A Mormon Fundamentalist Tells His Story

Why I Have Five Wives

What makes a man a polygamist? Promiscuity and a gross contempt for the law?

Many—perhaps most—people would say so. But here's a man who, out of sincere religious conviction, became husband to five wives, father to 20 youngsters—and fervently insists he loves them all and will fight to the end to keep them.

By EDSON JESSOP with MAURINE WHIPPLE

I thirty-four years old. I have five wives and 20 children. I am what the world calls a polygamist; a Mormon—one of those “heartsick Short Creek cultists” you may have read about. In my grandfather’s day Mormons were required to have horns, and maybe I seem equally to you now. Actually, I’m not strange at merely living a celestial marriage, which is part of God.

Despite my obedience to the covenant, the size of my family, today I am the loneliest man in the world. Shortly after 39 of us had been released from the Kingman, Arizona, to await trial. I arrived at night—to find my house abandoned, my car gone, the rooms dark and silent. Unless I lived through it, you can’t imagine what an experience it was.

No sound, no hushed childish giggles, no nothing. Only the wind and, in the glare of my flashlight, the red sand seeping beneath the doorsills and cracks that conquer everything but me.

It’s the country I love. Perhaps if I tell you a little more of it—its vast emptiness—you will begin to understand how even a family of 20 children doesn’t seem large.

On the North Rim of the Grand Canyon, a baking northward would not see the scattered houses making up my village: they are hidden behind the plateaus that climb like stairways to the Vermilion Cliffs beneath these cliffs lies Short Creek, for the deep gorge which runs along the state line, dividing our town into a Utah side and an Arizona side.

There are only two roads into Short Creek. Both are ungraded clay trails which are often impassable after a storm, making Short Creek inaccessible to either state. Also, the Colorado River cuts off most of Mohave County from the rest of Arizona—so Kingman, our county seat, although only 135 miles from Short Creek by air, is 425 by road.

Short Creek isn’t much to look at, and it’s hard to reach. That’s why we live here. Many years ago the Mormon leader, Brigham Young, was urged to move to the Salt Lake valley-desert because “nobody else wants it.” Brother Brigham agreed, saying: “If there is a place on this earth...”

Edson Jessop. See he belongs to practices a “plural marriage” rite which Mormon church heads outlawed many years ago.
I am thirty-four years old. I have five wives and 20 children. I am what the world calls a polygamist; a Mormon—one of those "heathenish Short Creek cultists" you may have read about. In my grandfather's day Mormons were thought to have horns, and maybe I seem equally strange to you now. Actually, I'm not strange at all; I'm merely living celestial marriage, which is the law of God.

But despite my obedience to the covenant, despite the size of my family, today I am the loneliest man in the world. Shortly after 39 of us had been arrested for our beliefs, we were released from the jail in Kingman, Arizona, to await trial. I arrived home at night—to find my house abandoned, my family gone, the rooms dark and silent. Unless you've lived through it, you can't imagine what that means. No sound, no hushed childish giggles, nothing. Only the wind and, in the flare of my match, the red sand seeping beneath the doorsills—the red sand that conquers everything but the grave in my country.

Yet it is a country I love. Perhaps if I tell you something of it—its vast emptiness—you will better understand how even a family of 20 children might not seem large.

From the North Rim of the Grand Canyon, a hawk looking northward would not see the scattering of houses making up my village; they are hidden behind the plateaus that climb like stairways to the mountain range known as the Vermilion Cliffs. Directly beneath these cliffs lies Short Creek, named for the deep gorge which runs along the
state line, dividing our town into a Utah side and an Arizona side.

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Short Creek isn’t much to look at, and it’s hard to reach. That’s why we live here. Many years ago the Mormon leader, Brigham Young, was urged to move to the Salt Lake valley-desert because “nobody else wants it.” Brother Brigham agreed, saying: “If there is a place on this earth that nobody else wants, that’s the place I am hunting for.” So with us. We don’t like to live on parched soil, we don’t like to go without modern plumbing and refrigerators any more than you would. We have windmills and wells, but there isn’t enough water for farming—and certainly not enough for the flowers and lawns we’d grow if we could. Yet it is just because Short Creek is barren and rejected that it was to us the promised land. If nobody else wanted it, we figured that maybe the world would let us have it, and here live in peace.

I am a carpenter, and men who work with their hands are not supposed to notice stuff like scenery. But I notice. As one comes to appreciate a plain but good woman, I have come to appreciate this hard land. Carving out our life here has been like planing rough lumber—it takes sweat and time for
the pattern to show up. But now I love the pattern—the smell of sage after the rain, and the changing lights on the cliffs. I love this house, which I planned and am building myself. It has 19 rooms and an encircling veranda, and will have French doors that open...

But I can't be sure I will ever finish my house. We at Short Creek know it is Satan who prompts our enemies. We expect to be persecuted. That is the Lord's way of testing us. But now that I am getting a taste of what persecution means—of how losing a loved one is like stepping suddenly into a dark hole—will I have the strength to stand firm?

In Kingman, just before the keys rattled in my cell door, I took out a pocket mirror to see if I had shaved carefully enough to meet my family. Some of the brethren are growing chin whiskers in the old-time way, but I think I'd pass for an average, mild-looking American. My eldest daughter, who will be ten in December, says I have "dreamy" blue eyes. That makes me smile, although the word smack of outsider slang. My hair is blond and curly—and so is that of my daughters. One of the nicest pictures in the world is the sight of my 14 little girls with their peaches-and-cream complexions and natural blonde ringlets, all scrubbed and starched in their summer dresses, ready for Sunday school.

My daughters and I get our coloring from our ancestors, who were British. My grandparents on both sides were Latter-day Saints—Mormons—and they stood side by side with Brigham Young a century ago during those earlier persecutions. After Brigham died, they watched the church leaders give in to their persecutors and exchange the old dream of the State of Deseret, that paradise all their own, for Utah and union and peace. But like hundreds of other Mormons, my grandparents—on both sides—never gave in. Plural marriage runs strong in my family. My great-grandfather was one of those early polygamists who served time in the Utah State Penitentiary. I am next to the oldest of 33 children. My mother had 26 brothers and sisters—although she was the only one to accept the fullness of the gospel.

Originally my people settled in Millville, a little town in northern Utah. I was born there, but lived for 21 years in Salt Lake City, where I grew up like any Mormon boy. In high school I hated to diagram sentences and loved to play basketball—and always I was active in the church. After high school I was apprenticed to my father, a carpenter, and later worked at the trade myself, doing fine cabinetwork and helping to build houses—all the while continuing with my religious duties.

In 1942, when I was twenty-two, I married Margaret Hunter. Margaret, five years my junior, was an Idaho girl with the same kind of Mormon background as my own. (She now has two brothers in the Short Creek group.) Like any other young Mormon couple in love, we were married and
sealed to each other for “Time and Eternity.” We were very happy.

But it was wartime. Shortly after our marriage I was drafted—and then, within a few months, discharged because of rheumatism. The experience lasted just long enough to upset the routine of our lives. While we were still uprooted Margaret and I came to realize that something was left for us to do. It was time to shut out the hate and evil in the world, to draw closer somehow to our heavenly Father—to live the gospel more fully. After much prayer and study of the Scriptures we came to see that the only way to live the gospel spiritually was to live it physically—which the church had not done since 1890, when Mormon president Wilford Woodruff issued the manifesto outlawing polygamy.

The Argument for Plural Marriages

No mortal can set aside a decree of God; the manifesto was not a revelation but merely a political agreement between the heads of the church and Congress. The plural marriage was once commanded of God, it is still commanded of God. The church had apostatized and gone against the commandment, but that was no excuse for us to do so.

Therefore, in the spring of 1943 Margaret and I moved to Short Creek, to join the community of fundamentalist Mormons. The trip was brief in hours, but it spanned an eternity in the changes it brought in our lives.

The revelation which motivates the people of Short Creek is clearly set forth in Section 132 of our Doctrine and Covenants: “If any man espouse a virgin and desire to espouse another, and the first give her consent, and if he espouse the second, and they are virgins, and have vowed to be chaste other man, then is he justified. For behold! I reveal unto you a new and an everlasting covenant; and if ye abide not that covenant, then ye are damned; for no one can reject this covenant, and be permitted to enter unto my glory... All covenants... that are not made... and sealed by the Holy Spirit... are of no efficacy.”

To us, the foundation of Mormonism is its priesthood organization, representing God’s authority upon earth. The authority He restored in the spring of 1829 when Peter, James and John appeared to Joseph Smith, the Prophet. It is this priesthood authority (which the church as a whole lost with the Manifesto) which directs us, and which the state of Arizona is now fighting.

Most churches dream of the future to the bosom of a Church of Abraham and other prophets of the Bible such as Moses, Jacob, David, and Solomon were polygamists. How can you enter the glory of Abraham except by living the laws of Abraham? All Latter-day Saints believe that as we are now God once was, and as God is now we may become. That is, perhaps thousands of years from now, each of us may become a member, under the direction of our own, each may create and populate his own world. To enter into godhood, we must live all the laws of the gospel—and to us the laws of the gospel include plural marriage and the United Order (we in Short Creek call it the United Effort, but it means the same: donating all property to the community, which, in turn, measures and supplies food to each apostate). Some of the newspapers claimed that we in the United Effort had gullishly enriched our leaders in Salt Lake and elsewhere by contributing tithes. Actually, Short Creek could not have made the grade without the help of our Salt Lake brethren. This much I will say: living the United Order, as well as celestial marriage, calls for all a man’s self-discipline. Loving your neighbor as yourself is not always easy. But the faithful are rewarded with a joy that others cannot fathom. I know that Margaret and myself, once we entered the movement, felt dedicated.

Those now arrayed against us are trying to put
new minds in our bodies, and it cannot be done. If some of us have to suffer to give the world our testimony, so be it. We can only hope that our children, raised in this belief, continue faithful.

Shortly after we settled in Short Creek (and while Margaret and I were awaiting the arrival of our first child), we discussed whom I should take as second wife. Call her Marie. She was pretty and bright; she had been a part of our high-school crowd and she was near Margaret's age. What interested us in Marie was that she came from a background like ours and was idealistic and of an inquiring mind. I should like to state that she came to Short Creek of her own volition, once I had written her, and that Margaret stood up with us at our sacred rite. Of course there was no civil ceremony. However, my second sealing was fully as harmonious as my first. Today Margaret and I have five daughters, Marie and I three.

Soon after Marie joined the family my brother Jay was killed while felling trees not far from Short Creek. Seventeen months older than I, Jay seemed the younger—a good man and true to the gospel, but more fun-loving. Jay had taken both his wives in Salt Lake City. His first wife, whom I'll call Rayola, is a gay girl with snapping brown eyes. I courted her before she met Jay, but she probably found me too much of a sober sides. Girls like Rayola sometimes find celestial marriage difficult; after her first baby was born, Jay took his second wife, Patty, and Rayola said later: "When Jay first mentioned Patty I thought I'd have to black his eyes—but you learn to swallow some mighty big swallows!"

After my brother died, I was obligated, according to the laws of Israel under Moses, to assume his responsibilities and take to wife his widows and "raise unto him a posterity." So Rayola and Patty were sealed to me—still just one month before my own first child was born. Rayola already had two children and Patty one; they now have five children each.

Four years later I took my fifth wife, whom I'll call Alice. A year older than Margaret and Marie, she was a northern Utah girl with the same interests as the others. She, too, came to Short Creek and the covenant of her own free will. I now have two children by Alice. Altogether I have 20 sons and daughters, of whom the eldest (Rayola's first-born, Jay) is twelve, and the youngest is four months.

At this stage of my story I can anticipate your question: Can a man love five women at once? I've heard the question before; always I answer: Can a man love five children at once, or five friends, or five brothers and sisters? Show me the monogamous outsider who has not had a mistress—at least in his heart. Here in Short Creek we do not love in secret disgrace, we love in honor; we do not have abortions, we have children.

Not that we in Short Creek are without faults. In any family, children quarrel; but I've observed less quarreling in a large family where each child necessarily accepts responsibilities almost from the moment he is born. As for my wives, show me five women anywhere who will not harbor some jealousies. But the revelation charges: "Prepare your heart." Until our women have conquered self, they know better than to attempt the covenant.

Wives Trust Husband to Do What's Best

Naturally, a great deal depends on the husband. And although intimate matters are my own business, as with any decent-minded man, I will say that I try to be impartial. You must realize that a plural family is, above all, a unit. My wives trust me. A man of our faith never walks the chalk line as does the man with only one wife. I spend my time where I'm most needed, perhaps where there is sickness or trouble. My wives trust me to do whatever is best for the family as a whole.

Of course, a man has to be something of a diplomat. Even when my families lived separately, I rotated my evenings; once a week we met together at our Home Evening. When you pray and sing together, air your problems and your grudges, play games and visit, and afterward sample Marie's special angel-food cake or Alice's cream puffs, you not only have fun—you forge bonds that will endure through eternity.

Naturally a man values his wives for different qualities, just as he values his friends. Perhaps one wife has pretty hair, and another is wonderful with the children; perhaps one is witty and keeps him cheerful, and another brings him closer to God. Nevertheless, he should be chary in praise as in blame. We believe in covering our bodies and we frown upon make-up; silence itself is reproof enough if one's wives come out with short sleeves or painted faces. If a wife burns her bread, a man learns to keep still until she turns out a batch he can praise.

Fortunately my wives are nearly all of an age, and good friends. They co-operate efficiently, one handling the sewing for the family, another the
cooking and so forth. What counts is not the number of wives, but the number of united wives. This morning, when she woke, I asked her if she would let me at least get mad at her separately, instead of all together.

I suppose our way of life might seem pious and boring to you. Actually we have a lot of fun, although to prevent boredom, we have certain routines. It is wonderful to see all my youngsters in the morning at family prayer, each kneeling beside his chair at the table, hand over his eyes, and we pray to God to bless "Jay in his arithmetic today." After the prayer there's always a scramble as the children climb into their chairs. Usually I sit at the head of the table with Margaret at my right and the remaining ones or others dispersed among the kids. Before we eat, one of the youngsters asks the blessing on the food—and then confusion! Believe me, it's a job to teach table manners to 20 hungry youngsters.

A Man Who Has Inherited the Earth

I think it is the evening hours that are most holy to me—the family prayer preceding supper, that it is suspended when the children are weary from school and play...then bedtime. There is nothing like a houseful of healthy, happy, sleeping children to make a man feel that he has inherited the earth and the fullness thereof!

As a people we have been called many names. But the epithet that hurts most is "lascivious." In Short Creek we observe a law of strict chastity. This is a very wholesome and wholesome except for procreation, and a wife is honored by her husband while expectant and for months after the baby is born. We have been called immoral—yet you will never hear the Lord's name taken in vain in our homes; we will never talk of children in bed.

Our children are branded as "underprivileged." Why? None of my 20 children has ever had a serious illness—just the usual measles, whooping cough and the like. In fact, with 263 children in our town, we've never had polio or diphtheria, there are no mentally retarded, and only one deformed—and he was born elsewhen. There are no longer any unwed mothers. Yet on any winter morning a Short Creek child loads up on hot oatmeal, fresh milk and eggs, home-baked whole-wheat toast and jam. Last summer one of my wives put up 2,500 quarts of fruit and vegetables.

It's true that we don't have much fresh meat, because we can't afford a deep freeze; recently we acquired cold-storage lockers, but because of the arrests they're not even unpacked. But once a year we kill and can beef, and every fall we get venison.

We residents of Short Creek have been called backward. Yet of the four teachers in our grade school, three are working on their master's degrees. Among our housewives are several college graduates and three registered nurses. Almost every family in town owns a piano. We have movies, and my children are experts on classical music. We have an orchestra, which includes instruments like the violin and cello and French horns that the boys taught themselves to play from self-instruction books. Nearly every family in town subscribes to magazines, we take part in recreational classes three evenings a week, studying physiology, practical science, organic culture, dramatic art and square dancing. We make our own entertaining with fruit and vegetables, and we write our own plays and often composing the musical scores.

Also, through the United Effort, the community has been slowly accumulating material possessions such as a potato-and-grain farm, a sawmill, a shingle mill, cannery, automobile-repair shop, dairy herd, fruit drier and carpentry shop. When we can, we men contract for outside jobs. Of course these group projects have had to precede home building. Being the Effort carpenter, I helped with other homes before I could start my own.

We have no telephone, but I'd like to tell you more about it. It's of the finest cinder blocks, and when it is finished it will have three stories, 10 bedrooms, a big playroom for the kids, two kitchens, a sewing room, three bath-rooms, a dining room, a living room and a basement for me. I've assembled the beds, but our new kitchen range still sits outside—and, because my children begged so hard, I stopped shingling to fix, and now we have an electric range. Our next thought is a community swing that holds several little ones at once, single swings, whirligigs, teeter-totters, bars and the dollhouse.

But today I can't be sure I'll ever finish my house, for every time I think of it, I imagine my children will never again use these swings and teeter-totters. Our people have known other polygamy raids. But they say this time our families are to be broken up, our property confiscated—a shameful procedure in a country whose constitution guarantees every citizen the right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience.

Although we'd been alerted for weeks to expect a raid, it was a shock when it happened, that unforgettable night of July 26th. When the lights of those 100 cars came in sight, grinding over the roads from Fredonia to the east and Hurricane to the west, we barely had time to set the children in their beds, all of whom they claim, but as a warning to our women and kids back in town to get up and dress. At the showdown I was proud of our people, assaulted by strangers, yet standing there in the schoolyard under the Stars and Stripes, singing America.

The next day the state of Arizona set up its portable soup kitchens in a vacant field and for a time limited line; like soldiers and refugees. Then we had to hunker down on the ground, in the sun and the flies, eating tasteless food brought from Phoenix—within sight of our own homes, stocked with fresh garden vegetables, only a short distance had we been dispossessed and the civilized comfort of chairs and white tablecloths. They even broke into our community store to feed us canned stuff from our own shelves. Any discrepancy would have been solved by a jury of my neighbors. But no—having declared us criminals, Arizona had to bust a few locks to prove it.

The jailing problem stumped them: Short Creek has no jail. So they had to incarcerate us "criminals" in our church.

Shamed in Presence of His Children

We could laugh at that. But being shamed before our children was another matter. I admit it hurt when the embarrassed deputy entered my home and read the warrant for my arrest before my family. It hit hard to have my children hear their father accused of "unlawful and notorious cohabitation," "bastardy," "rebellion" and "insurrection"—I, Edson Jessop, who in all my life I have never lifted a finger in violence. It hurt until I had to blink tears when my little girl asked why Daddy had been arrested and cried and kissed me good-by as I climbed into the deputy's car to go to jail.

But nothing hurt like the home-coming to an empty hearth—our discovery that the state of Arizona on July 4th had taken our children away to Phoenix just to keep us husbands and fathers from our families.

What will be the outcome?

We are trying to work things out. We have taken our wives in good faith. Before we abandon them as concubines and our children as illegitimates we shall fight the state of Arizona with all our strength. We shall commit no violence; we'll passively resist, as Gandhi did.

If God made the heavens and earth, if He could save the Hebrew children in the fiery furnace and Daniel in the lions' den, cannot He prompt the courts of America? Our wives and our children are in His hands.
ARIZONA RAISED SHORT CREEK WHY?

There’s no penalty for polygamy in Arizona—but officials claim they found plenty of ground for action.

By WILEY S. MALONEY

FOR YEARS the whispers had been heard in Arizona, Utah, Idaho and other Western states: somewhere in each of those states was a cult of practicing polygamous men, with as many as six or seven wives and literally dozens of children: functioned in secret, still adhering to the concept of plural marriage as defined in the U.S. Supreme Court and the heads of the Mormon church in 1890.

In February, Arizona, and Hurricane, Utah, there were more than whispers; there were hard facts. Midway between those towns was the parched, ramshackle, almost inaccessible border community of Short Creek, east of Hurricane, a remote area first explored in 1860 by the frontier scouts of Brigham Young, great leader of the Latter-day Saints; and more recently, U.S. in 1935, the state of Arizona had raided the community and had obtained three convictions for "open and notorious misconduct." In 1944, the Federal Bureau of Investigation had raided the town again (along with several other places in Utah, Idaho and Arizona); there had been a few convictions, however, visitors reported, there were still men in Short Creek with more than one wife and many children—and the community was growing larger every year.

In Kingman, Arizona, seat of Mohave County, superior court Judge J. W. Faulkner collected some of the facts. County officials reported that in hard times when employer, pay was low and even in the little villages and towns, where a woman applying for relief would list the same man as her husband.

There was another, more disquieting, report: some of the wives were younger, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen years old. In Arizona, age of consent is eighteen. Parents may permit their daughters to marry at any time, but no sooner— even if the child is pregnant. Pregnancy at that age is a matter of concern.

Deeply disturbed, Judge Faulkner brought to the attention of Governor Howard Pyle in March, 1951. He found out that the residents of Short Creek, living a co-operative communal life, considered themselves a "charitable and philanthropic organization" under the law, and were paying no property taxes, yet, the state was not enforcing laws—"unjust and unfair."

In 1958, Judge Faulkner brought to the attention of Governor Howard Pyle in March, 1951. He found out that the residents of Short Creek, living a co-operative communal life, considered themselves a "charitable and philanthropic organization" under the law, and were paying no property taxes, yet, the state was not enforcing laws—"unjust and unfair."

The attorney general of the state of Arizona, the assembly point for the raiders, watched wide-eyed as state highway patrol cars began flooding into town. Most of the 60 cops thought they were going to attend a traffic school. In addition, there were 30 sheriff’s deputies, several marines to care for Short Creek’s women and children, and the 12 liquor-control officers—plus a number of reporters.

The raiders were briefed on the plan. It was after dark when the cars, about 100 in all, began to move out of Williams at 5:00 a.m. for the seven-hour drive to Short Creek. The first stop was split into two groups, one to travel to the fundamentalist settlement by way of Hurricane, Utah, the other by way of Fredonia, Arizona, a number of National Guardsmen, on the train, and traveling in vehicles with no markings, would follow in the community after the raid.

In a little village about 60 miles from Short Creek, a National Guard truck with a radio transmitter pulled off the road and prepared to relay information from Short Creek to Phoenix. Not far away, a sheriff’s deputy posing as a telephone lineman prepared to cut the phone wire used by the fundamentalist community. The plan was to cut off all communication to the settlement and to block the roads that might serve as escape routes.

The two caravans, approaching Short Creek from opposite directions, dimmed their lights several miles away, then put them out altogether and gnashed the lights in darkness. There was a moon that night—but it was in total eclipse over Arizona at 3:30 a.m.; the raid had been timed for the period when the earth’s shadow blacked out the moon completely. Just outside the town, the raiders heard the people of Short Creek, tipped off that a raid was planned, had refused to leave the settlement. The guards had sent out a message to warn the people that the police were coming.

As the raiders entered Short Creek, all was confusion. A crowd of men stood in front of the white frame school building. Photographers milled about, asking questions, flashing bulbs. Police quietly moved through the streets. The radio in the patrol car crackled: "This is Squad 20. We have two girls here. We need a matron." "Squad 21. We have books, documents and records. Send up a truck."

The sun rose on a busy scene. Tents were going up. Children were starting to line up for breakfast, under the guidance of the National Guardsmen. Bacon was frying and there was the fragrance of coffee in the still, warm air.

The men of Short Creek were to be separated from their families immediately and taken to Kingman until they could arrange bail. Extradition was sought immediately for the adults in Utah. There were poignant leave-takings. One young woman appeared with two little girls and one of his wives, who was standing in the bushes, and whispered, "Are you going, Daddy?" One little girl asked, "Just over there." The father gestured toward the school, which had been locked away. There were tears streaming down his sunburned cheeks.

For several days after the menfolk left, the women and children stayed on in Short Creek. But they kept slipping across into Utah, making extradition necessary in some cases. One day, 10 women and 40 children disappeared and couldn’t be found on either side of the state line; nearly 24 hours later they discovered 10 miles away in the wilderness, hungry, sick, exhausted. They had run away with a vague hope that friends would pick them up in trucks and hide them. The officials decided to move the women and kids to Phoenix, where it would be easier to care for them—and watch them.

On August 1st, in Kingman, bonding total of $43,000 were posted for the release of the fundamentalist Mormons and they were freed from jail. They headed back to Short Creek. When they got there, their wives and children were gone. Trial of the Short Creek group is scheduled for late this year or early in 1954. Meanwhile the children are wards of the state, and plural wives may be allowed to remain with the community. The authorities have promised to try to keep mothers and children together. The ending of the Short Creek story now rests with the courts.
Edson Jessop. Sect he belongs to practices a "plural marriage" rite which Mormon church heads outlawed many years ago.
Short Creekers gather around grave of Grandpa Joseph Jessop, who died after raid, leaving three widows and 22 children ranging in age from 64 to 4. Edson Jessop is fourth from right.
Asst. Attorney General Paul La Prade (l.) briefs cops on strategy before 100-man Short Creek raid.
Above, National Guardsmen dole out food to children after raid. Right, bearded patriarch Joseph Jessop, 84, shown during raid, died soon afterward, mourning fate of his community.
These people (with one exception, a visiting neighbor woman) are the wives and children of Richard Jessop. There were a number of Jessop families in Short Creek, all of them related.