

George Alonzo Jones

Written by Josephine T. Jones from facts he had given her



I was born in Rockville in 1867 on April 8th, in an old adobe house to Charles Henry Jones and Viola Maria Russell. When I was still a baby, we moved back to Grafton. We lived in an old log house, one room with a lean-to. My sister, Annie, was about four years old and I was about two. We used to fight over two chairs, one was a rocking chair and the other one a straight leg. They were made by Freeborn Gifford's father. Our house was situated about 500 yards east of the old church house, where Frank Russell now lives, which was Grandpa Alonzo Russell's house. In Grafton we had a town herd of cows - for every cow we owned we had to herd one day. I herded cows with Joseph and Hyrum Hastings (twins) and John Stanworth. The other boys and I knew where every watermelon patch was located from Rockville to Duncan and as we herded cows, we enjoyed watermelon and would let the rings (rinds?) float down the river.

In 1876 when I was about nine years old, we moved to Beaver in an ox team. Grandfather Russell drove the ox team and Elias Russell drove a mule team. This was the 2nd year of the United Order and we really had a hard struggle, often living on almost nothing except potatoes which we got from the Tithing office. Great-Grandfather (Charles H.) set type for the Beaver newspaper which I believe was called the Beaver Herald - he helped roll the paper after the type had been set. He was called a "rolling devil". Old Joe Fields owned and ran the printing office - he taught Bert Skinner, Charles Ship and Kent Farnsworth how to set type. We lived there close to a year at old "Dad" Phillip's place. Also at that time, there were soldiers living at "Fort Cameron", above Beaver, John R. Murdock was our Bishop in Beaver, father of John C. Murdock.

We moved back to Grafton in the year of '77, with the help of a man named "Van Va Leet" from Kanosh. When we moved back, we moved our house down in the west end of Grafton. While moving it there, we lived in a dugout. My father went to work for the Co-op or Cannan ranch, Jim Andrews was the foreman.

At the age of twelve, I went to work for William Wright on Kolob for \$25.00 a month, My duties were to help Mrs. Wright milk 45 cows night and morning and then build fences during the day. Every other week, I packed 24 pounds of butter down on a burro and delivered it to Dan Morris and he then sold it to Silver Reef. I worked for Mr. Wright for one year.

When I quit working for Mr. Wright, I went to work at Shumpah ranch. During this winter at the age of 13, I was snowed in for three months and all alone. There was around 6 feet of snow and I had to feed 60 head of cattle and four saddle horses. John C. Murdock came out on the 25th of March - this was the first person I had seen since the 15th of December. After the snow melted at Shumpah, I started on the round-up marking and branding cows and the remainder of the summer, we raised wild hogs. In September we went on the fall round-up. I worked there until I

was 15. In the spring I went to work for the church herd at Pipe Springs, Mix MacArthur was my boss. I worked there two years and then went to upper Kanab and worked for Dee Wooley and Dan Seegmiller on the Seegmiller Ranch, farming, (Age 17).

I went back to Shumpah (scootumpah? Whitney Reldon Jones remembered it pronounced this way) at the age of 19 and started courting Louisa Stevens. I courted her for four years during which time I worked at Shumpah and Cannan Ranch. After I broke up with Louisa Stevens, I started to go with Clara Isabell Wilson. We were married February 22, 1898 in the St. George Temple.



On the way to be married, we stopped in Harrisburg the first night and stayed with the Lang family. The next day, we stopped at the old Washington Factory and traded a barral of molasses for blankets. We then went on in to St. George and got our marriage license. We stayed that night at Mix MacArthur's place. The third day we were married and traveled back to Washington and spent our wedding night at Joe Mills. On the sixth day after the wedding, a reception was held at Virgin and two days after the reception, I went back to Shumpah to work. One dollar a day was the highest wage paid and that was what I was getting.



On the 30th day of January, 1899, Morris was born. He lived sixteen days and died with the flu. He was buried at Virgin, Utah. I went on my mission to Kentucky on the 9th of November, 1899 and on the next February 24, 1900, Ivey was born. This all took place at Mt. Dell.

Jim MacArthur was my first companion in the Mission Field. We labored together seven months. Our Mission Headquarters was Chatanooga, Tennessee, I was transferred to Kentucky where I was given a new companion

who was Ruben Jackman from Joe Town, Utah. We labored in Bourbon County, Kentucky. In this district, the people were very bitter against the Mormons. We labored together until conference time which took place at Louisville, Kentucky. We took a new companion at this time - mine was Malchum Nish from Idaho. After that Si Leavitt of Gunlock was my companion with W. C. Parker from Murray as my last one.

We were released on Christmas Day, 1902, and I arrived home on the 27th of December. Edward Jones met me at Lund. For eight months I had chills and fever, "Malaria". During the next 25 years I herded sheep. I can remember Si Leavitt, one of my mission companions, was unable to write and could read a little. I used to write his letters for him and he really worked hard to learn. He was a wonderful speaker and friend maker.

In the years 1870-72, my father made trips to "Fort Laramie" and brought back emigrants. These trips took 7 months each. He had two pair of oxen, Mig and Turk, Broad and Bright. When I was

9 years old, John D. Lee was killed for the terrible "Mountain Meadow" massacre in the year 1876. They sat him on the edge of his coffin and ten men shot him and only one gun was loaded so that no one would know who the executioner was. John D. Lee had twenty-one grown sons and they wanted to keep their father from being killed but he said, "my time has come so I must go". In the same year the soldiers left "Fort Cameron" to fight in the Spanish American War.

During this time the government men were hunting "cohabs" or polygamous as so many men had more than one wife and were always hiding and some of them would use assumed names. One fellow, Bishop Hunt, was hiding at Moccome under the name of "Pappy Wilson". For every Cohabs the deputies caught, the government gave them \$50.00.

I remember just before I got married in September of 1897, we went on a big 2,000 head of cattle drive. We started at Cane Beds and was 23 days on the trail to Milford. From Milford on the trip was made by train. We went to Wyoming and delivered 1,000 head of dry cattle to the Hutton Ranch. The other 1,000 head of cattle and calves were delivered to Laramie. While traveling on the train, we arrived near Green River and the train was stopped because of a wash out. Two hundred and fifty men worked all night to clear the tracks; 5 trains stood side by side waiting to go on. Joe Petty spent twelve hours walking the train keeping the cattle on their feet so they wouldn't stomp each other to death. On November 20th, we got into Milford where we got some horses and came on the rest of the way home on horse back.

When I was about 38 years old, working then for John Smith, I had a dream (the only dream I ever had that came true). I dreamed that I saw Arch and Bill Swapp and Bill Jones all together on the steps of the Co-op arguing. The next morning I went to town and saw these fellows just as I had dreamed. I got my groceries and started back to my work when I met Charles Maxwell and he told me that his brother Jim had killed Bill Jones.

He told me it was a put-up job as Bill Jones had something on the Swapp Brothers and they were afraid he'd tell so they got Jim Maxwell drunk and persuaded him to shoot Bill with a rifle. They had a hearing and turned him loose.

(Is this next part in Josephine T. Jones's words? Or George's?)

Grandpa was away at work herding sheep when Mother Jones became ill with the flu and was dying. Uncle Arthur Stratton went for Grandpa and Grandpa nearly killed a horse trying to get home to her. He traveled 4 (40?) miles in 4:30 minutes. She passed away about an hour before he got there. He worked with sheep during the years his family was growing up trying to provide for them.

He and Kenneth then lived together until Ken was married. By this time Grandpa wasn't able to care for himself and he wasn't happy living with his family as the confusion of the little grandchildren made him nervous. We then placed him in the Truman Rest Home in St. George. When he got



adjusted he was happy among folks his own age.

He died August 26, 1960 at the age of 93. He was a dear sweet man that tried to be congenial at all times and not impose himself on anyone in his life time of loneliness. He leaves a large posterity to carry on his honorable name.

Funeral Services:

In Loving Memory

GEORGE ALONZO JONES
April 8, 1867 - August 26, 1960

Services: LaVerkin Ward Chapel, Saturday August 27, 1960 at 4:30 P.M. - Bishop Lafell Iverson, conducting.

Invocation - Bishop Alvin Hardy
Duet - LaVerna Graff and V. Stratton
Talk - Loren D. Squire
Solo - Lyman Gubler
Talk - Ed Gubler
Remarks - Bishop Lafell Iverson
Duet - Perry & Myrtle Asay
Closing Prayer - Vernon Church
Dedecation - Henry W. Gubler
Flowers - Ward Committee
Pall Bearers - Grandchildren
Burial - LaVerkin Cemetery