



WHITMER HERITAGE BOOK

Family Stories for our Grandchildren

By Grandmother Cheryl Jane Munn | Granddaughter of Angus and Jennie Whitmer
Daughter of Fern Whitmer Munn | Prepared September 2010



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James William Huntsman and Hannah Davis Huntsman

James was our ancestor who was beaten by the “Regulators” in Nauvoo.
I was very surprised to find that I had pictures of them.



MOB VIOLENCE IN NAUVOO

James William Huntsman & Hannah Davis Huntsman



Grandpa James William Huntsman’s great faith sustained him when he was beaten because he was a Mormon. On March 5, 1846, the Nauvoo Independent {newspaper} reported:

Eight members of the church were working on a farm in Nauvoo when a large group of men dressed in women’s clothing passed by. They became curious as to why so many women would be out so early in this neighborhood. In a short time about 80 calling themselves “Regulators” returned in men’s garb. They circled the group hemming them in from escape. They were armed with rifles, pistols, muskets, bayonets and swords. Grandpa James, waving a white handkerchief, went to meet them. The eight men were ordered to give up their guns.

A group of mobsters were sent to the nearby woods, and when they returned each carried from one to five hickory gods. Two at a time the men were marched to a fence one half mile away, ordered to kneel in a ditch, bare their backs and kneel over a roil at the rear of a dike. Each was given twenty lashes.

The eight bleeding men were ordered into their conveyance and headed for Nauvoo while one of the men yelled at them... “leave for the Holy City and don’t look back!” Bullets whizzed past them as they left.

Our Grandpa James’ faith delivered him from these mean men. We too can be like our grandpa, and always stand up for what we believe, no matter what!



Edward's Bucket

This is the bucket Edward left on the ice when he fell in the river and was drowned. It has been kept in the family for generations although I did not know it was still in existence until our Lewis cousin told me. She is the same cousin, Linda Wiese, I learned about while visiting my daughter, Jennie Pickett, last month while in Idaho. Linda is also the cousin who provided me with the excellent pictures of Tarlton and Malinda Lewis, Edward's parents.

DROWNING IN THE MISSOURI RIVER

Malinda & Tarlton Lewis



When the Saints were driven out of Nauvoo in 1846, they crossed the Mississippi River and traveled to Winter Quarters. This happened to Grandma Malinda Lewis, Tarlton's wife. *This great tragedy teaches us to always have faith no matter how difficult our trials might be.*

As if their faith hadn't been tried enough, yet another test came in the winter of 1846. The Saints were suffering much from the cold and want of food at Winter Quarters in Iowa. A hole was chopped in the ice of the Missouri River to get water for camp use.

One day Grandma Malinda went for water, and little Edward, her five year-old son, tagged along. When she returned with her two buckets, she thought Edward was right behind her but he

wasn't. Hurrying to the river all she could find was the little brass bucket her child had been carrying sitting on the ice. It was supposed that he slipped into the hole and was carried downstream. (The bucket has been preserved through the years and we have a picture of it.)

Later, Tarlton was blessed to be in Brigham Young's first company to enter the Salt Lake Valley on July 24, 1847. He also became the first Bishop of Salt Lake City.

When bad things happen faith is what reminds us to believe in Heavenly Father and not give up. Losing their young Edward was almost unbearable but Grandpa and Grandma Lewis remained faithful to Heavenly Father and his church.



Above: Samuel Lewis & Sarah Jane Huntsman Lewis

Below: "Samuel was in the Mormon Battalion and helped build four temples."



MORMON BATTALION—SAMUEL LEWIS

Samuel Lewis & Sarah Jane Huntsman Lewis



Grandpa Samuel Lewis enlisted in the Mormon Battalion, the second youngest at 17 years old. His faith in the gospel sustained him on this difficult journey.

Samuel told how he suffered for food on that march. How he boiled his boot tops to get a little nourishment. How he strained water full of wigglers with a rag for a strainer to get a little water to drink when they were suffering from thirst. How they were nearly killed by a herd of wild bulls, and on the way some Mormons were mistreated because they were Mormons. How they were all made to take a dose of Calomel and strychnine every night, whether they needed it or not. Some held it in their mouths until this crazy doctor left and spit it out. This doctor had dozens of

them right down in bed sick. He had to leave for several days and when he got back they were all up and well. The devil was right there among our men trying to destroy them, and although they suffered much, they were true to their teachings and returned home safely. All but a few who were weak and couldn't make it. They had the Spirit of the Lord with them, and He sustained them.

When one of Samuel's grandchildren would complain of having nothing to eat in the house but dry bread, he repeated this little verse:

“Never throw upon the floor, the crusts you cannot eat. For willful waste makes woeful want, and sometimes you may say Oh, how I wish I had that crust that once I throwed away.”

We are grateful our ancestors had faith to live the gospel.



Reverend John Lothrop is a great example of faith to live his religion knowing he might go to prison if he was caught. Do our friends ever make fun of us for doing the right thing? Do we ever tell lies? Do we ever say bad words? Do we sometimes cheat on tests at school? Always be good examples to others by keeping the commandments. Have faith to do the right thing.

PERSECUTED & BANISHED TO AMERICA

Reverend John Lothrop & Hannah Howse Lothrop

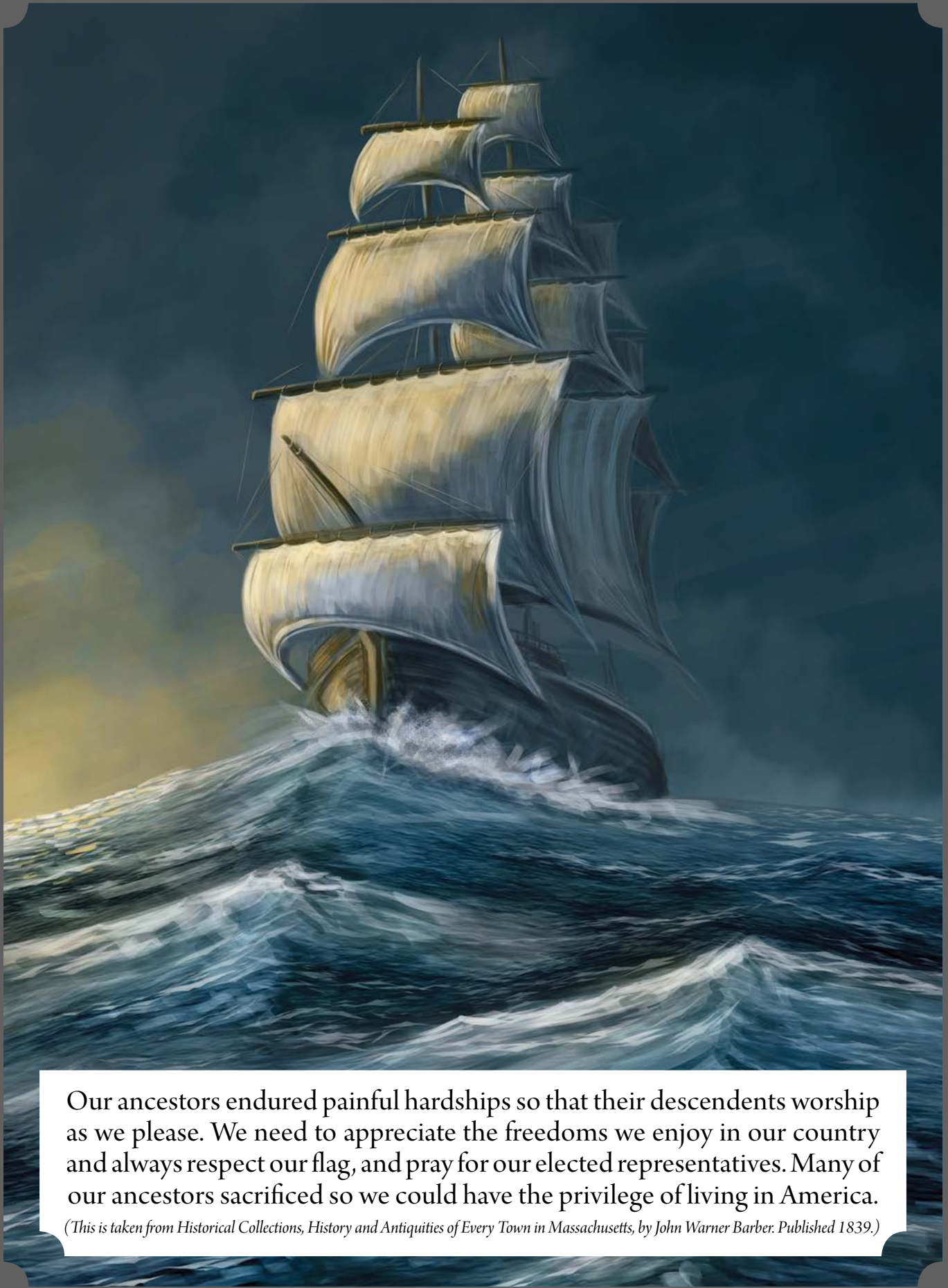
Grandma Lisania Fuller married to Hyrum Judd, was a direct descendent of Samuel Fuller who came to America on the Mayflower. Samuel married Jane Lothrop, daughter of Reverend John Lothrop. This is a story about Reverend Lathrop's faith and example to others.

As a youth, Reverend Lothrop attended the universities of Oxford and Cambridge attaining the M.A. degree at Cambridge in 1609. The next year he married Hannah House, a clergyman's daughter, and became a parish minister of the Established Church of England. Realizing that he could not conscientiously accept all the teachings of his church, he finally resigned his pastorate and in 1624 became the leader of a small group of worshippers. They met as an independent church in London which was against the law. This little group met in secrecy always in fear of the authorities.

In 1632 a raid was made on the congregation, and John and forty-one of the members of his flock were seized and imprisoned. After nearly two years all were released except John "for whom no favour could be obtained."

His wife became very sick while he was in prison. Nathaniel Morton tells in 1669, "His wife fell sick, of which disease she died. He procured liberty of the bishop to visit his wife before her death, and commended her to God by prayer, who soon gave up the ghost. At his return to prison, his poor children, being many, repaired to the bishop of Lambeth, and made known unto him their miserable condition, by reason of their good father's being continued in close durance, who commiserated their condition so for as to grant him liberty."

Another article tells "Mr. Lothrop fearlessly proclaimed in Old and in New England the great truth that man is not responsible to his fellow man in matters of faith and conscience. Difference of opinion he tolerated. During his fourteen years that he was pastor of the Barnstable Church, such was his influence over the people that the power of the civil magistrate was not needed to restrain crime. No pastor was ever more beloved by his people, none ever had a greater influence for good."



Our ancestors endured painful hardships so that their descendents worship as we please. We need to appreciate the freedoms we enjoy in our country and always respect our flag, and pray for our elected representatives. Many of our ancestors sacrificed so we could have the privilege of living in America.

(This is taken from Historical Collections, History and Antiquities of Every Town in Massachusetts, by John Warner Barber. Published 1839.)

MAYFLOWER ANCESTORS

Edward & Samuel Fuller



Samuel and Edward are direct ancestors of Lisania Fuller, Hyrum Judd's wife. This little group of Pilgrims banded together and suffered extreme hardship to attain religious freedom in America. They sailed on the now famous Mayflower.

Massachusetts, the oldest of the New England states, and the first in population and resources, was first permanently settled by Europeans at Plymouth on December 22nd in 1620. In 1602 a number of religious people in the north of England known as Puritans (so called from their efforts to preserve purity in divine worship), were so persecuted on account of their religious sentiments, that they were compelled to take measures to find refuge in a foreign land. A little band of these brethren entered into a solemn covenant with each other "to walk with God and one another, in the enjoyment of the ordinances of God, according to the primitive pattern" whatever it might cost them.

After many struggles, even locating in Leyden, Netherlands, they agreed to come to America and settle under the general government of Virginia. A small ship of about sixty tons called the Speedwell, was now purchased and fitted out in Holland;

another about one hundred and eight tons called the Mayflower was hired at London. The Speedwell proved leaky and had to return. They set sail for Plymouth September 6th 1620 arriving at Cape Cod November 9th. This, however, was not the place of their destination, neither was it within the limits of their patent. Finding they were not within the limits of their patent, and consequently not under the jurisdiction of the Virginia Company, they concluded to establish a separate government for themselves, the first in America. Thus, the Mayflower Compact was written. Our ancestor, Edward, Samuel's father, signed the Compact. Edward was the ship physician. He died the first winter in Plymouth. Many died the first winter.

This brief and comprehensive instrument established a most important principle, a principle which is the foundation of all the democratic institutions of America, and is the basis of the republic. The principle being that the will of the majority of the people shall govern.

Samuel eventually married Jane Lothrop, daughter of Reverend John Lothrop, who had escaped religious persecution in England.



Hyrum Judd



Lisania Fuller Judd

Hyrum Judd and Lisania Fuller Judd

A very sad thing happened to Lisania. After bearing Hyrum fourteen children he married a younger woman, Mary Bowman, in a polygamous marriage. She was the same age as some of his children, and they had a large family too. They moved to Mexico and left Lisania in the States to live with her children. This had to be a heart break for Lisania. A number of years later Lisania went to Mexico and spent a couple of years with Hyrum, and then moved back to the States. This was always a scandal in the family but it was true.

[Lisania's ancestors go back to the Mayflower. Her ancestor was the ship physician, Edward Fuller with his wife and son, Samuel. Samuel's parents died the first winter.]

MORMON BATTALION— HYRUM JUDD OR HYRAM ZADOCK JUDD HYRUM'S COUSIN AND COUSIN, ARZA ERASTUS HINKLEY

Hyrum Judd & Lisania Fuller Judd

Hyrum Judd showed great faith and courage when he joined the Mormon Battalion, July 20, 1846.

Hyrum and his brother, Zadock, traveled to Sharpe's Point (later called Winter Quarters) where they enlisted in the Mormon Battalion. Hyrum was a teamster in Company E and took one of the first wagons across the continent. Cousin Arza Erastus Hinkley also enlisted in the Battalion. (*Yes we are related to President Hinckley.*)

Seven months after Hyrum left, Grandma Lisania had a son born in a wagon box. It was February in Council Bluffs. Grandma Lisania made buckskin gloves and men's pants to help sustain herself and her child.

The Battalion was a long and difficult march. At first they had no cooking utensils, so they mixed dough by hollowing a place in the flour (still in the sack) and pouring water into it. Once the dough was mixed, they cooked it on a stick over the open fire. Someone managed to stow away a violin, and there were several good fiddlers in the Battalion so when they could, they entertained themselves by dancing. They saved beef for work animals and were not allowed to use them for food unless they "gave out." As tough as the animals must have been, the soldiers would eagerly devour even the hides, tripe and entrails.

The company was frequently sick thanks to Doctor Saunders' treatment. He administered all of the medicine in the same old spoon. A sick man was compelled to take the medicine, have it forced down him, or be left on the plains.

We too need to have courage when faced with doing things that seem hard at the time. Never, never, no never give up.



Elder Angus Van Meter Whitmer | Southern States Mission | January 26, 1900

ELDER WHITMER THREATENED

Grandpa Angus Whitmer



Grandpa Angus Van Meter Whitmer was threatened with a Whitecapping (definition follows on next page), while a missionary in West Virginia, 1899. Missionaries must have courage and be brave.

Towards the later part of Grandpa Angus' mission he was allowed to teach his relatives in West Virginia where his father was from. One night he and his companion were going to hold a meeting and they got a warning just before the meeting daring him to try to go to the meeting that night or they were going to kill him. The men got all full of whiskey, and on their way up to where they were

going to kill the missionaries, they got in a fight among themselves. Grandpa Angus always did say the Lord had a hand in it. Later, his relatives offered to let the missionaries stay in their home provided they didn't talk about religion.

This is the note left on the door where the meeting was scheduled to take place (original spelling):

"Mr. A. B. Whitmore

We hereby notify you to leave this country at-once. If you do not get away on short notice you will be subject to a severe case of WHITE CAPING. There are einuff decent people in this country to do you up Brown. By short notice we mean now. You must make arrangements to start at-once or you will be hunted down like any other beast of pray and treated accordingly.

Lost City and Mathias White Cap Association.

Remember this is the first and last notice you will get."

Grandpa was protected from these evil men who wanted to hurt him. Being a missionary takes courage.



A LITTLE HISTORY ON WHITECAPPING



Wikipedia:

Whitecapping (often spelled differently):

It is a violent lawless movement among farmers that occurred specifically in America during the late 19th and early 20th centuries. It was originally a ritualized form of enforcing community standards, appropriate behavior and traditional rights.

Generally, the members of this society were disguised in a way that somewhat resembled that of the Klu Klux Klan (KKK), and always attacked at night. Physical attacks could include such things as whipping, drowning, firing shots into houses, arson and other brutalities.

The victims of these attacks had little support from the legal authorities until 1893 when the threat of whitecapping began to be taken more seriously. However, even when the courts got involved it took time to completely clear the jury of any White Cap members or sympathizers.



HOW TO TELL IF IT'S A GHOST

Tarlton Lewis



Grandpa Tarlton Lewis, born in 1805, was called “The Grand Old Man.” He was the first bishop of Salt Lake City.

He was wounded at Haun’s Mill where his brother was killed. He was with the first company of Saints to enter Salt Lake Valley with Brigham Young in 1847. He was with the party that first discovered

lead and iron in the Rocky Mountains. He lived the law of polygamy. Several times he attempted to rescue the Prophet Joseph Smith. He was bishop four times. He was Brigham Young’s right-hand man.

This is a story about courage that Grandpa Tarlton passed on to his children and grandchildren:

When he was a small boy he was afraid of ghosts. He had to bring in the cows and it was generally dark before they were all gathered in, and he was afraid of the ghosts. So he told his father he didn’t want to go after the cows. “Well,” said his father, “the next time you see a ghost I tell you what to do. Pick up a big stick and walk right up to the thing and hit it hard and you will never be scared again.”

Grandpa Tarlton had always loved and obeyed his father, so one night, sure enough, he could see a ghost through the big trees as he was in the forest. His first impulse was to run. Then he remembered what his father had told him. So he found

a big stick and with trembling hands and knees shaking he walked right up to the ghost, and there stood one of the old milk cows with a little new white calf walking around her.

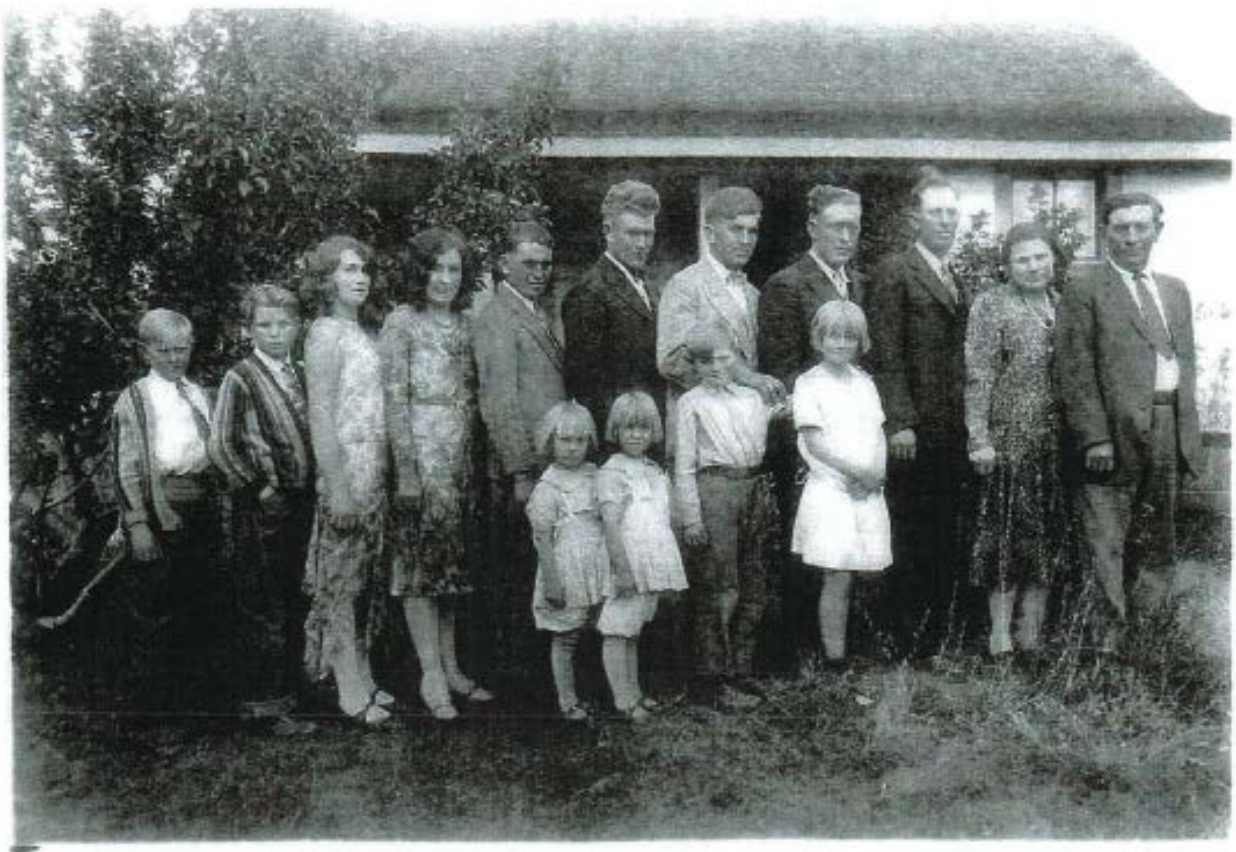
Thanks to his father’s advice, Grandpa Tarlton learned to have courage, and was never afraid of ghosts again.

The Old Homestead in Alpine, Arizona

(still standing in 2010, farm selling for \$12 million)

Angus and Jennie Whitmer's family of 13 living children

(four died)



Front row L-R: Fern Bertha, Blanche Fay, Vaughn "B", Mary

Back row L-R: Lawrence "F", Afton Verl, Ethel, Genevieve, Rex
"R", Harold "H", Cecil Paul, Ralph Judd and Angus Don

FIRE IN THE BARN

Grandma Jennie Whitmer



Uncle Rex R, son of Angus and Jennie Whitmer. learned an important lesson about obedience when he was twelve years-old. The story is told by his mother, Grandma Jennie.

One day in 1922 Rex's father took two of the boys on the range to feed the cattle. He wouldn't let Rex go and he was mad. Rex had gotten a BB gun for Christmas. He shot up all these caps, and decided to take Afton and Lawrence to the creek which is right behind the barn. They looked up and saw the bird's nest right over the barn door so they put some match heads in the BB guns and shot the matches in the nest. It caught fire. Pretty soon the whole barn was on fire.

Rex came running down to the house and said, "Mama, the barn's on fire." Grandma said, "What on

earth! How'd it get on fire?" Rex said, "I don't know ... There were seven or eight calves shut up in there, four horses, seven harnesses, three saddles, corn fodder, a corn sheller and corn, a bin of wheat, even a hen sitting on her eggs. She went up too. We were able to get most of the animals out though. Dad had always wanted a barn. Just everything went.

Rex was so afraid after starting the fire that he hid for three days and his parents thought he had died in the fire. Grandpa Angus wept many tears more worried about losing his son than losing his barn..

Sometimes we think we are just having fun and forget to think about the consequences. Even though a barn may not burn down, we need to think before we act, and remember to always obey our parents.



Cousin Laura Lewis McBride

Granddaughter of Samuel Lewis (of the Mormon Battalion) and Sarah Jane Judd Lewi

Cousin Laura shared extensive family history, stories and pictures of our ancestors with me until she was 96 years-old. Many of them are in this book.

She was also "best cousins" with Grandma Jennie. Some of their stories growing up are in this book including "Chewing Gum in School Doesn't Pay" and "Fairy Tales."

Thank you, Cousin Laura

CHEWING GUM IN SCHOOL DOESN'T PAY

Cousin Laura Lewis McBride



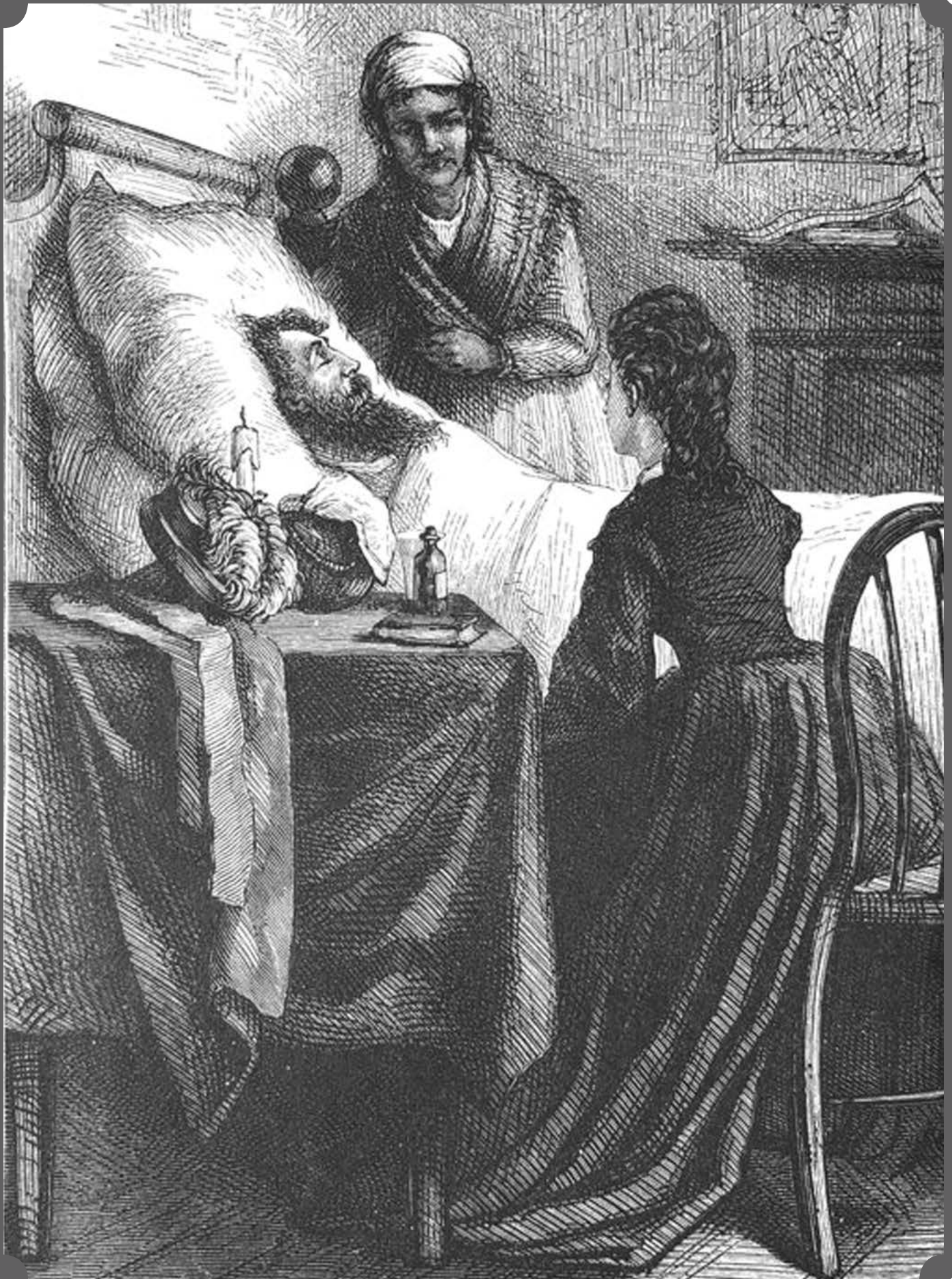
Cousin Laura Lewis McBride told this story about Grandma Jennie Whitmer when they were 14 years old in 1898. The cousins were very close and did everything together. This is about the importance of obeying rules.

Cousin Jennie came to my school, a bigger one than she went to. We had a good teacher, but it was against the rules to chew gum in school. I knew better than to chew gum, and it always gave me a stomachache, so it was no temptation to me. Jennie and I sat together at a wide desk. One day I was amazed to see my cousin chewing as fast as she was studying, when all of a sudden the teacher spied her chewing gum.

Well, the next thing I knew was an invitation to come up and take the medicine. Poor Jennie, I felt sorry for her. She was told to spit out that gum and come to the front. She was told to stand on one foot for thirty minutes while every student in the room were to whistle, sing, clap their hands to see if she fell. Boys had to wear the Dunce Cap for such a punishment, but not the girls.

Cousin Jennie paid her debt and came back to the desk crying til school was dismissed at noon. She left and was never seen in that school again. I surely did miss her.

It is important to keep the rules and be obedient. Heavenly Father says when we keep his commandments, we will be happy.



HAUN'S MILL MASSACRE

Tarlton & Malinda Lewis



Grandma Malinda Lewis, Grandpa Tarlton's wife, had to tend to many wounded men after the Haun's Mill Massacre, October 30, 1838, in Caldwell County, Missouri. She prayed to know how to tend to those who had been wounded. Her prayer was answered. Grandpa Tarlton was wounded, his brother, Benjamin, killed, and David escaped injury.

The night of the massacre at Haun's Mill, Malinda said the floor was so covered with the wounded and dying that it was difficult to get among them to attend to their needs. There was one Isaac Laney who was shot in the abdomen and his intestines were falling out. Malinda took off her kitchen apron and bound it around his stomach to keep things in place. They managed to get him to the Lewis home before the mob returned. She hid Tarlton so they wouldn't find him.

Malinda wondered what she could find to cleanse their wounds. She knelt down beside her husband's bed and prayed to the Lord for help, as she didn't know what to do next. As she finished her prayer, she opened her eyes and noticed some white ashes lying on the hearth. It seemed the answer to her prayer. She gathered the ash and soaked it in water. This water she used to bathe the wounds of Isaac and her husband. For weeks, she nursed these men and was successful in bringing them back to health.

Do we have the faith to pray for answers to our problems? Heavenly Father will inspire us through the Holy Ghost. We just need to listen and obey his promptings.



MORE ABOUT HAWN'S MILL



Early members of the church lived at Hawn's Mill in Caldwell County, Missouri. Joseph Smith had counseled them to leave Hawn's Mill and move closer to Nauvoo to be safe. Mr Hawn didn't warn the church members who decided to stay anyway. It resulted in a terrible massacre.

On October 30, 1838, about four on a beautiful fall afternoon, about 240 armed men came on horses towards the mill with all possible speed. More than a hundred rifles fired at the blacksmith shop where many of the men and boys had sought refuge. The mob then charged up to the shop with their rifles in the crevices between the logs, and began shooting at point-blank range. This bloodbath continued for the next hour and a half. In all, seventeen men and boys were killed and thirteen others wounded. Three of the Lewis brothers and their families were there. Tarlton was wounded in the shoulder and carried the bullet to his grave. David escaped being wounded, but later found five bullet holes in his clothing. Benjamin was killed. He coughed up the bullet

he had been shot with. He lived long enough to ask his wife to remain with the Saints, and to raise the children in the church.

“The wounded men had been given no attention, and the bodies of the slain were left to fester and putrefy in the Indian summer temperature, warm and mellowing. The widows and orphans of the dead came timidly and warily forth from their hiding places as soon as the troops left, and as they recognized one husband, another a father, the wailing of grief and terror that went up were pitiful and agonizing. All that night they were alone with their dead. A return visit of Jennings' men to complete the work of 'extermination' had been threatened and expected “



Tarlton Lewis & Malinda Grimlin Lewis

TARLTON LEWIS AND MALINDA GRIMLIN LEWIS

Cousin Laura



~From Cousin Laura~

One of my long-time friends tells me this story about Tarlton Lewis and his wife. She said when she was a young girl, her family were moving into the town where the Lewis' lived. They were quite poor and had to do a lot of repair work on the house they were moving into. It was cold, and they had worked hard all day and were very tired but they hadn't had time to fix any supper, and hadn't much to fix. It was night when a knock came at the door. On opening it, who should be standing there but Tarlton Lewis and his good wife, Malinda, with a big basket of food all for them. And she quoted 'A friend in need is a friend indeed' and what a spread they had that night. A big pot of hot beans, a big roast, hot bread just out of the oven and a great bowl of fresh butter; and, oh, how they enjoyed that meal. This friend of mine told me that was the best dinner she ever ate in all her life.



Grandpa Angus Van Meter Whitmer's family

Benjamin Franklin Whitmer, Sr. seated

*L-R: Minnie Caroline, Elmer Elen, Angus Van Meter, Lily Forence,
Florenia Rozilla, and Benjamin Franklin Whitmer, Jr.*

HIS BIGGEST MISTAKE

by Cousin Lyle Whitmer

Frank Delawder, a friend of Grandpa Benjamin Franklin Whitmer, told this story to our cousin, Lyle Whitmer, in 1943 while he was serving a mission in West Virginia. This is Frank's story of his 'biggest mistake.' When the Holy Ghost speaks to us, we need to listen and follow his promptings.

Frank told Lyle that Grandpa Benjamin was one of the first in the West Virginia Cove) to accept the Gospel. He said that on the day Grandpa Benjamin was to be baptized, he, Frank, also was going to be baptized. The resentment of this became very pronounced among the residents of the community, even to the point of mob violence. Frank became afraid and did not appear for the appointed baptism. However, Grandpa Benjamin was baptized and confirmed a member of the Church.

The following two years, arrangements were made several times for Frank and his wife to be baptized about 1888, however, something seemed to happen each time, and he finally decided against it.

When Grandpa Benjamin was preparing to move to a friendlier community, Frank also was making arrangements to be baptized and accompany him, and even went so far as to put his farm

up for sale but when he saw the small amount that Grandpa Benjamin was offered for his farm in comparison to its worth, he did not feel he could make the sacrifice. Instead, he obtained money and purchased Grandpa Benjamin's farm. This was in 1890.

When I told him of the numerous grandchildren of his old friend, Grandpa Benjamin, tears rolled down his cheeks, and he said, "The Lord blesses those who obey Him, and Ben told me before he left that if I didn't accept the Gospel, my family would not amount to anything. And as you can see, I am a very unhappy man. If I just had my life to live over!"

Frank told me he thought this was the greatest mistake in his life. He offered as evidence of the fact that he reared five children, who were all in their advanced years. Out of the five, one was married and the other four living at home, still single. He had no grandchildren except an adopted granddaughter.

Frank knew the right thing to do. The Spirit was prompting him, but he didn't have the faith and courage to make the necessary sacrifices to join the church. If we listen to the still small voice, we will always be guided to make the right choices. There is no need to be afraid.



Don Carlos Judd & Mary Ellen Lewis Judd
Daughter of Samuel Lewis & Sarah Jane Huntman

MARY ELLEN LEWIS & DON CARLOS JUDD



OBITUARY -- MRS. MARY ELLEN JUDD

Mary Ellen Judd, prominent pioneer woman of Apache County, and also one of the early settlers of the Gila Valley--died at 1 :00 a.m. Monday, December 31, 1928, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Eugene C. Neagle in St. Johns, Arizona. The deceased had been in bad health for more than a year, due to a hernia, but the day before her death she managed to be up and around. The deceased was born at Parowan, Utah in 1859 and had she lived until May 1929 she would have been 70 years old. She was the daughter of Samuel Lewis and Sarah Jane Huntsman Lewis, now deceased. They were former residents of Thatcher, Arizona.

At the urgent request of her children, who believed a change would do her good, she left her home and went to live with her daughter, Mrs. Neagle, where she died just three weeks later. She was one of the real pioneers of Arizona, having come with her husband, Don C.

Judd, to Pima, fifty years ago.

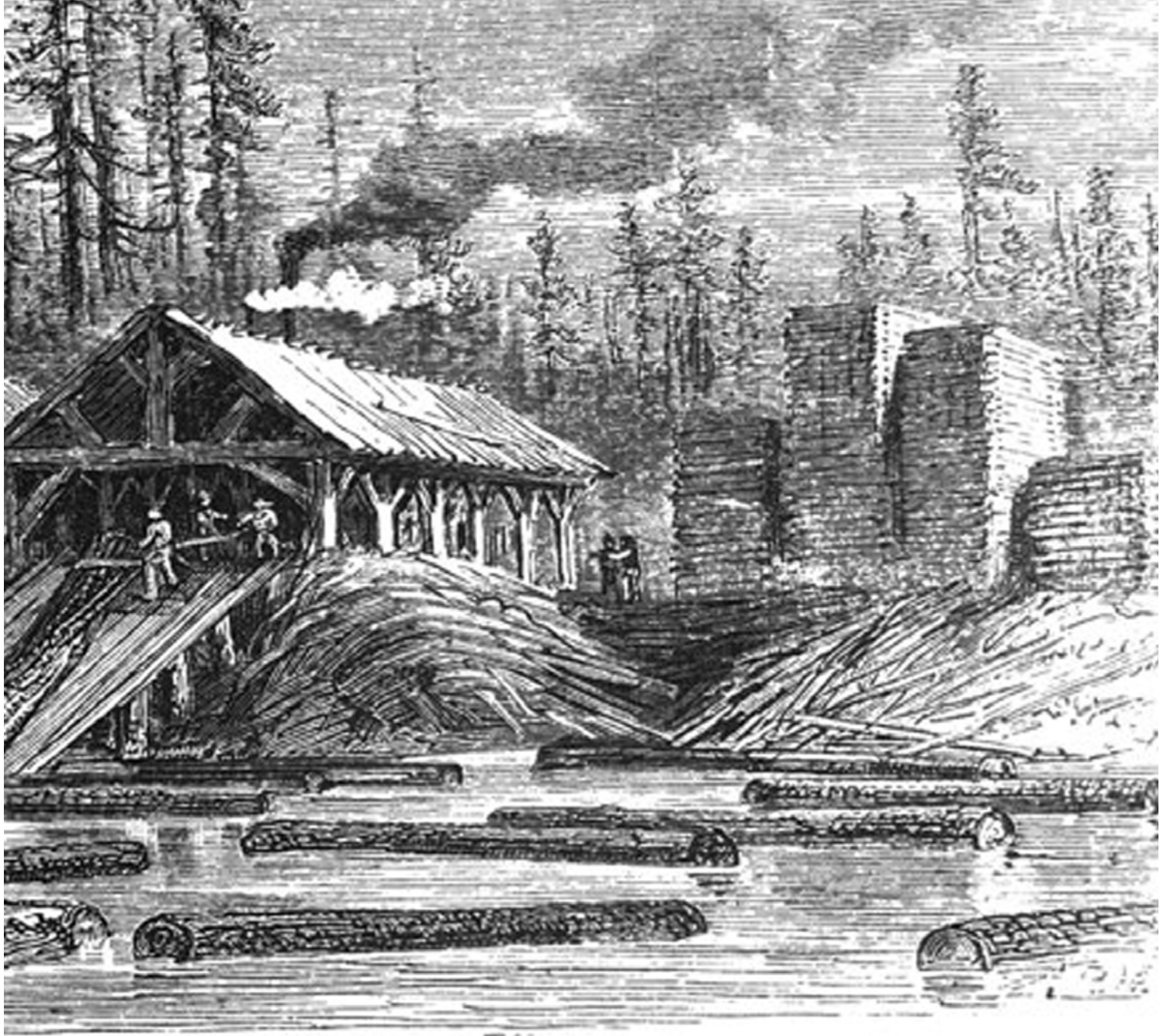
When a very young girl, she married Don C. Judd and was the mother of fourteen children. Coming to Arizona from Utah, she and her husband brought a number of horses, driving them across the Colorado River at Lee's Ferry. The Judds, located at Pima, where they lived through the hard years when the Indians were often on the warpath and real courage was needed to face the hardships of pioneering. Mr. Judd and his father-in-law were the first owners of Indian Hot Springs, and did some gardening and farming there, but were driven off by the Indians. They also had some fine mules stolen by the savages. They made no effort, however, to establish claim to the springs when peace did come.

In 1904 Mr. and Mrs. Judd came into their home in Alpine, which has since been the family home. It was hospitable



and a fine home for hunters and health seeking parties, who frequently stopped there. In 1917 Mr. Judd, a hardy character, whose name will always be associated with the early history of Arizona, became ill and died. Mrs. Judd then bravely took up

the battle of life alone, and reared her fine family of children, and as they became old enough aided in managing the farm at the top of the mountain, and through their combined efforts made a marked success of farming and stock raising.



Mrs. Judd was the mother of the first Mormon female child born in the Gila Valley. When the daughter, who was named Edna, became older, she married a grandson of Brigham Young, and she and her husband now live in Port Angeles, Washington. The

fathers of Mr. and Mrs. Judd were members of the Mormon Battalion and were with the Battalion on its famous march. Richard Judd, a son of the deceased, sacrificed his life in the service of his country during the World War One, dying in France in 1918.



L-R: Sarah Hannah Wibberley, Florenia Sonifrank, Benjamin Franklin Whitmer, Edith Porter Kunz
Florenia is our ancestor. She died, he married Sarah. She died, he married Edith.

Below: Florenia's parents, Simon Sonafrank and Leanna Albright



PRIESTHOOD POWER

Benjamin Franklin Whitmer & Florenina Sonifrank



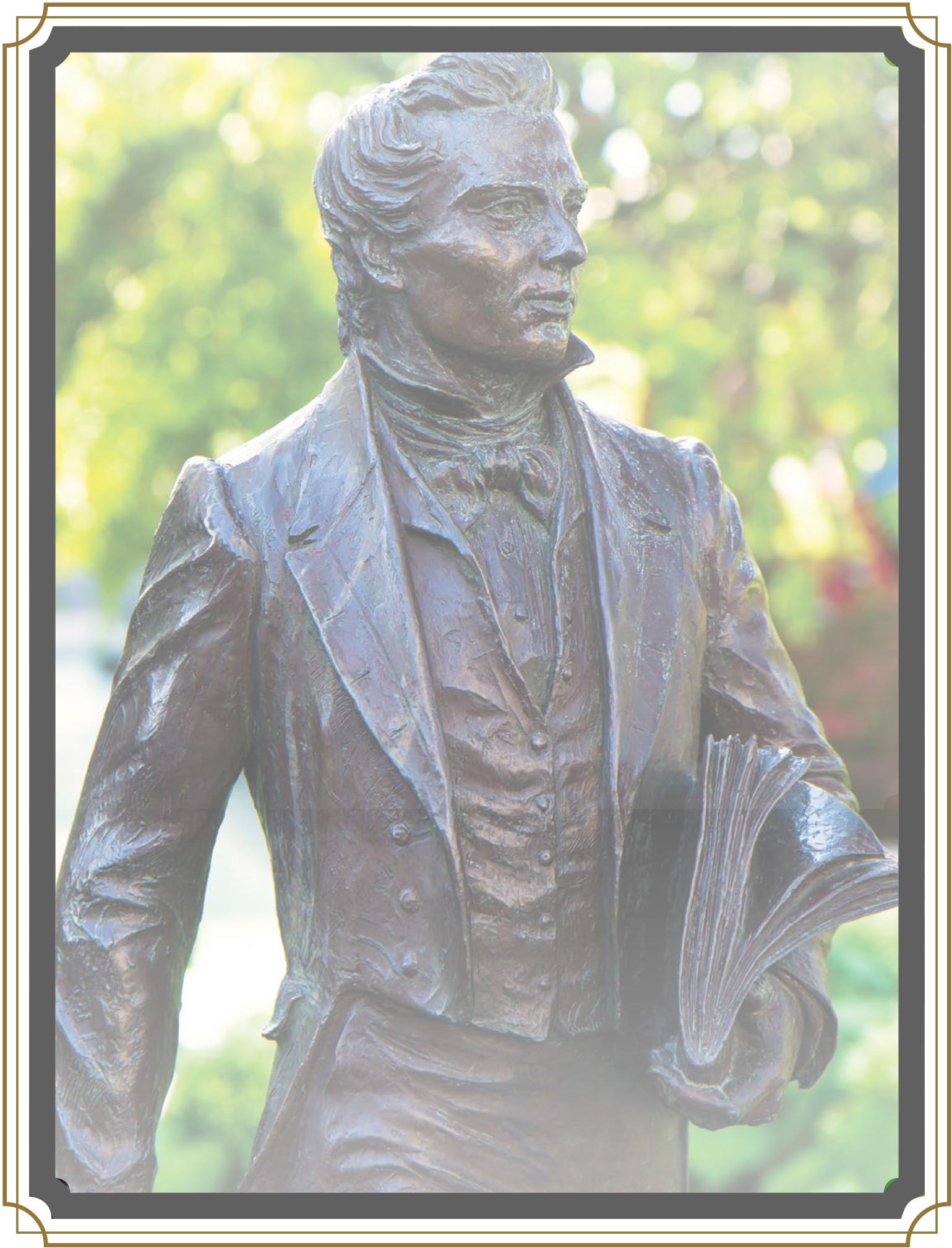
Grandpa Benjamin Franklin Whitmer, and his wife, Florenia, were baptized on June 5, 1888, in a clear stream, rejoicing that they had found the truth. This story tells about how the missionaries were protected by the Priesthood.

The mob showed up in the clearing in front of the house on our farm. We had the missionaries over for supper; and someone shouted, “let us have those horned scoundrels, and we’ll tar and feather ‘em real good and run ‘em out of here!” Grandpa Ben said, “You’ll have to go through me, or over my dead body.”

So the largest man in the mob stepped up on the porch and grabbed a hold of Grandpa. Then Grandpa Ben picked him up above his head and hurled him over the mob’s head out into the clearing; it was as if he had the strength of Sampson.

One man shouted, “Look at his eyes, they’re shining like the sun, all aglow.” Then another screamed, “I’m out of here.” And they all ran with terror on their faces and left behind a pot of tar on a fire with a bag of feathers all ready to tar and feather the pair of missionaries. The missionaries thought the chicken dinner of Sister Whitmer’s was going to be their last supper, and had a renewed vigor to their prayers that night.

Grandpa Benjamin was not afraid of the mob. He knew that the Priesthood, the power to act in the name of God, would protect the missionaries. How blessed are we to be members of the Church, so we too can be protected and blessed in time of need!



FOLLOW THE PROPHET

Judd Family

Our Judd ancestors heeded the call of the Prophet Joseph Smith to gather in Kirtland, Ohio.

The Judd and Hinkley (President Hinkley's ancestors are our cousins) families were among the first to listen to the gospel message preached in Bastard Leeds, Canada in about 1836. Returning home from one of the missionary sermons by Elder John E. Page, Grandpa Hyrum's father, Arza, declared, "If the Methodists would preach as they do and prove up all their points of doctrine like that, how I would like it." The family was baptized shortly after that.

Having been taught the doctrine of gathering the Saints by the prophet, the Judd's sold their possessions and prepared to join the main body of Saints in Kirtland, Ohio. They sent money ahead to buy a farm in Kirtland, and left in the winter of 1837. To avoid attracting too much attention, the Judd family including Arza Judd, Jr., and Uncle Ira

Hinkley yoked up their oxen and left at night, driving out into the cold, deep snow. The six wagons traveled together. It must have been very cold because the wagon wheels rolling on the frozen snow could be heard for a long distance.

Imagine starting out on a camping trip in the dead of winter with two to four feet of snow on the ground. It was easier to travel in the cold weather, as it was necessary to arrive at their destination in time to plant a crop in the spring. In four or five days they reached the St. Lawrence River, where a pilot was needed to cross the treacherous ice. Continuing another four miles, they reached the place where they stayed for the rest of the winter. Three families spent the winter in one room, eighteen people.

By the time their company arrived in Kirtland, most of the "good people" (Mormons who had not apostatized) had already gone. The Judd family of

eighteen arrived just a few days after the Kirtland Camp left, the first part of July 1838. All hopes of them settling in Kirtland vanished. So they visited the Kirtland Temple, and then followed the trail of the Kirtland Camp to Missouri. The Judd's went on to live in Nauvoo, Illinois; Council Bluffs, Iowa; Farmington, Utah; Santa Clara, Utah; and Panaca (near Pioche), Utah. Grandpa Hyrum's family was called by Brigham Young to settle the Little Colorado Mission in Sunset, Arizona. They lived the United Order but eventually pulled out, moving to the Gila Valley in Smithville, Arizona.

In 1879 Grandpa Hyrum married Mary Bowman as a plural wife. When the polygamy issues came to a head in the mid-1880's, church authorities advised polygamists to move their families to Mexico. Grandpa Hyrum left Lisania, took Mary, and their children moving to the Mexican Colonies where they had a family. Lisania stayed behind, living with their 14 children.

JOSEPH SMITH: A FAMILY PREPARED FOR A PROPHET

Susan Easton Black

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Was the family of Joseph Smith prepared for a son to come home one spring morning in 1820 and exclaim: “I have learned for myself that Presbyterianism is not true”?

In order for them to be prepared, knowledge needs to be available and accessible to the family that such a prophet is to be born. Father Lehi while giving a blessing to his son Joseph spoke of Joseph of Egypt, Joseph Smith Sr. and Joseph Smith Jr. (2 Nephi 3:7-15)

A choice seer will I raise up out of the fruit of thy loins... And he shall be great like unto Moses... and unto him will I give power to bring forth my word unto the seed of thy loins...

And his name shall be called after me; and it shall be after the name of his father. And he shall be like unto me; for the thing, which the Lord shall bring forth by his hand, by the power of the Lord shall bring my people unto salvation.

Knowledge of Joseph Smith was given but not available or accessible to the family of Joseph Smith until the 1820s. Lehi’s promise to his son Joseph was in the Hill Cumorah. Joseph of Egypt’s writings were not had among men.

Is evidence available to show actual family preparation—when scriptural accounts are not available?

Brigham Young stated: “It was decreed in the councils of eternity, long before the foundations of the earth were laid, that be [Joseph Smith] should be the man, in the last dispensation of this world, to bring forth the word of God to the people, and receive the fullness of the keys and power of the Priesthood of the Son of God. The Lord had his eye upon him, and upon his father, and upon his father’s father, and upon their progenitors clear back to Abraham, and from Abraham to the flood, from the flood to Enoch, and from Enoch to Adam. He has watched that family and that blood as it has circulated from its fountain to the birth of that man. He was foreordained in eternity to preside over this last dispensation...” (Brigham Young, *Journal of Discourses* 7:289-90)

An example of one progenitor is John Lathrop. John was born 1584 in Elton, Yorkshire, England. He entered Queens College in Cambridge in 1601 and graduated with his bachelor of arts degree in 1605 and his masters of arts degree in 1609. In 1607, prior to receiving his master’s degree, he was ordained a deacon by the bishop of Lincoln and became the curate of Bennington, Herefordshire, England, for the Church of England. After graduation, he was placed in charge of the Egerton Church in Kent, which is located approximately 50 miles southeast of London. He served in this capacity until 1623, a 14-year period.

In 1623, he made a decision to leave the Church of England. A major reason for the break from the church was the dispute over whether authority for leadership of the church came from God to the church—in other words, who gave authority to act in the name of God?

His decision to leave the Church of England, at this time, was considered a dangerous crime. The punishment for this crime was death; most often the method was burning at the stake. John’s position became even more perilous when he accepted an appointment to be a minister of an illegal independent church. On 22 April 1632 his Independent Church was assailed by governmental officials. Of the 42 congregated in this meeting in 1632, only 18 were able to escape; the rest were thrown into the Clink Prison. By the spring of 1634, Lathrop was the only one of the 24 who was not released from prison. John was released only after he petitioned for liberty to go into foreign exile. The foreign exile he chose was America. He sailed on the ship Griffin from London to Boston. Aboard ship, he was the only one who had a Bible. While he was reading the Bible, hot tallow from a dripping candle burned holes through several pages. He obtained paper and pasted it on the partially burned pages. He then printed

from memory the passages of scripture which had been destroyed.

John Lathrop was our ancestor through Samuel Fuller and the ancestor of Joseph Smith, Oliver Cowdery, Wilford Woodruff, Parley P. Pratt, and Harold B. Lee.

With the family preparation, can it be assumed that the family was first to recognize Joseph as the Joseph of the Restoration?

The answer to this query is “No.” Joseph Smith was born on 23 December 1805.

His mother records, “In the meantime we had a son whom we called Joseph after the name of his father;... The doctor present, Joseph Adam Denison, years later reported, “I delivered a son to Joseph Smith. If I had known how he was going to turn out, I’d have smothered the little cuss.” In other words, no outward manifestation that he was to be the prophet of our time was made apparent to the mother or doctor at Joseph’s birth.

John Lathrop (1584--1653)→ Jane Lathrop→John Fuller→Shubael Fuller→Lydia Fuller→Lydia Gates→ Lucy Mack→Joseph Smith Jr. (1805-1844)

Asael Smith (1744 -1830)
Paternal Grandfather

Solomon Mack (1732 - 1820)
Maternal Grandfather



Joseph Smith Sr. (1771- 1840)
Father

Lucy Mack (1775 -1856)
Mother



Joseph Smith Jr. (1805 -1844)
Prophet of God

BEST FRIENDS FOREVER



Josephine "Josie" Merrill Fallett & Jemie Judd Whitmer
About 1900 or 1901

FRILLY GREEN DRESS IN THE DITCH

Grandma Jennie Whitmer



This is a story about Grandma Jennie Whitmer. She learned that peer pressure can get you in trouble.

I didn't marry the first fellow I went with. I had lots of flames before I met Dad. One outstanding boy was Roneck McBride. I had a wedding stick to marry him. While I was going with Ro, I had a very good friend, Josie Merrill. We insisted the boys go to church with us one day, so that people would know that we did have some boyfriends.

We all crossed our hearts and hoped to die if we didn't go. I was supposed to meet them at Josie's house. When I got there, Ro was waiting for me. He didn't dare come to our house very often. He didn't get a very good welcome. I was all dressed up in a

frilly green dress with a big wide ruffle on the bottom. It was a fancy dress and I had a green parasol. I said, "Well, let's go to church."

There was an irrigation ditch in front of the church house, and it had a foot bridge, and two or three others were crowding down on the other side. I went over in the ditch, parasol, pretty dress and all. They had to drag me out of there, and I came up with my parasol still down there. There it was, just enough water to make it muddy. I couldn't go to church and had to go back to Josie's where she gave me some clothes to wear home.

**Although this is a simple story, it has an important moral:
We don't need to follow the crowd. Just do what is right.**



HEAVEN ON EARTH—KENTUCKY

Lewis Family



Grandpa Tarlton Lewis grew up in the most beautiful place on earth, in Simpson County, Kentucky. Five brothers joined the church and made great sacrifices to join the body of Saints, even leaving this heaven on earth.

My father had four hundred acres of beautiful land, about one hundred acres in farm and the remainder of this land was timber land. A large double house (two stories) on a public road, three miles east of the town of Franklin, Simpson County, Kentucky. A beautiful yard surrounded the house, about one acre square, neatly covered with

bluegrass. Two beautiful mulberry trees and one beautiful cedar tree growing in the south yard. Beautiful cherry trees grew on the out edge of the yard, one rod distance from each other. These mulberry and cherry trees bore splendid fruit. A beautiful orchard on the west, which joined the yard, and in it were almost all the varieties of fruit that were common for the country.

My father was a large man weighing about 330 pounds and my mother was a large woman weighing about 240 pounds. Neriah and Mary provided a very comfortable living for their large

family. Though not affiliated with any religion they were good, honest and hard-working people, which virtues they passed on to their children and descendants.

We, too, can make sacrifices that may seem small in comparison to our ancestors but just as important, such as paying our tithing, giving a talk in church, giving to the poor and needy.



SUMMER TIME ON THE WHITMER FARM IN ALPINE

*David Keith Whitmer, son of Angus Don, grandson of
Angus & Jennie Whitmer*



Cousin David Keith Whitmer remembers what it was like growing up around the family homestead in Alpine, Arizona. He is the son of Don Whitmer, the oldest of 17 children, and grandson of Angus and Jennie Whitmer.

“I see all kinds of animals at the Whitmer homestead including milk cows and range cattle, horses, pigs, chickens, ducks, geese, rabbits, etc. I see a giant garden with long rows of peas, cabbage, beans, beets, lettuce, carrots, etc. Nearby is the potato patch and a corn field.

“I see summer Sun Flowers, a smell of newly mown meadow hay. I see threshing crews swarming in the lines of wagons, waiting to feed bundles of grain into the hungry threshing machines. Furthermore, I see children sliding down mountainous straw stacks in fabulous fun for kids. I see silver streaks of jagged lightning and hear thunderclaps so loud that hands quickly cover exposed ears.

“I see bushel baskets of ripe red apples and pretty plump peaches that Grandpa Angus trucked in from New Mexico and Colorado. And I hear heavy summer storms and see whirling winter winds blowing blizzards and stacking snow into ever deepening drifts.”



ANGUS V. & SARA JANE (JUDD) WHITMER

Pioneers of Alpine, Arizona



An awful accident first brought Angus and Jennie to the Alpine Valley in 1907. It was no accident that they chose to return and make Alpine their home. They were in Globe when they received word of a family fatality in Alpine. Arza Judd, 18 year old brother, was dragged to death by his saddle horse. The Whitmers left immediately for the funeral in Alpine. In spite of their sorrow, they fell in love with the Alps of Arizona. It reminded Angus of his boyhood home in the green hills of West Virginia.

Jennie's parents, Don Carlos and Mary Ellen (Lewis) Judd, had recently settled in Alpine. They encouraged the young couple to file for a homestead on 160 acres of fertile farmland, meandering meadows, and forested hills in the Alpine Valley. They made many treacherous trips to and from the Gila Valley while building on their homestead. This

became the homestead for the Whitmer clan.

Angus VanMeter Whitmer, oldest son of Benjamin Franklin and Florena (Sonafrank) Whitmer, was born in Matthias, Hardy County, West Virginia, March 17, 1879. He came to Arizona when he was a boy with his parents, who came west after joining the Mormon Church. Sarah Jane Jennie Judd, daughter of Don Carlos and Mary Ellen (Lewis) Judd, was born January 31, 1884, in Pima, Arizona. The Judds were sent by Brigham Young to help colonize the Arizona territory. Angus and Jennie were married November 7, 1901, in Pima, Arizona. I am David Keith Whitmer, the third eldest grandchild of Angus and Jennie. I grew up in Alpine. My Father, Angus Don Whitmer, was the eldest of the fifteen children born into the A. V. Whitmer family.

Thirteen sons and daughters lived to maturity. Their children include:

Angus Don (2/28/03),

Ralph Judd (10/23/04),

Lealand C. (6/28/06, This child died
8/8/06 of whooping-cough),

Cecil Paul (12/13/07),

Harold H. (6/23/09),

Rex R. (12/28/10),

Genevieve (10/24/12),

Ethel (3/31/14),

Ray V. (9/10/15, This child died of
pneumonia on (5/3/17),

Afton Verl (4/23/17),

Lawrence F. (11/1018),

Mary (1/20/1.1),

Von B. (10/23/23),

Fay and Fern, twin girls, (7/7/25)

(In addition to these fifteen, twin girls were still-bom.)

(In a history written by Grandma Whitmer, she paints this word picture to illustrate what Grandpa did to help feed their ever-growing family. She records, "Angus was a Big Farmer for many years at Alpine. He farmed four or five different dry-farms in addition to his own. Along with farming, he freighted to help provide for their large family. During this time, he served as Game Warden for five years in Apache and Navajo Counties.")

There was a titanic tragedy. She writes, "Life was never dull with such a large family. Something was always happening, either good or bad, such as the time Rex shot matches from the air rifle and set our barn on fire. We had the biggest barn in all of Alpine. It was 'Dad's' pride and joy before it burned to the ground along with his dreams and many prized possessions."

Grandpa was the consummate cowboy and cattleman, with winter range down on the *Blue* and a summer allotment on South Mountain. Their second son, Ralph, paints this weed picture: "One of our fondest memories is of Dad stopping by our place on his way to the *Blue* to see about his stock. He rode a little gray horse he called Tom and it seemed he was almost as big as the horse since Dad was a large man"

Several Whitmer sons left their own mark on Alpine. Don, Ralph, Cecil, Harold and Rex all had homes here and began their families in the Alpine Valley. My parents, Don and Conda, built a two-story log home on their portion of the Whitmer homestead. As a boy I saw Dad cut, cure, and notch the pine logs. With his one-man sawmill, he cut lumber and even milled the shingles for our home. Dad cut the timber off several Alpine Ranches before big sawmills came to town. Dad was an artist, author, and a legendary hunter, tracker, and trapper. Ralph had a ranch of his own until drought and grasshoppers forced him to relocate to Colorado. Cecil owned the first gas powered chain-saw in the area and contracted timber cutting for the big mills. Harold was the last of the original Whitmer family to live in Alpine. He owned a small ranch, worked for the Forest Service, and was a legendary mail-carrier making regular runs to the Blue for over 50 years. He was also a heralded hunter. People came from all over to see the giant elk head which dominated his front room. Angus served a full time Church Mission in the

Southern States before his marriage. Many Whitmer man hours went into construction of the L.D.S. Chapel, located on Alpine's School-House Hill. Its white limestone was quarried on the side of nearby Staniford Knoll and hauled through Whitmer property to the building site.

In 1941 Angus and Jennie left their home in Alpine when Jennie's health failed, Doctors recommended a lower elevation. Grandpa then worked as a government/guard in New Mexico, Colorado and Arizona before they moved to Safford, Arizona for their final years. My father, Don, purchased the 'home place' and farmed it for a year-or so before my mother's health ailed, and he sold the Whitmer homestead to the Fight family in 1946. Angus died in 1955. "Jennie lived on until 1967. Many Whitmer family reunions have since been held in Alpine. Alpine is still my hometown.



**Neriah Robert Lewis (183), Benjamin Marion Lewis (182),
William Hendricks Lewis (181), Neriah Lewis (102)**



William Hendricks Lewis told the first-hand story of The Indian War Whoop

THE INDIAN WAR WHOOP

Lewis Family



This story was told by William Hendricks Lewis, Grandpa Tarlton Lewis' nephew. He was a young boy when it happened. After William's family was forced to leave Nauvoo in the dead of winter, they traveled to Iowa, hoping to reach the Rocky Mountains that same season. However, after traveling a few hundred miles, winter came.

There were many exciting times on the pioneer trail. We met some Punca Indian Chiefs who told us they had grass, timber and water, and we had better winter with them. We accepted their offer, left the trail we had been following, and went with them. Just after we arrived at their camp, some two or three hundred Indian warriors

came on horseback to serenade us. They were wearing war paint and rode at full speed in single file. They fired their guns as they came and did not forget to give their war whoop. We had never seen Indians before this.

While this was happening, an old Chief appeared on the scene, excitedly waving his hands and giving words of command. He said a war party of Pawnees were at their camp, killing their women and children. On hearing this, the warriors broke their serenade and went full speed to their camp, where they had a desperate battle with their enemy. Their war chief was killed and never, before or since, have I listened to such howling and mourning.



WHO “ET” THE SCARF?

Grandma Jennie Whitmer



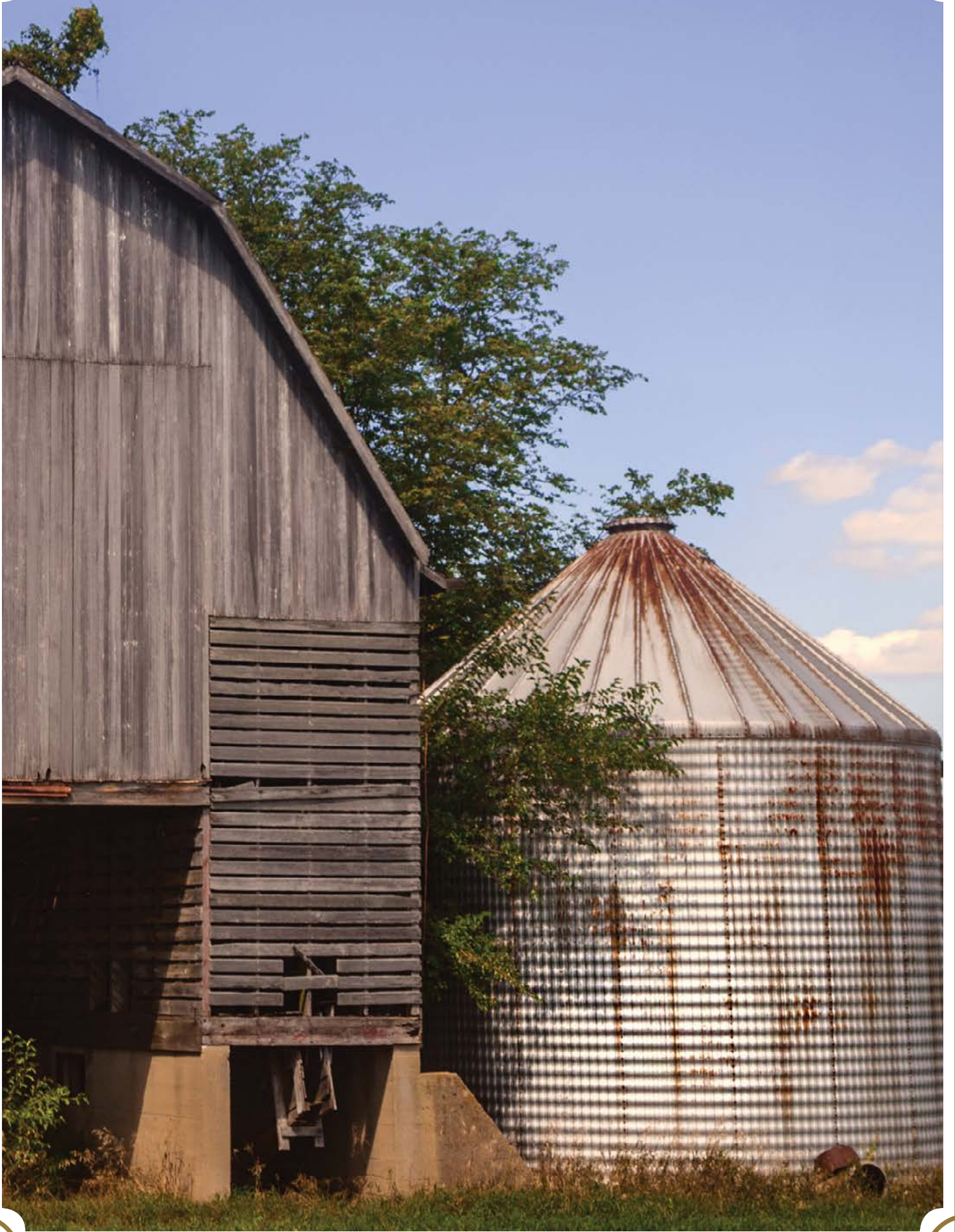
This is a story Grandma Jennie told in a taped interview to her grandson, David Keith Whitmer.

Mother gave me a cow.

Dad wanted to bring her up to the *Blue*, and he sent word for me to come, but the cow wasn't doing well at all.

On my way to the *Blue* we stopped by the creek which was high and trees laid all around there. I had a woolen scarf I thought the world of. I took it off my neck and hung it on one of the trees. We gave the cow time to rest up. When we went back, the scarf was gone. Dad said she “et” it. There was slobber there and everything. The next morning, we couldn't get her to budge. She got up on her knees and died.

Took my scarf with her



FAIRY TALES

Cousin Laura Lewis McBride

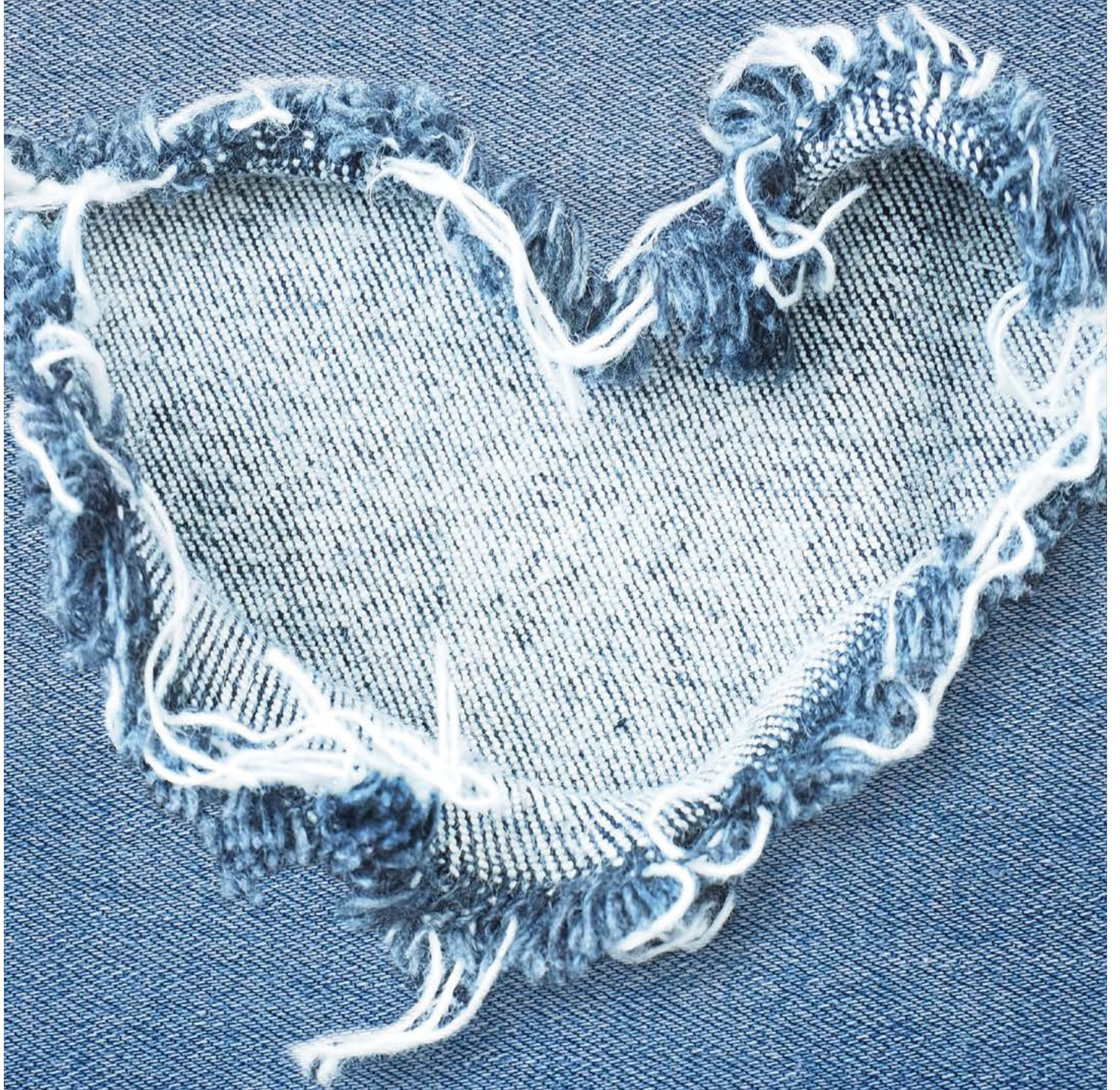


Cousin Laura Lewis McBride, granddaughter of Samuel Lewis (Mormon Battalion), told this story about a favorite time with her favorite cousin. Grandma Jennie.”

It seems like all I remember most in the Judd family is Jennie. We were together so much at school, at church, and Cousin Jennie was always the one to suggest and give orders.

We would get out in the granary (silo), sit in the warm door which faced south, and she would read while I listened. Yes, it was mostly fairy tales. One went like this, “Who killed Cock Robin?” I said. “The sparrow with my bow and arrow, I killed Cock Robin.”

I loved fairy tales. Then we would shake off our shoes and stockings and crawl back into the senora wheat and see how long we could take the itch. Yes, itch. It was awful, but it was fun to be the winner.



DO YOU KNOW WHAT'S IN MY POCKET?

Grandma Jennie Whitmer



**Grandma Jennie Whitmer asked her grandchildren
to memorize this poem for a school party.**

Do you know what's in my pocket?
Such a lot of things and holes
And all there is you shall be told.
Everything that's in my pocket
When and where and how I got it.
First of all, a beauty shell,
I picked it up
And here's a knife and
Here's a string.
And once I had an iron ring but
Through a hole, I lost it one day.
And this is what I always say
A hole is the worstest thing in a pocket
Have it mended while you got it.



SONGS TO REMEMBER

Grandma Fern Munn



GRANDMA'S FAVORITE SONGS

Detour

When I got stuck in the mud all my
 hopes
 brought to a thud
 I guess my heart's dreams are made of
 wine
 I have no will power to get from this
 hole that I am in,
 Should have read that detour sign.

Detour, there's a muddy road ahead
 Detour, paid no mind to what it said
 Detour, oh I should have read that
 detour sign.

Travelin' down life's crooked road, lot
 of things
 I never knowed
 And cause of me not knowin' I now
 pine
 Trouble got in the trail, spent the next
 five years in jail
 Should have read that detour sign.

Detour, there's a muddy road ahead
 Detour, paid no mind to what it said
 Detour, oh, I should have read that
 detour sign.

Playmates

Oh say say Playmate, come out and
play with me

Come bring your dollies three

Climb up my apple tree

Climb up my rain barrel

Slide down my cellar door

And we'll be jolly friends

Forever more

She couldn't come out and play for it
was a rainy day

With a tearful eye I breathed a sigh and
I could hear her say

Oh say say playmate I cannot play with
you. My dolly has the flu.

Boo hoo hoo hoo

Ain't got no rain barrel

Ain't got no cellar door

But we'll be jolly friends

Forever more.

Two Little Girls (another version of Playmates)

Once there lived side by side

Two little girls

Used to dress just alike

Hair down in curls

Blue gingham pinafores

Stockings of red

Little Sunbonnets tied

On each pretty head

One day a quarrel came

Hot tears were shed

"I don't want to play in your yard"

And the other said:

Girl 1: I don't want to play in your yard

Girl 2: I don't like you any more

Girl 1: You'll be sorry when you see me
Sliding down my cellar door.

Girl 2: You can't holler down my rain
barrel

Girl 1: You can't climb my apple tree

Together: I don't want to play in your
yard

If you won't be good to me.

I See the Moon

I see the moon, the moon sees me
The moon sees the somebody I'd like to
see

God Bless the moon and God Bless me
And God Bless the somebody I'd like to
see.

It seems to me that God above
Created you for me to love
He picked you out from all the rest
Because he knew I loved you best

I once had a heart as good as new
But now it's gone from me to you
Take care of it as I have done
For you have two and I have none

If I get to heaven and you're not there
I'll carve your name on a golden stair
A way up high for all to see
Just how much you mean to me

I Have a Dolly

I have a dolly so have I
My dolly has blue eyes
Mine I call Bessie
Mine I call Lou ·
See Bessie feet look at her shoes

*See their feet. Ain 't they sweet.
Dollies we love you we love so true.*

Betsy is growing how do you tell
She gets so sleepy well well well
I almost spanked her. Didn't you why?
I just couldn't. I almost cried.

*See their feet. Ain't they sweet.
Dollies we love you we love you so true.*

Five Little Ducks

Five little ducks
Went out one day
Over the hill and far away
Mother duck said
“Quack, quack, quack, quack.”
But only four little ducks came back.

Four little ducks
Went out one day
Over the hill and far away
Mother duck said
“Quack, quack, quack, quack.”
But only three little ducks came back.

Three little ducks
Went out one day
Over the hill and far away
Mother duck said
“Quack, quack, quack, quack.”
But only two little ducks came back.

Two little ducks
Went out one day
Over the hill and far away
Mother duck said
“Quack, quack, quack, quack.”
But only one little duck came back.

One little duck
Went out one day
Over the hill and far away
Mother duck said
“Quack, quack, quack, quack.”
But none of the five little ducks came
back.

Sad mother duck
Went out one day
Over the hill and far away
The sad mother duck said
“Quack, quack, quack.”
And all of the five little ducks came
back.

Alternate verse:
Five little ducks
went out to play
Over the hills and far away
Papa duck said,
“QUACK! QUACK! QUACK!”
Five little ducks came swimming back.

Two Little Children, A Girl an' a Boy

Two little children a boy and a girl, sat
by an old church door,
The little girl's feet were as brown as the
curls that fell upon the dress she wore.
The boy's coat was ragged and hatless
his head, A tear shone each little eye.
'Why don't you go home to your
mama' I asked and this was the
maiden's reply.

"Mama's in Heaven. They took her away.
Left Jim and I alone. We come here to
play at the end of the day, cause we have
no Mama or home. We can't earn our
bread, we're too little," she said. "Jim's five
and I'm only 7. There's no one to love
us since Papa is dead And our darling
Mama's in Heaven." She told us she'd call
for her darlings some day, Perhaps she'll
call for them tonight.

— — — — —
Papa was lost out at sea long ago, We
waited all night on the shore. He was a life
saving captain, you know, but he never
came back any more. Then Mama got
sick, angels took her away, She said to a
home warm and bright. "They'll come
for my darlings," she told us, "someday."

Perhaps they are coming tonight. Maybe
tonight they've no room there," she said,
"Two little ones to keep."

*Mama's in heaven. They took her away.
She went to the land fair and bright.
She told us she'd call for her darlings some
day, Perhaps she'll call for them tonight.*

Then placing her arm under little Jim's
head, She kissed and both fell asleep.
The sexton came early to ring the
church bell, He found them beneath
the snow white. The angels made room
for two orphans to dwell in Heaven
with Mama that night. She called for
her darlings that night.

Down in the Meadow in a Little Bitty Pool

Down in the meadow in a little bitty
pool
Swam three little fishies and a mama
fishie too
“Swim” said the mama fishie, “Swim if
you can”
And they swam and they swam all over
the dam

Boop boop dit-tem dat-tem what-tem Chui
Boop boop dit-tem dat-tem what-tem Chui
Boop boop dit-tem dat-tem what-tem Chui
And they swam and they swam all over the
dam.

“Stop” said the mama fishies, “or you
will get lost”
The three little fishies didn’t wanna be
bossed
The three little fishies went off on a
spree
And they swam and they swam right
out to the sea CHORUS:
And they swam and they swam right
out to the sea

Boop boop dit-tem dat-tem what-tem Chui

Boop boop dit-tem dat-tem what-tem Chui
Boop boop dit-tem dat-tem what-tem Chui
And they swam and they swam all over the
dam.

“Whee!” yelled the little fishies, “Here’s
a lot of fun

We’ll swim in the sea till the day is
done”
They swam and they swam, and it was a
lark

Till all of a sudden they saw a shark!

CHORUS:

Till all of a sudden they saw a shark!

~~*Boop boop dit-tem dat-tem what-tem Chu!*~~
Boop boop dit-tem dat-tem what-tem Chu!
Boop boop dit-tem dat-tem what-tem Chu!
And they swam and they swam all over the
dam

“Help!” cried the little fishies, “Gee!
look at all
the whales!”

And quick as they could, they turned
on their tails

And back to the pool in the meadow
they swam

And they swam and they swam back

over the dam
 And they swam and they swam back
 over the dam.

Boop boop dit-tem dat-tem what-tem Chu!
Boop boop dit-tem dat-tem what-tem Chu!
Boop boop dit-tem dat-tem what-tem Chu!
And they swam and they swam all over the
dam.

Tell Me a Story

Tell me a story tell me a story tell me a
 story remember what you said.
 Tell me about the birds and bees tell me
 about bumblebees.
 Tell me a story remember what you
 said.

In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree

That's where Adam sat Eve on his knee
 In the light of the moon
 How did they spoon?
 In the shade of the old apple tree.

Run Along Home

Now run along home and jump into
 bed
 Say your prayers don't cover your head.
 Just one more thing I'll say unto you
 You dream of me and I'll dream of you.

Up Up in the Sky

Up up in the sky
 Where the little birds fly.
 Down down in their nest
 The little birds rest;
 With a wing on the right and
 A wing on the left,
 Now let the dear birdies sleep all
 The night long.

When the bright sun comes up
 And the dew floats away
 Our Heavenly Father
 We love to obey.
 How gay are the flowers
 How green are the hills
 Our Heavenly Father, we'll try to obey.

A Little Boy's Walk

A little boy went walking
One lovely summer's day,
He saw a little rabbit
That quickly ran away.

He saw the shining river
Go winding in and out,
And little fishes in it
Were swimming all about.

And slowly, slowly turning,
The great wheel of the mill,
And than the tall church steeple,
The little church so still.

The bridge above the water
And when he stopped to rest,
He saw among the bushes
A wee bro\ \TI-sparrows nets.

And as he watched the birdies
Above the treetops fly,
He saw the clouds a sailing
Across the summer sky.

He saw the insects playing
The flowers that summer brings,
He said, I'll go tell mamma
I've seen so many things.

Old Shep

When I was a lad and old Shep was a
pup
O'er the hill's and the meadows we'd
stray.

Just a boy and his dog, we were both
Full of love.

And we grew up together that way.

I remember the time at the old
swimming pool
When I would have drowned on down
But old Shep was right there to the
rescue he came.

And he jumped in and helped pull me
out.

The years sped along and at last he grew
old,
And his eyesight was fast at him and
said,
"I can't do no more for him, Jim."

With a hand that was trembling,
I picked up my gun,
And I aimed it at Shep's faithful head,
But r just couldn't do it I wanted to run,
And I wished that they'd shoot me
instead.

I went to his side and I sat on the
ground,
And he laid his head on my knee.
As close of a pal that a man ever found,
And I cried till I scarcely could see.

Old Shepie knew, he was going to go
For he reached out and licked at my
hand,
He looked at me just as much as to say
“I hate to but you understand.”

Now old Shepie gone where the good
dogies go,
And no more with old Shep will I come,
But if there's a heaven there is one thing
I know,
Old Shep has a wonderful home.

I've Been Working on the Railroad

I've been working on the railroad all the
live-long day;

I've been working on the railroad just
to pass the time away.

Can't you hear the whistle blowing?

Rise up so early in the morn.

Can't you hear the captain shouting,
“Dinah, blow your horn!”

Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah won't
you blow, Dinah won't you blow your
horn?

Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah won't
you blow, Dinah won't you blow your
horn?

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,
someone's in the kitchen, I know.

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah
strummin' on the old banjo.

Fee fie fiddle-ee-i-o, Fee fie fiddle-ee-
i-o,

Fee fie fiddle-ee-i-o, strummin' on the
old banjo

I Dreamed Of A Hillbilly Heaven

(A song Grandma sang to us as children. Much of it is not sung but said)

*I dreamed I was there in hillbilly heaven oh what a beautiful sight,
And I met all the stars in hillbilly heaven oh what a star spangled night,*

Last night I dreamed I went to hillbilly heaven
And just as I arrived the old curtain lifted
And there on stage stood who else but Roy Acuff and Tex Ritter
They said well how you doing come on in here
r know there's some folks you wanna see
Over there's our newest member your old friend Conway Twitty
say Hello Darlin'
And there's gentlemen Jim Reeves singin' with heaven's choir
Roger Miller he just got here he's making everybody laugh
Course you know Roy Orbison can sing just as high as anybody .
.here

And Ernest Tubb can sing as low
And Patsy Cline well bet she's the best singin' angel here
And Dottie West is probably the prettiest
There's the old pea-picker Ernie Ford
Jimmy Rodgers George Morgan Hank Williams
And the wandering boy Web Pierce
The old honky tonker himself Lefty Frizzell
My goodness what a group
Would you just listen to Mother Mabel
Over there pickin' the Wildwood Flower with the angel band
You know I personally think she's just about God's favorite
And Marty Robbins well he's still gettin' more encores than anybody else up here
Just like he used to down on earth
Yeah well there's Elvis they still call him the King
But we know they're not talking about the real king up here

*I dreamed I went to hillbilly heaven
oh what a star studded night,*

Then I ask Roy and Tex I said well
who do you think will be showin'
up

Say within the next 40 50 60 years
They handed me a big tallybook
and in it I saw names like Johnny
Cash

George Jones Merle Haggard
Don Gibson Mel Tillis Farren
Young Kitty Wells
Some of the newer ones like Vince
Gill and Garth Brooks

Course they talked about Minnie
Pearl the Judds Tanya Tucker
Reba McEntire Hank Jr
Oh of course Buck Owens Roy
Rodgers Gene Autry Randy
Travis and Willie Nelson
There's old Chet

I said well where's Porter
Wagoner's name oh there it is
And then there was Loretta Lynn
and Tammy Wynette and Dolly
Parton

Oooh that's when I woke up

I dreamed I was there in hillbilly
heaven oh what a beautiful sight
And I met all the stars in hillbilly
heaven oh what a star spangled
night.

My Pigeon House

My pigeon house I open wide
And set my pigeons free,
They fly over house and mountains top
And light on the tallest tree.

And when they return to their merry,
merry nest
I close my eyes and say goodnight,
Coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo

I Have a Dolly

I have a dolly, so have I
Mine has blue eyes, Mine can cry.
Mine I call Bessie, Mine I call Lou
See Bessie's feet look at her shoes.

*See their feet. Ain't they sweet.
Dollies we love you, we love you so true.*

Bessie is growing, how do you tell
She gets so sleepy well, well, well.
I almost spanked her. Didn't you, why?
I just couldn't. I almost cried.

*See their feet. Ain't they sweet.
Dollies we love you, we love you so true.*

You are my Sunshine

The other night dear, as I lay sleeping
I dreamed I held you in my arms
But when I awoke, dear, I was mistaken
So I hung my head and I cried

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine
You make me happy when skies are
gray
You'll never know dear, how much I
love you
Please don't take my sunshine away

I'll always love you and make you
happy
If you will only say the same
But if you leave me and love another
You'll regret it all some day

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine
You make me happy when skies are
gray
You'll never know dear, how much I
love you
Please don't take my sunshine away

You told me once, dear, you really loved
me
And no one else could come between
But now you've left me and love

another

You have shattered all of my dreams

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine
You make me happy when skies are
gray
You'll never know dear, how much I
love you
Please don't take my sunshine away

In all my dreams, dear, you seem to
leave me
When I awake my poor heart pains
So when you come back and make me
happy
I'll forgive you dear, I'll take all the
blame

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine
You make me happy when skies are
gray
You'll never know dear, how much I
love you
Please don't take my sunshine away.



West Virginia

Years ago, singer John Denver serenaded the state of West Virginia: its misty mountains, green river valleys, and winding country roads. Things haven't changed in the Mountain State. West Virginia is still a heavenly getaway of breathtaking views, outdoor adventure, and down-home comforts. Before long, you'll be humming it, too: "Almost heaven, West Virginia!"

by Sunny Morton

<https://www.ldsliving.com/Destination-Appalachian-Highlands/s/62157?page=1#story-content>

WEST VIRGINIA



If you asked for a hundred people's favorite vacation moment in West Virginia, you would get a hundred different answers. They'll all praise the breathtaking miles of green-carpeted Appalachian highland views. Some will animatedly describe an unforgettable white-water rafting trip. A few will sigh about that peaceful cabin retreat. But no two answers will be the same.

That's because there's something new to explore around every bend—and West Virginia has a lot of bends! Tucked in the folds of rippling mountain ridges and mist-cloaked highways are adventures to suit every taste.

So grab your binoculars and a comfortable pair of shoes and head for the Mountain State. Just inland of Virginia, it's an easy

drive for Easterners—and worth the trip for anyone else.

Natural Attractions

West Virginia is the only state entirely blanketed by the ridges and folds of the Appalachians, some of the oldest surface rock in the United States. There are literally millions of acres of highland peaks and plateaus. These mountains aren't like the towering, snow-capped peaks of the Rockies. The rounded mossy ridges and narrow river valleys are the hunched and worn remnants of ancient giants.

Highland Playgrounds

What the Alleghenies, Blue Ridge, Cheat, and other West Virginia

mountain ranges lack in altitude, they make up for in attitude. These hills are anything but tame. Bears roam their forests. Class V rapids tumble through wild ravines. Upheaved layers of rock dangle over hazy valleys.

All this wildness beckons millions of outdoor enthusiasts each year to places like the stunning Monongahela National Forest (just call it “the Mon” like the locals do). If West Virginia is an outdoor playground, the Mon is the biggest jungle gym on it. Even the government recognizes that: the Mon contains the first-ever designated National Recreation Area.

This area, the Seneca Rocks National Recreation Area, comprises 100,000 acres of unspoiled natural splendor. The highest point in the state, Spruce Knob (4863 feet), offers spectacular views from a 360 degree observation tower. Seneca Rocks’ 900-foot sandstone tower challenges experienced climbers from around the world. The remaining 900,000 acres in the Mon offer plenty of sport: hiking, fishing, hunting, camping, horseback riding, and canoeing.

Sporting Around

Why go anywhere but the Mon to play outside in West Virginia? Because top-notch sporting can be found at equally gorgeous, less-discovered destinations across the state.

Whitewater rafters flock to world-famous rapids. In a single 14-mile stretch, the New River drops 240 exhilarating feet through a 1,000-foot sandstone gorge. The Gauley River, fueled by dam-released waters, claims the most Class IV and Class V rapids around, which is impressive when you know that the thunderous Tygart and Cheat Rivers also rage nearby.

Mountain bikers find all-terrain paradise on thousands of miles of twisting single-track trails. Their premier destination? Snowshoe Ski Resort in the Potomac Highlands. Here, 1,500 vertical feet of machine-groomed trails challenge even world-class bikers. Families who bike together love nearby Canaan Valley Resort State Park’s well-marked trails, gentler terrain, and family-friendly amenities.

Hikers—backwoods backpackers and novice nature walkers alike—find trails all over the state. In the Mon you can walk a short route to the top of Seneca Rocks, hike the 24-mile North Fork Mountain Trail, or stride the 330-mile Allegheny Trail. More top picks? The remote 35,000-acre Cranberry Wilderness backcountry trails and the Greenbriar River Trail make for a nationally rated, easy-grade trip along an old railroad route.

ATV, motorcycle, and horseback riders love the famous Hatfield-McCoy Trails, the second-largest off-highway vehicle trail system in the world. This series of six trails offers plenty of local flavor. Residents pieced the trails together from rough old mining and logging roads, and they ride it as much as the tourists do.

You can also enjoy the gorgeous scenery without even breaking a sweat. National and state scenic byways twist through narrow valleys and tiptoe along razor-thin ridgetops. Leave yourself plenty of time to drive them; you'll want to stop and enjoy the view several times along the way.

Appalachian Appeal

West Virginia is famous for its friendly locals and unique culture. Coal, steel, and logging industries of earlier days attracted immigrants that left lasting, diverse heritages. They all helped to forge a local culture and arts that are charming, unpretentious, and expertly crafted.

West Virginia Tells Its Story

Every state tells its own story in a particular way. West Virginia shares its colorful history with hands-on historical fun at attractions around the state. Relive military history at frontier forts and battle reenactments; enjoy re-created Appalachian communities; even get a little grubby learning about bygone industries.

At Fort Prickett, it's easy to imagine the sweat and tension of colonial-era settlers defending the 1774 stronghold from Native Americans. You can peer into tiny buildings and stroll through the 100 by 100 foot enclosure where up to 80 families would have crowded. You might hear the report of 18th century-style firearms—built on-site while you

watch—or rub freshly spun wool fibers between your fingers.

The Civil War Discovery Trail boasts 16 stops in West Virginia—which is fitting, since the state was born in the war’s aftermath. At the Droop Mountain Battlefield, you can see the original Confederate earthworks and—every other October (next in 2010)—a re-creation of the entire battle.

Industries like coal mining, logging, and steel working shaped earlier West Virginians with a rough hand. Today you can ride a coal car through a damp, dark mine shaft at the Beckley Exhibition Mine while a retired miner in a hard hat tells tales and demonstrates mining techniques. Or, you can stroll through a preserved section of Cass, an old company logging town, and hitch a ride from an old steam locomotive to a re-created logging camp in a spectacular mountaintop meadow.

Celebrating Culture

If you visit West Virginia in the summer, you’ll miss the annual RoadKill Cook-off near Snowshoe Mountain (held in September). Maybe you’ll be a

little relieved, unless your palate is adventurous enough to try squirrel gravy or teriyaki-marinated bear. But warm weather brings with it plenty of other cultural attractions worth experiencing.

The food of West Virginia is as comfortable, casual, and delightful as its people (squirrel gravynotwithstanding). Sample some of its tastiest foods at summer festivals like the Fire on the Mountain Chili Cook-off (also near Snowshoe), or Ice Mountain Day at North River Mills, where you can help gather ice from mountain fissures to make fresh homemade ice cream.

At most food festivals you’ll also be treated to toe-tapping bluegrass by musicians with dexterous fingers and light hearts. Appalachian or “mountain” music carries on fiddling traditions brought by Scots-Irish immigrants years ago. Dance along (or just listen) at the annual Appalachian String Band Music Festival, held each summer, or at smaller music festivals around the state.

Appalachian crafts at their best reflect West Virginia’s practical sense of beauty and ingenuity. Observe artisans at work in their own studios and shops around

the state, like the Cabin Creek Quilts in Malden, the Blenko Glass factory in Milton, or Brown's Creations in Clay in Morgantown. At some studios, you can even learn from the masters.

If you won't be touring each little town, browse one of the shops that proudly sell West-Virginia-made creations. Tamarack in Beckley features artisan demonstrations and the gourmet A Taste of West Virginia eatery. MountainMade (with locations in Thomas and Roanoke) sells expertly tooled woodworking, textiles, pottery, and other beautiful crafts. After watching these artisans at work, you'll want to take their handiwork home with you!

The Best Things in West Virginia

Though you could easily drop a lot of money in West Virginia at an exclusive resort, golf club, or outfitter, most adventures here are easy on the wallet. The best attraction, those gorgeous Appalachian highlands, is free to all comers. You'll make plenty of lasting memories without spending much money. So if you haven't already grabbed those binoculars, gear up. There's a bend in the backcountry just waiting for you.

EMIGRATIONCANYON



AUGUST MILLER, DESERET

Elder M. Russell Ballard of the LDS Quorum of the Twelve speaks at the new plaza at This Is the Place Heritage Park on Saturday.

The long march

Mormon Battalion plaza is dedicated at park

By R. Scott Lloyd
Deseret News

SALT LAKE CITY — Brigham Young pledged that the Mormon Battalion would be held "in honorable remembrance to the latest generation." Now, those 500 Mormons who enlisted in 1846 as U.S. Army soldiers in the war with Mexico are honored at This Is the Place Heritage Park, the Emigration Canyon location where the LDS Church president himself led his pioneer followers into the Salt Lake Valley.

Before several hundred spectators, Elder M. Russell Ballard

of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints' Quorum of the Twelve on Saturday dedicated a new plaza near the park entrance. It features bronze statuary and bas-relief sculpture honoring the sacrifice and dedication of the battalion volunteers, who left their exiled families on the Iowa-Nebraska border. They did so at the behest of their country and of Brigham Young himself, who saw the enlistment as a way to demonstrate the patriotism of the Mormons and to help pay the cost of the westward trek to their Great

Basin refuge from religious persecution.

Two heroic-size sculptures by Steven L. Neal, a Pendleton, Ore., plastic surgeon, dominate the plaza.

"Duty Calls" depicts Brigham Young with his hand on the shoulder of a departing enlistee stooped down to receive the embrace of his young daughter, his arm around his wife who, with tears in her eyes, holds an infant.

"Duty Triumphs" features two

Please see **BATTALION** on B5



AUGUST MILLER, DESERET

Company A Mormon Volunteers, historical re-enactors, line up for the presentation of colors at the dedication.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 22, 2010

LOCAL / B1-10
DEATHS / B10, 11

Utah

Contestants jump for joy at Pogopalooza: **online now**

DESERET NEWS

<https://www.deseret.com/2010/8/22/20136066/elder-ballard-dedicates-mormon-battalion-plaza>

ELDER BALLARD DEDICATES MORMON BATTALION PLAZA



By R. Scott Lloyd Aug 21, 2010

SALT LAKE CITY — Brigham Young pledged that the Mormon Battalion would be held “in honorable remembrance to the latest generation.” Now, those 500 Mormons who enlisted in 1846 as U.S. Army soldiers in the war with Mexico are honored at This Is the Place Heritage Park, the Emigration Canyon location where the LDS Church president himself led his pioneer followers into the Salt Lake Valley.

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entrance. It features bronze statuary and bas-relief sculpture honoring the sacrifice and dedication of the battalion volunteers, who left their exiled families on the Iowa-Nebraska border. They did so at the behest of their country and of Brigham Young himself, who saw the enlistment as a way to demonstrate the patriotism of the Mormons and to help pay the cost of the westward trek to their Great Basin refuge from religious persecution.

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“Duty Calls” depicts Brigham Young with his hand on the shoulder of a departing

enlistee stooped down to receive the embrace of his young daughter, his arm around his wife who, with tears in her eyes, holds an infant. "Duty Triumphs" features two soldiers assisting a comrade who is obviously suffering from thirst and fatigue. Another soldier is depicted kneeling in prayer, while yet another battalion man clutches an American flag in a triumphal gesture as he and his wife gaze heavenward in gratitude.

Among other elements of the plaza, a bas-relief sculpture honors the Mormons who left from New York aboard the ship Brooklyn, sailed around Cape Horn, landed at present-day San Francisco and eventually rendezvoused with the pioneers who followed Brigham Young to the Great Basin. Another bas-relief honors the wives of battalion volunteers, a few of whom went along with the military companies as laundresses, but most of whom stayed behind to make their way West as best they could and await the return of their soldier-husbands.

In the forefront of the plaza is yet another bas-relief, proclaiming the battalion trek as "one of the longest infantry marches in U.S. history" and displaying a map

with landmarks along the 2,000-mile route from Council Bluffs, Iowa, to the California coast.

"Even with all of their heartache and sorrow and all the problems they had, they did have a sense of humor," Elder Ballard said of the battalion enlistees. He cited a journal entry from one of the soldiers, who told of being dragged and whipped around after grasping one of the pack mules by the ears.

"He makes the entry that after that, he had a great deal more respect for the mules," Elder Ballard said. "In some ways, I think, that's life, isn't it? We get whipped around and turned around as we face challenges."

He said one of the great things about coming to the park is to remember one's roots, not only of the Mormon pioneers, but Catholic, Protestant, evangelical and Jewish pioneers, "the marvelous pioneers of industry that have come from all different walks of life that have chosen to settle in this valley."

The park, he said, ultimately will be a celebration of all the pioneers who have made Salt Lake City the place it is.

In his prayer, Elder Ballard also dedicated a new Mormon Battalion Museum, located in the lower level of the existing park visitors center, and a recently constructed replica of the ship Brooklyn, located elsewhere in the park.

Also addressing the audience was Gail Miller, wife of the late Larry H. Miller, whose foundation was the principal benefactor for the plaza.

“We’ve watched and supported this project and the progress of it from inception to completion,” she said. “Larry even sat as a model for one of the figures.”

She added, “I know that the families of those who served in the battalion will come here and look upon these statues with pride and with reverence as they tell their children and their children’s children about the sacrifices and hardships faced daily by these brave men, women and children.”

Sculptor Neal traced some of the history of the battalion march, explaining his inspiration in creating the statues.

“It was common for the stronger soldiers to fill the canteens of water



SCULPTOR NEAL, DESERET NEWS
Sculptor Steven L. Neal shares a moment with Gail Miller at the ceremony's end.



RE-ENACTORS FROM COMPANY A MORMON VOLUNTEERS fire their muskets after the presentation of colors at the start of the plaza dedication ceremony on Saturday at This Is the Place Heritage Park.

AUGUST MILLER
DESERET NEWS

when the camp was struck and retrace their steps to find the soldiers that had dropped out exhausted along the way,” he said. “Then, after giving them precious water, they would help them to camp during the night, arriving before dawn in time to see the main battalion leave and the cycle repeat. Meletiah Hatch saved the youngest member of the battalion by retracing his steps on the trail night after night to feed and

give water to a sick boy until he could march on his own. The boy was his 16-year-old brother, Orrin Hatch.

“You will see these elements blended into this sculpture. The lack of adequate nutrition made blazing a wagon trail through deep sand almost impossible. When game became scarce, the soldiers would eat worn-out mules and oxen, hides and all. Some men boiled leather items to make a thin porridge. Their own body mass became the calories that powered the battalion’s wagons.”

But duty did triumph, he said, as the battalion arrived at Mission San Luis Rey, Calif., on Jan. 27, 1847, where, from a bluff, they viewed the Pacific Ocean for the first time. “It is this scene that I’ve depicted in sculpture.”

He said the battalion did not have any major battles, “but they were a presence that stabilized the region from further bloodshed.” They dug wells, built brick factories and helped build up San Diego and Fort Moore in Los Angeles, he said, adding that battalion soldiers were the ones who discovered gold in California, as they were digging John Sutter’s millrace near Sacramento, sparking the

famous Gold Rush of 1849. They then blazed trails over the Sierra Nevada, trails used by the forty-niners.

Noting that the monument also honors the women who marched with the battalion, Neal said Melissa Burton Coray was one of five women who went all the way to California. Her third-great-granddaughter, Melissa Garff Ballard (daughter-in-law of Elder Ballard), was the sculptor’s model for Melissa Coray. Also, Heidi Morton was the model for her own ancestor, Melissa’s sister, Rebecca Burton, he said.

The Utah Premiere Brass, directed by Todd Fiegle, and the Salt Lake Choral Artists, directed by Brady Allred, performed “The Star Spangled Banner,” “America the Beautiful” and “Stars and Stripes Forever.”

Costumed re-enactors representing battalion soldiers and wives presented a flag ceremony, some of them firing muskets in salute.

The Mormon Battalion Association raised funds for the monument and conducted the program. Contributions included in-kind donations such as design and engineering services.

While this is the first battalion monument at the park, it is not the first in Salt Lake City. A granite-and-bronze work, created by Gilbert Griswold and erected in 1927, is on the grounds of the Utah Capitol.

And in San Diego, the LDS Church maintains the Mormon Battalion Historic Site, recently renovated and opened to the public on Jan. 30 of this year.

LETTER

Ed. Cook's house
Perry Dick, Leaning
180 with manilla
& manilla children
Mrs. Mary Taylor
Miss Mary Taylor
Mary Taylor Taylor

Prima Cruz

August 6th 1907

My Dear Wife and Sons
At Alpine, N.H.

I received your ever welcome letter and glad indeed to hear from you & to know you my dear & sons are well. I am so home sick to see you Alon & Ralph I don't know what to do I have sold the place yesterday as Uncle Saff has been putting up his hay & could not go up to Safford sooner. He paid me 500.00 cash up & the other 500. in 2 months. The man disappointed him on his horse as soon as he can sell them he will pay me the other 500. I put the deed in charge in Mr. Wicketts hands to be decided to Grandmother on the payment of 500. returned back to me in 2 months I have been paying debts I am going

to Eden today to buy over my wagon while I was a waiting for Joe I owed 152. on the place to F. C. Bryan in trust and all I paid Doctor Muller & drug store invoices for wagon tires 130 and several other little bills I went see Kirby but did not do any business as he said he would look at the books and cut the bill half in two. I think the case in Globe comes up the 30 of next month. Ask father if he will take 75. for the black man but probably I will come up the blue in a another month and get her and see my darling family I put 200. dollars in it & which of 20. you can see I am trying to wind things up I would not give 1 foot of bush valley for the whole field. The dam red trunks are so bad that I am all scabs they are just like, might only red the grass is full of them there is lots of Thyroid, measles & ever other thing I am going to dig deep to see if I can't get Brown's cattle

WILL THIS LETTER BE TRANSLATED?

WHAT THE LETTER SAYS GOES HERE

Lorem ipsum

Soluptam remoluptat. Uga. Namus et di doluptatur?

Ugias re volupta dolore enecept aectiumquid utem que eum fugiam

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I expect to stay here till I do get the money I can sell the Buck skin for enough to buy \$2.00 that and 1/2. beads. I will kiss the darling boys for me and take good care of your self and dont think of coming down to this damn hot country wthout even melted mand omand as soon as we struck the field as soon as I can get started off on the road I wont be so home sick to see you my darling I am staying at mand I have suade arah gants to pay for my board but will not be here but wday or two longer till I will do my own coochery I will send some shoes as soon as I can get some Good by darling and God bless you and your your loving husband

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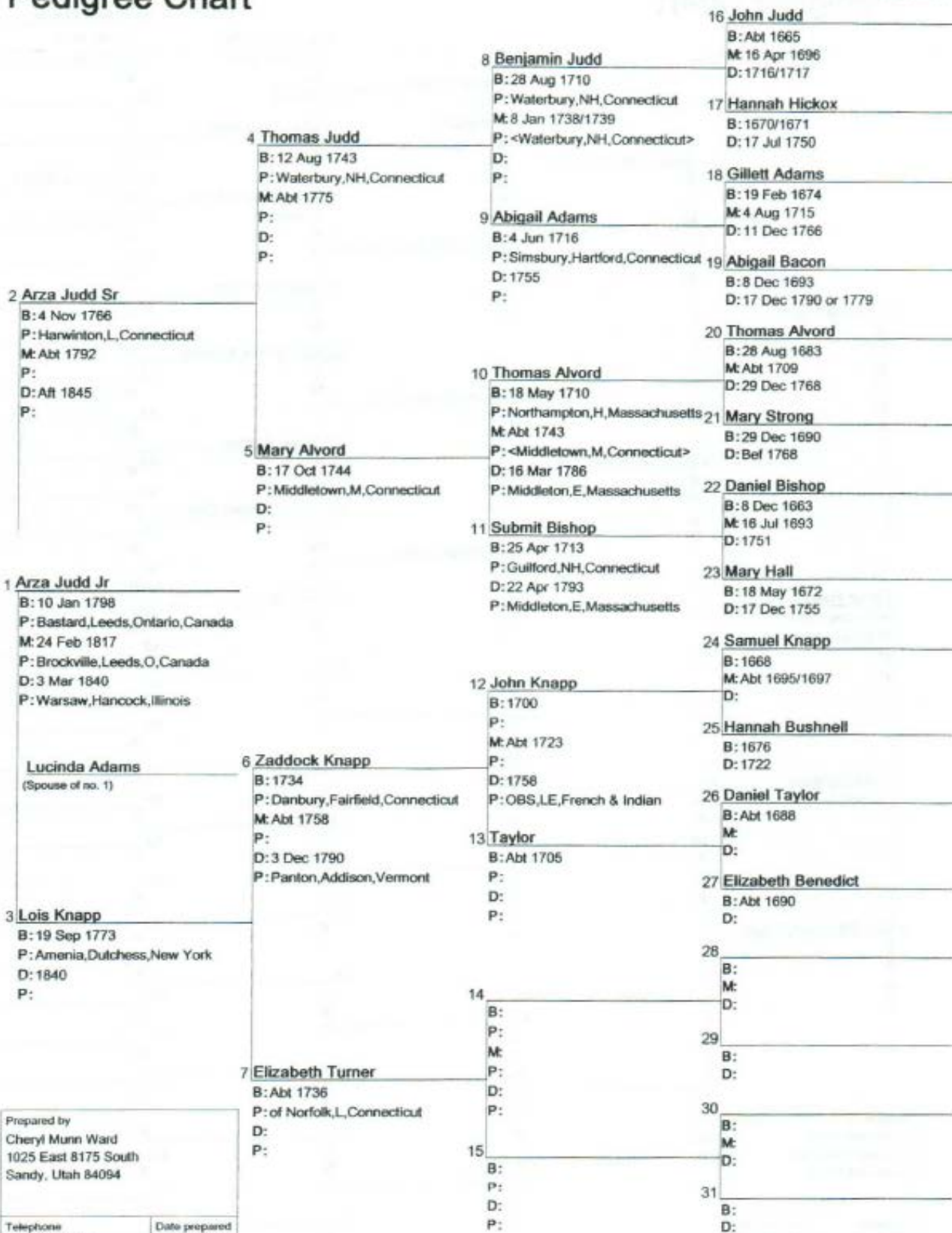
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Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 1



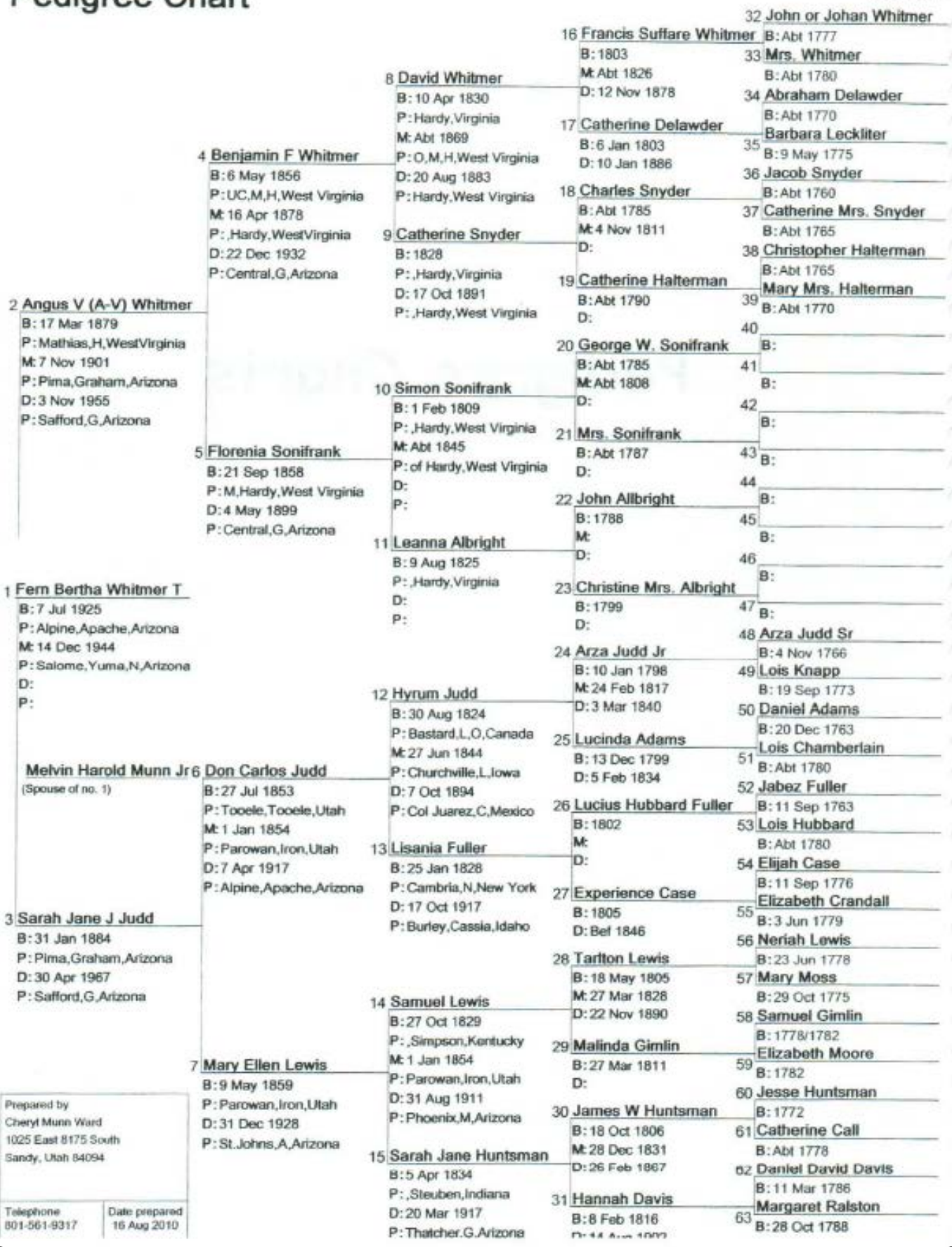
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Date prepared
 16 Aug 2010

Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 1

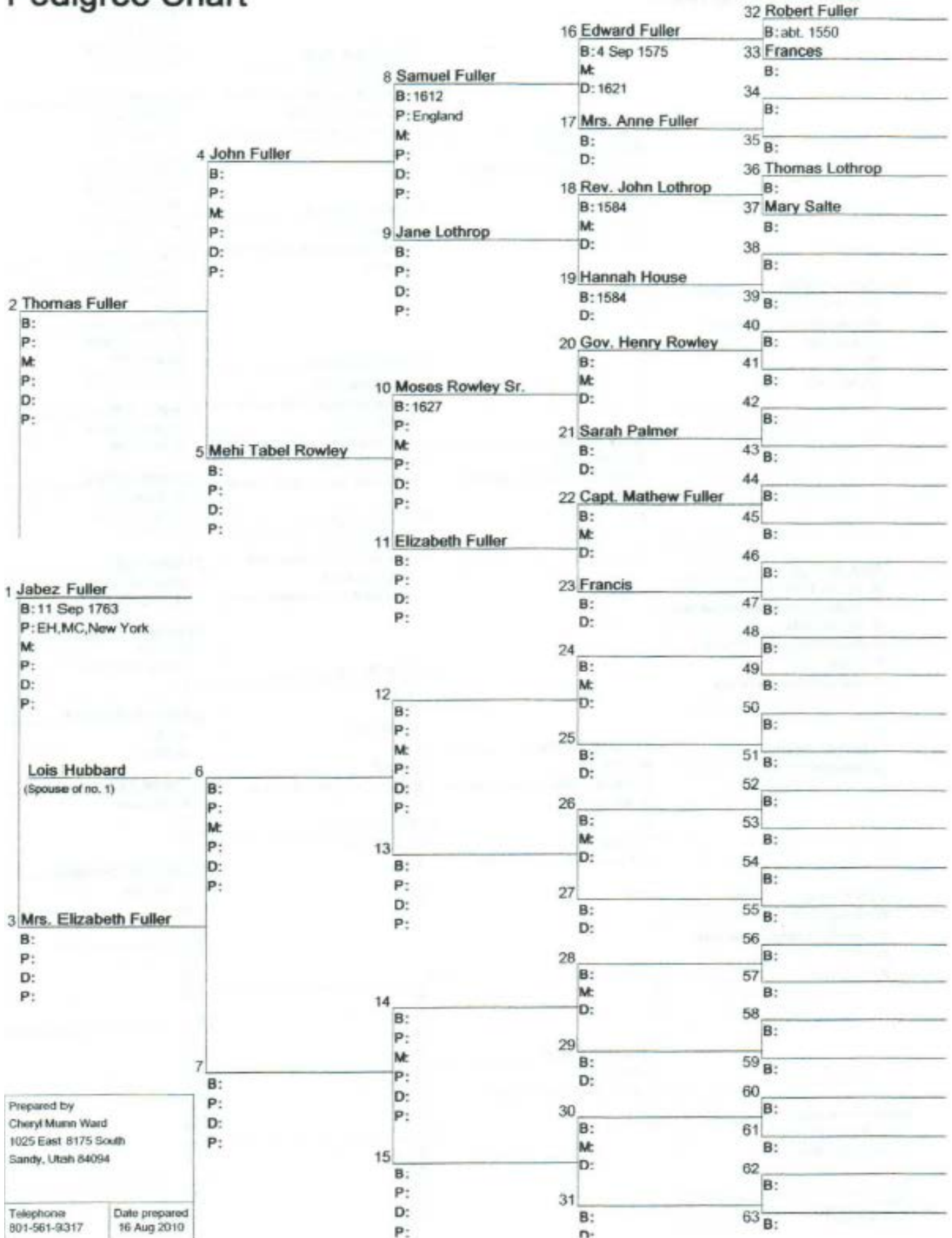


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