Little Gold Pieces

The Story of My Mormon Mother's Life

by

JULIAETTA BATEMAN JENSEN

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EVAN E. JENSEN

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Preface

What set me writing the story of my Mormon mother's life? My mother, who, when a girl, drove an ox-team across the plains, who married at sixteen, who knew poverty and loneliness in a log cabin and cooked on a flat red rock for eight years before she had a stove, who made a layette for her first daughter out of the backs of cast-off shirts of a school-teacher boarder, who gave birth to thirteen children, and who then entered the profession of midwife and brought into a wild and sparsely settled country some seven hundred babies, who travelled in all kinds of weather in all kinds of conveyances, a woman who after sixteen years of married life consented to her husband's taking a second wife in polygamy, who endured the trials of her husband's exile into the Underground and eventual imprisonment, and who emerged from all of this a great woman, still sweet and lovable, even though a bit sad, one who deserves a place in the history of the West which she helped to build.

But this is not the main reason why I have had an "itch, a sting to write, a tang" to set down in simple language my mother's unpretentious but beautiful and courageous life.

In many of the books I had read on the early life in Utah, and particularly in those that dealt with polygamy, I could not find my parents, nor the life they lived. I felt that I must some day write that life with all its hardships, mistakes, and its tragic events, but also with its beauty, sincerity, and religious devotion. I began gathering material over a period of years, but I did little writing. I was held back by fear of my ability to do justice to the subject. Then a severe illness that brought me close to death, roused me to a sense of my duty. I must write our story even though I did it inadequately; there was no one left who would remember it as I do.
Diaries, letters, and much material of various kinds have assisted me greatly in this work.

Last, but not least, I felt that I particularly owe my mother a debt of gratitude for shaping the course of my life into pleasant and rich paths. How different my life would have been had it not been for her! If I, her thirteenth and last child, intrude my own story into the orbit of her life, it is because our lives were never separated from the day of my birth to her death. She not only shaped the course I was to take, but she followed me as best she could, never for a moment losing sight of the goal she hoped to attain.

This is in no sense a history of the Mormon church, nor of any of its great movements. I am interested in historical events only inasmuch as some occurrences affected the lives of my parents. There may be those who will not agree with all I say. That I cannot help. I have written this story as I remember it, and with the aid of materials at hand. Some material that I have sought has not been forth-coming. Some requests for help were not answered.

My story is not fiction, nor is any part of it fictionized. It is biography and autobiography. What it lacks in literary beauty, I trust shall be compensated for in truthfulness and in gratitude for my inheritance. I say this to fore-stall my critics—whoever wrote without them—who may say my story lacks unity and coherence, and that I have idealized my mother. I claim none of these things, not even the idealization. She was my idol, I worshipped her, and still do; but those who knew her best will say I have not done justice to her memory. If so, it is the fault of my pen and not of my heart.

J. B. J.

Provo, August 15, 1946.
Acknowledgements

For considerable material in my story, I am grateful to my sister Elzina Amelia Buckley, for the preservation of three of my father’s diaries, also for many old letters and other material of great value.

To my sister, Mary Janetta Pixton, deceased, for Mother’s Baby Book, and other records, and for her verification of some events.

To James A. Oliver, now deceased, a school teacher and friend, who edited father’s first diary, and to my niece, Ida Egbert Krog, for this same diary, which her mother, my sister Araminta, entrusted to her care before she died.

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To Mr. and Mrs. Willis Goodridge who took my husband, Christen Jensen, and me to search out D.O. the Underground hide-out in Kaysville, and took pictures of it. To George M. Goodridge, my brother-in-law, who accompanied us, and who later discussed and verified many things in my story.

To my husband for historical references.

To my many students and friends, whom I should like to mention by name, but cannot, who have encouraged me in this work, I owe much.

Last, but not least by any means, I owe a great debt of gratitude to my daughter, Lorna, for copying the manuscript, and for her helpful inspiration which has been invaluable. Without such help as she gave, and her wise advice, this manuscript could not have been prepared.
CHAPTER ONE

Love Wings Over Jordan

It was on the banks of the Jordan River that they first met; not the Jordan of Palestine that flows south from the Sea of Galilee to the Dead Sea, but the Jordan River which has its source in the fresh waters of Utah Lake and flows northward into the resisting density of the salt sea known as Great Salt Lake. Here their love was awakened, and it had about it some of the sacredness of Holy Writ, and some of its tragic sternness, too.

The spring and summer of 1853 had seen heavy rains, so heavy that the course of the river had been forced out of its normal channel. It had washed away the not-too-solid bridges along its banks including the one that connected East Jordan and West Jordan, two small settlements in the Salt Lake Valley. Until this bridge could be rebuilt, young men were commissioned to remain on its banks and with rafts and boats ferry all comers across.

On an early September day of that year, one of the young men on duty was Samuel Bateman, six feet tall, and handsome. It was his good fortune to ferry a family from the east to the west bank of the river: a father, mother, and six children. Samuel directed them to a log cabin beside a flour mill where they were to live. When they were beyond hearing, Samuel said to his companions, "I just ferried my father-in-law across the Jordan River."

Undoubtedly he was attracted by the father and the mother. They had about them an air of refinement. One could see that they had been used to the comforts of life. But it was the fifteen-year-old daughter, the eldest of the children, who captured his main interest. There was a seriousness in her blue eyes, and she appeared more mature than her fifteen years suggested. Her hair was brown, and in height she was about five feet. Dainty as she was, she had driven an ox-team and a cow across the plains with a Mormon emigrant train. When Samuel looked into the eyes of Marinda Allen, he knew instinctively that she was the woman who could face with courage the rugged life of that forbidding pioneer country. Of course, it was she who was the cause of his saying, "I just ferried my father-in-law across the Jordan River."

With his hands and his heart, Samuel labored to make his prophecy come true. He worked at many things: herded cattle on the western range near White's Fort, made adobes in his Uncle Joseph's adobe yard, brought logs from the canyon, worked on neighboring farms in the seasons of planting and harvesting — in fact, he accepted gladly any work that he could find. Wages were low, and often he was not paid in cash. Money was less plentiful than farm food even, and many people had little of either.

Romances are usually brief on frontiers, but not this romance. Samuel's work often took him far from home. When he did return he and Marinda met occasionally at church and socials, and at ward dances. Dainty and light on her feet, Marinda was a beautiful dancer. Samuel loved dancing and she was his perfect partner. For many years they were said to be the finest dancers in the county. She barely topped the shoulder of her six-foot sweetheart.

As the months went by Samuel was no nearer his goal. Thrifty as he was, his savings increased slowly. In the summer of 1854 he worked at the flour-mill for Daniel R. Allen, his chosen father-in-law. Work was not always steady; much depended on the grists that came to the mill.

The nearness to Marinda made him more discouraged — there seemed little hope of an early marriage. He knew that hundreds of people were passing through the valley, bound for the California gold fields. Might not a young man's dreams be fulfilled there? He decided to join the next company that came through in the fall. But by the time the group came, some change had taken place. Instead of seeking California nuggets, Samuel had de-
recorded to take the little gold piece, blue-eyed and lovely, who dwelt in the log cabin beside a flour mill.

They were married November 27, 1854. Samuel Bate-
man aged 22, took for better or for worse, Marinda Allen,
aged sixteen years, who promised to honor and obey,
and to cling to this man in sickness or in health, poverty
or wealth. Luke Johnson married them in the Allen log
 cabin. He was an elder in the church, and a Justice of
the Peace.

It was Indian Summertime and the day was warm
and clear. It was Monday. Marinda wrote some years
later, “We were married about one-o’clock. Fifty guests
sat down to an excellent dinner for those days. After
dinner my husband and I went for a walk over the hills,
with about a dozen children skipping along by our side.
In the evening we had a dance, but only one set could
dance at a time in the log cabin. There was no drinking
of liquor or rowdism, but all was peace and happiness.

“My husband was dressed in a new suit from head
to toes which cost $75. My dress was plain white muslin
trimmed with lace. It was made long-waisted and I wore
a blue sash.”

Mr. James A. Oliver, editor of Samuel’s first diary,
records that the groom’s suit cost $95 in gold. At any
rate it is likely Samuel never spent that much on a suit
again in his lifetime.

One of the wedding guests, big with fate, was a two-
months old baby girl, with long jet black hair, dark eyes,
and an olive skin. Samuel looked at her admiringly as
she lay on Mother Egbert’s lap, and asked jokingly,
“What Indian squaw have you been robbing?” Little
did he or his bride dream that in those baby hands lay the
courage to change the course of their lives and that of their
children in the not too distant future.

The young couple lived at Father Allen’s for a short
time. He was building an adobe house. As soon as it was
completed he gave the one-roomed long cabin to Samuel

and Marinda. It was moved beyond the meadows to the
northwest, across the mill race, and was set firmly on a
level piece of ground beneath a hillside. Back of it and
jutting into the hillside was built a long room with a dirt
roof and one small window. It was always called the
back room. Digging into the hillside Samuel made a cellar
ventilated by a flue. Three years later, according to an
old letter, they were building a brick addition consisting
of a large front room, two bedrooms, and a large upstairs
bedroom when it was finally completed. Also an enclosed
wire-screened porch was added to the log cabin.

But for the first three years the log cabin and the
room jutting into the hillside seemed ample. Many people
were still living in log cabins and some in dugouts. It
was here the young couple set up housekeeping.

Mr. Oliver, editor of the first diary, wrote, “Samuel
says that their household goods consisted of a bedstead,
the tick and straw were yet to be furnished; a few
wooden benches made by the husband and eleven dollars
in money. Later they procured a better bed, a few rush-
bottom chairs and a table.”

However, there was no stove for eight years—not
until 1862, and not until after five children had been born.
Marinda did her cooking and baking on a large, flat red
rock in the fire place. Often wood was the only fuel.
Bread was baked by placing the baking pans on smaller
heated rocks, carefully arranged over a very low fire.
Other heated rocks and coals were piled near the pans.
Here, also, she cooked their simple meals in primitive
fashion. Supper often consisted of well-seasoned potato
soup, with bread and milk, and sometimes a little butter.
If the season was right there might be added vegetables
from the garden, green onions, and long, clean water
cress from the pools in the meadows.

Thus it was that my father and mother began their
married life. Mother said they were proud when they
purchased the first stove. It cost seventy-five or eighty
dollars. Then the red rock became the doorstep outside the log cabin porch. Mother was sentimental about that rock. Stove succeeded stove, but none of them found any special place in her affections. Years later, I, the thirteenth child, heard her say, "When I die I wish this rock to be placed at the foot of my grave."

As I recall it now, it was worn into a slight hollow in the middle by the thousands of footsteps that had passed over it to find shelter and food and love within the log cabin; and by the thousands of footsteps that had passed over it again out into the world leaving their marks upon its surface. Years after we had all gone our several ways, the farm was sold, the old house fell into decay, and finally it disappeared and with it went Mother’s first stove. If I could find the rock today, I am sure I should not take it to the cemetery, but to a museum as a symbol of how a pioneer girl and young mother in a desert wilderness could build a home and happiness around a large red rock in a log cabin.

CHAPTER TWO

Indians and Babies

In the log cabin by the crude fireplace Marinda bathed her first baby, Samuel Allen, born December 27, 1855, exactly thirteen months to the day after she was married. A beautiful blue-eyed child, he was the only one of thirteen children to have the mother’s eyes. He died October 20, 1856 when he was ten months old. The next two children were boys: Daniel Rapalyea, born February 21, 1857, and Joseph Thomas who arrived October 4, 1858.

Life in the log cabin kept the young wife busy, but it often overflowed to the farm when her husband was called away to other duties. When the Indians gave trouble, Samuel had to take his turn with other men in standing guard over the settlement. Marinda was never afraid of the Indians, and she had several experiences with them. Years later when we gathered about the kitchen stove in the evenings we coaxed her for stories. She did tell us some incidents, but briefly.

Once when Father was away a small band of Indians drove their horses into the grain where they trampled more than they ate. Mother confronted them with such courage that the leader commanded his men to take the horses out of the field.

Another time when the horses without riders invaded the field, she and the children drove the animals into the corral and put up the bars. Father was Stray-pound Keeper, but he was not at home. When the children saw the Indians coming for their horses, they ran to tell Mother. She first sent one child to get Uncle James who lived beyond the bend of the canal. She ran up the hill and took her place before the bars of the corral. The
Indians defied her. One started taking the bars down: she put them up again; he took them down again. Mother grabbed a bar with one hand, and with the other pointed to the canal, and said, "My man is coming now." It was Uncle James. The Indian dropped the pole, and he and the others mounted their horses and rode away.

A few days later when they returned to get the animals, Father was there. He made them pay a fine. Ordinarily he would have been more lenient because he liked the Indians, and he had many friends among them. As they rode away the Indian who defied Mother said, "Little squaw heap brave."

Even in the latter part of the eighties and early nineties, I recall seeing Indians squatting on the kitchen floor while Mother handed out flour and sugar to them. They were no longer a danger, but I did not like them.

Father learned enough of the language from Amon, brother of Chief Walker, to enable him to trade with them. He was especially fond of Amon, the medicine man, and sometimes accompanied him on his visits to the sick of his tribe. Father enjoyed this because he had a natural aptitude for medicine and nursing, and a rare gift of healing.

On the whole our family found the neighboring Indians honest. They returned what they borrowed, even to pins, unless they were told to keep them. They would borrow a needle full of thread, use the thread, and return the needle.

Of course, the Indians gave a great deal of trouble in various places and sad things happened. In December of 1850 the Church asked for volunteers to go into Iron County to quell the Indians and to see if peace could be made. Samuel's father volunteered to go with other men. The young boy, just eighteen years of age, begged his father to let him take his place. The request was granted and the men set out in December, landing on the Sevier River on Christmas Eve. Young Samuel wrote,

"The company was organized at Payson. The night the campers arrived on the Sevier, the Indian's stole a yoke of George A. Smith's cattle and caused the camp to lay over one day in hunting for the oxen. When they were found they were shot full of arrows which caused one to die shortly after being brought into camp; the other lived and received the title of 'Soldier'. The oldest and the youngest Indians that took part in the shooting of the oxen were caught, and after a counsel being held, the young Indian was taken along to pay for the ox that died."

Back home in Salt Lake Valley, the men had to stand guard to prevent the Indians from stealing their cattle. Two men stood guard over a certain area the forepart of the night, and two others the latter part of the night. In time more friendly relations were established between the whites and the red men.

Early in her life Mother learned to handle a gun. Her own father and her husband taught her, and I heard Father say years later that she was as good a shot as any man he knew. There were guns in the house, and many kinds of pistols. Mother never used them to protect herself. In the incidents with the Indians that I have mentioned she relied on her courage and quietness.
CHAPTER THREE

You May Expect Me
When I Return

Loneliness was my mother's portion for many years in that log cabin. Neighbors were not even within calling distance, that is, not with her voice. Father might have made himself heard but not she. However, there were many other things besides Indian troubles that took him away from home.

Father was a member of the Road Patrol, or Scouts, who had been organized for specific duties. When converts arrived in Salt Lake City from distant parts, Brigham Young evaluated their talents, and he decided into which settlements they should go. If the distance was great the Scouts accompanied the small band of settlers to protect them from the Indians and to lead them to the place where their gifts could be best utilized.

People who had settled homes were sometimes asked to go to another part of the territory to assist others in building a town. Without warning their names might be called out in meeting. Some objected and even protested to the great leader. In the end the majority went to the designated places.

One marvels at the genius of Brigham Young in making settlements, and his choice of the right people to found out-posts. It was not only choosing the right people, but he had an uncanny ability to judge soil, water supply, climate, etc. Very few settlements failed or were abandoned. People were sent as missionaries and it was regarded as a "Call." They must not fail.

Brigham Young chose the men of the Road Patrol as carefully as he chose the people who were to go. They were men who had been tested and tried by experience, men who knew the roads, men of courage and daring, men of good judgment, and men who had talents in many fields. They had great physical endurance, able to put up with the hardships, and men who could help others to endure all difficulties.

They had to watch the Indians who might steal the horses and cows belonging to the white settlers. When this did occur the men of the patrol often succeeded in bringing the horses back without too much trouble.

Once in the settlements the men of the patrol found plenty to do in integrating the newcomers into the social and religious life of the community. As a rule the members were welcomed heartily and they soon felt at home.

Their work done the men of the Road Patrol turned their faces homeward, riding, as a rule, on their horses. Then they stood ready to serve when the next call came. Their duties were many and varied. Sometimes they went in groups; often they went one by one to carry some special message, or to investigate some special condition in a settlement. When they left home they almost never knew where the call would take them.

Thus it was that Father would receive a call to report to Salt Lake City at a given time. In the beginning of their married life Mother said she asked, "Where are you going? When will you return?" and he would reply, "I do not know" or "I can't tell you. You may expect me when you see me return." Soon she did not ask even that much.

In the early days when settlements were far apart, and communications very slow, things happened in distant places that needed attention. It was easy enough for some man, a bishop for instance, to become a virtual dictator over his little community. Reports of such cases filtered
into Salt Lake City. Once Father was sent to investigate such a report that came from southern Utah. He said that when he arrived he sized up the situation, did some detective work on his own, visited with the people, and finally made his request to speak at the Sunday meeting the next day. The bishop demurred, but finally consented. He had hoped Father would give the message to him alone, after all he was the mouthpiece for his people.

However, at church the next day, Father gave the message that had been entrusted to him in a clear, forceful way. He was startled when he heard the command, "Repeat that message."

Much as he had heard he was perplexed for a moment, but giving the bishop a little more rope with which to hang himself, he graciously repeated the message with even more clearness and force. He was more completely aroused when he heard the command once more.

It was the bishop's turn to be surprised when Father took his pistol from its holster and said,

"To hell with you, I won't repeat it again, and it won't be healthy for you to force me." Holding his pistol in his hand he preached a sermon to those people, the like of which they had not heard for some time.

His report in Salt Lake City was satisfactory. Someone was sent with authority to remove the dictator and to put in his place a more human man.

The calls that came were many and varied, and Father was gone for weeks, or the time might be two or three months depending on the distance to be travelled and the work to be done. Mother never questioned his going, nor did she nag him on his return to reveal that which he felt in duty bound to keep secret, for a time, at least. She trusted him as his church trusted him. When in great need her parents or friends assisted her.

YOU MAY EXPECT ME WHEN I RETURN

Father and Mother had been married less than three years when the most exciting and dangerous call of all came. In September of 1857 Major Daniel R. Allen—who had previously been appointed by the church—called Samuel Bateman, his son-in-law, to raise a platoon of cavalry to go out to meet Johnston's army which was coming to the valley to punish the Mormons for what they called infringements of the law, and the men were instructed to turn the army back if possible. A few paragraphs from my father's diary will tell in part what he did:

Saturday, September 26, 1857, "I left home in company with twelve of the boys and went to Salt Lake City where we were organized into companies."

Sunday, the 27th, "We started from the city and camped between the mountains. Brother Samuel Bennion of the North Jordan Branch of the West Jordan Ward of the Salt Lake Stake of Zion was appointed Captain of the company."

Monday, the 28th, "An express passed early in the morning reporting that Fort Bridger was burnt and that our enemies would be upon us immediately. In consequence of this report, we left our wagons, packed our horses, and travelled two miles up Echo Canyon and camped."

From here they went on to Bear River and camped with General D. H. Wells' company. The next day they arrived at Fort Bridger and found the previous report false. Thirty miles further on they camped at Ham's Fork. On October 2 when the horses were brought in, Samuel's horse was missing. He says, "When I found it to be in the service of Porter Rockwell, I had nothing to say as he was a friend of mine."

Samuel went out with scouting parties under Captain Lot Smith. They met a part of the enemy's freight train and Captain Smith turned them back, and they moved on to Green River.
Sunday, October 4, "The enemy began to stir early in the morning. Our company divided, part going back to Black's Fork. I continued with the other party led by Capt. Smith on to the Big Sandy. Three of our number were sent out as scouts to see what the enemy was doing. They returned in a short period reporting that a train of twenty-six freight wagons were proceeding to Green River. Counsel was immediately taken, and we decided to return to Green River and burn them. When we arrived at the wagons there were fifty-one instead of twenty-six. We took the teamsters prisoners numbering over sixty-six men, although there were only twenty-six of us. Still the enemy thought there were nearly 500 of us; thus did the Lord magnify us in the eyes of our enemies. We permitted the prisoners to take their own clothing out of the wagons, then we set fire to them and returned to Big Sandy; the fire could be seen for about twenty-one miles. When a short distance on the road, volunteers were called to go to Fort Bridger and report what had been done; my old friend Edwin Booth volunteered to go.

"After encamping on Big Sandy we were informed of the burning of Fort Bridger and supplies by our boys."

They moved on up Big Sandy and met another train of twenty-four wagons. They burned all of these except two or three which they allowed the enemy to keep.

While here, one of Father's very dear friends, Orson P. Arnold, was accidentally shot in the thigh. Friends took him on to the valley, and Father sent a letter by Orson to my mother.

All of this and much more has been told over and over again by writers and historians; but the part played by the heroic women at home was dimmed or blotted out by the more adventurous doings of the men.

When Father left in September, the harvest was not yet ripe. He may have felt he would return in time, but he did not come until mid-winter. He and Mother had been married less than three years when he set out on this call. She was nineteen with one child living. The first one had died. Personal records of this period were not kept by the women, if they were they were lost. But fortunately into my hands has fallen a letter, like a nugget of gold, which Mother wrote to Father the following November on her wedding day.

"Jordan Mills, November 27, 1857

Dear Husband:

I take my pen in hand to write a few lines to you to inform you that we are well and I hope this will find you the same. I was glad to hear from you and to hear that you was well which I thank the Lord for. I was very sorry to hear the other day that Joseph had come back to Elizabeth's lame, they expect with the rheumatics. I have tried to go down to see him, but there has been no one going from here. He will come home as soon as he gets well. Elizabeth's family was well and she had received a letter from Mother and they were all well, and she was in a great way to hear from you, but I had written her a few days before.

"It is just three years today since we were married, and I wish you all were at your several homes and we were joined in a merry party, but I hope we shall soon meet for the time passes slow and lonesome. If you think of being out all winter, I would like you to come home and get your clothes washed and mended for I think they must need it by this time. Do not be uneasy about us. I have got Richard Godfrey with me. We expect to have the wheat thrashed as soon as the weather is fit, it has been wet weather for two weeks or more off and on. Bich Lowder has promised to saw some lumber to make a bin. Father is going to have his and ours made in this big room. Richard will go to the Kanyon for me if they ain't shut up for we have not but a few sticks of wood. Orson Arnold is doing as well as can be expected,
all the rest of the branch are well. I received your letter from Orson. I would like you to write immediately on receiving this and bring it yourself.

"Do not be uneasy about me for we will get along very well. I send my love to you and may the Lord bless you forever and ever, Amen.

From Your Affectionate Wife,
Marinda Bateman."

Father remained with the army until he was honorably released. It was the dead of winter when he started home. Samuel Bennion let him take his overcoat; he would have frozen without it. When he did reach home his suit was so patched that it was difficult to tell which was the original material. His shoes, if shoes they could be called, were bound to his feet by rags. He needed a bath and clean clothes, but he was not complaining. He had had an exciting time, an adventure with some danger, and he had loved it.

If Mother had had a hard time while he was away, he never knew it. She always carried her burdens in such a way that they seemed light to others. Sometimes I wonder if she was not too efficient for Father's own good. He had so much faith in her courage and ability that he did not worry about her, and seldom complimented her, but sometimes he spoke of her with pride in the presence of others.

In the early part of 1858, Father worked in the saw-mill at West Jordan. About this time he was appointed a trustee of the "Common Day Schools", a position he held for many years. It was only one of many civil and religious positions he held without remuneration.

There was still some trouble with the U. S. soldiers who had been sent out to quell the Mormons, and Father was called on duty several times. It was a period of unrest and anxiety, and hard work for Mother.

CHAPTER FOUR

An Ingenious Layette

Samuel and Marinda had had three boys born to them by the fall of 1858. Three years later they were expecting their fourth baby. Summer came and they were almost destitute. That year of 1861 had been hard; crops had been poor and money was as scarce as usual, even more so than usual, if that were possible. The first baby clothes had been handed down and patched and added to until there were not even shreds left. The white muslin wedding dress had long before contributed its mite to cover baby nakedness. Now another baby was coming, and this time Marinda knew not where to turn. It was summertime and before the harvest matured the little one would arrive. One day she sat on the hillside by the north window of the log cabin and wept bitterly. It was probably the only time in her life that she had so completely given way to her emotions.

Samuel found her there. Putting his arms around her he promised that he would find some way to get money to buy the material needed.

Soothed and comforted and ashamed of her tears, she went back into the log cabin feeling that she must find the way herself. Her eyes lighted on the hundred pound flour sack, which was the rag bag. It was only partially full, but she took it down from the nail on which it hung. Hastily she was on her knees and, with feverish hope, she pulled the contents out on the floor. Precious good luck! In the bottom of the bag were about a dozen cast off shirts, white and colored, that had been discarded by a schoolteacher boarder. She looked them over. The sleeves from the elbow down were hopeless, but tiny baby sleeves might be made out of the uppers. There were fairly good pieces in the fronts and tails, and with cutting carefully and patching a bit they would make
fronts and backs of little dresses and undertsips. She hummed softly—she almost never sang aloud—as she deftly arranged the material, wasting not even a square inch. Then with her clever fingers she began like magic to produce a dainty layette out of cast off rags, and in two or three weeks it was finished. But really layette is not the word to describe those ingenious clothes made out of next to nothing, because layette suggests a complete wardrobe rich and dainty, and these few necessary clothes were not that. Queer as they might look to us today, they were beautiful in her eyes. She had long been noted for her fine stitches, and the tiny tucks she put in defied any machine-made tucks of later years. Diapers were made from other scraps, white and colored, it mattered not which if they were soft and clean. From scraps of yarn she knitted the tiny stockings.

Mother repeated this incident to me several years before she died, adding that the clothes were made for her first daughter, Mariinda Parthenia, who was born September 29, 1861. She said she was a quiet and very sober child, and when she grew to be a woman she wept more easily than the other girls. Could she have marked this lovely child by that fit of weeping? Of course not, I said; but she had been reared on the idea that a mother could mark a child before it was born by just such simple things as excessive display of emotions. When in later years this child had much cause for tears, Mother believed it more and more, and she was very tender toward her.

Mother was not given to tears, as a rule, and in my years with her I did not see her cry hard. Tears in her eyes, yes, with a few trickling down her cheeks, but no out and out sobbing. She may have done it in private but I doubt it. She had many sorrows but the majority lay too deep for tears or words. She seldom carried her troubles to anyone, least of all, to her children. When in later years she talked about some of them, she did it briefly. The greatest sorrow she spoke of least of all.

Her children came at fairly regular intervals of about two and a half years, a little less or a little more. There were five boys and eight girls, thirteen in all. After the birth of my first baby, a girl, which ended so disastrously, she told me she suffered less with her thirteen, than I had with this one. She had had short hours of labor, and had given birth to them on her knees as ancient women sometimes did. What a pathetic picture I must have made in her eyes, when after five attempts I had but one child that survived the terrible ordeal.

Her sons were Samuel Allen, who died in infancy; Daniel Rapalyea, Joseph Thomas, Edward Alonzo, and Alberto Delos; the daughters were Marinda Parthenia, Araminta Eliza, Janetta, who was drowned when she was fifteen months old; Mary Janetta, Elzina Amelia and Elzada Ophelia, twins—the latter died soon after birth; Ada Laurelda, and Julietta. Ten children grew to maturity, married and had children of their own; eight survived her, but only two are living at this time.

Her sons Joseph, Edward, and Alberto were very much like her in disposition: quiet, tender and very loving. Daniel was gentle, as a rule, and very tender-hearted, but he had the aggressive, out-spoken disposition of his father. Perhaps the names we gave them at home indicated their tenderness and our love for them, because we called them Jodie, Eddie and Bertie. However, Mother usually called all of us by our full names. We were trained to be reverential, and we younger children said, brother Edward, sister Marinda and so on. With the last of us we did not always say sister or brother but just Ada, or Elzina.

When I heard a modern nephew say Dan, just Dan, in referring to his Uncle Daniel, I was quite startled. I suppose we were very old-fashioned.

Edward and Alberto were even more tender with Mother than were her daughters. They came to her all their lives for advice. I think I never saw them enter
the house after they were married without kissing her. They kissed her goodbye when they left. She gave them advice and comfort, and respected their confidences. Their attitude toward her was always worshipful.

Mother was used to large families and hence accepted her own as if it were the normal thing. She was the eldest of fourteen children; her husband was second in a family of twelve. Her second daughter, Araminta, at eighteen became the step-mother of several children, some older than she and married, and then she bore fourteen children of her own. Large, well-trained families were encouraged by their church.

Living here in this boisterous, rapidly expanding West, with its hardships and its retarded promises, Marinda occasionally turned her thoughts to her former home in the East. Daniel Rapalyea Allen and Eliza Martin Allen had given up the ease and comfort of their Jamaica, Long Island home, in the state of New York, to join Mormon emigrants moving Westward.

They had been members of the Dutch Reform Church, but the unrest of the period had come to them. The ways of the old churches had ceased to satisfy many people as exhibited in the Oxford movement in England, and in the breaking down of Calvinism in New England. “Lead kindly light” was the cry of those spiritually hungry people, and the Batemans in England, and the Allens and Martins in America were among them.

My maternal grandparents had been attending revivalist meetings conducted by Methodist ministers. One Sunday an aunt invited them to go to church with her. She said that Mormon Elders would be the speakers. Grandfather Allen had heard of the Mormons, and decided to listen to them out of mere curiosity. They attended two meetings, one in the forenoon, one in the afternoon. Curiosity turned to conviction and that very evening, February 14, 1842, they were baptized and became members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-
day Saints. Some of their relatives and friends cast them out with considerable bitterness. They cared not. They had found that which they had been seeking.

My mother, Marinda Allen, was born in Jamaica, Long Island in the state of New York, on June 21, 1838. She was not yet four years of age when her parents joined the Mormon Church. They later left Jamaica and went to Flushing, perhaps because of the bitterness in their own family. An Uncle John said he would not believe the Mormons if an angel from the dead rose up to tell him they were right.

Grandfather and Grandmother Allen left Flushing, April 1, 1847 and slowly made their way to St. Louis. Grandfather was a good miller and was able to find work wherever he went. They reached St. Louis a few months later. The ice had to be broken in Shoalter's pond for Mother's baptism in December of 1848. She was ten years of age, two years beyond the time set by the church for baptism. The persecutions that followed the church members delayed this rite, and even here it had to be done under cover of darkness. She liked to tell us that she was the youngest of the group, and that she entered the icy water first. She suffered no ill effects.

The Allens left St. Louis for Council Bluffs expecting to start the long journey across the plains. They were well provided with food, clothes, equipment and cash. But the church authorities in charge of emigration asked the Allens to give their wagon and provisions to a family whom they had decided should go first. This was done but not without disappointment, of course. They had been taught that obedience is better than sacrifice, but in this case obedience and sacrifice were both demanded. About four years later, they were prepared once more to start the journey. They left Council Bluffs June 5, 1853. Grandfather took plenty of provisions, and more than enough white flour for his own family. This he shared with the company.

While enroute, Mother celebrated her fifteenth birthday, June 21, 1853, by assuming the responsibility of driving the ox-team and a cow a considerable part of that long trek across the plains. Her father had been chosen captain over ten wagons, and his duties were many. Mother helped with the camping at night, and she yoked her oxen in the mornings. She assisted her mother with the other five children.

In later years when we asked Mother about the hardships of that journey, she said there weren't any. It is true that by 1853 emigrant trains were having less trouble with the Indians. She recalled their happiness and joy when they arrived in Salt Lake City, September 9, 1853. Perhaps the deprivations of her early married life in the valley were so great, the trials of the plains were forgotten. As she drove each day toward the setting sun, her dreams never quite pictured the life of hardships she was to live as a pioneer woman. Certainly she knew life would be hard but she was unafraid.

After two weeks rest in Salt Lake City at the home of Brother Ballon, who took them in, the Allens were sent by Brigham Young to West Jordan. Daniel R. Allen became the miller for Bishop Archibald Gardner.

When they arrived on the banks of the Jordan they were ferried across the river by Samuel Bateman. That was the first time my father and mother met. It was love at first sight, and marriage fifteen months later.
CHAPTER FIVE

From England to America

Samuel Bateman's parents, Thomas Bateman and Mary Street, had accepted Mormonism in their home in Manchester, England. They had arrived in Utah in 1850.

They crossed the Atlantic in the ship, Lehi Philadelphia, about 1839. The Bateman and the James Rigby families were the first Mormon emigrants to enter the United States by way of New Orleans. The Batemans went up the Mississippi River to Nauvoo. In this city they saw the laying of the cornerstone of the Temple, and at one time Samuel, then a young boy, heard the prophet Joseph Smith, speak. They remained in Nauvoo about four months and then moved to Augusta, Iowa.

His uncle, Joseph Bateman, who accompanied them, operated a brickyard, and Samuel worked for him. Later his father owned a brickyard and a farm.

Sometime about 1844 when Samuel was about twelve years old he was baptized by his father in the Skunk River.

After the assassination of the Prophet on July 27, 1844 at Carthage, Illinois, the Batemans moved back to Nauvoo, where they worked on the Temple and Samuel did errands for the Church. Troubles and persecutions drove them back to a farm near Augusta. But here they were persecuted, and for a time they were forbidden to work the farm, until Thomas Bateman won the confidence and admiration of one of the leading men. He made bricks on or near the farm, and he sold over 75,000. Samuel and the other children attended school for a few months.

Grandmother Bateman
The father had but one end in view and that was to save enough to take them to the Rocky Mountains. They moved by degrees from place to place: Little Pigeon, Big Pigeon, Kainsville, St. Joseph, etc., working as they went.

They left for the Rocky Mountains sometime in 1850 in the James Pace Company. They reached Salt Lake City September 15, 1850. There were fifty-six wagons and a freight train in this company. Feremonz Little and Thomas Bateman were the Captains of the train and merchandise which was to be delivered to Livingston and Kincaid, successful merchants in Salt Lake City.

The Batemans moved to West Jordan and established homes there. In the spring of 1852, Thomas Bateman returned to England to dispose of property he still held. It was of considerable value. On his return to America in the fall, he died on shipboard November 29, 1852, and was buried at sea. So it was reported, but the family never knew what became of the money he must have had with him. Mary Street was stunned by this tragic news. She was left with a large family to rear. My father was her second child, and the eldest son.

I recall that Grandmother Bateman was a very small woman, and very thin, and yet her husband and sons were six feet in height and over. Life for her was stern and hard, and, as a child, I felt that she was harsh and severe. I was afraid of her because she often spoke so sharply with that English tongue of hers. Years later, when as a young girl I became devoted to George Eliot's "The Mill On The Floss" and pitied Maggie and Tom because of their foolish mother and their English aunts, I fancied when Grandmother spoke to us, that it was Aunt Glegg saying, "Hey day! Do little boys and gells come into the room without taking notice of their uncles and aunts." Truly I never ran to greet her as I did to my Grandmother Allen.

Then I hear my brothers, sisters, and cousins say, "That is not fair. You were too young to understand her fine qualities, and the greatness of her soul. She had worked hard and reared her family in honesty, integrity, and faith." Now I know that is true, but I didn't know it then, and I am sorry that someone did not help me overcome my fear of her. She made a great fuss of Father, whom she called Sam'l. Sister Mary said she remembered her coming across the meadows nearly every Sunday to have dinner with him when he was at home. She came sometimes when he was not there. She liked Mother who was so quiet and reserved, just her opposite.

Grandmother Bateman lived so near the other two sons, James and William, that she saw them every day. That is probably the reason she spent so many Sundays at our home. Then, too, Father was the eldest son, who so often holds first place in a mother's heart. In the letter of November 27, 1853 which Mother wrote to Father she tells him that she had seen his mother and that she was "in a great way to hear from him." While he was on the Underground and came in the night to his sister Martha Ann's place, Grandmother would go there to see him.

When my paternal grandmother died, March 4, 1891, she was survived by seven of her twelve children, ninety-seven grandchildren, and sixty-seven great-grandchildren. She was the old time matriarch.
CHAPTER SIX

The Second Wife

On February 27, 1871, Father married Harriet Egbert as his plural wife. Daniel H. Wells performed the ceremony. She was the dark-haired wedding guest so big with fate. She came to share Marinda’s home, and to be like an assistant mother or older sister to Marinda’s children. The two women and the one man began living in polygamy. Mother was thirty-two and a half years old, and the second wife sixteen and a half.

I know little of that early relationship. Mother never talked about it except to say that after a year had passed the young wife grieved because she had no children. Mother took her to women “doctors” who were supposed to know something about such matters. They suggested medicines and brews, probably tansy tea, and gave some other advice. Eventually, Harriet’s first child, a girl, was born February 16, 1875, four years lacking twelve days after the marriage. Nature had been more tardy than usual in this case.

But in those four years she had helped care for my older brothers and sisters, and when they were mature they said they scarcely knew the difference between her and Mother, and they loved her always. It seemed so strange to me to hear them say this, yet perhaps it was natural. Circumstances were different when I crowded myself into the family circle. These circumstances gave me a mother-complex, no one else existed beside her in my affections, and no one else came within the remote shadow of my childish love for her.

Mother’s boys had been born early in her married life; first three boys, then two girls, then two more boys. After this she had five girls in succession, ending with Ada, though two had died, one soon after birth and one was drowned. The second wife’s first two children were girls. To any farmer so many girls would look like an economic disaster. Mother realized this, and she hoped and prayed for more boys. When Ada was born she was to have been named Robert Henry, but the name and the hope had to be put away for two years more.

In time it was known that two babies would arrive in the winter. There was a race of great expectations. In the latter part of November, Aunt Harriet bore her third child, a boy, and he was named Samuel Wallace. Not to be outdone, Mother took Robert Henry and Hope out of her Pandora box. On December 31st, the last day of the year, and in late afternoon, her thirteenth child was born and christened Juliaetta.

My coming to blast her hopes a second time put a burden on me, and caused my mother no little grief, and some natural jealousy, although her nature was not a jealous one.

As I grew I looked like no one in particular, and it seems that everyone who came pecked at me. They admired my half-brother’s piercing black eyes and dark hair and fine features. Then, as they looked into the second cradle they asked, “Why, whose child is this?”

“That is my baby,” Mother would reply, putting as much pride in her voice as she could muster under the circumstances.

“Surely not,” came the devastating remark. “She’s a stray, a black sheep; she doesn’t favor the Batemans at all.”

I heard these same remarks when I was old enough to understand. It sounded as if I had been cursed. Later people began to say, “Marinda, I think she looks a little like the Allens.”

I found some small comfort in that. But all my life the Bateman side of the family was in the ascendancy.
I had an uncle who teased me by calling me Julie, the black sheep, and other nicknames. He didn't do it to hurt me, but years later when he died I refused to look at him in his coffin.

As I grew, my sense of shame grew with me. When we went to Bountiful to see my sister Marinda, or to Alpine to my brother Joseph's, I would beg my mother not to make me go to Sunday School with my nieces. People would stare at me and make remarks. At Alpine, in the evenings, Sister Clara, Brother Joseph's wife, would play the organ and have the children sing songs and recite pieces. They were so happy and free and confident. They received so much praise and commendation. When I went to bed I would cry myself to sleep. Mother never displayed us, lest we become proud. A little praise would have helped me, I am sure.

Mother couldn't help knowing that I suffered. Once when she was combing my hair, and pulling it back straight from my face in tight braids, which didn't improve my looks any, she said,

"You have a high forehead, my dear. That is a sign of intelligence."

I didn't want to be intelligent. I wanted to be pretty.

One day, when I was about twelve years of age, one of my playmates said to me, "Julia, why don't you have your big teeth pulled? They are like horses' teeth."

I burst out crying, and replied with some anger,

"I can't help it if God made a mess of me."

He put his arm around my waist and said,

"Ah, don't cry. I love you even if you are ugly."

George wasn't much of a beauty himself, then. He had pale blue eyes that protruded, and he had a perpetual drop at the end of his nose. However, he grew into a very good-looking man. When I met him a few years ago he paid me a very nice compliment. I reminded him of the above incident, and laughed. He denied it, of course. He probably forgot it as soon as he said it; I never could forget it.

George was right about my teeth. Much as I may have resembled the Allens, I had the Bateman teeth, large and crooked. When I was in my teens, Mother took me to a dentist in Salt Lake City. He extracted both eye teeth, and slowly pushed the front teeth back into the vacant spaces. That eliminated the crookedness, but not the size.

There were times when I wished I hadn't arrived on that last train of that last day of the year. My Mother even said something like that to my father; only she told me she said she wished I had never been born, or that I had died because he had never shown any love for me, and had never given me any special attention.

My half-brother Wallace had arrived November 27, my mother's wedding day. Even if I had been a boy, Wallace had had five weeks start in which to ingrati ate himself into my father's affections. Is it any wonder with seven girls arriving, one after the other, that my father was completely absorbed in the newly-arrived man child? That made it seven to one. Then I came as the eighth girl, topping by one the Biblical number of prophecy.

When we could run around the house and met at Father's knee, it was always Samuel Wallace who was picked up and made a fuss of by our father. Once when Father picked him up and told me to run away and play, Mother, in her quiet voice tinged with a little bitterness, made the remark that she wished I had never been born. Years later she told this to me as if it were a confession, saying how grateful she was that I was a girl. In the years when we lived practically alone, she and I, I did give her the companionship a boy could not have given, and she gave me the love and comfort that made up to me for all the little sore trials of my childhood.
The two families lived in the same house, at this time, as was the case in so many polygamous households. It was an unfair situation as far as the children were concerned, to say nothing of the mothers.

Our house was pretty crowded, and Wallace and I were in close contact, too close. As soon as I was old enough to realize that I was not even playing second fiddle, or no fiddle at all, Mother said that I watched my chances for revenge. When no one was looking I would knock Wallace down, or kick him, or snatch his toys and hide them. When he cried and someone ran to him he would say "Julie did it". I suppose I tried to look innocent, but I fear my sense of triumph was all too apparent. I was not brave enough to do this when Father was about. But once he did catch me at it, and he gave me a slap on my cheek. It was the only time he ever struck me. I knew that I deserved it. I probably was a very trying child without really knowing what put so much rebellion in me. Had someone told Mother then that I was developing a very bad inferiority complex, she would have thought it was some incurable disease, which it was, in truth.

Mother said she sometimes had to punish me, but she knew I was fighting for my own. Could she have had us by ourselves, I would not have caused so much trouble. As years went by that early training stood me in hand because I had to fight and work hard for the things I wanted, and that she wanted me to have, even for life itself. She was by me as my champion and protector. While she lived? She has never been far away from me since she left us. If I should cry out I am sure she would hear me, as Thetis did when her great son called, and she came from the depths of the ocean to comfort him at Troy. Mother love is boundless and deep, akin to the love of God.

My father lived to make much of me. I am sure he did not even remember his early neglect when Mother accused him of not loving me, and when she said she wished I had not been born because he replied, "You should be ashamed to say that. She is a sweet, intelligent child." When in my teens I was so pale and frail he said to Mother one day with some show of emotion. "When she looks up at me with those big eyes in her white face, it almost frightens me."

It was not that he loved me less, but that he loved a son more. It is so easy to understand it now.
CHAPTER SEVEN

Janetta

Father loved his children very deeply. In my opinion he loved them more devotedly than he did his wives. He had great concern for our spiritual welfare in particular. We were taught to be honest in word and deed, to have faith in God and in our fellowmen, to love the truth, and to guard our purity with our lives if necessary. He despised an ill-behaved child. He told us he wished us to conduct ourselves in such a way at all times that we would bring no disgrace upon the family name. He wanted people to respect and like us. He sensed his responsibility in training us that this might be true. Parental responsibility was one of his strong points.

In a letter to his mother he expresses regret that he had to be away from home so much, and that the care of the children fell so much upon the mothers of the children. Not that he did not have confidence in Mother, and later in Aunt Harriet, but he felt keenly a father's responsibility in training his children. I think his children never lost contact with his strong personality even when he was far away for months at a time. He addressed them personally in letters to Mother.

Some of these letters have recently fallen into my hands, letters written in 1868 and 1869 while he was on a long mission to Dixie. For example, he wrote to Mother from St. Joseph December 20, 1868, and near the close of the letter he said, "Children I want you to be good and kind to your Mother, and I hope you are. Danny and Joseph (12 years and 10½) I hope you will take good care of the stock, and go to school and learn to read and write so that when your Father is from home you can write to him. Marinda P. (8 yrs.) I want you to be a good girl and help your Mother all you can. Araminta help Mother all you can. Father longs to see Eddy and Berto (the baby). Mother kiss them for me."

Mother was his only wife then, living on the farm with six children and another on the way. Neither complained, the mission of five months was a duty, and yet there is a nostalgia in his letters. Mother, too, was homesick. She wrote, "I want to forget the sorrow of parting, and look forward to the joy of meeting again. . . . I feel that if our lives are spared to meet again, and live long together, that I can pass through most any privations without complaining."

Speaking of his love for his children, I recall an incident that gave me a glimpse into the depths of my father's heart. I had been reading his first diary and came across a brief account of Janetta's death. This had occurred years before I was born. Father was usually happy to tell us about what had taken place in his life in the early days. The reading of the diary had aroused my curiosity and I wished to know more. Therefore, at the dinner table I began talking about Janetta and looked wistfully into Father's face. I did not finish my sentence. There were tears in his eyes, and a look of unbearable agony in his face. He could not speak, but putting down his knife and fork he left the table. We saw no more of him until night.

I was stricken with remorse. What had I done? I turned to Mother who was always more self-controlled than he. She said, "I am sorry, my dear. That is one thing you should not have spoken of. We never talk about it in his presence."

Later Mother told me the story as she remembered it, and it was substantially the same as the following. In my research I found that the story varies in slight details, but with the help of old letters I have tried to piece it into a united whole.
I wish to go back to that Dixie mission. As I said, Mother was alone with her six children and another, her eighth, expected in early spring. Father's brothers, James and William, made their home with her, and they helped her, but often they were away working on the incoming railroad, or seeking other work wherever they could find it. They needed ready money. Father wrote to his brothers, "do the best you can for me and mine and I hope the time will come when I shall be able to repay you."

Father and Mother speak often of their health and the health of their children. There were no doctors as we know them today and good health was a blessing to be acknowledged. They continually thank "God our Heavenly Father" for health and His care over them. If Father did not hear from home—and some letters were lost—he was very anxious concerning all of them. "Marinda, we have had but one letter yet, and we are almost sick to hear from home."

They speak often with happy anticipation of the new baby that is coming. She tells him not to worry, she will be all right, and she hides the fact for some time that she can scarcely walk because of lameness in her legs. She says her parents and others come often and bring things to her, and even some money. He asks God to bless her and the children. He would like to be with her, "but duty calls me here."

It is nearing time for the baby to arrive and Mother wrote, "My Dear, I have kept up my spirits first rate, and the winter has passed off pleasanter than I expected. The children are a great comfort after all, for I have little loving arms around my neck every night, and sometimes he (Bertie) wakes me up the first thing in the morning and he kisses me and says, 'Mother, Fawver gone to Dicky?', but yet, My Dear, they are not like the strong protecting arms far away. I often dream you have come home."

Father wrote from Long Valley, "My Dear, I want you to take care of yourself and expose yourself as little as possible. Write to me as soon as your trouble is over. I believe you will get along all right, but I shall be anxious to hear from you."

Mother wrote to him on March the 4th, leaving the letter unfinished. Father's sister, Margaret, our beloved Aunt Maggie, wrote to say that a dark-haired, beautiful baby girl, who looked very much like her father, had been born that day, March 5th, 1869. Mother wrote March 12. She said nothing of her suffering. She added a P. S. "The children think so much of the baby, especially Eddy and Alberto, he wants to kiss her every few minutes in the day."

We do not have Father's reply, but he must have come home a month later. He did not return to the prepared home in Dixie. Brigham Young evidently decided not to send them back. In the year following Father became greatly attached to this lovely child who was named Eliza Janetta.

Janetta was an unusually brilliant child. At an early age she walked and talked, and learned so much faster than the other children had done. She knew colors, the names of animals, and she could pick out her pet lamb from the small flock on the farm. She was not spoiled by the devotion showered upon her by the whole family. Father worshipped her, and like most little girls she responded to his masculine devotion. She was not quite fifteen months old when she died.

On June 2, 1870, Father was called on another mission into Idaho. He accompanied President Young. I have but three letters of this period, one from Mother, two from Father. Mother wrote June 9, "The children join with me in sending our love. Netty (Janetta) kissed me a half-dozen times for you."

Father's letter of June 10 says, "Mother, kiss Father's Dixie girl for me and tell her I want to see her very bad, and would like to see her play Jacks."
On June 14, he seems unusually anxious and worried about home and the children, especially Janetta. He wrote, "Kiss my Dixie girl for me, and tell her that Father wants to see her very bad, and see her play Jack stones."

He said he might be home about the twentieth of June, or a little later. For some unknown reason—unless it were this anxiety gnawing at his heart—he came earlier. As near as I can tell he arrived on Saturday, June 19. It seems he travelled alone and on horseback. Could a premonition have sent him home earlier? At any rate he left the company. In some lonely stretch of country, night overtook him and he decided to rest in an old abandoned adobe hut without a roof. The sky was clear and there were no signs of rain. He fed the horse, removed the saddle, prepared his own supper, and then made his bed from a pack of quilts. He slept soundly. In the first gray of the dawn he heard a voice say, "Move your bed," as clearly as if someone were in the hut. He moved his bed outside and almost immediately the place he had vacated was covered with adobe from the falling wall. He lay down and slept again. Then he heard the same voice say, "You will never see Janetta alive again."

He sprang to his feet and cried, "Dear God, let me see her once more before you take her."

It was now light. Without waiting for breakfast, he mounted his horse and rode without stopping. He reached home early that afternoon, Saturday. Janetta was wild with joy, she was in his arms, and on his lap. She was telling him about her pet lamb. She was well. What could happen to her? The dream, or warning had been so real, but now with her in his arms he dismissed it, and decided not to tell Mother. It might worry her unnecessarily.

Sunday morning he went to Sunday School. He was the Superintendent. The whole of the family went also except Mother, Sister Araminta, and Janetta.

Shortly after ten o'clock, Mother said to Mintie, "I am going to the garden to get the vegetables for dinner. Keep your eyes on Janetta and do not let her out of your sight."

Mother went down the hill, crossed the narrow foot-bridge over the canal, walked along the bank, then down to the garden. She was gathering the vegetables when she heard Mintie call excitedly,

"Mother, is Janetta with you? I can't find her!"

Dropping the vegetables, Mother hurried to the wide wagon-bridge some distance below the foot-bridge. Instinctively she gazed into the water and she saw a little shoe just above the surface floating toward her. Kneeling down on the bridge she drew the baby from the stream. She called to my sister to run for Father while she began first aid on the bank.

From the stand in the Meeting House Father saw the door-knob turn, and the Voice said, "Now Janetta is gone." Excusing himself, he walked hurriedly down the aisle, passed Mintie without waiting for her message. He knew it already. He ran all the way home and joined Mother in her frantic efforts to restore life to the little body. Finally she raised her eyes and looking into his said, "Samuel, it is no use. She is gone." She picked up the precious one and placed her in his arms, and without a sound she walked beside the bent and grief-stricken man who cried aloud as he stumbled toward the house, "I am to blame! I am to blame!" He had been warned and had not heeded the warning. He had told Mother no word of it. For these reasons he was to blame. Yet there was one grain of comfort. God had granted his request that he be permitted to see her once more.

It was some time before he could tell Mother the story of the warning and then only between sobs. Subduing her own grief she tried to comfort him. That is
why we never talked of Janetta, who was drowned June 20, 1870.

Twenty years later, I, a thoughtless girl, had unwittingly opened a wound that had never healed.

The next child was a girl, and they named her Mary Janetta. They added to the name of Mary that of Janetta as if something of the child that had gone was fused with the one that had just arrived. They usually called her Mary, or Mary J. as if the name of Janetta shot a pang into their hearts still.

Mary, too, was a lovely child, and she grew into a beautiful woman, and into an understanding and devoted mother to her children. It seemed to me that Father and Mother had for her an especial tenderness—a double amount, that which she had by her own right, and that which had been poured out on Janetta.

Janetta’s death came while Father and Mother were still living alone. Mary was born October 3, 1871, seven months after Father married his second wife.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Polygamy

It is a difficult thing for me to write about polygamy, but it was so interwoven into the very fabric of my mother’s existence, so much a part of the joy and the sorrow of her life, that if I write of her at all, I must write of her as I knew her in that relationship. Her character was tested and tried by that ordeal, and she came out of it a great and good woman. It brought deep sorrow to her, and in fairness to my father, it brought some sorrow to him also, but in a lesser degree; but the troubles that came were not due to a lack of belief in the principle itself.

Again I find it difficult to write dispassionately about polygamy, because I wish to be fair to my parents, and to others who accepted that doctrine in complete sincerity, and who did not question its divine source, and who tried to live it on a plane seldom attained by man through the ages. As far back as I can remember, I was in rebellion against it, and undoubtedly I made life more difficult for my mother during the hardest of those years when she fought silently and quietly to uphold it. No bitter word against it ever passed her lips.

Once when Mother was going through her greatest sorrow, I cried out in rebellion, “I do not believe in polygamy.”

“Do not say you do not believe it, say you do not understand it,” she admonished gently.

“But I do understand it,” I cried in tears. “I understand what you have suffered and endured because of it.”

“My dear,” she replied, “I would suffer a hundred times more for the sake of that principle because it was revealed by God. The principle is right, the failures are due to human weaknesses.”
She was so sincere, so right from her point of view, that I was sorry to hurt her as I did. She never preached it to us, she merely defended it. I loved her beyond anyone I had ever known, and if anyone or anything could have convinced me, it would have been she. She lived it as only a saint could have done, and that does not mean perfectly, but even that did not convince me then nor does it now; and yet I honor and love both my parents and I am not ashamed that they gave me life. Is it possible not to believe in something, and yet be fair to those who do believe in it, and live it decently? I think it is. I trust it is.

* * * * * *

Some time before her own marriage, Mother had heard the doctrine of polygamy advocated in her own home. Grandmother Allen had accepted it early in her conversion and she was a jealous advocate of it. But Daniel R. Allen, Mother's father, had rejected it for himself, at least. He was so in love with Grandmother that he could not entertain the idea of another woman in his life, and he told her so time and time again. Like a zealot she preached the doctrine of celestial marriage to him in her persuasive manner saying it was essential to their glory, and especially was it essential to a man's glory to have a large number of children reared and properly trained on the earth that they might add to his crown of glory in heaven. She believed it was a part of a nation's glory to have such families. She had not been remiss in this matter, herself, because she bore fourteen children, and thus contributed fourteen jewels to his crown of eternal glory. This was her sincere belief.

Loving her as he did, Grandfather succumbed to her arguments, and married a second wife of which we have a record; but it is my impression that Grandmother spoke of wives. It really doesn't matter. Grandmother told me long years after that from the day he entered polygamy he called her Mrs. Allen, instead of Eliza, and that there was no doubt in anyone's mind that she was the first and the best beloved. How human she was after all. I can't resist saying that the second wife's name was Eliza, also. This came to me only recently when I found the record.

I feel sure Grandfather Allen never believed in it really, but he gave her her way. It was not that she did not love him, but she loved the teachings of her church more. She was not the only woman who urged her husband to practice polygamy.

Grandfather died rather suddenly of smallpox on January 23, 1873, when he was fifty-seven years of age, in a house beside the old flour mill in what is now known as Liberty Park in Salt Lake City. His property evidently had not been fixed by a will and Grandmother was left with very little. However, from a record left by her, I know that in the sixties they had had great financial reverses. Grandfather lost thousands of dollars when sawmills and flour mills he had built in American Fork Canyon were washed away by floods. Hence it is likely he had little to leave to his wives and children. Grandmother went to work to educate her unmarried children. She did not grieve over what she did not have.

I recall only one of the second wife's children. Her name was Elzada Allen Lawrence. She lived at West Jordan for some years. She was a lovely person, quiet like Mother. I did not know then that she was not a full sister to my mother. Her daughter Naomi attended school with me and my cousin Julia Etta Jenkins in Salt Lake City. Later they moved from West Jordan and I lost track of them. Grandmother treated Aunt Elzada as if she were her own daughter. That was the way my grandmother Allen believed in polygamy.
CHAPTER NINE

Sister's Life in Polygamy

As I look back upon it now, my eldest sister's life in polygamy was as sad as any I had known. She deserved so much more than her life gave her. She was deeply religious, perhaps too much so, and she lacked the spunk and independence that would have saved her much sorrow. At the age of sixteen she married into polygamy as a second wife.

She was tall, well-built, and handsome with a serene face, brown eyes, and an abundance of dark brown hair that fell in two great braids to the bend of her knees. She was built on the line of Father and he was proud of her. Mother said he remarked more than once, speaking of this eldest daughter, "I should like to travel about the world with her and show her as a perfect specimen of a polygamous child."

Mother would reply, "She is not a polygamous child. She was born before we entered into that relationship," which was the simple truth.

My recollections of Sister—and we called her just that, especially when she was on the Underground—and her home deal with that period of the Exile, and the few years after she came back home to live. Her eldest daughter, Clara, and I were almost inseparable companions.

While in Exile she and her children lived under the assumed name of Allen, my mother's maiden name. The husband and father came to see them only in the night time, and under the utmost secrecy. Occasionally he would remain over one day but always in fear. He had been arrested sometime before this by the U. S. deputy marshals and he had served a term in the penitentiary, and had paid his fine. If he were caught...
living with his plural wife again, he would be subject to re-arrest, a greater fine, and a much longer prison sentence.

I recall the morning when he was arrested, and word come to us that he had been taken early that morning while eating breakfast with my sister at her home in West Jordan. I recall Sister Mary standing in front of a mirror combing her hair. She was crying and I knew, in part, why. It had something to do with the deputies. I had learned to fear them because they frightened us in the dark nights when they had come to search for Father. On this particular morning Mother had sent all the older children away. She and I were alone in the house.

When the U. S. deputy marshals came—she knew they would—to subpoena her, I was filled with terror and crowded close to her. She said that one of the deputies suggested that they subpoena me, but Mother with a quiet, scornful voice said, "No. She is but a child and knows nothing of what it all means. You must be hard put to for witnesses to take mere children whom you would confuse and frighten."

When they were gone Mother tried to still my fears by saying, "I do not have to go to prison, my dear little girl." I truly thought they would take her to prison and all the others including Sister.

When the trial came I knew nothing about it, nor do I remember when my mother went to testify. She probably saw to it that we younger children did not know.

Why did Mary cry, and why was Mother so angry that day? I did not fully understand then, but I knew later. It meant imprisonment for my brother-in-law, a heavy fine, and more hardships for Sister. It also meant that in a few months she would go into hiding taking her children with her and my playmate Clara.

In his diary of September 13, 1886 Father wrote, "Received a letter from my daughter stating two of her children were not very well, and her husband had got out of the pen and that she felt bad because they dare not be seen together."

Father was then in Exile himself. Sister's life had to be a secret except to trusted friends. Her husband did go to see her secretly, and she continued to have more children. She knew this was against the law, but she took the risk. Three children were born in Exile, and one after she returned home. By the time this last child was born the persecutions had greatly diminished.

I was homesick for Clara, and Mother let me visit Sister in her Exile home, and as I grew older, I remained a week, sometimes longer. I recall two things: her religious devotion and her poverty in the poorly furnished house. She had regular morning prayers with her children, she taught them to say grace at the table over their meagre meals, and they attended church. I knew her more than once to buy a few pennies worth of fat, fry the grease out of it, and make what we called lumpy-dick gravy which we put over bread for supper. We could eat the cracklings if we cared to, and that was all we had. Good fresh milk could be obtained and sometimes we had only bread and milk for supper. The noon meal was sometimes much better.

Once three or four years later word came that Sister was very ill. Father prepared to take Mother to see her, and for some reason I was taken along. All I remember distinctly is that Sister was delirious, and they were very much worried. She had a high fever and it was feared she would die. But with Mother's nursing and Father's administrations she recovered and we returned home.

It was my niece, Edith Bennion, who told me what caused her mother's serious illness. It came about the last of February or the first part of March, 1889, prob-
ably soon after Father came home from the penitentiary. However, on the 12th of February, 1889, Sister’s one-year-old son Edgar Allen died. Being a child of the Underground both his birth and death had to be kept a secret. A day or so later, a kind friend offered to take Sister from Bountiful to West Jordan, a distance of about twenty miles, to the family burial ground. The conveyance was an open, one-seated cart. The tiny body was in a box at their feet. It was bitter cold weather. The child was buried secretly under cover of darkness. Sister returned to Bountiful. No wonder she was ill.

The children that were old enough worked in the vegetable gardens of the truck farmers of Bountiful. They were paid in small money or vegetables. Sister worked when she was able, and she frequently took in washings.

When she knew her husband was coming she tried to have some special thing for him purchased out of her hard-earned money, or that of the children. Thus she tried to keep from him her destitute condition. In this I think she was to blame.

Sister never complained to us, what we knew we got from observation when we visited her, or from the children. She knew her family resented her living as she did, and she tried to deny it, or hide it. She had accepted this life, and she meant to abide by it. She loved her husband devotedly. Here, in part, is a letter in my possession which bears this out.

"June 20, 1892

My Dear Beloved Mother:

As it is so that I cannot meet with the rest of our Loved ones tomorrow on your Birthday, I thought a few lines from your Absent Daughter would be a comfort to you. It would be useless for me to tell you how I would love to be there, with my little family on the morrow, for you know Dear Mother, what a Home girl

I have always been, and what a treat it always was to me to meet with my Darling Ones at Home. But I am waiting with as much patience as possible for freedom to come, and I hope it will not be many years longer.

"I want to tell you Dear Parents, and Brothers, and Sisters that I am happy and have plenty to eat, drink, and wear, and our Loved Ones are so kind and thoughtful, and do provide every comfort possible. Isn't this a blessing, I can tell you I appreciate it, and I thank the Lord every day for these blessings, and many others that he is blessing us with from day to day. Oh, how thankful I would be if all under the same circumstances, was as well-provided for, but alas it is not so for I know of cases where they are just as able to provide for their families, and do not do it, and that causes a great deal of suffering. What will our Heavenly Father do with such people?

* * * * *

"Dear Mother, I wish I had the power to bless you, with every blessing that a noble mother is worthy of, for I do know that you are one of those noble Mothers in Israel and I do ask the Lord to bless our dear Father and Mother and Aunt H. and over rule everything for your best good. . . . .

"Well, Dear Mother, it is quite a sacrifice for me to make, to have to be absent from you all so long. But I know it is for a good cause, and as the good hymn says: 'Sacrifice brings forth the blessings of heaven'. I live in hopes we will all meet a great many times on your birthdays, and have a great many good times. The Dear Children join with me in sending lots of love and good wishes to you all. We remain as ever Yours Lovingly."

She suffered greatly with homesickness. Father saw her oftener than Mother did, but Mother went to see
her and the children whenever the opportunity presented itself during the ten years or more of her exile.

Father speaks in his diary of writing occasional verses to his friends. He never called them poetry.

In January 1887 when life on the Underground was tense, he wrote to this beloved daughter:

“You are almost left alone,
And your father has to roam,
And your loved one, you can say,
He has now to stay away.

And his love for you, then
He served six months in the pen,
And you have to battle alone in life,
Because you are his plural wife.

Never mind my daughter dear,
Although it has caused you to shed many a tear;
And you are truly in this life,
And are true to him, a noble wife.

Now do not sorrow or mourn
Be kind to your children you have borne,
For you will rejoice and feel well,
When those that caused you grief are in hell.

Composed by your father,
Samuel Bateman.”

I smile indulgently at that last line because I understand. Conditions were pretty bad in some ways in that year of 1887. I think Father really believed their persecutors would land in hell because he believed so strongly that he was right. He was following the teachings of the Prophet of God which he believed had been revealed to him.

The freedom Sister longed for in exile eventually came. The last child of the Underground was born in February of 1896. Her last child of all was born at West Jordan, December 18, 1901. She had returned sometime before the close of 1896, the year statehood for Utah had been granted. The persecutions were over and she was happy to be home, although her financial condition was little better. She was happy. She was near the mother she loved devotedly and needed so much.

On September 21, 1902, Father’s diary records, “I went to see our daughter Marinda. She has been very sick but is better.”

Sister seemed better for several days, then she became desperately ill. It was not until October 2nd that Father wrote, “I telephoned to Dr. Seymour B. Young to meet me at Murray which he did. Our daughter was very bad. He gave us hopes and left some medicine for her.”

Sister had erysipelas, and by the time Father took it upon himself to call a doctor it had crossed her brain. Mother had realized that she was seriously ill, and she had wanted help before Father called a Salt Lake physician, but by the time he arrived it was too late.

She was delirious and she suffered greatly. Prayer circles were held twice a day. She had great faith.

Finally the pain grew less, her mind cleared and she could speak to Mother, but she was very weak and exhausted. However this encouraged Father; he was sure she would recover. Therefore, the morning of October 5, Father went to Salt Lake City to Conference. While there he received a telephone call that his daughter was worse. By the time he reached home she had passed away. He was crushed and broken, and his cries could be heard some distance by the neighbors. He would not have left her had he not thought she would recover. His diary for a long time attests his grief, and it records his visits to the motherless children.
But there is no word in his written record of Mother's silent and unspoken sorrow. In my own diary I wrote, "Mama hides her grief down deep in her heart, with little outward show save in the paleness of her face, the expression in her tired eyes, and in her silence."

It was true she could not relieve herself by cries or tears. It was a tearless vigil she kept at night beside this her eldest daughter who died at forty-one years of age, having had nine children, the youngest, Harvey, ten months old.

What did Mother think of in those long dark hours of the night as she sat beside the corpse alone. Surely she thought of the dainty clothes she had made from cast-off shirts to clothe this expected babe; she must have experienced again the joy she felt when she received into her arms this first daughter; and gratitude to the man who rescued this child some three years later from the waters of the canal that later took Janetta, and she must have let her mind wander over the years as she watched her grow so handsome and strong until Father said, "I should like to show her to the world as a specimen of a perfect polygamist child," and she replied, "She is not a polygamous child, she was born before we entered that relationship."

Then Mother must have reviewed the years from sixteen until her death at such an early age when she had lived in polygamy, exiled so much of the time from loved ones, and from the mother whom she adored; the anxiety, the privations, the silent sorrows, and above all the devotion to her children, her husband, and the Cause. Hers had been a selfless life.

Had it been worth it! The beautiful children she left compensated in a measure for our grief. The great love we had for her made endurable that which otherwise would have broken our hearts.

Father says that her funeral was the largest up to that time in the county. The speakers talked of the beauty of her life, her unselfishness, and of her devotion to her religion. Six brothers were the pallbearers.

Four of her children are still living: among them, my niece, Edith Bennion, who experienced and remembers their life and its hardships. Sister's children resent their unnecessary suffering in life, or that which seemed to them unnecessary. How could it be otherwise? And yet if she could speak to them she would ask them to forget, and above all to forgive, because she did not suffer, truly she did not.

This was one case of polygamy that I knew fairly well because of my close association with Sister and her children. It was full of heartaches and privations, but, also, it was full of dignity and self-sacrifice on her part. She never asked for anything for herself; if she was hurt or if she suffered, like Mother, she kept those things closeted in her heart. She gave generously of her beautiful self, and asked nothing in return but our love. If she lost her life in this unselfish devotion, then she has found it again, and I trust she is happier wherever she is than she was here.
CHAPTER TEN

Our Polygamous Home

My own experiences and most vivid memories of our home under polygamous conditions came in the closing years of the Exile period, just before the Manifesto was issued in 1890, and also the years following this document when new adjustments had to be made in our manner of living.

What was it brought about the Exile? The United States Government decided to wipe out or control polygamy among the Mormons in the Territory of Utah. Some attempts had been made early in their history to do this very thing but they had not been successful. Laws had been passed, an army had been sent to quell the Mormons, but to little purpose. The Mormons had applied for statehood as early as 1862, even as early as 1849. Had statehood been granted congress could not have made the marriage laws for Utah; but statehood was denied, and hence the territory was subject to control by the government.

Then the Edmunds Bill was passed, or approved March 22, 1882. It became more effective than previous laws. It defined “simultaneous marriages as bigamy, and prescribed loss of citizenship as an additional penalty for bigamists; it legitimated children born in polygamy before 1883; threw safeguards about the qualifications of jurors and the testimony of witnesses, etc.”

The author goes on to say, “Rudger Clawson was tried for Bigamy before this kind of jury (gentile) in 1884; his second wife was compelled to testify; and he was sentenced to pay a fine of eight-hundred dollars and to serve four years in the penitentiary. The prisoner


was a bishop of the Church, and among the witnesses were its chief officers. The trial caused intense interest throughout the country, and the decision of the supreme court of the territory followed by the United States in 1884 confirming the sentence of Clawson, was a triumph for federal regulation of polygamy in the territorial courts.”

Other cases followed. Angus M. Cannon was sentenced under the Edmunds act; he appealed the case, but in 1885 the Supreme Court of the United States upheld the constitutionality of the act.

Much more could be said about this bill and its provisions, but that is not my purpose. Fines and sentences were so severe that hundreds of men, and some women, fled into Exile to escape arrest. If they had several wives the indictments might be multiplied to the extent that men would be imprisoned for the greater part of their remaining years, and the fines would have been beyond their ability to pay. Thousands were deprived of citizenship. Bancroft, the historian, writes several pages on this subject, speaking of the fines imposed, the severe sentences, the packed juries, etc. He says: “Partly with a view to avoid the operation of the Edmunds act, the Mormons once more asked that Utah be admitted as a state. Seventy-two delegates from the different counties met at Salt Lake City, and during a nine days session drew up a constitution which was duly presented by Delegate John T. Caine, but with the usual result; and now the Mormons were left to the tender mercies of the commission. The members went to work vigorously; between 1882 and 1884 some twelve thousand persons were disfranchised, and at the latter date all the municipal and other officers in the territory living in polygamy or unlawful cohabitation were superseded, each elector being also required to swear that he was not so living. It would be a curious

subject for speculation to estimate how many voters
would be disqualified if the law against illicit cohabitation
were enforced in other portions of the United States."

When Father went into Exile, or on the Underground, as it was called, I do not know exactly. I have
a portion of his diary dated August 26, 1886, and by
then he had been in hiding for some time. He must
have gone into the Underground a year or so before,
or about fourteen years after he married his second wife.

I remember our life best from about 1887 on. Our
home was like a small community, or a hive of busy
bees. By then the two families pretty well filled the
house, and yet room was found for guests and relatives
coming and going. When no one else in the village
cared to take the school teacher as a boarder, he found
shelter in our house. People who refused to keep tramps
or wanderers of any kind would tell them to go to the
Batemans' because they never turned anyone away.

Daniel, Joseph, Marinda and Araminta were married
and had homes of their own, and perhaps Edward, too;
yet there were so many of us it took ingenuity and care-
ful planning to feed us and to put us comfortably to
bed—sometimes not comfortably. There were beds in
every room, and beds on the floors. While I was still
very young I had dreams of a large house that would
consist mostly of bedrooms, where there would be no
sleeping on the floors.

In the log cabin kitchen there was a long lounge,
on which some of us sat at meal time. But at night
chairs and tables were moved and the lounge was made
into a bed. The boys usually slept there as I remember
and they had to be early risers because no breakfast
could be served until the bed was made and the quilts
stored in the back room.

There was a still longer lounge in the front room
which could comfortably hold five or six small children
and in an emergency it could be stretched, like the magic
bed of fable, to accommodate one or two more. Often this had to be done, and sometimes an extra bed made on the floor in that same room, too. The reason for this was that friends delayed in their journeys to Salt Lake City or other places knocked at the front door after we were all asleep and asked for shelter, sure that their request would never be denied.

"Yes, liberal house, with princely state
To many a stranger, many a guest
Oft hast thou oped thy friendly gate,
Oft spread the hospitable feast."

—Euripides.

The hospitality, too, was like the Greek hospitality—everything for the guest. If we had troubles, or were worried about the necessities of life, our guests never knew it. We shared what we had, and Mother felt that by so doing our little became more.

One very cold night I remember that one of the Doctors-Shipp called near midnight and asked to remain with us until morning. She had been on a case in the country. One of the first things she said on entering was, "You need more air in this house." More windows were opened.

While one of the boys got out of bed and dressed and took her horse to the stables on the hill to feed it, Mother or Aunt Harriet gave her bed, put fresh linens and quilts on it, for the guest, and then made a bed for herself on the floor.

Next morning it was a thrilling experience to see this great woman, Mother's teacher, at our table. We were very quiet.

The fascinating room for me was the long bedroom upstairs. It ran the length of the big room downstairs.

It usually had three double beds, and then there was still space for an emergency bed on the floor made of a feather-bed and soft wool quilts. These quilts were lined with carded wool from our own sheep. We had a number of feather-beds, the feathers and down came from our own geese.

In this upstairs bedroom there was a window in the south that let in the moonlight to flood the whole room. I used to wish it would always be moonlight. The window in the north end of the room opened on to the dirt roof of the log cabin and the back room and the cellar. We loved to run down this sloping roof on to the hillside, or from it climb onto the shingled roof of the brick house.

Naturally this spacious bedroom was given over to the older girls and their friends when they came to visit. I was seldom permitted to spend the night there because I walked in my sleep and Mother feared I would walk off the open stairway which had no railing around it. She often found me walking in my sleep about the house or out-of-doors, and she would take me back to bed, sometimes without waking me.

Finally Ada and Elzinia promised to take good care of me if Mother would let me sleep with them. They put me next to the wall, or between them. I loved it there because it had an air of Romance. The older girls would talk about their beaux, their girl friends, and what they would wear to the next party.

On hot summer nights, we would quietly steal out of the north window, spread a quilt on the roof of the log cabin and sit there in our long night gowns. The countless stars above us were a never-ending delight, and the majestic mountains to the east were etched against the clear blue sky. They seemed so near, as if they were just on the other side of the Jordan River. Our words came in whispers lest Mother's quick ear should hear us. When the first heat of the early evening
gave way to the cooler air before midnight, we crept stealthily back to our beds and sleep.

Early in the morning most of us were content to sleep until we were called, but Elzinia would be up first of all, rousing the boys out, while she began preparations for breakfast. When we heard her singing, "Oh, ye mountains high" we knew breakfast would soon be ready, and according to the rule we were all expected to be there at the same time. There were no stragglers.

Mother called Elzinia the angel in the house because she was so happy, and because she never gave a moment's trouble or worry. Yet, later in life tragic sorrow came to her—as it often does to the gentle, inoffensive people. Elzinia had a very good voice, but there was no money and no opportunity to develop it.

Our kitchen table was an extension table and it was long enough to seat all of us when guests were not present. Before we ate we knelt in family prayers, sometimes we were a bit crowded. Mother had me kneel beside her. When he was at home Father always did the praying like a patriarch presiding at a ritual. We felt he was actually talking to God, so sincerely and naturally did he speak. When he was away on journeys, or during the exile period, Mother led in the prayers in a milder, quieter, yet fervent voice. Much more than Father did, when she prayed, she soothed our troubled spirits, and calmed our anxieties and doubts. With her arm about me as I knelt beside her, I felt no harm could touch me. She was more real to me than God was—at least she was nearer to me. Yet there were things I could tell Him I did not tell her.

Mother taught us to pray at her knee as soon as we could do it intelligently. But as soon as she thought we were old enough to pray by ourselves she would say, "Now you may pray by yourself and ask the Lord for whatever you need." However, she checked on us, and we were asked to return to her knee with a sample of our prayers. She wanted to be sure we were not begging the Lord for needless and improper things.

I shall never forget my first trial at this. I was a nervous, anemic child, and I had so many fears that I kept to myself. I was afraid of a train that came through the Cut, crossed the Jordan River, and disappeared behind a hill on its way to the Bingham Mines. At night I dreamed that the train came out of the hill above our home, and chased me in and out of the house and up and down the hill until I would awake exhausted and wet with perspiration. Sometimes I let out a terrific scream, but I never admitted that I was dreaming about anything. When I prayed alone I asked God to keep the train from chasing me. I could tell Him about this fear, and about the haunted house across the river. Older children had sworn that it was haunted.

But when I knelt at Mother's knee again my prayer was short and proper; I mainly asked for blessings on the whole family, and of course, I always asked Him to help me to be good without much appreciable effect. Somehow I could tell God I was a little coward, after all I had been taught that He had made me, but I could no more tell my silly fears to Mother who was so perfect in courage and fearlessness, and whose respect I so much wanted. Had she known of my fears she would have taken me to the top of the hill and shown me where the train went. In time I found it out by accident, and I troubled the Lord no more about that fear, but there were plenty of others to tell Him about: strange dogs, deputy marshals, and men who, on the highway, picked their teeth with a pocket-knife blade, and dropped their hands just as they met little girls and made them jump half out of their skins. Yes, I needed someone to tell all my fears to, and God was the only one who might fully understand His imperfect child.
CHAPTER ELEVEN

Feeding the Multitude

When I think of the amount of cooking that had to be done in our polygamous home, particularly during the underground days, I wonder why the impression still persists in my mind that I was always hungry. But it does persist, and is one of my most vivid memories in spite of the fact that I also recall that the preparation of food, the serving of meals, and the washing of dishes consumed the major part of a day.

There were the two families to feed, and also a never ending stream of visitors. Food sufficient for our needs was placed upon the table, no more, no less. Not even a crust was to be wasted. If dry bread was not made into puddings or dressings it was fed to the chickens or birds.

As a rule the meals consisted of good farm food with little variety from day to day. There were no luxuries, no, what I would call, tempting dishes. On special days, such as Mother’s birthday in June, we had chicken, our own dried corn, and strawberries and cake. These were things I liked.

The monotony of the farm food might be relieved in the hunting season by wild rabbits and deer, and at other times carp from the canal was obtained; or sometimes we had geese or ducks at Thanksgiving. I could never bring myself to eat any of these. I was the finical child who didn’t like cooked vegetables, except corn, and I didn’t care for eggs, milk, or pork.

In my Sunday School class I loved the story of the children of Israel wandering in the wilderness because God sent down heavenly manna for them to eat. I imagined it to be made in the shape of a round cake flattened out toward the edges. Manna was made up of all the delicious things I had hungered for, and often I imagined sinking my teeth into it as I would into a large marshmallow now. When I grew up and learned that manna is just a small grain like coriander seed, about a sixth of an inch in diameter, whitish, globular, and aromatic—well, the Bible seemed less true to me. When I was in my early teens, a rich girl gave me my first taste of a banana, and it came nearer to my childish longing for manna than anything I had ever tasted.

Not many years ago I said to my sister Mary, “We must have been very poor, we didn’t have enough to eat.”

“Certainly we had enough to eat,” she replied. “It was just good farm food, with no luxuries, and very much the same every day, but we had enough.”

I am sure she was right, but I can remember being hungry so much of the time. Mother had no time to fix special dishes unless we were ill. She knew that often when she gave me a piece of bread with the butter scraped off—bread-and-scrape—it we called it—she knew that I would sneak to the precious and forbidden sugar sack in the stairway and sprinkle a pinch of sugar on the bread. I am sure she hoped I would. If I were caught by some member of the family, she would admonish me. It simply was out of the question for all of us to dip into the sack of sugar. It was very expensive, and was never used if honey could take its place. When we came home from school ravenously hungry, as children are wont to be, we had our bread spread with honey, molasses, or cold bacon grease—butter almost never except at regular meals. Butter and eggs were exchanged at the store for needed groceries.

At meals I usually sat by Mother and I sometimes nudged her and asked for a cup of tea to wash the food down. If Father happened to be there he would say she was spoiling me. I really didn’t care for tea, because when our stomachs were upset, Mother gave it to us as
a medicine, strong and without cream and sugar. But weak tea sometimes helped me get by with an unappetizing meal.

Fruits, such as apples, peaches, apricots and currants were dried in the fall. Canning of fresh fruit was almost unknown. Berries were gathered in the canyons and dried. All these dried fruits were placed in clean sacks and put upstairs. We younger children liked to put some in our pockets and eat them unobserved. Had we been given free access to the dried fruits it would have been like another locust carrying out another grain of corn. The dried fruits helped satisfy our craving for candy which we seldom had. Occasionally we were permitted to buy an egg's worth of candy at the store.

Another staple food was our dried corn. It took many hands and much time and patience to prepare it, cover it with mosquito netting, and spread it in the sun to dry. Everyday or so it had to be stirred in order that every kernel should be exposed to the sun and the air.

When the squash was harvested, and the frost had ripened the pumpkins, a few dozen would be stored for immediate use. But the greater part were prepared for drying. I can see Mother on the kitchen table white-washing the ceiling in the log cabin. Slender poles washed clean, were put up, and on these were placed rings and rings of peeled, golden squash, which were left there until they were thoroughly dry. They were then taken down, broken in pieces, and put away in hundred pound cotton sacks.

Squash pie was an inexpensive, home-made delicacy. Mother cooked the squash carefully in a deep iron kettle, stirring it until it was a deep amber tint. This gave it a better color and a richer taste. It was then put through a sieve until all lumps were gone, and if eggs were not too plentiful a little flour was sifted into the squash. Then eggs, milk, sugar, nutmeg and cinnamon were added to taste. The crust was made of our own lard,

and when the pies were baked in the oven, a rich brown skin would rise on them, and it was delicious. When I see the modern, lemon-colored, anemic squash pies of today, I know a great art has been lost.

It was a full day's work for Mother and Aunt Harriet to make squash pies. Usually they made thirty, and often nearer thirty-five. They baked only four at a time in the coal stove oven. The married boys liked to come home on squash-pie day. Daniel lived the nearest, and he usually arrived first. One pie for him was all too little. In their opinion their wives couldn't compete with Mother when it came to squash pies.

Great jars of mince-meat were also made and stored in the back-room; also jars of pickled peaches, and melon-rind preserves. Potawatomie plums from the trees along the canal banks made delicious jelly, and my favorite preserve.

Ground cherries grew in abundance in the fields and on the hillsides. We children gathered them and spread them out in the sun for the husks to dry. When they were fully ripe we shelled them. It was a sticky job. Hot water was poured over them to remove the gum. Fresh Lemon rind and sugar, or honey, were added, and with the right cooking, delicious preserves were the result.

People came from the city to gather the ground cherries. Mother said that her two oldest daughters, Marinda and Araminta, picked them, carried them on their backs to East Jordan and sold them at twenty-five cents a bushel. Some of the ground cherries were dried in the husks and used in the late winter.

I wonder sometimes what we would have done without these foods that came to us at almost no cost.

From our garden came cucumbers that were put in brine. Mother made corned-beef, pickled pig's feet, and hams were smoked—all of this a part of our stored supplies.
This sounds like an immense amount of food, enough to feed a small army, but it was not considering there were no butcher shops nor large markets for miles around. The winter months were long and often severe. There were the two families to feed, and visitors came every week, someone almost every day or two. During the period of Exile, women with their children came to live with us days, weeks, and sometimes months. Of course when they remained for any length of time they paid board, and this helped in one way, but it took just that much more food. That which was stored had to be used carefully.

One other dish that served us well was made of the whole kernels of wheat cooked thoroughly, sweetened with sugar, and served with milk. I liked this dish.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Money Worries

One thing more than any other that was a constant worry was the lack of money. The farm was small and with Father away so much of the time, it was poorly cultivated. In fact it never yielded what it could have done with constant care. There was produce enough for the families, and some to spare. Even that which could be sold brought poor returns. I recall the time when potatoes were twenty-five cents a bushel, and wheat sold at a very small sum. Many small farmers had a hard struggle.

In later years as Father grew older the farm was neglected more and more. He turned to the flour mill part of the time where he could earn ready cash. Once he speaks of having “hardly half a crop”. After threshing he writes that he had only sixty-one bushels of oats, and sixty-nine bushels of wheat. In 1902 when he had passed his seventieth birthday he says in his diary that he had only fifty bushels of wheat, “the smallest threshing I ever had”. A year later he records a much better yield. The farm consisted of about forty acres, but several acres lay below the canal, and in time they became so water-soaked they were not even good pasture land.

Father worked hard when he was home, but his diary shows that for many years he was giving so much time helping others in cases of illness and death that he had to neglect the farm.

Mother’s oldest boys and girls worked hard in the fields until they were married. Even after that the boys came home to help, especially when Father was on the Underground. My half-brothers helped when they were old enough, and we girls assisted with the planting and harvesting of hay, grain, and potatoes.
Whether crops were abundant or poor, our parents paid their tithing to the church, often more than the required one tenth. For years it was paid in produce, but later the local tithing yards were given up, and they paid their tithes in cash. How they managed it I do not know.

When we would show Mother our worn-out shoes, she would say very sweetly, and with seeming confidence, "Go ask your father to buy you a pair of shoes."

How I dreaded to do this because I knew he would say, "Where do you suppose I can get money to buy shoes with?" But after some days he would find the necessary cash, and those of us who were in dire need received new shoes with the admonition to take good care of them.

I recall this happening especially in the hard days immediately after the Exile when Father had served his term in the penitentiary for having a plural wife. Where indeed would he get the money for so many shoes. His fine was seventy-five dollars, a huge sum for him in those days, and it had been borrowed. It was not paid until months later. It might have been paid sooner, had there not been other debts to be met.

During that winter of 1888 and 1889 while Father was in the penitentiary, Mother, in desperation ran a grocery bill at a small store not far from our house: it was a thing she had been forbidden to do. A high rate of interest was added to the debt.

I recall as if it were yesterday, when Father had paid the last dollar of that grocery bill plus the unexpected high interest. He said sternly, as he held the receipt tremulously in his hand, "There will be no more debts run in this family. I want you all to remember that," and he looked straight at Mother. It was she who had had the courage to do it. She was not given to buying things she could not pay for immediately, or soon, at least, but that winter was so dark and sad, she had no other recourse. She charged only the bare necessities, knowing that she would pay for them sometime, if Father could not.

To add to all of this Death cast his shadow over our home. On January 13, 1889, Aunt Harriet's tiny baby, Vera Maud, died, and that was another added expense. It was bitter cold and we had only wood to burn. Some kind friend brought us a ton of coal. Who it was I do not know. I wish I did. I feel sure it came as a gift.

We had cried over the baby's death, but in bed we were silent and afraid. We huddled under the wool-carded quilts to keep warm.

The Church had preached so strongly against the people going into debt, that Father avoided it as if it had been the plague. Mother had tried to persuade him to buy more land; she said they could pay for it in time. She wanted the boys who worked so hard on the farm to have, at least, a building lot when they were married. They married wholly on their own.

One way the two women had of earning money was to raise poultry: ducks, geese, and turkeys. They had always raised some fowls, but during the Underground period the number was increased. We usually had close to a hundred geese, and a large number of ducks, turkeys and chickens. After the eggs hatched in the spring Mother took chief care of the young, while Aunt Harriet and the girls kept the house going. Hens hatched many of the turkey and duck eggs, and some geese eggs, but not all.

Father had made many small coops, set them on the grassy terraces between the house and the canal, and in the shade of the fruit trees. There the young ones found an abundance of grass and clover.

I can visualize Mother now with her sunbonnet on, holding her long skirts with one hand, and with the other hand holding her gingham-checkered apron in...
which were several baby fowls that needed doctoring, making her way to the house with her short rhythmic steps. On chilly days in the spring she put the ailing ones in a piece of old flannel in a box by the stove. The greatest pest she had to fight was the mites. For this she dusted the tiny creatures with a yellow powder under their wings and about their heads.

The little turkeys were more often ill than ducks and goslings. Mother made her own pills out of hard-boiled eggs, cayenne pepper, etc., and there were times when they were effective. But if a baby turkey made up its little mind to die—well she knew no argument to make it change its mind. No matter how many times she stood it on its feet and tried to encourage it, it would flop on the ground, roll its eyes up in its head and pass out. No Thanksgiving for that turkey. But those that survived infancy spent their young turkey-hood roaming over the lucerne patches and the grain fields getting ready for the fall.

Father had built a fairly good-sized pond well above the canal, and kept it filled with irrigation water. As soon as the ducks and goslings were old enough Mother took them for their first swimming lesson. We children thought it great sport to see the mother hens run up and down the bank frantically clucking to their unnatural children to come out of the water.

In no time at all they left the pond, and the canal became their seventh heaven. In despair the mother hens weaned them, and without so much as a look of gratitude the young ones were off on their own adventures. Soon they discovered the wire netting on the near side of the wagon bridge which said thus far and no farther. They decided to overcome this impediment. They learned to climb the bank on the near side of the netting, waddle the space of the bridge, then tumble head first down the bank on the far side and into the water right side up. Proud of their achievement, they sailed on and on to visit our neighbors a half-mile below. There were intriguing twists and turns in the canal, and the trees along its banks threw mysterious shadows over them. What an adventure! They sailed swiftly with the current, too inexperienced to think of danger. I envied them their easy sailing ways.

We children had to follow them, and with long willows make them about face, and swim upstream which was no easy task for the runaways, and a trying task for us. When they were grown the ganders and the drakes, in particular, turned their saucy heads eyeing us defiantly with every stroke of their webbed feet.

While traveling in the islands of the South Pacific in the spring of 1936, we saw herds of beautiful ducks on the island of Bali. They were guarded by young girls. Their methods were far more scientific than ours, and the ducks were scientifically trained. If the groups became mixed all the girls needed to do when it was time to take the ducks home was to put up four flags on slender poles in various parts of the swampy lands. The ducks separated and each went to its own flag. Our guide called the process a kind of “de-duck-shun”. Seeing those ducks gave me a wave of homesickness for that which had passed away so long ago. Not that I should care to herd ducks again, but there was something in our life that still pulls at my heart strings.

One sad day a group of our fully grown geese sailed into trouble. Two men seeing them tried to capture them. Unable to do so, they waded into the canal with great clubs and killed seven. We children arrived just in time to witness the frantic efforts of the other geese to escape. They cried in terror as they flapped their wings up and down the canal. The men who had killed them were newly arrived converts to the Church from England. They said they thought the geese were wild. They paid for the ones they killed, and they ate their geese to sickening content.
In the fall of the year great flocks of wild geese honked and honked their way south-ward. At times they flew so low we could see them distinctly, and men with their shotguns brought down some of the stragglers.

When our geese heard the call of those beautiful free, high-flying creatures, they went wild with excitement, and turning their eyes upward, they ran along the hill-side trying their wings, calling to those high in the air to wait for them. Once when they were feeding in the hill-side lucerne patch—our baseball field—they were tempted again to follow the call of the wild, wonderful birds. A dozen or so succeeded in rising far enough into the air to sail over the house-tops and land in the cemetery a short distance away. How chagrined they were when we made them waddle back to the farm. They were simply worn out, and sat exhausted in the shade of the poplar trees on the west side of the lucerne patch refusing to go one step further. At any rate they had tasted freedom, if only for a few brief minutes.

In the late spring or early summer just before hot weather set in the geese were plucked of their soft downy feathers which grew under the wings and on the breast. Mother supervised the plucking bee which lasted for several days. My older sisters were invited. Mother was an expert, and plucked them very gently I thought, but there was an occasional, protesting cry, and a pitiful look in the moist eyes. When they were turned loose they flapped their wings for some time trying to account for the loss of support under them.

We had numerous feather beds and each child had a feather bed of his or her own at the time of marriage as long as we kept geese. They were given up some years before I was married. However, Mother made my bed and kept it for me until August of 1904. In later years we used it at Aspen Grove high in the mountains and found it warm and comfortable. In 1943 I donated that feather bed and its two good tick coverings to make several pillows for our wounded soldiers. Mother would have been happy about this, I know.

For me the saddest and most sickening time of all came when the geese, ducks, chickens, and turkeys had to be killed and dressed for Thanksgiving, and again at Christmas-time. There would be two or three days of it and everyone had to help. I loathed the smell of it, and the sight of blood upset me. There was little I could do except to run errands, carry water up the hill from the canal, and clean and set the table for meals. I could clean and light the kerosene lamps, or light the candles when they worked after dark.

One evening after a very trying day, Mother asked me to wash the kitchen table and set it for supper. I took a pan of water and a cloth. Barely holding the wet cloth with the fingers of my right hand, and holding my nose with the fingers of my left hand, I turned my face away as I swished the water on the table. Mother saw my silly antics—I was hoping she would. Taking the cloth from my hand impatiently, she said, “Go on outdoors. You are no child of mine.” Truly, I wasn’t if measured by my squeamishness. Even though others prepared the meals I had no appetite until the fowl smell was gone. Even today, I can’t enjoy chicken if I have to prepare it.

The birds looked pretty, Mother thought, when they were piled in boxes and covered with clean cloths. They were taken to the Salt Lake Market in the wagon, and our cousins, the Margetts boys and others purchased them. The checks thus obtained soon melted away to help pay taxes, buy winter fuel, warm clothes for the children of both women, and last, but not least, a sack of precious sugar. After it was over we were as hard up for money as ever, and Mother began looking forward to spring brooding and hatching—it was the same thing over and over again. Farm work is pretty much like that now, but today the monotony is relieved by modern conveniences: electric lights, radio, automobiles, and some leisure—the most precious thing of all, leisure.
CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Winter Evenings

In the winter, when the snow lay heavy and deep, or when the Jordan winds made great drifts across our roads, we children had to break our trail through the snow in our half-mile walk to school. We were often wet to our knees and it was a difficult task to get warm and dry when nearly all the children crowded around the one coal stove in the one-roomed school house. We did not have rubbers and overshoes then as children do now. Occasionally we were taken to school on a bobsleigh, or in a wagon.

We spent the long winter evenings mostly in the kitchen where it was warm. We studied at the kitchen table while our Mothers patched, darned, made clothes over, or knitted stockings, mittens, or scarfs. Sometimes Mother carded wool, made her own yarn and dyed it. She made some dye from rabbit brush and mineral oil. She colored old pieces of cloth, made carpet rags, and wound them into large balls. I loved to go with her to the weaver’s near Murray. We turned into a winding lane to a little white house on a hill.

Mother said her two oldest sons did not have a store suit until they were married; even then I am sure they were not as extravagant as their father was at his marriage.

All of the sewing and studying had to be done by kerosene lamps, or by our home-made candles. Soap was made from grease which we saved carefully.

Thousands of women did much the same work as Mother and Aunt Harriet did. In a polygamous household, however, things were more complicated than where there was but one family.

I think of the patience required to prepare and administer the Saturday night bath. It really began in the afternoon for the smaller children. Water was carried uphill from the canal to the reservoir on the back of the stove. Pots, pans, and kettles were filled and put on top of the stove. It was a never-ending stream of filling, emptying, and filling. We bathed in the zinc wash tub. Mother draped blankets over chairs for privacy. Sometimes we bathed during the week if an occasion called for it. Almost daily Mother took a washbasin, towel, and soap into her bedroom where she took a sponge bath.

In the summer months we bathed in the canal in old dresses, and made great sport of it. This lessened the problem of bathing.

Occasionally while Mother worked in the winter evenings she would tell us a story, although she found it difficult. Father was the champion storyteller, and the interesting conversationalist. Knowing this may have made Mother more reticent. When he was away, she would occasionally tell us a story. The one she liked to tell above all others was the story of how the seagulls came like a miracle to save the people from the hordes of black crickets that came to devastate the valley in 1848. She told us how they came marching like a great army that nothing could stop. The men dug trenches and the women and children carried straw to the fields. While they tried to divert the moving tide toward the trenches the men set fire to the straw which burned millions of the creatures, but millions more came to take their place. As she progressed with the story, she seemed to be living it because she forgot the work that lay in her lap, and as she came to the end of that great incident she would say, opening her own soft hand, “And when human power could do no more, God opened wide His hand and let loose thousands of gulls who ate and ate the crickets and then spewed them out of their mouths only to eat more. And so it went on until the pests were overcome.”
We were greatly impressed, and we thought she
had taken part in that momentous event, but that famous
episode occurred five years before she came to the valley.
However, pests still came and there were seasons of
drought, and she recalled years when they had poor wheat
crops and flour sold at famine prices. She said that had
it not been for Grandfather Allen they would have suf-
fered greatly. When a grist came to the mill he always
sent her a portion.

Mother was proud of her father because she said,
that he sold his flour at five dollars a hundred while
others sold theirs at four or five times that price. He
knew the poverty that existed in so many families, and
he preferred slimness in his pocket book and fullness in
his heart to anything else. Mother was like that, too.

When she was first married, and for several years
after, she said they were often short of flour because
of crop failures in some parts of the territory. One day
when she was alone with her baby son, Daniel, there
came a knock at the cabin door. She opened the door,
and a woman whom she did not know, said, "Sister
Bateman, I have walked all the way from Union to ask
you to give me a little flour. I called at the mill, but
Brother Allen had none. He directed me to come here."

Mother must have shown some surprise because
the messenger quickly explained that she had come in be-
half of a woman who had just given birth to a baby that
morning, and who was very ill. She had not tasted bread
for many days. They had been eating sego bulbs and
thistle roots cooked in a gravy thickened with bran.

Mother gave her all the flour she had and tied it
in a clean cloth. It would, at least, make a loaf of bread.

When Father came home that evening and learned
what she had done, he said, so she told us, "You have
played the deuce. What will you do when this baby
cries for bread?"

"Flour will come. The Lord will send it," she re-
plied.

My nephew, Dr. E. Allen Bateman, says that Father
told him he said, "You've played hell!" which is more
likely true, but when Mother told the story to us she
used the words "the deuce" and once she said, "You've
played the smash". I smile, because my father could
use picturesque language on occasion, and I should be
surprised if he said anything less than hell.

At any rate, a grist came to the mill the next day.
When it was turned into flour, Grandfather said, "Mrs.
Allen, you better take this pan of flour to our daughter
Marinda."

After my marriage, Mother once saw me put a small
crust of bread in the stove and she said, "Don't burn
even a crust of bread. Give it to the birds if you can't
use it."

Among the people who came to our door for food
and shelter were some dark-skinned men, peddlars from
a foreign land. Like birds they returned summer after
summer, bringing with them trinkets and cheap jewelry.
They spoke little English, but enough to carry on their
trade. As I look back now I am fairly sure they were
Mohammedans from Arabia. Mother gave them quilts
and let them make beds in the hay-stack. As they be-
came acquainted with us they lingered two, three or
more days. When Mother and Father refused to take
pay, they offered to help on the farm. One dark giant
used to help about the house. He would churn for
Mother, or chop wood and carry water from the canal.
No matter how long they remained their welcome was
never stinted. They left jewelry for us children when
they decided to move on.

People thought my parents were foolish, and they
said sometime they might be murdered in their beds.
But no harm ever came to anyone in our family from
the men, and sometimes women, who asked for food and
shelter at our door.
CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Mother's Career

In the eighties, when Father was on the Underground, the constant worry over lack of money, turned my mother's thoughts to a career, although I am sure that word was not in her vocabulary. She had borne thirteen children with only a mid-wife to care for her. She had the gift of nursing and caring for the sick, but she knew that gift must be strengthened by knowledge. There were no doctors for miles around and pioneer women were sometimes forced to depend on midwives not properly trained. Could she not learn to be a mid-wife herself? Could she serve the communities round about and at the same time assist the family? She and Aunt Harriet had had a hard struggle, and were still having it, how hard only they knew, to care for the home, the children, and the farm. Her help was needed there, but would it be possible for Aunt Harriet and the girls to spare Mother for six months while she went away to study? If so, after that things would be better for all. She consulted the family, the married children, Aunt Harriet, and Father. They consented and encouraged her.

She went to Salt Lake City about January 1, 1887 and registered in a school of Obstetrics under the Doctors Shipp, Ellis R. and Maggie. She took me with her and put me in my first real school. It was near my brother Daniel's, where we lived. His delicate, refined, and lovely wife Ellen was very kind to us, and also her sister, Clarice, who cared for her and managed the house. In this way Daniel helped mother in her career.

Father came to Daniel's many times to see Mother, and he took us home in the night time on weekends.

Mother had a passionate longing for knowledge, and even this short course of six months was a delight
to her. She was really going to school every day with books on her arm. While she studied in the evenings her face shone with happiness. She had had much training in the school of experience, and this coupled with her desire to learn, helped her to finish the course with honor.

She evidently had finished the course by her birthday June 21, 1887, although the graduation exercises came later. The family had planned a party for her with a dinner and the accustomed strawberry festival. Father knew about it but did not dare come home. She wrote to him on the 23rd, telling him about the eventful day and what had happened. I do not have her letter, but Father's reply sheds some light on it. It was written at D O, his exile home.

"June 24, 1887

My Dear Wife:

Yours of the 23 came to hand this morning and welcomey received, and was read with pleasure. I was glad to learn that you and our children in the city are all well. I was glad to learn you had such a good time on your birthday, especially in the latter part of the day. I will try to be of value to you in your practice to come, and will make up to you for your disappointment.

(This indicates that she delivered the first baby that day although we have no record of it. It must have made her late for the party.)

He then refers to some affair on the morrow, the 25, and he hopes there will be many people in attendance. Words cannot tell how he wishes to be with her. He could come home that night, but he wishes to come on the first (July, his birthday) and he can't be spared both times, as one of the other guards wishes to get off, too.

He closes the letter, "praying the Lord to bless you,
From your loving husband,
S. Street."
I wish you many happy returns of the day
And may you never swerve from the right way;
And I pray God to bless you in this life,
And may you be successful as a midwife.

Samuel Bateman.”

His prayer came true—she was a successful midwife. She brought into the world about seven hundred babies. Her Baby Record Book has 633 recorded in her own handwriting. She brought a few babies before she began recording names and dates, and several after the close of this record of December, 1908.

In 1894, April 2, the Board of Medical Examiners gave her a certificate: “This is to certify that Marinda Bateman having complied with the laws of Utah Territory relating to the practice of Medicine is hereby Licensed to practice Obstetrics within said Territory.”

It was signed by seven doctors, M.D. I can’t make out all of the names. Those I can make out are J. M. Dart, M.D.; Jno. D. Canahan, M.D.; M. N. Graves, M.D.; Jos. S. Richards, M.D.; and O. H. Allen, M.D. The other two names I can’t decipher.

Mother delivered a woman and cared for her and the baby for ten days, and if they were able to pay she received a five-dollar gold piece. If people were too poor to pay she received nothing, and it did not worry her. She sometimes brought a side of bacon or some other food home with her in payment. Often she came home to find clothes for a destitute baby. If she went to the mining camp at Bingham, she had to go a week or two before, and remain the ten days after, for which she received ten to fifteen dollars. She had several such cases. Her book shows many cases in Cottonwood, Murray and Taylorsville in the north end of Salt Lake valley; and many in Riverton, Herriman and Bluffdale in the south end. To one acquainted with the country round about, this meant long, hard trips over dirt roads. She also records many cases where she used forceps.
Some months she had but one case or two, but more frequently in the beginning there were three which meant fifteen dollars a month providing she received full pay. Occasionally she had five cases a month, but not often. In January of 1893 she was called out six times. That was a windfall, the only one she had.

It never occurred to her that she could keep this money for herself and her children. For years it went into the family budget, and was used wherever it was most needed, and the second family had an equal share in it which was right at that time. Aunt Harriet and the older girls, her's and Mother's, kept the house going. I fear that I did little but watch and wait and grieve until my mother came home from a case. When she went to Bingham, I wrote tear-stained letters to her telling her how lonesome I was. Her absence depopulated the farm for me. It was always so. Years later when I was teaching and she and I were alone, I felt it more than ever. In my diary of May 6, 1903 I wrote, "Mama is home again, and now it does seem like home." Again I wrote, "It is late and I must retire. I wish dear Mama would come." She did not return until the next day at noon. If her cases were near she went each day to see her patient, and she came home at night.

She travelled in all kinds of weather, and in all kinds of conveyances: wagons, buggies, open one-seated carts, and many times she rode on horseback behind the anxious husband, tucking her many long skirts about her, holding her bag on one arm, and the other about the man's waist. She rode sideways; no lady in those days rode astride. Thank heaven for those woolen petticoats that helped to keep her warm. Even so she was often chilled through by the time she reached her patient. People were thoughtful enough to have a warm drink for her, when she arrived.

I recall the waning years of her career when she and I were alone for the most part. She slept lightly. Even before I detected the hoof-beats of a horse in the
upper lane, she was out of bed dressing in a cold house. By the time the driver, or the rider, came down the hill and around the house and knocked at the door, she was half-dressed. The man would call out, "Sister Bateman, my wife needs you," and Mother, as she finished dressing would reply, "I'll be there in a minute."

It might be midnight or two A. M. I used to wonder why such calls couldn't come in the day time. After she had gone I lay awake thinking of the long and hard journey through the biting winds that swept incessantly over the plains west of Jordan. I thought of her rest being broken, and that it would be long hours before she could rest again. Would the time ever come when we could take her out of this, and when she would be free of the worry about money. Outside of farm food and a few other things she had supported herself for years. She didn't want help from her children, some of whom were having a hard struggle. The time never came when she felt independent or free, and it grew harder as she grew older, and in her last illness she had nothing at all but our loving care.

Wherever she went she was greeted with love. Her calmness bred confidence in the sick room. Her hands, though she did much rough work, were soft and healing. She took with her into the sick-room a great deal of faith in a higher power than her own, and she had remarkable success. If a case proved to be very difficult, she called in help when it was available.

* * * * *

We had planned to have her bring my first child although she was then seventy-one years old. I would have been so proud. After twelve to fifteen hours she recognized that she did not want to assume the responsibility, and a skillful physician was called. The baby was born May 6, 1909 in Provo, Utah; she died on the 8th, and was buried on the 9th. She never would have breathed had it not been for mother's determination. She was black when she came and so near dead I heard no cry. I needed all the doctor's care, but Mother with her healing, tender hands brought life into the tiny body. She washed and dressed her. As soon as possible the elders of the Church came and named her Ardis. We had both gone into the valley of the shadow that she might be born and named. Mother brought her to me. As she slept on my arm, I saw the first shadow of a spasm pass over her face, and I cried for Mother to come. She tried to still my fears, but I knew. Thirty hours later the agonizing cries were stilled. When she was dressed in the clothes her Aunt Marie and I made, Mother brought her once more for me to have and to hold for a few minutes. She had come and gone like the scent of a rose or the breath of a song. She looked like her father. She had blue eyes and brown hair.

I heard the singing in the next room, and the low words of the speaker and the carriage rolled away. Mother and I were alone, and there were tears in her eyes.

Soon it was known that I had child-bed fever which in those days usually meant death. My Mother's face was pale and she showed the strain of the ordeal we had been through. That night she lay beside me and she wrestled with God as I think Jacob could not have done. I could hear the stifled groans and suppressed sobs, and her lips moved continuously in pleading whispers that only He could hear.

God had respect for her pleadings, and with His power, and the skill of our physician, I did recover after long weeks of illness. She and my husband continued their loving care through the summer. She was our rock and our strength in our first great sorrow.

When I was able to ride out the three of us went to see the little grave. There were peace and beauty everywhere. An evergreen tree in the next plot reached
out its lowest branch over the grave in protection, and the great mountains to the east stood like benevolent sentinels.

As we moved away, one on each side of me, Mother said, "Thank God, you are not there with her."

Three years later, Mother's joy was unbelievable when another daughter survived the terrible ordeal and was named Lorna. She was the only living grandchild on the Jensen side, but she was Mother's sixty-fourth living grandchild.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

The Underground

My most vivid memories of Polygamy are those years when the life of the Underground greatly affected us as a family. It was a mysterious and secret world into which my father and sister fled — a world whose main activities were in the dark hours of the night, or the early hours just before dawn. At our house there were strangers coming and going whose names were seldom spoken, and whose conversations were often in low tones. It was a life out of which our father only rarely came, and when he did come, partly in disguise, he too seemed more like a stranger than the parent we had known before he left us. It was a frightening life, and yet fascinating because it was so mysterious. What it did to my brothers and sisters I cannot say, but it left indelible impressions on my childish mind. Already frail and nervous, I may have exaggerated the things I saw and heard, but the ill-effects have remained with me all my life.

The Underground was a world thoroughly organized for self-protection. Persecutions had welded these people into a trusting unit. Even men who did not enter into polygamy and who did not believe in it for themselves, and who were not always one hundred per cent members of the Church, assisted in hiding and protecting the men who were being hunted by the United States Deputy Marshals because of the issuance of the Edmund's Act which called for the arrest and imprisonment of polygamists. The minds of these men were filled with other persecutions besides that which was directed against polygamists. If they had not experienced those earlier persecutions before crossing the plains, they had heard the stories repeated over and over again. They had learned the saying, "Your cause is just, but I can do nothing for you." They decided to act for themselves.
There was cause for resentment and bitterness among these people.

There were various hiding places called by secret names; they were usually designated by initials, such as D O, the G Q C farm, O P A's or The Halfway House. Even now I am intrigued by that Halfway House, as if it were like the Gingerbread House in the forest. Some day I must try to find it. Yet it may be best not to see it; it would not be the house of my imaginings.

In every city and town of any size there were hide-outs, homes of trusted men and women who were willing to share all they had, and who ran a great risk themselves for harboring fugitives from the law. Sometimes these hide-outs were the homes of relatives such as the home of Aunt Martha Jenkins, my father's sister. It was far off from the main highway in the meadows, not far from the Jordan River, and it was surrounded by tall trees. The small, frame house was almost hidden. There was no road of ready access leading directly to Aunt Martha's. It was to this place my father almost always went before visiting us. Then a system of signals if all was safe guided him to his own home. If things appeared unsafe, one or the other of his wives went to Aunt Martha's to visit him. There was also a cleverly devised hiding place beyond the house near the Jordan River. Uncle Samuel was a quiet man, and not very active in the church. Had the deputies arrived he would have smoked his pipe quietly, and in a few words he would have allayed their suspicions. Certainly they would not have accused him of being a dyed-in-the-wool Mormon.

But generally speaking, the Exiles did not go to homes of relatives who might be under suspicion. They sought refuge with reliable members of the Church who had little or no connection with the polygamists.

In the more important towns were well-organized guards who served without pay unless something was
given voluntarily as a gift. These guards — those by day and those by night — were to be on the look-out for the deputies, and by means of a system of signals (usually two, three, or four shots from a gun) they were able to let those in hiding know if they should flee, or if all was well. Once at D O Father said they heard two shots, the signal that the deputies were coming. The men took a few belongings and fled, "nary two in the same direction". It proved to be a false alarm, and the men were called back by another signal.

A very fine and trust-worthy grapevine system was organized, and very frequently sons of the men in hiding belonged to this group. They acted in this capacity at, or near, their own homes. My brothers, Edward and Alberto, were special guards for Father as we shall see later.

The system worked something like this: the guards nearest Salt Lake City were notified, say, if my father and one or two other men were expecting to visit their homes on a particular night and at a certain time. The polygamists would be going south, each in his own carriage, and by slightly different routes. Then the guards near Salt Lake City went on the alert, and they were to watch for the U. S. Deputy Marshals. If the deputies were seen leaving the city going south, the guards notified the first horseman, he rode furiously to the second horseman with the message, and the second rode to the third, and so on until the word reached the special guards at the homes of the various polygamists they were to protect that night. The home guards immediately went on the alert, and notified the men in danger, saying, "The depts have left Salt Lake going south. They were last spotted at Murray." Sometimes, a second message came saying, "The depts have passed Sandy going on south. All is safe." The general public had no knowledge of this secret organization.

While as a child I had some personal experiences with the deputies myself, and I knew a little of the work Edward and Alberto did; what I have described has been taken largely from my father's diaries.

Life became exceedingly difficult for Mother and Aunt Harriet, Father's plural wife, during the years between 1885 and 1889 when my father fled into Exile with other men. Fortunately he was chosen by the president of the Church, John Taylor, to be his chief body-guard, and later his nurse in his final illness. Father's previous work on the Salt Lake police force had given him a reputation for daring, courage, and good judgment. In this work, I am sure he received a salary; how much I have no idea. But he had his expenses to meet, and they were much more than if he had been at home. That which trickled into the small, family pocket-book, did not swell it to the bursting point by any manner of means.

The two women had to take over the management of the farm and the home, and they had to devise ways and means of increasing the family income. One means was the raising of hundreds of ducks, geese, turkeys and chickens which I have already described. Father dared not come home in the day time to see how things were progressing. All he could do was to give advice to those two remarkable women who carried on so courageously in those hard years.
CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Night Visits and Deputy Marshals

There were two roads some distance apart leading to our house: the one travelled most frequently was the shorter and came in from the southwest; the other road was longer and less noticeable and came in from the northwest, meandering along a hill and near the canal. Father rarely used either of these roads when he came home. More frequently he took a road farther north that led to his brother James' home. But he did not stop at James'. He drove on down the hill, across the canal, into the meadows to a neat frame house almost hidden in a cluster of trees, which, as I have said belonged to his sister, Martha Ann, and her husband, Samuel Jenkins.

Leaving his horse, or horses, and carriage in this perfect hiding place, Father would walk through the fields toward his home. I think Mother was usually watching for him and gave the signal when all was safe. My brothers were at their posts of duty. He would come in and visit for half an hour or an hour and then be on his way back. There were times when he remained at Aunt Martha's overnight, or for a night and a day. Mother, or Aunt Harriet, would go there and stay with him. He lists in his diary the names of people who called to see him when he remained over a day and one wonders how his visits were kept a secret.

When I was still very young, six or seven years of age, I remember a midnight visit Father made to the house. I remember several secret visits, but this one stands out above all the others. We younger children had been asleep some hours in the lounge in the front room. The older brothers and sisters had been told that he was coming and they did not go to bed. He had entered the room and was seated in his big armchair before we were awakened. With our eyes half closed we climbed out in our night gowns, kissed him dutifully, and then sat in a huddle on the floor to gaze at him in bewilderment. The voice sounded like our father's, and the piercing eyes were the same, but his beard was dyed and his hair was different.

As soon as he arrived my brother Alberto ran to the entrance to the northwest road, and brother Edward went to the southwest road to stand guard. On this particular night, and within a half-hour after Father entered the house, Edward rushed in out of breath and said, "The deputies are on their way in our direction. You must leave immediately, Father."

Father was a large man over six feet tall and at this time he weighed two hundred and two pounds. He was sitting in his chair with his shotgun between his knees. In anger he said, "I won't budge. What have I done that I should be hunted like a criminal. If they try to take me it will be over someone's dead body."

The older brothers and sisters advised him to go, and we little ones began to cry. We were frightened at the loud voices and the excitement. Mother said calmly, "Samuel, I think you had better go for the sake of the children."

He left quickly and went back to Aunt Martha Ann's. He did not linger there, but drove rapidly over the north road. The special guards knew when he entered Salt Lake City.

Sometimes the U. S. marshals came suddenly upon us in the night to search the house for Father but he was never there when they came. Mother would hear faintly the buggy wheels in the lane, and then the sound came more clearly as they drove down the hill and around the house. She would not know whether it was friend or foe until she heard them pound furiously on the front
door and shout for her to open it quickly or they would break it down. She would plead for time to get into her clothes, and she lingered long enough to warn the others.

When she did let them in they searched every nook and corner of the house while their companions stood outside watching. They would throw the quilts back from our bed, and feel between us children frightening us half to death. Mother in her quiet, scornful way would say, “I don’t mind your searching the house for Mr. Bateman, but can you find no better method than frightening little children. You know he could not be in their bed.”

Is it any wonder we were nervous children, and that I walked, talked, and screamed in my sleep for years after! Those terrifying visits did not occur once or twice, but dozens and dozens of times in the four years of Father’s exile, and we learned to be afraid to go to bed at night. I never recovered from the fear of strange men coming suddenly upon me from I know not where.

Mother was never afraid of the Deputy Marshals and she came to know some of them by name. As soon as their knock was heard at the door, all the older girls got up with her and Aunt Harriet and dressed. There were no vulgar or brutal scenes in our house, although some women issued sworn statements to the effect that they had been handled in an insulting manner by these Government officials. These statements were sent to Washington, D. C. in protest. In our home, if they gave offense at all, it was that they were rude and unman-nerly because they thought we were trying to hide Father, or that we were trying to help him escape.

They came frequently in the daytime, and these visits were a little less terrifying. Sometimes the older children working on the hill would see them coming and sound the alarm. No special arrangements could be made for their coming, and Mother received them in the usual way, calmly and with cold confidence because Father was never there when they came.

Mother told us more than once the following incident. One day three came in a buggy: one man came to the house, the other two watched outside. She knew the man who entered the kitchen very well. When he had looked in the cupboard, opened a small sugar can, and peered into the flour-bin, Mother said, “Deputy F., have you no idea of the size of the man you are searching for?” She knew that he and Father had known each other while Father was on the Salt Lake police force, but she asked him anyway.

“Mrs. Bateman, I do know his size, and I know the character of the man also,” he replied. “I trust it will never fall to my lot to arrest Mr. Bateman. He and I were friends before this mess began. I admire him. I must make a pretense of searching or the fellows outside will bawl me out.”

Deputy F. was always a gentleman, and Mother had respect for him. When he came alone to search he seldom got beyond the sugar can.
CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Our Home a Hideout For Plural Wives

Living under a hill as we did, and some distance from the highway, our house was somewhat secluded. This made it a natural refuge for the women of the Underground in particular. There were women who were forced to hide in order that they might not be called to testify against their husbands when they were arrested. But many women were haled into court to testify, and those who refused to incriminate their husbands were imprisoned. Later in life I came to know one woman very well who was sent to the penitentiary for contempt of court. She was very young at that time. She took with her a nine-month’s old son. When he grew to maturity, I knew the son even better than I did the mother. He is an accomplished specialist in medicine.

Some of the women of the Underground came to our home. A few remained a very short time, others lived with us for months. Their husbands visited them, but rarely remained overnight. More frequently they left before dawn.

I remember one very beautiful woman with two children who lived with us longer than anyone else. There are many reasons why I should remember her, but one in particular was her kindness to me. When I was hurt and held my breath, she would pick me up, run to the rain barrel at the corner of the log cabin, and dash cold water in my face. When I recovered consciousness she would hold me on her lap, or lay me on the lounge and sit by me until the color came back to my face. Sometimes she saved me from getting a spanking because I held my breath.

She was as calm and quiet as Mother in those not too calm days. We knew her as “Sister T.” Mother occasionally called her “Sister Clara.” When neighbor’s children came to play and asked who the strange woman was, we replied, “Sister T.” Where did she come from? We didn’t know. Where was Mr. T.? We didn’t know. How long would she stay? We didn’t know. This was the truth. We children were told very little, but even in that much we never betrayed our trust. It was not that we were in league with the cause, or even understood it, but we were in constant fear of the rude men who pushed us roughly in our beds in the darkness of the night. We had observed that they were linked up, somehow, with this whole mysterious business.

I think of the strain my mother and Aunt Harriet were under during those long hard years. There was not only the anxiety about their husband, but the worry of keeping the farm going, the care of the children, and the worry of feeding and housing so many people. Some one was going and coming almost every day or two, bringing a bundle of soiled clothes to be washed, ironed, and mended and returned to Father by another messenger who would bring only a bundle of letters, letters not only for us but for the people living with us. In his diary Father speaks frequently of going to the Halfway House where he met some one who brought clean clothes, and a letter from “my wife M.” and one from “my wife H.” and letters from the older children. My sisters wrote to him frequently. I can see now as I read his diary how he found time to write numerous letters, but I cannot understand how those two women found the time to write to him as often as they did. Practically all of these letters were carried by messengers: they were not sent through the U. S. Mail for obvious reasons.

It is during this period of four years or more that I remember the furiously busy days of cooking and cooking, and baking in a coal stove; of washing, ironing, tend-
ing the geese and ducks and turkeys, etc. Two of the girls ironed all day with irons heated on the coal stove. By the time I could be of much service the Underground days were over and though we were still a fair-sized family, things had changed.

From the summer of 1887 on, when the tenseness of this life was at its height, Mother was practicing her profession of midwife, yet never laying aside the duties of housewife, mother, and hostess. In the second half of this year she records seven cases; she may have had one or two more counting the one hinted at in Father’s letter on her forty-ninth birthday. In 1888 she had nineteen cases, in the next year twenty-four deliveries, and in 1890 twenty-six. Those last two years of 1888 and 1889 were the hardest and the saddest of that period. I have already spoken of them as the closing Exile years and the Penitentiary period.

Hard as those years were, each little gold piece that came into the home drove out some distress. Even if Mother received her full price of five dollars for each of the twenty-four cases—which is not at all likely—she received one hundred twenty dollars for the year, or an average of ten dollars a month. It seems such a pitiful sum to me now, barely enough to buy week-end groceries for two. Then, it did very much more because necessities were cheaper, and buying was more carefully managed.

Sometimes Mother was up all night with a case, only to come home in the morning to a full day’s work. The exigencies of the Underground continually broke into her rest. She or Aunt Harriet would slip away occasionally, riding with one of the night messengers to meet Father in Salt Lake City, or at the Halfway House, which was in Bountiful. The two women could not leave at the same time. It was easier for Aunt Harriet to go because the stork regulated Mother’s absences from home. When she could safely leave she would try to meet Father at Sister’s Exile home; thus she could see both of them at the same time, and Sister needed Mother.

When she could possibly do so she took me with her. She may have felt it was safer than to leave me at home because I was too often the small bubble in the family pot of trouble. On the other hand she may have wanted to bring me to the attention of my father who, as yet, hadn’t made much fuss of me. Being away from home so much of the time there was a possibility that he might forget me altogether. If these things troubled Mother, and I am not sure they did, they did not trouble me. I was with her, and I liked the trips, and whether Father noticed me or not did not matter. He usually took us home. The President would tell him to take the double buggy and the best team of horses. The horses knew Father’s hand on the reins, and they dashed away so swiftly we were home in no time. We came in by the little used road, and he dared not linger. The tall handsome man helped us out of the carriage, said a quick goodnight, turned his horses’ heads northward, and over the same road he sped away into the darkness. It was as if Mother and I had a secret lover, one that didn’t dare be too familiar. But we had just a glimpse into the mysterious world in which he lived.

In his diary Father speaks of going to the old Salt Lake Theatre to plays and minstrels. This was after President Taylor’s death, and after they had left D O for hideouts in Salt Lake City. Two or three of the guards would go together and they occupied the President’s box. Why the deputies did not catch them here I do not know. I suppose they were all disguised. He speaks of one night when some people in the opposite box kept training their opera glasses on them, and then they seemed to be talking about them. As soon as the curtain went up and the lights were dim, he and his companions slipped out.

Jan. 2, 1888 he writes, “I went to see the President (Woodruff). He did not want to go out so I went to
the theatre and saw Mr. James O'Neill and troupe play ‘Monte Cristo’. I then went to the hall. D. R. and myself went to his house.” James O'Neill was the father of the great dramatist, Eugene O'Neill.

Father took Mother and me two or three times to the theatre. The lights, the hundreds of well-dressed men and women fascinated me. Father did not object to my sitting down in the front where I could lean my elbows on the velvet railing, cup my face in my hands, and forget all else except the romantic life on the stage. There I forgot who I was and what I looked like, and people could stare as much as they wished at the little country girl.

Mother sat behind me. No one would recognize her because this world was as new to her as it was to me. Father sat farther back in the shadow of the box where he could not be observed. I sighed with regret when the performance was over, but there was still the long night ride in the President's carriage.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

DO

Much as I recall the mysterious life in our home during these years, I knew very little of the busy night life of the Underground, nor did I know of its quiet days, until I became acquainted with a portion of Father's diary which came into my possession through my sister Elzina. This portion of the diary opens Aug. 26, 1886. He wrote, "All day at D O. Reading, pitching quoits. D. R. Bateman came to where we were. At night Pratt and Burt came. They thought the deps were on our track."

According to other records, President John Taylor went into Exile February 1, 1885 for what he considered the best good of the Church. I think my father must have entered the Underground at the same time because his diary shows that he was special guard of President Taylor's person, and also his nurse and companion. I presume he was, at that time, head of all the guards from Bountiful to Kaysville.

President Taylor worked busily while at D O carrying on the work of the Church. His counsellors, George Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith, were frequently with him for discussion and consultation. The president lived a quiet, secluded life. He seldom took any exercise out of doors for fear of being recognized. When he did occasionally go out it was to play quoits under a shed.

As a relaxation from the regular work the men occasionally played checkers, Fox and Geese, or Old Maid. Father writes, "The boss and I beat." Once he wrote, "I beat the boss." Sometimes it was a draw.

On warm evenings the guards slipped away and bathed in Great Salt Lake at its northern end. There is
no mention in the diary that President Taylor ever went with them to the lake. The greatest care was exercised to protect him.

Every evening after dark someone, H. C. Birrell, James Malin, or Father went with the mail to the Halfway House. There he met the man from Salt Lake City. Mail bags were exchanged. Sometimes C. H. Wilcken brought the mail. Often men went to Salt Lake, or on to D'O, with the mail carriers. Father frequently speaks of meeting D. R. B., his son, who brought special letters and packages from home. Those who went to the Halfway House returned near midnight. Once Father says he waited five hours for the in-coming mail and returned to D'O at 3 A. M. After that he read his mail and replied to one or two letters before he retired. During the first years of the Exile some of the most important mail was sent directly to Salt Lake City by a trusted carrier.

If the greater part of the official activity occurred at night, how were the Underground days spent? As a rule the men did not sleep late in the morning. The guards had to be at their posts, or new ones instructed. When time and weather permitted, they pitched quots under the shed for the daily exercise. Father wrote many letters, not only to his family, but to many men all over the Territory, and he received innumerable letters in return. Many of these had to be burned for secrecy's sake.

I am astonished at the amount of reading my father did, not only newspapers, and the Church's standard works, but he read the lives of many great men in every walk of life. He seems to have been very fond of the New Testament. In a brief space of time he writes that he had read it through twice, and says he returned to it, often. Here are a few of the books noted in his diary which he read in his leisure moments: "Uncle Tom's Cabin", 500 pages; "Peck's Bad Boy"; "Huckleberry Finn", 366 pages; "A Life of Napoleon Bonaparte", 520 pages; "The Frozen Zone And Its Explorers", 834 pages; "The Count of Monte Cristo" (this soon after he had seen the play); and "Alan Quartermain" by H. Rider Haggard, 256 pages. I think he picked up these books and many others as they came his way. He read at every opportunity. He does not always name the author, but he usually notes the number of pages.

He almost never comments on the books he read. I wish he had. For instance, I wish he had commented on the New Testament, what it was that drew him to it time and time again. I am sure he was interested in the miracles of Jesus, because Father was noted for his healing power with the sick. He would have rejoiced when Christ, with anger and indignation, drove the money-changers from the temple which they were desecrating. He, too, would have loved the Apostle Paul, his journeys on foot and by sea, the dangers, the hardships, and the courage and fearlessness of the man.

One book he did comment on. Oct. 7, 1886 he writes, "Finished reading the book entitled 'The Massacres of the Mountains,' by J. B. Dunn, Jr., containing 784 pages. Like a good many other books it tells a good many lies about the Mormons, that they incited the Indians to take up arms against the United States."

He had leisure to read and write, and yet he was very helpful about the house. Grateful to the people at D'O for their kindness, he assisted in painting the kitchen, he fixed the drain-board, turned the wringer while they washed, brought in potatoes, churned the sour cream (he usually gives the number of minutes it took each time) and sowed a half-acre of land with grain—a thing he would not dare do at home for fear of being seen by a spotter. Sometimes he cut a roast and steaks for the cooks. He and others went hunting for geese and ducks in the swamps near the lake. Once he says, "I killed two brants." More than once he "trimmed trees in the dusk of the evening."
Such small tasks did not come every day but he mentions them occasionally during the eight months he lived at D O. Of course, the men paid board, but money can’t pay for such hospitality and protection as the Rouches gave them.

Father’s beard was dyed, he did it himself, and his disguise was so complete very close friends did not recognize him. He did not reveal his identity except in rare cases. Sometimes he went to bed at certain hide-outs until visitors had left. Once he and two others in a buggy passed a man whom they knew very well. He was a resident of West Jordan. It was dusk. The man put his fingers to his nose, spread his hand, and pulled a face at them. They drove on laughing heartily. The man had mistaken them for deputies.

This was a good joke, and Father loved a good joke. He liked to play tricks on his friends even at some risk. He had the keen vision of a nighthawk, and loved to drive with the swiftness of its flight. In his diary he speaks of recognizing vehicles, horses, and men in the dark. While on his way home once he says, “I met my son Alberto and my daughter Mary coming to see me.” Later he describes an incident that occurred on January 19, 1887: it had rained but it had turned to snow late in the evening. He went to the Halfway House after 9 P. M. to get the mail. He had been instructed to bring George Q. Cannon back with him. The men who were to bring G. Q. C. to the Halfway House had been delayed. After waiting some time, Father decided to drive on and meet them. He recognized their carriage at the Hot Springs. He writes, “I followed them and hailed them, but they would not stop, and drove faster. I was sure it was them, and I drove past them, but did not know for sure, so I went after them, drove past and hailed them again. By this time they had loaded their shotguns. I drove ahead of them and got them between me and the fence and stopped them. Then they found out who I was. Then we had a big laugh. They had heard that tendeps had gone north, and they had prepared themselves to defend G. Q. C. They were bringing him to the Halfway House. He got into my buggy and they went back. We went on home (D O) arriving there at 12 o’clock M., all right.”

The men in the other carriage were “A. M. Cannon, Alfred Solomon, the Marshal and Mack.”

In May of that same year, 1887, the 17th, they received word at D O that the deputies were “calculating to make a general raid from Bountiful to Kaysville. I had Bro. Rouche see that the guards were put out promptly at night. A. M. Cannon went home. James (Malin) went after the mail to the Halfway House. Bro. Woolley went home. James got back at half-past eleven o’clock P. M. I received a letter from my wife Marininda, and a note from my wife Harriet, also a piece of birthday cake (likely his mother’s—her birthday was May 12). I was on guard at night.” However, it seems that the raid did not take place at this time.

Rarely did President Taylor leave D O. At certain times it seems that he met his counsellors at Farmington, perhaps at the Clark home. Only once does Father mention having taken him to Salt Lake City. Even that was a risk because the President’s home and offices were watched constantly by spotters.

In the middle of December of this year he went to West Jordan to Samuel Jenkins’, and later to John A. Egbert’s, my Sister Araminta’s home. The families visited him at both places. In the early morning hours, he risked a visit to his own house. About ten o’clock a strange Underground warning came. He says, “At home, until about half-past ten o’clock, when a boy came and asked Edward and the children if we had any fat calves; if we had to keep them, and Bishop Holdman would come down and see them.” It was some few minutes before Edward knew the meaning. Then he said to
Father, “You are the fat calf and the deys are coming. You must get out of the way.”

“This scared the folks and they urged me to go. So I put on my coat, buckled on my big pistol, and started to Samuel Jenkins'. Got there all right. Just after I got there D. R. B. came to the house and said the deys were coming to Cottonwood and might come to West Jordan. He came down to where I was (probably near the Jordan River hiding in a clump of bushes). The deys did not come.”

He returned to D O and three days later he was fixing a hideout on the lake from which he could shoot ducks.

New Year's Day was spent in Salt Lake City at Marshal Burt's. Hundreds of times he was sheltered there, and at O. P. Arnold's home. He loved the Burts and Arnolds as if they had been of his own flesh and blood.

It was a busy life they led; most of the time it was pleasant, sometimes it was sad. Being separated from their families was their greatest trial.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Death Comes to D O

President Taylor seldom left D O as I have said. He took little exercise. This coupled with the anxiety over his families, and his church work, preyed upon his health.

Sunday, Feb. 27, 1887 Father wrote, “President Taylor received a letter this morning stating that his wife Sophia died at 6 o'clock A. M. It made us all feel sorrowful, more especially on his account for he could not go to see her in her sickness and could not see her after she was dead for fear of being arrested, as there were men watching the house most all the time. He took it very hard to be deprived of the privilege of seeing her in her last hours on earth. We had meeting. It was more like funeral services than Sunday services. Bro. Wilcken, Bro. Nuttall and myself were the only ones that spoke.

From then on Samuel Bateman kept careful watch over the President's health. He records the fact that “the President wasn't very well.” Then one night he was very ill, but again he was better and pitched quoits; then not well again.

On Sunday April 24, Samuel went home for a visit. He remained in his own house over night, "the first time in over eight months,” he says.

In May the President was not well enough to attend the Sunday services which were always held in the home even though only ten or a dozen people attended. Later in the month President Taylor presided at a meeting. In June he was very ill and "growing weaker and ate almost nothing.”
"July 3, I got up at half-past two o'clock to relieve Bro. Malin. He was sitting up with the President and H. C. Birrell. At twenty minutes to 6 o'clock C. W. H. came back and with him George Taylor and John W. Taylor, the president's sons." Later they returned to Salt Lake City.

Four days later on July 7, "The President no better: restless, up and down ... Watched by him part of the afternoon. He was growing weaker. Bro. Malin came and Aunt Mary and Aunt Margaret, his wives, to be with him." On July 10 Father drove to Salt Lake City in a rainstorm to bring these same wives, and two sons, George and Edward, because the President was so much worse. Later they returned to Salt Lake City.

On the 12th, "I was up all night. The doctor says it is only a matter of time, no human skill can save him. Brother Rouche, Bro. Malin and others took turns in sitting up with him. G. Q. C., J. F. S. and L. J. N. came."

"Monday, July 25, 1887. At D O. The President much weaker. I layed down after four o'clock. Got up before ten o'clock A. M. Stayed by the President the rest of the day. At about 6 o'clock P. M. he took a decided turn for the worse. At about a quarter to eight o'clock I saw that he was going. I told Bro. Malin to call the folks in, and he breathed his last five minutes to eight o'clock p. m. There were around his dying bed Mary Taylor and Margaret Taylor, his widows; Pres. G. Q. Cannon, Pres. J. F. Smith, L. J. Nuttall, H. C. Birrell, James Malin, Bro. Rouche and wife, their daughter Josephine, Elizabeth Bailey, their adopted daughter little Rina and myself. After a few minutes, Bro. Cannon came to me and told me he wanted H. C. Birrell, Bro. Malin, and myself to wash him. Bro. Birrell and I washed him while Bro. Malin went after ice and to get Bro. John Rouche to telephone to the city to C. H. Wilcken to bring Joseph E. Taylor out to where we were. A little before two o'clock a. m. C. H. W. and J. E. T.

In the room at the back on the right
Pres. John Taylor died.
came with the refrigerator. At 3 o'clock a. m. C. H. W. started back to the city with G. Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith. After they had gone I got Bro. Rouche to take Bro. L. J. Nuttall to Ogden. Then I tried to sleep but could not. So I got up again."

By this time it was Tuesday morning the 26th. Samuel tried again to rest, and slept three hours. He got up, called the boys and they began to pack their things as quickly as possible. They must get away from D. O. It would soon be known that President Taylor had died here at D. O. and that it was the home of Thomas F. Rouche, in Kaysville. An attempt would be made to capture those who had been with him.

The President’s body was in the refrigerator and was being taken by wagon to a special train on the U. C. R. R. tracks to be conveyed to Salt Lake City. A large number of people accompanied the corpse. Samuel names them.

When Samuel and the Boys, the guards, said good-bye to the Rouche family there were tears in their eyes: they were leaving the Thomas F. Rouche place, or D. O. that had been home to them eight months and four days. Samuel dismissed the guards and thanked them for their diligent service and said they would be paid. Each one said he wanted no pay.

At Farmington, Samuel told his dear friend, Thomas Abbott, to dismiss his special guards. They, too, expressed the same thought that they wished no money for their service.

He wrote, "I went on to the city. Went to the Tithing Office, then to the President’s Office to see President Cannon. Then I went to Sister Burt’s and went to bed at one p. m." He slept late into the next day, he was so weary.

The funeral was July 29. Samuel, and other men who were sought by the deputies, did not go to the funeral, that would have been walking into the lion's jaws. He says his folks went to the services. He does not say where he was, but he could hear the music. He wrote, "In the procession there were 100 carriages, and 7 bands of music. It was estimated that there were from 18 to 20 thousand people at the funeral. I could hear the bands play from where I was. In the afternoon my wife Marinda came to see me, also my wife Harriet and baby; my daughters Marinda, Elzizia, Orella, Margaret, my grandchild Clara, my daughter Araminta and my son-in-law John A. Egbert; Sister Nancy Day, Sheriff John W. Turner and wife and Bro. Halladay from Provo; and C. H. W.; and Bro. Shumway came to tell me that Bro. G. Q. C. and J. F. S. were ready. Went to the President’s office. Met D. H. Wells, and shook hands with him and Bro. Penrose. Bro. G. Q. C. and J. F. S. and myself went down to Bro. Cannon’s home. One other of Bro. Smith’s wives was there. We remained overnight."

Aug. 2, "I got up at a quarter to four o'clock a. m. On guard at the Cannon Farm. At a quarter of eight a covered wagon came to take G. Q. C. and J. F. S. and myself to the city. We had in the wagon for a disguise a bundle of hay, 3 or 4 artesian well pipes, plow handles sticking out behind, a chicken coop, and one behind with some chickens in it. We got in and pulled the cover down in front and were driven to the Tithing Yard, G. Q. Cannon and J. F. Smith got out at the President’s barn, and went through the Lion House into the President’s Office."

Samuel did a dozen or more errands and then went to Sister Burt’s where he slept.

These early trips to the President’s Office had to be made before the world was stirring. While the meetings were in session men were on guard to warn the Church Authorities of the approach of any man that aroused suspicion. His accounts are very carefully recorded.
Often he leaves out names of buildings and merely writes "the place where we were".

Long after this was over, when I was a young girl, my father told us interesting events of the Underground life. He said that in one very large house in Salt Lake City which sheltered them, there were secret panel doors. As I recall it now, it was the McDonald house. Here sometimes they held meetings. If an alarm came that the house was to be searched, they had merely to push a secret panel in the wall, pass into a secret room, and close the panel which could not be found by one who did not know.

Wednesday, Oct. 5, 1887, "Got up at 5 o'clock a.m. and went to Mayor Armstrong's. The Twelve all met there that morning in Council. I was on guard all day. At night I took Bro. Reynolds to the office, and then went to get Bro. Nuttall, but he was too sick to go, so he sent a note. Bro. H. B. Clawson went back with me. The Council didn't break up till after one o'clock a.m. I took Bro. Lorenzo Snow, Bro. Erastus Snow, Bro. Franklin D. Richards, and Bro. John H. Smith to where they were stopping. I then put up our team and went to D. R. B.'s (his son's). My wife Marinda was there."

The next day, Oct. 6, was Conference. Of course, he did not go. People called to see him at D. R. B.'s. He says, "At night, I went up to the office, then got our team, and went to Mayor Armstrong's to get Pres. Woodruff and Pres. Cannon. They had just gone to the office before I got there. Mayor Armstrong went back to the office with me. It rained a very little. The Twelve all met again in Council at the office. Did not dismiss till after 1 o'clock a.m. I then took Pres. Woodruff and Pres. Cannon to Mayor Armstrong's, then went back to the Tithing Yard and put up the team and went to O. P.'s."

On the thirteenth of October Samuel had to go to court. He was hidden upstairs in a room and later was secretly taken by Mormon friends to swear before a Mormon Judge that he had witnessed the signing of the last will and testament of President Taylor. It is interesting to note this item because it hints at the conflict that existed between the Upper Court, ruled by the Gentiles, and the Lower Court, ruled by the Mormons. I shall quote from the diary:

"Thursday the 13 (Oct. 1887). All day at the County Court House. Stayed in the room upstairs that B. Y. Hampton was confined in for 12 months unjustly simply for forming a plan to catch and expose prominent Gentiles who were whoring; and these same class of men was howling about our brethren who had more wifes than one. After they were arrested for this crime they were turned loose by Judge Zane, and B. Y. was arrested and convicted and sent to the County Jail for 12 months for being the instigator and catching them. At 11 o'clock a.m. I was called before the Probate Court to sign an affidavit and that I with James E. Malin had signed the last will and testament of President John Taylor. I was sworn to the same by Judge Elias Smith Jr. and went to my room. My meals were brought to me by Mr. Barton. At night I went and got our team and went to Mayor Armstrong's and got President Woodruff and President Cannon . . . " (Judge Elias Smith, Jr., died December 6, 1947. He recalled the above incident when Father appeared before him in court.)

On the 30th of that month he says, "I walked along side of Judge Zane 4 or 5 rods." Father was in disguise and the judge would not know him.

In that same month of October a reward of fifty dollars was given to Father for his faithfulness in caring for President Taylor in his illness and death. He asked O. P. Arnold to take the money and buy a gold watch chain for him that he might have something to remember Pres. Taylor by. In the end the chain cost $52.20.

As indicated by the above Samuel Bateman became a guard and driver for President Woodruff and his counsellors after the death of Pres. John Taylor.
CHAPTER TWENTY

Imprisonment and the Manifesto

Under President Woodruff the underground life remained the same, except that Samuel had much more to do. New names and new scenes come into the picture. He was nearer home and he saw his families more frequently. There was much more danger, too. Life shifts between the Cannon farm and the Woodruff farm, both on the edge of Salt Lake City at that time, and also to hideouts in Salt Lake City. Father writes often, "At the farm, got up at four o'clock a.m. and got the team and took President Woodruff to the office."

Wilford Woodruff did not immediately become president of the church on the death of John Taylor, July 25, 1887. But he was president of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles and he and they conducted the affairs of the church. It was not until April Conference of 1889 that he was officially made president of the church with George Q. Cannon as first counselor, and Joseph F. Smith as second counselor. President Woodruff said at that time, "This 7th day of April 1889 is one of the most important days in my life, for I was made President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by the unanimous vote of ten thousand of them."

By this time Father had been out of the penitentiary for two or three months, and he was no longer a guard for the president. Father had loved all of the men he had worked for, but if he had a favorite it was President Woodruff.

Father's diary over a period of years reveals increasing troubles between the church and the United States Government officials on matters other than polygamy. These conflicts were having an effect on the status of plural marriages, and the eventual giving up of polygamy by the church was certain. It is not my purpose to discuss the various phases of these problems except as one or two affect my story.

When he went into Exile, Father swore that the United States Deputy Marshals would never take him alive. After nearly four years of successfully eluding arrest, he voluntarily surrendered to the deputies. Several factors contributed to this. Whether he knew it or not—and I feel sure he knew it—the institution of polygamy was breaking down. Other men who had been with him on the Underground were surrendering. He decided to follow their example. His sentence was eighty-five days in the penitentiary, with a fine of seventy-five dollars. It was the latter part of 1888 and the first part of 1889 that he served his sentence. There is a lapse in his diary and I have no definite record of the day he surrendered nor the day he finished his sentence.

President George Q. Cannon surrendered himself to U. S. Marshal Dyer, September 17, 1888 and was sentenced by Judge Stanford, under two indictments to 175 days imprisonment and a fine of $450. He served the time and paid the fine and was released February 21, 1889. He and Father were together in the penitentiary a part of that time, and they were happy over that fact.

We have no definite record of this experience. If Father kept his diary, and I feel sure he did, it has been burned by someone who knew not its value. Therefore, all I have of this period is my memory. I recall that Mother, Aunt Harriet, and the older children visited him. I think it was Mary who wept when she saw that his beautiful black beard had been cut off, and on his face were the gray stubs of a new and aging beard. His head was shaved and he was in stripes. We younger children were not permitted to go to see him at the penitentiary. Our mothers feared it would be too upsetting. It would have been after all we had experienced previously.
The persecutions could not go on much longer; not that the people were weakening—religious persecutions in all ages and among all peoples have bound the group together more firmly than ever. But the constant troubles between the Government and the Mormons were retarding the development of the Territory. Cooperation must take the place of bitterness. Non-Mormon business men were concerned. Other business interests wished to come to Utah and they were disturbed over the social and religious antagonism. Many men from the “outside world” came and met with the leading church men, and the results were those of good feeling and a desire to overcome the difficulties.

The idea of statehood so long in the minds of many people, now seemed more desirable than ever before, but it was known that statehood could not come while polygamy was practiced. Someone had to face the facts.

Eventually in the fall of 1890 the Manifesto was issued. Something was known about it even before September when it was put into written form. According to President Woodruff’s own words attempts had been made for some time within the church to check the practice of polygamy. On Oct. 6, 1890 the Manifesto was presented to the General Conference in Assembly, and according to authentic reports the vote was unanimous to stop the practice of polygamy. The following is the official declaration:

“To Whom It May Concern:

“Press dispatches having been sent for political purposes from Salt Lake City, which have been widely published, to the effect that the Utah Commission, in their recent report to the Secretary of the Interior, allege that plural marriages are still being solemnized and that forty or more such marriages have been contracted in Utah since last June or during the past year; also that in public discourses the leaders of the Church have taught, encouraged, and urged the practice of polygamy;

“I, therefore, as President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, do hereby, in the most solemn manner, declare that these charges are false. We are not teaching polygamy or plural marriage, nor permitting any person to enter into its practice, and I deny that either forty or any number of plural marriages, have, during that period, been solemnized in our temples or in any other place in the territory.

“In as much as laws have been enacted by Congress forbidding plural marriages, which laws have been pronounced constitutional by the court of last resort, I hereby declare my intention to obey these laws, and to use my influence with the members of the Church over which I preside to have them do likewise.

“There is nothing in my teachings to the Church or in those of my associates, during the time specified, which can be reasonably construed to inculcate or encourage polygamy; and when any Elder of the Church has used language which appeared to convey any such teaching he has been promptly reproved, and I now publicly declare that my advice to the Latter-day Saints is to refrain from contracting any marriage forbidden by the laws of the land.

Wilford Woodruff
President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints”*

(Presented Oct. 6, 1890)

There may have been a few in that audience who did not vote, and a few may have remained away in order that they might not commit themselves. But Father and Mother were at that conference and they voted to sustain the Manifesto. True, in its wording, it does not claim to be a command from God, but “advice” from

President Woodruff. But any advice from the president of the church was regarded by most church members as inspired by God.

Later in his discourses President Woodruff declared to the people that the Lord had prompted him to do this thing. He had been shown in a vision what would take place if the people did not cease the practice of polygamy. But it was no concession to their enemies, the Manifesto had been issued for the sake of the Church and the work that was to be done.

More than once I heard Father say before other members of the family that when he went to that Conference he and some of his friends who had suffered exile and imprisonment had determined to vote against the Manifesto. "But," said Father, "some power not my own raised my arm, and I voted to sustain President Woodruff in this matter. As soon as I had done it, a sense of peace and contentment came over me."

To him the principle was still true. He had tried to live it honorably. He had openly acknowledged his second wife and her children, and would still acknowledge them before the world as long as he lived. But his intelligence told him that time and circumstances may change even that which he believed had been revealed by God. He worshipped a God of change and eternal progress and it was fitting that He should manifest himself again for the good of His people. That which had served its purpose could now, for good and sufficient reasons, be laid aside for something new.

Mother said nothing as usual, but she looked her satisfaction. What a sense of relief must have come over her when the Manifesto was passed. There would be no more Exile and night raids with their attendant anxieties. The future surely would be brighter.

In some ways Exile had been hard for Father, he loved to be with his families; but the life of the Underground had been one of comparative ease and comfort with leisure for reading, visiting, pitching quoits, hunting, etc. He was close to great men, well-read and cultured; he had their love and confidence, they shared each others dangers, and a bond of friendship united them. Their night rest was broken, that is true, and there was the anxiety of eluding the deputies, but Father loved the spirit of adventure and danger, the swift driving in the darkness when he thought his enemies might be pursuing him, and the arrival at the hideout where he found comparative security. I think he was never happier than when he was in danger and knew within himself there was some doubt of the outcome. In the end there was triumph: the deputy marshals had not captured him; and in the end there was acquiescence: when he felt the time was ripe to serve his sentence according to the laws of his country, he went of his own volition and gave himself up. Was Deputy F. there? Were this fiction I might make up a story about it. Frankly, I do not know.

He had known so many phases of life, his experiences had been so varied. I am sure Father would have felt cheated had he not experienced the life in the penitentiary, especially since, from his own point of view, he had committed no crime. I wish, like Bunyan or Cervantes, he had written a book in prison, or that he had even started one. If he did it is lost or burned. That he got a real kick out of that life I do not doubt. He was the kind that would have made friends with the warden and the guards. There would be no sulking in his cell, no resentment.

But that Exile period was quite different for my mother and Aunt Harriet. They knew no comforts, no luxuries, no leisure time for reading, no rest from physical labors; they had greater financial worries than Father had; the same wakefulness at night, and the full responsibility of the children. They had the anxiety about their husband. They knew his daring and fearless character, and that he would not yield if he were trapped. They knew of one man who was shot because he would not
surrender, but tried to escape. With Father it would have been a battle, not a running away.

These two women had sacrificed as only such women could sacrifice. There was no crying for silk dresses, nor for any dresses for themselves for that matter. They were always neat and clean, and their best clothes lasted for years. Never in their lives had they thought of being "dressed delicately in scarlet." Once a very fine gentleman whose wife had found shelter in our house for a long time during the Underground period, gave Mother and Aunt Harriet an order of twenty-five dollars on the Z. C. M. I. to buy material and trims for a dress for each of them. The material was one hundred percent wool. This came like a gift out of the sky, and we were very proud of our mothers when they wore their beautiful dresses. Other gifts of this nature also came from grateful friends.

These two women, and there were many like them, bore, by far, the greater burdens of sorrow and suffering, and they bore them with dignity because they believed sincerely and truly that what they were doing was right. Those who complained and were bitter—and there were many of these—were the women who did not believe it was worth the price they had to pay. In many cases it truly wasn't worth the price, and I can understand the disillusionment that came to these women. To save even a shred of dignity and self-respect they left their husbands, and some carried into their future lives much bitterness. Some of the daughters of these women are my friends. They have told me they lost all respect for their fathers because of the disgusting way in which they lived polygamy. They had only pity for their mothers. This one thing drove them from the Church.

But I knew many women like my mother and Aunt Harriet who never questioned the rightness of the course they had taken. Their lives were clean and decent. They weren't fond of hardships, but if hardships came that
CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

Pledges Kept and Broken

From the very wording of the Manifesto it was evident that some men and women would find in it a loop hole, an excuse to carry on the practice of polygamy. They were few in comparison with the many who had pledged themselves to live by President Woodruff's advice and kept their pledges. The few did in secret marry other women than the one they were legally entitled to. Some went out of the state to practice it. Others practiced it in Utah. Even some years after statehood came in 1896 there were many such cases of men and women who defied the law of the church and the nation. Among my acquaintances were young girls who pretended to go away to perfect their education but who in reality went into hiding to bear their children. Some few returned bringing children who could not bear a father's name. For several years no punishment was placed on these men by the church. Some years later new offenders were excommunicated, among them my brother, Daniel, who, during the days of the Underground, had helped guard the lives of the church authorities then in hiding. He had grown up in polygamy and believed in it sincerely, but he did not enter it until after the death of his wife Ellen. This was some twenty years or more after the Manifesto which he did not support. There were other men about his own age who were equally guilty, who for some reason escaped the penalty.

Some of my brothers and sisters wept over Dannie's excommunication; they felt it was a blot on the family name. He insisted he was still a member of the Church. He was a kind, gentle man, but he had a will of his own. He could not unlearn that which he had been taught from boyhood as true. He was loved by every member of our family. I did not believe as he did, but I can understand why he believed as he did. He was the eldest in the family, I was the youngest. Our ways of thinking were separated by a generation of rapidly changing ideas.

* * * * *

I hesitate for several reasons to tell my own experience, and how I escaped the fate of some of my friends. I shall relate it, if only to prove that my parents were sincere when they took that pledge in October 1890.

On the streets of Salt Lake City one day in the late nineties, Father and I met one of his old friends. He was glad to see Father and obviously delighted to see that the little girl in pig tails whom he had known but never noticed, had grown into a young woman. He learned that I was attending the Normal School, asked where I lived, etc. Then he said to Father, "If you don't mind, I'll keep a brotherly eye on her once in a while to see how she is getting along."

Suspecting nothing Father said he didn't mind.

Mr. ................ called. I treated him courteously as I always treated old friends of the family. One evening he took me and Bernice, my room mate, for a buggy ride. We rather enjoyed it, but we couldn't help wishing all the time that it had been with our boy friends, and not with a man as old as our fathers.

Soon baskets of fruit out of season, and boxes of candy came to our door. One evening I said to the messenger, "I did not order these things, take them back."

"Well, Mr. ................ did," and he set them down not too gently.

With a mischievous twinkle in her eyes, Bernice said, "This looks suspicious to me. It may mean more than the friendship of an old man for your honorable family."
Disliking to admit my own fear, I cried, "He would not dare. He has three or four wives, and children older than I. They need the money that was spent on this fruit."

Well, he did dare. He said polygamy was not a dead issue and that there were ways and means of carrying it on. He said when he saw me that day on Main Street, God revealed it to him that I was to be his wife.

Instead of falling on my knees in gratitude and thanking him for the unbelievable honor of being his fourth or fifth wife to bear children in poverty and obscurity, I felt insulted and in anger and disgust, I said, "If God wishes me to do this outrageous thing let Him reveal it to me."

Thoroughly believing God would speak to me, he asked me to pray about it, and when the answer came to send word to him. His conceit was colossal.

I didn’t pray. Mother had taught us not to pray for silly and ridiculous things, and this was both silly and ridiculous.

When I went home and told my parents, Father swore an oath. He had been betrayed by his friend. When occasion demanded, he could swear effectively, but rarely did he do it in the house. This time he did, and he said he would speak his mind to so and so when he saw him. Mother said nothing as usual, but she seemed to acquiesce in what Father said. She had experienced the sorrows of one daughter in polygamy, but at that time it was a doctrine of the Church. Now it was out-lawed. Sometimes I wished she had let out her pent-up feelings even in a mild oath but she never did. It was too foreign to her nature.

But her sixty-fourth living grandchild, at the mature age of three, did it for her—just once. Left in her father’s care, she slipped out of the house when he was deeply absorbed in a book. When he missed her and went to find her, she was playing with some rowdy boys ten or twelve years of age, and she was having a glorious time. It was all so strange and new to her, and she was fascinated with their picturesque language tossed so nonchalantly from their lips. When her father took her firmly by the hand and swiftly led her into the house as he said, "You are a naughty girl to run away from Papa," she looked up into his face and said in baby fashion, "Damn trashy ole tuss."

It was as he feared. He couldn’t have been more horrified had she picked up a disease germ. Like my mother, he never used profanity, and hence he was shocked.

When I returned from club, he said, "Lorna, tell your mother what you called me."

With a mischievous look in her beautiful eyes she said, "Damntrasyoletuss" so fast I didn’t get it. I asked her to repeat it slowly. When I understood it, I threw back my head and laughed to my husband’s surprise. Then I realized that that was what I wished my mother had said when I told her about that ridiculous polygamous proposal. But I would have been horrified had my mother said it: from my baby’s lips it was just something lilting and musical. She went about the house singing it for a few days and then forgot it. Like her grandfather she knew the appropriateness of time and place.

In December of 1939, at Christmas-time, I was reading aloud to my sister, my niece, and my daughter Lorna, now a woman grown with a child of her own, some of the lively paragraphs in the then much talked of book, "The Children of God" by Vardis Fisher. What a fascinating title that is! Here again were those picturesque words. Unknown to me, Lorna’s five-year-old son, Kent, was at my elbow listening as wide-eyed as his mother had years before to words that were strange and new. When I stopped reading he said, "Go on, Nannie, go on! That was great!"
It was my turn to be startled, and even more so, when shortly after I found him curled on a chair reading that book, searching for those paragraphs I had read. I had to invent some excuse to get it away from him. It was scarcely food for an infant, especially a Mormon infant. These children had been as carefully reared as their great grandmother.

Father’s oath that day meant much more than his indignation over my affair. In conference assembled the people had taken a unanimous vote to sustain President Woodruff’s wishes. Here was a trusted friend who not only betrayed him, but the Church also. No matter what his feelings had been before, and no matter what previous pledges he had made either oral or written, that eventual pronouncement which he had sustained in conference made all other promises regarding polygamy null and void. All Father did and said in our presence bear this out.

The last child of the second wife was born in February 1890, eight months before the Manifesto was issued. She was born in exile. Soon after the Manifesto, the second family came home after the brief exile. They lived in the house south of the large house in which Mother and her children lived. This was necessary, and better for both families. However, the children still mingled as though they were but one family.

After his release from the penitentiary, Father came home to the dullness and monotony of farm life, to its back-breaking burdens. His duty to care for the two families to the best of his ability was the same. There were men who used the Manifesto as an excuse to drop their responsibilities, and some women were left to fend for themselves. They were the men who had entered the polygamous relationship as a convenience for themselves, and who had never believed in it as an eternal principle as taught by the Church. This was not true of my father, and I honor him because he was man enough to stand by the second wife and her children. The responsibility was all his, not theirs. When he entered the bond of what he called Celestial Marriage, he accepted it as a divine command. He did it of his own free will. There were men and women who claimed that they were forced into it by Brigham Young or some other member of the Church. Whether this was true or not it was a weak excuse. Had Brigham Young tried to force my father into anything he did not believe in there would have been trouble. Father was outspoken and unafraid, and prided himself on his independence. On some things he and President Young had more than one bout. He criticized him to his face, and Father never lost the great leader’s regard.

Father’s mind could never be fettered. He was outspoken and honest. It was born in him with his English blood, and it was fostered by the frontier life in America. He was the forthright, interested, constructive insurant which church and state need. Such men are wrong at times, but they should be heard. They are the enemies of complacency and petrifaction.

In politics Father was a Democrat, although many of the Church men with whom he worked were of the opposite political faith. It was in the Democratic Party that he felt he saw the vision of eventual help for the poor man. He did not try to force his political beliefs on his children. While he insisted on his children marrying within the Church, he neglected the political side when it came to their choosing a partner. Seven of his nine sons-in-law were Republicans. The majority of his sons were Democrats. If his children followed his example it was inevitable they should be independent in their thinking. That was one of the precious things in our heritage, in fact, the most precious.
CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

Good Samaritans

As long as I can remember, and even earlier than that, Father and Mother were called from near and far to heal hundreds of cases of illness. There were no doctors near, and people had to depend on home nursing, faith, and the administrations of others. They believed that faith and works go together. Father speaks of many cures that were miraculous.

Mother did not keep a diary, but Father's diary is full of cases of illness, some of them very severe, to which he and Mother were called. They often travelled miles in a wagon or buggy to assist friends and even strangers in time of need. They never failed to respond to a request for help; if both could not go, one went, and that was usually Father. No work was so important that it could not be dropped when a call came. I have heard Father say that men who had been his enemies in some respects, sent for him in cases of illness because they respected his power of healing. I love to think that their hearts were always bigger than their pocketbooks, and that they gave generously of their time and substance. This was true of the Mormon people in general, and it is still true that they try to help not only their own, but strangers who come to live with them.

Father and Mother were natural born nurses. Father did a great deal of nursing among the Church authorities while he was on the Underground, and for years after. He nursed Brigham Young Jr. off and on for three months before he died. The sick man would have no one else.

This gift of nursing — and it was a gift, and only one of many gifts Father had — is shown in an article written by Glynn Bennion, and printed in the Deseret News August 31, 1935. The article is on early pioneer scouts, and the work they did in assisting the Mormons to build roads and make settlements in various parts of the territory. It wasn't safe to send new settlers to any part of this wild country unless they were guarded. Father did a great deal of this work. This article by Mr. Bennion refers to an incident which occurred while a group of people were being taken to Dixie. The author says in part:

"But it remained for Sam Bateman, protege and right-hand man of Orrin Porter Rockwell to display the most amazing versatility of all the grand band of scouts. To a woman of the southern exodus there came the terror of travel alone in the awful desolation of the Meadow Valley Wash. There was, of course, no doctors anywhere within reach. There wasn't even any woman experienced in dealing with such emergencies who could be brought quickly enough. And so Sam Bateman of the road patrol was pressed into service as midwife for the occasion. He did nobly. Mother and infant were both saved. That baby grew up to be an uncle of mine, and, with him also grew a tradition of gratitude in our family to big, gentle, skillful Sam Bateman, who excelled as cook, nurse, scout, peace officer, or pioneer as the occasion required, and beside all that was the finest kind of a gentleman.

"Of such were the men upon whom Brigham Young relied to carry out his plans for establishing Zion in the tops of the mountains. They did their work well. They were never paid a cent of earthly reward for it. They gave their peculiar talents as missionaries to the Lord. America has produced no better scouts."

Socrates said once, "I am a poor man because of my service to my country." Much the same can be said of my father and many other pioneers; they were poor all their lives because of their service to their Church and their fellowmen. If they received a reward it was only in the satisfaction of having done what they considered was their duty.
In the early days of the Church one heard much of the casting out of evil spirits, and there may be people who still believe in them in cases of certain illnesses. Many, if not all, of such pathetic victims were mental cases in varying degrees of illness from delirium to real mental trouble. Father cured many such cases by his strong will power, his great faith, and his psychiatric ability. He had no idea that he had such a gift. The patients as a rule had great confidence in him. Most of them had but one idea on which they were off balance; for example, they believed their enemies were persecuting them. One case Father helped, but did not cure, and years later the patient, a relative, died in a mental hospital. At the time of this person’s death I am sure Father recognized that it was mental illness and not evil spirits.

Due to his lack of knowledge, Father did not believe in the reality of disease germs, and he was not alone in this. There were no health centers, no quarantine regulations. When anti-toxin and typhoid serum came people resisted them to the point that if they were administered at all it was too late and the patient died. Some people cried that it was the doctor who had killed the sick one.

Because of all of this our parents went into homes and helped in the most severe cases of contagious diseases, and returned home without taking any precautions. When diptheria swept our little town in the late nineties, many young people died; three of my chums among them. Father and Mother were in the homes of Lulu and Mary I know, and likely in the homes of many others. Public funerals were held, and no one objected when I kissed Lulu in her coffin.

Of course, Ada and I developed bad throats, but Mother swabbed them, and made us gargle with blue vitrol water, and we recovered without having to go to bed. Our good luck almost justified Father in his opinion that disease germs could not be carried.

A few years later he and Mother accepted the new methods of inoculation when the university vaccinated me for smallpox. What a pity my father did not have an education to match his talents. He would have made a great doctor, a great leader in almost any walk of life.

Mother was adept at making her own medicines: white linament, eye-water, canker medicine, and poultices. With brandy and quinine she cured our la-gripepe. We drank sage and senna tea, and ate molasses and sulphur in vain protest, but we didn’t die of any of the ordinary diseases which is nothing short of a miracle.

There were no Undertakers then; the word mortician had not yet come into use. In his diary, Father speaks frequently of washing the bodies of the dead, packing them in ice, etc. He writes, “I went to see if the body was keeping well,” or “I changed the bottles of ice. The body doing fine.”

He assisted in the dressing for burial if it were a man or boy; if it were a woman Mother and the Relief Society women did the service. These women also sewed the clothes.

In reading his diary I am astonished at the number of funeral services Father attended. His friends were numerous, from Logan on the north to Nephi on the south. Among these friends were those who had sheltered him on the Underground, or those who were companions in that Exile; there were cronies of the Indian Wars, the Road Patrol, etc. He had shared joy and danger with them and he felt he must share their sorrows. Sometimes he received word of a death on the day of a funeral. This was true when his dear friend, Thomas Abbott of Farmington, had a son who had been killed in an accident. Father tells how they whipped the horse in a race for the train. He arrived at Farmington just as the funeral procession was ready to leave the house.

He says, “My dear friend and I wept in each other’s arms.” Then he rushed home to attend a funeral on
the morrow, and two more that week. In many cases he conducted the funeral services, but more frequently he was a speaker. He was eloquent, and he had a natural flow of language; and more important than these he had a fine sense of what was fitting and right to be said on such occasions. It is an art to know what to say and what not to say at such times. Some people never acquire that art.

I do not recall a doctor coming into our home for any illness until Father had typhoid-pneumonia in the late summer of 1896 when he was sixty-four years of age. The doctor came from Murray. Father recovered, but he was never very well after that and he looked much older. Two half-sisters were ill with typhoid at the same time. I was recovering from my second case of typhoid and dysentery, but no doctor was called for me. Mother nursed me. Poor drinking water, poor drainage, and lack of sanitation made West Jordan a hot bed of typhoid fever.

It was a school teacher boarder who first suggested that we boil our drinking water. Better still he asked the girls to join him in a mile walk to a spring of pure water in the Cut. Each person took buckets. They made a kind of party out of it, and I liked to tag along, because of the talk, the laughter, and the singing.

Thus it was that on the whole, for many years, Father and Mother were doctor and nurse and comforter, not only for their own family but for hundreds of others.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

Parental Responsibility

There was strict discipline in our home and Father ruled his two families with a word and a look. He was master in his own house, even over his two wives, although there was no fuss about it. Only once in his diary that I have, does he mention his wives going against him. That was December 15, 1899, ten years after he came from the state penitentiary. He writes, "I got up at 7 a.m. I went over to East Jordan Ward social. My wives got balky and didn’t go." He tells about the party and who spoke and then, "We had a splendid time." He would have a good time because he loved social affairs, and the little matter of two balky wives wouldn’t interfere for long. I wonder what happened. He may not have asked them to go until the last minute—wives shouldn’t have to be asked, you know—but at any rate they stuck together. In modern parlance they "ganged up on him," at least once.

Father was no tyrant, he was lenient and sensible where good common sense was needed. For example, Sunday was no tiresome day for us. We went to church as a matter of course; it was a part of our religious life, but it was also a part of our social life. We met our friends there and invited them to go home with us.

After we had been to Sunday School Father permitted us to play baseball all afternoon. Our baseball field was a stubbed lucerne patch on top of the hill, shaded on the west side by tall poplar trees. It was clean, healthy exercise and in no way did it mar the Sabbath as far as Father could see. The Bateman and Davis cousins joined us, and other friends. This we did on summer Sundays; in the winter we coasted on the north hillside.
LITTLE GOLD PIECES

On Sunday evenings our home was the gathering place of the young people. Our cousins Alphonso, Phil, Henry, and Mary and all the other Batemans came. They played games, sang songs, and recited pieces—Mother, Aunt Marinda to the cousins, always had apples, or doughnuts, or pie to serve to them.

For a long time I was considered too young to be one of them. To escape being sent to bed, I would hide under a table in the front room which was covered with an accommodating cloth. After they were gone Mother would find me there asleep. By the time I grew to be a young lady the cousins and my older sisters were married and gone, and with them went something I could not recapture.

In winter we coasted on the hillsides, went bob-sleight riding, and had candy-pulling bees. We had our own honey, and we could secure molasses skimmings from the molasses mill without charge. It cost us so little to be happy.

Once in the late fall I traded molasses candy with the Pearson girls, Lillian and Esther, for twenty-ounce apples. Each apple was wrapped and put away carefully. They were to be my Christmas presents to the family. One day Ada discovered them; she took one and ran, pretending to eat it, just to tease me. I let out a yell, and Father made her bring it back, and he gave us a lesson on respecting one another’s property. Ada was always full of fun, and she loved to tease. She inherited that from Father.

It took a great deal of ingenuity to get Christmas presents for so many. Sometimes we received home-made knitted stockings or mittens or scarfs. Once I received a small vase which probably cost about a dime. Another time I received two small glass boats, one blue, the other amber. That was all except for a few nuts and a little candy. The boats were among my treasures that have come from all parts of the world. Children today, even

my grandchildren, receive so much at Christmas time that they are too bewildered to get much joy out of any of their gifts.

Christmas of 1886 must have been better because Father writes that President John Taylor gave him ten dollars and said, “Give this to your wives to buy gifts for the children.”

Mother so loved to give, that it must have hurt her when Christmas came and she could not reach far beyond her own family with gifts to those in need. Father too was generous with the little money he had.

I said that Ada inherited her love of teasing from Father. He liked to tease the grandchildren. When they came to visit he would say, “How’s your whatcha-me-call-it?” or some silly phrase that bewildered them. Some of the children would walk away, while others would cry. Mother disliked this very much, and she vainly protested. She felt it was not good for their dispositions. He laughed at her protests and kept on teasing. One grandchild, Melissa, my brother Edward’s daughter, turned the tables on him. When she came she tried to enter the room unobserved. Then she would run to Father and say, “How’s your whatcha-me-call-it today, Grandpa?” It pleased Father, she was such a good sport and he loved her. Had all the children been like Melissa, the teasing would have ceased much sooner than it did.

When Father was away so much of the time we children took advantage of our mothers, and we got into real fist fights. It was difficult to find out who started the trouble. The easiest time-saving way was for each mother to punish her two or three who had participated in the affair. Living as we did, two families in the same house, I am surprised the friction was not multiplied many times.

I never saw Mother and Aunt Harriet quarrel, but that is no sign they didn’t have differences. They were both quiet women, but they had red blood in their veins, and each was capable of a little jealousy, and there
likely was some competition between them to please this one man. I have seen each of them, one at a time, of course, on Sunday mornings wash Father’s neck and ears, comb his hair, and help him on with his white shirt. He wore no tie because of his beard. The same thing could happen on a holiday, or on some special occasion.

There was no private bathroom, and Father didn’t have things as handy as most men have them now. The wash basins stood on a bench behind the kitchen door with a bucket of cold water by them, and the reservoir within reach, but there were so many of us to use the basins. Try to find excuses as I may, it always seemed incongruous to me to see this large, strong man, so thoroughly independent in disposition, and so masculine in everything he did, having his ears washed by his wives. But he seemed to like it. They sent him on his way beautifully clean and radiantly happy. Perhaps two wives could spoil any man a little bit—even so little.

Whether Father was a lady’s man when he had but one wife I don’t know, but I doubt it. Certainly he wasn’t when he had two wives. I never saw him make any special fuss over them. In this he may have been wise. He seldom waited on them, but he saw to it that we children did. “Can’t you see your mother needs help?” was encouragement enough. Of course, when he was not there we lazed on the job. But we had memories of his strict discipline, and knew there might be a day of reckoning when he did come home. Even in his absence we felt his strong personality, and that helped us to be better than we might have been otherwise.

Making our own amusements was a natural thing because there were few to be had outside our own church. Our parents did not permit us to go to public dance halls unless we were properly chaperoned. We were to be kept from the outside world, that world of persecution that was evil to them because of what they had suffered, and because of what they had heard of the early persecutions of the church. Father made many fine gentile friends whom he liked and respected, but he would not consent to his children marrying outside of their own church. Even within the church he was very particular about our companions. If young men, Mormon or gentile, came to see my sisters who might not be acceptable he was courteous to them, and hospitable, but the next day he put the responsibility on my sisters by saying, “I’ll have none of that blood in my family.” But his judgment was not infallible, because he sometimes judged the blood of the young colt by that of the old sire whom he loved, and later found that the stream was not as pure and crystalline as he had thought.
CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

Mother’s Ways

Mother had her own special ways of disciplining us. It is true we ran risks with her that we never dreamed of taking with Father, but we seldom got away with it. She never scolded and she never said, “I warned you,” or “I told you so,” or “I will tell your Father.” Her ways were silent and effective.

Ada and I seldom quarreled, and I think we never fought each other, but we were fairly expert in getting into trouble with Mother. When we asked permission to go see our cousins, or play with our neighbor’s girls, she consented, but she set a definite time for our return, usually 5 p.m. I worried more than Ada did about getting back on time, but she usually put me off by saying that Mother wouldn’t mind just this once if we played a half-hour longer. When we reached home late, and there was only silence, Ada would say, “See, Mother doesn’t care.” But that silence was ominous to me. We helped with the supper and the dishes, and Mother couldn’t help seeing our unusual efforts to be useful.

When bedtime came, we undressed, said our prayers, popped in and covered our heads with the quilts, the better not to be seen, my dears. What Ada said in her prayers I don’t know, but the one request I had at such times was to ask God to make Mother forget our disobedience. But He never seemed inclined to cooperate with me, or to interfere in parental discipline in our home. Just as we were dozing off, the quilts still high up over us like ostriches with heads in the sand, Mother came and without a word, she turned the quilts down and our nightgowns up. Those soft, healing hands of hers had enough strength in them to sting our buttocks mightily in three or four slaps. She put the quilts over us again, and let us cry ourselves to sleep, as she went silently away. It was not the physical hurt I minded so much as the idea that she had to spank me. I never felt resentful toward her, only toward myself and Ada. For a long time we obeyed, then we forgot again. But Mother made us sing that woeful song at night beneath the quilts whenever we did forget.

Mother was never one to imitate, what other mothers did to their children—she had her own silent and tried ways, and didn’t seem interested in trying new tricks.

Once when we visited Aunt Elizabeth Margetts, Father’s regal looking sister, in Salt Lake City, her mischievous and adorable son Dicky kept snatching cherries out of a pan on Aunt Elizabeth’s lap. Finally she said, “Dicky, if you do that again, I’ll knock your teeth down your throat.” It startled me, and I am sure it startled my mother. Yet there was something fascinating about that phrase, and about Aunt Elizabeth, too, as if she were saying lines in a play. I knew she didn’t mean it, and Dicky knew it, too, because he slipped up behind her and snatched another handful of cherries.

A few days after we returned home, I did something, I do not recall what it was, when I heard my mother say, “If you do that again, I’ll knock your teeth down your throat.” It was simply too funny to be taken seriously, and I laughed aloud. She smiled, too, but looked sheepish. Too bad that I did not let her enjoy that one explosive. It was about the only one of that kind I ever heard her make.

Dick was a born actor like his famous father, Philip Margetts. At the Bateman reunions he was the center of attention for the children. We couldn’t imagine a party without him. The cousins were all broken-hearted when he died, still a boy not yet in his teens although he seemed much older. He was the epitome of fun and joy and radiant youth. We missed him. But that other life needs just such things as youth can give: why should people think of it as a place for the old and weary only.
Our city cousins loved to visit us in the country and we loved to have them: George, Minnie, and Bert, and handsome cousin Poncefort of the Margotta family. They, too, had great talent. It seemed to me they lived in such a gay, happy theatrical world. Father and Mother loved to have them come.

Also talented in acting were Aunt Maggie Davis and her children Fred, Eva, Maud and the others. When they came to visit us, the farm took on a new life. We rode horses, played ball, and went in swimming in the canal.

On the banks of that canal were very large cottonwood trees. We loved to climb into the center of the trees and rest on their great limbs and tell stories that we all knew, such as Hansel and Gretel, Snow White, and Bluebeard.

Often into those same trees came hundreds, nay thousands of blackbirds. They seemed to arrange themselves after some patterned plan, grouping various singers here and others there. Then all at once, as if a baton had been raised, they burst into song. I never heard such symphonies, such perfect harmony as I heard from those birds. They carried me into another world than the one of daily routine. I haven't heard those birds for over forty years, yet their songs are still in my heart. They gave me my first love of symphonic music.

The old farm, though not outwardly beautiful, had a hidden charm that made our tasks less burdensome, and we found beauty in many things, simple things. The potawatomi trees along the canal in the spring sent out waves of perfume when the blossoms burst forth in abundance. Early on spring mornings I ran to the north hillside lucerne patch to gather the buttercups that forced their golden bell-shaped heads above the short lucerne. I placed them in a glass on the table at Mother's plate. We had very few flowers, except hollyhocks that grew on the terraces below the house. I loved flowers, but there was little time to care for them.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

Our Best Teachers

As I look back upon my teachers in Sunday School, I recall but one who left a deep impression on my life. Everyone called her Lizzie Cutler. She had not only the training but the real gift of teaching. She taught us in the kindergarten and primary grades. She was an artist, too, and some years later she offered to give some of us, who still visited her, lessons in oil painting at twenty-five cents a lesson. Mother, who grasped at every straw of learning, sent me to her one summer. I made no great showing in the matter of painting flowers, but Lizzie Cutler put beauty into my soul.

The teachers to whom I am the most grateful were my parents. Their methods were directed by good common sense and love. They never preached dogma to us, but taught us by example rather than by precept, the ethical principles that were to guide our lives.

We had few books in our home outside of the Bible and the standard church works. In our church magazines were wonderful stories about conversions to the church in lands across the sea; stories of journeys across the plains, and stories of love and romance in Utah. Hungry for good books I read those stories and re-read them; they seemed wonderful to me then. I am sure they were.

We had no novels. Father, like many other church members, thought novels were unfit for young minds. That was not unusual. Almost a hundred years before Mormonism was born, young ladies were not permitted to read "Pamela" our first modern novel published in 1740 and the prejudice lingered in many minds. However, many Mormons brought very fine libraries with them across the plains and among the books were some of the world's best novels.
The first novel I remember reading was of the yellow-back type and it was called "In Sheep's Clothing". How I came by it I do not know, but it was forbidden, hence it was fascinating. I hid it in the far side of the haystack and sneaked out to read it. When I entered the seventh grade in the Salt Lake City schools, a world of wonderful books was opened to me, and I read at every spare moment. When I went home I took "Ivanhoe", "Kenilworth", and later, "The Heart of Midlothian"; then Porter's "Scottish Chief's". These Father read, and they brought to him his England. He said, "These are not novels, they are histories. You may read as many as you wish." It was a joy to see Father reading those fine novels with so much appreciation and understanding. He tried to read something good every day of his life.

For my religious training I am indebted to my father and mother who taught us in our home. Mother, in particular, taught us passages from the Bible that we might be able to repeat them in Sunday School. While she worked she would hear us say them over and over again until we had them memorized. Thus I learned the Twenty-third Psalm, the Sermon On The Mount, and The Ten Commandments, and our own Articles of Faith, in which it says, "If there is anything lovely or of good report we seek after these things." That line represented my mother's longing all her life.

The Commandments were a part of our daily teachings. Father, especially, taught these but in a way unknown to many people. They were given to us at odd moments, when some event or word called them forth. Then they came spontaneously, and so naturally that we did not take it as teaching or preaching. For example, we learned the meaning of "Thou shalt not bear false witness" in this way: if someone dropped in to see us and repeated some gossip that marred the character of a friend or neighbor, Father would say, "Are you willing to face the accused with your story? Unless you are willing, I won't believe a word of it." This usually ended the gossip.

The matter of stealing, or taking that which was not our own, was impressed upon us in many ways. If we found anything we were to seek the owner and return it if possible. Once when I tried this I was greatly disillusioned and learned that some people could lie as well as steal.

The most vivid lesson that came to me happened in this way. Wallace and I were sent to his Grandmother Egbert's to get some apples. She had a binful in the granary. Even late in the winter Grandmother Egbert had apples. When we arrived she wasn't home. We sat on the doorstep and waited. We debated. She would have given us some had she been there, of that we were sure. We went to the bin. We were hungry, and the odor of the apples decided in our favor. We put in our cotton sacks as many as we could carry.

Dinner was over when we returned, but our places were waiting for us. We sat down.

"How was Grandmother?" we were asked.

"She was well," we said. She must have been well or she wouldn't have gone away from home. More questions and more evasive answers. I simply couldn't swallow my food. Mother's eyes were on me. She could read my moods as she would read a barometer.

"Was Grandmother at home?" she asked once more.

Then we confessed. Back went the apples into the cotton sacks, and back we went to Grandmother Egbert's. We were to wait until she did return. Then we were to confess, ask her forgiveness, and bring no apples back even if she offered them to us. This we did to the very letter. I was hungry when we reached home again.

Father laid great stress on our leading clean and decent lives. Mother did also. What led up to the
following pronouncement at the dinner table I do not know, but evidently something had happened among people we knew. Too young to really grasp the full significance of it, I can never forget Father's manner or his words. Bringing his fist down on the table until the dishes rattled he said, looking around the circle at each of us, "I'd rather follow you to your graves than have you lose your virtue." I did not fully know what my virtue was, but it was something I must not lose.

Thus the importance of those commandments were brought home to us. In recent years they came to mean even more to me when I came across a small book called, "The Ten Commandments in The Natural World," by Ernest Thompson Seton. Seton discovered those laws, especially the last six, in the animal world, and he observed that the breaking of them brought destruction upon the offenders. He discusses theft, bearing of false witness, promiscuity and its results, and on the latter subject he comes to the conclusion that promiscuity breeds disease and death. He says that this occurs more frequently among the lower animals who are sometimes swept off by the thousands. Among the higher animals he arrives at the conclusion that the natural and more healthful state for male and female is the monogamous relationship. Young people now may more readily accept Seton's scientific view than the "Thou shalt not" of the Mosaic law.

Another thing Father forbade for many years was card playing. He wouldn't allow a deck in the house. He associated cards with gambling, and he disliked that as much as he disliked debt. Later we learned about the card game of "Authors". He encouraged us to play that because we would learn something.

Once when Mother sent me on an errand to Aunt Maggie's in East Jordan, I found beside the railroad track, nine cards of the forbidden deck. I put them in my pocket, and when I reached home I hid them. When I could be alone, I made up games with those nine cards and my imagination, and I was completely fascinated with them.

When I went to Salt Lake City to school I learned to play "Seven Up" and other games. I took to it like a duck to water. That first night when I learned to play "Seven Up" my conscience must have hurt me because in my dreams the cards came walking over my bed. They had arms and legs and impish faces and they pinched and pricked me until I screamed with fright.

I continued to play cards occasionally but I kept it from my parents. I still play, but not often. With so many interesting things to do, cards have lost their fascination.

In their early years before they joined the Mormon church, and after they joined, my parents had been taught reverence in sacred services. The lack of this reverence in the meeting houses of our church in those days disturbed them considerably. It was a rough country, people lived far apart, and when they came to church they felt like having a sociable time. The meeting house was also the place of amusements, hence a spirit of levity was often too apparent. The Sunday Schools in many wards were noisy and there was poor discipline, or none at all. If we were caught laughing and talking, and sometimes we did follow the usual trend, we were severely reprimanded when we reached home. Even if we sat in the gallery and tried to hide behind someone else, Father's keen eye observed us.

* * * * *

Father was one of the first Superintendents of the Sunday School at West Jordan. He resolved to make it a model Sunday School. If he could not do this he would resign. He succeeded only by forcibly ejecting some rough and unruly rowdies who were almost as large as he. They were sons of prominent families, and were noted for disturbing every meeting they attended. They
hated Father, in fact they had no use for anyone who put restraint upon them. Persuasion had no effect, and they were put out, and they were asked to remain away until they could conduct themselves properly.

Soon after this trouble, one of the young men waylaid Father and beat him so severely he was ill for several days. Father knew, of course, the name of his assailant.

Then it was that my quiet, little Mother raised her voice in no uncertain terms—she wrote a letter to the father upbraiding him for allowing his sons to disturb meetings, "to stamp and talk aloud and laugh while there is a person speaking or entertaining an audience." That was not all; they threw missiles and tobacco in the faces of women and children, she writes, and they insulted them in other ways. She accused one of his "brave" sons of beating a man of near fifty who had given the best years of his life in the service of the church and the community. She accused him of upholding his sons in these outlandish deeds, and for saying publically that "the man deserved a whipping but he was sorry that it was his son that did it." She closes by saying,

"I wish to God, my Heavenly Father, that President Brigham Young only knew the whole truth of the proceedings of this ward for the last three or four years.

Yours respectfully,

A Mother in Israel"

The young man broke one of his fingers in the fight and he went with a stiff finger the remainder of his life. It was not a one-sided affair; Father fought back to the best of his ability. They were fairly near in height, but there was over twenty-five years difference in their ages.

Father and Mother left their mark of good on the lives of hundreds of people: this undisciplined young man, as far as I know, was "like the chaff which the wind bloweth away."

There were many very fine people in the West Jordan ward who, like my parents, wanted more reverence and beauty of worship in their meeting houses. This was attained as the years went by.

Father and Mother were united in their efforts to rear children that would be a credit to them. They knew when we went from home, where we were going, and the time at which we should return. They never shirked their responsibility; they loved us too well for that. Even when I was teaching school and was engaged to be married they looked out for my safety. One night when we had had a rehearsal for a school program, I was later than usual in returning. They were worried and Mother asked Father to come for me. I was glad of his company on that lonely road along the track and through the meadows.

They would have been ashamed to have their children cared for by the Officers of the Law. Father wanted no rebuke such as Eli received when he was told that there would be no old men in his house, that Hophni and Phineas would die in one day, and that it was because he had failed as a father to train his sons in the way they should go. Also Samuel, for whom Father had been named, had failed in his duty toward his sons. Father's ideas regarding his responsibility came from his English training. If he did his duty, the responsibility lay upon each of us, his children.

Father and Mother had such a strong inward conviction of the moral teachings of their church, that they tried to make their outward behavior and the behavior of their children conform to those teachings. To them that was true religion.
CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

Relief Society

The great organization known as the General Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, originally called The Female Relief Society, and now known internationally, is one of the finest organizations in the church. Founded by the prophet, Joseph Smith, it opened up a wide field of study and service for the Mormon women. That field has been greatly enlarged and improved upon as the years have passed. The women of the organization cared for the needy, helped in time of sickness and death, and carried spiritual comfort as well as material aid to those who suffered. The work has been extended in recent years to include various fields of study such as the social sciences, literature, and religion.

When Mother was scarcely thirty years of age she was appointed the first president of the Relief Society in that part of the county south of Salt Lake. This was in April of 1868. She held that position only a short time because Father and several other men were called on a mission to the Muddy. They were to take their families. Preparations were made for the move, and Mother was released from her position. Then Brigham Young ordered the men to go without their families. This has been described in Chapter 7.

Mother continued in relief work, both on her own account and in the ward organization. When the Jordan Stake was organized Jan. 13, 1896 she was made Stake president of the Jordan Stake Relief Societies. She was fifty-seven years of age. Her daughter Araminta, with her buggy and horse, took her to her meetings. The small towns were far apart and distances rather great.

But they went in all kinds of weather. Mother loved her work and the women loved her. She served in this capacity almost ten years.

In Father's diary, Feb. 26, 1906, he says, "I went to Draper. It was Relief Society Conference. My wife Marinda was let out of being president and Sister Larsen put in. It seemed to me to be spite work on behalf of the President of the Stake."

There were jealousies, although Mother had not been aware of them. Someone had sent in a false report, which was unknown to the men from Salt Lake City. Later it developed that she had offended certain people because she had not chosen one particular woman for an office under her.

At this conference, she and her assistants were sitting on the stand. It came as a very great shock when the Stake President arose and announced that Sister Marinda Allen Bateman and her counsellors were being released because of Sister Bateman's ill health, her advanced age, and because she had no carriage to get about in. The vote was put and the old officers were released, and as quickly the new officers were presented and voted in. The color had left Mother's face, but indignation had taken its place. She would not be dismissed under a cloud of falsehood, or misrepresentation. She arose and stepped quickly to the pulpit before anyone could stop her and in a steady voice she said,

"My dear sisters, this is a complete surprise to me. I have been let out of my position without any notification whatsoever. It is not true that my health is failing. I have never felt better, and my means of travelling remains the same as it has always been. I want you to know the truth."

The meeting closed quickly. Women were weeping as they came to Mother to beg her forgiveness for voting against her. Poor things, they didn't know. I think it was Browning who said, "a worm must turn occasionally
if it would have God recognize its cause.” The turning of this quiet, little woman must have surprised those men. I am sure it astonished my father, and yet he must have been proud of her. However, he had not mentioned this part of the proceedings in his diary.

Of course, Mother was hurt, and what hurt her hurt all of us. She advised us to forget it, and she dropped back into the ward work. Nothing could make her turn from that which she knew was right.

Jealousy and envy should have no place in church work, and yet they exist in many churches because people are still so very human. But no matter what the circumstances are, one who has served long and faithfully has a right to be notified of a change, and the change should be accompanied by an expression of appreciation for services rendered in an office which one did not seek. On the whole this is the method of procedure.

Some years later her daughter Mary filled the same position, and the women loved her as they had loved her mother. After several years of service she was honorably released because she had serious heart trouble. A party was given for Mary, and the General President, Louise Y. Robison, a very great and good woman, was present to honor her. All her brothers and sisters were present also, and we were very proud of her. What a contrast to Mother’s experience. It was all in the character of the people in power at the time.

* * * * *

Once when I was a very young child, about six years of age, Mother took me to a meeting with her. I think it was a Relief Society Conference. As I recall it, some noted woman, perhaps Eliza R. Snow, was present. It had been whispered about that she might speak in tongues, and everyone sat in expectation. It meant something very mysterious to me. When the conference had proceeded to the appropriate place, the visitor arose and began speaking in a peculiar language, with a strange half-singing voice. She walked leisurely down the aisle, pointing to certain women and men, as if she were giving to them a message. When she had finished she walked impressively back to the pulpit, and asked if anyone in the audience had received the interpretation. The air was tense, one could hear the clock tick. No one moved. It seemed that minutes passed. Then to my horror, my own dear mother arose to her feet. She was very pale, tears were in her eyes, her lips moved, but no distinct words came, only a queer gurgling in her throat. She was trembling and her lips were very moist. She was struggling hard to bring forth chokingly the message she thought she had received, but she could not. After a few seconds, which seemed ages to me, she sat down. I buried my face in my ample skirts and sobbed because I feared she would die. She did not touch me to comfort me, to still my fears, nor did she speak a word to me then or ever after to explain what had happened to her. My lovely mother, always so quiet and self-possessed, had gone through this terrible ordeal, and she would never tell me what lay in the bottom of her heart, joy or humiliation. I was very ill when we reached home. That scene is still vivid in my mind.

The Speaker in Tongues gave the interpretation herself. I did not hear it.
CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

L’Allegro

Mother was not always serious and sober; she had a happy side. She was sad at times, but never melancholy. She said the fewest words of anyone I ever knew. She enjoyed a good joke, a clean one. No vulgar or shady jokes were told in our house, or if, inadvertently they were, there would be no spoken rebuke, but merely a silence that indicated bad taste on the part of the one who told them.

I have seen her laugh until the tears came, but no laughing aloud. She disliked loud laughter and loud noises especially if they came from her daughters. She used to quote, "Loud laughter bespeaks the vacant mind."
Poor dear, she thought, and made us think, that a vacant mind meant an empty mind, nothing in it; whereas, it means a carefree happy mind, one that can laugh heartily and strong. At least, I learned in college that that is what the poet meant when he wrote it.

She was pleasant in a quiet way. When guests came she greeted them, not profusely, but warmly. She had not so much a smile on her face as a certain glow that one readily accepted as a welcome. She served at the table with very few words, but with an unspoken hospitality that heartened the appetite. When guests praised her food, as they always did, she thanked them quietly, and with a kindly handshake bade them come again.

It seemed she was happiest when we brought our friends home from Sunday School, to dinner. I think we never asked her permission, but took it for granted. So many people were always dropping in uninvited. I recall three boys, who were not related to us, but they were related to someone who was related to us, who came almost every Sunday to dinner. We were astonished they could eat so much, because we knew they daily had delicacies in their homes that we never had even on Sundays. But it must have been that there was an unusual flavor in Mother’s food and in her welcome.

Not knowing the meaning of a certain word brought upon her a joke that she seemed to enjoy long after the incident occurred. She saw in a cheap magazine an advertisement designed to catch the unwary. It read "Miniature Parlor Set," price, I forget the price, but it was extravagant considering the quality of the articles. There was an attractive illustration of an upholstered settee and two chairs arranged invitingly in a room. It said miniature, that is true, but it might as well have said Chippendale, neither word was in her vocabulary. Without consulting any of us, she wanted to surprise us, and the front room really needed a parlor set—she hurried to the Express Office a mile and a half away, and sent an express money-order to the manufacturers. At the end of two weeks she received word from the Express agent that there was a package addressed to her marked "Furniture."

She sent a note to brother Alberto asking him to take the mill wagon and bring home from the Express Office some furniture for her. When he arrived and presented a not-too-large package she looked nonplussed, but said nothing. She opened it slowly and carefully, took out the articles one by one and arranged them on the kitchen table. Then she sat down and laughed noiselessly until the tears ran down her cheeks. Brother Bert and I tried to laugh with her, but there were lumps in our throats and tears in our eyes.

She gathered up the settee and chairs in her two hands, carried them into the front room, and placed them on the mantelpiece as an example of how she had been taken in because of her ignorance. Each time she told the story she laughed softly.
The Darling! What did she know of small things in her life: the plains were immense and wide when she crossed them a mere girl, driving an ox team; the Salt Lake Valley as she saw it first was still a spacious wilderness yet to be turned into thriving cities; and the life that lay ahead of her was big with trials and promises. What had she to do with the word miniature!

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

“As the hart panteth after the water brooks.”

Mother’s yearning for knowledge was as passionate as her yearning for righteousness. Indeed, she believed the two were linked together. Evil was so often the result of ignorance; therefore to be righteous one must know right from wrong, good from evil, the beautiful from the ugly. Three short sentences she used to repeat to us were: “Cleanliness is next to godliness,” “The glory of God is Intelligence,” and “Knowledge is power.” How could she know that glory and power if she remained ignorant. Little did she realize how much life had taught her, how much wisdom she had, nor how near to that divine intelligence she was. She knew that the improper application of knowledge was not intelligence; but knowledge properly applied was power. She did not put it into words, as I am doing, but she knew it.

In school she had been taught to read, write, and spell very well, but these were only the tools with which to gain knowledge. Her mother and her church had taught her that there is no end to knowledge, and that which she gained here would help determine her station and degree in the next life, which was as real to her as this life was. Although she had spent the major part of her time in caring for the physical needs of her family and of others, she felt that life had a purpose and a meaning beyond that, and to find its meaning was the “meat and drink” of her dreams, her aspirations. She suffered greatly because she could not realize her dreams either for herself or her children. I wish she might have known the poetry of Robert Browning. It would have comforted her. He appreciated deeds, but he set a great value on one’s aspirations:
"For thence, — a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks,—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:
What I aspired to be
And was not, comforts me;
A brute I might have been, but would not
sink i' the scale."

Her brother David had said of her that she had a
good mind, it was a pity she did not have a college
education. She knew it was a pity, too, but she could not
have it, hence, she must lead the good life as Christ taught
it. She succeeded in a remarkable degree, and her brother
David, who spent many years studying the life of Christ,
and who left a valuable record of his studies, came
nearer living that life than any man I ever knew. He
was not a regular church-goer, but his daily life was
clean, beautiful, charitable, and full of quiet service to
others. He asked that his left hand should not know
what his right hand did.

Many Mormons in those early days feared that a
college education would destroy the faith of their chil-
dren. Particularly did they fear to send them to colleges
out in that world from which they had been forced to
flee. Attendance at eastern Universities might engender
atheism. Mother had no such fear. All she asked was
the means to educate her children, she trusted them, and
felt sure they would never forget her training. She was
wise enough to know that on many things her children
would have a different outlook than she had had. In her
later years, in particular, she tried to understand the
more modern point of view of her children regarding
things she had viewed as unchangeable. Some of these
changes came within the church itself.

Her mother, Eliza Martin Allen, early left an or-
phan, had received only a common education in the state
of New York, but she spoke with pride of some of her
relatives who had attended college. When she was left
a widow with very little property, she went to work to
educate her youngest children, the eldest ones were
married.

Fortunately the opportunity came for her to work
in a home of culture. She became housekeeper for the
bachelor President of the University of Deseret, Dr.
John R. Park. She and her two youngest children went
to his home to live. Before finishing her college work,
Ada married Marvin Pack. The youngest son, David
R., assisted in his education by doing janitorial work at
the University.

Mother took me with her when she called to see
Grandmother at the Great House set on a hillside. It
seemed like a palace to me, large and clean, and beau-
tiful. It was a bit dark because it was shaded by large
trees.

Dr. Park insisted on formality and appropriateness
in all that was done. Everything was precise and correct,
even the high-backed chairs stood at attention against the
wall. Grandmother tried to anticipate every wish of
the President, and she was a queenly servant, she knew
her place and kept it. She was pleasant and efficient.

Although he was a quiet and reserved man, Dr. Park
was democratic. He asked us to dine at the same table
with him. He would occasionally make a gracious re-
mark—he was too well-bred not to do so. Outside of
that the dinner was served in silence. When he had
finished his dinner, he politely excused himself, and left
us, knowing, I suppose, that we would be more at ease
when he was not there. Even then I was afraid to eat
for fear of dropping a crumb on the beautiful carpet,
soft and prickly like a caterpillar's back—our carpets
were hard, rag carpets with straw under them. When
the straw was fresh and new it sounded crunchy when
we walked on it—but I was afraid to tread even softly
on this rich carpet.
When the dinner was over, Mother helped Grandmother with the dishes while they visited. They chatted like two sisters; after all, there were only fifteen years difference in their ages. They were both quiet and gentle women but Grandmother was more talkative than Mother. Yet here, Mother seemed to find more to say than she did at home. Much as I loved Grandmother and liked to be near her, I was glad when we said goodbye and were on our way back to the freedom of our country home.

When Uncle David finished college and began to teach, he came to West Jordan with his charming wife, Leila Merrill. They lived in the small house south of ours. It wasn't beautiful to look at from the outside, but Aunt Leila was an artist, and she made it into a haven of peace and beauty.

After Uncle David had gone to school, she was the magnet that drew me into this quiet place. Their breakfast had been over for some time but she would pretend she hadn't quite finished. She always had a beautiful cloth on the table, a small vase of flowers, and real china cups and saucers. Then she, dressed in a light pink dress with fluffy lace at the neck—as was her wont all her life—presided at the table. We had delicious chocolate to drink, and bread and butter with preserves, and the butter wasn't scraped off either. I could have sugar, too, if I wanted it. She could make a table so appetizing one felt like eating the very boards.

A year or so before she died, I visited her at my sister Ada's where she lived and received loving care until she went to join Uncle David. This particular day she talked about my visits to that little house, and how I would tell her what Wallie had done to me, and that we had had another fight. Then she would laugh contagiously as she imitated me. What I likely didn't tell her was that nine times out of ten I had started the fight. It took a long time for me to forget and forgive Wallace for displacing me in my Father's affections. Of course he wasn't to blame but I thought he was, and that made it so in my eyes.

Uncle David and Aunt Leila kept up their interest in me as long as they lived. The last time we saw them together was at the San Francisco Bay. They came to bid us 'Bon Voyage' when we were to sail across the Pacific. She was dressed in pink and she brought an armful of calla lilies for our cabin, and Uncle presented me with a copy of the New Testament.

Seeing her brother well set on the road to learning made Mother's thoughts dwell more and more on an education for her children, or some of them at least. Early she had looked upon Edward who had shown a marked aptitude for study, but she could see no way of obtaining the money to send him away to school. This was one of her life long disappointments.

Time passed and the opportunity came for Mary Janetta to go to the Normal School with Annie Egbert and Geneva Egbert, two dear friends. I remember that I thought they were glamorous girls, beautiful to look upon. They were happy and gay and seemed to enjoy life to the full.

I recall as if it were yesterday when they came home one weekend enthusiastic about some Madame who had lectured on health and the body beautiful. She was a perfect example of her teaching. First of all she persuaded the girls to discard their corsets, for they were called just that then. The word girdle or two-way stretch was not known. This was bad enough to cause some shock, but Madame had advocated what she called the Princess dress, a garment cut full and with a high waist line just beneath the breasts. It was much like a maternity dress, but we had no real maternity dresses at that time in West Jordan.

Mary's dress was a rich brown in color with a very beautiful blue sash. I never forgot that sash with the
great bow high up in the back between her shoulders. I think my sister Araminta and her husband John Egbert gave Mary that sash. Mary laughed rather suspiciously the Friday night she dressed for that first ball. She was a bit nervous, but the other girls would be there and they would be a support. Knowing the little provincial town as they did, they should have known better. Well they laid themselves wide open to caustic criticism. Some people whispered behind their hands, nodded significantly, and the gossips had a rich morsel to mouth. The dress was suggestive enough, but the very idea of not wearing corsets. This was not only immodest, but it smacked of something akin to indecency.

Years later Lottie Cottam and I, while teaching at East Jordan, left off our corsets. The gossip soon reached our ears. For a time it looked as if the two or three gossips would insist on our appearing before the school board, but eventually it blew over. What was it that made it so dreadful not to wear bones and stays? It may have been that if a young man put his arms about our waists there would be less harm in whale bones than in the unresisting flesh.

Mary and her friends did not have the courage to wear the dresses many times in the country. They felt more at home in the city, but the fad soon passed. Years later after she was married I think Mary made proper use of her dress.

She, Annie, and Geneva gave up school at the end of two years. Mary secured a teaching position in Taylorsville. She had a gift for this profession, but the fear of yearly examinations to renew her certificate drove her from the school room after two or three years of teaching. She studied dress-making. Edward and Mother were very unhappy about it. Had she been able to complete the normal course this would not have happened.

Our small one-roomed school house at West Jordan was merely a make-shift school. We had no grades then, but we were classified as to readers: the first to the fifth reader. When we reached the top we remained there year after year. Our mothers sent us, rain or shine, deep mud or snow; there was a slim chance we might pick up some crumb of knowledge.

Finally, in my case, Destiny took a hand in the shape of my cousin Julia Etta Jenkins, Aunt Martha Ann's daughter. She was more confident and daring than I. She had always had plenty of money, and beautiful clothes. One day she startled Mother and me by suggesting that she and I go to Salt Lake City and take the entrance examination to the University of Utah. She said we could stick in the mire of that Fifth Reader forever if we didn't pull ourselves out.

Dear Mother's hopes rose high and she encouraged us to try. She didn't realize how pitiful was my store of knowledge, but this test would show her. Fortunately we failed, how egregiously we never knew. But Julia Etta was not beaten. She said, "Aunt Marinda, will you let Julia go with me to Salt Lake to the Washington School? We can rent a room from cousin Lizzie, do our cooking, and it won't cost much."

We set up housekeeping and registered at the Washington School. Then there was a question. Were we really residents of Salt Lake and were we entitled to free tuition? I had some hours of terror. If we had to pay I could not remain. Dr. Avery, the principal, argued that we were renters and maintained a home just as other families did. God bless him for stretching that point, because it played no small part in my education. We were questioned, and placed in the Seventh Grade with Mrs. Cassidy as our teacher. What a teacher! This was a real school and I loved it. I had to work very hard because I had a poor foundation. In two years I was graduated from the eighth grade. Mother and my sisters came to the exercises. We were happy indeed.
It was a unique affair in our family. I shall ever be grateful to Dr. Avery, and the Salt Lake City school system for giving me two years of free and excellent training which I could not have had otherwise. It was there that I learned how to study; there a solid foundation was laid.

And thanks to cousin Julia Etta whose perseverance started the ball rolling. She did not graduate with me. She took one year more — she had less need of hurrying than I.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

The Making of a Teacher

It was in 1896 that I went from the Eighth Grade to the Normal School at the University of Utah. Mother and I had no idea what studies I should pursue. She merely placed the responsibility on the Normal School to put me in the machine and turn me out a teacher.

Four years lay ahead of us, and though we did not know it, they were to be very much harder than the two previous ones. Mother was sending me on faith, with hope and a prayer that somehow the needed money would come. She cast me like bread upon the educational waters, and it was a dear friend who buttered our bread. He was a school teacher boarder in our home when I was a baby, and he taught in our one-roomed school house. Now he was Professor William M. Stewart, head of the Normal School. Through his kind efforts, I was awarded a scholarship for each of the four years. This paid my tuition. That out of the way we were more hopeful.

I had been very ill all that summer after my eighth grade graduation with my second attack of typhoid with complications. When September came, Mother encouraged me to get out of bed and prepare to go to school. She was severely criticized, but she knew what she was doing. My father and two half-sisters had contracted typhoid, and Father had pneumonia with it. She was glad to get me away from the typhoid-infested house. Also one less to care for would help.

Knowing our plight, Uncle David and Aunt Leila told Mother to send me to them until other arrangements could be made. Grandmother Allen was there. It was a perfect home. Grandmother was so proud of her son that instead of saying to me, "Your Uncle David," she would say, "Professor Allen", or "Mr. Allen". By this
time he was a professor of Astronomy and Mathematics at the University of Utah. The Darling! I loved her for the way she carried herself with dignity and refinement before his college associates.

They lived out in the country at Sugar House Ward. The long rides into town on the street car, the good food, and the many kindnesses in this home free from worries, soon brought the color into my cheeks. After two or three months of this hospitality which cost me not a penny, and in order not to impose on them further, I tried three experiments of living with other people. I was not too happy. By June the first year ended, thank God.

That first summer I helped Mother a great deal. But I also went nearly every week to iron for Becky, brother Alberto’s wife. She was not well. The latter part of the summer I went to my sister Araminta’s to help her while the crops were being gathered and the threshing done. The amount I earned was very small, and Mother and I began the second year with hearts less light. Somehow, we made it.

The second summer was better. I went immediately to work for Ada; she had a new baby. Three weeks later I was with Sister Araminta, and I worked full time until the middle of September. The same thing happened the third and fourth summers.

Mintie had a large family of her own, and a stepchild or two still lived there. There were hired men also. Sometimes and often we prepared meals, washed and ironed for from twenty to twenty-two people, men, women, and children. Mintie was strong, and a remarkable manager. Each day was planned, but each day brought work outside of the general routine: fruit and vegetables to be carried from the garden and the orchard a block away, butter to be churned, and unexpected guests to be fed and sometimes housed. Every night about ten o’clock I mixed a large batch of bread and set out the things for breakfast. Then to my room, I read by a kerosene lamp until midnight. My sister scolded me and said I needed my rest; true, but I needed my books, too.

More than any part of the day, I loved the early mornings. I was awakened before six by the click, click of the windmill. A cool breeze swished through the trees just outside my window. It was no trouble to get up. It would be a beautiful day. There were biscuits to be made for breakfast, and the remainder of the dough to be kneaded into loaves. There were hungry mouths waiting for breakfast, dinner, and supper, day in, day out. Sunday was slightly different. We went to church, had a cold lunch, or had dinner with Mother. But there was always the hurrying back on Sunday nights to milk the cows. Sunday was the hired men’s holiday.

Sometimes Mother would come for a day or two to do the mending. It was a comfort to have her sit there, even if she said little.

Mother could not come every week to see us, and some weeks we did not see her. I would be dreadfully homesick. I counted the days until Sunday when we went to Sunday School or meeting, a distance of two miles. Then I would hurry home. On July 31, 1899, I wrote in my diary, “This afternoon I went down home to see the folks. Mama was so homesick to see me. Poor Mama. It worries me to see her getting gray. I should be home to comfort her. But as soon as I can help her, she shall not work so hard and worry so much.”

If we were to reach our goal, it was necessary that I should work, and she accepted it, knowing that her own earnings were not what they had been. One more year, the hardest and the last, lay ahead of us. When September came I was pale and thin but happy with my savings from two and a half dollars a week. I had spent small sums, of course, during the summer, but after buying material for a dress or two, and a pair of shoes, I would have about twenty dollars to go into my school budget. This was one source of income for my education.
The other source of income, and without which I could not have gone to school at all, was my mother’s earnings, the little five-dollar gold pieces, the price of a baby delivered and cared for for ten days. Even then part of this money had to go for household expenses.

The last three years at the Normal School were very pleasant for me, in spite of financial worries. My neighbor and playmate, Berenice Driggs, kept house with me without a sign of disagreement. Our ideas were alike, our desires and aims were the same, and neither of us had money for anything but the bare necessities. She was cheerful and happy, yet serious and dependable.

Twice a month at least we went home on the street car. From its terminal in Murray we frequently walked the six miles to our homes carrying our suitcases. Our mothers helped us cook, wash and mend our clothes, and on Sundays we returned to our city home with bulging suitcases.

Batching is not conducive to the best health, but many students from the country, with limited means, would have had no education otherwise.

My mother kept in touch with my activities. She knew my best friend, Jennie Davis whom I had met at the Washington School. She knew many of my friends by name only. She wrote to me twice a week and I wrote frequently to her. When I went home weekends I told her much of what we did and said. Thus she lived my school life with me. It was rare that she came to visit me. She could not afford to lose an obstetrical case.

As I look back on my school days, I wonder at our being so happy with so little. Our popularity at class dances did not depend on dresses. No one seemed to put much stress on it, not even those of our friends who could afford to do so. We had no evening gowns at parties. The college girls may have dressed formally, but we Normals did not.

My best dress the last year was a beautiful medium brown in color. The material was loosely woven with a floral design in it. It cost twenty-five cents a yard. Sister Mary made it, and it was beautiful. I relieved its sameness by a new bow of blue ribbon on my hair now and then. I was happy. I had school and friends and youth — and my mother — what more did I need.

We attended parties in the Mormon amusement halls with our parents’ consent. Rarely did we dance in a public hall, only then if it were high class.

Only now that I have made a careful study of her Baby Book, do I realize how difficult those four years were for Mother, especially the two years from September, 1898 to June of 1900. The best years had been in 1894 and 95 when I was attending the Washington School; fifty-five births in one and fifty-three in the other. If she received her full pay, which was unusual, it would have averaged twenty to twenty-five dollars a month. Even that made life easier for the two families, and she assisted me without any great hardships. But from then on there was a steady decline in income; doctors were moving in, and midwives were going out of fashion. The little gold pieces decreased to less than half of what they had been in the previous years, and with their decrease, worries increased. It was much more difficult to send me the money I needed for books, laboratory fees, and rent.

With Father’s severe illness in 1896 of typhoid pneumonia—and he was never very well after that—he was unable to work for months, and he was in debt, hence his help in my education was not very great. He did what he could and I am grateful to him. He supplied food from the farm, and there were times when I had to appeal to him for small sums of money, but this was not often. He paid his doctor bill many months after his illness by hauling brick, adobe, and sand for the doctor’s new house in Murray.
Mother wrote two letters to me in October, 1898, one on the 8th, the other on the 14th that show how distressed she was. She says, "I have tried to send you everything this time only money, that I have not got." In the other letter she wrote, "I do not know what to do for money. I have not been called out for a month, but have three or four cases expecting inside three weeks. I have borrowed $2.50 to send you, but you had better ask your father for some." She said she had tried to send extra food by the mill wagon, but Father said it would be imposing on the boys to drive out of their way to deliver it to me.

She could not appeal to Father, herself, for money. The trouble in their lives had started much more than a year before this. Whether I made the appeal to him for a small sum of money, I do not recall. It is likely I tried to make the $2.50 do until the stork delivered his burdens.

It was about this time, or a little later, when it looked as if she would have to give up, but my brother Edward said to Mother, "You must continue until she graduates. Don't let her do what Mary had to do. Find the means some way, somehow." She did struggle on.

During those last two years I shed tears over more than one gold piece she sent me. I knew she needed it. There were those who let it be known that she was sacrificing beyond reason for my schooling, and the report reached my ears. She was sacrificing, but it was she alone who sacrificed. What she sent me was rightfully her own; and after all those years of helping everyone else, the time had come, though late, when she had a right to use the little she had to accomplish one of her dearest hopes. I was unhappy about it, but it would have broken her heart had she and I failed. Hard as it was, she was doing for her thirteenth child what she had vainly longed to do for all the others. Somehow we did go on until June of 1900.
CHAPTER THIRTY

Graduation

Father's diary of Wednesday, June 20, 1900 says, "I got up at five. Hitched the team to the wagon. Went to the city, also my wives, and three or four daughters. We all went to the theatre (the famous Salt Lake Theatre) and saw the exercises of the graduates from the University. Our Juley was one of them."

Was he a little bit proud then? I think so. I also think my graduation stirred Father's desire to help some of the others go to school. Wallace attended Brigham Young University at Provo to prepare him for a mission, and Bertha and Cora, Aunt Harriet's two youngest daughters, became teachers.

The day of my graduation, The Salt Lake Theatre was packed with hundreds of friends, relatives, and parents.

When all was ready, the class members marched in from the wings of the stage while the orchestra played. The girls were a pretty sight in their long, white cotton dresses. They were far in the majority. Only five boys were being graduated that year.

When the general program was over, my Uncle David R. Allen handed out the diplomas. He said that it was purely accidental that he picked mine up first. When he read "Juliaetta Bateman" I felt very weak. I trembled as I walked down the aisle facing that great audience; the floor kept rising to meet each foot as I tried to put it down. At the front of the stage, I turned to the right and faced Uncle David. He gave me a reassuring smile as he handed me the diploma. I saw pride and joy in his eyes as I took the precious paper.

Somewhere out in that vast sea of faces, tier on tier, sat my courageous, little mother. It was her graduation day and on that paper should have been written "Marinda Allen Bateman." I am sure tears flooded her eyes and ran down her cheeks, as they are running down mine as I write this. One, at least of her thirteen children, had graduated, first from the Eighth grade, and now from the Normal School. It could not have been had I not been the lucky thirteenth.

All that my life has been since has been built on the foundation she laid. The urge to go on was planted in my heart by her, and later that urge was fostered by my husband, who had, and still has, an insatiable longing for knowledge. He was a member of that "Naughty Naught Class." A graduate of the Salt Lake High School, he came to the University for teacher training. I knew him then as a quiet, young man with a brilliant mind. His father, mother, and sister were in the audience on our graduation day. They, too, had sacrificed for his training.

After the exercises were over and we had said goodbye to our class mates, we hurried to receive congratulations from our parents, to kiss them and thank them with words that were wholly inadequate.

All of my family returned home except Mother. She remained until the next day. There were more exercises. At our apartment we visited and rested. In the evening one of the class boys came to take me to the Alumni banquet. Mother was too shy to accept our invitation to go with us. That night I slept with her. We had our breakfast together, and visited until afternoon. We then went to the railway station to be with Sister Mary who was there to say goodbye to her husband, Robert Paxton, who was leaving for a mission to the Northern States. Mother went home with Mary and her two children. Mary needed her. I kissed them goodbye and said I would be home on the early morning train on Saturday. There were still the alumni gathering at Saltair that Thursday evening, and a party at Jennie's on Friday evening.
The party at Jennie's lasted until midnight. What with the graduation exercises, the banquet, the trip to Saltair, and now the late hour, we slept soundly when we went to bed. I had asked Mrs. Davis to call me early that I might catch the first train. She did not know my promise to Mother, I had failed to tell her. When she came to call me she said she did not have the heart to wake us, we were sleeping so soundly.

It was late afternoon on Saturday when I reached home. I had been troubled all day because I had not kept my word with Mother. She was not there when I arrived. When she did come, I explained why I had missed the train, and made my apologies for being so late. She kissed me, and said, "That is all right, my dear. I am glad you had such a wonderful time."

A week or two later Ada said to me, "Did you know that Mother walked to the station to meet you on Saturday morning? You were not there. She went without breakfast expecting to have it with you after you had walked back together."

Ada had not meant it to be an accusation of selfishness on my part, or had she? My eyes smarted with stinging tears as I turned away, unhappier than I had been for many years. Now it seemed impossible for me to go to Mother and ask her forgiveness. It would sound so hollow on my part. That mile and a half walk home with me after our success would have made up to her for many of the hardships of the four years. I had disappointed her. Big-hearted as she always was, she could greet me in the evening without a word of reproach. Even before I made my apologies she had understood. She would let no word fall that would take one particle of joy from my graduation day, and it would have lessened her own joy had she known that Ada had told me. Hence I never mentioned it to her, nor she to me, but I have never forgiven myself.

But I was selfish as youth is so often selfish. As the days passed, I realized that school life was over for me, and I was separated from my dear friends in Salt Lake City. I had not been weaned away from my mother, but I had been weaned away from the farm and the little country town. At the end of two weeks, July 6 to be exact, and according to my diary, I was rocking baby Margie, Maggie's little girl, whom I adored. Softly I hummed a tune, and Mother said, "You have not sung anything lately, you hardly ever smile, and you seem so sad."

I could appreciate how Father must have felt when he left the exciting life of the Underground, and all of his friends, to come back to the monotony of the farm that seemed so stale and flat and unprofitable. Like my father I loved the excitement of life, and I needed my friends. If Mother ever longed for such things she never spoke of it. I know she always found some excuse not to attend parties in Salt Lake City with Father. She was naturally timid and retiring, and I think she thought her clothes would not be suitable.

Another thing that made me sad, I was in love, and was headed for a crash. There were several such affairs, before I made my final choice. I was young enough to be quite romantic about it all.
CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

Paying Debts

I was in debt when I was graduated. Mother had been unable to save enough to pay extra expenses. I had borrowed a small sum of money from my sister, Araminta. In order to pay it back, I went to her home to take full charge, while she and her husband went to California for nearly two months. She needed a vacation, but said she would not go unless I would take over. I was given three dollars a week. I went the second week in July to help her get ready.

When they were gone, Mother came to stay with me. I needed her advice and companionship, and she could mend the children’s clothes. I had five or six children to care for, others had been sent to relatives, and Mintie took the baby with her. There were two hired men on the farm, and with the boss away, they did about as they pleased.

Every day was crowded with work. Besides the regular routine, there was fruit to gather and bottle; I had not done it alone before. On Sundays the hired men went away and did not return until midnight. It mattered not to them that the cows had to be milked. My niece, Marinda, ten years of age, and I, had to take care of them. I hated it.

One evening my resentment must have risen higher than usual. The last cow seemed to sense it. After all she decided to let me know she was not to blame because hired men were not gallant. With one swift kick she upset everything, and I lay flat on my back covered from head to foot with warm milk. Leaving the pail there for her to trample if she cared to, I went to the house and cried from sheer anger. Mother silently smiled at my plight. Had she spoken she likely would have said, “It is just one of those things that happens in life. No need to cry over spilt milk.”

The next day I served the hired men in silence. I felt like throwing their food at them. Little they cared.

We remained with Mintie some time after she returned. She had had such a good time that she could smile and joke as she carried bottles of spoiled fruit out of the cellar.

In the end I had paid my debt, and had enough left to pay a first installment on a Wheeler and Wilson sewing machine. We needed it badly. I did considerable sewing, and that winter it came in handy for Mary.

Mother and I went home to begin living together, she and I alone in the large house. Something had happened while I was away at school, and although Father came to the house to visit occasionally, and especially when visitors were there, when bedtime came he went to the other house to sleep. This had gone on for over two years. Few people knew about it, but we children knew and some of the nieces and nephews knew. My nephew, Alonzo Buckley, who lived with us several months during those four years, said to me recently.

“I used to love to have Grandad tell us stories about the things he did in the early days, about the Indians, but especially I liked to hear about how he chased the cattle thieves over the western plains up to the mouth of Bingham Canyon, their principle hide-out, then on to a Salt Lake slaughterhouse. There was considerable shooting sometimes, but Grandad usually got his man without wounding him, hand-cuffed him, and took him to Salt Lake City to be tried. One reason I wanted to hear these stories was that I was crazy about a small barrel of pistols and guns in the back room. When the stories broke up, I thought it was queer when he said goodnight and went to the other house. I didn’t know why then.”
Mother did not talk about it, but she was dreadfully hurt. He went with her to meetings, and he was at that Relief Society Conference when she was so unceremoniously released. There was a rift in their lives. Why did they not discuss it on those long rides, and settle the differences whatever they were! Why did her children not try to heal the breach! We never did. We weren’t used to meddling in their lives, and feared to make things worse.

* * * * *

Of three positions offered me for teaching, I accepted the one at Midvale that I might be home with Mother. Edward was one of the trustees, and I was proud to be under his watchful eyes. My salary to begin with was forty-five dollars a month for nine months, nine times a little gold piece in value. I felt that we could do so much with that sum of money.

The first weeks of teaching were a great disappointment. With 71 children in one room, I could do little but herd them. I was exhausted when four o’clock came and at the end of a month I was a nervous wreck. Finally some remodelling was done, and conditions were slightly better, but far from satisfactory. I still had sixty children. All my dreams of being a model teacher were shattered. The second year was better.

It is true my hands were full with school work, but I plunged into church work. I taught in Sunday School and Mutual. I was appointed chairman of the ward finance committee, helped organize a literary club, and I attended ward dances. Frequently Wallace took me to dances in the neighboring wards. Teachers’ institutes took me to Salt Lake occasionally where I met my dear friends. It must have been with a sigh of relief that Mother saw my moods change. Then in time friends drove out to see me, and Mother made them twice welcome.

About my second year of teaching I was asked to be a member of the Jordan Stake Sunday School Board. I went reluctantly because I loved my work in the Sunday School kindergarten. My friend, Berenice Driggs, took my place in the kindergarten. Joseph J. Williams Jr. was the Stake Superintendent, Clifford I. Goff and Joseph M. Holt his assistants, George A. Goff secretary and Armand F. Rundquist the treasurer. Mary (Mame) Boberg and I had charge of the primary work. We loved the work, and loved the people we worked with.

In order to raise money for some projects, we put on plays, home dramatics, and travelled about the stake, even to Bingham. We were all amateurs, but it was great sport. Christen Jensen, who later became my husband, played the organ or piano for us. He was our one-man orchestra.

Once while we were at a conference in a small town in the southern part of the Stake, I witnessed something I could never forget. This little town was noted for its great men who had graduated from eastern universities. One of these great men had lost his faith in the church in his youth, and he had destroyed the faith of some of the young people. Now when he was past middle life he appeared in the pulpit at that meeting, acknowledged what he had done, and he said he had known no peace. Could the fathers and mothers of those young people find it in their hearts to forgive him, and receive him back? I think I never saw a man whose soul was so cast down within him, I never saw one more sincere and contrite.

The Bishop arose and asked all those who felt like forgiving this man and accepting him again with no bitterness or ill-will to raise their hands. I think there was not a dry eye in that audience, and the vote to forgive and receive him was unanimous.

In spite of all the difficulties, those four years of living together were very precious to us both, and mother and I grew closer together if that were possible. I was
flesh of her flesh, bone of her bone, heart of her heart, and the exit from her body at my birth was as if the umbilical cord had not been severed. I always needed that nearness. I poured out my thoughts to her, my school problems, and my love affairs, and received sympathetic advice; but she kept her problems to herself until the time came when she had to unburden her heart to me. Then she did it briefly.

In the fall of the first year, I purchased a new stove for the front room, and I had the room papered. New curtains at the windows added a festive air. In the fall of my second year of teaching a Weber piano took the place of the long lounge, and I began taking piano lessons. This was what Mother had wanted all her life: music in the home. I had to budget carefully in order to meet the monthly payments. By the second year I had purchased some very good clothes for myself. I was not out of debt until the winter of my fourth year of teaching. Mother had encouraged me to do this, and in the end I had something to show for my labor.

That first fall of my teaching, I asked Mother what material she would like for a new dress. She replied, "I shall like anything you choose, my dear, but you must buy the same for your Aunt Harriet," and I did. That had been her policy all her life after she entered polygamy.

When I walked home from school it was a joy to bring a bundle of groceries in my arms, to bring to Mother some of the things she had denied herself for my sake. She prepared breakfast, I took a cold lunch, and supper was ready when I came home in the evenings.

I walked to school on pleasant days, about a mile and a half, and enjoyed it. When winter came Father took me in the buggy most of the time, except when Mary and Elzinia took their turns. I paid Father a small sum for each trip. We had a chance to visit and we grew closer together, and he was proud of my work. Why did I not have the courage to ask him what was
the trouble between him and Mother shut so deep in
their hearts that it never came to the surface. It may
have been that though I loved him, I had all my life
stood in awe of him.

I taught three years at Midvale. In the fall of the
first year, Sister Mary came home with her sick baby,
seven months old, Lucile. It was pneumonia. In the
early morning hours Father knelt at Mary’s knees pray-
ing earnestly to God to spare the babe. In spite of his
pleas and every care Mother could give, she died on the
lap of her grief-stricken Mother. It was thought best
not to call the husband home from his mission. Mother
and I persuaded Mary to live with us as long as she
cared to. Her three-year-old son Robert was a model
child, and we were glad to have him and Mary all to
ourselves.

Mary helped with my sewing, and she sometimes
drove me to school, and came for me in the evenings.
She and Mother attended our school entertainments. In
the evenings while I did school work she and Mother sat
around the kitchen stove sewing or knitting.

Whenever it was possible, I read aloud to them.
We were enjoying “Scottish Chiefs” when Grandmother
Allen came to visit us. We told her the story of the
previous chapters and then I read on until we had finished
it. We enjoyed the “Life, Letters, and Journals” of
Louisa May Alcott, and “Little Women”. The life of
the Alcotts was something like ours. They were always
out of money, and the little they had they shared with
others, and they had the ability to find happiness in small
things. “Lorna Doone” was a classic I had learned to
love at school, and now I shared it with them little
dreaming I would some day have a daughter named
Lorna.

There was water to be carried up hill as of years
before, and wood to be foraged from the old trees along
the canal bank. I sawed large, dead limbs from high
up on the trunks and dragged them to the wood pile.
Nov. 4, 1902 I wrote, “Chopped wood enough to kindle
our fires for a week. I sometimes have to be boy and
girl both. I am all Mama has now.” It seems that Robert
Henry had a part in me after all, poor Robert Henry
who missed so much by not being the child of such a
wonderful mother.
CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

Heartaches and Wedding Ceremonies

No wonder Mother hid her own personal grief. She had so little time in those years to think of herself—it was always of others she must think and for others she must do. One of the greatest sorrows she had to bear came in the fall of 1903 when we brought Elzinia home broken and bowed by a great grief, a grief worse than death. That morning Elzinia had received a note from her husband, who was working in Salt Lake City, saying that he was going away. By the time she received the letter he had gone.

Mother had been sure all was not well. We had heard rumors, and she said she would write to him. But she delayed a few days, and then her fears were confirmed. But Elzinia was in no way prepared for it. She had trusted him completely, hence the news came like lightning out of the sky. He was the only man she had ever loved, and her grief was beyond any words of mine to describe. Mother was glad she had not written; she could not have stopped him, and she would have felt she had driven him away.

Elzinia was left with five children, four boys and a girl, and no means except her two hands to care for them. She had to take in washings at fifty cents a day—the usual price for long hours of back-breaking work. The struggle that lay ahead was staggering, but she came of no coward blood, and hence faced it. I was teaching school at Sandy. The burden of caring for the children by day fell on Mother. But she and I sat with Elzinia long hours in the night trying to comfort her. After weeks and months the sorrow came under control. Years later when the financial burden was no lighter for her,

my husband and I took her baby girl, Amelia, into our home, and sent her to school to the Brigham Young University where she received a business education. She is like our own. The boys have been a credit to Elzinia; two served in the first world war and one in the second war.

A few months before this tragic event, some friends came to Mother with an unusual request. Their eldest daughter, about fifteen years of age, was going to have a baby. The man, her senior by several years, who was responsible for her plight, had confessed and had just married her. Her parents were broken-hearted over the tragedy, and said they could not keep her at home because of younger girls. Would Mother take her in and care for her? Our hearts went out to this gay, happy child who seemingly had never had a responsibility. Nature had betrayed her, and thrust her into motherhood before she had the wisdom to know what it was all about. Those were the days when people did not pass such things off as a biological mistake merely.

To make it easier for the child, and for the husband who came later, I went away to summer school with my dear friend and fellow teacher, Mame Boberg. With marriage in the offering for both of us we decided to take courses in home making at the Utah Agricultural College at Logan. We had a delightful vacation. Aunt Ann Egbert and her daughters Geneve, Nora, and Stella, and her son Roy, added much to our happiness. Here again were as fine people as one meets on the road of life, and Aunt Ann was another Mormon woman who single-handedly fought many difficulties to educate her children. Sometimes I wonder what a nation would be without such women, God-fearing and courageous.

The young girl’s baby was born June 21, Mother’s birthday. It came early enough not to spoil the strawberry festival which the older children always prepared for Mother. That was the second baby that decided to be born on June 21 in the time of strawberries.
LITTLE GOLD PIECES

When I returned from summer school, the young mother and her baby had gone. I have never heard from her since except that she had several children. I trust that life has not been too hard for her.

* * * * *

During the second and third years of my teaching at Midvale, the young high-school student who had graduated in our Normal class, came there to teach. He had taught at Riverton the first year. His name was Christen Jensen. His love of music first brought us together, and we spent many evenings at the piano. He played well. Father and Mother both liked him. He was quiet and reserved like Mother, and he was an excellent listener when Father held forth on pioneer days.

In his diary June 8, 1903 Father wrote, "Bro. Jensen asked me and my wife M. for our baby girl Juley in marriage. We both gave our consent." I had asked him to come to the house that evening in order that he and Mother could receive the request at the same time. I wrote on that same day in my diary this, in addition to the above, "Mama kissed us both and wished us happiness."

The fourth year of my teaching was at Sandy. A substantial increase in salary tempted me. I accepted in the spring not knowing that I was to take a group of children in the sixth grade, who had driven out, or worn out, two teachers, and who as one man said, "were about as difficult to handle as a steam engine going forty miles an hour."

My health was poor while I attended school at Logan. I came home the middle of July to find Mother poorly and worried. There had been so much illness and trouble in the family, and no money to pay for medical aid. In August I consulted a doctor at Midvale. I had anemia and poor digestion, hence palpitation of the heart. The doctor said that unless I improved greatly, I could not teach in the fall. But I had to teach, there was no other source of sufficient income for daily needs, and I was still in debt. Mother had a case now and then, old friends and her daughters and daughters-in-law were still having babies, but that was not enough to care for her, let alone a sick daughter.

Never once did Mother side in with the doctor. When the time came she encouraged me to get out of bed. In September I went to my school, and I am sure Mother's prayers went with me. I could not have succeeded otherwise.

Mother insisted I should board in Sandy until I had my work in hand. After two or three weeks I walked the three miles, sometimes both ways. My doctor came along one evening and took me home. He was surprised at the improvement I had made. There were other reasons for this besides his medicine. I had to teach and I loved it, the long walk in the morning air did much, and the triumph of mind over matter completed my return to health. I boarded again in the winter with Mr. and Mrs. Brown, wonderful people. One night after dinner I witnessed a quiet, joyous scene when they announced that they had paid the mortgage on their modest home. I could appreciate the hard struggle they had had.

I enjoyed that year. It had been a challenge. By the next spring and summer, Mother and I were in better health, although her heart had been giving trouble for some time. She was afraid she would die and leave me alone. She said she could not be happy until she saw me happily married and in a home of my own. After that she could die content.

Christen and I decided to marry late in the summer of that year 1904. He had a principalship and we felt we could manage. Mother and I were busy getting things ready, the day was set, and my dresses were being made.

Christen was the only son of a mother as devoted as mine had been. Converted to the Mormon Church in the old country she left Denmark with the feeling that she was coming to a land of opportunity. She married
a very fine man, also a Dane, named Christen Jensen. They had three children: Christen, Marie, and last, Mary, who died when she was young.

They had had serious financial reverses, but had managed to see their son through Normal school until he could teach. The first three and a half years of his teaching, he turned his checks over to his parents. They gave back to him only enough to pay his board and other necessary expenses. That money raised the mortgage from their home which they would have lost otherwise. This weight off their shoulders the mother could think of his going back to the University of Utah. His sister was at Normal School.

But now he had fallen in love and wanted to be married. Her plans for him were threatened. Yet financially it would have been a difficult struggle for them to keep him in college. There were many days of anxiety. We discussed it with Mother, and eventually we took her advice. We decided to marry and to work together toward our goal, I in the winter months while he went to school, and he in the summer while I attended the University.

Superintendent B. W. Ashton, a dear and sincere friend, had sent word he had a school for me if I would teach after I was married.

So it came about. Criticisms were heaped upon us like winter snow chilling our efforts. Supposed friends rushed in where angels never tread. I was doing an unheard of thing. Mother gave me the courage to go on, and the Jensens gave all their help and love. They offered us two rooms in their house, and built one room more for themselves. It was not a modern apartment; we used kerosene lamps, cooked on a coal stove, and bathed in a zinc tub which we carried in when needed and out when we were through with it. It was home, we were at peace working toward a definite end.
woman to help her for several days. My married sisters came to assist, and again there were furiously busy days of cooking. We even killed the fatted calf. Father had given me a young heifer, and Mother and I could see no better use for her than that she should be set forth at the feast. The place was full of relatives and friends and the house took on some of the festive spirit of old times.

After all the guests had been served we gathered in the large front room. We sang songs and visited. What a happy time it was. Mother smiled with contentment, yet she must have known what would come after.

We rested and visited a few days, and then it was time to move to our home in Salt Lake City. The moving van took the piano, the sewing machine, wedding gifts, the feather bed and a strip of home-made carpet from Mother. The stove and other things I had purchased were left there for her comfort. Also the north wall of the back-room was piled high with chopped wood. She must not worry about kindling. One other thing I left for her, was a bank book with twenty-five dollars to her credit, the first and only bank deposit she ever had. It was such a small sum—the wedding had almost depleted my savings—that I am half-ashamed to mention it. Sometimes she might need to fall back on it for help. She was grateful, and she had a small sense of security knowing it was available.

After the furniture had gone, I asked my husband to go ahead and wait for me at the station. No one must be there, not even he, when I said goodbye to my Mother to whom I owed everything. I was leaving her alone in the house that had once been so full of children and friends. Words stuck in my throat and I was weeping. She had perfect control of herself and said goodbye without tears although her eyes were moist. I hurried down the hill, crossed the foot-bridge over the canal, then turned to wave to her. She had gone inside and closed the door.

When we saw her next, she had come to visit us in our cozy apartment. Outwardly she was happy, there was no trace of sadness, no spoken word of her loneliness. The married children were even more attentive than before, she said.

Three months later, Father and Mother celebrated their Golden Wedding day, Nov. 27, 1904. It came on Sunday, hence we children had arranged to have the party on Saturday. In his diary Father wrote: “Nov. 26. We celebrated the 50th wedding day of my wife Marina, our golden wedding. We were married 50 years tomorrow. There were about one hundred present with our family and some of our near friends. We had a splendid time until about 11 p.m.”

The supper was served in the log cabin kitchen. The account in the Deseret News said, in part, “Five tables were spread which fairly groaned under the weight of the choicest viands amply supplying the wants of the inner man. After the feast, a prepared program was rendered, consisting of music, songs, recitations, sentiments, etc. all referring to fifty years ago.

“Grandma Allen, the venerable mother of Mrs. Bateman, who is still well and hearty although in her eighty-second year, was present, also making five generations who were assembled to do honor to this rare occasion.

“One pleasing feature of the occasion, and which produced much merriment, was the placing by Mr. Bateman upon the finger of his wife a gold ring, making at the same time the statement that at the time of their marriage he was too poor to buy one.”

We children had purchased that ring, and Father was a good sport and placed it on her finger. We hoped she would not guess. We left it there when she died.
CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

Mother's Loneliness

As time passed I knew Mother missed me more and more. Father was in the house next door, but she was still alone. On June 30, 1905 she wrote to me, "Good morning. This is a beautiful morning, the birds are singing and chirping to one another. If we could be as happy as they."

Some months later, I must have written a letter to her telling her how grateful I was for all she had done for me, and expressing my grief over the sorrow I had brought to her, especially when I was a child, rebellious in a crowded and busy polygamous household. It had been no easy task to rear two families, even for a few years, in the same house, and I know I often upset the equilibrium she tried to maintain. I doubt, if at first, I knew enough about polygamy to be rebellious about it. It may be, that like Hamlin Garland, that son of the Middle Border, I loved my mother so much I resented the fact that she worked so hard, early and late, and had so little.

Another thing that disturbed her: in my early teens I asked questions about some teachings of the church that I did not understand, and that she could not explain to my satisfaction. She asked me more than once who put such ideas into my head. No one did, of course. It was, in part, the cockiness of youth. Or it may be that one generation always views things differently than the preceding generation. It is the age-old problem of fathers and sons, mothers and daughters. Later the younger generation solves the problems for itself.

But I had worried my mother, and now that I was old enough to understand that her life had been hard, and that so many things she had longed for had never been realized, I wanted to make it up to her in some way. I had written to her contritely and sincerely, and I received the following letter still in my possession:


Juliaetta,

My Dear Little Girl: It is with pleasure that I now attempt to answer your most welcome letter which I received today.

"You were right in saying our thoughts were of each other. I stayed home all day (New Year's) with dear Grandmother, but it was so stormy I could not go to meeting anyway.

"I felt very sad and unhappy. I wanted to see you and have a talk with you. I felt it would be a comfort to me, of which I have realized so many times through your mild and reasoning advice.

"My Dear Little Girl, you go to extremes about your being such a bad and troublesome child; it was not through any mean disposition, but you were full of life and ambition and determination which has followed you up to the present time, and made you the good and useful woman that you are.

"Oh, what a comfort you have been to me, so much more so than a boy could have been. I thank my Heavenly Father for sparing my life to see you grown to womanhood. No child is perfect, and who can help her to overcome her little faults like a loving mother. When you first saw the light of day, you cried continuously until you were placed in my arms and pillowed on my breast. I wish I had the language and ability to write as I feel and would like to."

She then writes about my sisters and brothers, and my half-brother George A. and his wife Ivie who had invited them to New Year's dinner. She says, "Father, Grandma, Aunt Harriet, and I went. George A. was so nice and done everything to entertain us and Ivie looks so well. They have such a nice large baby; they had her father and mother and their children. We had a delightful time."

She says Elzinia had remained two nights with her, and Ada had come to quilt. Ada had tried to per-
suade her to go to Salt Lake to a matinee, and then stay with me until Monday, but it was so cold and she hesitated.

She finished the letter Jan. 4. "Good morning. We are all well this morning. I hope these few lines will find you both well. Father has just brought my nice present. I think it is very pretty and it is your own hand work, too. I thank you very much, and I hope you will live to see many happy birthdays. I have a dollar for you to get what you would like best for a remembrance. It is not my own hand work, yet it is my own earning.

"I like the table cloth, it is good... My dear child do not worry about me. I am all right but get the blues sometimes. I am so sorry you still get up in your sleep. I want Christen to hide the key and matches and everything else he thinks you would take a notion to. It must worry him to have you do so. I think I would feel like spanking you like I did when you used to hold your breath.

"Dear mother is as well as usual and sends her love to you both... Father has real good health only his feet hurt him so.

"I thought you were having a gay time through the holidays. You have had more snow than we. Best love to both.

Loving Mother,

Marinda Bateman."

Spanking had cured me of holding my breath years before this, and after my marriage a bad fall cured me of walking in my sleep. I was skinned from head to foot on my right side. We never knew where I fell from, but everything on top of the piano was on the floor. Without waking I had crawled back into bed, and was crying that someone had struck me on the head. Christen lighted the lamp. Something had struck me and knocked the notion of walking in my sleep out of my head. I never did it again.

My brother Edward and I were the only ones in the family that showed such nervous tendencies. Soon after he was married he cried out in his sleep, threw out his arms and broke an expensive lamp, a wedding gift.

We did not inherit our nervousness from either parent, nor from our grandparents on either side. Perhaps we harked back to some earlier ancestor for this defect in our natures. Certainly the life of the Underground had affected me as a child. Mother had told me that the year before I was born was the hardest she had experienced up to that time. What happened I do not know, but she believed it had left its mark on me. Perhaps this was one reason she was so tolerant with me and kept me near her. Yet it is true she spanked me to break me of holding my breath. She thought that was temper. I am too far away from it now to judge, but when my little grand-daughter, Linnaea, has shown the same tendency, a great wave of sympathy has gone over me for her. I want to pick her up, and love her and hold her until it is over. It is difficult to judge if one has never had that experience.
CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

Harvard

My husband and I worked hard those first three years of our married life. In June of 1907 he was graduated from the University of Utah with a Bachelor of Arts degree. Our two families attended the exercises with me.

He had worked in the summer time while I attended Summer School at the University. Together we had met all financial expenses, and had saved enough to pay our railroad fare to Cambridge, Massachusetts, and also to pay his entrance fee to Harvard. Those two items made a large hole in our savings, but we still had some money left. We, rented one room from a fine woman named Phoebe H. We purchased some second-hand furniture - a folding couch, table and chairs, a tiny stove, etc. We made cupboards out of dry-goods boxes, and covered them with flowered curtains. By the time we purchased coal, wood, groceries, etc., we were nearly broke. Christen's father and mother sent him twenty-five dollars a month out of the money he had given them to save their home, and I made small sums with my needle.

Phoebe said we looked so young and inexperienced she took us under her motherly care. She was unmarried and about thirty-six years of age. She lived alone, and she had a delicatessen and grocery store on the ground floor. We lived on the second floor. Her living and sleeping quarters were also on this floor. She gave us a hall closet for our clothes, asked us to share her bathroom, and use her parlor whenever we wished to, and to use the piano.

She was so very kind to us that I was soon helping her in the store, and doing errands for her. In time she trusted us with her money. When she had a date with her beau, she left me to wait on late customers, to lock up, and take the money from the till upstairs to her bedroom where she kept it. Sometimes she would leave out two pieces of cake for us, and she would tell me to take ice cream for both of us. She was our guardian angel and we loved her.

My Mother's picture stood on the mantelpiece. Phoebe knew that I frequently received letters from my mother, and how thrilled I was to get them. She knew that I wrote to her twice a week at least. One day when she came into my room she said,

"Do you really love your mother, Mrs. Jensen?"

"Of course I love my mother!" I replied in astonishment.

"I do not love my mother. She has ruined our lives, and she has kept us from happiness. Finally the three sisters of us ran away and came here. I have this business, one sister is a teacher, and the other is a nurse. There was bitterness in her voice. I was so bewildered I couldn't find words to comfort her.

I met the other girls when they came week-ends to visit her. They were good women. They said they loved their gentle father whose life had been wrecked, also. The mother had determined that no one of her eight children should marry.

The mother came in the spring for a week's visit. It was a week of misery for all of us. The girls tried to be dutiful, they met at dinners, and afternoon visits. The bitter words from that mother's tongue ruined everything. She and the nurse had not spoken for years, and did not speak during this visit. When the visit was ended, the young nurse could not say goodbye, but rushed to my room in a passion of tears. The mother followed her, and what she said I will not repeat here. It would sound too melodramatic and untrue.

That was a new experience for me and a sad one. One I could not have believed had I not experienced it.
Not to love one’s mother was unbelievable! Now I never read the ancient Greek tragedy “Electra” without thinking of this unnatural mother, and her unhappy daughters.

We loved Cambridge and Boston. So much knowledge was free, one merely had to walk the streets with open eyes, and open mouth and breathe the intellectual atmosphere. We attended some of the symphony concerts at twenty-five cents a ticket. From our elevated seats we could not see the orchestra, but we could hear the glorious music. We went to Lexington and Concord and visited the homes of great men and women. We sat on the seat beneath the tree where Louisa May Alcott sat and wrote. We wandered through the winding streets of Boston and we loved it all. We sacrificed small sums of money that should have gone for bread in order that we might see important places and things.

That I might not be wholly left out of the educational work, I registered as an auditor in a class given by William Allan Neilson in “The Romantic Poets.” It was for teachers and came after school hours once or twice a week, probably an Extension Class. I recall distinctly how his dog lay outside the class room door, and near the dog lay the Professor’s unfinished cigar.

He read the poems of Scott and Burns with such beauty one could never forget them. But even beyond these, I recall his intoning of “The Reaper” of Wordsworth as if to an organ accompaniment.

“Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain:
O listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.”

The music of his voice has never left my memory.

Living in Cambridge was much more expensive than it had been at home. We visited markets late on Saturday nights hoping to pick up bargains, which we occasionally did. By spring our money did not buy what we should have had in food, particularly were we short on meat. We were both thin and pale, and I became ill. A doctor sent us for long walks out into the country where we could get fresh eggs and milk. There we found some health; and we discovered much beauty at a place called Fresh Pond.

In June of 1908 my husband was graduated with a Master of Arts Degree from Harvard. There had been some question about his making it in a year because Harvard had never up to that time graduated anyone from any of the Utah colleges in one year after a bachelor’s degree had been taken at the home institution. His grades at Harvard were equal to his high record at the University of Utah, and hence he was awarded the degree. He had been offered his tuition the next year, but even so we could not have made it. He had sent out three applications for a position, one to each of the three major schools in Utah. An offer came from Brigham Young University at Provo. We had hoped one would come from the University of Utah, because his had been a test case, and he had won out and had placed his alma mater on the Harvard Map of accredited universities. But there was no opening. I have a belief that our Destiny meant us to go to Brigham Young University where eventually honors came to him that might not have come in any other institution,” honors that he had earned by his devotion to his work.

The graduation exercises at Harvard were very impressive. We wished our parents could have been present.

When we were ready to leave for home, Phoebe said, “What amount of money do you need to take you home? You may have two, three hundred dollars or more. You need not hurry to pay it back.”

We thanked her from the bottom of our hearts, but we said we had sufficient to take us home by way of New York. I had borrowed again from my sister Ara-minta.
We loved Phoebe. If she found the happiness she deserved, then she has been happy indeed.

Another kind friend, Mrs. Stinson gave us a farewell dinner, and she and Juliet Day saw us off on our train in Boston.

In that outside world which my parents had feared, we found friendliness, helpfulness, love, and Christ-like living. They had not mistreated us because of our religion, but took us to their hearts and their homes. The only rebuff I received was from two women, but they were not New Englanders; they were from the middle west.

We reached Salt Lake City with sixty cents in Dearsie's pockets. But we were happy to be home. I sent word to Mother that we would be out in two days on the morning train. We needed rest, and we needed to clean our clothes.

Father came through the meadow-lands to meet us. As he put his arms about me and kissed me he said with great tenderness, "Thank God, you have returned safely," as if he still had fears and misgivings of that gentle world, as he called it.

Mother met us at the door, and kissed us both. She was quiet and composed, but we knew that she was very happy. Her advice had borne fruit.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

Within the Shadow of Timpanogos

In the late summer of 1908 we moved to Provo, a quiet, college town situated in one of the most beautiful valleys in the world, with high rugged mountains almost enclosing it, and with Utah Lake on its western border. Majestic, snow-capped Mt. Timpanogos guards the valley from the north.

Here we had a three-room apartment with Dr. Melissa Stewart, a very remarkable woman. By the time we had furnished this apartment, and paid for moving our belongings from Salt Lake City, we were over five hundred dollars in debt, including what we had borrowed from my sister.

My husband's salary for ten months was twelve hundred fifty dollars; one tenth of that was returned to the church for tithing, and later we were assessed the same amount on the Maeser Memorial Building. That left us one thousand dollars. In about seven months we were out of debt; we had paid the more than five hundred dollars we owed.

In spite of denying ourselves many things, we were happy that winter. Our upstairs bedroom was large and airy with a fine view of the mountains. One part was set aside as a study. In the evenings while my husband studied I lay propped up in bed reading or sewing. We were expecting our first baby in the spring.

As soon as we were well settled, I sent for Mother that I might tell her the news. She was very happy. I was exceptionally well, I put on weight, and my cheeks had an unwonted color in them. One Sunday when she and I were struggling to fasten a taffeta dress around...
me we laughed until tears came. After it was fastened I scarcely dared breathe. Mother looked at me and said, "You are really beautiful."

Imagine having to wait for pregnancy to be told for the first time in your life that you are beautiful. Even then I was grateful; pregnant beauty was better than none at all.

Mother brooded over me all that winter. She went home occasionally, but hurried back. Every day was a day of happy anticipation. Then came May and disaster, ill-health and grief, and more debts to face with a teacher's low salary. The salary was very low for many years.

We had been living thirteen blocks from school. Then we were able to secure a small house near the University, but the rent was very much higher than we had been paying.

Mother had to go home. My husband devotedly cared for me the remainder of the summer helping me to get well which was not easy. I had gone into the depths in mind and in body.

When September came I registered for three courses in English at the University. The Doctor and Mother agreed with us that it would help me to forget myself and my grief. It did. The students were kind and helpful, so carefree and happy.

Paying rent was too expensive. We built a five-room brick house with two bedrooms and a bath. I called the extra bedroom Mother's room. She occupied it more than anyone.

The first year we were in our own home, I taught English at the University. Professor Alice Reynolds went on a leave of absence to Europe, and President Brinmarr asked me to teach some of her classes. I received seventy-five dollars a month. It helped lift the burden of debt on our house.

More helpful than the money were the friendships that came into my life—the friendships of fine young men and women. They were the first to be told why I could not teach the following year. I was expecting a baby in the spring. They were delighted. We arranged that a group of the girls should come every Monday afternoon. They sewed and I read to them. When the baby girl was born April 17, 1912, my students named her Lorna.

The three days of labor could never be forgotten. From April 14th on, Mother read the tragic news of the Titanic disaster, hoping to take my mind from my own pains. It was no use. She finally administered the anaesthesia while the trained nurse, Virginia Bean, assisted Dr. Aird in bringing the baby. She was not breathing, but Dr. Aird whipped life into her body.

Father was alive when Ardis was born, and died in 1909, but there is no mention of it in his diary. He had passed away before Lorna came.

*

At the time Mother wrote that letter to me in January 1906 when she admitted she was blue and sad and wanted my advice, she was grieving about Father more and more. Then came 1907 and 1908 when we were at Cambridge. Her letters to me conveyed little of her own sadness, because there was so much anxiety and sorrow in the lives of other members of the family.

Father worked on the farm and at the flour mill. Edward was the miller, and Alberto drove the mill wagon. The entries in his diary are very brief: "at the mill all day" or "at the mill and on the farm." The monotony is broken only by a trip to Salt Lake to see his friends of the Underground, or to visit with the Indian War Veterans.

Frequently he mentions that he is not well; yet he goes on working hard, forcing himself to labor beyond his strength. Mother must have watched this with in-
creasing anxiety, and yet she could do nothing. Her name seldom appears in the diary at this time.

Some of the second family had moved to Kaysville and there is much going back and forth. There are pages of these short entries, insignificant things compared with the exciting accounts of his days on the Underground.

Once he writes, "Had dinner with my wife Marinda," as though it were something unusual which it was then. "My wife M. and I went to see Edward, he was a little better." Edward's health had been failing for some time. There are illnesses and deaths, some of them tragic ones in that year of 1908. It began with my sister Araminta's daughters: Eliza, sixteen years of age died on January 27; and Marinda died on March 4, her eighteenth birthday, both of appendicitis operations. On March 4, Father wrote:

"Our granddaughter died at half-past three in the afternoon. Rained and snowed," Mother wrote to me at Cambridge. She said that Marinda's operation was for appendicitis and hernia. The shock of the operation caused acute bladder trouble. As I have said it was on her eighteenth birthday she died. About two hours before she passed away she said, "Mama, I am afraid I am going to die," and her mother replied, "You needn't be afraid my dear, you will be with Eliza." "That will be all right, but Mama, what will you do without me? I so want you to be happy."

Marinda said a woman had been in the room three times singing beautifully, but she did not know her. "She is just leaving now, can't you see her?" Mintie said she couldn't see her, nor could she hear the singing. Marinda joined in the singing of "We thank thee, Oh God, for a Prophet," and "Oh, My Father." Mintie broke down and cried. She said, "If you cry, Mama, I shall sing no more. Please lie beside me and hold me." Thus she passed away with her Mother's arms about her.

Mother says in her letter, "She looked so pretty after she died, she was so white. She was the hand-honest of the three, I thought."

Mother said Mintie found comfort in all that happened in those last two hours. It takes superhuman strength and a faith almost divine to find comfort in such a trial. I was far away and homesick. Marinda had been such a help to me when I lived with them.

Mintie had the courage and fortitude that Mother had. A few years later Mintie's Margaret at nineteen died of typhoid, and Harold, twenty-eight of an accident. Father and Mother were growing older and grief was harder to bear. Only a great faith in God sustained them.

Three months later, and after our return from Harvard, Father wrote, July 25, 1908, "Bertha was operated on. Saw the operation. It was appendicitis. She was Aunt Harriet's daughter. She was twenty-two years of age and she had been teaching school. She was at Kaysville.

July 29, "Bertha died. We was with her. Brought her to the city and left her and came home." The brevity of this event is significant. He simply couldn't write more about it.

Aug. 1, "Bertha was buried today. Pres. Winder and Bro. Seymour B. Young attended the funeral. Alphonso Bateman, Bro. Young, Pres. Winder, and Joseph E. Taylor were the speakers. Large turnout."

What a toll typhoid and appendicitis took in our family of young people. Doctors of good reputation in Salt Lake City did the operating. They were not inexperienced, but little was known about this disease at that time.

The only words in Father's diary May 10, 1909 are, "feeling quite old." He was seventy-seven the following July 1st. He had never spared his body. Not
only had he worked hard at home, but he had travelled days and nights over rough and wild country, in all kinds of weather—sometimes forty-one hours in the saddle—he had slept on the damp ground, and was often wet and chilled through; all of this while serving his church and his neighbors and friends, and now that large body was showing signs of weariness and decay. Yet his will power made him work on at the mill and at the farm to make a mere pittance.

Wallace had been on a mission to the Southern States and returned home in January of 1909. Father went about with him visiting friends and relatives. He spent much time at Kaysville, then he returned home.

The last entry in the diary I have is, Aug. 26, 1909: "At Kaysville all the time up to date." The previous entry was July 1st, a month and a half earlier. Evidently he was neglecting his diary. I presume the second family had moved before this and that the farm was rented.

Mother was truly alone. It was as if the life of the old home and the farm had flowed on and away like a river, and left the bed of the stream dry. The house once so full of voices now was filled only with her silence: the silence of a great but quiet love, and now the silence of a lingering sorrow. She had kept these silences so deep in her heart that if she heaved as much as a sigh there was no one to hear her. At night she was alone with the doors unlocked. Perhaps she lay listening for the hoof-beats of a horse in the lane and the knock on the door which came rarely now. The last recorded obstetrical case was Dec. 1908. I know she had several cases after that, because she had planned to wait on me in May 1909. Had she discontinued her work, she would not have planned this. Some of my nieces and nephews were born three and four years after this, and Mother’s name is on the birth certificates.

Sometimes the children, or occasionally a grandchild slept there, but the greater part of the time she was alone. The beds upstairs and down were always ready and waiting. World-weary wanderers still came to her hospitable door, and she prepared a meal for them and let them sleep upstairs. She was fearless. My sisters learned of this. They wrote me that we must take some measure to protect her. No one she had befriended ever molested her, but something might happen. I wrote in my dairy, “Conditions at the old home are such that we can no longer leave Mother there.” She began living with her children.

She was with me a great deal, our home was modern, and much quieter than the others. We had but the one child, Lorna, and Mother enjoyed being with her, and the child adored Mother.

Some months later she seemed sad and had less to say. Grandmother Allen had died Sept. 20, 1910 at the age of eighty-seven. Mother felt more lonely when she was gone. She would sit, rocking gently, in a small rocking chair, for hours and I could tell that her thoughts were far away. Finally, one day, she looked at me, and said seriously,

“What am I to do? I can’t go on much longer like this.”

“You have endured so much, Mother, try to endure it a little longer,” was all the comfort I could give her.

Then she told me how she thought the rift in their lives began that had separated her and Father. I had known a long time that there had been trouble over Maggie’s wedding, but now I was to hear Mother’s version of it, which was only fair.

Maggie, or Margaret, was the second daughter of the second wife. She was a beautiful, high-spirited girl with black hair and very dark eyes. I and some of my sisters thought she was Father’s favorite because she dared talk back to him, a thing we never ventured to do. She usually won her argument. Father loved her very much.
Maggie had been keeping company with Walton Irving, and they were deeply in love with each other. When they presented themselves before Father to ask his consent for their engagement and eventual marriage, he hesitated. Father knew Walt had not attended church as he should have done, and questioning showed that he was not paying his tithing, and that he smoked. Otherwise Father liked him, but he wanted his children to marry in the Temple according to the Church’s practice, and a recommend could not be obtained unless Walt complied with the rules. He promised he would, and he did, and eventually the time for the wedding was set, and plans were made.

When the time approached for the marriage, Father suddenly announced to Aunt Harriet and Mother that the marriage was to be postponed. As I remember it he gave no definite reason for his whim. Mother reminded him that he had given his consent after the young people had lived up to his requirements. Aunt Harriet was weeping. Mother took up the battle for one who was not her own, she was fighting for what she deemed was right. She said, “Samuel, you can’t do this now. It is not fair to them nor to us.” She argued that they would marry, though perhaps not as they wished them to. Father fought back but she held her ground and the quarrel went on until he broke down and wept and said, “I have it your own way.” It was less than a year since his severe illness, and he was weak. That afternoon and night and days after, he spent at the other house.

The wedding did come off according to schedule in May of 1897. Maggie and Walt were happy, and four children were born, a son, and three daughters. But her happiness was short-lived. On June 11, 1904 she died of a delayed appendectomy. She arrived at the hospital in time in the early evening. The doctors delayed the operation until morning. The appendix ruptured in the night. Her death seemed so unnecessary. She was only 27 years of age.

As the weeks went by Mother grew more and more conscious that Father had definitely broken his custom of one week at our home, and one at the other house. She knew she had angered him, but she had thought it would pass over. It did not. He came occasionally for meals; Mother stooped enough to invite him time and again. More than once when she saw him outside she asked me to go and bring him in to a meal. He was at our house when visitors came, and he might remain all day, but he did not stay at night. During the four years of my teaching and living at home with Mother, this procedure was followed rigidly.

He was very proud of the fact that he had been master of his households, master and lord over his wives and children. He was never cruel about it, nor as a rule overly severe. We all recognized it and accepted it as proper and right. Father was the head of the family. Mother, I am sure, never made a decision of any importance that she had not consulted him. The time when he was attacked and beaten, she had written that scorching letter. She had braved the deputy marshals when they came in search of him, and she had borne many burdens for his sake. This was the only time when she had really gone to battle with him, and she had won. She had broken his mastership and hurt his pride. I can explain it in no other way.

Mother was in the right, of course, to insist that Maggie’s marriage go on. There was no real reason why it should not under the circumstances. The situation might have been handled some other way—she was usually so diplomatic—had there been time. But there seemed not to be time, and while she won the battle she lost the peace, and paid a tremendous price for it.

I recall the famous quarrel between King David and his wife Michal, daughter of Saul. David had captured the great fortress of Jerusalem from the Jebusites, and he celebrated the inauguration of the citadel with pomp and circumstance. The Bible says, “So David and all the
house of Israel brought up the Ark of the Lord with shouting and the sound of the trumpet." From her window Michal saw the king dancing in a manner that seemed to her unbecoming. She came out to meet him and said with scorn, "How glorious was the king of Israel today, who uncovered himself today in the eyes of the handmaids of his servants, as one of the vain fellows shamelessly uncovereth himself."

And David said unto Michal, "It was before the Lord which chose me above thy father, and above all his house, to appoint me prince over the people of the Lord, over Israel; therefore will I play before the Lord and I will be yet more vile than thus, and will be base in mine own sight: but of the handmaids which thou hast spoken of, of them shall I be had in honor." The Bible says, "And Michal, the daughter of Saul, had no child until the day of her death."

Michal had wounded David's pride and humiliated him beyond endurance; he, the King who had been chosen above her father and her father's household.

What a perfectly human quarrel. King David and my father were merely men who might have lived in any age. The circumstances were very different, it is true, but in each case the wife had opposed and criticized and humiliated her husband. Three thousand years had not changed the pride of man, especially when that pride has been hurt by a woman, and that woman one's wife.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

Reconciliation

At the time Mother told me of the quarrel with Father, and its results, I did not inquire if that was all. For a time I felt there must have been something else, and perhaps there was. I do not know. But as I see it now, and knowing Father's pride as I did, that may have been cause enough. His diary makes no mention of the trouble as the years went by; one, knowing the story, may read between the lines.

When she asked my advice as to what she should do, and when she said, "I can't go on this way," I had asked her to endure a little longer. It was not so very long. About the last of November, or the first of December 1910, Mother received word that Father was seriously ill. My brother Daniel, at Mother's request, went to see him at Kaysville and Daniel asked him if he would like to come home. He said, "Yes."

Mother knew he would come. She had her bed moved from her bedroom into the large front room where it would be warmer, and where it would be more convenient to nurse him. The hours seemed long and she could not rest until Daniel brought him the next day. All the sorrows of the past were "shut up like dead flowerets" and she welcomed him with the love she had had for him from the beginning. I was not there, but my brothers and sisters were, and they told me that her devotion was complete. They marvelled at her physical strength as she waited on him day and night with little rest. It was as if each minute had to make up for the lost days and weeks of the past. A doctor was called; it was Bright's disease and he gave the family no hope. Father's suffering was so great that he wasted away to a mere skeleton of himself.
The news of his illness spread, and from far and near people came to see him, people who loved and admired him. One couple he had known on the Underground stood at the foot of his bed and wept. They had not forgotten a service Father had rendered to them. The man was in business. He had taken to drinking and he was on the verge of failure. The wife asked Father to help them. Father dropped his work, and for weeks he lived and slept with the man night and day. When he came home to see us he brought the man with him. Eventually he was cured of the habit.

At about the end of six weeks, Mother sent for me to come; she thought he was going. I was shocked to tears as I looked at his wasted face and shrunken eyes.

That Saturday afternoon, a few hours after my arrival, some of my brothers and sisters and I were standing about the kitchen stove speaking in low tones. Suddenly our brother Daniel came from the front room. He dropped into a chair, put his arms on the table, and sobbed, "Oh, that Mother of ours! That Mother of ours!" It was some minutes before he could calm himself to tell us what had happened. He said that Father had awakened suddenly from a restless sleep. He seemed dazed. He looked at Mother as if he did not remember where he was, and that Mother had been by him all the time because he said,

"What are you doing here, Marinda? Why are you holding my hand?"

She arose and kissed his forehead and said, "My dear, I am trying to help you cross the Jordan River."

While he slept she must have been thinking of their first meeting long ago when he had ferried her across the Jordan River, otherwise such an answer would not have come so readily to her lips. Had she hoped thus to remind him of their love at first sight, and that it still endured? I am sure she did. Dannie was thinking that by her remark she meant she was helping him to die, and he wondered how she could do it with a smile on her face. No, it was their moment of reconciliation, a moment when he must have known she loved him in spite of all that had happened.

With all the love and tenderness she gave him, that crossing was one of pain and agony. His cries were heart-breaking. At the end of the seventh week, on January 23, 1911, the same day and almost the same hour Grandfather Allen had died, Father closed his eyes in peace. He would have been seventy-nine years old the following July first.

Mother was calm. I think she was happier than she had been for a long time, because she had no doubts anymore. The reconciliation had come without words, without explanation, and although it had come hand in hand with Death, it was complete. She was satisfied. Each knew that Death had opened the gate to Eternal Life and Eternal Love. Such was their belief.

Father was a great man, even though he would be classed as a common man. He played a significant part in the development of Utah and in the development of the Church which he had accepted. The long obituaries in the papers mentioned important events in his life. Of his posterity one article said, "He is survived by both wives. His entire posterity numbers 133. Of the 21 children born to him, 13 survive him."

"President Joseph F. Smith and John Henry Smith and Francis M. Lyman were among the speakers at the funeral of Samuel Bateman, which was held at West Jordan meeting house, Friday, Jan. 27. The active life and career of the deceased as a pioneer, frontiersman, and citizen constituted the theme of President Smith's address. The life of Captain Bateman as an Indian fighter, was compared to that of Israel Putman, who left his plow to defend his country. Other speakers were Bishop John Egbert, Charles Wilcken, Thomas Dobson, William Solomon, Andrew Smith, Andrew Burt, and Orson Arnold. The musical selections were, 'O, My Father' by the West Jordan Choir: solo, 'I Have Read
of a Beautiful City", by John Aylett; solo, 'Face to Face', Miss Margetts; quartet, 'I Need Thee Every Hour'. The opening prayer was offered by Frank Y. Taylor, president of Granite Stake. The grave was dedicated by Hyrum Goff, president of Jordan Stake."

It would seem that there were too many speakers, but the group of men mentioned above beginning with John Egbert paid very brief tributes to the man they loved and esteemed, and with whom they had associated in the trying days of the Church's history. It was as if they had dropped small bouquets on his casket.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

"Life is ever Lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own."

At the time of Father's death, Mother had more than passed the three score years and ten. She was to be allotted eight years more of life. She spent those years with her children, and we all tried to give her a small portion of the happiness we owed her. Her heart had been bad for some time. We tried to shield her from heavy work and worry. Yet she grieved over Edward. His health was failing fast although he was still a young man in the late forties. While working at the flour mill he had contracted some disease that bled him white. Finally he was unable to work at all, and with a large family to support, his savings dwindled to a mere nothing. Mother still grieved because she had been unable to give him an education. With a profession in the educational field his life might have been different.

As I have indicated, Mother was with me when Lorna was born in April. In September, at the request of my former students, I returned to the University to teach one English class a day. I consulted Mother. She said she would go home for a visit and then come back again to take care of the baby.

I received twenty-five dollars a month. The class came in mid-morning. This gave me time to prepare breakfast, bathe and feed Lorna, and put her in her cradle. All Mother had to do was sit by her. A niece, Verda Egbert, also helped me.

It was a delight to teach my former students again. The small check paid the laundry bill, and I was able to help Mother financially. I made her feel that she was earning it. I was home in time to get dinner at noon, and she helped with the dishes. She did no heavy work.
Mother loved the atmosphere of study that was a part of our daily lives. In the evenings, the baby asleep, we sat around the dining-room table preparing our lessons. Quietly she rocked in the rocking chair while she watched us, never intruding with a question or a remark.

With the cooperation of my husband, I was able to take summer work at the University, and a class now and then during the winter. In June of 1914 I was graduated with an A.B. degree. My major was in Literature. I had made my graduation dress of white lace over dotted white cotton crepe.

Lorna was two years old and talked about "Mama's tap and down". When she was graduated, years later, with her A.B. degree she wore the same cap and gown. Several members of the graduating class were married men with young children. We dressed our kiddies in tiny caps and gowns for the occasion, and had their pictures taken for the year book.

For the third time, Mother attended my graduation exercises. It was worth all the effort just to see her happiness. She was gone before I secured my next degree thirteen years later. I wish she might have been with us when in 1927 my husband, as Dean of the Graduate School at Brigham Young University, conferred on me the Master of Arts Degree in Literature. She would have been doubly proud.

In 1916 when Lorna was four years of age, our parents saw us off on the train for Chicago, where Christen was to work for 15 months at the University of Chicago toward a doctorate. Always helpful, he insisted that I take an early morning class before his work began. I took but one class each quarter, and this time it was World Literature with Dr. Richard Green Moulton, a very great and inspirational teacher.

When it was time for my husband's class, he brought Lorna across the Midway. I took her to the library with me, and the librarian gave her colorful
books to look at while I studied. She became the mascot of the campus. Men in particular stopped to speak to her. It was unusual to see a mother and child studying at the University.

Mother received semi-weekly reports of what we were doing, and from her came home news.

While I was taking classes Lorna learned to read under her father's direction. It came so suddenly we thought she had memorized the words as he read to her, but that was not true. There were no phonics used, and no special effort to teach her. She had finished her first book, "The Brownie Primer" by Banta and Banta, when she was four years and ten months old. When we returned home she astonished both families by reading books she had never seen. Mother was so proud of her. Here was a child after her own heart who would love learning.

When we returned home from Chicago I was very ill and went immediately to the hospital. Through the criminal negligence of a Chicago doctor, I lost a baby prematurely. Seven weeks later I came home to my own doctor to have the placenta removed. How I lived one scarcely knows. I never overcame that cruel neglect and paid a heavy price for it. Mother lived to see me lose another child because of it, but she was gone when our son was stillborn.

Mother was with us a great deal after we returned home from Chicago. Her health seemed good. Lute that fall there was a change. I had her retire earlier, and rest longer in the mornings.

One morning as she tried to get a drink, she dropped a glass in the sink and broke it. I heard her say "Damn", the only time I ever heard her say it. I hurried to her. That was her first stroke. Her right hand and arm were partially paralyzed.

The next day my sisters came for her and took her to my sister Araminta's where she remained for eighteen
months until she died. Light strokes followed by heart spasms made her very ill indeed, but she never lost consciousness. Sister Mintie gave her every care. Elzina lived near and came to help with the work. The rest of us went to see her when we could, but too many people in a sick room make more work. Therefore, our visits had to be brief. The last six months she was paralyzed from the waist down, and no one person could care for her alone. We had a professional nurse to assist my sister.

In time she could sit in a wheelchair, and she was taken from room to room. She was helpful, sweet and uncomplaining. It was not the way she wanted to die, but to be visibly unhappy about it would have made the burden greater for those who cared for her. A lifetime of keeping things to herself stood her in hand then. One day when she was unusually thoughtful she asked Mintie,

"Edward is gone?"

"Yes, Mother."

"I knew," she replied. There were no tears. She would see him soon. He had died February 13, 1918, at the age of fifty-three. She had not been told. This was three or four months later, but our silence about Edward had indicated he was gone.

We had been to see her many times. In early March of 1919, I took Lorna with me to see her again. The influenza epidemic that came with such severity in 1918, had returned in 1919. Lorna and I went on a local train and we wore our cheesecloth masks. We arrived early.

That was a happy, never-to-be-forgotten day, and our last with Mother. Lorna, who was nearly seven years of age, fusscd over her all day. When I attempted to check her fearing she would weary her, Mother said, "Let her be, I love it." Her face was one beautiful smile as the child stood on a low stool and combed her hair, and put an artificial flower in it, or a bit of lace, or the bow of ribbon from her own hair. Lorna insisted on putting a mask over her mouth, Grandmother must not get the influenza. She fastened a small wool shawl about the drooping shoulders time and time again, kissing her several times. She put her own hat on Mother's head. It looked so queer, we all laughed, and we brought a mirror to let Mother see. She smiled contentedly, but said nothing.

They had played so much together. Before Lorna was two years of age, Mother would let her kneel in her lap and stick pins in her ample bosom. (She had gained in weight in her late years.) She wore so many clothes that the pin-points rarely touched the skin. When they did Mother smiled, and the baby laughed. Now Mother was thin and wasted away.

This day Lorna hunted the children's toys and piled them in the lap where she once kneeled, and showed each one to the aged loved one before her. When she could think of nothing else to do, she would take everything off and begin all over again. The two of them never seemed to weary of the game they played.

It was difficult to break away when late afternoon came. Lorna's arms were about Mother's neck, and the fresh young cheek was pressed lovingly against the old and faded one. Then we kissed her goodnight. I am glad we did not know it was our final farewell.

On March 18, 1919 she sat up all day. My sister noted that she seemed unusually tired. She was very quiet and seemed a little sad. The nurse was not there.

Soon after Mintie had put her to bed that evening she heard her call. She rushed to the door and Mother said, "My dear, I am going."

Mintie called to one of the children to run for Aunt Elzina, while she reached for a stimulant.

"Not a drop," Mother said, "I am tired and it is time for me to go. Kneel down beside me and let me bless you for being so kind to me."
She did bless her, and told her to give her love to all of us. Elzinia entered the bedroom as she breathed her last. She was conscious until the last moment. Death had not "bandaged her eyes and bade her creep past," but let her "taste the whole of it," as she would have wished.

None of us were prepared for her going even then, but we had to be reconciled because of her long suffering. It was time for her to go, time for her, she said. Is there ever a time for children when a mother can be spared? There was no time for her children because we adored her and there would be a vacancy in our homes. But she could not go far—her mind and spirit were a part of us. She is not dead, nor could she ever be destroyed any more than the little gold pieces that helped to sustain our lives.

Eight children survived her, seventy-eight grandchildren, and sixty-nine great grandchildren. Many of these celebrated her eighty-first birthday the following June twenty-first with the usual strawberry festival.

We still think of her as the best woman we ever knew. Her trials and sorrows were so successfully hidden that they cast no shadow on the hearts of others. In the quietness of her soul she gave to all who loved and admired her the richness and beauty of her own life. Like the little gold pieces she had been assayed in the furnace and she came out pure and unblemished.

CHILDREN OF SAMUEL BATEMAN AND MARINDA ALLEN:

Samuel Allen
Daniel Rapalyea
Joseph Thomas
Marinda Parthenia
Araminta Elizabeth
Edward Alonzo
Alberto Delos
Eliza Janetta
Mary Janetta
Elzinia Amelia (Twins
Elzada Ophelia
Ada Laurelda
Juliaetta

CHILDREN OF SAMUEL BATEMAN AND HARRIET EGBERT — plural wife

Orella Maria
Margaret Eliza
Samuel Wallace
Harriet Elnora
George Albert
Bertha Elnora
Vera Maud
Cora May
APPENDIX (B)

The Name and Family of Bateman

Compiled by:
THE MEDIA RESEARCH BUREAU
Washington, D. C.

The name of Bateman is generally believed to have been derived from the Anglo-Saxon word bat, meaning "boat" combined with the self-explanatory suffix man, although some authorities claim that it was derived from the old English bate, meaning "strife", and was originally applied to one of warlike disposition. It is found on the ancient English and early American records in the various forms of Battman, Batman, Batiman, Batemann, Batemon, Bateman, and others, of which the last form mentioned is that most generally accepted in America today.

One of the most ancient of the English branches of the family was that descended from one William Bate-
man of Derbyshire before the year 1298 A. D. This William was the father of a son named Richard, who is believed to have been the father of John, who was the father of Richard, the father of another Richard, who was the father of yet another Richard, who had issue by his wife Elizabeth of John, Thomas, and William. Of these, the first died without issue; the second, Thomas, was the father by his wife Jane of, among others, a son named Richard, who was the father by his wife the Widow Ann (nee Mason) Harrison, whom he married in 1633, of Thomas, Richard, and numerous daughters; and the third, William, married Helen Baslow in 1616 and was the father by her of John, Richard, Thomas, Robert, and William.

William Bateman of County Norfolk, England, about the beginning of the fourteenth century, if not before, is said to have been the father by his wife Mar-
Another branch of the family was early settled in Warwickshire and was represented in the early sixteenth century by one John Bateman, who was the father by his wife Alice Page of William, John, Thomas, and Richard; but the records of this line are not complete.

One Gyles Bateman of Flanders about 1580 is said to have been the father of another Gyles, who married Jacomina de Swaart and was the father of a son named Jonas, who removed to London, England, and was the father there by his wife Judith de la Barr of James, William, John, and several daughters.

It is not definitely known from which of the many illustrious lines of the family in England and other parts of Europe the first emigrants of the name to America were descended, but it is generally believed that all of the Batemans were of English ancestry at a remote period and were possible of common origin.

Among the first of the name in America were William Bateman of Charlestown, Mass., about 1630; Thomas Bateman of Charles City County, Va., in 1635; Robert Bateman of James City County, Va., in 1637; Nathaniel Bateman of Watertown, Mass., in 1640; Robert of James City County, Va., in 1643; Persiphall or Percival of Northampton County, Va., in 1647; James of Yorke County, Va., in 1651; Richard of Virginia in 1653; and Edward of Woolwich, Me., about 1654. None of these early emigrants, however, left any definite records concerning their immediate families or descendants.

About 1640, or shortly thereafter, the brothers William and Thomas Bateman are said to have settled at Concord, Mass. Of these, William later removed to Fairfield, Conn., and is said to have left issue of, among other children, a son named Thomas; and the emigrant Thomas is said to have had issue by his wife Martha of Thomas, Peter, John, Ebenezer, Martha, Elizabeth, and Sarah, of whom the son Thomas is said to have married Abigail Merriam in 1672 and to have been the father by her of, among others, a son named John. It is also claimed by
some authorities that the emigrant Thomas married a
second wife, named Margaret Knite, in 1668 but had no
children by her.

Sometime before 1644 one John Bateman settled at
Boston, Mass. By his wife Hannah he was the father of,
possibly among others, John, Hannah, Elizabeth,
Sarah, Rachel, Mary (died young), William, Joseph,
and another Mary, of whom the son William left no
further record. It is considered probable that the emi-
grant John of Boston removed in the latter part of his
life to Woburn, in the same colony, but this is not certain.

John, son of the emigrant John of Boston, is said to
have been married at Woburn in 1680 to Abigail Rich-
ardson, by whom he was the father of Abigail (died
young), another Abigail, John, William (died young),
another William, and Peter.

Joseph, son of the emigrant John of Boston, is said
to have fought in King Philip’s War in 1676, but the
records of his immediate family have not been found.

One Eleazer Bateman of Woburn, Mass., who is
claimed by some authorities to have been a son of the
before mentioned Thomas of Concord (possibly identical
with the before mentioned son, Ebenezer) but who was
more probably the son of the emigrant John of Boston,
was married in 1686 to Elizabeth Wright, by whom he
had issue of Elizabeth, Mary, Joseph, Martha, Thomas,
and Ruth.

Among the numerous members of the family who
came to America at later dates were one Mathew Bate-
man and his brother or cousin Swanton Bateman, who
came from Ireland to Canada and later removed to the
western part of the United States. They were followed
shortly afterward by a cousin named Charles Bateman,
who made his home with Matthew in Ohio.

The descendants of these and other branches of the
family in America have spread into all parts of the coun-
try and have aided as much in the growth of the nation
as their ancestors aided in its founding. They have been
noted for their energy, industry, integrity, resource-
fulness, initiative, perseverance, fortitude, patience, loyalty,
and courage.

Among those of the Batemans who fought in the
War of the Revolution were Adjutant John of New
York, Lieutenant and Adjutant William of Massachu-
setts, Corporals John and Joseph of Massachusetts, and
numerous others from the various New England and
southern colonies.

Richard, Thomas, William, Robert, Hugh, James
Joseph, Peter, and John are some of the Christian names
most highly favored by the family for its male progeny.

One of the many members of the family who have
distinguished themselves in America in more recent times
was Newton Bateman, noted educator, who was born
in New Jersey in 1822 and died in Illinois in 1897.

Probably the most ancient and frequently recurrent
of the numerous coats-of-arms of the English family of
Bateman is that described as follows:

Arms.—“Or, three crescents, each surmounted by an
estoile gules.”

Crest.—“A crescent and estoile as in the arms, be-
tween two eagle’s wings or.”

(Arms taken from Burke’s “General Armory”, 1884.)

The above was passed on to me by my niece Bertha
Bateman Giles, of Provo. It likely was in the possession
of her father, Joseph T. Bateman. I trust the Batemans
will appreciate the above article.

J. B. J.
APPENDIX (C)

DO

I visited DO July 28, 1946 in company with my husband, Christen Jensen, my niece and nephew, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Goodridge, and my brother-in-law, George M. Goodridge of West Jordan. I wished to find this Underground Hide-out where my father lived. We also wished to secure pictures.

We found it with little difficulty in west Kaysville. DO was the home of Thomas F. Rouche (pronounced Roo'shay') where President John Taylor died. It is still much as it was sixty years ago except that the two-story house has been stuccoed and painted white. The place is surrounded by old trees and shrubs. There are many sheds and barns on the south and west sides. Under one of the sheds Father says they played quoits.

The house is far down in the meadows with no near neighbors. At the time Father wrote, it was very near great Salt Lake where the people bathed in warm weather. The lake has receded greatly in recent years.

DO was a perfect hiding place with an excellent view of all roads leading to it for some two or three miles, or perhaps more. With the horse and buggy as a means of approach, ample warning could be given. Father speaks in his diary of putting out the guards early in the morning, and also at night. Just where they were stationed I do not know. He speaks of alarms being brought by messengers, and how they scattered in various directions, but it seems that the deputy marshals never came there.

On our way there we crossed two railroad tracks a short distance apart and some distance from the house. It was over one of these tracks that President Taylor's body was taken to Salt Lake by a special train.
The Rouches are all dead; the last one died some two years ago. Two or three families of in-laws and descendants occupy the place. One is Mrs. W. H. Rouche, a daughter-in-law. She was very courteous, but she could tell us very little. We did not see the inside of the house, but she pointed to the window, the second on the right, as the room in which President Taylor died. It is now the kitchen of one of the families.

There is a long porch on the front of the house looking toward the north, or slightly northeast, facing the main road. In the yard is a large flowing well. It is enclosed by a cement wall, round in shape, and about five feet high. Young people were bathing in it.

Mrs. Rouche took us to visit Elizabeth Bailey Smith who lived nearly a half mile away. She was a young woman at the time of the President's death, and she was in the room at that time. She is a small, pleasant woman now in her eighty-third year. She said Uncle Sam (Bate-man), President George Q. Cannon, Big Charlie (Wil-cken), Little Charlie (C. H. Birrell), and James Malin lived there almost constantly during the eight months. President Joseph F. Smith was there a great deal of the time, and there were many others.

She could not tell me why Father called the place D O, in fact she did not know it was called that. I asked many questions but she could not answer them. However, she was delighted to meet one of "Uncle Sam's" daughters.

The visit to D O means very much to me.

J. B. J.