

The Story of Atkinville

A ONE-FAMILY VILLAGE

By

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and
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To William and Rachel Atkin
Handcart Pioneers to Utah in 1859 and
Founders of Atkinville in 1877

Long was the road they trod

With lagging feet and hopeful hearts,

Calloused the hands

That pulled the creaking carts

A thousand rugged miles

Across rivers, mountains, pass and plain,

Pushed, pulled, suffered, slept,

Arose and toiled again.

But ever before them--hope,

A buoyant faith in things to be

Steadfastly kept them moving toward

A waiting land of destiny.

PREFACE

Admiration for the achievements of a poor Mormon immigrant couple in transforming a forbidding desert wilderness into a thriving farm-ranch and range under an untested, harsh environment led to the preparation of this work. Transition from an English farmer's helper with limited future prospects to a free-enterprise founder of a one-family village in a wild rugged wilderness of stone, brushland and fertile areas along the river, reads like a typical American success story. Being loyal Mormons, they played an important role and became unwittingly involved in the huge conspiracy of protecting Mormon polygamists in the long controversy with the United States government. It is with the hope of making their achievements live in the lives of their posterity that this story is told.

Help in the preparation of this work came from many sources. The background of the story grew out of our membership in and association with the Wm. Atkin family. This was enriched by events related by other members of the family, especially Hyrum Atkin, Nellie Atkin Nordin, Nellie Nielson Johansen, John P. (Jack) Atkin and others. This was further elaborated and verified by records from many sources: the daily journal of Wilford Woodruff kept while associated with Atkinville; letters of Wilford Woodruff, 1885-1894, to Wm. Atkin preserved by the Atkin family; reminiscences (letters) of Atkinville by Joseph Walker; interview with Emma Squires Little; family letters, biographies and photographs. We are indebted to members of the Atkin Family Association and to Douglas O. Woodruff for interest, encouragement and cooperation in production of this work.

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STORY OF ATKINVILLE, A ONE-FAMILY VILLAGE

INTRODUCTION -- THE FLOOD

Uncle Bill Atkin, the oldest of grandfather William Atkin's seven sons, stood on a low pudding rock hill overlooking the Virgin River and watched incredulously the destruction a flood was bringing to the desert land of his inheritance. Usually the river bordered by a strip of living green behaved as a river that bore the name of "Virgin" should, meandering pure and serene along its sandy course, leaving the quiet village and farms undisturbed.

But today there had been thunderstorms on the Markagunt Plateau upstream and the wandering little river had been transformed into a destructive torrent that was destroying dams, ditches, farms, roads and villages. Uncle Bill watched a wall of water hurl itself over his alfalfa field and saw the tumbling haycocks join the mad parade of pigpens, chicken coops, corral gates, fence poles, currant bushes and willows that came from farther upstream.

With a single gulp, the flood swallowed the duck pond, then gouged great gaps from the irrigation canal that ran along the base of the hill on which he stood. Great chunks of the wheat land were undermined and fell heavily into the stream. "Oh Lord, not the fruit trees," Uncle Bill prayed as the greedy torrent veered toward the orchard and gnawed at the roots of the trees, until, one by one, many of the peach, pear, plum and apple trees toppled into the turbid water, where struggling and tortured they disappeared around the bend in the river and became a part of the flood's tribute to the Gulf of Lower California.

That was the breaking point; Uncle Bill could bear no more. Tears roiled down his rugged cheeks. He shook his clenched fist savagely at the roaring flood and shouted in a strong quavering voice, "You may be a virgin to some folks, but you're nothing but a raging whore to me!" He then turned and walked down the hill muttering, "By hell, I gotta get home and tell Liza."

But before all this happened, William and Rachel Atkin (Fig. 1), and nine of their ten children lived and prospered in this area--one of the most isolated and remote spots of southwestern Utah. This big flood which occurred about 1905 marked the beginning of the end of the one-family village known as Atkinville.

WILLIAM AND RACHEL ATKIN



Fig. 1. The founders of Atkinville, a one-family village in southwestern Utah, who gave sanctuary in times of adversity to the president-to-be of the L. D. S. (Mormon) church.

PRICE CITY RUINS



Fig. 2. View of the ruins of old Price City and the broad flood plain of the Virgin River that ruined so much of the farming land. 1956

ATKIN HOME IN ENGLAND



Fig. 3. View of the Atkin home in Empingham, England.

This little village demonstrated the adaptability of an English immigrant not only to survive in a desert land but also to wring from it prosperity for himself and family in a land that had previously sustained only a scanty Indian population. It flourished in the days when nearly all easily available land had been occupied by settlements and before automobile transportation made it feasible to concentrate in towns and drive to outlying farms.

At one time or another, it served as recreation area for local people. During the time of the "raids" when Latter-day Saints (Mormon) polygamists were being prosecuted by federal agents, it served as a hideout for some of the refugees. One of the most notable of these was Wilford Woodruff, then President of the Council of the Twelve Apostles, and for several months it was practically headquarters for the L. D. S. church.

BACKGROUND OF THE FOUNDER, WM. ATKIN

William's career as a farmer began in England. He records in a serial autobiography (The Union, Feb. 18 to Nov. 21, 1896, a weekly published at St. George, Utah): "At 7 years of age" (1842) "I was set to work on a farm." But farming in England, where irrigation with its dams and miles of canals and ditches was unknown, was in sharp contrast with that in southern Utah. Here the farms were divided with rip-gut, pole or barbed wire fences instead of hedgerows in which nightingales and linnets sang. But the colorful desert landscape with its bold skyline, sparse vegetation, and precious streams of water served as a challenge to William. He lived to see the day when wild roses softened his ugly fences, when he preferred the desert mockingbird song to that of the English nightingale, and when he could write to his sister Ann in England and say, "We have toiled hard, raised our large family and made ourselves a good home . . . but we live happy and blessed with all that we ought to ask for."

William was strong, ambitious, resourceful and adaptable. The story of his success as a ranch-farmer, cattle and sheep man is most interesting and gratifying to his family unto the third and fourth generations, some of whom still owe their prosperity to the remnants of the farm and descendants of the cattle and sheep that bore the wool encrusted with the red sand.

William wrote of his boyhood (ibid): "I was born in Empingham, in the county of Rutland, England, on the 27th of March, 1835, of poor parents. The only schooling I had was until I was seven years of age," when he began his work on the farm.

"I was religiously inclined and . . . went to different religious denominations. . . . My mind was much troubled because of the fear of Hell . . . pictured by them. . . . The Methodists which I joined at age 13 pictured Hell such . . . that I often wished I had never been born. They . . . read a piece

to us . . . 'Come, O my soul, thy certain ruin trace if thou neglect the Savior's offered Grace; infinite years in torment must thou spend which never never never have an end. Yes, thou must dwell in torturing despair as many years as atoms in the air and then as many more as grains of sand upon an ocean shore.' I was troubled in my mind continually. It was so different from what is taught now."

In 1852, age seventeen, he stopped to hear a Mormon missionary on the street who sang, prayed and talked. The missionary quoted from the Bible (John 14:6-7) "And I saw another angel flying in the midst of heaven having the everlasting gospel. . . ." He said the angel had restored that Gospel to a young man, Joseph Smith, on the American continent and he was bringing that message to the listeners. Grandfather was impressed and with two friends continued to attend the Mormon meetings until he was converted. He was baptized September 12, 1852. Thereafter, he became very active in the church. During this time, he met, fell in love with and married a young lady who had joined the church when she was twelve years old and was associated with him in church activities.

MOVE TO AMERICA

He married Rachel Thompson, who was four days younger than himself, on December 18, 1852. About two years later, they decided to go to America and left Liverpool February 28, 1855, for Philadelphia where they arrived penniless April 20. They found work thirty miles away and helped other destitute immigrants less fortunate than themselves to move on westward. He was very industrious and found work when other Saints could get none.

More than four years later, with a good record of helping others, and with two children, they left the East and went to Florence on the Missouri River, where immigrants were gathering to go to Salt Lake City.

THE HANDCART CRUSADE

He joined a handcart company and started the long trek to Utah on June 10, 1859. The story of the company's experience with Indians, rattlesnakes, Mormon apostates, traders and trappers; their crossing of streams; the dissensions in their ranks; their heavy muscular effort pulling the handcarts on starvation rations; reads like fiction. Two girls gave up the trip and married two total strangers--frontiersmen--rather than continue to face the hardships ahead. An aged lady, Jarvis by name, became so weary that she sat down beside the road, heaved a few heavy sighs and died. She was buried by the wayside. A short distance farther, another woman, Shanks by name, said to Rachel, "Sister, the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum was nothing to compare with this." She was unable to keep up with the carts and was left behind. The next day when they went back to search for her, she had been eaten by the wolves (coyotes).

LIFE IN SALT LAKE

They reached Salt Lake November 10, 1859. Despite these tragedies, William states (ibid): "Our hearts fairly leaped for joy on arriving safely with our two little children, this much favored soil where we had so long desired to be, and for which we had toiled so hard to reach. We found friends in abundance and obtained employment and were surrounded with the comforts of life. We found the Latter Day Saints all that our fondest hopes had ever imagined, honest, industrious and indeed the very people they had been represented to us to be, trying to do the will of the Lord."

Grandfather William secured some land or lots on the north side of 300 South between 800 and 900 East in Salt Lake City (114 feet x 18 rods) where he built a home and a butcher shop and developed a very good business. He lived here for nine years, during which time one daughter and three sons were added to the family; and one daughter, the oldest girl, Esther Ann, was lost.

MOVE TO UTAH'S DIXIE

In the fall of 1868, he was included in a group of people "called" by the church to move south to strengthen the southern Utah settlements. In this case, the "call" came as a list of names read in church conference and published in the Deseret News, October 8, 1868. William and his family were reluctant to leave Salt Lake and start all over again in a country that was considered to be one of the waste places of Zion. But when Brigham Young "called," his obedient Saints responded and William was obedient.

William was a mason by trade, which probably accounted for his special call to the south. St. George, settled in December 1861, was a thriving settlement when William, Rachel and their five children arrived there in the fall of 1868. He assisted in building the St. George Tabernacle, completed in 1873, and the St. George Temple, completed in 1877.

Their first home was located in the southwest corner of the town, in what was then the Second Ward (about 175 West 200 South). Their first house was built of grass sods (about one by two feet) laid up like bricks or adobes. The sods came from the wet marshes of the west side of the valley that had been deprived of water by turning it from the west springs into irrigation ditches. It was home to the Atkins for a year; and was then replaced by a four-room adobe home, where they lived for about nine years. In the summer of 1877, William and Rachel moved to the farm that later grew into the one-family village of Atkinville. Their family, which by letting nature have her way (the approved Bible and church method), now consisted of six sons and two daughters. William Jr. was born in Ashland, Pennsylvania. Rachel Violet, Joseph Thompson, Henry Thomas and John Peter were born in Salt Lake City. George Alma, Heber Charles, Enoch (died in infancy) and May, were born in St. George; Hyrum and Nellie Martha in Atkinville. Henry

Thomas was called "Ten"; John Peter through his twenty-seven years of life was known as "Dack"; George Alma was called "Halmy" by his English mother and father, and Al by the rest of the world. Rachel Violet married Swen Nielson and moved to Sanpete.

THE FOUNDING OF ATKINVILLE

Information about the founding of Atkinville is very meager. The site was probably explored by William when he was working at Price City, about two miles upstream. Price City was the first experiment in the United Order in Utah, initiated by Brigham Young in 1874, where it continued to function until 1877 (Woodbury, 1934 and 1954). During this time William Atkin laid up the rock walls for a central building or social center used for church, school and recreation and also built the walls for several homes. It was doubtless while working here that he explored and decided to settle on the land that became Atkinville (Figs. 2 and 3).

William says in a letter to his sister in England, October 6, 1889 (two months before I was born), "The place where we live is called by our name Atkinville because we were the first that took it up when it had never been used by man that anyone knows and we have made it a beautiful place and me and the boys own it all, about 160 acres." He adds "... where we live is not in particular like the country you live in. There is a little land here and there as can be farmed and the rest of the country is hills and mountains and is good for pasturing sheep and cattle."

His son, Henry T. Atkin, said in an interview (Washington County News, July 8, 1937) that when he was twelve years old (1877) the family moved to their farm and located on the banks of the Rio Virgin, about six miles below St. George, naming the place Atkinville. The rough land at this place was difficult to clear for planting and even more difficult was the problem of getting water for irrigation, which required the construction of a small brush dam across the stream and diverting the water into a long irrigation ditch leading to their land.

The rest must be pieced together from background knowledge. It would have taken William and his boys at least one or two years to get the farm in shape for the family to move. This would require selection of the site, clearing and plowing some of the land, planting crops and building the home, in addition to the dam and irrigation ditches.

William took up free land, transformed it into an irrigated farm, then into a ranch headquarters for livestock operations on adjacent public domain in the "Arizona Strip." It also grew into a small village as the family expanded by marriage, but ran down (declined) when the main spring was broken and grandfather William left the farm to the competitive and divisive forces of his maturing family, especially as the boys married and brought

new women into the family group.

This site was located on the southeast bank of the Virgin River about five miles above the point where it passed from Utah into Arizona. The village flourished for more than a quarter century during the late pioneering period of the region (1877-1905), before the great overgrazing in the headwaters of the river initiated a cycle of erosion that wrought such destruction along the river banks and washed out year after year so many dams and ditches that Uncle Bill got discouraged and moved away.

The Mokiatic (Indian Moqueac) Wash empties into the Virgin River through a broad cut in a conglomerate bluff and forms a large fan of gravel, around which the stream detours and leaves a large loop of alluvial soil above the fan. William built his home and corrals in the wide break in the bluff, high above the land in the loop which he cultivated.

He found a clear stream of water emerging from the sand at the upper edge of his semi-circular plot of land. The water flowed into a depression and made a small cattail marsh or swamp. This water, supplemented by a stream diverted from the river at the point where it left the bluff to detour around the fan, was used for irrigation. At a later time, a levee was placed across this clear stream which backed up a fifteen-acre pond of water about eight feet deep, from which it was diverted into an irrigation ditch. The cattails and rushes soon filled the shallow waters of the pond and attracted numerous ducks and other waterfowl during migration. Soon, it became a favorite spot for hunting and recreation.

Before moving his family to the farm, William built a stone house from rocks at hand in the wash and from a limestone quarry that he had developed about a mile from the building site. Later, with stone from the same quarry, he built a smaller house across the yard east from his own for his younger brother Henry and his wife, Selena. However, they did not like the place and soon moved back to St. George.

A view of William's home into which they moved is shown in Figure 4, a picture taken in the middle 'eighties. A sketch of the house plan is shown in Figure 5. The original house probably consisted of the living room with two bedrooms upstairs above it (gable ends east and west) and the kitchen and back porch south of it (gable at south end). The rest were probably added from time to time. The bowery shed on the southwest, 16 x 20 feet, consisted of a roof of cottonwood poles covered with willows, supported on posts. A retaining wall supported the higher ground on the south side. This shed furnished the only outside shade around the home.

The pictures (Figs. 6 and 7) show the walls of this home left standing in 1956. In them can be seen the type of masonry construction of those early days when rocks were roughly dressed and mortar was made from local sticky

WILLIAM ATKIN HOME



Fig. 4. Home of William Atkin in Atkinville about 1886. Left to right on deck: Rachel, Nellie, William, William Jr. (Bill), Joseph, Henry (Ten), Sarah Jane and daughter Luella (in arms), Alma, Heber, May, Hyrum; left foreground, unidentified (probably Dack).

ATKINVILLE RUINS



Fig. 6. Ruins of the old home in 1956. Kitchen on left, living room on right.



Fig. 7. Ruins of the Wilford Woodruff room in 1956. Top of chimney on left is shown in right background of Fig. 6.

Plan of William Atkin Home

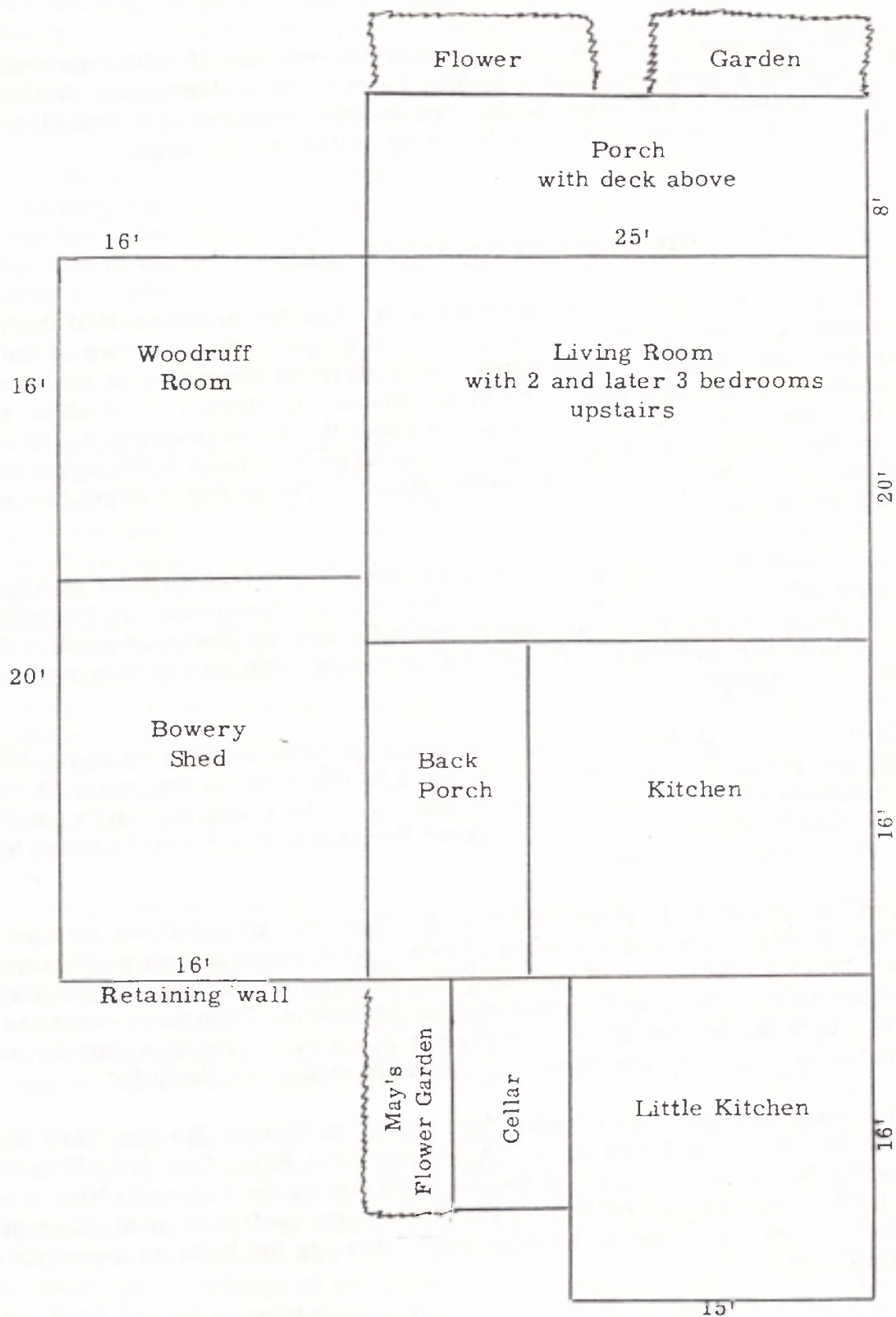


Fig. 5. Restored plan of William Atkin home in its heyday. The original home probably included the living room, kitchen and back porch, 25 x 36 feet. The rest was added from time to time.

clays. Fig. 14 shows the foundation of the rock house built for Henry and the cellar behind it, as it stood in 1956.

When the family moved to the farm in the summer of 1877, they had a team, eight milk cows, and some saddle horses. Over the years, the calves were the foundation of a large cattle herd and the colts furnished work horses for the farm and saddle horses for handling cattle on the range.

GEOGRAPHY OF ATKINVILLE

Atkinville was the last frontier farm lying on the south bank of the Virgin River before the stream enters the 2,000 foot gorge in the narrows of the Beaver Dam Mountains. The stream enters Arizona about five miles, and Nevada about twenty-five miles, from the ranch. Upstream, it is about two miles to Price City on the south bank and about the same distance to Bloomington on the north bank of the river. St. George lies about eight miles to the north and east. The Santa Clara Creek joins the Virgin River about two miles above Bloomington.

The Dixie Valley, lying generally between 2,500 feet altitude at Atkinville and 3,000 feet at Hurricane, about thirty miles upstream, is the lowest region in Utah. The winters are short and mild and the lowlands make a fine wintering area for livestock. The region is almost completely surrounded by mountains or high plateaus.

To the south, there is a broad, corrugated slope leading up to the face of a highland plateau. This in turn leads out to the brink of the great canyon of the Colorado River about sixty miles distant. The whole region is bordered on the east by the west face of the great Hurricane Fault uplift and on the west by the Virgin Mountains.

Two roads entered Atkinville from St. George. Both left the city on South Main Street and branched south of town. One continued on south across the Santa Clara Creek, around the point of a hill and across the Virgin River below Price Dam. The other turned southwest through Tonaquint, crossed the Santa Clara farther upstream, went over a low hill, around a dugway past Bloomington and crossed the river into the little village on the hill.

The road through Price City led "out south" to Mokiatic Spring, Wolf Hole, Parashont and to Grand Gulch Mine. A branch from Price City led off to the southwest by Black Rock and on to Pearce's Ferry on the Colorado River. Around 1908, a bridge was built over the Rio Virgin southeast of St. George and thereafter another road led to Atkinville, through the hills on the south side of the river.

This wild, rugged wilderness of stone, brushland and fertile river bottoms was the private pasture land and happy hunting ground of the Atkin family. It was then and is now a vast wilderness where it would be difficult for strangers to find their way about. Jack rabbits, cottontails, coyotes, rattlesnakes, ravens, hawks and vultures were typical animals of the range; quails and mourning doves found suitable habitat along the river bottoms.

In pioneer times, this was an ideal place in which to rear a family, especially one with seven stalwart sons equipped to wring a happy existence from the natural resources of the desert. Free enterprise was then a reality. The idea of conservation was a long way off. They grazed their livestock where they pleased and chopped timber or firewood where it was most accessible. "Creeping socialism" was not yet born.

PIONEER EDUCATION

Schooling for the Atkin children was difficult. The seven younger children walked to Price City two miles upstream to attend school. Uncle Henry (Ten) said in 1937 that the four years that he attended school there gave him a fair education for that time and place. Their first teacher, Samuel Miles, like other pioneer teachers, took time from his farm labors to devote to teaching. He recalled an incident of a runaway team of horses dashing by the schoolhouse one day that drew all of the children out of the schoolhouse on a run to follow the team. When the excitement was over, they returned to the schoolhouse to find their overworked teacher, who had been up irrigating his farm most of the night, just awakening from a much-needed nap and ready to resume his role of teaching "readin, ritin and rithmetic." Following Samuel Miles came two women teachers, Zaidee Walker and Julia Sullivan, who made teaching a career instead of a sideline. One year, Ida Wulfenstein, a daughter of their good friends from Price City, came to Atkinville to teach the younger children.

Beyond these basic tools of learning, the Atkin children got their education mainly from contact with nature. They knew when to expect the geese and ducks on the pond, the time quails nested, the kinds of flowers from which the bees made the best honey, and the kinds of grass and brush that provided the best food for cattle and sheep. Thus, the young Atkins learned early how to grow the best beefsteaks and lamb chops, their favorite form of nourishment, which has persisted to their children and grandchildren.

As they approached maturity, some of the younger boys developed ambitions to go to the Brigham Young Academy at Provo, but circumstances always prevented fruition. Hebe was all set to go when he was called on a mission to the Southern States. He was an earnest and capable missionary and brought many converts into the Mormon fold. Part of his success can be attributed to his thorough knowledge of the contents of the Book of Mormon. It was the only book he had to read during the long lonely years he spent tending the

family herds. He read it, so I have been told (but would not care to try and verify it) once for every black sheep in the herd, once for every ram and was partly through reading it for each ewe, when the call for his mission arrived. Had he received the essential training, he would have made a good religious leader, if the tragedy of rheumatoid arthritis had not crippled him early in his mature life and ended his potential leadership.

But beyond this commonplace existence, they had a rare opportunity to glimpse a cultural, scientific aspect of life far beyond anything envisioned at that time when Mr. C. J. Weidt came in the summer of 1890. Known as the "bug man," he was a field entomologist collecting insects for some of the large museums of the East. The younger boys of the family were intrigued with the great array of insects that he acquired in that virgin entomological region. He gave the boys insect nets and "cyanide" bottles; equipped with these, the boys became enthusiastic collectors. He often went with them on their trips into the mountains or into Arizona to enlarge his collections. Two years later he spent a summer with Hebe and Hy herding sheep on Cedar Mountains (Markagunt Plateau). Hy and a friend, Joseph Walker, my uncle who used to visit my mother when she lived on the farm, learned how to mount the insects on pins and arrange them in neat rows in boxes.

Weidt had a back room upstairs in William's house for which he paid, so Uncle Hy told me, a dollar a month for rent. He boarded with Dack (John) who was then married to Annie Walker and lived in the little rock cottage across the lane. The reason for boarding with Dack, he confided to Joseph Walker, was that he could not endure the long family prayers that William poured out twice a day. This did not seem to cause any rift in the family for they understood that even if Mr. Weidt was a German immigrant, he was not a convert to the church. Non-Mormons were then rare in southern Utah and having contact with such a highly educated and cultured gentleman added variety and interest to their lives. To Nan and Dack, his stories of Europe, New York and other faraway places had a special appeal. It is doubtful if William or his family tried to bring him into the fold. If he chose to seek insects in preference to salvation, it bothered them not at all. They had their own salvation to insure.

When Mr. Weidt left the farm with several trunks full of mounted insects in which the Atkins had a special interest, it was with sincere regret that they told him goodbye. Dack drove him to Milford to take the train, where he brushed the dust of Atkinville from his shoes but the insects he took with him perpetuated the names of Weidt and Atkinville in entomological history.

LIFE IN ITS HEYDAY

In its heyday, when I was a small child and had my first memories associated with it, Atkinville could boast three rock houses and walls of a fourth, cellars, corrals for cattle and horses, stackyards for hay and grain, hay shed,

granary, pigpens and chicken coops. A third house had been built about a hundred yards to the south and a fourth had been started across the wash to the west. The corrals, yards and pens were located on the east bank of the wash south of William's home, which commanded a view of almost the entire farm.

A more forbidding place to build homes would be difficult to find, but it was necessary to avoid the mosquitoes of the fields and pastures. The summer sun beat relentlessly down upon the whole scene. There was no vegetation around the house, except two small tamarix trees by the front porch and small flower gardens watered by hand, for which May was chiefly responsible. She planted and tended them and kept them alive by carrying water from the barrels in buckets. Winds often blew through the gap and poured gray, sandy dust over everything. It left a layer of grit on the milk in the cellar, on the cream in the jar for churning, on the dishes in the cupboard, and over all the furniture. There was sand in the water buckets, the drinking dipper, the milk pails and pans set out to sun; on floors and window sills. It filled one's eyes and ears and gritted between one's teeth. Was it any wonder that my mother, who went to Atkinville as a bride, exclaimed during one of these windy onslaughts in sheer desperation "Nothing tries my faith so much as one of these sand storms; I feel like apostatizing."

"And yet," to quote from Uncle Joe Walker (letter, 1953), "there was the peace of isolation, the restfulness of silence, the total absence of neighbors. There was also a sense of ownership. The day's needed doings brought the luxury of wholesome physiological fatigue without weariness." At nightfall, a breeze from the river, cool and sweet with the fragrance of willows along its banks, blew over the parched little village, and there was a sound of cattle calling for their calves, an owl hooting in the tamarix trees, and "always there were barking dogs answering howling coyotes."

After the chores were finished in the evening and supper was over, it was pleasant after a long hot day to walk down the long tamarix-bordered lane to the orchard, the garden, or to the duck pond, especially when a full moon glorified the hills, fields and river; but at dusk hordes of mosquitoes from the low pasture land drove the strollers back to the stone houses that had baked all day in the sun and were too hot for comfort.

Added to these discomforts was the difficulty of getting enough water in which to bathe and to do the large washings that Rachel and her daughters had to scrub on a washboard for the family of twelve. Drinking water was hauled from St. George in a barrel covered with canvas held on by a hoop. It was indeed precious and was never wasted. Household water was brought from the river a mile away in a barrel on a horse-drawn sled. It was usually hauled early in the morning while still comparatively cool, before the horses, cows and sheep along its course had despoiled it. But even though the boy designated as the water carrier for the day left early to bring it, he often

found cows in the lucerne (alfalfa) field, a ditch that needed repairs or a fence that needed mending. On one wash day, so my mother told me, Dack, my father, stopped to trade horses with a passing cowboy and was gone all morning while she waited for wash water. Those were the times that tried women's souls and ruined their dispositions.

The space between the houses opened directly into a long lane, bordered on each side with tamarix that reached to the marsh or slough. It made a beautiful and imposing driveway up to the houses, especially in the early spring when the whip-like branches of the trees were softened by the tiny pink blossoms into gracefully waving, feathery wands. On either side of the lane were the hay and grain fields and near the river the pasture land and the slough which was responsible for the mosquitoes. Between the large cottonwood trees in the fields, William put up iron bars for swings; these and the pond were great attractions to people from St. George, Price and Bloomington, who on May Day or a summer Saturday afternoon would drive to the farm and eat their picnic dinners under the trees (Fig. 8). Their large milk pans full of baked beans and rice pudding, their homemade cakes and pies were often supplemented by watermelons from William's garden and later by peaches from his orchard. After the calorie-laden dinner, the picnickers rested or visited in the shade until late afternoon and then went boat riding, fishing or swimming in the pond (Fig. 9). This pond of fifteen acres was stocked with chubs from the river and later with carp that William imported. So far as known, these were the first carp brought into this part of the state. This large pond was also one source of Dixie's ice supply. When the weather was cold, they flooded the pond each night until the ice became thick enough; then it was sawed into large blocks and stored between layers of straw and chaff in a cave which they hollowed out in the cliff near the south boundary of the pond. Later, it was stored in Bill's vacant house.

The ice kept amazingly well and during the summer many people drove to Atkinville to buy a block of ice to make ice cream, a cool drink or to make the cream used for butter churnable. Four cents a pound was considered a fair price. From here also came the ice that cooled the barrels of lemonade passed around to the thirsty people during the Fourth and Twenty-fourth of July programs in the St. George Tabernacle; and enjoyed by the warm, tired children who took part in the competitive games played under the trees in the afternoons.

William's grandchildren were in their teens before St. George had an ice plant and for the first time realized that all ice didn't have a fish pond flavor. Wilford Woodruff had some qualms about its suitability for human consumption, but since he lived to be ninety-two years old, it probably did not shorten his life. But regardless of the flavor and dubious origin the ice house was an oasis in a "dry and dreary land," and to Rachel, "hice water" and "hice lemonade" were luxuries that she enjoyed to the utmost and served graciously and proudly to her friends and neighbors when they came to visit.



Fig. 8. A St. George school picnic at Atkinville about 1884 which included students, teachers, parents and the St. George band. William Atkin, lower left (X); Ten and Sarah Jane indicated by circles and figures.



View of the hillside from the road.

Another luxury that Rachel enjoyed was one that refreshed her mind no less than her body. High on the flat above the river, about a block from the house, she had placed a small but sturdy rocking chair and when the heat of the day had passed she would take her knitting and walk up to her vantage point on the hill. To the north she had a magnificent view of Pine Valley Mountain, blue in the distance, and farther away to the northeast were the colorful "towers and temples" of the Rio Virgin known as Kolob and Zion Canyon, a scene of unsurpassed grandeur. Then her eyes followed the river from the bend near Price City where it came into view, Fig. 2 downstream to the Atkin possessions, where she viewed the pastures full of grazing cattle and the fields green with alfalfa and wheat. Below her was the pond surrounded by a heavy growth of rushes in which song sparrows were singing their final concert for the day. Waterfowl dotted the surface of the pond and a fish's dorsal fin occasionally rippled the calm water.

The scene was one of pastoral beauty and Rachel had helped to make it so. This had been brought about by the united efforts of her family and it was theirs, she thought proudly, to have and to hold. Taxes were low and there was plenty left after a tenth of their increase had been paid for tithing. They were prospering and the boys were getting a good start. The Atkins, she mused, had always been honest tithe payers for, had they not been promised that if they paid a full and honest tithing, they would prosper? But in spite of this prediction there had been long periods of drouth when crops were lost for want of water, and cattle and sheep perished on the ranges. The Atkins, she felt, had kept their part of the bargain so could not be held responsible in any way for the drouth.

Her satisfied reverie was broken by a call from below and she turned to see Hyrum and Nellie, her two youngest, both born at Atkinville, waving and calling to her as they drove the cows up the lane from the pasture toward the corral, where Al was waiting by the open gate with the milk buckets. It must be later than she realized--she rolled up her knitting--she must be getting home. There was morning milk to be skimmed, the evening milk to be strained, supper to prepare and bread to be mixed. But before taking the path back to the house, she took one last look at the fields as the setting sun cast lengthening shadows over them. In the near distance, a horseman was loping easily along; that would be Dack returning from town with the mail and groceries. Wagon wheels scraped over the rocky road behind her; that would be Hebe returning from the sheep herd on the Strip. But where was William? He should be coming home also. Oh yes, there he was coming from his garden carrying a bag of green corn over his shoulder. With him was Bill carrying a large watermelon and a bucket of tomatoes. It wouldn't take long to fix supper with plenty of green corn and tomatoes, but she must hurry and get May started to shuck the corn and slice the tomatoes. Just before she reached the house, Joe and Ten called to her from the top of a load of hay on the way to the shed, "How long before supper?" "Hurry up

and unload that hay or it will be ready before you are," she countered and then went indoors to make good her banter.

Later, as the family knelt in prayer around the table before the supper was served, she joined her silent prayers with William's spoken word in thanking the practical and loving Mormon God for His goodness in bringing them safely to Zion, where every righteous desire of their hearts had been realized. The prayer was long and the boys hungry, but before it ended William had fervently given thanks for all of his material and spiritual blessings; especially was he thankful that he had been privileged to hear the gospel in his native England and been permitted to join the Saints in Zion. Yes, for William and Rachel "Zion prospered, all was well." How different, one can but speculate, would have been his prayer had he remained in England as a farmer's helper.

During the summer when there was plenty for all the family to do, the Atkins spent most of their time on the farm and range. But after the crops were harvested and the molasses made, the boys took jobs that would bring in money for clothing, saddles, bridles, dance tickets and other expenses. Some of the boys occasionally worked for their sister Rachel's husband, Swen Nielson, at his sawmill in Sanpete.

Dack hauled freight from Milford, the end of the railroad, about 150 miles distant. He and Joe also burned charcoal out on the West Mountain near the Apex mine. When their double bed wagon box was full, they delivered it to the smelter in St. George where it was used in processing the ore from the Apex and Grand Gulch copper mines. Uncle Hy recalls that when they returned home they were so black that their mother thought they might be refugees from that mythical Rebellion in Heaven.

Ten married Sarah Jane Ellicock in 1884 and after living a year in Atkinville in the house built for Henry, he moved to St. George. Still later, Dack lived there after he married Nan Walker. That was my home as a baby although my mother went to St. George for my birth. Ten lived in St. George for three years, then spent nearly a year hauling wood (\$8.00 per cord, 2 cords per day) to Silver Reef mines, after which he spent three summers at Swen Nielson's sawmill in Sanpete County before returning to Atkinville to take over the management of his father's sheep in 1892.

At first, when he could be spared, William left the farm to follow his trade of stonecutting and masonry, but in later years he utilized his alternate trade of butcher, and marketed many of his fat sheep in St. George. About twice a week, he dressed a sheep in the evening, let it hang in the cool night air, cut it up in the early morning and had it in St. George for his customers by daylight.

He sometimes took his produce--pigs, chickens, fruit and sorghum-- to the mining camps of the region where he usually found ready market for all that he could haul. This was a source of ready cash that helped to buy the things they needed that could not be raised on the farm. According to tradition, on one trip to the mines at Pioche, Nevada, he was "held up" twice by highwaymen on the way back home but neither time did they find his money. He was a resourceful man and had hidden his \$20 gold pieces in the bottom of a cleverly plugged hole bored in one of the logs of his wood rack that he used on his wagon in place of a wagon box. So he got home with all his money and gladly paid an honest tithing.

SOCIAL LIFE

When William and Rachel first moved to the farm with their seven children, ranging in age from William Jr., eighteen, to May, a baby about six months old, there was plenty of work for everyone. Each child old enough to help was given a definite task; Al did the milking and tended the cows, Hebe herded the sheep, and Dack tended the cattle on the range. Bill, Joe and Ten did the farming with the help of the other boys at plowing, haying and harvesting time. Hy, the youngest, was calf tender and between times was errand boy for all the others. It was "Hy, unsaddle my horse," "help unload this hay," "fetch me a shovel," "sharpen this axe," "go get a barrel of water," and "be quick about it" ended each command. If "he who is greatest among you is servant of all," Hy must have been the greatest Atkin (Fig. 10).

William knew how to handle his sons to get their cooperation. They helped him prosper and thus laid the foundation for their own later prosperity. He gave them work to suit their ages and capabilities and held them responsible for accomplishment of their given tasks. They respected their father and had faith in his judgment and leadership.

William and his sons were men of action and without ever having read or heard of Caesar's Commentaries, adopted the guiding principle of his life, and built their structure from material at hand and with the tools at their command.

While William worked industriously with his boys, Rachel worked just as hard to care for this husky growing family. Her oldest living daughter, Rachel (Fig. 12) had married early and moved to Fairview, Sanpete County with her husband Swen Nielson. While her younger daughters, May and Nellie (Fig. 11), were small, some of the boys were assigned to help with the housework. Hebe was usually the one picked because he was so handy and willing to help. Rachel was an excellent cook and Hebe naturally acquired some of her culinary skill. When Rachel was away, he was the one responsible for getting the meals.



Fig. 10. The Atkin boys, left to right, sitting: William Jr. (Bill), Joseph Thompson, Henry Thomas (Ten); standing: John Peter (Dack), George Alma (Al), Heber Charles, Hyrum.



Fig. 11. The younger Atkin daughters, May (left) and Nellie.



Fig. 12. Rachel Atkin and Swen Nielson

On one of her rare trips with William and the girls to see their beloved daughter, Rachel, and family in Sanpete, Al griped about Hebe's cooking, so was elected to take over. After talking it over with the boys, he decided to serve chicken and dumplings. "Anybody can cook a chicken and stir up some dumplings," he boasted. So he killed and dressed the chickens and put them in the pot without salt or other seasoning. When he mixed the dumplings, he forgot to put in the baking powder and shortening. At dinner, he proudly served it to the boys. He soon found that his efforts were not appreciated. The boys called the chicken tough and tasteless and the dumplings soggy. He told them what they could do if they didn't like it. Dack in disgust, picked a dumpling off his plate and threw it at Al. It caught Al on the side of the head and floored him. In talking about it afterwards as a humorous incident, the boys said if the sheriff knew about it, Dack would probably be arrested for "assault with a deadly weapon."

William and Rachel, their sons and daughters, all loved the farm, for despite the pressure of farm work--haying, threshing, irrigating, tending livestock--they found time for swimming, boating and fishing on the pond. There were quails in the fields, cottontails in the brush and in season there were ducks and geese on the pond. Not even the most far-seeing in that age of plenty could envision the need for conservation nor dream of a closed season for fishing or hunting regulated by license, so the Atkin table never lacked for fish and game.

Rounding up, roping and branding the cattle on the range was a fine sport--a family rodeo as well as a necessary function. Always there were horse races down the long lane when coming from or going to the field, from Price City or St. George, wherever there was a straight stretch of road. William, for understandable reason, did not approve of this indiscriminate racing but that did not stop them.

They considered Dack's saddle horse Lizard and Uncle Bill's Silver as champion racers. At different times, they entered them in holiday races. On Christmas day, Main Street was filled with wagons, surreys and buggies crowded with people on their way to the race track south of town. Leading the procession were the dignitaries, cattlemen and cowboys on fine horses. Following were the boys on ponies or on bicycles, wallowing in the heavy dust.

The day before a big race, Dack took Lizard to town and spent hours grooming him for the big event. Lizard was often matched to run with Ashby Snow's horse, Bob Elder. Uncle Hy recalled that once they were tied in a race but Lizard generally won by a nose or at most a neck. Old Silver, on whom Uncle Bill lavished such care and devotion, even standing guard over him at night, never won a race. The intense excitement created by the anticipation of the races added a needed zest to their mundane lives as well as to lives of the townspeople and those from other communities who came to attend the races.

As the Atkin boys reached the age when young men's fancy "robustly" turned to thoughts of love, they found many excuses to saddle their horses and ride to St. George--for horseshoes, nails or axle grease. The horses of Bill and Joe and Dack were often tethered to the hitching bar in front of the home of Charles L. Walker who was the father of five attractive daughters. Four of them were still single--Zaidee, Ida, Annie (Nan) and Eleanor (Nell). Often on a winter Sunday afternoon, the boys brought extra saddle horses for the girls to ride. Then the three couples, Bill and Zaidee, Dack and Nan, Joe and Nell, would make the dusty roads of the town and in the fields seem like rose-bordered lovers lanes. During the summer, they often brought a hayrack partly loaded with hay, and after Sunday meeting, the three girls and their Atkin beaux, and Ida with the apple of her eye, Arthur Miles, piled on the hay and drove back to Atkinville.

There they ate watermelon hearts, boated on the pond, swung in the cottonwoods, went horseback riding in the fields, and wandered down tamarix lane. In the evening they sang around the organ, and before leaving, regaled themselves with Rachel's good bread, pies and milk. Then began the long trip back home. The hayrack jolted slowly along with its load of happy lovers. Once across the river they began to sing sweet old songs, - "Juanita," "Wake, Lady, Awake," "After the Ball," "A Starry Night for a Ramble," that long after brought back memories of soft summer nights, moonlight on the river, and all that spelled romance and love when the Walker girls and the Atkin boys were young.

Uncle Bill had a favorite song, "Her Father Was a Brigand on the Mountain." My mother, Nan, who married Dack, often told me how his strong but pleasing voice would build up to a mighty crescendo when he sang of the Brigand and then lower it tenderly when he mentioned the heroine of the song, the gentle daughter of the Brigand. Then as they came into town on South Main Street everyone really whooped up the singing, "We Won't Go Home Until Morning"-- and it was morning before Bill, Joe and Dack got back to the farm.

Dancing to the tunes that skipped joyously from the fiddle of Joseph Worthen was another happy pastime that added zest and romance to the life of these wholesome boys and girls. The dances were held in the First Ward schoolhouse and the St. George Social Hall. On special occasions they would drive five or six miles to Price City to dance the approved quadrille and the less approved waltz, where, as Ida's beau said they daringly whirled their partners until the homemade lace on their stiffly starched petticoats discreetly showed.

"After the ball was over," and sometimes "after the stars were gone," the horses with lines tied to the brake bar, slowly pulled the wagon with the lovers perched high on the spring seats up the long road that led to home and belated dreams of happiness to come.

The bowery shed west of the kitchen was paved with flat stones. In the summer time, watermelons picked before sunrise and covered with wet burlap sacks to keep them cool, lay on the floor, and never did anything seem so sweet or cool as did those melons. Moreover, I never knew or even heard of a family who had the capacity for a keen enjoyment of watermelons as the Atkin family.

One hot day in late summer, while Nan and Dack were living in Atkinville, a very thirsty and hungry Indian paused in Atkinville to ask for food and water. The first thing that caught his attention as he neared the house was a wheelbarrow full of watermelons, cooling in the shade of the willow shed. With a cry of relief and joy he rushed toward it, seized a melon and was about to break it open before he became aware that some of the Atkin boys were watching him with interest and amusement. "Me heap dry, heap hungry," he explained, "Maybeso, me eat 'em all up," pointing to the melons.

That was enough to give the boys, who were always looking for entertainment, an idea. "So you think you can eat all of those melons in the wheelbarrow?" Joe inquired. The Indian repeated, "Me heap hungry, me eat 'em." "Better get started," said Al. "You've got a lot eating to do." The hearts of melons one, two and three disappeared with gusto, the fourth more slowly, and halfway through the fifth he stopped and announced, "Me heap full, no can eat more." "Oh, yes you can," said Dack. "You said you could eat the whole load and by hell you're going to do it." The boys stood over him while he forced the rest of number five into his bulging stomach. He looked appealingly at the relentless boys and in desperation seized melon number six, smashed it open on the stone floor, gulped down a piece of the heart, then faced his laughing tormentors and shouted "No more eat 'em; cautch wino (no good) melon, me no like," and he stamped heavily away, followed by the hearty, taunting laughter of the boys. There were still four watermelons left in the wheelbarrow.

STOCK RANCH AND DESERT RANGE

When William settled Atkinville, he used part of his land for cattle and horse pasture. As his livestock increased in number, they overflowed his pasture land and he began to graze his cattle on nearby range south of the river. In time, the Atkins found or acquired two springs, Lizard and Atkin, in the mountains about twenty miles south and west of Atkinville. These springs gave them control of all of the range in that region. The entire region at that time was lush with green grass growing among the desert bushes in the spring and early summer and heavy with dry grass feed in the winter. It was an ideal range for cattle and sheep at that time, before overgrazing had loosed the forces of erosion.

As livestock on the range increased in number, the grass was gradually killed until today, there is little left on the range within the reach of water.

It has largely been replaced by less palatable desert bushes or annuals of lesser forage value.

In those days rearing of cattle and sheep on the range was a lucrative business. The main work of raising cattle on this vast area was to brand the calves and round them up later for market. There was little danger of loss because they were more or less tied to an area within reach of water. They were relatively safe from cattle thieves because the roads to market passed through settlements where detection was almost certain. Of course there was danger of losing calves if not branded before they were weaned. Such "long ears" were usually claimed by the finder who may not have been the owner.

Soon after the farm had been settled, an itinerant sheep herd passed through the region on its way to Pearce's Ferry on the Colorado River. Some of the Atkin boys helped move the herd through the Dixie country in return for a few head of sheep purchased. In addition, when they returned, they brought home in their wagon a few "bummer" lambs that had lost their mothers. Rachel fed and tended these lambs during the first critical days when they had to be fed milk. They were kept just south of the willow bowery and soon learned to line up against the retaining wall and impatiently wait their turn.

These few sheep and lambs were the beginning of a flock. They were reared in the pasture and farm lands until there were enough to herd on the range. Wilford Woodruff, in his diary (L. D. S. Church Historical Library), described the shearing of the Atkin sheep in the spring of 1887. They sheared 615 from May 16 to 21, of which Bill sheared 155, Joseph 95, John (Dack) 82, Alma 71, Heber 105, Henry 106, and Woodruff, who tied up the fleeces, 1. William kept the shears sharp.

In a letter to his sister in England, October 1889, William said that from 1,700 sheep, of which 738 were lambs, they expected about 500 pounds of wool. This was a relatively rapid increase in herd size from a few sheep and bummer lambs to 1,700 sheep in little over a decade. Doubtless, the herds continued to increase at a rapid rate during the next decade, but it was about this time that the ranges became fully stocked and their carrying capacity began to decline. Thereafter, competition on the range became much more intense.

From Joseph Walker (letter) comes an interesting barnyard story of a ram and a bull. He says "One day with Dack, we went to the Big Corral to take the animals to the river for a drink. In the corral were a huge ram and a bull. One must have been a radical and the other a conservative, for between them there developed a mighty difference of opinion just as we reached the corral.

"The great bull, head lowered, was pawing his hoofs in the sand. The mighty ram was slowly and carefully backing away from the bull. Each, with their wild protective instincts, were measuring distance and each other. Dack said, 'Now we'll see a pretty fight.' The ram was armed with beautiful curved powerful horns and the bull with its pointed spears. It was to be a contest between a mighty battering ram and two deftly pointed and powerful lances.

"The bull charged, and he charged fiercely and with wicked intent. The ram immediately began a number of measured and mighty bounds toward the oncoming monster. It was a case of measured speed to increase power. They met with a mighty clash and crash. The bull fell as if dead. The ram backed away slowly to await the second round. There was none. The bull was out and finished. . . . The poor devil had received a brain concussion quite as a prize fighter receives from a blow on the chin."

WILFORD WOODRUFF ON THE UNDERGROUND

Wilford Woodruff wrote in his diary December 31, 1886: "The year 1886 is passed and gone. It has been an important year in the history of the Latter Day Saints Church. It has sent to prison hundreds of leading men of the church and driven into exile the presidency and the 12 apostles and many other leading men all for obeying the celestial law of God and the patriarchal order of marriage."

How Wilford Woodruff became acquainted with the Atkin family we do not know. He visited St. George in December 1883, but the first available record of visiting the Atkins that we found in his journal is dated January 26, 1885, in which he states that he and George Teasdale went with Wm. H. Thompson to Price City and dined with William Atkin, visited his fish pond and returned home. Thereafter he became closely associated with the Atkins.

His daily journal shows that during his exile he was hiding in the St. George or Dixie region from January 20 to November 2, 1885 and from August 7, 1886 to July 16, 1887. He maintained his headquarters in St. George during his first period of hiding and part of the second. During this time, he made seventeen occasional trips to Atkinville. He made his headquarters at Atkinville from November 22 to December 3, 1886 and from February 26 to June 7, 1887, during which time he made seven occasional trips to St. George. His trips from St. George to Atkinville of one day duration occurred on January 26, 31; June 29; August 8, 10; September 5, 12, 19, 28; October 3, 17, 1885; November 20, December 18, 1886; January 1, February 19, July 2, 12, 1887. His trips from Atkinville to St. George, usually lasting two to four days, occurred March 1-2, 10-11, 20-21, 29-April 2, 25-26, May 24-28, June 2-3, 1887.

Joseph Walker remarked (letter, March 27, 1951): "It was certainly no small honor, even as it was a heavy responsibility, to have such an eminent man's safety and welfare entrusted to this family. . . . His residency there lent luster and added importance to the place far beyond anything else that could have happened to the village. . . . Here came the Church mail, " hundreds of letters which he answered. Most of his time was devoted to church business. To paraphrase Isaiah (11:3), Out of Mormon Dixie went forth the law of the church and the word of the Lord from Atkinville.

While Woodruff used St. George as headquarters, he leaned heavily upon Thomas P. Cottam for advice and guidance in finding safe places to stay and avoid detection. One of the places that he found safe and congenial was the Squires home at 615 E 100 N Street in St. George.

Woodruff states in his journal on August 7, 1886: "Arrived at St. George and slept at the home of John and Emma Squires . . . in the same bed where I had slept for 6 months last year." Emma Squires (Little) told the writers (interview, April 20, 1956) that when Woodruff lived at her place, he had a room upstairs where he always retreated when someone knocked, before she opened the door. She had to be very careful not to let anyone know he was there.

The home was near the Red Hill and had orchards and vineyards at the rear of the house where Woodruff occasionally went hunting quails in a disguise that Emma made for him, a sunbonnet and a mother hubbard dress. Despite the disguise, an inquisitive neighbor met and recognized him in the rear of the house as he was returning from the hill. He had to find a new place to live immediately. This may have been the impelling reason that sent him to Atkinville.

The reasons why Woodruff visited or moved to Atkinville on given dates are not clearly revealed in his journal although a few hints are given. For example, he states February 23, 1887: "Marshall Armstrong arrived in the evening in St. George." Three days later, February 26, he stated: "I took my bed and luggage with Brother Thompson and went to Wm. Atkin's to stop awhile." He stayed more than three months. Further light is shed by his statement on January 31, 1885: "I rode to Brother Atkin's, visited his pond; two boys set fire to his rushes and flags (cattails) and burned things all around his pond so there was no hiding places to get the wild fowl or for any other purpose." He did not visit Atkinville again until June 29 after the tules (cattails and rushes) had regrown.

The best explanation of his visits and retreats to Atkinville is supplied by the Atkin family tradition. It was the safest place he could find in the region. He developed confidence in the hospitality, dependability and loyalty of the family. Besides, there were thickets of tamarix lining the river bottom lands and the tules of the pond into which he could quickly flee with

little fear that the marshals could find him.

In addition, the big majority of the people of the region were loyal Latter-day Saints, who faithfully entered the conspiracy to assist the harassed brethren. They felt no guilt and no embarrassment in thus helping "the work of the Lord." A few malcontents and unsympathetic non-members aided the marshals, but the great majority passed word of their whereabouts by "grapevine." Emma Squires Little said that her father, Wm. Thompson, regarded himself as Woodruff's bodyguard and was especially vigilant in keeping track of the marshals. Urgent information was passed to the Atkins by young Will Thompson who traveled on back roads or trails.

An alert at Atkinville started a chain reaction. Nellie says (April 7, 1956) that she was dispatched to the hilltop east of the house where she could watch the approach roads. If she spotted the buggy of Marshals McGeary and Armstrong coming around the dugway above Bloomington or coming down the Price Road, it was a signal for the next step. Hyrum says (May 5, 1956) there was then a rush to get Brother Woodruff, his bedroll, food and water, his books and fishing tackle into the large boat (14 x 5 feet) on the pond where he could remain safely concealed in the heavy cattails and rushes. When asked if the marshals could see him from the bluff above the pond (Fig. 9), Hy said there were plenty of places to hide where neither the marshals from the hill, the devil from below nor the Lord from above could see the boat. When the danger was past, William went out to the pond, made a noise like a duck and Woodruff gave a signal quack in reply.

A raid that took place after Woodruff had left Dixie is reported in the St. George Stake History (Church Historical Library), as follows: September 2, 1887. "Early this morning, one of James G. Bleak's homes was visited by deputy marshals. They then went to D. D. McArthur's home and one went in; the others kept watch outside. From there . . . to A. R. Whitehead home and searched. . . . Then to Ed. A. Hendrix and searched; then to James Booth's; no arrests; left the city without waiting for breakfast."

Woodruff mentions nothing intelligible in his journal about such relations with the marshals, although there are drawings and shorthand symbols at certain places in his journals which we were told at the Church Historical Library could not be interpreted. However, in his letters to the Atkins written after he returned to Salt Lake City, he gave some clues to what they had done in giving him sanctuary from the marshals. While all of the Atkins were alert and felt personal responsibility for his safety, Nellie's childish adoration of "Grandpa Allen," as she called him, was especially appealing to him. In one of his letters (September 3, 1887) addressed to her, he said "I read it (your letter) in the presence of some apostles and a room full of people and they were much pleased. They thought you was a brave young lady who was willing to so so much to defend the life and interest of the president of the Church. But I don't wish to put my little Lady Nellie to so much

trouble and danger. I have a large stout man who goes with me everywhere night and day, carries two pistols and a double-barrel shotgun and says he will shoot the marshals if they come to take me (Don't tell anybody of this) so I am pretty well guarded. . . . I miss you in buttoning up my shoes. I don't stop at home any nights so Alice (Wilford's daughter) can't button my shoes and I have to ask some big man that will weigh about 200 lbs. to button my shoes and he is so awkward about it, I wish I had my Nellie with me."

In his journal, Woodruff referred to forty visits to the Atkin pond, twelve from St. George, twenty-eight from Atkinville. Some of these were doubtless for hunting and fishing only, but there is no certain way of distinguishing them from the trips for hiding, for he often fished or hunted to while away the time of waiting. Usually, he indicated the number of fish or ducks that he took during his visits to the pond, even if he did not get anything, but on March 8, 1887, he remarked only: "I went on to the pond with my boat a part of the day"; and on March 24: "I went onto the pond in the afternoon." Whether these are significant remarks is not known.

Most of Woodruff's days at Atkinville were busy ones, filled with incessant letter writing, visiting with church emissaries or other indoor activities. However, for exercise, he consistently interrupted his church duties once or twice a week to hunt in the hills and fields or fish and hunt waterfowl from the boat on the pond. For a man of eighty years of age, he was unusually active although occasionally he recorded that he came home very tired. A good night's sleep seemed to restore him to his vigorous well-being. There were days when groups of people from town came to Atkinville for picnics which made it necessary for him to stay in his room, a virtual prisoner, which was indeed a trial to him.

While Woodruff was in Atkinville, the Atkin family was very solicitous about his welfare. Henry T. explained (1937) "All of us children knew he was in the home and we . . . were proud to have our home selected for this purpose of . . . keeping (him) in seclusion. . . . We would have stood almost any torture before we would have exposed President Woodruff."

William built an additional room on the house, west of the main living room for his use (Figs. 5 and 7). It is not certain when this addition was made. On his first sojourn at Atkinville from November 22 to December 3, 1886, he had his wife and one or two children with him. Since they stayed only eleven days, it is not likely to have been built at that time. It seems probable that it was built soon after his hurried return for the second time on February 26, 1887, three days after Marshal Armstrong arrived in St. George.

On his two-to four-day trips to St. George during his second sojourn at Atkinville, he usually spent most of his time in the St. George Temple in a room which Woodruff states in his journal was prepared for his use. Emma

Squires Little stated (ibid, 1956) that her father had a trap door under his desk which led to secret hiding places. Apropos of this type of seclusion is a story told of a Swiss Bishop from Santa Clara, who said in a prayer in Sunday meeting" . . . and bless the marshals that they may not find Brother Woodruff who is hiding in the St. George temple."

That these were grim and desperate times is attested by an incident reported by Joseph Walker (letter, April 26, 1956). His father, Charles L. Walker (my grandfather), was the night guard at the temple from the time of its completion in 1877 to the time of his death in 1904. He possessed a beautiful Colt's revolver and powder horn that he had purchased in St. Louis on his way to Utah in 1855. On both the horn and the handle of the revolver were carved in his typical handwriting CLW 1855, with St. Louis added on the horn. Joseph states:

"My father was a good shot . . . at 30 paces . . . (he could) place a slug between the eyes of a fattened hog . . . (or) pick a chicken hawk off the tall ash trees at the back of the lot . . . Father's revolver always lay at hand beside the big Bible in his hut at the Temple. When the 'Feds' were on the loose in town, he often told me as we walked around the Temple at night, 'I have my orders.' He went into no further detail.

"Whenever Wilford Woodruff or other 'high authorities' were on the 'underground' in St. George, his trusty Colt's must always be in place behind his waist band . . . on the left side just beyond the mid-line where his right hand could most quickly grasp it . . . and loaded.

"He often told me that when Wilford Woodruff came from his rendezvous at Atkinville to spend some time in the temple . . . to get exercise (he) would walk around the temple building while father patrolled . . . They timed their walking speed so that each was . . . opposite the other . . . (so that) if a prowling 'Fed' (should come) upon Woodruff, he (would be) within easy range" of the deadly Colt's revolver.

On July 16, 1887, Woodruff received word that the President of the church, John Taylor, was failing fast and was not expected to live very long. As president of the quorum of apostles, the responsibility for the church would fall on his shoulders. He left the next day for Salt Lake despite his own danger. On July 25, John Taylor died while Woodruff was enroute between Beaver and Fillmore, and he became acting president. Three days later at Nephi, he took the train for Salt Lake City, leaving his driver Wm. Thompson to follow by team with his things.

In the city, still on the underground, he found the responsibility for the church had fallen on his shoulders. He became embroiled in its affairs and soon found himself directing its policies in matters of Church and State

in one of the most critical periods of Mormon history. During this turbulent period of mental and physical stress, he felt the need for a loyal friend in whom he could confide his troubles. With a deep feeling of gratitude for such a friend, he continued to correspond with William Atkin for nearly a decade.

Of the fifty-nine letters preserved by William, forty-five are in Wilford Woodruff's handwriting, twenty-six of which were signed for reasons of safety with the assumed name, Lewis Allen, that he used at Atkinville. In these, he often said that he tried to answer all of William's letters even though he was very busy. "I have three heavy meetings a day and not much less than a dozen meetings a day of one kind or another and some very difficult matters to attend to with Government officers, etc.; in fact I have never been in deeper waters in my life in church matters" (September 12, 1888). He had earlier (April 24, 1888) sent William a photograph "by which you will get to see what an old man looks like. We are still in the whirlpool." But my remembrance of the picture showed that "the old man" looked alert and robust and able to cope with the "deep water" and "whirlpool" that engulfed him.

Through the medium of these letters, William and Wilford shared each others joys and sorrows--happy marriages, home building, trips and excursions, prosperity and adversity, floods and fires, friends and foes, sickness, accidents and deaths. In response to word that John (Dack) and Joe were marrying Nan and Nellie Walker, Wilford remarked "It is right and proper for the sons of Zion to marry the daughters of Zion." In describing Asahel's bride-to-be, one gathered that she was "virtuous, lovely, of good report and praiseworthy" and besides this she was "22 years of age, the best dress maker in the county, . . . well educated and refined, a splendid housekeeper, . . . and will not marry a man who is opposed to polygamy."


Wilford wrote William about Asahel building a new home and asked William's advice about foundations. William kept Wilford informed of the progress of the work on the St. George Temple water supply pipeline which was considerably bungled by miscalculation of the church engineer who was not acquainted with the conditions. Then there were letters about accidents --Wilford's son David was kicked by a horse and suffered a broken thigh bone, William's son Bill had his ribs broken when thrown from a broncho. When Wilford's daughter Clara came from Provo to attend Asahel's wedding, she took sick and nearly died. He sympathized with William and was glad when Rachel and May recovered from their sickness. Wilford himself had several attacks of "billious cholic" and a bad case of la grippe which killed off many aged people including Daniel H. Wells. He told of the loss of his wife Phoebe and wrote a letter of sympathy to William about the loss of his son Dack.

"I do not think the ducks on your pond are looking for anymore trouble from me but I would like to see them once more" Wilford longingly wrote,

but he enjoyed his fishing trip to Asahel's resort in Big Cottonwood Canyon, his two-week vacation on the head of the Weber River where he caught 200 fish and Owen shot a panther with bird shot, and his outing at Utah Lake where they seined trout and hunted ducks. He thought the flood damage to Atkinville was "lamentable" and hoped the plan to divert water farther upstream was successful. "Alice sends her love to May and Nellie; Owen has a pony now and he would like to race with Hyrum."

He wrote interestingly of his trips for the church. While he was still in hiding, he went to the dedication of the million-dollar Manti Temple and although he could not appear in public, he took part in some of the secret ceremonies. "We have recently visited and held conferences at the Bear Lake Stake, Logan, Ogden and Grantsville (1889)." Later that same year, he spent three days at Deseret. About his late fall trip to Canada, he said "We saw 10,000 geese and 5,000 ducks on one pond." During August, 1890, he visited New Mexico, counseled with presidents of stakes, visited the oldest U. S. city, Santa Fe (founded 1370), held conference at Manassa, and otherwise enjoyed himself on his 2,500 mile trip. He spent four days on a trip to Skull Valley, Tooele County, visiting the Hawaiians at Iosepa (Hawaiian for Joseph).

Beyond these personal matters, he told William about many interesting events in his own life and sometimes confided in him the inside story of some of the critical events of church history through which he was passing. He described the funeral procession of John Taylor that passed his window where he was hiding: "... in the tabernacle a vast congregation. The procession has just passed, 7 bands of music, 102 carriages and buggies, 4 of the Twelve members (apostles)." At October Conference, 1888, he had a long epistle (1 1/2 hours) read to 10,000 people and expected the Deseret News to say that he preached at the Conference even though he was in hiding.

"Well, lightning has just struck," he said on November 24, 1887, "Dyer, the marshal, came yesterday, took possession of all our offices, the President's office, locked up the desk, took the  (keys?) and turned us all out. We left just in time.... You will see by the News they took possession of the Temple Block, Tithing Office, Gard's History Office." Thereafter he kept William informed of many of the steps as they happened in the long controversy with the U. S. government that finally ended with the overthrow of polygamy and establishment of the Utah state government.

In the progress of this history, he told William during June and July 1888 that he was having more trouble with Marshal Dyer who was still anxious for more property and that he had sent the Mormon lawyer Franklin D. Richards with Dyer to Washington to try to work out a solution with the Attorney General. It was there decided to return all public buildings to the church but other property and money would be held pending settlement of the lawsuit by the U. S. Supreme Court.

On November 2, Woodruff said "Peters and Dyer write us to do away with polygamy in our settlement with the law. I told our 5 lawyers including Broadbent, Sheets and Rawlins that I would see the whole nation dxxxx first." This was following the line of John Taylor's adamant attitude, but obviously Woodruff yielded to the admonition of Joseph Smith in "honoring, obeying and sustaining the law," for on September 25, 1890, he issued the "Manifesto," in which he said that in deference to the national law he was giving up polygamy and advised his followers to do the same.

This is reminiscent of a story told by John G. McQuarrie at the home of Uncle Joe Atkin, the last time I saw him in St. George, at the time of the dedication of the McQuarrie Memorial Building, June 17, 1938. McQuarrie recalled that when David H. Cannon of the St. George Stake Presidency was in Salt Lake City for the next general church conference, he was asked by Wilford Woodruff how the Saints in southern Utah had received his revelation on plural marriage. David replied "Wilford, they think that if you had been a younger man, you would not have had such a revelation."

During all the time that he was president of the church, he was very friendly to the Atkins and often invited them to visit him. After the death of both William Atkin and Wilford Woodruff, Rachel and her son Hyrum made a trip to Salt Lake City at the time of the sickness of daughter Rachel in Holy Cross Hospital and were cordially entertained in her home by Emma Woodruff, who was happy to extend to them some of the hospitality that she and her family had received from the Atkins.

A POLYGAMIST HIDEOUT

Wilford said to William in letter of April 4, 1888 that he had received a letter from J. D. T. McAllister "who may have been at your house with several other brethren; am sending several letters to them enclosed with yours. If the men are not still with you, please distribute them. You were not inspired to build that stone room that I occupied any too soon, as it may accommodate a number of men" (polygamists). "Sister Atkin has waited upon me like a mother and I cannot forget it. I would like to go over your place again and see how things look on the farm, pond, etc. If you come to the city, come and see and I will do the same by you."

According to the Atkin traditions, many polygamists did come and use this stone room. These included George Q. Cannon, David H. Cannon, James Andrus, Casper Bryner, Wm. H. Thompson, James G. Bleak, and John D. T. McAllister. They came to Atkinville and stopped with William when the marshals were after them. Although William had not availed himself of the opportunity of taking to himself other wives, he was willing to

assist those of his friends who had.

William Atkin with the help of his wife Rachel was able to forego the pleasures and blessings of the patriarchal order of marriage and managed to live a full and happy life in spite of the handicap of being a monogamist. He and Rachel thought they added some planks to their celestial platform of salvation by giving sanctuary to these prominent polygamists as well as to Wilford Woodruff, who was at that time president of the quorum of apostles.

Rachel spent long hours cooking for them while they fished and hunted, and since she felt that she was assisting in promoting the work of the Lord here on earth and was innately a most hospitable person, she accepted the extra work with little if any murmuring or complaining.

However, the tradition continues, she felt that her hospitality and forbearance had been stretched to the breaking point one day, when some of these harassed brethren, hearing that the U. S. marshals were in St. George, decided to do some "fishing" at Atkinville. William was immediately dispatched to the garden for vegetables and two of the boys were sent to rob the rooster of three or four fat pullets from his harem to furnish fried chicken for the visiting Mormon polygamists.

While Rachel was in her very warm kitchen preparing dinner, she overheard the brethren telling William of the trials that following God's laws entailed when they were in conflict with those made by man. Now and then Rachel thought she detected a sour note in the recital. Later she heard one of them tell William that it was not fair that he, her William, who had not complied with the law of patriarchal marriage, should be allowed to prosper and live in peace and comfort with his family while they were sacrificing so much for the Lord's cause.

When he went on, with the support of the other brethren, to urge her William to take another wife, her Irish temper flared, there was a crash of breaking china and before those bewildered elders realized what was happening she stood in the doorway, the personification of outraged womanhood, and with the sizzling chicken behind her, proceeded to roast those meddling men in no uncertain terms. In brief, according to family tradition, she told them that she had heretofore been willing to give them the hospitality and protection of her home, but if they could not hold their meddling tongues they would no longer be welcome. As for William, he could get another wife if he wanted but, and she used the age old threat, as soon as No. 2 stepped foot over the threshold, she, Rachel, would step out and go back to England where he would never see or hear from her again. She meant it and William knew she did, and anyway he was not at all anxious for another wife.

DECLINE OF ATKINVILLE

William, Rachel and their sons and daughters loved the farm. It was the "city girls" from St. George that brought discontent into this desert Eden and spoiled William's dream of having his children build homes and raise families of their own in Atkinville. But the young wives (my mother was one of them) hung their sand colored washes on the line, then sat by the River Virgin and wept when they remembered St. George. They missed their tree-shaded homes, the Co-op store, the social hall, the tabernacle where one could walk to Sunday meeting; but most of all they longed for the convenience of running water in the ditches near the front gate. Two or three years seemed to be the limit of their endurance and when they reached that stage, Ten, Dack, Bill and Al, one by one, bought homes in town for their long-suffering wives.

William and Rachel also bought a home in St. George and moved there in the fall of 1890, thirteen years after they had founded Atkinville. They had, by hard work, good management and the cooperation of their family, made a success of the place and were now in a position to retire in comfort. He had written to his sister in England a year earlier: "Well Ann you knew us when we were young. . . . We have toiled hard and raised ourselves a large family and made ourselves a good home. . . . We have not changed one bit in our love and affection for each other. . . . When you hear of me having more wives than Rachel you hear that which has not a word of truth in it. . . . I do not pretend to farm myself now. . . . I just attend to my garden and take a general oversight. . . . we have a good new carriage. . . . and take Rachel and the little girls out for a carriage ride whenever she wants to go. . . . We have a good home. . . . 2 of the rooms carpeted and nicely furnished; in the big room we have a very fine parlor organ."

Their life in St. George was full and happy. William became an ordinance worker in the St. George Temple, a work he loved. It was good to have next door neighbors, friends and relatives with whom they could visit; and to be able to attend church and school socials without having to hitch up a team and travel eight miles to do so. William soon made his acre lot a productive and beautiful garden, with shady grape arbors over the paths, a pomegranate hedge along the division fences, choice fruit trees, a strawberry bed and an excellent well-tended vegetable garden. Woodbine shaded the broad front porch, and on each side of the front walk the girls, May and Nellie, had flower beds.

When William and Rachel moved away, the cohesive force that had made and kept Atkinville a profitable family project was lost. Dack and Nan bought a house in town and moved there a year after his parents. Ten and Sarah Jane lived only a year in the home that Ten built on the farm. When Al married Carrie Brady from Sanpete, they lived in Ten's house for a short time, and then they too left Atkinville and moved to St. George.

Hebe, who had charge of the family's sheep herd and did most of the herding, continued to use the farm as headquarters after he married Emma Pearce of St. George. Hyrum, too, lived there for two or three years after he married Elizabeth (Lily) McAllister of St. George. But eventually, both Hebe and Hy and their wives followed the rest of the family, all of whom were now on their own. The one-family village of Atkinville had ceased to function as a village.

Bill married Eliza Blake in February, 1893 and moved to the farm after William and Rachel left. They occupied the big stone house. Most of my early memories of Atkinville date back to this time when Uncle Bill lived there. The family still came back for boating, fishing, swimming, melons and picnics whenever they could. Always there was singing around the organ in the parlor--lusty songs by the men; sad ballads by their wives in which the heroines died in the last verse; and school songs by the grandchildren who were always included in these family concerts. One song, "Hard Times," that grandfather William always sang most fervently, to quote from the song itself is "a song that will linger forever in my ear" for it made us all realize that he had known and conquered hard times.

After Dack, my father, died January 27, 1894, at the age of 27, Atkinville lost the little remaining interest that mother had for it, but to me and my sisters it was a land of wonder and adventure. From the time we left home in a double bed wagon box crowded with relatives, there was something interesting and exciting to see. First there was the long drive from St. George through the Tonaquint fields. Then the horses splashing through the Santa Clara Creek, the Rio Virgin plunging and foaming over the Price Dam, the half fear and half hope that the horses might get stuck in the quicksand as they forded the river, the little village of Price City and finally the pile of light gray rocks left by the roadside by Uncle Al and Uncle Hy when they got stalled in a wash and had to unload part of the rocks they were hauling to build a room on the house for Wilford Woodruff. Then at the farm there was the big wash where one could gather black pebbles to be used as jacks, the pond and the marsh where minnows could be scooped up in a tin can. There were trips for ice stored in Uncle Bill's unfinished house across the wash, then the grinding of the large ice cream freezers under the willow shed. Ah! that ice cream--great dishes of it for grownups and children--never before or since has anything seemed so sweet, so rich, so cold!

Memories of the trips back to St. George after these family affairs are few, but I recall that going to Atkinville was the big event in our lives. To the Atkin grandchildren the farm meant a series of picnics and reunions, but beginning with the flood of 1905, it became to Uncle Bill a place of frustration and discouragement.

This flood took out the Price Dam, lowered the riverbed and made it difficult to get water out on the remaining acres. So finally Uncle Bill, with

some bitter cuss words, conceded the victory to the Ric Virgin and moved his family into town, Fig. 13.

Thoroughly discouraged by 1906, he sold the place to Frank Bentley and Joseph Riding who stayed only one year, then departed and once again Uncle Bill was the owner of Atkinville. He continued to operate it as a headquarters ranch for his cattle that he still grazed on the Strip.

By this time, the range on the Strip was badly deteriorating and the farm at Atkinville was declining in production. Between the two of them, Uncle Bill found a greatly increased need of more hay and grain to supplement his livestock operations on the range. In 1914 he decided to divert the unused water of Fort Pearce Wash onto land at a place known as the Old Herd Houses, about twelve miles east of Atkinville.

Here he established a new farm that he maintained until 1936. While establishing this farm, Bill dismantled the buildings at Atkinville and used the lumber for buildings at the new place. His son John took over Atkinville and operated it until 1922 with a brief exception during the war (1918). After 1922, Atkinville was completely abandoned for a period of about twenty years, while John and his brother were in the sheep business in Colorado. During these two decades, the desolation of the place was intensified by the vacant houses, the sagging poles of the corral, the empty pond and the dusy ditches; while the wind swishing through the tamarix trees added a final note of loneliness to the forsaken little village.

After John returned to Atkinville again in 1942, he did not restore the old houses. Many of the rocks from the walls were used in the construction of dams in the river. The rest of the walls still remain as skeletons of the houses that used to be. He tried to remodel the large living room of William's house into a granary but found it less work to construct a new one. The ruined walls of the Woodruff room were made into a calf pen. The chimney with its rubble-filled fireplace was still standing in 1956, a rugged monument to the age long conflict between man's instincts and his conventions.

As we stood with Hy and Nell on the high conglomerate bluff overlooking the home area, we wondered if the "glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome" had ruins so ruined as those that had once been the substantial homes of William, Rachel and their family. By simply turning our heads, we could see that the river, like the Lord, taketh away and giveth back, for at our feet there were again level acres green with alfalfa, wheat, sugar beets or pasture where horses and cattle were grazing.

John was irrigating the beets. We could see the wet streaks creeping down the furrows. Presently, he looked up and saw us. We met him near the old rock cellar, still standing with a new roof--the one that Dack and Nan used when I was a baby. It stands near the foundation of the home where my

parents lived (Fig. 14).

There, seated on the "running gears" of an ancient truck, flanked by the top of a more ancient sheep wagon, we brought back from the dehydrated ghosts of the past incidents that lived in the memories of Hy and Nell and their nephew John. Once more the ruined walls became the homes of the Atkins--for an hour Atkinville lived again. The stackyards were filled with hay and grain, the corrals with sheep and cattle, the pens with pigs and the coops with chickens. Hy was a boy, who with Willie Nielson (son of his sister Rachel) raided the old cellar by which we sat and took Dack's jerky and Nan's pickled grapes while the folks were away from the ranch. Once more, tamarix bloomed down tamarix lane that had recently been cleared of trees by John, to make way for more modern methods of farming.

John showed us the frame house that he had built and his water tank on the hill that made modern plumbing in the new house possible. He told us that his boys had all left the farm to go to school and his wife, finding it too lonesome, had also moved to town. Later, we found her living in Uncle Bill's old home in St. George. Verily doth history repeat itself.

John was finding that the farm was too big for him to handle alone and he was planning to put more of it into pasture grass and then specialize in rearing and fattening cattle for market. His corral was then full of good fat steers about ready to be shipped.

William passed away on May 22, 1901 and Rachel followed him in June, 1903. From their obituaries we extract the following: "Brother Atkin was a faithful Latter-day-saint and died in the full hope of a glorious resurrection," and "Sister Atkin died as she lived a faithful Latter-day-saint." Which brings us to the conclusion that "gladly they lived and gladly they died" for they expected as well as deserved a rich reward. They had done their part to fulfill Isaiah's prediction "and the desert shall blossom as the rose." Their rose was a wild one and it grew by a barbed wire fence, but the fragrance thereof was exceedingly sweet.

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Fig. 13. A view of the site of the Atkinville Pond, April 7, 1956.



Fig. 14. The old stone cellar still stands (1956) beside the foundation of the house (left foreground) where Grace's parents Dack and Nan lived when she was a baby.

APPENDIX I

A STORY OF AL AND HY HORSING AROUND ON THE COLORADO RIVER

During the late 1890's, Al and Hy acquired some springs in the old Dan Sill Pasture, a range controlled by ledges with only one entrance, lying in the breaks of the Colorado River Canyon between Mt. Dellenbaugh and Mt. Trumbull, about where the river begins the big V loop before entering Lake Mead. Here they put all the horses they had rounded up on the range and obtained by trading and purchase, hoping to collect enough to take into southern Arizona to sell.

By the summer of 1900, they had collected about 200 horses in the pasture. During June of that year, the two boys with a companion, Bert Johansen, visited the pasture and found that they had more horses than could be watered at the springs during the hot dry summer. When they found the horses were not getting enough water, they decided on emergency action and drove them down Andrus Canyon to the Colorado River for water.

By the time they reached the river the horses were almost famished and rushed into the water to get a drink. Where they entered, there was considerable quicksand and the horses that went in first were pushed by those behind, until about half of the horses perished either in the quicksand or getting into deep water, were carried by the swift current down the river.

With half of their horses lost and the rest back on dry land, they were in a quandary what to do with them. When they left home they had not anticipated this maneuver and were not supplied with food for the emergency. However, they decided to take their horses down the river about twenty-five miles and go out of the canyon to the south, by way of the trail to Peach Springs, Arizona. This would involve crossing the river five times on the way because the river winding back and forth across the more than half-mile-deep canyon sometimes skirted cliffs on one side or the other where there was no room to pass unless they crossed the river to the other side.

Going downstream, they crossed the river three times and were on the south side when the unexpected happened. At each crossing they had lost a few horses in the river, and had about seventy-five head left. By this time the horses' hooves were so tender from traveling in the rocks that many of them would stand and rest whenever they stopped, without attempting to forage.

While stopped at this camp, a few of the horses that went to the river to drink were caught in the current and carried into the stream. They emerged on the other (north) side of the river at a place in the rocks where they could go no farther downstream. In an effort to retrieve these horses and bring

them back to join the others on the south side, the men decided to cross the river.

Driftwood logs were lashed together with lariats to make a large, unwieldy raft, and their saddles, food, bedrolls and meager camp equipment were lashed to the logs. Ends of the ropes were left dangling for hand holds to help cling to the raft. They took some small poles for pushing and the three of them pushed off into the stream.

They were optimistic as they started because the current here carried them quickly away from the shore toward the horses on the other side. They were rudely shocked, however, when their raft encountered the main current of the river and overturned. They held on to the ropes tied to the raft and climbed back on the overturned surface. Food, saddles, bedrolls and camp equipment were all hanging from the underside of the raft. Instead of floating down the river, however, the current carried them back toward the shore whence they had started.

Instead of reaching the shore, the raft went on past the point where they had started and began a second round. They found they were in a huge whirlpool that took them round and round. Their efforts to push the raft with the poles, paddle with their hands, or swim behind and push were all in vain. They could neither reach the shore nor get into the main stream. They were entirely dependent upon the forces of the river.

Sometimes the circles they made were near the center and they went around quickly; other times they were near the outside and it took much longer. After a few quiet rounds in which they tried frantically to reach the shore, a long circle brought them to the main current again and turned the raft over, bringing the saddles, food and camp equipment on top again.

Again they clambered on to the raft and the dizzy routine continued. Round and round they went. By noon, they were hungry but all the food they had tied to the raft was a small sack of "jerky" (horse meat, cut in thin strips, salted and dried in the sun). There was precious little left and it was soaked with the dirty water of the river. They each took a small ration of the wet jerky intending to make it last as long as possible.

The first hope of reaching the shore was fast fading. They racked their brains for ways and means of escape. They could not lasso a rock or bush on the shore; their pushing poles were gone and their hand paddling and swimming were still futile. Gloom succeeded hope; dismay followed gloom and in the midst of dismay, the raft overturned again, carrying the food underneath.

Darkness came and the dizzy merry-go-round continued through the hopeless night. Sleep was snatched when the going was quiet. Usually one watched while the others slept. There was little to worry about except when

the raft overturned, which it did several times in the darkness. Morning came, the sun rose and climbed the sky and descended again. The routine was the same. They ate when the food was on top--the same nutritious but monotonous fare, jerky. It was all gone by noon the second day. On some of their longer circles, when they got near the shore, they considered abandoning the raft and swimming to shore, but they had to discard the idea because Bert could not swim. All three stayed with the raft on its fruitless circles rather than abandon one of the men.

On the third day there was no food; all they had was the muddy unpalatable Colorado River water to drink. The sun was hot; streams of perspiration ran down their tense faces. Dismay had given way to despair when one of their longer circles unbelievably landed them close to the shore. Galvanized into action, they jumped from the raft, held on to it and pulled a corner up on the bank.

Like innocent men condemned to die, receiving an unexpected reprieve, these men that had erstwhile been doomed to drowning or slow starvation were suddenly delivered from the insatiable whirlpool. Their seemingly interminable ordeal suddenly was terminated. They unloaded their saddles, bedrolls and camp equipment, untied their ropes from the raft and let the logs fall apart. Bedding was soon spread out to dry and the mud of the river was later shaken out as dust. The immediate danger was over but they were still in the bottom of the Colorado Gorge without anything to eat.

They caught their saddle horses and roped a mustang which they butchered for food. After feasting on fried horse meat they cut the rest into thin strips and spread it unsalted on the hot rocks to dry. With a fresh supply of saltless jerky, they rounded up the remains of their band of horses (now about fifty in number) and started down the south bank of the river. The going was so rough they could not ride; they had to walk and lead their saddle and pack horses or drive them with the band. By this time the unshod horses were so sore footed and weak that it was difficult to make some of the stragglers travel. Willows and switches from the streamside vegetation proved to be potent prodders that kept the would-be stragglers going with the rest.

They came to a broad mouth of a side canyon coming from the south. There was a faint trail running up it. They decided to try for the top, through this canyon, instead of crossing the river twice more to reach the Peach Springs trail. The trail ended at a spring under a cliff. They watered their horses and reconnoitered. A way was found over a rough ridge to get their horses above the cliff. They forced the jaded, sorefooted beasts through the rocks and again started up the canyon.

They found another cliff that completely blocked the canyon. A stream of water flowed down its face and disappeared in the talus at its foot. There

simply was no way to get the horses through the cliff. They really gave up in despair. Here they cached their saddles and left their horses in this pristine range where domestic livestock had never set hoof before.

Carrying a sack of jerky, they set out afoot for Peach Springs, Arizona. After climbing the cliff, they followed the canyon upward and climbed out on top. The travel was difficult, the way was long, the weather was hot and water was non-existent. By noon they were very thirsty. By midafternoon they were desperate for water. Luckily for them, they were traveling in a region where barrel cactuses were growing. Like other thirsty travelers before and after them, they eyed these water-holding kegs with envy.

"These things ought to have water in them. I wonder if it is any good," said Al.

"I'm so thirsty I could drink anything," from Hy.

And putting action into the idea, he began chopping at the top of one of the big kegs with a sharp rock. He pulverized the top and made a mush out of the pulpy interior. He put his mouth into the thick slush and sucked out the liquid.

"How does it taste?"

"It's wet," Hy replied, "try it."

The other two did likewise and all three filled their stomachs with the mushy liquid. It furnished enough water to soak up the dry jerky they were using for food. That night they slept the sleep of the physically weary, under the brilliant summer stars. But before the dawn they were on their way, hoping to make headway while it was still cool. By noon they were in the rough country at the head of the canyon. By midafternoon, Bert was so tired and thirsty he wanted to stop longer than usual to rest.

"You fellows go on without me," he said, "I'll come on later."

"No you won't. If we leave you now, you'll die of thirst."

They opened up another cactus and gave him a drink. Then they took him by the arms and helped him hobble along. In late afternoon, they stumbled into the little town at the railroad station at Peach Springs, Arizona.

The horses left in the canyon were not heard from again in many years. Finally a man got into the canyon and found a band of tiny horses living in that isolated area. As Uncle Hy explained it: The horses had multiplied,

overgrazed the small range available and had lived on starvation rations until the survivors had, generation after generation, become dwarfed by undernourishment.

Not discouraged by this episode, Al took several other bands of horses across the Colorado River to northern Arizona with more profitable results. These were private enterprise ventures but Hy says there were no unusual happenings on the other trips. Al eventually settled in Mesa, Arizona.

LETTER FROM WILLIAM ATKIN TO HIS SISTER IN ENGLAND

Atkinville, Oct. 6th 1889
From Wm. & Rachel Atkin & Family
To Ann Read, Husband & Family

Dear Sister & your family, Your welcome letter of Sept. 17th came to hand last evening and found us in good health we was very pleased to hear from you and lern that you was all well and that Mr. Jarvis had been to see you and that you had a chance to have a good old chat with him on our affairs as he could tell you our affairs knowing us well and what he would tell you you can rely on as being strickly true as we have lived close neighbors to him for about ten years and the past 10 years only a few miles away between five and six miles and he has often been hear and is well acquainted with us. . . .

Now you want to know what family we have and their names I will start and tell you in the first place we have two children dead our oldest girl died when she was eleven 11 years old her name was Esther Ann the other was a boy and died when it was a baby. We have 10 children living 7 boys and three girls their names are as follows, William he is the oldest married and one child 9 years old the next is a girl named Rachel she is married to a very good young man and they are well off and have five children living & two dead the next is Joseph Thompson he is not yet married but he may be any time he is well fixed with a good farm and about 800 sheep the next is Henry he is married and got 3 children the next is John he is married last winter got a good home and farm and team and 16 head of cattle well fixed for a boy of 22 years old. The next is Alma in his 20th year the next is Heber 18 years old all of the above named boys are from 2 to 5 inches taller than I am they stand from 5 ft. 11 inches up to 6 ft. 2 inches all good young men. The next is the girl in her 13th year a big good girl the next is a boy 11 years old named Hyrum and then comes our baby Martha 7 years old last August a smart little girl and almost spoiled because she is the baby. We have also in all 9 grandchiiren and then they are all comfortable then we have good farms the place we live is called by our name Atkinville because we were the first that tock it up when it had never been used by man that anyone knows and we

have made it a beautiful place and me and the boys own it all about 160 acres 2 of the boys this year raised 403 bushels of wheat barley and a great amt. of hay and have already 700 gallons of molasses what you call treacle and have about 300 gallons more to make up which will take them about 7 or 8 days yet this they sell and is worth here 2 shillings a gallon of your money we have also a good garden and orchard and we know the good of them for we planted every tree that is on the place with our own hands either in young trees or seeds that have grown to trees and we raise our fire wood right on the place that we planted trees when we first came and now we cut the tops off and in 3 years they are ready to top again and this gives us poles for stack yards and such things and wood to burn and we have a good fish pond of 15 acres on the place that we have made and lots of fish in it and nobody but ourselves own any of it.

Well Ann you knew us when we were young and very loving and you thought we were happy and was not mistaken a particle either, for we were as happy as could be well since then we have toiled hard and raised our large family and made ourselves a good home and God has blessed our labours and we have not changed one bit in our love and affection to each other. Only has time changed us from youth to the time when our heads are turning a little grey so our happiness has grown and we have never done an act of our lives to cause us to love each other less, but we live happy and blest with all that we ought to ask for when we want anything to eat or drink or wear we can go and get it and this we are truly thankful for and we often wish you was all in the same condition and when you hear of me having more wives than Rachel you hear that which has not a word of truth in it and this morning while I am writing Rachel is sitting by me in a carpeted room and is telling me just what she pleases and I write anything she wants me to as she has never wrote anything worth speaking of since we were married and she dont know whether she could write or not, but O my she can cook good provisions to eat so that they are fit for anyone to eat and the other good things is that she has got it to cook we just wish you could just have dinner with us today we would see you had a good one and we would have a good old chat after it. Well dear sister are you tired of reading I think you say no. Well then I will go on and tell you that where we live is not a bit like the country you live as there is a little land here and there as can be farmed and the rest of the country is hills and mountains and good for pasturing sheep and cattle and we have one man with the sheep always and sometimes a particular in farming time and we shear our sheep twice a year our boys shearing now we have 1700 head young and old we have 738 lambs this year we will have about 500 five hundred dollars worth of wool this sheering which is about 100 pounds your money and this we get every six months besides the increase in lambs which will amount to very near as much and we do most of our own work we have our own ranges where we herd them and have nothing at all to pay for feed for our sheep we have splendid feed this fall for the winter for the sheep. I do not pretend to farm myself now I let the boys have my farm and I just attend to my garden

and take a general oversight of things and kill mutton 2 times a week and take it to town 5 miles and sell it and take Rachel and the little girls out for a carriage ride whenever she wants to go we have a good new carriage I bought it last christmas I gave one hundred and sixty five dollars there I have forgot it again and wrote money you dont understand it is thirty five pounds of your money it is a very nice one we would like you to take a ride with us in it. Well now dear sister to conclude with let me tell you in all truth that we are as happy as can be and we know we are in the right place and with the people who are trying to keep the commandments of God and people who are free to do good and where we can enjoy ourselves with our friends and we will not try to perswade you to believe as we do if you are not disposed to do so but we will send you some newspapers with sermons in of some of our people and if you will read them you will be able to judge for yourselves what they are but we do want you to write to us once in awhile and we will always take pleasure in answering your letters and as Mr. Jarvis was in England I thought we would try to get him to see you we were glad he has been and he says in his letter you was kind and good to him and he was well pleased with his visit well our children all join in love to you and your children and to tell their relation that you have a chance to meet with send me your husbands first name as it is safer to send letters in the mans name than the women as often the postman does not know the womens name and be sure give our love to your husband and all your children and sisters children and keep this and show it to as many of them as you can and we will get some likenesses before a great while and will then send you some. Were we live in a warm climate we rase rasens here in abundance in fact there are about three months in the summer that is rather to warm to be comfortable the rest of the year is lovely wether we also rase the cotton pods from which our cotton cloth is made Rachel says she thinks this letter is long enough now for one so will say goodbye for this time and God bless you with peace and joy and may you live long and happy from your sister and brother and family to all that may inquire after us.
Rachel and William Atkin.

We have a good home with four good rooms down stairs two of them nicely carpeted and furnished nice with a very fine parlor organ in the big room and two good rooms upstairs well goodbye

William Atkin
Atkinville
St. George P.O.
U. S. America

APPENDIX 2

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNALS OF WILFORD WOODRUFF

At the L. D. S. Church Historical Library, 47 East South Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah, the following extracts and notes concerning Atkinville were taken from the daily journals of Wilford Woodruff, April 13, 18 and 25, 1956. The extracts are free translation. His meanings were usually clear.

1885. Jan. 20. reached St. George (had been there last in Dec. 1883).
 Jan. 26. Teasdale, Thompson and Woodruff visited Price City (Atkinville) and dined with William Atkin; visited his fish pond and returned home.
 Jan. 31. Rode to Bro. Atkin's, visited his pond. 2 boys set fire to his rushes and flags and burned things all around his pond so there was no hiding places to get the wild fowl or any other purpose.
 June 29. In company with Brothers McAllister, Bleak and Thompson, rode across the Virgin River to Atkin's farm and pond; caught 30 chubs and 20 doves; returned home, 16 miles.
 July 4. Left St. George for Salt Lake and got as far as Manti where he received letters that stopped him.
 July 24. On advice from a wife he decided it was wise to return to St. George.
 Aug. 8. Wm. Thompson, Woodruff and 2 boys crossed the Virgin to Atkin's pond and caught 100 chubs, got 3 quails, 7 rabbits, 15 M.
 Aug. 10. Rode to Atkin's, shot 3 quails and 1 rabbit, 16 miles.
 Sept. 5. Rode across the Virgin to Atkin's; shot 6 ducks, got 4; Thompson 2 ducks; returned at night, 16 miles.
 Sept. 12. In company with Wm. H. Thompson, rode to Atkin's pond and took dinner with the Atkins; killed 4 quails, 3 ducks, 2 large fowl like snipe, one cole black and one snow white and one large heron; very weary.
 Sept. 19. Bro. Thompson took them in his wagon and rode to Atkin's, where they spent the day; shot 10 wild ducks, 4 rabbits and one large fat crane, and caught about 100 fish with hooks and returned in the evening.
 Sept. 28. "I have lain still so long, I am under the necessity of having one days exercise in a week for my health, so today Bro. Thompson took me over to Atkin's Pond 8 miles. I took a boat and went into the rushes and watched for ducks. Bro. Thompson fished. We caught 6 ducks, one rabbit and a string of chubs. We killed 2 hawks and a turkey buzzard. 16 M."
 Oct. 3. Rode to Atkins with Wm. Thompson, spent the day. 16 M.

1885. Oct. 17. In company with Bro. Thompson, rode over the Virgin River to Atkin's Pond; got 12 ducks, 3 quails and 1 rabbit; was very weary at night.
- Oct. 27. In company with Wm. Thompson, went to the duck pond south of the temple.... Got 11 ducks, 2 geese, 1 large craine & returned home.
- Nov. 2. Left St. George and went back to Salt Lake.
1886. May 19. Left the farm (near S. L. C.) at 1:30 A. M. and arrived at Hardy's Ranch at daylight.
- May 21. Arrived Heber City.
- June 18. Arrived Ashley.
- June 26. Returned to Ashley today after trip on mountain.
- July 22. Bid farewell and started west: Price, Castle Dale, Ferron, Salina, Elsinore, Pine Creek, Beaver, Parowan, Cedar.
- Aug. 7. Arrived at St. George and stayed with John and Emma Squires where I spent the night and slected in the same bed where I had slected for 6 months last year. 30 M.
- Aug. 8. Had traveled 448 miles from Ashley to St. George.
- Aug. 7. Arrived at St. George.
- Sept. 11. Left St. George with Wm. Thompson.
- Sept. 21. Arrived in Farmers Ward, S. L. County
- Oct. 27. Left S. L. County and started south:
Am. Fork, Spanish Fork, Nephi, Salina, Richfield, Clear Creek, Paragoony, Kanarra, Belleview, Leeds.
- Nov. 5. Arrived at St. George
17. In St. George Temple
20. With Wm. Thompson and Emma T. and Emma W went over the Virgin River and spent the day at Wm. Atkin's; shot 9 ducks & Bro. Thompson shot 5 ducks; returned in evening, 16 M.
22. Moved south to Wm. Atkin's.
23. Crossed the river to get a shot at some geese; while there, Brother Thompson brought 2 visitors (illegible names); took a ride in a boat; was together several hours; shot 2 ducks.
25. Went to the pond and shot 3 ducks.
- Dec. 1. Took a boat, went on the pond and shot 3 ducks, one mallard and 2 teal.
3. Thompson called today and returned to St. George with him, 8 M.
12. Spent several hours in the temple with John Henry Smith and Heber J. Grant.
18. With Emma, Thompson and wife returned to Atkin's; visited the pond; Thompson shot 2 ducks & one rabbit; shot 5 quails; returned at night.

- Dec. 31, 1886. The year 1886 is past and gone. It has been an important year in the history of the L.D.S. church. It has sent to prison hundreds of the leading men of the church and driven into exile the presidency and the 12 apostles and many other leading men all for obeying the celestial law of God and the patriarchal order of marriage.
- Jan. 1, 1887. In company with Bro. Thompson, Emma and Alice, went 8 miles to Wm. Atkins and spent the day; walked considerable and was quite weary at night. 16 M.
28. Wife Emma & daughter Alice left for Salt Lake.
- Feb. 4. Left St. George for Pine Valley with J. D. T. McAllister and Wm. H. Thompson; roads rough; weary at night.
5. Worked with Thompson on waterwheel all day until midnight.
6. Continued work on wheel, which was loaded with ice.
7. Finished wheel and went back to St. George.
10. Note: In St. George; he makes no reference to going to Atkinville. See May 8.
19. Rode over the Virgin River with Bro. Thompson; got one rabbit, 4 quails, 6 ducks and one goose; 16 M; heard tonight that the Edmunds-Tucker bill* had passed.
23. Marshall Armstrong arrived in the evening in St. George.
26. Took bed and luggage with Bro. Thompson and went to Wm. Atkin's to stop awhile; got 8 ducks.
28. Went to the pond today & got 11 ducks.
- Mar. 1, 1887. Wilford Woodruff is 80 years old this day; with Bro. Thompson rode to St. George; went to the temple and spent the night in a room fitted out for my benefit; 8 M.
2. At close of the day, rode to Wm. Atkin's to spend the night.
3. Rode with Bro. Atkin into Arizona 10 miles and returned; 20 M.
8. Went on to the pond with boat a part of the day.
9. In company with Wm. Atkin & son, rode in a buggy, 10 M; then on horseback over very steep mts. & hills, very rocky and rough to Atkin's Spring in Arizona, where he is grazing his sheep herd; it is a very good cold spring of water; returned very weary; 28 M.
1887. Mar. 10. Returned to St. George and spent the night in the temple.
12. With Bro. Thompson, went to Atkin's; they let the water into the pond today; went to the pond to try to get fish for the sick but got nothing.
20. Bro. Thompson called, went with him to the temple at St. George and had an interview with H. J. Grant and J D T McA.; 8 M.
21. Returned to Atkins and spent the day; 8 M.
24. Went onto the pond in the afternoon.
29. Went (from Atkinville) to the temple with Bro. Thompson.

* This bill prohibited polygamy and provided penalties.

1887.

- Mar. 30. Spent the day in the temple; went to Bro. Cottam's and spent the night.
- April 2, 1887. Rode to Atkinville (first use of name) and went to pond and caught 2 chub, the first of the season; shot at a good many ducks but got only one.
4. Caught 1 duck and 4 chubs today.
 5. Received a note from Bleak today; went fishing, caught 5 chub.
 6. Wm. Atkin fished this forenoon; we caught 10 chub.
 13. Spent most of the day in the house, reading; it was cold.
 15. It was a cold rainy day.
 17. Bro. Thompson and Henry Thomas Atkin & wife came on a visit & spent most of the day; had a rain in the evening; the ewe that had 3 lambs died and they had to get another ewe to raise them.
 18. Had a very hard rain last night; it has cleared all fine this morning; went to the pond and caught 10 chub.
 19. It was quite windy today.
 21. Bro. Atkin was quite sick in the afternoon.
- Apr. 24. Attended meeting with Wm. Atkin & family today; we partook of sacrament; I ordained Joseph Thompson Atkin an elder, John Peter Atkin a priest, and George Alma Atkin a teacher.
25. With Bro. Thompson, to St. George; went to Bro. Cottam's and to the temple, where I set apart J. D. T. McAllister as Pres. & David H. Cannon as 2nd Counselor; in the sealing room, saw the enlarged likenesses of Wilford Woodruff and David H. Cannon by Waglund for the temple.
 26. Left St. George at 9 o'clock & rode to Atkinville and spent the night at Bro. Atkin's; 8 M.
 28. Went to the pond, got 1 duck and no fish; hot day.
- Sat. 30. A cold windy day; about 40 persons came to Atkinville to keep May day and it made me stay in my room; spent the day reading.
- May 1. There were about 30 came today at Atkinville to keep May day; still very cold; they mostly kept to the house and played the organ and sang; it interferred with our family meeting.
3. Visited Bro. Atkin's sheep herd; brought home 14 motherless lambs; shot 3 ducks out of 5 and returned home; 6 M.
 4. It was a hot day; Bro. Atkin & son took the registration oaths today for voting. I did not avail myself of the privilege.
 8. Attended the family meeting of Bro. Atkin; I ordained Heber Charles Atkin a deacon; Brother Atkin confirmed his son Hyrum; he baptized him the week before. *
 15. About 20 persons visited Atkin family.

*Hy says he was baptized on his birthday, Feb. 10, when they had to break a hole in the ice on the pond for that purpose. He has the impression that Brother Woodruff was there but his journal shows he was in St. George on that day.

1887.

- May 16. Wm. commenced shearing sheep today; we sheared 81; Wm. sheared 20 sheep, Joseph 16, John 17, Heber 13, Alma 16, Henry 8, Woodruff 1.
17. We sheared today 119; Wm. sheared 30, Henry 26, Joseph 20, John 11, Alma 11, and Heber 20; I tied up wool and swept the platform; Bro. Atkin kept the shears sharp.
18. We sheared 126 sheep; Wm. sheared 31, Joseph 19, John 11, Alma 16, Heber 27, Henry 22; I spent the time tying up wool and sweeping the platform; it was a warm day.
19. We sheared 112 today; Wm. sheared 33, Joseph 13, John 13, Alma 9, Heber 25, Henry 19.
20. We sheared 100 today; Wm. 26, Joseph 19, John 16, Alma 13, Heber 12, Henry 19.
21. We sheared 64 today; Wm. 15, Joseph 8, John 14, Alma 6, Heber 8, Henry 17; the grand total sheared as follows: Wm. 155; Joseph 95, John 72, Alma 71, Heber 105, Henry 105, Woodruff 1, total 607.

(The proper totals are 82 for John, 106 for Henry; grand total 615.)

Authors' note: Sheep Shearing at Atkinville compiled from Woodruff's journal.

1887								
May	Wm.	Jos.	John	Al	Hebe	Henry	Woodruff	Total
16	20	16	17	16	13	8	1	91
17	30	20	11	11	20	26		118
18	31	19	11	16	27	22		126
19	33	13	13	9	25	19		112
20	26	19	16	13	12	14		100
21	15	8	14	6	8	17		68
Totals	155	95	82	71	105	106	1	615

Sunday May 22 1887. Held a meeting with the Atkin family; read the second section in the Doctrine & Covenants; made remarks upon it, followed by Bro. Atkin; we partook of the sacrament; the Thompsons arrived and spent several hours.

23. Bro. Atkin commenced mowing lucern today.
 24. With Bro. Thompson returned to St. George; met with F. M. Lyman and John Henry Smith in the temple.
 25. Spent the night at the temple.
 28. Drove over to Atkinville & Bro. Thompson returned; went to the pond but could get no fish but minnows.
 29. Sunday. Held a family meeting and Wm. (Jr.) left in the afternoon for Fairview, San Pete Co.
- June
2. Bro. Thompson called; accompanied him to the St. George temple.
 3. Returned to Atkinville with Bro. Thompson; we caught 24 chubs and got one quail for mother Cottam.
 5. Brother Atkin wrote to Emma which I enclosed in mine; held a family meeting and partook of the sacrament.
 6. Went to the pond and caught 20 small chubs.
 7. Accompanied Bro. Thompson to the temple; spent the night there.
 8. Was informed that Pres. Taylor was in critical condition . . . liable to leave us any day.
 17. Went to Pine Valley 40 M with Bro. Thompson.
 18. Went fishing; caught 26 trout.
 20. Went fishing again.
 21. Returned to St. George.
 24. With Bro. Thompson & Chas Wm Bennett, returned to Pine Vailey.
 25. Went fishing; caught 30 trout.
 27. Went fishing; caught 22 trout, then went back to St. George; 40 M.
- July
2. Rode with Thompson to Wm Atkin's & back; 102^o F, 16 M.
 4. 110^o F in the shade.
 5. 109^o F in the shade.
 7. 111^o F in the shade.
 8. Wm. Atkin called on me today, 100^o F.
 9. Rode to Atkinville & back, a very hot day; 16 M.
 12. Rode to Atkin's & back; 16 M.
 16. Packed up ready for starting to Salt Lake in the morning.
 17. With Bro. Thompson, left St. George for Salt Lake: Belleview, Kanarra, Cedar, Paragona, Beaver, Fish Creek
 25. Pres. John Taylor died: Warm Creek, Nephi.
 28. Took train to Salt Lake.

WILLIAM ATKIN JOURNAL

A YOUTH'S EXPERIENCE

written by

William Atkin (born 1835)

Published in "The Union" at

St. George, Utah in 1896

Although some of this narrative may not be interesting to all your readers, yet faith in the gospel, as nothing but stern facts will be written in this article, I was born at Empingham, in the county of Rutland, England on the 27th of March 1835, of poor parents, and the only schooling I had was till I was 8 years of age, at which time I was set to work on a farm to assist in earning my living.

I was religiously inclined and at an early age went to the different religious denominations and my mind was very much troubled because of the fear of the Hell that was pictured by them. I had such a dread of death because I was told that for the least sin I would be sent to Hell, and had no hope that I could escape it. The Methodists, which I joined at 13 years of age pictured hell in such a manner that I often wished I had never been born. They would often read a piece to us in the class meeting, describing Hell, of which the following is a part: "Come, oh, my soul they certain ruin trace, if thou neglect the Savior, offered grace infinite years in torment, must though spend, which never had an end. Yes thou must dwell in torturing despair, as many years as grains of sand upon the ocean shore." When all those doleful years are spent in pain and multiplied by myriads again till numbers drown the thought, could I suppose that then my wretched years were at a close and lots more of this same kind and I was troubled in my mind continually, and I would read and pray and often I wished I had lived in the days of our Savior and his Apostles. It seemed so very different to what was taught to us now. In the summer of 1852 in the place where I was born I saw a young man standing on the sidewalk singing a hymn. I stopped to hear what he had to say, and after praying earnestly to God in the name of Jesus Christ His Son that he would guide him by His Spirit that he might speak such things to the people as would be pleasing unto Him, the prayer was of such a nature that I could not help noticing it as something out of the common line of any prayer I had ever heard. He then sang again, and then started to talk to the people.

He said he had come to bring good news to them and told them that the time had come that John saw in the 14th chapter of the Book of Revelations, and the 6th and 7th verses: "And I saw another Angel fly, in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth and to every nation, kindred and tongue, and people saying with a loud voice: Fear God and give glory to him, for the hour of his judgment has come, and worship him that made heaven and earth and the sea, and the fountains of waters." He said that angel had come to the earth and had

restored the everlasting Gospel, and that on the American Continent God had revealed himself, to a young man and restored the Gospel as it was taught in the days of the Savior by himself and his Apostles, and that John the Baptist had been sent to the earth and had brought back to earth the Aaronic priesthood and given power again to man on the earth, to preach the Gospel and to baptize by immersion in water, for the remission of sins as John did himself as a forerunner of the Savior, and that Peter, James and John the Apostles of Jesus had also appeared to the same young man and restored also the Apostleship with full power to officiate in all the Ordinances of the Gospel and that this man had ordained others to this same priesthood and given them power and authority to carry this glad message to all mankind and that he had received the Aaronic priesthood with authority to preach the Gospel and to baptize the people and this was the message that he was there to bear, and he hoped we would receive it with gladness." This set me to thinking. A few weeks after he came again and there was another man with him - Charles Welsh, by name, who now lives in Ogden, Utah, who held the Melchizedek Priesthood; and he declared the same things and quoted the scripture that says "Though we or an angel from heaven preach any other gospel than that we have preached here, let him be accursed." As soon as they started to preach in that way, the minister of the day began to charge and try to get the people to keep away from them, but this had the effect of causing me, with others to continue to go to hear them, and soon a few were baptized in secret. One day after Charles Welsh had been preaching he gave notice that if any one wished to be baptized, he would attend to that ordinance at any time and at any place they wished. An old man by the name of William Winterton spoke up and said he wanted to be baptized the next Sunday at 2 o'clock and named the place for baptism, and said that the sun would shine on him when he was baptized.

At the time Brother Winterton said the sun should shine on him when he was baptized, Elder Welsh gave notice that he would preach the next Sunday at one o'clock at the place named by the old man for baptism. Accordingly, the following Sunday he was there and the people turned out in mass, some on mischief bent, some for curiosity, and a few to hear the Gospel and to see the ordinance of baptism performed. It was one of England's dark days, very heavy clouds covered the sky so it was impossible for the sun to shine through them. After the preaching was done and the time came for baptism, the Elder stepped into the water and the old man stood on the bank ready to go into the water. Then an old woman on mischief bent, yelled out at the top of her voice "The old liar said the sun should shine on him when he was baptized, but it won't." Immediately the clouds parted and the sun shone bright and clear and the Elder took the old man down into the water

and baptized him, and as soon as the old man was on the bank again before the elder got out of the water, the clouds closed over the sun and it did not shine any more that day at that place, and all that were there saw it. The old woman walked off and had nothing to say. Some made remarks about it one way and some another, but to me it was a glorious manifestation of the power of God and I was satisfied it was not chance as some said it was. Neither did I believe it would have been so if the old woman had not tried to make an honest old man a liar. It certainly was a strong testimony to me that God was with the people. Myself and two other young men who had been my companions from childhood, continued to attend the meetings held by the people who called themselves Latter-day Saints. We met with them often and the more we met with them the better we liked them and the doctrine they taught, and the union and love that existed with them was something that we admired. For the first time we met with them in a fellowship meeting and saw them administer the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and heard them bear a humble yet faithful testimony to the truth of the Gospel, that each had received, and they spoke with such power that it did seem to me that all the world would believe their testimony, it was so plain and simple yet powerful that I could tell that it was true. This meeting was the only one I had ever been to and after it was over the elder came to us three (shall I say young men? Two of us had just turned 17 years, the other was a little older,) and asked us if we were ready to be baptized? The other two said they would go if I would. "Then," said the Elder "it now rests with you." I said, "Well, Brother Welsh, I would not go because others were going, but I believe the doctrine to be true and that the principles you teach are of God, and that I shall be condemned if I reject them, and you have made a promise that I sincerely believe." The promise that he had made was that "if we would obey the ordinances of the Gospel as they had taught them, in sincerity, that we should know whether the doctrine was of God or whether they spoke of themselves, "And," said he, "I repeated that same testimony and it shall be so with you."

I told him I most certainly had faith in God, that He was the God and Father of us all and that He had sent His beloved Son who had died a shameful death that we might live and that by obeying His commandments we could be saved and that I had repented of my sins and was now ready for baptism. It was now dark and we went and all three of us were baptized that night, which was the 12th day of September, 1852. We were baptized in the river Dwash, at Empingham, Rutland County, England, and we returned to the house where the meeting of which I speak had been held, and we were confirmed members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and, oh!

the joy that I felt my lips cannot describe and a pen is a weak instrument, indeed, in my hand to attempt to portray it for the spirit of God did in every deed bear witness to me that it was of God and it was beyond the power of man to convince me otherwise.

At this time I was working with my father for a farmer, and knowing that my father was prejudiced against the Latter-day Saints by the ministers and others talking to him, I had concluded in my own mind to say nothing to him at present in regard to my becoming a member of the church. Accordingly, on the following morning we started out as usual to our labors. We had not gone but a short distance before we met father Winterton, the old man before mentioned, on whom the sun shone so beautifully, on that dark day when he was baptized, and he hurried up to us and grasped me by the hand and turning to my father said "There is a fine boy about nine hours old." Of course my father knowing I was attending the meetings of the Saints, also knowing that I was out late the night before, took in the situation at once and as soon as we got away, he said "Was you fool enough to join them Mormans last night!" I replied that I had joined them. He started out in his way to criticize me in relation to the matter. I allowed him to talk without interrupting him, until he ceased. I then said "Father, are you done?" He said he was. I then asked him if he would listen to me. He replied that he would. I then told him a few things pertaining to the Gospel, and before I was aware of it, I bore a faithful testimony to him of the truth of the Gospel! It had a good effect and it was not long before he was baptized, and also my sister. My mother was also favorable and they took the elders home and fed him and made him as comfortable as their limited means would admit of.

My mother was troubled with what is called tiodouloureux. It would come on very sudden and would draw her face in such contortions it would grieve anyone who saw her, and at times the blood would rush out of her mouth and if she took cold, it would be much worse, and she believed the Gospel but was afraid to go into the water. One evening as we sat in the house elder Welsh said to her, "Sister, why don't you be baptized?" She replied "I dare not. I am afraid I would take cold and get worse." The elder arose to his feet and said "Sister, I promise you in the name of the Lord, that if you will go and be baptized, you shall not have that disease any more." She said "I believe it and I will go and be baptized." The same river in which I had been baptized ran within a few rods of our door and she went forth with and was baptized and she lived about 10 years after that but never had the least particle of that disease again to her dying day. Soon after this a branch of the Church was organized in the place and the young man that I formerly stated who, like myself, was

a little over 17 years old, was ordained to the office of a Priest and set apart to preside, over the branch and I was ordained Deacon. A few weeks after this, the Priest whose name was Thomas Bland and myself, in going to the place where we held our sabbath meetings, had to pass a Methodist Chapel and a number of men and boys were standing outside. A number of them, about our own age, with whom we had been acquainted with all our lives and as we were passing, one young man said, mockingly, "There goes the priest." Brother Bland took him by the collar and seat of the pants and threw him headlong off the sidewalk.

It is needless to say that this did our cause no good, but the reverse. A young man who had been to college to learn to preach, joined with a number of others and raised a mob and they made us a great deal of trouble in disturbing our meetings, and as many other such cases, our own folly caused us lots of our troubles. On the following Christmas, the Latter-day Saints held their conference at the town of Leicester, which was 30 miles from where we lived, and Brother Bland, C. Morris and I started on foot about 3 o'clock in the morning of the day on which the conference was to meet at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and we were all strangers, none of us ever having been there before. In going along one of the streets I saw two men at some distance coming towards us. Although there were a number of people between them and us, the Spirit told me that those two men were Latter-day Saints. I said to my companion "Those two men coming yonder," at the same time pointing them out, "are our brethren." They both laughed at me, but I told them it was so. We walked on until we met them face to face and one of them held out his hand and I held out mine and we took each other by the hand. He said "I don't know who you are or where you are from, but one thing I do know you are Latter-day Saints." I told them I also knew they were when I first saw them. The brethren with me and the brethren with him wanted us to tell them how we knew, as we had never seen each other. We answered "We could only say that the Spirit told us such was the case." We stayed there two days and attended all the meetings and partook of the spirit there made manifest and it was a feast in every deed to me.

Soon after this I was ordained to the office of a Priest and on Tuesday evenings we held our priesthood meeting. At one of these I was appointed to go to a neighboring village called Casterton, to preach on the following Sabbath. I had never before spoken to the people in public, only to bear my testimony in our meetings. At this time I was working for a Methodist Preacher who lived in the place where I was to preach. During the week he heard of my appointment and came

to me and told me I had better not go, "for," said he, "I have been a preacher for forty years and if you come there, I will come and stand before you and you cannot preach." This troubled me very much and on the Sabbath morning I asked two sisters to go with me to help me sing, which they did; and now the time had about come for us to start and none but those who have had this experience can imagine my feelings. I went to a secret spot and poured out my soul in prayer to God that he would assist me in that duty as I was going about in His name in my weakness to try to teach his holy laws. We arrived at the place and in the street we sang a hymn and quite a number of people gathered around, and true to his word, the preacher was there right in front of me, only a few feet distant, and I offered a very sincere prayer to my heavenly father, that he would give me his holy spirit that I might be able to speak in his name the words of eternal life. We then sang again and I started to talk to the people, and of the lovely influence that came over me, tongue cannot describe. I spoke to the people by the gifts and power of the Holy Ghost, and it brought words to my lips such as not only gave me joy, but surprised the people; for a number of them knew me, and I heard some who did not know me, ask "where is that young fellow from? and where he had been educated?" And when they were informed who I was and where I was working, and that I had no education, they were surprised indeed. When I examined my watch to see how long I had been preaching, I was surprised to find that I had talked one hour and twenty minutes. The preacher never uttered a single word to me about religion after that.

The next Tuesday evening I was appointed to hold meeting in the place where I was born and I began to flatter myself in my own mind that I could preach. Accordingly, I hunted up a text which I concluded that I would preach a sermon from. Accordingly, I spent all the time I could get, the remainder of the week and studied with all my might and had a sermon in my mind that I thought I could make a big show in delivering to the people. On the Sabbath following I went at the time appointed with my head up as self-reliant as possible. Gave out a hymn and this time a young man, who was also a priest, was present. I called on him to pray, and we sang again and with an independent spirit I rose to my feet and read my text and that was every word that I could say. I stood there but my mouth was dumb and I could not utter a word. Finally I sat down and asked the brother that was with me to speak to us. As I sat down, my transgression was plain to me and I was that I, an unlearned youth, had undertaken to stand up, having a portion of the Holy priesthood upon me, and to ignore that and to speak to the people in my own only supposed ability. Our merciful heavenly father showed me my own folly. I sat down and in my inmost soul asked God to forgive me of

that sin, and when brother Charles Morris, for that was his name, sat down, I again rose to my feet and told the people that I sought to do and they had seen how utterly I had failed. I am thankful to say that God again gave me a good portion of His Holy Spirit so that by that Spirit I was enabled to talk to the people, and I gave God the praise. This taught me this one true lesson, that feeble man who has received the Holy priesthood, cannot go among the people in his own name and think they can teach the things of God in his own strength and do any good, either to the people or themselves, but God did, by His Spirit, give the words of life to the people through me, through an unlearned boy. Soon after this, one Sunday evening, I went to visit a young sister named Ann Ellwood, who was very sick in bed. She heard me in the house and called her mother into the room where she was, and told her she wanted to see me. Accordingly I went into the room, her mother leaving us alone, she said she desired me to administer to her and she would be better. I was only a Priest at the time but there were no Elders in the neighborhood then. I laid my hands on her head and prayed God the Eternal Father, in the name of Jesus Christ his Son, to remove the pain and heal her up from all her afflictions. As soon as I took my hands off her head, she said, "Now brother, if you will go into the other room, I will get up, for I am healed." I did so and she dressed herself and came out of the bedroom, rejoicing and giving God the praise. We sat up several hours that night and on the following morning I called at the house to inquire how she was, and I found her busy doing their house work and she said she never felt better in her life, and she is now married to James White, a plasterer, in the 11th ward in Salt Lake City, and she delights to tell how God heard our prayers and answered them in her behalf. The members in our branch increased until there were from 25 to 30. One of the young men, ~~Wilson~~ by name who was baptized when I was, left the Church, but the mother of the other young man joined the Church. It was a pleasure to see the love that existed in the Church in that little place. We had very good meetings and the spirit of God was with us and we testified to each other of the good things of the kingdom and all was well with us, though the preachers charged and the mobs howled and the Devil raged among them, yet the truth of the Gospel was still in our hearts and we were a United band of brethren and sisters in every deed, and it was our delight to do each other good, and the spirit of gathering together of the saints took possession of us and we had our desires Zionward, and we sang the songs of Zion though we were in a land far away.

We had a strong faith in the ordinances of the Gospel, and would hold our meetings at one place on Sabbath and at another place another Sabbath, which was six miles away, and both males and females would walk the six miles each way, in a day, hold meeting and return singing praises to God.

We had implicit confidence in each other and the love of the Gospel that was in our hearts was such that it was no hardship to us to share our scanty homes and provisions with the servants of God. Many times I have seen three or four desire the elders to go with them, and I knew they did not have enough in their house to make them comfortable, but they were willing to share what little they had and would spend half the night in listening to the elders talk on the principles of the Gospel and we did not get tired. Well do I remember going six miles one Sunday to meeting and a young woman gave in her name for baptism, and we dare not do the baptizing in the daytime, so I stayed there in order to be present and it was four o'clock in the morning when I was ready to return home, and after I returned home, had three miles to go to my work, where I moved all day. On the 18th of December I was married to Rachel Thompson, who was born March 31, 1835, at Barrowden, Rutland England. She joined the Church of Jesus Christ in April, 1849, and we made all preparations to go to America with a view of gathering with the saints, and the Branch where we lived got up a farewell party and I composed the following:

"Oh, England is my native land,

"Where I was bred and born:
And friends, they now begin to weep
To think that we are going.

"Here's a memory of all kind friends
Whom we shall leave behind
And when we are far in the west
We'll bear them in our mind.

"Where is it that you are going
And what is your intent?
How can you go and leave us
While we towards you are bent?

"It is my full intention
To do the will of God
And go away to Zion
Beyond the swelling flood.

"There is a place far in the West
Where we hope soon to be
And there's a people in the place
With whom we wish to be.

"The time it now is drawing nigh,
When we must bid adieu
To this our native Country
And those we love so true.

11

"And now to all that would be happy
We say true Mormons be
And for yourselves you'll surely gain
A heavenly jubilee."

Brother Bland, who was baptized when I was, left the Church but still he likes to be with me, and he composed the following:

"To William and Rachel Atkin, on their departure for America, February 12, 1855.

Dear Comrade as you're going to leave
The land where you was born,
You'll leave your friends behind to grieve,
Myself, I feel to mourn.

Tis true that you are joined to one,
And now she is your bride:
And when that from this land you're gone
May she be still your pride.

May the God of heaven bless you both
with peace and prosperity
To dwell away on America's coast
In love and unity.

Remember the time is drawing nigh
When you must bid adieu
To this your native country
And those you love so true.

And when that you're far from this land,
Perhaps you'll think on me:
As long as I shall draw my breath
I will remember thee.

Then fare thee well, my comrade dear,
The truth to you I'll tell:
The nations they begin to fear
When Mormons say farewell.

Then till we again meet accept my love
For it shall never die
No time nor change shall mar its trace
When far beyond the sky.

Then may that God that reigns above
Grant you many faithful be,
And get safe home to Zion's land,
And be saved eternally.

Then farewell to you and your dear wife,
 May the Lord you forever bless:
 To dwell in Zion's fair and holy land
 In truth and righteousness.

And when that we again shall meet -
 The time I cannot tell -
 Though now I must conclude this piece
 And at present say farewell.

And we bid our fathers, mothers, relations and friends farewell and started out for Liverpool, about the 15th of February, 1855, calling on and spending the night each with my wife's sister and aunt, and arrived in Liverpool about the 20th and arriving there late in the evening, we went direct to emigrant's home, where we found a large number of Saints who were to sail with us, had already arrived. The ship on which we were to sail was not yet loaded and those who had money stayed on land and those who had none had to go on the ship and live until it was loaded and ready to sail, and we were among the latter. When we were ready to sail, Franklin D. Richards, who was presiding over the Saints in the European Mission came on board and bid us God speed on our voyage and said "Although we might be dismasted or our ship lose its rudder, we should land safely at our destination." As the Steamer came to tow us out to sea many of us went on deck and joined in singing the hymn on page 241 of the Latter-day Saints Hymn book: Yes my native land I love thee, all thy scenes I love them well, Friends, connections, Happy country, Can I bid you all farewell? Can I leave thee, for in distance lands to dwell.

Then as we were being towed along by the steamer and many of us looking back on the land of our birth for the last time, we sang the hymn on page 239, in the same book. The gallant ship is under way, To bear us off to sea, and yonder floats the steamer gay that says she waits for me, etc. We were now on the old American packet ship Siddons, bound for Philadelphia, Pa., and we set sail on the last day of February, 1855; it was a lovely day with a fair wind. In the afternoon we saw in the distance that beautiful Emerald Isle, the home of the Shamrock and Ivy so green. As night came on, the wind rose and the old ship pitched and surged, and a good many were sea sick before morning, among them was my wife who was very sick and she continued very sick. We were overtaken by a very heavy south wind and were driven out of our course to the north, and storm raged but when the wind did cease, it was a dead calm, not enough wind to steady a sail, and the sea rolled mountains high. My wife had been very sick all the time we had been sailing and for the first time I took her on deck alone, all the time til then, two of us had to assist her up, and as soon as we got on the deck, the old ship shipped

very heavy sea, about filling the decks with water and swam both of us bumping back and fore, until a young man named Hector McQuarrie rushed to our assistance. Whether the salt water was the cause or not, I cannot tell, but she continued to improve from that time on until she was nearly well when we landed. One night when the wind was blowing we were all aroused, by the guard between decks, giving the alarm that water was in the ship and it was thought that the ship had sprung a leak below water mark. So sufficient male passengers were placed on deck to man the pumps, and all other were ordered below and the hatchways fastened down, and there was great excitement among the passengers. Then all was in commotion, the second mate, who was very rough man, both in language and actions, opened the hatchway, and, at the top of his voice shouted, "The ship is sinking and we are all going to hell together!"

Apostle John Taylor met us at the dock as also quite a number of the Latter-day Saints, who took us to their homes and bade us welcome. But we will have to go back to the dock where we took off our luggage. While we were on the dock a long line of us, a man came along inquiring for a young man and his wife that would like to hire out on a farm and as I had heard so many of our brethren answer "yes" I came to the conclusion that he did not want any one, but he finally came to me and asked the same question and I also answered "yes."

He asked me if I had a wife and I said I had and introduced her to him. He then asked if I had my recommend from any parties I had worked for. I told him I hadn't. He then said my wife was a very good recommend, and I believed him. He then asked us to go to a certain address, as his sister was staying there, and she wanted to hire a man and a woman to go out 30 miles on a farm and as we had no money to enable us to continue any farther west-ward we were thankful for the opportunity and accordingly we went to the place appointed and we made a bargain to go and work for \$15.00 a month and they furnish us bed and board. Apostle Taylor called a meeting of all the saints who were going to stay around there as also the saints who were living there and gave us a hearty welcome to the land of our choice and gave us some excellent council and then asked us, each and all, if we would be willing, if we were unable to get work or were sick, to agree to help each other. We all agreed that we would, and he blessed us in the name of the Lord, and then myself and wife started for our new home, by railroad, to Westchester, Chester County, Pennsylvania, 60 miles distant from where we had landed.

On our first railroad ride in America, the engine broke down and we were hindered sometime, but arrived at

our destination that evening and the next morning we started to work. My wife in the house to cook and do house work and myself on the farm, and although some of the work was entirely new to us, we gave good satisfaction, as we were determined to do, if it was in our power. At our first dinner there was meat and vegetables, fruit, butter and everything necessary to make a good common every day dinner, and to this was added what looked to me like a very nice yellow cake; and this I noticed some were eating with meat and vegetables and putting butter on it, and I had heard in the old country how extravagant the American people were in some things and I certainly thought this was the height of American extravagances in very deed, and, and they of course passed it to me. I said nothing but thought in my own mind a piece of it would be very nice, indeed, for a finish to a good meal; accordingly, when I had eaten all I needed, except, as I supposed, a small piece of this nice cake, I then took a piece of it; but lo, my surprise! for what I supposed was a beautiful cake when I tasted it was rough and coarse enough to be made out of saw dust, and then I saw at a glance, it needed both butter and meat and all the good things you could get to help it on its downward road. On inquiring afterwards of my wife what they called that saw dust affair she informed it was corn-dodger, of yellow corn, and you can rest assured that I certainly dodged it for a long while after that, but as time rolled on I found that I could eat a little of it, but am not a lover of it to this day. Before our first month was up, we received a letter from Philadelphia stating that some of our brethren and sisters were unable to get work and a few were sick, asking us to assist them. We drew what money we had already earned and cheerfully sent it to them, for the assistance of those in need. We continued to work on till 2 months was up and we became quite anxious to see some of our own faith and meet with them, we therefore obtained permission to go to Philadelphia, on Saturday evening and back on Monday morning, and we met with the saints in a sacrament meeting and had a feast in very deed and gave most of our wages to assist those in need, and returned to our labors, feeling well paid for our trouble and means. We stayed there till harvest. I then went to harvesting for other parties and received good wages and stayed in that part till August, and having saved \$80.00, we concluded to go to St. Louis and get that much nearer to the land of Zion, but on arriving at Philadelphia, it was considered best to stay there till spring, as it was understood that at that time there was considerable sickness in and around St. Louis. Not being able to obtain employment there we went down to Delaware and there found work, but soon took sick with the chills and fever and we then returned to Philadelphia, and were both very sick. We rented a room in a house where some of the saints were living and we both being sick and not able to wait on each other, our money soon went and we suffered a good deal that winter, and when my wife

could hardly move around I could not get out of bed she would bind shoes and anything else she could get to do, and thus earned our scanty living as she was at that time suffering with the chills and fever. At one time she was in bed with a very heavy chill, shaking the very room we were in, and elder John Newton came into the room and she asked him to administer to her which he did; and the chill stopped immediately and she started to gain strength but was very weak and I was gaining a little so that I was soon so far recovered that I would walk around. At this time we were very short of the comforts of life and endured many hardships, as a good many of the saints around there were in similar circumstances. When I was able to work, I obtained employment in the gas pipe works which was all new to me and in my weak condition it went very hard with me. In June we went to Dunbury in Northumberland County on the banks of the Susquehanna River, and there we worked, both of us, as before, for \$15.00 a month for a year, and on the 23 of July, 1857, our first child was born, in Sunbury, whom we called Esther Ann.

At this time those who professed to be Latter-day Saints were wisely counseled to be still about it as this was the time the Buchanan Army came to Utah to wipe out the Mormons, and a bitter feeling against the Latter-day Saints existed all over the country. The few meetings were held privately among ourselves and nothing was being done in proselyting on that account. Also at the same time a panic was all over the nation and business of every kind was very dull and it was hard to get employment, it being sometimes months that we had little or nothing to do. We moved to Ashland in Schuylkill County, where a few Latter-day Saints lived, to see if we could not better our condition. This was a coal mining district and the kind of labor usual at such business was new to me, so at last I concluded to start a butcher shop. Generally I purchased my meat ready dressed, and it was not long before I had a nice trade established, which assisted me considerably. During the Utah was the few families of Latter-day Saints who lived here held sacrament and testimony meetings and we always had good times, in each others' society, but of course we dare not let it be known that we held any meetings. On March 23, 1859, there was a son born in the town of Ashland, and he was christened William. About the middle of May we sold out our effects and went to Florence where the Saints were preparing to cross the plains and go to Salt Lake Valley, the gathering place of the saints. We arrived at Florence with about 300 pounds of clothing and other property and but very little money.

The latter end of May, 1859, we were in Florence, a place situated on the banks of the Missouri River, in connection with a number of Latter-day Saints preparing to cross the plains

with the Hand Cart Company. We often sang the Hand Cart song. A young man by the name of Frank Pitman took great pleasure in singing that song. We would sit around our camp fire, and he would sing it for any one who would ask him to, and it being new to most people, he was asked to sing it quite often.

We were finally provided with our carts and on a lovely afternoon in June we started out with our little all in our carts and traveled out four miles where we were to stop one day to be organized for our journey over the plains. In leaving Florence we had a little steep hill to pull up and this gave us a little insight to what we might expect when we came to the mountains. We arrived in camp and even four miles had its effect on one of our company, as quite a number were from the English Factories and knew nothing of the hardships they were now starting out to undergo. When we arrived I asked our little Frank, as he was by far the smallest man in the company, to sing the Hand Cart song, which he did, and quite a number joined in the chorus. We stayed one day and was organized, with George Rowley as our captain. We had one wagon and two yoke of oxen for the use of the captain's family, five wagons and ten yoke of cattle to haul part of our provisions, as also to accomodate those who might be sick and some freight, 60 carts, 235 souls, about 75 of them were men, the others women and children. On the 10th of June, 1859, having rested one day we made a regular start for the plains and traveled 20 miles, and the most of us were tired when we camped at night, and some were already getting foot sore. Again we asked our little brother Frank to sing the Hand Cart song, but he very reluctantly complied, and I think this was the last time he ever sang it, and there were less who joined in the chorus than before.

The next day we made about 22 miles and a good many of our feet were sore and a number had their feet blistered and we were all tired, indeed. One brother more hardy than many others, asked our little Frank to again sing the Hand Cart song, and me thinks I now see him stamp his little feet and wring his hands and yell at the top of his voice, saying "I will never sing it again," and I think he kept his word. We traveled on and came to large streams of water as the snows were melting very fast, in the distance hills, and we had to wade and carry our children, and some of us, also carried our wives across the streams, and pull our carts through, and thus we traveled on, four or five days, till captain believed we were in a country where there were plenty of buffalo, so we camped for a day in order to hunt for buffalo. There was a grove of timber along a stream, not far off, and our hunters started out. Their outfit consisted of six shot guns and a few pistols, and we traveled on shanks ponies, but of this, I need not say much, only then I saw

parties from other camps who were well provided with rifles, ammunition, and good horses, I could but laugh at our folly in attempting to hunt buffalo on foot and with such an out fit as that which we had, but we had the best we could procure, under circumstances, and it was all we had to either hunt with or protect ourselves from the red men of the plains, who, in those days, were not very pleasant companions.

It was not very long ere we arrived at a place called Genoa, which consisted of a few dugouts and one small house. There were more mosquitoes at this place than I had ever saw at one time before. There were two men there, with their wives, and each man had a yoke of oxen, a wagon and two or three cows, and they asked the privilege to travel with the hand cart company. As emigrant trains with ox teams were traveling our way every week or ten days I thought it rather strange that they desired to travel with us, but the first night we camped, revealed the secret. They milked their cows, then with their milk and measure went from cart to cart to sell their milk, and the result was that what little money the people did possess, they soon had the most of it. Then they offered to let the people have a few pints of milk and take various articles of jewelry, as security, for a short time, but made so short that they knew the time would expire before they would arrive at Salt Lake City, and thus they became the possessors of many valuable articles. Perhaps you would like to know what became of these two men, who called themselves Latter-day Saints.

One of them was named Cockroft, the same that shot and killed a good Latter-day Saint, in Salt Lake City, whose name was Brown, about the year 1861 or 1862, for which he was executed. The other was named Richardson and he died a few years after he arrived here leaving his wife in the 10th ward of Salt Lake City, a miserable wretch.

We must now return to the plains where we left our carts, 120 miles off our journey. After traveling about 80 miles farther, we came to Woodriver. Here we found a few more dugouts, and we had to build a bridge over the water which, however, was narrow, so that we cut trees that were close by and soon accomplished that task. Here I traded off some of my little valuables and purchased an old shot gun and a little ammunition and with this addition to our means of defense we again started on our journey, and traveled one day and came to the only water for about 20 miles, and camped. Here were a large body of Sioux Indian warriors, said to be about 600, the first band of Indians most of us had seen. They demanded flour and bacon from our captain, and we were all, including our captain, so

badly scared that they got what they asked for, namely; 3 sacks of flour and one of bacon, and also other provisions. This was in a prairie country where you could see as far as the eye could discern, and we could see great numbers of buffaloes feeding. Some of the Indians mounted their horses and killed a buffalo and brought the meat to our camp and traded it to our people, in small pieces, for sugar, coffee, tobacco and other things. At night we put on a double guard and longed for morning to dawn, as we were filled with fear. It was a dark night and we dare not make fires for fear it would give the Indians a good opportunity to see us, so we remained in the dark and drew our carts closer together than at other times. Some went to bed and when all was perfectly still, we were startled by one of the most unearthly noises we had ever heard, not far from our camp. It was the Indians, some of whom had made their way to our camp without our hearing a sound of any kind, and yet we had been listening and watching very carefully. Two of them had on buckskin suits that were covered with bells and it was curious how they came in without being noticed. They sang, jumped, and made night hideous indeed to us, and in the mischief they knocked down one of our tents while it was full of people, which made them scream and yell, and it was a time with us long to be remembered, for we thought they were having one of their war dances which we had heard of and supposed it would not be long before we would be doomed to die, as they could see our situation and had proposed to take advantage of it. It was, indeed, a pleasure to us to see day light the next morning. We hastened on our journey as soon as daylight did arrive, hoping to be free from them, but lo, our trouble was not at an end, for we had not gone over a mile or two, when a number of the natives came just as fast as they could ride, with their long hair floating in the air behind them, and shouting like demons, and they rode up beside our carts and threw their lassoes to us and showed us that they wanted us to tie them onto the carts, and where there were young women at the carts they seemed determined to tie their ropes to the carts; and thus they followed us and tormented us for hours, and thus our first Indian experience was a terror to us in very deed; and we in our very souls desired that that band of Indians would be the last we would be troubled with. For awhile they had their own fun.

We were now between two and three hundred miles on our journey and our very hard work gave us keen appetites and we had used up a good deal more of our provisions than the distance we had traveled justified, and although our provisions were rationed out to us, yet we had our minds set that we would make the journey in much less time than we had provisions

for, as we had 70 pounds of flour for each person, which was one pound a day for ten weeks. When we would receive flour days rations, some would eat it in two days and then plead for more, and we all know that no man with a soul in him could deny them, so they would get a little more, and in all this we had a little merriment. We had with us some young men who had worked on farms in England and were large overgrown fellows with keen appetites, who would eat the most of their flour as a rule in half the time, and then they would say they would make starch to stick their ribs together, but this soon ended, as it became too serious to be fun any longer, for we all had to make our rations hold out its time, and thus we began to suffer, but the time we were between three and four hundred miles on our journey and we could not hunt as every one had to pull his cart, and we had four persons to a cart, and myself and wife; two small children, one only three months old, and the other under two years of age, when we started on the plains, thus we had only two of us to pull our cart, and we had a very hard time to pull it and our two children, but the Lord blessed us thus far remarkably, and now when our provisions were very short as we were traveling along I saw a sheep on the prairie, yet I started out, and at the same time I offered up a fervent prayer to my Heavenly Father and asked Him to assist me, and the Lord really heard my prayer, and the consequence was, it was not long before I was back to my cart, having the sheep with me, and it proved to be a very fair mutton. Thus the Lord heard and answered my prayer and gave us the meat we so much needed, and I gave thanks to Him for this great blessing to us in this time of need. As our provisions were not of the kind to give us proper strength to perform our arduous labor, many of us became very weak and the consequence was that some would get behind, but at evening the willing ones would go and assist them to camp. We were more or less scattered, on this account, and some would be away from camp all night. The Lord blessed me with good health, but my wife's health about this time, began to fail, she having a nursing babe, under three months old when we started. As my wife and I were all we had to pull our cart, her failing health made it exceedingly hard for us indeed. This is the year that the Pikes Peak Mines were discovered, at what is now known as the city of Denver, Colorado, and a great many adventurers were rushing for the mines. A company of them passed us at this time, being well provided with horses and rifles to hunt with. They were ahead of us and they killed a very large buffalo. They took one quarter of it and covered up the three quarters carefully with the hide, and put up a notice that read, "This is for the Hand-carts." We found it in very good condition and it was divided out, giving us from one to two pounds each. Although we were in the midst of buffalo,

this was the only good mess of ~~fresh meat~~ of this kind that we had obtained for, as I have before stated, we had neither horses nor other means to obtain it. Here the little book that our captain had called a guide over the plains, proved to be very unreliable and at times led us astray. In proof of this, one day we had traveled about twenty miles and come to a beautiful spring of water, about four o'clock in the afternoon, and the Captain said we need not take any water with us, as we would come to another spring four miles farther on, where we could camp for the night. As we had two small children we took a bottle of water with us. It was a lovely moonlight night and we traveled on until many of us could travel no longer, without finding any water. It was near midnight, so we pulled our carts out of the road and laid our tired bodies down to rest till daylight should dawn, ~~when we started again on our journey, having had neither supper nor breakfast,~~ and most of the company having had no water since leaving the spring before mentioned. It was near mid-day when we reached the spring spoken of as being four miles distant, and it was nearer thirty miles. When we arrived there we were tired and hungry, so we stayed there until the next morning. We started on and came to a patch of wild peas, where we stopped and all hands went to gathering them. We cooked and ate until we were satisfied. With the exception of being a little strong, they were very palatable. Of course, they were smaller than our common garden peas, but not having had any kind of vegetables for some time, they tasted so good, we ate too freely of them and they produced a disease bordering on an epidemic, which made us still weaker. The next night we came to a large spring which ran down to a low place and formed a small lake, on which was a large flock of ducks. I took my old gun and started off for a duck. The grass was five or six inches high and I moved slowly along to get a good position to shoot, without scaring the game, and just as I was ready to crack away at the ducks a huge rattle snake bobbed up right in front of me, ready to spring on me. This was not an enviable position, and in order to save myself I shot the snake instead of the ducks. The report of the gun scared the ducks away, and that ended my duck shooting. I returned to camp, to find it all in commotion, and the cry of all were "snakes" and we found the whole country alive with them.

On account of so many snakes, our only show was to take what water we could, and hurry away from the place, leaving the snakes, as they were the prior claimants, to enjoy their fine abode in peace. The weather at this time of the year was warm and soon as we stopped our carts at night we would spread down a quilt or blanket and put the

little ones on it, in the shade of our carts, that they might get a breath of fresh air, after being under cover in our carts all day. That was what was done at the aforementioned place, but soon as the children were placed on the quilt here came the snakes out from the grass, and crawled over and around the children, and a scream would ring through the air, first from one and then from another, which made it quite an exciting time, indeed. We breathed much more freely when we were away from the grass and snakes, and we were thankful that nobody was harmed by them.

The following day we had a long journey without water, and at night we came to a good sized creek. I saw at a glance that by thus camping, it would give us a cold bath the first thing in the morning with wet clothes to travel in. So, true to my John Bull stubbornness, I raised an argument in favor of crossing the stream that night, but the captain said the order must be obeyed. So I picked up my wife and set her on the other side of the creek and then carried our children to her. I then took over our cart. Soon as the captain saw we were over, he rode over and ordered us back, but I told him I would not go back. He said he would fetch some men and take us back. Accordingly he rode back and while he was trying to get men to help him fetch us back, lo, three or four more carts came over, and this raised a rumpus which finally ended in the whole train moving over to the zionward side of the stream that night. We traveled all the way up the River Platt, on the north side, as it was too high for us to cross. When we were about opposite Chimney Rock, my wife became very weak and had a very hard time to get along, and when we camped at night she was quite sick. I did all I could to assist her, and in the morning I tried to get her into one of the wagons to ride, but in this I failed, as the teamsters said they were all full. So we started on to pull our cart. Although the road here was very good, through her being so sick and weak, it was not long before we were behind the train, and when she got so she could pull no longer, I told her to hold on behind the cart, which she did until she fell on the ground exhausted.

We had in our company some old experienced fisherman who had heard good deal about the Platt River and the fish that were in it, and before we arrived there they would tell what they would do as fishing when they arrived there, as they were well prepared with hooks and lines, but when they started to fish they found to their sorrow, that they could not catch a fish. Whether there were any fish there or not I do not know; but this I do know, our brethren were sorely disappointed and hung down their heads in sorrow, for at this time our whole living was but a pint of flour and a small amount of bacon, which was allowed to each person for a day's ration.

and they expected to have some fish to help out the food supply. One night when we camped a company of those apostates camped near us and some of them came over to talk with us. I got into conversation with one man who was quite reasonable in his conversation. He said he had been in Salt Lake City two years and when he arrived there he had not got a dollar, and he had a wife and family to provide for. He had worked for Brigham Young but was now on his way back. Although they said we could not make a living there, during the two years of his sojourn in the valleys he had provided for his family and now had a wagon and a yoke of oxen and provisions enough to carry him and his family back over a 1000 mile journey. I asked him if he had ever known that the gospel was true? He said yes and he had that testimony yet. I told him to be sure and not speak against the Lord nor his people and also be sure not to forget to pray and to keep that testimony always; and the day would come when he would return again to Zion. A very few years after he told me my words had been the cause of his coming back as he had kept them continually on his mind.

We next came to a trading post, and there were quite a number of Indians present, men, women and children, and as our past experience with that class of people had been of that nature that made us dread the sight of them, we hastened from the place as speedily as possible, only to be filled with fear before the day had closed. As we heard them singing, their unwelcome noise was more like howling wolves than the welcome voice of human beings to us. We were very thankful that they kept out of our sight for they did not come to us and we were well satisfied that they did not see us, either, or their curiosity would have brought them to look at us, as the sight of the Handcarts brought Indians, traders, and all classes of people that were on the plains, to look at the oddity of the outfit, as it was a rarity in very deed, and but few such sights have been witnessed.

In traveling up the valley of the Platt for hundreds of miles, in those days, there was one very peculiar feature that I never saw anywhere else to the same extent and we were often times deceived by it. Of course, it was caused by the clearness of the atmosphere. The peculiarity was that objects many miles away would appear to be very nearby. On account of the river having many long turns, the road would be 5 to 10 miles from the river, and sometimes even more, and when the road was first laid out, cut-offs were resorted to in every instance possible through the Platt Valley, so that the road was shorter at the river, and we would camp at a bend in the river that came near the road and we could look straight across to the next bend with its timber and the captain would say "We camp tonight at that point yonder," and it really

looked as though it was not more than 4 or 5 miles distant but lo! we would travel all day, going from 20 to 30 miles before we would reach the point that we saw in the morning, which looked so nearby. Even at noon, we could look toward the river and it would seem so close that some would start to go and get some water to use, but if they continued on, they could see the train start and they would have to take a cut across to catch the train. The river ran east and west and we were traveling on the north side of it, and as we are now camped on the banks of the Platt about 400 miles on our journey, let us take a look at our condition. We left Florence with 70 pounds of flour for each adult. It was put up in sacks of 100 pounds each, and all the 60 carts had one of the sacks in it, and all the carts that had four adults to pull it, which was about half of them, had two sacks put into them, thus 90 sacks of flour was put into the carts, and about the same amount was placed in the wagons, and all the flour that was in the wagons had been used and that which was in the carts had been taken out and placed into the wagons and about half of that had been used, at this time, so that we have about one-fourth of our flour on hand and have only traveled 400 out of 1000 miles of our journey. Knowing this to be the case, I knew we were in a critical condition. We broke camp from this place, traveled a short distance and met a small company going east. We traveled on and in the evening when we camped, one lady whose name was Wilson, and who was a widow, having two sons, was missing and could not be found among the company.

One of Mrs. Wilson's sons was married and had a family of his own. Her two sons and some others went back to look for the missing lady and continued their search until late at night without finding her. Next morning quite a number went back to look for her and camp laid over again that day, making good use of the time, washing their clothes. Toward evening the searchers returned without obtaining any tidings of Sister Wilson, and she had not returned to where we met the small company traveling east, but they found a pair of old shoes set by side of the road and her sons said they belonged to their mother. So the two sons and those who were with them, came to the conclusion that she had gone back with that company, and had set the old shoes beside the road that they might be found and thus her family would know she had gone back. This was the report that the searchers gave. We now continued our journey, and traveled for three days, and near the close of the third day we found Sister Wilson sitting beside the road with her shoes on, patiently waiting our arrival.

When Mrs. Wilson was found she told the following story concerning the troubles she had passed through during her

absence from the train. She saw some wagon tracks turn off from the main road and supposed they would come to the road again, thinking that it was a cut-off. She followed those tracks until she lost her way entirely, and wandered on until late at night, when she found some men camped in a tent, who had a number of horses herding. They gave her something to eat, and while she was eating they talked all manner of meanness and what they would do with her until she was nearly scared to death. They were drinking and gambling. Finally one young man made signs to her and got her to go out and he soon followed her. He put her on a horse with him and rode off with her a distance and put her on a road that led to another camp where, he told her, she would be safe, she she would also be much nearer the road and also quite a distance on her journey. She took his advice and found the place as described and also kind people who fed her and kept her until they could see the train from where they were camped and then put her on the road. Thus, the Lord has preserved her, fed her and returned her safely to her family. She arrived safely in Salt Lake City with her family, and lived principally in that place until her death, which occurred about the year 1893, she being over 90 years of age.

As we arrived one evening on the Platt, near Fort Laramie, the captain called a meeting of all the people and told us our true condition, that our provisions were very low, and asked us if we were willing to go on half rations. One man rose up and said he was glad that the captain had asked this of us, as he knew the Lord would bless the half of us and we would feel better than we would on full rations. But I knew he had been begging all the way, for the captain to give him a little more flour, and his rations never lasted from one ration to another, and as the captain had been very liberal to him, I was of the opinion that he thought this liberality would continue, but ~~we were~~ mistaken this time. We agreed that as our provisions were so very short best we could of the little we had left. So at the next day's rationing, we received a pint of flour for two of us instead of one for a day's ration, and a very small amount of bacon.

We traveled on and came to a very large bed of the kind of ~~cactus~~ generally known as ~~prickley pear~~, and we tried many ways to cook them so we could eat them. Some took the last morsel of bacon they had, peeled the prickley pears and fried them, others peeled and boiled them, while others placed in the fire and roasted them, but all to no purpose. Some did eat a very little of them, but it was a failure in general. Our next day's ration came, one pint of flour for two of us, per day, as before, and by this time we were all hungry, indeed, and we were all alike, and there

our next ration day there was little, indeed, in the wagons, and so we received 1 pint of flour for four of us a day, instead of two, as formerly and we were now in a sorrowful condition. Children crying for bread and parents not able to supply them. We traveled on as best we could; hungry and weary, we came to a spring in a small grove of timber. We stopped our cart and happened to look into a tree and saw a ~~large sage hen~~. I took out my old gun and shot it and had enough for several good meals, and thus the Lord had blessed us above the remainder of our brethren and sisters. We traveled on until nearly sundown, when we came to a small creek, where we intended to camp for the night, but soon as we stopped, here came a ~~large band~~ of Indians, men, women and children.

Some of our company had their knives, forks, spoons, etc., on the ground eating their scanty morsels and when the Indians came up to us they gathered around and would steal different articles right from before our face and eyes, and it seemed as though they were witches in very deed, for no matter how many watched them they would steal everything they could touch that was small enough to cover up. Although we had traveled a good day's journey and it was then nearly sun down, in the long days of July, and 16 miles to the next water, yet we decided to travel on. This time the captain had the hand carts to go first and the wagons follow. When the Indians saw us start out, they got mad and did all they could to hinder or stop us. Some rode their horses in front of us, some on each side and some behind. They did not shoot, but they did almost everything else they could even throwing lassoes at us, and kept up quite a confusion and annoyed us for several miles. When we arrived at the sweet water that night it was about midnight and we were tired and hungry and nothing more to eat that night, as our day's ration had been eaten at the other place where we stopped. We camped there for the night and next day we traveled but a short day's journey to the Devil's Gate. At this place was a young man who had parted with his sweetheart the year before, and she and her parents were in our company, but he did not know it; but like many others, came out to see the novelty of the hand carts, and, to his surprise, soon ~~met his sweetheart, face to face~~. Her parents at once made arrangements for a marriage and our captain performed the ceremony, which made the twain one flesh. While this was going on and our company stopping on the bank of the stream, I noticed two strangers walking around from one cart to another and at length they came to my cart and stopped and to my surprise one of them called me by my name. They were two men who had lived in the same place that I had left only a few months before. They left one year before I did to go to California, but had found profitable employment at that place and stopped. About the first thing they said

was that they understood we were out of provisions. I told them we were. One of them said "We are keeping a station there in that house," at the same time pointing to a house a short distance away, and said, "You come with us," and turning to my wife said, "We will send you something to eat." I very gladly accepted the invitation, and on entering the house he asked the cook if he had anything cooked and was told he had. Then they told him to give me what he had cooked and then to bake and cook some more bread and meat as quick as possible. He told me to take what was already cooked over to my wife and children, and not stop to eat any of it but to come right back and they would soon have some more ready for me. I obeyed with thankfulness to them as also to my Heavenly Father for thus providing for my family in this our great time of need. I returned and in a short time was sitting at the table on which was a loaf of bread about two inches thick and 14 or 15 inches across, baked in round campers bake oven and a good sized frying pan full of fresh fried buffalo meat. I having a keen appetite, in my inmost soul, thanked my Heavenly Father for this blessing and I asked him to bless it to my good, and started to eat in earnest. I did not stop until I ate the whole of it. We stayed here three days, and while we were there our company were starving and I and my family were feasting, and some of our company said I was eating with the Gentiles and going to the Devil. Although they said I was going to the Devil, they would gladly accept even a small morsel that we could give them. When we left that place, the two men before mentioned gave us some provisions to take with us, so again the Lord had in his goodness, provided for me and my family. Our company were in a starving condition and we divided most of what we had with them. One night while the guards were taking out the cattle to herd, it being moonlight, one of the guards who had a gun, smelled the fumes from a dead animal, and looking around saw it, and also saw what he supposed to be a wild animal eating it, so he raised his gun and was about to fire, when one of our brethren raised up. He was so near starving that he was glad to even get a bit of stale meat from a dead animal. The man who had the gun could hardly contain himself, in thinking how near he came to shedding the blood of one of our brethren. We traveled on until we came to the Pacific Spring. As was my common custom, I started out in the morning ahead of the company so as not to be behind at night, and soon after I started out, the road forked and I got on what I supposed was the right road, but I traveled on until nearly noon, and yet saw no signs of the company. About this time two men came along on horseback and told us we were on the wrong road and that the company had gone on, and it would take us till night to back to where the roads fork. They said if we would take pains and follow their instructions they would direct us to where there is a very dim track that

would lead us to the Little Sandy, but we would have to travel for about 2 miles through large sage brush and it would be hard to pull our cart through, and there was no water until we reached the Sandy, which would be the middle of the next day. We followed their directions and found the way as they had described it to us, but arrived at the little Sandy about the middle of the forenoon, having camped ourselves without food or water. We stopped in a small patch of timber which was on both banks of the stream, and in looking on the opposite side I saw a large bear, but a short distance from us, the river being not more than 20 feet wide at this point. The land on that side was narrow, with banks from 10 to 20 feet high, the floods having taken the soil away at some former time. I took out my old shot-gun but bruin wheeled and made for the bank to where there was an opening like a large door, into this he walked and we saw him no more, for which we were exceedingly thankful.

After resting and refreshing ourselves with the small amount of food we had, we again started on our journey. We crossed the stream and ascended to the bench, when lo, but a few miles distant were the hand carts and we met them at the Big Sandy. When the handcart people arrived at Big Sandy, they were in a starving condition but here a scene transpired which I never shall forget. At this place was a mail station. There were three or four mountaineers and traders, a Stage driver and mail agent at the station, being 6 or 8 men in all, with more whiskey in them than good sound sense, and when the hand cart people came to the stream and stopped to get water, two of those men stepped out of the house and yelled, "We want to get a wife; who wants to marry?" To our great surprise two of our young women stepped out and said they would marry them. One of those young women had a lover in our company and they had always appeared affectionate and kind to each other, but alas! their starving condition seemed to drive all natural feelings away from them, and all the persuasion we could bring to bear on the subjects could not change their minds and to go on with us to the Valleys, so there were two weddings celebrated that day in their mountaineer style. Before we leave these girls, we will follow them for a few years, as we know the reader will be anxious to know some of their future career. One of the girls persuaded her husband to go to Salt Lake City, and I saw her there often, for a number of years, although her husband did not join the church. They seemed to get along together nicely, for all that the other girl, after she had stayed with her husband a few months, he sent her to Salt Lake City, but whether she ever saw him anymore after that, I do not know. But one thing I do know, that between two and three years after the lovers parted on the plains, almost frantic and wild, they were again reconciled, and he in his mercy and love forgave her all, and they were

married. The first 6 or 7 years of their married life was spent in peace and love, as far as I could see, and they lived in the 10th Ward in Salt Lake City, and when I was called to come to the Dixie Mission they were the parents of 3 smiling children. The twain were striving to do all the good they could, and I for one could only say "Peace be with you," for although I saw her fail, I also saw the circumstances which caused it and knew that God is merciful.

After those men had made everything satisfactory to themselves about their marriage with the two girls spoken of, one of them asked if there was a butcher in the camp, I told him I was a butcher, and he said he wanted a beef killed. I told them I was on hand and asked them to give my wife something to eat while I was dressing the beef. They gave her and our child all they could eat, and they gave me a loaf of bread and quite a large piece of meat for my work. Our train had gone and it was nearly sundown when we were ready to start, and we traveled until late at night and we ~~again camped alone on the plains;~~ but this time we were more fortunate having already had a good meal, and we had sufficient water with us. We sincerely thanked God for again thus providing for us, and although we were in an Indian country, and nearly every white man we saw were the avowed enemies of the Mormon people; we were not afraid, but lay down and took sweet rest. In the morning, after partaking of a good meal of beef and bread, we again labored in pulling our cart, and when we came to Green River; we found the train had crossed and gone; and we were alone on its banks. We looked at the river, and I said to my wife "We cannot cross this river alone." She said "No, but the Lord will help us over." At these words my heart seemed to leap for joy, and I said, "yes, he surely will," and we arranged our children and other things in the cart, and then knelt down on the ground, in all humbleness, and in the sincerity of our souls we told our Heavenly Father that we were doing all in our power to keep his commandments to gather to the land of Zion and now we had come to this river, and we could not cross it alone, and we knew that all power was in his hand, and we relied on him to assist us over. We started into the stream, and as we did so we could see the deep water just ahead of us, and the next step we expected to step into the deep water, but when we took that step, the deep water was still ahead, and thus it was all the way across, and to our surprise we had not wet the axle tree of our cart, and were truly thankful to our Heavenly Father that we landed on the other bank in safety. After traveling a few miles down the river, we found our company in a nice bend of the river. The scene that next met our gaze was heart rendering in the extreme - children begging their parents to give them something to eat, but they had nothing to give them, and they were sad and down-cast. It was

indeed a sorrowful sight, to behold, and it seemed that all human feelings had left the people. We borrowed a large camp kettle and cut up the beef we had and boiled it thoroughly and divided it out to the sisters who had children, as far as it would go. Men came around, and really shed tears, and begged for a little soup, but we could not give them any as we did not have enough for all. When night came, the usual prayer meeting was neglected and the people looked just what they were downcast and sad in very deed, with no kind word for each other or their children. The next morning I was called on by the captain to kill one of the work oxen for the people to eat. It was quite poor, but as fast as we took off the hide a piece of it was cut loose, and some one would grab it and roast and eat it, and everything was eaten up clean, but now came a very difficult task. I was to divide the beef, which was far more bone than meat, so that each one would have an equal portion, but I did the best I could and gave general satisfaction in this regard. When we started on the plains about 50 of our company were Scandinavians whose language was strange to the English speaking people and the language of the English speaking people were strange to them, but one could easily tell that we were all of the same faith. Among the Scandinavians was a man between 30 and 40 years of age, well built, on whom nature had lavished many good qualities. He was full of life and vigor, doing all in his power to make himself agreeable and useful, so let us follow him. At first we see him pulling his cart, and as soon as his cart is landed over a stream or up a hill he hastens back to assist others who are needing aid. We soon see him foot sore and weary but still he perseveres in every way that his strength will allow. A few days later we see him with the tops of his shoes cut to ease his feet which are now festered and raw, as he was not used to traveling this way, and he is no longer able to pull his cart. Do you ask "Does he ride in the wagon?" Oh, no, although none more deserving than he, but we see him rise early in the morning, take his small cake and bottle of water, and a stick and start out and hobble along as long as he can, rest awhile and then start on again, and would get to camp as best he can. When he did not get to camp some kind soul would go back and meet him, thus the days and weeks passed by until we find him without shoes, his feet a mass of sores and tied up in rags to keep them off the ground, and thus he travels until he is altogether unlike the man he was when he started on the plains. At last in looking around camp I failed to find him, and nobody can tell of his whereabouts and what became of him we know not, but one thing we do know that his life was spent in doing good as long as his strength lasted and whatever his end was his reward will be great in the Kingdom of Heaven.

We were now only ten miles from where the U.S. soldiers wintered two years before, when the well known Buchannon Army came to wipe out the Mormons, and the hatred that was in the hearts of mountaineers, herders, and traders in general was so intense, that they would tell us that to starve to death was too good for us and that they would rather see us in hell than they would to feed us. We started on traveling along by the side of the river 8 or 10 miles, in traveling along an aged sister Jarvis by name, was walking along by the side of the road until she could walk no farther, and she sit down and gave two or three heavy sighs, and her spirit departed. We buried her by the wayside and traveled on but a short distance when another sister, her name was Shanks, came to my wife and said "Sister, the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum was nothing to compare to this," and it was a very easy matter to see that she was very weak, indeed, and unless she got immediate relief from some source she could not endure the hardships but a very short time. We soon came to the mail station, where there was also a store kept, but we could get no assistance from either as the men that kept them had nothing but curses for the Latter-day Saints. This was only a very short distance from where the two government wagons were burned, that belonged to the Buchannon Army. And I visited one of them and most of the irons of the wagons still lay on the ground but shortly afterwards were hauled to Salt Lake City, where some of the heavy wagon tires were converted into molasses mills, and some of them at this writing in 1896 are in good condition and are still used every fall to good purpose in pressing the cane from which a good article of molasses are made in the vicinity of St. George.

At the mail station referred to a man came to our train and said he wanted to hire more men to mow hay. I agreed to stay, and he let us have a very little provision for my family and went out a few miles and worked a few days and here I helped to put up the coarsest hay I ever saw put in a stack, I had helped in other places to up up flags, and rushes, and some very large canes for hay, but here I helped to cut down cottonwood trees by the dozen and the trees, limbs, and all from one to two feet through were piled up 8 or 10 feet high. The hay was then stacked around and on top of the pile of wood and brush, and the whole was called hay. I found out that those men had a contract to furnish a certain amount of hay for the U.S. Government, and the hay was stacked in the manner above stated, and the whole measured as soon as the stack was completed. Thus, these men who so despised the Mormons for not being true to the government, showed their loyalty to this same government, that they made such great pretentions to be true to, and to defend against these rebellious Mormons, but these pretended honest citizens of this great and glorious Government would rob the U.S. at every opportunity. This is

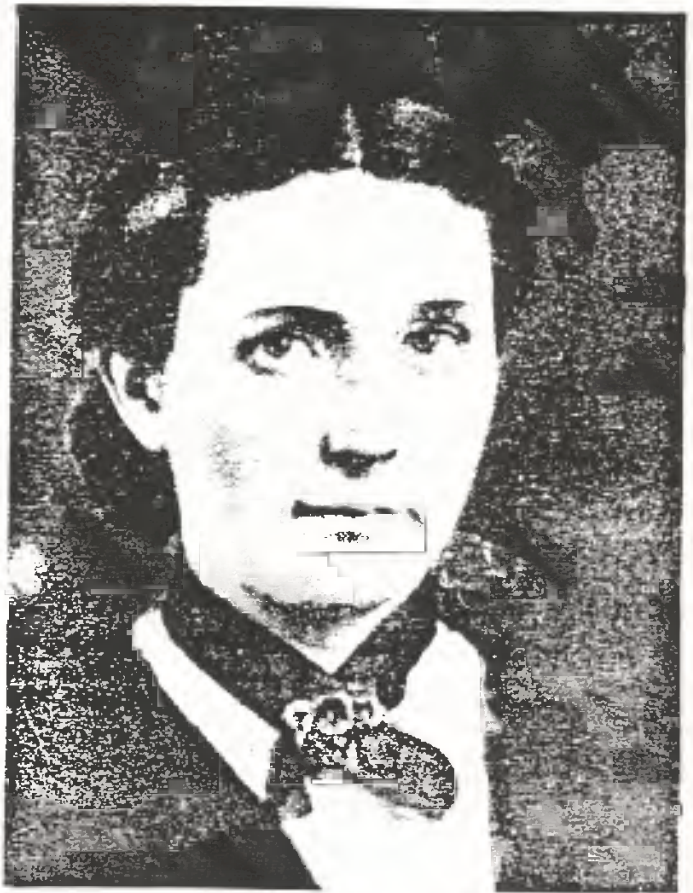
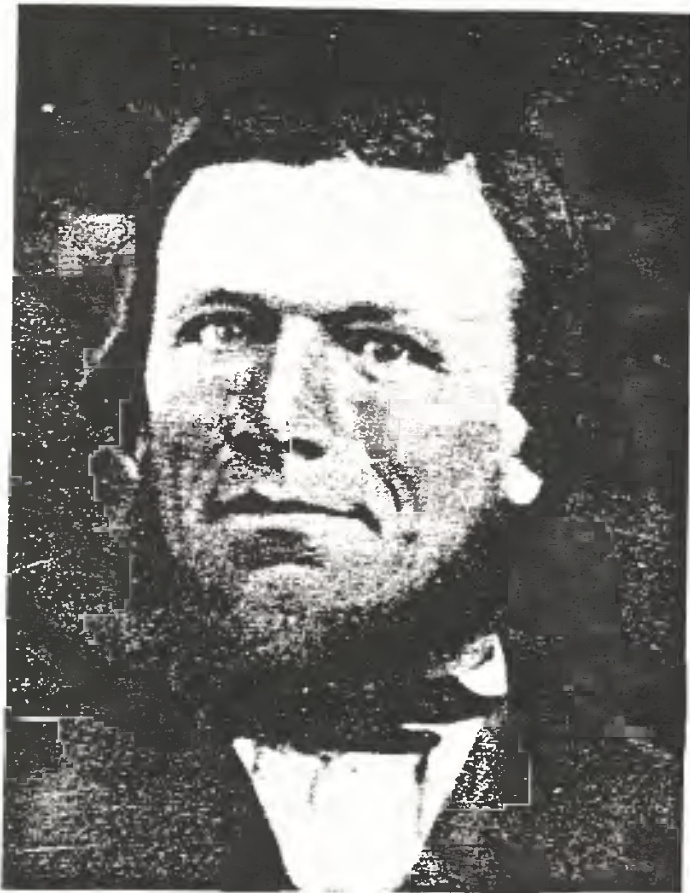
the kind of example that they set before strangers who had just left the land of their birth, and came to what they had been taught was "The land of the free and the home of the brave." Where every citizen was an interested party and should always be on hand to protect the property of this great Government, as he would his own personal property. But alas! alas! here we found ourselves surrounded on every hand by a set of men without a particle of honest principle in them, and we called to mind the saying: "Oh consistency, thou are a jewel." We will now follow the hand cart train which traveled on that day to Hams Fork, and this same Sister Shanks spoken of being unable to keep up with the carts was left behind, and the next day was found mostly eaten by wolves. Whether she died or was killed by the wolves we never knew. Her husband who was very weak at the time also died before reaching the Salt Lake Valley. At Hams Ford a time of rejoicing was had, as at that place they were met with provisions from Salt Lake City, and the people were fed. Although a few had got down to such a weak state of body that they never recovered, but lingered on for a time and passed away and were numbered with those who have laid their bodies down for the Gospel's sake. Before leaving the hand carts, one thing I wish to state, we learned each other's character and formed ties of friendship that will last forever, and saw the hand of the Lord manifest for our especial benefitting many ways on this hard and tiresome journey over the plains, and when cast down with hunger, fatigue and all looked dark and dreary, then that kind spirit that none but God can give comforted us in our deep distress. We continued to look forward to the land for which we were toiling hard to reach, and we were blessed above many of our companions on this journey, as the Lord provided for us in the manner before referred to for which we truly thank him.

Myself and my family stopped at Green River for ten weeks, and for two weeks some member of our handcart company kept coming along, and we helped them as we could. During our sojourn at Green River we procured provisions and a gentle ox. I made shafts to our cart, hitched up our ox and started on our way for the land of our choice, with plenty to eat and our hearts cheerful. We had traveled but two days when our ox took sick and we were obliged to stop. We then being but a few miles east of Fort Bridger. We had only stayed a few hours when some teamsters came along and their wagon was empty, and they were going to Salt Lake City. They had been to some of the stock ranches nearby, with provisions. We made arrangements with them to take us and our effects to Salt Lake and so loaded all but our ox, on their wagon, and went on our way rejoicing, and we landed in Salt Lake City on the 10th of November, 1859, after a hard and tedious journey of one thousand miles, having suffered many hardships, hunger and privations, to reach the place God had designed for a gathering place for his people.

Our hearts fairly leaped for joy on arriving safely with our two little children on this much favored soil where we had so long desired to be, and for which we had toiled so hard to reach. We found friends in abundance and obtained employment and was soon surrounded with the comforts of life. We found the Latter-day Saints all that our fondest hopes had ever imagined - honest, industrious and indeed the very people they had been represented to us to be, trying to do the will of the Lord. The writer of this little handcart experience has written it with a desire to show to the youth of this people that their fathers and mothers were willing to pull a handcart or labor in any reasonable way to get to the land that God had designated for a gathering place for his people, in order that they might train up their children in the ways of the Lord, where they could hear a prophet's voice and mingle with the saints of God and share with them in both sorrow and joy, and be one with them in all things in righteousness.

Thirty-seven years have elapsed since we first arrived in Salt Lake City, and we have lived with this people and have seen the dealings of God with them and seen his wisdom made manifest in many ways for their benefit. When clouds have hovered dark around us and our way seemed closed up and no possible escape from the wicked and the power of the destroyer, God has always shown his power and provided a way of escape, and we have seen many times that the darkest hour is just before the dawn. That we may all conduct our lives so that we may be worthy to receive of all the blessings that God has in store for those who keep his commandments and prove ourselves worthy to be ushered into his kingdom when all our earthly work is completed is the desire of the author of this handcart experience.

/s/ William Atkin



The plantation where William and Rachel were married.

The Spingham Church in which William and Rachel were married.



Empingham Village, Rutland, England



Barrowden Church and River. X marks the roof of the home in which Rachel Thompson was born and lived until her marriage.



William Atkin
 Born 27 March 1835
 Empingham, Rutlds, Eng
 Died 22 May 1900
 St George, Wash, Utah

Married 18 Dec 1854

Rachel Thompson
 Born 31 March 1835
 Burrowden, Rutlds, Eng
 Died 8 June 1903
 St George, Wash, Utah



Ester Ann Atkin
 1857-1868



William Atkin
 1859-1941



Rachel Violet Atkin
 1861-1900



Joseph T. Atkin
 1863-1938



Henry T. Atkin
 1865-1938



John Peter Atkin
 1867-1894



George A. Atkin
 1870-1922



Heber C. Atkin
 1872-1942



May Atkin
 1877-1927



Hyrum Atkin
 1879-1958



Nellie Martha Atkin
 1882-1963

Picture
 Not
 Available

Enoch Atkin
 1874-1874

No.	Sex	Full name of person or child or Maiden Name	When Born Day Month Year	Where Born Town	State or County	Date of First Marriage to whom	When Joined Month Year	Spouse's Name (Last and Maiden)	LDS Ordinance Data		Remarks
									Baptized (Date)	Endowed (Date and Place)	
1	F	Ester Ann Atkin	23 Jun 1857	Sumbury	Nrthmp Penn		28 May	1868	23 Aug 1862	23 Aug 1862	23 Aug 1862
2	M	William Atkin	23 Mar 1859	Ashland	Schuylk Penn	Rosetta Stock	8 Jan	1941	4 Nov 1867	16 Mar 1877	14 Feb 1878
3	F	Rachel Violet Atkin	14 Mar 1861	Salt Lake City	S. L. C. Utah	Seven Ole Nelson	26 Oct	1900	6 Jan 1870	6 Mar 1877	14 Feb 1878
4	M	Joseph Thompson Atkin	21 Jun 1861	Salt Lake City	S. L. C. Utah	3 Dec 1884	11 Aug	1938	2 Nov 1871	25 Feb 1890	BIC
5	M	Henry Thomas Atkin	6 May 1865	Salt Lake City	S. L. C. Utah	1) Eleanor Walker 26 Apr 1884	21 Feb	1938	2 Oct 1873	16 Apr 1884	BIC
6	M	John Peter Atkin	13 Mar 1867	Salt Lake City	S. L. C. Utah	1) Sarah Jane Elliott 28 Feb 1889	27 Jan	1894	5 Aug 1875	27 Feb 1889	BIC
7	M	George Alma Atkin	27 Jan 1870	St. George	Wash Utah	1) Annie Walker 6 Nov 1890	15 Nov	1921	6 Aug 1878	6 Nov 1890	BIC
8	M	Heber Charles Atkin	13 Apr 1872	St. George	Wash Utah	1) Caroling Brady 16 Mar 1896	3 May	1942	17 Feb 1880	17 Feb 1897	BIC
9	M	Enoch Atkin	24 Sep 1874	St. George	Wash Utah	1) Emily Pearce 31 Oct	1874		child	child	BIC
10	F	May Atkin	20 May 1877	St. George	Wash Utah	1) Amos Lathem Posey 21 Aug 1897	4 Nov	1927	20 May 1885	31 Aug 1897	BIC
11	M	Ilyrum Atkin	10 Feb 1879	Atkinville	Wash Utah	1) Lillie McAllister 27 Mar 1901	22 Apr	1928	10 Feb 1887	5 Oct 1926	BIC

1972 Edition

HUSBAND
 William Atkin (Laborer)

born 27 Mar 1835
 chr 13 Apr 1835
 mar 18 Dec 1854
 wed 22 May 1900
 bur
 HUSBAND'S FATHER
 HUSBAND'S OTHER WIVES

Place Empingham, Rutland, England
 Place Empingham, Rutland, England
 Place Empingham, Rutland, England
 Place St. George, Washington, Utah
 Place St. George, Washington, Utah
 Place St. George, Washington, Utah
 Elizabeth Wynn
 Elizabeth Wynn

Husband William Atkin 1835
 Wife Rachel Thompson
 Ward 1
 Examination 2
 Stake of Mission

WIFE
 Rachel Thompson (Servant)

born 31 Mar 1835
 chr 16 Apr 1835
 chr 8 Jun 1903
 bur
 WIFE'S FATHER
 WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS

Place Barrowden, Rutland, England
 Place Barrowden, Rutland, England
 Place St. George, Washington, Utah
 Bridget Ann Phillips

Husband William Atkin 1835
 Wife Rachel Thompson
 Ward 1
 Examination 2
 Stake of Mission

CHILDREN

1 Ester Ann Atkin
 2 William Atkin
 3 Rachel Violet Atkin
 4 Joseph Thompson Atkin
 5 Henry Thomas Atkin
 6 John Peter Atkin
 7 George Alma Atkin
 8 Heber Charles Atkin
 9 Enoch Atkin
 10 May Atkin
 11 Ilyrum Atkin

Place Barrowden, Rutland, England
 Place Barrowden, Rutland, England
 Place St. George, Washington, Utah
 Place Salt Lake City, Utah
 Place Salt Lake City, Utah
 Place Salt Lake City, Utah
 Place Salt Lake City, Utah
 Place St. George, Utah
 Place St. George, Utah
 Place St. George, Utah
 Place Atkinville, Utah

OTHER MARRIAGES
 #2 MD 2) 14 Feb 1893 Eliza Barnett
 #4 MD 2) 26 Feb 1890 Susie Jane Fawcett
 #5 MD 2) 5 Aug 1931 Charlotte V. Kegan
 #7 MD 2) 21 Oct 1901 Charlotte Busby
 #8 MD 2) 30 Oct 1901 Mary Abigail Pearce

ENTER ALL DATA IN THIS ORDER
 DATES 1st and 2nd
 PLACES Shaded, unshaded, and
 10 entries in a column
 12 columns in a row

FAMILY
 GROUP
 RECORD

HUSBAND William ATKIN (Laborer)
 Born 27 Mar 1835 Place Empingham, Rutland, England
 Chr 13 Apr 1835 Place Empingham, Rutland, England
 Marr 18 Dec 1856 Place Empingham, Rutland, England
 Died 22 May 1900 Place St. George, Washington, Utah
 HUSBAND'S FATHER William ATKIN
 HUSBAND'S MOTHER Elizabeth MANN

WIFE Rachel THOMPSON (Servant)
 Born 31 Mar 1835 Place Burdett, Rutland, England
 Chr 16 Apr 1835 Place Burdett, Rutland, England
 Died 8 Jun 1903 Place St. George, Washington, Utah
 WIFE'S FATHER Joseph THOMPSON
 WIFE'S MOTHER Bridget Ann PHILLIPS

CHILDREN
 1 F Nellie Martha ATKIN 1 Aug 1882 Alknaville Wash Utah
 2
 3
 4
 5
 6
 7
 8
 9
 10
 11

SEX	GIVEN NAMES	DATE OF BIRTH	YEAR	WHERE BORN			DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE TO WHOM	WHEN DIED	IF OR
				TOWN	COUNTY	COUNTRY			
1	F Nellie Martha ATKIN	1 Aug 1882		Alknaville	Wash	Utah	6 Sep 1900	24 Dec 1963	L. Frank Livingston BURGESS
2									
3									
4									
5									
6									
7									
8									
9									
10									
11									

OTHER MARRIAGES
 #12 MD 2) 27 Sep 1914 Andrew Roseman MURDIN

ENTER ALL DATA IN THIS ORDER
 PLACES, Surnames, and other names in the first column
 DATES in the second column
 SEX in the third column
 TO INCLUDE FIRST & LAST NAME IN THE FIRST COLUMN
 PLACE, Surnames, and other names in the first column
 DATES in the second column
 SEX in the third column

HUSBAND William ATKIN 1835
 Rachel THOMPSON
 NAME & ADDRESS OF PERSON SUBMITTING SHEET

RELATION OF ABOVE TO HUSBAND
 RELATION OF ABOVE TO WIFE

FOUR GENERATION SHEETS FOR FILING ONLY
 YES NO
 DATE SUBMITTED TO GENEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

LOS ORDINANCE DATA
 BAPTIZED (Date) 12 Sep 1852 23 Aug 1862 23 Aug 1862
 ENDORSED (Date) 8 Apr 1890 23 Aug 1862
 RELATIONS (Company) CHILDREN TO PARENTS
 WIFE 25 Apr 1849 5 Sep 1900 BIC

NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS

Preface to the William Atkin temple record book:

"This book is the property of William Atkin who was born at Empingham, Rutland, England on the 27 of March in the year 1835. Was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latterday Saints on the 12th of Sep. 1852. Was married to Rachel Thompson on the 18th of Dec. 1854. Crossed the Atlantic Ocean in the sailing ship Riddon and landed in Philadelphia on the 20th of April 1855. Crossed the plains with a handcart and arrived in S. L. City on the 10th of November 1859. Was called on a mission to St. George at the Oct. Conference 1868 and arrived at St. George on the 4th of Dec. 1868. Helped to build the St. George Temple. Went and with his own family and his Bro. Henry and Wm Laxton families and built Atkinville. Returned to St. George in the fall of 1890 and in 1891 started to work in the temple for the dead. This book contains an abridged record of the work done by him and his immediate family in the St. George Temple."

The book contains the names of those for whom he and his family did temple work. Some are indicated as relatives and many he indicates as friends. All those that are relatives have been recorded in this volume as they fit in.

Another place in this book William Atkin writes, "I, William Atkin, born at Empingham, Rutland, England 27 Mar. 1835 was married to Rachel Thompson who was born at Barrowden, Rutland, England on the 31st of March 1835 at Empingham Church by the Rev. Lovie Cooper on the 18th of Dec. 1854. And we had our endowments and were sealed in the Endowment House S. L. City about 1861. On 14 Jan 1892 myself and wife Rachel had our second anointings. Rachel Violet Atkin had her endowments 16 Mar 1877 and was sealed to Swen O. Nielson on the 14 Feb 1878. He was born in Sweden. And on this day our children that were born before we had our endowments were adopted to us. Our son William had his endowments the same day. And on Oct. 2nd 1879 Rossetta Stucki was sealed to him in the St. George Temple."

William Atkin kept a second book in which he recorded each day he worked in the temple from December 22, 1892 until February 27, 1900. This book contains his activities and assignments in the temple service for the day and not names except for a few family references. Following are some excerpts from this book:

20 Dec. 1892 p. 1 I, William Atkin, who was born at Empingham, Rutland, England on the 27 of March 1835 and now live at St. George, Washington County, Utah was called to be a temple worker in the St. George Temple and was set apart for that purpose on the 22 day of Dec. 1892

7 Feb. 1893 Ordained my Bro. Henry for our Uncle Henry Wann.

14 Feb. 1893 Witnessed the marriage ceremony of my son William and Eliza Burnett.

24 Mar 1893 This closed our labors at the Temple until the 25 of April when it is expected to open the St. George Temple again and this has been a pleasant time indeed in the Temple of our God. The 29th myself and wife started to S. L. City and went to conference and the temple dedication and visited our daughter in San Pete and arrived home in time to be in the St. George Temple at the opening. The workers was called to the temple on the 1st of May for instructions and I was there at that meeting.

7 Nov. 1893 On this day my son John Peter went to the Temple to be annointed and blessed he having been very sick for six weeks. It required two of us to lead him into the Temple and after me annointing him ond D. H. Cannon sealing the annointing with myself, my san Joseph Thompsan Atkin, James G. Bleak loying our hands on with him. The Lord heard our prayers and blessed him to that degree that he walked around the shower room of the Temple alone and then walked out af the Temple to the corriage alane. And when he arrived home he got out af the corriage and walked from the street to his hause alone thanking Gad for his goodness.

28 June 1894 Went through endowment for my great grandfather Glitherow. The five days preceeding this of Temple working days I was excused from Temple work and went to the Cedar Mountain to see my sans with sheep and make arrangements for shearing.

14 Aug. 1894 Bap. 47 among them was Elizabeth Queen of England and Mary Stewart Queen of Scotland.

31 Dec. 1896 I have baptised in the year 1896 4,272 living and dead. Up to this date I have baptised 12,526.

16 Feb. 1897 Witnessed Heber C. Atkin's marriage.

13 July 1897 The Temple closed today as to give those who wished to go to the Semi-Centennial of the entrance of the pioneers into S. L. valley as a great demonstration is expected in S. L. City from the 20th to 24 July.

3 Aug. 1897 The Temple apened today after the Great Celebration.

31 Aug. 1897 Amos L. Posey were through endowment.

1 Sept. 1897 Witnessed May's sealing.

1 July 1898 Took down this morning with severe pain and was unable to go to the Temple. It continued all day. Was administered to by the Brethern a number of times and each time was releaved some. Up to July 1, 1898 I have baptised in the St. George Temple living and dead 16,439.

2 July 1898 High Council meet. I was toa sick to attend.

3 July 1898 Still sick.

4 July 1898 Grand Celebration unable to attend.

5 July 1898 Some better..went to the temple and went through endowments.

30 Dec. 1898 In the year 1898 I have baptised 2,999 making a total baptised in the Temple living and dead 17,425 and have took parts assigned me and have only missed one working day out of the Temple this year. That was an the 1st of July I was to sick to go.

27 Jan. 1899 Just at time for me to go to the Temple my wife took with a very bad spell heart trouble. I sent to ask and was excused today.

21 June 1899 Had been in severe pain most of the day and with difficulty signed my name. 22 and 23 was very sick could not leave my room 24, 25, 26 still confined to my room 27, 28, 29, 30 still sick. July 1st High Council meet still sick. Sunday Fast Day unable to attend meeting. 4th Celebration too sick to go.

5 July 1899 Much better went to the temple.

11 July 1899 Nellie was very sick. I did not go to the Temple.

23 Aug. 1899 I have baptized in the St. George Temple living and dead 22, 323.

24 Oct. 1899 Temple opened today. I went but was quite unwell having took down to my bed on the 11th and have had quite a severe spell of sickness and today was unable to do the baptizing.

5 Dec. 1899 Today for the first time since I was down sick, I felt well enough and done the baptizing.

27 Feb. 1900 Too sick to go to the Temple. Got excused.

5 Apr. 1900 From the above date I have been getting worse and have not been able to go to the Temple since.

The above was his last entry. William Atkin baptized 23, 554 for living and dead while he worked in the St. George Temple. He died May 22, 1900 at St. George, Utah.