# James Clark Owens 1797-1943

# And

# Families

Compiled by

Eva F. Winmill

Owens & Related Lines

**Section Four**

Notes on Owens I

Thomas Hungerford (from a book of Clark Webb's in Mesa, at age of 81, at the time of writing this, 18 February 1963)

Owens Family Tree
Song: “The Owens Family Ode” to the tune of “Flow Gently Sweet Afton”

Find 1797: Clark Owens and Abigail Cordelia Burr Owens
(genealogy of family made by Eva, 2 pages)

Personal Record of James Clark Owens, Sr. 2 pages

Find: James Clark Owens' family from Wales from E. M. Web “my grandmother's writing"
Aug. 25, 1904, 2 pages

1797 A Sketch of James C. Owens Sr. who died in 1847, 3 pages

Temple Lot in Independence, Missouri, 6 pages
Owens Family moved; to Jackson County, Missouri

1797 A Sketch of James Clark Owens, Sr. by Medora Owens Trueblood, July 1933 (2)
Abigail Cordelia Burr Owens

James Clark Owens, Sr. Born 17 July 1797 died 1847
Franklin Horace Owens, A grandson, 14 page)

James Clark Owens Sr. by Medora Owens Trueblood a granddaughter, 4 pages and 1 page genealogy

Abigail Cordelia Burr Owens by Medora Owens Trueblood a granddaughter

Little Rock Rock School House, Fillmore, Ut. from Marjarie Lupher in Woodruff

# Section

# One

THOMAS HUNGERFORD

Copied from a book belonging to Clark Webb of Mesa in the year of 1963. He was 81 at the time of this writing, 18 February 1963.

THOMAS HUNGERFORD
of
Hartford and New London, Conn. and some of his
descendants with their English Ancestors
by F.Phelps Leach
East Highgate, Vermont
Copyright 1932

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE

The preparation of these additions and corrections for Thomas Hungerford of Hartford and New London, Conn., that I published in 1924, has been attended with no ordinary degree of perplexity and toil, on account of the imperfect and disordered condition of the records, and the necessity of resorting to various other sources for information. I have aimed at but two results fullness and accuracy, but it is hardly to be expected that error's have been wholly avoided, and it is hoped that they are but few, and that they do not impair the usefulness of the work.

I made two errors in my 1924 work which I have corrected in this, but the printers dropped type when they went to press, and were responsible for several. On page 14, in lines 35 and 38 they make the surname of the children of #5 Joseph Douglas Soule, Barnes instead of Soule. Mr. Soule married Mary Elizabeth Barnes.

The first words that invite the eye in a book are the last written. When the preface is prepared the work is finished. Many lines in this volume are up-to-date, but the genealogy of the Hungerfords goes on. More great men of the name are to come. The logic of all genealogy contemplates the conclusion we confidently declare it is, that some day one of the descendants of this tribe will publish the 187 pages of manuscript of our English ancestors that I have before me.

The name Hungerford had a distinguished history long before John of Gaunt gave the inhabitants the horn. And in order to find out all concerning this, I referred to Lysons and other writers, documents in the Record Office and to the excellent historical sketch of the history of that town written by Mr. Money, who has done so much to elucidate the history of Western Berkshire. We cannot be too grateful to him for all that he has done in investigating the annals of that county. First, as regards the origin of the name. We may remark that in Domesday the name appears as Inglefol, and Canon Isaac Taylor interprets it as Engleford or Angleford, the ford of the Angles; but Mr. Money connects it with Hingwar, a Danish chieftain, who was drowned in attempting to cross a ford there in 870 A.D. Hence it should be Hingwar-ford.

This interpretation is probably correct and is confirmed by a passage in the book of Hyde, wherein the chronicler describes the greatness of the East Anglien Kingdom and the usurpation

of the Danes under Hingwar and Hubba after the martyrdom of King Edmund, and concludes "Which Hingwar was drowned as he was crossing a morass in Berkshire, which morass is called today by the people of that county, Hyngerford."

This certainly seems to confirm this origin of the name. I find that the word is spelled, as we now spell it, as early as the, year 1204.

About sixty-four miles out of London, were you follow the quaint old Bath coachroad, you would arrive at the village of Hungerford, in pastoral Berkshire. Hungerford is well off main-traveled tourist routes, but it holds more than passing interest for the traveler who likes to linger long in quaint byways of this world, studying customs of olden days where they are still observed in all their simple ingenuousness. Such a traveler would delight in the Hungerford observance of Hock Day. This holiday occurs on Thursday, the sixteenth day after Easter. The celebration actually begins with a macaroni supper and punch bowl at the old John of Gaunt Inn, on the Friday before Hock Tuesday. By 9:00 in the morning, on Hock Tuesday, the Hungerford jury have assembled in the Town Hall. The first business to come up at this, their annual meeting, is the appointing of two tithing men to collect a poll tax of two pence from each burgess of the borough and a kiss from each wife and daughter. This solemn ceremony is a recognition of the ancient power of the lord of manor, who if he chose, it seems, had the right to collect such kisses personally. When they start on their Hock Day duties, the two tithing-men carry short poles gaily bedecked with blue ribbons and flowers. Back of them walks a man who is literally weighed down with oranges. Every kissed person must be presented with an orange, and the school and work-house children also come in for their share. The progress of the tithing-man and the orange-man is triumphant. Wherever they go they are greeted by cheers. One by one the village homes are entered and the letter and the spirit of the law are observed. Nor is the kissing confined to the young and pretty, for the old ladies of Hungerford would feel sadly neglected were the tithing-men to pass them by.

Last, but not least, the author desires to give due acknowledgment to the following persons that have been interested in the dissemination of correct information about the Hungerford family: Hon. Uri Taylor[7] Hungerford, New York City and Briarcliff Manor, N.Y.(deceased); Mr. Newman[8] Hungerford, Hartford, Conn.; Mr. Warde[9] Hungerford, Bridgeport, Conn.; and Miss Julie E. Fairchild, State St., and Park Ave., Bridgeport, Conn. (deceased)

## Thomas[1] Hungerford

Thomas[1] Hungerford was undoubtedly a descendant of some branch of the distinguished Hungerford family of England, but of which branch is unknown. He came to New England some time previous to 1639, as the Register of Hartford, Conn., shows him a proprietor there. He had a triangular piece of land, with a house. In Trumbull's "History of Hartford, County," 1133-1884, Vol 1, there is a map of Hartford as the town was in 1640, on which is shown this property as "Thos Hongerfort to Nich, Ginnings." Also, on page 247, is the following; "Thomas Hungerford (Hungerfoot), a proprietor 'by courtesie of the town;' his home-lot was on the west side of the road to the Cow Pasture; removed to New London ab. 1650, where he d. 1663. He m.

as his 2d wife Hannah, dau. of Isaac Willey, of New London ab. 1658; she survived him and m. (2) Peter Blackford, of New London and Haddam (q.v.); (3) 1673, Samuel Spencer, of Haddam."

The “road to the Cow Pasture” was afterwards called Burr St., but is now North Main St.

I. I. Murphy in his “Life of Col. Daniel Elihu Hungerford,” published in 1891, writes “Thomas, brother of Sir Edward Hungerford, K.B. landed on the shores of New England in 1628.” He also writes "the Town Register of Norwich, Conn., states that Thomas Hungerford acquired property there in 1630."

These statements I believe are erroneous.

First. The first Sir Edward Hungerford, K. B., born in 1596, was a son of Sir Anthony Hungerford of Black Bourton, by his first wife Lucy, daughter and co-heir of Sir Walter Hungerford of Farleigh, widow of Sir John St. John. Sir Edward Hungerford had no brothers. He had two sisters, Bridget who married Sir Alexander (John) Cheek or Cheke, and Jane who married Robert Strange.

This Sir Edward married Margaret, dau. and co-heir of William Holliday, alderman and Lord Mayor of London.

Sir Anthony by his second marriage to Sarah, dau. and co-heir of John Crouch of London, widow of Walter Wiseman (or Wildman), had: 1. Anthony of Farleigh Castl; 2. Sir Giles of Coulson; 3. John; 4. Henry of Standen; 5. Mary; 6. Sarah; 7. Cicely.

These sons and daughters were half brothers and sisters of Sir Edward Hungerfore, K. B.

The second Sir Edward Hungerford, K. B., son of Anthony Hungerford of Farleigh Castle (half brother of the first Sir Edward Hungerford of the Black Bourton Branch) did not have a brother Thomas. He was born 20 Oct. 1632, four years after Mr. Murphy claims Thomas[1] “landed on the shores of New England.” He was immensely wealthy, squandered the family fortunes and acquired the title of “spendthrift.” He died in 1711 and was about the last of the family in England.

Second: Norwich, Conn., was purchased from the Indians in 1659, and most of the settlement began after this date.

If the Town Register shows that he acquired property there as early as 1630, it is peculiar that neither the Vital Records of Norwich nor Miss Frances M. Caulkins in her “History of Norwich” mentions the fact. She mentions Thomas[1] Hungerford several times in her “History of New London.”

Third: Thomas[I] Hungerford may have come to America in 1628, but I doubt if there are any records to prove it. There were very few records kept by the emigrants to New England at that time.

Again, in a booklet, “The Hungerfords in America and the Tyler-Abbott Genealogies,” published several years ago, Mr. Murphy's “Life of Col. D. C. Hungerford, is quoted from. This booklet reads “Thomas, brother of Sir Edward Hungerford, K. B. (of the Cadenham branch), landed on the shores of New England in 1628,” also, "l Thomas (1), baptized in Bremhill Parish, England, in 1602, died in or near New London, Conn., 1663."

Mr. Murphy does not write that Thomas[I] was of the Cadenham branch nor does he claim that he was baptized in Bremhill Parish in 1602.

The Thomas Hungerford baptized in Bremhill Parish in 1602, was a son of John Hungerford of the Cadenham branch, and is styled in Sir Richard Colt Hoar's “Hungerfordiana,” “Thomas of Blacklands.” He married, and had two sons and two daughters and did not come to America.

It is quite evident that serious misstatements have been made in some of the earlier writings on the family.

Miss Caulkins in her “History of New London, Conn., “ shows him to have been a resident there in 1650 and lands” were set off to him in 1651, and he was a constable in 1652. He was awarded “40 acres in the neck of land to the north of John Prentice, his land and Robert Hempstead, his land."

In Dec. 1652 he and John Pickett were given the land for fire wood on which Fort Trumbull now stands.

The name of the first wife of Thomas[I] Hungerford is unknown and it is evident that she was not living in Nov. 1657, as under the date of 2 Nov. 1657, he wrote his sister Anne, at Ipswich, Mass., where when was living with her husband, John Leigh (Lee), thanking her for her offer to take his daughter Sarah. (It says later that Anne was his wife's sister.)

That the plans suggested in the letter were carried out is proven by the will of John Leigh probated 16 Sept 1671, which contains a provision for "Sarah Hungerfoot." This will is on file in Salem, Mass.

Sarah --- After her mother's death went to live with Aunt Anne Leigh, at Ipswich, Mass. She later md. Lewis Hugh, of Lyme, Conn. They had 6 children.

Thomas[I] died in 1663 and the inventory of his estate taken 1 May 1663 showed property to 100--, 5s, 6d.

Thomas[2] Hungerford of Hartford, New London, and East Haddam, Conn., was born in Hartford about 1648; and died 11 Jan 1714, in East Haddam, and his will was proved 5 Apr 1714. He moved with his father to New London in 1650 and lived there until about 1687. He married before 6 June 1671, Mary Green or Gray of the Plantation of the Narragansetts in Rhode Island; and secondly Mary Graves, daughter of John, b in England, and sister of Benjamin[2], who married Mary Hoar. See Graves family. He moved to Lyme in 1685, and in Dec. 1687, he sold his land in New London that was granted to him in 1673. He moved to and settled in East Haddam in 1692, where he was a blacksmith, had the title of Mr. and was the first selectman of the town.

References - New London County Court, 6 June 1671. His name appears often in New London and Lyme records. New London records, Vol 5 p 109. Hadam records, 21 May 1688. 20 Dec. 169, and 27 Dec. 1698.

His name is burned on the leather cover of Vol. I East Hadam records. Haddam records, 20 Nov. 17,08. Record's of Probate Court of Hartford Co., 5 Apr. 1714.

The will of Thomas[2] Hungerford is recorded as follows:

"Hungerford, Thomas, Haddam (East) Inst. 278-00-06, taken 5 Feb. 1713-14. -by John Niles, John Smithy, and Thomas Clark. Will dated 22 Jan 1713-114.

I Thomas Hungerford of Haddam do dispose of my estate as follows:

I give to my wife Mary Hungerford all my buildings; also certain land joining Abell Willee's land, during life.

I give to my son Thomas Hungerford's eldest son, Thomas, one-half of my interest on lands in Stonington, which descended to me from my father; also one-half part of my fourth division on the east side of the Eight Mile River.

I give to my son John Hungerford, and his male heirs my buildings and the whole of my 190 acres allotment after my demise, excepting what I have given to my wife during her life.

I give to my son, Green Hungerford, one-half part of my interest in lands in Stonington; also one-half part of my fourth division allotment east of Eight Mile River; also all....

I give unto my five daughters, viz. Elizabeth, Sarah, Mary, and Esther, the remainder of my personal estate. I give to my grandson John, all of my right in Lyme and the undivided lands.

Thomas Hungerford

Witness: Stephen Hosmer
Daniel Brainard
Daniel Cone

Smith Genealogy (pp. 5, 6, and 7)

Matthew[1] Smith, a cordwainer (a shoemaker), came from Sandwich, Country of Kent, England, in 1637 with his wife, Jane, and four children, and was said to have been admitted inhabitant of Charleston, Mass., that same year. His wife became a member of the church 22 Oct. 1639, and he in Mary 1643. The names of the children could not be ascertained. In 1658, he was a householder, under the title of Good-man. The time of the death of Matthew and Jane does not appear.

XXXXXX Back to Hungerford & Smith
Copy of Agreement

Be it known to all to whom it may concern: We, Thomas[3] Hungerford, Elizabeth Hungerford, my wife, and Mary Smith, all of Haddam, on the east side of the great river, in ye County of Hartford and colony of Connecticut, for ourselves, our heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, do hereby mutually agree with our loving brother, Matthew Smith, of the town and county aforesaid, concerning ye distribution of the estate of our brother, Thomas Smith, late of said Haddam, deceased, that is to say, he, the said Matthew Smith, is to pay all the just debts due from said estate, and to enjoy the lands belonging to ye estate of ye said Thomas Smith, deceased, as his own inheritance, to him, the said Matthew Smith, his heirs and assigns forever; the remainder of the estate to be divided after the following method: Ye said Matthew Smith is to have one undivided or half part of the movables to his own proper use and behoof forever; ye said Thomas and Elizabeth Hungerford and said Mary Smith are to have the other half of ye movable estate of ye said Thomas Smith, deceased, equally divided between them upon the receipt wherof we, the said Thomas Hungerfrod, Elizabeth, my wife, and Mary Smith, do engage fully and wholly to acquit and discharge ye said Matthew Smith, his heirs and assigns forever and whereas, the said Thomas Smith, was out in the late expedition to Albany, the said Matthew Smith is to take care to get his wages, and it is to be divided in the same manner with the rest of ye movables, they all bearing an equal share in the charges.

In witness whereof, we, the said parties above named, have hereunto set our hands, this 25th day of November, A.D. 1709

his
Thomas Hungerford
mark
Elizabeth Hungerford
her
Mary Smith
mark
Matthew Smith

Witnesses: John Booge,
William Spencer

Will of Green Hungerford, as given by Manwaring,

“Hungerford, Green, East Haddam, Invt. 11549-10-06. Taken August 27, 1735 by Samuel Andrews, Henry Chaplin, and Noadiah Brainerd, will dated April 29, 1735.

I Green Hungerford of East Haddam, do me this my last will and testament.

I give my wife, Jemima, the use of all my movable estate, and 1/3 part of my house and barn and orchard and all my improved land, during her widowhood. And if my wife, after my decease, shall see cause to marry, my will is that she shall have and enjoy as her own proper estate all the estate that I have received by her that did accrue to her parents. And my will is that my wife shall do her endeavor to bring up my children with the use of my movable state, until they shall come to lawful age.

2ndly, I give to my three sons, vix., Green, Lemuel, and Stephen Hungerford, all the farm or lot of land on which I now dwell to be equally divided between them in quantity and quality, excepting only that I give to my eldest son, Green Hungerford, 10 acres, to be first taken off from Sd. Farm on that side that joins to Benjamin Graves his land.

3rdly, I give my son Nathaniel Hungerford, one lot of land adjoining to the land of --llin Willey and the land of Mr. Alexander Steward, containing 40 acres be it more or less, and one lot of land near the north west corner of the lot on which I now dwell, adjoining to the land of John Sharrard; also another lot of land partly adjoining to the land of John Sharrard, also another lot of land partly adjoining to the land of Jabez Chapman, not far from a pine swamp. Furthermore, I give to my four above nd. sons, vis.: Green, Lemuel, Stephen, and Nathaniel, all my rights in all the undivided lands in' East Haddam, to be equally divided amongst them; all which lands and rights I give to my four sons and their male heirs.

I give to my five daughters, vis., Jemima, Mary, Rachel, Esther and Elizabeth Hungerford, 40 pounds to each of them, to be paid to them severally as they come of age or are married, that is to say, Jemima 40 pounds with what she hath already received.

I hereby authorize and appoint my wife sole executer.

Green Hungerford.
(L. S.)
Wittness: Stephen Cone, Jabez Chapman, Noadiah Brainard

# OWENS FAM TRI

## Hancock · Proctor

ASA HANCOCK fought as a private in the Revolutionary War. Once he went on a secret mission for 35 days.

Eighty years later his son Benjamin HANCOCK, a prosperous New York farmer, walked 2 miles to vote in the 1856 election. He was 75 years old.

Benjamin's daughter Lucretia HANCOCK helped him raise his family when her mother died in 1825 at the age of 37.

When Lucretia joined the Mormon church in 1841 her father disowned her. Benjamin later mellowed and left her the bulk of his estate when he died in 1858.


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Benjamin HANCOCK, 1728<br>Patience CLARK, 1726 | Asa HANCOCK<br>Born 1753, Mass. | Benjamin HANCOCK<br>Born 16 Aug. 1782<br>in Surry, N.H.<br>Died 28 Jan. 1858 |
| Nathaniel SHEPARDSON, 1731<br>Sara FOLLETT, 1729 | Abigail SHEPARDSON<br>Born 1796, Mass. | |
| Moses PROCTOR, 1706<br>Mary BYAM, 1708 | Philip PROCTOR<br>Born 1750, Mass. | Lucretia PROCTOR<br>Born 28 Apr. 1788<br>in Groton, Mass.<br>Died 17 Sept. 1825 |
| Lt. James LOCKE, 1729<br>Hannah FARNSWORTH, 1734 | Hannah LOCKE<br>Born 1754, Mass. | |

## Robison · Guinal

BATTLE OF ORISKANY, August 6, 1777. Lt. James GUINAL was killed in a British ambush. He died with a prayer on his lips for the patriot cause and for his unborn child. Cornelia GUINAL was born six months later.

"There was no more homely girl in the Dutch colony than Cornelia GUINAL, and there was no girl there with a brighter mind."

Cornelia GUINAL had 12 children. Her family was fond of reading.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| | James ROBISON<br>Born 1740, N.Y.<br>Margaret ADAMS | Joseph ROBISON, Sr.<br>Born 26 Jun. 1768<br>in Charleston, N.Y.<br>Died 9 Jan. 1839 |
| | Lt. James GUINAL<br>Born 1744, N.Y.? | Cornelia GUINAL<br>Born 11 Feb. 1778<br>in New York state<br>Died 26 Apr. 1829 |
| John COLLIER, 1699<br>Madalena QUACKENBUSH, 1705 | Matilda COLLIER<br>Born 1745 | |

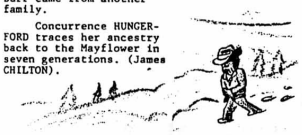
## Burr · Hungerford

LIKE GAUL, the BURR family in America is divided into three parts. We stem from the Hartford branch (Conn.), started by Benjamin BURR who emigrated from England about 1635. He had a son Samuel and a grandson John (see below). Aaron Burr came from another family.

Concurrence HUNGERFORD traces her ancestry back to the Mayflower in seven generations. (James CHILTON).

Abigail BURR's life was hard. Her daughter Rebecca died from exposure in 1832, during the persecution of the saints. Her son Levi was crushed by a sled beam, and another son John was scalded to death by a tipping kettle of boiling water at a campfire.

In Missouri, a mob looking for her husband smashed in the front door, knocking her senseless as she was running to the cradle to protect her baby. In 1846 the family was destitute, and James C. OWENS left on foot for Iowa in midwinter looking for work. He died in a blizzard and his grave was never found. Abigail was small, had a pleasant disposition, and was never heard to complain.



| | | |
|---|---|---|
| John BURR<br>Sarah | Nathaniel BURR<br>Born 1741, Conn. | Horace BURR<br>Born 16 Dec. 1766<br>in Bloomfield, Ohio<br>Died |
| John W. STRONG, 1706<br>Azubah GRISWOLD, 1710 | Abigail STRONG<br>Born 1741, Conn. | |
| Benjamin HUNGERFORD, 1705<br>Jemima HUNGERFORD, 1710 | Stephen HUNGERFORD<br>Born 1743, Conn. | Concurrence HUNGERFORD<br>Born 12 Mar. 1768<br>in Kingsboro, N.Y.<br>Died 1840 |
| | Alathea COGSWELL<br>Born 1750, N.Y. | |

## Owens

THE NAME "OWENS" means "Son of Owen". Owen is derived from the old Welsh Ewein and Anglo-Saxon Eoghains, and ultimately from old Greek Eugenes which means "well born".

The coat of arms is described heraldically as Gules, on a mount in base vert a boar passant argent armed, collared & chained or to a holly bush proper; crest a fleur-de-lis. The motto in Welsh is "YN AML CYFEILORNUS, NI ANSICR ERIOED", which means, "frequently wrong, never in doubt."

Our Owens line has now been traced to Wales. The line below continues through Jonathan OWEN, B. 1671, Cork Co., Ireland, and George OWEN, B. 1639 in Wales, and married in Bristol, England.


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Jonathan OWEN, 1708<br>Rachel | Jonathan OWEN<br>Born 1730, N.Y. | Benjamin OWENS<br>Born 1765<br>in Westchester, N.Y.<br>Died 1810 |
| Joseph LOCKWOOD, 1699<br>Sara HOYT, 1706 | Jane LOCKWOOD<br>Born 1738, N.Y. | Barbara (CLARK?) |

Lucretia HANCOCK ROBISON was progressive and energetic - "the fast horse in the team". One of her eyes was smaller than the other. She took a dim view of her inlaws. "The Robisons are a lazy outfit, too much inclined to read".

Lucretia and Joseph were baptised into the Mormon church in Februarv, 1841, in a hole cut in the ice on the Oswego River.

Joseph ROBISON, Jr. was quiet, kindly, and deliberate. He was mayor of Fillmore when he died.

Lucretia HANCOCK*
B. 24 Aug 1807, Vt.
D. Aug. 1899, Utah

Joseph ROBISON, Jr.*
B. 21 May 1804, N.Y.
D. 3 June 1868, Utah

Joseph ROBISON, Jr. hired stone mason J.C. OWENS, Jr. to build him the first stone house in Fillmore, Utah. The house still stands (1989). OWENS was married to Lucretia ROBISON in 1856 by Brigham Young in the old Statehouse. Lucretia was 14 at the time.


Abigail Cordelia BURR*
B. 22 Nov. 1799, N.Y.
D. 29 Nov. 1862, Utah

Lucretia P. ROBISON*
B. 18 May 1841, N.Y.
D. 24 May 1929, Ariz.

James Clark OWENS, Sr.*
B. 17 July 1797, N.Y.
D. 18 Jan. 1846, Iowa

James Clark OWENS, Jr.*
B. 8 Jul. 1832, Missouri
D. 1 Feb. 1901, Arizona


James Clark OWENS, Jr. was Captain of the Millard Co. militia in the Black Hawk Indian War in 1867. He led the charge at Salina.

Franklin Horace OWENS*
B. 17 Jan. 1881, Ariz.
D. 17 Oct. 1969, Ariz.

## "THE OWENS FAMILY ODE"

(To be sung to the tune of Flow Gently Sweet Afton)

1.
Dear friends and relations we welcome you here
To join in our union of families most dear
And may we endeavor, each one in our turn
To extend warm greetings to friends we here learn

Chorus
Then welcome to brothers and sisters all
We're happy you answered our "Lets get together" call
With kindness we greet you and welcome you here
To join in the blessings of friendship most' dear

2.
We'll love one another and speaks gentle words
With feeling, perhaps, from another world stirred
When we were together in Father's blessed home
Before we came forth in this wide world to roam

3.
We know our dear Kindred in heaven rejoice
To see us assemble and lift up our voice
Exhorting, entreating, each one we may see
To work for our kindred and set them all free

4.
Then friends and relations, come join heart and hand
In bringing salvation to all that we can
That we in the future with them may rejoice
In the plan of our Savior, the one of our choice

The above song was written, many years ago, to sing at a genealogical meeting of the OWENS families. The verses were written by Horace Burr Owens. It shows his love of this principle of the gospel also.

I, Marjorie Gardner Lupher, found this among the papers of my Grandmother, Medora Owens Gardner Trueblood. There was no title for the song, so I took the liberty of supplying the title.

# Section Two

# Personal Record of James Clark Owens

Born 7 July 1797, son of Archibald Owens and Susannah Chapman, not sure of the place. Baptized June 1831 in the township of Nelson, Portage County, Ohio.

Baptized by elders preaching in that neighborhood.

Married to: Abigail Cordelia Burr, 1816 in Montgomery County, N.Y.

Endowed in St. George Temple. 12 Feb 1879.

Special appointments: Since shortly after their conversion and baptism in 1831, Grandfather with his family, moved with the Saints .

Where died: Froze to death in Missouri, January 1847. Where buried: Body was never recovered.

So far as is known to me there is no certified record of Grandfather's people. His identity is a mystery. Tradition has it that he left home when but a small boy seeking employment, and that he was never in touch with his people afterward. We have no record of any written statement he may have made, neither is it known from whence he came to the U. S. or when. No record of his parents, brothers or sisters.

Our first acquaintance with him was when he married Abigail Cordelia Burr, in the year 1816, in Montgomery Co., New York. The fact that we have no record of his life during the 19-year-period between his birth and the date of his marriage, leaves us to wonder what may have occurred with reference to his education. He left no written word, hence it seems his schooling was nil, but since he merged an efficient builder and stone mason, it seems we feel justified in the assumption that his education was of a commercial nature, practical, as related to the vocation he chose.

Although lacking in a scholastic education, his accomplishments show him to be ambitious, energetic and industrious, for at the age of 19 he had mastered (to a marked degree) the art and assumed the title of “stone mason.” That he completed an apprenticeship in these arts is borne out by the fact that after Grandfather's death his youngest son James Clark Owens Jr. was induced by his mother to accept an apprentice ship that thereby he might become efficient in some worthy line of work.

James was only 11 years old at the time of his father's death and being the youngest son and the only child at home, his mother relied upon him for support and to take his father's place in their contemplated journey across the plains.

Her encouragement and willingness to make every necessary sacrifice that her son should sign a contract to devote his time and talent to his employer for a period of four years, when he should have become a finished workman as a blacksmith and wheelwright was proof that she realized the full value of such a venture. This is indicative of the faith, courage and stability that permeated the home life of Grandfather's family.

From Horace Burr Owens, Grandfather's oldest son, we learn the date of his birth, his endowment, character and accomplishments in many cases. From his daughter Caroline Amelia we learn much; also from my own parents, James Clark Owens Jr. and Lucretia, his wife. Much of this was handed down from Grandmother's statements, as she spent her older days until her death with them.

Grandfather and his family heard the gospel from the missionaries Lyman Wight and John Whitmer in 1831, were baptized in the month of July that year. They were then living in the township of Nelson, Portage Co., Ohio.

The second general conference of the church was called at Kirtland in June 1831 and at this conference 28 elders were called to travel to western Missouri, going in pairs and preaching as they went. Traveling in another company was a contingent of saints from the Colesville Branch, led by the Prophet Joseph Smith. They arrived in Caw Township, Missouri, in July 1831, after making surveys and laying out the foundation for a town at the bend on the Big Blue River, the Prophet, with most of his company, moved on down the Missouri River to Independence, twelve miles distant.

The next summer, also in the month of July 1832, Grandfather's company reached this point, where they tarried for a short time. It was here my father was born. Not being satisfied he moved on to Independence with the main body of the saints.

See the Biography of James Clark Owens Sen. which relates in much more detail the trials they underwent during the persecutions heaped upon the saints while in Missouri.

Corrections:
A genealogist working for Lenore Owens Skillman found a statement made by Horace Burr Owens, son of James Clark Owens Sr. and grandson of Benjamin Owens, when Horace was ordained for that his Father's parents were Benjamin Owens and Barbara.

James froze to death somewhere between Mt. Pisgah, Iowa and Missouri while looking for work.

James II was 14 years old when his father died and James took on the responsibility of taking care of his widowed mother, and his sister and her children.

We retained the original in case anyone would like to examine it.

Typed from handwritten notes, which say at the beginning (In "my grandmother's handwriting")

James Clark Owens family were originally from Wales. We have no knowledge of when they came to America, or where they first settled.

Tradition is that he was born in Canada and that his parents moved while he was a babe into the state of New York. Again, some claim he was born in the state of New York.

Description: He was a large, stout man, with black eyes and hair, rather good-looking, somewhat contrary in disposition. (This is from my cousin Edward Webb, who got his information from Grandmother.)

He joined the L. D. S. Church not long after its organization and shared in all its persecutions at that time. Some of the family lost their lives through the exposure and troubles, and I consider he died as a martyr for the cause.

When the Saints were driven from Jackson County (I think it was from there), the mob would not let him leave on account of his work. They wanted his labor, so they stayed about two years longer. Sam Owens endeavored with bribery and persuasion to get him to leave the Mormons, claiming relationship which was unfounded. But he remained true to the end.

When the Saints were driven into the state of Iowa in the dead of winter, being destitute, he went out to look for work, but lost in a blizzard and was frozen January 1846-47. There is some more of his history in my temple history book.

# JAMES CLARK OWENS

(SOURCE OF INFORMATION - A son and daughter of James Clark, Horace Burr and Caroline Amelia Owens, each wrote sketches of their lives in which they gave some family history. James Clark Jr. related to his family some incidents which happened in the life of his father. The wife, Abigail Cordelia, told her grandchildren other things about her husband. From these facts, a sketch of the life of James Clark Owens was constructed.)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| James Clark Owens | married | Abigail Cordelia Burr |
| Born 1797-Died 1847 | | 1799 Montgomery Co. N.Y. |

## A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE

From his endowment record we find that James Clark Owens was born in 1797; baptized June 1831; endowed February 1879. One tradition says that he was of Welch descent whose parents moved into eastern United States when he was still an infant, and another tradition says that he came, probably from Canada, when he was a young man. The first record we have of him is his marriage, in 1816, to Abigail Cordelia Burr of Montgomery County, New York. His first child was born in Onandagua County, New York and his second child was born in Mercer, Mercer County, Pennsylvania.

From Mercer County, Pennsylvania, James Clark moved to Trumbull County and then, to Portage County, Ohio in the township of Nelson. The family lived there during the winter of 1830-31 and that was where they heard the gospel. “Lyman Wight and John Whitmer,” wrote Horace Burr, “Came to our settlement and preached and I believed and was baptized." This was 2 March 1831 and the following June 1831, James Clark and his wife, Abigail Cordelia, were baptized, and joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day-Saints. Horace Burr added, “About four years before that, Sydney Rigdon had preached in our settlement as a Campbellite preacher."

The Church, now, was only a little more than one year old, but persecution and opposition made life so miserable for the young converts that the Lord revealed to the Prophet, Joseph Smith, a gathering place in Jackson County, Missouri where the Saints could flee. The first Saints to go there as a body, were the Colesville branch who left Coleville Aug 1831 and settled in a body on the Big Blue River near Independence, Jackson County, Missouri.

No detailed accounts are recorded in Church History of the hundreds of Saints who followed the Colesville Branch. But the next year on the seventh of July, James Clark's eighth and last child was born. The family stopped twelve miles from Independence with the Colesville Branch and was allotted twelve acres of land there above the Big Blue. The following winter the family moved into Independence.

James Clark Owens was a mason by trade. He helped build the barracks at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. This was a United States Military Fort and reservation where the Mormon Battalion reported to receive provisions for their march to the Pacific coast.

In Independence, James Clark built his family a large brick house near the Printing press. It was the first of five homes he built for his family which were destroyed by a mob.

In July, 1833, when the hostile mob fell upon the Saints, destroyed the press, tarred and feathered Partridge and Allen, beat an old man until he died from the effects, James Clark's children, Horace Burr and Caroline Amelia, witnessed these outrages from the top of the house where they had climbed up a scaffold to the roof. Horace Burr was the one who took the word about this to the Authorities; and Caroline, with another little girl, were the ones brother Partridge called to tell his family to bring them some quilts to wrap themselves in.

During the riots, mobocrats came to the home to get James Clark. He barred the door against them while his wife skipped out the back door to tell the neighbors who hurriedly came to his assistance. The mob forced themselves in and a scuffle ensued at which time James Clark was badly hurt. Twice, in other riots, the mob stopped in front of the Owens' house and threatened to kill all the family, but for some reason they passed on. Later, they learned that it was because one of the mobocrats wanted James Clark to do some mason work for him - to build a brick store and house. Consequently, when the other Saints, after many outrages and severe sufferings were driven, by the mob, from the county, James Clark was forced to stay in Independence and do this work for them. The mob pledged their life and property that his family would not be molested, but their big promises were disregarded when the work was done and James Clark had to hide out to keep from being abused.

The next summer after the Saints had been driven across the river into Clay County, Zion's Camp arrived in Missouri wanting to help the Saints return to their homes in Independence. When the mob found it out they became very excited and prepared to oppose them. They tried to bribe James Clark with big money and high office if he would betray "Old Joe Smith" but James Clark, who could do very efficient swearing, was staunch and true to the Prophet and told them so in very strong language.

James Clark Jr. remembered going with his father to visit the Prophet, Joseph Smith, and that the Prophet held him on his lap. He learned to love the Prophet, he said, because of the things his father said about him. In his last days when talking about those terrible times, he told of the sacrifices his father had made for the Saints, how he always divided with the needy and, at the peril of his own life, did all in his power to help the imprisoned Saints to escape. For this he was arrested and abused and threatened with death. He testified that his father, James Clark Owens Sr. was willing to give, even his life, for the Prophet Joseph.

One night the mobocrats came to the house hunting the father when both he and the son, Horace Burr, were away from home. When the mob began throwing rocks at the house, the mother bolted the door with a big plank and locked it, but they crashed it in. The mother ran to the

cradle to protect the baby and the door, in falling, knocked her down and unconscious. Persecutions and abuses continued until, finally, the family were driven from the town. James Clark received a note saying that if he did not leave the county in one week they would kill him and burn his property. In preparing to leave, while he was walking to the river to make arrangements to be ferried across, he was overtaken by one of the mob, a horseman who compelled him to go back with him. Three different times the man met other mobocrats and stopped to talk with them. Each time James Clark would walk on ahead and try to escape by dodging into the bushes. The third time he succeeded in making his escape.

## TEMPLE LOT IN INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI

## THE OWENS FAMILY MOVE TO JACKSON COUNTY MISSOURI

When but a child, Caroline Amelia Owens, with her parents, moved from Trumbull County to Nelson, Portage County, Ohio. Here the family heard the gospel and joined the church in 1831. Soon after the church was organized a second place for the Saints to gather was revealed to the Prophet, Joseph. It was in Jackson Co. Missouri.

“Jackson County is one of the most healthy and desirable places of Missouri from a sanitary standpoint. The county is quite heavy timbered offering a luxuriant growth of hickory, black walnut, oak, elm, cherry, honey locust, mulberry, boxelder, and huge sycamore. Cottonwood and maples grow along the river bottoms." (C. Hist.)

“As the number of converts increased a branch was organized at Colesville, Broom County, New York. This Colesville Branch was the very first to yield obedience to the principle of gathering. They removed as a body in Aug,. 1831 from Colesville, New York to Jackson County, Missouri 2000 miles away and became the first founders of the first colony of Latter-day Saints. They settled in a body near the Big Blue River, a short distance from Independence, the county seat of Jackson County.” (C. Hist)

Not quite a year later, in 1832, the Owens family moved to Missouri in company with a few Saints from a little town called “Hiram”. They stopped with the Colesville Branch until Fall then moved to Independence.

At first, in Jackson County, everything was promising for the Saints, but in less than two years hostilities began to show themselves on the part of the mobbers who finally fell upon the Saints July 20, 1833 at Independence and destroyed the printing press, broke down doors and windows, smashed up furniture and amid the screams of women and children whipped and unmercifully beat several of the men.

# MOBOCRAT PERSECUTIONS IN INDEPENDENCE

“I was an eye witness to many of the hardships endured by the Saints,” said Caroline Amelia, “and to the persecutions heaped upon them by their countrymen because they believed in a personal God and that He had spoken, again, from the heaven and had chosen us as His people.” (Written for the Contributor.)

“I will never forget the terrible excitement when the mobbers came about 400 or 500 men, all with guns. My father had just finished building our two story house near the printing press and the scaffolding had not yet been taken down. We went up on the house and could see all that took place but were not close enough to hear what was said. I saw W. W. Phelp's wife and baby thrust out doors and her house, together with the printing press, which was directly over her room, torn down. Her furniture and goods were scattered to the four winds. Every child in town had the printing material to play with.”

“A few nights after that they went to William McLellen's house while they were away from home and threw rocks at the house, broke windows and doors, tore open a feather bed scattered the feathers and all the clothing they could find, out in the street; then they tried to set the house on fire but got frightened and ran away before it got to burning good. It was put out by friends.

Soon after this the mob took old father Brace, a revolutionary soldier, from his home and formed a ring of seven men around him and whipped him unmercifully with hickory switches. When they could not make him deny the truth they said that they couldn't kill the G-- D-- Mormon so let him go. He soon died after this beating.

“When they tarred and feathered brother Partridge and Allen and dragged them past our house, I was frightened and took my youngest brother and ran to the nearest neighbor. The neighbor was one of the mob and the family seemed to think that they, the mob, were doing something to be proud of -- that one hundred men had tarred and feathered two men.

“About the same time some of the mob tried to set the Committee Store on fire. They tried it three times in one night but it did not burn. I remember that they passed by our house when they were going to the Temple Lot where they met brother Lyman Wight and the rest of the brethren and took their arms and ammunition away from them. One of the mob asked my mother to keep his coat while he was gone. She told him that she would not touch anything that belonged to any of them. He swore, 'Then you're a G - d damn Mormon bitch'.

“There was a man by the name of Brazcale who swore that he would wade in blood to his knee, but what he would drive the Mormons from the country. He was shot and killed the same day that brother Dibble was wounded. The mob went to get his body and it was past 12:00 when they came back. They stopped in front of our house and cursed, and swore that they would kill Owens and all his family, but they finally went on.”

According to church history, at this time very few of the men now had arms with which to defend themselves and they were threatened with death if they made any resistance. Such of the men as could escape fled for their lives. Those who could not escape received a pelting with stones and a beating with guns and whips. Several skirmished followed in which the Saints tried to defend themselves but it was useless. After many outrages, imprisonments, and severe sufferings at the hands of the mob, the Saints were driven, in the cold and wet, at the point of the bayonet, across the Missouri River into Clay County, November, 1833.

## JAMES CLARK OWENS IS FORCED TO REMAIN IN INDEPENDENCE

Carolyn Amelia's father, James Clark Owens, was an excellent mason. Sam Owen (Not a relative) who was one of the mob leaders, wanted a brick house and store made so when the other Saints were driven out of town he forced James Clark to remain in Independence. Sam pledged his life and property that none of the Owens family would be molested if he would stay and do this work for him. Horace Burr wrote in his sketch, “The mob would not let my father go with the rest on account of his trade, they wanted his work there.” The family remained sixteen months.

## SHOOTING STARS

While the Saints were camped across the river in Clay County, Caroline Amelia and Horace Burr went over there to visit some friends. They returned at night and witnessed a shower of shooting stars. They kept falling faster and faster, she said, until light next morning. The mobocrats were screaming and asking the Lord to have mercy on them and a number of them asked her mother if the Judgement Day had come. Robert Baker, astronomy professor at the University of Illinois wrote, “The November showers of 1833 were grand displays of celestial fireworks. Like night sky rockets they blazed across the heavens. Many frightened people believed that the world Was coming to an end.”

After the Saints had been driven from their homes and were located, temporarily in Clay County with no place to go, Lyman Wight and Parley P. Pratt were sent as messengers from the exiled Saints to Kirtland, Ohio. They gave a report of their persecutions to the Prophet who asked the Lord what to do in the matter. He received a revelation (D & C 103) to gather together men known as Zion's Camp take food and clothing and help the Saints return to their homes. Upon their arrival the next summer, the Missouri mobocrats became very excited and prepared to dispose of the company. Only a terrific storm saved the brethren. “The mobocrats declared that the Mormons (Zion's Camp) were crossing the river at the upper ferry by the thousands and their intention was to kill every man, woman, and child in the country.” But they, the mob said, “intended to be the first at this and commenced their work by throwing rocks at our house," wrote Caroline Amelia. “Our door was a very heavy one and was both locked and bolted. As they crashed it in, it fell on my mother and knocked her unconscious.” Disregarding all promises of protection, the mob began to persecute the Owens family. The father had to hide from them continually.

## THE PROPHET WRITES ABOUT THE ARRIVAL OF ZION'S CAMP

“The Jackson mob (15) with Sam Owens and James Campbell at the head, endeavored to raise an army sufficient to meet me (Zion's Camp), before we got to Clay County. Campbell swore: 'The eagles and turkey buzzards shall eat my flesh if I do not fix Joe Smith and his army so that their skins will not hold shucks, before two days are past.' They went to the ferry and undertook to cross the Missouri River after dark on a flat boat. About half way across the river the boat was sunk and seven out of twelve men were drowned. Campbell was among the missing. He floated down the river some four or five miles and lodged upon a pile of drift wood where the buzzards, eagles, ravens and crows ate his flesh. Mr. Owen saved his life only after floating four miles down stream where he lodged upon an island, swam off naked about daylight, borrowed a mantle to hide his shame and slipped home rather shy of the vengeance of God.”

## CAROLINE AMELIA VERIFIES THIS AND ADDS SOME DETAILS

“When the boat began to sink Samuel C. Owen stripped off all his clothing except his shirt, tied a large silk handkerchief on his head, took hold of his horse's tail and started ashore. In the dark he lost his hold, his horse got away and when he landed it was in thistles as high as his head. He tore his handkerchief in two and wrapped his legs in the pieces. He then wandered around until almost morning when he found a hut with an old couple in it and borrowed some clothes.”

A short time before the Owens family were driven from their home, Caroline Amelia and her brother went across the river, again, to visit friends in Liberty where the Saints were still located. Their friends who had heard that they had been killed were as much surprised as if they had been spirits from the other world. The mother, also, visited friends in Liberty. This aroused the indignation of the mob to the point of driving the Owens family out of town. The father received a note saying that if he did not leave the county in one week they would kill him and burn his property. They were already burning houses belonging to the other Saints. “One night,” she said, “I counted six houses burning at the same time and another night four houses were burning, on the Temple Lot and the poor, helpless Saints were fleeing for their lives -helpless women and children, without homes or shelter.”

While making arrangements to be ferried across the river to get his family to Liberty the mobocrats caught the father; but after three attempts he escaped.

The Owens family joined the Saints in Liberty and lived there about a year. Because of mob violence, the Saints there, again, were compelled to leave their homes. They located a place in Caldwell County and founded the settlement of Far West. For a time this place prospered and it became the gathering place for other Saints. Here, even worse than before, the fury of mob violence broke loose and the savage mob cruelty expelled all Mormons from the state.

In the spring 1834 Caroline Amelia was baptized by Colonel Hinkle. He later apostatized and it was he who surrendered Far West to the mob. In telling about this expulsion Caroline Amelia

said, “I witnessed the outrages of Far West and saw the army of thousands of mobbers surrounding the city. I saw the brethren give up their arms the second time and the horrid sight of dragging men from their weeping wives and children, and all this because they believed in new revelation. We shared the common fate of all the Saints in being driven from the state. And oh! the destitution and sufferings endured by us in leaving Missouri! It beggars description - no pen can ever write it! I witnessed much sorrow on my weary way.”

With the other Saints the Owens family went to Quincy then to Payson, Illinois. Caroline Amelia concludes her sketch, “In December 1839 I was married to Edward Milo Webb. In '42 moved to Payson and from there to Nauvoo. In '52 came to the Valley."

# A Sketch of James Clark Owens Sr.
# by his granddaughter, Medora O. Trueblood
# Salt Lake City, July 12, 1933

I am trying to write what I can of my grandfather, James Clark Owens. The meager information I have been able to gain from mostly my cousins Eddie and Delly Webb, who remember some that my grandfather had told them and some from records from my father.

For I feel he was a good man and quite a character as well. He joined the church in its younger days, and it was thought by my father, that they were among the first six members of the church. My father being a boy of 11 years old and grandfather were baptized, father in March 1831.

James Clark Owens was born in 1797 and we are not sure of the place, some say in Canada, and that the parents moved into New York state when he was an infant. And some thought they moved just prior to his birth and that he was born in New York state. Also that his name was James Clark Owens, but none of this is positive. But they were in Canada, and we know that they were originally from Wales, but we are at a great loss for facts about him. We do not know what part of Canada they were from but it must have been where Canada was settled at that early period, perhaps the eastern part joining Maine or New York. Some theories are that many of the emigrants came to Virginia first then followed up the fertile valleys and probably crossing into Canada. That is one of Brother Cummings, theories, one of our early genealogists, now dead.

He left home when but a boy. I know not the particulars, he may have been apprenticed out or for other reasons, however he lost track of his people and so have we to our sorrow. He was married to Abigal Cordella Burr in 1816, their first child Rebecca Cordelia was born in the state of Ohio about 1817. The second child, my father, Horace Burr was born in Mercer, Pennsylvania, in 1819. Then three more were born in Trumball, Ohio, Julia, Nenerva, and John, but the baby James Clark was born in Jackson County, Missouri, 1832. Caroline Amelia, Levi Benjamin and Charles, two were born in Portage, Ohio. I understand Grandfather was a large man, rather brisk, was good looking. Somewhat contrary in his disposition. He was a mason by trade, at one time he worked at Ft. Leavenworth. I suppose his work often took him to different places, was one reason for his not being longer in one place. At one time he was very ill and the Dr. fed him opium so that he required the habit of using it; at a later spell of sickness grandmother having care of him was trying to cure him of that habit, a neighbor had come to see him and he had gotten hold of some money and in some way had managed to slip a couple of dollars in his neighbor's hands ask him to get him some opium, but somehow Grandmother found it out and stopped the deal, and cured him of the habit.

The mob tried many times to get grandfather, at one time they came to their home where grandmother was alone, she bolted the door, but they broke in, as she rushed to the cradle to protect the baby, the falling door struck her on the head and knocked her senseless to the floor, the mob, thinking they had killed her, fled in confusion. At another time the mob captured grandfather, and late one evening, were taking him down to the river supposedly to kill him, on

the way they met some of their comrades, and stopped to talk, while they were talking, grandfather slipped into the underbrush and made his escape in the darkness.

The family was very grateful to the Lord for his kind assistance at that critical time. Grandfather had to hide out at nights to keep himself from the mob. Sam Owens, one of the mobocrats tried to influence Grandfather to leave the Mormons by claiming relationship to him (which was not true) and he even tried to hire Grandfather to leave the Mormons. But Grandfather remained true to the church, and suffered the mobbing and persecutions with the saints.

When they were driven into Iowa in January or Feb. 1846, they were quite destitute, having been driven from all their belongings. They went to look for work but got lost in a terrible blizzard. He was nearly frozen to death. When he reached camp of some herders, he was able to tell them his name and where his folks were, but he died during the night.

Rebecca Cordelia, the oldest daughter, died from exposure at a critical time, during the persecution in 1832.

When Levi Benjamin was about eight years old he fell in front of a sled and a beam crushed his head, killing him instantly. Another child was killed when a large kettle of water tipped over on him. At that time, Edward Partridge and Brother Allen were tarred and feathered. Caroline Amelia, with another little girl, were the ones he called to run and tell his folks, who brought quilts in which to wrap them. The Owens family were living near the Printing Press at the time it was destroyed. The oldest son, Horace Burr, took the news of the destruction of the press to the Mormons. He also did scout work during the troublesome times around Far West. So we see the many tragedies occurring in Grandfather's home, and if we had the details, the story of his life would perhaps be more painfully interesting. But the most tragic occurring in grandfather's home is the fact that we have no trace of our ancestry beyond our grandfather James Clark Owens. James Clark Owens was the father of eight children, forty grandchildren, and more than two hundred great -grandchildren. I could not estimate how many great great-grandchildren.

Phoenix, Arizona
December 1955

# BIOGRAPHY
# JAMES CLARK OWENS, SR. I
## By Franklin H. Owens (grandson)

So far as is known to us at this date, grandfather, James Clark Owens, Sr., lost his identity at birth, for we have no certified record of his near relatives - neither father, mother, sister, or brother, neither do we know when or where his parents entered the United States of America. His endowment record of February 12, 1879 gives the date of his birth as the 17th of July, 1797, New York. He was baptized June 1831; died January 1847.

Tradition gives us to understand that he left his home when yet a small boy, seeking employment, and that he was never in touch with his people afterward.

Our next acquaintance with him was when he married Abigail Cordelia Burr, in the year 1816, in Montgomery Co., New York. The fact that we have no record of his life during the nineteen year period between his birth and the time of his marriage, leaves us to wonder what may have occurred. What about his schooling? We do not know that he left any written evidence, but since he merged an efficient builder and stone mason, it seems we may be justified in the assumption that his schooling was very limited and mostly of a commercial nature, practical, as relates to the vocation he chose in life. He must have been ambitious, energetic, and industrious, for at the age of nineteen he had mastered (to a marked degree) the art, and assumed the title of "Stone Mason" and builder. That he completed an apprenticeship in these arts is borne out by the fact that in later years, father served and apprenticeship encouraged by his mother.

My father, James Clark Owens Jr., in answer to my many questions while working with him as a boy, in his blacksmith shop, usually as he stood by me waiting for an iron to heat, and while I tugged away pumping the old bellows, he would tell me short stories of early pioneer life. An impression made upon my mind as to the likeness and character of my grandfather, James Clark Owens Sr., was that he was a man of ordinary height with a strong physique and pleasing gestures; with a frank, honest and likeable character, determined in rightful doing. He had black hair and eyes, was devoted to his family and religion. He avoided contention and strife when it was possible, but when confronted with that which was unjust, he chose well his words, and "being a man given to swearing anyway, he thus emphasized and made emphatic his arguments. In this, he at times won for himself and his people, a reprieve when it seemed ALL HELL was to be turned loose and justice was given no consideration."

The following is a record of the children born to James Clark Owens, Sr. and Abigail Cordelia Burr, his wife:

1817 - Their first child, Cordelia Rebecca Owens, was born in Onandago County, New York; Baptized October 8, 1901; Endowed 21 October 1914; sealed to parents 15 December 1943; died 1832, from exposure, Missouri. Age 15 years.

NOTE: Grandma lived with Father and Mother until her life was finished on earth, 1861, but she sometimes pined for the children she lost, --said it was because of the Missouri episodes, but that if necessary she would go through the same again for the sake of the gospel.

1819 - On the 23rd of January, their second child, Horace Burr Owens was born, at Mercer, Mercer Co., Pa., endowed 19 Dec. 1845; sealed to parents 15 Dec. 1845; died 2 June 1898. Age 70 years. Married Sally Ann Lane, 3 Sept 1845.

1821 - On the 9th of July, the third child was born Caroline in Warren, Trumbull Co., Ohio: endowed 21 January 1846; sealed to parents 15 Dec. 1943, Married Edward Milo Webb, 1839; 2nd Alexander McRaie, 1855. Died I Sept 1894; 74 years of age.

1823 - in Ohio, the fourth child, Levi Benjamin Owens was born. Sealed to parents 15 Dec. 1943; died 1830 in Ohio. Death was caused from a fall from a sled - head mashed.

1826 - January The fifth child, Charles Owens was born; died Sept. 1826. Tipped bucket of water over and was scalded to death; age 7 months.

1828 - 17 October the sixth child was born, Julia Minerva Owens at Mantua, Portage Co., Ohio; endowed 9 Mar 1858; sealed to parents 15 Sept 1943. Married 1st ? Amacy Louder, who died while crossing the plains (3 children); 2nd Mr. Alexander; 3rd Frank Wilcox. She was a talented violinist; died in month of Sept 1872, age 44.

1832 - On July 7 their eighth child James Clark Owens, Jr. was born in Kaw Twp., Jackson Co., Missouri. This is now a part of Kansas City. Within a period of 6 months later, the family moved to Independence, Mo., 12 miles distant. He married Lucretia Proctor Robison, 12 Jan 1856. Baptized, Endowed 1 April 1857, then again in St. George Temple in Oct. 1877. Sealed to parents 15 Dec. 1943; Died I Feb. 1901.

You will note from the above that while grandfather and grandmother were raising their family they had moved into a number of different towns and counties, within the states of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. This seems proof that his services as a stone mason and builder were really in demand, that he cared for his family, and that grandmother's statement “We always loved and respected him”, was true.

The serene and peaceful life they had led thus far, was soon to change into a new aspect. The supernatural, or spiritual attributes born to mankind had thus far not been satisfied, and had lain dormant for want of a perfect explanation. In writing his father's biography, their oldest son, Horace Burr Owens, makes the following notation, and I quote: “I heard the gospel in the winter of 1830-31 and was baptized about the 6 February 1831. My parents were baptized the following

July. We then lived in the township of Nelson, Portage Co., Ohio." The two elders laboring there were Lyman Wight and John Whitmer.

1831-32 - Obedient to the call made of them, after having been thoroughly converted to the truthfulness of the Gospel and having been baptized, Grandfather and family immediately arranged their affairs and joined the Colesville Saints, some of whom had not yet left the little town of Hirum. On May 2, 1832, they followed the first contingent on their trek to Missouri.

1832-And again I quote the statement made by their son, Horace Burr Owens, as follows: "We then lived in the township of Nelson, Portage Co., Ohio. We started from there on the 2 May, and arrived in Jackson Co., Missouri, on the 15 of June following. My father settled about twelve miles from Independence, above the Big Blue, on twenty acres of land that was set off for him." The twenty acres described was in Kaw Township, on a portion of the present site of Kansas City. There they had commenced the establishment of a settlement, under the direction of the Prophet Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon.

1832 -July 7; After completing this long journey, one and one-half months, and having been made as comfortable as possible, most assuredly in a tent, Grandmother gave, birth to her eighth and last child, James Clark Owens, Jr.

## Advent to Missouri Brings Sorrow as Well as Happiness

Grandmother, when giving an account of her life, in her declining years, said she lost her oldest daughter, Cordelia Rebecca, from exposure, during their advent into the State of Missouri, in 1832. Cordelia was fifteen years of age when she died, a critical period in a girls' life. No details were preserved in history, hence we may rightfully assure that many weeks, or perhaps months during this year could have brought sorrow and pain to this family. (See Biography of Abigail Cordelia Burr.) Grandfather evidently was anxious to build a comfortable home for his family, and was not satisfied where they were located in Kaw Township, so by the end of the year he had secured land and made brick and partially built a two-story house, which was very near the W. W. Phelps home, where also the printing press, mentioned later in the story, was located.

1832-Grandfather moved his family from Kaw Township to Independence and into their new home, which was not yet finished in the late fall or winter of 1832.

It was about the turn of the century, during the late 1890's or early 1900's, that I purposely took time off and visited Independence and some adjoining areas, while my brother and I were in Kansas City marketing sheep. I did this because of what my father had told me about the lives of his parents, and because he had been born here.

I rode the twelve miles from Kansas City to Independence on the street car. I had no historical details so was left to rely on generalities and some little incidents father had told me of and which I remembered.

As we rolled over the rails, to me the terrain had a beautiful effect. In my imagination I felt that I could see those worthy saints slowly moving along with their oxen and horse teams, seeking a place to rest and build their homes, that they might serve the Lord in Peace.

The country has low rolling hills and beautiful valleys covered with tree growth and forests of varied density; occasional varied types of thrifty matured timber growing in the black and loamy bottom soil; now and then in the distance I would catch a glimpse of the majestic Missouri River as it veers from place to place along its silent route to the Mississippi.

With these impressions, my mind was occupied until the screeching brakes told me I had arrived at my destination. I had only a short time until the last car was due to return to the City. Hastily scanning the situation, I moved from point to point visiting the temple grounds on the crest of a picturesque hill. The old courthouse and the churches nearby, the rusty looking stores. In general there was the appearance of what had been a thrifty town, but now had lost its luster.

With nothing to guide me, I had no chance to find my grandfather's home or other points of historical interest. The road to the wharf at the river front was viewed with much interest and memories of the suffering of the ill-fated saints.

To go back to the settlement in Independence, Missouri - With bright prospects before them, the Saints set to with a will to build their Zion. But they soon found themselves in serious difficulties. The old settlers there resented this new religion and their industry. Two ministers were particularly active in creating opposition. The Mormons were pictured as the “common enemies of mankind.”

One situation which received emphasis was the fact that most of the Mormons were from the Eastern states, northeast while Missouri was linked with the south as a pro-slave state. In effect the Mormons were different from the old settlers, and the result was antagonism.

The first real indication of trouble occurred one night in the spring of 1833 when a mob broke windows in a number of Mormon homes. In the autumn of that same year haystacks were burned and houses were shot into. These acts were but the beginning of a storm of violence that was eventually to sweep the Mormons from the state of Missouri.

In July of 1833 the old settlers, who had been agitated by religious troublemakers, met in Independence for the purpose of finding means to get rid of the Mormons, “Peaceably, if we can; forcibly if we must.” There was no suggestion that the Mormons had violated any law, simply they were an evil which had come into their midst, and which must be removed at all costs. They, therefore, demanded that no Mormon should henceforth be permitted to settle in Jackson County, that those residing there should promise to remove from the county, that they should cease printing their paper, and that other businesses should cease their operations. An ultimatum to this effect was drawn up, and a committee of twelve was detailed to present it to the Mormons. The meeting was recessed for two hours to allow the committee to present the manifesto and return with an answer.

When notice was served on the Mormons, they were in no position to give an answer. The demands were entirely without legal warrant. The Saints had purchased the ground on which they lived; they had broken no law, and had not been accused of breaking any. They were stunned by the whole affair, and they requested three months to consider the matter.

This was promptly denied. They then asked for ten days, and were told that fifteen minutes was time enough. Obviously they could not agree to the terms presented them. The committee returned to the meeting and reported. The result was a resolution to destroy the printing press. Three days later this was carried into effect. A mob of five hundred men rode through the streets of Independence, waving a red flag and brandishing pistols, clubs and whips. They swore that they would rid Jackson County of the Mormons. Every plea for mercy and justice was met with scoffing. In an effort to save their associates, six of the leading elders of the Church including Brothers Partridge, and Allen, offered themselves as ransom for the Saints. They indicated their willingness to be scourged or even put to death, if that would satisfy the mob. With an oath they were answered that not only they, but all of their associates would be whipped and driven unless they left the county. As a result Partridge and Allen were later tarred and feathered. Part of these atrocities occurred in front of Grandmother's house.

Realizing their helplessness, the Mormons agreed under duress that they would evacuate by April, 1834. With this understanding the mob dispersed. But it was only a matter of days until they were again breaking into homes and threatening the Saints. Knowing there was nothing but severity for them, the Mormons appealed to the governor of the state. He replied that they should take their case to the local courts. Such a suggestion was ridiculous in view of the fact that the judge of the county court, two justices of the peace, and other county officers were leaders of the mob.

At this time armed men rode day and night through the streets of Independence setting fire to houses, destroying furniture, trampling cornfields, whipping and assaulting men and women. With tempers infuriated to the point of murder, if necessary, these friends began their depredations in full earnest, when on July 20, 1833, they amassed a force of four to five hundred men. Thus, in mass they fell upon the poor, helpless saints beginning their attack on the home of W. W. Phelps wherein was housed the printing press in an upstairs room. The press with all its appurtenances was broken to pieces and tumbled to the street. The occupants, including Mrs. Phelps and her sick child were thrown out, with all their belongings, and the house, itself was demolished.

During the excitement incurred by the carrying out of the dastardly episodes of this arm of mobocrats, and while W. W. Phelps' house and the printing press were being torn down and destroyed, there were many other obscene and wicked acts of infamy being perpetrated and forced upon the poor, helpless saints. So wicked and vile were the minds of those heathenous emissaries of Satan, they gave no heed to the sick; the aged and infirm; the helpless children in their tender years; so bloodthirsty had they become that they had no thought to relent. One of the many such acts being carried out during this momentous afternoon of the 20 July, 1833, was that while the fury was at the hottest point, a group of angry marauders entered the house of James

Clark Owens, Sr. and began their evil depredations. Grandfather happened to be at work finishing on the inside of his home to protect his family and belongings and drive them from within, he maintained his defense, and with vengeance he fought them single handed in which a wicked scuffle ensued. Grandmother sensing the situation intuitively, upon the moment, summoned help and thereby, after a bloody scuffle, the intruders were thrown from within the house. Grandfather was quite badly hurt and luckily it was, the invaders left without making a second attempt to enter.

In a statement made by my father's sister, Caroline Amelia Owens, and verified in similar wording by her brother Horace Burr Owens, as copied from her own writing, she states: "I was an eye witness to many of the hardships endured by the Saints", said Caroline Amelia, "And to the persecutions heaped upon them by their countrymen because they believed in a personal God and that He had spoken again from the Heavens and had chosen us as His people." (written for the Contributor)

"I will never forget the terrible excitement when the mobbers came -- about four hundred or five hundred men, all with guns. My father had just finished building our two story house near the printing press and the scaffolding had not yet been taken down. We went upon the house and could see all that took place, but was not close enough to hear what was said. I saw W. W. Phelps' wife and baby thrust out doors and her house, together with the printing press, which was directly over her room, torn down. Her furniture and goods were scattered to the four winds. Every child in town had the printing material to play with.

"A few nights after that they went to William McLellen's house while they were away from home, and threw rocks at the house, broke the windows and doors, tore open a feather bed; scattered the feathers and all the clothing they could find, out in the street; then they tried to set the house on fire, but got frightened and ran away before it got to burning good. It was put out by friends.

Soon after this the mob took old father Brace, a Revolutionary soldier, from his home and formed a ring of seven men around him and whipped him unmercifully with hickory switches. When they could not make him deny the truth, they said that they couldn't kill the G-D Mormon so let him go. He soon died after this beating.

"When they tarred and feathered brother Partridge and Allen and dragged them past our house, I was frightened and took my youngest brother (James Clark Owens, Jr.) and ran to the nearest neighbor. The neighbor was one of the mob and the family seemed to think that they, the mob, was doing something to be proud of -- that one hundred men had tarred and feathered TWO men.

About the same time some of the mob tried to set the Committee Store on fire. They tried it three times in one night, but it did not burn. I remember that they passed by our house when they were going to the Temple Lot where they met Brother Lyman Wright and the rest of the brethren and took their arms and ammunition away from them. One of the mob asked my mother to keep

his coat while he was gone. She told him that she would not touch a thing that belonged to any of them. He then swore, "Then you're a G-D Mormon bitch."

"There was a man by the name of Braseale who swore that he would wade in blood to his knees but what he would drive the Mormons from the country. He was shot and killed the same day that Brother Dibble was wounded. The mob went to get his body and it was past 12:00 when they came back. They stopped in front of our house and cursed and swore they would kill Owens and all his family, but they finally went on."

According to Church History, at this time, very few of the men now had arms with which to defend themselves and they were threatened with death if they made any resistance. Such of the men as could escape fled for their lives. Those who could not escape received a pelting with stones and beating with guns and whips. Several skirmishes followed in which the Saints tried to defend themselves, but it was useless. After many outrages, imprisonments and severe sufferings at the hands of the mob, the Saints were driven, in the cold and wet, at the point of bayonet, across the Missouri River into Clay County in November 1833.

Thus, overpowered these poor innocent Saints were forced to submit to the wishes of those vile, infamous beings, too low and dastardly to be called human. Whose atrocious acts were impelled by the same evil that motivated the acts of those who tortured and crucified our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

Not knowing where to turn, the Mormon Saints fled north to the desolate river bottoms. Their trail over the frozen, sleet-covered ground was marked by blood from their lacerated feet. Some lost their lives as a result of exposure and hunger. Fortunately their brethren in Ohio, on learning of their troubles through Horace Burr Owens, who, at his father's request, carried the message to them, brought aid and comfort as rapidly as possible. Beyond the misery to which they had been subjected, their losses in Jackson County amounted to approximately two hundred thousand dollars, a considerable sum at that time. More than two hundred homes had been destroyed. And more tragic, their dream of Zion had been shattered.

I find in the record book of E. M. Webb an autobiography of Horace Burr Owens in which he states: "In the summer of 1833 I saw the printing office, conducted by W. W. Phelps demolished, also saw Bishop Partridge and Allen tarred and feathered. The ensuing fall I saw the mob again collect and organize themselves under the command of Colonel Pichen to drive the brethren from the county.' I saw Lieutenant L. W. Boggs (later made governor of Missouri) in the ranks of the mob with his gun on his shoulder marching out to meet the Mormons. (They passed the Owens house). When they came back they said the Mormons had given up their arms and agreed to leave the county. (The Saints were driven across the river into Clay County. My father crossed the river with them. He came back to get his family, but some influential men who wanted his work, he being a mason by trade, made him stay in Independence.)

"We stayed there something like two years and then moved into Clay County. I think it was 1836, when the mob again collected and forced the brethren to leave that county. We went from

there to Caldwell County and settled in Far West, where we stayed until the mob again drove us. In 1839 we left Missouri, under the exterminating order of Governor Boggs, and went to Payson, Adams Co., Illinois." And again we quote Horace Burr Owens' sister, Caroline Amelia; "James Clark was an excellent mason. Sam Owen (not a relative) who was one of the mob leaders, wanted a brick house and store made, so when the other Saints were driven out of town, he forced James Clark, who assisted the Saints in crossing the river, to remain in Independence. Sam pledged his life and property that none of the Owens family would be molested if he would stay and do this work for him." Horace Burr Owens wrote in his sketch, "The mob would not let my father go with the rest on account of his trade, they wanted his work there." The family remained sixteen months after this, building for Sam Owen and other mob leaders.

Now, at the conclusion of these disreputable, and shameful atrocities wrought upon the Mormons while in Jackson County, we noted how they had been brought to final submission. And here we view them on the banks of the Missouri River, humiliated and impoverished beyond description; some sick, cold and hungry, deprived of their rightful possessions; hearts filled with anguish and despair, not knowing what the future might bring. Children from poor families, and those who had met with misfortunes were insufficiently clothed.

After the expiration of two years, which represents the period of time the Saints had lived in Independence. It is not unjust that we look upon the perpetrators who brought about this condition with disgust. While they, from a nearby retreat exultantly view their victims as they move, each in turn, on to the raft which glides rapidly back and forth, ferrying them to the other side of the river into Clay county where the Saints hoped to find better conditions.

They crossed the river, vague and uncertain of their future. They salvaged little from their homes. Their crops had been destroyed and trampled into the ground; their stock had been driven off and killed and in some instances their homes, with all that pertained thereto, had been burned leaving them destitute. To partially heal these ills and bring about effectual relief, the stronger gave aid to the needy. In this James Clark Owens worked all day helping with stock and various other needful duties. While on his way back to his own home to bring his family and their belongings, he was detained and again advised that it was their purpose to keep him in Independence; That he should not yet leave Jackson County, but that he should remain and do the construction work in a building program they were contemplating. Sam Owen (not a relative) had advised him that he would assure his protection and that of his family from all mob violence while he was thus employed.

While the Saints were camped across the river in Clay County, Caroline Amelia and Horace Burr went over there to visit some friends. They returned at night and witnessed a shower of shooting stars. They kept falling fast and faster, she said, until light next morning. The mobocrats were screaming and asking the Lord to have mercy on them and a number of them asked her if the Judgement Day had come. Robert Baker, astronomy professor at the University of Illinois wrote, "The November showers of 1833 were grand displays of celestial fireworks. Like bright sky rockets they blazed across the heavens. Many frightened people believed that the world was coming to an end."

After the Saints had been driven from their homes and were located, temporarily in Clay County with no place to go, Lyman Wight and Parley P. Pratt were sent as messengers from the exiled Saints to Kirtland, Ohio. They gave a report of their persecutions to the Prophet, who asked the Lord what to do in the matter. He received a revelation (D & C 103) to gather together men known as Zion's Camp, take food and clothing and help the Saints return to their homes. Upon their arrival the next summer, the Missouri mobocrats became very excited and prepared to oppose the company. Only a terrific storm saved the brethren. "The mobocrats declared that the Mormons (Zion's Camp) were crossing the river at the upper ferry by the thousands and their intention was to kill every man, woman, and child in the country. "But they, the mob said, intended to be the first at this and commenced their work by throwing rocks at our house." wrote Caroline Amelia. "Our door was a very heavy one and was both locked and bolted. As they crashed it in, it fell on my mother and knocked her unconscious." Disregarding all the promised of protection, the mob began to persecute the Owens family. The father had to hide from them continually.

The Prophet wrote about the arrival of Zion's Camp: "The Jacobson mob (15) with Sam Owen and James Campbell at the head, endeavored to raise an army sufficient to meet Zion's Camp before we got into Clay County." Campbell swore "The eagles and turkey buzzards shall eat my flesh if I do not fix Joe Smith and his army so that their skins will not hold shucks, before two days are passed." They went to the ferry and undertook to cross the Missouri River after dark on a flat boat. About half way across the river the boat was sunk and seven out of twelve men were drowned. Campbell was among the missing. He floated down the river some four or five miles and lodged upon a pile of drift wood where the buzzards, eagles, ravens, and crows ate his flesh. Mr. Sam Owen saved his life only after floating four miles down stream where he lodged upon an island, swam off naked about daylight, borrowed a mantle to hide his shame and slipped home rather shy of the vengeance of God."

Caroline Amelia verifies the above and adds some details: "When the boat began to sink, Samuel C. Owen stripped himself of all his clothing, except his shirt, tied a large silk handkerchief on his head, took hold of his horse's tail and started ashore. In the dark he lost his hold, his horse got away, and when he landed it was in thistles as high as his head. He tore his handkerchief in two and wrapped his legs with the pieces. He then wandered around until almost morning when he found a hut with an old couple in it and borrowed some clothes."

A short time before the Owens family were driven from their home, Caroline Amelia and her brother went across the river again to visit friends in Liberty where the Saints were still located. Their friends who had heard that they had been killed were as much surprised as if they had been spirits from the other world. The mother also visited friends in Liberty. This aroused the indignation of the mob to the point of driving the Owens family out of town. The father received a note saying that if he did not leave the county in one week, they would kill him and burn his property. They were already burning houses belonging to the other Saints. "One night," she said, "I counted six houses burning at the same time and another night four houses were burning on the Temple Lot and the poor, helpless Saints were fleeing for their lives - helpless women and children without homes or shelter."

While making arrangements to be ferried across the river to get his family to Liberty, the mobocrats caught grandfather; but after three attempts he escaped.

The Owens family joined the Saints in Liberty and lived there about a year. During this time Grandfather built for them another home. Because of mob violence, the Saints there again were compelled to leave their homes. They located in a place in Caldwell County, set aside for the Mormons, and founded the settlement of Far West. For a time this place prospered and it became the gathering place for other Saints. Here, even worse than before, the fury of mob violence broke loose and the savage mob cruelly expelled all Mormons from the state.

In the spring of 1834 Caroline Amelia was baptized by Colonel Hinkle. He later apostatized and it was he who surrendered Far West to the mob. In telling about this expulsion Caroline Amelia said, "I witnessed the outrages of Far West and saw the army of thousands of mobbers surrounding the city. I saw the brethren give up their arms the second time and the horrid sight of dragging men from their weeping wives and children, and all this because they believed in new revelation. We shared the common fate of all the Saints in being driven from the state. And OH! the destitution and sufferings endured by us in leaving Missouri! It beggars description--no pen can ever write it! I witnessed much sorrow on my weary way."

With the other Saints the Owens family went to Quincy then to Payson, Illinois. Caroline Amelia concludes her sketch, "In December 1839 was married to Edward Milo Webb. In '42 moved to Payson and from there to Nauvoo. In '52 came to the Valley."

After the expulsion of the Saints from Missouri in 1829, the Owens family moved to Payson, Adams County, Illinois. Here Grandfather found some employment which brought about a welcome relief from the impoverished condition they were in. Many of the Saints traveled that way and possibilities for employment became serious.

With the feeling that conditions would be much better in Quincy, Illinois. Here they remained until the spring of 1842 when they moved to Nauvoo and settled about four miles below on the River Cluff. The family remained here for a period of from three to four years. While History does not record it as so, I feel we could rightfully assume that he assisted in laying the rock in the walls of the Nauvoo Temple, the time was right and this was grandfather's profession. I also base this conclusion on the fact that it was from here that his son, Horace Burr Owens, then a young man of twenty-three years, went up into the pine country for lumber to finish the Nauvoo Temple, and as history records they were gone for a period of ten months before they returned with their raft loaded with lumber. Horace was still living at home with his parents. In 1845 Uncle Horace went again up into the pine country for more lumber to finish the Temple. This same fall he was married to Sally Ann Layne.

In 1846 grandfather left Nauvoo at the time the first body of Saints left to prepare the way for the main exodus to follow. Their first stop was at Garden City, a beautiful little valley where garden, seed, and grain could be raised and where, orderly arrangements could be made for their

movements across the plains. Grandfather moved his family on further west, a distance of about thirty miles to Mt. Pisgah. From there he sought employment.

In following his trade, Grandfather often had to go away from home to work. Thus in the month of January, during the terrible sub-zero winter weather of 1847 he was returning home after finishing a job and got lost in the woods during a big snow storm. After wandering about for fourteen or fifteen days, he was found by some men who were out feeding their hogs in the woods. He was alive, but his arms and legs were frozen. The men gave him some coffee, but he was unable to eat and he could talk only enough to tell them who he was and who his folks were. He died through the night. One of the men took this word to his wife and she paid him to bring the body home. He returned without the body and said he could not find where they had buried him. Since the mobocrats had felt bitter toward him, some wondered if there had been foul play about his death.

James Clark Owens was a large man and rather brisk and sometimes swore, but he had the courage to stay with the Church during bitter persecutions when to renounce it could have meant rest from mob violence and peace for his family."

From Far West -- at Ft. Leavenworth Grandfather erected building from whence the Mormon Battalion were commissioned and dispatched west. Grandfather saw the Prophet for the first time at advent of Zion's Army.

1. Grandfather met Prophet at advent of Zion's Camp.

2. Grandfather fed and gave every assistance.

3. He visited the Prophet while in jail at Liberty (Nov. 1838 thru April 1839)

4. Father relates this and other visits with his Mother also, father sat on the Prophet's knee while he talked to him. Father also saw him wrestle with the boys and play ball, jump, etc.

5. Father visited the Prophet in Liberty with his mother; talked to him through the window.

6. Prophet visited Far West in fall of 1837 when he was driven from Kirtland because of mobbing. Laid out the town site at Far West - Grandfather, that is.

7. Grandfather saw the Prophet for the first time at Zion's Camp.

8. Grandfather helped build Ft. Leavenworth.

9. Haun's Mill - 1837 - James was five years old.

# Section Three

# CAROLINE AMELIA OWENS
## by Webb McRae

Caroline Amelia Owens, the third child of James Clark Owens Sr and Abigail Cordelia Burr, was born 9 July 1821 in Warren, Trumbull County, Ohio. Her parents were taught the gospel by Elders Lyman Wight and John Whitmer and were baptized in Nelson, Portage County, Ohio in July 1831.

Obedient to the call made of them by the Church, the family sold their property and left the following year, 1832, with a group of Saints to settle in Missouri. They established a settlement in Kaw Township (the present site of Kansas City, Missouri) under the direction of the Prophet Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon.

As a young twelve year old girl, Caroline experienced with her family, the violence and persecution of the anti-Mormon mobs which descended on the new Mormon settlement in mid-1833. In a statement made in later years by Caroline, and verified in similar wording by her brother, Horace Burr Owens, as copied from her own writing, she states: “I was an eye witness to many of the hardships endured by the Saints ... I will never forget the terrible excitement when the mobbers came–about 400 or 500 men, all with guns. My father had just finished building our two-story house near the printing press and the scaffolding had not yet been taken down. We went up on the house and could see all that took place, but was not close enough to hear what was said. I saw W. W. Phelps' wife and baby thrust outdoors, and her house, together with the printing press, which was directly over her room, torn down. Her furniture and goods were scattered to the four winds. Every child in town had the printing material to play with."

“A few nights after that they went to William McLellen's house while they were away from home and threw rocks at the house, broke the windows and doors, tore open a feather bed; scattered the feathers and all the clothing they could find, out in the street. Then they tried to set the house on fire but got frightened and ran away before it got to burning good. It was put out by friends.”

“Soon after this, the mob took old Faber Brace, a Revolutionary soldier, from his home and formed a ring of seven men around him and whipped him unmercifully with hickory switches. When they could not make him deny the truth, they said that they couldn't 'kill the G - d - Mormon so let him go.' He soon died after the beating. When they tarred and feathered Brother Partridge and Brother Allen and dragged them past our house, I was frightened and took my youngest brother (James Clark Owens, Jr.) and ran to the nearest neighbor. The neighbor was one of the mob and the family seemed to think that they, the mob, was doing something to be proud of--that 100 men had tarred and feathered two men.”

“About the same time some of the mob tried to set the Committee Store on fire. They tried it three times in one night, but it did not burn. I remember that they passed our house when they were going to the Temple lot where they met Brother Lyman Wight and the rest of the brethren and took their arms and ammunition away from them. One of the mob asked my mother to keep

his coat while he was gone. She told him that she would not touch a thing that belonged to any of them, he then swore, 'Then you're a G - d - Mormon bitch.'

“There was a man by the name of Braseale who swore that he would wade in blood to his knees but what he would drive the Mormons from the country. He was shot and killed the same day that Brother Dibble was wounded. The mob went to get his body and it was past 12:00 when they came back. They stopped in front of our house and cursed and swore they would kill Owens and all his family, but they finally went on.”

Caroline's writings tells of one incident when mobbers threw rocks at the Owens house and then breaking in: “Our door was a very heavy one and was locked and bolted. As they crashed it in it fell on my mother and knocked her unconscious.” Following this incident, her father had to hide from the mob continually.

The persecutions continued among the settlements along the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers bordering Illinois and Missouri. The Owens family, with other families, moved several times trying to escape the mob action. They lived in Independence, and Liberty, in Clay County, and in Far West, and in Caldwell County, then on to Payson, Adams County, Illinois.

The terrorized families suffered persecution, but sympathetic Payson and Quincy Illinois, residents gave them a kind reception. The destitute people were allowed to camp in their wagons wherever they could.

To forget the suffering and to be cheerful for a time, various groups of saints would meet in the evenings to sing and dance. It was at one of these gatherings that the family of James and Hannah Webb and the family of James Clark and Abigail Cordelia Burr Owens met. Caroline Amelia Owens, daughter of James and Abigail Owens was a beautiful girl and a splendid singer. That night the men cut down one of the great big trees, about eight feet in diameter, and smoothed the stump off for her to perform on. While the fiddler played, she pleased the campers with her dancing and singing. Edward Milo Webb and his brother, Pardon Knapp Webb were also splendid singers and performed for the Saints. It was that night Edward Milo Webb, son of James Webb, became interested in Caroline Amelia Owens.

In December, 1839, Milo and Caroline were married. They became the parents of six children:

Cordelia Amanda Webb, born in 1841
Horace Marcellus Webb, born May 5, 1843
Estelvin Webb, born in 1845 (Died as a baby)
Edward Milo Webb (II) born March 8, 1847
Caroline Amelia Webb, born July 5, 1849
Frances Adelbert Webb, born March 20, 1853

Milo who was a blacksmith and wheelwright, built his own wagons to take his family across the plains to Utah. They were just getting well into the trip when Milo was stricken with cholera and died near the Platte River in Nebraska on July 31, 1852.

Widow Caroline Amelia Owens Webb, with her young family and expecting another child, drove one yoke of oxen herself. Her nine-year-old son, Marcellus, drove the other wagon, and little Eddie, but five years of age and walking most of the way, drove his mother's twenty three head of sheep and two cows across the plains to Utah. They reached Salt Lake City in 1852 and settled in Cottonwood.

In the same company arriving in Salt lake City in 1852, were her mother and brothers, Horace Burr and James Clark and families. They were among those families called to pioneer the new settlement of Fillmore, Utah on Chalk Creek. They moved to Fillmore the next spring in 1853. Their mother, Abigail Cordelia Burr Owens, went there with them. Fillmore was early chosen as the best possibility for the center for the seat of government for the new territory. Subsequently, the territorial capitol was built in Fillmore. Later it was changed to Salt Lake City.

In February 1854, Caroline Amelia Owens Webb and her little family moved to Fillmore to be near the rest of her family. Young Eddie, (Edward Milo Webb II) did not attend the town school. He was taught the rudiments of learning from his adored grandmother, Abigail Cordelia Burr Owens. She was a woman of great wisdom, faith, and learning who understood and appreciated this quiet little fellow so eager for knowledge, and her teachings influenced him for good all of his life. The reader she used for teaching was the Bible, and before he was nine years old, Eddie had read it through and learned pages of it by heart.

In December, 1855, Caroline, now a thirty-six year old widow with five children, married Alexander McRae who was in Fillmore for the opening of the fifth session of the Utah Territorial Legislature. He was the Sergeant-at-arms for the council branch of the Legislative assembly which was presided over by Heber C. Kimball.

After the marriage, Alexander McRae sent work to his first wife, Eunice, in Salt Lake City, that he had married a widow with five children and was bringing them home with him. In the meantime, Alexander and Eunice's little girl, also named Eunice, had died. Her mother had written Alexander notifying him of the daughter's death. Unfortunately, Alexander's letter to his first wife telling her of his second marriage crossed in the mail with the letter she had written him of the death of their child. When his first wife, Eunice, received his letter with no more comment than the information on his second marriage, Eunice thought he was very unfeeling. It wasn't surprising that Alexander did not get a very good reception upon his arrival back home in Salt Lake.

Upon their arrival in Salt Lake, Alexander settled Caroline and her children in a house at South Temple and Seventh East. He was sealed to Caroline Amelia Webb on the evening of December 17, 1855 by Brigham Young in his office. Heber C. Kimball and John Ray were witnesses.

Caroline and her family must have returned, if only for a short time, to Fillmore, because Alexander's first child by her, Albert McRae, was born October 9, 1856 in Fillmore, and was blessed at Cedar Springs in 1857 by William Felshaw. Caroline did not move back to Fillmore, permanently, until the coming of Johnston's Army in 1858. Back in Salt Lake, the first wife, Eunice, did not particularly care for Caroline nor her children, but when they were sick she would take care of them.

Alexander was at Fillmore on December 8, 1856, for the organization of the Sixth Session of the Legislature, of which he was a member. On January 5, 1857, the Legislature, still in session at Fillmore, elected Alexander McRae to the office of Territorial Marshall for the year 1857.

Upon his return to Salt Lake on January 19, 1857, Alexander McRae was ordained a High Priest and a Bishop by Edward Hunter, Presiding Bishop of the Church, and was set apart as the Bishop of the Eleventh Ward.

Later, with the advent of the Johnston Army, Brigham Young had decided to abandon Salt Lake and burn it to the ground rather than defend it. Most of the citizens left their homes and moved South. Caroline Webb McRae and her family returned to Fillmore. It is probable that the rest of McRae's family returned, too. The situation was relaxed when Johnston's Army only marched through the city of Salt Lake to establish a post at Camp Floyd and Cedar Valley, and most families began to return to Salt Lake.

Back in Fillmore another child was born to Alexander and Caroline. This child, a girl born October 12, 1858 was given the name of Julia Estella McRae. Apparently Alexander and Caroline were separated by this time. One source said that she had divorced him since he wasn't a good provider. At the time he was working as a tailor for Brigham Young in the Church and received his pay from the tithing office. Later, Alexander was appointed as warden of the State Penitentiary in the spring of 1858, probably by the Legislature of which he was a member.

Caroline Amelia had remained in Fillmore after the Johnston Army scare, and had lived at Corn Creek near Kenosh, and at Deseret, but had moved back to Fillmore. Her two children by Alexander, and her five children by Edward Milo had grown up and married.

Caroline Amelia Owens Webb McRae died September 1, 1895 at age 74, and was buried September 3, 1895, in the Fillmore Cemetery. She left a great heritage of faith, obedience, and perseverance to her ever-growing posterity--included among them have been great educators, colonizers, Church leaders, and most important of all--honest and loving families on their way to Immortality and Eternal Lives.

Caroline Amelia Owens Webb

Born - Warren Trumbull County, Ohio
Father - James Clark Owens
Mother - Abigail Cordelia Burr Owens
Baptized - Sprint of 1834
Place - Far Wess
Md. 1st Edward Milo Webb by Joseph Smith
Sealed - 21 Jan 1846 by Brigham Young
Place - Nauvoo
Md. 2nd Alexander McRae
Died - Sept 1, 1895
Md. 1st time in Dec. 1839

A Character Sketch

"Mother was a cultured and refined woman of stately carriage and pleasing personality; a woman who never uttered words of discouragement or complained of her lot, or talked about her sorrows through she passed through terrible trials in the Missouri persecutions. In her widowhood and pioneering of Utah, mother endured many privations and hardships. In all her work in earning the living and taking care of her family she was always clean and neatly dressed and always wore a white collar of some sort. Her house, too, was orderly and clean even though at first she cooked over a fireplace. (Later she sold two cows for money to send across the plains for a cook stove, then when it arrived it wouldn't bake.) In Fillmore she was known by all as, "Aunt Amelia McRae" and because of her pleasing, agreeable ways she had many friends.

I can never remember of seeing my mother idle or despondent. She was always cheerful, hopeful and happy. She loved a good joke and liked to talk with people who had something worthwhile to talk about. And, because she read and studied much, she was an excellent conversationist. Whenever one of the family obtained a new book or magazine all her children in town would gather at her home where they kept reading it until it was finished.

"How I loved to hear my mother sing! And with what inspiration she used to read to us children from the Boom of Mormon, and how understandingly she could explain it to us! Is it any wonder that I idolize my mother and reverence all woman for her sake?

"I never saw my mother angry but twice. One time was when two Indians came to the house and asked for something to eat. She gave them all she had then when one of them raised his bow to shoot her because she didn't get more, though she had explained over and over that there was no more, it so aggravated her that she grabbed the broom and pounded him good. The other Indians called him a "squaw man" for letting her do this to him, but fearing the same treatment, themselves, they quickly ran away. The next day the three returned and demanded a shirt to compensate the Indian for the beating mother had given him. This time Uncle Jim was there and

he drove them away with threats that he would “skin them alive” if they ever came back. And they never did.”

– Francis Adelber Webb

Source of Information. - Facts for the sketch of Caroline Amelia Webb’s life were taken from an account she wrote of her own Missouri experiences, from a sketch her brother, Horace Burr Owens, wrote of the same experiences, from Fillmore City and County records and from brief records left by her sons, Edward Milo and Francis Adelbert Webb. There is a notice of her death and a few other items about her life recorded in journals in the Church Office Building.

# Biography of James Clark Owens II

(This is a copy from sheets found among papers left by Dr. J. C. Robison. There are errors in both sketches. It is not known who wrote them.)

James Clark Owens was the son of James Clark Owens and Abigail Cordelia Burr Owens. He was born in Independence, Jackson Co, Missouri 7 July 1832. He was baptized by Abraham Hunsaker in 1843 in Hancock Co., Ill. He knew the Prophet and loved him. He saw him play ball and wrestle with the boys. He also went to the jail with his mother to see Joseph and his brethren. They talked to them through the bars of the prison.

He was present at the conference after the death of the Prophet held at Nauvoo 8 August 1944 when Sidney Rigdon claimed to be the leader of the Church. When Brigham Young arose to speak, the mantle of Joseph fell upon him. He appeared like the Prophet in voice, gesture and spirit. He spoke with great power to the people. James, though a boy, said he knew that Brigham Young was the chosen one to lead the Church.

In those days of mobbings he saw hard times and knew what it was to go hungry. He always defended the servants of God. His father escaped several times from the mob. On one occasion when the mob was driving the Saints, the mob said to his father, "Owens, we don't want you to go. We want you to work for us." He was a mason by trade.

James passed through the trials in connection with the rest of the Saints. He worked for twenty-five cents a day as wages were low, and the Mormons had to take what they could get. When James was fourteen years old his father started from Mt. Pisgah to Missouri to get work in the winter of 1846. He lost his way in a heavy snow storm and was out three days. He was found by some ranchers and was badly frozen. They took him to their camp. He told them his name and who his family was and died, leaving James to take care of his mother and sister Julia at Mt. Pisgah. He worked hard and for low wages and saved a little besides supporting them.

James Lowder died later leaving Julia and three children to care for besides his mother. He got an outfit in the spring of 1852 and the family started for Utah in Captain Hodge's Company with an ox team. Several of the company died of cholera. James said he and Frank Hodge were always called upon to prepare the dead and dig the graves for them.

When the five (one of Julia's children died) arrived in Utah, they went to Provo and found the provisions scarce and very little work. The Indians were on the warpath also. James worked hard to get provisions for the family. He was also a minute man there in the Indian trouble.

At one time when on guard with Captain Wm. Maxwell the Indians came upon them at Willow Creek, Utah. They got in the cane by the creek. The arrows flew thick and fast, cutting off the cane all around them, but none of them were wounded or killed. Brother Farney Tindel was out in the open. The Indians killed him, took off his clothes and fled. James found him, took off his

own underwear, put it on him, and took him home to his family. In the spring of 1853 provisions were very scarce in Provo. James, his mother, sister and her children with his brother Horace moved their families to Fillmore. They both started quarrying rock for the State House there. They were both stone cutters and masons by trade. James was called as a teacher in the ward. He was one of the leading men to build up Fillmore City. His work can be seen on all sides of the town and also in the surrounding settlements.

He served in the Walker and Black Hawk War as a minute man, always ready to do his duty when called upon by those over him. He held the office of sheriff for years. He was captain of the police and captain of the militia and many other offices of honor and trust in the state besides many church offices and duties which he performed faithfully. He was ordained an Elder 4 April 1856 by Samuel L. Sprague. He was set apart as High Councilor of Fillmore ward 9 March 1859; under the hands of George Albert Smith, Erastus Snow, Joseph F. Smith, and Bishop T. C. Callister; Erastus Snow being mouth. He was also called to the school of the Prophets. He helped build the first school house also the tannery and Court House.

On January 14, 1856, he was married to Lucretia P. Robison by President Brigham Young. In February 1857 he was called to go to Salt Lake and cut stones for the Temple.

He and his wife started March 3rd (the distance was 150 miles) with ox teams in company with others. They arrived in Salt Lake, April first 1857. They were rebaptized and rented a room and received their endowments and attended conference. James then reported ready for work. He and others were sent out 12 miles to the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon to cut stones. They all lived in tents, till they had slab houses put up by William Calhoun and Henry Nesbett. They also built a tithing house and shed to cut stone under.

Jacob Hutchins kept the tithing Office. Bishop Holliday from Cottonwood ward brought in tithing to them after the garden stuff grew. But until then they got the things fixed and the Bishop had green stuff to bring in and butter for tithing, they had to get food at the tithing office in Salt Lake, for all the hands and clerks to eat until then they fared hard for there was not enough in the office to eat.

The rock was hauled down the canyon with ox-teams, and cut and then hauled to Salt Lake (12 miles). James and Lucretia were invited to go up the Cottonwood Canyon 16 miles to celebrate the 24th of July with Pres. Young and company, 30 miles from Salt Lake City. There were 2 saw mills in the canyon. The people hauled up a big load to make a large table and dance floor. Pres. Young had flags hoisted on mountain peaks all around and the cannon was fired several times--the old cannon that was brought across the plains with the pioneers. They fired the guns and played the Brass Band and sang hymns. At nine the signal was given for prayer. A salute was given and Pres. Young and Pres. Kimball and families had a big table prepared and all spread with good things for dinner. All were happy, singing, fishing and so on. After supper there was music and dancing. It was a brilliant night. About 10 or 11 horsemen rode up to mar their peace. They informed Pres. Young the Johnson's army was at Green River on their way to Salt Lake. Several men were sent down the canyon as guards. The next morning all made preparation for

returning home. Everything went off without accident or trouble. James and others of the stone cutters were called to accompany a company of guards out in the mountains. They took provisions for a thirty day stay, also ammunition. He went to the city and was enrolled as a minute man. There were enough men available besides the stone cutters so they were told to go back to their work until they were needed, but to keep ammunition for thirty days and 30 days rations ready. He was then called twice after that and released each time, and told to be ready at a moments call. He did not have to go as they wished to keep the stone cutting going on if possible. There were 12 men at James home cutting rock for the Temple.

There were 6 families living in Cottonwood at that time. James was released in Oct. 1857. After that he was called and did work on the St. George and Manti Temples. He lived in the United Order in Fillmore and worked at Blacksmithing while in the Order. He was again called to cut stones for the Temple in Salt Lake. He cut stone for the arches and the winding stairs. The leaders pronounced his, the best work in the arches. He was at the dedication of the St. George Temple on April 6, 1877. Also went through it afterward.

In the summer of 1877 he cut stone for the Salt Lake Temple. In Nov. 1878 he moved his family to Arizona. He arrived in Show Low Dec. 25, 1878, was seven weeks on the road. There were two families living at Show Low. James's family lived in tents and wagons till the snow melted. Then he put up a log house. In March 1879, he moved his family to Bush Valley, now Alpine. He hewed logs, built a house, and put in a crop. The Indians came in the night and took all the horses in the valley but two. The people never did get them back. In Sept. of 1878 Pres. Woodruff called James to Woodruff to oversee the work of building a dam across the Little Colorado River. He moved his family to Woodruff, arriving there Dec. 4, 1879. He was set apart as Bishop of that place by Erastus Snow. There were 6 families living there at that time, in a fort, built in a half-square, for safety from the Indians. The Houses had dirt floors and roofs. He had three sons old enough to work on the dam. The men labored hard building dams. They had to go to Albuquerque for provisions by ox teams, a distance of 250 miles over bad roads. They labored hard, but it was four years before they were successful in getting water to irrigate their crops. James and sons also worked on the railroad that was being built through the country. They also built a number of houses in Holbrook. He helped build the depot at that place.

He was released from the Bishopric in September 1873, took his family and four children to Fillmore, and lived there four years. He did some work in the Salt Lake Temple in 1897 and returned to Woodruff in 1897 in Nov. he built a good home. Always welcomed friends and strangers to it. Gave food and lodging free. Was always faithful in performing his duties. He died February 1, 1901, leaving a wife and two children. He was father of 12 children, six girls and six boys.

# Sketch of Lucretia P. Robison Owens

Lucretia P. Robison was born May 18, 1841, in the town of Scrople, Oswego Co., New York. Her father was Joseph Robison, Jr. born in Charleston, Montgomery Co., New York, May 21, 1804 and her mother Lucretia Hancock Robison was born in Shrewsbury County, Rutland, Vermont, August 24, 1807.

My parents were baptized in Feb. 1841. In the spring of 1844 my parents with 7 children started for Nauvoo. When we arrived in Will County, Illinois, town of Crete, it was raining and had bad roads. We camped, rented a house waiting for the teams to rest. Two Mormon Elders came and camped with us. They told us the Prophet was killed and it was counsel for the emigrants to stay where they were until the trouble was over. I was then three years old. Father bought land and made a home and stayed there till April 12, 1854. We then started for Utah with 14 in the family. We had 3 ox teams, a horse team and four yoke of cattle. Perry Green Sessions was Captain. There were 14 wagons in the Company. The company always kept the Sabbath and held meeting on Sunday when possible.

We arrived in Salt Lake Oct. 5, 1854 all well. We camped south east of the city. Father, mother and brothers went in and paid their tithing. Pres. Young told father to settle in Fillmore by William R. Stowel. We lived in a fort as the Indians were not friendly. I attended school. The legislature convened there the year of 1855-56. Pres. Young and the leading brethren were there Jan. 16, 1856.

James C. Owens and I were married by Pres. Young. Mother Owens lived with us till she died. I joined the Relief Society Nov. 27, 1876. I was treasurer. I have been a member ever since. I have been President, Councilor, teacher.

We moved to Arizona in November when my baby Zina was 6 months old. I was teacher in Religion Class for several years, have my diploma from Pres. Woodruff, was President of the Primary, served as teacher in Sunday School and have worked in the Temple for the dead.

(The above copy from sheets found among papers left by Dr. J. C. Robison. There are errors in both sketches. It is not known who wrote them.)

A letter written by Lucretia P. Robison Owens to her oldest son and his second wife, copied from the original that Melvin Owens had on Nov. 12, 1956.

Woodruff, Arizona
March 5, 1913

Dear Clark and Adah:

My dear ones at Show Low, how did you get home in the snow and did you get sick? I was not well for a week, but am all right now. I sold "Red's" calf for $11 ½ dollars and Mary did not have but little milk, so I have let them milk Red for a while. I will get milk there and have butter. The snow was 7 inches Saturday night here and it thawed all day after you left. The ground is dry now.

Adelbert Hatch writes from Tucson that there are three Mexicans there to every White man. The deserters from Mexico have swarmed in there. Our people have been told to prepare with firearms. There is 6 Mexican town about two miles from our people. He says there were as many Mexicans as whites there before the deserters came in from Mexico.

Clark, you did not get the full names of the Mother-in-laws in the marriage record. I hope you haven't recorded yet. My Mother name's first

1. Lucretia Hancock Robison
2. Jane Johson (Note: I believe that she misspelled Johnson--E.F.W.) Cluff
3. Pina Malinda Levitt Portor
   Harriet M. Cook Teeples
   Catherine Karry Hatch
   Lucy White Flake
   Harriet Ilaria Beebe Gardner
   Elgiva Evens Eager
   Catherine Karren Hatch

The full name should be recorded. I have sent them to Lyman. Hope you are all well.

With love and God bless you.
Lovingly,
Mother

# LUCRETIA PROCTOR ROBISON, OWENS
## by her son
## Franklin Horace Owens

Acting upon a sense of duty and out of sacred reverence which I hold for my worthy parents, James Clark Owens Jr., and his wife, Lucretia Proctor Robison, I feel determined in my weak way to depict the stability and worthiness of the lives they led.

When I was a boy at home, during the years of adolescence, my dear mother plead with me to write the history of our ancestors, that while many of them still lived much information could be had, but if neglected through the years much would be lost, I did not sense the real value of her statement at that time, but did some writing, also my sisters, Zina and Adelia made some notations.

It would be criminal indeed should I fail my duty to laud their worthy name; depict the handicaps they overcome; their accomplishments whereby they made it possible for us to come to earth and enjoy the blessings they brought about through hardships and endurance.

# Life of
# LUCRETIA PROCTOR ROBISON, OWENS
# by her son
# Franklin Horace Owens

Lucretia Proctor Robison Owens was born the 18th of May, 1841, in the little town of Shroeple, Oswego County, New York. She was the daughter of Joseph Robison, Jr., and Lucretia Hancock.

Joseph Robison Jr. was the son of Joseph Robison who was the son of James Robison. Joseph Jr's mother was Cornelia Guinal, she was the daughter of Lieutenant James Albert Guinal and Matilda Collier.

Lucretia Hancock was the daughter of Benjamin Hancock and Lucretia Proctor. Benjamin Hancock was the son of Asa Hancock and Abigal Shepardson; Lucretia Proctor was the daughter of Philip Proctor and Hannah Lock.

Since there are three Lucretia's to be accounted for in this writing, you will note that I will often refer to Lucretia Proctor Robison as Mother. To avoid repetition I have omitted some of the detail of her forbears, as this is given more clearly in the writings of Lucretia Lyman Ranney "THE AMERICAN ANCESTRY OF JOSEPH ROBISON AND HIS WIFE, LUCRETIA HANCOCK", also "THE LIFE OF LUCRETIA HANCOCK ROBISON" by Albert Robison Lyman.

Mother's parents, Joseph, and Lucretia Hancock, Robison, with that sturdy, independent character inherent in them, had separated themselves from the shelter of their parents and moved farther back into the then sparsely developed country, where they purchased a forty acre tract of land from a Mr. Shroeple, after whom the little settlement was named. Of this, Lucretia L. Ranney says the little settlement is no longer there, probably under another name.

The lives of the Robison's, Hancock's, Proctors, Guinal's etc. are beautifully explained in Albert Robison Lyman's booklet: "Life of Lucretia Hancock Robison". Therefore the story of their lives leading up to the birth of Lucretia Proctor Robison, subject of this writing, is omitted except it be something in particular having a bearing on the explanation in question.

## A FAVORED BROTHER, JOSEPH VICKERY ROBISON:

Mother was the eighth child in a family of thirteen. Two sisters were born earlier than she; Emily, born 24 June, 1835, died 13 August, 1836; Mary born 13 April, 1839, died 6 July, 1840. Thus up to this point mother was the only girl living, in the family, with five older brothers. Naturally they pampered her to the effect that she was granted her every wish. One of her

brothers, Joseph Vickery, was especially attentive and would spend hours amusing her as he went about his chores and work around the ranch.

Perhaps one reason for Joseph's attentive and loveable feelings toward his sister was that he himself had become quite delicate because of the fact that “when he was very small he was stricken with some terrible malady, perhaps it was what we now call Polio. It crippled him so completely he could move only by crawling on the ground, and then he had to use crutches for a long time before he could walk without them. However, that was not the only calamity that came to him, nor was it the only hardship on the family.

“It was the custom on the farm to collect the maple syrup from the trees in wooden troughs, and the little boys were in the habit of bending down and drinking the delicious liquid. It was also the custom when the sugar season was over, to cleanse these troughs with lye water which was left standing for a while in the trough. This could easily be taken for sap from the maple trees which they had been so eager to drink. The lye water was a home-made solution made from the ashes of hard wood bleached in water, very strong!

"For some reason the little boy was not aware of what had been going on, and seeing the brimming trough it was most natural for him to bend down and drink. He discovered very soon that it was red hot, but not soon enough to miss a terrible burn on his lips, his mouth and throat from which he suffered torture for a long time. He suffered terrible chocking spells. The habit of holding his lips apart to keep them from sticking, as they would break out in sores for a long time, grew with him as he approached manhood”..... From Albert R. Lyman's writings.

The habit of holding his lips apart was still conspicuous in him when he was in his sixties and old age was creeping in upon him, for the habit was quite noticeable to me, as a boy, while he was living with us in Woodruff. Mother made a salve for him to use on his lips which was very effective and soothing, kept his lips from cracking.

I mention this that you may know how dear to each other he and mother were, as brother and sister.

This leads me to follow up and tell of another incident in their lives that proves mother's thoughtfulness, ability and worth as a homemaker and mother. A nurse if you please!

According to our records it was about 1886 when Uncle Joseph and Uncle Alonzo were being sought in Utah as polygamists and fugitives from justice. To elude the officers they conceived the idea of coming to Arizona where their sister Lucretia lived. Here they sensed a feeling of security, especially was this true in Uncle Joseph's case, having the privilege of being sheltered with those he loved so dearly.

In an effort to provide support for their families at home both Uncle Joseph and Uncle Lon began a survey of possibilities, or prospects for work. At that time, however, industries and varied other enterprises were affected more or less by the audacious and cruel happenings brought about

by the Graham-Tukesberry war. Their murders, stealing and driving stock off the ranges, appropriating ranch property, robberies and vicious doings of all kinds, had a tendency to weaken the value of security and of a happy and prosperous life on a ranch.

During this period an opportunity presented itself, which my father, James Clark Owens Jr., and his sons Clark and Clarence were contemplating taking advantage of. It entailed the privilege of obtaining the real estate, an area of 160 acres, under the "SQUATTERS' ACT", since this was permissible at that time, and was held so until the "Act of June 11, 1906" was passed by the Congress of the United States. The area was that of a beautiful meadow kept green with a definite seepage from the steep mountain slope on either side and a substantial spring of water in each of two draws which converged at the upper end of the open meadow. This was about one mile under the rim of the mountain; a beautiful setting for a ranch home.

The personal property considered, consisted of a one room log cabin; two thousand head of sheep with burros and all equipment for handling. I will not go into further detail but should include the statement that Mother's other brother, (Alonzo) or Uncle Lon' as he was commonly called, was included in the purchase. Thus, he was in the sheep business for a time. This was known as the "Gentry Ranch".

Uncle Joseph, when he was able, carved butter bowls, ladles, dishes and articles of all sorts, from the black walnut trees that were growing along the river in the canyon above Woodruff. He also had a good team and wagon with which he hauled freight from Holbrook to Fort Apache.

As time went on a cancer developed in the lobe of one of Uncle Joseph's ears. Since there was no medical aid near who could be employed, his case was cared for solely by Mother, at home. The pain was excruciating, continuing day and night as he walked the floor, catching a little sleep now and then in a high-backed rocker mother had. Sparing nothing that would bring comfort and relief, mother worked unceasingly to an end, even to the gathering of various kinds of roots and applying poltices, but only temporary relief was had.

It seemed torturous, but never-the-less, acting upon a strong impulse that something drastic must be done to check the rapid spread of that dread disease, mother resorted to the use of a strong solution of camphor cut in alcohol, by momentarily saturating a bandage with which they kept the ear moist. This endured for a long period of time until finally the growth of the malady seemed to have been checked and a clean sore was apparent. All felt to recognize that through faith and a continued effort, along with the administration of the elders and silent prayers, the Lord recognized their efforts and their prayers were answered.

All were overjoyed because of the fact that the growth of the malady had been checked, but there still remained a rather small portion of the top of the ear, dangling as a curved pot handle, or that of a cup perhaps. All the ear except this was now eaten off leaving only the bare hole in the side of his head. It was a ghastly sight and Uncle Joseph felt he could not continue on through life in this condition, therefore he insisted that mother cut it off close to the head, leaving a smooth surface where the ear was. This she did, leaving the gaping hole and the scarred surface where

the ear was, such was the marred condition that intimidated his every public appearance during the remaining twenty-five years of his life.

## BACK TO LUCRETA'S EARLY LIFE

Let us return to Shroeple, New York the place where Lucretia was born. Her parents, Joseph and Lucretia Hancock Robison, were baptized in February, 1841, and Lucretia was born just three months later. Singular as it may seem, just three years from this date, the summer of 1844, the family moved from Shroeple to Crete, Will County, Illinois, here they remained for a period of ten years. During this period Lucretia had grown to a young lady of thirteen years. Nimble and alert actions proved her value in the accomplishment of home duties to be near equal that of an ordinary housemaid. Being tutored by her worthy mother she was fast learning every necessary art, such as the care of babies and brothers of older ages from infancy to manhood. Washing, ironing, mending and properly putting away in the closets etc. Her assignments also included the rudiments of cooking, making soap, molding candles, curing meats and many duties unmentioned that were incident to early home life.

Mother had little chance to go to school. While living in Shroeple and the first year they lived in Crete, she was too young. When she reached the age of five years, the school house was three miles away and in the rural areas the period was short, including the winter months only, for when spring opened the boys were called home to the farms.

## JOURNEY FROM SHROEPLE TO CRETE

May I quote from the writings of Albert R. Lyman as follows: "In their slow old-time wagons they moved across western New York, across the panhandle of Pennsylvania, thence across the states of Ohio and Indiana. For weeks they followed the winding country roads, camping by the wayside at night with a keener and keener anticipation of the wondrous city of the saints soon; to burst upon their view, a city in the horseshoe bend of a great river, with a magnificent temple towering from its most elevated ground. In the last four years they had heard much about its people and their industries, the harmony in which they lived and labored together, and the great prophet who had led them.

"It was the city of Nauvoo where they were going, to meet with the Saints. The roads were muddy and bad and they had stopped for a time to rest their teams. They were soon to meet a couple of elders who advised them that the prophet had been killed and for them to wait until things quieted down. This was at Crete, Will County, Illinois, thirty miles from Chicago.

Alvin Lock Robison, one of Lucretia Proctor's brothers, in his brief "Reminiscences" gives the following: "When I was four or five years old my people had joined the Mormon Church, and from then on they were preparing to go to the Mormon headquarters at Nauvoo. When I was ten years old they sold the home in New York State and went to Illinois and bought 160 acres of

prairie land. They traded horses and a wagon for 20 acres of heavily timbered woodland. They split rails and hauled them the next summer and fenced the land they had bought. They hauled lumber from Chicago for the house they had built on the farm. They improved the farm and had a flourishing place and lived there ten years. The first winter we lived in Illinois the children went to school a mile away. The next winter their school was three miles away.

While we have little of record regarding the intricacies of home life, of their seclusion in a sparsely settled area, accessibility of the home, of social or church activities, the short school terms, we are left to assume that friendly intimacies were somewhat infrequent, and by reason of this and the fact that they had a home of worth to build they must have devoted most of their time to this accomplishment. Grandfather (Joseph Robison) was very much interested in the accumulation of livestock such as horses, cattle, sheep, and hogs, for such he found a good market in Chicago. Thus with the help of all his boys their remunerations were very encouraging, so much so that he was quite content to remain there and make it their future home. Grandmother, with the teachings of the gospel so much a part of her life, was determined to gather with the saints in Zion, there to raise her family.

Being one of, and witnessing the accomplishments of an industrious family, her every act being supervised by a most worthy mother, having been taught to pray and give thanks to God for the blessings they enjoyed, Lucretia Proctor enjoyed her status and had grown to love every phase of pioneer life. Unwittingly she was thus prepared for the life that awaited her.

Four children were born to her parents while they lived in Crete, thus she learned the art of caring for babies. In case of sickness and when it was necessary to rely on home remedies she was taught the different herbs that were useful, and how to prepare and administer them. One of the babies born at that time was a little sister, who was later blessed and given the name of Adelia Robison, she was born the 21st day of December 1848, seven years and seven months younger than Lucretia. Notwithstanding the fact that they were years apart in age their endearment for each other was cemented in the heart forever.

Lucretia's schooling was very limited, she was a fourth grade student during her last school year, the rest she gained through self effort in practical life. I feel it may well be assumed, however, that she gained some knowledge from Grandmother Owens, they having lived in the same home for some six years prior to grandmother's death. She was a highly educated woman as our mother reported her to be, while telling us of some of the happenings in her life, especially the hardships endured during the Missouri episode, and of the fact that she instructed and tutored her grandson, Edward Milo Webb, prior to and during his college years, especially in algebra and higher arithmetic.

In retrospect may we return again to an expression of Lucretia's early life while growing to womanhood. Imagine looking in upon a family of twelve, from infants to mature men. The family seated around a long table in an orderly manner, with father at the head and the mother with her babe on her lap, as she would feed it. The table was spread with an abundance of well prepared food, comparable to that raised on the farm at that season of the year, and supplemented

with bottled fruits and vegetables; meats such as beef, mutton, and pork, with all the byproducts such as milk and butter, lard, smoked and otherwise preserved meats; plates stacked with hot biscuits, and platters of fresh fried eggs; these and other dainties, all products of the farm.

Supposedly we are visiting the family on Monday morning, an early breakfast had been served, the dishes had been washed and the house tidied up. The weather being warm we see piles of dirty clothes, all sorted as to type and piled on a clean spot, (an improvised table, or other) ready for the wash. Out of the yard proper and off a little to one side, we see an iron frame work, with perhaps two large iron kettles hanging on an extended rod, full of steaming hot water; two or three bars of soap have been brought up from the cellar nearby where it was shelved as a protection from the weather. This was a home-made product, soap mother had made at an earlier date. To make it they had saved the tallow from animals they had butchered, and extra grease that came from the kitchen; this was boiled in strong lye water until it was thick and ready to harden, the heavy residue had been screened out and buried. (Lye was made from the ash of certain types of strong wood, such as Aspen, Cottonwood and other).

The washing machine of those days was the ordinary washtub, it could have been made either of wood or metal, perhaps the former was used most extensively as Lucretia's father, Joseph Robison, was a Cooper by trade, having learned the art when a boy. To the tub of hot water was added a quantity of clothes, with them thoroughly soaked in the warm, soapy water the washboard was added and a pair of willing hands with sleeves rolled to the elbows began the arduous struggle of scrubbing the clothes back and forth over the corrugated board, which action separated the dirt from the clothing. How different is wash-day today!

When the garment was thus cleaned it was rung through a hand wringer attached to the side of the tub, or in the absence of a wringer they did not hesitate to do it by hand. With the many other things that had to be done washday was considered a full day. And a hard day it was!

Come Tuesday and the ironing had to be done. (The irons were just that, iron through and through, really heavy!) While breakfast was being prepared the irons were put on the stove back far enough so as not to interfere with the preparation of breakfast. By this, when breakfast was over and everything cleared away, the irons were hot and the day's task was begun, by keeping a good fire in the stove and using the irons alternately the ironing went steadily on until lunch time interfered, or perhaps the ironing may have been finished. As a counter and a way of saving heat and energy, also time, Lucretia was taught to make one fire do several things, aside from heating the irons it would bake bread, cook a stew or a roast, heat extra water etc. In many ways the heated stove served a dual purpose; along with other things, wet shoes were dried underneath, then oiled and each individual group was put neatly away in neatly constructed closets, or cupboards, as the case may be.

Wednesday morning came and somewhat of a relaxation took place, it brought varied conditions that needed attention in the house; stockings to be darned, patching, knitting and remodeling perhaps, candles to be molded; wool to be corded and spun into yarn; stockings, mittens, ear muffs, tamoshanters, shawls, and varied other articles of wear which the pioneers, living in

remote areas during yesteryear, were compelled to make by hand. Thus Lucretia, was schooled in the many arts prevalent among the early pioneers of her time.

Now we see them, the daylight hours are over, the sun has sunk beneath the horizon and twilight is fast closing in; a rush against the fleeting moments that all outside chores may be done, ere all is enveloped in the darkness of night.

In the house grandma and Lucretia Proctor are busy preparing the evening meal, and to make ready for the new milk the boys are soon to bring in. Pan after pan of milk is taken from the shelves of a neatly improvised cooling system (where the cool air from the outside is made to blow through a thin cloth kept moist from the seepage of water kept in a vessel above, where the top end of the cloth is kept saturated). The thick, luscious cream was emptied into a beautiful, well made wooden churn (this was real for it was a churn made by Lucretia's father and one she had kept all through her life). It has been lost, I know not where it went and perhaps never will! Enough milk and cream was saved out for the meal, of which the main dish was bread and milk, probably spiced with a green onion, or something sweet, preserves, or other. Supper over, the dishes washed, and all made ready for an early breakfast. Within the light of the cheerful fire in the old fireplace, and well back of the hearth we see the children scattered around on the floor in the front room with father and mother, the older boys and Lucretia sitting at a reading table, by the candle light, or that of a kerosene lamp. Some were reading or perhaps absorbed in a discussion of problems confronting them, while Lucretia Proctor and her mother were busy with their hands knitting, patching, or otherwise preparing clothes for the morrow.

With the above meager and indefinite portrayal of some of the events incident to the life of the early pioneer, it is to be hoped that the reader may be able to visualize the handicaps sustained by our fore-fathers in settling, and developing the wide open expanse of the arid West. Since we are not writing a book, we cannot go into detail but must be brief, therefore much interesting matter is omitted. For instance: Their mode of travel was with the old heavy lumber wagons, pulled in those days mainly with ox teams, but in some cases with horses; their roads were undeveloped and since they had no way of grading or cutting down the hillsides they followed mainly, the low lands. Distances that took weeks, and even months for them to traverse, are traversed now days in a matter of minutes, or hours. Think of the inconveniences they had to endure, the small amount of food and other, they were able to haul; some were made to sleep on the ground because of a lack of room inside the wagon, etc.

## ADVENT INTO UTAH

While their property at Crete was fairly well disposed of, the thought of leaving it and joining the Mormons in the Far-off-west created some dissatisfaction and dissection. Grandma (Lucretia Hancock Robison) was most happy, while her husband (Joseph Robison) was agreeable yet he entertained, to a degree, a feeling of reluctance. But sad it was, when one of the older boys flatly refused to go to Utah, or to join the Mormons.

Regarding the move, may I quote from some of Mother's writings during the later years of her life, as follows: “Left Crete April 12, started for Utah crossing the Plains with fourteen in the family. With three ox teams, on horse team. Perigren Sessions as captain. Fourteen wagons in company. We had no sickness or loss of cattle or teams, or Indian trouble. The company laid over Sundays and generally held meetings. We arrived in Salt lake October 5, 1854, all well. We camped Southeast of City. Father, Mother and brothers went into the City and paid tithing. President Young told father to go settle in Fillmore, one hundred and fifty miles South. Father moved into Fillmore. The people were living in a fort as the Indians were on the war-path. Father bought a home, also bought wheat, built a granary.”

## MOTHER WAS BAPTIZED, MARRIED

“I was baptized by William R. Stewell in Fillmore City, May, 1855.”

Not withstanding the fact that mother was young and tender in years; her actions, predominant in character, her aptitudes and ability to do, created a thrill in one’s life that was most satisfying; while: From afar and unobserved some glances of admiration and respect for the ability and public performances so dominant in Jim’s life. The culmination of this advanced romance was brought about when Jim was hired to quarry the rock and lay up the walls for Robinson’s new home. Thus thrilled, an early engagement ensued and at the expiration of on year and three months after Joseph Robison settled with his family in Fillmore, Utah, his daughter Lucretia became the bride of James Clark Owens Jr. They were married on the 15th day of January, 1856, by President Brigham Young. Mother had reached the tender age of fourteen years plus eight months. Father had reached the mature age of twenty-three years plus five months.

James, now well along in years, was desirous of having a wife and family of his own, and before the consummation of this action he gave it much consideration. His life was encumbered with the care of his aged mother, a widowed sister with two children, and was also caring in part for a second sister with two young boys. The care of his mother began at the time of his father’s death, while yet a lad of but fourteen years, and the burden of his widowed sisters fell upon him just prior to, and while crossing the plains, when the latter sister’s husband died.

Lucretia willing accepted theses encumbrances and became a most desired asset in James’ future life. Her entrance into the family circle was welcomed. She was loved and respected by all.

The following is a copy of one of the brief statements mother has left us, from such as this, this record is written: “James’ mother lived with us until she died, November 27, 1866. I watched over her thought her sickness. I was alone with her when she passed away. I had two children Clark and Marion, join in with father's.” (Meaning Aunt Julia's two children, often referred to as Jim Owens' family).

In referring to the early history of the city of Fillmore, Delia R. Robison states that “Jim Owens and his brother Horace built the first school house in the City, and that the morning the school

opened, Jim was seen leading his sister Julia's two little girls to its open door; that Julia was one who loved music and entertainment, was a polished violinist."

Too little has been recorded, as to detail, in the lives of James and Lucretia; for a period of twenty odd years before they left Utah and came to Arizona, their lives were decked with uncertainties. With fervor engendered in their young lives they set out to master the ravages of the undeveloped West, to build and make possible, homes for future generations.

As a unit they lived happily together and continued their activities in social and civic duties as each year come and went. James was especially active in Indian affairs, in maintaining order; was sheriff for a number of years; captain of the militia, and various other duties incident to law and order.

## CALL TO DO TEMPLE WORK

The first baby born to James and Lucretia was January 14, 1857. A son, who was given the name after his father, James Clark Owens III.

During the latter part of February, following this incident, James received a call from President Brigham Young, to report in Salt Lake City prepared to go to the mountain and cut stone for the Temple. Accordingly preparations were made that they might reach Salt Lake City in time to attend the April Conference. Uncle Horace Burr Owens, father's brother, who was also called to duty, along with his wife, accompanied father and mother.

They left Fillmore March 30, 18-57 in a wagon drawn by an ox team. Reached Salt Lake City April lst, it was a one hundred and fifty mile journey. Upon arrival they rented a room, attended conference, was baptized and received their endowments.

Conference over they reported for work. Were sent out twelve miles to the mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon where the earth makes bare a beautiful section of pure granite rock, singular in the fact that it is so beautifully set aside, perfect in structure and marvelous in its easy approach.

In the shade of a densely wooded area of beautiful trees and undergrowth, we see the stone cutters setting up their tents, nestled closely against the canyon wall, as a protection from the wind and storm. Our imagination also reveals the discolored and worn condition of tents that perhaps have sheltered the emigrants on the plains or served as temporary homes pending the erection of permanent ones. Cooking utensils and all were, of necessity, in harmony with the entire setting, for this group of twelve men with their wives, were here prepared to give their time and talents, all that was humanly possible for the up building of the Kingdom of God upon the earth.

The gurgling waters of the little brook as it stealthily coursed along, its pebbly base, left a murmur of peace and pleasantness that filled the air.

These worthy saints were here not for worldly gain, but for a heavenly reward, by adding their bit toward the furtherance of God's work upon the earth. Their only earthly remuneration was the daily sustenance received from the tithing paid in by the saints from the Cottonwood ward, and delivered to them by Bishop Holliday. Mother writes, that at times they fared very hard, not having enough for the laborers to eat.

For quite some time the only covering they had to protect them from the hot sun, or cold, inclement weather, was that afforded by their tents, until such time as brothers Calhoun, (William) and Henry Nesbit could put up some slab houses, and sheds for the stone cutters. They also put up a tithing office where records could be kept, better supervision and care given supplies, equipment etc.

Since the handling of rock is a hazardous work, hard on wearing apparel, we are led to wonder how a satisfactory status might be maintained, since in this case it was nearly impossible to buy, especially some of the essentials. With those dear pioneers economy was the watch-word. Truths that may be said of our mother here may also be said of her associates. Father's clothes were always kept clean, and mended, with patch upon patch if necessary. A worn garment was never destroyed, but was classified and the worthy remnants used for patches, or other. To save his clothing from unnecessary wear, father wore leather, or buckskin aprons; also leather gauntlets on his forearms, and instead of gloves leather pads were used, which fit over the palm of the hand, held into place by narrow strips cut so as to fit over the third finger, and the thumb.

The rock were quarried from off the steep mountain side above and were worked down to a point where they could be handled with ox teams; thence they were taken to the cutting shed, where they were trimmed to size and sent to the temple grounds in Salt Lake City. More detail will be given in the history of father's life. Thus the work continued for nearly eight long months, until the approach of the cold wintry weather.

What did mother do with her little baby boy of two and one-half months, when leaving Fillmore with her husband to fill this intrepid engagement? Did she take him with her, nurse and extend to him a loving mother's tender care, notwithstanding the hazards with which they were confronted? I feel she did! As a result he grew to a strong, healthy man, pioneered by his father's side, and has left upon the earth a most worthy posterity.

Because of the many hazards that were theirs to overcome, the months drug slowly by as the arduous task was carried on. The monotony was broken, however, when in mid-summer, July 24th to be exact, the crew at the quarry were invited to attend a, celebration commemorating the advent of the Mormons into the Salt Lake Valley. This news was hailed with admiration and joy.

Mother and father were driven up the Big Cottonwood Canyon some eighteen miles, at Brighton, where the celebration took place, with President Brigham Young, in his carriage. Lumber was

hauled from the sawmills nearby. Tables were constructed and a dance floor laid down. This item was taken from the writings of my sister, Adelia 0. Hatch, and I quote verbatim. “Flags were hoisted on the mountain peaks. The cannon that was brought over the plains was fired several times, (in salute). They all took part in the games, dancing and singing. Mother was enjoying the dance very much, when about ten or eleven o'clock, two horsemen rode up to announce the approach of Johnson's Army, who were known to be at Green River on their way to Salt Lake City.”

“All were having a grand time, but such news dampened the celebration. Several men were sent down the canyon as guards. The next morning, bright and early, father with the rest of the stone cutters left with provisions and ammunition to last thirty days, but when they arrived in the City there were enough men, so they were released to go back to work. Several times after that they were called but no urgent need seemed necessary so they continued their work, cautioned to be ready if alerted.” President Young's declaration was that the rock work must go on.

Now that the warm summer months were gone and the shivering blasts of winter set in; the amber colors of the frost-bitten leaves of the aspen, oak and other, now adorning the mountain sides and the canyon dells, have made a showing ready for the white covering of the winter snows. Unprepared to meet this savage approach, the time had come and a release was granted, the quarry was abandoned for the winter and the stonecutters returned home.

# UNCLE HORACE BURR OWENS

After their release, cold and worn as they were, father and Uncle Horace Burr Owens returned to Fillmore and resumed their work as masonry men and builders, as was the art taught them by their father prior to his death. Loving brothers as they were their lives were spent working together (except for short periods) doing temple work and other, until in death were they separated. Both died in Woodruff, Arizona and were buried near each other.

They constructed, and assisted in the construction of many buildings, all worthy structures. Obedient to many calls made of them by the Church and other, both civic and religious, they did much non-remunerative work.

Much of this time mother was compelled to live at home alone because of an increasingly large family of children. Ten children were born to them within a period of twenty-one years. Being thus encumbered mother's health became very much impaired, for the responsibilities were great. Living in an undeveloped country, isolated as it were, where medical aid was comparatively nil, the acquiring of necessities was very unsatisfying. Such conditions during periods of poverty, were dominant because of the long periods of time given to church work, gratis. The method of transportation in those days was one of much concern, especially when men folks were not at home. There were two alternatives: walk, or hitch up a team to the wagon or buggy. (It may be a team of horses, or a yoke of oxen). To say the least, the matter was very perplexing. Feature a mother with one, two, three or more little children at her side, walking to the grocery store, or to church, one-half to three fourths of a mile away. Do not think I am registering complaints, no, not for one moment, just stating facts.

During a period of fourteen years mother parted with four of her children, ranging in ages of from death at birth to one and one-half years of age.

These happenings were all in Fillmore, Utah, between the periods of September 20, 1862, and August 31, 1876.

Due to the fact that there were long periods of time during father and mothers' lives when there was no record of what actually transpired, I have relied somewhat upon conjecture based upon known characteristics and incidents current at that period of time.

In April, 1857 when father and mother left Fillmore to cut stone for the Salt Lake Temple they evidently left Grandmother (Abigail Cordelia Burr Owens) living with her daughter, aunt Julia Owens Lowder, and her two little girls, in father's home.

## FATHER'S OLD HOME

May I describe the little home into which Mother moved and became its mistress, after having married father, James Clark Owens Jr.; and where during subsequent years she apparently raised most of her family, still living there at the time they moved to Arizona.

It was sometime during the period between the Fall of 1893 and 1897, when I was a lad in my teens I became acquainted with this little home. Conspicuous in construction; of rather large logs; chinked with strips of timber and mud; seemingly quite low as compared to modern structures, however, the timbers were fast deteriorating, crimped and sagging; evidently two comparatively large rooms; a warped and tattered lean-to at the back. Definitely antiquated in its setting common place in the block. In the rear was the remains of an old shabby barn and corral, comparable in appearance to the house in front. To my surprise when I inquired of my associates as to its ownership and found it belonged to Hirum Mace, who was still there, and that at one time it was the property of "Jim Owens", (My father) the imprint was so indelibly impressed upon my mind I never could forget. My curiosity was temporarily satisfied when I considered its proximity to the border lines of the Old Fort that was built as a protection from the Indians, by the first settlers of the town, in the 1840 and early 1850's. Still traceable were some of the old buildings and fence lines along its borders.

## THE OLD ADOBE CHURCH

Fifty-seven years later when I was again at the old home the panorama of the 1890's was not recognizable, the old had been replaced by the new. I took some pictures of the remains of the old tumbled down church building, amusement hall etc., remembering the many enjoyable times I experienced as a boy, at dances and varied amusements, also where I had served as a Deacon during church services. Those old weather-beaten (once shapely) adobes that made up the now crumbling walls and which today lay askew in shapeless heaps over the ground and floor, brought thoughts cantering through my mind that would near fill a book.

The building was situated high up on the west bank of "Chalk" creek, nearly one-half mile east of father's old home, well within the boundaries of the Old Fort which served the early settlers from the ravages of the then marauding and audacious bands of Indians. It was here Mother walked to attend her church duties, carrying, and leading her little babes by her side.

Father and Mother, tired and weary from the privations and arduous tasks they had dutifully fulfilled, now resumed their place in the little home.

Sometime at, or near the time of their return from the quarry at Salt Lake, aunt Julia married a man by the name of Alexander. This being her second marriage, and she being a musician and entertainer, a wonderful violinist, as father once told me she was, we have only to presume that her children remained with mother for at least quite sometime, as mother writes, that she cared for "Jim" and his family both. Grandmother loved Lucretia because of her kind and submissive

disposition, her neatness and aptitude in the home, as well as religious duties. The two worked together accomplishing the many duties necessary for home maintenance, such as: washing, carding and spinning wool into threads with which, during resting periods and in the evenings, they would sit for hours knitting stockings, mittens, jackets, and even head gear, ear-muffs etc, for the cold winter weather.

They had no electricity to illuminate the house, or guide their footsteps through the dark rooms, but the little candle as it sat on the table and the light from the fire glowing in the big fireplace at the end of the room, gave both light and heat that served their purpose. The old cast-iron cook stove served its purpose also, kept the teakettle steaming, fried the eggs and bacon, baked the biscuits and hot loaves, and heated the irons while mother ironed the clothes. This was not all; it was the man on the outside who hauled the wood and kept the fires burning.

In the management of her own home Lucretia (Mother) carried on in the same manner her mother before her had taught (described on pages six and seven of this writing).

Among the many items of interest which I have omitted in this narration is the frugality, economy, and thrift that characterized her life. She was ever ready to sacrifice her personal interests, that others may be made happy; economical, in that everything of worth was saved and put to use, even the bread crumbs from the table were saved that they may be used in the preparation of different foods such as puddings, or other; every ounce of grease was put away and saved, that it might be used in making soap; every article of wearing apparel was patched, darned or in some fashion, made over until the appearance of it was distasteful or that it was worn to a frazzle and fit only for mop-rags; the cleaner suds from the washtub were used to mop the old wood floors, which were always kept immaculately clean; thrifty in that she was ever ready to assist her husband in their every financial interests, the fruit orchard and garden were thoughtfully cared for that thereby some revenue may be derived, fruits were dried and otherwise preserved. Never was she idle, neither did she ever attempt to dictate to her husband, but was always cooperative. Of them I can truthfully say, I never remember bearing a cross word spoken between them, one to the other.

Perilous times along with the many hazards adamant, were added upon because of the additional support given “Jim's Family.” Oft times when remunerative work was not available, civic and religious duties were accepted and became active adjuncts in the daily routine of life. As you will note, father put in much time cutting stone for the various temples, the sum of which adds up to years. During this time mother remained at home doing her part and cheerfully accepting the decree. Despite the fact that every effort was being made to maintain an economical and happy home, the advent to earth of additional children, sickness and death brought distress and worries untold to this industrious and trustworthy couple.

During the interim between the date Lucretia and James were married January 16, 1856, and the date grandmother, Abigail Cordelia Burr Owens died, November 27, 1866, a period of almost eleven years, virtually five little souls were added to the family circle. The fifth one, Elsie Abigail Owens, was only one month late. (When she grew to maturity she married Osmer D.

Flake, and raised a most worthy family.) The advent to earth and the part those little souls played in the home life was a source of joy and happiness, notwithstanding the sacrifice and care necessary to their well being. But to this joy and happiness, sadness and sorrow were brought to bear upon these dear parents in the death of their little babe of one year and two months (Lucretia Adelphia Owens) whose little prattle and tiny footsteps had won a place in the hearts of all.

## GRANDMOTHER, ABIGAIL CORDELIA BURR OWENS

Grandmother Owens' death came three years later, at her age, however, death could well have been expected. Her sacrifices of seven years nervous tension, being a part of, and witnessing the heinous and atrocious murderings and sufferings brought against the Saints as they were driven from place to place through the state of Missouri, culminating in their final expulsion from the state. Being left penniless and with no place to lay their head registered its weakening effects upon her body. Incidents bearing upon the building of the Nauvoo Temple; the death of the Prophet; the expulsion from Nauvoo; the death of her husband; the trials incident to crossing the plains and gathering with the Saints in Zion; her dependency upon others, and having lived for a period of nineteen years without the loving kindness extended to her by her worthy husband, all hastened a bodily weakness. Her faith, however, was never shattered for she voluntarily declared that: “If the prophet called I would gladly go through those experiences again.”

During the later part of her life Grandmother had grown quite feeble and required the assistance of a loving hand; although Lucretia was alone much of the time, these sacred duties she did not neglect. Later in her writings she states: “Father joined the United Order in Fillmore sometime during the year 1870, and later he was called back again to cut stone for the Salt Lake Temple. He was cutting the stone for the arches and for the winding stairs. He lived with President Young's family.”

To quote Lucretia again she writes as follows: He and wife (Meaning James and herself) were at the dedication of the St. George Temple April 6, 1877, did some work in the temple.” They had all their children with them except their oldest son.

It was twenty years prior to the time we are now speaking of that Father and Mother attended the April Conference in Salt Lake City, there in the Endowment House they received an early blessing, and were assigned the duty of opening up a rock quarry at the mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon, described above, under date April, 1857.

Now April 6, 1877 while attending the doings incident to the dedication of the St. George Temple, the “work in the Temple” which mother referred to in her writings, was that she and father went through the temple for their 2nd endowments, and as for the children, all ordinances necessary, including sealings, baptisms, etc. were attended to.

# ADVENT INTO ARIZONA

Again I quote from Lucretia's writings: “that summer, 1877, he (meaning James) was called to Salt Lake again to work on the temple.” It was during this period father was given the assignment to make ready for a move to Arizona to assist in the development of its arid lands.

Although expectant of most any eventuality, this call was stunning to Lucretia. Now that they had become quite content with their meager surroundings; their little home and the attachments incident thereto; the comforting influence to be had in the frequent association with father, mother, sister, and brothers; her heavy heart surveyed these blessings as soon to become only memories of the past. DUTY- in its broad sense, was capitalized and envisioned before her eyes; and without hesitance she readily ascended to the fulfillment on her part of carrying out the obligations imposed upon her husband by the priesthood of God.

Their two oldest sons were fast approaching manhood, Clark in his twentieth year, and Marion in his eighteenth year, bad become a great asset toward the support of the family. They did their part toward the accumulation and care of livestock and other properties of value, thus aiding in many ways the building up and maintaining of a happy home. Since for a long period now father had been almost steadily employed cutting stone for the temples, mother, and the boys under her direction, “Kept the Home Fires Burning.”

Every effort was put forth toward making ready the exodus to Arizona. Real Estate and all immovable properties were disposed of, in trade or cash if it were to be had. Father's learning and experience as a blacksmith and wheelwright came in very handy while making ready their equipment.

A company of several families of saints moving to Arizona, were scheduled to pass through Fillmore in late October or early November, 1878. It was with this company father was directed to travel, this as a safety measure against marauding Indians, or other possible dangers that could be encountered.

The seemingly long awaited time for their departure arrived, wagons were driven into line, loose stock were also thrown into place and boys of suitable age, not otherwise encumbered, were given charge of them. I do not know of a certainty, but feel safe in saying that father joined the company ranks with three wagons and an undetermined number of loose stock. I reach this conclusion by reason of two things: First, in that period of time while moving far away into an undeveloped country the many hazards that must be sustained were already clear in their minds by reason of the experiences they had thus far undergone. Secondly: Years later, when I was young and in my tender years in the old fort, impressions were engraved upon my mind which have endured through my life. This chain of thought is broken, however, some things are not entirely clear. I have faint recollection of seeing the boys drive away with two wagons, and seemingly, rather far down the line to the east there stood a wagon with Mother's carpet loom, and spinning wheel etc. in it.

Now, excusing this little diversion, let your thoughts revert back to Fillmore, the point of inception. It was a sad occasion, friends and dear ones were gathered round to bid farewell; tears uncontrolled, streamed down the faces of those whose affections were so endeared.

Slowly the procession moved along day after day, over roads at times dangerous and uncertain. Many times new grades had to be rebuilt on account of washouts or other infractions. The country was very sparsely settled and many developments were yet to be made.

The trek to Arizona was comparable in a way to that of the early pioneers whose destiny was "A Home in the Mountains, Far Away in the West." An early reconnaissance carried out by the missionaries laboring among the Indians as a prerequisite to a peaceful acquaintance, divulged in effect, a broad expanse of dry parched land and many topographical features incident to future settlements, homes and various other developments.

As the caravan moved slowly along its southern course the varied beauties of heaven and earth were unfolded before them. The long stretches of beautiful farm land; the exquisite colorings of earth and rock as evidenced on the face of the precipitous cliffs that border the mountain glens; the lowlands of southern Utah, decked with the beautiful blue sage; all have a tendency to emit a feeling of sunshine, or venture. Having emerged from the beautiful forest of the "Buckskin Mountains", they are led some forty miles to the east over the prairie land bordering the Canyon of the Big Colorado on the north, to "Lee's Ferry."

## CROSSING THE "BIG COLORADO"

The crossing of the Big Colorado River at "Lee's Ferry" was an impediment of much concern since the angry waters of that turbulent stream sounded a warning of danger as in its rush it splashed and roared against the walls of the high bluff on the opposite side, leaving only a short space of sandy earth below on which to land.

The raft, or ferry-boat, was in a way rather small and of somewhat meager construction, motivated and guided by hand. (It was built of logs, and later wrecked and used to build a house) As it was floated back and forth, carrying its load across the comparatively still waters of the Lower Ferry, the nervous stock were carefully handled by the operators and all were crossed without accident. They were then confronted with another handicap; that of climbing to the top of the high canyon wall. Back and forth around its contours on a narrow dugway they laboriously climbed until they reached the top where they looked with a shudder down the walls of the rugged bluff to the ribbon-like stream far below where the sound was broken and the waters of the Colorado entered within the walls of the notorious canyon.

With the Colorado behind them they are now facing a broad expanse of dry parched land, some of which was nude for the want of growing plants, this because of the worthless condition of the soil, which during centuries past had been burned to the consistency of ash, then erupted from underneath to earth's surface, where it settled for the most part in a series of low hills. Some of

these were capped with a deep layer of rock of varied hue, including in some instances sections of black molten lava. This effect was made more dominant when its color scheme and enormity were portrayed by the depth of its canyons and the height of its mountainous hills, leaving the observer awe-stricken because of the grandeur and beauty portrayed.

The annual precipitation in these wastes was very low; waterways were virtually dry washes, running water only now-and-then during unreliable wet seasons. A heavy rain, or perhaps an early thaw from the snows in the mountains above would occasionally bring about flash floods. Springs that would furnish the traveler water, were few and watering places for stock especially, were in some areas miles and miles apart as they crossed the arid wastes of the Navajo Indian Reservation. Work animals at times were made to suffer for water or rely solely upon the insufficient supply they carried along in barrels laced to their wagon beds, on either side and sometimes at the rear. For sustenance their stock were made to graze upon the grass and shrubs that might be found growing on the hillsides. If it were that the grass had been grazed off short by sheep or other stock, or had failed to grow because of drouth, their stock would travel sometimes miles during the night in search of feed and water, and would be found to scatter badly. To lessen this trouble the horses were hobbled, and sometimes the oxen. Even so by the time they were gathered up in the morning and made ready to go, the morning was well gone. Bells were used quite extensively, which helped very much in the early morning at or before daybreak.

In the absence of wood, which for long distances could not be had, it was necessary that the few small sticks some thoughtful soul had stowed away underneath the wagon, or in some other secluded spot, be retrieved for the life-saving purpose of creating a blaze to eliminate the stench and smothering smoke coming from the smouldering embers of the buffalo chips. These I have seen father fan with his bat to create a live beat while mother cooked the flapjacks, or fried the meat and eggs. In explanation: “BUFFALO CHIPS” are the droppings from the buffalo, or cow, as they grazed on the green grass and shrubs that adorned the open plains of yester-year, and since had lain bleaching and dry beneath the rays of the blazing sun.

In the space of a few lines it is almost impossible to explain that which those worthy souls endured while traversing this arid terrain, under circumstances and with equipment now near obsolete. The inadequacies sustained by this inefficient, slow moving mode of travel; the inclemencies suspected in the weather during the late fall, and winter months; the care of their poor hungry stock that were forced to eke out a bare existence by grubbing the frost-bitten grasses, oft times blanketed beneath the snow; and last but not least were the almost innumerable difficulties and hardships they themselves had to endure, with the little children to care for, all registered a stability and faith not too often equaled.

May I digress just a moment in an effort to explain why these faithful souls left a comparatively happy home and those who were most dear to them in life to develop the inferno of the Indian infested west?

Answer: It was because of their loyalty, faith, and the keeping of the covenants they had made; to aid in the establishment and building up of the Kingdom of God upon the earth. Then too, it was in keeping with a plan for the colonization, education, and building up of a citizenry that would do honors to God and its Country. President Brigham Young to expedite this plan and put it into full effect, organized a series of missions, mainly among the Indians throughout Utah and the neighboring states; to this service a sufficient number of missionaries were delegated to serve and carry on a full reconnaissance work that the entire area might be mapped, showing its possibilities, water, and all topographical features. To this end the colonization and setting up of Mormon communities, making possible developments, was carried on.

Surmounting each difficulty that was encountered the caravan moved slowly on following the course of the Little Colorado River, Silver, and Show Low creeks; passing the newly made settlements of Brigham City, (Now Winslow) Obed, Joseph City, Tenney's Ranch (Later WOODRUFF); to the Stinson Ranch, and on to the Hunning Ranch (now Show Low) and the Moses Cluff Ranch one mile above. Here they found only a few people. (Later this was known as the Ellsworth Ranch).

This was Christmas day, mid winter 1878, cold and dreary. Here they found themselves in the shelter of the pines where the Mogollon and the White Mountains merge. With a sense of relief after SEVEN long weeks of wearisome travel, they climbed out of the tiny space reserved in the loaded wagon-bed, stretched and happily enjoyed the scent of the fresh pine-laden air.

We have only to presume that the hospitality extended to them by the Cluff family was most happily received. Especially was it welcomed by Mother, with her little five months old babe. Wood was provided and a rousing fire built, which provided warmth while the tent was set up and all else made as comfortable as possible. Mother, while making bare mention of this, states that: "We pitched our tent and spent the winter in it and the wagon-beds."

Feature if you may, their precarious condition, so unprepared to combat the cold blasts and winter snows. Lucky were they, however, to be where there was plenty of wood nearby. To combat the inclemencies of winter we have only to imagine what father would do, or we if it were us: first of all, with the help of his boys he would see that plenty of dry wood was provided to withstand any emergency, second: by cutting small poles he would contrive a framework over the tent which, when covered with green pine boughs would break the cold blasts and keep off the heavy snows: this he would augment by extending windbreaks as needed around the camp.

What about their food stuffs? There was no railroad in the country as yet! Could it be they had brought food enough along to last for a year or so, such as wheat, corn, potatoes, beans etc.? I feel quite safe in saying that Mother had added to her lot, a considerable amount of dried fruits for as I knew her home life she always dried, or otherwise preserved all available fruits. As for meat we always had an abundance, either home grown and cured, or fresh wild-life.

## MOVE FROM SHOW LOW TO BUSH VALLEY

As mentioned in paragraph three on the foregoing page, I shall quote in full Mother's writings relative to these incidents, as follows: “In December, 1878 he (meaning father) moved to Arizona, reached Show Low 25th of December, there was only a few families there at that time. We lived in our tent and wagons until Spring. They (meaning James and his boys) put up a log house, we only lived in it a short time, then moved to Bush Valley, now Alpine. James planted a crop, built a house of hewed logs. The frost killed most of the crop.”

Mother, in telling of their experiences when they moved to Bush Valley told of their enlivened impression of the panorama before them; the beautiful mountain heights with its dense forests, and open glades bordered by the most beautiful contours of various types of trees and shrubs and blanketed with a heavy growth of green grass. The Indians were somewhat treacherous and cunning, made several raids and drove off stock grazing in the open glades. In this way many of the horses belonging to the settlers were driven off and never recovered. Only teams that were closely guarded, or kept on the road, were saved.

The story was told of my brother Clark, who was out hunting, and as he came into a clearing be saw an Indian unhobbling some of the gentle horses that were there grazing. He quickly dropped to one knee and started to raise his gun and shoot to scare the Indian away; at that very moment out of the corner of his eye he caught a glance of something moving behind the brush on the right, quickly he observed it was an Indian who knelt with his gun on him. As Clark lowered his gun the Indian motioned him to lay it down and walk out into the opening. This done the Indian rushed over and helped his partner finish unhobbling the horses, then each mounted a horse then drove the others and disappeared among the trees.

The reason father and mother moved to Bush Valley so soon was never divulged in my presence, however, in my mind I feel they had gotten off their course by mistake when they left the Little Colorado and followed Silver Creek route. This must have been the rightful destination because I found by reading the Jesse N. Smith history, that father had charge of the Bush Valley Ward and that at their September Stake Conference in Snowflake he gave the report of existing conditions. It was during this conference period, or soon after, father was called to move to Woodruff.

## LEAVING BUSH VALLEY

Without hesitancy father readily acquiesced to the request made of him by elder Wilford Woodruff; true to his belief and to the covenants he had made: “to lend every assistance toward the building up of the Kingdom of God upon the earth”, disposed of his newly built home and real property, as best be could and set out for Woodruff, landing there December 4, 1879, again at the beginning of the cold wintry months. Mother, in relating this circumstance said father had just recently completed the building of a lovely home of hewed logs, with which she was very happy and contented; that it was most discomforting to have to leave it.

## THE ADVENT TO WOODRUFF

Imagine the feelings in father and mother's minds as they studied the sadness of the weary hearts standing before them. They who had just witnessed the hard labors of two months wiped away by the angry waters of the Colorado. In comparison, they studied the immensity of the project they had set out to assist in developing, as against the hazards they must overcome.

Another thought: Mother had a family of eight to care for, three boys ages fourteen, nineteen and twenty-two years; three girls ages one, eight and twelve years. What consternation must have met the eye as she peered into the dark and dreary room that was to be their home for the next few years. To see the dirty and bare adobe walls; dirt roof supported by cedar poles which were covered with willows, then topped with a heavy mound of earth; the openings consisted of one vent in size for a door, and one high up for a window, also several port holes through the outside walls, as a protection against a possible attack by the Indians.

The size of the room was approximately 161 x 201 inside; the floor was natures own earth; the foundation was of rock about one foot above ground, upon which the thick adobe walls were laid; the door sill was a large flat rock. The openings left for the door and window, mother later covered with heavy cloth (factory).

To better facilitate living conditions she fashioned a partition with an old carpet and a blanket, or other, thus satisfying a need for privacy. The inside arrangements and furnishings consisted of: two rudely fashioned clothes cupboards hanging against the walls above the beds; one little cupboard resting on some flat rock several inches above the floor; this also served as a dressing table in the corner by the head of mother's bed. Crosswise at the foot of her bed was one for the smaller children; this filled the back room. In the kitchen, or front room, was another bed; a breakfast table; a small cook stove in the opposite corner; some ill-contrived cupboards; and where possible a chair or two, part of a set of beautiful and well designed kitchen chairs, including a most comfortable rocker also.

The covered wagon boxes outside served as bedrooms for the boys, also afforded space for some storage such as a loom, spinning wheel etc.

## SACRIFICES ENDURED

Thus minimizing the many details encumbered in an attempt to maintain a home of decency and respect under conditions adverse to well being, you may know this sacrifice was not of free will, but an answer to the call of duty.

Encumbered, in the absence of the many seeming necessities of life; enduring deprivations innumerable; having to live a life comparable to that of the poor Indian that so often called at their doors for a needed handout was the fate of these poor pioneers.

Due to the fact that father was always alert and active, versed in most of the trades and avenues of support, with the help of his three boys and with the economical virtues of his blessed wife, they made it possible to, almost daily, assist those in dire need.

Because of the excessive rains and the absence of the thousands of stock which in later years destroyed it's beauty, the hills represented a veritable meadow. Rabbits, deer, antelope, and all wild life were quite in abundance. Through this source, and the stock father had brought with him and those he had purchased and accrued, they were seldom in want for meat or milk. But since they were unable to grow crops, they were often found short of vegetables, grain and flour. Albuquerque, two hundred and fifty miles away was their only source of supply, and this could be reached with team and wagon, confronted by rough roads and at times stormy weather. Money with which to purchase the necessities, was hard to get because of the sparsely settled condition and the absence of business. This condition was greatly relieved when in 1881 the advance forces of the railroad entered the territory of Arizona. Commercial service was not established, however, until 1884.

As a measure of economy and because of a lack of money with which to buy suitable clothes to wear in public, father tanned the hides and mother made buckskin suits for he and the older boys. To save the wear and tear of their work clothes while working with the rock etc. on the Dam, mother made aprons of leather and buckskin hides father had tanned. (The art of tanning he learned while working in the tannery at Fillmore).

For the want of space, which was not available inside the building, mother often took her work outside in the front yard. It was there she did her washings, heating the water in a large cast-iron kettle, which they had brought with them from Fillmore, Utah. This was done over an open fire. Through this same process she washed the wool father had purchased from the sheep men, corded it and with the spinning wheel she twisted it into fine threads, or yarn with which she knit and darned our stockings and mittens. Young as I was while we still lived in the Fort I fancy, or can I really remember seeing the clothes, sorted and piled separately each Monday morning, on clean, flat rocks alongside the building, while mother and the girls Elsie and Mary, bent over the wash tub earnestly scrubbing the clothes on the old washboard; rinsing and hanging them on the line just north of the building. Come Tuesday, the clothes had been sprinkled and readied for ironing, the heavy metal irons were on the stove being heated to a temperature that would make a drop of water snap and bounce lively across, its surface, thus they measured the temperature necessary to begin ironing the clothes, which when ironed were folded and tucked carefully away in the makeshift cupboards which had been fashioned for that purpose. This was always mother's program for Monday and Tuesday of each week. The balance of the week was then open to the accomplishment of any desired program.

Hampered by heavy rains which frequented Arizona, mostly during seasonable periods as: summer rains; fall and winter rains and snows; the Spring thaw; very often brought flash floods of devastating proportions. During these heavy downpours the “Old Fort” with its dirt roof and floors, suffered the melting away of earth of which it was built. To this end the occupants within its walls were grievously injured.

## STORY

To further explain happenings that were quite frequent during these stormy periods, a grievous menace to those worthy housewives, I relate the following incident: It was during the slimmer rainy season, having rained each day for several day, thoroughly saturating the earth. The next day, after a hot forenoon it began raining again, this time in real earnest. Mother, sensing the possibility of a disastrous happening (from past experience) began piling her clean clothes, and other, on the beds, covering them with quilts. In haste, as the moments were precious, she began putting pans and every sort of container she had to catch the already falling drips of mud-laden water. Working feverishly she persisted in an effort to empty them as fast as they filled, but alas! She lost the fight, the falling drops were almost stream of mud and water until on the floor it was now a slush almost shoe-top deep. The clothes and all else in the house were saturated.

She had put a doubled quilt around me and stood me in the doorway partially protected by the thick adobe walls over and about me. The girls were in the wagon box where it was yet dry, the men were up at the Dam. Poor mother, drenched through and through, not even a dry cloth with which to wipe her eyes, sat down on an old box and wept. As I stood there in the doorway, nearly dry, I had watched with amazement and pity the doings, and the condition my dear mother was in when I began sobbing and crying. To quiet me mother carried me out through the mud and slush to the wagon where the girls were. The yard was virtually a lake of water, no fire, no dry wood, neither a change of clothes that were dry. This was not all! During the lull between rains as the season wore on, sometimes for weeks, the heavy clay soil was so adherent that when it began to stiffen, in a semi-dry condition, it would cling to one's shoes in great quantities until the weight sometimes seemed as though it would pull the shoes off your feet, checking your speed until you would actually have to stop and clean your shoes or “hunt-the-high-places”, rocks, grass, or other. Thanks to heaven, this condition didn't usually last for long, as the mud soon stiffened to a condition less adherent.

With these and the many other handicaps they had to bear, when relief was so remote, only a strong heart imbued with the Spirit of God, could persist and endure. Thus mother carried on as mistress of her humble home without complaint. I never remember hearing her complain aloud while father lived. She was always obedient, submissive, obsequious; always hopeful for something better, looking to the best interest of her loving husband and family; ready to divide for the happiness of others.

During the early settlement of that portion of Arizona bordering on or near the Little Colorado River, south of Holbrook (the Santa Fe Railroad terminal) all roads leading south passed through Woodruff. In explanation I quote from mothers' writings: “His home was a place for the traveler, friend or foe without money or price.”

In those days the horse, and in some cases, the ox, was still the source of motivation, and because of their slow motion, especially when the wagons they drew were loaded, an average of twenty-five miles per day was all that could be expected of the animals, since time must have been

allotted for feed, water, and sleep. Circumstances must be considered of course; if a horse was being ridden, or if a team were pulling a light rig the time may well be doubled; also the condition of the road was an item of consideration.

Until the coming of the automobile, a place to sleep, eat and rest were the items of much interest in the minds of all travelers. Father being a blacksmith and wheelwright, apt in shoeing and otherwise caring for horses, many times with no price consideration; and because of his kindness and prestige his home was, as mother states above, "a place for the traveler." To this, mother, as well as father subscribed her all. There were times when she set two tables in order to care for her company, "friends as well as foes."

My sister, Adelia O. Hatch, in her writings records the following statements: "When the authorities would come from Salt Lake to visit Wards or Stakes, they would always stop at our place, sometimes they would bring their wives and children. That would mean that we children would have to go to the home of our brothers to sleep so as to make room for the company."

Although at that time people in Woodruff were very poor, at times having little to subsist upon they willingly divided with others. They put up new homes, set out orchards, otherwise improved their homes and developed a beautiful little settlement.

A survey was made setting aside an area for the little town, known as the Jesse N. Smith survey. Father, with his three sons: James Clark the third, Marion Alfred, and Clarence Edward, acquired the entire block just north and east of the "Fort." Here the two older sons and father began their improvements, each building nice frame homes. The acquiring of necessary means and material was slow due to the many disadvantages that confronted them; work on the Dam was almost a daily task, but in 1883 their homes were ready and their families moved into them. The anxiety and happiness brought about through these developments we can only hope to imagine.

Anticipating the owning of a new home at some time, mother had stored away, in a corner of one of the wagon beds, carpets which she herself had evidently wove, at times prior to coming to Arizona. Window curtains, shades and other items that were serviceable and ornamental to the home, were put into place, as with great joy and happiness mother and the girls adorned the new home. It was a humble home where all who entered were made happy, and I feel safe in saying that within its walls a disgruntled spirit had no place. Her little home was kept immaculately clean. On their knees mother and the girls scrubbed the floors that were not carpeted on every Saturday. These things I observed, always with pleasure, as I grew to manhood, for father, on the outside was equally as precise, for in his blacksmith shop he could go to and pick up any tool in the darkest night even though it be only a screw.

As was mentioned previously, mother was schooled in her early life in all the arts incident to pioneer life. Though fundamental training was added upon and improved in many instances as experience taught.

May I quote from my sister Adelia's history of her life. After enumerating the many arts in which mother was efficient, Adelia writes as follows: “She loved these varied activities, which had to do with home making. She had a place for everything. As these skills improved with much use she found new and varied methods, especially in the use of home-made dies etc. Where she learned in addition to the old indigo for blue, and log-wood for a fast black, to use the blossoms from rabbit-bush for yellow, and peach leaves for green.

Her children found great sport in going to the mountain for Madder to create a red dye which was achieved by using sour bran water set with ash lye, and taking copper (which sometimes was known as green vitrol) with which to make all their color fast.

Her candle molds held eight long tapering ones. I remember threading the wicks into the molds before mother poured the melted tallow. Sometimes she would add bees-wax with the tallow to make it last longer. Thus she had light to use when there was a tiny frock that must be finished, or a pair of trousers mended before morning came.

Soap, a dire necessity, was secured by saving every scrap of grease, every greasy bone, or refuse tallow. To obtain soap from the grease, lye was necessary; this mother secured by leaching the ashes from the hearth. (They, of course had to be a certain sort of ash). Cedar was not good for lye, but quaking asp or cottonwood are both good. This being most accessible it was the ash ordinarily used. Mother had three beautiful brass kettles, in these she made her soap, and when properly cooked she poured it into tubs to cool.”

To relate a few other instances attesting her economy: “The rinsings or dregs from the molasses pitcher must be saved and poured into the vinegar jug. Never a crumb of bread was brushed away, they were saved in a glass jar and used in many ways in cooking.” Sheets must be turned at the right time to get every bit of wear the material had to give. Always from somewhere could be found enough rags to color and make into rugs to cover the bare floor.” Her house was always immaculately clean, every crack and corner were kept swept, the baseboards and floors gleamed with cleanliness.” Corn husks and oat straw was commonly used next to the floor to cushion the carpet.

She was always active in religious duties, took an active part in each organization, was always on time and prepared. She was president of the Relief Society, Primary, Religion Class, served many years as teacher in one or another of these activities, not that we should forget the Sunday School where she was most active also. She especially loved Relief Society work and often said it gave any woman a greater opportunity to serve and do good for all. In this she visited the needy, and acted as doctor and nurse. Thus she always maintained a life filled with activities.

Three meals were served daily - breakfast at 6:00 A.M. After moving into the new home it was like entering a new world, for it afforded so much elasticity and freedom. It inspired new life and the application of better living devices, opening new avenues they had to abandon when entering the “Old Fort.” This relaxation and the enjoyment brought about through the building, of a new home, where they had, for the raising, their own meats, fruits and garden truck, was carried on

for a period of some eleven years when, for some unknown reason to me, they moved back to the old home town of Fillmore, Utah.

We remained in Fillmore for a period of four years (from the Fall of 1893 to the Fall of 1897). At this time my brother Clark drove to Fillmore and with father and mother attended the October Conference in Salt Lake City. There it was that Clark was sealed to his parents. Thus completing the sealings of the entire family.

Upon their return to Fillmore everything was made ready, Clark assisting, and we moved back to Woodruff. Here father and mother lived contentedly in our little home, until father's death February 1, 1901.

The fact that father and mother were so devoted to one another, his demise brought untold sorrow that never abated. This fact is attested by the tenure of her writings (copies of which are here attached) as the years passed by during her loneliness. The tenseness of this parting was made more sorrowful due to the fact the influence brought about by we three children; Zina, Adelia, and myself, had continued to make the home, as it had been through the years, one of joy and contentment, as is the way of sweet family life.

Now had come the crucial moment when the finale of this beautiful life of love, had bared a seemingly wicked condition of sorrow and anxiety, loneliness, alone. Such were mother's feelings as she looked upon the fact that although lonely recompense would come only through faith and endurance.

The beginning of the end came about when but a few months previous to father's death, Zina was married and left the home circle. To be expected, yes! However, this final thinning out of familiar faces around the cheerful fireside was very noticeable. Added to this was the fact that Adelia was soon to be married, and I also was to be married.

Thus the end was brought about depicting the individual status of the James Clark Owens Jr and Lucretia Proctor Robison Owens's family life, starring, individually, the life of the wife and mother, Lucretia Proctor Robison.

We all had mother's interests at heart and did all that was possible to pacify and make her happy. On July 4, of the same year, I was married, leaving Adelia, mother's baby girl, alone with her in the now lonely home.

In October of that year Adelia and I went to Salt Lake City where we attended Conference and were married and sealed in the temple. We took mother with us which made her very happy, and as another modification Adelia and her husband continued to live with mother for nearly a year or until their first baby was born. It was at that juncture that her husband, Lorenzo W. Hatch, left home and filled a two year's mission.

Upon his return he took his wife and left for Franklin, Idaho, to make his future home. Now mother was left alone entirely, but she would not consent to live with one of her children. Finally Clarence built her a nice little home in Snowflake, Arizona, on a lot adjoining his home. It was here dear mother lived until she died, May 24, 1929 at the age of eighty-eight years.

To this couple were born twelve children, as follows:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| James Clark Owens III | Born 14 January,<br>Died 17 February, | 1857, Fillmore, Utah<br>1943, Show Low, Arizona |
| Marion Alfred Owens | Born 16 July<br>Died | 1860, Fillmore, Utah<br>1926, Fillmore, Utah |
| Lucretia Adelpha Owens | Born 20 Sept.<br>Died 4 November | 1862, Fillmore, Utah<br>1863, Fillmore, Utah |
| Clarence Edward Owens | Born 12 January<br>Died 5 Sept. | 1865, Fillmore, Utah<br>1935, Snowflake, Arizona |
| Elsie Abigail Owens | Born 1 February<br>Died 25 March | 1867, Fillmore, Utah<br>1908, Snowflake, Arizona |
| Joseph Alonzo Owens | Born 14 January<br>Died 29 November | 1869, Fillmore, Utah<br>1870, Fillmore, Utah |
| Mary Amelia Owens | Born 14 November<br>Died 23 July | 1871, Fillmore, Utah<br>1849,Woodruff, Arizona |
| John Owens | Born 20 April<br>Died 24 April | 1874, Fillmore, Utah<br>1874, Fillmore, Utah |
| Lillis Alvira Owens | Born 3 June<br>Died 31 August | 1876, Fillmore, Utah<br>1876, Fillmore, Utah |
| Zina Owens | Born 27 May<br>Died | 1878, Fillmore, Utah |
| Franklin Horace Owens | Born 17 January<br>Died | 1831, Woodruff, Arizona |
| Adelia Owens | Born 15 June<br>Died | 1883, Woodruff, Arizona<br>Idaho |

Much more could be said of the worthy life she led, if detail were resorted to. In this writing I have said nothing of her health, but this I feel I should not bypass but should make an attempt, in as few words as possible, to instill into the reader's mind the stability with which she carried on and met the hazards they had to encounter. For years there was no doctor available. Home remedies alone, and perhaps the assistance of a kindly neighbor. Notwithstanding these barriers she willingly carried on, to this end she was determined for it was her creed in life to: "Help others rather than be helped." But true to the character of her sex, there were times she weakened, even to being made bedfast.

After we moved from the "Old Fort" into the new house in the town plot, Mother was weary and worn from having endured the utmost for a period of four years. Although I was only a tiny boy I well remember seeing mother in bed, which was something very, very unusual. I couldn't understand; then to add to my worries, each morning I would see Aunt Harriet Gardner, (with her little dog 'Button' following close behind) crossing the street to our house where she would spend long hours (it seemed to me) at mother's bedside. It wasn't that mother got well right away, for her sickness was intermittent, and in my youthful reckoning I would worry lest my mother never would get well; but it was that time in a woman's life when some suffer terribly and it is years before they seem normal again.

Another very severe sickness, or affliction she had to contend with was when she was taken with a severe attack of erysipelas when nearly her entire body was covered with sores from which she suffered untold misery. She doctored herself with sulphur and all else she could think of, to all avail. Finally father, sensing the seriousness of the situation drove to Winslow, where he contacted a Dr. Brown who was hired by the Santa Railroad Company. He prescribed a remedy which mother used religiously. Whether or not it was efficacious I do not know but it was a long time before the malady was checked.

After father's death and she grew old she suffered much from various conditions incident to old age. To appease her worries we visited as often as was possible. Our oldest daughter, Lenore, lived with for a time which gladdened her dear life. She felt she could not live with us because of the children.

We all loved her dearly and did what we could to cheer her weary soul she in eternity understand.

ACTUAL
LAMENTATIONS

SOLILOQUIES and SOMBROUS WRITINGS

Depicting the sorrowful attitude and lonely
life maintained by our darling MOTHER after
father's demise. He whom she loved so dearly
and in whose care she gave her very life.

She knew not how we loved her and held dear
her memory and the happy home of our childhood.
Had she only acquiesced I feel sure we could
have made her lonely life more happy.

IN RESPECT

Thanks to our worthy ex-bishop, Levi M. Savage,
for the beautiful expressions of his pen.
Words from the heart unsolicited.
----****----
Mother's writings were copied and preserved
by our worthy sister, especially Adelia.

THANKS DEAR HEARTS!

F.H.O.

May 8, 1901

“Dear Father is gone
Yes, father is gone we can't recall him
God has taken him away from a world
of sin and sorrow,
In a happier home to stay.

How we miss his loving counsel
And his ever anxious care
Home is sad and drear without him
Oh such grief is hard-to bear.

He was ever kind and loving
And his counsel wise and good
We would have spared him every trouble
Every sorrow if we could.

But the Lord has called him from us
For we had no power to save
And the father loved and loving
Sleeps within the silent grave.

So we'll follow in his footsteps
From his counsel ne'er depart
Then we'll cause no pangs of sorrow
To our angel father's heart.”

(signed) L.P.O.

“Lines my dear mother composed"
... Adelia 0. Hatch
Also copied and preserved by Adelia,

November 5, 1901

“Dear Children:
Your father's work on earth is done
And I am left an earth to mourn
Add since you all have married and left me
I'll try and live alone, 'Till Father sends an angel to guide me to his home.
Oh may I then be worthy with tears all wiped away
To dwell among the righteous 'till the resurrection day

Oh may you all be there and take us by the hand
To part no more, forever in that Holy Land.
Yes father dear will welcome us
If we have faithful been and kept the faith.
Oh Lord, in Thee I put my trust
Thou knowest my sorrows all
Dear Father give me peace and rest
Till I to Thee return.

Children, may we never falter, but true and faithful be
Though trials come, as to the end did they with he.
That we may have his spirit to guide us day by day
Oh Father give us grace to bare,
All trials that come upon us.
That we a crown may wear
In that Heavenly home where sorrows are no more.”

(signed) “L.P.O.”
Lucretia Proctor Owens

(A soliloquy)

November 7, 1901

"ERE WE PART"

Some day when I am lying cold and lifeless
My loved ones will gather round me saying
This heart, now stilled, how sad it was
And true, Oh yes, we loved her too
While on my cold brow, which cannot feel them
Will tears fall more loving than I ever knew.
My faults, so many, will be hid forever
And covered with the certainty that I endeavored
Always to be true and faithful,
And life's burdens bear without a sigh
But knowing, caring naught, I shall not answer.
Too late will come love's full expression.
Yes, now, today is none too soon to show your love
My soul is aching, longing, to be sure of all the love
You bear me in your heart.
Oh do not let me wait until too late
Oh make me know and feel it ere we part
For life is short, we may not know when we may be
Called to yonder mansions up on high
To mingle with our loved ones there.
So let us be forever true and help the erring ones
"Ere We Part"

2380 South 8th East
Salt Lake City, Utah
May 6, 1925

(copy)

Mrs. Lucretia Owens
Snowflake, Arizona

Dear Sister Owens:

For sometime I have felt impressed to write you a few lines to let you know that I appreciate your nobility of character and the valiant courage of your soul as shown forth by your long life of devotion to God and His work, and your true Christian service to your family, friends and neighbors. Your unselfish devotion has won for you a crown of glorious bliss in the mansions of eternity.

I rejoice exceedingly in the thought that you were one of those Morning Stars that sang praises to God, when all his faithful children shouted for joy in the beginning of time.

You kept your first estate, and was added upon by the great price and blessing of a body and a life in this world; and you have also kept your second estate through a long and changeable life which insures to you a crown of bliss and glory for ever and ever.

You drank with courage from the dregs of the bitter sorrow just as you have rejoiced with gratitude in the blessings of a great and loving Father in Heaven.

For the benefit of the departed dead I earnestly request that you get someone to reduce to writing every item of history of both your line and of your noble husband. Do not trust to memory but have name, date and item written. It will surely be needed some day.

May the Father fill with joy and peace your declining years.

Aunt Nora joins in affectionate greetings.

Your brother in the Lord

Signed:

Levi M. Savage

April 16, 1912

Today I am sad and lonely thinking of days gone by
And waiting to go to the temple to labor for those on High
Who have finished their work below
While we are waiting and watching and getting ready to go.

Dear father and mother and husband so true,
Four sweet little babes and dear Elsie too
My brothers and sisters and friends by the score
Have all gone to Heaven to rest evermore.

I'm filled with sorrow and wishing
While left here alone, no voice of loved ones
To comfort and cheer me in pain and distress;
I go to the Lord and beg Him for rest,
He speaks peace to my soul.

Through the long weary night I rise in the morning
Praising God for the light
And pleading for strength to guide me each day
That I may ever walk in the Narrow-Way.

(Signed)
L.P. 0.

“Woodruff, Arizona
February 3, 1913"

“It is thirteen years ago today
My dear companion was laid away
He lived for over three-score years and ten
The allotted age God gave to men
He labored hard and done his best
'Till Father said: “My son come home and rest.”
He left us all to wait in grief
'Till Father comes to OUR relief
He has gone to prepare the way
For us to follow in some future day.”

(signed)
“L.P.O.”

P.S.
“Just where you stand in the conflict that is your place
Just where you think you are useless, hide not your face.
God placed you there for a purpose, what ever it be,
Think He has chosen you, for it, work manfully.”

“February 21, 1915"

“Dear Father in Heaven
None but Thou dost know
The sorrows and heartaches
Of Thy children here below.
When in pain and distress of body and mind
We go unto Thee and relief we can find.
Thou wilt answer our prayers
And speak peace to our souls
If we will our evil ways control.
My heart is sad and restless, my life is full of cares
The burdens laid upon me are hard for me to bear.
I know the Lord is able and will give me power to stand
If I am ever faithful to all of His commands.
Yes, I will try and faithful be, my faults to overcome;
When the Lord will call me home when my work is done.
When sad and lonely I have been, Dear Father knows my grief,
I go to Him in humble prayer and plead for sweet relief.

(Signed) “L.P. Owens”

“October, 1916"

I'm sitting by the fire thinking of days gone by
When my children were playing around.
There was no one to disturb or annoy
When their father came home from his work each night,
Then happy and contented were we.
As the years rolled by soon the children were grown
And they soon married, one-by-one.
Some of my darlings were taken away.
Poor health and sorrow my portion has been.
James worked hard to provide for us all
'Till his health failed him
And soon he was called away too.

My children all married and my companion has gone
So I have been left alone to mourn for fifteen long years.
I still trust in the Lord
To comfort and bless his weak children.
He hears my prayers in sorrow and pain
I rise from my bed praising His holy name.
His angels watch over me by day and by night,
‘Til I wake in the morning to behold the sunlight
With prayer and thanksgiving to my Father above,
For His tender care and his pure love,
When I have finished my work I too will go
To meet my loved ones on High.
Oh may I be ready and worthy to go
When my work is finished here below.

(Signed) “L.P.R.O.”

Lucretia Proctor Robison Owens

"To Sister Lucretia Owens"

"With faith in every promise
That God has ever given
You resolved to earn that great reward,
A glorious home in Heaven.
You chose a brave companion
And pledged your love to him
And started on life's journey
By the side of "Uncle Jim"

Through all the ups and downs
Of this ever changing life,
You gave him cheer and comfort
As a devoted loving wife.
You bravely met the trials
As you walked through thick and thin,
And you always had a smile
For your noble "Uncle Jim."

When weary, worn, and tired
At the closing of the day,
With tears and sobs he said to you
"Another Dam is washed away."
And it seemed the cup of sorrow
Was filled up to the brim.
Like an angel from on High
You cheered up "Uncle Jim."

Then there came a time
When his work on earth was done
His day of toil closed
Like the setting of the sun.
You nobly bore your cross
When called to part with him
And declared you'd follow later
To join with "Uncle Jim."

We shall all go home to our Father's house
To our Father's home in the skies
Where our hopes shall know no blight
And love, no broken ties.
We shall roam on the banks of the river of peace
And bathe in the blissful tide
One of the joys of that world shall be
Our very dear friends that have died."

Signed-- Levi M. Savage

## Bishop James Clark Owens II and Lucretia Proctor Owens

In 1879 James and his wife Lucretia, were sent to Woodruff to help with the building of another dam. Their home was one room at the end of the fort, plus a covered wagon stationed outside the door. He was soon called to be the first Bishop of Woodruff, a position he held for 10 years. With the washing out of the dam almost annually, his family suffered for lack of food along with the others there. He was noted for his earlier work on many of the Temples. He willingly gave of his time and talents in the service of his fellow men and to our Heavenly Father. He is remembered as a very good stonemason and as a pioneer colonizer. Taken from Woodruff, the Butte-iful Garden spot of the West,
by Marjorie Lupher from the sections on Woodruff Bishops.

## James Clark Owens (Bishop of Woodruff Ward)
## Andrew Jensen (Church Historian)
## History of Church Bishops

James Clark Owens, Bishop of the Woodruff Ward (Snowflake Stake, Navajo County, Arizona, was born July 7, 1832 in Jackson County, Mo., the son of James Clark Owens and Abigail Cordelia Burr. With his parents he passed through the trials and drivings of the Saints, first in Missouri and afterwards in Illinois. He was baptized in 1843 in Hancock County., Ill. He attended the conference at Nauvoo, August 8, 1844 and remembered how Brigham Young was transformed in the eyes of the people. With his father's family he located temporarily at Mt. Pisgah, Iowa, at the time of the exodus in 1846. From this point his father started out in search of work, but was caught in a severe storm and badly frozen. He died from the effects of this exposure, leaving his widowed wife and children as follows: Horace Burr Owens, James Clark (the subject of this sketch) Amelia and Julia. The family crossed the plains in Captain Hodge's ox company, in 1853. Brother Owens wintered at Provo, Utah county, and early in 1854 moved to Fillmore where he quarried rock for the State house. In January, 1856, he married Lucretia P. Robison, and the following year cut stone for the Salt Lake Temple; he did the same labor also in 1870-77. He also worked as a stone mason on the St. George Temple in 1876; He was ordained an Elder April 4, 1866, by Samuel Sprague; ordained a High Priest March 9, 1869, by Erastus Snow and served as a High Councilor; served as sheriff a number of years in Southern Utah and was captain in the militia during the Walker and Blackhawk wars. In November, 1878, he moved to Arizona and the following year was ordained as a Bishop and set apart to preside over the Woodruff Ward by Wilford Woodruff. Together with other settlers who suffered the loss of their dams and crops for a number of years, he had to find employment on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad to earn bread for his family. After serving as Bishop at Woodruff about twelve years he removed to Fillmore, Utah, where he remained four years and then returned to Woodruff, Arizona, where he died of heart failure February 1, 1901. Bishop Owens was the father of twelve children and was survived by his wife, Lucretia P. Robison Owens, daughter of Joseph Robison and Lucretia Hancock. The children are the following: James Clark (now

Bishop of Show Low, Arizona), Marion Alfred, Clarence Edward, Zina, Franklin Horace, and Adelia. (Also Mary Amelia)

# Autobiography
# LUCRETIA PROCTOR ROBISON OWENS
## by Lucretia P. R. Owens
## Snowflake Navajo Co., Az.
## March 24, 1920

(Typed by Eva F. Winmill Sept 1955 from the original writings held by Eva O. Decker)

I was born in Oswego Co, New York 18 May 1841. My ancestors fought in the Revolutionary War. Benjamin Hancock's ancestors trace back to John Hancock who signed the Declaration of Independence. The Robison's also fought in the Revolutionary War. My father (Joseph Robison) was a Methodist class leader; Mother (Lucretia Hancock) was not satisfied with any church. In February 1841 two Mormon Elders came to their home. When they heard the Elders preach they were ready to join the Church of Jesus Christ. They were both baptized in the river after cutting the ice. In April 1844 Father and Mother with six children started for Nauvoo.

When they arrived at Crete, Will County, Ill. it was very muddy and rainy. Father stopped the teams and rented a house. Soon two Mormon Elders came and stopped with us. They told Father it was counsel for the emigrating Saints to remain where they were until trouble was settled, as the Prophet and Patriarch were killed by a mob. I was three years old. One of the Elder's name was Gool; I forget the other's name. I would sit on their knees and hear them tell of the mobbings and sing songs of the persecutions of the Saints. I would shed tears.

Father remained there and made a home. When old enough I went to school and to Sabbath School and meetings --Presbyterian and Methodist --- there being only one other family of Mormons in the country. We were never mistreated on account of being Mormons. Our parents taught us to do right and set good examples. They were true Latter Day Saints, lived and died as such. Father was a High Priest. April 12, 1854 Father and Mother with fourteen in the family started for Utah. They had one horse team and three ox teams, four wagons four yoke of cattle on a wagon. Perrigren Sessions was Captain with fourteen wagons in the company. We had no sickness, neither loss of cattle or horses, nor Indian trouble. The company would lay by Saturday and Sunday when we found feed and water. We would wash and bake, and generally held meetings on Sunday. A guard was kept out day and night with the teams. We arrived in Salt Lake Valley August 5, 1854. Father, Mother, and brothers went to see President Young and paid their tithing. President Young told Father to go to Fillmore and settle --- 150 miles south. Father obeyed.

I was baptized in May 1855 by William R. Stowel in Fillmore, Millard Co., Utah. In January 1856 I was married to James Clark Owens by President Brigham Young. In the spring of 1857 James was called to go to Salt Lake and cut stone for the Temple. We started on 30 of March and arrived the 1 April in Salt Lake.

We were re-baptized, received our endowments, and went to Conference. Then we went to the mouth of Big Cottonwood with others; we lived in a tent until some slab houses were put up. James went to cutting stone. All the stone cutters had to get their supplies from the tithing office in Salt Lake --- twelve miles from camp. We fared slim as there was not enough in the Tithing office for the clerks and workmen. James was released to go home in October 1957.

I joined the Relief Society when it was first organized in Fillmore in 1876. I was treasurer. I have been a member ever since. We went to the dedication of the St. George Temple and received blessings there in. With permission and recommendation from President Taylor we started for Arizona in 1878. We arrived in Show Low on Christmas Day. We lived in a tent and our wagons all winter. In the spring we went to Bush Valley--now called Alpine--and stayed there all summer. At a conference in Snowflake, Apostle Erastus Snow and President Wilford Woodruff called James C. Owens to go to Woodruff Ward. We arrived at Woodruff the first of December 1879. The Relief Society was organized at Woodruff in 1881 by President Jesse N. Smith and President Lorenzo H. Hatch and stake President Emma W. Smith with Catherine Hatch as president with Lucretia Proctor Robison Owens as first counselor. I was set apart by Lorenzo H. Hatch and I was called to preside in 1882.

I was first counselor to Mary Gardner in the Primary and I have been president of the Primary and received a diploma from President Woodruff. I was a teacher for years in the Relief Society both in Utah and Arizona.

My occupation has been to care for my home and family of twelve children, and laboring in the wards when called. I have also been a Sunday School teacher for years. When I was a child I would take my Bible and go off alone and read it. I learned to read and spell very young. I never was a novel reader, but loved to read the words of the Lord and His followers. When a child I always went to the Lord with my little troubles and I have continued that practice through life. I have had many testimonies of the truthfulness of the Gospel. I have been healed many times through the prayer of faith and anointing and the blessing of the Lord and also my children. I have never doubted the prophet of God and all his successors until the present time. I heard Heber J. Grant's patriarchal blessing read when he was about four months old. It said that he would become an apostle. I have seen it fulfilled and more. He has become the President of the Church of Christ--chosen of the Lord. I desire to live to help in Temple work. I have done some work. If the Lord will spare me with health I wish to do more. My only desire is to do good. I will be seventy-nine years old next May.

Lucretia P. R. Owens

# James Clark Owens II
## Taken from Grandmother Owens Journal

James Clark Owens was the son of James Clark Owens and Abigail Cordelia Burr Owens. He was born in Independence, Jackson Co., Mo., July 7, 1832. He was baptized 1843 by Abram Hansaker in Hancock Co., Ill. He knew the prophet and loved him. Saw him play ball and wrestle with the boys. He went to the jail with his mother to see Joseph Smith and brethren. She talked to him through the bars of the prison. He was also present at the conference after the Prophets death held in Nauvoo, August 8, 1844, when Sidney Rigdon claimed to be the new leader of the Church, when Brigham Young arose to speak the mantle of Joseph fell upon him. He appeared like the Prophet in voice and gestures and spirit. He spoke with great power to the people.

James, though a boy, said he knew Brigham was the chosen one to lead the Church.

In those days of mobbing he saw hard times and knew what it was to go hungry. His father escaped several times from the mob. On one occasion when the mob was driving the saints, they said to his father "Owens, we don't want you to go. We want you to work for us" as he was a mason by trade. Father passed through all the trials in connection with the saints. He has worked for 25 cents a day as wages were low and the Mormons had to take what they could get. When he was 14 years old, his father started from Mt. Pisgah to Mo. to get work in a snow storm. He was out three days and when found by some ranchers was badly frozen. They took him to their camp. He told them his name and where his family lived, then he died, leaving Father to take care of his Mother and sister Julia.

He worked hard and for low wages for their support and saved a little. He started for Utah in the spring of 1852 in Captain Hodges company with an ox team. There was his Mother and sister Julia and her two children to care for. Julia's husband John Lowder had died.

When he arrived in Utah they went to Provo and finding provisions scarce and very little work, and the Indians on the war path, the family went thru a hard winter. He was also Minuteman there in Indian troubles. He was on guard with a company William Maxwell, Captain, when the Indians came upon them on Willow Creek, they got in the cane by the creek. The arrows flew thick and fast cutting off cane all around them, but none of them were shot, except Brother Turney Tindel. He was out in the open away from the others. The Indians killed him and took his clothes then fled. Father was the first one to find him. He took off his under clothes and put them on the dead man, then took him to his family.

In the Spring of 1853, provisions were very scarce in Provo. Father, his mother and sister with 2 children, and his brother Horace, moved their families to Fillmore. They went to quarrying rock for the State House there as they were masons by trade. Father was one of the best stonemason's in Fillmore City. His work can be seen all through the county. He was a Minute man in the Black Hawk and Walker Wars, always ready when called upon by those over him. He held the

office of Sheriff for years. He was also Captain of the Militia and held many other offices of honor and trust besides many church offices and duties which he performed faithfully. He was ordained an Elder April 4, 1866 by Samuel L. Sprague. He was set apart as one of the High Council of Fillmore March 9, 1869 by George A. Smith, Erastus Snow, Joseph T. Smith and Bishop T. C. Callister. Erastus Snow being mouth. He was called to the school of the Prophets. He helped build the first school house also the tannery and court house in Fillmore.

January 16, 1856 he was married to Lucretia P. Robison by President Brigham Young. In February 1857 he was called to Salt Lake to cut stone for the Temple. We started March 30, the distance of 150 miles, with ox team in company with others. Arrived in Salt Lake City the first of April 1857, rented a room, was rebaptized and received our endowments, attended conference, then reported he was ready for work.

He and others were sent out 12 miles to the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon to cut stone. All lived in tents till we had a slab house put up by William Calhoun and Henry Nesbeit. They also built a tithing house and shed to cut stone under. Jacob Hutchins kept tithing office. Bishop Holliday from Cottonwood Ward brought in tithing and garden stuff and butter. We fared hard, as they had not enough in the office for all the hands and clerks to eat.

The rock was hauled down the canyon with ox teams, then cut, then hauled to Salt Lake 12 miles.

The 24th of July was celebrated in the Canyon about 18 miles above. President Young and Company were there - a dance floor, long tables had been constructed. Flags were hoisted on the peaks of the mountains. At the height of the festivities, word was brought that Johnson's Army was at Green River. This ended the celebration - part of the men were sent down the canyon as guards. Father and the other stone cutters were called to go as guards with 30 days provisions and ammunition. They went to Salt Lake, but it was decided they had enough men there and so the stone cutters were sent back to work with instructions to be ready if needed. He was called twice after this, but each time they released him and told him to be ready at a moments, notice. There were 12 men cutting stone. In October 1857 they were released to go home. He was called to work on the St. George and Manti Temples. He worked in the United Order in Fillmore. He worked on the Manti Temple and built the arches and winding stairs. In the summer of 1877 he cut stone again for the Salt Lake Temple.

He was at the dedication of St. George Temple and received a blessing. By consent of President Taylor, he moved his family to Arizona in 1878. Arrived at Show Low on Christmas Day, 7 weeks by team. Moses Cluff, his father, and their families were all that lived there then. We lived in wagon and tents all winter and in the spring put up a log house, lived in it a short time, then went to Bush Valley, put in a crop and built a log house. The frost killed all our crop. The Indians drove off all the horses in the valley, but two. Some of the men were away with their teams. They never got the horses from the Indians.

In September 1879 President Woodruff called him to go to Woodruff to put in a dam there, arrived there on the 4th of Dec. 1879. Lorenzo Hatch was presiding there - only 5 or 6 families lived there in a two sided fort with dirt roof and floor. They worked on the dam all winter. In the spring it was washed out by high water. In 1880 Apostle Erastus Snow set him apart as Bishop of Woodruff. Clark was called to go on a mission, but President Woodruff released him and set him apart to act as first counselor to his father.

He labored hard to establish a home for the saints in this barren land. They worked winter and summer on the dam only when they had to go to work to procure food for their families. Everything was hauled from Albuquerque 250 miles by wagon over bad roads.

His home was a place for the traveler friend or foe, without money or price. The dam went out 7 times before it was completed. It was 4 years before the water was out to raise a spear of anything.

In 1893 he and family moved to Utah living there 4 years. He worked at blacksmithing. He did work on the Temple October 1897, and in November he returned to Woodruff again. He worked on the railroad in 1881 between Albuquerque and Holbrook. He always desired do his duty. He was a kind husband and father. He died with full faith in the Gospel on February 1, 1901 of heart failure at his home in Woodruff. He was loved and respected by all who knew him. He was the father of 12 children --6 boys and 6 girls..

This was taken from Grandmother Owens (Lucretia Proctor Robison Owens) Journal.

Taken from the writings of Franklin Horace Owens, -- due to the fact that -- Father was always alert and active, versed in most of the trades and avenues of support, with the help of his three boys and with the economical virtues of his blessed wife, they made it possible to, almost daily assist those in dire need. I quote from Mother's writings “his home was a place for the traveler, friend, or foe with out money or price.” James Clark Owens served in both the Blackhawk and Walker wars involving the Indians, as scout and then as Captain of the Militia.

# JAMES CLARK OWENS II

A short sketch by his wife
Lucretia P. Robison Owens
Snowflake, Navajo Co., Ariz.
March 29, 1920 (Copied from original
writings held by Eva 0. Decker,
Sept 1955, Typed by Eva F. Winmill)

James Clark Owens II was the son of James Clark Owens the first and Abigail Cordelia Burr. He was born July 7, 1832 in Independence., Kaw township, Jackson County Missouri. His father was born the seventh of July 1797, and died in February of 1847. He came from Canada to N. Y. when a boy. He never knew any more of his people.

His mother, Abigail C. Burr, was the daughter of Horace Burr and Concurrence Hungerford of Bloomington, Ohio. The fifth generation from Benjamin Burr the founder of the Hartford Branch.

James was baptized in 1843 by Abram Hansaker in Hancock Co., Illinois. He knew the Prophet Joseph Smith and loved him. He saw him play ball and wrestle with the boys. He also went to the jail with his mother to see Joseph and his brethren. She talked to them thru the bars of the prison. He was present at the conference held in Nauvoo, August 8, 1844 when Sidney Rigdon claimed to be the leader of the Church and when Brigham Young arose to speak the mantel of Joseph fell upon him. He appeared like the Prophet in gesture and spirit. He spoke with great power to the people. James, though a boy, said he knew Brother Brigham was the chosen one to lead the church. He always defended the servants of God.

In those days of mobbing he saw hard times and knew what it was to go hungry. His father escaped several times from the mob. On one occasion when the mob was driving the saints they said to his father, “Owens, we don't want you to go. We want you to work for us.” He was a mason by trade.

When James was 14 years old his father started from Mt. Pisgah to Mo. in the winter of 1846. He lost his way in a heavy snowstorm; also lost his horse and froze. When found by some ranchers he told them his name and where his family was and died. James worked hard and for low wages to support his mother and sister with two children, who was a widow. He saved a little and got an outfit so in the spring of 1852 they started for Utah in Captain Hodges Co. Several of the company died of cholera. James and Frank Hodge were generally called upon to prepare the dead for burial--see to digging the graves.

When he arrived in Utah he went to Provo and wintered. Provisions were scarce and very little work, and the Indians were not friendly. He was one of the minutemen called on when they had trouble with the Indians. He was on guard with William Maxwell's company when the Indians

came upon them. None of them were shot, but Feeney Windell (or Tindell) was out in the open. The Indians killed him and took his clothes; then they fled. James was the first one to find Brother Windell. James took off his underclothes and put them on the dead man. Then they took him home to his family.

In the Spring of 1853 James went to Fillmore. He went to quarry rock for the state house there. He was called as a teacher in the ward. James was one of the leading men to build up Fillmore City. (He was a mason and stone cutter by trade.) His work can be seen on all sides of town.

He served in the Walker and Black Hawk war as a minuteman; always ready when called upon by those over him. He was Captain of Police. He held the office of Sheriff for years. He was also Captain of the Militia; also sexton. He helped build the first school house, Tannery, court house, and state house.

On January 14, 1856 he was married to Lucretia P. Robison. They were married by President Brigham Young in Fillmore, Utah. In February of 1857 he was called to Salt Lake to cut stone for the temple. We started March 3, a distance of 150 miles with ox team in company with others. We arrived in Salt Lake the first part of April; rented a room and were re-baptized. We went to conference and received our endowments. He then reported for work.

He and others were sent out 12 miles to Big Cottonwood Canyon to cut stone. We all lived in tents till we had slab houses put up by William Calhoun and Henry Nesbit. They also built a tithing office kept by Jacob Hutchins. When the garden stuff grew Bishop Holliday brought in tithing so we fared better. In October of 1859 he was released to go home. He was also called to work on the St. George and Manti temples. He joined the United Order and worked at blacksmithing.

In 1870 he was called again to cut stone for Salt Lake Temple. Also in 1877 he cut stone for the temple till President Young died. He did some of the nicest work there in those arches over the doors and windows. He also attended the dedication of the St. George temple and received blessings therein.

By consent of President Taylor and a recommend from him, James moved his family to Arizona 1878. We camped at Show Low till spring, then went to Bush Valley (now called Alpine). In September of 1879 he and his son, J. C. Owens III, came to conference at Snowflake. President Woodruff called James to go to Woodruff on the Little Colorado River. Apostle Erastus Snow set him apart as Bishop of Woodruff , Ward. They arrived in Woodruff December 3, 1879. James and his sons and others worked on the dam for 4 years before the water came out so they could raise crops. High water would take out the dam. Seven times it went out before it was completed. Men could only work summer and winter and then had to go and earn money to support themselves.

In October Of 1897 we went to Salt Lake Temple and did some work. In November he and his family returned to his home in Arizona. When the railroad was being made he and his sons labored on it.

He always desired to do his duty. He was a kind husband and father. He died in full faith in the gospel. He died of heart failure, February 1, 1901 at his home in Woodruff. Loved and respected by all who knew him. He was the father of twelve children.

Lucretia P. Robison Owens, Scribe

James Clark Owens ordained a High Priest by Erastus Snow March 9, 1869 in Fillmore, Millard Co., Utah. Erastus Snow ordained an Apostle 12 February 1849 by Brigham Young, who was ordained an Apostle under the hands of Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris, who were blessed by the laying on of hands of the Presidency --- Joseph Smith, Sidney Rigdon, and Frederick G. Williams to choose the twelve apostles. Joseph Smith was ordained an apostle in June 1827 by Peter, James, and John.

James C. Owens was bishop of Woodruff Ward, Snowflake Stake, September 1879 to 1889. He was also a high councilor in Millard Stake March 1869. He attended the School of Prophets in Millard Stake in March 1869.

Teacher: Fillmore, Millard Co., Utah 1853

Elder: Salt Lake City, 4 April, 1857 by Samuel L. Sprague

Seventy: Fillmore, Millard County, Utah about 1858

High Priest: Fillmore, Millard County, Utah 9 March 1869 by Erastus Snow

Called to School of the Prophets 9 March 1869 by Thomas Calister

# LUCRETIA PROCTOR ROBISON OWENS

By Her Granddaughter
Lenora Owens Skillman

My earliest memory of Grandmother Owens was when I was four or five years old and we lived in Woodruff, Arizona. We lived on the southwest corner of the block and Grandmother lived on the southeast corner of the block. We loved to go to her house and would cut thru the lot, past the orchard, the garden, and other things that had great interest for my brother Vivian and me. For instance there was the big old high wagon that was permanently parked under the big pear tree. This was our favorite play spot. We would mount the high seat and imagine it was a big cavalry wagon with fine teams hitched to it and we were hauling supplies to the soldiers somewhere. We spent hours there. T hen there was the cellar, which had a pitched dirt-Covered roof, where various things from the garden, such as squash, cabbage, etc. and apples from the orchard were stored for the winter. It seems like Grandmother could find an apple for us there almost any season of the year. Then there was Grandfather's blacksmith shop with the big bellows, the old anvil, etc. which were so interesting and it was so much fun to pull the handles of the big bellows together, and feel the breeze that resulted.

Finally we would reach the back porch of the always neat and inviting home and inside the kitchen door Grandmother always made us very welcome.

Grandmother was a quiet, slender, very neat, dignified and sweet little woman. As I think back I spent quite a lot of time with her and she tried to teach me many things I should know by repeating often sayings such as “Beauty is only skin deep”, or “Beauty is as beauty does,” or “Birds of a feather flock together,” and many other similar phrases. At the time I thought little about these phrases, but all thru my life they have come to me when I needed advice and have been a help to me.

Grandmother Owens was born the 18th day of May 1841 in Schroople, Oswego Co., New York. She was the daughter of Joseph Robison, Jr. and Lucretia Hancock. Grandmother was christened Lucretia Proctor Robison, the Proctor being her grandmother maiden name. She was the eighth child in a family of thirteen. The children were: Alfred, Benjamin Hancock, Joseph Vickery, Alvin Locke, Emily, William Henry, Mary, Lucretia Proctor, Proctor Hancock, Almon, Albert, Adelia, and Franklin Alonzo.

Grandmother's parents became members of the “Mormon” Church in February 1841, 3 months before Lucretia, my grandmother, was born. They started to go to Nauvoo to join the Saints, but before they arrived there, they met two elders who advised them to wait until things had quieted down. Great Grandfather and his family was then at Crete, Will County, Illinois, 30 miles from Chicago, and here they bought 160 acres of prairie land and 20 acres of heavily timbered woodland. They built a house on the farm and during the 10 years they lived at this place, they prospered and accumulated livestock -- horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, etc., for which they found a ready market in Chicago.

Great grandmother, especially, still was anxious to gather with the saints in Zion, so with a feeling of reluctance on the part of most of the family, after 10 years they disposed of their property in Crete and started to Utah. One of Grandmother's brothers, Alfred, refused to go with the
family to Utah, so it was with sadness in their hearts they left him alone in Illinois.

> Grandmother Owens wrote about this trip as follows: "Left Crete April 12, 1854. Started for Utah across the plains with fourteen in family. With three ox teams, one horse team, Perigren Sessions was captain. Fourteen wagons in company. We had no sickness or loss of cattle or teams, or Indian trouble. The company laid over Sundays and generally held meetings. We arrived in Salt Lake City October 5, 1854, all well. We camped southeast of City. Father, Mother and brothers went into the City and paid tithing. President Young told father to go settle in Fillmore, one hundred and fifty miles south. Father moved into Fillmore. The people were living in a fort as the Indians were on the war-path. Father bought a home, also bought wheat, built a granary." I was baptized by William R. Stewell in Fillmore City, May 1855."

Soon after the Robison's settled in Fillmore they contracted with James Clark Owens to build a rock house for them. Lucretia Proctor Robison and James Clark Owens met at this time, and they were married the 16th of January 1856 by President Brigham Young. Grandmother was at that time just under 15 years old and Grandfather was past 23 years old.

When Grandfather Owens was fourteen years old his father was frozen to death during a blizzard. At that time the family was at Mt. Pisgah, and from then on Grandfather had the responsibility of caring for his widowed Mother. Just prior to crossing the plains, his sister Julia's husband died and left her with two young sons, and he helped with the support of this family also.

Grandmother's first child, James Clark III, was born the 14th of January 1857 and during the latter part of February, Grandfather received a call from President Brigham Young to report in Salt Lake City, prepared to go to the mountain and cut stone for the Temple. Grandfather and Grandmother arrived in Salt Lake City in time for the April Conference and at that time received their endowments.

Following Conference they were sent out twelve miles to the mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon where the beautiful granite used in the construction of the Temple is located. They made a camp and lived there while Grandfather cut stone that summer. At first they lived in tents, but later some slab houses and some sheds were put up, which added some to their comfort.

Times were very hard. The only remuneration received was daily sustenance received from the tithing paid in by the saints from the Cottonwood Ward and delivered to them by Bishop Holliday. Sometimes there was hardly enough for the laborers to eat. However, they felt they were there to do their bit in furthering God's work and were willing to make any sacrifice necessary.

Cutting stone was very hard on clothing and Grandmother saw to it that Grandfather's clothes were always kept clean and mended. There was patch upon patch, if necessary. I remember as I grew up Grandmother always said "patches are honorable, if the clothing patched is clean." A worn garment was never destroyed. When it was past wearing it was used for patches, for cleaning cloths, or for rug rags. Grandfather wore leather or buckskin aprons to save his clothing from unnecessary wear. He also wore leather gauntlets on his forearms, and instead of gloves, leather pads were used which fit over the palm of his hand and were held in place by narrow strips cut to fit over the third finger and thumb.

Grandfather and Grandmother were at this camp when the alarm that Johnson's Army was approaching. The men were alerted, but later released to go back to work, and they continued to work at the quarry until winter snows set in and the stonecutters were released to return home -- almost eight months after they started this work.

Grandfather was called other times to cut stones for the various Temples. My Father says: "Father put in much time cutting stone for the various Temples. The sum of which adds up to years. During this time Mother, remained at home with her growing family doing her part and cheerfully accepting the decree."

Grandmother bore ten children during a period of 21 years while they lived in Fillmore, and two more children after they moved to Arizona. During fourteen years while they were in Fillmore, she lost four small children.

Great Grandmother, Cordelia Burr Owens, lived with them almost eleven years. My Father says: "Grandmother loved my Mother because of her kind and submissive disposition, her neatness and aptitude in the home, as well as religious duties. The two worked together -- washing, carding and spinning wool into threads," and further that "During resting periods and in the evenings, they would sit for hours knitting stockings, mittens, jackets, and even head gear, ear muffs, etc. for the cold winter weather." My Father also says his Mother " was never idle, neither did she ever attempt to dictate to her husband, but was always cooperative. Of them I can truthfully say, I never remember hearing a cross word spoken between them, one to the other."

Grandmother in her writings says "Father joined the United Order in Fillmore sometime during the year 1870, and later he was called back again to cut stone for the Salt Lake Temple. He was cutting the stone for the arches and for the winding stairs. He lived with President Young's family."

Grandmother Owens also wrote that they (Grandfather and herself) were at the dedication of the St. George Temple on April 6, 1877, and that they did some work in the Temple. They had all of their children with them except their oldest son, and at that time they had these children sealed to them.

It was just twenty years prior to this time that Grandfather and grandmother attended the April Conference in Salt Lake City, and there in the Endowment House, received an early blessing and

were assigned the duty of opening up a rock quarry at the mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon in April of 1857. Grandmother in her writings incident to the dedication of the St. George Temple and the work they did in the Temple at that time says, that she and Grandfather "went through the Temple for their second endowments, and as for the children, all ordinances necessary, including sealings, baptisms, etc. were attended to."

Grandmother writes further "That summer, 1877, he (Grandfather) was called to Salt Lake City again to work on the Temple." It was during this period that Grandfather was given the assignment to move to Arizona to assist in developing that state.

This call was almost stunning to Grandmother. It was very hard to leave their little home in Fillmore, their friends, family, and familiar surroundings and go to an undeveloped country. However, the call was from the Church authorities and without hesitation she agreed to accept the call with her husband. My father writes of this period: "Their two oldest sons were fast approaching manhood, Clark in his 20th year and Marion in his 18th year, and they had become a great help in the support of the family. They did their part toward the accumulation and care of livestock and other properties, thus aiding in many ways in building up and maintaining a happy home. Since for a long period now Father had been almost steadily employed cutting stone for the Temples, Mother and the boys under her direction, "Kept the home fires burning."

Several families of saints were scheduled to move to Arizona in late October or early November 1878. It was with this company Grandfather and Grandmother were directed to travel. The hardships of this trip from Utah into Arizona are familiar to all who had parents and grandparents who were pioneers into this area. We know of the very poor roads, of the hazardous crossing of the Colorado River, of the long stretches between water, with little grass for the animals, etc. therefore, I will not dwell upon this story.

After SEVEN long weeks of wearisome travel, Grandfather and Grandmother arrived on Christmas Day 1878 at what is now Show Low, Arizona. It was a great relief to reach their destination. Grandmother had a five months old baby when they arrived in Show Low and in her writings she merely states: "We pitched our tent and spent the winter in it and the wagon beds." She says further "They (meaning Grandfather and his sons) put up a log house. We only lived in it a short time, them moved to Bush Valley, now Alpine. James planted a crop, built a house of hewed logs. The frost killed most of the crop." Grandmother in telling of their experiences when they moved to Bush Valley mentioned the beautiful mountains, the various trees, the valleys covered with beautiful tall green grass, etc. The Indians were treacherous and cunning and made several raids and drove off stock grazing in the open meadows. In this way many of the horses belonging to the settlers were driven off and never recovered. Only teams that were closely guarded or kept on the road were saved. My father says what Grandfather never told him, or at least he does not remember, just why they moved from Show Low to Bush Valley, but he believes they may have gone there by mistake, then moved to Bush Valley when they learned the authorities wanted them to settle there. In the history written by Jesse N. Smith he says that "James Clark Owens had charge of the Bush Valley Ward and that at their September Stake Conference, or soon after, that Grandfather was called to move to Woodruff to build a dam in the

river." There had already been attempts made to dam the river, but the floods would come and wash the dams out.

Grandmother in telling about this call to go to Woodruff, said that Grandfather had just completed a nice little house of hewed logs and that she was very happy and contented in it and that it was very hard to give it up and go to a place where they would have to start all over again. However, they had never refused a call by the church authorities, and when President Wilford Woodruff called them to go to Woodruff, they did not hesitate, but disposed of their new home as best they could and again moved. They arrived in Woodruff December 4, 1879 again in the cold wintry months.

Grandmother was always an immaculate housekeeper and I can imagine how she must have felt when she first looked into the dingy one room in the old adobe fort where they were supposed to live. In describing it, she says the walls were unplastered adobe, the floor was dirt, poles of cedar were laid across from wall to wall and then willows from the river were laid across them, then on top of the willows was a mound of earth, and this made the roof and ceiling of this room. There was an opening for a door, another small and rather high up for a window, and several port holes in the outside walls. There was no glass in the window and no door to open or shut. In short it was the most primitive shelter, and I know it was with a heavy heart Grandmother set about making it into a home for her family of eight -- six children, 3 boys ages 14, 19, and 22, and 3 girls, ages 1, 8, and 12 years. They used the wagon boxes as bedrooms for the boys and for storing certain things like the loom, the spinning wheel, and certain things that would be saved until they could have a home again. In the one room they fashioned a partition by hanging quilts on a rope stretched across the room. In this way they had a bed room, and a kitchen-living room. My father describes the furnishings of these rooms as follows:

> "---two rudely fashioned clothes cupboards hanging against the walls above the beds. One little cupboard resting on some flat rocks several inches above the floor, which also served as a dressing table, in the corner by Mother's bed. Crosswise at the foot of her bed was a bed for the smaller children. This filled the back room. In the kitchen, or front room, was another bed, a table, a small cook stove, some ill-contrived cupboards, and a chair or two, part of a set of beautiful and well designed kitchen chairs, including a most comfortable rocker."

These chairs Grandfather made. The seats were of leather thongs woven back and forth, and they were neat, solid and comfortable. I remember them well as Grandmother used them as long as she lived.

I have heard Grandmother, also my Father, tell about conditions in this old fort during the rainy season. It didn't take much rain to soak the sod roof and when it was soaked it began to drip mud, mud, mud, and what disheartening, dreary days they had when it rained.

Dad was born in this old fort and young as he was when they finally moved into a home of their own, he still remembers one particular rainy period. Of this he writes:

> "It was during the summer rainy season, having rained each day for several days, thoroughly saturating the earth. Then after a hot forenoon, it began to rain again. This time in real earnest. Mother from experience knew what might happen and began piling her clean clothes and other things on the beds, then covered them with quilts. Then she put out every container she had to catch the already falling muddy water. The drops became almost steady streams of mud and water until the floor was a slush almost shoe-top deep. Everything in the house was soaked. To keep me as dry as possible, Mother put a doubled quilt around me and stood me in the doorway, which partially protected me, as the adobe walls were thick and made a shelter over me. The girls were in the wagon box where it was dry, and the men were at the dam. Poor Mother, drenched through and through, not even a dry cloth to wipe her eyes, sat down on an old box and wept. When I saw Mother crying I began sobbing and crying too. To quiet me, mother carried me out thru the mud and slush to the wagon where the girls were. The yard was virtually a lake of water. We had no fire, and there was no dry wood, and no dry clothes to change into. This was not all. During the lull between rains, which came often during the rainy season, the heavy clay soil would partially dry, then it would cling to one's shoes in great quantities until the weight would almost pull your shoes off your feet and it would be necessary to stop and scrape mud off your shoes before you could go on."

Finally Grandfather was able to build a nice four roomed house with porch enclosed on three sides for his family, and what a happy day for Grandmother when they moved into this house. She was able to take the carpets, window curtains, etc. which had been stored so long in the wagons, and begin to make the new house into a home, and it was a very neat, comfortable and happy home that she made for her family.

Grandmother was very thrifty and saved every small thing. Nothing was ever wasted. Every bit of fat was rendered and the grease saved to make soap. To make soap it was necessary to have lye and she made lye by leeching the ashes from the hearth. It took certain kinds of wood to make this ash and both cottonwood and the aspen tree left an ash from which the lye could be made. Dad says "Mother had three beautiful brass kettles, in these she made her soap, and when properly cooked, she poured it into tubs to cool."

> Another thing Grandmother made was dye. Aunt Adelia writes as follows: "She loved these varied activities, which had to do with home making. She had a place for everything. As these skills improved with much use, she found new and varied methods, especially in the use of homemade dyes, etc. Where she learned in addition to the old indigo for blue, and log-wood for a fast black, to use the blossoms from rabbitbush for yellow, and peach leaven for green. Her children found great sport in going to the mountain for Madder to create a red dye which was achieved by using sour bran water set with ash lye, and taking copper, sometimes known as green vitrol, with which to make all their color fast."

I remember the old candle molds and Dad remembers how as a child he helped Grandmother string the wicks into these molds and pour the tallow and beeswax into them to make the candles.

As a child I remember watching Grandmother cord wool, but this wool was used to make mattresses. Periodically the mattresses were taken apart, the wool washed, then corded and retied inside the mattress cover. I remember well the bed I slept on whenever we would visit Grandmother. It was a beautiful mahogany bed with beautifully turned spindles in the head and foot boards, then instead of springs, it had rawhide thongs strung across it. On top of this grandmother always had a straw or husk tick, and on top of the tick a feather bed that fairly swallowed me when I got into it. How I loved that feather bed. I remember too, how Grandmother twice a year spread a canvas on the grass, then dumped the feather beds on this large canvas. The feathers were then covered with mosquito netting, and several times a day Grandmother would go out and stir the feathers so they would be well sunned and aired. While the feathers were being aired the cover was washed, then the feathers put back. While the feather beds were being aired, the straw ticks also came out and they were filled with new straw. I remember how clean everything was when the house cleaning was finished.

Another part of Grandmother's house cleaning was taking up the rag carpets. If they needed washing, the strips were unsewed and washed, then resewed and while the carpet dried, the straw which was under the carpet for a padding was all swept up and disposed of, the floor scrubbed, and new clean straw put on the floor. Then the clean carpet was stretched over this straw matting and attached at the wall.

The floor on Grandmother's kitchen were fairly wide boards and these board were scrubbed with lye and hot water until they were white and beautiful.

The day began at 4:00 A.M. for Grandmother all of her life. After there was no need for her to get up at that hour, she continued to get up and go to work. Breakfast by lamplight was a rule in her house. Breakfast was a big meal. While the men took care of the animals, Grandmother made hot biscuits fried potatoes and meat of some kind. It wasn't always possible for the men to be home at noon, so the morning meal was substantial.

Woodruff for years was on the main road between Holbrook and Snowflake and the other towns to the south. Grandfather was Bishop for ten years or longer and his home was always headquarters for people going thru. Grandmother writes: “His home was a place for the traveler, friend or foe, to stop without money or price.” Grandfather was a blacksmith and wheelwright, besides being a stone mason, and more often than not he gave his time and services free to the traveler in shoeing a horse or fixing their equipment. Dad says many times it was necessary for Grandmother to set two tables to take care of her company. Aunt Adelia Hatch, Dad's sister, has written: “When the authorities would come from Salt Lake City to visit the Wards or Stakes, they would always stop at our place. Sometimes they would bring their wives and children. That would mean that we children would have to go to the home of our brothers to sleep so as to make room for the company.”

During the early days in Woodruff the people were very poor and sometimes they were thankful if they had only bread to eat. Then when there was fresh milk to go with the bread it seemed like a feast. Later when the railroad came into Holbrook, it was easier to get food.

I remember one spot in Grandmother's garden and that was where she grew her herbs. There was yarrow, golden seal, saffron, tansy, peneroyal, and many other herbs that made teas and canker medicine and other things Mother and the neighbors needed when the children were sick, or had need of a spring tonic. Grandmother, through the years, had been a ministering angel to anyone in the town who needed help and she would go any time day or night when someone needed her help.

Grandmother was always active in the Church. She served as president of the Primary, Religion Class, Relief Society, and also served many years as a teacher in the Sunday School and in the other organizations. She loved the Church and in 1925, four years before she died, she received the following letter from Bishop Levi M. Savage, who was her Bishop for many years:

> Dear Sister Owens;
>
> "For months I have felt impressed to write you a few lines to let you know that I appreciate your nobility of character and the valiant courage of your soul as shown forth by your long life of devotion to God and His work, and your true Christian service to your family, friends and neighbors. Your unselfish devotion has won for you a crown of glorious bliss in the mansions of eternity.
>
> "I rejoice exceedingly in the thought that you were one of those Morning Stars that sang praises to God, when all his faithful children shouted for joy in the beginning of time.
>
> "You kept your first estate, and were added upon by the great price and blessing of a body and a life in this world; and you have also kept your second estate through a long and changeable life which insures to you a crown of bliss and glory for ever and ever.
>
> "You drank with courage from the dregs of the bitter sorrow just as you have rejoiced with gratitude in the blessings of a great and loving Father in Heaven.
>
> For the benefit of the departed dead I earnestly request that you get someone to reduce to writing every item of history of both your line and of your noble husband. Do not trust to memory, but have name, date and item written. It will surely be needed some day.
>
> "May the Father fill with joy and peace your declining years."

Grandfather died suddenly in January of 1901 and this was a great sorrow to Grandmother. We have copies of several poems she wrote expressing her loneliness and sorrow. Besides losing Grandfather her last three children married and left the home within a few months of each other. Aunt Zina married a short time before Grandfather died. Dad and Mother had planned to be

married and were married on July 4th following Grandfather's death. Aunt Adelia was married in October 1901. This left Grandmother alone in the home where she had worked so hard and taken care of her family and so many others during the years. Grandmother enjoyed being busy, so it was hard for her to adjust to the lonely life without the house full of people needing her help. All of her children left Woodruff within a few years after they married, so finally Uncle Clarence built a nice little home for her in Snowflake, adjoining his home and here she lived until she died May 24, 1929. I lived with Grandmother one winter and went to school in Snowflake and she loved to talk about her life and the gospel. The well worn Bible and Book of Mormon were always on the kitchen table and she would sit beside this table reading from these books and thinking and writing some for hours at a time. I always tried to be attentive when she would tell me about her life, but now I know I didn't listen as well as I should, as I have forgotten many details and only remember the framework of her story.

In 1893 Grandfather and Grandmother moved back to Fillmore and remained there four years. These were wonderful years for Dad, but I don't remember hearing Grandmother say much about them. Apparently Woodruff had become home to them, as they moved back in the fall of 1897.

## LIFE IN THE OLD WOODRUFF FORT
By Frank H. Owens

My parents, James Clark Owens Jr. and his wife, Lucretia, had just completed a lovely home of hewed logs at Bush Valley, now Alpine, when a call came for them to go to Woodruff, where Father was to serve as the first bishop. The dam at Woodruff had been washed away and the people were discouraged. It was difficult to leave the new home, but Father had covenanted to "lend every assistance toward the building up of the Church and the Kingdom of God upon the Earth" so he disposed of all his real property and set out for Woodruff, reaching there December 4, 1879.

An adobe fort had been constructed at Woodruff in the winter and spring of 1878-79, and our family was given a room in it. Imagine the feelings in Father's and Mother's minds as they studied the sadness of the weary hearts before them, and the immensity of the project they had set out to assist in developing, as against the hazards they must overcome. What consternation must have met Mother's eye as she peered into the dark dreary room that was to be their home for the next few years. To see its dirty and bare adobe walls; dirt roof supported with cedar poles covered with willows, then topped with a heavy mound of earth; mere openings for the one window and one door; and several portholes through the outside walls, as a protection against a possible attack by Indians. The door sill was a large flat rock and the floor was nature's own earth.

Mother had a family of eight to care for, and to better facilitate living conditions, she fashioned a partition with an old carpet and a blanket. The inside arrangement and furnishings consisted of two rudely fashioned clothes cupboards hanging against the walls above the beds; one little clothes cupboard resting on some flat rocks a few inches above the floor, which served as a table

at the head of my parents' bed, and a bed for the smaller children at the foot of the larger bed--this filled the room back of the partition. In the front part was another bed, a kitchen table, a small cook stove, some ill-contrived cupboards, and a chair or two Father had made. The covered wagon boxes served as a bedroom for the boys, dressing room, rumpus room for the children, and storage quarters.

I will relate one of the many sad incidents that happened to us in the fort. It was during the summer rainy season and it had rained each day for several days, thoroughly saturating the earth. The next day, after a hot forenoon, it began raining again: this time in real earnest. Mother, sensing from past experience the possibility of a disastrous happening, began piling the clean clothes on the beds and covering them with quilts. She worked with haste; the moments were precious as mud laden drops began falling from the roof faster and faster. She put out buckets, pans, every sort of container she had, then tried to empty them as fast as they filled. But alas, she lost the fight; the falling drips were almost streams of mud and water, until there was a slush on the floor almost shoe-top deep. The clothes and all else in the house were saturated.

She had put a doubled quilt around me and stood me in the doorway partially protected by the thick adobe walls over and about me. The girls were in the wagon box where it was yet dry; the men were at the dam. Poor Mother, drenched through and through, not even a dry cloth to wipe her eyes, sat on an old box and wept. As I stood in the doorway, well near dry, I watched with amazement and pity the doings and condition of my dear mother, then I too began sobbing and crying. To quiet me Mother had to put me in the wagon with the girls.

The yard was also a lake of water. There was no fire, no dry wood, no dry change of clothes. Only a strong heart imbued with he Spirit of God, could persist in the endurance of these continued hardships.

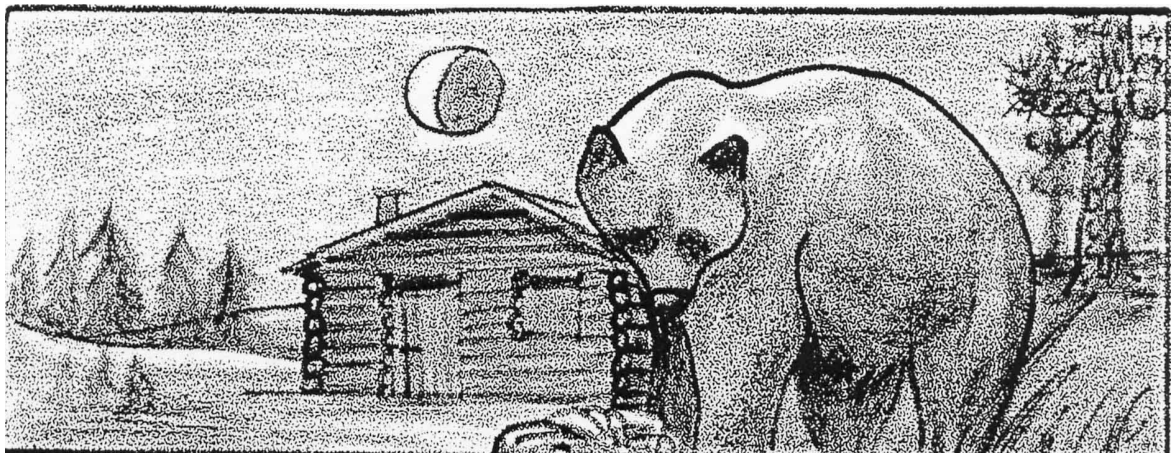
Another Dam Washed Away
Written by Sara E. Brinkerhoff

One Saturday night in the summer of 1915, a frantic warning came to the people of Woodruff by a messenger on horseback. The Lyman Dam, near St. Johns, had gone out, and a sea of water was rushing down the Little Colorado toward Woodruff. Said the messenger, "There is enough water to flood every house in town." Hurriedly the people packed their belongings into wagons and moved them up on the hillside south of town. How they prayed that night, kneeling on the hard rocks, beseeching God to save their dam and their homes.

Vivid in the mind of the writer are the events of that night. The women made beds on the hard rocks or in wagon beds and tried to persuade their families to get some rest. With their precious hard-earned homes to the north and a raging river to the west, and a floundering hope that the one would not destroy the other, they found little inclination to sleep. Early Sunday morning the great wall of water reached the dam. The men watched, tight-lipped and grim. A few women wept openly. Children clung fearfully to their mother's skirts.

The first rush of the thick, muddy water over flowed the ditches and rushed into the streets and houses. Then it kept rising, higher, higher. It reached the top of the dam. To the people standing on the river bank, the moments were endless. Would their beloved dam hold? If it did, would their homes be spared? The water, pressing hard, felt for the top of the dam. The first huge rocks slid off effortlessly and went booming down the channel. Then, with a thunderous roar, the center of the dam gave way. Huge boulders, some weighing several tons, were carried a quarter of a mile down stream, so great was the force of that torrent of flood waters. It was a heart-breaking ordeal, and with the full light of day came the sight of the seething, chocolate-colored stream, rushing unhampered down the river where yesterday had stood their beloved dam. Bert Hatch, standing on the river bank, watched as his neighbors turned with sober faces toward their homes. Then he spoke so all could hear, "I guess we're just not worth a dam!"

Note by Eva F. Winmill (14 dams were washed out, 3 in one year)



**Pinetop, Arizona Territory. Mary Owens Bradshaw and the Grizzly Bea**r.

Grizzly bears are among the few region natural enemies of human beings in the wilderness. They are much larger and more aggressive than black bears, and more unpredictable. Unlike black bears, they seldom climb trees, except as cubs. The fastest Olympic sprinter cannot outrun a grizzly bear.

The most dangerous time to be around a grizzly is when it is feeding, or when it is a mother accompanied by cubs. Grizzlies are nocturnal, and most attacks occur at night. The safest refuge is to climb at least ten feet high in a tree, or, according to Dr. Murie, to be with a companion you can outrun.

Grizzlies were common in the high mountain country of Arizona when white settlers first arrived, but encounters like that described by Mary Owens Bradshaw soon led to their extermination within a few decades, and there are none left in Arizona today.

Mary Ellen Owens was the daughter of Horace Burr Owens, who was the son of James Clark Owens I. She married Edward Elsey Bradshaw.

In November, 1882, in the second year of their marriage, the young couple moved from Virgin, Utah, to Woodruff, Arizona. A few years later they were contemplating moving again to a higher region in the Mogollon Rim country on the south, forested with ponderosa pine and later known as Pinetop, but which Mary referred to as "the Timbers," in contrast to the bare prairie surrounding Woodruff.

In the summer of 1888 or 1889 (probably 1888) Edward Bradshaw took his wife and three small children to this area to work and look for a homesite. They built a small one-room log cabin on a quarter section of land. It had a place sawed out for a window, and one door without a latch.

**The First Night of the Grizzly**

Edward was working a few miles away, and Mary was afraid to stay alone at night, so a friend John Tyler was asked to sleep outside in the wagon box and

guard the cabin. Sleeping inside on the floor were Mary and her children who slept through it all, Nelle, age 6, Sam, age 4, and Laty, age 1. Two other children had previously died and Vilate soon would. (Mary had a total of 17 children!) It was here that Mary had a frightening experience with a grizzly bear which she recorded a decade later in her diary as "a true bear story."

One night after Mary had gone to bed, she heard an animal walking around the house. Mary got up and looked through the cracks between the logs. She saw a large animal in the gloom, eating some sheep entrails which had been thrown away a short distance from the cabin.

She was so frightened she would hardly move. The door without a latch had only a box behind it to secure it, and a cloth covered the window. She didn't dare call to Tyler for help for fear the animal would come into the cabin. All she could think to do was to kneel beside her sleeping children and pray, asking God to preserve her family from the frightful animal outside.

Soon the animal, which later turned out to be a grizzly bear, finished its meal and came toward the cabin. It went past her door with out stopping, though it could have come in that night as easily as it did on a later night.

By now, Tyler was awake and rose up in the wagon bed in time to see hte bear run down to the corral. A cow and her calf were there, and they were so frightened they went over the corral fence and ran off into the night. The bear continued down to the creek, where it got into a milk cellar and did a lot of mischief.

**The Second Night**

The next night they were ready for the grizzly. The window was nailed up, the door was fastened shut, and brother Tyler stayed in the cabin with his gun. A bait had been set out for the bear that night, but it never showed up. When Tyler returned to his own home in the morning, he found the bear had raided his place in his absence and had eaten on of his calves.

**The Third Night**

Mary and her little ones slept at the Tyler house the next night. Tyler had been reinforced by two other men in the wagon bed, and they waited with guns ready to ambush the bear when it returned to eat the rest of the calf.

But the bear was long in coming, and the reason later became clear. It had visited the Bradshaw cabin again. Mary commented, "It was offended at finding me absent, so it went in and took my bed outside." The bed tick was torn into carpet rags and the corn shucks that filled it were scattered far and wide. The bear drank the milk from a pan left on a high shelf inside the cabin, then bit a hole in the pan. A five-gallon can of soap bars had been scattered, a pan of flour was spilled on the floor, and the butter had been eaten from a dish on the table.

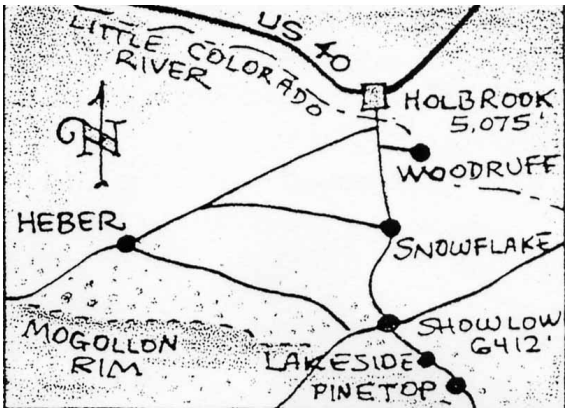
After this destruction, the grizzly made the mistake of returning to the Tyler house. As it came close, three anxious men in the wagon started

shooting. One shot wounded it, and it headed for the hills.

When it began to get light an hour later, the men set out to look for the bear. There was a spot of blood at each place it had stopped to rest. The bear had tried to conceal the blood by scraping dirt over it.

Finally, in a steep, brushy, and rocky hollow, the bear was found, still alive, and they killed it. It was an old, fearful-looking, large grizzly. The men returned for a wagon and everyone, including Mary, went with them to haul the bear back. It was skinned and all ate some of the meat. Mary kept the hide.

Summarized from Mary Bradshaw's account by Bob Owens, with notes added.



Monuments Erected by D. U. P.

LITTLE ROCK SCHOOLHOUSE - NO. 190

Fillmore was settled in 1851. Before the close of the first year, the Pioneers had erected a log schoolroom inside the fort. It had split logs for seats, a dirt roof and floor. In 1854, an adobe church was built which also served as school. In 1867 three small school buildings were erected. This is one of them. It was the first building financed by the taxpayers, Contractors Dellie Webb and Ova Peterson. Stone masons were Horace and James Owens, Nat Baldwin, Lewis Tarbuck, John Ashman, James and Ralph Rowley. Carpenters, Hans Christian Hanson, also John Powell. It housed forty students and one schoolteacher.

Millard County, Utah

Fillmore, the first capital of the Territory of Utah and the Judicial seat of Millard County, is located on Chalk Creek on the east side of Pauvant Valley. It was first known to the Mormons in the fall of 1848 when members of the famous Mormon Battalion and others passed through it en route to Salt Lake Valley.

Soon after the settlers had established homes, the building of schools, securing teachers, and methods of imparting knowledge to their children became a major consideration, for it was their firm conviction that every child should receive the best instruction available. This little rock schoolhouse was one of many built across the length and breadth of Utah's territory for that purpose. It was the first building paid for with the taxpayers' money. The Daughters of Utah Pioneers were granted the privilege of restoring this interesting old building, and it is now used for many social gatherings, as well as camp meetings of Daughters of Utah Pioneers' groups.

The marker was placed on the front of the building between the two outside doors.

## Ox Yokes and Grain Cradles

Among those who made ox yokes in Fillmore were Isaac Carling, Thomas Wade, James and Horace Owens. The yokes were made of maple wood obtained from Chalk Creek Canyon. After removing the bark from the limbs which were about three inches in diameter, the limbs were cut into lengths long enough to fit over the necks of two oxen. The lengths were then waxed with beeswax to keep them from cracking, and two places were hollowed out to fit over the necks of the ox team. The bows were made of birch strips about one half inch thick and four inches wide, dampened and shaped to fit the necks of the oxen, and fastened to the yokes with a leather thong. A ring was fastened to the center of the yoke by which a chain could be connected to the load to be pulled by the oxen. Lorenzo Hanson, one of Fillmore's leading architects and builders, remembers when his father used oxen to haul logs to his sawmill up in White Pine Canyon east of Fillmore.

# Section

# Four

FAMILY PORTRAIT 128

**HUSBAND** James Clark Owens Sr. I

Birth 7 July 1832
Place Near Independence, Jackson County, Mo.
Chr.
Married 16 January 1856
Place Fillmore, Utah
Death 1 February 1901
Burial Woodruff, Navajo County, Arizona
Father James Clark Owens Sr
Mother* Abigail Cordelia Burr
Other Wives (if any)

**WIFE** Lucretia Proctor Robison Owens

Birth 18 May 1841
Place Idroeple, Oswego County, New York
Chr.
Death 24 May 1929
Burial May 1929, Woodruff, Navajo Co., Arizona
Father Joseph Robison II
Mother* Lucretia Proctor
Other Hus. (if any)
Where was information obtained? Family Records

*List complete maiden name for all females.

**1st Child** James Clark Owens III

Birth 14 January 1857
Place Fillmore, Millard Co., Utah
Married to Jane Cecelia Cluff
Married About 1880
Place

**2nd Child** Marion Alfred Owens

Birth 16 July 1860
Place Fillmore, Millard Co., Utah
Married to Beatrice Jane Peeples
Married 1 January 1880
Place

**3rd Child** Lucretia Adelpha Owens

Birth 20 September 1862
Place Fillmore, Millard Co., Utah
Married to Died 4 November 1863
Married
Place

**4th Child** Clarence Edward Owens

Birth 12 January 1865
Place Fillmore, Millard Co., Utah
Married to Sarah Ella Hatch
Married 17 July 1889
Place

**5th Child** Elsie Abigail Owens

Birth Fillmore, Millard Co., Utah
Place 1 February 1867
Married to Osmer Dennis Flake
Married 11 March 1891
Place

**6th Child** Joseph Alonzo Owens

Birth 14 January 1859
Place Fillmore, Millard Co., Utah
Married to Died 29 November 1870
Married
Place





**7th Child** Mary Amelia Owens

Birth 14 November 1871
Place Fillmore, Millard Co., Utah
Married to Quince R. Gardner
Married 4 August 1888
Place

**8th Child** John Owens

Birth 20 April 1874
Place Fillmore, Millard Co., Utah
Married Died 24 April 1874
Married
Place

**9th Child** Lillis Alvira Owens

Birth 3 January 1876
Place Fillmore, Millard Co., Utah
Married to Died 31 August 1876
Married
Place

**10th Child** Zina Owens

Birth 27 May 1878
Place Fillmore, Millard Co., Utah
Married to David John Thurman
Married 31 Aug. 1899
Place Woodruff, Arizona

11th Child Franklin Horace Owens
Born 17 January 1881
Place: Woodruff, Navajo Co., Arizona
Married to Lucy Lenora Eagar
Married: 4 July 1901
Place: Woodruff, Navajo Co., Arizona

12th Child: Adelia Owens
Born: 15 June 1883.
Place Woodruff, Navajo Co., Arizona
Married to Lorenzo Milford Hatch
Married 9 October 1901

married to Adelia

129



JAN 1970

Uncle Clark and Aunt Ada Owens

James Clark Owens, III
Autobiography to granddaughter
Eva Flake in 1935

There was born to James Clark Owens, II (hereafter called "Uncle Jim") and Lucretia Proctor Robison on January 14, 1857, in Fillmore, Millard County, Utah (then the state capital), a son whom they named James Clark Owens, III. He was the first child in a family of twelve children.

The following April, "Uncle Jim" was in attendance at April Conference when he received the assignment from President Brigham Young to go to "Little Cottonwood" and cut stones for the temple. He was such an excellent stone cutter that he cut stones for the circular staircase in the Temple. He took Grandmother and baby "Clark," moved with ox and team, and camped at the mouth of the canyon in the wagon box until the time of the July 24th celebration which was held in "Big Cottonwood." President Brigham Young came by with his carriage and took them to the celebration. Lucretia spent most of her time soothing and tending baby Clark, who was cutting teeth and was very cross, while the others were celebrating. While there, word came that the Johnson's Army was on its way to Utah, so Uncle Jim, Lucretia and baby went back to Fillmore.

When Uncle Jim was living in Fillmore, he was a Police officer. A local man committed some bad acts and when they tried to get him, he shot from behind a post, and that was all Uncle Jim had to aim at. The man was injured, but he got away. Later, while Clark and his brother Marion were hauling freight up form the Gila Valley, they ran into this man again.

As a little fellow, Clark was depended on to help his mother - even when too small to tend the baby any other way than by sitting on the floor with her. He did have a characteristic all his own, that when he loved, he would rather bite than kiss. One day while hanging clothes, his mother heard the baby give a terrible cry and ran to see what was the matter. He was tending the baby on the floor and had bitten her ear.

"I was chief cook and bottle washer, for my mother was in poor health and father was in Salt Lake working on the temple as one of the stone cutters." Related Clark. (Uncle Frank Owens told how grandfather split rocks: "He made a sleeve instead of cutting off pipe as we do now. He would weigh the sleeve down and use a drill to split the rocks." Almon D. Owens said: "Uncle Frank took pictures of some of those rocks. His children should have those pictures."

Clark's early life was spent on the farm and in attending the local school in Fillmore, where he excelled in athletics.

In 1874, Clark and his father took several loads of flour out to the mining camps in Nevada. Because they could not sell all their flour, they had to leave on load at Spring Valley. The next fall 1875, James Clark and his cousin whom he thought very much of, Frank Robison, (They both 18 years old) started out from Fillmore to sell some apples and the load of flour left from the year before. After they got the flour at Spring Valley, they each had a loaded wagon and two teams of horses to take care of. This was a big responsibility for just 'bandits' where so thick and dangerous. At one time, in order to protect themselves and their goods, they had to lie to a man by telling him they were going one way when they went another. (A lie, or a person who did not tell the truth was terrible to Clark and he could never forget it.) The man they lied to was Ben Tasker, a chief bandit and a good lawyer.

At Desert Springs, they came to thirteen bandits who were there at a conference. After Clark and Frank sold their loads of flour and apples, these bandits where so nice and kind to them that it frightened the boys. At one time Clark said to his cousin in the presence of his enemies, "Well, Frank, I guess we had better go register our money." (Register is to send it in the mail, which was ot safe, was a lot of bother, and would cost also.) They finally put the money, which was about $75 (a tremendous amount with the buying power it had then), in black rags and tied it in their horses' tails for the first half day out of town; then they ripped the iron straps off the upper edge of the wagon box and cut a slit out of the box, placed the money in it and nailed the iron straps on again. Sometimes men would follow them out of town, but by going across the country from one road to another they frequently managed to 'give them the slip.'

Many nights one would keep watch while the other would try to sleep. They were in constant fear that they would lose their equipment, wagons, and horses, as well as the money. One evening they stopped to let their horses graze for a little while before they went into the next mining camp. Just as Frank was going over the hill after the horses, one of the men who had followed them was coming over the opposite hill after the horses. Whenever possible, they would stay in the mining camps at night, and they were very happy to go into the camp that night. In spite of the rough and wicked characters to be found in camps, staying there lessened their chance of being robbed or killed out on the road.

One time one of these outlaws asked to ride with them, and Clark told him he could ride only when they rode, which was not too often. This soon got tiresome and the man left.

Clark had one of his uncle's prize horses with them and one day a man was examining it as though he liked its appearance. Clark felt that he must mislead the stranger in order to protect the horse, so he told a lie which always bothered him. He said, "There isn't any bottom on that horse, and really it was not of much account." In one camp they finally decided they must register their money. During all their six week's trip, the longest they stayed on one road at any time was for half a day. In changing roads, they were able to get away from bandits.

Clark didn't get more than three or four months of school each year. He attended school when they bored holes in a board and put sticks in them for the children to sit on. They had to pay a certain amount per month for schooling. He went to school at the BYU in Provo when he was 17 or 18 for a semester. He boarded with Horace Cluff, Cecelia's uncle, who had a boy from the Sandwich Islands living with them. Horace Cluff was a teacher at the BY Academy and he later became the President. Clark saw Cecelia Cluff a time or two when she came to her uncle's on an errand, but he did not get acquainted with her at that time. (It was the next spring that Moses Cluff, Cecelia's father, moved his families to Showlow.)

Uncle Jim was living with Brigham Young in 1877 when Clark went to BY Academy. President Young passed away that year. Clark had an outstanding insight into the workings of bookkeeping and writing. He received a written commendation from Karl G. Maeser regarding his fine character.

In August 1877, James Clark and his younger brothyer, Marion, went to Salt Lake and started school. Marion got so homesick that he wnet home even though the family planned to move to Salt lake because their father was working as a stone cutter on the temple. The death of President Young changed their plans as they were not now able to continue working on the Temple. When Clark was about 18-20, his father worked for one winter on the St. George Temple.

As a lad, Clark was noted for his speed and adeptness at handling and working riding horses. He also served an apprenticeship as a blacksmith. Almon, his son, said, "He was not much for running after the girls."

In the fall of 1878, the family left Fillmore and moved to Arizona, a very wild and unsettled area at the time. The Owens drove a few cattle and horses. Some of them got away and went back to the old range. Several different families traveled with them on their way, but Horas Russell, Villiam Teeples, and J. Nichlos were the only ones who came all the way with them. They arrived in Showlow on Christmas Day and stayed with Moses Cluff. Some of Moses' brothers had been there two or three years. The Owens

came to Arizona after Mose Cluff had been there long enough to harvest crops twice, so Cecelia had been there about two years. Almon David Owens, Clark's youngest child, remembers his mother talking about her experience dating boys, "You, know, she'd slap them in the face if she didn't think they were behaving right. There wer some fellows around that really liked to go with her. She had lost of fun." Moses Cluff apparently hade a big impression on the few inhabitants of Showlow when he moved there. He came with about 21 teams of horses.

While in Showlow, Clark met and fell in love with Jane Cecelia Cluff, the daughter of Moses Cluff and Jane Johnson Cluff.

In April after reaching Showlow in December, the Owens went on up to Bush Valley, or Alpine, in Apache County. A man and his family by the name of Bush were all who lived there then. William Maxwell, who the Owens had known before, tried to buy the ranch for a cattle ranch. One night the Bush family learned that Maxwell was a Mormon and the next day when he went over, they were peeking out of the holes between the logs of the house to see if he had a tail or horns. They got over their fright, for Maxwell stayed and ate dinner with them. Maxwell succeeded in buying the Bush Valley and he and the Owens family farmed there that summer.

The Owens 'put in a crop' in Bush Valley, and Clark made several horseback trips back to the Cluff Ranch - later called the Ellsworth Ranch - to vist Cecelia. once he rode almost to Showlow, but rather than be any trouble or impose, he stayed out in the country and slept with his saddle blanket. The place he stopped was called 'Rocky Arroya.'

The area arond Bush Valley was an interesting hunting ground for Clark, and he enjoyed hunting bear, ets., in the mountains. his favorite hunting horse was a little mare that had the ability to stop dead still and allow him to shoot his prey. One day, however, he was on foot and he came upon two bear cubs. He apparently did something that made them squeal and the mother bear suddenly appeared. He had a cap and ball gun that locked tight at the moment he desperately needed to fire it. He broke out on a run, and didn't stop until he chanced to look back over his shoulder and see the mother bear and cubs running in the opposite direction.

While in Bush Valley, several groups of their horses were stolen. At one time the Indians stole five of the Owens' horses and about that many of the other people's horses. Clark rushed over to the Quarter master at Fort Apache to get the soldiers after the Indians. It took the soldiers ten days to get to his father's ranch and by that time the Indians were out of the country. Things like that caused the people to lose faith in the soldiers. Once the boys were herding the gorses and they left hem in the flat below the house while they

went in for dinner. The Indians rushed between the boys and their horses and drove the horses away. These horses belonged to William Maxwell, Fred Hamblin, Abe Winsow and Owens. At the time these horses were stolen, Marion and Clark were in Salt Lake (just across the border into New Mexico) getting a load of salt. Upon arriving home and hearing the news, Clark jumped on a horse and went to Fort Apache. What they finally found of their horses was that Hamblin's had ben lanced and was dead; Marion's had be struck in the side and had a string around it jaw; and another was limping. They didn't find the others.

The Indians did steal horses from them. Some Indians had witnessed a horse race where Marion raced one of Clark's prized race horses against one belonging to the Cluff brothers, and eve though Marion lost one of the reins during the race, he still won. The Indians were determined to buy that horse, but were unsuccessful, so they helped themselves to herds of horses hoping to nab that prize and others like him. They succeed in getting what they were after.

"While in bush Valley, and this comes firsthand from Grandma Owens to me," said Almon D. Owens, "Grandpa (Uncle Jim) found several sacks of wheat that had been thrashed by goats tromping on the wheat heads. They washed that wheat and washed it, and washed it. then they cooked it and ate it. But Grandma said, 'It was so goaty, Oh! So goaty!' So the next time she washed it, and she washed it, and she washed it, and she washed it again. But it was still goaty."

After the Owens had spent a summer at Bush Valley, in September of 1879, President Wilford Woodruff ordained James Clark Owens, II as the first Bishop of the woodruff Ward and called him to assist in the building of a dam across the Little Colorado River and to help settle that little valley. The faithfulness and courage of James C. Owens, II was evident in all he did, and he was called to be the first Bishop of the struggling town of Woodruff, that he might lend his spiritual strength to thepeople in thier trials. his ordination as a Bishop came in 1879, on September 26. For more thatn ten years he served in that difficult but important calling. The people had little to eat and had to work hard for everything they got in a material way. Lorenzo H. Hatch had brought a small hand mill with him. They learned to utilize natural resources and to get along with little. The clothing they wore was mostly made of materials salvaged from their earlier supplies. As the dams washed out almost annually, the people became more destitute. Many of them moved away. But James C. Owens and his family remained until February 1890, when he was released from the Bishopric.

From his descendants we learn of the great respect and honor they have for their Pioneer ancestor, who gave willingly of time and talent and who never faltered when asked to

serve his Heavenly Father. He will long be remembered as a pioneer, colonizer, and leader of men.

Clark served as a counselor to his father. Later Clark was a counselor to Bishop Edward Milo Webb (his cousin - his mother and Uncle Jim were brother and sister), and to Bishop Levi M. Savage.

The following was copied from the Journal of Levi Mathers Savage, mimeographed by the BYU extension division, Publication Services and owned by Lenore Owens Skillman; 1.1.1. "Thursday, May 7, 1896. I rebaptized Sister Adeline Savage and Cecelia Owens seven times for health. June 28, 1896. Today as Bishop I took action against ____ and his daughter ____, depriving them of their fellowship for adultry. This deprives me of the last counselor in the bishopric of this war. Sunday, July 5, 1896. Today we held ward conference. The Presidency of the Stake being present. J. C. Owens, Jr was set apart as my first counselor in the Bishopric by President Jesse N. Smith; also Heber Albert Hatch was ordained a High Priest and set apart as my second counselor by President L. H. hatch."

Thus Clark and his family moved to Woodruff where they worked on the dam that had gone out at least once before they arrived. (There was so much silt - fine mud - in the Little Colorado River that the weight would wash their dams out. Fourteen different dams were destroyed. While in Woodruff, Clark's folks lived in an old fort with many other families. This fort had dirt floors, and dirt thrown on for a roof. (The Indians did not do all the stealing,) The only cow left in Woodruff was on old crippled cow that Clark's father kept in the corral and fed.

In December 1879, Clark went to Showlow from Woodruff to get Cecelia Cluff to be married. They planned on going to St. George with Bishop L. M. Savage when he married Nora Hatch, but when they got back to Woodruff, the Savage party had gone on with out them. They went as far as Brigham City - near the present Joe City - where they were advised by a General Authority to go ahead and get married there since the couple was alone and unchaperoned. Later, they could go to Utah to the temple, which they did. They were married in Brigham City, Arizona, on December 16, 1879 by George Lake, a bishop.

Mr. Cooley, a white man who married two Indian women, wore his hair long, lived among and was accepted by the Indian, - gave Clark and Cecelia a wedding dance and supper. He also gave Cecelia a cow. later the Hash Knife outfit stole the cow. One day Clark recognized that cow and she had a big calf. her brand had been 'worked over' to look like the Hash Knife brand. Clark brought the cow in, butchered the calf, and turned

the cow out for the brand had been changed too much. He had no way of keeping the meat, and so he supplied the people in that area with a little fresh meat.

The rest of the winter, Clark and Cecelia lived in the Fort at Woodruff with his folks, and the next summer they went to Forest Dale, which is ten miles southwest of Showlow. In Forest Dale, Clark farmed for his father-in-law, Moses Cluff. The Cluffs had farmed in Forest Dale a year before the Federal Government gave that area to the Indians as part of the Indian Reservation. Because Moses and his family were such good friends to the Forest Dale Indians they allowed him to farm there another year. Clark said: "Cecelia was a regular friend to them ( the Indians.) She made dresses for them and stick dolls for their little girls. It was through that friendship that they were allowed to stay there another year and farm.: (Years later when Cecelia's sister, Lula, was working at the San Carlos Indian Boarding School, there were several Indian girls with the names of Celia and Elsie - the names of Cecelia's daughter - among those that came to school. When Elsie was a widow and clerked in the store in Showlow, she was surprised to hear an Indian mother call her little daughter 'Elsie.'

One time Cecelia's younger sister, Josephine, went to Forest Dale to visit them. The Cluffs had not had anything for bread. When Josephine got to Forest Dale, the corn was getting a bit hard - ripe. She drove nails through a can to make a grater, and they grated some of that field corn to cook as bread. Josephine said, "Oh, those were the best muffins, the very best muffins I have ever tasted."

After Moses Cluff moved his families - he had four wives at that time - to Showlow, the Forest Dale Indians invited the Cibeque Indians over for a card game. They got drunk and the Forest Dale chief killed the Cibeque chief, Baton. All night there had been loud celebrating. The next morning, Clark and his brother, Clarence, were up before daybreak and there they saw a continual line of Cibeque Indians painted and dressed for war, marching single file into that valley. Slipping around, they found that the Indians had decided that the trouble was brought to them by the white people - drinking, card playing, and gambling - and so the thing to do was kill all the white people. The only white people in the valley at that time were Clark, his wife, Cecelia, and Clark's brother, Clarence Owens. The Indian camp was right on the road out of the Valley to Showlow. they knew they had to get out of there so they hooked up a light buckboard and took off through the hills. At time they thought that I was the last of them as they ran int Indians, but finally they did succeed in picking their way over the hills and gullies until they could get back to Showlow. They were at Bull Hollow, which is about as far Northwest of Showlow as Forest Dale is Southwest.

After telling Moses Cluff how things were, Clark and Clarence went back to take care of the things they had at Forest Dale and to watch the actions of the Indians, which meant the safety or the destrucition of the white people if the Indians tried to carry out their threats. Cooley, the white man who had married two Indians, sent out a dispatch, but the Indians who had done the killing had left during the night. Years later, the Forest Dale chief who had done the killing - Petone - was killed on the hill above Frank Ellsworth's house, which was then the Cluff Ranch.

The fall of 1880, Clark and Cecelia moved to Woodruff and lived in one room of the fort. Cecelia, was a girl, was as full of life as she could be. She loved to dance, but Clark didn't care anything about that. He could get out and have a big time, or he could stay home and be content.

It was in woodruff where "Clarkie," James Clark Owens, IV was born Clark went to Snowflake to get Sister Ramsey to care for his wife at the birht of their baby, but when they got back to Woodruff, the Little Colorado River was booming and they were afraid to cross it. Sister Ramsey said, "Tie a rope around my body and drag me across." Clark thought that she was the "gamest old lady" he ever saw. They had to go up the river and cross Silver Creek, and when they got to Woodruff, the baby was already born. There was another midwife there to help, but no one was like Sister Ramsey. This was on August 23, 1881.

Sometime after Clarkie and Perry, his uncle, were born, Clark and Cecelia moved her mother, Margaret Jane Johnson Cluff, to the Gila Valley. Moses had moved his other families down there, but had not taken her. He had a house prepared for her to move into, but his first wife decided that she wanted to live in it, and so she moved in before Margaret Jane got there.

Clark, Perry Cluff, (Cecelia's youngest brother), Robert Cluff (a half brother - Moses' son, but not Margaret's) and one of Marion's boys were all born the same year. Clark's youngest son, Almon thought "They were the lucky ones because Daddy would pitch and play ball with them when they were boys. He did used to play with me by bucking me oof in the corn field. He would get down on his hands and knees and let me get on his back. He would buck me off. Boy! He could really shake me off!" Clark was always very strong and athletic.

When the A. C. M. I (Arizona Cooperative Mercantile Institution) was first established in Woodruff, Clark worked with Joseph Fish, who was also the bookkeeper, as a clerk. One day while they were papering the warehouse, a room in the back, Clark was up on a box with his back to the door when a man came in and cried out, "Hands up!" Clark

recognized the voice and remarked, "Hello, Jim. What in the hell do you want?" Clark did not turn around, but tried to get hold of his hammer which he had been using. Finally, after being told to put his hands three different time and because he could not get his hammer, he had to put his hand up. After all, Jim Teksbury and George Blaine did have the guns. These robbers also got Brother Fish, and they took overalls and tied the ends of the legs and filled them with groceries, etc. When they went to leave they made Clark and Joseph Fish go out on the porch of the store where they could watch them as they rode away. This Teksbury is "Garth" in Zane Grey's book "To The Last Man." Blaine worked on a ranch near the Mexican border, though later these men were arrested and went to jail. When the trial came up in Prescott, Joseph Fish had gone to Mexico because of Polygamy, and when Clark went to testify, he was the only witness, and so they got away free.

James Clark Owens, II and three of his boys bought a block of land in Woodruff. Clark and his father were the only ones who built on theirs.

Frequently in the summer of 1883, Clark would take his wife and little boy up the river in a boat. The day his wife was 21, on August 26, 1883, he laid the foundation of a two-roomed house and made her a present of it. On September 9th, a little curly black haired girl was born to them. They named her Elsie for one of Clark's sisters and Vilate for one of Cecelia's sisters. While Elsie was a baby, Clark worked in his father's blacksmith shop in Holbrook. Two or three times he went to work in the A. C. M. I., buthe hated to be indoors so much that he would try something else for awhile. This store had moved form Holbrook to Woodruff until the railroad came, and then it was moved back to Holbrook again. Clark and Farley had reputations of high regard as top store clerks in the business. In fact, shortly before his death, Bishop John L. Fish of Lakeside said to his son Almon, "your father was the best clerk the A. C. M. I. ever had." When Almon told this to his father, Clark said, "Oh, I always thought Farley was." Almon also relates that some years later when he was on the high council visiting Holbrook, an elderly lady came by who he didn't know. Almon always like to meet people and so he said, "I am Almon Owens, son of Clark Owens." She looked at him and said, "Clark Owens, Clark Owens. We used to think we couldn't by anything unless we got Clark Owens to wait on us."

It was while the grading was being done for the railroad that his father bought a blacksmith and hired a man to do the forging while he and his boys did other work. After the railroad was finished into Holbrook, Clark went back to clerking at the A. C. M. I. again. Even though he would quit, they would hire him back again.

For a while Clark and his brother, Clarence, worked with men in building the railroad near Blue Water, New Mexico, but their families were still in Woodruff. There was not

good feed for the oxen and the oxen were not well trained. The oxen had to go so far to get feed that by the time Clark got them in the mornings, he would be late getting back to work. They did not stay too long with that work. They took their ox teams, went to Salt Lake, New Mexico, where they bought a load of salt which they took over the mountains to the Gila Valley and sold for cash. They were afraid that they would be robbed and so they took the metal off the edge of the wagon box, chiseled a groove to put their money in, and then put the strip back on the edge of the box. On their way back to Woodruff, a horseman rode out of the mesquite with a loaded gun aimed at them. It was the same fellow who had robbed Clark and Joseph Fish in the A. C. M. I. store in Woodruff. Clark knew who he was and said, "Jim, what are you doing down here? Why don't you take that handkerchief off your face?" "Just give me your money," the gun man said. They turned their pockets inside out, opened out, opened their wallets, and had no money there. So the same man who had been successful in robbing them in the store, turned and rode off. If they had not had the forethought to put their money in such a safe place, they would have lost every bit of it.

Clark had a buckskin suit that his mother had tanned the buckskin for and made for him. He was caught in a rain storm with it on, and that ruined that suit.

Occasionally, Clark got a chance to haul some freight. The railroad went through Holbrook, and the army was stationed in Fort Apache, so they had to haul things there by wagon.

Once when they were going to the Gila Valley, the river was up so high that Clark did not dare take everything across at once – to heavy a load for the horses to swim with and pull the heavy loaded wagon across. So he unloaded the chuckbox and the two older children, Clark and Elsie. Then he took the wagon across. He had his wife sitting on the seat with him, which was a good thin, for her bed started to float. The horses managed to get the wagon across. Then Clark rode a horse back and finally got everyone across the river. They were indeed thankful when they were all together on the same side.

Almon D. Owens relates, "I remember that mother didn't hesitate to sit on Daddy's lap or to show affection in front of us children. I've seen him carry her to church, but not always as an invalid. Clark was born and two years later, Elsie. Father and mother were skating with Uncle Clarence and Aunt Lula above the Woodruff dam. They had the baby, Elsie, with them in a box by the fire. Mother went a little ways above and called "Oh, come up here. Here's an ideal place to stake." It wasn't long until she fell and hurt herself seriously. They had to carry her home." For years they had to hire people to work for them. It was a joy when Elsie was big enough to do most of the work, and finally, she

was able to do all the house work. Almon relates, "Daddy often brought in wild flowers to his wife. The Indian Paint Brush was his favorite."

Almon D. Owens was a busy little fellow and his mother was an invalid. "Oh, yes, mother raised a tamarack tree by the end of our house, and I knew just which size of willow to get for her to spank me with. If it wasn't big enough, I would have to go back and get another one. If it was too big, I would have to go get another one. She couldn't chase me. Bless her heart. She didn't always apply the willow, but she made me understand what she wanted and that she loved me."

The same year that the people went to Mexico, the Hashknife Land and Cattle Company shipped in thousands of cattle, unloading them at Holbrook and scattering them from Holbrook to Flagstaff. This company was organized in New York and was set up for the money they could make rather than for the development of the country. They brought a train load of cattle, and then hired any rough, tough guy that came along to work for them. Many of their cattle died for they did not know where to find water or feed. This company and its employees were a big problem for the settlers in Arizona.

Joseph and Alonza (Clark's uncles and Lucretia's brothers), and Clark and Clarence went into the sheep business. They also gave their father a part in the business. Their range for the sheep was the "Gentry Ranch." Almon, Clark and Cecelia's youngest child, said, "I remember that Mother and I lived in the wagon box and dipped sheep for a few weeks. Daddy was there with us every night." To start out, they bought about 750 sheep from Gentry, and also his share in a ranch in the mountains near the place where the men, Scott, Stot, and Wilson, were hung, causing the Pleasant Valley War between the sheep men and the cattle men. The Hashknife Outfit hated the sheep men, for the sheep would crop (eat) the grass closer to the round and cattle hated to graze where the sheep had been. So the sheep ruined the range for cattle. One day Clark and Clarence were out with the sheep, for they had to be herded all the time - not just turned loose as the cattle could be. While they were herding their sheep, they came face to fact with two men from the Hashknife Cattle Company. These cowboys pulled their guns on Clark and Clarence, caused them, and called them all kinds of dirty names. They were going to shoot Clarence and Clark right here, as they had shot other men. Finally, Clarence jerked his shirt open to his bare chest and said, "Go ahead and shoot, you damn cowards!" Clarence and Clark were not armed. The cowboys sat on their horses and looked at them a moment, and then turned and rode off.

When Joseph and Alonzo Robison came to Arizona because of Polygamy they took the names of John Lock and Frank Dexter. Hook Larson knew both men in Utah as well as in Arizona, but he never recognized them as the same men. While in Utah, he didn't like

Joseph, but did like Alonzo. When he knew them in Arizona, he preferred Joseph and did not like Alonzo.

After Uncle Jim was released from the bishopric and most of his children were married, he took his wife, Lucretia, and the younger children back to Fillmore to live for awhile. It was then (1897) that Clark took his wife, Cecelia, and their daughter, Elsie, and sone Almon, and went to Utah so that Clark could be sealed to his parents in the temple.

Almon said, "I don't know how long we stayed in Fillmore, but I recall that we did a lot of visiting, and that Mother was able to go to the temple also." Cecelia was an invalid as a result of the skating accident on the Woodruff Dam when Elsie was about two years old. Clark always fixed a bed for her to ride lying down whether they were going to Snowflake to conference, or fishing, or wherever. When she was well enough to participate, it was a joyous occasion.

They went in a wagon or buggy to Milford and from there they went on the train to Salt Lake City. All the way to Beaver, Clark did not let his horse trot pulling the wagon as it would be too tiring. Just as they were going into Beaver, he let them trot just a little. That was an outstanding feature of the trip to young Almon. Lewis and May Decker and their sister Constantine tried to catch up with the Owens, but they did not succeed until they turned off to go to Fillmore. On the way up they went over the mountain some way and didn not have to keep crossing the crooked Sevier River. Coming back they went over to Richfield and down that way so they had to keep crossing the river. Of course, there were no bridges.

At the house Rock Valley near the Colorado River they had to stop and fill their barrels with water. They had a barrel tied to each side of the wagon near the back, for much of the time they had to haul water for their horses to drink also. Almon remembers two big log trough full of water at House Rock. Late one afternoon they noticed that one of the barrels was gone. Clark went back on foot to get it, thinking that it was just a little way back. He found that it had tumbled off at the corral when they had turned around. Talk about being strong! He took that barrel all the way they had traveled that day; much of the time he had to carry it and it was 50 gallon wooden barrel. His family was anxiously waiting and praying for him to come back safely.

When they started down the dugway to the river, Clark shot into the air three times as a signal so that the men at the ferry on the east side of the Colorado River would come over and ferry them across. While they were at Lee's Ferry their horses got in the quicksand. The more the horses moved, the farther they went down into the sand. The sand would settle around the horses and they would keep sinking. It was very hard to pull them out.

As they were crossing the Colorado River, Cecilia sang and Elsie cried. "That big river just hit her crying spell."

To leave an invalid wife and three children to go on a mission for two years would take a lot of faith, but that is what Clark did in September of 1899. (Uncle Almon showed us a little notebook that Clark recorded the names and amounts of money the members of the ward gave to him - .40 from one, .65 from another, and from some even a dollar. It all amounted to $62.00. Then while he was in Salt Lake City, a "sharpster" stole $200.00 from him.) His mission was in the Eastern States, mostly in Maryland. He did not have good health on his mission - the climate and all were so different.

"Oh, Daddy had some good friends. They'd dry huckleberries and Daddy would send them home. Even after he came home we still had some of those berries on special occasions," his son, Almon, remembers. Clark was annoyed by one of his companions who was so "died in the wool" party minded that he said if his political party put up a yellow dog for office, he would vote for the yellow dog.

Uncle Almon said, "I don't remember his going, but I remember meeting him when he came back. It was a long passenger train. When he didn't get off Clarkie said, 'Well, he isn't on this train.' I said 'I am going to see.' and I went running along the side of the tracks by the train. Clark got off way down the tracks; he had thought that the train would pull up closer to the station." It was in Holbrook where they met the train.

While Clark was on his mission, Cecelia and her children moved to Thatcher so that they could go to the L. D. S. Church Academy there. They lived in tents that had wooden floors and were built up 2 or 2 ½ half feet on the sides. One tent was set up for their kitchen and they had other tents for sleeping. Willie DeWitt lived with them part of the time as he was going to school there also.

The road to the Gila Valley went down the "Blue" which is east of Alpine - not the Coronado Trail, but east of there. It was a long way and they camped out along the way. One time they got down where the country leveled out and were setting up camp, when all at once they heard some loud grunting and someone said, "Bears!" Almon was so afraid that he ran to the wagon, pulled on the wagon wheel, and danced up and down. He was so frightened that he could not climb into the wagon. They found out that it was someones pugs that had been let out to find their own feed eating nuts and berries.

They had to pay a toll to travel on the road between Clifton and Solomonville. Some individuals had made the road and so were permitted to collect money from anyone traveling that road.

On the way home once, a colt was born to one of the mares that had to work pulling the wagon. They waited one day for the colt to gain strength before they started to travel again. Close to Nutrioso, the colt got down in a deep wash and they had a hard time getting it out.

In 1903, John Henry Willis, Niels Hansen, Jim Pierce and Clark went to Showlow to see about buying it, but Huning said that he would do his business with William Jordan Flake since he knew him better and knew of him buying other valleys around. Jim Pierce said that if Flake was to have anything to do with it, he would pull out, and he did. When he pulled out Flake took two-fifths. Later the Ellsworth brothers came in and took the other. "It seemed like the way just opened up for us to buy Sholow in as fair and square a deal as could be," recalls Clark in the spring of 1935. Rencher made the survey for them, and they then divided the choice land into five equally valuable plots and drew lots to see which each man got. They did this with everything and in 1974 Almon, Clark's youngest son, can still remember how much fun these men had going around dividing up the property.

The moving of the family to Showlow in May of 1903 was one of the happiest experiences that came into the lives of Clark and Cecelia, as they loved the mountains and thrilled at the thought of building a town and a new home in the little valley where they had first met.

James Clark Owens was bishop of the Showlow ward, with Frank Ellsworth as first counselor and Willard Whipple as second counselor. for some time, Bishop Owens lived in the Cooley home, called the "White House." The White House was being used only as a ward house at the time it was burned down. In a Sacrament meeting after the burning, Bishop Owens was moved to denounce the evil doers and in the course of his remarks he said that the hands that did the deed of the burning of the building would not prosper and the lives of the perperators would be short and unhappy. Those who know of the incident say that this prophecy has been literally fulfilled. Only struggling pioneers can fully appreciate what this loss could lmean to a frontier community.

This second bishopric of Showlow worked together for sixteen years with different ward clerks.

After dividing up the property, it was discovered that some of the improvements purchased where on railroad property. James Clark Owens III and J. H. Willis acted in behalf of the community. Bert Potter, the railroad agent, said "I'll deal with Owens." So Clark made the deal for 18 sections of land in Township 10. Any one in possession of any portion of this land was given the first opportunity to buy at the purchase price of

$1.50 per acre. When the deal was made, Clark went back and presented it to the group. They went over these sections and priced some of them as low as 25 cents an acre, some $2 and others 10 cents an acre. Clark took the section No. 17, and he made a survey called the J. C. Owens survey of section 17. All deeds go back to that, Willard Whipple took section 19. When they bought the land down on the bench, William Jordan Flake took that and sold some of it to other people. The Bishopric bought some of it from Flake. They had it surveyed, and let people buy some of it.

Clark had the contract to dig the well for the school on the corner of the church lot. When he was digging it, he hit solid rock and just about stopped, but then decided to go on a ways farther. He found good water, and rocked up the sides of the well. This well is still there. While they were building the new church, they put a pump on that old well and used it for awhile.

On February 21, 1907, Cecelia Cluff Owens passed away. The following account is copied from Sister May Jan West's journal. (It was at the home of her daughter, Sister Riggs, 2221 N. 38th St., Phoenix, in 1954)

"Apostle John Henry Smith and Hyrum M. Smith were present at a conference helped at Snowflake on February 9, 10, and 11 of 1907. They suggested that the names of Samuel F. Smith, James M. Flake and Alof Larson act as Presidents of the Snowflake Stake of Zion. We had a very good conference.

On the 12th, Sister Clara Rogers and I went up to Showlow with Brother Clark Owens Jr. by request of Sister Cecelia Owens who was very, very sick. Before going we, Sister Emma Smith and myself, took a white handkerchief to the Apostles who were here and got them to bless it for good. They prayed that faith in it might be increased and that God's blessings might be with it to where it might be applied to the sick.

We reached her home about 3 p.m. on the 12th and found her bloated and purple spots on her face and she looked like she could not live. We sent a note to Sister Mary Nikolaus, her first counselor in the Relief Society, to invite the sisters to come to meeting the next day, fasting for Sister Owens. At 10:11 a.m. February 13, twelve of the sisters met in prayer meeting for her. We all prayed earnestly for her and dedicated her to the Lord.

We had intended for some time to release her from the duties of Relief Society President on account of her health, but did not expect to then until her husband, Bishop James Clark Owens urged us to do so. We called a Relief Society for 3 p.m., the Bishop meeting with us. We released with honor Sister Cecelia Owens and her board of officers, and Sister Mary Ann Ellsworth was sustained President with Sister Lucinda Reidhead as first counselor and Sister Mary Brady as second. Sister Elsie Owens DeWitt as secretary and Laura Ellsworth Hall as

treasurer. We had a fine meeting, a good spirit attended us. After meeting we went to the home of Sister Owens and anointed her with holy oil from head to foot and felt to promise her life and health. May our Father grant it unto her is our earnest prayer."

P. S. by Emma H. Adams: As much as it may not be mentioned in this book, Sister Cecilia Cluff Owens passed away on February 21, 1907."

In Lydia Hanson's book, she tells about going over to Bishop Owens home and of his wife teaching a mutual class. Cecelia served as Relief Society President until tow weeks before her death. She was the first person buried in the Showlow Cemetery, which was then Part of Clark's pasture.

After Clark's beloved wife, Cecelia, died, Clark had a dream and saw the young lady that he was to marry; she was a Porter from Joseph City. Almon remembers, "I slept with Daddy all the time after mother died. Daddy told me after he had spoked to Aunt Aduh, "Now, I know her mother, I know the family; they're good people.' One time Sam Porter saw him and said, 'Clark, whatcha going? You ought to come down to Joe City. We got some mighty fine Porter apples down there.' But Daddy had already made arrangements for another Porter girl - Sam's niece. Sam Porter had some daughters too. I took Daddy down to Joe City and I always teased him about it. Aunt Adah had her bonnet on and in her hands she had her milk bucket and stool, and was on the trail just going out to milk when we stopped. He jumped out of the buggy and stuck his face in that bonnet."

In October, he married Adah Porter, the capable and faithful daughter of A. M. and Nina Leavett Porter of Joseph City, AZ. as time went on and they had no children Adah was so disappointed. she took care of Dennis Flake, son of Joel W. Flake and Lucy Olive Whipple Flake after his mother died, and they were planning on adopting him when Elsie, Clark's daughter and Joel got married. Later Adah and Clark adopted Ina, and that made Adah so very, very happy. In November of 1918, Adah died with influenza and left Clark with a year - old baby. The Porters planned on taking care of the baby, but then they could not. Almon, Clark's youngest son and his wife, Alta Ellsworth Owens, were living in part of Clark's big two-story brick house there in Showlow. Alta finally took care of Ina along with her own little ones.

Someone who knew Annie C. Jensen in the mission field got Clark to writing to her. She ran a rooming house in Missouri and the missionaries roomed there. She had, had a husband by the name of Peter Jensen and he had taken her to the temple. She had a sister, brother, niece who were not members of the church, but she bore strong testimony of the truthfulness of the church. They met in Holbrook and when he did not want to marry her she threatened to sue him for "breach of promise." They were married for time only in the Salt Lake City Temple.

Orr said, "I can remember when Granddad married Aunt Ann, and Ina quit living with us. There was quite a void that came into our lives. She was an 'old biddie' is there ever was one. Us kids really disliked her and she disliked the world." Another person described her as a 'hellun' if there ever was one. Clark was not prepared for one with such characteristics after having a home

filled with love, consideration and genuine love and faith in the church. Clark took care of her, for she was his burden.

July 1, 1974. Today I met Cecelia O. Perkins and Mervin Owens in Claysprings. Cecelia told us that Grandpa Owens liked to sit on a stool under a pear tree. In the spring when the willows were just right, he would have the children bring some back when they took the cows out to the pasture. Of course he always wanted them just certain lengths and just right so that he could make whistles with certain musical notes. He would have to try them out and work with them until they would make the prettiest musical notes.

Oh, I remember sitting on his knee. We were not around him as much as should have been. I always liked to see him when he went to church. He was so sincere. I especially remember him about the Sacrament. He believed in observing it right - like it should be. He was quite a great men, and too, I liked to see him and Grandpa Ellsworth mingle together. They liked to do riding on a sled in the winter time that Grandpa Owens had made. I think that the first sled that Orr had was on that Grandpa made, and I remember taking many and many a ride on it; I also remember that it hauled in many a load of wood.

I can remember how Grandpa was with Ina. Ina and I were just practically like sisters for so long, til Grandpa married again. Mamma took care of Ina. I can remember one pair of rompers as they called them. They had real full legs with elastic at the bottom of the legs. Mine was a blue check and Ina's was a yellow check. They had a duck embroidered on the pockets.

Eva said, "Mom said that she attributed her strong back to her father having her sit on one of his knees with her feet under the other leg, and then go down backwards and pull herself up.

The last years of Clark's life he farmed. He got so tied up in mining. "That mining fever is a great fever," said Clark. Annie was all for it. Even the last days of his life he said, "If I just had someone to go with me and help me get on and off my horse, I would have tow or three more stories I would like to go through with." Clark used to take his old work horse, "Tops," down to the salt River and prospect.

July 1, 1974. Mervin Owens told us; "The day that Grandpa died, when I got off the school bus, he was out chopping wood at that time. I walked over and asked it I could help chop wood for him. 'No, no, I am all right,' 'Then let me carry it in for you,' requested Mervin. 'No, no, there are only a few sticks here. I'll do it myself.' We chatted a little bit and then I left him with his chores and went on home.

Later I was chopping wood just across the corral from where he was milking his cow. I saw him all of a sudden fall off his stool - over backwards. So I hurried over there and got my arm under him to help him up. As he was kinda coming back to his senses, he said, 'Oh, I am all right. I am all right. Just leave me alone. I'll get up.' I helped him a little as he got up. Then he picked up his bucket and stool and continued milking the cow. Then he took his bucket and went in. It

was just a few hours later when someone came to the house and said that Grandpa Owens was dead.

He was very much independent, and wanted to take care of himself. Oh, he would let me help when there was something that he could not do, but he liked to do for himself as much as he could.

Ina said that when he went in to bed he had commented that he was tired and guessed he would go to bed. She heard one shoe fall, but the other one did not fall. Finally she went to the door and spoke to him but he did not answer.

She hurried in and found that he had just fallen back over. She sent one of the Stock boys to tell his son, Almon. He was gone when Almon got there, and as Uncle Almon said, "Daddy, we weren't ready for you to go, but we would not call you back for anything."

James Clark Owens passed away from a heart attack, February 17, 1943. He was a pioneer, faithful church member, possessed good judgement, was jovial and friendly, loved the mountains, and spent his life and money developing projects for the benefit of future generations.

LeRoy DeWitt, Clark's grandson, told Eva Jun 30, 1974 that no one loved their granddad any more than he did his Granddad Owens. He just could not get close enough to him or stay with him long enough during the week. But when Sunday came, and Granddad was the Bishop, he stayed clear away from him. That always was something he had to fight, this idea of staying away, shunning the ones that were in authority.

Orr, a grandson, said that he tagged his granddad hundreds of miles on that old "sulky plough." "From the time I was big enough to walk I went with him to the fields. That "sulky riding plough" was on the ranch here when they bought the Huning Ranch; it had two ploughs on it, but that was too much work for the horses that they had in those days, and so he took one of those ploughs off. That sulky plough set down here on one of the fields for years after Granddad died. I don't believe that it was ever moved until during the war they got to gathering up all kinds of junk."

A sulkie plough took three horses to pull it. It had a big wheel out on the side, another one up front that would run in the furrow that you already had ploughed and another one in the furrow that you just then ploughed. Granddad would drive the "sulkie" and I had the team with the walking plough and I would follow him. I know that I walked hundreds of miles every day, it seemed like. I know that when night time came, I did not feel like going out "partying." I felt like going to bed, but I still had the cows to milk first.

One thing that Granddad like to do was haul wood. He loved to haul wood and he liked to chop wood. He would just chop wood for the fun of it. He just loved to get out there on a warm day and just chop wood and see how big a stack he could make. He had his wood in one place and we had ours in another spot. he always had a big stack already chopped and every night I had to

go chop enough wood to do Mom the next day. Now and then I would see some wood piled in my pile that Granddad had put there. He was my buddy. He was the guy, like I say, I grew up with.

Copy of letter in possession of Wilford Hatch, Franklin, Idaho:

Showlow, Arizona
December 1, 1941

Dear Sister Adelia:

I am a long time getting to writing. This is the second attempt getting paper and pencil, something came up to put it off. Then hearing you were coming out, still put off. My hand is so trembly I cannot hardly hold a pen. So do a little better with pencil.

We are all pretty well here and hope you are well. Sorry Wilford's health is bad. I am affected with shortness of breath (Asthma) so, I have to get around like a snail - walk very slow. I tend a couple of cows and chop our wood. Sit around and read the news.

Almon was back to S. L. City to conference. Saw Zina's folks only. I certainly would like to have met all at their gathering at Zina's but am so deaf I get very little people say. Have to be close and speak loud.

As to father's folks, I never could get but very little. When they were driven out of Nauvoo, they came to Council Bluffs and Grandfather started back to get work and got caught in a blizzard and lost his way. Finally came to a hog ranch badly frozen and died.

Father said his father was a mason and a number of the Missourians wanted him to stay and work for htem - was quite a hand getting along with all.

Uncle Horace had a farm and married in Mo. Aunt Amelia's husband (first husband) died on the plains. Aunt Julia's husband (Louder) also died near that time, so father was the main stay for three widows.

I got permission to look over the record of the old settlers of Maryland, at Annapolis, none but males were listed of the Owens', as there were lots of Owens in Md., but could not find the name of Clark connected with any of them. Father thought his father; and grandfather's names were James Clark Owens. I also hunted up the oldest man and woman I could find in Anarcancell County, and questioned them - stayed overnight with an Owens who had spelled the name Owings, but found no record. Some men working in the temple told Clarence, I think it was, that Grandmother Owens (Note: did not finish this sentence.)

Just do remember her when I was a child.

Aunt Amelia's first husband was Webb. After married McRay. Albert's and Estelle's father. Aunt Julia's first husband was Louder. After married Alexander and third married Frank Wilson.

This is about all I know of the older ones.

We are having cool but fine weather of late. Ina and husband still live with us does the house work. Annie is baby tender 4 of them now. My handwriting is so much like chicken tracks you may have to guess at it.

Love to all. Would like to meet and get acquainted. As ever
J. C. Owens

Early History of Arizona and Showlow:

The first effective effort made to colonize and develop community life in the Rocky Mountain region was made by the Mormon Pioneers. It is true that others had passed over the country, a few isolated forts and trading posts had been established, but no one had come with the intention of making homes in the inhospitable part of the Great West.

When the first pioneers entered Arizona, it was a wild and uninviting country. Northeastern Arizona, where the fierce Apaches roamed in marauding hands, was avoided long after other parts of the state were settled.

In 1870, Colonel Croyden E. Cooley, famous Indian scout, and his friend, Marion Clark, explored the country to some extent. coming upon a beautiful valley covered with flowers and lush grass, with a babbling brook flowing through it, they selected it as a promising place to settle.

Log cabins were soon erected in the present town of Showlow. Sometime later, when unable to come to an agreement on the division of the property, they decided to play a game on the division of the property, they decided to play a game of cards, called "seven up," to decide who should own all the property. At a critical point in the game, Marion Clark exclaimed, "Slow low" and you take the ranch." Cooley showed low. From this circumstance, the place was named Showlow.

After a few years, Cooley formed a partnership with Henry Huning. They dug ditches, irrigated and farmed most of the valley. They installed a sawmill near the creek. they launched suite and extensive building program. Several large barns, a blacksmith shop, a bridge across the creek and other small buildings. They constructed what would be called in that day 'palatial homes.' Cooley's home, located on a hill was a two story frame building. It became known as the White house.

When the Forest Department of the government put restrictions on the range land, Cooley became discouraged and decided to sell out and leave the country.

William J. Flake heard rumors that Huning wanted to sell. He was a man of great foresight and good judgement. He saw the possibilities of a thriving community on the Huning Ranch. while talking with Huning, he intimated that fifty families could make homes on the place. Huning said it was impossible. He thought that it was not large enough for one man. Acting as representative for a group of his friends, in April, 1903, Flake bargained with Huning for all his property. This included land, his established rights to the waters of Showlow creek and its tributaries, all improvements on the land, farm machinery, a number of horses, considerable hay, grain, and stock salt. The price was $13,500. This amount was divided into four and one half shares, with $3,000 per share. William Jordan Flake took one share, Abner and Frank Ellsworth took on share, John Henry Willis took one share, James C. Owens took one share, and Niels Hansen took one half share. W. D. Rencher was hired to survey the holdings. A town site was laid out in symmetrical blocks and wide streets. The block on which the Cooley home stood was given to the church. Each lot was numbered as to their value. Each man drew a number from each class. After the drawing there began a series of trading so that each owner's land could be fenced in one enclosure.

It was discovered that some of the improvements purchased were on railroad land. James Clark Owens III and J. H. Willis acted in behalf of the community and made the deal with the railroad officials for 18 sections of land in Township 10. Anyone in possession of any portion of this land was given the first opportunity to buy at the purchase price of $1.50 per acre.

Soon the families began moving into their new homes. William Jordan Flake occupied the Hunning home. James C. Owens establishied residence in the Cooley home, "the White House." The Willard Whipple family moved into the house called the men's quarters. His brother Edson's family located on an adjoining lot.

Throughout the years, people have come and gone. Wm. J. Flake went back to Snowflake.

In 1881 rumors were that Geronimo was coming. The men hastily built a lumber enclosure around the Cooley home and all the families were moved inside. The Indians didn't show nor at any other time did Showlow suffer, but the stockade provided refuge and comfort for the surrounding settlers for a long time.

The common faith of the Mormon settlers soon drew them together in an effort to carry on thir church activities. They met where ever a few of them could congregate. Since there was not a large enough roup in one locality, the entire mountain area was organized into one ward, May 13, 1884, with Hans Hansen Sr., as Bishop. After 19 years, James Clark Owens was Bishop.

Bishop Owens removed a partition between tow of the rooms in the White House. This made a room large enough for a place of worship, for amusement, and for school. A little later Bishop Owens' big hay barn was renovated. The barn was one of the Cooley and Huning buildings and is still being used by Almon D. Owens, Son of J. C. Owens. Windows and new floor were put in. It was used for church, recreational and civic assemblies. The odor of new mown hay was

not objectionable and while the preacher delivered his sermon to the congregation, the laying hens cackled happily on the other side of the wall.

When Brother Owens moved his family into the John Fish house which is still standing, the White House again became the center of all public gatherings. June 16, 1910, it burned, destroying the White House, furniture, books, and church records.

Schools: The first school was held in a log cabin near the Cooley home. Then it was moved to a cabin north of speak loud.

As to father's folks, I never could get but very little. When they were driven out of Nauvoo, they came to Council Bluffs and grandfather started back to get work and got caught in a blizzard and lost his way. Finally came to a hog ranch badly frozen and died.

Father said his father was a mason and a number of the Missourians wanted him to stay and work for them - was quite a hand getting along with all.

Uncle Horace had a farm and married and a love of scriptures. Cecelia Owens, though ill, reigned like a queen. She would not compromise with sin. Adah Owens was queenly too, old fashioned as a cameo. Humble and sweet to everyone.

Brigham Young Academy, Provo, Nov. 1. 18[illegible]

This is to certify, that
James Clark Owens, jr. of Fillmore,
has attended the Academical Department of this institution during the first term of the second academical year and is entitled to the First Degree in Punctuality, Conduct and Diligence; the percentage in the studies pursued by him is as follows:

Elocution 75
Bookkeeping 90
Civ. Government 80.
Arithmetic 95
Rhetoric 69
Grammar 92.
Penmanship 65.

Brother Owen has always manifested the spirit of a faithful Latter Day Saint.

With this testimonial he is herewith honorably discharged from this Academy by his own request.

Karl G. Maeser.
Principal B. Y. A.

# Special Blessing for Health

Jane Cecelia Cluff Owens promised the Lord if He would grant her this special blessing that she needed so much, that she would teach her children to remember always May 7, 1896 as a very special day.

This information came from the Journal of Levi Mathers Savage, who became the third bishop of Woodruff, Arizona in 1891, and he served for twenty-seven years. This was mimeographed by the Brigham Young University Extension Division and is in the possession of Lenore Owens Skillman and L. L. Hatch in Woodruff.

"Thursday, May 7, 1896. I rebaptized Sisters Adeline Savage and Cecelia Owens seven times for their health."

Cecelia was so very weak that they had to pad and bind her stomach in order for her to be rolled on her side so that they could fix her bed. These two ladies had been bed fast for many years. The Woodruff Ward members were all fasting and praying for them. At this time Fast and Testimony Meetings were held on Thursdays.

It had become necessary for Cecelia's husband, James Clark Owens III, to go out beyond Heber to take care of things at their sheep camp. He was unable to get back in time for the baptizing. So Bishop Savage helped Cecelia's brother-in-law, Rod Gardner, carry Cecelia in a chair to the carriage. She was so very weak. They dove to the river where they had to carry her into the river to baptize her.

Then the Priesthood leaders baptized each of the ladies seven times for their health. One time Ceceli' as foot or clothing did not go under the water and so they had to baptize her the eighth time.

The Lord gave her strength! And she walked out of that water to the carriage. That afternoon she walked across the street to the Church House, stood and bore her testimony, and then she walked to her home.

Never again did she become as weak as she was before this special blessing.

During that Fast and Testimony Meeting May Hatch (later Lewis Decker's wife) she was about nineteen years old, stood and bore her testimony in tongues. (a different language than any of them knew) Then Sister Adeline Hatch Savage, who had be baptized for her health that day, was given the interpretation of that testimony and was told that it was the tongue of Adam.

My mother, Elsie Vilate Owens DeWitt Flake, is Jane Cecelia Cluff Owens' daughter.

Written by Eva F. Winmill

(I was fortunate in having Mother with me most of the time for the last ten months of her life. Her mind was very clear and she told me over and over many things that had been so special and precious in her life.)

Eva

Please share with your children and loved ones.

Thanks Eva

The Life of

# C. E. Owens

## Clarence Edward Owens

By Brenda McHugh Mitchell
Great-granddaughter

It was January 1865.

The Tabernacle was under construction in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Alexander Graham Bell was living in London, England with his grandfather; spending a great deal of time reading about speech and sound which would later lead to the development of the telephone.

Louis Pasteur was developing a vaccine for rabies.

Hans Christian Anderson, a masterful storyteller, was writing magical fairy tales.

Nevada had just become a new state.

A young telegraph operator named Thomas Alva Edison was experimenting with batteries and light.

Abraham Lincoln was elected to serve a second term as President of the United States.

Apaches under the command of Cochise were attacking the residents of Territorial Arizona.

Wonderful stories were being written by the great Charles Dickens.

America was divided and at war with itself, the Civil War would not come to an end until later in the year.

The Congress of the United States of America would soon pass the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution, prohibiting slavery in the U. S.

And in a small town in Utah named Fillmore, on the twelfth, Clarence Edward Owens was born to Lucretia Proctor Robison and her husband James Clark Owens.

James Clark (II) and Lucretia Proctor Owens were stalwart pioneers. They were married in January 1856, while J. C. was working on the Salt Lake Temple. Together they had 12 children: James Clark (III), Marion Alfred, Lucretia Adelpha, Clarence Edward (the subject of this history), Elsie Abigail, Joseph Alonso, Mary Amelia, John, Lillie Alvira, Zina, Franklin Horace and Adelia.

Clarence's young life was similar to that of other children being raised in small L. D. S. communities. His opportunities for an education were very limited. He was first baptized on 2 July 1873 and rebaptized 25 Aug. 1877. As he advanced in years, he was ordained to the different grades of the Priesthood. On Feb. 29, 1892 he was, ordained a Seventy by Joseph W. Smith and was ordained a High Priest Nov. 14, 1898, by Apostle Abraham O. Woodruff with President Jessie N. Smith and Lorenzo Hill Hatch assisting.

In 1879 he came to Arizona and spent one summer in Bush Valley; he then relocated in Woodruff and subsequently in Snowflake.

Sarah Ella Hatch (daughter of Lorenzo Hill Hatch and Catherine Karren) became his wife in July of 1889 in the Logan Temple and together they had seven children: Alice Bertha, Loral Clarence, Lorenzo Hill, Lucien Burr, Catherine Eva, Lois, Earl Hatch and then in 1917 they adopted Loney "H" Owens.

Clarence served a mission to the southern states, he labored twenty-eight months in Alabama and Mississippi. He tells of this time in his journal, "About Oct. 25, 1894 I was called as a missionary to the Southern States to leave Salt Lake City on Dec. 8, 1894. I left my home in Ariz. on the 24th of Nov. 1894 and had a pleasant trip to Provo, Utah and from there went by train to Juab and then by wagon to Fillmore and visited by Father and Mother. On Dec. 5th I took leave of Father, Mother, Brothers and Sisters and arrived In S. L. City on the 6 Dec. 1894 on the 7fh I was set apart for that mission by Bro. Semour B. Young."

Throughout his journals, Clarence mentioned many speaking engagements and opportunities to serve. He did serve in a Stake Sunday School presidency, as a High Councilman traveling around northern Arizona as well as continuing with his missionary work.

Clarence also participated in early Arizona politics. In 1896 he attended a Primary Convention in Heber and was chosen as a delegate to the convention at Holbrook. September came and he and Clark attended the Republican Convention as delegates. All of this took place while Clarence was working the family's sheep business.

In Clarence's Journal he writes about his father James Clark's death.

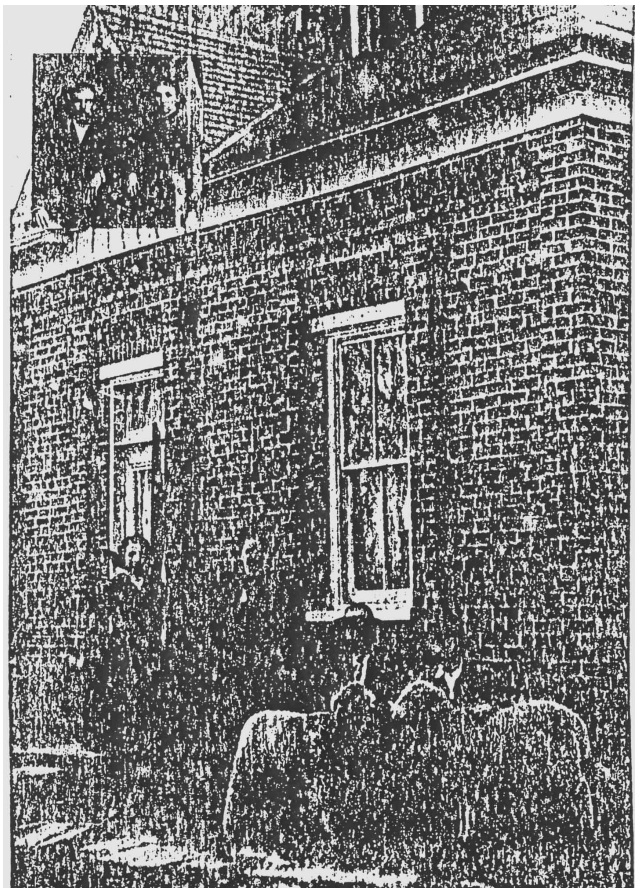
Friday, Feb. 1 - Helped Frank plow, finished piece came home about 4 P.M. Father died about 5 P.M. with heart failure.

Saturday, Feb. 2 - Preparing for Father's funeral. Very lonely.

Sunday, Feb. 3 - Had funeral services about 2 P.M., buried Father about 4 P.M. There were present of the family, Mother, C. E. Owens, Mary Gardner, Frank and Adelia.

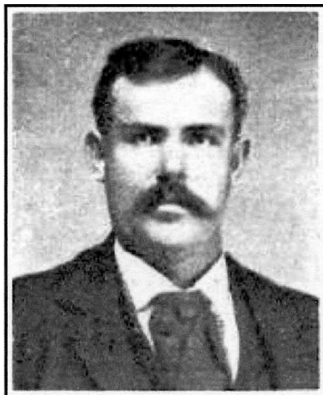
Monday, Feb. 4 - Was occupied in writing to members of family and trying to comfort Mother.

Clarence loved his family as you can tell from his writings.
This man was a faithful follower of the doctrine of Jesus Christ and the admonitions of the Prophet as well as other Genera Authorities. He followed the commandments and did what Father in Heaven wanted him to do, including the keeping of a personal journal which has allowed his ancestors to peek into the past and learn about this great man. Through his journals we find out about his personal life, his spiritual life and his business life. He was truly a remarkable and valiant man; a man of great honor who undoubtably is watching his posterity at this moment, guiding us and helping us to fulfill our destiny's as well as he did.



***Clarence Edward Owens***

LDS Biographical Encyclopedia, Andrew Jenson, Vol. 2, p.219



Owens, Clarence Edward, an alternate member of the High Council of the Snowflake Stake, Arizona, was born Jan. 12, 1865, at Fillmore, Millard county, Utah, the son of James C. Owens and Lucretia P. Robinson. He was baptized Aug. 25, 1877, by Francis M. Lyman, and was ordained to the different grades of the Priesthood as he advanced in years. He was ordained a Seventy Feb. 29, 1892, by Joseph W, Smith; ordained a High Priest Nov. 14, 1898, by Abraham O. Woodruff, and left home on a mission to the Southern States in November, 1894; he labored twenty-eight months in Alabama and Mississippi. At home he has labored as a Mutual Improvement association missionary and as first assistant in the Stake superintendency of Sunday schools. He first came to Arizona in 1879 and spent one summer in Bush Valley; he then located in Woodruff and subsequently (in September, 1906) in Snowflake, where he still resides. In July, 1889, he married Sarah Ella Hatch, daughter of Lorenzo H. Hatch; they were married in the Logan Temple. Seven children are the issue of this marriage.

***James Clark Owens***

LDS Biographical Encyclopedia, Andrew Jenson, Vol. 3, p.191
Owens, James Clark, Bishop of the Woodruff Ward ( Snowflake Stake), Navajo county, Arizona, was born July 7, 1832, in Jackson county, Mo., the son of James Clark Owens and Abigail Cordelia Burr. With his parents he passed through the trials and drivings of the Saints, first in Missouri and afterwards in Illinois. He was baptized in 1843 in Hancock county, Ill., attended the conference at Nauvoo, Aug. 8, 1844, and remembered how Brigham Young was transformed in the eyes of the people. With his father's family he located temporarily at Mt. Pisgah, Iowa, at the time of the exodus in 1846. From this point his father started out in search of work, but was caught in a severe storm and badly frozen. He died from the effects of this exposure, leaving his widowed wife and children as follows: Horace Burr Owens, James Clark (the subject of this sketch), Amelia and Julia. The family crossed the plains in Captain Hodge's ox company, in 1853. Bro. Owens wintered at Provo, Utah county, and early in 1854 moved to Fillmore where he quarried rock for the State house. In January, 1856, he married Lucretia P. Robinson, and the following year cut stone for the Salt Lake Temple; he did the same labor also in 1870-77. He also worked as a stone mason on the St. George Temple in 1876; was ordained an Elder April 4, 1866, by Samuel L. Sprague; ordained a High Priest March 9, 1869, by Erastus Snow and served as a High Councilor; served as sheriff a number of years in Southern Utah and was captain in the militia during the Walker and Black Hawk wars. In November, 1878, he moved to Arizona and the following year was ordained a Bishop and set apart to preside over the Woodruff Ward by Wilford Woodruff. Together with other settlers who suffered the loss of their dams and crops for a number of years, he had to find employment on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad to earn bread for his family. After serving as Bishop at Woodruff about twelve years he removed to Fillmore, Utah, where he remained four years and then returned to Woodruff, Arizona, where he died of heart failure Feb. 1, 1901. Bishop Owens was the father of twelve children and was survived by his wife, Lucretia P. Robison Owens, daughter of Joseph Robison and Lucretia Hancock. The children are the following: James Clark (now Bishop of Showlow, Arizona), Marion Alfred, Clarence Edward, Zina, Franklin Horace, and Adelia.

# AUTOBIOGRAPHY
of
Franklin Horace Owens

THIS IS MY STORY:

I am the son of James Clark Owens Jr. and Lucretia Proctor Robison; the eleventh child in a family of twelve. I was born in Woodruff, (then Apache County, later Navajo County) Arizona, on January 17, 1881.

Arizona at that time was an arid and undeveloped country, grouped as one of the Rocky Mountain States within the confines of which the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints sought solace, and peace, where they could worship God without molestation from outside elements with wicked intent.

Adherent to the wise council of President Brigham Young, reconnaissance work was being continuously carried on, that a clear under standing as to the topographical features of the country may obtain. Thereby making possible a comprehensive study that would result in establishing a worthy commonwealth, featuring good homes, schools, churches, and citizens of repute and honor.

I feel I should describe the area in which the settlement named Woodruff was located. The country at the time I was born was wild and in its native state - arid, with miles and miles of wide open plains and rolling hills with clumps of cedar (one seed juniper) trees. This vast area was drained by the Little Colorado River and its tributaries, which had their beginning in the forests of the Mogollon and White Mountains some fifty to sixty miles to the south. Pinpointed at Woodruff from a fan-like pattern along the top of the mountain, on a longitudinal line, the near distance of the drainage from the southwest to the southeast would approximate one hundred miles; then in a latitudinal direction to the north as far as the Zuni Mountains to the vicinity of Gallup, New Mexico, where it drains the Bad Lands of that area. This is a vast area, which created a vicious street at flood time.

The melting snows with crystal white rivulets coursing down the mountain glens, suggested an assurance that the water should be plentiful to support the needs of the colonizers in making suitable developments on the arable land, and care for relative enterprises.

This was deceptive, however, for occasional voluminous rains, added to the waters from the melting snows in the high mountains above, moved at times with body and powers sufficient to carry logs and other timber, even uprooted trees, as it wanded its way down a well defined and corrugated channel. Its volume was often increased to tremendous proportions and powers, as along its way it intercepted streams of water heavily laden with mud, earth from off the bad lands that lie along the boundary of that portion of Arizona and New Mexico to the east. Such was the devastating menace brought to bear against the feeble efforts of this little colony, whose interest was to harness the waters of the Little Colorado and develop its resources and build homes.

1878 - One after another in the course of years, their dams were destroyed by flood waters, following months of hard labor and sacrifice in constructing the dams. Rocks weighing tons were virtually lifted off their resting place in the wall, as if they were a loaf of bread removed by human hand -- such was the violence of these impetuous waters. While witnessing these violent floods, hardy souls ofttimes burst into tears and wept to see the realization of their dreams washed away.

Under these conditions it was impossible to maintain a high morale. Men came, hopeful and enthused; others left, disconsolate and discouraged. Too often the period of time between floods was not long enough to allow a structure to be completed.

Having witnessed some of these disasters as a small boy and on until manhood, my deductions are: Having had to labor under conditions of poverty and ill-equipped servitude, the stress and urgencies of the situation could have been responsible for neglect in some manner, for "Things done in haste often result in waste." Deep wells and pumps were unheard of. Many grievous and disturbing factors entered into the development of this project. I have made these remarks, not as a reflection of distrust or evil against anyone, for my dear old father upon whose shoulders rested this responsibility for some 10 years, gave his life, virtually a martyr to this cause. Others who took his place tried, but they too failed.

1881 - Feature, if you may, the handicaps under which this little band labored; poor and impoverished; with Albuquerque, New Mexico their nearest supply center, two hundred and fifty miles away. There were only bad roads, if any, and they had only horses or oxen as their motivating power. This necessitated weeks to make a trip.

It took them four years to build a structure which would run water into their ditches and for the first time make it possible for them to raise a small acreage of garden truck and grain. This particular year (1881) also registered the advent of the construction by the advance forces of the Santa Fe Railroad Company across the line into the state of Arizona. Also, the crowning feature of the year registered the birth of YOURS TRULY, Franklin Horace Owens, on January 17, 1881.

WOODRUFF, ARIZONA -- The first efforts made to develop the little valley, later called Woodruff, as an agricultural center, was in December, 1876, when a contingent of five men, settlers f rom Joseph City about twenty-four miles down the river to the north, made surveys relative to the construction of a dam to divert the water and irrigate the land. This would necessitate a structure thirty to thirty-five feet in height from the river bed to the top of the valley approach.

Nothing more was done until a year later, the winter of 1877-1888, when a group of colonizers settled there with their families and made nuclear developments and began in earnest the construction of a dam. After a period of two months of hard labor an unexpected flood came down the river and destroyed the efforts made. At the onset of this endeavor, however, they had a strong feeling of assurance that in the not too distant future, they might realize the possibility of

owning a home in the beautiful valley below, and this stimulated them to continue their efforts. As the cold and blustery weather of winter approached, since their only shelter was within their wagon beds, they sensed the necessity of providing suitable living quarters for their families, and therefore constructed the "Old Adobe Fort." This was during the winter and early spring of 1877-1888.

But sad to say, after having witnessed the vehemency of the turbulent waters of the river, which so quickly washed away the results of two months hard labor, the interest of some of them quickly waned and three families moved on seeking opportunities for a home where the resources could more easily be developed.

The leaders of the Church were not baffled because of this disaster and more earnestly sought sturdy and experienced men to carry on this enterprise. Among these men was Father, James Clark Owens, Jr., who was found to have located at "Bush Valley" (later known as Alpine).

1879 - In the month of September, at the request of, then, Apostle Wilford Woodruff, Father disposed of all his real property as best he could and set out for Woodruff, landing there December 4, 1879. He made this move as requested by Apostle Woodruff, being true to his belief and to the covenants he had made "To land every assistance toward the building up of the Church and Kingdom of God upon the earth." Mother, in relating this circumstance to us children, said father had just built a lovely home of hewed logs, with which she was very happy and content.

Imagine the feelings of father and mother as they studied the madness of the weary hearts they found at Woodruff, and the immensity of the project they had been asked to assist in developing with the hazzards they must overcome.

At this time Mother had a family of eight to care for - three boys, ages 14, 19, and 22 years and three girls, ages 1, 8 and 12 years. What consternation must have met the eye as she peered into the dark and dreary room that was to be their home for the next few years. To see its dirty and bare adobe walls, the dirt roof supported by cedar poles covered with willows, then topped with a heavy mound of earth the openings were one window and one door, with several port holes through the outside walls, which were for protection against a possible attack by the Indians.

The size of this room was approximately 16 ft. by 20 ft. inside. The floor was nature's own earth. The foundation was of rock about one foot above the ground, upon which the thick adobe walls were laid. The door sill was a large flat rock. The door itself, and also the window were just openings - nothing in them to shut out the weather. Mother later covered them with heavy cloth.

To better facilitate living conditions, Mother fashioned a partition with an old carpet and a blanket, thus satisfying a need for privacy. The inside arrangement and furnishings consisted of: Two rudely fashioned clothes cupboards hanging against the walls above the bed

supported from the ceilings; one little clothes cupboard resting on some flat rocks a few inches above the floor. This also served as a table in the corner at the head of Mother and Father's bed. Crosswise at the foot of their bed was a bed for the smaller children. This filled the back room.

In the kitchen (or front room) was another bed, a kitchen table, a small cook stove in the corner, some ill-contrived cupboards, and a chair or two, which were part of a set of 8 durable chairs Father had made while in Bush Valley.

The covered wagon boxes served as a bedroom for the boys, dressing room, rumpus room for the kids, and storage quarters. Thus minimizing the many details encumbered in an attempt to maintain a home of decency and respect under conditions adverse to well being, you may know this sacrifice was not of their own free will, but an answer to the call of duty.

1881 - The above preface brings us to the cold wintry month of January, 1881 and gives an idea of topographical features, the hazzards to overcome, the privations endured, and existent conditions at the time of my birth.

As I grew and began to realize, I remember Zina was assigned the duty of caring for me, and how blessed she was. On the dirt floor Mother had heavy rag rugs, some were braided and some were woven on the loom she had for weaving. When the weather was wet, stormy, and cold outside, I would have to play inside, usually on the bed to be off the cold floor. Another reason was I was always into mischief or digging holes in the dirt between the rugs. Sometimes I was locked in the wagon box where my older brothers slept. It was usually quite warm in there and Mother and the girls were given a little rest while I was taking care of myself and out of mischief.

There were a few hills, or colonies of red ants in the yards around the fort, seemingly they had not been molested much for in each case there were mounds piled high with particles of dirt, tiny rock, small pieces of glass, etc., and perforated here and there with little holes where the ants went in and out. This was a natural way of protecting their home from the elements, vermin and other things that would tend to destroy them. The kids in the fort had found numerous tiny glass beads on and around the mounds (from where no one knew). I was taught to stay away, but my curiosity was so acute I seized an opportunity, when Zina was playing, and ran over to investigate and gather beads. It was not long until I began running and screaming. Mother soon had me while people all around were hollering “What's the matter? What has happened?” “Just ants in his pants” was Mother's reply. I didn't need watching after that.

With only a few men whose efforts were now and then strengthened by new recruits, the work went steadily on, however, the sad and impecunious conditions brought about by this arduous struggle was indeed a hardship to endure. Day after day, as time wore on, the food supply grew less and less, but fortunately this as augmented to an appreciable extent by killing wild meat and now and then a beef.

Grain and other articles of food, clothing, etc. that were dire necessities and could not be done without, were procured many times through a unity in purpose - exchange of work with those

who had access to possibilities, such as freighting, wage earnings, or other things. Some of the people had milk cows (including Father) produceing milk, which with the butter Mother churned, was divided among those less fortunate. Lorenzo Hill Hatch states in his writings, that there were times when they lived mostly on grain, which was ground for flour and cereals in a small hand mill (probably a coffee mill). Their corn was usually parched and eaten dry. Through this experience I learned to love parched corn.

Within the home, such as it was, Mother, and the other house wives, were experiencing difficulties too sad for words. Some of these troubles could have been relieved had they given it thought and applied natures own remedies by adding a thatched surface over the covering of dirt, thus running the rain water off the roof and eliminating the trouble it sometimes caused. The Fort was hastily constructed under very adverse conditions, and it was considered only as a temporary shelter while they were building the dam across the river, where they planned to build more permanent homes.

AN INCIDENT IN PIONEER LIFE: One of the incidents I will relate - It was during the summer rainy season and it had rained each day for several days, thoroughly saturating the earth. The next day, after a hot forenoon, it began raining again, this time in real earnest. Mother sensing the possibility of a disasterous happening (from past experience) began piling her clean clothing and other things on the beds and covering them with quilts. She worked quickly, as the moments were precious when the rain came down fast, and before the mud-laden drops began falling from the ceiling faster and faster. Mother put out pans and buckets and every sort of container she had, then tried to empty them as fast as they filled, but alas, she lost the fight. The falling drips were almost streams of mud and water until the floor was a slush almost shoetop deep. The clothes and everything else in the house were saturated.

She put a doubled quilt around me and stood me in the doorway where I was partially protected by the thick adobe walls over and about me. The girls were in the wagon box where it was yet dry, and the men were up at the dam. Poor Mother drenched through and through, not even a dry cloth to wipe her eyes, sat on an old box and wept.

As I stood there in the doorway, well near dry, I had watched with amazement and pity all she had been doing and the condition of my dear Mother, then I began sobbing and crying too. To quiet me, Mother had to put me in the wagon with the girls. The yard also was a lake of water, no fire, no dry wood, neither a change of clothes that were dry. Only a strong heart imbued with the spirit of God could persist in the endurance of these continued hardships.

That was not all – This heavy clay soil was so adherent that when it began to harden from the liquid state, it would cling to one's shoes in great quantities until the weight sometimes seemed as though it would pull the shoes off your feet. At each doorstep there was always a scraper where it was necessary to clean ones shoes before entering the house.

FATHER TANNED HIDES -- The men working on the dam, handling rock and other heavy work, kept every bit of clothing worn threadbare until it was patch upon patch, using leather or

buckskin pads in place of gloves, which they could not get. Mother even made buckskin suits for father and the boys. I, myself, used father's last suit for strings which I braided into whips and quirts and used for other purposes. Their shoes, they half-soled with rawhide sewed on to the uppers with buckskin strings, making what the Mexicans call Tejuas.

THE SANTA FE RAILROAD CAME -- I have checked records handed down by others, and they are incomplete and inexplicit. I have tried to correlate these with incidents handed down by my parents, and incidents I personally remember, which indelibly registered in my young mind or in some cases they were vague, but in the main they are correctly related.

1881-1882 -- The tenseness of the situation and some of the hardships that were being endured were somewhat relieved due to the fact that industry and public developments were being brought near to our doors. First, with the advent of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad and its advance preparedness being carried on, such as grading, building of depots, side tracks, tanks and related water supply for their steam engines, the building of bridges, and the laying of temporary track so that bellast could be applied and firmness and finish work could follow - all this was slowly being accomplished. Small wages, especially for the ordinary laborer, were being paid, and when payday came, after all deductions were made and expenses satisfied, little was left.

Father, and his brother Horace, who had just recently moved to Woodruff, did considerable contract work for the railroad, such as the building of bridges, depots and warehouses, etc. (The depot as it now stands in Holbrook is one of the buildings they built). Then too, during 1881-1882 the A. C. M. I. (Arizona Cooperative Mercantile Institution) had moved their store from Holbrook to Woodruff, and began furnishing the people with work at home, so that they might support their families and in a way recuperate. For temporary quarters the A. C. M. I. first put up a long frame building in which they began operations. Soon after this they contracted with a Mr. Combs, one of the colonists, to make brick and build a structure two stories high, with rectangular dimensions 30' x 30'. While Brother Combs made the brick Father supervised the construction of the building. This furnished food and clothing and brought about an atmosphere of contentment and happiness. Homes were built in the townsite, new people moved into the settlement to make their home. Nice orchards of fruit trees and berries were set out, gardens were grown and considerable fencing was done. By the end of 1883 our new home on the town lot was sufficiently well completed that we were moved into it. Mother was especially happy, so much so she could not hold back the tears, as for a period of four years she had endured the hardships, privations, and filth of dirt roof, dirt floors, etc., so foreign to her natural cleanly way of life, and she had endured this without complaint.

Christmas time came, they talked of Old Santa Claus and his sleigh bells, the presents he would bring to all good little boys and girls, until it created in me a tenseness so acute I felt I just could not wait until we could hear those bells. This happening was in the social hall at the Old Fort. Looking intently at the beautiful tree with its real candles beaming, laden with little paper bags of a few lumps of candy, peanuts and an apple, now and then a little doll, a pair of shoes, some ribbon, etc. I behaved the best I could on Mother's knee.

Finally the sleigh bells began to ring and the kids could hardly be held in their seats. Mother told me to sit quiet and they would bring my presents to me. Trying to be good I waited and eagerly watched for Santa, who was now trying to enter the door. Oh, what a thrill! I can never forget. Everything was quiet now as we noted his long white beard, and peculiar red dress, listening intently to his story.

One by one the names were read off and the kids were given their presents. All at once with his arms stretched high above his head, Santa called out "Oh! What a beautiful doll, and it's for Frankie Owens." Disappointed and heart broken I threw my arms around Mother's neck then began to cry - "I don't want an old doll." Throwing it to the floor as hard as I could. Trying to get away while they were doing everything possible to please me, I continued to holler and cry until Father ran over to the store and brought me a little tin dog, beautifully painted, standing erect on its hind feet, mounted on a little tin wagon that I could pull around. This little toy I cherished until the time came when I gave it to my own little boy (Vivian). From there I know not what happened to it, probably tucked through a knothole or crack that may have been in the floor. Such acts were-habitual with him.

This first Christmas that I remember was the last Christmas spent in the Old Fort. Prior to June, 1883, we were in our new house. All were delighted. It seemed so spacious - four large rooms with board floors. My mind is somewhat hazy as to detail while looking back upon these early incidents, but the more outstanding things made a lasting impression on my mind. Well do I remember running from room to room on those new board floors; the fireplace with a big fire in it, the beautiful big rock walks in the front, the well and all were so different to anything I had known in my short life.

Prior to the above, there are two other things that have always hung in my mind. They were so outstanding that they made an imprint I have never forgotten.

One of them was watching Brother Combs as he put a board floor in the apartment he and his family occupied, which was in the corner where the two wings of the Fort met.

The other thing I have such a positive remembrance of is when with Zina we would visit Cora Cross, Zina's playmate, who lived in what to me was a beautiful rock house (one which Thomas L. Greer had built during his short stay in Woodruff. He was a wealthy cattle man). It was amazing to me, as it had honest to goodness doors, windows, and board floors. Such as this I had never seen before.

To find our new home even more delightful than Corals house, was registered another thrill, then as Mother fashioned the home so beautifully with a new carpet (one she had made in Utah on the loom and brought with her), also new window curtains, a nice stove, tables and chairs. These, with the improvements outside, had me stunned; it left a picture in my mind that was never erased.

Father had a new man working there. His name was Frank Nicholas. He was medium size, dark hair and eyes, always with a smile and a pleasant look on his face. He could speak but little English and that was very broken, but with an accent that was charming. He had just recently come to America from France. When Father met him he was very much impressed with his appearance, so, needing a man badly he hired him.

My two older brothers, Clark and Marion, had been married for some years and were building homes for themselves. They each had a son the same age as I, and we three grew up together until we reached our early teens.

Father's time was most earnestly taken up, being bishop to the ward, all civic as well as Church duties were carried on under his careful vigilance. Operations and supervisory work on the Dam were never neglected. His contracts with the Santa Fe Railroad Company were given every attention that all specifications were carried out in detail as this could be only for a short period of time while the road was being constructed through this area and being made ready for commercial service. By this he realized money for the building of his home. He was at work night and day that these purposes might be accomplished.

At home, Clarence, my brother, who was now 19 years of age, cheerfully assumed all the duties of home management, under Father's instructions. He looked after the stock on the range and with Frank Nicholas' assistance they made our home a most serviceable, and to us a beautiful one. I loved my brother most dearly, although he was 16 years my senior he was a great companion, often taking me with him, sometimes on long trips, as I grew larger and larger.

After we moved into the new home and Frank Nicholas came into my life, I was with him most of my time, would stand by as he worked, and chatter to him by the hour. He would take me by the hand and lead me along as he moved from place to place and would explain to me things I had never known of before. Mother had learned to have confidence in him and for the first time she had trusted me into his care. While we lived in the Fort, along the river bank, which represented such a danger, Mother never allowed me out of her sight.

Another thing that added pleasure to our new home was the birth of my baby sister, Adelia, who was born June 15, 1883.

Near this period Frank Nicholas had finished building a new corral and Clarence had just driven in two cows with young calves for us to milk. This was an exciting experience for us. The cows were wild and they had to be tied before they would allow the men to milk them, and how it was they gave milk, I couldn't understand and Frank couldn't explain it to me, but my curiosity was measurably satisfied when I asked Clarence and he explained to me that the Heavenly Father made the cow's stomach so it could take the milk out of the grass it ate, and mix it with the water it drank, then it would fill the cow's bag, and the little calves could suck it out and grow big enough to eat grass, and that when we milked the cow we took that much away from the calf, and he had to eat something else. It never ceased to be a conundrum to me and until this day the query has never been satisfied.

Brother James Dean, who was the first postmaster in the little village, had also built a new home, which was just across the street east of us. He had two little boys near my age - David (to me "Dade") and Robert. Day after day we played together. Father would bring home small articles from the railroad which he thought would amuse me, of these the most interesting, as I remember, were some cast iron spools, very similar to those holding thread. These were about 6" long with wheels about 4" high. Father had his shop set up by this time with all kinds of tools in it. He taught me to do things for myself and not depend upon others to wait on me. We found some heavy wire, No. 8 or 9, and with this rigged them so we could pull them individually, or trail one behind the other. This made our little wagon roads, in and out of the ditches, up and down the streets, amusing ourselves day after day.

By this time I was learning that "There is work enough for all to do" and "all play and no work makes Jack a dull boy." How well I knew! Monday was always Mother's wash day. Breakfast was over early, as usual and the big iron kettle was hanging on the metal frame over the and irons, at one side in the back yard. A rousing fire had been built underneath, heating the water for the wash. To keep the fire burning was my duty, along with other light chores Mother would assign me to do. My complaints were not honored, we all worked.

Periodical rains and snows of summer and winter, especially during these years, were well to be depended upon and as a result the range lands were as a meadow, beautiful and green. But true as was the coming of civilization, this condition was not for long. "The HashKnife Land and Cattle Company" were now shipping cattle by the thousands, on to our range from Texas. Their first shipment was four thousand head - a few months later three thousand head, and so on until their numbers were appalling.

These new enterprises brought into our midst an undesirable element, however, from a financial standpoint it stimulated business, and for the moment was more or less a saving element to the poor benumbed colonists.

1885 - Devoid of finances and suitable equipment with which to work, sadly deterred the construction of a comparable dam that would insure permanency. The saints having been denuded of practically all their earthly possessions, arrived in the valley of the Salt Lake, destitute, thus to reclaim the desert, build new homes, develop water for irrigation and for domestic purposes, improve their lands, build roads, etc. thus it was not expected that the Church would have any appreciable amount of money for immediate disposal.

But, with the hope that a comparable possibility may obtain, Father drove to Salt Lake City and presented his plans to President John Taylor, who concurred in the suggested ideas of excavating and establishing the structural base on bedrock, with lockgates and spillways, protected by cofferdams above and below, which would take care of any ordinary flow of water. This with the understanding that labor would be gratis, except for water rights, and occupational privileges concurrent. The expense therefore, would be for machinery (with experienced operators) equipment, and supplies as enumerated. This, of course, amounted to an enormous sum, which

the Church at that time could not consider, but a check for one thousand dollars was received as a compromise, with which the Minerly Dam was constructed.

THIS IS FRANKIE WRITING

January 22, 1885. Father just returned from Salt Lake City. I was just four years old last week, am doing a lot of chores now. Take the cows out on the hills to grass after Clarence or Frank milks them in the morning, then, if they don't come to their calves early at night, I go out on the hills and hunt them. Sometimes I take them up on the Butte in the morning, when the grass is good there, kuz the wild cattle don't go on the Butte very much, and then I nearly always find them there at night.

I have to go barefoot only when there is snow on the ground, kuz I only have one pair of shoes and I save them for Sunday. The kids all go barefooted all the time. My feet are awful chappy and when they get dry they crack worse and bleed, then the dirt gets on 'em and dries, and they sure get dirty, and before I go to bed at night Mother scrubs them with soap and warm water, and she says I holler worse than a "Comanche" Indian. I have to holler kuz it hurts, and that's not only one night, but every one, sometimes worse than others. Sometimes she lets me wash 'em then she has to check to see if I done it good.

But worse than that, let me tell you - when I go up over the butte I try to step careful and step where there's dirt, if I can, but some I don't step high enough, or if I'm in a hurry, or get overbalanced and fall, then I'm sure to stub a toe or cut the bottom of my foot. When you stub a toe and knock all the hide off the end of it, and it bleeds and bleeds, you set down and pull the foot up over the other one as close to your mouth as you can get it, then between oh's and grunts you blow on it. After it quits bleeding you go on and get it full of dirt, and you're hazing your cows. Maybe you hit the same toe again, then sure enough you see stars. The sand rock are bad enough, we stub our toes a lot on them, but they're not near as bad as the Butte.

Sometimes my brother Clarence puts his saddle on and lets me ride "Old Nick." I can ride good now.

Frank's building a grainery, just behind the shop, and that's where we are going to put our grain, and the tithing grain. All the men are fencing and plowing a lot of land, they said seventy-five acres, to raise grain.

We have a pig now and I have to feed him. Sometimes we don't have any feed and I have to pull weeds and alfalfa for him. Mamma says when we get some grain we will get him fat and eat his meat.

(This is how this started on the original document) moment, we came near to the cylinders, hissing and steaming as if alive. So absorbed were we in the beauty and movements in and about that beautiful engine, we didn't stop to realize what was really taking place as to its management until suddenly, like a bolt of lightning the noise deafened our ears, and we were enveloped in a

cloud of steam. We died a little bit right there for a few moments. When we finally come alive, we again bolted for the empty cars on the sidetrack. Safely poised, we looked back at the old engineer who was laughing as if he would die, and the cylinders on the engine were working back and fort as the train moved slowly on. Down the track it went as the long trail of black smoke rolled from the hooded smoke stack.

When we reached the store where Clarence was, we found he and the older men were still laughing. It did not seem to us, at the time, to be a laughing matter, but we came to realize the joke was on us.

It was late when we got home that night, and I had to hurry to get the cows; found them way up the little Milky Draw toward Cars Bank, almost to the petrified forest. I found them quick kuz I went right out to the Red Knolls and climbed the highest one and there I could see 'em, wa-a-ay up the draw. 'Twas so far away I didn't get home until after dark. I can milk purty good now kuz I'm six years old, so they make me milk the cows all the time. There are three of 'em.

1885-1886 -- I'm going to school this winter, Andrew Woods is my teacher. We still go to meeting and Church in the Fort. They've got the rock there but they haven't built the school house yet. We got lumber now and Brother Minerly has made us some new benches, our old ones was hued logs with sticks in them for legs. The teacher has got a new table too.

It's getting kinda warm today and the grass is starting to grow a little. The cowboys are getting ready for the spring roundup. They brought in about ten head of cow ponies this morning for father to shoe. Some of them are broncs and are mean. All the boys are helping father. They put on the shoes while Father fits and calks them. We had some fun watching Abe Hewit, he got in the corral to rope out a bronc for them to shoe, when he caught the horse dodged into the bunch and jerked Abe down. He lost his rope and the loop tangled in his spurs and around and around the corral the horse was dragging him. We all scattered around the corral to keep them from jumping out and trying to stop them running. Abe was being drug under their feet while they jumped over him and the rope, kicking and crowding as they went. Finally we got them stopped. “twas a miracle he didn't get hurt. They had to snub the horse close to the snubbing post and tie each foot up as they shod him. The little horse was so scared he shook and trembled all over - was very sensitive and alert to every movement, apparently expecting to be whipped. He evidently had been so treated before, as some of the cowboys were very wicked with their horses.

For a number of years, shoeing horses was a lively enterprise for Father. He shod horses for the different cow punchers and companies. Such as the Hash-Knife, Long-H, Orner Brothers, and the many private operators, for the horse represented (except for now and then a yoke of oxen) the only mode of travel. Quite often also, U. S. Army officers from Ft. Apache would notify Father in advance, and during one of their stops at Woodruff, would bring in a number of horses and mules to be shod, even laying over an extra day to satisfy that purpose. Woodruff at that time was a forage station, or terminal, at the end of a days drive, and conveniently situated on the main highway from Holbrook to all points south.

Fort Apache was a government Outpost, situated on the banks of the White River, a few miles above its confluence with the Black River. It is well within the area set aside by the Government, as the home or reservation of the Apache tribe of Indians.

A contingent of several troops of soldiers, infantrymen and cavalrymen were stationed there with the purpose in view to quill and defeat the intrepid uprisings and murderous acts being perpetrated by the Apaches upon innocent travelers - men, women and children.

With the indulgence of the reader, or whoever it may immediately concern, I feel I should as a matter of early history, depict some of the hazards encountered because of the isolated location of the Fort. Precautionary efforts of safety in those days brought about like conditions of safety years after, and in some localities are still visible to this day (1958).

"Blazing The Road"

Prior to the coming of the Santa Fe Railroad into the State of Arizona, the army stationed at Ft. Apache, freighted its supplies from a point of contact with the Southern Pacific Railroad, via Ft. McDowell, on the Verde River, thence north to Camp Verde, thence to the east, following the mountain rim, viewing somewhat to the north near Clay Spring area, also that of Pinedale, Showlow, Pinetop, thence south to Cooleys Ranch, and on to the Fort. During periods of inclement weather, when hampered by rain, mud or snow, their provisions were moved by means of pack trains, on the backs of mules.

Since the long weary trail followed the RIM of the mountain, it was first known as the RIM ROAD, later when the use of mules came in vogue, and they were trailed along, one behind another from Camp Verde, it was dubbed “The Verde Trail.” During storms, or when the snows covered the earth, it was very difficult to follow the trail, for this reason the trail was blazed, (this by cutting a notch, about the size of a hand, through the bark on either side of the tree, facing the trail, either going or coming). This blazing has served as a definite landmark during all the years since that period. Through my experience in the mountains I found it very helpful many times, as you will note later in the story.

While the finishing touches along the newly laid Santa Fe line, such as putting on the ballest, checking the footing under the ties, the proper slope at curves, putting up signs, and the many safety devices necessary, all was made ready and the first train supplying commercial service began, regular runs through Holbrook in 1884. Almost immediately the transfer of service and supplies to and from Ft. Apache was effected via the Santa Fe through Holbrook, as the terminal station.

Local operators, under contract, did the hauling from that time on until the Fort was abandoned. This opportunity together with the sale of local commodities, such as hay, grain, etc. furnished employment and opened an avenue toward the development of homes and commercial interests among the colonists.

Let us go back again to the story of my own personal home life, picking it up a page back.

In the home as a helpmate to her husband, a wife, a mother, a civic worker, a nurse who cared for the sick and those in want, as an instructor and benefactor in church organizations, Mother was unexcelled. Never was she found idle. Never do I remember hearing a cross word uttered between Father and Mother. Their lives were dominated by implicit faith in God. My sisters, Elsie, Mary, Zina and Adelia were most active in rendering every possible assistance to their Mother. The same may be said of my brothers, Clark, Marion and Clarence. Our home was really what the word implies. Even when we lived in the Fort, Wilford Woodruff, Lorenzo Snow, John W. Young, to mention only a few, were given food and lodging such as our home could afford. This same hospitality and service was extended, and often carried to an alarming degree after we moved into our new home. There were times, not a few, when us kids were sent to the homes of our brothers, or sisters to be cared for since all of Mother's beds were occupied. Some of our friends whose business required a stop-over perhaps would remain two or three days, while both they and their horses were being cared for. All this was free gratis, no charge was ever made. Mother once said she hardly knew of a day that she didn't prepare a meal for some one. She was a good cook and Father was a good provider and both were glad to give service and entertain when it was necessary.

As children we weren't allowed many delicacies, but when we had water on the land, and after the railroad came in, we had good gardens and all the stable foods, such as milk and butter, meat, potatoes and beans in their season, but we did get hungry for grapes, and other fruits, which we seldom had.

At this particular time Mother had served one of her delicious dinners and the table was surrounded by four or five celebrities. For dessert she had a large bowl full of muscat grapes. We kids were never allowed in the kitchen when there was company, but I was so hungry and the food smelled so good, I couldn't resist peeking in. Mother stood in the front room at the door, and just back from the kitchen table ready to serve in case she was needed. I stood back, but was watching those grapes. At each plate a dessert dish had been provided and the grapes were being passed around. Each man served himself. When the last man seemed to have been well served, and was still dipping in and the grapes were nearly gone, I could resist no longer, clutching Mother's apron and looking high up into her face, I said, “Ma, that man is going to take all the grapes.” At this a roar of laughter went around the table, and I was rushed out doors. For years afterward reference was made to this incident when there were grapes on the table.

Mother was never idle, if there was a moment when she might relax from her daily drudge, she was knitting, sewing, weaving cloth, or one of the several other duties. Thus she kept us in stockings, mittens, and heavy clothing. Also when we raised grain and she could get good straw, she would send me to the field and I would bring home arms full of the best that could be found. With this she braided and pressed into shape, our hats, an art in which she was very apt. She formed them, and ironed them out very neatly. The outside band was usually a wide ribbon with a nice bow sewed fast to the hat. The sweat band was a heavy cloth. We wore our hats considerably around home, even the girls wore them, but they were heavy and hard to keep on

my head, especially when riding, and when the winds blew, as they used to do for usually three days without a let-up, it was impossible to wear those hats. I disliked them, so while on the range, I purposely threw them into the wind and let them blow away, or in a rage I would stomp them into the ground. These insolent acts have, to some extent, haunted me in later years to think of treating my dear old Mother so rudely. I had a little felt hat that was cone shaped (had gone to seed) they used to say, but when I didn't want to wear it, I would roll it up and tuck it in my pocket, lie it on the saddle, or what not, and my troubles were over. Later Father bought me a good hat and that I prized very much. I wore it for years.

Mother and Father had both grown up under the influence, hazards and privations incident to pioneer life. By this means they had learned the many arts of self preservation, thus the "know-how" - a result from the practical education they had received, stood them well in the accomplishment of the duties that confronted them in the life they were now having to live. Mother with her weaving loom and spinning wheel, made very worthy accomplishments as the years came and went.

The preparation of the natural wool for manufacturing purposes represented several stages of actions.

1. The wool must be washed. This was an ordeal representing hand labor, a back-breaking job.

2. Spread on a canvas, or something else. Matted portions or lumps were picked apart while drying.

3. Corded, or combed out by hand with large wire brushes, similar to wire hair brushes only several times as large. Cording thus had a tendency to individualize and lay parallel each fibre of wool that it might be reeled into smooth threads, or yarn for weaving, knitting, etc.

4. Spinning - The spinning wheel operates a needle (or point similar to that of a boy's top), which spins or rotates very rapidly, thus twisting the fibers of wool, or whatever material is being used, into threads of a desired tension and size, as the operator adds material.

It would be next to impossible for me to attempt to describe this operation in detail, and since I was very young when I last took part in this, I am afraid I have forgotten much. The cording, or combing of the wool was my main job. For hours sometimes we would cord and spin wool as mother wound it into large balls of yarn.

The carpets we had on the floor of the front room and in one bedroom, were the result of Mother's spinning and weaving, with rags she had saved through the years gone by. The carpets were laid on the floor with a heavy mat of straw underneath them. This made a soft lounging area where I always took my noonday nap, Mother invariably insisted upon me doing this when I was around home, even until I was grown.

Another duty that was a part of our early home life, was that of making candles, which we had to use exclusively for light during those years of depression and want, which endured until the advent of the Santa Fe Railroad into Arizona. Even after that time and until later years, the candle was used quite extensively, as it was thought to be much safer to carry around at night than the kerosene lamp.

May I digress just a moment to relate an incident that will prove to you the value of the candle as compared to the kerosene lamp. It was during the night, Father was away -- Mother, whose sense of hearing was very keen, heard an unusual noise outside. She called me and asked that I investigate. Stepping outside on the kitchen perch and hesitating a moment that I might locate the area from which the sound came -- all was silent. There was no noise. Then at length a faint rustle as if some loose articles, cans or bottles were being carefully moved about down in the cellar. Lighting a candle I went down the steps into the dark cellar where I met face to face this little black and white striped pilferer. Instinctively I put the candle down between us in his face, as he was making for the door, the only outlet for an escape. With the light in his face he began backing up. This gave me an idea, to move the light slowly to one side or the other I could change his course and back him where I wanted to for his eyes were blinded by the light. Remembering that we had a few joints of stove pipe and some empty bottles in the back of the cellar, the thought struck me that I should back him into one of them and close him in until morning. This I did.

The little candle served me well, for two or three times on our backward journey to the stove pipe, he hesitated and I put the candle closer to his face until it began to burn, then back he would go again. Believe it or not, this was a new experience for me, so I moved very slowly not to irritate him, so as to cause an explosion. The next morning I didn't know what to do with him. Frank suggested I take him to the river and drown him. I was a pretty good sized lad at that time, but as much as I hated it, down to the river I went, with a sack tied over each end of the pipe. At the water's edge I again hesitated -- in my mind -- Can I do it? The duty was mine and I had to do it! Removing the string that held the sack over one end of the pipe, I tilted it - a slant that he couldn't easily climb over that slick metal, then quickly with a boom I shot him into the water like a cannon ball. To my surprise, instead of sinking, he came swimming toward me. Quickly I gathered some rocks., and with a large rock I hit him square on the head and he sank -- and as the water closed after his little body, the ripples bore an oily film mirroring all the colors of the rainbow. The ordeal was finished.

It became my duty occasionally to help Mother and the girls mold candles and replenish the stock, numbers of which Mother kept on hand. As I remember she had two sets of four molds each. There were eight channels, or molds in all. In each set there were four molds, two standing side by side and two in length. These were soldered to a frame-work that the channels could stand on either end. One end of each channel was tapered, and this end was called the top. Running lengthwise across the top of each row of the channels was a steel wire just a little above the mouth of the channel to allow the threading of the wick.

Next - turn the mold upside down. You will note that each channel opens up, full mouth, into a little trough. The same as with the top, a steel wire runs lengthwise across the center of each row of channels. To these wires, running up and down through the center of each channel is a double string, pulled taught and tied at the bottom end. This is called the wick and is that which keeps the candle burning.

The top of each channel is sealed with wax (or a cloth), then it is turned upside down and is ready for the warm oil, which is a mixture of tallow and bees wax. The wax hardens the tallow and makes it burn slower. When the warm oil was added Mother used to stand the forms in a tub of cold water to harden them quicker. After they had stood for a time and were thoroughly hardened, they were taken from the forms by first clipping the threads at the top, then by pulling on the wire at the bottom, they were drawn from the channels, clipped and squared up, then put away ready for use.

AN ATTEMPT TO ROB A HEN'S NEST. There were times when during the day I hadn't much to do, having taken the cows off in the morning, fed and watered the calves, fed the pigs and taken care of the horses. None of my playmates had come to see me. It was one of those lonely days, near the noon hour when it was hot and sultry. All alone I was aimlessly wandering around in the back yard. I could have been pulling weeds, but that didn't appeal to me. Observing an old hen as she came out into the hay yard cackling, I noted she had come from under the manger in the horse shed, through a hole about a foot square where the end of one of the boards had been broken off. That part of the shed was boarded up tight and formed the back side of the manger. On the spur of the moment I decided to crawl in through the hole. I thought along somewhere under the manger I could find a nest with perhaps a lot of eggs in it, which I hoped to take to Mother. Venturesome as I was, suspecting no harm, I began the search. While I didn't realize It at the time, matters were made worse due to the fact that I was wearing knee pants made of heavy cloth similar to that of which overcoats are made.

First off, the space between the boards was almost too small, also was the space underneath the manger, but determined as I was to get those eggs, I decided, to make the venture. It was a right angle turn into a small, dark and dusty channel underneath the floor of the manger. I hadn't given it a thought before I entered, but while crawling along I soon found myself confronted with a really difficult situation, that was - the possibility of getting under the cross-bar supporting the floor of the manger. To do this I had to turn my head sideways and flatten my body out with my arms lying straight along my side.

Thus cramped but with a determination to succeed, I forced myself more than half way under the cross member. It was hot and sultry under there, the sweat was running down my face and into my eyes and mouth, the dust made breathing difficult, even more so as I couldn’t get my hands to my face.

At this juncture I began to sense very keenly my predicament and immediately tried to back out, but couldn't get my bottom back under the cross-piece as the heavy knee pants I was wearing rolled up all the way in a wad that seemed impossible to straighten out. My hands lying by

my side were as useless as if they were sticks except for my fingertips, which helped me some as I would move my body up and back, thus little by little I was able straighten my pants out, and by wiggling and twisting was able to shuffle some of the dirt out from under me until finally I succeeded in freeing myself.

Suffocated as I was with my eyes and mouth full of sweat and dust, I was near the point of exhaustion, try as I did it seemed I never would get out of there. Mentally and physically I was weakened to a point of near and-utter exhaustion when finally I freed myself. Sitting there for quite some time, as I coughed and spit and wiped my eyes and face on the sleeve of my waist, It was so relaxing I had no desire to get up.

The old hen won – I lost!

HERDING THE TOWN MILK COWS - The range cattle coming in and near the town, had become very I annoying and by their having eaten off the grass on the nearby hills, caused the residents added concern and expense. Our milk cows would wander, sometimes miles away in search of grass and very often we wouldn't get them home at night to milk. When this condition occurred too often they would fail in their milk and often go dry entirely.

To offset this condition, the townspeople tried a cooperative system of having each family take turn about in caring for the cows for a week at a time. This didn't work out, so they tried hiring some of the kids to herd the cows by paying so much per cow per month. Even at that some people wouldn't pay, so the idea was abandoned and we went back to the old system of each one caring for his own stock. Even this engendered a feeling of enmity as some of the boys wouldn't bring their neighbors cows in, even though they found them with, or nearby their own. Such is life!

THE ADVENT OF THE LONG-H CATTLE COMPANY -- The “Long-H” Cattle Company moved in with their herds, built a pock house on top of the Bluff (or canyon wall) on the west side at the confluence of the Little Colorado River and Silver Creek. There they established their headquarters, where they held out for several years. The first time I detected this ranch was while riding “Bog” along the river one day to see if there were any cows stuck in the mud. I saw several men bathing in the warm water. Among them was a peg leg man, later known to me as "Jud Lathrop who later became a well known resident in Holbrook, also in Winslow, where he died. Hie wrangled horses for the company, also served as camp cook. The thing which made his life so spectacular to me was his ability to get off and on a horse so easily with that wooden leg. His accuracy was amazing.

“SIX MILE” -- A. F. POTTER. Albert F. Potter, commonly known as Bert, was a well-built, well educated, soft spoken man with a pleasing appearance, having an accent as of a Bostonian or New Yorker. He was in the cattle business with “Joe Woods.” They established their headquarters ranch at “Six Mile,” east side, a point on Silver Creek, along the canyon six miles south of Woodruff. Here they cut a trail down the canyon wall into the river where they taught their stock to come in to water. They always brought their horses to Father to get them shod. It

was they who looked after me during my early experiences on the roundups, and helped me to see that all Father's calves were properly branded, and the steers cut out for shipment.

During this acquaintance Bert grew very fond of my sister Elsie, but she resented his approach because he was not of our faith. He later became assistant to the Secretary of Agriculture under President Theodore (Teddy) Roosevelt, but always remained a close friend of the family.

GERONOMO -- Another incident I remember very clearly is when, with some other boys, I went up to the foot of the hill above James D. Smithson's home, where a detachment of officers and cavalrymen from Ft. Apache held., as captives, the notorious outlaw and murderer, Geronomo, the Apache Indian, with his band of squaws and associates. There were also a lot of hungry looking dogs lurking in the rear while the Indians stood around the camp under heavy guard. We watched as some bedrolls and blankets were placed in the bottom of the wagon bed and the Indians climbed in and sat on them, then as they were driven away, the band of dogs barking as they followed the contingent along, marked the end of, GERONOMO's tirades.

THE LITTLE TOWN OF WOODRUFF -- Woodruff, during the early period of my life and up until I was well near grown, was a watering place for stock and a camping place and shelter for travelers. When the automobile came to be the principal mode of travel, the roads were straightened out and Woodruff was left in isolation. It had become a veritable “Oasis in the Desert,” with nice comfortable homes, producing garden truck, fruits and grains, with a very worthy populace, discontented ONLY with the uncertainties of its irrigation system. Its arable land was very limited, and its topographical features rendered ,it most uninviting as an outlook fox, commercial growth. Thus, it soon reached its zenith, and came to serve only as a quiet, restful home for a few.

My associates and friends were dear to me, and our numbers were now sufficient that we were able to carry on and indulge in a series of somewhat classical and entertaining amusements, which with the happiness derived from our church duties, it brought about a life of endearment never to be forgotten.

Our stock, and most necessarily the horse, was the center of attractions, since upon them rested our very being. In handling them we became quite efficient, even in early childhood. One of the first things a horse learned, was that of adjusting himself to a pair of hobbles, a hackamore and a bridle. After he had learned these lessons from the grownups, we kids had learned the art, and even when we were so short we couldn't reach the horses neck to put a rope over it, we would either make a loop and lasso him or, if he was gentle enough, we would stand up under and throw the end of the, rope over his neck and catch it on the other side, then tie a slip knot and pull it up tight. To avoid the danger of choking him, we would lead him up to a fence, a rock or something, we could get on high enough, to reach his neck, then we would tie a knot that would not slip. We learned to tie all kinds of knots, also to braid whips and quirts, etc. as we grew.

As a lad growing up I was always very venturesome, was willing to take a chance at almost anything in order to reach a desired climax. I was like the Cowboy who went to town and with

some friends he attended church. They were seated in the gallery near the front where they could see and hear well. When the service was most interesting, one of the women arose, did her many gestures, and climbed upon the bench while thus acclaiming the presence of the spirit, the bench tipped over and threw her in a rather precarious condition, whereupon the minister immediately spoke, saying “If anyone looks at that woman they will go blind." The Cowboy, with one eye closed, and the other intently focused upon the subject, was willing to take a chance and remarked “By Gosh, I'll go one eye on it.”

May I relate some of the incidents in my life where I failed to heed that warning of cautiousness, which is dominant in all our lives, and which, if adhered to, would save us from many errors.

TO THE SALT BEDS IN NEW MEXICO - While yet in my tender years, I was going with my brother Clarence to the SALT LAKES in New Mexico to get, a load of salt for the sheep. We had two wagons and four horses. After we had gone about three miles from home, Clarence remembered we had forgotten shovels and some other necessary articles. So he pulled off the road, unhitched and hobbled three of the horses out to grass, gave me charge to watch the wagons, while he went back home for or the forgotten articles. I amused myself as best I could while the time went slowly by. My anxiety became more and more acute as I steadily watched for him to appear over the distant hill. Hesitantly I felt to climb to the top of the wagon bows that I might see a little farther back, yet I knew the venture was unsafe. Time dragged along and I grew more and more anxious, finally I climbed to the top of the wagon bed, but that wasn't high enough, and I still felt impelled to go to the top. I shook the bow to test its firmness, and though it was small and hard to climb, up I went, Just as I was nearing the top it split and as I hung on to it, swung around, crashed me against the of the wagon bed, then I went bounding on to the wheel, then down on to the brake and into some brush on the ground. Stunned, scratched, badly bruised and bleeding, I finally made it to my feet. It was not long before Clarence returned and as he stood by his horse, I see him now laughing until the tears filled his eyes as he gazed at me with blood streaking my face and hands, dirty, and with a number of tears in my clothes, trying to keep my face straight and hold back tears.

Until we reached the Salt Beds, there were no happenings of consequence, except that I got pretty wet while trying to handle those heavy buckets of water while we were watering our horses at Lorenzo Rubble's well, about fifteen miles out from the Lake. At the Lake met the Maxwell boys from Springerville. They too were after salt and were Clarence's old boyhood friends. After our wagons were loaded which took about three hours, Clarence and the Maxwell boys decided to take a swim in the warm waters of the crater. (Perhaps I should explain the crater. The lake is in a dry desert area, sparsely covered with outcroppings of cedar here and there. The main topographical features of the country are that of waste land, dotted with barren hills of red and varied colored clay. The lake is down in a basinlike area between two and three miles long by about one mile wide. Toward the southern part of the basin and partially surrounded by the waters of the big lake, is a crater of considerable height, at one time active. It is of undetermined depth, according to Government survey (so we were told). The abyss within the walls of the crater is filled to the level with the water of the big lake, which is clear, but very heavy salt water.

Odd, but nevertheless true, is a spring of pure water gushing from the hillside at the north end of the basin - big basin.

The water in the perimeter area, or border lines of the lake was shallow and deepened gradually since no one lived there. We had to drive our teams out in to the water and shovel the salt into the wagons. The bottom of the lake was similar to the sands of the sea shore, except that it was covered with a formation of pure crystals of clean salt. In some spots the granules were small enough for table use, in fact we sacked some separately and used it for that purpose.

So, after having loaded up, Clarence and the Maxwell boys drove out on dry land and went to the crater to swim. While they were enjoying their bath, I was surveying the rim of the crater. Unlike other craters I had known, which were of cinder, this one was made up of loose slate rock of a reddish color. A few small cedar trees were growing down the side of the crater, so I made an attempt to go down to them , but no sooner had I started the descent when it seemed the whole hillside started to slide, and me with it. The incline was so steep - as steep as earth could lay, and I was really traveling fast. My thoughts were - If I miss the trees, will the boys catch me before I hit the water? I didn't intend to holler unless I missed the trees, but luckily it was that I caught a limb and it held me. This gave me a real scare and from there on out I carefully picked my way, to the trail.

A COWBOY SPIRIT AND A BROKEN ARM -- Another incident that happened when I was eight years old, which could easily have been averted had I listened to my better judgment. A number of my friends were with me playing around the Old Store building and it was suggested that we ride some burros that were loitering nearby. I thought myself quite a cowboy, so I dared to ride Old Jack. He had thrown some of the other boys off. He was gentle and made no fuss when we mounted, but when we kicked him, or hit him, he would duck his head, kick up and at the same time shuffle backwards, revert to one side, then quickly kick up again, if he hadn't already disposed of his burden, and by that time the load would be gone. He had no weathers and when he kicked up it seemed (and quite right it was) the hump in his back was almost vertical - only a fly could hang on. When I mounted, I quickly caught a good hold of the long hair on his back, even so I was quickly unloaded, as, when he jumped to one side, he left me in the air. I may have put my hand out to catch myself, at any rate when I tried to get up I found my right arm useless. One of the bones in the forearm was broken and the elbow was thrown out of joint.

I walked home with the arm hanging at my side. It was numb with no feeling in it. At that particular time there were no men in the town except our neighbor, James Deans, and his boyhood friend, James Pierce, who were joyously celebrating “Old Times” for they were raised in Dixie Land ‘mid the shadows of the grapevine, and the results of the favorite juice they loved so well was very much in evidence at this time.

We knew no doctors in these primitive years and our only reliance was upon the ingenuity and love of our worthy Mothers in whom we put all our trust.

While Mother was busy carefully removing the clothing from my arm, and trying to determine the full extent of the fracture, my sisters called our neighbors and asked if they would assist in replacing the displaced bones and in bandaging the fracture.

Though I was in great pain, the incoherent, inconsistent doings of those two men were repulsive to me. In the first place they started twisting and pulling on my arm, every time they would take hold of it, I would have to scream and cry until they had me worn out. Well do I remember Mr. Pierce hollering to Mother, who was in another room, saying in his drolling, drunken voice, "Sister Owens, have you got any camp-fire. I'm afraid this youngster is going to pass out on us." Mother had been insisting that they put splints over the broken bone in my forearm, so now one of them went out to the woodpile and fashioned some splints with which they bound my arm. Then again they attempted to set the bones in my elbow, but Mother insisted they had done enough, that the setting of those joints was a job too intricate for inexperienced people to attempt. So it was left. However, Mother applied liniment, etc., bandaged the arm and put it in a sling. After the swelling had gone down and it was beginning to heal, Mother had me move it a little each day so the ligaments would better apply themselves to the disturbed condition. Although the arm was always crooked and not applicable to every condition, as was the other arm, it has served me very well through life.

Because of this many of the activities I had been able to perform as a boy, were slowed to only routine jobs such as looking after the calves, cows, pigs, chickens, etc. As my arm grew stronger I assumed heavier duties - did considerable riding for, after a time, with the little saddle Father had made for me, I was able to saddle my own horse by using discretion and care. With the help of Mr. Potter and Mr. Woods, I took a boy's part on the spring roundup - I rode circle. Helped herd the holdup, as we had no corrals to work our cattle in. All the cutting or separating and branding, was done on the open range. It was my duty to see that every calf belonged to a cow bearing the JCO brand, was ear-marked and branded the same as its mother. After the herd had been worked and the cattle were allowed to quiet down and graze, I would often ride around among them and recheck. Father had many friends among the cowboys, such as, to mention a few: The Greer boys, Frank Ramsay, Abe Huett, Joe Knight, - In fact all the boys, for there were none who had aught against us. They were always very helpful to me in keeping my count correct. I was eight years old at this time.

Since the day when cattle and horses were grazed unattended on the wide open ranges, a native state most beautiful, when ranches were few and scattering, when for the most part the heavenly moisture was sufficient to give moisture for a veritable meadow of grasses and shrubbery - civilization and dry unfortunate weather conditions, brought about a decided change. Former activities, as they were then, will never be seen again. In view of this, it may be interesting to some who pursue for me to write in as few words as possible, something about conditions that existed and methods employed in carrying on.

THE ROUNDUP - Each man to take part must furnish his own mount, or saddle horses, usually three to six head. The crew, an undetermined number of men, must of necessity work together in harmony that a purposeful and may be accomplished. Individual interests were taken careof,

yes? - but, only at opportune times, when all were served alike. The saddle horses are thrown in a bunch by themselves (this is called a Ramudo) and are cared for by a herder, or wrangler, who sees that they are grazed where there is good grass, and where water is easily available. And that if when needed a fresh mount may be quickly had.

When working on the prairies, or terrain that is accessible, a wagon is used. This is called a "Chuck Wagon." Across the back-end of the bed a large chuck-box was built (often called the kitchen) and here the daily essentials in food and equipment were made available for ready use. The door to the box was high and wide and when closed laid on an angle of perhaps twenty degrees, so that if it were not properly secured when traveling, it would not easily fly open. The lid when down was large enough to make a very serviceable table for the cook. The additional space in the wagon was taken up with bed rolls, meat and a quantity of food supplies.

To see that this functioned properly, a good, responsible cook was hired. Even before there was a gleam of twilight in the morning the cook and horse wrangler were out. The wrangler usually had a pony staked out at night to wrangle on in the morning. Following the sound of the bells which had been placed on some of the horses the night before, the wrangler, and perhaps one or two others, would be on hand to help and ordinarily had the horses at the camp by the time breakfast was ready.

Oft times some of the boys would include a few broncs in their mount. Then too some of the old horses were rather tricky, so it sometimes happened that the mornings work began with some spicy entertainment. as when the boys roped out their mount and saddled up, especially the morning was cold and nippy, they would notice their horse hump-up and stand tense and rigid dumbly expressing disgust and revenge. This was when the fun began, for to allay the horse's disgust it usually meant some coaxing, or perhaps some real riding. Such as this didn't happen every morning, neither did it happen to just one man, for at times there would be several of them coaxing their horses along. To me this was a study of human nature. Men who would exhibit a spirit of kindness, others brutality, some were good riders, others were left mid-air while the horse slipped out from under them.

RIDING CIRCLE -- The fun is over, the men are off, and if it be a round-up where honesty and integrity dominate, they are being led by a foreman who stands for these qualifications, who knows the range the habits of the stock that occupy it. The country was usually worked with reference to its natural boundaries, topography and age. During the night and cooler part of the day stock did their heaviest grazing and would often travel far back from the watering places into the more remote areas where they would find fresher food. These parts were approached first , each man or pair as the case may be were to cover certain ridges, moving the stock into the draws and watering places, thence on to a selected hold-up area. If the country to be worked was in a heavily timbered area where vision was impaired, or other impediments encountered, it would be gone over a second time, usually later in the day when the stock would be moving out into the openings, or to the watering places.

WORKING THE HERD -- When a grazing area, determined so by reason of some topographical feature, watering place or other, that create a natural habitat among the stock using the area, has been thoroughly worked, attention is then given to working the herd. Fires are built and branding irons are heated. The herd is encircled by the rivers, calves are roped out one by one, when they are with their mothers and ownership is determined, then they are branded and earmarked, etc. A segregation then takes place, cutting individual stock out of the herd such as fat steers, barren heifers, old cows and bulls, they that have served their purpose on the range and should be marketed. All this is done with the most care and precision. Reckless and irrational handling of stock was very much out of order.

After this work was accomplished, the hold back, or saleable stock, were moved away and the balance of the herd left to go back on their old range again.

At this early period, corrals, or pastures were virtually unknown, hence night herding, as well as day, was the order.

Another day and a new area was selected where the same procedure was carried out. Thus the range was worked each spring as soon as the warm weather came. The grass was plentiful enough that the stock began to recuperate and regain the vitality and strength they had lost during the hard winter months and were again able to stand the chousin and abuse that must be meeted out to them during this process.

The fall roundup usually took place just before the winter set in when the stock were fat. Following the fall roundup and when the winter set in, a careful watch was maintained and he stock were driven, out of the pines and snow on to the prairies.

MORNING ON THE RANGE

An old spruce tree stands o'er your bed
With a sweaty saddle by your head;
You've a mattress of boughs on which to lie,
A heavy tarp to keep you dry.

The morning star shines thru the boughs
As we listen to the bawling cows.
A playful breeze rustles the tree tops
While from a limb a pine cone drops

The cook then breaks a limb in half
The cow quits bawling, she found her calf,
Listen! the bell-horse is coming in
A days hard riding will soon begin.

The morning light is breaking through,
The mountain grass is decked with dew;
The smell of breakfast's on the air
While the coffee pot bubbles there.

You listen to the sizzle of the frying steak
And watch the cook his biscuits make;
The old horse jingler sings a song
The hobbled horses are coming on.

Soon the cook begins to shout
"Come and get it or I'll throw it out"
Each man hurriedly checked his count
Ate his breakfast and roped his mount.
Now is the time 'the fun begins,

Now is the time the fun begins,
A disgruntled horse, perhaps skinned shins,
Another perfect day's begun,
On a frosty morn 'neath a welcome sun.

Milo Wiltbank.

MAVERICKS AND STEALING -- In spite of the fact that considerable riding and check work was being done during the off seasons, thieves and irreputable men would carry on sneak roundups at times, establish headquarters in some heavily wooded or remote areas of seclusion; maverick young calves and wean them from their mothers, and at times, drive them out of the country that they might accomplish their purpose. At one time eight head of our cows, with calves bearing other brands following them, were picked up way over in New Mexico. A friend observed them and notified us and held them. Hair branding was carried on quite extensively.

This treacherous and lawless thievery resulted in much concern and trouble, as of the Graham and Tukesberry War. The shootings in St. Johns and elsewhere in Apache County and the troubles Commodore Owens had with this lawless element, all were in the settling up and bringing about a respectful commonwealth. I shall not attempt to describe these happenings, as I knew of them while yet a boy growing up, but the realization of these atrocious doings helped me to sense the virtues in well doing and to appreciate the hardships and hazards brought to bear upon my parents and the early settlers of that time.

During these years I did considerable riding and followed the roundups as they were scheduled. While yet too small to do heavy work I would carry water and help as chore boy for the men working on the dam. This continued until I was grown.

It seems like the winters then were much more severe than they are now for it would freeze heavy ice on the river and on the lake which furnished us much enjoyment skating. We even put up ice for the summer months. This was preserved in sawdust.

Because of having to be with the roundups early in the spring and late in the fall, I got behind in school. To catch up I took correspondence courses; made two grades lying on my stomach by the camp fire.

Since Father's coming into this area, he had been very much interested in building up a substantial herd of cattle as an asset to future developments. His interest in this grew because of the fact the expense of raising them was made easy since range conditions were good, and the help given him by his many friends among the stockmen. To this end he bartered, traded and bought stock as he could, this along with the natural increase, he had accumulated quite a herd of cattle bearing the JCO brand. My brothers Clarence and Marlon did much toward taking care of the stock, and gradually as I grew and, learned, was able to relieve them of a great deal of the stress of duty. I had learned to drive, to herd, and to tally, but as to management, buying, selling, etc. my age and ability rendered me worthless. Clark for the A. C. M. I. store at Holbrook.

PURCHASE OF THE GENTRY RANCH AND SHEEP -- It was during the later year of the 1880's when my brothers, Clark and Clarence, together with their Uncle Alonzo Robison, purchased the sheep and ranch belonging to Mr. Gentry. This ranch is located just under the rim of the mountain at the head of the west fork of Black Canyon, south of Heber, Arizona, and just over the mountain, north of Pleasant Valley. At this particular time there was still a lively participation between both factions the “Graham-Tuksberry War” when it was unsafe for anyone to make themselves conspicuous, or arouse suspicion while in this infested area. Gruesome and hideous, though true it was, within a distance of one mile from the Gentry Ranch, beside the road as it nears the summit were the bodies of three men hanging suspended from a large pine limb. Left there to dangle and decay in the summer sun, since no man venture to cut them down. This I know to be true, as I saw the ropes there when I was a boy (after someone had cut the bodies down and disposed of them) also many times after that. The last time I remember seeing them was in 1913, while I was serving as Forest Ranger in that district, the three knots were still there barely hanging by decayed threads.

To establish a SQUATTER'S RIGHT, Mr. Gentry had built two small log also fenced one of the springs that he might have pure clean water. The unsettled condition just over the rim was not suggestive of peace and happiness. This, perhaps, was his reason for selling and leaving the country, which I think he did, for never have I heard of him since.

After having taken over the sheep, my brothers grazed them on lands to the north most of the time, staying clear of the areas frequented by the disturbed element, until later when the perpetrators were no more their guns were forever silenced.

While many years have come and gone and the details of happenings in my life from the ages of one to twelve years have become dim, and in many cases are forgotten, it may be somewhat interesting to relate some things that come to my mind.

GRAHAM - TUKSBERRY WAR - Bare mention is herein made of some of the incidents with which I later became acquainted James Clark Owens III, had worked for the A. C. M. I. (Arizona Co-operative Mercantile Institution) for a number of years, and it was here in Woodruff at an earlier period while the A. C. M. I. still maintained a business in Woodruff, that he and his associate, Theodore Farley, were held up and robbed, then forced to walk far down the river out of town by the robbers, Graham and Tukesberry, who made good their escape, having loaded their horses with loot from the store. They took overalls and shirts, etc., tied the bottoms, then filled them with canned goods, clothing and anything else that satisfied their needs. While they had handkerchiefs tied over their faces, Clark recognized Tukesberry and called him by his name.

The perpetration of such acts of robbery, which included livestock and things, brought about entanglements which resulted in jealousy, distrust, envy and hatred, which implicated others who sympathized with one or the other faction. This was, in a nutshell, the beginning of the Graham-Tukesberry War, or Pleasant Valley War, as it is sometimes called. As you know, these atrocities and treacherous acts carried on from a furious to a waiting treachery, which brought about the death of the last living member of each family representing the original perpetrators.

Soon after the robbery above mentioned took place, the A. C. M. I. their store from Woodruff back to Holbrook. Clark was still in their employ, but only remained so for a year or two when he moved back to Woodruff and assisted in the purchase and care of the Gentry property. While they were living in Holbrook, I kept them supplied with good milk cows that the family would have plenty of milk and butter. One day when I was taking them a fresh cow, I met five or six cowhands from the Hash-Knife outfit returning to camp from a spree in Holbrook. They were enjoying a high degree of merriment, yelling, singing and shooting, which when they got closer and closer, frightened my cow, until I could hardly control her, being wild she didn't want to be driven off her range anyway, and this made the battle doubly hard. Presently one of the boys recognized me and exclaimed “That's the Owens kid, little Frank” at this they ceased their hilarity, came and helped me quiet the cow again and get on my way.

My next oldest brother, Marion, moved his family to Heber for a season while he raised a crop of corn, and so that Mother might have a change and a rest, Father took us up there for a few days. One morning early when I was up in the pasture after the horses, I saw a bunch of deer, the first I had ever seen. Since they were in the pasture I felt they were secure as were the horses and cows, and that I could catch one of the horses and drive them down to town and we could kill us some meat. Admiringly, and nearly overcome by their beauty and alertness, I watched them with amazement as they bounded across the pasture so nimbly, then as they approached the fence, they leaped over it one by one as though it weren't there. I was never so surprised.

WE THREE BOYS -- My two older brothers, Clark and Marion, each had a son near my age, we three were born within the same year, and naturally our boyhood interests were quite similar.

They were named after their fathers, the older one we called Henie or Ken, and the other Little Clark. Our homes were within the same block and we spent many hours together. We had our differences, as boys always do, and quite often the result was a good old honest to goodness fight. Hemie's mother was very jealous and always took his part, and when I would win the fight, he would run home howling, and if his mother couldn't handle the situation, she would arouse Marion's ire and I would get my ears slapped and most generally a good booting. Father or Mother never took part in our differences, said it was not a family concern and that I should settle my own difficulties. Little Clark and I had very few differences. Each Saturday it was our special duty to clean up the yards and chop up enough wood to do over Sunday, this included many times the hoeing of unsightly weeds along with our regular daily duties. This with some play periods made our work a pleasure.

Marion loved horses and when he wasn't working on the Dam or riding on the range, he did considerable freighting, hauling to Ft. Apache, or to the stockman in Pleasant Valley, and elsewhere. He would occasionally take Ken and I with him. As a rule he drove three teams (six horses) and pulled two wagons. Perhaps I shouldn't mention this, but it was my first venture at doing something I was taught by my darling mother not to do, and was made so impressive, that picture can never be erased from my mind. With we two boys accompanying him, Marion drove into Harry Score's feed yard in Holbrook to load freight for Ft. Apache. After unhitching his horses and feeding them, he went over to town to see about his load, cautioning us boys to stay right in the yard and take care of things. After looking through the fence for a time, watching the operations along the railroad, we wondered why the crowd and why the special interest in developments at the depot and along the tracks. Having satisfied our curiosities there, we turned to items of interest about the yard, for it was a big yard. The Grubbox seemed the greatest attraction, as we were curious to know if it held any delicacies that would satisfy our hungry appetites. On the bottom and lying snug against the side of the box was a full plug of STAR chewing tobacco (for Marion always chewed). Since we had never tasted it, we decided to take a chew and go out on the railroad and spit red. This we did, and all too soon Ken began to get sick and throw up. It seemed all the blood had left his face giving it a sallow, ghastly appearance, and with his eyes sunk in his head, and him staggering around still trying to throw up and at the same time crying “Oh, I'm so sick.” It scared me so I really thought he was going to die. I spit my chew out and got him to the wagon as soon I could. He laid down and soon went to sleep. I don't think Marion, ever knew of it for each of us were loath to tell him.

MY FIRST TRIP INTO CANYON CREEK -- It was not on this trip, but at a later time, Marion took us with him on a trip over the mountain and down into Canyon Creek at what was later known as the Ramor Ranch. Canyon Creek is well named, as it is decidedly a deep gorge, or canyon at least half a mile in depth, from its summit to the creek below. It was only a short distance from Young or Pleasant Valley. On this trip Marion drove four horses on one heavy wagon, and on a lighter wagon he used only one pair of horses. This he trusted we kids to handle, taking turns, one would drive until he got tired, then the other would take it. It so happened that I was driving when we reached the trail going down into the canyon. It was only a trail for but few wagon tracks were visible. Pack animals had been to transfer supplies. The descent from the rim as it sloped gently for some distance, in a diagonal course to a

comparatively level space, was such that the brake should have held the wagon, but the brake-bar did not swing level and it let the brake slip to one side of the wheel. It so happened that Marion was only a short distance ahead of us; had it not been so, we would have landed a total wreck on the slope of the canyon wall, for conditions were such that it could not have been averted without tipping the wagon over. As it was, I, was able to guide the horses that the tongue of our wagon struck the rear of Marion's wagon squarely and we were stopped. One horse was doubled up between the wagons, but no bones were broken. From here we moved carefully on to where the recess ended and the steep descent began. Here the wagon wheels were all cross-locked and trees from the nearby clump were cut down and chained to each wagon. Thus we proceeded dragging the trees to the bottom of the canyon, avoiding its precipitous bluffs. It was necessary to put four horses on the empty wagon to pull them out of the canyon. This condition existed only about a year when Mr. Ramer had a good dugway constructed. Later on in this narrative I will relate another circumstance that happened on this same dugway.

Before passing to another scene of action, may I describe in as few words as possible, the imprint made upon my mind of the panorama before us. Beside the predicament we were in and the mental tension brought to bear upon our minds; with that poor old horse crumpled between the two wagons, which were barely being held in place with brakes, and rocks quickly placed under the wheels, our loads stood suspended on the brink of that steep canyon slope, where, not too far below, was a high perpendicular bluff of rock, which we must avert in our descent. Notwithstanding the danger that confronted us, I could not help, but admire the beauties of nature as it was before my eyes; the immense proportions of the canyon walls broken here and there with high, perpendicular bluffs of rock. Other than that the steep side, were covered with green grass, shrubs, and various types of pine and other trees. The uniformity of its slope was broken by erosive conditions, with small ravines, ridges and level spots, making an ideal recluse for cattle and wild life. Along the bottom of the canyon, coming from a series of springs at the ranch house, a beautiful crystal stream of clear water coursed its way to the Cibicue and on to the Salt River. Shadowing this beautiful stream and growing along its banks on either side, lending a lighter shade to the varied hues that marked the comparatively broad floor of the canyon, the cottonwood trees grew profusely. The precarious condition brought about by this venture was secondary in its awakening in my mind, to the beauties I observed in nature.

MY DREADED CHORES AT HOME – While I was away Father had taken care of my chores, but now I assumed the same old role again, bringing in the cows at night, milking and taking care of the calves and horses, etc.

I had become quite a boy by this time, was between nine and ten years, of age. My older brother, Clarence, was living at a little settlement in Black Canyon about three or four miles south of Heber, and since he had to be away from home a large part of his time, he had taken me up there to help his wife while he was away, she being alone with a little babe, called Wilford.

I remember one evening when he came home after a hard day's ride hunting sheep, he unsaddled old “Punkin,” a beautiful little bay horse, and fed him some grain, then told me to take the horses out over the hill and hobble them out. He helped me on Punkin and I started out, driving the

other three horses. Before I got a mile away, where I was to hobble them, Punkin had thrown me off four times. Each time he would go on ahead a short distance, stop and look back as if laughing at me while I would limp up to him, bruised as I was, lead him up to a log and get on again. It was his trait and he loved it. Every morning when he was saddled up and someone got on him, he had to have a bucking spree. 'Twas riding Punkin I first began to learn how to ride broncs.

DIPPING SHEEP -- Another incident that happened while I was with Clarence: We had to dip the sheep every so of ten to keep down the Scab.

Scab on sheep is a microscopic fungi infection of the skin which is picked up where sheep are bedded on an old bed grounds, or in corrals where the manure is of considerable thickness and from moisture and natural animal heat in the semi-rotten condition. Sometimes it makes big sores, usually on the sides where the sheep lie.

It was one morning in the early fall, just after the break of day, we were at Jim Houck's penning the sheep ready to put them through the vat. As we were crowding them along, some of them made a break to get by. I stepped in quickly to stop them just as a big heavy ewe had started to make a dash. The impulse of her act, and, mine, were so timed that a clash must happen - it was to be. She shut her eyes, ducked her head slightly and struck me full force in the chest. I went down, and in the rush, they ran over me and filled my mouth with dust and dirt. Such was the beginning.

Clarence, laughing at my predicament, allowed I was not heavy enough in the brich to put them through the vat, so he suggested I get a forked stick and duck their heads as they swam through the vat. I was quite successful for awhile, everything was going nicely, when rather carelessly I reached for an old ewe's head, she dodged, I missed, and down I went to the bottom, came put as the sheep did, soaked from head to foot. The sun had not shone into the canyon yet from over the hilltops and it was icy cold. In this condition I had to walk three miles before I could take a bath and put on dry clothes.

A CLASH WITH MY SCHOOL TEACHER -- While at school I too of ten found myself in a mood for relaxation, couldn't concentrate, would listen to other class exercises, draw on my slate, etc., when I should have been studying, I'd bother my seat mate or someone else. Elmer Gardner, one of my closest chums, was my seat mate when the following incident took place. We were flipping paper wads off the end of our finger at the girls, which caused considerable consternation. The teacher, Mr. Reed (Billy) observed me through the corner of his eye as being one who was causing the disturbance. Since all eyes were centered upon me, and since at that moment I was down on my knees after the pencil I had dropped - angered because of all this, he quickly picked up his ruler and rushed to my desk. My head and shoulders were under my seat, as I was reaching for my pencil. Roughly he caught me by the seat of my pants, dragged me out and attempted to lay me over his knee to paddle me. I grabbed him by his legs and momentarily threw him off balance. He fell against the bench and quickly gained his equilibrium. He held his grasp on me, as was struggling to my feet. Like an eel I slipped through his grasp, and though

my clothes were rent, and ruffled, I continued the resistance, kicked the ruler out of his hands and baffled his every attack until finally he gave up the attack and smilingly said, between heavy breaths, “You win.” The school was hilarious with laughter and boos, while he went back to his desk and continued with his class exercises cheerfully accepting his defeat.

Drawing was my favorite class exercise. It was taught in schools then that we might observe the beauties and exactness of the things of nature. My aptitude in this was quite marked, so much so that my teachers would have me draw the exercises on the board.

Church duties were accepted as a must until I reached my early teens when I assumed a more active roll. Will write more about it later on.

I loved good lively sports and took an active part in everything but that which required arm strength, in that I was inefficient, mainly because of my broken arm. I couldn't throw well or put undue pressure on it. Didn't excel in anything, but always worked hard to be a live sport and be among the best.

Perhaps the first time I ever ventured to go into deep water to swim was when Clarence, High Hatch, and some others of their friends went Swimming in the river at “Grass-nut.” Horace Lillywhite, Elmer Gardner, Guy Gardner and I were paddling in the shallow water; our brothers thought to teach us to swim, so they took us out in the deep water and held us on their hands while we paddled for a time, then they turned us loose to make it to shore. I thought sure I would drown as I paddled and kicked down under the water, then on top, while Clarence laughingly treaded along by my side. That wasn't all I kept trying until I got to be a good swimmer. While doing this, I worried my dear Mother terribly, as she feared I would drown. She would never sanction me going unless it was with Clarence. Father was quite different, he realized the necessity of me learning to swim and quite often granted my pleadings. Sometimes I ran away without their consent. When I did, Mother nearly always caught me at it. The trick she played on me was this -- She made my shirts so that some of them buttoned a short way down the front, and others buttoned down the back. I didn't know the difference and in my anxiety to get into the pool, I would forget to check - the result was, if caught, I would have to go and get her a switch, then usually she was so mad she wouldn't relent until the switch was broken in pieces. I would get a break sometimes when I told her Father gave me permission.

Alas! My cries were abated when I grew up a little more and was able to muster sufficient courage to catch Mother's hand and hold it. This I did and like a little champion held on until she broke into tears and acknowledged defeat. Never again did she try to whip me. To see her cry hurt me worse than the whipping.

Father was very kind, yet stern in his rulings. When I tried to at abide by his teachings, he was always very thoughtful and would help and teach me in my worthwhile accomplishment. Since I never had a little red wagon, wheelbarrow, or other playthings as the little boys have today, I would work in the shop and Father would teach me how to make them. Thus in miniature style I fashioned all types of playthings. They were so noticeable and substantial, that my playmates

would have me make them some. Hour after hour, while Father was working at the forge, I would stand at the lever, which was so high I could barely reach it, and pump the billows, which furnished the wind that intensified the fire, which produced the heat that softened the iron to be welded or fashioned into tools or other desired shapes. "Bellows" is a large instrument, fashioned in a manner after an accordion. It collapses and expands by means of a long lever, thus giving force to the air it pumps. Did I get tired? Sometimes I felt as though I couldn't bring that lever down once more, then Father would find time to rest me for a few minutes as he sang and whistled, those shrill tones through his whiskers.

"Softly beams the sacred dawning of the great millennial morn,
And to saints gives welcome warning, that the day is hastening on.
Splendid rising o'er the mountains, glowing with celestial cheer
Streaming from eternal fountains, rays of living light appear."

For several years now very little interest had been taken with the cattle. No riding was done, except what my brother Marion and I did. Clarence and Clark's interests were with the sheep.

Some cattle were shipped, but because of my age I was not considered and knew nothing of the details, only that transactions of some sort were being made. My deductions were, however, that the cattle satisfied the loan at Prescott Bank for the money used to purchase the sheep. Apparently Father and the boys arranged a tentative division of the cattle - divided their numbers, as taken from roundup counts, four ways, as of a mean average in dollars and cents per head. Clark and Clarence being as one in business, would be entitled to half the value. Father retained a fourth interest and Marion's fourth interest, including the remnant, for he later sole the remnant and the brand before moving to Utah.

Reader, do not take this as being definite, these deductions were mine only after having observed what happened then, and later when all conditions were satisfied. I don't want anyone to get a wrong impression, for my Father and brothers were honest in all they did and said.

As I grew to be quite a lad - 10, 11 and 12 years of age, I found to my dismay that my services were wanted on all sides, which left me little time to play. Aside from my duties at home, taking care of the stock, horses, cows, calves and hogs, etc. I had to do Clarence's chores, milk his cows, cut the wood and help Ella with her washing, etc. I was yet just a kid and to milk three or four cows and cut wood for two families, not to mention all the incidentals that are a part of doing these chores, it ran into work.

Clarence had purchased a new washing machine for Ella, it was then the latest type, with overhead gear assembly. The handle-bar was about one and a half feet long, and to operate the dasher, which forced the clothes back and forth through the water with a swish, swish, swish, as the handle bar was being forced in a semi-circle, over and back, across the tub, from one side to the other. Each batch of clothes had to be thus dashed for a period of fifteen minutes by the clock, as it was placed in full view. I had to stand on a box to be high enough to put the necessary weight on this dasher and keep it going. This done, then I had to turn the wringer

while the clothes came out of the suds into the rinse and on to the line. This last act didn't help much, because another suds was soon ready and the same routine had to be carried out. When the wash was finally finished, I felt nearer dead than alive, hardly had life enough to get my cows in off the hills, milk them and cut my wood for the night. When the babies came and the diapers were set out for me to wash, there was war, for that was one job I wasn't about to do, and didn't. Oh, how I loved wash-day --NIX! Thank GOODNESS, Clarence was only, away part of the time.

PLANTING CORN -- It was in April, 1893 - Little Clark and I were outfitted with plows, chains for a drag, corn planters, camping equipment, provisions and everything necessary for putting in a crop of corn in the mountains., where a crop was almost certain, being supplied with the dew from heaven.

We took with us two teams, but only one wagon. Our first night out we camped at Diamond Tank - fifteen miles from home, arrived at our destination (Heber) early the next day. We pitched camp in the edge of a small clump of trees. The camp was shaded by a large white oak, and a Mariposa pine, with wide spreading branches, an ideal set up, where we could hang our meat high off the ground. We had plenty of meat - the shank end of a hind quarter of beef, a fresh ham and a slab of bacon. This was all meat from stock that had been killed at home for winter use. Our part was put down in salt and brine, the beef was kept frozen by hanging it out at night and wrapping it well in the daytime. We rolled it up in our bed. Mother would also make large crocks full of sausage. Well seasoned, then it was covered with pure lard, or butter and sealed. Having been cautioned before leaving home to hang our meat high on a limb, which we did with our beef, but the ham being nearly round and hard to tie, we decided to wrap it well and tuck it close to our heads under our bed. The bacon was put in the grub box with the lid well secured over it. The first night nothing happened, except that Old Bruin had left his tracks out under the tree where the beef hung, but he didn't come to our bed, naturally we thought it was because he was afraid of us, or didn't smell the meat in the canvas. At any rate we felt quite secure because one of us had a rifle and the other a six-shooter by our side.

After plowing all day and handling those big plows, which were heavy for us kids, we came into camp tired out. As had been previously arranged, one of us grained the horses and took them out where there was good grass, then hobbled them. The other did the cooking and washed the dishes. That night our meat was arranged as we had done the night before, assuming that, if Old Bruin came around our bed, he would wake us, but what a surprise! When morning came we found our meat was gone and neither of us had awakened.

Robbed of that - good old ham, and eggs for breakfast, we ate heavily of the beef. Having left fresh signs, we noted Old Bruin had visited us several times, thinking perhaps we might forget, but not so.

After about a week, when we had finished planting that tract of land assigned to us, we moved up Black Canyon about five miles to the Old Sharp ranch, where we began plowing a portion of land that was still under fence. (Mr. Sharp having died and his family had moved away).

One evening after a hard day of plowing, we were at camp graining the horses and getting supper when we noticed a flock of turkeys come into the newly plowed land. Quickly we picked up our guns and ran cautiously down there, but they had apprehended us and ran on down the canyon. We gave chase and followed them until nearly dark, but with no success. Darkness was upon us. It was my turn again to take the horses off. As there was no grass in the canyon and the hillsides were too steep to climb with the horses, I had to take them down about half a mile, then up a draw to where the sheep had not grazed it so heavily.

Deciding to take a short cut to camp, I cut across the ridge, picking my way through the darkness, over logs and through the brush to the rim of the canyon, then carefully picking my way along the steep hillside. As I descended ,I had to pass below a bluff of rock where there was an extra dark abyss beneath. As I was passing this, there was a sudden and terrible rush and rustle of rubbish and debris, as though it was a large animal being disturbed. It so startled me, my first thought was that it was a bear or perhaps a lion, for there were such in the mountains at that time. As though the earth were smooth below me, I leaped into the air, and luckily landed without harm. Two or three such leaps took me to the bottom of the canyon. Seeing I was not being pursued, I felt somewhat abashed and tried not to show any emotion as I walked leisurely into camp. The corn did well that summer, but I didn't get to help harvest it.

After ten years of overwork and worry as Bishop, Father's health failed him so much that the Doctor advised him to relax and rest. In the face of poverty, discontentment and sacrifice, he had labored almost incessantly day and night to bring about the development of water for irrigation. He had, had necessary surveys made and had title to the land secured, so that homes could be built and necessary developments made. He had organized and established religious and civic ruling, that high standards of morale might obtain. The effects of his labors on the topographical features of the canyon above, where the valley begins and the canyon ends, can never be erased, but will endure into the eternities. The exigencies, or urgent needs of these developments spurred those sturdy pioneers on to action, even though they were faced with the inadequacies of every nature.

MOVED TO FILLMORE, UTAH -- Thus relieved of their worries, as public servants and content in the fact that all their children were well married (except the three younger ones), both Father and Mother felt they would like to return, for a time at least, to their old home in Fillmore, Utah, where they had spent the younger part of their lives, and where most of their children were born. The wagons were finally loaded sometime during the latter part of October, 1893. We had two teams and wagons - Father drove one team and I followed with the other.

Clarence and Ella moved into the dear Old Home we were leaving. Barrels were laced to the sides of the wagonbeds to carry water for use while traveling over long stretches of dry prairie land, between canyons and rivers. Five weeks were necessary to make the trip, and well do I remember how travel-weary we were when we reached Fillmore.

Holbrook at the time we left it, had grown to be quite a lively business and shipping center. Notable among these were three wholesale and retail mercantile establishments, the Frank

Watron drug store, the famous “Fred Harvey” restaurant fashioned out of five old box cars - the restaurant had linens, silverware, flowers, and trimmings equal to the best in New York City. History says it was appalling. Two smaller restaurants, a Chinese laundry, the “Bucket of Blood” saloon (the later famous Mart Belvins Home), Boyer and Conner, Clark rooming houses, two livery stables, stock yards, and shipping warehouses -- all these made Holbrook a busy place.

Our route followed the Little Colorado River for eighty-five to ninety miles to the north, where it entered the box canyon at what is now known as Cameron. Leaving the Little Colorado River, which veered considerably to the west, we continued north about eighty miles over a bleak, dry desert area, virtually denuded of timber and with no water near our route. Decidedly different to our mode of travel today where we pass over hundreds of miles in a day, our average daily reach was about fifteen miles. Having to make dry camps (no water) and where there was little grass for the horses to graze on, they would often travel long distances from camp in search of feed. Being young and nimble, it always fell to me to get them in the mornings. I would leave camp as soon as it was light enough to see to track the horses. To be certain that I was on the right trail, I had learned the peculiarities found in each horse's tracks, for instance: “Fat” was shod all around the heel calks on his hind feet. “Gray” was barefoot, had big feet - they hadn't been trimmed. “Jukee” had lost one shoe off his right front foot, etc.

The first night out, after leaving the Little Colorado, we watered the horses out of the barrels. The next watering was when we reached Cedar Ridge. From there I had to take them to Limestone Tanks to water, which was over the ridge to the west and down a long draw, which emptied into the Grand Canyon of the Little Colorado. When I came near the approach to the tanks, I found the little canyon I was in was getting deeper and deeper very fast and that the water had over the ages worn deep basonlike indentations in the rock, which held water for long periods of time. At this juncture I was faced with a situation which necessitated taking a lot of time and hard work, that was: I must lead the horses zig-zag down the sidewalls of the canyon, one at a time. This because the trail made sharp turns and at frequent intervals outcroppings of rock along the bluff made it necessary for the horses to jump up or down, as the case might be, to different levels. To save time and trouble I led them, each tied to the other's tail, until I reached this point, here I separated them and tied each to a shrub cedar or brush, then one at a time took them down to water and back.

A condition similar to this happened when we reached Bitter Springs.

Since there was no wood, except the little we brought along for kindling, and to serve as an impetus to a mouldering situation, where my dear Old Mother was trying, to cook our meals with buffalo chips, it was a heart rending situation to look upon. The numbers of times this had to happen left an impression of pity for my blessed Mother that can never be erased as long as life shall last. Father would often stand by and fan the smouldering embers to a red heat in order to better facilitate the operation.

At length when we reached the Big Colorado River, we stopped our teams at the head of the dugway, looking over an almost perpendicular bank and bluff. Some several hundred feet below coursed the waters of the river - an awesome sight!

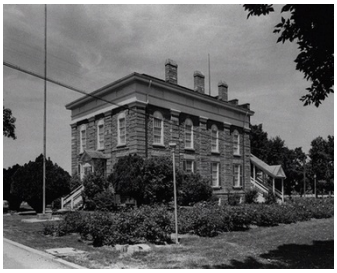
Father, walking up a short distance from the wagons, and on the brink of the towering bluff, gave two or three blasts of his gun, signaling the boat operator, who signaled back and was soon at our service. At this we immediately began our descent. Mother and the girls were walking behind us.

During the short interim while Father was signaling the boatman, I examined the approach to the dugway. Young as I was, almost thirteen years of age, I had, had a part in some treacherous experiences, but when I witnessed the dangers surrounding this awful declivity before me, I shrunk back trembling with fear. The precipitousness of the bluff at this point was somewhat nullified, as it was nearly embodied in a hill of earth and rock, thus giving access to the construction of a dugway. The approach to the dugway was off solid rock of red sandstone with a rounding surface, sloping somewhat toward the inside. Since there was no earth, it was hard for the horses to keep their footing while on the rock, and to allow them to rush, which they were want to do, was very dangerous, as the roadway was barely wide enough to satisfy the width of a wagon. Then, too, we were making a nearly thirty degree angle as the dugway followed the canyon wall in the descent, having been built solely with manpower equipped with the poor tools of that day. To look upon this improvised and narrow roadway where danger lurked at any moment, lest a horse should shy, a brake give way, or something else, with those angry waters below, it made even the stoutest heart to cringe at times.

AFTER MAKING OUR DESCENT WE REACHED the big raft; which was an assembly of hewed logs, double decked and placed crosswise, one with another, and well secured with hardwood pegs and nails. It was large enough to accommodate both our wagons and teams. There was a rudely improvised railing around the boat. Our horses were rather shy and some of them a little hard to handle. We tied them to the front of the wagons, heads in, with the tongues between to keep them straight. The old boat moving slowly along landed us safely on the opposite shore.

Our Journey on to Fillmore was slow, but without special event. There we moved into a four room log house of quite recent construction, which belonged to one of Mother's brothers. Here we lived for a period of four years. During this interim many worthy happenings came into my life, fond memories of which I have and shall always cherish.

WE STARTED TO SCHOOL IN FILLMORE -- My two sisters, Zina and Adelia, and I started to school, although it was near Christmas time. We were embarrassed and somewhat intimidated because of the fact that we were not as polished and up to date as were our new friends, and I was somewhat retarded in my studies. Naturally, as "like begets like" we soon made a choice of our companions. Guided by the teachings of our dear parents, they were those of high ideals,



Fillmore, State Building

and we grew to cherish them. They became our models and we strove hard to live up to their standards.

As I reminisce and ponder the happenings of my life, instances not yet recorded are remembered. Some of these may be worthy to repeat, others "how dumb I am' -- No! I will begin when we moved from Arizona to Utah when I was near the end of my 12th year, and was experiencing my first romantic ventures. My sisters, Zina and Adelia and I had spent one week in school, which was being held in the new State Building, and since we were backward and unaccustomed to the new ways of life, we had made few acquaintances. Observing, while sitting on our seats at the regular week-end dance, we found that all our new associates were very apt in dancing and well acquainted with each and every procedure, having a most hilarious time.

We observed their dress was up to date and beautiful, while with us, our clothes were neat and clean, but conspicuously antiquated. With me my shoes were of the STOGY type, a Bucking Ham & Hock product. My pants were short, up around my shoetops, my shirt was a misfit and of a solid color buttoned around the neck with a narrow collar, no tie. My coat was a rather heavy misfit, didn't match anything. My hat, which I held on my lap, was of the Go-to-sleep type.

From this you may imagine how I felt as I saw the boys go and come after a pleasant dance, and the girls across the room in groups laughing and chatting. Having decided that my presence and appearance was being taken as something curious to laugh about, I had definitely decided to go home. As I slowly rose to my feet, held as it were spellbound while listening to the melodious tones being played by the Jim Maycock orchestra, while the dancers glided softly over the floor, I found myself face to face with one of the girls I had learned to admire as we met in class exercises each day in school. Twas Josie Ray, full of life and innocent fun, her brown eyes dancing while she begged my pardon for being rude. Since it wasn't Leap Year, but that they had noticed me being lonely and timid. My excuses that I didn't know how to dance and was not prepared for such an advent, had no avail. I tried and Oh! Was she patient in her endeavors to teach me. At the finish I felt quite satisfied with the try, but was so terribly abashed because of my appearance, and fully decided not to make another venture. I tarried on interestingly watching each step the dancers took until I found myself being accosted by another of the girls, Eva Huntsman, whose reply to my repellent attitude was "Come on, you must learn," again I tried and until the wee hours of the morning found myself still trying to learn.

As the winter wore on with it's cold blasts of snow and ice, and the school days with varied virtues-brought friends and acquaintances long to be remembered, innocent games, sleigh rides, dancing and in many cases hard labor of various types, quieted the over-active tendencies in the lives of youth. Although arduous were some of the duties we had to perform, such as feeding stock in the snow, hauling and cutting wood, hauling hay, and in the summer time spending months piling hay in the field after the rake, then hauling and stacking hundreds of tons of it for winter feed, there were times I just could not get to sleep enough as time worried along, through the teenage period. Father was an early riser and had little sympathy for a late sleeper. Well do I remember instances when I came home EARLY after a dance or an evening party, when I had remained too long with my sweet heart or friends, just as sure as 5 o'clock, or sometimes 4

o'clock, came he would call “Frank!” - at that I knew well I should get up. After a few short moments again he would call “Frank!” Too bad, for I could not get my eyes open and again I was sound asleep. It seemed no time at all until Father was there and I did get up.

School days, with many varied sports and wonderful acquaintances, gave me thrills I had never experienced before. The cold and icy weather of winter was upon us. Father had gone up into the foothills and mountain side and hauled in a nice lot of wood. To augment this he had purchased a ton of coal. We had one span of horses on pasture down in the Old Field. The other span we were keeping at home. Now that the winter snows had blanketed the fields, we had to arrange another setup. My uncle Almon Robison owned a large acreage on which he raised hundreds of tons of alfalfa hay. This he fed to cattle each winter, many of them having to be fed out on the snow, on which the hired help scattered the hay each day. For this purpose our team was used - to spread their feed, and this way pay for their keep.

For the other team, which we kept at home, Father and I would drive ten miles to Meadow Creek, where he had bought a stack of loose hay, and haul it home as we used it. When the stack had been fed up, Father estimated our cost had been about five dollars per ton. In the meantime Father had bought a cow, which we had to feed also.

A TRIP TO SALT LAKE CITY -- We had been in Fillmore only a short time when Father felt he should go to Salt Lake City and report to President Taylor (as I remember), his accomplishments in Arizona, also he wished to see about other matters of business. Fortunately my solicitations were granted, for he took me with him, and for the first time in my life I saw an automobile. It was built like a Surrey, with high wheels like a buggy, and having small hard rubber tires on them. The steering apparatus was a crooked stick. The crank was on the left side under the seat. As it moved with a chuf-chug-chug along, it seemed surprisingly slow, but never-the-less, it was to me very much of a novelty. As I sat alone on the wagon seat, just west of the Temple, which seemed so majestic and grand, I hastened to make a drawing of it, as I sat with my pencil and paper drawing other things, while waiting for Father, who had gone over to town on business. Among other things, things as they came along, but all was happening so fast and was so amazing to me, I became utterly confused and bewildered.


Surrey

WINTER SPORTS IN FILLMORE - Back to Fillmore. Father being unaccustomed to being idle, set up a blacksmith shop down in the northern part of town by Jim Melville's place. I used to spend considerable time with him and during periods when there was no school, Mother always had me take him a hot lunch. There were lots of berries growing on the lot and while he was eating the rest of his lunch, I would pick a dish of berries for dessert. Mother had sent the sugar and cream.

During our first winter there I had become acquainted with the various sports the boys engaged in. More especially was I interested in tobogganing and sleighing, so before the winter of 1893-94 set in, I had made me a nice little sleigh, ready for the snows. At the first opportunity, when

the early snows had settled and froze, a time was set and with our sleighs, the long ascent up the mountainside began. At the summit, or top of the steep incline, all were organized, single-file, for the descent. There were times when our numbers were so great that as a safety measure we would divide and use two routes.

With sleighs lined up and properly spaced, to avoid unnecessary friction in case of a mishap, or collision, we would seat ourselves with our legs outstretched and our feet in the snow, for it was with our heels we governed our speed, and guided our sled along the trail, as in our descent we would slip in and out around the trees or other obstructions. Like a streak we would go until we reached the bottom, or perhaps some mishap occurred en route. There were times when such happenings were quite serious. In no time at all we would wear the heels off our shoes, down to where the bare skin was exposed. But, Oh, What fun! It was the real boy's life.

CHURCH AFFILIATIONS -- Looking back upon my accomplishments and endeavors in religious training, I feel, in a measure quite abashed, since I did not in each instance carry on with the enthusiasm and ability of which I was capable. Had I heeded the training given me by my parents from my early childhood, when I used to toddle along by Mother's side as she led me to Primary and Sunday School, etc. it would have most likely resulted in my having attained a higher standard of living. As I grew and became capable of bringing about individual accomplishments, my interests were influenced, through the handling of stock and the association of men of infamous character, to a degree quite inefedible to the standard of decency taught at home.

While in my twelfth year and up to the time we moved to Utah, I was just another class member attending Church when at home.

During the four year period we lived in Fillmore, I was at home nearly all the time and as a result of this I began to assume public duties. First off I feel it was because of my regularity in attendance at my meetings, I was appointed president of the first quorum of Deacons, the position I held the four years we were there.

Along with these duties I took part in other enterprises, one of which was a course in vocal music. Later the result of this training gave me great pleasure. Since we had no musical instrument in our home, and this because of the fact that our Ward Chorister in Woodruff, Quince R. Gardner, had been called to fill a mission in the Southern States, and I was appointed in his stead to fill the office of chorister. This position I held for a long period of years - up to the year of 1907 when I moved my family from Woodruff to Holbrook, where I worked for a period of two years, at which time I entered the employ of the U.S. Civil Service as Forest Ranger.

During my experience as chorister in the Woodruff Ward, for nearly the first two years, the people being financially very poor, our singing was conducted strictly vocally, without an organ or musical instrument. Our PITCH, or tones were had by using a tuning fork. The words to our songs were taken from the L. D. S. Hymn Book, set to the music found in the old “AMERICAS TUNE BOOK.” Through an arduous effort we learned new pieces and carried out an

arrangement of solos, rounds, quartets, and with individual talent, we put on very interesting programs. This program we carried to the neighboring towns and in short time purchased our much needed organ.

I do not say this in a way of boasting, but just as a matter of history. More could be said. It was a struggle!

While living in Woodruff, in order to obtain the necessities of life, my duties called me away from home much of my time. Traveling, of course, was slow, but when it was at all possible I was at home on Sunday. For several years I was Superintendent of the Sunday School, also a teacher in Y. M. M. I. A. and other minor activities, Ward Teacher, etc.

BACK TO FILLMORE -- PAINTING -- It was after the close of school, in the early summer of 1894, Mrs. Sweeting, an artist from Chicago (Mother of Aunt Jo, Uncle Almon's wife), held a class in landscape painting. It was hard to convince Father that the venture would be worth the money. He was of the opinion that I was too rattle-headed to carry-on and make use of the information I would receive, that there was no real future in it. He was in deed, however, to allow me to take five lessons.

With the natural aptitude kindled within me I grasped every opportunity afforded to improve upon the knowledge I received, and to this end I painted two or three noteworthy pictures for a boy in my tender years, two of which took blue ribbons at the Fair.

Also during this same year I was given an opportunity to take three lessons in Moleskin Painting (flowers). I also loved that kind of work, but because of the many other duties that came along, and some discouraging conditions I had to meet, this art was neglected.

During recess periods at school, when the snow was deep, I enjoyed playing Fox and Geese, snow-balling in duel matches, designing different types of snowmen and engaging in competitive character structures, some of these were really artistic.

Each school year brought contentment and pleasures in many ways. We loved our teachers and our school mates. It was at the approach of the Christmas Holidays in 1896, when we had just finished a class exercise, the principal of the school, Albert Hansen, beckoned me to his desk and asked that I remain after the close of school. Little did I suspect that anyone had observed my aptitudes, and I knew not what I had done that was wrong, had prepared my lessons as best I could - Then why this request? The time came, I was at his desk. After a kindly greeting he handed me a box of colored crayons and pointing to the blackboard in the front of the room, facing the long recitation bench, and said, “I want a picture in color, commensurate with our holiday exercises, and the school year, and I want you to paint It.” I began to make excuses, quickly he said: “I didn't ask for excuses, I'm giving you this room and three days over the weekend to have the picture ready.”

I did my best, the picture was done. The evening when the exercises were to be had, the picture was unveiled and the house gave their acclaim with a loud "AH!" and a hearty applause.

Fifty-four years later, I was walking down State Street in Salt Lake City when I met a man walking with a cane. His hair was heavily streaked with gray. He wore a nicely trimmed mustache and goatee. With his hand extended, he stepped in front of me and said: "Hello, Frank!" I didn't recognize him at once, and when I asked "How did you know me?" He said., "There was something familiar about you as you approached, and quickly it dawned upon me - It's Frank." He was now a doctor, an M.D. In respect to his insistence I accompanied him to his office and there we recounted many experiences of those happy days in Fillmore. One of these he well remembered was - one evening as he was crossing the street between Abe Huntsman's Hotel and the Anderson Drug Store, just across the street on the Ira N. Hinkley corner, where there were lots of crab apples, all of a sudden he was being pelted with those little apples, looking across the street he recognized me and about five other boys. Laughing, he said, I couldn't get to the apples, but soon routed you boys from your stronghold with rocks.

SLEIGH RIDING -- In winter time sleigh riding was one of my favorite sports. We had a good team and I always kept them fat. They were considered one of the best in town. My companions were all good boys. We had no evil intents, but were full of that teenage spirit and often engaged in what we thought was innocent fun, done in a manner to tease or worry someone. At times as I look back upon some of our doings, I can see now we took awful chances, were really rough, and even perfidious, or treacherous with no serious or evil intent.

To better explain I will relate at least one incident. We all had good sleighs and the boys in town got a lot of sport out of racing, especially at night when we would take pride in worrying young couples who were out for a lark in the moonlight, or perhaps to tantalize the Town Marshall, Nels' Beaugard, who was always kind hearted and whom we all loved. He was strict in the performance of his duty, but kind. He always rode a little Bay Horse, by that we always knew where he was and when he was coming.

One dark night after deacons meeting, the snow was deep, and the roadways were slick with packed snow and ice. I had taken the team and sleigh along as I went to the meeting. We had a large sleigh with two seats in it. Several of the boys climbed in and off, we went with nothing in mind except to enjoy a nice ride, but soon we sighted a sleigh ahead of us - a couple of boys with their girls out for a ride. As we drove by them we all gave a Hoop and a Yell and both teams broke into a run. With his heavy mittens on his hands, the driver, Eph Brunson, of the other sleigh, lost one of his lines. When he saw he couldn't control his team he yelled for all to jump. This they did, landing in the deep snow to one side of the beaten path. This happened because of the fact that the line which was dragging, fell in line with the sleigh runner, this pulled the horses over to the side, and soon they ran smack into a tree with one horse on either side and to the tongue high up in the tree and the neckyoke up under the horses jaws. As we noticed the happenings, we turned around and came back and were happy to find no one was hurt. Uncle Nels gave us a Scotch blessing, and all went away happy.

SUMMER TIME -- During the summer months while we lived in Utah, my activities were varied. Most of the time was spent in the hay fields, putting up and drying fruits, making cider, etc.

CLARK CAME TO FILLMORE. In the fall of 1897 my brother Clark came to Fillmore with his family and since he had never been sealed to his parents, we went with Mother and Father to Salt lake City and was sealed to them in the Temple there. The folks had decided that since Clark was coming back to Arizona, they would travel with him. So, in November of that year, we moved back to the old home, Woodruff, Arizona.

Clark and his family visited us in Fillmore and Mother and Father decided to return to Woodruff with him, so in November of 1897 we moved back to the old homestead - Woodruff, Arizona.

While our trip home was without special event, in the main, I feel it expedient that I mention the watchful care of my dear old Mother. When we reached Lee's Ferry the river was at flood stage and in order to cross at the lower ferry, we had to wait three days. One of the horses I was driving was balky and at the least provocation he would get mad and wouldn't pull (only backwards). In pulling the steep dugway, we had to stop at short intervals to let the horses get their wind, so in case Old Jukes would get mad and not start again, Mother carried a heavy rock all the way to the top, so in case he did stop and the brake should fail, she would block the wagon each time I would stop by putting the rock behind the wheel.

FATTENTING WEATHERS -- During the spring and summer of 1898 I spent a number of months helping my brothers with their shearing, lambing, and tank building, etc. Also during the summer months after the rains when the grass was plentiful, we would put up wild hay off the prairie. At this time also we would separate the yearling lambs (weathers) and the old toothless ewes, etc. and fatten them for market.

In the hope it may be interesting to some one, I will relate one or two of the happenings that we encountered during these engagements: My nephew, “Little Clark” and I were detailed to fatten a bunch of some seven hundred head, (there may have been eight hundred) of weathers. We were taking turn about - a week at each time - then we'd be relieved by the other. The rains had come early this year and the grass was good. We were herding them in the neighborhood of Diamond Tanks, which was about fifteen miles west of Woodruff. I had taken some supplies with me and drove out to relieve Clark for a week. During the early part of the night I was awakened by Clark shooting a couple of shots into the air, and of hearing the sheep running and bleating as they were being chased by coyotes or perhaps lobos. Throwing on our pants as quick as we could, we gave chase, following them by the sound. After we had surrounded them, we carefully drove them back, but they were nervous and would not settle down. Whether or not they were being attacked again, we could not determine. They would not be content until we had built fires all around them at rather close intervals. When morning came we found eight dead sheep.

I had similar trouble during the following week, but was able to avert most of it by keeping fires burning, and killing a few coyotes. When Clark came to relieve me the following week, he

brought some axes along and we moved camp to a new location, there we cut brush and built a corral, which served us very well.

SIX MILE - On another occasion, under conditions very similar, I was with the herd and was camped on the breaks of the Silver Creek Canyon, near Six Mile. Just as darkness had well set in, and as I was cooking my supper, the darkness was more intense because of the heavy black clouds overhead, and the fact that even then a few drops of rain was falling. The sheep were again stampeded, mashing down and tearing a gap in the pen I had laboriously made and ran by my camp and down the rim of the canyon. I followed as fast as I could, but by that time the rain was failing heavy, everything was dark, and wet, and because of the lightning and thunder, the sound of the sheep had been deadened until I could no longer follow it. After a vain attempt, having laboriously picked my way along the rocky breaks of the canyon rim, I gave up the chase. In trying to retrace my steps and get back to camp, the rain had put the fire out and I found I didn't know the intricacies along the canyon's edge sufficiently well that I could find my camp, due to the intense darkness. Tired out after a long search, and with every vestige of clothing soaked through and through, and the fact that it was still raining a slow steady rain, I decided to go to a camp which I had seen on the road about a mile away and see if I could get a dry place to lie down. It was well into the night when I found the man's camp. He was sleeping on the ground underneath his wagon, and being a real Samaritan, readily shared his bed with me. I stripped off all my clothes, rainsoaked as they were, hung them on the wagon-reach and front houns near my head, and slept until the wee hours of the morning, when I crawled out and dressed again. We never saw each other, and only a few words were spoken.

I went far down along the canyon edge and found my sheep in a small bunch, and drove them back about a mile to what was my camp. When the sheep began to run, I was in the act of cooking my supper. My grub box open and out to the weather. Now as I viewed it, all of my meat was gone and all that was edible. Only my bed and clothing, which was in the tent was dry. With a little canned food, potatoes and onions, I got some breakfast. The sheep were still quiet, had not moved out yet, and the sun was just peeping over the hill, when a fearless coyote came into view on the point above them. Quickly I grabbed my gun from inside the tent and one shot ended his daring life. And at last when the sheep were counted, we were five short. Not being able to leave the bunch alone much, I had been unable to find the lost ones. After a few days Clarence came to see how I was getting along. Luckily he found three of the lost sheep still along the canyon breaks.

A VISIT TO INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI -- As a reward for my summer's work, Clarence took me with him to Kansas City, where the sheep were marketed. As the years went by I was permitted to make several trips to Eastern Markets with the stock. Local Markets, San Francisco and Los Angeles couldn't handle our meats. On one of these trips, when we had a few days layover, I was permitted to go into Kaw Township, three miles east from Old Kansas City, where my father was born at the bend of the Big Blue River. Also, I was privileged to take the street car and ride twelve miles out from Kansas City to Independence, to see where my grandparents lived, built homes, were mobbed and driven with the Saints.

The beautiful country surrounding Independence, its deep bottom soil, its heavily wooded areas, the springs of living water, the beautiful temple grounds were inspiring possibilities to me. However, the shabby conditions and appearance of indolence and shiftlessness, impressed me as having become a truly "God Forsaken" country, a blight which could never be removed except it be directed by our Heavenly Father.

Thus I envisioned the atrocious acts brought upon the Saints, while Father grew from a babe to be a lad of about eight years. He with his parents endured the turbulence and suffering meeted out to the Saints as they were driven and evicted from Missouri - a seven year period.

A SICK SPELL -- It was in the spring of 1899, if my memory serves me correctly, early in April, when according to previous arrangements, weather permitting, and no unforseen delays apparent, a crew of fifteen men were to be at Pierce sheep shearing pens ready to shear our sheep. It was my duty to have provisions, cooking utensils, and all necessary equipment there ready for action. Since no delay had been registered, on that specified date, as soon as breakfast was over in the early morning, I backed my wagon up to the grainery door and began sacking wheat and loading it from the bin, where it was stored loose, as it was dumped when we threshed our grain the previous fall. When I had loaded what I estimated to be about 1,000 pounds, together with cooking equipment and other things, Mother bid me goodby, and I loaded my bedroll and necessary clothing, etc., then left for Shumway, the gristmill, where I was to have the wheat ground into flour from which I was to take enough to do us through the shearing and lambing season.

All morning long my mouth was dry and parched, just didn't feel up to par, my throat was sore, it hurt when I would swallow. It was from my stomach I thought, something I had eaten the day before, perhaps. But I kept on going, knowing I had to fill my appointment, that men were relying on me.

I arrived in Snowflake that night about 9 P.M. and drove into the yard at my, sister's home, took care of my team, made my bed under the wagon and laid down, for I felt weak, tired and sick-like, an all-gone feel- with a big lump under my right jaw. It was then I came to realize I had the mumps.

At the early dawn of day, before it was light, after sleeping some that night, and with my tonsils on both sides of my throat swollen tight, I left for the gristmill, arriving there before the miller had opened for business. As soon as I could unload my grain and got what flour I felt we would need, I drove back to Snowflake and left an order with Flake Brothers for groceries, wool sacks, shears, 1400 lbs of grain for our horses, etc., all I felt we would need until the shearing, and the lambing seasons were over.

During the waiting period until all was put up and loaded, I had fed and watered my horses, that they would be ready for a long drive, for I had some thirty-five miles to go yet before I would reach the shearing pens.

Not heeding the protests of my sister and others, for I felt I must go on, I drove until late that night, reaching camp about nine P.M. The cook was waiting up for me. After we had unloaded, I pitched my little 7 x 9 tent and made my bed. Shivering and shaking, as if freezing, I stood by the fire trying to get warm until I felt I could stand there no longer, so I went to bed. The cook, the only one up, had not noticed my swollen jaws.

There was no sleep for me again that night. At 4 o'clock the next morning as soon as the cook had made the fire, I was up. The swelling in my neck had gone pretty well down, still I couldn't eat. My brother Clarence noticed than that something was wrong and told me to stay in camp and take care of myself. I drank a little coffee, but couldn't eat, hadn't eaten anything since leaving home two days before.

I just couldn't be content, so sharpened up a pair of shears and climbed in one of the pens and sheared ten or fifteen head of sheep, when Clarence saw me he made me get out of the pen. Little Clark had hooked up a team and was going to haul some poles to fix the fence around the spring, so I climbed on the wagon and went with him doing what I could. I grew steadily worse instead of better. I was sent home where the doctor prescribed, but it was months before I was myself again. I came near dying poisonous membrane.

While convalescing I was want to satisfy the wanderings of an unsettled mind, to the effect that Father was growing old because of the arduous struggles he had undergone through the years of continued sacrifice and worry; likewise Mother also. I began to feel that at a time not too far distant, one or both of them would be gone and I would be left alone; that if one were left alone, I being the youngest of their four boys, must assume the responsibilities of the home; that I must be insistent upon choosing an avocation that would enable me to take over.

In those days, all our heat was generated through the burning of wood or coal, as the case might be. Most of our wood had to be hauled from the cedar groves far remote, necessitating a full day with a team of horses, our only mode of travel, to bring in one to one and a half cords. This then had to be chopped up into stove lengths, of one to one and a half feet. Our tools were sharpened on grinds tones, which Father chiseled out of rock quarried from the bluffs, or hillsides above. These grindstones were hand propelled.

Since the country was so sparsely settled, commercial activities were a premium, and very scarce at that. The silver dollar, which was the medium of exchange, was hard to get.

Men with teams usually engaged in farming, freighting, or contract work of various types. Some entered into the stock business, but as was always the case, money was the redeeming factor and that was hard to get. Wages were low: single hand work $1.00 to $1.50 for eight hours, or from sun to sun. Team work with all equipment, - $2.00 to $2.50 or perhaps $3.00.

With earnings at; this rate, a family could barely live, even when earnings were augmented by raising of cows, pigs, chickens and perhaps a garden, if water was available. All depending upon the size of the family, ambition, and enterprise, etc. Work was scarce and many were denied the

privilege of earning a steady wage. In order to have water, a Dam had to be built, and rebuilt, as the floods took them out.

Those were the days when I was young and active, full of vim and vigor, looking for an avocation or something that would be meaningful to me through life -- I enjoyed sports, to a certain degree, but with no definite appeal, since I could see no future in it with my handicap, the broken arm.

FATHER LEFT US -- It was the 1st of February 1901 when Father passed away. It had been only a very short time when he had sent me over to my brother's place on an errand. When I returned I found he had locked the shop door and had evidently started toward the house when his heart failed him and he fell dead without a struggle.

For a number of years he had, more or less frequently, had similar attacks, but never so violent -- someone was always nearby. It happened that he and I were at home alone, Mother and the girls were at Snowflake. This saddened the lives of our entire family. Especially did it affect my dear old Mother at the identical time when she would be left solely alone. Zina had married the year previous, and both Adelia and I were engaged to be married. She (Adelia) at the October Conference, at which time her husband-to-be was to leave for a mission in the Southern States, and I in July, a few months previous.

OCTOBER 1901 -- When the time came for the General Conference of the Church at Salt Lake City, we took Mother with us. There in the Temple, the sealings and marriages were performed for time and for all Eternity. This satisfied a longing that through proper living this family tie would endure throughout all ages of time and Eternity. I was also baptized for a number of our dear ones who had passed on before. There ordinances were performed October 9, 1901. Mother and I had been married on July 4th 1901, but did not get to be married in the Temple until October 9, 1901.

Aside from these Temple privileges, our trip was without special event, except that it afforded us the satisfaction of seeing and enjoying some of the pleasures of life heretofore denied us in our lowly isolated state. With our finances limited, and these satisfactions granted, we returned home and again entered upon the regular duties of life.

WORKED ON DAM; WORKED WITH SHEEP; HAULED SALT AND BROKE BRONCS -- I had contracted at this time to buy the Fred Gardner home, where our first three children were born. It was now of course necessary that I enter upon the same old roll of endeavor, regardless of the fact that this hap-hazard way of life was foreign to my natural tendencies. Trying to apply myself against an unnatural tendency, I continued to work and worry in the hope that sometime I would find something that would suit my fancy. To earn extra money that would enable me to enter upon a worthwhile endeavor, seemed impossible

Soon after this an old friend, William White, came to me with the proposition that we avail ourselves of the opportunity of submitting a bid to do ten miles of grade for the Santa Fe

Railroad. We won the contract, completed the work, and did better than I would have done had I been working for wages. Such uncertainties, involving a heavy expense for equipment, etc. did not appeal to me, so I quit the contracting business. However, later on I took a contract to furnish the rock for a bank building in Holbrook. The dispatch and efficiency employed in my work won friends for me among the business men for whom I was working. Before this contract was completed, I had operated a chain of six stores and supplied other business, retail and local throughout the State.

I spent two years with this company, during which time John DeWitt and I, by working, extra long hours, even into the night, and on Sundays, made adobes and built ourselves, each, a nice three room home. Working conditions at the store were very satisfactory, and there was harmony and peace among, the employees, but there seemed little chance for a pay raise. My family was growing and it seemed imperative that I earn more money, I had heard that a Civil Service Examination for Forest Rangers was soon to be held in Snowflake. This was appealing to me, so when the time came, for the examination, I asked for a leave of absence. It was given me, I thumbed a ride, and took the test, and to my surprise made a satisfactory grade. My employer, Mr. Hulet, was surprised. The fact I was contemplating this change was unknown to those I worked with.

BEGAN WORKING FOR FOREST SERVICE: By May 20, 1909, I had moved my family back to Woodruff and had reported for duty on the Willow Wash District under, O. D. Flake , pending an opportunity of supervising a district of my own. Until such an opportunity was made available, I served as Fire Guard at the New Lincoln Station. There were no improvements there, except that the area I was fenced. Upon requisition I was furnished two tents and lumber for flooring, etc. (Mother and the children I had not moved up there).

At the time I entered the Forest Service the area encompassed included what is now the Apache Indian Service, the southern boundaries of which I do not know. However, it could have been, and probably was, a natural boundary - tentatively marked by the course of the Black and Salt Rivers. Congress later established the Indian Service as a unit of its own and no longer a part of the Sitgreave National Forest, and set the boundary between the two forests as being the line of demarcation shown by the natural drainage system, north and south, or the “Rim” of the Mongollon and White Mountains thus affected.

At this time we had, no telephones, messages had to be delivered in person by riding horseback, sometimes long distances. Provisions and equipment were transported in out of the way areas by pack animals. At this time there were no fire lookouts. We used lineman's pole climbers to climb trees in locating the fire.

My first experience fighting fire came about soon after I was stationed at Lincoln Ranger Station, when from a lookout on the mountain, I discovered a dense smoke way down on the “Cibicue.” This was about 2:00 P.M. Immediately I rode to Willow Wash, about eight miles, and reported to Flake. His Instructions were to take some rakes and hurry on to the fire as soon as possible;

that some Indians would see it and probably be there, and that he would pack a horse with provisions and follow later.

It was nearly dark when I reached the fire. I had, had nothing to eat since my breakfast, and was working like mad when two Indians showed up. I know they didn't try to understand what I said to them, for only a grunt or two was all I got in reply. They rode off while I worked feverishly on through the long dreary night. Far in advance of the spreading blaze, I would rake the dry tinder inward in long windrows, then set it afire to meet the oncoming blaze. Thus I checked the spread over long lines of the most dangerous areas as the night dragged on. The circumference of the burning area was approximately ten miles. Luckily it was in the fringe of the cedar and yellow pine area where the underground was more or less sparsely covered with tinder. The night was still, with little or no breeze, and for this reason the fire spread slowly.

Ten o'clock A.M. came, no sign of Flake yet. I sat in wonderment on a rock beside the trickling waters of the Cibicue, listening to its melodious mummer as it wended its way to the Salt River far below. Behind me loomed the black smoke of the burning timber and vegetation, the wanton waste I had so eagerly worked to quell. My energy was spent. Save for water I drank at the little brook, I had taken no nourishment for more than twenty-four hours. Not even a moments rest did I have, but with the quiet of night I had succeeded in checking the most dangerous fronts.

With anger in my heart for having been treated thus, I went to my horse (he too had stood tied during the long hours), and rode toward the Station. As I neared the top of the mountain I met Flake, who begged my pardon and made all manner of excuses. He said: "Come on back to the fire and I'll unpack and get you something to eat." I replied "You will unpack-right here and get me something to eat or go alone." It was done, and by nightfall we had the fire under control and safe. <u>This was my initiation.</u>

MOVED FAMILY TO LINCOLN RANGER STATION – Having arranged the preliminaries, I moved my wife and children to the new station. This we considered a privilege to partake of the pure mountain air. I was on fire patrol until after the summer rains had eliminated the fire danger. This, I think, was during the month of August, when I was detailed to meet a telephone crew, supervised by George Nyce. They were putting in a tree line and installing telephones at all the Ranger Stations across the Sitgreaves National Forest, from East to West. I met them at Cottonwood Wash, just west of Pinedale; was immediately given charge of the trimming crew, and assigned the duty of laying out the lines to each of the Stations. I would ride back and forth, to and from the Lincoln Ranger Station each night until such time as we neared the Miles Ranger Station. Here V. D. Smith, who was ranger on the Heber District, assumed my duties until such a time as was needed for me to move my family back to Woodruff for the winter. After having accomplished this duty, I joined the crew again at Heber.

Prior to this, and at the time we had installed the telephone at the Lincoln Station, I was given a portable telephone, which I carried on my saddle all the time. With this instrument I could throw the attached cord over the line at any place, thus making contact so I could call any station along the line. With this I was always in touch with my wife.

The first night out from Lincoln, on our way to Woodruff, we camped across the draw from the Willow Wash Ranger Station, arriving there quite early in the evening. After I had put up the tent and Mother was arranging things inside, I had left Old Buck, a pacer, but very rough, standing by with saddle on. I always rode with a loose cinch and had forgotten to tighten it up when I put Lenore & Vivian (both in the saddle) on him for a ride. They were enjoying themselves as they rode around and around the tent, until he broke into a pace. At this he was so rough he shook kids, saddle and all off. Luckily the children fell clear, but with kids on the ground and the saddle hanging under his belly, it soared Old Buck and he began running and kicking until he had kicked the saddle to pieces and torn it off. This ended that saddle and I had to get another.

When I returned, I brought with me a load of supplies and found the crew at Heber. We carried the line up Black Canyon to the Gentry Ranger Station, thence across to the east Chevalon Canyon.

There had been dissatisfaction among the crew against our foreman, Mr. Chaney, who had been recently appointed to succeed Mr. Nyce, who had been called to the Indian Service. I had been coaxing the boys along to avert trouble, but when we reached Chevalon Canyon the climax was reached. I could no longer identify them, and Mr. Chaney could do nothing with them. Evading suspicion, I rode back along the line and notified the office, and the next day the Supervisor, C. H. Jennings, was with us.

During the interim at my suggestion the boys had organized a Kangaroo Court sentencing Chaney to 20 bumps against a pine tree. It was sad. The man was not well crippled up, his authority gone. The Supervisor took him in and he was transferred to another forest. I was given supervision and we went on and finished the line. This, as I remember, was sometime during the month of November and the weather was cold. The crew was disbanded and I was detailed to check the line, make minor changes as needed, put in additional poles or supports, do fencing, and work out of the Willow Wash Station.

With a weeks leave of absence, I spent Christmas at home.

The following Spring, 1911, Mr. V. D. Smith was transferred to the Indian Service and I was made Supervisor of the Heber Ranger District, where I labored until the summer of 1916.

THEY CAME TO MILES RANGER STATION -- It was a sunny afternoon in April, when I looked up the road toward our Old Happy Home, only to see a familiar team and wagon emerging from the dense forest of pinion and cedar into the wide open glade. Eagerly I watched them as they came and nearer until finally I recognized my own darling wife and children, from whom I had been separated, except for Christmas week mentioned above, for a period of eight months. During this time my wife had, without murmur, taken care of our five children, having given birth to one of them in January (Lucy), and managed her own financial affairs. Now she had come again to gladden our hearts. GOD BLESS THE SWEET MEMORIES OF HER LIFE, MAY THEY EVER LIVE!

After having received my appointment as a District Ranger, and having family with, me once again, we were most jubilant and happy. Miles Ranger Station was at the northern extremity of the forest where the winters were not so severe. It was maintained as a winter station. Gentry Ranger Station, 12 miles to the south, and just under the rim of the mountain, where the lookout tower was later built, was our summer station. The wonderful atmosphere, the beauties of nature, the pleasures it afforded us, brought joys no pen could explain. We moved twice each year in the spring to Gentry and back to Miles in the fall.

Schooling for the children was a matter of some concern. The first winter I took the family back to Woodruff. This was the winter of 1911-1912. February 23, 1912 Little James was born, and joined us through the summer. That winter we decided, along with Lewis Freeman and wife, ranchers nearby, that rather than move into town, which was an added expense, we could hire a girl to teach the children at the ranch. Accordingly, all was conditioned with a nice tent arranged for school and the school maintained at the Station. Hannah Fish was hired as the teacher, and the school was not entirely satisfactory.

Rather than rent each winter, we decided we could better afford to make the sacrifice and build a home. So I procured a lot on the hill near the school at Snowflake. Preston Bushman contemplated building a home also, so he purchased a lot adjoining mine on the south. By arrangement, and under his supervision, cement blocks were made and two nice homes were built, where during the next two succeeding winters our families lived and the children were schooled.

As I stated, I remained on the Heber District until August, 1916. During the time I was there two other children were born, Daisy was born at the Miles Ranger Station May 14, 1914, and after we built the Ranger Station midway between Gentry and Miles, the Heber Ranger Station, which replaced the two stations, Cora was born on June 13, 1916.

In August 1916 I moved to Lakeside, having been transferred to that district to assume the duties of the previous ranger, Wm. Ashurst, who had been transferred elsewhere. By this time Paul Pitchlin was supervisor, then T. C. Hoyt. We were glad to move to Lakeside as there was a school and church there and it was not necessary for us to be separated during the school year.

I stayed at the Lakeside Ranger Station until June 1919, when I was released from the Forest Service duty, having tendered my resignation some months previously that I might move my family to Phoenix, Arizona where social environment and educational possibilities were, more suitable to the better development of our children.

The years I spent with the Forest Service were among the most pleasurable of our lives. As the children grew they partook of the quietude and beauty of nature, the serenity and varigated influences manifest in animal, as well as tree and vegetable life. With the greatest of pleasure we recount those happy days, and of special note is the fact, that three of our children were born at ranger stations, Daisy at Miles Ranger Station, Cora at the Heber Ranger Station and Faye at Lakeside Ranger Station.

At the close of World War 1, during 1918 and 1919, the Pollock Brothers of Flagstaff brought into being the Apache Lumber Company, naming the milesite "Coolige," later known as "McNary." Having had a previous, acquaintance with the Pollock Brothers, in a conversation one day they asked if I didn't want to do some contract work for them. Accordinly, I built their log pond, excavated for a basement under the store and Bank Buildings, and did some railroad grading. While in Lakeside we were affiliated with the Ward and were happy for that privilege.

During the latter part of January, 1920, I went to Phoenix, that I might make arrangements for work, or that I might enter upon some sort of enterprise whereby I might make a living for my family, and if possible procure a home for them.

I chartered a railroad car and shipped my horses and household effects. With my family on the passenger train, we landed in Phoenix on the third day of February 1920. I moved the family into a nice ranch home at the "Dell Buttes," three miles south of Tempe, where I had rented 160 acres of land owned by McElrath and Lesuier, on a share basis. I was to furnish one team and driver, they the farm implements. They furnished a moline tractor that we operated day and night. Vivian in his 15th year, operated it during the day, and I at night. A driver was hired to operate the team. We planted 100 acres into cotton and the balance into wheat. We raised a good crop, but our expenses were high on account of the badly infested Johnson Grass situation. Great interest was manifest in the raising of cotton that year, and every available acre throughout the valley was planted because of the fact that a price of $1.00 per pound for long staple was the estimated value. As a result of this boom, the labor cost soared to an exhorbitant price. The reverse happened, and cotton dropped to 9 cents per pound, and a sore depression was the result. Only they who contracted in advance for a lesser price were the winners.

Added to this loss, because of a court ruling, I was forced to pay another man's debt at Lakeside, which cost me some $1500.00. This because of a defunct business of his with which I had absolutely no dealing, but, because of the fact that he was a partner with me in another business at the time, I was made to pay his debt, plus court costs.

DWIGHT B. HEARD -- Having been forced to meet these two set-backs, which left me without a dollar to call my own; in a strange city, among strange people, and with a family of ten children. Could I allow my lamentations to get me down? The answer, of course, was No! Accordingly, I saddled one of my horses and rode into Phoenix, where for the, first time I met Mr. Dwight B. Heard, a business man, face to face, in his office. As I explained the situation to him in detail he proffered to put me on a ranch on a share basis. He knew nothing of my character, but he said the cut of my face showed him that I was honest. I told him I didn't want a farm out in the country because I had a family of children that had to be schooled and I felt to take my chances at some other enterprise where a school was available, would be better. Previous to this we had been taking our children a distance of three miles to school -- a long way for kids to walk -- and it interferred with my work. I told him I knew I was choosey for a man who was broke, but on the other hand, if I did not on the side, I couldn't It feed my kids. He told me he wanted to commend me for considering my children as I did. The conversation ended with him loaning me $300.00 in cash.

After I exhausted every channel that I felt would satisfy my condition I rented a tract of land in LaVeen, near the school, with a dairy herd. I perferred to buy the cows at a given price, but along with my rent I was to pay a given amount each month on the cows. The milk was being handled at the Arizona Creamery, but nothing was said that I should take my milk there. Since the creamery price was very low, I decided I could do better by selling my milk to private operators. Accordingly arranged a contract with a restaurant dealer in Phoenix. This enabled me to care for my family and pay my debts without cramping me.

After the first season I found a good deal of the land I had rented was partially non-productive due to alkali. My landlord was not willing to cut the price, and since there was no promise as to how long I would live there, and due to the fact that I owed him nothing, I hunted a better situation. This I found in a tract of land just west of Tempe.

This angered the landlord and he began to injure me in my business. Since I was not taking my milk to the creamery, Mr. Dennet, the owner and operator of the Arizona Creamery, was only too glad to work with Mr. Lewis, my land lord, and declare that the cows were sold to me under Second Mortgage, and that I would have to take my milk to their creamery. This I refused to do. Failing in this, Mr. Lewis made the cry to me that he had to pay Dennet for the cows or he (Bennett) would foreclose. I was determined not to listen to his cries, but finally I did relent with the understanding that he would pay me what I had paid him then he could take the cows. He pulled a poor face (he was a cripple) and gave me a hard luck story, and after talking to old Dennet it reverted itself into a court procedure. Since I had no money and was without acquaintances to back me up, I told him to take the cows and go to H--- with it, and because he was crippled, I decided to let him go.

So, here I was broke again, with a big family and to top this, Faye became sick and had to have her appendix out. Faye was a most beautiful and darling little babe just four years old, and her little prattle had won the admiration of all. Unbeknown to Mother she had eaten a quantity of corn raw, and as a result suffered terrible with cramps. The doctor ordered her, taken to, the hospital as quickly as possible. Without delay her appendix was removed and she was on her way to recovery. Dr. Moore assumed all this expense. He said to Mother at the hospital, “Don't worry about this expense, it is on me, and I am proud to take care of it.” Our neighbors likewise were most kind to us. During our acquaintance we had learned to appreciate them also.

To maintain all expenses I was riding one of the horses back and forth to Phoenix, where I took every hour of work I could get. Sometimes I worked way into the night, getting helper's wages, thirty-five cents per hour. When things were dull at the truck yard, I was looking elsewhere for work. Each day I visited Towhey Bros. Construction jobs. Finally by pawning myself off as a cement man, I got a job as cement finisher, putting in curbs and gutters on each side of Washington Street from 1st to 16th streets. At this I made $2.50 per day.

When the foreman said “Be here at 8:00 in the morning to work” I lost no time, for as a cement finisher I had nothing to work with. So, like a flash, from one second-hand store to another I went until I found a used trowel and a gutter iron. This was not all I needed, but with them, and

through the kindness of one of the other finishers, Paul Cavagan, I got along nicely. When the job was finished "the foreman came to me and asked me if I would operated the rock crusher for him. They were then paving Grand Avenue and weren't doing any curb and gutter work. I operated the crusher for a few weeks until by appointment, Mr. Whitworth again who told me he had found a place for me and I was to report to, the foreman at Tolleson, ready to work Monday morning as carpenter. I immediately reported to Towhey Brothers that I would not be at work Monday morning.

At Tolleson I was detailed to work with the carpenter crew, building head gates and installing them, and other water diversion setups etc. at five dollars per day.

My work now was I a distance of twelve miles from home, and to curtail expenses I attended a sheriff's sale and bought me a bicycle for five dollars. This I rode to and from my work morning and evening.

We had moved to Phoenix from Tempe, but into a poor neighborhood. We stayed there only a short time then moved, to Second Avenue.

At this juncture an epidemic of smallpox rampandat in the city. We were all vaccinated, and all came through unharmed except our little boy, James, who was, at this time ten and one-half years, old. He died from the effects of the malady. Zina also contracted the disease, but recovered.

During this period Lenore and Vivian got jobs at the Payway Cafeteria, where we had sold our milk. With their, earnings and the five dollars I was able to draw, things were looking a little better for or us.

I was now happy in the thought that at last I was able to draw a wage of five dollars per day, nearly comparable to our expenses. I worked hard and gained the respect of those over me. After six months service, with the Water Users, I was taken ill one day. The summer heat was so intense that our clothes would become saturated with sweat, and I had been, drinking freely of the cold alkali water from one of the pumps. I soon began chilling. With my appetite gone, when lunch time came, I went out in the middle of the road and stretched out full length in the hot sun in an endeavor to get warm. Seeing this, the boys got busy and rushed me to the hospital, where I spent nearly a week. I had suffered a heat prostration.

To eliminate the possibility of any further heat prostration, the company transferred me to the Engineering Department at Glendale, where I worked for a period of three months. I was content with the work I was doing with the Water Users, but was still maintaining an inadequacy due to the fact that I had a large family (ten children) and expenses were increasing as they grew. With the hope in mind of procuring a business of my own, and since there was a lively interest in trucking, I felt to secure a truck of my own might be the answer to my problem.

I was loath to part with my horses, having held back three, which represented to me the life I had led since childhood. Conditions were such at this time, however, that the use of horses on the farm or the road was supplanted by machinery, hence to me they were now an expense. Along with the horses I had a practically new three inch wagon, a set of harness with britchen, a well preserved Veale riding saddle, a rawhide bound pack saddle with britchen and breast strap, leather kiacks with tarp and ropes, well worth one thousand dollars. I traded them for a down payment of eight hundred dollars on a used truck. With this I began hauling fertilizer and selling it to the citrus growers.

There were many ups and downs in the trucking enterprise. Rebuffs were rampant, cutting prices, competitive bids, and unscrupulous deals made a hazardous way to make a living. This, along with the two depressions, reduced the would be profits to a virtual loss. We continued in the trucking business until 1934 when I enrolled as an employee of the City of Phoenix and Vivian carried on with the trucking enterprise, for at this time he was a married man with a family of his own.

CITY OF PHOENIX EMPLOYEE -- It was in the month of July 1934 when I enrolled as an employee of the City of Phoenix, Streets Department. Natural enough, since I had no strings to pull, I began at the bottom. My first assignment was hauling dirt with an old Model T truck, filling bad mud holes in the streets and opening up drains where it was possible to get rid of the ponded water.

From here they shifted me about from one class of work to another, until I had become acquainted with practically all except the office. Finally after a few months the supervisor designated a certain truck and said to me: “From now on you are to take charge of the maintenance and construction crew.” This job I held for a period of four years, with the exception of a few special details. As time went on we improved our methods and ability to do until we were handling at times some big jobs making marked improvements in our city streets new construction and maintenance.

I trust you will pardon my allusion to one happening of which I feel quite proud. It was at a conference of Highway Engineers being held in Tucson. Some fifty or sixty Engineers from all over the United States were in attendance. The Superintendent of City Streets in Phoenix, Mr. McComb, was assigned the duty of writing a thesis on “Streets and Highways,” construction and maintenance. McComb, though he was a well educated man, called me into his office and after reading the letter said: “Owens it's up to you to write this thesis, I can't.”

When the article was read at the Convention, it was given the highest acclaim and commented upon more than any item on the program. McComb was personally lauded and given special praise for his timely suggestions, but never once was my name mentioned, except that privately, “Mack” said he was proud of me. I will not elaborate here, but since that time I feel you will have noticed the inclusion of two major additions in highway construction, which has prevented raveling and unnecessary wear and tear to a large extent. These items I refer to have to do with proper drainage, and base construction.

During the years previous to my entering the City employ, considerable asphalt paving had been done. Much of this had buckled and cracked rendering a most hazardous and unsatisfactory, and dangerous condition. Aside from this the bang-a-ti-bang as the traffic hastened along was annoying and troublesome.

To relieve this condition, and since the proper electrical equipment was not to be had at the time, (for various reasons), the Superintendent equipped a crew of men with picks and sledge hammers to level off the bumps, or break out the paving as was deemed necessary. This proved unsatisfactory and expensive as the asphalt itself had hardened to a degree as hard as cement or rock itself. Since it was nearly impossible to level off the high and heavy bumps with picks, or to break the thick and heavy mass with hammers, I decided to try a new angle, which proved to be quite satisfactory, yet hazardous. To soften the asphalt so it could be removed more easily, we would cover the area with a light coat of clean sand, this we would saturate with gasoline and apply a lighted match. It would burn for a long time, until all the saturation was burned dry, the with heavy rakes, shovels and picks we would work feverishly, while the asphalt was still hot, to reactivate the bump.

It was a warm morning in mid June 1938, as I remember it. Contentedly we left the yard bent upon removing more troublesome bumps. We had a new man on the crew who, in a thoughtless moment, flipped a burning match on to the sand which I was at that very moment saturating with gasoline. In a flash the entire area, from one side of the street to the other, as I was just finishing was a veritable inferno. In an instant my clothes were afire from my waist down. The can I had gasoline in was quickly thrown away. My hands were burned, but not too badly. I began running for loose earth where I thought I could roll in the dirt and smother the flames, but the boys grabbed me and in a few moments had the flames out. My pants were practically burned off from me from my belt to my shoe tops.

We were four miles from the City yard, and since none of the boys were able to drive the truck, I had to drive it in. Before we reached the yard the muscles and cords in my legs had become so stiff I could hardly control my truck had to be helped out, was then rushed to the hospital with what the doctor called second degree burns. All the afflicted portions were painted with a heavy black liquid. This, the doctor said, would automatically peel off as the healing affect took place, but only part of it reacted, the balance of it had to be peeled off with a knife, as if skinning a beef. I was in the hospital nearly two months.

The life of a public servant is not without its virtues and its woes, the good and the bad. In the Streets Department we had a STINKER to contend with. He was the chief dispatcher, and some said the Assistant Superintendent also, at any rate in his cunning, pussyfoot way, he weilded a lot of prestige. After a lapse of three or four years after I began to work for the City, two of his pets came in for a job, one of them was an ex-WPA foreman, and the other an ex-Highway construction foreman, from California. The STINKER was determined he would get them on by carrying his plea that they were highly experienced men, etc. Finally they were each given a crew and detailed to different jobs, new construction. I was left to do the patchwork,

maintenance, etc. This didn't set well. A row ensued which ended in me being made Superintendent of Garbage and Trash disposal, both commercial and resident.

Our garbage situation was terrible, in some cases garbage was dumped in the alleys - no cans. Dogs were tipping cans over. In the down town alleys the big rats were rampant, flies were terrible notwithstanding the spraying that was being done. We were rated one of the dirtiest cities in the United States.

I set out I upon my new job with renewed energy, determined to correct the filthy situation. The City Charter gave me little help, as it scarcely mentioned the care of garbage. For this reason it was needless to issue citations, so my accomplishments were brought about by solicitations and appeals. It was indeed hard to influence the lower class of people, and in some cases the higher class. I sensed very keenly the need for rules and regulations setting forth a proper method of handling waste in a sanitary and appealing manner.

To this end I wrote a set of rules and regulations, which after an arduous struggle were approved and entered in the City Charter as I wrote them and as they stand today.

While making an earnest endeavor to bring about a much needed reformation in the handling of garbage and other waste, I made personal contacts, mostly with the housewives, as the men were seldom at home. By so doing I found most people very agreeable, as I explained the situatation and in some cases I helped them to fashion suitable racks, or stands, as the case suggested, off the alley and within their own property line. Thus after a period of a few weeks, a marked improvement was noticeable and remarks pro and con were being made. Some were adverse to a spirit of decency, being apprehensive, distrustful and envious, carried this would be malice to the Superintendent of Streets and to the City Hall accusing me of being unscrupulous in an effort to secure favors of indecency from the ladies.

As a result of this, when I reported to the office one evening after work, I was confronted with these accusations. Since no thought of evil had ever entered my mind, I was most indignant. After explaining the situation to my boss, I was intent upon going to the City Hall in an attempt to vindicate my, innocence, but the Superintendent said, don't carry it any farther, that he would look into it and the matter would be hushed up, but, said he, “I have been commanded to dismiss you from the service.” Personally I believe you, and shall look into it.

I said nothing to my wife or family, but carried on as though nothing had happened for I felt an assurance right would prevail and my action would be justified. After ter a lapse of nearly two weeks I was called into the office, and instead of a reprimand, I was congratulated for what I had done. The garbage boys on the routes, and the tenants they were serving, voiced praises for what I had done.

After telling me of the happenings, the Superintendent, Fred Stagner, shook my hand and said “you go on back to work, you haven't lost a day and your check will be full.”

COMMERCIAL WASTE -- Since the handling of the Commercial waste in the downtown alleys was being handled for a very meager and non-profitable sum, and since under conditions that existed the manner of handling was extravagant, and the alleys presented an appearance most unsightly, void of order and respect, it was obvious something must be done to correct these conditions.

We went to work, revised the old mode of action, laid out new routes, prescribed proper methods of handling and where necessary added a more substantial price. By doing this we raised the ire of most of the business men as they were being required to take more interest in the handling of their waste, they had to abolish the unsightly and filthy boxes and provide, where possible, a room or suitable container, inside their property, so that the alley would be left clean and open. We did this with the promise they would be given one, and if necessary, two pickups daily. It was a hard fight for many obstacles had to be overcome. But suffice it to say conditions became better and better as time went on.

After two years of righteous endeavor, our City received a rating of one of the cleanest cities in the United States. This writing will not permit the inclusion of much detail, but suffice it to say, it was a well earned struggle. The City of Chicago with a rating very low, detailed one of their employees, who was vacationing in the Valley, to study our method. After a two days study with me in the field, he expressed deep concern and remarked that "I feel I can go home and get rid of our rats."

We were picking up the Commercial waste, for which a nominal fee was charged - it being personal service - in the congested alleys, twice daily, mainly at night. Thus to maintain perfect working conditions and satisfy every requirement, long hours, and occasionally all night checking with the trucks was necessary.

During the month of July 1947 a deal was consummated wherein the City granted a franchise to private operators for the disposal of the commercial waste within the City. Due to the fact that I was conversant with all conditions, the new company proffered a substantial raise in wages if I would continue supervising the operation.

Due to the fact that I had reached the age limit, I would have been Pensioned off automatically by the City. Accordingly on July 1, 1947 I entered the employ of the Arizona Service Company at a salary of $400.00 per month, remaining in their employ for a period of six years when I voluntarily resigned.

Because of deprivations, hardships and overwork during her early life, through childhood and adolescent years, when with a widowed mother who was struggling with a family of smaller children through the early pioneer period, my wife, Lenora, was made to suffer from ill affects, and these were now made more dominant during the declivity of life.

She struggled at home alone, with only temporary relief obtained from the doctors, and this brought about a situation whereby I was impelled to retire from steady work and care for her needs. Sad though it was, she departed this life August 5, 1953, at the age of seventy-three.

To bring about a diversion of thought and help me to forget, the children were most attentive. My appreciation for this endeavor words can not express. To further distract my thoughts, I worked at the truck yard for a short time for Vivian. Here I sat in the office, my mind wandering, reverting back to my childhood. So, on a sheet of typewriter paper I drew the Old Adobe Fort where I was born, which was situated on the bank of the Little Colorado River at Woodruff. The result was pretty good, notwithstanding the fact that it had been years since I did any drawing. With closer scrutiny at each attempt, more detail was added until finally a very lifelike picture was had. This was later photographed and is preserved.

During this same period of time, or near it, as I remember, I drew the picture of the old homestead, as the imprint was registered on my mind while in my youth. This too was drawn with lead pencil on typewriter paper in multiple sheets, later assembled and pasted on a suitable base, framed and hung on the wall.

To look upon these drawings, that inborn impetus was aroused again in my very being until I was impelled, beyond my power to resist, to portray in color the terrain and earthly accomplishments of those who were dear to me and at whose instance my very life was molded.

So, as an additive helpful in maintaining a more cheerful attitude, in an effort to adjust myself to the loneliness brought about by the demise of my darling wife, I sat at the easel and colored in oil the imageries of life no pen could portray. The beauties of this old world are most wonderful and when portrayed tell many stories of life.

My mind is rather vague and clouded as to the happenings which occurred during the years representing this period of later life. Was taken to the hospital having a rather severe case of Pernicious anemia and was ill for quite sometime, during which time was given five blood transfusions. Then added to this - I was operated on twice for Prostrate Gland trouble. Then again, while vacationing during the hot months of summer at Lakeside, became unconscious, and in this state was taken to Phoenix and to the Good Samaritan Hospital. Was unconscious for some four or five hours. After these happenings I gradually began to gain strength and feel like doing things again. The doctor told me to walk for exercise. Every morning I would walk - I'd walk miles before going to Lenore's for breakfast. During this time I had to take B 12 shots and have liver at least once a day along with lots of green vegetables and other nourishing food. The doctor was amazed at my comeback. It wasn't too long, about a year, until I could do without help and my blood count stayed at a proper count.

# HORACE BURR OWENS

Medora Owens Trueblood (Daughter)

Horace Burr Owens, the second child of James Clark Owens and Abigail Cordelia Burr, was born 23 June 1819 in Mercer Co., Pennsylvania.

When he was about 12 years old he was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter day Saints in March 2, 1831. I do not know who officiated. His father was baptized then also. They were among the earliest members of the church. They were with the Saints during all the persecutions of the saints. They lived near the printing office at the time of its destruction and Horace was the one to take the news to the saints.

He also helped in the building of the Kirtland and Nauvoo Temples. While a young man he was often on guard to help protect the saints from mob violence, and did scout work during troublesome times. He was a member of Zion's camp, I am told. At one time as he was crossing the Mississippi River on the ice carrying a hog, or part of one on his back, he fell and broke through the ice. The resulting cold settled in his head and caused deafness. As old age came on he grew worse in spite of what Doctors and medicine could do for him.

He was married to Sally Ann Layne 3 Sept. 1845 at Nauvoo, Ill. by Pres. Brigham Young. Perhaps this is one reason he was so attached to President Young. At one time he gave a lovely thoroughbred horse to President Young as a token of his esteem for him.

Horace Burr Owens and his wife were in the exodus of the saints with the first company, but hardships were too much for his young wife, who was taken seriously ill when they reached Mt. Pisgah, or winter quarters. The mud, rain, and storms they had to travel through, gave her fever which caused the premature birth of her first child, a little girl, who lived only a few hours. When she was able to travel the company had gone on, so they went back to Missouri to get work and to outfit themselves to come to Utah. By working different places, he got the means to come with, but it was a long time before they were ready.

On the 13 June 1852, they started across the plains with a party of saints. They were in Archibald Gardner's Company and Mark Hall was captain of their ten. Horace was one of the hunters to help keep the company in meat. They were over three months making the journey, and arrived in Salt Lake City on the 22 Sept 1852. Some of the party died of cholera on the way, others lost their cattle. It being the hottest part of the year made it hard for some. Father let two people, who lost their oxen, work his cows. Mother said one cow worked and gave milk all the way.

After arriving in Salt Lake, they went to Provo and stayed for the winter. A third son, two older boys having been born in Missouri, was born three weeks after they reach their destination. The next spring Horace was called to Fillmore. His mother and his brother James Clark, Jr. went with him. Horace worked there making brick and building houses. He was a counselor in the Bishopric for a time. He went to Corn Creek for two years and tried farming. They were one of

the first families to settle that part, which was inhabited only by Indians. Peter Robinson and Pete Boyce came with their families awhile later. Horace also farmed a while in Deseret.

About 1857 he was called to work on the Salt Lake Temple, so he moved his family to Big Cottonwood, as there was where he worked cutting stone for the Temple. When Johnson's Army came, he was called to help prevent them from entering the valley, so he had to leave his family alone in that lonesome place while he was gone. Their nearest neighbor lived half a mile away, and the Indians were not too friendly but through God's blessings all came out all right. Later he took his family back to Fillmore and worked on the temple for a time.

When the St. George Temple was started he was called to work there. After working on the St. George Temple about a year, he went back to Fillmore and sold his place to Ira Hinckley and moved to St. George, and later to Virgin, where his wife's sister and family lived. After the St. George Temple was finished and work was started on the Manti Temple, he went there, taking his family, and worked a year.

In 1882 he moved to Arizona, as some of his children were out there. He settled at Woodruff, Apache Co. where his brother James Clark Owens was Bishop. He labored much upon the dam that brought water from the Little Colorado River into town and on the farms. The people had lots of trouble with this dam, as heavy floods would come and wash it away.

While working on a building at Holbrook, a town 12 miles from Woodruff, he fell down in the basement at night, and put his shoulder out of place. There were no doctors or any one experienced enough to put it back into position, but some tried to put it back in place, but they were unsuccessful, and caused the shoulder to pain intensely. From that time to the end of his life, his arm was of little use to him.

Horace Burr Owens was a heavy-set man with cheerful disposition. He was very fond of children and made friends with them wherever he went. He often held two or three of them at one time on his knees. He was a very honest man, and felt that sooner or later a dishonest man would leave the church. When he lived in St. George, the United Order was started and Horace turned everything he had into that. It did not last long, however and most of his property was returned to him.

Horace Burr Owens was the father of thirteen children, nineteen grandchildren, and more than two hundred great grandchildren. He was a first class mechanic. At one time he served as Justice of the Peace. He died in Woodruff, Arizona, June 20, 1897, lacking three days of being seventyeight years of age. He was true and faithful all his days.

Horace had two sisters and one brother who grew to maturity and had children. Caroline Amelia married Edward Milo Webb, by whom she had two children. After his death she married McRae and had five children. As I remember her she was a most lovely lady, very intelligent and loveable. She died July 1895. Her seven children survived her, and her posterity became very numerous.

Dear Aunt Julia married a man named Lowder and had four children by him. After he died she married a man named Alexander and had a child by him. She married a Frank Willcox and had two children as a result of this union. She lost her life when the last child was born, leaving two small children and five older ones. She was a lovely, beautiful woman, and played the violin very nicely. I loved her very much. She gave us some timely assistance when mother was sick and father was working on he Salt Lake Temple.

James Clark Jr. had dark eyes and hair and was heavy set. The two brothers worked together at mason work quite a bit. Uncle James was jovial. I remember him as Bishop at Woodruff. He died there in January 1901.

# Marion Alfred Owens

Marion Alfred Owens was born 16 July, 1860 in Fillmore, Utah. His mother was Lucretia Proctor Robison, the daughter of Joseph Robison and Lucretia Hancock.

After their arrival in Salt Lake City from the state of New York in 1854, upon assignment from Brigham Young they went south to Fillmore where the people were living in a fort for protection from the Indians.

Marion's father, James Clark Owens II, was the son of James Clark Owens I and Abigail Cordelia Burr. His paternal grandfather died when Marion's father was only fourteen years of age, leaving him to care for a widowed mother and a widowed sister with two children. This little family group left Mt. Pisgah, Iowa for Utah in 1852 with Captain Hodge's Company. They went first to Provo, but as provisions were scarce and there was little work, they with James brother, Horace and his family moved down to Fillmore in the spring of 1855.

Little has been written of Marion's childhood. He came from a very frugal home, a pioneer residence, it being one of love and respect and the sharing of duties. His father, James Clark Owens II, a stone mason, was away from home for long periods of time as he was called by Brigham Young to cut stones for the temples --- Salt Lake, Manti, and St. George. Thus it was necessary for Marion --and his brother Clark to take any responsibilities of the home and support of the family --- also the accumulation and care of livestock and other properties of value.

When Marion was in his eighteenth year of age, 1878, his father, family and many other families were called by Brigham Young to move to Arizona to assist in the development of the arid lands there. Hence every effort was put forth toward making ready for the exodus to this particular area. Real estate and all immovable properties were of in trade or cash and all other businesses were settled.

They were to travel with a company of several families of Saints who were scheduled to pass through Fillmore. Among them was the Holde Company who had joined with their group. The departure began in the fall late in October or November 1878.

Marion Owens was soon to meet Beatrice Teeples of this latter company and his admiration of her gradually increased. He was in charge of the cattle and would hurry them ahead as fast as possible and leave them grazing and then hurry back to help Beatrice who was driving a four-horse team with a wagon.

After a very difficult and treacherous journey over the roads and dangerous encounters with the Indians, they arrived in Pima in April of 1879. Along with some of the others Saints they literally built a town and gave it the name of Pima.

When slightly over a year of friendship and courtship was over, Marion and Beatrice were married by her father, William R. Teeples, on, the first of January 1880 in Pima and they were the first couple to be married there. Marion suffered poor health in the locality and so they moved to Woodruff. For the first four years they lived in a fort as protection from the Indians and cattle rustlers, following which time he built their home a short distance from the fort.

While living in Arizona Marion worked employment. He worked on the dam at Woodruff with his father and brothers and the other settlers. He assisted others in building their homes. He rode the range helping look after the herds of cattle and sheep owned by his father and brothers. He hauled freight and supplies for the government from the railroad to Fort Apache and Fort Thomas where they kept troops of soldiers to control the Indians. But the Indians were good to this kind man and call him “little Jim.”

As Marion's health was very poor there, they decided to move back to Fillmore, Utah. They sold their home for teams and wagons and left Woodruff on the 20th day of April, 1894. This hazardous journey lasted one month and two days, but they were , happy to be back in Utah. They first went to Garden City and lived there for seven moths and then moved to Fillmore where they made their permanent home.

The Owens home was a happy one with music a chief factor. The Gospel was taught to the children and well established in the home. Marion, often read aloud to the children in the evenings. Beatrice had become a nurse and worked long hours out of the home.

Marion was an excellent blacksmith as was his father, and his knowledge and; ability were made available to all. He owned a blacksmith shop where he worked long and hard for many years. He was an expert horseman and driver. He drove a team and carried the mail between Fillmore and Juab and delivered, mail between Clear Lake and Fillmore. He made friends everywhere and was always the first to be of service to any one who needed help or comfort. This gentle and friendly manner was of great value in dealing with the Indians and when they would go on the warpath one of the Indians would often go to “Little Jim” telling him of their plans.

His illness, which was asthma, persisted until his death 18 February 1925. He was buried in the Fillmore cemetery.

A History of Franklin Horace Owens
by Lenore Owens Skillman, daughter

Franklin Horace Owens, was the 11th child and youngest son of James Clark Owens and Lucretia Proctor Robison Owens, pioneers into Utah and later into Arizona. His father settled in Fillmore, Utah and most of the family were born there. He cut stone for the Temples in Salt Lake, St. George and Manti. He built many buildings in and around Fillmore.

In 1878 he was called to help colonize Arizona. He first went to Showlow, then to Bush Valley, where he built a nice log house and planted a crop, but before a year had passed he was called to go to Woodruff to help build a dam across the little Colorado river.

In Woodruff there were already a few families there, but they were struggling to build a dam that would withstand the floods. They were living in wagon boxes and tents. Grandfather had an adobe fort built as soon as possible. This was built in the shape of an "L" and there was one large room for each family. No doors or glass windows. A quilt or something like that was hung at the doors and window opening.

It was in this old fort that Dad was born January 17, 1881. He was about 2 ½ years old when Grandfather and Grandmother moved from the old fort to their new home. There home was the first built outside the fort in that valley It was a 4 room house with a back porch enclosed except for one side.

Grandmother was a perfect housekeeper. There was a place for everything in her house and everything was kept in its place. She was a very hard worker. In their family breakfast was always by candle light, and to this day Dad wakes up as soon as it is light and gets up. He likes to go to bed early and get up early.

Dad was born the same year that the rail road came into Arizona. It was a great event, as prior to that time Albuquerque was the nearest place for supplies.

Grandfather Owens was bishop in Woodruff for 10 years. They built dam after dam across the river only to have the floods take them out, so one year they would have water and nice gardens and crops, and the ext year there would be no water and no crop. It was a heart breaking time and grandfather's health began to fail under the hard work and worry. After he was released he returned to Fillmore for 4 years. All the older members of his family had married before this time. Aunt Zina, Dad and Aunt Adelia were the young ones at home at the time.

Dad had a talent for drawing and in Fillmore he had an opportunity to take a few lessons (5 in all) in landscape paintings. He loved this and worked hard at it. He won two blue ribbons at the county fair. He also had some instruction in "Moleskin" painting (flowers on velvet). I remember some of these pictures when I was a child, but in the many moves we have made, these have been scattered and lost.

In Fillmore, Dad had an opportunity to study music. What he learned, helped him much in his later life, as he directed the choir after they went back to Woodruff and his choir was the outstanding choir in the area.

As Dad grew up he had to work always, so his schooling was in short terms now and then - the winter of 1899-1900 Dad lived with his sister Elsie (Osmer Dennis Flakes's wife) Flake, in Snowflake and this was the first full year of school he ever had.

He learned portrait painting and loved doing it. He was very good at this work. he tried to make a living doing this kind of work, but the people were poor and couldn't pay him for the work he did, so he finally gave it up and got a job with a regular salary.

As Dad grew up he had many chores - from the earliest memory he had to carry wood and water for grandmother. He tended his brother's young children, he herded cows on the hills, took them out in the morning and brought them home at night. In Fillmore he worked at many things around the farms. He was president of the 1st quorum of Deacons there. After his return to Woodruff, he helped the family income by riding with cattle on roundups, branding cattle and doing regular cowboy work. He also helped his older brothers with their sheep by hauling supplies and other things necessary. He also hauled freight to Ft. Apache, he worked on the dame and cleaned ditches to keep up the water assessments on the family land.

In Feb. 1901 Grandfather Owens died of a heart attack. He hadn't been well for several years due to the hard work and worries of pioneer life.

On July 4, 1901 Dad married my mother, Lucy Lenora Eagar. After their marriage he made portraits, worked for his brothers, did many other things, finally working in the ACMI General Merchandise Store in Holbrook for a few years. When I was about 6 years old Dad took a job with the Forest Service on the Sitgreaves National Forest and worked at this for about 10 years. He loved this forestry work.

During the time he was with the Forest Service we lived on Ranger Stations at Heber, Gentry, Miles Ranger Station and Lakeside. During these years Dad built the first telephone lines into that area. These lines were between the various ranger stations, fire lookouts, and some small towns, such as Heber, and finally connecting up with the Forest Service lines in Snowflake, where the headquarters for the Arizona Forest Service was located.

As Forest Ranger Dad surveyed homesteads and drew the maps, which were sent to the land Department. These were really works of art. He used different colors to indicate certain types of timber on the land, to indicate grassy land, or rocky areas. The maps were drawn to scale, and were really works of art.

Dad also blazed trails and maintained them, maintained roads thru the forest areas, etc. Of course, this was before the days of automobiles, so weren't what we consider roads today.

He counted the cattle and sheep as they came on and off the forest; he inspected the grazing land and reported whether they were being over-grazed. He marked timber to be cut, and did many other services as a forest ranger, all of which he loved. Of course, during the summer months there were a number of forest fire guards under Dad and I remember a number of serious fires on his district, as well as numerous small fires.

All of the travel in those days was with horses and pack animals. Sometimes Dad would be away from home for several days. He carried a portable telephone and by throwing a wire across the telephone line he could call home anytime he was near a phone line.

During these years Dad's family was growing, until by the time he quit the Forest Service and left Lakeside to come to the Salt River Valley, there were 9 children. Frances the 10th child was born in the Salt River Valley.

During the years on the Ranger Station we were away from schools. It would be necessary to move into town and leave Dad alone for the winter, if we attended school, so for a few years Dad would get the books being studied in town and we would study our lessons. When I first started to school, I started in the 5th grade and my brother, Vivian, started in the 3rd grade.

Also during these years we seldom failed to sit down together before we went to bed and Dad would read to us from various books. We read all the Horatic Alger Books, Uncle Tom's cabin, and many others.

We would sing together. Whenever we went out in the wagon or buggy, we all sand as loud as we could and had a wonderful time. Dad whistled and sand all day everywhere he was.

We were taught to pray always. We had family prayer each night and morning, we said our own little prayer before we went to bed, and always had a blessing on the food. We were taught bible stories, and whenever Grandmother Bagar would visit us, shw would have a little Sunday School, which we loved.

Dad was a kind and loving father. We didn't have other children to play with, but we had swings, wagons, pets, and everything to keep us busy and make us happy. He always had time to romp and play with his children on the floor at night, or time for games outside during the long summer evenings. We played run sheepy run, stink base, pomp pomp pull away, hide and seek, and many other games on moon light nights, early evenings, and sometimes with a big bon fire for light. The forest fire guards and others around the stations joined in and we had lots of fun.

After about 3 years in Lakeside, Dad's family needed to go to High School and with out sending us away to board all winter, the whole family would have to move where there was a school. Mother and Dad decided the best way to keep the family together was to quit the Forest Service and moved to the Salt River valley. He also felt there would be a better choice of champignons for his children, so in January of 1920 we moved to the Salt River Valley. Dad had arranged to operate a 360 acre cotton farm on shares. All but 80 acres of this farm was in cotton and the 80

acres was in grain. The cotton had brought good prices for a few years, but the year we were on this ranch, the prices dropped and a depression set in. We had nothing to show for a years hard work.

The next move was to Laveen where Dad contracted to buy a dairy herd. We worked hard processing this milk and delivering it to Phoenix. After about a year we found we were not making nay money at it and working night and day, so we moved again.

This move was to Phoenix. It was still depression times and the Owens family really had a struggle. Dad worked for the Water Users as a day laborer for part of this time. He rode a bicycle out to Tolleson and home every day, and other times to Glendale and back. Besides this he would work hard all day - 10 hour days. At this time the Water Users had none of the labor savings helps they have today, so Dad really worked very, very hard. It is about 12 miles to Tolleson and 10 to Glendale, so that would be a round trip of 20 to 24 miles a day, plus 10 hours of hard work.

During this time Vivian and I found work in a cafeteria - The Fayway Cafeteria - and gradually the family began to get on its feet. Dad secured a small truck and began hauling for the citrus growers in the valley.

During these hard times we had two cases of serious illness. First Faye, who was only a small child, had appendicitis and we thought for quite awhile she would die. Then a year of so later there was a smallpox scare in town and everyone was asked to be vaccinated. We were all vaccinated and the vaccination took on everyone but Zina and our brother James. After about three weeks they were vaccinated again and this time they both took the disease. Zina broke out all over, but James had only one small pox on his back - he broke out inwardly and died. This was a very hard time for us.

After Dad got the small truck and began hauling for the citrus growers, Vivian worked with him. They worked together for several years, then Dad turned the trucks over to Vivian and he got a job with the City of Phoenix. Here he had charge of the street repairs. He had a truck and several men to help him. They filled cracks in the paving, holes, etc. He did this work for several years until one day one of the men spilled gasoline and a match was dropped, setting it on fire, and in the excitement Dad's clothes caught fire and he was badly burned on the legs and arms. He was in the hospital for several weeks, then at home 5or 6 months before he was able to do anything again.

When he returned to work he was still with the City of Phoenix, but he was given a job as inspector in charge of the down town trash collection. It was his duty to be sure the alleys were kept clean, to collect for this work, attend the billing, etc. For several years he was in charge of this department.

He was forced to retire about 1952 when Mother became ill and from that time until she died about a year later he was with her constantly.

Dad stayed on in the little house at 39th Street by himself. He wouldn't live with his children, saying he wanted his independence. About two years after Mother's death he had a severe sick spell and was in the hospital for 2 months. He had an operation on his prostrate gland, which had caused his system to fill with poisons. He had an enlarged heart and acute anemia. After his stay in the hospital he came back to the little house at 311 E. Windsor where we moved hem when he first became sick. he ate his meals with us we lived only half a block away, and after eating liver every other day for a year and a half, plus an adequate diet in all ways, and after taking B-12 shots 2 or 3 times a week during all of this time, the doctor pronounced him cured again. In fact he told him he was his prize patient; that it was almost unheard of for a man his age to recover so well.

In November 1958, at the age of 77 years, he married Mother's sister Vinnie. They lived at 311 E. Windsor until the middle of April 1959, then moved to Woodruff to Aunt Vin's home. There he has made a wonderful big garden this summer. They have bought anew car, and the reports are, he is feeling fine, better than for several years. He enjoys the outside work and the feeling of doing something constructive.

Dad had a family of 10 children, all are living except James, who died at age 16. He had 40 grand children. 1 grandson, Thelma's 3rd son, died. He was crushed by a truck, when only 18 months old. He has 20 great grandchildren, plus 2 adopted great grand children.

August 5, 1959
Lenore Owens Skillman