I was born in the little town of Croyden, Utah, Up the Weber River from Morgan on June 26, 1884. My Father, Charles Kingston, came to Utah about the year 1880. He was born in Peterboro England in the year 1856, while his father Fred Kingston was in the Crimean war fighting Russia.

Fred Kingston, my grandfather, first heard of Mormonism in a meeting where a mob had assembled to tar and feather Apostle Orson Pratt. Seeing the unfairness of the situation and wanting to protect the under-dog, he engaged some of the mob leaders in a fight, which permitted the persecuted Elder of the Church to escape through an open window.

When he returned from the war, he went into the fish business in Liverpool England. There was a depression after the war and poor people who had bought fish on credit were unable to pay. He therefore could not pay his creditors, the wholesale fish people. In those days in England they jailed people for debt, and a man could not pay his debts in jail.

A friend told him about a warrant that was out for his arrest, so he slipped away and stowed away in a ship and came to America and on to Utah. He got a job and sent money for his wife's passage, but she felt she could not leave England in Disgrace. She was determined not to leave until she had paid that debt.

She worked as a servant in a Royal family and with what her husband sent her for her passage and the money she saved; she paid those debts. When she had paid them all, she came to Utah but it took her more than twenty long years, arriving in Utah in 1885.

Fred Kingston had become tired of living alone; waiting so long he despaired of his wife Mary Ann Hunter ever coming, he married another woman and was raising another family when she came to join him in Utah.

Mary Ann, the wife who had stayed in England so long, could not understand mormonism. She soon became dissatisfied, and although her husband and only son were settled in Utah and had homes there, she went back to England.

My Father was called on a mission about a month after his mother left. He hoped to be able to convert his mother while preaching the gospel in his native land, but his mother died of a broken heart and was buried about two days before arriving in England on that mission.

It appeared as though Mary Ann Hunter had made a fatal mistake in being so devoted to that great and grand principle of honesty as to give her life to see it through to the bitter end. It is easier to die for a principle than to live for it, and she did both, and whether she carried it too far at the expense of other important things she might have done such as increasing the number of children she might have left to the earth is hard to determine.

The influence of her example on posterity however will be a mighty factor in the future of their lives, and that is why I record it here for their benefit. In fact I would not have started my life's history with Fred Kingston my Grandfather and Mary Ann Hunter my Grandmother had it not been for this outstanding example of integrity. Another incident that throws a similar light and I might say "Halo" over my Grandfather is as follows:
At one time he acted as county assessor and president of the Stake. The Treasurer seemed to be a man who felt that it was alright to lie a little here and steal a little there. Fred Kingston found this man mis-appropriating County funds and did something about it with the result that an undernourished movement of character defamation was carried out against him. He could easily have entered into a conspiracy with this man to feather his own nest and become rich; instead he chose to face the results of this man's evil influence against him. He was a capable man and could have made a good living had he not been placed under this handicap. Thus he paid the price of honesty for his children's sake.

My Father, Charles Kingston, the only son of Mary Ann Hunter was the same kind of an outstanding man that would not compromise with honor. He could not be bought or sold.

At one time while he was Registrar of the U.S. Land Office at Evanston, Wyoming, there was a contest case up before him. A homesteader had filed on a one-quarter section of farming land and was reclaiming it from the sage brush for his home. House, barn and other out-buildings had been built; In fact everything necessary had been done to fulfill the Homestead law.

A near by company learned that this land was underlaid with a vein of coal and started legal action to oust the settler. In the mean-time an agent of the coal company came to the office and offered Father ten thousand dollars to decide the case in their favor. Ten Thousand dollars was a lot of money in those days and would have placed my father on easy street, but he spurned the offer and decided for the Settler.

My mother's people were likewise honest and industrious people. Grandfather Tucker and Grandmother Betsy Lurwell were engaged to be married as young people in England. They heard the message of the Gospel of Mormonism there and decided to use the money they had in their hope chest to come to Utah. After reaching the U.S.A., they travelled on from Missouri pushing their hand cart across the plains to the Salt Lake Valley. They settled in Morgan, Utah, built a home and raised a family of twelve children. All of these children grew up and raised families of their own. I don't know of one of them but what led honest and virtuous lives. This goes for my Father's people too.

My Mother, Mary Pracilla Lurwell Tucker, was a beautiful woman both in body and spirit. She raised a family of ten and taught them both by precept and example the principles of honesty and virtue. If I fail in any degree to maintain these high ideals that have been handed down to me by my fathers it will be my own fault. I feel and know that if I could know personally all these good people of the past, I could trace these inherent qualities all the way back to father Abraham; as a part of that great promise given through him that in his seed should all the Nations of the Earth be blessed.

My Father returned from his mission when I was four years old. I well remember when he returned. He took me on his knee and asked him if he would not take me to England. He said—"No, but I will take you to Rock Springs instead." This pleased me because I imagined Rock Springs Wyoming was just as far away as was England. We lived in Rock Springs Wyoming for two years during which time my Father went into the Hotel business, then moved to Grover Wyoming where Father put up a merchandising business. From Grover he moved his family to Auburn. He later sold this store to E.E. Harrison and took up a homestead and desert claim in Grover. He taught
school in Grover while he was building a house on the Homestead for
his family to live in. This house was a one room log cabin.

The next year my Mother took her family consisting of four
children to visit her mother and father in Morgan Utah. I reached
eight years of age while on that visit. My Mother received a letter
from my father reminding her that I would be eight years old before
I arrived home. He would like for her to see that I was baptized on
my birthday. My Grandfather and Bishop Turner of Morgan Utah, took
me down to the Weber River and baptized me there, confirmed me a
member of the Church and conferring the Holy Ghost upon me. I was
kneeling on the sand near the edge of the water where I had been
baptized: The power of God came over me and I was tingling with
joy from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet in every cell
and fibre of my being. This was one of the most wonderful experi-
ences of my whole life. This prepared me for the wonderful experi-
ences that came into my life at intervals from that time till now.

When my mother and we four children returned to the farm,
we found that father had built a two room frame house with a two
room log lean-to in the bank. This was a palace compared to the
one room dirt roof cabin we had lived in before.

While we lived in the log cabin the ground squirrels were
destroying our crops. My father bought a set of traps and offered
me five cents a head for all the squirrels I could catch. One day
Father and Mother went to town with an English couple who had just
arrived from England. They were living with us in the log cabin,
making eight of us in one room. A hired girl by the name of Lizzie
Phillips was left home to get dinner; I was to remain home and
catch squirrels.

I caught a lot of squirrels that morning and was skinning
them with my new pocket knife. I had them all laid out on a board
as Lizzie came out looking for something to prepare for dinner. She
asked me if she could have the squirrels but said—"If I cook them,
you must never tell them they are squirrels because I am going to
tell them they are young wild ducks that a neighbor left us while
they were away." I promised her I would not tell, so—she had a
feast of young ducks all prepared when they came home. Every one
ate their fill and thought they had one of the best meals of their
lives. Lizzie never told, nor did I until I told the story forty
years afterward. That's the first time my parents or brothers and
sisters knew that they had eaten ground squirrels for dinner that
day. This was early in the spring of the year I was eight years
old.

We moved into our new house that fall. The following
spring we had five milch cows and some young stock. It was my job
to take care of the cows, herd and milk them night and morning.
Herding them consisted in bringing them into the Corral at night
and turning them out the next morning on the open range. Some-
times they were two or three miles away.

Because of the deep winter snows, we had summer school,
which I was attending. At that age I did not quite understand the
value of time, so I would stay at school and play marbles and get
home too late to go after the cows. My father met me at the gate
one Monday night just before dark, as I was coming home from
school. Having a strap in his hand, he explained to me that he
wanted me to come home from school, when school let out and not
wait one minute, so I could go after the cows. Then he gave me a
good strapping. This happened three more times, for I met my
father at the gate just before dark Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
and Thursday night and no cows.

Friday he met me at the gate as before but this time he took my hand and led me into the house. My mother had just given birth to my fourth sister; The midwife still being there. My father laid the strap to me unmercifully until I could hear my mother begging and pleading for me. The whipping did not hurt me one-hundredth part as much as whipping me before that mid-wife. That decided me right there and then that I would never remain and play after school again, and I never did.

The cows never laid out after that. Some times when I could not find them, (They had dozens of places to go in the many canyons, ravines and timbered hills and hollows that it was not always an easy job) and it seemed I would have to go home without them, I knelt down and prayed to the Lord to help me find my cows and he never failed to lead me to them.

The next two years we had sold the cows and had a bunch of sheep we let roam the hills. The sheep were harder to find than the cows in that wild rough country. The sheep never laid out over night either due to the help of the Lord as in the case of the cows.

When I became a man I could understand what that five days schooling with the strap did for me. It caused me to change my mind, in other words to repent of the neglect of duty that was growing up with me. It started me out on the highway of dependable, worthwhile, obedience and service. What nine year old boy of to-day could walk home a mile from school and go from three to five miles to bring in the cows and never fail in this undertaking? I could not have done it either had my father been soft with me and let me get away with my neglect.

A year from the day I was baptized, Springtime was in it's richest bloom. I awoke at daylight one morning and the freshness of Spring with the song of birds and the scent of flowers was wafted in the open window by the gentle breeze from the Canyon not far away. I awakened that morning with a song of thanksgiving and prayer in my heart. It was wonderful to be alive, to live to enjoy such marvelous surroundings.

I soon dropped off to sleep again and dreamed: I thought I found myself in a large building. Fifteen or twenty of my neighbors were in the building seated around tables or in chairs nearby. They didn't seem to have much of anything to do except to while away their time. They seemed unconcerned and satisfied with their condition. I walked around among them to see if I could see anything constructive going on that that I might take part in but not finding anything, I started to leave the building.

I made for the wide front double doors and walked out on a large platform. From the platform I saw a wide set of steps that led to the ground level and on into a dark hole that looked like the entrance to a coal mine. This hole went into the ground at an angle of about 45°. An impression came to me that this dark hole was the entrance to Hell that led down and down to the river of destruction. I did not want to go in there so I began to look around for a way out.

I found that this large platform was walled around on all sides to a height of about fifteen feet, with a railing around the top to keep people from falling in. There being no way for me to escape here, I went into the building to see if there was a back
door or a window that I could open to get out. I found all the windows were high and barred and no other door. I looked again at the men seated around the tables and saw they were playing cards or talking and conversing about worthless things.

I went out the front door once more and looked up again at the railing on top of the wall, seeing how hopeless it would be for me to get out without some help. I felt desperately in need of that help and in that condition of mind I went to the North-east corner of the inclosure and knelt down and prayed to the Lord for deliverance.

I told the Lord I did not want to remain in that place and asked if he would not help me to get out. As I prayed, I sensed and seemed to feel some presence above me. When I had ended my prayer I looked up and saw standing there a person dressed in white robes with his right hand extending down toward me. I reached up and taking hold of his hand, he pulled me over the railing and stood me on the ground by his side.

It now seemed to me that the building was built in the ground. The level of the ground being the same as the bottom of the barred windows. The person that lifted me up said to me pointing to the East: "Son get your feet on that path and never ever let your feet get off of it."

I looked and saw a white ribbon about a foot wide leading directly to the East in the same direction as the dark tunnel, only the tunnel went down into the ground, while the ribbon went up over a high mountain. The foot of the high mountain was a number of miles distant, and was what they call a hog back without any canyons or openings extending through extending North and South without a break as far as my eyes could see.

I was so happy at being released from the prison-house that I started to walk the path with a feeling of deep appreciation to think that I was freed and that now I could progress. The voice and helpful attitude of the Person that raised me up filled me with hope and confidence that I was on the path of safety and peace. As I progressed along the ribbon path, which seemed to have width but no thickness, I felt secure so long as the path was supported by the solid earth underneath. Finally I came to a rolling country with hills and hollows to cross. Here the path did not follow the contour of the ground but stretched like a tight rope from one hilltop to the next. As the ribbon left the ground and became suspended in the air I became cautious about my steps since I feared my feet would go right through as if it had been a sheet of tissue paper. As I put my weight upon it, cautiously at first, I found that this thin, shining, white, air like ribbon was the most solid and substantial thing I had ever had under my feet. I marveled to think I could walk on it without it moving or even vibrating in any way.

I soon was filled with confidence and started to make my way with a brisk step and long stride. The path did not give or sway or move in the slightest degree even when the hard wind was blowing.

As I came to the top of a large hill I saw a large city on either side of the path. I could understand the wonderful opportunities to make money and get ahead these cities afforded. I thought it might be possible for me to go to one of these places and make my money, then return to the path. As I went further along the path, I saw other cities with the same thoughts and yearnings. Each time I
remembered those words of fire that had been burned into my memory by the messenger who had raised and delivered me safely out of that prison house. "Son, get on that path and never let your feet stray from it." I couldn't see why this was necessary but I did have have confidence that the messenger had a good reason and knew what he was talking about.

Finally I came to the foot of that high mountain. As I started up the steep slope, I could see the importance of the path and why it was necessary for me to keep my feet on it. The side of the mountain seemed to be of solid rock, with not even a plant or piece of brush growing on its surface; not even a crack or crevice wide enough to make a foot hold. It would be utterly impossible for anyone to ascend this mountain without following the path. Any one if they tried to stand or sit on the slope would slide clear to the bottom. When I learned this fact I could see the grave importance of the instructions I had received regarding keeping my feet on the path.

This knowledge gave me added zest, enthusiasm, and greater faith in the words of my deliverer. So I ascended the mountain on a fast walk for it seemed as easy to climb the mountain as to walk on the level, so that mile for mile I could make the same progress. I soon reached the top expecting to be on level country once more but to my surprise, I saw a deep canyon more than a mile wide with a plateau on the other side extending Eastward as far as my eye could see. The ribbon extended through the air from the mountain top where I was standing to the plateau on the other side and then thru the level country as far as I could see. But that level country on the other side appeared like a sea of glass with just enough variation in color so that the path was plainly visible.

With full confidence and a faster stride, I started to cross from the mountain top to the other side. When I was about half way across I was almost running. My over confidence proved almost fatal, since I had abandoned the necessary caution that might cause my feet to slip and send me tumbling to the bottom of the chasm, ten-thousand feet below. My foot did slip, but fortunately for me I was able as I fell to catch the ribbon with my hands. I was still in grave danger of falling to the bottom for I found myself hanging there by my fingers tips. As I hung there I was filled with fear and dread for I could plainly see the fanged rocks and the swollen river below me in the bottom of the gorge. I used all my powers to right myself and pull myself back on top. When I had succeeded in doing this, I had exhausted every shivice of my strength.

I lay there for some time on my stomach with my arms and legs wrapped around the path before I could move. Finally, filled with fear and dread at my hair-breath escape, I crawled slowly on my hands and knees more than half a mile to the other side, never making a move until I could feel sure that I had a firm grip with one hand before I let go with the other.

When I reached the other side, I stood up and walked on with a thankful heart to know the Lord had preserved my life to attain such heights; That I was safe after being so near to sure destruction.

The very day it happened, I told this dream to my Father and Mother and they never forgot it. They mentioned it to me for the last time in the year 1928 while trying to persuade me I was taking the wrong course when I took a stand for the fulness of the
gospel as Joseph Smith had taught it. (This proved to me that it had been fresh on their minds for 36 years.) What did it all mean?

43. The prison house represented the state all mankind find themselves in when they come into this life. There is no way out except the entrance to hell where, darkness and despair reign supreme. Did I say no way out? I will modify that because there is a wonderful way of escape, but only one! Man however cannot find this of himself, no matter how wise or learned he might be nor how strong and confident in himself, he must for ever remain lost unless he finds that one and only way.

44. Man MUST seek help from above, no earthly wisdom can suffice to lead him or show the way. No Science, false religion or ideas of men can help. This help must come from God the Creator and sustainer of life; the author, willing promotor and perfect builder of our salvation. Shall I name him here? I will do this with bowed head and breaking heart when I realize in a small part at least what this all means to me and to my fathers who have gone before! To my children who will come after. It is and could be no other than the God of this Earth even Jesus Christ our Lord. He has earned and paid the price for our salvation: The only begotten of the Father in the flesh.

47. It was he or one of his commissioned servants, which is the same, that reached down with his hand to raise me up as I knelt down and prayed so earnestly for my deliverance. Had I refused to accept that hand, there would have been no help for me; or had I been so satisfied with my condition there could never have been a hand to raise me up.

48. This represents the condition we find all mankind in when they come into this life. It represents the steps they all have to take and the dangers that beset them while living here in this vale of tears. This also shows the steps mankind must take to be raised up out of this hopeless condition. Did I say hopeless? Yes, hopeless to those who refuse to seek and find that helping hand that’s always there ready to raise them up.

49. Since the Lord Jesus Christ is the only way of escape, it would be him and no one else who would be able and have authority to provide the way to offer his helping hand and to say how this help is to be offered, and how man must make the contact with him to receive this help. This knowledge is as old as the Earth itself. It was given first to our Father Adam after he left the Garden of Eden. When He and his wife heard this wonderful news of their deliverance and how it was to be brought about, they received it with joy as the greatest boon that could ever come to a dying world.

50. Most of the prophets who have been sent of God from that day till now have told their people of this wondrous plan and how mankind can lay hold of and receive the benefits that come from it. Then, the God of Heaven came down to this earth himself and established the plan as had been promised in the beginning. What is this plan? The hand that is offered to raise mankind up?

51. First faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and the plan of Salvation he has authored. Second, we find repentance. These two principles working for the individual prove to him his condition and gives him a desire to be free. Then it is, that the individual prays for deliverance. In the plan there is an agreement between
man and God that must be made, entered into and sealed. God then offers his hand to raise the man up. This is the Lord's promise of Salvation and eternal life. Man's part is to accept this help with thankfulness and joy, and to keep the laws and commandments of God by which deliverance is assured.

This promise is sealed between man and his Creator by a token: The promise of marriage between two parties is sometimes sealed by a ring as a token thereof. Therefore the covenant or promise between man and his maker is the ordinance of baptism which God has ordained from the beginning. The acceptance of this ordinance by man was typified by my prayer and reaching up with my hand to accept my deliverance.

My Lord pointed out the path to me and instructing me not to let my feet stray from it represented the Light of the Holy Ghost that points out the way for man to follow. The shining path represents the word of the Lord Jesus Christ and my feet not straying from that path represented my faith in that word. The high mountain represents the heights one must climb to reach the blessings of eternal life. The deep chasm showed the danger of overconfidence in ones self in forgetting ones dependence on the Lord or the one above you who represents the Lord when there is danger of falling to destruction.

From Grover, the family moved to Afton, Wyoming, where my father started a General Merchandise store. From Afton we moved back to Grove. From Grove we moved to Evanston Wyoming where my father had received an appointment as Registrar of the United States Land Office. We lived in Evanston for nine years, then moved to Ammon Idaho where My Father bought a farm that he appointed me to run for him.

I was married to Vesta Minerva Stowell in May 17, 1906 in the Logan Temple. I went on a mission to the Eastern States that fall after the crops were harvested. During that mission I held the book record for the sale of the most Books of Mormon for three consecutive months. I also revived the practice of preaching the gospel without purse or scrip in New York and New Jersey country districts.

When I came home, I took up a homestead on Henry Creek, thirteen miles South East of Idaho Falls and farmed there for thirteen years. I cleared the sage brush, fenced, built a house and other buildings also built a house in Ammon from where I sent the children to School. From 1917 to 1922 there was a partial crop failure every year. In 1922 I planted 300 acres of Summers oil wheat and due to the drought and grasshoppers I did not harvest one bushel.

On the 7th day of August 1922, Carl Stromberg, one of my neighbors, came and said "Charley there is not sufficient crop left for both of us to start up our machines so if you wish to go and get a job I will harvest your crop for you or what is left of it." The next day at 2:30PM the 8th, May of August I went to work for the A.S.L. Railroad as a car repair man. A month later on the 8th, day of September I was jacking up a freight car; the jack slipped and the handle bit me under the right jaw, breaking the jaw bone on both the right and left side.

I was ten weeks in the hospital and when I came out I was unable to go up on my farm to look after my machinery, furniture or horses. I had hired and paid a neighbor to do this but he failed so to anything about it. When I finally was able to go, the machinery was robbed, a mile of water pipe stolen, all furniture taken out of
the house and I never learned what became of my 12 head of horses and harness for them. 

I continued working for the Railroad for 13 years. On the 8th of August 1926 I was sent to Silver Bow as General Foreman and returned to Idaho Falls one month later as Car Foreman. On this job I had an annual pass: two weeks each year and two days a month off with pay. I considered that this job was given to me by the Lord and that I owed the vacation time to him. In considering what I could best do to please him I decided to spend these two days in the Temple which I did for about two years.

I made a study of the Temple Ordinances and their application to the Gospel, finding they were a portrayal of the way of salvation and the way of Eternal Life. In other words a play in which the individual is shown all the steps necessary to reach the Celestial Kingdom. It is not a guarantee of Salvation as some suppose, but merely a vivid picture of what one must do to reach this coveted goal.

While on these monthly trips to the Temple I met an old friend, Charles F. Zitting who used to work for me on my farm when a boy. He told me the story of the Manifesto; how the people who would not accept the manifesto went on the underground as a means of practicing their religion. He told me of a meeting held at the home of John W. Wooley on the 26th of September 1886. The account of this meeting is told in a pamphlet "An event of Underground Days," which I helped to publish (see appendix). I first heard the story of this meeting from Lorin C. Wooley. I asked Brother Wooley if he would not write this history and give me a copy. He said "No!" but that he would correct it after I had written it as I remembered it. This I did so that I had a copy of the events in my own words.

I told Brother Wooley at that time that I considered this to be one of the most important happenings in the History of the Church. That I felt it was his duty to leave it on record for the benefit of posterity. Soon after this some of the Leaders of the Wooley (or underground group) met and formulated a statement, putting out five typewritten copies with strict instructions to those who received these copies not to let them out to any one.

When I heard what had happened, I was very anxious to read this statement and get permission to publish it in a pamphlet. I was refused this desire even to read or see one of the copies. After this had gone along for about a month, a man knocked at my front door in Idaho Falls. He entered and handed me one of the five copies mentioned above, asking me if I had seen it before. I told him I had tried every way to get to see it but had been unsuccessful up to this time. He explained that the copy had been loaned to him and that he must return it to the man in Salt Lake City by the next morning.

I asked him if I could take it and have a copy made. He said he had traveled most of the night from Salt Lake City to bring it to me and I could copy it if I could get it back to him so he could leave for Salt Lake again on the afternoon train. I asked him if he knew how badly I wanted to see this document and he said he had not known or heard anything about that.

I considered this to be an event directed by forces from the other world that knew the importance of leaving this thing on record. I sent this copy to Jesse B. Stone with money to publish it. Many of these events with the result that the "Event of Underground Days," was published to the world.
On one of my trips to the Temple, I went to a Hotel on South Temple Street and got a room. That night, I knelt in prayer before the Lord and told him I had always wanted to be one of his humble servants and that I was ready and anxious to do his bidding whenever that might be. From that time on I tried to keep my mind alert and heart ready for any and all of the instructions I fully expected to receive from the Lord. On one of my subsequent trips to the Temple, an impression came plain and clear. You will meet a young woman this trip and will receive her name and address. She will help you in the things the Lord has for you to do." This was as plain as if someone had spoken it to me. I still remember every word.

In the first session I was introduced to a young woman as a former missionary from one of the missions, but did not give her address. I reasoned, "I can get the address with little trouble, perhaps the Lord expects me to do everything I can to help myself." However I soon forgot the incident and all of it passed from my mind so that I did not think of it again. After the night session I was called back into the anteroom from the outside and introduced to some young ladies. One of them handed me a card which contained her name and address. I put the card in my vest pocket and departed to board the train that would take to my home town in Idaho Falls.

As usual I went to sleep and awakened for the first time in Pocatello, Idaho. I reached for my pocket comb and pulled that card out of my vest pocket. As I read the name and address some one seemed to say to me, "She is the one." I knew that she was the one, but I did not know what part she was to play. I soon found out however that she was to play the important role of getting me cut off from the Church; A very essential event in my career in the Gospel.

It happened in this way. I wrote a letter to this young woman and asked her to meet me at the Temple on my next trip to Salt Lake receiving a reply that she would be pleased to do so. I met and talked to her for some little time in an endeavor to find out just what part she was to play in my life. I was unable to get any clue so I made an appointment to meet her again on my next trip to the Temple the following month. This time she told me of her confidence and love that had grown up between her and the wife of President Richards—how they sat in the sealing room and talked for hours at a time. This was the first time that I suspected what the help she was to give me might be.

She also told me about her family, how they were a large plural marriage family and the number of wives her father had as well as the status of her own mother. She spoke also of how she believed in the principle and would like to live it. This last part was not very clear and might not have been her intent to convey, this thought to me; however this was the impression I received from her conversation at the time. This was very surprising to me for it seemed she was fishing for a proposal from me. This might well have been pleasing to me except for one thing: I admired her very much in her Temple apparel, but she seemed obnoxious to me when in street dress. Besides, I did not have any idea of marrying the girl since I had not received any such direction.

When she realized I did not fall for her forward attitude in regard to these things, it seemed to anger her for we parted with her appearing to be very displeased. The next trip to the Temple, I realized I had not yet found out although I strongly suspected that thing that was required to be done. It was with some forebodings that
I called her on the phone and asked for an appointment. I suspected that she had previously discussed our case with the Presidents wife in every detail, even coloring facts to my disadvantage. I was not surprised when she turned me down with anger in her voice over the phone.

When I got back home to Idaho Falls I knew there was only one thing left for me to do and that was to contact her by letter. A letter which I well knew would go straight to the heads of the Church as evidence they would use to bring action against me for my standing. So it was with a feeling of fear and dread that I carefully composed that letter. I held it three days after writing it, being afraid to send it to the post office suspecting well the after effects. I finally took the letter and dropped it into a mail box one night after dark.

The next month my wife said to me: "You have been going to the Temple these many months but havn't asked me to go with you even once. Would it be alright for me to go this time?" I told her I would be pleased to take her along and in fact I would have taken her before had I known she wanted to go. Accordingly we went together this particular month.

When we presented our recommends, the assistant recorder called me to one side and asked me, "Are you the Brother Kingston that lives in Idaho or the one from Ogden?" (Referring to my Father) When I told him I was from Idaho he said: "Brother Kingston there is a little difficulty regarding your recommend. There is something you will need to straighten up before you can go through. Would you care to talk to the President of the Temple?" "I sure would!" I replied. "Then you go into that room there and sit down and wait. The President should be through in about half an hour."

I went into the Presidents room and waited, taking a chair on the East side of a long massive oak table. When the President came in, he sat down on the other side of the table opposite from where I sat. He said: "Brother Kingston, Do you believe in Plural Marriage?" "Yes I do!" I replied, "I believe in it with all my heart." Brother Christiansen the Temple recorder, a very dear friend of my Father and mother who was walking nervously up and down on the other side of the table said emphatically "Yes and so do I!"

Brother Richards the Temple President continued: "Well Brother Kingston don't you know the policy of the Church on this subject?" "No sir I do not." "Well have you not read the statements of President Joseph F. Smith and President Grant in the Deseret News and also in the Improvement Era on this subject?" "Yes sir! I have read and heard all these things." "Then why don't you understand?" he cried rapping the table for emphasis. "Because!" I replied "You men at the Head say one thing and do another." This seemed to make him angry for he said: "Well Brother Kingston you cannot go through this Temple until you have promised me three things. First, you will have to renounce the principle of plural marriage. Second, you will have to promise me that you will forsake these people who have taught you this principle and never associate with them again. Third, you will have to make it right with that girl." This last surprised me since I had not done anything or said anything that I would need to make right with the girl. In fact I would have been willing for my Mother or my Wife to have heard every word or looked on every action of my association with her. I realized then that she must have misrepresented things to the President
of the Temple—his wife or both.

However I replied to him, "Well Brother Richards, you have given me a very big order; I don't know what I can do about it, I will need some time to consider." "Take all the time you need," was his retort upon which I walked out of his office. I had already told my wife about the recommend, telling her that I would try to get things straightened out and join her but if I couldn't, I would meet her at the Gate at 4PM. I had about five hours to wait so I thought of going to some one for advice.

I first went to my Brother-in-law Charles H. Owens who had had much more experience than I in those things. I told him how I might lose my family over this trouble if I was unable to get it fixed up. He advised me to go back and make all the promises required "And them don't keep them." He read from the writings of Joseph F. Smith where he advised people to make certain denials to enemies of the truth. "This way you can save yourself and keep your family and friends." "Then you think I should make all the promises they require, with the idea of not keeping them but go right out and break them?" "Yes! that's right," was his reply. "But I cannot do that. If I make a promise I keep it. It's either make the promise and keep them or refuse to make the promises." Next I went to Brother Zitting and he said: "Well Brother Kingston, you are surely on the spot and I really cannot advise you what to do, but one thing, I would be very careful with promises I was asked to make—however I will make an appointment for you with a man that can advise you what to do."

He called J.L. Broadbent on the phone and asked him to meet me on the Mezzanine floor of Hotel Utah at 2 o'clock PM. I told brother Broadbent all that had happened and he said, "Well Brother Kingston, you can make these promises, but if you do and your wife and family at some time in the future find out what you have done, they won't consider you as much as a yellow dog." "That's just the way I feel." I said "Thank you so much Brother Broadbent, "I assure you I will abide by your advice."

I met my wife at the Gate at 4PM as I promised. She was furious—she said—"Now what kind of a mess have you gotten us into? I knew there was something going on—chasing out with woman eh? Now I want to tell you, you are through. Good and through, I am going back to Idaho Falls on the next train (7PM) and I am going to leave you and take the children with me. They are all on my side and the Church will help me and you will be out in the cold." I tried to reason with her but she walked away and left me standing there. I walked the sidewalks of Salt Lake City the most of the night. I knew when my wife got her mind set on a thing nothing could change her. What was I to do?

I went back to Idaho Falls the next day with the intention of trying to talk my wife out of her rash decision but she was as cold as ice. She reasoned: "All you have to do is to make a promise. It won't cost you a cent. Just that easy, and yet you are too stubborn to even do that and you expect me to give up all my people and my church and my friends just to go along with your stubbornness. Well I'm just not going to do any such things." Some days after this she came to me pleading. "Why do you hold out when it will be so easy? Can't you see what you are going to yourself and us? Can't you see what a light you are putting us in? Oh why can't you understand?" "My Darling!" I replied "Now listen! I promised the Lord that if he would show me what he wanted me to do, I would do it. I told him that if he would show me the truth, I would embrace it, whatever the cost. I have
placed you and the children and every other single thing that I have
on the altar. I have placed them on the Altar and asked the Lord to
accept my offering. I am no Indian trader; I will never ask for them
back, now if you are determined to go; as bad as it hurts me there is
absolutely nothing I can do about it. I will have to take my medicine
and let you go."

Soon after this my Father and Mother came to Idaho Falls.
Another Christiansen the Temple Recorder had gone to see them, telling
them that their son was in a dangerous position and was going to lose
his standing in the Church if something wasn't done about it. He
told them they had better act quickly. They came to my home, and my
mother talked to me all night until I had to get ready for work the
next day. When I returned from work that afternoon she started again
and kept it up until eleven o'clock that night. Father didn't say much,
just listened and slept. When Eleven o'clock came, I said: "Now Mother,
as much as I love you I must ask you to quit. You could talk till
doesn't day and that would make no difference. As much as I would like
to please you I cannot go back on what the Lord has shown me to be the
truth. Now I don't want you to mention the subject to me again unless
you are willing to come to me with an open mind and really want to
know the truth. I want you to go to bed now and let me get some sleep
so that I will be able to work tomorrow."

Soon after this, my oldest son Eldon came home for a visit.
After supper he said he would like me to walk down town with him. As
we walked he said, "Father I have heard you were going to be cut off
from the Church." "Yes my son," I said "You have heard right." "Well
that's terrible, it would be better for a person to loose his life than
be cut off from the church." "That is very true," I said, "But as bad
as that is, there is one thing worse." "And what is that?" He asked
in surprise. "That is turning your back on an denying what one knows
to be the truth." I told him about the things I had learned. We went
back to the house and discussed the things I had learned about the
manifesto and other important things I had learned about the History
of the Church.

I also gave him references where he could find the truth of
what I had told him. He said "I am going to Salt Lake to the Church
Historians office and look up the things you have told me, to make
sure they are right and make a thorough investigation of what you have
told me." This he did with the result that he received a testimony
from the Lord that the course I had pursued was right and pleasing
to the Lord. This after about a year of study and prayer.

Soon after this he had a dream, in which he dreamed an
Angel of the Lord came to him. He was on the sea coast looking out
on the Harbor. A ship was ready to sail and the Angel said, "Listen
son, your mother is on that ship. She will have one chance to get
off. If she fails to get off she will be destroyed because this ship
is going down and every one on it will be drowned." This dream was
so vivid and real that it woke him up at three o'clock in the morning.
Though it was real cold weather and it was freezing cold in the room,
he got up and wrote his mother one of the most wonderful letters I've
ever read. The next time he came home to Idaho Falls he told his
mother the dream, but she got the wrong interpretation. She said it
meant she was on this ship because she was staying with me—if she
left me she could be getting off the ship.

Soon the Church began to take action against me. First
E.A. Roberts was sent to Idaho Falls to drop me from the Presidency
of the one hundred forty sixth quorum of Seventy, turning me over to to the High Council. This meeting was held after the Sunday night meeting; The members of the quorum being present. After the opening prayer, Brother Roberts asked me if I wanted to ask any questions. I asked him if he knew who wrote the manifesto. He said "No!" which I knew to be a lie. Brother Joseph Brunt asked me if I knew who wrote it. I said "Yes, I can tell you all about it." Brother Roberts then said we did not have time to go into that and asked me if I was guilty of the charge of believing and teaching that the manifesto was a man made document, that the Lord didn't have anything to do with it. I said "That is my belief and teaching," I then asked if I could talk with Brother Roberts alone.

87 We went to the highest Choir seats and I said, "Brother Roberts! You are the assistant Church Historian. You likely know more about the History of the Church than any living man. Do you know any thing about the four suppressed Revelations? I refer to the Revelations of 1880 and 1889 given to Wilford Woodruff and Those of 1882 and 1886 given to President John Taylor." "Yes!" he said "I know all about them." Then I ask you if they are authentic and if they were given by the Lord." He said, "Yes! they were authentic and were all given by the Lord." "Then I'll ask you why they were not published in the Doctrine and Covenants?" He replied "They were not published in the Doctrine and Covenants but they have been very unwisely published in a pamphlet." Then I said, "Did you mean to say they were unwisely published?" to which he replied "Yes! I said unwisely published." "But Brother Roberts! one of these revelations starts out by saying 'To the People of my Church.' So if they were unwisely published, especially this one, they were unwisely given. In other words by your statement you as much as say to the Lord---'Now Lord! These revelations you sent down here should never have been sent. We are down here where we know better than you what the people need. Better consult us before you send any more.' It looks very much like the Lord has taken you at your word since these are the last revelations that have been given." Then I continued, "I want to tell you Brother Roberts how much I honored you when I read how you took your life in your hands when you brought the bodies of Gibbs and Berry back from Tennessee. I honored you still more when you stood up before the United States Senate and made a stand for the fullness of the Gospel. But I must tell you, now that I cannot honor you in what you are doing tonight." 88

We went back to the Seventy group and Brother Roberts told the group that I had pleaded guilty to the charge against me. He asked them to take action against me with the uplifted right hand. One of my friends failed to raise his hand. Brother Roberts chided him saying "What's the matter with you? Do you want to be out of harmony too? You better get your hand up there." The man raised his hand half high. Brother Roberts said "Get it up there, clear up so we all can see," and he raised it high.

After this was done, Brother Roberts stood upon a chair and raising both arms to the square prayed and asked the Lord to bless what he had done. My wife was sitting all this time on one of the front seats just off the speakers stand watching this performance. She considered it sacrilege for him to act as he did. I was turned over to the High Council and my trial was set for the 4th, day of March 1929. About a month or so before, the President of the Stake, Fred A. Caine came to my home to try to help me see the Church's point of view. He brought me a copy of the Life of Wilford Woodruff by Dowley. He said,
"I have brought this book and I want you to read it. Perhaps you have never seen it before." I thanked him and said, "Yes! I have read it many times." I took his book and turned to the Revelations of 1880 and 1882. I showed him copies of these revelations and asked him if he had ever seen them before. I remarked that--"They put a very different light on the subject at hand." He hurriedly took his book and left the house.

He took sick about this time and there was nothing the Doctors could do for him. He went back to the Mayo Brothers, but they could not even tell what was wrong. He died about three months after he came to my house.

As I stated previously, the trial was scheduled for the 14th of March 1929. Instructions for conducting the trial were read first. These instructions were in a letter from the president of the Stake Fred A. Caine who was at that time in Mayo Brothers Hospital—then they proceeded by asking me if I had anything to say.

I talked to them for two hours, giving them the history of the Manifesto, the laws of the land passed against the Latter Day Saints, the four revelations, the history of their coming forth, the meeting of 1886 as told in the pamphlet Underground Days, and appointment of the men to keep the principle alive. The Spirit and power of the Holy Ghost was upon me throughout the meeting. After I sat down they began to fire questions at me. The first councilor Charles Hansen who conducted the trial in the absence of the President asked—"Why did you have to dig into all this mess." I said—"Call it a mess if you want to, but I wanted the truth and I was willing to pay the price for it." This angered him somewhat and he snapped at me, pounding the table for emphasis "Do you make the President of this Church and the twelve apostles of this Church liars?" I gave him a kind of fatherly smile and replied, "No! Brother Hansen, I couldn't do a thing like that—they have done that themselves.

Then Dr. Hatch asked, "Do you think Brother Kingston, that the knock on the head you received when you had that accident on the Railroad had anything to do with what has happened to you?" To which I replied, "Well if it did Brother it would be a blessing if every one of you could get a knock on the head." No selection.

The High Councilmen were all kind hearted men and I could see how it was hurting them to have to take action. One of them, my former Bishop, was heard to say that I had been the best missionary that ever went from that Stake of Zion. All were my friends and they begged me to take six months to consider before they made the decision. I told them "I did not blame them—that I knew they were acting and doing what the Church Authorities forced them to do, but I didn't need any time to consider for I had already made up my mind and that I wanted them to go through with my case as the Church required. I stated that I did not seek any special privileges but I wanted my stand to go on record so that all men might know that I had stood out for the principles of righteousness and truth.

The next day I met one of the High Councilmen on the street. He got so excited at seeing me that he turned around twice, then raised his hat—it was really funny. I soon began to feel the pressure of prejudice and hatred that was rising against me. People seemed to think I had committed the unpardonable sin—in fact the New President of the Stake made some such remark in a public meeting in my hearing. I began to feel so alone in the world. It seemed I did not have one friend left in the whole world. I had told the Lord that I felt that I could stand
alone even if the whole world were against me; only if he could save
my wife and she could stand beside me, I could be content but I did
not know if I could go on without her.

47 After this trial it seemed that all the forces of Hell were
arrayed against me and that my very life was about to be crushed out
of me. I took this to mean that I had been too severe against the
authorities of the Church in the trial and had thus displeased the
Lord. About this time something happened that gave me a lot of en-
couragement. My second son—a boy of between nine and ten years old
had the following dream.

47 He dreamed he saw a lot of people gather together against
one family. We were standing in a group and these people were men and
women from the waist up and snakes from their waists down. In the snake
tail there was a pouch filled with poisoned arrows. They were throwing
these arrows at us as they closed in on our little group. They were
unable to hit us, but we knew if ever a poisoned arrow touched us it
would be sure death. Finally as the snake people came nearer he noticed
that one after the other they wilted and died as if shot with a gun. He looked behind him to see where this sudden death was com-
ing from and saw a great and powerful man, dressed in white robes.
This man would raise his right hand and let it fall; each time it
fell one of the snake people withered up and died. The sun was just
coming over the hills to the East and to the back of the Powerful
Strangers. He saw as the hand was raised and it came up between his
eyes and the sun; he saw the scar in the hand where the nail had been
driven to nail him to the cross. So many of these snake people died that
they began to beg for mercy and promised the Lord that they would let
us alone if he would spare their lives.

48 This dream gave me much comfort for I well knew it's meaning.
The poison represented the Unholy gossip that spread prejudice against
us all through the land. The same damnable force that had spread over
the fair land of Jerusalem against the Lord and caused the people to
calamity for his death. The snakes represented what people became when
they stoop to such things. Then hand of the Lord falling and the snake
men dying was the Lord's promise of protection if we would do his will.
How many times I saw this dream fulfilled. The grave stones of the
land where we lived can bear mute evidence of these things.

99 By the time of my trial my children had all been blessed with
a testimony that what I was doing was right and my wife had gone a long
way in our direction. For more than two years she had been trying to
gain the knowledge of the truth as I had tried to teach it to her. The
fact that the children were on my side was an anchor for her.

100 As I said before, the week after my trial was the hardest of
all. I felt that I must know if my actions had been approved of the
Lord and I went before the Lord many times that week. Between times, I
was praying in my heart for the Lords' chastening or approval which
ever he was able to give, I said:—

101 O Lord my God. I have striven with all my might and strength
to serve thee all the days of my life and now I have come to the cross-
roads not knowing which way to go. In my strivings to be one of thy
humble servants I fear I might have erred. I might have been too hard
on thy servants the authorities of thy Church in my trial before the
High Council of this Stake so that I may have displeased thee. I have
come to a place, Our Father, where I am powerless to go any further until
I have learned thy will concerning me and what I have done. If I have
done wrong I am willing to go to the High Council or before the
Stake Presidency meeting or before the Seventies and ask forgiveness.
I have no desire in my heart except a desire to please thee and a desire to be one of thy humble servants. My very life and being seems to hang on this knowledge, I cannot go any further—I must know. Will thou therefore show me thy tender mercy and grant unto me thy will so that I will know what to do. I humbly ask this gracious favor at thy hands and I do it in the name of thy beloved Son Jesus Christ. Amen."

It seemed that the Heavens had been sealed as brass over my head. One day, two days, four, six days passed and no answer had come. I was becoming desperate—then on the night of the 11th, day of March 1929 I went to bed and to sleep feeling very discouraged and very blue. During the night I thought I was reclining on a couch in the west end of a large room with my head towards the south. I was feeling very low as if there was nothing left in all the world for me. My wife was reclining on a couch in the North end of the room, her head towards the East. Two men entered the room from the South door. They walked up to me and as I raised to my feet, the one on my right took my right hand in his and I felt power flowing into my body until it filled me overflowing with the spirit of love and peace. All fear left me and faith and courage filled my soul. Then the person that held my hand started to speak. He talked to me and I have never heard such words. Every word so distinct, so rounded out, so full and so sweet. I marvelled at all this and wondered who my visitor might be.

No man has power like this, nor can any man speak such words. Surely the Lord has something more important to do than spend time here with me. Then I took my left hand and released his right hand from the hand and held it in mine and in the palm of my hand I saw there the scar where the nail had been driven through to nail him to the cross. It was enough! I knew! I quickly closed the hand and he continued to talk to me as before. I could understand the marvellous meaning of the words spoken and what they meant to me and the great fund of satisfaction that came over me as he conveyed to me his approval at what I had done. Then I expressed my appreciation to him for what he had done; I said—"Lord I want to express to you my deep appreciation for the things you have done for me. You have saved my family. No one could have done this but you."

I was wide awake and sitting up in bed when my visitors left the room and I reached over and shook my wife's hand and said "Wake up! quick dear! something wonderful has happened—The Lord has been here!" I told her every detail of what happened. She said "I know what you told me is true because I was in the same room you described to me and I saw you lying over there on that couch while I was lying on the other but I did not see the men come in or go out or hear any voices."

After I was barred from the Temple I still went to Salt Lake every month and talked to some of the men who had been commissioned to keep the sacred principle of plural marriage alive. Such men as Lorin G. Wooley, J.J. Brodber, C.P. Zitting, Joseph Musser etc. I felt hungry for the light they could give me, so that I had to get my battery recharged at such intervals as became convenient at least once each month. About three months after this experience related above, I met one of these men on the street and he said, "what's wrong Brother Kingston? I used to see you once a month—now it seems that you don't seem to see us any more." "I don't need to come any more!" I replied. "I now have a light of my own." And I did have—I had a brighter light than any of them I knew who were still alive at that time as dreams and information that came to me from the Lord from
time to time plainly proved.

10. A year after this memorable March of 1923 another strange thing happened to me. Just seven years, seven months, seven days and seven hours from the time I entered the employ of the U.S.L. Railroad, I was fired. I couldn't understand this since I was esteemed highly by all my superiors. The next day I planned to get a new job selling automobiles. I went to see Fred A. Carlson at his place of business; one of the men told me he had gone upstairs and would be back in a minute or two. I waited for a time then went all over the plant both upstairs and down but could not find him. I waited till noon and still no Carlson and no one knew where he could be found. I repeated this the next day with the same result and the men there told me this was unusual that he had not told anyone where he could be found.

10. I went home and started to figure my time of service with the railroad. When I learned about this series of sevens the spirit of the Lord came to me and said "Seven is the end of one thing and the beginning of another. Your Railroad job is at an end—you must go to Salt Lake City and find a job there."

10. This I did—I went to work for the Counterflo Heater Company working for stock in that company. Morning and evening I worked, lining an irrigation ditch for Charles H. Owen on his farm in Little Cottonwood. This also for stock in the same company. During this time I met J.B. Stone and he was induced to work with me on the ditch. This stock proved worthless; therefore going to Salt Lake was not to make money but was for another very different reason.

10. About this time Brother Stone stated that John W. Woolley, then dead, came to him in a dream and told him to go to the Salt Lake Public Library and get a book called "Rosalynde" and take this book to the Indians and it would convert them to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Brother Stone asked me what I thought about the dream. I told him I had never heard of such a book but if he would go to the library and find the book, that would be evidence that the dream was correct. Especially so if the contents of the book fit the subject of the conversion as told in the dream.

10. We went to the Library and found the book, written by Sir Thomas Lodge and proved to be the story from which Shakespeare got the idea for the story he wove into his play "As you like it." It spoke of a banished King and a usurper on the throne and a movement which put the Banished King back in his place. The two estranged brothers who came together and accomplished this by their United efforts. How one saved the other from a couching Lion that was ready to spring on the one brother when he awakened from this sleep. The Outline was so typical of the condition of the Indian people, for they have been asleep for Centuries.
At this point I want to add here a footnote to a foregoing item. In 1927 I took my wife to visit John W. Woolley at Centerville, Utah. My sister Mrs. Beadie Owen was put on the black list in the Salt Lake Temple, and wanting to be just, I went and asked her why they had dealt with her harshly. I told her that I was not interested in her views any more than I felt it my duty to know all the facts regarding her case. I could then make the proper and right decision in her case and not judge and shun her without a hearing as her Father, Mother and other Brothers and Sisters had done. So I asked her the following questions: (assuming her that I could not in any case do anything that would bring trouble on her or her family)

1. "I have heard that you are living plural marriage. Is that true?"

2. "Tell that in true,"
3. "This is against the Law of the land."
4. "Tell I know, but it isn't against the laws of God."
5. "Can you prove that? You know it says that there is only one man on the earth at a time that holds the keys and authority to perform these marriages and if President Grant refuses to perform these ceremonies where are you at? The only way we can harmonize this with your case would be to find that either President Grant is not that man or that he is doing these things in secret. Now does this case of yours come under either one of these two categories?"
6. "Well I don't know."
7. "Well did he perform the ceremony?"
8. "So he did not."
9. "Who did?"
10. "Well that's a secret."
11. "But this is a secret I will need to know or I don't help you or me or pass the just judgment upon your acts. I would be the last to ask for the purpose of bringing trouble on you or anyone else but I must know who performed this ceremony."
12. "Well it was an old man that lives in Centerville."
13. "Did he have the authority?"
14. "I don't know. I suppose so."
15. "But Beadie these are things we can't suppose, we have to know."
16. "Then I inquired about the white bearded old man in Centerville and I found his name was John W. Woolley."
17. "I went to see him this particular day and the first thing I noticed was a framed Patriarchal Blessing hanging on the wall, signed by both Joseph Smith the Prophet and Hyrum Smith his Brother. The last sentence in this blessing was "And thou shalt hold the keys." That phrase "the keys" could designate no other key than the most important keys to all. Here was a blessing given under the hands of Joseph Smith and Hyrum Smith to John Woolley when he was a young man. That told me the story and gave me the information I was looking for. I began to question Brother Woolley and he told me the following interesting story."

Two weeks ago I went for the Presiding Patriarch of the Church Hyrum W. Smith and I said to him--"Hyrum before your grandfathers John and David, he conferred upon my head the keys to the sealing ordinances of the Church and he instructed me to watch his children or his posterity and ever one was found worthy and qualified to receive the keys for me to confer them on him. Now as you know I am not a young man and don't have much longer to live. What shall I do when the time comes to consider John Smith. If you will qualify, I authorize you to confer the keys upon him."

"Yes my dear brother, I authorize you to do so."

My dear wife, this against the
law of Heaven for any man to hold these keys and preside over the 
Patriarchal order unless he himself is living the patriarchal law 
of Marriage."

2 In other words Brother Wooley had told him that his job 
as Patriarch of the Church was a phoney calling. Brother Wooley said 
to me:

2 "It has been two weeks now and I am afraid he is not coming 
back since he said I had asked of him a hard thing."

24 In the Year 1930 a young man who had just returned from a 
mission in Sweden was going with my oldest daughter. I was working 
in Salt Lake City at the time and had a dream that they might get 
moved and move away. If they did it would result in a great deal of 
unhappiness and likely the breaking up of their home after marriage. I 
took a special trip to Idaho Falls to talk to this young man and preach 
the gospel to him as I understood it.

25 During our talks at this time I told this young missionary 
the above story to which he replied:

26 "Now I can check up on you and find out if you are telling 
the truth. I am going to go to Salt Lake and find out from the Pat-
riarch Smith himself if this story is true."

27 "That is exactly the thing I would like you to do," I said, 
"Because I am just as anxious to get the truth from the other side as 
you."

28 So he did to Salt Lake City and straight into the office of 
the Presiding Patriarch—the ensuing conversation was as follows:

29 "Brother Smith you are the Presiding Patriarch of the Church?"

30 "Yes that is right."

31 "Can you tell me how you got to be Presiding Patriarch?"

32 "Yes, sure! President Grant ordained me." With this statement 
he took to his safe and brought out a certificate of ordination sig-
ned by President Grant.

33 "There it is," he said and handed it to the young man. The 
youth said, handing the certificate back to the Patriarch and taking a 
Doctrine and Covenants out of his pocket:

34 "Here in the Doctrine and Covenants it says this goes from 
father to son: President Grant had no right to ordain you."

35 The Patriarch's son sitting by said—
36 "That's right father, the young man is right." I 

I learned afterwards that John W. Wooley not only held these keys, but 
he also held the keys to the Kingdom which were also conferred upon him 
by President John Taylor before his death. President Taylor sent for 
Joseph F. Smith. He sent W.W. Cluff all the way to the Hawaiian Islands 
to tell Elder Smith to come home to receive certain important instructions 
that it would be necessary for him to have. Joseph F. Smith reached 
the bedside of the Prophet just a short time before President Taylor's 
death. These are the instructions which he gave to President Smith.

37 "Joseph, you will yet be the President of the Church. The 
keys of the Presidency will come to you through the line of succession. 
Do not confer these keys on anyone but take them with you to the other 
world when you go. I have conferred the keys to the Kingdom upon Brother 
John W. Wooley."

38 Then by long search, talking with men who were still alive 
that knew these things, I began to realize the great import of that 
blessing hanging on the wall in the John W. Wooley home in 1927.
Now what became of these keys? This is my belief supported by every
date I have gleaned here and there in my rather thorough investiga-
tion of these things. This would be the logical course.

When Hyrum G. Smith failed to qualify, Brother John W.
Wooley conferred these keys to the Patriarchial order upon his son
Lorin C. Wooley to hold in trust until one of the rightful heirs could
qualify. This belief is borne out by the facts. Lorin C. Wooley
was in a state for about 8 months before his death in 1924. I was
in close contact with members of the Wooley group (The undergroun-
group who had been appointed by President Taylor to keep the prin-
ciple of Plural marriage alive) all during the time. They told me
they had one of their number at the bedside of Lorin C. Wooley every
hour of the day and night hoping he might wake up and confer these
keys upon one of their group before he died. But the fact was he
never regained consciousness, but died without conferring the keys.
According this, he took both the keys to the Patriarchial order and
the keys to the Kingdom with him when he died.

Brother J.C. Broadbent sent for Brother C.R. Kingston to
come to see him and he told him he wanted to confer the Melchizedek
Priesthood upon him which he did. This was sometime in the latter
part of the year 1934. Brother Broadbent was the next man in line
from Brother Lorin Wooley and acting under his direction. What was
in the Ordination other than this I do not know for I was not present.
My son told me of it soon after it happened.