

## *Ann Croom Ostler*

Ann was a bonnet and dressmaker by trade. She rented a room from Sister Young for her shop. Sister Young provided some of her first patters to help in her dressmaking. Sister Young also was good to her in that she taught her to make bread, pies and cakes in a little oven in the outdoors. Ann took to pioneer life and learned to glean wheat and to pound it out on a clean cloth for bread. She also learned to make candles, soap, butter, etc.



Ann Croom

Ann had many encounters with the Indians. While living in Richfield, Utah, Ann had reason to go to the store one day. Two drunken Indians came in to buy sugar. The clerk, a young lady, put some sugar on the scales to weigh it. It was more than she needed, so she kept taking some out to get the right weight. The Indians got mad at her for taking some out. Ann could see what was happening so she said to the clerk, "Let me weigh it for you." She took what the clerk had on the scale and dumped it back in the sack. She took just a little at a time until she got just the right amount. This pleased the Indians and they said, "You good squaw."

The Indians left the store and went to the field where the boys were herding cows. The boys shot at them, so the Indians went across the creek. That night the Indians came back and the boys who had shot at them were afraid, so they ran to their dugout. Ann's children were down there, too. Ann told them to come out because she was afraid that they would be killed. They would not come out. The two Indians came over. She was frightened but she told the family's big, black dog to hold one of the Indians and his horse while she attended to the other Indian. With an ax in her hand and she let him know that she meant business. The Indian asked where the store keeper was and she answered, "It is none of your business." He wanted to go down in the dugout but she would not let him. She held the Indians there for some time. They begged to go but Ann held her post for she felt that they meant mischief. After a long time, they asked for the bishop. She answered, "I am bishop enough for you." After a while they begged saying they would go to Wickernip. Finally she let them go, telling them that if they tried to do any harm the big, black dog would tear them to pieces.

The Indians left but they came back after dark. The dog took after them to do his part. Ann was frightened she sat on the ground all night with an ax in her hand waiting to see if they would return. The next morning her husband, and the men who had gone with him for flour, returned.

When Ann and her husband moved back to Nephi, there were still Indians to make trouble. One day after Ann had done her washing she hung it out on the sage brush to dry. An Indian came along and put his dirty hands on her nice clean clothes. Again she ran the Indian off with an ax. The next day his squaw came with a string of fish for Ann but she would not take them. Shortly after this an Indian came in the house while Ann was washing her face and hands. He stood warming his hands by the fire. When she turned to get the towel to dry her face she saw the

Indian. She grabbed the ax and ran after him. She couldn't catch up with him to hit him, so she threw the ax after him.

Ann Croom Ostler was not very big but she must have been a plucky little woman, the kind with lots of courage to live out in the west in pioneer days.

This is from the book "John Ostler & Sarah Endacott Gollop Their Descendants and Ancestors" by Mary L. Teerlink, pages 33-34.