

MEMORIES

of

NEW HARMONY

by

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Someone has said that "Memory is a treasurer to which we must give funds if we would afterwards draw from it the assistance we need."

In all of us there are sleeping, deeply imprinted images, waiting for a word or sound to awaken them; and no word has greater power than the word "home town." Associated with it are the carefree days of youth, of parents, home and security.

Like the facets of a choice gem with varied tones and forms, are the memories of the little village where I was born and reared to maturity. The fires that flash from these memories are ever with me, ever comforting and warming.

To one who has not known intimately the good people whose lives and interest have centered in New Harmony, and whose very destinies have been shaped by its wholesome ideals and influences there, cannot fully appreciate what the little village holds in the memories of many of us who love and remember it.

Truly the great modern Prophet and Colonizer, Brigham Young, saw beyond the present, to the larger purposes of that, then far, outpost. The early settlers trusted him, they had faith that he who guided the ship knew definitely the port to which they were bound. They put their whole heart into the project and today the results of the plan are plain to see.

From historical records, diaries, organization minute books, and vivid and lovely memories, I have compiled the following pages in the hopes that future generations will hold sacred in their hearts the priceless heritage that is theirs.

To be reared in a quiet little town, away from the noise and temptations of a noisy city is truly a prized privilege. Memory is everlasting and one of the sweetest things in life. It can always be with us and when it is pleasant, it can uplift and sustain us. These memories are deeply colored by my own family recollections, tempered by the words of the poet, "Where every neighbor 'round the place is dear as a relation. Back where we used to be so happy and so poor."

The General Assembly of the Provisional Government of the Territory of Deseret at the December 1847 meeting commissioned the Honorable Parley P. Pratt to raise a company of fifty men with necessary equipment to explore Southern Utah. The object of the exploration was to examine the country and ascertain the facilities that would sustain a population. The company went to Little Salt Lake Valley, what was later known as Parowan, 250 miles south of Salt Lake City. Here the company divided--one part stayed to find locations for towns and to look for timber and other necessities, the other part traveled farther south. George A. Smith wrote to the Deseret News under the date of Dec. 1852 "On the first water south of the 'Rim of the Basin' in Washington Co., John D. Lee and Elisha Groves and company are building a fort called Harmony. The point is well selected for military purposes and commands the springs and about 160 acres of farm lands of the creek. It is about twenty miles north of the Rio Virgin which is inaccessible to teams until a road is worked at considerable expense."

Orson Pratt visited the settlement in 1862 with others from Cedar City, but thought there was not land enough to sustain the new colony. It was to be the Southern

Outpost. The group rode over the valley to give Orson Pratt an opportunity to locate a townsite for them. They rode over the ridge to the south and looked into what is now "Dixie." They then inspected Ash (Harmony) Creek and Kanarra Creek. With the aid of his engineering instruments he located a site where the two streams would supply water for a larger tract of land. The place became known as Fort Harmony. The old site was not abandoned and in later years was known as Kelsey's Ranch. Because of the rich soil and abundant water, it flourished for many years with gardens, orchards, and grain fields. As the years passed and settlements were made at St. George, Toquerville, Belvue, etc. the ranch served as a half-way station, where mail carriers and travelers rested, fed their horses and enjoyed the hospitality and good cooking of pioneer Abigail Kelsey. In later years, floods and erosion claimed much of the rich soil of the tillable acres and today (1957) as the traveler speeds over the modern highway, a little to the east, going south, one gnarled apple tree is about the only reminder of the original Harmony of 1852.

The Orson Pratt Company camped on the Fort Harmony site on a Saturday night in 1852. Next day, Sunday, they held a sacrament and testimony meeting at which John D. Lee was called upon to express himself. These were his words, "Brethren, we are called upon again to found a settlement in these valleys of Zion. It is our mission to subdue the earth and reclaim its waste places. This is a beautiful valley with good, rich soil and an excellent climate. It is much earlier than Parowan or Cedar City. The scenery about us is magnificent and inspiring, and these mountains will be our fortress of protection and defense against our enemies. This will be the southern-most settlement of the saints. We have come over the Basin but this great ridge to the south forms a natural barrier in the way of further advance. We will never go over the ridge, it will be the southern boundary of Zion and we will build here the Southern outpost of the saints. May the Lord help us build it strong and well. Amen."

In 1855-6 most of the colony from Harmony moved a few miles north and west and built a substantial fort 100 yards square. The walls were built on a stone foundation three feet thick. Its adobe walls were three feet thick at the bottom, and one and a half feet thick at the top. Houses joined the walls inside the fort all the way round. On the east and east half of the north and south sides the walls were twelve feet high with one-storey homes against it. On the west and west half of the north and south sides the fort wall was twenty feet high with two-storey houses against it. A guard walk above the roof ran all the way around and there were port-holes every few feet along the walls. Brigham Young pronounced Fort Harmony the best-built fort in the Territory. It stood solid and firm for six years, and then an enemy that had not been foreseen descended upon it and destroyed it. Through January and February 1862 rains fell almost constantly for twenty-eight days, during which time the sun was never seen. The heavy adobe walls were soaked through, and they collapsed Feb. 7th killing two children, George A. and Margaret Ann, children of John D. and Sarah Caroline Lee. A well in the enclosure supplied culinary water for all the people of the fort. A ward had been organized there with William R. Davis bishop. John D. Lee had acted as Presiding Elder prior to that time.

From Iron County Records we read the following, "June 5th 1855, the locating committee for district No. 4 for Harmony made their report, when it was ordered that a

tax of 40% be raised on all taxable property in district No. 4." This was in addition to blanket tax of \$50.00 a lot and \$25.00 a man or toll.

In 1854 headquarters for a mission to the Lamanites was established at Fort Harmony. The missionaries went about three miles up Ash Creek and established a farm for the Lamanites where New Harmony now stands. These missionaries also founded in 1854, the town of Santa Clara for the same reason, and in 1867, Pinto, likewise. Jacob Hamblin, Thales Haskell and Augustus P. Hardy helped in these settlements.

In 1854 Pres. Heber C. Kimball prophesied that if the elders laboring with the Lamanites at New Harmony would help them, peace would abide there and that in time a wagon road would be built over the Black Ridge and a Temple would be built in that vicinity and the Lamanites would come from across the Colorado River and would come and get their endowments there. (All these prophecies have been fulfilled.)

On May 20th 1855 at a conference in Cedar City presided over by Brigham Young, the people living in Cedar City and Harmony were organized into a Stake of Zion with Isaac Height as President. William Rees Davis was ordained Bishop.

In 1855 Samuel F. Atwood wrote from Harmony that the Lamanites planted crops then went hunting. They were frightened when many grasshoppers appeared.

In 1856 Chief Kanosh from Corn Creek held a council and talked at great length to a great tribe of Piedes. An Indian named Lemuel who lived with John D. Lee acted as interpreter. Kanosh told them that when the whites first came among them, they were very poor, living on mice, grasshoppers, lizards, and grass seeds and starving much of the time. Now, he said, the Whites have taught us to raise potatoes, squash, corn and wheat and have helped us to get clothing and have taught us to work. He showed them the great change that had come to them and the benefits that would come to them if they were honest and would try to help themselves. Kanosh also told them if they did not stop stealing from the Whites they would be driven into the mountains and never come back.

One day Enos, a young Indian living sometimes with the Piedes and sometimes with the Pah-van-tes, who continued to steal, was brought before Kanosh, who had him stripped and flogged hard and then told him that if he continued to steal from the Whites he would have him put in the stone house and have his head chopped off.

From Juanita Books' book, "Under Dixie's Sun," I glean the following. On Jan. 4th 1856 a petition was submitted from Harmony, Washington Co., Utah, asking for a county organization and signed by thirty-two petitioners. It was addressed to the Territorial Legislature then in session. and recorded in the Journal of History of the Church under date. The First Washington County Record Book A., Record of the Probate Court, is dated Feb. 1, 1856. The First Washington Record Book A., record of land transfers, is dated Feb. 16, 1856. Both are written at Harmony, Washington Co., Utah territory and are kept by John D. Lee.

On March 4th 1859 the Court was moved from Harmony to Washington and on that day, John D. Lee handed over all records of the county, receiving a receipt for them.

The county map of Utah for 1865 shows Washington Co. extending the full width of the state, with New Harmony in the county. The county map for 1879 shows Kane County taken from Washington County, with Toquerville as County Seat of Kane

county. Iron County still extends the width of the state. New Harmony is still in Washington Co. During the boom days of Silver Reef, the County seat of Kane county was moved to Kanab, and Toquerville, Virgin, Pocketville and the settlements along the Virgin River were made a part of Washington County. In this way the Mormon population was able to outvote the population of Silver Reef and keep the County Seat in St. George, where it had been moved in the early sixties. It was still in Washington Co. in 1864.

In 1859 a Post Office was established in Harmony with Elisha Groves Postmaster. In 1865 William Pace succeeded him then Archie Bell became Postmaster. Harvey Pace held a short term and when he resigned Mary Taylor was made postmistress and held the position until near the turn of the century when George and Nan Prince took over the post.

The farmers felt that they were wasting water in bringing the two creeks Ash and Kanarra so far, and when the Fort walls crumbled in 1862, a council was held and the settlers decided to make two settlements, the one to the West to be called New Harmony and the one to the east to be called Kanarra from the name of an Indian Chief of that name. The village of Kanarra is right on the rim of the Great Basin. Kanarra Creek rises in the mountains to the east and enters the open valley on high land so that the waters could be directed northward into the Great Basin on the south into the Rio Virgin. The settlers at Fort Harmony cast lots by drawing from a hat the name of the place they would be assigned to. This proved satisfactory all around, and through the years the two small towns have mingled in a most friendly relationship. At holiday times, at weddings, ball games and any and all celebrations the people, old and young, have mingled freely to the enjoyment of all concerned. This same situation applied to the people of Pinto situated fifteen miles over the mountains to the north - west. Whole groups of the young people would travel together in bob sleds or jolting wagon or occasionally a roomy white top buggy. The going and coming always added zest to the affair.

The tillable land and water for irrigation was limited in both New Harmony and Kanarra, so it has been necessary for the younger generation to move out into distant areas to plant their roots. Not until many years later did they try dry-land planting; when this was found to be feasible, the sage flats were brought into cultivation. This has been a good thing for both places.

The ward records of New Harmony began Dec. 1861 when the saints assembled in John D. Lee's hall and organized themselves into a Branch. Lee explained that he was not the president although he had taken the lead in meetings since Kanarra was formed, but he had never been sustained by the people, neither did he want the presidency unless he was unanimously the choice of the people and unless they would sustain him by their faith and prayers. On motion of Richard Woolsey, seconded by William Pace, John D. Lee was accepted as president of the Branch. William Pace was chosen clerk, James Pace and Richard Woolsey were chosen Teachers. Lee's Hall, mentioned often in New Harmony, was a large frame building located in the southwest corner of his enclosed farmland. It was surrounded by a grove of cottonwood trees near a small spring that later supplied water for a small fish pond.

This Hall was the first place large enough to accommodate a large group, public or private. John D. Lee had a very large family and in the early days he entertained visitors both Church and State.

A sketch of Harmony and New harmony would not be complete without giving due credit to John D. Lee and the part he played in bringing the Redd (my) family into the Restored Church.

The Pace family are also indebted to him for this same blessing. When Lee, a traveling missionary in Murfreesborough, Tennessee, contacted the John H. Redd family and taught them the new, yet old message, the truth found lodgment in their hearts. The family consisted of John H. Redd, Elizabeth Hancock Redd and six children. Two children had died in infancy. The children were Ann Moriah, Ann Elizabeth, Mary Catherine, Lemuel Hardison, John Holt, and Benjamin Jones. This was in 1842. According to Church History,

John D. Lee was a devoted member and he shared in the hardships of the Saints in their early moving, mobbings and in their Western Trek. He was closely associated with Brigham Young in the early colonizing of Utah. When one was needed who would heed the call of authority and do his best to pioneer in the sun-parched land of Southern Utah, John D. Lee was the man trusted to do the undertaking. To his numerous family he gave the last full measure of his devotion and strength to provide food and clothing for them. He had a shoe-making outfit and he made shoes for them before there were stores in that part of the country to supply them.

Today many of his progeny are living and they are proud to acknowledge his strength and good works, and they sorrow for the mistake he made when he was led into the tragedy that lost him his membership in the Restored Church and his life. They will always be proud of his ability and faithfulness in record keeping of daily happenings through his long life.

(July 1990, several years ago the church exonerated John D. Lee, and his church membership and blessings have been fully restored. A.R.M.)

Among the settlers who located at New Harmony in 1862 were Wilson D. Pace, Lemuel H. Redd and Richard Woolsey, all with families. In 1863 came William Taylor, James H. Imley, Allen Taylor, Joseph L. Heyward, Ulrich Bryner, all with families. When these early groups came, they built temporary homes along Ash Creek. Sometime later Israel Evans surveyed the present townsite and gradually these families moved to the present site and built permanent homes.

My father, Lemuel H. Redd, salvaged bricks from the old fort wall for the chimney for his home. The only homestead that continued on the creek bank was the old James Pace place at the extreme southeast boundary of the town. There his wife Margaret lived with her large family. Later, the Taylor boys, Edmund, then Jim owned the place. They built a large frame house there as the years passed. Tall Locust trees shaded the yard and a fruit orchard covered the lowlands nearby. A winding foot path led from our home along the creek shaded by birch and willow trees. Our old swimming hole was just at the first turn below the lower bars. Many happy memories cling round that spot, memories of a very colorful childhood with sisters and brothers. Other settlers who spent the winter 1861-62 in New Harmony were John D. Lee, Henry Darrow, James and William Pace, George Sevey, and Harvey A. Pace, all with families except the last named. Most of these were missionaries to the Lamanites, who had been called

by the church to Southern Utah in 1861, and it was through the influence of Lee and Erastus Snow that these families stopped at New Harmony and helped build that place.

THE SOUTHERN INDIAN MISSION

The first Mormon exploration of what later became Washington County was done during the winter of 1849 under the leadership of Parley P. Pratt. On the last day of that year his company looked down over the Rim of the Basin onto an impressive, though discouraging view. In his vivid description, he says "The Great Wasatch Range here terminates in several abrupt promontories, the country southward opening to the view of at least 80 miles, and showing no sign of water or fertility, indeed the Indians say there is none. But a wide expanse of chaotic matter presents itself, consisting of huge hills, sandy deserts, cheerless, grassless plains, perpendicular rock, loose barren clay, dissolving beds of sandstone and various other elements lying in confusion--in short, a country in ruins, dissolved by the pelting of the storms of ages, or turned inside out, upside down by terrible convulsions in some former age."

Not too long after this time, the first Missionaries to the Indians of the south were called. With the expanding of the territory, with new converts arriving in large numbers each season, Brigham Young sensed more and more the need of an open corridor to the sea. The old Spanish Trail must be kept open and free of danger from Indian attacks if the people were to secure many of the things they would need. But this economic aspect was only a part of the reason for the Indian Mission. The Mormons believed that the Redmen were their brethren and should be taught Christianity and the arts of civilized life.

From Thomas D. Brown's writing we read that he, in company with Rufus C. Allen, Lorenzo Roundy, William Henefer, Jacob Hamblin, A. P. Hardy, Amos Thornton, and Thales Haskell, with Hyrum Evans as interpreter, were directed in their missionary duties to the Lamanites at Harmony in 1854, were instructed by Brigham Young and Parley P. Pratt as to the method of teaching. "Say not only be ye fed and clothed, but convince the Lamanites of your honest friendship to them. Feed, clothe and instruct them, teach them habits of cleanliness and industry. Learn their language. They are our brethren, we must seek after them, get their understanding and when they go off in parties go with them."

The missionaries worked diligently with the Lamanites, they taught them, they prayed with them and told them about the book they had, that was about their forefathers, written many years ago. These missionaries administered to their sick and the sick were healed. They baptized a group and told them, "Now you are Mormons, you must not steal and fight other Indians but be good." One of the Elders said, "I wish I could talk to you and tell you who are are and where you came from, but be faithful and the Lord will bless you."

With the approach of Johnston's Army in 1857, all attention was centered on war. The excitement at the time of the Mountain Meadow Massacre and time immediately following, and until the official peace was made, completely demoralized the Indian Mission and counteracted much of their work of the three years previous. So the Southern Indian Mission, as such, passed out of existence and the natives received little attention until years later when Government Reservations were established for them.

Jan. 20, 1862, Martha Ann Lucinda Woolsey died and was the first to be buried in the New Harmony graveyard. Agatha Ann, John D. Lee's wife and two children killed when the fort wall collapsed were buried across the big creek from the big Lee home on the farm. As children we often visited these graves with a handful of wild flowers and spelled out the words of the original verses etched in the tall sandstone grave markers.

Omar Badger Heyward, an Indian boy, was buried in Lee's graveyard. This boy was purchased from the Ute Indians by Z. H. Baxter of Nephi in 1863, and presented to Jos. L. Heyward in 1864. He was ordained an Elder in 1868 and did missionary work among the Lamanites. He was a fine character and at his death he was mourned by all who knew him.

The first step toward the log schoolhouse was made in 1863. Jos. L. Heyward had recently arrived in New Harmony and he became the first school teacher there. About 1871 a substantial frame building was erected on the north-east corner of the west block on the towns' upper street. This house served as a schoolhouse, meeting house, dancehall, and for all public gatherings for nearly the next century. Much of the expense of the building was met by donations in labor and material. In all probability, Uncle Harvey Pace helped with the carpentry work. As long as I can remember he did carpentry work such as making and trimming caskets (coffins as they were called.) Sometimes the coffins were covered with black cloth and sometimes with white canton flannel with the nap on the outside. Later years, Orrin Kelsey did carpentry work.

Through all my years of remembering, that white school and meeting house stands as a central pivot of public activity. There we met for school, Sunday School, Sacrament meetings, little dances, adult dances, weddings, funerals, rallies and all public gatherings. The memories that cling round the place are ever sweet and dear to me.

THE ONE ROOM SCHOOL

The yesterdays roll back -- I pause to see
The one-room school and there in reverie
I rested in the cool remote recess
Among the locust trees; the quietness
Around the old school yard unlocked for me
A treasure-trove of memory.
The frayed rope of the bell hung from the tower
Above the door, where once it tolled the hour.

That one-room school is like a shrine to me,
A lucid trumpeter of prophecy.
Its kindled lights have dissipated fears
Like rich embroidered stories through the years.
On hallowed ground it stands, "A Fruitful Bough
Beside the Wall," with laden branches now,
And sanguine varieties of priceless worth;
They strew as leaved their strength upon the earth.

Mary Taylor taught school in that room in the early days. Among those who taught there from the Redd family were Lemuel H. Jr., Mary Jane Spillsbury, John

Wilson Redd, Delle Redd Ivins, and Ellen Redd Bryner. Other teachers were Lucinda Pace Redd, Mary Mathis Pace, Eva Pace, Jesse R. Holt, L. Alex Pace, and Nellie Thornton Pace, before I moved away.

In 1863, New Harmony, as part of Cedar City Ward, sent three teams, four yoke of oxen to the Missouri River after Mormon immigrants. This was a heavy proportion compared with other settlements, but the good people responded to the call cheerfully. M. Henry Darrow, George Woolsey and Benjamin Redd were the teamsters. At Ben's suggestion the town gave a dancing party the night before they left as a good will expression.

In 1864 John D. Lee tendered his resignation as Presiding Elder of New Harmony and James H. Imley was set apart for that position by Bishop Lunt from Cedar City. The lamentable episode at Mountain Meadows had occurred in 1857 and Lee had moved his families elsewhere and disposed of his property and holdings around New Harmony.

My father, Lemuel H. Redd and mother, Keziah J. Butler Redd with four young children, had been called there from Spanish Fork in 1862 and in 1870 they purchased the Lee property for \$4500.00. This was to be paid as follows: \$3,000.00 in horned cattle at the tithing prices, and \$1500.00 in wheat at tithing prices, in \$500.00 yearly payments. This property consisted of a two-story unfinished brick house and a sizable farm, well cleared of rocks and enclosed by a sturdy wall built from grey granite colored rocks from the clearing. The farm was well laid out in wheat and alfalfa fields, garden plots, meadow lands and a large fruit orchard of apples, pears, peaches, plums, green gages, apricots, pottawattamie plums, grapes, currants and gooseberries. Water from Ash Creek irrigated the land as it did much of the town farms.

Part of the town depended on Lee's Creek that came from the mountains to the north. For culinary purposes we depended on Ash Creek but the townspeople used surface wells and used a windlass and a bucket for drawing it. Sometime near 1905 a spring from the north pasture was piped into town and now New Harmony enjoys a good water system.

The mountains to the east of town were always called the Red Mountains. They are really a part of the rim of Zion's Park Mountains, and are truly a beauty spot of that land. The Mountains to the north are called the Horse Mountains and the ones to the west are the Pine Valley Mountains. These elevations hemmed in the little valley and made it the desirable climate that it is. The canyon to the north is called Pace's Canyon.

In 1865 the town had a destructive flood that did terrible damage. The creeks overflowed their banks and much of the lower land surface was covered by rushing streams and gardens and crops were destroyed.

In 1869 Apostle Erastus Snow visited the New Harmony Branch. It was detached from Cedar City and made into a Ward with Wilson D. Pace, Bishop, Henry Bryant Manning Jolly, first counselor, George W. Sevey, second counselor and Samuel Worthen, Clerk.

In 1860 a Co-operative Institution was organized there with Wilson D. Pace, president, H.B.M. Jolly, vice president, George W. Sevey, secretary and James Russel was made treasurer. Capital stock \$1200.00.

In 1871 George W. Sevey was called to preside as Bishop over the town of Panguitch in Garfield County. Lemuel H. Redd and William Taylor were made counselors to Wilson D. Pace.

In 1874 at a special meeting held at New Harmony April 7th, a Branch of the United Order was organized under the direction of Pres. Erastus Snow with Wilson D. Pace, as President. The Organization lasted only one summer.

In 1887-8-9 because of anti-Polygamy persecution, the New Harmony Ward was re-organized. Wilson D. Pace, Lemuel H. Redd and Harvey Pace were released as leaders of New Harmony and William A. Redd was sustained as Bishop with James F. Pace and Francis Prince as counselors. This organization continued until Bishop Redd moved with his family to Raymond, Alberta, Canada in 1905.

March 27th 1905, Gottlieb Schmutz was chosen and set apart as Bishop of New Harmony Ward, by Hyrum M. Smith. John Prince and Joseph E. Taylor were made counselors.

In 1914 Henry Alexander Pace was chosen to preside as Bishop of New Harmony with Albert Mathis and Joseph Prince as counselors and James L. Prince as clerk. In 1916 William P. Taylor became second counselor when Albert Mathis resigned. In 1920 New Harmony Ward was re-organized with Elmer Taylor as Bishop with Donald Schmutz and George Francis Prince as counselors and James Lorenzo Prince, ward clerk. In 1930 New Harmony had a population of 151. In 1939 Lyle Prince was Bishop of New Harmony Ward with Heber J. Hilton and Leslie A. Pace as counselors and Marion Prince as clerk.

There were few doctors or physicians in the southern part of the state in pioneer days. Dr. Israel Ivins and Dr. Silas Higgins were early practicing doctors in St. George, but that was forty miles from New Harmony, so the care of the sick was left to the midwives and help from the study of Dr. Gunn's book that held a treasured place in our home and was carefully studied and directions followed in setting of broken bones, dislocated joints, and when contagion struck. My father had three pairs of dental forceps, and he extracted teeth for any and all folks who needed such work done. No charge was ever made. He, it was also, who set all broken bones.

A kind old Indian woman whom the children lovingly named Grandma Squaw, taught my grandmother, Caroline Skeen Butler, the medicinal use of many herbs and wild roots, while the family lived at Winter Quarters Ill., 1846-50. This knowledge was carefully remembered and passed on to the neighbors in New Harmony and surrounding places through the years. Among the common herbs used by the early pioneers everywhere, were tansy, slippery elm, spearmint, catnip, peppermint, balsam, horehound, saffron, and pine gum. Sulphur and molasses were used as a spring tonic. Poultices of bacon and blackpepper were used for sore throat. For earache, warm olive oil was used; soft pine gum was a favorite "drawing" for infection cases; onion syrup and honey was used for coughs; a salve made from mutton tallow and turpentine was a good standby for soothing bruises. Flax seed made into poultices was often used for infected places.

In every pioneer settlement, some good woman was set apart as a midwife and she was looked to for any and all illnesses. Helpful neighbors were called in when extra need arose. Aunt Moriah Redd Pace, as she was lovingly called by everybody, was the official midwife for our town from the day she came as a young woman until she

became too old to practice, then her daughter, Isavinda Rhoner Rance, who studied under Dr. Ellis Shipp in Salt Lake City, took over the practice. Not only did Aunt Moriah officiate at child births, but she helped in all types of illnesses for old and young. She was truly an angel of mercy in times of trouble in that far-off place. When she was ill or busy with some of her own family at childbirth bedside, Margaret Riley Taylor, Clarissa Woolsey, Keziah J. Redd and others were called in, and with the aid of a higher power than their own, and with their own good judgment, carried on the work of nursing, and the sick were helped. Aunt Louisa Redd, too was skilled in caring for sickness. She and my mother, one time put back the severed finger of Susie Redd, bandaged it and applied splints and the finger grew.

Like the pioneers of every village, the early settlers of New Harmony met and solved problems along every line of activity. Both the men and the women learned to make use of the things that nature had given them. In this, they were able to master every situation.

Fuel for warmth and for cooking must be supplied by wood, hauled from the mountain sides, chopped and stored for the long, winter season. Matches to start fires were expensive and hard to get, so each family must carefully cover some live coals in the fireplace, to be coaxed into flame for the morning fire. If the coals were dead, someone must borrow from a kind neighbor. Paper was scarce, and some cedar bark, finely crumbled, made a good flame starter.

Light was another problem. The first and common source was the burning logs in the fireplace. Every home had a fireplace before the luxury of stoves, in the far off places. Pine wood was best for fireplaces as it did not send out sparks, as did cedar or juniper. For lighting the room, candles were the first lights. These, the pioneers made in moulds by suspending a cotton cord in the eight round tin moulds and filling the space with melted beef or mutton tallow. When the grease cooled, the hard candles would come from the moulds, and burn for hours giving a soft, steady light.

Knowledge of soap-making was a must for every housewife. Fat, lye, and water boiled in the right proportions in the blackened wash kettle in the back yard, provided soap for the family, for washing, scrubbing wood floors and all general cleaning.

Before the advent of grist mills, it was not an uncommon thing for families to grind their wheat and corn in a hand coffee mill. Through all the years that I can remember, we hauled grists to Cedar City, where a water-powered flour mill ground the grain. Back would come flour, bran and shorts. The flour would be stored in great wooden flour bins and the other products fed to the farm animals. Salt-rising bread was the common type in the very early days. This was made by mixing a thin batter with shorts or a coarse flour and let to rise in a sponge to be mixed into dough. The process was slow and it sent out a strong odor, but it made a good bread. Soda biscuits were almost a daily thing in early households. Much of the baking was done in the Dutch oven in the open fireplace, until cook stoves came into use. Much of the family food was prepared and cooked in iron pots over the fire.

The preparation of starch was a fall activity. A tin can or pan was perforated with a nail and served as a grater. The small potatoes were washed and grated and dropped in cold water and the starch would settle at the bottom of the vessel, and when dried, it made excellent starch for the family wash.

Many pioneer families owned sheep, and many of them had hand looms and spinning wheels. Sometimes with a portion of cotton to blend with the wool, the housewife carded and spun this yarn and wove it into cloth. Most every household had wool cards, and the homespun that came from these industrious hands made for comfortable clothing and bedding for the big families that the majority had. Even the dye they sometimes used, was from local material, madder roots and berries for purple and red, rabbit brush for yellow, peach leaves for brown-green. Every household had cows which supplied milk, butter and cream. Sometimes in the summer, some good manager would run a dairy on shares at a cool mountain homestead, and take the cows from many families and make cheese by a hand process, and put up great crocks of butter. Some of these dairy products would find their way to Salt Lake City when some farmer took a load of produce there to exchange for store goods.

A pioneer history, or the memory of it, would not be complete without mentioning the yearly housecleaning and the outstanding activities it included. The inside wall of every home, whether log, lumber or plaster-lined, must have a yearly coat of whitewash. The wash was made by mixing quicklime with water. This was spread over walls and ceilings, with a long-handled brush and it was a sanitary and beautiful covering, refreshing and fragrant. The highlight of spring housecleaning was the untacking, dusting and often turning of the homemade rag carpets, a wonderful luxury of most homes. The year-old wheat straw, that had been used as a mat between the wood floor and carpet, now dusty and crushed, was swept out and fresh straw from the threshing stacks was spread over the scrubbed floors, and the stretching and tacking of the carpet became a major operation. The carefully-measured carpet was securely tacked along the side and the end of the room by small flat-headed carpet tacks. Then came the stretching and tacking of the third and fourth sides. The freshly-piled straw stubbornly resisted fabric while the last tacks were pounded in place. Sometimes a long flat board could do the trick with a strong arm to push and hold the carpet while last tacks were pounded in.

Bedbugs, a legacy of pioneer days, brought into the homes from new lumber, constituted a veritable "thorn in the side" in almost every pioneer household. They must be combatted continually. The bedsteads were made of wood with wood slats to hold up the straw ticks and feather beds. In the creases of the wood, the bedbugs found an ideal place for family life and they thrived in spite of weekly scaldings of the breeding places and in spite of repeated treatments of coal oil and creosote. I doubt if our modern youth would recognize a bedbug if they saw one.

With no refrigeration, it was impossible to have fresh meat markets, so the pioneers solved the problem by a neighborhood exchange system. Periodically a farmer slaughtered a beef and parceled out the meat. Family by family, this was carried out through the warm weather.

Every household had a coop of chickens to supply its own meat and eggs. Everyone raised and fattened their own pork. The smoke-house was a must in order to cure the meat. I recall the one we had that stood on the brink of a ravine south of the house. Mother would hang the shoulders, hams, and bacon sides on the rafters, close the door and build a slow fire of dried corn cobs and let the smoke filter through a stovepipe length into the room for hours until the meat was lightly browned by the

smoke but not warmed. Then she would wrap each piece carefully and bury them in the bins of wheat until they were to be used for cooking.

Glove-making was an interesting and lucrative occupation for some of the women in the early days of New Harmony. My mother and Aunt Louisa carried on this activity through all the days that I can recall. Wandering groups of Indians came regularly to the town. They were probably of the Piede Tribe, always peaceable and friendly, with their hand made woven baskets, bags of pine nuts and tanned buckskins to give in exchange for food, clothing, etc. One family that I shall always remember Po Einkum, Liza, and their two sons, Winey and Puss. Lisa was blind in her last days. They always found sale for their buckskins. Mother and Aunt Louisa would smoke the skins and make them into substantial work gloves. The work must all be done by hand. A special needle with a fine point was used and the strong linen thread must be carefully waxed, and welts and gussets firmly stitched to make each finger of the glove smooth and long-wearing. Fortunate indeed was the workman whose hands were protected by a pair of handmade buckskin gloves. Utility was the thought behind these creations in the early days. But in later times, some of the gloves were prettied with a fringed cuff and sometimes decorated with Indian beads.

One of the vivid memories that I love of my childhood days, was butter making. Every family must look after its own needs, so cows, summer pasture lands, and hay for winter feeding was always carefully planned for. Morning and evening milk was strained and set in pans on the pantry or basement shelves. The cream came to the top and what was not used for table use was skimmed into a cream jar and stirred from day to day until it was ripe for churning. The churn that I remember best, was a tall wood barrel type, smaller at the top than at the bottom, and bound round with metal bands. A hole in the wooden lid held the long dasher with a wood cross piece on the bottom. This was lifted up and down to whip the cream until the butter came. A steady dashing of the cream was best. When all the butter formed into a lump in the churn, the buttermilk was drained off and the yellow mass of goodness washed in with cold water, then lifted out of the churn into a wooden bowl with a wood paddle, both of which had been carefully scalded and cooled. The butter was then salted and worked to squeeze out all excess moisture, then made into pound moulds or bricks to be cut for table-size squares.

The children of the present day who have their milk poured from a dairy bottle or carton and who unwrap their squares of butter from decorated packages, surely missed many useful and interesting activities that parents and grandparents accepted as daily routine. The morning and evening chores around the farmyard that they must attend to, instead of being a hardship, I am sure, were wonderful outlets of youthful energy and a blessed preparation for adult activities.

New Harmony Auxiliary Organizations

Relief Society. From the very meager data that has been kept, the following activities in the Relief Society in the little town are recorded. March 25 1878, the first Relief Society was organized by Bishop Wilson D. Pace, Lemuel H. Redd and William Taylor. Ann Moriah Redd Pace was chosen president with Keziah Butler Redd and Margaret Evans Pace counselors. In that far off town with no doctors, no medical skills,

these good sisters not only carried on the work of spiritual guidance, but they were the first to be called to the bedside of the sick and dying, and they helped at the birth of babies and when death came to anyone in the place. It was these good sisters who prepared the bodies for burial and made the burial clothes. The poor, destitute and dying, and the homeless looked to the good sisters for help and they always found it. From the time that my mother came to New Harmoy in 1862 until her death, she it was who made the Temple Robes and dressed the dead for burial. She had learned this when she had her marriage solemnized in the Endowment House in 1858. When she died, no one felt sure of just how to place the Temple Robes, so William Redd, then Bishop of the ward, rode horseback to Cedar City and telegraphed to St. George to President McAllister for definite instructions. On May 15 1895 Keziah Jane died and Margaret E. Pace became first counselor and Julia Taylor second counselor with Isavinda Rance, secretary, and Verena B. Redd, treasurer. In 1930 Sarah Redd Prince was chosen president of New Harmony Ward Relief Society with Amelia N. Schmutz and Laurene F. Taylor, counselors and Nancy P. Prince, secretary. In 1938 Nancy P. Prince was chosen president with Sarah I. Gant and Susie Taylor, counselors and Sylvia Prince, secretary.

Sunday School. In 1864 the first Sunday School was organized under the supervision of Joseph L. Heyward at a public meeting. The organization continued for several successive superintendents but records were not carefully kept. In March 1872 Francis Prince was named superintendent with Lemuel H. Redd, assistant.

1886-92 James F. Pace was superintendent with William A. Redd and L.Alex Pace, assistants with Ellen Redd secretary.

In 1895 L. Alex Pace was made superintendent with John G. Pace and James F. Prince as assistants, Lenora Taylor, secretary, and Vivian Pace, assistant secretary. Later Levi B. pace, was chosen counselor when James Prince died. Later Albert E. Taylor was made superintendent with Levi B. Pace, counselor and Vivian Pace Prince, secretary.

In 1930 Thomas J. Pierce, James Reed Prince and Pratt Prince were chosen as Sunday School leaders with Gladys Whitehead, secretary.

In 1939 Sunday School was re-organized with Kent L. Grant, superintendent, Shelden B. Grant and J. F. Williams, counselors and Emma G. Nelson, secretary.

Y.M.M.I.A. In 1878 Y.M.M.I.A was organized in New Harmony with Oren Kelsey as president. No records can be found on the activities. The following leaders have presided in the organization through the years: Levi B. Pace, Lemuel A. Pace, James Taylor, James F. Pace. In 1930 Marion Prince was president, Andrew Schmutz and Leslie A. Pace, counselors and Anthon H. Pace, secretary.

Y.L.M.I.A. In March 1878 Y.L.M.I.A, was organized in New Harmony with Pauline B. Pace president, Julia Aner Taylor and Mary Jane Redd, counselors and Evaline K. Pace, secretary.

May 28 1883 re-organized, Evaline K. Pace, president, Lucinda Pace and Eugenie Taylor, counselors and Verena Bryner, secretary.

In 1885 Bertha Schmutz was made president with Lucinda P. Redd and Caroline Redd, counselors and Verena B. Redd, secretary.

In 1888 Angeline Pace was chosen president with Verena B. Redd and Della Redd counselors and Mary Catherine Redd, secretary.

In 1892 Ellen Redd was chosen president with Mary Catherine Redd and Luella Redd, counselors and Nancy Pace secretary.

October 1895 Nellie T. Pace was chosen president with Isavinda P. Rohner and Verena B. Redd, counselors and Mary Mathis, secretary.

September 1896 Isavinda P. Rhoner was made president with Verena B. Redd and Mary M. Pace, counselors and Lenora Taylor, secretary. In 1898 Mary Roberts Adair succeeded Lenora Taylor, secretary and Mary Roberts Adair was sustained as secretary.

Primary Organization. Primary was organized in New Harmony in 1882 with Elizabeth Mathis president and Mary Mathis, Della Redd counselors. This organization lasted until the death of Elizabeth Mathis.

In 1890 Mary M. Holt, (Aunt Polly) with Rosanne Naegle and Susan Pace as counselors were sustained as leaders. Nancy E. Pace and James Naegle were secretaries.

In 1891 Susan Pace chose Emeretta Amanda Kelsey and Nancy P. Prince as counselors and Lurene Pace, secretary. In 1899 Susan Pace had for her counselors, Mary Roberts Adair and Nancy P. Prince, and Sarah E R. Prince, secretary.

In 1935 Amelia Hall was chosen president with Verena A. Pace and Rhoda Prince, counselors and Fern D. Kleinman, secretary.

In 1939 Lenora B. Kelsey was made president with Geneva H. Pace and Edna R. Prince, counselors and Josephine Taylor, secretary,

From available records, I find that in 1884 a group of Swiss and German families came to New Harmony. They had been directed there by Church Authorities from settlements both from the northern and southern villages, probably not all at the same time. They each found a place to fit in the plan of colonization and each became a strength in their line. There were the Naegle's, the Schmutz's, Barlocher's, Bruppocher's, Wanter's and Mathis's. A blind man by the name of John Lawson lived for years across the creek from our home, on his own property.

The Francis Prince family came among the early settlers. His father, George Prince, had been given a grant of land by the Queen of England to go settle in South Africa. With his family, he was living in comfort near Cape Horn, when he had a manifestation that changed his life. A messenger visited him and told him that the Gospel had been restored and would be brought to him by two messengers who would warn him to heed their teachings. He was told that he would know the men immediately upon seeing them. The gathering of Israel was also explained to him and he was urged to act speedily lest part of his family be left behind. When the missionaries came soon after, he recognized them and the family became baptized members. The town of New Harmony has felt the strength of the Prince family through the years.

On Sunday, April 22 1864, a choir was organized in New Harmony with Joseph Lee as chorister. There seems to be no further data in music in the town. Ellen Redd (Bryner) recalls that father (L.H.Redd) on a trip to Toquerville, learned the words and tune to "Love At Home," and "In Our Lovely Deseret." He came home and taught them to her and Luella, and they sang them as duets in public before the time of Sunday School Song Books. He also learned, "Hard Times Come Again No More," "Come, Music To My Heart," "Sweet Bird," "On The Plains of Waterloo," "The Spanish Cavalier,"

and other old favorites. He would play a chord on the organ and have groups of young people sing for home entertainment. I recall about six parlor organs in town and it was a Sunday afternoon pastime for young people to congregate at one or the other place and have a song fest. Today the people who have TV and public and private library privileges can scarcely appreciate the very little we had in the early days nor how hungry we were for some of these cultural arts.

For Sunday School and Sacrament Service any and all who would sing, sat in the choir seats in the front center of the meeting house and without benefit of accompaniment, sang the hymns. Alfred and Jake Barlocher had strong bass and tenor voices and, with a pitch pipe, would find the note for beginning the hymns. Elizabeth Mathis had a rich alto voice and could read music and she will be remembered for her untiring help in training the people, young and old. She began with the Primary children and taught groups, of any age who would try, to sing. She was most generous with her time and talent and as long as she lived, she worked with young people and gave entertainments for the town, group songs, dialogues, readings and finger plays. She taught a group of girls who had delegated themselves her primary helpers, and they never forget the song:

The World Is Full of Beauty

This world is full of beauty. This world is full of song;
The mists may gather round us, They will not tarry long;
This world is what we make it, Then let us all be glad,
There's beauty all around us, Why then should we be sad?

We'll cheer the broken hearted, We'll help the fallen one;
We'll labor for our Master, until our work is done;
This world is what we make it, Then let us all be glad,
There's beauty all around us, Why then should we be sad?

At one entertainment Ellen Redd, a very little girl, dressed in shabby clothes and barefoot with a basket on her arm, sang

"Pity, kind gentlemen, friend of humanity,
Cold blows the blast and the night's coming on;
Give me some food for my mother for charity,
Give me some food and then I'll be gone."

It was touching and appealing and something different and the audience appreciated it. Wiff Pace tossed a silver dollar on the stage for her and with tears in his eyes said, "That is the best thing I've ever seen."

I recall standing in a little entertainment and singing with sister Vilo:

"Here we stand, hand in hand, Ready for our exercise,
Heads upright with delight, Singing in our joyous might;
Singing merrily, merrily; Clapping cheerily, cheerily,
One, two, three, don't you see, Where children love to be?"

These are very early recollections of the types of entertainments we enjoyed. As the years passed New Harmony moved right along with the times and through the years some very good musical talents have come from the little village. Bertha Schmutz had a strong soprano voice and was a great help in public singing.

The narrator of this sketch was born in the little front bedroom of the big red brick house built originally by John D. Lee and somewhat enlarged by my father for his two large families. My mother, Keziah Jane Butler Redd, had thirteen children as follows: Lemuel Hardison Jr., Mary Jane, John Wilson, William Alexander, James Monroe, Caroline Elizabeth, Amos Thornton, Sarah Della, Farozine Ellen, Edward Lorraine, Moriah Luella, Charity Alvira and Alice. We lived in the south part of the duplex.

Family number two with mother, Sarah Louisa Chamberlain Redd, lived in the north part with her family as follows: Moriah Vilate, Wilford Solomon, Wayne Hardison, Benjamin Franklin, Teressa Artimesia, Lemuel Burton, George Edwin, Susan Elizabeth, Parley, John Wiley, Jennie May, Effie, Ancel Ray, and Hazel Lorena.

Amos Thornton, Edward Lorraine, Moriah Vilate and Wilford Solomon all died in infancy, and Effie, Ancel Ray and Hazel Lorena were born after the family left for San Juan and Old Mexico, so the big family was never at home at one time. I am sure that we all are glad to claim New Harmony for our early home, for the wholesome influence it has had in our lives. Even though time and change have had their effect on the historic community, we can say with the poet: "It will never pass into nothingness, but will keep a bower quiet for us and sleep full of sweet dreams."

Now after being away from my memoried "home town" for half a century, the history will be sketchy, but it is basic. For the actual history and character of a town we must look to its citizenry and for this information we must need to travel far. We would need to look from Canada on the North to Old Mexico on the South; in villages and outposts and in cities. In all these places we would find stalwarts, people who owe their origin and inspiration to the obscure little village, who "Tho it be little among the thousands in the land, yet out of it has come forth many who are good and great." (Micah) Truly it has been a spawning place for leadership but the little place has not been large enough to hold their great and venturesome souls and wherever they are found, their heads stand above the crowd. One prominent historian, William R. Palmer, has said, "New Harmony has produced more strong leaders than any other place of its size on record."

According to exact count (1956) the Lemuel H. Redd family, after one hundred and thirty years since his birth, numbered a progeny of one thousand three hundred and seven souls. If we would follow the Redd children as they married and moved out, we would have to travel far.

In San Juan we would find Lemuel H. Redd Jr., called there in 1879 with wife Eliza and baby to help in the settlement at Bluff. Through the years he reared and educated two wonderful families, all well adjusted in positions of trust. He himself has been a Bishop, Stake President, State Senator, arbiter in Indian affairs and a father to the whole country. From his progeny can be named bishops, senators, school teachers, business men, missionaries, and workers in every church and civil organization.

Wayne H. Redd held similar positions of trust--Bishop, Stake President, State Representative, missionary, teacher and later a patriarch. Of his progeny can be named many leaders in all religious and civic lines.

Monroe's record along with his family has a long line of outstanding men and women who have and are filling positions of honor and trust in civic religious and educational places. Then we find Ben, Burt, Parley, J. Wiley and Ancel locating there, all with wonderful families and whose progeny have and are still holding up the standards of stalwart citizens in business, religious, and civic affairs. All these San Jaun families have furnished a goodly share of missionaries.

In Canada we would travel to find William and Verena helping in the colonizing in Raymond, Alberta. After his long term as Bishop in New Harmony, he was a power of strength and good in that new land. His large family all are following in his busy footsteps and filling positions in Stake and Ward organizations in the church and in professional and civic lines. There in Canada we would find Ellen and Vilo among the leaders in religious organizations, in Temple service, in musical and genealogy work and furnishing a share of missionary workers. Ellen with an outstanding physician and surgeon.

In Old Mexico we would find Jane going from her Arizona Pioneering to help subdue another outpost in Chihuahua. Along with rearing a large family, she ministered as mid-wife in that far off place where there were no doctors. An angel of mercy among the poor and needy natives. Among her large progeny she can count school teachers, authors, missionaries, and many efficient church and civic workers. There, too, we find Metia with a large and lovely family, one an Apostle, and all of them filling their busy and efficient places in church and state. George also has a wonderful progeny of civic and religious workers in Mexico.

In Arizona we would find Susie and Effie both efficient and wonderful women with families to be proud of, qualified to fill with credit, positions of trust in religious and civic lines and all doing their part in the world.

In California we would find Jennie and Hazel, bright and sweet with a long line of good works to their credit, with children and grandchildren to be proud of.

To Parowan moved Caroline and Luella. Both have filled positions of trust in civic and religious organizations, reared large and talented families, each one filling his or her niche with trust and efficiency. Among their progeny are counted missionaries, school teachers, business men, artists, and solid citizenry along many lines.

Alice, after teaching seven years, married and reared a family of six, one school teacher and now a housewife, two State engineers, two college professors, one pediatrician. She has led an active and useful life in civic and religious activities. She has furnished a goodly part in missionary service and in civic activities.

Were it possible to assemble data, there would be many, many families with wonderful records, praiseworthy and lovely are the many who owe their early birth and inspiration from the little town.

Uncle Wilson D. and Aunt Lizzie Pace and family and Will and Katie Pymm Pace moved early to Arizona and added their strength to its early colonization. They have done their share in furnishing leaders in church and civic projects, have produced doctors, lawyers, businessmen, and devoted and active women.

To Loa, Wayne County, moved Aunt Margaret (Mrs. James Pace) with her family, as I recall, Willard, Wiff, Jeff, Dixie, and Louise and with their sterling pioneer qualities did much for stability to that new country. Today their influence is felt for good in their numerous posterity. Some of the Taylor families moved to that country.

George Sevey, a "forty-niner" on his way to the California gold fields, halted in Utah and became a convert to Mormonism. He helped with the New Harmony settlement and then was called to Panguitch to be their first Bishop. With his wife, Phoebe Butler, and a large family, Warren, John L., Tom, Hannah, Phoebe, Martha and Minnie, they did much to give stability to that bustling vicinity. His progeny is great and their influence is known wherever they move in educational, civic and religious circles.

When the Price country was opened for settlement, New Harmony furnished a goodly number of substantial settlers. Among them were Ulrich and Margaret Bryner and family, Albert and Moriah Pace Bryner and family, John and Pauline Pace and family, John later became Stake President there. Others moved from the town later. Jim and Mary Mathis Pace, John and Jim Mathis, John and Edith Pace Prince, and Levi and Maggie Pace. All of these people became outstanding citizens and their progeny still hold their heads high in the various circles where they move. Others who moved to the Price country were Arthur, John and Lem Redd, sons of Uncle Ben and Aunt Nancy Workman Redd. They too have made good along the lines of civic and religious progress and in being good useful citizens.

Mary Catherine Redd Workman moved to Hurricane and added her strength to that community. She was particularly strong in Relief Society.

Many and many are the missionaries that New Harmony has furnished, in all parts of the world, and who can say how far their influence shall extend? Before I left there I recall the following, William and Luella Redd, L. Alex Pace, Gran Pace, Llewlyn Taylor, Jim Prince, H. Alex Pace, John Prince, and Gottlieb Schmutz. In the years since that time I am sure that the missionary spirit has been kept bright, judging from the times past. Were it possible to assemble data on more of the families, I am sure that we would find many heart-warming stories of accomplishments through the years.

True, New Harmony is four and a half miles off the traveled highway 91, but never has she been by-passed in the minds and hearts of the multitudes of travelers and people who know her and her hospitable people. Probably this seed of friendliness and hospitality there had its inception when the Redds, the Paces, the Imleys, and others who had been born in the South where such virtues were paramount, helped to form the nucleus of the group of the early pioneers who first came to that place.

As I recall it, all our social, religious and civic gatherings centered in the frame school and meeting house. All the families of all the households came together and everyone was interested and helpful on all occasions. When sorrow came to anyone, the entire community did their best to help. I recall the tragedy of William Taylor's death by a cave-in of a root cellar. The town ceased work; the men to build the casket and dig the grave, the women to sew black dresses for all women in the family. The same kindness was shown when Eva Pace came from Loa, ill, to her mother's (Aunt Moriah) home and died; the same when William and Verena Redd lost their triplet daughters and little Grace; the illness and death of Henry Mathis, Ted Kelsey, John Rhoner and children Rolland and Gertrude; when Aunt Elizabeth Pace died, and Clarissa and Mary Woolsey, and when mother was ill so long and died. I recall too, Jim Prince's death

while deer hunting. All townspeople were close by, ready and anxious to help in nursing and in burial preparations. I wonder if an equal can be found in true friendship and sympathy to the good people of New Harmony.

Today, 1957, the memories that I have of my childhood days in that little town are vivid and refreshing; they are sacred treasures of the past. Should the youth of today compare them with the present, they would find little to be happy about, I fear. We were isolated in our little berg with no world's goods; we all had a common interest; to live in friendly companionship. Our social lives centered in the church that our grandparents and parents had come here from their far off homes to enjoy, that they might have religious freedom. We of the younger generation accepted their views without question.

In our one-room school the pupils ranged from beginners through First, Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth Readers. We were arranged with boys on one side of the room and girls on the other, two in a seat in heavy home-made desks. In the center of the room was the pot-bellied wood-burning stove that heated the area nearby and the corners were cold. The pipe went up through the ceiling and roof. At least twice, I recall the shingles caught fire, one time Wayne Redd climbed a ladder and put out the blaze with a bucket of water. Another time, Jim Naegle was the hero fireman. Sometimes on Friday afternoon, for a special treat, the whole room of pupils would line up on opposite sides of the room and have a spelling match, going from the youngest to the adults. What a thrill it was to be among the last to be spelled down.

As was the custom in all small places, the young people formed themselves into groups according to age. Some of the groups as I recall were: Min and Vin Pace (twins), Caroline Redd, Eugene Taylor, Lucinda Pace, Monroe Redd, Bertha Schmutz, Rebecca Duncan, Jim Prince, Jim Taylor, Sarah Elizabeth Redd, Taylor Duncan, and Verena Bryner. In another group was Angie Pace, Della Redd, Eliza Prince, Gran Pace, Wayne Redd, Levi Pace, Louise Pace, Joe Taylor, Mary Mathis, and Emile Barlocher. In another group we find Mary Catherine Redd, Ellen Redd, Ben Redd, George Prince, Bye Pace, and Jim Mathis. Another group included Metia Redd, Luella Redd, Nan Pace, Nora Taylor, Vine Pace, and John Mathis, Alice Redd, John Prince and Etta Deuel.

Later and younger groups came along with Lurene and Minnie Pace, Jim and Susie Taylor, Will Redd, Orson and Abbie Hammond, Lottie and Lue Kelsey, Melissa Deuel, Nelle, Emma and Roy Grant and Sadie Imley. Manie, Ada and Dot Sawyer came from out of town and lived with their grandmother Mary Taylor.

The houses and families of New Harmony have left a picture with me that is nostalgic and sweet. The town nestles in a high valley, 5300 feet elevation. The town had only one block, entirely surrounded by streets. Beginning at the extreme north western part was the home of Francis and Elizabeth Prince, a red brick home surrounded with a beautiful flower garden of choice shrubs and flowers. It was a weekly pleasure for the young people to visit and admire its beauty spot on a Sunday afternoon. They had one of the six organs of early times. The family consisted of Eliza, Jim, George, Joe and John. In later years George built a home in the north part of the block when he married Nan Pace. Across from George's home stood the frame home of Orin and Emeretta Kelsey with children, Lottie, Lue and Alice. Across the street south stood the frame home built by Wangers and later owned by Delta Hammond. Her children were Mary and Will Chinn and Orson Hammond. Coming south on the west

side of the street stood the frame and later the red brick home of William and Julia Taylor. Their children were Edmund, Warren, Lelilyn, Eugenie, Nora and Joe.

In the center to the west was the only complete block in the town. On the north west corner stood the log and lumber home of Mary Taylor, postmistress for all the years that I remember. Her children were Francis, Albert, James and Elly, a widow with her children, Manie, Ada, Dot and Ernie. To the east of this stood the log and frame house of John and Mary Schmutz with children Jake, Gottlieb, and Bertha. In later years Gottlieb and his wife Amelia lived there with children Andrew, Don, Annabell, Eldon and George. On the south side of this center block stood a log and later a frame house, lived in by Duncans with children Taylor and Rebecca. Later it was owned by Barlochers with children Jake, Alfred and Emile. To the west of this place stood a log and lumber house owned and lived in by a number of families. I recall these: Monroe and Cind Redd, Henry and Louise Mathis, Joe and Angie Taylor and Albert and Etta Taylor.

Across the street south stood the log and lumber home of Richard and Clarissa Woolsey with children Richard, Dave, Adeline and Mart. In later years Mart built a house to the west of his mother's and lived there with his wife Sade and children Etta and Melissa Deuel and Delbert and Clara Woolsey. To the east of the Woolsey home stood the white frame school and meeting house surrounded by a shady grove of locust trees. On the south east corner of the block stood an adobe home of Uncle Harvey and Aunt Susan Pace with children Angie, Nan and Alex. To the east across the street was the home of Henry and Elizabeth Mathis with children Henry, Mary, Jim, John and Albert. On the north west corner of the east center block was a log house owned by a Swiss widow named Blaler. She never learned the English language, attended church regularly and had some of the best apples I ever remember tasting. She always wore the full skirts and puff sleeves so characteristic of Switzerland. To the east of the Mathis home was a frame home built and owned by Lemuel H. Redd and wife Keziah and later owned by Uncle Wilson D. and Aunt Lizzie Pace and children Vine, Bye, Vivian, Lorenzo, Lorena and Nettie. After they moved to Arizona, L. Alex and Sue Pace lived there with children, Laurene, Minnie, Ashby, Mildred, Clark and Merle. To the east on the block was the little brick store kept closed until someone called, then a clerk would open the store and serve them. To the east was the two-storey adobe home of Uncle Wilson and Aunt Moriah Pace with children, Will, Anne, Lizzie, Iraminda, Isavinda and Granville.

To the east of the Blaler place in the upper street stood the adobe house owned by Uncle Ben and Aunt Clarissa Redd and girls, Sarah Elizabeth and Mary Catherine. After Clarissa died, he married Nancy Workman and their children were Edward, John, Arthur, Lem and Rebecca. Later the place was owned by Jim and Mary Pace and children Henry, Bud, Ivan, John, Ida, Fay, and Fawn. When they moved to Price, Orson Hammond bought the place. An adobe house that changed hands many times and housed many renters stood to the east of the place. Later Lowe Prince built himself a home to the east, further up on the hill. To the east of Aunt Susan's place was a log home of Ben and Mrs. Bruppocher. They had no family.

The first house on the lower street was the home of Uncle Harvey and Aunt Lib Pace. It was built after the style of homes in the south. A large adobe front room and an open porch to cross to the frame kitchen and bedrooms. Their children were Will,

Jim, Moriah, Margaret (Peggy) and Levi. Next to the east was the frame home of Ulrich and Mary (Anna Maria Dorothea Mathys) Bryner with family Henry, Albert, Pauline Lurette, Verena and Frank. Later, John and Rozann Naegle with children Heber, Reuben, Enoch, Rose and Jim. In later years Aunt Susan Pace moved there when Alex and Abbie built a new home on the corner where her old home stood. East of the Naegle place stood the two-storey adobe home of Uncle William and Aunt Margaret Pace. I never knew Uncle William Pace but Aunt Margaret was aunt to everybody in town. She was a heavy set Welsh woman who talked with a brogue. She had no family, kept a boarding house and entertained traveling people who needed a place to rest and eat. She had a dog, Flora, that always came to church with her and hurried under the bench near her. In later years, she took Lue Eddards into her home as a daughter. Lue later married Jake Rhoner, a brother of John who married Vin Pace.

The north east block of town had on the south east corner a frame house where Ed and Em Grant lived. Their children were Nelle, Emma, Roy, Bert, Floyd, Pansy and Gladys. To the west of them stood the brick home of William and Verena Redd with children Will, Grace, Lura, Fern, Jessie, Paul, Lyman, Vilo, Pauline, and Mary. (Kay was born after they moved to Raymond, Alberta, Canada in 1905.) At present the home is owned by Albert and Lulu Mathis. To the west on the block was the home of Jim and Sarah Redd Prince. After Jim died Sarah married Reese Davis. The family consisted of Lowe, Clara, Laurence and Antone Prince and Juanita, Fern and Vilo Davis. On the north-west corner of the same block was the home of Independence and Aner Taylor. Their children were Will, Susie, Julia and Joe. Across the street north was the frame home of Len and Mary De-Long with sons Emery, Lester and Joe. In later years Billy and Nan Watts built a frame house north of the last named place.

Just at the turn of the century I left the friendly little village after I had attended three years of High School at Branch Normal at Cedar City and one year at the U. of U. I thought the break was temporary but I continued teaching away from there for seven years. Then I married Abel S. Rich and settled in Paris, Idaho. Two sons were born there, Lowell and Carlyle. My husband was a school teacher and we spent one year in Logan where he attended school at the U. S. A. C. to take out his degree. Then we moved to Brigham City, Utah where we have lived ever since. Four more children were born to us, Ellen, Homer, Elliot and Wayne.

A quarter of a century later I was invited to attend a Homecoming at Harmony. I traveled back with three of my sons for a wonderful reunion with old friends and many relatives. Many people were there who were strangers to me, people who had moved away before my time. Only one cousin, Sarah Davis, was still living there of all the relatives that had been born and reared there. Our big red brick home had been torn down, as had many of the pioneer places. In a reminiscent mood I penned the following:

Home Coming

When the invitation came that mild June day, the activities of my busy household dropped from me and I thought of Riley's words, "Let's go visiting back to Griggsby's Station, Back where we used to be so happy and so poor."

After 25 years! To go back to my home town, what would I find?

The little village with its twenty-four families has had a colorful history dating back to 1852 when a little group of colonizers, under the leadership of John D. Lee moved

over the Rim of the Basin, halted their oxen and covered wagons on the sage flats where Ash and Kanarra Creeks blended, and began the town of Harmony. Later Fort Harmony was built a few miles north of the spot. There they dug a well and began farming the virgin land. In 1862 the fort was abandoned and the present site of New Harmony was surveyed and made ready for homes, it is about four and a half miles west of the fort.

Hospitality and friendliness have always been the cardinal virtues of the good people there, so I would be sure of a warm welcome. With my three teenage boys and the roomy touring car packed with camping equipment, I traveled the three hundred miles on highway 19 and reached the bustling village early evening. A welcoming committee met us and assigned us the shady front yard of a dear friend, with sleeping cot on the screen porch and place for the boys' beds in the granary loft.

After all these years the change was not so great; the streets were narrower and the town smaller than I had remembered. Some of the pioneer homes had been replaced with modern buildings, a culinary water system replaced the back yard well with hand windlass and bucket. Electric lights had replaced the coal oil lamps, and in many of the barns and sheds an automobile stood alongside the cow or horse stall. Yes, Harmony had moved right along with the years.

The meeting of relatives and old-time friends, and partaking of entertainments and luncheons so generously provided by our hosts, was a taste of heaven, but to go "home" to the farm beyond the west fields was the highlight of my vacation.

The touring car nosed its way across the shallow Imley Creek, over the narrow rutted road through meadows and fields, and came to a stop under Ben's gnarled locust tree that stood like a dignified Patriarch keeping guard over the hallowed place where once was home. Not a brick, not a stone, not a shingle remained of the big farmhouse that had echoed to the life, the hope, and purpose of our large family group.

I had come home. To me, the red brick walls of the house were there, now transparent as lace; and all the rooms, the floor coverings, the furniture, window curtains, and the busy family, the same as they were when I was a child. I stepped over the worn threshold from the back porch into the big kitchen, warmed by a wide fireplace with a burning back log held up by black andirons. The blaze lighted the stone hearth and braided rug. A circle of us sat in its warmth and cheer, eating pine nuts that we had gathered from the nearby hills and roasted in the back yard pit. In the corner of the kitchen stood the Charter Oak stove with the hot water reservoir on the back, and beside it was the battered wood box filled with pine and cedar lengths of wood and some rumped cedar bark ready for starting the morning fire. By the back door stood the wash bench with two buckets of water and a wash basin. Behind the door hung the looking glass and comb case and the long roller towel. Against the north wall stood the long fall-leaf table with its red and white checked covering. Along the partition wall stood the wooden lounge, long enough to seat half a dozen people. When it was pulled out, it made an extra bed with a well-filled straw tick in place of mattress and springs. A bright flame from the burning log lighted the open shelf and I saw my treasured volume, "Leaves From My Journal," a present from my oldest brother Lem. How proud we are of his accomplishments, a leader and colonizer in far off San Juan, Bishop, Stake President, State Senator and mediator in Indian affairs and father of a wonderful family.

Off the kitchen I saw the pantry lined with shelves and cupboards and in their accustomed places, the dishes, cooking utensils, the wooden churn and long-handled dasher, the cream jar, shelves of filled milk pans, the vinegar keg, pickle and preserve jars and handy bread box. I went next to the front room, bright and cheery with its striped rag carpet. There stood the four-poster bed made up with fluffed feather tick, a log cabin patchwork quilt and hand embroidered pillow shams. My trundle bed was rolled under it to be out of sight for the day. The secretary, high-boy, chairs and Howe sewing machine were all there in their places. On the little table rested the red plush photograph album, and on the high mantle stood two coal oil lamps and a little blue pitcher that served for a flower vase. The treasured organ, prim and pretty, stood under the high window. There I saw father sitting on the hand-made stool playing a chord and a group of us singing with him, "Hard Times Come Again No More," or "Come, Music to My Heart." The letters on the stops and white and black keys gleamed there in the bright firelight.

My visit to the little front bedroom came next. It was just large enough for a bed, a bureau and mother's chest. The treasures in that chest were as vivid to me as in days long gone. There was mother's tight fitting basque of red and black alpaca, the one she wore for her picture, the tinted daguerrotype of father and mother in a beautiful leather case lined with pink plush, a few bits of bric-a-brac treasured from the days they lived in Spanish Fork, before they were called to this little outpost on the very fringe of civilization in the early days of Utah's making. They had only four babies then, I came along number thirteen.

Upstairs was my next move, through the dark room. The only light it had came from two panes of glass in the high roof. Up, up the steep winding stairs I went and felt again the solid smooth railing that was so much fun to slide down its dizzy length and come to a sudden stop at the knob of the last rail. The upstairs bedrooms with their slanting ceilings, wide beds and curtained closets were unchanged. There I lived over again the hours when I took my little girl friends up there to play grown-up, dressing in the best clothes of my older sisters. What a delight it was to go strutting among the rooms in trailing skirts with hoops, bustles, and ruffled polonaise, a forbidden thing, but so much fun. In Wayne's room I saw his bed made up with a patchwork quilt and a sturdy boot-jack on the floor nearby. Wayne! Such a wonderful man, a missionary, a Stake President, a State Representative, a guide to the youth of the land and later a patriarch.

Lush alfalfa covered the home site and yards, but the familiar things were there to me. Through the back gate was the clear stream of water, the tripod with blackened wash kettle with a wood fire burning under it, the grindstone, the hives of bees under the Belmont apple trees and the rock wall with madder climbing over it, all in their accustomed places.

A trip home would not be complete without a visit to the fish pond. A tangle of cat-tails and bracken, all overgrown with wild rose bushes and mint, filled the marshy spot, but I was able to see the speckled trout with wide-open mouths ready for the bread crumbs we had.

I had been home!

The ride back to the village was short, but it was long enough for me to tuck into the recesses of my heart, a wealth of memories, enriched with the deep satisfactions

that were mine to combine with the more recent experiences and deeper joys of home, family, school teaching, travel, church mission and civic activities of adult years.

This unlocking of the past, with Aladdin power, warmed my soul with sincere appreciation for my pioneer heritage, for parents firm in their faith and in their inspired leadership, parents who were willing to move out and out, and to do their part to subdue the wilderness and help bring to fruition this great western commonwealth.

In my quiet moments on my trip home to family and activity, I counted over in my mind the many substantial people who have and now are filling positions of trust and responsibility in near and far-off places in the world, who were born in that quiet little village. I thought on the words of Micah, "Thou shalt be little among the thousands in this land, yet out of thee have come many who are good and great." I thought too, of the words of father Jacob to his son Joseph "Truly thou art a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well; whose branches run over the wall."

Because of the long-range vista and of the shortage of data, this sketch must necessarily be brief. I believe it holds ample proof of the intrinsic worth of our treasured home town, to bring to the front the measurements of the nobility and integrity of the many, many who owe their birth and early inspiration to the sheltering and kind nurturing of the place during their early days.

Back in Spanish Fork in 1862, when Pres. Brigham Young chose the Paces, the Redds, the Seveys, etc., to sever their mooring from that pioneer place, that was just beginning to get a foothold, and when they had prospects of a good future home, to travel three hundred miles south and open another frontier, he well knew the strength and possibilities of these and others whom he called. William (Uncle Billy) Pace was bishop in Spanish Fork, and he it was who performed the marriage ceremony for my father and mother, January 2nd 1856. They later traveled to Salt Lake City to the Endowment House and had their marriage solemnized. As children of these stalwarts grew up, they moved out and made their presence felt for strength and good wherever they went. Were it possible to assemble data, wonderful things could be written about Princes, the Bryners, the Lees, the Mathises, the Taylors, the Kelseys and others.

Community parties at Christmas time with a tree in the school house and little dance afterwards with a picnic, July Fourth and Twenty-Fourth celebrations, including old and young, Mayday picnic parties in the upper meadows for the whole town and bob-sleigh rides with sleighbells tinkling and the group singing, are memories that are ever bright and lovely to recall.

Although New Harmony had a high elevation, it was protected by high mountains that made it a good fruit-raising country. Every home had its orchard of fruits and berries. There was no market for it fresh, so drying was a must in every home. The dried product had good sale. Fruit-cutting bees were a pleasant diversion. A jolly group would assemble at some home and spend the evening preparing fruit for the great scaffolds in the yard or on the roofs. In such social minglings we made play out of our work. The party was never over until refreshments were served. These great quantities of dried fruit, along with home-made cheese from some home dairy, great crocks of butter and hand-made buckskin gloves would be hauled to Salt Lake City to be exchanged for store articles.

These three-hundred-mile journeys would be taken in the fall after the busy season was over, and they would take about six weeks. I remember the thrill when

father and mother would get home from one of these trips and we opened the parcels of wonder. Verena Bryner remembers when she worked all summer for money to buy a dress. She sent her savings by Ben Bruppocher. He had no sample and did his best but the cloth was a great disappointment, it was not what she had hoped for.

Dixie peddlers were frequent visitors at our home. They would start out at evening and travel all night to avoid the heat. They would bring dried and pickled grapes, molasses and choice fresh fruits and exchange for butter, cured pork, potatoes and grain.

Harmony had twice-a-week mail service from the north. I recall George Prince was mail carrier from Kanarrah for many years. One night his horse came home without him. A posse of men went in search of him and found him with a broken leg by the side of the road. No doctor was within call, so my father read Dr. Gunn's book and followed directions, put the bones in place, bound it with splints and afterwards, his mother cared for him, and his leg healed perfectly. George was back on his mail carrying again.

Another incident I recall--Jim Pace was thrown from his horse and received a dislocated shoulder. Albert Taylor brought him to our home and, with the faithful Dr. Gunn's book, father had Albert press his sock foot tight under the arm and father worked the arm in a rotary movement until the shoulder joint slipped into place.

From our heavily laden fruit orchards, currant bushes and big melon patches, wagon loads of these products were given away to people from surrounding settlements where such things could not be produced. No charge was ever thought of by any one in town.

Quilting parties and rag bees formed a pleasant place in the town's social life. Someone would get hold of a quilt block pattern, a nine patch, blazing star, Irish chain, love knot, Job's trouble, log cabin, churn dash and many other syles. When someone had finished piecing a quilt top and had carded wool batts for the filling, then a group would come together and have a quilting bee. It was always a friendly time, the children would come along for a long day of play. It was much the same at a rug bee.

While mother's large family was still at home, a professional tailor from the Old Country came to our home and taught mother the tailoring trade. She worked along with him while he made a black broadcloth suit for my father. She learned to draft patterns from a chart. Ever afterwards she was able to make men's suits, and overcoats and tailored dresses. She taught the trade to many other people before patterns came on the market. Her teaching extended to Cedar City and Parowan.

In the very early days of New Harmony the farmers had some sort of machinery for making molasses from sugar cane they raised. It was not too successful and when the Dixie farmers took over that industry, they gave it up, but they always raised their own bees for honey. Mother bought her first stand or hive of bees from Uncle Joseph Barton from Paragoonah. With its orchards of fruit trees, alfalfa fields, clover patches, and a horehound herb that thrived on dry rocky ground, the bees found plenty of nectar for their product. The horehound gave the honey a distinctive flavor that I have never tasted elsewhere. Honey-candy pulls was a favorite pastime for the young people always.

Wheat harvest time was always interesting. Every family had its wheat field and at that time, neighbors exchanged work, as day after day the horse drawn threshing machine moved from place to place with its crew of workers to do the yearly harvest.

The same exchange of labor came as the farmers cut and bound the grain in bundles and made them into shocks. It was a gala day for the children to watch the bundles of grain fed into the gaping mouth of dusty machines, and then watch the golden grain trickle into the waiting sacks. The straw and chaff would come along the carrier onto the straw stack or in the chaff pen.

Winter apple-picking and pitting, potato harvest, corn cutting, shocking and later husking, squash gathering were yearly activities for every family. Even today I find myself almost homesick when October comes and I am reminded of my childhood activities and the beauties of the autumn colors that spread themselves around the scenes of those happy days. With Ruth the Moabitess, I say to these memories, "Entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after them."

The beauty of the eastern vermilion cliffs that greeted our eyes in their early brilliance and all through the day, shall never lose their loveliness so long as we can recall them. Nature almost outdid herself to make attractive the setting for my "home town."

MY HILLS OF HOME

When nature fashioned my hills of home
She spread no color, no tint, no tone,
But splashed vermilion and rust and gold
On her shaggy peaks both steep and bold.

MORNING

The morning sun sends her radiant beams
Over flaming reds and evergreens,
Mellows to softness her vivid hues,
Subdues her brilliance with smoky blues.

NOON

The mid-day light casts no darkening shade
On rocky peak or on sheltered glade;
Now my hills of home, in monarch's dress
Join earth and sky with their loveliness.

EVENING

The sun's last ray, as it sinks to rest,
Throws burnished gold on each tall bright crest;
Then purples and greys wrap arch and dome
And night shades close on my hills of home.

To the boys and girls, to the men and women who come after us, who have supped at the quiet fountain of these early and lovely memories of that village, I would entreat you to appreciate the modern advantages and luxuries of today's blessings and make the most of them. At the same time, I would entreat you to appreciate your wonderful Mormon heritage, appreciate the constancy and devotion of your parents and grandparents who answered the call of their Prophet and leader, Brigham Young when this Western colonization was new. Appreciate their willingness to move out, and out amid hardship and dangers, to subdue the elements and to overcome difficulties to settle this little garden spot. To a great extent, the benefits we enjoy today from our blessed heritage will be tempered by our own great sympathy

One writer has said, "We cannot think or act but the soul of someone who has passed before, points the way, the dead never die."

Longfellow says "When a great man dies, for years the light he leaves behind him lies on the path of men."

So let the light of our noble forebears light our path for bigger and better deeds as the years come.