

PLATT FAMILY RECORDS CENTER

DOCUMENTS

Volume 1.1

compiled

by

Lyman D. Platt, Ph.D.

Platt Family Records Center
The Redwoods, New Harmony, Utah
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The Platt Family Records Center

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INTRODUCTION

Over many years the collections that comprise the Platt Family Records Center (PFRC) have been gathered from a diversity of sources and locations. These have been cataloged as they have been received, or in the order that they were initially organized. It was not felt in preparing this final version that a re-cataloging was necessary due to the versatility of the indexing systems used.

There are twelve divisions to the PFRC: 1) Documents; 2) Letters; 3) Notes; 4) Family Histories; 5) Diaries; 6) Manuscripts; 7) Photographs; 8) Maps; 9) Books; 10) Genealogies; 11) Bibliography; and 12) Indexes. The Documents that follows have been collected from many sources. The various volumes in this section of the collection are numbered 1.1, 1.2, 1.3, etc.

Copies of these volumes have been given to: 1) The Library of Congress, Washington, D.C.; 2) Special Collections, Marriott Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah; 3) The Church Historical Library, Salt Lake City, Utah; 4) Special Collections, Southern Utah University, Cedar City, Utah; 5) The Utah State Historical Society Library, Salt Lake City, Utah; and 6) The Daughters of the Utah Pioneers Museum, Salt Lake City, Utah. Additional copies have been given to each of my siblings and to our children.

Lyman D. Platt, Ph.D.
The Redwoods, New Harmony, Utah

DOCUMENT 1

This is a series of documents concerning the schooling activities of Lyman De Platt, in obtaining his Masters of Library Science, and Doctor of Philosophy degrees from Columbia Pacific University, San Rafael, California.

Prospectus - Master's Thesis - *A Genealogical - Historical Guide to Latin America* (Presented to Columbia Pacific University in 1983 and accepted as a Library Science Masters Thesis.) Historical Background: some years ago when I was accepted for a Masters program at Brigham Young University, I outlined for them what I wished to do to obtain a Masters Degree from B.Y.U. They told me that I couldn't do it. They were not yet advanced enough in their educational thinking to allow that kind of individual initiative. Having taken twelve years to acquire a Bachelor of Arts degree, interrupted by an LDS mission and military service, I felt that the additional education I got from that point on should best suit my career in genealogy. I decided at the point where they rejected my proposal that the standard academic community no longer held any immediate value for me personally and searched around the country for a program that would fit my needs. I finally chose Columbia Pacific University, acknowledged by the Superintendent of Public Education for the State of California as a fully accredited scholastic university. I published my Thesis in 1978 in both Spanish and English, having pursued my original proposal to BYU from the time I dropped its program. The English edition of the Thesis is as noted above. The Spanish edition is entitled *Una Guía Genealógico-Histórica de Latinoamérica*.

This Thesis brought together for the first time a research standard for Latin American genealogists. It gave them a number of specialized studies to assist them in their research and provided the only general reference to Latin American archives ever published in as complete of detail as I had done. I spent twenty months over a five year period studying ever major archive in Latin America. Much of the material published in the Thesis had never before been in print. The same university - BYU - which rejected my initial proposal, has since used the Thesis in a number of its courses.

I outlined in detail to Columbia Pacific University, after acceptance of my prospectus, additional field studies and library studies that had been accomplished over the years that accompanied my Thesis in giving me the experience needed to obtain a Masters of Library Science Degree. I wanted to go that route first - getting the MLS - because of my work situation. I had discussed my educational goals with my line of management at the Family History Department in Salt Lake City and they felt that career-wise I would best get an MLS and then work on a Doctorate in Latin American History. I subsequently took some additional courses offered at BYU and complied with and exceeded the Thesis requirements for an MLS offered by Columbia Pacific University.

Prospectus - Doctoral Dissertation Thesis - *Latin American Records and Publications: An Annotated Historical Analysis*. (Presented to Columbia Pacific University in 1984 and

accepted as complying with Dissertation requirements. A copy is found in their collection of Doctoral Dissertations.)

Whereas my Masters Thesis was a guide to research standards and achival contents, the Doctoral Dissertation was the culmination of twenty-five years of genealogical research experience, fifteen of it in Latin America, through which I set forth an in-depth analysis of unpublished manuscripts, documents, and microfilmed collections, as well as a complete bibliography of Latin American genealogies and local histories, some 3,500 volumes of information, annotated for use by librarians in acquiring collections, and for historians and genealogists in compiling further studies and for their personal genealogical pursuits.

The following is part of my initial proposal to Columbia Pacific University, the rest being revised above in the past tense:

This Dissertation is in a partial state of completion. It will require at least one full year from now to bring to a state where I could be satisfied with its value to the academic and non-professional communities.

After my acceptance into this program, I will document for you a total of 20,000 hours of time spent in acquiring the knowledge that I presently have to begin this project. I expect it to take 600 hours to compile the rest of the material needed to complete the Dissertation, and fifty hours to type it.

Besides this I will also document, if desired, an additional 10,000 hours of time spent working intimately with Latin Americans, learning their language, customs, needs, and how they can best be served in my field of expertise. Also, I can document an additional 4,000 hours of time spent in research on my wife's Spanish lines and could, if necessary, list hundreds of books that I have studied in acquiring the knowledge I needed to arrive at the point I am presently in my search for knowledge and service.

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Although there is much more documentation than should realistically be included here, a letter written on February 1, 1983 to Dr. James Cloud, Director of Admissions for Columbia Pacific University, shows a summary of the material to a sufficient degree that if the other material is lost, the skeletal facts will remain recorded herein:

Dear Sir: I appreciate this opportunity to explain my own philosophy of education and describe for your review what has happened in my life to qualify me to receive a masters/doctorate.

The two and one-half years which I spent in Peru as a missionary for the L.D.S. Church was the beginning of my real educational experiences. To begin with I mastered the Spanish language to an exceptional degree, being one of only two missionaries to be placed with Spanish-speaking (non-English-speaking) companions.

Being an eagle scout and having been a scout master prior to my mission, I was asked to help set up scout troops in Callao and Tacna. The Mormon Church had only been in Peru three years when I arrived. During the time I was there we began building chapels in Lima, Callao, and Arequipa. With the construction experience I had had prior to my mission, I assisted in the foundations, footings, and framing of each of these chapels. In Arequipa I also became involved with the Peace Corps for six to eight months in their English classes, medical assistance and urban renewal projects. From my journals I have documented a total of 10,715 hours of missionary labor divided as follows:

6,032 hours of proselyting in which we contacted 4,418 families and taught

1,669 lessons.

2,300 hours of religious study.

1,383 hours of miscellaneous missionary activities: directing local meetings, interviews, baptisms, etc.

1,000 hours of scouting, and construction activities.

This represents a total of 10,715 hours of life experience activities during the years 1962-1965. The wide range of experiences from a humble Indian shack to the mansions of socialite Lima, from desert to jungle, from contact with the most illiterate to those who thought themselves the most knowledgeable in religion, politics, history, and so forth, was invaluable for my future life activities in the area. We were stoned, imprisoned, jeered, and persecuted. We were also looked to for leadership, counsel, discipline, faith, prayers, and instruction. This was the most intense learning period in my life. Nowhere has this learning been considered academically.

During my mission I also learned to play the piano, and the guitar. I participated with four others in a quintet on radio, television, and in public concerts throughout southern Peru.

I became the spiritual leader for six months of a branch of the Church in Tacna. I was in charge of the financial records, the staffing of all the various organizations, and in coordinating with local civic and Catholic officials in arranging various activities. This was the most challenging part of my mission and gave me a wide range of experiences I had never had prior to that time, including conducting a burial service, performing a marriage, debating with a Catholic Bishop, socializing with the military commander, mayor and other civic leaders, playing on the local basketball team against in-country rivals and the Harlem stars of California, conducting large conferences, planning and carrying to completion meetings, parties, and training local leaders to carry the burden of leadership. I was the last missionary leader the 127 members of the Tacna Branch had, having trained my replacement prior to being relieved of duties.

After my mission I began what would become a lifetime of learning about the history of Latin America. I traveled throughout southern and central Peru and later Mexico City, gaining a wider appreciation of Spanish culture, history, and society.

After this traveling I came home and joined the United States Air Force. Being older and more experienced than most of my associates, I was looked to for leadership and morale. During basic training I earned my marksmanship ribbon, having a 279 score of 300 possible. For technical school I was assigned to Electronics, as my knowledge of Morse Code from scouting days was needed at that point more than my Spanish. I had applied for language school and special security divisions.

I was sent to Biloxi, Mississippi. Ecclesiastically, I was soon called to help develop the local mission and call thirty-six missionaries to assist in the work. I began school at the base and was immediately advanced to a class that was three weeks into the course and a short time later advanced to a class five weeks into the course. I graduated from this class with 93% and was the honor student of the class, having received the second highest grade, but having done it in eleven weeks instead of the sixteen normally required. I was asked to stay as an instructor but declined. I received foreign orders but my local officers had these cancelled and told me I would be staying as an instructor. The new orders came through. I asked for time off to get married and when I returned I had two sets of orders. The Air Force made an official apology and gave me my choice because of my honor status. I chose to take the Colorado Springs, Colorado assignment as a ground radio operator.

While in Colorado Springs I enrolled at Southern Colorado State and through correspondence with the University of Maryland. In my work I was assigned to work with overseas stations coordinating NORAD assignments and flights worldwide, including Air Force 1 and Air Force 2. I also ran a weather receiving machine, the first installed at the base using a satellite.

From Colorado Springs I was assigned to Viet Nam for one year. Preparatory to this I attended jungle survival school including: survival and evasion living in the arctic, tropics and desert; judo, parachuting, gear making, psychological effects of captivity, resistance, evasion, exploitation, escape, land navigation, communications, survival weapons, resistance, map and compass reading, medicine, insurgency, fallout, guerilla tactics, air recovery, survival kits, and water rescue. We then ran the obstacle course and were captured. Several of us broke out and were caught again. We were punished physically, mentally tortured, and generally shown what awaited us if captured. I learned where my strengths and weaknesses were and knew what my course would be in the event I was ever captured. From there we were given an actual survival experience. We made a latrine, snowshoes, lairs, a fish snare, smoked meat, chopped wood, set out snares and then were left to ourselves. For the next three days we worked through a wilderness area in northern Idaho that was used only by our group. We were the first and last to use it because of its extreme danger. One man lost an eye, two got lost for four days. It was an incredibly difficult experience. Many lessons of survival were learned in real life-threatening circumstances much more real than had been intended.

In Siagon, South Viet Nam, I served as a missionary and the local branch organist. Militarily I performed many tasks. I was assigned to a forward air control station initially

and assisted in directing air strikes and coordinating air surveillance. At times I flew with the pilots and did some flying myself. Reports made by my officers during this time were laudatory. I received the Air Force Commendation Medal and the Vietnamese Medal of Honor during this period. The Army and Navy both recommended me for their medals of honor as well, but I did not receive them as it was against policy. The true feelings of those making the recommendations have stayed with me over the years, however. Two of my commanding officers say of me at this time: "His outstanding ability to work with the Vietnamese has enhanced the effectiveness of our operation." (Major Daniel S. Duet); "He displays outstanding initiative, uses sound judgment, and works extremely well under pressure. He has a retentive mind, grasps instructions quickly, and requires the very minimum of supervision. He exhibits outstanding military bearing." (Lt. Col. Jack E. White).

I was next assigned to Columbus Air Force Base in Columbus, Mississippi. While here I was chosen from an Air-Force-wide screening to go to Washington, D.C. to act as a radio operator and interpreter for the 8th Latin American Generals yearly seminar.

In commending me for this assignment Commander Colonel Joseph H. Weeks says: "His bi-lingual proficiency and the professional manner in which he discharged his duties of radio contact with all the South and Central American military organizations and their contact with their respective commanders here in Washington, D.C., contributed greatly to the success of the conference. His assistance was invaluable, and his conduct was always above reproach. I have received many complimentary calls on the professionalism displayed by Sgt. Platt."

I was assigned initially to Columbus AFB to develop a ham radio set-up for the base commander. This was cancelled after my arrival and I was given a radio maintenance assignment. I had never had any maintenance training. The reports of my officers are as follows:

"During this reporting period Sergeant Platt has been assigned as Workload Control NCO due to a lack of facilities at this location to utilize his assigned AFSC. Although initially handicapped by being unfamiliar with maintenance procedures and documents, he quickly progressed far beyond the point of just being able to perform the assigned duties. At his suggestion changes were implemented that resulted in increased accuracy and smoother flow of maintenance documents throughout the entire maintenance complex. Recently, new maintenance data forms were put into effect Air Force wide. As a direct result of Sergeant Platt's efforts and planning, this unit was able to make the changeover without the confusion and initial errors that usually accompany a change of this magnitude. He personally handled the required coordination with other base activities and conducted training and practice exercises with the work centers to insure an understanding of the new system at all levels. His efforts have earned him the respect and praise from all who have been in contact with his work. He possesses exceptional maturity and judgment for his level of experience. Sergeant Platt recently applied for and was accepted to retrain into the computer maintenance field. This typifies his efforts for

service and self-improvement. Recommend every effort be made to retain this man in the Air Force.” SSgt Simon P. Rowell, Jr.)

“Sergeant Platt impresses me as one of the finest NCOs in this or any squadron. He is astonishingly mature and level-headed. He is a skilled operator, is conscientious to a remarkable degree and absolutely reliable. I recommend his advancement to the grade of SSgt.” (Major Norman R. Pickett)

With a great career ahead of me if I stayed, I decided to leave the Air Force after four years and pursue my life-long dream - a career in genealogy. After a short time at BYU studying genealogy courses, a job opening at the Genealogical Society in Latin America gave me my chance. After my initial training in all the extensive systems of the Society, I began my assignment.

The following is a review of actual work efforts for the first fifteen months of my employment. It will serve to give an idea of the extent of the experience and the degree to which I progressed. The hours indicated are only actual life experience hours. I have not included many of the mundane day-to-day activities. During October, 1969 a total of seventy hours were required to prepare a rough draft for the Mexican Major Sources Paper. I also began to prepare an accreditation test for the Latin American area as no one had ever done so before. This test is the Genealogical Society's way of certifying an individual's ability to perform research and related duties. The written test is of eight hours duration followed by a two-hour oral defense of a four-generation pedigree.

During November and December, 1969 I spent 125 hours working on the accreditation test and then passed a more extensive oral than usual as I wasn't required to take the eight-hour written test which I had prepared for the Society. During these two months I also spent an additional 147 hours in research in Mexican, Guatemalan, Chilean, and Peruvian sources.

For 1969, then, the total time spent in acquiring knowledge was 342 hours.

During January and early February I spent 217 hours in research. Between February 19th and March 10th I was on assignment in Guatemala and Mexico. The Genealogical Society wanted to film the Archivo General de Centroamérica in Guatemala City, but needed a detailed study of its contents first. The final 600-page report which resulted from my studies included listings of 54,000 pages of marriage information records, 235,000 pages of notarial records, 75,000 pages of census, birth, death and military records, and 92,860 pages of miscellaneous sources. I assisted in setting up the several cameras while there and we filmed 27,000 cards from the Archive's index to take back for further study.

While in Guatemala I visited cemeteries, church and civil archives, many of these in outlying departments of the country, and obtained all the information I needed to write a major sources paper for that country. The microfilming program for Guatemala was also

set in motion with all the appropriate agencies and offices, including government agencies, archives, customs, etc. A total of 205 hours of research, negotiations, and writing time was spent on this very productive trip.

In Mexico I spent time compiling additional material for that country's paper as well as setting up further negotiations for the seven microfilm cameras in Mexico.

During the rest of March I spent fifty-six hours analyzing materials brought back, preparing them into written and oral reports, and writing papers and making indexes.

During April I finished writing the major sources papers for Mexico and Guatemala, in both Spanish and English. I have enclosed a copy of the English edition of the *Major Genealogical Record Sources in Guatemala* paper for your review. Over the next twelve years papers like this would be prepared for each of the Latin American countries and for Spain and Portugal. In all but four instances they were written by me personally. For the others, I supervised their compilation.

I began also to prepare for a trip to South America, compiling background information for a total of 142 hours of research and writing.

During May I worked on the 600-page listing of Guatemala records and spent 120 hours studying Indian cultures in Mexico, Central America, and South America. Total hours for the month were 160.

During June I studied Portuguese (eight hours), prepared for the South America trip, worked on the Guatemala listing, wrote many letters covering my broadening responsibilities throughout Latin America, coordinating with government officials, camera operations, etc. Total hours 144.

On July 2nd we finished the 600-page listing of Guatemalan records. It took 162 hours of my time and about 250 hours of secretarial time.

I returned to Guatemala during July to help replace two operators and assist in training new ones. The archivist was very upset with conditions: his film copies hadn't arrived. The first shipment of 485 rolls had gone Denver, Los Angeles, Miami, Guatemala. Delicate negotiations with customs and the archivist finally resolved the problems. We met with great opposition in our negotiations with the Archbishop of Guatemala in requesting the filming of Catholic parish registers. There was guerilla activity in the country - allying priest against priest - with the Archbishop caught in the middle. It was not a good time to press negotiations so we dropped them.

In July I received a research assistant, Ariel Mazzella from Uruguay. He accompanied me on my South American assignment.

From Guatemala we flew to Bogotá, Colombia and met with Dr. Alberto Miramón, director of the National Library; Friar Alberto Lee, director of the Colombian Academy of History; Monseñor José Restrepo, ecclesiastical attorney general of Bogotá, and righthand man of the Archbishop of Bogotá; and Archbishop Anibal Muñoz Dique. These initial contacts were very productive in establishing our genealogical program in Colombia. We spent some 30 hours of research time at the National Archives.

Total hours spent in July in research, negotiations, and writing 165.

August found us in Santiago, Chile. We met with Dr. Luis Lira Montt, of the Instituto de Investigaciones Genealógicas and received their backing of our proposed efforts in Chile. We worked in the National Archives for a day and then flew to Montevideo, Uruguay and made preliminary studies there. From there I flew on alone to São Paulo, Brazil to address the Genealogical Society of São Paulo. Colonel Salvador de Moya afterwards recommended I be made an honorary member of their Society because of the work I was doing. This met with overwhelming approval. I spent the time in Rio de Janeiro studying records at the National Archive and throughout the city and made contact with the local genealogical organization that had compiled a 160,000 card index of marriages from 172 parishes in Portugal and Brazil.

During the rest of August I spent eighty hours in research, reports, and correspondence with contacts made during the trip. Total time spent in August was 190 hours.

During September I spent the month working on the trip report indexes for Puerto Rico, bringing the research files on the countries I'd visited up to date, more Indian studies, beginning work on papers for Argentina, Chile, Uruguay, and Brazil, meeting with Society leaders making recommendations for future work in Latin America and assisting in a genealogical display at the Utah State Fair. I began preparing a complete study of Mexico's 2,400 parishes. I was advanced from Research Assistant to Research Specialist during September. Total hours 136.

I spent several weeks in October working on the Mexican parish study. I identified 1,250 parishes by state, diocese, town, parish name, and years covered by the records microfilmed. This information will be used to direct the further filming in Mexico during the next fifteen years.

I received a second assistant - Warren Johnson - during October.

I spent the latter part of October in Mexico working with the camera operators, analyzing field conditions, studying parishes, negotiating with the Mexican Academy of Genealogy and Heraldry, which is our official go-between in Mexico, and made a report for the Society on our branch library in Mexico City. I flew to Durango, Mexico and worked in the church and civil offices there, listing some 100,000 pages of records. I met with the vicar general of the Archdiocese of Durango, Monseñor Juan Ferreira, who assisted us in our parish study. I spent several days in the state archives, then flew to Baja California

and made similar studies in La Paz, Baja California Sur and Tijuana, Baja California Norte.

Total hours in research, negotiations, and writing, 170, during October.

From Baja California we flew to Hermosillo, Sonora, Mexico and several days were spent there working in archives before returning home. After a week home I returned to Mexico to study records in Chihuahua. I made the most comprehensive study of Mormon Colony records ever made and turned it over to the Church Historian's Office upon return: 600 separate items were studied in compiling this report. I spoke at a genealogical conference in Colonia Juárez. The rest of the month was spent at the office training my assistants to assume responsibilities in Central America and South America, and in updating files, writing letters, and making reports. Total hours in research, negotiations, instruction, and writing 184.

December was spent in research, training, writing, developing research files, negotiating through correspondence, evaluating large shipments of books that had begun to arrive from the three trips made during the year. Total hours 156. Total hours for 1970 were 1,925.

I will not bore you further with the minute details of the years 1971 - 1973 during which I have been continuously employed by the Genealogical Society. I could, however, if you wish, document in a similar fashion as above, or with copies of my journals and work docket, a total of over 20,000 additional hours of life experiences in the area of my expertise - Latin America. If you combine this with the missionary experiences of 10,000 hours, and the ancillary knowledge gained in the military, all of which combines to make me what I am, you would have 32,000 hours plus, which have never been recognized academically. Add to this the literally hundreds of books I have read on my own time and the approximately 4,000 hours of time spent on my own, my wife's, and the genealogies of others in original records, and I believe you can see why I feel qualified without more than minimal work to receive a combined masters/doctorate in Library Science and Latin American History. Sincerely, Lyman De Platt

Some additional activities accompanying thesis for MLS qualification.

From the initial experiences noted above, I have gone on to study two to four weeks each in all the national archives, and national libraries, of Latin America, except for Paraguay and Cuba. Based on these studies I have compiled or supervised my assistants in compiling working papers on all of the countries of Latin America, outlining the records of genealogical and family history value for persons unfamiliar with them. The experience gained in these studies is of much greater value than any theoretical classes could possibly be in a university setting. During my last year of undergraduate work at BYU it was extremely frustrating to sit in classes and listen to lectures being given concerning items or facts that I knew to be untrue because I had studied the real facts in

original documents. It was at that point that I began to realize that I could not go into a masters program and benefit like I wanted to.

Some of the other experiences that have been of value in learning library science are:

- 1) World Conference on Records, 1969, dealt with records preservation.
- 2) Week-long seminar in Washington, D.C., in 1972 sponsored by the Organization of American States, the theme of all the discussions, in which I took part as the representative of the Genealogical Society, being preservation of records in Latin America, and development of libraries and archives throughout the region.
- 3) Three-day seminar in San Francisco, California in 1981, sponsored by the American Library Association, at which I spoke and in which I participated as a student.
- 4) Negotiator for five years with civil and ecclesiastical archivists throughout Latin America, during which time I became very familiar with archival and library problems from the small parish archives to the large national centers. In the process of these contacts, I have helped personally re-organize a parish archive in Tacna, Peru; the bishop's archive in Iquique, Chile; and the foundation and organization of the Archbishop's Archive in Córdoba, Argentina, recognized as one of the most modern and well-organized ecclesiastical archives in Latin America.
- 5) On-the-job training at the Genealogical Society and through special courses and conferences, in library systems, computers, patron needs, proper care of collections, and so forth.
- 6) Actual experience in compiling patron aids (indexes, collection summaries, guides to library and archive holdings, historical, social, demographic, and genealogical analysis of facts and situations).
- 7) Although I was not allowed to do so because of company needs, I was invited to spend a year at the University of Córdoba in Argentina as a guest instructor and student. Aurelio Tanodi, internationally known archivist and author, invited me to share my knowledge with his students in paleography, library science, and history.
- 8) Training of over 2,500 individuals in 500 extraction centers in the reading and understanding of Spanish records. This required the development of a paleography course which does not have my name attached to it, but the principal work of which came from me. This manual has now been used by over 10,000 individuals in learning to read Spanish records.
- 9) Actual research experience to the tune of many thousands of hours, both in original records and microfilm copies, giving me the practical knowledge of what people

need and where it can be found and how it should be used and preserved in connection with other records.

The faculty mentor assigned to me during my study at Columbia Pacific University was Dr. William Felker. His comments at the end of my period with him were:

“Mr. Platt has made a unique contribution to his field. He is the most knowledgeable Columbia Pacific student I have worked with so far. He is a credit to the university.”

Of my dissertation he wrote: “This is an outstanding project, the best I have ever seen.”

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Concerning the completion of my studies and other related information, Dr. Lester Carr, Dean of Faculty wrote: “You will be pleased to learn that Columbia Pacific University is now the largest university in the United States offering non-residential graduate programs (with approximately 4,000 students and over 400 faculty in a broad range of disciplines).”

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The doctoral certificate which was dated 16 August 1985 reads: “The president, faculty, and Board of Regents of Columbia Pacific University: To all to whom these presents may come, be it known that Lyman De Platt, having successfully completed the prescribed course of study, and having complied with all other requirements established by the University, has been, under authority granted by the Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State of California, awarded the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, Latin American History, in the City of San Rafael, in the State of California, and is entitled to all rights, honors, and privileges, appertaining to that Degree. In testimony whereof, the Board of Regents, upon recommendation of the Faculty, has granted this Degree bearing the Seal of the University on this 16th day of August 1985. Signed by Lester Carr, Ph.D., Dean of Faculty, and Richard Crews, M.D., President.”

Some of the working papers and letters and other documents associated with the obtaining of the referred-to degrees are also included in the section of Document 1. They have not been included in this typewritten summary because of their bulk. However, they are available in the original collection.

DOCUMENT 2

December 22, 1959 Visa issued to Lyman De Platt, from the Consul General of Mexico; living at 615 South Pickering (this being the address of the Church - home address was 409 South Pickering) in Whittier, Los Angeles, California, single, age 15, with permission to travel given by his parents.

DOCUMENT 3

October 10, 1982 Aaronic Priesthood Ordination Certificate of Bruce Lyman Platt, ordained a teacher by Lyman De Platt, a high priest, in Highland, Utah County, Utah (Highland Third Ward, Highland Utah Stake). Signed by Michael D. Koplin, clerk, and Keith D. Shelley, bishop.

DOCUMENT 4

June 22, 1969 Missionary farewell for Gene Lyman Platt, at the Manavu Ward, Provo, Utah County, Utah. Invocation: Vince Miner; speaker: Edward Partridge Lyman, vocal duet by Gordon Leavitt Platt, and Allie Lyman Platt, "In the Shady Woodland;" speaker Lyman De Platt; missionary: Gene Lyman Platt, is going to Thailand following six weeks in Hawaii to study the language. Benediction: Briant Buckwalter. During the meeting Joseph Lyman Platt, a brother, was released as Aaronic Priesthood General Secretary.

DOCUMENT 5

July 21, 1966 Birth certificate of Patricia Platt, the daughter of Lyman De Platt, and Bertha Paula Vega. Born 10:42 a.m. on Thursday at the United States Air Force Academy Hospital at Colorado Springs, El Paso County, Colorado. Certificate issued by the hospital.

DOCUMENT 6

Patriarchal blessing given by Albert Robison Lyman, on June 1, 1952 at Blanding, San Juan County, Utah, upon the head of Kirk Cook Lyman, son of Edward Robison Lyman, and Aleen Cook, born June 7, 1940, at Blanding, San Juan County, Utah. Dear Kirk: As a servant of the Lord, holding the Melchizedek Priesthood, I place my hands upon your head and give you a patriarchal blessing. The Lord is watching over you, and He has a good work which it is His will that you should do. Yet you are free to choose the right or the wrong, and it is by choosing the right when the wrong is before you that you gain favor with the Lord and win your place of exaltation in His kingdom.

You have been appointed a certain number of years here on earth, and however long or short they may be, they will be enough for the task that will be required of you, but you have not been appointed time to squander in folly or idleness, and all the valuable time that you waste will detract just that much from what you could have gained by your diligence.

You are of the House of Israel through the loins of Ephraim, and this important heritage brings with it the call and obligation to work for the saving of souls, and the building up of the Lord's kingdom on earth.

There is a destiny over you; it will not interfere with your freedom to act, and it will not excuse you from the evil effects of your doing what you know to be wrong, but it is there as a guiding and protecting hand over you if you remember and respect it. It will bless you in ways that you could not foresee to desire, and it will open the way before you to that which is good and desireable for you to have.

The Lord will bless your efforts. He will be right there in your time of trial and temptation to give you strength as soon as you make resolute effort to resist evil.

The Spirit of the Lord will come into your mind, even in your childhood, and it will fit and prepare you for the places of trust and importance which you will be called to fill. If you seek the Lord to learn of his ways and walk in His paths, He will build you up and make you great in the eyes of good men and women. You will wield a strong influence for good, and will perform a great work. Your name will be honorable in the land, and it will be remembered and cherished by valient men and women of your posterity.

To your posterity there will be no end, and they will speak your name with reverence because you chose the way of right even in your childhood, thus setting a safe and lofty example for them to follow. You think of yourself as a little boy, but it is for you, if you will receive it, to be setting right now the pace that other boys, and girls and men and women yet unborn are to follow.

Pray the Lord that He will enlighten your mind, and give you strength and courage to appreciate your great privilege of living on earth, that you may lay diligent hold on all the wonderful things He is offering you. I seal you up unto eternal life to be numbered with the chosen of the Lord in the great day of His coming, and I do this by virtue of the holy Priesthood and in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen. Albert R. Lyman

DOCUMENT 7

October 26, 1971 Voting registration form of Lyman De Platt. Living at 410 North 900 West, Provo, Utah County, Utah. Former residence at 470 North 300 East, Provo, Utah County, Utah, in voting districts 28 and 6 respectively. Born at Moab, Grand County, Utah June 10, 1943.

DOCUMENT 7A

September 27, 1971 Voting registration form of Bertha Paula Platt. Living at 410 North 900 West, Provo, Utah County, Utah in voting district 28. Former residence not given. Telephone 373-2153. Born in Peru June 7, 1941. Naturalization certificate #737. [Birth date given here is falsified; actual birth date is June 7, 1938.]

DOCUMENT 8

June 27, 1971 Blessing given to Lyman De Platt, by Edward Partridge Lyman, assisted by Gordon Leavitt Platt. Dear Lyman De: By virtue of the priesthood which we hold, which gives us the right to bless our posterity, which goes with the patriarchal order, we lay our hands upon your head and bless you. This we do in the name of Jesus Christ. We bless you with health and strength and wisdom and inspiration and guidance in your travels, that you might be protected and guided and inspired that you might make good in this calling. This is a wonderful calling. We all know that and that you should be entitled to the spirit and guidance of your Father in Heaven. May His protecting care be over you to guide and protect you and shield you from all evil, that things might shape themselves that you might accomplish the things for which you are laboring and that you might have joy and peace and security in your labors. We bless you that your family might be protected from all evil while you are engaged in this work. To this end we bless you that you might have every blessing and every righteous desire of your heart and inspiration regarding every requirement that is made of you in shaping the conditions for the work in a new land which the Church is expected to do. And to this end we bless you in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

DOCUMENT 9

December 26, 1982 Certificate of Advancement from the Primary Association for Julie Platt, Highland, Utah County, Utah (Highland Third Ward, Highland Utah Stake). Vernice G. Robinson, primary president; Keith D. Shelley, bishop.

DOCUMENT 10 Typewritten copy of Diary of Lyman De Platt. January 1, 1961 - December 31, 1965 Typescript of the diary of Lyman De Platt. This diary was the first one kept by him, he being seventeen years, sixth months, and twenty-one days old when he began keeping it. Original in Kolob Family Research Center, Diaries & Journals 5.1; a copy is found in PFRC Microfiche 13.

DOCUMENT 11

Photostatic copy of the Journal of Edward Partridge.

April 25, 1818 - July 27, 1818 Journal of Edward Partridge, of a voyage from Painesville, Ohio to Mackinaw and Oyster Bay and back to Ohio, consisting of fourteen handwritten pages. Also an account of the travels and ministry of Edward Partridge, who started from his home in Clay County, Missouri on January 27, 1835. Diary runs through July 8 and consists of fifty handwritten pages, plus some additional pages of scriptural notes. End of diary is missing.

The original is in the Church Historian's Office Library. Published by the Platt Family Records Center, 1975 as *The Journal of Bishop Edward Partridge, 1818, 1835-1836* (Salt

Lake City: Platt Family Records Center, 1975), this published version is denoted as Book 24 in the PFRC. This publication was microfilmed by the Family History Library, film 908779, item 3. It was also microfiche by the PFRC as microfiche 24 of the PFRC; the original typing is also found in PFRC, Diaries & Journals, Series 5.

DOCUMENT 12

May 25, 1979 Certificate of Advancement from the third to the fourth grades, given at Barratt Elementary School, American Fork, Utah County, Utah, to David Lyman Platt. Teacher: Caryn Harrell; Principal: Douglas E. Nicholes.

DOCUMENT 13

October 7, 1909 Certificate of Ordination to the office of Seventy by order of the First Seven Presidents of the Seventies, Seymour B. Young, president; J. Golden Kimball, secretary. Edward Partridge Lyman, ordained by Walter C. Lyman, on September 20, 1909.

DOCUMENT 14

April 26, 1940 A Blessing given by Benjamin Daniel Black, Partriarch, upon the head of Aleen Cook Lyman, daughter of John Leland Cook, and Celestia Sarah Bardey, born May 23, 1922 at Rains, Carbon, Utah.

Dear Sister Aleen Lyman: By virtue of my holy calling I lay my hands upon your head and bless you, and I declare thy lineage. Thou art the seed of Joseph, reaching back to Abraham, the friend of God, and you have been sent here for a wise purpose in the Lord, to educate yourself in the plan of life, and the Lord is pleased with you in desiring a blessing from his hand, and you shall be blessed.

First of all I bless you with life and health, with power to carry on as a mother in Israel. You shall be particular to teach your children the Gospel of Jesus Christ. You shall be early to lose yourself in making others happy, and this shall bring happiness into your soul.

Plead with your husband and let it all be done in kindness and in love that you may hold to him in life and bring him closer to you, and that a desire shall always be in his heart to cherish you to care for you and bring happiness that you may go on in life together that you may see beyond this life that you may pour out your soul to God our Father asking him to help you to uphold the truth to be valient in his cause and that His spirit may guide you from day to day. Do this dear sister in humility and God shall hear you and your prayers shall be answered.

A heavenly peace shall come into your soul. Your understanding shall reach to the heavens and you shall have joy in bearing children and this shall bring you to exaltation.

You must study the Gospel. Ask the Lord to enlighten you that your intellect may be bright and active and that your life shall conform to your praying. Tend to your duties in the Church. Remember that God has commanded his people to meet together often to partake of the bread and water in remembrance of your Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

Sister, obedience is the great and governing power of Heaven, so keep the commandments, be obedient to the laws of God and you shall be blessed with all the blessings that your heart can desire. Also remember to look beyond this life to a life of peace and joy without sorrow, without temptation. You shall bring this about through your obedience to the Gospel plan and life everlasting shall be given to you.

This means patience, love, sacrifice and charity, which is the pure love of Jesus Christ. Live them, make them a part of you and your children shall bless you forever.

Now by virtue of my calling, I seal these blessings upon your head and I seal you up against the power of the adversary. You shall come forth in the resurrection of the just and receive a crown of glory in the mansions of our Father.

Study these things sister, listen to them and no power shall turn you from the paths of truth. And God's hand shall be over you to protect you. I seal these blessings in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

DOCUMENT 15

July 31, 1959 Patriarchal blessing given to Lyman De Platt, son of Gordon Leavitt Platt and Allie Lyman, born June 10, 1943 at Moab, Grand County, Utah. Blessing given at Blanding, San Juan County, Utah in the home of and by Albert Robison Lyman, granduncle.

Dear Brother, Lyman De Platt: By authority of the Holy Priesthood in me vested, I place my hands on your head and give you a patriarchal blessing. I pronounce the favor and love of the Lord upon you. You are here in the world to perform an important work, a work for which you have been preparing, and to which you have been looking forward eagerly for a long, long time.

The Lord has favored you to be born of choice parentage, and to be taught the great saving principles in the days of your youth, even in those most susceptible years of your life. These precious principles are as seeds which will spring up to immortality, eternal life and exaltation in our Father's kingdom.

You are of the House of Israel through the loins of Ephraim. You have in your veins the blood of men and women who have made their calling and election sure, men and women who have suffered for the gospel's sake and have gained the great prize for which they came into the world. It is for you to emulate their example, to follow after them, to turn to

them in your heart and in your feeling according to the mission of Elijah who came “to turn the hearts of the children to the fathers, and the hearts of the fathers to the children,” that they may be bound together, in holy ties of fatherhood and motherhood, as brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, in the order of families which is to prevail in the Celestial Kingdom.

Set your heart upon these exalted matters, study them and find out the beauty and simplicity of the order in which mankind may receive a fullness of joy. You are blessed with susceptibility to the science of these things, and are to be a chosen vessel in the hands of the Lord in bringing about his purposes to receive and to declare his word.

You will be called to fill important positions in the Church, and you will be given wisdom, and courage and faith and the dignity of these callings, that your name will be honorable in the land.

You will stand at the head of a numerous posterity, and to your increase there will be no end. From among your posterity will rise up stalwart men and women, who will take part in the building of the great and holy city, even the City of Zion to which the Christ will come, and they who have served Him will see His face and hear His voice. Then the great reign of peace will reign on earth. Look forth to and prepare for these things, for they will surely come.

The Lord will give you gifts and powers according to your needs. He has entrusted you with choice gifts which you are to develop to their excellence of usefulness and to place them on the altar of Zion as your acceptable bid for eternal life.

Remember to honor and bless your father and mother, do them good in every possible way and try to repay the loving part they have taken for you. Let these things sink deeply down in your heart; think no more of yourself as but a boy, for you were a man of mature understanding, who, as a spirit with your immortal understanding, aspired with all your heart to come and live here a few years to gain immortal maturity.

I seal you up unto eternal life to stand with the chosen and redeemed of the Lord in the glorious day of His appearing, and I do this by authority of the Holy Melchizedek Priesthood, and in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen. Albert R. Lyman (signed)

CHIASTIC STRUCTURE OF PATRIARCHAL BLESSING

- A . By authority of the Holy Priesthood in me vested
- B. I pronounce the favor and love of the Lord upon you
- C. ...a work for which you have been preparing, and to which you have been looking...
- D. Favored to be born of choice parentage
- E. Taught the great saving principles in the days of your youth
- F. Seeds which will spring up to immortality, eternal life and exaltation
- A. Men and women who have made their calling and election sure
- B. Men and women who have suffered for the gospel's sake
- C. Have gained the great prize for which they came
- D. Emulate their example, follow them, turn in your heart
- E. The order of families which is to prevail in the C. K.

F. Set your heart upon these exalted matters, study them
and find out the beauty and simplicity of the order in which
mankind may receive a fullness of joy

- E. Blessed with susceptibility to the science of these things
- D. You will be given wisdom, and courage and faith and dignity
- C. You will stand at the head of a numerous posterity...no end
- B. Men and women who will take part in building...great & holy City
- A. They who have served Him will see His face and hear His voice.
- F. Look forth and prepare for these things, for they will surely come.
- E. Choice gifts which you are to develop to their excellence of usefulness.
- D. Honor and bless your father and mother, do them good in every possible way
- C. ...aspired with all your heart to come and live here a few years to gain immortal ...
- B. I seal you up unto eternal life to stand with the redeemed of the Lord at the day of His coming
- A. By authority of Holy Melchizedek Priesthood

The themes attached to the elements are as follows: A=Word of the Lord; B=New Things (or the Lord's Covenant); C=The World; D=The Lord's Servant; E=Preservation; F=The Suffering Servant; E=Salvation; D=The Lord's Servant; C=Overcoming the World; B=Fulfillment; A=Salvation Song. In my blessing the first F's enhance the central F, etc. The central structure of a chiastic structure is the point of greatest interest to the words being analyzed. In this patriarchal blessing, this central thought is: "Set your heart upon these exalted matters, study them and find out the beauty and simplicity of the order in which mankind may receive a fullness of joy." As one analyzes it, several words become important. Matters, them, and order and all rhetorically linked. *Order* in its most exalted definition means to place all things upon the altar in their proper place. The *altar of Zion* is noted within the blessing in this rhetorical context. *Things* in the definition of *order* refers to *words* which refers to *covenants*. *Matters* refers to *things* which refers to *words*.

DOCUMENT 16

June 10, 1943 Birth certificate of Lyman De Platt, son of Gordon Leavitt Platt, and Allie Lyman, born at Moab, Grand County, Utah, at the Grand Valley Hospital, on Thursday at 7:30 p.m.

DOCUMENT 17

July 1, 1962 Certificate of ordination to the Holy Priesthood. Lyman De Platt, of Springdale, Washington County, Utah (Springdale Ward, Zion Park Stake) was ordained an Elder by Gordon Leavitt Platt, a High Priest. F. Leon Lewis, president of the fourth quorum; George Matthews, secretary.

DOCUMENT 18

July 12, 1937 On January 12, 1978 David Ensign Gardner, David Ensign a renowned Welsh and English genealogist, told me - Lyman De Platt - a story concerning Amasa Mason Lyman, which sheds a different light on him than has been seen in the writings about him to date, particularly those within the Lyman family. In July 1937, President Heber J. Grant went to England to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the missionaries arriving in England. On the way up from London, at Birmingham, he left his false teeth in a way station; so when he arrived in Liverpool, he was somewhat distraught at his situation.

On Wednesday, July 12, 1937 he dedicated the Liverpool chapel. The next morning he held an Elders' conference. Missionaries from many parts of England were there. In the room where they met he sat in the middle and two circles of chairs were placed around him. As he reminisced he talked about many things. He mentioned that apostasy does not take place from one day to the next, but over a long period of time. He used Amasa's case as an example.

He said that when he (Heber) was a young missionary in Liverpool and Amasa was European Mission President, one day they had a meeting in which Amasa talked for over an hour, "tickling people's ears" but not teaching the gospel. After the talk the branch president called on a brother to give the prayer. This brother took fifteen minutes to thank the Lord for the Prophet Joseph Smith, the restoration, the priesthood, the Book of Mormon, etc., leaving in the audience's mind no doubt that they were in a Mormon meeting. This apparently was necessary because Amasa had not left that impression. President Grant cited this as the beginning of a later apostasy. The following week, on July 20th, Heber J. Grant's party was at the cockpit in Preston, England for the centennial celebration.

Amasa Mason Lyman arrived in Liverpool July 27, 1860 and was there until the spring of 1862. There are editorials by Amasa Mason Lyman in the *Millennial Star* for the same period. He was excommunicated January 12, 1870.

DOCUMENT 19

July 14, 1901 Missionary homecoming address of Platte DeAlton Lyman, at Bluff, San Juan County, Utah. Services began at 2:00 p.m. Counselor Lemuel H. Redd, presided. Prayer by Joseph F. Barton. Sacrament administered by Elders Peter Allan and D. J. Rogers. Platte DeAlton Lyman who had just returned from presiding over the European Mission spoke. Said he had looked forward to meeting with the Saints at Bluff. Was pleased to meet with the Saints again. Said his surprise was great. Felt very weak in taking that mission. When called on this mission he had the managing of about 600 Elders. Felt dull when Liverpool, England was reached but soon felt better. Affairs at home or outside of the mission did not bother him. In nearly all cases men are engaged in work through which they expect to receive something. With the Elders it is different. They work to give something to others. Esteemed it a privilege to have met so many good people while abroad, who were devoted to the Gospel. Met between 1,500 and 2,000 Elders.

The European Mission comprises all of Great Britain, Iceland, Denmark, Germany, to the north, etc. In Iceland one Elder labored for two years and baptized a few. Was released and another Elder sent there. Didn't visit Turkey. People in Great Britain through prejudice do not think the Mormons a good people. In the fourteen conferences in the mission all are in good order save three or four. Very little known about the Mormons in the world. Elders are instructed to lodge among those not of our faith and so make a good impression on them.

Everything spent was spent to a good advantage to show the character of the Saints. Could borrow money of anyone acquainted with the Mormons. Their credit was good. When an Elder goes to Germany he is required to go to the Police Office and register and un-register when he leaves. All questions were asked about their age, history, etc. Three hundred were baptized in Germany last year and 170 this year up to June 1st. Good many people baptized in Switzerland. There are good people in the world who pass from one sect to another to get satisfaction but get it not.

Was thankful to get back again, but didn't expect to get as much satisfaction from his labors here as there because of having so much to contend with here. If we can give our children a fair education, teach them to be honest, cleanly, etc., without so much worldly polish it is all the better for them. As his lot was cast here he was going to try to be satisfied in this country and to labor in harmony with all. God grant that we may work harmoniously together is my prayer in the name of Jesus, Amen.

Peter Allan then spoke. Benediction by Samuel Wood. Hardy Redd, assistant clerk.

DOCUMENT 19A

November 15, 1901 Funeral services held over the remains of President Platte DeAlton Lyman, who died on November 13, at Bluff, San Juan County, Utah. The services were conducted by Bishop Jens Nielson. The opening hymn sung by the choir: "He's gone." Prayer by Elder Joseph F. Barton. Sister Jennie D. Wood, assisted by the choir, sang the hymn number 119.

Bishop Jens Nielson said he was pleased to see so many gathered together on this occasion. He had been closely associated with President Lyman for twenty-two years, in all of which time his associations with the departed had been agreeable. He spoke of the arduous labors of Brother Lyman in spreading the Gospel and defending the Kingdom of God. He prayed the blessings of God to rest upon his family and all who are bereaved.

Counselor Kumen Jones, said he desired that what he might say would be directed by the Spirit of the Lord. Said his first impression on meeting Brother Lyman twenty-two years ago was that he was a noble and God-fearing man.

Spoke of his many noble qualities of character and the blessing he had been to the people and exhorted all to follow his example and to submit in our feelings to the will of God in taking him away.

Elder James B. Decker, said his experience with President Lyman had been very similar to that of those who had spoken. Spoke of incidents in his acquaintance with the deceased in which he had acted the part of a peacemaker and poured "oil in troubled waters" and how the spirit of his calling had always seemed to rest upon him. Prayed God to bless all that we might meet Brother Lyman in our Father's Kingdom.

Elder Benjamin Perkins, said he had also been acquainted with Brother Lyman for the same length of time as the other brethren, having met him when on the road with the company coming to settle this place in November 1879. Spoke of the many good qualities of Brother Lyman and prayed the blessings of God to rest upon all.

Elder Joseph F. Barton also spoke of his long acquaintance with Brother Lyman. Said in Brother Lyman he had always had a friend and counselor, whose counsels were always for the best. He was a natural missionary and preacher of the Gospel. Said he felt proud that we had as good a man to spare as Brother Lyman although we feel that we cannot spare him. Prayed the blessings of God to rest upon all the family and relatives of Brother Lyman.

Elder George A. Adams, said he mourned the loss of President Lyman because of the example he had set before him for the past twenty years. He was a man worthy of the respect of all honorable people. Spoke of the work that is necessary beyond the veil in preaching to the spirits in prison which calls for the labors of such men as Brother

Lyman. Prayed that we might all have the spirit of God to comfort us and that we might be saved in the Kingdom of God.

Elder Samuel Wood, said that while he sympathized with the family of Brother Lyman he felt to acknowledge the hand of God in taking him from our midst. Spoke of the great love and respect which he had always had for the deceased. Prayed that God would bless his family that they might follow in his footsteps and meet him where he had gone to prepare for them. Exhorted all to emulate the example of Brother Lyman. Related how Brother Lyman and others had been forewarned of this event.

Elder Nephi Bailey, said he felt to thank the people for the privilege he had of being here on this occasion. Said he had the honor making the acquaintance of Brother Lyman while he was on his first mission thirty-two years ago. Spoke in touching terms of the many noble traits of the deceased and how all had spoken well of him. He had expected yet to rejoice under the teachings of Brother Lyman as he had hundreds of times in the past. Prayed God to bless all.

Elder D. J. Rogers, said that he felt that we all mourned together on this occasion but not as those who have no hope. Said he had labored in the past with Brother Lyman and could not call to mind one occasion where he had done wrong. Spoke of the manner in which Brother Lyman had endured the scoffs of the ungodly, while in the service of God. When reviled at he reviled not again. Brother Lyman had received all of the blessings and promises which can be bestowed on man in this probation and they will be literally fulfilled upon him.

Elder John Allan, said he had always found Brother Lyman to be a man of God. Felt to acknowledge the hand of God in his taking away. Prayed the blessing of God to be upon all.

Elder Daniel Perkins, of Monticello, said he was at a loss to express his sympathy for the family of Brother Lyman. He had a short acquaintance with the deceased and spoke of the many good impressions he had received from him. Could say of him as was said of old, "He being dead, still liveth."

The choir sang "O My Father." Benediction by Brother Peter Allan. Peter Allan, clerk protem.

DOCUMENT 20

February 13, 1982 Funeral address given by Edward Lyman Platt, at the death of his mother Allie Lyman Platt, Provo, Utah County, Utah, in the Edgemont church on 3300 North.

Each of us come into this world alone, and while here each of us individually and independently of anyone else must make those vital decisions which determine what we

will make of ourselves and what will become of us after we leave this existence. Yet each of us, shortly after being born into this life, are blessed with a family whose past experience through many generations make up our heritage. This heritage in some cases is richly blessed and helps us to start life out right. And in some cases, for reasons known only to our Heavenly Father, for others the heritage is less helpful and possibly even a stumbling block to them.

Mother was blessed with an extremely rich heritage. Her parents were stalwarts in the Gospel. She was the youngest of six brothers and sisters who loved her and guided her through her early years. She had aunts and uncles and cousins which she grew up with, all of which showed Mom the way and made it easy for Mom to start life out right. The people of Blanding generally, were honest, good, hard-working people who had proper values and shared these with Mother in school, church, and in her social life. Mom was truly blessed to be born into an environment where hard work and dedication to the simple gospel truths were facts of everyday life. And to her credit, she seemed to take full advantage of this rich heritage and fertile environment.

Mom was born the October 7, 1922, to Edward Partridge Lyman, and Irene Perkins Lyman. She was their second daughter and youngest child. When Mom was born her brothers and sisters were DeAlton Perkins Lyman - age 9, Kay Perkins Lyman - age 7, Bob or Edward Robison Lyman - age 6, Almon Perkins Lyman - age 4, and Rene Lyman - age 2. Mom's early life and growing-up years were spent in Blanding in San Juan County, and there were obviously some sad and difficult times for her during those growing-up years. She lost her oldest brother DeAlton during this time [not true]. The family was poor. And yet, Mother's history and memories seem to be overflowing with security and love and pleasant memories of that period of her life. These memories were a very integral part of Mom, and all who knew her knew of her love and attachment to the people and places of Blanding.

Mom's dad, Grandpa Lyman, or Uncle Edward as many know him, had about a hundred acre farm on the North side of town. In her history Mom records that this part of town was known as "jungle town" because it was still covered with junipers and piñons. Here on Grandpa's farm Mom spent many happy hours growing up. Here she learned to swim in Grandpa's pond. She tells of playing in the irrigation canals and ditches, picking Indian paintbrush and sego lilies along the banks, and having picnics under the juniper trees with her sister Rene. She tells of being thrown off their horse with her brother Almon. Here on the farm she learned to love animals and had numerous pets, and even in her later years spoke fondly of these pets. She used to tell us about her dogs, Old Pup and Curly, her kittens, Squeaky and Beady, the old cow, Centennial, the horses, Pet and the little shetland pony King, and even an old chicken that she called Old Frozen Toes. Mom took in many a stray in her later years and was always concerned and worried whether the animals around us were being neglected or abused.

She grew up with very few luxuries. In her early years, they had to draw water from a well; there wasn't any electricity in the house. But, from this humble beginning she

developed a sense of value and she firmly believed that it did no one any harm to go without occasionally. She was an extremely practical person and was grateful for every luxury that came into her life.

It was also in Blanding during these first years that Mother developed her deep love for people. From the time she started in first grade until she graduated from high school, she went through school basically with the same group of people. She felt very close to each of these and followed them the rest of her life. She always rejoiced when someone from that early childhood period of her life had a success or achievement and she was always saddened when she heard of their loss or their failures. From the time Mom was a sophomore in high school she helped to pay her own way. She bought her own books and clothes and paid for her own recreation. One summer she even went with some of Uncle Albert's girls up to Orem to pick strawberries and raspberries and cherries [to earn money] to put into her savings account so that she could go to school. And after graduation she went to Salt Lake and worked as a housekeeper for several months until she could afford the tuition to get her into business college. It wasn't long before she was placed as a secretary in a legal firm in Salt Lake City, and she began a career which proved both very satisfying to Mother and very beneficial to her through the years.

While living and working in Salt Lake, mother attended the Seventeenth Ward and one day when Mom's membership was being read a new boy in the ward, sitting not too far from her on the bench, turned to her and said, "You're from Blanding, huh? I know someone from there. We'll have to get together and talk about it." That new boy was my Father, Gordon Leavitt Platt. Mom and Dad's courtship was a type of things to come later in their life. Their first date was a tour of Temple Square. They celebrated their engagement by walking up to Uncle Albert's to receive their patriarchal blessings together. They were married in the Salt Lake Temple, and since Uncle Sam also had designs on Dad, they decided that if the Lord so wished it, they would begin their family without delays. It was with this same sincere faithfulness that Mom lived the remainder of her life. Her family and the Church always came first, no matter what the circumstances.

Mom's patriarchal blessing indicated that she would have to pass through some very difficult times in her life, and that she would be tried severely. This period for Mom was about to begin, yet she was well prepared to meet it. She had taken full advantage of the love and security of her growing-up years. She had learned to love and care for others. She had developed a strong testimony of the Gospel. She had the support and encouragement of a loving family, and she was soon to discover that she needed all of these to sustain her through life's vicissitudes.

The next twenty-year period of Mom's life, I would like to share with you in somewhat of a panoramic fashion. Dad was drafted into the Army Air Corps just thirty-three days after they were married and they were soon separated, leaving Mom to discover that she was expecting their first little baby in June of 1943. Dad spent 32 years in the Air Corps and during this time he was transferred numerous times. Mother followed him from

Wisconsin to Montana and everywhere else where she was able to. But they just had snatches of being together during that 32-year period. Then Dad was transferred to India, and they were separated for a year and a half, leaving Mom to care for their little boy, Lyman De. During the years that followed the war, Mom and Dad, it seemed, were constantly on the move. During this twenty-year segment of Mom's life, they lived in about fifteen different locations. They lived in Blanding for a short while, where Joe was born. They moved to Springville, where Dad pursued his college education and I was born. Another move to Wymount Village where Dad was still in school, was followed soon after by the birth of the fourth son, Gene. And after Dad graduated, we all moved back to Blanding for just a short time when Mom and Dad discovered that Lyman had polio and the family was forced again to move; this time to Salt Lake so Lyman could receive treatments. Then back to Provo for more treatments by a specialist. And through all of this Mom and Dad somehow saved up enough money to buy a little farm in Lehi. So we moved to Lehi where Roberta was born. A couple of years later another move took place to Genola and this was followed by the birth of McKay.

Just a year and a half later a move to Annabella and then two years later a move to Whittier, Southern California, where Gordon was born. We were in California three years and to that point, that was the longest we had been in any one location. After three years, another move was made to Springdale in Southern Utah, and still another to Sandpoint, Idaho. And finally, what was to be the last move, back to Provo.

Now, I know that sounds more like a travelogue than a history of my Mother but to understand Mom, it is important to understand what she went through during that twenty-year period of her life. Many of the moves were made under financial duress. Mom and Dad lost every penny they had in a farm at Genola; they gained a lot of friends, but they lost every penny. They lost every penny they had again in their ranch in Sandpoint. They sold their motel in Springdale for a loss. And I am sure many times during this period they had to pull themselves up by the bootstraps and start all over again from scratch. Many times during this period Mom had to leave her little family and go back to work in order to help us get by.

Now, it is true that some of these problems may have been caused from poor decisions and many of them were just from circumstances that Mom and Dad had no control over. But the important thing isn't why they happened, but how Mom and Dad reacted to them. Now as if the financial pressures during this period weren't enough, there were other things. Lyman developed polio, a pressure cooker blew up in my Mother's face and burned her very badly. Gene and I had pneumonia. And that's besides all of the normal cases of measles, broken bones and stitches that come with eight kids. Through all of this it would have been easy to give up, to quit having kids, for instance. But instead, Mom's attitude, as shown in her journal, was just the opposite. She writes after I was born, "Little Eddy was as good a baby as Joe had been, and so we all enjoyed him very much. The more there were of us to enjoy a new baby, the more fun they were, so we decided we should just keep on having more." So Gene and Rob and McKay and Gordon and Irene were all glad that Mom and Dad didn't stop somewhere along that line.

It would have been easy to coast through her Church activities during these years, but that wasn't Mom's way either. During these years she always had a Church calling. She served in Primary presidencies, in several Relief Society presidencies, and she supported Dad through Elder's quorum presidencies and several bishoprics.

During the latter part of this twenty-year period, Mom made an entry in her journal which we would like to share with you today. She said, "The one thought I would like to leave with all is this: the sooner you can decide in life just what is of the most worth, the better off you will be. There are many things of worth, it is true, and it is nice to have a good education and a nice home. But the main thing that I would like to see my children have is a love for the Gospel and a desire to help further the Lord's work here on earth. <Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and all else will be added to you.= When and how we leave this life is of little consequence, but how we live and how well prepared we are to leave when we are called is the thing that matters.@"

So after struggling through one discouraging setback after another, through over twenty years of her life, she was determined that the material things of life had little value. And again in her own words: "How we live and how well prepared we are to leave when we are called is the thing that matters.@" Now that's an easy statement to make, but Mom spent the next twenty-year period of her life and the last twenty-year period of her life proving she believed it deeply.

The last twenty years for Mom were spent living so that she would be prepared to go when her time came. Mom kept a regular journal, and the journal is replete just one entry after another with her concern for the lives of others; her children, her grandchildren, her nieces and nephews, her brothers and sisters, her neighbors and acquaintances. She lost herself in the service and concern of others. During this twenty-year period her journal records among many other things, the donation of a kidney to her brother Almon. She records sending six sons on missions and writing weekly to each one of them. She sent a son to South Viet Nam and wrote weekly to him. She sent children away to school and wrote weekly to each of them. She saw six of her children married and rejoiced with each of them as one by one and sometimes twos and threes, twenty-six grandchildren were born. She saw five sons and a son-in-law graduate from college, two from law school, and one enter medical school. She watched a daughter, not only begin her family, but become manager of a bank in the meantime. She tells of her baby, Irene, growing up to be a beautiful young lady, of whom she was immensely proud. And during this same period, she records her own sorrow at the death of her mother and her father and her brother, Almon, and her grandson, Don Carlos, and many other relatives and friends. And all through this last twenty years of living and recording, there is almost no mention of concern for herself. She thought little of new clothes, or new furnishings. Her home was always a place of humble gratitude for what she had. She was unconcerned with social position or status.

Their financial situation definitely improved. But when the time came that Mom had extra spending money to do with as she pleased, she usually just gave it to one of the kids

or one of her acquaintances that was in need. And to their protests she would always respond, "Don't worry about it, it's just money, and you need it more than I do."

It is difficult to summarize Mom's history because her life was so completely intertwined with the lives of everyone around her. Yesterday I received a call from a man who met Mother briefly twenty-five years ago. He wanted me to relay to the family that even though he knew Mom only briefly, that she left a lasting impression with him. This I believe more than anything else summarizes Mom's life. She went out of her way to touch the lives of others. Another acquaintance of Mom's just a day or two ago described it this way: "She searched the life of each individual she met until she found some common ground to get to know them and their needs, and then she did everything she could to help fill those needs." This, possibly more than any other thing, is Mom's legacy to all of us.

It is my hope that we will follow her example and her advice and I quote once again from that same journal entry, "When and how we leave this life is of little consequence, but how we live and how well prepared we are to leave when we are called, is what matters."

DOCUMENT 21

February 13, 1982 Funeral address given by Joseph Lyman Platt at the death of his mother Allie Lyman Platt, Provo, Utah County, Utah, in the Edgement church on 3300 North.

Occasionally in life, as we wander somewhat hesitantly through the mists and shadows of our existence, world-weary and heaven-estranged, our pace quickens as we first espy and then suddenly enter a patch of trail well-marked and bathed in sunlight. Our vista at such times is much expanded; the terrain just traveled is seen in clearer perspective, the twists and turns now understood; the road ahead outlined in sufficient detail to leave on our minds an imprint of what our future course of travel must be. In the precious moments before the shadows again obscure the path, the anxious traveler is able to re-orient his course and re-nourish his failing spirits. This respite is always brief; it is usually significant. It provides an opportunity, however short, for putting into focus things too long obscure, too long confused. It provides integration and perspective. It provides a refocusing of commitment to ideals and dreams torn one by one from our control by the branches and thorns that necessarily line the path. In the bright brilliance of its brief moment, life's events and purposes are opaque, seen in clear relationship to one another; the world itself becomes a urim and thummim; and life's actions are seen in their true heroic proportions. Decisions and commitments made during its brief duration exhibit the solid wedding of human philosophy and heavenly approbation.

For our family, the events of the past week have been such an interlude. For this brief moment we have seen the will of heaven. None of us will ever be quite the same again. Before the shadows return, our family hopes to complete the process of evaluating what has transpired and knowing more fully our individual parts in what yet remains.

The moral philosopher Henry Emerson Fosdick once stated: "I am sure that some of you who think yourselves very modern, nonchalant about death and what lies after it, may some day run abruptly into an experience which will shake you to the depths. Somebody whom you love, the most priceless soul, it may be, you ever have loved, will die, and you will find that you cannot say that you are not interested, do not care, that it makes no difference to you what lies beyond death for that personality."

It is not easy to lose a mother, to say goodbye for the duration of this life, at least, to a friend and counselor still young, healthy and vigorous, at a time when her rewards for a well-lived life were finally being realized. In a selfish, worldly sense, it just doesn't seem fair. But when our sorrow is analyzed, we find that it derives not from any concern about her new status or her feelings about departing, but is rather, a natural selfish emotion on our part, an unwillingness to try to fill the terrible gap left by her absence. As the organizational center and spiritual vortex of our family, she looms irreplaceable. Everyone touched by her life, experiencing if only for a moment her total intimacy with all God's creations, knows with that quiet assurance that passeth understanding, that she has returned finally and permanently to a Celestial environment, suitable at last, to her angelic temperament. Perhaps our greatest fear is that we may not be willing to pay the price to gain the right to be where she now is, and see in her departure not a temporary separation, but a permanent estrangement. That to mother would be sorrowful.

We may not have been ready to let mother leave, but she was certainly prepared to go. The poet Goethe has said that: "those who hope for no other life, are dead even for this." The vibrancy of her earthly life was no doubt a reflection of her hope in the life to come. The other world has been much on her mind of late. Numerous friends and family members have recounted for us this week, their recent discussions with Mom, of the life to come and her desire to experience it. She seemed to have ingrained in her soul Cicero's caution that: "no man can be ignorant that he must die, nor be sure that he may not this very day." Mother realized her only alternative was to live each day with her spiritual bags packed.

She left work on Friday with her desk clean. There were no unanswered phone calls, no unmet appointments, no service needed that had not been rendered. Her friends knew she loved them for she had told them and she had showed them. Her children had each received her weekly communication of love and support. Her house was clean, her life history written, her daily journal up-to-date. On the morning of her accident, she had removed her last will and testament from whatever hidden corner it usually occupied and put it prominently in view of her dresser where it would easily be found.

The day before the accident, a Sunday, she taught her regular lesson in Relief Society. Those present sensed a spirit and conviction in the lesson which went beyond her usual competency. The subject involved our hope in Christ, a hope which, with Elder McConkie's help, she defined as "not a flimsy, ethereal desire, but one coupled with a full expectation of reward." She quoted Moroni's belief that: "whoso believeth in God might with surety hope for a better world, yea, even a place at the right hand of God,

which hope cometh of faith and maketh an anchor to the souls of men, which makes them sure and steadfast, always abounding in good works, being led to glorify God.®

Continuing: ?And I also remember that thou hast said that thou hast prepared a house for man, yea, even among the mansions of thy Father, in which man might have a more excellent hope.®

Quoting from Victor Hugo's *Reflection* not long before he died, she talked about the ?immortal symphonies of the world which invites us.® She didn't feel that the end of an individual's work on earth constituted the termination of one's work. With Hugo she continued: ?the tomb is not a blind alley; it is an open thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, it opens on the dawn. My work is only beginning; my work is hardly above the foundations. I could gladly see it mounting forever.®

Mom concluded this memorable lesson with some observations about the hope and comfort associated with LDS funerals, the hope that assures us that we will be with our loved ones again. In her closing sentence she quoted the words of Enos as that great prophet struggled to know the will of God: ?My soul hungered and I kneeled down before my Maker, and I cried unto him in mighty prayer and supplication for mine own soul; and all the day long did I cry unto him; yea, and when the night came I did still raise my voice high that it reached the heavens.®

Finally: ?There came a voice unto me saying: <Enos, thy sins are forgiven thee, and thou shalt be blessed.=®

It would have been very unlikely for Mom to have given that kind of a lesson and not acted on it. I have a strong impression that she spent the last few hours of her mortal life in emulation of the faith and striving of Enos. I also believe that her heart was comforted, her hope confirmed, her sins forgiven, her efforts blessed. I believe that she died knowing that the Lord was satisfied with her life. The last few hours on earth, her thoughts were on eternity, heavenly mansions, the rewards associated with good works, and the all-encompassing love of our Savior.

My own Sunday, the day before her death, was spent as is my habit, in reading. I always seem to have four or five books in progress at any time. One that I started weeks ago and have had trouble getting into is *The Confessions of Augustine*, the Catholic Father of the third century, A.D. Because of my slow pace with the book, I had read during December and January the first eight chapters, then skipped over chapter nine and started reading in some of the later chapters. As I settled down to read Sunday, I set Augustine aside and picked up a book that I was within a few pages of finishing, a book that had really held my interest and with which I had not had the same mine-wandering trouble as with Augustine. Even before I began to read I had this compelling sense of ?duty® to read Augustine. Thinking how compulsive I was becoming, I nevertheless heeded my instinct, and with a sense of resignation turned to Augustine.

Instead of reading in the later chapters as I had been doing, I returned to the chapter I had earlier skipped, chapter 9, and remember being disappointed to read in the chapter overview that chapter nine would be an account of the death of Augustine's mother. I decided to read through it quickly and get on to something more interesting.

Augustine described his mother as God's handmaiden, "who brought me forth, both in the flesh, that I might be born to this temporal light, and in heart, that I might be born to light eternal. Not her gifts, but God's in her would I speak of."

Augustine was speaking for me. I read on... Augustine describes his mother's greatest gift as: "that between any disagreeing and discordant parties,... she shewed herself such a peacemaker that, hearing on both sides most bitter things,... she never would disclose ought of the one unto the other, but what might end to their reconciliation."

That was also mother's greatest gift. I read on... Augustine says that: "Her own husband, did she gain unto God." Dad wanted two thoughts expressed today. One is that he attributes to mom's influence most of his Celestial virtues. He has always felt confident of Mom's loyalty to him. When he was overseas in India and in all the jobs that have taken him away from home, since, her devotion has created a similar virtue in him. Augustine describes his mother's virtue as one which "by not thinking on self, surmounting self." As I read, President McKay's injunction that "spirituality is best manifest in doing" came into my mind, followed quickly by Timothy's definition of pure religion. As I sat there in meditation I realized how completely my own mother approximated these heavenly ideals.

I read on... Augustine describes a conversation with his mother: "...Lord thou knowest that in that day when we were speaking of these things and this world with all its delights became, as we spoke, contemptible to us, my mother said <Son, for mine own part, I have no further delight in anything in this life=>

All of you who knew mother well, know the many times she expressed those very words, and how many times, but for the needs of her family, she wished to depart this life. She found the wickedness of this world embarrassing, the horrors of war inexplicable, the inhumanity of her fellows inexcusable. She tried to make the world around her a different sort of place.

As I finished Augustine's account, I contemplated the future passing of my own Mother, glad for her good life, sure of her reward, but never imagining that it would occur before another full rotation of the earth. Thinking it would be many years in the future, I nevertheless shared with Augustine, as I sat there, an excess of emotion and "with a new grief, I grieved for my grief, and was thus torn by a double sorrow." I was "minded to weep in God's sight, for her and for myself, in her behalf and in my own. And I gave way to the tears, which I before restrained, to overflow as much as they desired: reposing my

heart upon them; and it found rest in them, for it was in God's ears not in those of man, who would have scornfully interpreted my weeping.®

As events turned out, my quiet Sunday with Augustine proved truly significant. I am so grateful that so shortly before Mom's death I should have had such a meaningful spiritual pause with her as the focus.

In attempting to attribute meaning to the time clock of heaven, our family has been impressed that Mom's strength of character and spirit were so significant in our lives, that many of us were actually living on light borrowed from her: that we were being sustained largely on the merit of her personal worthiness. Only with her departure could the full burden of responsibility that exaltation requires pass to each of us. The issue becomes not one of displeasure or confusion with heaven for taking her so soon, but rather thanksgiving that we were allowed for so long to enjoy the company of one, worthy and ready to pass on.

Mom had prepared every needful thing. Without our full understanding she had prepared us; and when all was done, she died. The accident that caused her death was merely a convenient, if tragic, method of securing what in heaven had become inevitable.

Sometimes the Lord of us all speaks very unambiguously regarding His will. We who remain were not allowed through our prayers and priesthood the option of keeping her here. She died instantly in the type of accident which many have easily survived.

The second thought that dad wished expressed today is that Mother always felt that her children were among the best the earth has to offer, and that the only loss that mother would grieve would be the loss of any of these children to sin. Her life, and now her death, show us the way. I pray that our lives may show us worthy of having been blessed with such a mother.

DOCUMENT 22

November 21, 1875 Patriarchal blessing of Adelia Robison Lyman, born December 21, 1848 at Crete, Will County, Illinois, daughter of Joseph Robison and Lucretia Hancock. Given at Fillmore, Millard, Utah, by Evan M. Greene, patriarch.

Sister Adelia, in the name of Jesus Christ I lay my hands upon thy head and give unto thee a father's blessing, even a patriarchal blessing, which is a seal and a token of the promises made unto the fathers.

Thou hast received the Gospel in the days of thy youth, and the covenants which thou hast made, thou hast made in all integrity and honesty of heart. Thy soul delights in the pure principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, therefore, thy Father in Heaven loves thee, and all the blessings of the New and Everlasting Covenant are for thee and for thy posterity after thee.

Thy posterity shall be great, and in thy children thou shalt have joy, for wise and noble men and women shall spring from thee, men who shall aid in the redemption of Zion.

Wise councilors and honorable men shall be of thy sons; thou shalt rejoice in the works of thy posterity and glorify the God of thy fathers.

Thou shalt receive knowledge and understanding of those things which pertain unto the Kingdom of God. Angels shall administer unto thee and no good thing will the Lord withhold from thee if thou wilt ask Him in faith. Thou shalt receive the powers of the Holy Priesthood in connection with thy husband, whereby thou shalt be enabled to do a great work for thy dead in the House of the Lord.

The keys of the resurrection shall be given unto thee whereby thou shalt have power to come forth in the resurrection of the just. Many of thy posterity shall rejoice in thy works and shall arise with thee.

Thy name shall be had in honorable remembrance with the sons and daughters of Zion. Thy children and thy children's children shall rise up and call thee blessed, and many whom thou hast admonished shall rejoice in thy admonitions.

These with all the blessings of the New and Everlasting Covenant and all blessings which thou shalt desire in righteousness, I seal upon thy head through thy faith and faithfulness in the name of Jesus and by virtue of the Holy Priesthood, even so, Amen.

DOCUMENT 23

August 18, 1942 Temple Recommend of Gordon Leavitt Platt, Elder, born July 24, 1920 at Mountain Meadows, Washington County, Utah, baptized August 5, 1928, son of Joseph Platt and Clarissa Leavitt. Endowed August 17, 1942. To be married to Allie Lyman. Issued at Richfield, Sevier County, Utah (Richfield Second Ward, Sevier Stake) August 10, 1942 for Salt Lake Temple.¹ Irvin L. Warnock, stake president.

DOCUMENT 23A

August 18, 1942 Temple Recommend of Allie Lyman, born October 7, 1922 at Salt Lake City, Salt Lake County, Utah, baptized April 4, 1931, daughter of Edward Partridge Lyman and Irene Perkins. Endowed August 17, 1942. To be married to Gordon Leavitt Platt. Issued at Salt Lake City, Salt Lake County, Utah (Seventeenth Ward, Salt Lake Stake) August 17, 1942 for Salt Lake Temple. W. A. Beesley, stake president.

DOCUMENT 24

August 18, 1942 Sealing card of Gordon Leavitt Platt and Allie Lyman including all data as shown above plus date of civil license - August 14, 1942, issued in Salt Lake County. Sealed by Nicolas G. Smith with Edward P. Lyman and LeRoy Chidester as witnesses, being the father and the step-father, respectively, of the bride and groom.

¹Temple recommends at this time and up into the 1960s were issued on a temple by temple basis.

DOCUMENT 25

August 27, 1942 Certificate of Record of Membership made by the Presiding Bishop's Office for Edward Partridge Lyman, born October 11, 1886 at Scipio, Millard County, Utah, blessed [baptized] October 12, 1894, son of Platte DeAlton Lyman and Adelia Robison.

DOCUMENT 25A

August 27, 1942 Certificate of Record of Membership made by the Presiding Bishop's Office for Irene Perkins Lyman, born March 11, 1894 at Bluff, San Juan County, Utah, blessed [baptized] May 18, 1902, daughter of Benjamin Perkins and Sarah Williams.

DOCUMENT 26

195? Newspaper clipping showing pictures of Gladys Perkins Lyman holding an Indian baby and Albert Robison Lyman in a profile shot. Caption states: Albert R. Lyman, heads Indian school at Blanding, Utah, under direction of Navajo-Zuñí Mission and is assisted by his wife, Mrs. Gladys P. Lyman, seen at left with an Indian papoose. [The school was started November 14, 1946, and incorporated into the San Juan County School District in 1949.²]

DOCUMENT 27

December 8, 1980 Last Will and Testament of Allie Lyman Platt, made at Provo, Utah County, Utah and witnessed by Jo Lynn Hintze, Michal L. Hansen and Michael B. Nielsen. Names husband Gordon Leavitt Platt and eight children: Lyman De, Joseph L., Edward L., Gene L., Roberta, McKay L., Gordon L., and Irene.

DOCUMENT 28

February 8, 1982, Certificate of Death of Allie Lyman Platt, female, white, born October 7, 1922 at Salt Lake City, Salt Lake County, Utah, age 59, married, fourteen years of schooling, social security number 528-20-8944, expeditor at BYU purchasing, married to Gordon Leavitt Platt; daughter of Edward Partridge Lyman and Irene Perkins, residence at time of death 583 East, 3400 North, Provo; place of death Utah Valley Hospital, time of death 10:29, burial February 13, 1982 at Provo City Cemetery, cause of death massive cerebral contusion caused in a motor vehicle accident, a head-on-collision; interval between onset and death given as one hour with time of injury at 8:55 a.m., taking place at 800 North near Canyon Road in Orem, Utah; deceased was a passenger.

NOTE: Family accounts and Gordon L. Platt's own statement as a witness in the accident are that Allie died at the scene of the accident.

²PFRC, *Notes* 3.1, pages 558-559. [published in 2008].

DOCUMENT 29

October 7, 1922 Certificate of birth of Allie Lyman, 1420 Harrison Avenue, Salt Lake City, Salt Lake County, Utah, daughter of Edward Partridge Lyman and Irene Perkins, residence Salt Lake City, father age 36, mother age 28, occupations mechanic and housewife, birthplaces Scipio, Millard County, Utah, and Bluff, San Juan County, Utah; this child being the sixth child of the mother, all of which are still living. Delivered by L.C.E. Ogden, midwife, 269 South 11th East, Salt Lake City. Registration number of certificate P-2641.

DOCUMENT 30

February 12, 1913, Marriage license, State of Utah, County of Salt Lake. To any person legally authorized to solemnize marriage, greeting, you are hereby authorized to join in holy matrimony Mr. Edward P. Lyman of Grayson [Blanding] in the County of San Juan and State of Utah, and Miss Irene Perkins of the same. Witnessed February 6, 1913 by S.J. Rogerson, county clerk. I hereby certify that on the 12th of February 1913 at Salt Lake City in the County of Salt Lake, I the undersigned an Elder of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints did join in the holy bonds of matrimony according to the laws of this state, Edward P. Lyman and Irene Perkins, in the presence of Alfred Solomon and George C. Lambert. Francis M. Lyman (signed) Recorded in Marriage License Book I, page 46, no. 91, San Juan County, and filed February 22, 1913.

DOCUMENT 31

Last diary of Allie Lyman Platt, January 1, 1982 - February 7, 1982. 14 pages. Original in possession of Roberta Platt Bylund [2008]; copy in PFRC, Diaries & Journals, Series 5 [volume yet to be decided].

DOCUMENT 32

May 22, 1958, Monroe Jr. High School graduation program. Prelude music Linda Nordgren; invocation Dick Forbush; welcome Gayle Hawley; double mixed quartet (including Lyman Platt) "You'll Never Walk Alone"; preface for tomorrow Ronald Nordgren; the great tomorrow Peggy Chase; accordian solo Vicky Gould; prognostication Terry DeBerry; presentation of the class of 1958 principal Neal Jones; awarding of certificates, board member Ernest Lee; song by Class of 1958 "I Believe"; farewell Verl Yergensen; benediction Charlett Washburn.

Class members: David Adams, Mayre Arnold, Bonnie Asay, Gerald K. Black, Lloyd Bybee, Peggy Case, Cheryl Chavis, LeVee Dalton, Jim Rex Daniels, Terry DeBerry, Carol Jean Forbush, Dick Forbush, Carol Goold, Vicky Ann Goold, Tom Gray-Mountain, Ann Gregerson, Joaleen Hannon, Gayle Hawley, Linda Holgate, Linda Jensen, Ilene Johnson, Leslie Jones, Tsosie Ronald June, Geraldine Larsen, Floyd Madsen, Keith R. Nelson, Greg Nielson, Sally Nordfors, Ronald Nordgren, Sandra Lee Olsen, Chesley

Parker, Hal Parson, Steve Peterson, Lyman De Platt, Josephine Rock, Dina Jill Rogers, Mabel LaVerne Saliego, Kieth Y. Savage, Teddie Smallcanyon, Sylvia Staples, Tom Milton Tsosie, Charlett Washburn, Ladd White, Thomas J. Williams, Jerry Keith Winget, Patricia Winget, Verl Yergensen, Kenneth Condor.

DOCUMENT 33

September 14, 1969, Nursing card of baby #2 of Paula Platt; male, born 10:45 a.m., Rh. Positive, weight 5 lbs., 14 ozs. length 19 inches. Dr. Kartchner, attending physician, M. Beattie, registered nurse. [Daniel Lyman Platt]

DOCUMENT 34

October 21, 1972, Funeral services of Edward Partridge Lyman, born October 11, 1886 at Scipio, Millard County, Utah, died October 18, 1972, at Provo, Utah County, Utah. Services began at 2:00 p.m. at the Blanding LDS Chapel, conducting Bishop Curtis Jones.

Pallbearers: Joseph Lyman Platt, Edward Lyman Platt, McKay Lyman Platt, Wallace Vissers, Brad Morin, Edward Morin, Duane Black, Jed Lyman and Charles Lyman.

Postlude and prelude by Sue Zan Lyman. Family prayer by Arthur Morin; song by the grandchildren; prayer by Gordon Dee Lyman; song by Arthur Morin family; obituary by Lyman De Platt; speaker Arthur L. Morin; musical number by granddaughter Caroline; song by Kay Lyman family; speaker Kirk Lyman; speaker Kay Perkins Lyman; remarks Bishop Jones; song by the grandchildren; prayer by Mark E. Lyman.

Interment Blanding City Cemetery by San Juan Mortuary. Dedication of grave by Gordon Leavitt Platt.

DOCUMENT 35

June 10, 1943 Poem "Newcomer" by Gordon Leavitt Platt at the birth of his son Lyman De Platt.

Today we had a visitor, a tiny one 'tis true. It seems as tho' he came to stay; we love him, you bet we do. I cannot think just what I want to say about the lad. We cannot 'er be sorry; instead we're very glad. I don't believe we'll trade him, cause he's stolen both our hearts and bound us ever closer; ne'er to be torn apart. Just to see him laying there fills me to the brim. He sleeps a lot but most of all, he looks up at you to grin. If I can ever be with him and watch him as he grows and be the dad I'd ought to be, I'll be happy as no one knows. His sweet and gracious Mother will be his guiding star and someday he will prove himself in return for loving care. May God 'er watch over him and show his guiding hand; to lead him thru to holy ground; that would sure complete our plans. Help

me to be the father that his darling mother is. I'll work and sacrifice it all; I'd die to help him live.

DOCUMENT 36

February 13, 1982 Tribute to Allie Platt by Gregg and Trudena Tagle. Being the Relief Society chorister, I had the opportunity to call Allie each month to ask which hymns she would like us to sing for her spiritual living lesson. On one particular occasion the lesson was "The Lord Will Have a Tried People," and the song she chose was "If the Way be Full of Trial, Weary Not." I told her I was not familiar with the hymn and we found that it was not in our current hymnal, but in an old hymnal. I borrowed the book from Allie and printed the words for all the sisters to see and we sang the hymn. Many of the older sisters remembered the hymn and were glad to sing it again. The words were so significant to me that I kept a copy and I sing it often when I feel I need it. They are as follows:

(1) If the way be full of trial, weary not; if it's one of sore denial, weary not; if it now be one of weeping, there will be a joyous greeting, when the harvest we are reaping, weary not!

(Chorus) Do not weary by the way, whatever be the lot, there awaits a brighter day to all who weary not.

(2) If the way be one of sorrow, weary not; happiness will be the morrow, weary not; here we suffer tribulation, here we must endure temptation; but there'll come a great salvation, weary not!

(3) If misfortune overtakes us, weary not; Jesus never will forsake us, weary not; He will leave us never, never; from His love there's naught can sever; Glory to the Lamb forever, weary not!

Last Sunday the spiritual living lesson was on "Hope in Christ." Prior to the lesson, Allie indicated we should sing "Hope of Israel." Before the lesson, however, she changed her mind and asked to sing "I Know That My Redeemer Lives." As the singers sang this song I felt the beautiful testimony that it is and was glad for the chance to sing this hymn. As the lesson progressed, it was evident that Allie's thoughts were on the eternities. Perhaps the passing of a relative prior to this had caused the reflection. She made the comment that as we get older we think more about the eternities with our loved ones and our hope becomes stronger. We spoke of the difference in LDS and non-LDS funerals, saying that Church members have the knowledge that our life hereafter will continue and that we have a hope for the rewards a faithful life will bring. As Allie bore her testimony, I was filled with the spirit and knew that she loves the Lord.

Allie constantly looked for the good in others and only spoke those things which were complimentary. She spoke highly of her children, and I felt that if I could be as successful

in motherhood as she was I would be happy. I looked to her for strength when my responsibilities as a mother seemed overwhelming. If she could raise 8 children, I could handle my 6.

I always appreciated the support Allie gave to our aerobics class. As one of the instructors, she always thanked me for leading the class. She was very faithful to get up at 6:00 a.m. to exercise with us and it made it easier for me.

I am grateful for the concern she had for others. If anyone needed help she was ready to give. Once she picked some catnip to help my baby's colic, and taught me to make tea. Another time we had fresh tomatoes from her garden. I will always be thankful for her friendship and example.

One sister in our aerobics class wrote this about Allie: "Friendship is like a treasury; you cannot take from it more than you put into it. Allie put a wealth of friendship into her actions. No wonder her life is rich in all that matters." Carol Lambert. We feel the same about Allie, and look forward to seeing her again and renewing that friendship.

DOCUMENT 37

February 8, 1982, Walker Mortuary funeral services working paper, prepared by Lyman De Platt, RR2 Box 216, American Fork, UT 84003. Phone 756-9509.

Allie Lyman Platt, 583 E. 3400 N., Provo, Utah; phone 375-4191; citizen of the USA; died February 8, 1982 at 8:55 a.m. at Orem, Utah from an automobile accident; female, caucasian; Creig MacArthur, physician; born October 7, 1922, age 59 years 3 months and 1 day; birthplace Salt Lake City, Utah; occupation expeditor at BYU purchasing department; social security number 528-20-8944; father Edward Partridge Lyman; mother Irene Perkins; husband Gordon Leavitt Platt; married August 18, 1942 in Salt Lake City.

OBITUARY: Allie Lyman Platt, beloved and devoted wife of Gordon Leavitt Platt, was born October 7, 1922 in Salt Lake City, Utah to Edward Partridge and Irene Perkins. She spent her early life in Blanding, San Juan, Utah. After high school she attended business college in Salt Lake City. Here she met Gordon. They were married in the Salt Lake Temple on August 18, 1942. The family has lived in many places in Utah, California, and Idaho, but has made Provo their home since 1964.

Allie loved people. Her daily journals reflect the intimate association she carried on with hundreds of individuals. Their lives mattered to her. She will be deeply missed.

Active all her life in the L.D.S. Church, she served in numerous teaching and leadership capacities. She enjoyed the youth and was comfortable with them.

Since 1964 she had been employed by BYU with the Purchasing Department and has enjoyed her association with many friends there. Her constant desire was to be of service to others.

She is survived by her husband Gordon Leavitt Platt and six sons and two daughters: Lyman D. Platt, Highland, Utah; Joseph L. Platt, Farmington, Utah; Edward L. Platt, Pleasant Grove, Utah; Gene L. Platt, Newburg, Oregon; Roberta P. Bylund, Springville, Utah; McKay L. Platt, New Orleans, Louisiana; Gordon L. Platt, Brazil Pôrto Alegre Mission; Irene Platt, Provo, Utah; by 26 grandchildren. Her parents are deceased; her remaining two brothers and one sister are Kay Perkins Lyman, Blanding, Utah; Edward Robison Lyman, Blanding, Utah; and Rene L. Morin, Shelley, Idaho.

DOCUMENT 38

November 1, 1982, Report by Elaine Perkins Walton and Ray Walton to all Perkins and Williams cousins. Greetings to each of you: our remarkable experiences which occurred in Wales this past summer need to be told. Some of you have tape recordings of oral reports I have given, while others are too far distant for me to easily visit, some do not have tape recorders, so I have felt that I should prepare this written report of some of our happenings.

THE WELSH CONNECTION: PEREGRINE/PERKINS According to the dictionary, PEREGRINE means "of or from a foreign country; alien, imported; engaged in or traveling on a pilgrimage; wanderer." PERKINS and PEREGRINE are used interchangeably in some Welsh records as early as 1600. It is entirely possible that when the first of this lineage went to Wales, before surnames were fixed, they were from a foreign country (England?) and because of this took the name or were identified as PEREGRINE.

There is a tradition in the family of Thomas PERKINS (PEREGRINE) that their name was changed to PERKINS at the suggestion of Elder John Taylor when he was a missionary in Wales about 1849, but, according to my findings, some were using that name many years earlier. Either name is unusual in Wales, which would seem to bear out the dictionary definition, for there was a minimal use of patronymics among them.

Most of the PEREGRINE/PERKINS people were yeomen or farmers, with a sprinkling of other occupations - brickmasons, glovers, etc., until circumstances in the 1800s forced some of them to seek employment in the coal mines or iron works, especially during the period following 1830.

PEREGRINES and MATHEWS had intermarried in several instances, and when the first Mormon missionaries came to Glamorgan proclaiming the Restored Gospel several of the Mathews people were baptized at once. Through their influence, Thomas and Ann Mathews Peregrine also joined this unpopular movement, as did all but two of their children. In a short time they began making plans to join the flow of immigrants to Utah.

Before this could materialize, however, Thomas became ill and died in Aberdare on the March 24, 1854. Ann determined she still would make the journey, but it was two years before she could. Some of her children preceded her, settling in the Ogden area north of Salt Lake City. After walking across the plains, she joined them there in 1856, where she lived until her death on July 3, 1868. Eventually, all her children except those who had died in childhood in Wales and her daughters Ann Perkins Thomas Hughes and Margaret Perkins Nash, immigrated to the Ogden area.

Son William Perkins did not make the journey until 1868. He made his home in Cedar City, Iron County, in southern Utah, where several of his family had earlier become established. Because of their mining experience, they had been sent by Brigham Young to establish this industry in that locale, along with many other Welsh families.

One of William's daughters, Ruth, married her Uncle Joseph Davis Mathews, their home being in North Salt Lake, while the rest of the large Perkins family, with the exception of son John, lived near Jane and William in Cedar City. Benjamin and Hyrum, however, with their families, were among those called to go to the San Juan County, Utah, to establish a buffer settlement between the warring Navajo and Piute Indians in 1879. Their trek through the Hole-in-the-Rock is one of Utah's greatest epics, an incredible journey.®

Benjamin Perkins was married to Mary Ann Williams. Her sister, Sarah, was nineteen years old, had arrived from Wales in 1878 with her parents and some other family members, and volunteered to go along on this trek to help care to Mary Ann's small children. It was while on this expedition that she became converted to the Mormon faith, having been a devout member of the Methodist faith. She was baptized in the San Juan River after they had arrived at their destination, Bluff, Utah, in 1880.

Later, Sarah was married to Benjamin Perkins. Their family consisted of nine daughters and one son, my father, Richard Leonard Perkins. After the death of this son - his young wife, Ada Hunt, having already preceded him in death - Sarah and Benjamin attempted to care for the four orphaned children, but the task became too great for them. Freeda, the eldest, went to live with Aunt Ione and Uncle Marion Hunt, Doyle to Aunt Sade and Uncle George Barton, Erma to Judge Fred and Mabel Keller, who were not related, and Grandma Sarah kept me, Elaine, the youngest.

PRELUDE While I was growing up, Grandma used to try to get me to write letters to relatives still living in Wales, but I rebelled at this, much to her sorrow, and stubbornly refused to help. Her daughters Lell, Sadie, and Gladys, did what they could to assist her and because of their cooperation many precious letters are now still in existence - answers to those they wrote for her to Wales and Australia.

There was one task which I did enjoy as a child, though, that proved to be a great training for me and which I feel has contributed much in preparing me for genealogical research. Grandma always saved string - some small, some long, some fine - no matter, she saved it. When a certain basket had accumulated quite a supply, she would present it to me to

untangle the mess and roll it into balls. It was always an enjoyable challenge to outwit the knots, and as particularly difficult research problems have come along, that training in patience has stood me in good stead.

My disinterest in ancestors continued until 1939. By that time I was employed by KSL as a secretary, living in the Salt Lake 17th Ward. We had a large group of young people in that Ward, and on Sunday evenings met in a study class. One of the members, Henry Christiansen, had just returned from a mission to Denmark and was completely excited with genealogical research. It became a personal goal of his to get all class members involved in this pursuit, but he met stubborn resistance on my part. After one particularly discouraging encounter, he challenged me to meet him next day on my lunch hour at the Genealogical Library ?just to see@ what we would find there about my Mother's people, of whom I knew very little. Reluctantly I agreed, just to get him off my back, I thought.

At the appointed time, we met in the archives and he began filling out a pedigree chart with the little information I had concerning my Hunt people. He would go from one drawer to another, filling in blank places on that chart, and as he did so, a most marvelous thing was happening to me. I became excited about what he was doing, and experienced the most thrilling feeling envelop me from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet, until I was tingling all over. That feeling has never left me when I do research, and I still experience that intense excitement and sheer joy which then prevaded my soul. To add to my excitement just then, on the chart Henry was filling out for me there appeared the surnames of O'Hara, Butler and other Southern families, just like the cast of ?Gone with the Wind,@ with which I was completely enamored. My conversion was complete.

Following my mission to California in 1941-1942, I married Ray H. Walton and we made our home in Hollywood. We were blessed with four sons and one daughter. As time would permit from then on, I relentlessly pursued Hunt, O'Hara, Butler and other ancestors, totally oblivious to my Welsh progenitors, which Aunt Gladys Perkins Lyman was tirelessly seeking. Grandma, Sarah Williams Perkins, had died suddenly June 30, 1943, and Aunt Gladys had faithfully continued with the search for our Welsh antecedents.

Our eldest son, Ray, was engaged to be married in the spring of 1966, and his fiancéé, Shauna Sheffield, was living at our home that semester, working in Los Angeles, while Ray was in Provo attending Brigham Young University. He and our son David, also a student at BYU, came home the last weekend of February for a visit, riding with another student from Covina, approximately forty miles from La Cañada where we lived. On Sunday afternoon, Shauna and I drove the boys back to Covina for their return to Provo.

On the way home to La Cañada, while I was driving in the fast lane on the San Bernardino Freeway, going about seventy or seventy-five miles an hour, suddenly I could not see - it was as if a curtain had dropped over my eyes, but I felt no pain. It was not until later that I learned I had had a stroke. I called to Shauna to grab the wheel; that I could not see. We had our seat belts fastened, but she grabbed the wheel, and in some

miraculous manner, with my feet still on the gas pedal or the brake, at her direction, nearly semi-conscious, we were able to make our way across four lanes of fast traffic to the next offramp, approximately two miles, and exit from the freeway. As soon as we were off the freeway I completely blacked out.

Gathering courage, Shauna pushed me over the seat and drove on home. As we rounded the corner of Lavender Lane, I regained consciousness. She somehow helped me into the house although I had no balance. My speech was unintelligible, and I still could not see. She quickly called the La Cañada Ward, where Ray was serving as Bishop. Rulon Sheets, a counselor, said Ray had gone to the Glendale hospital to visit some patients, but he would locate him and would be right over. He brought Dr. Donald Nelson with him, also a member of our Ward, and as soon as he saw my distorted face and the other problems, he knew I had had a stroke.

Ray arrived in a few minutes and the three of them gave me a Priesthood administration, anointing my head with consecrated oil and pronounced a blessing upon me. I was healed instantly! It was a sacred, marvelous experience. Dr. Nelson insisted, however, that I go to the hospital to be checked. After three days of thorough testing, they found no after effects and released me.

Our dear Father in Heaven had answered our prayers, but I came to know without any doubt whatsoever that my life had been spared to accomplish this genealogical research. In my patriarchal blessing, received twenty-six years before this, I was told my mission in life was to do this great work, but the pressures of daily living were great, and generally took priority over research. We had five children, each with special needs to be met, I operated my own advertising specialty business, taught early morning seminary five days a week, taught the spiritual living class in Relief Society and the genealogy class in Sunday School, while Ray was serving either as a counselor to or as a bishop and was manager of the Los Angeles area Prudential Insurance Office. The crumbs of left-over time were mighty few. I concluded this had been the best way to convince me I should change some priorities, which I did.

In November 1974 Ray retired from the insurance business and we moved back to Utah, and in just a few months I was invited by the Perkins Family Organization to be their researcher. This timely invitation was welcomed wholeheartedly, and I dived in.

TRIP TO WALES - 1977 After spending hundreds and hundreds of hours on the project, the William Perkins four-generation sheets were completed, and I then began work on the family of his parents, Thomas Peregrine (Perkins) and Ann Mathews Peregrine. Before long, I could see that in order to accomplish this goal a trip to Wales was needed, for at that time only about 30% of the Welsh records had been allowed to be microfilmed by Salt Lake because of continuing prejudice against the Mormon Church. The family organization concurred and we set a departure date for late April, 1977.

While I was in the midst of very hectic preparations to meet this target date, behind the scenes a most remarkable drama was beginning to unfold.

About the end of February, cousin Allie Lyman Platt and her husband Gordon, moved from northern Provo to Pleasant Grove to assist their son Ed and his wife who had just become parents of triplets a few months before. At the first Relief Society meeting Allie attended in this new ward was the women's work and business meeting. Another newcomer to the ward that day was Dot Smith. She and Allie became acquainted as they quilted, and in the course of their conversations, the subject of genealogical research came up. Dot Smith indicated she was most interested in this activity and two years previously had been on a trip to Wales and England to gather data when her son was released from his mission over there. Allie interjected that her cousin was leaving to go to Wales to do the same thing in a couple of months. Dot Smith responded, "Well, have her call me, perhaps I know someone who can be of help to her."

Allie called me later to give me this information and Dot's telephone number. About ten days elapsed before I contacted Dot, but when I did she said she had already written her friends to tell them of my coming, and for me to send them a pedigree chart and itinerary at once. The letter was to go to Haydn and Joy Morgan in Merthyr Tydfil, Glamorganshire.

This couple had joined the Church about 1960 while living in Swansea. He became the Bishop there, and it was under his direction that the Swansea chapel was built. Currently, they lived in Merthyr Tydfil and he was a counselor to the stake president. Dot's son had been acquainted with them while serving as a missionary, and she met them when she went to meet him.

I did sit down, made out the chart and itinerary, and sent them on the way. Before my letter would have even reached New York, however, here came an invitation from the Morgans to come to their home and make it our headquarters; that they would be most happy to do anything possible to help! What an amazing invitation to total strangers, but we gladly accepted!

With a wedding to prepare for our son Mark the week we were to leave, law school graduation for son Jim, plus untold other activities the night before, D-Day arrived with many things still to be completed for our trip. Departure time was set to 6:00 a.m., and at 2:30 a.m. I was still busy making last minute decisions regarding which papers I would take for the various families we were to do research for - my mother's people in the Southern U.S., Ray's people in England, and Perkins and Williams families in Wales. As I was sitting at our kitchen table pouring over my files, the thought - just like a neon sign - blazed across my mind, "Take some pictures with you." Pictures? Of whom? But the impression was so strong, I got up and went to my picture assortment, selecting five. Amazingly, all were of my grandmother's people in Wales, members of the Williams family. They were put in an envelope, tucked in my suitcase, and by 6:00 were on their way with us, waiting to play an unbelievable part in this unfolding drama.

An exciting month was spent in pursuing Hunts, O'Haras and Butlers through Kentucky, South Carolina and Virginia, then finally our plane landed at Gatwick Airport, London, where we rented a car and bravely drove on to Merthyr, arriving at the Morgan home too late at night to do more than get acquainted then drop off to sleep. Early next morning we awakened to a beautiful sunny day, totally enthralled at actually being in Wales. Haydn was already up and waiting for us.

We discussed what we hoped to accomplish, one objective being to find information about grandma's grandfather, Thomas Davies, who was born in Merthyr 175 years previously. This reminded me of my envelope of photos, for I had a print taken from an old tin type of him, so I went and brought back the five prints. I showed Thomas's picture to Haydn, and he said, "Great, we will see what we can find out about him." I then showed him the second print - that of the Evan Williams family as they had appeared in 1871, before leaving Cwnbach to America. This picture was one given me by Grandma nearly fifty years before, and on the back of it in her handwriting she had identified everyone.

Upon seeing this print, Haydn went pale, blurting out "This can't be your family." I reaffirmed "Yes, this is Evan and Mary Williams on Rose Row, with their children, and this girl is my grandmother at age 11." He was acting very strangely, I thought, and he said, "I think I have seen this picture before."

Arising, he went to his boxes of pictures, AND BROUGHT FORTH THE ORIGINAL OF MY PHOTO! We were totally dumbfounded. In Haydn's own words: "I looked at this photo for a moment and said, <I think I've seen this picture before=" I said <think= deliberately, though in my heart I knew for a surety that I *had* seen the picture before. I went into my own records and pulled out the Edwards family file and in particular looked through some photographs that had previously belonged to my grandfather, John Richards Edwards. From amongst the photographs there I produced the ORIGINAL of the photo that Elaine had.

"For a few minutes we both sat dumbfounded, absolutely baffled that this thing should have come about. The original had been in my family's possession for many years, and was given to me by my mother, Claudia Edwards. I used to ask her who they were on the photograph, and all she could say was that it was connected <with your grandfather Edwards.= So far, despite all our efforts, we have been unable to find the connection between Elaine's and my families."

This unbelievable happening, however, was just the beginning! We soon discovered that Joy is a descendant of David Peregrine, a brother of my third great-grandfather, Thomas Peregrine! So we are related both to Haydn and to Joy. Can you imagine the odds? Total strangers being invited to partake of the Morgan hospitality simply because we were members of the same Church, and they both were converts to it? And my family members had been gone from Wales for one hundred years?

Soon after Haydn had joined the Church, my cousin's daughter, Gayle Lyman, had been in Swansea as a missionary and had become acquainted with both the Morgans. Upon her return to Blanding, Utah, she had advised Aunt Gladys Perkins Lyman about them. She, in turn, had corresponded with them for years, until she died in 1972, but they could discover no relationship. This was years before Joy knew of her Perkins relationship, as this bit of information had surfaced about the time we left for Wales. No doubt we would have established the ties with Joy's progenitors, since I was searching for that same name, but IT WAS ONLY BECAUSE OF THE PICTURES I TOOK WITH US THAT WE REALIZED THERE WAS A TIE WITH HAYDN'S FAMILY.

Without the help of these wonderful Morgans, our trip to Wales in 1977 would have produced very little research information. Not only was I unfamiliar with Welsh customs, their language, geography (in spite of much home study about all of these), but we were Americans, and Mormons. Much bitterness had been engendered at the time of the mass conversions in Glamorgan and Carmarthen during the late 1840s and early 1850s, and the subsequent exodus of hundreds of Welsh men and women to America, most of them going to Utah. This left many of the clergy with depleted congregations and a big loss of income, so naturally they disliked the "wicked" Mormons, and this dislike has been handed down to the present time.

But with the help of Haydn and Joy our trip was a smashing success, and the help they have given our families since 1977 has been marvelous. Some of the need for a second trip over there came about as a result of the sources of information uncovered by them.

BACK TO WALES - 1982 (MAY 8TH THROUGH JULY 3RD) The chief objectives of this latest journey were to try to find identification by families for the hundreds of Perkins/Peregrine names accumulated through the IGI (International Genealogical Index), a cumulative index to names submitted to Salt Lake from researchers worldwide), from Haydn, from wills, parish and chapel registers, censuses and other records, as well as to gather William family data to be able to complete the family group sheets for the brothers and sisters of Evan and Mary Davies Williams.

Again we were the guests of Joy and Haydn Morgan. There is no way they could have shown more kindness, more hospitality, been more generous. They insisted we sleep in their own comfortable bed, drive their best car, eat their food prepared so tastefully by Joy, use their telephone and take up much of their time for two months. Haydn even took three weeks of his vacation time to help us, and Joy took two. They have taught us the true meaning of hospitality, with no thought nor tolerance for being repaid in dollars (or pounds) for any of these things. We are eternally indebted to them, and are grateful they are so long suffering.

THE GRIFFITHS OF TREWERYN. In Wales there are no motels as we know them, so tourist accommodations are found in pubs (inns) or private homes where a sleeping room and breakfast, sometimes dinner, are provided for a set fee. These are simply called bed and breakfast places.

Our first target this trip was the National Library of Wales (somewhat similar to the Congressional Library in Washington, D.C.) at Aberystwyth on the west coast of Wales. This is a long drive from Merthyr, so Haydn had rented a room for us from Alun and Gwyneth Griffiths, 3 Trewern, Trinity Street. Our stay with them was delightful, for nearly two weeks. Our room was warm, clean and cheery, our breakfast and dinners most delicious. Gwyneth Griffiths is a master soup maker, and both she and Alun are marvelous cooks. Sons Afon and Garreth and daughter Sioneth all contributed to our enjoyment, and even Old Thom, their cat, became a friend of Ray. It was a memorable time.

Our days at the National Library were highly successful searching newly turned-in parish registers and other items, and we hated to leave (that is I hated to leave - Ray was numb from so much copying, but other areas needed exploring, too).

[Because of the length of this document, I will now only give the genealogical and connecting data, as the flavor of the trips and what led up them has been preserved - Lyman De Platt]

Thursday, May 20, 1982 On this morning we arrived in Carmarthen about 10:00, I going directly to the County Record Office. (In Ray's search for a bed and breakfast he found Ruby Evans, a Perkins, descendants of Thomas Perkins' brother Oliver, and of Joy's David Peregrine!) All we had known of Oliver for certain was that he was a non-conformist, had a son Thomas who had a son Thomas, and that they lived in the Swansea area. These were some of the very people we had needed to identify by families! And here we find Ruby in an area totally disassociated from where Oliver's descendants would likely be. Incredible! Incredible!

Words are completely inadequate to describe the joy of that evening. I can still hear Ruby and her daughter Margaret exclaiming, "Well, I never! Never! Never! Well! Well!" over and over. They are simply beautiful, wonderful people and we fell totally in love with them. There was such a warm bond and kinship immediately evident. They had much family information on Oliver's family and we had records they did not have. Excitement prevailed!

NEW FAMILY TREE ASSOCIATION. While we were in the Records Office at Carmarthen, someone mentioned that the following Wednesday evening there would be an organizational meeting for the Carmarthen Family Tree Association at the local library at 7:30, and also that one of the men in charge at the library was Mr. Peregrine Thomas; both bits of news were of great interest to me.

As we returned to Merthyr and related our incredible story to Haydn and Joy, Haydn's first thought was that "Aunt Gladys has been busy again." The four of us went back the next Wednesday to introduce them to Ruby and Margaret, and to attend the meeting. About fifty people were eagerly assembled there to effect this organization. One of the executives was Mr. David May from Kidwelly, a town nearby, who is a retired Scotland

Yard detective, a most friendly and impressive individual. The meeting was a big success, with both Haydn and me getting involved with suggestions. Everyone seemed genuinely interested in genealogical research....

Mr. David May was extremely thoughtful and kind, and invited Ray and me to come to Kidwelly a few days after the meeting in May, as he knew burial places of quite a few Anthony people, as well as where their farms have been. We spent one morning with him.... In a letter received about the middle of October from Mr. May, he indicates there are now 169 members, with interest and excitement running high. He also told me a new relative he had found of mine, Mrs. Iris Davies (nee Williams) who would be writing me one day before too long regarding Peregrine-Anthony research....

There was only a moment for a visit with Mr. Peregrine Thomas, but found his Peregrine line goes directly to Llangendeirne, where there were people I am confident were part of our line....

Inasmuch as Joy and Haydn are so independent and would not accept any remuneration in any way from us, and since their daughter, Dawn, a student at Oxford, was free from classes and unemployed from June to October, we were able to hire her to do more research at Cardiff and Swansea on the Perkins people with those funds. This was a wonderful arrangement, for it freed us for extra Williams family research. Dawn had done a remarkable amount of work for us, not all of which has been received yet, but she has been a real blessing to our endeavors, and we are most indebted to her.

THE WILLIAMS FAMILY - Evan Williams was born in the area covered by St. Brides Minor, and his progenitors were from Coychurch or Llandyfodwg, primarily. They were mostly farmers, gentle, humble people. Hard times forced most of Evan's generation into the mines to earn a living. He became a timberman and was known for the excellence of his work. During the 1870s, he was sent for two years to Russia by the British government to help establish mines there.

Due to being in the water so much of the time down in the mines, Evan developed serious lung problems, categorized as "asthma of the worst kind." His health became so precarious after his return to Wales that the doctors prescribed a change of climate, such as that of America, which could either cure or kill him. Since their daughter Mary Ann was already in the United States with her husband, Benjamin Perkins, it was finally decided they would join them. They emigrated in May 1878, their destination being Cedar City, Iron County, Utah.

The focal point of my Williams research was the family of Edmund and Sarah Morgan Williams, Evan's parents. While some general information was known about each of Evan's brothers and sisters, in most cases their children were unknown entities. To help identify individuals mentioned in the following stories, listed below are the brothers and sisters of Evan Williams:

CHILDREN OF EDMUND WILLIAMS AND SARAH MORGAN WILLIAMS:

- | | | | |
|----|-----------|-----------|-----------------|
| 1. | Thomas | born 1819 | |
| 2. | Jane | born 1822 | |
| 3. | Mary | born 1826 | |
| 4. | Evan | born 1827 | our ancestor |
| 5. | Sarah | born 1831 | |
| 6. | Edmund | born 1834 | |
| 7. | Catharine | born 1836 | |
| 8. | Gwenllian | born 1839 | |
| 9. | Richard | born 1840 | died in infancy |

From the research done by Aunt Gladys Perkins Lyman, and the old correspondence of Grandma Perkins, the foundation for the Williams research was laid. Before this last trip to Wales, I poured over every letter and bit of information I could find. From these sources I obtained addresses where some of the relatives used to live in Wales, which proved very helpful in several instances, in locating some living relatives. Especially of value were letters from Mary Davies Howells, granddaughter of #5 above, Sarah, and those from Ann Hopkins, daughter of #8, Gwenllian. The experiences about to be related are not necessarily in chronological order of the children listed above, but rather, are given more in the context of events as they happened.

OLD EBENEZER - AND JANE, #2 From the time this 1982 journey was definitely determined, one thought kept coming back to me: wouldn't it be great to find the old Methodist chapel where grandma and others of her family went to worship while they lived in Wales. That minister was evidently a wonderful man, for he had a profound influence on grandma's life, even presenting her with a Bible when she left to come to America. She never forgot him, and somehow I wanted to see that place of worship. The opportunity to look for it came on a Saturday soon after the Carmarthen experience when we had a couple of free hours before needing to be back at the Morgan's....

So, about 11:00 on this Saturday morning, we left our work at the Aberdare library and Ray drove me to Cwmbach. Remarkably, he remembered the way to Rose Row from our 1977 visit, but we passed no old chapels. Being the resourceful individual he is, he went into a market adjacent to Rose Row (where the Williams family lived in Cwmbach) to make some inquiries. One lady recalled that a few blocks away there were two old chapels, but she did not know if either was a Methodist one. We found our way, and there on the corner was the Ebenezer Chapel, while a few doors away we saw the Bryn Sion meeting place, both unused now and deserted, with no identification as to denomination. Then, up the street further, we spotted still a third chapel, Bethania, also deserted.

We could see no one about except a young boy who came by, but he had no idea if one of these used to be a Methodist Chapel. Finally, a movement caught Ray's eye, and he saw a man working in his garden up the street some distance, so off he went to inquire of him. ?Can you please tell me if any of these chapels used to be for Methodists?@ ?Yes, the

Ebenezer Chapel. I used to be the caretaker and my wife was the organist there for years. @ ?My wife's grandmother used to attend that old chapel, then, and we just wanted to see it. She used to live on Rose Row. @ ?That is interesting, so did my wife's family. What was her name? @ ?Williams. @ ?Well, so was my wife's family named Williams. @

Incredibly, again, we had been led to these people who could help us. Ray was speaking with David Thomas Jenkins, whose wife was Mary Elizabeth Morgan Jenkins. Her grandmother was Sarah Williams, daughter of Edmund (#6 on the list above), a brother of our Evan, and first cousin to my grandmother. Each girl was given the same name, and they were less than a month apart in age. They had been the closest and dearest of friends until grandma came to America, then they had corresponded for years. Since our time was running short, we made an appointment to come back the next day, to visit and contemplate this new find.

On Sunday morning, Haydn accompanied us on our return visit. The Jenkins had a lot of pictures and quite a bit of family information which they were most willing to share. They let us borrow their photos, so Haydn made copies of them. Unfortunately, again several are not identified, much to our sorrow.... Mary Elizabeth had a photo of her great-grandmother, Jane Williams, child #2 on the list. Her daughter, Elizabeth Lewis, had married her Uncle, Edmund Williams, #6, so she was especially helpful in regard to the family of Jane.

SARAH DUDLEY - #4 ROSE ROW, AND THE SWEETS. When we were in Cwnbach in 1977, I did not know of Sarah Dudley, a granddaughter of Edmund and Elizabeth Williams, but was told about her by Vernon Williams when we visited him in California in 1979. Vernon had been in Wales during World War II and had become acquainted with several families of kinfolk then. As we became acquainted with these same people, almost their first question was about Vernon. He is held in great esteem by all who met him. He is the son of Evan Williams' son Thomas.

Haydn, Ray and I went to visit Sarah one day, and were in for a special treat. We found her so warm, friendly, and so ?family,@.... Her daughter, Joan Hopkins and husband Brian, were most hospitable to us, also, and helped fill in many blank spaces on family group sheets. Joan served us some mouth-watering Welsh cakes she had made, and gave me the receipe....

Going into #4 Rose Row was a special thrill to me, for grandma was in and out of this home all during her younger years. It is all modernized now, but gave me the feel of the size and kind of place grandma had lived in herself, and I loved it....

OLIVE JONES, DESCENDANT OF THOMAS, #1. Olive Jones, granddaughter of the elusive Mary, daughter of Thomas! When we went to her home, it was like seeing another of the Utah family of Williams women - she is beautiful, has wonderfully smooth skin, dark brown hair, dark eyes, lovely kind expression on her face, with a gentle, sweet disposition. As with the other cousins we had met, immediately we loved her, too.... Her

special treasure - Thomas's family Bible, or rather, Mary's family Bible, given her by Thomas! And what a treasure! There we found recorded all the vital records about Mary, her five children, and her grandchildren to some extent. It did not contain any data about Mary's mother, but it did have the date of birth for Mary and from that, we have been able to obtain a birth certificate which gives Catharine Davies as the mother. When we went there we knew next to nothing of Thomas or Mary, but when we left we had births, marriages, and deaths of many of that family, the kind of bonanza every genealogist dreams of. We truly felt guided in being able to find Olive, these precious records and special people.

MARY WILLIAMS, CHILD #3. Aunt Jane Hunter had photos of Mary, her husband Robert Chubb, and several of their children, but no full dates of births, marriages, or deaths except one death date for a son Robert. Soon after the Evan Williams group had emigrated, Robert Chubb, age 29, was killed in a mine explosion. Probably Mary herself had sent a newspaper account of the accident, and had even attached a small swatch from his underwear! That obituary led us to another most unusual story.

Efail Isaaf, place of burial for Robert Chubb, was a place totally unheard of by me before, but upon examining a large map of Haydn's, Ray discovered it was just a few miles south of Pontypridd. With great anticipation we set out one day to see what we could find there, and found that this little hamlet or village is one of the loveliest parts of Glamorgan.... As we were entering the village, to our left we saw a Baptist Chapel, and adjoining it, an old cemetery. Immediately (by now almost automatically) we stopped the car and eagerly entered the silent graveyard. The first thing my eyes saw as we went through the gate was a large impressive white stone with inscriptions for both Mary and Robert Chubb, the parents! And around their plot were graves of several Chubb children!

It is pretty breath-taking on a search of this kind to be in possession of only one date for a family one minute, then the next to have at your fingertips births and deaths for many belonging to it. My reaction, of course, was to sit and cry for joy. The questions in my mind immediately were, "Are you happy we found you, Mary and Robert? Is it you who have guided us here?"

We quickly copied all the inscriptions we could see, then Ray set out to try and locate the chapel registers, if there were any, as this was one chapel still in use. The minister, next door, knew of no old records. Ray saw a woman on the street and asked if she knew where the caretaker of the chapel lived, and she directed him to the Griffiths, nearby, but no one was in. Down the street Ray could see a post office, so he went there to inquire if there were currently any Chubb families living in Efail Isaaf. The postmaster said there were none, but a Mrs. Betty James, a few doors away, was a Chubb before her marriage. She was not at home, either, but returned a little later from a shopping trip so we were able to meet with her.... She gave us the name of a cousin, John Chubb, in Pontypridd, owner of the Pontypridd Builders Supplies, who might have some records....

The chapel caretakers also returned home and we were able to see their only old records - that of burials. From it we obtained quite a few bits of helpful information about the Chubbs. We were referred to an elderly lady in her nineties who knew the histories of nearly everyone in the community, so we called on her. She has played the organ at that chapel for 67 years, and is still the organist! William Chubb conducted the music there for years, she told us. She went with us inside the Chapel, played some hymns for us, and gave us some delightful moments while she reminisced about the early days, but did not have much specific history of the Chubb family.

As it turned out, the amount of information we amassed that day was ample to begin a search in the civil registrations for births of Chubb children, and certificates have been ordered since we returned home....

John Chubb ... was a distinguished-looking man, whom I judge to be about 59 years of age.... I had brought him some pictures of Mary, his great-grandmother, and some of her children, as well as a copy of the data collected thus far about her family, including the obituary of Robert. After all this introduction, Mr. Chubb said he was most astonished at all this, especially since he is semi-retired and NEVER comes into the office anymore - he had not been there for a month. How interesting that he was somehow in his office, for just a couple of hours, at the time we selected to call on him. He knew very little family history...made a phone call to Marie, a cousin, about 73 years of age. It was agreeable, so he piloted us about twenty miles to meet with her. She, too, was charming and most friendly, but they do not have much family information....[after returning home] I received from him several certificates - birth, death, marriage - for his parents and other family members, a marvelous contribution to this line, so now we have nearly complete records for Mary, Robert and nine children....

SARAH, CHILD #5. No attempt to pursue research on this line was made since Aunt Gladys had corresponded for years with Mary Howell, a granddaughter of hers, and data on that family seems to be quite complete.

CATHERINE, CHILD #7, AND RICHARD THEHARNE. Old letters and previous research indicated they had a very large family and lived in the Rhondda Valley, primarily at Pentre, Ystradyfodwg Parish. A visit to the vast cemetery at Pentre and to the sexton's office yielded several dates, but our main success came from the Record Office at Pontypridd. When we began, I knew none of the names of the 14 children supposedly born to this couple. We have now identified seven of them, and through the civil registration have hopes of finding the others. Most of the children died young, leaving no posterity. One granddaughter emigrated to Tennessee in 1902, and in time, I will locate those descendants.

One old address I did have was for Sarah Ann Jenkins, a granddaughter of Richard Treharne's sister, Ann, and we went to that address. Sarah Ann passed away about 1955, but her daughters were still living in Pentre, one of them at the old home....Megan Morris, Esther Ann Bevan and her husband, and a granddaughter Vivian. They were

wonderfully cordial...but did not have much family information. They did present us with a photo of their grandmother Ann....

GWENLLIAN, CHILD #8, AND GEORGE HOPKINS. The eldest child of this couple was a daughter, Ann, born in 1861 and who lived to be past 97 years of age. She died unmarried in 1959. It was she who had corresponded faithfully for years and years with grandma, then with Aunt Gladys, had given a wealth of family history about her own parents and others of the Williams people whom she had known. Somehow, however, I could find no family group sheet for her parents, in spite of extensive efforts to locate one, so had to go to Wales with only her name, age, year of death and the name of one brother who had gone to Australia.

For years she had lived at #1 Alma Terrace in Maesteg, and had been cared for by a niece, Hetty Griffith and her husband William. In the hopes that Hetty might still be living, we went to that address. To our delight, even though Hetty had passed away about ten years ago, her husband William was living and still in the old residence.

We had a great visit with him, and discovered he had known an uncle of Haydn's who used to live in Maesteg. He was going to show us the uncle's old farm, but we found a construction project had blocked the road leading there. From him we received a photo of Hetty and himself, addresses of two nieces who live in Australia, and as much information as he could recall.... Through the data gathered at the sexton's office and cemetery in Pentre, and from the Pontypridd Record Office, I now have the names of thirteen out of the fourteen children born to George and Gwenllian Hopkins, with a great many dates of births and deaths.

BUFFLA, TWYRTHYR EGLWYS, PARC BACH, AND COYCHUCH - Edmund and Sarah Morgan William, parents of Evan and the others whose research we were doing, moved around considerably. He was a forester, a farmer, a labourer, and a sheepman at various times. Various records had listed names of the farms where they lived at different times, so Haydn prepared a surprise for us. Through his office, he could locate the telephone numbers for the farms without needing the name of the current occupier. This he did for the above three places, and made appointments for us to come and see the old homes.

What a thrill to visit these places with names I couldn't even pronounce. Now I can visualize much of the childhood of Evan Williams in the different settings. Buffla was a sheep farm on a steep mountainside in the Rhondda Valley. The original home is still in use, furnished now much as it would have been when these second-great-grandparents lived there; an exciting experience to see it, let alone to go into those tiny rooms. Twyrthyr Eglwys is a farm near a church (Eglwys) in rolling hills, not far from Bridgend. Evan may have been born, or at least christened, while the family resided here. The original home has been replaced, but two adjoining buildings show what the original was like. Then, just a few miles distant was Parc Bach, residence of Edmund and Sarah for many years, in the parish of Coychurch. Gentle, rolling hills, a bubbling stream, beautiful

green everywhere - many shrubs, trees and miles of grass - how they must have loved this area. There is one tiny ancient little house long unused, which I am confident must have been their residence, crumbling away, off to the side of a more recently built big home, although it, too is old. No doubt Edmund and Sarah just leased part of this farm, as no doubt they did the others, also. It was simply a marvelous experience to go into each of these houses, whose owners or occupiers, without exception, were most affable.

Death certificates and records of different family members indicated Edmund and Sarah were buried at Coychurch Parish cemetery, but we had been unable to locate their tombstones. On our visit in 1977 we found a stone for an Evan Morgan whom I felt certain was Sarah's father, but it had sunk into the ground and was tilted so far toward the ground that only a little of the inscription could be read. This time, it was my hope that the stone could be uprighted in order to be read.

So one cold Saturday afternoon, Haydn, Joy, Ray and I set out for Coychurch fortified with shovel, axe, crowbar, rope and other tools to attempt this mighty feat. It was no small task, for the stone was immense and extremely heavy. If anyone had happened to come along during this endeavor they would have been justified in thinking we were grave robbers. It had a definitely comical appearance as these heroic men cut down small trees which were binding the stone in its fallen position, then dug and dug and dug. It seemed the stone must be as deep as the bodies interred there, but after tremendous exertion, they hit pay dirt!

Here lieth the body of
Evan Morgan
Who died April 8, 1784 Age 56
Also, Sarah the Wife of the Above
Who died 29 March 1800 Age 85 Years
Also, in Memory of Sarah the Wife
of Edmund Williams of This Parish
Who died March 2, 1846, Age 46 Years
Also, the Above Named Edmund Williams
Who died August 29, 1866,
At the Age of 75 Years

There was a short saying or inscription below this, but the stone had broken off, and that part was not retrieved. But what a find! The burial places of the GRANDPARENTS of Sarah Morgan Williams, as well as that for herself and Edmund! There has been no opportunity to delve further since coming home, but this Evan Morgan's wife's name is shown on family records to be Mary, so I do not yet know if he married twice, or if our records are wrong. But this was one exciting treasure.

JACOBS - DAVIES - THE ICING ON THE CAKE. One facet of research which I had hoped would yield many rewards was in regard to Mary Jane Jacob, mother of Mary Davies Williams. Mary Jane married Thomas Davies in Aberdare, and we have her

christening date in Llandyfodwg Parish at which time her parents lived at Castell Mwywys. On an old map at Aberystwyth we were able to locate this elusive farm, and subsequently found the place itself, where two or three old buildings still remain. The oldest one has been added on to, and we feel certain that it is the birthplace of Mary Jane, but no other records or data was found to help on this line.

There were several children born to Mary Jane Jacob and Thomas Davies. After her death at the age of 36, Thomas married again and had several more offspring, but it was his first family's records I was seeking. Mary, my great-grandmother, married Evan Williams. Her brother Thomas went to Queensland, Australia, where his descendants are numerous, and with whom we correspond today. That left a brother, Richard, for whom I hoped to gather more identification. We had a copy of his will, probated in 1893, at which time he lived in Swindon, England. As to his family, we knew very little except he had a wife named Catharine, and a daughter Mary. Aunt Jane Hunter had photos of him and of Catharine, but did not leave a record of her maiden name.

I had a great desire to go to Swindon, Wiltshire, not even knowing if I could find anything there to be of help, but it was always out of the way wherever we were headed in England. Haydn and Joy had never been to Scotland, nor had we, and since Ann Lyman McQueen, a cousin, and her husband, Jim were at Ayr, Scotland, serving as missionaries, we decided to take time out and pay them a visit. It was a beautiful ride up there, and one which all of us thoroughly enjoyed and are grateful we took, for Jim died suddenly of a heart attack two months after our visit, while still in Ayr. On our way back to Merthyr, Haydn, ever solicitous about getting me to the places I most wanted to go, but without any prompting this time, asked if I didn't want to go to Swindon. Of course I was dying to do so, but just did not want to take everyone so far out of the way. But he decided: We would go to Swindon.

Upon our arrival in the town, Haydn directed us to the local library. He knows where everything is, no matter which area we were in. Once there, we asked what early records they had. There were many early city directories, from about 1878 - 1925, I believe. I knew Richard had died in 1893, but had no idea when Catharine passed away, nor Mary, nor names of others of his family. In the old directories we located him from 1880 to 1893 as head of the family, then at the same address was shown Catharine as head until 1908, so felt certain that was the year of her demise. We copied addresses of the other Davies names to search later as possible children of theirs.

Next we inquired for old newspapers. To our delight we found they had some on microfilm for 1893. There we were able to find a very lengthy obituary for Richard, and to obtain a printout of it. We found he was an important Baptist preacher.

Inquiries revealed the old Baptist Chapel and cemetery to have been torn down and removed to make way for the development of the area in which we then were visiting. Haydn, knowing so much of British customs and procedures, went to a kiosk (telephone). After making three calls, he found that the records of the old cemetery were

now at the Crematorium. At that office, they gave him the grave number at Radnor Street Cemetery, where, predictably, we rushed. Thrilling it was to each of us to stand before that beautiful tombstone, inscribed not only with his vital records, but also, with those of Catharine and a son Wyndham! Our search had lead to most valuable information. Enclosed by a rock border were these graves and two adjoining ones with markers.

It was now late in the day, so we returned to Merthyr, with one satisfied and elated Elaine pondering the wonder of it all. Early next morning, Ray and I went on about our activities, but Haydn and Joy were still on holiday and remained at home. When we returned that evening Haydn greeted us with the fact that he had again called the Crematorium and learned that the two vacant plots, were, indeed, part of the Davies family. One was the resting place for an Owen Davies who had just been buried in 1980, and their records gave the next of kin as Betti Catherine Ball, listing her address in Liverpool!

This was exciting. I sat right down that evening and wrote her a letter, sending a copy of information so far known, and telling her I was a cousin from America, in Wales seeking for family history. I asked if she would please write or telephone us at Haydn's, as we were due to return to the U.S. in just two short weeks.

On Monday morning, while Ray and I were out, Joy answered a telephone call from Kenneth Ball in Liverpool. They had been away for the weekend returning late Sunday evening, and had found my letter. They were astonished, intrigued and puzzled over it, so Kenneth had called as early as he could. My hearing aid was out of commission, so Haydn called them back that evening for me.

We learned that they had very few records, had no idea there were relatives in America, and that Betty had an Aunt Cassie living in Bristol and an Uncle Frank Davies in Dorset who might know something of the family.

There were telephone calls back and forth several times during the week; on Thursday, Kenneth was wondering if Betty were to take the train from Liverpool, could we meet her at Cardiff or Abergavenny? He wanted her to be able to meet us. Of course we could, so next morning she made the seven-hour trip from her home to Abergavenny, and we picked her up at noon in the middle of a pouring rain....

After her return to Liverpool, there were more telephone calls from her and from Ken, and we were able to go to Bristol to meet her Uncle Frank and his sister Cassie. Cassie is 89 years old, and Frank about 75, both refined, gracious and cordial. Our lovely visit was at the seaside at Bristol, and inside a restaurant. The old records were lost when they moved some years back and the box or trunk in which they were stored was left out in the rain and the contents ruined. They gave me a lot of important data from memory, however, which is of great value.

DOCUMENT 39

September 28, 1965 County Clerk's Office, Provo, Utah County, Utah. Received from Lyman De Platt \$2.50. Marriage license number 28829.

DOCUMENT 40

Social Security Account Number of Lyman De Platt, P.O. Box 6, Springdale, Washington County, Utah: 528-60-9891.

DOCUMENT 41

Newspaper clipping: Provoan Becomes Applicant for <Buddy Flight.= Lyman De Platt, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon L. Platt, 410 N. 900 W., Provo, is the first applicant from the Provo area to sign up for the Air Force's Utah Buddy Flight. This flight is sponsored by the Kennecott Copper Corporation and will begin on April 26, in Salt Lake City. Sergeant William R. Blush, local Air Force recruiter, said that he expects Mr. Platt to be assigned to the Administrative Technical School following basic training. Preliminary tests have indicated that Mr. Platt possesses unusual ability in this field. Mr. Platt recently returned from an LDS mission in the Andes Mission in Peru where he has been serving for the past 22 years. [Photo accompanies newspaper clipping.]

DOCUMENT 42

Record Microfilming Nearing End in Mexico after 16 years. *Church News*. After 16 years of intensive work, Genealogical Society technicians are finishing up the microfilming operation in Mexico. All major repositories have been covered and all that remains to be done is the 25 civil registration archives, around 250 small parishes, and some finishing up work. It is expected that this work will be completed early in 1972. [Note: we are still filming in 1993 and it looks like we'll be going another five years at least - Lyman De Platt]

?More filming has been done in Mexico in terms of microfilm rolls than in any other country except the U.S. We have approximately 80,000 rolls,@ said Lyman De Platt, research specialist responsible for Latin America.

?There are two main reasons for this. The first is that Mexico, along with Peru, is one of the two main countries with a high mixture of Spanish and Indian cultures and population. Secondly, Mexico has the largest Church population in Latin America,@ he said.

Problems have been present through the years, due largely to the remoteness of some of the areas to be covered, and to the superstitions of some of the Indians.

?We have encountered some Indians who feel that their souls are somehow in the records and if we film them we are taking their souls away,@ said Mr. Platt.

?On the other hand, we have had extremely good cooperation from the Catholic Church in Mexico, as we are having in South America. This is in part due to the new trend of liberal thinking from the ecumenical council, plus the fact that we give them a copy of everything we film.@

Genealogy is simplified in Mexico due to the naming practice of the Spanish people.

?In Mexico, children take the name of their father by which they are known,@ said Mr. Platt. ?They also carry the maiden name of their mother. This makes genealogy a lot easier as does the record keeping that the Spanish originated there.

?Copies of most of the films that have been made are in the branch library in Mexico City, which is operated in conjunction with the Academy of Heraldry and Genealogy of Mexico, and some are in the branch library at Colonia Juarez. They are also available through the library program of the Church,@ said Mr. Platt.

A research paper for Mexico ?Series H No. 2@ is also available for those interested in Mexican genealogy. It may be obtained from the Church Distribution Center and lists all types of records available, periods covered, types of information given, their availability and location.

DOCUMENT 43

June 19, 1961, Whittier Union High School, Sixty-first Annual Commencement. As I did not attend the commencement activities, having checked out of school early to move to Utah, I only note the fact that the document is available for future reference. My name is listed along with several hundred other graduating seniors, including my friends Charles Richard Hand, Richard M. Henderson, Kristen Tina Hurd, Penny Ivie, Carol Lyn Newbold, Michele Pellissier, Michael Edward Purdy, and possibly others; most of the names I don't even recognize. Lyman De Platt.

DOCUMENT 44

June 6, 1923, Public School, Salt Lake City, Utah. Progress Record of Edward Lyman (Uncle Bob), L. North and G. Kelly, teachers; A.B. Kesler, principal; Uintah School; 1 semester 1923-1924. Records: 85 days present up to January 18th, days absent 1, days tardy 1; 36 days present between then and April 11th, 17 absent, 1 tardy; note for a period up to June 8 - If Edward had remained until the end he would have been promoted to 2A. He was good in language, excellent in industrial, good in pictorial, good in dramatic, excellent in music, excellent in both work and play situations; good mental alertness; excellent physical alertness; good initiative, concentration, power to sustain effort and

health. His mother, Irene P. Lyman, signed on January 18, 1924; Carley Adams signed for him on April 11, 1924.

DOCUMENT 45

February 17, 1880, Laws of Utah, Twenty-Fourth Session. Chapter IX. Creating San Juan County. Section 1. Be it enacted by the Governor and Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Utah: That all those portions of the counties of Kane, Iron, and Piute, lying east of the main channel of the Colorado and Green Rivers, and south of parallel 38 degrees 30 minutes north latitude, are hereby attached to and named San Juan County, which is hereby attached to and named part of the Second Judicial District of this Territory. And all that portion of this Territory lying east of Green River and between the said parallel 38, and a line running due east from the mouth of Price River to the summit of Brown Cliff, thence following the summit of said Cliffs to the eastern boundary of Utah Territory, is hereby attached to and made part of Emery County.

Section 2 For the purpose of organizing San Juan County, the following officers are hereby appointed: Silas S. Smith, Probate Judge; Platte D. Lyman, Jens Nielsen, and Zachariah B. Decker, Selectmen; who shall qualify by taking an oath of office to faithfully perform the duties thereof. They shall hold said offices until the first annual election, and until their successors shall be elected and qualified. They shall commence the duties of their offices by proceeding on or before the first Monday in May, 1880, to organize and to appoint a Clerk and an Assessor and Collector, and such other offices as may be necessary to serve until the regular election. They shall establish the boundaries of precincts, and designate voting places, and appoint judges of election, and give notice of the regular annual election to be held and conducted according to the laws of the Territory....

DOCUMENT 46

March 1, 1945, *India - Burma Theater Roundup* This is a weekly newspaper put out by the G.I.'s in New Delhi and is quite an interesting paper. I'll send them regularly. Hope you enjoy it. Your son Gordon. [Sent to Clarissa Josephine Leavitt Platt Chidester from her son Gordon Leavitt Platt]

DOCUMENT 47

August 30, 1970, Journal entries of Lyman De Platt and Bertha Paula Vega between August 30, 1970 and September 3, 1970, consisting of two and a half handwritten pages; To be included in the appropriate journal.

DOCUMENT 48

April 7, 1965, Father's blessing given to Lyman De Platt at Provo, Utah County, Utah. Elder Lyman De Platt: Having authority of Jesus Christ and by virtue of the Holy

Priesthood which I bear, I lay my hands upon your head and give you a father's blessing. This is a preparatory blessing to assist you in your understanding and being guided in your future life. Inasmuch as you are the oldest in the family, and as you are under the obligation of carrying the responsibility of proper example and direction before your brothers and sisters, and inasmuch as you carry the burden of responsibility of the family where the children are concerned, I bless you to the end that you might realize this responsibility, that you might grow in this responsibility, that you might understand and be made conversant with what your responsibilities are.

Our Father in Heaven watches over you each day and realizes and is aware that thou art a choice spirit before Him. We pray that your life might be exemplary that you will keep in mind at all times that you are being watched, that the heavenly angels are recording your actions, that you are under obligation to those around you, and especially to those that are your close associates, that you are being watched by them and you will be under obligation to so live and direct your life that you will be an example at all times worthy of emulation.

Our Father in Heaven is aware of your needs. He is aware that you pray and give succor unto Him for the things that you desire and plead with Him for the desire of your heart. Keep in mind that it is your responsibility at all times Lyman to be grateful for the blessings and for past things that have come to you that have enriched your life and made your life happy and well rounded, that you have as much responsibility to be grateful for past blessings as for blessings you are asking for in the future. Be diligent always in prayer. Be diligent in the great gift of fasting that has been made known to us and realize that all things might come to you through fasting and prayer, that the Lord will lead, guide and direct you in all things, as you pray and as you walk uprightly before Him and as you subjugate the body and its many desires to your spirit.

We recognize before our Father in Heaven that you have completed a successful and honorable mission, that you have done your utmost and have been diligent in the last thirty months in the work of the Lord. He will repay you for that time and is repaying you each day. He will repay you in ways you will never be able to recognize until they are a reality before you in having a bright and active mind, in having a diligent desire to serve Him and an undeviating desire and effort in Gospel things. We pray as your future is unfolding before you that you may have a desire to follow the precepts and examples of those who have taught you and fill the highest dreams and expectations of your parents.

I bless you that the greatest and most noble and honorable desires of your heart may be realized, that in going forth in any work you may anticipate or desire or expect to accomplish, that you might be successful in it. As you at this time are giving thought to going into the armed services, in the air forces, I pray unto our Father in Heaven that your life may be guided and directed and that you will be brought to do the right thing, that at the proper time you may be able to be worthy and cope with the situation as it arises, that your mind will be active and you will be able to see what is necessary and anticipate what is necessary when it comes, that you will be ready for all things.

As your mother is concerned for your welfare, both physical and spiritual, as am I, we pray that you will be considerate of us and write often and make your whereabouts and your accomplishments and your daily activities known unto us. We pray always as your parents that we might be proud indeed - not proud unto vanity, but proud unto humility that you are who you are, that you might be a living, walking example unto your brothers and sisters. As the oldest in the family you have the responsibility of carrying the example of what this family is and desires to be in the lives of others. We pray that you may be able to do this. We pray that your body might be so invigorated and so able to handle each day's activities, that you will not lose your good health, that you will be able to know what is right to eat and right to drink and that you will follow the dictates of your conscience there, that you will do nothing to harm or impair your health in any way. We pray that you will be diligent enough in your religious activities that you will kneel each day, each evening as you retire and each morning as you face a new day and thank the Lord for your blessings. We pray always that we as your parents will be that prayerful and grateful to our Heavenly Father for your life and for the others.

We seal these blessings upon you and all other blessings that we should ask at this time that have been unasked, that you might be an enlightenment to your grandparents who are still alive, that you might be an example to all you might come in contact with, we pray and ask God's choicest blessings upon you through the power of the Holy Priesthood and in the name of Jesus Christ, our Redeemer, Amen.

DOCUMENT 49

October 3, 1966. Blessing given to Lyman De Platt by his grandfather, Edward Partridge Lyman, at Provo, Utah County, Utah, accompanied by his father Gordon Leavitt Platt. This blessing was given prior to leaving for Vietnam, and the war that was being fought there.

Lyman De Platt: We take satisfaction in placing our hands upon your head to exercise the privilege that comes to us by virtue of the Priesthood which we hold to bless you. We feel to bless you with every righteous desire of your heart for protection and for the accomplishment of good among your associates and the people whom you meet, whether it be with the language or whatever it is - that you might gain satisfaction in teaching the Gospel of righteousness and in setting a good example for your associates and living so that you can enjoy the Spirit of the Lord and receive His protecting care over you, even as the so-called Sons of Helaman.

We bless you that you might be inspired and be able to meet situations and whatever you are called upon to meet with wisdom and judgment and know how to conduct yourself and take care of yourself. We bless you that you might have the Spirit of the Lord with you at all times to give you assurance and protection in your travels - that you might be protected and sustained and that your testimony of the goodness of our Father in Heaven might grow and expand to fill your heart. We bless you with health and strength and life

and with the Spirit of the Lord and with every grace and gift and blessing that your heart might desire in righteousness.

Our Father in Heaven, we pray that Thou wilt ratify this blessing in the heavens and that Thou wilt approve of our efforts to serve Thee and to follow the path of righteousness; that Lyman De's folks might be taken care of and blessed and sustained with Thy spirit in his absence. We feel to commend ourselves to Thy care, thanking Thee for all Thy goodness and blessings in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

DOCUMENT 50

Patriarchal blessing of Bertha Paula Vega, born June 7, 1938 at Lima, Lima, Peru to Julio Manuel Vega Zela and Rufina Lazo Acevedo. This document was initially given in Spanish by patriarch Lorin Jones in Provo, Utah County, Utah, but has been translated by Lyman De Platt for use in this compilation of documents. The original contains a wrong birth date of June 7, 1941.

Dear Sister Bertha Vega: According to your desires and by the divine authority that I possess at a Patriarch in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, I place my hands upon your head and confer upon you sister a patriarchal blessing. This blessing will serve you in the future because it will indicate the will of the Lord as to your future life in the Church and also will serve as a strength and a shield to protect you in times of temptation and danger.

Your spirit, sister, was valient in the Spirit World to the extent that the Lord granted you the great privilege of coming to the world in this dispensation of the fulness of the Gospel, so that you might listen to the teachings of the Gospel and become a good member of the only true Church of the Lord.

You, loving sister, were blessed with much talent by the Lord and the Lord in return expects that you will remain faithful during all of your life, giving service to the work of the Church.

Blessed you are because in your veins runs the richest blood that exists in all the world, because you are of the House of Israel and those that possess this blood comprise a people of promise with the Lord. You are blessed because your ears heard the voice of the Good Shepherd and because you had desires to follow Him, this in compliance with the scripture that says: ?My sheep will know my voice.@

If you are faithful, sister, in the due time of the Lord you will have the opportunity of going to the temple to be married with one of the young men of the Church, a young man who will be worthy of your love and of being your companion and the two of you will be sealed by the power of the holy priesthood as man and woman, not only for this life but for all the eternities. The Lord will send little ones to bless your house and these young children will be your responsibility sister, to teach said children how to pray to the Lord

in the morning and in the night of each day, to teach them the principles of the Gospel and how they can be active always. If you are faithful in this, sister, then your children will grow and will be counted among the most faithful of all the neighborhood in which they live, and your house will be one of hope, of happiness, of joy, a place where the Spirit of the Lord may be found.

I exhort you, sister, that you make a profound study of the principles of the Gospel because in the future you will be called to take positions in the Church. The Lord is very pleased with your life until the present and you are under no condemnation whatsoever, but you will be called to work among children, the youngest of them, in the Primary, in the Sunday School, in the Mutual, and afterwards among the sisters of the Relief Society, and because of the work that you will do among the children it will be a great work and you will engender in the hearts of said children, firm testimonies and great desires to remain faithful in the Church.

I exhort you sister, that you be frugal in your house so that you may have of the goods of this world in sufficient quantities to sustain the family, to educate the children, and to control the rest of the children. I exhort you also that you guard well the Word of Wisdom, that you guard your health so that you may live a long life without suffering the sicknesses that attack the rest of the children of Adam.

I bless you sister, with all the good blessings that the Lord has for His children that have made covenants with Him and that are living according to the covenants that they have made. I bless you sister, that you may live a long life to be able to enjoy the work that you are doing in the Church and to enjoy your children and your grandchildren and the work that they will also do in the Church in years to come. I bless you, sister, that you may give a great service among the unfortunate and the sick sisters of the Relief Society, and that you may also teach the sisters of the Relief Society how they may be better mothers in their own houses, how to make clothes for their children, how to cook and how to adorn their houses so that they may be more beautiful homes in which to live. You will be known as a ministering angel for the work that you will do among the less fortunate sisters of the Relief Society.

I bless you, sister, that you may have a profound knowledge of the principles of the Gospel that you might explain these principles of the Gospel to your neighbors and to your relatives, those which at present have not accepted the Gospel. You will be blessed in a great way because the Lord will put words of wisdom in your mouth so that you may preach the Gospel in its simplicity and beauty in order to convert many people. I bless you, sister, that you will have the desire to do genealogical work for your ancestors who have died, your relatives, and if you are faithful in this the spirit of Elijah will rest upon your head in great abundance so that you may go forth and look for dates and names of your deceased ancestors, and it will be your privilege, sister, jointly with your husband, to enter some day in the Temple to do the work for many of them. I bless you that the last years of your life will be the happiest of all because of the work that you, your husband, and your children are doing in the Church.

I bless you that you may always retain the testimony that now burns in your heart and the desire that you now have to give service in the work of the Lord. I bless you that you may resist Satan and evil men, but I exhort you that you must always remember the prayer of the Lord that we find in the Bible in which it says: "Lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil." I exhort you that you guard your chastity more than any other thing in all the world.

I bless you, sister, and I seal you that you may rise up in the resurrection of the just, clothed with glory, you as a queen, your husband as a king, the two of you at the head of a great and noble posterity in which you will receive a great blessing in the kingdom of our Lord. All these blessings are yours, sister, if you remain faithful, and I confer them upon your head by the divine authority that I possess in the Melchizedek Priesthood in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and as a Patriarch in this Church, and I do it in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, Amen.

DOCUMENT 51

Research specialist time sheets prepared by Lyman De Platt between September 9, 1969 and September 11, 1970. This is a work log compiled at the Genealogical Society. A summary of much of this period is contained in Document 1. More particular details will be used in compiling my journals for those years. Those for 1969 appear in *Diaries and Journals*, Volume 5.1 (PFRC: New Harmony, 2008). The others will appear in 5.2.

DOCUMENT 52A

Civil marriage license #28829 of the State of Utah, County of Utah, to any person legally authorized to solemnize marriage: greeting, you are hereby authorized to join in holy matrimony Mr. Lyman De Platt of Provo, Utah County, Utah, age 22 years and Miss Bertha Paula Vega of Provo, Utah County, Utah, age 24 years [this was a false statement - age was actually 27 years - LDP]. Witness my hand and official seal hereto affixed at my office in this 28th day of September 1965. Mark F. Boyack, County Clerk, by Rowena H. Rigtrup, Deputy Clerk.

I hereby certify that on September 30, 1965 in the State of Utah, County of Salt Lake, at Salt Lake in said County, I the undersigned an Elder of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints did join in the Holy Bonds of Matrimony according to the Laws of this State, Lyman De Platt of the County of Utah, State of Utah and Bertha Paula Vega of the County of Utah, State of Utah. The nature of the ceremony was according to the rites of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and was a present mutual agreement of marriage between the parties for all time.

We were married as stated in this certificate and are now husband and wife: Lyman De Platt, groom (signed); Bertha Paula Vega, bride (signed); in the presence of Gordon L. Platt (signed) and William Robertson Fraser (signed), witnesses. Fauntleroy Hunsaker (signed), officiator.

DOCUMENT 52B

Church marriage license #28829 of the State of Utah, County of Salt Lake. This certifies that Lyman De Platt of Provo, Utah County, Utah and Bertha Paula Vega of Provo, Utah County, Utah, were by me joined together in the Holy Bonds of Matrimony, for time and for all eternity according to the Ordinance of God and the Laws of the State of Utah at the Temple Salt Lake City in said County, on the thirtieth day of September in the year of Our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Sixty-Five. In the presence of Gordon L. Platt (signed) and William Robertson Fraser (signed), witnesses. Fauntleroy Hunsaker (signed), an Elder of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. License issued by the Clerk of Utah County, September 28, 1965.

DOCUMENT 53

Falsified birth certificate of Bertha Paula Vega, born according to this document June 7, 1941. Record translated by Lyman De Platt for use in this compilation of documents. The purpose of this falsification was to hide both the age of my intended wife, and a child born out of wedlock, given to its father at age three (just prior to Bertha's coming to the United States), and raised by him until 1982, when the father died, as will be shown in other documentation. This document was created five days before the marriage in the Salt Lake Temple.

Republic of Peru, Municipal Council of Lima, Civil Registration, Section of Births, year 1965. Entry Number 2,252. Today, September 25, 1965 was registered the birth of Bertha Paula Vega Lazo, which took place in this city on the 7th of June 1941, daughter of Julio Vega Zela and Rufina Lazo Acevedo. The present certificate was made in compliance with a judicial decree dated September 2, 1965 order by the 9th Judicial Civil District of Lima of first resort. Fernando Cochella (signed), Ellis Villena, secretary (signed). Registered in Volume 8, folio 2252 for the year 1965 in the Provincial Council of Lima.

DOCUMENT 54

Patriarchal blessing of Bruce Lyman Platt, blessing #63, given on February 13, 1983. Born September 28, 1968 at Columbus Air Force Base, Lowndes County, Mississippi, son of Lyman De Platt and Bertha Paula Vega. Patriarch: Floyd Leon Griffiths, Highland Utah Stake.

Brother Bruce Lyman Platt, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and by the authority of the Holy Melchizedek Priesthood which I hold and as a patriarch in the Highland Utah Stake in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, I lay my hands upon your head and give unto you a patriarchal blessing.

Brother Bruce, in your premortal life, you lived in the presence of your Heavenly Father. You were a chosen vessel. You were diligent in keeping all of the commandments. And you were instrumental in fulfilling the purposes of your Heavenly Father. You thereby

earned the right to come to this life of goodly parents and of a noble lineage. Brother Platt, you are a descendant of Joseph through his son, Ephraim. You brought with you a testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, for you knew in that life that the Gospel was the only true plan of salvation and exaltation for your Heavenly Father's children. In this life you will again receive that witness, and it will be important to you.

Brother Bruce, I bless you that your mind, your heart, and your soul will be receptive to guidance and direction from above, each day of your life. I bless you that the Holy Spirit, which gift you have received through the laying on of hands, will be your constant companion. Be faithful in keeping all of the commandments. Be diligent in your prayers, and in your study of the scriptures, that the Holy Ghost may give you impressions in your daily life, that you may receive the direction your Heavenly Father desires to give you and that you may be close to Him here. The testimony will come to you that Jesus Christ is your Lord and Savior. This testimony will grow within you and will become vibrant within you and will sustain you and give direction to your life during those times when you will need this support.

I bless your mind that it will be receptive to all that is good, right and true. You have the gift of discernment. You may discern in your life those things which are good and valuable. Hold fast to them and reject that which is not of worth. I bless you that you may have understanding, that you may have wisdom, and that you may have many choice blessings from your Heavenly Father. You will have the good things of this land which will sustain your life, provide you with sustenance and help you to enjoy your life here, but more important, you will have those spiritual gifts which will sustain you and give you direction, which will give you insight into your life and your future. I promise you that if you will keep the commandments of the Lord, you will know where to walk and where to go. You will know what to avoid and what to keep out of your life. The Lord will give you this direction, and He will warn you of danger that might confront you. He will keep you from those things which might endanger your life or your spirit. I bless you that you may have the support of your parents continually in your life. Be diligent in following their instructions and counsel. Learn those things which are good and important. Don't waste your time with things that are not important, that are not of eternal value. The time is not long here upon the earth in which you are able to prepare for eternal life. Devote your time to those things which will edify you and strengthen your character. Study diligently and learn the good things which will enhance your life and bring value to it and will help you to support your family. Follow the footsteps of your father, for he will direct you and guide you in this. He has laid a foundation for you to build on. It will be a blessing to you if you will do this. You will have much joy and happiness in the work which Heavenly Father has ordained for you to accomplish in this life. The Lord has many responsibilities for you to fulfill, the accomplishment of which will bring much satisfaction and it will develop you into the person He would have you be.

I promise you that you will have the opportunity to serve the Lord in the mission field. You will serve among those who need you, those who will be compatible with your

spirit. They will believe you. Many of Heavenly Father's children will come into the Church because of your labors, and you will be a blessing to them. You will perform a good labor among them. I also promise you that you will have the opportunity to enter into the temple of the Lord and there be sealed for time and for all eternity to a lovely woman who will be your eternal companion, who will bear your children. You will have much joy and happiness in this eternal union. It is this which will bring exaltation to your life. You will receive in the temple those endowments and gifts which will allow you to pass by the angels and enter back into the presence of the Lord. Live for this day, that you may receive these gifts from your Father. I promise you that you will have all which you will need to sustain you in this life, that you will be blessed with health and strength, that you will not have many days of ill health or sickness which would cause you problems and prevent you from completing your mission here. Again I admonish you to be diligent in your prayers that your Heavenly Father can be with you, and I promise you that you will come forth in the morning of the first resurrection crowned with immortality and eternal life and take your place in the kingdom of your Heavenly Father, where it has been ordained you should be.

I bless you with power in the priesthood and with many gifts and blessings which will enhance your life and make your service in the Church valuable to your Heavenly Father. These things I pronounce upon you in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, Amen.

DOCUMENT 55

Obituary of Edward Partridge Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Edward Partridge Lyman, 86, died October 18, 1972, in Provo at the home of a daughter, of cancer. Born October 11, 1886, in Scipio, Millard County, to Platte DeAlton and Adelia Robison Lyman, he married Irene Perkins on February 12, 1913, in the Salt Lake LDS Temple. He was a retired farmer and mechanic from Blanding, where he lived most of his life. He was an LDS missionary to the West Iowa Conference, and in later life was a missionary among the Indians, together with his wife. He was an active member of the LDS Church, holding many ward and stake positions.

Survivors: sons, daughters, Kay Perkins, Edward Robison, both Blanding; Mrs. Arthur R. (Rene) Morin, Richmond; Mrs. Gordon L. (Allie) Platt, Provo; 41 grandchildren; 27 great-grandchildren; sister, brother, Caroline ?Dolly@ Bayles, Albert Robison Lyman, Blanding.

Funeral, 2 p.m. Saturday, Blanding LDS Ward Chapel. Friends call at Blanding Mortuary 7-9 p.m. Friday and one hour prior to services. Burial Blanding Cemetery.

DOCUMENT 56

March 5, 1924 Temple Recommend, void six months from date, This Certifies that Edward P. Lyman and wife are members of the Wasatch Ward, Granite Stake, of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in full fellowship and as such are hereby

recommended to the Salt Lake Temple for Endowments for the Dead. M. O. Ashton, Bishop.

DOCUMENT 57

September 4, 1924, Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Life Membership Certificate. This Certifies that Edward P. Lyman of Blanding Ward, San Juan Stake, having paid the sum of Five Dollars into the Life Membership Fund, is hereby declared a Life Member of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In Testimony Whereof, we have hereunto set our hands at Salt Lake City, Utah this 4th day of September A.D., 1924. General Superintendency Y.M.M.I.A., by Moroni Snow, General Secretary. No. 2070.

DOCUMENT 58

February 3, 1926, Statement by Benjamin Perkins, dated at Hollywood, Calif. February 3, 1926. It is my desire *above all* that my family be united and good to each other at all times. I have no pets, no favorites. Each child is as dear to me as the other. If any extra consideration is given to any it should be to Kate, Dan and Diel for assistance and service they have given to the family as a whole and not from partiality on my part. And such service should be repaid if finance would warrant. However, Aunt Sarah must be cared for first and anything I might have above meeting expenses must be used in this manner. Should there be any surplus then each child to share alike.

It is my desire should I pass away to be buried in the plainest of every thing and in the place that will lighten the expense, as expensive burials could be better used to help the poor. The resting place of the body has nothing to do with the Soul. And I will meet your mother and those gone before just the same whether I am buried in Hollywood, Cedar or Monticello, but whatever the majority of the family wants will be perfectly satisfactory to me.

It is my desire if in, anyway, any of my family get means through oil or otherwise that they do all they can to help and assist others less fortunate.

Now this statement was made with the best of feeling to each and every child with a blessing for you all. Could I only live to see you all comfortably fixed and united I would feel my mission was well finished. How I long to help you all. Your loving father Benjamin Perkins.

NOTE: The following four documents, numbered 59a, 59b, 59c, and 59d, are patriarchal blessings given to Edward Partridge Lyman between the years 1902 and 1921. It was not customary during this period of Church history to only receive one patriarchal blessing, nor was it necessarily the custom to receive four. The first three declare lineage. LDP.

DOCUMENT 59A

Bluff, Utah, June 9th, 1902 A Patriarchal Blessing by L.C. Burnham on the head of Edward Partridge Lyman, son of Platte D. [Lyman] and Adelia Robison. Born October 11, 1886, Scipio, Millard Co., Utah. Dear Edward, by virtue of the priesthood and office that I hold, I lay my hands upon your head and confer upon you a father's and a Patriarchal Blessing. You have been visited of the Lord and tasted of his goodness and his hand and loving kindness has been over you all the days of your life, and thru the blessings of the almighty your environments and associations have been such that you have been preserved from many of the corrupting influences that beset many of the youth of Zion.

You have been sent here upon earth to perform a labor and duties that will resound to the glory of God and the good of your fellows. You shall be kept in the straight and narrow way in your youth and until you come to manhood and then be called to hold responsible positions in the midst of your brethren, for thou shalt yet be a leader of men.

You shall enter the house of the Lord and there receive those blessings, sealings, covenants that will be for your present and future welfare. You shall labor in the house of the Lord for the redemption of departed friends and kindred and therefore become a savior upon Mt. Zion. And in as much as you are humble and obedient to your superiors you shall be filled with praise and thanksgiving to your Heavenly Father for his blessings and goodness unto you. Many of the gifts of the Holy Spirit shall be given you for thou shalt become a prophet, seer and revelator and have faith to behold and comprehend and see things that are not seen by the natural eye. The gifts of knowledge, wisdom, and understanding with every grace and gift which will qualify you to fill your Ministry in the kingdom of God shall be given you.

Thou art a pure Israelite through the loins of Ephraim and therefore entitled to all the blessings of the most highly favored sons of our Heavenly Father.

I seal upon you the blessings of life and health, strength and vigor with the bounties of the earth. All of these blessings are thine thru your faithfulness in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

DOCUMENT 59B

Bluff, Utah, March 8, 1909 A Patriarchal Blessing given by Kumen Jones upon the head of Edward Partridge Lyman. Born October 11, 1886, Scipio, Millard Co., Utah.

My dear young brother Edward Partridge Lyman, by virtue of authority vested in me I have pleasure in laying my hands upon your head and giving you a patriarchal blessing. You have descended from the promised seed, even the seed of Ephraim and a rightful heir to all the blessings and promises that have been given to that favored seed, and the Lord is well pleased with you and has seen your integrity and your love for righteousness

and all that is pure. He is desirous of blessing you and placing responsibility upon you. And your name shall be held in honorable remembrance in the midst of the Saints of God. You shall fill responsible positions and it shall be your privilege to be a messenger of righteousness unto the children of men.

And I seal and confirm upon your head all your former blessings and promises together with wisdom and ability to perform your duties even in a temporal way and you shall be blessed with the good and useful things of this life and shall have power to come forth in the morning of the [First] Resurrection to inherit thrones and principalities and reign with the righteous upon the earth under your noble father in the midst of the Saints of God throughout all Eternity.

These blessings thru your faith and faithfulness I seal upon your head in the name of Jesus, Amen.

DOCUMENT 59C

Salt Lake City, Utah, May 30th, 1921. A blessing given by Richard S. Horne, Patriarch on the head of Edward Partridge Lyman, son of Platte D. Lyman and Adelia Robison, born in Scipio, Utah, October 11, 1886.

Brother Edward Partridge Lyman: Many things which the Lord will require at thy hands will be made known to thee in ample time for thee to make preparations to accept them. Some things of an unusual character will be demanded of thee. Perfect confidence in the Lord, faith in his promises will give thee courage to assume any duty that may be placed upon thee. Some events that will take place in thy life will be of a peculiar nature. For at times there will be uncertainty in thy mind with regards to their purpose, but all things will be made entirely clear to thy mind and thou shalt learn that they are for thy special good.

Thou wilt cheerfully face the stern realities of life and with a bold front thou wilt meet dangers that may threaten thy life. Thou wilt have no fear whatever regarding these matters. I promise thee that a providential hand will be stretched out just at the right time to snatch thee from evil. No power of evil will prevail against thee to thy serious hurt.

Many very pleasant scenes will come into thy life to make it very enjoyable. Thy family will be one source of thy happiness in life. Thy days will be prolonged until the measure of thy life's mission shall be fully accomplished. No doubt will enter thy mind regarding the future.

The Lord designs to meet out to thee suitable blessings for all the different conditions of life by which thou shalt be surrounded. Thou art further destined to fill a long mission upon the earth in the service of the Lord and for the blessing and good of thy fellowmen. Thou wilt gain the confidence of the servants of the Lord and be placed in honorable positions in the Priesthood.

Thou art of royal birth through the loins of Ephraim and thy worthy parents.

I seal thee up to arise with the just and to receive the gift of eternal life, if thou wilt be faithful to thy covenants. As a Patriarch in Israel I seal this blessing upon thy head in the worthy name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

DOCUMENT 59D

Salt Lake City, Utah, October 8th, 1921. The Presiding Patriarch of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 47 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah. A Blessing given by Hyrum G. Smith, Patriarch, upon the head of Edward Partridge Lyman, son of Platte DeAlton Lyman and Adelia (Robison) Lyman, born October 11th, 1886, at Scipio, Millard County, Utah.

Brother Edward P. Lyman: According to thy desire I place my hands upon thy head, and as the Spirit of the Lord shall direct me, give unto thee a blessing for thy comfort and benefit because of thy faithfulness. Be not discouraged, but look unto the Lord in humility and thy heart shall be comforted in the answers to thy prayers, for the Lord knoweth thy faith and thy desires; He has seen thy trials and thy efforts, and has accepted of thy devotion in His service. He has overlooked thy weaknesses and strengthened thee against them, and will continue to bless the labor of thy hands temporally as well as spiritually.

And because of thy determination to serve the Lord and to keep His commandments thou shalt triumph in thy righteous desires. And thy name shall live in honorable remembrance in the midst of thy people. Thou shalt also be blessed with an influence and a power for good among thine associates; and need not be overcome, neither be put to shame by the enemies of thy mission or thy righteous purposes.

Therefore, be humble; continue to be pure in thy conduct, and look upon the bright side of life, keeping thy trust in the Lord, holding sacred thy covenants and taking advantage of thy opportunities to serve the Lord. Thou shalt also through faithfulness in observing the laws of Nature be blessed with health and with strength and be made equal to the responsibilities required at thy hands both of a temporal and of a spiritual nature. And the Lord will comfort thee in the answers to thy prayers and prosper the labor of thy hands, and help thee to meet thy righteous obligations both unto the Lord and unto thy fellowmen.

Therefore, be of good cheer; allow not the spirit of gloom, or doubt, or despondency to come into thy life, for these are tricks of the Adversary to cause barriers to be placed in thy pathway and thy usefulness cut short. And so long as thou wilt honor the Holy Priesthood which has been given thee and magnify the duties therein God will magnify thee and give thee power over thine enemies, the seen as well as the unseen. Go forth, therefore, with a determined mind and a humble heart, acknowledging the hand of the Lord in thy blessings and He will not forget nor forsake thee.

I seal this blessing upon thy head through thy faithfulness. And I seal thee up to come forth in the Resurrection of the Just with thy kindred and many friends, by virtue of the Holy Priesthood and in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen. Approved: Hyrum G. Smith.

DOCUMENT 60A

A Patriarchal Blessing on the head of Irene Perkins daughter of Benjamin and Sarah Perkins; born March 11, 1895. Given by Wayne H. Redd December 18, 1916.

Sister Irene at thy request I a Patriarch in Israel lay my hands upon thy head and bless thee. Thou art of the house of Jacob thru the loins of Ephraim. Thou hast been born under the new and everlasting covenant and have inherited the faith of thy parents. Thy spirit was reserved in heaven to come forth in this the dispensation of the fulness of times to take part in this great Latter-Day work.

Thou hast a bright intellect. Thou shalt be apt in teaching the principles of the Gospel. Thou shalt have influence among your sisters to lead them in the ways of truth and righteousness. Thy days shall be many upon the land which the Lord Thy God giveth thee. Thy table shall be spread with the bounties of life. Thou shalt have many friends. Thy mind shall never be darkened but shall retain the faculties of thy mind and intellect as long as thou shalt live in mortality. Thou shalt be blessed with offspring and thou shalt have great pleasure in teaching and training them; therefore, dear sister I say be prayerful and humble. Seek the Lord in thy youth and thou shalt enjoy the spirit of the Lord in rich abundance and thou shalt come forth in the morning of the first resurrection clothed with glory, immortality and crowns, eternal lives. I seal these blessings upon you through your faithfulness in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

DOCUMENT 60B

Salt Lake City, Utah, May 24th, 1921, A blessing, given by Richard S. Horne, Patriarch, on the head of Irene Perkins Lyman, daughter of Benjamin Perkins and Sarah Williams, born in Bluff, Utah, March 11th, 1895.

Sister Irene Perkins Lyman: Many years lie before thee and a variety of labors and many duties will be required at thy hands as years come and go.

Thy motherhood does thee honor and will be continued until thou shalt be the mother of a very honorable family. Thy judgment will increase with coming years, and the experiences which thou wilt have will prepare thee to assume further cares beyond those of home. Thou wilt be capable of leading out along certain lines of work for which thou shalt be well adapted.

Thou wilt have one lesson in particular to learn and that lesson will be to guard against haste. Think well, Sister Lyman, and pray often, before taking any very important step in

life. The Lord will give thee His Spirit to help thee and to put a check upon thy movements in times of excitement.

Thou hast a good heart and the Lord knows it. He will overlook many mistakes and inspire thee, so that thou shalt learn lessons from those mistakes. Thou shalt not knowingly commit any grievous wrong. Thou wilt be ready and willing to make right wherein thou hast wronged any of thy friends. Thou wilt lead an active life - be quick and ready in the discharge of duties and never be a lagger.

When thou shalt know a thing thou wilt very cheerfully... [missing]

Strict obedience to the commandments of the Lord will insure to thee His favor and blessings.

Thy children will be a joy to thee forever.

Thou wilt live to the coming of the Lord and see wonderful things in the heavens and upon the earth.

With the blood of Ephraim in thy veins thou art entitled to every blessing belonging to thee.

Thou art destined to spend a long, useful life here and to receive eternal life in the great beyond, if thou wilt be faithful forever.

Thou wilt be the happy recipient of all the promises made to thee in this blessing.

Now, as a Patriarch in Israel, I seal this blessing upon thy head, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen. Richard S. Horne, Patriarch.

DOCUMENT 61 United States Air Force packet of Lyman D. Platt, including intent to marry request, special orders, schooling requests and results, AF Form 7, DD Form 214, DD Form 398, award papers, performance appraisals, newspaper clippings, medical reports, Air Force Reserve status, Veterans Administration benefit papers, and letters. These will be individually referenced in my personal history.

DOCUMENT 62 Wedding Reception Announcement. Darlene Miller and Gordon Platt invite you to join them in celebrating the beginning of their new life together at an open house on Friday, the twenty-seventh day of May Nineteen hundred and eighty-three 7:30 to 10:00 p.m. Edgemont South Stake Center, 350 East 2950 North, Provo, Utah. Married in Provo LDS Temple [for time].

DOCUMENT 63 Original passport of Lyman De Platt, Box #6, Canyon Motel, Springdale, Utah. Bearer's Foreign Address: Andes Mission, Casilla de Correo 4759, Lima, Perú. In case of death or accident notify: Allie Lyman Platt, Box #6, Springdale,

Utah. Passport number: C353693. Lyman De Platt, born June 10, 1943, Utah, U.S.A., height 6 feet 2 inches, hair brown, eyes brown, issue date June 9, 1962. Signed Lyman De Platt. Photograph. August 23, 1962, Consulado General del Perú, Miami, Florida. Fernando Rodríguez Pastor, Consul General del Perú. August 29, 1962 arrival Lima-Callao.

Visa September 24, 1971, Venezuela, for Lyman De Platt, married, American, Student, age 28, male, born Utah USA, residence Provo, Utah USA. Photograph.

Visa September 24, 1971, Colombia, for Lyman De Platt, married, American, Student, age 28, male, born Utah USA, residence 410 North 900 West, Provo, Utah USA. Arriving from Quito, Ecuador. Entering at Cali, Colombia. Photograph.

Visa December 2, 1972, Mexico, for Lyman De Platt, married, American, Student, age 29, male, born Utah USA, residence 410 North 900 West, Provo, Utah USA.

DOCUMENT 64 Teacher Development Certificate awarded to Lyman Platt for having satisfactorily completed the Teacher Development Basic Course of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Signed Arturo De Hoyos, Branch President; Kenneth R. Lose, Teacher Development Director, Spanish-American Branch, Utah Stake, August 29, 1971.

DOCUMENT 65 Brigham Young University, August 2-6, 1971. This certificate is awarded to Lyman De Platt as evidence of satisfactory attendance at the Six Annual Priesthood Genealogical Research Seminar. Signed Theodore M. Burton, President, Genealogical Society; Dallin H. Oaks, President, BYU; Paul F. Royall, General Secretary, Genealogical Society; and Ernest C. Jeppsen, Dean, College of Industrial and Technical Education.

DOCUMENT 66 In Memory of Agnes Anderson Lyman. Funeral service for Agnes Anderson Lyman, held 2:00 p.m. July 3, 1945 in the Delta Second Ward Chapel, Services were conducted by Bishop Warren Henderson, Burial was in the Delta City Cemetery, exact location being Lot 23, Block 2. Agnes Eleanor Anderson Lyman, daughter of Peter Anderson and Martha Ann Lovell, born at Oak City, Millard County, Utah October 6, 1883, baptized September 3, 1892, married to Edward Leo Lyman, Jr., April 8, 1903 by John R. Winder in the Salt Lake Temple, died June 30, 1945, Delta, Utah. Her children: 1) Royal Leo Lyman (premature baby) born December 20, 1903, died January 10, 1904; 2) Eleanor Lyman Skidmore, born November 30, 1904; 3) Edward Anderson Lyman (blue baby) born October 27, 1907, died November 1, 1907; Mary Lyman Henrie, born November 7, 1911; 5) Edwin Anderson Lyman, born September 28, 1914; 6) Frank Anderson Lyman, born December 24, 1918; 7) Melvin Anderson Lyman, born December 18, 1921; Ann (stillborn), born February 8, 1925.

Sketch of the Life of Agnes Eleanor Anderson Lyman. Agnes Eleanor Anderson was born October 6, 1883 at Oak City, Millard County, Utah. She was the child of Peter Anderson, who came to Utah with his parents from Denmark, and Martha Ann Lovell,

whose parents came from England to Canada where they joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and then migrated to Utah.... [23 pages long, contains little additional genealogical information, but a very nice eulogy to her life by close friends and relatives].

DOCUMENT 67 Journal of Platte DeAlton Lyman, December 1879 to 1894 (carbon copy). See Platt Family Records Center, Diaries & Journals, Series 5 [Volume yet to be decided].

DOCUMENT 68 Certificate of Blessing. This certifies that Lyman Dee Platt, born June 10, 1982 at American Fork, Utah County, Utah, son of Lyman De Platt and Bertha Paula Vega was blessed July 4, 1982 by Lyman De Platt, whose priesthood office is High Priest in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Highland 4th Ward, Highland Utah Stake. Signed Raymond C. Adams, clerk; Cecil D. Hill, bishop.

DOCUMENT 69 History of Platte DeAlton Lyman and Adelia Robison by Albert Robison Lyman. See PFRC, Histories, Series 4 for computerized copy of this document. See also Document 580. [Not yet published, 2008].

DOCUMENT 70 An Autobiography written by Irene Perkins Lyman about 1964. See PFRC, Histories, Series 4 for computerized copy of this document. [Not yet published, 2008.]

DOCUMENT 71 My Velvet Mission written by Casse Lyman Monson, Apia, Upolu, Western Samoa, April 25, 1961. See PFRC, Family Histories Series 4 for computerized copy of this document.

DOCUMENT 72 Spiritual Experiences of Sarah Williams Perkins, by Gladys Perkins Lyman.

As far back in my life as I can remember, Mother, Sarah Williams Perkins, seemed to be very much in tune with the infinite, and had many spiritual manifestations. I recall that in the early spring of 1899, as we were preparing for our morning prayer, Mother said "We will get bad news today." That was before the time of the telephone in San Juan, and the mail was brought in on horseback. That day's mail brought the news of the death of Mary Davies Williams, my Mother's mother.

When the Decker family got diptheria and the whole town was in great anxiety for them, as Mother arose one morning she said "One of the Decker family passed away last night. We will hear about it as soon as people are up and stirring about." In the night a small child had succumbed to the dread disease. She told us of other deaths and disasters that had befallen people, before any news of the events could reach us by mortal means.

I recall when Irene and Ione were very young they had scarlet fever along with the rest of the family. Complications set in and they seemed to be at death's door. A doctor from

Colorado came to Bluff and pronounced the verdict that unless they were placed in a hospital very soon, they would die. Mother knew it was impossible to get them to a hospital, and she told the family that The Father in Heaven would hear our prayers, and they would live. They did live; both grew up, married and had good-sized families.

After Leonard and Ada had been called to the other sphere, Mother had their four little children to care for. She said many times Leonard would come to her home and stand in the doorway of the kitchen in the hallway. He would never speak but would smile at her, and she wondered at his purpose, but he never made it known.

It was October 24, 1938. I had been to the temple to be sealed to Michael Philip Tomney. Returning to my Mother's apartment at 37 North West Temple Street, I found her weeping. Dropping to my knees by her bedside I exclaimed, "Oh Mother, you are worse. I should never have left you." She quieted my fears with these words, "No, I am not worse, but have had a most remarkable experience. Bring a chair and sit here while I tell you about it." As I sat there this is what she told me. "After you left me I lay here thinking of you, and in my mind going with you through the Temple. Then somehow before me I seemed to be looking at a most forbidding scene. It was a dark and dismal forest, divided by a roadway running through it. On one side I could see Philip, stumbling along, and going here and there, and I realized he was trying to find the road. My heart went out to him and I wondered where you were. As I searched for you I could see you on the other side groping your way toward the road. I look at the dismal scene praying that you would both find the road, and each other. And as I watched and prayed, you did find it, and then hand in hand you started up the road. But it was still dark and gruesome, rough and uninviting. As you trudged along I could see the road was becoming smoother and the darkness began to dispel. My anxiety left me; the road was becoming white and enticing. And as I gazed I beheld in the distance, a beautiful white mansion, with steps leading up to it. I felt the beauty of it, white and magnificent, and watched you still hand in hand climb the stairs, and then the door opened wide, and I awakened with a start. That is why I am weeping, weeping for joy."

I am sure this is not exactly as Mother told it, but it is the essence of what she said and as nearly the same as I can recall it. Philip and I had gone to Salt Lake for two reasons; to get medical help for him, then to be married in the temple. We had our recommends with us. But he did not find help and on September seventh he passed away. The Church authorities had given me the privilege of having the temple work done right away. Mother was anxious to go to the temple with me and I very much wanted her to be with me. But she took sick and she insisted that I didn't wait for her. A lady in the same apartment cared for her while I was away.

During another seige of sickness I left Mother in the care of the lady in the apartment house, while I was away on an errand. Mother kept the Book of Mormon by her bedside and would read it whenever she felt able. She loved it but said it was hard for her to comprehend. She would read and pray about it asking for power to understand. When I returned from my errand I again found her weeping. She said she had been reading but

laid the book down to consider what she had read. Then she said "as I lay there pondering the things I had been reading, I looked at the wall at the foot of my bed. There in large bold type was the page I had just read and beside it another page with the meaning clear and plain. One page followed another, and I kept thinking I must write this down so the girls can see it. And then it was gone and I had written nothing. And I can't recall it now." I said "but you saw it Mother and you understood it." "Yes, I saw it. It was clear and plain and I know it was true," she replied. Then I told her not to grieve, that the Lord had shown it to her for her comfort and cheer, and that when the rest of us were ready to receive it the Lord could make it known to us if it were for our good.

Time passed, I married Albert Robison Lyman. We lived on 3rd North and Center Street. Mother and Elaine still lived on West Temple. For some reason, Mother had not approved our marriage. It was Thanksgiving time. I prepared dinner and had asked Mother, Elaine, Minerva and girls up to eat with us and I wondered if Mother would come. She still was not happy over our marriage. I was thrilled when Elaine and Minerva arrived with Mother. I stood at the door to greet them. Mother hesitated as she stepped in the door. Then I took her arm and said, "come sit by the fire in this easy chair Mother." On the wall above the chair was a large picture of Albert, Lell and their children. Mother stood by the chair looking up earnestly at the picture for some time. Then she sat and began to sob. When she had gained control of her emotions somewhat, she said, "Oh forgive me! I don't know why I have acted as I have. As I stepped inside your door, Lell was at my side, she walked with me to the chair. And as I stood looking at that picture of her, I saw her lips move and heard her say, 'everything is alright Mother. Just look at Gladys. She is like a queen on her throne,' and then she was gone."

We had a delightful visit with all estrangement banished.

Another time Mother was very ill and we had taken her to the L.D.S. Hospital, but she was very unhappy there and perhaps because of that was not doing well. It was decided that we would take her to our home and I would care for her. One morning as I entered her room she said, "Come look at this beautiful sky. That is the color of Lehi's robe." "What do you mean? What do you know of Lehi's robe?" I asked. She said: "Didn't I tell you I saw him? Just when or how it was I cannot tell. But some time ago I was thinking of my Father and wondering about him in the Spirit World. All at once before my eyes was the Tree of Life. In the tree stood Lehi. Next to his body was the whitest, softest looking robe, and over that was a robe the color of that sky. At the foot of the tree stood my Father and Mother and Albert's Father and Mother partaking of the fruit of the tree. And my heart was comforted, for I knew that my father had accepted the gospel."

Mother's sight had almost failed, and the doctors said her eyes both had cataracts that had to be removed. She was terribly worried, fearing she would not be able to hold her head and eyes still while they operated. Sade and I were with her in the hospital. When she regained consciousness, I was at the foot of the bed, Sade standing by her side. Mother asked, "who are those people just leaving the room?" Sade replied, "there is no one here but Gladys and me." Mother's answer was that there were three just going through the

door, and she added, "they have been with me all during the operation. One of them walked by my side as they wheeled me to the operating room, and told me not fear, that I would be alright. As they operated I felt like hands were on my head in gentle tenderness and I had no inclination to move my head or my eyes."

One time when Mother and I were going through the temple, we were in the Garden Room, and Mother seemed to be completely enthralled. I wondered just why. Then she turned to me and whispered "can you see her?" I asked who she meant. The answer was "Eve." I nodded, but said, "Oh, I mean the real Eve. She is so beautiful." But she whispered no more. When we were through with the session she told me that Eve, the Mother of all, had been in the room all the while we were there and seemed to be almost hovering over the proxy, as if to protect and help her, and it had been a most holy experience. How I wished I might have shared it, but I had seen only the scene open to all who enter there.

Once when I was a small girl I sat rocking in my little rocking chair while Mother was at the kitchen table mixing bread. As she mixed she sang. All at once I was struck with the pathos of her voice and song. I looked up at her face to see the tears rolling down her cheeks as she sang with deep emotion:

"Our life as a dream, our time as a stream, glides swiftly away, and the fugitive moment refuses to stay. The arrow is flown, the moments are gone, the millennial year presses on to our view, and eternity's here."

That sacred moment has long since flown, but etched deeply on my heart and mind is the picture of my mother and the words of her song as she rendered that prayer to God: "For the song of the righteous is a Prayer unto me."

"To be spiritually minded is life eternal, to be carnally minded is death."

My Mother was spiritually minded.!

DOCUMENT 73

Exerpt from the life history of Minnie Westover Paxman, who was the daughter of Charles Westover and Eliza Ann Hoover, the latter being one of the seven original families who settled Pinto. "Gordon, give Lyman one of these and Denzil a copy."

Page 4, If my memory serves me right I would like to relate one little instance that happened in the family. When Pinto was first settled they lived under the United Order, a plan where all families shared, and shared alike, with any income or goods made. For instance, Grandmother Westover made huge round cheeses, others would provide different necessities. One older sister, I think [it] was probably Aunt Harriet, taught school in the little one-room school house. She saw her small brothers and sisters practically barefoot - so one month when she received her pay, she made up her mind to

?cheat@ a tiny bit. Without consulting anyone she used part of her money to buy a new pair of shoes for each younger brother and sister. I don't know the ending, but it must have had one.

Try to remember - and I do remember another story often told by Minnie to her children, many, many years ago. And it was a great many years before the telling, when the cloud-busting storm started the whole thing.

I think Minnie was probably about five years old; she and her mother were home alone one cloudy, windy afternoon. The clouds and wind had really come up quite suddenly. They watched as the ominous blue-black clouds grew thicker and blacker, lightning flashed, thunder growled, crashed, and popped almost continuously as the terrific wind roared around the house. Suddenly the rain came in torrents, raging violently, beating against the house, as the wind whipped the trees in all directions. They called it a cloud burst, as it was, a frightful, turbulent one, with a force and violence from which it seemed no one could escape.

How many of you can remember listening to the sound of a distant flood of rain as the rain poured down? We, as children, always waited for the rain to stop, listen for the tumbling roar of flood water, then getting our mother's consent, ran to the Mill Creek to see the muddy, frothy water come by. What a thrill if we arrived before the flood and saw the first great wall of water down below us in the creek, and we safe on the high bank above. Golden, Lula, Lynn, and I all did this, as I am sure the older brothers and sisters did also. Especially were we thrilled when our mother and father went with us.

Many years earlier than this mother and grandmother Westover heard the flood approach, and could see the menacing torrent as it swept over the creek's banks, and down the little valley crashing and roaring toward their houses, then spreading to both sides, growing deeper each minute. It reached the windows; then to Grandma's horror and dismay, she saw small riverlets coming under the door. She grabbed Minnie and held her in her arms. Suddenly she placed her on the table as it seemed the safest place for her. The water became deeper and deeper, causing the table to float around the room before it became lodged against the opposite wall. Grandma looked out the window in desperation, and with a prayer in her heart, she saw a young man swimming, wading, falling, clinging to fallen trees and fences, making his way toward the house. Grandma knew their only safety was to go with him as the thick, liquid mud was gradually filling the house. This man's name was Joe Platt, a neighbor and friend. Quietly he picked Minnie up, holding her tightly in one arm, and using the other arm to help steady Grandma as they made their way in the swift water. One time he stumbled and fell, and to the horror of those watching, all three disappeared beneath the muddy, murky water. Then up came Joe still holding Minnie and her mother - slowly they made their way to a wagon which had become lodged between two trees. Here they waited for the rain to stop and for the menacing torrent which roared around them to go down. Not until later did they learn that the cause of Joe's fall was when he stepped on an axe which had become embedded in the

mud and debris, leaving just the sharp edge sticking up. His foot had been cut very severely, but he never waived, carrying them to the safety of the wagon.

The big flood was disastrous to many people, to Grandpa and Grandma it was well nigh ruinous. It was this flood that practically destroyed Grandpa Westover's farm, leaving a great deep gully through the rich land, as well as causing them to lose their animals - horses, cows, pigs, chickens, and even the several pretty tame ducks that swam in the creek. Herbert Knell told me his father, Charles Knell, saved one of the horses. Charles Knell married mother's sister Maria who was eleven years older than she. I think mother and Aunt Maria must have been very close. I always felt as if I knew her so well, and consequently was amazed when I realized that Aunt Maria had died in 1900 - five years before I was born. Had I stopped to think I really would have known this because Uncle Charlie Knell, her husband, had remarried before I was born. I am sure that in my younger years I must have confused Aunt Hilda with her - Aunt Hilda, who Uncle Charlie Knell married a few years after Aunt Maria's death, was such a friendly, delightful person. I will always remember the lovely tiny sweaters and caps she knitted for mine and Lula's dolls, our favorite colors, and how we treasured them.

Just how long after the flood it was before Grandpa and Grandma Westover left Pinto and moved to Washington, I don't know. I have heard my mother tell of still being in Pinto when the soldiers marched through there with John D. Lee - how she and other children watched as they walked him through town, over the hill, and on toward Mountain Meadows, following the trail of the ill-fated group which had passed this way some twenty years earlier. It was in 1877 when John D. Lee was taken over the same route, and was executed at the sight of the massacre.

It was earlier this summer that Maria married Charles Knell on March 15, 1877, so I am sure she never moved to Washington, but she and Charlie continued to live in Pinto, where they had their family. Maria just lived until the 6th of June, 1900. She was only forty-one years old.

At this point I would like to digress for a time to relate a short story written by her daughter, Theresa....

This letter was printed in the May 15th, 1900 issue of the *Juvenile Instructor*, Salt Lake City, Utah.

DOCUMENT 74

Albert Robison Lyman. *Three Women*. Blanding, Utah: private publication, 1967.

As I view in perspective the outstanding features and events of my extended period of years, I am admonished that many phrases of it were not given for me only, but they were given to me to preserve and demonstrate for the good of my children in particular, and for the good of others in general. I had to go through them, to really feel them, and know

their sweetness or their bitterness that I might convey to others the elements of truth which they taught. By this, my loved ones and friends could avoid much bitterness and find more sweet and profitable ways of living than they would run into by trial and error.

This is a story which I hope my children will tell to their children, and they to their children in future generations. We are already a multitude to which there will be no end, and the cumulus of our experience should enable future generations to grow up without sin unto salvation.

I have entitled this story *Three Women*, but it could with equal propriety be called *Six Women* or *Twelve or More Women*, who are the strong links in the chain by which my fortunes have been brought to everything in them which is decidedly good. In popular and in sacred literature, the word *man*, means *man and woman*, of course. By the same token, when I speak of women, it cannot be women without men.

I might begin with my two grandmothers who, by their heroic and freewill efforts, contributed very much to it. But the first of the three women with whom I am dealing here in particular, is my mother [Adelia Robison Lyman]. Of her many virtues, matched of course, by corresponding virtues in my father, there is one which I appreciate now, which I never could fully appreciate until I became responsible for a home of my own, and saw my family, and other families grow up and set forth on their own.

There was with my father and mother, as there is with all young people when they marry, a period calling for necessary adjustments. It is seldom that two souls are so nearly attuned to the same key, that they do not have to give and take and accommodate one to the other, in order to live in the kind of harmony, which is indispensable to their happiness and success. Sometimes the first flush of their love has momentum to carry with undiminished joy through this period. In many other cases, however, it calls for thoughtfulness, wisdom and sacrifice which one or the other, or both of them, refuse to make, and in the voyage on which they have set forth with high hopes, their ship runs into reefs and breakers, and is wrecked.

This amounts to treason one to the other, and more than treason to their children. Whether they stay together and endure each other, and carry on a cold war to the end, or whether they separate, it is a tragedy more damning in the end than they can know till the end comes.

My father and mother had been taught the revealed gospel from their infancy, but the Lymans and the Robisons were different in many ways. My father and mother were genuinely in love, but when it came to uniting as one, and setting up a unity of action in their home and their activities, they had to find a common ground on which they could move in harmony together. This was not for their own sakes only, and not for just the few fleeting years through which they would journey on earth together, but for the sake of the eternal goal which they had set forth to gain. The nature and the imperative winning of that goal is the chief thing which I hope to make clear in this story.

Their difference did not grow out of any quarrel, but from the discovery on more close acquaintance, that their fixed ways were not synchronized to articulate smoothly enough to carry on. They had to adjust; their eternal life depended on the completeness of that adjustment. This was their great test of the ages. They had had their marriage bond solemnized and sealed by the highest authority on earth, and it was no child's play, they had reached the age of accountability, and had to meet the demands of the occasion. To fail of it in the time appointed for it, would result in evils from which they would never fully recover.

If they didn't have faith and purpose and love to make the mutual compromises essential to their immortal purpose, then they had failed of that purpose, and at the same time, failed of their bid for celestial glory. The wonderful joy of their mutual love might seem to have sprung up spontaneously, but fine as it was, it was not a thing to carry on automatically, any more than fine flowers and fine plants can mature to their fullness without care.

If they couldn't adjust and live in love and harmony through these fleeting years on earth, where their great test had been appointed, then they couldn't go together into the celestial kingdom. And neither one of them could go there alone, to be more than servants to those who had met the requirements of exaltation.

I wondered, as a young man, why my mother should tell me about the serious difficulties she and my father had had to overcome. The barriers which had to be overcome to achieve the lofty goal for which they had proposed to unite their fortunes for all eternity. These barriers had to be surmounted, or they could not go on together. I shudder to think of what would have been their fortune and mine if they had parted.

She told me of what she had to endure, and of the heroic efforts and sacrifices my father made, to preserve the love and confidence in their home. He came in great humility many times to her and he confirmed and re-established a greater and more holy love than they had known at first. In the trying situations through which they had to go on the wild frontier, each one compensated to and sustained the other, making it a wondrous romance even to the end. In the nine years she had to wait after he was gone, her consoling assurance was of entering with him into their exaltation.

I grew up in the holy atmosphere of their love, and it sanctified all the saving principles they taught me by their stories and their songs, and above all by their example.

The second one of the three women was Lell Perkins [Mary Ellen Perkins]. I loved her with the all-prevailing ardor of youth, and took for granted that our devotion, each to the other, was a kind of heaven-born impulse which would find its own sweet orbit without our making any kind of special preparation, or considering any conventional ethics. I thought, that is, if I was sufficiently aware to do any constructive thinking, that she was a kind of holy satellite coming to revolve around me, to move in time with my fixed revolutions, and think along the lines which I might choose to follow.

It never once entered my mind that as my mother had trained me in her home up to this time in my life that now, Lell Perkins, just a girl younger than I, and with less education and experience than I had, was to train me for a longer period of time, and impress me with some vital principles which I never would have learned at home. I was well-satisfied with my imperial self, and would have scorned the idea of being made over by my wife.

I expected to teach her; I did teach her, for I found her teachable and quick to learn, but I had my chosen opinions about things in general and things in particular, and I wasn't inclined to argue, I wanted simply to tell what I wanted, or what I believed, and that was that. Once when I had made an imperial decision about what we were going to do, and was proceeding with it as if it were of course *our decision*, I saw tears in her eyes.

Something stopped me dead still in my tracks. A sense of sorrow and shame and love unlike anything I had known before moved me to the very heart, I realized all at once how much she was to me, and how desolate I would be without her. I took account of what I had gained and the satisfaction I thought I was getting out of having my own way in everything. I recalled some of her proposals which I had brushed aside, and they looked quite sane and bearable; some of them looked even preferable to what I had ordered.

I got a quick and condemning vision of the hardships and inconveniences she had suffered in coming, for the sake of my company in camp with me where I had to be in the care of my cattle. I made very humble acknowledgements, which she freely and fully accepted, and everything was very lovely for a little while. But I was not to be reformed in a day, nor in a month, nor in a year. I remember with much discomfort some of the things I left her to do and to suffer, for which I deserved to be kicked with a hob-nail shoe.

We progressed from my camp in a tepee under the pine tree, to a rude dwelling on the wild frontier. Life was strenuous, with difficulty and danger. Stern necessities drove us on, and had us dodging and scheming every day. I was a stake officer in the San Juan Stake, which was a hundred and fifty miles long. Nor was that the only thing that called me away at infrequent intervals from her and the babies. I figured that if I could get by with what I thought I must do, she could of course take up the slack. I knew it was working great hardships on her, but it was working hardships on me too, and I was responsible in a big way for all I could carry. I knew she was not enjoying it, that our attitude was not quite the same as when we had had that reconciliation at the camp. I feared that we were not drawing together, possibly we were drawing apart; it worried me. I didn't think it was due to my meanness and selfishness, but it was just that, and it remained for me to be jarred sternly awake to the true inwardness of the complicated situation.

Once when I reached home from a rather extended trip, she greeted me with the usual warmth, but was in no hurry to tell about how things had gone or failed to go, while I was away. She left me to discover how matters stood, what had had to be done, and how well she had done it. When I asked how in the world she had ever done it, for it was a rather

superhuman accomplishment, she began calmly to tell me, for she had splendid control of her feelings, but as the account progressed, her tears had to be a part of it. It had been a heartbreaking situation, and she declared frankly and courageously, "If I had had a chance to go, I would have taken the children and gone back to mother."

I was shocked. "O thank the Lord you didn't go!" I hurried to say, coming clear down to earth, and mingling my tears with hers. What was I trying to do, anyway? What was the greatest value I was trying to preserve? What in all the world was more precious to me than Lell and the children? What would it profit me though I gained the whole world and lost my wife and children? What would I not give in exchange for them? I saw them as the most precious gift the Lord had entrusted to me. But "what doth it profit a man if a gift be bestowed upon him and he receive not the gift?"

The climate changed in our humble dwelling, with its goods-box seats, and its improvised tables and shelves. We began enjoying something better than is often to be found in the palatial homes of the rich. We conferred freely together in all our operations. We prayed together, we sang together, we taught our little folks the gospel and blessed them with the harmony of our love. We taught them to sing "Love at Home," and we made it one of the delightful features of what might be considered a poor place to live.

When we worked together and proceeded by common consent in all our affairs, they moved more smoothly, and we did with ease what had brought trouble to us before. Our home was our heaven, our assurance of eternal life. The building-up and amplifying of the wondrous new charm we had found in our home and the respecting and cherishing of each other became the shaping factor in all our business.

We saw people with more money than we had, and better houses than ours, but they had no such home as ours. The wife was telling her neighbors how her husband opposed and neglected her, and he spoke of his wife as a fussy old spendthrift, more concerned for her dresses than for the well-being of the home and the children. Their children quarreled with them and with each other, and they had a cold war going full blast.

In some cases the cold war got hot, and they parted in a huff, with the devil to pay in the years that followed. They had failed in the great test of their integrity; they had done something which could not be undone, and in some cases a thing which could never be fully righted in the eternities to come. And even when they stayed together, and endured each other to the bitter end, they had missed the sweetest and richest experience to be had in the world, and they had sent their children away with the deadly poison of it in their system, to pollute the stream of generations for years to come. And all this dated from the fact that two people failed to confer together and act in harmony, but each one acted for themselves like a team of balky horses.

When Lell and I had reason to believe that she could not be with us much longer, we talked it over carefully, and did all we could to prolong her time with us. She had to be in a lower climate, and I had to stay on my job. It intensified our love and our mutual

understanding; I wrote her every day a letter or a card. I spent some time with her before she died, and she told me frankly what she thought I should do when she was gone. With all my respect for her judgment, and my love for her, I couldn't see the propriety of what she suggested. She didn't look for a promise, and I didn't mar the sacredness of our parting by failing to make it. All the same her judgment was still perfect, even in the shadow of death, as I was to prove to my complete satisfaction.

As it filtrated into my awareness that Lell was gone, I had a depressing sense of loneliness and helplessness in contemplating my family without a mother. In the thirty-seven years since our marriage, I had grown to depend on her as on my right arm. I had five adolescent daughters who needed a mother more than anything else in the world. Under the pressure of this new situation, I got to thinking about Lell's last suggestion that I should marry again, even though I was nearly sixty years old. When I asked whom she had in mind, she said she thought her sister Gladys Tomney would take good care of us. I discovered too, that she had left the girls, both the five still at home and the three married daughters, expecting and hoping that Aunt Gladys would be their stepmother.

As the propriety of it began to appeal to me, I appraised my stock of courage to see if I had enough to approach Gladys on the subject. It would amount to asking her to come and take over our distressed burden, for I couldn't think of allowing any woman to estrange me from my children. I shall not say that I had a revelation from heaven telling me what to do, but my mind was miraculously enlightened to discern that this was a situation where destiny hung perilously in the balance, and there was no other woman in all the world so well adapted as Gladys to help us in our need. And miraculously too, she was unwittingly there, as if by some unseen Providence.

I mustered the courage to appeal to her, and she had the courage, the faith and the love for my motherless children to come to our rescue. It was astonishing to me how she fitted right into my program, with its many angles as the one person fitted and trained for it. My cherished studies and writings went right on without a hitch. What I had begun to learn forty years before about the splendid purpose of life, of family, and of the wondrous thing called home, I was at full liberty to carry right on, not only without hindrance, but with special help.

It was not long till the girls married off, and Gladys and I were left to concentrate on the studies which had been so dear to me. I had wondered whether these things would appeal to her; she since her maturity had often been away from the Church for long periods at a time; she knew very little of what had been of so much interest to me. But like her sister Lell, she was teachable, and like Lell, she was quick to absorb and to reflect all that I taught her, and soon became my teacher by amplifying in her responses, all that I explained to her.

She became the third one of the three women to contribute so much to my understanding. It was not along the line of conventional ethics which the world calls education. It was the kind of experience which magnifies the meanings and purpose of life, the worth of

human beings, and the infinite purpose for which they are born into the world to live for a few years in pursuit of its perishable attractions, and then to drop all their hard-earned collection into the wastebasket, and return to the world from which they came.

My work as [a] seminary teacher was broken abruptly into a call to both of us to go on a mission to the Indians. From the seminary to an Indian Camp was a real thought-provoking come down. It is a long story with many thrilling angles. We went among the Piutes, the Navajos, the Hopis, the Isletas and some others. We had no car, and we became innured to climbing mountains, toiling over heated stretches of desert sand and rock. But somehow, as we devoted the cream of seven years to that work with the Indians, we found time, inclination and inspiration for much study and reflection. We learned to love the Indians; old and young, and they unwittingly became our teachers, as we progressed logically from one principle of the gospel to another till we came, among other fine things, to this, the ultimate ideal of family and home. We regarded our God given tribulations as our extraordinary honeymoon.

It had been filtering into my mind since my mother told me how she and my father made special effort to save the home and to build the blessed institution into which I was born, to benefit by the wholesome influence of their harmony. It had been growing upon me through the thirty-seven years that Lell was my helper and my teacher, in a long program of disappointments and frustrations. Now that Gladys had come to join with me in concentrating from many angles on this study of home and family, it began to crystalize in great beauty before us. I was given an extension to [life of] at least twenty-eight years for this purpose, and here the story is, stated offhand in a few words. What I have written is a bare skeleton of what deserves to be written. If my children ever know the depth and fullness of the story, they will have to get it from where it came to me.

That is what has crystalized in my thought through eighty-seven years of heaven-dispensed provocation: The true home, and the harmonious family, is beautifully typical of the highest degree of glory, which is the celestial kingdom. That is the loftiest goal to which mature intelligence can aspire. That is the only place, the only thinkable condition in which perfected man can enjoy the fullness of freedom which his intrinsic self longs for from the eternities past.

?In the celestial kingdom, there are three heavens or degrees; in order to obtain the highest, a man must enter into this order of Priesthood, meaning the new and everlasting covenant of marriage. If he does not, he can not obtain it. He may enter into the others, but that is the end of his kingdom; he cannot have an increase.@ D&C 131.

The celestial kingdom is a perfect patriarchal government; it is made up of well-disciplined families, of perfectly-harmonious homes. If a man cannot stand in the dignity of the Priesthood, and be fully responsible for who and what they are, then he cannot enter into the upper heaven of the celestial kingdom, for that uppermost degree is made up of men and women who are competent and worthy to reign over their own family and those whom they have adopted into it.

Men and women who become perfect are called the sons and daughters of God; they are therefore Gods, on the natural principle of inheritance. Each creature is ?to bring forth after its kind,@ and the progeny, fully matured has reached the measure and stature of the parent. If they are not fully matured, and have failed in the time appointed to them to mature, they cannot be on the same plane of excellence with their parents.

Speaking of these failures the Lord says: ?These spirits did not abide my law, wherefore they cannot be enlarged, but must remain separately and singly, without exaltation in their saved condition to all eternity, and from henceforth are not Gods, but are angels of God forever and ever.@ D&C 132:17

?They are appointed angels in heaven, which angels are ministering servants to those who are worthy of a far more, and an exceeding weight of glory.@ D&C 132:16

Every fully matured man reigns over his own family, in the precincts of his own home, maturing and perpetuating there the standards to which he has been true in this brief world of test. No man can be perfect without his wife, and no woman without her husband. Their appreciation of home in this world, their fidelity to their home, and the kind of men and women they bring forth from their home, will determine the kingdom to which they go, and the place in it, high or low, to which they are assigned.

No man will reach over the heads of his sons to regulate their families; if they are not fit and worthy to preside over their own children, they will not be honored there as fathers, even if they have place in that celestial kingdom. The next best thing for a man if he cannot preside over a family of his own is to be a servant in the family of his father.

The glory of eternal family and Godhood is not known in the terrestrial kingdom, and nothing resembling it in the telestial kingdom. They have just government, but it is not patriarchal government. These are kingdoms of glory, but they are hell to those who deceived themselves in[to] thinking and expecting they would be exalted in the celestial kingdom, without observing the laws by which only it is possible to gain that exaltation.

In the celestial kingdom there are no prisons, no courts, no policemen, no insane asylums, no hospitals, no sickness, no crime. No one goes there who is not a faithful respector of the rights of every one else. The man or woman who has not learned to live in love and peace in their home, will have no home in the celestial kingdom, unless it be as servants of people who are competent to preside over a home. No woman will be bound there to a man who could not appreciate her in the tribulations through which she has to go in this world. No children will honor and bless there the parents who dishonored their sacred obligation as parents here.

In the patriarchal order, Adam will preside over his sons, and they will preside over their sons, and they over their sons. In this perfect order from father to son, the laws of truth and light will extend to the remotest generation of Adam's posterity to be included in the

mortal program of this earth. The patriarchal government is the most perfect form of government known to the Gods in the boundless extent of space.

With sincere hopes and prayers for our tomorrows which are sure to come, I remain
Grandpa Lyman (stamped).

DOCUMENT 75

Perkins Newsette "The Family" No. 3 Seasons Greetings to One and All [Dec. 1963]

This, the third issue of the *Perkins Newsette*, is dedicated to the "Family," not just the Perkins family, but to the family as a unit of civilization. There is no organization in all the world of more importance, and that has more far reaching effects than the Family. One writer puts it this way: "As the family, so the community, the state, and the Nation."

Perhaps at no other time of the year does a family mean so much and seem so dear as at Christmas time. The first issue of the *Newsette* spoke of the great love Benjamin Perkins had for his family, and of the letter he dictated while on his deathbed, to his family in which he said: "It is one of my greatest desires that my family be united and loving and kind to each other." How he did enjoy getting his family together to join in festivities. And no one loved to sing and dance more than he, and no one could offer more fervent, humble prayers. So it is to the Unity and preservation of our family, The Benjamin Perkins Family, that our efforts are dedicated.

There is no such thing as a Family, without its progenitors, and its posterity, and as members of a family we are commanded to make and keep accurate records of that family. The Prophet Joseph Smith said: "The greatest responsibility God has given us in this world is to seek after our dead."

Every family should be organized. The Benjamin Perkins family was organized with Daniel B. Perkins as President. Since his tragic death April 4th, 1962, we have never reorganized and everything seems at a stand still. I, Gladys Perkins Tomney Lyman, was historian and researcher, of that organization, and as such take this opportunity to suggest that we do something about re-organizing. What have you to suggest? Time in its relentless flight is not waiting for us, let's get busy. I am making an earnest and prayerful effort to carry on with my responsibilities. Please, as a recorded member of this family, make a response to this appeal. It takes funds to carry on with this work, so every adult member is asked to contribute to this cause.

This issue of the paper is being sponsored by:

Philip Otis Tomney
4795 So. Pearl St.
Las Vegas, Nevada

Iris Tomney McCoy
735 So. Country Club
Mesa, Arizona

Elda Tomney Flandro
1390 East 4065 South
Salt Lake City 17, Utah

Gladys P. T. Lyman
Box 136
Blanding, Utah

Would any family or group like to sponsor an issue of the *Newsette*? It is supposed to come out twice a year. Elaine Walton will supervise the next issue.

NEWS ITEMS

On July 22, 1963, at the Logan Temple, a double wedding took place. Joed (Jody) W. Norton married Elna Clark and Gerard (Jerry) F. Norton married Malinda Young. They are sons of Wesley Norton and Thora Barton, daughter of George F. Barton and Sarah (Sade) Perkins, daughter of Sarah Williams and Benjamin Perkins.

In Nebraska, September 16, 1963, a terrible accident occurred. Klar Bishop and daughter Marva with her children were miraculously preserved from death when they were all thrown from the car. Marva was very seriously injured and doctors declared she might never walk again. But through faith, prayer, and the doctor's help she is now walking, though it will be months yet before she is entirely well. The others are fine. Marvin Bishop and Klar Lyman, daughter of Albert R. Lyman and Mary Ellen (Lell) Perkins, daughter of Sarah Williams and Benjamin Perkins.

Sarah E. Barton celebrated her Golden Wedding in the Logan Temple with all her children except Oral B. Johnson who was ill. Sarah Elizabeth (Sade) Barton, daughter of Sarah Williams and Benjamin Perkins.

Edward C. Rowe and Minerva (Barbara) Perkins Duncan were sealed in the St. George Temple, November 15, 1963. Barbara, daughter of Sarah Williams and Benjamin Perkins.

Married September 10, 1963, in Manti, were Clay H. Cummings and Marlene Hunt, daughter of Ula Black and Ben Hunt, son of Marion Hunt and Ione Perkins, daughter of Sarah Williams and Benjamin Perkins.

Born April 13, 1963, in Cedar City, Iron County, Utah, Dain Atkin Craig, to Clifford Craig and Marilyn Atkin, daughter of Floyd Atkin and Ellen Lyman, daughter of Albert R. Lyman and Mary Ellen Perkins, daughter of Sarah Williams and Benjamin Perkins.

Born April 29, 1963, in Phoenix, Maricopa County, Arizona, Lyman Michael Bishop to Geniel Walton and Jay L. Bishop, son of Marvin Bishop and Klar Lyman, daughter of Albert R. Lyman and Mary Ellen Perkins, daughter of Sarah Williams and Benjamin Perkins.

Born May 24, 1963, in Price, Carbon, Utah, Michael Clement Johnson to Kay Johnson and Michelle Monson, daughter of Byron Monson and Casse Lyman, daughter of Albert R. Lyman and Mary Ellen Perkins, daughter of Sarah Williams and Benjamin Perkins.

Born June 17, 1963, in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake County, Utah, Howard Lex Black, to Diana Marion and Hal L. Black, son of Glen Black and Donna Nielson, daughter of U.A. Nielson and Beatrice Perkins, daughter of Sarah Williams and Benjamin Perkins.

Born July 16, 1963, in Bountiful, Davis County, Utah, Sharon Jones, to Ray B. Jones and Marva Bishop, daughter of Marvin Bishop and Klar Perkins, daughter of Albert R. Lyman and Mary Ellen Perkins, daughter of Sarah Williams and Benjamin Perkins.

Born August 29, 1963, in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake County, Utah, Vint Evans Bishop, to Sandra Evans and Lynn L. Bishop, son of Marvin Bishop and Klar Perkins, daughter of Albert R. Lyman and Mary Ellen Perkins, daughter of Sarah Williams and Benjamin Perkins.

Born September 5, 1963, in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake County, Utah, Heather Bishop, to Lois Ann Whitaker and Duane Bishop, son of Marvin Bishop and Klar Perkins, daughter of Albert R. Lyman and Mary Ellen Perkins, daughter of Sarah Williams and Benjamin Perkins.

Born November 1963, in Murray, Salt Lake County, Utah, David Byron McCleary, to Val McCleary and Casse Rae Monson, daughter of Byron Monson and Casse Lyman, daughter of Albert R. Lyman and Mary Ellen Perkins, daughter of Sarah Williams and Benjamin Perkins.

Born November 15, 1963, in Monticello, San Juan County, Utah, a son, to Carol Black and Bruce N. Black, son of Glen Black and Donna Nielson, daughter of U.A. Nielson and Beatrice Perkins, daughter of Sarah Williams and Benjamin Perkins.

DOCUMENT 75A

HISTORY OF WHITE CANYON by Edward Partridge Lyman

There is a story behind the name[s] of many places; often a very interesting story. San Juan County, Utah is rich in these stories. To name just a few: there are Monument Valley, The Hole-in-the-Rock, Grand Gulch, Cedar Ridge, Clay Hill and many others.

Our little story is about White Canyon. This name comes from the fact that it has cut through and laid bare a formation of white rock. The canyon in its fifty-mile stretch is any width up to a few miles. And this white formation is overlaid in places, especially where Mossback Mesa rises on its south side, by a red formation in which there are at present many uranium mines. For many years Mossback Mesa has been the holdout for wild cattle; that is where it gets its name.

A mossback in the language of a cowboy, is an old, wild steer. There is also a formation geologists have named after, or for, this mesa, Mossback formation.

But let us start at the head of White Canyon, and mention some of the main places of interest as we follow down to where it runs into the Colorado River.

One of these side canyons we will only mention, heads on Elk Mountain, near the Wooden Shoes, and carries the name of Hideout. Near its head is Hideout Spring, but we cannot give the story of all these places, so we will pass on to White Canyon itself, and leave the story of the Wooden Shoes and Hideout for another time.

A short distance from the head of White Canyon stands the great Augusta Natural Bridge, a great majesty, crossing the canyon. Under its perfect arch there is room for a number of buildings as large and high as the Salt Lake Temple, and there would be space between the highest point of the temple and the bottom of the arch. It could support any train, or any movable object. The massiveness of this bridge might be shown by a story told by the cowboy who discovered it. He said he was following some wild cattle up the canyon and passed under this bridge without noticing it, until on his return down the canyon, when he could hardly believe his eyes. This was like the man who was chased by a bear. He ran to a tree, and jumped for a limb. He missed it going up, but caught it coming down.

A very few miles, three or four, below this great natural wonder, which one never tires of looking at, stands another bridge, the Caroline, a wonderful work of nature; not so perfect as the Augusta, but a real interesting work of nature. And here, within a few miles of these two wonders of nature, stands another bridge, the Edwin. This bridge is not so massive as the other two, but it is a large, beautiful, perfect bridge. These three works of nature makes one wonder how nature happens to group her works or wonders.

These bridges are all cut out of the solid white sandstone. There is no hard cap, peculiar to this locality, with softer material cut out from beneath to form them. The Edwin Bridge is in a side canyon the cowboys call Armstrong. They have used this canyon for years to hold wild cattle in; animals they have roped and tied up overnight and then led to this enclosure, a natural pasture.

As we go on down White Canyon on our quest for interesting places, we come to Fry's Cove. This has been a winter camp for cowboys since in the [18]90's. Its name comes from an old character named Charley Fry; at least that is the name he went by here. He said he was from Kentucky, and he likely was, as he still had blue grass chaff in his ears.

He was a unique, questionable character to say the least. We should know this much about him in order to appreciate the humor there is in the recent organization of the Fry Canyon Branch of the Church where there is a regular town engaged in uranium mining, with a store and a two-room school house. Old Charley Fry could open his toothless tobacco-filled mouth and have a good laugh at there being a branch of the Church carrying his likely assumed name.

As we hurry down the canyon we come to Soldier Crossing where a grave marks the locality where the Utes killed a soldier and a cowboy in 1884. This would furnish an interesting story, but we must leave it, also, for some other time.

Then there is an old camp called Ducket where Jacob Adams, a Blanding cowboy, was drowned in 1941.

Another unique feature of this remote canyon is "Jacob's Chair," a high butte shaped like a great chair or throne; and another called "Cheese Box."

Now we come to one of our great uranium mines, "Happy Jack" that is worth millions. Then on down to Hite, a ferry on the Colorado River. This crossing was used by our pioneers a few years after they had used poorer crossings below this one, at the "Hole in the Rock" in 1880 and Hall's Crossing in 1881; and Hite, or Dandy Crossing, as they called it, in 1882-1883 and on for years.

The present name of Hite comes from another interesting old character named Cass Hite. He too would furnish a story of the "old gun slinging west."

When our early settlers used "Dandy Crossing," or Hite as it is called now, they traveled up White Canyon on about the same road that is used today, and came into their old road near the Natural Bridges. They passed within a mile or two of the bridges many times but never saw them, which fact goes to show what a rugged country this is.

DOCUMENT 76

OUR PIONEERS by Edward Partridge Lyman

Tell me old rocks and river and hills, tell me the story, I pray,
The part of the story that never was told of Pioneers passing your way,
Who crossed your cliffs and rocks and streams,
With covered wagons and sweating teams;
Crossing slick rocks and canyons and sand;
Tell me I say of this Pioneer Band.

And you old river who takes your toll
As sure as the years and the seasons roll,

Tell me why you were kind to them,
Kind to their women and children and men.
You let them, their wagons and horses cross,
And not a single soul was lost.

And old Slick Rock with your mystic maze,
With your queer formation, and queerer ways,
Tell me how Providence helped them pass
Down your side that is slick as glass;
How their scouts were led by mountain sheep
Down your sides so smooth and steep.

And you Lake Gulch a story could tell
Of a beautiful lake with a watery smell,
A haven of rest to our Pioneer Band
After crossing your hills of sand
That hem you in on every side
With sand-grass and shad-scale and sand-hills wide.

And Castle Wash, you led them through
From drifting sand to a misty view,
Of canyons and rocks and cedar trees,
Still a wild rough country the Pioneers sees
As they stop and gaze from Clay Hill Pass
And they realize that the die is cast.

And old Clay Hill with your long steep side,
Where the wagons slid and the children cried,
Where the rough-locked wheels dug the clay and shale,
It wasn't a road, just a mountain trail,
As down your three-mile side they went
Descending a grade of forty percent.

And old Cow Tank and Dripping Springs
And gulches and flats and various things
There's Katy's Dugway, the Twists and the Comb
The Butler Wash and the muddy San Juan
Where the cottonwoods grow, where the Indians roam,
A place most uninviting, yet here must be home.

Now seeking the rest of the story we come,
Where we shall find it written in stone;
Carved out to last with the hills and the years
Engraved by the hands of our old Pioneers.

DOCUMENT 77

SOUL OF MAN
by
DeAlton Perkins Lyman
July 1945

O strange thing; soul of man, within which
Lies potential pow'r to understand
The miracle of life, with all it's various feelings
With its attending pain and joy;
Its tenderness of love, the wondrous secret of it's source;
The mystery of its strength.

Strange, yes: this soul within which lies
A sleeping monster, which if roused,
Unleashed, becomes a terror to its keeper,
Gives birth to bitterness, despair,
To earthly lust, to greed and selfishness.

Yet kept in chains this monster of despair
In time grows dormant, struggles, dies.
Man's soul is free to live by every law
Of peace and love, to grow
Unfettered by unrighteousness.

Strange? that man's soul should rise
Above telestial things, unhappiness, despair?
A stranger yes to every evil thing!
Created for great purpose - not to bow
To things that hurt - but to endure with strength
To bend, to break the bonds that would destroy.

So - <tis not strange that man would meet
And grasp and struggle with this evil,
The unpleasantness of life.
Within this soul the pow'r of mast'ry
Of all things, both bad and good, is stored
For this great conquering purpose.

Would we the souls of men
In whom our God has placed this pow'r to overcome,
To live, to love with this great strength of righteousness -
Would we despair? forsake this chance to gain Eternal Life?
Would we with this great blessing of keen measure to enjoy
Yield to this evil thing? Place these keen senses,

These emotions - in the hands of this unholy evil pow'r?

We cannot! Shall not! bow
To this old evil which we came to overthrow.
This soul of man is made to live, to win
And from each contest grow in understanding.

God's likeness is the pattern of man's soul,
And so by destiny, by faith and strength
Man climbs to that rare pinnacle
Of all his loves and cherished dreams -
And more.

This poem was written four and a half years before Uncle Diko died of nephritis. The struggle was long, it was painful, and it was very hard. The letter written by his wife [Letter 1 of the PFRC Letters, Volume 2.1] reflects how hard it was. The soul's search to overcome the struggle, however, is reflected in the poem. Lyman De Platt, July 1, 1997.

DOCUMENT 78

THE PERFECT TRIBUTE

by

Albert Robison Lyman

October 6, 1964

A story of Lell's death and of Gladys' taking her place.

I faced a crisis, the crisis of a lifetime. The beloved mother of my children had gone from us. She had not chosen to go away, and we had clung anxiously to her to the last moment. For thirty-seven years I had been doting more and more on the part she took in my vital affairs - the willing and fitting service with which she came forward in every time of need. She was my right arm. And now her place beside me was vacant.

I mourned. Yet I had to meet it; I had to adjust, but the conditions to which I had to accomodate, seemed to baffle the powers at my command. Lell had become an inseparable feature of my thoughts. Not I, but we. With all the independence of action with which I assumed to indulge, it was still with my unconscious reliance on her, and what she contributed to my individual assurance [that I lived].

Five daughters in, or entering their teens, and two unmarried sons still lived with me in the home. To the girls, their mother was as the mother of the young birds not yet ready to venture far from the nest. O how helpless was I alone to care for them!

A mother may succeed as father and mother, both, but a father alone is in anguish of inability. To whom and how, could I appeal. I was fifty-nine years old. My charm of

youth had become withered and stale with toil and hardship. The old man making love is more likely to be ridiculous than romantic. And what girl or woman would want to burden herself with my responsibilities? How foolish at my age to be singing love songs, and carrying flowers, saying the extreme and foolish things which love birds must say and sing - the youthful folly they are expected to indulge!

More terrifying still, I might bring into my home a strange person who would upset our peaceful way of life, our love and understanding, the harmony with which we had rejoiced together through our blessed years on Niklovis Ranch. I might find that I had got a cuckoo into our nest, to estrange my children from their ideals, from one another and from me, who would give them orders and push them out of the nest, and make herself supreme.

Ours was not a situation to be appraised by the shallow humorist with his wisecracks. Our dear ship of home was in peril of going on the rocks for want of a faithful first mate to supplement the wisdom and endurance of the captain in times of heavy seas.

Now I remembered that Lell had tried to tell me about her sister Gladys, and had urged me not to undertake the strenuous task alone. And I discovered that she had whispered it into the hearts of the children, that she hoped her sister would take her place when she had gone.

But how could I exercise the splendid gall to ask Gladys to load herself with our burden? How could I find it in my sense of the fitness of things to approach her with any preliminary suggestion to that end? How could I make it sufficiently attractive to enlist her consideration? What could I possibly say? What, if any, inducement could I offer? I had no promise with which to make a bid. I could only plead and pray the Lord that she would have an understanding heart.

She accepted. She came into our desolated home, and every one of the children, married or single, expressed their heartfelt delight. I wondered how much of our burden Gladys would assume, for surely we were not going to heap it on her if we knew what we were doing. She took it up without reservation, considering tenderly everyone concerned. If she had individual projects which would have stood in her way, or fads or ambitions, she cast them aside.

She had three grown children of her first marriage, and she loved them none the less for having come to us. She was concerned for them as for my married children, figuring that she was mother to Lell's children as to her own. All my children loved her as their mother, another mother. She knew and understood their ambitions, their needs, their rights.

I had wondered and feared lest my wonted way of life would have to be disrupted by this change, whether I would have to give up the studies I so much loved, the writings which had become an inseparable part of me. Would she, could she accommodate to them? And

more terrifying still - could she endure my peculiar ways - the fixed habits in[to] which I had slanted my activities for things I loved more than money, and the comforts which money can buy? Mine was a selfish life in that I required my loved ones to forego many popular luxuries that I might carry on with my research. I knew I was meanly self-centered, putting my personal ambitions ahead of too many other obligations.

Would she, could she endure that kind of egotism? Much as I would like to change it and be more thoughtful of my loved ones, I feared that without my freedom to pursue my studies, my writings, they were an inseparable feature of what I had accumulated as my immutable self.

However offensive and impossible of enduring this may have seemed to her at first, and surely it was an ugly feature to tolerate, she accommodated to it without protest. My manner of life carried on without a break. I pursued my cherished studies and writings as freely as before. Not only that, but she was as interested in my success as Lell had been. She regarded my projects as her projects.

In the love affairs of my girls and boys, and in their marriages, their own mother could have been no more solicitous for their happiness and well-being than was she. She was from the first, the very soul of generosity.

Instead of bringing discord and disunion into my home, she cemented the union she found there, and became a factor for and a symbol of perpetual good will.

When all the children had married and gone to their own homes, and we two were left to ourselves, she was still concerned to write them and visit them in their times of need; she still loved and prayed for them as she did for her own. Their love for her increased with the years, and they became more dear to her because of the much she did for them.

She became a potent factor in my studies and writings, cherishing my ambitions, and taking the part of a wise helper and profitable teacher, drinking in with my long-cherished aspirations, and enabling me to do what I never could have done without her.

When we were called to go together as missionaries to the Indians, she fitted into that unusual experience, with a willingness and ability which made it a delight, even the hardships it entailed upon us. She balked at nothing which became our plain duty, not even the unprecedented school which we began, and from which we had to go to the hospital.

In my declining years, with the needs and infirmities they have thrust upon me, she is all that I could desire as a friend and a helper. She is not only willing, but eager to anticipate what I may require, and be the real angel of mercy, to minister with her comfort and her love, in better ways than I would have known how to ask.

Hers is the perfect tribute, for which I bless her as the gift of God to me.

DOCUMENT 79

The following two paragraphs were written by Mary Lyman Reeve in 1956 in a suggested funeral service which she had outlined:

Mary Lyman Reeve speaking: When I cross the bar I want no mourning nor sadness, but praise and rejoicing in sincere singing and speaking.

I also want no great extollation of any part of my life or conduct, as all my life I have appreciated my heritage, and with thanksgiving have tried to show it - so let the tenor of my passing put emphasis on it - all praise and peace.

The following must have been written the latter part of 1958 by Mary Lyman Reeve. Just the week before she passed away, she went over it with her daughter, Margaret Reeve Soffe, to clarify any questions which might arise in carrying out the suggestions.

TO MY DEAR FAMILY: THE PRIDE AND GLORY OF MY LIFE!

The following suggestions are for any assistance to which they may be placed. They are my individual wishes and are the result of many years of study, severe lessons and contemplative prayer, with the uppermost thought in mind of accomplishing the most good over the greatest length of time to the greatest number of my dear ones. Life has always been to me a very exciting and alluring experience - I have honored and extolled it! Now I go into another and I hope a higher bracket of this enchanting and thrilling animation - a sequel that will continue on to other sequels.

I have never had any fear of this moment. I approach it with great calm and serenity - almost yearn for, and eagerly look forward to what I have achieved while here. I have appreciated and constantly kept in mind the certainty of its coming, and with fear and humble pleading have improved to the best of my ability every opportunity to accumulate and increase my intelligence, for that and that only has and can be the monitor of my life. No! I am not afraid of Death!

If I had any fear, it is of Life, and what it can do, and what does happen to us while we are here it is. Life should be joy! A promotion means more joy! A reunion with those I have known before! So to you my dear ones as we meet this new lesson let there be no mourning! No sadness! But loving devotion, thanksgiving and praise!

What is done here now is not for me but for you and *your* satisfaction - and rest assured everything will meet with my approbation if it meets the requirements of truth and individual and sincere consecration to unselfish guilelessness and untinctured with selfish distinction.

With no thought of obscuring the mother in the first family of John Reeve, I have always felt it a great trust she had left to my care. And though often I have erred and fallen short

of my part as a guardian to their motherless, tender years, my desire has always been to assist them in every way I could. And were it possible to mete out to ... [carbon did not copy one word] his merited just dues, I could not do it any more than I could ... [carbon did not copy one word] very own. It would be impossible to say to much good of each other, for each stands out as a momentous factor in my busy life, and I love all twelve of them with a consuming passion. And it is my most sincere desire that our Heavenly Father will pour out to each of them the exact texture of blessing essential to his or her exaltation in the Celestial Kingdom of God. For that is the heritage and destiny of each of them, for they are born under the covenant, and it is their right and privilege to claim it. This was made very clear by an Apostle of the Lord as we all sat in reverence with bowed heads in the funeral services of their father John Reeve on February 23, 1935.

With all the earnestness of her soul she implores each of them to take inner cognizance of his or her standing and ask humbly and sincerely: ?Am I living worthy of the heritage my father bequeathed to me? If I am not, may God give me will and determination that I shall not disappoint him or the mother who gave me birth!@

If this supplication is offered in heart-felt sincerity, she promises each of them an assurance of the willingness of our Father in Heaven to assist in any problem, or removal of any obstacle that may be in the way of living in accordance with the commandments of the Lord. To this end she commends all twelve of them to the kind and loving care of their Father in Heaven, who is every ready to offer solace and comfort to all who acknowledge Him and seek His will; then He will furnish guidance and inspiration to all of them.

In making the following suggestions for closing rites, Mary Lyman does not wish in any way to be arbitrary or impelling. Least of all would she cause inconvenience or hardship to carry out her wishes.

This writing is fragmentary, and has been in preparation for some time. Its construction has been with the aim in mind of impressing the family with the profundity of Life and our responsibility therein. These rites are not for entertainment, but for impressive education attributes. Some time back I asked Dean to assume the responsibility of seeing that my six older sons act as the pallbearers on this occasion. He assured me he would. So I depend on that. This was according to your father's idea also. It will be twenty-four years next February since he said words very much like this to me. We had just returned from Fast Meeting: ?Mother, I see in the not far distant future six stalwart sons bearing me to my last rest. And they must do the same for you also.@

Whether or not he had any premonition of what soon followed I cannot say.

There will very likely be a family get-together some time during this Reeve activity, and at that time I want the boys to see that one of their sisters offers prayer before they separate. You may talk it over among yourselves and them.

Before the services begin in the family group, Bryan may offer the prayer there with the family. I am assuming that you are all mindful that we are not mourning; we are praising and rejoicing. Our prayers must show it. And our demeanor [must] demonstrate it.

Before my father Platte De Lyman died, he was racked with pain, and he asked to be raised to a sitting position. There he sang, "Lord, Thou Wilt Hear Me When I Pray." He sank back and soon passed on. I want my oldest son Platte De to see that this is sung by the tune in the present Hymn Book, by Daynes. Platte De's brothers and any others he may wish may participate. Dean has a good voice and there are others - Bryan and maybe Dale and Richard, and maybe Grant's boys. He (Platte De) can arrange this. Only it must be familiar with all of them beforehand. And it may be well to make a few remarks beforehand to show its significance.

[Because this hymn has been taken from the newer hymn books of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, I include it here for posterity to reverence and contemplate - Lyman D. Platt]

Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray.
I am forever thine!
I fear before thee all the day;
O may I never sin.
O may I never sin.

And while I rest my weary head
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee,
With my own heart and thee.

I pay this evening sacrifice
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith, my hope relies
Upon thy grace alone,
Upon thy grace alone.

Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days
And will my slumbers keep,
And will my slumbers keep.

Hymns of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Company, 1948, hymn #265.

The tune of the Nephite Lamentation composed by Grandfather Thomas Durham, and as fitted to the words of "O My Father" has always been a very great favorite of mine. I wish Grant and Lola Dawn would see that this is appropriately rendered. She may sing it or she and Myree or any of the Group. Casse will have a group there, and may be pleased to assist. I would also like her (Lola Dawn) to be responsible for the grandchildren singing "I'll Serve the Lord While I Am Young." It is in the old tan Sunday School Song Book. I should like as many of the smaller grandchildren as possible to participate in this - it will be an impressive memory for them. I think Adelia's children and Margaret's know it. Please see that they do, and Platte De's too [and] Bryan's and Mark's, and as many of the great-grandchildren as you want.

I hope Margaret and all her sisters will interest themselves in their hymn, "A Poor Wayfaring Man." The girls sang it at Emma's farewell missionary meet in Hinckley. Sing verses 1, 3, 6, 7, or she can choose. This may be the first number on the program.

Invocation	D. Dean Reeve
O My Father	Reeve Family
Remarks	Myra K. Pratt
Poor Wayfaring Man	Reeve girls
Remarks	J. Carlyle Reeve
Lord, Thou Wilt Hear Me When I Pray	Reeve Brothers
Speaker	Albert R. Lyman
O, Lord Responsive to Thy Call	Casse L. Monson Group
Speaker	Grant L. Reeve
Remarks	Grant L. Bayles
I'll Serve the Lord While I Am Young	Grandchildren
Benediction	Mark J. Reeve
Graveside Prayer	Reed L. Reeve

DOCUMENT 80

OUR BABY by Clessa Palmer Lyman

Two delicate hands as pink as a rose.
Two little feet with ten tiny toes,
Two dark eyes so sparkling and bright,
A wee, wee body, our hearts own delight

A darling little head, on each side an ear,
A lovely little nose so well shaped and dear,
The most dainty mouth, so pouty and sweet,
Two little eyebrows that couldn't be beat.

Two little legs so active and strong,
Two little lashes so dark and so long,
Two shapely arms with skins, oh so red,
Hair soft as silk on a cute little head.

Well all of these things are rolled into one
They form a most perfect and lovable son.

A PRAYER
by
Clessa Palmer Lyman

Oh, Father in Heaven, who dwells over there,
With hearts wide open we utter our prayer.
Bless our baby's sight that he may see right from wrong:
Bless his sweet voice that he might praise Thee in song.
Bless his two feet that he might walk in Thy path.
Guard his disposition from anger and wrath.

Give him strength to resist all sin,
Give him Thy Spirit to abide within,
Bless his wee brain as the time goes by,
[That] He may keep Thy commandments, never cheat, steal, nor lie.
Help us, his parents, to rear him up right.
In times of trial, help us battle the fight.
With the deepest of feeling and gratitude sincere,
We thank Thee, Lord, for our baby dear.

DOCUMENT 81

This document contains the poetry of Sara Lyman, daughter of Albert R. Lyman and Mary Ellen Perkins. Not all of it has been included here. Also contained in the document are notes, blessings, and biographical information, most of which follow.

SARA LYMAN
by
Albert R. Lyman

Sara Lyman was with us only twenty-six years. The time of her babyhood, her girlhood and her young womanhood passed like a dream and she vanished as a fairy from our view, leaving her smile and her cheer as the echoing message she had come to deliver. She was an important feature of our home-life at Niklovis Ranch.

When scarlet fever invaded our home, it made a fierce attack on her. We hoped she would outgrow it, but the poison lingered in her system, and after making her promising

start from the high school, it became very pronounced. We took her to a doctor and he declared she had no more than three months to live. With a full understanding of the doctor's verdict, she went with me to Huntington, where I was to teach, and she took there a treatment that I got through the mail from a doctor in California. Rather than be idle she took post-graduate work in the Huntington High School, and felt so much improved by March that she went to Salt Lake and began typing for the Consolidated Wagon and Machine Company, holding the place three or more years.

When we knew she was breaking under the strain, we brought her home to the ranch where she suffered a stroke, losing the use of her left side. Still she clung to life with all her optimistic soul, and we clung to her. It was mainly in the year and a half that she lived after that time that she got over to us her most vital message, the brave message of faith and hope.

With our united prayers, she improved a little, and I wheeled her for miles and miles around the streets in a wheelchair, absorbing the wondrous message she had to give, and evolving a wondrous new interest in the other world to which she was soon to go. Her philosophy made some things more clear to me than they had ever been before.

She had been a temple worker, and she had us bring to her bedside the temple clothes she was to wear when she died. She felt of them with her one good hand and said how thankful she was to know what they meant, and that she was worthy to wear them.

She left a book of verses. With her one hand paralyzed and helpless she wrote with the other: Today the spring's a secret, Tomorrow the world will know, For lilac buds are swelling And grasses start to grow. Today is dark and gloomy, The sky is leaden gray. Tomorrow the world will waken, to a brighter, happier day. Albert R. Lyman

One of Sara's more famous poems is entitled "My Mission."

MY MISSION
by
Sara Lyman

I was longing for a mission -
 Fancy made it something grand -
Something that would win the praises
 Of the world on every hand;
So I squandered time in waiting
 For the chance that never came -
Quite forgot to think of others
 In my longings after fame.

But one day I had a vision
 Of the needy ones near by,

Of the hearts that starve with hunger
Till they faint and fall and die. -
Starve for little deeds of kindness,
Of a word of hope and cheer,
And the smile that costs so little
But can make it heaven here.

Then it was I found my mission -
Knew what work God meant for me -
And I cried, "Forgive my blindness,
Now at last, thank God, I see."
And my heart that had been selfish
In its longing to be great,
Saw great fields of labor waiting
For me just outside the gate.

So I seek to scatter sunshine
In a dark and cheerless place;
Loving words have given courage -
Smiles have cheered the tearful face.
In the joy of helping others
God's good time I waste no more,
Since my life has found its mission
Waiting at the very door.

OBITUARY OF SARA LYMAN

Miss Sara Lyman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Lyman of Blanding died on Tuesday at 5 a.m. at the home of her sister Mrs. Milton Davis. Born in Blanding October 17, 1910, Miss Lyman had lived in Salt Lake City for a number of years, being employed by the Consolidated Wagon and Machine Company until 1934, when she was taken ill.

Surviving are her parents and the following brothers and sisters: Mrs. Byron Monson, Pleasant Grove; Platte D. Lyman, Idaho Falls, Idaho; Mrs. Milton Davis, Mrs. Marlin Bishop, Salt Lake City; Karl R. Lyman, Mark P. Lyman, Vint P. Lyman, Ann Lyman, Ellen Lyman, Edith Lyman, Alberta Lyman and Guen Lyman, Blanding.

Funeral services were Tuesday evening in the Kingdon-Lees chapel. Additional services will be conducted Thursday at 2 p.m. in Blanding, with interment in the Blanding Cemetery.

FUNERAL SERVICES

April 16, 1936, 3 p.m.

Choir	I Know that My Redeemer Lives
Prayer	Edward P. Lyman
Choir	A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief
Remarks	Benjamin D. Black [full remarks in booklet]
Singing	The Lyman Family
Remarks	Albert R. Lyman [full remarks in booklet]
Remarks	President W. H. Redd [full remarks in booklet]
Remarks	Bishop Hanson D. Bayles
Choir	Come, Come Ye Saints
Benediction	Marvin J. Bishop
At the Cemetery	Choir: O My Father
Dedicatory Prayer	Milton S. Davis

She received two patriarchal blessings in 1927 and 1935 which are also included in the booklet.

DOCUMENT 82

FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE ?MY WORKS@

by

Guen Lyman Smith

Blanding, Utah, December, 1965, Dear Aunt Irene & Uncle Edward: I hope you may find something in ?My Works@ that will be helpful or enjoyable, and that my many blunders (aside from those in the writings themselves) will not keep you from seeing any good you might otherwise miss.

It is sent with love and all good wishes for this season and for the years ahead to you who are especially dear to me, Guen (signed) Guen L. Smith

What follows is forty-five pages of songs, poetry and prose which will not be included in this edition, but can be reference for those that are interested.

DOCUMENT 83

[The] Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. Edward P. Lyman. This certifies that you are honorably released from your appointment as a missionary in this Mission. No greater service can be rendered than to labor faithfully for the salvation of the souls of men. The gratitude of those who have been the beneficiaries of your voluntary, generous labors will ever be a source of satisfaction and inspiration to you.

May the joy that comes from the conscientious performance of the duties of this high calling ever abide with you and inspire you with a constant devotion to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Wayne H. Redd (signed) Stake Mission President, November 13, 1962.

Grandma Lyman wrote on the back: "These releases were delivered to us on the 19th of December 1962."

DOCUMENT 84

[The] Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. Irene P. Lyman. This certifies that you are honorably released from your appointment as a missionary in this Mission. No greater service can be rendered than to labor faithfully for the salvation of the souls of men. The gratitude of those who have been the beneficiaries of your voluntary, generous labors will ever be a source of satisfaction and inspiration to you.

May the joy that comes from the conscientious performance of the duties of this high calling ever abide with you and inspire you with a constant devotion to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Wayne H. Redd (signed) Stake Mission President, November 13, 1962.

Grandma Lyman wrote on the back: "These releases were delivered to us on the 19th of December 1962."

DOCUMENT 85

OBITURARY

[1956] Ione Hunt, 62, 1191 Sylvan Ave., [Salt Lake City, Utah] died in a local hospital Thursday 7 p.m. from nephritis.

Born March 11, 1894, in Bluff, Utah, a daughter of Benjamin and Sarah Williams Perkins. She was a life-long resident of Utah and active in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Married Marion P. Hunt Oct. 2, 1914, in the Salt Lake Temple. Mr. Hunt died October 24, 1938.

Survivors: one son, Richard L. Hunt, Salt Lake City; two daughter, Mrs. Lewis W. (Helen) Woods Jr., Salt Lake City; Mrs. Henry (Ilene) Hurst, Des Moines, Iowa; four sisters, Mrs. Gladys Lyman and Mrs. Irene Lyman, Blanding; Mrs. Sade Barton, Monticello; Mrs. Barbara Duncan, Al Tahoe, California, and five half brothers and half sisters, Naomi Bronson, Los Angeles; Alvira McQuarrie, Hawaii; Ruth Bailey, Snowflake, Arizona; Daniel B. Perkins and John Perkins, both of Monticello; 15 grandchildren.

Funeral Saturday 10 a.m. at 574 E. 1st South, [Salt Lake City]. Additional services will be held Monday in Blanding with burial in Bluff.

Picture accompanies the obituary.

DOCUMENT 86

OBITUARY

Evelyn L. Bayless. Mesa. Mrs. Evelyn L. Bayless, 86, died yesterday in the home of her son, Dee L. Bayless of Mesa.

Mrs. Bayless, born at Fillmore, Utah, lived in Mesa 16 years.

Funeral services will be at 2 p.m. tomorrow in Mesa Second Ward Chapel of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints with Bishop Worth Phelps officiating. Burial will be in Blanding, Utah.

Friends may call from 4 p.m. to 8 p.m. today at Meldrum Mortuary in Mesa.

Survivors include four other sons, Grant and Scott Bayless, both of Blanding; Dr. Wesley L. and Weston Bayless, both of Salt Lake City; three daughters, Mrs. Velyn Stevens of Provo, Utah, Mrs. Adelia Gold of Salt Lake City and Mrs. Mary Holt of Kamas, Utah; two brothers, Albert and Edward Lyman, both of Blanding; two sisters, Mrs. Lucretia Ranney and Mrs. Caroline Bayless, both of Blanding; 32 grandchildren, and 28 great-grandchildren.

OBITUARY

Bluff Pioneer Dies at 86, in Mesa, Arizona. Blanding. San Juan County - Evelyn Lyman Bayles, 86, Bluff, San Juan County pioneer, died Saturday morning at Mesa, Arizona, at the home of her son, Dee L. Bayles.

An active Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints worker, she had served as president of her ward Relief Society, a teacher in both Church and community work and as a bishop's wife.

Born December 14, 1875, at Fillmore, she was a daughter of Platt D. Alton [sic] and Adelia Robinson [sic] Lyman. She was married to Hanson Bayles July 17, 1897. He died 40 years ago.

Mrs. Bayles crossed the desert, going through the hole in the rock with her parents as a child, settling in Bluff. She married Mr. Bayles in 1897, who at the time had four children, Annie, Emma, Carolyn and Hanson.

Surviving are eight of her nine sons and daughters, D. L. Bayles, Mesa, Ariz.; Mrs. Verlyn B. Steven, Provo; Grant L. and Scott L. Bayles, both of Blanding; Mrs. Adelia B.

Gold, Weston L., Salt Lake attorney, and Dr. Wesley L. Bayles, all of Salt Lake City, and Mary B. Holt of Kamas; 30 grandchildren; 25 great-grandchildren.

Also surviving are brothers and sisters, Albert R. and Edward P. Lyman, Carolyn (Dolly) R. Bayles, all of Blanding, and Lucretia R. Ranney, Salt Lake City.

Funeral services will be held in Mesa, Ariz., with additional rites Wednesday at 2 p.m. at Blanding. Burial will be in the Blanding Cemetery.

Picture accompanies the last obituary. Note: a review of the two obituaries shows why secondary sources are not to be used as the last word in compiling genealogical information. A number of discrepancies are noted between the two documents. Lyman D. Platt]

DOCUMENT 87

[The] Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints: Navajo-Zuni Mission. Edward Partridge Lyman. This certifies that you are honorably released from your appointment as a missionary to this Mission. No greater service can be rendered than to labor faithfully for the salvation of the souls of men. The gratitude of those who have been the beneficiaries of your voluntary, generous labors will ever be a source of satisfaction and inspiration to you.

May the joy that comes from the conscientious performance of the duties of this high calling ever abide with you, and inspire you with a constant devotion to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. S. Eugene Flake (signed) Mission President, August 13, 1948.

DOCUMENT 88

[The] Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints: Navajo-Zuni Mission. Irene Perkins Lyman. This certifies that you are honorably released from your appointment as a missionary to this Mission. No greater service can be rendered than to labor faithfully for the salvation of the souls of men. The gratitude of those who have been the beneficiaries of your voluntary, generous labors will ever be a source of satisfaction and inspiration to you.

May the joy that comes from the conscientious performance of the duties of this high calling ever abide with you, and inspire you with a constant devotion to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. S. Eugene Flake (signed) Mission President, August 13, 1948.

DOCUMENT 89

Will of John Peregrin, both a fascimilie copy and a typewritten copy of the same, the transcription having been done by Elaine Perkins Walton. John Peregrin is the end-of-line ancestor [1997] of the Perkins family: John Peregrin, Thomas Pergrin, Thomas Pergrin,

William Perkins, Benjamin Perkins, and Irene Perkins and her siblings and half siblings, etc.

I John Peregrin of the Parish of Llangavelach in the County of Glamorgan, Glover, being in health and of sound mind and memory do make this my last Will in manner following. I wilt that all my Debts and funeral Expenses be paid by my Executors hereinafter named and

I do give all my Goods & Chattels & Catles all my Personall Estates to my two Sons Oliver and Hopkin forever and I do constitute and apoint my said two Sons Oliver and Hopkin to be Joint Executors of this my last Will hereby disanulling all former Wills by me made. In witness hereunto I sett my hand and Seal this 23 day of April one thousand seven hundred and Eighty two. The Mark of John [X] Peregrin

Signed Sealed Published and Declared as & for my last Will in presence of us who Signe our Names as Wittness hereunto in the Presence of the Testator and of Each Other - Lewelin Terry; the Mark of Thomas [X] Peregrin

July 26th 1782 This will was proved by the oaths of ye above named Executors Before Me Miles Bassett [Family History Library Film 105252, Wills at St. David's)

DOCUMENT 90

Saddleworth, Yorkshire, England: An Overview. Saddleworth, is in the township of Quick, and parish of Rochdale (Lancashire), Agbrigg-division of Agbrigg and Morley, liberty of Pontefract [modern alignment: 2008]. The church is a perpetual curacy, in the deanry of Pontefract; patron, the vicar of Rochdale.

This place gives name to a large valley, about seven miles long, and five broad, in the broadest part, situated in an angle of the county, between Lancaster and the north eastern projection of Cheshire. It is a bleak region, of which a part only is under cultivation; but industry has accumulated in it a large number of inhabitants, who gain a comfortable subsistence by the manufacture of woolen cloth, for which the place is peculiarly famous; indeed, many of the superfine broads made here, vie with those of the west of England. The cutting of several turnpike roads within the last fifty years, through this vale, and the Huddersfield canal, which passes through the heart of Saddleworth, have tended very materially towards reclaiming large tracts of land for the purpose of cultivation, and giving facility to trade. This place is divided into four hamlets or quarters, called Meres, viz. Quick mere, Lord's mere, Shaw mere, and Friar mere. The latter was once an estate belonging to the Black Friars, who had a house, or grange near Delph, Saddleworth, which, though in this county of Yorkshire, is in the parish of Rochdale, Lancashire on account of Hugo de Stapleton, Lord of the Manor of Saddleworth, having applied to Hugh, Earl of Chester, for leave to erect a chapel for the use of his tenants; to his permission, the Earl made it a condition that the chapel should be annexed to the Abbey of Whalley. On the dissolution of the monastery system, it was annexed to Rochdale.

The Roman road from Mancunium, passed through a part of this vale; and at Castleshaw is the remains of an ancient fortification, supposed, by Mr. Whitaker, to have been a fortress of the primeval Britons, which he thinks is pretty plainly evinced by the few relics which have been accidentally discovered at it.

The following description is from White's *Leeds and the Clothing District of Yorkshire* (1853).

Saddleworth-cum-Quick is a mountainous township and parochial chapelry, in the parish of Rochdale and diocese of Manchester; but in the Upper Division of Agbrigg Wapentake, and West-Riding of Yorkshire, where the latter joins the counties of Lancaster and Chester. It extends from eight to fourteen miles southwest of Huddersfield, and from four to ten miles northeast of Oldham; comprising about 18,000 acres of land, of which only 10,000 acres are cultivated. It is extensively engaged in the cotton and woolen manufactures, and increased its population from 10,665 in 1801 to 15,985 in 1831, to 16,829 in 1841 and to 17,799 souls in 1851. It contains many villages and hamlets and is divided into four constablersicks, called Shaw, Quick, Friar Mere and Lords Mere. Though a rugged alpine region, there is a good deal of grazing land in the valleys and declivities. The Huddersfield Canal extends through it, and passes under the lofty ridge of Stanedge, through a tunnel, nearly three miles long, and by the side of which is a larger tunnel, through which passes the Leeds, Dewsbury, Huddersfield and Manchester Railway. The church and hamlet of Saddleworth are near the center of the township, twelve miles from southwest of Huddersfield.

The principle villages are Dobcross and Delph, distant a mile from each other and from five to six miles northeast of Oldham; Junction (now known as Denshaw), two miles north of Delph; and Upper Mill (now Uppermill), one mile southeast of Dobcross. The others are scattered through picturesque valleys in which are many large cotton mills, &c. Saddleworth church (St. Chad) has undergone many reparations. Its tower was rebuilt in 1746 and the body was enlarged the mostly rebuilt in 1832-1833. Here are also three chapels of ease, viz., St. Anne's at Lydgate; Trinity at Dobcross; and St. Thomas' at Friar Mere. The vicar of Rochdale is patron of the four perpetual curacies.... The Independents and the Wesleyan, N.C. and Primitive Methodists have chapels at Delph, Upper Mill, Springfield, Greenfield and Baguley.

Fairs are held at Delph on April 24th, July 9th, and September 24th; at Dobcross on the second Thursday in March and last Thursday in July; at Upper Mill on the Wednesday in Whitsun week and the first Wednesday in October; and at Bentfield on the Tuesday before Easter.... Mr. Edmund Travis is the high bailiff and Mr. B. Tweedale assistant clerk. Petty Sessions are held every alternate Wednesday at Uppermill. Since May 1853, Saddleworth has maintained its poor as a township under the control of the Poor Law Commissioners. Mr. James Platt is clerk to the Board of Guardians; Mr. Joseph Harp, superintendent registrar; Mr. Owen Platt, relieving officer; and Mr. and Mrs. Radcliffe are master and matron of the Workhouse, which has rooms for 120 inmates.

The Saddleworth Museum in Uppermill is home to the combined archives of the museum itself and those of the Saddleworth Historical Society. Other relevant archives, particularly for parish register copies, include the Oldham Local Studies Library and the Local Studies Unit of the Manchester Central Library. Saddleworth forms part of Yorkshire for census purposes. The Saddleworth Historical Society has surname indexes for the area for each of the censuses from 1851 to 1891.

Chronology: from the Stone Age period there are some signs of early settlement. Saddleworth may have been part of a broad path of movement across the Pennines. During 72 to 140 A.D. Roman occupation included two small forts [as noted above]. Between 930 and 1100 A.D. Saddleworth, as part of the Saxon territory between the Ribble and the Mersey, became part of the Diocese of Lichfield. Incorporation was made into the Parish of Rochdale (1100 – 1250), as noted above. The Stapleton family of Yorkshire was installed as lords of the manor by the de Lacy overlords. During this time it was attached to West Riding in Yorkshire. The first chapel was built. The Manor of Hildebrighthorp (Friarmere) was granted to Roche Abbey. Between 1300 and 1350 Quick (Quickmere) passed from the de Quick family to the Traffords of Trafford and Staveley family of Staveley (Staley). The Shaw estate (Shaw Mere) passed from the Shaw family to the Radcliffes of Ordsall. Between 1270-1590 the Manor of Saddleworth with Quick passed by marriage to Scargill and later Tunstall families. The manor was sold to Ramsden's of Huddersfield. From 1543-1649, following the dissolution of the monastery system, Friarmere lands were sold to Arthur Assheton of Rochdale and subsequently to tenants. From 1657-1791 Farr family of Ewood and Barnborough Grange in Yorkshire were Lords of the Manor. From 1700-1750 increasing growth in domestic woolen industry. From 1750-1800 there was rapid growth in the woolen industry. Large numbers of water mills were built in the valley bottoms, later use of steam power. Birth and growth of "industrial" villages spurred on by better communication; sale of the Manor of Saddleworth to tenants. From 1800-1950 there was continued industrial growth, after which there was a decline in the textile industry; mills closed and were demolished or converted to other uses. The modern period has seen a resurgence based around history, culture and heritage.

Church History. The principal church of the parish, St. Chad's, was founded about 1200 by the Stapleton family, then lords of the manor, under the auspices of the Deans of Whalley, rectors of the Church of Rochdale. Patronage was later transferred (with Rochdale) to the Cheshire-based Cistercian Abbey of Stanlaw, later to be shifted to the Abbey of Whalley in Lancashire. In about 1250, the northern part of the parish, known as Hildebrighthorpe (later Friarmere), was gifted to the Roche Abbey, whose monks established a grange in the Castleshaw valley. Saddleworth was a chapelry within the parish of Rochdale until 1866 when it became an independent parish.

Daughter churches or chapels of ease were established at Heights (St. Thomas, Friarmere, 1768-1962), Dobcross (Holy Trinity, 1787), Lydgate (St. Ann, 1788), Friezland (Christ Church, 1850), Denshaw (Christ Church, 1863), Greenfield (St. Mary, 1875), Delph (St. Hilda, 1884), Roughtown, Mossley (St. Johns, 1878), and Scouthead (St. Paul, 1889).

Friarmere, Dobcross, Lydgate, Friezland and Denshaw were perpetual curacies until 1866 when they became parishes. Denshaw was created out of Friarmere parochial chapelry in 1864, Greenfield and Roughtown, Mossley was created out of Friezland parish and Scouthead parish out of Lydgate parish.

Independent chapels were established at Delph in 1746; Springhead, 1807; Uppermill, 1807; Dobcross, 1871; and Scouthead, 1897. Wesleyan chapels were established at Delph, 1781; Uppermill, 1811; Greenfield, 1843; Roughtown, 1857; and Diggle, 1872. New Connexion at Delph was established about 1845 and Primitive Methodists at Delph in 1871.

Civil Registration: records are now held at Oldham.

Monumental Inscriptions: Saddleworth History Society has published plans of the old graveyard and lower graveyard at Saddleworth Church. The Saddleworth Historical Society *Bulletin* has published a number of issue containing transcriptions from the Independent Chapel at Delph.

Names: All material about Saddleworth is riddled with a rich variety of the many distinctive surnames of the district: Shaw, Lees, Platt, Bradbury, Gartside, Schofield, Buckley, Wrigley, Kenworthy, Wood, Whitehead, Mallalieu, Byrom, Milnes, Brierley, Seville, Broadbent, Radcliffe, etc.

Newspapers: The main newspaper covering the area of Saddleworth is the *Oldham Evening Chronicle*, formerly known just as the *Oldham Chronicle*. The Oldham Local Studies library contains microfilmed copies of the newspaper and other collections.

Parish Registers: Saddleworth parish registers are generally well-preserved. Registers for St. Chad's extend back to 1613; although entries are incomplete until 1720 with many gaps. In addition there are small registers, dating from the mid-eighteenth century, for daughter churches at Friarmere, Dobcross, and Lydgate. Non-conformist registers exist from about 1780, the most notable being the Independent Chapel, Delph (now in the Saddleworth Historical Society archives).

Probate Records: The parish of Saddleworth was part of the diocese of Chester until 1848, at which time the diocese of Manchester was established. The probate records for wills before 1858 will generally be found in the Lancashire Record Office; however, some were proved at York and are preserved in the Borthwick Institute at York.

DOCUMENT 91

Fascimilie copy of the tombstone of Mary, wife of Thomas Peregrine, of the Parish of Brynteg Chapel, Gorseinon, Glamorgan, who died February 6, 1835, age 77 years; also of her son John Peregrine, who died January 5, 1862, age 83 years.

This tombstone is that of Mary David, wife of Thomas Peregrin father of Thomas Pergin, father of William Perkins, father of Benjamin Perkins, father of Irene Perkins and her siblings and half siblings, etc.

DOCUMENT 92

Death Certificate of Irene Perkins Lyman

Utah State Division of Health, Certificate of Death, Local File Number 29; State File Number 143 68 19 2728 Irene Perkins Lyman, Female, Died May 24, 1968, white, age 74, Birth March 11, 1894, Death Place, San Juan Hospital, Monticello, San Juan County, Utah; citizen of the USA; married; surviving spouse Edward P. Lyman; Social Security Number 528-14-0318; housewife, residence: 490 North 300 West, Blanding, San Juan, Utah 84511; father Benjamin Perkins; mother Sarah Williams; informant: Edward P. Lyman, same address; cause of death: pulmonary embolus; time between onset and death approximately 4 hours; recent myocardial inf. with failure; diabetes meletus, renal stone, recent cerebrovascular accident; no autopsy; physician attended patient from January 5, 1968 to May 24, 1968; death occurred at 10:10 a.m., signed by DeLamar Gibbons on May 28, 1968, attending physician. Burial at Blanding City Cemetery on May 28, 1968, Funeral Home Grand Valley Mortuary, 51 North 100 West, Moab, Utah 84532. Local Registrar received certificate on June 7, 1968. John E. Brockert, Director of Vital Statistics provided photostatic copy of certificate on August 4, 1972.

DOCUMENT 93

State of Utah, Department of Social Services, Division of Health, Vital Statistics, State Board of Health File No. 28, State of Utah - Death Certificate No. 452. Please of Death: East Ward, Cedar City, Cedar Precinct, Iron County, Utah; Thomas Williams, resident of Cedar City, East Ward for the past 40 years, a resident of U.S. for 40 years.; male; white; married; wife Annie Anderson; birth November 4, 1853, South Wales; son of Evan Williams (born in South Wales), and Mary Davis (born in South Wales); death 2:40 p.m., March 21, 1922, age 68 years, 4 months, 16 days; cause of death broncho pneumonia, five days duration, with contributory cause influenza of ten days duration; occupation farmer; informant Evan E. Williams, Cedar City, Utah, filed April 10, 1922; buried March 23, 1922, Cedar City, Utah, Registrar Number 12, Burial Permit 12, Undertaker T. J. Jones, Copy from John E. Brockert, Director of Vital Statistics, April 18, 1979.

DOCUMENT 94

Wedding Reception Invitation: Mr. and Mrs. A. Udell Jensen request the honour of your presence at the wedding reception and dance for their daughter Myrna and Mr. Kirk Lyman on Wednesday, the twenty-eighth of April nineteen hundred and sixty-five from eight-thirty to twelve o'clock Fifth Ward L.D.S. Church 845 Grant, Blackfoot, Idaho; married in Idaho Falls Temple.

DOCUMENT 95

State of Utah, Department of Social Services, Division of Health, Vital Statistics, State File No. 70, State of Utah - Registrar's No. 76. Please of Death: Iron County Hospital, Cedar City, Iron County, Utah; usual residence of deceased, Cedar City, Iron County, Utah; residence of the U.S. 64 years; William Williams, male; white; married; wife Rachel B. William, age 71; birth June 16, 1871, Wales; son of Evan Williams (born in Wales), and Mary Davis (born in Wales); death 5:30 a.m., December 28, 1943, age 72 years, 6 months, 12 days; cause of death bronchial asthma, five years duration, with contributory cause arterio-sclerosis, ten years duration; occupation farmer and stock grower; informant Jane Hunter, Cedar City, Utah, attending physician Reed D. Farnsworth, M.D., buried January 3, 1944, Cedar City; Southern Utah Mortuary, Copy from John E. Brockert, Director of Vital Statistics, April 18, 1979.

DOCUMENT 96

OBITUARY

DeAlton Lyman Loses Fight for Life in Struggle Against Serious Illness. Funeral services for DeAlton Lyman, 36, who died of nephritis at the general hospital in Salt Lake City, February 2 [1950], were held in the Blanding Ward Chapel Saturday, at 2:00 p.m. Parley O. Hurst presided. The Chapel was full of friends and relatives who came to pay their respects to this young man who had won the love and admiration of nearly all who knew him. His courage and faith in the face of a long enervating illness had been a marvel to neighbors and friends who [k]new of his condition. He had been confined to bed for the greater part of the time since last September, and had been in several hospitals during that time. He spent several days in the hospital at Monticello just prior to going to Salt Lake for specialized treatment of the disease that has caused him acute suffering for the past several years.

The funeral services were in compliance with what his wishes would have been, and were beautiful in their simplicity and sincerity. A singular lack of prostrate grief marked the demeanor of the immediate family. The control of their emotions being mute evidence of the faith they have of a future meeting, under conditions and circumstances much more pleasant.

The music was furnished by the combined Blanding and Grayson Ward Choirs, and Joseph Hunt and Hyrum Porter. The two sisters, Rene and Allie, also sang.

The speakers were Kay Lyman, brother, Phillip Hurst, former scout master and life long friend, Albert R. Lyman, uncle, and Bishop William E. Palmer, brother of Mrs. Lyman. Each of them expressed praise and admiration of the high standards and ideals of both DeAlton and his wife. The wonderful control that Kay showed in speaking was mute testimony of Divine help at such a trying time. The two sisters sang beautifully, and without evidence of weakening under the strain, all adding to the beauty of the ceremony, and bearing witness to the motivating force that directs the lives of this fine family.

DeAlton Perkins Lyman, was born at Blanding, Utah, November 4, 1913. He lived for a short while in Salt Lake City with his family while he was very young, but most of his life was spent in Blanding, where he attended the public schools, and the San Juan High School. He was the oldest child of Edward Partridge Lyman, and Irene Perkins Lyman, both members of old pioneer families in this area. DeAlton was married to Clessa Palmer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Z. Palmer, March 19, 1935, in the Salt Lake Temple. The young couple made their home in Salt Lake City from 1937 until 1942, when they returned to Blanding for the sake of Mr. Lyman's health. They have made their home there since that time, where they have been constantly harrassed by the dread disease that has been gradually undermining the vitality and strength of the head of the family.

All during his life, and as much as his health would permit he was active in the Mormon Church. He belonged to the Grayson Ward and was a member of the 125th Quorum of Seventy at the time of his death.

He is survived by his wife and the following children: Gordon D. age 13, Maureen 10, Mark E. 5, Lloyd W. 3, and Jed E., a baby of five months. Also surviving are his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Lyman of Blanding, and the following brothers and sisters: Kay P. of Blanding, Edward Robison, also of Blanding, Almond [sic] P., of Portland Ore., Mrs. Arthur Morin and Mrs. Allie Platt, both of Provo.

Burial was in the Blanding cemetery. [Photograph included in obituary]

DOCUMENT 97

OBITUARY

Vint Perkins Lyman. Blanding. Vint Perkins Lyman, 32, Church worker and choir leader, died in Phoenix, Ariz., February 24. Funeral and burial services were in Blanding Cemetery Saturday.

Mr. Lyman, the son of Albert R. and the late Mary Ellen Perkins Lyman, was a mechanical engineer by occupation and until a few years ago had made his home in Blanding. He later moved to Monticello where he went into business with his brothers, Carl [Karl] and Platt[e] Lyman. He had lived in Phoenix since late fall, moving there because of his health.

He was married July 28, 1939, in the Salt Lake Temple, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, to Maxine Sharp.

Mr. Lyman was active in Church work, having filled many positions such as ward clerk and choir leader. At one time, he was a member of the Tabernacle Choir in Salt Lake City.

Surviving besides his widow are six children, Sheree, Larry, Patti, Janeen, Launa, and Robyn; two brothers, Carl and Platt Lyman, Monticello; eight sisters, Mrs. Cassie

Monson, Murray; Mrs. Enone Davis, Mrs. Klar Bishop, Mrs. Ann McQueen, Mrs. Edith Powell, of Salt Lake City; Mrs. Ellen Atkins, Cedar City; Mrs. Alberta O'Brien, Spokane, Washington; Mrs. Gwen Smith, Blanding; his father Albert R. Lyman and step-mother Gladys Perkins Lyman. [Photograph included in obituary]

DOCUMENT 98

OBITUARY

Services held for Blanding matron. Funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon in the Blanding Ward Chapel for Mrs. Irene Perkins Lyman, age 74, who died May 24 in the San Juan County Hospital following an illness of five months.

Bishop Curtis Jones of the Third Ward conducted the services. The opening prayer was by Kirk Nielson with Anthon Black giving the invocation. Sue Zan Lyman, a granddaughter, provided the music for the services and a trio consisting of Kay Lyman and daughters Mary Kay and Sue Zan sang. Mrs. Gladys Perkins Lyman, a sister, gave the life history of Mrs. Lyman. Gordon Platt and Arthur Morin, sons-in-law, both spoke as did Karl Lyman, a nephew and Bishop Jones gave the closing remarks.

Musical numbers were provided by the deceased's grandchildren both at the services and at the graveside and the grave was dedicated by another grandson, Gordon Lyman.

Art Morin, Brad Morin, Gordon Lyman, Jed Lyman and Charles Lyman, grandsons, and John Halliday acted as pallbearers.

Irene Perkins Lyman was born March 11, 1894 in Bluff, Utah, to Benjamin and Sarah Perkins. She was a twin, with her sister Ione. When eleven years of age she moved to Grayson and became one of the first settlers of the place. She went to Grayson with Mr. and Mrs. Albert R. Lyman and their baby Casse and lived there all her life except for a short time when the family moved to Salt Lake City. Grayson was later named Blanding.

In 1913 she married Edward P. Lyman in the Salt Lake Temple and had six children, five of whom survive.

Mrs. Lyman was very active in the LDS Church and served as a Sunday School teacher, a Relief Society visiting teacher, served two Stake Missions with her husband and particularly enjoyed being a visiting teacher.

Her husband survives her as do sons Kay, Blanding; Edward R., Moab; Almon, Stockton, California; daughters Mrs. Rene Morin, Richmond, Utah and Mrs. Allie Platt of Provo.

In addition she is survived by sisters, Mrs. Sarah Barton of Monticello, Mrs. Gladys Lyman of Blanding and Mrs. Edman of Blanding and Mrs. Minera Rowe of Sunland, California as well as 43 grandchildren and 12 great-grandchildren. John Perkins of

Monticello, Mrs. Ruth Bailey of Mesa and Mrs. Alvira McQuarrie of Michigan survive her. They are her half brother and half sisters.

Those who attended the funeral from out of town were Mr. and Mrs. Karl Lyman, Mrs. Velyn Stevens, Provo; Mr. and Mrs. Byron Monson, Murray; Mrs. Marvin Bishop, Mrs. Evvie Wright and daughter June, Salt Lake City; Mrs. Helen Holyoake, Moab; Miss Patty and Miss Margaret O'Brien, Provo; Mrs. Sarah Barton, John Perkins and Mrs. Cornelia Perkins, Monticello; Mrs. Ruth Bailey, Mesa; Mr. and Mrs. Merlin, Orem; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hanson, Centerfield; Mr. and Mrs. John Halliday and Mrs. Veda Halliday, Flagstaff, Arizona. [Not included, but attending, were Gordon Leavitt Platt and wife Allie Lyman Platt; Arthur R. Morin and Rene Lyman Morin, and probably others - Lyman D. Platt]

DOCUMENT 99

From California Intermountain News, serving the Mormon colony in Southern California, date not indicated, pages 2, 4.

WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENT

Miss Kynra Gay Dyal and Mr. Gordon Dee Lyman were married in the Los Angeles Temple of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Thursday morning. The couple pledged their marriage vows before President Benjamin L. Bowring who officiated.

The couple received some 450 friends and relatives that evening in the garden patio of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ken W. Dyal at 6907 Dwight Way, San Bernardino, California. Mr. and Mrs. Anthon Black of Blanding, Utah, parents of the groom, attended the wedding ceremonies in the Temple and were in the receiving line for the reception.

Mark Lyman, brother of the groom, acted as best man and Karen Dyal, the bride's sister, was maid of honor. Bridesmaids were Sydney Dyal Wheadon, Sharon Rae Reed, and Laurelle Clement. Myrna McEwen Christensen was at the Bride's Book Table. Ushers were Timothy and Terence Dyal, brothers of the bride and Jed Black [should be Lyman], brother of the groom.

Guests were greeted by uncles of the bride as they entered the flower-decorated garden. Greeting were Robroy Quinn, Henry Fulkerson, Ken Fawcett, Komer Dyal, and Donald Dyal.

The reception program, directed by Bishop Glenn R. Lewis, included vocal solos by Mrs. Grant Bond of Kaysville, Utah. Violin selections during the evening were played by Mrs. William D. (Bud) Porter of Alhambra. Traditional organ selections were given by Mrs. Zenith Johnson and Mrs. Gerald Quinn. Mrs. Kenneth Fawcett, Mrs. Roy Fulkerson, and Miss Kay Hann presided at the gift table.

The bride is a graduate of Pacific High School (1956); she received her Associate of Arts degree from San Bernardino Valley College and her Bachelor of Science degree from the Brigham [Young] University during the last year while studying for her Masters. She taught English at Lindbergh Junior High in Long Beach and at Highland Junior High before resuming graduate work at Brigham Young.

Gordon Dee Lyman is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Anthon Black of Blanding, Utah. He has a Bachelor of Science degree from Brigham Young University where the young couple met. He fulfilled a mission for his church in the Southern Brazilian Mission where he was assigned for 22 years. He is an employee of the San Juan County in Monticello, Utah, where the newlyweds will make their home, following a honeymoon in the Mission Bay-La Jolla area.

In the family tradition, the groom's cake was prepared in individual wrap for the unmarried girls at the wedding reception by Mrs. Ray Mairs. The pieces of cake were placed around the beautiful three-tiered bride's cake. Serving at the refreshment table were Mrs. William Law and Miss Sharon Fulkerson.

Both the bridesmaids and mothers of the bride and groom wore floor-length formals, and the bridesmaids carried long-stemmed pink roses; the entire color motif of the garden decoration was pink and white.

It is of interest to note that the young couple are both descendants of the earliest settlers of the valley; Mr. Lyman is a direct descendant of Amasa R. [M.] Lyman who, with Charles C. Rich, led the pioneers into San Bernardino, and Miss Dyal is a direct descendant of John C. Harris, whose family was part of the contingent. [Photograph included in the Wedding Announcement]

DOCUMENT 100

Wedding Announcement of Miss Edra Lyman Recites Vows with Aaron Baxter. Miss Edra Jeanne Lyman became the bride of Aaron Baxter in a double-ring ceremony at the First Baptist Church, Blackfoot, Idaho, on October 2. The Reverend Clifford North of Ririe performed the candlelight service.

The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Aleen C. Lyman, Blackfoot and Mr. Edward R. Lyman, Blanding, Utah. Mr. and Mrs. John S. Baxter, Blackfoot, are the parents of the groom.

The altar was decorated with baskets of orchid chrysanthemums, white carnations and candelabras. Mrs. Noel Row, accompanied by Miss Mildred Johnson, sang "The Lord's Prayer."

The bride, who was given in marriage by her brother-in-law, Larry M. Hansen, wore a floor-length gown of satin with roses on the skirt matching the scalloped V-neck and

long-sleeved lace bodice. Her veil was crowned with a pearl studded tiara. She carried a cascading bouquet of cymbidium orchids with white and lavender feathered carnations.

Mrs. RaeLeen Hansen, sister of the bride, was matron of honor. Sherrie and Kathy Baxter, sisters of the groom, acted as bridesmaids. The attendants wore matching orchid dresses and carried colonial bouquets of white chrysanthemums with streamers.

The best man was Larry M. Hansen, brother-in-law of the bride. Ushers were Dennis Norwod, Phil Anderson, Roy Hjelm and Darrell Rainsdon.

Following the ceremony, a reception was held in the church recreation room, where the wedding party greeted guests. The bride and groom stood under a beautifully decorated archway.

Mrs. Leora Melton, sister of the groom, was in charge of the guest book. Assisting with the gift table were Miss Vicky Hansen, of Pocatello, Miss Cheryl Jensen, Mrs. Mildred Christensen and her daughters, Annette and Marty.

The wedding cake, decorated with satin bells and doves, was displayed on a hand crocheted tablecloth made by an aunt, Mrs. Elva Cook, who with her daughter, Mrs. Carren Jorgenson, also made the bride's gown.

Guests were served refreshments at tables centered with a carnation floating in a glass snifter. Assisting with the refreshments were Mrs. June Baldwin, Mrs. Fred Anderson, Mrs. Albert Wright, Mrs. Ronald Norwood, Mrs. Joe Prisock, Mrs. Laurence Lane, Miss Denise Browning, Miss Esther Bench, Miss Laura Anderson, Miss Debbie Davis, and cousins of the bride, Miss Debbie Cook and Miss Jackie Orr.

Following a honeymoon in Salt Lake City, Utah, the couple is residing in Blackfoot, where Mr. Baxter will continue to work until he leaves in January for training in the Reserves. [Photograph of the couple accompanies the Wedding Announcement in the paper]

DOCUMENT 100A

Wedding Announcement. Mrs. Aleen C. Lyman requests the honour of your presence at the marriage of her daughter Edra Jeanne to Mr. Aaron Baxter on Saturday, the second of October nineteen hundred and sixty-five at eight o'clock in the evening, First Baptist Church, 10 North University, Blackfoot, Idaho. Reception following Ceremony.

DOCUMENT 101

Wedding Announcement taken from the Deseret News and Telegram, Salt Lake City, date not indicated.

Monson-Faust. Friday nuptial rites united in marriage Miss Lani Kay Monson and Delano F. Faust.

Following their marriage in the Salt Lake Temple, the couple was honored at a wedding breakfast at the home of the bridegroom's mother, Mrs. George A. Faust, 6010 [South] 23rd East.

Friday evening, the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Byron C. Monson, 583 Downingtown Ave., further feted the newlyweds at a reception in Belvedere Ward, 607 Dowington Ave.

As she greeted guests, the bride was gowned in a floor-length model of lace and tulle over satin. The high-necked bodice featured a yoke of tulle and long tapered sleeves.

Her shoulder-length veil was caught to a tiara of pearls. She carried a bouquet of orchids.

Attending the bride were Mrs. S. Lee Lamper, matron of honor; and her sisters, Mrs. Keith X. Brown, Mrs. Scott Thomas Lyman, Mrs. Frank M. Coombs, Mrs. Kay R. Johnson, and Mrs. Val M. McCleery.

They wore dresses of summer cottons in pastel shades.

The bridegroom's brother, James Faust, was best man. Robert P. Paul ushered.

The bridal couple will honeymoon en route to San Antonio, Texas, where Mr. Faust is attending Chiropractic College of Texas. He is a former University of Utah student. He completed an LDS Eastern States mission and served a tour of duty with the U.S. Army. [Photograph of the bride included with the Wedding Announcement]

DOCUMENT 102

Autobiographical notes written in the pen of Edward Partridge Lyman on a scrap of an old envelope with a \$.10 Andrew Jensen stamp on it, cancelled, with the "Bla..." of Blanding visible. I have typed the notes as they were written to preserve the quality and style of grandpa Lyman's writing, with some punctuation added for continuity - Lyman D. Platt.

My mother told me I had, a, or rather that she & I had trouble in my being born, that my head was extry large, and the midwife told her I could not be born ----.

Saw me twice before I was born told midwife, we would live together or die together. So I am indebited to her more than usual. The first I remember, I was wearing a colored bluss, also that I used to put my hand or rather my fingers over a knot hole in the door (west) and could see the bones in my fingers. I remember the house and lot and trees & bushes and granery and corralls and shed, milk cows and ditch & cemetary & mountains & neighbors & school where our children went. Also Sunday school, and some of our

relatives & friends who lived down town. This was all in Scipio, also the store & some fields. Also (Pa) coming home from San Juan. But he was a stranger to me and I was afraid of him. I slept up stairs. I also remember a man brot a bear to our place [that] was on a chain, and would dance when the man sang for him, even remember the (song) he sang. Ha, ha, ha. I remember going to Filmore with my mother in a one-horse buggy; the horse's name was Moody, named for the man father got him or her from. I remember the telephone line along side of the road. I remember the road and the different directions it took and ups & downs. I remember Grand mother Robison, she made more of a fuss over me than I was used to. Also a cousin Adelia Robison took me with her to school or some such a place where she had some friends. I remember their corrall and milk cows. I also remember our coral and milk cows & their names - Helf & Brock. And the cow shed. Cows minded (ma) who did the milking most of the time. I remember our kids going for a walk up in the hills and when we came home we had a little girl baby (Dolly) also when we started for San Juan we had two wagons ma drove one with two horses on it their names were Buck & John. Buck was grey & was very lazy. John was a dark sorrel and was not at all lazy. I liked John but not Buck. We passed a lake a short distance from Scipio. It had a small boat on which was painted stripes. I thot it very beautiful. I rode with (ma) all the time. (Pa) had two horses and two mules on his wagon. We had some loose horses which Albert drove. Small towns. Camp houses. Camp fires. Trackite. Cass Heite. Colorad[o] River. Dirty Devil, Ferry, Cas Heite, lunches, Young's, White Canyon, All Scouip, Charley Fry. I remember nooning in the Butler, and reaching Bluff ----.

Early in April I learned to ride a horse on the old lazey Buck, who was one of the two horses on (ma's) wagon, so I forgave him of all his weaknesses, but I never rode very fast nor far. Lucretia and I used to ride him togather, some times Mary also. A few high lights in my tiney life in those days was when Pa and Albert would come home off from the range. I played a great deal with Lyman & Eddie Nielson. I didn't know what to think of the indians. I noticed everything about them. I got me a bow and some arrows. I went with Pa to hawl wood -----.

My clothes were all homad [homemade], ma even knit my stockings and made my hat. Ma said I looked like a little boy she saw in her dreams. I had the headache -----.

I went to S.S. [Sunday School] and primary and a few parties, but ma never started me to school untill I was eight, but she taught [me] to read at home. When I was eight years I was baptised in the river by Pa, also confirmed on 12th day of October 1894. I took my first trip on the range with Pa at 8 years of age, a few days on Elk Mt. and down to Cow tank. I rode a black mare with J.L. on hed [head]. She was just a few degrees ahead of Buck. I was not a dashing figure with a cowboy hat and high heeled boots and spurs & a pair of Levi over alls. If the Old mare had had a speed ometer I am quite sure she would have registered exactly nothing an hour. A humble beginning. But I was very happy to go with Pa figuring this was just a beginning. One night we camped at Peavine, and of course slept in the open, and next morning there was snow on our bed, enough to make it seat heavy and it was hard to get up without getting snow in our bed.

DOCUMENT 103

HOME COMING TESTIMONIAL Honoring Sister Aneva Galbraith and Sister Rene Lyman

Prelude Music - Joe Hunt and Hyrum Porter
Opening Song, Congregation: "High on the Mountain Top" (p. 131)
Prayer - Edward P. Lyman
Scriptural Reading - Kent Black
Sacrament Song – Choir: "Lord Thou Wilt Hear Me"
Sacrament
Song - Double Mixed Quartette: "Come Come Ye Saints"
Talk (five minutes) - Bishop Palmer
Talk - Rene Lyman
Violin Duet - Joe Hunt, Hyrum Porter
Talk - Aneva Galbraith
Closing Song - Double Mixed Quartette: "I Waited for the Lord"
Benediction - E. P. Galbraith

DOCUMENT 104

A FAREWELL TESTIMONIAL Honoring Elder Reed Lyman Reeve

Farewell Testimonial in honor of Elder Reed Lyman Reeve who has been called to the Netherlands Mission to be given in the Douglas Ward 453 South 11th East Street, Sunday evening, August 28, 1949 at 5:00 p.m. Voluntary Contributions. [Picture of Elder Reed Lyman Reeve]

PROGRAM

Organ Prelude	Mrs. Louis Baughamn
Opening Song	Congregation: "Let Us All Press On"
Invocation	Robert Gray
Sacrament Song	Congregation
Sacrament Service	Aaronic Priesthood
Vocal Solo	Grant L. Reeve
Remarks	Kay L. Stoker
Remarks	Bishop Eugene P. Watkins
Violin Solo	Roberta Carlquist
Remarks	Kenneth E. Weight
Remarks	Mary L. Reeve
Remarks	Bishop Alfred C. Nielsen
Response	Missionary
Closing Song	Congregation: "God Speed the Right"
Benediction	Stanley Richards

MISSIONARIES IN THE FIELD

Richard C. Wood	Canada
Norville Craven	Great Britain
Paul C. Andrus	Japan
William W. Carlston	Norway
Alan E. Allred	Hawaii
Richard Harris	Hawaii
James N. Ward	New England
Bretnall H. Barlow	Denmark
Robert T. Martin	France
Lafayette H. Holbrook	France

DOCUMENT 105

OBITUARY

Date is only partially shown, ...y 2, 1964, probably the Deseret News. Picture of Elder Lyman accompanies obituary. Lyman D. Platt

Career Closes - Richard R. Lyman, whose funeral services will be held Friday in Salt Lake City. Noted Utahn Dies at 93.

Dr. Richard R. Lyman, 1084 3rd Ave., Salt Lake City, nationally prominent civil engineer and educator and former member of the Council of Twelve Apostles of the LDS Church, died of causes incident to age Tuesday evening. He was 93.

Dr. Lyman had served as a member of consulting engineer boards on selection of three of the seven "Engineering Wonders of the United States," designated by the American Society of Civil Engineers.

The three projects were the Grand Coulee Dam and Columbia River Project; the Metropolitan Water District of Southern California and the Sanitary District of Chicago.

He founded in 1896 and for 26 years served as head of the department of engineering at the University of Utah.

Dr. Lyman surveyed and laid out the University of Utah campus. In 1961 he was named emeritus professor of civil engineering by the university.

Dr. Lyman originated the "Lyman Plan," the system of street numbering now used in Salt Lake and neighboring valleys.

He served as vice chairman of the Utah Road Commission from 1909 to 1918, and also served as vice chairman of the Utah Water Storage Commission.

In 1915 Dr. Lyman was awarded the J. James R. Croe Medal by the American Society of Civil Engineers for his published study of the flow of streams.

His educational background included graduation from the Brigham Young Academy in 1891, and from the University of Michigan in 1895, with a B.S. degree in civil engineering.

He received a master's degree in civil engineering from Cornell University in 1903, and a doctor of philosophy degree from Cornell in 1905.

In 1939 Dr. Lyman was made a life member of the American Society of Civil Engineers, and in 1952 was named honorary president of the Utah Society of Professional Engineers.

Besides being a former member of the Council of Twelve Apostles of the LDS Church, he had served as president of the LDS European Mission and as a member of the general superintendency of the LDS Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association.

He was born November 23, 1870 in Fillmore, a son of Francis M. and Clara Callister Lyman. He married Amy Brown in 1896. She died in 1959.

Survivors include a daughter, Mrs. Alexander (Margaret) Schreiner, Salt Lake City; five grandchildren; seven great-grandchildren.

Funeral services will be conducted Friday at 12:15 p.m., in the Salt Lake 27th LDS Ward Chapel, Fourth Ave. and P Street.

Hugh B. Brown of the First Presidency of the LDS Church will speak at the services. Friends may call at 260 E. South Temple tonight from 6 to 8 p.m. and Friday from 10 a.m. until noon.

Burial will be in the Wasatch Lawn Memorial Park.

DOCUMENT 106

Newspaper clipping fromnty, Utah [probably Blanding, San Juan County, Utah], Thursday, November 7, 1963. No. 41. Pictures of the vehicles involved in the crash are included in the article. Lyman D. Platt

Two die in Blanding Crash. Blanding. Two Blanding youth, Loyd Lyman, 16, and Raymond Hutchins, 22, died near here Friday morning when the pickup in which they were riding slammed nearly head-on into another vehicle, driven by Vernon Rowley, also of Blanding, and burst into flames.

Highway Patrol Trooper Claude Lacy said the fatal accident happened near 9 a.m. on Utah Highway 47 just north of Blanding. He said the Rowley vehicle was following a

truck north and started to turn in at the entrance to the Blanding Sinclair Station. The 1962 pickup, driven by Lyman with Hutchins as a passenger, was travelling south into Blanding and the two vehicles collided almost head-on.

Trooper Lacy said the pickup, according to witnesses, caught fire immediately, apparently from a ruptured gas tank. Both youths were dead when they were removed from the wreckage. Rowley was taken to San Juan Hospital for treatment of cuts and bruises.

Five Fatafs. The two deaths now brings the toll on San Juan County highways to five for the year.

Funerals. Funeral services for Loyd William Lyman were held Sunday at 3 p.m. in the Blanding LDS Chapel. Burial was in the Blanding Cemetery.

Services for Raymond Hutchins were held at the LDS Indian Branch Chapel Monday. (See obituaries elsewhere in this issue).

DOCUMENT 106A

OBITUARY

Services held for crash victims [Photograph of Loyd William Lyman accompanies the obituary - Lyman D. Platt]

Funeral services were held Sunday at 3 p.m. in the Blanding LDS Chapel for Loyd William Lyman, 16, one of two victims of the traffic accident near Blanding Friday.

Loyd was born March 9, 1947 at Blanding to DeAlton and Clessa P. Lyman. His father died a few months before Loyd's third birthday.

Loyd lived in Blanding his entire life and attended the local schools. He was a member of the junior class at San Juan High and was on the football squad. He also sang bass in the school chorus.

At the age of 13 he achieved the rank of Eagle Scout. He was an active member of the Blanding Second Ward Priest Quorum of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Bishop Alexander was in charge of funeral services. The opening song, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," was sung by the San Juan High school chorus. Lyle Johnson, a neighbor and the father of Loyd's closest friend, offered the opening prayer.

Cousins Ellis Palmer and Janet Sipe sang "In the Garden," accompanied by Ellis' wife, Mabel. Kay Lyman, Loyd's paternal uncle, talked and a cousin Charles Lyman, played a piano solo. Clint Palmer, a maternal uncle, also spoke.

Closing remarks and family appreciation were expressed by Bishop LaRay Alexander. The closing prayer was offered by Loyd's step-grandfather, Edson Black.

At the Blanding Cemetery an all-state UEA double mixed quartet, of which Loyd had been a member, sang "Abide With Me." The grave was dedicated by paternal grandfather Edward P. Lyman

Pallbearers were Norman Johnson, Mike Jones, Charles Lyman, Jay Palmer, Glenn Patterson and Dennis Guymon.

Survivors include Loyd's mother Clessa Black; stepfather Anthon Black; sister Maureen Holliday; brothers Gordon, Mark and Jeff; half brothers Jeffrey and Duane; step-brothers Neil and Nickey; step-sister Sharlet Sheppard; and grandparents Edward and Irene Lyman and Rebecca Palmer.

DOCUMENT 107

OBITUARY

Services held for Evan Barton. [Picture accompanies obituary; no indication of paper or date included with clipping, but it was 1964 - Lyman D. Platt]

Evan Hugh Barton, 39, died Saturday, January 16, at the San Juan hospital of Hodgkins disease. Funeral services were held Tuesday in the Monticello LDS Chapel.

Speakers were Norma S. Barton, Dale Shumway, Wesley Norton, and Albert R. Lyman. President Rex Johnson conducted the services and gave brief remarks. A male chorus, Grant Bronson, Wyman Redd, Doyle Rowley, Reid Davis, Joy Foy, and Buckley Christensen, sang "Oh, My Father," and "Through Deeping Trials." "King of Glory" was sung by Herma Johnson, Clyda Christensen, and Nereece Johnson.

The prayers were by A. B. Barton and James O. Murray. Burial was at the Mountain View Cemetery in Eastland where a ladies chorus sang "Abide With Me." The dedicatory prayer was by Harris Shumway.

Evan Hugh Barton was born June 21, 1925 in Monticello the son of George Franklin and Sarah Perkins Barton. He was a farmer and a lifelong resident of Monticello and Eastland. An active member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, he served two years as a missionary in the East Central States. For more than seven years he was president of the Eastland Branch of the LDS Church. He served in the U.S. Army receiving a medical discharge for a heart condition.

He married Norma Shumway November 7, 1950 in the Arizona Temple. They were the parents of eight children.

Survivors are his wife, Norma; his mother, Sarah Barton; eight children, Bodell, Callie, Dawn, Kymm, Becky, Evan Jed, Audra, Jann, and George Leonard; and four sisters, Thora Norton, Logan; Oral Johnson, Eastland; Eloise Mahon, Blanding; and Afton Frost, Monticello.

DOCUMENT 108

OBITUARY

John M. Powell, 46, KSL Engineer, Dies [Picture and ?In Memorium@ accompany the obituary; there is no indication of the date or newspaper's name - Lyman D. Platt]

John Malan Powell, 46, 1695 S. 50 West, Bountiful, technical operations engineer for KSL, died in Salt Lake hospital Monday [April 13 written in] at 5:50 a.m. of cancer.

A veteran radio man and one of the oldest employees [sic] in length of service at KSL, he had joined the broadcasting firm in May 1939.

A member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saint[s] he was a member of the Bountiful South Stake High Council.

He also was active in the Scouting program and has served in the Church Mutual organization and as ward clerk and financial clerk. He was president of the Bountiful Parent-Teacher Association and served with the Community Chest and other civil organizations.

Mr. Powell was born September 19, 1917, in Ogden, a son of Jack and Veta Malann Powell. He was educated in Ogden and Salt Lake schools and attended the University of Utah for more than three years.

He married Edith Lyman, April 15, 1942, in the Salt Lake Temple. During World War II he served with the Marines in Asia.

Survivors include his widow; his mother and stepfather, Veta and Louis Dromen[torn]...Bruce, and a sister, Catherine L. Wilcox, all of Bountiful, and his father, of California.

Funeral services will be held Wednesday at 1 p.m. in Bountiful South Stake Center, 640 S. 750 East, Bountiful. Friends may call Tuesday 7 to 9 p.m. and Wednesday before services at Union Mortuary, 2nd North and Main, Bountiful.

The family suggests donations be sent to cancer research.

IN MEMORIAM

The Bountiful Elementary Parent and Teacher Association have planted twelve beautiful new trees on the school grounds. These trees have been planted in memory of John M. Powell, Bountiful Elementary P.T.A. President for this school year, who died April 13, 1964. It is the hope of the Association, that the P.T.A. like the trees, shall grow and that each year its branches may bring good into the lives of our children. Your P.T.A. Officers

DOCUMENT 109

OBITUARY

Joseph A. Lyman, Jr. [from the Deseret News, page 12 B, no date indicated with the clipping; picture accompanies the obituary - Lyman D. Platt]

Mayfield, Sanpete County. Joseph Alvin Lyman, Jr., 78, Mayfield, died Sunday after a lingering illness at his residence, 739 E. 9th South, Salt Lake City. Born October 27, 1885, Oak City, Millard County, to Joseph A. and Nellie Grayson Roper Lyman. Married Livina Hunter, Manti Temple, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, February 1, 1905. She died November 8, 1941. Married Rachel Perkins, June 4, 1948. She died August 21, 1958. Farmer. Member LDS Church; filled mission in Northwestern States, 1910-1912. Former bishop Mayfield LDS Ward. City council member four years. Survivors: six sons, four daughters, Evan H., Butte, Montana; Glen H., Grantsville; Joseph H., Nephi; Emery H., Orange Vale, California; Carl H., Murray; Clisbee H., and Mrs. Alma (May) Hansen, both of Salt Lake City; Mrs. Orlin (Fern) Hansen, Mayfield; Mrs. James (Genevieve) Jorgensen, Ephraim; Mrs. Vernel (Ava) Hansen, Nephi; 40 grandchildren; 45 great-grandchildren; brothers, sisters, Henry, Manti; Wayne, Pocatello, Idaho; Don, Centerfield, Sanpete County; Ezra, Mrs. Carlie Waddopps, both Milford, Millard County; Mrs. Eliza Bond, Salt Lake City; Mrs. Angie Church, St. George. Funeral Thursday, 1 p.m., Mayfield LDS Ward Chapel. Friends call at home of Mrs. Orlen Hansen Wednesday, 6-9 p.m., and Thursday prior to services. Burial, Mayfield Cemetery.

DOCUMENT 110

WEDDING INVITATION

Terry Lyman-Kirk Thornton. Mr. & Mrs. Edward R. Lyman, and Mr. & Mrs. Mayo Thornton, request the pleasure of your company at the Wedding of Terry and Kirk, to be held Saturday, August 4, 1962, time 6:30, at 202 ?I@ Street, Salt Lake City.

DOCUMENT 111

BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT

Larry Kenneth, arrived 7:32 a.m., March 9, 1962, weight 7 lbs. 92 oz., parents: RaeLeen, Larry Hansen.

DOCUMENT 112

OBITUARY

Death Claims Carol Raile, 75, at home [No newspaper, nor date indicated in clipping; photograph accompanies obituary - Lyman De Platt]

Mrs. Carol B. Raile, 75, 1642 Emerson Ave. (1485 South), prominent businesswoman, and Utah public health worker, died Monday of a heart ailment at 3 p.m. at her home.

Mrs. Raile established Provo's first public health clinic in 1929, and for her outstanding work in polio was named Utah County's Mother of the Year in 1950.

Active in the Utah Business and Professional Women's Assn., she served as state health and safety chairman.

Mrs. Raile studied nursing at Brigham Young University and obtained her registered nurse's degree from Provo General Hospital in 1912.

She also did graduate work at the universities of Utah, Minnesota, and Oregon.

She served four terms as a member of the Utah State Nurses Assn. board and had been active on the board of Utah State Tuberculosis Assn. and the Utah State Heart Assn.

Mrs. Raile was born January 31, 1888, in Bluff, San Juan County, a daughter of Hanson and Mary Ann Durham Bayles. She married Francis F. Raile October 6, 1917.

Survivors are husband; one son and daughter, Dr. Richard B. Raile, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. Claude E. (Barbara) Summerhays, Salt Lake City, and five grandchildren.

Also surviving are five brothers and three sisters, Mrs. Velyn B. Stevens, Provo; Mrs. J. Lindsay (Mary) Holt, Kamas; Mrs. Charles D. (Adelia) Gold, Weston L., and Dr. Wesley L. Bayles, all Salt Lake City; De L. Bayles, Mesa, Arizona; Grant L. and S. Lyman Bayles, both of Blanding.

Funeral services will be held Thursday noon in the Berg Mortuary chapel, Provo.

DOCUMENT 113

Broadside Crash. Parowan, Iron County. A broadside collision on a slippery road killed an elderly man and sent four women to the hospital with serious injuries Tuesday.

Dead is Willard Perkins, 75, Cedar City, who apparently died instantly. Injured were: Mrs. Ortell Rasmussen, 56, head injuries and possible internal injuries, in ?critical@ condition; Mrs. Ruby Matheson, 49, Parowan, severe lacerations, ?satisfactory;@ Mrs.

Doris S. Pritchard, 45, Parowan, head lacerations, also "satisfactory"; Mrs. Edna M. Malone, fractured leg, lacerations, "fair" condition.

All are under treatment at the Valley View Medical Center, Cedar City.

Mr. Perkins was driver of a southbound vehicle that apparently went out of control on snowy U.S. 91 four miles south of Parowan about 5 p.m., said Utah Highway Patrol Trooper Bill Burch.

The car skidded into a northbound auto, driven by Mrs. Matheson. The other women were passengers in the car. [This newspaper clipping is apparently from the 1960's but does not have a date, or newspaper name with it - Lyman De Platt]

DOCUMENT 114

OBITUARY

Gene L. Gardner. Delta, Millard County. [Obituary has a photograph accompanying it, but no newspaper or date is attached, nor is the deceased's name given. She was a Lyman - Lyman De Platt]

Mrs. Gene Lovell Gardner, 67, died Wednesday at 2:55 p.m. in her home after a long illness. Born September 7, 1896, Oak City, Millard County, to John E. and Harriet Jane Lyman. Married to E. Eugene Gardner, July 11, 1917, Manti Temple, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Survivors: husband, sons, daughters, Edward L. Gardner, Canoga Park, California; Mrs. Harry (Artemisia) Rolls, Mrs. Kenneth A. (Murial) Hayes, William H., Larry L., Ronald E. Gardner, all Salt Lake City; John N. Gardner, Santa Cruz, California; 20 grandchildren; 2 great-grandchildren; brother, sisters, Clark, Lulu, Oak City; Mrs. Malin (Angelyn) Mecham, Tropic, Garfield County; Mrs. Jefferson (Belva) Jones, Delta. Funeral Saturday, 11 a.m., Delta First LDS Ward Chapel. Friends call LDS Relief Society Saturday 9:30 a.m. until service. Burial, Delta Cemetery.

DOCUMENT 115

OBITUARY

[Handwritten above obituary is Died January 9, 1964; photograph accompanies obituary - Lyman De Platt]

Elizabeth Robison. Mrs. Elizabeth Adelia (Delia) Robison, 89, 626 7th East, died Thursday 4:15 p.m. in a Salt Lake hospital of causes incident of age.

Born June 13, 1874, in Fillmore, a daughter of Albert and Elizabeth Marshal Robison. Married David Robison, September 23, 1891, in the Manti Temple, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He died February 1918. Teacher for 15 years at Millard Stake Academy. Member of Millard Stake Primary Board and served as Relief Society teacher.

Survivors: son, A. Dee; two daughters, Mrs. Evangelyn R. Rasmussen, both Fillmore, and Mrs. Hylda R. Gaer, Salt Lake City; 11 grandchildren; 19 great-grandchildren.

Funeral Monday 1 p.m., 124 4th East, where friends may call Sunday from 7 to 9 p.m. Additional services Tuesday 1 p.m. in Fillmore First Ward Chapel, where friends may call before services. Burial Fillmore City Cemetery.

DOCUMENT 116

BABYS RECORD

Baby book of Lyman De Platt, recorded by Allie Lyman Platt, mother. Baby's Arrival Date: June 10, 1943; Day: Thursday; Hour: 7:30 p.m.; Weight: 6 lbs., 10 oz.; Length: 19 1/2 inches. Doctor: Wesley Bayles; Nurse: Fern Sitton, R.N.

Birth Announcement: I've come to live with Mr. & Mrs. G. L. Platt. My name is Lyman De. I weigh 6 pounds 10 oz. My hair is dark my eyes are dark. I arrived on June 10, 1943.

We Named the Baby: Lyman De Platt; Father: Gordon Leavitt Platt; Mother: Allie Lyman Platt.

Memorable Dates: First Smile: July 7, 1943; First Tooth: November 1, 1943; First Crept: January 1, 1944; First Stood Up Alone: January 27, 1944; First Step: March 18, 1944.

Genealogy: Father: Gordon Leavitt Platt; Grandfather: Joseph Platt; Great-Grandfather: Benjamin Platt; Great-Grandmother: Mary Greaves; Grandmother: Clarissa Josephine Leavitt; Great-Grandfather: Jeremiah Leavitt; Great-Grandmother: Mary Ellen Huntsman;

Mother: Allie Lyman; Grandfather: Edward Partridge Lyman; Great-Grandfather: Platte DeAlton Lyman; Great-Grandmother: Adelia Robison; Grandmother: Irene Perkins; Great-Grandfather: Benjamin Perkins; Great-Grandmother: Sarah Williams.

First Year Developments: Kicks and tries to turn over: August 30, 1943; Holds head up alone: about June 14; laughs aloud: July 20, 1943; creeps: January 1, 1944. Baby Grows So Big: 1 week 1 ft. 7 1/2 inches; 1 month 1 ft, 8 3/4 inches; 4 months, 2 feet, 3 1/4 inches; 5 months, 2 feet, 12 inches; 7 months, 2 feet, 3 3/4 inches; 8 months, 2 feet, 32 inches; 9 months, 2 feet, 32 inches; 1 year 2 feet, 6 inches; 12 years, 2 feet, 72 inches; 2 years, 2 feet, 8 inches.

First snapshots: Taken by mother and Aunt Rene, July 4th [photograph included]; Baby resembles: looks mostly like himself. Has head like Grandpa Lyman. Dark like mother. Chin like Dad's. Resembles Uncle Roland some.

Weight: 4 weeks, 8 lbs. 2 oz.; 3 months, 13 lbs. 5 oz.; 4 months, 15 lbs.; 5 months, 16 1/2 lbs.; 7 months, 17 lbs. 12 oz.; 8 months, 18 lbs. 7 oz.; 9 months, 18 lbs.; 14 months, 22 1/2 lbs.; 18 months, 25 lbs.; 21 months, 26 lbs.; 3 years, 32 lbs.

Gifts for birthday, June 10, 1944: book, sweater.

Health Record: 2nd year: chicken pox; 4th year: tonsilectomy;

Baby's First Trip: On June 19, came home from Moab with Mother, Iris, Timmy & Nurse Fern Sitton to Monticello. With Grandpa and Grandma Lyman to Blanding. First long trip: On August 2nd left Blanding with mother. Came to Salt Lake on train. Left the night of the 5th on the U.P. Challenger and came to Chicago, then changed trains and came to Madison, Wisconsin to be with Dad. Arrived August 7 at 5:00 p.m. Came by Pullman. Got the colic a few times and cried a little, but stood the trip pretty well for a little feller.

Notes: You were tiny and red when you were born. Your dad and mother would look at you and found it hard to realize you were theirs. They loved you from the first moment - more each time they would see you. Your skin was quite red for some time. Your hair was black - not a whole lot on top, but quite long in the back. We couldn't decide what color your eyes were. It seemed they changed from dark blue to almost black. Dad stayed in Moab with you and mommie for four days, then had to go back to the Army to report at McChord Field, Washington. You got along fine and came home to Grandpa and Grandma Lyman's on your 9th day. Aunt Rene was home and everyone thought you were a pretty nice boy. For the first week or so you kept mother, Aunt Rene or Grandma up part of each night. But after getting adjusted you slept better. However, you did cry quite a bit during the day and we held you too much for your own good. When you came to Wisconsin you had a more definite schedule and got over quite a bit of your crying. You developed quite a little temper of your own and really let us know your wishes. Your dad and mother enjoyed so much being together and having you with them. They were thrilled with each little new thing you did. Soon after coming to Wisconsin you found your hands and played with them. Then you noticed your rattle when we held it for you. At 3 months you were very observant and noticed things all around and followed us around the room with your eyes.

September 5, 1943. You ate your first cereal. September 12. Started having cereal twice a day. You like it now, but you didn't at first. September 19. You started eating vegetables. You really liked the carrots you had today. September 25. You changed from your size 0 shoes to your size 1 shoes. They look so cute, and you are growing so much. September 25. Today you rolled all over the bed. October 14. Untied your shoelace and played with it. November 1. First tooth came through. November 4. Tooth covered up again. November 18. Attended first birthday party for Richard Rumer. You sat in your high chair and watched the other children eat cake and ice cream. November 20. You left Madison with mother. Got in Salt Lake the morning of the 22nd. Went to Richfield for a few days, then on to Blanding. Daddy came on the 10th. December 5. Lower front right tooth came thro.

DOCUMENT 117

History of Joseph D. Mathews, probably written by Gladys Perkins Lyman; some punctuation has been changed - Lyman D. Platt]

Joseph D. Mathews was born September 20, 1819 in Parish of St. Davids, Treboth, Glamorganshire, Wales, son of Thomas Mathews and Mary Davis. His parents were both natives of South Wales and had seven sons and three daughters. His father was a coal miner. Joseph, when eight years old commenced work with his father in the coal mines of the locality nearby.

He spent his early youth and boyhood in and around his native village; being compelled to work, assisting to maintain the large family. He received a very limited education. At the age of 21 he married Ann Roberts of Treboeth, in September 1840, by which issue they had twelve children. Being of a skeptical turn of mind, rather inclined toward infidelity, Joseph had never identified himself with any religious denomination, and cared little for any kind of religion until he heard the Gospel preached by his cousins, Hopkin and David Mathews in the spring of 1844, and he became converted to the truth and accepted baptism [in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints] September 22, 1844, being then 25 years of age.

Becoming a very active member in his duties in the Church, he was ordained an Elder in the priesthood in December 1844 by Elder Abel Evans and sent out into the ministry laboring diligently and faithfully in disseminating the truth. He possessed a fine spiritual nature and great faith and was often called to minister to the sick who received blessings under his administration. He became the president of a large and flourishing branch of the Church in the city of Swansea.

In February 1852, he concluded to emigrate and leave his native land for Utah, with his wife and one son, Thomas. They left Liverpool on the sailing vessel *Ellen Maria*, in the first company sent forward by the Perpetual Emigration Fund Company via New Orleans to Council Bluffs, and overland in oxtrain under command of Captain A. O. Smoot's Company, arriving in Salt Lake City, Utah, September 3, 1852, being eight months making the journey.

Their first temporary home was on 5th West between 2nd and 3rd North, later in 1856, they built a home on 4th West, 2nd and 3rd North. The family suffering [suffered] the trials and privations incident to pioneer life. He saw service in the Indian Wars and other uprisings, including the exodus in 1857-1858 with citizens of Salt Lake [when they] had to move south. The family went to Lehi, returned the following year. Joseph was a member of the Veteran Artillerymen's Association to the time of his death. He was also an employee in the service of the Public Works for over 30 years in the construction of the St. George Temple, Salt Lake Temple, Tabernacle and other structures belonging to the Church and many other edifices and home buildings in the City. In 1868 he yielded obedience to the principal of plural marriage by marrying Ruth Perkins by whom he had

16 children. He died August 27, 1904, in his 84th year with absolute assurance that his works were pleasing unto God and entitled him to a resurrection with the just. Speakers at the funeral were Apostle John Henry Smith and Joseph E. Taylor, who had known him for half a century. He left a wife and 9 children, 19 grandchildren and 17 great-grandchildren to continue his name and work.

DOCUMENT 118

[History written by Gladys P. Lyman, who signed the one-page document, type-written, single spaced - Lyman De Platt]

William Pergrin. When Thomas Pergrin married Ann Mathews on the 3rd of May 1808, he was already father of a son, born out of wedlock to himself and Ann Evans, whom they called William. William was born on the 16th of February, and some records give the date of the year as 1805 and other records as 1807. He was raised by Thomas Pergrin and his wife Ann Mathews. From all reports he was loved and respected as an elder son and brother by his father, step-mother, and all ten children that came to bless that home. Anything that William said or did was a worthy example to be followed by one and all.

There is little recorded that I have been able to find about William. In a brief history written by Joseph Perkins of his own life, he says that William was baptized into the Church in 1843, two years before his parents accepted the gospel and became members. And in some records we find the date of his baptism as October 23, 1844.

William married Jane Mathews and to that union were born fourteen children: Thomas, John, Mary, William, Joseph, Ann, Benjamin, David, Elizabeth, Ruth, Hyrum, Naomi, Martha, and Daniel, and they adopted a boy Daniel Morgan. I said there were fourteen children born to them, but I have heard my own father, Benjamin Perkins, say that his mother gave birth to 21 children. Why, oh why, didn't some one make record of those births and deaths and other important things? Are we that are descended from those people making the records of the events in our lives that would be of interest to our posterity? I sincerely hope that we are and will do so.

Not long after the family became members of the Mormon Church, the spirit of enmity and persecution was so strong against them that none of them could procure a day's work anywhere, and soon they were in destitute circumstances and were sent to the poor house. When officials investigated and found that they were not only able to work but were very eager to do so, they were released from the poor house and work was found for them, even for Ben, only six years old, who was sent into the mine to carry water to the miners.

When John Taylor, who afterwards became President of the Church, was in Wales as a missionary (he used to stay at the home of Thomas Pergrin), he suggested that the name be changed from Pergrin to Perkins; so about 1849 the name was changed.

As the years went by the urge to join the Saints in Utah became so strong that some of the members of the family pooled their resources and took boat for the USA. They came in order to earn money so they might bring the rest of the family. They sent their combined earnings for the rest of the family, and on the 23rd day of August 1869 the first train to ever roll into the city of Ogden, carried the rest of the William Perkins family. I picture in my mind that reunion and am filled with deep emotions of gratitude to those people for making it possible for me to be born here in America, the land of the free and the brave, a land choice above all other lands.

The Perkins family moved to Cedar City after going to the Temple in Salt Lake City where they had their temple endowments done on October 4, 1869 and where they witnessed the marriage of their son Benjamin to Mary Ann Williams.

William was of a very retiring nature, but an energetic, industrious man and as far as I can learn a faithful, humble man to the end which came the fourth of January 1876 in Cedar City. Gladys P. Lyman (signed)

DOCUMENT 119

BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF RUTH PERKINS

[This document may have been written by Benjamin Perkins It is one and a half pages, single spaced, typewritten - Lyman De Platt]

Ruth Perkins ... was the daughter of William Perkins and Jane Mathews and was born September 3, 1849 at the little town of Treaboth [Treboeth], two miles out from Swansea in Glamorganshire, South Wales, and being the 10th child in a family of 14, her opportunities for an education were very limited and her father being a collier by trade and his time being regularly occupied, his wages would afford only an ordinary living, but when he became a Mormon, the influence of his over-pious Methodist associates was brought to bear so forcibly upon him that he was forced to surrender his position, which entailed much destitution and suffering upon his family.

Her parents both being in the Church before her birth, she was brought up under that influence and was herself baptized at the age of 8 years and has been an ardent advocate of the principles of the faith she espoused at that early day, nearly sixty years ago. [This would indicate that this historical sketch was written about 1917.]

At the age of 16 she became a victim of cholera and came very near dying, but while her associates were dying all around her within a few minutes after an attack of it, she escaped only through the power of faith and special administrations, under the hands of David Rhees, one of the three noted preachers who had become converts to Mormonism, previous to that time.

She sailed for America from Liverpool, June 21, 1867 on the ship *Manhattan* in a company of 480 Saints, under the direction of Archibald N. Hill, arriving at New York, July 4th and to North Platte, a station of the Union Pacific, 391 miles west of Omaha, from whence they traveled by ox-team, in the Company of Leonard C. Rice, leaving there August 8th and arriving in Salt Lake City October 5, 1867; and she commenced to work out in private families and continued to do so until her marriage March 7, 1868 in the Salt Lake Endowment House, to Joseph D. Mathews, as his second living wife. She preferred that order of marriage and lived in peace in the same house with his first wife seven years, when she had a house of her own, but frequently went back to help in case of sickness.

She remained in Salt Lake City till after the birth of her 16 children and witnessed the baptism of her youngest, Mary L., in the Public Font.

In 1904 the family moved to the Pleasant View Ward, arriving there March 10th with her husband an invalid in his 85th year. He died there August 27th of the same year, leaving her with four children yet unmarried.

Her integrity and devotion to the Church has continued through all these years and her labor in its cause has been extended as the care and responsibility of a large family would permit, her work in the Relief Society reaching back to its incipency in Salt Lake City, laboring as a visiting teacher, which labor she has continued in the Pleasant View Ward for many years.

While her life's experiences have afforded many rays of pleasant sunshine, she has also had her seasons of sorrow, all tending, however, to develop nobility of character. In her family of 16 children, she has witnessed the spirits of 9 of them depart this life, 7 of them with diphtheria and one with whooping cough and one in convulsions.

Living near the Salt Lake Temple so many years, she and her husband have done a great amount of temple work and have opened the prison doors to hundreds of spirits, kindred and others, who no doubt in future years will greet her with happy rejoicings, augmenting the Stars to her crown of Eternal Glory.

DOCUMENT 120

[The *History of Joseph Perkins* is written on lined paper, in the hand of one of his children, two pages, single spaced; it has been left as written except for some added punctuation - Lyman De Platt]

HISTORY OF JOSEPH [THOMAS] PERKINS

Our family name was Pergrin and remained till between 1849 and 1852 when our family took the name of Perkins. Thomas Pergrin my paternal grandfather I saw him when I was a small boy and he died in February 1823 in the Parish of Laughor, Glamorganshire,

Wales. Mary Antony [Anthony] my grandmother (Thomas Pergrin's wife) died in the year 1833. I was acquainted with my grandmother. My grandparents bore a good character. My grandfather was a religious man, an Independent and a deacon of two churches, one in Slandlo the other in Crossin near Skatty [Sketty]. These churches were seven miles apart and was in Glamorganshire. Their children as far as I remember were John Pergrin, Thomas Pergrin, Hopkins Pergrin, Mary Pergrin, Ann Pergrin, and Catherine Pergrin. My grandfather Thomas Pergrin had a brother named Oliver Pergrin. He had a son name Thomas Pergrin, and he also had a son named Thomas.

Grandfather's brother was also an Independent. My father Thomas Pergrin was born in the year 1780 in Glamorganshire, Wales. My father married my mother Ann Mathews who was four years older than my father and was therefore born in 1784 [obviously she was born in 1776 if she was four years older - Lyman De Platt]. Their children were William Pergrin born in the year 1805, Ann Pergrin born 1808, Thomas Pergrin born in 1811, Margaret Pergrin born in 1814, Mary Pergrin born in 1817, Joseph Pergrin born Sunday, September 24, 1820, Mary Pergrin 2nd, born in 1823, Ruth Pergrin born in 1826, Elizabeth Pergrin born in 1829, Kattie Pergrin born in 1833. We were all born in Laughor, Glamorganshire, Wales.

My maternal grandmother kept a public house called the Trap. She had lived there about seventy years, and buried her husband when my mother was about seven years old. This grandmother was robbed when she was eighty-eight years old of , 11,000. She had made a will for me to have , 7,000 and my sister Margaret , 7,000. She died shortly after the robbery [robbery].

This is just as my father has written it. This is but a small part of his history but I thought it was all that would interest you.

DOCUMENT 121

[The following history is typewritten on a old style genealogy-length sheet, 82 by 14. It includes a picture of the family of Joseph Thomas Perkins and Margaret Martin: Edward M., Lorenzo M., Nephi M., David Alma, Joseph M., Celia Jane, and Margaret Selvia Morrison; some punctuation and spelling has been corrected - Lyman De Platt.]

JOSEPH THOMAS PERKINS

On September 24, 1820 at Loughor, Glamorganshire, South Wales, the fifth child in a family of ten children was born to Thomas and Ann Perkins. They called him Joseph Thomas, and he with the rest of the children learned to speak both the Welsh and English language[s]. At the age of eight years Joseph went into the mines to work where he earned or was paid the sum of six pence, until at the age of eleven his wages were raised and he received a shilling and two pence a day.

Joseph writes that he was very small for his age until about 19 years old when he grew six inches in six months, again his wages were raised and he received the munificent sum of one shilling six pence a day. In the story of his life that he wrote, Joseph tells of some tragic and faith promoting experiences. At one time he was asleep and having a terrible dream. He was awakened by his bedfellow, Elder John Taylor, who later became President of the Church, who asked the cause of his distress. Joseph related the dream and was advised by Elder Taylor not to go to the mines that day. At seven (he should have gone to work at five), his father called to say the mine was on fire. Another time he went out selling gospel tracts instead of going to the mine, [and] an explosion [occurred] and many were killed that day, among them about 19 Elders.

Joseph married Margaret Martin on Christmas day 1852 and their first child was born June 9, 1854. I should have said that he was baptized into The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Elder David Evans and confirmed by him the 27th of April 1846. In the fall of 1851, he was ordained an Elder by James Ellis and called to preside over the Armbach Branch, later being called as a home missionary to visit Merthyr Tydfil, Dowlais, Ramney, Brecon, Cardiff, Cowbridge, Irwin and Aberdare.

In 1855 he was released to sail for Zion. They left Liverpool on April 17th on the ship *Chimborazo*, with a company of 431 Saints with Edward Stevenson as their captain, and landed in Philadelphia May 21st. After two days in Philadelphia they took the train to Pittsburg, then a boat down the Ohio River, up the Mississippi and Missouri rivers to Atchison. From there they went to Mormon Grove and from there they went with the Charles A. Harper company across the plains to Utah. They reached Salt Lake City on October 31st, from there they moved to North Ogden.

The trials of that trip across the plains are too many to relate here, but the faith and works of Joseph Perkins are a testimony that has greater strength than mere words: not only of the trip, but of the pioneer life after they reached the valley. There were days of want for there was no work to be had before winter set in; in November he was stricken with rheumatism and suffered intensely and was healed through faith. To read his story makes one love and admire him, and to marvel anew at the courage, faith and stamina of those grand pioneers.

DOCUMENT 122

[Type-written document on plain white paper, two pages, single spaced, signed ?Muriel@ and written to Gladys Perkins Lyman - Lyman De Platt]

ANN MATHEWS PERKINS, HANDCART PIONEER

Ann Mathews Perkins was 70 years old when she crossed the plains in a Mormon handcart company in 1856.

Ann was born December 2, 1786, in Lacharn, Glamorganshire, Wales, a daughter of Joseph and Margaret Bedow (Beddow) Mathews. She was married to Thomas Perkins on May 3, 1808, at Loughor, Glamorganshire, Wales.

Thomas and Ann were parents of nine sons and daughters: Ann, Thomas, Margaret (Margurite), Mary, Joseph Thomas, Mary, Ruth, Elizabeth (Eliza) and Catherine. William, a son of Thomas and Ann Evans, was reared by the couple as their eldest son. He was also sealed to them.

Thomas and Ann were hard working, thrifty parents, and devoted to the Church after joining in 1845. Thomas worked in the mines in the area where they lived. After joining the Church they suffered much persecution and had a difficult time caring for their large family.

Thomas died on March 23, 1855 (1854?) at Cumbach, Aberdare, and was buried in the old church cemetery there. That same year Joseph and Ruth Trehern (Walker) decided to emigrate to Zion, and were living in the North Ogden area.

Ann decided to leave Wales and join her two children in Utah. In company with William, Elizabeth and her new son-in-law, David Evans, the four set sail from Liverpool on April 19, 1856, on the ship *Samuel Curling*. There were 707 Saints aboard under the captainship of Dan Jones.

The ship arrived in Boston on May 25th, after spending 36 days on the ocean. Ann and her party traveled to Iowa City by rail where they were outfitted for the long trip across the plains to Salt Lake Valley. The handcart company, under the leadership of Edmund Bunker, arrived in Salt Lake City on October 2nd.

The long trek across the western plains and through the mountains was a difficult time for the two women and William, as David became ill and could not help pull the handcart. In fact, Elizabeth and Ann and William had to pull the cart with David riding a good share of the time.

Ann and her party were met in Salt Lake City by Ruth and Joseph. In the following year Ann moved to North Ogden. During the move south in 1858, Ann traveled with other Saints but returned to North Ogden when the scare of Johnson's Army subsided.

She built a log house on a lot where the Arthur Berret [home] now stands, at 649 East 2600 North. Her daughter, Ruth Trehern, lived in North Ogden, and built the home where Aunt Lizzie Spackman lived for so many years. This home is still in use.

Elizabeth and David Evans built a home in Pleasant View, which is still standing. Joseph and his family settled in Cache Valley or Southern Idaho. William took his family to Cedar City and his descendants are scattered throughout Southern Utah [and many other places].

Two of Ann's daughters remained in Wales. Margaret (Margurite), married to John Nash, died there. Catherine, wife of William Evans, stayed in Wales until the death of her husband. She was married to Isaac Evans and the couple and her seven children emigrated [from Wales] to Utah fifteen years after Ann had emigrated.

Ann received her endowments in the old Endowment House in Salt Lake City in 1865. She died in North Ogden on July 3, 1868 and is buried at the foot of the majestic mountain peak, Ben Lomand, in the North Ogden Cemetery.

[After the history, Muriel added some information as follows - Lyman De Platt]

As we understand it, Ruth arrived in Zion eleven years after her father came. Her arrival date was in 1867. She was married to Joseph Davis Mathews in 1868. We have two family group sheets on Joseph Mathews, father of Ann. One indicates that Ann's mother was Margaret Bedow (Beddow) Phillips, a widow. The other shows Margaret Anthony as the mother of Ann. Our information indicates that both Joseph Mathews and Margaret Bedow were married twice. Could Margaret Anthony have been a first or second wife to Joseph? We also have Ann's father listed as both Joseph and John. Who of the two women was mother to the children?

DOCUMENT 123

[Hand printed parish register extract, made in the same form as the original record, probably compiled by the parish priest as the request of the Research Department for the Perkins/Williams research account; back of the document is stamped ?Received March 3, 1954@ and the handwritten number ?351? is circled below the stamp - Lyman De Platt.]

PARISH OF LLANDYFODWG Register of Baptims

When baptized: October 17, 1819; Child's Christian Name: Thomas; Parents' Christian Names: Edmond or Edmund & Sarah (Morgan); Surname: Williams; Abode: Pantygynnt Farm, Llandyfodwg; Trade or Profession: Farmer; By Whom Ceremony was Performed: Edward Roberts;

When baptized: January 28, 1822; Child's Christian Name: Jane; Parents' Christian Names: Edmond & Sarah; Surname: Williams; Abode: Tywrthyr Eglwys Farm, Llandyfodwg; Trade or Profession: Farmer; By Whom Ceremony was Performed: Edward Roberts.

DOCUMENT 124

[Photostatic copy, on photographic paper, of a standard death certificate found in the registrar offices of Great Britain - Lyman De Platt]

Certified Copy of an Entry of Death, Pursuant to the Births and Deaths Registration Act, 1953, Printed by authority of the Registrar General, Document No. 185994, Registration District: Pontypridd; 1889; Death in the Sub-district of Ystradyfodwg, in the County of Glamorgan, No. 152; When and where died: Twenty-seventh September 1889; Llewelyn Street, Pentre, U.S.D.; Name and Surname: Sarah Davies; Sex: Female; Age: 58 years; Occupation: wife of David Davies, general Laborer; Cause of Death: Malignant Disease of Lower Jaw; certified by W. E. Thomas, M.B.; Signature, description, and residence of Informant: David Davies, widower of Deceased; Present at Death; Llewelyn Street, Pentre, Ystradyfodwg; When Registered: Twenty-eighth September 1889; Signature of Registrar: Geo. Williams.

I Ethel D. Jones, Deputy Superintendent Registrar of the District of Pontypridd, in the County of Glamorgan, do certify that this is a true copy of the entry No. 152, in the Register Book of Deaths, No. 38, for the above-named Sub-district, and that such Register Book is now legally in my custody. Witness my Hand this 18th day of June 1956. E.D. Jones (signed), Deputy Superintendent Registrar.

DOCUMENT 125

[Photostatic copy, on photographic paper, of a standard death certificate found in the registrar offices of Great Britain - Lyman De Platt]

Certified Copy of an Entry of Birth, Pursuant to the Births and Deaths Registration Acts, 1836, 1947, Document No. CE 396591, Registration District: Pontypridd; 1873; Birth in the Sub-district of Ystradyfodwg, in the County of Glamorgan, No. 29; When and where born: Third August 1873, Bwllfa; Name if Any: Gwilym; Sex: Boy; Name and Surname of Father: David Davies; Name and Maiden Name of Mother: Sarah Davies, formerly Williams; Rank or Profession of Father: general Labourer; Signature, description, and residence of Informant: X The mark of Sarah Davies, mother, Bwllfa, Ystradyfodwg; When Registered: Twenty-fifth August 1873; Signature of Registrar: Wm. Davies.

I, Clifford Jones, Superintendent Registrar of the District of Pontypridd, in the County of Glamorgan, do certify that this is a true copy of the entry No. 29, in the Register Book of Births No. 12, for the above-named Sub-district, and that such Register Book is now legally in my custody. Witness my Hand this 25th day of August 1956. C John (signed), Superintendent Registrar.

DOCUMENT 126

[Form, with hand-printed information, created by the Research Department of The Genealogical Society of Utah - Lyman De Platt]

COPY OF MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE

Sent to: Patron: Gladys P. Lyman, Blanding, Utah. October/1963.

On: blank
Application No.: received from V. G. Williams, Supt. Registrar
Registration Dist.: Bridgend, Glamorganshire, Wales
Marriage solemnized at: Parish Church
in the: Parish of Coychurch
of: blank
in the County of Glamorgan
No.: 109

The next section of the form is divided into columns: for the bride and the groom, in eight sections: Groom: 1: When married: 20th July 1857; 2: Name & surname: David Davies; 3: Age: 22 years; 4: Condition: Bachelor; 5: Rank or Profession: Labourer; 6: Residence at Marriage: Coychurch Higher; 7: Father's Name: Azer Davies; 8: Father's Occupation: Labourer; Bride: 2: Sarah Williams, 3: 26 years; 4: Spinster; 5: blank; 6: Coychurch Higher; 7: Edmund Williams; 8: Labourer

Married in the Parish Church
According to the rites & ceremonies of the Established Church after Banns, by T. Jones Curate
Marriage solemnized between: David Davies
and Sarah Williams by X mark
in the presence of: Edward Jones
and Mary David
Date of Certificate 22 July 1963
No. of Certificate T-B 273010
From the Register Book No. 1 for the said Parish, [#109]

DOCUMENT 127

[Photostatic copy 82 by 14 - Lyman De Platt]

Certified Copy of an entry of Marriage given at the General Register Office, Somerset House, London, Application Number PAS/89015/55/F/2

Registration District: Merthyr Tydfil, 1859. Marriage solemnized at Siloa Aberdare in the District of Merthyr Tydfil in the Counties of Glamorgan and Brecon. No. 53; When married: Sixteenth July 1859; Name and Surname: Edmund Williams & Eliza Lewis; Ages: 24 years; 19 years; Condition: Bachelor; Spinster; Rank or Profession: Coal Miner; Residence at the time of marriage: Cwmbach Aberdare (both); Father's Names and Surnames: Edmund Williams and Evan Lewis; Rank or Profession of Fathers: Labourer and Carpenter;

Married in the Siloa Chapel according to the rites and ceremonies of the Independents by me David Price, Minister; Morgan Williams Registrar.

This marriage was solemnized between us, X the mark of Edmund Williams and X the mark of Eliza Lewis, in the presence of X the mark of Thomas Williams; and X the mark of Jane Davies.

Certified to be a true copy of the entry in the certified copy of a Register of Marriages in the District above mentioned. Given at the General Register Office, Somerset House, London, under the seal of the said Office, the 28th day of June 1955. No. MA312456.

DOCUMENT 128

[Photostatic copy 82 by 14 of a standard death certificate found in the registrar offices of Great Britain - Lyman De Platt]

Certified Copy of an entry of Death given at the General Register Office, Somerset House, London, Application Number P.A.S/15398/50

Registration District of Bridgend and Cowbridge, 1846. Death in the Sub-district of Maesteg in the County of Glamorgan, No. 458. When and where died: Third of March 1846 at Coychurch Higher; Name and Surname: Sarah William; Sex: Female; Age: 46 years; Rank or Profession: Wife of Edmond William, Labourer; Cause of Death: Diarrhaea; not certified; Signature, Description and Residence of Informant: Elizabeth Morgan, in attendance, Coychurch Higher; When Registered: Fourth of March 1846; Signature of Registrar: William John

Certified to be a true copy of the entry in the certified copy of a Register of Deaths in the District above mentioned. Given at the General Register Office, Somerset House, London, under the seal of the said Office, the 6th day of February 1950. No. DA026439

DOCUMENT 129

[Type-written letter - Lyman De Platt]

General Register Office, Somerset House, London, W.C.2, 5th April 1957, Reference: P.A.S. 172027/57/F; Your Reference: David Ensign Gardner [assigned researcher at the Research Department, The Genealogical Society of Utah - Gladys P. Lyman [client of the Research Department - Lyman De Platt]

Sir, I am directed by the Registrar General to say that after further consideration the search requested in your letter of the 12th March has now been carried out, with the result that an entry has been found in the records of this Office showing that on the 3rd April 1871 the undermentioned persons were residing at Pandy, Clydach, Ystradyfodwg, Pontypridd, Glamorgan.

David Davies	Head	Married	36	Laborer
				Born Llanfynnach, Pembroke

Sarah Davies	Wife	Married	40	Born Coychurch, Glamorgan
Jane Davies	Daughter		13	Born Coychurch, Glamorgan

The fee of 10s 0d. for the search has been received. I am, Sir, Your obedient Servant, N. Fox (signed); [pencil note: reported to Patron 9th May/57 - Lyman De Platt]

Addressed to:

H[enry] E. Christiansen, Esq.,
 Genealogical Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints
 80, North Main Street,
 Salt Lake City, 1,
 Utah, U.S.A.

DOCUMENT 130

Nursing card. It's a boy. Name #247782-6 [Don Carlos Lyman Platt]; Mother: Paula Platt, Room 316; date of birth: 11/12/72 [November 12, 1972], time: 3:37 p.m.; birth weight: 8 lbs. 4 oz, length: 20 in.; obstetrician: Dr. [Scott] Wallace; attending nurses: S. Andrews and M[argaret] O'Brien [my second cousin - Lyman De Platt].

DOCUMENT 131

Talk given by Lyman De Platt at the Funeral of Edward Partridge Lyman, his grandfather, on October 21, 1972.

In order to understand the greatness of Edward P. Lyman, it would be appropriate at this solemn occasion to review briefly some of the highlights of his life. Grandpa was born October 11, 1886 in the little town of Scipio, Millard County, Utah. He did not come into the home of Platte DeAlton Lyman and Adelia Robison by chance. No, his coming was expected and looked forward to anxiously by his parents. Sometime before his birth his mother was given a vision of a little boy sitting down by and leaning against the wall of their adobe home. He was wearing a certain kind of cap and clothes and she was impressed and encouraged by his appearance for he looked a great deal like his oldest brother Alton who had died at a tender age. Later on when Grandpa was four years old his mother came around the corner of the house one day and saw him sitting against the wall wearing the same kind of cap and clothes which she had seen on him in the vision. So on the occasion of his birth when it was feared that his mother would lose her life in giving him his, she would not consent to sacrificing his life but said, "If he can't be born, then we will go together." Thus preserved by faith he was to grow under the watchful and loving eye of this faithful pioneer woman. "Mother taught me from youth, kneeling at her knees, to pray. She was a good woman," he said.

The family left Scipio when Grandpa was just five years old. He grew up in the town of Bluff. Being next to the youngest in a family of mostly girls, Grandpa developed tender

feelings and a special love of life. One of the favorite pasttimes of the family was to climb up through the canyons to where the cliffs seldom saw the rays of the sun at their bases, protected from the elements, and pick the tiny cliff flowers so beautiful and perfect. Life in Bluff was secluded of course, being the last outpost of the Mormon empire and this solitude became a part of Grandpa's character. But he also knew the association of outlaws and wild Indians. The roughness of this frontier life made him a man while yet in his youth.

When he was just turned fifteen years of age, his father, ever strong in the Gospel, died of cancer shortly after returning from presiding over the European Mission. Eight years later his mother died and so at the age of twenty-three he was left to make his way in life together with his brother and sisters, being sustained by the memories and example left behind by his parents.

The following year he was called on a mission to the Society Islands, but was subsequently changed to the West Iowa Conference. Thus he returned to the land from which his grandparents and parents had been expelled. Working in the cities of Iowa during the winter and the countryside during the spring and summer, he visited Nauvoo and Carthage, worked in St. Paul during one winter and presided over the branch of the Church at Council Bluff as conference president.

The year following his release from the mission Grandpa married Grandma in the Salt Lake Temple. From thence has begun the kingdom which we are just a beginning of. During the years Grandpa served here in the area as a mechanic, carpenter, chauffeur, and freighter, and in many ward and stake positions. He was a farmer also. He says: "I've had sad times, tragedies and narrow escapes, but the Lord has been good to me. He has placed desert, hills, and canyons between me and a lot of the undesirable things of the world."

He served in many Church positions and was loved for his consideration of others and respected for his profound knowledge of the Gospel which he acquired through a diligent study of the scriptures.

Shortly before his death, his brother, whom we love and respect and who is represented here today by members of his family, wrote to him. This tribute made by Uncle Albert would have been given by him had it been possible for him to make the long journey from Cedar City. I quote from his letters.

"Dear Brother Edward:

"I think often of you these days. It seems quite remarkable that we should be confined to our different places of residence at this particular time when we are going mutually through the closing up scenes of our lives. I have reviewed your life as much as my own and considered the unique and unexpected experiences which have come to us. I have learned to evaluate and dote on your testimony of the Gospel. It has come to you from the school of hard knocks through which you have gone. I have been thrilled many times

with your understanding of the principles of eternal life and with your devotion of your study to those principles. They have come naturally to you and have not been streamlined to the popular ideas along those lines. Your learning of them has been from your study and prayer, and the variety of experiences through which you have gone. I consider there is something very splendid in your achievements, your homely achievements, the same as mine, for I feel that we have lived our lives more or less in obscurity as in the wilderness which has been our school.

?I am pleased and delighted with your children and your grand-children. They are an unanswerable indication of who and what you are, of your devotion and the devotion of your wife to them, that they are outstanding in their ability and in the part they are taking. Men are judged by the quality of their children; and your children are unwittingly bearing an answerable testimony of you. I think of your early childhood, when I was very much interested in hearing you learn to talk, and I still remember very distinctly, many words as you first pronounced them. I think of the hardships and privations through which we had to go. These things have tied my interest and my affections to you. Your children are to me, as my own, and I am interested in you and in the destiny which is awaiting you. It has come very forcibly to me, that it is essential for our lives to be rounded out with hardships and infirmities which can complete them more perfectly than any temporal success.

?We adored our father and our mother; we saw them go through the anguish of mind and body in the closing up exercises of their program. We have no reason to think we can stand by them in equal glory unless we finish our work as they finished theirs. I feel that with you and with me, these infirmities which are humiliating us and making our latter moments trying and intense, are for a wise purpose. They are a part of our appointed experience of the eternal ages, and we cannot mourn for them because of the temporal distress they give us. We can better rejoice for them, for they mean much to us if we accept them for what they were intended to do. @ Very sincerely your brother, Albert R. Lyman (signed)

Two years ago a letter was presented to Elder Howard W. Hunter of the Quorum of the Twelve regarding the responsibility that the Lyman family who are descendants of Eliza Maria Partridge, has toward our sealing line. Grandpa took great interest in the answer that was given and dwelt upon it in his mind more and more during these last years of his life. Our ancestor, Eliza Maria Partridge, daughter of Edward Partridge, was sealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith, Jr. on May 11, 1843, the ceremony being solemnized by Elder James Adams. Eliza lived in the home of the Prophet for a year as his wife. After his death Eliza and the other wives of Joseph Smith were asked to choose husbands from among the Quorum of the Twelve. It was made clear at that time that the children born of those unions were to be a posterity raised up to the Prophet Joseph Smith. Eliza chose to marry Amasa Mason Lyman and many of us that are here today descend from that union but are in fact sealed to the Prophet as grandchildren, great-grandchildren, great-great-grandchildren, and great-great-great-grandchildren.

Grandpa had two dreams concerning this relationship. In one his father and the Prophet appeared. His father introduced Grandpa to the Prophet. In the second one which I will relate in detail, we see, I believe, a view of one of the marvelous scenes that has occurred to Grandpa since his death. The dream began with Grandpa standing on a grassy hill overlooking a congregation gathered near a grove of trees and a small stream. As he appeared his father left the group of people and came to him. He said to Grandpa, "Didn't you bring Albert with you? Joseph has been asking for both of you."

Thus ends the earthly life of a good man, but we will yet be guided by his wisdom as we each in our turn unite with him and Grandma and the others who have preceded us.

DOCUMENT 132

Land Certificate: this certifies that Benjamin Platt is the lawful claimant of Lot 1, Block 8, Pinto Canyon, plot containing 11½ acres farming and grass land. St. George, Washington County, U.T., June 25, 1868. I. Ivins, County Surveyor; William Snow, Selectman; recorded this 8th day of September 1868, James G. Bleak, County Recorder.

Page 409, Be it known by these presents, that I Edwin G. Woolley, Probate Judge in and for Washington County, Utah Territory, by virtue of the trust vested in me by authority – Act of the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Utah approved February 17, 1869 entitled An Act prescribing Rules and Regulations for the execution of the Trust, arising under an Act of Congress, entitled An Act for the Relief of the Inhabitants of Cities and Towns, upon the Public Lands, approved March 2, 1867 and in consideration of the sum of six dollars paid by Benjamin Platt of the town of Pinto, County of Washington, Territory of Utah, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, the said Benjamin Platt having been adjudged by the Probate Court of Washington County, Territory aforesaid, to be the rightful owner and possessor of the following prescribed lots or parcel of lands, viz., All those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the County of Washington, Territory of Utah, and more particularly described as follows, to wit:

Lot Number two (2) in Block Number Eleven (11) containing one (1) acre and eleven (11) perches. Also Lot Number one (1) in Block Number fourteen (14) containing one (1) acre and five (5) perches of land, be the same more or less, of the Pinto Townsite Survey, as platted in the official map of said Survey, filed in the Office of the County Recorder of said Washington County, situated in Section 34, Township 37 South Range 15 West do, by these presents grant and convey unto the said Benjamin Platt, heirs and assigns forever the foregoing described land, with all the rights, privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining.

In Witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused to be affixed the seal of said Probate Court, at my office in the City of St. George, Washington County, Utah Territory this 20th day of May A. D. 1886. Edwin G. Woolley, Probate Judge (seal).

DOCUMENT 133

[Photostatic copy, on photographic paper - Lyman De Platt]

Certified Copy of an Entry of Birth, given at the General Register Office, Somerset House, London, Application Number: PAS (M) 89015/55/F/6.

Registration District of Bridgend and Cowbridge, 1850. Birth in the Sub-district of Cowbridge in the County of Glamorgan, No. 98. When and where born: Tenth April 1850, Lanblethian; Name, if any: Sarah; Sex: Girl; Name and surname of father: Robert Chubb; Name, surname, and maiden surname of mother: Mary Chubb, formerly Williams; Occupation of father: Labourer; Signature, description and residence of informant: X the mark of Robert Chubb, father, Lanblethian; when registered: Thirteenth May 1850; Signature of registrar: David Lloyd.

Certified to be a true copy of the entry in the certified copy of a Register of Births in the District above mentioned. Given at the General Register Office, Somerset House, London, under the seal of the said Office, the 27th day of June 1955. No. BB361489

DOCUMENT 134A

[Original certified copy; plus photostatic copy 82 by 14; plus photographic copy with two other certificates on 82 x 11 sheet - Lyman De Platt]

Certified Copy of an Entry of Birth, given at the General Register Office, Somerset House, London, Application Number: P.A.S. 59708/50.

Registration District of Merthry Tydfil, 1841. Birth in the Sub-district of Aberdare, in the County of Glamorgan and Brecon, No. 280. When and where born: Twenty-first of April 1841 at Aberdare; Name, if any: Edward; Sex: Boy; Name and surname of father: Thomas Davis; Name and maiden surname of mother: Gwenllian Davis formerly Williams; Rank and profession of father: Shoemaker; Signature, Description and Residence of informant: Thomas Davies, father, village; When registered: Sixth of May 1841; Signature of registrar: Morgan Williams.

Certified to be a true copy of the entry in the certified copy of a Register of Births in the District above mentioned. Given at the General Register Office, Somerset House, London, under the seal of the said Office, the 27th day of April 1950. No. BA603393.

DOCUMENT 134B

[Photographic copy with two other certificates on 82 x 11 sheet - Lyman De Platt]

Certified Copy of an entry of Death given at the General Register Office, Somerset House, London, Application Number P.A.S. 59708/50.

Registration District of Pontypridd, 1866. Death in the Sub-district of Ystradyfodwg in the County of Glamorgan, No. 334. When and where died: twenty-ninth August 1866, Fynondwum; Name and surname: Edmund William; Sex: Male; Age: 74 years; Rank or profession: agricultural labourer; Cause of death: bronchitis, not certified; Signature, description and residence of informant: x; the mark of Catherine Treharne, present at death; Fynondwum, Ystradyfodwg; When registered: thirtieth August 1866; Signature of registrar: Wm. Davies.

Certified to be a true copy of the entry in the certified copy of a Register of Deaths in the District above mentioned. Given at the General Register Office, Somerset House, London, under the seal of the said Office, the 27th day of April, 1950. No. DA039929.

DOCUMENT 134C

[Photographic copy with two other certificates on 82 x 11 sheet - Lyman De Platt]

Certified Copy of an entry of Death given at the General Register Office, Somerset House, London, Application Number P.A.S. 59708/50.

Registration District of Highworth, 1893. Death in the Sub-district of Swindon, in the County of Wiltshire, England, No. 198. When and where died: Eleventh December 1893, 11 Cheltenham Street, New Swindon; Name and surname: Richard Davies; Sex: Male; Age: 61 years; Rank or profession: Smith, railway factory; Cause of death: cerebral hemorrhage & apoplexy (eight hours) certified by J. C. Raltray, M.B.; Signature, description and residence of informant: Mary Long, daughter, present at the death, 41 Chester Street, New Swindon; When registered: Eleventh December 1893; Signature of registrar: John P. Kirby.

Certified to be a true copy of the entry in the certified copy of a Register of Deaths in the District above mentioned. Given at the General Register Office, Somerset House, London, under the seal of the said Office, the 3rd day of May, 1950. No. DA028101

DOCUMENT 135A

[Photostatic copy, on photographic paper together with another certificate, 82 x 11 - Lyman De Platt]

Certified Copy of an Entry of Birth, given at the General Register Office, Somerset House, London, Application Number: P.A.S. 30636/55F.

Registration District of Merthyr Tydfil, 1860. Birth in the Sub-district of Aberdare, in the County of Glamorgan and Brecon, No. 462. When and where born: Nineteenth April 1860, Cwmbach, Aberdare; Name, if any: Sarah; Sex: Girl; Name and surname of father: Edmund Williams; Name, surname, and maiden surname of mother: Eliza Williams,

formerly Lewis; Occupation of father: Coal miner; Signature, description and residence of informant: x; the mark of Edmund Williams, father, Cwmbach, Aberdare; When registered: Twenty-third May 1860; Signature of registrar: George Williams, Deputy Registrar.

Certified to be a true copy of the entry in the certified copy of a Register of Births in the District above mentioned. Given at the General Register Office, Somerset House, London, under the seal of the said Office, the 3rd day of March, 1955. No. BB357252.

DOCUMENT 135B

[Photostatic copy, on photographic paper together with another certificate, 82 x 11 - Lyman De Platt]

Certified Copy of an Entry of Marriage, given at the General Register Office, Somerset House, London, Application Number: P.A.S. 30636/55F

Registration District of Bridgend and Cowbridge, 1850. Marriage solemnized in Ramoth Chapel in the District of Bridgend & Cowbridge in the County of Glamorgan, No. 33. When married: Eighteenth February 1850; Name and surname: Robert Chubb and Mary William; Age: 28 years and 24 years; Condition: Bachelor and Spinster; Rank or profession: Labourer; Residence at the time of marriage: Ystradowen and Lamblethian; Father's name and surname: Solomon Chubb and Edmond William; Rank or profession of father: Labourer and Labourer; Married in the Ramoth Capel Cowbridge according to the rites and ceremonies of the Baptist Denomination by me John Evans. This marriage was solemnized between us, x the mark of Robert Chubb and x the mark of Mary William in the presence of us David Lloyd, x the mark of William Morgan; David Jenkins, Registrar.

Certified to be a true copy of the entry in the certified copy of a Register of Marriage in the District above mentioned. Given at the General Register Office, Somerset House, London, under the seal of the said Office, the 16th day of March 1955, No. MA299961.

DOCUMENT 136

[Photostatic copy, on photographic paper, 82 x 11 - Lyman De Platt]

Certified Copy of an Entry of Marriage, given at the General Register Office, Somerset House, London, Application Number: P.A.S. 89015/55/F/3

Registration District of Merthyr Tydfil, 1892. Marriage solemnized in the District of Merthyr Tydfil in the Counties of Glamorgan & Brecon, No. 198. When married: Eighth August 1892; Name and surname: Benjamin Thomas Evans and Elizabeth Jane Williams; Age: 23 years and 23 years; Condition: Bachelor and Spinster; Rank or profession: Coal miner; Residence at the time of marriage: 7 Rose Row Cwmbach and 6 Rose Row

Cwmbach; Father's name and surname: William Evans and Edmund Williams; Rank or profession of father: Colliery Roadman and Colliery Fireman; Married in the Register office by Certificate before me George Johns, Registrar; John Davies Deputy Superintendent Registrar; This marriage was solemnized between us, Benjamin T. Evans and Elizabeth J. Williams in the presence of us, David Hughes and John Jones.

Certified to be a true copy of the entry in the certified copy of a Register of Marriage in the District above mentioned. Given at the General Register Office, Somerset House, London, under the seal of the said Office, the 23rd of June 1955, No. MA311948.

DOCUMENT 137

[Original certified copy, plus photostatic copy, 82 x 14; marked "received August 29, 1952" by the Research Department of The Genealogical Society of Utah, with "1655" written in blue pencil and circled; in pencil "For file of Gladys P. Lyman by Enone Davies" - Lyman De Platt]

Certified Copy of an Entry of Marriage, given at the General Register Office, Somerset House, London, Application Number: P.A.S. 112234/52.

Registration District of Merthyr Tydfil Union, 1837. Marriage solemnized in the Parish of Aberdare in the County of Glamorgan, No. 8. When married: September 14th by banns; Name and surname: Thomas Davies and Gwenllian Williams; Age: 37 years and 22 years; Condition: widower and spinster; Rank or profession: shoemaker and maid servant; Residence at the time of marriage: village and village; Father's name and surname: Thomas Davies and Thomas Williams; Rank or profession of father: shoemaker and labourer; Married in the Parish Church of Aberdare according to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England by E.P. Thomas, P.C. of Aberdare. This marriage was solemnized between us, Thomas Davies and Gwenllian Williams by mark - in the presence of us, Richard Edward and Morgan Jones.

Certified to be a true copy of the entry in the certified copy of a Register of Marriage in the District above mentioned. Given at the General Register Office, Somerset House, London, under the seal of the said Office, the 19th day of August 1952; No. MA187901.

[Original certified copy, plus photostatic copy, 82 x 14; marked "received July 9, 1954" by the Research Department of The Genealogical Society of Utah, with "614" written in blue pencil and circled; in pencil "For file Gladys P. Lyman by DEG [David Ensign Gardner]; JEM; this certificate is for daughter of #6 on the pedigree chart of his 2nd wife Gwenllian Wm;" on the front of the certificate in pencil "Anne is dr [daughter] of Thos Davies by his 2nd wife Gwenllian;" in pen "This may not be our Thomas and Gwenllian" - Lyman De Platt]

Certified Copy of an Entry of Birth, given at the General Register Office, Somerset House, London, Application Number: P.A.S. 74948/53F.

Registration District of Merthyr Tydfil Union, 1846. Birth in the District of Aberdare in the Counties of Glamorgan and Brecon, No. 197. When and where born: Twenty-eighth of May 1846 at Aberdare; Name, if any: Anne; Sex: Girl; Name and surname of father: Thomas Davies; Name, surname, and maiden surname of mother: Gwnellian [sic] Davies, formerly Williams; Occupation of father: Shoemaker; Signature, description and residence of informant: Thomas Davies, father, Davis's Row; When registered: Ninth of July 1846; Signature of registrar: Morgan Williams.

Certified to be a true copy of the entry in the certified copy of a Register of Births in the District above mentioned. Given at the General Register Office, Somerset House, London, under the seal of the said Office, the 28th day of June 1854. No. BB175771.

DOCUMENT 138

[Photostatic copy, 8½ x 14]

Copy of an entry of Birth given at the Registration District of Swansea, Application Number YC 581640, Page 43, #4/190C

Certificate of Birth

Name and Surname: Benjamin Perkins

Sex: Boy

Date of Birth: Third February 1844

Place of Birth: Registration District of Swansea, Sub-district of Llangafelach.

I, C. B. Evans, Superintendent Registrar for the Registration District of Swansea, do hereby certify that the above particulars have been compiled from an entry in a Register in my custody. Witness my hand this 1st day of November 1952. Signed C. B. Evans.

DOCUMENT 139

[Photostatic copy, 82 x 14 - Lyman De Platt]

Certified Copy of an entry of Death given at the General Register Office, Somerset House, London, Application Number P.A.S. 53572/53.

Registration District of Bridgend and Cowbridge, 1845. Death in the Sub-district of Cowbridge in the County of Glamorgan, No. 380. When and where died: Eighteenth of February 1845, Treces in Langan; Name and surname: Edward Williams; Sex: Male; Age: 90 years; Rank or profession: Farmer; Cause of death: Age and Debility; Signature, description and residence of informant: The mark of Catherine x Thomas, present at the death, Langan; When registered: Twenty-first of February 1845; Signature of registrar: David Jenkins.

Certified to be a true copy of the entry in the certified copy of a Register of Deaths in the District above mentioned. Given at the General Register Office, Somerset House, London, under the seal of the said Office, the 27th day of April 1953. No. DA136415.

DOCUMENT 140

[Photostatic copy, 82 x 14 - Lyman De Platt]

Certified Copy of an entry of Death given at the General Register Office, Somerset House, London, Application Number P.A.S. 15398/50.

Registration District of Merthyr Tydfil, 1865. Death in the District of Aberdare in the Counties of Glamorgan and Brecon, No. 339. When and where died: First September 1865, Gadlys Road, Aberdare; Name and surname: Thomas Davies; Sex: Male; Age: 65 years; Rank or profession: Gatekeeper; Cause of death: Accidental death from falling under a railway waggon; Signature, description and residence of informant: Information received from George Overton, Coroner for Glamorganshire; inquest held 2nd September 1865; When registered: Fifth September 1865; Signature of registrar: Morgan Williams.

Certified to be a true copy of the entry in the certified copy of a Register of Deaths in the District above mentioned. Given at the General Register Office, Somerset House, London, under the seal of the said Office, the 30th day of January 1950. No. DA033825.

DOCUMENT 141

[Photostatic copy, 82 x 14 - Lyman De Platt]

Certified Copy of an Entry of Marriage, given at the General Register Office, Somerset House, London, Application Number: P.A.S. 15398/50.

Registration District of Merthyr Tydfil, 1848. Marriage solemnized at the Register Office in the District of Merthyr Tydfil in the Counties of Glamorgan & Brecon, No. 121. When married: The Twenty-ninth of May 1846; Name and surname: Evan Williams and Mary Davies; Age: full and full; Condition: Bachelor and Spinster; Rank or profession: Collier and Servant; Residence at the time of marriage: Cwmbach, Aberdare and Davies's Row, Aberdare; Father's name and surname: Edmund Williams and Thomas Davies; Rank or profession of father: Labourer and Shoemaker; Married in the Register Office according to the rites and ceremonies of the Independent by me Roger Williams, Registrar; Frank James Superintendent Registrar. This marriage was solemnized between us, the mark x of Evan Williams and the mark x of Mary Davies, in the presence of us, the mark x of Jane Williams and Thomas Davies.

Certified to be a true copy of the entry in the certified copy of a Register of Marriage in the District above mentioned. Given at the General Register Office, Somerset House, London, under the seal of the said Office, the 31st day of January 1950. No. MA045094.

DOCUMENT 142

[Photostatic copy, 82 x 14 - Lyman De Platt]

Certified Copy of an Entry of Marriage, given at the General Register Office, Somerset House, London, Application Number: P.A.S. 31433/54

Registration District of Bridgend, 1861. Marriage solemnized at the Tabernacle Chapel in the District of Bridgend in the County of Glamorgan, No. 195. When married: Seventh September 1861; Name and surname: George Hopkins and Gwenllian Williams; Age: 22 years and 22 years; Condition: Bachelor and Spinster; Rank or profession: Blacksmith Master; Residence at the time of marriage: Gwt, Llanilid and Heolycyw, Coychurch; Father's name and surname: William Hopkins and Edmund Williams; Rank or profession of father: Farmer and Agricultural labourer; Married in the Tabernacle Chapel, Bridgend according to the rites and ceremonies of the Independent Denomination by me J. B. Jones A.B.; David Lloyd, Registrar; This marriage was solemnized between us, George Hopkins and Gwenllian Williams in the presence of us, Catherine Hopkins and x the mark of Gwenllian David.

Certified to be a true copy of the entry in the certified copy of a Register of Marriage in the District above mentioned. Given at the General Register Office, Somerset House, London, under the seal of the said Office, the 11 day of March 1954. No. MA256089.

DOCUMENT 143

[Photostatic copy, 82 x 14 - Lyman De Platt]

Certified Copy of an entry of Death given at the General Register Office, Somerset House, London, Application Number P.A.S. 15398/50.

Registration District of Bridgend and Cowbridge, 1841. Death in the Sub-district of Maesteg in the County of Glamorgan, No. 22. When and where died: Fifteenth of October 1841 at Lanilid; Name and surname: Mary William; Sex: Female; Age: 78 years; Rank or profession: Wife of Edmond William, farmer; Cause of death: old age; Signature, description and residence of informant: the mark of x Edmond William, occupier, Lanilid; When registered: Eighteenth of October 1841; Signature of registrar: William Preer.

Certified to be a true copy of the entry in the certified copy of a Register of Deaths in the District above mentioned. Given at the General Register Office, Somerset House, London, under the seal of the said Office, the 6th day of February 1950. No. DA026435.

DOCUMENT 144

[Photostatic copy from a microfilm, 82 x 11 - Lyman De Platt]

WILL OF BENJAMIN PERKINS

Done in Chambers at Monticello, Utah, this 25 day of July, 1929. No. 129. Filed July 29, 1929 /s/ [signed] Frank Halls, clerk.

Will. Know all men by these presents: That I, Benjamin Perkins of Monticello, San Juan County, state of Utah, of the age of seventy-nine years, and being of sound and disposing mind and memory and not acting under duress, menace, fraud, or undue influence of any person whatsoever, do make public and declare this my last will and testament, hereby revoking all other wills at any other time heretofore made by me, in the manner following:

First, I direct that my body be decently buried with proper regard to my situation and condition in life and the circumstances of my estate.

Secondly, I direct that my executor, hereinafter named, as soon as he shall have sufficient funds in his hands pay my funeral expenses and the expenses of my last illness.

Thirdly, I direct and order that all my just debts at the time of my death shall be paid by my said executor out of the funds of my estate, should there be sufficient funds for such purpose, and if not, then I direct and order that all my said debts and expenses of the administration of my estate be paid by said executor and out of the proceeds of such amount of the personal property owned by me at the time of my death as may be necessary for such purposes and I hereby authorize my said executor to sell sufficient of my said personal property so owned by me at the time of my death for said purpose and said sales may be made without any application to, or obtaining any order from any court, tribunal or person whatsoever.

Fourthly, I give, devise and bequest to my beloved wife, Sarah Williams Perkins of said Monticello, San Juan County, state of Utah, all the real estate of every name and nature whatsoever, owned by me or in which I have any interest at the time of my death, and all the rest residue and remainder of my personal property, goods, and chattels of whatsoever name and nature, owned by me at the time of my death or in which I may have any interest, with full and free use and occupancy of the same to my said wife, Sarah Williams Perkins, free from any and all accounting therefore or any portion thereof, for the term and period of her natural life should she survive me.

Fifthly. Upon the death of my said wife, Sarah Williams Perkins should she survive me, I give devise, and bequest to all of my children, including my foster daughter Adelia Perkins, who may survive my said wife, Sarah Williams Perkins, with right of representation, all the rest, residue of my said real estate and personal property of every name nature and description wherever found or however situated, remaining after said life estate therein and use thereof by my said wife, Sarah Williams Perkins, to be divided

equally between them, my said children, including my said foster daughter Adelia Perkins, share and share alike, their heirs and assigns forever.

Lastly, I hereby nominate and appoint my son, Daniel B. Perkins, of said Monticello, San Juan County, state of Utah, the executor of this my last will and testament, and I hereby request that he may be exempt from giving any bond, or undertaking or other surety or security, as such executor.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 7th day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and sixteen. /s/ Benjamin Perkins.

The foregoing instrument, consisting of two pages besides this was at the date hereof, by the said Benjamin Perkins, signed and sealed in the presence of us who at his request and in his presence and in the presence of each other have subscribed our names as witnesses thereunto.

Dated January 7th., A.D. 1916 /s/Parley R. Butt, Residing at Monticello, San Juan County, state of Utah; A. B. Barton /s/ Residing at Monticello, San Juan County, state of Utah; Filed July 29, 1929 /s/ Frank Halls, Clerk; Recorded in Record of Wills, p. 179, 180 August 20, 1965, Ada Palmer, Clerk; /s/ Dilworth Woolley, Judge.

DOCUMENT 145

PATRIARCHAL BLESSING OF BENJAMIN PERKINS

Patriarchal Blessings, Volume 30, page 441. St. George, January 16, 1878.

[Typewritten copy, single spaced on 82 x 11 white bond paper. Contains many abbreviations and inappropriate capitalizing. These have been spelled out and corrected for ease in reading; sentence structure has been improved although no wording has been changed from the original; the blessing was given as a single paragraph; this has been maintained - Lyman De Platt]

A Blessing by W. O. Perkins, patriarch on the head of Benjamin Perkins. Son of William and Jane Perkins. Born in South Wales, January 14, 1844.

Benjamin the beloved of your Father in the name of Jesus I place my hands upon your head and seal upon you a patriarchal blessing. You are of the blood of Ephraim and this has come through your mother. The blessings and light of the inspiration of God will flow down abundantly upon you and you will accomplish a great work in the Kingdom of God. You will labor a long time in the temples of the Lord to redeem your dead for they are very numerous. You will assist in building many temples, and in them you will be visited by your dead. You will receive roll after roll of their names that have past [passed] behind the veil [veil]. You will have many wives given you of the Lord, and they will be one with you as you are one with the Lord. Your increase of posterity will have no end. You will have an inheritance in Zion and the glory of the Lord will rest upon [as written]

that there you will build fine and beautiful mansions. You will plant and sew [sow] and reap an abundant harvest. And your days shall be as the age of a tree. Then your body shall be changed from a mortal to an immortal state. You will be visited by swift messengers. They will eat and drink with you at your own table. They will hand you a roll of your dead. You and your wives and your family will go through all the ordinances of the House of God and redeem them out of their prisens [prison], and at the sound of the great trump you will see them coming forth with power and great glory. Then your joy will be in the Lord. You will witness the ten tribes coming to the centre [center] stake of Zion and John the beloved disciple with them. There you will witness a great display of the power of God. You will assist in building that beautiful city, the New Jerusalem and help to lay her streets of pure gold. You will be at that great feast, the marriage supper of the Lamb and sit down with your family and partake of its rich bounties. And I seal the blessings of life upon you that you may accomplish this great work with a single eye to the glory of God and I seal you up unto eternal life and upon your head a crown of Celestial Glory in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, Amen.

DOCUMENT 147

The Parish of Loughor in the County of Glamorgan, South Wales. Transcript of the marriages from January 1754 to June 1837, extracted by David Ensign Gardner, September 1943; typed by Evelyn Maynard, 1944. Not checked after typing with the original registers. [Abbreviations and some other adjustments have been made to the original manuscript in this edition; copy found in Family History Library, Book 942.97/L1 V25g - Lyman De Platt]

Parish of Loughor, Glamorganshire, South Wales

Thomas Harry to Ann Prytherch, April 15, 1754; witnesses David Hugh and David John.

David Hugh to Margaret Richard, June 3, 1754; witnesses Evan Howell and Griffith Howell.

David Rosser to Margaret William, August 22, 1754; witnesses John William and Edward William.

Timothy Mathews to Anne David, October 12, 1754; witnesses John Pollard and William Pollard.

The above were married by John William, Curate.

Thomas Price to Mary Bevan, November 12, 1754.

Thomas Evan and Sarah Allen, November 19, 1754.

John Allen and Mary Hopkin, widow, January 3, 1755.

Simon Thomas and Elizabeth Jone, he of parish of Lanrhidean, she of Loughor, January 28, 1755.

John Prothero and Sara Atkins, 10 day of (blank) 1755, married by James Pinard, Curate of Llangennech. (date not filled complete).

Thomas Morgan and Mary Hopkin, widow, February 11, 1755.

Edward Seward of Loughor, mariner to Jane Matthews, spinster, May 9, 1755.

William Thomas to Elizabeth Phillip, May 12, 1755.

William Bowen and Alce Prees, May 19, 1755.

David John, mariner and Jane Howell, spinster, June 17, 1755.

John Jeffrey and Jennet Watkins, August 19, 1755.

William Hugh of Llangennech, Carmarthenshire, to Eleanor Allen, November 22, 1757, married by James Pinaud?

Joseph David and Elizabeth George, February 2, 1758.

David Robert, yeoman, and Mary Davies, license July 18, 1758.

Thomas Williams to Luce Evans, November 24, 1758.

William Hugh, labourer, and Anne Thomas, spinster January 5, 1759.

Thomas Jenkins, yeoman, and Elizabeth Allen, spinster, July 5, 1758.

Frederick Harry, yeoman, and Sage Thomas, spinster, November 27, 1759.

Jacob David, yeoman, and Mary Morgan, spinster, July 11, 1760.

Joseph Mathews, Curate, married these.

Charles Allen, yeoman, and Margaret Thomas, spinster, December 5, 1760.

John Thomas, mariner, to Mary Evans, spinster, January 27, 1761.

John Thomas, yeoman, of parish of Llangennech, Carmarthenshire, to Jane Jeffrey, spinster, May 14, 1761.

John Lewis of Landilotalybont to Jennet Hopkin, January 18, 1762.

James David to Elizabeth Matthews, October 10, 1762.

Thomas William and Eleanor Atkins, he a yeoman, she a spinster, November 26, 1762.

Banns only published. Thomas William this parish and Gwenlluan Thomas of Llangevelach, January 1763.

Joseph Mathews, yeoman, and Esther Morgan, spinster, February 4, 1763.

Thomas Llewellyn, shipwright to Elizabeth Fray, spinster, June 14, 1763.

Hugh Edward, yeoman, and Elizabeth Atkins, spinster, June 1, 1763.

John Thomas, yeoman, and Luce Hugh, spinster, July 5, 1763.

William Davies, carpenter, to Margaret Hugh, spinster, August 30, 1763.

Henry Harry, labourer, to Margaret Harry, spinster, December 16, 1763.

Jacob Rees, yeoman, and Mary Watkins, spinster, December 16, 1763.

Next marriage form blank.

William Harry, mason, and Catherine Hugh, spinster, February 13, 1764.

John Punner, mason, and Elizabeth Lewellyn, February 13, 1764.

Banns only published May 1764 between William Lewellyn, mariner, and Jennet Thomas, spinster, of Langevelach.

Richard Lewis, of Landilotalybont, mason, to Mary John, spinster, June 15, 1764.

John Morgan, b[achelor] to Mary Charles, spinster, November 9, 1764.

John Francis, ship carpenter, to Ann Harry, widow, November 30, 1764.

William David, yeoman, and Mary Morgan, spinster, license May 21, 1765.

Banns only published between George Hopkin, of Langevelach, and Elizabeth Thomas, spinster, August 1765.

Philip Thomas, shoemaker, to Mary John, spinster, license September 20, 1765.

Henry Hugh, yeoman, to Margaret Jenkin, spinster, November 18, 1765.

Edward Bowen, yeoman, to Elizabeth Richards, spinster, license March 9, 1766; witnesses Edward Bowen, guardian to the said Elizabeth Richards and William John.

Thomas Morgan to Mary Thomas, April 18, 1766.

William Lewis, yeoman, to Ann Price, spinster, April 20, 1767.

William Fray, mariner, to Elizabeth Jenkins, spinster, license May 24, 1767.

William Hugh, shipwright, to Elizabeth Beddo, spinster, June 26, 1767.

Note: written in words, in above marriage entry, the date: twenty-sixth day of June, in the year One Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty Six 7. Apparently an error corrected into 1767.)

Griffith Jenkin and Ann Bowen, he a labourer, she a spinster, October 4, 1767.

Thomas Price, labourer, to Mary Evan, spinster, October 6, 1767.

David Atkins, mariner, to Edith David, spinster, license January 3, 1768 (David Jones, Clerk, marriage entry of October 6, 1767).

Thomas Pollard of Clovelly in County and Diocese of Exeter, mariner, to Elizabeth Thomas, license May 4, 1768; witnesses David Thomas and Love Dalton.

William Rees, yeoman, and Mary William, spinster, December 20, 1768.

Evan Griffith, yeoman, and Mary Morgan, spinster, December 25, 1768.

Griffith Evan, of Langefelach, yeoman, to Mary William, spinster, April 11, 1769.

Edward Coleman, of Lanridien, widower, to Mary Loyd, spinster, June 24, 1769, by Thomas Williams, clerk.

Thomas Phillips, of Swansea, yeoman, to Margaret Bedow, spinster, August 29, 1769, by John Morgans, curate.

William David to Gwenllian Morgan, spinster, license September 13, 1769, he makes mark x, she signs Gwenllian David.

John David to Jennet Askin, spinster, September 29, 1769; witnesses sign Willom Atkin (probably for William Atkin), Henry Hugh.

William George to Mary Lloyd, January 29, 1770, by David Powell, Clerk.

John Pollard, widower, to Mary Morris, spinster, April 24, 1770.

William Brown, bachiler, to Ann Lewellyn (she signs Ann Lewhilleng), spinster, May 9, 1770 license; a witness signs Charles Llewhelling.

Howell Howells to Mary Morgan, license June 3, 1770.

Owen John to Jane George July 10, 1770, married by David Powell, Clerk; witnesses Henry Hugh and William Hugh.

Henry Thomas of Oystermouth, bachiler, to Mary Jones, spinster, July 26, 1771.

David Owen of the parish of St. John, to Mary Bowen, this parish, October 25, 1771

Thomas John to Ann Harry, February 17, 1772.

Edward Shepherd, widower, to Mary Phillip, spinster, August 7, 1772.

John Llewelyn to Jane Evan, license December 6, 1772.

Richard Hammond of Lanridien, bachiler, to Ann Rees, spinster, April 13, 1773.

William Harry of Lannelly, bachiler, to Elizabeth Morgan, spinster, license (blotted) May 1773.

John Collins, Rector, signs register of marriages above entry June 25, 1773.

Charles Llewhelling (as he signs), to Mary Jones, license June 25, 1773.

John Bowen to Ann Davies, September 19, 1773.

John Trick, bachiler, to Rebecca Minor, spinster, November 2, 1773; she signs Rebekah Minor.

Griffith John to Mary Evan, February 13, 1774.

Thomas Lewis to Joan Hopkin, spinster, he a bachiler, March 29, 1774.

John Jones, bachilder to Jane Fray, spinster, April 4, 1774.

Mathew Rosser, bachiler, to Ann John, spinster, May 20, 1774.

William Harry, bachiler, to Elizabeth Lewis, spinster, May 21, 1774.

John Griffith, bachiler to Mary Thomas, spinster, March 14, 1775.

Richard Davies, of Penard, bachiler, to Sara Evan, spinster, May 28, 1775.

Anthony William, bachiler, to Jane Rees, spinster, February 29, 1776.

John John, bachiler, to Mary Hopkin, spinster, March 12, 1776.

Isaac Evan of Langenech, County Carmarthen, bachiler, to Mary Bowen, spinster, March 15, 1776.

John Griffith, bachiler, to Mary Lewis, spinster, June 21, 1776.

Hopkin Francis, bachiler, to Alice Loyd, spinster, September 14, 1776.

Evan Thomas of Landilotalybont, bachiler, to Mary Fray, spinster, October 20, 1776.

David Morgan of Landilotalybont, to Ann Vulk (she signs Ann Polk ?); a witness William Vulk by mark, license December 22, 1776.

John Lewis, bachiler to Mary Davies, spinster, April 29, 1777.

The next form is blank.

Henry Harry, bachiler, to Mary Price, spinster, July 8, 1777.

John Thomas, bachiler, to Jennet Hopkin, spinster, August 4, 1777.

Owen John, widower, to Sarah Thomas, spinster November 28, 1777.

Edward Gamage, bachiler, to Eddith Atkin, widower, license January 5, 1778.

John Morgan, bachiler, to Margaret William, spinster, January 30, 1778.

Evan Francis, bachiler, to Catherine Bowen, spinster, February 20, 1778.

William David, bachiler, to Catherine Morgan, spinster, April 3, 1778.

George Evan, bachiler to Mary Thomas, spinster, April 21, 1778.

Thomas David, widower, to Elizabeth Evan, widow, July 28, 1778

William Bowen, bachiler to Ann Lison, spinster, April 5, 1779.

Thomas Hugh, bachiler, to Elizabeth Jones, spinster, June 20, 1779.

Watkin Knight of Lentraddock, to Mary Cuny, spinster, license November 5, 1779.

John Bynon, bachiler, to Mary Evan, spinster, November 19, 1779.

William Hosea, of St. John, bachiler, to Ruth David, spinster, July 21, 1780.

John Edwards of Bishopston, bachiler, to Catherine Givelin (she signs Givlin), widow, license November 19, 1780.

James Morris to Margaret Evan, December 26, 1780.

David Lison, bachiler (he signs David Lishon), to Ann Hugh, spinster, April 16, 1781.

Joseph Mathew, widower, to Margaret Phillip, widow, April 29, 1791.

David Morgan of Langvelach, bachiler, to Ann Bowen, spinster, June 1, 1781.

Thomas Thomas, bachiler, to Margaret Bowen, spinster, August 21, 1781.

Banns only published between David Morgan, bachiler, and Ann Bennet of Cheston, spinster, not dated.

John Beddo, bachiler, to Margaret Howell, spinster, license December 30, 1781.

Evan David of Lanridien, bachiler, to Margaret Thomas, spinster, May 20, 1782.

John Lloyd, yeoman, to Margaret David, spinster, November 18, 1782; marriage by John Morgan, curate of Llangefelach.

David Knoyl, of Swansea, yeoman, to Margaret Hughes, spinster, November 22, 1782; marriage by William Davies, curate of Bishop Ston.

William David of Landilovach, bachiler to Elizabeth Morris, spinster, December 5, 1783.

Evan Protheroe, bachiler, to Anne Richards of Llanblathian, spinster, license March 30, 1784.

Richard Bowen, bachiler, to Joan Griffith, spinster, July 25, 1784.

Marmaduke Jenkins, widower to Sage Harry, widow, November 1, 1784.

David John, bachiler, to Ann Gregory of Lannon, Carmarthen, March 28, 1785.

William Lewis of Langyndirn, County Carmarthen, bachiler, to Elizabeth Richard, spinster, May 2, 1785.

Thomas Hugh, bachiler, to Martha Davies, spinster, August 21, 1785.

Henry Harry, widower, to Mary Beddo, spinster, September 8, 1785.

Thomas Lloyd (spelt Loyd), bachiler, to Margaret John, spinster September 12, 1785.

William Thomas of Landilotalybont, to Ann Morris, spinster, December 13, 1785.

David Bowen, bachiler, to Ann Griffith, spinster, December 18, 1785.

Thomas Bowen, bachiler, to Elizabeth Lison, spinster, December 23, 1785.

William David of Lansamlet, to Elizabeth Mathew, spinster, July 21, 1786.

George Evan, widower to Mary Robert, spinster, license September 17, 1786. skipped.

George Pengree, Esquire, widower, to Sarah King, spinster, license October 30, 1805.

Thomas Pergrine, bachiler, to Ann Mathews, spinster, May 3, 1808.

Thomas Perkins, bachiler, of Swansea, to Margaret Williams, spinster, December 4, 1818.

David Thomas, bachiler, to Ann Pergrin, spinster, October 5, 1828.

Evan John, of Swansea, widower, to Jinnet Hugh, widow, August 15, 1830.

William Mathias of Llandarog, to Margaret Howell, July 20, 1833.

DOCUMENT 148

Nursing card. Girl, born 12/25/1970 [Julie] 5:20 p.m., 7 lbs. 7 oz., 19 inches long, mother Bertha Paula Platt; Doctor: [Scott] Wallace. Room 307.

DOCUMENT 149

Certificate of Baptism and Confirmation Recorded in the Blanding Ward Record of Members, Book 2, line 1403, William J. Nix, Ward Clerk. This certifies that Edward Robison Lyman, son of Edward P. Lyman and Irene Perkins, born February 19, 1917, at Blanding, San Juan, Utah, was baptized May 3, 1925, by L. Burton Redd, Elder, and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints May 3, 1925 by Elder James F. Carroll. Signed William J. Nix, Clerk; Joseph B. Harris, Bishop.

DOCUMENT 150

The life history of Benjamin Platt, as given in brief by John W. Platt, his oldest son; and written by Rulon B. Platt, a grandson. This narrative was told August 30, 1938, John W.

Platt being in his 80th year of life; at this time living in Kanarraville, Utah. This sketch of history is authentic, the narrator being in a normal mind and clear understanding. [Some punctuation has been changed, and minimal spelling - Lyman De Platt]

Benjamin Platt was born April 12, 1833 at Crompton, Lancashire, England, being the son of a Thomas Platt. We have no known facts of his childhood days and surroundings. He had no schooling or place of learning; what he finally came in possession of was from being observant. Wherever an opportunity presented itself he never failed to make use of the same. Just how he came to be the possessor of a copy of the Bible is not known; but from that he learned the letters of the alphabet. The reading of figures came much in the same way. He spent his nights after work in company with other boys that worked in the factory, studying figures and their combinations [and] learning to read and write. But through his untiring efforts he was the possessor of a large vocabulary of words and a broad understanding of history. He had the use at all times of good grammar. His council was sound and wise. He had excellent command of the Bible scriptures.

As an occupation while in England he worked at the clothing mills, being a finisher and dresser of corduroy and velvet.

While in his early years of manhood and yet working at the mills, he heard the restored gospel taught by missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. With his Bible knowledge and the spirit of inspiration the truths pricked his soul and he adopted the teachings of these Elders, joining the church while in his early twenties. The Priesthood was bestowed upon him while in England and he was set apart as a Priest. He took an active part in the church and did some street preaching.

While working at the mills he saved his earnings and made preparations to come to America to be with the main body of the church. In a testimony meeting a prophecy was uttered that if he would wait for one year to sail, he would bring with him a wife. Being impressed he gave heed to the counsel. The prophecy was utterly fulfilled. He met his mate while going to the Branch meetings. She too had joined the church and worked at the same mills. Neither knew the other until they met at church. The woman he took to wed was Mary Graves. They married on April 13, 1856 and embarked for America on May 25, 1856.

The voyage to America was a pleasant one; no sea catastrophies of any nature. They were six weeks crossing the ocean, their navigation was in a sail ship. They landed at Boston, Massachusetts. From Boston they went to Iowa City on the railroad.

After arriving at Iowa City, a handcart company was organized and Edwin Martin was appointed to be at the head. Through his appointment the company was known as the Edwin Martin Handcart Company. Benjamin Platt and wife were of this company. Orders were given by Franklin D. Richards to the company that no individual must make the effort to start the trek across the plains, unless they were physically able to walk the entire distance.

The purpose and cause for this hazardous endeavor was because of bitter persecution given the Saints in the Central States. To remain in the states was a risk of life and to trek the plains in hastily constructed handcarts was a great risk. But their hearts were set in being with the main body of the church membership.

The company was now in readiness to start the journey. But in some way orders were not abided by closely enough and some aged people, as well as some children, were in the company. After journeying three weeks, the handcarts began to break down. Out in a wild and desolate wilderness, no blacksmiths, no tools, axels of wood, hubs of the wheels were of wood, no grease to keep them from wearing in two. Breakdown after breakdown caused delays. Being late in Autumn cold was creeping on. Suffering began; suffering no human kind can know nor give words to express (unless they were one of the company). Benjamin Platt and wife were young; in this turmoil of trouble they were given an elderly gentleman to care for. He had to be put on top of their luggage and hauled until he died. The misery he caused them is better not expressed in words because of the filth. Yet on they trudged and singing as they went. Songs they sang kept up the spirits of the company.

Each handcart carried their [its] own individual luggage. Benjamin Platt and wife had two large tin boxes containing clothing and other personal belongings. One hundred pounds of flour, twenty-five pounds of salt, bacon, dried beans, a bake oven, a frying pan, [and a] cooking vessel [rounded out the load]. Journeying on they arrived at the Platte River in what is now known as the State of Wyoming. Only wandering tribes of Indians knew much about these wilds and prairie country at this time, but the Indians were none too friendly with the white people in those days.

While making preparations to cross the river a severe snow blizzard came up which lasted for two days. Now out in a bleak prairie, no wood, no shelter, only buffalo chips that could be gathered were used for fire wood. Suffering was intense, deaths and sickness [prevalent]; graves had to be dug. Oh, what a heart to endure such, no tongue can ever tell.

The storm abated, preparations were completed to make the river crossing. Unitedly the company helped each other to make the crossing. Benjamin Platt crossed the river five times in one day. The river was moderately high with water. Most of the distance the water was deep enough to reach from knee to hip. All the time the water carried floating blocks of ice and the air was crisp with cold. Benjamin carried his wife on his shoulders as he waded through the water to make the first trip.

Now being over the river, more worried [sic]. Through exposure and cold, more sickness, more deaths and greater delays. Now everything looked as though everyone would suffer death by some malady or other. But through the aid of the supreme power faith and prayer brought them deliverance. They journeyed on and in a few days reached what was known as Devils' Gate.

At Devil's Gate they were met by men sent from Salt Lake City to give them aid and take them through and over the Mountain ranges. At this point all handcarts were discarded, mostly from being of no further worth and broken down. Those people that were not able to walk were loaded into wagons. All luggage was left and piled together, with the intention of returning for it in the spring. But never again was it ever heard of. What a sacrifice! Possessions that were of most value, but there they were.

Over the mountain ranges it was cold and trails had to be broken through the snow. Progress was again slow. Men stood guard every night. Benjamin had his turn at guard and helped to keep the livestock close by. Indians very often would steal the stock and drive them away.

One night after coming off duty as guard, his co-guard awoke him about 4 a.m. and said, "Come, Ben we have graves to dig for thirteen this morning." The graves were dug but instead of being individual, all were buried in one, side by side. Their clothes and maybe a blanket was [sic] all that they had on them.

This handcart company arrived in Salt Lake City, November 30, 1856. The day was Sunday and they arrived in the afternoon about 4 o'clock. The entire company was almost exhausted from starvation. But provisions were made for them by the Saints that were settled.

The company was distributed and sent to different communities throughout the territory. Benjamin Platt and wife were asked to go south and help settle the Virgin River country. They came to Fort Harmony first and was brought from Salt Lake by Charles Dalton. They arrived in the Fort [on] December 23, 1856. The men in charge took him [them] to the home of James Davis. People in those days lived in forts for protection against renegade bands of Indians.

Benjamin Platt worked and made a living while at Fort Harmony for four years. His earnings were paid in livestock and foods. In the year 1861 he and his wife moved to Grafton, a small village on the banks of the Virgin River. Being in the early days of the settlement of this new territory, making a livelihood was no easy matter. For this reason he and his wife had a double task to accomplish. Neither of them had had any experience with farming, always [having] worked at the mills in England. But at the task they went. They put in a small plot of wheat for the purpose of making bread and family cereals. A small plot was planted into cane [sic] to make molasses for sweets, there being no fruits at this early period of settlement. The crop was matured and harvested, and all settled down for winter. In January 1862 a 30-day rain persisted in falling, [and] the little settlement of Grafton was carried away by the river. Destitute again, no home, two small children, one a baby; but few personal belongs were saved. Most of the food had gone also; a 20-gallon barrel of molasses included. When the water receded after the rain ceased, parties followed the river course in search of belongings that might have lodged along the banks. Some was found, among the findings was this 20-gallon barrel of molasses. Other people laid claim to the molasses, but grandmother proved her rightful ownership to the barrel of

molasses by a piece of cloth taken from her husband's shirt tail and put in with the bung or cork.

In the early spring of 1862 Benjamin and wife started north in search of a new home site. They came to the settlement of Kanarraville, where a few people from Fort Harmony had gone to settle on a small stream running from the mountains. Upon arrival, they were again taken to the home of James Davis. In the lapse of a day or so of time the men there settled made the decision that it would not be the wisest act at the present for more families to settle in Kanarraville as the water was not sufficient in quantity to mature more crops. Benjamin was there advised to go twenty-seven miles west to a place where a few families had gone to make a new settlement. He left his wife in Kanarraville and went to this new location.

He walked the distance in both directions. He was gone two days and made the inspections. He was one of the seven families that made up the new community. Each family agreed to take as his share in the water of the creek one day each week. This was sufficient to raise crops for food. The settlement was in a valley where meadows were in abundance. The grass was cut and stored for livestock over the winter. This settlement became known as Pinto, and this was Benjamin's and wife's final move. [Not quite; in their older years they moved to Newcastle, where they died. - Lyman De Platt]

By constant toil he finally built a cottage and called it home. Meager though it was, it became one of the happiest and love abided therein.

Benjamin worked hard until long in his mature years. Honest in every phase to the marrow of his bones, he never acquired wealth, just a good wholesome living from year to year. He and his wife became the parents of twelve children. Of the children three filled honorable missions for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Two were school teachers. Others became stock raisers and farmers.

During winter months in the early days of the settlement, Benjamin and his small boys would cast and cord wood for the furnaces at Iron Town. Thus did they earn money to buy clothing and other necessities for the home.

In conclusion [Rulon B. Platt is speaking] of this brief narrative I wish to make record of an instance and happening in the life of Benjamin Platt. We can readily see the great struggles our pioneer forefathers endured. They made their own flour by grinding the wheat between flat stones then sifting it through cloths and other home contrivances and inventions. In mid-winter of one of those trying years Benjamin shouldered sixty pounds of wheat, walked fifty miles to Cedar City (then known as Coal Creek), to the only flour mill in the southern territory, to have this wheat made into flour and mush for his wife and small children. Father [John W. Platt] has related several times how on the following day he watched for his father's return so that they could have something to eat. And that night after his return at near dusk of evening, how they enjoyed the mush made of only

the cracked wheat. They had only milk to go with it, no sugar, for that was a luxury, not known in those days.

Having had a life of hard work and humble with all his trials, grandfather died in his 85th year. Anything that can be said of an humble character of praise would be fitting to Benjamin Platt.

My love and admiration as a grandson is appreciated in words thus written. October 26, 1938. Rulon Berry Platt.

DOCUMENT 151

All these are proved by Weis in his *Magna Charta Barons, Wells and Allied Families: Dwight Family; Reverend John Taylor's Ancestral Chart; Chauncellor Walcott's Hyde Family*, and many other books on royal ancestry.

In reading this type of pedigree, you start at the bottom and read up. See Edward Partridge chart, numbers 63, 126, 127, 254, 255. [This document is basically taken from *Ancestral Roots of 60 Colonists*, pages 17-19, 49-52 - Lyman De Platt]

1. Cerdic, first of the West Saxon Kings began reign in 500 A.D.
2. Kenric, crowned 534 A.D.
3. Chealin, died ?
4. Cuthrin, died 584 A.D.
5. Euth, or Cuth
6. Crelwald
7. Kendred
8. Ingills
9. Eoppa
10. Easa, or Essa
11. Alkmund, or Elhelmaud - Anglo Saxon line
12. Egbert, reigned 800 to 836 A.D., first King of all England; married Lady Redburga.
13. Son, Ethelwulf, died 858 A.D.; married Osburga.
14. Alfred the Great, 6th King of England, born 849, died 901 A.D.; married Alswitha, daughter of Earl Asthelred of Mercia; reigned 871-901 A.D.
15. Son of Edward ?the Elder@ reigned 901-924; married 3rd Eadgifu, daughter of Sigehelm, Earl of Kent.
16. Son Athelslan reigned 925-940 A.D.
17. Brother Edmund, the Magnificent, reigned 940-946; married Elfgiva, or St. Alfgifu.
18. Edgar, the Peaceful, 959-975; married Alfreda, daughter of Earl Ordgar (nephew of Edmund, who reigned 946-950).

19. Ethelred the Unsteady, born 968; reigned 979-1016; married Elfreda, daughter of Thored. As he died in 984, there must have been someone between. (Edmond, Ironsides born 989, died 1016 in Alghitha - Danish line).
20. Edward, the Exile, born 1016; died 1057, married Agatha of Hungary, daughter of Henry II, Emperor of Germany and descendant of Charlemagne. Saxon line restored and ended with Harold, son of Earl Godwin.
21. St. Margaret Atheling, born 1040, died 1080; married 1068-69 Malcolm III, King of Scotland, born 1031, died 1093 (see Kings of Scotland IX).
22. Norman Line. Matilda of Scotland, married Henry I, Beauclerc, son of William the Conqueror and Maud of Flanders. Henry I was King of England 1100-1135. He married Matilda 1100.
23. Matilda or Maud of England, daughter of Henry I, married 1127, Geoffery Plantagenet, Count of Anjou, Duke of Normandy. See Anjou X. Matilda died 1167 A.D.
24. Plantagenet Line. Henry II Plantagenet (Curt Mantel), married 1153, Elanor of Poitou of Aquitaine. (See Aquitaine).
25. John Plantagenet (King of Lackland) 1199-1216; married 2nd Isabella Taillefer, of Angouleme.
26. Henry Plantagenet, Henry III; 1216-1272; married daughter of Raimond Berenger IV, of Provence (See Provence VII).
27. Edward I. Longshanks, 1272-1307; married Princess Eleanor of Castile; married second Margaret of France. (See Castile)
28. Edward II, King of England 1307-1372; married Isabella, daughter of King Philip IV. of France.
29. Edward III, King of England 1327-1377; married 1326 Philippa of Hainault. This royal couple had about 3,000 lines back to Charlemagne and about 144 lines to Alfred the Great. Quoted from Adams and Weis: Magna Carta Barons and Descendants in America.
30. Thomas, 7th son of Edward III and Philippa, Duke of Gloucester, slain by Richard his nephew; married Lady Eleanor Bohun. (see Bohun V)
31. Lady Anna Plantagenet, Countess of Buckingham, married 3rd William de Bouchier, Earl of Eu.
32. Sir John de Bouchier, married Lady Margaret de Berners.
33. Lady Anna de Bouchier married Sir Thomas Fiennes, descendant of Edward I.
34. Lady Catherine Fiennes married Richard Londennoys of Brede, Sussex, England.
35. Mary Loudenoys, sister and heir of Robert of Brede, married Thomas Harlakenden.
36. Roger Harlakenden, married Elizabeth Hardres.
37. Richard Harlakenden, married Margaret Hubert (Hubert)
38. Mabel Harlakenden, married Col. John Haynes, Governor of Massachusetts and Connecticut colonies.
39. Ruth Haynes, born Hartford, Connecticut, married Samuel Wyllys, son of George Wyllys of Hartford.

DOCUMENT 152

This is a series of documents, all relating to my education: Seminary in the Whittier, California I & IV Wards; at Brigham Young University, at Southern Colorado State College, and information on Graduate School, B.Y.U. These consist of the following:

1. Seminary Report, Book of Mormon, 1958-1959, Donald Calaway, instructor. 1st term A-, 2nd term A, 3rd term A+, 4th term A. Final grade, seven absents, seven tardys, Grade A. Journal work A+ for all four quarters; Tests: B, A, A, A.
2. Seminary Report, Old Testament, 1959-1960, Bishop Salo, instructor. 1st term A, 2nd term B+, 3rd term A-, 4th term, B+, 5th term A, 6th term A-; journal work A, A, A, A+. 11 absents, 5 tardies.
3. Seminary Report, New Testament, 1960-1961, Bro. Kaleikau. 1st, 2nd, 3rd & 4th terms A. Journal work A+ for all terms. Tests A for all terms. Eight absents, 3 tardies.
4. Student card with picture: 067305. Platt, Lyman De, Social Security Number 528-60-9891; height 6 foot 2 inches; eyes brown; weight 175 pounds; birthdate June 1943.
5. Official Grade Report, 1st semester, 1961. Listed as living at 409 South Pickering, Whittier, California. Credits 16.5; Grade Point Average 42.5. General Forestry, C; Typing Fundamentals, A; Devotional Assembly; Comprehension and Reading, C; Personal Health, C; American Heritage, B; Male Chorus, A; Basketball Beginning Men, B; Introduction to Book of Mormon, C.
6. Southern Colorado State College, Pueblo, Colorado, Grade Report, Winter, 1966. Living at 1128 North Bonfoy, Colorado Springs, Colorado. Eight Credits, Grade Point Average, 4.0. Spanish Conversation, A; Beginning Spanish, A.
7. Official Grade Report, Fall Semester, BYU, 1968. Living at 410 North 900 West, Provo, Utah. Credits 8.0; GPA 3.21. Masters of American Literature, C; Use of Books & Libraries, A-; Pearl of Great Price, A; Historical Teachings of the Book of Mormon, A.
8. Official Grade Report, Spring Semester, BYU, 1969. Living at 410 North 900 West, Provo, Utah. Credits 12.0; GPA 3.33. Comprehension and Reading, grade not submitted; Deductive Logic, C+; Descriptive Astronomy, C+; Foreign and International Political Systems, A; Introduction to Public Speaking, A; Universal Religion, A.
9. Official Grade Report, Summer Semester, BYU, 1969. Living at 410 North 900 West, Provo, Utah. Credits 11.0; GPA 4.0; Total College Credits 50.5; GPA 3.23. North American Research, A; Frist Year Spanish, A; LDS History, A; Doctrine & Covenants, A.
10. March 6, 1973. Letter to Frank Smith, Supervisor, from Lyman D. Platt, Regarding: Work at Home and BYU. I have proposed to clarify the type of work that I proposed to do at BYU and at home during the following semester.

1) Primarily I am interested in examining each of the records (histories, maps, gazetteers, and other publications) that contain information useful to the Research Department in compiling research aids, papers, etc. I have examples of the type

of work I wish to do. (See Attachment 1). This is in accordance with my job description.

2) I have found that early in the morning or late at night is a good time to concentrate on my work (or lessons) and as I am unable to do all of the correspondence, typing, preparation of lessons, research aids, etc. at work on the present schedule, I feel it is in the best interests of the Society to allow me to spend part of my time each week, until I graduate, working in my private office at home.

My weekly work sheets have been quite detailed to date; however, I propose to include even more detail to show how all of my time is used. I will include specific research done, letters written, typing accomplished, lessons prepared, etc., so that I am covered completely and a check can be made by anyone interested in the way I am spending my time.

11. March 6, 1973. Memorandum to Frank Smith, Supervisor, from Lyman D. Platt, Regarding: University Studies at BYU - adjustment of schedule.

When I was given the opportunity to go back to school, I presented for your approval a time schedule and showed you how many credits I needed and how I proposed to get them. Circumstances since then have changed the picture somewhat.

I had planned to drop the Spring Semester and go to Argentina to teach and receive paleographic training. Despite several letters and many attempted phone call (all unsuccessful) no word has been received from Dr. Tanodi as to how this plan was to be carried out or when.

In my original letter to you I proposed getting twelve semester hours during the summer, plus nine from the Argentina trip and would have finished in December 1973 with my B.A. However, if I go to both the Spring and Summer semesters, which are eight weeks each, I can only get twelve semester hours, as the classes are two hours long instead of one as I had thought. This plus not getting the nine credit hours I had planned on from Argentina will require I go to the first semester in 1974 to finish my degree.

At the end of this present semester I will have completed eighty-six of 128 credits needed for graduation. I proposed to take twelve during the Spring-Summer, fifteen during the Fall and fifteen during the Winter to complete the 128 hours. I would graduate in April of 1974 with a B.A. in Latin American History.

For the Spring-Summer semesters at least, I propose to continue the same schedule I am on now. I will be in school between 9:00 a.m. and 3:00 p.m. on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, in the office at Salt Lake on Tuesday and

Thursday and will work fourteen hours in my home office or at BYU each week. I would appreciate your consideration of these proposals.

[OK\FS; OK\DER & TED. These initials are Frank Smith, Delbert E. Roach, and Thomas E. Daniels - Lyman De Platt]

12. Verification of Official Registration, BYU, Winter 1973. Day 11.0 hours. Night 8.0 hours. Living at 410 North 900 West, Provo, Utah. Lab, Plant Biology, Life of the Past, World Civilization 1, World Civilization 2, Central Asia, Utah, Church History to 1846. Sophomore. Major: History; Tuition \$329.00.
13. June 13, 1974. Dear Student. We are pleased to receive your \$15.00 non-refundable ?Application for Admission Fee@ to Brigham Young University.
14. Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah. Permanent Academic Record, Office of Admissions and Records.

BYU Number: 067305; Name: Lyman De Platt; Sex: M; Birth Date: 6-10-43; Home: 409 South Pickering, Whittier, California; Parent: Gordon Leavitt Platt; Relationship: Father; Place of Birth: Moab, Utah; Social Security Number: 528-60-9891; High School: Whittier Union High; Location: Whittier, California. Date of Graduation: 6-19-61; Units 21: English 2; Language 2; Math 3; Science 3; and Social Science 3.

1st semester, 1961-1962. General Forestry, C; Typing Fundamentals, A; Devotional Assembly; Comprehension and Reading, C; Personal Health, C; American Heritage, B; Male Chorus, A; Basketball Beginning Men, B; Introduction to Book of Mormon, C.

Fall Semester, 1968-1969. Masters of American Literature, C; Use of Books & Libraries, A-; Pearl of Great Price, A; Historical Teachings of the Book of Mormon, A.

Spring Semester, 1969. Comprehension and Reading, A-; Deductive Logic, C+; Descriptive Astronomy, C+; Foreign and International Political Systems, A; Introduction to Public Speaking, A; Universal Religion, A.

Summer Semester, 1969. North American Research, A; Frist Year Spanish, A; LDS History, A; Doctrine & Covenants, A.

Spring Semester, 1970, Evening Schedule. Spanish 321, 3rd Year Grammer and Comprehension, A.

Special Examination, 2-12-73 (February 2, 1973): 1st Year Spanish, A; Intermediate Spanish, A; 2nd Year Conversation, A-; 3rd Year Conversation, A.

Winter Semester, 1973. Plant Biology, B-; Life of the Past, A-; World Civilization 1, A-; World Civilization 2, C+; Central Asia, A; Utah, A; Church History to 1846, B+.

Basic Military Credit Allows; Military Science 4; Physical Education 2. Credits Allowed for USAFI Courses: Psychology General, 3; Modern European History 3.

Spring Term 1974. History of Latin America, A-; Indians in Latin America, B.

Summer Term 1974. Argentina and Brazil, A-; Historical Research, A-.

Fall Term 1974. Issues in American History, B-; Mexico & Caribbean, A-; Historiography, B-; Plant Kingdom, C; Introduction to Book of Mormon, B+.

Winter Term 1974. British Research, B; Genealogy & the Family, A; Individual Study, Spanish, Passed.

15. Ninety-ninth Annual Summer Commencement Exercises, Brigham Young University, August 10, 1974. History. Bachelor of Arts. Lyman De Platt. [Page 13 of the Program]
16. Letter from BYU, Office of Chauncey C. Riddle, Dean of The Graduate School, dated July 2, 1974. Lyman D. Platt, 410 N. 900 W., Provo, Utah 84601. When we received your application for admission to the Graduate School at Brigham Young University, we did not receive confirmation of your bachelor's degree from Brigham Young University. According to our records we have not yet received this confirmation. It now becomes necessary that we receive an unofficial transcript showing receipt of your baccalaureate degree not later than September 19, 1974. Sincerely, Robert W. Laird, Assistant Dean.
17. Letter from BYU, Office of Chauncey C. Riddle, Dean of The Graduate School, dated July 2, 1974. Lyman D. Platt, 410 N. 900 W., Provo, Utah 84601. This is to inform you that your application for admission to a degree-seeking program is complete and has been sent to the Department of History as of July 2, 1974. You will hear from us again when the department has made its recommendation. Sincerely, Robert W. Laird, Assistant Dean.
18. Certificate of Admission to Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, Fall Semester 1974, Student Number 067305, date 07/13/74; Class: Graduate. Sponsor: George Addy; Department: History. Degree: Master.
19. Letter from BYU, Office of Chauncey C. Riddle, Dean of The Graduate School, dated July 2, 1974. Lyman D. Platt, 410 N. 900 W., Provo, Utah 84601. Dear Mr.Platt: We are pleased to inform you that you have been accepted as a regular degree-seeking student in the Graduate School at Brigham Young University in the following program for Fall Semester, 1974: Sponsor: George Addy; Department: History; Degree: M.A. Enclosed you will find a work sheet which outlines the basic steps you will need to complete to obtain your degree,

information concerning thesis and dissertation programs, your permit to register, and Form No. 2 (Intent to Register) which you should fill out and return as soon as possible. Sincerely, Robert W. Laird, Assistant Dean. Enclosures -4; cc: Ted J. Warner, Chairman, Department of History.

20. BYU, Verification of Official Registration, Winter, 1974. 067305, 528-60-9891. Lyman De Platt, 410 North 900 West, Provo, Utah 84601. Major: History; Standing: Senior. British Research 2; Genealogy & Family History; Individual Spanish Study.
21. BYU Evening Classes, Official Enrollment Card, January 3, 1975. Lyman De Platt, RFD 1, Box 321, Payson, Utah 84651. Major: History. Four courses in the religion department are noted: 302, 333, 422, 351. The Certificate of Official Registration, Winter, 1975, does not add any information. In May of 1975 a print-out shows these classes were The Old Testament, Teachings of The Book of Mormon, Teachings of the Living Prophets, and Mormons in World Religion. [These classes were never taken; it became too difficult to maintain my education and continue to work in Salt Lake, travel three to four months a year, and raise my growing family - Lyman De Platt]
22. A letter on January 31, 1975 placed me on probationary status. A letter on May 18, 1975, shows that I was suspended from the graduate program. In July of 1975 a letter indicating that I had not appealed my suspension, therefore it was final.
23. Various computer-generated letters, showing eligibility for Veteran's Benefits are also included in this package of documents. See Document 1 for Masters and Doctoral work that I subsequently pursued with Columbia Pacific University at San Rafael, California, where I was allowed to work on the degrees without being on campus.

DOCUMENT 153

Ordeal at Mountain Meadows, by George Alma [Platt]. Illustrated by Sunny Thompson and Ron Sherman. Printed at Southern Utah State College, Cedar City, Utah, 1972. Uncle George says about the publication: The stories herein told are true, though more than one child was involved in their actual living. The dialogue is of my own creation as is the arrangement of sequences. My purpose in creating this work is to keep alive and before us the truths herein contained. [Some spelling and punctuation has been changed to provide a smoother flow in reading - Lyman De Platt]

DOCUMENT 154

Life Sketch of Mrs. Mary Ellen Huntsman Leavitt, Pioneer of 1861, by Mabel Jarvis. Joseph S. and Salenda Parker Huntsman, with others of the Parker and Huntsman lines, became members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in their New England

homes, and were among the early immigrants to Utah, settling in East Tooele. Here on July 12, 1860, their eldest child, Mary Ellen, the subject of this biography was born.

Her grandparents, Zadoc and Miriam Parker had moved to Santa Clara early in 1859, and her father spent the winter with them, returning to East Tooele in time to welcome his little daughter's arrival. Then, as soon as spring began to open up in 1861, the Huntsmans were on their way south, coming first to Santa Clara when Mary Ellen was but a few months old. Her only remembrance of that place are their camp on the hillside at the East entrance of Santa Clara, as they moved to Clover Valley in 1864. The Parker and Huntsman wagon boxes were set facing each other several rods apart, and each wagon was sheltered under a wide shed of evergreen (creosote) brush. When Mary Ellen made a visit or errand to her grandmother Parker's wagon, during the summer of 1863, she carried with her a small piece of board on which to cool her bare feet every few steps, the sand was so burning hot.

Grandmother Parker had suffered a sunstroke during the summer of 1863, and the move to Clover Valley in the spring of 1864 was made in her behalf. As soon as her Mary Ellen's] parents had a place prepared, the grandparents followed. But Clover Valley was far removed from other settlements and the Indians were troublesome. Mary Ellen was seven years old when George Rogers, a cattle buyer from across the Nevada line was killed as he returned to Pioche, by the little Indian Yaquis. Officers came immediately from Nevada, and Yaquis was shot for the acknowledge offense. This increased the disturbance, and the blame for Rogers death was laid to [the] tribal chief who hired Yaquis. Again the Nevada officers came, seized the chieftain, and before the assembled tribe, erected a triangle of poles in the heart of the little settlement, and hanged the offender, as a warning. Small as she was, Mary Ellen was deeply grieved over the shocking spectacle, as were all of the settlers, as they wished to be friendly with the natives. Shortly after this event, President Erastus Snow visited the families in Clover Valley and advised them to join the settlement at Shoal Creek, later known as Hebron, where friendly relations were already established with [the] Indians. This they did, and were soon comfortably located, but the Clover Valley children were slow to overcome their fear of the Red men, because of what they had witnessed. And one day, when father Huntsman called his eight-year-old daughter to let Ben Indian measure her for a pair of real moccasins, she was almost too frightened to submit, much to Ben's amusement. As long as he lived he would tease her about this event whenever he saw her. Another Indian, called "Cockeye" by the settlers, took great delight in peeking in windows or otherwise startling children, just for fun.

After the arrival of the Clover Valley families, Shoal Creek was soon organized as the Hebron Ward, and George W. Crosby was called from St. George with his family to preside as Bishop. The town grew rapidly and for the time the people prospered. It was here Mrs. Leavitt's mother, Salenda Huntsman, her grandmother Miriam Parker and Mary Calloway carded, spun and wove the woolen cloth at the Huntsman home. Before reaching her teens, Mary Ellen also learned to spin, standing on a bench which her father had provided in order to carry the wheel around with one hand while the other guided the

yarn onto the bobbins. Later the yarn was used for weaving or knitting. And from woolen cloth thus home carded, spun, dyed, and woven, Mrs. Leavitt has a needle book, formerly the property of her grandmother Parker.

It was also while living at Hebron, Mary Ellen, along with other young girls had what they called their "pigweed cotton dresses," earned by pulling and bunching the tender pigweeds, which grew there thriftily and which were hauled with other vegetables and fruit and sold at Pioche, in exchange for the calico dress materials. And at the age of fourteen this girl had the pleasure of a trip by covered wagon to Salt Lake City to attend the general conference of the L.D.S. Church. The entire family made the trip. Here they heard the great Mormon leader, Brigham Young address the people. They also rode the mule team drawn street cars, had a short trip on the early day train, from Sandy into Salt Lake City, and went shopping. This experience always brought her happy memories. She witnessed the growth of Utah's capital city and the state generally, and appreciated especially the ease with which the trip is made today, compared with the long, hard journey of pioneer days.

Her first schooling was in Clover Valley at the home classes of Louise Brown. Later she attended two school terms of three months, under William E. Jones, in a log cabin at Hebron. Then came the school house with William Leigh of Cedar City as teacher, and she went another term. This completed her schooling, but she is grateful to have had even that much, which makes possible today her enjoyment of newspapers and other readings, and regular correspondence with her children, brothers and sisters and other relatives and friends, and the keeping of her diary. She writes always six to ten letters each week, and seldom a day passes without a letter for her.

The Joseph Huntsman family moved to Gunlock, Utah in 1875, and it was here that Mary Ellen met Jeremiah Leavitt, son of Jeremiah and nephew of the well-known Dudley Leavitt. They were married in St. George May 14, 1876, at the home of Henry Schlappy, President Daniel D. MacArthur performing the ceremony. When the St. George Temple was completed in 1877, they returned, received their endowments and were married in conformance with the Church ceremony by Wilford Woodruff.

According to Mary Ellen, about all she did in Gunlock was to work and have a family, but with her kindly husband, this was worthwhile. They were parents of fifteen children, including one pair of twins, all of whom grew to adult age, and twelve still survive at this writing. These are Mrs. Ella Tullis and Josiah Thomas Leavitt of Ogden, Utah; Mrs. Lydia Blake of Chichasha, Oklahoma; Mrs. Louise Williams of San Francisco, California; Mrs. Sarah Talbott, Mrs. Ethel Flitton, Mrs. Olive Chinn of Idaho Falls, Idaho; Mrs. Clarissa Chidester of Richfield; Mrs. Eathel Platt of Newcastle, Eugene and Duane Leavitt of St. George, Utah, and Mrs. Blanch Holt of Gunlock. Their eldest son, Jeremiah, a daughter Vera, and their youngest son, Howard, have passed away, the latter in October 1931, just three months after the death of her husband. She has 85 living grandchildren, 11 having died, and has 38 great-grandchildren.

When they moved to Gunlock, the factory at Washington, Utah was operating. Here they exchanged produce for wool rolls, wool and cotton cloth, and thread. She spun the wool rolls into yarn for knitting and made the stockings for her entire family, often knitting for others also. While a small girl at Hebron she learned to knit and crochet, and after her marriage found time to decorate her home with her own hand work. She also liked to quilt piecing and quilting and has made dozens of quilts in her life. Now at the age of 81, she still knits, crochets and sews, with skill and rapidity, and is always busy piecing quilts, making lace or even knitting dainty baby hose of fine luster threads. She has spent the winters at the home of the writer since September 1935, and along with preparing meals for her two grandchildren who attend the Dixie College, found time to piece thirteen quilt tops, some in intricate patterns, made fourteen sofa pillows of shirred rayon, knitted six pairs of baby hose, crocheted seven rugs, and made yards of knitted and crocheted lace. And, between times, she has spent many days attending sessions at the temple.

Interesting in her history is the fact that in all of her family raising, she has had no mechanical helps for labor saving, with the exception of her sewing machine, which was purchased after the birth of their fifth child. Nor has she enjoyed many other comforts that are now considered necessities by the housewife. "Of course," she says, "my children were none of them lazy and I had a lot of help as soon as my daughters were old enough to help. And the boys helped their father." The Leavitts owned a farm not far from Gunlock town, and for thirty successive years moved there for the summer months, to care for the fruit and field crops, cattle, and pigs, which were their source of income. Her husband always had plenty to do at home and never went away to find work, though he made regular trips to St. George, to the factory, or even as far north as Sevier to dispose of his farm produce in exchange for other necessities.

The family made a practice of regularly attending the quarterly conference in St. George, and as often as possible, some of them went to the Annual General Conference in Salt Lake City.

After her marriage, Mrs. Leavitt served twenty-three years as Primary department teacher in the Gunlock Sunday School, eventually having in her class the children of those who were first enrolled in her care. This was prior to 1897, at which time she was appointed secretary of the Ward Relief Society, which post she held until she became its president in 1903, retaining this latter office until 1920.

In her life she had known of gathering wild herbs for medicine, the use of saleratus for baking, the making of barrels of soft soap from meat scraps, with lye leached from cottonwood ashes. She made starch for cooking and laundering from corn and potatoes, and ground her own meal for corn bread, often from the corn that was well dried. She has dried hundreds of pounds of peaches, other fruits and corn, made many gallons of peach preserves with molasses, much of which was sold at Pioche and the West Mountain mines. She gathered soap stone and cose (yucca) roots for washing from the foothills near Gunlock, used the prickly pear leaves for settling and softening water for washing and

gathered alum-bearing soil from the mills for medicinal use, and for setting dye stuff. She has used peach leaves, wild sage, creosote brush and rabbit brush for dying cloth and yarns.

Today, she views all of this past experience with happiness, and is convinced that with all that she had to do, she took more comfort with her family and in her home and public life than do most mothers of today, who are too busy to enjoy themselves. Until 1920, she and her husband seldom missed a public entertainment, party, play or dance, and were always welcome among the young and old. During the eight years prior to her husband's death in 1931, she was tied closely at home because of his illness. Since 1932 she has made several trips to visit her children and other relatives in this state, as well as in Idaho, Nevada, and California, being in Long Beach at the time of the 1933 earthquake. Although she has not been on the sea or traveled by air, she has witnessed the sham battles of military aircraft, she has seen sea-going craft and the U.S. battle fleet and felt the jar of the earth as the bombs dropped, during their maneuvers, exploding in nearby ocean.

While her husband was never pensioned, his name is listed among the boys of the western frontier who served as home guards during the days of trouble, and she has responded the past three years to invitations to attend the Black Hawk encampments. She plans to be present for the August encampment in Iron County, then to return to St. George in time to visit with the pioneers of 1861 during the homecoming in September.

Her Continued History is in her own Words

?August 4, 1936 I went with Wilford and Blanche to Cedar City for the Blackhawk Encampment. I stayed with Sister Sarah Nelson, during the three-days celebration. We then drove to Cedar Breaks, thence onto Zion Park where we had dinner, driving on home that night. I remained in Gunlock until September 4, then went to St. George for the homecoming celebrating the 75th anniversary of the settlement of St. George. We had a grand time. After the celebration I came home to Gunlock and stayed there until February 26th, 1937, when I went back to St. George and took the bus for Los Angeles, where I visited friends and relatives until the 13th of April, when I received a telegram saying my son Thomas had passed away in Ogden. I took the bus for Ogden that night and was traveling 26 hours. My two grandchildren, Paul and Corrie Hanesth met me at the Ogden bus station and took me to the funeral home to see my dear boy. After the funeral he was taken to Mt. Ogden where he was laid to rest. The folks all went home on the 17th, but I stayed as my daughter Ella was to be operated on, on the 20th. As soon as she was out of danger I left for home, reaching St. George the evening of April 28, stopping over with Eugene and Vilate. Wilford and Blanche came for me the next morning, and I remained in Gunlock until June 13.

?Going by bus to Ogden, I visited there until June 28th, then went to Idaho, visiting in Idaho Falls, Rigby, and from there to Cheyenne, Wyoming, visiting all my children in that section, then returning to Ogden, where I met Clarissa and Roy Chidester, who had

come in to surprise me on their wedding tour. I came with them to Spanish Fork in time to attend the Blackhawk Encampment of 1937, remaining for the entire six-day celebration, then came on to Richfield. Roy and Clarissa met me at the station and the next day they took me to Bryce Canyon, a distance of 107 miles. We visited relatives in Panguitch, and after a few days rest they took me to Fish Lake, a distance of 30 miles, returning that night in time to attend a party. The next day we enjoyed a birthday party in Monroe, going on the next day to see my cousin Elsie Hooper in Annabelle. On the 29th of July, Roy and Clarissa took me to Cove Fort where I caught the bus for Cedar City. George and Eathel Platt met me at Cedar and I went with them to Newcastle where I stayed until August 28th, then went on the mail to Enterprise and spent two days with my cousin Edith Tait. Andrew Holt came to Enterprise for me on the 30th and we went back to Gunlock that day.

?On the 29th of November Wilford and Blanche took me to St. George and at eight the next morning I was on the bus going to Los Angeles, taking a taxi to the home of my grandson, Leonard Skinner. I visited in California until February 17, 1938, and taking the bus for home, stopped over five days in Las Vegas, visiting Boulder Dam, and making a stop over in Glendale five days, to visit my sister; two days in Overton, six days in Mesquite and on to St. George where I stayed until March 6 when Blanche and Wilford came for me, and I went home to Gunlock.

?I was home less than one month that time, taking the bus at St. George April 21st for Mesquite where I visited, staying nine days. From here I went to Las Vegas and visited my brother, then went by train to Carp to visit Duane and family. From there Duane took me to Mesquite where I stopped over one day before coming on to St. George, May 13. I spent the 14th, Mother's Day, with Eathel and family at Newcastle. May 23rd, I went to St. George and spent a week in the temple, coming home on the 28th.

?Although I have done a good bit of traveling the past two years and more, I have not been idle. I have pieced 52 quilt tops, made 15 rugs, knitted 21 pairs of baby stockings, made 49 pot holders, knit[ted] 59 yards of lace, made 26 sofa pillows or rayon silk, and 9 crocheted pillow of yarn; embroidered 19 luncheon cloths, crocheted a bedspread and crocheted 8 chair tidies, one machine cover and have written letters as follows:

1936 320

1937 302

1938 318 to June 1938 170, totalling for the entire period 1,110. I have also written 125 Christmas cards, 102 birthday cards and 96 other greeting cards, besides keeping my diary.

?I still find much enjoyment in living and hope each of you will find your lives as interesting as mine has been and continue to be, thanks to so many dear ones with which to share the good things of each day. @

During World War II. she had twenty-seven grandsons and five great-grandsons in the service, and spent a great part of her last days writing letters of encouragement to her beloved boys. She died July 30, 1945 at Gunlock, Utah.

Following are lines written by her during the war. She wrote a number of beautiful poems also.

?Our Country's Need? by Mary Ellen Leavitt

?Our Country is not in need of any more boddished heads and idle hands. Its most trying needs today are skilled workers. For men and women who care more to be useful than ornamental. They want men like our own town boys, who can plow and farm, shoe a horse, and use a gun better than they can talk philosophy. These are the kind of boys our country needs today. Boys who have led a clean life and have been taught to serve the Lord and have lived His laws as they have been laid down to us. These are the kind of boys that will win this war. There is no use in our thinking we can sit down and let someone else do the work we should do ourselves, for the Lord says He will help those that will help themselves. So let us think of these things and indelibly stamp them on our minds and in our lives, so we can make our lives worth living. If we do this there is no use of our being defeated in whatever we are called to do, either for our Church or Nation.

?So its stands us in hand to rally round the standard and do all we can to help our nation and to keep our flag flying. May our prayers assend to our Father in Heaven every day of our lives, to protect our boys that are in the Service as well as those at home.

?If ever there was a time we as a people should be united it is the present time. As one of our good old hymns says, <Who's on the Lord's side, who? Now is the time to show.=

?I hope and trust we will be found on the Lord's side which will mean victory for us.@
Mary Ellen Huntsman.

DOCUMENT 155

Letter from Oane Mayo Balfour, 1505 University Drive, Lawrence, Kansas 66044, February 26, 1973 to Lyman De Platt.

Dear Mr. Platt, in the mail last Saturday came this personality sketch on my mother, written by my sister Maris. Those of us family members who live here who knew her (my mother, that is) think it is very good. Maris has a way with words, an understanding of people, a wit all her own, and a gift for distilling the essential qualities of human personality. Sorry it is so late (probably too late for your purposes) in arriving. My sister has been very busy lately, getting ready to take a trip (with her husband) to Egypt.

I've been busy, too, going back to school in an attempt to get my Master's Degree in English (at age 58!) just for fun. Twelve novels during the semester to read plus endless pages of bibliography. I enjoy it immensely, but it's time-consuming, and I still have the same things to do that I did before - looking after a large Southern Colonial House (capitalized because I sometimes think at our age it's too large - three bedrooms unused, for instance, since our children are grown) and carrying on with all the duties I have in connection with my husband's position at Kansas University as Professor of Physiology and Vice-Chancellor for Student Affairs.

Once you said you would like to know the names of my sisters and progeny of the three of us (and of our husband's).

I. Oane McQuarrie Balfour (Mrs. William Mayo Balfour), age 58. Children:

1. James McQuarrie Balfour, now married, age 32.
2. Barbara Louise Balfour, age 30, unmarried, working toward a Ph.D. in English.
3. Laurie Balfour Tremain, married (Mrs. Dale Tremain), secretary at Stanford Medical Center, Palo Alto, California. Her husband is a senior at Foothills Community College and wants to go into architecture.
4. Wendy Balfour, unmarried, lives at home, age 21; works in Dean of Women's Office at Kansas University and audits courses in archeology and geology.

II. Maris McQuarrie Thomes (Dr. Arthur Boyd Thomes is a heart specialist in Minneapolis, Minnesota), age 56. I'm not sure of the children's exact ages, nor what they're currently doing.

1. Steven Gray Thomes, Minneapolis, unmarried.
2. Eugenia Thomes Bafaloukos (Mrs. Ted Bafaloukos); she married a Greek national. They live in New York City and are artists, graduates of the Rhode Island School of Design.
3. Charles Thomes, Minneapolis, unmarried.
4. Katherine Thomes, unmarried.

III. Jeanne McQuarrie Nolte (Mrs. Richard H. Nolte) Mr. Nolte is head of the Institute of Current World Affairs in New York City, a Crane Foundation Institute which send scholars all over the world for in depth study in their fields. They come home to lecture around the country, write for publications, and advise, when asked, on foreign affairs in their areas. Once again, I'm unsure of their ages and what they're doing. One teaching Jr. High, two still in school.

1. Charles McQuarrie Nolte.
2. Roger Nolte.
3. Douglas Nolte.

4. Jamilson Nolte.

That's about it. I hope you will tell us how to buy copies of your book when it comes out, and I hope your publishing venture will be a huge success! With best wishes, Oane M. Balfour (Mrs. William Mayo Balfour)

[The following history of our mother is] written by Mrs. A. B. Thomes (Maris McQuarrie Thomes), February 1973. My sister, Maris, probably knew my mother better and truly understood her better than anyone else in the world. She had lived with the family until she was married, and after marriage lived in Minneapolis (except for six months) where my family lived the greater part of their married lives. (OMB)

SOMETHING ABOUT VIRA PERKINS McQUARRIE

This is not so much a reminiscence as an effort to put in words what made Mother unique to her friends and her family. To describe her achievements, largely in civic affairs, does not capture the individual flavor of this strong and original person.

Both of our parents were driven by the desire to "accomplish something," an oft-heard phrase in our household. They believed in making any amount of effort to "get ahead in this world." The idea of hard work, whether it meant more years of almost unaffordable schooling, making an old farm house livable, following through on a professional, domestic or recreational project too imposing for most mortals, the thought of abandoning any endeavor because it looked hard never entered their heads. Mother never sat and brooded or daydreamed. She worked, and when she got tired she slept and then got up and worked some more.

When she thought of something that needed to be done or that someone might like, she did it. And if she encountered good service or approved of something someone had done she either called or wrote to pass on her appreciation or commendation. She felt that good deeds and our pleasure in them should be acknowledged.

Few conventional strictures bound her. She was outspoken, and she was uninhibited if she felt justified in doing something that would lead to an "Oh Mother!" from fearful daughters. This open spirit of freedom combined with her natural energy and her sense of humor is what makes her memory so vivid. Her saucy, youthful style of conversation invigorated many social occasions, both formal and casual. While she never adverted to sex, her general style was fresh and unconventional.

Some small verses, usually composed when she meant to be asleep at night or early morning show not only her playfulness and her consciousness of human failings but her concern for improvement. She felt a responsibility for other people, both a compassion and a compulsion to help each floundering soul pull himself up and carry on. She seemed pessimistic about mankind in general, sometimes almost bitterly negative, but she was stubborn about perservering.

Religion was a pervasive problem for her. She never stopped wishing to find certainty and reassurance somewhere. The humanists appealed to her and periodically she toyed with the idea of joining the Unitarian Church - perhaps she did. But the people she most envied - the only people she ever seemed to envy - were the Mormons, whom she repudiated but felt were so fortunate in the strength of their faith. She often expressed admiration for the order, clarity and confidence of their way of life, even though the political views of most Mormons lacked the liberality she so fiercely believed in.

There are few people in the world so concerned for others, so untiring, so unegotistical and so irrepressible. There are saintly people, dedicated, serious, selfless, even noble people, and there are accomplished people, but Mother's blend of service and achievement and high spirits seems to me distinctive. She was uniquely energetic, courageous, generous, original.

DOCUMENT 156

Real Estate Purchase Contract; buyers Lyman D. and L. Karen Platt; \$1,000 personal check upon acceptance of offer; brokerage: Remax; Property: Lot 185, Black Ridge Ranches, Phase III (tax identification: BRR 3-185), city of New Harmony, Count of Washington, State of Utah; any and all water right that pass with property: one share of Black Ridge Ranches water; seller to mark all cornes; purchase price of \$50,000. Dated July 5, 1998.

DOCUMENT 157

Pinto Cemetery Plot Plan, researched by G. L. Rounds, *et. al.* There were sixty-four graves identified when Jerry Rounds took over as sextant about 1980. Now 105 graves have been identified.

DOCUMENT 158

Grandpa Family Sketch, by Erik Bylund, age fifteen. I've decided to do my family sketch on my grandfather [Gordon Leavitt Platt]. I think that he is perfect for this assignment because he's got that "thing" that just makes him an awesome person. He loves everyone that he is acquainted with and he gets along well with everyone. He's got a great sense of humor and oh yea, he's really romantic.

I think there are quite a few reasons why my grandpa is as romantic as he is. One reason is that his father died when he was very young. Because of this I think he appreciated love much more than anything. He also had a lot of brothers and sisters. He had eight children, which I think was a result of his love and his love for other people.

Another reason why I think that my grandpa was so romantic was he read a lot of romantic books. When I was interviewing him he told me that he loved romantic books because he loves to love. He always watches cowboy movies because he says they're

romantic. I asked him what he always wanted to do with his life when he was younger and all he said was that he wanted to be a cowboy because it was romantic.

The first reason was he married an amazing woman. I've heard so many stories by my family of their love and devotion to each other. She died about twenty-four years ago in a car accident and my grandpa was with her.

Overall I think that my grandfather is a very romantic man. He is loved by all of his children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren and he loves all of them.

DOCUMENT 159

This document made the fifth day of February in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-six between Jeremiah Leavitt and his wife Sarah of the County of Hancock and State of Illinois of the one part and Andrew Waggoner and Miriam Waggoner of the same county and state of the other part ...that the said Jeremiah Leavitt and Sarah his wife for and in consideration of the sum of ninety dollars to them in hand paid, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, do hereby grant, bargain, convey, sell and confirm unto the said Andrew Waggoner and Miriam Waggoner and their heirs and assigns forever all that tract or parcel of land situate and being in the County of Hancock in the State of Illinois and known as the south half of the east half [the] northeast quarter of section twenty-five in township seven north of range eight west in [the] fourth principle meridian together with all and singular the appurtenances thereunto belonging or in any way appertaining to have and to hold the above ... in witness whereof the said Jeremiah Leavitt and Sarah his wife of the first part have hereunto set their hands and seals the day and year above written. Jeremiah Leavitt (signed) Sarah Leavitt (signed)

DOCUMENT 160

Tax Assessor's Record, Hancock County, Illinois, filed August 20, 1842. [FHL Film 7706, page 206].

Jeramiah Leviett, Value of Cattle: \$130.00; Value of Horses: \$25.00; Value of Waggon: \$30.00; Value of Clocks, ditto from the preceding page, not copied, apparently \$0.00; Value of Watches: \$10.00; Amount of P [should be Personal] Property: \$10.00; Amount of Personal [should be Real] Property: \$170.00. Residence at Township 7N Range 8W.

DOCUMENT 161

October 4, 2007, Amasa Mason Lyman Educational and Historical Society, Agenda. From Clayson Lyman to Ted Jones. Your agenda for tonight's Board Meeting looks good. As part of my nomination presentation I want to include the following amendment to the earlier organizational notes I submitted as updated May 24, 2007.

- 1) The Board of Directors to be composed of fifty-five people, including ten members of the Executive Committee, fifteen Directors, and thirty Family Representatives.
- 2) All members of the Board of Directors shall be due-paying members of the Amasa Mason Lyman Educational & Historical Society.
- 3) Annual dues to belong to the AML Society shall be \$20.00 per person or \$25.00 per family. The family is defined as all those up to age twenty-one living at home. Life-time membership is \$500.00
- 4) On matters concerning the governance of the Society, only members of the Board of Directors may vote except that on matters concerning the day-to-day administration of the Society, the Executive Committee may vote....
- 5) On all matters requiring a vote, a simple majority carries....
- 6) The Board of Directors to meet semi-annually on the Thursday before April and October General Conference....
- 7) Elections to be held every five years by ballot....
- 8) The Executive Committee to meet as often as necessary....
- 9) All positions are for five year periods....
- 10) Society *Expositions* to be held every five years. The first having been held Thursday thru Saturday, July 31 to August 2, 2003, in Fillmore and Oak City, Utah. The next *Exposition* to be held Thursday thru Saturday, July 31 to August 2, 2008 in Salt Lake City. The 3rd *Exposition* to be held in the summer of 2013....

Distribution: Ted Jones, McKay L. Platt, Richard Randall Lyman, Edward L. Platt, Allen Finlinson, Todd Lyman, Jay Bishop, Mat Lyman, Greg Lyman, Robyn Lyman, Scott & Lyn Lyman, Duane Bishop, Jack and Amy Lyman, Larry Lyman, Lyman D. Platt, Mark Lyman.

Agenda follows: opening prayer; nominating committee chairman Clayson Lyman, Clarification of the use of buildings during the Exposition, Greg Lyman; plans and assignments, Edward L. Platt; reports or comments from the executive committee members: 1st V.P., McKay L. Platt; 2nd V.P. Edward L. Platt; 3rd V.P. Allen Finlinson; 4th V.P., Todd Lyman; 5th V.P. (open) [Duane Bishop]; 6th V.P., Jay Bishop; Treasurer: Mat Lyman. Directors: 1) Family Roster, Robyn Lyman; 2) Family Genealogy, Ted Jones; 3) Family History, Jay Bishop; 4) Family Archives, Lyman D. Platt; 5) Family Reunions, Greg, Jed, Reed Lyman; 6-9 open; 10) Publications Relations, Advertising, Promotions, Amy Lyman; 11-12 (open); 13) Website, Mark Lyman; 14) open; 15) Family Newsletter, Larry Lyman; closing prayer.

DOCUMENT 162

[Two issues of *The Andrew Ralston Annals*, published by authority of the Andrew Ralston Reunion to convey information to the members of the family. Edited by Lewis Clark Walkinshaw, Historian. Volume 1, No. 9 was published in Hopedale, Ohio on October 25, 1934. Volume 1, No. 10 was published July 25, 1935, still under the editorship of Lewis Clark Walkinshaw. These two newsletters were the property of

Udora Morris, 1411 Arapahoe Ave., Salt Lake City 4, Utah. The originals were given to The Genealogical Society of Utah. Sometime in the 1960's they disappeared. Fortunately, I had copied the two that follow. There were more, but there has never been a lead as to how to obtain them as of this date; as will be seen immediately below, it is apparent that Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8 were published in 1930, 1931, 1932, and 1933; the critical information immediately apparent besides these issues, is the fact that the family apparently published a book that has never seen the light of day in any known western U.S. collection - Lyman De Platt].

The Andrew Ralstons Annals, Volume 1, No. 9.

HISTORY NUMBER

At the Fifth Annual Andrew Ralston Reunion held at Beech Spring Presbyterian Church two miles South of Hopedale, Ohio, August 18, 1934, the reunioners took a decided stand in favor of getting the history to the printer at the earliest possible time. Some few have already advanced the subscription price of \$7.50 per copy, and it was voted to request the 140 or more subscribers to advance their subscription price, as far as possible, so that the work may be completed. One enthusiastic reunioner said he would send in the price of five copies to show his faith in the work.

These matters have been definitely decided: (a) the Oberlin Printing Company, of Oberlin, Ohio, will print the book; (b) the size of the printed page the kind of paper, and the character of the cuts will be just as you see them in this issue of the *Annals*; (c) the main running story of each of the eight families will be in the same 10 point type, 25 cm slug, as you are now reading, and the genealogical section, following each chapter, will be 8 point, 13 cm slug, solid doubled on the page, a sample of which is added on page 48; (d) there will be some 140 cuts in the book, at a cost of approximately \$600.00: and (e) the cover will be blue, with gold lettering.

This fine typography is a sample of the work done by the Oberlin Printing Company, who are the capable printers to Oberlin College. The company's general manager, Mr. W. H. Phillips, would have been at the Beech Springs Reunion to explain the details of the book and its make-up, had he not been on vacation and failed to receive our invitation in time to attend. Hence, we give you this sample of the book. The first estimate of its cost is \$1961.50, or in round numbers, \$2000, on the basis of a printing of 400 copies. If additional copies are desired, they can be printed at an additional cost of \$100.00 for each hundred. To insure its publication, aside from the mailing [page 38], there will have to be at least 200 subscriptions. Not less than 400 copies should be printed so that copies may be available to coming generations of Ralstons.

The reunioners further authorize the writing of a personal letter to each of the present subscribers, except those who have already paid in advance. Perhaps this personal plea through the *Annals* will suffice, otherwise the personal letter will be written soon. You perked up your Ralston pride in excellent fashion, when 328 of you had faith in the

completion and dedication of the marker. And it was dedicated with pleasurable satisfaction. Now, let's perk up our Ralston pride just a little stronger, and put the history across in the same vigorous fashion. We can finish the history too, if we will.

THE FIRST ANNUAL REUNION

It was the most largely attended reunion yet held, the registration reaching 180. There are but 136 in the picture, for the others were either camera-shy, or the remainder of the fifteen gallons of ice-cream, over at the church 200 yards away was too much attraction for the younger folks. Next year we may have to get Uncle Aaron Huntsman to get out his mustang and lasso to corral us all into the group, when we assemble in August at Ferron, Utah. After a fine morning of visitation and an abundant noon meal, such as the Ralstons can provide, the reunioners carried their collapsible chairs over across the run to the site of the marker for the unveiling ceremonies. President Lewis Waltemyer Bosley, of Cleveland, Ohio, called the [page 39] meeting to order and asked Betty and Edith Osborn, of Bedford, Ohio, great-great-great-granddaughter of the ancestors, to render a fifteen minute musical program. They proved themselves accomplished musicians on the accordians, to the great delight of us all. Led by the Misses Osborn, the formal program opened with the singing of "Yankee Doodle." Rev. Chester F. Ralston, D.D., of Oberlin, Ohio, had offered the opening prayer at the beginning of the noon meal. As President Bosley began his dedicatory address, the marker was hidden beneath a beautiful American flag. He delivered the following magnificent discourse:

"Dear Relatives and Friends:

"Four years have passed since we gathered in this churchyard at Beech Springs for our first reunion, and we return again today, not only for the purpose of our fifth annual reunion, but to dedicate a boulder-marker placed at the line of the six graves in this historic burying ground. None of the descendants knew the exact location of the graves of the ancestral family until it was found by a group on May 24, 1930, there being only a small embedded field stone, with the letters A. R. on it.

"Ralston history was again in the making, when in the early dawn of July 3, 1934, our Historian, Mr. Walkinshaw, drove down the path where General Lee had taken his army 71 years ago for the Battle of Gettysburg. Our historian was on his way to supervise the removal of this boulder-marker from the [page 40] old Waltemyer home in the South Mountain sector of York County, Pennsylvania. By the time the sun was high in the heavens, this green granitic rock had been removed from its natural resting place on the hillside, and was on its journey of migration, over hills and high mountains, through peaceful valleys, until at last it came to its final resting place, to become a beautiful boulder-marker in this historic cemetery on the afternoon of July 4, 1934, the 71st anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg. It had travelled 330 miles.

"Possibly our ancestor, Andrew Ralston, and his heroic and pioneering wife, travelled over this same route 122 years ago, by oxen through muddy roads, or perhaps along dusty

valleys. It took them ten times as long, no doubt, to make this same journey to their Ohio home about five miles from here. I am not going to tell you of the great amount of work that has been completed in these past four years. Nothing I would say could in any way compete with what our historian, Mr. Walkinshaw, has to say to you, but I do want to stress the fact that our ancestor was a man who loved God. He taught his children to daily ask Divine guidance, and they in turn taught their children to love one another. Would it not be well for us, during this time of rush and striving, to meditate on this divine principle that gave our pioneering ancestors courage to come to this Ohio home?

?Ralston history proves that we are justified in being thankful for our ancestry. The generations past give record of courage, faith and love that is our heritage. Some may not have achieved high stations in life, but each one can have that great simple virtue that makes him a man, though his journey may lead along the humble paths of life. Each life is an experiment, and to be perfect and beautiful, it must contain a proportionate amount of that priceless ingredient. Each material object that is manufactured has the correct proportion if it is to last and have beauty, and you can always recognize it wherever it may be. Our historian, in one of his letters to me said, <The bronze plate came today, and when striking it, the tone is of a beautiful church bell.= Here he found that priceless ingredient, and may each and everyone of us, as we press on in life, strive for that honor and integrity that marks him a child of our forebears. May you always recognize a Ralston.

[Page 41] ?We meet on this beautiful hillside today, where white tombstones speak of death, but we are here to dedicate this boulder-marker, coming from this natural source, reflecting God's work, and speaking the hope of deathless life. We come, facing boldly the fact that these bodies of ours are earthly and mortal, so that <dust again returns to dust,= but we come also facing the claim of immortality, that <the spirit returns to God who gave it.= Here on this quiet hillside, heaven touches earth, life conquers death, and God meets man. While the forms of our loved ancestors mingle with the common clay, their spirits and ours surmount the realms of earth and flesh to hold communion with the living God in realms beyond the reach of death.

?Here God and man have made beauty in nature's world, where we may come and hear no echoes of discordant human notes. Here shall be the beauty of the world of nature. Here the stars keep watch at night and the blue sky speaks of the infinite and beyond. Standing with our feet on this historic soil, and lifting our voices toward the sky, it is not hard to say, <They rest from their labors and their works do follow them.=

[Next to this discourse is a picture of the monument, unclear in the compiler's copy, but with a plaque headed Andrew Ralston on its face - Lyman De Platt.]

?The rugged, solemn reality which has entered into the planning of this boulder-marker, bespeaks the character of him who dreamed the dream and gave to his ancestors a symbol of strength, and a generous plan for each one of this great family, from the very youngest to the oldest great granddad, to have his share in its erection. Today, as we come here, we

find this marker has changed the whole meaning of this Beech Spring Presbyterian Burying Ground for us. Let no one gaze upon this boulder and see only a stone. Let each one see and hear the message it symbolizes. This green granitic rock needs no [page 42] dedication. Can we not all hear the very stone of that symbolic marker crying out to us, <Trust God, nor be afraid.= So did they who founded this burial place - put their trust in him who doeth all things well.

?So, grateful to him who supervised the placing of this boulder - grateful to those who have come to this peaceful spot today - grateful to God who wills that we should live a life too big to die - we dedicate this marker as a symbol of our living faith. May I be permitted to close with the fine sentiments from Will Carleton:

<Sleep, Old Pioneer=

<Little care the selfish throng
Where your heart is hid;
Though they thrive upon the strong,
Resolute work it did.
But our memory eyes have found you,
And we hold you grandly dear;
With no work-day woes to wound you -
With the peace of God around you -
Sleep, old pioneer.=@

At the close of the address the marker was unveiled by Mrs. Catharine Cox McAfee, of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, 80 years, 8 months and 28 days old, and Charles William Campbell, Cadiz, Ohio, 3 months and 23 days old, the oldest and youngest Ralstons present. The young man, of course, had to be held in the arms of his mother, Mrs. Eleanor Kate Dodds Campbell, and performed his duty with gusto. Mrs. McAfee, graceful, youthful in spirit, and beloved of all of us, as she is, spoke her great pleasure of attending nearly all of the reunions, and of having this part in the marker's dedication.

The historian then held a history symposium, giving present prospects of the printing of the history, and emphasizing the necessity of sending all records promptly, so that when it goes to print, it shall be complete and up-to-date. Letters were read from Chief Yellow Thunder of the Winnebago Indians, who was a prominent guest at last year's reunion at Shell Rock, Iowa, wishing the Ralston tribe the greatest of health and happiness, and from Mrs. Morris Singleton, Ferron, Utah, Secretary of the Huntsman Reunion, extending the following cordial invitation:

[Page 43] ?Please extend a courteous invitation to all the Ralston cousins to come to Ferron, Utah, in 1935 for the Ralston Reunion. We want you all to come prepared to stay with us as long as you desire, as there are so many things out here in the wild West so different from the East. We would like to take you to Zion's Park and Bryce's Canyon, and any other part of Utah you would care to go. You may get tired climbing mountains

but we will try to have plenty of Spring fryers on hand when you get hungry. We think Oscar D. Davis should be the one for President. @

It was then moved, seconded and carried, that the Sixth Andrew Ralston Reunion be held at Ferron, Utah, on August 17, 1935. For the benefit of those who cannot attend the Utah reunion next year, it was further voted to hold a reunion of the Ohio Ralston group at Schoenbrunn Park, near New Philadelphia, Ohio. The Committee for this sectional reunion, Charles W. Ralston, Charles S. Ralston and Robert H. Ralston, have since secured the date of Saturday, August 3, 1935, from the Schoenbrunn Park authorities. The reunioners then elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

President, Oscar D. Davis, Argyle, Wisconsin
First Vice-President, Mrs. Margaret Atkins Marsh, Terre Haute, Indiana.
Second Vice-President, J. Frank Rogers, Cleveland Heights, Ohio.
Third Vice-President, Mrs. Lorinda Purdy Murten, Pueblo, Colorado.
Fourth Vice-President, Mrs. Gladys Turner Guier, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
Fifth Vice-President, Charles W. Ralston, Cleveland, Ohio.
Sixth Vice-President, John E. Ralston, Vincennes, Indiana.
Seventh Vice-President, Paul R. Bosley, Mentor, Ohio.
Secretary, Mrs. Anna Mastin Smith, Hopedale, Ohio.
Treasurer, Harry Ralston Crabb, Bloomington, Ohio.
Historian, Lewis C. Walkinshaw, Greenburg, Pennsylvania.

It was moved, seconded and carried that the Executive Committee proceed with the work of publication of the history. A collection amounting to \$71.80 was taken up, which permitted the marker to be dedicated free of debt. It was a great pleasure to have so large a company of the Joseph Ralston descendants present. Anna Mastin Smith, Secretary.

[Pages 44-45 are not included in this computerized copy. I do remember at this point what they contained, but I did not copy them - Lyman De Platt]

[Page 46] More Ralston Babies

Charles Edgar Ralston, born February 22, 1934, son of Charles Edgar Ralston, grandson of Ephraim Harlan Ralston, great-grandson of Ephraim Patterson Ralston, 2nd great-grandson of Andrew Ralston II., Washington D.C.

Maxine Elaine Kile, born May 26, 1933, daughter of Max Ellis Kile, granddaughter of Eunice Clarissa Davis, great-granddaughter of David Perry Davis, 2nd great-granddaughter of David Davis, 3rd great-granddaughter of Margaret Ralston Davis, Upland, Nebraska.

Lymel Rudy Jirkovsky, born September 3, 1934, son of Beryl Kile Jirkovsky, grandson of Eunice Clarissa Davis, Campbell, Nebraska.

NEW HEARTHSTONES ESTABLISHED

John Arthur Ralston, son of Ephraim Harlan Ralston, grandson of Ephraim Patterson Ralston, great-grandson of Andrew Ralston II, married September 19, 1933 Adeline Helen Steele, 10 Gilmore Street, Quincy, Massachusetts.

Lyle Ellis Bowen, son of Rev. Herbert H. Bowen, grandson of Lucy Adair Bowen, great-grandson of George Washington Adair, 2nd great-grandson of Mary Ralston Adair, married May 11, 1934, Alice Belle Watson, Mt. Zion, Georgia.

The accompanying photograph is one of our most active Ralstons, as he appeared in the early Seventies. Who could not have loved such a lad, as he grew into manhood, and has been spared to see the great Ralston clan become what it is. Greetings to him. Guess who he is.

RALSTON ROUSINGS

The reunions grow bigger and better, and the Sixth Annual at Ferron, Utah, on August 17, 1935, promises to be the largest one yet. President Oscar D. Davis, of Argyle, Wisconsin, writes that he is already laying plans to attend. And then, when the Lewises came up from Arizona, and the Los Angeles and all-California contingent arrives, and the Joneses roll down from Washington, and the Murtens speed over from Denver and Pueblo, and you add these to all of the Huntsmans who will be there, we who drive out from the East and the Central West will be outnumbered and outvoted, but we are just going to get [page 47] the finest welcome in all the land. These good cousins have been reading about our reunions, and they are going to show us what a real reunion is, with all of the Western frills. We are Ralstons all, and we want to make it a bumper meeting of the clan.

Dr. Chester F. Ralston made quite a suggestive observation at the dedication exercises. He noticed that we sat under the shade of four big Scotch pines, indicative of the sturdy life of our forebears in bonny Scotland.

Your historian was privileged to attend the Second Annual Reunion of the Joseph Ralstons, Collateral, at Rock Springs Park, Chester, West Virginia, on Sunday, September 9, 1934, when 140 of these fine folks gave him and his party a very glad hand. They listened eagerly to the pioneer story concerning the separation of Andrew Ralston from his brother in the old Indian days. They elected these officers for the coming year: President, Mrs. Lulu Ralston Hill, R.D. 2, Steubenville, Ohio; Vice President, Samuel C. Dray, Beallsville, Pennsylvania; Secretary, Mrs. James S. Stevenson, Wierton, West Virginia; Treasurer, Mrs. William Chappell, R.D. 2, Steubenville, Ohio; Historian, Earl McCaslin, Burgettstown, Pennsylvania.

As these Annals are being read, our esteemed ex-President George Adair, at Shell Rock, Iowa, has become our oldest Ralston, having exceeded the years of his brother, John

Adair, who lived to be 87 years, 9 months and 4 days. Cousin George Adair was born January 21, 1847. We extend to him our heartiest greetings. Mrs. Mary Coulter Behout, of Granville, Ohio, is a close second, now being in her 87th year. Greetings to her also.

Let us here add a section of the genealogical part of the history as it will appear:

2. Margaret Ralston, born October 28, 1788, died November 7, 1830, married 1810 Daniel D. Davis, born March 3, 1876, died August 22, 1867.
 - a. Margaret Sophia Davis, born and died 1812.
 - b. Daniel Ralston Davis, 1814-1874 (see page ---).
 - c. Hannah Davis, born February 8, 1816, died August 14, 1903, married December 28, 1831 James William Huntsman, born October 6, 1906, died February 26, 1867, occupation farmer, residence Shoal Creek, Utah.
 1. Eliza Jane Huntsman, born October 20, 1832, died January 18, 1833.
- [page 48] 2. Sarah Jane Huntsman, born April 5, 1834, died April 20, 1917, married January 1, 1854, Samuel Lewis, born October 27, 1829, died August 31, 1911, occupation farmer, residence Thatcher, Arizona.
 - a. Samuel Edward Lewis, born July 17, 1854, died July 25, 1932, married April 8, 1881 Daphne Jane Hamblin, born November 6, 1860; occupation, farmer, residence Ramah, New Mexico.
 1. Orson Frederick Lewis, born January 6, 1882, married October 8, 1903 Margaret Roxie McNeill, born May 13, 1884, occupation irrigation engineer, residence Ramah, New Mexico.
 - a. Edith Linda Lewis, born December 24, 1904, died October 25, 1911.
 - b. Ethel Frances Lewis, born December 18, 1906.
 - c. Daphne Mary Lewis, born September 23, 1909, married October 13, 1928 Marvin A. Stradling, residence St. John, Arizona.
 - d. Verna Lewis, born January 21, 1914.
 - e. Leola Lewis, born May 7, 1917.
 - f. Winnefred Lewis, born February 13, 1923.
 2. Samuel Edward Lewis, II., born December 5, 1883, married October 4, 1916 Sarah Matilda Cluff, born October 5, 1891, occupation farmer, residence Bluewater, New Mexico.
 - a. Rhoda Daphne Lewis, born December 23, 1917.
 - b. Samuel Albert Lewis, born March 29, 1921.
 - c. Wallace Cluff Lewis, born August 27, 1927.

- d. Sarah Matilda Lewis, born October 5, 1926.
- e. Edward Lynn Lewis, born July 24, 1928.
- f. Vilate Lewis, born October 21, 1930.
- 3. Francis Asa Lewis, born October 21, 1885, married June 2, 1909 Frances S. Thompson, born July 26, 1890, occupation farmer, residence R.R. 4, Ogden, Utah.
 - a. Edward Hansel Lewis, born June 13, 1911.
 - b. Rubah Anthon Lewis, born December 22, 1912.
 - c. Alva Orson Lewis, born September 25, 1914.
 - d. Veva Lewis, born October 20, 1918.
 - e. Flora May Lewis, born April 25, 1921.
 - f. Linda Lewis, born April 13, 1923.
 - g. Delbert Edwin Lewis, born October 9, 1925.
 - h. Derwin Lynn Lewis, born April 26, 1928.
- 4. Frances Linda Lewis, born December 24, 1887, married December 24, 1914, Isaac Isaacson, occupation stockman, residence St. Johns, Arizona.
 - a. Cleon Isaacson, born October 16, 1915.
 - b. Geraldine LaRue Isaacson, born August 28, 1917.
 - c. Quenton Lewis Isaacson, born September 30, 1919.
 - d. Ruby Eilene Isaacson, born July 29, 1921.
 - e. Melvin Hugo Isaacson, born April 15, 1923.
 - f. Florence May Isaacson, born January 16, 1925.
 - g. Philip Edward Isaacson, born March 27, 1928.
- 5. Daphne Tamie Lewis, born April 11, 1890, married December 13, 1921 Thomas Lawrence Jones, born December 31, 1890, occupation mason, residence St. Johns, Arizona.
 - a. Dorothea Jones, born June 20, 1922.
 - b. Thomas Lawrence Jones, II., born October 5, 1923.

And lastly, as Andrew Ralston and Joseph Ralston often heard: "Mind the music and the step;" and let's get this history to you at the earliest possible time. You can, if you will. Lewis C. Walkinshaw, Historian, Box 359, Greensburg, Pennsylvania.

[This is the end of this newsletter. Based on the information available in it I called Sam Singleton, son of Morris Singleton, from Ferron, Utah, who had recently attended my wife's mother's funeral without knowing we were related and asked him if this book was ever published. He said it was not. He also told me he has other copies of this newsletter which he will copy and give to me, and I told him I would copy things on the Huntsmans and give to him. He is a grandson of Hyrum Ralston Huntsman, son of James William Huntsman. He said that the Sixth Ralston Reunion was held in Ferron in 1936, that it was attended as it seemed to him - being a boy at the time - by hundreds of relatives, that they barbequed a whole beef for the occasions, and that it was quite an affair. - Lyman De Platt]

[Page 49] The second child of Andrew Ralston, Revolutionary Soldier, and Sophia Waltemyer Ralston, his wife, was Margaret Ralston, born at the ancestral home of David Waltemyer, near York Springs, York County (present Adams County), Pennsylvania, on October 28, 1788. The boulder which was transported to Beech Springs Presbyterian Cemetery, two miles south of Hopedale, Ohio, on July 4, 1934, and dedicated by the descendants on August 18, 1934, had laid for centuries within a stone's throw of the birthplace of Margaret Ralston. David Waltemyer was the father of Sophia Waltemyer Ralston, and this old homestead is marked by a beautiful old stone house. She was married, no doubt in the York County home of our illustrious ancestors, to David D. Davis, son of Evan and Nancy Davis, in 1810. She died at LaGrange, Indiana, November 7, 1830. Daniel D. Davis then married Elizabeth Huntsman, daughter of Jesse Huntsman, one of the pioneers of the LaGrange community, in 1831. He and his second wife, after having sold their Indiana lands, moved to LaFayette County, Wisconsin, after a brief residence at Oneco, Illinois, and at Council Bluffs, Iowa. He and his second wife, Elizabeth Huntsman Davis, were the parents of seven children, and they are buried in Willow Springs Cemetery, about one and one-half miles from their last Wisconsin home. Daniel D. Davis died August 22, 1867.

[A picture is included on the first page of this newsletter consisting of James William Huntsman, Hannah Davis Huntsman, and Aaron Davis Huntsman. The parents are sitting, and Aaron is standing. This is the only known picture that I am aware of of this couple and has been duplicated in a number of forms. I do not know where the original is. The caption read: "The accompanying picture was taken in Salt Lake City, Utah, about 1862, judging from the age of Aaron D. Huntsman, who was born in 1851. He was a bachelor. We fully expected to meet him at the Ferron Reunion, but his recent death will deny us that privilege." - Lyman De Platt]

There were four children born to Daniel D. Davis and Margaret Ralston Davis: (1) Margaret Sophia Davis, born 1812, died in infancy; (2) Daniel Ralston Davis, born 1814, died 1874; (3) Hannah Davis, born 1816, died 1903; and (4) David Davis, born 1823, died 1873. Daniel Ralston Davis migrated to Marbletown, Illinois, in which vicinity many of his descendants now reside. Our President, Oscar D. Davis, who resides at Argyle, Wisconsin, is a son of David Davis.

THE FERRON REUNION

It was voted to hold the Sixth Annual Andrew Ralston Reunion at Ferron, Utah on August 17, 1935, in honor of the Huntsman group of the Margaret Ralston Davis family. It is the largest group of our fine big family of 2400; there being some 1350 of them. The picture here shown is presented that you [page 50] may look into the face of one, whom your historian considers an outstanding and courageous woman. It is questionable whether any member of our great family endured as much as did she, as her story is here briefly related, and as it shall be more fully told at Ferron. Her youngest of nine children

stands beside her, and this picture was possibly taken when she was 55 years of age. She [Hannah Davis] lived to be 87, a very popular Ralston age. She was born, either back in the Adams County, Pennsylvania, ancestral community, or in the Bloomfield, Ohio, community. She was then taken by her parents to the LaGrange, Indiana community, at the same time that William Adair, and Mary Ralston Adair, and Thomas Adams and Elizabeth Ralston Adams, migrated to that community. There she met James William Huntsman, and was married to him on December 28, 1831, at White Pigeon, Michigan, a short distance from LaGrange, because, as she said in later years: "licenses were free in Michigan and not in Indiana." She and her husband converted to the Mormon religion possibly about the year 1836, for her first two children, Eliza Jane, who died at the age of four months on January 18, 1833, and Sarah Jane, who married Samuel Lewis, and born April 5, 1834, were both natives of Steuben County, Indiana. The third child, Mary Huntsman, who married Dudley Leavitt was born November 1, 1836 in Linn County, Iowa, and the fourth child, Joseph Smith Huntsman, was born in Caldwell County, Missouri, December 29, 1838. The following three children, were born in Nauvoo, Illinois; Maria Huntsman, second wife of Dudley Leavitt, February 26, 1841; Hyrum Ralston Huntsman, February 25, 1843; and James Daniel Huntsman, May 11, 1845, later deceased, unmarried. Orson Welcome Huntsman and David Orrin Huntsman were born at Pottawattamie [County], Iowa, March 21, 1849 and July 24, 1851, respectively. The tenth and eleventh children Eliza Jane and Aaron, were born in Utah after the migration, the former dying in infancy.

This is a picture [on page fifty] of Sarah Jane Huntsman Lewis, oldest child of Hannah Davis Huntsman to reach maturity, who accompanied her father, James William Huntsman overland to Utah, in 1851, to make ready the home for the family. She is the progenitor of over 400 Ralstons, most of whom are resident in Arizona.

Hannah Davis Huntsman brought the remaining children then living to Utah in 1852, where she and her descendants helped to build up this Western country. This writer and some of his group have been to Kirtland, Ohio, and visited the first Mormon temple, to LaGrange, Indiana, where Margaret Ralston Davis died, to White Pigeon, Michigan, where Hannah Davis was married to James William Huntsman, to Nauvoo, Illinois, where persecution was her lot, and August 17 bids fair to be an outstanding day in Andrew Ralston History when many of her descendants will gather for the first time. The Leavitts are coming from Nevada; the Lewises are coming up from Arizona, and the Huntsmans are coming in bus loads from different parts of Utah. The Leavitts are bringing with them a truck load of melons and grapes; the Orson W. Huntsmans are transporting a beef 225 miles to be pitted and roasted; and other necessary provisions are being provided by other groups of the big family. The Joneses should come down from Washington, and the Adamses from Denver and Pueblo. Forrest Ralston of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and Forrest Ralston, of Sheridan, Wyoming, should meet each other at Ferron. Mrs. Gladys Turner Guier, who attended the Beech Spring Reunion from Philadelphia, with her family last year, will attend the Schoenbrunn Reunion on August 3, and then proceed West through Missouri. She suggests: "Don't forget to take your hiking boots, leather breeches and cowboy hat." A large number of folks [page 51] will arrive at Ferron on

Friday evening, August 16 and remain over through Monday, August 19th. This writer plans to start from the Schoenbrunn Reunion with his party, and proceed that night via Lexington, Nashville, Memphis, and Little Rock, to Van Buren, Arkansas, visiting Uncle Andrew Jerome Ralston, 84 years old, and family for two days, thence to Los Angeles, via Albuquerque, and Globe, where he will visit George Lincoln Ralston and Mrs. Mary Ralston Conrad, uncle and aunt, and their families for three days, thence back-tracking through Las Vegas and Mesquite, Nevada, and Enterprise, Utah, to Ferron. It will be a regular Ralston Rodeo. And, as the younger generation of Ralstons would remark: "Oh, Boy, what a time we are going to have!" Let us make of it the biggest reunion we have yet had. The Ralston latchstring is out all the way, going and coming. No finer fellowship exists short of Heaven. Blood tells, and we are a part of no mean family. Honor your ancestor, Andrew Ralston!

THE SCHOENBRUNN SUB-REUNION

The Ohio Ralstons decided that they wanted a reunionette for those who could not find it convenient to make the trip to the big reunion at Ferron and picked Saturday, August 3, 1935, as the day, and Schoenbrunn Indian Village at New Philadelphia, Ohio, as the place. This is one of the finest historical reproductions in all the land. It was built by the Christian Indians under the direction of Rev. David Zeisberger, of the Moravian missions, emanating from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. It was one or more Delaware Indians that almost wiped out the family of pioneering Ralstons somewhere in the Ralston settlement in Northeastern Pennsylvania, leaving only Joseph Ralston and Andrew Ralston. These two lads became separated, and grew to manhood, the one in the Susquehanna Valley, near the Delaware Indian town of Shamokin (Sunbury), where he later enlisted in the Revolution, in the Pennsylvania Rifle Regiment and the other of Kings Creek Valley in the Panhandle of Old Virginia, where he enlisted in the 13th Virginia, when Lord Dunmore was asserting Virginia's rights to Western Pennsylvania. The Delawares wiped out the town of Schoenbrunn, just about the time the 97 Christian Indians were cruelly murdered at Gnaddenhutten, some fifteen miles away. Go to Schoenbrunn, and there recount the thrilling Indian experience of Andrew Ralston, and enjoy the fellowship of the Eastern group of the family. It will be a day long to be remembered.

JOSEPHINE HUNTSMAN

[A picture accompanies the following paragraph] Josephine Huntsman, daughter of Lamond W. Huntsman, granddaughter of Orson W. Huntsman, great-granddaughter of Hannah Davis Huntsman, 2nd great-granddaughter of Margaret Ralston Davis, 3rd great-granddaughter of Andrew Ralston, as she appeared at her High School graduation this year.

Miss Huntsman appeals to the younger Ralstons to come to the Big Ralston Rodeo, and prepare to meet her rather in overalls. She can ride a horse, and throw a lasso.

THE HISTORY

One wonders sometimes whether the Democrats have closed a lot of the Ralston post-offices during the past historical year. Your historian's mail has been so small, as compared with other years, that one would think some of the families had passed out. The last issue of the *Annals* was carefully prepared to give you an idea of what the finished product would look like. But the response to the appeal has been quite meagre, and in a measure discouraging. We must get away from the "let George do it" spirit. The present typewritten copy could be deposited in the Library of Congress, and then you could all take a patriotic journey down to Washington, D.C., and look up your status in the noble family. The fool chain letter fad was amusing, and at its height one joking [page 52] Ralston proposed that we get up a \$7.50 chain letter with the name of the publisher at the top of each letter, and then the history fund would be available on short notice. The patience of the Oberlin Printing Company, Oberlin, Ohio, to whom we have committed the publication of the book, is highly commendable, but patience sometimes is exhausted. Well, cousins, isn't it about time we get the history to the press?

RALSTONS GONE HOME

The grand old man of the Ralston, George Adair, died December 1, 1934, aged 87 years, 10 months and 10 days old. He became our oldest Ralston, and the last words he spoke to your historian at Shell Rock in 1933 were: "I am so glad you all came; I did not expect to be here." Mrs. Mary Coulter Megaw-Bebout, born August 6, 1848, of the Andrew Ralston II family, Granville, Ohio, is now our oldest Ralston. Heartiest greetings to her.

Roma Singleton Wakefield, Ferron, Utah, who attended the Shell Rock Reunion with her father, Morris Singleton, in 1933, and who later married G. Bruce Wakefield, died February 25, 1935. She was a graduate of the Ferron High School and the Utah Agricultural College, and taught school at Huntington, Utah.

Addie Mae Davis, daughter of David P. Davis, granddaughter of David D. Davis, great-granddaughter of Margaret Ralston Davis, and 2nd great-granddaughter of Andrew Ralston, died December 1, 1935, at Merrill, Nebraska. She resided with her brother, Ervin B. Davis on the home farm.

Mrs. Jane Nicholson VanHorn, wife of John Thomas VanHorn, of the Jane Ralston Jones family, died February 12, 1935, at Beaverton, Oregon, age 75 years, 6 months, 10 days.

NEW RALSTON BABIES

Robert Lynn Kaufman, born July 10, 1833, son of Charles Frederick Kaufman, grandson of Sarah Davis Kaufman, great-grandson of David P. Davis, 2nd great-grandson of David D. Davis, 3rd great-grandson of Margaret Ralston Davis, Bladen, Nebraska.

Kenneth Ralston Berns, born March 15, 1934, son of Blanch Kaufman Berns, grandson of Sarah Davis Kaufman, Bladen, Nebraska.

Cora Alice Hedden, born March 23, 1935, daughter of Ruth Ralston Hedden, granddaughter of Charles Spurgeon Ralston, great-granddaughter of George Washington Ralston, 2nd great-granddaughter of Andrew Ralston II., Lakewood, Ohio.

REUNION POINTERS

Lamond W. Huntsman, of Enterprise, Utah, wants as many of us as possible to travel the trail from St. George to Ferron together, so as to let the world know how big the Ralston family is, as it passes up the canyon.

One wonders is Skip Ralston of Chicago, is going to take his dog along to look for the big bad wolf.

There are a host of the Jane Ralston Jones family in Oregon, and we want a large company of them to strike the trail to Ferron.

As one caravan starts from Schoenbrunn to Ferron, we will have Mrs. Catharine Cox McAfee break a bottle of good old Adam's ale out of the Tuscarawas River on the prow of the automobile.

Mrs. Mary Ralston Conard, of Tulunga, California, writes: "It would be too bad to disappoint all those Utah cousins, who are making such alluring plans. Maybe 6 or 7 of us will be there."

Last reports are that President Oscar D. Davis, of Argyle, Wisconsin, is getting an extra gas tank on his automobile so that he will be sure to get over the Rockies and down into the canyon. He is taking no chances.

After all, cousins, the most of you can get there in a day or two's travel over roads that are the pride of the states through which you travel. It would be a great stunt if some one of you could arrive behind an ox team, such as Joseph Smith Huntsman drove across from Council Bluffs to Salt Lake in 1852. It would bring back the days of the Ralston forty-niners, which the history will tell you about, who trekked across to California, and back again.

Here's for a great big bumper reunion. Come Friday evening and stay until Monday. There will be something doing all the while. Lewis C. Walkinshaw, Historian, Box 359, Greensburg, Pennsylvania.

DOCUMENT 163

The Gilman Coat of Arms. Gilman Troed-dhu of Glynllifon in Uwch Gwer Vai in Caer-yn-Arvonshire lived 843. Came out of north Britain. Bore these arms: Argent, a man's leg coupled at the thigh in pale sable; crest on a chapeau tules turned up, ermine, a demi-leon rampant, argent. [A silver lion rampant with a red tongue on a red stand with a light tan chapeau surrounding it. The crest silver, the leg grey, the Gilman name black on a banner of red underneath the shield.

DOCUMENT 164

[Copy of a microfilmed page, reference lost, probably in the land records of Tooele County, page 54 - Lyman De Platt]

James William Huntsman transfers to Brigham Young, recorded December 12th, 1855.

Be it known by these presents, that I James William Huntsman, of E[ast] T[ooele] City, in the County of Tooele and Territory of Utah, for and in consideration of the good will which I have to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints give and convey unto Brigham Young, Trustee in Trust, for said Church, his successors in office and assigns, all my claim to and ownership of the following described property to wit: lot (8) Eight, in Block (6) Six in E.T. City plat, value Ten dollars \$ 10.00 Lot (7), Block (2) two, containing eight four rods, also six acres on the west side of lot (1) one block (8), all in E.T. City farming plot, value, forty dollars \$ 40.00
Two oxen, one hundred dollars \$100.00
Three cows, seventy five dollars \$ 75.00
Three 2 year old hieifers, sixty dollars \$ 60.00
Four calves, forty dollars \$ 40.00
Eight sheep, forty dollars \$ 40.00
One waggon & tools, fifty dollars \$ 50.00
Household & kitchen furniture, weaving appalrrel [sic] &c &c
two hundred dollars \$200.00
Total \$615.00

together with all the rights, privileges, and appurtenances thereunto belonging or appertaining; I also covenant and agree that I am the lawful claimant and owner of said property, and will warrant and forever defend the same unto the said Trustee in Trust, his successors in office, and assigns, against the claims of my heirs, assigns, or any person whomsoever.

[page 55] J. W. Huntsman [signed]; Witnesses: William Maughan [signed]; Jenkin Williams [signed]

Territory of Utah, County of Tooele. I Peter Maughan, Recorder of said County certify that the signer of the above transfer personally known to me, appeared this eleventh day

of December A.D. 1855 and acknowledged that he of his own choice executed the foregoing transfer. Peter Maughan [signed]

DOCUMENT 165

[Copy of a microfilmed page, reference lost, probably in the land records of Tooele County, page 50 - Lyman De Platt]

Zadock Parker's transfer to Brigham Young, recorded December 8th, 1855.

Be it known by these presents, that I Zadock Parker of E[ast] T[ooele] City, in the County of Tooele and [page 51] Territory of Utah, for and in consideration of the good will which I have to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints give and convey unto Brigham Young, Trustee in Trust, for said Church, his successors in office and assigns, all my claim to and ownership of the following described property to wit: lot (5) five, in block (7) seven in E. T. City plot value, one hundred dollars \$100.00

Lot (3) three in block (7), E.T. City farming plot, value seventy five dollars	\$ 75.00
Two oxen, seventy five dollars	\$ 75.00
Two cows, fifty dollars	\$ 50.00
Two 2 year old steers, forty dollars	\$ 40.00
Two calves, twelve dollars	\$ 12.00
Household & kitchen furniture, weaving apparel &c, &c, seventy five dollars	\$ 75.00
One waggon & farming utensils value thirty dollars	\$ 30.00
Total	\$487.00

together with all the rights, privileges, and appurtenances thereunto belonging or appertaining; I also covenant and agree that I am the lawful claimant and owner of said property, and will warrant and forever defend the same unto the said Trustee in Trust, his successors in office, and assigns, against the claims of my heirs, assigns, or any person whomsoever.

Zadock Parker [signed]; Witnesses: William H. Hamblin [signed]; Charles W. Maughan [signed]

Territory of Utah, County of Tooele. I Peter Maughan, Recorder of said County certify that the signer of the above transfer personally known to me, appeared this seventh day of December A.D. 1855 and acknowledged that he of his own choice executed the foregoing transfer. Peter Maughan [signed]

DOCUMENT 166

Letter from Dixie [Ryan] to Elaine Perkins [Walton] dated August 16, 1971, from 3505 Brookhill Street, La Crescenta, California 91214.

Dear Elaine: After going through mother's papers, I was able to gather the following information:

Kathryn Perkins was born in Cedar City, Utah on January 16, 1875. Around 1891 she moved with her family to Monticello, where their first house was a huge cellar with the children sleeping in the beds of two covered wagons. The only buildings in the town at that time were a few log cabins, a post office, a trading post or country store and a church, which was also used as a school house. She finished her early education in Monticello and then went to B.Y.U. in Provo.

On returning from the university she accepted a position in the co-op store as clerk, bookkeeper and cashier. Four years later she was elected County Clerk and Recorder on the Democratic ticket. The second term she was endorsed on both tickets. Beside[s] holding these positions, she was the County Secretary of the Democratic party, Stake Secretary of the Y.L.M.I.A., a member of the Dramatic Club, sang in the choir and also taught.

My father, Edmond H. Ryan, who had come to Utah from Vermont, was elected to the office of County Attorney at the time mother was elected County Clerk and they worked together at the old court house. They were married May 9, 1901 in Denver, Colorado, and returned to Cedar City, where they built their home.

They lived there until his death on May 16, 1921, at which time mother moved her family to Hollywood, California. There were five children: Ellen Avey, born March 9, 1901, died June 16, 1924; Edmond Benjamin, born September 20, 1906; James Vermont, born January 21, 1910, died February 19, 1969; Delia Dixie, born February 4, 1912; [and] Kateryn, born July 1, 1915, died June 26, 1966.

We lived in various homes in the Los Angeles area while we were growing up, and our father (as you know) died while visiting us at 5611 Virginia Ave., Hollywood.

Mother died in Los Angeles on July 6, 1952, and wished to be buried by my father in Cedar City; we naturally complied with her wishes. The older I grow, the more I stand in awe of this wonderful little woman whose courage, kindness, intelligence and wisdom were unbeatable.

I hope this is what you wanted. If there is anything you can think of that I might know, please give me a ring. My best wishes to all of you - Dixie [signed]

While living in Cedar City, my father was County Attorney of Iron County, City Attorney of Cedar City, and special attorney for the Salt Lake Route, Dixie Power Company, Bank of Southern Utah and other industrial and mining companies in Southern Utah.

DOCUMENT 167

Funeral Services for Katherine Perkins Ryan, who died July 6, 1952 at Los Angeles, California.

Vonda Bronson Wise: Vocal Solo ?When the Blue of the Night Meets the Gold of the Day.®

Ray H. Walton: I hope you all heard Vonda. These services today, that beautiful song and these few remarks, simple as they are, are carrying out the desires and wishes of Aunt Kate.

We have met to pay respect and tribute to her and to tie the bonds of our family ties a little closer together. If we can do this, I feel we have accomplished a great thing today.

I know that these past months haven't been easy for those of the family I know. Dixie and Christianne and Monty and his sweet wife, and Katherine, have labored tirelessly in behalf of their mother and mother-in-law. I never had the pleasure of meeting Pat, but I know that his love rests just as strongly with her as does the rest of the family's. Pat and Billy are the two in the family I have never had the pleasure of meeting. I know as I have observed your love for your mother and the tireless care you have given her, you have honored her as your mother, and the blessing of the Lord will be upon you for it. There are families, when the mother becomes ill and helpless, who cast her out and put her to the mercy of the winds, but thank goodness this family united together and served her diligently and took care of her and showed her a true and undying love. And so, when I think that you together labored and served her, I know she left us with only the sweetest of thoughts and the most pleasant of memories.

We meet today as individuals. I know in this room there are many different thoughts and ideas as to what life is and why we are here, but I do believe that by the undying spirit that is in us all we know of a surety that life is eternal. We might have different thoughts and conceptions of why it is eternal, but I am sure we know it is eternal, and that our good mother, sister, or aunt, or grandmother, whoever it might be, has returned to her Heavenly Father in the Eternal World. ?In my Father's house there are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you that where I am ye might be also.® Those were the words that our Lord Jesus Christ uttered to his disciples as He gave up His life, telling them that where He was going, we might also have that opportunity to go. In that world there *are* many mansions, and they are based upon the life we live here.

So, we know her life. There is not one in this room that would question the goodness of it. The heritage of her family - I am sure we have all read the very wonderful tribute she wrote of her own mother, "A lady in purple; no matter what the garment, she was still a lady in purple." Certainly, I can say that of Aunt Kate, for she was truly a lady in purple to me. She fulfilled the obligations she had in life. She loved her family and took care of them through many years of hardship to her. She has seen them successful and happy on their own, and she never wavered in her knowledge that God lives and that Jesus was the Christ. Even in her hours of trial in the past months I know she felt that same way, and she was ready to go back to God who gave her life.

So let us not feel sad this day, but let us feel happy that she left the family that she did, that through her we have all had the opportunity to live better and that we have met because of her.

Even in my own case, I met this family through her. As indirectly as it may seem, Elaine, my wife, was called to go on a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and it was a check for \$100 that came from Katherine Ryan (see note at end of this) that finally opened up the way for her to go into the mission field, and it was there I met her. So, as we see, many lives are affected by the life of one.

Let us try to remember to serve as best we can, that when the time comes for us to lay down our body in mortality we may have it said of us, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter into thy rest."

So, now without prolonging the service, as it was her desire, if we will bow our heads in humble prayer and ask our Heavenly Father to be with us, this service will be adjourned.

Prayer: Our Heavenly Father, we, a small group of thy sons and daughters, humbly bow ourselves before Thee in this little chapel to give thanks unto Thee for Thy many blessings unto us, for our health and strength, for the opportunities we have day to day to serve Thee and to keep Thy commandments.

Father in Heaven, inasmuch as this day we have met together as a family to pay our respects to our Mother and our loved one, we especially ask Thy kind Spirit to rest with us that we can have a feeling of peace come to our hearts, to our minds, that we might know surely that her life has been a life of good to all of us, and a life of good to the world....

DOCUMENT 168

MARTHA NAOMI PERKINS BRONSON
(as told by herself)

I was born in Cedar City, Utah, June 14, 1879 and was the 5th child of my parents, Benjamin Perkins and Mary Ann Williams Perkins.

My father helped build the first railroad into Utah and my mother came into Utah on the first train.

They were married and settled in Cedar City, Utah. Here they built a home and were enjoying some of the comforts of life, when they were called by the L.D.S. Church authorities to go with others to San Juan, to settle and build up the country.

I was an infant when they left Cedar City on the long six month trip into San Juan. I learned to walk and talk (Welsh) my parents native tongue.

This was a long hard trip even for the babies, but the women and men suffered more. The men had to build roads as they traveled thru this trackless waste. When finally we reached the Colorado River, the men had to blast solid rock and actually build a road down the sheer rock walls of the canyon. Then the wagons were let down this road, thru a hole, to the river bank below.

My father and his brother Hyrum, were the engineers of this road and did most of the blasting, a trade they had learned in the coal mines in Wales.

While the men were building roads, the women cooked, sewed and washed, under the most primitive conditions. Several babies were born on this trip too, besides all the other hardships.

When we finally reached Bluff, Utah, there was only a trading post with two white men in charge, and several hundred Indians, who were not at all pleased to see the white men invade their country.

We lived in our wagons that were formed into a circle, for protection until the men got a fort built. Then we moved into the fort which was much more comfortable after our long time in the wagons.

Here my brother, Dan, was born, my first brother. The other children here made fun of us because we spoke Welsh, so we soon learned to speak English.

We had some Indian troubles, but finally became friendly with most of them, there were several outlaw bands that made trouble for all.

As I grew I learned to make tallow candles, the only lights we had. I helped make soap from grease and fat meat and lye. We made our own lye by letting ashes soak in water. We made starch from potatoes soaked in water over night, where the starch settled in the bottom. We made our own molasses too.

My mother was very unhappy here, and not at all well, so when I was six years old we moved back to Cedar City. Father bought a home from some people who were leaving for Bluff, so we had a comfortable home again, but we didn't live here long. Mother became

very ill and the doctor said she must have a change of climate, so we moved to Teasdale, Utah. Here father built two homes. He had married my mother's sister, true to his religion, and we had to have two homes.

I started to school here in Teasdale, in a one room school house, where they had all eight grades, taught by one teacher.

We children had to help milk the cows, make cheese, pick wild berries along creek banks. We helped mother in the house and father in the fields, whenever we were needed. We were happy here. Our home was a gathering place for young people and oh, the good times we had.

My sister, Kate, and I brought the cows from the pastures, picked wild berries from the hills, pinenuts and pine gum from the trees we passed. In the evenings we sang songs, recited poetry and always ended the evening reading from the Bible and prayer.

Then one night in the fall late at night, a knock came on the door. Two young men rushed in saying, "Brother Perkins, the marshalls are on their way here, hurry and hide."

You see, father had married two wives as his religion sanctioned, but the law said no, so the marshalls were picking up and taking to jail all the men who had two or more wives.

Father took a quilt, a little food, kissed us all and slipped out into the night. We were still crying the next morning when mother came in and told us they had found father and arrested him.

It was harvest time and the marshalls told father he could stay until the harvest was in before he started to serve his sentence. After the harvest was in, father kept his word and went into Beaver to give himself up. We knew it would be for six months at least. Father learned to read and write while in the "pen" and after said it was a blessing in disguise. He had never had any schooling, because at six years of age in Wales he went into the coal mines as water boy, so never had a chance to go to school. He was real grateful for the chance to learn to read and write while in the pen.

Soon after father came home we learned we were to leave once again for Bluff, so our beautiful home was sold and we retraced our long trip, passing along the same way through the Hole-in-the-Rock.

It was on this trip that I was baptized in the Dirty Devil River, near my eighth birthday. They had to break the ice on the river, so Copy Christensen and I could be baptized.

Father and my sister Kate, drove the wagons on this trip. My brother Dan and I drove the cows and loose horses.

Uncle Hyrum met us a hundred miles from Bluff with fresh horses so we could get to Bluff in time for Christmas.

The next spring we visited Monticello for the first time on the fourth of July. They always had a big celebration on the fourth and twenty-fourth of July in those early days. It was at the children's dance that day, that I first met Bill Bronson, who after about eleven years became my husband.

My sister Kate and I were allowed to stay in Monticello that night and because there were so few women in the town we were allowed to go to the dance. I was then ten years old. We danced all the dances, until a fight broke out among the men over whose turn it was to dance, and we with several others crawled out of a back window and went home. During this night Sister Walton was killed accidentally and the whole town was in mourning.

When I was sixteen, my sisters Mollie and Lell went to ranch at Dodge Point. We milked sixty-three cows night and morning, made cheese and butter, and did the other ranch work during the day. You'd think this would be enough to wear us out, but after the work was done, on Friday night, we'd ride seven miles on horseback into Monticello for the dance, dance until 3:00 in the morning, ride back to Dodge in time to start the milking.

Bill and I had been going together for a few months, but now he was on a mission in Indiana and Lee and I would ride into town to the post office at least once a week to get my letter from him.

The next spring we moved into Monticello. The cowboys and the outlaws who were hiding from the law often came into town. They'd ride up and down the streets, shoot the lights out of homes, and frighten everyone. Then the Indians started coming into town, demanding food, and telling us we must leave, that the land was theirs, and they would live in our homes. They killed beef whenever they chose, and the settlers gave them flour and other food until the government could be notified and take action.

I remember when Utah was made a state and the celebration we had. I remember when homemade candles were our only lights, then the coal-oil lamps, the gas lights and finally the electric lights. I remember when the water was piped into the homes. No more filling a barrel from the ditch and letting it settle, so we could drink it.

My brother Dan and I went to school in Provo for two winters. When we came home in the spring, Mollie and I, at father's request, took some cows to Camp Jackson and cooked and sold butter and cheese to the miners there. Gold had been discovered there and everyone was mining. We had a good eating house and with our butter and cheese made good money for the times.

While we were home, Bill came back from his mission. We were married April 5, 1900 in the Salt Lake Temple.

We spent one week in Provo, then back to our little one-room log home, with homemade table and chairs, a second-hand stove, a bed and a few pretty dishes. But it was wonderful to us.

Bill's first job was freighting for Mr. Bayles, for \$30.00 a month and his board. This was not satisfactory to either, so they changed to \$45.00 a month and Bill boarded himself. This seems impossible in this day and age.

The next summer W. E. Gordon gave Bill a job on his Carlisle ranch, and hired me as a cook. This was wonderful because we could be together. Our first baby was born here, a little girl, we named her LaPreal. She died when eighteen days old. We thought we could never be happy again. But time heals and two years later we had a healthy ten pound boy; once again life was good.

We decided Bill must get his teacher's diploma. He was a natural born teacher, so by working summers much harder than he should, working nights, and me selling bread, cheese and milk, he finished his schooling and from then on taught first in one school then another for thirty-five years.

These were good years. We raised seven children, during these years. We had our joys and sorrows. But we had each other and our children. We made out our fun and good times. Bill and the children sang and we spent much of our time together singing. Something we do to this day when any of us can get together. This is a rare kind of joy always to be remembered.

Bill has been a wonderful father, hard-working, honest and faithful to his trust. We both have firm and constant faith in our religion and it has upheld and supported us through many trying times.

I have held most of the offices of the auxiliary organizations: president of the Relief Society for nine years besides many other. Bill has been a teacher and a good speaker, always before the public, holding many church positions. He is a wonderful public speaker and always at his best explaining his religion to someone.

We have taught our children the Gospel and pray earnestly that they will follow its teachings. The children all have homes of their own now. We live for their visits and in memory of days gone by.

I have seen the horse and buggy give way to cars, trains, planes, now jets. When our music boxes were replaced by radio, then television, we felt we had seen everything, but I am sure in the days to come there will be even greater wonders.

I am writing this, this spring of 1940 and hope in the years to come my children will read it with love in their hearts for what we have tried to do for them. We have loved them so very much and been so proud of them. Written by Martha Naomi Perkins Bronson.

Children's Names: Wilmer Verde Bronson, Gwyn Bronson Meador, Eural J. Bronson, Rex D. Bronson, Karel C. Bronson, Don LaVar Bronson, Vonda Lee Bronson Wise, all living. LaPreal died when eighteen days old.

MOTHER AND FATHER

Martha Naomi Perkins and Wilmer Bronson

My mother and father were complete opposites in many ways. Father was a dreamer, mother a realist. I remember their disagreements, and frustrations, but I know they had a deep understanding and love for one another.

My uncle Daniel Perkins, spoke at mother's funeral, and he said of her, "She loved her children not wisely, but too well." I remember feeling resentful of his statement at the time. However, I suppose there was more love than criticism in our home. I'm sure there were many times when we disappointed our parents, but their love was never withdrawn.

If I seem to dwell on love, it is because I believe the giving and receiving of such is the most important thing in this world. We not only loved them, we loved each other.

Dad gave us humor and music. We needed both as there was very little of the material things in those days. We laughed and we sang. My most precious memories are of us sitting on the porch after supper, singing for our parents, songs that were dear to their hearts, and will always be to ours. Sometimes the neighbors came and listened and somehow the cares of the day were forgotten. The satisfaction of sharing what we had to give was part of our teaching.

Mother gave us compassion and a tender heart. She gave us pride in ourselves and in our heritage. She gave us freedom to explore life. She held no animosity for any race or religion, at the same time holding fast to her own.

Another memory is of my father brushing my mother's long black hair, and afterwards she would say, "Thank you Willie," and I knew that all was well in the world.

They were wonderful people. They had great faith in their religion and in their country. During World War II they had three sons, one daughter and one grandson serving in the Armed Forces. Vonda Bronson Wise.

DOCUMENT 169

EXERPT FROM THE LIFE SKETCH OF DANIEL B. PERKINS

(written by himself in 1961 and 1962)

I was born May 9, 1881, in the old fort in Bluff, San Juan County, Utah. My parents were Benjamin and Mary Ann Williams Perkins.

My first recollection of Bluff was of several log houses scattered around. This collection of log cabins was called The Fort. It was about one mile in circumference and was built around the log church. There were no doors or windows on the outside. All opened to the space in the center. A well was dug inside the Fort. From north to south and east to west a small passageway ran in a gap between the houses. Later, the river washed several old homes away as its riverbed widened. The log church was the center of church, school and social activities.

I vividly recollect gathering cliff flowers from the tall cliffs north of town in the early spring. I remember the Navajo and Ute Indians coming into town and loitering in the old co-op store, which was owned by the local residents. I recall the Indian campfires outside of the store where the Indians spent hours playing cards and sometimes were joined by the cowboys and town fellows.

My father's family left Bluff around 1883 and went back to Wayne County, Utah. We lived at Carcas [sic] Creek, now called Torrey, on a ranch at the foot of the Henry Mountains. Father ran a dairy, milked fifteen to twenty-five cows, and operated a small farm. The little creek that ran through our farm was so full of mountain trout it was easy to catch all we wanted for a meal.

On my eighth birthday I was baptized in Carcas Creek and confirmed by Billy Meeks. I think we left for Bluff soon after that. We spent the next two years there. In 1891 we moved to Dodge Point southeast of Verdure. There we ranched, milking twenty-five to forty-five wild range cows that had to be tied head and foot. They gave from a quart to a gallon of milk each.

We went back to Bluff for the winter, returning in the spring to make a permanent home in Monticello. The first summer and winter we lived in an old dirt roof cellar, for about a year until father built a two-room log house. It remained the family home until he built the rock house about 1900 while I was on my mission. It was one of the three fine homes in the town at the time. We were very proud of it.

In the fall of 1898 I left with my sister Naomi to attend Brigham Young Academy in Provo. Neither of us had graduated from the elementary school. The work we took was comparable to the seventh grade and was called a preparatory course. While there I received a call from Box 2B to go on a mission to the Southern States Mission. I was only seventeen years old. I felt too inexperienced to teach the gospel and wondered

whether I should go. But when I made up my mind to go I felt very happy about it. All in all, the two and one half years in the mission field were happy ones. I had many faith-promoting experiences. How I loved the people of Kentucky.

Marguerite, the daughter of Bishop F. I. and Mary M. Jones and I were married August 24, 1904 in the Salt Lake Temple.

In the fall of 1906 we moved to Provo, intending to stay until I had finished college. Ula was born there December 6, 1905. In 1907 I followed Dr. John A. Widtsoe to Logan. Our son Kloyd B. was born that year in Logan.

In 1908 I, with a couple of college friends, Will Brooks and Dave Jennings, decided to buy up a lot of state land and go into dry farming in a big way. None of us had yet taken out a degree, but we planned to combine schooling with farm work and help each other through college. We were the first to begin dry farm operations east of the Vega. The company lasted only two or three years because the wives of Brooks and Jennings were not content to live in San Juan. However, our friendship lasted through the years.

Because of eye trouble I quit school permanently and came back to Monticello in the spring of 1909. My son Lloyd Dee was born there in January. A typhoid epidemic struck Monticello in 1910. My wife Marguerite was stricken and died November 10, 1910.

Two years after my first wife's death, I married Cornelia, daughter of George A. and Evelyn Adams, in the Salt Lake Temple, October 17, 1912.

I accepted an invitation from Dr. John a. Widtsoe, who was the president of the college in Logan, to attend the Dry Farm Congress in Alberta, Canada. Cornelia and I were married before leaving for the trip. Upon our return to Logan, Dr. Widtsoe honored us with a fine dinner.

Thus began the proverbial long trail which was to be shared with Cornelia for fifty years. Our first child, Norma, was born in Salt Lake City, December 26, 1914 and our second DeMar B. was born at home in Monticello, January 11, 1919.

My life with Cornelia has been so satisfactory I would not change it if I had the power to do so. If I can profit by the past, and given the same opportunity in Eternity, the future will be glorious to contemplate, with the reunion of our children and their fine families, and the reunion with Maggie and our children and their families - if we all perpare for such a reunion.

(The following is a résumé of Daniel's life activities, written by him just before his death, April 4, 1962.)

Church Work

Like most returned Elders, I became active in the Church when I returned from my mission to the Southern States. I became stake president of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association. I became a member of the Monticello Ward Bishopric in 1911, a position I held for twenty-five years. During my bishopric years I acted in many other Church capacities such as leader in Sunday School, Mutual Improvement Association and Priesthood. I was one of the first scoutmasters in the ward. I, with Cornelia, was a Sunday School Stake Board Member.

After leaving the bishopric, I served in the high council for many years. I filled a two year stake mission with Cornelia, as well as working with her for four and one-half years as a stake special interest and Mutual study director.

As I look back over my life at the age of eighty I now feel that the people of Monticello have been very tolerant and kind to me.

Written by Daniel in his Book of Remembrance
Answer to his Prayers

When I was a small boy, perhaps five years old, our family was living up on a ranch in Wayne County, some eight miles from the nearest settlement when mother took suddenly ill and fell into a cold, swift swoon. Instantly, my sisters fell on their knees in prayer. We children all thought she was dead. In a few minutes mother revived and seemed quite natural. We all felt our prayers had much to do with her recovery. In a few days she was back to normal.

When attending school at the BYA I received a call from Box 7B to go on a mission. I was only seventeen years old and felt very unqualified. I was troubled and worried with indecision. At this time patriarch John Smith was giving blessings to the students. The thought came to me that I should go for a blessing and never mention the fact that I had been called on a mission. I felt sure if he mentioned my mission call, I would know it was from the Lord, for Brother Smith never knew such a person as Daniel Perkins was alive.

I went for the blessing. Almost the first words were that I was called on a mission and I was worried about it. He said the mission call was of God and I should go and fill that mission and that I would return in safety, and many other things. Well, I went on that mission, returned and have witnessed the fulfillment of nearly all of his sayings.

Christ in conversation with his Apostles told them they should heal the sick and cast out devils, etc. Shortly after I arrived in the mission field the thought occupied my mind as to whether or not such blessings followed His people today, especially the Latter-day Saints missionaries. While dwelling on this line we visited a colony of Saints. They were all stricken with the flu or something of that sort. They were delighted to see us. We went

from house to house administering to the sick. Some were healed almost instantly. Others mended gradually. It was a great testimony to me and to many of the Saints.

Farm Work

From the years 1910 to 1952 I had a dry farm ?out east@ and an irrigated farm in town. I was one of the first to bring purebred Hereford cattle into the county and I have been interested in them since 1912. I have taken many blue ribbons with my cattle.

Civic Matters

I was a member of the first Monticello Town Board, and a charter member of several civic groups. I have always been associated with the Blue Mountain Irrigation Company and acted as water commissioner for thirty-seven years. I served as county treasurer for four years and assessor for twelve years. Most of the time I rode from one end of the county to the other on horseback. At various times and in some parts of the county a car could be used. Cornelia took care of all the office work. I am now a director and have been president of the San Juan Basin Purebred Hereford Association. I have acted on both state and county agricultural boards and served as a director of the Monticello State Bank and as a member of the San Juan County Board of Education.

(The following is by Cornelia A. Perkins.)

Still very active at the age of eighty years and eleven months, Daniel met a tragic death April 4, 1962 near Monticello. He had mounted his favorite horse for his usual daily ride. He chatted with friends at the post office as he was leaving town. It was the last time he was seen alive. A truck ran into him as he was about to cross the Vega Bridge, killing him and his mount instantly. His large funeral was a tribute to the contribution that he had made as a pioneer builder.

Up until his death, life was a great adventure to him and he still lived with a youthful zest. How he loved to ride a good horse. Just a few days before his death, he went on a long hard deer count drive, horseback, with a group of men all much younger than he. Some of them came into town completely fagged out, but not Daniel.

When death came he was looking forward to a trip to the World's Fair and a Hawaiian Cruise. He operated his farms and cared for his purebred Hereford cattle. He was a U.S. meat inspector, a Blue Mountain Irrigation Director and Blue Mountain Water Commissioner.

He was happy in his Church activities. He read only choice books, conversed with the best minds and was friendly to everyone. Always a student, nothing pleased him better than to sit in his easy chair surrounded with books, where he read and pondered. Whether speaking from the pulpit, in a classroom or in a private conversation, choice sayings and bits of wisdom and humor fell from his lips as naturally as breathing.

His children and grandchildren loved him and clamored for his attention. Now he is gone, their love for their grandfather and father and knowledge of his fine ideals, is an important factor in shaping their own.

Two of his chief characteristics were tolerance for the views of others, even in direct contrast to his own, and an abiding faith and loyalty to his Church. For these reasons he was loved and respected and known as a friend wherever he went. He was a wise, kind, tolerant man.

Children: Floyd (died as a baby), Ula and Loyd, Norma and DeMar, 13 grandchildren, 5 great-grandchildren.

[Just before he was killed in a tragic accident, his daughter Norma and wife had collected some of his stories and an account of his life. In 1963 Cornelia arranged them and had them printed as a booklet, entitled *Life Sketch of Daniel B. Perkins*, of which most of the above is a condensed version.]

DOCUMENT 170

LIFE HISTORY OF JOHN PERKINS

The small boy John was excited at the prospects of returning to Bluff. He had heard much about the town and the old fort in which he had been born five or six years earlier. Many times he had heard his parents talk about their earlier trek through the Hole-in-the-Rock. Indeed his father, Benjamin Perkins, had been the chief engineer of the steep canyon trail, not by appointment perhaps, but because he was well acquainted with the use of powder or dynamite, having used them in the coal mines of his native country, Wales. Sometimes John wished he could have been there too. It would have been exciting to have directed Brother Kumen Jones' team as they pulled his father's wagon down through the steep trail.

Actually it was somewhat of a miracle that John was alive at all. He was so small when he was born on December 11, 1882, that many felt he would never make it. His parents cared for him as tenderly as possible, hardly daring to handle him. For the first few weeks of his life, John was carried on a pillow. However, our Heavenly Father was merciful, and in answer to the prayers of Ben and Mary Ann for their little one, he began to grow and in time was strong and healthy, though he was always small compared to others his age.

When John was a year or two old, his family returned to their previous home in Wayne County. Eventually they were able to sell their home on Carcass Creek by Teasdale. Once again they bid farewell to their friends and loved ones in that part of the state, and with their belongings loaded onto two wagons, each pulled by a four-horse team, they set out for the isolated San Juan Mission.

John, though small and tender in age, was right at home on his pony. He had already taken a liking to horses and cows, and his father seemed perfectly at ease to let him help drive the livestock as they travelled along with the wagons.

As they made camp the first evening, Mary Ann was busy preparing supper and the small children were standing close by the campfire watching her. Benjamin and Lingo Christensen, who was travelling with them, were putting hobbles and bells on the horses to make them easier to find the next morning. As they fastened the bell on Mr. Christensen's pony whose name happened to be Kittle Belly, the horse became frightened and ran, jumping over the campfire. Their supper was filled with ashes and dirt, but they were so grateful that the frightened horse had missed the children that they didn't mind too much having to prepare another supper.

After several days of travelling, they reached the Colorado River just before dusk one evening. Though tired and weary, the men decided it would be better to cross the river that evening rather than risk higher water in the morning. They crossed without mishap but during the night one little black mare kept jumping in the river trying to get the other horses to follow her. All ready she found this strange new country unbearable. When morning finally came she fell dead from exhaustion, cramps or perhaps from a broken heart at having to leave her home.

Late one day, John's older sister Kate was driving one of the wagons. It hit a rock and tipped over, spilling the contents of the wagon as well as Kate. This place later became part of the trail the cowboys used between summer and winter range, and one of the cowboys, Jacob Adams, named it "Katie's Dugway."

The next evening the travellers were overtaken by the the infamous Indian outlaws, Posey and Polk. They were on their way to Bluff so Ben asked them to tell his brother Hyrum who lived there to meet him at Navajo Springs with some feed for his livestock. He was not sure they would deliver his message but Hyrum met them the next evening at the designated place. Later, in true pioneer fashion, they gathered around the campfire and sang that night, and the air resounded with songs of thanksgiving and happiness, sung as only the more talented Welsh people can sing. John loved to listen to that kind of music but alas! It soon lulled him to sleep and before long he was dreaming the best kind of dreams reserved especially for the little cowboys.

It was great renewing old acquaintances and meeting new friends as the Perkins family settled down to make their home once more in the little town of Bluff.

Early the following Spring, Ben was loading his wagon with a load of sheep and cow hides to take to Durango for the Bluff Mercantile. In Durango he was to load up for the trip home with goods for the store. He decided it might be all right to take his little boy John with him. Mary Ann was not too happy about the idea, but there was no stopping the joyful little boy and early the next morning, father and son were off on the big adventure.

It was late evening when they reached Montezuma Creek. The water was high, but Ben reasoned it would be even higher by morning, so he determined to cross the stream then. Halfway out however, the wagon became bogged in some quicksand. There was nothing to do but get the pelts and horses back to shore. Loading as many pelts as he could carry on one horse, Ben took them and John back to dry land. There he built a fire and after supper, he put the little boy to bed and went back to finish his task. He was taking the last horse when it struck its leg on a hidden tree limb in the water. Ben helped it to shore where he examined the limp leg by fire light and confirmed his suspicions, that the little horse's leg was broken. The next morning Ben and John returned to Bluff. They got Hyrum Perkins and Kumen Jones, who was the owner of the horse, to go back to Montezuma Creek with them. As Kumen walked up to his pony, the horse whinnied and looked at Kumen as though he understood what had to be done. The others could not help

but seeing the tears roll down his cheeks as Kumen returned from shooting the poor little horse. The men helped Ben carry his wagon to shore, piece by piece, and then put it together again and reload the hides. Then they watched to make sure that Ben and John had safely crossed the swollen stream before they returned to their homes in Bluff.

This was to be quite a trip for the Perkins duo; one the little boy John would never forget. In a day or so after they left Montezuma Creek, their wagon became stuck in the mud. Ben tried every way he could to get it out, but finally decided he would have to get help. He sent John to where he knew there was an old cowboy cabin to see if the cowboys would come and help him. John was soon met by a dog that looked and sounded fierce enough to eat him up. When the cowboys opened their door, they saw a frightened little boy with tears in his eyes, asking them to please help his father get their wagon out of the mud and to please call of that big dog ?before he eats me up.@

Years later when John was in cattle business and running cows in the Colorado Mountains, he met two of these men and they both remembered the frightened little boy who had knocked on their cabin door many years before.

A few miles before they reached Cortez, Colorado, Ben and John ran into some Indians complete with feathers and war paint. They were looking for whoever killed one of their tribe the day before. After assuring them that they had not seen anyone along the way, they were allowed to go on, much to the relief of both father and son.

John stayed in Mancos with his uncle John's family while Ben and his brother John, went on to Durango to complete the trading.

A few days later as they returned to Bluff, they were accompanied by three sisters, Aggie, Annie, and Lizzie Allan who had been working in Mancos, but wanted to return to their home in Bluff. John remembers that most of the way back was spent in singing and harmonizing, and that it sounded so good that even the angels must have tuned in occasionally.

Later that Spring the Perkins family moved to Dodge where they went into the dairy business. It was here that John first saw the girl who was to be his sweetheart and wife.

The Parley Butts family from nearby Verdure surprised Ben and Mary Ann one day as they came driving up in their wagon prepared to spend the day and get better acquainted. A short while before they were ready to return home, a thunder shower came over, dumping its contents and leaving the air considerably cooler. Realizing that the Butts family had not counted on this as they left their home that sunshiny morning, Sister Perkins hustled about finding wraps for their children so they would not feel the cold as they traveled home. She was able to find a coat or wrap for everyone but little three-year-old Stella. The only thing she could think of that Stella could wear was John's little red suit that he was so proud of. Hoping that he would not notice, she quickly helped the little girl into her son's cherished clothes. Her hopes were in vain, however, as John came

running and shouting at the top of his lungs for that little girl to get those clothes off and now! His mother grabbed him just before he reached Stella with every intention of helping her out of his clothes. He was still pretty unhappy as the Butts family drove out of their yard, even after his mother explained to him that the little girl would freeze without them and that she would return them the next chance she got. He didn't know then, but he and Stella were to be sharing things together for over sixty-six years, including a fond memory of John's little red suit.

Dodge was short of midway between summer and winter range and so cowboys would frequently stop by on their way to one range or another. As they watched the young boy John practice roping the calves that were penned in the corral they began to encourage him and give words of advice. They enjoyed watching him progress under their expert tutelage, and it soon became evident that he was a natural with cows and horses and pretty darn accurate with a lasso.

When it was time for the biggest event of the year, the 24th of July rodeo to come by, John was encouraged to enter in most of the events. When it was over he had captured a big share of the prize money.

An old prospector who had been watching, came up to him and after looking him over from head to foot, told the young John, "Well, I'll be damned if you aren't just liked Soapy Smith over and over."

At that time Soapy Smith was the world famous cowboy and from that time on John was called Soapy by most of his friends and acquaintances. He was recognized as an outstanding cowboy by all who watched him perform in the rodeos or on the range.

By now John's family had been living in Monticello for sometime and John had become better acquainted with the Parley Butts' family of Verdure as they herded their cows together in the same pasture. John or "Soapy" as he was now known had long since forgiven the brown-eyed Stella for making off with his clothes, and secretly he admired the way she sat astride her pony as he carried her wherever she chose. She rode easy and gracefully, so free on the breeze it seemed. She was also a good dancer John discovered as he swept her around the makeshift ballroom in Monticello.

Realizing that it would be a terrible waste to let such a talented person get away, John asked for her hand in marriage. And so it was that after a journey of four days by wagon to Thompson, Utah, the young couple boarded a train for Salt Lake, accompanied by John's older brother Dan and his fiancée, Margaret Jones. [It is unlikely that the trip took four days unless they stopped along the way, because it is only ninety miles from Monticello to Thompson - Lyman De Platt.] Both couples were married in the Salt Lake Temple on August 24, 1904. After looking the city over and purchasing a few pieces of furniture, they boarded the train and returned the same way they had gone.

John and Stella moved into the log cabin John's parents had vacated when their more comfortable rock home had been built. In a year or so, John built a small home for them on main street in Monticello, and it was here that their first child, Leah, was born on January 27, 1906.

During this time John was engaged in farming, cattle raising and freighting. He hauled the first rigs in that were used to drill for oil in San Juan County. They went to Bluff and he and Jude Bailey did the first assessment work on the oil field. He also hauled in the equipment used in the Gold Queen and Camp Jackson gold mines located on the Blue and Abajo Mountains. The equipment that went into the first flour mill in Monticello was hauled in by John and his freight team.

John had had to prepare his meals so many times over a campfire that he was soon known as an expert cook. His sour dough biscuits were "out of this world," and if you were lucky you were allowed to "sop" your biscuit in the grease and meat drippings that were left over from frying beef steak.

Some of the first geologists to come into San Juan hired Soapy to go along with them to do their cooking and help tend their horses.

Stella also was an excellent cook and together she and John cooked for the mill workers at U.S. Vanadium Mill in Dry Valley for one year. They remained there for twelve years where John was watchman after the mill was closed down.

During this time he helped his second daughter Nedra, acquire land and prove up on a homestead a few miles to the southwest of the old mill. He built a comfortable one-room log house complete with fireplace.

This cabin was a favority family gathering place for Easter, Thanksgiving, birthdays, etc., for the entire family until Nedra sold it to an oil company in the early 1960's. Now there is a recycling gas plant there and the little cabin was dozed into a ravine. It will always exist in the memory of John's children, grandchildren and even some of his great-grandchildren, as they enjoyed playing in the sand and eating the "luscious rabbit and sour dough biscuits" that were always a favorite part of the menu.

John owned one of the first forest permits on the Blue Mountain and ran cattle there for years before the Forest Service took it over.

In the late 1940's he bought the Jack Major property on Beaver Mountain in Colorado. He ran cattle there in the summer, moving them back to Dry Valley in the winters. He ran this for five years and then sold out to his son-in-law Leonard Bartell. He was still not ready to retire, so he bought some registered Herefords, and also did a little farming. He sold this business later to a son-in-law James M. Scorup, who is the husband of John's youngest daughter Dixie.

During the days when everyone heated their homes with wood, and cooked on wood stoves, John always made certain that he had plenty of good wood gathered for his family. Every fall you would see a huge pile of wood in John's back yard, almost as tall as the house itself. He always saw to it that there was an ample supply of it chopped: cedar to cook with, and pitch for the heating stove.

It was a source of amusement for him to see his neighbor across the way walking home with an armful of wood from his woodpile and perhaps an axe or shovel or anything that had been left around. The neighbor was just 'borrowing' but somehow he never got around to returning anything. John would always have to go and get his 'borrowed' tools back, but the wood was never mentioned.

One time as he was moving some horses from winter to summer range, John found himself looking down the barrel of a sawed off shotgun, and a U.S. deputy marshall demanding him to 'put em up.' The marshall had been warned that 'Kid Jackson,' a criminal outlaw was on the loose and probably headed that way with a band of horses. Kid Jackson was small and daring and Joe Bush, the marshall had been warned not to take any chances. It just happened that Charles E. Walton was riding with John and as he knew Mr. Bush, he explained that John was not Kid Jackson, but just a darn good cowboy friend of his, and so it was with great relief that John saw the gun being removed from under his nose. Later he heard that Bush had not hesitated to shoot a man who would not come out of his cabin with his hands up, as he had ordered him to do. He had no fear of any man.

John's life story would not be complete without mentioning his educated mule, Chub. For several years, John put up with Chub and his lawlessness, partly because it was quite a challenge just to have him around. Chub could pick locks. When living in Hart Draw, John got a terrible toothache and went to Monticello for medical attention. It was three days before he was able to go back and when he got there he found that Chub had somehow turned the knob on the little building where he had left his freshly harvested corn, and there lay his \$250.00 milk cow stone dead. Chub was eating corn right by her side, and when he heard John drive up he looked up as if to say, 'See, I took care of your animals and fed them well while you were away.' A year or so later he turned the knob on a building in Dry Valley and pulled out a sack of oats. As the cowboys returned and saw him eating their oats, they decided to shoot him. However, one of the gang who knew Chub and his clever doings said, 'Not unless you shoot me first.'

Chub was a stout animal and could carry 500 pounds in a pack. He was smart enough when hitched to a wagon to let the other horse pull most of the load and John was continually threatening him with a crack of the whip if he didn't straighten up.

Everyone around knew that they'd better have their graineries securely locked if Chub was around or their horses and cows would be treated to a generous meal from which they might never recover, while their smarter host knew when he had had enough, and

would simply quit eating. Chub lived to a ripe old age, and though somewhat of a nuisance, he was respected by all who were acquainted with his mischievous ways.

John was fifty years old when he learned to drive an automobile. He practiced driving on the flats of Dry Valley, and he figured that the car should be as capable as a horse, so sagebrush and small trees were no obstacle unless he became high centered on one of them. His granddaughter recalls "several times I thought we would never make it as we crossed the steep wash that was always changing its course because of the frequent floods. I remember once when he was in reverse instead of low, and we nearly went off the wash backwards. It was always a source of comfort to have Grandma close by for while she never drove, she knew all the fundamentals, and would usually be able to tell Grandpa what he was doing wrong."

John and Stella had four daughters, Leah, Nedra, Loya, and Dixie. Their home was always a fun place to be, and many friends and relatives would stop by to visit and share the good food that John and Stella would prepare. John would always cook the meat, browning and frying it just so, and if his sour dough jug was around you always filled up on steak and sour dough biscuits until you were sure you could not hold anything else - but alas! Who could turn down a piece of pie, made as only Stella could make them.

Everyone laughed, talked, and enjoyed the hospitality that was so prevalent there, and sometimes it would all end after a few songs around the piano with everyone contributing their part of the harmony.

Leah died in 1957, and in the early part of the 1960's, Stella's health began to fail. She went to Blanding in September, 1968 to live in the nursing home. John spent many hours visiting with her and the other patients. She would always say, "See, this is my husband. He is the best man in the world."

After Stella died on March 3, 1971, John seemed to lose a lot of his enthusiasm and though at the age of eighty-eight he was still getting around better than most men much younger, he became very lonely and rather sad. He could still joke and visit with friends, but his eyesight and hearing were not good and on the evening of August 21, 1971, he was hit by a car, just a small distance from his home. He was bruised and his right leg was broken in two places. At the present time he is recuperating in the nursing home in Blanding. His friends and loved ones hope it will not be long until he will be able to be up and around again.

DOCUMENT 171A

JULIUS BAILEY

[This history has many grammatical problems, but they are so prevalent that I have left most of them as they were - Lyman D. Platt]

My father, Nephi Bailey, was born in Whittle, Derbyshire, England, November 9, 1846, and came to America as a young man. Mother was born in Denmark, October 3, 1855, and came to America as an infant. There were among the first settlers of San Juan County, Utah.

I was born at Bluff, Utah, December 13, 1881, and we moved to what is not Monticello, San Juan County, Utah, when I was seven years old. I remember helping my brothers drive the milk cows but our white burro couldn't carry us all so some of us walked.

Our first home in Monticello was a one-room log cabin with a dirt roof which leaked when it rained and for several hours after a storm.

Many herds of deer roamed the country in [the] early days. A man who owned a store there began buying the hides from the Indians. The hides of little fawns for a stick of candy, and as a consequence, thousands were slaughtered. I remember too the Indians bringing in venison (deer meat) and selling a hind quarter of a quart of flour and deer became quite scarce until the government protected them later.

What is now wheat and grain fields also bean fields was grass land, no sage brush and could be mowed with a mowing machine and used for hay in winter.

Monticello's first schoolhouse was a log building built by Latter-day Saint people and was used for school, church and amusement hall, with the customary bell tower and gave warning when it was school or church time. Eight grades were given here. Some boys, for fun, hung a bottle on the tower and one day a bunch of drunken cowboys came in while school was in session and decided to see if they could hit the bottle with their 45 revolvers. A young teacher from Salt Lake City and all the students were very much frightened and were very happy when one of them broke the bottle and rode out of town without hurting anyone.

My early years were carefree and happy, school in the winter, dancing, riding horses, learning how to rope and ride calves just for fun, working on father's homestead and watching the milk cows from straying off with some of the wild cattle.

San Juan County at this time was the home for great herds of cattle and cowmen from far and near. Being so far from the railroad many outlaws found a good hiding place there as well as good honest citizens.

My father, a shoemaker by trade, made boots for these cowboys so I knew them all. They had the best horses they could get by buying or stealing them and as I learned to ride early, they would hire me for their jockey on the fourth of July or other celebrations. There was quite a rivalry between the cowboys and townboys in horse races but usually cowboy horses won because they had better horses and how I loved the winning and beautiful horses.

When we reached a certain age, my mother and we celebrated our birthday. She gave each of her boys a heifer calf and it was a real celebration for us.

The Latter-day Saints was the only religion in Monticello in [the] early days. The President of the Church called the members to settle there so the few families there all took their part in the organizations and believed implicitly in doing our share. I was active in Primary, Sunday School, and Mutual as long as I was home. As there were ten boys in our family and as soon as the eighth grade was finished we went on our own to help the family.

I finished the eighth grade about 1899. Our teacher was the most beautiful penman I have ever known. Then I too went to work.

For some reason, the fellow who owned the store across the street from my childhood home, was not liked by the cowboys and they often came into town shooting through the door of the store and even rode their horses inside, when they shot things off the shelves. As they came out they would tie the end of a bolt of calico to their saddle horn and unwind it as they galloped up the street and out of town.

When a bad drought came and finally the law came in, most of the big cattle herds were taken out and sheep brought in to take their place, mostly owned by outlaws but many respectable people who stayed on and helped develop the country with the L.D.S. Church.

About 1900 my brother (J.M.) and I decided we would move sheep camp and punch cattle (as they call taking care of cows in cowboy language) which we did for the sum of \$35.00 per month which was top wages. One of us would work while the other looked after our small bunch of cattle beginning with the two heifer calves mother gave us. There were many wild cattle in this large rough country, some lived and died without ever being branded and as a consequence many got into the cattle business who otherwise would not have done so. Mavericks (those without any brands) could be appropriated by most anyone able to catch and brand them, the best thing needed: a fast horse and a sure hand with a rope. To this day I never branded a neighbor's animal tho I have been in the cattle business all my life sometime out also, either by choice or not by choice but by necessity. For instance, November 11, 1918, when the Armistice was signed I was in Kansas City with carloads of cows and got back home with absolutely nothing. You could hardly give them away.

About this time I had a call to go to Provo and take a missionary course at what then was Brigham Young Academy. I left everything with my brother Rone and went to Provo. I finished the course but was never called on a mission. I don't know why to this day. That was the last of my schooling.

I still kept on adding to my bunch of cattle until my brother decided to get married and we dissolved [the] partnership but we had accumulated about 150 head by now.

One summer I was moving sheep camp from Harry Green when a couple of young kids came by camp on their way to Arizona, with a bunch of fine saddle horses. It was on the Blue Mountain west of Monticello. I got word to the sheriff and led him and some others to [the] camp. One of the fellows was out hunting deer, they had felt safe enough there and were resting the horses for a few days, the other was sitting on his bedroll and as soon as he saw us he knew what had happened. He began shooting but they captured him. The other boy never came back but in trying to find his way around the mountain got lost and was picked up many miles from there later by some cowboys. He was almost starved but stood trial for stealing.

During the 1890's I recall working for the K-1 cattle company on their winter range in Montezuma Canyon. In the winter time the only human beings I saw for weeks would be an Indian or two. They were friendly Indians tho we had trouble with ?Posey@ and some of them later.

In April 1908 I married my childhood sweetheart, Ruth Perkins, after many breakups. She was away at school and other places a great part of the time after we graduated from the eighth grade together tho I think both of us knew we would marry all the time.

As I think back over my life I realize how much early environment and habits mold your future.

I always had a desire to move around fast and as the horse was the fastest mode of travel then I always was interested in good fast horses and still am. I think one good horse I called Bullet was quite an item in winning my wife over to my side. If I didn't know better I would think she had Gypsy blood in her veins. We have always been lovers of outdoor life. Especially horseback trips, whether a day or month made no difference to us. Our home life was a happy one just so we were all together. Because of my cowboy life I was still required to spend a good part of time on the range alone and my wife says I was never socialized. I am still not much for society tho I have some of the best friends a man could have and like to be with them.

But our Spring Creek home in San Juan County, Utah, was what we all loved and pretty much filled our lives.

As our three children grew older, Marvel, Max E. and Loile J. all helped. We worked hard, loved each other and did well. The boys began going with me on the range when they were about seven years old. We would leave at sunup and maybe back at sundown during the time they were out of school.

I think the experience as a cowgirl in Marvel's life, came in the winter of 1919. We missed the flu epidemic in 1918, but as schools were closed this year again I decided to take the family and go on the winter range in Dry Valley. The deepest snow on record fell that winter and feed was short. I had gathered a number of cattle and put them on a mesa about six miles from our camp preparatory to bringing them in and feeding them hay and

grain. Marvel went with me to bring them in. We had them about gathered when I began to feel sick. I knew I had the flu. It was cold so we turned them loose and with her leading the way, we managed to get to camp before dark where for the next few weeks I had about the only serious illness of my life. Our cabin was comfortable and we were together.

We still have cattle in a small way. To my way of thinking, agriculture and livestock is the biggest gamble on earth. Max and I are still at Spring Creek. Loile is Assistant Manager of Utah Farm Production Credit Association and we all love it including Buck (Jerome Clyde Smith) Marvel's son and Ruth his grandmother. Max has always stayed at the ranch and think he will never leave until we sell it. It's really too small for all of us to make a living but we all have an interest in it. Without Max we could not have held it either. Marvel lives in Arizona.

I have ?swapped lies and brushed shoulders@ as they say with outlaws in early days as they passed thru to the Northern cattle country nearly always with a bunch of saddle horses, the ownership of which was a big question mark.

For the past two years my wife and I have traveled in the South, mostly to Mexico and in 1939 went to [the] San Francisco Fair and then the Northwest; sometime by ourselves and again with friends. With the exception of about five years in Arizona and California we have spent our lives in San Juan County, Utah.

On July 8, 1955, Julius Bailey died in Holbrook, Arizona, from a heart attack. Buried in Snowflake, Arizona on July 10, 1955, when he was still writing this history. Ruth Bailey.

DOCUMENT 171B

RUTH PERKINS BAILEY

Written in 1956

I was born in Cedar City, Iron County, Utah, February 3, 1885. My father, Benjamin Perkins, was born in Wales, January 14, 1844, and came to America at twenty-one years of age. My mother, Mary Ann Williams, was also born in Wales on August 27, 1851, and came to Utah on the first train that came into Ogden, Utah, to meet my father who had sent to Wales for her. She was eighteen years old and they were married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, October 4, 1869 by Apostle Heber C. Kimball.

They were among the pioneers called by the Latter-day Saint Church authorities in 1879 to settle the San Juan Mission in southeastern Utah and so with others then living in Cedar City, answered the call for the trip. The trip took six months over an uncharted desert that is described by some writers as being the hardest pilgrimage ever made in America, not excepting the trip to Salt Lake City. [Of course, most people are unaware of the Spanish pilgrimage that settled San Francisco in 1776; and of the hardships in crossing the southern deserts of Arizona and California - Lyman De Platt.]

Father had charge of the powder that blasted thru rock to let the eighty-seven wagons down to the Colorado River, since then known as "The Hole-in-the-Rock" so they could make their way thru the wild untamed Indian Country into what is now Bluff City, San Juan County, Utah.

After my two brothers were born, my parents were released from the mission and went back to Cedar City, but after I was born they moved to Grover, Wayne County. They had a dairy and sold milk, butter, and cheese. Three years later they decided definitely San Juan was to be their home, so consequently we made the trip back in 1890. [Actually, the decision was to move to the Mormon Colonies in Northern Mexico, but by the time they reached Bluff, Mary Ann decided she wasn't going any further, so Ben stayed in Bluff - Lyman De Platt].

Almost the first recollection I have is the night we camped on the banks of the Colorado River on our return, where father and my older sisters with a trapper friend were having a boat ride. There was a bright moon and I remember hearing their singing as it floated back over the still night air. We stayed at Bluff only a short time and then were called to settle Monticello, San Juan County, and there we stayed until father and mother passed away.

Our first home was a cellar, waiting until father could complete a log house. From there on I begin remembering happenings in my life.

It was a happy time as childhood days usually are tho we had many scares from Indians and outlaws. There were large cattle ranches on both the north and south of us. The Harold Carlisle Ranch, north of Monticello, had about eighty cowboys, mostly renegades from everywhere, seeking shelter from [the] law. Their brand, hip, side and shoulder, was a straight bar on each place on about 30,000 head of cattle.

The L.C. Ranch owned by Widow Lacy on the south side had about 17,000 head and others in proportion. It was then a cowman's paradise far enough removed from big centers for safety for those who didn't want to meet up with the law.

There were many people killed, usually in drunken or accidental killings when citizens were shot too. In spite of this our home took things in its stride. Both my parents had particularly fine Welsh voices and their family inherited some of it. My sister Alvira and I (the youngest two) spent many hours playing the guitar and mandolin and singing with our parents and on special occasions the whole family sang together both in Welsh and English at home and in public.

My first year of schooling was in a two-room log schooling house where two teachers took care of the first eight grades. It was also our church and amusement hall in Monticello. A bell was our time piece for all gatherings.

Some of the boys had put a bottle up in the belfry and some drunken fellows from one of the cow ranches came in one day while school was in session and tried to see who could break it with their revolvers. It was an ordeal not relished by teachers or students, but luckily they broke the bottle without anyone being hurt.

My mother raised a few turkeys and one evening as the cowmen were leaving town one of the cowboys spied a turkey gobbler in the street. Immediately he took a shot at and killed it. He was getting off his horse to get it when my brother John, about ten years old, saw what had happened. He ran and started dragging the bird into the house. It was such a surprise to the man, that a kid would do such a thing that he was so pleased over it, he even went in and paid mother for the turkey and then went off leaving it for the family. It could have been different.

The first brick schoolhouse built in about 1895, had sliding doors that could be opened making one big room, and the young folks felt that they had everything necessary for successful recreation and pleasure. Our dancing music was violin and organ or harmonics played by some local boy, my husband, Julius Bailey, being one of the best. The girls, for ordinary wear, wore calico Mother Hubbard aprons, the boys Levis overalls. We gave our own plays, etc.

Julius Bailey, always my sweetheart, and I, completed the eighth grade in this school, the same year, he helped me with mathematics and I helped him with English.

Working in Colorado each summer and with what little help my parents could give, I had enough money to take me to business college first in Cedar City and finishing at Weber State Academy in Ogden, Utah, where the [future] president of the L.D.S. Church, David O. McKay, was president of the school. At Cedar City while at the Branch Normal School, I lived with my sister, Kate P. Ryan.

One year I rode a [on] horse back from Monticello to Thompson Springs, the nearest train we had, with a group of people going to Salt Lake. There was not enough room in the wagon for me. I was just past fourteen years old but as we were practically raised on horses, the ninety miles was not much of a novelty.

Along with my schooling I studied violin and vocal music both chorus and solo work. In the orchestra, I played violin, French horn, bass and snare drums.

At home my sister, Alvira, played the guitar and I played the guitar and mandolin with social groups and at home singing with the family to mother's and dad's delight.

After finishing my business course, I went back to Monticello and then to Colorado again to keep books at a large fruit ranch right at the foot of the Ute Mountains.

About the year 1900 my father built a rock house with five rooms, a basement and upstairs. It was one of the finest homes in the country and because my mother's skills

with flowers [it] look[ed] almost like we lived in the tropical zone. No matter what she planted it grew and we were all so proud of our new home. We lived there until mother died in 1912. Then dad and Aunt Sarah, his second wife, lived there until my oldest sister, Mary Jane Wilson and family bought it. Father married Sarah Williams October 28, 1881.

During the earlier years at Monticello, sundown meant all children must be in. Blinds were all drawn in case a bullet would be put thru a window by a drunken cowboy trying to shoot out the light.

For a few years at this time I stayed at home with my folks renewing old acquaintances, dancing, singing, horseback riding to our Blue Mountain and falling deeper in love with my boyfriend. It was at this time he was called to Provo to take the missionary course about 1903 which he did but was never called on a mission. He was ordained an Elder in 1903.

On April 18, 1908, Julius Bailey and I were married in the parlour of my parents home in Monticello, Utah. His father Nephi Bailey, a justice of the peace, married us. This was a civil marriage. Only immediate members of the two families were present. We were sealed in 1948 in the Salt Lake Temple.

Being very thrifty and saving, my husband had acquired a farm about five miles northeast of Monticello and had a nice two-room house completely furnished into which we moved. We called it the Vega Ranch, thru which ran a clear stream of pure mountain water. We immediately went [t]here after the ceremony.

Foolishly thinking our crowd of friends wouldn't follow us, but just in case, we locked doors and windows and in due time we were treated to a boisterous chiveree and all the other misery a crowd can think of. They took out the windows because we wouldn't open the doors and refused to leave until we promised to give a free dance for all. But we did have fun.

Our farm located near the foot of the Blue Mountains also had a good view of the LaSal Mountains and never failed to inspire us with a desire to do our best.

Our farm and cattle made us a good living and on May 8, 1909, in Provo, Utah, our first baby girl was born. We called her Marvel Etoile, for which she never entirely forgave me and her dad. I still think it is a pretty name and fits her perfectly.

In November 1911, we started for Provo because we had no doctor and our second baby was coming but our plans were mis-calculated and the baby, a boy, Max Elgin, was born on the train at Elgin, Utah. Luckily there happened to be a doctor and nurse on the train and so we were taken off on a stretcher at Green River, Utah, where we had the best of care from our nurse, Mrs. Smith.

We still stayed on at the Vega Ranch building and improving it, enjoying visits from friends and relatives, who often came to see us. On the third of April, 1914, our other son, Loile Julius, was born at Moab, Utah. No family could have been happier or loved each other more. We spent part of each summer on the mountains in Colorado and Utah, fishing and taking care of the cattle. If we rode horses when the children were young, each of us carried one in our arms and Marvel riding a horse or maybe we would go in a buggy or a wagon before we got our first car.

Just before we sold this ranch and I was alone with my babies one lovely October day, my sister, Alvira, called me on the phone to say she had just had a call from father who was at Cane Springs, Utah. Mother was there with him for a while. He asked that we come at once as mother was very ill. My brothers, Dan and John, and sister Vira, and myself left immediately in a buggy, in the blackest night I have ever seen, only to find mother in a coma from which she never recovered. Father said to us, "Do as you like about getting a doctor; I am certain this is the end." The doctor confirmed his words.

I see his dear face yet holding her hand, resigned to the inevitable. In two days she was gone and we, her family, who loved her so much laid her to rest, one of the most refined, modest, lovable mothers that ever lived. People came from far and near to her funeral held October 13, 1912. She died on October 11, 1912. Burial was in the cemetery at Monticello, Utah. She was respected and loved by old and young alike.

My father, Benjamin Perkins, died in Los Angeles, California, March 30, 1926, while visiting my sister, Kathryn Ryan, and was brought back to Monticello and buried by my mother.

Mother's family was blessed with the ability to write well and as a consequence we all had our turn as secretaries in different Church organizations beginning with the Primary and on up. Music, too, was natural for us and I was soloist in our ward choir for many years. Music director in ward and stake Mutual directing many choruses, cantatas, operettas, etc. I was ward director for twenty years. One operetta put on during World War II was especially worth mentioning. "Call to America" had 125 voices. It was a joy to work with that group and see them do so well on presentation.

A mixed quartet, Fletcher and Clinton Bronson, myself and a good friend, Rhae Barton, with my husband's sister, Margaret B. Anderson, accompanist, were in demand all over the country. We went into Colorado and all the wards in San Juan Stake and people received our contribution to their programs gladly; some programs were church, some civil and many times funerals.

As the children grew older we did singing together, mixed quartets, duets which was the biggest thrill I ever had in music, that of singing with my own children. Loile later joined the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir and with his wife went with them in 1955 to Europe and sang at the dedication of the L.D.S. Temple in Switzerland and other places in Europe.

At one time in 1921, we had what the teachers of music called the Bailey trio. Max played the violin, Loile the saxophone and Marvel the piano. At their first public appearance they played "America." Marvel, the oldest, being about twelve years old. They also were used in operettas and singing at different places during grade and high schools as well as in different organizations and in other parts besides singing in the church.

They received numerous awards in Primary, Sunday School and later the Mutual, Deacon, etc. In all our activities my husband stood solidly behind us while he didn't take an active part in most social events, he was particularly well informed on most subjects. His opinions were sought and accepted by all who knew him. A deep thinking man, he was popular when good straight thinking was needed and wanted. So we felt if he approved, we were pretty much on the right track. He was one of the best county assessors San Juan County has ever known for two consecutive terms. He made his own way after fourteen years old and tho he did active work in the Church before that time in Primary and Sunday School and Deacons, he was away so much he never was able to do regular and consistent work in the ward organizations. He loved all kinds of sports.

In 1915 we built a nice home in Monticello, Utah, so the children and we could be nearer school and church and take part in social and church activities again.

When our home was finished and their father was away at work, the children and I spent many happy hours before the fireplace or in a bedroom reading stories and being glad we were alive. Our lives were made richer and fuller when he could be home with us.

About this time, too, my husband assumed the work of foreman on the Spring Creek Ranch for a Kansas City man, R.G. Lafite and at the same time took care of our own cattle with Lafites. The cattle were pure blood and range Herefords [and] number[ed] 300 head. About two years later he took over the management of the Lafite farm as well and we moved into a nice home on Spring Creek. Things went well and we all loved our new home.

In 1918 we shipped several carloads of cattle to Kansas City, landing there November 10, 1918. That was the day before the Armistice was signed and the bottom just simply dropped out of the market. The cattle just about paid the freight and we [were] about broke.

We still had the farm tho and the boys were getting old enough to help. I took the children to Monticello to school in winter and if a drought hadn't struck things would have been fine. It was at this time my husband was elected assessor and treasurer of San Juan County for two terms. I was his deputy and deputy for several years after he decided he didn't want it anymore.

We still took the cattle to the mountains in the summer. In 1921 I accepted a position in Monticello State Bank as assistant cashier. A year or so later the First National Bank came in and I went in there as assistant cashier.

When J.B. Decker, cashier, was elected county treasurer at this time, he also quit the bank and went to Colorado and again I was appointed deputy treasurer for him.

During childhood days in our family, we had very little sickness but had a few accidents. Loile was poisoned on homemade rootbeer and we nearly lost her. Max was working on one of the old threshers where the grain was thrown from a stack which bundles were tied with a binder and then fed to the thresher. He caught his foot in the arm of the machine which pulled the bundles in to be threshed; was thrown over the machine and was caught in the knife as he threw himself out and was cut in the arm from shoulder to elbow right next to the big artery which would have been fatal if the artery had been cut. With a doctor watching him, we took him to the hospital and he got well with only a deep scar to tell of the accident. Farming was quite different then to what we have now in 1956.

When my husband and his brother brought the first steam threshing machine into San Juan County, Utah, about 1912, we thought nothing of having twelve or fifteen men at haying and threshing time to feed three times a day for days depending, of course, on how good the harvest was. We made our own bread, butter, cheese, soap, etc. No store to run to so few things were forgotten when we did shop.

Things on the farm went from bad to worse during the depression in the 1920's so we decided to liquidate all our holdings at Spring Creek and our home in Monticello and leave for awhile.

In 1927 we left with the Fletcher Bronson family and went to Mesa, Arizona, but soon found cotton picking is an art and that we couldn't live on what we could make out of it. We saw and heard the dedication of the beautiful Arizona Temple, but decided to go on to California where my sister, Kate Ryan, lived. So taking the children out of school, we went to Lancaster, California, where they entered school in the Antelope Valley Union High School.

Marvel finished high school in June, 1928, there. She also married had a boy and girl and later came back to us at Spring Creek to stay and finished college at the Agricultural College at Logan, Utah.

Max and Loile were very active in athletics at Lancaster, especially in basketball. As we had prospects of a good job in a Church project, my husband accepted the job as foreman on a farm in Chino Valley, Arizona. We all took part in the Church here; absence of a Church organization being one of the reasons for leaving California. There were few branches of our Church, the Latter-day Saints there, and we wanted to get back to where we would be able to take part again.

After the harvest was over in Chino Valley, we had the chance to get back to our Spring Creek farm in Utah and so as that is what we had hoped for we went back immediately. Conditions improved and again we commenced to gain financially and were happy. Marvel was in California and that summer she and Loile, who had stayed with her to finish the school year, came home for a visit. The following year 1930-1931, Max and Loile finished high school together in Monticello, Utah.

Max decided to stay on the farm with his father and the next year Loile started school at the Agricultural College at Logan, Utah, tho he came home each summer to help. He finished and got his degree, Bachelor of Science, in the year 1936. He then went on a mission to the Eastern States in November from 1936 to 1938.

After we went back to Spring Creek, Utah, December 1930, we again went into the cattle business building up each year and Max and his father building fences, planting, etc. as these things had been sadly neglected since we left there in 1927. Seasons were good and it was beginning to look like home again and Marvel's two children were with us while she was at Logan in school. She graduated June, 1940.

Max married October 1, 1934, and he and his wife came to the ranch to live. We really had a wonderful life especially when Loile and Marvel came home from college in the summer to be with us until they graduated and left us for their own homes.

Buck (Jerome Clyde) Marvel's boy, stayed with us each summer until he graduated from high school and helped and loved the ranch as we did. Peggy went with Marvel when she went to teach in Snowflake.

What changes time has brought in lives of the children of today (1936) as well as adults when every minute of every day is filled with church, school or social events. Now there is no chance to know the delight of long days, empty but for what we put into them, when there were hours to spend roaming God's beautiful outdoors in trees, sunshine and outdoor life. No wonder those days were so happy in our and our children's lives and when home was a home, not just a place to eat and sleep and we did everything together work and play alike.

Our last baby was born at Moab, Grand County, Utah, April 17, 1932, but only stayed with us twenty-four hours and was buried in Monticello, San Juan County, Utah, April 17, 1932; her name, Helen Bailey. She was blessed by Wilmer Bronson.

Marvel married in Yuma, Arizona in 1928 and Max in Monticello in 1934. Loila went to college at Logan for four years and then on a mission to [the] New England States and helped organize that mission as secretary for President Carl C. Eyring after both of them had worked in the Eastern States Mission to organize it. He came home in October, 1938. He went to work for the government at Provo after his service. He volunteered for the U.S. Navy and was stationed at San Diego, California for a year. He married a girl from

Pleasant Grove, Utah, Anna Fugal, in 1942, and was sent to the South Pacific in 1945. Max also went in the Navy in 1944 to the South Pacific.

Marvel completed college at Logan, Utah, and went to Arizona to teach school. She was divorced from her first husband, Clyde Bruce, and while in Snowflake met and married Jesse N. Smith. She had two children, Peggy Louise and Jerome Clyde Bruce (Buck we called him, and he stayed with us each summer until Julius died in 1955). We loved him like our own. Peggy went with Marvel. Max had moved to town so with our family all gone we decided to travel some. We saw most all the west coast from California up into Canada and Oregon, Washington, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Nevada, Utah, New Mexico, Arizona down into Old Mexico, Mexico City being outstanding to us.

In the year 1956, being left alone, I took an eastern trip with a Church group. We saw all the states where the Revolutionary and Civil wars were fought and most of all Joseph Smith's home, Carthage Jail where he was persecuted so, the Sacred Grove, [and] the Hill Cumorah Pageant. What hallowed places! You still feel his very presence there. George Washington's home on the Potomac, New York, the Statue of Liberty, Paul Revere's home, and where he made his famous ride to tell the people the British were coming. Into Canada to that side of the Niagara and then into the United States side of the falls. Back to the Great Lakes, to Winter Quarters where our own L.D.S. Saints suffered so much and into Salt Lake again.

With my husband gone and quite a sick spell in 1956 there doesn't seem too much left for me here. My children are all good to me but seems there is little left for me to do for them.

We both were proud of them. All of them have been through the temples, sealed for time and eternity. None use[s] whiskey, tobacco, tea or coffee and while we all have our faults we were happy for this. My husband used tobacco for years but quit when we went to be sealed in the Salt Lake Temple and I quit drinking tea, a habit loved by English and Welsh people. I'm thankful I have no more desire for it and hope I can still be of some use in the world to someone. Loneliness can be so terrible and a deterrent to accomplishing things. End of History.

On February 23, 1970, my mother fell and broke her hip. She had lived in Mesa for seven years. She kept her own little apartment and seemed to be in remarkably good health for one of her age. Her body just didn't recover from this accident, however, and in just two months on April 26, 1970, she passed from this life. She looked so beautiful and peaceful we all feel she is where she has wanted to be for so long - with daddy. She was buried in Snowflake, Arizona. Marvel B. Smith.

DOCUMENT 172

Vira's Children [a two-page hand-written document compiled by Ruth Bailey - Lyman De Platt]

Oane, born June 17, 1914 at Salt Lake City, Utah.
William Mayo Balfour, born November 26, 1914, Rochester, Minnesota.
Oane and Bill married January 1938, Minneapolis, Minnesota.
James McQuarrie Balfour, born August 26, 1940, Rochester, New York.
Barbara Louise Balfour, born August 8, 1942, Rochester, New York.
Laurie Balfour, born March 28, 1949, Rochester, New York.
Wendy Balfour, born November 15, 1951, Rochester, New York.

Maris, born August 20, 1916, Berkeley, California
Arthur Boyd Thomes, born February 21, 1914, Minneapolis, Minnesota.
Maris and Boyd Thomes married June 1941, Minneapolis, Minnesota.
Steven Gray Thomes, born August 25, 1943, Minneapolis, Minnesota.
Eugenia Thomes, born February 9, 1947, Minneapolis, Minnesota.
Charles McQuarrie Thomes, born June 29, 1948, Minneapolis, Minnesota.
Katherine Thomes, born February 24, 1952, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Jeanne, born December 18, 1921, Detroit, Michigan
Richard Henry Nolte, born December 27, 1920, Duluth, Minnesota.
Jeanne and Richard Nolte married in 1945 in Florida.
Charles McQuarrie Nolte, born August 22, 1946, Minneapolis, Minnesota.
Roger McQuarrie Nolte, born June 4, 1948, Oxford, England.
Douglas McQuarrie Nolte, born January 18, 1952, Cairo, Egypt.
Jamie McQuarrie Nolte, born March 30, 1955, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Irvine McQuarrie, born April 20, 1891, Silver Reef, Washington County, Utah, son of Robert Gray McQuarrie and Ann Charlotte McFarland. Married Alvira Perkins June 1, 1912 in Salt Lake City, Utah. Died September 9, 1961 ?I think at Minneapolis.@

Alvira Perkins born June 13, 1888, Teasdale, Wayne County, Utah, daughter of Benjamin Perkins and Mary Ann Williams; blessed by Benjamin Perkins; baptized by C. E. Walton; confirmed by W. W. Bronson, June 27, 1897, Monticello, San Juan County, Utah.

Catherine Perkins, born January 16, 1875, Cedar City, Iron County, Utah; baptized by Kumen Jones; married to Edmund H. Ryan May 9, 1910, Durango, Colorado. From Ruth Bailey.

DOCUMENT 173

CAROLINE CORDELIA THURSTON

In Cedar City, Utah, February 11, 1873, Caroline Cordelia Thurston was born to Smith Butler Thurston and Mary Isom Thurston, and on February 22, Mary Thurston was called home, leaving the wee baby motherless. But Mary Ann Williams Perkins, who had just

lost an infant son, took the motherless little Cordelia into her home and nursed and raised her as her own, although she was never legally adopted by Benjamin and Mary Ann.

The father of Delia as they called her, wanted the Perkins people to keep her till she was old enough to wean then he would take her. When that time came, Mary Ann wasn't ready to give her up, and the father being a stranger, so to speak, of the little girl, she was afraid of him and resisted going to him. So it was decided to leave her awhile and get her later. Through the next few years numerous attempts were made to take Delia into the Thurston home, but such heart-breaking scenes always ensued that it was always postponed. When Delia was seven years old, Mr. Thurston came to the Perkins home fully resolved that he would postpone it no longer.

Delia told me of that experience years later. She ran and hid when she saw her father and was determined she would not be taken away. When they found her and tried to reason and entice her to go, she resisted all their pleas. So the father tried to take her by force, and she fought like a little wildcat. At last the father yielded to her wishes and to the pleading of Mary Ann and left her there. And that was the last time the father tried to take her away.

Delia said, "I know they all did what they thought was right, but I feel that they made a big mistake in not taking me to my own people when I was small and then I could have adjusted and had a happier life. As it was I never learned to feel that I belonged in the Perkins home though they treated me as their very own and did all they could to fill my life with love and happiness."

When the Perkins family were called to join what later became known as "The Hole-in-the-Rock company," Delia was with them and was initiated into real pioneer life. They lived in the Fort until the Fall of 1883, when the family returned to Cedar City. From here Benjamin moved his family to Carcus Creek, now known as Torrey. And there as usual, Benjamin found a way or made a way to provide for his families. He did some farming, soon acquired a few chickens and pigs and ran a dairy, milking some wild range cattle that had to be tied head and foot to be able to milk them. The girls soon became very efficient in helping, and when Benjamin was carted off to jail or the penitentiary by a U.S. marshal, for, as the marshal said, "being married too much," Mary Ann and the girls carried on with the dairy without him in great style. Kathryn writing about it later said, "Mary Jane and Delia supervised and controlled horses, cattle and corrals. They were up and at it at daybreak and had their cows out to pasture shortly after daybreak. The rest of us helped in any manner we could, occasionally milking a cow, but mostly running calves, feeding doggies with nursing bottles, slopping hogs, feeding chicken, etc."

When Benjamin was released he moved his family back to Bluff. I am not certain if Delia moved with them or if she had hired out to help out with the financial situation. I do know that at quite a young age, she did help along that line to quite an extent. She

became an expert cook and ran boarding houses in lumber camps and other places, and was generous in her contributions to the family.

According to her sister-in-law, Cornelia Perkins, Delia always had a yen for making money and for saving it, and when she in later years retired to Monticello, she bought up some state land, bought a small rooming house and made quite a profit. As the years passed she became interested in genealogy and spent considerable time in that field.

Through the years she made occasional visits to her blood relatives in Orangeville and Ogden, and after she purchased the rooming house in Monticello, one of her relatives, Mrs. Madge Fox spent two summers with her.

Delia never married, though she had many opportunities. One time I asked her why she hadn't and this was her reply: "I guess it was because my ideal of what a husband should be was too high. I never met a man that seemed to be the right one. But I know this, it is not good for a person to live alone, and I would advise anyone against it. I am sure my life would have been much happier had I married."

Perhaps because of some trying, in fact many trying circumstances, she had acquired a sharp tongue, but she had a big heart and did many kind acts. Death came to her at Provo, Utah, September 30, 1939 and she was laid to rest in the burial lot of her adopted father, in Monticello, Utah. She had left no will, and her own people the Thurstons desired that they and the Perkins should divide her estate half and half and that is what was done.

She was trusting and guileless and because she was, she was swindled twice out of quite large sums of money and she almost lost confidence in all men. But she was honest and trustworthy and I'm sure has found true happiness with family and friends. Gladys P. Lyman

DOCUMENT 174A

[Include this if you see fit. Blanding, Utah, May 6th 1971. I firmly believe that from her early childhood Lell was educated by a kind Providence for the part she was to take in what I was appointed to do. No school could have fitted her more perfectly for the problems we met together. In all the thirty-nine years of our companionship, she was contributing every day to my love and appreciation for everything that is good. Stamped: Albert R. Lyman]

LELL OR MARY ELLEN PERKINS

by
Gladys P. Lyman
May 1971

Bluff City, as it was then called in September 1882, consisted of a log fort in which lived about thirty families. This was home to the intrepid pioneers who had been called by the president of the Latter-day Saint Church, John Taylor, to go settle in the midst of the Navajo and Piute tribes and make friends with them. This story will not deal with the perils of that calling nor the hardships it entailed. It is to deal mainly with a little new

arrival, Mary Ellen Perkins, born there on September 28, 1882, to Benjamin and Sarah Williams Perkins.

Benjamin Perkins had accepted the Gospel in Wales as was revealed in these latter days, with all its commandments, and was striving to obey them all. He had married Mary Ann Williams who was the mother of five children, the second one William Evan, living only a few days; three girls, Mary Jane, Catherine, and Martha, and young Daniel. On the 28th of October 1881, he married Mary Ann's sister Sarah. As stated above, on the 28th of September 1882, their first child was born. Little Daniel could not master the name Mary Ellen but spoke it "Lell," and so "Lell" she became and was known and loved by that name all her mortal life.

At that time the world at large was making life very difficult for all Latter-day Saints who were trying to obey all the commandments. Quoting from Albert R. Lyman's story of Lell, "a great part of her childhood was to be spent in exile for a law had been passed by the very virtuous (?) statesmen of the United States, making her birth illegitimate; outlawing her parents and making them hide by moving from place to place, even after he had served a prison term." The family was living in Carcass Creek at the time. He was sentenced December 18, 1888 and discharged June 17, 1889. Returning to Carcass Creek to his families, he decided to move them back to Bluff. Leaving Sarah and children in Mancos, Colorado, near his brother John, he took Mary Ann and children to Bluff. Sarah's children were at that time Mary Ellen, Beatrice Ann, Sarah Elizabeth and Gladys.

Lell was eight years old at the time her father came to Mancos and took Sarah and children to Bluff. A little son had been born in Mancos May 28, 1890 to bless their home. He was given the name of Richard Leonard and of course was the joy and pride of the family. Here Lell grew to young womanhood. Here she gained her education, not a formal education, though she attended school when she could, but an education in the arts of pioneer living. Her father acquired farming land in Monticello and moved Mary Ann and children there. Lell became the main stay of her mother who was left alone so much while Ben was caring for the farm and cattle he was acquiring. Other children came to join the family - twin girls, Ione and Irene, in 1894, Alberta 1895, Vilate 1897, and Minerva 1901.

Helping her mother in caring for the children, Lell became very efficient in that and in caring for the home, or in gardening or whatever task had to be done. No task seemed beyond her skill, not even killing a skunk with a pitchfork when she found it killing the chickens in the coop. She could ride after the cows when they strayed, milk the cows, [and] make butter and cheese at the dairy her father was running at Dodge Point near Monticello.

On the farm when no boy could be found brave enough to climb the stacker pole to thread the pulley, Lell would do it.

Life was intense in those pioneer villages, money was very scarce, commodities more scarce; and there were many things that taxed the strength, ingenuity and the faith of men and women, even the most stalwart. In large families there is bound to be many situations calling for faith, skill, patience and work. The Perkins family was no exception. Lell being the oldest of the second family had to shoulder much of the great responsibility. Chicken pox, mumps, measles, scarlet fever - thirteen weeks of it as it struck first one and then another - diphtheria, relapses, nearly costing the lives of the twins, burns, as when little three-year-old Alberta fell into a large kettle of boiling brine. Lell suffered many of these things and that was the great responsibility she took upon herself; but it brought on rheumatic fever and left her with a weakened heart.

Through it all her faith became a deep, abiding, unchallengeable faith, that she cherished all her life. This faith and her love of truth, beauty, and righteousness, grew stronger as she met all the challenges of life, even to giving birth to fifteen children, still under pioneer conditions. When she was about eighteen years old, her grandmother, Mary Davies Williams, was called from this sphere and Lell went to Cedar City, Utah to keep house for her grandfather, Evan Williams. When she returned home after about a year's absence, she was in great demand, not only at home, but as a helper in other homes and businesses as far away as Moab where she worked at the hotel for some time. She helped care for a family of neglected children and contracted diphtheria which nearly cost her life.

Returning again to her home she had many suitors for she was good company, a good dancer, and very attractive. Although she had many suitors, none ever held a place in her heart but Albert R. Lyman. After a long, tumultuous courtship, they were married in the Salt Lake Temple June 26, 1902.

They began keeping house in one of the rooms in his mother's home. But soon [they] moved to the L.C. Ranch on Johnson Creek about thirty miles north of Bluff. There they set up housekeeping under a big piñon tree with a tepee tent hung to one of its branches. It was their first home of their own. Later a more commodious home was made by stretching a large canvas from the side of a leaning rock. They were progressive; next move was into a tent with a board floor and the sides boarded up; later to a nice-sized rock room which they felt was luxurious.

However, they moved back to Bluff for the winter again in his mother's home. Here on the 29th of December, 1903 their first child was born; a little girl who was given the name of Casse. Aunt Jody Wood was the doctor. All through the night there was great anxiety and great suffering on Lell's part. It seemed the powers of the body were not enough to bring that babe into the world. Lell's parents, Albert's mother, and even Albert were in despair. Aunt Jody never left the bedside, most of the time kneeling in prayer, faith, and encouragement. Lell, in her great suffering and invincible resolution and faith chided the others for their despair and bade them have faith and carry on, and the babe was born!

Lell's faith never faltered in all the trying scenes which beset her pathway; not in all the intense suffering of bringing fourteen other little souls into the world; not in the death of little Mead, the fourth child who lived only six weeks; nor when a frightened colt ran dragging little nine-year-old Dane over the rough terrain. Lell saw this and ran after them. The colt in its mad fright ran into a wagon knocking it down. Lell untied the rope from Dane's waist, picked up the mangled body and carried him to the house. His little scalp was all but torn from his head and dangled against her body as she carried him home and placed him on the bed where he lingered for about twenty-four hours.

Nor did she lose faith or courage when her fifteenth babe, Guen, was stricken with double pneumonia and her life hung in the balance for weeks. Faith sustained Lell through the long suffering and helplessness of her twenty-four-year-old daughter, Sara, who suffered a stroke on Thanksgiving Day 1934, terminating in death April 14, 1936.

Not only did she meet all these stern situations with her own children and husband who had to undergo surgery twice, but when her brother, Leonard, was meeting the crisis of life and death alone in Salt Lake, she went to him and stayed till the end came, even till the autopsy was performed to find, if possible, the cause of death. She was with her sisters, Beatrice and Sade in severe sickness, with Alberta through weeks of pneumonia and going with her when she was taken to Cortez to get medical help, all to no avail. Then when her sister Vilate, who had been in a sanitarium in California for thirteen years, begged to be brought home to die, Lell made that trip alone by train to get her. When Lell was reminded by her husband that it might shorten her own life she said: "What is my life for if not to help others." It seemed her motto must have been: "When you are in the service of your fellow beings ye are only in the service of your God."

I cannot tell all her virtues, nor all her trials, sorrows, nor joys, but refer you to her life story written by her husband, Albert R. Lyman. Life was not all sorrow. She took great joy and happiness in her husband who was and is a stalwart in the Church. From the time he was a young man he held some positions of responsibility; going on a mission at the age of nineteen to England and serving in many capacities in the organizations of the Church. He was in the stake presidency for twenty-seven years when the stake included parts of Colorado and New Mexico. But his achievements will appear elsewhere.

Lell gloried in her family and her joy knew no bounds as they grew and waxed strong in the Gospel. In their home meetings which they held from the time it was suggested by President Joseph F. Smith long before it was instituted as one of the requirements of the Church, they were taught the Gospel. It was a great thrill to attend one of these meetings when the children were lined up according to size and poured forth their voices in songs of praise. Favorites were O God our Help in Ages Past; Come we that Love the Lord; and O Lord Responsive to Thy Call.

Through many years of ill health, operations, confinement to her bed, her faith never faltered. Her joy and pride in her husband and children and grandchildren increased. She had a great gift of intuition and could see and know of things no one else discerned.

She was engrossed with genealogy, searching through the library in Salt Lake City, writing letters, making records as long as she was able, carrying on almost to the end, even though confined to her bed. Death came May 13, 1939, not as a dreaded specter but as a sweet release from her mortal pain and as a joyous occasion to make her report. ?I have been true to the end.@

Her husband said, ?I think of it all now as a happy dream - the beaming face, the willing hand and loyal heart, and she has gone away to the wondrous unknown to await my coming, trusting still, as she trusted here that my final report will be acceptable, acceptable for me and for her; trusting that our cherished dreams may not fail at last of their fulfillment.@

DOCUMENT 174B

LELL PERKINS LYMAN

Written by the one who knew her best and loved her most.

Too bad this account can not be prepared before hand - nothing I have ever written is more deserving, but my conscience accuses me if I delay it longer, and if I write it now, it must go unrevised from my mind to the paper. Even so it is the honest frank off-hand by which we knew each other and built up our love through a wonderful forty years.

I may not give a connected narrative, and since I anticipate being many times disturbed, this may be many disconnected accounts.

Lell's name is Mary Ellen, but since her little brother could not pronounce the name, the family began using his version of it, and she became Lell, about as much so as if she had been blessed with that as her real name. To me she was and still is, Lell, and the very name is sacred with permanent memories and visions of happy years that have passed like a fleeting summer day.

I shall not trace here her genealogy back among her ancestors in Wales, though I must say that she has pled with me the cause of those ancestors, and claimed for them my respect as no one else could have done. She was a daughter of Benjamin Perkins, the first child of his plural wife, Sarah Williams. She was born in Bluff, Utah, September 25th, 1882.

It is even more than strange that the report of her birth should have made on my childish mind an impression so indellible that it survived the confusion of the times, for I recall that when some one said, ?Sarah Perkins has a baby,@ I understood that Sarah was one of Brother Perkins' wives, and the matter of the new baby's father did not enter into my childish thoughts, being at that time about two years and nine months old.

Cherishing, as I do, the firm belief that she came her to join her fortunes with mine, to be the companion of my bosom, and the mother of my splendid children, I go searching in

the archives of my primeval soul for the records of our first agreement; an agreement which resulted in the arrangement for her to be born in far-away Bluff, to which I was carried in my mother's arms as a baby somewhat more than a year and a half before.

It sends me looking also to the wherefore of her parentage, the stock from which she came, some unusual blending of families and types which brought forth a woman comporting in miraculous fullness with the holy ideal that I had brought with me from the wondrous other world.

To make the matter of this ideal more clear, and to give one isolated item of proof, that is not any means a vague fancy, but a definite form in my mind from early manhood, I shall relate here something which I may have been told, but I do not remember having written about it. When I was about eighteen years old, riding alone one day down through the bald rocks south of what we called West Bench, in the Lake Country, I was talking and trying to preach the gospel, as was my custom in my ambition to become a missionary, and I fancied myself addressing an audience in some far-away country. In my talk I told them of my sweetheart in the Rocky Mountains - I told them of her unchallengeable virtue, of her faith in God, and of her good sense.

And then, in the intensity of my concentration, I saw in my mind that sweetheart-to-be - I saw her as a young mother with two children. I saw her so clearly, the outline of her face, her size, the charm of her appearance, it sent a thrill to the very heart of me. And yet, strange though it seems, I did not recognize Lell as that very mother till eight or more years later when I contemplated her with the two children clinging to her dress.

But let us return to Bluff and to that 28th of September, 1882; it was a strange destiny which allotted her the place of first child in that polygamous family, where domestic harmony had been convulsed by that second marriage. She was thus born into the midst of turmoil and intensity, destined to leave their unusual scars upon her feeling in all the years to come. And as the first child, to be followed by nine others, and to grow up in scenes of poverty and want and hard work, her part in the drama was already cast, a part intended to teach her by stern necessity, the humble precepts of toil and patience and hope long deferred.

I cherish a picture of her as a chubby little three-year-old, an unsuspecting little girl sent forth to live a life of hardship and stinging disappointment, yet to wear at least the diadem of unusual achievement, the crown of faithful and glorious motherhood.

A great part of her childhood was to be spent in exile, for a law had been passed by the very virtuous (?) statesmen of the United States, making her birth illegitimate, outlawing her father and mother and compelling them to hide from place to place, even after they had found him and compelled him to serve a term in prison.

Though I remember hearing of her birth, I was not to see her, to remember her for eight years, and in that time her folks hid in Cedar City, in Teasdale, in Carcass Creek, in the

territory of Utah, and then in Mancos, Colorado. They left Bluff when she was less than two years old, and her first memories are of places around Cedar, the hiding places north of there, and their coming back to Bluff and going on to Mancos. That trip was by way of Halls Crossing on the Colorado through Lake Country and up Castle Wash, where they met my father and brother Hanse Bayles. She remembered them there, and that when her little braids came untied, her father bound them up with a buckskin string.

Coming back from prison to San Juan, it was still not safe for Uncle Ben to keep his second family with his first family in Bluff, so he took them to the remote cedar hills on the Weber River south of Mancos in Colorado. The flowers and trees and hills around the home where they lived near Uncle John Perkins, were always dear in the memory of the little girl, and she told me so much about them, that her love for them became a vital part of my love for her.

It was when they moved from Mancos to Bluff in 1891 that I saw her first, to remember her. I was in school in the old log house sitting near to her half-sister Naomi, and we saw through the windows a covered wagon come rumbling into town from the east. ?Oh, that's Pa,@ called Naomi, loud enough for us to hear all around her, ?And Lell's sitting with him up on the spring seat.@

Again, it is somewhat strange that with the many other memories of that time to crowd it out, I retained the vision of that little nine-year-old girl, a picture of chubby interest in the sight of the town to which they had arrived from the long miles of dull wilderness.

Both before and after this move from Mancos to Bluff, she went frequently to stay for days and weeks at her father's farm at Monticello, or at his dairy on Dodge Point. Those periods, and the trips back and forth were intense with adventures and some times with peril for the little girl. I followed her in her memory-land back over these thrilling adventures of her childhood till they became my own adventures, sanctified in my mind with the love that had endeared her to me.

Once when she and her sister Beatrice came with George Halls and his wife from Mancos to Monticello, and started back with them in the old-style, white-top buggy, a mare tied behind hung back and tipped the buggy over on them and then the team ran away. They were dug out from under the wreck somewhat bruised and crushed, badly frightened, and very eager after this disaster to go back to Monticello. The trouble happened where they crossed the Vega Wash, several miles east of town, but they had to wait there a long time while Brother Halls followed the team back to town before they could go on. It had been very much against the feeling of the two little girls that morning to start for Mancos, and after the terrible fight and the long wait they had their minds fully made up that they would not go on, to spend several days camping along the road to Mancos. It was a bitter ordeal when Brother Halls refused to let them go back, but took them on in spite of their tears and their timid but sincere protests.

At another time, a few years later, Lell was sent with a lot of men from Bluff to Monticello, and on the way they met John Adams with the news of the tragedy wherein Sister Walton had been killed. The outfit had intended to camp on the way, but when they heard of what had happened in town ahead of them, they decided to go on in spite of the black clouds and the rain which soon began to come down in torrents. In the pitch darkness of night they drove their lumbering wagon bumping and grinding down over the big rocks at the old crossing in Devil Canyon, and since it was necessary that their team should have a drink before they went on, and the spring was some distance down the canyon below the road, the whole outfit of men went with the horses and left the terrified little girl there alone, too timid and too much afraid to make the kind of talk they so needed very much to hear. They put her in a narrow cave under a ledge so the rain could not pour on her while they were gone, and then they moved off in the blackness, leaving her to bump her poor little head on the hard rock when she tried to sit up, and to cry in terror when she could not hear them any more in the canyon below her.

It hurts me when I think of it, and though those men were all very kind-hearted, they lacked very much of understanding [of] that little girl and of knowing how cruelly they were treating her.

It was four or five years after that that I began to discover down in my soul the positive interest that was going to ripen into love for her, but its ripening was to be disturbed by some unusual experiences, distressing to her, and not pleasant for me to remember. In those years before she began coming into my world of thought she was getting some valuable experiences on her father's farm and the dairy at Dodge [Point]. She rode horses, she drove teams, hunted cows and milked them and helped to make butter and cheese. When no boy could be found with nerve to climb the stacker pole and thread the pulley with the rope, she was the one that could do it, and there was no place where the little girl was a helpless sissy.

She could run, she could climb the trees or the cliffs, and she could tend babies as tenderly as if they were her own. My mother met her early one morning going barefooted through the wet grass and lucerne of the field hunting her cow, and feeling alarmed for what that wet on the feet might result in, a feeling came to her, so she told me later, ?How do I know but she will become my daughter-in-law.@

The primary went on some kind of an excursion up Cow Canyon, and when it was over there was racing and chasing down the dugway for home. Some of them had gone down past the spring when I descended from the west side of the dugway, where I found a long stocking strung along the road where it had fallen from the grasp of some girl who carried her foot-gear in her hand while she raced with fleet bare feet in the lead of the procession. Somehow I picked it up affectionately, and when someone told me it was Lell's stocking, I wanted to keep it. It marked another step in my awakening to the fact that she held a positive attraction for me.

In 1893 she was attending school in the new stone schoolhouse which we thought was a wonderful building, though now it is a poor cracked wreck with braces to keep it from falling down. I sat in the southwest corner of the west room and she sat near me. My interest in her was mounting to a place where it could not be resolved away, though we were little more than children, and some folks mocked at the idea of us being in love. At that time Brother Edwards was conducting a singing school which we both attended, and though I had never yet ventured to accompany her to the school, I never failed to take her home when it was out. But every time I took two girls home, and I could not feel quite sure which one I loved most. Annie lived nearer to us, I met her more frequently, and we had a better chance to come to an understanding.

One day when Lell came to school she was troubled, and I learned that there was serious sickness in her home. Then I heard that two tiny twin sisters had arrived at her home, and from that time on she was closely tied, some times being absent from school for weeks at a time. In the years that followed the coming of the twin sisters, three other little sisters came - it was impressive that she gave without reserve of her time and help in their care, and she was occupied for long, long hours and broken of her rest until the heavy strain threatened to break her rugged constitution. In the few days that she was able to come to school, she was exhausted, and sometimes sick and discouraged from the hours of her long sleepless vigil at home.

This unremitting tax on her strength resulted in an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. It came with such suddenness that when she had climbed the fence it was impossible to get down till she had called for help. Then she lay helpless a long time and had to be turned on a tight sheet with the most careful motion. When the fury of the disease seemed to have spent its force, it had left her with a heart weakness from which she was never to recover. This trouble was later aggravated by a siege of diphtheria, and although she seemed after that time to become quite well and strong, she never had the vigor and endurance she had before.

While she was away from the school and the singing practice, Annie and I were reaching a more definite understanding, till I became bold to take her from her home to the evening entertainments.

When I was eighteen I went to work on the new ditch on Johnson Creek, and as the summer came we sent frequently to the Perkins Dairy at Dodge Spring for butter and cheese to feed the ditch crew. When I knew that Lell was at the dairy, I made it a point to be one of the two to make these trips with a pack outfit, and the dairy became a place about which I found myself thinking a great part of the time. The spring, the meadow, the cabins and trees and hills around it took on a charm they had never had before. Lell was there and the whole region took on a magic lure that impelled me to look often in that direction as I worked on the ditch.

On Sunday morning, our day of rest, I climbed to the top of the cliff above us and looked at the distant cliffs near Bluff and thought of Annie, but I looked with even more longing

towards the Dodge country off to the east, and I watched with interest the way the men devoured the cheese and speculated eagerly on how soon we would have to send for more.

Lell could ride a horse to a fare-you-well, wrangle bawling calves and milk kicking cows. In the world where she lived and moved, at least so far as my understanding extended, she was the supreme attraction. Her intangible power was drawing me more and more.

Forces more uncompromising than chance were taking a positive hand in the affair, for - and honest confession is good for the soul - I was about as fickle as a kite without a tail, and it was necessary that something very pronounced had to happen to me about every new moon to maintain the continuity of my purposes. Positive events were happening, and were destined still to happen in the future to bring us together. And strange to say, there were other positive events happening spitefully to tear us apart.

I went to Bluff in August to get ready for a trip into the Lake Country, and when, in feverish haste I was preparing the outfit to have it ready for my father when he returned from a trip around the stake, Lell's little sister, Sade, came timidly to me and said her mother wanted me to go at once to Dodge for Lell and on to Monticello for Aunt Jody Wood; her youngest sister Alberta had fallen into a tub of scalding brine, and was terribly burned, and would have to have careful care and nursing in order to survive.

We are wont to look for the important thing to happen on some unusual day, yet even the hour of fate may come with not a moment of warning. There are days that dawn with all the dull monotony of wearisome common place which are yet to bring before their setting sun, the change which will carry on with importance into the years of earth and on still into the immortal worlds ahead.

That was forty-two years ago this August, 1940, and with the rising of its burning sun, I saw nothing ahead of me for the day, but the repair and preparation of the pack outfit. I had not any appetite for the trip on the range, yet it was imperative that I have everything ready to start with my father when he came. My powerful buckskin horse, that had been running for more than a year with the wild band, had just been captured, and besides getting lash-ropes, panniers, cinches and laragos in shape, I was in constant vigil lest that horse should get away from me. I had the whole outfit scattered over the dooryard intent on getting it in some kind of shape before anything disturbed me, when Sade came in at the old wooden gate.

The mention of Dodge and Lell electrified me, and I felt a great eagerness to go - yet I didn't want to go, I couldn't go - fifty miles over the hot sand and no one with whom I felt safe in leaving my wild horse. Any way, Lell's mother wanted to see me, and I went. I saw the poor little sufferer with her flesh looking like meat boiled till it was dissolving in the water - it was decisive. No difference whether or not I wanted to go, or could go, I must go - I'd ride the buckskin horse, I'd kick the pack outfit up into a heap and hit the trail without any monkey business.

I started in the middle of the blazing afternoon, and when I got to the head of Cow Canyon, the white lather stood up in a dirty ring on the yellow horse in front of the saddle. It was a long, long, lonely ride, and most of it was made in the night, for the wild horse, fresh and fat as he was, couldn't make much time till the cool of evening, but ever as I rode and dozed and half fell from my saddle, I roused often with pleasant visions of Dodge, and the girl whom I was to awaken there from her sleep in the small hours of the night.

It must have been after midnight when I drew up at the Dodge cabin, and the yellow horse whistled loud in alarm and was hard to control while a dog was challenging my coming and the folks inside were beginning to rouse and make a light, and calling out into the dark to know who it was and what was wanted. When they had all turned out and we had talked it over, it was decided Lell should go with me to Verdure, and wait there at one of the ranches till Aunt Jody Wood and I should come from Monticello, and then go with us to Bluff.

They got a horse in from a pasture below the cabin and Lell and I rode away in the darkness. Weary as I was from the long ride, I thrilled with a huge satisfaction from head to foot. Lell and I alone in the dark solitude, the world and its sombre shapes around us was still, but for the call of a cricket or the hoot of an owl, but for me it was a world of light and music and joy.

She stopped at one of the houses in Verdure, and I rode on alone, more alone and more weary now than before. When it was beginning to get light, I sought out Aunt Jody in Monticello, but she could not go to Bluff, and I was detained there a long time while she tried to arrange matters so she could go.

At noon I had to start back without her, and since she could not go, Lell had to go from Verdure back to Dodge, and delayed by one thing after another, it was late in the afternoon when we two set forth on the forty-five mile ride to Bluff. I was dreamy and stupid now for want of sleep, and the buckskin horse, starting on the last leg of his hundred or more mile trip, had to be urged to keep up the gait it was necessary for us to take. If I had been alone I would have sprawled on the earth and surrendered to the almost resistless call for sleep.

But I was with Lell - just we two in the great wide solitude, and a long journey ahead of us, unless it was some fanciful dream from which I was to awaken. It was an important occasion, a sacred occasion, brought about by unseen manipulators for the sake of future destinies. Somehow it harked back to beloved associations in a wonderful former existence, and it also seemed to look for[ward] into the future, the remote and alluring future of glory and exaltation.

If she sang absently, broken bars of a song as we tried to make haste along the winding road through the sagebrush, her voice and her words registered on some indellible tablet within me. I can still hear it in part - sacred words, not for their abstract meaning, but

because the occasion lives in them still, and they echo on and on to eternity, though the lips that sang them are silent and cold.

?Though I no more may hold thee,

Yet is thy name a spell -

Yet is thy name, yet is thy name a spell,

Oh fare farewell, Leonora, farewell. @

A little while before sundown we stopped at Mustang Spring for a drink and to water our horses at the little pool in the bottom of the gulch, and after we had lowered our faces to the crystal surface, and while we waited for our horses to get their full, in slow swallow-at-a-time fashion, I looked at her and had a strange, beautiful vision of beginning with her in a new country, to redeem a wilderness, build a home and make improvements for our posterity. It came to me with such vivid charm that I told her if I were going to settle in a new country she was the one girl I would want to take with me.

I was not thinking of White Mesa, which was in sight of us, off towards the setting sun, and I had little idea how nearly I was forecasting the future of important realities. But in all this I was maintaining the essentials of a predetermined conservatism, for thrilled as I was I had fixed limits for my words and actions, and in spite of my impulses, I had not forgotten Annie and the tacit understanding that existed between us.

Yet as we rode on from Mustang, the positive lure of a future which seemed to hold great things for us two in common, impelled me to propose that if in a year from that time either one of us were [not] keeping company with any one else, we would begin keeping company with each other.

It was long after dark when we descended the old dugway to the Recapture along which the road ran for two or three miles. My wild horse was getting slower and slower, and I had caught myself ever so many times falling from the saddle, having gone clear off to sleep. I simply had to doze a few minutes before I could go on, yet the idea of us two stopping there together in the middle of the night - it was too much like a breaking over of the rules and limits I had set for myself, for I had to admit, whether it lasted or not, I was more ardently in love than ever before.

All the same [despite] the sacred standards of safety and propriety that had been with me were still with me - I had to stop or I would fall from the saddle and maybe drag with my foot in the stirrup. I pulled the saddle from her horse and told her to rest on it a little while, and I moved with my own outfit so far away, that she told me later how terrified she was to be left so nearly alone, with the coyotes howling all around us.

I fell at once into a deep sleep from which she succeeded in waking me in what seemed to me but a few minutes, but she said I slept a long time, for she was in suspense and eager to be going. It seemed like fifty miles to Bluff, but we reached there while it was still

night, she to join in the vigil over the little girl with her terrible burns [and] I to drag my saddle from my jaded buckskin and sink into a dreamless sleep.

But fate decreed that we should not wait for that other August a year away before we gave out attention to each other, for tremendous changes were to come about before that time, and take us six thousand miles apart. At Christmas time, four months after our long ride, I was angered with the attentions Annie received from my friend Joseph Platte, and after I had accompanied her home from one of the first dances of the holiday programs, I told her she was free to go with Joseph, and I made it a point to engage Lell for the dance the next evening.

Lell and I began to see at once that our affairs had a definite background, that some kind of destiny had been bringing us together, and we found ourselves very agreeable to its influences. When positive love is mutual, its nature is to plan and build without delay. One evening in February we strolled into the edge of the field east of town and found a seat on a fallen cottonwood. There was enough dim light from moon or stars that I could see her face in the fanciful shades of night, and I still cherish the memory of how she looked as she raised her eyes and agreed to my proposition that we plan to marry at some indefinite date.

Little we dreamed of the cruel contradictions that were to delay our marriage, lacking but little of barring it for ever being consummated. In the happy winter days that followed our engagement, we met about as often as we could, and when it became known to us that I was soon to go on a mission, that mission became a deep-reaching factor in our romance.

Before I left it was arranged for her to go to Cedar to care for her grandfather Williams, and as I was going north I passed her in Dry Valley. The Providence that was watching over us was ?moving in a mysterious way its purposes to accomplish,@ and what its mysterious ways were to mean to us was hard for us to understand. It looked as if the purpose was to estrange us, tear us apart, and wreck all the dear hopes we had cherished.

I think the first element of estrangement was an unaccountable apathy that came over me, causing me to forget my love and how much it had meant. Perhaps I should confess again that I was about as capricious as a kite without a tail, but Lell was the personification of constancy; she was fidelity itself, holding to her standards and her obligations with a firmness that even now causes me to wonder.

She was true, not only to all her pledges to me, but to the duties and observances that her religion imposed upon her. She had to make coffee every morning for her grandfather, and she had a permanent longing to drink it herself, and though she perpared a cup several times expecting to drink it, that native sense of enduring in the right prevailed, and she never tasted it.

Her grandfather had no sympathy for her religious belief, and tried to dissuade her from spending her scanty money to buy the book "The Articles of Faith," but she bought it and cherished it as long as she lived.

When I began to be successful in my missionary work, I entered into a new and glamorous world and prided myself on leaving behind me much that I flattered my pride was not in keeping with what I aspired to become. The ride down Mustang Mesa, and our love-confessions as we sat on the fallen tree in the evening, seemed to fade out of my life. It was a cruel thing, and I shall always be ashamed of it and blame my shallow pride for which I had to come down very low.

The forces contributing to this unfortunate state of affairs were as positive as the events that had conspired to bring us together. In the mysterious scheme of things, a missionary arrived in Liverpool from Cedar when I was in Liverpool visiting with my father. He had no idea that I was engaged to Lell, but when he learned that I was acquainted with her, he volunteered the information that she was engaged to his brother.

I was furious. Taking this report for granted, I resolved to treat it as treachery, and deal with it in the most cutting words I could employ. But to make those words cut the more I resolved not to write a word for four or five months. I think that is one of the most devilish things I ever did.

And she was in Cedar thinking of me, writing to me, loving me, with a love I did not deserve, and when my letters quit coming, she trusted and hoped and prayed as the constant unfaltering soul she was, often crying herself to sleep when she had gone to bed, and resolving in her desperation that she would drink coffee to ease the sting of her suspense, and then turning from it and throwing it out when she had started to put it to her lips.

When after the four or five months of malicious delay my letter of premeditated daggers reached her, it was as the stab of a knife from which she could hardly recover. She never did recover from it, and always cried and sobbed when she thought of it. From the time I left home her letters were regular and her love as true as when we made our pledges on that memorable evening in February, and until I met that missionary from Cedar, I had no excuse for my indifference and neglect. I exulted in finding that excuse.

All in all that time she was observing her pledges to me as very sacred matters, thinking of and loving no one but me, engaged to no one but me, and praying with all her soul for just one letter reassuring her of the things I had said as we sat on the cottonwood log in the starlight.

But the end was not yet - with hope that defied despair she wrote me still in spite of my heartless messages. When I returned after a year and a half to Bluff, a broken wreck, estranged by sickness from the ways of my wonted self, her mother induced her, against her judgment to come and see me. I ache with regret when I recall the heartless

indifference with which I met her; it was refined cruelty. [No cruelty is refined Uncle Albert, maybe polished, but I still love you as did she - Lyman De Platt.]

It is a stern retribution which brings these things now before the sensitive memories of an old man, bidding him consider the willing hands, the big heart that was devoted in love without alloy to him, the great soul that has gone from this mortal world to return no more.

True to her unfaltering purpose, for she was the soul of unfailing constancy to every pledge and obligation she ever assumed, she brought me proof that she had not been engaged to anybody nor in love with anybody but me, but nothing could move me from the coldness and unnatural indifference that my physical disorder had brought upon me [poor excuse for pride]. I was being brought down very low, and it made little difference to me whether school kept or not. @

All winter I took as little notice of her as I could, and undue notice of almost any other girl when she was looking. And all winter with her unfaltering faith in me, faith that I did not deserve, she looked and hoped for me to revert to my former self. She had opportunity to keep company with other boys who assured her there was not sense in her ever expecting to be in my favor again, but she gave them no encouragement.

Towards spring I became dissatisfied with my way of doing. I wondered if there was a way to change, for I seemed to have become entangled in precedents from which I could not get out. I should have explained that when I reached the mission field, my father, who was presiding there, expressed his pleasure that I had come free from any cumbering influence of an engagement, and when, feeling duty-bound to do so, I told him that I was engaged, he hoped it would not interfere with my mission. Later on, when I had met the missionary from Cedar, I told my father in substance that the engagement had petered out. Now after having come home, I did not feel at liberty to renew the engagement without my father's approval, so I wrote asking his approval and asking what he would think in case I decided to and could renew it.

I still hold and cherish the answer he sent me, but it left me to use my own judgment. I think if he had known me as Lell knew me, and as I was just beginning to know myself, he would have told me to use my own judgment if I had any to use. I think, too, if this story could be told from her point of view, and the situation pictured as she saw it, it would leave people wondering whether she had not sent her heart out after a bilk of a fool.

My health improved somewhat as spring opened, and getting back in a degree to my former self, I decided that I had been wrong, that I loved her still, and must by all means win her again and make reparation for the sorrow I had caused her. I sent her a note asking for a date on which I could meet her. One of her sisters told her she would be a fool if she ever consented to make up with me, but she always knew what she wanted to

do, and she wanted more than anything else to have my love again as in the days before I went away.

Her joy at my coming back, like the fool prodigal from his wanderings, and her whole-souled forgiveness in words of tenderness and tears, excusing me and freeing me from blame in the part I had taken, should have brought me so fully awake that I could see the situation as it was and appreciate what she would mean to me. But - for I must find some kind of alibi - I was pretty badly shot from what I had gone through in the Old Country, and Doctor Harrington was telling me I could never make the grade. I was still not myself. I was disturbed and dissatisfied with the way my vaulting ambitions had crashed to earth, and I hesitated when I contemplated what marriage and a family would mean - a life of slavery and poverty for them instead of the schooling and the mental advancement on which I had set my proud heart.

My father returned from Europe in July, and I wanted very much to have a heart-to-heart talk with him on the subject, but he was suffering with the disorder from which he was soon to die, and I hated to burden him with it. I did tell him that I had thought of getting married, and though he did not discourage it, he did not tell me what I wanted most of all to hear, and I waivered between love and ambition.

Lell was working at a hotel in Moab, and I rode on a horse all the way to see her, taking five days for the trip, more than a hundred miles each way. It was brought home to me very forcibly that I loved her, and that love was very impelling, but something in me was fighting against it. As I told Wayne Redd when we were on the range, I had a pronounced dislike for the thought of going into debt and poverty and hard, killing work for a family instead of doing the big things that I had hoped and aspired to do. I seemed somehow to glimpse the future with its killing toil and want and burden of obligations as they have since come, and I lacked the nerve.

While I was with Lell in Moab we had an understanding that she would come to Monticello to conference and I would meet her there. After that my father and I went on the Elk Mountain to make a fence across Butt Point, and when conference time came, he having been made president of the stake, had to be there, and it seemed wise for me to stay and keep the work going. Also he had to go north right soon for the operation from which he never recovered, and I was under obligation to stay with the fence. I stayed, and I must admit that in doing so I took a secret satisfaction in having an excuse for not meeting Lell. I fail to now recall my excuse, if I had any, for not sending her word.

Lell rode on a horse sixty miles from Moab to Monticello to meet me, and was much disappointed that I was not there and no explanation, but because she was Lell, and because there was never to be a yellow streak in any of her life's activities, she rode her horse on fifty miles to Bluff, expecting by all means to find me there. When she heard that I was fifty miles away in the remote heart of the mountain, she felt a sickening touch of old heartbreak which she had suffered in waiting and longing for me while I was gone, and in hoping for me in vain after I returned.

It was not for lack of courage and faith that she did not ride on to Butt Point on the mountain to find me, but she had engaged to be back at her work at a certain time, and she rode all the 110 miles on that horse back to Moab, part of the way alone in a howling wilderness where nothing by the favors of Providence kept her from dangers which I shudder to contemplate.

Oh, what, in the "mysterious ways" of a kind Providence was it trying to do for us in intensifying this heartache? She was suffering it alone now, but it was to react in later years on me with a compensating punishment to even the scale. I maintain that Providence was still acting for us in all wisdom and kindness, doing that which was to amplify and intensify our love that in due time it might become fixed against the ravages of change and disaster and sickness and death, never to waiver in its purpose again. It was a strange operation, but it was laying the foundation for Lell's love and constancy to be passed over in due time to me as far as I had capacity to receive it. It was to teach me the important lesson that the ambition for worldly achievement and worldly glory, is flickering and false, while true love and the impulse to perform the work we're sent here to do, is the true impulse on which we may safely rely.

We kept up our correspondence, she in all constancy and unfailing love, I in vassilating terms of alibis and evasions to vex and disgust any woman who was not fixed in her purpose as was Lell Perkins.

She was fixed in her purpose not only to wait for me to come to my senses, whenever that should be, but to maintain her own honor and preserve her own virtue whatever the effect and however desperate the fight it might call for. On two occasions, while she was working in Moab, when brutes in the form of men tried to make her the victim of their fiendishness, she maintained her integrity in no uncertain terms, not only by her moral courage, but by her physical strength and indomitable resolution of the loftiest womanhood.

Also, in Moab, she contracted diphtheria, when she was helping in the care of some neglected children, and she suffered with the harmful effects of it all the rest of her life.

When my father returned to Bluff from his terrible operation in Salt Lake City, I went often into his room hoping to talk my affairs over with him, but he was in such agony that I put it off till he felt better, but instead of his getting more easy, his torture increased, and when he died I was still in uncertainty, the victim of my capricious ambitions. I had set my heart on the big things I thought I could do with a thorough education, and the pathway of my love, however attractive, looked like the way to drudgery, poverty and failure.

Just what unfortunate termination our affairs would have reached, even now, as a result of my conflicting ambitions, it is distressing to guess, but the Providence that had been shaping our destiny still took a kind hand in directing events around us. I was given a dream. It was very remarkable. It was more than a dream, and in it I came to an altar

where I understood I was to perform a very important ordinance. I was cherishing certain ideals and well defined purposes, and I carried with me a book in which I had carefully written many rules and ideals which to me were very choice. I seemed to understand perfectly well what the book contained, yet when the dream was over I could recall only one item, and that was written on the cover: "Do not leave for your mother to do for you after you are gone anything that you can do for yourself while you are here."

I was cherishing this book and its important outlines of my program when I came to this altar, but, and I do not know just why, instead of attending at once to the important ordinance, I sat down by the altar and then reclined and went to sleep. As I slept a messenger came with authority to awaken me and take me away. When he called me to go with him, I protested and told him I had come there to that altar for the essential ordinance, and I must do that before going on. He told me the time was past, and I must go with him. Very much against my desire, though he used no force that I could detect, I had to go with him.

As we moved away into surroundings new and strange, it seemed to be my very heart would break within me; I felt so terrible at being taken away from that important thing that I was to have done. I was in agony with a great lump in my throat. I felt that if I could sob or shed tears it would keep something from breaking, some vital organ, but I could do neither.

I was taken to my father and he congratulated me on being through, but I could say nothing, I simply looked at him in torture. He said, "Son, why don't you rejoice that there is no further question about the safety of what you have gained on earth?"

With a choking sob and breaking completely down with grief I answered, "Pa, I'm not married." With that I awakened, and lay shaking with sobs for some time before I realized what had happened. Even then I had not talked it over with my father as I would so much [have wanted] to do; I had said things to him that I had not made clear, and he had said things I was not sure I understood. But Providence was very kind and I saw my father again; whether it was in a dream or some other way I do not know, but it was one of the most choice and unusual experiences of my life, and I talked my affairs over with him just as I had wanted so much to do before he went away. He gave his approval and his blessings on the proposition of my marriage to Lell, so that I had no further reason to hesitate about whether I should marry and whom I should marry.

It was definitely settled so far as I was concerned, and now I was eager to ascertain whether her love was or could be the same after all my vacillating foolishness. I was eager to see her again and to assure her that the thrill of all that we had felt as we rode down Mustang Mesa had come to me again, and that I felt all the love that impelled me as we sat on the fallen cottonwood that February evening in the edge of the field.

She was the same - she was always the same - the soul of constancy. I wanted to get married; so did she. I was destitute of means, I had no home to offer her, and nothing but

my invalid body with which to make the fight for the necessities of life, but that made no change in her long-cherished hope, and now, after what had been impressed on me of the sacredness and importance of marriage, it made no difference to me. She was ready to follow me through poverty, disaster, flood, fire, and death. In the intensity, the anguish and humiliation through which our pathway led us the next thirty years, she never once waived from the course of love and duty. She met the perils of motherhood and all the endless responsibility it entailed never once showing the white feather.

Our marriage was to be solemnized in the Salt Lake Temple, 350 miles away, 140 of that distance to be traveled by team to the railroad at Thompson. We rode in a borrowed buggy, and I drove my wild buckskin, Baldy, and a stiff old gray we called Badger. My sister Mary went with us, and we took the better part of four days to reach Thompson. It was a most humble beginning, and there has never been anything at all imposing in our operations in the years since that time.

We began keeping house in one of the rooms of my mother's log home, but I was riding much of the time after cattle at the L.C. Ranch, thirty miles away, and when Edward came with a pack outfit, Lell came with him, and we made our first independent home under a piñon pine with our tepee tent hung from one of its spreading limbs. And since she was there with me, and no need for me to be making the frequent trips to Bluff that I had been making before, I began with some farming and gardening operations. It was our ranch, for I had bought a sixth interest from Uncle Jody, whose family lived near us.

More than being on our ranch, and in our own domicile, tepee though it was, we were in our world, our solitude, she and I, partaking freely of the joy of the first man and woman in the garden which God had given them. The same God had made this garden for us, but unlike Eden, it was already fully stocked with thorns and thistles, briars and rocks and serpents that rattled their tails at us instead of offering any forbidden fruit.

In spite of our neighbors, the world was ours, for into our Garden of Eden there were no intruders. She rode with me after the cattle, and together we explored wondrous places of primeval remoteness, places that had little charm for me if I went there alone, but with her they were enchanted. It was the rapturous fulfillment of my dream as we lowered our lips to the water at Mustang Spring four years before. I looked at her and often thought, "How much the wife is dearer than the bride," what more blessed or how desirable gift could God have given me than this soul to complete my life, which, though I had not known it, was empty and desolate. But the years were to teach me how much the mother is dearer than the wife, for the essential of life is the promise of posterity, and "the noblest work of woman is to bare the souls of men."

We graduated from our tepee under the piñón to a more commodious residence made by stretching a canvas from the side of a leaning rock. It too was a holy place for it was our own. I was king and she was queen, love reigned there, and it was home. It would still be a delightful place if I could have her there with me.

From our home under the rock we were promoted after a while to the ownership of an old tent, ten by twelve feet in size, and when I got boards to board it up and, wondrous luxury, to put a floor in it, we pitched it among the rocks on the hillside, and with the old canvass and some boards and poles we made a kind of front annex which we used for a kitchen. The pack rats carried in all the filth they could find and stored it in our cupboard and in our dishes, but we loved and felt proud of our new home.

And then, because we had a few interests there, and I had to go again into the Lake country for more of the cattle which I was gathering out, she volunteered to stay at the ranch and take care of our interests till I came back. Her staying there was to meet hardship and want from which anything but true love would have run away.

We had wondered, and had begun to despair of our cherished hopes of parenthood, which was a bitter thought. After I had gone away it became known to her that our great hopes were to be realized, we were to have a child. She was eager at once that I should know it, and since she knew of some boys that were soon to leave Bluff and meet my outfit somewhere towards the Lake, she made a most strenuous effort to carry a letter out to the road near Alkali where the mail carrier could take it on and it could be sent to me.

Her precious letter was delivered to me as I followed the herd up Castle Wash. I read it over and over with her dear image in my mind, trying to realize who she really was and what she meant to me. Yet my most generous emotions and imaginations as I rode behind that bawling herd were hardly a prelude to the revelation that awaited me.

I worked on my mother's new stone house in the summer of 1903, and in the fall when it was finished we moved into one of the rooms for the winter. We were looking for and preparing for the great event, but so far as I was concerned, I knew about as little as a child or the gravity that awaited us. Before its stern realities were over, Lell was to be transfigured before me.

Dear old Aunt Jody Wood with all her long experience in bringing babies into the world was working with all her might and skill, and praying with every breath. My own mother, Lell's mother, Aunt Mary Jones and everybody connected with it had lost hope - everybody but Lell. And in her agony and her invincible resolution she spoke sharply to them, contradicting their expressions of despair, and telling them to proceed.

I had never seen such courage before - invincible, daring to face death itself with never a whimper or weakness. After long, long hours of anguish in which she was the bravest of all the company, behold she was a mother! Glory be to God and His Christ! Well might the inspired poet say, "A mother is a mother still, the holiest thing alive!"

She was sacred in my eyes - her pale face and profusion of brown hair on the white pillow - she was as an angel from heaven. In the days and weeks that she was coming back from the edge of the grave and getting her strength again, I began to know what are the splendid loves and intuitions of motherhood, the glorious expressions of what had

been latent in her soul. It was the sacred feelings and emotions of this wondrous soul that I had been trifling with as a fool that makes bold to interfere where angels would fear to touch. I wanted to give her every assurance of word and deed that she had won; and she kept on winning every year while she stayed with me.

We went back in the spring with our baby to the L.C. Ranch. Among the rocks and trees between those echoing cliffs, along the willow-fringed creek, and in the lonesome cry of the flocks of cedar birds that flew over our heads, there dwelt a king of enchantment that made the ranch a dream-world to me. And Lell was the secret of the charm, which fact was brought forcibly home to me when she made trips to Bluff and I was there without her. When she went, some inexplorable attraction of the landscape went with her, and if I were riding in the hills I hated to come back to camp, where her absence was particularly distressing.

From that time forth she with her babies, her love, her resourceful plans and never-fading hope for better things, was the big feature of my life. The idols of education and fanciful achievement that I had worshipped so devoutly, preferring them even to her, had lost their lure; she had eclipsed them till they seemed offensive in comparison. She was teaching me the big way, the prime purpose of life which can be taught by only a true woman, with the generous offer of her life.

It became more and more of a wonder that she should give her love and life's devotion to me, trusting me unfalteringly to make the grade and to do the big thing which was owing as compensation for the trust she reposed in me, for the heartaches she had suffered for my sake.

Oh, I think of it all now as a happy dream - the beaming face, the willing hands - and she had gone away to the wondrous unknown to await my coming, trusting still, as she trusted here that my final report will be acceptable, acceptable for me and for her; trusting that our cherished dreams may not fail at last of their fulfillment.

We went in the spring of 1905 to [be] the first settlers at what was to be Blanding on White Mesa. We pitched our tent on the wild sagebrush prairie, the wide solitude, just she and I and our baby and Lell's little sister [Irene] who came along to help us. We hoped that people would come there to settle, but more than that we had each other, we had our love and our understanding even if no one else came. It was the splendid venture of which some far-seeing destiny gave me a wondrous glimpse at Mustang years before.

Just we two and the little folks, without roads, without neighbors. It was a primitive and natural world all around us, for, beyond our humble little room and the narrow area around it from which we had grubbed the sagebrush, the primordial wilderness stretched away in all directions. In the little space which we had redeemed and in which we had made our beginning, vibrated some intangible but positive assurance of kingdoms and glories ahead, an assurance which became ever clearer as we met the years with their changes.

We live in types and figures of things to come; the great event is often foreshadowed by happenings of seemingly small importance, yet there is in them the solemn prediction of great things in the future. Our beginning on White Mesa was the forecast of another beginning we shall make; it was the sweet foretaste of splendid realities in a world of enduring permanence. Our being there alone with no social tempest to distract our attention laid the essential foundation for perfect understanding and joyous companionship. With my mind focused on her as about the only other person in my universe I could begin to see how infinitely much more she was to me than the allurements for which I had been miserably hesitating. I saw her meeting changes and difficulties, but they never showed her to disadvantage.

In our beginnings on White Mesa, as in other important and difficult situations later on, I found that her intuitions were keener and more accurate than mine. She foresaw dangers ahead, and by some wonderful instinct she knew what I could not discern.

When Dane was killed, for all that we had been trying for weeks to fortify against some impending disaster, the tragedy burst upon us like a crash from a clear sky. I was coming afoot from the field in the evening, and Sara met me among the cedars at the corner and said Dane had been very badly hurt. I could sense that a major tragedy had overtaken us and I hurried through the cow pasture and up the lane, picturing the anguish and panic I would find in our home. Sara said her mother had picked Dane up at the granery and carried him in her arms up the hill to the house, an exertion which might have left her prostrated with exhaustion. I thought, too, she would be wild with grief.

When she met me at the door her face was pale with terror, but her features showed firm resolution and perfect control. Her left sleeve and her dress below it were splattered with blood where Dane's poor bedraggled scalp had dangled against her as she carried him. She took me to where she had laid him on the bed, and told me what she knew of the way it happened. She was not in any wild panic, she spoke clearly and evenly, though there was no mistake about the anguish she suffered. My very heart is moved as I recall how she bent over the bed with her blood-spattered dress, her mother love reaching with tenderness to caress the dear form of our mangled and unconscious little Dane.

It is what we go through with men and women that makes them dear to us; it is what we see them endure; it is the unfaltering faith and courage and truth that we find in their hearts that binds us to them, makes us to feel their pain. It is that which inspires our choking emotions as we see them vanishing from our mortal sight; it is that which swells in deep longings in our throats as we try to contemplate them in their strange-far-away.

* * * * *

This is August 28th, 1940; it is forty-two years ago today since Lell and I made that unforgettable ride down Mustang Mesa. These years have gone like a summer day - and she has gone - my father and mother have gone. Mead and Sara and Dane have come and

gone. Oh, the years, they teach me the painful sweets of love which I would never know but by living and suffering.

* * * * *

In some primeval court an immortal arrangement, made for a wise and glorious purpose, provided that Lell should take the part of Joseph to her mother's family. She agreed to the labors and tribulations it would impose upon her, when she came into the world it had slipped her memory, and the various conditions she had agreed to meet came to her quite in the guise of accidents which just happened to be that way. And yet it came about unfailingly that whenever one of her mother's children was in trouble she happened to be there, or made it her business to get there as soon as possible, to minister to their comfort, nurse them back to health if they were to live, or to soothe their pain and smooth their pillows if they were to die.

Her motherly solicitude and watchful care over them began when she was little more than a baby herself. She shouldered responsibility of caring for her little sisters as soon as her chubby hands could do for them anything they could not do for themselves. For years it was quite impossible to find her without one of her little sisters in her arms, and so far as I can tell, she was about as solicitous for their welfare as for her own children in later years. She watched over them through weary and sleepless nights, and seldom got away from her concern for their welfare.

When her sister Sade was very near to death's door and passed through a terrifying ordeal, Lell was there to direct and assist, and give her services as one especially appointed. When Beatrice had a severe sick spell, Lell was right there as a matter of course.

She did not realize she was going to Salt Lake to be the only one of her family with her brother Leonard while he suffered and died. She thought she was going to be with Casse in Bingham while Casse placed her life on the altar of motherhood, just as she was with her sisters and daughters in these perilous moments. Yet in Bingham Lell was near and ready for the time when it should come that her brother facing the stern realities, alone would want her to come. At his first call she went to him, and she stayed till he had fought it out to the last. And then, courageous purpose and wisdom, for the sake of what an autopsy might do for the good of some other sufferers, she consented for the doctors to make a post mortem examination of the body. Still further, for the sake of the increased power she might herself have to do good, she watched the dreadful performance.

When her sister Alberta Bailey was threatened with pneumonia, Lell left Blanding at once. In the weeks that followed, though she came home on short visits, she stayed more and more closely with Alberta in Monticello, and when they took Alberta to a hospital in Cortez, Lell went with them, blizzards and wind and frost notwithstanding. In Cortez she kept faithful vigil till death closed the scene.

She was, of course, with me when I was operated on in Cortez, both when I was there having a bad appendix removed, and later when I was having a cancer out of my shoulder. She stood over me or sat by my bed with sympathy that wished it could bear the pain for me.

With the children in their tonsillitis operations and every other ordeal they had to go through, she was unfailingly there. From that heart-rending crisis when Casse was born through the other fourteen occasions when she placed her life lovingly and gamely on the altar, her courage put mine to shame.

When Guen was born, it looked like the last sacred tribute on the diadem of motherhood. She was overworked and worn out; we had been in sickness and tribulation, the whole family of us down at once with measles. She was of course right in the thickest of it all in February, and Guen was to be born in April. She was reduced to the point of exhaustion where anything but the firmest kind of resolution would have surrendered in despair. I was preparing to undergo a major operation, and was unable to render the assistance otherwise due from me, yet she carried on gamely, more concerned for my life than for her own.

When Guen was born, a pitiable little under-nourished form, more dead than alive, I considered her doubtful prospects of life, and Lell with her powers spent almost beyond the point of recovery, and I wanted to cry as children cry when they pour out their grief and tears. My tears were ready again to fall as I recall it.

But I had to leave her and go back to my school, and when school was out two weeks later she had not an idea but to go with me to Cortez, taking the little girl along lest some evil should befall her. She nursed little Guen through perilous days and nights when double pneumonia appeared to be beyond all control. After the operation I lost my job in school and had to be away from home, and Lell traveled back and forth with the little girl to the Moab hospital, sometimes arranging in the small hours of the night for transportation, and starting off on the road with doubtful prospects of beating death to the goal.

It was an ordeal to break the constitution and the heart of an iron woman, but she plodded unfaggingly forward, though these things were eating like a cancer into her very vitals. In her determined efforts to bolster her failing body and carry on still, she studied her troubles and went from one doctor to another with little benefits.

And after all she had suffered of exhaustion and pain, she had to begin with operations. I feel a positive sting of reproach right now as I recall that the first of these, a tonsil operation, she had to go through with not one of the family near. After all she had done for others, she had to go alone to the hospital, go through the ordeal and come away without one of us near her. I accompanied her to Moab for some dreadful things that made me shudder, but she met them with clenched teeth and never a murmur.

The wonderful assignment of duty that called her to the bedside of her sisters and Leonard, began calling to her to come to distant California to Vilate who had lain there helpless in a sanitarium a long time. I was forced unwillingly to recognize that it was her peculiar destiny that was calling her, but how, in our circumstances she was ever to get to California eight hundred or more miles away, I could not imagine. But it called more and more and, as I learned later, Vilate was praying with all her might for Lell to come - not for any one in general from the family, but for Lell.

Lell had faith that in some way it would be possible for her to go; that being in the program as she firmly believed it was, an avenue would open. What was more, she believed that I was to go with her, and she inveigled me into a promise that I would go with her if she could find a way. I felt safe in making the promise, for even yet I had not learned how invincible her will, how unfailing her intuitions.

Providence is amply able to execute all its purposes, and when I had bound myself to accept a way if it appeared: very much to my surprise and almost to my disappointment, a way appeared for both of us to go. Together we went to California - for us to have missed that trip would have been a major loss of immortal values.

It was in the program not only that Lell should do for Vilate the services she had done for Alberta and Leonard, but I was to be along to appreciate the magnitude of that service, and to be converted to the further part she was to take in it, in spite of the terrible penalty it was to impose upon her.

After we had returned to Utah, it was proposed that Lell go back to Palmdale and bring Vilate to San Juan in Utah. I could not go with her, she would have to go alone, and bring her sick sister all the way without anyone else's help. What would it mean for a woman reduced in health, as Lell was, and having a bad heart, to have the care all that way of a woman bedfast and helpless, even if she herself did not contract the dread tuberculosis with which Vilate was dying?

I told her that trip would or might cost her her life. "What if it does?" she answered without flinching, "I may not have much life left anyway. What is my life for? Is it the dearest thing in the world? Will it be any comfort to me to keep it a little longer by leaving Vilate to die there among strangers after all these eight long years she has waited?"

If I had not been myself to Palmdale and seen Vilate, and thus become more clearly acquainted than ever before with the reality and magnitude of Lell's mission and the splendid quality of her love, I would have objected. If I had not known that Vilate was praying for her to come, and that plans were in operation for bigger things than my mortal mind could conceive, I would have stood firmly in the way of her walking off into the maze of death that it appeared to me to be. But as I looked at her and contemplated the magnanimity of her heart, I reflected "Greater love hath no man than this that he lay

down his life for his friend. So I sent her away with my blessings, though my heart ached as I thought of her making her long and dangerous journey alone.

On her arrival again at Palmdale, Vilate told her in tears of gratitude how she had been praying that she would return, though such a thing seemed improbable, impossible. The evidence of a divine purpose in it all was too plain to mistake. Yet after Lell had brought Vilate back to Moab, and later to Monticello, it was plainly evident that this latest contribution of love was more than she could ever survive. It was just as I had feared, and after the excitement of Vilate's death, it was clear that it would be only a matter of time till Lell would follow her.

Already she had discovered by living and doctoring in Salt Lake that the climate there was better for her, and since it gave some hope of improving, and the doctors were there, she spent the greater part of her time there while I hung for our living to the post office in Blanding. I wrote her a post card every day, besides the letter once or more often a week.

I am thankful I expressed more appreciation to her for the part she was taking, than I can write here or anywhere else. I told her many time over how eager I was to compensate to her for the heartaches I had caused her, how I valued her for her love, her good sense, her faith, her resourcefulness, her superiority as a woman and a Saint.

As her prospects of life became less promising and we could see the end coming - coming, in spite of all we could do - we clung more and more to the intangible fabric of that other life, so near and yet so distant beyond the dark gulf, so real and yet so difficult to realize. We fortified ourselves with these assurances, we cherished every clue and clung to every source of hope, and they assumed wonderful realities as the end drew near. I hate to recall the story of her long suffering, and how she fought bravely the last years of her life for the rugged health she once enjoyed, trying every doctor and every treatment promising relief. She was away from me much of the last four years of her life, but instead of weaning me from her and innuring me to living alone, it served only like the ?absence which makes the heart grow fonder. So I sent her away with my blessings, though my heart ached as I thought of her making her long and dangerous journey alone.

I came twice in the last year to Salt Lake on urgent notice that she was in grave danger and might not live to see me, and when I came the second time in November, 1938, though she rallied somewhat from impending death, I could not find it in my soul to disregard her wish that I stay a while longer, and then a while longer again, instead of returning to the south as I had planned to do. It threw a cordon around me and held me whether or no.

She wished me to send for the children, she wanted to see them again before she went, and they all came but Mark, who was in Great Britain on a mission. While she awaited the arrival of the children lying in a stupor so near to death that the doctor said she could not live till morning, she seemed to have some supernatural understanding of conditions, and she told us at midnight that they had arrived, even before we were able to detect it.

In a sacred hush with tears and sobs we stood in a big family group around her bed while she talked slowly and in a low and impressive tone, addressing herself to each one of us individually, and then to all of us in general. The clearness of her understanding and the wisdom of the advice she gave to each one was very remarkable. Not one of us could refrain from tears, but she spoke in perfect composure, and said things we can never forget.

We expected her to die as soon as she had finished her message, especially since the doctor had said it was impossible for her to live. But her message though it had been spoken in words, was not yet amplified and made forceful as it was yet to be made by what she was to do in the six months she was still to live. The purposes of Providence are more easily comprehended when viewed in retrospect.

We wondered that she lived, and the doctor ventured no explanation. We hoped she might regain a reasonable degree of health again, but it looked quite impossible that she could be free from distress and able to get around with any comfort. Towards spring she was able to take a few steps.

During the last five or six years of her life she had become intensely interested in genealogy and had made a great effort to gather records of her people. She figured it was an obligation resting on her, and she hoped to live long enough to carry it to a point from which others would take it up, and carry on what she had begun.

[August 28, 1997: On this 99th anniversary of Uncle Albert and Aunt Lell's ride down Mustang Mesa, I have called Aunt Ellen and talked to her, and have typed all of the intervening material from that notice in Uncle Albert's writings. And I feel very close to Aunt Lell at this point even though I never knew her in life. The spirit of her commitment to genealogy spans the time between then and now, and convinces me of the continuity of life and purposes, joint purposes within and between the generations. Her sister, Aunt Gladys, bridged that gap for me between them, and showed me to what I had been born.

This day marks the end of building an office on the back of our home, to be dedicated and consecrated to this glorious work. All the books, maps, films, fiche, and other materials are cataloged, in place, for the final run, however long it may be. The dedication of this holy spot is not too distant in the future, on October 24, 1997. More than anything else I must prepare myself for the occasion. And I want everything to be just right so that those who come to be with us, whether seen or unseen, will feel the sacredness of this place, and the great work that will be accomplished here, as the records and efforts of seven generations of ancestors' work for those who went before them comes together in a final, consecrated format, ready to be changed into a terrestrial state and carried into a Millennial era where it will be further refined and made Celestial. In this place many new works will be created, temple work will be prepared, histories compiled, documents preserved for eternities, and the lives of many great and noble people studied and summarized through the grace of God and through the power of the Spirit which this writing requires. ?And I command all men that they shall write the

things which I shall reveal unto them. And out of the books I will judge the world, every man according to his works, according to that which is written.@ (2nd Nephi 29:11) I invite those from the Spirit World to witness this writing and to accept our welcome into this special place whenever they feel the desire or need. And we covenant that we will never despoil it with unrighteousness. Lyman D. Platt

As I prepare this final draft of the first volume of documents, we are now firmly in our other home and archive in New Harmony, where the fruition of life's long desires to preserve the family's long history are being realized, as this fourth volume of the Platt Family Records Center is being edited and printed on this 18th day of October 2008. The original records, photographs, books, etc. are steadily being prepared for turning over to the Southern Utah University's Special Collections. Copies are being made as noted earlier for saving at other places. Lyman D. Platt]

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The years have taught me that it is only with our more mature thought that we can appreciate the greater values. In our shallowness we are wild with desire for things that are of doubtful and fleeting worth. The prize of faith and virtue and honor look like drab and common place things, but later we learn to prize them above the glittering mass of trivialities. If our understanding is ever matured, we will love God and desire above all else to merit his favor.

In spite of all the wholesome ideals held up before me in my childhood, and in spite of all the positive inspiration that was drawing me patiently towards my proper destiny, I cherished in my young manhood some most extravagant fancies. The sight of a beautiful girl sent me wild - the very ground on which she walked became enchanted. If along with her beauty she had education and culture, music or art, she was nothing short of wonderful. I was so easily captivated by this combination of allurements, that when I began to meet women and girls with the magic power to speak pure English, to talk from experience about world-famous places and persons, able to discuss matters of ancient and modern history, able to produce bewitching music and specimens of fine art; the girls from back in the sagebrush seemed very tame and common place.

Lell could neither speak nor write correct English, and she knew little or nothing about history, art and literature. She spoke and wrote in artless sincerity of purpose; but me - I was piling up the agony with a perfect diarrhea of words like a great swelling bubble soon to burst with the hot air of its own egotism. Oh the piteous folly of assuming to know so much, and getting all puffed up in pride!

When Lell's honest letters came to me in England, I had the meanness to see in them the errors in spelling, the mistakes in language, the faults in form and diction, and the general evidence that her main schooling had been on the dairy, in the care of the sick and dependent, and the toil and drudgery that had tied her down from infancy.

I wanted a wife who could worship with me at the feet of my idols of culture and learning. When, in later years, I told Lell how I had scrutinized her letters with haughty disdain for her illiteracy, she blushed and choked with humiliation, and said if she had known how I was regarding her messages, she would not have had courage to send them at all.

Whatever displeasure I may have felt then for her shortcomings, it is nothing to the deep disgust I feel now for my stupid failure to recognize real merit. What in the name of reason did I want, and what did I think I was going to do in this world? Did I want a wife who could manipulate the piano, make sketches of art, and speak with faultless diction while she discussed history and art? What lasting benefit did I figure I was going to harvest from such a marriage? That kind of a woman would have found me responseless and disappointing, and she would have been a bitter disappointment to me.

My slated course was through hardship, privation and a long series of humiliating surprises. I was booked for the stern frontier, and my pathway was not to be strewn with roses as I had fondly imagined. Foreseeing all this, the Lord in His infinite goodness, had provided a helper especially prepared and fitted to support and encourage me, and enable me to do what I never could have accomplished with any ordinary helper.

If some supreme power had invited me to choose from among all the graduates from all the popular colleges of men, and had given me discernment to pick the most suitable one among them, I would not have found in the whole wonderful multitude one girl suited as exactly to my needs as the girl who had been sent to her birth in San Juan and her education among the rocks and in the wilderness where I was to spend the main part of my life. The Lord in His great love, knowing better than any man how to give good gifts,[@] had sent my helper there for me, and had filled her heart with love and patience and uncompromising preference for me. And this I do not hesitate to say here, since I told it to her many time: The kindest thing the Lord did for me, was to give her to me to be mine both here and in the endless hereafter. Besides my dear wife and devoted mother, there is perhaps but one other person who has done as much for me, and that is the Christ.

And in the matter of her not being educated, she had been given an especial education for the especial work she was to do, and it had fitted her for an efficiency of performance not to be expected from any popular curriculum. She did not come with a lot of stilted theories and proud display of something she did not need and could not apply. She had been trained and educated to be my successful wife in the unusual things I would have to do to meet with me my disappointments and times of discouragement, and to be the faithful mother of my choice children.

We meet many friends who sink from the standards of our estimates as soon as we come to know them as they are. They cannot bear acquaintance.[@] My forty years of acquaintance with Lell, dating in the main from our big ride down Mustang Mesa, was filled from the beginning with pleasant surprises. Her powers and capacities were beyond all my expectations. I loved her ever more because I found more to love.

I had looked for art, and behold she had a rich native sense of art which needed only half a chance to express itself; she had a superior sense of refinement and a keen appreciation for learning of everything worthwhile. Better still, she had wisdom and the power to make decisions; she knew what she wanted, and she had the power of will to go after it.

But best of all she had faith in God, and her faith carried with a splendid force into the most important of our affairs. It was her doings in the main that Karl and Mark went on missions. I wanted them to go when we were a little better prepared for it, but she wanted them to go before we became less able to send them. What she contributed to our home, to me and to our children, could not be expected from all the education the popular schools might have given her.

What she succeeded in doing under great difficulties here, is ample proof that with her natural powers under the favored conditions of the immortal world, she will surpass my most extravagant dreams of womanly achievement.

* * * * *

The last six months of Lell's stay with us was appointed in the great program for purposes as important as those of any six months while she had her health. Her being helpless during that time was one of the enabling features of the thing she was to accomplish. Her being helpless tied her down in Salt Lake and that kept me in the city for I had no heart to leave her while she was in that condition.

And because we saw her, in her helplessness, carrying determinedly on with her genealogical work, we were impressed with the great importance it was to her, and we got to a place where we could assure her we would go forward with it if she should leave us.

She wanted me to live in Salt Lake, and she thought that I could not be with the girls if I stayed anywhere else, and she thought also that I could do little along genealogical lines if I returned to Blanding. But I had been there a long time, I was deeply rooted there, and if she had gone at once as we expected after she talked to us in November, it is improbable, having no job and no home in Salt Lake that I would have stayed. When I had to stay because of her, I found employment. Even then, if I had had no home for which I had obligated myself to pay, it is likely that after her going I would have returned in my loneliness to San Juan.

She urged me to get a house and she went with me from one place to another, and I carried her in from the car to inspect quite a number of houses, all of which she did not want me to buy till we went in March to a place at 135 West 300 North. With that place we both fell in love at once, and I wanted to close the deal for it as soon as possible so she could be more comfortable than where we were.

First one technicality delayed us and then another from getting into that house, and it was almost two months from the time we thought we had bought it till the last red tape was torn off and we were given permission to move in. The permission came on Thursday and Lell died on Saturday.

We seldom realize what conditions are doing to us, we are impatient at the bother and the delay, and it is only as we look back from the future that we can appreciate how the truth was burned into us as it could have been in no other way. Whether she was conscious of it or not, she was waiting there and suffering, among other objectives, to see me safely anchored in Salt Lake before she went.

Sick as she was it seemed impossible for her to go till she could feel assured that I would not drop the work she had begun. And for all that she was in torment day and night, she did not lose her predominating inclination to think and plan for our welfare after she had gone. She was concerned for me, for the girls, especially for Gwen. She wanted me to marry again, not to go on alone, and realizing as I did that finding someone who could fit into the home without making sorrow and estrangement among us, as is so often the case when a mother goes, I asked if she had anyone in mind that she thought could fill the difficult place. She did have one very definitely in mind: her sister, Gladys. When I told her that would be quite out of the question, she did not give up; it was not in her nature to give up her purposes for the discouragement that stood in the way of plans for the good of her loved ones. She told my girls and got it so deeply impressed in their minds that they resolved to sell their mother's idea to me as soon as she was gone.

As the end came the girls and I bent over her watching the last traces of her being there; when her feeble pulse stopped and her eyes lost their lustre, I did not feel the old traditional terror of death, but I did feel very positively and keenly that she had gone away; much as I had loved her I could not caress and mourn over her body, but I tried to project my vision into the great other world and follow her as she waited to waive us farewell and moved away.

With her work finished and her salvation secure, I felt that I was tied to the immortal world as I had never been before. I knew she would still be trusting me to finish a work comporting with her life of love and devotion, and that she would be waiting with the unfailing constancy from which she had never faltered in all our acquaintance.

When Lell was gone and I faced the stern reality with responsibility for five adolescent girls, and no mother to give the important aid and guidance they had been receiving, I began to appreciate the tremendous difference between contemplating and participating.

I was still stubbornly of the same opinion I had expressed to Lell that it was impossible to think of her sister as my wife. But Lell's words always had a peculiar potency, and now as they echoed back from her unknown dwelling place, they came with more force than ever. They came with more argument and more persuasion than she had been wont to use, more than she could use at the last when she was too weak to speak long at a time.

And not only the echo of her words, but the pleadings of my grown daughters, true to their mother's wishes, implored me not to think of bringing a stranger into the family to lay the foundation for misunderstanding, estrangement and maybe the disruption of the home. I was going through the mill, and the first effect of the hard stone above and beneath us is to make us think as we had not been wont to think before. I began to see the important and practical phase of the situation: the phase of things that Lell was always more apt than I was to discover.

It began to occur to me that there was in all the world no other woman who could have in my children the same kindred heartfelt interest that Gladys would have. No one else knew us and had the essential understanding of us that she had, that is, no one who was at liberty to come and join us. And there was in all the world no other woman the children all wanted as they wanted Gladys. There was no other woman that could take up the genealogical work so dear to Lell, for Gladys was of the same family and had already the same kindred interests.

And Gladys was here in Salt Lake away from her home and her children, unwittingly she was here to take Lell's place the same as Lell had so often been at the place appointed for her to do some of the important things she had been assigned in some former world to do. Gladys was here to be the Joseph in time of need as Lell had been.

I remembered that Lell had given her working temple clothes to Gladys as if casting her sacred mantle on her chosen successor and saying, "Here take this and stand in my place to bless my loved ones when I am gone."

When I got to the point where I began to evaluate the situation from this angle, I remembered too that Lell had tried to get this matter over to Gladys the same as she had tried to get it over to me, but Gladys had resolved never to marry again.

Well, what was I to do? It seemed to me the height of nerve and presumption for me to ask Gladys to come and take up our burdens; to undertake it would call for more real gaul than I was able to muster. All the same that seemed to be the course that was demanded of me by every bit of reason and every stroke of inspiration and all the senses of obligation by which I was sensible of being impelled.

Another thing, as soon as Lell left us, finding ourselves in quite a new world, the girls and I began setting a new pace in most of our affairs, making new precedents for ourselves, and getting into a way of doing things that would soon be so deeply rutted that no woman could come in without breaking fences and fixed limits and getting at once into hot water from which she might never come back into the necessary good favor of the family. I could see by this time that it was not a matter to be left for the indefinite future. But what was more, I didn't know why Gladys was here, if not to take the place she was so unusually prepared to fill, and if I took no action, I saw no reason why she should stay; there was no home, no job to hold her, and if she went away, conditions might never be as favorable again.

But supposing she should be agreeable to the idea of joining us - unless we delayed our marriage for a year or two, according to a venerated custom written deeply in the hearts of people who worship old superstitions without asking why - I had a thousand dear friends so hopelessly traditionated [traditionalized] to a lot of dark-age precedents, I knew that they would faint and fall backward off the fence and break their necks as old Eli did anciently.

So I had to do some thinking, and some aggressive resolving. Who was living my life anyway? And who was responsible for the outcome? Was it the unthinking devotees of some silly old superstition, or was it my sense of judgment, the inspiration and obligation that had been set as my guide in the maze of paths opening before me? I had never helped to frame those idiotic superstitions, I had never sworn allegiance to them, to me they were rubbish only, and if my friends had more love for and more confidence in those superstitions than they had in me, they would have to take their dear superstitions and give me up. I was living my own life, and I had reached a point where, in my anguish and my necessity, I didn't give one ticky little damn how it looked to people who were not living it for me, and who knew nothing at all about the intensities and responsibilities it entailed.

But how would Gladys herself react to the idea? It might appeal to her as a most nervy impropriety. The situation was full of so many unpleasant possibilities, I was strongly tempted to give it up and let matters drift, but I had to make a decision. I prayed for wisdom and help to know what course to take and for courage to follow it when I knew. I decided to ask Gladys to what more profitable use she could devote her life than to carrying on what Lell had to leave. An assurance came to me that if it were right for her to join us, she would be agreeable to the idea.

All the same I was not going to do any such courting as young men might prefer, I felt more like pleading in great humility, and the feeling came to me that if she refused, that would plainly indicate that it was not to be. I resolved to go ahead with what seemed to me to be right, and then not heap my conscience with shame, whichever way it went.

But Lell was right in what she had suggested. Speaking as she did, in the shadow of death, and with a supernatural vision of things future, she had seen that it was in the program of things for Gladys to care for her loved ones, and take with the Perkins family the part she had been taking.

The remarkable way in which Gladys has taken her sister's place, is proof sufficient that there is an unfailing Destiny shaping and executing our program. We all love her and thank the Lord that she was ready to come and do for us what we so much needed. We thank the Lord for her patience, her kindness and her wisdom. We are thankful for her constant interest in every one of us, an interest which no other woman could have had at once and in such rich measure. We thank the Lord that she not only loves us, but that she is deeply concerned for the work that was so dear to Lell.

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[I will not record at this time and place the poems that Uncle Albert wrote to Lell. They are preserved in the document typed above. He himself says: "In hundreds of cherished letters is expressed the love that Lell and I declared to each other, but they cannot be reproduced here. I wrote to her often in verse form, and I am appending here four sets of verses I sent, and a copy of her answer to one of them." I have copied the letter as follows:]

Salt Lake City, December 26th, 1937

My own dear Albert: I wish I had words to tell you how very much your Christmas greetings mean to me. Since going over them a number of times, I have wondered if there were any more words in the English language to more completely express your appreciation of me. It seems to me there is nothing more you could say, and being from your heart as I know it is, it means more to me than I have words to express.

It fully compensates for all I have suffered. It seems to me no matter how deep the wound or keen the hurt, with such blessed balm to soothe, an effective cure must result.

By my side is a little package just received from San Francisco from my very dear cousin, Mary Jane, who was my standby and only real source of comfort when my heart was wrung. And now it is strange that I should have heard from her right at the moment when I was rejoicing and thrilled over your love-message. It is thirty-eight years ago in January that I received your letter, The Letter, that has left its sting all these years.

I don't know why it still hurts, despite all the wonderful demonstrations of your love and devotion to me. I never doubt for a minute your sincerity. It is a puzzle why, when I recall those old days, the same old hurt is felt. But only for the time.

The many occasions you have assured me of your love and your faith in me, should have wiped those feelings right out of my system. When I think of what has come to us through our union, [there is] nothing else in all the world that would bring to us the joy that our family brings.

When I hear remarks made now by young women to a family, there is a feeling takes hold of me, and I think, "Oh, to have my youth and health, I would begin over again and help liberate the many, many who are waiting for a body."

But since my days for that work seem to be over, I now want to turn my thoughts and efforts to those who are waiting for help that people in this world must give. It seems to me I am getting well so fast, and I wonder if it will be necessary to stay in bed as long as the doctor said.

Should I use my own judgment, or should I have the doctor come and pass his opinion before I try to get up? Of course, I'm not going to try getting up now.

I have surely been surprised at myself - the poise and ease with which I have been able to stay down. I relax like a baby, sleep well, and nearly always. Milton is as thoughtful and considerate of me as if I were his helpless, little child.

Hope you all had a lovely Christmas. I have, and I'm very happy. I'm down, but I'm not beaten. I expect to keep up the fight a long time yet. Yours for a successful fight, Lell Lyman.

DOCUMENT 174C

[The type-written funeral service for Lell Lyman in its original format is forty-six pages long, double-spaced. I am not going to include all of it in this computerized edition, but only those parts that more directly reflect the life of Lell, and the mood of the occasion - Lyman D. Platt]

Funeral Services for Lell Lyman, held in the Deseret Mortuary, Salt Lake City, Monday, May 15, 1939, at 3:00 p.m., bishop's counselor for the 16th ward presiding.

The services opened with sacred music. Opening prayer was by Joseph Henry Wood. Music furnished by duet from the Millennial Chorus, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," by Clyde Barraclough and Bert Keddington.

Remarks by Judge Oscar W. McConkie. In my opinion, Sister Lyman has filled out the full measure of her creation. She came here for a specific purpose. That purpose was to give of her full strength in the work of the Lord. She has given and accomplished every purpose for which she was born into the world. Willingly she has given birth to fifteen children, twelve of them are still living.

It was a sad Mother's Day yesterday for the twelve who are here, but the three who have preceded her had a happy reunion with Sister Lyman yesterday. She not only bore her children, but she devoted herself to them. Every hour of every day found her giving of her strength and her energy to them. There is nothing that anyone in this world can say about Sister Lyman that will praise her like her own works.

She devoted herself all the days of her life to the work of the Lord. She has never busied herself in any activity to the exclusion of that work. She was able to elect those things in life that were of the greatest value. She was able to appreciate values and she elected as her life mission, the rearing of her children, the instilling into them the principles of righteousness and truth that had been taught her by good parents, who believed in the gospel of Jesus Christ. And Sister Lyman all the days of her life lived up to the highest light and truth that God had given her. Her parents who had accepted the gospel many

years before, taught her the truth and she magnified that truth and lived according to the highest standards of truth that were taught to her.

Some years ago she came to Salt Lake City where she has spent the greater part of her time for the past few years that she might gain the dual purpose of being with that part of her family that was here and regain her health, which she had lost in the service that she had elected for herself....

Sister Lyman was associated in her married life with one of the finest spiritual men who has ever lived. Brother Lyman, the father of her children, Albert R. Lyman, is a man who comprehends the things of God. He has never given of his services or his talent to anything to the exclusion of the work of God. It has been his purpose all his life to serve the Lord. It has been his ambition to care for his children, to support his wife and his family, to rear them in a God-fearing prayerful home and he has done that.... For many years, I do not know how many, he was a member of the stake presidency of his stake. It was my splendid opportunity years ago to be associated with him in the stake presidency of the San Juan Stake of Zion. It was my opportunity to be a bishop of one of the wards in that stake while he was in the stake presidency, and many times I have sat at his feet and marveled at the spirit and inspiration of the man and the wisdom that fell from his lips under the influence and power of the Holy Ghost, as he called the Church to repentance and taught them the truth, that they might keep themselves in the path of the truth.

I do not know when I have ever heard of a man leaving San Juan County that made me feel to regret more than when President Lyman came to Salt Lake to live a very short time ago. I did not regret it because he was here to look after his wife; during all the time of her illness, he spent most of his time in San Juan County in Blanding looking after interests and after that part of the family that was there. His wife was here. They visited back and forth as much as his affairs would permit him and her health would permit her, but it became necessary, in their opinion, for them to be separated from each other much of the time. A part of the family in San Juan, the greater part of the family here, and they so arranged it that they themselves would be separated for the interest of their children.

That has been the central thought of their lives, to take care of their children and to help them to grow up under the influence of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and so they taught them, but I thought, when I heard that President Lyman had come to Salt Lake to live, that it was a calamitous thing for San Juan Stake and it is a calamitous thing for a stake to lose a man who is full of faith and courage, who is full of devotion, who is full of persistence, a man who is full of the love of Christ in his heart. And that is the kind of man Albert R. Lyman is, a man who has devoted of his energies all the days of his life in bearing witness of Jesus Christ. He knows Him; he knows of His teachings; he knows of His laws. He has obeyed His ordinances and has kept the faith and has been true to his covenants, and his influence is good. San Juan Stake will suffer, and is suffering, a great loss in the absence of President Albert R. Lyman.

Oh, how I rejoice in my heart that such a man and woman as these, a woman who has given all of her body, and all of her talents, all her energy for the Lord, and a husband who has always been on the right side and who never took the part of evil doings. How I rejoice that there is a plan, that there is a certain program, that there is a definite end provided whereby these may come together again, after such pains of life have passed away, into a spiritual existence, where there will be no aches to her body, where there will be no pain nor tiring of her limbs, only sorrow for the sins of the world.

Now, Sister Lyman has gone into it free from all temptation. She had her battles here; she overcame Lucifer in the flesh and now in the spirit world she has him over-powered and Lucifer will have no power over her, and that is the first great reward that comes to the righteous after they die. Those who are righteous here overcome Lucifer in the flesh, if they are righteous until the day of their death, and then when death comes, in the spirit world Lucifer has no power over them....

I pray God that His spirit may be with these children that they may take inspiration from this mother, that their father and mother's teachings may reflect upon the virtue and the goodness of their lives, and if they do that, I say unto them, that all will be well with them. They will have peace in this life, notwithstanding their sorrows, notwithstanding their trials and their temptations, and their homes will be in peace if they will do this, because they will have burning within their bosoms, the sure witness of Jesus Christ, and of His ordinances and of His teachings.

If they will follow the admonitions and the teachings that their father and mother have given them, I say, God bless this family and this young man who is preaching the gospel of our Master, God bless him and bring to his heart the peace that only the spirit of the Lord can leave, that he may understand the wisdom of the Lord in taking this woman unto Himself and God bless these children, again I pray, with President Lyman. These blessings I ask in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Duet: ?Beautiful Isle of Somewhere,@ sung by Clyde Barraclough and Bert Keddington.

Remarks by Albert R. Lyman

In all sincerity I trust, brethren and sisters, that I may be able to give expression to the fine inspiration that has come to me in the last few days. You folks might think it is strange that I should speak on this occasion.

We speak from the fullness of our hearts. When my wife died Saturday night, I reflected that we have grown up with the idea that there is something terrible in death. My daughters and I stood there and watched her, and a wonderful influence came to me unmistakably, and it has come since.

My wife and I made an agreement years ago; I told her, ?When one of us goes, the one who stays here will not be so foolish as to advertise or to seem to advertise our unbelief,

our uncertainty at that time. That is the time when we will bear testimony by the way we live.@ I figured, of course, that would be her testimony, because when I came home from England my wife was quite a strong woman, ...

I was talking to her a few days ago and we were contemplating the end. I said, "Well, you are not at all the woman that I had expected to marry, but beyond her in worth, very far beyond her, there is no comparison.@

When I think of the fine life she has lived and the good work and the ideals she has held before me, it would be foolish of me to give up.

I have been speaking at funerals off and on for years and folks had this thing said to me: "It is easy for you to give us comfort, but it is not yourself that is mourning. If it were your own loved ones, would you still bear this testimony?"@

I resolved years ago that the first one of my family that went after that time I would bear that same testimony. When my son was killed about fourteen years ago, with a horse, I succeeded in bearing that testimony. When my daughter died two years ago, a young woman, I succeeded in bearing that testimony, and it becomes stronger.

I thought as I sat here, "What a wonderful occasion this gathering of friends from almost every period of my life back to my early childhood.@ Here is my wife's mother who is a mother to me. [Sarah Williams Perkins] I knew her as far back as I can remember. When I was just a little boy on the San Juan River I knew my wife's mother, and I knew my wife as a little girl.

I was thrilled as I came in the door to meet Brother Sorenson, who was my school teacher when we were just little folks going to school. I met here my companion and dear friend, J. R. Smith, with whom I labored in the Old Country. It seems as though the very cream of the friendships that I have made in my travels and labors are here today.

And it is because they appreciate her as well as me; "To know her was to love her.@ She had the courage and the faith and the safe intuitions. I have thought many times, "Why is it that she can know and see things that I can't see?"@

We were the very first settlers on White Mesa. It was proposed to build a town there. The President of the Stake had seen in a dream that there was to be a town there, but there was no water there, and I told him, "I will go and be the first settler if you will call me to go there.@ "No, Albert, you know as much about this as I do, and if you want to make the effort, you go, but you won't get any call.@

I talked to her about it and we agreed to be the first settlers. I said, "I will go up there and grub away the sagebrush and build a house, then send for you.@

“That is fine,” she answered, “and I will go right along with you and help build the house.”

And that is what she did. It seems to me that if I ever saw courage, it was in woman. My wife had a large family because she wanted them. Some folks think it is a joke, but it is no joke. When she heard of a woman having two babies at one time, she said, “Why can't I be blessed that way?”

I remember when we went to White Mesa my work was quite a way from our house most of the time. She was perfectly willing to stay there alone, but one morning, I do not know why, only because of the finer susceptibility of her spiritual nature, she said, “You must not leave me this morning,” and I said, “Why? They are depending on me to be there.” “I do not know, but you shouldn't leave me today, you should stay here,” and I stayed there, and in the middle of the forenoon here came a company of Indians across the country from West Water. I was touched. I thought, what inspiration. A few days later she told me again, “I don't think you should leave me today. I think you had better stay here.” “The men were depending on me to be there to help them,” I said. “You will be perfectly safe; they are depending on me down there to help with that work, the Indians have gone and they won't be back this way again.”

She said, “I think you had better stay here.”

I am mighty thankful that I had the good sense to stay, because during the course of the day here came a straggler. Of all the fierce animals that there are roaming in the hills, it is a straggler who is to be feared the most. It was a man who had gone out away from society and become a ravening wanderer; he came across the lonesome prairie and I thank the Lord that I was home to take care of my precious wife and little child.

I have seen the fine works that she has done. She seemed to see what was coming and she was prepared for it. I remember before our boy was killed, we talked it over. I do not know why we should have done so, but we talked it over. “We must be prepared for anything that comes. Let us not falter. Let us not show the white feather whatever happens.”...

Since my wife's death I have received greater inspiration than I have at any other time in my life. I felt a most wonderful assurance. How do I know that she isn't here near to me; that she isn't still whispering the comfort and hope and cheer that she has been breathing in my ear all these years? Can I believe that all the unfaltering devotion of the last forty years is going to fall now? I think of what my father said the last day he lived, “I am going to do more for you than I have at any time in the past.”

One of my daughters said her mother told her “I will do for you all from now on more than I have been able to do in the past.”

It is a wonderful thing to have a tie between us and the immortal world. I think that is the thing that will give us the courage to carry through. When I think of what she has done and her love and faith and her family, I think, "How can I possibly afford to do anything that would in any way endanger my claim to her? I have told her a good many times, and I don't think that should sound egotistical, "Your children bear testimony to me of what you are more than anything that I might have known of you otherwise, because they are full of the gospel.@"...

I want to thank you dear friends who have come here today; friends, old and new. I look at your faces and my thoughts go back to ever so many scenes where I have met you. I cannot mention your names individually, but I am thankful to see you here and I think of the dear old song, "I cannot sing the old song, though its charms are sad and deep.@" These old tunes, these old friends, these old memories; somehow they bring back the richest things of our lives.

I pray the Lord to bless you folks. I know how very much my wife would appreciate this, your fine testimonial of love to her and family. May the Lord bless you to be true to each other and meet the situation so that when the other reunion comes after we have passed on, it will be a wonderful time. We will clasp each other and realize we have made our calling and election sure. This is my humble and sincere prayer in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Remarks by DeVon Mecham: From the 31st Chapter of Proverbs we read: "Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also and he praiseth her.@"

I do not know, but I feel certain that if we search the entire earth looking for a family that is founded greater and more steadfast in the faith, that is more God-fearing than the Lyman family, I doubt if we can find one. I have known them quite intimately, especially some of the children, during the past six or seven years, and I feel sure that everyone of these children can have it said of them at the present time everything that has been said of Sister Lyman and Brother Lyman. I say Amen to all that has been said on this occasion. I am sure that the brothers and sisters of the 16th Ward have been enriched by the association of the members of this family. I know that my life has been made just a little better by my contact with this family. I am certain that Sister Lyman loved her neighbors. Even though this last time when they moved into the Ward she was very sick, she found time to go and visit the neighbor next door; a close friendship followed and developed. A mutual aid and pitance was rendered by the two. She found time to love her neighbor, and I think that is one of the beautiful testimonies that she has left and one of the ideals she has left to us and her family. I am sure that the family radiates the beautiful traits of character that have been mentioned here today in regard to Sister Lyman. I do not believe I ever had the privilege of taking part in the administration to any individual that had more faith than she did. It almost seemed to me that she was called home several years ago when she was so sick and yet, miraculously, she still stayed with us through the wonderful faith she had. And I know that she has found the full measure of her creation on this earth. She has filled the greatest commandment, by multiplying in the earth and

has made every effort to teach the truth to her children. There is no worry that her family will remain true to the faith unto the end and be redeemed. I would like to read a poem that I think is quite appropriate to Sister Lyman:

To Mother

?Gone to her rest, such a beautiful rest-
Spirit of peace with the ransomed and blessed.
'Let me go home,' was her last earthly cry;
God sent his angels to bear her on high.
Back to her home, to her primeval home,
Faithful and true to her covenants and God -
Humbly <mid hardships her pathway she trod.
Her soul never waived from shadow or shine,
From her lips came the prayer,
<Father thy will, not mine.=

No one but she knew the trials she bore,
But now she's at home on that beautiful shore.
When the shadows of life drew long on the lee,
She longed in the temple of Israel to be;
Longed with the Savior of Zion to stand,
To give to the helpless in the great spirit land.
Sweet peace faithful one, your day's were well spent,
Our Savior has built a bright mansion for you -
Heaven's spirit relations you now will renew.
Your wish has been granted, to rest ye have gone,
Redeemed, free from pain in your beautiful home.@

[The writing her is undoubtedly that of Albert R. Lyman. It has his insight, his prose, and the small errors - corrected - that identify him. Lyman D. Platt]

Remembered

?Tis sweet to be remembered in the trials of this life,
While journeying in its pathways and mingling with its strife.
While fighting through life's battle it softens down our lot
To think we are remembered, to know we're not forgot.@

Closing song: Clyde Barraclough and Bert Keddington

Benediction: Grant Lyman Bayles.

DOCUMENT 174D

Funeral Service for Lell Lyman, held May 17, 1939, at Blanding, Utah, 10:00 a.m., Bishop John D. Rogers presiding.

Opening hymn: "Praise Ye the Lord" by the Blanding Choir

Invocation offered by Edward Partridge Lyman, brother of Albert R. Lyman

Our Father in Heaven, we have met together this morning to pay our respects to one of our departed, and to her relatives and friends. We ask that a portion of Thy spirit might be with us this morning that it might administer peace and comfort and assurance to those who are bereaved, and those who are called upon to part with their mother and companion, sister, relative, and friend. We ask that Thy spirit might be with each and every one, and wilt Thou cause that we might be benefited by meeting together; that we might learn of Thy purposes, and that we might learn to appreciate Thy children, and their passing through and from mortality. Bless us and help us to meet all conditions and serve Thee, that we might meet this same situation faithfully when it shall come to us. We commend ourselves unto Thee with all that we have and are, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Hymn by the Singing Mothers: "The Lord's Prayer."

Remarks by Brother J. B. Harris: My brethren and sisters, I appreciate the privilege of appearing here this morning and participating with you in the meeting which we are undertaking at this time. I feel very dependent upon your sympathy and upon the support that I know our Heavenly Father is willing to give when we put ourselves in a position where we can receive His help.

I have here some sentiments which might give you an idea of the attitude of the people here toward Brother Lyman and his family. They might be considered just a rough draft. No one has had time in which to fully express their feelings, and to prepare them. It is intended that this material will be written up and be put into shape if Brother Lyman wishes to do that. A committee was appointed last night and they went around to the different organizations and members to get this, but it was very difficult to get their feelings in such a short time:

Blanding, Utah, May 17, 1939, To President Albert R. Lyman and Family: The officers and board members of the San Juan Stake Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association wish to take these means of extending our condolence to President Albert R. Lyman and family and to pay tribute to the useful life and sterling character of the wife and mother whose loss we mourn. To those who survive may we say we love you. May God comfort your hearts now, and bless and keep you always. San Juan Stake Y.M.M.I.A.

President Albert R. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Dear Brother Lyman, It is with profound regret and sorrow that we consider the untimely passing of your beloved wife, and

mother of your splendid children. Please accept for yourself and your family, our deep and heartfelt sympathies which we so tenderly extend individually and also in behalf of the Ward we represent.

We mingle our faith with yours in the wisdom of our Creator in calling his children to pass through such trials, and take solace in our genuine assurance that it is all part of the plan of life which each one of us accepted before entering this sphere. Nevertheless, our hearts and thoughts go out to you and your family in this bereavement, as we perceive dimly the load you are carrying and the added burden placed upon you with the loss of your dear wife.

In the spirit of true love and appreciation, we wish to express our lasting gratitude to you and your family for your splendid contribution and influence in our community, and to extend these tokens of our esteem. May God comfort your hearts and lift the burdens of you and your entire family in this hours of trial, is our sincere prayer for you.

Sincerely your brethren,

Blanding Ward Bishopric

John D. Rogers, Bishop
Grant Lyman Bayles, First Counselor
Philip Hurst, Second Counselor
William Ervin Palmer, Ward Clerk

Dear President Lyman: Words are futile at a time like this. We can see how helpless we are but it is our sincere desire to say something that will be of comfort to you.

Your dear wife has been taken from us to a new plane of service and progression. We have been informed that much more happiness is there than we can experience here. It seems there isn't much difference in Sister Lyman leaving us for the other side and your departing from the Stake, for after all both places are a part of the Heavenly Father's creation.

We appreciate very much the blessing that has come to us in associating with you in the San Juan Stake and now our hearts are swollen within us because an end has come to that association.

As a token of love and sympathetic understanding we would like to make a small contribution, and sincerely pray that the Heavenly Father may be mindful of you at all times.

The Outgoing Board of the Y.M.M.I.A. of the San Juan Stake, by Retiring Superintendent

To President A. R. Lyman and Family: Our common language seems futile and ineffective on such occasions as this. What we think and feel we find it difficult to express. Knowing you as we have, throughout the years, we are aware of your splendid poise and equanimity and of your willingness to accept the inevitable and meet this great trial as you have always met the many disappointments that have come into your life.

As the San Juan Stake Presidency we extend our condolence and heartfelt sympathy. The many years of close association with both yourself and your fine family have become a sacred heritage, from which we shall continue to derive inspiration and encouragement as long as memory lasts.

San Juan Stake Presidency, Joseph B. Harris

For and in behalf of the Sunday School cause of the San Juan Stake we extend to you, Brother Lyman and Family, our sincere sympathy and condolence. Your great contributions to the cause of religion through the Sunday School is something that can never be forgotten by all who appreciate progress and who love justice.

We owe you a debt of gratitude which we can never repay, only as we are willing to give ourselves unselfishly and whole-heartedly to maintain that which you have thus far so nobly advanced.

San Juan Stake Sunday Schools, Carl S. Barton

As a teacher and pupils of the Blanding Seminary we want you to know, Brother Lyman, that the fine inspiring life you have lived and the glorious testimonies you have borne have been the means of great encouragement to all those who have come under your influence as a teacher, and as one who has exemplified in his own life all the fine things he attempted to teach to others.

Our sincerest sympathy and earnest prayers go out for you in this great disappointment.

Blanding Seminary, Claude Robbins

Your great contribution to the genealogical classes in the San Juan Stake is something that may never be surpassed. You have done a noble work and many of us now appreciate its value. We miss you greatly because you have been such a stalwart in everything that was for the best.

We love you and your family and want you to know in this hour of grief and sorrow that you have our sympathy and love.

Genealogical Committee, Melvin Black

To Our Dear President Lyman and Family:

Today all hearts in San Juan have been mellowed. Our souls are filled with sympathy, love and tenderness, and with a desire to express that which is inexpressible. Our loss is so recent that it is easy to think more of our sorrow than of Sister Lyman's happiness in her promotion and well-earned glory.

We can think only of Brother and Sister Lyman as one. Her achievements are his, and his successes are hers. Their faith, courage, and devotion reached the extreme height of human need. The simplicity of their lives, their love, and loyalty, and their beautiful family will continue to be an inspiration and blessing to the whole stake. The various organizations have contributed expressions of their appreciation for the Lyman family. [unsigned: probably the Stake Relief Society Presidency]

Dear Brother Lyman and Family:

We the San Juan Stake Board of Relief Society wish to extend to you at this time our love and heartfelt sympathy in this our greatest trial. May God's choicest blessings be poured out upon you to heal and comfort your aching heart.

We are thankful for the help, encouragement and love you have given us in our work and for the inspiration and hope and faith to work for things of eternal value and live above our mortal troubles. This has largely been possible through the devotion, help and love of your wonderful wife and mother. May her example and true worth ever remain with you and us to inspire and encourage us to greater heights. San Juan Relief Society Stake Board

.....

I think, if you will pardon me, I will discontinue although there are others, and we were not able to contact everybody. I can say that I can corroborate the things that were said in those statements. Every word is true and could be emphasised much more and still be true.

I think I have the honor of knowing Brother and Sister Lyman about as well as the average person could know anyone. We have been closely associated for the past thirty years, and even for two or three years before then I knew them and was around them and knew their attitude, so I feel that I have the right to make an expression of my own account because as I said, I have known them a long time. I might say I knew the Lyman family sometime before I came to San Juan County. When I was in the British Mission, I met a man called Platte Lyman, who was the father of Albert Lyman. I had a mighty warm spot in my heart when I came to San Juan. He was a real stalwart in the Church.

Very capable and humane and a great friendship grew up between us from that. He helped me out of two or three very tight places. I came to know the heart of the man and I think that is the experience of most people who had contact with him as I had. I think it is an honor to be associated with these people and to be considered as one of their friends. I

believe Brother and Sister Lyman were one, inseparable. Their sympathies were absolutely human; they worked together. I do not believe I ever saw any man become more taken up with the work of the Gospel than he was as a pioneer here in this place. I have known them very well ever since. We lived here in a little house across the street. That was fully thirty years ago, and I have watched them and known considerable of their private lives, their pioneering, their hardships and the difficulties they have had to meet.

Their pathway has not been strewn with roses. Brother Lyman has been a leader - he has been in the stake presidency almost all that time. He has stood up for all that was best, for leaders always have to stand out in maintaining the standards which the Church has established. Leaders must be ready to back every public move or they are not consistent with their calling. So far as I know he has borne it as a real man. He has magnified his life and everything he has ever touched with his experiences.

Brother Lyman has been a great teacher. One of my first contacts was in the teaching business. We taught together. We were teachers the first year I came here - he was my principal and I was his assistant. I do not suppose two men could ever say they have crossed each others trials more than he and I. A few years later I became the principal and he assisted me. He was my stake president and I was bishop. Later on I became with him a member of the stake presidency. I could site you a great many things like that where we have had case to know each other, and a bishop has a right, in fact he is obligated, to know his people. If he doesn't know them, he isn't doing his duty. So I know the heart of this man and his good wife about as well as anyone could know them, because I saw them under every kind of test.

I have been quite well acquainted with all their children. I can't recall individual instances right now. I can't think of any outstanding difficulties and worries. They have all been good students and pupils and quite progressive. They have all taken a good attitude toward their work. Brother Lyman has been twenty-five years in the stake presidency. He has been selected for this position by four or five stake presidents. If he was not a success and had not achieved real efficiency, I don't believe you would find experiences of that type resulting in a man's life.

So far as I am concerned, I would like to have gone on and retained him as my counselor. His judgment has been the very best and he has always set a good example, has been very dependable, and always reliable, and all these things mean a tremendous amount when you have to face the music that has to be faced.

Now, my honest conviction, I am not saying anything against him, but I don't believe money has been an ideal of his life. I believe that it has been a secondary factor in his life. Faith has been the first and it has been the main thing that has carried him through to meet his financial needs and done everything to meet the problems of life and make his way easier, and he has accepted the requirement of his religion and has gone forth in his faith and every duty which he understood to be his, and I can't help but feel that his succes has been wonderful.

You people know, there is no need to carrying the thought very far, and that he and his wife have labored under very serious physical handicaps. I can't remember when they were very husky. They have not been too strong physically, yet they have borne these wonderful burdens, wonderful large family, and fought these difficulties of pioneer life and denied themselves of luxuries and this is the result we have.

You see here before us the wonderful crop of boys and girls, a credit to any man and any community. I think God saved him to associate with us. He has been one of the most industrious men we have had in the community. We have never had a funeral that he didn't speak there. His inspiration is wonderful. The people relied and depended on him and needed his support. He has carried that responsibility more successfully than any other man I know. We have to give him credit for these things today.

They say a bishop is a common judge. I said a few minutes ago that a bishop has to know his people and give them credit for having lived their religion and done their duty. I have collected tithing from Brother Lyman a great many times and seen him in all types of tight places and when he didn't have the money, he didn't squirm, he played the game square and lived up to his obligation and I feel he is entitled to that much credit here. I think about Sister Lyman; we were very good friends.

I called in April when I was in Salt Lake, went down and had breakfast; it was an unusual hour to call, but the only chance I had. I got them out of bed. We had breakfast and had a nice little visit. It was the last time I saw her, and up until the very last moment our friendship was genuine. I have never felt any other way and I had the kindest regard and affection for these people. I hope that I might have credit for that.

Now in regard to the philosophy of death and things of this nature. These people have been trained as most of you Latter-day Saints know and feel the same in regard to this principle. Even the scientific world, who pretends to have an opinion of these things teach just as surely as we do, only in a different way, that nothing is destroyed, the elements go on, changes come and this is a change in the life of this good woman. Nothing is destroyed. We have absolute surety that she is better off now than when she was here, and as far as these good people are concerned, they understand these things and she has an opportunity for something better and greater than she has had. There will be a loss and missing and sorrow, but they would not have her come back for the world because they know that what she will have there is so far ahead of anything that we have, there can be no comparison.

My testimony is that nothing can be destroyed. Everything will be resurrected, for everything will be made use of and everybody will get their just dues. They will get everything they have ever earned. It will surpass anything our imagination can conceive. In reading the scriptures and from our leading Church men, I am led to believe that a person who can be permitted to die honorably, if he has lived a good life, and pass on through the resurrection, a just resurrection, is the greatest thing that can come to any person. We are destined to become Gods, and as God is, and we can't become that way

until we have become immortal and we have passed through death. It is a great privilege to die, especially if you are worthy.

And so we teach that it is a real privilege and that without this experience we can't gain life everlasting, we can't gain the celestial glory that we think and teach so much about. It is all necessary to gain those things.

A cherished thought that comes to me is that life is only temporary, and we all feel that perfectly well. I wish everybody could feel it. Life is only a temporary thing; it isn't the big and important thing, although it is important; it is important to me that we form good habits and live good lives and do everything we can to fit and qualify ourselves to enter these other conditions. After all, it is only a preliminary. The big things come later. I am certain that if we knew what she knows today we would corroborate that.

I believe I have said enough, brothers and sisters. I want you good people to know that I sympathize and would do anything under heaven to help you. It is hard for me to get the spirit that some people might approve most. I don't have the power for dramatics so that I can make people feel all that I feel, but I am happy to be here and make what little contribution that I have and that I have had the association of these good people. Sorry that they have had to leave us. Conditions have been such that they could not remain here in Blanding. May the Lord bless and help us to do what we ought to and help each other all that we possibly can, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Hymn: "A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief" by the singing mothers.

Remarks by Bishop Redd:

My brethren and sisters: I esteem it a great honor to be called to speak at the funeral of this good woman. I am also mindful of the tremendous responsibility that rests upon me in this position. It is extremely difficult to enlarge upon the fine reputation of one so worthy. Through song and speaking, prayer and by our presence here we have come to pay tribute to one of our worthy neighbors. And I venture to say that in the recollection of practically everyone in this building, we have all had occasions similar to this in mind. We have either lost father, mother, child, brother, or sister, or some near and dear relative or neighbor. Our hearts have been touched with this experience; therefore, I would say that we are well qualified to offer sympathetic consolation in our various ways to those who are bereaved. Having gone through this experience with my own family, or similar experience, I feel to some extent the thing that these people are going through. And when I think of offering consolation to Brother Albert, I feel entirely helpless.

Some few years ago when we were going through a very similar experience, I recall one of the very finest pieces of consolation was in a letter written by him. It seems to me that he is somewhat of a genius in the art of comforting and blessing people on these occasions.

This splendid group of people congregated here today is an evidence of the esteem that Sister Lell and her worthy family have in our hearts. I am glad to be able to lay my work aside and meet with you people of this occasion. It is a splendid thing to get together and pay this kind of tribute. I think that inasmuch as separations must come, our efforts like this are the very best we can do to meet them. I believe that when we express the feelings of sympathy and charity to those who are bereaved, we are mellowed in our feelings towards one another, and it is one of the most soul-expanding and developing experiences that comes to us.

There is no other experience in life that can take the place and do the thing for us that this experience can do. We came into this life because of a valued stand that we made elsewhere, perhaps in the pre-mortal state. We agreed while in that sphere of life to do all things [in]sofar as our Father would command us after we got here. We are forgetful - most of us fall. Most of us when we arrive here have forgotten the pledge that we made. Some of us set about to get wealth, some set about to have a good time, and others to gain fame, and this and that. It is only those who are especially endowed with the gift of faith that are able to remember or to make a recollection of this pledge that we once made. I have thought since I knew that I was to speak at this funeral that Sister Lell undoubtedly remembered her obligation, and she has fought to do all things whatsoever the Lord has commanded. And I know of no more satisfying fulfillment of the scripture wherein the Savior said, "Whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it." In all her experiences she has demonstrated unselfishness, and up to her dying day, almost, she was extremely interested in service for others.

She felt that she must do something for her progenitors that hadn't been done.

She reared a most beautiful family, a wonderfully large family, an unusually good family. They have followed well the splendid training they have had. I have felt for a great many years that this family was the outstanding family within the range of my knowledge when it came to parental training and teaching and the splendid association that they have had with their parents. Most of us seem to be too busy to train and teach our family, but those people were not forgetful, in this splendid obligation as well. They have lived under trying circumstances; poverty; death has come into the home a number of times. They have put their all in building up the Church in the Kingdom of God, lending service in every way which seemed to be within their range of ability.

And this splendid family is a living and everlasting monument to the examples of this splendid mother. There is no end to the effect of goodness of one of God's children. The splendid training that she has given, together with her husband, to this family will never come to its end. They and their families will be the beneficiaries of these splendid phases and others with whom they associate. They are Latter-day Saints. They are the kind that God intended we should be.

Sister Lell's life seems to be strikingly comparable to the life of a beautiful flower, which grows, comes into blossoms, then fades; the petals drop, and all the strength of that plant

goes into reproduction. She has lived her life for her family, spent her energies in service to her fellowmen. Now that she is through she has lived her life and fought a good fight and endured faithfully to the end of this life. I know of no more fitting conclusion that could come into the life of anyone, and as far as being dead, she is no more dead and no more inanimate than you and I. In fact, I would say less. She has gone on into the spirit world, that place that her father has prepared, and she is happy in the companionship of those who have preceded her. It is a most wonderful experience, I imagine, and she is well qualified to look back on a life lived properly, and to go home to eternal life.

May God grant that we may appreciate our obligations while we dwell there and help us to see more clearly and may He bless and comfort those who are called to mourn at this time, is my humble prayer in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

The family sang "God Moves in a Mysterious Way" a song she loved, and often had them sing.

Albert R. Lyman announced, "Grandma Perkins has had some very rich experiences in funerals of her friends, and we would like to hear from her."

Sister [Sarah Williams] Perkins said: My brothers and sisters, I know it is unusual that we can do these things, but I am not standing here on my own strength, it is the strength of the Lord, and I appreciate Him highly that he is blessing me with this strength today, and I know it is pleasing unto my daughter. It is the things that she wants us to do, and I remember going home from the funeral that I said a few words at, that of Sister Eliza Redd. She said, "Mother, could you do that much for me when I am laid away?" I didn't make any promises, I couldn't. But it is since she has been taken that I have thought most seriously about it, and I thought maybe she would be disappointed greatly if I didn't, but it has taken lots of courage.

I can tell you brothers and sisters, it is wonderful how her husband and family have been able to stand and do the things that they know is pleasing to their mother and wife. It is not because I have got a great sermon to give you, but it is to show my willingness to my dear daughter. She has done her task and she was called on a wonderful mission. She has been an angel of mercy since she was only a little girl. When my twins were born, they were a wonderful gift to me, although we had a hard time saving their lives, and she was one of the best to take care of them.

The oldest one, we always looked to her if anything was wrong with any of the family; we always looked for Lell to come to our help. When she was just in her teens, she was called several hundred miles away to my father, who needed her care, and when asked if she could go she said "Yes," and she did her duty and she has always been a hand to reach out to help the other fellows. It didn't matter what circumstances she was in, or her family, she thought her place was to help the other one. She was always reaching out to go to the other fellow, going to first one and then the other. And when her son went on a mission, she said, "Mother, I do not know whether I will ever see him again, but I want

him to go on a mission,@ and when he left, he told one of my daughters that he didn't know if he would come back or not, and my daughter told Sister Lyman what he said, and she said ?What does it matter if he serves the Lord and denies not his services.@ She has been a wonderful help; she has been at the deathbed of all my children, my son and my two daughters that have gone before her. She was right by their beds [even] when she was unable to take care of them. She should have been in bed herself but she always did for the other one.

I know she is rejoicing this morning to think that her family is here taking good part. She has been a wonderful mother and is proud of her family and I know she is rejoicing for them. I have had an awful time to control myself today, but I thought what a coward I am if I can't do that, and I asked the Lord to bless us that we may always have faith in serving him and in doing Temple work. That is our main thought now. We were going to do all that we could and spend our time in that service to do for those that had never had the privilege that we are enjoying today.

We are enjoying a wonderful privilege if we can just know and realize what it means to those who are passed and gone and we should make that effort. In fact, we should put things of this world aside; they don't amount to much, but it is what we take with us to the afterlife [that matters].

Brothers and sisters, I hope we will all realize the place of the Lord in our lives, and that we may be true and faithful to the covenants that we have made with our Heavenly Father. I glory in the stand that my dear son-in-law, Albert, is taking. He has never been a very strong man, we might say, but it is the spirit of the Lord that is holding him up. He couldn't stand alone, and I know that it pays to serve the Lord and keep His commandments. What we learn here and take with us, that is what will save us. May the Lord bless us, give us strength to do His will. I respect those who stand at the head of the Church. I do not know what I would amount to if it wasn't for their spirit and teaching and faith that I have in them. I ask it in the name of Jesus Christ to bless all of us, Amen.

Remarks by Albert R. Lyman: I am very glad to meet my friends again here in Blanding, and to partake of the sweet and wonderful love, friendship, kindness, sympathy, that is here.

Some years ago, my wife and I made an agreement. It was understood that the one that was left would encourage the family not to advertize by their actions any doubt, the remotest doubt, of the life hereafter. The experience that I have had since I left here on the twenty minutes' notice six months ago, have been very, very impressive to me because they have been brought home to me by those circumstances and conditions which have reached into almost every one of the twenty-four hours. As you may possibly detect, I am worn and haggard and weary and tired from the suspense and anxiety that I have been in.

The last few days have been particularly rich with inspiration. My wife and I talked this thing over just as calmly as we are talking now. It was alright with her to go; she was willing to go, but there was one great concern that she had. It is what I want to say here for the Perkins family. It was the work of genealogy. When I thought she would be more concerned about her own pains and sickness than anything else and would rather talk about getting some prospect of relief, she would say, "Can't we do something about that," or, "Have I been ambitious enough in working at it, and will it be put over?" So many times I have said, "Don't worry about it, we will see that it is put over." I am put under a very sacred obligation. I want the Perkins folks to know it.

I assumed an obligation once before something like this. And if I hadn't been true it would have haunted me. I was teaching school and an old man came here, a convert from Texas. Word came to me that he was sick and he sent for me. I went to see him and he wanted me to bathe him and put him to bed, and I went there a number of times to bathe him, to care for him, and he opened his heart to me and told me his story, his love story, his life's story. He had joined the Church and gained a testimony of the gospel. My sympathy was enlisted for him, because when I saw his body when I was bathing him, I saw there across his back the great scars of a whip that had cut into his flesh, and I had him tell me about it, and I found bullet marks, and he told me, "I am alone and I want a friend, I want somebody that I can trust, for a sacred duty, or a sacred task, for me. I loved a girl and I expected to marry her. I started to Galveston to meet her, and on the way I saw the great headlines in the newspapers that told of the tidal wave that had swept the town off the map. I went there and hunted for days and days among the dead and debris and found the body of my sweetheart fifteen miles away. This is the thing I want you to do. I found the gospel. I have a testimony of eternal life. I want you to promise me you will do that work in the temple for me and for her and for my parents and for her parents." And I told him I would do it, and he grasped my hands and looked up at me.

He said, "I am trusting you for a thing that I have never trusted another man. I am going away, will you please be sure to do it." I told him I would be sure to do it. I didn't rest until that work was done. I had a very peculiar assurance and comfort in knowing that the work was done. I was very much blessed in my efforts to get it done. I found a relative of his who insisted on doing the work for the women. When I got that certificate in my hand that the work was completed, I felt a great relief.

Now I told my wife as she lay there these six months trying to impress upon me the importance of that work, I told her, "I will see that it is done."

I have a testimony of immortality; no more doubt that I will meet my wife than I had yesterday morning that I would meet you folks when I came here. When I meet her she will say, "Did you forget those months and months of suffering wherein my last breath was in prayer for you to do for these friends of mine these things I wanted you to do?"

The way is opened for those who want to do these things. People on the outside, who do not believe as we do, may look at this as a folly, but I will tell you brothers and sisters it is not all folly by any means.

Saturday night when I stood there with my two daughters and saw that my wife's breathe was getting shorter, and that it was only a matter of minutes, a deep reaching feeling came to me and I recalled what I had said. I said, "However long we wait for this moment, and however much we might pray, to be prepared for it when it comes, it is going to be a stern and whispered <She is dead.=@

Death has come to be thought of as a terrible thing, but it didn't come to me as a terrible thing then as I looked at her. The dear face that has been a part of my life for these thirty-seven years, and I thought of her fidelity and her faithfulness. A wonderful assurance came to me that our contract was not made <until death do we part= but it is made for eternal life. It is just a little while we are here; how long I will wait I do not know, but while I do I will devote myself without compromise and I am asking of the family to cooperate in the accomplishment of this work. It is the big thing.

I want to tell you something else. You know absolutely that under these circumstances, facing the situation as I am now, I couldn't stand before you and talk these things if I didn't know them. I had agreed to speak Sunday morning and Sunday evening, and of course, when this thing happened Saturday night, I began to wonder. Then I remembered I had told her that if I were the one left here I would do it. I expected in the years past that left because of my shattered health, but when I remembered and thought of these agreements I had made, I resolved "I am going to speak just the same as I would at any other time.@ Starting away to the ward where I just felt as though my heart would fade within me, and I asked myself, "Can I control my feelings, and if I do, can I rise above this weight of gloom and depression that is on me so that I can say anything?@

All at once that fine assurance that I have felt so many times from her encouraging word came to me and I thought surely she is near me. I do not know the fine devices they have in the other world for communicating with us here, but I do know that I feel right now the courage and resolution that I have felt many times when she has encouraged me to go forward. I went there and to fill my assignments, and I was blessed, and my heart was mellowed with the comfort and assurance that came to me. I never spoke with more force and freedom than when I spoke there.

I want to tell you folks, you young folks, and you middle-aged folks who are resting your purposes and your happiness on the contracts of your home and the sacred ties; they are nothing unless those ties and those contracts have been solemnized by the priesthood: you are building your houses upon the sand and when the rains descend and the winds blow and the floods come, your house will fall and your contracts will be broken.

It is a dastardly lie that the world tells in their novels ending them with the saying or the idea that "they lived happily ever afterwards." They know that isn't true; they know that if they go forward there is disappointment and disaster, separation and death.

When I went there in the 29th Ward Sunday evening to speak almost lost in the feeling that was on me, I saw an old brother sitting to one side. When he saw me he smiled and I went and shook hands with him and I was so full I could hardly speak. He asked how I was and I said:

"So far as I am concerned, I feel fine, but I have just lost my wife."

"I lost my wife ten years ago," he said, "and when I go home there is no one there to speak to me; I have no one left; I have to go out to find someone to talk to me. I have my children, but I wouldn't want them to stay with me; they came here to live their own lives and I feel bad that they should fail of the purpose of their creation to think of my personal comfort. It is not the place of an old man to be sticking in the way of a young family."

His words brought before me a dark vision of despair, the damp of utter desolation, but some sweet and unfailing force checked it - the assurance that had come to me as I watched my wife fade from sight - that assurance that our contract was more enduring than time.

My house, brothers and sisters, is built upon the rock and all these hopes that I entertained when I came here over thirty years ago and pitched my tent in the sagebrush with my wife and baby are firm and unshaken.

She was the first woman settler on White Mesa, and the hopes I entertained and the work I performed on the house I tried to build, I still cherish, for I see another home, a home that will not crumble away.

I consider the firmness of her grip on my affections - the absolute place she has in my confidence, her fidelity and her keen intuitions. I have told her many times "I have no more doubt of your integrity and of your faithfulness to me than I have of the sun to go on shining. I don't challenge you in my deepest and most hidden thoughts," and she has told me "Go where you will, I will sleep in peace. I am not mistrusting you. With all the women and all the temptations there are in the world, I feel sure that you are faithful to me."

I knew she was faithful. When I think of the fine part she has lived and her fine enthusiasm and the inspiration she has had it is something wonderful.

And all these things come back to me as I think of how we pitched our tent over here on the other side of this school building, my wife and little baby, who is now my daughter here, a mother of a large family, and we began to build a house. Someone was to be the

first settler. I got some lumber here in the fall of 1904. I said, "I will go up there and build a house and when I get it built I will come back and get you."

She said, "That is fine, and I will go right along with you and help build the house." We came here and pitched our tent. When we got our house built, and she worked on it too, she seemed to be perfectly calm, but one morning she said, "I feel that you shouldn't leave me this morning; you should stay here." I say "Why?" "I don't know, but I think you should stay here this morning; you should stay here," and I stayed and in the forenoon and at a time when I would have been far away, here came a company of Indians across from West Water over to Recapture. I shudder when I think of it.

Another time, when we were there alone, she said, "I think you shouldn't leave me this morning. There is lots you can do here." "The men were depending on me to come and help them," I said, "Those Indians have gone and there is nothing that can do you any harm."

"I do not know why, but you must stay here today." I thank the Lord that I had the faith in her judgment and the regard for her feelings to stay, because while I stayed with her there came straggling across through the sagebrush a wanderer. Of all the fierce animals to be dreaded in all creation, it is a man who has gone out away from society and become reprobate to the standards that make for life in society. And I saw him and contemplated what might have happened if I hadn't been there.

I thanked the Lord for the fine sense of inspiration that she had and I can tell you of a good many things of the same kind. The way she has told me ever so many times of what was coming and the way she has restrained me from acts that would have been very rash if I had done them.

I do not know that I should take a great lot of time talking this afternoon. My heart is so full it would be impossible to express it, but I want to bear my testimony to the truth of the gospel, my knowledge of immortality and eternal life.

I love the people of San Juan. When I came over the hill at Devil Canyon last night and looked this way, my heart swelled within me for the good people here, but it is quite impossible to come back here to stay. I want to bless the people here. My interest is with you and I want to say this for your welfare, and those who have faith in me, I want you to listen to this thing that I want to tell you. I tell it without compromise.

If you do not uphold the men who are called to preside over you, you will not prosper. The men who stand at the head of you in this stake today are the men whom the Lord has appointed and the Lord will not prosper any man or woman in speaking disparagingly of these men or of your bishop, nor their counselors. I have known Brother Harris for a long time. He was in England when I was there. We didn't happen to meet, but he met my father. He has presided over me and I have presided over him. I have seen him in distress

and he has seen me going through the mill. Some of the fine things he has done, maybe he wouldn't thank me for publishing them, but I didn't and do not forget.

I remember one time I had been planning for weeks to go on the operating table as soon as the last day of school came, and I dragged around there until Friday and was ready to go away and Brother Harris came in to give me his sympathy and he put in my hand a check for \$25.00 and said "You may need it." And I did need it. It was fine, but the finest thing was in the man.

I want to tell you folks there will come a time when a lot of you will appreciate him more than you appreciate him now. You will see what he has done for this country and you will curse yourselves for the things you have said against him, the grudging way in which you have supported him. "Really a prophet is without honor in his own country."

You will see the time too, when you will condemn yourselves for speaking disparagingly of other men because you see their weaknesses, you see the mote in their eye, you don't see the beam in your own eye. If you have any confidence in me, remember this, your salvation, your eternal life, hangs on the way you support these men. You did not put them here. You are not responsible for what they do, but you are responsible for sustaining them. The fine men that preside here - I know what they are, I know what bishop Rogers is and his counselors, bishop Redd, Brother Harris, I have known most of them since they were little boys. I knew Jay and Leland and Frank from the time they were little fellows. I knew them when they were in their mother's arms. I know and I can testify that they are not perfect, but they are called here to preside.

I want to tell you if you want to prosper, you will ask the blessings of the Lord on these men, and you will uphold them as his servants. If you can catch yourself saying anything against them or speaking disparagingly of them, repent of it, those wrongs will bring down the disfavor of the Lord upon you.

I want to bless the people of San Juan. I love them - I love the fine friends I have made here, and these friendships will go on.

When we meet in these depressed circumstances and under these trying conditions, sometimes the finest things we have in our heart the fine to be said at all. Sometimes it is like the poet said, "Thought leaped out to wed with thought ere thought could wed itself with speech."

I have often wondered what in the world I could say if really I could say anything at all, and then all I could do was to grip the hand of a friend in silence and pour out my tears - and I am not ashamed of my tears.

I think of the time when I left the Liverpool docks starting for America and parting with my father who expected never to see me again. And I feared greatly that I would never again see him. He put his arms around me and looked at me in silence - I couldn't speak -

he couldn't speak, and he went off down the gangplank to the landing. I watched his handkerchief waving in the big crowd for he was waving the words which he could express only by looks and actions. But we understood.

May the Lord bless you. I bless you in the name of Jesus Christ because of the courage that comes to me now - because of the wonderful associations I have had with you - this fine occasion. May the Lord bless us to be true to each other is my prayer in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Bishop Rogers: I want to express my appreciation, my brothers and sisters, for the fine sentiments that have been expressed here this morning, the fine audience that has attended, the wonderful spirit that has been prevalent at these services. I have enjoyed the spirit of the Lord this morning and I am sure all of you have. I have known Sister Lyman as long as I can remember anyone, and I have always admired her wonderfully fine character; I never knew her in my life to do anything that I thought was wrong. I want to say that we appreciate in this ward very much the wonderful contribution that this family has made. I think we will miss this family as well as the Mother who has passed on; we will miss the family as much as any family that could be taken from our midst.

[We will miss them] In our Sunday Schools, and primaries, mutuals and sacred meetings and I think the wonderful example that this family has set in this ward along the lines of the home evenings. I wonder who will take their place and encourage us to hold home evenings? The wonderful example that this family has set here today and the part they have taken in the program, I am sure has been the result of family meetings, home evening meetings, which they have held all their lives. The singing they have done in their homes, I am sure has united the family and taught them the gospel and has brought faith to them, as no other thing could have brought faith into their souls. I am sure that we will miss them in our ward and I hope and pray that the Lord will bless them and assist them that they will continue to set fine examples wherever they may be, and I am sure they will.

We appreciate them and we will always have a warm spot for them in our hearts wherever they are. We are glad that some of them are remaining with us and we hope they will find it convenient to stay here and we hope that those who are leaving can come back.

After the singing and benediction, the casket will be opened and all who wish may pass by. These services will be concluded at the cemetery after this.

I pray the Lord to bless each and every one of us that our faith and testimonies may be increased through experiences of this kind, making faith in our hearts and souls a determination to serve the Lord that we may prepare ourselves and we may pass on when our time comes as worthy as the Sister who has passed on at this time. May the Lord bless each and every one of us to this end, Amen.

Closing Hymn: "Oh God Our Help in Ages Past" by the choir

Benediction: Dan Perkins. Our father which art in Heaven, at the close of this beautiful service we express our gratitude unto Thee for the things that we have heard. We thank Thee for the expression of appreciation and gratitude by the friends of our Sister, the expression of our brother and his family. We do know, our Father in Heaven, that it is their knowledge of Thee accepted by their reason that has solved for them all these problems of life, and our concern is not for Lell, but for her children. And now, Oh God, we do pray that thy spirit may always attend these children, that the influence of their parents may rest with them and that they shall meet the problems of life with the courage and faith and the desire for service and loyalty of their parents. Oh, let them not, our Father in Heaven, feel to complain and to dwell too much upon their departed mother, but let their eyes be upon things of this kingdom that they may serve as she has served and that Thy spirit may bless them all we ask in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Services at the grave:

Song: "Oh, My Father."

Dedication of the grave by George Barton: Our Heavenly Father, we thy children, relatives and friends, meet at this open grave at this time and ask that you dedicate this plot of ground for a resting place for our dear sister. And we ask that you cause that nothing may molest or mar the peace of this resting place until the time for the resurrection, when our dear sister shall be called forth. We ask Thee that this may be indeed a hallowed spot and that Thy purposes may be consummated to this end and we do it in the name of the Son Jesus Christ, Amen.

DOCUMENT 175A

BEATRICE ANN PERKINS NIELSON

by

Donna Nielson Black

Beatrice Ann Perkins Nielson was born in Bluff, Utah, February 28, 1884. She was reared in Bluff as well. She was the second child of Benjamin Perkins and Sarah Williams. She was shy, timid and very beautiful, and a dainty, modest and reserved young lady.

From the time she was able to begin caring for her sisters and one brother to the time of her death, the care and teaching of children was her responsibility and delight. She was most tender and full of sympathy toward them. This concern for them won their love and confidence as children, and respect as they grew to maturity.

Mother had very little formal education. She was not privileged to attend high school or college, but her mind was very keen. She loved to study and improve herself and seemed to retain all she read.

While very young she began teaching; first in Primary, then Sunday School and M.I.A. I well remember the hours she gave as Primary president, and how she seemed to enjoy her work with the children. She served in this capacity for twenty years. One of her primary girls, who later attended high school and college under trained teachers, said of her, "Sister Nielson is the best teacher I ever had. I learned more from her than anyone, and I loved her dearly."

She served at one time on the Relief Society Board and was required to prepare her own lesson material. I remember what a worry this was to mom, and the hours she spent studying and preparing. She lived in Bluff during this period, and had to travel to Blanding for the meetings. She didn't seem to think this a burden and dad was always willing and ready to see that she attended. She served in this position for about twenty years. I still have some of the lessons she gave. They are so full of the Spirit of the Gospel.

Our home was always immaculately clean. She was an extra good cook, and prepared nutritious and tasty meals. I well remember mom filling the water bag at night in order to have cold water to cool the cream for churning. She always got up at 4:00 to beat the sun before it reached the back porch. Kirk remembers that she loved to make cheese. We always had milk cows, and dad made her a cheese press. She had a large No. 3 tub full of milk. She carefully worked the curds and the finished product was delicious. All the neighbors came in for a good sample of her cheese.

One of our summer chores was picking wild currants. We walked about a mile to the field. Mom made jelly and currant pies. I've never tasted any pies that could equal hers. Another project was the ground cherries she had us gather so she could make preserves. I remember Clyde would bring in a hundred pounds of sugar and announce, "It's all for pear preserves."

After the fall work was over mom turned her time to making wool quilts. She bought the wool from the Indians, and washed it. It took tubs and tubs of soapy water to get it clean. After it was dried the children had to pick it until it was fluffy. Then she and dad corded it. We spent many a winter evening this way. These evenings were always climaxed with a special treat prepared by mom.

We have mentioned how clean mother was in her home. Well, it didn't end there. In the good old days, when the two-holer [outside toilet] was the thing, it fell my lot to keep it clean. Every Friday, it was scrubbed from stem to stern. No throne was ever more suitable to sit upon!

Mother loved the beautiful things in life. How she struggled every summer to make her flowers grow. It seemed a hopeless effort, but she never gave up. I'm sure our yard was the prettiest in town. Her grandchildren loved to go to grandma's and play on the huge lawn and enjoy the watermelons raised by grandpa. Patsy, her granddaughter, remembers grandma for her cheeful smile and the goodies she always had for the kids. She said,

?Whenever I think of grandma Nielson, I remember the many good times we had at her big rock house in Bluff. I remember that I especially liked to help her crank up the old gas washer on Monday mornings. I was fascinated by the coal oil lamps and the milk coolers made of a box with burlap over it which was kept wet. The evaporation of the water kept the milk cool.

?I love to sit by grandma in Church and hear her sing. <Praise to the Man= was one of my favorites. Grandma's house was always spotless yet she always had time to cook, make quilts, and was always ready to listen and talk to me when I stayed with her. She was a good storyteller and always seemed to have a little story to put over anything she wanted to teach you. My memories of her all all treasured ones.@

Hilda, Kent's wife has these memories of mom. ?In my childhood I thought of the Nielsons as being well off. Their home was always delightfully clean and comfortable. I later came to realize that their prosperity was largely due to Grandma Nielson's hard work and good management.

?Having married one of her sons, I reaped the benefit of the teaching she gave her children: industriousness, thrift and integrity. Her sons learned to cook and clean without feeling any threat to their masculinity.

?She was a leader, a teacher and a talented writer. She taught me more about the gospel than any other person with the exception of my own mother.

?I have many fond memories of her, beginning when I was a child of seven. She helped me morally and physically during illness and trouble. I looked upon her as a true example of L.D.S. motherhood.@

Mom was a second mother to Inez's children. They lived near her in Bluff, and seemed to have all the childhood ills. Inez felt that she could not possibly have managed without her.

Mother's heart ached for Kent, Lisle, and U.A., her sons, in their illness. All of them passed away while in their early manhood. I well remember how the boys loved to go into the cliffs in early spring and gather cliff flowers. Mom always shared the bouquet with her friends in Blanding.

In 1945 when teachers were hard to find she consented to teach grade school in Bluff. She enjoyed this and had a very successful school. She was most thoughtful of the shy, lowly Indians. They came in for time and consideration, and in 1946-1947, she helped whenever possible with the Indian school being taught by Aunt Gladys and Uncle Albert. In the fall of 1947, she and Aunt Gladys contracted to teach the Indian school at Blanding. Her teaching was cut short because of illness. She was admitted to the Price Hospital, where she underwent surgery, from which she never recovered. I have always felt she preferred this rather than going back to Bluff to live.

Much more could be added to the life of this wonderful woman. I'm sure she has earned her place with the noble ones of our Father in Heaven. She died in the Price Hospital February 22, 1949.

TO GRANDMA NIELSON
by
HILDA NIELSON PERKINS

She lay in her pink casket, so dainty, so petit
There were no temple slippers
Small enough to fit her feet
Her lovely hair scarce tinged by gray
Her wrinkles now erased
Told little of the hardships
With which she had been faced.

Her temple dress of purest white
Which she herself prepared
Made her a lovely bride again
To the man whose life she'd shared
Her duties now were finished
Though she left him all alone
They'd be together once again
Now - she was going home.

DOCUMENT 175B

BEATRICE ANN PERKINS NIELSON
by
Albert R. Lyman
March 11, 1949

Bluff was the most remote town in Utah, if not the most remote in all the west, when Beatrice Perkins was born there on the 28th of February, 1884. Her education began as soon as she was able to walk, and during her childhood and young womanhood it became a very intensive course of training, the kind which writes itself indellibly on the heart and is always available in giving service.

From the time that she was able to begin carrying and caring for her baby sisters, to the time when her own five sons and two daughters were able to care from themselves, the responsibility of children was a major branch of her training. Her tender sympathies for little folks never failed to win them over, and by some fixed instinct they turned trustingly to her, even when they were at war with others.

She found limited opportunity to attend school in the old log schoolhouse in Bluff, and later in the better building about the time the primitive school was graded, but her

privilege never reached to any place of learning beyond the wild borders of the county. It was for her to develop her skill and clarify her understanding in the universal school of service where she met necessity as a matter of course, and grasped information right and left with eager hands.

Whatever was fine and progressive and essential to efficient womanhood, she seemed to have inherent within her, and it needed only to be awakened by her unique experiences, her limited social contacts, and the few books to which she had access. These qualities were so pronounced in her nature they found spontaneous expression from the very fact of her being alive. They came forth as her intuitive response to the echo of the sentinel cliffs around Bluff, and to the fragrance of the flowers blooming in their caves.

From being an interested member of the Primary and Sunday School in their most elementary classes, she became a teacher at an early age in those institutions, and later on an active teacher and officer in the M.I.A. She served twenty years as president of the Primary in Bluff, and also a long term as ward president of the Relief Society. In the stake organization of that Society she served as theology class leader, secretary and treasurer.

On the ninth of October, 1903 she was married in the Salt Lake Temple to Uriah A. Nielson, and they made their home in Bluff. Besides her outstanding success as a teacher, the neatness, cleanliness and good taste of her home was much to be admired. Yet she found time to engage in public activity wherever she could be of service.

Coming for a few winter sessions to Blanding that her children might attend high school, she became the first captain of the Nellie Grayson D.U.P., a position she filled with credit for two years, with an enrollment of fifty-two members.

Her native literary ability needed only time and occasion to prove itself. This is proved by the few poems and articles she found time to write, a sketch of the early history of Bluff, a biography of her mother, and a few stories. Her appreciation and interpretation of many unusual experiences would have been interesting reading if her life had been prolonged. She gleaned ideas and discovered new slants of thought, not only from teaching and acting in many capacities, but from constant contact and acquaintance with the Navajos and Piutes; from hearing their stories, from visiting their *yabetchias*, from discerning the lure of charm in their wild lives. One of her profitable adventures was with a company into Monument Valley where they acted for a movie company in the making of a big picture.

In the fall of 1945 when the school board had trouble in finding a teacher for the school in Bluff, she took the position and succeeded with a combination of all the elementary grades. During the next two school seasons she gave frequent and valuable help to the school of Indian children at Blanding, and in the fall of 1948 she signed up as assistant teacher in that school. She liked it; the little wild people like her, for she had a native way of teaching which appealed to their primitive understanding.

For a number of years she had been battling with an ailment which she hoped to overcome, but in the stress and strain of latter January, 1949, this trouble became so acute that she had to give up the school, and seek relief in the hospital. She died there on the twenty-second of February, surrounded by her children and her husband.

The big throng of people who attended her funeral at Blanding, attested the great regard in which she was held by the people of the county. It lacked four days of being sixty-five years since she was born in the remote and far-away Bluff, that her body was laid to rest in the gravel hill overlooking the town.

Bluff was still one of the most remote towns in Utah, and it had never offered much in the way of education, yet Beatrice had found abundantly in its offerings, the rare elements of an efficient public worker, the qualities of a good wife, a good mother, a wise, consistent Latter-day Saint and a valuable contribution to the building up of San Juan Stake. With her keen love of the beautiful she had seen it in the storms, in the sunsets, in the desert rocks and sandhills, and especially in the fragrant cliff flowers which grow in very few places in the world beyond the borders of her dear San Juan.

DOCUMENT 176

A BRIEF AUTOBIOGRAPHY BY SARAH ELIZABETH PERKINS BARTON

Prominent in the group of San Juan Pioneers was Benjamin Perkins, "Uncle Ben" to the entire company, and his family, which consisted of his wife, Mary Ann Williams and several young children, and his wife's sister, Sarah Williams, a young girl in her nineteenth year. Ben was loved by everyone because of his innate cheerfulness, his willingness to assume more than his share of the hard labor and his ability to entertain, having a fine bass voice, which he loved to use, he was a professional step-dancer and was quick and clever at many other sports of that day. He had played a major roll in building the road they were compelled to construct as they traveled, especially the dugway down the sheer side of the narrow cleft in the tall cliffs that separated the high mesa from the Colorado River below, which they must cross in order to reach their destination.

Shortly after their arrival at the new home in Bluff, Sarah accepted Ben's proposal and became his polygamist wife. For five or six years this family shared in the many arduous, seemingly never-ending tasks necessary to establish a new community. Now they felt they must answer the urge and homesick longing to see and hear the voices of the dear ones they had so reluctantly left in Iron County. The Pony Express never reached Bluff, so communications by pen or otherwise were few and far between, messages often failing entirely to reach their intended destination.

After weeks of excited preparation and many days of cramped huddling beneath the arched canvas of the crowded wagons, as they crept laboriously over the new charted

trails, the weary travelers were joyfully welcomed into the arms of their anxiously waiting loved ones.

In due time, Sarah and her two little girls, Mary Ellen and Beatrice, were comfortably housed in the neat one-room cottage close to her father, Evan Williams' more commodious stone home, much to her great delight.

January 12, 1886 was a bleak wintry day. The warring elements outside seemed to be vying for supremacy over the excitement and apprehension within the little adobe house. The time was fulfilled and Sarah, worn and wane lay in her snow white bed tossing restlessly in the throes of labor pains. The ticking of the clock on the little stand beside her bed annoyed her immensely and she asked to have it taken away. But even with the clock removed time did not stand still and when she opened her eyes, after what seemed an eternity to the still half-conscious woman, two dark eyes in a tiny face looked vacantly up at her. A small rack of skin and bone and little head with a mop of black curls that only emphasized the scrawniness, lay beside her. Another girl!

Seemingly in an effort to compensate for what the child lacked, they name her Sarah Elizabeth, which really was too much name for the little mite and soon it became Sadie. With the mother's loving care and tender devotion that was lavished on the little one, she soon became a normal-looking baby.

Circumstances are the prime factor in setting the pattern of life for most of us in this world of changes. A sudden change of circumstances frequently upsets the apple cart of the best laid plans. Thus it was that the Perkins family vacation, planned for a few months, was prolonged for several years. Conditions, not of their making, and quite out of their control, forced them into a nomadic way of life with residence, of short duration, first at one small settlement and then another in southeast Utah and southwest Colorado. For details see Life of Benjamin Perkins.

Following a number of years of nomadic wandering, the family returned to Bluff to make a permanent home. I was too young, at that time, to be aware of or affected by the deprivations, hardships, hazards and fears that have been chronicled in detail by most San Juan historians of that period. The sorrows and hurts of a child of four or five years are soon assuaged with a mother's tender kiss and loving sympathy, or a father's dandling and a hobby horse ride on his knee as he sang "Ride a Cock Horse," "Jack be Nimble," or "Kaiser Don't You Want to Buy a Dog?" etc.

Through the "growing-up" years I shared in all the blessings and happiness of a united small community, who lived as nearly like one happy family as it is possible for people residing in separate homes to live; sharing joys and happiness and bearing alike each others' sorrows and misfortunes. I have a vivid recollection of the fears and apprehensions of the Indian trouble days.

With the other children of the community I weathered through seige after seige of communicable diseases: measles, whooping cough, mumps, scarlet fever, diphtheria and even smallpox, when the town was without a doctor, trained nurses and our modern life-saving drugs were unheard of. The only doctor we knew within hundreds of miles was our own dear ?Aunt Jody,@ the wife of one of our worthy citizens with a large family of growing children, whom the Church leaders had called to be a mid-wife for the new settlement. Faithfully she filled the office of doctor, surgeon, obstetrician and nurse with such success that even the Indians were calling for her in preference to their own Medicine Men. As far as I know she never failed to answer a call even to the humblest teepee or lowly wigwam.

When I was six years old I started to school in the large log building that served as church, schoolhouse, theater, dance hall and political auditorium. I still recall some scenes from home dramatics I saw enacted on the stage, as well as a ?Magic Lantern Slide Show,@ by a traveling troupe; that to me was about the most marvelous thing in the world.

My first year teacher was Miss Jenny Brimhall, daughter of George H. Brimhall, a beloved long-time president of what was then Brigham Young Academy. We sat on crude homemade seats with a small ten by twelve inch board shelf for writing attached to one side.

Paper was too expensive and hard to come by so we used slates, a thin sheet of slate rock with a narrow wooden frame, and wrote on them with a round stick of the same material. The writing could be erased when it had served its purpose with a piece of cloth, crumpled newspaper or even the bare hand. Slate and pencil would last for years with care, but dropped or given a hard knock, they shattered like glass.

What a thrill the next year to move into the big new two-roomed building; two-foot thick stone walls that admitted no cold draughts, high arched windows that afforded lots of bright sunlight or cool breezes as the occasion required. Tier after tier of commercially-built seats and desks of metal and polished wood, smooth dark green blackboards that little folks could easily reach, and best of all, our same dear teacher. I loved school and did well in all my studies except spelling, which was a thorn in the side and still is.

My years in Bluff as a child, youth and teenager were a joyful, happy time. The opportunities and privileges for growth and expansion in the cultural arts that cities and more populated centers afford, we did not miss, because we had never known them. From the first I loved school and learned to read at an early age. If a book was available I was never at a loss for entertainment. Assignments in Church organizations usually come early to L.D.S. youth in small communities and play a vital part in their lives. It was so in mine.

The first red letter day of my life was the day I was baptized and confirmed a member of the L.D.S. Church. It was a cold middle-of-January day. My father and our bishop's first

counselor went with me and two friends of the same age, broke (with an ax) a two-inch layer of ice on the San Juan River, and baptized the three of us. As I climbed on the sandy bank, out of the cold stream, it seemed as if I were coming into a new world and a new day. That world and that day come back to me still whenever I think of it.

After completing school on the elementary level, which included the eighth grade, all that was available in this end of the state, I remained at home for several years. I accepted what employment I could find in stores, hotels, boarding houses, post offices or private homes, but none were permanent and few were very remunerative, all the time longing to be back in the school room. A few families of the county were financially able to send their children far away to school, but mine was not one of them.

Finally I decided I *could* go to school! "Where there's a will, there's a way," and I found it, poor though it was. With a nucleus of high hopes only, I hoarded every dime that could be spared from present demands. I worked at baby sitting, helped in the neighbors' homes or hoeing in their gardens or corn fields, or anything else. The medium of exchange at that time, in our locality was seldom money. Usually it was time for time or exchange of produce for adults and what have you for minors. All too often, after a long day's work I would carry home a pint of honey or molasses, a bucket of fruit, a cup or two of sugar, or a slip of paper with a little credit at the store, which was a little boost to our pretty tight budget, but did nothing for my treasured project.

When the year 1905 dawned, I said to myself, "It's this year or never." I knew my parents couldn't help me - I didn't expect them to. They, with better judgment tried to discourage me, but I would not be dissuaded. When fall came I was ready - or so I thought. Today I blush with shame when I think how inadequate that "ready" was. As I said goodbye to father in Monticello, he placed a five dollar bill in my hand with a "God bless you, my girl." It almost paid for my train fare.

Arriving in Provo that year of two-way thrills began. It was filled to the brim with frustrations and joyful new experiences too numerous to chronicle in this brief sketch. Contrary to previous plans when spring came I succumbed to home-sickness and returned with other students to my dear family in Bluff. "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

Shortly afterwards our family moved to Monticello and soon my Prince Charming appeared on the scene. Not the "tall, dark and handsome" most romantic maidens dream about, George Barton, a recent graduate from A.C.U. [U.S.U.] was tall and handsome, but with big blue eyes you couldn't forget, and wavy blond hair. The exact type, so neighbors said, for Ben's and Sarah's dark-eyed brunette.

We began dating almost immediately and after a long courtship were married in the Salt Lake Temple, October 2nd, 1913. We honeymooned for two weeks in the majestic mountains, decked in their beautiful fall colors, of northern Utah, Idaho and Wyoming, the happiest time of an extended happy girlhood.

We lived that winter in father's rock house on the corner of the block of 2nd north and main, then moved into an apartment in the upper story of the courthouse. Here we stayed for quite a number of years. We were very much in love, supremely happy, with prospects of a long, happy future together.

The new agricultural art, dry farming, was in its experimental stage in the west and the government had set aside a large section of thousands of acres of sagebrush flats east of Monticello for homesteading. That was what brought George to San Juan, and he with a freshly-completed major in agronomy was able to select one of the choice 320-acre plots, which he immediately filed on. He, with others of his family also took out some desert entries on a small point, between two creeks, about five miles southeast of town. On this fertile point, which we named Point Placid, we later built our first home, a neat frame cottage, the forerunner of one of our many "castles in Spain."

Our first heartbreak and disappointment came on September 11, 1914 when we lost our first child, Vivian George. For twenty-four hours I had agonizingly contended with malfunctioning labor pains, when the attending midwife decided we must have a doctor. Monticello had no hospital, doctor or trained nurse and there was no telephone. A messenger was sent Pony Express style, and a doctor arrived from Cortez, nearly 100 miles away and delivered the baby with instruments. The prolonged delivery that had almost cost the life of the mother was too much for the infant, a fine big boy with yellow curls and blue eyes. He died within the hour.

George and I were anxious for a family and when our darling, Thora, arrived, we were overjoyed and the sorrow of our first loss was somewhat mitigated. Quite consistently at about two year intervals our family grew, a family of precious little girls: Oral, Audra, Eloise, Afton and then (joy of joys, the long hoped-for boy) Evan Hewitt; each to claim their special share of love in the hearts of the parents, and a special need in the family. Three years later another sweet tiny girl, Minerva, was born and died soon thereafter. Some time later another much-wanted boy, Benjamin Leonard, was born, but he too died almost immediately.

At the birth of each of our nine children (with one exception) there was the same malfunctioning pattern of labor. All too often my life as well as that of the child was jeopardized. Although I was too weak to speak and too deep in the shadows to refute the ominous conversation I could hear going on about me, I had no fear. So often my dear companion and I had discussed the commandment the Lord had given to Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden to "multiply and replenish the earth;" and we believed implicitly that the commandment as well as the chastisement and "the promise," given to Eve, were not given to them alone, but to the faithful sons and daughters as well. So it was, that through our faith, with that of the dear ones about us, coupled with the administrations of the brethren holding the Priesthood, I was always brought back from the valley of death.

From the first, it seems, our home was seldom without extras. The winter following our marriage, while we were still living in my parent's home, my sister Vilate lived with us while attending the first year at Monticello's first high school. George's mother died when he was a very young boy and he grew to adulthood in a home with a lonely father and five motherless little boys, one older and three younger than he. This experience seemed to have made of him a past master in the art of discovering unfortunate children living in similar circumstances. Scarcely were we settled in our upstairs courthouse apartment when he had located two pre-school lads who had recently lost their father. For more than a year George foster-fathered those two bewildered little boys under the disguised pretense of needing a chore boy. They frequently ate at our table, occasionally slept on our floor and sometimes camped a night or two with George as he traveled from one end to the other of our big county to repair the washed-out dirt roads, or went to the mountain to cut poles.

After my brother Leonard (who had prematurely lost his wife) died, we took his nine or ten-year-old son, Doyle (the second of their four children) into our hearts and home. He stayed with us until he went into the U.S. Army when he finished high school, after which he made a home of his own.

From then until the time our children were grown, our home was rarely without extras; brothers, sisters, cousins, nieces, nephews, friends or even strangers - anyone in need of a home away from home. As the years passed bringing a bevy of nieces and nephews that we loved almost as our own, during the summers there was the continual exchange of cousin's visits from ?our house to yours.@ Always one can find room if there is ?heart room.@

When I gaze, as I frequently do from my big picture window, across the street at the deserted old ghost house that once was home, some long forgotten scene comes floating back on wings of memory, and my heart swells with nostalgic emotions of grief or happiness. ?It takes a heap o' livin' in a house to make it home,@ and that dear old courthouse home really lapped up life and filled her cup to overflowing.

Over the years the angel of death so frequently has invaded our ranks and taken from us many of our loved ones, some of them under most distressing circumstances and leaving a bitter aftermath. These experiences I weathered through (with some degree of composure and resignation) so I imagined I had schooled myself to face any eventuality of that nature. How very mistaken I was, I found, when the terrible word came that our darling fifteen-year-old Audra had drowned in the Colorado River, while visiting for a few days with young friends in Moab. It was then I learned that one never becomes schooled for an encounter with death; that whenever the grim reaper unsheathes his sword (regardless of the scars and mars of previous thrusts) always there will be a vulnerable spot on the scar-tissued heart of the suffering loved one. This truth has been borne home to me on many occasions.

But life was not all sorrow and heartaches. Family summer vacations nowadays are hardly worth mentioning if they do not mean a trip to Europe, the Bahamas, Hawaii, or Alaska. How different to the yesteryears! Our mountain campouts were a source of never-ending joy, whether for overnight or a week. They were talked about, planned for, remembered and enjoyed throughout the year. We aimed to make them an annual affair. But the ever busy father, farmer, blacksmith, road supervisor, county commissioner, school board member, justice of the peace, town trustee and fix-it man for several widowed grandmothers of the town, couldn't always manage it. When it could be arranged, the big farm wagon would be rolled to our back door to be loaded with chuck boxes, staples and goodies galore, bedrolls, camp skillets, kettles and pots, extra jeans and warm jackets for everyone, sundries of a dozen sorts and atop it all a big tick or two of fresh straw or corn husks to ease the jolts of the rocky road and the hard earth of the mountainside where we would sleep. That task completed, one of our big work teams (Fred and Mack, Nipper and Rock, or the mules Clip and Beck) would be hitched to the wagon with the kid's pony (Pepper or Mouse) tied securely behind. The kids would scramble into find their favorite spot under the canvas-covered bows, while the sun-bonneted mother took her reserved seat beside her ?King of the Road,@ on the big spring seat, with the littlest one tucked in between them. Off, at last, for the steep climb to the very highest point to which the primitive wagon trail could carry us, to worship in God's First Temples, to discover the previously undiscovered wonders of Abajo, to splash in her icy streams, to peek with awe into the dark cavern of the Innis mine of dreams, to enjoy the fragrance and beauty of iris and columbines, or just relax on a grassy slope <neath trembling aspen and giant whispering pines.

Year after year the building of the dream house we had planned from the first was postponed as opportunity came to secure more land adjacent our original homestead. Dry farming was the innovation in the farming business in this arid region; and it required big finances, which wasn't exactly our status quo.

?Time and tid@ wait on no one, almost before the parents were aware of it their babies were youngsters, youngsters were teenagers (that difficult time for child and parents alike), then joyous times of college and mating. Our family-raising problems were few and minor - the children all very obedient, respectful and cooperative and considerate. After Thora and Oral finished elementary school in Monticello, they went to Salt Lake City to find employment and further their education.

As the children grew older and more independent and the farm returns began to exceed its cost, George and I began to hope for a more leisurely pace of life. We began with a short trip, tracing many of the steps of our magical honeymoon days, followed by several months in mid winter in sunny Mesa. We went daily to the temple to do ordinance work. It was a fascinating and most spiritually rewarding experience. We also began preparation to build the long-delayed new home. Each year thereafter, until my dear companion was taken from me, we returned to Mesa for a few months, sometimes taking short trips to visit places of interest in the vicinity. The three older children were married and in homes of their own. When Afton and Evan H. were out of high school they spent

one winter with us in Mesa where they found employment, while we continued in temple work.

Later Afton accepted a call for a mission to the Great Lakes district where she labored for a year and a half. She returned in August 1947. That same year, November 10th Evan H. left for a mission of two years duration to the Middle Atlantic States. It was while he was still on this mission that the first of the two greatest challenges of my life came to me. All spring, and early summer I had been staying at the little farm cabin with George, except on weekends when we came to town to check on our little garden and orchard, take care of our Church assignments and attend Church. Near the end of July the fruit, berries and vegetables needed more constant attention. After some persuasion George consented to arrange for our young grandson, Jody Norton, to stay with him while I remained in town to care for things there. The morning of July 30th dawned bright and clear; I arose early in anticipation of his coming. Instead, they brought the soul-shattering news of his death. Such a shock to the entire family! Only a few weeks previously the doctor had said to him, "Man with that heart, you should be good for a hundred years."

Evan H. was in the climax of his mission with only three months remaining. He was district president with the supervision of about forty Elders. If he came home it would mean a two week's interruption of his work. His mission president asked him to make his own decision; he decided it would be best to stay.

When Evan H. returned from his mission he assumed the management and operation of the farm, married a dear sweet girl from Blanding, and built a nice modern home in the little community of Eastland where he could be near the farm land. In a short time he was made presiding Elder of the L.D.S. branch there. In this capacity he served for six to eight years, when his health began to fail. At the advise of local doctors he went to Salt Lake City and underwent open heart surgery at the L.D.S. hospital. He survived beautifully and returned home in a remarkably short time. For a year or two he seemingly enjoyed perfect health, then suddenly he went down with what was pronounced to be Hodgkin's disease. Month after month, in the hospital and out, he suffered the most excruciating pain with patience, fighting with almost superhuman determination and faith, to conquer the evil that was destroying him.

It is sometimes hard to understand and accept the purposes of Providence, but when death finally brought him relief, all was reconciled, even his brave, faithful little wife who was left with eight young heart-broken children.

Again through faith and prayer and the help of the Lord, I was able to meet the challenge and make another major adjustment. Again my dear girls and their helpful, understanding companions, with the love and encouragement of other dear ones, made me realize life is good, the world is full of beauty and happiness is the reward of honest endeavor.

If life for me, thus far, has not encountered the Divine; if I have left no footprints on the sands of time, then woe is me! my race is almost run; far better - truly - had it been if it had just begun. Sarah E. P. Barton [signed] August 10, 1971, Monticello, Utah.

DOCUMENT 177A

IONE PERKINS HUNT

by

Gladys Perkins Lyman

It was March 11, 1894. A miracle had happened; or so it seemed to me, as a child of six. I entered our home and beheld two wee bits of humanity that had arrived at our house while we children, Lell, Beatrice, Sade, Leonard and myself had been away for a day. We had been allowed to spend the day at Aunt Rachel Perkins. We were sent away, I later realized, to make a more desirable condition for the arrival of the baby mother was expecting, for a two-room house filled with noisy children, isn't the most favorable condition for such an event.

Aunt Jody Wood was the only doctor, and she was astonished and almost dismayed when twins arrived. And such tiny mites! The two of them together weighed only five pounds, wrapped in a little blanket. How could they be cared for? What means used to keep warmth and life in those wee bodies [could be used]? There were no incubators in which to place them; no medical skill to call on; no conveniences whatsoever in Bluff in those days.

But those people were pioneers and always found ways of doing whatever was before them to do. Painted clearly on my mind is the little wicker baskets, one for each babe, which was lined with cotton batting, bottles of warm water placed next, another layer of cotton on which the baby wrapped in more cotton was lain. Those bottles of water had to be kept warm twenty-four hours a day, the water carried from a neighbor's well and heated on a wood-burning stove.

A good part of the time the little heart failed to function properly, causing the babies to have spasms from which it seemed they could not recover. Many times they were pronounced dead; the minutes seemed like hours before they showed signs of life. It seemed impossible that they could ever grow to maturity. But through constant vigilance, faith, prayer, and the power of the Priesthood, they lived. It was a trying ordeal for mother who, for nine months, never was able to undress and go to bed for a night's rest.

The problem of feeding them was an almost overwhelming task, for it seemed that nothing agreed with them. Formula after formula was tried; neighbors and friends far and wide made suggestions and offered help. One dear old Navajo woman wanting to help used to walk miles bringing goats milk in a little dirty open pail for [the] wee babies. One thing that was prepared for them, I recall, was to take whole wheat flour, add some salt, a little sugar, and there may have been others things added, place them in a clean white cloth, tie a string around it, drop it into a kettle of boiling water and boil it for hours; I believe it was eight hours. Then the bag was lifted from the water, left to cool, then removed from the bag, the outer layer peeled off, leaving a hard ball. This was grated and made into a thin gruel to which a little cream was added. This agreed with them better than most anything, even the highly recommended Nestles baby food.

They were given the names of Irene and Ione. Ione was the larger of the two. As they grew large enough to be cared for as babies usually are, I recall sitting in my little rocking chair with one of the babies, mother in her chair with the other, and mother would say, "You needn't rock so hard; it isn't your baby that is crying, it is mine."

When they were about three years old, there was a severe epidemic of scarlet fever in town and every child in our family had a siege of it, even to Alberta, who had arrived when the twins were only eighteen months old. Among the sickest were the twins, but after thirteen weeks in quarantine we were free to mingle with other people. Then the twins had a relapse, complications set in and again their lives were almost dispaired of, especially Ione's. They said she had brain fever. I recall that Brother Platte Lyman was there to administer to her, and he told mother that sometimes after such a terrible high fever a person might be permanently affected, and it might be best not to cling to them too determinedly.

I can see in memory her pale little face and big burning eyes and her restless hands picking at her little ears until they were raw and bleeding; and they would have to be bound to keep her from injuring her ears worse. The siege of sickness passed only to have another reaction set in a little later. That time it was their kidneys. Irene was the worst this time. A doctor from Mancos came and said if they weren't taken to a hospital immediately they would not live.

How could that be? A hospital was a week away, with team and wagon. I lady in Moab heard of their plight and sent mother word to steep some watermelon seeds and give them the tea. Again they recovered.

All through Ione's childhood she suffered with intense headaches and with what was called growing pains in her legs, causing her not only to suffer dreadfully, but to miss many a gay time the other children enjoyed. When yet a small child she was rushing out to greet father who had been away from home. Father was just turning the horses into the gate as Ione reached it, and was knocked down by one of the horses and trampled on. But again by the power of the Priesthood she was preserved, as she was through sieges of chicken pox, measles, mumps, and other ailments.

I recall that once through her quick actions Vilate, another sister, born when the twins were four and a half years old, was saved from a serious fate. She was just learning to walk, and she stumbled and fell with outstretched arms into the open fireplace. Ione grabbed her feet and pulled her from the fire before she was seriously burned.

The years passed and she grew to be an attractive young lady. Although she lacked opportunities of getting a formal education she was adept at many things, and quoting her sister Sade, "Ione had an alert, quick mind, with a particular keen sense of humor. Few there were who could surpass or even equal her in repartee. This quality with her fun-loving nature made her good company and a welcome member of social groups."

On the 2nd of October, 1914, she and Marion Perle Hunt were married in the Salt Lake Temple, and to this union were born six children: Lamont Marion, Ilene, Benjamin, Beatrice, Richard Leonard, and Helen. Marion was a good provider and their home was a place where people liked to gather. Ione was a fine cook and she and Marion delighted to have people in to eat at their table. She loved music and soon learned to pick out on the organ Marion had bought for her, by ear, most every tune she heard. She also played a little at the mouth harp and the guitar.

Quoting her daughter Helen, "I recall how mother would gather us children around the organ for family worship. And she taught us to pray. Mother was proud of her family and delighted in teaching them, and frequently reminded us of the beauties of the scriptures, especially such lines as <Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.=@

Tragedy came into their lives when Lamont was not quite nine years old. He was fishing in the river when the bank caved in throwing him into the stream, and it was several hours before his body was recovered. Another great sorrow came when an epidemic of diphtheria took little Beatrice, lovingly called BeeDee, when she was only six years old.

Marion became a forest ranger and they lived for some time at the ranger station near Monticello and later at the station on the Elk Mountain. Ione dearly loved her home there among the pines and delighted in being so near to the wild life and beauties of the mountain. In a way it was a hard life for there were no conveniences to make it easy. Water had to be carried from a spring up hill to the house. Washing had to be done with the old fashioned washboard and the ironing with the old style sad irons. And there were many mouths to feed for the cowboys enjoyed the delicious meals Ione prepared.

Yet she found time to make many pretty dresses for her girls and suits for her boys. She was a clever seamstress and kept herself and children attractively clad. She and Marion had taken a niece, Freeda Perkins, to raise when Freeda's parents died. It always seemed to me that Freeda and Ilene had the cutest clothes of any children in town.

The years passed, Ilene, Freeda and Ben married and moved away, and life brought many other changes. Let me quote from what Helen wrote of her: "Mother was never entirely well from the day of her birth when she had such a struggle for survival. In 1936 she began having bad sick spells and many times we feared she couldn't live through the day. It was around this time that daddy began drinking heavily which tended to aggravate her condition and brought heartache and sadness to all concerned. I might venture to speculate that mother's condition worried daddy and he attempted to drown his sorrows, which of course only made bad matters worse. Then on the 28th of October, 1938, daddy passed away. He had resigned his position as forest ranger a couple of years before, and now mother was left with two children to raise and no income whatever. Her sick spells were occurring more frequently and life becoming more intense all the time. I think the hardest thing she ever had to do was to accept help from the state welfare, but it was dire necessity. The small amount received came far from making life easy.@

And quoting further from Helen: "About this time, R.L. and his friends, indulging in childish pranks, became involved in one thing and another, becoming more serious all the time and he was sent to Salt Lake to live with foster parents, almost breaking his mother's heart. Mother had moved to Blanding to allow me to attend school. Then tragedy struck again. Our home in Bluff with all our earthly possessions burned to the ground."

With what little insurance Ione received she moved to Salt Lake to be near Ben and Ula and family, and was able to buy a small house on third north. Helen soon found employment to help out. R.L. was in and out of trouble continually and when he enlisted in the Navy under unfavorable circumstances, it was a hard blow. Then Helen decided very suddenly to marry a man she hardly knew and Ione thought that life was indeed giving her a raw deal.

Helen married Wesley Wood and Ione soon learned to love him and he and Helen did all they could to make life more enjoyable for her. And she often said no son could have been better to his own mother than Wes was to her. And she felt much the same toward Dave, Freeda's husband. She spoke often with deep appreciation of the kindness Dave and Freeda showed her, and of the admiration she felt for Freeda as a homemaker and of her ability to do so many things so well. Having Ben, Ula and children so near brought her great satisfaction. She thought Ben an exceptionally talented fellow and their children something special. Ilene and Henry and family living so far away was a source of sorrow to her for she loved to have her family near her. How Ione did love and admire Helen. No daughter could be dearer to a mother's heart than Helen was to Ione. And Darla and Buzzy and little David meant so much to her. And yet there were many sorrows still in store for her. Ben died in June, 1946, leaving a wife and six children. R.L. was still in and out of trouble with the law, and her health was becoming worse all the time.

In the spring of 1956 she felt that she just must go see Ilene and family, who lived in Iowa and soon after returning to Salt Lake she had a bad attack of flu which she could not shake off. In May she was taken to the general hospital. After two months there, she was released to go home. Then after only five days at home, she called Helen to her bed early in the morning. She was in great distress with a severe pain in her lungs and having great difficulty breathing. She was rushed back to the hospital and there she lingered until the 5th of July, when she gave up the long struggle she had fought through sixty-two years of intensity.

In all the struggles and hardships she went through she never lost her sense of humor. Even in the hospital in her last sickness the nurses and other patients got many a laugh at her clever quips. And she never lost faith and seemed to "hunger and thirst after righteousness," and through all her later years she had her New Testament and Book of Mormon handy where she could pick them up and glean precious truths, and she got much happiness out of discussing them with others. While living in Salt Lake she was a Relief Society Visiting Teaching and she loved this called very much and looked forward to teaching the Gospel truths to the sisters she was assigned to call on each month.

?She was a loyal, devoted wife, a loving self-sacrificing mother, and a sister I am proud to have known and loved.@

DOCUMENT 177B

A SKETCHY BRIEF HISTORY OF MOTHER

by

B. HELEN HUNT

In recalling some of the events in mother's life, the first thing that comes to my mind is of how dearly she loved the Elk [Mountain] and the beauties of nature which surrounded her there. And in spite of the many inconveniences, as we think of them today, she loved ?the mountain.@ I remember of seeing her doing the family wash out on the porch. All the water had to be carried from the well at the bottom of the hill, then heated in the boiler on the wood stove. It was quite a process to get the weekly laundry finished. I remember as a child how we children helped by carrying our small buckets up the hill and slopping half the water all over us before we reached the top.

Mother enjoyed the walk down to the garden just outside the station gates, and enjoyed the process of planting and harvesting of this little garden which kept us supplied with fresh produce all summer.

I recall she and daddy, and often the whole family, going over to the Ed Nielson's cabin. They enjoyed each other's company and were good friends throughout their life.

I recall the excitement of moving back and forth from the Elk to Bluff or Blanding so that we could attend school. I can almost see mother packing the dishes so carefully in her old faithful Maytag washing machine.

Mother loved our big rock house in Bluff, one of the nicest there, and she took so much pride in its appearance inside and out. We had a beautiful vine which covered the complete front of our home. My how mother admired it, along with some pretty yellow rose bushes in the front yard.

One of the things mother enjoyed doing most was sewing. And it was a familiar sight to see her at the sewing machine happily engaged in making some cute thing for one of her children, and later for her grandchildren.

Mother loved Bluff. It was home for her for the most part of her life. I wish I could remember some of her most cherished experiences, but because of my neglect of not writing down her related experiences while she was living, I cannot recall them at this time. I do remember of her mentioning what a beautiful place the ?old meeting house@ was and what a sad event when it burned.

Mother loved to walk down to the river. She loved the scenic beauty of the cliffs and enjoyed the pretty cliff flowers.

I remember of having company or friends and neighbors in our home very often, and I believe mother and daddy were most gracious hosts, and were among the most admired and respected people in the surrounding communities.

Mother admired daddy for his very good job with the forest service and was proud of his devotion and interest in his work. As you know this wasn't the case in the last few years before daddy died, but it was for the many years prior to that time. Mother admired daddy also for his thoughtfulness in remembering birthdays, anniversaries, etc. Whenever he was away out of town he never failed to bring some sweet gift to her and always something to delight us children. Mother was proud of daddy for being an excellent provider. She was proud of and thankful for our home and the necessities and many luxuries provided for her. And she diligently strived to make it a haven of love and happiness. I can't remember of daddy ever actually taking the initiative in teaching us children the spiritual aspects of life, although he would always defend the teachings of the Church and I have heard him bear testimony of the truth. It was mother, however, that would gather us around the stove for family prayer and taught us to have our own individual prayers.

Mother was proud of her family. Ilene was the scholar of the family, and was loving and considerate and a most independent individual. Ben had talent galore and made the folks very proud of his ability to write poetry or songs or stories or whatever he might set his mind to. The folks bought him a guitar at a fairly early age and he became quite efficient. As all proud parents they gave him the opportunity to perform frequently. I didn't remember R.L. or I having very much of any of the above-mentioned qualities, although I do remember he (R.L.) had artistic ability and as a child I envied him for this talent. I can't mention any history of Lamont since he died before my birth, but I have heard the folks mention that he was a most obedient boy, and I'm sure we was a source of joy and happiness in his few years. And the same with BeBe and I do remember mother saying what a bright child she was.

Mother was proud to count Freeda as part of her family. And I'm sure she loved her as her own. She told me often what a wonderful child Freeda was and how she always wanted to be helping. And I might add Freeda hasn't changed in this respect; also, of the heartache she, Freeda, endured being separated at such an early age from her family. Also, I remember of mother saying she would always have regrets inasmuch as she felt she hadn't done everything in her power to make Freeda's life as pleasant as possible. And Freeda and Dave were always as considerate and thoughtful to mother as though she was her real mother.

When mother was a young woman I know she held various Church positions and enjoyed doing so. But as her health became increasingly worse she was unable to take an active part and she felt badly about this. She frequently reminded me of the scripture in

Matthew 5:6 ?Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled.@ For she did sincerely hunger and thirst for a greater understanding of the gospel and she enjoyed having someone discuss and explain it to her.

Mother's life wasn't always a happy, pleasant one. In fact she endured many tragedies and sorrows that would have put many people in a state of mental anxiety such as to have lost complete control.

LaMont's drowning was a tragic experience; then BeBe's death as a result of the diphtheria epidemic. And mother herself was never entirely well from the day of her birth when she had such a struggle for survival. And in 1936 she began having seizures; and many, many times we feared she couldn't live through another day. It was around this time when daddy began drinking heavily which only aggravated her condition. And I might speculate that perhaps mother's condition worried daddy and he attempted to ?drown his sorrows.@ which of course brought only heartache and sadness to all concerned. In spite of these conditions daddy's sudden death brought much grief and sorrow to our home. And prior to this daddy realizing his condition and its effect on his job resigned just a year or two before his death. This left mother with two children to raise and absolutely no income of any source. And after having been at one time of the most respected and well-to-do families in the surrounding communities, and now adverse situations arising with every turn, I can hardly imagine how mother ever carried on. But it was no easy job. And she was now having seizures so frequently it was pathetic. One of the hardest things I think she ever had to do was to accept help from the state welfare, but it was dire necessity, and trying to live on \$16.00 a month was certainly no easy thing. Ilene and Ben were both married with families of their own to support and it was not particularly easy sledding; however, Henry and Ilene fared better than Ben and Ula, as Henry had had college training and was fortunate in obtaining a job with the U.S. Weather Bureau. Ben had gone as a traveling salesman and left his family in Blanding and his absence grieved and worried mother.

About this time R.L. and his friends indulging in boyish pranks became involved in one thing and another, becoming more serious each time, and having no father to defend him or discipline him, he and only he of the boys, was sent to Salt Lake to live with foster parents. Mother felt very badly about this and although his foster parents were fine people, he resented being the only one to receive any punishment for their behavior and made little effort to improve his attitude. At this time Ilene and Henry were living in Phoenix and as I was now in the 7th or 8th grade. We had moved to Blanding and [were] living in Ilene's home (I imagine rent free) so that I might attend school.

Then another tragedy came. Our home in Bluff burned to the ground and only a very few belongings were saved. The only material things mother owned were gone, leaving only sacred memories. Our home was insured, as I understood for \$6,000. But through the maneuvering of some shady characters involved with the insurance company and through lack of ignorance of the law on mother's part she only received \$2,200 or \$2,600. With this money we moved to Salt Lake and purchased a little home on 131 West 300 North,

right next door to Aunt Gladys and Uncle Albert, who helped immensely in mother's adjustment to this move. Things began to look somewhat hopeful again. And mother was thoroughly enjoying being close to Ben and Ula, grandmother, Aunt Gladys and Uncle Albert, and Aunt Bob and their families. R.L. had brought a ray of hope and had joined the Navy and apparently [was] doing allright. And mother's health was somewhat improved. Ilene and Henry were living in Kansas and mother often expressed how she wished they could be closer to the family.

After several years we felt we could better ourselves and purchased another home at 1064 Princeton Ave. and then later another darling little home at 2613 Elizabeth Street. Mother really loved this little home.

R.L.'s enlistment in the Navy ended under unfavorable circumstances which caused more sadness and he was home off and on between scrapes with the law. He continued to do things which caused mother grave concern, but she continually had faith that he would some day ?turn over a new leaf,@ and had much love and devotion for him in spite of the trials he made for her. By this time I was dating often and thought I was most mature and I'm sure mother had many anxious moments and wasn't always pleased with my actions. And in 1944 when Wes and I told her we'd made plans to be married, I guess she felt very much like the bottom had dropped completely out from under her. At the time I couldn't realize why it should seem like such a catastrophe but as the years have passed I realize how hard it must have been for her to see her youngest child leave her and get married, contrary to the manner she had taught and no doubt hoped and prayed for. And she hardly was acquainted with the fellow who was taking her daughter from her, so I guess the resentment she felt for him was natural. And I'm sure she spent many anguishing hours worrying about me along with her many other problems. She visited us while we were stationed in Walla Walla, Washington and I'm sure she felt much relieved to see that Wes and I were happy and apparently making a success of our marriage.

Mother tried to work in Salt Lake several times but her health simply wouldn't permit [it] and many times Ben was notified at his job to come and get her or she was taken home by ambulance. So she was quite relieved when Wes received his discharge and we moved home with her on July of 1945. She soon realized that Wes was a fine son-in-law and appreciated his kindness to her.

As our home there only had one bedroom and our family was soon to have an increase, we began looking for a larger place and found a darling home at 1911 Sylvan Avenue. We all pooled our resources and bought [it]. Then Wes was transferred to Elko, Nevada, so we rented our home and all moved out there for about nine months. [Neither] mother [n]or I particularly enjoyed our time in Nevada and were happy when we moved back to Salt Lake.

About this time (June, 1946) Ben died in Blanding and this was an especially hard experience for mother and became even more difficult as the days would pass and ?no

letter from Ben.® He had always been so faithful to write her and to remember her with gifts on special occasions.

Wes joined the service again and mother chose to remain in Salt Lake. I'm sure she hated to see us leave again. Ilene was still so far away and R.L. in and out of institutions. Grandmother had also passed away and Aunt Bob and Aunt Gladys both had moved from Salt Lake. Mother's health was failing more and I should state that it had previously been a little better and she used to tend Darla while I worked. And although she wasn't well, she always tried to do as much as she possibly could for us. She and Darla grew very close to each other - more so than any of the other grandchildren, I'm sure, solely because of living together.

The doctor advised we should not let mother live alone so she came with us and we rented our home. She rather enjoyed seeing the different parts of the country and took several trips to visit Ilene. But she wasn't entirely happy away from Salt Lake, although there wasn't much interest for her there. But she was quite happy when once again we were all together back on Sylvan Avenue. And although we got along well for two families under the same roof, I think mother would have enjoyed more being by herself and feeling more independent, had she been well enough to live alone. However, I sincerely regret that I didn't make more effort to be more loving and considerate and more sympathetic with her, a lesson too many of us learn when it is too late.

R.L. once again came home to live and I'm sure mother must have prayed earnestly that with the help of an interested man in the home he would become a responsible person. But once again her hopes were shattered. She began obviously failing in health but wanted to go see Ilene again and soon after she returned home she got the flu and gradually kept going down hill until she was admitted to the Salt Lake General Hospital in May 1956. She actually wasn't too happy with the medical staff there but we felt she was improving and, she did enjoy the company of other women patients. However, she would often mention that she was afraid she'd never go home again. So she was extremely happy when she was released after nearly two months and came home. She was weak but felt fairly well, considering all she'd been through. Then early one morning after only five days home she called me to her bedroom and said she was having terrible pains in her chest and a difficult time breathing. How she hated the thoughts of going back to the hospital, but I called the doctor and he said to bring her in immediately. She was in a lot of pain and the ordeal of the examinations and various machine tests, etc., didn't help and she felt very miserable. However, the doctors assured me I shouldn't get too excited and not to call Ilene or any of the family. The second day she appeared to be somewhat improved, although that evening Casse came up and told me she was reacting the same as her boys had - losing her sight. That night about midnight she was resting very peacefully and the hospital staff assured me they would call me if there was any change or if she should want me. But this promise wasn't kept, for when I arrived the next morning mother was in a coma and I suspect she had had a stroke. And I shall forever regret leaving her. I felt she understood and knew me, but how I wish I'd stayed with her when she needed me most. Ilene came as quickly as possible after we called her, but

arrived in Salt Lake just an hour after mother died on July 5th, 1956, and in spite of the sadness, we felt relieved that she no longer had to endure pain and suffering which had been so much a part of her entire life.

Mother's funeral was held in Salt Lake on July 7th and another in Blanding on July 9th, and she was layed to rest in a grave next to daddy's in the Bluff Cemetery. This didn't seem to me as the most ideal location for her final resting place, but she had often said she had absolutely no preference to location when the time came. So it's my sincere hope she was pleased with the last thing we could do for her, our wonderful mother.

And in concluding these sketchy notes, I want to reiterate what an outstanding person mother was, to bear up under so many adverse experiences. She may have been physically weak but unusually spiritually strong. And I know this brief history does not do justice to the wonderful person she was.

DOCUMENT 177C

OBITUARY OF IONE HUNT

July 5, 1956

Ione Hunt, 62, 1191 Sylvan Ave., [Salt Lake City] died in a local hospital Thursday 7 p.m. from nephritis.

Born March 11, 1894, in Bluff, Utah, a daughter of Benjamin and Sarah Williams Perkins. She was a life-long resident of Utah and active in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Married Marion P. Hunt October 2, 1914 in the Salt Lake Temple. Mr. Hunt died October 24, 1938.

Survivors: one son, Richard L. Hunt, Salt Lake City; two daughters, Mrs. Lewis W. (Helen) Woods, Jr., Salt Lake City; Mrs. Henry (Ilene) Hurst, Des Moines, Iowa; four sisters, Mrs. Gladys Lyman and Mrs. Irene Lyman, Blanding; Mrs. Sade Barton, Monticello; Mrs. Barbara Duncan, Al Tahoe, California, and five half brothers and half sisters, Naomi Bronson, Los Angeles; Alvira McQuarrie, Hawaii; Ruth Bailey, Snowflake, Arizona; Daniel B. Perkins and John Perkins, both of Monticello; fifteen grandchildren.

Funeral Saturday 10 a.m. at 574 East 1st South. Additional services will be held Monday in Blanding with burial in Bluff.

[Photograph accompanies the obituary - Lyman D. Platt]

DOCUMENT 178

IRENE PERKINS LYMAN

My mother, Irene Perkins, was born to Benjamin and Sarah Perkins. She was the smaller of twin girls born at Bluff, Utah on March 11, 1894. There were four girls and one boy

older than the twins, and later three more girls were born to these parents. The family at the time of her birth was living in a small log cabin. Aunt Jody Wood had been set apart by the Church Authorities as a midwife for that part of the country, as there were no doctors within miles and miles. She delivered these tiny, pre-mature baby girls, whose combined weight was five pounds. Grandmother Perkins tended and cared for these babies constantly, and it is said that she never undressed and went to bed for months. At several different times their lives were despaired of, and at least once everyone but grandmother had given mother up completely. My father tells of going to see these tiny twin girls. He said you could have put her in a quart jar. He didn't think at the time that she looked much like anything he would later marry. He was at that time seven years old. It was the will of the Lord that these girls should live to maturity, and through grandmother's faith and efforts their lives were saved and they both grew up and raised families of their own.

Mother's first memories of Bluff were their excursions out to pick cliff flowers and wild sweetpeas. They took walks out to Sand Island and up Calf Canyon and up on the hill to the cemetery. She remembers of going to visit grandmother's good friend Aunt Lucy Redd.

Grandmother had quite a time raising her family and they had very few luxuries and not all the necessities of life. From the time mother was about eight years old she worked out in the different homes and made her own money for clothes and her other needs. She says she and her sisters never had more than two new dresses a year - one for Christmas and one for the Fourth of July. She worked at one time six weeks to pay for a hat, at the home of Zeke Johnson. Her father had two wives, the other being grandmother's older sister, and grandfather spent most of his time in Monticello with the other family, as he had farming and business there that occupied most of his time and so grandmother had the raising of the family mostly to herself.

Mother went to school in Bluff until she moved to Blanding with her sister, Lell, and Albert Lyman. They were the first settlers on what was then White Mesa and later became Blanding. Mother was at this time eleven years old and she lived with Uncle Albert and Aunt Lell off and on from then on until she was married. One summer she spent in LaSal with her half sister Aunt Nome [Naomi Perry] who was there with her husband to work in the sawmill. The first trip mother remembers out of Bluff was when she was eight years old and she went to Monticello with her father. She and Aunt Alberta went up for a visit and stayed with Aunt Mary Ann, grandfather's other wife. She remembers how bashful she was at this time and how homesick she got. When mother was about thirteen years old her mother and family moved to Monticello where they lived until the family was grown. Mother lived there and in Blanding until she was married.

When she was about seventeen years old she went to Cedar City where she spent a year in school. She lived with Aunt Jane Hunter, grandmother Perkins' sister, half the year, and with Aunt Nome Perry, grandfather Perkins' sister.

On February 12, 1913, mother married Edward Partridge Lyman in the Salt Lake Temple. They made the trip from Blanding to Salt Lake in five days. They went in a white top buggy to Thompson in four days and took the train from there. They came back to Blanding in the snow. It was so deep they could not tell where the road was and just had to follow the weeds and sticks at the side of the road. They made their home in Blanding and lived first in a home just west of the Town Square. While they lived there their first son, DeAlton was born. Father built mother a home down in the south end of town, and on their first anniversary they moved into this new home. Their second son, Kay, was born in this home in May, 1915. They soon sold this home and their fields and moved into another home they built. In the winter of 1916 they sold this home and moved to Salt Lake City. Their stake president had told father that they were going to call him on a mission to California. When they got up there the Church authorities said they were not calling him on a mission unless he had volunteered. Mother was expecting another baby and father said he wasn't volunteering for the mission but would go if he was called. They stayed there that winter and their third son Bob (Edward Robison) was born in Salt Lake. In February the next Spring as soon as they could get through the roads they moved back to Blanding. They lived in a little log cabin in the west part of town. They had another home built in the center of town, which was right next to a garage father built at the same time. For the next several years this was the family home and my father ran this garage. While the family lived here their fourth son Almon and their first daughter, Rene, were born.

Mother's health was not good at this time. She had never been very strong. She spent about three months in the hospital. When she came home she took Bob and Almon to Salt Lake. My father was working on a machine he and Uncle Fred Lyman were working on to separate dodder seed from lucerne. The rest of the family was brought up to Salt Lake and lived there for the next two years. Their second daughter and last child, Allie, was born there in October, 1922. About a year and a half later my parents moved back to Blanding where they stayed and raised their family, and where they are still living at the time of this writing. They lived in their home by the garage until the year 1927, then my father sold that home and the garage and we moved to the north end of town, where father bought a home and some ground.

Mother's life has been one of patience and service to others. She has been true all her life to the teachings and principles of the Gospel which were taught her by her parents. She has been active in the Church and has worked in the Relief Society, has been secretary of the Primary and has been faithful in attending to all her meetings and duties that have been given to her.

Mother's health has never been good and she has suffered more than most of us will ever realize, but she has done much less complaining than most of us who don't know what poor health means. In this as in other things, she has accepted what has come to her with the kind of patience you see in few people. She has always done so much for other people and could seem to sense their needs before they had a chance to ask for help. She has never been blessed with too much of this world's wealth but has accepted her lot in life

and made the best of what she had. I feel very certain that her reward will be a great one when she has finished her life's work here on this earth. Written by Allie Lyman Platt, 1957.

DOCUMENT 179

Alberta Perkins Bailey. Maxine: children 3, grandchildren 7; Gerald Bailey: children 6, grandchildren 10; Mernice Bailey: children 6, grandchildren 10; Kirk Bailey: no descendants. Total: fifteen children, twenty-seven grandchildren. Happy to do this for you - the grand kids change so often it's hard to keep track. I think Mernice and I will see you Wednesday. We are planning on it. It is such a nice idea. Sounds fun! Love Maxine. No date; probably written to Gladys P. Lyman in the 1950's.

MEMORIES OF MY MOTHER

by

Maxine Bailey Allred Webb

Alberta Perkins Bailey was born in Bluff, Utah, August 29, 1895, the eighth child of Benjamin and Sarah Williams Perkins. The family consisted of nine girls and one boy. Her early childhood was spent at Bluff where she attended school and participated in church and community activities. There was a huge cottonwood tree that supported a swing. The whole town spent many happy hours at the old swing. Mother told me once that she could swing as high as any of the boys. I guess she was really somewhat of a tomboy.

One date late in August, her mother Sarah was making pickles. She had a large kettle of hot salt brine and had taken it from the stove and set it on the floor for a minute. Alberta, then age three, accidentally backed into the kettle and sat down in this hot salt brine. Grandma called to Aunt Sade to run for Aunt Mary Jones who worked in the store. By the time they could get her clothes off she was burned so badly the skin came off as well as her clothing.

There were no doctors and Aunt Mary Jones and Aunt Jody Wood helped care for her. She had to be carried around on a pillow for weeks. Through faith and prayers she was healed. She did carry these terrible scars all of her life.

Grandpa Perkins had two families and the other wife, Mary Ann, and family lived in Monticello, fifty miles north of Bluff. Grandpa spent much of his time in Monticello as most of his work was there. He carried freight and had farming interests. Whenever he could he would go to Bluff, taking provisions and stay as long as time permitted. Mother told me how happy they were when father would come down and give them each a nickle to spend.

About 1906-1907 the family moved to Monticello and lived for several years in a log house. Later on after Aunt Mary Ann had passed away, grandma moved into the large

rock home, where Aunt Mary Ann and her family had lived. During the summer of 1908, mother aged thirteen went up to camp Jackson on the Blue Mountain to help Eva Butt later Eva Bronson, cook for some miners who were working gold mines.

Mother was always active in community and church activities. The people had to provide their own entertainment and there were always a number of drama productions being presented. Mother along with the other young people took part in many of these, often having the leading roll. She also did readings and recitations. At one time she played the part of a boy. They presented a musical called "Dream of Fairyland" in which she had a leading part. Years later (after she had died), the primary here in Monticello did the same musical and my sister Mernice and I were in it. I knew some of the songs as she had sung them to us many times. I remember her rocking the baby, as I held on the side of the rocking chair, and her singing these many songs. She was active in sports, played on the girls' basketball team and was a good horse woman. She loved horses and riding and went many times into the fields and mountains all by herself. On one such occasion she was riding a little mare up toward the mountain when a wild stallion pursued her and her mount. Some cowboy happened along to rescue her, but she narrowly missed being seriously hurt.

She dearly loved the Blue Mountain and I heard her say many times the most beautiful sight in the world was the mountain in late September and early October. She could hardly wait for this season. Grandpa Perkins carried the mail from Kane Springs to Moab so the girls took turns staying with him down at Kane Springs. In the spring and summer of 1913 mother spent most of her time down there.

It was during the winter of 1912-1913 that she and my father, Elmer Bailey, a home town boy, were doing their courting. Many letters were exchanged as well as telephone conversations.

About this time some fellow in town had an automobile and it was a rare treat for the young men to borrow it and take their girls for a spin. Most of their courting consisted of Sunday afternoon horseback rides, a concert or drama at the ward meeting house and a dance after.

During their courting days Elmer presented her with a beautiful little brown pony called Monkey which he trained for racing. Mother loved this pony very much and he was our pride and joy as Jed and I became old enough to ride. It was a sad day when we had to part with him.

On October 22, 1913 mother was married to Elmer M. Bailey, son of Nephi and Annie Eva Augusta Mackelprang Bailey at Monticello, Utah. Mother was eighteen years of age and father nineteen. Father continued to work for various people and at times for uncle Jude who owned a farm.

I, being the first child, was born in Monticello on August 18, 1914. My grandmother Bailey once told me she was out in the garden picking peas on this August summer day when they came out and told her that Elmer and Alberta had a baby girl. Their second child Jerrald E. Bailey was born in Monticello, Utah on February 6, 1916. Their third child, Mernice, was born January 1, 1919 and their fourth, Kirk Williams on January 31, 1922. There were also born in Monticello.

It was in the early 1920's that dad filed on a dry farm at Summit Point, twenty-four miles east of Monticello. We lived there for a year or two. I remember moving out early in the spring traveling by wagon over muddy chuck-hole-filled roads. Later we had a Model-T Ford, which dad stripped down to resemble a pickup. Coming into town one day Jed and I were in the back of our stripped-down Ford bouncing along and I stood up to put on my coat. We hit a chuck-hole and I was tossed into a sagebrush. Jed yelled to dad and he just put her in reverse and came back and picked me up and we came along to town. I was no worse for having been thrown out. While living at Summit Point we had happy times, tho' they were hard. We hauled our water in large barrels from Sammy Houser's well. Mother always assisted dad in all he did whether in the fields or milking cows or rounding up the horses.

One day she wanted to go to town and attend some mountain outing or something. Dad didn't want her to go for some reason, but she always had a mind of her own so she just saddled old Monkey and went anyway. She was gone a day or two, but on her return home as she approached the gate that turned into our property she could see a bright red sign nailed on the gate. As she came closer she could see that it said "Bull-Head Ranch." Dad had painted it with red wagon paint.

Jed and I started our first year of school at Summit Point, but after a few years we moved back to town and spent one summer over on Spring Creek. Dad was working for uncle Jude Bailey. That summer dad had to go to the mountain to cut quakies. Mother never missed a chance to be with dad or to go up to her beloved mountain [and] she took her four small children and camped with him. One day she took us, holding the two little ones by the hand, and walked quite a distance from camp, found a beautiful smooth quaking aspen and carved all four of our names on the tree.

Years later after I was married and had children of my own, I was hiking around on the mountain and came to that spot that seemed so familiar somehow, and in looking around sure enough there was the tree with all four of our names high upon its trunk.

Some time just before Kirk was born, a wild cow took after a small neighbor child out in front of our house. Mother rushed to grab the child and the cow literally picked her up on its horns and tossed her some distance. No one was hurt, fortunately. One fourth of July, uncle Arthur Anderson came running down to the house and said they were having a baby buggy race up town and wanted mother to enter. After a little coaxing she consented. He furnished the buggy and they put our baby brother in the buggy and mother won the race. On another occasion I remember dad and mother and another couple

went ice skating on uncle Pete's pond. We kids stayed at aunt May's. When they came home mother had fallen and her nose and face were a complete mass of bruises. I also remember when each of the two younger children were born; each time, Jed and I were whisked over to aunt May's in the middle of the cold snowy January night and told the next morning of the new baby.

We were all born at home with only the help of a midwife; and later, Doctor Bussy attended mother when Mernice and Kirk were born.

In the spring of 1926 a terrible flu epidemic swept through the county and nearly everyone was afflicted. Dad had it and was seriously ill for days. Mother, who was pregnant at the time nursed him faithfully until he recovered, then she was stricken. She was so ill and the closest doctor was in Moab or Cortez. Dr. I. W. Allen was called from Moab but she grew continuously worse. Finally Heber Frost took her to Cortez, Colorado to the hospital.

The roads were just dirt and very muddy. It took hours to make the trip, but she never complained all the time she was ill. The doctor said she had plural pneumonia, but he did everything he could. She passed away on March 11, 1926 at 11:40 p.m. leaving her devastated, heart-broken husband and four little children. I was eleven years old at the time, Jed had just turned ten, Mernice was seven and Kirk was four.

Mother was a beautiful woman, standing straight and tall, five feet six or seven inches; the tallest of grandma's girls. She had beautiful dark brown wavy hair. I remember when bobbed hair came into style all she had to do was shampoo hers and it would go in beautiful waves all over her head. She had sparkling eyes and a slim, trim figure. She had many talents. She was a good seamstress, making most of her own clothes and delighted in making her children's clothes. I remember the cute dresses she made for me and my sister Mernice, also the shirts and suits for Jed and Kirk. She also did sewing for other people.

She was an excellent housekeeper, as were all of grandma's girls. She was so quick and efficient. When she prepared a meal every utensil was cleaned and put away as she used it. She sang as she went about her work and I remember as I helped her we always sang as we worked together.

She loved her church and taught us children the Gospel. I remember she was secretary in the Y.W.M.I.A. She loved her husband and children very much and took pride in the things they did. She always was such a help and inspiration to dad. She had a deep love and respect for her father and mother and did everything to help make their life happier, also grandpa and grandma Bailey. She had a strong testimony and the song she asked to be sung as her funeral was "Guide Me to Thee."

DOCUMENT 180A

Dear Lyman De. Here are some more stories. I think I'll soon have most of them for you. Do you know of any of Aunt Deal's people in Ogden or else where to whom I might appeal for a little information on her people?

I wrote to one of Vira's girls just recently, and received this reply from her. ?I was so glad to get your letter. Am sorry we are just leaving on our vacation. When I get home I'll try [to] write something about her life.@ I am happy for that reply. I hope her vacation isn't too long.

People are asking me if the book, when compiled, will become available to those who would like one. I am sure that everyone of us and many of our kindred will want one.

We are quite well. Still praying for moisture, yet thankful for all the blessings we have. Lovingly, Aunt Gladys.

DOCUMENT 180B

VILATE
by
Sarah Elizabeth Perkins Barton [Sade]

Her full name was Ella Vilate Perkins, next to the last of the ten children born to Benjamin Perkins and Sarah Williams Perkins. She arrived the 2nd of September, 1897 in Bluff, Utah. Her early life was spent in San Juan County where she eagerly availed herself of every chance for development, educational, cultural and all else that made her the charming, beautiful young lady she developed into early in her adolescence.

Daintly proportioned she was of medium height, light brown hair and brown eyes, so full of life and fire they invariably looked black. She was immaculate about her person and dressed with the best taste in clothes, mostly of her own making, fashioned with such skill and care that she always had the appearance of being expensively attired, although financial conditions seldom allowed that.

After completing all the educational opportunities her home town afforded, she worked during the summer months and saved her money to go elsewhere. She soon acquired a good business education and a position as an accountant and secretary in Salt Lake City and other places.

In her early twenties she met her ?Prince Charming,@ Ralph H. Kent, a young man who came to San Juan with other World War I veterans to investigate dry farming offerings. They were married February 7, 1923 and very shortly after left for California to make their home. A year later when a little daughter came to knit two loving hearts still more closely together, life seemed to hold only a bright picture of promise and happiness for the young lovers and little Dorothy Vilate, as they name their baby.

This bright picture soon was shattered. Vilate's health failed; somewhere she had unknowingly contracted tuberculosis. At the age of four years, Dorothy and her father went to live with his parents and Vilate was placed in a sanatorium. All the known skill of medical science, coupled with love and devotion of dear ones, and their faith and prayers, as well as her own deep faith, availed nothing against the dread disease.

For eight long years she made a courageous fight, going from a hospital here or a rest home there, to this doctor or that who held out alluring promises of cure. During all those years of suffering, more courage, faith, patience, and unfaltering determination and hopefulness, would have been impossible to find or imagine and her gratitude for every trifling service rendered never went unexpressed.

She had an unquenchable desire for the finer things of life. Even during days of agonizing pain, she forced herself to hours of study and improvement. She was a beautiful penman, even extended sickness did not mar it, and she had a marked talent for composing, both poetry and prose, and she did exquisite needle work.

After it became unquestionably evident that the end was near, she pleaded so piteously to be brought home to her dear San Juan, that in spite of the danger to her because of the long journey, and to others from the nature of her disease, her sister Sade and husband fixed up a room in their home for her. Lell, her eldest sister, though not at all well, went to California and brought her home.

She was cared for with love and devotion by members of her family. But fervent desire could not stay the grim reaper. The end came on July 28, 1937. She died as she had lived, full of courage and faith, with a "thank you" on her last uncomplaining breath.

[Aunt Gladys attached a note at the bottom of this history: This is what Aunt Sade wrote for me when I made a book of remembrance to give to mother - Lyman D. Platt]

DOCUMENT 180C The following are lines written by Vilate while in the sanatorium.

I paused one day on the sands by the sea
And watched its breakers flinging.
I fain would have learned the song of the waves,
As they swelled, then hushed their singing.
For it seemed they'd a message they tried to convey
As they rolled and tossed and broke,
But I could not grasp their song with my mind
For 'twas to my soul they spoke.
They raised in me a sad, wistful longing
I find life cannot appease,
And I long for the day when my soul will sail
In tune with more tranquil seas! E.V.P.K.

These lines were read at her funeral service.

Alone

Alone today and all asea.
No help seems right to strengthen me.
Life's troubled waters o'er me roll
And doubt besets my inmost soul.
The way seems long, the pathway dark,
No peace affords my storm-tossed bark...
My faltering step no gain has made;
I cannot see, I am afraid!
Afraid to venture forth alone;
Afraid of that which is unknown.
I hear no answer to my call
And faltering stand, I fear to fall.

Alone! Must thus I ever go?
No peace my anguished soul to know?
Doubtful, faltering all the way,
My fear increasing day by day,
No star of faith to be my guide?
No Friend to travel by my side?
Nor know that that blessed security
Of placing all my trust in thee?
Afraid - of What! - Could I but know.
AFRAID! Alone - Afraid, and so
Stretch forth Thy hand and rescue me
Dear Lord, let me abide in Thee.

Epilogue

ALONE! ALONE? Yet need I be,
How could I doubt Divinity?
'Twas His great wisdom placed me here.
Then should I question, doubt, or fear
E'en though my mind can't comprehend
The vast beginning, or the end?
No Lord, I'll trust Thee all the way
Thy arm upholds me day by day! E.V.P.K.

DOCUMENT 180D

[Aunt Gladys writes this note: In one of the letters I received from Vilate, she related this experience.]

?I had just been transferred to a new rest home, and I was dreadfully ill. I felt that could I have the Elders come and bless me I could get relief. I asked the nurse if she could find them for me. The nurse tried to find someone that could tell her where she could contact someone, but she could not. I felt that I must have them. I prayed and told the Lord how badly I needed help and asked Him to please send someone. Very soon a couple of gentlemen came to the hospital asking for me. It was the Elders. They laid their hands on my head and blessed me that I might be relieved of my pain. And sweet relief came. I asked how they knew I needed them. They said as they were preparing to leave their apartment, a telephone call came saying that a Mrs. Kent was calling for them to come to the sanatorium, and when we asked who was speaking there was no one on the phone, but we came anyway.®

[Aunt Gladys continues: Vilate said no one had sent any call out from that hospital, because they knew not where to call, but the Lord knew her need and had sent the call. Her faith was as that of a little child, no it was greater because her experiences had taught her that He heard and answered prayers. She often wrote bearing her testimony of God's goodness to her, and of her great love of all of His creations; of the joy and comfort she received from the scriptures; of her love of the beautiful writings of some of His servants, the beautiful poems and music they had composed. She often quoted the following lines:

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind nor tide nor sea;
I rave no more <gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

Hers was a beautiful soul sent to teach others patience, faith, humility and gratitude. How we all loved her. Gladys]

DOCUMENT 180E

VILATE

by

Barbara Perkins Rowe [Minerva]

Vilate was a very choice individual with a great deal of faith and a great love for everything that was fine and good. As a girl I remember how refined and lady-like she always was. Many times when we were in a crowd of young people and anyone started telling an off-color story, she would get up and leave the room. She simply would not listen to anything that was not clean and wholesome.

She loved good music, books and poetry. She loved her religion beyond anything else and her greatest desire was that Ralph would someday join the Church. Then, of course, when Dorothy was born she prayed that she and her dad would someday become interested. I know that to her dying day she never gave up hopes. Through all her sickness she never lost any of her love for the Church and its teachings. She studied continuously and spent most of her bedfast days reading good books. She loved to write

and some of her poems were heart-breaking, as she put her whole heart and soul into them, poured out some of the loneliness and heartbreak that she felt by not being able to be well and raise her little daughter who was the apple of her eye and brought her so much pride and joy, while she was able to be home with her. She loved her with every fiber of her being, kept her looking like a little doll. She was a wonderful sewer and made Dorothy some beautiful clothes. She always looked like a little model and had the personality and poise to go with it. She loved her in-laws and they loved her. I think I have never known a mother-in-law and daughter-in-law that had more respect and love for each other. She was so grateful to them for raising Dorothy and giving her such a warm, wonderful home.

All through her sickness she kept herself neat and clean. No matter how sick she was, she never neglected her person and always had a sweet smile for anyone that came to see her. She never gave up faith that some day she could go back home to her family. I am sure with the goodness and sweet spirit she had she has found happiness.

DOCUMENT 181A

[Aunt Gladys writes: ?Here are a few lines to add to Minerva's story. She and Glen Duncan separated when her girls were quite young. She found employment to maintain herself and them. For years she was employed as sales lady for Utah Power and Light Company and was always prized for the greatest number of sales and was rated as one of their best.

She kept her children looking like little models and also herself, though it was a terrific problem to manage to keep bills paid, etc.

She was always reliable, prompt, efficient, courteous and amiable, mild and gracious. She was loving and kind to mother and mother said of her: <Her hands on my forehead were as soothing as some magic lotion and expressed love and tenderness. She was a precious daughter and I love her dearly.=@]

DOCUMENT 181B

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF BARBARA M. PERKINS ROWE

Written by Her

On March 7, 1901 in a small town in Utah called Bluff, a tiny daughter was born to Benjamin and Sarah Perkins. Although I am sure they were very happy to welcome another little one into the fold of the big family, I am equally sure that they were greatly disappointed that it was another girl - because you see, I made the ninth girl to arrive, having just the one boy. I am sure mother had hoped for another, but since that is something that is left entirely up to our Heavenly Father to decide, there was nothing much to be done about it. Of course, I was loved and cared for as tenderly as a little son would have been.

I remember very little of my life as a very small child. There are a few incidents that stand out in my mind. While living in Bluff we had such a wonderful time roaming over the red cliffs. There were some beautiful big caves - one was called the ballroom and in the early spring the caves were covered with gorgeous blue cliff flowers which we loved to gather. We also used to walk up the wash and gather sea shells. At that time there were a lot of Indians on the outskirts of town. I always enjoyed going out to their camp and watch[ing] them put on dances and paint pictures in the sand.

We lived in Bluff until I was about seven years old. At that time we moved to Monticello where we would be closer to my dad and his first wife. We called her Aunt Mary Ann. We were all heartsick about having to leave Bluff with its beautiful red cliffs and big poplar trees. To this day I have a deep love for the little town we had to leave to go to a new town to make new friends and start a new life. I think we all felt that we were leaving a sacred and beautiful spot and going to a big, wicked city. Many tears were shed by the family and the town folks as most everyone came to wish us good luck. When we left Bluff in our wagon the poor old horses surely had a load to pull as we were packed to the bursting point, but after traveling two days over bumpy, dusty dirt roads, we finally made it to Monticello, a distance of about fifty miles.

I think it was a year or so before any of us stopped longing to go back to Bluff, but time heals all sorrows, and I am sure my father was happy about having us closer so he could take care of our wants and needs. I had eight sisters and one brother but regardless of this big family I was a very lonely child. I am sure my mother and father loved me dearly but I guess with so many children they didn't have time to spend doing much coddling and loving each one. Oh, how I longed for a little love and special attention. I used to think if my mother or sisters would just call my honey or dear it would make me the happiest girl in the world. I remember my dearest girlfriend was Inez Jones and every time I would go to her house to play, I would come home and cry myself to sleep because her family was so affectionate and were always loving her and calling her tender names. My mother would often try to find out what I was crying for and I am sure it would have broken her heart had I told her, as I am sure she loved me as dearly as Inez's mother did but for some strange reason just didn't know how to show it.

Going back to the time we moved to Monticello I will never forget how impressed I was with Aunt Mary Ann's big rock house. It had four big bedrooms, each carpeted with lovely flowered carpet and each one had a big bed and the top of the dresser stands were beautifully done in white marble with a big white porcelain wash basin sitting magestically on top of each stand. The parlor was a big room about 20 x 24 and was covered with a rich red rug. There were at least three love seats in dark mahogany with lucious quilted red velvet, a piano and several chairs. Such grandeur I had never seen. It was like a fairyland to me. There was a large dining room with a huge fireplace at one end of the room. Aunt Mary Ann had some shelves built where she had pots and pots of beautiful house plants. I think that is where I gained my great love for flowers in the house. She was always very good to me and I loved to go to her house as she always filled my pockets with goodies.

When I was about fourteen years old my father had a contract to carry the mail by stagecoach from Moab to Bluff. So, it necessitated him having a mail stop at Kane Springs about halfway between Moab and Monticello. There was nothing there except our little house which consisted of one big bedroom, living room and dining room combined, a big kitchen with a wood cook stove, which took care of the heating as well as the cooking. The floors were wood but were as white as snow. About twice a week we had to get down on our hands and knees and scrub them with sand and lye. About the only excitement there was when the stagecoach arrived with its passengers and if there was anyone from the big city of Salt Lake, we were really impressed. They always stopped long enough for the passengers to eat breakfast, which consisted usually of homemade biscuits, home-cured ham or bacon and home-canned fruit, sometimes beef steak and milk gravy. Everyone used to rave over the good meals my mother put out and I recall the price was \$.50.

Some of the things we did to pass the time was to take our twenty-two's and go up into the hills to shoot jack rabbits or just tin cans. I got so I was a pretty good shot. The summer I remember best was when my sister Alberta and I were the ones to spend the summer months together. She was about six years older than I but I always had a very deep love for her and after she was married I always spent as much time at her house as with my mother, only as she would permit, as my parents were very strict. I remember many times she came to my rescue and persuaded them to let me do things that otherwise I never could have done.

One week father and mother went to Moab to get our supply of food. They were expected back the same night but a big storm came up and washed all the roads out. In the back of our house there was a big wash, only a few feet from the back door and the rain was coming down in torrents. It began to wash away the bank and of course we were petrified as we didn't know what had happened to our parents. The phones were out; the thunder and lightening were terrible. On mother's bed there was a big feather mattress, so we got under it and spent most of the night praying and crying as we were sure our parents were drowned. Here it was morning and no sign of them [and] it was still pouring down rain and the bank was coming closer and closer to our little house. I remember dad had a little black metal box that he kept his money in. I took it across the road by the big cliff and buried it.

Just after daybreak a man came through on horseback. Dad had hired him to come and tell us they were all right and see if we were safe. That fall dad decided to give up the mail contract and we prepared to move bag and baggage back to Monticello.

When I was about sixteen, my niece Fern Wilson, and I got a chance to go to Salt Lake City. Nothing my poor mother could say or do could change my mind about going. I had begun to be very restless in a small town and wanted to see the big city and bright lights. I stayed in Salt Lake, worked, and went to school. I married Gordon Glen Duncan and had three daughters, Beverley Jean, Jacqueline and Patricia Ann. I was divorced, raised

my three children by myself and vowed never to re-marry again until the children were able to be on their own.

Later I met and married Edward C. Rowe in 1956 in Carson City, Nevada. He was divorced but had never had any children. He joined the Church and in 1963 we were married in the St. George Temple. Some day we hope to have all of my girls sealed to us as he has been a wonderful father to them and they all love him dearly.

We are expecting to retire next year, 1972, and move to Parowan, Utah. [They moved to Beaver and spent some good years together there. LDP]

DOCUMENT 182

Form 1465: Certified Copy of Soldier's Honorable Discharge. Army of the United States; Honorable Discharge. 212299. This is to certify that Philip O. Tomney, 39828907, Sergeant, 1074th Signal Company, Army of the United States, is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States of America. This certificate is awarded as a testimonial of Honest and Faithful Service to this country. Given at Separation Center, Fort Douglas, Utah; Earl G. Linhart, Major, Ord. Dept., Date: 12 December 1945.

Enlisted Record and Report of Separation, Honorable Discharge. Name: Philip O. Tomney. Army Serial No.: 39 828 907. Grade: Sgt. Arm or Service: SC; Component: AUS; Organization: 1074 Signal Company; Date of Separation: 12 December 1945; Place of Separation: Fort Douglas, Utah; Permanent Address: Box 731, Las Vegas, Nevada, Clark Co.; Date of Birth: 29 January 1913; Place of Birth: Monticello, Utah; Address from which employment will be sought: See above; Color Eyes: Hazel; Color Hair: Brown; Height: 5'11"; Weight: 165; Number of Dependents: 1; White; Married; U.S. Citizen; Civilian Occupation and No.: Truck Driver Highway; 7-36-260.

Military History: Date of Induction: 20 July 1942; Date of Enlistment: None; Date of Entry into Active Service: 3 August 1942; Place of Entry into Service: Salt Lake City, Utah; Registered with Selective Service: Yes; Local Selective Service Board Number: 1; County and State: Clark, Nevada; Home Address: See above; Military Occupational Specialty and No.: Radar Mechanic 955; Military Qualification and Date: Marksman Carbine; Battles and Campaigns: Normandy, Northern France, Rhineland, Central Europe; Decorations and Citations: American Theater of Operations Service Ribbon; European African Middle Eastern Service Ribbon; Good Conduct Medal AR 660-68; Victory Medal; Wounds: None; Immunization Dates: Small Pox: August 1942; Typhoid: August 1942; Tetnus: September 1942; Other: Typhus, July 1943; Date of Departure: 4 August 1943 for EAME Theater, arrived 11 August 1943; 17 November 1945 for U.S., arrived 25 November 1945; Length of Service: 1 year 18 days Continental; 2 years 3 months 22 days Foreign; Highest Grade Held: Sergeant; Reason and Authority for Separation: Convenience of Government R R 1-1 Demobilization AR 615-365 15 December 1944; Service Schools Attended: Radio Maintenance, Kansas Radar

Maintenance, Camp Murphy; Education: Grammar 8; High School 2; College 0. Pay Data: 3 years 4 months 23 days; Mustering Out Pay: Total \$300; This Payment \$100. Soldier Deposits: None; Travel Pay: \$22.70; Total Amount, Name of Disbursing Officer: \$260.56; R. N. Armstrong, Captain, Fort Douglas; Insurance Notice: 5087; Kind of Insurance: Nat. Serv.; How Paid: Allotment; Effective Date of Allotment Discontinuance: 31 December 1945; Date of New Premium Due: 31 January 1946; Premium Due Each Month: \$7.10; Discontinued. Remarks: Lapel Button Issued ASR Score (2 September 1945) 82; Inactive Service in ERC from 20 July to 02 August 1942; Signature: Philip O. Tomney; Personnel Officer: H. S. Orvis, 2D LT AC, H. S. Orvis.

DOCUMENT 183

DeLell Monson Brown. Delo married Keith X. Brown in June 1947. They have one little red-headed girl, Vivien Brown and one little boy Steven Parley Brown, named for his grandpa Brown. They live at Layton, Utah and own their own home. Keith is active in Church work and genealogy. They go as time permits to the temple. They are a most congenial pair and have a wonderful home life. Delo and brother Grant Monson, 46.

DOCUMENT 184

1950: Davidene Monson (Davi), Michelle Monson (Mickey), Casse LaRae Monson, Lani Kay Monson, baby boy Grant Morgan Monson, August 3, 1924. These are the last four of our family of ten. They are naturally most interesting to us. Davi is in her tenth year of school. Mickey is in her first year of junior high. Casse is in the fifth grade and Lani is in the third. Davi is a talented reader as also are her sisters. Davi and Casse both love music while Mickey loves drama and Lani dancing. All of them are learning to cook, sew and keep house.

DOCUMENT 185

WILLIAM FLOYD ATKIN

I was born in 1918, March 22nd in St. George, Utah, in a two-room lumber house that my father built. There was no water in the house, and it had to be carried from across the street. We lived in St. George in the winters, and in the summers we lived in a wagon on the Arizona Strip about 100 miles from anyone, except a few scattered families. I was the first child and the only son of the five children my parents had. My mother is Lula Palmer Atkin, and my father, William Atkin, Jr. I remember one time when I was little there on the strip, we ran out of food and for three days went pretty hungry. The storm had washed the road out and we couldn't get to town to buy anything.

My father was just starting out in the sheep business, and we stayed there to take care of them. In 1923 we got a good sheep wagon and also bought our first car, a Model T. I remember one time when the horses got to running and the folks were trying to catch them, my mother put me and my little sister under the sheep wagon to keep from getting run over.

My father took up a homestead twelve miles south of Wolfhead, Arizona and it was a dry valley and there were no springs close by. We had to build a reservoir to catch the water when it rained, then we'd hawl it in barrels and dump it into a cistern and let the mud settle in the bottom, and it was sometimes five and six inches deep, and that was our drinking water.

We later built a three-room house and it was quite an improvement over living in a sheep wagon. Our nearest neighbors were three miles away, but they stole my father's sheep and other people's cattle. We sheared our own sheep and others around brought theirs to our place for us to do.

My second sister was born in St. George and she was always a sickly baby, so the folks bought a still to distill the water for her. One time when we had gone to town, the sheep herders got hold of the still and made whiskey in it and ruined it.

When I was ready to start school in the first grade, I went to St. George and lived with my grandmother Atkin and attended school and the family stayed down on the strip until I had completed my second year. The next year they moved to town, and the next year, 1927, my father and one of his brothers bought a ranch together out in Meeker, Colorado and leased another ranch and moved our sheep out there. I was nine years old at the time. One night one of the neighbor boys slept with me up where the sheep were, to watch them during the night. He was just my age, and during the night we both got bit by a wood tick that resulted in a serious illness. I started out with a fever the next morning and was soon in bed. We heard of a Rocky Mountain Fever Experimental Station up in Bozeman, Montana, so my father called there on the telephone and two doctors from there came down to treat me and the other boy. I was deathly sick for about two weeks and ran a high temperature during that time. My fever broke after the fourteenth day and I began to improve, but I was not well for a long time. I didn't grow at all for about three or four years after that time.

It was a long way to school from the ranch and hard to get there, so my mother went to see the principal of the school to make arrangements to teach us at home. We sent to Sears and Roebuck for a blackboard and she taught us at home during that winter. I was in the fourth grade and Velva was in the second. I remember one winter at Christmas time when the snow as deep and we began to worry about Santa Claus maybe not finding us. We kept watching for tracks in the snow and even made a good search of the house, but found nothing. On Christmas morning we had some new sleds and still there were no tracks in the snow, so I began doubtin' about that time.

When I was ten years old, I was riding old Toughie, a horse my father had bought for me and I had been left to watch the sheep while my father had gone someplace. I saw what I thought was a black bear and got my gun out and shot it, and it turned out to be a black sheep.

We had the only radio for a long way around and people would come to our place from their ranches to listen to our radio.

I trapped rabbits all winter and caught one coyote in a trap and got \$16.00 for its pelt. All together that winter I made about \$100.00.

When the snow melted we went to St. George and Beth my youngest sister was born. I was sick all that spring with what I think now might have been appendicitis. We would spend our winters in St. George and in the summer go back to Colorado with the sheep.

In 1931 or 1932 during the depression, my father went broke and lost everything, so we moved back to St. George where I finished school and two years of college. In 1934 when I was sixteen years old, I went with Dr. Beck to Mexico City for two months on a collecting trip. About 1938 I started making adobe bricks and selling them for \$10.00 and \$14.00 a thousand. It was hard, but I got up early in the mornings and hauled the clay and averaged making \$5.00 a day during the summer. I took a correspondence course in refrigeration and started doing plumbing for Herman Larkin. In 1940 I went to Salt Lake and met Ellen Lyman and we were married in the Salt Lake Temple on November 30th of that year.

DOCUMENT 186A

May 14, 1964, Monticello, Utah, Box 272. Dear Aunt Gladys, Thank you for everything. I pray the Lord will be kind to you and may you have health and strength to carry on.

Enclosed find check to use as you see fit. We do appreciate what you are doing and what you have done. My regards to Uncle Albert. Love, Lenora.

I am very proud to be a part of this Perkins family. I didn't know my grandmother Mary Ann very well, but think she and grandfather were tops; Aunt Sarah too. I feel a close bond and kinship to all of you. Lenora Wilson Christensen.

Children of Heber J. Wilson and Mary Jane Perkins. Mary Ann Wilson Mathis: 4 children; Kathryn Wilson Krakes: 1 son; Pearl Wilson Spencer: 8 children; Lenora Wilson Christensen: 6 children; Boyd B. Wilson: 1; Reed H. Wilson: 3; Rae Wilson Bender: 1 son.

Mary Ann Mathis children:

George Wilson Mathis: 2 daughters; 601 19th Street NW #217, Washington, D.C.

Heber Clyde Mathis: 2 sons; 20300 Conifer Rd., Glendora, California.

Charlotte Mathis Begera: 2 sons; 63 Risel St., Daly City, California.

Ralph Gordon Mathis: 5 children; 19304 Mauna Loa, Glendora, California.

Kathryn Wilson Krakes and her son live in 1657 Nora Way, San José 24, California.

Rae Wilson Bender and son, Box 724, La Mesa, California.

W. H. Christensen and Lenora Wilson Christensen's children:

Rowena Christensen Hayes, son Jack Hayes and daughter Chris Hayes; 816 Hallett, Farmington, New Mexico.

Donna Christensen Loveridge: 4 children; Moab, Utah.

Hyrum J. Christensen: 5 children; Monticello, Utah.

Bonnie Jean Christensen Dallas: 2 children; 2224 Ridge Crest, Farmington, New Mexico.

Beverly Christensen Stroud: 3 children.

Sheryl Christensen Merrell: no children, Moab, Utah.

Pearl Wilson and George Spencer children:

Kathryn Spencer Bryan: 1 daughter.

Phyllis Spencer Shipp: 1 son; 5643 Indian Rock Road, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Barbara Spencer Johnson; 1373 Luck Spring Drive, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Van Neal Spencer: 3 children; 4893 Summit Drive, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Brigham Spencer.

Bonnie Spencer Howell; lives in Chicago, Illinois; lived in Sunnydale, California, 1973.

George J. Spencer: no children.

Patricia Spencer Dougherty: 3 children; 4018 Golden Circle, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Mother's posterity:

24 grandchildren

42 great-grandchildren

6 great-great-grandchildren

Dear Aunt Gladys, I don't have the add[ition] of the rest of Pearl's children. Will send it as soon as I can. Thank you for everything. Lenora.

DOCUMENT 186B

MARY JANE PERKINS WILSON

by

Lenora Wilson Christensen

Mary Jane Perkins Wilson was born November 6, 1870 to Benjamin Perkins and Mary Ann Williams, in Cedar City, Utah. She married Heber J. Wilson, September 17, 1888. To this union was born twelve children. Three died when infants. I am the fourth child, and am now seventy-five years old. I will write a few of the most outstanding things I remember about her and a few of the things she told me.

First, I must say she was a lady, in words and action. She was fastidious about her person and extremely efficient in everything she did. She was an excellent cook and a talented seamstress, by choice and necessity as she sewed for five daughters. One of my most vivid memories is of the old washtubs and washboards, hauled out every Monday without fail and the better part of the day was spent at this particular task. The next day the clothes were starched and ironed and it seems to me they were hanging all over the house with such a clean, fresh smell.

The first five children were girls, so when we were older we helped father in the fields, milked and wrangled cows. Besides helping with and superintending the household chores (mother was a good boss), she made cheese, butter, canned and dried fruit, made pickles and helped cure the meat. Even though we were a large family, we always ate well, partly because we always raised a large garden.

Her house was a house of order. She had the respect and cooperation of her entire family and her unceasing energy and ambition were a source of amazement to everyone who knew her. When she got older she studied constantly, did a lot of writing and with a great deal of ingenuity and imagination, designed hats. She gave lessons in Relief Society, spoke at public meetings and Church. She was public-spirited, highly intelligent, resourceful, ambitious, and had all the qualities which made the old pioneers the remarkable people they were, who overcame all obstacles, who lived by their faith and who followed the leaders of their Church without question.

DOCUMENT 186C

LIFE SKETCH OF MARY JANE WILSON

by

Bessie M. Sherwood

Monticello, Utah

One gains a better perspective of the sturdy pioneer life and character of the sprightly lady who calls herself Mary Jane Wilson, if first they take just a brief glance into the life of her parents and grandparents. In 1830 the Mormon religion was founded. Seven years later we find the missionaries working in the British Isles, and other European countries, learn that the Perkins family (Mary Jane's grandparents on her father's side) had become converted to the Mormon faith in the early forties and further note that even at this early date, persecution had become rampant in the British Isles.

William Perkins and Jane Mathews Perkins, the grandparents, although married in Wales, were later sealed in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. This marriage resulted in the birth of twenty-one children, none of them twins.

Benjamin Perkins, Mary Jane's father, first saw the light of day January 14, 1844, in a little Welsh town called Schoot [Glamorganshire]. In 1846, when two years old, his parents suddenly found themselves deprived of work, refused further employment because of their religious faith and were thrust into the poor house. There the family became divided - the boys put with the father, the girls with the mother.

After some six weeks or so of this sort of life, the authorities made an investigation. Finding William Perkins and Jane Perkins not only able to work, but anxious to work, release from the poor house followed. [Several years later] as the result of conditions, Mary Jane's father, Benjamin, at age six, went to work in the mines, his duties at that tender age being to carry water to the men. For this reason he received no formal education.

The life of the family remained uneventful until 1867, when Benjamin Perkins, his brother Joe, his sister Mary and her husband John Evans, and two other sisters, Naomi and Ann, came to the United States, the boys determined to earn the necessary money to bring the remainder of the family here.

Young Benjamin's relatives and a few friends went to the wharf to witness his departure. While all were talking he noticed in the party a young girl of his acquaintance, Mary Ann Williams, weeping bitterly. He went over to her and asked, "When I have made enough money to send for my family, if I send also some for you, will you come over with my people?" Her reply was "Yes," and this brief conversation constituted about their only courtship.

The ship sailed and after a journey of about six weeks, landed at Castle Gardens. The customs' officer inspected the baggage and changed their money into the currency of the USA.

Several days passed before these emigrants, numbering 270, boarded the train for the west and Williamsburg, New York. As they traveled through a state, at every stop people would come and try to persuade them not to go to Utah, telling them what a bad lot of people they would find there. But Benjamin Perkins made reply that he had known quite a few of these people and couldn't see how they could have gone from good to bad in so short a time. Anyway, he insisted, he was going to find out for himself.

Again on the train, the party became acquainted with a lot of Welsh people, who also expressed regret that Benjamin was going to live among those terrible people. At Laramie City, the party left the train to travel by ox team and Benjamin found himself set to drive one of these teams. Up to that time he had never seen an ox and when saying "gee" or "haw" always used the term incorrectly. Nevertheless, he soon acquired enough English slang to use "damn" and "hell" proficiently.

Always an early riser, Benjamin continued this custom here, and on awakening early would yoke up a pair of oxen - any pair - as he couldn't tell one ox from another. Later risers, looking for their oxen and being unable to find them, would say, "Well go look at the damned Welshman, he likely has them."

On reaching Echo Canyon, a Mormon camp located where the railroad was being built, Benjamin found many of his boyhood friends. These friends remarked "These people are not going to make fun of you anymore. You are going to remain with us;" in this manner persuading Benjamin to stay. Four people had died on the trip; the boss didn't want Benjamin to leave, but learning of his desire to earn money to send for the remainder of his family, gave him forty dollars, and a "God bless you," promising he would soon have the money, which promise became duly fulfilled. Accordingly, Benjamin Perkins and his brothers began work on the railroad, which work continued until completion of the road two years later, March 8, 1869, the date the first train came through.

By this time, Benjamin and his brothers had saved sufficient money to send for their family, also to send for the young girl, Mary Ann Williams. She left everything she had known through life, coming to America with Benjamin's family. They were married October 4, 1869 and helped to colonize Cedar City; later Benjamin helping to build the Tabernacle there. He also helped in building the temples at Manti and St. George.

Benjamin's sister Ann Perkins, who had sailed for the United States with the boys in 1867, refused to follow them to Utah, but remained in St. Louis. Nothing was heard of her until about thirty years later, when she learned of the family settling in Monticello, and she and her husband after the elapse of all those years, came to pay a surprise visit to the family, who had all the time held the belief [that] she had been drowned in the Johnston Flood.

For occupation, Benjamin used to freight from Cedar City to Pioche, Nevada; [also from Cedar City to] Silver Reef [a mining town south of Cedar City and northeast of St. George], exchanging the produce of the family for things needed at home. Thus it happened, here in Cedar City, in a cellar or dugout, where the family lived for the first several years, until such time as Benjamin could build an adobe house, [that] Mary Jane Wilson was born November 6, 1870. After the building of the adobe house, Mary Jane's mother sold eggs, [and] also made butter to sell, in exchange for furnishings, such as feather beds, stoves, and so on. This adobe house, the very first to be built in Cedar City, was the pride and joy of Mary Jane's mother. Quilting parties and rag bees were some of the principal amusements at Cedar City. At the rag bees, the rags were sewed for carpets, thus covering the floor.

When it came time for Mary Jane and her sister to attend school, they knew very little English, since Welsh had always been spoken in the home. On the way home from school the other children would catch and hold them, making them talk Welsh.

Mary Jane had always been a rather delicate child. In October, 1879, at age nine, her family was called by the Church authorities to settle Bluff and journeyed into the Escalante Desert, there joining the rest of those called for this mission, at forty-mile springs.

For several years the Indians at Bluff had been making raids on white settlements, stealing horses and causing endless trouble. With the hope of making peace and friendship with these Indians, the Mormon Church decided on this new settlement. The instructions received were to travel along the southern boundary, arrive near the eastern line of the state, and there build the new homes.

Some eighty wagons made up the expedition, the party being composed of ninety grown people, plus one hundred and fifty children. At the present time (1946), only one man, though many widows, are alive to tell of the perilous journey.

Since water and grass were extremely scarce, the party divided, a portion going on to fifty-mile spring to camp, the balance to the Hole-in-the-Rock, where six weeks' time was occupied in the making of the road. At the Hole, a scarcity of food for the cattle made it necessary to take them ten miles to grass.

This Hole-in-the-Rock consisted of a formation of cliffs pierced by a very narrow crack, far too narrow to accomodate a horse. The cliff then dropped forty feet to a slanting shelf-like place, from which there was a steep descent to the canyon below. Somehow a road must be made through this place. To accomplish this it would be necessary to blast the rock, widening the small crack, fill in the crevices, thus making a passable road to the shelf below.

"This picture of the disheartened men, when we reached the Hole, is still vivid in my mind," remarked Mary Jane. "Gazing at the seemingly impossible task, we stood appalled."

Benjamin Perkins had been a miner in Wales; consequently, the job of overseer and powder man was assigned to him at the Hole, the party dubbing him "the blower and blaster from Wales." Here, too, eleven-year-old Charles Walton played his part. Since he was slight of build and light of weight, a rope was tied about his waist and he was lowered over the cliffs to place the powder in the crevices, thus preparing for the explosion.

Because of the weight, few tents were transported on this journey. As a result the party lived in their wagon boxes, doing the cooking out in the open. Mary Jane's family had a rag carpet, which they first put over the wagon bows, then added the regular covering, thus making the pioneer apartment warmer than it would otherwise have been, and very grateful they were for this little extra warmth, for while camped at the Hole, the coldest Friday in history descended upon them.

Through the ingenuity of Mrs. Perkins, this rag carpet had pockets sewn onto it, one of which contained comb and brush, another towels and washrags, and every morning the children had their faces washed and hair combed, as if going to school. No pocket was needed for toothbrushes as they were unknown in that day. Another pocket contained medicines, bandages, and so on. These pockets proved of great value as the party journeyed along.

Another instance of foresight on the part of Mrs. Perkins is shown by her preparation, before leaving on this hazardous journey, of a lot of Pottawattamie plum preserves. This preserve, being peculiar to the pioneers, deserves brief mention. After gathering and cooking the plums, they were run through a collander to remove the stones and skins. The substance was then poured like a pancake upon plates, and put in the sun to harden and to dry. The pancake-like substance could then be stacked up in piles and wrapped in paper or cloth. When wanted for use, the cakes were broken into small pieces, water and sugar added, and with a little further cooking a delicious jam [was] obtained. "Ours was the only family to have this wonderful treat," announced Mary Jane.

Often after supper, while camped here, the men put oxen yokes around their necks, marched around the fire and sang, "Come, Come Ye Saints," written by William Clayton. All of Benjamin's family, also his brother Hyrum, had fine voices, and though weary from the day's work sang hymns and songs, or did anything to make fun and relieve the monotony.

All during the day, the children gathered brush in order to have a campfire at night by which to dance. Charles Walton, Sr. furnished the music on his fiddle. By this time many pairs of shoes had been completely worn out, and these unfortunates danced barefoot on

the rocks. Although the evenings were gay, nothing was ever allowed to interfere with Sunday services.

Mr. Walton also had a coronet, on which, after the dance, he used to call everyone together for prayer and then the party was off to bed. In some instances the family would be too large to get into one wagon, in which case beds were made underneath.

On the 17th of December, George B. Hobbs, Lemuel H. Redd, George Sevy, and George Morrill, were selected to scout from the Colorado to Montezuma, in an endeavor to locate a route suitable for the wagons to follow. These four left with provisions sufficient for an eight-day trip, the distance being estimated as about sixty miles. The second day after leaving the Colorado River, the four reached a barrier known later in history as Slick Rocks, densely compacted sand rock, so smooth that only at great distances did even a crevice appear in the slippery surface. It was impossible to go around it. If they were to reach Montezuma the only way lay down the slick rocks. After much scouting, they discovered the trail of some mountain sheep and by following this they reached the bottom of the slope. From here they could see the deep canyon heading north. Their trail then led them to a range of mountains, known as Clay Hills, into a tangled network of canyons, which forced them to travel one canyon after another in search of a path a wagon could follow. They now realized their provisions would be exhausted long before they reached Montezuma. Christmas Day found them far up in the slopes of Elk Mountain, the existence of which they had not known. Here they cooked their last food, a Christmas dinner, which consisted of a flapjack of flour and water. Surrounded by the timbered foothills of the unknown mountains, they realized they were lost. Hobbs knelt among the stones and prayed. Guided by that prayer, he climbed to the summit of a small knoll south of the camp. From there he recognized the familiar contour of Blue Mountains, which were northwest from Montezuma. For four more days they trudged through sand and snow over the roughest country imaginable. As they staggered out of Cottonwood Wash and crossed the treeless flat toward a cabin of a man named Harris,³ a Mormon from Colorado, they were so near starvation that it seemed no torture could be greater than the wait for the meat to be fried for their supper. One night only they rested, then moved up the San Juan to the settlement at the mouth of the Montezuma. Finding the settlers there almost without food, they moved further up the San Juan, remained overnight, and promised to return with provisions in sixty days, if possible. The only food they could obtain for the return trip was a fifty-pound sack of flour purchased for \$20.00, after much persuasion, from a wandering trapper.

On the return trip they were faced with the necessity of finding a more practical route for the wagons than the one which had been followed by them. They struck north. All their provisions were gone and they arrived at the Hole-in-the-Rock in an almost starving condition. Their animals could hardly stagger down the trail to the river. One of the

³Hobbs reports in his *Deseret News* version of this trip that the Harris family had learned of the forth-coming Mormon settlement on the San Juan River. They had moved in from Colorado during the summer of 1879. He notes that there were ten adults and five children in the group.

horses used at the beginning as a pack horse, had worn its hoofs to the quick, leaving a circle of blood on the rocks at every step. They reached the camp January 10th, twenty-five days having been required to make the trip, instead of eight as first estimated.

Meanwhile at the Hole, on December 28th, there had been a terrific storm. While this storm put out campfires and soaked the bedding, it was the cause of much rejoicing, since it filled the pot holes (called tanks by the pioneers) making it unnecessary to travel the long distance over sheep trails to the river for water. In emptying one good-sized pot hole, a dead animal was finally brought to view, an experience not so pleasant to those with delicate stomachs.

With only the wagon wheels upon which children could hang their stockings, an attempt was made to welcome the Christmas holidays. Nevertheless, good old St. Nicholas visited them with parched corn and cookies, the latter having been baked in the Dutch ovens. Everyone displayed a thankful and happy spirit, especially the children, who spent the day gathering sagebrush to be used for a fire by which to dance.

By this time the food supplies were very low, and the scout was sent back to Escalante, a distance of about sixty miles, for a wagonload of supplies. This journey took almost three weeks. "I can yet remember," exclaimed Mary Jane, "the happy smiles of the shivering boys and girls when cheese and pork arrived, and they were also handed, some a roll of butter, or a jar of honey, or perhaps a pair of shoes for their cold and bleeding feet."

Powder with which to blow up the rock ran out and a runner was sent to Salt Lake City to obtain sufficient to finish the work. While the road was being built at the Hole, Mr. Hall came from Escalante and built a flat ferry boat to take the party across the river, when the road should be completed.

On January 28th the road through the Hole was completed and the wagons, with chains and ropes attached, and seven or eight men pulling back on these to prevent too fast a descent, began their downward journey. As a tribute to Benjamin Perkins for being "blower and blaster," his wagon was the first to make the descent, although driven by Kumen Jones. Some of the cattle and horses were too poor to swim the icy waters and had to be ferried across like the people. As this was their first experience on or near the water, they did not take kindly to it, but all went well until an angry cow pushed a boy (Al Barney) into the freezing water. This boy was helped back onto the ferry after which the crossing proceeded uneventfully.

From here on to Bluff, the pioneers experienced a hard and difficult trip. When the party reached Clay Hills, many wagons tipped over, including that of the Perkins family, and Mary Jane Perkins related that her son-in-law, Wilford Christensen, working on the road this past winter (1945-1946) picked up many pieces of the broken vehicles. This road upon which Mr. Christensen worked can now be traversed from Blanding to the Colorado in four hours. Beyond the river, Wayne County will take up the road building, upon completion of which, the road will go through to Los Angeles, California. Mary Jane

remarked that she had the promise from her friend Dick Johnson of travelling in the first car to journey to Los Angeles.

One morning when hitched ready to start, one of the teams got too close to the fire and the horses plunged into it, getting badly burned. At Red Lake, someone killed a calf, over which all were jubilant, and a grand feast was held. Before the end of the journey in the spring, the animals became very tired and poor.

At last, on April 6, 1880 the party arrived at Bluff, by a coincidence this being the anniversary of the founding of the first Mormon Church in [Palmyra], New York, April 6, 1830, fifty years earlier.

While a child was born on the journey, Lena Deseret Decker, on January 3rd, it is noteworthy that on this perilous trip in the dead of winter, no life had been lost.

Only one man is known ever later to have attempted a journey through the hole-in-the-rock by wagon, although some made the attempt on horseback. Numerous cattle following the wagons on their descent made the road extremely dangerous for wagon travel, but Henry Rose acting as a guide to a party of miners, not only drove his wagon down but up again over the perilous pathway.

Everyone rejoiced so much over the arrival at Bluff, that the men fired a few shots by way of celebration. This quickly brought the Navajo and Ute Indians from the opposite [side] of the river, bedecked in war paint and feathers. They believed the cowboys from the Blue Mountains had come to attack them, with whom they had fought many a bloody battle previous to the coming of the Mormon pioneers. But after seeing the women and children, and friendly greetings being given, their fears quited. Putting up their guns, they smoked the pipe of peace, assuring the party if the cowboys ever molested them, they would render assistance in the battles.

After arrival the first task became the building of shelter and the party went to the river to cut willows with which to build shanties, and a big bowery for the Church. Finding themselves nearly out of food, some of the men went to Durango to obtain this, also seed to plant, while others began to work on a ditch to get irrigating water. The ditch finished, the men returned with the seed, and everyone put in a little crop, consisting of a little corn, a few vegetables, and sorghum cane from which to make molasses in a big flat vat. When this boils, scum rises to the top, which must be repeatedly taken off. A barrel was reserved for these skimmings, used by the children to make candy. They also repeatedly skimmed it, and in the bottom found a little molasses. Charles Walton, Jr., though a quiet boy (also some of the others), were mischievous, and would take the molasses candy from the girls and wrap it around their necks and waists.

Gradually enough logs were obtained for a fort, with log houses, and a church, which church served also as a school house. Before completion of the school house, Mrs. Sarah Cox taught school in her home. After completion, Mrs. David Edwards acted as the first

teacher, then later Miss Irene Haskell, daughter of Thales Haskell, the noted Indian interpreter, and whose mother served the community as a mid-wife.

The benches of this church and school house were made by sawing a log in two, then turning it over, boring four holes and putting in legs. Books were very scarce.

The Indians often came to town demanding food, causing a lot of trouble. With the men away, the Indians would steal everything in sight and sometimes became very ugly. One day when Mary Jane was alone an Indian stole the family's short-handled shovel, which he hid under his blanket. Fortunately, Mary Jane saw him, ran after him, pulled his blanket and got the shovel returned. The Indians stole and killed cows, also ran off the horses. Platte D. Lyman mentions many occasions in his diary of horses being stolen and the settlers being obliged to pursue the Indian bands, sometimes recovering the horses, sometimes not, one particularly aggravating case being where the pioneers were compelled to pay two dollars each for the horses recovered, after pursuing the Indians for six days.

The following is Mary Jane's description of the first Fourth of July: "We had been much enthused over this celebration, but it rained in the early morning to our great disappointment. However, the sun soon came out. The men fired a sunrise salute. Again the Indians thinking it cowboys came over the river. Finding it a celebration, they remained to see the fun and to partake of the feast which had been prepared. One night the Indians came in an ugly mood, and we were badly frightened, gathering at the home of Bishop [Jens] Nielsen, but through his efforts they quieted down and went home. We had an interesting life at Bluff and enjoyed ourselves to the full. A big swing built down by the river proved our greatest luxury and pleasure. Everyone went there Sunday afternoons and the one swinging the highest received much acclaim. Then there was Church services, Sunday School, Primary, Mutual Improvement Association and the Relief Society, one of the best times being Conference held every three months and lasting three days. People came from surrounding towns, and it took a week to prepare the food for this large gathering. We didn't have much music. The first Christmas, the young men got together with harmonica, jewsharp, and accordeon, making a band, which proved very enjoyable."

Sarah, sister of Mary Jane's mother, had accompanied the family through the hole-in-the-rock to help take care of the children, afterward returning to Cedar City. Around 1881, Benjamin Perkins returned to Cedar City and made this sister his second wife. He visited at Cedar City about six weeks, then returned to Bluff.

The outrages of the Indians were not so discouraging as the trouble with the river, which after fifty years of effort still remains unconquered. Again and again the stream was tapped for a portion of the water it carried from the Colorado mountains, only to have it rise overnight and sweep away ditches, head gates and everything in a mass of wreckage.

To get suitable timber for sluice gates and other construction work, axmen went to the distant Blue Mountains and Elk Ridge, where the wood was of better quality than the cottonwood near at hand. The high water in the spring caused the destruction of months of labor during the period of low water. In 1881 the ditch broke in a dozen places. Yet in spite of these recurring disasters, the people remained loyal to the mission to which they had been called.

Through the work of the pioneers the town of Bluff rose from poverty to become one of the richest small towns in the country. It sent more students to the Brigham Young University at Provo, also the University [of Utah] at Salt Lake, than any other place of its size. Almost every family sent father and sons out as missionaries to all foreign ports of the world besides different parts of the United States. No women missionaries were sent into the field until later.

"Nowhere could be found," commented Mary Jane, "a better or grander group of people than those valiant old pioneers. At that time I saw only through a youngster's eyes, but now in the sunset of life, the few that remain are finer and more outstanding to me than ever. They were sturdy, ambitious, law-abiding, extremely charitable to those in need, kind to all neighbors. In fact, we lived like one big family, and they were loyal to Church and leaders."

It will thus be seen that the priceless heritage bequeathed by the pioneers to their descendants was fine, upright and noble character, and one views with deep regret the dissipation of this priceless heritage like dew before the noonday sun in the present day. The Book of Mormon shows that down through the ages no people has been able to stand up under prosperity; and succeeding generations from the valiant pioneers grow more and more prosperous.

They lived in Bluff for about five years, then Apostle Snow came with Joseph F. Smith and released any discouraged settlers from their mission with this promise, "Those of you who go shall be blessed, but those of you who stay shall be doubly blessed." Less than a dozen families took advantage of the permission to depart.

Benjamin Perkins had already sold his cattle with the intention of leaving and he and his family moved back to Cedar City, remaining there two or three years, when they went to Grover, Wayne County. It was while at Cedar City that Mary Jane had the first of her serious illnesses. She fell to the floor one day with rheumatic fever, and remained in bed for three months; unable to move a finger, and obliged to learn to walk all over again like a baby. This left her a delicate child for a number of years. A little later, her mother came down with the fever. Her father, a great believer in out-door life, took her mother as soon as she was able to get out of bed, put her in a wagon and went on a trip.

While attending school at Teasdale, Mary Jane met her husband, Heber James Wilson, born in a little town in Salt Lake County. His mother was an American-born Mormon, Mary Ann Baldwin; his father Robert Wilson, part English, part Welsh. The family was

called to settle St. George, going to Santa Clara. The mother and her children, four boys and two girls, remained at Santa Clara, the father, Robert Wilson, building them a house, after which he returned to Idaho to his other families, coming but rarely to Santa Clara to visit.

Heber Wilson remained at St. George until his mother died, at which time the family broke up, he going to Escalante, where he married Emma Jane Coleman and settled in Wayne County. She gave birth to two little girls and died, a grandmother bringing up these children. The courtship of Mr. Wilson and Mary Jane was very short and uneventful.

They went to the Temple at Manti to be married, necessitating a three days' journey. When the wedding party reached Manti, for the first time they heard of a marriage license. Mary Jane lacked only two months of being eighteen, but the authorities were adamant, and wouldn't issue the license. There being none of the modern means of communication in existence at that date, it became necessary for a runner to be sent on horseback to get the consent of her father.

About this time the crusade against polygamy started, and many were imprisoned. Benjamin Perkins was arrested at Grover by one of his young manhood chums, Mr. Armstrong. When he left for the penitentiary, Mr. Armstrong gave him a note to the warden, telling the warden that Benjamin Perkins was a good man and asking that the officials should be kind to him. This caused him to be treated with great consideration.

Previous to his arrest, Benjamin Perkins had purchased some cattle of which his brother Hyrum Perkins in Bluff had charge. It had been agreed that Hyrum would send Benjamin's wife some money after the spring sale had been made, but through the irregularity of the mails, this money never reached her. Mrs. Perkins, in writing to her husband, mentioned not receiving the money, and the next letter from her husband contained a twenty dollar bill. Of course all incoming and outgoing mail was duly censored at the prison. Mr. Perkins made no mention of this twenty dollar bill in his letter, in fact, never knew of it until he reached home, leading the family to believe the warden must have performed this kind act.

The Wilsons remained at Teasdale, but after leaving the penitentiary Benjamin Perkins and his family moved back to Bluff. The following spring, the Wilsons also moved to Bluff. They left Teasdale a couple of days in advance of the company with which they were to travel, in order to visit Mr. Wilson's cousin in Giles, Utah, waiting there for the company to catch up. The Wilsons had a four-horse team and about thirty head of loose horses driven by a dog. When they came into the camp of the party located at Hanksville, the Wilson heard members of the party exclaim they would be a big nuisance with those loose horses, whereupon Mr. Wilson remarked to his wife, "Come on, Molly, we won't wait for these people, we'll just go right on." On reaching the Colorado River at Dandy Crossing, they encountered a noted desperado, Cass Hite, and his nephew, just about to cross the river in a small boat. These desperados treated the Wilsons very kindly, helping

to take the wagon apart and ferried it across in their boat. The wagon was then put together again, and the Wilson proceeded on their way.

As long as the road remained free from timber, the dog could drive the loose horses, but when they reached the cedars, it became necessary for Mr. Wilson to drive these, leaving Mary Jane and her fifteen-month-old baby to drive the team over a cow trail road, untraveled by wagons for more than twenty years.

On reaching White Canyon they got mired in the quicksand, but Mr. Wilson succeeded in digging the wagon out with his shovel. With this exception, and having to hunt up the loose horses every morning, which had wandered away for feed, the trip remained uneventful. Although in the vicinity of Indians, none were encountered. One morning, as Mr. Wilson absented himself looking for horses, five Mexicans rode into camp, frightening Mary Jane, as these were the first Mexicans she had seen.

When the Wilsons reached Comb Wash, Joe Hammond, and J. M. Redd, Sr., cowboys going to Bluff, rode into their camp and had dinner with them. Mary Jane stated, "Never in my life was I so happy, as we had seen no white men since leaving Giles. We had been about three weeks on the road, but succeeded in beating into Bluff by two weeks the party we had left behind.

By the time the Wilsons reached Bluff, Monticello, was just being settled, and four Bluff families had moved there. Benjamin Perkins had planned to go to Mexico, and the Wilsons expected to accompany the Perkins family, but Mary Jane's father changed his mind about Mexico and decided instead to settle in Monticello. However, they didn't come directly there, remaining at Dodge for the summer to milk cows and make cheese.

Mr. Perkins and Mr. Wilson worked for Mr. Hott, while Mrs. Perkins and Mary Jane made butter and cheese, which the cowboys and the store purchased.

The Wilsons were in Monticello on the fateful Pioneer Day when Mrs. Walton, was killed. Anticipating trouble with the cowboys, they didn't remain for the dance held at night. They returned home and later the sheriff rode through Dodge to obtain fresh horses, in order to pursue the outlaw, who was not only responsible for Mrs. Walton's death, but also one of his own companions.

Somewhere around October [1891], the Wilsons started back to Wayne County. At Moab, they met Joe Bankhead, who accompanied them and drove the horses. Through some accident, there was no bridge or ferry boat at Moab, consequently, fording the river became the order of the day, the water going over the double wagon box. The same thing happened again at Green River. Following this, they took off via the San Rafael Desert, and with the exception of Mr. Bankhead, who drove, made the trip alone. They remained at Giles, and two months later, Mary Jane's daughter Katherine was born.

The mid-wife lived at Hanksville, twelve miles away. Mr. Wilson had to make this trip (twenty-four miles there and return) to get the mid-wife, after Mary Jane began to be in labor. Fortunately the mid-wife arrived before the birth of the child. Two years constituted their residence at Giles, during which Mr. Wilson became Bishop, and Mary Jane served as president of the Relief Society. In order to attend the meetings, she had to walk a mile, carrying the baby, the older child, of about two years, trudging by her side. The Dirty Devil River located there, overflowed its banks, in a similar manner to that of the San Juan River at Bluff, eventually causing the town of Giles to become deserted. From Giles the Wilsons returned to Teasdale, making their home at this place for a number of years.

No other woman but Mary Jane had travelled so many times all the way or nearly all the way by wagon from Cedar City, to San Juan or from Wayne County to San Juan and return, she having made the trip seventeen times. In addition she has made seven trips by train to California.

In August, 1893, Mr. Wilson was called on a mission to England, which left Mary Jane and four children alone at Teasdale [Mary Jane had only two children in 1893 - Lyman De Platt]. In November, Mary Jane's father, living in Monticello, sent Dilly Crouse, with a team and wagon to get them. They traveled over the same route, about which Zane Grey wrote in his story entitled *The Robber's Roost*. After supper one night Mary Jane became very uneasy. Dilly seeing her condition, assured her with a motion of his gun that nothing should harm her, except over his dead body. With this encouragement, she took the little girls and went to their bedroom, the wagon box, and after saying their prayers, they laid down to sleep in their not too comfortable bed. Dilly kept watch with gun in hand until far into the night. Finally, he too slept. With the exception of the yelping coyotes, no sound was heard.

After about three weeks' travel, they arrived at Monticello on Thanksgiving Eve, thankful to be safe in the home of Mr. Perkins. In addition to the parents, brothers and sisters, the whole town turned out in welcome. A two-foot snowstorm came that night and Mary Jane felt fortunate to have reached Monticello before the storm, as otherwise they might never have arrived. With sleigh rides, home dramatics, dancing and big dinners, Mary Jane spent a happy winter. She remained with her parents about two years, returning to Teasdale about the time her husband reached home from England. While living at Teasdale, Mary Jane had an attack of appendicitis, which caused her to become known as the miracle woman. She became very ill, and on calling the doctor he pronounced it appendicitis. It was winter, the hospital was seventy-five miles away, couldn't be reached on account of bad roads and snow. Also it was impossible for one doctor alone to perform an operation. Gradually she grew worse and the appendix ruptured, causing peritonitis. She broke out with large sores on the right side, both front and back. Her daughters, visiting in Monticello, were called home, since she was expected to die. After several long weeks, through the faith and prayers of her family and through the administration of the Elders of the Church, she recovered, a veritable miracle woman indeed.

Mary Jane's mother, Mrs. Perkins, was one of the first gardeners in Monticello, who also raised beautiful flowers. No one ever left her gate without a bouquet. In winter, her windows were the most attractive spot in Monticello. Often passersby would stop in the middle of the road to gaze upon them.

She had a very loving and charitable disposition, and although she had a large family, and in addition an adopted daughter, she always had time to give a meal to anyone going by, or a bed in which to sleep. When she died in 1912 at Kane Springs, a young man whom she had befriended walked fifty miles to attend her funeral. Her passing was not only mourned by her friends, but she was mourned by the whole community.

In the early twenties, the Indians near Blanding became ugly. Two young fellows, Joe Bishop's boy and another, burned a bridge at Montezuma Creek. The sheriff went after these two young bucks, bringing them to Blanding. A number of Indians followed, surrounded the sheriff and were going to take the two Indians away. The sheriff snapped his revolver, but it failed to go off. The two prisoners taking advantage of this ran away. Then the sheriff obtained a posse and started after them. The car in which he rode was shot full of holes. The posse followed down into Cottonwood Wash, where in the fight between the posse and the Indians, Joe Bishop's boy was killed and Posey wounded. The whites gathered up many Indians, brought them back to Blanding, confining them in the stockades. They sent to Monticello, Utah for men and ammunition. Mary Jane's son-in-law took guns down by car. However, by the time they reached Blanding, the Indians were in the stockade and everything under control.

In 1927 Mary Jane's daughter Fern Wilson became ill, necessitating a trip to California to care for Fern, who died.

From 1896 to 1916 the Wilsons lived in Teasdale, where Mr. Wilson served twice as sheriff, as assessor, school trustee, twice as bishop, and twice as counselor. While he was sheriff, Marshal McGerry came from Beaver County; he and Mr. Wilson went down to Robber's Roost to arrest a man later sent to the penitentiary.

Mr. Wilson purchased a farm in Monticello, and farmed until 1933, at which time he was taken ill and from that time on was never well.

During the second summer of his illness, his daughter Katherine came and helped to care for her father, returning in the fall to Los Angeles. This left Mary Jane and her son Reed Wilson to care for Mr. Wilson who was bedridden during the last year of his life. They took turn and turn sitting up at night.

Feed being scarce, Boyd Wilson took the cows down on the Colorado River, near Indian Creek, where he remained for the winter. Jay Wilson was attending college at Logan and Rae Wilson in California. Mr. Wilson died June 11, 1935 thus ending his two years of suffering.

It was with difficulty that Mary Jane took up life after the death of her husband, she being now sixty-six years old. For the next three winters she went to California, visiting her daughters Katherine and Rae, but returning home in the spring to plant her garden of flowers and vegetables, in which she took great pride, trying to make it the best and earliest in this part of the country. She also made twenty pounds of butter a week, which she furnished the Hansen Restaurant.

In 1939 she sold the home occupied by herself and husband, purchasing the little house where she now lives.

In 1940 Mary Jane became afflicted with heart trouble, spending five weeks in the hospital at Moab and three in the hospital at Salt Lake City. She remained for a time with her daughter Pearl Wilson in Salt Lake, who had eight children, all of whom had scarlet fever while she visited there. Three weeks after her arrival home, Pearl died, leaving the eight children motherless.

For a couple of years, Mary Jane felt quite well, then both her boys George Jay and Boyd were called into the army, leaving her alone. She had had an addition put on to the house and worked too hard, causing high blood pressure (260) and a septic throat. The day her first son left, she went to bed ill and remained for ten months.

The first son to be called, George Jay, had graduated from college, and worked for the Coast Geodetic Survey, traveling in every state in the Union and Canada. Then came eight months of training in Texas, two in Seattle, and two in Salt Lake, when he went to India and Burma, during Stillwell's Occupation. He was assigned the duty of a mechanic on a plane and "flew the hump." Then he was assigned to China for a year and a half, returning home in November, 1945, and is now attending Aeronautic School at Glendale, California.

Boyd Wilson remained in the army only four months, as the 38-year-law passed, and he was released to return home to care for his mother during her illness.

Prior to his father's illness, Reed Wilson lived in California eight years, returning home after his father's death. He got a job as foreman in the CCC camp, under the division of grazing, where he still works.

Throughout her life, Mary Jane in true pioneer style, endeavored to be kind to her friends and neighbors, and during her illness this was amply rewarded. Many friends visited her and on departing, slipped, five, ten, twenty or ever thirty dollars into her hand. Scarcely a young man on furlough failed to visit her, and were happy on returning home to see her come to Church.

Like her husband, Mary Jane held many positions, both religious and civic. She has been delighted to serve in the Church, and although the mother of twelve children, eight girls and four boys, the first born when she was nineteen and the last when she was forty-

seven, always found time to help those in need, to take care of the sick in the absence of the doctor, and was often called to pray for the relief of the suffering and ill. She served in almost all Church capacities to which women were called, such as president of the religion class, choir member for forty years, postmistress for five years. She was appointed town trustee - the only woman to hold the office up to that time - to succeed Ralph Bailey when he went to England on a mission, and was twice her own successor in that office; secretary of the Republican Club of the San Juan District, and for seven years counselor of the National Relief Society of San Juan Stake.

She was always very frugal and independent. At one time [she] had six daughters at home for whom to sew, even knitting their stockings until this went out of fashion. In pioneer days she designed and made her own hats and still does. One - a hat made and worn at the recent pageant at the Church - bonnet in the style of 1842, [was] made of pieces of a white burial dress, a ribbon from a candy box, and a few pink roses in front.

However, a black hat worn during the winter of 1945 took the prize. It had been a large felt hat with wide brim, now cut down, leaving a small round hat, trimmed with bows, made from a string which had once tied a fur coat, a tiny row of gilt sequins placed across the front, with a small piece of veiling hanging down over the face, and another down the back, the whole in good style and certainly costing practically nothing. It showed how pioneer life had trained Mary Jane to utilize every scrap and make hats and dresses out of almost nothing.

During the years she was often called upon to speak, taking part not only in a religious capacity, but at entertainments. In 1944 her eyesight became much impaired, causing her to take up the memorizing of stories, contrary to the saying that old people of seventy or seventy-five cannot memorize, although she doesn't learn quite as readily, by perserverance she can master almost anything.

In order to spare her friends trouble, she has had [her] tombstone erected and ready, with only the date of her own death to be added, also her burial clothes prepared and waiting.

During her recent illness, her daughters Doll, Kay and Rae came to take care of her. For three months Doll came from Price where she had taught school for many years, although she herself was none too well and continued to get worse, until she died in September 1945. Katherine and Rae each remained two months, until she began to get better and her daughter Nora then took charge with what assistance could be obtained. Finally she became well enough to go to Vernal and spend a couple of months with Reed and family, then on to Salt Lake where her daughter then resided. After remaining with her a couple of months, went with one of her nieces to Los Angeles spending the winter with Katherine and Rae, recovering sufficiently to look after herself with the watchful care of Nora and family. Boyd and his wife moved up to the mountain for the summer. "My children are all very good to me," declared Mary Jane, "and my greatest worry is that I may live too long and become a burden to them. For this reason a poem by Eleanor

Roosevelt often comes to mind, as it so adequately expresses my desires for my departure from this life.

'Lord when thou see
That my time has come,
Don't let me linger her,
A worthless worker
In the world of work,
Call me home
Gladly will I come;
Yes, right gladly I will come.'"

Sixty years from the time the original pioneers went through the hole-in-the-rock, a number of the descendants and two original pioneers made the trip over the route on horseback. Mary Jane desired very much to go on this trip, but her children considered it too great an effort. However, one year later another trip was made, consisting of those pioneers left and their descendants. They traveled via Wayne County and the Escalante over the same road traveled sixty-one years earlier by those called on the mission to settle, Bluff. This trip being made by car and truck, enabled Mary Jane to go. On arrival, the party noted there were eighty cars and trucks, the same number as composed the original party.

DOCUMENT 187

Mary Ann Wilson, born Teasdale, Wayne, Utah, October 9, 1889; married George Mathis, June 29, 1911; died Salt Lake City, September, 1945.

Children:

George Wilson Mathis, born February 23, 1912; died June, 1965.

Heber Clyde Mathis, born July 4, 1916, lives in Chino, California.

Charlotte D. Mathis Bergera, born March 21, 1918, lives in Glendora, California.

Ralph Gordon Mathis, born April 12, 1924, lives in San Clemente, California.

The first time I realized she was not just "mama" was my first day at school, because all the teachers knew who I was and I realized my mother was also a teacher.

While I was in grade school I counted the days not by Monday, Tuesday, etc., but by wash day, ironing, mending, baking and house cleaning days.

Occasionally when she was a substitute teacher she taught my class. I was so proud, but never remembered to call her Mrs. Mathis.

She taught in Giles, Wayne County, Utah in 1907 and 1908. She received her First Class Certificate after we moved from Loa to Price May 21, 1921. She loved teaching and

enjoyed going to Aspen, Colorado each year to summer school. I remember her leaving many nights after dinner to go to some student's home to help him with his homework.

She was a very good neighbor. When anyone was sick or needed help she was always the first to help. She always worked in the church, usually on the Stake Board.

When the depression hit she ran a boarding house and then a maternity home, but she always made it seem as though we just had company.

She loved the mountains and seemed to relax and laugh more the summers we spent in Colorado.

After my father died in September, 1934, the teachers had been hired and so she taught a class from 5:00 to 8:00 p.m. for children needing special help. The next year she went back and taught until 1943.

She was never really strong, but she had a will of iron. When she had to go to a doctor she always told them what was wrong and waited for them to agree with her.

The fondest memories I have of my mother are after her two strokes when she came to stay with us the six months before she died. My oldest son was two years old and they adored each other. It was great fun watching them.

She died of a massive cerebral hemorrhage two weeks after she left us. She knew it was coming and prayed that she would not be left a cripple. Somehow I feel that like the other Dolly, our Doll is still going strong! Charlotte Mathis Bergera.

DOCUMENT 188

This is to certify that I, Abe Lehi, a Piute of the Allan Canyon tribe, in San Juan County, Utah, being the father and natural guardian of Bernice Lehi, a little Piute girl, who was born March 28th 1944 at Ignacio, Colorado, and whose mother died at that time, leaving her in the hospital where she was kept two and a half years, do hereby agree that she shall be adopted as a daughter of Henry M. Lyman, and his wife Leah B. Lyman, to belong to them and be subject to their teachings and direction as their own child, and to have every claim on their protection and support the same as if she were their own flesh and blood.

Having had all this carefully interpreted to me in my own language by Edward P. Lyman, I attach to it the print of my right thumb as proof of my full approval.

Lynn F. Lyman, witness [signed]; Ben G. Black, witness [signed]; and Margie H. Lyman, witness [signed]; thumb-print of Abe Lehi.

On this 1st day of March 1948, at Blanding, Utah, personally appeared before me, a notary public, Abe Lehi, named in the foregoing instrument, who affirmed that he

executed the same; also Edward P. Lyman and E. P. Galbraith, who affirm that they saw the said Abe Lehi attach his thumb-print. My commission expires 11/7/50. M. F. Lyman, notary public at Blanding, Utah.

DOCUMENT 189

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, Provo Fifteenth Ward, East Provo Stake, Provo, Utah 84601 [Letterhead] January 9, 1971. Dear Pa and Aunt Gladys; in the letter dated December 22, sent to me from Kay, you asked for some information about the families, birth dates, etc.

Clayson Wells Lyman, was born September 26, 1936, in Cortez, Colorado. He married September 1, 1961 in the Idaho Falls Temple, to Patricia Ann Prescott, of Jerome, Idaho. They live in Freemont, Michigan. He is the man in charge of foreign distributions of Gerbers Foods, and in his work travels all over the world. He is the finance chairman of the ward, and the Explorer leader in the ward. His wife is the teacher in the M.I.A. They have no children.

Joyce Lyman, was born in Cortez, Colorado, March 1, 1938. She was married June 25, 1961 in the Salt Lake Temple to Everett Hughes. They live at 514 North Cullen, in Glendora, California. Her husband is a teacher and realtor. Joyce teaches one of the lessons in Relief Society and Everett is the Elders Quorum President. They have two children: Stephanie Hughes, born September 12, 1964, and Darin Hughes, born April 23, 1968.

Chad Lyman, was born February 22, 1947 in Moab, Utah. He is not married, lives at home with us, and will enter B.Y.U. next month as a senior. He is presently serving as the organist in priesthood meeting.

Our son Terry Lyman, you recall, we lost with a gun accident in his sixteenth year. He would have been thirty now. He was born April, 1940. He died November 24, 1955. I trust this is sufficient for your needs. Your loving son, Karl Lyman. [signed]⁴

DOCUMENT 190

Enone Lyman, born July 29, 1907 to Albert Robison Lyman, and Mary Ellen Perkins, at Blanding, Utah; blessed September 1, 1907 by Lemuel H. Redd, Jr.; baptized August 1, 1915 by Ralph Brown; confirmed August 1, 1915 by Walter Clisbee Lyman; primary teacher 1921, Blanding Ward; student nurse, Cortez, Colorado at Johnson Hospital; graduated from San Juan High School; student nurse, Children's Hospital; student nurse Holy Cross Hospital; student nurse, Children's Hospital; married Milton Saville Davis, October 16, 1929 in the Salt Lake Temple; teacher in M.I.A., Jr. and Gleaner Class, Salt Lake City 16th Ward; teacher in Primary, 16th Ward; choister in M.I.A., 16th Ward;

⁴There was another child, their fourth, who was miscarried in 1945. LDP

choister in Primary, 16th Ward; choister in Sunday School, 16th Ward; choister in Relief Society, 16th Ward; 1st counselor in Primary, 16th Ward; teacher in Primary, 16th Ward; teacher in Sunday School, 16th Ward; ward choister and choir leader, 16th Ward; stake Primary choister, Riverside Stake; girls group advisor; choister and 2½ minute talk director in Sunday School, 16th Ward; chairman of girls, 16th Ward; stake Sunday School choister, Riverside Stake; married Delbert William Hardman, four years after Milton's death. In that four years I went to business college, worked for doctors and in the Church Offices. Jr. Gleaner teacher, Nibley Park Ward; Sunday School teacher, Nibley Park Ward; M.I.A. 1st counselor, Nibley Park Ward; 2nd counselor Relief Society, Nibley Park Ward. To Milton and I were born five children, Audrey Davis, Milton Davis, LuAnne Davis, Lell Davis, and Kay Davis. All were married but Lell and Kay when Delbert and I were married. He also had five children. The biggest and hardest and perhaps the most compensating assignment - stepmother.

DOCUMENT 191

Jay Lyman Bishop, born July 7, 1932, Salt Lake City, Utah; married Geneil True Walton, June 9, 1958 in the Salt Lake Temple. Geneil was born July 29, 1931, Salt Lake City. She married first in Salt Lake Temple, Gerald Fenn Cropper, being born to this union: Peggy Joy Cropper, February 17, 1951 in Salt Lake City; died December 31, 1952 in Salt Lake City; Gerald Lynn Cropper, born July 16, 1952, Salt Lake City; Janet Gay Cropper, born October 7, 1955, Spanish Fork, Utah; Geneil was divorced from Gerald October 29 1956; temple sealing cancellation August 19, 1957.

Gerald Lynn and Janet Gay Bishop, were legally adopted by Jay March 15, 1960. Gerald Lynn's name was legally changed to Lynn Walton Bishop.

Born to Jay and Geneil were the following children:

Nancy Bishop, born August 6, 1959, Salt Lake City, Utah;
Deanna True Bishop, born February 8, 1961, Salt Lake City, Utah;
Linda Elaine Bishop, born March 15, 1962, Salt Lake City, Utah;
Lyman Michael Bishop, born April 29, 1963, Phoenix, Arizona;
Jay Stanley Bishop, born May 11, 1965, Scottsdale, Arizona;
Michelle Bishop, born March 6, 1968, Summit, New Jersey.

They live now at 138 Bukman Road, Summit, New Jersey 07901. Jay is a research chemist for Ciba Chemical. He is senior president of his Seventy's Quorum. Both he and Geneil are very active in the Church. They never lose an opportunity to teach their children the Gospel. At this time they are being severely tried by this devilish drug problem with Lynn. Lynn wants very much to be free and to go on a mission.

DOCUMENT 192

Lynn Lyman Bishop, born August 3, 1938, Salt Lake City, Utah; 1st marriage October 1961, Salt Lake City; divorced civilly April 26, 1968; wife Sondra Evans, Sondra, born December 26, 1937. Children: Dana Evans Bishop, born September 13, 1962 (female); Vint Evans Bishop, born August 29, 1963 (male); Mary Evans Bishop, born July 22, 1965 (female).

Another marriage April 30, 1968, Salt Lake City, civil marriage, to Gilda Gay Marston, born January 11, 1940, Meridian, Idaho. Children: Sara Lyman Bishop, born April 27, 1969, Draper, Utah (female); Lorin Lyman Bishop, born May 15, 1970, Draper, Utah (male). This record is not complete. Lynn lives at 825 East 12500 South, Draper, Utah. He has a printing business in partnership with his brother Steven.

DOCUMENT 193

You probably don't have this information on Garry. Garry Clark Godwin, born December 25, 1944 in Orlando, Orange County, Florida. Married Patsy Lyman Bishop, March 31, 1967 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake County, Utah in the Salt Lake Temple.

You have information on me: Patsy Lyman Bishop, born January 11, 1947, Salt Lake City. Met Garry in Washington, D.C. in 1966. Children:

1. Stephanie Godwin, born January 11, 1968, in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah.
2. Arden Clark Godwin, born June 28, 1969, in Bountiful, Davis, Utah

Family is now living in Atmore, Escambia, Alabama. We are busy working in the Church. Garry is 1st assistant to the Branch President and a home teacher. Patsy is 1st counselor to Primary President; Primary teacher; spiritual living instructor in Relief Society; visiting teacher, ward chorister (Relief Society, Primary, Sunday School and Sacrament). Children attend meetings with parents; they are too young for much else.

DOCUMENT 194

For Grandpa Lyman. Bruce Lyman Bishop, born January 26, 1940, Salt Lake City, Utah; married June 29, 1964, Salt Lake City, to Nelda Moench. Nelda was born December 27, 1940, Salt Lake City. Children: Heidi Bishop, born October 24, 1966, Salt Lake City; Wendy Bishop, born November 15, 1968, Salt Lake City; Bruce Daniel Bishop, born November 25, 1970, Tacoma, Pierce, Washington.

We are now living at Ft. Lewis, Washington while Bruce is doing his internship at Madigan General Hospital. He got his M.D., June 5, 1970. Bruce is teaching the Sunday School Gospel Doctrine class in Tacoma 8th Ward.

DOCUMENT 195

Quit Claim Deed. Cona A. Jensen, of RFD 1, Box 187, Springville, Utah, hereby quit claim to Lyman De Platt, and Paula V. Platt, his wife, grantees of 410 North 900 West, Provo, Utah, Utah, for the sum of ten dollars and other valuable considerations, the following described well water rights in Utah County, state of Utah, to wit: I hereby quit claim 0.0125 CFS well water rights sufficient for one half acre land from well #A 32737 (51-1505). Witness the hand of said Grantor this 23rd day of October, A.D. 1973, Cona A. Jensen (signed). State of Utah, County of Utah, on the 23rd day of October, A.D. 1973, personally appeared before me, a notary public in and for the state of Utah, Cona A. Jensen, the signer of the above instrument, who duly acknowledged to me that she executed the same. John A. Riding, notary public. My commission expires January 17, 1976. Residing at Mapleton, Utah.

DOCUMENT 196A

Form No. 107 3-66. Arca Code 51-3861. Change Application No. A-7857. Application for Permanent Change of Point of Diversion Place and Nature of Water, State of Utah.

For the purpose of obtaining permission to permanently change: the point of diversion, the place, and the nature of use of water rights acquired by deeded portion of Application 33737 (51-1505) Certificate No. 7672. Lyman D. Platt, and Paula V. Platt, his wife, 410 North 900 West, Provo, Utah, 0.0125 second feet, irrigation from April 1 to October 21 inclusive, the direct source of supply is well in Utah County; the point of diversion is South 975 feet East 1305 feet from West 3 corner, section 22 T8S, R3E, SLB&M. Well is sixteen inches in diameter and 540 feet deep. Irrigation NE3NW3, SW3NW3, SE3NW3, NW3SW 3, Section 22, T8S, R2E, SLB&M. Total acres to be irrigated: 2.

The water will be used each year for domestic & stock water from January 1 to December 31 inclusive. Irrigation from April 1 to October 31 inclusive. It is now proposed to divert the water from well to a point as follows: north 58 feet east 75 feet from the W3 corner, section 30 T9S, R2E, SLB&M. The proposed diverting and conveying works will consists of 6 inch well 100 to 400 feet deep. Lyman De Platt (signed).

DOCUMENT 196B

Form 29 In the Office of the State Engineer of the State of Utah Request for Reinstatement and Extension of Time. Application No. A-7857 (51-3861) State of Utah, County of Utah. Request is made for reinstatement and extension of time for filing proof from 31 October 1976 to 31 October 1978. Lyman De Platt, Applicant. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of October 1976. John VanWeezep, notary public.

DOCUMENT 196C

Form 31 State of Utah, Department of Natural Resources, Division of Water Rights, 442 State Capitol, Salt Lake City, Utah 84114, July 18, 1974. Re: Change Application No. A-7857 (51-3861) The approved change application is your authority to proceed with actual construction work... on or before October 31, 1976. Yours truly, Dee C. Hansen, Dee C., State Engineer.

DOCUMENT 197

This document is a manuscript history of the Edward Partridge Lyman family, which has been typed and placed in the Family Histories section of the Platt Family Records Center, History 4.2.

DOCUMENT 198 South American Tour by Edward Lyman Platt. This is a 32-page, single-spaced, type-written document. This is nearly the full report, except that I have added comments and changed some of the wording.

February 1, 1971, We [Ed and his brother Joseph Lyman Platt] left today about 6:00 p.m. after saying goodbye to the family. We traveled to Richfield with Bob Anderson and stayed the night at his place. His mother treated us to a royal dinner...

February 2, 1971, Left Bob's house... and traveled straight through to Moab. Bob dropped us off in Moab and after a fifteen or twenty minute wait we caught a ride with a truck driver, Stan Hunt, from Green River. Stan and his brother have their own trucking business. They carry oil from New Mexico to Arizona and Utah. He was really an exceptional person, a very likeable, level-headed, simple person. He was going as far as Farmington, New Mexico and agreed to drop us off there, which was a relief, as Colorado has quite a reputation of being rough on hitch hikers. We traveled through Monticello and from there headed through Cortez into New Mexico. Went through Farmington and he let us off at a little town called Bloomerton just outside of Farmington. The trip was very enjoyable with Stan. He's a good conversationalist and a very likeable person. We arrived in Bloomerton about five and started thumbing. After about two hours we got a little discouraged and were afraid we'd have to spend the night there, as it was already dark and getting colder. However, after walking back towards town a little ways we ran onto another trucker stopped outside of a restaurant and asked him for a lift. He agreed and when he informed us that we would be going all the way to Albuquerque, of course we were relieved. Gene was just the opposite of Stan. He was just recovering from a two-day binge and was quite sick. He was also very tired and I for one was a bit wary of his driving while tired, but he too was interesting in his own way and between the dirty stories and filthy language, made me think he thought we were quite crazy. We stopped along the way to get a glass of hot lemonade for his sore throat and then once again we stopped to sleep for awhile. We arrived on the outskirts of Albuquerque at about 1:00 a.m. and he let us off at a little town called Bernalillo. We shouldered our packs and started walking down the street and got no more than fifty feet when a policeman stopped

us, asked us where we were from, if we weren't afraid to hitch-hike and where we planned on sleeping that night. We told him that we would probably just roll out our sleeping bags on some lawn. He told us to be careful and drove off. We started walking again when about ten minutes later he came back and informed us that he had talked to the County Sheriff and had received the okay for us to sleep in the jailhouse that night, so we hopped in his car and spent a very good night in jail (our first).

February 3, 1971, This morning we had oatmeal, served in our cell, and left at about 8:20 or so. We were about seventeen miles outside of Albuquerque and it took us quite awhile to catch a ride, but finally a pretty young Mexican-American, Angel (her name) picked us up and took us to the freeway on the outskirts of town. Again we had trouble catching a ride and had to walk the length of the town to the other side and finally caught a ride with another Spanish-American. His name was Bart Chávez and he was really a nice person. He took us as far as Belén and there we had another extremely long wait for a ride. Finally a young fellow from Colorado picked us up. He was on his way to Arizona and took us as far as Socorro. He was fairly tired, so he slept for awhile, while Joe drove. Here again we waited for quite awhile before we were picked up; this time by another Mexican-American by the name of Rick. He was very intelligent and had studied in France for two years. He spoke fluent English, Spanish and French. Fortunately he was going clear to El Paso, so the last leg of our journey in the U.S. was completed. We arrived in El Paso about 4:00 p.m. after having passed through the worst dust storm I've ever seen. It cut vision to less visibility than most snow storms I've been in. A couple of times I thought the car would actually be knocked over by tumbleweeds. We caught a bus that took us to the border where we had a late lunch before crossing. When we got into Ciudad Juárez we asked around until we found the train station and found out we had missed the train to Mexico City by about fifteen minutes, so we made our way over to the bus station and found out that there was a bus leaving for Mexico City that evening at 11:00 p.m.

February 4, 1971, We traveled all day long through very dry desert areas right down through the north-central part of Mexico. The route we took was through Ciudad Juárez, Chihuahua, Torreón, Zacatecas, San Luis Potosí, Querétaro, and Mexico City. All in all, we spent twenty-five hours traveling and arrived at midnight.

February 5, 1971, After getting into Mexico City at such an odd hour we decided we'd better check into a hotel, so we found the cheapest one we could and after bathing hit the sack. We got up at about 8:30 or so and leaving our bags in the room went to see if we could locate Keith McClellan and Diana Johnson [an old friend from Blanding], who we hoped to stay with. Their number wasn't listed in the phone book so we went to the American Embassy and got the listing for the stake president, Harold Brown. I called the Browns and Sister Brown gave me the address and telephone number of both Keith and his parents who also live here in the city. I called Keith and Diana and found out they'd left town the day before for the states, so I called Keith's parents and Sister McClellan promptly invited us over to stay there and eat dinner with them that night. So we worked our way across town on the buses and found that Sister McClellan wasn't home, so we

decided to leave our bags with the neighbors and go visit Xochimilco, the famous floating gardens. By this time our attitude was a little negative towards the famous Mexico City, but it was about to change. We returned to the McClellans. Dinner was ready at 6:00 p.m. and when we saw that the table was set for eleven we began to wonder what we were intruding on. We soon found out. Brother and Sister Flake arrived with their three sons. They were on their way back from Guatemala after having completed a three year construction mission. President Brown and his wife arrived. President Brown has been stake president here in Mexico for ten years and was previously mission president of the Argentine Mission. He also has his doctorate from Harvard and is generally a very impressive person. So these guests along with our hosts (Brother McClellan is in charge of all land and real estate business in Mexico and Central America and was previously president of the Mexican Mission), made us quite an impressive group to eat dinner with, and what a dinner! We had a very interesting conversation with all of these people and then after dinner Joe and I went with the Flakes three boys, Bob, Dan and Don to see the Torre Talina Americana, the tallest building in Mexico City. We took the subway into the city and were very impressed with the subway – very fast, clean and enjoyable riding. The torre also was very impressive: forty-two stories. We looked out over all of Mexico City at night, a very impressive view. We got back to the McClellans at about 11:00 p.m. and enjoyed a very nice night in a great bed.

February 6, 1971, The McClellans informed us that they were leaving in the afternoon to take care of some business up north and wouldn't be back until about two weeks. They told us we could stay in their home as long as we wanted to. Great people! Well, President Brown called and told us he was going to drive out to Teotihuacán (the pyramids) and invited us along, and when he arrived about noon he also informed us that he expected us to come over and stay with him and his wife after the Flakes left. They were staying with the Browns and were going to leave the next afternoon. So we headed out to the pyramids. Brother Brown insisted on paying for everything. What a sight! It's impossible to describe with words. But what a civilization they must have had to construct the pyramids and temples that we saw. The pyramids of the Sun and Moon were themselves stupendous and then the Palacio Quetzal Caracol and the temple of Quetzalcoatl were miracles of design and art work. Truly fascinating! We arrived back in Mexico City around 3:30 and Brother Brown dropped us off at the Museum of Anthropology where Joe and I spent the next couple of hours. The museum is by far the most beautiful and complete museum I've ever seen. We hope to spend another several hours there. We then got our hair cut and spent the rest of the evening relaxing and reading about Mexico's history. I started a book called *Many Mexicos* by Simpson.

February 7, 1971, Both Joe and I felt a little sick to our stomachs when we got up this morning but went to church anyway. It was kind of funny; we ran out of Mexican pesos and couldn't buy any subway tickets, so Joe stayed down in the subway and I went to see if I could find somebody to cash a \$20.00 bill. I couldn't and an officer agreed to help me. We asked a local fruit seller. He told us he couldn't but gave me five pesos and told me to do the same to some Mexican in distress in the states. Well, that gave us enough for the subway tickets and we made it to priesthood just a few minutes late. We went to the

American Ward and then were introduced to David Evan, Richard L. Evans' brother who was just traveling through, with President Brown. I also met a fellow from Brazil who was traveling with Brother Evans and he gave me his address in Pôrto Alegre and told me to look him up when we got there. After Sunday School and testimony meeting we came back to the McClellan's and read and dozed the rest of the afternoon and evening.

February 8, 1971, I'm reluctant to even start an account of what happened today. We left home at about 8:30 and walked down to the U. S. Embassy to check on Joe's tourist card. At the Embassy we went through the usual red tape and paper work required at any government office, ended up paying \$2.50, but finally got a permit for Joe to leave the country. We then went down to check on our visas for Guatemala, had to pay forty pesos for pictures and another twenty-five pesos for the visas. So after spending so much money and wasting half the day, we were a bit discouraged and decided to go visit the Zorals (government offices) and the university. Brother Brown (who had gone with us to get a visa for himself) showed us where to catch a bus and we climbed on a rather crowded one. We'd gone about five blocks when four or five men got on the bus at the same stop and started pushing Joe up against the side of the bus, and all of a sudden Joe yelled "Ed, they've got my wallet." About this time some teenager started shouting that they had jumped off the bus, so we jumped off and tried chasing them but to no avail. Joe discovered that they had also been in his front pockets and taken \$50.00 worth of traveler's checks. Well, needless to say, we were very disheartened. All we could do was stand there in the street and feel sorry for ourselves. After wandering around the streets for a while, we went to the U. S. Embassy and explained our problem to them and they immediately started us filling out some more papers. After a few hours and another \$12.00, Joe got a temporary passport and was told to be more careful next time. Earlier that day, President Brown had picked up our bags at the McClellans and told us to come up to his place when we finished, so we grabbed a bus and headed up to his place. After explaining our story to them, they invited us to go see a show with them, so we went to the Islanders starring Charleton Heston. They insisted on paying. That evening after a light snack, we stayed up until 2:00 a.m. discussing politics (at least Joe and President Brown did).

February 9, 1971, First thing this morning after a delicious breakfast, we headed downtown to claim Joe's traveler's checks. Afterward we went to the Guatemalan Embassy to get his visa restamped. They charged him another dollar. We then went to the bus station to find out the times of buses leaving for Guatemala. Afterwards we went to the Zócalo (government offices) and visited them and the Central Cathedral. What a mess; so gaudy and sumptuous it makes you ill. About that time we were tired of walking so we went back to the Brown's place to rest for awhile, and finished the day by reading. I finished the book *One Lord, One Shepherd* by Ferguson and am half way through *Many Mexicos*.

February 10, 1971, After another very fine breakfast we left the Brown's house at 12:30 and went to the Museum de Antropología and spent until 3:30. It would take a good week to soak everything in. We then went back to have an extremely fine lunch with the

Brown's. We talked with them for another couple of hours and said our goodbyes and they took us to the subway where we rode it to the bus station and are now waiting for the 8:15 bus to Oaxaca, about half way between here and the Guatemalan border. From there we'll have to catch another bus to Tapachula and from there we may decide to hitch hike to Guatemala. Just one word about the Brown's: I don't recall ever meeting a family quite so gracious; they are simply wonderful. They gave us everything, including a lunch for the trip and an invitation to stay with them on the return trip. Today is Ruth's birthday.

February 11, 1971, We left Mexico at 8:15 last night and traveled all night, arriving in Oaxaca at about 4:30 p.m. There, we waited until 8:45 a.m., when we caught another bus for Tapachula. Just before we got into the city we passed through a road check where after checking my documents, the police officer kindly asked me to come with him. He drove me into town to the police station and told me I could either stay the night there or check into a nearby hotel. I didn't want to risk the chance of them leaving me in the jail house so we checked into the hotel. I have to go see them at 9:00 in the morning to straighten things out. The trouble is that my tourist card which was issued for thirty days is no longer valid so we'll see tomorrow what happens. In the meantime we'll enjoy a peaceful night in a hotel at the request of the local authorities, about twenty kilometers away from Guatemala in the city of Tapachula.

February 12, 1971, It was rather a peaceful night, hot but peaceful. This morning at 9:00 a.m. I reported to the police station and they said I had two alternatives: 1) to pay a 200 peso fine (\$16.00), or 2) to let them exile me from the country with the stipulation that for me to ever re-enter Mexico, I would have to receive special written permission from the Secretary of Immigration. Well, being as short on money as we were we decided to accept alternative two. The local authorities were very nice about the whole deal and agreed with my decision. As soon as we had filled out all the paper work we were escorted to the border in a police vehicle and I was legally exiled. At the border we caught another bus and headed for Guatemala City. It took us about two hours just to get through all of the customs, etc. but it was all completely legal and after we finally got started it took us about five hours to get to Guatemala City. The trip was beautiful. Tapachula is right down nearly on the coast and it was hot and humid. It continued hot and humid but very beautiful, lush, green, etc. until we got to Esquintla where we started to climb. The countryside stayed green but it started cooling off a bit and finally we reached Guatemala City at an elevation of 5,000 feet and it was almost chilly. After asking around a bit and walking a few blocks, we found our brother Lyman's hotel and loe and behold he was there. We were glad to see him and had a fun time relating our experiences thus far on the trip. [I was there on an assignment for the Genealogical Society, and we coordinated our trips, so that I could help them a little with their traveling expenses - LDP.]

February 13, 1971, We had a good night, despite the fact that we had to sleep on a hard floor and this morning, first thing, Joe and I went over to the mission home to see if we couldn't use their washing machine to wash our clothes. Sister Glade (mission mother), not only let us use it, but helped us do it. So we spent the next two or three hours at the

mission home doing our laundry and talking to the Elders and Sister Glade. Not long after we arrived Lyman and President Burton arrived and we were introduced to President Burton [Elder Theodore M. Burton, president of the Genealogical Society]. Shortly thereafter we went with them out to see a relief map of the country of Guatemala, a huge thing covering about 2,500 square feet. We were then invited back to the mission home for dinner and enjoyed a very good meal. I also wrote the family and Ruth letters last night. After dinner we went back to the hotel and Joe and I slept until time for meeting in the evening. It was rather a poor meeting until President Burton's talk. The meeting was dedicated to teaching and was very good. Afterwards we all went and got a sandwich and just barely finished a little contest of push-ups between Lyman, Joe and I. Tomorrow is Sunday and stake conference.

February 14, 1971, We all got up about 9:00 and made it to stake conference by 10:00. The meeting was good, but there was such a crowd and so many little kids that it was hard to really get anything out of it. After meeting Joe and I went and got something to eat, then came back to the hotel and sacked out until time for sacrament meeting. Joe didn't want to go so I went alone. It was a good meeting. After meeting Lyman and I went and got a sandwich, then came home. Joe was hungry so I went with him to get something, then we came back, read for awhile and went to bed.

February 15, 1971, This morning being Monday and the Elders diversion day we (Joe and I [Lyman had some business to transact]) went to the mission home to see if any of them wanted to travel out to Antigua with us. Elder Burnett, Sister Fryer, Elder Lunceford and Scott Glade, the president's boy all came along. Antigua was the third most important Spanish stronghold in the 16th century after Mexico City and Lima. It nestles at the base of Agua volcano, which has erupted fairly recently, and at least as recently as the 16th century. To get to the city we took about an hour bus ride over very hilly and very beautiful country. The volcano itself is impressive, rising several thousand feet above the level of the countryside (it still has traces of snow on the top), yet the mountain itself is covered with lush tropical growth. Antigua is impressive for at least two reasons: 1) the many ruins of the churches built by the Spaniards (very elaborate and beautiful), and 2) the Indians that now inhabit the city, which maintain many of the customs, colorful dress, etc. of their ancestors. They're a very pretty people with much prettier features than the Indians of Mexico. That is also true of the people in general. Because of the Indians, the descendants of the mixture of Spanish and Indians are a much fairer people here in Guatemala than they are in Mexico. After getting back from Antigua we went and visited the Palacio Nacional, a very beautiful building. Its design is much the same as that of Mexico's, but the building is much more modern and in much better condition. The man at the desk tonight asked about Joe and I being in the room with Lyman. The manager had earlier told us we could go ahead and sleep on the floor but I'm afraid he may have changed his mind now. I hope we won't have to move out. Lyman is at the mission home at this moment with President Harold Brown from Mexico City, who flew down to see him and President Glade about the microfilming program in Guatemala.

February 16, 1971, Everything is all right with the hotel and we can stay until we move on. We spent the morning with Elder Turley, driving around the city getting visas for Central America. In the afternoon we were at the mission home and didn't do much. This evening Lyman (after we told him we were going to take off the next day) took us out and treated us to dinner.

February 17, 1971, We left Guatemala City about 11:00 and caught a ride right away to Escuintla in the back of a pickup. The ride was rough. From Escuintla we got another ride in a truck, quite a bit bigger, and the scenery was terrific. We went through green, lush, cultivated fields, with mountained, mostly volcanic, background. One of the volcanos, Pacaya, was alive and smoking. The fellow we were riding with said you could see fire from her top during the night. We took a "chicken bus" after the truck. They call them "chicken buses" because the people take everything from eggs to chickens on them. I can vouch for that because the girl sitting next to me had a small parrot that kept making messes all over. We decided to take the highway that goes along the sea and it didn't take us long to get a ride with a very sociable doctor. We made most of the trip in the dark but it was really beautiful. The doctor kindly took us to Elder Lowery's place where he and Joe talked about old times until nearly midnight.

February 18, 1971, The day started out pretty good but it certainly didn't end up that way. After talking until midnight with Elder Lowery and his companion, we slept on the hard floor until 6:30 a.m. when Elder Lowery's alarm went off. I was torn between two desires, to get off that hard floor and to sleep for a while longer, but the bright light soon decided the matter for me and I got up. I took a cold shower (which brought back fond memories of those cold showers in Brazil) and then I read a few pages in the tract "Joseph Smith's Testimony" in Spanish. Precisely at 8:30, according to the mission schedule, we had a good breakfast: eggs, orange juice, milk, bread, and a bowl of cold cereal – not a typical Latin breakfast, but a typical missionary breakfast. Afterwards we went in and helped them study their lessons – Joe listened to Elder Lowery present his lessons and I listened to Elder Saunders present his. He's been in the mission field ten months and is just learning the fifth lesson. He's apparently had a really difficult time up until now. After we finished, Joe and Elder Lowery left and Elder Saunders asked me if he could talk to me. He explained his problems and told me that this week if he could just work hard and get behind him one good week of work and a talk in Sacrament Meeting, and know that he had done his best, then he would have something to lean on and look back on.

After studying, they showed us around town a little bit and we headed out about 12:00 and started hitch hiking. First ride was a trucker who took us about fifty kilometers, after which we got a ride with a businessman and two more truckers. The last trucker took us within about twenty kilometers of the border, just as it was getting dark. We caught a bus to the border and went over a stretch of road that looked like it had been through a war, which it had. We arrived at the border about 8:00 p.m. and were informed that we could cross the border that night but it would cost us. We asked around and found out that there was a bus leaving from the other side later that night, so we paid the money (\$.40

apiece) and crossed the bridge, then had to pay another \$.50 to get into Honduras – all of this because it was after hours. They then calmly told us there was no bus and that we were stuck there for the night. So we resolved ourselves to the fact that we'd been taken and sat down to wait. Some of the border officials showed us a room where we could sleep but it was so filthy that we didn't even want to go in, let alone sleep on the floor. The whole place was like that, since the Salvadorians shot it up a couple of years ago during their four-day war. They haven't done a thing, not even as much as to replace a light bulb. There was no water, no bathroom facilities, nothing, and it's been like that for two years. The people still claim to hate each other and won't even cross the bridge to talk with each other. No Salvadorian can enter Honduras and I suppose vice versa. They even told us we couldn't go down to the river to wash until morning because the guards on the Salvador side would take pot shots at us.

There was nothing to do but wait, so we started a conversation with the border officials. They wanted to know all about the sex life of the American youth, how houses of ill repute were, etc. We explained to them how it was and then gave them our views on the matter, being Mormons. When we mentioned religion, they soon lost interest and wandered off to bed. Joe and I still weren't sleepy, especially when we thought of the room we had to sleep in, so we started talking to the night guard, a young seventeen-year-old Negro boy. He, unlike the others, brought up the question of religion and wanted to know what our ideas were. We told him about the church and he was quite interested, so we gave him the name and told him to look it up. About 11:00 p.m. a truck came through with three Americans and one Englishman on their way back from Panama. They cussed, swore, wore their hair long and I suppose were typical of the kind of Americans that have given the Latins a bad opinion of Americans – quite irresponsible. About 11:30 p.m. one of the officials showed us another room where we could sleep. It was cleaner and we were tired, so we sacked out and went to bed.

February 19, 1971, Friday, It wasn't too difficult to decide to leave that hard floor this morning at 6:00 and immediately we walked down to the river, put on our swimming trunks and dove in. It was great, cool, slow moving, about ten feet deep in the middle and very refreshing. Upstream about 100 yards there were some fishermen and some women washing their clothes and downstream were the border officials also taking a bath.

We washed up, dressed and walked about two kilometers down the road into Honduras for customs inspection and ate a fairly good breakfast of watermelon that a little girl was selling. It took us a couple of hours to catch a ride with one of the truckers, but we finally did so, on top of a load of potatoes: the perfect place from which to see the Honduran countryside.

Honduras, unlike Guatemala and El Salvador, is fairly dry, at least in the part through which we went, but it has just about as many big, beautiful rivers running through it. The ride across Honduras took us three hours. We arrived at the border of Nicaragua at noon, all the way on the potato truck. We waited three hours for our potato truck, only to have him tell us we couldn't ride any farther with him. So we were stuck at the border without

a ride. While at the border trying to get a ride, we ran into four kids down here with a Christian Church school or something. One was from Germany, one from Sweden (both boys) one from England, and one from Brazil (both girls). I was happy to find someone to speak Portuguese with and she was even happier than I. She gave me her address in Pôrto Alegre and made me agree to look up her family – said we could stay with them even. Joe was excited about seeing someone from England too. They're staying in San José, Costa Rica. Maybe we'll run into them again when we get down there.

We finally got a ride with another trucker going all the way to San José. He told us though that he'd only take us as far as Managua. Nicaragua is a little bit greener than Honduras, though not much. I've been very unimpressed with the people – quite cold. I keep wondering where the Latin hospitality has gone. The ride to Managua was quite uneventful. We arrived about 10:00 p.m. and our ride let us off at Tipitapa. We tried to get a hotel room but didn't have enough money and nobody would take a check, so we started walking. A young man, seeing our apparent need, told us to check with the local police and see if we could stay with them that night, he also offered us some money for dinner but we didn't accept it. At the police station they told us we could stay across the street in a park, which turned out to be one of the worst parks I've ever seen, dirty, unkempt, etc. We found a spot that looked fairly decent, lay down and were within a few minutes attacked by an army of ants and an air force of mosquitos who knew very well we didn't have any defenses. They chewed us to pieces. I can truthfully say it was one of the worst nights I've ever spent.

February 20, 1971, To top it all off, we were made aware of the fact that the old fable about roosters crowing at dawn is false. They started crowing at midnight and didn't stop until dawn. Hundred of them, all over the city, and the dogs barked and at 5:00 a.m. we got rained on. Well, anyway, about 6:00 we caught a bus to Masaya and soon thereafter to Granada, where we cashed a check and bought some breakfast. We then started hitch hiking again and caught a ride to the Pan American Highway with a Baptist missionary from Texas, who has been down here for eight years. From there a couple gave us a ride to within twenty-four kilometers of the border of Costa Rica. They were from California and were driving a chevy van. They had previously picked up two kids from Quebec and were going to spend a few days at the beach before going to Costa Rica.

Our next ride was a young fellow in a jeep who worked for the vice president of Nicaragua on his ranch. The vice president's son was also in the jeep. About this time we were driving past Lake Nicaragua, I think the largest and most beautiful body of fresh water I've seen and we were told that all of the beautiful pastures and land along the road for miles almost to the border belonged to the vice president.

We arrived at the border at 12:05 p.m. and found out they'd closed at 12:00 for the weekend. We had to wait until 2:00 and pay an "after hours" fee to get through. So we had lunch and got to talking to some of the people that were in the same boat we were. One of them offered us a ride to Liberia, about ninety kilometers from there, so we loaded our bags in his car and waited to get through the border. We finally got through

the Nicaraguan side only to find out that before we could enter Costa Rica, we had to have a ticket to leave. So we paid \$12.50 apiece for a ticket from San José to Panama and finally headed out. We arrived at Liberia about 4:00 and threw rocks at street signs until it was beginning to get dark and finally decided to take the next local bus that came by. It took us about forty-five kilometers to Canas, where we were able to get a truck driver to agree to take us to San José. He said he was only going to drive a couple of hours that night and then stop for the night. We told him that was all right. He had a helper with him so Joe and I sat on the bed in back of the cab with our feet on the motor. The truck was really huge. We stopped about 9:30 and the driver stretched out on the bed, his helper put a mat down under the truck and Joe and I stretched out over the motor, with our head and feet on the seats. Believe it or not, we actually made it through the night that way.

February 21, 1971, Sunday, We were hoping to get into San José by Sunday, but we didn't make it, at least not for priesthood and Sunday School. We spent all day traveling over mostly bad roads, stopped for breakfast and lunch and for pineapples along the road. Our driver is quite the guy. He's about thirty or so, is married to a gal in Nicaragua and has five kids by another woman in Guatemala. Both of the gals know about each other but don't want him to leave them. He doesn't let it bother him – he still whistles at every girl we meet along the way.

We finally arrived in San José about 2:00 and checked into a cheap hotel, took a shower and started looking for the church. We found it and found it started at 5:30 so we grabbed something to eat and went to church. It was the best sacrament meeting I've been to since we started the trip. It was really good. It was reverent, good speakers and a good feeling among the people. After meeting we spent several minutes talking to the Elders and they invited us to go on an excursion to Volcán Poas, then they invited us over to the mission home and we talked about politics, school, everything, until about 11:30 p.m. We went back to the hotel, took the mattress of the bed and put it on the floor, because that was the only way we could get all the bumps and curves out of it and prepared to sleep until 2:00 a.m.

February 22, 1971, Got up at 2:00 a.m. and went down to the mission office and walked with the Elders over to Central Park where we caught a bus out to the volcano. It was a two hour trip and we arrived there about 5:00 and waited around until 6:00. What a sight! It is supposedly the largest volcano in the world, largest across in diameter. We went clear to the top and walked clear around the rim, rolled a few rock, etc. It has a hot sulphur lake in the bottom and is still putting out a lot of steam. We stayed around until 9:00 a.m. then headed back to the mission home. It was really an interesting trip, great bunch of fellows (Elders) and we made a lot of good friends. After getting back to the mission home we went down to get some lunch then Elder Lyon, one of the assistants, took us over to the Pan American Embassy and helped us get some visas into Panama. He and several other Elders here in the offices are due to go home shortly, including Elder Smith, and Elder Somomon; real good bunch of guys.

After getting the visas, we went back and just lounged around the mission home until it was time to go. I wrote a letter to Ruth and then about 5:30 we went down to the bus station and made certain about our reservations and waited for the bus to come in.

The bus was late but we finally got started about 7:15 p.m. We had only had about two hours of sleep the night before, so we didn't have any trouble sleeping. Both Joe and I slept soundly until about 6:00 a.m. when the bus stopped at the Costa Rican/Panamanian border. We had to wait until 7:00 until the border opened so Joe and I had some breakfast and at 7:00 went through the seemingly endless lines of immigration and customs which has come to be a real bother at nearly every border we cross. Crossing over into Panama we went through about the same kind of beautiful tropical country that we saw in Costa Rica and also along the coast of Guatemala and El Salvador. At times we could see the ocean and in short, it was a beautiful trip. As we went through some of the smaller towns we were mobbed by young people with buckets full of water, who managed to get many of us in the bus wet. It was about then that we remembered that it is carnival time in Panama. We arrived in Panama City about 6:00 p.m. and were caught immediately in the carnival parade. All of the hotels and *pensiones* were filled and we wandered around until we ran into some other American kids who suggested we try the Y.M.C.A. and told us how to get there. We asked if it would be possible to stay there and they told us we would have to get special permission from Pier 18 up the street a few blocks, so we started to walk up there and lo and behold what should we run into but an L.D.S. church right across the street. There was a light on in one of the offices, so we walked over to see what we could find – we thought maybe we could sleep on the floor there.

They were holding a scout meeting and right shortly we were introduced around and invited over to a Brother Hutchinson's house to spend the night. When we arrived at his house we were introduced to his home teachers, David Bauer and his wife, who promptly offered to drive us around to the various embassys the next day. Brother and Sister Hutchinson also said they would be most happy to show us the locks the next day or take us golfing or anything we wanted to do. Well, after being received so kindly, there wasn't much we could do. They gave us a glass of milk and sent us to bed.

February 24, 1971, Wednesday, We got up about 7:30; all the kids and Brother Hutchinson had already gone to school (he teaches math). His name is Les and hers is Larue. The kid's names are David 16, Mark 15, Eve 12, and Ann about 9. Sister Hutchinson treated us to a royal breakfast and then took us out to the golf course. We decided not to golf (\$2.00 green fee) but walked around the course with the group (a fivesome of ladies). That's the last time I'll do that, I promise you. The golf course, however, was beautiful, overlooking the bay, right in the Canal Zone in what is called Fort Amador. The Canal Zone is about ten miles wide and is beautiful, completely Americanized and is proof of what American industry can do. Just outside of the Zone is the City of Panama – a typical Latin town, mostly poor people. There have been quite a lot of bad feelings between the Latins and Americans and it's easy to see why. Somehow it all seems kind of unfair.

After the golf game, Sister Hutchinson drove us out to the causeway, showed us the old World War II installations to protect the Canal, a museum and drove us around the Canal Zone and showed us all of the major points of interest and then home to a very filling lunch. Afterwards the Hutchinsons went to a bowling league and Joe and I stayed home, did our washing and played ping pong and rested. We went to M.I.A. this evening and were received very well by everybody. We went with the Explorers to the bowling alley and afterwards came home and finished reading a book entitled *The Panama Canal*. I'm also reading one entitled *Central America and Panama*. So far the trip has been very educational, not only the travel part but also being able to read several good history books on Latin America.

February 25, 1971, Thursday, This morning Connie Bauer came over to drive us around to get our visas and we struck out completely. Everyone wanted something different. It looks like the Colombian visa is the only one we'll be able to get here and for it we'll need two photos and supposedly a ticket in and out of the country. Connie treated us to lunch and we had a good conversation and found out that she used to work with dad at the Y Center. In the afternoon the Hutchinsons took us up to see the locks in the Canal. They were extremely interesting, especially after reading that book on their construction. This evening we had another exceptional dinner. Sister Hutchinson loves to cook and she enjoys having two big lunch mouths around, as her children don't eat much. After dinner we talked, played some games and watched television. We are having very poor luck getting out of Panama. Tomorrow we'll check on some steamship lines and if that doesn't work, we'll buy an airline ticket for this afternoon.

February 26, 1971, Friday, This morning we went down to Pier 18 to check with the Port Captain about getting on a ship going south and he thoroughly discouraged us. To get on an American ship, you need seaman's papers, which are difficult to get. It's a little easier to get on a foreign ship, but you have to pull some strings, which we don't have at the moment. So anyway, we ruled out that route. After lunch we went down to the travel agency and bought two tickets to Medellín, Colombia. Before we could get into Colombia, we had to have two out tickets, so we bought a cheap \$6.00 ticket from a little place in Colombia to a little place right across the border into Brazil. With tax and everything it cost us \$40.00 apiece for the two tickets. We ran into a fellow from the ward who invited us to go on an excursion with the youth the next day out to Taboga Island, a resort island about one hour away on the Pacific side. The evening Brother Hutchinson took us to the high school game where Balboa was playing Cristóbal (Pacific and Atlantic side high schools). Balboa won. Then afterwards we went to a softball game between Atlas, an American team, and Mutual, a Latin team. It was really interesting. Mutual won, which was surprising.

February 27, 1971, Saturday, We got up at 6:00 and hustled down to Pier 18 to catch the launch to Taboga. There were about twenty kids from the ward who went. Jeff and Alice Mutter, Millie, Merrian, Mary Helen Pearce, Robert, David and Mark Hutchinson, Kathy and Dana, Dave, Mark, Donna, John and maybe some others whose names I didn't catch. The launch didn't leave until 8:00 and it took us an hour to get to the island. The trip was

very pretty. When we arrived the boat couldn't get in all the way to the pier so little rowboats came out to give us a lift in. They were charging \$.15 a head, so Joe and I stripped down, dove off the launch and swam to shore. It was pretty good exercise. Once we got everybody on the beach we rented a boat which took us water skiing for a couple of hours, then we had water fights for awhile and Mary and I decided to hike up to a cross on a nearby mountain. Dave and Millie also went. It was a hot hike but only took us about an hour. It was well worth it, the view was something really tremendous looking down over some very pretty lagoons and some pretty beaches.

After the hike we had lunch, the girls brought some extra sandwiches, then after lunch we rented the boat again. While the others were skiing Mary and I took a long walk up the beach and just relaxed and talked. The launch came to pick us up at 5:00 and we enjoyed a very pleasant ride home. Mary and I were sitting up high on the launch right under the wheelhouse. It was quite romantic to watch the sunset, the pelicans diving for fish, the boat heading into the waves. We arrived back in the Zone at 6:30 and had to hurry as there was a leadership meeting that started at 7:30. After the meeting (which by the way was very good), I walked Mary home and got home and to bed by about 11:30.

February 28, 1971, Sunday, Today was district conference, which started at 9:00. It was a good meeting. President Milton Smith was the main speaker. Afterwards they had the Spanish session of conference. I stayed for that meeting also. Some of the Indian members from the San Blás Islands came in and were very interesting. They are a very primitive people and a few years back hundreds of them were baptized into the church. The Elders now have their hands full trying to keep the branches going and trying to reactivate the members. Two Indian women came into conference and from what the Elders told me, their dress was typical. They were wearing extremely colorful clothing with a dress that was about the length of a midi. They wore shawls over their heads, had gold rings through their noses and very colorful cloth bands just above their ankles. They are a very interesting people. Mary invited me to attend family home evening with her tomorrow night and Joe also has a date with a girl he met at Taboga, so our last night in Panama should be fun. We're flying out to Medellín, Colombia on Tuesday at 2:30 p.m.

March 1, 1971, Monday, A month ago today we left Provo. We're behind schedule, both money-wise and time-wise, but we've had a wonderful trip thus far. Every place we've been has been great. I'm really finding it hard, in fact, to leave Panama – the people here are so great. This morning after breakfast I caught up on my journal, wrote some letters and washed a batch of clothes in preparation for leaving. After lunch Joe and I went up to the Continental Hotel and I left a note for Lyman and cashed a traveler's check. From there Joe went on over to Jeff and Alice Mutters and I came back home. Joe has a date tonight with one of Alice's friends and I'm going over to Mary's. This afternoon I just relaxed and took a little nap.

Merian Cutler and Millie Miller and Kathy came by to pick me up right after dinner and we headed out to Mary's. We had an interesting evening. There were eight of us – Mary, Millie, Kathy, Merian, Robert, Buz, Terry and me. And we held an introduction session.

They're really a great bunch of kids. It was rather difficult for me to say goodbye. I just hope we make it back this way in a couple of months.

March 2, 1971, Tuesday. First thing this morning I did another batch of clothes and packed both packs (Joe was still over at the Mutters). Sister Hutchinson had Relief Society this morning, so I busied myself reading and trying to figure out some puzzles. Sister Hutchinson came back early just to fix me some lunch and then about 11:30 Connie came by to pick me and the packs up. We went over to her place and waited there while Dave picked up Joe, then we all headed out to the airport. While at the airport I met a fellow named Luiz A. Simon from Brazil whose story I will tell shortly. He's traveling with another fellow from El Salvador to Brazil.

The plane left almost on schedule at 2:45 and the flight took us about two hours. It was really a beautiful flight. We flew out of Panama on the Pacific side, crossed over the islands between Panama and Colombia, Del Rey and Ensenada I think, then over Colombia. It's no wonder they haven't been able to complete the Pan American Highway. That area of lower Panama into Colombia is nothing but jungle, very primitive. All we could see from the air were rivers and more jungle. After awhile we started to reach some mountains and soon flew into Medellín, really a beautiful city. It has about 1,200,000 inhabitants and at least from the air is really a spectacle.

When we landed in Medellín we went through the business of customs and such with Luiz and his friend and also ran into two more kids, both from Guatemala, that are headed the same way doing the same thing. Their names are Santos and Arturo. Well we decided that we might as well all stick together until we found out what was going to happen, so we grabbed a bus and headed for the city.

A few days ago in Cali there were several students killed by policemen and the excitement was still very real. There were students running all over the place and policemen running up and down the streets with herds of people in front of them. We noticed a few anti-American signs, flags with the swastika across them – American imperialists, facists, etc. and at the moment we were rather grateful to be with a group of Latins. Two or three times as the police came barreling up the street we ran with the rest of the people and took cover in a garage or on the steps of a Catholic church or some other out-of-the-way place. It just so happened that Santo's friend is a volunteer fireman from Guatemala, so we looked up the local fire station and he did some fast talking and they let us sleep there that night on the floor, use their bathroom facilities and even shared some of their dinner with us. The police had imposed an 8:00 curfew on the city, so we had to be off the streets by then. We just sat around and talked and got to know each other.

Santos and Arturo are from Guatemala and have been traveling for about two months. Santo's father is an active member of the church but he's not. He smokes and who knows what else, but he's a good kid and pleasant to be around. Oscar is from El Salvador and is the brother of Luiz's girlfriend. He's going to Brazil with Luiz then they're both coming

back in December and Luiz will take the girl back to Brazil with him. Luis is from Pôrto Alegre and left home five months ago with a friend. Before leaving home they got a letter of recommendation from the president of a local political group saying they were going to study the economic situation of all of the Americas with the help of national newspapers. To start, the newspaper in Pôrto Alegre printed an article about them and they received a few donations from local people, then as they traveled they would use the letter of recommendation and the previous article to get another newspaper to print an article and they would make the rounds getting more donations. They continued this and were able to get enough money to get them clear to El Salvador where Luiz met this girl and decided to stop and the other fellow went on. He also had a few other tricky ways to make money, even begging. In fact, we are going to use one tomorrow.

March 3, 1971, Wednesday, Considering we slept on a hard floor last night, I slept fairly well; must be getting used to it. We got up about 7:00, bought some bread and milk across the street, waited around until 9:00 then went downtown. The first thing we checked was on the bank to see if we could buy dollars. They informed us that all foreigners were entitled to \$60.00 if they had a passport, ticket to leave the country and a tourist card, all of which we had. We could get these things at the Federal Bank of Colombia. Next we looked around for a *casa de cambio* [exchange] to see if we could sell dollars. Casas de cambio aren't exactly legal, but everybody wants dollars and are willing to pay a good price for them. We finally found one in the same building as the bank, on the fifth floor (the bank being on the first). At the exchange they told us they'd pay us 22.70 pesos/per dollar, so we were in business.

Joe and I had seventeen dollars between us and Luiz had twenty-two. I cashed a traveler's check for \$20.00 and we cashed the #9 at the rate of 22.70 and we ended up with enough pesos to buy \$60.00 at the rate of 19.35. Lo Luiz bought \$60.00 and then sold them right away, making about 3.00 pesos per dollar, or nearly \$10.00. Then I took the pesos and did some of the same thing, then Joe, and we finally ended up with \$90.00 where we started with \$60.00.

By this time it was late afternoon, so we joined the others, bought some meat, rice, bread and pop and used the facilities of the fire station to cook us a pretty good dinner. We decided to stay one more night. We may try the same thing tomorrow with two more of the guys; maybe we'll wait until we get to Cali. At any rate, we'll be leaving tomorrow.

March 4, 1971, Thursday, We decided to leave early this morning, so we got up at 4:30, got down to the bus station at 5:00 and found out there was a bus leaving for Cali at 6:00. While we were waiting for the bus, Luiz found the driver and some way talked him into letting all of us ride for about one-half price, 450 kilometers, through mountains eleven hours in all, for 150 pesos for the six of us, which equals about \$1.15 apiece. We had to stand up to start the trip, but soon enough people got off the bus that we all had seats.

I never realized how mountainous Colombia was. It's like riding through a tropical Switzerland, really beautiful. The mountains are every bit as high as those in Utah and

every bit as tropical as Panama. The trip was also interesting from the standpoint of meeting interesting people. When you ride for eleven hours on a crowded bus, you get to know people, and I was quite impressed with the Colombians; very nice people. One of the women even offered her house for us to sleep in, which we took advantage of later. We finally arrived in Cali about 5:30 p.m. and after checking with the fire station, the police station and the prison, decided to accept the lady's offer. After finding her place, Joe and I went to get something to eat and we got a complete dinner: rice, meat, spaghetti, bread, bananas, potatoes, tomatoes, and something to drink for seven pesos or about \$.35. So far Colombia has been the cheapest place. The travel is also extremely cheap. After dinner we talked with some neighbor kids for awhile, took a bath and went to bed.

March 5, 1971, Friday, After being eaten alive last night by mosquitos, we got up at 5:30, packed and went downtown. We checked with the consulate but found out it didn't open until 2:00 in the afternoon, so we checked with the bank and found that they wouldn't sell dollars without a receipt of having sold dollars before. About this time the two Guatemaltecos decided they would hitch hike out of Cali, so we said goodbye to them with the hope of meeting them again in Guayaquil or Lima, and started towards the bus station. We got there just as a bus was leaving for Pasto and the "picky-pocket international" as Oscar fondly nicknamed him, so had found us a ride for thirty-two pesos apiece for a regular forty-four peso ride, a savings of more than \$.50 apiece on a regular \$2.00 ticket. At 1:00 we arrived at the city limits of Popayán and found out there was a curfew on the city until 2:00, so we had to just park the bus and wait. On the same bus as we were there were two English girls who were living in Chile, teaching English for a group somewhat like the AID program. Needless to say, Joe was excited about meeting someone from England, and the rest of the trip was very interesting, as we had an opportunity to hear about their trip and get to know them better. While I was back talking to someone else, Joe was explaining about the church to them.

The trip from Cali to Pasto took about fifteen hours over some of the most fantastic roads I've ever seen. We've traveled in most places on the Pan American Highway and in many places it's no more than a jeep trail. We arrived in Pasto about midnight and decided to take a bus out to Ipiales at 3:00. The English girls decided to stay there that night, so we helped them get a hotel room and then waited at the bus depot. While there we met two more fellows from Venezuela who were traveling to Brazil. One of them had a pony tail clear down to the small of his back. At 3:00 we took off for Ipiales.

March 6, 1971, Saturday, The trip to Ipiales took us about two and a half hours. We arrived at 5:30 and found out where the consulate was. Luiz and the hippie Venezolano sacked out on the sidewalk. Joe took his pack into the Catholic Church and slept part way through early morning mass and I wandered around trying to keep warm and wished I was in bed. The consulate opened at 8:30 and Joe and I found out we would have to obtain three photographs each and pay \$2.00 apiece to get tourist cards. We hurried down to the central park where we had spent the previous night and found two guys with what looked like 19th century cameras who said that they would take our pictures for about

\$.50 apiece. They did everything right in their cameras: took the picture, developed the negative, then took pictures of the negative to get our pictures. It was really fantastic. We received our visas for Ecuador at 10:00 from the consul who just happened to be the nephew of the dictator/president of Ecuador.

For Ipiales six of us piled into a small van and crossed the border to a small town in Ecuador called Tulcán. There we changed our money to Sucres and started looking for the bus station. We arrived there about 11:30 a.m. and by 12:00 thanks to our “international pickpocket” we were on a bus to Quito at a reduced price of about \$.50 apiece.

I was amazed at Ecuador; not quite as mountainous as Colombia and not quite as green, but in its way very beautiful. There are about six million people in Ecuador and 60% of them must be Indians. The poverty is overwhelming. The land is cultivated by the Indians and is just beautiful. They’ve cultivated right up the side of the mountains so that the upper fields are on an almost 60% grade. The Indians don’t own the land, however; they just work it. It’s owned by the rich upper class. Colombia, as far as natural beauty goes, was by far prettier but the hard work and industry of the Indians of Ecuador has turned this place into a beautiful paradise; unfortunately it hasn’t helped the Indians much – they’re still dirt poor and have to worry about just earning enough money to feed themselves.

We arrived in Quito about 7:00 p.m. and decided to part company with our friends. They were really in a hurry and we wanted to slow down and catch up on some much needed sleep. So we said goodbye to them and started looking around for a place to stay. Everything cost more than we wanted to spend so we found the address of the church in a telephone book and started looking for it. After awhile we found the church and a fellow there taking care of it (Jorge) took us over to the mission offices and introduced us to Elder Pacheco.

José Patricinio Pacheco Michel is from Denver, Colorado. His one grandfather is Spanish and his other grandfather is Indian. His father is a fighter trainer, and they have been members of the church for about seven years. Elder Pacheco is one whale of a nice guy. He’s been out fourteen months and is now the mission secretary. After talking with the Elders for awhile, they gave us two beds and we slept like rocks. Joe even had a toothpick in his mouth the next morning when he awoke.

March 7, 1971, Sunday, Priesthood meeting was at 9:00, then Sunday School and testimony meeting; they were really good. There’s a great spirit among the members and Elders here in Ecuador. I hadn’t realized it before but Ecuador is a mission in and of itself now and has been since last July or so. There are some fifty missionaries, fourteen of which are sisters, with eight or nine branches. The church has been in Ecuador about five years and is growing nicely.

After lunch we went to a baptismal service and helped the Elders fill up the font with buckets of water from a neighbor's house. The baptismal service was very good. It's really great to be back in the mission field and to feel the spirit that exists here. We went out to dinner with the Elders and then talked with them for awhile before having another great night.

March 8, 1971, Monday, First thing today we went downtown and checked on a bus out and our visas for Peru. We accomplished nothing. About noon while Joe was getting some pictures taken for his tourist card for Peru. I went looking for ponchos and not only found some but decided to buy one for me and for Ruth. Then when I went back to meet Joe he also bought one for Marty. Mine cost \$12.00 and the ones for the girls cost \$4.00 apiece.

We went in to see President Latimer in afternoon and explained to him about the AYUDA program. He was quite excited and told us about the Otavalo Indians in the northern part of Ecuador. They seem to be the perfect group for the type of project AYUDA is interested in. I promised President Latimer that I would write to Ed Soper and have him send some information right away. While there President Latimer told us to drop by and say hello to the Elders in Cuenca.

We spent the rest of the afternoon with Elder Pacheco taking care of some mission business. This evening we went over to a new member's home to watch the Clay-Frazier fight on television; but unfortunately we could only pick it up on the radio and only in Spanish. What a disappointment – Clay was my hero.

March 9, 1971, Tuesday, We got up at 4:00 and caught a bus at 5:00 heading for Cuenca. We had previously decided to go down through Guayaquil, but the Elders talked us out of it. The trip to Cuenca took about thirteen hours and again was just beautiful. We never did see anything but green cultivated fields, right up the sides of the mountains. The green was everywhere from the very edge of the road to the point where the clouds covered the tops of the mountains. When we got to Cuenca we found the Elders right away and then after eating dinner went back to their room and read while waiting for them to finish proselyting.

March 10, 1971, Wednesday. Took a shower; told the Elders goodbye and left on a bus for Loja. I got the gal who sold us the tickets to give us a ten sucre discount, so Luiz isn't the only one who can do it. The trip to Loja was similar to the rest of our travel in Ecuador: beautiful. But it takes forever. It takes literally all day to travel 200 kilometers over these high mountain dirt roads, but it's beautiful. Uncountable times we'd be traveling right up in the clouds, looking almost straight down, thousands of feet to a winding stream. It's been quite chilly, and the poncho I bought in Quito has come in awfully handy.

We arrived in Loja about 6:00 and almost immediately caught a bus out to the crossroads called Chinchas. There we walked around in a wet cloud at what must have been 10,000

feet until a little care came by and agreed to take us to a town about one hour away. Here we checked into an inexpensive hotel and are ready to go to bed. On the trip I met a girl by the name of Teresa who is twenty-two, has been married since she was fifteen and has had five children, two of whom have died. She just left her husband. She was really a sharp gal, very interesting, and I had a lot of fun talking to her. We made the whole trip together and I got to know her quite well.

March 11, 1971, Thursday, We got up at 8:00 this morning and walked a few blocks until we were out of town and parked ourselves, waiting for a ride. It didn't take too long until a truck loaded with potatoes, bananas and who knows what else came by and we hopped on the top and left the little town of Catacocha. After about two hours we came to a fork in the road and the driver let us off. We were still about one and a half hours away from Mocara, so we waited for awhile until we got tired of the flies and heat and then started walking. The country in this part of Ecuador is drier and hotter, preparing us for Peru, I suppose. We walked and goofed around and washed ourselves in the river and finally, about 1:30, a bus came by and took us to Mocara. In Mocara we ate lunch, changed our money into soles and then grabbed a car to the border.

At the border we went through, the by now, almost ritualistic process of slowly trying to cross. The guard was new and didn't know how to process the papers for an American, so I showed him. Then at least five different people wanted our names, etc. and finally at 4:30 we hopped on top of another truck loaded with lemons and onions and headed for Sullana. For the next five hours we traveled over the worst roads we've encountered so far: dirt, bumpy and in many places washed out, but we finally made it and are right now in another cheap hotel feeling dirty, hot, listening to the rain come down on our tin roof, and feeling good about being able to complain about the lousy conditions.

March 12, 1971, Friday, We didn't dare take a shower this morning because of the way the shower looked, so we washed ourselves in the sink and changed clothes and headed out again. We walked as far as the highway and then started thumbing. There was a truck nearby loading bags of lemons so I talked to the driver and he said he'd take us as far as Piura, so we went to Piura with him on top of the lemons. It took us about an hour over narrow, but good roads.

We arrived in Piura, started walking down the road and right away ran into the Elders. They helped us cash a check and then took us over to the church to meet the Branch President. He remembered Lyman from eight years ago. He said at the time he wasn't a member of the church but he remembered Lyman was teaching some of his friends who were later baptized. We went through some of the church records and found Lyman's name on some of the records. We ate lunch with the Elders and then they helped us get some tickets on a bus to Lima that afternoon at 3:00.

We traveled all day through hot, hot weather, through the desert of that part of Peru. The desert is a complete contrast to everything we've seen so far – no nothing, just sand and heat.

March 13, 1971, Saturday, We slept on the bus while traveling all night and arrived in Lima about 10:00. After going to the mission home, we met a good brother who agreed to drive over to the Magdalena Ward to see if we could find out where either Isabel or Jorge lived [half-siblings of Lyman's wife Bertha]. We finally found Jorge's address and he drove us over. Jorge's wife didn't recognize me at first, but after she did, we had a regular family reunion, with her and all of the kids. Jorge got home about 3:00 so until then we played with the kids and took a bath. After eating a late lunch with the family, we went with Carmen to watch Ana María and Patty in a volleyball game at the church, then after we all went for a walk out to the sea overlook – very pretty. There's something about the sea that's exciting. We also went over to see Isabel [Chabuca] and her little family; went and priced some necklaces for Roberta and then they took us over to meet the Luna family who had agreed to let us use an extra room they had to sleep.

March 14, 1971, Sunday, We ate breakfast with the Lunas and then went to Priesthood with Hermano Lunas. At Priesthood we met President Litster and his wife and also a few other Americans down here on business or vacation. After Sunday School we went over to Jorge's place and spent the day with his family. We played ball with the kids. They gave us Spanish lessons and we had just a really good time. After Sacrament Meeting we talked to the Elders and members until Carmen finished a meeting she had, then we walked back to their place, ate dinner with them and said our goodbyes. On the sly, Jorge's wife had washed all our clothes, so we packed them up and went over to the Lunas to spend the night.

March 15, 1971, Monday, Late last night while we were getting ready to leave, Joe realized he had lost another \$200.00 book of traveler's checks. So first thing this morning we went down to the American Express office and reported the loss, then we bought a chain for Roberta and spent hours trying to find a bank that would cash a traveler's check. Right now we are waiting for the banks to open so we can cash a check and buy Roberta's pearls and then finally we'll leave to take the train for Huancayo. We finally cashed the checks and bought a pearl and a heart for Roberta's chain and wrote several letters and post cards. While waiting for the banks to open we had sat on the park benches at the Plaza de Armas. Afterwards we went over to Lunas and rested and ate dinner with them.

March 16, 1971, Tuesday. We got up at 5:00 and were on the train for Huancayo at 7:00. Not too long after we got started the porter came back and asked us if we would please move up into first class because second class was filling up and there wasn't enough seats for everyone. We of course obliged him. In first class we sat opposite a fellow from Switzerland whose name was Nicholas Wyss. He's been working in Bogota for the last little while and plans on being in South America about another year and a half. We also met a fellow named Brian from California who had just got kicked out of Panama with the rest of the Peace Corps. He's one of the few Peace Corps workers I've met who impressed me as being truly dedicated to what he's doing. He's twenty-seven and has his Master's degree already.

This train ride is supposed to be one of the most beautiful in the world and the highest in the world. The train zig-zagged back and forth up the mountains of Peru and just kept climbing until we were right up in the snow. When we got up on top we even ran into a snow storm. However, we also ran into some mighty thin air at about 16,000 feet. Both Joe and I started feeling a little light-headed and I lost what little breakfast I had eaten. It was too bad because we couldn't really enjoy the greenery that exists in the mountains. After we started going down we began feeling a little better, and when we arrived at Huancayo I thought I was ready for a hot milk and an alka seltzer, but I lost it in the street just after leaving the restaurant. About this time I was all for checking into a hotel and sleeping it off but we found out that the only bus out of town before Thursday was leaving within an hour so we bought two tickets and climbed on. Up until that time we'd been pretty pleased with the bus service in South and Central America, but this one was really bad. We left about 5:00 on a trip that was to take eight hours. We didn't get seats, one of us sat at the very back of the bus in a fold down seat and the other one on his lap for the first two hours. They they finally gave us a little bench to put between the seats in the aisle, so if you could squeeze your hips down between the seats you were all right. It was impossible to sleep, but at least we were seated.

The roads were bad, muddy, narrow, and bumpy. At 8:00 a.m. we stopped at a control station and we were told by the driver that we wouldn't be able to cross until after midnight. Now he knew this before we left but he'd neglected to tell us. So we each had a bowl of soup and then stole someone else's seats and tried to sleep until midnight, but the crying babies and taling people made that almost impossible. At midnight we crossed the control station and had been traveling for another hour when we stopped, this time for a washed out road. Apparently the week or so before a land and water slide had washed out the road and killed about thirty people. The road was passable (you just had to ford the stream), but the driver refused to attempt it at night and said we were going to stay right there until 6:00.

This time there were no seats to rob and it was impossible to sleep where we were. We couldn't even stretch out our legs. Besides that the bus was stuffy and smelly so we put on our coats. I put on my poncho and we went out to see if we could find a soft rock. I finally found one that seemed to be softer than the others and layed down, after thinking and having an evaluation session until 5:00. I decided maybe I had better try and sleep for awhile, so I finally fell asleep until 6:00.

March 17, 1971, Wednesday. We drossed the washed out section of road at 6:00 this morning without too much difficulty and continued on our way. Just down the road a ways we met another bus that had apparently ventured too near the edge of the road and was in danger of going over the edge, the road was in such a condition with the rain and all that it couldn't try to make it back on or for sure it would off farther. We drove around it in front and pulled it back onto the road. Our driver insisted on stopping for breakfast even though we were only an hour out of Ayacucho; but there wasn't much we could do about it. We finally arrived in Ayacucho at 11:00 and found out we needed to catch the next bus out at noon, so we did.

Fortunately the driver of this bus was much better. We got some good seats and he drove at a good clip. The roads between Ayacucho and Andahuaylas have just been fantastic. I would have driven with care in my jeep over many parts of it, but our driver was good and really knew how to handle the old bus.

The Indian people in this part of Peru are really fascinating. They are very poor, very degenerate; their livelihood is farming and animals. The women all wear long-colored full skirts, with a baby usually on their backs. Their hair is usually in braids and they all wear a derby. The women are usually the shepherds and they all carry a spindle of wool with them which they slowly and very adroitly spin into thread. They manage to get some very fine thread; then they weave and knit all of their own clothes. It seems no matter where we go, there are always Indians with packs of wood or cane or something else on their backs. They're their own pack horses.

The mountains are beautiful, but still not as beautiful as those of Colombia or Ecuador. Just before reaching Andahuaylas we stopped at a river to put some water in the radiator and when we tried to go again, the bus wouldn't start. So we waited around until the next bus came by and rode the rest of the way to Andahuaylas.

On this second bus I sat next to a Catholic priest who was going to Andahuaylas for a meeting of teachers from the local schools. He was from Spain and had been working in Peru for two years. He had contracted to stay for five years. He was working with the Indian people and was trying to learn Quechua but was having difficulty he said. He had a Catholic song and prayer book written in Spanish and Quechua both and he sang some of the prayers for me. We reached Andahuaylas about 1:30 a.m. and all of the hotels were filled because of this teacher's convention, so we waited in a nearby park with the father for the next bus to go to Cuzco. The bus arrived about 2:00 but wasn't going to leave until 8:00, so we climbed on board and went to sleep.

March 18, 1971, Thursday, We left this morning about 8:30 and have been traveling ever since. It hasn't been an exceptional day, mostly just travel. We have traveled through some beautiful country though; right up in the tops of the mountains, snow and all. These roads are just like traveling over unpaved mountain roads in the states, the only difference being that it's been going on for three days straight now.

It's about 8:00 p.m. now and we've stopped to adjust the baggage on top. It will sure feel good to lie down on a bed and take a shower after traveling for three days on buses. We arrived in Cuzco about 11:00. Just walking through the middle of the city you can see the amazing rock work that the Incas were able to perfect. Many of the modern structures are built on top of Inca foundations. Joe wasn't feeling too well, so we checked into a fairly expensive hotel (about \$4.60).

March 19, 1971, Friday, First thing this morning we bought some pills for Joe and then went to the bank and got some money. I had a couple of notes to deliver from Elders and sisters in Lima to people in Cuzco, so we walked around looking for addresses and found

the church. We had to be out of the hotel by noon so we ate some breakfast and sent some letters then hauled our packs down to the church and Joe stayed there while I went to find out what I could. I went to the train station first and got all the information I needed about trains to Cuzco and etc. then I checked one more address and found the Elders. Elder Walker, the one I met, is from Las Vegas. His first name in Marley and it was after him that Marley Platt was named. He told me we could probably stay in the chapel.

We left our packs at the church with the branch secretary, who is also the custodian, and started walking up to Sacsahuamán, some ruins overlooking the city of Cuzco. We could have taken a taxi but I'm glad we didn't because it's a really pleasant walk. Cuzco is nestled in a valley, surrounded by green, beautiful mountains. We walked up a path that went next to a stream and made it in about forty-five minutes. On the way up we met some kids who asked to be our guides. I said a few phrases to them in Quechua, which I had learned from some other kids, and immediately they opened up and even let me ride one of their burros.

Sacsahuamán is unbelievable. Several of the huge stones are fitted together so perfectly that there is no space between them whatsoever. Some of the rocks are three times as high as I am and all of them were supposedly transported from a quarry two or three miles away. The rocks are arranged in a series of three zig-zag walls, the first supposedly being the fortress and the others the foundations of the city. These walls face a big flat open arena and on the other side are terraces and seats for the people to watch the ceremonies on the arena. One thing that was very impressive was that the place wasn't ruined by tourist signes, etc. and it was all covered with beautiful lawn.

After we finished at Sacsahuamán we walked up the road about half a mile to another ruin called Kenko. Kenko is supposedly a sacrificial, ceremonial site. It is just one huge rock with little rooms carved out of it where there are weird tables, seats, etc. On top of the rock are all kinds of little holes and drainage systems, who knows for what. Around the rock is another arena with a huge monolith in the center and seats surrounding the arena. At Kenko we met some more little kids who volunteered to explain about the ruins to us, even though we told them we didn't have any money. They taught me some more phrases in Quechua and then we walked back down the hill with them to Cuzco. Along the way they picked some plants called Muna and showed us how to crush it and sniff it for altitude sickness. Great stuff! You can also boil it and make tea out of it.

After we left them we wandered through the narrow streets of Cuzco. What a fascinating place! You can just sense the culture here. The streets are hilly and narrow and many of the houses are built on the foundations left by the Incas. We saw the famous twelve-sided stone and then walked down to the Plaza de Armas and went through some of the old conquistador churches: La Merced, La Compañía, and the cathedral. In the Merced we talked the padre into showing us their famous jeweled art work. It's a little statuette that contains twenty-two kilos of pure gold, sixteen hundred some odd diamonds, hundreds of pearls, including one as big around as my old taw marbles, rubies, emeralds, and just about every other precious stone you can think of.

All of the time we were touring the streets there was a rally going on among the Indians people with signs, yelling, chanting, etc. Thousands of them were in the streets, yelling for land. They had apparently formed a union and didn't want to be under anybody else. They want their own land and I don't blame them. After getting some dinner we went back to the church and Joe stayed there awhile while I went wandering about seeing what Cuzco is like at night. Cuzco is lovely at night. I met a pretty young thing by the name of Cristina who taught me how to make love in Quechua, just in case I ever need it. I have a date with her for Sunday.

March 20, 1971, Saturday, We got up at 6:00 and got down to the train station at 6:30 and got two second class tickets on the 7:30 train. At 6:45 it was already completely packed, all seven or eight cars and we had to stand up. There are three kinds of trains you can take to Machu Pichu. The tourist's train is nice but costs 178 soles round trip. There are vagones which are fast but cost 82 soles round trip. Then there is the cholo train with one 1st class car and the rest 2nd class and we paid 36 soles round trip in 2nd class. The cholo trains are interesting. They stop at every little Podunk town and dozens of Indians swarm on and off the train trying to sell their vegetables, fruits, etc. This happens every ½ hour. The train only stops for a minute or two, so the Indians have to finish their transactions while the train is moving and they're forever throwing money and merchandise back and forth out the windows. This little supermarket is apparently pretty important to them and they won't think twice about stepping on an American in their rush to buy a cabbage head. So you just kind of have to keep out of their way and hope you don't get hit with a sack of flying potatoes. [They also carry animals of all kinds on the train – Lyman.]

We arrived at Machu Pichu station at 1:00 p.m. The station nestles at the bottom of what looks like the Great White Throne in Zions Park. It is a monolith every bit as big as the Throne, covered with greenery. It's beautiful. This monolith is the center of the valley and is surrounded by equally fascinating huge mountains. On the top of one of these is Machu Pichu. It costs thirty soles for a ride up and back from the train station, so Joe and I decided to scale the mountain instead. There's a fairly decent path and we made it in about one and a half hours. We talked the attendant into giving us passes for half price since we were poor students and then visited the ruins.

Machu Pichu is a whole city built on top of a mountain. The view is out of this world. It's like looking of Angel's Landing on mountains covered with jungle growth, with a huge roaring river below. The construction is like that of Sacsahuamán, only the rocks are smaller, but fitted together to perfection. The whole area is terraced, to apparently provide space for gardens. One of the ground keepers told me that the city was built more because of the climate than anything else. Up there it isn't hot or cold, no mosquitos. It's just the perfect climate and apparently they had little cause to go down the mountain. They had everything they wanted on top. By the time we finished, Joe wasn't feeling too well so we paid twelve soles for a glass of milk and then hiked back down, just missing the last train to Cuzco before tomorrow. We bought some bananas and bread from somebody that lived there at the station and found a really swell bench to sleep on.

March 21, 1971, Sunday, Believe it or not, last night on the bench was one of the best nights I've spent. I really slept well. I got up at 6:00 to see about catching the train back to Cuzco but the station manager didn't get up until 7:00. The two coaches were due at 7:15 but there had been some rock slides down the tracks and they were delayed. They finally arrived at 8:00. The first one passed by without even stopping and I was getting a little worried that we may not get on. The station manager told us if there were no empty seats, it was no deal. The second one came by about five minutes later and luckily there were two empty seats, so we climbed on. Leaving Machu Pichu was like climbing out of the jungle, as indeed it was. The huge river that roars at the bottom of the peaks flows toward the interior and eventually adds to the great Amazon. As we left Machu Pichu we started to climb and got back to the snow-covered peaks and then gradually went down again into Cuzco. We ate lunch first thing after getting into Cuzco and then went over to the church. Sunday School was over but the Elders and sisters were still there, so we talked to them for awhile, then I went and got cleaned up for my date. Unfortunately, Cristina didn't show, so I walked around town, just enjoying Cuzco until time for Sacrament Meeting. During meeting two sisters walked in who were returning from Chile. Joe knew one of them from high school. The other was from El Salvador. We ate dinner with the sisters afterwards and then got to bed early.

March 22, 1971, Monday, We got up at 5:30 this morning and were down to the train station by 6:00. This train was not a problem and we left on schedule at 7:15. During the ten hours trip I don't think we ever climbed or descended more than 100 feet. All the way we stayed on what is called the *altiplano* at about 12,000 feet. The country was just as flat as could be all the way to Puno. We made the trip with a Canadian, a German, a Frenchman, an Englishman, a Swiss and two other guys from the states, all of them students doing about what we were doing; very nice guys. We spent the entire trip talking with Paul, the Canadian. He is twenty-one and for the last four years since he was seventeen, he has spent spring semester here in South America studying the people and specifically their military social system, or, as he said, military socialism. He was an extremely interesting fellow and he and Joe enjoyed themselves very much discussing political philosophy.

Once we reached Puno, we found out we couldn't catch a boat across the lake until Wednesday night and we couldn't catch a bus out until the next morning, so we checked into a hotel which we shared with one of the Americans that were with us from the Peace Corps, and four Latins. In one bed was a man, woman, and baby and the baby managed to keep us up a good part of the night.

March 23, 1971, Tuesday, After much waiting, we caught a bus to La Paz. I managed to talk the fellow at the desk into giving Joe and I and Brian, the Peace Corps worker, a 25% discount on the tickets, so that helped. We didn't leave until 10:00 and then we encountered, if it's possible, some more *worst roads* on the trip; unpaved, washboarded, dusty; a miserable trip. The only thing that made it worthwhile was the view of Lake Titicaca. What a beautiful lake, right up at 12,000 feet – blue, with snow covered peaks in the background and the lake never seemed to end. The countryside around the lake is a

little barren as can well be expected for the altitude and it is certainly none too warm at this altitude either.

We got to within an hour of the border and the bus broke down. It took about three hours to fix it and by that time the border was closed, so we ate dinner and then drove to Saguadero to spend the night. Most everybody checked into a hotel, but Joe and I and two other fellows decided to sleep in the bus. We spent a cold night but a good one.

March 24, 1971, Wednesday. I got up at 5:30 and finished reading *Utopia* by Sir Thomas More and then started an escape novel for lack of anything else to do. We had breakfast, which consisted of bread, hot water and lemons, which we turned into some delicious lemonade and then finally about 8:00 we crossed the border and continued our trip into Bolivia. We continued circling the lake and at about 11:00 we passed by the ruins of Tiahuanaco, which are just off to the side of the road. We could see the Puerto del Sol very clearly.

See La Paz for the first time is quite an experience. We came all of a sudden to a huge valley in the middle of the *altiplano* and there nestles La Paz, a huge tin-roofed city; certainly the poorest of the capitals so far, which reflects the poverty of Bolivia. We ate lunch with Brian, tried to get Joe's traveler's checks replaced and couldn't and found out we couldn't get a train out until Friday, so we started looking for a hotel. Lo and behold, we ran into the missionaries. It was the day off and they had just finished going to a theater and were preparing to go to a show. Elder Wilson is the brother of Joe's good friend. We had a good talk with them and decided to go to the show with them. We looked rather strange, all dirty, carrying our packs into the show house, but it was worth it. The show was "Five-Man Army," about the Mexican revolutionists. After the movie we went up to their place. They told us we could sleep on the floor and so while they went out to work, we showered. I finished my escape novel and then we shared soup with them before going to bed. One of the four, Elder Mark Randle, is going to work with the Aymará Indians starting in April. He and five others are going to learn their language in the meantime.

March 25, 1971, Thursday, After breakfast we went downtown and went to the Chilean Embassy and were informed that we wouldn't need anything but our passports to get into Chile. We cashed a check, bought a *Time* magazine and two novels and then wandered through a museum for a little while. It's funny, but no museum is even interesting after being to the one in Mexico City. We got some lunch and then sat down in a park and read for about three hours, after which we went to another movie and then back to the Elder's place and ate dinner with them. Afterwards we just rested.

March 26, 1971, Friday (written on March 31st, Wednesday), We climbed on the train at noon for Antofogasta and the next two days were something to be remembered. We stayed on the *altiplano* all the way until we finally descended the Andes into Antofogasta, and all the way it was nothing but desert at 12,000 feet. The train was crowded with the native Indians (we of course were in 2nd class) all women with all kinds

of packages and sacks full of bread, fruit, live chickens, etc. which they were taking to sell in Chile, and what's more, they all were carrying contraband candy which they hid among their other stuff. Just before they reached the border, they started throwing packages of gum, candy, etc. and asked us to hide it in our packs from the customs officers.

Joe and I were seated next to the door of the train, sharing our seat with an Indian woman and two very large sacks full of homemade bread. Trying to sleep the first night was a joke. The train stopped every fifteen minutes, the door kept opening, followed by a gust of cold air, and people kept coming and going, always in a hurry, always pushing, shoving, stepping over packages and onto us. Well, after two days of that, with no sleep, we arrived at Antofagasta at 2:00 a.m. and couldn't find a hotel. We sacked out on a park bench and went to sleep. At 5:30, Sunday, the 28th, we were awakened by the sellers setting up their booths in the market place. By this time I had a bad cold and sore throat and finding the church about 9:00 seemed like quite a blessing. The members were great. They treated us royally. Dirty and tired as we were, they asked me to speak in Sunday School besides giving two prayers. One family invited us to lunch, and the Elders said we could probably sleep at their place that night, so we took full advantage of the situation. I spent most of Sunday afternoon sleeping at the house of the family with which we ate lunch. Joe spent it with a girl he had met on the way from La Paz (Ana María).

Monday and Tuesday we spent resting, reading and socializing with Rosemary Ridley and Ofelia. Rosemary is the English girl we met in Colombia. She works here in Antofagasta and I just happened to run into her downtown one day. I'm feeling quite a bit better now and today being the 31st, we have tickets on a bus to Santiago at 7:00 p.m.

April 1, 1971, Thursday, We climbed on the bus last evening and traveled all night long. We spent a fairly good night as the bus was a big Mercedes Benz, very nice. Travel between Antofagasta and Santiago isn't real exciting: all desert. We were fright next to the ocean most of the way and that was pretty. We arrived in Santiago about 3:00 and spent until 6:00 trying to cash some dollars at a decent rate. I finally cashed \$10.00 at thirty-seven escudos per dollar. We bought some bus tickets out for tomorrow morning and checked into a cheap hotel. This evening we went to a show, a double feature, "Three in the Attic" and "The Graduate" for \$.15 apiece.

April 4, 1971, Sunday, I'll wrote as if it's only been one day since the last entry, because it seems like it. We left Santiago Friday morning at 6:00 in a little van type affair, and crossed the Andes again. We broke down about four hours out of Santiago but they fixed it in a couple of hours. We went through Portello, one of Chile's most famous ski resorts, and when we crossed the divide we were back in the snow for the third or fourth time on this trip. From what I've seen of the Andes, they can't hold a candle to the Rockies for beauty. They're big and rugged and beautiful, but have virtually no trees, no pretty meadows, no wildlife to speak of. We arrived in Mendoza, Argentina at about 5:00 and by 7:00 we were on the bus to Buenos Aires. The bus was very nice and we spent a good night. Argentina is beautiful, flat like you always hear about, and gree, everything and

everywhere cultivated. The cities are clean and well laid out, and rich. It's really a relief after being in the poverty areas of South America. We arrived in Buenos Aires in time to catch a boat to Cononia on the other side of Río de la Plata in Uruguay and there just in time to catch a bus to Montevideo. Buenos Aires is BIG and very beautiful – much prettier than any other city I've ever been in, and the thing that probably makes it so appealing to me is the greenery, trees, shrubs, parks. You just don't find those things in other places. However, in Montevideo and Buenos Aires, and for that matter all over in Argentina and Uruguay, you find greenery very beautiful.

We arrived in Montevideo too late to catch a bus out and we had to check into a hotel, which cost more than we wanted to afford, but the rest was well worth it. It's really a shame to have to travel so fast. Ever since we left Antofagasta we've been traveling so fast we haven't been able to appreciate our surroundings. In another respect though that's good, because it's so expensive to live here in comparison to Peru or Bolivia or Ecuador, that it's good we're covering ground so fast. Today being Sunday, we got our tickets for Rivera – Livramento first thing and by the time we finished it was noon and we haven't been able to find a chapel, so it looks like we'll miss church for the first time. We have tickets to leave at 11:00 for Rivera and until then we'll just wander around the city and read in one of the parks.

April 8, 1971, Thursday, Well we left Montevideo on schedule and slept on the bus and arrived in Rivera at 5:30 Monday morning. We were told the Immigration Office for Uruguay didn't open until 8:00 so we wandered around until then and were told we would have to wait until 10:00 so we wandered some more and they said we'd have to wait until 3:00. By this time we were fed up so we crossed into Brazil without passing through Uruguay immigration and crossed our fingers. Luckily Brazilian immigration didn't notice our passports hadn't been stamped, so we got our tourist cards and went on our way. The next bus to Pôrto Alegre didn't leave until almost midnight so we got our hair cut while we were waiting and also sold a pair of levis for \$11.00 then climbed on the bus for Pôrto Alegre. After spending another night on the bus, we arrived around 3:00 the next afternoon and immediately caught the next bus out for Curitiba. We arrived there at 10:00 p.m. and bought tickets out for São Paulo for that same evening. While I was waiting for the bus I ran up to where I used to live and found the Elders just getting ready for bed. They told me that Elder Wilson had been transferred to Pinheiros but that Elder Shoefeld whom I had known said Elder Clark was in town. I went over to see him but he also had been in São Paulo and was on his way back that night so I missed him. We arrived in São Paulo at 7:00 Wednesday morning and by about 8:00 we were at Isa's.

São Paulo – The time we spent here (about ten days) for me was pure bliss. For Joe I'm afraid it was a little boring. I spent the time visiting the people I had baptized and the families I had known. Everywhere we were greeted with open arms, smiles and full tables. It was a dream come true for me, and a promise fulfilled. I made two trips out to Sorocaba and one to Presidente Prudente. My family in Prudente was happy and doing well. Luiz had been ordained an Elder and is Sunday School Superintendent. Albertina is Relief Society President. Barbara is President of the Y.W.M.I.A. and Lia is a Primary

teacher. Unfortunately I didn't see Lydia because she was away at school, in Ossis. We stayed with Dr. Cidonio and family in Prudente and they fed us royally just like always.

I went out three or four times with Naomi and invited her to the states for a visit in July of 1972. She's surely a fantastic girl. While in São Paulo we stayed with Isa. She was as great as usual – personally waiting on us hand and foot. The city itself has changed a lot. There is a lot of new construction and the traffic is lighter now because of some elevated highways that they've built. São Paulo was actually much prettier than I remembered it.

Río de Janeiro – After leaving São Paulo we went to Niteroe, across the bay from Rio and stayed for four or five days with Luiz's (Presidente Prudente) sister and her family. We spent these days trying to get on a boat to the states, but we met with negative results everywhere we went. I even found my old ship captain friend that I'd met on my mission and even though he was on his way to the states, he said he couldn't help us out. So after four frustrating days we gave up and reconciled ourselves to the fact that we'd have to go by land. We did manage, however, to trade our packs for two suitcases and we sold a lot of other things, including Joe's sleeping bag. We had sold two pair of levis in Sorocaba for \$15.00 apiece. We spent Sunday in Rio and heard Elder David B. Haight speak at district conference. Rio itself is just as beautiful as ever. *Cidade Maravilhosa* and even though we didn't actually go swimming, we did see quite a bit of the city and had a good time.

Brasilia – Belem: After losing hope on the boat, we decided we'd better travel as fast as possible by land, so as to get Joe home within his deadline. So we hopped a bus to Brasilia. Brasilia was just like I imagined it to be – a very new, very modern city. Some of the architecture was very good. I especially liked the Palacio dos Ministenos. Of course with any undertaking of that magnitude, you're going to encounter mistakes and so it was with Brasilia. The city was designed so that there would be no rich and no poor, but satellite cities have sprung up all around Brasilia and the poor end up there. The city also is perhaps too big. The distances one has to cover to get anywhere at all are fantastic.

From Brasilia we took a fifty hour bus trip to Belem and in fifty hours we didn't go through a single major city. Just a few hours out of Brasilia the scenery starts to change and you enter the tropical rain forest area of the Amazon. The closer we got to Belem, the thicker the greenery became and the more water we ran into. We crossed a couple of huge major rivers that eventually empty into the Amazon.

Belem itself is quite a nice little city, about 700,000 population. It rains every day there but the rains are predictable and can be avoided. We looked into all of the possible ways out of Belem. Joe even considered flying directly to Miami, but we finally decided on a boat up the river to Manaus and from there probably an airplace to Bogota by way of Leitaria. This decision pleased me. The trip up the Amazon River should be one of the highlights of the whole journey.

While in Belem we sold our last pair of levis for \$7.00 and also we sold three t-shirts, two rain coats and one of my old shirts, all for at least 100% profit. We met some kids in Belem who showed us around the city and one of them, in an effort to please us, took us to a “very nice” whorehouse. There we met a couple of very eager girls who wasted no time in making us feel very much at ease, but much to their dismay, we remembered we had business elsewhere and had to leave before the evening had even begun. We were lucky to get to Belem when we did, because the boat only leaves every fifteen days, so we would have had a long wait for the next one. We bought our third class tickets, got shots for yellow fever, bought two hammocks for \$2.00 apiece and boarded the boat at 10:00 p.m. on Tuesday, April 27th.

The Amazon River – The boat *Leopondo Peres*, a small passenger boat, consists of about 100 people in first class, nice state rooms, good beds, clean rest rooms, eatable food, a lounge and a bar. First class encompasses all of the upper deck and half of the middle deck. About 250 passengers were in third class (there was no second class), no beds, everybody had to bring their own hammock, no state rooms, we’re all put together in what’s left of the middle deck and share the third deck with the kitchen (it being at the back of the boat), while the majority of the hammocks are bunched together at the back of the boat in a space maybe 50x50 feet. In this space are four black pipes running the length of the ceiling, two on each outer edge and the other two cutting the intervening space into three equal parts. Basically there are two rows of hammock hanging from these pipes, tied on one end to the outer pipes and on the other end skippin a pipe and tied to the third. This produces a staggered effect and allows for optimum useage of the available space. This could provide for an orderly appearance except for the fact that the hammocks were arranged very hurriedly, with people running to get the best places. As a result, some of the hammocks are staggered, some are not, some are shorter, some are extremely long, some hang low, others hang high, and in some places you even see double deckers with the bottom hammock nearly on the floor and the upper one close to the ceiling.

The types of people are as varied as the hammocks themselves, but nearly all of them are Brazilians from very different walks of life. The vast majority are northerners from Belem, Santa Pena, Manaus or one of the smaller villages in between. Most of the adults are illiterate (at least most of those in third class). The younger ones are usually educated and can read fairly well and write *mais ou menos*. These people are mixtures of Portuguese, Spanish, Italian, Dutch, Negro and Indian. Usually the ones from the river area have Indian and Negro blood, while those from a little farther south are a European/Negro mixture with a few being of pure European descent. They are a gracious people and even though conditions can be difficult traveling in such close proximity for five or six days, there was no contention. On the contrary, groups got together here and there for singing, card games, and simply talking, even a religious meeting of the *crentes* (believers) was held once in a while. They are pleasant people to travel with. Even though the bathroom facilities were poor, nearly everyone managed to take a bath every two or three days. Every day the hammocks were raised, the baggage put on stands and

the floor scrubbed. All Latin people are quite undemanding, and even though we often stood in line for an hour or more for a poor meal, complaints were few.

We embarked on Tuesday, April 27th at 9:00 p.m. From 9:00 to 10:00 there was a real hassle while everybody was trying to find a place for his hammock and baggage, etc. By 11:00 I had become fairly well acquainted with our immediate neighbors – a young twenty-one-year-old boy on the one side, traveling to visit some relatives during his time off from the Navy, and an older lady with her six-year-old boy and fourteen-year-old niece on the other side. As it turned out, the girl was one of the three available girls on board (not married or promised), all mulattos and all fourteen. She was quite cute and we had a lot of fun during the trip talking, singing and playing little tricks on each other.

From our vantage point on the middle deck we were situated about seven feet above the water and had an excellent view of the great river and surrounding areas. The river itself is immense, with thick, dark *mato* coming right down to the water's edge on both sides. At times you think you are seeing the complete width of the river and all of a sudden the bank quits and you realize it was just an island and the actual bank or maybe another island is another mile away. The river is very high at this time of the year and everywhere has overflowed its banks. All along the river the houses are partially under water – sometimes to the point of even having to be abandoned, but the people seem to be used to this and continue living in and by the water, paddling in their canoes to their front doors or to the fields where the cattle graze in knee-deep water, with beautiful birds (cranes, ducks, etc.) flying all around.

The river is full of little green floating islands, which are nothing more than pieces of vegetation torn away from the river bank and somehow managing to stay afloat. Many harbor birds and some look large and sturdy enough to support the weight of a man. The river is slow moving and perfectly calm. In most of the small ports we've seen porpoises playing in the harbor, fascinating animals, and the local fishermen use these animals as an indication as to the whereabouts of the fish. Some of the people on board have fished at each port, catching various types of fish, including *piraíha*. At one port (Monte Alegre), I decided to go swimming with some of the village kids and we spent half an hour swimming and diving off the decks of the ships while on the other side of the ship a fellow caught three or four catfish and two *piranhas*. In another port three or four fellows had caught twenty or so catfish, averaging about eight inches, so Joe decided to try his luck and came up with the prize of the day – a twenty incher.

Written after the Completion of the Trip

The Amazon River is by far the largest water system in the world. There are a couple of rivers which are longer but none can compare with the Amazon in area drained or in volume of water carried. As we were to find out later, the river at this time was at its third highest recorded level and with all we were thoroughly impressed.

Our six days aboard the ship were thoroughly enjoyable. We had talked the chef into feeding us first class food for a few extra cruzeiros. It consisted of rice, beans, fariña (a coarse flour made from the root of the manioc plant), beef of poor quality and warm milk which we had an extremely hard time explaining we preferred over coffee. This food was as before expressed “eatable” and with our hammocks we were quite comfortable. Our time was usually spent either socializing or reading or just enjoying the river. Stops in ports were quite regular and gave us an opportunity to swim in the river, fish, or just stroll into the villages and see what life for was like for the locals. At one port we saw a couple of jaguars that had recently been captured. One was perfectly jet black and the other was spotted with gold. Both were beautiful animals.

There was one other English-speaking couple on board the boat. The girl was a free lance journalist and the boy was a student taking a year’s leave from his architectural school. They were both from England and had met somewhere in South America and were planning on getting married upon their return to England. We enjoyed long evenings of conversation with them and we shared each other’s meager libraries.

Upon arriving in Manaus we searched out an inexpensive hotel where they allowed us to hang our hammocks in an empty room for a very reasonable price. We immediately checked into the flight out and found that the next day there was one to Bogota by way of Leticia for about \$75.00. This was very inexpensive but taxing very heavily on our meager funds. After buying our tickets and getting settled in the hotel, we took time out to do a little sight seeing. We walked the waterfront, went and saw the opera house, a magnificent building to be found out in the middle of the Amazon jungle.

The following day we flew out on our way to Leticia and we now had a chance to see from the air what we had been traveling through for the past week. It looked like a vast green carpet crossed every so often with waterways with little or no break in the foliage except for the rivers.

Our stopover in Leticia was just for a couple of hours but was enough time to become acquainted at least by reputation, with the most influential man in Leticia – the man who without a doubt is the cause for it being on the maps. At the airport I met a very talkative young man who was on his way back to the states. He began by talking about Jerry and his work there in Leticia and when I inquired as to Jerry and who he was, he was flabbergasted that I didn’t know. Jerry, it seemed (I don’t recall the last name) is an adventurer from the states who had come to Leticia to set up a business of trapping wild animals. He goes out into the jungle, captures live monkeys, jaguars, alligators, boa constrictors and many other wild animals. He does much of the actual “dirty work” himself and since returning from the trip I have heard many stories about how he wrestles boa constrictors to a standstill. Jerry owns the best hotel in Leticia and many other businesses. He has crates of animals flying out of Leticia on nearly every flight to various zoos around the world and it is largely because of him that there are regular flights in and out of the area. Jerry also sponsors hunting tours into the jungle for businessmen who wish to fly down on an extended weekend. We met several such

hunters and I remember feeling a little bit jealous when I realized that they would be back in the states before Joe and I ever got out of Colombia.

The young man who had been telling me about Jerry had come to Leiticia to spend a summery working for Jerry, but now after only several weeks, he was on his way home, loaded down with souvenirs. He had amoebic dysentery and was afraid he had many other exotic diseases.

Our flight to Bogota was short and uneventful. We landed in the middle of a torrential downpour and for the first time in nearly three months we got soaked to the skin. After wandering around in the rain for awhile, we finally found a hotel which the English couple had a reference for. We checked in, took a cold shower, dried ourselves and hurried down the street to a cozy little restaurant for a nice hot meal.

By this time, of course, Joe and I were both very anxious to get home. We had been traveling nearly continuously for three months. We were both worn out. Joe had lost about fifteen pounds. We were running out of money and Joe's passport expired in less than a week. We decided that we would just have to travel straight through as fast as possible until we got home. After a good night's rest in Bogota we grabbed the first bus we could get to Barranquilla on the northern coast of Colombia. It was a long trip but by now we were quite accustomed to long bus trips. We again found a cheap hotel and checked in. It was Saturday evening and all of the travel agencies and airline offices had closed. Barranquilla, in my opinion, is a very unpleasant place. It is hot and humid and very dirty. Besides this we were stuck in one side of a room partitioned off by a makeshift wall a couple of inches thick, which didn't even go clear to the ceiling. The other half of the room was rented to an industrious family who used it as a factory for making artificial flowers. They sold these flowers early each morning at the local market so they had to stay up most of the night making them. Needless to say, what with the heat, humidity and noise of the flower makers, we didn't get much sleep.

The next day, Sunday, we found a small fly-by-night airlines that offered us a good deal on a flight to San Andrés Island in the Caribbean and from there to Tegucigalpa, Honduras. We were able to get two or three different discounts on the tickets and they ended up costing us only \$37.00 all the way to Honduras. Upon arrived at San Andrés we discovered that our flight to Tegucigalpa wouldn't leave until the next day. We were pleased with the delay, however, because San Andrés was a beautiful little coral island, clean coral sand beaches and clear, warm water. Just after landing we were a little taken aback at the language of the people. We couldn't understand what they were saying and couldn't seem to communicate with them. Then all of a sudden we realized they were speaking English. It was an extremely crude form of English, but nevertheless it was English. A lot of the Caribbean Islands had first been settled by the English and then later were taken over by the Spanish. Well, the native people of the island, nearly all Negro, still spoke a form of English and English was still taught in the public schools. After we became accustomed to it, we could understand nearly everything they said.

The hotel prices were quite expensive, as the islands are a tourist attraction, but we found a place not too far from the airport and just a couple of blocks from the beach which agreed to let us hang our hammocks on their outside porch. They also gave us a meal for a reasonable price and let us use their showers. So for about a day and a half we lounged on the beach, swam, met some local Negro girls and talked with them for awhile and in short had a little respite in our headlong rush to get home. Our stopover in San Andrés was more of a blessing than we had realized, because after leaving there we didn't even slow down in our rush to get home.

The flight to Tegucigalpa was quite uneventful. We flew over what looked to be some pretty arid country. It reminded me a lot of some parts of Utah. We landed in the early afternoon and had to completely empty our suitcases for customs. Under normal circumstances, this would have been all right, but we had traded our packs for suitcases in Rio de Janeiro which proved to be the only poor trade we made during the whole trip. The suitcases were falling apart. We had them tied up with ropes and to have to untie them for customs and then piece them back together took a good hour. We had decided that from Tegucigalpa we would travel as fast as possible without stopping until we got home, so immediately we started thumbing. A fellow running a taxi service from the airport to the center of town stopped and offered us a ride. We pleaded poverty and told him we couldn't pay the passage, so he told us we could ride free. In Tegucigalpa we checked for busses up through Central America and found there wouldn't be any until the next day, so we started thumbing again.

We caught a city bus to the outskirts of the city and then found a small minibus which ran a type of taxi service between the city and the border with El Salvador. The ride was several hours long over dirty, bumpy roads. An hours or two before arriving at the border we began to think we were seeing countryside that was familiar to us and soon realized that we would cross the border at the very same spot at which we had had to pay extra fees to cross the border, where we had slept on the hard floor and where we had bathed in the river. We hurried this time so we would get across the border before 5:00 and on the Honduras side we encountered the same guards, the same shot-up offices, still unrepaired from two years previous. We had no difficulty in getting through the Honduras side. We then walked across the bridge separating the two countries and lo and behold who should be the attendant guard on the other side but the same man who had so adroitly swindled us on our way south. We still had our visas which we thought were good for a couple of years and these we presented to the guard. He looked at the visas, looked at us and told us that the visas were only good for one entry and one exit which we had already used up and that new visas would cost us \$2.00 apiece. "Furthermore," he added, "today is a holiday and there will be a small service charge for doing the paperwork." With this I lost my temper and in a not too calm voice explained to him who we were, that he had already cheated us once and that we weren't about to let him do it again. When I finished yelling at him, he insisted that I had insulted him and said he refused to let us into El Salvador unless we agreed to pay all of the extra fees he had stipulated. What could we say? We agreed. We caught a bus at the border to San Miguel and arrived there at dusk.

It was a relief to get away from that border station. What a hellish place! In San Miguel we grabbed a quick bite to eat and after finding out that there were no more buses that time of the night we started thumbing. It took us a long while to get a ride but finally an army officer picked us up and took us to the outskirts of San Salvador. He let us off at an army base and said from there we could catch a bus. We tried for a while but after an hour we gave up. It must have been close to midnight and so we asked the guards on duty at the base if we could borrow a corner of their cement to sleep on. They consented and we laid out our sleeping bags and almost immediately fell asleep.

At about 6:00 the next morning one of the guards woke us and told us they were going to drive to the center of the city and asked if we wanted a ride. We hopped in the back of their truck and they soon let us off at the bus depot. It didn't take us long to catch a bus across the rest of El Salvador, across the border with Guatemala to Esquintla where we changed buses and kept going until we reached the border of Mexico. It was getting dark when we arrived.

We decided to cross the Mexican border at a different town than the one at which we had crossed previously due to the fact that officially I was not to re-enter Mexico without permission from the Secretary of Immigration. We crossed the border at a tiny place south of Tapachula and fortunately had no difficulties. It was by this time about 10:00 p.m. and we hurried and found a bus to Tapachula where we arrived just in time to get tickets on the bus that was the very last one leaving that day for Mexico City. We spent the night traveling on the bus and arrived in Mexico City early the next morning. No sooner had we arrived than we were whisked away in a taxi to another bus station where our taxi driver crowded in line and got us two tickets to Nogales. The bus was leaving immediately. So off we went again. We traveled all day, all the next night – through Guadalajara, Mazatlán, Hermosillo, and finally to Nogales. What a relief! Finally we were back in the states. But we couldn't afford to stop and rest. We started hitch hiking. After the friendly people of Central America, hitch hiking in the states was really a burden. Nobody would pick us up. It took us all day long to get to Phoenix and for several hours we tried to get through the city itself with little success. Night came and we gave up, threw our sleeping bags on the first patch of grass we found and fell asleep.

Early the next morning we started hitch hiking again and it took us until late afternoon just to get to Flagstaff. We stopped at JB's Bigboy in Flagstaff and had a delicious American hamburger. It was so good to get back in the states. What a relief!

After we ate we started thumbing again and were picked up by a fellow in a 1965 Dodge Coronet. He offered to drive us to the other side of town and in the process we learned that he had just gotten out of the army. His name was David Wages and he had driven from Louisiana to meet up with his old circus crew where he was employed as a knife thrower. We also explained who we were and what we were doing. He told us his circus was leaving the next day and that he wouldn't be able to take his car along. He had been trying to sell it all day and hadn't been able to and offered it to us for \$30.00. We told him we only had \$35.00 between us and that we'd need at least \$15.00 of that for gas. So

he consented to sell it to us for \$20.00 if we would throw in a suitcase. We gladly gave him our best suitcase and he put all of his stuff in it and turned the car over to us.

There we were with a 1965 Dodge – power steering, power brakes, factory air, two good tires, etc. It did have its weak points. The motor had nearly 100,000 miles on it. The transmission was bad. It was missing a back window. But it was well worth \$20.00. We filled up with gas and started driving. We ran out of gas once just outside of Kanab, Utah and used our last money to fill it up again. This time we made it all the way to Richfield before running out of gas. We had no more money, so we looked up our father's brother, Uncle George, borrowed \$5.00 and made it home at about 9:00 on the night of May 15, 1971.

We had been gone exactly three and a half months. We had learned a lot, spent about \$550.00 each, covered approximately 20,000 miles, spent two nights in jail, met some wonderful people and some not-so-wonderful people. The time was well spent. We had gone from San Andrés in the Caribbean to Provo, Utah, almost without stopping and we had covered that distance in about four days. The experience was well worth it. Home looked wonderful and a good clean bed with home-cooked meals was much appreciated.

DOCUMENT 199

National Spanish Trails Symposium, October 11, 12, 13, 2007, Cedar City, Utah. Summary: the Symposium is being organized and sponsored by the Southern Utah Chapter of the Old Spanish Trails Association and will be convened at the Adams Auditorium on the campus of Southern Utah University, 310 West Center Street, in Cedar City, Utah, Friday, October 12, 2007. The principal speaker will be Lyman D. Platt, Ph.D. and his subject will be "The Spanish in Utah Prior to 1776." Other lectures will include David Earle, "Native Trade on the Hispanic Frontier;" Carolynne Merrell, "Rock Art and Enhancement Technology;" James Guymon, "Writing on the Spanish Corridor;" Al Matheson, "Navigating the Old Spanish Trail;" and Garth Norman, "Aztec/Spanish Influence at Parowan Gap."

DOCUMENT 200

Old Spanish Trail Association, Certificate of Appreciation, Lyman Platt, Ph.D., "The Spanish in Utah Prior to 1776." Southern Utah University, October 12, 2007.

DOCUMENT 201

This document contains a chronological list of trips performed by Lyman D. Platt during his work for The Genealogical Society of Utah; also quarterly reports for 1969-1974. These will be used in Diaries & Journals, Volume 5.2 [not yet published].

DOCUMENT 202

This document contains Research Specialist Time Sheets for 1970 by Lyman D. Platt during his work for The Genealogical Society of Utah. These will be used in Diaries & Journals, Volume 5.2 [not yet published].

DOCUMENT 203

This document contains Research Specialist Time Sheets for 1971 by Lyman D. Platt during his work for The Genealogical Society of Utah. These will be used in Diaries & Journals, Volume 5.2 [not yet published].

DOCUMENT 204

This document contains Research Specialist Time Sheets for 1972 by Lyman D. Platt during his work for The Genealogical Society of Utah. These will be used in Diaries & Journals, Volume 5.2 [not yet published].

DOCUMENT 205

This document contains Research Specialist Time Sheets for 1973 by Lyman D. Platt during his work for The Genealogical Society of Utah; also a type-written diary for 1973. These will be used in Diaries & Journals, Volume 5.2 [not yet published].

DOCUMENT 206 A series of poems and prose written by Thora Stapley Platt, wife of George Alma Platt, and several by Uncle George as well. Selected items only [see original file for complete set].

Pinenutting:

Out in Nevada's mountains
Where the Piñon Pines grow tall,
Where the days are cool and nights are crisp
With a blue sky over all,

There's an air of great expectancy
As rodent, man and deer
Wait with anticipation
For the first frost to appear.

For the first hard freeze to nip the cones
Which hand like jewels of jade;
Garnished with diamonds of sticky gum
High in the forest glade.

God made treasure chests they are,
And they, too, await the frost
To turn the key and burst them wide,
And then by brisk wind tossed;

To fling wide the precious pinenuts
And spill them out like gentle rain,
'Til all about beneath the trees
They fall on nook and plain.

Now, to gather in the harvest,
Chipmunk, man, and squirrel compete;
Each for his share of tasty morsels,
These pinenuts, oh, so sweet.

There's nothing quite so tempting,
There's nothing can compare
With the smell of roasting pinenuts
And the taste treat that is there.

How they add to a winter's evening
As the tantalizing smell of pine
Calls us closer round the fireplace
Where we share these gifts divine,

As we sit around the fire
Cracking pinenuts with our teeth,
Giving thanks and reminiscing
For all God doeth bequeath.

Thora Platt, 1975

Home in the Hills:

I have a song I'd like to sing
All about hime in the hills.
Home is my castle, you are my queen
And my kingdom is those that I love.
When I'm away I think of home
Oh! How my heart in me thrills
Loved ones are there waiting for me,
Back in the heart of the hills.

Children are playing, romping around
Over the rocks and the rills.
Sunlight is greeted by everything
When it comes up over the hills.

Flowers are blooming, joy there abounds
And my heart is wrapped 'round every thing.
Shadows all vanish when I think of home
Back in the heart of the hills

Chorus:

Darling, I'm coming back home to you,
Back to our Jacks and our Jills.
There's some of Heaven right here on earth,
Home in the heart of the hills. George A. Platt, 1962

Word Picture:

The hot Arizona sun beat down mercilessly on the woman sitting cross-legged on the ground before her loom. Its intensity made her red velveteen blouse seem to fairly sizzle. Wind, sun and sand had turned her once copper-toned skin to a muddy brown and creased it like tough leather. Straight wisps of course black hair escaped the cord-wound bun at the nape of her neck and blew across her face. The stoop of her shoulders spoke of the burdens she had carried; the water brought from the well or spring for miles across hot desert terrain; babied carried on cradle board; stray lambs rescued and carried back to the meager flock. Her black eyes set deep in an aquiline face seemed to mirror the centuries of destitution and hardship she was heir to. The large silver and turquoise pin at her throat would have been out of place amid such poverty on anyone except a Navajo. Her fingers, however, were nimble as they plied the goat hair yarn back and forth through the loom. Slowly the geometrical design took shape in the rug before her. All this the man with the camera either saw or sensed as he positioned himself and snapped the shutter. Thora S. Platt, 1965

The Ol' Cowboy:

Hiz wizened face tanned and hardened into wrinkled leather by many years of exposure to sun and wind, his toothy grin exposing tobacco-stained teeth, emphasized by gaping black holes where there were no teeth at all, he squints at me from under bushy grey eyebrows, with the sly look of a fox who trusts no one but yet is amused by the scene before him. Thus the bewhiskered old cowboy gazes back at me from the frame hanging on the east wall of my daughter-in-law's home. Yes, she did a good job capturing this saddle-bred old western character – this artist gal of mine. Thora S. Platt, 1975

Reflection:

Who am I to criticise
The tings I see in other guys?
They yet may exceed my estate,
If my repentance comes too late. George A. Platt, July, 1960.

DOCUMENT 207

Memories Left to Cheer, by Mamie L. W. Lovell [A booklet of twenty-seven pages; the first page being a photograph of Mamie, born August 6, 1884 – died July 18, 1942. Page 2 states: selection of original poems, written by Mamie Wells Lovell, collected and compiled by her daughter, Josephine Wells Lyman. Dedicated to her children: Josephine, Harriet, Joseph, Kathleen, her granddaughter, Janice, her stepchildren: Alice, Herman, Dick, Geneva, Bessie, Burton, Anne, Edward and Allie Lyman, her husband, Ren, her mother and father, her brother Clark, her sisters: Silva, Gene, Belva, Lulu, Nell, Angelyn, Louisa, the families of all these people and to her many cousins, other relatives, and friends. Page 3 indicates at the end of the poem that she was living in LaJolla, California on March 31, 1918. Page 5 note at the end of the poem that it was written in Rochester, Minnesota, Temple Hill Park, October 4, 1919 when Mamie took Joseph to the Mayo Clinic for an operation.

Pages 6-7: Laie Hale Laa (Temple), written in Honolulu, in 1919.

As I gazed on the Temple at Laie one day
I marveled and wondered as I thought of the way
Mapped out by our Heavenly Father to save
The souls of our dear ones laid low in the grave.

This Temple's a marvel of beauty and grace
Built to the Lord by the Hawaiian race;
Where the work for the dead in the Isles of the sea
May be done by those, by the Gospel made free.

What great satisfaction must be Saints lot,
Who have sacrificed all with the unselfish thought,
That now they may open the prison door,
To those who will bless them forevermore.

The work in the Islands is wonderful and fine,
But small when we think of the plan so divine
That this work of salvation must reach every man
By self or by proxy, the best way we can.

The thought of the enormous work to be done
Both on earth, and in heaven, and the souls to be won,
Almost overcame me, and then my mind's eye
Seemed to penetrate space and the future to spy.

All over the earth – in almost every nation
A temple is built, to aid in salvation,
In Zion the land of the free and the brave,

Each stake has its Temple, its people to save.

The Spirit of Elijah is poured out in full
On the Saints of the Lord, and there is no lull
In the gathering of records, or ordinance work.
'Tis a pleasure and duty, which they must not shirk.

And those who are counted among the best
Are called and chosen apart from the rest
To work side by side with an immortal being
And often the face of our Savior seeing.

It now seemed so clear, what before had looked hard,
How to hunt up the names, when the way seemed so barred.
But how nicely the records made in Heaven above,
Fitted into the earth ones in this labor of love.

And I felt to rejoice as I looked at this Temple,
For the light of the Gospel, and hoped to be able
To live, and be worthy its gifts to receive,
And to do work for others as they learn to believe.

Mamie left Hawaii in 1919. On page 10, she writes a poem to Grace, her stillborn baby, born June 18, 1924.

The next poem on the same page is To Josephine, written to her when she was in training at the L.D.S. Hospital in Salt Lake City, published in the *Children's Friend*.

Page 11 is a poem to Hattie May, written at Hattie's death in April of 1933. Hattie had been deaf since childhood.

Page 13, The Pioneers:

After a weary thousand miles
Of suffering, toil and woe,
The Saints while resting now could see
The sage grey vale below,
And the shimmer of the distant lake
Here they must reap and sow.

Their minds with pleasant thoughts were filled
The future they could see
The valley filled with cities fair
With vineyard, field and tree.
And best and first as they all knew

A Temple there would be.

Now we their children live to see
Their dreams have all come true
And every blessing of the earth
Is given to me and you
Even our homes, friends, church and stake
Earth's beauties that we view.

Never forgotten let them be
Who built so firmly here
Let's worship the God whom they adored
And help keep His presence near.
It's the only way we can do our part
To honor the Pioneer. July 24, 1924.

On page fourteen is a poem The Oak City Choir, written for the choir reunion September 1, 1939.

How dear to my heart is the Oak City Choir,
When thoughts of its music are brought to my mind.
The Altos, the Tenors, the Bass, and Sopranos
Together made harmony best of its king.
The leader how patient, persistent and willing
Came faithfully each Thursday night with the bell.
He taught us the notes and to sing words with feeling.
His is the choir we all love so well.

For forty-four years now he's wielded the baton,
And drawn music out from throats both young and old.
There's three generations he's coaxed and he's sat on
But every one learned to read music I'm told.
There were Dutsons, Anderson, Ropers and Lovells,
Finlinsons, Jacobsons, Christensens, Wells,
Rawlinsons, Talbots and Shipleys, and Elders.
And more in this choir we all love so well.

The organists faithful right from the beginning
Were Edity, two Maggies, Will, Effie, Eva
There's Lydia, Thelmas, and Hazel, and Erma,
They worked with their might, we will praise from for aye.
How sweet to our ears are the hymns and the anthems
We hear them each Sabbath, at conferences too.
They comfort at funerals, they cheer us at socials,
For every occasion this Choir is true,

Chorus:

The Oak City Choir, the old village choir,
The sweet sounding choir we all love so well.

On March 17, 1942, Mamie won the Desert Stake Centennial Contest, 2nd place, for her poem The Summit.

On pages 17-18 is a poem The Hospital Nightmare, which Mamie wrote in May of 1942 to her granddaughter Janice Olson, during her last illness at the Utah Valley Hospital.

Pages 19-27 comprise a talk given at Mamie W. Lovell's funeral service in Oak City, Utah, by her sister Gene L. Gardner. Excerpts are given below:

My very first consciousness of my oldest sister was of snuggling close to her on a beautiful starry summer night as we two slept together in a bed by Grandmother Lyman's grapevine southeast of her house. I never hear the chirping of the crickets on a summer evening without it bringing back this memory.

Another of my first recollections of Mamie is when my father brought her home from B.Y.U. in a bed in a covered wagon, ill with typhoid fever.... I was a small child (twelve years younger than Mamie) when she attended B.Y.U.... Mamie was my first grade school teacher. She taught for one year only. During that winter she made her home with her grandmother Lovell just across the road southwest of the school house, so that she could keep her grandmother company at night.... A little later when the opportunity presented itself, she entered training at the L.D.S. Hospital. This work she enjoyed very much. It was while training there that she helped to care for Herman Wells, a boy who had been badly injured in an accident. She became acquainted with this boy's father who came to the hospital each day to visit his son. This man later became her husband. Joseph S. Wells was as near perfect as any man I have had the privilege of being acquainted with.... For a number of years before Brother Wells passed away he was one of the Church Auditors. Each fast day of the month it was his privilege to take his wife and meet at 10:00 in the Salt Lake Temple along with all the other general authorities of the Church and their wives in a testimony meeting. Mamie has stood up before these Church officials and their wives and borne her testimony on several occasions. She always felt that this was a very sacred opportunity....

After Brother Wells died (they lived together for nine years), she and his younger daughter Geneva, went to the Hawaiian Islands to met Geneva's brother Dick and accompany him home from his mission there. And in June 1937 she made a trip to London along with President Grant's company when he went to the centennial of the British Mission. Here she gathered genealogy during the summer....

While Mamie was still living in the Eighteenth Ward, Ensign Stake, she was called as a missionary mother along with a Sister Atkinson and a Sister Willis, to search out and

locate the convert girls who had left their native lands and had come to Zion to live. Many of these girls became lost to themselves and the Church....

I took upon Mamie as a Queen Mother. She said that she could go with a light heart to the four mothers of the children she has helped to mother: Anna Sears Wells, Margaret Finlinson Lovell, Millie Lyman Lovell and Margaret Wells Olson, and say to them all that she had done the very best she knew how to care for and to help make their children's lives happy....

[She then quotes a document written to each of her own children and the children she cared for during her life, the last paragraphs of which are the following, referring to my mother, Allie Lyman, who she cared for while Grandma Irene Perkins Lyman was convalescing in the asylum in Salt Lake City from a mental breakdown. LDP]

My little sixteenth child Allie Lyman, a little three week old baby of an invalid mother that we cared for and loved so much for six months. She calls me her "other mother," and comes bringing me lovely flowers and wants to do something to comfort me on one of the last days of my life.

This might be the last prayer for all these my children, but it is just as sincere and heartfelt as it has ever been. I hope and pray that none of them will ever fail in their testimony of prayer.

Mamie has always kept a journal of her life and she made her last entry in it in her own hand writing early in the morning before she was operated on and among other things she wrote, "This is the 35th anniversary of my wedding day." She couldn't write any more but she had me write in it each day while I was with her and her girls filled in the rest of the days until her Journal was finished.

One day as she talked to her daughters of her passing and they expressed the thought that their lives would be so desolate and useless without her influence, she told them that when they got to the place that they really needed her, for them to go to the Temple and they would be able to feel her influence there. She has spent much time in the Temple in this life and she was sure she wasn't going to be deprived of going there when she would be in the spirit world. She said she would be there if possible when the work was done for the names she had been able to gather. She said she loved all these people and she was sure she would know them....

Patriarch Albert R. Lyman – Mamie's cousin – was a source of great comfort to her while she was in the hospital. She sent for him several times to come and bless her, to help her on her way. He never failed to respond to her wishes. He even came one day after he had met with an accident and had had broken two of his ribs. One day he said to her "Mamie, don't fight this thing – don't resist it and try to get away from it. Be reconciled and at peace with your distress. You can't get away from it so contemplate the future as the Apostle Stephen did as he was being stoned to death. The Lord is just as mindful of you

in your most severe pain and this intense program you are passing thru, as he has ever been at any time in your life. If you will face this plan of His with courage your Heavenly Father will fill your soul with peace and satisfaction and consolation you can get in no other way." As I stood and listened to Albert I felt that he was too severe and rather harsh with Mamie especially when she said, "How can I be at peace with something that is almost more than I can endure?" However, all the sting vanished when he said further to her, "Now Mamie, I could not possibly follow this advice I am giving to you, but you can and I bless you that you can."...

DOCUMENT 208

The obituary of James Harvey Partridge, brother of Edward Partridge, is found on page 200 of the February 1, 1896 *Deseret News* [FHL Film 026612].

DOCUMENT 209 Several prose and poems by Lyman D. Platt

To Mother:

Written in the book of life
In letters bold and clear
"A mansion for her majesty
To the end of every year."
For thanks of deeds, each one with love,
Here life prepares this home above.
She lives a life; devotion *fidel*
From the year of her young bridal veil
A princess, wife and then a queen;
Her only wish; a family clean.
Six worthy sons, two damsels fair,
Her gift to life, each one her heir.
The wealth she leaves is in her life:
A worthy mother, a loving wife.

To Father:

The value of a soul as yours compared to all the world to me is priceless as it were a banner ere unfurled, a light to guide in days of woe; a hand to lead the way. To make the path on which I go – a joyous one; each day your loving words with firmness though; that come with force and might; direct the way and make it so, to see through day or night; and so to I pledge my love, until the end is done, to you, my father, the vow above, from your loving son.

To my Brothers:

There's something in you brother
That I very much admire;
I believe once knew I other
Of lost, forgotten Sire
Who much like you I knew and loved
And shared his joy and sorrow
And in a dream I saw beyond
That likeness of tomorrow

Much to my joy you are as he
Who I sure saw once there with me.
Together with our families
We lived as through eternities.

God bless you brother and keep you pure
And in the days that follow
Mark my word, you may be sure
We'll search both dale and hollow
We'll find just where the dreams do end,
And where the paths may lead
And then we'll make a happy blend
Our love forever feed.

To my Sweetheart:

I thought that you would like to know
That someone's thoughts go where you go;
That someone never can forget
The hours we've spent since first we met;
That life is richer, sweeter far,
For such a one as you, dear, are.

And now my constant prayer will be
That God will keep you safe for me;
And if in his eternal plan
You are the one to take my hand
And at the altar kneel with me,
Then, sweetheart, truly, I love thee.

The years I've spent in contemplation
Of my life brought consternation;
Knowing nothing; wondering all;
It brought to me a bitter gall.

My life embittered because of grief
I knew not what; lost all belief.
Then from a woman I learn of love;
She gave to me all heav'n above.
And now is life most near to me
And so is all eternity
So then my only thought can be
Not of me my dear, but thee.

First composition, Spanish 321, Lyman D. Platt, B+ [This was an actual life experience while we lived in Blanding.]

El gallo era sumamente feroz y ya me había atacado repetidas veces con sus espolones. Me dolió y tuve miedo de cumplir con la orden que me papa dió de vengarme.

“Esta vez que viene, no lo dejes rascarte,” dijo mi papa. “Dale una patada lo más fuerte que puedas.”

Miré al gallo. El me miró también. Se vió tan salvaje y tan grande. Me armé de valor y tomé un paso adelante. El gallo extendió sus alas a medias y se puso en la posición ya tan conocido para mí. Me iba a atacar otra vez. Empecé a llorar; papa gritó, mandándome que me quedara allí. El gallo vino a todo dar.

Al sentir las espolones en mis piernas otra vez luché en defensa de mi vida. Supe que iba a morir pero dije a mí mismo que ese gallo recibirá lo suyo antes del fin. Sentí que mi pie chocara con el pecho del gallo y escuché el grito de susto y dolor. Me di cuenta de que el gallo estuvo retrocediendo.

“Síguelo,” mi papa me mandó.

Al tomar un paso esta vez el gallo empezó a correr y yo tras él. Lo alcancé y le di un puntapie en pleno posterior. Como gritó! Pareció una gallina. Que alegría me dió! Otro y otro le di!

“Basta, hijo, ya aprendió su lección.”

Yo también, papá.

DOCUMENT 210

It's a boy! His name Troy Alan, weight 6 lbs. 12 oz., length 20 inches; born December 15; proud parents are Alan and Allee Hamilton. [Allee Lyman is a daughter of Almon Perkins Lyman.]

DOCUMENT 211

Mrs. LaRee Nuffer Lyman requests the pleasure of your company at the wedding reception of her daughter Allee and Mr. Alan J. Hamilton, son of Mr. Earl W. Hamilton and Mrs. Ruth L. Hamilton, Friday, the twenty-second of August, nineteen hundred and sixty-nine, from seven-thirty until nine-thirty, L.D.S. Institute Building, 820 Brookside Road, Stockton, California; married August 22 in Oakland Temple.

DOCUMENT 212A

Hole-in-the-Rock Pioneer Dies. Blanding. Albert Robison Lyman, the last San Juan man to come through the Hole-in-the-Rock in 1880, died November 12 at the age of 93 at the home of a daughter in Provo.

Lyman was born in 1880 in Fillmore, a son of Platte D. Lyman and Adelia Robison. The parents were called to the San Juan Mission of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1879. His mother awaited the birth of her son before joining her husband in Bluff, carrying the baby on the journey over the Hole-in-the-Rock trail.

During his years in San Juan County he was a farmer, livestock man, road builder, ditch digger, gardener and merchant. He not only knew and told the history of the area, but also wrote about it. As editor of the local newspaper, he wrote a chapter of San Juan history every week. He also authored several books, including *Indians and Outlaws*; *The Native Blood*; *Outlaw of Navajo Mountain*; *Edge of the Cedars*; and *Trail of the Ancients*.

Lyman married Mary Ellen Perkins, June 26, 1902, in the Salt Lake Temple. She died May 13, 1939. He later married Gladys Perkins Tomney, who died April 10, 1972. In addition to his historical pursuits, he was a school teacher, seminary instructor and postmaster at Blanding.

Survivors include the following sons and daughters: Mrs. Casse L. Monson, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; Mrs. Delbert (Enone) Hardman, Provo; Mrs. Marvin (Ky) Bishop, Bountiful; Karl Robison Lyman, Orem; Mrs. James (Ann) McQueen, Taylorsville; Mrs. Floyd (Ellen) Atkin, Cedar City; Mrs. Bud (Edith) Smith, Glendale, California; Mrs. Alberta O'Brien, Provo; Mrs. Don (Gwen) Smith, Blanding; 68 grandchildren; 179 great-grandchildren; 16 2nd great-grandchildren; stepchildren, Otis Tomney, Nevada; Iris McCoy, Mesa, Arizona; Elda Grover, Salt Lake City; sister, Mrs. Carolyn Bayless, Blanding.

Funeral services will be Thursday at 2:00 p.m. in the Blanding Ward Chapel. Burial will be in Blanding Cemetery.

DOCUMENT 212B The Salt Lake Tribune, Sunday, November 25, 1973. Edge of the Cedars. Writer's Museum Wish May Come True.

What was a dream of "The Old Settler" during the latter part of his life – a museum of Indian history and culture – has a chance of becoming a reality after his death. The movement for such a museum at the site of the Edge of the Cedars ruins in southeastern Utah has gained both local and state backing that the pioneer Utahn once visualized.

Albert R. Lyman, who was the most prolific Utah writer about the San Juan country "had kept the spark alive," in the words of one acquaintance, and had amassed many Indian relics to go into such a museum.

Mr. Lyman died November 12 at the age of 93 after more than 40 years, off and on, of writing a column, "The Old Settler," for the weekly newspaper in San Juan County.

Even in failing health, he was still dictating his column with the familiar opening line, "My Dear San Juaners." He'd send them to the San Juan Record in batches. The publishers are still printing a backlog. "He was quite an institution around here," remarked Jane Turnbull, a co-publisher.

Original Blanding Settler. Mr. Lyman was the original settler of Blanding in 1905, and as an infant was settled in nearby Bluff with his parents shortly after the famed Hole-in-the-Rock Expedition completed its trek in 1879-1880. Moving from southwestern Utah across the Colorado River, the party established the San Juan Mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

The old settler's grandfather was Amasa Mason Lyman, a one-time apostle for the LDS Church who settled San Bernardino, California in 1851 in the colonization efforts directed by church leader Brigham Young.

And Mr. Lyman's father was Platte DeAlton Lyman, a leader in the Hole-in-the-Rock Expedition and colonization of San Juan County. Mr. Lyman was born in Fillmore at about the same time his father and a band of pioneers stood at the edge of the Hole-in-the-Rock to descend the treacherous cliff to the Colorado River and the crossing eastward. Once the original party made it to Bluff, the old settler's father came back to get his family.

Unsuccessful Proposal. Rep. Calvin L. Black, R-Blanding, has been one leader in seeking a museum on the northwest edge of Blanding, proposing, although unsuccessfully, a bill during the last legislature to appropriate \$500,000 for a museum which would display and interpret not only relics, but the modern-day life of Indian culture.

"Albert Lyman was the first person, I believe, to really try to get a museum and display," Rep. Black said. "He didn't have a great deal of success, but his dream was always to have a major museum."

Then, recently, Utah's American Bicentennial Commission gave its endorsement for establishment of an Edge of the Cedars Museum as a suitable project to help observe America's 200th birthday. The commission's sponsorship carries no financing, but Rep. Black said "it could be the beginning of a dream come true."

Over the years, Mr. Lyman, a cowhand at eleven and a church missionary among the Navajos for many years in the area, had collected relics which have grown into a small display in the county library at Blanding.

Mr. Lyman wrote several articles and short stories about the Indians and outlaws and pioneers of the Four Corners region. His last book, *The Trail of the Ancients*, was presented in 1972 in a ceremony with the governor's wife, Lucybeth Rampton. The book was a fictionalized account of the pre-historic Anasazi, a basketmaking Pueblo culture of the region which archaeologists date between the years 1000 to 1300.

Among the titles of his other literary efforts, most in the 1950s and 1960s, were *A Voice Calling*; about Mormonism and the Indians; *The Edge of the Cedars*, the story of the San Juan Mission; and *The Outlaw of Navajo Mountain*; *The Native Blood*; *Man to Man*; and *Indians and Outlaws*.

At the age of twenty-five, Mr. Lyman settled Blanding to farm, raise stock and carry out mercantile interests in the new settlement north of Bluff. He taught school for a quarter of a century and at one time served as the county superintendent of schools. Mr. Lyman once remarked that it was a professor in a literary class at the University of Utah who piqued his writing interest by pointing to the San Juan country as a place for limitless stories.

"Now, I want to say, without fear of successful contradiction," Mr. Lyman later wrote, "the time is going to come when San Juan County will be one of the most interesting corners in the United States."

"It will be because somebody goes through it, hearing all that he can of history and telling what he hears in a way that will charm all of his hearers," he concluded.

Mr. Lyman tried to, writing accounts of such pioneer characters as Cripsey Lehi and Old Charley Frye, and the strange geology of the area.

And shortly before his death, he wrote: "It is becoming more and more intriguing to view San Juan in the perspective, but it is infinitely more intriguing to begin viewing earth in perspective."

DOCUMENT 213

Tanja Olson, born October 30, 1966, weight 6 lbs. 7 oz.; parents Kent and Joy [Lyman] Olson.

DOCUMENT 214

Funeral Program of Gladys Perkins Tomney Lyman, born June 5, 1888, Teasdale, Utah; died April 10, 1972, Blanding Utah; services Wednesday, April 12, 1972, Blanding Ward Chapel. Family Prayer: Scott Thomas Lyman; Opening Hymn: "God Moves in a Mysterious Way," by the family; Invocation: William Floyd Atkin; Speaker: Bruce N. Black; Speaker: Karl R. Lyman; Hymn: Mary to the Savior's Tomb" by the family; Speaker: Albert R. Lyman; Remarks: Bishop Curtis Jones; Closing Hymn: "When Joseph His Brethren Beheld," by the Family; Closing Prayer: Gordon Redd. Pallbearers: grandsons; Hymn at the Cemetery: "I Know that My Redeemer Lives," by the family; Dedicatory Prayer: Don E. Smith; Funeral Director: Jay W. Lee.

Notes by Lyman D. Platt from the funeral. If God had taken time to create, she had time to look and understand. She has made her calling and election sure. One of the kindest persons; would lose herself in serving others.

Bruce N. Black: I had my prayers this morning and I told my Father in Heaven that I was willing to abide all his wishes. [This was the day Aunt Gladys died.]

Karl P. Lyman: Story of Ruth, the Gleaner. 1939, in May Lell died leaving five girls and two boys unmarried. Two months later Gladys took Lell's part. Bless her memory. She was motivated by the testimony that God lives.

Albert R. Lyman: These three days is the climax of many years. She came to us in our great need. Gladys has taught me more than I have taught her. She read the *Journal of Discourses* to within eighty pages of the 26th volume. She told me, "I don't know all that is known, but what I know, I accept." She saw that families in the Spirit World were separated because of the things done here on earth. If I couldn't have these two women in the Celestial Kingdom it would be hell.

DOCUMENT 215

We had a boy. Moab, March 17, 1970. He arrived March 9, 1970, 6:33 p.m. We named him Drex Alexander. His parents: Terry and Wally Vissirs.

DOCUMENT 216

Health Insurance Card of Irene P. Lyman, claim number 528-14-0318-B, female; hospital and medical insurance effective July 1, 1966.

DOCUMENT 217

Family Gets High Praise. Editor: I read with interest a letter to the editor protesting the selection of the Arthur Morin family of Richmond as the Utah All American family. The protest was based solely on the size of the family, no other factor.

I'm surprised that anyone would complain about this or any other selection, unless they know the individuals involved personally. No family should be honored, nor penalized, in a contest as this merely for the number of children in the family.

This family is an asset to our community, our county, our state, and our nation. I know of no family which would be more deserving of winning the national contest. The home is a model we could all emulate. It is a challenge to rear a family in today's world, a time in which the one and two child family is common. If all families of America could be as free of juvenile problems as this home, our nation would be much better off. Recognizing these parents for the tremendous job they are doing with their children is most appropriate. They are being recognized for quality, not quantity.

I wish all residents of Utah could know this family in person, then everyone would be proud to be represented by them in Florida next month. Sincerely, G. Richard Bagley, Mayor, Richmond, Utah.

DOCUMENT 218

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Provo Temple, 2200 North West Temple Drive, Provo, Utah 84601. Certificate of Appreciation: Lyman D. Platt, Today, May 2, 1972, you were baptized for sixty-nine persons in the Provo Temple. Through your services as a proxy, these people now have the opportunity to accept the gospel and receive many blessings in the Kingdom of our Father in Heaven. The Lord will bless you always for this service you have performed in His Holy House. Provo Temple Presidency Harold Glen Clark,, Joseph Y. Toronto, O. Wendle Nielsen.

DOCUMENT 219 Unsigned, holographic patriarchal blessing.

Dear son Jed Ervin Lyman, by the authority of the Holy Priesthood which is instructed to me, and in the name of Jesus Christ, I place my hands upon your head and give you a father's blessing. You are blessed with choice parents who have taught you righteousness. Be comforted, for our Heavenly Father is well pleased with you, for your integrity and desire to serve Him, even in the mission field. At this time He has held you back to come into mortality in this eventful time to assist in His work, and has preserved you from evil and harm that you might assist in the labors of the Priesthood for there is a great labor still to be done by those who hold the priesthood. Your father's prayers have been answered concerning you and will be answered further as you grow older. Your understanding of the Father's plan and work will increase as you magnify your calling in His service. This is just the beginning. He will continue to be mindful of you and will watch over you and bless you beyond your fondest dreams if you will serve Him and keep His commandments, and be true to the covenants you will be required to enter into in connection with your endowments.

You are of the choice blood of Ephraim and are entitled to the choicest of our Father's blessings which have been sealed upon his head, if you will seek and live for them. Be

humble and prayerful and keep all mission rules and live one hundred percent of the requirements made of Church members. Remember it is a sacred privilege to be called to the work of "The Master," to be authorized to speak in His name, and represent His work in the world.

Live so that the honest in heart who are seeking for the truth will recognize you when they see or hear you. [Albert R. Lyman – LDP]

DOCUMENT 220

Partridge Family Newsletter, Volume 1, January 15, 1946, Number 1 [partial copy: for full information see reference].

A Letter from our Association President: Dear Relatives: At the meeting of the Edward Partridge Family Association on October 5, 1945, in Salt Lake City, quite a wide area was represented, including Wyoming and many points in Utah....

Fern K. Thomas, our secretary is compiling a record of our addresses and a statistical record....

We have ... designated the following chapters and temporary chapter supervisors with certain committees and with also a designation of other officers as we were directed to do by the members on October 5....

Supervisors:

Salt Lake County Chapter: S. Dilworth Young, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Utah County Chapter: Bruce H. Lyman, Provo, Utah.

Cache County Chapter: D. Garn Stevens, Trenton, Utah.

Millard County Chapter: Edward Leo Lyman, Delta, Utah.

Sanpete County Chapter: Joseph Alvin Lyman, Mayfield, Utah.

San Juan County Chapter: Edward Partridge Lyman, Blanding, Utah.

Wyoming Chapter: Mark N. Partridge, Cowley, Wyoming.

Idaho Chapter: Willis J. Lyman, Rexburg, Idaho.

Page 2

Nomination Committee: George Cannon Young, chairman, with Clifford Partridge Kimball and Ethel K. Nielsen, all of Salt Lake City.

Finance Committee: A. Jay Redd, chairman, of Monticello, Utah.

Reunion Committee: Bruce H. Lyman, chairman, of Provo, with Carlie Redd Shurtleff, Salt Lake City, and Melvin Roper, Oak City, Utah.

Lucretia Lyman Ranney, of Blanding, Utah, was named society genealogist at the meeting on October 5, with Mary Lyman Reeve as a special assistant....

At the Octover meeting, Fern K. Thomas (620 South 1300 East, Salt Lake City, 2) the secretary, was appointed to act as historian....

The sentiment of the meeting was very much in favor of the publication of a family news bulletin, and George Hardy (270 East South Temple, Salt Lake City, 2) was appointed as editor, with Cornell Wixom as assistant....

We have your letters and send greetings to:

George E. Black, Route 1, Box 236, Helper, Utah. Thanks for the names and addresses of your children, and your message of encouragement.

Luana P. Stevens, Steptoe Valley Hospital, East Ely, Nevada. Your interest in this work is appreciated and we hope to be able to exchange information through this paper as soon as we can get fully equipped to do so.

A. Jay Redd, Monticello, Utah.... Thank you for the list of names.

S. Dilworth Young, 47 East South Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah. We are sorry you could not come to the Partridge Family meeting, but will look forward to seeing you next year.

Edward Leo Lyman, Jr., Delta, Utah. Your letter was greatly appreciated and we especially want to thank you for the poem written by Edward Partridge, Jr....

Mrs. W. C. Partridge (Aunt Sadie), Cowley, Wyoming. Your letter is greatly appreciated and your granddaughter, Mrs. D. M. Stevens, gave an interesting report of her work....

Mrs. Mark N. Partridge, Cowley, Wyoming.... We will try to get a personal answer to you soon regarding the records on the Cotton line...

Ellen Lyman Atkin, St. George, Utah. Thanks for keeping in touch with us.

Vint Perkins Lyman, Monticello, Utah. Thanks for the corrections.

Karl Robison Lyman, Monticello, Utah.... Thanks for your suggestions and good wishes....

A Letter 110 Years Old. At Uncle John's and Aunt Harriet Lovell's place, among their keepsakes, is the following letter. The writing is plain and legible in purple ink. November 2, 1835. Harriet, my Daughter, It rejoices me to have you write to me that you are determined to keep the commandments of God. If you live and are faithful, you will be permitted to return to Zion with songs of joy. You must not forget to remember your father in your prayers. You say you should be glad to see me. I also should be glad to see all of you, and I trust that I shall see you in the spring, if our lives are spared. We must be

willing to forsake all things (page 3) for Christ and the gospel. I hope you will be patient until it is the will of the Lord that I should return.

I am glad to hear that the children have been to school. But was sorry to hear that any were sick.

I remain your loving Father, Edward Partridge.

Harriet Pamela Partridge died May 16, 1840, aged nineteen years. Her father died two weeks later....

Ada Cannon and her husband, Dr. William T. Cannon, have gone as missionaries to the Hawaiian Islands. They are visiting places and retracing routes established by George Q. Cannon nearly one hundred years ago.

Word comes through Mary Reeves that Lucretia Lyman Ranney is prepared to get the genealogical records in order and to proceed with further work....

About the Clisby Family.

Of the ancient Anglo-Norman family DeClisbe, we learn from the researches of John Fries, chronicler and antiquarian of the Scottish Border, that this house was originally of the Chateau DeClisbe, Val de Loire, Normandy.

In the suite of William the Conqueror, three knights of the family – Richard, Robert and John DeClisbe – passed over to England, who, for distinguished valor in the Battle of Hastings (October 14, 1066) were granted Crown lands up on the Scottish border, south of Berwick Demesne (Berwick). These they (their descendants) still held in the time of Henry V, who, at the Battle of Agincourt (October 25, 1415) one of the house, Lee Ira DeClisbe, commanding the Northumberland Archers, two thousand in number, having charged on and routed the left wing of the French army, was, at the close of the battle, highly commended by King Henry in the presence of the assembled knights of the whole army. And the King presented him with a shield of gold, bearing the family's ancient armorial quarters, and a new motto: "San Peur" in Norman Freanch signifying "Without Fear."

In the time of Charles I (1625) the family, by lopping the prefix "De" from their surname, anglicized to Clisbe. This is also borne in the deeds and charters of the Manor of Yeardly and Manor of Nechelle Green granted them by Henry V. On these estates they lived in opulence and high respect up to the time of the Revolution of 1642, when Robert Clisbe was so severely wounded in a cavalry charge upon a body of his Majesty's horse (probably at the Battle of Edgehill, October 23, 1642) that he died on the field.

On account of his participation in this action, two of his sons and heirs, Ira and John Clisbe, were cited before a Military Commission in the Court of Browick, Warwickshire,

to take an oath of submission and allegiance to the King's officers in the Midland Counties.

This the two brothers defiantly refused to do, averring that rather than submit to the arbitrary dictum of a self-elected, unconstitutional Court, they would leave the country for foreign lands forever.

Being hence, heavily mulcted in money and estates, they immediately took their departure from the old Manor of Nechelle (or Machelle) Green, Warwickshire, and thence from Bristol, England, accompanied by Henry Clinte, Knight of Warwick, and several eminent yeoman families – neighbors – set sail for the Colonial Province of York (New York). [to be continued in the next issue]...

Married: Blanche Florence (Hardy) Blair to Lynn Cameron, September 22, 1945, Virginia Hardy Blair to Captain Fred Tennant, December 1, 1945. Blanche and Virginia are the daughters of Emily Hardy Blair, daughter of Miriam Young Hardy, daughter of Emily Dow Partridge Young, daughter of Edward Partridge.

Married: Wilford Stohl Cannon to Margaret Courtney Merry, December, 1945. Wilford is the son of Wilford Y. Cannon, son of Carlie Y. Cannon, daughter of Emily Dow Partridge Young, ...

We extend sincere thanks to Emily Partridge Black of El Paso, Texas, for the records she has compiled and forwarded to the Genealogical Office.

Born: Jeffrey Blaine to Gloria Greene and Clisbee Blaine Kimball, September 28, 1945. C. Blaine is the son of Clisbee Kimball, son of Hattie P. Kimball, daughter of Edward Partridge, Jr., son of Edward Partridge.

Born: George Randall to Vera Sharp and George L. Stoddard. Vera is the daughter of Vera Cannon Sharp, the daughter of Carlie Y. Cannon ...

Born: John Robert to Alice Spence and Robert Counter, September 29, 1945. Alice is the daughter of Naomi Young (Spence) James, daughter of Don Carlos Young, son of Emily Dow Partridge Young ...

DOCUMENT 221

The Edward Partridge Family Reporter, Volume 1, Number 1 (January, 1967), published by The Edward Partridge Family Association in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Association Executive Committee: Guy P. Stevens, president, 1420 South 5th West, Bountiful, Utah; Eldon E. Partridge, 1st vice president, 3646 Wendell Drive, Salt Lake City; R. Curtis Hawkins, 2nd vice president, 5807 Fountaine Bleu, Salt Lake City; Karma Swindle, secretary and treasurer, 227 West State Street, Farmington, Utah.

Appointed Officers: Georgie H. Steed, editor; Beth P. Moody, assistant secretary; Corrine Partridge, assistant secretary; Maurine H. St. John, genealogist; and Carma S. Gardner, historian.

Introducing the Executive Committee:

Guy Partridge Stevens was born in Aurora, Utah, September 4, 1899. His parents are David F. Stevens and the late Clara Partridge Stevens. His mother's father was Edward Partridge, the son of Bishop Edward Partridge and Lydia Clisbee. Her mother was Elizabeth Buxton. Guy went to grade school in Alberta, Canada. He finished high school and college and did post graduate work in dairy science and agriculture in Idaho and Utah. He has been Chief of the Dairy, Food and Drug Division of the Utah State Department of Agriculture for nearly thirty-two years.... Guy married Delsa Pugh. They live at 1420 South 500 West, Bountiful, Utah. They have two daughters and eight grandchildren.

Eldon Edward Partridge, born November 4, 1910, in Fillmore, Utah, the son of Frank Harvey Partridge, who is a son of Edward Partridge and Elizabeth Buxton, and Harriet Ann Hattie Whicker Partridge. He attended schools in Fillmore, graduating from Millard High School in 1928, attending BYU in 1928-1929, and served as a missionary in the North Central States Mission from December 1929 to December 1931. He was employed for three years as a Social Case Worker when the government welfare program was in its infancy, 1934-1937. He worked for a local telephone company as a maintenance man from 1938 until moving from Fillmore in May, 1941. Eldon married Meredith Olive Brunson, December 21, 1934. They are the parents of five children, Kent B., Celia, Scott Frank, Ruth Ann and Lyle Don. Kent and Celia are married. Scott has been employed in San Francisco since being released from the Army in August, 1966, and Ruth Ann, 16, and Lyle, 13, are still at home.

Page 2, The family moved to Delta, Utah in May, 1941, and to Salt Lake City on November 30, 1941, where they now live at 3646 Wendell Drive in the Granite Park area....

R. Curtis Hawkins, born December 20, 1909, in Granite, Utah, His father was Reigo Stay Hawkins and his mother was Miriam Young Hardy, daughter of Leonard G. Hardy and Miriam Young. Curtis is a great-grandson, on his mother's side of Brigham Young and Emily Dow Partridge.... On November 11, 1939, he married Zietelle Hellstrom in the Salt Lake Temple; they have six children and five grandchildren....

Karma P. Swindle is the daughter of Raymond Partridge and Maud Elizabeth Wentz. She was born in Vernal, Utah, May 7, 1905, where her father was teaching at the academy. She grew up on a fruit farm on Provo Bench, now Orem.... She is the mother of one daughter and grandmother of two boys.

Pages 2-3, President's Message: ... Some years ago, Sister Lucretia Ranney made some large pedigree charts for Edward Partridge and Lydia Clisbee and some of our members obtained copies of these. During recent weeks we have been able to obtain copies of some 230 of the family group sheets, prepared by Lucretia, of families named on the pedigrees. We believe we may not be able to find all of these sheets that she prepared, however. If any of you have some of them or copies of them or any other informational records on our ancestral lines we would like very much to know about them and perhaps obtain copies of any we do not have.

Do any of you know who might have the *Journal of Edward Partridge* by Lydia Clisbee?

Our actual research work, to be of common interest to all of our members, must be limited to Edward Partridge and Lydia Clisbee and their ancestors; but we would like to have in our files completed family sheets on all family groups which are descended from them....

Page 4 News of the Family....

Mark N. Partridge, Cowley, Wyoming... is a great-grandson of Bishop Edward Partridge, a grandson of Edward Partridge, the younger and Sarah Lucretia Clayton.

Karma Partridge Allred, daughter of Mark and Alverda, has given us information that the officers of the Wyoming Branch of the family are now:

President: Bob McIntosh, Burlington, Wyoming
Vice President: George Harston, Cowley, Wyoming
Secretary: May Partridge, Burlington, Wyoming
Researcher: Verda Partridge, Cowley, Wyoming
Historian: Josephine Harston, Cowley, Wyoming

We had a nice note from Albert R. Lyman of Blanding, Utah, a grandson of Eliza Partridge, with helpful information concerning names and addresses of family members in that area.

Clara Partridge Stevens, daughter of Edward Partridge, Jr. and Elizabeth Buxton, passed away, February 19, 1966, in Salt Lake City, Utah. Her brother, Frank H. Partridge is now the only living grandchild of Bishop Edward Partridge and Lydia Clisbee. He is 91. Uncle Frank, as the record shows, has been active in, and very interested in the affairs of this Association since its beginning in 1908 and has contributed (page 5) financial support most liberally all of these years....

Francis M. Partridge, grandson of Edward Partridge, Jr. and Elizabeth Buxton, reports that his mother, Mrs. George A. Partridge is 90 years old and is in quite good health and enjoying life. She is living with her daughter, Clara Clawson in Berkeley, California.

Mr. and Mrs. David (and Miriam Furr) Stimpson of Provo, Utah, have a new baby boy born November 30, 1966. Miriam is a descendant of Emily Dow Partridge Young.

Peggy Stevens is attending Snow Colloge on a scholarship and Janet Hellstrom and Bill Gray are freshmen at the U. of U. Bill toured Europe this summer as a member of the American Youth Band, one of the two boys from Utah. Kay Hellstrom graduated from Stanford University, California, and is doing post graduate work on her Masters Degree at that school. Larry Stevens and Wallace Gray have returned from missions to New Zealand and Scotland respectively. Wallace was married to Diane Strong in the Salt Lake Temple shortly after his return. The above are all grandchildren of the late Clara Partridge Stevens, daughter of Edward Partridge, Jr. and Elizabeth Buxton.

News items from the descendants of Emily Partridge Black show two young missionaries leaving for the mission field, five weddings, four new babies and three college graduates. Donald Clisbee Black and wife Olive report they are enjoying their work in the Spanish American Mission in southern Texas. Their grandson Richard Lee Ricks, son of Focha and Artel Ricks has entered the mission field in South America. Ronald Eugene Black, a son of Karl and Lurlene Black and grandson of William Shirley Black is also in the South American mission.

Married are: Michael Wesley Farrer and Carma Averett; David Artel Ricks and Linda Ann Mackenzie; Robert Rey Black and Karen H. ?; Mary Black and Calvin Cottrell; and Arita Bowers and Richard Beard.

New babies have arrived in the homes of Linda and Kenneth Lauritzen; Arita and Richard Beard; Bonnie and Douglas Robison; and Claudia and Karl Dean Black.

Graduating from Brigham Young University are David Artel Ricks; Susan Warner and Karl Dean Black. Karl Dean was a member of the entertainers troupe sent overseas by B.Y.U. last spring....

Page 6 In Memorium:

Fern Kimball Thomas, who for many years was secretary and treasurer of the Edward Partridge Family Association and one of it's most loyal and constant promoters and supporters, passed away on Saturday, April 16, 1966, at Salt Lake City, Utah...

Mailing List:...

Aileen Clawson Hughes Delautoni, San Francisco
Sarah Mar Partridge Fein, Portland
May Lyman Hansen, Salt Lake City
Lois Brown Hess, Torrence, California
Nancy Agnes Clawson Howay, Mountain Home, Idaho
Edward Lyman Brown, Manti, Utah

Arthur Quayle Cannon, Salt Lake City
Jane Elizabeth Typer, Los Angeles
Carlye Young Cannon Wattis, Denver
Hazel Johnson Williams, Los Angeles
Betty Josephine Lyman Jensen, Milford, Utah
Carlie Young Cromar Jensen
Ray Tillman Johnson
Bryant Stanley Jones
Darwin Alma Jones, Grand Junction, Colorado
Marva (or Martha) Lyman Bishop Jones, Bountiful, Utah
Martin Clawson Lambert
Mary Jane Harker Lanier, Norfolk, Virginia
Virginia Young LaRocca
Loyce Mae Partridge Leifson
Miriam Clawson Hughes Logan, Oakland, California
Assel Lyman, Gridley, California
Emery Hunter Lyman, Fair Oaks, Rt. 1, California
Evan Joseph Lyman, Salt Lake City
Richard Gee Lyman
Dawn Roper Morse, Goshen, Utah
Vauna Lovell Peterson
James Paul Rampton
Dern Alldredge Roper
Devon Jay Roper, Logan, Utah
JoAnn Cranney Cannon Rutledge, Bozeman, Montana

DOCUMENT 222 Manaviews: A Monthly Publication of the Manavu Ward, Volume 1, August, 1972, Number VII

Bishop Platt: Boys oftentimes tend to take after their fathers, but generally not in as exacting a manner as has Bishop Platt in the size of his family. Coming from a family of eight children, the Bishop has also had eight children, with the same number of boys (six) and girls (two). Born on the 24th of July in Mountain Meadows, Utah, Bishop Platt has been an active Latter-day Saint all of his life. He is probably among the very few who can honestly say of themselves that “there never was a time when I was inactive in the church.” Brother Platt was raised by a widowed mother during the depression. He later joined the Army Air Corps and became a radio operator. The Platt’s have lived in Provo for twenty-four years, and have spent the last eight of those years in the Manavu Ward. Sister Platt currently teaches the Young Marrieds class on Sunday mornings.

There are like articles on Bishop Platt’s two counselors, Dean Davis and Dave Wright.

From the Bishop’s Desk:

With pleasure I greet you in this new calling and feel in my heart that my role is cast among the best people in all the world.

As I came from the temple a few nights ago, I noticed the overhanging clouds and the slanted sunrays shining through onto Utah Lake and the surrounding hillsides. And I thought about this valley and this people and I felt to say as did the Prophet Joseph when he on one occasion was leaving Nauvoo, “This is the best place and these are the best people in all the world.”

I believe I know virtually all of you by first name, and would that I might know each of you very intimately for my benefit and in order to better serve you.

The 121st section of the Doctrine and Covenants tells me that by gentleness and persuasion and long-suffering and love unfeigned will I yet get to know and serve you better. Manavu Ward has had a great past; and many great people have resided here. Bishop Sowards tells me that at one time from 1800 to 2000 persons made up the membership of Manavu and that no less than sixty-five teachers and professors at Brigham Young University were concurrently living within the boundaries. Today we have a great many who are connected with the campus who are faithful members at Manavu.

May I again offer my services to you of the Manavu Ward who are “the best people in all the world.”

Proudly Celebrating:

Phyllis Nibley	August 2
Sarah Butler	August 3
Carl Swenson	August 3
LaRae Gourley	August 5
Dora Robinson	August 5
Harold & Sandra Swenson	August 6 (anniversary)
Catherine Barsch	August 8
Gary Ledoux	August 9
Elsie Moffitt	August 11
Ellen Tingey	August 12
Rick Williams	August 14
Zina Nibley	August 15
Carl & Lura Swenson	August 16 (anniversary)
Gordon & Allie Platt	August 18 (anniversary)
Orian & Vera Gagon	August 31 (anniversary)
Cynthia Keeler	August 31

DOCUMENT 223

Office of Treasurer of San Juan County, Property Assessed to Edward Partridge Lyman, Agent, Blanding, May 1, 1947, #1311. Page 43, Line 32, W2SE4SE4, Section 22, Twp or Block 36, Range 22, farm improved 10; land unimproved 10: 20 acres; real estate value \$97.00; personal value \$160.00; total value \$257.00. Personal property: one auto valued at \$160.00.

Property Assessed to Federal Land Bank of Berkeley, Edward Partridge Lyman, Agent, Blanding, Utah, May 1, 1947, #1348. Page 45, Line 37, W2NE4NE4less: beginning 1320 feet north and 660 feet west of E4 corner of section 27, then west 660 feet north 240 feet, east 660 feet and south 240 feet to beginning. Section 27, Twp or Block 36, Range 22; farm improved 10; land unimproved 7: 17 acres; real estate value \$208.00.

Property Assessed to Edward Partridge Lyman, Agent, Blanding, Utah, May 1, 1947, #1349. Page 45, Line 39: beginning 465 feet E of N4 corner of Section 27, then south 867 feet, then west 840 feet, then south 213 feet, then west 60 feet, then north approximately 1035 feet, then north 440.03 feet to point of beginning. Section 27, Twp 36, Range 22; improved farm 7 acres; unimproved land 12 acres; total 19 acres; real estate value \$79.00.

Same, #2040, Page 73, Line 1: beginning 80 rods south and 60 feet west of NE corner of Section 27, then north 240 feet, west 660 feet, south 240 feet, east 660 feet to point of beginning. Section 27, Twp 36, Range 22; real estate value \$83.00.

Same, Page 73, Line 5: beginning 80 rods south and 480 feet east of N4 corner, section 27, then north 240 feet, east 420 feet, south 240 feet, west 420 feet to beginning Section 27, Twp 36, Range 22; real estate value \$110.00.

Same, #2041, Page 73, Line 7: beginning 274 feet south of N4 corner section 27 then south 11 feet, east 242 feet, south 210 feet, west 242 feet, south 725 feet, east 480 feet, north 53.5 feet, west 60 feet, north approximately 1085 feet, south 44 degrees 03 minutes, west to a point 200 feet east of the point of beginning then west 200 feet to beginning; value of real estate \$149.00; improvements \$250.00 and \$500.00; personal property \$150.00; total value \$1,049.00. 1 horse (\$20.00); 1 cow (\$60.00); 2 cows (\$70.00): total \$150.00.

Same, #2045, Page 73, Line 15: beginning 1077 feet south and 80 rods east of the N4 corner, section 27, then west 420 feet, north 210 feet, east 420 feet, south 210 feet to beginning. Section 27, Twp 36, Range 22; real estate value \$55.00.

Same, #2046, Page 73, Line 17: beginning 1080 feet south and 840 feet east of N4 corner, section 27, then east 420 feet, north 213 feet, west 420 feet, south 213 feet to beginning. Section 27, Twp 36, Range 22; real estate value \$55.00; improvements \$44.00; total valuation \$99.00.

DOCUMENT 224 Certificate of Appointment for Judge of Election.

This is to certify that on the 6th day of July, 1948, Edward P. Lyman was duly appointed by the Board of County Commissioners of San Juan County, to the office of Judge of Election for Election District Number 3, Blanding, in San Juan County, State of Utah, for the following Elections: General Election to be held on the 2nd day of November, 1948 and that he has duly qualified for said office by taking and subscribing the Oath of Office, as required by law. Witness my hand and official seal at Monticello, Utah, this 1st day of September, 1948, Pearl Butt, County Clerk.

DOCUMENT 225 Notice of Classification.

Selective Service. Official Business. Local Board, Esmeralda County, Goldfield, Nevada, April 17, 1941. Mr. Edward Robison Lyman, Blanding, Utah. Note: appeal from a classification by a Local Board or Board of Appeal must be made within five days from the date of this notice at the office of the Local Board. The person named herein whose Order Number is 209, has been classified by Local Board in Class III-A, Giles A. Johnson, Member of Local Board, April 16, 1941.

DOCUMENT 226 Warranty Deed

Morley L. Black and Rachel L. Black his wife, grantors, of Blanding, San Juan County, state of Utah, hereby convey and warrant to Edward P. Lyman, grantee, of Blanding, San Juan County, state of Utah for the sum of \$1.00 and other good and sufficient considerations, the following described tract of real estate in San Juan County, state of Utah, to wit: beginning at a point which is 33 feet north and 420 feet west of the southeast corner of the NE¼ NE¼, Section 27, Township 36 South, Range 22 East, Salt Lake Meridian and running thence north 420 feet, thence west 420 feet, thence south 420 feet, thence east 420 feet to place of beginning; containing 4.048 acres. [no further information, or signatures, or date]

DOCUMENT 227 Edward Partridge Family Association New Bulletin, August 1957, Number 7. This Bulletin has the short biographies of each of Edward Partridge and Lydia Clisbee's children that lived and came to Utah. Each contains a picture of the subject. Although some of this information is contained elsewhere in this collection, it is included here *en toto* for continuity.

To give a better understanding of our relationship one to another, as descendants of Bishop Edward Partridge, it seems appropriate that we have a picture of our progenitors and a little information about them and their early lives.

In Ohio their father was doing a thriving business as a hatter. He had accumulated considerable property, and had provided a very pleasant and comfortable home for his family. Love and a deep sense of loyalty prevailed in this home.

“The house was a frame house with one large room and two bedrooms on the first floor. Opening from their mother’s bedroom were two closets, one large and one small. The large one was fitted up with shelves and used for sort of a store room. The half story above consisted of one large and one small bedroom and a clothes closet. On the landing at the top of the stairs were large bins for storing flour, meal, etc. The front door opened into an entry or short hall. The stairs went up from this hall. The kitchen was in the basement. Opening from the kitchen was a dark vegetable cellar.

“The well with the old oaken bucket was near the kitchen door. The front yard was a green plat with rosebushes and sweet briar growing under the windows. Back of the house was a garden with red and white currants. The summer house or arbor had clusters of blue grapes hanging among the leaves. There were a variety of flowers that lined each side of the path leading from the house to the arbor. Farther back in the yard was a large barn. Not far from the house next to the street was their father’s hat store.”

The children were all born in Painesville, Ohio, with the exception of the youngest, Edward, Jr. who was born in Independence, Missouri. The eldest child was Eliza Maria born April 20, 1820. At a very early age she was sent to school where she acquired a very good common education. She remained in school until about thirteen years of age. When she was about seventeen years of age, she went about thirty miles from their home to teach school. She received \$13.00 and her board for the three months she was gone. While the tailor’s trade which helped her to get work in the shops. She was paid \$3.00 per week, which helped out considerably for the family.

She and her sister Emily went to live in the home of the Prophet Joseph Smith. They lived there about three years where the principle of plural marriage was taught to them. She was asked to enter into that Order and on March 1, 1843, at Nauvoo, Illinois, being married to the Prophet Joseph Smith by Heber C. Kimball in the presence of witnesses.

After the Prophet’s martyrdom she was married to Amasa Mason Lyman on September 25, 1845, in Nauvoo, Illinois. February 9, 1846 she left Nauvoo and started the trip west to the Rocky Mountains. Many unpleasant situations were encountered. One very sad event was the death of her firstborn son, Don Carlos, who was born in a wagon on July 14, 1846 and died December 12, 1846 and was buried on the east side of the Platte River opposite Ft. John or Laramie.

In 1863 she and her family moved from Salt Lake to Fillmore. In 1868 she taught school in the State House and had about sixty scholars. Later she got a position at the Fillmore co-op store and was paid \$1.00 a day. She was there for two years and sometimes received \$9.00 a week for her labors.

When she was fifty-nine years of age, her daughter Caroline died after having been married only thirteen months, leaving a young baby. Eliza took the baby to raise. It was necessary to have her daughter-in-law nurse the baby and in order to do this had to move

to Leamington. This meant breaking up her home and placing her family with others to take care of. The baby's name was Joseph Platte Callister.

She was a kind and affectionate mother and very solicitous of the welfare of her children. She was a frail woman and her life had been full of many hardships. She died at Oak City, Utah on March 2, 1886 at the age of sixty-six.

.....

Emily Dow Partridge, the third child, was born February 28, 1824. She recounts that she slept in her mother's bedroom in the little trundle bed; but one morning when she awoke she was in the spare room with her little sister. When they got up they were shown the little dead baby boy who was born in August 1829 and died in infancy. He was named Clisbee and was the fifth child of Edward and Lydia.

Her poor clothes seemed to be her greatest trouble in childhood. One day her mother sent her to mend her dress and she got so angry she sewed a large white patch over the rent. The dress was dark blue calico. Her father required his children to go to meeting and she felt badly plagued because of her dress. She says, "I believe I have committed more sins, if it might be called so, because of my shabby clothes when a child, than in any other way all my life." In later years she got over the love of dress and said, "If I could be comfortable, neat and clean, the plainer the better, I am content."

Emily was also married to the Prophet Joseph Smith about the same time that her sister Eliza was. After his death, she became the wife of President Brigham Young. They left Nauvoo in the middle of February 1846, crossing the Mississippi River as she says, being "again a wanderer without home or shelter, with a wilderness full of wild Indians and wild beasts before me, and cruel, heartless beings behind me.

"The day after crossing the river, I must have been seen sitting on a log in a blinding snowstorm with a three months' old babe (Edward Partridge Young) in my arms. I will not attempt to describe my feelings at that time, but cold and hungry I surely was, the prospects looked rather dismal. At this time I was almost twenty-two years old." After a tedious journey of nearly three years she arrived in the Salt Lake Valley in 1848.

She was of a very retiring and modest nature, but firm in her convictions. She was faithful and devoted to the Gospel. She was very devoted to her family and their love for her was outstanding. She was gifted intellectually and had she cultivated her gift for writing, could have given the Church and her descendants something very much worthwhile to read about. She was a staunch believer in Woman's Suffrage, and in her journal wrote many interesting items on that subject.

She had many hardships during her life. She was stricken with erysipelas from which she suffered constantly. She passed away in Salt Lake City, December 13, 1899, at the age of seventy-five years.

Carolyn Ely Partridge was the fourth child and was born January 8, 1827. She was four years old when her parents joined the Church. She was baptized in 1835 by Peter Whitmer.

She became the second wife of Amasa Mason Lyman, September 6, 1844. She remained at Winter Quarters while her husband came west. She started her journey west in June of 1848 and reached Salt Lake on October 17, 1848. She and her sister Eliza were almost constant companions. She traveled with her on the trip to the Salt Lake Valley in the same wagon, and when Eliza's son Platte DeAlton was born, Caroline held Eliza, and the mother held the baby to keep her from being thrown out of her bed, as they bumped over big boulders.

She taught school in Farmington for two months to get something to live on. There was no soap. Once seeing a dead oxen at the fort, as soon as the snow was melted, she went out and gathered the bones and boiled them for fat. She combined this with wood ashes to make soft soap.

She lived as a widow after her youngest child was one year old and raised the five children alone. She and Eliza did sewing, spinning, coloring, house work, tending garden and other things. They earned \$102.00 in eighteen months at weaving.

When the Relief Society was organized in Oak City Ward in May 1874, she was chosen as the president and held that position for thirty-two years.

On her 79th birthday she wrote, "Seventy-nine years have passed by almost like a dream and I wonder how many opportunities for doing good to my associates have I neglected. In all the years I have lived, my desires have been to do all the good I could and as little evil as possible." She died in Oak City, Utah, May 8, 1908 at the age of eighty-one.

.....

Lydia Partridge, the sixth child, was born May 9, 1830. She was ten years old when her father died. After the funeral Brother William Law took the family to his house to stay until the house her father had started was finished. He and his family were very kind to the family and doctored Lydia who was very sick, and her sister Eliza. In about three weeks they were able to move to their own house, which was finished.

She was married to Amasa Mason Lyman on February 7, 1854. On March 23, 1857, she with her sisters Eliza and Caroline, mother Lydia, and Platte DeAlton Lyman, son of Eliza, were re-baptized by Brother VanCott.

Lydia had been in poor health nearly all her life. As early as 1851 she had rheumatism, not being able to put her hand to her head or help herself at all.

The sisters in the 14th Ward of Salt Lake City met at the school house with their Bishop Abraham Hoagland, to be organized into a society for the purpose of carrying out more fully the instructions of President Young. Lydia was appointed president.

There is little written of Lydia's life. She died in Fillmore, Utah on January 16, 1875 after a very painful illness of sixteen weeks. The disease was rheumatism, which terminated in dropsy. She was not able to help herself at all from the first day of her sickness.

On May 11, 1881, Lydia was sealed by proxy to the Prophet Joseph Smith in the St. George Temple.

.....

Edward Partridge, Jr, the seventh child, was born June 25, 1833. As a child he passed through the trying times of Illinois and Missouri. When he was eight years of age he was baptized in the Mississippi River at Nauvoo, Illinois.

He came to Utah with his mother and other members of the family in 1848, his father having died in 1840. On April 6, 1854 he was called and set apart to take a mission to the Sandwich Islands, and on May 4, 1854, in company with others, left for this mission where he labored over three years.

He was engaged to Sarah Lucretia Clayton, eldest daughter of William Clayton and Ruth Moon, before he left on his mission. Upon his return, he married her in Salt Lake City, on February 4, 1858. This was about the time when Johnson's Army came into the Salt Lake Valley. The young couple, like many others, left the city to go to southern towns. When the army left their location at Camp Floyd, the young couple returned to Salt Lake City.

Their first child was born November 14, 1858. She was named Harriet Pamela after his second sister who died in Nauvoo. In the early spring of 1859 they took the child and went to Farmington to work on a farm owned by Amasa Lyman. After their fourth child was born in Salt Lake, they moved the family to Fillmore, where he built a log house and where they lived for a while.

February 15, 1862 he married Elizabeth Buxton, daughter of John Buxton and Elizabeth Carnall. They lived in Farmington for a number of years. In 1869 they moved to Fillmore where Elizabeth lived in one of the rooms of the log house he had built, and Sarah lived in the other room.

Real hard times were experienced for a few years but later they became more prosperous and a two-story rock house was built for Sarah in the extreme west side of Fillmore, and a four-room brick house was purchased for Elizabeth.

He held many important positions, among which were probate judge of Millard County in 1869; vice president of Millard County Stock Raising Association in 1871; manager of

Fillmore Co-op Store; he was elected to the Territorial Legislature in 1873 and was mayor of Fillmore in 1875. In 1877 he was counselor to President Hinckley of the Millard Stake.

In 1880 he was called to Deseret to help settle and colonize that part of Millard County. He moved Elizabeth and her family there and together they worked very hard to get started in the mercantile business. But they were not to stay there long. He was called on another mission to the Sandwich Islands, and on June 1, 1882, together with his wife Sarah and their sons William, Ernest DeAlton, Stanley and Raymond he filled that call. He moved his wife Elizabeth and her children and Sarah's son Edward, to Fillmore. After his return from his mission, of which he was president for three years, in March, 1885, he and his wife Sarah settled on a homestead on the Provo Bench.

In 1895 he was called to preside over the Utah Stake upon the death of President Abraham O. Smoot, which position he held until his death in Provo on November 17, 1900.

His life was a busy, full one. An obituary published in the *Deseret News* on his demise said, "President Partridge was a quiet, unobtrusive, sensitive man whose whole life has been devoted to the furtherance of the work of God. He was earnest and sincere in all his undertakings, and merited and enjoyed the respect of the community. He had many friends in various parts of the state where he has lived. His life has been busy and well spent, and he leaves a record without blemish to be cherished and honored by his posterity through coming generations. He was an example of unselfish devotion to the gospel, his course in life being worthy of emulation by all Latter-day Saints."

.....

To date we have information on nearly 700 families of these children of Edward Partridge and Lydia Clisbee. There are many more from whom we would appreciate hearing in order to complete family units....

It is with regret that we announce that there will be no business meeting or reunion held on Edward Partridge's birthday. This is due to the illness of the executive officers and their families. Our President, William Clayton Partridge, Jr. has just recently gotten out of the hospital after an operation; our first vice president, Thomas Callister Lyman, is in poor health; our second vice president, Mary Lyman Reeve, is ill; our genealogist Lucretia Lyman Ranney is recuperating from a serious operation last month; and our secretary-treasurer-historian, Fern Kimball Thomas' husband is entering the hospital this month for a serious operation on his knee, having had the same operation on the other one in November of last year, which will prevent her from entering into any activities of the Association for some time....

Lucretia has made the following report of her work during the past year:

“I trust my health will continue to improve so that I can soon get at my work. I am just as much interested in the genealogical work as ever. I think I tell you every year that no one but a genealogist knows how much time can be spent in this work with little or nothing to show for the time spent.

There is on Lydia Clisbee’s Lewis line a Sybil, who married John Bibble. Lately, from a new book in the Library by Jacobus, I found Sybil’s maiden name to be Tincknell; her mother was Rodford and her mother was Burgess.

From the parish records where they are recorded in England, I have gathered lots of Rodford and Burgess names. I have never been in favor of gathering names with no relationship established, and have never done it, but these people recorded in the same parish with the ones we know are ours makes me feel that it will be worthwhile to do some of them. In talking to Fern and Clayton they seem to feel the same way so I intend to finish the work I have started on those lines, hoping that sometime we will be able to connect with some of them and I am sure we will.

As you all know we have several genealogical will-o-the-wisps that seem to evade us in spite of all the work done to locate them. One of them is Lydia Clisbee’s great-grandmother, Molly Pearson. I have spent a great deal of time on her. I leave her for a while and work on someone else, then I think I see another opening and go to work again with renewed enthusiasm only to find out that it leads nowhere. Others are Sarah Wheaton and Elizabeth Webster. One genealogist says Elizabeth was the daughter of Governor John Webster, but further research proves that she was not.

I have some names in the Salt Lake Temple with my name as representative. There are also some Lyman names there and you may have to check the names you want....
Lucretia L. Ranney....

DOCUMENT 228 Church to Form New Mission in Southern States

A new mission will be organized through a division of the Southern States Mission, the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints announced Friday.

Karl R. Lyman, Monticello, first counselor in the San Juan Stake Presidency, has been appointed to preside over the new mission. He will be accompanied to the new assignment the latter part of the year by his wife, Edith Kraft Lyman and their son Chad Lyman. The Lymans also have a son, Clayson W., residing in Salt Lake City, and a daughter Joyce Lyman, teaching school in West Covina, California, and two children deceased.

President Lyman has been a member of the stake presidency since 1944 when he was named second counselor. Previously he served as a councilman, stake Sunday School superintendent and secretary of the Quorum of the Seventy. He was a district president

and lectured at the world's fair in Chicago while serving in the Northern States Mission in 1931-1933.

He has an insurance agency at Monticello where he is also manager of the Hamilton Management Association. He was elected to the House of Representatives last year and previously served as county attorney for fourteen years and a member of the city council one year. He received his law degree in 1939.

Mrs. Lyman is a native of Alexandria, Kentucky. She attended business college in Cincinnati, has been a teacher in the Relief Society and speech and drama director for the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association. Prior assignments include counselor in the Relief Society ward presidency, Primary adviser, president and teacher in the YWMIA.

The Lymans were married in the Salt Lake Temple on October 4, 1934. [Picture accompanies the article.]

DOCUMENT 229

Karl R. Lyman, 35 North 900 East, Provo, Utah, June 12, 1964; Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Lyman, Blanding Utah, Dear Uncle Edward and Aunt Irene;

I enclose herewith wills, for your signatures. I would like to very strongly urge that you sign these in the presence of other witnesses, who will also sign as witnesses. Keep them then in a place where you both know they are, and if and when the information on them is needed for information as to your intent they will be available.

I congratulate you for getting this done, as I am sure it is the part of wisdom to do all we can within the law for the protection of our interests and for the proper distribution of our property.

Would you do me this favor? As soon as you get them signed and witnessed, will you drop me a card and so advise, that I will not have occasion to be further concerned about it. Thank you. Most cordially yours, Karl R. Lyman.

DOCUMENT 230

Last Will and Testament of Irene P. Lyman: Know all men by these presents: That I, Irene P. Lyman, being a resident of and domiciled in Blanding, San Juan County, State of Utah, over the age of majority, and being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make and declare this my last will and testament, hereby revoking any and all former wills, codicils, and testamentary dispositions by me heretofore at any time made.

First: I hereby appoint my children Kay P. Lyman and Rene Lyman Morin, and my grandson Gordon D. Lyman, executors of this my last will and testament....

Second: I will and direct my executors to pay from my estate, all my just debts....

Third: I will and bequeath to each of my children: Kay P. Lyman, Edward Robison Lyman, Almon P. Lyman, Rene Lyman Morin and Allie Lyman Platt the sum of \$5.00.

Fourth: I will and bequeath to the children of my deceased son DeAlton Lyman, who shall survive me, the sum of \$1.00 each.

Fifth: I hereby will and bequeath to my husband Edward P. Lyman all of the residue of my estate, consisting of all real and personal property of every kind and nature, wherever situated.

Sixth: In the event my said husband shall predecease me, or shall die within thirty days of the date of my death, ... to my children ... and to the surviving issue of my deceased son DeAlton Lyman, ...

Witness my hand this 16th day of June, 1964. Irene P. Lyman (signed)....

Witnesses: Marian Bayles, residing at Blanding, Utah (signed); Caroline L. Bayles, residing at Blanding, Utah (signed).

DOCUMENT 231

Last Will and Testament of Edward P. Lyman. [An exact duplicate of the will written above, except for his name and signature on the same date.]

The following documents comprise many of my educational report cards and transcripts.
Lyman D. Platt

DOCUMENT 232A

Sevier School District, Junior High, 1956-1957. My Home Room Advisor was Mr. Lowe; my core class teacher was Reta Brown; P.E. and Health, Mr. Lowe; 2nd Arts, Dewain C. Washburn; Science, Mr. Lowe; Math, Mr. Mathis.

The core consists of language arts and social studies. For the first term I received B+ in scholarship or achievement, work habits and citizenship for 2½ credits; second term straight B; third term two B+ and one B; fourth term two B+ and one B. Overall grade B+, 10 credits. Comments: work seems to be satisfactory; please inform us if otherwise at any time; we will fully cooperate. Both mom and dad signed at different terms.

P.E. & Health: first term three B+ for 1¼ credits; second term straight B; third term two B+, one A-; fourth term two B+, one A. Overall grade B+, 5 credits. Comments: Lyman is fully coordinated after polio five years ago. Please assist him to strengthen shoulders and legs.

2nd Arts: first term straight B; second term A-, two B; third term (reading) straight A; fourth term (reading) A, two B+. Overall grade A-, credits 5. Shop bill \$9.85. Comments: We wish to see Lyman achieve a high degree of technical skill in Industrial Arts. Any encouragement will help.

Science: first term B-, B-, A (forty-two days, no absences); second term B, B, B+ (forty-one days, no absences); third term B, B, B (forty-three days, three absences); fourth term A-, A-, A (forty-eight days, four absences). Overall grade B+, credits 5. Comments: Lyman has a natural inclination to general science; you could assist him most on technicalities.

Math: first term B, B+, B; second term B+, A, A; third term B, A, A, A- (on assignments); fourth term B, A-, A, B+ (on assignments). Overall grade B+, credits 5. Comments: Do us the service of being sure Lyman understands each necessary step or principal in Math.

DOCUMENT 232B

Sevier School District, Junior High, 1957-1958. My Home Room Advisor was Bert Johnson; social studies teacher was Mr. Newby; P.E. and Health, Mr. Lowe; Math, Dewain C. Washburn; English, Mr. Johnson; Shop, Dewain C. Washburn; Agriculture, Mr. Mathis.

Social Studies: first term A-, A, A; second term B+, A-, A; third term B+, A-, A; fourth term A-, A-, A. Overall grade A-, credits 5.

P.E. & Health: first term B, B, B+; second term A, A, A; third term B+, B+, B+; fourth term A, A, A. Overall grade A-, credits 5.

Math: first term A-, A, A; second term A, A, A; third term A-, A-, A; fourth term A-, A-, A. Overall grade A-, credits 5.

English: first term B-, B, B (forty-four days, seven absences); second term B, B, B (forty-two days, two absences); third term B, B, B+ (45 days, six absences); fourth term B-, B, B (forty-five days, 1 absence). Overall grade B, credits 5.

Shop: first term A, B+, B+; second term A-, A-, A-; third term A-, A, A; fourth term A-, A, A. Overall grade A, credits 5.

Agriculture: first term B, B, B+ (five days absent); second term A, A, A (four days absent); third term B+, A, A (five days absent); fourth term A-, A, A (six days absent). Overall grade A-, credits 5.

DOCUMENT 232C

Whittier Union High School, Whittier, California, Student Progress Report 1958-1959. Grades are based on Achievement and Citizenship, with Achievement being A for superior, B for good or above average, C for average, D for below average, barely passing, or F for failing; and Citizenship either O for outstanding or S for satisfactory.

Physical Education, Mr. Victor López, teacher. Quarter 1 C, S; Quarter 2 C, S; Quarter 3 B, S; Quarter 4 B, S. I missed one day the in third quarter and two in the fourth. Comments: for first quarter: would have liked to come for open house; impossible however.

World Culture, Armen Manis, teacher. Quarter 1 C+, S; Quarter 2 C+, S; Quarter 3 B, S; Quarter 4 C+, S. I missed four days in the third quarter and nine in the fourth.

Algebra I, James C. Littier, teacher. Quarter 1 B, S; Quarter 2 B, O; Quarter 3 B, O; Quarter 4 B, S. I missed one day in the third quarter and three in the fourth.

Typing I, N. Nordquist, teacher. Quarter 1 C+, S; Quarter 2 A-, S+; Quarter 3 B, S; Quarter 4 B+, S. I missed one day, 2 days, 2 days and five days during the four quarters.

Spanish I, Patrick J. Scianetta, teacher. Quarter 1 C+, S; Quarter 2 B, S; Quarter 3 C+, S; Quarter 4 C, O. I missed two days in the fourth quarter.

DOCUMENT 232D

Whittier Union High School, Whittier, California, Student Progress Report 1959-1960.

Advanced Biology, Frances King, teacher. Quarter 1 D-, S; Quarter 2 D+, S; Quarter 3 C+, S; Quarter 4 B-, S. I missed 0, 5, 5, and 9 days during the year.

Spanish II, J. F. Meinst, teacher. Quarter 1 C+, S; Quarter 2 C+, S; Quarter 3 C+, S; Quarter 4 C+, S. I missed 0, 5, 5, and 8 days during the year.

Geometry, Helen Kerl, teacher. Quarter 1 C-, S; Quarter 2 C-, S; Quarter 3 C+, S; Quarter 4 C+, S. I missed 0, 5, 4, and 8 days during the year.

American Life, Norman E. Benean, teacher. Quarter 1 B-, S; Quarter 2 B-, S; Quarter 3 C, S; Quarter 4 C+, S. I missed 0, 8, 8 and 16 days during the year.

Physical Education, J. Niele, teacher. Quarter 1 C, S; Quarter 2 B, S; Quarter 3 B, S; Quarter 4 A, S. I missed 0, 5, 5, and 7 days during the year.

English Literature, Herbert S. Cartwright, teacher. Quarter 3 C+, S; Quarter 4 C+, S. I missed 4 and 7 days during the third and fourth quarters that I took this class.

DOCUMENT 232E

Whittier Union High School, Whittier, California, Student Progress Report 1960-1961.

Senior Problems I, Cacjeno, teacher. Quarter 1 B, S-; Quarter 2 B, S; Quarter 3 B, S; Quarter 4 B, S. I missed 3, 8, 4, and 8+ days during the years.

Shorthand I, F. Caldwell, teacher. Quarter 1 B, S; Quarter 2 A, S; Quarter 3 B+, S; Quarter 4 B, S. I missed 3, 8, 3 and 17 days during the year.

Photography I, E. Hemerling, teacher. Quarter 1 B-, S; Quarter 2 B-, S; Quarter 3 B+, S; Quarter 4 B+, S. I missed 2, 10, 7 and 11 days during the year.

Physical Education, W. B. Stanley, teacher. Quarter 1 C+, S; Quarter 2 B-, S; Quarter 3 B+, O; Quarter 4 A, O. I missed 1, 4, 4, and 1 days during the year.

DOCUMENT 232F

Accompanying the report cards given above is a Whittier Union High School District, Transcript-Transfer Information.

Lyman De Platt, entered school September 15, 1958; address: 409 South Pickering, Whittier, California. Birth date: June 10, 1943; Place: Moab, Utah. Verification of birth date from previous school record from Monroe Junior High School, Monroe, Utah. Mother: Allie; Father: Gordon. Student Number 705517.

The transcripts that were sent from Monroe for the year 1957-1958 show five credits apiece for each of the following classes for two semesters: English I, B, B; Science A, A; Math I, A, A; Shop, A, A; Agriculture I, A A; and P.E. Health, A, A.

The transcripts coincide with the report cards given above. Graduation was on June 19, 1961. Rank was 2nd 25% of the class.

DOCUMENT 232G

Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, Permanent Academic Record. "Not an official transcript; copy for student use only."

BYU Number: 067305; Lyman De Platt, Male, born June 10, 1943; place of birth: Moab, Utah; Home 409 South Pickering, Whittier, California; Father: Gordon Leavitt Platt; High School: Whittier Union High, Whittier, California. Units earned during high school: 21; English 2; Language 2; Math 3; Science 3; Social Science 3; Date of Graduation: June 19, 1961.

BYU 1st Semester, 1961-1962:

Botony 161: General Forestry, 3 hours, C
Beom 101: Typing Fundamentals, 2, A
Dev 101: Devotional Assembly, .5
English 111: Comprehension and Reading, 3, C
Health 130: Personal Health, 2, C
History 170: American Heritage, 3, B
Music 116: Male Chorus, 1, A
P.E. 140M: Basketball Beginning, .5, B
Scripture 121: Introduction to the Book of Mormon, 2, C

BYU Fall Semester, 1968-1969:

English 260: Masters of American Literature, 3, C
Library Science 111: Use of Books and Library, 1, A-
Religion 327: Pearl of Great Price, 2, A
Religion 421: History of the Book of Mormon, 2, A

BYU Spring Semester, 1969:

English 112: Comprehension and Reading, 3, A-
Philosophy 381: Deductive Logic, 2, C+
Physics 127: Descriptive Astronomy, 3, C+
Political Science 250: International Political Science, 3, A
Speech Drama 102: Introduction to Public Speaking, 2, A
Religion 261: Introduction to Genealogy I, 2, A

BYU Summer Semester, 1969:

Genealogy 265: North American Research, 3, A
Spanish 102: First Year Spanish, 4, A
Religion 241: LDS History, 2, A
Religion 325: Doctrine & Covenants, 2, A

Transfer Credits:

Basic Military Credits Allowed: Military Science 4; Physical Ed 2

Credits Allows for USAFI Courses: Psychology: General, 3; History: Modern European History, 3.

DOCUMENT 233 Certificate of Live Birth, State of Mississippi, Registrar's Number 800; State File Number 123.

Bruce Lyman Platt, born September 28, 1968, 8:28 a.m., male, single birth, born in Lowndes County, Mississippi, USAF Hospital, Columbus Air Force Base, Mississippi; not inside city limits; name of father: Lyman De Platt, Caucasian, age 25, born in Utah; name of mother: Bertha Paula Vega, Latin American, age 27 [false], born in Peru. Permanent residence: 410 North 900 West, Provo, Utah 84601. Informant: Lyman D. Platt, father; Signature of mother (signed Bertha P. Platt). I certify that the above named child was born alive at the place & time & on the date stated above. Ralph H. Jennings, Captain, USAF, MC, MD, September 30, 1968. 858 Medical Group, Columbus AFB, MS 39701. Registrar: ? King. Date received by local registrar: October 4, 1968.

DOCUMENT 234

Mr. and Mrs. Phillip C. Nielson announce the marriage of their eldest daughter Luckie Lynne to Mr. Eugene Lloyd Platt, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Alma Platt, for time and eternity. They cordially invite you to attend a reception held in their honor, Saturday the fifteenth of September, nineteen hundred and seventy-three, from seven-thirty until ten. Fifth Ward L.D.S. Chapel, 190 West 400 South, Richfield, Utah, married in the Manti Temple.

DOCUMENT 235

A Farewell Testimonial in honor of Elder Lyman De Platt, son of Gordon and Allie Platt, to be held in the Springdale Ward Chapel, Friday, August 17, 1962, at 8:00 p.m, prior to his departure to the Andes Mission, Casilla de Correo 4759, Lima, Peru.

Program: Organ Prelude: Joy Lyman [cousin]; Opening Hymn: "The Lord is My Shepherd, page 104; Invocation: Roy Chidester [step-grandfather]; Address: Edward P. Lyman [grandfather]; Remarks: parents; Piano Solo: Roberta Platt; Address: George A. Platt [uncle]; Response: missionary; Closing Hymn: "I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go," page 75; Benediction: Joseph Platt [brother]. Scripture: "Lift up your heart and rejoice for the hour of your mission is come; and your tongue shall be loosed, and you shall declare glad tidings of great joy unto this generation. D&C.

DOCUMENT 236A

Funeral program of Elaine Perkins Walton. In loving memory of Elaine Perkins Walton, born December 20, 1919, Monticello, Utah; died March 29, 2004, Orem, Utah. Funeral services: Friday, April 2, 2004, 1:00 p.m., Aspen Stake Center, 965 West 2000 North, Orem, Utah. Pallbearers: John A. Allen, Michael Moore, Dallan Simper, John Crawford, Marcos Campos, Kenneth Barringer, Roger Spence, Rod Lindley, Fred Crawford. Honorary Pallbearers: Kirk Walton, Jr., Michael Walton, Andrew Tate, Eric Walton, Nathaniel Walton.

Services: Family Prayer: Kirk Walton; Prelude & Postlude: Denise Williams; Conducting: Bishop Charles Tolson, Aspen 4th Ward; Opening Hymn: #37 "The Wintry

Day;” Chorister: Jim Manooking; Accompanied by: Denise Williams; Invocation: Richard Walton; Life Story: David Walton; Speaker: Mark Walton; Musical Selection: “Lead Kindly Light,” by Caroline Moore, Danica Walton and Kelly Barringer, accompanied by Liza Walton and woodwind quartet: Stephanie Simper, Julie Walton, oboes; Kim Walton, Suzanne Walton, flutes. Speaker: Grandchildren: Leslie Allen, Brent Walton, Bronwen Tate, Chris Walton, Megan Spence. Musical Selection: Medley of Primary Songs: Grandchildren and Great-grandchildren, accompanied by Hope Walton and Woodwind Quartet. Speaker: Jim Walton. Remarks: Bisop Charles Tolsen. Closing Hymn: #86, “How Great Thou Art,” verses 1 and 4, accompanied by Liza Walton and Woodwind Quartet. Benediction: George Tate; Dedication of Grave: D. Brian Walton. Interment Pleasant Grove Cemetery, 500 North Main, Pleasant Grove, Utah.

Grandma: composed by Elaine Perkins for her grandmother Sarah W. Perkins’ 81st birthday, May 23, 1941:

That we are separated in distance, yes, it’s true,
But each mile that’s come between is paved with thoughts of you;
Thoughts of a noble woman whom I cherish and adore,
Whose example is my beacon for whate’er may be in store;

Thoughts of love and kindness you’ve always bestowed on me;
Thoughts of your happy life ahead, throughout eternity.
You’ve lived your life to the fullest, have always done your best;
When the Book of Life is opened, you’re sure to pass the test.

The gratitude and love I feel so potent in my heart
Are expanding and increasing each day that we’re apart.
Your life is a gorgeous flower that God himself has made –
The petals are your birthdays – may their fragrance never fade.

The blossom has been unfolding a little more each year
Until it’s reached its zenith and I have shed a tear.
And so on this great occasion, I send to you my love,
To you, the dearest Grandma, on earth or in Heaven above.

Final stanza originally read:

The blossom has been unfolding a little more each May
Until it’s reached its zenith this eight-first birthday...

DOCUMENT 236B Obituary: Elaine Perkins Walton

1919-2004: Elaine Perkins Walton rejoined her beloved husband, son, daughter and ancestors March 29, 2004. She was born December 20, 1919, at Monticello, Utah, to Ada Hunt and Richard Leonard Perkins. After her parents’ deaths, she was raised by her

grandmother, Sarah Williams Perkins. While serving an LDS mission in California, she met Raymond H. Walton. They married in the Salt Lake Temple, May 25, 1942, the day of her mission release. They made their home in the Los Angeles area and raised their family in La Cañada, California. After Ray retired, they moved to Provo, Utah. He died in 1998. She served in numerous positions and best loved teaching early morning seminary and her many years of active genealogical research.

Elaine was the mother of five children, Ray (Shauná, Dana Point, California) deceased; Julie (George Tate, Provo) deceased; David (Joanne, Orem); Jim (Hope, Henderson, Nevada), and Mark (Susan, Eagle, Idaho); foster son, Yuler Campos (Quenna); sixteen grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren. Elaine is also survived by a sister, Erma Crawford, Orem. Her sister, Freeda Guymon, and brothers Doyle and Joseph Perkins, preceded her in death.

Funeral services 1:00 p.m., Friday, April 2, in the Aspen Stake Center, 965 W. 2000 N., Orem. Friends and family may call Thursday, 6:00 to 8:00 p.m. at Berg Mortuary, 185 E. Center, Provo, or at the chapel one hours prior to services. Interment, Pleasant Grove City Cemetery.

DOCUMENT 237 Notes taken by Lyman D. Platt at the funeral of Elaine Perkins Walton.

David Walton: mother was born in Monticello. Her mother died in child birth when mother was two years old. Her father Leonard died shortly thereafter of nephritis. Elaine lived with Grandma Perkins in Monticello, Bluff and Salt Lake City. She attended school in Utah and California. Grandma Perkins grew many wonderful flowers. In 1977 in Wales, at Aberdare, Merthyr Tydfil, and Cwmbach, mother saw the type of flowers she raised.

Mother loved to catch flies. In one summer she caught 10,000.

She graduated from high school in Salt Lake City, then went to business college and worked at KSL, determined to served a mission. She received \$100.00 from an aunt in California. She and Elder Raymond H. Walton were married the same day as her release from her mission, in Hollywood Ward. They lived in La Cañada; she taught early morning seminary. When dad retired they came to Provo. Ray died leaving widow and two sons. Her sister died of multiple sclerosis, leaving husband and two daughters. When dad died in 1998 mom moved in with Dave and his wife. A week ago Monday she had a stroke on her right side. She died March 29, 2004 in Orem. Remember the Iron Rod blessing. She has four sons who are eagle scouts and returned missionaries. Five of her children married in the temple. All of her children have advanced degrees.

Mark Walton: five qualities: humor; focus on those things that matter the most; prayer; applied faith; gratitude for blessings.

She worked in Salt Lake City at age fourteen for the Goats family. Sense of optimism in all things. Between ages fifteen and eighteen she was inactive. This caused some friction between her and Grandma Perkins. She lived in the 17th ward in Salt Lake City. A fireside group caused her to begin to change. She was friends with Lynn Bennion at the LDS business college. Brother Sharp, at KSL was a friend of Bennion's and offered her a job for \$100.00 a month. This was a coveted position for the children of the General Authorities. The Lord loves each of you. He will direct you through troubled times. Mother was a woman of great faith. She had a wonderful example from Grandma Sarah Perkins. LaRee Nuffer was her first companion. It was normal in our family to live in an environment of faith and miracles.

Brent Walton: first born grandson: son of deceased son ray. Population of memories, changing of the photographs over the seasons.

Jim Walton: Triumphant life. Great good for the living and the dead. D&C 68:28: teach children to pray and walk uprightly. Power of prayer. I've always known. Mission in France thirty-seven years ago. When she was eleven she lived in Bluff. She always had to be home by dark and was sometimes home by herself. It was then that she knelt and prayed for protection. Her job at KSL changed the course of her life; it was an answer to her prayers. When she had Jim, she almost died of tomimia and convulsions. Charles Norberg, a patriarch, gave her a blessing and received a direct revelation that she would bear other children. Except for this blessing Mark would not have been born. Proverbs 31 describes her to a tee. D&C 14:7, promise of eternal life. Alma taken home to God...state of peace & happiness. Sealing in the temple: I have been sealed to my parents, wife and four daughters. She completed her life's work. Her sister-in-law, Shané, thirty-five years ago, saved mother on the freeway in California when she had a stroke.⁵

DOCUMENT 238 *Blue Mountain Panorama*, Wednesday, October 2, 1997, Page 8, by Neil Joslin: "Kirk Nielson honored as first member of Bronco Booster Club Hall of Fame."

"Kirk Nielson has been a part of the story of San Juan High School since its early days," commented San Juan Booster Club president Shan Redd last Thursday at the SJHS Homecoming assembly.

Redd, and co-president Terri Laws, introduced Nielson to the student body, faculty/staff and parents at the assembly and proclaimed him the first inductee into the San Juan Booster Club Hall of Fame. Nielson's family was also on hand to be a part of the historic event, which Booster Cluff members hope to be an annual event.

Kirk Nielson lived in Bluff as a boy, but his parents desired more education for their children than was available in Bluff, and moved to Blanding. He attended San Juan High School all four years and was involved in the school's activities.

⁵I loved Elaine and her sister Erma. They were very dear to me and always supported me during the trials I have been through. Both of them attended my re-baptism during a time of misunderstanding by the Church.

Nielson's first job was athletic manager for the basketball team. He later joined the varsity squad and started in his last two years. During his playing career, the team traveled from Mancos, Colorado to Huntington, Utah. Nielson eventually earned three letters in basketball.

He was also student body secretary in his junior year, and student body president in his senior year. Nielson also had a lead role in one of the school's operettas. He graduated in 1936.

After graduation, Nielson left Blanding for a time. He served an LDS mission, enlisted in the Navy during World War II, finished his college education, got married, started a family, and worked as a pharmacist in several areas.

He and his wife Maxine returned to Blanding in 1965 to raise their seven children, and purchased the Pay Day Drug Store. The name of the store was later changed to the San Juan Pharmacy.

In the years since his return, Nielson has been a strong support of San Juan High School sports and other activities. He and Maxine have attended games all over the state in times when they had children and grandchildren involved, and when they were not. The couple has been active members of the Booster Club throughout the years, and were key organizers of recognition events for the 1971 State basketball championship.

Nielson's community involvement has also been extensive. As a businessman he has offered support and financial assistance to many high school programs. For years San Juan Pharmacy sponsored a Little League baseball team, and promoted the Little League program. He still supports the Little League and other community events by attending and being a loyal spectator at these events.

Nielson also served as a city councilman for two four-year terms of office. He has always been an advocate for the growth and betterment of the school and the community. His hard work, kindness, and honest dealings are familiar to all who know him.

As Redd said in recognizing Nielson's accomplishments, "Kirk Nielson was and still is an honored and honorable graduate of San Juan High School." Nielson received a standing ovation from the audience as he was introduced at Thursday's event.

[Three photographs accompany this article: 1) Kirk Nielson's graduation picture in 1936; 2) Kirk and his grandson Scott Nielson in the Homecoming Parade; and 3) Kirk being introduced to the Homecoming Assembly, along with Shan Redd.

DOCUMENT 239

Heber Reed Wilson, son of Heber J. Wilson and Mary Jane Perkins, born August 6, 1906, Teasdale, Utah, moved to Monticello with his parents in 1916.

He married Helen Nielson in 1937. Three children blessed their home: Anne, Gary and James.

We have made our home in Monticello since our marriage except for a five year assignment in Vernal, Utah for the government. We returned to Monticello to engage in private business for fifteen years.

I then returned to my former position with the government Bureau of Land Management. I have spent twenty-two years in government service.

One of the highlights of my life was a freight trip I took with Grandpa Perkins by team and wagon from Monticello to Thompson, Utah and return. We made a record run, seven days, 200 miles. I doubt if this has ever been surpassed.

We have served many assignments in the church, which has been a great source of happiness in our lives.

Our son James served a mission to Argentina and is enrolled at BYU at the present time. I am a high priest in our ward. I hope this will be acceptable for your work. Yours truly, Reed Wilson.

DOCUMENT 240

Patriarchal Blessing Recommend: Blessing #644, given December 8, 2002. Patriarch's name: Clayton Farnsworth, 1395 Hope Circle, St. George. Blessing for Erik Kole Bylund, 1438 Montezuma Circle, St. George, Utah 84790; born November 20, 1990, Provo, Utah, Utah; male; baptized December 19, 1998; father Kent Lamar Bylund; mother Robert Platt. Bloomington 3rd Ward. Lineage: Ephraim. Blessing accompanies recommend, but it not recorded here for privacy's sake.

DOCUMENT 241

Yesenia Ortiz, born July 6, 1977, Mexicali, Baja California Norte, Mexico, daughter of Eliud Ortiz, born May 3, 1953; and Dolores Consuelo Huerta, born November 8, 1958; baptized September 23, 1994; endowed August 17, 2002; Yesenia is the wife of Clayton Joseph Platt, son of Joseph and Susan Platt. Ordinances for Clay: baptized January 30, 1987; endowed July 3, 1998, Provo; sealed to wife August 22, 2002, Salt Lake Temple.

DOCUMENT 242

Hazen Aldridge was the missionary who brought the gospel to the Leavitt family in Canada and also participated in baptizing some of them in Kirtland, Ohio. On September 7, 2003, Janese Christensen sent me the following: Who baptized the Leavitts in Canada? I just found this. I thought you would enjoy it. Remember that name spellings had not become standardized in the 1800's. So, it seems that Hazen Aldrich is our missionary.

First, a letter from Hazen Aldrich to Oliver Cowdery that was published in the *Messenger and Advocate* (November, 1836), page 414:

Brother O. Cowdery: Since I have the privilege of being numbered with the saints in these last days, I feel willing to mourn with those that mourn and delight to rejoice with those that rejoice. The teachings of the Savior on the mount [Matt. 7:12] “All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye even so to them.” Therefore I take up my pen that others may know that the cause of our great Redeemer is rolling forth amid this crooked and perverse generation. I do feel to rejoice and thank the Lord for his goodness and the blessings that he has bestowed upon me, the fullness of which I shall not be able to give you in this brief sketch of my labors this season. In the opening of the spring I started from Kirtland, on a mission east; went by water as far as St. Lawrence County, New York and in the town of Decalb I commenced lifting a warning voice; bending my course east to Chittenden County, Vermont in the town of Underhill, seven obeyed the Everlasting Gospel by going down in the waters of baptism – many more were convinced of the truth of the work, for Elder Butterfield in a few days came along and baptized eighteen. From Underhill I went into the province of Lower Canada: took me up a circuit in the towns of Stanstead, Hatley, Compton, and Bamston, where I spent the most of my time for three months. School houses were opened in almost every district, and I improved the time as the Lord gave me strength. I baptized eleven, and many more were searching the scriptures to see if the things preached were so. I left them in the care of Elder Winslow Farr to carry on the work – for I believe that it has but just begun. I am now bending my course west. The saints here are very anxious that I should tarry with them a little. I remain your brother in testimony of the word of God. Hazen Aldrich.

DOCUMENT 243 In Memory of Denzil A. Platt

Denzil A. Platt, born May 23, 1929, Richfield, Utah; died May 13, 1990, Mansfield, Ohio. Married Diane Ogden, September 2, 1953; later divorced; married Cheryl Beckel, May 29, 1976. Children: Aleath, Alaina, Shelley, Shaun, and Lisa. Brothers and Sisters: Roland E., George A., Gordon L., Darwin K., Josephine, and Mary Ellen.

Funeral Services, Thursday, May 17, 1990, 11:00 a.m., Neal S. Magleby & Sons, Mortuary Chapel, Richfield, Utah. George A. Platt, officiating. Interment: Richfield City Cemetery. Pallbearers: Leon Johnson, Evan Chidester, Alfred Helquist, David Oldroyd, Gary Platt, McKay Oldroyd, Les Helquist, Scott Morrison, Merrill Lewis.

Family Prayer: Zanaan Frame [brother-in-law]; Prelude Music: Jolene P. Sherman [niece]; Invocation: Darwin K. Platt [brother]; Vocal Solo: Kenneth G. Platt [nephew] “O My Father;” accompanied by Jolene. Speaker: Roland E. Platt [brother]; Tribute: Gordon L. Platt [brother]; Remarks: George A. Platt [brother]; Vocal Solo: Kenneth G. Platt, “Goin’ Home;” accompanied by Jolene. Benediction: Evan Chidester [step-brother]; postlude music: Jolene; Dedication of the Grave: Roland E. Platt [brother].

May 17, 1990: From the Journal of Lyman D. Platt. Karen and I drove to Richfield this morning and attended Uncle Denzil's funeral. He was buried afterwards besides his parents, Joseph Platt and Clarissa Josephine Leavit, and his brother Eugene.

Some of the comments made at the funeral were as follows: [Uncle Roland] He was the best of swimmers. He fought a battle every day against discouragement and fear. Eugene died fifty-nine years ago. Dad died when Denzil was four years old. The missing influence of a father was a drawback in his life as it was with the rest of us. Children were Aleth, Alena, and Shelley by first marriage. Shawn is in Germany. Alisa did not arrive at the airport. [Dad] I didn't know Denzil like an older brother should. I learned more about Denzil on the ride from the airport with Cheryl. [Evan Chidester] He was a good gardner, a good student, a best friend and step-brother. He was comfortable in nature fishing, hunting, and hiking. We had many memorable times. For thirteen years he drove an 18-wheeler from New England to California. One day in Kansas a truck ahead of him crashed and he nearly died. He quit after that. [Uncle George] I had a good relationship with Denzil as an employer. He was a good worker. He fought a good fight. We love you Cheryl for making Denzil's life more full. Denzil would have said the words of a song. "My Way" by Frank Sinatra. 1 Corinthians 15. Denzil had a humility about him. He was shy. He felt meek and lowly. Alma 32:26-27. He lived his life the best he knew how to live. He didn't complain.

Those attending included Gary Platt, Jackie Platt Riggs and husband, Kenneth and Artoise Platt, Janice and husband, Joleen Platt Sherman, Teresa, Hazel and her daughter daughter Diana and husband, Ed and Val Platt, Roberta Platt Bylund, Irene Platt Nielson, Lyman and Karen Platt, Uncle Roland and Aunt Dorothy, Uncle George and Aunt Thora, Cheryl and her daughter Alisa.

DOCUMENT 244

From: ALO, CMD; Subject: Status of CMD [Capital Military District] TACP [tactical air control party] (USAF). August 31, 1967. [The following is a description of my unit in Vietnam – Lyman D. Platt.]

The CMD TACP at present has one aircraft and two pilots. The current plan is for this to remain as is until the VNAF [Vietnamese Air Force] FACs [forward air controllers] and TACP assume the overall and complete responsibility for the CMD.

The physical arrangements of the USAF CMD TACP is at present completely decentralized. The communications radios were moved to the CMD TOC [tactical operations command] downtown Siagon on June 10, 1967, in accordance with a plan generated at that time to levy the VNAF CMD TACP with complete responsibility for the CMD. Upon realization that the VNAF TACP was not ready to assume this function, the plan was halted and the USAF CMD TACP, in place of assuming an advisory role only, remained in being as is. However, this has seriously handicapped coordination with the USAF CMD TACP. With the radios downtown, the USAF trailer at Tan Son Nhut, even

the easiest task, sometimes becomes a major problem. Record files are located downtown and also at TSN. This leads to time consuming transportation problems to get required documents to review, study, and or report on. In addition, the Base Motor Pool is tasked with furnishing four round trips daily to transport radio operators downtown.

At present, the VNAF is putting in two to three air strikes daily using A-1 flights in the CMD. These are the only aircraft the VNAF can FAC as the other fighters do not have VHF capabilities. This is going to present a future problem in that the VNAF O-1's are not compatible with the VNAF F5's. If the VNAF is going to come into the jet age, it surely must be capable of UHF communication between VNAF O-1's and F5's.

One solution to the above is allocate to the VNAF, once the USAF FAC aircraft shortage is over, [to use] U.S. type O-1 airplanes with necessary associated radios installed. This would give them the capability for not only F5's, but F100's, F4's and all other USAF tactical aircraft.

At present the pilots assigned to the USAF CMD TACP are billeted off base. There is no method of communication during non-duty hours to establish contact other than by contacting the maintenance man and having him drive to the quarters and alert the pilots of a requirement. It checked with the base housing personnel at TSN and quarters will be available in the near future, that is, three to six weeks. A letter is being prepared for submission to TACC [tactical air command center] for assistance in expediting quarters' availability for USAF CMD pilots. Although the presence of pilots billeted at TSN will not permit us to schedule night operations, because of the lack of aircraft and pilots, we will be able to respond on an as required basis at night.

The storage of classified material has also turned out to be a problem. The USAF CMD TACP has no safe available, so documents requiring safe storage are being transported to TACC for safekeeping. At present, this is being studied and word should be forthcoming so as to alleviate this problem area.

[The following six newspaper clipping give a brief idea of some of the things that were of interest at the time. Lyman D. Platt]

DOCUMENT 245A

PACAF [Pacific Air Force, Headquarters, Honolulu, Hawaii] Gets 9,700 Stripes. Washington: Strategic Air Command and Pacific Air Forces will receive the bulk of some 69,100 promotions to grades airman second class through staff sergeant on February 1 [1967]. Command quotas sent to the field this week show SAC receiving authorization for 16,182 boosts and 9,718 others going to PACAF. Allocations are based on number of eligible airmen in each grade.

The PACAF quota will be distributed as follows: staff sergeant, 1,640; airman first class, 6,263; and airman second class, 1815. (AFNS: Air Force News Service)

[I made a comment on the article as follows: This clears a lot of space ahead of me for June promotions {to airman first class} and should make it fairly certain.]

DOCUMENT 245B

Phantom's Bomb Cooks VC Rice: Saigon: Bingo! Nice job! Really outstanding!" was the jubilant cry from one forward air controller recently as he watched Capt. Lloyd G. Waynes' first bomb nearly obliterate the mound of rice below him. It was right on the nose, right square in the middle of the estimated 100 tons of rice which was being stored by Communists in II Corps area. The rice, destined to feed hungry Communist insurgents, had to be destroyed. There was no possible way it could be captured. Captain Wayne was flying an F-4C Phantom.

DOCUMENT 245C

Microvave Discovery Made: Griffiss AFB, New York: A breakthrough in development of high-power microwave components – which provide power-handling capability more than ten times greater than conventional components – has been disclosed by Rome Air Development Center. The project is rated second to development of man-pack radar as RADC's top scientific achievement of the past year. (AFNS)

DOCUMENT 245D

Ups, Downs Scheduled for January Paychecks: Washington: Servicemen will note a change in their paychecks starting in January. However, they'll have to look closely or they'll miss it. The Defense Department has authorized an increase in commuted and leave rations, from \$1.17 to \$1.30 daily, for enlisted men. But this will be offset by an increase in Social Security deductions, for all, up to 4.4 per cent of taxable income from 4.2 per cent. Leave rations apply to all enlisted men. The Social Security increase is the second in eight projected boosts to cover added costs of medicare. Along with each monthly increased percentage is a higher annual cutoff figure. The boosts started in 1963 with a 3.625 percentage and an annual total of \$174.00. In 1966 the figures jumped to 4.2 percent and \$277.20. In 1967-1968 it will be 4.4 percent and \$290.40 and 1969-1972, 4.9 percent and \$323.40. Increases will continue until a 5.65 percentage is achieved in 1987. (AFNS)

DOCUMENT 245E

Pact Would Air Spies in U.S., FBI Chief Warns: Washington (AP): A Republican opponent of a U.S.-Soviet consular treaty introduced at a Senate hearing Monday a letter in which FBI Chief J. Edgar Hoover reaffirmed his position that the treaty would make it more difficult for the FBI to combat communist spying.

"I can also state without equivocation that communist bloc diplomatic establishments in this country serve as focal points for intelligence operations," said Hoover.

Sen. Karl E. Mundt (R-S.D.) read the letter to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, which is conducting hearing on U.S.-Soviet consular treaty, which was signed in 1964. The FBI chief's testimony before a House committee in 1965, saying the treaty would make the FBI's work more difficult, has been widely cited by treaty opponents as a reason for the Senate not to give its approval....

DOCUMENT 245F

All Aliens Must Report: The Immigration and Nationality Act requires all aliens in the United States and its possessions on January 1 of each year to report their addresses to the Attorney General during the month of January. Aliens temporarily absent from the U.S. must report their addresses within ten days of return to the U.S. Cards are obtainable at any U.S. Post Office during January of each year, and the offices of the Immigration and Naturalization Service at any time. (AFNS)

DOCUMENT 246 From the Diary of Jack Ware.

On Sunday the 11th of April, 1971, at Sunday School (Spanish American Branch, Provo, Utah) I mentioned to Lyman Platt that I was empty spiritually and sure needed to recharge my spiritual batteries. He replied that he was the same. He continued that he was going to take a three-day vacation the following weekend and would be happy to have me go along with him if I could get away. I realized that this was another door that the Lord was opening for me. From past experiences I knew that I had to accept Lyman Platt's invitation even though I knew that I had much studying to do, we had a dinner date on Thursday night and I had classes to attend (I was also flat broke). I accepted his invitation – then tracked down Lyman Sperry to pay me \$100.00 he owed me.

We left Provo at 4:15 p.m. on Thursday, April 15th. I personally wished to have the trip be a changing point for me to re-direct my life and activities to concentrate my energies towards making my calling and election sure. Lyman Platt indicated he just wished to get away from things and to collect some more genealogy, pictures, etc., from relatives in Southern Utah.

We drove to Cedar City and arrived before dark. We went on west towards Enterprise and took a side car track leaving the highway in the hills and drove off the road about 300 yards into the scrub trees to where there was a good campsite. We gathered dead wood and made a campfire. Lyman Platt cooked dinner on the Coleman stove. We ate, did some target shooting with his pistol, listened to the radio, talked about things in general, watched the fire go out, had prayer, and then watched the stars become brighter and brighter. We went to sleep in sleeping bags on the gravelly ground. I about didn't sleep, not being used to sleeping on the ground. We woke early, about 4:30. It was not very cold. The coals from the fire were still glowing under the ashes and we soon had a fire going again. We cooked breakfast, took pictures of the campfire with a moon backdrop (it was still dark – just a show of light in the east). Car packed after sun came up. Traveled to Pinto – saw graveyard, took pictures, Lyman Platt's grandparents had lived

there – he thought they might also be buried in the graveyard but later found out they were buried in Newcastle, but this was two days later. Went to Newcastle and then to Enterprise. Lyman Platt wanted to see Hebron site so stopped to ask the forest ranger where it was – was told to talk to Lamond Huntsman as he was writing a book on the families and had information on Hebron – also told where Hebron was. I decided to take a look at the pipe organ I had installed in the chapel in September of 1954. Alger the custodian (who was to retire in twelve days after our visit) let me in to see the organ and said that the boys from Salt Lake City had been there two or three times recently and once had just come and left a bit of repairs that were needed but didn't do anything to the organ, leaving with the idea in local bishopric that repairs needed or else couldn't repair it. I only had my car keys with me that I could use for a screwdriver but with that I regulated the contact action until all the dead notes played. Two wires were broken and I removed two unused contacts from a switch and with a borrowed soldering iron of Alger I fixed the two broken wires. Altogether I repaired about fifteen or eighteen dead notes – then went into chamber and adjusted slades that were banging. Lyman Platt came back and told of his finding much from Huntsman; thereupon Alger said he had known Lyman Platt's grandparents and folks and told Lyman Platt other interesting stories just like Lyman had been hoping to find on the trip. Therefore my going into the chapel was inspiration for if I had gone with Lyman Platt to Huntsman's then we would not have contacted Alger.

Alger offered to take us to Hebron and did – we took photos at the cemetery and saw the site of the town – now all buildings gone – just piles of rubble left in spots. Water was one problem of the town's developing.

Returning to Enterprise we passed Leland Huntsman on the road – he was bishop when I installed the organ and also had had me add the set of pipes. We stopped him and chatted about Hebron and also what the problems were on the organ. Leland told me all about W.E. saying that the switches should be replaced and how he didn't do anything to the organ, blaming all the trouble on the weather and the changes in temperatures. I went back to the chapel with Leland and showed him what I had done and how to fix it himself and gave his backing that the organ was okay – just needed proper service. He stated that the present bishop had been at point of throwing the organ away and buying an electronic one. All in all we left them happy with the organ playing. Leland asked for my address and how much I would charge to make a trip to service the organ and piano if they wished.

We left Enterprise, went to the Mountain Meadows Monument to see where John Dee Lee was shot and where the massacre occurred. We picked some watercress and hand lunch. [end of the diary]

DOCUMENT 247 In Memory of Don Carlos Lyman Platt, 1972-1974.

Services, 2:00 p.m., October 15, 1974, Rivergrove Chapel, 780 North 700 West, Provo, Utah.

Officiating: Bishop J. Frank Sumner; Family Prayer: Gene Lyman Platt [an uncle]; Prelude music: Mary Jean Bell; Opening Hymn: "Lead Kindly Light," by the family, Valerie Platt [an aunt] accompanist. Invocation: Edward Lyman Platt [an uncle]; Speaker: Allie Lyman Platt [grandmother]; Musical Medley: Tamara Timson; Speaker: Gordon Leavitt Platt [grandfather]; Vocal Solo: "Braham's Lullabye," by Joann Billings, Zoe Coomes, accompanist; Speaker: Lyman De Platt [father]; Remarks: Bishop J. Frank Sumner; Closing Hymn: "God Moves In a Mysterious Way," Benediction: Gordon Lyman Platt [an uncle]; Postlude Music: Mary Jean Bell.

In Memory of Don Carlos Lyman Platt, Born November 12, 1972, Provo, Utah; Died October 11, 1974, Provo, Utah; Pallbearer: Lyman De Platt, father; Interment: Provo City Cemetery; Hymn at the Cemetery: "Thy Spirit, Lord, Has Stirred Our Souls," by the family. Dedication of the Grave: Joseph Lyman Platt [an uncle]. Que En Paz Descanza (R.I.P.)

DOCUMENT 248 Obituary, *Daily Herald*, October 14, 1974. [with photograph]

Don Carlos Platt: Funeral services for Don Carlos Lyman Platt, 23-month-old son of Lyman De and Bertha Paula Vega Platt, Provo, who died of cancer Friday, will be Tuesday at 2:00 p.m. in the Rivergrove Second Ward Chapel, where friends may call before services. Burial will be in Provo City Cemetery.

Another obituary adds: parents are members of the L.D.S. Church. Survivors: brothers, sisters, Bruce, David, Daniel, Patricia, Julie, all Provo; grandparents Mr. and Mrs. Gordon L. Platt, Provo; Mrs. Rufina Lazo, Provo.

DOCUMENT 249 Utah State Division of Health, Certificate of Death, 25-683.

Don Carlos Lyman Platt; male; died October 11, 1974, Provo, Utah County, at the family home at 410 North 900 West; white, age 1; born November 12, 1972, Utah; father: Lyman De Platt; mother: Bertha Paula Vega; informant: Lyman De Platt; cause of death: cancer; autopsy: yes; finding were used in determining cause of death. Physician has attended this child since his birth, last seeing him on October 8, 1974; death occurred at 3:30 p.m.; Scott P. Wallace, MD, signed October 22, 1974. Burial on October 15, 1974 at the Provo City Cemetery, Provo, Utah, by Berg Mortuary. Date received by local registrar: October 24, 1974. Teresa Rawlings, Deputy Registrar, City-County Health Department of Utah County.

DOCUMENT 250 Greetings from Albert R. Lyman, January 10, 1966.

On this, the eighty-six anniversary of my birth, as an expression of my gratitude for having been preserved through dangers and poor health to the present day, I send these greetings to my children and to my kindred and friends. I am sincerely grateful to the Giver of all things that I can still take part in the great work of human progress; I am grateful for the integrity of my children; for the sterling men and women with whom my

lot has been cast and for the rich variety of experiences through which my way of life has led. These eighty-six years have been a most interesting and profitable interval. I am thankful for what seemed to be calamities; they have served an essential purpose. [Then follows a poem of his making, a photograph, and his signature.]

DOCUMENT 251 Missionary Recommendation from the Missionary Department, 50 East North Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah 84150. December 10, 1991. California Los Angeles Mission, Los Angeles Temple Visitors' Center, March 4, 1992 to September 15, 1993. Julie Platt; female; headquarters ID: 310599.

Julie Platt (05925665); date available: December 26, 1991; home address: 11105 North Alpine Highway, Highland, Utah 84003. Places where lived: Provo, Alpine. Birth: December 25, 1970, Utah Valley Hospital, Provo; age 20; weight: 127 pounds; height: 5'8"; single; date of baptism: January 1979; driver's license: yes; state: Utah; have you ever been arrested: no; typing: 60-70 w.p.m.; word processing; computers; means of financing mission: \$100 (family); \$150 (ward); \$100 (others).

Nationality of ancestors: Spanish, English; native tongue: English; speak: Spanish; other: French (three years). Interested in learning another language. I feel I would be very successful if called to a mission where another language is spoken. Years of schooling: 15¼; years of seminary: 4; average grade in English: A; Rate how you were in school: very good.

Father: Lyman De Platt; member: yes; birthplace: Moab, Utah; occupation: genealogist; Mother: Bertha Paula Vega Platt; member: yes; birthplace: Lima, Peru; occupation: housewife; daycare center. If parents are divorced give name and address of guardian: Paula Platt, 11105 North Alpine Highway, Highland, Utah 84003. Signed: Julie Platt, October 25, 1991; membership number 05925665.

Unit Information: Highland 3rd Ward; Unit Number: 108847; bishop: Joel D. Zabriskie; Highland Utah Stake; Stephen M. Studdert, president.

Dental Evaluation for Prospective Missionaries:

L. Craig Rosvall, D.D.S. instructed Julie in proper hygiene; did a full mouth x-ray; filled all cavities on November 7, 1991.

Health Evaluation for Prospective Missionaries:

Julie said she had eye discomfort or difficulty; frequent headaches; pain in back, neck or joints; a knee injury.

DOCUMENT 252 Wedding Announcement with photograph.

Mr. and Mrs. Phillip R. Holbrook request the pleasure of your company at the reception of their daughter Holly Ann and David L. Platt, son of Paula V. Platt and Lyman De Platt on Friday, the twenty-fifth day of September nineteen hundred and ninety-two from seven until nine in the evening, The Riverboat, 4393 South Riverboat Road, Murray, Utah; marriage solemnized in the Salt Lake L.D.S. Temple.

DOCUMENT 253 Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, British Mission.

Joseph Lyman Platt: This certifies that you are honorably released from your appointment as a missionary in this Mission. No greater service can be rendered than to labor faithfully for the salvation of the souls of men. The gratitude of those who have been the beneficiaries of your voluntary generous labors will ever be a source of satisfaction and inspiration to you. May the joy that comes from the conscientious performance of the duties of this high calling ever abide with you and inspire you with a constant devotion to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. September 12, 1968. President [signed but unreadable]

DOCUMENT 254 Certificate of Ordination

This Certifies that Joseph Lyman Platt of the Manavu Ward, Provo Stake, was ordained an Elder in The Melchizedek Priesthood in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, by Gordon Leavitt Platt, an High Priest in said Church, on the 11th of September 1966. Clarence E. Hyatt, stake clerk; Roy W. Doxey, stake president.

DOCUMENT 255 Certificate of Ordination in the Aaronic Priesthood

This certifies that Joseph Lyman Platt of the Whittier 1st Ward, East Los Angeles Stake, was ordained a Deacon in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, January 18, 1959, by Gordon Platt, an Elder in said Church. John N. Stephens, Bishop; Ray L. Reid, Ward Clerk.

DOCUMENT 256 Certificate of Ordination in the Aaronic Priesthood

This certifies that Joseph Lyman Platt of the Whittier 1st Ward, Whittier Stake, was ordained a Teacher in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, January 15, 1961, by Gordon L. Platt, who holds the office of High Priest in said Church. Clarence B. Simmons, Bishop; Vearlee Howell, Ward Clerk.

DOCUMENT 257 Certificate of Ordination in the Aaronic Priesthood

This certifies that Joseph Lyman Platt of the Springdale Ward in Zion Park Stake was ordained a Priest in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, January 20, 1963, by Gordon L. Platt, a High Priest in said Church. Alvin C. Hardy, Bishop; Roland E. Platt, Ward Clerk.

DOCUMENT 258 Certificate of Blessing, Grayson Ward, San Juan Stake, No. 16, February 9, 1947.

This certifies that Joseph Lyman Platt, son of Gordon L. Platt and Allie Lyman, born January 10, 1947, at Moab, Grand, Utah, was blessed February 2, 1947, by Gordon L. Platt, an Elder of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Signed: William E. Palmer, Bishop; Barton F. Lyman, Clerk.

DOCUMENT 259 Certificate of Baptism and Confirmation, Genola Ward, Santequin-Tintic Stake, No. 117, Date: February 6, 1955.

This certifies that Joseph Lyman Platt, son of Gordon Leavitt Platt and Allie Lyman, born January 10, 1947, at Moab, Grand, Utah, was baptized February 6, 1955, by Gordon Leavitt Platt, Elder, and confirmed a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, February 6, 1955, by Gordon Leavitt Platt. Signed LuRay Draper, Bishop; Glade B. Draper, Clerk.

DOCUMENT 260 Certificate of Blessing, Wymount Branch, East Provo Stake, No. 63275, Date: June 4, 1950.

This certifies that Gene Lyman Platt, son of Gordon Leavitt Platt and Allie Lyman, born May 5, 1950, at Provo, Utah, Utah, was blessed June 4, 1950, by Gordon Leavitt Platt, an Elder of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Signed: S. Lynn Richards, Bishop; Bryce B. Orton, Clerk.

DOCUMENT 261 Certificate of Baptism and Confirmation, Annabella Ward, South Sevier Stake; Date: June 6, 1958.

This certifies that Gene Lyman Platt, son of Gordon Leavitt Platt and Allie Lyman, born May 5, 1950, at Provo, Utah, Utah, was baptized July 6, 1958, by Gordon Leavitt Platt, Elder and confirmed a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, July 6, 1958, by Elder Gordon Leavitt Platt. Signed: Paul M. Daniels, Bishop; Don C. Wilson, Clerk.

DOCUMENT 262 Certificate of Ordination in the Aaronic Priesthood.

This certifies that Gene Lyman Platt, of the Springdale Ward, in Zion Park State, was ordained a Deacon in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, May 6, 1962, by Gordon Leavitt Platt, High Priest in said church. Signed: Howard Ruesch, Bishop; Will R. Ruesch, Ward Clerk.

DOCUMENT 263 Certificate of Ordination in the Aaronic Priesthood.

This certifies that Gene Lyman Platt, of the Manavu Ward, in Provo Stake, was ordained a Priest in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, May 15, 1966, by Gordon L.

Platt, High Priest in said church. Signed: William H. Wilde, Bishop; Martell J. Gee, Ward Clerk.

DOCUMENT 264 Certificate of Ordination.

This certifies that Gene Lyman Platt, of the Manavu Ward, Provo Stake, was ordained an Elder in the Melchizedek Priesthood in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Gordon Leavitt Platt, an High Priest in said Church. Roy W. Doxey, stake president; Clarence E. Hyatt, stake clerk.

DOCUMENT 265A Certificate of Blessing, Genola Ward, Santaquin Stake, February 6, 1955.

This certifies that McKay Lyman Platt, son of Gordon Leavitt Platt and Allie Lyman, born January 15, 1955, at Payson, Utah, Utah, was blessed February 6, 1955, by Gordon Leavitt Platt, an Elder of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Signed: LuRay Draper, Bishop; Glade B. Draper, Clerk.

DOCUMENT 265B Certificate of Baptism and Confirmation, Springdale Ward, Zion Park Stake, February 3, 1963.

This certifies that McKay Lyman Platt, son of Gordon Leavitt Platt and Allie Lyman, born January 15, 1955, at Payson, Utah, Utah, was baptized February 2, 1963, by Gordon L. Platt, High Priest, and confirmed a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, February 3, 1963, by Elder Gordon L. Platt. Signed: Alvin C. Hardy, Bishop; Roland E. Platt, Clerk.

DOCUMENT 266 Certificate of Ordination.

This certifies that McKay Lyman Platt, of the Edgemont Ninth Ward, Edgemont Stake, was ordained an Elder in the Melchizedek Priesthood in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, by Gordon L. Platt, an High Priest in said Church on the 30th day of December 1973. Signed: Richard A. Call, stake president; Donald Tregashis, stake clerk.

DOCUMENT 267 Certificate of Blessing, Rivergrove II Ward, West Utah Stake, August 2, 1964.

This certifies that Irene Platt, daughter of Gordon Leavitt Platt and Allie Lyman, born June 16, 1964, at Provo, Utah, Utah, was blessed August 2, 1964, by Gordon Leavitt Platt an Elder of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Signed: Calvin J. Chappell, Bishop; Gerald R. Jensen, Clerk.

DOCUMENT 268 Certificate of Baptism and Confirmation, Manavu Ward, Provo Stake, July 20, 1972.

This certifies that Irene Platt, daughter of Gordon Leavitt Platt and Allie Lyman, born June 16, 1964, at Provo, Provo, Utah, was baptized July 1, 1972, by Gordon Leavitt Platt, High Priest, and confirmed a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, July 2, 1972 by Gordon Leavitt Platt, High Priest. Signed: Vernon Lynn Tyler, Bishop; Ashly ?, Clerk.

DOCUMENT 269

Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, upon recommendation of the University Faculty and by authority of the Board of Trustees has conferred upon Lyman De Platt the degree of Bachelor of Arts with all the rights, privileges and honors thereunto appertaining. Dated the sixteen day of August, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred seventy-four and of the University the ninety-ninth. Stamped: Spencer W. Kimball, President of the Board of Trustees; Dallin H. Oaks, President of the University.

DOCUMENT 270 LDS vets tell their stories, by Carrie A. Moore, *Deseret News* religious editor.

Mervyn Bennion of Vernon, Utah, was up early, shaving in preparation for a church meeting in Honolulu when a sailor dashed in to report an imminent air attack by Japanese fighter planes. As captain of the USS Virginia that Sunday morning, December 7, 1941, Bennion ran to the ship stationed at Pearl Harbor, and as he surveyed the damage was hit by shrapnel from a bomb. The piece “tore off the top of his stomach and apparently a fragment hit his spine and the left hip, for he lost the use of his legs, and the hip appeared to be damaged. He fell to the floor of the walk, got on his back, and with nerves of steel put back in place the entrails that had spilled out,” said a written account of his experience.

[A picture: group of LDS servicemen study the scriptures using pocket-size versions of the Book of Mormon. The “Saints at War” documentary will air Sunday.]

Sailors dressed the mortal wound as best they could, then he commanded them to care for others and continued giving orders that kept the ship afloat, allowing its guns to bring down a score of Japanese planes. During the ensuing hour and a half, he refused to be removed from the ship and continued issuing orders to secure safety for his men until he died. Only one other man aboard his vessel perished.

As the first member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to qualify for the nation’s highest military award – the Medal of Honor – Bennion’s story came to light through the sailors who were his charges, and he was awarded the medal posthumously.

Sixty years later, his story is among hundreds told in a new book that honors LDS veterans called *Saints of War* and a documentary of the same name to be broadcast Sunday.

Estimates are that 100,000 Latter-day Saints were involved in the conflict at some point, at a time when church membership hovered around 800,000.

Both the book and the documentary follow two years of information-gathering and interviewing by two B.Y.U. religion professors. Robert Freeman and Dennis Wright say that “Saints of War” project was to preserve a historical record that was in some cases unknown to family members of veterans, who are dying every day and many of whom had tucked those memories away with their discharge papers and never spoke of them again until recently.

“They have that great humility that epitomizes veterans of World War II,” Freeman said. “I sense they have a deep and abiding commitment to their country. It’s not about being lionized as heroes. They simply say they were just doing their duty.”

For those who have shared their experiences, the war was a pivotal time in their spiritual lives. “It’s a time that they asked the really hard questions about what they actually believed and came through more deeply committed.”

In his journal, Victor B. Cline, who served in the 35th Division of Patton’s Third Army, asked “Why should I try to keep being a ‘good boy?’ Why not take advantage of all the physical pleasures which are so easy to get. Everyone I know of lives in this world of satisfying the flesh. I’m tired of being alone – and slowly I’m degenerating; it takes more and more will power to say no.... But I’m going to fight this thing to the very end. If I go down, I’ll go down fighting.”

Included among the accounts are stories from several LDS general authorities, including Elders David B. Haight, and Neal A. Maxwell, who appear in the documentary not as church leaders but as veterans deeply affected by their experiences.

“The resilience of LDS soldiers, I think [was] fueled by their faith in God and their religion,” Freeman said of those interviewed for the project. After serving their country, they came home and “built families, gave devoted church service, built careers and had grandchildren. These people have led very productive and useful lives.”...

To date, the researchers have gathered about 1,000 accounts of LDS service men and women, a few from World War I and most from World War II. Their next effort will be collecting accounts of LDS personnel who served in the Korean and Vietnam wars.

[Photograph: An LDS Servicemen’s Conference was held in India in 1945. Those who fought in World War II share their stories in “Saints at War.” Among those in the picture is our father, Gordon Leavitt Platt.]

Editor’s note: for more information on the “Saints of War” project, visit the website at www.saintsatwar.org.

DOCUMENT 271 History of the LDS Church in Quebec and Ontario, by Clark T. Leavitt.

The history of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Canada began in 1832, shortly after the organization of the Church. Early missionaries into Canada included Phineas Young, Parley P. Pratt, Brigham Young and the Prophet Joseph Smith, all of whom found early success in establishing branches of the Church, specifically in Upper Canada, now Ontario. Among those converts were noble men and women whose descendants have since become familiar to all in Church leadership – the Fieldings, Taylors (including President John Taylor), and others. The Canadian Mission was organized in 1832 and disorganized in 1852. From the Journal History of the Church, March 23, 1833, we find the following dated October 10, 1836, Sunday.

Elder Hazen Aldrich, one of the first missionaries to labor in Quebec (then Lower Canada) had left Kirtland, Ohio on a mission to the east in the spring of 1836 and who (after laboring a short time in St. Lawrence County, New York, continued his missionary labors in Canada [see Document 242 for a copy of his journal entry].

Elder Aldrich was probably accompanied by Elder Horace Cowan into Quebec. Even though the Church continued to grow, the work was confined almost exclusively to the English population. Many of these would leave and gather with the Saints in Ohio, Missouri, and then to the West. Thus the growth, although steady, was slow. Ignorance and misconceptions were a source of opposition.

DOCUMENT 272 A Skort Sketch of my Mother's Life: Laura Melvina Leavitt Knight.

She was the oldest daughter of Lemuel Sturtevant Leavitt and Melvina Thompson; born August 4, 1851, at Tooele, Utah. Her mother died at the age of twenty-eight after having eight children; she being eleven years old at the time of her mother's death. I heard her tell of an experience she had when her father was away and the children all had the measles. She thought her mother was there and one of the boys said mother is here. She was so frightened that she covered her head. She knew she could have looked and seen her as they felt her presence so great.

She married Samuel Knight at the age of twenty-years, which was the year 1874 and took care of six girls he had by his first wife. The oldest one was about five years younger than she was. She had ten children of her own and also took care of her youngest brother. After she quit having babies she took up being a mid-wife. She was set apart by George Q. Cannon and was given a promise that she never would lose a case if she wouldn't hide sin. She never lost a case as she never went on a case except she offered up a prayer for the Lord to guide her in her labors. She was greatly blessed as she brought hundreds of children into the world, never losing a case of baby or mother.

When I was about twelve years old mother waited on Ella Hafen and on the way home she caught cold and started with hard chills. The next morning she had pluresy and got

delirious. The doctor was called in for about for weeks. I put hot salt in sacks on her side but it didn't do any good. I went for the Elders and they promised her she would live and do much good and she did. That is one incident that strengthened my faith in prayer. My mother was a very prayerful woman and I can remember hearing her pray, as she was hard of hearing and would pray loud enough for any one to hear around her.⁶ Her prayers were for her children mostly. I am most certainly thankful for such wonderful parents.

She was a widow for twelve years. She always had a desire to live so she would never have to be waited on. She did wait on her self until a few days before she died. She was seventy-one when she died at her home, on February 13, 1922.

DOCUMENT 273 Certificate of Blessing, Blanding Ward, San Juan Stake, #38.

This certifies that Lyman De Platt, son of Gordon L. Platt and Allie Lyman, born June 10, 1943, at Moab, Grand, Utah, was blessed July 4, 1943, by Edward P. Lyman, an Elder of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Signed John D. Rogers, Bishop; Waldo E. Harvey, Clerk.

DOCUMENT 274 Certificate of Blessing, Colorado Springs Ward, Pikes Peak Stake, August 8, 1966.

This certifies that Patricia Platt, daughter of Lyman De Platt and Bertha Paula Vega, born July 21, 1966, at Colorado Springs [Air Force Academy], El Paso, Colorado, was blessed August 7, 1966, by Lyman De Platt, an Elder in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Signed: Ralph H. Jensen, Bishop; James N. Painter, Clerk.

DOCUMENT 275 Certificate of Blessing, Manavu Ward, Provo Stake, December 5, 1968.

This certifies that Bruce Lyman Platt, son of Lyman De Platt and Bertha Paula Vega, born September 28, 1968, at Columbus [Air Force Base], Lowndes, Mississippi, was blessed November 3, 1968, by Lyman De Platt, an Elder in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Signed: John R. Halliday, Bishop; Richard Dixon, Clerk.

DOCUMENT 276A Certificate of Blessing, Spanish American Branch, Utah Stake, September 28, 1969.

This certifies that David Lyman Platt, son of Lyman De Platt and Bertha Paula Vega, born September 14, 1969, at Provo, Utah, Utah, was blessed September 28, 1969 by Lyman De Platt an Elder in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Signed: Wesley W. Craig, Branch President; Stanley Gamero, Clerk.

⁶Is this the earliest reference in the Leavitt family to the hearing problem that has affected so many of the descendants of the Leavitts?

DOCUMENT 276B Certificate of Baptism and Confirmation, Alpine 3rd Ward, Alpine Utah Stake, October 4, 1977.

This certifies that David Lyman Platt, son of Lyman De Platt and Bertha Paula Vega, born September 14, 1969, at Provo, Utah, Utah, was baptized September 24, 1977 by Lyman De Platt, Seventy, and confirmed a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, September 25, 1977 by Lyman De Platt, Seventy. Signed: Vernon E. Shepherd, Bishop; Kent W. Hanson, Clerk.

DOCUMENT 277A Certificate of Blessing, Spanish American Branch, Utah Stake, September 28, 1969.

This certifies that Daniel Lyman Platt, son of Lyman De Platt and Bertha Paula Vega, born September 14, 1969, at Provo, Utah, Utah, was blessed September 28, 1969 by Lyman De Platt an Elder in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Signed: Wesley W. Craig, Branch President; Stanley Gamero, Clerk.

DOCUMENT 277B Certificate of Baptism and Confirmation, Alpine 3rd Ward, Alpine Utah Stake, October 4, 1977.

This certifies that Daniel Lyman Platt, son of Lyman De Platt and Bertha Paula Vega, born September 14, 1969, at Provo, Utah, Utah, was baptized September 24, 1977 by Lyman De Platt, Seventy, and confirmed a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, September 25, 1977 by Lyman De Platt, Seventy. Signed: Vernon E. Shepherd, Bishop; Kent W. Hanson, Clerk.

DOCUMENT 278 Certificate of Blessing, Spanish American Branch, Utah Stake, September 28, 1969.

This certifies that Julie Platt, daughter of Lyman De Platt and Bertha Paula Vega, born December 25, 1970, at Provo, Utah, Utah, was blessed January 3, 1971 by Lyman De Platt an Elder in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Signed: Arturo DeHoyos, Branch President; Enoc Flores, Clerk.

DOCUMENTS 279-280 Certificate of Blessing, Rivergrove 2nd Ward, Utah West Stake, January 7, 1973.

This certifies that Don Carlos Lyman Platt, son of Lyman De Platt and Bertha Paula Vega, born November 12, 1972, Provo, Utah, Utah, was blessed January 7, 1973, by Lyman De Platt, an Elder in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Signed: G. Gen Faulk, Bishop; J. Arno Christians, Clerk. Reporting Unit No. 13218. Father's File No. 05925606; Mother's File No. 05925614.

DOCUMENT 281 Recommend for Baptism and Confirmation, Rivergrove 2nd Ward, Provo Utah Central Stake, July 28, 1974.

Patricia Platt, female, living at 410 North 900 West, Provo, Utah, born July 21, 1966, Colorado Springs [Air Force Academy], El Paso, Colorado, born under the covenant, to Lyman De Platt and Bertha Paula Vega, is hereby recommended for baptism to be performed August 3, 1974 at the West Utah Stake building, 7:20 p.m.; confirmation will be held August 4, 1974, Rivergrove Chapel, 2:00 p.m. This baptism is to be performed by Lyman De Platt, Seventy. Signed: J. Frank Sumner, Bishop.

DOCUMENT 282 Certificate of Baptism and Confirmation, August 13, 1974, Rivergrove 2nd Ward, Provo Utah Central Stake.

This Certifies that Patricia Platt, daughter of Lyman De Platt and Bertha Paula Vega, born 21 July 1966, at Colorado Springs, El Paso, Colorado, was baptized 3 August 1974, by Lyman De Platt, Seventy, and confirmed a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 4 August 1974 by Lyman De Platt, Seventy. Signed Richard D. Baker, Clerk; J. Frank Sumner, Bishop.

DOCUMENT 283 Patriarchal Blessing of Joseph Platt, Richfield, Utah, August 15, 1971, No. 980. A blessing given by Joseph S. Horne, patriarch, upon the head of Joseph Platt, son of Benjamin Platt and Mary Graves [Greaves], born in Pinto, Washington County, Utah, June 9, 1867.

Brother Joseph Platt, as one of God's authorized servants holding the Holy Priesthood, I proceed to give you a patriarchal blessing. You are of the seed of Joseph thru the loins of Ephraim, an heir to the priesthood and to the blessings which the Gospel brings. In your past experiences you have had some trying times; but the Lord has watched over you. He has protected you and blessed you and yours. And if you continue faithful in serving Him you shall have further evidence of His kindness unto you. I renew upon your head the promises and blessings heretofore given you by the servants of God. Those not already realized shall be verified unto you if you live for them. I bless you with health and strength, with faith, intelligence, and all that is necessary to fit you for the labors required of you; as the head of a family, a husband, a father; and as one of God's authorized servants. You shall have wisdom to conduct your affairs and to lead your family by precept and by example, the way they should go. I seal you up against the power of Satan that he may not harass nor hinder you; but that you may continue to labor for Zion's cause. God will bless your efforts, much good will be accomplished; and you will find joy in witnessing the good results of your labors.

I seal upon you Eternal Life. You shall arise in the First Resurrection; rejoice among your kindred and be honored among the Elders of Israel, in our Father's Kingdom. These promises are given unto you in consideration of your faithfulness and I seal these blessings upon your head in the authority of the Holy Priesthood and in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen. Martha M. Horne, scribe and recorder.

DOCUMENT 284 A Patriarchal Blessing given by Thomas Sirls Terry, Patriarch, upon the head of Clarissa Josephine Leavitt, daughter of Jeremiah and Mary Ellen Huntsman Leavitt, born June 19, 1899 at Gunlock, Washington County, Utah. Blessing given August 20, 1909, No. 209.

Sister Leavitt, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by authority of the Holy Priesthood, I confer upon you a patriarchal blessing. Because you have desired this blessing, you are pleasing in the sight of God. You are of the blood of Ephraim. You shall have your habitation among his children, and every blessing that your heart desires in righteousness shall be given to you.

There is a companion for you and if you will be faithful and prayerful, you shall be sealed to him in the house of God, and with him have all the blessings of the New and Everlasting Covenant. Doubt not, but be firm in faith. If faithful, you shall have power to accomplish the mission of woman on earth. I bless you with life and health. You shall have power to help those who are weary and comfort those who need it because of your broad heart. Through faith you shall overcome all difficulties. You may have hard work in this life, but I bless you with much strength, that you will endure and overcome all the sorrows of life. You shall be a great comfort to your parents when they are old and worn in labor and because of your kindness of heart, you shall be the means of giving them great comfort in death. You shall live 'til fully satisfied with life. You shall have power to shun the paths of the enemy of all righteousness, and should you accomplish the desires of your heart, which you desire in married life in bringing forth children to earth, you shall not sacrifice your life but have strength to bear the trials at that time and instead of sorrow, you shall have great joy. Your Heavenly Father's blessings are for all, and every blessing is for you which you desire in righteousness.

Death shall be easy to you. You shall come forth in the first resurrection. You shall see your Savior and stand with him on Mt. Zion, and hear "Come thou blessed of my father." Through your faith and prayers you shall receive these blessings. I seal them upon you in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

DOCUMENT 285 A blessing by John L. Smith, Patriarch, upon the head of Benjamin Platt, son of Thomas Platt & Sarah Standring, born Crompton, Lancashire, England, April 12, 1833. Blessing No. 152, pages 110-111, recorded by Agnes A. Macdonald, Pinto, Washington County, Utah, June 9, 1875.

Brother Benjamin – In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I lay my hands upon your head and seal upon thee a father's blessing. Thou art of Joseph and thine inheritance shall be with Ephraim. Thy wives and thy children shall be numerous and mighty upon the mountains of Israel. In thy house there shall be no lack. Riches, honors, immortality and eternal lives shall be thine, and no good thing shalt thou lack. Power in the Priesthood to accomplish any work that shall be necessary for the prosperity of Israel [shall be thine. Thou shalt] see Zion established in peace and behold thy Savior face to face, stand on the earth with the hundred forty and four thousand spoken of in the revelations of St. John.

[Thou shalt] have power to preserve the lives of thy children from death. [Thou shalt] enter into the Temple of the Lord and do work for thyself and kindred that shall be honorable. And if there is any special desire of thine heart, if thy faith fail not it shall be granted unto thee. All thy former gifts and blessings with eternal lives I renew unto thee in the name of Jesus, Amen.

DOCUMENT 286 A blessing by John L. Smith, Patriarch, upon the head of Mary Platt, daughter of Joseph Shaw and Rebecca Greaves, born High Crompton, Lancashire, England, March 2, 1836. Blessing No. 153, pages 111-112, recorded by Agnes A. Macdonald, Pinto, Washington County, Utah, June 9, 1875.

Sister Mary – In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and by the authority of the Patriarchal Priesthood, I seal upon thee a Father's blessing. Thou art of the same lineage as thy companion and thine inheritance with him shall be glorious. Thou hast a work to do to untie the knotty link between thee & thine ancestors, which shall untie them in the Kingdom of our God. Thy children shall be mighty and numerous and a great joy unto thee. The priesthood which pertaineth unto thy sex shall be sealed upon thee in fullness, thereby giving thee power in company with thy companion to drive the destroyer from thy habitation. Many will seek unto thee for counsel, and thou shalt be able to comfort the afflicted. Thou hast seen afflictions in thy youth for all of which thy reward shall be made up unto thee, and thy burdens shall be lightened, and thou shalt become strong to accomplish thy labors; for all thine enemies shall come bending unto thee for favor. All thy former gifts and blessings I renew unto thee, if thy faith fail not in the name of Jesus, Amen.

DOCUMENT 287 Notice

Attached is an agreement between Clyde Nielsen and Lyman De Platt concerning renting of the latter party's home at 410 North 900 West in Provo, Utah.

Due to the fact that this agreement has not been kept on the part of Clyde Nielsen, to wit rent for June has not been paid during the time period specified, and "the yards and premise generally will be maintained in a clean and respectable manner" clause has not been complied with in fact, the owner Lyman De Platt gives notice this 11th day of June, 1975, to Clyde Nielsen and his family to vacate the premise by June 25th, two weeks from the date of the notice.

Understanding the financial difficulties that the family has become involved in, the owner Lyman D. Platt will not press for payment of the rent for the month of June, if the other parts of the agreement are complied with, which are that all broken windows will be replaced, the stove will be left clean, the walls will be left clean, and the curtains will be left clean. If these conditions which were agreed upon in the attached agreement are not complied with, the owner retains the right to demand payment for the time period not yet paid for.

Refusal to comply with the above notice within the time period specified will bring about legal actions. Refusal to comply with the terms of the agreement as above stated will bring about legal action. Signed: Lyman De Platt.

DOCUMENT 288 Certificate of Service

Genealogical Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City, Utah, January 14, 1975.

Presented to Lyman D. Platt in grateful appreciation of five years of faithful service. Signed: Theodore M. Burton.

DOCUMENT 289 Certificate of Graduation, The Primary Association of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, of Grayson Ward, San Juan Stake, May 18, 1952,

Hereby certifies that Kirk Lyman is a member of the Primary Association in good standing, and having met the requirements for graduation, is recommended for further advancement in the Church, and is hereby awarded this certificate. Signed: Leland W. Redd, stake president; Louise M. Watts, stake primary president; William E. Palmer, ward bishop; Niellie J. Harvey, Primary teacher.

DOCUMENT 290 Application for a copy of patriarchal blessings, February 6, 1975, by Lyman De Platt (signed), RFD1, Box 321, Payson, Utah 84651. I am currently a member of the Spring Lake Ward, Payson East Stake. I desire a copy of the following patriarchal blessings at a cost of \$.25 each.

Sarah Studfant Leavitt, b. September 5, 1798, patriarch William G. Smith, given 1874, relationship to me 2nd great-grandmother; volume 30, page 110.

Mary E. P. Huntsman, b. July 12, 1860, patriarch John L. Smith, given 1875, relationship to me great-grandmother; volume 175, page 5.

Joseph Smith Huntsman, b. December 29, 1838, patriarch John L. Smith, given 1875, relationship to me 2nd great-grandfather; volume 175, page 3.

Solenda E. Parker, b. August 26, 1836, patriarch John L. Smith, given 1875, relationship to me 2nd great-grandmother; volume 175, page 4.

James Huntsman, b. October 8, 1806, patriarch Hyrum Smith, given 1844, relationship to me 2nd great-grandfather; volume 41, page 119.

Hannah Davis Huntsman, born February 8, 1816, patriarch Hyrum Smith, given 1844, relationship to me 2nd great-grandmother; volume 41, page 120.

Hannah Davis Huntsman, born February 8, 1816, patriarch John L. Smith, given 1875, relationship to me 2nd great-grandmother; volume 175, page 26.

Solinda Parker, born August 26, 1836, patriarch Isaac Morley, given 1858, relationship to me 2nd great-grandmother; volume 20, page 162.

Zadoc Parker, born October 27, 1804, patriarch Isaac Morley, given 1858, relationship to me 3rd great-grandfather; volume 20, page 160.

Miriam Parker, born October 14, 1799, patriarch Isaac Morley, given 1858, relationship to me 3rd great-grandmother; volume 20, page 161.

Irene Perkins, born March 11, 1895, patriarch William Halls, given 1911, relationship to me grandmother; volume 146, page 162.

Benjamin Perkins, born January 14, 1844, patriarch William G. Perkins, given 1878, relationship to me great-grandfather; volume 30, page 441.

Sarah Perkins, born May 23, 1860, patriarch Kumen Jones, given 1909, relationship to me great-grandmother; volume 776, page 6.

Sarah Perkins, born May 23, 1860, patriarch Wayne H. Redd, given 1911, relationship to me great-grandmother; volume 646, page 29.

Amasa Mason Lyman, born March 30, 1813, patriarch John Smith, given 1844, relationship to me 2nd great-grandfather; volume 7, page 237.

Adelia Robison Lyman, born December 21, 1848, patriarch Jesse B. Bartin, given 1901, relationship to me great-grandmother; volume 292, page 189.

Adelia Robison Lyman, born December 21, 1848, patriarch Kumen Jones, given 1908, relationship to me great-grandmother; volume 776, page 9.

Adelia Robison Lyman, born December 21, 1848, patriarch Evan M. Greene, given 1875, relationship to me great-grandmother; volume 380, page 84.

Adelia Robison Lyman, born December 21, 1848, patriarch John Ashman, given 1895, relationship to me great-grandmother; volume 483, page 299.

Eliza Maria Partridge, born April 20, 1820, patriarch Isaac Morley, given ?, relationship to me 2nd great-grandmother; volume 14, page 153.

Irene Perkins Lyman, born March 11, 1894, patriarch Benjamin Daniel Black, given 1927, relationship to me grandmother; volume 850, page 60.

Irene Perkins Lyman, born March 11, 1894, patriarch Richard S. Horne, given 1921, relationship to me grandmother; volume 500, page 143.

Lucretia Hancock Robison, born August 24, 1807, patriarch John Ashman, given 1895, relationship to me 2nd great-grandmother; volume 483, page 298.

DOCUMENT 291 Ancestral Name Index. In the 1960's I had printed an card called Individual Data and Ordinance Status Card. The names are listed in alphabetical order, followed by their reference number(s), or in other words, where they fit on my pedigree chart. There are 1,106 ancestors so listed. I will not include the list here as it will be a part of the #10 series: Genealogies, to be published as part of this collection.

DOCUMENT 292 Project Head Start Certificate.

This is to certify Bruce Platt has participated in Project Head Start child development program from September 1973 to April 1974. Signed Shirley Jean Adams, Local Project Director.

DOCUMENT 293 Informativo do Instituto Genealogico Brasileiro, Ano I, No. I, Novembro, 1970. Agradecimentos.

O Instituto agradece a visita de Lyman Platt, da Genealogical Society de Salt Lake City, Utah.

DOCUMENT 294 Birth Certificate, Payson Hospital, Payson, Utah.

This certifies that McKay Lyman Platt was born in the above-named hospital at 1:42 a.m., Saturday, January 15, 1955. In witness whereof the attending physician has hereunto set his hand, and said hospital has caused this certificate to be signed by its duly authorized representative and its official seal to be hereto affixed. Stamped George A. Cheever, superintendent of Hospital; Dorthy D. Binks, secretary.

DOCUMENT 295 Poems.

Five poems are included in this collection: Tithing; A Mother's Prayer; The Ideal Homemaker; Jabberwocky; and Little Boy Blue. I will only include the latter in this published edition of the documents. I type it on the day of my son Don Carlos' 36th birthday. Oh, how I have missed him over these long years since he died at age two of cancer.

The little toy dog is covered with dust
But sturdy and stanch he stands
The little toy soldier is red with rust
And his musket molds in his hand.

Time was when the little toy dog was new
And the soldier passing fair
That was the time when our little boy blue
Kissed them and put them there.

Now don't you go till I come he said
And don't you make any noise
Then toddling off to his trundle bed
He dreamed of his wooden toys.

And while he was dreaming an angel fair
Awakened our little boy blue
Oh, the years are many, the years are long
But our little toy friends are true.

Aye, faithful to little boy blue they stand
Each in the same old place
Awaiting the touch of a little hand
The smile of a little face.

And they wonder as waiting those long years through
In the dust of that little chair
Oh, what has become of our little boy blue
Since he kissed us and put us here.

Now don't you go till I come he said
And don't you make any noise
Then toddling off to his trundle bed
He dreamed of his pretty toys.

And while he was dreaming an angel fair
Awakened the little boy blue
Oh, the years are many, the years are long
But our little toy friends are True.

DOCUMENT 296 Identification Card, #79799, issued November 17, 1983.

This is your receipt for a \$2.00 fee and will serve as a temporary Identification Card for use until your permanent card is received, at which time please destroy this document.

Bertha Paula Vega Platt, R2 Box 215, Highland, Utah 84003; date of birth: June 7, 1941 [false]; place of birth: Lima; height: 5'2"; sex: female; weight 112 pounds; eyes: brown; hair: black; social security number: 529-74-9923. Signed Bertha V. Platt.

DOCUMENT 297 Genealogical Poetry, Songs and Writings, compiled by J. Grant Stevenson. There are a number of entries in this document, but I will only cite one by an anonymous author, entitled “Kith and Kin.”

If you could see your ancestors
Standing in a row,
Would you be proud of them or not,
Or don't you really know?

Some strange discoveries are made
In climbing family trees
And some of them you know
Do not particularly please.

If you could see your ancestors
All standing in a row
There might be some of them, perhaps
You wouldn't care to know.

But here's another question: which
Requires a different view,
If you could see your ancestors –
Would they be proud of you???

DOCUMENT 298 *Deseret News*, Section E: Religion – Ethics, Saturday, November 21, 1998, by Carrie A. Moore, *Deseret News* religion editor, page E1

Genealogist uses combination of sources to put dates on events. A biblical dateline.

Here's a biblical history quia: What date was the Fall of Adam? In which year did the Flood occur? How about the Tower of Babel? And the Exodus of the Israelites from Egypt?

Depending on your religious tradition – and whether you believe the Bible to be factual, mythological or a combination of both – the answers will vary greatly. Consequently, so will your understanding of “time” in a biblical sense.

That's one reason genealogical Lyman Platt has set out to put concrete dates on biblical events. By doing so, he hopes that at some future day the entire human family – from Adam forward – can be connected accurately in one supersize family tree. That's the ultimate genealogists' dream – the one members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in particular would welcome with open arms.

Platt, who spent 17 years [eighteen and a half] working for the Genealogical Society of Utah (now known as the LDS Church's Family History Department) is a devout Mormon

and has used a combination of LDS scriptures, writings on biblical archaeology and secular archaeological and historical research to “date” biblical events.

With a doctorate in Latin American history from Columbia Pacific University, Platt is considered a world expert in Latin American genealogy and has published thirty-eight books, along with hundreds of articles and pamphlets. He currently serves as chief genealogist for Broderbund Software and developed the first commercial genealogical compact discs.

Working from his home library in St. George, Platt has recently published the first of what he plans as a “multivolumed work” on early world genealogies and genealogical history.

In *The World Book of Generations: A Genealogical History*, Volume 1, Platt lays out his case for combining information from spiritual texts – including the Book of Mormon, the Doctrine and Covenants and the Pearl of Great Price – with secular research.

He contends that by laying “a foundation in world history prior to the birth of Jesus Christ on which key dates could be placed with evidence,” at some point researchers may be able to connect names in the currently nebulous gap in records that exists from where the New Testament leaves off through much of the Dark Ages.

Underlying premises include that the Bible is an actual – albeit at time inaccurate – history, that the Earth has passed through nearly 6,000 years of “temporal” existence, with another 1,000-year period needed to complete God’s “divine plan.” A distinction is drawn between “prophetic time” and “Earth time,” with the Gregorian calendar ahead of the “prophetic” calendar by a specific number of years, based on mathematical calculations.

An premise is that “all circulating pedigrees back to Adam are currently incomplete and many are false.” Why?

“There are a lot of false pedigree circulating [page E2] throughout the world because people copy other people without knowing what the documentation is,” Platt said. “One of the things I wanted to do in my life is lay the foundation for the early pedigrees so people could separate supposition and speculation from fact.”

He details his rationale with examples from hundreds of sources by focusing on research surrounding particular biblical events and linguistic history. Platt concludes by establishing approximate dates for events including the Fall of Adam, the Flood, the Exodus and the birth of Christ. An explanation is also given for genealogical relationships and missing links between some biblical figures, including Moses, Abraham, Joseph and Rameses II.

“I’ve been able to show where there were two major gaps in pedigrees of the Bible, and explained why they were there and how they can be understood.”

Platt believes his use of Mormon scripture – believed by Mormons to be compilations of ancient records of events on the American continent as well as translations of Abrahamic and Mosaic texts – sheds legitimate light on many events that can’t be understood otherwise.

Such a stance may give his work wider credence among some LDS audiences than elsewhere, because Latter-day Saints feel a particular urgency to research family lines from the present day back several centuries to identify names, dates of birth and death and the locale of their progenitors.

With one of the world’s most complete genealogical libraries and constantly updated computer technology, LDS Church leaders constantly encourage members to seek out their family members. The work is done based on a divine mandate in which Latter-day Saints are responsible to identify their progenitors and perform vicarious religious ordinances of each of them – baptism and marriage among them.

Such baptisms and marriage “sealings” for the dead are performed in LDS temples, now being built at a record pace worldwide. Mormons believe the ordinances must be performed for every person who ever lived, and several million names have already been sought out and the ordinances completed for them.

In that context, Platt’s work provides a unique field of inquiry for Mormons, most of who have traditionally worked backwards in time trying to identify their progenitors.

Yet Mormons definitely aren’t the only ones interested in it. Platt says he is currently negotiating with Harper and Row to distribute the book, with the only stumbling block being the percentage the large publishing house will take.

Linda Taylor, owner of Agreka Books, says she’s happy to hear about his negotiations. Taylor owned a small publishing company in St. George a few years ago and originally published Platt’s book in 1996.

“We thought it had great potential. We received orders from different distributors – but he wouldn’t put the book out there. I don’t know what to say. If you’re really going to put a book out there, you have to deal with distributors. We finally just stopped trying to get it out. We still get calls from around the country for the book and we just refer them to him.”

“I think he’s a sharp fellow, very deep, but conservative when it comes to marketing his book.... I think it’s a book that could have gone really big in that (genealogical research) world. He wanted to set up his own website and just try it that way.

“He has done some unique research. Not very many people have the combination of backgrounds he has to promote what he’s promoting in his book.... I’ve often thought that if he had the proper promotion – and of course that’s big bucks – he could really make a name for himself around the world. I hope he does get a big publisher behind him because I think he’s got a real future. He’s not arrogant at all but very humble and very learned.... I think he has great potential – he would be a real credit to Utah.”

John Kitzmiller, a local professional genealogist who has published books and lectured around the world, said the book “was very well-researched. There’s a lot right now coming out about early Egyptian genealogies – there are segments of it all over the place.... But no one has really tied it together as well as Lyman has so far.

“One of the main mix-ups in ancient history is the dating of certain Egyptian dynasties. Bible chronology and ancient Near Eastern history is based upon this. Mr. Platt reaches some interesting and perhaps startling conclusions about this. Egyptian family genealogies and interactions can help explain the dynastic mix-ups. In turn, biblical genealogies can be sorted out and correctly dated. Platt’s book is well referenced and a fascinating insight into our early biblical ancestry.”

Gathering his information over years of research, Platt says he came to a few surprising conclusions by crunching it all together. “One of the real finds that baffled me – it appears that Moses was the ‘heretic’ pharaoh that destroyed all the gods of Egypt. I show numerous ties between his temple and worship of the Israelites – names, artifacts, on and on.”

Yet for all his work, he acknowledges that his reliance on religious texts not widely accepted outside the LDS Church will continue to create skepticism. How does he feel about that?

“I took the premise as a Mormon – which doesn’t fly well in the scholarly field. I just said there’s some eternal empirical evidence which because of my belief system has to be stated as that. I tried to keep the LDS viewpoint in the background but didn’t apologize for it.

“I had a Southern Baptist call me and ream me out (after he read the book). I bore my testimony to him over the phone, and it’s been a great experience to see him get baptized and come into the church. We went to the temple with him and his wife recently where they were sealed.

“I’ve had a few negatives, but most people agree it’s an interesting work. I’ve had some fairly interesting scholars look at it. Most of the criticism is that I shouldn’t have anything religiously oriented, but I’m not going to apologize for the process. I have several hundred sources backing up the statements that I have made.

“A lot of scientists make circular reasoning when talking about how man comes from southern Africa. They reason basically that because old fossils are there, then that proves that man is old. That reasoning is so much worse than anything I have done that it’s laughable.

“For example, there have been whales in quite extensive numbers found in the middle of the Sahara. (As the book argues), there’s no way for them to get there except for a massive flood. Or lime deteriorations at the base of the Sphinx in Egypt. That would require that the Nile be partially submerging the Sphinx for 300 to 400 years, making the rise of the river 30 to 40 feet higher than it’s ever been for the last 400 years. If that’s not true, there’s no other explanation but the great Flood.”

Platt says he’s tried to point out such archaeological discrepancies “without being offensive in the book. I’m not interested in arguing but established a true basis for genealogy. I have documented my sources and they’re either valid or they’re not. I didn’t make any personal conclusions unless I could back them up other than through the belief system that I have in modern revelation.”

Platt believes as scientists continue to acknowledge, as many have recently, that there may be a god-like person or intelligence orchestrating the universe, his work will have increasing interest for some willing to accept a higher power. Others, he says, may always view his work with a jaundiced eye.

“We have a local judge here who believes firm and fast in the time frames of geology. After I mentioned the book to him, he and his wife stopped coming to visit us. It just depends on the mind-set of the individual. Good historians and geologists don’t let their biases get in the way of their research. I hope that’s what I did – that was my intent.”

DOCUMENT 299 *The Spectrum’s High Country Daily News*, Friday, April 16, 1999, Page A1. “Three die in Salt Lake Shooting,” by Paul Foy.

Gunman opens fire in Mormon Family History Library.

[This article is a piece of history that I just as soon not have lived. Karen and I were in the Library that day doing research. We were impressed not to go into the foyer to leave the building, but to go down the back stairs, which I have never done. I’m afraid we would have been directly in the line of fire had we left the way we usually did.]

DOCUMENT 300 Zions Bank Announces Local Office Promotion.

Roberta Platt, of 319 E. 4000 N., Provo, has been named operations officer of the Zions First National Bank, Utah National Office, Provo.

Miss Platt will be in a supervisory position over tellers; she will maintain the general ledger, and be responsible for seeing that operations in the office run smoothly. She will also work with commercial loans and escrow matters.

A graduate of Provo High School, she attended BYU and took classes in business and finance.

Miss Platt is currently serving as secretary of the American Institute of Banking in Utah County, and she has taken classes through that association which offers development courses for bank employees. [Picture included]

DOCUMENT 301A Guen Lyman Smith

I was the fifteenth child of parents who wanted each of their children, thanked the Lord for them, and then taught them and loved them so there could be no mistaking their feelings.

I was rather a sickly child, and with such loving parents and so many older brothers and sisters, I was completely spoiled. I mean in that no reflection on my parents, for they still taught me to obey, and when they told me something, whatever it might be, I knew they spoke the truth.

Our home on the edge of Blanding was called Nicklovis and my memories of that place and my experiences there are very sacred and dear to me. Mother had to be away much of the time because of her health, and when I was in the sixth grade, we were all called to Salt Lake. We stayed there and made our home there and when mother died a few months later the night before Mother's Day, 1939, the world seemed black indeed.

No one could ever fill Mother's place, but someone came mighty close. Daddy married Mother's sister, Aunt Gladys, and I don't know anyone who is more unselfish. I think of her as my second Mother, and feel very blessed indeed in having had three parents instead of two.

I went to school for a little over three years in Salt Lake, but most of my school years were in Blanding, and I graduated from San Juan High after which I worked for a couple of years before I married Don. I've worked in the church since my marriage with time off when my children have been born. I am now Grayson Ward Relief Society theology leader and San Juan Stake Relief Society chorister. Written February, 1957. [Aunt Guen is still alive as of this typing: November 12, 2008. She has a deteriorating condition and is not able to remember anyone anymore. She has always been such a joy to know. Lyman De Platt.]

DOCUMENT 301B Don Ellis Smith

Don, being an only child, was perhaps given more attention by his loving parents than he would have received had he had a brother or sister. He doesn't feel that he missed any thing by being an only child, and perhaps that is the reason he finds it hard to understand the closeness and love brothers and sisters feel for each other.

He attended to his Primary, M.I.A. and Sunday School while he completed the elementary grades and then the high school in Blanding, Utah where he was born. After his graduation from high school, he attended the U.S.A.C. in Logan for a year before he enlisted in the Air Force. Don spent three years in the Air Force during World War II and though he would not like to repeat his experience, felt that it was a valuable one. He spent about a year in Okinawa and a short period in Hawaii, with the rest of the time in the States.

After his marriage, shortly after his return from the service, he decided to make his home in Blanding, and joined his father in the plumbing business, which business he is operating at the present time.

He has held many and varied offices in the church and at the present time is a ward teacher, and a class leader in the Seventies Quorum. He's also active in civic affairs and is now a city councilman.

Don has a great many hobbies ranging from television, radio and flying, to boating and water skiing. He works hard and plays hard, and enjoys life! [written in February, 1957 by his wife]

DOCUMENT 302A Casse Lyman Monson

Born December 29, 1903, at Bluff, Utah, a daughter of Albert Robison Lyman and Mary Ellen Perkins, I grew up with a love and respect for my parents that has strongly influenced my entire life. To me they were the essence of all they should be. Their long array of virtues I will not recount since they are well-known. But since Pa loved to write, then I must also write and it is still a passion with me. My mother left in my heart a pattern of motherhood and home management that I have failed to reach.

I married in 1923 and began at once on a family of ten, three boys and seven girls. One little boy was lost at four days. One little girl was dead at birth. For the most part, the Lord blessed me with enough health to take care of the large family, with much help from them and from their father.

I have always loved to teach the gospel and have worked in the church in some capacity or another all my life. Children have always loved my stories and I believe it is because I remember so well the wonderful stories Pa told us as little kids together with an

imagination that still perhaps helps me to live the things I love rather than some of the mean realities that are put in the pathway.

DOCUMENT 302B Byron Clifton Monson

Born September 20, 1898 at Pleasant Grove, Utah, Byron Clifton Monson was a son of Mons and Lydia Broberg Monson. His father was a hard-working man and expected his children to do the same. Byron learned to work and to understand farming. He learned to be thrifty and careful of his means. He learned the meaning of a full day's work and the joy of rest well-earned; these, his father taught him. From his mother, he learned love and gentleness. He learned the value of a testimony of the gospel and the sweet returns of loving his neighbor. His childhood, though full of hard work, was a happy one. Any normal boy will not find time for unhappiness when he is well-fed and can work outside all day long in the sunshine and fresh air. Byron always loved the soil and to watch things grow in it. He always has loved the gospel and has treasured his priesthood. It could never be said of him that he was lazy. He has followed the carpenter trade all his life and cared for his small farm on the side. He has always been a loving father and a good and understanding husband, even-tempered and slow to anger.

DOCUMENT 303 Edith Lyman Powell Smith: Number 13 from Niklovis

One wintry day when Ky went home from school and told Daddy her teacher, Josephine Redd, had told her that that day, December 22, was the shortest day in the year, Daddy answered: "Yes, and last night was the longest night of the year." It was sometime between midnight and dawn of that "longest night of the year" in 1921 that I came into the world. There was a wonderful occasion wherein I chose or was assigned my parentage, my time and place of birth was Blanding, Utah in San Juan County. I was the thirteenth child born to Albert Robison Lyman and Mary Ellen Perkins – they having had six sons and six daughters prior to my birth and two more daughters followed my birth. Sister Myrtle Palmer attended my mother when I was born. I received my father's blessing and the name of Edith Lyman on April 2, 1922.

The home of my birth and childhood was always referred to as Niklovis Ranch. It was a place dear to all of us who lived there. I look back to my childhood as a time of rapture and delight. Though we were bereft of much of a monetary nature (and I thank the Lord for this), life, to me, was wondrous and good. Not since I enjoyed the freedom of the vast acres of Niklovis Ranch, have the wild larkspurs looked so alluring, the little purple iris of spring held such a charm or the stately sego lilies beckoned me to come to them. They invited me with a silent but irresistible and positive force. Happy days of childhood! How precious to me the sacred memories are – memories of the crackle of cedar wood as Daddy cut kindlings on a brisk winter morning for a roaring fire built in the old "Charter Oak" – Daddy and Mother and the little folk assembled in the patriarchal order for a song and family prayer – newly cut corn or apples put to dry in a wire screen dryer – curds and whey in the big gray cheese vat – the early morning croaking of a frog by the pond in the hollow – a whistle made from a squash vine stem – the sight and smell of a newly made

batch of soap – even fly traps across the swill bucket – the enticing fragrance of apples in the pit – the feel of the wind in my auburn hair – a cupful of milk still warm from the cow's body – the homey aroma of newly baked bread – being thrown across and carried on Daddy's shoulders – great black drippers of Johnny cake – a playhouse built for me by Daddy – all these memories are sacred and dear to me.

On March 17, 1926 I had an experience which left its scars for life. I was very badly burned and had it not been for my brother Platte and his quick actions, I may have perished in the flames.

The vital and essential hub of our lives was and is built around the church and its activities. From earliest childhood we were taught respect for authority and obedience to church principles. I was officially enrolled in the Blanding Ward Sunday School in 1925. I yet have the little enrollment card given to my parents at that time.

February 9, 1930, I was baptized a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Zemira Black in the Blanding Ward and confirmed a member of the Church that same day by Daniel Perkins.

When Mother's health was such that it necessitated her being under a doctor's care, Daddy found it advisable to move to Salt Lake where that medical care was available. It was a sad occasion to see the dear Niklovis Ranch home – the very home I was born in and lived in until I was sixteen years old.

When Mother went from us on May 13, 1939, she left Daddy with five unmarried teenage daughters. Prior to Mother's going from us, she expressed her desire to Daddy that he marry her widowed sister, Aunt Gladys. She fit into the scheme of things and has been to all of us a Mother as no other living person could have been.

In June, 1940, I graduated from West High School in Salt Lake City. I had a keen desire to go to nursing school. For two years I worked at any job I could obtain and saved every penny I could save. When I had enough to at least make a start in school, I paid my tuition, bought my books and was much in love with what I was doing. But my nursing career was short-lived.

On February 7, 1942 I met John Malan Powell. I soon discovered that I was much more in love with John than I was with my schooling. On April 15, 1942 we were married in the Salt Lake Temple. The balance of my hard earned money was spent for a wedding gown and a modest dowery.

The first of our six children, Dawne, was born May 21, 1944 while her Daddy was serving in the military during World War II. He spent thirty-one months in the Marine Corps; most of his overseas time was spent in China.

Exactly seventeen years after I was baptized, February 9, 1947, our little Janie was born and was permitted to be with us only two days.

In November, 1947, Johnny was in a dreadful automobile accident which nearly cost him his life. This accident altered our lives a great deal.

On December 22, 1948, my twenty-seventh birthday, we moved into our first home – 1278 East Driggs Avenue, in Salt Lake. Prior to this time we had been apartment dwellers.

On June 23, 1949, our little Nedra was born. She went from us the following day.

January 22, 1951, our first son, David, was born. With anxiousness we watched his progress and our hearts were made happy when, at age seventeen days, we took him home from the hospital. How thankful we were to the Lord that He permitted this little one to remain with us.

March 17, 1952, exactly twenty-six years from that day in 1926 when I was so badly burned, Bruce was born to us. “God Moves in a Mysterious Way, His Wonders to Perform.” My life had been preserved from that fiery death and the Lord had entrusted these little ones into our care. Two of the five had been buried before we had a chance to prove our love to them and now as this little one came into our lives, again we prayed earnestly, and watched over him with much concern and anxiety. He was fifteen days old when we brought him home.

On January 16, 1953 our third son was born. He was named Mark Lyman Monson by his father. He lived but a few hours.

On October 12, 1954 we moved from our home in Salt Lake, which we sold, and moved to Bountiful.

On the very day of our 22nd wedding anniversary, I bore my testimony to the truthfulness of the Gospel at the memorial service of my beloved husband. At the time he went from us, he was serving as a high councilman in the Bountiful South Stake; also as president of the Bountiful Elementary School P.T.A. He was a good and noble man.

Five months after Johnny left us, KSL, with whom he was affiliated for twenty-five years, offered me employment, which I accepted.

The three years I spent as a widow were, to me, more like three decades. The kind Father of us all blessed me with a second wonderful husband – Henry O. Smith of Glendale, California, whom I married in Honolulu, Hawaii on May 16, 1967.

We sold our beloved Bountiful home and moved to California where we are living at this writing (December, 1972).

Dawne has served as a missionary in the West Central States Mission. She has graduated from BYU. Bruce is presently serving as a missionary in the Mexican Mission.

As nearly as I can recall, the first position I held in the Church was as a Lark teacher in Primary in the 19th Ward in Salt Lake Stake in about 1939. Since that time I have had opportunity to serve almost continuously in one capacity or another – having served as Primary President, YMMIA President, Relief Society President in three different wards. At present I am serving as spiritual living teacher of the Glendale Stake Relief Society Board. My dear husband serves as a high councilman.

I love the Gospel of Jesus Christ. My keenest desire in life is to abide its principles and to instill a love of the Gospel into the hearts of my children that they may carry on as an eternal family unit. I have in my possession the birth, death and marriage certificates from which all of the vital dates were taken that I have mentioned. I do not have my baptismal certificate, but Daddy has it. I have seen it and know the date to be correct. Signed: Edith Lyman Powell Smith.

DOCUMENT 304A Vint Perkins Lyman

Vint was born on July 31, 1917, at 1:30 a.m. He was carried by his father and his sister Casse to a good woman who lived clear across town two or three times a day that he might make his physical beginning with real mother's milk.

From the time he was tiny he loved to whistle and sing. He and his brother Mark sang together and had such beautiful voices. Vint loved to yodel and would sometimes yodel with Casse. He also loved to warble. His favorite perch was on the roof of the house where he would sing his heart away and view the world with no obstacle in his way.

A tease he was and the victims were usually his little sisters. Vint liked to have a good time and loved to hear people laughing.

Vint had a head for business and loved to work with mechanics. He had the knack of making and shaping things in wood, metal and iron, and was at one time the leading machinist at the Vanadium Mill in Monticello.

Because of his feeble start, he did not have good health all of his life. He was afflicted with boils and had a felon on his thumb that did need to be opened several times to let the poison out and he withstood that pain with much courage.

Vint's good school boy chums were Spin Jones and Board Lake. They sang a lot together. One time they were singing at Frost Black's house. They were sitting on a window sill and for some reason or another they went over backwards through the window. No one was hurt and Frost Black said to forget the window, their singing was worth more than windows. Not only did they sing together, but if they worked it right, they would get three meals at dinner time.

Maxine Sharp was courted and later married by Vint. She had been a school teacher in Monticello. They met in the fall of 1936 and it was love at first sight. They did not see each other until that spring and were engaged in two weeks. They were married in the Salt Lake Temple on June 28, 1939. To this union came six children, Sheree, Larry Sharp, Patti, Janean, Tauna and Robyn Vint. He loved his children and could tell them the best stories after they had had their baths and were snug in their beds. The children in return adored their father and followed him wherever he went.

In Salt Lake City, Vint and his bride made their first home. They had a fun little apartment. They loved to have their friends and family over and they would sing and sing. Since their place was small there were some that usually ended up on the cupboard. But that didn't matter; they were with those that they loved. Vint sang in the Tabernacle Choir and had the opportunity to go on a few of the concerts. He was well liked by the fellow choir members.

They had hard times in Salt Lake. Vint drove a taxi and did what else he could. He finally moved his little family to Blanding, where he took work at the lumber mill. He sang for all the different occasions. No one got tired of hearing him sing; his voice was so beautiful.

Vint went into partnership with his brother Karl. The family moved to Monticello. Karl says this about Vint. "He was my partner in business for several years, and a more willing worker and a better partner, would be difficult to find any place. We got along very well and whatever difficulties arose we were able to resolve them without ill will." Vint played the guitar in a dance orchestra and did enjoy that.

Because of his health Vint moved to Phoenix, Arizona. There he worked at a Payless Drug and at selling Kirby vacuums. He was not one to complain, but kept on smiling and being cheerful even when he was deathly sick. He was still game and full of fun. He was so uncomplaining and full of faith. When he went through Blanding for the last time on his way from Salt Lake to Phoenix, he knew he wouldn't have long to live and Grandpa Lyman knew it too; but Grandpa writes that Vint told them goodbye, waived his hand with a smile and went on his way – the last time he saw them. He didn't begrudge his lot but accepted it with faith and trust.

His testimony was strong and he loved the gospel. He would stay up until three or four in the morning studying the scriptures. His knowledge about them was great. The scriptures were a way of life and he so enjoyed reading them.

Vint died on February 24, 1949 in Phoenix, Arizona.

DOCUMENT 304B Journal of Vint Perkins Lyman, written here by Albert Robison Lyman, at the dictation or suggestion of Vint Lyman; begun January 11, 1930.

I was born in Blanding, Utah, July 31, 1917. My birthplace was the old home at the Nickloviss Ranch, to which my parents had moved three years before.

My father is Albert Robison Lyman, son of Platte DeAlton Lyman, son of Amasa Mason Lyman, son of Roswell Lyman. My mother is Mary Ellen Perkins, daughter of Benjamin Perkins and Sarah Williams.

My brothers and sisters and myself in our order of birth are: Casse, Platte D., Enone, Mead, who died in his infancy, Sara, Klar, Karl R., Mark P., Dane P., who was killed with a horse in August, 1924, Vint P., Ann, Ellen, Edith, Alberta, and Guen.

Since my first recollections are of the Nickloviss Ranch, I am giving her somewhat of a description of it. It included about 280 acres, and its southwest corner was in the northeast corner of town. Our home is in the corner of the farm and in the corner of town. Our home is of frame, having seven or eight rooms and an outer and inner porch, though part of the house has never been finished. Out in the farm, there are big strips of land from which the trees have not yet been cleared away and some of it is hilly and has rocky places.

The whole family of us had the smallpox when I was very young and I do not remember it, but I do remember when we all had the flu. I remember that when all of the others had got the disease, I got drowsy and sick and fell down with it too.

I remember that when Edith was a baby that the whole family of us went on a trip to the Elk Mountain. I remember that when we camped in Cottonwood, we made our bed in what proved to be a bed of ants and Ann and Ellen got stung all over with them; and when we got to the log cabin at Kigaly, Karl and I had to sleep on a little box there. And we rode up on to one of the Bear's Ears, and found the track of a deer we had frightened and we looked off of a very high rim.

When I was four years old, I can remember that I stood in the door and asked Mama how old I was and she told me I was four years old that day.

I remember that Papa had some sheep and there was an old buck that liked to fight and when I got in his pen with a club to tease him, he came and bunted me over the fence and made me sick.

I remember when we were living in Monticello, Mrs. Ewing had a little dog named Penny and we would go over there about every day to watch it do tricks. I remember that it was one block east and then straight north to Grandma's place. I remember that there was a printing press and Papa would go in there about every day. I remember that we would go about every day over to Wood's and play with Paul Woods who was deaf and dumb. And we'd go down to Marvin Dalton's about every day and play with him and some Mexicans lived near there and Marvin threw and hit one of them one day.

The day we moved away from there, we ate our lunch on the lumber pile and waited for Uncle Edward to come and get us in the car. Uncle Leonard and another man hauled our stuff over to Blanding and Papa drove our cows.

I remember that when we moved into the house again in Blanding, there was a screen door on the outside and I caught my foot in it the very first thing. In the front room there was something hanging across the room, but I have never found out what it was.

I remember when I was five years old and we had that stove in the front room, that Karl had to dress me. And when I was five, Casse was going to Salt Lake and she made a mistake and got the wrong trunk and Platte took her trunk in a car and Nate Hurst was driving the car that Casse was in.

When I was about four or five years old, I mashed my toe by dropping a wagon thimble on it and it was sore for a long time and I went every night and morning to Aunt Eva's place to have it doctored. When it healed, the nail never grew together and it is split even now.

It was some time about then that I cut the end of my left index finger off. Mama had gone to town and Karl was the only one home with me and he took me up to the confectionery and found Mama there and about the only chair or seat they had there was an old box and they had me sit on it and I was about to faint. The way I came to cut it off, Mark had got an old squash for Halloween and I got an old butcher knife and began hacking on it and I cut the end of my finger off and was never able to find the end of my finger.

When Platte was home, he found an old butcher knife under the porch and we called it old Curly Tail.

Before Uncle Edward's boys moved up to the upper end of town, I used to go up to their place and play in a little old house they had next to the rafters.

On Sundays when I was very young, Karl bought some knee breeches and they were too small for him so he gave them to Mark and they were too small for Mark and he gave them to me. I wore them to Sunday School and school and thought they were pretty fine.

I remember in the northwest room of the house when Edith was born.

I was staying up to Lamont Hunt's house in Blanding and he had a little farm wagon and we'd often play with it. Alberta was born when I was up to Lamont's and when I came home to see her, she seemed very tiny.

We went to Bluff on the fathers and sons outing and on to the Butler Wash. We stood around a camp fire and sang and Fred Lyman played his banjo; some of the old men told stories. We boys rode in the old green Buick bug and had to wait for the rest of the outfit to catch up; we had watermelon busts and a fine time.

When I was six or seven years old, Sister Harvey and Mrs. Richardson would make gowns for me and do mama's washing and tend to the little girls and me.

When we went up to the saw mill for a load of slabs, Papa told us stories about the cliffs he had been in up there and we ate dinner at the saw mill.

I remember that when Papa took me out in the hay field, Hyrum Stevens told me he was going to choke and wring my neck.

I remember when Casse was home, we took the closets out of the front room for the front and north rooms.

I remember when they moved the post office from down by the Nielson Cash store up by the co-op.

I remember than when I was little, Papa would take me and put me on one of the cow's backs and soon after that, we moved the pig pen and the corral up closer to the house.

I remember that I had to help Mark and Dane herd the cows out in the corn field and in the big field, and we would play hide and seek in the corn and in the cane.

When we went on the fathers and sons outing to Blue Mountain, Papa put us all under a big tree and the next morning we would all go and play by an old log cabin there and play sanpete and back out. There were some Mexican sheep herders there and we got upon a high peak and we could see our town and it was very far away and it looked like so many little rocks. We rode old Blaze and the two colts.

I remember that one time Dane found an old sour loaf of bread back of Nielson's Cash Store and brought it home and we got a bottle of sour cherries out of the cellar and took them down by the cedar trees by the big gate and ate them. What was left, we put there in an old box and part of the box is there yet.

The last time that I saw Dane alive was when we were leading old Jim up through the corral to take her out to the trough and Francis Bayles and I were there breaking old boards on the wheelbarrow wheel. He came rushing back down there screaming and dragging and we hollered for the horse to stop and ran there screaming and Mama came out and found him with his scalp all torn off. I remember that Doctor Sherman came down there and we had Amy Lake staying with us kids while Mama stayed with Dane.

I remember when we had old Juleta and Brownie and Bobbie and I remember when old Bobbie died.

We used to have an old sink in the kitchen and it leaked so badly that we threw it out.

Before Uncle Edward moved, Kay got his leg broken and I bought some popcorn for him and stayed with him on the fourth of July.

When Uncle Edward moved, we got their telephone box. I remember Platte unscrewing it and we put it in our house at the Nicklovish Ranch.

When I started to school in the first grade I got to talking so much that Garda Adams tied me to her apron strings.

I remember when we got the electric lights in our house at Nicklovish Ranch.

When A. Shumway lived down there by us, I'd go over and stay at nights with his kids and I'd get twenty-five cents a night.

I remember when I was going to school, I'd get out at nights and it would be raining to beat the band and we'd have awful big floods down there.

We had a cellar out there by the grape vines and I tried to slide down the door of it and it was quite rough.

I remember that Papa took me and Karl and Mark and Dane and Wilbur Ranney to La Sal; we stayed at Jameson's and we got acquainted with one or two boys there.

Mama took me and Ellen out to Cortez and had our tonsils out and we rode out there in McCallister's car. Enone was working there and she gave me one or two dimes. We took a little ride out east of there the morning we were operated on.

At the time that Edith got burned, the first I knew about it, I heard at school that she had been burned and when I got home she was asleep. She still has an awful scar on her arm and it itches an awful lot.

When Omni Porter lived by us, Dane and I got on one of his horses to take them to water and as we trotted off, I fell off on my head.

Papa and Brother Eichenberger were making a silo and when he was drilling and blasting, I helped by handing him the drills and the hammers and things.

Papa had a Jersey bull called old Pep and shortly after the silo was finished, I was crawling through the feeding place and old Pep tossed me about six feet against the side of the barn. Karl came with a club and stopped him and Platte took me up to the house.

We had measles and mumps one year and they had to close school because of them. I wasn't sick. I had them easy while the others were having it hard.

I remember that when Papa built his study house, we'd go down there at night and work on it.

Papa painted our house and went about that time to do some painting in La Sal.

Elmer Bailey gave Mama a little blue cayuse and we called it old Chum and when I got on it, it began walking backward.

In August, 1928, Karl and Mark went with the fathers and sons outing and I couldn't go so Papa and I went on a trip for ourselves out to Recapture, east of town. We went afoot carrying our bed and things on our backs and half way and then we put the things down and took the gun and went on into the bottom of Recapture. There Papa showed me the different kinds of plants and bushes. When we came on back to camp, we went hunting and Papa shot a rabbit and we roasted him whole in the ashes and he was sure good. We camped alone there in the tall cedars and I slept cold. We got up the next morning and it was about to rain so we took our bed in a hurry over to the old Hayes cabin. We ate there in the cabin and when we came home, we found Klar home. This outing we had was just before Papa went away to teach seminary and he was gone a long time.

In October, Mama and I rode with President Redd to Price where Papa came and brought Sara; and I went with him to Huntington and in two or three days. We went on up to Salt Lake. We stayed at Casse's place most of the time and we went to conference and Papa took me to the Pantages Theater. On the way home with Mama and President Redd, we got in an awful rain, especially just outside of Moab.

When I was working for Bayles's, I went out to Allen Canyon and rode a derrick horse on the hay outfit.

I went with the Trail Builders on a hike up to Stevens' saw mill with Isa Nix taking charge of us. We rode on a wagon. We slept there one night and then we hiked over to Grayson saw mill and stayed one more night at Stevens' mill and went home.

Papa sent off and got three rabbits; chinchilla rabbits, and we got a big start from them and we still have a few of them.

When Papa was in Cortez he got some goats but he afterwards gave them to Mark and he sold them to the sheep herd.

For a long time we had no lawn in front of the house and Mama got Lynn Bradford to make a lawn and it has been green and pretty ever since. South of the house Papa made a little vegetable garden closing it in with chicken wire and in there we raised radishes and lettuce and other green vegetables.

When Brother Watkins was working for us, I got into a scrap with John Watkins, one of his boys.

When I went up to the post office on old Chum, or old Dynamite, as we now call him, he started to bucking and threw me off and hurt me a little.

Mark got permission to have any colt that old Blazes would have, and she has a colt sired by a very fine race horse. It is a sorrel and Mark things a lot of it.

DOCUMENT 304C Vint Perkins Lyman, by Albert R. Lyman

Vint Perkins Lyman came to us at Nickloviss Ranch, and I carried him in my arms clear across town once or twice a day for a long time, to Millie Steiner, that he might make physical beginning with real mother's milk. I never outlived that fervent impulse to have him in my arms.

The charm of the wide open spaces at the ranch, the intense struggle we had to make there for our existence, and the precepts we taught in our regular home services, were more potent factors in shaping his life than the schools through which he climbed.

He loved music and cheer; he was an optimist with a pleasant disposition in spite of the boils and felons and similar afflictions so often fastening themselves upon him. From early childhood he had an intense interest in the great purpose of life. Although he filled no foreign mission, he studied and learned the gospel, was active in Church work, and collected a valuable library of books, most of them dealing with Latter-day Saints principles and history.

He had rare mechanical abilities as proved by specimens of his work which I still preserve. Even before his marriage at the age of twenty-three, to Maxine Sharp, he had had a rather wide range of experiences in different lines of industry, and he adapted himself to various situations, gradually specializing as a mechanic. He opened a carpenter shop in Monticello, where he was ward clerk and ward chorister, and by diligent effort and the assistance of his resourceful wife, he made a comfortable home for his growing family. His prospects looked good for a life of service and self support.

For years he had been working under the handicap of failing health, dating from that same siege of scarlet fever which proved so disastrous to others of the family. When it became so serious as to constitute a crisis, demanding some immediate attention, he moved to Phoenix, Arizona, hoping the change of climate would do what doctors and medicine had failed to accomplish.

It proved a forlorn hope and unfortunate in more ways than one. With his health still failing as he tried to get established in a new country, his last year was a most desperate fight, in which he carried on gamely to the very end. He made a perilous drive alone in fierce winter weather from Phoenix to Salt Lake, looking for medical attention, and after a little show of improvement, he and Maxine returned, visiting us on their way to the south. It was a solemn parting, however much we tried to ignore it in our farewell. He died a few weeks later, having lived by thirty-two years.

DOCUMENT 304D Emma Maxine Sharp Lyman

Because Emma was the name of my father's grandmother, mother, and sister, also the name of my mother's mother, my parents thought it would be a wonderful name for me, their first child – and so I was christened Emma Maxine Sharp.

I was the oldest of six children, three girls and three boys, and was born in Cedar City, Utah, January 24, 1914. When I was five years old we moved to Parowan, and there I attended school through the first, second and part of the third grades. In November of that year we moved to Logan; the following year we moved to Coalville, where we lived until I was married.

School was a wonderful adventure and I loved it. My father bought me a clarinet when I was in the seventh grade. By working hard, I was soon soloist of the band and the orchestra. In my last three years of high school I represented my school, North Summit High, in the band meets, winning first place once in the state and twice at Price, as clarinet soloist. During my freshman year I won a part in the school play, and really thought I was somebody. In my junior year my teammate and I won a trip to Portland, Oregon for our 4-H demonstration on cream soups. I was vice president of our student body and prom chairman. I won three scholarships through 4-H work, to the U.S.A.C. in Logan, and so I attended school there, graduating in 1936 with a B.S. in the field of education, majoring in physical education, and minoring in English and Child Development. I belonged to the 4-H Club at the A.C. and W.A.A. and Phi Delta Pi. I played in the band all four years and we had some wonderful trips.

In the fall of 1936 I came to Monticello where I taught English, Physical Education and Type in the high school for three years. I also had charge of the plays produced in school, and the school paper. I participated in the ward activities, being drama director in the M.I.A. and play leader in the Primary. I met Vint in the fall of 1936, and I guess it was love at first sight. I didn't see him again till the next spring and we were engaged within two weeks. I taught two years after our engagement; then we were married June 28, 1939 in the Salt Lake Temple. Our married life had its usual ups and downs, but we were very happy and loved each other very much. We were blessed with six lovely children, but saddened because of Vint's poor health. In May, 1948 we moved to Phoenix, Arizona in an effort to improve Vint's health, but were unsuccessful. He passed away February 24, 1949.

I came home to Monticello where the ward and Vint's numerous friends were and with the use of Vint's insurance money built us a lovely home. I'm teaching literary lessons in Relief Society, and teaching the Larks in Primary, and trying to teach my children to live the gospel. I think the biggest thing in life is the gospel with its message of love, faith and hope to the world. I am indeed grateful for that Easter Sunday when I was twelve years old and was baptized a member of the L.D.S. Church. I'm trying hard to teach my kiddies to live the gospel and to study and learn more of it myself every day. I'm a serious person but I love fun, poetry, good books and the collection of toy elephants.

I hate gossip, insincere people and mud. I wish I could cook and sew, keep house, and dress hair. My aim for myself and my children is to live in such a way that Vint will be proud of us when he meets us again. August, 1950, signed Maxine S. Lyman

DOCUMENT 305A Ellen Lyman Atkin

I was born in Monticello, Utah on my mother's birthday, I was the twelfth child. The memories of my childhood are nothing but happy ones, and as I look back on them now, lasted for only a day. Everything around us seemed wonderful. Our big lot and our fields where we would go with daddy and the boys to haul wood or hay, and spend most of the day hunting pinegum or playing in the trees and brush was always fun.

I believe I was four years old when Dane was killed, and I remember mother had me and the other little girls go over to Bertha Harvey's to stay. It is the only thing I remember about Dane except the things that happened the day he was killed and the day of his funeral.

It was always good to go down to daddy's house where he mended shoes and studied, and when he had time he'd tell us stories there, and if he didn't, he'd give us little photography books to look at and the little tin boxes from his typewriter ribbons, and we always thought they were wonderful. The grass grew high all around his little rock house, and we spent hours and days playing in it.

Over next to the south corner of our lot, the Shumway brothers had some coyotes and foxes in a wire pen that they had trapped, and we always liked to watch them from the outside, though they smelled bad. The boys had a bugle, and whenever we blew that, the coyotes would start a mournful howl and keep it up 'til we quit. The grass and willows in the south end of the lot grew so high, we'd bend the tops over and tie them together and have them for our houses. When it would rain hard and the floods came through the bottom of the lot, it would bend our grass houses down and we'd have to build them over again.

In the winter time when we had snow, Vint and Ann would build them a fort, and Mark and I would build us a fort, and we'd have snowball fights, and build igloos and make big "fox and geese" games. There was always lots of things to do and we had many good times. In the summer we spent a lot of time out on "white rock" with the Harvey kids, and we could see our back porch from there. When mother got ready for us to come home, she'd come to the back porch and wave or call – and we could see and hear her as far away as we were.

When I was in the fourth grade, they rounded up all the Piute Indian kids from the camps around Blanding and converted Aunt Evy Bayles' home into a dormitory for them. Ed Black and his wife took care of them there. I became very good friends with three of the Indians girls that were brought in, and more than once we four would be on one side, and all the rest of the class on the other against us. We would fight back and forth, and once

when our teacher thought she had the solution, she had me and one of the Indian girls put on boxing gloves and fight with two of the other girls who wore boxing gloves also, but it wasn't a very good solution. I think I thought more of the Indian girls than anyone else. We spent a lot of time together, and had many good times.

Many times in the summer time, Ann, Edith, Alberta and I would go barefoot in the hot sand up to Harvey's pond to swim. Anyway, that's what we called it. It was a dirty pond and full of salamanders, but it was the only place we had to go swimming.

As I got older, I started working out and would earn a little money to help buy my school clothes. I would go at 7:30 and 8:00 in the morning and would often be gone until after dark, and the most I ever made for a long time was \$1.00 on one of those long days.

Mother scraped enough money together one time to let three of us, I believe, go on a temple excursion to Manti. Elda Tomney went with us too, and I believe Ann and Vint. We rode all the way from Blanding to Manti in an open truck and then back again the same way. We were too thrilled with the trip to let the sun and wind bother us.

When I was about thirteen or fourteen years old, Karl gave me a gun and I spent a lot of time with it. We had to drive the cows to and from the field every morning and night, and I always took my gun along with me and would shoot rabbits and squirrels on the way.

I believe I was about fifteen years old when I began teaching other classes and taking other responsibilities in Church. Some of the boys and girls in that first class are married and have children of their own – others have filled missions or been in the service.

When I got about in the ninth grade of school, I took a liking to dancing and basketball, and outside of my hunting (which is quite limited now) they are still my favorite sports. I never missed a chance to go to a dance or game. I went often with my friends and I have always felt bad about leaving Ann with so much of the responsibility. I am ashamed yet when I think back to that time that I did not do more to make things more pleasant. There is so much that I could have done to make it a more pleasant experience.

In 1935 and 1936 when Sara was sick and helpless for so long after she'd had her stroke, mother was sick herself and didn't have the strength to care for her, Ann stayed out of school and took care of both of them until mother went to Salt Lake for medical care and then she took care of Sara.

As long as Sara lay in bed and as sick and helpless as she was, she was always pleasant and doing things to make the rest of us happy. One day with her good hand (her left side was paralyzed) she drew a picture of a big yellow monarch butterfly and colored it so it looked like real. She had Ann pin it on a lilac bush outside her window then called Edith, Alberta, Guen and I into see. We couldn't get over how long it stayed without flying and finally she laughed and told us to go look at it. With her good humored nature and patience, she gave us a lot to remember.

Sarah lay helpless in bed for months at a time, and had to be waited on hand and foot. Daddy bought a wheelchair, and when she was well enough, he spent hours pushing her all around town and as far away as West Water. Each of us had interesting and valuable experiences taking her out, and being thrilled by her testimony, her courage, and her broad outlook. People marveled at her attitude. She died April 14, 1936. We were grateful for the lessons she had taught us, and grateful that she was released from her long suffering. The kids from the north were home to the funeral.

One of the most outstanding occasions of our childhood was our family trip to the Elk Mountain in our little "Bug." Guen was a baby, and I don't remember who of the older kids went, but from Karl down we all went and spent the day, and I remember daddy stopping on what seemed like a steep hill to let us gather snail shells.

In the spring of 1938 after school let out for the summer, Alberta and I went to Orem to pick berries and were there most of the summer. We batched with nine other girls from Wellington, and picking strawberries was hard work, but I made more money than any of the other girls. I think my knees were crusted for a year where I had crawled along on them so much during the picking. Finally Bert had to go to Moab to have her appendix out, and soon after I went to Salt Lake to stay with Mother in an apartment on west temple where Grandmother Perkins and Elaine lived too.

In the years while mother's health was steadily failing, she was back and forth between Blanding and Salt Lake for medical attention, and she stayed for months at a time in Salt Lake because the lower climate was better for her. Five of us girls were still at home, and some of the boys, and it was a big responsibility for Daddy, who was the postmaster. When it was reported that Mother was dying, Daddy went to her, and as she lingered along, with prospects of living yet a few more years, he hated to leave her. He found an apartment and went to work at the *Deseret News*. Ann, Edith and Alberta and Guen went with them, but I was in my last year of high school so I stayed with Karl and Edith and Vint at our place on Nicklovis until I graduated. Then he sold the dear old Nikloviss Ranch and tried for months to find a home he could buy in Salt Lake. He finally bought a nice home on 3rd north. When we moved to Salt Lake the four other girls started going to school, but I went to work at Salt Lake Knitting Works to help meet expenses. It was nerve-racking work and low pay, but I made some good friends there. It was so much better than living in and renting an apartment. But some legal matters delayed the deal for weeks and weeks. The day after the matter was settled, and open for us to move in, we moved Mother into the new home which we all loved. She died the next day.

There was a big funeral in Salt Lake, and another in Blanding where Mother was buried. Mark was on a mission in England at the time. Karl had filled a mission, and Ann was yet to go on one.

The best thing that could have happened to us in our distress after Mother's death, was the coming of Aunt Gladys into the family. Daddy said that asking her to join us was the nerviest thing he ever did. They were married on July 14, 1939. She has been a wonderful

mother to each of us, and interested in our well being as if we were her own. We all loved her from the first day she came into our home.

Rene Lyman had been going to school in St. George and on April 19, 1940 she came to Salt Lake with William Floyd Atkin, a St. George boy, and I met him on the 17th of that month. He had brought Rene with him so that she could see her brother Kay start on his mission. He brought her to our place and I met him for the first time. He went roller skating that night with Rene, Edith, Marjory Rust and me; and we both fell. It was my first and last roller skating. Before Daddy has seen Floyd he said, "I want you to bring that St. George boy here: I want to see him; I think I'm going to like him." That seemed strange to me, for I had been going with a fellow who daddy told me to quit going with, though he had never seen him. His advice was good and I took it. When I brought Floyd to our home, he was surprised that Daddy said to him, "It seems to me that I have seen you somewhere before" All of the family fell in love with him right away. He says he never would have made it if Daddy hadn't been on his side. But I fell in love too, and we were married on November 30, 1940 in the Salt Lake Temple. My brother Mark and Ida Nebeker were married there the same day. Charles R. Jones married us. Floyd was born in St. George, Utah, March 22, 1918, a son of Lula Palmer and William Atkin.

Floyd had been working for the Winters Manufacturing Company and later had a business of his own. Curtis was born in 1942. He had a struggle to live right at first and had to be kept for some time in an oxygen tent. I did some very serious thinking and promised the Lord that if He would let me raise that baby I would teach him the gospel.

When Daddy moved back to San Juan in 1942, and took a position with the Vanadium Corporation of America, we followed, bought a home in Blanding and Floyd got a job in Monticello working in the Vanadium mill as an electrician.

In the Church he served in the Superintendency and as a scoutmaster in the M.I.A. I spent a lot of time in bed before Marilyn was born and am indebted to Aunt Gladys for the help she gave me then. Marilyn was born while we lived in Blanding, but I went to Salt Lake to be delivered of her. While Marilyn was still tiny, the mill in Monticello closed so we moved to St. George, and Floyd went to work in Las Vegas supervising the work there for Herman Larkin, with whom he had worked before, doing refrigeration work. When we could find a home there to buy we moved down there, and lived there for six months when Floyd got his call to go in the Navy.

He bought us a home in St. George before leaving. He left for the war on March 29, 1944. After some schooling in the U.S., Floyd was sent on a tanker to Sasebo, Japan. He didn't see any action. He was in the Navy until April 2, 1945. The war was pretty well over when he left to go it. For the year that he was in, Russell was in the Air Force, and Jim McQueen was in the Army in Italy, so Ann and Jean, Alberta and Micky came to St. George and lived with me and Curtis and Marilyn for that year. We had good times there together. Russell came home soon after Floyd did, so Bert went to Salt Lake with him

and Ann went to live with Klar until Jim got home. We lived in St. George for a year after that and Floyd worked for Larkin Plumbing Company.

Dale, our third baby, was born in St. George on January 25, 1947. When he was two months old, Floyd we moved to Cedar City where Floyd continued to work for the same company until he bought them out. We built a plumbing shop and in 1950 went into the water softening business along with our plumbing.

We bought a new home soon after we got there and lived there for two years and then bought another place up nearer town where we could have out business. Scott Lyman Atkin, our fourth child, was born June 17, 1949 in the Iron County Hospital.

In every place we have lived we have worked in the Church, to which, as to individuals, Floyd is very generous in making contributions. We have spent a lot of time with our children and with them have made trips to Mexico, Canada and other places. The Lord has been good to us with the gifts of family, friends and opportunity. I have been very active in Primary, Sunday School, Mutual and for many years was President of the Relief Society in the Cedar City Stake. We have always taught the gospel to our children. This was written on May 7, 1951 and signed Ellen L. Atkin.

DOCUMENT 305B

Curtis graduated from the University of California in Berkeley on March 6, 1970, with a doctorate in bio-chemistry and spent the following two years in Stockholm, Sweden doing cancer research. On November 21, 1971, he was married to Ulla Elisabeth Thor in Sweden. She is a medical doctor.

Marilyn was married and endowed, December 1, 1961, to Clifford Bean Craig in the St. George Temple. Clifford was born September 11, 1939 in Castle Gate, Carbon, Utah, a son of John Robert Craig and Ida Bean. Clifford and Marilyn have five children: Dain Atkin Craig, born April 13, 1963, in Cedar City; Heidi Craig, born June 8, 1965, Cedar City; Robyn Lyn Craig, born September 9, 1967, Cedar City; Aric Shawn, born July 26, 1970 in Worcester, Massachusetts; Jon Scott Craig, born October 5, 1971, in Worcester. Clifford teaches at Utah State University and at present is writing his dissertation for a doctorate degree.

Dale filled a mission to the Samoan Islands from 1966 to 1968. He was endowed April 5, 1966 and was married for time in the St. George temple to Christine Cornelius Maxwell. They are the parents of a daughter, Kimberly, born in Cedar City, February 20, 1972.

Scott was endowd July 19, 1968 and filled a mission to the Eastern States from 1968 to 1970.

Floyd, Dale, Scott and I spent twenty-five months in the South Pacific on a Church Building Mission from January 1962 to February 1964. Eleven months were spent in

Samoa and fourteen months in New Zealand. Floyd was engaged in the building and mechanical problems of chapels and facilities; a wonderful experience.

In 1965 I went with Aunt Gladys and Daddy on a twenty-one day trip to Egypt and the Holy Land; an unforgettable experience I will always be grateful for. Floyd and I have always enjoyed and done a lot of traveling with our children, and think it is time well spent.

We have been greatly blessed as a family. We have held many jobs in the Church during our married lives. Floyd has served as Bishop, scoutmaster, teacher, high councilman and in many other positions. I have served three times in the Relief Society presidency, twice as president; counselor in Primary and Mutual and teacher in each of the organizations, jobs for which we are grateful. Our desire is to have our children along with us, always worthy and willing to serve where and whenever called. Signed Ellen Lyman Atkin.

DOCUMENT 305C

January 5, Sunday. Dear folks: Well, I thought Christmas would never come. I had so much to do to get ready for it, but it's all past and over. Your Christmas sounded like a nice one. I think this was your first one alone wasn't it? Your going to Monticello sounded like it was a lot of fun. How do Platte and Edith like it over there by now, and how are they making out, financially and other ways? If Platte is going to farm only, I don't imagine he's very busy yet is he, or hasn't the cold kept him from working? That's good news about Edith. I'll bet their happy.

Floyd gave me a presto cooker for Christmas and I can cook up dinner in ten to fifteen minutes. It is certainly a saver in every way. I enjoy it a lot.

Floyd has been working in Kanab the last two weeks with the exception of Christmas and New Years Day. It's eighty miles from here, so he goes and stays. He went back the day after New Years and won't come home 'til the 12th. I surely don't like his being gone all the time, but he says he thinks all of his work will be out of town from now on. I think I'll find me a boarder or two, so I'll have some company. When he's through out there he has to go to Cedar for a week or two. You wouldn't be interested in your room and board free would you?

What did you kids and the other Indians do for Christmas? You said you'd had some kind of a party out there for them. I'll bet you had a crowd didn't you? Did they come around during the holidays wanting "kiss muss giivit?"

Daddy, I haven't thanked you for the information you sent regarding the genealogy I asked you for. Thanks a lot for it and the other dates. You asked that I send you a complete record of Floyd and me and the children. Do you mean birthdates and other important dates? I have kept my diary every day for a little over ten years, and whether it contains anything that would be of any value to anyone else or not, I doubt it. I have kept

it mostly for my own enjoyment and I doubt that there is very little in it that would be of any use to anyone else, but I do think it is a good thing to have a record like you say, with important dates and happenings in it. I'll get a record made up for you of us. If I can find tonite just what I want, I'll mail it in here.

Well, I stopped right here to go get some of my journals and records, and I've been finding so many interesting things, I sort of got side tracked, but I think I have just about everything here you want daddy. Is there anything else? It's late and I am going to write to Ida yet. Goodnite and write when you have time, Love, Ellen.

William Floyd Atkin, born March 22, 1918, in St. George, Utah, son of William Atkin, Jr., and Lula Palmer; baptized November 23, 1926; endowed November 14, 1940; married November 30, 1940 in the Salt Lake Temple.

Ellen Lyman, endowed November 14, 1940 in the Salt Lake Temple.

Curtis Lyman Atkin, born April 21, 1942 at L.D.S. hospital in Salt Lake City; blessed June 7, 1942 at 19th Ward in Salt Lake by Floyd Atkin; among those assisting was President David O. McKay.

Marilyn Atkin, born June 2, 1943 at L.D.S. hospital in Salt Lake City; blessed by William Floyd Atkin, August 1, 1943 at Blanding, Utah. [other page missing]

DOCUMENT 306 Dane Perkins Lyman

Dane was with us but a short nine years. His tragic death brought a gloom over Niklovish Ranch and its little tribe which none of them can ever forget. The wherefore of his sudden going is something we would like to know.

He came with his soul full of music and song, and his body vibrating with childish energy and ambition to be doing and singing and dancing, and finding expression for the spontaneous life with which he was overflowing.

The music teacher was so much taken up with his singing in school that he took him from class to another, even in high school, that the pupils might hear him sing. He loved to sing; he put his soul into it, and entered into the time and swing of every beat. With him and the other children, we put on a program to help raise funds for the building of the meetinghouse.

I went with my four little boys on a fathers and sons outing and Dane rode a gentle colt. All through the three days of the trip, I was in great anxiety with some premonition of trouble to one of my boys, but it was after we had come home in safety that Dane took the tame colt to water, and boy-like tied her rope around his waist. When a car came by, it startled her, and with a little start, she jerked him to the ground towards her. That

frightened her more and she ran wildly, dragging him over rocks and brush and around fence corners.

His scalp was torn from the whole top of his head; his skull was fractured, his left arm and both legs broken. For twenty-four hours he lay without making a sound. The only way he could let us know he was still there and the music still in his soul, was by beating time as he had wont to do when he sang. That right arm was now his only means of expression, and we were supposed to see in that his farewell signal. [Stamped: Albert R. Lyman]

DOCUMENT 307A Mark Perkins Lyman

Mark spent the first half of his thirty years with us at Niklovis Ranch where the most enduring influence of his childhood was our problems and hard work, and the principles we taught in that little home-world of our own. He was born with a strong body and was brimming with energy and ambition. He went through school with high hopes, but in a few wretched days of scarlet fever, he was hurt in ways from which he was never to make full recovery.

He had a pronounced ambition to learn, and to be engaged all the time in some worthwhile activity. There was an unfailing destiny over him, and that was the hand that reached out from the unseen when he was struck suddenly with appendicitis and rushed to the Moab Hospital for an operation.

The doctor held out no hope of his recovery, and he wasted away to a poor skeleton and seemed to be doomed. He asked his mother to have the Elders come at once and administer to him. From that time on, his recovery was surprisingly rapid, and he was deeply impressed with the goodness of the Lord and the power of the Priesthood.

He resolved to go on a mission, which was an uphill business from many angles. Along with his own resolute efforts and what we could do to help him, he filled an honorable mission to Great Britain, and traveled with the Millennial Chorus through England, Ireland, Wales and Scotland.

Arriving home, he married Ida Nebeker of LaGrande, Oregon, and with her inspiring companionship, he began with high hopes to plan for a life of joy and usefulness. The years following his marriage were short and intense. While he was struggling to make a living and get started in some suitable branch of business, the fatal after-effects of that scarlet fever were closing their grip more tightly around him every month.

Through it all, he was game, even chivalrous. He took a wise view of the stern prospects as they developed before him, studying and working in the cause of the gospel with every opportunity. He made a trip to San Juan in March to see us, and though he had every reason to suppose he would never visit us again, he maintained his cheerful bearing, though inwardly his heart must have ached. He returned to Salt Lake City and died there

the following month. He left two little daughters and another one was born after his death. [Stamped: Albert R. Lyman]

DOCUMENT 307B Mark Perkins Lyman, written by Mark and Ida's oldest daughter, Gayle Lyman Sewell, December 22, 1974.

Mark Perkins Lyman was born on July 9, 1914, to Albert Robison Lyman and Mary Ellen Perkins, in Grayson, San Juan County, Utah. Mark was born into the Lyman family who already had seven living brothers and sisters. Seven more brothers and sisters came later.

On October 1, 1922, Mark was baptized a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I am sure that this made him very, very happy, as he was always a strong missionary for the Church. Mother used to say that daddy always would rather preach than eat. Because of the wonderful training he had in his home Mark chose to go out into the mission field and serve his Heavenly Father. However, because of his poor physical health he was not certain if he would be allowed to go, but because he had such a desire he went to great lengths to accomplish this. So, on July 7, 1937, Mark began his service as a missionary to the British Mission and completed his service there on July 21, 1939. In communication with some of Mark's companions they each had similar statements about him, such as the following by J. Allen Jensen:

"Mark wasn't a large man but he seemed to have an abundance of strength in spite of the fact that he had this chronic illness. I don't recall that anyone ever got angry at Mark or that Mark ever got angry with anyone else. He was good-natured, light-hearted and no one ever spoke a bad word bout him that I knew anything of."

Elder Hugh B. Brown had the following to say about Mark:

"Elder Lyman was a member of the Millennial Chorus, a singing group of elders who toured the whole of the British Isles and made thousands of friends for the Church. The members of the chorus esteemed him as one of their most valuable members. He had a beautiful singing voice.... It was my pleasure to have personal interviews with Elder Lyman from time to time, and I came to look upon him as a son.... Of all the missionaries in the British Mission at the time I was there, there was not one who endeared himself to the saints, investigators, and to the other elders in the field as did Elder Lyman with his sweet spirit, his winning smile, his affable disposition, and his unwavering faith, which seemed to light up his countenance."

Just prior to Mark's departure to the mission field on June 25, 1937, he was ordained a Seventy by Elder Rulon S. Wells. After his return from the mission field Mark was always a very active missionary or involved in it some way.

After Mark returned from his mission he renewed a passing acquaintance he had had with Miss Ida Nebeker from LaGrande, Oregon. It didn't take these two young people long to

realize that they wanted their relationship to continue into the eternities. So, On November 30, 1940, their marriage for time and eternity was solemnized in the Salt Lake Temple by C. R. Jones. The following September (the 21st) their first little girl was born and they named her Gayle. About two years later, on July 13, 1943, their second little girl, Marsha, was born. Both Ida and Mark were thrilled with these two little ones and when they discovered they were to be parents again they decided they would be happy with whatever little precious soul their Heavenly Father sent to them. However, the inherited family illness, nephritis, which had plagued Mark throughout his life brought Mark's life to an end before he was able to see the third little girl which the Lord had blessed his family with. This little girl was named Phyllis, and was born on September 2, 1944.

Since that day, May 6, 1944, when our Father in Heaven called Mark back to His side it has been the sole responsibility of his dearly beloved wife, Ida, to be a father and mother, teacher and leader to their little family so that someday they will all be united for the eternities.

DOCUMENT 308A Enone Lyman

[first part of this letter is missing] ... never did find the package she lost in Z.C.M.I.

Daddy as to my keeping a journal I have done that since long before I was married, but I do not write in it every day, but often enough to write down important events that concern me and mine. I think it is a good idea, and some times I know I would be quite lost if I could not turn to my journal.

If it is as cold there as it is here, I do not envy you your hike to the school, but I do sincerely pray that you will take every precaution and not let yourselves get down. We were glad they included Aunt Gladys in the last pictures. You folks are becoming quite the popular people. Here is the information that you asked for.

Milton Saville Davis, born December 31, 1905, at Salt Lake City, Utah; blessed May 6, 1906 by Darwin C. Rich; baptized March 28, 1914, by George R. Emery; confirmed March 29, 1914, by George R. Emery; Deacon, February 11, 1918, by Hyrum Selander; Teacher, November 7, 1921, by John B. Reid; Priest, November 5, 1922, by John F. Davis; Elder, March 23, 1925, by John F. Davis. On mission to the Mexican Mission September 1925 to July 1928; married Enone Lyman, October 16, 1929, in the Salt Lake Temple, Richard R. Lyman performing the ceremony. Missionary in Salt Lake Stake, August 6, 1933 to June 7, 1936; August 28, 1936 (stake was divided shortly after that) and Milton served two more years to July 10, 1938 in the Riverside Stake Mission; Seventy, April 22, 1934 by John H. Taylor; ward clerk, June 2, 1940 to June 24, 1945; High Priest, July 21, 1946, by John F. Davis.

Enone Lyman, born July 29, 1927; blessed September 1, 1907 by Lemuel H. Redd, Jr.; baptized August 1, 1915, by Ralph Brown; confirmed same day by Walter C. Lyman.

Audrey Lyman Davis, born July 2, 1930, Salt Lake; blessed August 3, 1930, by Milton S. Davis; baptized July 2, 1938, by Milton S. Davis; confirmed July 3, 1948 by John F. Davis.

Milton Lyman Davis, born July 10, 1933 in Salt Lake; blessed August 6, 1933, by John F. Davis; baptized August 2, 1941, by Milton S. Davis; confirmed August 3, 1941, by John F. Davis; deacon July 15, 1945, by Milton S. Davis.

LuAnne Lyman Davis, born February 19, 1937 in Salt Lake; blessed March 19, 1937 by Albert R. Lyman; baptized February 24, 1945, by Milton S. Davis; confirmed March 4, 1945, by John F. Davis.

Lell Lyman Davis, born February 1, 1942 in Salt Lake; blessing March 1, 1942, by Milton S. Davis.

Kay Lyman Davis, born December 7, 1945 in Salt Lake; blessed January 6, 1946, by Milton S. Davis.

Milton was set apart November 22, 1946 for a mission in the Riverside Stake by Francis Newman.

Well my dear ones I must close begin again one one of the six other letters I have to write. If in the next few months while I still have the little girl here, you do not hear from me often please remember that my love for you grows every day, and in my prayers I always thank God that you are mine, and that Mother was all that she was. Hope that as time goes on I can be worthy of all of you. May God bless you this new year with all your hearts desire, Your loving, Enone [signed].

DOCUMENT 308B Enone Lyman Davis Hardman

I was born in Blanding, Utah, July 29, 1907, the third one of fifteen children; my father, Albert Robison Lyman, my mother Mary Ellen Perkins. I remember quite a few things which happened while we still lived in the red brick house in town, but my memories are mostly of what happened after we moved to Niklovis Ranch on the edge of town in 1914.

School began for me when I was seven. Some of this school experience I really enjoyed. Some of it must have been quite a trial to my father as I was not endowed with all the abilities which the teachers thought I should have. Each poem assigned to me to write, Daddy wrote for me after spending hours with my trying to show me how it should be done.

I was baptized August 1, 1915, by Ralph Brown, and confirmed the same day by Walter Clisbee Lyman. I graduated from Primary when I was fourteen and began right then to teach in that organization.

To be a nurse had long been my big desire, and when the opportunity came for me to go to Cortez and work in Dr. Johnson's hospital, I went there for one year, returning to finish two years of high school in one, that I might be eligible to go on with my nurse training at Holy Cross Hospital in Salt Lake City. I put in one year at Holy Cross and my love for nursing was gone. I had developed a strong dislike for the Catholic Church and its standards, though I had not become a nurse, I had gained a burning testimony of the gospel as revealed in these latter days.

I spent about three years in The Children's L.D.S. Hospital and while engaged in this work, I met Milton S. Davis. We climbed Mt. Timpanogos together, and then I did not see him for a year; when he called me one day in June. We were married in the Salt Lake Temple, October 26, 1929. We lived first with his sister-in-law, Emma Davis, who had lost her husband the August before. I took care of her three children until the following April, when we moved into a duplex north-half of Milton's father's home. Our life together was very happy. We worked in the Church, made many friends and acquired a family. Audrey was born July 2, 1930; Milton Lyman, July 10, 1933; LuAnne, February 19, 1937; Lell, February 1, 1942; and Kay Lyman, December 7, 1945.

Milton suffered with a heart ailment dating from a period of sickness he suffered while he was a little boy. The doctors could not determine the extent of this damage, but they would not pass him for life insurance. In 1947 it began giving him serious difficulty. In 1948 the doctors told me that the longest he would be able to live was two years. From there on the road was rocky, but he would not give up until just two weeks before he died, March 6, 1950, lacking about a week of the two years given him by the doctors. To meet the pressing necessities of this new situation, I went to the L.D.S. Business College for four months, taking as heavy a course as I could carry to fit me for providing for my family. At the end of that time I was given a job of bookkeeping for the Noall Brothers Lumber Company. Because the hours were so late, and they took me so long from my children, I looked for another place, and found work in the office of Dr. Bayles and Dr. Shields. Several months later my own doctor, Dr. Tanner, called me to come and see him. In his office I had a wonderful place to work, where I received more money, and was surrounded by people who believed as I believe. I worked there until June, 1953, when my nerves got bad, and I had to quit. Taking with me the two children still remaining at home, we spent the summer traveling and visiting with relatives. Returning late in August I began working in the Church Offices. The pay was low, but it was really a wonderful place to work.

On December 4, 1953, I was married to Delbert Hardman for time. At the same time, my son Milton Lyman Davis, was married to Helen Evans for time and eternity. As step-mother of five other children, time alone will tell whether I was good or bad. When I see the many mistakes I am prone to make, I figure that this is one of the best ways to grow and develop if I accept it as a school. All my life I have been working in the Church. I have taught in the Primary and the Sunday School and have served both in ward and stake capacities. I have served in the Primary, the M.I.A., the Relief Society, and as chorister in all of these organizations. I am grateful for the Church, and the big part it has

come to be in my life. I am grateful for the companions I have had. No two men could have been more considerate and thoughtful than they have been to me. I am grateful for their ideals and their love of the gospel, for the five precious children the Lord gave to Milton and me, thankful for their activity in the Church, and what the gospel is in their lives. I am grateful for these other five children, and pray constantly that I will be to them what they deserve, which is the best that God can give them. I am grateful for the changes which have come into my life, even though at times the future looked black and uncertain. I can see that by it I have learned lessons I could not have gotten in any other way. I am grateful for my wonderful parents who taught me the gospel, not only in story, but in song, and by the way they lived it. Our home meetings where so much of this was done are the dearest memory of my life with them, and I bless their memory. I am grateful too, for each one of my wonderful brothers and sisters, and that I could be one with them. I am grateful for the hundreds of friends I have made, and that I know the value of friendship. In all my varied experiences, the Lord has been very good to me.

DOCUMENT 309A Klar Lyman Bishop

Salt Lake City, Utah, 1443 Roberts Street, December 29, 1946. Dearest Pa and Aunt Gladys:

Sunday evening and Marv and four of the children are at church. Marv is up again after a siege of the flu. Jay is feeling fine. I have never seen a sweeter more patient kid about being down. He's scarcely any work at all. In fact he darns all the socks for me.

Now for the information you asked. Marvin James Bishop, born December 2, 1906, at Bingham, Utah; blessed August 1, 1915; baptized July 31, 1915; ordained a Deacon February 2, 1920; ordained an Elder June 28, 1926; Seventy January 17, 1928; endowed January 3, 1928; on a mission January 1928 to December 1930; married October 1, 1931 to Klar Lyman, Salt Lake Temple by Richard R. Lyman; second counselor in branch presidency, Mexican Branch; member of the Tabernacle Choir for nine years; Sunday School Superintendent in the 16th Ward for three years; 2nd counselor in the Y.M.M.I.A. 16th Ward for two years; choir leader, Browning Ward, Wells Stake; stake superintendent of M. Men for three years in the Wells Stake; Sunday School teacher, missionary class for six years; stake missionary for three years.

Klar Lyman Bishop, born December 23, 1911, Blanding, Utah; blessed February 4, 1912, by Lemuel H. Redd, Jr. at Blanding, Utah; baptized January 5, 1920, by Ralph Brown, at Blanding; endowed March 1, 1931, Salt Lake Temple; sealed to Marvin J. Bishop, October 1, 1931, by Richard R. Lyman; member of the Tabernacle Choir from 1941 -;

Jay Lyman Bishop, born July 7, 1932, Salt Lake City; blessed May, 1932 by George O. Bishop, Salt Lake; baptized June 29, 1940, by Marvin J. Bishop, Salt Lake; graduated from Primary, August 6, 1944; ordained a Deacon, August 13, 1944 by Marvin J. Bishop; given certificate of award for activities and achievements of the Aaronic Priesthood for 1945; put on *Deseret News* honor roll for salesmanship and efficiency, December 30,

1944; given Eisenhower Boy Scout award in waste paper campaign, 1944; given school safety patrol wartime award for 1944-1945; certificate of award (rated superior) from Utah State Fair Association, Department of Music – piano solo.

Duane Lyman Bishop, born March 1, 1935, Salt Lake City; blessed April 3, 1935 by Albert R. Lyman, Salt Lake; baptized February 27, 1943, by Marvin J. Bishop.

Marva Lyman Bishop, born September 15, 1936, Blanding, Utah; blessed November 1, 1936, by Marvin J. Bishop, Salt Lake; baptized November 4, 1944 by Robert Hughes, Salt Lake.

Lynn Lyman Bishop, born August 3, 1938, Salt Lake City; blessed September 4, 1938, by George O. Bishop, Jr., Salt Lake; baptized August 3, 1946, by Marvin J. Bishop, Salt Lake.

Bruce Lyman Bishop, born January 26, 1940, Salt Lake City; blessed, April 1, 1940, by Marvin J. Bishop.

Steven Lyman Bishop, born March 11, 1943, Salt Lake City; blessed March 28, 1943, by James N. McQueen, Salt Lake.

Gary Lyman Bishop, born December 24, 1944, Salt Lake City; blessed January 7, 1945, by Marvin J. Bishop, Salt Lake City.

I hope this is what you wanted; if not let me know and I'll do what I can about it. Much love to you both, Ky.

DOCUMENT 309B May 7th

Dear Aunti, Edith said you have her permission to use her talk. I will be thrilled to write my testimony; however I feel somewhat like one of the Book of Mormon writers – that I could express myself much better with speaking than with writing.

We were on our way to Washington, D.C., where my son-in-law, Ray Jones, was to enter dental school. Ray was driving a pickup truck and was some distance behind us. Brandt, three years old, was riding with him. I was driving the Jones' station wagon. I had just had a nap and felt quite fresh. Marva, my daughter, was asleep in the back of the car. Shawn almost two months was in her car bed asleep. Dane, sixteen months and Rhett, four years, I thought were asleep too. The highway was good; the road straight, but a continuous up and down. I drove the speed limit but did not exceed it.

I can hardly imagine I dozed – anyway all at once the car was out of control and hopping around on the highway like an Indian doing a war dance. On the next page of our AAA trip ticket we were warned of road hypnotism – and many people in the area said it was a common thing – I knew we were going over the embankment. I couldn't get the car in

control. I didn't hear anyone cry out. I don't remember anymore until I became conscious about fifty feet from the car. It had rolled three times down an embankment of perhaps thirty feet. I was having difficult breathing; but that cleared up right away. Right by me was Shawn's bed – but she wasn't in it. I ran to the car, which was on its top and demolished, but no one was in it. I was frantic. I knew they were all dead. I looked around – there was the thermos jug broken apart – suitcases scattered, broken open and their contents scattered. Then I heard Dane crying – he was about forty feet in front of the car. I ran to him. He was just sitting there in the weeds and didn't seem to be hurt. I picked him up.

Then I saw Marva. She wasn't far from him and was lying down with her head toward the car. The left side of her face was raw and there was a pool of blood by her. I thought she was dead. I was filled with deep remorse and self-accusation. Then she spake to me, with difficulty, and asked if I was alright. She was in intense pain. I saw Rhett not far away. He was crying and blood was running down his face. I couldn't see Shawn. Cars were stopping and people were offering aid. It started to rain. I saw a woman holding Shawn. She had picked her up 100 feet from the car. Her blanket was full of glass, but she didn't have a mark on her.

A highway patrolman was there, a doctor, a minister and others, helping. I was conscious of blood running down onto my dress, and I noticed I didn't have any shoes on. I wished Ray would come and I wished he wouldn't. I could hardly stand the thought of him seeing what I had done to his family and his property. I saw my glasses in the open case, lying on the ground. I picked them up, they weren't broken.

Ray came – I thought he must hate me – I hated myself and wished I were dead. The ambulance came and took us to the hospital in Gothemberg about ten miles away. Dr. Pyle was very kind and gentle. He sewed up Rhett's scalp lacerations. They weren't deep. Then he took care of Marva. Her right wrist was badly fractured and she had a down-to-the-bone opening in her leg. She was covered with bruises that oozed blood. I knew she had internal and back injuries. Dr. Pyle was very sweet with her when he took care of her injuries.

I cried everytime I looked at her. Not only had I been the cause of my family being severely hurt, I had caused worry, and expense to others. Also Ray's time was limited before he was due at school. I felt like I could never look anyone in the face again.

Ray called the folks in Salt Lake. His mother and my daughter Patsy left that night to help us. Dr. Pyle started stitching cuts in my leg I didn't even know were there. Then he sewed up what I thought was a scratch on my face.

After we were fixed up, Ray talked to me and said he held no ill feelings. My own son couldn't have been more sweet and understanding. He said he felt that this would have happened even if I hadn't been driving. He felt there was a great lesson in it. He gave me a wonderful blessing and told me to wipe from my mind all feeling of self-accusation.

After he left I started to cry. I guess I cried all night. I saw over and over again the horrible nightmare of the accident.

The next day it was difficult for me to move. But when I saw Marva, I decided I wouldn't make any complaint. She was still in extreme pain and couldn't retain any food. She made no complaint. The children were all exceptionally good. Everyone was very good to us, but I couldn't get hold of myself. I felt like I would lose my mind just thinking about what I had done.

Mrs. Jones and Marva came. I felt guilt to see anyone. Ray talked to me again and told me I hadn't given the Lord a chance to fulfill the blessing he gave me; because he had promised me peace of mind. I needed the straight talk he gave me. And I decided my life had been spared for some purpose, and whatever it was I couldn't accomplish it with the silly attitude I had and the way I was acting.

I learned to pray in Gothenberg. I prayed for Marva that she could get well – for Ray that he would be able to carry on, and for myself that I could overcome this terrible feeling.

Ray put the four children, Patsy and me on the train for Salt Lake. His mother was to stay with Marva and Ray would have to go on to D.C. He blessed Marva and promised her she would be well. Marva later got bloodclots on her lungs, she got flebitis. They discovered she had four crushed vertebrae and some internal injuries. When she had the bloodclots the doctors thought she couldn't live through the day. Mrs. Jones found some Elders in North Platte and got them to administer to Marva. In about four weeks she was able to be moved to Salt Lake and was in the hospital there for about six weeks. She was told it would be six months to a year before she would walk. But she had been promised she would be well, and through her faith, the power of the priesthood and her determination, she was walking two weeks after she got to Salt Lake. She walks without a limb, and is now in D.C. with Ray. I still have the children, but will fly back with them this summer and stay there until she is able to care for them.

I know that the Lord doesn't give us anything to overcome, but what He gives us the strength to meet it, if we are humble in seeking His help. All of us feel like this seeming tragedy has been a great opportunity for each of us. The Lord gives us these opportunities to grow by, to gain strength, wisdom and character. I am grateful for many blessings that are mine. I am grateful that all of us had our testimonies greatly strengthened. I am grateful for my dear Marva and for such a wonderful son-in-law. Signed: Klar Lyman Bishop.

DOCUMENT 310A Biography of Platte DeAlton Lyman III, written by his son, Scott Thomas Lyman.

Platte DeAlton Lyman III was born October 20, 1905, in Bluff, Utah, the first son of Albert Robison Lyman and Mary Ellen Perkins. Since his parents were then pioneering the settlement of Blanding, Utah, Platte was perhaps one of the first babies on White

Mesa where he grew up. He attended the public schools of Blanding until he was in high school, although he never received his high school diploma.

He had a pony named Chick, and a dog named Nig, during his boyhood, and the adventures of these three became the basis for many stories told to his four sons in later years. He had a talent for telling stories in such a way as to make them alive, and to his sons it seemed that they rode over the hills and through the trees and rocks with him, as he talked. Besides making his stories come to life, he could teach a lesson through the medium of a story, which would prove much more indelible to their minds than a stiffly staged-out and rehearsed lesson.

In his young manhood he found it necessary to work away from his home in Blanding, so he spent some years in Salt Lake City, where he met Edith Gee, a cashier at a theater, who was a school teacher in the winter months. She was a red-headed girl, with a charm irresistible to any young man of Platte's temperament.

They were married in Salt Lake on April 6, 1929, and made that city their home intermittently for a half-dozen years. It wasn't until 1945 that they were united in eternal matrimony in the Manti Temple, because Platte felt that he shouldn't until he could take his wife through the temple with a clear conscience, and a sure knowledge that he was worthy. If he had fallen behind in his worthiness theretofore, he made up for it in the eight years after that time, by being a stalwart in the Church. His progression in that short time was phenomenal.

During the depression work was hard to find, so Platte and his young wife moved from Salt Lake to Twin Falls, Idaho, to Idaho Falls, and back to Salt Lake in the course of a few years. Their first son was born in Salt Lake City, February 4, 1931. That son remembers very well the love of a wonderful father, and their adventures together. Perhaps his first memory is that of a beautiful little model ship his father made for him in reward for learning to say "tray" instead of the childish "cry." In his young mind the tender words of a song, sung in the clear voice of his father, ring yet, and bring a sting to his eyes. It was Fielding's poem "The Little Boy Blue," and the way his father could sing it as he held his small round son on his knee, and the love he spoke through his brown eyes, burned itself into the boy's memory as a bright spot and a secret shared between two dear fiends. Other song: "When the Red Red Robin Comes Bob, Bob, Bobbin' Along,," and the tearful story of a poor, melting icicle as it hung from the eaves in the spring, ring on his memory as the chimes from a church bell, heard across a wide valley, recalling the dim, wondrous joys of childhood.

He remembers also hearing the sound of the wild things in the great forest when his father was engaged in a lumber-cutting project in the early 1930's. Many times these two would set off. Tommy astride his father's shoulders, into the trees, to hear and see the beauty of nature, which was a strong factor in the life of Platte D. Lyman in shaping his testimony, and hence his destiny. He imparted that love to all his sons.

Other times in the years the family was in Salt Lake, or Idaho, working for a finance company as a traveling agent, Platte would take five-year-old Tom on his lap as he drove, and let him take the wheel. On these occasions it gave him a tremendous sense of responsibility, and pride, but it was also good to know there was a strong hand to guide the vehicle out of any tendency it had to wander from the prescribed course, when the little hands could no longer hold it steady.

The same love and guidance was to help the vehicle of his sons' lives, all four of them, from straying during their formative years.

Richard Gee was born December 6, 1934, in Blanding. He proved to be a blue-eyed, red-headed little ball of fire, and a great source of inspiration to his parents. By his untiring enthusiasm, and willingness to work, he became a pillar of pride to his father in later years, and a joy in his babyhood.

The next son, born September 11, 1935, was named Allen Brent, but due to the names of his older brother being Tom and Dic, he became, for better or for worse, "Harry." He proved to be a well-behaved baby, and never gave his parents a moment's chagrin. His pleasant disposition and ready smile became well known, even before he could toddle around. He never lost that inborn cheer, and though he has had many trials due to various ailments, he still is as sociable and likeable as ever.

James Stuart was October 3, 1937, in Salt Lake. His first baby picture shows his nature, as it showed him grabbing at a grasshopper, just as the camera clicked. He is still grabbing at intriguing objects and subjects, just as a small bear would, though now he has more mature interests. He has an inordinate interest in things of nature, and at times has given his mother cause for graying hair by putting his pet water snake in the kitchen sink, or letting a huge tarantula escape under the house, thereby confining his mother to the house, for some time, till she thought the creature had migrated to a safer zone of action.

For each of these four sons, Platte Lyman had to use a different technique and approach, but he proved supremely able to handle the task, and won their eternal love and respect, besides leaving them with the most priceless possession he had: a foundation in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and an example to follow it.

In his life he was a farmer, a woodsman, a government surveyor, a clerk, a salesman, a butcher, a carpenter, printer and editor, and had other titles. He was equal to all of them.

He acquired an education superior to many college graduates by his unceasing study, and in his study of the Gospel he justified the promise given him in his patriarchal blessing, that none of his brethren would surpass him in knowledge and wisdom. His ability to teach, led many to his Sunday School classes, and he helped many to gain a testimony. He served a stake mission, and from 1945 until he died in 1953, he served in various church capacities from ward teacher to branch president, and did each one well.

He served only three months as branch president of the South Grand Junction Branch in Colorado, but in that time endeared himself to his congregation, and united them into a solid force for good. His evenness of temper and his mildness are reminiscent of the patience of Job. His sons never heard a foul word pass his lips in anger. Even mild swearing, or slang, was beneath his tremendous dignity, and his high character.

His ability to make friends, all during his life, led him into both high and low class society, where he left a part of himself, but came forth a bigger man for the experience.

Even on his deathbed, when he had been told he had a cancer which was taking his life, he bore his testimony to the justice of God, and His purposes. He feared not death, but rather looked forward to a greater and more glorious work beyond, and even during his sorest trial and suffering he never complained, but found a smile and a testimony for all who visited him. He was a living testimony even to the last. Here, in his room, he talked with his sons of all their future obligations, and urged them to work hard, and to never refuse a job in the church. His words were punctuated by his love for us, and that love was returned.

His life was a mere flicker in the furnace of life, as time is counted, but the fire he started has lighted the lives of four sons, and given warmth to a legion of men and women who associated with him.

DOCUMENT 310B Biography of Edith Gee Lyman

On August 20, 1904, a baby girl was born to Elias Gee and his wife Frances, in Provo, Utah. She was the youngest daughter of three, with three brothers. As she grew up, it developed that her hair, which was a flaming red, and hung to her waist, had a strange attraction to members of the opposite sex, of all ages.

Young boys in elementary school delighted to take the long braids, one in each hand, and drive her as they would a pony. She put up with this misery and other annoyances for several years, till she was in high school, because her father refused to consider the proposal that her hair be cut. To him it was the personification of beauty in female coiffures. At last in desperation, Edith went to a sympathetic aunt secretly and cut the offending locks. Upon discovery of this subversive act, her father retreated into a strained silence, for two weeks, until after covertly observing how nice the girl looked he forgot himself one day and said, "Edith, you look very nice with your hair fixed that way. Why didn't you cut it sooner?"

Besides being a veritable princess in Israel, Edith had a surprising facility for absorbing her lessons, in school, and later at Brigham Young University, from which she graduated as a school teacher. Her grades, all during her academic endeavors, were among the highest in the class, and she has retained that ability to learn and study, to this day.

Young Platte Lyman, who was later to become her husband, went to high school in Provo, at the same time she did, and it is highly probable they met there then, though nothing serious came of it till at a later time.

Edith Gee taught school, in the home economics department at Springville and Tooele High Schools before she was married. During the summer she did odd jobs such as the one as cashier of a theater in Salt Lake, where she was working when she and Platte Lyman recognized the bond between them. They were married on April 6, 1929, in Salt Lake City. Since they both had common interests, they took many trips with business associates, and friends, and the accounts of these trips and adventures was grist to the mill of Platte Lyman's story collection, which he relived with his sons in later years.

We spoke earlier of Edith's red hair. Her husband says that at one time, shortly after they were married, while eating in a restaurant one evening, a drunk staggered up behind her chair and buried his face in that coppery cloud. Without even thinking, she picked up her water glass, and throwing the contents over her shoulder, drenched the inebriated one. As he backed off he spluttered, "I've always wanted to put my fashe in a red-headed woman's hair, but not any more, I don't!"

In the course of her life she has often been the brunt of many family jokes because of her red hair, and the characteristics of temper usually associated with it. However, she is patient and long suffering in spite of the hair, though it remains aflame to this day.

In 1937 Platte Lyman went into Washington to try to make a living for his young family and Edith Lyman took the boys and went to Provo to school to renew her teaching certificate, so she too could help support the family. She moved to Blanding after the term was finished and began to teach in the elementary school. Her husband joined her in 1938, and the family settled down to living in a small town among the friendly hills, and people of their own stamp.

Edith had been raised in Provo, where a dominating peak looked down on her from the East, and in Blanding a mountain towered to the North. She was never able to name all the directions in their proper places, because of that fact, and later, in Monticello, with the mountain on the west, she was even more confused.

She continued to teach school through all the unsuccessful business ventures of her husband, and became a mainstay of the family during these precarious times. She taught each of her four sons in the third grade, and treated them just as she did the rest of her students. All her students loved her, and though some are grown and gone, now they constantly thank her for the training she gave them.

As a mother she was exceptional, in spite of her work during the day. She taught her sons to pray, and to attend to their church duties, and lavished a wonderful love on them. She remained constant and true to her faith, until by her encouragement and prayers, her husband shook off his lethargy and inactivity and took her with their sons to Manti in

1945 where they were sealed to one another for eternity. From that point to his death in 1953, Edith Gee Lyman was a constant companion and helpmate to her husband in all his diversified Church callings. She encouraged her husband in all he did and showed her love in all the subtle ways of her life.

A son, whom they named Mark Elwood, was born in September of 1947, but was called back to his Maker without lifting his voice in Zion, or in gratitude to his mother. This she bore silently, knowing that she would see him again, and loved him silently knowing he would feel the warmth of that love.

She and her husband were an unbeatable team in Zion, and their sons loved them for all their goodness and teachings.

The family moved to Monticello in 1946 where their home remained the rest of their days. As always they integrated themselves into the community, and made friends quickly. Platte and Edith were a valued addition to the ward in that city, where they both held positions in all the Church organizations.

Edith Gee Lyman's courage never failed her nor did her faith ever desert her in all the lean years of their early marriage, or financial crises of later years. She remained a helpmate to a wonderful man, and made the quotation "they are one flesh" a truth.

Even when her husband was called suddenly to a greater mission, January 10, 1953, she didn't waiver. Rather, she showed her love for him, by keeping her head high, and her eyes clear, both spiritually and physically, as he knew she would.

She carries on yet with the humble spirit she has carried through her life and awaits the reunion with her eternal companion. All who know her love her, and respect her, her sons most of all.

DOCUMENT 311 A Brief Account of Some Instances in the life of Karl Robison Lyman, written in July, 1957.

According to information which has come to me, I was born on the 1st of January, 1913, in the old family brick house, west of the grammar school building in Blanding, Utah. The first recollection I have of seeing and appreciating things in somewhat of continuity, was early in the spring, and the warm sun was beating against the south side of the home at Niklovis Ranch. I recall the smell of homemade bread from the kitchen, and heard mother talking there to some older members of the family, and how rapidly and efficiently she moved from one chore to another in her work.

The things that made the deepest impressions upon me as a child were the songs and prayers of the family in the home, and the stories we were told, both of the gospel and things incident to it, and of pioneers and others that were known to our parents. I looked forward to those weekly meetings with a keenly-whetted appetite for what we were told,

and in what we took part. I can hear Pa either at the organ or with his fiddle, after the meeting was over, playing to us. I thought then that no one outside our home could make music as pretty as that. Those meetings and the indelible impression they made on me, have had a very stabilizing effect for good with me.

I have a vivid recollection of the day that Pa and Platte came from Colorado with a herd of milk cows, and drove them to a pond just north and east of the house to drink. I have no idea how many there were, but to me it seemed a great herd. Then later as we were camped in Bull Dog Canyon with those cows, I recall following along behind them in the evening with some of the older children and a dog. The smell of the bushes and the pines was sweet to me, and the smell of the cows, ready to be milked, seemed also a very pleasant odor.

I was rather keenly aware from a very early age, that we did not have as much of worldly goods as other people I knew, but somehow I never felt that I wanted to change places with any of them. I would like to have had some of the advantages they enjoyed, yet in the full measure of things, I figured I had the most real values.

While, perhaps we do not say we are grateful for poverty, still I have been most grateful that we had to work for what we got. I learned early that dollars are hard to come by, and that there were many to share with what we had. It was therefore foolish to ask for spending money, and this generally had to be earned by working for others. I worked in the hay fields, or chopped wood, or ran errands as I found opportunity. It taught me some fundamental lessons in frugality. Mother, I believe, was one of the best financiers I ever knew, and she used this gift to great advantage with the meager sums that came into her hands.

Before the present meeting house at Blanding was built, I recall going to shows in the old grade school building, and also to entertainments where Allie Hunter and Tom Lunt were the main and much appreciated entertainers. The plays that were put on there – my! How I thought they were the best that could be produced by anybody.

As a child I admired the individual talent often displayed in Sunday School. The year I was four, Klar and were asked to sing before the entire Sunday School. I wore a pair of little blue pants that came to my knees, and they were held up by large white buttons on my little blouse. During the song, for many reasons, I became nervous, and started to undo these large buttons. If our song had not ended just when it did, I probably would have unloosed the last button and let the pants fall.

The fall that I started to school I was kicked by a horse, fracturing the bone in my right arm. It seemed that I carried it in a sling for a long, long time. A Miss Peterson and a Miss Ashton, my teachers, were especially kind to me while my arm was in the sling.

The summer I was eight year old, I was driving a slip in the hayfield, and the following Sunday I was to be baptized and the thought came to my mind: Now all that I have done

from here back will be forgiven me, so if I am going to say any evil words or do any evil things, I better do them this week, as I will have to account for what I do from now on. During that same haying season, I fell off the slip and the load of hay rolled over me. How Providence provided a ditch right there for me to roll in to, that I was only scratched up a little, I do not know. I know that a heavy load like that could have been fatal if it had pressed me against the level ground.

The summer I was nine, the family went to Elk Mountain for an outing. On the way home, I was riding bareback on a little mare we called Smoke. In my efforts to hold her back so that she couldn't get too far ahead of the wagon, she reared over backward and fell on top of me. That could easily have been fatal.

(When I his father Albert R. Lyman, got to him, he seemed to be dead, the very life crushed out of him. I saw Jean Powell on a load of poles, and called to him to come. We laid hands on Karl by virtue of the Priesthood and he aroused and seemed to be all right. It was a miracle; I was deeply moved.)

Several times after that, when I got a bump, in just a certain way, it seemed to make me quite helpless so I could not speak nor move my limbs. I could still see and hear and understand people around me, but could say nothing. One one of these occasions, Pa and President Wayne H. Redd administered to me, and I had no doubt there would never be another recurrence of that trouble, and there never was. The blessing produced a very deep-seated exhilarating feeling within me.

The summer I was eight, Zeke Johnson, Stake Sunday School Superintendent, visited our class, and asked who in that class was nine. How old I thought that would be! He told us that the time would slip by, and before we knew it, we would be grown men and women, and that what we learned, or failed to learn, would determine what we would be. Nine seemed a long time in the future. I thought I would always be a little boy. Time seemed then to move very slowly, yet it had a majestic significance. The summers were full of wonderful new discoveries – the world around me, and the wondrous thing to do in it. It seemed marvelous to me to live and be an individual.

The summer I was eleven, I saw my nine-year-old brother Dane dragged by a frantic horse. He was dragged from across the street west of our home, down through the gate, past the corral and over the rocks till the horse bumped against a wagon and the rope broke. Dan lay helpless and speechless for twenty-four hours before he passed on. During that time I had a constant prayer on my lips for his recovery, and I felt that I could talk to the Father in Heaven, just as I could talk to anyone else. I went with Lynn Lyman to Thompson Springs to meet Casse and Platte who were coming on the train from Bingham. That was the first time I ever saw a train. Driving back home was a long and rather nightmarish experience, with the roads washed out in so many places. We drove all night to be home for the funeral.

The influence of some of my teachers, over the years, had an adverse effect, but others were outstanding for the good they did for me: Hattie Barton in the grade school; Waldo Harvey as a Priesthood advisor, Geroge and Phil Hurst in scouting and Priesthood. Under the encouragement of these two men, I determined to become an Eagle Scout, and was the first boy in the stake to achieve that rank.

As I contemplate many things which happened in my life, I am sure I was preserved for a purpose. To mention some of them: During the homecoming in Bluff, a group of us went to the pond to swim. I could not swim well, and getting in deep water, I went down twice, and was gulping water when John Pherson dragged me out and got me to the bank. At another time, when I was about seven, I fell into the canal of black and dirty water. There was about six feet of water, but there too, I was dragged out with the loss of nothing by my little blue hat with a yellow band.

And there was the time when with my bare hands, I attacked a Jersey bull to distract his attention from my brother Vint, who he had down against a wall, about to gore him to death. Pa arrived just in time with a club, and neither of us was hurt. At another time I got my foot caught in a cattle guard in front of a rolling truck, and just when I had bent my leg as far as I could to be out of the way, the truck hit a rock and stopped.

I was hauling bean hay on a truck from Dodge Point to Monticello and stopped to hook onto a stalled car, when the truck got loose and would have pinned me between it and the car, but a pole stuck out hit a light on the car and popped it, warning me of the danger, and I dropped to the ground just as the truck mashed against the car.

Once when I was going out the back door of L. H. Redd's store, I stopped momentarily, after slamming the door, and a mass of hundreds of pounds of ice crashed down right where I would have been, but for that brief pause.

And there was another perilous occasion, when a desperate criminal held me for two hours at gun-point, swearing he would kill me if I didn't do such and such things as he ordered. That was in the Mexican Hat region, where this desperado later lay in ambush under the river bridge intending to kill me as I crossed. Providentially I did not go there as intended and did not know till later why my plan was changed.

When I was treating wheat at a flour mill, I was asphyxiated by the poison, and was taken more dead than alive to the hospital, to recover from what could have been fatal.

The summer I was fifteen or sixteen, I went alone to herd sheep for Bishop H. D. Bayles. I never knew till then that a person could get so desperately lonesome. I determined that I liked company more than what could be gained by being alone. I nearly went crazy with loneliness. I would never wish that sort of experience on anyone, no matter how much they might have imagined they wanted it.

The spring that I was a junior in high school, I had some of the smartness (?) which comes to boys of that age, and I quit school to work for Kumen Jones at Long Canyon. The experience was very interesting and no doubt profitable, but by fall I decided the high school teachers were not as bad as I had imagined, and I was fired with a desire to graduate. I had to carry a very heavy course to get my credits, and I graduated on the 16th of April, 1931, and in the mail the next day came a call from the Church to serve as a missionary, and to leave in a month. I entered the mission home May 20th, and left there for the Northern States, June 4th.

I was set apart for my mission by J. Golden Kimball, and as we assembled in his room he said in his high-pitched voice, "Now you young missionaries, don't get it into your heads that because I am not an Apostle, you will not be set apart just as good as if it were done by one of them"

When I was ready to board the train for my mission, Mother was there to see me off. I could not appreciate then as I have learned since what it means to a parent to see a child start away as an ambassador of the gospel.

The year before I left for my mission I had the very wonderful privilege of attending the centennial celebration of the Church, held in Salt Lake City. The conference and the pageant on that occasion were most impressive.

When I began in the mission field, my lack of understanding, how to get around and how to meet people and do things in large cities, was a source of great embarrassment. Sometimes I demonstrated with great clearness that I was a real green product of the country. There was, however, an advantage on which I leaned on from the first; that was the religious training I had received from my folks at home. It availed me more than than what many of the other missionaries had to fall back on. Elder Noah S. Pond was my first missionary president, and he was shortly replaced by Elder George S. Romney.

My first place to labor was northern Ohio, and I was met at the train in Cleveland by Lawrence M. Moss and Philo T. Farnsworth. After a few days I was transferred to Toledo. Elder Moss had taken me tracting in Cleveland, and I felt then, and have felt many times since, that the type of approach was not sufficiently positive, and often failed for that reason in the many openings we had to preach the gospel. Everett H. Seaman was my first district president, my first regular companion being Harris H. Gubler of Toquerville.

Each Sunday afternoon we would clean up our room and clothes and then study. One day Elder Gubler said, "Elder Lyman, you gave a very fine talk, you are getting able to do a good job." I believe him, and decided I was pretty good. I remembered that people listened more attentively while I talked than when he talked, and all that week I was elated with the importance of my ability. The next Sunday afternoon I did not study preparatory to our meeting, but figured I could draw from my reserve of knowledge and give a real sermon. When the time came and it was my turn to speak, I was "loaded for

bar.” I was going to give that masterful touch to the meeting, and then hear them all congratulating me on my very fine talk. I tried to tell a story and forgot it, and I could not remember the passage of scripture I was going to quote. I could not even sing a song, nor read an illustration. I sweat and stammered, and was humiliated no end. I learned then that the gospel is taught only with humility and prayer and study, not by relying on one’s own self. How I did pray and study and beg forgiveness and try to make amends.

Toledo in 1931, like many cities in the U.S.A., was suffering from serious depression. We saw hunger marches and soup lines, and mobs storming the city offices for help. Hundreds of prostitutes brazenly and openly offered themselves for money, that they might eat. Many times they came down on the side walk wearing nothing but a thin negligee, and asked me up to their room, and numerous times they would stand nude in an open doorway and call. They became so repulsive to me; it was hard to realize how low a beautiful woman could become with immorality.

In the summer, Elder Gubler and I traveled into the countryside without purse or script. That was in 1931. To be so entirely dependent on the Lord, and to have to soften the hearts of people in appealing for food and shelter, is a humbling experience. I told the Lord when I went out that I would not preach the gospel to cows in barns, nor to corn in the field, that I wanted to sleep and eat in houses. Not once did we sleep outside. We missed some meals, but I am sure we did one man a lot of good, that was me. We were maligned and abused in some places, but in other places we met very wonderful people.

I worked in Cleveland and Akron and was sent to Youngstown to organize a branch there. I was given an Elder Romney as a junior companion. He was unsettled and worried, and seemed never to get into the groove of missionary work.

In Youngstown I was invited into the home of a minister, not that he wanted to be taught, but he wanted to embarrass me which, to start with, he did. But I was praying for inspiration and help, and after a while things just seemed to flow into my speech, and the minister was so embarrassed he sweat and floundered, and after awhile just got mad and made a ninny of himself. I felt so humble and grateful. I walked home on air.

I was latter sent to South Ohio to be district president and spent most of the next six months working alone, traveling all over the southern part of the state, visiting saints, organizing Sunday Schools, Primaries, Relief Societies, hunting up members and checking on missionaries. This experience was educational in many ways. I presided over a group of missionaries, every one of whom was older than me. Here I had the first sad experience among the missionaries; one of them refused to do his work. He would not hold street meetings, and refused also some of the other types of meetings. He did but little tracting, and all in all was a great trial to me.

I had my missionary headquarters at Cincinnati where I met a very fine group of saints; among them a very attractive young lady, Edith Kraft, who later became my wife. To live in Cincinnati during a flood stage, and see houses washed away, warehouse crumble and

business blocks inundated, is an experience not easy to forget. In trying situations like that, one learns to recognize what is good and what is rotten in people.

In June, 1933, I had just completed arrangements for a full summer program, holding meetings for one side of the state to the other, and had made my appointments for months ahead to meet groups, and was fully enjoying the prospects of my final contribution to the mission in the down-to-earth work with the people, when a call came from the mission president to leave Ohio and come to Chicago and work in the World's Fair. I felt at first that it was an awful letdown, and a demotion for some infraction of the standards. I did not know what to do. I soon learned that the new call was to be the greatest opportunity I had ever had, and was the most fitting finish for which I could ask to my mission.

Every day for the next six months I lectured all day to people from all over the world. What was perhaps the greatest thrilling moment of all that period came one Thursday when all of the First Presidency of the Church and their wives, several of the Apostles and their wives and other dignitaries, making twenty-seven in all, came just as I started a lecture, and a more-or-less set course of instruction. When I had finished, I looked President Grant in the eye and said, "If you have any questions on Mormonism, I would welcome them, and will be happy to try and answer them for you."

When the World's Fair closed in November, 1933, I was released to return home, having served thirty months. Getting from Chicago to Salt Lake is a story in itself with some of the experiences through which it took us, but getting from Salt Lake to Blanding was even more interesting. We left Salt Lake in a "not too seaworthy" old Hudson car, eleven of us, and after twenty-eight hours on the road, with the kindness of Jay Redd, to whom I have ever been grateful, we arrived in Blanding at 6:00 a.m.

It was a great thrill to be home and see and hear the folks again, but times were very dull, there was no chance for work around Blanding, so in May I joined the Civilian Conservation Corps and was stationed at Fairview, Utah. After being there six weeks I took the advice of Richard R. Lyman, and got a job as a waiter in the mess hall of the construction works at Boulder Dam. I stayed at that work every day, seven days a week until the 2nd of October, 1934, when I stopped to go to Salt Lake to be married. At that time that job was considered good, paying me \$58.50 a month; and I think I saved at least \$57.00 of it.

I was married in the Salt Lake Temple, October 4, 1934, to Edith Kraft, by Joseph Christiansen, one of the temple officials. Practically everything I had made at Boulder, I had sent to Mother to put up fruit for me, and when my wife and I pooled our money, and paid Zeke Johnson \$8.00 to take us to Blanding, we had \$1.17, no job and no prospects for one.

The day we arrived in Blanding, after a very dry summer, the wind was blowing, things were dry and parched, and we went to my father's house, having nowhere else to go. Pa and mother were in Salt Lake, all the younger children were in school, the house was not

altogether tidy, dishes not cleaned, unmade beds. After my new bride had looked around she said, "Well, this is fine, I am really going to like it here," and she meant it. I have always been grateful to her for that. She soon tidied everything up, and when the girls came home from school, she had them a steaming hot supper.

Within two weeks we moved into a couple of rooms of Mary McEgan's for which my brother, Mark, had paid the rent for us for two months in advance. Later we finished two rooms of my father's house and moved into them. Then I dug, the hard way, a full basement under the two rooms, which gave us a nice storage space. Platte and Mark and I worked together, sawing and hauling wood. It was hard work, but we were able to sustain ourselves.

Our first child, Clayson, was born in Cortez, Colorado, September 26, 1936. We had waited there a long time for him, as we were scared and inexperienced anyway, and it was quite a relief when he made his appearance.

While I was waiting in Cortez to become a father, the Republican Party in San Juan, nominated me for County Attorney, in opposition to H. E. Blake on the Democratic ticket, and when I came home I began my first political activity. I won by a very ridiculously large majority, and have always said that the people were not voting so much for me, as against Blake. He was very unpopular among the L.D.S. I served fourteen and a half years in that capacity, sometimes winning in the elections with much less margin than at first. Some of the things which happened while I held that office, proved to be most interesting. Once was when I was held at the point of a gun for two hours, and was threatened with being killed if I made a crooked move. At another time a fellow tried to bribe me for a mild penalty when he was guilty of a crime. At another time a fellow whom I prosecuted, declared he was going to kill me for embarrassing him in court and defaming his character.

In 1937 I bought a home from Silas Kartchner for \$1,000, payable at \$16.00 a month, which left me very little with which to buy other things. We traded around, and did everything we could do on the side and managed to get along. From the time I was married in 1934, to 1939, we walked wherever we went as we had no car, and no money to buy one, and no horses and buggy, so when a chance came in 1939 to work for Jay Redd, in the old Lemuel H. Redd store in Monticello, Utah, for \$85.00 a month, we thought it a good strike, and took it.

Joice, our second baby, was born in Cortez, March 1, 1938, after a hectic trip in the storm from H. D. Bayles' farm above Cortez. We came home with Kay Lyman in a mud storm, fifteen hours from Cortez to Blanding, and we appreciated a dry place to stop.

Mother died in 1939, and Thomas A. Jones donated his time and his pickup to go with me to Salt Lake to bring Mother's body to Blanding for burial. On the way home for the funeral, Pa told me mother had asked him to marry again, and that she wanted him to marry Aunt Gladys Tomney, her sister, who had been left a widow. This marriage with

Pa and Aunt Gladys proved that Mother was a woman of keen insight, that she had vision for the future. Our Ma wielded a very great influence over our lives, even after her passing.

In May, 1939, I accepted work with Jay Redd in Monticello, and tried from then till September to find a suitable place there for my family. I finally bought a full quarter of a block with an old run-down, dirty house on it, and half a dozen sheds, all for \$750.00, which I borrowed, and moved my family and all my earthly possessions including a cow and a calf in a truck to Monticello.

A week later I was called to be a stake high councilor, and was set apart by Elder Joseph F. Merrill. I was about seven years younger than the next youngest member of that body. I enjoyed working with them, and making my assigned visits in the wards. In 1941, in addition to my place in the council, I was called to be superintendent of the Sunday School with K. S. Summers and Paul Jones as my assistants. This work endeared me to K. S. Summers whom I have appreciated over the years. I think he is one of the finest men I know.

First thing after coming to Monticello I was asked to teach in the Sunday School and in the M.I.A. and have been teaching there ever since (eighteen years). Six months later I was called to be a ward teacher, and have not missed a family in any month of these seventeen years. While I was stake superintendent of the Sunday School, I served also as assistant superintendent to Deon Jones of the Monticello Ward, with Grant Bronson as the other assistant.

April 11, 1940, Terry, our third child was born. From the time of his first reaction to his surroundings, he demonstrated that he had the quality of being himself, a pronounced individual; whether or not his way of doing things was orthodox, that was his way of wanting to do them, and he had his ideas of most things. Because some of his inclinations were so much a prototype of me at his age, I developed a tolerance for some of his foolishness which I recognized as a repetition of what I had done, and he became very near to me as he grew into boyhood.

In 1945 we looked hopefully to the birth of our fourth child, and had made more careful plans for him than for the others, and it was a great disappointment when he did not survive.

In February, 1944 I mortgaged my home and bought Wilfred Frost's store, beginning as a competitor to Jay Redd for whom I had been working. I gave half of it to my brother, Vint, to come and help operate it. The cost was \$15,000, and we had to pay \$200.00 a month on the investment. When I was asked how much I had as a down payment, I said: no money, but I have a life-long record of paying for everything I have bought. I did have \$65.00 from my last paycheck at Redd's and we put that in our cash register for change on which to start our business.

With this business we bought also the receivable accounts, but some of these people would not pay, and everytime I saw them I entertained ill feeling which developed into downright hate. One day I took these old accounts, tied a blue ribbon around them and threw them all in the stove, \$1,500 worth of them. To save my soul I could not tell now who any of them were; nor how much they owed. I feel well towards all men, none of them are singled out as having beat me out of any account. I have felt ever since that I bought \$1,500 worth of good feelings.

At first with our store, we often worked eighteen hours a day. We paid all of our bills as they fell due, getting the discounts coming for promptness. In no month did we pay Wilford more than what we had to pay, and we retired the note in four and a half years, instead of in the seven which our contract allowed.

In 1945 we bought our Jones Brothers' Service Station and Café for \$10,000, all of it borrowed but \$1,000.

In May, 1944, at the stake quarterly conference in Moab, ten minutes before the afternoon meeting started, Leland W. Redd called me into a room and said he had been asked to be the new stake president, and he wanted me for his second counselor, to work with Guy R. Hurst as first counselor. I felt very humble, and it caused me then, and has caused me since, a great deal of sober reflection. We met at least once a week in council meetings, visited the wards together and went together to the temple, and from that association we developed a very wholesome fellowship. I learned to love and appreciate those men a very great deal. B. Frank Redd, who, for many years had been stake clerk, was released after two years, and Ralph Burtenshaw sustained in his place. Guy R. Hurst was called on a mission about 1951, and O. Frost Black sustained in his place. These latter two men also endeared themselves to me by their efforts and devotion.

In 1947, Chad, our fourth boy and fifth child was born.

During these years of long hours in the store we were, by the help of the Lord, able to acquire some farming property, and I spent hundreds of hours improving and clearing up the land. The boys learned to operate the equipment, ride horses and do other chores around the farm, and were a very great help to us. My greatest regret was that too often I had to send them alone to work, as I wasted down in the store.

In 1948 my little store burned to the ground with what was in it, taking up in smoke what was worth to me about \$12,000.00. Within thirty-six hours I had bought out one of my competitors, Lee Richey, and within a few days had moved my operations there and started again in the new location.

In the winter of 1949 my brother Vint, who had moved to Arizona for his health, died, and I went there to settle his affairs. To go into all his accounts, and find out how much he owed and to pay his bills, was in itself quite a task, but it was gratifying to get them all fixed up. I was later credited on our account, for all money I paid out at that time for him.

In October 1955, we moved into a new home in a new subdivision of the town. Clayson had gone away to the B.Y.U. and we had a room for each one of the children by themselves. We had lived in the new home one month when Terry was accidentally shot and killed by his closest friend. This was on Thanksgiving Day. While we still had very much to be thankful for, it was a sad and broken family circle that gathered around the dinner table that holiday.

From this and other experiences which have come into our lives, we have learned what a great blessing the gospel is, and how wonderful friends are. In the fire of trials and adversity, we are learning some of the lessons which we came here to learn.

In the hundreds of times I have been asked to speak in church and in civic gatherings, I have felt very dependent on divine help, and have been most grateful to the Lord for every degree of success which has attended my efforts.

In September, 1956, Clayson left to serve in the Spanish-American Mission and Joyce went to the B.Y.U., leaving Chad and “Mucketts” (Edith) and me here alone in the big house. How soon things do change – how quickly do we grow up and get old and our families are gone from us.

Many matters come to mind which could be entered in this account, but it is already too long for the purpose intended. But this I observe; as I grow older, I find that some things which, at the time seemed to be of great importance, mean little or nothing to me now. My great concern is that I shall have the courage and the good sense to stay by the teachings which lead to happiness and eternal life. Whether I die in poverty matters little if in all my efforts to live I have not lost that which is of more worth than anything which can be bought with money.

DOCUMENT 312A Ann Lyman McQueen

In the hallowed home that was affectionately called Niklovis, I was born March 7, 1919, in Blanding, Utah. Being the fifth daughter and the eleventh child of Lell (Mary Ellen) Perkins and Albert R. Lyman, I headed the third of the three groups of fifteen children born to our parents. It was not only a privilege but was a sacred trust to have been born of such parentage into such a unique family.

My childhood was happy, carefree, filled with the beauties and wonders of nature. The hills over which we ran and played in the wild abandonment of responsibilities and cares, revealed the hiding places of beautiful flowers – that seemed somehow place there for our special benefit. We gloried in them and took countless bouquets to beautify the home. Over the entire area of our playground was a brilliant light, especially noticeable in early mornings as we herded the cows to pasture; a light that diminished without the awareness of its going until suddenly things were different. Pa often referred to this light that he enjoyed and while it may have appeared differently to us, it was the same light, I’m sure. I saw this light as a halo around the speakers at church and wondered about it. Mother

explained it to me as the light that comes from being in tune with the Gospel. While I do not enjoy this experience now, I hope that it does not mean that I am not in tune.

Nature and a love for it cannot be separated from the Gospel taught to us by our parents. It was from nature itself that Gospel principles and philosophies were largely incorporated into our being. Often do I remember the burning sunset, the smell of locust blossoms, the rhythm of chirping frogs or crickets as we sat on the front step at home listening with our eyes and ears while the panorama before us was woven into and with the threads of truth as Pa and Mother taught of God's creations.

Both parents were impressive story tellers. We probably heard more from Pa since we walked with him to school, to church, or had him as a teacher in various classes, or rode with him on a hay wagon to and from the fields where the girls went to hoe the endlessly long rows of corn or beans that netted us a penny a row. While we were with Mother she taught us the place of girls and women in the home which always included some work outside. I recall one particular time when she was surrounded by seven daughters, the youngest of whom she was teaching to "patch" the knees of long stockings. The older ones having learned were already working on a great pile of them. Probably I remember it more because some salesman came to the home and made such comment on it. Whatever we were doing, from patching stockings to washing dishes, the Gospel was an integral part of it.

Because of my place in the family, I fit into a position that required a little more responsibility in helping with home. It was my place not only to help my younger sisters, but Mother whose health was impaired. When Sara came home from Salt Lake for a visit and suffered a paralytic stroke, I had a great opportunity to help her. These occasions, while I may not have fully appreciated them then, I am grateful for and view them as having added depth and meaning to my existence.

At seventeen I left Blanding never to return to it as my home. I finished high school in Salt Lake while living with and helping my older sisters. During my last year of school, the family sold the home in Blanding and moved to Salt Lake. A home was decided on, Mother helped in its choice, but she died just before we were to move in.

I left for the California Mission in 1940 – another growing experience for me – I hope that it was of value to someone else. I am grateful to those who made this dream become a reality.

Back home, I enrolled in LDS Business College and within a short time found a Scotsman who wanted to employ me not only for a lifetime but for the eternities. The benefits seemed limitless. I accepted. James Nelson McQueen and I were married April 17, 1942, in the Salt Lake Temple, by Apostle David O. McKay. The benefits from such employment have been unbounding but have required genuine effort that has resulted in joyful and otherwise experiences which have all been for a definite purpose. Thirteen children have been born to us, twelve of whom are living, three having served as

missionaries; there are yet others that we hope to send. These children have all been and are our inspirations.

Jim served time in the armed services and while there (in California) sent me a cherished telegram which read, "Today I am an American!" It thrilled me then. It still thrills me. After his return home we lived in Salt Lake for several years, finally finding a lot in Taylorsville which we purchased and built a basement home. We moved into our new home to begin a new life, July 7, 1950, just one month before our sixth child, Arden, was born. After eleven crowded years with eleven of us in the basement, we finally surfaced! We managed to get a tip built! How beautiful windows are that allow you to see through them without climbing a chair, box or ladder!

We have always held positions in the church and have tried to live the Gospel and teach it effectively by our living. We are grateful for our membership and for the understandings and testimonies that are ours of the Lord's work, of our relationship to Him and of the hope that is ours of eternal life.

There are seven of our children married and five yet at home. There are ten grandchildren, another momentarily anticipated. So short the night that they were with us! So few the hours of agonizing experiences of illness and dollar shortage! While a part of it has passed there is always a future to be faced. Who can say what it may bring? Whatever it offeres, I hope that it does bring with it courage and patience to carry on, to endure. We are grateful for our family, for life, for the Gospel that gives meaning and purpose to the whole of it.

DOCUMENT 312B McQueen Record

Ann Lyman McQueen, born Blanding, Utah, March 7, 1919; christened May 4, 1919 by Walter Clisbee Lyman; baptized May 1, 1927, by Heston L. Bayles, Blanding; confirmed same day by James F. Carroll; graduated from high school June 8, 1939, West High, Salt Lake City; endowed June 6, 1939, Salt Lake Temple; mission departure February 15, 1940, for California; time spent in Monterey Bay, Los Angeles (as mission recorder) and in Tucson and Prescott, Arizona; released August 16, 1941; marriage April 17, 1942, Salt Lake Temple; blessings November 6, 1932, Benjamin D. Black, Blanding; December 10, 1939, Wilford W. Emery, Salt Lake; November 4, 1941, Albert R. Lyman, Salt Lake; August 24, 1943, Joseph A. Cornwall, Salt Lake; moves made during 1943 to 1945 moved from Salt Lake to Blanding, from Blanding to St. George, from St. George back to Salt Lake.

James Nelson McQueen, born December 8, 1914, Glasgow, Lanark, Scotland; baptized February 17, 1923 by John B. Cummock, Glasgow; confirmed February 18, 1923, by Osmond O. Jorgenson, Glasgow; Deacon, April 15, 1928, Carl W. Buchanan, Glasgow; Teacher, November 13, 1933, Jodie J. Smith, Glasgow; Priest February 17, 1935, Albert P. Smoot, Glasgow; Elder March 20, 1938, Philander Hatch, Salt Lake City; Seventy October 22, 1942, Levi Edgar Young, Salt Lake City; blessings November 22, 1931,

James A. Wallis, Scotland; March 4, 1942, Winslow Farr Smith, Salt Lake City; sailed for American August 21, 1937; reached Salt Lake in September of 1937; endowed September 12, 1940, Salt Lake Temple; married April 17, 1942, Salt Lake Temple; spent two years overseas in North Africa and Southern Italy; discharged August 28, 1945; citizenship granted July 23, 1943 at Los Angeles, California while in the U.S. Military.

Children: 1) Jean Lyman McQueen, born January 26, 1943, Salt Lake City; blessed March 7, 1943, by James N. McQueen, Blanding; married Jerry Kidd; 2) Nelson Lyman McQueen, born June 11, 1946, Salt Lake City; blessed July 7, 1946, by James N. McQueen, Salt Lake City; married Connie Bolander; 3) Paula, married Jim Elmer; 4) Mark, married Sally Irene Russell; 5) Arden, still looking for the one; 6) James (Jamie), married Kathrine Rasmussen; 7) Kerry, married Marge Lyn Killpack; 8) Andrea, married Brad William Bailey; 9) Roebin; 10) Shelli; 11) Denice; 12) Whitney. Becky, the stillborn is always remembered with the rest of the children and is very much a part of us.

DOCUMENT 312C

Dear Grandpa and Aunt Gladys: Your visit at Christmas was such a nice surprise. My little Jill talked of her Grandpa Lyman and his aunt for a long time. She has a hard time saying Aunt Gladys and she doesn't exactly figure out the connection yet.

We are fine. The problems of a year ago seem to be taking care of themselves better than I ever thought possible.

Here is the information you asked for. I hope it is complete.

Jean Lyman McQueen, born January 26, 1943, Salt Lake City; married Jerry John Kidd, January 27, 1966 in the Salt Lake Temple. Jerry John Kidd, born January 25, 1943, Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho. Children: Jill Mara Kidd, born August 5, 1967, Boise, Ada, Idaho; James Daniel Kidd, born March 29, 1969, Chicago, Cook, Illinois. At present we are living in Sandy, Utah. Jerry is employed at Francom Advertising and teaching the Family Home Evening Class in Sunday School. In the near future he will be trying out for the Tabernacle Choir. We are both working in Young Marrieds and I am the luncheon chairman in Relief Society. Love Jeannie.

January 10, 1971, 3317 Oakwood Street, Salt Lake City, Utah; Dear Grand Pa. It is really too bad we have to be asked to write our own family. So many times it is forgotten; it's a shame. There are many questions I have and have wanted to talk to you about so far I've or we've been unable to get down there. I am sure you'd have an answer if I could remember the questions when I spoke to you.

I am married to Connie Bolander as of April 21, 1969. October 26, 1970 we had an addition of a girl named Lisa B. McQueen. Connie is presently employed as my best friend and the mother to our family while I am trying to support them by doing carpentry, which will be very successful when I learn something about it. We haven't a job in the

ward yet except being parents which is really enjoyable. Connie and I both send our love and best wishes. Lisa sends an original grunt. Love, The McQueens: Nelson, Connie and Lisa.

.....

The information that you asked for has been taken care of by Jean, Nelson, and Mark, for themselves, at least I understand that it has. [Mark's information was not in the package – Lyman D. Platt]

Paula L., born July 25, 1947, Salt Lake City; she is living at 56 South 10th East, Salt Lake. To my knowledge she has no church job right now – she is new in that ward. She works as a secretary in a medical department at the U. of U., but is planning to become a stewardess.

Arden L., born August 5, 1950, living in Roanoke, Virginia; he is a missionary until the middle of September when he'll be released. His is humble, happy and grateful.

James L. (Jamie), born October 30, 1951, living in Elgin, Scotland; he left in November as a missionary and has grown up surprisingly fast. He is taking piping lessons in his free time, since the people are disinterested in Mormons, but will talk piping. He is hopeful of "preaching" with piping.

Kerry L., born March 6, 1953, living at 5025 South 1250 West, Salt Lake; about all he is doing is working every other day as a station (gas) attendant. He has not been to church in weeks, nor is he attending school. He is naturally the most intelligent of the children, but is far from wise.

Andrea L., born September 30, 1954, same address; student in high school.

Roebin L., born March 19, 1956, same address; student in junior high school.

Shellie L., born December 2, 1957, same address; student in junior high school.

Whitney L., born March 30, 1961, same address; student in elementary school.

Becky L., born March 29, 1948, stillborn.

I hope that we have what information you wanted. Love, Ann.

January 11, 1971, Dear Pa, in the rush, which was punctuated with a constant string of interruptions, to get the letters ready, we failed to give you what information you asked for. Jim was born December 8, 1914 in Glasgow, Scotland. He married Ann Lyman, April 17, 1942 in the Salt Lake Temple. In Glasgow and London he served his apprenticeship as a photographic engraver, which has always since been his vocation. At present he is working with Newspaper Agency Corporation, which has employed him for

twenty-three years. He is a group leader with the High Priests and in that position has been responsible for getting a class going in genealogy on a stake basis. He was asked by the bishop to take his wife and visit two particular families each month as the home teachers.

Ann was born March 7, 1919, Blanding, Utah. At present I am a visiting Relief Society teacher. The other Church activity, if it can be called that, is earning money to help support our two missionaries. The drapes have done a good job for us and we are grateful for them.

I was humbled to visit the tithing settlement and find that we'd paid a full tithing. I thought that we were short, but rejoiced that we had paid in full. We had paid over \$1,400 in Church obligations besides having the two missionaries. I felt humility and gratitude for the privilege.

I am not sure yet, that we've answered fully all that you asked for, but if we haven't, let us know and we'll try to do what you asked for. We love you and honor you for the ninety-one years of wisdom that you have gained and shared with all of the many who've known you during your lifetime. We are humbled at having been born into your home and receiving teachings from you. To you we send our thanks and gratitude and say, "The Lord bless and keep you."

I marvel that your ways to teach as we were taught and instill within our children the love and respect that you demanded of us. Probably there were more times than a few that you felt that you had failed when your children didn't respond. But certainly now they respond as do our oldest children to our teachings. We are hopeful that those yet at home will respond as time "larns" 'em a few things. Love, Ann.

DOCUMENT 312D James Nelson McQueen

James was born December 8, 1914, in Glasgow, Scotland, the youngest of six children. His home for the first twenty years of his life was a "room and kitchen;" one of sixteen apartments in a tenement house. His playground was the streets, and the public parks of Glasgow, these he traveled on and to by "hitching" a ride on the moving street cars.

He attended public school from 1919 to 1928, from age five to fourteen, the required time. School finished, he served five years as an apprentice in the photo engraving business.

When Jim was thirteen, his father left for America; two years later his sister Jean, and three years later his mother. After his mother left, Jim lived with his brother Robert at the home of his mother's sister Sophia. At twenty, Jim went to London where he worked for two years as a journeyman in engraving and then from London he sailed for America and a reunion with his parents and sister.

He had always worked in the church in the small branches of Great Britain. He was active in every ward where he lived and worked in nearly all of the organizations, serving from teacher to counselor to ward financial clerk.

In 1941, he entered L.D.S. Business College and found instead of a business profession, a wife. In April, 1942, he married Ann Lyman. Before their marriage, war broke out and after their first baby was born, Jim went to war. Becoming a soldier in the U.S. Army while he was still a British subject made him a naturalized citizen of America. Though he did not go to the front lines, during his two and a half years in the service, he was in Italy and North Africa. Returning home, he and Ann made Salt Lake City their home, renting until they could build a basement home in Taylorsville. Jim returned to and has stayed with the photo engraving business. Taylorsville has now become their permanent home; their roots are well established after building a home and bringing to that home, then beautiful spirits to tabernacle. Jim is naturally a student of the Gospel and most high class literature, but finds little time to devote to this hobby. He is a good husband, a good father, and a good man.

DOCUMENT 312E Anne Lyman McQueen

[There are a couple of items in this history not included in the other history above. LDP]

Some high school years were missed because of illness, one year because of me, two others years because of Mother and my sister, Sara. I was not too concerned over the loss of school since it had not been too interesting to me. That is it did not become a concern until I realized what it meant. Having gone to Salt Lake to live with Ky and Marv Bishop to help in their home, school now became a big concern. Entering West High I worked hard to get my diploma. In the meantime, Mother had come to Salt Lake because of her health and my time was again divided because of sickness. Before I finished school, Mother died, but I attribute her influence with my teachers the main factor in my getting a high school diploma. It was not until I was twenty that I graduated from high school but all of the effort and heartache were worth all of it and the testimony that came because of it was double pay.

[While attending school and L.D.S. Business College she heard] of a young man who had recently come from Scotland. I took it upon myself to help him “learn” the English language. He thought it funny but his phrases and wording indicated that he needed to learn English along with his Scotch, for I never understood his brogue until he proposed marriage.

James N. McQueen and I left college and set up a business for ourselves, April 17, 1942. Since then we have added to our staff, ten helpers [children] one of whom is working for us in the Spirit World. Our business increases nearly every year and with great compensations, for our business is that of rearing a family and teaching to them the Gospel. We hope that the business will continue to increase and that many good men and women will be produced because of its establishment....

DOCUMENT 313 A blessing given by Patriarch Albert R. Lyman on the head of Gordon L. Platt, son of Joseph Platt and Clarissa Josephine Leavitt, born July 24, 1920 at Mountain Meadows, Utah. No. 119.

Dear Brother, Gordon L. Platt: In the name of Jesus Christ I place my hands upon your head, and as a servant of the Lord, commissioned and authorized to bless, I give you a patriarchal blessing.

You are of the house of Israel through the loins of Ephraim, and you have before you a choice and important work to perform. You are here to fulfill a program to which you agreed with joy in the former world, a work which to your immortal judgment was most desirable of all. It will be only by the enlightenment of the Spirit of the Lord that you can begin to appreciate it here as you appreciated it there.

The time allotted to us here in this world at longest is but short, yet by the careful improvement of your opportunities you will have ample time to do in this world all the work assigned to you in this program, and it is your privilege to be an instrument in the hands of the Lord in preparing for the great day of the coming of the Son of Man. In this labor you will have exquisite joy, moreso than in any other labor in which you can engage.

And in this assigned labor your mind will be enlarged and your understanding quickened, that your progress will be greater along all lines of your endeavor, than if you were majoring on something else. In this way you will be enabled to comprehend the plan of eternal life as the first and most important of all things.

There will be places of intensity through which you have to find your way, but you will not be forsaken, and these difficult places will not result from chance, and they will not be intended by any means for your discouragement, or your overthrow, but as a means of your enlargement and development. They are intended to increase your strength, and to teach you the power and use of the priesthood, this matchless dignity and power by which you can speak and act in the name of the Master.

I bless you that the righteous desires of your heart shall be realized. In the due time of the Lord you shall stand at the head of noble posterity which shall contribute much to your glory in the celestial kingdom.

Your name will be held in honorable remembrance by generations to come, and your good works will inspire them to lives of righteousness. You will finish and fill up your days in righteousness, and your accomplishments will be as treasures layed up safely in heaven.

I bless you that you shall be numbered with the redeemed of our Lord in the great day of His coming, and I seal you up unto eternal life, that the great and important things to which you aspired for these few important years here on earth, shall all be realized.

You shall have power of mind and body for every difficult situation, and you shall triumph over all your adversaries.

These blessing I seal upon you by virtue of the priesthood and in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen. Signed: Albert R. Lyman

DOCUMENT 314 Salt Lake City, Utah, May 4, 1941; a blessing given by Patriarch Albert R. Lyman on the head of Allie Lyman, daughter of Edward Partridge Lyman and Irene Perkins, born October 7, 1922, in Salt Lake City, Utah. No. 42. Dear Allie:

I place my hands upon your head and bless you by the power of the priesthood according to the pattern the Lord has given. You are beloved of the Lord. You have been sent here through choice parentage from whom you are heir to the blessings of Ephraim, the prince of the house of Israel. You have therefore inherited a right to the privileges and advantages of the gospel.

The Lord is pleased with the life you have lived, with your hope and desires to learn of his ways and to labor for the upbuilding of His kingdom.

Be diligent in preserving your strength and your vitality of body and of mind; cherish and observe the rules which will prolong the life and the health of this sacred body which the Lord has given you, for this is the important vehicle with which you are to perform the great work of gaining eternal life.

As a servant of the Lord, appointed to bless His children, I bless you that ways shall open before you; that the favor of the Lord shall be upon your efforts. The Holy Spirit shall prompt you for the steps you should take, the measures you should adopt and the objectives you should endeavor to achieve here in this world.

Your way may be thorny and distressing, but all the adversity with which you shall have to contend will be permitted by the wisdom and love of the Lord to develop your faith and courage and strength. There are special objectives before you to reach; special labors which are to be included in your life's accomplishments. All these things will be supremely joyful in their way and time, and there is no project which you can invent, and no way of life which you can devise which will bring you the full and permanent satisfaction to be enjoyed by doing these things, which you helped to plan and to which you gladly agreed in the primeval world.

It is your right and privilege to become perfect, to be crowned in due time as a queen, a wife, a mother, in the Celestial Kingdom. Whatever portion or experience the Lord may give you in this world, whether for the time being it affords pleasure or pain, it is but tributary to the giving of the greatest gift within His gift to give: exaltation and eternal life.

I bless you that you shall be shielded from evil influences, from unnecessary sickness and from premature death, that you may progress as directly as is consistent with your conditions and environments, to the great goal of your earthly mission.

Through your faith and faithfulness you shall be numbered with the glorious Company of the Redeemed of our Savior in the great and wonderful day of His appearance.

These blessings I seal upon you by virtue of the Holy Priesthood in me vested and in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen. Typed: Albert R. Lyman.

DOCUMENT 315 Patriarchal Blessing, Blanding, Utah, February 12, 1911, No. 29. Sarah Perkins, daughter of Evan and Mary Williams, born May 23, 1860.

Sister Sarah Perkins, by the virtue of the authority of the Priesthood in me vested, I place my hands upon thy head and pronounce a blessing upon thee which shall greatly assist thee in the labors of life.

Thou hast very great faith in the gospel and in those whom the Lord has chosen to take charge of His work here on the earth. This faith shall keep thee in the line of faith and rectitude and shall give thee influence among thy children and they shall not stray from the paths of the Gospel, but shall be kept in the faith.

And when thou art through with mortality, thou wilt look back and be eminently satisfied with thy labors in the flesh.

Thou art of Ephraim and are destined to be a queen in the mansions of thy Father – thy joy and peace of mind and happiness shall increase with thee while thou art on the earth.

Thy children shall love, reverence, and respect thee and thou shalt be satisfied with them. The Lord has accepted thy labors in the past, and thy sins are forgiven thee, and thy name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life. Therefore, dear sister, I say unto thee, be humble and patient and faithful and thy cup shall be full even to overflowing with happiness and gratitude and thanksgiving unto the Lord for His goodness unto thee.

Thy sleep in the grave shall be short, for thou shalt come forth in the morning of the first resurrection, being clothed upon with glory, immortality and crowns of eternal lives. Every righteous desire of thy heart shall be granted unto thee.

I seal these blessings upon thee together with all thy former blessings through thy faithfulness in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

DOCUMENT 316 Bluff, Utah, March 14, 1909; a Patriarchal Blessing given by Kumen Jones on the head of Sarah Perkins, born May 23, 1860, South Wales.

Dear sister Sarah Perkins, by virtue of authority vested in me I place my hands upon your head and give you a Patriarchal Blessing, you having come thru the promised seed even the seed of Ephraim whom the Lord chose to place His name upon. You are a legal heir to all the blessings promised to that seed and thru your faithfulness and integrity the Lord holds you in kind remembrance and you shall be blest and will enjoy the fruits of your untiring and patient labors in the midst of the saints of God and more especially in your duties as mother; one of the noblest callings of your kind. I seal and confirm upon your head anew all your former blessings and promises together with the blessing of life and health and every blessing and gift that is necessary for your welfare with power and influence in your family: the gift of discernment, of spirits, and even a gift of seeing thru the veil and beholding the glory of those who hold out faithful to the end.

All these thru your faith and faithfulness I seal upon your head in the name of Jesus, Amen. Signed: Kumen Jones.

DOCUMENT 317 A blessing by John Smith on the head of Amasa Lyman, son of Roswell and Martha Lyman, born March 30, 1813, Grafton County, New Hampshire; given December 17, 1844; number 160; page 237. Brother Amasa:

I lay my hands upon thy head by the authority of the priesthood and seal a Father's blessing upon thee because thou has no Father to bless thee and inasmuch as thou has forsaken thy home and thy kindred for the gospel's sake thou shalt be blest and receive one hundred fold in this life, and in the world to come Eternal Life. As thou art of the house and lineage of Joseph through the loins of Ephraim thou art entitled to the same blessings and priesthood that Jacob sealed upon him. This blessing comes down to thee through thy Fathers in answer to their prayers. They have also seen the same in vision, beholding their son Amasa holding the keys of the Melchizedek Priesthood, entering in through the gates into the City; also having power to bind or lose on earth and in heaven; also to be a might instrument in gathering together the remnants of Jacob and pushing forward the cause of Zion and bringing to pass the dispensation of the fullness of times. This is thy labor that the Lord will enable thee to perform.

Thou shalt have a numerous posterity on the earth. They shall be numbered with the great and none shall excel them.

You shall have power to do all the miracles that were done in the days of old. In whatever circumstances or difficulty thou art placed the angels of the Lord shall be present to deliver thee. It is thy privilege to converse with them. They will counsel thee in all difficult matters; therefore, fear not, for no power shall stay thy hand.

The number of thy years shall be many for the Lord will heal thy bodily infirmities. Thou shalt accomplish every purpose of thy heart. Inasmuch as thou hast seen poverty and wretchedness, thou shalt have riches to the full; enjoy peace and happiness and be satisfied.

Thou shalt see the gathering of Israel from all quarters of the earth and become acquainted with their leaders and shall take great pleasure in conversing with them for they have passed through afflictions as well as you.

Finally, thou shalt be satisfied with every good thing and shall lay thy body down in peace and come forth in the first resurrection to reign over thy numerous posterity and all thou wilt redeem, both dead and living, to all eternity and to the increase of thy Kingdom there shall be no end.

This is thy blessing which is sure, if thy faith fail not, sealed upon thee by the authority of the priesthood in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

DOCUMENT 318 A blessing given by Patriarch John Ashman, June 12, 1895, Fillmore, Millard County, Utah Territory, upon the head of Adelia Robison Lyman, daughter of Joseph Robison and Lucretia Hancock Robison, born, Crete, Will County, Illinois, December 21, 1848; number 88; page 299.

Sister Adelia Robison Lyman: by virtue of the authority of the Holy Priesthood vested in me, I lay my hands upon your head, and seal upon you a patriarchal blessing. You are of Joseph, through the loins of Ephraim, and entitled to all the blessings of the New and Everlasting Covenant.

Because of the righteous desires of your heart you have been permitted to come forth in the dispensation of the fullness of times. Therefore be patient in tribulation and in trials, for your life has been stormy, and your trials sometimes have been hard to bare. You have called upon the Lord in secret, and he has heard your prayer, and has given you strength thus far to overcome, and henceforth there is laid up for you a crown of Celestial glory in the Mansions of your Father.

I say unto you sister rejoice in the Lord your God, for your worst trials are over. Be not over anxious about your family, for they will all be saved, and not one of them will be lost.

I say unto Sister when sickness comes into your family and the Priesthood is not at hand take the oil that has been consecrated and anoint them, then upon your knees call upon God in faith and in answer to your prayer the sick will be healed, for this is your calling to administer to the sick. Yes and you will have power to select the different herbs, and put them together, and administer to cuts and burns and scalds, and through your faith in God they will be effectual to heal up the wounds.

You will live upon the earth and labor in the temples (page 300) of God, for the dead; for there are thousands looking to you for redemption, and you and the fruit of your loins will do a great work for the dead. You will live to see your posterity unto the third and fourth generation. You will be crowned a Queen and priestess, and with your husband

you will reign and rule in the house of Israel forever. To your posterity there shall be no end.

I bless you with wisdom, knowledge and understanding, dreams and visions. And the Heavens will be opened unto you. If faithful you will commune with the church of the first born.

I seal upon you all your former blessings. I seal you up unto eternal life. In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

DOCUMENT 319 A blessing, given by Richard S. Horne, Patriarch, on the head of Irene Perkins Lyman, daughter of Benjamin Perkins and Sarah Williams; born in Bluff, Utah, March 11, 1895; given in Salt Lake City, Utah, May 24, 1921; number 1774; pages 143-144.

Sister Irene Perkins Lyman: many years lie before thee and a variety of labors and many duties will be required at thy hands as years come and go. Thy motherhood does thee honor and will be continued until thou shalt be the mother of a very honorable family. Thy judgment will increase with coming years, and the experiences which thou shalt gain will well prepare thee to assume further cares beyond those of home.

Thou wilt be capable of leading out along certain lines of work for which thou shalt be well adapted. Thou wilt have one lesson in particular to learn, and that lesson will be to guard against haste. Think well, Sister Lyman, and pray often before taking any very important step in life. The Lord will give thee His Spirit to help thee, and to put a check upon thy movements in times of excitement.

Thou hast a good heart; the Lord knows it. He will overlook many mistakes and inspire thee so that thou shalt learn lessons from those mistakes. Thou shalt not knowingly commit any grievous wrong. Thou wilt be ready and willing to make right wherein thou hast wronged any of thy friends.

Thou wilt lead an active life, be quick and ready in the discharge of duties and never be a lagger. When thou shalt know a thing thou wilt very cheerfully do it, and not be liable to stray from the path of right. When thou shalt need support of any kind or be in trouble, the Lord will come to thy rescue. By His power thou wilt be delivered from evil, danger, and the power of the destroyer.

Strict obedience to the commandments of the Lord will insure to thee His favor and blessings. Thy children will be a joy to thee forever. Thou wilt live to the coming of the Lord and see wonderful things in the Heavens and on the earth.

With the blood of Ephraim in thy veins thou art entitled to every blessing belonging to thee. Thou art destined to spend a long, useful life here and to receive eternal life in the great beyond, if thou wilt be faithful forever. Thou wilt be the happy recipient of all the

promises made to thee in this blessing. Now, as a Patriarch in Israel I seal this blessing upon thy head in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

DOCUMENT 320 Patriarchal blessing given under the hand of Isaac Morley on the head of Eliza Maria Partridge, daughter of Edward and Lydia Partridge, born April 20, 1820, Painesville, Geauga County, Ohio; number 199; pages 155-156.

Sister Eliza, I lay my hands upon thy head in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth and I seal upon thy head thy father's blessing. Thou hast a name registered in the Lamb's Book of Life. Thy mind and thy motive have been upright and pure in the sight of Heaven. The angels rejoiced over thee at thy birth when thou wast born into the kingdom of thy Savior and if thou wilt ever support the principles of uprightness and virtue the spirit of the Lord shall ever be thy guide and thy dictator.

Thy path shall be a path of peace. The blessings of intelligence and wisdom shall enlighten thy mind. Thy example shall be worthy of imitation. Thy precepts none shall excell. Thy mind has been enlightened by the Spirit of truth and if thou ever continue to be faithful in prayer thy body shall ever be a fit temple for the Holy Spirit to dwell.

In thy house shall be a house of order. Thy garments shall be decorated with the work of thy own hands. Thou mayst have the blessing to live till thou art satisfied with life and if thou wilt let thy choice for life be governed by wisdom, thine offspring shall be reared for the Kingdom of thy Savior. Thy posterity shall be crowned with the everlasting Priesthood to the latest ages of posterity and thou shalt live to see them crowned with power from on high and the anointing of the Lord shall cause thy heart to rejoice.

Thy mind shall expand wide as eternity until thou shalt rejoice in the blessing to see as thou are seen and know as thou art known and notwithstanding thou are left an orphan the blessing of thy father shall rest upon thee down to the latest ages of posterity and if thou shalt truly harken to the voice of wisdom thou shalt live to see the kingdom of thy Savior roll until the kingdoms of this world shall become the Kingdoms of his son (page 156) and the saints brought off victorious through the merits of thy Savior and thou shalt have the blessing to see the glory of God when the saints are overshadowed with its glory.

Thy trials and chastenings shall be for thy best good. Thou shalt be brought off victorious through the merits of thy Savior and thou shalt return with the redeemed to the lands of thine inheritance singing songs of everlasting joy. Palms of victory shall be sealed upon thy head and when thy Savior doth appear thou shalt be caught up to meet him in the air and I ask God my Heavenly Father to seal his own blessings upon thee and to keep thee and preserve thee blameless before him forever and ever. Amen and Amen. Signed: Isaac Morley, Recorder.

DOCUMENT 321 A patriarchal blessing by Evan M. Greene, Patriarch, on the head of Adelia Robison Lyman, daughter of Joseph and Lucretia Robison, born December 21, 1848; given at Fillmore City, Utah Territory, November 21, 1875.

Sister Adelia, in the name of Jesus Christ, I lay my hands upon thy head, and give unto thee a father's blessing, even a patriarchal blessing, which blessing is a seal and a token of the promises made unto the fathers. Thou hast received the gospel in the days of thy youth, and the covenants which thou hast made, thou hast made in all integrity and honesty of heart. Thy soul delighteth in the pure principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ; therefore thy Father in Heaven loves thee, and all the blessings of the New and Everlasting Covenants are for thee and for thy posterity after thee.

Thy posterity shall be great and in thy children thou shalt have joy; for wise and noble men and women shall spring from thee; men who shall aid in the redemption of Zion. Wise councilors and honorable men shall be of thy sons. Thou shalt rejoice in the works of thy posterity, and glorify the God of thy fathers.

Thou shalt receive knowledge and understanding of those things which pertain unto the Kingdom of God. Angels shall administer unto thee, and no good thing will the Lord withhold from thee, if thou wilt ask him in faith.

Thou shalt receive the powers of the holy priesthood in conjunction with thy husband, whereby thou shalt be enabled to do a great work for thy dead in the house of the Lord.

The keys of resurrection shall be given unto thee whereby thou shalt have power to come forth in the resurrection of the just. Many of thy progenitors shall rejoice in thy works and shall arise with thee. Thy name shall be had in honorable remembrance with the sons and daughters of Zion. Thy children, and thy children's children shall rise up and call thee blessed, and many to whom thou hast administered call thee blessed, and many whom thou hast admonished shall rejoice in thy admonitions. These with all the blessings of the New and Everlasting Covenant, and all blessings thou shalt desire in righteousness, I seal upon thy head through thy faith and faithfulness, in the name of Jesus and by virtue of the holy priesthood, even so, Amen! Nephi Pratt, recorder.

DOCUMENT 322 A Patriarchal Blessing given by Benjamin Daniel Black upon the head of Iren Perkins Lyman, daughter of Benjamin Perkins and Sarah Williams, born at Bluff, Utah, March 11, 1894; given at Blanding, Utah, June 26, 1927; number 110.

Dear sister, Irene Lyman, I lay my hands upon your head and in the name of Jesus Christ I give unto you a Patriarchal Blessing.

Thou art of the seed of Joseph and thy spirit was held in reserve to come forth in this Gospel Dispensation. Thou hast been greatly favored of the Lord in this fact: that He has given you a testimony of this great Latter-day work and He is pleased with thy faith and thy heart shall be comforted and you shall yet receive great joy in your life.

Thou shalt remember that the work that thou hast been called to will take patience and long suffering and thru this will come the great blessing, even that of Eternal Life.

Thou shalt seek diligently before the Lord in prayer and remember to adhere closely to the advice and counsel of thy husband and those who are called to preside in the Holy Priesthood.

Cultivate a spirit of cheerfulness and remember that the Lord's hand is over you and He will protect you and the testimony of the everlasting Gospel will abide in your heart.

All the privations and trials in life are for your good and blessing. Thou shalt not let any evil thing enter into thy heart, for thou shalt be blessed and strengthened and health shall be given unto thee. Thou shalt have power over the adversary. This shall be given unto thee thru the servants of the Lord. Keep thyself in humility and prayer and thou shalt have Eternal Life and a Celestial crown of Glory in the mansions of your Father in Heaven.

These blessings with every blessing that will be for your good, I seal upon your head by virtue of the Holy Priesthood in me vested, Amen.

DOCUMENT 323 A Patriarchal Blessing on the head of Irene Perkins, daughter of Benjamin Perkins and Sarah Williams, born March 11, 1895, at Bluff, Utah; given September 9, 1911, by William Halls; number 2, book 2, page 162.

Irene Perkins, Beloved sister, by the authority of the priesthood I lay my hands on you and give you a patriarchal blessing. You are of the tribe of Ephraim, born in Zion under the new and everlasting covenant with the privileges of the Gospel of Christ. You are a choice spirit beloved of the Lord, reserved to come forth in this dispensation, that you may receive a knowledge of the truth and be guided in the path of purity and virtue, and become a noble woman and hear the souls of men in the order of the priesthood.

The Lord will bless your children and they will give you joy by walking in your footsteps. You are pure, virtuous and clean and all your sins are forgiven. Put away pride and vanity, and be humble, watchful and prayerful and you shall never be led astray.

The Lord will give you intelligence that your mind may be fruitful in knowledge, that you may labor for your own salvation and by your example others may be benefitted. The Lord will bless you and accept your labors. Your home shall be a delightful habitation, in which peace shall dwell. Seek the Lord in secret prayer and he will lead you, and by your faith and prayers and the priesthood you and your children shall be healed, that you may fill your missions.

I seal these blessings on you and rebuke sickness from you. If you will be faithful you shall fill the measure of your creation, and be redeemed and crowned with eternal motherhood in the Celestial Kingdom. All things for your good shall be given you for time and eternity. These blessings shall be sealed in heaven, and through your faithfulness you shall receive them, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

DOCUMENT 324 A blessing by William G. Perkins, Patriarch, on the head of Benjamin Perkins, son of William and Jane Perkins, born in South Wales, January 14, 1844; given in St. George, Utah, January 16, 1878; pages 441-442.

Benjamin the beloved of our Father, in the name of Jesus I place my hands upon your head and seal upon you a Patriarchal Blessing. You are of the blood of Ephraim and this has come through your mother. The blessings and light of the inspiration of God will flow down abundantly upon you and you will accomplish a great work in the Kingdom of God. You will labor a long time in the temples of the Lord to redeem your dead for they are very numerous. You will assist in building many temples and in them you will be visited by your dead. You will receive role after role of their names that have past behind the veil. You will have many wives given you of the Lord, and they will be one with you as you are one with the Lord. Your increase of posterity will have no end. You will have an inheritance in Zion. And the glory of the Lord will rest upon [it] that there you will build fine and beautiful mansions. You will plant and sow and reap an abundant harvest. And your days shall be as the age of a tree. Then your body shall be changed from a mortal to immortal state. You will be visited by swift messengers. They will eat and drink with you at your own table. They will hand you a roll of your dead. You and your wives and your family will go through all the ordinances of the House of God and redeem them out of their prison, and at the sound of the great trump you will see them coming forth with power and great glory. Then your joy will be in the Lord. You will witness the ten tribes coming to the center stake of Zion and John the Beloved disciple with them. There you will witness a great display of the power of God. You will assist in building that beautiful city, the New Jerusalem and help to lay her streets with pure gold. You will be at that great feast, the marriage supper of the Lamb and sit down with your family and partake of its rich bounties. And I seal the blessings of life upon you that you may accomplish this great work with a single eye to the glory of God. And I seal you up unto Eternal Life and upon your head a crown of Celestial Glory in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, Amen.

DOCUMENT 325 A Patriarchal Blessing by Kumen Jones on the head of Adelia R. Lyman, born December 21, 1848 at Crete, Will County, Illinois; given at Bluff, Utah, August 9, 1908.

Dear Sister Adelia R. Lyman, I take pleasure at this time in laying my hands upon your head at yur request to give you a blessing even a patriarchal blessing. You are of the promised see, and are entitled and are a full heir to all the blessings and promises that were made unto Father Abraham, and I say unto you that your Heavenly Father is well pleased with your diligence and faithfulness in the care of your family, since the loss of your noble husband, and I say unto you that your heart should rejoice and rest at peace. You have only been tested in the furnace, thru which you have passed for your own purification and blessing and our Father in Heaven desires to bless you with a peace of mind and love and honor and respect of your family and your brethren and sisters and associates.

And you should take courage and acknowledge the goodness and mercies of your Heavenly Father in your trials, and your remaining days shall be days of peace. I seal and confirm all your former blessings and promises, together with every blessing that will be for your good and encouragement, and say unto you that thru your faith and faithfulness, you shall receive all these blessings together with the glorious blessing of everlasting life, in the celestial kingdom of our Father in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen. Signed: Kumen Jones.

DOCUMENT 326 A patriarchal blessing given by Jesse B. Martin upon the head of Adelia Robison Lyman, daughter of Joseph Robison and Lucretia Hancock Robison, born December 21, 1848, in Crete, Will County, Illinois; given at Provo City, June 4, 1901.

Adelia in the name of Jesus Crhsit I lay my hands upon your head and give you a patriarchal blessing. Thou art of the lineage of Ephraim and chosen of your Father in Heaven to stand at the head of a great and noble family and to thy increase there shall be no end throughout all eternity. Thou hast entered the order and the holy covenants of the Lord that will insure unto thee eternal increase throughout endless ages of eternity.

The Lord directed thee in thy younger days, and inspired thy heart to make a wise choice of a husband and he shall lead thee forth in the kingdom of heaven and you shall enjoy your fullness of glory in the celestial kingdom of your Father. And your Father in Heaven shall watch over thee in the future and give thee wisdom to choose the right and reject the wrong all the days of your life. And you shall have power in your family to counsel your children from day to day and they will listen to your counsel; and your heart shall be filled with joy because of the faithfulness of your children; and you shall always know what to counsel your children for their good temporally and spiritually.

And you shall have dreams to warn thee of danger: that the adversary may lay in your path, and you shall not be caught in the snares of Lucifer.

And you shall see Zion redeemed and the Saints go back to the center stake of Zion when the enemies of the Lord shall have no power over the Saints in the future, and you shall preside over many of the daughters of Zion, and through thy wise counsel, you shall prepare many to go to the center stake of Zion, and you shall never be deceived by false prophets or false teachers, for the Holy Ghost shall direct thee aright and they shall have no power to deceive thee.

And you shall be prepared for the coming of the Son of Man, and meet him in the clouds of Heaven, and I seal you up against the powers of Satan and He shall have no power over thee to lead thee astray. And I seal you up unto eternal life to come forth in the Resurrection of the Just, and receive the crown that is prepared for thee with many bright jewels therein and reign in thy husband's kingdom forever as a queen. These blessings I seal upon thy head in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen. Signed: Mary Lyman, scribe.

DOCUMENT 327 A Patriarchal Blessing of Hannah Huntsman, daughter of Daniel Huntsman and Margaret Lewis, born in Wayne, Jefferson County, State of Ohio, February 28, 1846. Given by Hyrum Smith, Patriarch of the Church of Jesus Chrst, January 8, 1844.

Sister Hannah I lay my hands upon your head in the name of Jesus of Nazareth and place and seal a promise upon your head to come to pass in [the] future. The same shall be a blessing Patriarchal-prophetic touching futurity; touching that portion of man's existence that is most important. Behold I say unto you Hannah you shall be blessed in many important points; and in many things that you shall understand in the hour of their administration. Your heart and capacity shall be enlarged by the Spirit of inspiration which shall inspire your heart and give you knowledge beneficial to your existence both present and future.

And the blessings of your Husband you are to receive in common with him, when [the] Savior shall crown his head, when the Laurels of his victory are won; they are the Laurels of your victory answered in the seal of the everlasting covenant or in the fullness of the same made with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

And again, as touching your house and habitation; your inheritance shall be in common with your Husband as also your Father's house being of the same lineage and the promise that shall be sealed upon your head shall be had in connection with the residue is a crown Celestial; a mansion prepared; a name and place as Sarah and Rachel's; the same to be perpetuated until the latest generation with days and years to be multiplied upon you.

These blessings I seal upon your head. Even so, Amen.

DOCUMENT 328 A Patriarchal Blessing of James Huntsman, son of Jesse and Catherine Huntsman, born in Belmont County, State of Ohio, October 6, 1806; given by Hyrum Smith, Patriarch of the Church of Jesus Christ, January 8, 1844.

Brother James, I lay my hands upon your head in the name of Jesus of Nazareth to place and seal a blessing in accordance with your lineage and rights of lineage and the blessing that shall be administered agreeably to the manifestation of the Spirit.

Brother James, you are of the seed of Jacob, German extract passing through the loins, lineage and tribe of Ephraim. However strange it may appear it is the blood of the nation and believing is a national capacity, because of the integrity of their hearts. And the day cometh and now is that wisdom shall spring up in your hearts and knowledge shall be acquired and the heart shall be made glad with a knowledge of the mysteries of God and its sacredness in which we are all dependent for a future felicity. And in the tribe and lineage of your fathers cometh your rights inherent which you will justly claim in the division of the earth unto the twelve tribes of Israel

And in this life there are blessings to be received in your house and in your habitations as visitations of mercy by the hand of providence that you may have food and raiment and your hearts be satiated and have place and where to lay your heads as also the blessing of the Priesthood to go down with your children which God in his wise providence shall give to bear your name and perpetuate it unto the latest generation.

And your name written, together with your acts in the Archives and Chronicles of your brethren and again you shall be blessed in standing in your place as one of the horns of Joseph and a Savior upon Mount Zion in the appointed hour as also with days and years to be multiplied according to your faith and the desires of your heart these blessings I seal upon your head even so Amen.

DOCUMENT 329 A blessing by John L. Smith, Patriarch upon the head of Hannah Huntsman, daughter of David Davis and Margaret Ralston, born in Jefferson County, Ohio, February 8, 1916; given at Hebron, Washington County, Utah Territory, May 19, 1895; Number 31, page 26.

Sister Hannah, in the name of Jesus of Nazareth I place my hands upon thy head and seal upon thee a patriarchal blessing. Thou art of the house of Joseph and entitled to all the blessings, promises, to the daughters of Ephraim. Thy name is recorded in the Lamb's Book of Life, never to be erased. Thy posterity shall be numerous as the sands upon the seashore to the increase of which there shall be no end and thou shalt reign as Queen over them to all eternity. Thy days and thy years shall be according to thy faith to see Zion redeemed and peace established in all her stakes. Thy house a house of order; thy table filled to overflowing. Thy counsels wise and sought after, far and near. Thy motherly care shall extend to many who will claim thee as mother though not of thy loins. Thy joy shall be full in seeing Israel triumph and no good thing shalt thou lack for every desire of thy heart shall be granted unto the in righteousness if thou art faithful unto the end. Not one word of this blessing shall fail for I seal them upon thee in the name of Jesus thy Redeemer, Amen. Signed: A. Pulsipher, recorder.

DOCUMENT 330 A blessing by John L. Smith the patriarch upon the head of Joseph S. Huntsman, son of James W. and Hannah Davis Huntsman, born Caldwell County, Missouri, December 39, 1838; given at Hebron, Washington County, Utah Territory, May 17, 1895; Number 4; pages 3-4.

Brother Joseph, in the name of Jesus of Nazareth I place my hands upon thy head and seal upon thee a Father's blessing. Thou art of Ephraim and entitled to every blessing promised unto the faithful sons and daughters of Joseph. The angels have charge over thee to preserve thy life until thou shalt accomplish thy work for both the dead and living friends. Thy wives and thy children shall assist thee and to the increase of thy posterity there shall be no end.

The days of thy poverty shall pass by and thy storehouse filled to overflowing. Thy children shall grow up about thee like olive plants strong pillars in Zion. Thou hast a

might work to do in preaching the gospel and ere long thou wilt acknowledge the hand of God in preserving thy life from dangers seen and unseen.

Thy name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life and shall never be blotted out except through willful transgression. All thy former gifts and blessings I renew upon thee with eternal lives and every desire of thine heart in righteousness. If thou art faithful to the end Not one word of this blessing shall fail and no good thing shall be withheld from thee, for I seal them upon thee in the name of Jesus thy Redeemer, Amen. Signed: J. L. Smith, recorder.

DOCUMENT 331 A blessing by John L. Smith, Patriarch, upon the head of Solinda E. Huntsman, daughter of Zadock Parker and Miriam Parker, born at Lyman, Grafton County, New Hampshire, August 26, 1836; given at Hebron, Washington County, Utah Territory, May 17, 1875; number 5.

Sister Solinda, in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, I place my hands upon thy head and seal upon thee a Father's blessing. The name is recorded in the Lamb's Book of Life and thy guardian angel has watched over thee for good. Thou art of the house of Joseph and entitled to all the blessings promised to the faithful daughters of Zion. Thy posterity shall be as numerous as the sand upon the seashore and thou shalt be crowned a Queen and reign over them with thy companion forever.

Thy storehouse shall be well supplied with the riches of both heaven and earth and thy children's children shall rise up and call thee blessed and thy counsels esteemed among thy sex as the treasures of heaven.

Thou shalt live to see a temple completed and the glory of the Lord rest upon it. Commence a work therein, which shall be granted unto thee. All thy former gifts and blessings I renew upon thee with Eternal Lives if thou art faithful to the end in the name of Jesus, Amen.

DOCUMENT 332 A blessing by John L. Smith, Patriarch, upon the head of Mary Ellen E. Huntsman, daughter of Joseph S. Huntsman and Solinda E. Parker, born at East Tooele City, Tooele County, Utah Territory, July 12 1860; given at Hebron, Washington County, Utah Territory, May 17, 1875; number 6.

Sister Mary Ellen, in the name of Jesus of Nazareth I place my hands upon thy head and for and in behalf of thy Father seal upon thee a Patriarchal Blessing. Thou art of the house of Ephraim and entitled to every blessing promised to thy sex. The Lord hath in store for thee a companion that shall be a mighty man in Zion and with him thou shalt raise up a mighty posterity. Thou shalt be a mother in Israel in very deed and thy children and children's children will rise up and call thee blessed.

Thy storehouse shall be well supplied with both the riches of heaven and earth. Thou shalt feed thousands and they will call thee mother because of thy kindness and wise

councils and comforting words unto them. All righteous desires shall be granted unto thee. Thy house shall be a house of order and thy children among the righteous ones.

Labor to thy hearts content for thy kindred and receive thy reward therefore. Be crowned a Queen to reign over thy posterity with thy companion to all eternity. Receive every blessing thou canst desire in righteousness if thou are faithful to the end, Amen.

DOCUMENT 333 A Patriarchal Blessing by Isaac Morley, Sr., on the head of Zadock Parker, son of Isaac and Esther Parker, born October 27, 1804, in Lyman, Grafton, New Hampshire; given at East Tooele City, January 16, 1858; Number 152.

Brother Zadoc, I place my hands upon thy head in the name of the Lord Jesus and in his name I ratify all the blessings and seals pertaining to the holy ordinances. I seal the blessings of the Fathers and Patriarchs upon thy head and bless thee as a Father & Patriarch at the head of thy family, that thy blessings may be extended upon thy posterity like Abraham extended his blessings upon his posterity. Thou art [linked?] by covenant with the seed of Abraham. Thou hast obtained an heirship to all the blessings extended to the promised seed. Thou art a descendant from a numerous posterity [ancestry]. Thou art of Joseph and Ephraim. With them thou wilt become a Savior to thy Father's household. This has become thy birthright through obedience. Many of thy progenitors [descendants] wilt become stars in thy crown. Thy faith, thy priesthood shall increase with thy years until the plan of redemption is revealed to thy mind.

Thou shalt enjoy the blessing to see Zion redeemed. The keys of the holy ordinances will be sealed upon thy memory. These keys will become a lamp in thy path. They are the principles that will lead thee to victory and glory, whereby thou wilt enter within the veil and know for thyself that thy Redemmer lives. Then shall thy faith be swallowed up in knowledge. Victory will be a wreath in thy crown.

Apply thy mind to wisdom and the Lord will give thee intelligences for the extension of thy Kingdom. I seal the blessings of the earth upon thee for thy comfort as the reward of thy labors here below. Thou shalt see Zion triumph over her enemies. These are the whisperings of the Comforter that I seal upon thy memory by virtue of the Holy Priesthood. I seal thee up to enjoy thrones and dominions with eternal lives in the mansions of thy Father, even so Amen and Amen.

DOCUMENT 334 A Patriarchal Blessing by Isaac Morley, Sr., on the head of Miriam Parker, daughter of Solomon Parker and Susannah Parker, born October 18, 1799, in Lyman, Grafton, New Hampshire; given at East Tooele City, January 16, 1858; Number 153, page 167.

Sister Miriam, I place my hands upon thy head in the name of Jesus thy Redeemer and I seal a Father's blessing as a principle of promise. Thou art numbered with the daughters of Abraham according to the covenants of promise. I ratify all thy former seals and blessings pertaining to the holy ordinances that thy may be a comfort and consolation to

thy mind. Thou art numbered with the mothers in Israel and honored in laying the foundation for the ushering in of the latter-day glory that is coming upon the earth. Thy name will be perpetuated by thy posterity whose counsels and examples have been worthy of imitation.

Thou shalt yet be honored with thy partner in redeeming thy father's household that the hearts of the fathers may be turned to their children and the hearts of the children to their fathers.

The attribute of faith will increase in thy bosom as thou art advancing in life. It shall become a key of knowledge to thy mind. Thou shalt enjoy its influence by seeing the sick restored to health, the earth bring forth her fruit for the good of the Saints. Cultivate its influence in thy bosom for it will increase in mind to knowledge, victory and glory.

Thou art of Ephraim. Thou art owned and beloved of the Lord for thy covenants have been preserved inviolate before him. The Lord will bless thee with the fruit of the earth. Thy habitation shall be peace. I say unto thee thou shalt be blessed by dreams and visions upon thy bed.

I seal thee up by virtue of the holy priesthood to enjoy thrones and dominion and with the key of immortality and eternal lives in the name of Jesus even so Amen and Amen.

DOCUMENT 335 A Patriarchal Blessing by Isaac Morley, Sr., on the head of Solinda E. Parker, daughter of Zadoc and Miriam Parker, born August 26, 1836, in Lyman, Grafton, New Hampshire; given at East Tooele City, January 16, 1858; Number 154.

Sister Solinda E., we place our hands upon thy head in the name of Jesus thy Redeemer who died that thou mightest live. In his name we seal thy Father's blessing that his faith, his counsel and regard may be sealed upon thy memory. Let his counsels and examples be preserved in thy mind and thou shalt never fall into lye and forbidden paths and thy heart and spirit shall abide in the blessings of life.

Thou shalt be honored as one of the daughters of Zion and in thy pursuits and choice for life. Thou shalt enjoy the society of the anointed of the Lord. The Lord has blest thee with the attributes of fidelity and integrity of heart. These attributes will be extended upon thy posterity from generation to generation. We seal the attribute of faith that it may increase with thy years. Let meekness and humility be thy motive and thou shalt have power over disease. Thy mind shall become fruitful upon the principles of salvation. By promise we seal the blessing of thy washing and anointing where thou wilt learn the purposes and designs of thy creation; keys of knowledge will be sealed upon thy memory by covenant.

Thou art of Ephraim. Thou art owned and honored by the Lord for thy encouragement. Thou mayest remember that thy name and memory are recorded in the Lamb's Book of

Life. Thou shalt not want for bread in the day of promise or for fellowship in the midst of thy brethren.

The changes of mortal life will produce a school for thy good. This is thy Father's blessing. We ratify it as a key of knowledge, comfort and consolation to thy mind and we seal thee up by the keys of our priesthood to enjoy immortality and eternal lives in the name of Jesus even so Amen and Amen.

DOCUMENT 336 A patriarchal blessing on the head of Sarah Leavitt, daughter of Samuel [Lemuel] and Priscilla Sturtevant, born in New Hampshre, September 5, 1798; given at St. George, Utah, November 9, 1874, by William G. Smith; Volume 30, page 110.

Sarah the Beloved of your Heavenly Father, I place my hands upon your head and seal upon you a Father's blessing. Your life is pure, and thy blood is of Joseph that was sold into Egypt and you are a lawful heiress to the fullness of the priesthood.

Your Father placed His hands upon your head and gave you your name, and blest you and sent you to this earth to receive a body, an He said "in due time, you would hear this gospel and come into His Covenant. And you would be numbered as one of His jewels at His Coming" and some of your posterity would be very great in His Kingdom.

He had your name recorded in the Lamb's Book of Life and there it will remain forever and ever, and that your last days would be your best days, for you will see your redeemer in the flesh and the glory of His presence will be upon you, for the mist of darkness will be taken from before thine eyes and you will see the Heavens open and angeles ascending and descending.

They will come unto you in your beautiful mansion, that shall be prepared for you and they will talk with you as with an old friend.

They will hand you a role and in that shall be the names of your dead that shall receive the gospel, and you will enter into the House of the Lord and with one of your sons redeem your dead and they will visit you from time to time in the morning of the first resurrection in your own beautiful mansion.

You will be at that great feast, the marriage supper of the Lamb, and sit down at the table and partake of its rich bounties. There you will drink wine with your redeemer that will be as pure as crystal.

There you will see Him again in the power of His glory. You will partake in part of His likeness and I seal the blessings of life, health, and strength upon your body that you may do this work for the glory of God, and seal you up unto eternal lives, and upon your head a crown of celestial glory in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, Amen.

DOCUMENT 337 A blessing given by Patriarch John Ashman upon the head of Lucretia Hancock Robison, daughter of Benjamin Hancock and Lucretia Hancock, born in the town of Shrewsbury, Rutland County, Vermont, U.S.A., August 24, 1807; given at Fillmore, Millard County, Utah, June 12, 1895; Number 90, page 298.

Lucretia Robison: by virtue of the Authority of the Holy Priesthood vested in me, I lay my hands upon your head, and seal upon you a patriarchal blessing. Thou art of Joseph through the loins of Ephraim, and entitled to all the blessings of the New and Everlasting Covenant. Thy life was hid with Christ in God, and you have descended in a direct line through the loins of Abraham.

You have been blessed to live to see your sons enter into the New and Everlasting Covenant of marriage: through them there will be no end to your posterity. You have lived to make your calling and election sure, and in your last moments you shall lay your body down and rest in peace, without pain. You will be surrounded by your children and your friends, and angels will waft you to the mansions prepared for you in the heavens.

I seal upon you the blessings of health and life until you have finished your course, and come to the end of your calling. You will be crowned a Queen and a Priestess and with your husband will rule and reign in the House of Israel forever. I seal upon you all your former blessings, and seal you up unto eternal life to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection crowned with immortality and eternal live, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

DOCUMENT 338 My Story, by Maria Platt, blessed August 13, 1876 by A. G. Thornton; baptized June 7, 1884 by Benjamin Platt; confirmed June 8, 1884, by Benjamin Platt; endowed October 9, 1903. This history will be included in the Section 4 of this PFRC Collection.

DOCUMENT 339 Evelyn by Evelyn Lyman Bayles, daughter of Platte DeAlton Lyman and Adelia Robison, born December 14, 1875, Fillmore, Millard, Utah. This history is included in the Section 4 of this PFRC Collection.

DOCUMENT 340 Genealogy. Program 20, Television Copy, March 20, 1955, KSL Television.

Archibald F. Bennett: In genealogy, as in history, there is a tendency to dwell on the great deeds of men, to the exclusion of the life stories of the women. Today we shall give a little more emphasis on what women have contributed to our family and pioneer and national history.

Now I should like you to meet five of our student in genealogy at Brigham Young University. They are Emerson Lyman, of Holden, Utah; Juanita Taft, of Bicknell, Utah; J. Lynn McBride, of Blackfoot, Idaho; Beverly Burnett, of Boise, Idaho; and Nancy Ann John, of Durango, Colorado. Let's begin with Emerson Lyman.

Emerson Lyman: Here are thirty pedigree charts giving the forefathers of my grandfather, President Francis M. Lyman. This traces the Lyman family back from him ten generations. The printed *Lyman Genealogy* gives the lineage many generations further, but it has been found that these earlier generations have not been proven.

The first proved mother in the pedigree is Elizabeth Rande, the wife of Henry Lyman. She was the daughter of Peter Rande and Joan, and the granddaughter of William Rande, who was living in 1531 at Paslow, Essex, England. Elizabeth became the mother of a large family, and her posterity today is exceedingly numerous. She was buried at High Ongar, Essex, England on April 15, 1587. Only in the last few years has her name been discovered by one of the foremost American genealogists, who is her direct descendant.

Juanita Taft: Henry Lyman and Elizabeth Rande had a son Richard Lyman, christened on October 30, 1580 in the church at High Ongar. He married a wife named Sarah. The Lyman genealogy says she was Sarah Osborne, but no record of her marriage has been found, so there is no proof of her maiden name. Richard and Sarah had nine children born to them in England before they immigrated to America. According to a shipping record they sailed from London on the ship *Lion* in August of 1631, with their five surviving children, and after nearly three months [this is not right – LDP] on the ocean, arrived in Massachusetts on November 2nd. This Sarah became the mother of the Lyman family in the United States.

Lyman Chart: Here is a chart showing two of her well known descendants.

Thomas E. Dewey: One is Thomas E. Dewey of New York, who was a candidate for the presidency against his 7th cousin, President Franklin D. Roosevelt. I don't suppose they knew in the heat of the campaign, that they were both descended from the immigrants, Richard Lyman and Sarah.

J. Lynn McBride: Richard and Sarah Lyman had a son Richard, christened in England, February 24, 1618, who married the next mother in our line: Hepzibah Ford, daughter of Thomas Ford, who is also the ancestor of Henry Ford. Hepzibah has the distinction of being the great-grandmother of nine modern day Apostles and Presidents of our Church. You will see from *this chart* that her great-grandson, John Lyman, was the direct ancestor of Amasa M. Lyman, Francis M. Lyman and Richard R. Lyman, three generations of Apostles on one line; and of George A. Smith, John Henry Smith and George Albert Smith (who also became President of the Church), three generations on a second line; then on the third line we have Franklin D. Richards, George F. Richards and LeGrand Richards. One became president of the church, four of them became counselors in the First Presidency, and four of them became president of the Council of Twelve Apostles.

This is a portrait of *Wealthy Dewey Richards*, the mother of President Franklin Dewey Richards, who became the first president of our Genealogical Society.

Here is his son, *George F. Richards*, father of LeGrand Richards.

This is the picture of *Clarissa Lyman Smith*, the mother of three generations who attained to the First Presidency: George A. Smith, John Henry Smith and George Albert Smith. Clarissa Lyman Smith is my 2nd great-grandmother, through her son John Lyman Smith.

Emerson Lyman: One of the mothers of both my ancestry and that of Juanita Taft is Maria Louisa Tanner, the wife of Elder Amasa M. Lyman. Her mother is said to have been a descendant of Miles Standish of the Mayflower, but this line seems not to have been traced. She was the daughter of John Tanner and Lydia Stewart. She was only thirteen when the family joined the L.D.S. Church and moved to Kirtland. There, at the age of 16½ she became the wife of Amasa M. Lyman, then twenty-two, who had become a member of the Church at the age of nineteen, and for three years had been traveling as a missionary.

Together these two passed through bitter persecutions and tribulations because of their religion. While he spent the major part of his time engaged in missionary and pioneer work, she endured bravely the hardships and homelessness this entailed. On one mission he traveled over 2,000 miles and preached 200 sermons. In Missouri, with the Prophet and others he was betrayed into the hands of the mob militia. After imprisonment and a mock trial he was discharged. While he was sick his wife carried on in moving the family, with the help of friends, to Illinois. One mission followed quickly another. On August 20, 1842 he was ordained an Apostle, and soon left on a mission with his cousin, George A. Smith.

In 1847 Amasa was one of the leaders of the original company of pioneers to cross the plains to the Rocky Mountains to the Salt Lake Valley. Meanwhile Maria went through a year and a half of homelessness and great hardships before she and the children could enjoy the shelter of a rude log cabin in Salt Lake City. When her husband was called to help found a colony in San Bernardino, California, the family took up their march again, crossing a perilous desert in a journey lasting nearly three months. Just as they had begun to prosper after seven hard years they were called back to Utah because of the coming of Johnston's Army and again crossed over the desert. After her husband's death in 1877, she lived twenty-eight years as a widow.

Lyman Family: Here is a picture of her with five of her eight children. At the left is my grandfather, Francis M. Lyman; at the right is Amasa Mason Lyman, Jr., Juanita's great-grandfather. *This chart* shows how we are both descended from Amasa M. Lyman and Maria Louisa Tanner. Juanita and I are second cousins once removed.

Of Maria Tanner Lyman it is written in this *Tanner Genealogy* that though spare in frame she had a cherry disposition. Besides caring for her own eight children, she mothered three orphans and was never content when not administering to the comfort of some of her loved ones. Her long schooling in adversity made her an expert economist; she could find ways to live and prosper in poverty and privation. She died at the ripe age of eighty-seven.

Juanita Taft: Here is a portrait of her son, President Francis M. Lyman, Emerson's grandfather. This is a picture of the family of Francis M. Lyman and his wife Rhoda Ann Taylor and their children. Back of him stands Emerson's father, Francis M. Lyman, Jr. This is the portrait of my great-grandfather, Amasa Mason Lyman, Jr. His daughter Olive Ethel Lyman was the mother of my father, Milton Lee Taft. My father is related as shown by this chart, with President William Howard Taft, and also with Elder Ezra Taft Benson.

The father of my 2nd great-grandmother, Maria Louisa Tanner, was John Tanner, popularly known in our early Church history as Father Tanner. His faithful wife, Lydia Stewart, was the mother of twelve children. By the time she died in 1925, he had become prosperous, and was extensively known and universally respected for his honesty and integrity. The poor and the needy always found a friend in him.

About this time he was stricken with a painful and apparently incurable disease, and for six months he had to be in a wheelchair. In 1832 he went to a meeting of Mormon missionaries to confound them, but as he listened a wonderful change came over his mind and he was converted. He invited the Elders to his home and conversed with them until eleven o'clock that evening. He told the missionaries he was ready for baptism but would not be able to receive the ordinance because of his crippled condition. They asked if he did not think there was power enough in the Gospel to heal him. He answered that he believed the Lord could heal him. Whereupon, Jared Carter arose and commanded John Tanner in the name of Jesus Christ, to arise and walk. Later he said: "I arose, threw down my crutches, walked the floor back and forth, praised God and felt as light as a feather." That same night he walked three quarters of a mile to Lake George and was baptized by Simeon Carter.

Commercial Break

Archibald F. Bennett: Let's ask Beverly to continue with the story of her relative, John Tanner, following his baptism in 1832.

Beverly Burnett. He sold his two large farms and 2,200 acres of timber land, preparatory to joining the Saints. By a dream he was shown that he was needed and must go immediately to the Church in the west. He traveled 500 miles in the dead of winter and got to Kirtland just in time to pay off a mortgage on the farm on which the Temple was being built. The Prophet gave him his note for \$2,000. John also loaned the temple committee \$13,000. Later John Tanner gave the Prophet's note back to him as a gift. The Prophet said: "God bless you, Father Tanner, your children shall never beg for bread."

In the summer of 1848, Elder Tanner had a thrilling adventure with Indians. This story is from the journal of Jane Grover Stewart: "One morning we thought we would go and gather gooseberries. Father Tanner harnessed a span of horses to a light wagon and with two sisters by the name of Lyman, his little granddaughter and me, started out. The little girl and I were some distance from the others when we heard Indian shouts. We saw Indians gathering around Father Tanner in the wagon, and they were whooping and

yelling as others came and joined them. We got into the wagon to start, when four of the Indians took hold of the wagon, and two others held the horses by the bits and another came to take me out of the wagon. I asked Father Tanner to let me get out of the wagon and run for help. He said: "No, poor child, it is too late." I told him they would not take me alive.

The Indians commenced to strip him, and had taken his watch and handkerchief, and were trying to pull me out of the wagon. I began silently praying to my Heavenly Father. The spirit of the Almighty fell upon me and I spoke to them in great power and no tongue can tell my feelings. A few moments before I saw worse than death staring me in the face and now my hand was raised by the power of God, and I talked with those Indians in their own language.

They let go of the horses and wagon and stood in front of me. They bowed their heads and answered yes in a way that made me know what they meant. Father Tanner and the little girls looked on in amazement. I realized our situation. Their calculation was to kill Father Tanner, burn the wagon and take us women prisoners. This was plainly shown to me. When I stopped talking they shook hands with all of us and returned all they had taken from Father Tanner, who gave them back the handkerchief and I gave them berries and crackers. By this time the other women came up and we hastened home."

In June 1848 Father Tanner fitted up five teams and wagons and with eighteen months provisions crossed the plains to Salt Lake. A six-year-old grandson fell and was run over by one of the wagons and died in twenty minutes. They arrived in October 1848; within a year and a half, on April 13, 1850, John Tanner passed away. He was the father of twenty-one children and left a shining reputation worthy of imitation by his numerous posterity, which now numbers several thousand.

Nancy Ann Johnson: Here is a picture of seven children of John Tanner. The only woman is Maria Louisa Tanner Lyman, the mother of President Francis M. Lyman. Seated at her left is Nathan Tanner. Here he is again with his wife, Rachel Winter Smith. He was a member of Zion's Camp, a missionary to Hawaii, and a faithful member of the Church for eighty years, until his death at age ninety-five. This is the daughter, Lydia Jane Tanner Brown, wife of the pioneer James S. Brown. This is the family of their daughter, Lydia Jane Brown and her husband, Homer Manley Brown. At her left is her son Hugh B. Brown. Here is his picture. He has served as a major in the Canadian Army, as stake president, mission president and is now an assistant to the Twelve.

Mayflower Descendants: Now he and all the posterity of Father John Tanner are descended from three *Mayflower* passengers, as shown by this chart. These were Francis Cooke, his son John Cooke (who came as a boy with his father on the *Mayflower*) and Richard Warren. Later John Cooke married Sarah Warren, daughter of Richard Warren. Note from this chart that John and Sarah's daughter, Esther Cooke, became the progenitor of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Their daughter Jane Cooke was the progenitor of Amasa M. Lyman, pioneer, Apostle; while their daughter Mary Cooke was ancestress of

Amasa's wife, Maria Louisa Tanner. So the parents of Francis M. Lyman were both of *Mayflower* descent from these three passengers and were sixth cousins once removed.

J. Lynn McBride: Richard Warren came alone on the *Mayflower*, but his wife, Elizabeth and five daughters came on another vessel in 1623 and are recognized among the Pilgrims. This chart shows that Amasa M. Lyman's mother was descended from the daughter, Sarah Warren, and his father from the daughter, Abigail Warren, who married Anthony Snow. Now Anthony Snow's mother was Constance Hopkins, who came as a girl with her father, Stephen Hopkins, as a *Mayflower* passenger.

This little book, *The Women who came in the Mayflower*, says that according to family tradition, Constance Hopkins was both beautiful and patient, and that the first duel in the Plymouth Colony was fought with swords and daggers between two servants of Stephen Hopkins over his attractive elder daughter. She married in 1627 Nicholas Snow who came over in 1623 and was the mother of twelve children. Robert Treat Paine, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was of their lineage. Juanita and Emerson here have a total of five *Mayflower* ancestors and three more who came three years later.

Archibald F. Bennett: Here is an interesting chart which shows how Emerson Lyman and so of course Juanita Taft are seventh cousins of General Douglas McArthur through the Barney line, from Jacob and his wife, Anne Witt.

Beverly Burnett: I have a Barney line too, so I must be a relative of General McArthur also.

Archibald F. Bennett: Yes, this same Jacob Barney and Ann Witt were your ancestors also. This chart shows how you are related to General McArthur as seventh cousins. That makes you a Barney cousin also to Juanita and Emerson.

Beverly Burnett: I am also a Tanner descendant, through Avis Tanner, a daughter of William Tanner, the first of the family in America. She married Thomas Barker, whose mother was Susannah West, the daughter of Susannah Soule, daughter of George Soule, who came on the *Mayflower*. This photograph from an old memorandum book kept Susanna Soule's great-grandson, Samuel West., contains the statement which he had copied from an older family record that Susanna's daughter, Susanna West" married a Barber by whom she had a number of sons and daughters." One son was Thomas Barber who married Avis Tanner. They were the great-grandparents of Polly Barber, shown here, who was the mother of John Lonson Child. He was the father of John C. Child seen here. Here he is again with his wife and family, including my grandfather, John Child here at the left in the back row. He was a Bishop and also President of Lakeview Stake.

Nancy Johnson: That makes everyone here a *Mayflower* descendant except me. I wonder who are the ancestors of my 2nd great-grandmother, Anna Louise Tanner.

Archibald F. Bennett: I mustn't tell you too much. I want you to taste the joy of discovery. That is one of the great thrills of research, to learn the life stories and ancestry of these mothers on our lines. Now that you have begun your genealogical searching, Nancy, this should be a great incentive to you to find out where your Anna Louise Tanner connects with the Tanner family of Emerson and Juanita and Beverly, also to learn what interesting mothers there are back of her. In our Library are some good opportunities for learning about this Tanner grandmother in your line. Have you any clues? I hope all of you who are listening today will determine, like Nancy, to know more about the mothers on your pedigree.

DOCUMENT 341A My Mother, by Catherine Perkins: a Tribute to Mary Ann Williams Perkins

One of those dainty, retiring, unassuming persons whose daily life passed by almost unnoticed, so gently, so efficiently and orderly did she perform her duties.

One sensed a quiet feeling, always, of work finished. No fuss, muss, or turmoil, but each passing year since forever, creeps up a memory of her accomplishments that not only amazes but leaves us astounded at her achievements and management.

The necessities of that farm home where every demand was met by hard labor; we raised our flour and baked our bread, we raised our cattle, butchered and cured our meats, we milked our cows, made our cheese, and butter, and produced our vegetables and canned our fruits, besides these soap making, quilting, serving, knitting and fancy work was added.

Mother cooked for farm hands, she shared proceeds with plural wife number two, Aunt Sarah, and her family, and then faithfully cared for her own eighteen living children. No wonder, there was little time for activities outside of her home. This was her Work, her Cathedral and her Sanctuary.

The best and the lowliest ate at her table and the meanest were never turned away. No foul or profane word passed her lips. A dignity that knew no caste, a quality of soul that money cannot buy and education cannot instill. An embodiment of refinement, sympathy and courage; a lady in purple always, no matter what the quality or color of her gown.

DOCUMENT 341B My Mother, by Kathryn P. Ryan: a tribute to Mary Ann Williams Perkins.

"There are noble souls who rise above personal sorrows, sacrifices and tragedies." Our mother had the quality of knowing when she was right – and sticking to it. Her convictions were deep, and her capacity for sacrifice to prove those convictions almost unlimited.

At the early age of eighteen, she gave up family, friends, home and native land for a new country. She had met the man who was to become her husband, and her love for him was great enough to renounce all else. She could not know of the hardships which were in front of her, but had she known the very worst, her steadfast courage and her great love would have led her to choose the very path she trod.

“Thy people shall be my people.” “Thy God shall be my God.” And with his people she came on the first train that came into Ogden, Utah, on June 23, 1869. They were married in the Endowment House at Salt Lake City, October, 1869. From then on, no sacrifice was too great to make for him. Their first home was a cellar, but father soon made adobe for a home, bought a cow and chickens and a team.

Nine years later mother was reunited with her family; but now new sacrifices awaited her. Brigham Young called them to leave family, friends and home to pioneer and build Bluff City.

As mother was rather delicate, her baby only six months old, her younger sister Sarah went with her to help on the trip. So the six month's trek in the old covered wagons began with many hardships. All these she endured without a complaint, but later the crucial test of her religion, her loyalty and her life came. Father asked permission to bring Sarah in as his plural wife.

The resigned manner with which mother accepted and lived polygamy reveals a spiritual understanding and a loyalty to her husband and her God that challenges any outward performance of religion at its best, and imbues one with a desire to emulate the nobleness of her soul. The sacrifices and conflicts of her inner life left a strength of character and self control that fortified her life.

A number of articles have been written about my mother, but this phrase of her life seems to have gone by unnoticed. About 1888, when father was serving a six month's prison term in the Utah Penitentiary for the practicing of polygamy, a principle of the LDS Church of which he was a member, Mother decided she must take her family of eight, ages two to seventeen, and run a small dairy as a means of support while he was absent.

To run a home and supervise a family of eight children as smoothly and efficiently as she did showed a hidden executive judgment and ability to organize and manage this new role she had assumed for herself.

This retiring, modest woman, weighing about one hundred pounds, with delicate features and gracious manners, neatly attired, was sort of a contradiction of her courage and strength of character within. The little dairy we had selected was on a beautiful, clear mountain stream with plenty of trout. There were no neighbors for miles around and the only men we saw were cattle and sheep men as they drove their herds from and to summer and winter ranges.

Mother's faith and confidence in her youthful helpers was not misplaced. Each shouldered his respective chores cheerfully according to her orders. Her program was laid out something after this pattern: the older girls, Molly and Deil, supervised and controlled horses, cattle and corrals. They were up at daybreak and had their cows out to pasture shortly after sunrise. The rest of us helped in any manner we could, occasionally milking a cow, but mostly running calves, feeding doggies with nursing bottles, slopping hogs, feeding chickens, etc.

Cows out to feed, we too all assembled to a well prepared breakfast, consisting most usually of hot rolls, mixed and set the night before, cereal with cream and sugar, ham, eggs and milk – no coffee. Mother had her green tea: the still familiar Tree Tea brand. No matter how hungry, we waited for family prayer and also the blessing on the good.

That summer two of the Cannon boys came down from Salt Lake. I think their names were Angus and John, and as I remember they claimed relationship to President George Q. Cannon. The boys were fascinated, amused and amazed with the dexterity with which the girls manipulated their lassos, saddles and harness when needed, and the way they handled the stock, some of the range cows having to have their horns as well as their legs lassoed and tie in order to milk them, and the way the dairy was run in general.

We were equally intrigued with the big city boys with their swell sports outfits, fishing rods, artificial bait, etc. All we had were supple willows baited with grubs we dug from the trees, or young green grasshoppers. I caught the biggest trout taken from the stream that summer, they say. Oh, what a thrill!

I'll never forget when the skunk got into the milk house. We were all so frightened. One misstep and all our summer's work would be ruined. Mother had us lock the dogs and cat up and then stand guard to see that no one entered or molested this beautiful little creature. After a vigil of about two hours, out he came and jauntily went his way.

Another hand-off episode happened one morning about 4:00 when we were awakened by a terrific pounding under our bed. We were baffled and somewhat frightened, but mustered up enough courage to investigate, and there somewhat disturbed was a full-grown porcupine. Again, a period of watchful waiting.

The season's dairy work finished, Mother hired a man to take her to Beaver Woolen Mills, where she had received an order for cheese. She came back with woolen blankets, underwear, and yardage for our winter supply. She also made exchanges for fruits and vegetables.

So, when father came home five months later (one month off for good behavior) he was delighted to find pantry shelves full of fruit, jams, jellies, pickles, relishes, etc., cured hams, bacon, crocks of butter and lard, cured by layers of salt on top to keep fresh, potatoes, cabbage, carrots, etc. in the outside pits covered with straw and enough dirt to keep from freezing till spring. Labor performed in a primitive manner, with primitive

equipment, as carding brushes for carding wool batts, frames for quilting quilts, candle molds for making candles, washboards and tubs for washing clothes, scrubbing brushes for floors with homemade soap, and a mighty good back, strong knees and strong hands.

In October, 1912, in answer to a call from father from Kane Springs, my brothers and sisters, Dan and John, Vira and Ruth, hurried to Mother's side to find father white-faced, resigned to the inevitable, as he told us "she will not recover."

Our one consolation was that she did not suffer. She passed quietly and peacefully into her final rest, leaving to her family memories of one of the most modest, refined, loving mothers to ever live on this earth, respected and loved by both the old and the young for her many virtues and her few faults. A mother whose dignity knew no castle, whose quality of soul money cannot buy nor education instill: an embodiment of refinement, sympathy and courage: a lady in purple always, no matter what the quality of her gown.

This mother of eight had twenty-six grandchildren. With these thirty-four birthdays, announcements of weddings, showers, parties for friends, schools, churches and our local and national anniversaries, think of the hours spent shopping for presents, cooking for entertainments, time wasted, money squandered (and often borrowed at that), which she would have had to suffer had she lived in modern times.

DOCUMENT 342 Life Sketch of Mary Ann Williams Perkins, 1851-1912, by Ruth Perkins Bailey, Mesa, Arizona, November, 1963.

Mary Ann Williams was born August 27, 1851, at Llantwit Verdue, Glamorgan, South Wales to Evan and Mary Williams. She was baptized into the Church by John Evans. She lived in Wales until she was eighteen years of age, at which time she left her home and family to come to America to marry her sweetheart, Benjamin Perkins, who had migrated to Utah some time earlier, and had sent her money to make the long and arduous trip to join him. The captain of the group of Saints who came on the ship was Elias Morris, whose home was in Salt Lake City. Upon arrival in America the group traveled overland by rail, and Mary Ann arrived in Ogden in 1869 on the first passenger train to travel the new Transcontinental Railroad, which had been joined that year by the famous golden spike at Promontory Point. She lived with the Elias Morris family until she was married.

She and Benjamin Perkins were married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, October 4, 1869. Heber C. Kimball performed the ceremony. Shortly afterwards this young couple were called to go to Cedar City, Iron County, to settle that part of the state. There they lived for ten years, and there their first four children were born. In 1879 they were again called by the church president to join a group colonizing the San Juan County area. The trip through the Hole-in-the-Rock by way of Escalante has been called by some "the most difficult pioneering assignment in the history of the west." Through the winter of 1879-1880, the group endured many hardships as the hole was being widened and a dugway built to permit the eighty wagons and numerous livestock to make the precarious two-mile descent from the top of the cliff to the Colorado River and across.

Mary Ann and Ben were both fine singers, as many Welsh people are. Their music at night around the campfires helped pass the dreary winter and lightened the load of hardship for the San Juan County pioneers, who after six months of the hardest toil, and seemingly insurmountable obstacles along the way, arrived in Bluff in April, 1880.

A fort was built, in which the people lived as a protection against Indians and outlaws. The town of Bluff was situated in a narrow valley between high sandstone cliffs, through which the San Juan River flows. The settlers encountered great and shifting sandy formations. The river water, heavy with silt and sand, would soon fill the ditches, dams would wash out, and crops often failed for lack of water before the systems could be repaired or rebuilt. Finally, after much discouragement among the settlers, and realizing the narrow valley could not support a large population, the church authorities decided to release any who wanted to leave, and many did – including the Perkins family. They went back to Cedar, and from there to Wayne County for a while before they were again called to colonize a new area. Their entire life after marriage was spent in pioneering and colonizing. Mary Ann came to America eleven years before her family came, and was the only one of her family in this country for that length of time. The last call was to Monticello, San Juan County, where she was to have a permanent home.

After many years of hardship and heartache Mary Ann and Benjamin (with the help of their children, some of whom were grown by that time) built one of the finest sandstone dwellings in the county, in which they raised the younger children until they went to homes of their own.

Mary Ann was active in church and community affairs, particularly Relief Society in which she served in the presidency for many years. Because of her skill with flowers she was known and loved by people for miles around. Her home was a beauty spot and she gave generously of her beautiful flowers to all she knew. Even the Indians shared in them and loved her, for she gave them not only flowers but food and clothing. She was a capable, practical nurse and did much to care for the sick in the pioneer communities where trained nurses and doctors were so scarce. She was the mother of eleven children, seven of lived to maturity. She raised an adopted daughter, in addition to her own children.

Hers was one of the noble spirits, and at her passing many people, young and old, came long distances to pay her tribute. She died from a stroke at Kane Springs, near Monticello on October 14, 1912. She suffered very little in passing. She was sealed to her parents February 5, 1914, and is buried beside her husband in the Monticello Cemetery.

DOCUMENT 343 Mary Ann Williams Perkins, author unknown.

On the 27th of August, 1851 at Llantwit Verdure, South Wales, Mary Ann Williams was born, the second child and the first daughter of Evan and Mary Davies. Her early life was beautiful in South Wales, where the people were given to song, smiles and warm friendship. When Mary Ann was sixteen she met Ben Perkins. They were often thrown

into each others company as they both belonged to the choir and the glee club, and they learned to love each other.

Then Ben decided to go to Utah with his brother Joe and brother-in-law John Evans to work and earn money and send back to Wales so that the rest of the family might get to Utah. Many friends were to the depot to see them off, among them Mary Ann. As they waited at the depot Ben noticed how sad Mary looked so he asked her if she would join his people when they sailed if he would send her the money. Her answer was “yes” and she begged that he write all the way and she would answer as soon as he sent an address.

When the money arrived for their passage, Mary’s father objected to her going but she said, “Father if you don’t give your consent now, I will have to wait, but when I am of age I shall go,” so her father consented and she sailed with the Perkins family when she was eighteen. On the 23rd of June 1869, over the rails Ben had helped to lay, she rode into Ogden on the first passenger trail to ever roll into that city.

She came to Utah with the Elias Morris Company and lived in his home for six months, until Ben claimed her as his bride October 4, 1869. She and Ben went to Cedar City to make their home and it was there she was living when her own father and mother, brothers and sisters, arrived. Oh, the joy of being held close in her father’s arms and hear him say, “It wasn’t my health alone that brought me to Utah, but to see and be near my little girl that I have so greatly missed.” And he said she was a most wonderful daughter.

The Williams family had been in Cedar only four months when Ben and Mary answered a call to go settle among the Navajos on the San Juan River....

In Teasdale, Grover, and Fish Creek, Mary Ann spent her happiest days with her family....It was while at Grover that the marshall arrested her husband for having more than one wife and he was taken to the penitentiary in Salt Lake City. When he was released he decided to go to Mexico to live and they started out with a family by the name of Bingham. When they reached Bluff, Mary Ann felt as if she could not go on. Ben’s brother Hyrum lived in Bluff so it was decided they would go no further. But after a year at Bluff it was decided they would go to Monticello and there Mary Ann spent her remaining years.

DOCUMENT 344 Life Story of Ada Hunt Perkins, by her sister Alice Hunt Young, written on July 11, 1950 from memory and family records.

Ada was the daughter of Joseph Hunt and Cynthia Adelaide Hammer. She was born on Sunday morning, July 31, 1892 on a little ranch just south, as I remember, of Cardston, Alberta, Canada. I was only four years old, but can well remember the morning my father took us into town to Sunday School, and I guess took the midwfe back with him. I am sure she was my mother’s brother’s wife, Aunt Elizabeth Hammer. But my half-sister Annie Hinman came to take us home and told us we had a little baby sister, and we were

all so thrilled over her. When Mother told us her name was Ada, my sister Louie and I named our dolls after her.

Ada was five years old when we left Canada by team and wagon. I remember it was in the year 1897, the year of the golden jubilee at Salt Lake City. When we got to my Aunt Mary Black's place in Montana, I think it was, Dad left us all there at Aunt Mary's and she and her husband, uncle Dave Black and father took the train and went on into Salt Lake City to the celebrations.

Then we came on into Utah. We made our first home on a ranch just out of Huntington, Emery, Utah, and that is where Marion, Ada and I all three started our schooling. Later we moved over into Huntington town. There we all had scarlet fever and diphtheria, and as I remember were all very sick. Ada and brother Ozro almost lost their lives.

In a year or so we moved over to Richfield, Sevier, Utah and Ada and all of us went to school there for a year or so. We had two half-sisters living there; my father's daughters. Celia and Ina both married Brother Bean's boys.

In about the year 1899 we moved to Fruitland, San Juan, New Mexico, and continued our school for a year or so. Our brother John was married there to Martha Hatch. Also my sister, Louie, died in Fruitland on the 26th of February, 1900, caused from having the measles.

In the spring of 1901 we moved to the Gila Valley in southern Arizona. We stayed at my uncle John Hunt's in Snowflake, Arizona, and he warned my father about crossing the Black River if it was high. And so when we got to the river it was about sundown, and dad told mother we would camp there until morning and see how high the river was in the morning. So we did and had our prayers that night and dad asked the Lord to help us get across the river in safety. The next morning very early dad took our biggest horse and rode him over and back across the river to see how it was. The water was almost up to his back, and dad said well I feel like we can make it. He wanted mother and all five of us children to ride on the big horse one at a time with him, but mother said no she would take a chance in the wagon, so dad left the two lead horses with me as I was the oldest one and I was just twelve. He gave me what money he had, and said if anything happens to your ma and me you put the kids all of these borses and go back to Fort Apache and tell what happened. Then he and mother got in the wagon and started across. I don't know what kept the wagon from turning over; it looked like it was going to. But they were across all right. Then dad got on the old brown horse and came back after each of us: Parley, Ozro, Ada, Marion and I in that order. When he was right in the middle of the stream Ada got dizzy and started to fall and dad grabbed her by the leg and pulled her back on.

I remember all my brothers and Ada had the mumps on our way to Arizona but I didn't take them.

But we made it safe and sound and when we got back to Fruitland, Ed Dustin, the man he got the horse from, said that was the first time he ever knew of that horse crossing water that he didn't lay down. So we always thought the Lord was watching over us.

We went on to the Gila Valley; that was in April, and in July we started back to the San Juan. We went clear up by Santa Fe, New Mexico and down the San Juan River, and had a lot of experiences on that trip. We stayed in Farmington, New Mexico. We were there a year or so, I think, then we moved over into Montezuma Valley on a ranch and there we all had the smallpox. We were there about a year and went back to Richfield in 1903.

We moved back to Montezuma Valley near Cortez, Colorado and farmed a while. That is where I was married in 1906. In 1908 dad and mother and the other four children moved to Bluff. That's where Ada lived until she was married. But during that time mother and Parley made a visit to Canada to see her children there: two sons and two daughters and a brother. She was gone almost a year and Ada stayed in Bluff to keep house for dad, Marion and Ozro. They had two or three boarders and everyone said she did a fine job. I think that is about the time she met Leonard.

Mother and Parley came back early in the spring of 1911, and on the 11th of June a horse fell on Parley and he died the 13th of June 1911. Mother followed him the next year. She died on Ozro's 18th birthday, May 20, 1912.

Ada was married June 5, 1913 in the Salt Lake Temple. I think she probably finished the eighth grade in Bluff. She was a very bright student in school and wrote a beautiful hand.

She was always very dear to me and we loved to visit with each other. You can see from our moving all the time she didn't have much chance in school. She was a very attractive girl and had several boyfriends who thought a lot of her.

I planned on being with her to stay a week or so when her last baby was born, her fifth one and a boy. I planned on coming up from Bluff on Monday and she took sick on Saturday night the 16th of September, Freeda's birthday. She was seven years old. Ada had given her a little party that day. She was very sick all night. Her baby came around 4:00 a.m., September 17, 1921, and she passed on as soon as he was born. I have always regretted that I didn't get to her before she was gone. You know the rest of the story from her better than I. Her sister: Alice Hunt Young.

DOCUMENT 345 Items of interest concerning Benjamin Perkins, taken from the writings of Kumen Jones.

Silas Smith put the matter of a county organization up to the legislature in the Territory of Utah, which was in session in the winter of 1879-1880 at Salt Lake City, Utah. The governor appointed and the legislature agreed to the names of James Lewis as judge for the new county; E. Walton, clerk; Platte D. Lyman, Jens Nielson and James B. Decker as

selectmen; Benjamin Perkins as assessor and collector; and Kumen Jones as county superintendent of schools.

San Juan Cooperative Company, organized April 29, 1882; Benjamin Perkns, treasurer.

Benjamin Perkins was named captain of the third ten when the Hole-in-the-Rock company was organized.

The Perkins brothers, Uncle Ben, and Uncle Hyrum, as pioneers from early beginnings, would rate far above the average. They were industrious, hard workers, both in a public and a private way. Hard work was indispensable on roads, corrals, homes, fencing, farms, etc. They were consistent church members, also in a social way. They were exemplary as observers of the Sabbath day, the word of wisdom and tithe paying; not easily discouraged, loyal to Church authority and law abiding as citizens.

They both had large families, and many of their children have taken their place as officers in civil and church positions; may their tribes increase. While neither Ben nor Hyrum were much at preaching, oh, how many would be willing to do their preaching in exchange for their good honest labor.

And those boys were in good shape through training and practice, to sing their way right into the courts of glory and join the heavenly choir, for the joy and blessing of all. They were gifted experts in that indispensable field of service.

Both joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in their native land of Wales with their parents William and Jane Perkins. They came to the United States about the year 1867 and located at Cedar City, spent ten to twelve years in hard work before being called to settle San Juan.

Their training in the coal mines qualified them to render extra good service in blasting and pick and shovel work and wherever “blowers and blasters” were needed, Uncle Ben and Uncle Hyrum had few equals and no superiors. They filled places as outstanding characters in the San Juan Mission, where men of their kind were at a premium and indispensable.

End of Volume 1.1