

RICHARD PARKER

1859 – 1941



Victor Hall's notes: June 1999, I was given a manuscript of Richard Parker's dictated memoirs and asked to make a computerized copy. I chose to edit the original for spelling, grammar, redundancies, et cetera. I have not altered terms, however. For example, Richard said the children liked to "chaw" on jerky, and that's the way it's presented in the book. I also omitted some of his missionary experiences, and some of his farming ventures that took place after he moved to Millard County. Many of the experiences he recounts that took place prior to 1900 while he lived in Virgin are fascinating indeed.

John Parker's trip across the plains, as told by a daughter

John Parker sold out his flourishing business the spring of 1852 and prepared for the journey to Utah. Mother sewed the twenty-dollar gold pieces he had received into the lining of vests worn by the men-folks and covered those with an additional lining. John bought eleven wagons, two yoke of oxen for each wagon, a threshing machine, a stove and every article he felt was needed to start life anew. They also had one large spring-carriage, with projection boards at the sides so that a comfortable bed could be made in it. This was drawn by two large horses, with Father, Mother, Grandfather and his two smallest children as passengers. John brought along his two sisters and their families. This family group traveled independently and weren't under supervision by so-called captains. They made it without accident and they enjoyed the trip. The cows furnished milk and butter for the group. Cream was skimmed and placed in a container that was hung under the wagon. By evening it would be jolted into butter for supper. In after-years, they spoke of the journey as "our pleasure trip".

Richard's account, Hinckley, Utah, December 11, 1937

I have resolved after being requested by my children and a desire within myself to make a commencement of writing a short sketch of my life's history that must all be from memory. My only journal was during the twenty-seven months that I was on my mission in the southern states. My labors through life have been of a varied nature. I have been engaged in most all occupations and labors that man could engage in and in most all my engagements I have been successful. In later years, I have met with some financial reverses, but those reverses have come to me without regret or complaint. I have met them willingly because I was obliged to circumstances and conditions which took sudden changes that were unavoidable. I am not grieving or in any way worried about those things. The Lord gives and the Lord takes and blessed is the name of the Lord.

I was born on the 21st day of January 1859 in Taylorsville, Salt Lake County, Utah. I will be seventy-nine years next January. My parents were John and Maria Jackson Normington Parker. They came from Lankishere, England. Father was among the first who accepted the gospel in England under the preaching of Heber C. Kimball and Willard Richards who were the first missionaries to land from America. Father's first wife died in England, leaving him with three children: my brother Willard, and Elizabeth and Mary Ann, my sisters. Father first settled in Nauvoo, Illinois. He received his endowments in the Nauvoo Temple. My grandfather John Parker received the gospel in England and came to Salt Lake City where he died. Father's health while in Nauvoo was not good. He had chills and fever so he decided to go to St. Louis with his three children. I have heard him say one dollar was all he had when he arrived there. He got employment in a soda water establishment and after working there a year the proprietor offered to sell the whole establishment to him and another employee. They told him they could not think of such a thing. He told them he would arrange things so they could. They accepted his proposition and at the end of four years, father sold out receiving money sufficient to purchase a complete outfit with which to cross the plains: wagons, horses, harness, cows, implements, and a thrashing machine which was the first one to be brought into Salt Lake. Father bought a lot and built his home on Second South St. where the Cullen Hotel now stands. He also acquired a farm on the Jordan River two miles above Taylorsville. He helped to make a canal, the first one to take the water from the Jordan River. He became nicely located in Salt Lake valley and was then called by Brigham Young to settle in the Dixie country. I will mention while he was in St. Louis, he married a widow, Mrs. Ellen Douglas. She had six children from her previous marriage, three boys and three girls. My sister Alice was born in St. Louis the only child from this marriage. Well, this will

suffice for the history of my dear and beloved father. No man has ever had a better father than I.

Now a short history of my wonderful mother. No man has ever had a mother that would equal mine, and I feel like I am a poor excuse to be the son of one so good. She was born to Robert Jackson Christmas day in Burnley, Lankshire, England, I'm not sure of the year. She never had the privilege of attending school. When she was four years old, she was placed in a cotton factory to work. Her parents were poor and every member of the family had to work to earn a livelihood. She married Thomas Normington. Five children were born from this marriage. Two died while young. I have three half-sisters: Mary Ellen, Lovenia, and Hannah, and one full sister, Maria, who married John Hilton. She and I are the only ones living of those large families I have mentioned. Mother and her first husband worked almost night and day for money enough to emigrate. They were true latter day saints who desired to immigrate to Zion and were willing to make any sacrifice to accomplish this end. They arrived in Iowa City IA, where handcarts had to be constructed before they could continue the three hundred miles to Winter Quarters. From there, Mother and family, with all they possessed undertook this journey, one thousand miles across those bleak and dreary plains. They had to wait six weeks for their handcarts to be built. During this time, they were consuming food that would be so needed while on their journey. Also, this delay of six weeks caused them to face cold and snows as winter was approaching. They were in what was known as Martin's Handcart Company. This company and its history has been handed down as one of the greatest achievements and the greatest suffering that any emigrants in coming to these mountain valleys has ever had to endure. They suffered from starvation. Many of them were frozen and starved to death. Thomas Normington, a newborn baby and two little boys died while on this journey, and mother came near to the door of death. Her hands and feet were so badly frozen that she had to crawl on her elbows and knees on the frozen ground. She had great scars on her elbows and knees. Her feet were so badly frozen the toe nails came off. Their food was nearly exhausted. They had been fed on very small rations for weeks, and the suffering they had to undergo cannot be told. Language cannot describe it. Snow got so deep they could go no farther. They were compelled to stop and wait for death or some deliverance from some source, and they knew not from whence it could come. Information came to Brigham Young through two missionaries who were traveling on horses. President Young called for volunteers with wagons and teams, provisions, and bedding to go in all haste to rescue them. Father furnished a team and wagon with his son William as teamster, and as it happened, mother

and her three girls were loaded into father's wagon. On arrival in Salt Lake, mother and girls were taken into father's home and nursed and cared for. Father, at this time, had his farm over in Jordan. He offered mother the privilege to go and make her home on the farm and cook and care for the hired men. Two years later, they were married. (John now had two wives, Maria and Ellen. Maria died before either John or Ellen) This is the home where my sister Maria and I were born. How thankful I am to have been born of such goodly parents in this blessed country and among such a God fearing people.

When I was four years old, father was called to go to Virgin in Dixie to help settle that country. He first took Aunt Ellen as I called her and Sister Alice. He built two dugouts as they are called for his families to live in. He also had a sheep wagon box. (John was called to be Virgin's first Bishop soon after arriving, a position he held for at least eighteen years) My first remembrance of what I saw when we arrived at our new home was four extremely tall men who came to welcome the new arrivals. I have always remembered those men; three Johnsons, Nephi, Sextus, and Seth and (unreadable). Father had at this time about two hundred sheep that he took to Virgin, also some cows, horses, and two mules. I well remember the horses and mules and their names. There was no hay for feed for animals in those days. They had to pick their living on the ranges. Grass was quite plentiful. It was my job to herd and look after those animals. Father took up a farm on North Creek two miles from home. While clearing this land and fencing, we'd bring a load of cottonwood poles and unload them in the coral and turn the horses loose to feed on the bark. The peeled poles were taken back and put in the fence. Ditches and roads had to be made using picks and shovels as there were no scrapers or other horse-drawn implements. There were no sawmills to make lumber, and no thrashing machines to thrash the grain. Threshing was done with a flail or trampled by horses in an enclosure. There were no mills to grind it and no factories to make our clothes. We raised cotton and wool. Mother washed, scoured, carded, spun, and wove the wool then made it into clothes. It seemed to me that they would never wear out. I would outgrow them, and they got too small. Wheat flour was very scarce. Many of our neighbors had to eat cane-seed bread, but father's family was more favored. We always had either flour or corn bread. I have exchanged bread with boys and have eaten the cane-seed bread that I thought tasted good, and I really enjoyed it. My first schoolhouse was built with logs and had a dirt floor. Our seats were a log sawed in two pieces and holes bored for the legs and no backrests. Our teachers had just a little better education than the students. No free schools in those days. Teachers were paid in produce

by the parents. Our books consisted of a McGuffey reader, Wilson's spelling book, a slate, and copy book. Teachers wrote material on the board for students to copy; fortunately most of our teachers could write a fairly good hand. Those were conditions that prevailed in the early settlement of the Dixie country but as time advanced, conditions and circumstances changed. It took hardships and "stay-with-it-ness" to settle that country, and I rejoice that I have passed through those experiences and learned the lessons I did.

The most happy and joyous days of my life were during my youth. I often reflect back and oh what happy thoughts come when I think of the days of my courtship with my best girl. Even when very young, I enjoyed taking a young lady to parties and amusements. My first girl was Clarrie Stratton. This was when I was about ten or twelve years of age. For some reason, I don't remember now, our courting stopped. My next girl was Eveline Workman, but I can't say I actually fell in love with her. She finally moved to where one of her sisters lived and from there to Eureka. Reports came to me that she was not leading a very good life while there, and from those reports I decided she was not to be my girl anymore. So I began to look around among the nice damsels of the town for another girl, and after looking them all over carefully, I decided if I could only get the confidence and respect of Betsy Burke, she would suit my notion completely. I ventured to woo her, and for a time, I hardly knew whether I was going to succeed as I could see but very little inducement for me to continue my efforts. This courtship seemed to be all on my part without her showing the least signs that she cared anything for me. But notwithstanding all this, I never gave up hope. I was too timid to come right out and ask her what she thought of me and if she really wanted me to take her out, but as time passed by, I began to discover she would wait for me and refuse other fellows. So our friendship and love for each other began to increase and how many are the happy hours we have spent together, and when the time arrived and I began to talk about us getting married, she had but very little to say about this program. I had to do the planning then ask how it suited her. Sometimes it would take quite a while before I could get a reply, but I learned this, that when she did make a decision, it was one that could be relied upon and I was never disappointed in any respect. She was as true as a woman can be all through our courtship and through our long and happy married life together. Oh how thankful I am to have lived as we have lived with a full assurance that we will meet again. We have been sealed together for time and all eternity to come forth in the morning of the resurrection as man and wife. What a consoling thought this is to me. We were married January 28, 1880 in the St. George Temple by John T. McAllister, the Temple president. We went to St. George in a covered

wagon. It was snowing the morning we left home, but it cleared up during the day so we had a pleasant journey but awful cold. We wrapped up in quilts and blankets so we kept warm. We stayed with Cottam folks as this was always my stopping place in St. George. I must make mention of this family, the older people and their sons George, Thomas and Charles. I esteem them all as the greatest friends and the nicest people I have ever known. My folks and the older people were great friends and their home was always our home in St. George. I never saw two old people that were more congenial with each other than Brother and Sister Cottam, and the same can be said of their sons and their families. Well it is this class of people that I have most enjoyed their society and their friendship. It was customary when people got married to give a dancing party. So I employed the best music that could be had, which consisted of a violin and organ played by Wru and Nathan Lang from Toquer. People were invited from Toquer and all the upriver towns and they sure came. You can believe we had a grand ball and a good time, also a big dinner with lots of our neighbors and relatives. This was served in our own home that mother and my sisters prepared. Wine of my own making was also served in plenty as this was a day when a wedding without wine was considered a very dry wedding. Not only the guests at the wedding had wine but this day was a day when all those over twenty-one were out working poll tax and they all came and were treated to wine. In those days in Dixie, nearly every body made wine and it was often drunk to excess and harmful results followed. Many good men's lives were ruined by overindulging. Well the wedding was over and we started keeping house. Our house was not quite finished, not plastered, very little furniture, but what we were lacking we never grieved or complained about. We were as happy as two kittens. Betsy was the oldest of six children and it worked a hardship on her widowed father when she left. But she often went home and helped to straighten things out. Her younger sisters Mary and Mandy soon assumed the responsibility and everything moved along smoothly. Father Burke and the children were frequent visitors at our home, and I sure did enjoy their visits. We often visited her grandparents, Grandpa and Grandma Anderson, as they were quite aged and needed caring for, and my wife was always alert to helping someone that needed help; not only her own people but all others where she could see a need. All through her life she never hesitated to help those who needed it. She was always blessed with good health and willing hand to work. The only fault I could find in her was that she worked too hard. She never could just sit down with her hands idle. Her education as far as book learning goes was quite limited, but she excelled when it came doing things. She was an excellent cook, and wasted nothing. She said the washing machine would not wash the clothes clean enough, so she had had to use the washboard.

Everything must be clean and tidy before she was through with it. She was a good hand with her needle making quilts, all kinds of fancy work with the crochet hook; she could make all kinds of clothes, knit socks, patch and darn socks, care for a raise chickens, feed hogs, raise gardens and keep the yards clean. She had a place for everything and always knew where to find it. She always attended church, was a faithful worker in the relief society, never failed to pay her dues and fast offerings, was always prompt to meet all appointments, and whatever good can be said of any good person, she filled all those qualifications, not one excepted that I can think of. I'm sure all our children will bear witness that she was a good mother and always set an example for them that was worthy of emulation. If each of them can leave such a record as their mother has, it would be all I could hope for.

Back to my early life, it was one of good hard work. I was the only son father had at home and for the last twenty years of his life he was unable to do more than light work. (He probably suffered from muscular dystrophy). The responsibility was mine to do the best I could, getting his advice on how to do things. There were the orchards, vineyards, gardens, a gristmill, cattle, horses and sheep that all had to be looked after. There was freighting from Salt Lake to Dixie; peddling trips to dispose of the products we raised; lumber to be hauled from long distances; machinery to be kept in repair; horses to be shod; irrigation ditches to be dug and cleaned; roads to be built; cows to be milked; wood to be chopped; fruit to be gathered, cut and dried; wine and molasses to be made; beeves and hogs to be killed and the meat cured; culinary water hauled from the river. Well with those few things and a hundred others too numerous to mention there was little time for idleness. Also there were church duties. I was ordained a Deacon when twelve and a deacon's duties were to keep the house of worship in order, to sweep and keep it clean, and ring the bell for all public gatherings. He had to bring bread and wine for sacrament and return the vessels after services. I did the best I could to fill the duties of this office and calling. I was later ordained a Teacher and was assigned a ward teaching beat along with an old gentleman by the name of Bay. Our people were to be visited every two weeks and I think we never missed filling the appointment. This was real sacrifice for me because Brother Bay always wanted to go right after Church Sunday afternoon. That was the one time all the young people could congregate to have a good time and being deprived of this privilege almost made me rebel. Well, I've always been a ward teacher from that day to the present. I'll relate an experience I had as a ward teacher when I lived in Provo. I was assigned to labor with two young men with no teaching experience. We approached the first house and the young men said the people weren't members and that teachers never visit

them. I said let's try. Mr. Snider came to the door and I told him we were teachers of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints and had called to have a little talk with them if they would like to receive us. He invited us in said they had often wondered why no Mormons ever called on them. Our conversation on the plan of salvation soon commenced and he got his old dust covered Bible to check the passages I cited. As he read, he admitted I was perfectly correct and said he'd never seen things in that light before. Hours later when we left, they requested that we come again soon. I continued to call on them and reported my progress at next Priesthood Meeting. An oldish man rose and asked if it was wisdom for ward teachers to visit outsiders. The Bishop replied that teachers should never pass up those who will receive them. I mention this incident to show that I have seen good results from my labors as a ward teacher as well as many other times in my life.

When I was ordained an Elder I tried to magnify that calling. I did considerable work in the St. George Temple for my ancestors. Previously, I helped in the construction of the Temple. I hauled lumber from Mount Trumbull to St. George mostly in the dead of winter. James Jepson and Mose Gibson were with me in the worst exposure to weather I ever experienced. Rain threatened as we looked for a camping spot one cold night. We found some level land surrounded by hills and made our beds on the ground. Soon the rain poured on us. Our quilts protected us at first but after two or three hours we felt water coming from underneath. We discovered we were now in a lake so we moved our beds to a hillside. Our quilts were now so soaked we could wring water out of them. We lacked overcoats or decent shoes and there was no dry brush with which to make a fire. We were very miserable. The following afternoon we camped near some dry Cedars from which we made big fires for drying our bedding. I learned to make bread on one of these trips. James and Mose tended the horses and mules, which was sometimes a big job because the animals might wander four to five miles toward home during the night. My job was to cook, a task for which I had no training. We had brought plenty of molasses sweet bread from home but in a few days I got so sick of it I couldn't eat any more. Mose had freighted between Salt Lake and Los Angeles and knew all about cooking but he wouldn't tell me anything. My pleading was finally so desperate that he told me what to do. I got flour, baking powder, salt and water and the frying pan ready then mixed the ingredients together according to his instructions. I put the patties or cakes in the pan and placed it on hot coals for a short time. Then I propped the pan before the fire until the tops were fully baked. What a wonderful change from the molasses sweet cakes to this splendid bread of my own making. From that trip on, every meal was good. We also had hot

cakes, fried bacon and rabbits we killed. We made one trip to Mount Trumbull when the snow was about three feet deep. The cabins were occupied by some starving Shivwit Indians including squaws and papooses. Their only food had been a few jackrabbits. They begged for food and we shared what we had until we were down to one meal that had to get us back to where our main supplies were cached.

I was at the Temple dedication April 6, 1877 and well remember the sweet and peaceful spirit that prevailed and the great and wonderful men who spoke. There were Brigham Young, Wilford Woodruff, George Q. Cannon, George A. Smith and other leading men of the Church. An awful wind storm came up while we were in the Temple and as we left hats were blown away, umbrellas were turned inside out, buggy tops torn off, buggies tipped over. Women's skirts were blown over their heads and it seemed like the very elements of destruction were turned loose to try, if possible, to destroy the Temple. Satan well understood the great purpose for which it was built and he regretted for the day to come when it would be dedicated for those purposes. This was the first temple to be completed in the valleys of the Rocky Mountains. The Salt Lake Temple was started earlier but it took forty years to complete.

The United Order was begun in some of the settlements including Virgin when I was about seventeen. (1876?) President Young in company with others of the Apostles traveled throughout the settlements instructing and advising the people to enter into this order. There was a president, a board of directors, secretary treasurer and a superintendent. Father was Bishop and he and his family joined. All property belonging to members was assigned to the Order and we were all equal owners whether we turned in much or little. We lived in our own home and ate at our own table but supplies were drawn from the treasury and charged to us. We received credit for our labor, no preference being given for skilled labor. All men with families received \$1.50 per day for their work. I don't think the women got anything for their services and nothing was credited for children's labor. I spent two years of my life working in the United Order under the supervision of the superintendent. I was appointed to do different kinds of work. I hauled wood from the mountains using two yoke of oxen. Oxen could be turned out at night to graze and they were always there in the morning ready to be yoked. Horses and mules would often be gone in the morning and you would have a long walk to find them. I spent many days at first cutting hay with a scythe as there were no mowing machines. The second year Father and I went to Salt Lake and brought back a Champion mower and a Tiger rake. I had a little

experience with my older brother's mowing machine at his Jordan farm so I was appointed to operate this one. After assembling it, the first trial was at the Hilton's field that had about two acres of heavy hay. Probably the whole town turned out to watch. Some said it would not do the good work the scythe could do. Others said the dammed thing ought never be allowed to run as it would take work away from the laboring man. Well, people followed it lifting up the hay to see if it was cut off properly. In general, they thought it would do and I went ahead as the operator of the first mowing machine of the upper Virgin River settlements. Other assignments were to keep Order members supplied with milk cows, beef cattle and work horses. During the summer we ran our cattle on Kolob. Any animal that wasn't needed at town was kept there. It was my job every week to take dried-up cows or horses that had developed problems to the mountain and bring fresh animals to replace them. Also to bring beeves back to be butchered so that Order people could have fresh beef two or three times a week. My sister Lavenia and her husband William Wright ran a dairy up there in the summers for the Kolob Cattle Company that was owned by the Order and I always stayed with them on my trips. This job was much to my liking. I very much enjoyed being on a horse's back among cattle and horses. A job I didn't like was going through the northern settlements such as Cedar City and Beaver to collect wheat that was owed for dried fruit that our peddlers had previously delivered. In most cases I was successful in getting what I went for.

I've always been thankful that I passed through the two years that we were in the United Order but I welcomed the time when it was dissolved and we returned to directing our own affairs. Financially the Order was a failure and the authorities advised us to dissolve it and settle up affairs as best we could. Our property holdings had greatly diminished. Our cattle and other livestock were much smaller than when we entered. Our wagons and machinery were worn out and hadn't been replaced with anything new. The people who went in with nothing came out just as well off but Father was one of the biggest losers. He had provided much of the original livestock from which the beef came that was consumed so rapidly. There was very little left at the end. Never though, did I hear a word of complaint or regret from him. He could take adversity without a murmur. Many people believe the United Order will come again and that the Church Welfare Program now being developed (1939) is a stepping-stone in this direction. I sincerely hope it succeeds.

After the Order ended I continued to work with Father, taking care of his interests. He owned a sorghum molasses mill about a mile from town,

along North Creek, and we raised cane. I worked along with my brother-in-law, George Isom, and often exchanged work with him. My association with him was always greatly enjoyed. He was a great reader and he always had some good book he would read aloud. Much learning and information have I gotten from his reading and from our conversations. We operated the mill about six weeks each fall. George did the boiling and I along with Alex Wright hauled in the cane and fed it into the mill. Alex enjoyed playing jokes on people. A man I just knew as "Johnson" who carried the mail would camp with us and sleep on the bagasse near the circular horse track. Alex put a rope around the bed with Johnson in it, tied the other end to the sweep and started the horses. He went round and round until we finally stopped the horses and undid him. We kept taunting Johnson until he chased Alex. Following our earlier suggestion, Alex ran behind the furnace and jumped over the skimmings hole. Poor Johnson dropped in to his neck, with all his clothes on of course. That was about 2:00 AM and Johnson spent the rest of the night down by the creek washing skimmings from his clothes. You had to see such a thing to fully appreciate it.

Candy pullings were always good times in Dixie for young and old. One time we decided to have a candy pull at the molasses mill and invited the whole town. Everybody came. We boiled a whole twelve-gallon batch down to nice candy, stirring constantly to keep it from scorching. After lifting the boiler from the furnace and allowing it cool, the pulling began. Each person took a long string of it and there was a lot of pulling and stretching. Games were played, songs were sung and all mouths were filled with molasses candy. People went home expressing what a good time they'd had. Evening peach cuttings were another enjoyable social event six nights a week during the peach drying season. Peaches were picked during the day and made ready. Then joyous and happy evenings were spent singing songs and telling stories while peaches were cut and put on trays. Tons of peaches were dried and hauled by wagon to Salt Lake or, when the railroad came, to Milford. Mother, my sister Maria and I one year dried eighteen hundred pounds from our small orchard. We also did hundreds of pounds of dried apples, plums, pears and raisins. We always mingled pleasure and enjoyment with our work and it never did seem hard.

We had only minor trouble with the Indians in the early days. They would often steal a little food to eat. We never could satisfy them by giving; they always wanted more, and they would get it if no one was watching. We avoided censure or blame because they were in such a poverty stricken condition. They had no clothes other than crude rabbit skin robes and breech

cloths. Our main Indian troubles were with Navahos who crossed the Colorado River to steal horses, cattle and sheep. Pursuit parties had to catch them before they got back across the Colorado or everything was lost. I have great regard and sympathy for the Indian race and am happy to have associated with them and to have learned Piute language well enough that we could understand each other. One year, two old squaws came and wanted a piece of ground to plant melons, corn, squash and beans. I plowed the ground, furrowed it out and furnished them with seed and showed them how to plant it. I left the rest to them and they did fairly well except they might leave and neglect to water when needed. At these times I did it for them. They insisted on picking and cutting the melons while they were still green but they reaped a good harvest otherwise. They had no interest in coming back the next year. Most Indians would never do anything along the line of farming in those days. It was hard to get them to do anything unless they were somewhat used to it. I grew potatoes at our ranch on Kolob and at harvest time there would be Indians there who had come to get their winter's supply of venison. I would hire squaws to harvest potatoes. They were first-class hands at this job; no potatoes were ever left in the ground. For picking, they used the same wide-mouthed basket strapped to their backs for which they carried everything else. They would toss the potatoes over their shoulders into the baskets. Indians were quite numerous and had large families in Dixie when we first moved there. In later years they seemed to die off, and especially after the miners settled in Silver Reef. Miners would go to Indian camps and mingle with the squaws who then became diseased and condemned to early deaths. Nearly all the Indians I knew that were about my age had died before I left Dixie. Old Poincum, their chief, died while I was back on a visit. I saw him in Virgin just before he died. He was in the back of a wagon being taken to Grafton and was too weak to talk. His blind squaw promised to let me know when he died but somehow I didn't get informed. He was given a decent burial in the Grafton cemetery and Bishop James Ballard spoke at his funeral. I've always regretted that I didn't attend. I was well acquainted with Poincum's predecessor, Amos, and with John the chief before him. When John was old, helpless and dying, mother would send me to his wickiup on the sand hill with something for him to eat. One day when I brought the food all I could see was a charred mass. The brush and everything that would burn around their camp had been piled on him and set on fire. We went afterward with shovels and buried what was left. Indians often burned their dead. They were afraid to handle the bodies. Often they dragged the person to a wash or a hole where they could be thrown in, along with their personal possessions. I was once digging a ditch on the bank of the

Virgin River and we uncovered the body of an Indian, his gun, bow and arrows and his horse.

When an Indian drinks wine or other liquor he is a dangerous character. He will whip his wife and children and anyone else he comes in contact with. One night after dark I went to my farm to change the water and on the hill nearby there was an Indian camp. The squaws and papooses were scattered over the hillside among the rocks crying and yelling, almost scared to death. I went to their camp to see what was wrong and found the Indians all drunk. Someone had let them have liquor. I soon discovered they had no use for me either. I went back to where the squaws were and they told me the Indians had all gone mad and were trying to kill them. They wanted me to stay and protect them but I knew this was no place for me. I returned the next morning when the Indians had sobered up and I could talk to them. I told them how mean and hateful they had been to their wives and children. They had been too drunk and senseless to remember but wanted to apologize if such had been the case. The wives sustained me in what I had told them and the Indians promised not to do it anymore. In Indian is good to keep his promise except when he gets some liquor. Then he forgets his promises and falls back into savagery. I have trusted many of them in a business way and have never been disappointed. They would always meet their obligations and at the appointed time. I once loaned a gun to an Indian who I hadn't previously known with the understanding that it would be returned on a given day. On that day, the Indian came from the mountains with the gun. He asked to borrow it a few days longer though because he still hadn't got the deer he needed. He had kept his word even though it meant walking a total of sixty miles to do so. In 1897 I attended the Fifty Year Jubilee commemorating the pioneers' entrance into Salt Lake Valley. While camped near (??) Lake we learned that Indians from all the surrounding country were gathered to hold a weefie or dance about five miles away. Four of us paid them a visit and were welcomed to join the dancing. The dance consisted of one big circle of people slowly stepping sideways in time with the chant they were all doing. It had been going for three days and nights when we got there so some of the older people had dropped out. We joined in and stayed with them until daylight. They had butchered a beef that was being roasted. We feasted on it with them. I was acquainted with many of the Indians there and had been to their weefies but I had never joined in the dancing before.

Note. "weefie" is probably an English translation of a Piute word; it's definitely not Navaho. It's impossible to tell from the original manuscript if it's "weefie", "weepie" or "weejie". (No one at the Pipe Springs Visitors center could shed light on the matter). In addition to

the slow rotation of the circle, the participants probably swayed from side to side. Rhythmic accompaniment would have been accomplished by holding a notched stick on a log and running another stick over the notches. A drum-like sound is produced.

There had been a big weefie just across the river from Virgin when peace was established between the settlers and the Navahos. Piutes also joined in. Jacob Hamblin and Amon Tenney, two of the whites who had done much to establish peace, were there. Hamblin could speak Piute but not Navaho. Tenney had been on a mission to Mexico and could speak Spanish. Two of the Navahos could speak Spanish, so they and Tenney would talk to each other then Tenney would translate for us and the Navahos would translate to their people.

I received a mission call in March 1891 to the Southern States Mission headquartered in Chattanooga Tennessee. The letter signed by President Woodruff was waiting for me when I returned from the funeral of my good friend John Ballard in Grafton. I asked Betsy what she thought I should do; she said, "You are going to go." We agreed on this. I have always felt that if I ever received a call I would be on hand and respond. (They had been married about eleven years and had four daughters). The letter stated that if I accepted, I was to be in Salt Lake in one month to be set apart. The next morning I began making preparations and arrangements. I asked William Isom to look after my ranch at Blue Springs on Kolob, to manage the cattle and horses and to milk the cows. I had raised timothy hay, potatoes and vegetables up there and that's where my family spent our summers. I sold my wagon, buckboard, team and harnesses as they would not be used while I was away. Sister (??) went with me as far as Ogden; I was glad to have her company and counsel. She told me if I wanted to gain the friendship of a mother I must always make a fuss over her children. I found that her advice worked out just as she told me. After visiting with relatives in Salt Lake and Ogden I was set apart along with thirteen others. We left Ogden on the Union Pacific Railroad. I enjoyed seeing the sights as we passed through the canyons and over the Rocky Mountains. The next morning the sun appeared to be coming up in the West and it was impossible for me to get straightened out again. I walked around Denver during the stopover there and did the same at St. Louis. We were met at the Chattanooga station by the outgoing mission president. Later we met the new President, J. Golden Kimball. Two of us were assigned to the South Carolina Conference a twenty four-hour train ride away. Elder H.S. Tanner and I were sent to work without purse or script in western South Carolina and to work our way eastward towards the Atlantic Ocean about 150 miles away. Noon the first day of tracting we were

fortunate to have a man ask us to take dinner with him. Towards evening, Elder Tanner asked me how I felt about getting a place to stay that night. I figured I might as well start then as anytime so we walked up to a big mansion that Elder Tanner liked with an iron fence in front. I hollered at the gate, as was the custom in the South. It was a good custom considering the vicious dogs they kept. We told the lady who met us at the gate that we were ministers of the Gospel traveling without purse or script and that hoped to spend the night there. She said, "I rekun' you can come on in." I gave her a card that had my name on one side and the Articles of Faith on the other. She ushered us into the parlor where two young ladies entertained us by playing the piano and singing. The lady of the house took the card and drove away in her buggy. Soon she came with a man who asked if the card were ours. "Yes" we responded. He told us "We can keep you". At least that's what we thought he said. Shortly, he made it clear that, "We can't keep you!" As we left, I told Elder Tanner that if we could always get as nice a place as this I would never find fault with him. We kept hearing, "We can't keep you," until we reached a home in which a man was supposed to be dying and his people were gathered around. We applied for entertainment and were told to wait. (Note, the term "applied for entertainment" is often seen in missionary accounts of that time). When the dying man learned it was two ministers he sent for us. Elder Tanner told them what our religion was and the doctrines we were teaching. The sick man began to revive and asked questions and became very much interested. At a late hour we were shown a bed. The next morning at breakfast the patient was wonderfully improved. Later that day we called on a man to take dinner with him. He told us to take the road as fast as our legs would carry us, for we were liable to have a mob on our heels. I well remember the impression that came to me at this time. I wanted to tell him to try his hand at that game right now. I withheld any such expression though. I learned later that mobbing was about the first thing some of those southern people would resort to. Had it not been for warnings or promptings we received giving us time to take other roads or flee, we would have no doubt been their victims. We continued our course towards the Atlantic holding meetings in schoolhouses when possible.

Neither Elder Tanner nor I were polished public speakers. He kept telling me that if there was any preaching to be done I would have to do it. I gave him the same warning. I said I couldn't preach because I didn't know anything to preach about; it was a true statement. Elder Tanner took charge in our first public meeting. He called on me to be the first speaker. I read the Articles of Faith then added about ten words and sat down. Poor Elder Tanner had to occupy the rest of the time. Sometimes he would run out of

words and would stand and think a while for something to come. To our surprise we were asked to hold a meeting the following night. The second meeting more than satisfied their interest in us and we moved on. The ferry we expected to cross a river wasn't running so we removed our clothes, held them and our grips above our heads and waded. The water just came to our necks; we kept our clothes dry. One evening after walking all day with nothing to eat we met a man returning to his home in the woods. We asked him for entertainment. He was willing but he said he was awfully poor, had very little to eat and lived in a crude hut. We followed him and sure enough it was just as he reported. The worst looking place I've ever seen. The hut had just one small, dirty smelly room, his wife and children wore greasy rags. She produced a little bacon and some corn meal and molded a corn pone with her filthy hands. Tired and hungry as I was the filth and the smell made it the hardest meal to get down I've ever eaten. They gave us the one bed they had to sleep on. It gave off a powerful odor and I was glad when morning came. A boy was sent to the river the previous evening to catch some fish for breakfast. He returned late in the morning with just a few. I was awful glad to say goodbye but we sincerely thanked those people for their kindness because they gave us the best they had.

We continued our way and finally reached the coastal town we were seeking. We found the home where the Elders we were to meet would be staying. Having time on our hands before they returned, we decided to take a bath in the ocean. The beach was smooth and the ocean waves were playing back and forth. Knowing nothing about tides we stripped and swam out to where the water was over our heads. After swimming about for a while we headed back. We swam and swam but got nowhere; it seemed as though we were swimming against a swift current. Each time we tested the depth, the bottom was lower! I was nearing exhaustion and began to think we were doomed. Elder Tanner was bigger than I, and an excellent swimmer. He began leaving me behind which added to my desperation. Finally though, I could see that he had gained footing on the bottom. This gave me new courage and by using the last of my strength I got to where he stood and could get some rest. Later, people who understood tides were amazed that we escaped drowning. This was our first bath in the ocean but not our last. We used the ocean for our bathtub whenever possible summer and winter.

We had a happy meeting with Elders Phelps and Deloss Tanner at the home of John Patric. They had been laboring in Orey County for two months and had a number of good prospects and appointments already set up. We decided to change partners and divide the district. They had expected some

good preaching from the new Elder from Utah but they soon realized they weren't going to get it. I could lead the singing though, but Elder Tanner couldn't sound a note. I had sung tenor in the Virgin choir and had learned some of the songs that were sung during meetings. Elder Tanner gave the sermons and I did the singing. I probably did just about as good a job as he. He mastered three sermons that I helped him learn by prompting him. We got along nicely together and retained our old friends but made few new ones. Elder Tanner had gotten married just a week before leaving to his mission. He had been out about a year and was anxious to get home. I had something like a sunstroke one day and Elder Tanner wrote to President Kimball without my knowledge suggesting that I should be released. What he hoped for of course was that if I were released, he would be also. My first knowledge of all this was when I received a letter from President Kimball stating that he would release me but only if I so requested. I said to Elder Tanner, "What in hell have you been doing trying to get me released? Don't ever undertake such a thing again. I came on this mission to stay and if I leave early it will be in a coffin." Soon after, we took the train a hundred and fifty miles away to Conference. Elder Tanner knew I hadn't fully recovered and suggested I see a doctor at Columbia SC during a stopover. The doctor that was recommended had a wonderfully decorated office including a large gold fish swimming in a glass bowl. He asked about my ailment, my occupation and where I was from. I said was a minister from Utah. I didn't say I was a Mormon but he must have made that assumption. He advised me to quit my profession and to take the medicine he gave me. He said to put so much in a glass of water and drink it down. I paid him five dollars and left. Something about him made me nervous, so before taking any of the medicine I touched my tongue to it. My tongue and lips burned with instant fire. I spit and rinsed but the burning continued and my lips blistered and became very sore. I put the bottle in my grip and later as I walked down a road I stumbled causing the grip to slam onto the ground with enough force to pop it open and break the bottle. The liquid ate holes in my books, the leather of my grip and destroyed the handkerchief I used to mop it up. I lacked confidence in doctors and their medicines before, now I had even less.

At the conference we held our council meeting on a little knoll surrounded with dense timber. I had a bottle of consecrated oil along and asked to be administered to. President Kimball was mouth; he rebuked the complaint and pronounced that my tongue would be loosened and that I would stand before congregations and that my voice would be heard to roar like a lion in proclaiming the Gospel of Salvation. This promise fulfilled the greatest desire of my heart at that time. The infirmity in my head vanished. I

told Elder Tanner while going back down the hill that I was a well man, that all my ailments had left me. During the conference President Kimball advised the Elders who became sick to stay away from doctors. He didn't know about my close call, but other missionaries in the area must have also had bad experiences. We greatly enjoyed our two-day conference; I was put in charge of the singing. Some Saints and friends had come from long distances. New appointments were given out. I was sent back to Orey County and to have as a partner, John Lee, from Toole. Elder Tanner was sent to Spartenburg County. It was the one area that he did not want to go to, but he figured he'd been heard from enough and didn't dare complain. Elder Lee and I were most congenial. We studied together, sang together and helped each other out; we were united in all that we undertook. Soon we were baptizing whole families and parts of families. People killed chickens and pigs or caught fish so they could feed us well. In return, we did all we could to give them an understanding of the Cause we represented. We approached a large white house one day that we hadn't visited before and Elder Lee said, "Let's go in and take dinner with them." I said I was willing to go wherever he wanted to take me for dinner and we went in. The wife told us to sit on the porch and wait for her husband who came along shortly. He was very reserved until Elder Lee got him talking about his part in the war. (The Civil War). He was still talking when the wife announced that dinner was ready. They invited us in. We talked a little about the Gospel then after dinner in the parlor we sang for them. They invited us back and we invited them to attend our next Sunday meeting. In about two weeks they were baptized. Our friend, Mr. Ben Varene, invited us, two other Elders and four ministers to a big fish fry on the beach. About two hundred people were there. Newly caught fish were cooked in Dutch ovens. After we had eaten all we could hold, Mr. Varene asked to have some preaching. The ministers declined but Elder H.S. Tanner (his first companion) and I did our best. We had good attention, people complimented us on our splendid talks and invited us to their homes. We were always welcome at the Varene home and we got to know and appreciate his colored servants. They in turn, learned that we were fond of fish and they made certain we had plenty. They also brought us huge watermelons. They would cut one in two and expect each of us to eat the entire half. I attended some of their meetings out of curiosity--- and it was more than satisfied. I watched them shout, clap their hands, jump, go through all kinds of maneuvers, and climb trees trying to find their Jesus. We could visit their churches but we couldn't go in their houses. If we had, the whites would have shunned us. One colored man and his family wanted to come home with us. I pointed out that where I came from there were no colored people and that he would soon get lonesome.



Left to right back row: John Shields, DeLos Franklin Tanner, Daniel Spencer Wallace, Warner Hoopes Allen, Henry David Wallace. Front Row: Richard Parker, Hyrum Smith Phelps, James Golden Kimball, Henry Smith Tanner, Charles Frank Emery.

I returned from my mission to find that my property was in good shape and that my livestock had increased in numbers. Betsy met me in Salt Lake with plenty of money to replace the things I had sold before leaving. We traveled to Milford by rail and by team and wagon on to Dixie where our children were waiting. What a happy meeting it was with our four sweet girls. Being separated from my dear family for twenty-seven months was the only bad experience of my mission. Everything else brought pleasure, happiness and satisfaction to my soul. I thought of Jacob Hamblin; he said he was glad he lost his horses because it made him so happy when he found them. So it was with me; I was almost glad I'd been gone, I was so happy to be back.

I spent a lot of time in the years following my return on a horse's back riding over mountains, valleys and deserts chasing wild cattle and horses, carrying grub and bedding on pack horses. Sleeping on the ground with lizards, snakes and coyotes for company. One night John Hilton and I were sharing camp at Antelope Springs on a cattle roundup. We left our bed rolled

out ready for the next night. After getting in and almost asleep we felt something crawling or running around on us. We jumped up and took the bed to pieces but found nothing. The next morning though when I put my hand in my pocket, I felt a huge lizard. I still almost shudder when I think of it. I was trading work with George Isom at his field down near the Virgin River. At lunch, we sat on the exposed roots in the shade of a big cottonwood tree. I took my food from the pail and placed it on the lid then turned to put the lid on another exposed root. I was met by the head of a huge rattlesnake that was coiled by the root. Instantly it began rattling and appeared ready to strike. I keeled over backwards, throwing my lunch helter-skelter into the river. I got my gun and made sure it didn't scare anyone else.

Wild mustangs had become so numerous in the area south of Pipe Springs, west to the Hurricane Cliffs, and south to the Colorado River that cattlemen from Kanab, Long Valley and the Virgin River settlements organized a roundup. After getting permission from the state of Arizona, about thirty-five of us spent three weeks on the project. We each had three extra horses and plenty of ammunition. I had a good 45x60 Winchester. We drove some of the mustangs we rounded up to a big holding pasture at Cane Beds. Others we shot and left for the coyotes and vultures. We camped at watering holes where corrals were available to hold the horses for the night. During the day we drove the extra horses along as decoys. It was easy to get bands of mustangs to join with our tame animals. We might pick up as many as three hundred during the day then take them all back to the corral. The next morning our horses were separated out and the process was repeated. After about three days the mustangs would be driven to the Cane Beds pasture. Sometimes we just shot them. One day Scott Cutter and I spied a band of twenty-seven head coming down a swale. We tied our horses and got onto some big rocks by the trail. We were downwind from them so they couldn't smell us. We began firing when they got within range; every shot bringing a horse to the ground. They didn't know where the shooting was coming from and the ones in the rear just kept coming on. We hesitated to kill the last one as he was larger than the others. We rose up and he saw us. He threw his head up and away he went. Finally he stopped on a hill about a half-mile away and looked back. Cutter pulled down on him and dropped him also.

I found that small ponies, if not too small, gave the best service for this kind of work. One day when George Hicks and I were delegated to work together, we came to a band and I told George to go around them and move them back towards me. He succeeded and by the time the mustangs had reached me they were quite winded. With my fresh pony I could ride up to

them and fire point blank. When I emptied my Winchester I got six more with my pistol. I reloaded and went back to shooting. In a short time I had killed them all. When Hicks finally got there he was amazed. He said, "Parker, what kind of a dammed horse have you got there anyway?" He had been slow getting there because his horse, a thoroughbred, was winded. He had three grain-fed thoroughbreds along on the roundup and it irked him to see a smaller pony outdo them.

At the end of the roundup we had about a thousand head in the Cane Beds pasture. About two hundred were branded animals that had been lost for years, including a pair of work horses that travelers to Arizona had lost one night. I had the contract to kill and skin them and after owners reclaimed their horses, my five hired men and I drove the remaining eight hundred to a corral on Little Creek. That done, I went home for my team and more ammunition. We did about one hundred horses a day. I shot them, never having to shoot a horse more than once, then the crew went to work. We skinned back from the ears and down the neck, then made cuts down the legs and under the belly. The loose end of the skin was then tied to a post. Next, hooking onto the carcass with the team we pulled it loose from the hide. We had to move to a new location each day because the stench got so bad. The hides were shipped to the Milford railhead and brought \$.75 to a \$1.50 each. I received half the proceeds and the rest went to help with roundup expenses. I sure enjoyed my three weeks spent in this horse-killing roundup. I became well acquainted with men from Kanab, Long Valley and all the surrounding country. I sometimes meet them and we always enjoy reminiscing about the wonderful time we had together destroying mustang horses.

Such history as this may not prove interesting to the reader but it was interesting to me passing through it. It was a fine sport for us fellows and it was beneficial, as there was much more grass left for good animals to eat. My main interest in those days was in the cattle industry and I always attended public roundups. Also, I had some narrow escapes. Once while night-herding for the Canyon Cattle Company in Rock Canyon a stampede occurred. There were about 900 wild steers, many ten to twelve years old, being held in a box canyon. The cattle had been noisy and restless during the evening but had quieted down by the time two others and I began our watch at 1:00 AM. I took a position closest to the herd while the others stayed further back where they could give support as needed. All at once the steers sprang to their feet and rushed towards us. Before my horse could move the cattle were on all sides of us. The canyon bottom was covered with large boulders and the night was black. I just gave my horse his head and let him get out of

the way as best he could. Had he fallen, we'd both been trampled to death, but somehow he made it out toward the canyon's mouth. Do I need to tell you how frightened I was? After running about a half-mile we came to a house-sized rock and we got the lead animals to circle the rock and head back into the canyon, and that ended the stampede. The next morning we found steers that had been trampled to death, some with broken legs and others with horns broken off but dangling from their heads. This is just one example of many stampedes I've been in. They never dampened my interest in handling and owning cattle though. I was a stockholder and director of the Kolob Cattle Company and worked along with William Wright and Charles Ballard while they were superintendents of the company. After about twenty successful years, it was decided to disband the company. Fifty percent of the stock was distributed to stockholders and everything else: the remaining cattle with the brand; horses; ranches; dairy equipment, and everything else was to be sold at auction. Some smaller stockholders were willing to sell their shares at fifty cents on the dollar even before the division was made and I began buying all I could get. The LDS Church owned \$5,000.00 worth and I bought that. I had no money to pay for all this and I needed to make a major sale just as soon as the livestock was turned over to me. As the deadline approached, I became really worried, but then a ragged dirty man came along driving a jackass saying he wanted to buy cattle. He needed just about the number I would have for sale and he agreed to my price, to be paid in greenbacks. At sale time, he asked for scissors and proceeded to cut the lining from his waistband and removed \$4,000.00. (This could be a couple of hundred thousand in today's money). The Mexican cowboys he had hired arrived on time and the last we saw of them and the cattle they were headed for Pearce's Ferry.

I was now able to meet my obligations and to be a major bidder for the Kolob Company's assets that were auctioned. Along with John Hilton, Mose Gibson, and John Wright, I became owner of the Blue Springs ranch, dairy equipment, saddle horses, and all the rest of the cattle under the brand. Many of the cattle had been allowed to run wild for years and they were fleet of foot, wary of man and ready to fight. Rounding them up and placing them under control was a huge job. We did a lot of roping from horseback, and I lost a number of horses from being hooked and crippled by big cattle. One day John Hilton and I were roping and tying wild cattle on Smiths Flats. We had gentle cattle along to help regulate the wild ones. We had a cow down that John was controlling by holding her tail. As I undid my lariat, the cow lunged at me, broke the brush of her tail off and came after me. I ran to a small bushy Juniper tree and kept running around it, the cow right after me.

John jumped on his horse, raced up and pulled me on behind him just as I was getting too winded to run any further. John saved me another time when I had roped a big wild steer. The saddle cinch had worked loose and when I tried to stop the steer it pulled the saddle back onto the horse's loins. The steer stopped and had its eyes closed so I thought it safe to dismount and redo the cinch. Just as I undid it, the steer charged. I ran, with the steer right behind me. His horns clipped me a couple of times. I threw myself into a shallow gully and just as the bellowing steer turned back to gore me, he was stopped short. John had ridden up, seen the situation, grabbed the end of my lariat and snubbed it to his saddle horn. Another time it was John who had the narrow escape. A big steer we were chasing was making toward Dry Wash. It had sheer ledges on both sides and just a narrow crevice from the side where the trail went through. John roped the steer just before it entered the crevice. By then though, John's horse was close to the canyon edge and the steer's momentum was so great that the last I saw of John and horse they were being jerked over the edge. I rode up expecting to find them dead. It was almost funny though when I looked over and saw the horse standing at the bottom with John still on its back. The steer and the rope were gone but we got both back the next day.

It took about three years to get all the cattle under control. Some worked their way north to Dry Creek canyon. (Now part of Kolob Canyons). There were some awful bad cattle among them such as big bulls and old steers that wanted to run or fight. Sheer walls on three sides and opening only about 150 yards wide made it easy to hold them, and they had plenty of food and water. We got shovels and axes and built a fence across the canyon mouth, night herding them while it was being built. Then we brought in seventy-five head of tame cattle from Kolob. We hired some good cowboys to help us and we began the drive. One old stag was so wild and crazy I roped it and sewed its eyelids shut. All it could do then was follow the other animals by sound. I rode ahead hoping to keep them moving at a medium pace but sometimes I was lucky not to get run down. When we reached the dugway going down Black Ridge I rode further on ahead to warn wagon drivers of what was coming. None of them needed urging to turn off into safe havens. Further south, we split the best steers off and sold them at Silver Reef. The unbranded animals were taken to the pound and then sold at auction. We received a small fee for bringing them in. I was able to buy the branded animals from the other three stockholders for a low price. None of them wanted to bother with wild cattle. I kept them all fenced in with the tame animals and they soon settled down. I then had a nice herd of cattle and I gave them good attention. During the three years that we gathered the

animals together, we would often find a cow perhaps where it wasn't feasible to bring her out. These we shot and transported the meat on packhorses. To shoot an animal for meat, you had to approach downwind and drop it while it was quiet. If it ran and got heated up, the meat was no good. Will Isom and I shot one such cow that we came across down in the LaVerkin Breaks while distributing salt. She was dry, had been on good feed and was fat. We built a scaffold, cut the meat into thin strips, salted it, and smoked it for two days. That gave us the best jerked-beef I've ever tasted. Betsy would cut it into small pieces and make gravy to go with potatoes. The children would cut off a chunk and chew on it.

Most of the beef and pork we ate was from animals fattened at Blue Springs. Various grasses found there gave the meat the best flavor of any I've ever eaten. I would kill a beef in the fall and salt down a barrel of corned beef then hang out some nice pieces to dry. The children still talk about how good it was. Usually when we moved to the ranch in the late spring I would kill a six-week old calf; it was the best meat I ever tasted. The milk there was also extra good. We would put a bucket into the spring where it got really cold and no better supper was ever eaten than bread with that milk. The ranch was along the public road and we had lots of visitors. We had a two hundred-acre fenced pasture that travelers could run their animals in. We tried to make everybody welcome including the Indians who liked to camp there. We seldom ate without guests present. Our home was the chapel on Sunday for Sacrament Meeting; William Wright was appointed Presiding Elder. We were all called upon and our sermons would be short and the meetings the same, but it kept us in remembrance of the Sabbath Day. We always enjoyed our little mountain home and being among cattle and horses.

I usually broke horses for riding and for work but once I hired Joe Hirschi to break ten head for riding. The breaking he did was not satisfying to me. He whipped, spurred and wore them out; but they never got gentle. I turned them out to recuperate but when I brought them back they were wilder than ever. When I broke a horse I treated him kindly and let him know I was his friend so that he wasn't afraid of me. I've never been bucked off a horse but I've had lots of them fall during a chase. One time a rather wild horse fell and my foot was caught in the stirrup under him. He jumped up and ran off jumping and kicking with me being dragged along. After about twenty-five yards the sole of my boot came off, thus freeing my foot. He ran off and left me lying there; I was bruised and sore but nothing was broken. I've had close calls like that too numerous to relate, but have been miraculously protected from serious injury.

I've been involved in some outlaw manhunts. Your life's at stake when you're involved with these characters. Josh Swett was an example. He and two others had stolen cattle in Arizona. A posse overtook them, shot all three, left them for dead and retrieved the cattle and saddle horses. Josh, the lone survivor, walked and crawled to a ranch, stole a good horse and rode to where his Indian wife was. He instructed her to head north with a team and wagon, then joined her when it was safe. They crossed the river at Lee's Ferry and came on to Virgin where they stayed with Will Bliss, a similar kind of character. He was very weak when he got here and explained that he had chills and fever. He had a good horse and a good gun and as his strength came back he demonstrated his skill. I engaged in a shooting match one day shooting at chicken heads. At forty yards, he could get his chicken most every shot. One day while visiting in Toquer, sheriff Nebeker showed me a telegram from Arizona that described the Swetts. I told him where to find them, but Will Bliss was also in Toquer that day and he hurried back and warned them. When the sheriff arrived, the place was empty.

(Brief review of about five pages of manuscript)

Bliss returned in a few days, apparently from the mesas to the north. A series of events follow in which it becomes clear that Swett, Bliss and Bliss's relative, Stapley, are up to no good. At one point Swett tells Richard that he has killed a number of men and that he will kill anybody else who tries to detain him. During this time, Richard maintains a friendship of sorts with Swett. Within in few weeks, posses are formed to capture Swett. Each time they think they have him, he manages to escape) The three fugitives went up a canyon but found they couldn't get their horses up over the ledges so they abandoned them. This could have been the low mesa just south of Virgin.

They could see that the town was alive with horsemen and Bliss dropped back and called across the river that he wanted to surrender. The river was high but I rode across and got him on behind me for the return trip. The other two continued up the river and about dark were surrounded in a thicket next to the river. The next morning Will Bliss, carrying a white flag, entered the thicket, but it was empty. To our amazement they had crossed the river during the night and had gone to some springs on Smiths that are down below a little ledge where it is easy to conceal oneself and difficult to be captured. (This was in early spring when the water was both high and cold). The next day while making plans we got word that they had passed through Kanarra, but first stealing horses in Toquer. They had been tracked to a volcanic knoll

near Iron Springs west of Cedar City. Sheriff Guss Hardy deputized me to help him. He gave me the gun that was assigned to Alex McDonald who was too drunk at the time to pay much attention. We arrived about midnight and were met by a posse of six men from Kanarra who said the fugitives had abandoned their horses at the base of the knoll. Swett had fired at them, the bullets narrowly missing. We posted guards and waited for morning. They slipped away in the night. Along with a posse from Cedar and an Indian tracker we followed them all day and by evening had them corralled in a rough gorge full of boulders and cedars. I assigned about twenty guards and we again waited for daybreak. We'd been without food all day so when some dry bread arrived from Cedar, we greatly enjoyed it. The next morning four of us went into the gorge, and again found nothing. We found where they had slithered their way past a guard on their bellies. Their trail led back toward the Black Ridge. At that point, they could walk on rocks and couldn't be followed. I had been without sleep for five nights so I gave up the chase and slept the night at Spilsbury's in Toquer. The next morning I warned the towns about the danger. We brought all the horses in Virgin to the public square and removed the Bliss family from their home and put a guard there. During the night Tom Maloney saw them coming close by a fence. He stayed out of sight until Stapley climbed over a rock at which time he ordered them to throw up their hands and drop their guns. Stapley complied but Swett ran back out of town. I took Stapley to John Hilton who was the constable and while we were there, Swett came and turned himself in. Their first request was for something to eat. They were the hardest looking men I ever saw: no hats or coats to ward off the cold and what clothes they did have were in rags. (This occurred sometime during the winter of 1883-1884) We took Swett to where his wife was and let him change clothes. He didn't want me to, but I insisted on seeing where he had been wounded. I saw where the ball entered his chest and came out of his back. In fact, the wounds weren't entirely healed. I've often wondered how he survived all of that. The next day we turned them over to the sheriff at Silver Reef. On the way, Swett worried that we planned to lynch him but I assured him we had no such intention. He told me that a couple of times during the chase he could have put a bullet through the buckle on my hat. I have been involved in a number of such dangerous undertakings. I had no fear at the time although I always tried to use caution and judgment.

Note: Additional information concerning Swett is provided by Dr. Wesley Larson's unpublished manuscript: Kiabab Plateau and Houserock Valley. Official court records cited indicate that the three men were convicted of stealing one calf plus the two horses from

Ashton Nebeker in Toquerville. Swett served two years of a seven-year sentence and was then pardoned by the governor after being petitioned by a group of citizens including Nebeker because they felt he had been somewhat unjustly prosecuted. A mitigating circumstance in the horse theft was the fact that the posse had first signaled their intentions to Swett and Stapley by opening fire; the posse seemed more interested killing than in capturing. The fugitives were, in fact, fleeing for their lives to avoid being lynched. Oddly, there is nothing about problems Swett may have had in Arizona. Richard Parker recalled seeing a telegram to Sheriff Nebeker from someone in Arizona, yet there seemed to be no interest on the part of Arizona authorities to take Swett into custody.

I gave Father all the assistance I could during his long illness. I stayed with him most every night for months. My sisters Alice and Maria usually took care of him during the day. Father requested that I look after his wife, Aunt Ellen, after he was gone and I did that as best I could for her as long as she lived. My sister Alice was widowed with a large family to raise and I tried to help her. My good wife excelled in helping others. At father's death, the gristmill was left to my sisters and me. I often assisted the miller by running the mill at night when grinding was urgent. (Note. This was no doubt the same mill mentioned in Harvey Hall's memoirs in which he tells of his childhood in Rockville. A mill in Washington City could apparently produce better flour and two extra days of traveling were considered well spent if quality was the main concern). I made it a point to meet all my obligations at the appointed time and place. I am thankful and happy over the thought that my conscience doesn't smite me over the things I've done wrong while passing though the seventy-nine years I have lived on earth. In taking inventory of my life I discover I have left undone some things which I might have done and done some things which I should not have done, but they are all too numerous to mention.

Dancing was about the greatest entertainment we had in Dixie and I was most always elected by the Ward to manage our dances. There were some characters who would come to dances full of wine, and they would have a keg hidden in the shrubbery so they could stay full. The worst of these were four Hunt brothers from Duncan. They would come, refuse to buy tickets, and dance when they pleased. Because space was limited, tickets were numbered and no one danced until their number was called. The Hunt boys paid no attention to any of those rulings; as a result, one of them died. The community wanted better order and Joseph Workman, James Jepson and I

were appointed to enforce the rules and to expel anyone who broke them. I was in charge at the next dance and Frank Hunt was there exhibiting his usual manners by stomping his feet and doing all in his power to disturb the other dancers. I was dancing in the same quadrille set as he and when the first change came I stepped over and asked him kindly to not hit it quite so hard. He was then worse than ever and when the dance ended I told him, "Frank Hunt you have got to go out of here." I marched him to the door, which someone opened as we approached, and I shoved him out. He sent word for me to come out so he could lick me. I didn't leave until the dance was over but saw nothing of him on the way home. The next afternoon James Jepson and I were in the river by the gristmill filling a water barrel in preparation for taking wood to the St. George Temple. Frank and a man named Joe Dobson came to the riverbank. When we drove out, Frank jumped in front of the team and stopped them. Then he came where I was sitting and pulled a rack stake from its rack and said, "We will lay this here", as it put it on the ground. He then said, "Dick, get off the wagon. I'm going to lick you." I said, "Hold on Frank, I don't think there's any use in that." He then struck me on the side of my face. I started to get off the wagon but as I did so he hit me under the jaw and knocked me onto the ground. As this was going on, James jumped from the wagon and picked up the rack stake Frank had laid down. Frank started for him but was met with a blow on his head that brought him to the ground. This man Dobson squared himself for the fight but Ezekial Pratt the miller who had seen the whole thing and had run over, said, "Stand back. There is one man dead and there will be another if you don't keep your place." We bathed Frank's head with cold water but nothing could revive him. He made a few groans but within ten minutes he was dead. Dobson was later killed by Will Halady for being too intimate with his wife while Halady was serving time for stealing cattle. Frank's brother George was killed in Virgin by Johnny Jones who was spending the winter there. George had been bragging about his fighting ability and said, "And I can whip you too, you son of a bitch." Jones answered with a fist. The third time he was knocked down, George said, "You can lick me tonight but you can't in the morning." They agreed to fight in front of Ab Stratton's at 9:00 AM. George was going to use a rack stake but when Johnny pulled a six-shooter it was agreed to stick with fists. Jones knocked Hunt down twice and the second time he jumped on his chest breaking three of George's ribs; death occurred a few days later.

I have always looked upon James Jepson as a man who saved my life. There is no man living that I have greater regard for. He was my most intimate associate all during the years I spent in Dixie country. We grew up together as boys; we have worked together, traveled together; told our secrets

to each other; and advised and counseled together. A few days after the accident we brought a load of wood to the St. George Temple and there we met with Apostle Erastus Snow. During a meeting with him in the Temple, we related all that had occurred. He said it is too bad that good men have to dirty their hands on characters of this kind, but to never mind as it wouldn't hurt us. There is no man in the Dixie country to day that has greater respect of the people than James Jepson.

I moved to Millard County in 1900. On my way home from my Mission in 1893 I stopped to see my brother William. While there I received my Patriarchal Blessing that stated that I would go to a new land and that the people there would look unto me as their deliverer and their friend. I thought little about it at the time but in 1899 and 1900 a terrible drought struck the Dixie country. It appeared that all our range cattle would die. I visited Hinckley and Abraham in Millard County and found much better conditions. I bought one hundred sixty acres of land plus equipment, thirty hogs, and two hundred chickens. I went back and drove 350 head of cattle back and later brought the rest. The next summer I realized how much I missed Blue Springs and I also found out that the Sevier River bottoms were poor summer grazing. They were in worse shape when I brought them in the fall than when I turned them out. We tried various locations but none were satisfactory, and I cut back on my herd. Jesse W. Crosby came by offering to trade 2,000 sheep for cattle, which I agreed to. I found the sheep near the Paria at the foot of Buckskin Mountain. It was December and a heavy snowfall forced me to remain there a few days. While there, a Mr. Jolly came and traded me out of the sheep. I returned home but stopped off in Virgin to share Christmas with friends and relatives.

Note. John Hilton and family moved also. Because the families had been called to Dixie, they obtained permission from their Stake President before leaving. In addition to the drought, a reason for moving was that opportunities for their growing children appeared to be much better in Millard County. John and Richard built homes in Abraham. It was abandoned in 1913. He recounts some of the farming ventures in which he was involved. Much of the soil in the area had alkali problems that resulted in many disappointments. He also tells about restoring irrigation water flow after a flood destroyed a diversion dam and canal. Nobody else thought his plan was workable. He persisted though and when water was restored he was hailed as "deliverer and friend" as predicted in his Patriarchal Blessing.

We tried to give our girls the best possible opportunity for education. Annie and Maria attend normal school in Cedar City for two years and we lived in Provo two years so they could attend there, although I remained behind to operate a store in Abraham and then to launch into the sheep business. In the meantime, a high school was established in Hinckley so I bought a city lot in Hinckley and built an eight-room house. Wife and I were our own architects and we've been well satisfied with the home. We spent many happy years there and entertained lots of visitors such as Heber J. Grant and Joseph F. Smith who attended conference at the Deseret Stake. We have always kept a good welcome for anybody who wished to call on us. When the Deseret Stake was organized I was called to the High Council, and as counselor in the High Priest Quorum. I served as mayor for two years and on the Hinckley City Council for two years. I was a busy pound keeper in Abraham when there were plenty of loose stock and few fences. A stray horse belonging to a good old Indian from Kanosh was picked up. Someone saw the advertisement in the paper concerning the impounded horse and alerted him. When he came, he had no money of course, so I paid the impound fee, the advertising fee, and put him up for the night. The thankfulness of that Indian was worth ten times the cost to me.

My dear wife, Betsy, died October 6, 1936. She had been extremely ill for about ten days but was perfectly conscious up to the time of her death. The problem seemed to be in or with her head as her eyesight was affected. We all thought she was feeling much better the night she died. She joked and talked with the children who were at her bedside, but a change came suddenly and thirty minutes later she passed away. If she ever had a fault or failing during our long life together I was not able to discern it. We had eight children, seven girls and one boy. Annie born December 6, 1880, in Virgin married Thomas Higgs; Maria born May 18, 1883, in Virgin married Charles Keele; Lovenia born May 8, 1888, in Virgin married Oscar Fullmer; Ida born May 28, 1890, married Hurbert Moffet; Mable born May 1, 1894, in Virgin married Jay H. Stockman; Wealthy born August 21, 1897, in Virgin married Alma Hanson. Ianthus, our only son, was born May 17, 1900, in Abraham married Thenelda Blackburn; and Lucile born December 5, 1905 in Abraham who died at age eight from pneumonia.

Fifty-eight years ago, Betsy and I were married in the St. George Temple. I often think upon life's experiences together and wonder how it could have been possible to have passed through those many years without such a congenial and loving companion. It has made my life a life of happiness. The thought that in the Morning of the Resurrection we will still

be husband and wife, never more to part, brings comfort and happiness to me now. I wish to leave my testimony of a few things which I know to be true: First of all, I know the Gospel of Jesus Christ is true; that it is the Power of God unto salvation unto all who believe and obey it. I know that Joseph Smith was in instrument in the hands of the Almighty God for establishing his Church and Kingdom upon this earth, never to be thrown down or given to another people. I have seen, and heard preach, all the Church presidents from Brigham Young to Heber J. Grant and I know them all to be of God and to be legal successors of the Prophet Joseph Smith. I know that the angel spoken of by John the Revelator, chapter fourteen verses six and seven, has come to this earth and fulfilled the mission which is so plainly written that he would fulfill. I know he visited Joseph Smith and showed him where the Plates were concealed, from which the Book of Mormon was translated. I have read the Book of Mormon twelve times and I know it to be the word of the Lord. I also know that the revelations in the Doctrine and Covenants are the word of God to this generation. I know the Priesthood of God has been restored to the earth. I know that all the gifts and blessings promised to believers are to be found in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. I am thankful to God that I have this knowledge that I have referred to. I esteem my membership in this church as one of the greatest blessings and privileges that could come to me. My hopes and desires are that I may so live and conduct my life that my standing will never be withdrawn from me. My earnest desires are that all my children and my posterity after me will be diligent in maintaining their standing in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints; that they will uphold and sustain all those who are called upon to preside; that they will be careful to never give an offense to any person; that they will be honest with themselves with their fellowmen; that they will always try to say a kind word to everybody.