records and got the information I needed to finish up the George West family group sheet. Clyde had forgotten some information he needed, so we visited the Salt Lake Temple, and then started out to visit all our children.

Friday, April 15, 1983
Yesterday we bought a Bosch bread mixer. I love it. I even baked bread today. We will have to get someone to help us with all the yard work or we will have to move somewhere we won’t have all this yard work. We would like to be able to travel some this year. But we need someone to take care of the yard.

Sunday, May 1, 1983
April 29-30 we spent in the Los Angeles Temple. We did 5 endowments each. It rained nearly the whole time. Carrol and Ray have 3 grand babies born in March and April--2 boys and 1 girl.

Sunday, June 12, 1983
Clyde’s brother, Gilbert, passed away on June 6, so we flew to Denver on the 8th. The funeral was Thursday, and Friday. We went to Cheyenne, Wyoming, to visit Mike and Peggy Pulsipher. They are Clyde’s grandson and family.

Tuesday, June 14, 1983
Carl and Vivian are moving to California the end of July and were supposed to spend Monday night with us, but they didn’t come.

Wednesday, June 29, 1983
Our reunion at San Clemente Beach was nice. Clyde had all but 2 of his children, and I had 2 of mine there. The beach itself was disappointing, the parking places were terrible, but we did have a nice reunion.

Monday, July 18, 1983
We are headed for Utah and another reunion in Mantua on the 22nd. I had a toothache all day last Sunday, so we went to our dentist, who is Clyde’s son, Doug, in Lancaster, which was 100 miles out of our way. Doug had to do a root canal on it, and it has given me grief since then. When we get back, he will make a new bridge for me.
The first night out, we spent with Helen Stones, my missionary companion. This is the first time I had been to her home, and we had a very nice evening together. Clyde enjoyed it too. We are going to have breakfast with her this morning before continuing our journey.

The reunion was so very nice. The Girls’ Camp is a really nice place to have a reunion. Having all our meals together was a lovely idea too. Mary had all the groceries bought and all the assignments made as to who prepared and who cleaned up each meal. It worked very smoothly. Clyde felt I spent too much time in the kitchen, but I was visiting with my girls and helping them at the same time. We went to Church in Mantua and left Sunday night for Salt Lake.

Tuesday, August 9, 1983
Today is Clyde and Ken’s birthdays. Clyde is 80 years old, and Ken is 26.

Friday, September 2, 1983
We went looking at houses here yesterday, and we found one we really like, but we are not ready to buy a house right now. After we get back from Utah we will know better what we can do. Going up and down this hill really is getting to me, and it is hard for Clyde too. He is just about ready to part with his home here, and if we can sell both places we can get one more to our liking.

Sunday, September 11, 1983
Kathi and Gary had a new baby girl, Cynthia.

Thursday, October 27, 1983
We have just arrived home from our monthly trips to the Los Angeles Temple. We left home early Wednesday morning and did as many sessions as we could that day and then started at 7:30 am Thursday morning. We did 4 sessions Wednesday and 3 this morning.

Clyde has a friend in the hospital in Fontana and his home teacher had called Clyde Tuesday night to ask him to give his friend a blessing. Clyde called our Bishop and got the name of a Bishop in Fontana, and that Bishop met us there at 9 am, and they gave the friend the blessing. That’s why we were late getting to the temple. We always enjoy these trips to the temple. The Church has outside outlets, so we can hook up to the outlet and stay the night in comfort. But our outlet had no power this time, and the ice cream melted, the milk was sour, and the orange juice was warm. We didn’t have much for breakfast.

Tuesday, December 20, 1983
It is almost time for Christmas, and we still don’t know exactly where we will go. As usual, we have received an invitation from all our children. Our home in Murray hasn’t sold yet, though we have 2 good prospects. We haven’t found anything here that we really want to live in. Hopefully, we will get this place sold before summer comes.

Friday we are meeting 5 of Clyde’s family in San Diego, and we will go to the Holiday Bowl. And probably freeze again. The temperature is always lower there, and they have more moisture in the air, so it’s colder.

1984

Thursday, January 25, 1984
We have been married 2 years now, and we are very happy together. We are having our home here appraised this morning and will soon get it on the market. We made a payment on a lot and house east of here closer to the foothills. If we can get either of our homes sold, we will be living
in a new home with a lot less work than now. Having the motor home is always a problem because there is never a place to put it, but we hope we have the problem solved this time.

**Saturday, February 11, 1984**

Today we left for Utah. We were to have taken Alison Cook (Clyde’s granddaughter) to the mission home, but she wasn’t able to go at the last minute. We needed to check on my home in Murray, so we left a few days early. They have a lot of snow in Utah. We got stuck in the snow going up Larry’s driveway. Christen came down in her 4-wheel drive to help us. Somehow her car slipped on the ice and came down the hill, catching Clyde between the 2 cars. His leg was bruised quite badly.

We took him to the hospital, and as no bones were broken, he wouldn’t stay there. We spent several days with Larry and Christen, but the tension was so high, we decided to stay with Ross and Edith. We had a lunch with part of my family in Provo at Marie Calenders on Wednesday at noon. Nine days after the accident, Clyde developed a blood clot in his leg just below the knee, so he had to go into the hospital for 9 days.

**Sunday, March 4, 1984**

We left for Payson and attended the blessing of the Arrington’s baby.

**Monday, March 26, 1984**

Today at 5:30 am I got up with a nose bleed and couldn’t get it stopped. We went to Kaiser Hospital in Fontana, and at 8:30 am I had an operation which lasted 5 hours and left me with two black eyes and a very sore face. It was far more drastic than I thought it was going to be, and I lost a lot of blood. My veins collapsed every time they got a needle in, and so they couldn’t give me an IV or a blood transfusion. I’m very weak, and I can’t wear my glasses.

**Thursday, April 5, 1984**

We arrived home on April 5. I’m very glad to be home and alive. The ward members have been so good to us, doing the washing and bringing in food and, in general, taking care of us. We are going back to Utah for the BYU Education Week.

**Wednesday, July 4, 1984**

The family reunion was Saturday and was very successful, and all 8 daughters, husbands, and families were there. We spent most of July in Utah visiting all members of the family.

We stayed for Debbie Sharp’s homecoming. She was returning home from a mission in Alabama. We left on Sunday the 22nd and arrived home on the 23rd.

**1985**

**Sunday January 27, 1985**

Today is the day we should know if we have sold our home here in Yucaipa. But today is Sunday, so we probably won’t know till Monday. We have made a deposit on a home in Wildwood Estates and will have to take it soon or wait for a few months for others to be built. We have most everything packed and ready to move, and we are getting tired of living with all these boxes piled around.

Even though today is not our regular Fast Day, a special Fast has been called Churchwide, and all the fast offerings collected today will go to So. Africa for the needy there. I never have to worry about paying tithing,
Tuesday, April 16, 1985
We moved into our new home on Thursday, March 7, 1985. The first night we had no gas or electricity. We did have water. By Friday night we had everything working. We have more things than we have room to put them. We need shelves in the garage for our fruit and all the tools and things. Our friend, Anna Haelzl, gave us some drapes which I have been remaking to fit our windows. We finally have the outside graded and should be getting our yard in soon.

Saturday, May 11, 1985
We are in Utah. We listed my home here with the Mansell Realty but have not sold it yet. A few days after our return home, Jack Pulsipher and his son, Del, came to put up some shelves for us and also to put in the sprinkling system. Two weeks after they went home, Jack was back in the hospital for a leg problem. He is doing fine now but shouldn’t be working yet. Del leaves for the MTC the first part of July.

Wednesday, May 22, 1985
Shirley, Dave, Kendra, and her friend Holly, came to visit for a week. Dave went to school in Sacramento, and we enjoy Shirley and the girls.

Sunday, May 26, 1985
Early this morning someone entered our garage and took everything in our freezer. They broke a window in the neighbor’s car, which was parked right next to our motor home. Kendra and Holly were sleeping in the motor home, and we had left the garage door open, so they could come into the house during the night if they wanted to. We didn’t hear anything. When Clyde went out to get his newspaper, there were 3-4 police cars in front of our house. He walked out to see what was going on. They checked the garage and saw everything in the freezer was gone. About ½ hour later another policeman found all the meat, bread, etc. over by another neighbor’s fence. It wasn’t thawed out yet, so it was all right.

Monday, July 1, 1985
Clyde and I went for our morning walk, and after about 3 blocks Clyde began to have a pain in his chest and then in his arms. He was really in pain by the time we got back home. After about 1 hour, he let me call his doctor, and we took him right to the hospital. He had had a slight heart attack. He will be in the hospital for 2-3 days, and it is certainly lonesome here without him.

Thursday, July 4, 1985
Clyde is still in the Intensive Care Unit. I go twice a day to spend about 10 minutes each time with him. It’s really lonesome here at home without him. I’m trying to make a fancy bedspread while I’m here alone. I need something to keep me busy. Clyde was feeling much better today.

Saturday, July 13, 1985
Clyde has been moved out of ICU into the rehabilitation center. He is making progress but very
slowly. It’s only a 30-mile drive, and I have tried to go in twice a day. Clyde seems to tire quite easily. He still likes the ball games on TV, and I take the paper into him each morning.

**Friday, August 16, 1985**

Carrol came on August 3 and helped me put in most of the shrubs and flowers. I don’t think I would have had the strength to start a project like this without her. We don’t have the lawn in yet because the sprinklers are not spraying as they should. We got a bid from Gilman’s, but we had Jack and Del Pulsipher come from St. George to put them in, and now we need help in getting them fixed. Clyde won’t ask Gilman’s for help.

**Sunday, August 25, 1985**

We finally solved our sprinkling problems. I went out and dug some trenches and was prepared to do something—I didn’t know what. Clyde came out to help me, and we got it solved. He doesn’t like to start projects and gets a little huffy when he has to help, but we get things done. Carrol is coming again tomorrow to help me do the rest of the yard. I surely do appreciate her help. Clyde’s boys said they were going to put in the yard for us, but I think waiting for them would take a long time and more patience than I have.

**Tuesday, September 17, 1985**

We got a bid on a chain link fence across the back part of our lot, and also we had the lawn hydro-seeded yesterday. In a week we should have a green lawn. We planted some shrubs last summer.

**Monday, November 11, 1985**

The fence is in and all the plants and flowers are in, and we have our tickets to fly to Boise on Nov 25, then on to Salt Lake on the 27th. During the month of October we had quite a bit of company. Kent, Nadine, Jack and Linda came on Friday night. They left Saturday afternoon; but just before they left, Steve, Connie and 4 children arrived. We thought they would spend the night, but they had to get back to get the children in school. As they were getting in their car to leave, Clyde’s nephew, Dennis Ottley, his wife and 3 children arrived. They only stayed for a few hours, as they had to get their children in school on Monday too.

The next week Carl, Brittnay and Carl’s girlfriend, Dorie, came to visit us. Last Friday night Curt, Barbara and 6 of their children came to visit for the weekend. I have so enjoyed having a house full of company again. I have so missed not having company since Clyde and I were married. Today we woke up to snow on the ground—about 4 inches, and at 12 noon it’s still here.

**Thursday, November 28, 1985**

We went to Salt Lake for Thanksgiving. We went a little early to see if we could help get the tables set. Mary and her girls had everything under control. Nadine, Kent, Jack and Linda were setting the tables, and then the tables were decorated very nicely. We really had a fine dinner. We had 101 people present. As we were cleaning up, Dorothy got a pain in her tummy, and we called for the paramedics to take her to the hospital. They released her about 3 hours later to go home. Friday the pain returned, and she went back to the hospital. She was operated on Saturday morning for gall stones. She stayed 5 days. Shirley spent Thursday and Friday with Dorothy.

**1986**

**Saturday, May 24, 1986**

We left our home here in Yucaipa, California, and headed for Utah. We spent the first night in Washington, Utah, then traveled on to Riverton. We checked on the Murray house. Everything was fine. Corry and Tammy Beckstead had made a deposit on it but needed to get their money together, so we extended it for another month. They also deposited another $500, making $1,000 in all.
Monday, May 26, 1986
Norma and June had a reunion for the Pulsi- pher’s in Layton, and we really enjoyed the day. We spent a short time with each of the families in the valley then went to Riverton to stay with Ross and Edith again.

Tuesday, June 3, 1986
Today we gathered the hoses and sprinklers up and with Ross and Edith and went over to the Murray house to water the lawns. We were in the motorhome, so Clyde had his TV to watch the ballgame. We kept asking him how the game was going, and he was really enjoying it. About 8:30 pm we had completed the watering of the lawn and were ready to leave. I rolled up the water- ing hoses, and as I got back into the motor home with them I could see something was wrong with Clyde. He was incoherent, very sweaty but cold. Ross and Edith got in the front, and we drove him over to the Alta View Hospital. He had pneumonia and apparently had a stroke.

Thursday, June 5, 1986
Clyde passed away today at 1:30 pm. Steven was with me at this time and was cer- tainly a help. He helped me with all the arrange- ments.

Friday, June 6, 1986
Gregg and Tammy Sharp drove home with me today, arriving in Yucaipa at 12:30 pm. My good neighbors had been in and cleaned the house from top to bottom and also filled the fridge with food. I certainly appreciate them.

Monday, June 9, 1986
Most of Clyde’s children and also mine were here for the funeral today. Last night we had 16 people staying here at the home—4 in the motor home, 2 in a camper, and others on the floor and in beds. It was nice to have my family close.

Tuesday, July 1, 1986
We couldn’t close on the Murray home today. The Beckstead’s have not received their check yet. I will give them a 10-day extension on the house if they will deposit another $500.

Friday-Sunday, July 4-6, 1986
The family reunion was a great success. I enjoyed every minute of it, and everyone else seemed to enjoy it too. The older girls ended the last day with a water balloon fight with their mothers.

The services were held today, after which most of the families headed for home. The day was beautiful and sunny.

Saturday, June 28, 1986
Carrol has stayed with me for 3 weeks, and we have had a moving sale, listed the home for sale, packed, and are prepared to move back to Utah. We left Yucaipa this morning at 8:30 am and arrived in St. George about 4:30 pm. We went to the storage unit where the truck was being unload- ed by Jack, Steve, Bryon, and Del Pulsipher. We needed some of the things that had been put on the truck. We then traveled on to Monroe, Utah, to the home of my sister, Ruth Newby. We spent the night there.

Monday, June 30, 1986
This morning I will try to get settled up on my home here in Murray. I visited with Ross and Edith. They are very excited and anxious to be on their mission. Edith made a new dress for me.
Monday, July 7, 1986
We cleaned the camp and all headed for home. Carrol and Ray took the motor home with them. Carrol was hoping Ray would buy it, but he wanted a truck.

Thursday, July 10, 1986
On Tuesday I had cramps in my tummy, and by today I was in the hospital. Tuesday night we went to Stephanie’s wedding in Orem, and I remained in Riverton with Nadine. Kathi and family were also there. Kathi took me to the doctor today and then to the hospital.

Friday, July 18, 1986
I remained in the hospital until Tuesday night (July 15). Nadine took me home, and I stayed with her till Friday. Then I went to Pocatello to be with Carrol for a short visit. Carrol thought she had the motor home sold for me, but by the time I got there they had changed their minds. I still have it for sale.

We are going to watch the parade today then go to church Sunday. I should head for Salt Lake on Monday. I really don’t have a home right now. I am feeling fine and just have to watch what I eat. We didn’t close on my Murray home. Now we think by the middle of next week.

Sunday, July 20, 1986
Clyde’s sister, Olea, passed away today, and her funeral is on Wednesday, July 23.

Monday, July 28, 1986
We have closed on the house. We sold it to Cory and Tammy Beckstead. Lloyd and Harriet Petersen are going to buy the motor home. I have to wait for a few months for the money, but I’m happy to know that it is sold.

I am staying with my sister, Ruth Newby, in Monroe, Utah. Today I will get some sewing done while Ruth is at work. It is nice to be here with her. She is good company, and she and I are less lonely. I think I have most of my bills paid now, and as time goes by it should be easier to keep up with them.

Tuesday, August 12, 1986
I have a good offer on my home in Yucaipa. Jan Burkle, the real estate lady called last night. I accepted the offer. It all depends on the other people closing their escrow in 2 months. There is always an if.

Saturday, August 23, 1986
The week we spent at BYU Education Week was very hectic. Ruth couldn’t go, and Carrol and I were the only 2 from my family. We attended the temple on Wednesday morning and got 6-7 classes in each day. It meant a lot of walking and little eating. It was very enjoyable. Carrol is good company, and it does me good to be around her. We parted Saturday morning—she for Pocatello and me for Ruth’s home in Monroe, Utah.

I visited with Geri and family in Mapleton, Utah, and had breakfast with them. Things are going better
between them now. She gave me some tomatoes and cantaloupe. Then I drove to Spanish Fork and visited with Ralph and Ellen Steadman, Clyde’s sister. She gave me some peaches. All are very nice to eat. I enjoyed my visit with both families. Ruth seems glad to have me back.

Sunday, August 24, 1986
Today I am teaching the 14-15 year olds in Sunday School. I will pay my tithing because next Sunday we will be away.

Monday, September 15, 1986
Ruth, Leanne, and I went to Pahrump over the weekend to attend a parade and a rodeo. Ruth is trying very hard to get me to say I will move out to Pahrump. But I think the influence of Virginia, Ed, Joyce, and Stella are very bad for Ruth. She thinks nothing of drinking wine and beer while there, and I am not ready to lower my standards.

Saturday, November 1, 1986
After the last trip out to Pahrump, Ruth has decided that she wants to live in St. George. I have made 3 quilt tops since I have been with Ruth, and have now completed quilting them. Each Thursday I go to Richfield to help on the quilt at the Senior Citizen Center. They charge $100 for doing a quilt, and it takes about 120 man hours to do one.

I have sold the motor home and now I am waiting for a duplicate title to come from Sacramento, so I can get the money. Also, my home in Yucaipa has been sold, but the escrow hasn’t closed yet. If it ever gets closed, I will be free to visit my children more often. I need to help some of them.

Thursday, November 20, 1986
Yesterday was a temple day, and today I am very tired. The escrow on the home in Yucaipa closed on Nov 12, and also Richard P. Fridd who bought the home on Avenue G has taken out bankruptcy, so now I don’t know where I stand. He is already 3 months behind in his payments, and I have had my lawyer file foreclosure papers, but I really don’t know where I stand.

1987

Tuesday, January 27, 1987
We had a nice Thanksgiving reunion and also Christmas. I was with most of my family for both. Then I returned to Ruth’s home and settled down to normal life again. On January 23 Ruth and I went to the temple for one session. This was the first time Ruth had gone for 10 years. It was such a nice experience to have her with me.

I have a new Church calling. I am going to be one of the Spiritual Living instructors in Relief Society. I’m surely happy that I have been given another opportunity to serve in the ward.

Tuesday, February 10, 1987
I didn’t get to Stake Conference. Sherralynn Chase (Shirley’s daughter) had a car accident on Wed, Feb. 4, and I went to help. Sherralynn has a crushed right knee, a break in the left leg between the hip and the knee, and some cracked ribs. She is in a lot of pain but doing pretty good. There isn’t much I can do to help right now except keep the dishes done, cook supper, and keep the washing done. I feel kind of useless. But if it makes Shirley feel better to have me here, I’ll stay for a while.

Friday, February 13, 1987
On February 11, 1987, Daniel Ranquist lost his life at the State Prison of Utah. He was to have been released in one week. There had been a contract placed on his life, and some of the men in the prison cut his throat. He was buried on Mon, Feb. 17, 1987, at Thomas, Idaho. I returned to Riverton
on the 13th to be with Nadine, and I am staying at Mary and Zane’s at the present time.

**August, 1987**

I have spent most of the summer in Utah with my children. I have located a home that I would like to buy. The home on Avenue G in Yucaipa, California, will be sold at an auction on Sept 8; and if it really sells, I will be able to buy this home in Riverton, Utah. It will be so nice to be settled down again.

Right after the July 4th family reunion, I went to Carrol and Ray Hudson’s for about 2 weeks. We went through Yellowstone National Park, made a quilt top, and had a good visit. On July 24 my sister Ruth and I flew to Dallas, Texas, where Ross and Edith Tripp, my brother and sister-in-law, have been on a temple mission. We toured the state and returned home by way of New Mexico, Arizona, and southern Utah. We arrived at Ruth’s home in Monroe, Utah, the early part of August. I had intended to stay with Ruth for a few weeks, but I decided all at once that I really needed to be in the Salt Lake valley with my children.

**Saturday, December 26, 1987**

The home didn’t sell at the auction. No one came. But it has sold, and I am now ready to build a house. But the weather is too cold. Right now I am visiting with Gary, Kathi, and children. Ross and Edith Tripp have settled in Phoenix for the winter.

**1989**

Ross and Edith have moved to Sigurd, Utah to make their home. My sister Ruth Newby has gone on a mission to the Washington, D.C. temple. I have a new home just north of Kent and Nadine Richardson and have been living here for 11 months. I love my home.

I have been called to work in the River Jordan Temple and have enjoyed it so very much. I was called to start on Sept 7, 1989, but became ill on the 10th and spent one day in the hospital. We thought it was a heart attack but it wasn’t. It was an ulcer in my esophagus, which is much easier to treat.

**1991**

**Sunday, January 20, 1991**

Today was Chris Jensen’s Homecoming talk, and most of the family gathered there to hear him. It was a beautiful day. I have been working in the temple for 14 months, and I love it. I work from 5 am till 12 noon on Tuesday, and from 4 pm to 10 pm Thursdays. I sub for anyone who needs me the other 2 days. My friend Lain Wallace and I do 2 endowments nearly every Friday, so you could say I spend quite a bit of time in the temple. I love every moment of it.

**1995**

**Friday, February 17, 1995**

I was sustained and set apart as an Assistant Supervisor in the Jordan River Temple on Feb. 16, 1995. I’m very nervous about this position but, with the loving help of all the other sisters, maybe I can learn what I am to do.
Richfield - Melvin Reynolds Tripp, 72, Richfield, died of a heart ailment Saturday at 9 p.m. in a Murray hospital. Born Sept. 22, 1892, Murray, to Christopher John and Artie Missia Reynolds Tripp. Married Stella May Anna West Oct. 9, 1913, Salt Lake City. Member LDS Church. Survivors: widow; daughters, son, 26 grandchildren, 24 great-grandchildren, brothers, sister. Funeral Wednesday 1 p.m., Richfield Fourth LDS Ward Chapel.

Memories
by Violet Tripp

One day after all the children were gone from home, Melvin came to Stella and told her to pack a few things. They were going to Salt Lake City right then. She immediately packed and off they went. Melvin was blind in one eye, and Stella didn’t know how to drive. So whenever they went driving, Stella would tell Melvin when he was too close to the car in front of them or when he was too close to the side of the road. Stella and Melvin often went fishing with a cousin of Stella’s, I.G. Reed. They drove to his house where Melvin had his third heart attack. He was rushed to the Cottonwood hospital and Violet was called. When she got there Melvin was still conscious. He told her, “I’ll be just fine, I’m going home in a half hour.” He died a half hour later.

Melvin was active in the church until his 5 year old son, LaWayne, died and his bishop would not let him hold the funeral in the ward from which they had just moved.

When Melvin got drunk he didn’t get violent, instead he got silly.
Violet, age 6;  
LaWayne, age 3;  
Grace, age 7

Melvin, age 50

Melvin and Stella, Burley, Idaho

Stella and Melvin, ages 70 and 71
Six Mile Ranch
Gold Hill, Utah
July 16, 1936

Mr. Melvin Tripp
Dear Son & Family
Just a Few Lines’ to
Night In answer to your
Letter I Recieved Well
Melvin I dont know Just
Yet what Oliver has De-
cided Up on Wether he
wants to Ranch or wether
he wants to mine But I
will find out as Soon as
I can and Let you know
I have Been thinking it over it will make if it Bad
for you on a count of School work if you want to
consider well before you make a move I think
The Best way will be to Pay So mutch a Head on
all Shee Stuff Say from Yearlings Up And then I
wont be Bothered with any calves or Hay I could
Leace all my cattle for cash Rent here now So
You and Floyd can Figure what you can Pay Per
Head on the Cows’ Helfers From Yearling Up
Per Head Per year With the use of the Ranches’
and you Pay Takes on Ranches and Cattle Well I
guess Mother has told You all the news So I will
Ring off With Love to all

C J Tripp

Memories
by Violet Tripp

He was a grouchy old man. He owned and
operated a ranch on the Nevada/Utah border six
miles from Gold Hill which was near a town
called Callao. The ranch was called six mile
ranch. It was a fairly prosperous ranch and
the Tripps were not a poor family. Not only
did he own the ranch but he also owned property
in Murray, Utah. At first he owned land near 48th
South and 9th East (where Melvin was born) and
later while Melvin was going to school he owned
a house on Tripp lane about 60th South and 7th
West. Christopher would stay with the ranch year
round, but Artimissa and the children would come
in to Murray in the wintertime so the children
could go to school.

Christopher did a lot of trading with the Indi-
ans. The Indians mostly wanted salt and would
give pinenuts in return. One time when Violet
was about 10 years old she remembers going out
to visit at the ranch. She and her sister Grace
were playing house in a vacant smokehouse when
a group of Indians, riding bareback with chaps and no shirts, rode right up and stopped near the smokehouse. Violet and Grace had never seen live Indians before and were sure they had come to kill them. As it turns out, it was just another trading party.

One time when Christopher was out on his ranch he found what he thought was gold. He took a large nugget and then piled up some stones and marked the spot so he could come back and mine it. It was in fact gold, but he couldn’t find the place again. It wasn’t until decades later that his son Alma ran across the place. This time they attempted to mine it, but it was in a place too difficult to economically reach. When Christopher died he gave one share of the mine to each of his children. Since Melvin was already dead, Melvin’s children each got 1/5 share. Violet redeemed hers for $350 and bought a microwave.
I was born on the 29th of May, 1823 in Bethel, Oxford county, Maine. The son of Naamah Hall Bartlett and William Tripp. Father, a pensioner of the War of 1812, was the son of William Tripp who served in the Revolutionary War. He was a corporal in Captain Jonathan Nowell’s Company of Colonel Scammon’s 30th Regiment of Foot. The first organized body of troops to leave the District of Maine in the War for Independence. William (Sr.) is the son of Robert who is the son of Sylvanus Tripp (Tripe) who emigrated into the town of Kittery, Maine about 1680.

My mother, Naamah Hall Bartlett, is the daughter of Enoch Bartlett and Anna Hall. Enoch Bartlett is the son of Anna Clark and Ebenezer Bartlett. Ebenezer is the son of Hannah (Hyde) and Joseph Bartlett (Jr.). Joseph Bartlett Jr. is the son of Joseph Bartlett, Sr. who emigrated from England and settled in the town of Newton, Middlesex, Massachusetts. He married Mary (Mercy) Waite in Newton on the 27th of August 1688 and was a relative of Joseph Bartlett one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

My father, William Tripp, spent most of his time preaching the Eastern Methodist doctrine and working at his trade, shoe making. Father traveled from place to place, changing locations frequently.

I remained with my parents attending school and assisting father with his shoe making until March 1836, I was then between 12 and 13 years of age. I had acquired a good common school education for those days and a good knowledge of shoe making. My mind was lead to books, industry and steady moral habits, my reputation went abroad as such.

One day a gentleman by the name of Plummer P. Todd, a merchant living in Ripley, the town south, rode up to my father and said, “Elder Tripp, I am in want of a young man of steady moral habits and good education as clerk in my store, .... one that I can trust most of the time alone. Being sheriff of the county, I will be absent a great deal of the time. I have been recommended to you that you have a son by the name of Enoch that I could depend upon.” Father said, “There is my son, Enoch, that would fill the bill every way if he was not too young.” He looked at me and surveyed
me from head to foot and asked me how I would like to go and clerk for him at his store. Being pleased with the idea, I said, if he thought I was not too young, I was willing to go provided father was willing. He called for a pen and ink to see my hand writing. After writing a letter as a sample of my writing, he pronounced it good and said that would do. Then he questioned me upon my arithmetic. He said I was proficient for his purpose. He got father’s consent for me to go.

I went with him in March and after I had got the run of the store, it being in the country, Mr. Todd begun to leave me in charge of it. As consumption had seated itself upon him, he left me alone during the summer while he took an out (vacation) on the salt water for six weeks for his health. On his return, he took to his bed and died late in the fall. I stayed with him and had full charge of his store up to his death in October. To please him I would visit him evenings at his bedside and report to him my doings of the day.

After Mr. Todd’s death, I returned again to my father’s home working with him in his shoe shop and on a small piece of land that father owned. In the fall of 1837 being 14 years old, my parents desired to visit mother’s folks in the town of Newry in the western part of the State of Maine. Father left all his business in my charge. An old lady by the name of Sarah Hamilton kept house for us as there were five children and no girl old enough to keep house.

At this time we lived in Cambridge, a small village, and my fathers house was on a street running west and he had a pasture on a street running north near half a mile from the house. It was only a short distance across to the pasture through old Mister Nathan Clark’s field. He lived on the corner in a fine residence. His fine orchard was located west of his home, and was enclosed with a high board fence to protect his fruit from unruly boys. I and my brother, Robert, he being two years younger than I, were working on father’s land and toward night I sent my brother to get the cows from the pasture, as I desired to accomplish a little more work before quitting for the day. I did not get to the house until dark. On my arrival at the house, I found that Robert had not returned with the cows. Aunt Sarah Hamilton, as we called her, said that she had not seen anything of Robert.

I then started in haste across old Mr. Clark’s field looking for Robert and the cows. The sun had set and it was so dark that I could hardly see my hand before me. I was about half way across Mr. Clark’s field and west of his orchard when I heard a voice saying, “You rascal you, stop.” As I halted I heard persons jumping the orchard fence and running toward me. Still Mr. Clark kept up shouting, “You rascal you, stop.” A young man by the name of Louis Hamilton ran past me with all his might. In a moment more Mr. Clark ran up to me and in his not very good temper and great excitement (for he had then layed off his coat of Methodism being a class leader) he grabbed me and not very easy and said, “You rascal you, I have caught you and I will whip you near to death.” I replied, “What do you want to whip me for?” He then recognized who I was by my voice and said, “Enoch, I never would have thought this of you.” I replied, “What?” He said, “Going into my orchard and stealing my fruit.” I replied that I had not been in his orchard and never took any of his fruit without liberty being given to me. He replied with much anger, “Don’t you lie to me. You were in my orchard stealing my fruit and I followed you and caught you here. I would have suspected every other boy in the village before you for I thought better things of you but I have caught you this time.”

He took me to a stand of timber nearby and cut a good beach stick and said he was gong to teach me never to go into his orchard again. I said “Mr. Clark, I have not been in your orchard.” He replied again, “Don’t you lie to me. I not only will whip you for going into my orchard but will whip you for lying to me.” I said, “Mr. Clark, before you whip me will you listen to my story and then if you want to whip me you can do so.” He became more calm and listened to my story. I told him that upon returning to my home in the evening, I found that my brother, Robert, had not
returned with the cows and I had started across his field to the pasture looking for the cows and that when I got as far as where you grabbed me, I heard someone holler, “You rascal you, stop.” I stopped and the moment I stopped Louis Hamilton ran past me at full speed. In another moment you had come up to me and grabbed me. Mr. Clark said, “Is this so?” I replied that it was all true. He threw his stick away and asked my forgiveness and from that night up to the day of his death whenever he saw me, he would speak of it and lament the course he took toward me.

I continued to live with my parents until I was sixteen years old working in my father’s shoe shop and on his land. Agreeable to the desire of my mother, father sold out his place in Cambridge and bought a farm in Harmony. The town was to the south and the farm was purchased for two hundred dollars which was to be paid in two years. I assured father I could pay that for him so I set up a shoe shop in Cambridge and boarded myself to save expense and by the time I was eighteen, I had the two hundred paid up for father’s farm.

Father said to me that inasmuch as I had stuck by him in paying up the balance on the farm and deprived myself of schooling, he should never claim any more of my time or wages and that I was a free man to transact all business for myself and gave the following in writing:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This is to certify that I have this day given my son, Enoch B. Tripp, his time until he is twenty-one years of age for his past faithfulness unto me and shall never claim any more of his time or earning and he is a free man to do and transact all business in his own name.

Harmony, May 10, 1841
(signed) William Tripp

Having the desire to get a better education I closed up my shoe business and went to Farmington, Maine to the academy which I attended for two years. During vacations and Saturdays and all odd spells I worked at my trade and earned the money to pay for my board, clothing and tuition. From Farmington I went to West Milton, Maine and worked for Mr. Oliver Soper at my trade, shoe making for one and one-half years. I was then twenty years of age. I commenced my work very early in the morning and worked until noon each day and did as much work as any of his men that worked all day. In the afternoon and evening I studied to be a doctor with Dr. Kilburn. I boarded with Mr. Soper’s family for one and one-half years.

In September of 1845 I visited my parents in West Ripley, Maine. Through the inducements held out by Adonegah Webber of that place, I went into partnership with him in the mercantile business. We bought our goods mostly on credit in the city of Boston. Finding that the business did not pay for us both, I withdrew from the firm and he assumed all the goods. At that time there was great excitement for this western country. My mind being led that way, I bid farewell to all my folks and my native state of Maine and started for Wisconsin on the first day of November 1845.

In that early day there were very few railroads in the country and traveling was done principally by steam boats, canal boats and stages. I went to Boston then to Albany, New York by railroad and form there to Buffalo, New York by canal boat. In Buffalo, New York I bought a ticket on a steam boat for Chicago, Illinois. The weather was very cold with high winds and the captain of the boat fearful of his vessel’s safety put in at Cleveland, Ohio and called the passengers together. He said owing to the bad weather he would lay up there for the winter. He did not dare to risk his boat any more out in the lakes. The captain refunded our passage money.
I soon found a room in a hotel in the city of Cleveland with some other men that were traveling west. There was an advertisement stuck up in the bar room of the hotel that the Mormons of Nauvoo were selling out at a great sacrifice and going to the Rocky Mountains and that great bargains were to be had. It stuck me very forcibly that that was the place for me to go as it was the almighty dollar that I was after. The men that I was traveling with desired to get into some part of the west so we chartered a stage and went to Beaver on the Ohio River. From there we took a steam boat for St. Louis.

After traveling on the boat for a few days, the boat struck a rock and sprung a leak and sank a few feet upon it or halfway to the cabin deck. As the river was full of ice the steam boat had to stop running on the river. We were a long distance from any city or settlement close to the Indiana State line. We exhausted all our provisions as we lay there stuck in the ice.

One man had on board some cheese he was shipping to St. Louis and we lived on that. In the meantime a deer came running onto the river being chased by dogs from the shore. At the sight of the deer all hands had made a rush for the sail boats and soon captured it. The deer was soon dressed and about as soon devoured by all hands.

Deciding that we had no prospects of getting away or of any boats coming down the river in the near future because of the ice, two men of our company started out through the heavy timber to find someone if possible. In a few hours they returned with a man and his team. The settler took the baggage of a half dozen of us and headed towards Shawneetown, Indiana. We had to foot it through deep mud for fifty miles . . . . cold and hungry and finally arrived in Shawneetown toward morning. After feasting upon quail for the first time, we were prepared for our slumber.

We took the stage the next day to Terre-Haut, Indiana. On our arrival, we found our baggage missing. There being two drivers, one depended upon the other to buckle down the boot of the stage and it was not done. We stayed at the hotel at the expense of the stage company while they hunted up our baggage which they found scattered along the road. We then took the stage and went to Springfield, Illinois. It being so cold we had to have the stage filled with hay and straw to keep from freezing.

The country was so sparsely settled at this time that when we came to a town, we could not see it for the want of houses. Here I parted with my company and alone I took the stage to Carthage, Illinois within twenty miles of Nauvoo. I stopped at a hotel for the night. The landlord learning that I was going to Nauvoo and was direct from Maine, inquired if I was a Mormon. I informed him I was not and never expected to be. I was going there on speculation as I understood they were selling their property at great sacrifice and leaving. He said that it was very dangerous to go there at the present time for they were killing people for their money, clothes and property. Even on the side of the street dead men could be seen all of the time. I inquired why such things were allowed. He said they had now taken the law into their own hands and were going to make a stop of it. They had already killed their two leaders, Joe Smith and his brother, Hyrum, and posse was now out after old Brigham Young, their present leader and he will soon share the same fate as the other two. He said that the Mormons keep a posse of armed men scattered around their city some five or six miles out to way lay people as they were going to the city.

My mind was wrought up to such a pitch, I was on the point of abandoning the idea of going to Nauvoo. My mother’s sister (Patty Sessions) and her husband and children were living there and I needed a rest so I nerved myself up with the idea that inasmuch as they had the name of being fine folks before they were Mormons and ever great to my folks, I would go there and throw myself under their protecting care. No sooner had I made this resolution to myself, than if all hell had been let loose for noon, there could not have been a greater tumult. The landlord said the posse had just come with old Brigham Young.
In the morning being called to breakfast we
were just taking our seats when a lawyer came into
the room. He walked up to the officer and said,
"Where is Brigham Young? The officer pointed
to a man by his side and said, "Here he is." The
lawyer exclaimed, "Oh hell, this is not Brigham
Young, it is George Miller." The officer asked,
"Why in the hell did you not tell me that you were
not Young?" Mr. Miller said, "You never asked
me my name, but arrested me and brought me
here." Mr. Miller was discharged and he and I
were the only two passengers that went to Nau-
voo. When within about five miles of Nauvoo,
I saw a man with a gun on his shoulder and my
heart jumped not knowing but that the stage driver
might be a Mormon too. They might conspire to
take my life. My eye was on a good look-out from
one to the other... until we left the man with the
gun far in our rear.

As my cousin, Sylvia Sessions had married
W.P. Lyon, a merchant in the city, I asked the driv-
er if he knew W.P. Lyon. He said he did so I took
out fifty cents and said will this pay you for your
trouble to drive me to his place before you stop at
any other place. He said that it would. I felt if I
could only get among relatives and reveal to them
who I was, I would be safe.

On arriving at the store December 24, 1845
(Christmas Eve), I asked if Mr. Lyon was in and
the gentlemen said, "I am the man." I asked if
I could see his wife so he opened the door and
called to her. They lived in the back
part of the store. She came in and
when I informed her that I was Enoch
B. Tripp form the State of Maine, she
grabbed me by the hand asked. . . "Is
this cousin, Enoch B. Tripp?" I said
it was, she greeted me with a kiss and
thanked the Lord that he had preserved
her life to behold some of her blood
relatives form Maine. I was introduced
to her husband and then taken into the
dwelling part of the building. Her fa-
ther, mother and brothers were sent for
all greeted me with a most hearty wel-
come. My Aunt Patty Sessions lived in
a small log house rather than a poor style
on a poor plot of land. I stayed with
my Aunt during most of my time in Nauvoo.

I was much prejudiced against the Mormons
because of all the reports that I had heard of them,
thinking they were a set of thieves, robbers and
murderers and were kept together by their leaders
through secret oaths. But the next day, Christ-
mas Day, I felt more at ease and the fear of being
killed had now to a great degree left me as I saw
that everyone seemed to be attending to their own
business and showed no disposition to harm me
and being with my cousin, David Sessions, I felt
more safe as we rode along. I looked sharp to see
if I could see any dead persons by the side of the
road, as had been represented to me. I saw none
and not so much as any street fighting, which is
generally done in cities and villages. All seemed to
be in order, peace and quietude.

In the
evening of
Christmas
Day I went
with David,
who was
my age, to
a Mormon
gathering to
see religious
daughters
believe it to be very wicked to dance and now for people professing religion to go and spend the night in dancing, it looks horrible to me. But I am not going to let my prejudice lead me astray. It is an old saying and I believe it a true one and that is ‘Prove all things and hold fast to that which is good.’ So if dancing should prove to be good in a religious point of view, I shall be very apt to hold fast to that, for it is an amusement I am very fond of and being taught it is a great sin, it has kept me doing less than I desired. I was raised in a very religious, Free Methodist, home and have sought to be close to God. I do not want to offend God by drinking, smoking, dressing immodestly, or dancing. But is the latter really a sin?

In addition, I wanted to know if this dancing meant that the Mormons were just a social group. I had joined a “spiritual” sect in Maine when I was young but discovered they were more of a fraternal organization than a religion. I didn’t feel any closer to God through my association with them. Would the Mormons be like that? I determined to go to the dance to find out.

I determined that the dancing wasn’t simply about having fun. It helped these people to bond together as a society and provided a release from their worries and cares (which were abundant as they were about to be forced from their homes).

The ballroom was filled with the old and the young and all well clad, full of life and mirth. At the hour appointed, they were all called together, and a prayer was offered up to God, thanking him for all past blessings and mercies and asking his blessings upon them while they were mingling together that no accident might befall them and that nothing might transpire to mar or disturb their happiness. All joined in saying ‘Amen.’ I found it very singular that they would ask God’s blessing on them while they spent the evening sinning by dancing. I was introduced to several young ladies and soon I began to feel at home among them, especially after dancing several times with their pretty girls. The dance did not let out until 4:00 in the morning.

Over the next week or so I explored the countryside with my cousin. I found the people as a general thing to be very kind and benevolent and very intelligent. Considering that they were made up of the poor class their leaders take much pains to cultivate their minds to usefulness. Being introduced into their society and to some of their leading men and partaking of the kindness and courtesy extended to me and to see them so strict in their faith and asking the blessings upon their food and prayers in their families I asked myself are the reports about the Mormons true? The answer came NO! All fears have left me that this
people seek my life or the life of any other person that will let them alone and attend to their own business. They are represented the reverse from what they are. In finding this out by experience, I have often asked myself the question, Why are this people so much misrepresented, more especially by the Christian sects of the day? There seems to be no people so devoted to their religion as this people seem to be.

I also attended some of their church meetings. They were conducted in a similar manner to other Christian sects except that, as they were being compelled to leave their hard-earned homes, their instruction consisted of how to get ready to leave and how to fit out to do so.

I have always been informed and got the impression upon my mind that they were a duped people and had no minds of their own and were governed and led by their leaders whether it was right or wrong, it was the religion of the people. I found this untrue, as well as all other stories. I find men and women as free to speak and act for themselves here as in other parts of the world. To be sure, they think a great deal of their leaders and strongly believe them to be good men and men of God and true fathers to the people. Seeing all this, it has led me to inquire into their religious beliefs.

One day I ventured to ask Aunt Patty Sessions to let me see the “Mormon Golden Bible.” With a smile, she brought forward a large bible and said, “That is all the bible the Mormons have.” Being well posted in the bible, I looked it over and said it was like our bible. Aunt Patty replied, “It is the same kind of bible that I have heard your father preach many times in the State of Maine. The only difference between your father’s belief and ours in the bible is your father does not believe the bible as it reads but spiritualizes it. We believe the bible as it reads.” That opened my eyes and put me to thinking for that was my belief concerning the bible and I had contended with my father on that point several times.

Aunt Patty said they had another bible that the Mormons held as sacred as the bible and brought it forward saying it was called the “Book of Mormon” translated from plates by the Prophet Joseph Smith and was a true history of the inhabitants of this continent, the Indians; that Christ was with them after his crucifixion and had His church established among them...the same as He had at Jerusalem. The same gospel that He preached there He preached here and it was recorded in the Book of Mormon more plainly. I begged the privilege of reading it which she readily granted. On reading the book I was convinced that it was true and the work of God but I kept the same locked up in my breast. I could find nothing unreasonable in it and found it easier to understand in points of doctrine than the Bible.

I soon concluded that the Mormon church was set up like the early Christian organization, and that the latter-day saints were being persecuted just as Christ and his followers in earlier times had been. The devil is now stirring up the hearts of the children of men against the Church of Christ, more especially among other churches.

I concluded that there must have been an apostasy in earlier times and that the authority to act in the name of God must have been removed from the earth. After many hundred years have rolled away without the Priesthood being upon the earth, God sent Peter, James and John back again to Earth and ordained and bestowed all the keys they were in possession of upon a young man by the name of Joseph Smith.

Still I hesitated. I had reservations about any religion, anywhere. I did not want to make a mistake. In 1836 a society called Christian Bands got
up a great religious excitement in the town of Cambridge. Many joined their church. Being very young and not understanding the true principles of the Gospel and under the religious excitement of others, I was strongly solicited to join them, to which I consented and was baptized.

But I do not think it ever made any change in me, for after the excitement was over, I cannot say that I felt any change. That church could not do miracles like Christ’s church of old according to the record in the New Testament. All the churches used the Bible as their guide but they still fight with one another, saying none are right and none of them live according to the doctrine of Christ and his apostles in the New Testament. Even in my young days, I began to think the Bible a fable. So, as months and years advanced, I paid less attention to my religious professions but still continued in steady and moral habits and trusted in the future for the best. I was determined not to be deceived by another religion saying God is here.

I read the Doctrine and Covenants and the “Voice of Warning” by Parley P. Pratt. I found them all very interesting and instructive. In the meantime I often met in company with Heber C. Kimball, one of the Twelve Apostles, at Mr. Lyon’s home. Mr. Kimball stood next to Brigham Young and often spoke pointedly of the latter-day work. I watched his course and conversation very close, but could find no fault in him. I believed him to be a true man of God, but I tried all the time to show off that I had not faith in it...against my feelings. After a time I became convinced that it was the true Church of Christ, if there was any upon the Earth.

On Sunday morning, February 1, 1846, Heber C. Kimball came to the house of Mr. Windsor P. Lyon in order to rebaptize him into the church and they sent up to the temple and got a large bath tub in order to baptize him in the house. The mob violence was so strong, Heber C. Kimball did not dare to do it in public. I took Mr. Kimball to one side and informed him of my feelings in relation to this Mormon doctrine that I did believe this to be the true work of God according to the bible and I made a confidant of him. I told him I did not want to disgrace my father’s family by becoming a Mormon if it was not true as my folks stood in high society. My father was then in the legislature and my eldest brother was the president of the Senate of Maine. I said to Mr. Kimball if it was the work of God, to so inform me. If it was the work of men, to so inform me and I would forever remain dumb. Mr. Kimball looked down at me, his face white as snow and said, “Enoch”, as he always called me by that name, “I see the integrity of thy heart and I say unto you in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ that this is the work of God and not the work of man; that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God and that this was the true Church and Kingdom of God set up in the last days; and I promise you that if you will go forth into the waters of baptism and have hands layed upon your head for the gift of the Holy Ghost, that you shall know for yourself that this is the work of God.” I felt a shock go through me from the crown of
my head to the soles of my feet with a convincing power that it was the work of God. I then had a witness of the truth of this latter-day work, and that testimony has always remained with me. I felt like it was my duty to be baptized and I said to him I would obey and delay no longer and was a candidate. We went into Mr. Lyon’s kitchen where he baptized and confirmed me a member of the Church.

The next day, on the night of February 2, 1846 Brother Heber C. Kimball sent his carriage for me, Mr. Lyon and my cousin, David Sessions, and took us to the temple where I received my endowments and was ordained a seventy by my cousin, P. G. Sessions. It was the last night that endowments were given in the temple before leaving Nauvoo, which they did on February 4th.

The Lyon folk were making preparations to leave Nauvoo with the Saints and go to the Rocky Mountains. They sent to Quincy, Illinois for two young ladies, Sarah Ann and Roxanna Sophia Billings, orphans and members of the Church, to help with their sewing. Sarah Ann born September, 1823 and Roxanna Sophia born June 1, 1826.

Brother Kimball suggested that Roxanna might make a good match for me. On March 29, 1846 Brother Orson Hyde married Roxanna Sophia Billings to me as my wife. We were only married then for time, after the manner of the Gentile world, for most of the heads of the church had left and there was no marrying for eternity.

Brother Heber C. Kimball counseled me to remain in Nauvoo to look after the lame, halt, blind, the aged, infirm, and the poor for the mob would soon be upon them and they needed some young man with them. If I would do this and would be true and faithful, I should be blessed. It would be revealed to me when to gather up with the saints. After being baptized secretly by Brother Kimball, I passed myself off as one of the new citizens so as to have more influence in protecting the saints if trouble did come.

Early in the spring (May) I started to teach school. At the beginning few of the church members who remained would send their children because I was a newcomer. The first few days from fifteen to seventeen children attended my classes but after three or four weeks, I had more than my house would hold and had to have my wife assist me. Most of my students had left other schools to come to mine. We began to live relatively comfortably. Among the children transferring to my school were the
Prophet Joseph Smith’s... their names were Joseph, Frederick, Alex and an adopted daughter, Julia. I continued teaching school up to the middle of the second term. (To the time that a mob surrounded the city with the intention of driving all the Mormons and their friends out.)

The mobs which had held back because of resistance quickly saw how few were left and they grew bolder. Cannon fire was common. I joined with the new citizens in protecting the Mormons and ourselves. The Governor of Illinois appointed Benjamin Clifford as major to raise companies in Nauvoo to protect ourselves from the mob. Our numbers were very few in comparison with the mob’s. I was on duty day and night for nearly two weeks to defend our homes and families. I was in many close places, not knowing many times when I parted with my wife but what it would be the last time she would see me alive.

The mob made a desperate struggle to overcome us and the last day our little band stood manfully against them and drove them back with only a loss of Brother Anderson (a captain of a Spartan band who exclaimed as he dropped dead, “Fight away boys for I am a dead man”). His son was shot by a cannon ball which tore him while in a blacksmith shop. Brother Norris was also shot by a cannon ball which tore his breast open while he was on the street in front of my house. I was on my way with a message from Major Clifford to Captain Anderson. Our loss in the struggle was only three men. I went over the field where the mob fought and their number killed must have far exceeded ours judging form the blood on the ground, fences and houses but they would not admit to any killed. The following day a treaty was signed in which the Mormons and all that had assisted them were to leave the State by a certain time. The mob, outnumbering us three to one, soon drove us from our homes at the point of the bayonet, including all the new citizens that were not Mormons (or not known to be Mormons in our case) that had taken up arms. We were called Jack Mormons.

My wife and I took a little bedding and clothing and fastened up the house with the balance of our things in it and took a steamboat that had stopped at the landing for a few moments. At Burlington, Iowa we put up at the Barrett House. Not knowing who we could trust I kept it dark that we were Mormons. The next morning I had ten cents left after paying steamboat and hotel expenses. I found a room to keep house and moved what few things we had into it. I took my ten cents and purchased some bread and cheese for our dinner. I asked God’s blessings upon it and asked Him to open the way for me to get more.

After dinner I began to look around among the shoe shops for work. In all the stores but one the answer was the same...dull times, all full, did not need any more hands. In the one store Mr. Vanducen, as that was the name of the head of the store, inquired where I was from. I informed him I was from the State of Maine. He said that he had a man in the shop from Maine by the name of William G. Hackett. I introduced myself to him as Enoch
B. Tripp from the State of Maine without money or friends and desirous of getting work at shoe making. He said that he knew my father, Elder Tripp, well, also my brother, General William Tripp. I had known Mr. Hackett’s father but not him. He took out five dollars which he gave me and said when convenient I could hand it back and that it would be all right if I didn’t. He knew my folks by reputation. Mr. Hackett informed him I was out of money and seeking employment at his trade, shoe making. Mr. Brockett informed me not to want for anything but to come to his store and get it and pay for it when convenient. Mr. Hackett and I returned to Mr. Vanducen where we both interceded for him to give me a seat of work. He agreed to hire me. After I had finished up my first work for him, very neat and nice after the eastern style of work; he said if that was a sample of my work, I could have all I wanted to do.

After a short time the mob excitement in Nauvoo quieted down so I returned in disguise and got my household furniture and clothing and moved them to Burlington with me and I began to feel more at home and comfortable. I spent the winter working at my trade and did very well. During the winter, I made the acquaintance of Mr. R.L. Adams, a leather merchant of the city, who was formerly of Boston, Mass. He showed me a letter of March 1, 1847 that he had received from one of the leading men of Wapello, Louisa County twenty-eight miles north stating that they were without a shoemaker and were in great need of one. Mr. Adams thought that the place would be a good location for me to get started in and that he would let me have all the leather and findings I needed and could pay him as I could.

I went up and saw the place and made all arrangements necessary and moved right up. I got a stock of leather and things I needed from Mr. Adams which I took along with me and opened up a shop. In a few days 20 March 1847, my wife gave birth to a son. This was a small town and the county seat pleasantly situated on the south bank of the Iowa River. My business increased to the extent that I had to hire several men to work for me.

In the spring of 1848 I purchased buildings to live in and for a shop and saved rent which was high in that new county. In the spring of 1849 I purchased the drug store of C.M. McDonald at a great bargain as he had the California gold fever. I continued in that business as well as with shoe making and did well in fitting out the people that had the gold fever in their supplies of medicine, boots, and shoes.

On March 26, 1849 my wife gave birth to her second son. I continued the shoe making and drug business up to the fall of 1852 when I sold them out and went into the wholesale and retail dry goods and grocery business and dealt largely in real estate. . . . buying and selling. My business increased very heavily upon me and wore much upon my mind and body. On the 24th of March, 1852 my wife gave birth to her third son.

In the fall of 1852 my cousin Peregrine Sessions stopped by to visit on his way to a mission in England. I gave him ten dollars to help him on his way and listened to his account of how the saints were faring in the Great Salt Lake Valley. He said that they were prospering first rate and increasing very fast, that they had made the desert a good country. His words had a tendency to strengthen me much in the faith as I had been here for so long without seeing or hearing a Mormon talk.

On the night of 7 February, 1853 while on my bed of slumbers, a voice said to me three times. . .
“Get ye up onto the valleys of the mountains.” It went from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet. I felt that the time had come for me to gather up with the saints. My business and cares were so great upon me, I did not see how I could leave and I tried to avoid understanding the voice and turned over and spoke to my wife. I asked her if she spoke to me. She replied no. At the same time I knew she had not. I said to myself it was impossible for me to close up my business and leave at the time. If I had been racked up in a hotbed of ashes, I could not have felt much worse than I did then. After laying and turning in the bed for hours in that horrible condition knowing that the Lord had truly blessed me. In the anguish of my heart I exclaimed in a loud voice that I would go, that I would close up my business and go the valleys of the mountains. Then a happy sensation came upon me and I was as happy then as I was miserable before. I felt as calm as a summer’s morning. I lay back down and in my sleep I saw the valley of Salt Lake and more particular, the southwest side of a mountain. Instead of sage brush it was covered with beautiful houses, peach orchards, gardens, and green mountains. When we finally arrived I recognized it at once as Ensign Peak, the mountain I had seen in my dream.

My wife, Sophia, wouldn’t believe I had received revelation from the Lord. She did not want to leave all we had built up with such diligent effort. I told her I have to go even if I go alone but that I would sell my business and leave her with a better house so she could be comfortably situated.

It was a hard struggle for me to think of leaving my wife behind, for my love for her was great. She was a noble woman, a kind wife and affectionate mother to her children. Once I started my preparations she asked if I was determined to go and leave her and the children if they wouldn’t come with me. I replied that I was, for in the Kingdom of God there is Eternal Life and Exaltation and outside of it, Damnation. She answered that as long as I was determined to go, she would follow me, even if she followed me to Hell.

I had always kept it to myself about being a Mormon and commenced to prepare under pretense of going to California. In the morning I advertised in the papers everything for sale that I was going to close out and go to California. I continued selling at auction and private sales what I could day by day.

I purchased four wagons all complete that would hold from thirty-five and forty hundred pounds each with four yoke of oxen for each wagon. I fitted up a large wagon for my wife and three children with all the comforts and convenience of a house with the bed on springs with the wide projections over the wheels for sitting and sleeping; with a cook stove set up for cooking and heating; with a door behind with steps so in traveling they can get out and in without stopping and curtains all around to roll up or to button down. . . both for warmth and air and the wagon was comfortable as a house on a stormy day. We had four large gentle mares to pull it. I boxed up all my best foods and loaded four ox wagons. I engaged eight teamsters and intended to drive my horse team myself.

I closed up all my business and what property I did not sell, I left with John Bird to sell for me and to close out all other unsettled business as my agent.

On the third of April 1853, we started. It was a wet spring. . . the roads were very muddy, the streams were high and our progress was very slow until we reached the Missouri River. We traveled about ten to twelve miles per day. We bought hay and corn for our teams on the way across the State of Iowa to Council Bluffs which was the place of rendezvous preparatory to starting across the plains. We did not start until the grass was good.
We arrived at that point with safety in the middle of May. We found hundreds of teams awaiting their turn on the ferry boat across the Missouri River. When my turn came, we crossed the river and camped. Mr. Meeds had a small company of his own and was on his way to California. His company and mine organized ourselves into one company for protection against the Indians across the plains. I took charge of the company and we then took up our line of march and averaged about fifteen miles per day. We would make an early start in the morning and camped early at night as a general rule and by so doing our teams kept up in better condition and the men and women of the company would get rested for an early start the next morning. Once a week we would lay over one day when we came to plenty of feed, wood and water to rest and clean up. We always had a couple of men on horses ahead to look out for a good camping place for the night. They would ride back and meet us and guide us into camp. We always kept good watch over our stock by each one taking his turn and to be sure and keep their powder dry. All these rules were strictly observed and lived up to them as a general thing.

We journeyed on day by day without jar or contention and landed in peace and safety on Sunday 27, July 1853, in Salt Lake City, Utah. As we reached the summit of Big Mountain my heart rejoiced within me as I cast my eyes over the valley. It seemed like emerging immediately from darkness into light. The valley looked beautiful.

As Aunt Patty Sessions lived in the Sixteenth Ward, I drove my teams to her place and camped. Her husband, David Sessions, was dead. She had married Parry, her second husband. The next day, I informed my teamsters that I intended to stop here. I payed them up and they went on to California all except one. He stayed with me for some time. I looked over the city to get a house to live in and a place to sell my goods but could not find one. My cousin, David Sessions, came down from Bountiful. He informed me they had a large room there I could use to sell my goods in and that I could live in my big tent and my family wagon. I moved to Bountiful and unpacked my goods in the large room. I found ready sales for my goods. I lived in the tent and wagon for about six weeks. I then bought a place in the Nineteenth Ward, Salt Lake City, a house of two rooms for which I paid five hundred dollars in horses, wagons and goods. We moved in occupying one room to live in the other as my store. My stock of goods dwindled down and I wholesaled the balance to William Nixson who had a small store on Main Street.

Mr. Fred Palmer came to me to borrow money to finish up a house and was willing to pay me five per cent per month for it and give me a mortgage on the place to secure it. I went up with him to see the place and found it to be the same place I had

Salt Lake City, 1853
tried to buy on my arrival in the city. It seemed like home there but he would not sell it then. It was situated on the corner of North Temple and Second West St. The walls of the house were up. I told him I could let him have the money but I was afraid he would never be able to pay me my money and interest and that I would be compelled to take the place. As I wanted the place I would buy it and give him all that it was worth. I bought the place from him at $1,850.00 and turned him over the place I had bought at the same price I had purchased it for plus some ox teams and cash. I put the roof on, the doors and windows in and had the floors laid; and moved in with my family while the carpenters were finishing up the rooms one at a time.

Livingston and Kinkade brought in a stock of leather with their stock of goods which I bought and hired several men to manufacture boots and shoes during the winter and spring.

That spring Brother Heber C. Kimball asked me for a loan of $200. I did not have enough money and told him so. I even tried to borrow the money from a friend so I could help Brother Kimball. Soon afterward, on the 27th of June 1854 the day of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum’s martyrdom, a special conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints was held in the tabernacle. I was then called on a mission to Texas. There were some rumors that I was called because I didn’t lend Brother Kimball the money. Brother Kimball asked me if I intended to fulfill the mission call. I told him yes sir, by all means so long as I am called by those that hold the authority over the Church and Kingdom of God upon the earth and not because I could not let you have the money. Brother Kimball said to go and fill the mission and I shall be blessed and in him would always find a true friend. I believe him to be a man of God and to have the best interest of the Kingdom of God at heart. President Brigham Young, in whom I have full confidence, gave me a blessing and said that if I did my part the Lord would do his. Every word promised me by Brigham Young has come to pass.

I was set apart for my mission by Elder Orson Pratt who blessed me to travel in safety and that the Holy Ghost would open the way and strengthen my understanding. My wife, Sophia, and I also received our patriarchal blessings at this time. I was told that I would prosper upon the Earth and be entitled to all of the blessings of Tripp of old and would walk with the Lord upon the Earth and live until I was satisfied with life.

I commenced to make every preparation to go. I sold my shoe repair business. Brother John Taylor was called as mission president. His instructions were for all to outfit themselves with light covered wagons mules and pony horses. Brother Seymore Brunson and I fitted up together with light covered wagon, two horses and a mule. On the 4th of September, the day appointed, we started and camped in the mouth of Emigration canyon to organize for crossing the plains.

There were nearly forty in our company and few women. Brother John Taylor was our president, Preston Thomas as captain, Nathan H. Felt, secretary and Doctor Clinton was captain of the guard. There were eleven wagons in all. The camp was called together every night and morning for prayer. We averaged about thirty miles per day. We traveled over the old immigrant route until we got near the states, thence through Kansas to the Missouri River and crossed on the 17th of October 1854 and camped for the night. In the morning we all took the parting hand each one for his field of labor.

Most all sold their teams and took steamboats and railroads. However, I bought a light wagon and pony horse and put it with my mule and crossed the State of Iowa to
Wapello, to my former place of residence to look after my business. I arrived on the 3rd of November. I had the privilege from Brigham Young before leaving Salt Lake City to visit my parents and folks before going to Texas on my mission.

After spending a few days in Wapello taking care of business, I left my team with John Bird, my agent, and on November 9, started for my native State of Maine traveling by steamboats, railroads and stages. On the way I met a man in Quincy, Illinois who informed me that Nauvoo was going down fast and was a harbor for thieves and robbers. I also met my wife’s sister who had joined the Church. Her husband, had not, though, and they were very unhappy together.

It was November 22, 1854 when I reached West Ripley where my parents were residing. It had been a little over nine years since I had seen them and the meeting was a happy one and will be long remembered. My brother and sisters living in this vicinity came often to my parents home to visit with me. My father had left the Methodist faith and become a Freewill Baptist preacher as there were more Baptists about now and he thought he would feel more at home with them. My father is one of the most honorable men on the Earth but is blinded by the priest craft of the day.

I spent a great deal of time introducing to my family the Latter-Day Gospel and bearing my testimony. They all looked upon it favorably and treated me with the kindest respect. I even spoke to my father’s congregation for over an hour. But prejudice was strong against outside faiths. For instance, one local Methodist preacher said that the Catholic Church ought to be exterminated and in nearby Ellsworth they tarred and feathered a Catholic Priest and rode him out of town on a rail.

This didn’t stop me. I still preached to my family and also to the Penobscot Indians who lived in the area. I called on one of their members who was a delegate to the State Legislature and bore my testimony to him of the true gospel of Christ and that my people have the record of their forefathers, which he seemed much interested in. I feel that when the full times come for the Gospel to be turned to the House of Israel that this People will readily receive it.

None of my family would join me in the Church. They all looked upon me as being deluded and as the scripture says, they have ears and hear not, and eyes and see not and hearts and understand not the things of God.

I preached in several of the nearby villages as well but was rebuffed and decided to cast my pearls among swine no longer. If you come here on a mission you must make up your mind to go through many privations and be persecuted on every hand, for so they persecuted the saints in Jesus’s day, and so long as we are not of the world the world will hate us.

Spending a short time with my folks, I gave them the parting hand January 15, 1855 and set out for New York City where President John Taylor made his headquarters. President Taylor was making all preparations to print a paper to be called “The Mormon.” Giving him forty cents I stopped at his boarding house a few days. While there he changed my mission from Texas to the State of Maine. January 22, 1855 I returned to the western section of the State of Maine spending time in the towns of Bethel, Newry and surrounding towns.

About 100 miles west of my parents residence, the place of my birth, as there were a few Mormons in that town, I felt it my duty to visit them first making them my starting point. They all received me kindly. After getting them together and organizing a branch, I appointed Josiah Smith of Newry as branch President. He was the father of Lucy Smith, one of the wives of George A. Smith, and one of Brigham Young’s counselors over the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

My mother’s folks, the Bartletts, lived in surrounding towns, I visited them, bore my testi-
mony to them of this great work and held meetings among them. While Brigham Young was on a mission in this area, he stayed with my uncle Rueben Bartlett. He and his wife, Lydia Frost, were baptized by David Patten in 1835. On the 2nd of February, I visited Aunt Lydia, her husband, Uncle Rueben, having died. At Eighty-two she received me with great joy. She brought out an old red and white silk handkerchief much the worst for wear, but very clean and neatly folded and well scented which she said had belonged to Brother Brigham Young. “Poor old soul,” she exclaimed with tears in her eyes, “I got this in exchange for a new one from Brother Young on his parting with me. I intend to keep it as long as I live.”

I visited a few old members in the towns of Mexico and Rumford about twenty-five miles east of Newry and got them together and organized a branch there on March 12, 1855. Osgood Virgen was appointed Branch President. I held meetings with them and the public and bearing my testimony of the truth of this Latter-day work. This accomplished, I started east to visit my parents on the 14th of March. I arrived in Cambridge on the 17th of March, the town where I once lived and conducted business. Here I held meetings bearing my testimony of this great work.

My father visited many of my meetings. He was a Methodist preacher and a great scriptorian and on one occasion after I finished speaking, I invited him to speak. He arose and said he had listened with much interest to the preaching of his own and it was all bible doctrine and he was like the man that was traveling passing a fine orchard and saw many clusters in an apple tree. . . he said this is either fine fruit or a hornets nest.

After spending a few weeks in that part of the country, I returned again to the branches in the west where I commenced holding meetings. Several souls received the gospel during the spring, summer and fall. Up to the 24th of September, fifteen persons were baptized and confirmed members of the Church.

With permission from President John Taylor, I ended my mission and returned west. On my way I stopped in Nauvoo. It looked like a mass of ruins. Of the temple which stood upon a hill, built of white polished lime rock, and could be seen for scores of miles, and was the largest and most beautiful building in the whole great West, the front walls are all that remain. I received my endowments in it on the last night that the servants of God worked in the house before having to take their flight to flee from the hands of their enemies that were already seeking their lives. Oh! How changed. The wicked can soon destroy what will take the saints of God years in their poor and half-starved condition to build up. Now I must turn my eyes from this once lovely city.

While in Nauvoo I called on the prophet’s widow, children, and mother. All were pleased to see me. The children were once my pupils, when I taught school in the city before I was driven from it with the rest of the saints. I called on the Prophet’s mother and found her in bed in a lonely room on the east part of the house and very feeble. Upon approaching her bedside and informing her who I was, she arose in her bed and placing her arms around my neck, kissed me, exclaiming, “I can now die in peace since I have beheld your face from the valleys of the mountains.” She made inquiries after the Saints and remarked that she took much comfort in riding with me and my wife in the day that I taught school here. But all those days and happy scenes are past and her day is near at hand when she must bid
adieu to this earth and meet her loved ones beyond the veil. She told me to take her love to the church leaders in Zion and I received a farewell blessing from a great mother in Israel.

After Nauvoo I returned to Wapello, Iowa with a few others where I spent the winter closing the balance of my business. Here I bought a heavy wagon with oxen to pull it in readiness for crossing the plains. I then purchased dry goods with which to lead my wagon. I then hired a man to drive my ox team. I drove my light horse team which was pulling a wagon well loaded. We crossed the State of Iowa to the Missouri River which we crossed near Florence where the Mormons had gathered by hundreds waiting for the grass to grow and organizing into companies to cross the plains.

At Florence I was assigned to Philo Merrill’s Company as captain of one of the ten. Brother Merrill was captain of the company with S.A. Woolley as captain of the guard. When fully organized, we started westward traveling on the average about fifteen miles per day. The company was called together for prayers every night and morning.

One night while we camped on the Platte our cattle stampeded. It was so dark we had to wait for daylight before we could go in search for them. The men mounted their horses and covered the plains looking for the stray cattle. They found them in small bunches scattered here and there. Many of them were among the buffaloes that roamed the area by thousands. We spent several days rounding up the lost cattle and when all but a few head had been gathered, we resumed our line of march with more care and caution every night when making camp. . . . we would drive our wagons into a round circle. Every ten wagons were in their places with each wagon in its place of ten with the tongue to the hind part of the wagon ahead forming a corral. We continued on our journey day by day with peace and safety until we reached the mountains where for traveling the company was divided. Our ten wagons went with Brother Samuel Woolley. After this we made better progress in traveling through the mountains in getting feed for our animals. Thus we continued onward day by day in peace and safety. Our animals held up well in spite of the length of the journey. Hearing of my arrival, President Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball rode down in their buggy to welcome me home and to bless me.

I opened up a store and also began manufacturing boots and shoes during the winter of 1856 and 1857. In the fall of 1856, I was called as a home missionary in the Fourteenth Ward. . . . it being called “The Day of the Reformation.” I spent the fall, winter and spring visiting and preaching to the people of the Fourteenth Ward. I bought fifteen acres of land and put it into grain and potatoes in April. In conference April 1857, I was called to go with the First Presidency to the Simon River and we started on the 24th of the month. We were all fitted out with light wagons drawn by either horses or mules. We were able to average about thirty miles a day. We took two boats along with us in crossing some of the streams between us and our destination. On arriving at Simon River we found our brethren there living in a fort with Thomas Smith as president over them. These brethren had been called on a mission to the Indians. After spending a few days, we returned to our homes, keeping our animals under close observation. The camp was called together every morning and evening for prayers and instructions.

On arriving home I was confined to my bed with a sick spell for a few days. I closed up my store and shoe business and turned my attention to farming. On 24 July 1857 through an invitation from Brigham Young, I visited the head of Big Cottonwood Canyon with my family and many hundred of others to celebrate the day the saints first entered the valley. While we were there,
Porter Rockwell and others brought word that the United States Government was sending an army against us. When this was reported to Brigham Young, he said that he was legally and lawfully the Governor of Utah and that until he was legally notified to do otherwise, he would protect this people against all armed forces. He then ordered Porter Rockwell and companions back to keep a good look out and to report to him often.

A short time later I was appointed Captain of the first fifty in Major F. Resters Battalion of the State Militia. I held this office until the militia was disbanded by the government. Beside the militia, I held the office of school trustee for the 16th school district for many years and was the water master for the Sixteenth Ward.

In 1857 I went with my company to Echo Canyon under the command of Major F. Resters to defend this territory form the armed mobs that were marching towards Utah. We suffered greatly from the intense cold. We remained there on duty until the armed mob set up their camp on Hams Fork for the balance of the winter.

In 1858 I moved my family with clothing and provisions to the Provo bottoms agreeable to the command of Brigham Young for all in the city and north of it to move southward holding their property in readiness to apply the torch in case the mob had come to dispossess us of our homes.

I was appointed captain of the guard to the city west of Main Street. The guard was maintained until the army had passed through the city, down North Temple Street and over the Jordan River where they pitched camp. They passed through the city very civilly and orderly. The guard concealed themselves so that to the army it appeared to have been deserted. Before the army entered the valley, the President of the United States sent Commissioners to treaty with us. They brought with them pardons and their instructions. They pledged the honor of the United States that if Governor Young would permit the army to enter the territory that it would come civilly; that it would not molest anybody or anything and that they would not stop within fifty miles of the city. Governor Young agreed to this arrangement but ordered the city evacuated fearing something might happen as we had had our confidence betrayed several times. After the army had made camp in Cedar Valley some fifty miles south of the city, the people commenced to return to their homes. This was the first time in the history of the Church that the people ever returned to homes they had abandoned.

In the winter of 1859 I taught school in the Sixteenth Ward. During the summer, I worked on my farm in the Sugar House Ward. About 1860 I opened up a shoe shop and began to manufacture boots. Not long afterwards, I commenced to manufacture leather which I continued along with shoe making until 1867. In 1865 I bought a stock of goods and brought some more goods in from the states and continued in the mercantile business until 1868. In 1866-1867 I manufactured lumber, shingles, and lathes and also kept a lumber yard. About this time I was elected Justice of the Peace in the Third Precinct, Salt Lake City.

Owing to my poor health and from the counsel of Brigham Young, I took a journey on the 24th of October 1867 for St. Thomas which was about four hundred miles south of Salt Lake City. I spent the winter there and returned home in April of 1868 much improved in health. Upon the counsel of Brigham Young, I closed up all of my business in the spring of 1868 after which I commenced to cultivate my farm in South Cot-
In October 187- I was again called on a mission to Maine. This time I took the train all the way to Maine where I bore my testimony to the truthfulness of this work to my relatives and friends. I returned the next year to my home this being the last time I ever had the privilege of visiting my parents. Father informed me that he believed the work to be true and that he intended to gather up with the saints if he lived and in case he did not live long enough, for me to do all that could be done for him. As my father did not live to come to Utah, I had my parents work done in the temple.

As the U.S. Governor made a raid against Mormon people for practicing polygamy according to the divine will of God, I took another mission to the State of Maine. I being then “underground.” I visited my former friends and relatives bearing my testimony to them of the truthfulness of this work. I was treated very well by all of them not withstanding the great prejudice against us as a people at that time. I continued there until November when I returned home.

I then went to Willow Springs where I spent the winter for safety. In the spring of 1887 I returned again to my home on my farm keeping very close and looking after my business. In November I was arrested for co-habitation. Commissioner Norrell dismissed my case having no evidence.

From that time up to the present, I have spent my time on the farm...at times working in the temples for my ancestors that died without the knowledge of the Gospel. I tried to follow the counsel of Brigham Young...keeping myself from all business and living on my farm that I may receive the blessings he promised me...“That I should live longer upon the earth than I had lived and that my last days should be the healthiest, happiest and best days.” I was then forty-four years of age am now seventy-two. So far every word promised me by Brigham Young has been fulfilled.

I am the father of Thirty-two sons and daughters, have sixty-five grandsons and daughters and three great grandsons and daughters.

Copied in 1951 from an original account of the Life of Enoch Bartlett Tripp written by him...and found in his trunk with his genealogical record. 1700 pages of Enoch Tripp’s diary can be found at the Brigham Young University Special Collections Library.

This autobiography was supplemented by Chapter 1 of Profiles in Mormon Courage by Hartt Wixom which acquired its source material from Enoch’s diaries. These excerpts are paraphrases of the diaries although every attempt was made to use the same type of language that Enoch did to preserve the continuity of this narrative.
Genealogical Record

“I, Enoch Bartlett Tripp, son of William Tripp, son of William and Keziah Thompson, son of Robert, son of Sylvanus, who emigrated to the town of Kittery, in the state of Maine; and on my mother’s side, son of Namah Hall Bartlett, daughter of Enoch Bartlett and Ann Hall and the son of Ebenezer; son of Joseph Jr., son of Joseph Sen., who emigrated from England and settled in the town of Newton, Mass., and married Mercy Waitem feeling it a duty I owe to myself and my posterity after me to make this family record.

I commenced to do this in the year 1855, while on a mission to the state of Maine, my native state, where my ancestors were mostly born. At first I purchased a medium sized book for that purpose believing at the time it would be as large as I should ever need. I continued gathering up records until I filled this book. I then, got another book of the same size and after filling that, commenced on the third book and after filling that nearly half-full, I felt it my duty to get this family record. Now I can add a short record of each of my wives families. So that my children by each of my wives will be able to trace the lineage of their forefathers on their mother’s side as well as their father’s side. Also as I have a Temple Record wherein I keep a record of all the work that I have done for the living and the dead, or caused to have done for the dead that have died without embracing the Gospel of Christ. This is why I have a space devoted to Pages and number for reference to my Temple Record for convenience. As this record is large and will hold several thousand names, I will continue upon this record adding thereto from time to time as I may gather up records and also in my Temple Record. When my Heavenly Father sees fit to call me from this state of mortality to that state of immortality, I desire that my children, and children’s children down to the latest generation, assemble themselves together as often as will be necessary to elect someone of their number who belongs to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and will work in the Temple of God for the dead to take charge of the family record and also the Temple Record and he or she shall see that the family records are strictly kept up to the latest generation and that the work done in the temple for the living and the dead is all recorded and when the family record and the Temple records are all recorded in the Temple Record and when the family record and the Temple records are full, let them be kept under lock and key by him or her who is elected to keep these records, and let other records be got after the manner of these records, that the family records and the Temple records may be continued down to the latest generations. None shall have access to these records but through him or her who has been elected to take charge of the records.

All the family relatives have the right to see and examine the records in the presence of him or her that has charge of the records, but none to have charge of the records except those who belong to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. All the records are to be kept together in one place of safety from fire, water, and enemies and to be kept holy and sacred, and I pray that the spirit of inspiration may dictate to all the relatives down to the latest generations to elect the proper ones to take charge of the records and that the ones that shall have charge of the records shall be inspired of Almighty God to carry out all the above instructions and to accomplish a great and mighty work here upon earth and their names shall be handed down in honorable remembrance to the latest generations. I ask this, even so, Amen.”
Tradition says from my grandfathers down that two brothers with their families bound from England to America, by name; Sylvanus Tripp and Thomas Tripp, and on account of a plague raging on board the ship, most of the passengers died.

Thomas Tripp, with his family stopped among the Indians on the coast of Virginia, in preference to run the risk of his life to go to Boston.

Sylvanus, with his wife went to Boston and then to Kittery, Maine.

On the two brothers parting, it was agreed that Thomas spell his name Trapp and Sylvanus Tripp continue spelling his Tripp. That the descendants might know from which brother they descended.

I am a descendant from Sylvanus Tripp that settled in Kittery, state of Maine.

Signed
Enoch Bartlett Tripp
Jan. 25, 1892

Taken from
Logan Temple
Library Vol. 3, 1949

In the fall of 1632 or a year or two later, a vessel from England to So. Virginia fell in with the shoal of Nantucket, came up through the Uregard Sound and anchored off Cape Page. On account of a distemper, which was like a plague among the passengers and 25 died; 4 men with their families requested to be put on shore; preferring to take their chances with the natives, than to pursue the voyage under such distressing circumstances.

They landed at Spot Cold, Pease Point. Their names were John Pease, Thomas Vincent, Thomas Trapp and Browning or Norton.

Copied Jan 1892.
Mrs. Catherine J. Allen Tripp is a woman who is now ninety-two years of age. Mrs. Tripp was about twenty when she crossed the great plains. This is her story as she told it.

“In the Old Country we had heard many wonderful things of great new homes which the sturdy Mormon pioneers had formed. Everyone had a desire that some day we might see this new land. We were all enthusiastic about the building of our wonderful Temple. Each one of us sent a farthing a month for its building.

In April of the year 1863 we left the Jersey Isles bound for our new home land. My mother and my brothers and sisters and I were seven weeks and three days crossing the great ocean. No one can imagine the hardships in the crossing of the Atlantic that we endured. None of us had much money, but we got along fairly well. The Ship Company allowed each family so many rations of food. This was a great help to all of us. We landed on the Eastern Coast of America in June 1863. During the latter part of the same month, we left Florence Nebraska, to begin our journey to Utah.

There were 200 people who organized to make our company. This was both older people and children. Each family had its own wagon, the wagons had huge white covers and were drawn by oxen. Our camp did not suffer as many hardships as some of the other camps did. The leader had a great deal to do with the way a camp got along. Mr. Delmore was our leader. He was a wonderful man with a good character. He was always kind to everyone in the camp. His close friendship and intermingling among the people seemed to make us forget some of our hardships.

Our journey was approximately 3,000 miles. We traveled at the rate of 10 miles a day. We younger folks walked practically all the way in order that the older people and children could ride. There was not very much sickness among our people. Every now and then some of the children were ill, but not seriously. The only death in the camp was of a widow who left 7 small children. It was a very pitiful situation, but we all “pitched in” and helped to take care of the children. We were thankful that no other death occurred on our journey.
Many families brought their cow along with them. We had plenty of milk, butter, and cheese. Our butter was very easily made. We would put the cream in the covered pail. The pail was hooked to the back of the wagon. The shaking and jolting of the wagon made a very good churn. We always had nice fresh butter without any trouble. Our other food was made up of the provisions we had taken along with us, such as potatoes, and flour with which our bread was made.

We younger folks were the ones who kept things looking bright around the camp. We were always trying to do something to forget our troubles. One day a group of us decided to explore a little of the country which we were in. Our camp had set a little earlier that day. We all set off hoping to make our exploration worthwhile.

The grass we had to plod though was shoulder high. All at once we heard a rattler ready to spring. We all turned and ran for dear life. Not any of us stopped running until we reached camp. We were breathless and excited after that long run. No one could tell the story until a little later. The older folks just shook their heads and told us that we should have heeded their warnings. This was one of the most thrilling experiences we had on our journey. We never dared to go on anymore exploration trips unless we were armed. Aside from rattler snakes, the Indians were our most dreaded enemies.

Every day when we stopped to make camp, we put the wagons so as to form a circle; this served as a protection against the Indians. The oxen and what few horses we had were left on the outside to graze. One evening at sunset, we saw two Indians approaching our camp. Everyone became excited. The men were preparing for defense in case of an attack. To our surprise, we saw that they were making signs to show us that they wanted to be friendly. Mr. Delmore and a few of the other men went up to them to see what they wanted. The Indians told our leader that they did not intend to hurt us, but wanted to help us on our journey. We were all greatly overjoyed to hear this; for if we had the friendship of the Indians, our greatest trouble would be over. These Indians kept us all interested in the many things they were telling us.

Toward dusk we heard a great stampede outside of our camp. The Indians leaped up and away they galloped on their horses. We looked out, and to our amazement, we saw a whole band of Indians trying to steal our oxen. Our men, those who had horses, went after them and succeeded in returning the largest part of our oxen. After this experience, we were always suspicious of any Indians who attempted to be friendly with us; for in this sly way of theirs, they could succeed in getting away with many of our provisions.

About a week after this incident, we entered this great valley through Emigration Canyon. Everyone was overjoyed to see that our hard journey was nearly at its end. We arrived here in the Salt Lake Valley in October 1863. This was a few years later than the time when the first pioneers arrived here; so we had friends with whom we could stay the first few days. Our camps first settlement was on the land where the City Hall now stands. In a few years each family settled where it could best make a living.

The first winter that we were here, we had to depend on the people who came here before. Living was very hard. We had to economize on everything. Flour at stores, the flour was brought from the people who had been fortunate in having enough money to get provisions to make the flour. I can remember many a day when my little brothers and sisters and I had just a hard crust of bread to eat. We would have to go down to the creek to dip the bread in the water, so that it might be easier to eat.

Each family raised its own potatoes and corn. Our crops were often destroyed by the great
groups of grasshoppers. It made us unhappy to see our work go for nothing. A plan was finally devised to get rid of the pests. A ring of wire was put at the end of huge sacks to keep them open. These sacks were put at the end of water ditches. Then we would get sacks, sticks, or anything with which we could beat down the grasshoppers. We’d beat as many of them as we could down in the water. The water carried the grasshoppers into the sacks. The sacks were then taken and tied. When they were all dry, the men stacked them in huge piles. These sacks were then burned. This plan along with the help of the seagulls, kept the pests pretty well cleaned up.

As for meat, each family had to get its own by killing wild animals. There was great rejoicing when our first butcher shop was built. Mr. Jennings was the owner of this shop. He was the most popular man in our town at that time.

We did not have the means of recreation in the earlier days. The greatest sport in the winter for the younger folks and children was sleighriding. The snow would fall from 5 to 10 feet deep. I shall never forget the good times we used to have with our awkward sleds. Our greatest regrets were that in the early parts of January, the warm Southern winds melted the snow. This was the end of winter. From then on until October, we had lovely weather.

Our learning was not of a very high quality. We had to pick up every little bit just from what we heard. It was not until a few years later that a few school houses were built. The children did not have the advantages of public schools. The children had to pay so much each week, so that they could attend. If a family did not have the money to send their children to school, the children were just out of luck.

All in all it was a hard and laborious life and many people turned back, but we who kept on have been thankful that we had a chance to do our little bit in the development of this great new land, our “Zion.”
Gold Hill, Utah, July 14 1936

Dear Melvin and Stella and family I will try and write you a few lines to let you know how we are all getting along are all well Except myself I am not feeling very good but the weather is very hot and when the weather gets cooler I think I will feel better we received your ever welcome letter and was glad to hear from you and glad to here you all got home all o k and all was well well Stella I hope you are feeling a lot better now and well not have to suffer any more Oliver and Father has just over a fort got the grain all cut down and to morrow we will have to more men to help haul it I sure hope your hay did not get Spoiled and hoping there lines will find you all in the best of helth I will now close with Much love to all as ever your loving father and mother Artie M Tripp

Memories
by Violet Tripp

Artimissa was a sweet, wirey, old woman with a small build. She worked very hard to keep her ranch going. She not only kept the house and a garden but was in charge of feeding and caring for 4 or 5 ranch hands as well.
June 7, 1823. The day was Saturday, all day long. Thirty-four year old Betsy presented her husband, Asa D., with his eighth child that day. Finally, another son -- their third, but it had been a dozen years since the last boy they named Asa had made his entry into the family. A little different from their oldest son, Levi H. who just turned fifteen and was almost a man, second son Asa was a studious boy, who would rather read books and juggle figures than plow fields and gather in the harvest. In his bones, Asa knew he would grow up to be a teacher, a judge or maybe a Legislator. Levi H. was the farm boy, strong as a miller. Now, perhaps this third son would grow quickly and learn the farm chores his five older sisters inherited on their Genesee Valley farm.

Gathered close by that day were Betsy’s five daughters. There was sixteen year old Eliza who quickly was gaining a reputation for her firm opinions at the Baptist church the family attended in East Avon. Then there was ten year old Amanda, who already had a childhood crush on that close neighbor boy, Samuel Blakesley Chapel; and seven year old Sarah Ann, four year old Caroline, and finally, the toddler, two year old Esther.

What to name this new son, that was the question. Shubel, Shubal, or Shubael? Perhaps not -- too many in the family already and the spelling was so confusing “taboot.” Betsy thought ‘Christian’ for her father, but it just didn’t fit. How about after that good family friend from Schoharie, Warren Ford, who had been so helpful with the move to the Genesee five or six years back. And wasn’t he a close relative of Isaiah Zada Butler, the roving Baptist preacher whose son Isaiah was he whom Eliza had her eyes on! And so it was.

Warren’s First Seven Years

Warren was lucky to have so many older sisters to help take care of him as he grew to the age of accountability, when he would instinctively know the difference between right and wrong, because Betsy was not through having children. As a three year old he was joined by a younger brother William, born on 25 Sept 1826. Then at age five
another sister was born on 30 June 1828. Her parents named her Maria Elizabeth but family members called her Betsy Maria. His mother was said to have kept a clean house while her daughters taught Warren his manners. But many of the times they spent as youth were fun times too, because Warren carried into his old age a sense of humor constantly practiced by playing tricks on his children. He passed that trait to his son, my grandpa Charley.

Warren’s siblings were not his only playmates as a child. His older sister Eliza married Isaiah Butler on 18 April, 1825, when he was just two, and she started her family right away. Eliza and Isaiah lived right next to her parents, perhaps on the same rented lot 195. Their first child, Betsy Ann was born 13 April, 1826, their second, son Jerome was born 23 October, 1827, and third child Louisa Maria was born 8 August 1829. Additionally, there was the family of his Uncle Levi and Aunt Lorena, who also lived on a closely adjoining Wadsworth rented property. They too had sons born in 1823 and 1825, on whom were bestowed the family names of their forebears, James and Jeremiah. Then too, there was Aunt Elizabeth and Uncle John Kennicutt. Their family of twelve children spanned an age distance of almost 25 years.

**Warren’s Formative Years**

When Warren grew from boy to man his Reynolds family line had been on American soil for 200 years. Indeed five generations of his Reynolds ancestors had been helping to write the story of our young country. Since the early 1600’s when John Reynolds, of Ipswich, took Sarah Chesterfield to wife just before emigrating from England to Watertown, Massachusetts, the Reynolds family line had uprooted four times in a continuous succession of moves, as hopes and dreams of a better life were pursued in the westward expansion of the country. Always, the family had carefully dressed their Christian beliefs and remained active in their church. In Avon, they were members of the Avon Baptist Church.

Warren’s experiences from age 8 until his family moved to Michigan when he was thirteen had a great influence on his later life and his strong commitment to his religious beliefs. This period was a historic time in America; his Reynolds family experienced momentous changes to its structure and social fabric; and his home in Livingston County was an epicenter of sorts for spiritual revival in the 1830s, so intense the region has since been known as “The Burned Over District.”

In order to achieve a meaningful perspective for Warren’s life on this matter we must borrow a few thoughts from insightful writers on the sub-
ject. One asked:

“What was it about Western New York in the 1800s that stirred the souls of men and women? Was it the isolation of the frontier that turned ordinary people into seers and mystics? Whatever the cause, the Genesee Country certainly had more than its share of .......

true believers as wave after wave of religious revival spread across the region, thus earning it the name, “The Burned Over District.”

Western New York became the birthplace of one of the world’s great religions when Joseph Smith dug up the Book of Mormon on a hillside near Palmyra. Other beliefs started with equal fervor faded out after brief if sensational runs.” (1)

Another writer gave us a striking summary of the matter when he said: “This area was settled largely by people from New England and that “Western New York is heir to the Puritan vision of a perfect commonwealth, the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. In the early 1800’s, the region was swept like a prairie fire by the most powerful religious revival ever to hit America, leaving “the burnt-over district” in its wake…. It was the Erie Canal that transported these radical ideas to Western New York…. It was this mixture of Puritan idealism, industrial development, and immigration which has made New Yorkers so tolerant of, and open to, new ideas, and fostered a vision of America which we are still struggling to achieve: a society with equal opportunity for all, built on a shared sense of stewardship and social responsibility towards the community, and modeled on the early Roman Republic. The Erie Canal flows past cities with classical names: Rome, Utica, Syracuse. It still stands today to DeWitt Clinton’s vision of the republic as commonwealth.” (2)

From at least one old typescript produced by a grandchild it appears that Warren sometimes told stories about his Avon home and it’s geographic proximity to the early events involving Joseph Smith and what is termed today, “The Restoration.” His home at Avon was 28 miles from the Smith home at Palmyra and 12 miles from that of Brigham Young’s home in Mendon. As a boy he was aware of the excitement caused by the coming of Mormonism to his region. Later, in his 1854 letter to his brother Asa he mentioned some of their Avon neighbors who became converts to the new American church. He remembered with fondness Abel Lamb from nearby Livonia, who was taught the gospel by Brigham Young and baptized by Joseph Smith. Abel was a school teacher just like Asa, and had married their close neighbor Almira, daughter of Daniel Merrill, the Revolutionary War soldier fifer and blacksmith; and he remembered the Redfield family with their ten children.

Some important insights can be drawn from this discussion. First, we know that some members of Warren’s family were open to change regarding their religious loyalties, perhaps from the influence of the period; (3) second, the anti-masonry movement that began in 1826 in western New York literally changed the face of local politics and people’s attitudes one to another and invaded the Avon Baptist Church forcing a decision on Asa D. that resulting in the loss of his church fellowship; thirdly, we know that Warren later stood alone as the sole member of his family to make a faith conversion to Mormonism and be...
baptized; and finally we know from his 1853-54 letters that he acquired a strong testimony, frequently voiced and shared with his siblings, that resulted and served him the remainder of his life.

The Turning Point

The records of the Avon Baptist Church (4) document the separation that took place between the church and some members of Warren’s family during this upheaval period. The case made by the church against Warren’s Aunt Lorena and her husband Levi may well have been a determinant factor in their decision to remove to points further west. What is clear from their example is that this descendant line of the family, through the son Levi Jr., produced a progeny of Seventh Day Adventist followers and ministers who are actively faithful to this day. (5) Similarly, the case made by the church against Asa D. because he would not renounce “freemasonry” likely strengthened his sons who removed to Michigan and functioned and died in the order. Of course there were other members of the family who went different ways, as previously noted, and in Warren’s own words, his younger brother “Charles...got religion” shortly before he died.

Within just a few short months after his dismissal from the Avon Baptist Church, Asa Reynolds, Warren’s father, passed away. It was April 11, 1835. He was only 48 years old. His widow Betsy, was left with seven children still at home. Warren was 11 at the time. It was an extremely difficult time for the Reynolds family. One of Warren’s brothers, Asa, moved to Michigan in October of 1836 and Betsy and the younger children followed. Life on the frontier was hard, though, and Asa had a difficult time supporting his young family as well as his mother and brothers and sisters. The difficulties following her husband’s death wore on Betsy and she followed her husband eight years later on September 27, 1843.

Warren’s Courtship and Marriage

Warren was twenty when his mother passed away. His courtship with Edna either began or was maintained with greater focus from that point on. While facts relating to the Merrell family and this young couple’s prenuptial relationship did not survive we can easily surmise that the church played a significant role in bringing them together. From ordinance records we know that Edna’s parents had joined the church in the 1830s; and, there were active branches of the church close to where Warren and Edna were living.

By 1845 there were over 25 branches in Michigan with 12 branches in Oakland County alone. In August, 1838 Elder Mephibosheth Serrine (from New York) started his missionary labors in Lenawee county when he organized a church of eleven members. He worked with Orson Pratt in 1839 in Washtenaw county (north of Lenawee). He engaged in debates with the ministers of other faiths at every opportunity. By the early 1840s, branches were located in Oakland, Lapeer, Wayne, Livingston, Washtenaw and Lenawee counties. On 12 January 1844, Serrine reported that in the previous six months, more than 100 converts had left to gather in Nauvoo. Visiting Church authorities created more branches in June 1844. With the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith on 27 June of that year, many members accepted the leadership of Brigham Young and joined the westward movement. (6)

Warren and Edna were married on Saturday, January 3, 1846. Just over two years and three months had transpired since Warren’s mother died. Warren was 22 years old and Edna had just celebrated her 17th birthday on Christmas day.
1846 - The Consequential Year

The year 1846 began with the happy occasion of Warren and Edna’s marriage in the winter month of January; but the entire family was headed for what would become a very tough and difficult year. Thus was the state of Warren’s family in early 1846 when he and his new bride, together with his younger brother William, the Hosea Merrell family, and several convert families, left their Michigan homes and traveled to Nauvoo to join the Mormon exodus to the west. They arrived in Nauvoo on Feb. 13, 1846 with a group of 70 families of saints from Michigan led by Elder Serrine. (7)

Subtle indicators imply the relationship between Warren and his brothers Levi H. and Asa was somewhat strained when he left Michigan. They include the fact that Warren was living with Mr. Gage rather than with one of his brothers; that younger brother William left Levi’s trade and employment when he traveled with Warren on his venture west; that both older brothers lived and died as active Masons; that there was no mention of Levi H. or his family in Warren’s two 1853-54 letters; and that it took Warren seven years to answer Asa’s letter that prompted his reply; whereas we learn that there were several communications that passed between Warren and other family members during the interim. If there were feelings they most likely related to Warren’s conversion to Mormonism. “Few realize what it involved to become a Mormon in those early days! Home, friends, occupation, popularity, all that makes life pleasant, were gone. Almost over night they were strangers to their own kindred.”

Also to consider is the saga of William leaving Michigan with Warren, the younger brother’s role in the Mormon Battalion and his later life after he returned to Michigan to live among his Masonic brothers.

The obituary for Edna states that she and Warren were baptized in the Mississippi River by Elder Serrine upon their arrival in Nauvoo, but no source records exist. Church ordinance data in Family Tree give Edna’s baptism and confirmation date as March 1846 and only Warren’s confirmation date as 1 March, 1846. The source of these data is not provided so we are left to accept them at face value, which is probably all that really matters.

Though the family met hard challenges in 1846, and some were of historic proportion, we have in Warren’s own words an epitome of what it was like then:

“I have had sum harde times since I left you... have had sum harder times and sum good but I hav no reson to complane for the God that I serve & worship the God of Abriham Isiek & Jacob has precieed & led me carefully to these peacefule valleys of the mountains whare thare is rest at least for a season. I was left in Nauvoo with but one horse and wagon & had my wagon robbed at farmington and I was turned out - as the huskers would say to eat root little pig or die but I have had plenty to eat & to ware & I am out of the reache of mobers & mobicrats & devlish men who seak to destroy the kingdom of God and take the preasthood from the earth (June 1853 Letter from Warren F. Reynolds to Asa Reynolds, original spelling preserved).

Do Or Die In Iowa

Warren’s experience of having his wagon stolen at Farmington, Iowa after leaving Nauvoo was a precursor of things to come in the months ahead. As we have seen, there were not a lot of positive things working for him and his new bride back in Michigan at the time he left, but still -- he now found himself looking at a situation where he must “eat root little pig or die.” His new found faith was being put to the test in a way he nev-er imagined.

To appreciate the significance of this time in Warren’s history re-
quires a perspective of what was happening in the area of Nauvoo.

After the Nauvoo Charter was repealed, mob rule took over and members of the church left their homes in droves. Toward the end of February, 1846 the weather was so cold the Mississippi River froze over and two thousand saints fled the city crossing the river on the ice. Some said the freezing of the river was a miracle. Some said it was a miracle the Saints didn’t freeze. Church history records the exodus of 7,000 individuals from Nauvoo between March and May of that year. By the end of September only a few hundred Saints remained when the “Battle of Nauvoo” drove the remaining faithful from their homes (information from LDS history websites).

For Warren and Edna and her family to arrive in Nauvoo at this time and be baptized was a test of faith that required a special kind of witness and conviction. An article in the Times and Seasons said it all:

“To see such a large body of men, women and children, compelled by the inefficiency of the law, and potency of mobocracy, to leave a great city in the month of February, for the sake of the enjoyment of pure religion, fills the soul with astonishment, and gives the world a sample of fidelity and faith, brilliant as the sun, and forcible as a tempest, and as enduring as eternity. May God continue the spirit of fleeing from false freedom, and false dignity, till every Saint is removed to where he ‘can sit under his own vine and fig tree’ without having any to molest or make afraid. Let us go, let us go.” (8)

Early in 1846 the “Camp of Israel” departed Nauvoo in a vanguard effort to pave the way for hundreds of families with woman and children to follow later. The first wagon crossed the Mississippi on ice on February 14, 1846. Their mission was to move onto the prairie in Indian country, build cabins, plant crops, study their options and assemble the resources needed to relocate somewhere in the Rocky Mountains. The fleeing Saints experienced considerable pain and suffering, but miracles were recorded and later, books would be written and films made of their experiences. (9)

Upon leaving Nauvoo, Brigham Young addressed a letter to U.S. President James K. Polk, giving notice of the Latter-day Saints’ farewell: “We would esteem a territorial government of our own as one of the richest boons of earth, and while we appreciate the Constitution of the United States as the most precious among the nations, we feel that we had rather retreat to the deserts, islands or mountain caves than consent to be ruled by governors and judges whose hands are drenched in the blood of innocence and virtue, who delight in injustice and oppression.” (10)

Warren and Edna and their family members were present on the plains of Iowa by virtue of their faith and a strong desire for a better life “out of the reach of mobers and mobicrats and devilish men who seek to destroy the kingdom of God.” Whether they expected to end up in some far off western valley in the mountains of the west when they left Michigan is not known. Regardless, their new adventure was evolving into something that would “test their metal -- each and every family member.” (11)

Impoverished But Not Broken

Robbed of their earthly possessions and left to root like pigs seems like an exaggeration when
in reality it probably was very close to the truth. There is nothing of evidence to lead us to believe that Warren, 17 year old Edna, William, or the Hosea Merrell family had much more than the “clothes on their backs” to sustain them during this winter exodus ordeal of 1846. We wonder now if they were among those who were so anxious to leave Nauvoo they did so without sufficient provisions and were poorly equipped for the trek. Had it been different we expect they would have made good time across Iowa in reaching the designated gathering spot of Council Bluffs, almost 300 miles west of Nauvoo by late April. But they didn’t make good time. The lead wagon train stopped far short of the Missouri River, in fact only half way, to build a temporary way station called Garden Grove on April 24, 1846.

Development of Garden Grove began at once. Shortly after arriving Brigham Young put 359 able bodied men to work building the site. (12) Orson Pratt stated that work commenced on 27 April: “This morning the horn sounded for all the men to assemble themselves together to be organized for labour. One hundred men were appointed for cutting trees, splitting rails, and making fence; forty eight to cutting logs, for the building of log houses; several were appointed to build a bridge, a number more for the digging of wells, some to make the wood for our ploughs; several more to watch our flocks and keep them from straying; while others were sent several days’ journey into the Missouri settlements to exchange horses, feather beds, and other property, for cows, provisions, etc., and finally the whole camp were to be occupied about something. During this council for organization we were well drenched in rain.”

Among those who stopped at Garden Grove were Warren, William, Edna, and the Hosea Merrell family. Except for William, they settled in, helping and enduring there for several months while the main body of the pioneer company rolled on. (13) In many ways theirs is a poignant story of our Mormon forebears who faced trials and succeeded against almost all odds!

A summary of life at Garden Grove, Iowa that includes reference to Warren F. Reynolds was written about George Carson and Ann Hough, “A Chronology of Their Lives, by Jay Nielson.” They left
Warren Reynolds - 128

had to work very hard to provide for the family. When a young girl, she met the Elders and listened to their message. Her mother was very bitter and pleaded with her not to listen to them. The Gospel burned in her heart and after serious study she knew she must be baptized. After her mother found she was a hated Mormon, she forbade her to enter her home. After earning her passage and expenses, she left those she loved best to follow her newfound religion to the new world. Her sister and brother-in-law secretly bid her farewell and she started on her journey to America at the age of 24 years. Upon arriving in America with other immigrants, she started for the Missouri River where she found a handcart company. The young woman, used to the sheltered life of the city was heartsick and very weary. Many times as she pushed the heavy, loaded cart over new roads full of lurking dangers, and though all alone except for her new-found religion, her testimony remained strong and her faith un moved.

Winter came early to the West in the fall of 1856, and caught the little band many miles from Salt Lake, hungry, freezing, and ill. Many died but help came, and our Scotch lassie arrived in the new home in the tops of the mountains full of faith and courage. Among those brave men who answered the call to rescue the stranded saints was Warren Ford Reynolds and his
brother William although they didn’t meet Christina until later. When Christina arrived in the Salt Lake Valley she went out to meet a friend of hers who lived out in the Howard Home that she had known in Scotland and who had come before her. She visited there a few days and while there met Brother Warren Reynolds and his wife and family; and on June 28, 1857, Warren Reynolds and Christina were married in the Endowment House. And once again she was happy in a home with loved ones.

Another home was built and to them were born seven children: Elizabeth Kristina, Aca Daniel, Margaret Ann, Charles Robert, William Warren, Sarah, and Gladys Caroline. Practically everything the families needed for food and clothing was provided by the thrifty father from his garden and stock. The boys and girls were taught to work and were sent to school through the winter months. At Christmas time all the family -- children and grandchildren as years rolled on, -- went to grandfathers and were happy together. Grandfather always took great delight in playing Santa Claus for his little ones. He would blow his horn early in the morning and wake them all up.

The two families lived close to each other and Christina and Edna assumed equal responsibilities. They had a large spinning wheel, and while one would spin yarn for a week, the other would do the cooking. All the sewing was done by hand and their shoes were made by a Mr. Tran who came to their home, sometimes staying several weeks, while he made two pairs of shoes for each member of the two families. The milking was done in large brass buckets and it was the chore of the girls every Saturday to polish them to a gleaming finish with buttermilk and sand.

When the Edmunds-Tucker law was put into effect there were many sad times for the families, as Warren was forced to spend months away from his loved ones. Nearly two years were spent at the homes of his daughters, Alice Bailey in Southern Utah and Elizabeth and Lynn Bowthorpe in Cottonwood, Utah. Great was the joy of the two families when all was over and he returned.

His wife, Edna, died first and a few years later on July 10, 1900, he passed away full of faith and a strong testimony of the gospel. A short time later Christina died, August 1901. With the testimony she often repeated that she did not complain of the hardships she had gone through for she said that she had so much to be thankful for. That was all the reward she asked. All firm in the faith, our loved forbears of the Reynolds family passed on to their reward. Are we proving worthy?

References:

1. From website: westernny.com/history4.html
2. From website: docfilm.com/amerfilms/erie/indexF.htm?erie1.htm&down
4. Ibid.
5. Cousin Glenn G. Reynolds M.D., personal conversations.
Serrine arrived from Michigan having had good success in his mission. About seventy families are on their way to this place (Nauvoo) fully fitted and prepared to go on West as soon as they arrive. Saturday morning I went with Brother Serrine to visit Brother Brigham Young and get council from him concerning our future operations. He was stopping at his brother Joseph Young’s, having sent his baggage wagons across the river the night before. He appeared to be in good spirits and was well pleased with what Brother Serrine had done and told him to organize his company and keep them together and start as soon as possible across the country to Council Bluffs with their teams.

11. An LDS pioneer website describes the ordeal of 1846: “Of the entire trek to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, it was the first 300 miles across Iowa that most tried the stamina and courage of the Latter-day Saint pioneers. Mere weeks into the journey—through sleet, blizzard, and mud—it became apparent to Brigham Young that his people would never reach the Rocky Mountains in the time or in the manner that most had hoped for. So throughout the spring of 1846, thousands of refugees trudged across the windswept Iowa prairies, preparing the way for those yet to come: building bridges, erecting cabins, planting and fencing crops. By mid-June, nearly 12,000 Saints were scattered across Iowa.”

**Court Proceedings**

Court Proceedings For Violating The Edmunds-tucker Act (u.c. means unlawful cohabitation: Polygamy). From Andrew Jenson, Church Chronology, February 23, 1889 (Saturday)

In the Third District Court, Salt Lake City, David A. Sanders, of Farmington, Davis Co., was sentenced by Judge Sandford to 100 days’ imprisonment and $150 fine; Warren F. Reynolds, of South Cottonwood, to 50 days and $50 fine; Soren Jacobsen, of East Bountiful, to 85 days and $75 fine; and Preston Lewis, of Big Cottonwood, Salt Lake Co., to 100 days and $100 fine; all for u.c.

**Letter, 1853**

This letter was written to Asa Reynolds in Rose, Oakland, MI by his younger brother, Warren F. Reynolds living in South Cottonwood, Salt Lake, Utah on 24th June, 1853. Original spelling preserved and footnotes added by great grandson Robert N. Reynolds August 3, 2009.

Letter addressed to: Rose Postal, Oakland Co. Michigan, Asa Reynolds, Esq.

Top line illegible………..

It has ben nearly seven years since I received your letter & I have not written any to you since that time but feeling much interested in your welfare and in the rest of my Brothers and sisters I imbra this opertunity as one to converse with you I have written sum to Charles and have had sum 3 or 4 from him & he has not sayed any thing about Ester yet I wish to know about all of you & how you are getting along.(1) I have had sum thoughts of coming to see you this fall and returning next spring if I could do any good to any or - my time & my tallant & my property is nothing to me. I have had sum harde times since I left you have had sum harder times and sum good but I hav no reson to com plane for the God that I serve & worship the God of Abriham Isiek & Jacob has precieeved & led me carefully to these peacefule valleys of the mountains whare thare is rest at least for a season .(2) I was left in Nauvoo with but one horse and wagon & had my wagon robbed at Farmington and I was turned out - as the huskers would say to eat root little pig or die but I have had plenty to eat.
& to ware & I am out of the reache of mobers & mobicrats & devlish men who seak to destroy the kingdom of God and take the priesthood from the earth.

Asa I Have sean Abil Lam (3) - he lives in this city - you mite supose he wood look verry old but he holds his age vere well - he has been amongst those kind of men which I have ben riting about ho sek to disimbody men & force thare spirets back to God.

This morning I went to help mr Huffickker get his hors & buggy out of the crick (4) - his hors was drowned & his buggy shattered. This is a very rushing crick & the water very hie at presant - the mountains are full of snow - you would think it very strange to se snow in summer but I have seen it the summers round for near five summers - this is a very goeing time here - crops look well generally - everything is price very hie this season oing to the emigration booth our ones and the gold digars. I think fore men to leave homes thare famales & thar all & go to the regeons of goald must be lovers of the God of this earth - they will you thare everything for the sak of worshiping the god of thare fathers & whie should they not - this is the way they hav taught - this is thare education & that forms thare religon. Asa I am proud of my religon - it embrases every good thing under the hull heavon - it is that which will bring man back to his maker. I know very well the world are in trouble about it & the invisible are in trouble about it - they are mutterring & pcaping & what is the mater - I will tell you the Lord is making a short work on the earth as he sayed he would & the devle is in trouble about it & he is bringin up his spiritual rapers & medidms - his magisonars & astrolagers just as he always did when ever God had a prophet on the earth.

Since I began this letter I have rcvd one from Aunt Lusinda (5) - she rites that Charles has got religon - she rites many news - I should like to be thare awhile but when I ..... ac I no not but I believe that I shall see you yet & all the rest of relations that live in that country - that part seams like home to me & your hows like a fathers hous (6)- things have alterd verry much no dout & you are an old man with a hed as whit as a shear & I presume I should not now you - my looks hav not alterd but very little - I have had good health since I left michigan & this one of the greatest blessings God evr bestoed on man. I want you to rite a letter & I want you to rite all the news about all the friends & relatives. I receved Marys letter (7) & to from Charles the fifth of June . The male could not get hear this winter for snow. I sent to papers to Charles last fal - the friends all well hear but Joseph (8) he is sick & has ben for near on year - he got hurt by a fal a tree & I am afraid he will have to take a mison to the spiret land. I will close my letter by saying good by to you until another day. I remane your affectionate Brother & friend. Warren F. Reynolds to Asa Reynolds

References:

1. Charles Douglas Reynolds, younger brother of Warren and Asa, died on 14 July 1854. Nothing is known of the whys and wherefores of Charles’ death except that he was buried at Rose, Michigan in the family plot where his mother Betsy was laid to rest a decade earlier.

2. Warren’s “season of rest” would be seriously interrupted at least twice in the coming 46 years of life at his home in South Cottonwood. The first would occur just three years later in 1857 during the Utah War when Johnson’s Army intruded the Salt Lake Valley, coming to rest for a time at Camp Floyd in Cedar Valley some thirty miles south and west. The Army remained at Camp Floyd until their recall back east at the time of the Civil War. Like all of the other inhabitants of the area the citizens prepared their meager homes to be torched and left the Salt Lake area for refuge.
further south. They remained in this state of readiness until the following spring. The second period of unrest was during the “Crusade against Polygamy” which seriously interrupted Mormon life in Utah from the late 1870s until 1890, when Mormon President Wilford Woodruff signed what has become known as the “Manifesto” which succeeded in a few years of officially terminating the practice of Plural Marriage among the church’s accepted membership.

3. “Abil Lam” was Abel Lamb, an acquaintance of Asa and other Reynolds family members during their days at Avon, New York. Abel Lamb, a school teacher just like Asa, in 1826 married Almira Merrill, daughter of Daniel Merrill who lived close enough to the Reynolds to be recorded in the 1820 Avon census, immediately adjacent to them. Abel and Almira married and lived at Livonia, just seven miles southeast of Avon. By 1836 they had six children. Abel and Almira were converted to Mormonism by Brigham Young who at that time lived at Mendon, ten miles northeast of Avon. Abel was baptised in Conesus Lake by the father of Joseph Smith. In 1836 the Lambs left New York and followed the Mormons to Kirtland, Ohio. In the next ten years their lives were entwined with the Mormon persecutions in Ohio, Missouri and Illinois. When in 1857 they were again forced from their home in Salt Lake City by Johnston’s Army Abel was recorded as saying that he had experienced this sort of thing enough times that “it seemed perfectly natural.”

4. The Huffaker family lived neighbors to the Reynolds family in South Cottonwood for well over one hundred years.

5. “Aunt Lusinda” is Lucinda Mosher, wife of Betsy’s youngest brother Reuben B. Artlip. She was fifteen years senior to Warren but they were acquainted from the New York days when many of the Artlips lived there. Some like Reuben Brace and Lucinda went onto Michigan to make their new homes. Reuben died in 1870 and was buried at Greenwood Cemetery, Oceana County, MI. The gravestone is the only one in the cemetery and it is deteriorated and broken. Robert Mahaney captured photos when he visited in 1985.

6. This statement confirms the father-son like relationship that existed between Warren and his older brother Asa. Asa was thirteen years senior to Warren; he had helped Warren and some of his siblings and his mother after the death of their father in 1835. Asa was a school teacher and of the mind and ability to become a County Supervisor and State Legislator -- so Warren looked up to Asa with due respect. On the envelope to this letter he attached the title Esq, noting the respect he felt.

7. “Mary” is Mary Gage, second wife of Asa. We don’t know how Mary related to the “Mr. Gage” which WFR family tradition has “giving a helping hand to Warren when he left Michigan.” This help allegedly included the offer of a home if he stayed to work for Mr. Gage as well as a yoke of oxen and wagon to carry him away. We have no way to ascertain the veracity of this or whether it is one of those family tales which gets better with time. The generosity and kindness of Mary Gage, however, is a matter of record.

8. The “Joseph” spoken of here would be seventy-seven year old Joseph Saxton, maternal grandfather of Edna Merrell. The Saxtons came west with the Merrells and Reynolds and settled at Payson some sixty miles south of Warren’s home in South Cottonwood.

Letter, 1854


Saturday Nov 25th 54 G S L County

Dear Brother, I Received your letter dated Sept 10 and was glad to heare from you. You wish to know the reson of my not riting. I hav non onely fore the want of time & that is no reson atal for I have all the time that God ever allotted to man & this is without beginning or end you say. Bro Charles has transmitted his last to me. Wal there is one thing to comfort you & me – he has paid the det of nature & you to rest with his Father & Mother & Sisters and little Edward Decator our second Childe – he died December 21, was 20 months old – but shal wee morne for them - no only the los of thare company for they are happy while you & I are miserabul & shal I say in hell – yes for so it is. You may think I am insane...but I am not. We read that Satan was cast out of hevon & sunk to the loest hel & that he drew one third of the hostes of Heven & whare do wee finde him & his armee – right hear on this earth. What is his enss never to have a tabbernackle of flesh and bone like you & Ie have got. It is tiresom to converse in this kind of way when I have enough within my boosom to plaster one side of your barn & while I meditate...
on these things the vision of my mind expands and reaches east & west & branches out like the branches of a tree & ware I to giv away to my feelings I should set down & cry like a child but when I meditate on the plan that God has instituted for the salvation & redemption of man & of the glorious resurrection there is nothing that a man cannot surmount – he can sacrifice his property leave his friends go to the nations that ly in darkness and preach the gospel as many of the elders of isreal do for five years & beg his food & never redeve on peny for his labor – shurly this is one of the great mericals that a man can ask for to see scores & hundreds of the elders traversing the globe without scrip or purs just as the prophet sayed they would in the last days – but my dear Brother I cannot say much about these mater in this silant way of conversing but watch well the times & call on the Lord to giv you light for I kno you would give all you poses if you would know that Mormonism was the truth – that this was the place for you & have had power to heal the sick in my one family – Asa you wished me to rite more particlers abought Grandfather Saxton (1) he lives 60 miles from hear with Searls – has had poor health this fal – was getting better last week – I do not think he will stand it long – has got along firt rate since he came hear – has never been without money enough to by a drum – has got 60 or 70 dollars by him now – he keeps to cows – can get 50cts per pound for butter – he wanted me to pay transportation on the Hog – I did not comply & he gave him to Coartland Searls (2) - was caught in a frap & cited. Father Merrell family are all well – I find old york state people that youst to know you & Father & it is quite a treat – As me and you knew miller reddfeald bosley, abil lam & wife chet heath has backed out. Since I rout to you last wee have had a fine Daughter – we call her Edna Josepheine – little Johnney says he is goin to uncle Asas ocherd to get sum apples – thare semes to be a vacancy in my fammaly by losing little eddy – he was a smar Child & wee hated to part with him – have you sent your fase to me yet – I sent Charles to news papers & a letter or too that he never got. I live 10 miles from the city – have got a good farme worth 1000 dollars & doing tolerable well – wheat is worth to dollars, corn 1.75 oats 1.50 pork 25 per lb – merchandise verry hy – shugar 35 cts coffee 50 tea good to dollars and every think in proporton, right to me often & donot wat for me for I must rite to wiliam & the rest so you see I have a double porton but I rite asw ofton as I can – my respects to all – tel Samuel & Amandy to rite to me - no more at presant

Warren F. Reynolds to Asa (3)

References:

1. The reference here is to Joseph Saxton the maternal grandfather of Edna Merrell. Saxton and his wife located with their daughter, Rebecca Ann Saxton (wife of Breed Searle) at Payson, Utah, sixty miles south of Warren F. Reynolds farm in South Cottonwood. Saxton died and was buried at Payson in 1862.
2. Son of Breed Searle and a grandson of Joseph Saxton.
3. There is a lot to surmise in this letter which was written on 25 November 1854, two and one-half months after receiving one from Asa, wherein the older brother asks the younger, “Why haven’t you written?” And Warren responds “no reson atol.” – but then he proceeded to write two of his three pages bearing his testimony and justifying his belief in his newly revealed religion that had cost him so dearly that he suspected his brother might consider him “insane”!

The setting of the letter is just a few short months after their brother Charles died on 14 July 1854 at Rose, Michigan where Asa resided. We may believe that there were other written communications between Warren and members of his family in Michigan because of his reference to such in an earlier correspondence. So it is safe to believe that Warren had been informed of his brother Charles death – otherwise it would seem peculiar for Warren to take so long in responding to his close kin. In the fall of 1854 Asa was comfortably settled on two “eighties” on which he farmed and he was making both social and material progress as a County Supervisor and a State Legislator, while Warren was out in Utah on the frontier amongst his new religionists and working hard to “make ends meet.”

It is easy to believe that Asa’s earlier letter, that Warren received on 10 September 1854, may have offered at least a
small challenge to his status and in particular to his religion. Without Asa’s letter we will never know the full story. Of Asa’s personal character we have an account published in the History of Oakland County, Michigan which cites that his religion was “liberal—never having affiliated with any denomination or church.” This reference further described Asa as “a man of kindly and genial disposition, large hospitality, considerable intelligence, and unquestioned integrity.” This from page 266 of History of Oakland County, Michigan. A descendant, Robert C. Mahaney wrote a short sketch of Asa’s life in 1988 in which he stated that Asa was an active Mason and Baptist at the time of his death, which occurred at Fenton, Michigan in 1888 when Asa was 78. Mahaney also holds that our Reynolds family were active Baptists while living at Avon, New York.

Of Warren Ford Reynolds’ character we now have his written testimony revealing the depth of his personal convictions that led him “to eat root little pig or die,” to traverse half the American continent by horse and wagon, and to establish his “good farme” in the valley of the Great Salt Lake. Over the next forty-six years he would witness the birth of fourteen more children to carry out his legacy. As with “little Eddy” he would outlive his “little Johnny,” whom he witnessed grow to be a man, and his “fine Daughter Edna Josephine.” Of their deaths we know little, but this we do know – in 1889 he paid the ultimate penalty of prison for his religious beliefs rather than abandon his progeny which now number in the hundreds.

**Patriarchal Blessing**

GSL City March 8, 1853

A Blessing by John Smith Patriarch upon the head of Warren F. Reynolds son of Asa & Betsey born Livingston Co June 7th 1824.

Brother Warren in the name of Jesus Christ I place my hands upon thy head and seal upon you a patriarchal or Fathers Blessing and the Blessings of the Priesthood that was sealed upon the children of Benjamin for this is thy lineage & thou shalt be Bless with every Desire of your heart. You are called to preach the gospel to nations afar off. You shall be blest in your labours; cause thousands to believe & lead them to Zion. No power on Earth shall stay your hand. You shall break fetters of Iron; cause prison walls to fall to the ground, if it be necessary. Dry up rivers of waters and cause streams to Break forth in dry places; shall be blessed in your family with a numerous posterity that shall be great in the priesthood; live to see the winding up scene of this generation; see Israel gathered from Every nation of the Earth; Zion Established in peace no more to be thrown down & Inherit all the Blessings of the Redeemer’s Kingdom with all your Fathers house even so amen. John S Smith Reconuer (sp).

**Obituary**

Murray City Newspaper, July 14, 1900

Another Pioneer Laid to Rest--Funeral of Warren F. Reynolds.

Special Correspondence.

Cottonwood, Salt Lake County, July 14.--The funeral of Warren F. Reynolds was held yesterday from the South Cottonwood meeting house. The deceased pioneered the Cottonwoods in 1848 and is the last of the old timers hereabouts. Deceased was in his 77th year. He leaves thirteen children, fifty grandchildren and two great-grand-children.

The services were attended by many of his relatives and friends. Beautiful floral offerings testified of the love and esteem in which Brother Reynolds was held.

Bishop Joseph Rawlins conducted the services and was the first speaker followed by Elder William Taylor, Bishop Hamilton, C.S. Miller and Elder C.F. Brooks. President Joseph E. Taylor of the presidency of the Salt Lake Stake concluding. A large number of friends in carriages followed to the South Cottonwood cemetery, here they laid to rest the mortal remains of their friend Warren F. Reynolds, who lived and died in full faith in the Gospel.
In the early 1800s many of Jeremiah and Elizabeth Reynolds’ family had removed to Saratoga and Schenectady counties where Jeremiah was said to have made his living as a “green” Grocer. While their firstborn son Shubal and his wife Hannah Daggett remained in Glenville until their deaths in 1854 and 1859, respectively, other members including the families of second son Levi and third son Asa Douglas decided to try their fortunes on lands that were “opening up” to the west. The Genesee Valley in western New York looked especially promising. By the end of the war of 1812, large tracts of land had been “put to the chain” and were being divided and offered by controlling interests and individuals such as the Wadsworth brothers, William and James. Advertisements were made and compelling stories told of the beauty and fertility of this land of rolling hills and scenic lakes. Timbers of white oak, Linden, ash, cherry and precious sycamore were abundant. And, in the flat areas the soils were said to be of deep alluvium capable of yielding the best grasses, fruits and wheat. So fresh was the clinging occurrence of the previous native landowners that even the smells of the Iroquois nation still hung in the air. Members of Levi and Asa’s generation could relate first hand knowledge of the stores of grain and the fruit orchards purposely destroyed by the advancing government agents in their quest to drive the natives from their presence. In later years when the artifacts of the native Indians and their locations were scientifically recorded by the State it was as if the whole Genesee was a land of archeological bounty – mounds and evidence of prior humans were everywhere – as one man was alleged to have said: “you want to find an arrowhead? Just dig down, you’ll find it.” Wildlife abounded too -- deer, bear, and wolf with ample food and prey. (1)

Log Cabins and Rented Land

Living conditions at this time in our Nation’s history were harsh. The land was being opened up and cultivated for the first time; much clearing was needed to make room for the growing of crops. Housing was crude and unhealthy. Dwellings were log structures with cramped space. Disease was prevalent and the practice of medicine was in its modern infancy. People moved often from
place to place seeking their fortunes; a formal education in most cases was nonexistent.

It was in this exciting atmosphere of westward movement that several members of Jeremiah and Elizabeth’s family were stirred to take their young families and experience the new frontier, firsthand. Sometimes during 1917 Levi, Asa Douglas, and Elizabeth, with her husband John Kennicutt, gathered their families, packed their wagons once again, and moved further west settling in the vicinity of Avon in the Genesee Valley. Whether they moved independently or as a caravan together is not known. On an acreage of rented farmland, just east of the Genesee River and two miles south of the town of Avon, Asa and Betsy settled in with their growing family. Indeed, they were as much pioneers in the true sense of the word as those to follow later who trekked across the trails and plains of the west.

1820 Census

All three of the families mentioned above were located in Avon for the 1820 census, and living close together. Their three households had increased to twenty-eight individuals. Asa D’s family included two boys less than ten years of age who cannot be identified, possibly nephews. The census reported those who were involved in agriculture, commerce and manufacturing. The Reynolds family reported agriculture, as did about 90 percent of their neighbors.

In the 1820 census, Jeremiah and Elizabeth were still residing in Glenville, Schenectady County. They did not immediately follow their children west, but they did join the three families mentioned above soon after 1820. John Kennicutt’s widowed father Daniel was the first member of the family to die as far west as Avon, New York, which he did on 12 April 1817. Warren’s maternal grandparents, Christopher and Eva Ostrander Artlip also came west to be near their children. They found residence at the small village of Springwater, just eighteen miles south of the Reynolds place.

It is very likely that in 1826 that Jeremiah and Elizabeth came to Avon, probably to live with their daughter Elizabeth and her children. In the fall of the following year, after reaching Avon, Jeremiah died on 24 September, 1827 in his eightieth year. We learn from his obituary that he was suffering from a severe and lingering illness.

The Reynolds Family and Religion

Warren Ford Reynolds was eleven years old when his father, Asa Douglas Reynolds, had his fellowship in the Avon Baptist Church taken from him because of his strong and unyielding belief in free masonry. Asa died a few months later. In the months and years to follow Asa’s children scattered. His oldest, Levi H., maintained his father’s belief and was a recognized Mason when he died at age 77 in Milan, Michigan. His second son, Asa Jr., was recognized for his civic accomplishments and he too carried on the family’s Masonic traditions. Some of Asa’s daughters went other directions. Amanda and her husband, Samuel Chapel, were active in the Methodist Episcopal Church as they raised their nine children at Grand Blanc. Other
descendants have held with Betsy Artlip’s Dutch Reformed Church to this day; others stayed Baptists. Still other close relatives became Seventh Day Adventist Ministers. Warren joined with the Mormons. His younger brother, William, served in the Mormon Battalion but never joined the Church. William did become an active Mason and was so recognized at his death in 1886 at age 60 in Hubbardston, Michigan. Generally, the Reynolds were loyal to the flag and nation we call America and were coreligionists - characterized more by a bent to descent than to blindly conform.

Asa’s Death and Betsy’s Plight

Asa’s premature death at age 48, on April 11, 1835, left six children at home under the age of 16. Warren Ford was eleven. It was a very difficult time for Betsy. Asa’s father, Jeremiah had died in 1827; four years later the family lost their oldest child Eliza; one year later in December 1832, Betsy’s father died at Springerwater, twenty miles south of Avon; her mother also died there in January 1835; her mother-in-law, Elizabeth may also have died since she was known to be very infirm and unable to travel in the fall of 1833; and now her husband, Asa is gone. The family was now more vulnerable than it had been for generations.

For over a year after her husband’s death, Betsy’s focused on her meager resources and contemplated what future options were available to her and the six children still at home. Oldest son Levi Hull was employed in the milling business in Avon and was busy with his new family, as was Amanda and Samuel Chapel. Son Asa with his new young family finished a year of teaching in Rochester and had already set his sights on the prospects of joining the influx of folks caught up with “Michigan Fever” heading for the Michigan frontier. The southern tier of counties there were being touted for their good soils and rich agricultural potential and land opportunities were abundant. (1)

Asa and Sarah Lurvey Reynolds moved to Rose Township, Oakland County, Michigan in October 1836 and Betsy came with her younger children, Sarah (Sally Ann), Esther, Warren, William, Betsy Maria and Charles. They lived on Asa’s farm land on Hickory Ridge Road rented from Captain Able Peck. Later, Asa bought the farm including two 80 acre parcels, one in section 17 and the other in section 18. (2)

When the widow Betsy’s family arrived in Michigan and took up residence on her son’s property with her three young sons and three daughters one can only imagine the typical set of challenges that awaited. The records of what transpired between the late fall of 1836 and 1840 are silent except for the story that filtered down through time that Warren overheard a conversation making him painfully aware that his older brother, thirteen years his senior, was struggling to support both his and his mother’s family on his farm income. That Warren sought to help by finding a place to live and work on the neighboring farm of a Mr. Gage speaks volumes for his work ethic and his character. Were it not for the two 1853-54 letters that we now have that transpired between these two brothers we would be left to ever ponder about such things as the brotherly love and concern we hoped and now know they mutually shared. These epistles tell us many things but nothing more important than the familial regard these two felt toward each other, their parents, their siblings, their close relatives and even their deceased children; and, that it had survived, though thinly, the divergent evolution of their respective theological beliefs and their willingness to share their respective lives.

The 1840 Census

The 1840 federal census of Rose, Oakland County, Michigan lists the heads of families and, by their relative location on the list, provides evidence of their geographic proximity to each other. Also given are the number of family members by gender and age. With respect to this study their are four families in the Rose township census that
relate to our story. Betsy (Betsey) Reynolds is named with three sons and one daughter residing with her. They were Warren, age 17, William, age 14, Betsy Maria, age 12, and Charles D., age 9. Of the six children that came with their mother in 1836 to live at Rose, we know from Asa’s family records that Sarah or Sally Ann died on 16 June 1839, and nineteen year old Esther married George Whitehouse on October 18, 1840. These later two are included on the census six households away. Warren’s older brother Asa, was listed next to Betsey’s name on the census with a household of five individuals (two more than were in his family at the time). (3) Also on the sheet is the six member family of Hosea Merrill, father of Warren’s first wife Edna Maria Merrell. The Merrell family were Mormon converts in 1840 and were active in one of several branches of the church that had been established in Oakland County. (4)

Betsy died on September 27, 1843. After her death Warren took up residence with a neighboring farmer by the last name of Gage. The three youngest children went to Milan, Michigan to live with their brother Levi H., a miller by trade.

References:
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1. Politicians waxed enthusiastic at the prospect and inevitability of statehood. Treaties acquiring lands, the beginning of public-land sales; the start of steam navigation on the Lakes, and the actual opening of the Erie Canal in 1825, all began a new era for Michigan. Between 1830 and 1837 the population soared from 31,000 to 87,000. geo.msu.edu/geogmich/michigan_fever.html.
3. There were several extended family members moving in and around Michigan during 1840. It was not unusual for any of them to stay for a time with family. Ten years later in 1850 names of family members were listed in the census making it easier to locate folks.
When the Senior Jeremiah died in 1768 Jeremiah Jr., at age 20, was out of reach of the courts deciding guardianship. How or what he did with his life over the next four years is unknown, except that he courted and prepared to marry Elizabeth Daggett of Charlotte Precinct, Dutchess County, New York. This he did in about 1773 in Amenia Precinct, Judging from the birth dates of his children.

The Revolutionary War

Jeremiah and Elizabeth were newly married when events were taking place throughout the Colonies that would decide the future of their land for centuries to come. Jeremiah represented the fifth generation of his family in America and exciting change was the mark of each day. Having observed the death and burial of his renowned grandfather James, the young man knew full well what loyalty to the English throne was all about. Both of his parents were gone, too, and there he was at age 27 the head of his father’s family, but also wholly responsible for the care of his new bride who would deliver their firstborn son on 25 March 1775. Jeremiah and Elizabeth named him Shubal in respect for his younger brother Shubel (Shubael) but changed the spelling in the name to a definitive “a”.

To fully appreciate the War of Independence in terms of what it meant to this young couple and their Dutchess County home and neighbors, the reader is referred to events that took place in the Town of Beekman, just fifteen miles south of Amenia (Google “Town of Beekman Revolutionary War Petition” for an excellent summary of the beginning of the War and the dilemma forced on the colonists). Each citizen of their new land had to resolve which side to choose. History recorded that our Reynolds family chose to stand against the British; Jeremiah and his brothers each joined the American forces and served at various times during the next eight years of war.

Jeremiah’s service in the Revolutionary War is a matter of record. It occurred after he moved his family to Albany County (now Rensselaer). In the work, “New York in the Revolution by Roberts, v. VI, p. 126.” Jeremiah is listed as Private, 11th Company, 14th Regiment, Albany County Militia.
He served under Colonels John Knickerbocker and Peter Yates. This regiment was raised in Hoosack and Schaghticoke, New York and was in existence by June 22, 1778. The regiment was still in existence on July 24, 1782. A payroll abstract copied and dated November 19, 1784 (after the late war) shows Jeremiah was paid 23 notes during his length of service for a total amount of £12s/11d.

It is not known what year Jeremiah moved his family to the Pittstown area of Albany County (later Rensselaer). Since his unit was raised in the Pittstown area, his move may have been as early as 1778.

After The War

In many ways, New York State was the principal battleground of the Revolutionary War. Approximately one-third of the skirmishes and engagements of the war were fought on its soil. The Battle of Saratoga, one of the decisive battles of the world, was the turning point of the Revolution leading to the French alliance and thus to eventual victory. When Lord Cornwallis surrendered to General Washington at Yorktown, Virginia, on 19 October 1781, the fighting was over. The people of New York were glad to return to their peaceful way of life. Soldiers returned home, and all of the wartime laws were ended. People could farm and trade without fear. In the Peace Treaty of Paris, signed April 30, 1783, the British agreed that the colonies were independent.

The first government of New York State grew out of the Revolution. To the north of Dutchess County, up the Hudson River, the area known as Albany was attracting many individuals and young families looking for a place to begin a new life after the war. Jeremiah and Elizabeth, with their young family and her parents, were among the number who joined in that group of early settlers. Within a decade Albany became the enterprise center of New York and in 1797 the capital of the State. The township of Pittstown was their area of choice. They had started their family in Dutchess County but their last four children, including Warren’s father Asa Douglas Reynolds, were born in Pittstown.

Making a Home in Pittstown

“From the old book of records it appears that the Baptist Church of Christ in Pittstown was fellowshipped March, 1787, with the following members: Gershom Hinckley, Benjamin Eastwood, Benjamin Eastwood, Jr., Jared Carter, Elisha Clark, Henry Mead, Samuel Crandall, John Lamb, William Lamport, Jacob Miller, Samuel Halsted, Jr., William Cuthbert, Mayhew Daggett, Jeremiah Reynolds, Ebenezer Wilson, Nathan Jeffers, Thomas Martian. Catharine Hinckley, Patience Eastwood, Elizabeth Smith, Doreas Smith, Millificent Mead, Anna Wilson, Beulah Lamb, Rebecca Gallup, Mary Eastwood, Lydia Eastwood, Keziah Martin, Mary Lamport, Rebecca Jeffers, Martha Cuthbert, Elizabeth Reynolds, Elizabeth Hinckley, Rebecca Allen, Ruth Mead, Elizabeth Francisco, Mercy Halsted, Sarah Miller, Anna Wait, Naomi Daggett.

It is stated in the history of the Shaftsbury association that this church was constituted in 1784. It is possible the society may have been formed and a church organized at that time. The date of “fellowshipping” stated above is, however, the one given in the volume of minutes still extant in Pittstown.”

The names of Elizabeth’s father, Mayhew Daggett and her husband, Jeremiah appeared on the charter fellowship roster of the newly organized Baptist Church of Christ in Pittstown when the church was founded in March 1787. Mayhew was a widower, his wife Esther having died before the family’s move from Dutchess County. The names of Elizabeth and her younger sister, Naomi were also on the list.

What we may take from this show of religiosity by the four family members, other than the act of faith and loyalty to the institution of church, is difficult for us to determine since no artifacts of the family’s specific beliefs survived the day. The
closest that we can come is an assessment based on the later actions of Warren’s father, Asa D., and his adherence to free masonry; and, in Warren’s specific case, we have the several testimonies expressed in his two 1853-54 letters to Asa which witness his own degree of spirituality, though post-conversion to Mormonism. That our family members were devoted believers in Deity and the Savior seems obvious.

The first census after the American Revolution was taken in 1790, under Secretary of State Thomas Jefferson. From the census we learn that Jeremiah, 42, and his wife Elizabeth with their children were firmly located in Pittstown, Albany County (Rensselaer), New York. Of the three Reynolds brothers, David was still in Dutchess County, had married and produced one daughter. Jeremiah’s brother Shubael with a family of four sons and one daughter was recorded at Half Moon, eleven miles directly west of Pittstown and across the Hudson River.

On May 6, 1794, The Jeremiah Reynolds family purchased Lot #46 in the township of Pittstown, from the estate of William Smith “late Chief Justice of the Province of Quebec”, for the sum of Sixty two Pounds. Recorded August 8, 1794. (1)

The 1800 census recorded the families of Jeremiah as well as his two oldest sons, Shubal and Levi living close by in Rensselaer County near Pittstown. Jeremiah and Elizabeth then had a granddaughter and a grandson. Also living close by were members of the Daggett and Kennicutt families; Elizabeth’s father, Mayhew Daggett; Thomas Daggett, her brother; and Daniel Kennicutt, the father of John Kennicutt. John married Elizabeth, third child and first daughter of Jeremiah and Elizabeth in 1797.

Ten years later, the 1810 census confirmed that Jeremiah and Elizabeth had moved twenty miles further west across the Hudson to Glenville, in the 4th Ward of Schenectady County. In this census, we see first son, Shubal is living close to Elizabeth’s younger brother, Mayhew Daggett as well as his parents and has five children under ten, two sons and three daughters. Jeremiah, now 62 and Elizabeth 57-59, still have in their household one son over 16 and two girls under fifteen. One could be a granddaughter.

Warren Ford Reynolds knew his grandfather Jeremiah, at least for a few months past his fourth birthday. That is not very long, but through a child’s eyes it is long enough to register the worth and strength of a grandfather’s character, to feel his affections, and assess the loss of his presence when he died. And he knew his grandmother, Elizabeth Daggett on an even deeper level. In his tenth year, in early winter, he witnessed her death, but before that he witnessed her testify to the Honorable Paul Knowles of Avon town, while creating an affidavit on behalf of her late husband and his younger brother Shubael, both nationalists and Revolutionary War soldiers, to help with Shubael’s well earned pension. In preparing that document, Elizabeth reached back and told of the momentous time in 1776 when Jeremiah and Shubael enlisted in the Dutchess County Militia while they both resided in Amenia Precinct. If Elizabeth did not say it she surely felt it -- these two young brothers, whose late father had died on 4 October 1768, from injuries incurred in the French and Indian War, were Reynolds boys laying their lives on the line, again -- the liberty of our young nation was at stake that day.
Warren F. Reynolds’ great-grandfather, the senior Jeremiah (1711-1768), died from his French-Indian war wounds while the communities around him on the shores of Long Island Sound strove to firm up their fast evolving theological institutions. Jeremiah Sr’s father, James, carried the title Esquire. From historical and civic documents of his day, more is known of James’ life than any of his line descendants that followed in the next four or five generations. He was a generous man of peace and conviction -- a third generation American, the grandson of emigrants John and Sarah, who came to Watertown, Massachusetts aboard the Winchester tall ship, Elizabeth, in 1634 seeking a new life and religious freedom. James was born in Greenwich, Fairfield County, Connecticut at a time when English Rule strongly influenced the lives of the New England colonists. Like his father and grandfather, his life was that of a faithful Puritan. During the course of his 93 years he saw unprecedented changes in land distribution and use; in the loyalty and autonomy of clergyman--when they could and could not be hired at any cost; and in opportunities for civic duty and even more importantly there was in Greenwich the “Train Band” or local militia, and he became its Captain—a title that meant more even than that of Esquire, which deservedly came with his Justice of the Peace duties. Overriding everything else, perhaps, were the political realities that marked early colonial Connecticut history including the French and Indian War. He witnessed family members going off to do battle—sons and nephews and probably others—and a few who never returned or when they did had injuries that shortened their lives. (2)

Warren’s grandfather, the younger Jeremiah Jr. (1748-1827), was living in Amenia Precinct in Dutchess County, New York in 1767 when his own grandfather James died and was buried there. At age 19 we can safely assume that the young man was rightfully influenced by the known and well acknowledged stature of his Captain and Esquire grandfather who had accomplished and given so much of himself during his 93 years. In 1767 the Revolutionary War had not begun, but the old man was perceptively in tune with events of the day leading up to it; and he would have pondered the changes challenging his life-long religious convic-
tions. In his youth all of his family were Congregationalists and the chapel of the “Church of the Second Society” was as close as next door; now he observed family and children developing new church ties or none at all in the area they called the East or Great Nine Partners Patent.

We need not wonder about the sureness of the Puritan convictions of this 93 year old James for what he passed to his grandson, Jeremiah would surface a few years later when the grandson with his wife Elizabeth became founding members of the Baptist Church of Christ in Pittstown in March 1787. (3) Later still, after the family had removed to the Genesee Valley of western New York State, members of the family made impressionable records attending the Avon Baptist Church. (4)

References:

Edna Maria was born in New York in 1828. Of French decent, Edna’s forefather had fled from France, cast their lot with the Puritans and settled in Salisbury, County of Wilshire, England. They came to America in the early 1600’s and settled in New York state where Edna was born.

Hosea Merrell moved his family “out west” to Michigan and it was there that Edna met Warren Ford Reynolds. They were married when Edna was eighteen years old and shortly after decided to go to Nauvoo, Illinois. While there, they were baptized in the Mississippi River on April 15, 1846, by Elder Serrine.

Edna, with her husband and the Merrell family left Nauvoo by wagon, joining the 12,000 Saints who had crossed the river in an endless chain evacuating that city. Only those too ill or poor remained in Nauvoo.

With a company of Saints they arrived in the Salt Lake Valley on September 20, 1848. Edna and her husband settled in South Cottonwood and later built a home on Big Cottonwood Creek. Ten children were born to the couple.

The James G. Willie Handcart Company was rescued in 1856 and the poor freezing survivors were harbored with families until they were returned to health. Perhaps this is where Christina McNeil became acquainted with the Reynolds family. Edna made room for this second wife, June 28, 1857. They shared the same historical experiences because they lived side by side and raised their children together in love and harmony. Fleeing from their home at the threat of Johnston’s Army, and returning to settle permanently in South Cottonwood.
Obituary

Edna Reynolds died at South Cottonwood on March 28, 1896. She was the daughter of Hosea and Mary Merrill and wife of Warren Ford Reynolds, whom she married 3 January, 1846, in the state of Michigan and immediately moved to Nauvoo, Illinois. She and her husband were baptized in the Mississippi River on 15 April 1846 by Elder Surryne.

She endured the hardships and trials common with the Saints and their exodus. They reached Salt Lake 20 September 1848 and located in South Cottonwood where she resided until her death.

She was the mother of ten children, six of whom survived. She leaves a husband, one son, five daughters, nineteen grandchildren, and one great grandson.

Sister Reynolds had many friends and no enemies. She was a constant Latter-day Saint, a true wife, a noble mother, ever ready to succor the needy and cheer those who were gloomy and downcast. Her faith in the gospel was unswerving and her reward is that of the just.
Hosea Merrill was born 16 April 1802 in New Hartford, Connecticut. However, books at hand give him as a resident of Michigan. He was the son of Simeon Merrill and Ruth Webster Merrill.

Nothing is known of his early life in Michigan until he married Miss Mary Ann Saxton on 28 April 1825. She was the daughter of Joseph and Ann Dalton Saxton.

Perhaps his employment took him to Wayne, New Hampshire, because it was here that their children, Alonzo Cark, Jerusha, Edna, and Joseph were born. The latter died in infancy. About 1840 or 1841, Hosea moved his wife and three children back to Michigan where two more children, John Elwin and Silas Jerome were born.

No doubt it was in 1836 or early in 1837 when Mormon missionaries came to the locality where Hosea and his family lived. These men told a strange story of how an angel from heaven had visited young Joseph Smith in New York state, which eventually led to the organization of a new church called The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, or Mormon church.

These gospel truths touched the heart of Hosea and he was baptized in April 1837. He wished that his wife could have seen the light then and accepted this new religion as he had done, but records show it was 1844 before she was baptized.

We don’t know just when Hosea moved his family west to join the saints. It is presumed that he came directly to Nauvoo, the gathering place of the Mormons. However, the only real guideline date is the birth of his last child, Porter William, in Garden City, Iowa, 10 or 19 Sept 1846. We do know that the saints were driven into Iowa and Nebraska where they made temporary quarters until a suitable place could be established for them to gather.

As early as 1841, the Prophet Joseph Smith had decided that the Mormons would have to move far to the west, right out of the confines of the United States, to the Rocky Mountains, which was owned by Mexico.

It was Brigham Young, the successor of Joseph Smith, who was directed by the Lord to lead the
people to the Rocky Mountains. Hence, he led the first group safely over the trackless plains and established Great Salt Lake City, 24 July 1847. That same year, 1,521 saints followed. In 1848 some 2,534 made the journey. About 2,408 in 1849 and the count for 1850, the year the Merrills came was around 3,000. By the time the railroad was completed in 1869 some 86,000 Mormon pioneers had crossed the plains.

We are not sure which of the 10 large companies who came in 1850 the Merrill family traveled with. The history of Joseph Elwin Merrill, a son, states that Harry Walton was their captain. However, your writer doesn’t find Bro. Walton as a captain of a large company; no doubt he was one of the sub-captains. The Merrills are all listed with the emigrants crossing the plains in 1850 in the book Heart Throbs of the West, Vol. 11.

Hosea and Mary Ann were indeed fortunate to arrive at their new home with all of their six children. There were so many sicknesses and deaths among the saints who made this long hard journey.

The Big Cottonwood area was attracting many of the emigrants seeking homes and farm land, so Hosea and his family went there. The book Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah, page 1033 says, “Hosea Merrell resided in Big Cottonwood, Salem, Mendon and Paradise, Utah.”

Paradise, in Cache Valley in the Northern part of the territory, must have been more to his liking, because that is where he spent the remainder of his days.

A man’s success in life can be measured to a great extent by the success of his family. His children were stalwart citizens and faithful in their Church assignments.

When Hosea was 59 years old, his wife Mary died, on 29 April 1861. This was a great loss to him. However, he lived on until 5 Feb 1864 and died at his home in Paradise, at the age of 62, well prepared to meet his Maker and those of his loved ones who had gone before.

From: Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah, p.1033

MERRELL, HOSEA
(son of Simeon Merrell of Michigan). Came to Utah in 1850.

Married Mary Saxton in Michigan, who came to Utah with husband. Their children: Alonzo, m. Eliza Bird; Jerusha, m. John Davis; Edna, m. Warren Reynolds; Joseph, died; John, m. Eliza VanLeuven; Silas Jerome, m. Lydia Eugenia Remmington; Porter William, m. Harriett Amelia Badger Remmington. Family resided Big Cottonwood, Salem, Mendon and Paradise, Utah.

Died February, 1864, Paradise, Utah.
Grandmother was born 29 May 1895 in Sandy, Utah. Her family lived there until she was 5 years old, when they moved to Murray, Utah. Her father worked in the smelter for 33 years. When she was 6 years old she contracted a disease called Saint Vitus Dance. She was paralyzed on the left side for about one and one-half years. Her mother died in the meantime. She and the rest of her family stayed with her Aunt Polly after that. Grandmother quit school after the third grade. She is the youngest of her brothers and sisters. They are from the oldest down: Alice [Alice turned out to be a nanny and not a sibling], Mary, Birtha, Sophia, George, and Stella. Her father, George West, and mother Harriet Woolly, came from Leicestershire, England. Her mother was a member of the church. Grandmother was baptized the first time in 1902 in Sandy, Utah, by C. C. Crapo. They lost the record of this baptism, so she was baptized again in 1949 by L. E. Davis. She was confirmed by Roy Chedister.

After her mother died, they drifted around from one lodging house to another. She finally coaxed her father into renting a small three-roomed house. She was 11 at this time. She kept house for the family. When she was 12, she thought the house wasn’t big enough for all of them; so she went to work in the Murray Laundry. When she was 13, she met grandfather at a dance. He took her home. She went with him until she was 18, and then they got married. My grandmother proposed to grandfather. She says that he agreed right away. All the time they were dating, my grandmother was working in the Murray Laundry and grandfather was working in a sheep camp in Deseret, Utah, for the Deseret Livestock Company. When grandfather was about 16 he drove a stagecoach. They were married October 9, 1913, in the Salt Lake City City and County Building.
They had a family of 7 children, two of whom died:

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<td>26 June 1916</td>
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<td>19 Apr 1917</td>
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When they were married (grandmother married Melvin Reynolds Tripp), they lived in Tooele, Utah. Grandfather was working at the smelter in Tooele. Later they moved to Murray, Utah, where Grace was born. Then they moved to Burley, Idaho (Stars Ferry) where they bought a farm. They later sold that house and moved to Heyburn, where they found out that the water was poisoned, so they had to move again. They moved back to Stars Ferry. The rest of the children, except Ruth, were born there. From there they moved to Glens Ferry, Idaho, in 1921. They lived there 18 months, while Grandfather worked on the railroad, and then moved back to Stars Ferry. In 1925 they moved to View Ward in Burley, where Ruth was born, and then moved back to Stars Ferry in 1931. The reason for moving was that grandfather rented farms. They could rent a farm for only 3 years at one time, and then the owners would sell it and they would have to move. They moved from Stars Ferry to Spring Dale in 1935, where they lived for 3 years. At that time they had an auction and sold practically everything they owned to get the money to move to Winnemucca, Nevada, where grandfather started an O.K. Rubber Welders Shop. They lived there for only 2 months, at which time they had lost everything. They moved to Tremonton, Utah, where Floyd and Violet were and lived with them for six months.

Floyd and Violet left them there running the shop that they had started there and they went to Richfield, Utah to start a new one. This was in August of 1939. In Jan. of 1941 father and mother
Stella West - 150

Tripp moved to Richfield to join the Olsons in business, but their beliefs and business ideals were too different, and Floyd and Violet Olson moved back to Tremonton, Utah to take the shop once again.

In 1941, mother, Ross, and Ruth were baptized into the Church and though our parents were never active the children were. Ross was married in the temple and Ruth and her

Memories
by Violet Tripp

Stella was the youngest child. Her mother died when she was 9. Then the family lived with her older sister, Polly, until she was 13. At that time she talked her dad into getting a house so they could live apart from relatives. She did the cooking and housekeeping. The first time she cooked rice she dumped the entire package into the water. They had rice all over the stove and they ate rice for dinner for days after. But apparently life was not happy at home. Stella spoke little of her childhood.

Stella loved little birds, especially canaries, and she raised many. She loved the music they made. Even before Melvin died she raised the birds. She considered the little baby birds to be just the cutest things.

Stella had a very sweet personality. She was grateful and courteous. When she lived with Violet shortly before she died, she would always insist that Violet leave the dishes to her. But she was also very timid. She suffered being married to Melvin, and when he died she said that she did not want to be sealed to “that old reprobate.” She got married when she was 18, she having proposed to Melvin. It was almost as if she got married to get away from her father, who also drank, and ran headlong into a marriage that ended up just as bad. Violet finally talked Stella into getting sealed to Melvin because until she did, her children could not be sealed to her.

Melvin Reynolds, her husband, wouldn’t allow her to go to church. However, the very next Sunday after he died she went to church, an hour early, just to make sure she didn’t miss it. That showed how much she loved it. She was active from that day until she died. Very few people attended Melvin’s funeral. Stella’s was well attended.

Stella had an organ her father gave her, and she could play a little.

During her marriage she had a Book of Mormon - the only book in the
house. She kept it hidden so that Melvin wouldn’t throw it away. She would allow Violet to read it. Violet would climb into a tree to read it. Violet read it over and over again even though she didn’t quite understand it. She only knew that it was the right thing to do and that the people who got to attend church read that book.

Stella died from cystic fibrosis caused, in large part, by second hand smoke and canaries.
George was the first and probably the only member of his family to join the Church, and they disowned him when he did.

He was Stella’s father. Stella was the youngest child. Harriet, Stella’s mother had died long ago when Stella was nine. Stella convinced George to move the family away from living with relatives and move into their own house. Stella and George were the only ones at home. Stella did all the cooking and cleaning. George gave Stella a sewing machine and an organ.

George worked in the Murray smelter. He drank.
One night in very early spring of 1856, a young man seventeen years old was walking down the main street of the city of Leicester in Leicestershire, England (pronounced Lester, Lestershire). As he walked he noticed a short distance ahead of him the entrance to a small park where a group of people were gathering. As he came closer to them he saw two men standing together. One of them was speaking to these people. He stopped and listened. Then the other man spoke. He became more and more interested in what they were saying. They were talking about something he had never heard before and yet somehow it sounded familiar to him. He seemed to know, no matter how strange these things were that he heard, that everything these two men said was true.

After they had finished and the small crowd began to leave, he went up to them and talked for a few minutes with them. They gave him some pamphlets to read and invited him to their meeting on Sunday. On Sunday he went to the meeting. He had learned that they were missionaries for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, but were known as “Mormons.” When he told his family they warned him not to go near those “Mormons” again. Why was everyone so bitter towards them when he knew in his heart that they spoke the truth? He continued to go to their meetings and in the summer of that year he became a member of that church. He was not yet 18 years old.

This young man’s name was Emanuel Woolley, born Feb 15, 1839 to William Woolley and his wife Harriet. He had brothers and sisters. He was very fond of a sister named Harriet and a brother William, four years younger than himself. William was the only one in the family who would be at all friendly to him. He was very fond also of his grandmother, his father’s mother, who had been very fond of him always too. She wasn’t quite as bitter as some of his family, although she
was a staunch Catholic born in Ireland. Her name was Bridget. His father was also born in Ireland. His mother had belonged to the Church of England, the Episcopalian Church. He tried not to let the antagonism of his family disturb him.

I learned these meager facts from Emanuel Woolley himself. Soon after I married his grandson, Arthur Castleton, Jr., Art took me to visit his grandparents. Grandmother Woolley was not well and was in bed but his grandfather, Emanuel Woolley, was quite active and we visited a little while that summer evening. Grandmother Woolley made quite an impression on me. I felt her beautiful spiritual nature and sweet disposition. We visited many more times. Grandfather Emanuel Woolley loved to play checkers and found that I did too. I would hardly get there before he’d say “Come, my gal, and play me a game of checkers.” He was so good at it. His mind was clear and alert. The very few times I won I teased him about letting me win so I would play with him. But during these games and after, I learned more things about his grandfather, who was also named Emanuel Woolley, a soldier born in Nottinghamshire.

I wanted to know about Emanuel’s wife, Grandmother Ann Woolley. In giving me some meager facts he often revealed the sentimental side of himself (of course he wouldn’t want to admit that he did have a sentimental side at all). Being one half Irish, he was quite sentimental under that gruff exterior. He said he met her not long after he was baptized. She came to the branch of the church there in Leicester. She was a beautiful dark-haired girl and he was attracted to her immediately. Her name was Ann Cheney.

Later on Grandfather Emanuel Woolley spent a few months with his daughter and family in Malad and celebrated his 88th birthday there. I learned that his grandmother’s name was Bridget and she was married to Emanuel Woolley, the soldier in Ireland, and his father had been born there too. He said that his grandfather was being sent out of Ireland so he took his wife and young son William to his parents in Nottinghamshire. He said they didn’t want his grandmother there for some reason (it seems she was a servant girl before her marriage). She then came to Leicester where she knew of some Irish friends.

I shall here give a description of the city of Leicester about the time the first Woolley ancestor, Emanuel’s grandmother, came to live there, and also when Emanuel and his family lived there. The city of Leicester is pleasantly situated nearly in the center of the county of Leicestershire. It had in about 1820 a population of around 40,000 people but grew rapidly because more manufacturing was being done and there were more jobs for people at that time. The city was on the banks of the River Soar over which there were four picturesque bridges. There were many very ancient buildings in the city. The principal street, extending from south to north, was upwards of a mile in length and there were then many other spacious streets. The old houses had recently been repaired as many were very old buildings. They were chiefly built of brick and roofed with slate. The town was paved and lighted by gas by a company incorporated in 1821. The water was supplied from public conduit in the market place and by a number of wells. There were many beautiful views from different scenic places and the hills of
Charnwood Forest. It was and is now a beautiful town.

There had begun to be during the 1700s many other churches in that area, some in the last half century before, and there was much opposition and real antagonism. These churches and people were called nonconformists. In England the Episcopal Church was the Church of England. There were the Baptists, primitive Methodists, Presbyterians and Quakers. For some time they were not allowed churches of their own and had to keep their records and meetings secret. Some churches were afraid to keep records of marriages and births or their people would be punished. Roman Catholics had to keep secret records until 1837 and worship secretly. It was a crime to belong to that church in England. Legal form of marriages had to be in the Church of England. Until 1778, Roman Catholic priests and schoolteachers were liable to life imprisonment. Laws were finally passed to stop this. In 1837 a general registration law was passed and all churches were to keep records of births, marriages and deaths—nonconformists as well as the Church of England parishes—and send these records to the Registrar. The Catholic Church did not immediately comply but did have a few secret records. Many churches did not keep very many records of this type, others did. The Church of England’s priests were asked to keep records in the late 1500s but did not always do it except for a few years now and then until the middle 1700s. At this time many beautiful parish churches had been built and that is where all of Emanuel’s mother’s family and ancestors worshipped. The Woolleys in Leicester belonged to the Catholic Church.

The staple manufacture of the County of Leicester and also Nottinghamshire was that of wool and cotton hosiery and also fine laces and shoe-making. Coal was one of the products produced also.

We were especially interested in knowing about framework knitting manufacturing machines in the town of Leicester because Emanuel Woolley was engaged in the occupation of making shoes and many of his mother’s family and ancestors worked at framework knitting. In 1830 a railroad was constructed from Leicester to Swannington, a district abounding in coal. This helped a lot in their manufacturing and comfort. At this particular time the number of framework knitting manufacturing machines in the town and surrounding
villages to make hosiery and fine laces was about seven thousand and the number of persons employed in the framework knitting, wool (of worsted) spinning, wool-combing and dyeing was about twelve thousand. Other things were needles, pipes, several wool staples, etc.

Emanuel was not a tall man. He was about average size with lots of brown hair and bushy eyebrows and a bushy mustache when I knew him, but pictures taken earlier show that in younger years he did not have a mustache. He liked to appear quite gruff and at times his grandchildren thought he was too gruff and probably disliked them. That was not the case as they realized later.

I remember one time during his last stay in Malad with his daughter Nellie. I was playing checkers with him. One of the young grandsons was there and because of some little thing this grandson did or said, he spoke very gruffly to him. After the grandson went out he noticed I was looking at him with a big smile and he said, “What is so funny to you?” I couldn’t help chuckling and I said, “Ha! You want them to think you’re tough but I think we all know that you are just a softy at heart, and anyway, I know you are.” He said, “Sush, I am tough.” Then he laughed and said, “But don’t let anyone know about this.” He and Nellie’s husband Arthur used to play tournaments in checkers. They were both very good and it was fun to watch them being so intense at winning. They were a well-matched pair and Emanuel was about 88 years old then. He celebrated his 88th birthday there but his mind was very keen.

A young girl named Ann Cheney and her mother and stepfather lived in Blaby when she came to meetings in Leicester. At first the mission records show that there was a small branch of the church there but many had emigrated and the saints then were to unite with the branch of the church in Leicester. Blaby was between 4 1/2 and 5 miles southwest of Leicester—probably about as far as Sugar House to Salt Lake City downtown. There were no buses then. Walking was a way of life as far as getting those short distances was concerned. There may have later been some kind of horse and buggy conveyance. Where there were rivers or large streams, boats could be and were used.

Ann Cheney’s father, John Cheney, had died when Ann was just one year old. He was then 28 years old. Her mother, Mary Goodman Cheney, had four children from this marriage. The oldest child was a girl who died soon after birth. Then came a son named William who lived to be married and have a family. Then another child was born who died, and last came Ann. Some years later Ann’s mother married again to Thomas Burdett. Art’s mother remembered him and her grandmother Mary Cheney Burdett, the mother of Ann Cheney Woolley.

Emanuel was very attracted to Ann Cheney when she came to the meetings in Leicester. It didn’t seem long before she felt the same about him and they were married. She was baptized at Blaby in 1854 before she came to Leicester or knew Emanuel Woolley. After they were married in 1857 and had a home they were very good to the missionaries. Most missionaries in these days had to depend on the saints or friends to give them a place to sleep and to feed them for they went on their missions with little or no money. They did not have it nor did their families. Emanuel and Ann had them in their home often even after they had a large growing family. Somehow they were always willing to make room and share what they had with the missionaries or anyone in need. Ann was a very devoted wife and mother with a most calm personality. She was of a very spiritual nature and lived her newly found religion and was devoted to it.

There was only
a small branch of the Church in Leicester at any time they lived there. It was not easy for these early members to give up some of their life-long habits and Emanuel had a great deal of trouble giving up his pipe which he had smoked from a very early age, as had his father. This, it seems, was a typical Irish habit. He said his grandmother told him that many of the women in Ireland smoked a pipe as well as the men. It was a custom where she lived.  

In the early days of the church the saints and those at the head of the small branches of the church didn’t understand all about the way things were done in Zion. And if they found that a member of the church didn’t strictly keep the Word of Wisdom or if they found that a member had a little too much ale (which is comparable to beer here) it was not uncommon at first for the leader of a small branch to cut the member of the church off. As they would repent they were allowed to be rebaptized in a year and become a full member again. As an early member of the church, Emanuel was cut off twice, first in 1857, then rebaptized in a year, and again cut off in 1865 and rebaptized a year later and was never cut off again. He became a priest and then an Elder and baptized and confirmed members of his own family as they came of age. He was a faithful member of the Church while in England and here in Utah. However, as we knew him in his older age, he did smoke his pipe. He enjoyed being a home teacher (as we now call it).

At a very early age he worked in a shoe factory and became an expert at making shoes, but he never did want to work at mending shoes. Some of the older children worked in the shoe factory there in England. They were allowed to work in factories at an early age there, and here too during that period of time.

Ann was a very sweet-natured, plump woman and so very kind and understanding to everyone. She understood well her husband’s pretended gruff nature or attitude. She was an excellent cook as her grandchildren remember her and she taught her older daughters to be good cooks too. They had twelve children, all born in England. It was a great sorrow to them when their 17-year old son Emanuel died on July 26, 1879.

It was not long after the death of their son Emanuel that they really prepared in earnest to come to Utah. They had always planned to come there but with a large family it was not easy. The last mention of them in the Leicester branch records was on July 5, 1880 and it said they had emigrated. They have said that they arrived here in 1880 and those who came here in 1880 were rebaptized Dec. 5, 1880. Grandfather Woolley was then 41 years old and Ann was about 43 when they came here.

Three of the oldest members of the family--three girls, one married--didn’t come then, but they were rebaptized Jan. 4, 1881. They did bring Harriet with them. It was the custom then for immigrants to be rebaptized when they came from other countries unless they had proof of baptism, which few had because there were no recommends sent, at least for some time after they arrived from other lands.

When Mary Cheney Burdett and her sons came here in 1869 or 1870 they did not have to come by covered wagon drawn by horses or ox team. They came by train. The days of that long journey were gone forever. At first the trains went through Ogden and west. The first railroad was completed from the east to California in 1869. On January 10, 1870 the first train from Ogden to Salt Lake City was completed. We find that Mary Cheney Burdett came to Salt Lake City or was here and did her
own temple work for herself in the Endowment House in 1871.

It must have been very hard for them to give up what they had by way of this world’s goods and travel so far to an unknown land with a growing family. They could not afford to go first class or with luxuries of any kind, but were down in the bottom of the ship “Wisconsin.” There was a great storm as they crossed the Atlantic Ocean. The captain came down where they were with the missionaries who were returning home. The captain said he was always glad to have Mormon missionaries and Mormons on board when there was a great storm while crossing. He then felt they would be safe.

This land must have been very strange to them, although they came after the railroads had been built through the West and the traveling was much easier than for the early pioneers. They spoke little of their trials in getting used to a new land and in many ways a new way of life here, but adjusted very quickly and seemed happy. The girls were a lively bunch with a great sense of humor and any home was a lively place where they were. They were always playing tricks on each other and their brother Thomas, or Tom as he was called.

Art’s mother, Ellen Woolley Castleton (Nellie), speaks of one of her best friends being a daughter of President Wilford Woodruff. Some of her friends had a party and spent the night in the Lion House.

Salt Lake City at the time these ancestors came to Salt Lake City, as you know, did not have the many conveniences we have today. It may be interesting to you to know when certain changes and conditions of the city did exist or come into being during that period of time.

The Tabernacle was completed in 1867 but the temple was not completed until 1893. The streets were at that time, even in the city, not hard-surfaced. They were quite dusty in summer, although when they could they used a sprinkler wagon to keep the dust at a minimum. However, during part of this time they had a great water shortage and it could not always be done. When it rained in the spring and fall these streets were like the other streets of the city, quite full of ruts. When dried they tried to smooth out the large ruts until later on when the streets were covered with cobblestones. They were that way for many years until they were paved. The first street paved was South Temple Street in 1903. Later Main Street was paved. Before that the streets were graded that were not covered by cobblestones.

There were many trees down Main Street and State Street and South Temple. The sidewalks were not as wide as they are today. Before the streets were even cobbledstoned tracks were laid down Main Street and small horse-drawn street cars traveled these streets. They ran up to where the Capital now is and down to the railroad station; also to the old eleventh ward meeting house, which I believe was on the avenues. Then the cars went down to what was called Calder’s Park—later it was called Wandemere Park and it is where Nibley Park Golf Course now is. It is between 5th and 7th East on 27th South Street. Calder’s Park was a very popular amusement park. There were band concerts and a dance hall. It was popular too for picnics. There was a certain track for horse races. These were the kind of races where horses pulled small two-wheeled carts called sulkies.

Auerbach Store was opened in Salt Lake City in 1864. Now this year
it has been closed because of bankruptcy. A paper mill was built in Cottonwood Canyon in 1880. The telegraph came in 1878. In 1881 the first telephone was installed in Salt Lake. There were only two here for some time—one in town and one at Fort Douglas. It was a long time after that before there were telephones in the homes. In 1868 the University of Deseret was started, which is now the University of Utah. In 1870 female suffrage, or the right for women to vote, was made a law in Utah. Electricity came to Salt Lake City in the late 1880s. ZCMI first began in 1868 to organize many different stores all over the city under one store. There were sometimes as many as six stores in one block. By 1876 they were brought together into one store, the ZCMI, The Deseret News Information Dept. said it was America’s first department store. They sold everything anyone would want—vegetables, groceries, shoes of their own making, clothes, leather goods and many other things too numerous to name. These are just a few things I gathered to give you some idea of Salt Lake City during this period of time.

Emanuel Woolley soon got work at the ZCMI shoe factory where the shoes they sold were made. This was because he was an expert at this work. At first the family lived a short while in the old 17th ward. As soon as they found another place they could afford they moved to P Street and 2nd Avenue. They lived there during the time their children were growing up and were married. The surroundings of this larger home were made very beautiful by Grandfather. He loved roses and tried to make his yard as beautiful as some of the formal gardens we see in pictures of England.

Emanuel speaks of an experience they had while doing the temple work for his brother William and William’s wife. He had wondered if William and his wife would accept this work and then the thought came to him about whether people that have passed on really did accept the work done for them in the temple. He said he thought they could but just at that moment wondered about it. They had done the other work for them and were at the altar doing the sealing ordinance for and in behalf of his brother and wife, he was standing in for William, his brother, and Nellie for William’s wife. He said he looked across at his daughter and it was not his daughter kneeling at the altar at all. He saw the face and form of his sister-in-law, William’s wife, for just a few seconds. From then on he said he never doubted that his brother and wife had accepted the gospel and the work done for them, nor did he ever doubt that the work done in the temple could be accepted by those who had passed on if they were worthy and wished to accept it. This was a great testimony to both of them when he told Nellie what he had seen for that brief moment. Later, Harold, Nellie’s second son, told us of another incident that had happened.

He said his mother (Ellen Woolley Castleton) told him and some of the family who was there the following incident. She had not repeated it before because she felt it was too sacred. Emanuel, her brother who had died when he was seventeen years of age in England before the family came to America, had come to her one night when Harold was a baby. She was in bed and she saw a light by the transom above the door and it grew brighter and Emanuel, her brother, stood by her bed. He had a dark shirt on. He reached out his arm and pointed to his dark cuff, lifted it to show her, then said, “Nellie, work for the dead.” Mother woke Dad up and told him what had happened and he said, “Oh, you are just dreaming,” and turned over and went to sleep.
Then Emanuel came once more and did the same thing as before. Mother said she got up early the next morning and went to her mother, Ann Woolley’s home. Her mother saw her coming and met her at the gate saying, “Nellie, what’s the matter?” Nellie said, “I had a dream last night,” and her mother said, “I know! You saw Emanuel, and we’ll get ready and go to the temple and do the work for him.” Emanuel had come to Ann Woolley the same night and said, “In the morning Nellie will come and tell you what I want.” Later in the morning Sophia Woolley Muir, another daughter, came to visit and she said Emanuel had come to visit her but she had been frightened and had covered up her head. Grandpa and Grandma Woolley did get ready and go to the temple. The Salt Lake Temple was not finished and ready for endowment and sealing work until 1894. Those who were married in the temple before this went to the Logan Temple. For a time endowments could be done in the Endowment House (dedicated for this work) but not sealings.

There on P Street near 2nd Avenue they had a beautiful rose garden as mentioned before which was admired by everyone. One of his grandchildren tells of a little fish pond he had there too. These children admired it and loved to go there. The Woolleys later moved down on Wilson Avenue between 10th and 11th East. Their grandsons who are living told us of going there with their mother to visit their grandparents. One of them said that he had to keep one hand in his mother’s hand and the other hand in his pocket because she didn’t want him to touch the beautiful roses and flowers that his grandfather had there. Later on Tom built a large room onto the west side of his home, which was a couple of lots east of State Street on the south side of 33rd South. This is where Grandfather Emanuel Woolley was living when he died.

For the remainder of Emanuel and Ann’s life they had a home there with their son Tom and his wife Lottie Taylor Woolley. Lottie was a very fine woman who very generously and lovingly cared for them as she would her own parents. Each morning Lottie helped Ann dress, wash her face and hands, comb her hair and put it up in a bun on the back of her head, then set her and Emanuel to the table for breakfast. Ann died March 3, 1922. Emanuel died June 7, 1927 at his son’s home.

Nellie’s youngest daughter Ruby tells us that when her grandfather Emanuel Woolley was there during part of his 87th and 88th year, she often heard him in his bedroom talking to his wife Ann’s picture, and he would always say among other things, “I’ll be with you soon, my gal, yes, I’ll be with you soon.”

During these almost 60 years of being married to Arthur R. Castleton, grandson of Emanuel Woolley and son of Ellen Woolley Castleton, I have become acquainted with Emanuel Woolley himself, his wife Ann Cheney Woolley, three of their daughters and their one living son. I have also been more closely acquainted with many of their grandchildren and great grandchildren. I have found that most of them have certain traits of character in common which are most admirable in my opinion. They are kind, charitable and thoughtful of others, both in word and deed, and honorable people and good citizens. As far as we know none of them have become really wealthy where money was concerned, but in love of family and many friends and in other ways they could be considered very wealthy.
Emanuel Woolley was the grandfather of the Emanuel Woolley who emigrated to Salt Lake City in 1880. He was born 15 July 1792 to William and Mary Woolley at Newthorpe, six and one half miles northwest of Nottingham in England. His parents were land owners and prominent in the parish and community. Emanuel was a baker by trade. What follows is a report of his activities as a soldier.

7 March 1808: Emanuel Woolley enlisted in the Nottinghamshire Militia at Nottingham and marched to join the Regiment, then stationed at Lewes Barrack, Sussex. There he remained until April 1809.

4 April 1809: PFC Emanuel Woolley volunteered into the 20th Regiment of Foot and attested at Rye, Kent for limited service. It should be noted that a large number of men from Nottinghamshire Militia volunteered into the line on account of the large bounty offered but Woolley was the only man to join the 20th Regiment. This suggests that he had some particular reason. The 20th Regiment had just returned from North Spain where it had fought at Vimiero and taken part in the retreat to (and battle of) Coronna (Jan 1809). This and other regiments were hastily filled up with militia men and then took part in the expedition to Walcheren in Holland. The 20th Regiment was in Erskin’s Brigade of Sir John Hope’s reserve. On attestation Woolley joined the 20th Regiment at Colchester, Essex. He received a bounty of L5/5/0 for volunteering into the regular army. He was then described as 5 ft. 4 1/2 in. tall, of fresh complexion, round visage and hazel eyes and fair hair.

5-7 July 1809: PFC Woolley marched with the 20th Regiment from Colchester to Dover and there embarked for Walcheren, Holland. On return from this campaign the Regiment landed at Harwich and returned to Colchester. Woolley evidently had suffered from “Walcheren Fever” (malaria) as he was left sick at Colchester when the 20th Regiment marched from Colchester at the end of July 1810 for Ireland.

1810: The 20th Regiment landed at Kinsale, Ireland on about the 1st of Sept. 1810 and marched to Mallow (County Cork) from 2-4 Sept. 1810 and there remained.
1811: PFC Woolley rejoined the Regiment at Mallow 15 Sep. 1811, traveling via Bristol. He was at once sent to the detachment to Mitchelstown. He was in the hospital again in Dec. 1811.

1812: On 8 April 1812 the 20th Regiment moved from Mallow to Fermoy and in June to Huddleton Camp. PFC Woolley moved from Mitchelstown to Buttevant in Feb. 1812 and rejoined HQS 20th Regiment in March and moved with it on 28th June to Huddleton.

12 Oct 1812: The 20th Regiment embarked at Cork in County Cork on 12th Oct. 1812 on board the armed troop ships HMS Alfred, Regulas and Dover and landed at Lisbon on 15th Nov. 1812.

Nov. 1812: The Regiment joined Skerret’s Brigade of Gen. Cole’s 4th Division of Wellington’s army.

1813: The 20th Regiment took part in the Peninsular campaign of 1813-1814 being present at the Battle of Vittoria, the Pyrenees, Orthey and Toulouse. PFC Woolley was in the hospital at Arazura 6th April 1813.

1814: On the conclusion of the Peninsular War the 20th Regiment embarked at Bardeau on 25th of March 1814 and landed at Cork on 7th July 1814. It was stationed at Mallow but moved in July to Waterford and there remained until Sept. 1815 when it moved to Templemore. PFC Woolley was in the General Hospital in France from March to July 1814 but rejoined the Regiment on 25 July 1814 in time to move to Newtownberry in Oct. 1814.

1815: The 20th Regiment moved from Waterford to Templemore in Sept. 1815 and to Boyle 22-28 March 1816. PFC Woolley rejoined the Regiment at Templemore April 1815 and moved with it to Boyle. This is likely to be the place where he met his wife Bridget Walsh who was born in Ireland.

1816: On 30 April 1816 he moved from Boyle to Ballyhadeen (not identified). (This may have been where his son William was born.) The 20th Regiment remained at Boyle until June 1818.

1817: The 20th Regiment at Boyle. PFC Woolley rejoined at Boyle about Feb. 1817 and moved to Cash Carrigan in April 1817. He returned to Boyle about June 1817 and was granted a furlough from 25 Nov. to 24 Dec. 1817. (This may be the time he took his wife and child to Newthorpe, Nottingham to his parents’ home.)

Now what about Bridget—this young girl married to a soldier who had to leave her now and then for duty called? Finally he was being sent far away. They had married in Ireland. She was a servant to others in order to make a living for herself. Soldiers were paid almost nothing besides their board and room. Likely not wishing to leave her there alone with a young son only a few months old, he got permission for a short leave from duty and took his wife and baby to his parents’ home.

Emanuel’s parents didn’t want her there (perhaps because she came from a poorer class than they did), so she felt she must go where she would have friends. There were a number of Irish people living in Leicester in a sort of community by themselves. The census showed that they came from County Cork, Ireland and other places, but it only gave Ireland for most of them. Some of them were probably friends that she knew in Ireland. One census record says that her occupation was gathering rags for a living. That was very necessary in those days because the best paper for printing was made of rags. Other rags were necessary for keeping the machinery clean. We may think of that as a lowly occupation, but it was an honest one. However, it was a very low-paying job.

At that time communication was very slow and even if Bridget’s husband had written to her he would have written to her at his parents’ home. They probably didn’t know where to send the let-
ter to her had they wished to do so. Sometimes soldiers in distant places were far away from any place to mail a letter. Bridget knew her husband Emanuel had had malaria when he was on other assignments out of Ireland. This was a dreaded disease which often caused death. In those days people did not have the medical help by way of medicine and doctors that we have today.

Bridget’s daughter Mary was born May 13, 1824 and was seven years younger than her son William. It looks like she may have waited some time to hear about her husband and that she could not marry as long as she didn’t know whether her husband was alive or not. James Lunney, Mary’s father, did not live very long either.

Now back to Emanuel. 1818: On 11 Feb. 1818 PFC Woolley marched from Boyle to French Pack and from there to Dublin 13-20 June 1818. The Regiment moved from Boyle to Dublin 8-13 June 1818. In July 1818 PFC Woolley was employed escorting convicts to Cork (for transportation) but returned from Cork to Dublin 10-19 Aug. 1818. The 20th Regiment marched from Dublin to Fermoy in two divisions 12-19 Dec. 1818 and 15-22 Dec. 1818. PFC Woolley was with the former.

1819: The 20th Regiment embarked at Cork on board transports as follows—Oromocto on 30 March 1818 landed at St. Helena 10 April 1819. Albinia on 31 Dec. 1818 landed at St. Helena 31 March 1819. Windermere on 15 Jan. 1819 and landed St. Helena 8 April 1819. Llloyd on 13 March 1819 landed St. Helena 11 June 1819. PFC Woolley was on board the Oromocto and landed at St. Helena 10 April 1819. NOTE: The Regiment was required to guard Napoleon and received the 66th Regiment. When the Emperor died twelve men of the Grenadier Co. of 20th Regiment carried his coffin to the grave. (He may have been one of the soldiers who carried his coffin). PFC Woolley was in the hospital in August 1818 (perhaps a return of malaria).

1820-1821: The 20th Regiment no longer required at St. Helena after the Emperor’s death embarked at St. Helena on 25th March and 12th April and landed at Bombay, India about 24th June 1822. The Regiment was stationed at Colaba, Bombay. PFC Woolley was in Captain Harrison’s Company but was transferred to Captain Crokat’s Company on 25 Nov. 1822. He was in the hospital (or in sick quarters) in June and July 1822.

1823: The 20th Regiment remained in Garrison in Colaba. PFC Woolley transferred to Captain R. E. Barrow’s Company. He was present for duty the whole year.

1824: The 20th Regiment moved from Calaba to Cannanore in April 1824. PFC Woolley was sick in quarters July, August and November 1824. PFC Woolley was sick in quarters in June 1825, but was one of a detachment of the Regiment sent on active service in Nov. 1825 to suppress general unrest in the southern Mahralta country.

1826: While so engaged he died on field service on 1 January 1826. Though no cause of death is specifically mentioned in the casualty returns or Muster Rolls, it seems almost certain that he died of cholera. No will was found. His estate amounted to 12/3/7 1/4 and this sum was remitted to the regimental agent in England for payment to his wife Bridget, whose last known address was Gresley, Nottingham. This shows that his wife was not accompanying him overseas. Normally only six wives per 100 men accompanied a regiment overseas.
Margaret Loomis, and her husband John Jee, who was a nonconformist, had six sons and five daughters. Two sons died very young. The names of the four living sons in the order they came were John, Jonathan, David, and Thomas. Margaret belonged all her life to the Church of England. Margaret is the 7th great grandmother of Emanuel Woolley who joined the church in Leicester England and emigrated to Salt Lake City in 1880.

The priest in the Church of England Parish in Leicester, where Margaret lived, had made note of something most unusual in his records which he had not known to happen before. This seventh great grandmother, Margaret Loomis Jee, had come to him to find out if he had in the church records the christening of each of her eleven children. Only five had been recorded. Neither he, nor other priests before him, had recorded dates except sporadically here and there. Some of her children’s christening or birth dates were not recorded there. Margaret had brought with her the record of each birth and christening date for all eleven children and insisted that he record them.
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