

*A Legacy of Faith*

*A Family Portrait  
of  
Lewis and Eliza Westover  
and  
Their Parentage*

by  
Paul Lewis Westover

I've always known your names  
But,  
You were flat people on a white page  
Until  
I read your stories. Now you are more than names  
And  
I know that your blood flows also in  
My veins.

Mary A. Johnson<sup>1</sup>

## Second Edition

<sup>1</sup> This poem appeared in an article “Pioneers Exemplify Faith, Courage” by Sarah Jane Cannon, *Church News* week ending July 22, 1995, Deseret News, Salt Lake City, Utah.



# Table of Contents

---

Preface .....	ix
Chapter 1: The Colonial Period .....	1
Chapter 2: The Westovers of Ohio .....	23
Chapter 3: The Havens of Massachusetts .....	43
Chapter 4: Nauvoo: Genesis and Exodus .....	59
Chapter 5: The Trek .....	101
Chapter 6: The Salt Lake Valley .....	127
Chapter 7: The Cotton Mission .....	169
Chapter 8: Pinto .....	203
Chapter 9: Silver Reef .....	229
Chapter 10: The Funks of Bornholm .....	251
Chapter 11: Richmond .....	287
Chapter 12: The Westenskows of Falster .....	307
Chapter 13: Washington .....	339
Chapter 14: The San Luis Valley .....	373
Chapter 15: Sanford .....	391
Chapter 16: Eastdale .....	413
Chapter 17: The Growing Years .....	421
Chapter 18: Cache Valley .....	455
Chapter 19: Lewiston .....	473
Chapter 20: The End of The Trail .....	487
Chapter 21: Life Without Mother .....	505
Chapter 22: Raising Crops and Children .....	513
Chapter 23: The Depression Years .....	539
Chapter 24: The Missionary Years .....	547
Chapter 25: The Lonely Years .....	557
Chapter 26: The Final Mission Call .....	577

Table of Contents

---

Appendix A .....	587
Appendix B .....	595
Appendix C .....	599
Appendix D .....	609
Notes .....	615
Bibliography .....	661
Index .....	673

# List of Illustrations

---

1. Lewis Burton Westover, 1868–1966 .....	xviii
2. King George Land Grants (page 1) .....	12
3. King George Land Grants (page 2) .....	13
4. Sutton, Lake Champlain, Burlington, Vermont .....	15
5. County and Town Outline Map of Vermont .....	19
6. Bristol, home of the Obadiah Beal Family .....	20
7. Berkshire, home of the Obadiah Beal Family .....	21
8. Burlington, home of the Amos Westover Family .....	21
9. Westover residences in Ohio .....	24
10. Ezra Taft Benson .....	35
11. Plat of Winter Quarters .....	38
12. Massachusetts .....	44
13. Albert Perry Rockwood .....	49
14. Possible route to Nauvoo taken by the Havens .....	57
15. Israel Barlow and Elizabeth Haven .....	62
16. Plat of Nauvoo .....	66
17. The Nauvoo Temple, circa 1846 .....	79
18. Robert Taylor Burton and Maria Haven .....	80
19. Winter Quarters and Atchison, Missouri .....	98
20. Possible Haven house in Nauvoo.....	99
21. Wagon ruts along the trail inspected by an Old Timer .....	115
22. Old Fort .....	129
23. John Haven’s city lot .....	130
24. Erastus Snow .....	135
25. Patriarch John Smith .....	139
26. Headstone of Judith Temple Haven .....	151
27. Judith Temple Haven, Maria, and Eliza Ann .....	153

## List of Figures

---

28. Peter's Leap as it appeared in 1994 .....	178
29. Plat Map of St. George, Charles Westover's lot .....	186
30. Washington Cotton Factory in its early days .....	193
31. Entrance to the Washington Cotton Factory in 1994 .....	193
32. St. George Tabernacle .....	198
33. Charles and Mary Shumway Westover .....	200
34. Cotton Mission Settlements .....	204
35. Lemuel Hardison Redd, Jr., and Eliza Ann Westover .....	209
36. Charles Westover .....	215
37. Pinto Ward Rock Church .....	225
38. Plats of Silver Reef .....	232
39. George and Alberto Westover .....	236
40. St. George Temple .....	243
41. William Westover .....	246
42. Eliza Ann Westover and Daughters .....	247
43. Main Street of Silver Reef likely about 1879 .....	249
44. Denmark (Falster and Bornholm) .....	252
45. Bornholm .....	253
46. Kirsten and Diderick Funk .....	254
47. Birth Certificate of Marius (Marcus) E. Funck .....	255
48. Christopher Funk .....	259
49. The Tuscarora .....	267
50. Island of Falster .....	308
51. Hans Westenskow .....	311
52. Scandinavian Mission Emigration Records— Dernes Conference .....	317
53. Monarch of the Sea .....	318
54. Castle Garden .....	324
55. Magdalene Westenskow and Marcus Funk .....	336
56. Washington Ward Stone Church .....	353
57. Eliza Funk at the Cotton Factory .....	356
58. Utah Penitentiary .....	361
59. Marcus' Expenses, "Prisoners in Stripes" .....	362
60. Washington County Courthouse .....	368
61. Marriage License of Lewis and Eliza Westover .....	369

62. Headstone of Electa Westover .....	371
63. San Luis Valley .....	374
64. Pike's Stockade near Sanford, Colorado .....	384
65. People of Creede .....	403
66. Alice Tubbs .....	403
67. Jim Town .....	404
68. Marcus Orlando and William Funk .....	407
69. Sanford Choir, 1899 .....	410
70. Church in Eastdale .....	417
71. Sanford Stone Church .....	422
72. John W. Taylor .....	430
73. Lewis Esper Westover .....	432
74. Reed Smoot .....	440
75. Jack Dempsey .....	444
76. King Driggs Family of Entertainers .....	447
77. Cache Valley .....	456
78. Lewis B. Westover Family .....	460
79. Brigham Young Benson .....	468
80. Robert T. Burton Family Reunion .....	489
81. Charles and Eliza Westover .....	492
82. Headstone of Charles and Eliza Westover .....	492
83. Death Certificate of Charles Westover .....	493
84. Death Certificate of Eliza Westover .....	494
85. Marcus Funk .....	499
86. Obituary of Marcus Funk .....	499
87. Obituaries of Florina Bentley and Matilda Mortensen .....	500
88. Obituaries of Annie Mortensen and Mariah Funk ..	500
89. Obituary of Forthilda Funk .....	501
90. Death Certificate of Marcus Funk .....	501
91. Death Certificate of Magdalene Funk .....	502
92. Letter from Marcus to Mina (Poem) .....	503
93. Society Island Missionaries from Lewiston.....	506
94. Obituary of Eliza Westover .....	510
95. Eliza Johanna Funk Westover funeral card .....	512
96. North Cache High School .....	518
97. Cache Valley Dairy .....	526

List of Figures

---

98.	Sego Milk Plant .....	537
99.	The Logan Temple .....	554
100.	Lewis B. Westover and Sons .....	570
101.	Lewis B. Westover and Family.....	575
102.	A sketch of Grandpa's farm by grandson, Dr. Lewis M. Westover.....	576
103.	Grandpa and friends at Sunshine Terrace .....	578
104.	Obituary of Lewis B. Westover .....	580
105.	Lewis B. Westover Funeral Program .....	581
106.	Lewis and Eliza Westover's Head Stone .....	581
107.	Edwin Ruthven Westover, Sarah Jane Burwell Westover, and Edwin Lycurgus Westover .....	603
108.	Joanna Matilda Erickson Westover and Henry Waters Despain .....	603
109.	Oscar Fitzland Westover .....	605

---

# Preface

I REGRET THAT MY CHILDREN never had a chance to know Grandpa. To them, the name of Lewis Burton Westover has little more significance than that of the Jonas Westover who roamed the fields of the Connecticut River Valley back in the 1600's. My children can find these names on the pedigree chart if the dust is not too thick on the covers of their Books of Remembrance. I should not be too critical—I had much the same indifference about dead ancestors in my younger days. But both of these good men lived and breathed, loved and were loved. I know Grandpa was loved because I was one who loved him. There was not a special closeness between us—we never had an intimate relationship with each other as did my cousins in Utah. Perhaps that separation contributed to my deep veneration for this man, I do not know. But I do know that Lewis Burton Westover was a man of God. He loved his Maker, and I am sure his Maker loved him as one of his choice sons. Grandpa seemed to have a lop-sided personality. To my knowledge, he was never engaged in conversation but what evolved into a discussion of some principle of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He loved the Gospel. It was his life.

To put Grandpa's life story down on paper was my original motivation for this writing. I felt that my children and grand-children needed to know more about their rich heritage. They deserved to understand the goodness of this man

in a personal way that they might be spiritually strengthened by the legacy he left us. Additionally, we all needed to know more about his angel wife, Eliza Johanna, who, after bearing twelve children, never experienced the thrill of holding a grandchild of her own in her arms. The authorized version of Lewis and Eliza's love story is one that will never be told in this mortal lifetime. Grandpa waited fifty-one years before he was permitted to rejoin his sweetheart beyond the veil. Surely that reunion was cause for the angels to sing in heavenly chorus.

Research into the lives of Lewis and Eliza revealed fascinating accounts of their revered parentage. How could I resist weaving the tales of these lives into this family portrait? These were stories that demanded to be told. The generations who are linked together within these pages do not belong solely to ages past. Many of us still living have life spans that have touched these pioneer forebears while others are only a short generation or two removed from these precursors of Mormon history. This man, who was known by friends and many of his grandchildren simply as "LB," lived nine years as a contemporary of Brigham Young and forty-three years of my lifetime. Our grandmother, Eliza Johanna, likely received a pat on the head, or even a bewhiskered kiss, from Brother Brigham as he made the rounds of the Dixie colonies during his winter visits. As you read the lines on these pages, reach out and hold hands with our fathers and mothers who came in creaking covered wagons and broken-down handcars to their Zion.

Alex Haley, author of "Roots," put it much better than I:

In all of us there is a hunger, marrow deep, to know our heritage—to know who we are and where we came from. Without this enriching knowledge there is a hollow yearning. No matter what our attainments in life, there is still a vacuum, an emptiness, and the most disquieting loneliness.



Much has been written of the Mormon pioneers, their faith, their travail, their courage. Lewis Burton and Eliza Johanna Westover and their parentage were indeed part of that drama, but little is actually known of their personal lives during those challenging times. While countless journals and diaries were kept by many of the pioneers, our family greats left little to help us understand their everyday experiences and emotions while on the trek to Zion, the frustrations and triumphs of colonization, the burdens and blessings of plural marriage life, or the building of a mighty faith.

This is understandable. The energies of these gritty colonizers were so concentrated in subduing the elements in an effort to keep body and soul together, notably in the Dixie Mission of southern Utah and the San Luis Valley of Colorado, that they had little time or will to record their daily experiences and feelings. Our pioneer fathers and mothers are gone now and, sadly, most of their stories have faded with them. But the evidence is clear that they deserve a place of honor in the annals of the pioneering of the American frontier.

In a time when there is a tendency to rewrite the history of the American West, and Mormon history in particular, one non-Mormon historian of note, Patricia Nelson Limerick, a University of Colorado history professor, observes that there was indeed a uniqueness about the Mormon migrations and colonization that defies a reinterpretation. As a guest lecturer at a Mormon History Association meeting in 1994 Dr. Limerick affirmed:

Framed in a forceful and compelling analogy to the persecution and exodus of the Israelites, the Mormon move to Deseret catalyzed the sense of a separate peoplehood. As a shared memory, full of the literal and direct testing of the spirit, the exodus was exactly the kind of event that would stay with a people forever.... We have to say these are my people—this is where I belong.

Yes, these are our people and this is where we belong as heirs of that legacy. But to fully appreciate this choice heritage, we need to gain a clearer grasp of what went on in the lives of these good progenitors—the cause and the effect of events that touched their lives, the passions that stirred within their beings. There are several accounts written about our forebears by various descendants. After attempting to corroborate these accounts with other contemporary writings, in my naïveté, I have mustered the impudence to write a composite of these histories. I chose to write this history in narrative form, perhaps due to my inexperience as a genealogist. To further confound the wise and the foolish, I have added related details of other historical accounts that drew the lives of our pioneer ancestors into the vortex of these stirring events. I have attempted to document the material I have researched with the intent that this writing may be used, if for no other reason, as a resource for further study by some indomitable soul. As you might suspect as you scan through these pages, I confess I reluctantly took a few liberties in an effort to breathe life back into these people whose names lie faceless on the pages of our family group sheets. For this I do not apologize, but simply leave it to the reader to digest the facts which I have hung on the line to dry for those interested to peruse.

Let me assure the reader that this is not an attempt to write another history of the Mormon pioneers. The historical accounts which are related herein are included only to give a clearer perspective of the part the Westovers, the Havens, the Funks, and the Westenskows have played in the drama of the taming of the West and the establishment of an ideal, even the Kingdom of God, if you please. I have only tried to place these good people in the appropriate settings. Indeed, they often played center stage, and without the billing, I might add.

The thrust of this writing has been to provoke a sense of indebtedness to these kindred spirits for the sacrifices they so willingly endured from the time they chose to cast aside

the security of their religious and cultural roots in order to embrace the truths they found in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and on through the time their weary bones were consigned to the grave. In all instances pertaining to the above lineages, this involved forsaking ancestral homes and migrating to a promised land in a not so promising wilderness for the sake of their deep religious convictions: the Westovers from Ohio, the Havens from Massachusetts, the Funks from the Island of Bornholm, Denmark, and the Westenskows from the Island of Falster, also in Denmark. These lands were in truth, fields of white as declared by the Lord from which his elect would be gathered in the latter days. Were not each of these four lineages touched by this spirit of gathering that brought them together unto a place called Zion?

And ye are called to bring to pass the gathering of mine elect; for mine elect hear my voice and harden not their hearts;

Wherefore the decree hath gone forth from the Father that they shall be gathered in unto one place upon the face of this land, to prepare their hearts and be prepared in all things against the day when tribulation and desolation are sent forth upon the wicked.

(Doctrine and Covenants 29:7–8)

I might add that a crucial by-product of this undertaking, the gathering of these family stories, hopefully, has given each of us as a descendant a vision of who we are and an understanding of the roots of our being and our faith. This is a story of the house we now live in; this house of faith whose foundation stones were laid by others. Within the walls stands the framework constructed by humble and noble ancestors whose struggles and sacrifices have been enshrined into our very conscience. Yes, indeed, their blood flows through our veins.

In order to gain a fuller understanding and a deeper appreciation of the sacrifices our ancestors endured in order

to gather with the Saints to their Utah Zion, I became a member of the Mormon Trail Wagon Train Re-enactment as a part of the Sesquicentennial Celebration of 1997. The wagon train left the site of Winter Quarters, Nebraska, which is now part of Omaha, the latter half of April. My commitments nor means allowed me to consider joining the wagon train in Winter Quarters and trek the thousand miles to Salt Lake City. Nevertheless, I agonized for three weeks while watching media coverage of the trek until I finally could stand it no longer. I threw a few things together and jumped in my pickup and headed for the plains of Nebraska. Perhaps that was somewhat the way it was with some of the pioneers who had trouble making up their minds whether or not to give up what they had, and finally with a sigh and a dream, cast their lot with the Saints heading west. I traveled with the wagon train through a third of muddy Nebraska, the breadth of the Wyoming plains, and on into Utah and the Salt Lake Valley, a two-month trek for me and my unconditioned anatomy. We arrived in the Valley on July 22, 1997 trail-worn, grimy, and humbled. We followed closely the same trail that Brother Brigham and the early pioneers traveled. I walked in the footsteps of Electa and Charles Westover, John, Judith and Eliza Haven, the entire Diderick Funk family, and Magdalene Westenskow, not under quite the same conditions which these good ancestors were subjected to, I confess. Regardless, it was a once in a lifetime event to tread the same ground as our stalwart pioneer ancestors, and a very humbling experience. I did this to pay honor to them and in a way (pardon my arrogance) to act as proxy for all the family. I hope that a feeling of this reverence will seep through the lines on these pages.

Not intending to disappoint any reader who might be inclined toward the melodramatic, I have failed to uncover any skeletons of sinister deeds in the family closet. Nor did I find among our pioneer progenitors an epic figure of giant spiritual dimensions who seemed capable of parting the sea. What I did find were common, life-sized folks with

strengths and weaknesses, perhaps no better prepared for the trials that lay before them than we might be. But this observation seems to add to their stature, justifying a greater astonishment and reverence of their accomplishments, knowing that their deeds were deeds, not of supernatural beings, but of mere mortals who seemed to be endowed with a vision of something so precious that they were willing to pay the price, regardless of the cost.

I have arrived at the opinion that the study of history has been given a bum rap. I used to think that history was as dry as Aunt Melba's toast. Now I find that history, especially Mormon history, ranks close to climbing Timpanogas for excitement. In the preface to his *The Antiquities of the Jews*, Flavius Josephus writes:

There are those who undertake to write histories...who, of necessity and by force, are driven to write history, because they are concerned in the facts, and so cannot excuse themselves from committing them to writing, for the advantage of posterity; nay, there are not a few who are induced to draw their historical facts out of darkness into light.

I have a glimmer of what he means.

But if neither family or pioneer history have the capacity to excite your sensibilities, please sit back and at least enjoy some priceless excerpts taken from Mormon pioneer thought and other colloquial expression. The unadorned beauty, the tenderness, the droll humor of the unabashed literary talents of some of these simple and unsophisticated souls, smack in the face of adversity, may surprise you, or better yet, even inspire you to prevail and overcome as they did.

Yes, they were there with Brother Brigham trudging along the dusty trail, praying to their God for guidance, laughing and shouting in their triumphs, weeping at the graveside of one who was loved and lost, defying their adversities, yet enduring in their afflictions. They were a

focused people whose faith was twisted and stretched. The sacrifices they were called upon to make have returned to their descendants as blessings without measure. Wherever their footsteps have trodden, future generations have been blessed. Their struggles and sacrifices stand as a monument to their faith and fortitude.

As we take pride in this noble heritage, perhaps we should pause to reflect on the words of Barrow: “They who depend on the merits of ancestors, search in the roots of the tree for the fruit which the branches ought to produce.” We rightfully take pride in the accomplishments of our family members who plowed the ground before us, but justified pride (for lack of a better phrase) comes from the richness we ourselves have added to that soil. As sons and daughters of this noble lineage, the plow is in our hands; the challenge is ours.

One additional thought that has kept pushing me on for these several years of this plunge into the literary world (one might more accurately refer to it as a belly-flop), is the day to day stories told to us in our youth by our fathers and mothers, aunts and uncles and, yes, those loving grandparents. These morsels of submerged emotions were simply grabbed from their memories and sputtered off to us in fleeting moments of nostalgia with a loud guffaw or perhaps a sigh and a tear. The story then evaporated in the air, gone forever... unless by chance some of it stuck to our memory banks and we laid it aside in the dark chambers of our hearts. However, there have been some valiant family historians who snatched the moment of opportunity and recorded the stories first-hand from those dear family greats. To them, my heartfelt thanks. These stories are what make generations past a living reality in our hearts and minds. As one writer put it,

Children everywhere ask, as soon as they have command of language to do so, ‘Where did I come from?’ and ‘What will happen when I die?’ They require a story to give meaning to their existence. Without air,

our cells die. Without a story, our selves die.” (Neil Postman in *Learning by Story*)

Another perceptive writer put it this way:

Words aren’t the true reality. Thinking about a trout isn’t the same as holding it, slippery and trembling, in your hand; but words make a kind of magic that revives dead things and brings to life other things not yet alive. Words bestow life.

The family narratives contained within these pages may not fully capture the truth of “what really happened,” but even so, these folk tales will yield a kind of truth that may reflect not so much what actually occurred but rather, and importantly, the storytellers’ attitudes and beliefs toward these events. As you may perceive, these accounts suggest that God is a caring God who loves us and blesses us with the strength equal to our challenges and gives us assurance that our trials and our faith are justified.

I only wish I would have had the motivation to have started this family history years earlier when more of these beloved family members were alive to share untold stories with those of us of their descendancy. But please bear in mind, this writing does not represent a completed work. The stories go on; the recordings need to, as well. My research and writing have been accompanied by daily prayers petitioning a loving Heavenly Father's guiding hand in this endeavor, a labor of love which I owe to a saintly grandfather.

Above all, I thank Him who has given us life in this wonderful day of the Restoration. I am sure my testimony shines through these pages for I know that this latter-day work in which Electa, Charles and Eliza, John and Judith, Diderick and Kirsten, Marcus and Magadalene, Lewis Burton and Eliza Johanna were engaged, and now we of this generation, is truly God’s work. President Joseph F. Smith,

sixth President of the Church, summarizes the feeling which burns deep within my bosom. He stated:

The hand of the Lord may not be visible to all. There may be many who can not discern the workings of God's will in the progress and development of this great latter-day work, but there are those who see in every hour and in every moment of the existence of the Church, from its beginning until now, the overruling, almighty hand of Him who sent His Only Begotten Son to the world to become a sacrifice for the sin of the world. (Conference Report, April 1904)





Figure 1: Lewis Burton Westover 1868–1966  
Farmer-Teacher-Servant



# Acknowledgments

---

The research and writing of this book over several years have been a lonely venture into an unfamiliar realm. But I was blessed to have aunts, uncles, and cousins who have served as a beacon to whom I am deeply indebted in this attempt to give honor to our faithful ancestors. Among the many I have interviewed and badgered, I especially remember three choice individuals who have scoured their memories and shared them with me so that some of these great tales may be preserved in this volume, namely, Theresa Westover Hoskins, Zaetell Westover Ward, and Myrtha Kent Westover. Many cousins have also come forward to let me peek into the personality of our grandfather and offer support for this project; in particular I should mention Jacque Lake Lee, Daryl Canfield Reynolds, Joycelyn Westover Tabet, and Donna Mae Monson Barnett. It would be thoughtless of me if I failed to express my gratitude posthumously to a very dear uncle, LeRoy Westover, for the Books of Remembrance which he compiled for family members. The marvelous histories and genealogies contained within those pages have served me well. My gratitude is extended to LeRoy's son, Melvin J. Westover, for his first-rate editing skills and warm encouragement at a time when I needed it most. The generous contribution of time and expertise of Phil Clark, Duane Woodruff, and my nephew, Dr. Douglas Chabries have transformed a novice's manuscript into a respectable volume of family history for present and future generations. A final tribute should also go out to the Bentley sisters, Eva and Gertrude, for the sev-

eral histories they so diligently recorded of the Funk branches of the family tree. Last, but certainly not least, my heart goes out to a grandfather whose exceptional faith was the motivating source of the endeavor.

Paul Lewis Westover

# Introduction

---

An ant hill appeared in my garden overnight, right in the middle of my petunias. When I discovered it, indignantly I kicked and stomped at it in an effort to destroy this newly-founded colony of invaders. Such audacity- trying to build their little kingdom in my deeded domain! The next day they were at it again, rebuilding and repairing the damage I had inflicted. This time I would get rid of them once and for all. I pulled the garden hose to the mound of dirt granules and turned on the water. I flooded their hill, giving the water time to soak deeply into the labyrinth of underground tunnels.

The following morning the ants had returned to their rebuilding program. This time I just watched them in disbelief as they went about their work. Such determination, such industry, in spite of my repeated assaults on their efforts to colonize! As I stood there in amazement, my thoughts turned to other attempts at colonization that were made in the face of adversity. At the time, little did I realize of the vast, untapped resources of faith and talent that can only be discovered in adversity.

My forebears were colonizers also. Yes, they were the pioneers plodding along the Mormon Trail, but most of their energies seemed to be directed toward colonizing the far reaches of the western deserts where no one else had chosen to settle. They defied affliction, calamity, heartache upon heartache. But they also had that same resolve- a need to colonize, to start life anew, to build, and then rebuild again. This is a story of their ant hill.



# I

---

## The Colonial Period

ELECTA AND HER TWO SONS, Charles and Edwin, arrived in the Salt Lake Valley in September of 1848, penniless. Money would not have done them much good in this land of alkali and sagebrush anyway. No matter, this was their Promised Land. They knew the Lord had been leading them and here they would build their kingdom. Well, not *their* kingdom—it would be the Kingdom of God. They arrived with virtually nothing but an undying hope for the future and faith in their Creator.

The Westover family had just completed a rigorous four-month-and-one-day wagon trek, covering 1,050 miles over plains, across rivers, and through rugged mountain passes. They never thought of themselves as “noble” or “hardy” or perhaps even as “pioneers,” a term they may have reserved for the original trekkers the year before. They were ordinary folks with no thought of being involved in deeds of greatness. They simply wanted to follow the dictates of a spirit within them that seemed to whisper, “Endure and press on. All will be well.”

The Salt Lake Valley was far different from the fertile regions of Ohio, but here they would establish their Zion. At last they would be free from the oppression and bigotry that had continually dogged them since their conversions. Now they were beyond the viper’s sting.

As far as their eyes could survey, their Promised Land was barren soil except for sagebrush and greasewood. Yet, the earth had always been their provider. From her goodness had sprung their basic needs. The grasses had grown to feed their livestock; trees, to provide their shelter and warmth; ore was available with which to forge their tools and machinery; grain, to make their bread; and water, from her springs and rivers to sustain life. The Lord would provide the blessings; they would provide the faith—along with the sweat.

Now the Westovers were faced with the challenge of starting anew with just a partly filled barrel of flour and the clothes on their backs as their only worldly possessions. But even in this arid Great Salt Lake basin, water flowed down from the mountains as the streams were diverted into their fields, and they were blessed as their crops and herds increased little by little. Hope and thanksgiving filled their breasts as these stalwart pioneers prepared the barren desert as a final refuge from the persecution that ignorance and prejudice had heaped upon them in New York, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois—wherever their plows had turned the soil.

The words of the Apostle Paul seemed to whisper in their ears:

I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake: for when I am weak, then I am strong (2 Cor. 12:10).

In this desert in which the Westovers found themselves, it could hardly be described as a land of milk and honey. This raw land seemed to defy their permanence. It demanded to be left alone, unscarred by plow or fence posts.

Yet, whether this small band of wanderers knew it or not, there were other Westovers who long before had decisions and sacrifices to make for the sake of their religious convictions. The same story has been told and retold. What



is the price to be paid for the freedom to worship God as one's conscience dictates? How precious is one's freedom to think, to believe, to act as directed by an inner prompting? These thoughts bore heavily on Gabriel Westover. He felt strongly that the Mother Church had drifted from the true ways of the church that the Savior had established sixteen hundred years earlier for mankind to follow. The despotic rule of England's Stuart kings became overbearing. The Crown clashed with Parliament. A group demanding reform, or purification, of the Catholic Church as controlled by the throne became known as Puritans.

As such was Gabriel Westover and his family. The Puritans were persecuted as heretics and several were imprisoned. Many fled England and found temporary refuge in Holland. One version of this moment in history identifies the Westovers among this group. In Holland in 1623, a son was born to Gabriel and Joane, named Jonas.<sup>1</sup> During this same period, discoveries and explorations were being made in the "New World." A group of English Separatists (later to be known as Pilgrims) left Holland and landed in America at Plymouth Rock in 1620. In 1634, a ship sailed from a Dutch port with a load of Puritans bound for America. On board was eleven-year-old Jonas Westover. His parents had only money enough for his passage; they would follow later when finances permitted.

Before the Westovers could save enough money for their passage, the Long Parliament overthrew King Charles in 1640. In 1641, the Root and Branch Bill and Grand Remonstrance plunged England into a great civil war; Puritanism arrayed against Episcopacy. In 1645, the Puritan army was victorious. Charles I was executed, and England was made safe for all Puritans. So Gabriel and Joane returned to England from Holland and never joined their son Jonas in America.<sup>2</sup>

Another account of the beginnings of the Westover family in America has emerged with some variation, which perhaps may claim more historical accuracy.<sup>3</sup> The Westovers

aligned themselves on the side of Parliament in opposition to the Crown. This group, identified as Puritans, wished to stay loyal to the Church of England, but reform it within the structure of the existing church. Another group felt that reforming the Church was futile and wished to form a separate community of worshipers. They became known as Separatists; later, they would be identified as Pilgrims, having sought refuge from persecution in Holland.

The Pilgrims first set sail for America in 1620 as the Plymouth Colony. They were soon followed by Puritans who formed a colony to the north in the Massachusetts Bay area known as the Massachusetts Colony. The Puritan Westovers sent a daughter and son, Jane, age twenty-one, and Jonah (also spelled *Jonas*), age nineteen, to America, arriving about 1647. Jane soon married a William Williams and made their home in Windsor in the Connecticut River Valley. Jonah may have been under Jane's care for he also made his home in Windsor and became a freeman there in 1649. In 1663, Jonah married Hanna(h) Griswald, daughter of a prominent family of Windsor, Connecticut.<sup>4</sup> Jonah had become influential in the political and social affairs of Windsor. After their first child, also named Jonah, was born, the Westovers and Hannah's parents, the Griswolds, moved south near the mouth of the Connecticut River, where it empties into the Atlantic. Here, the Griswolds and Westovers helped found a new settlement called Killingworth.

The Westover families lived in the Massachusetts and Connecticut areas for more than one hundred years. Both Jonah and Hanna(h), as well as their offspring, Jonah (the son), and his family, lived their remaining years in Symsbury, Connecticut. At his death, probate records reveal that the first Jonah had become a man of means: "Westover, Jonah, Sen, Symsbury. Died January, 1708-9. Invt. (English currency) £401-15-08. Taken 26 January, 1708-9, by John Higley, Sen., Jon Slater, Sen., and John Case." The will dated September 20, 1702 reads as follows:

I, Jonah Westover, Sen., being very sick, do make this my last will and testament: I give to my wife £10 out of my personal estate; also the house and household goods that are necessary for her use during life; also 1/3 part of my land to her order during life. Also, all my land that I stand possessed of, I give to my two sons Jonah and Jonathon, to be equally divided between them; also my housing, after their mother's decease. I do will unto my daughters that each of their portions (with what they have received) shall be £15. What has been paid to my daughters already: to Margaret, £15; to Hannah, £3, to Jane £2-12-06, to Mary, £9-00-06. I appoint my son Jonah and my son-in-law Samuel Case to be executors. And as for my son Jonathon and my daughter Johanna, they shall be paid their portions as they come to lawful age. JONAH WESTOVER, SEN., LS.

Witness: Dudley Woodbridge, Nathaniel Holcomb, Sen.

Following her husband's death, Hannah lived quite comfortably for another six years until her death in May of 1714. Her will reads as follows:

Westover, Hannah, Symsbury, Widow. Invt. £17-12-03. Taken 6 May, 1714, by Richard Case and Jonathan Westover. Will dated 1 August, 1713.

In the name of God, amen. I, Hannah Westover of Symsbury, in the County of Hartford and Colony of Connecticut, reliev(?) to Jonah Westover of Town, County and Colony aforesd, decd., being weak and sick in body, yet of sound mind and judgement and of perfect memory, do dispose of what I have: First of all and principally, I give and bequeth my soul to God that gave it, and my body to Christian burial. And touching my worldly goods, I give in manner following: First, I give and bequeth to my six daughters 40 shillings to each daughter, and the remainder, if any be, to be equally divided to my daughter Hannah Alverd and my daughters Mary Case, Jane Byinton and Johannah. 2. To Jonah, my stack of rye. 3. I give

also to my daughter Johannah my biggest pig, and the smaller pig I give to my son Jonathan. August the first, 1713. This being my will and testament, I set to my hand this first day of August, 1713.

HANNAH X WESTOVER

Witness: John Slater, Samuel Addams

Court Record, Page 198–7 June, 1714: Will proven. There being no executor appointed this Court grant letters of Adms., with the will annexed, unto Samuel Case and Jonathan Westover.<sup>5</sup>

A history of the area states that

These families produced the type of citizen that has made this country a good place in which to live. Many attained prominence in their communities and affairs of government but mostly they were good solid citizen type. They came to this country as Puritans and actively practiced the principles.<sup>6</sup>

From the second Jonah (Jonas) Westover and his wife, Abigail Case, was born John Westover in 1711 in Simsbury, Connecticut. On Christmas day of 1735, John married Rachel Morton. According to “Genealogy of the Westover Families of Missouri,” in Rachel’s family ascendancy, a claim is made that a George Morton was instrumental in founding the Plymouth Colony in 1620. Acting as financial agent for the Pilgrims, George Morton purchased the ship *Mayflower* and provided passage for sending other Pilgrims to the Colony.<sup>7</sup> This George Morton remains an enigma in family research. Nevertheless, we know that John and Rachel Westover made their home in Simsbury. One year following their marriage, a daughter, Rachel, was born but died in infancy. Then another baby, again named Rachel, who also died following birth in 1737; then John (Jr.) was born in 1738[?]; Abigail in 1740; and Job in 1742.

Not long following Job’s birth, the Westovers migrated from the populated Connecticut River Valley to the frontier

in Sheffield, Hampton County (soon after to become a part of Berkshire County) in the southwest corner of Massachusetts for a payment of thirty shillings for one hundred acres. Here the Westovers found the forests honeycombed with highways that were merely widened Indian trails. The twenty-five-hundred foot Mount Saconic (later to be renamed Mount Washington) rises majestically from the western edge of this picturesque region.

The Housatonic flows through Sheffield's eastern flank as the river winds its 180 mile journey to Boston and out to the sea. Here in Sheffield, Moses was born in 1744, then another Rachel, followed by William, then Joanna, Noah, and around 1753, Amos. Finally, the twelfth and last child, Rhoda, was born in 1754. The French and Indian War was just beginning in which a twenty-two-year-old, inexperienced George Washington was given command of the Virginia military forces, fighting alongside the British Regulars.

In 1771, John Westover was asked to contribute to the tax rolls by the Crown. Dutifully, he reported the annual worth of his real estate holdings to be at £10-8-0. He had one house and one horse, two oxen, four cattle, fifteen goats and sheep, and three swine. His farm consisted of sixteen acres of pasture, which would keep five cows and twenty-three acres of tillage, which in a normal year produced 180 bushels of grain and five barrels of cider. To add to that, he had nine acres of fresh meadow from which he could expect to harvest nine tons of hay per year. His children also were listed as having all boys: Job, John Jr., Moses, Noah, Theoph's, and Jon'th.<sup>8</sup> Why the other children were not counted is a matter to be taken up with the tax collector.

As the Westover children grew to adulthood and political unrest intensified in the colonies, there must have been some uncertainty in the family as to where their loyalty belonged. The Westovers were not the only ones confused by the political divisions of the times. In 1765, every Colonist, including Patrick Henry, Samuel Adams, and Thomas

Jefferson, proclaimed his loyalty to the Crown. Yet, in a few short years as fighting erupted between the Colonists and his Majesty's troops in Lexington and Concord in 1775, loyalties and rebellion heated the caldron of suspicion and alienation among neighbors and countrymen.

John Westover was approaching his sixty-fifth birthday and fighting was not in his blood. Massachusetts was a hot-bed of the rebellion, yet there were still over a third of the Colonists who withheld their support for independence from the Motherland. After all, John and his sons, along with George Washington, were strong supporters of the Crown in the recent wars against the French and Indians as were almost all the other Colonists. It was inconceivable that only twelve years later the American Colonists would be taking up arms against this same British Army with whom many had fought side-by-side in the Seven Years War.

As time passed, political opinions divided sentiments of the Colonists into two basic camps, Whigs and Tories—the latter becoming known as Loyalists. Up to July 4, 1776, and the signing of the Declaration of Independence, the Loyalists

were every bit as American as their Whig brethren. They feared social change and any increase in the power of the democratic element in society, but one looks in vain for Loyalists who were opposed to Liberty or the rights of Englishmen. The great majority did not even favour the 'new' English legislation after the Seven Years War. The quarrel was over the *mode* of opposition; the Loyalists would not admit violence and believed the future of their country would be ruined by revolution and independence. It was not a case of colonial rights or 'passive obedience', but rather whether the colonies' future well-being could be best assured within the empire or without. The Loyalists had a fundamental trust in Britain, the Whigs a fundamental distrust.<sup>9</sup>

In this attempt to give a passive defense of the Loyalist position, it becomes apparent that some of the sons of John and Rachel were less than firebrands of the Revolution. Perhaps John himself was reluctant to throw his three-cornered hat into the ring with Samuel Adams, Thomas Paine, and the Whigs. There seemed to be a sense of loyalty to the Crown within the framework of the John Westover family, although their love for America was devout and genuine. Job was accused of making an inflammatory speech in 1775 against the movement for independence and was branded a Tory.<sup>10</sup> In Sabine's *American Loyalists*, a note is found concerning Job Westover of Sheffield, Massachusetts, which states

In May, 1775, the Whig Committee of Observation unanimously denounced him as an enemy of American liberty. Job had affirmed, that 'the parliament of Great Britain had a right to tax the Americans,' and had said many things disrespectful of the Continental and the Provincial Congress.

Job apparently had a change of heart later and enlisted in the Massachusetts Militia on July 6, 1777. The extent of his military service was a six-day march from Berkshire County to Kingsbury.<sup>11</sup> Job did remain in Sheffield, and later his descendants settled in Missouri where they established a noble and loyal heritage.

Brothers John and Moses were also enrolled with the Massachusetts Militia at Berkshire: John for twenty-one days and Moses for twenty days.<sup>12</sup> Moses served as a private in Captain Enock Noble's Company under Colonel John Ashley's Berkshire Company Regiment. From August 1 to August 20, 1777, he and his company marched to Bennington, Vermont, where their service to the Colonies apparently ended.<sup>13</sup> Job, Moses, and Oliver are listed in the Daughters of the American Revolution Patriot Index. Other siblings, Jonah, Nathaniel, and Theophilus, also served briefly in the Berkshire Company of the Massachusetts

Militia. Short term enlistments were the bane of General Washington's command.

Despite his brief service in the fight for independence, Moses evidently remained loyal to the Crown as "he was forced to flee for his life" from his home in Sheffield and found refuge in the Eastern Townships of the province of Quebec in Canada along with many other Loyalists. His brother, John, also had made a hasty exit from Sheffield and ended up in the Eastern Townships. In 1796, Moses settled in North Sutton of the county of Missisquoi. He was awarded two hundred acres in Sutton and one thousand acres in Stanbridge, compliments of the Crown "on account of his loyal principles."<sup>14</sup> His sons, Stephen and Asa, also remained in Canada and became prosperous and influential in the affairs of the Eastern Townships.

Near the beginning of the War of Independence, twenty-three-year-old Amos also must have had his mind on other things than fighting Red Coats. Ruth Loomis, a fair damsel from Simsbury, Connecticut, entered Amos's life about this time. Their marriage date is undetermined, but their first child was born in 1778. Amos's depth of allegiance to this movement for independence from the mother country was compromised by his love for this Connecticut beauty. After their marriage, Amos and Ruth continued to make their home in the frontier settlement of Sheffield, where they resided long enough for Ruth to bear four children: Abijah, Abrus (Ambrose, Ambrus), Huldah, and Levi. Interestingly, each of these offspring have precise birth dates and birth places recorded; the last of these four, Levi, had a birth date of December 17, 1783.

It is difficult to believe that Amos was not somewhat influenced by the ideologies of his Tory-leaning brothers: John, Job, and Moses. Likely, the Westover family had earned a reputation around Sheffield that was in opposition to the prevailing sentiment, especially after General Washington and his ragged army had shown the British that they were serious about severing their ties to the Crown.



Ross Westover, a family genealogist from California via Arizona, discovered in his research that Amos also appeared in the Eastern Townships of Quebec, where John and Moses had found refuge. Canada's Eastern Townships included much of the land between the St. Lawrence and the Chaudiere Rivers with the newly established republic of the former Colonies bordering on the south. The region was surveyed in 1791 and granted as township lands to British Loyalists who had settled there during and following the American Revolution.

Was Amos a Loyalist also, you ask? Perhaps so, but there may have been an incentive that lured Amos to Canada other than an undying loyalty to the Crown. Land grants were to be had for the asking in Canada, providing a displaced Colonist could convince the governor of his or her allegiance to His Majesty, King George. Later, any settler in the provinces of Canada could receive free grants. Free grants were abolished in 1827, except for relatives and descendants of Loyalists.

History does not reveal Amos's motives or loyalties other than that he appeared on the scene with other Loyalists and land petitioners in Canada following the conclusion of the Revolutionary War when emotions turned violent against those still in the Colonies who had opposed or withheld their support of the Rebellion. At least Amos was not forced to flee the newly formed republic as his brothers were. But Amos was not timid when it came to asking for free handouts from King George. In 1790, Amos showed up in Noyan, Quebec, and was looking into land grants in the Eastern Townships as early as 1792.<sup>15</sup> It was quite possible that the Amos Westover family had decided to make Canada their home by the mid 1790s.

Whether the land was superior in Quebec (also known as Lower Canada) to Berkshire is questionable. Regardless, from 1794 to 1811, Amos had repeatedly petitioned the Province of Quebec for land grants. At last, on August 31, 1802, Amos's persistence paid off when he was granted two

hundred acres of “waste land,” listed as lot 6, ninth range in Sutton Township of Brome County in the Province of Quebec, known as part of the Eastern Townships.<sup>16</sup> In those days, two hundred acres of tillable land may have seemed worth the price of signing away one’s loyalties to the monarchy.

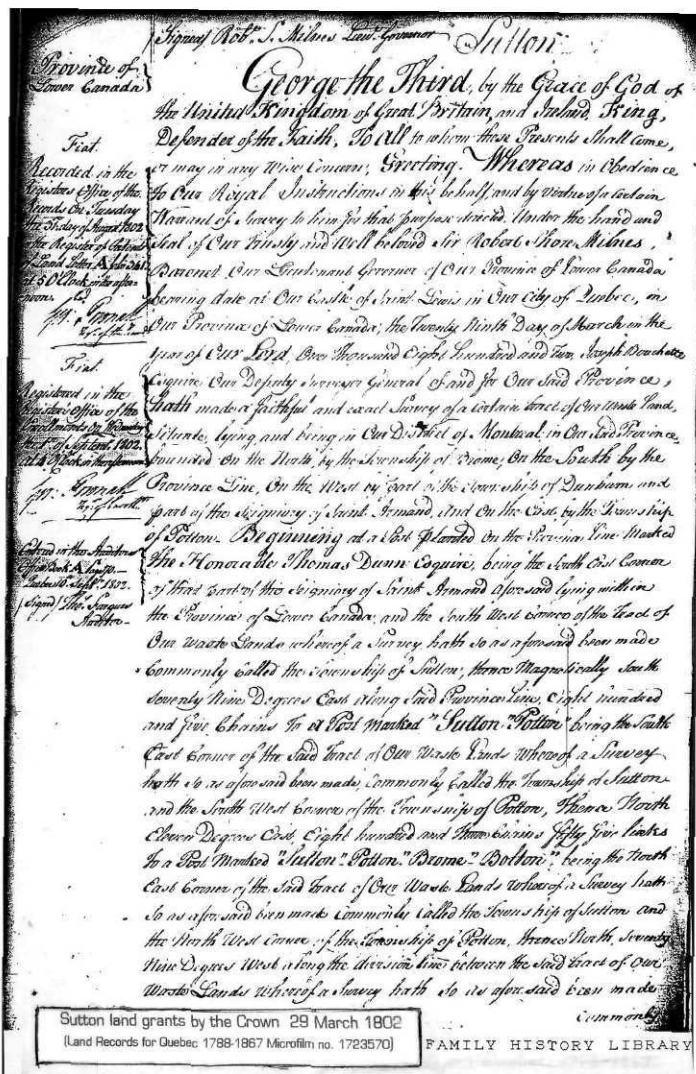


Figure 2: King George Land Grants (page 1)



all he could find were forests and rocky soil. Moses and John fared much better as they both ended up with over twelve hundred acres each and perhaps not so rocky, accorded by their more impassioned loyalties. The Eastern Townships had become, in a genealogical sense, an extension of New England lured by the prospect of free land grants and a better life:

A second steady wave of Loyalists numbering a few thousand would flow into Canada during the decade following the initial settlement. These settlers included those influenced by the Simcoe proclamation of 1792 which offered 200 acres of land to any male or female capable of improving and planting the land. In return the pioneer agreed to pay a minimal legal fee, swear allegiance to the King, clear five acres of land and build a road at the head of his or her lands.<sup>17</sup>

As Amos worked his acreage in Sutton, he must have wondered whether his choice of Canada had been a wise one. Clearing the land of virgin forests with an axe and an ox was a major undertaking. Besides, Amos's constant companions were "a most troublesome species of fly and myriads of mosquitoes."<sup>18</sup>

Amos apparently had a yearning to be aligned with the infant republic, now known as The United States of America. The nearby Lake Champlain was a lively source of trade between the Canadian provinces and the newly formed American states. There developed a drift of those who had settled in the Eastern Townships to return to this country, which declared a new concept of freedom for all men. Thus it was with Amos who uprooted his family once again, leaving Canada to his brothers and their families, and sailed down the Missisquoi Bay and into Lake Champlain. They docked at the town of Burlington in the fourteenth state of the Union, Vermont. In the 1810 Federal Census, Amos is found living in Burlington, Chittenden County, Vermont. Yet, Amos was apparently not through with Can-

ada as he doggedly petitioned once again for Crown lands in Dunham Township, Bedford County, Quebec, in April of 1811. On January 7, 1812, Amos leased land from the Crown in Dunham. Did he move back to Canada following his Vermont stay and then on to the Ohio frontier for the 1820 Census?

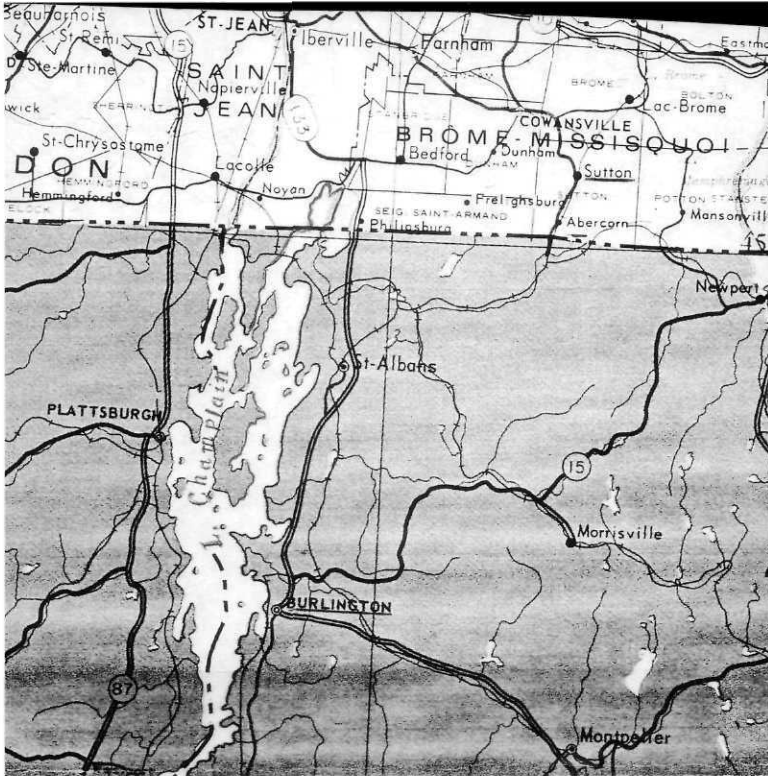


Figure 4: Sutton, Lake Champlain, Burlington, Vermont

The family history that has been circulated for these many decades skips the Canada/Vermont phase of the Amos Westover family odyssey and places them in Champaign County of Ohio directly from Sheffield, Massachusetts. The John and Moses Westover families remained in the Eastern Townships for several generations. There is a “Westover

Cemetery” located in Sutton where many of their descendants are buried.<sup>19</sup>

We must wonder why the imprecise birth dates and birth places of Amos and Ruth’s last three offspring: Amos Loomis Westover, born “*about 1796*” and “*of Champaign, Ohio*”; Alexander, born “*about 1798*” and “*of Champaign, Ohio*”; and Olive, born “*about 1800*” and “*of Champaign, Ohio*” as our family group sheet so vaguely states, while the first four children had explicit birth dates and places. Could it have been a cover-up to mask their Loyalist ties? Or perhaps life in the wilds of Canada or in the Ohio wilderness during those later years of the sojourn of the Westover family left little tendency for accurate record keeping. Thanks to Ann Beal Logan of Ontario, Canada, (who happens to be a descendant of our own Obadiah Beal) a significant notation in a Beal family Bible has been brought to light that has inscribed that Olive Westover Beal was “born in Canada on June 1, 1800.”<sup>20</sup> It may be readily assumed (but not proven) that Alexander and Amos Loomis were also born in Canada.

The 1820 Federal Census attests that Amos and his family had settled in Hartford Township, Licking County, Ohio, with a household of one male either sixteen or seventeen, one male and one female within the age range of eighteen to twenty-six, and two males in the twenty-six–to–forty-five age range. Another perplexing aspect of this family group sheet of which we are meticulously dissecting is that there were *thirteen* years of abstinence from child-bearing between the sons Levi and Amos Loomis. Reasoning would have us believe that it is highly unlikely that fifty-one-year-old Ruth continued to bear three more children following their 1810 abode in Vermont, if Ohio were truly the birth-place of the last three children.

The 1810 Vermont Federal Census shows only the name of the head of the household with simply statistics for the remainder of the family. The parenthetic notes reflect a poor attempt at guesswork, bearing in mind the tendency for multiple families living under one roof:

Free white males under 10 years . . . . .	3 ( unac- countable)
Free white males of 10 years to 16 . . . . .	1 (Amos Loomis 14 or Alexander 12)
Free white males of 16 years to 26 . . . . .	1 (Levi? age 26)
Free white males 45 and up . . . . .	1 (Amos Sr. age 57)
(Including heads of household)	
Free white females of 10 years and under 16. .1	(Olive age 10)
Free white females of 26 years and under 45. .1	(Hul- dah? age 29)
Free white females 45 and up . . . . .	1 (Ruth age 51)

To try to understand the discrepancies between our family group sheet and the above Federal Census of 1810 only results in a migraine. Abijah, Ambrus, Hulda, and Levi were all well into the age when they would be expected to be raising their own families. The family group sheet indicates no children under ten years in 1810; two males about twelve and fourteen, Amos Loomis and Alexander; and one female, Olive, about 10—close, but no cigar. Now that Olive’s birth date and place is determined by the Beal family Bible, hopefully some family historian will take up the torch and solve this mystery: where and when Amos Loomis and Alexander were born. By that time, quite likely the writer will be in a position to inquire of Amos and Ruth in person.

The tide of the War of Independence was finally turning in favor of the Colonists. A young Obadiah Beal had volunteered to serve in the Massachusetts militia as a contingent of the Continental Army.<sup>21</sup> As has been noted, during the early days of the war, enlistments were for very limited terms. Three Obadiah Beals from Massachusetts are listed



who served in the War of the Revolution.<sup>22</sup> One was a captain from Cohasset on the southeastern point of Boston Bay. The DAR Patriot Index confirms our Obadiah, who married Rebecca Moody, was indeed a private. A Private Obadiah Beal served from September 5, 1777, to November 29, 1777, “at the Northward.” (Our Obadiah, born November 9, 1760 or 61, hailed from a small village north of Boston, named Ipswich, a town at an inlet of the Atlantic Ocean.) The third Obadiah from Royalston (also given as New Boston) served from July 28, 1776, to November 30, 1776, and reenlisted January 1781 to December 1782. Interestingly, Royalston was also the birthplace of our Obadiah’s future bride, Rebecca Moody, as well as their place of marriage on September 25, 1787.<sup>23</sup>

In later years, John Quincey Adams made it clear why this newly found republic was different from those of the old world when asked by a German correspondent about the requirements for success in the New World. “They must cast off the European skin, never to resume it,” Adams proclaimed. “They must look forward to their posterity rather than backward to their ancestors.”<sup>24</sup> The Beal family were of that intent. Obadiah Beal, a seasoned twenty-seven-year-old, married Rebecca Moody, a twenty-one-year-old lass from Royalston, Worcester, Massachusetts, on February 25, 1787. Soon afterwards, the young couple was plodding their way to the wilds of Vermont to start a new life together. They lived in Windsor County, then in Bristol, Addison County, where their seventh child, Electa, was born on January 1, 1802. The last of eight children, Laura Adeline, was born almost five years later in the township of Berkshire, nestled against the Canadian border in the County of Franklin, Vermont. Sadly, as a small girl, Laura’s eye was accidentally pierced by a pair of scissors, leaving her sightless in that eye. Later, “in sympathy,” she lost the vision in the other eye as well, leaving her totally blind for the rest of her long life.



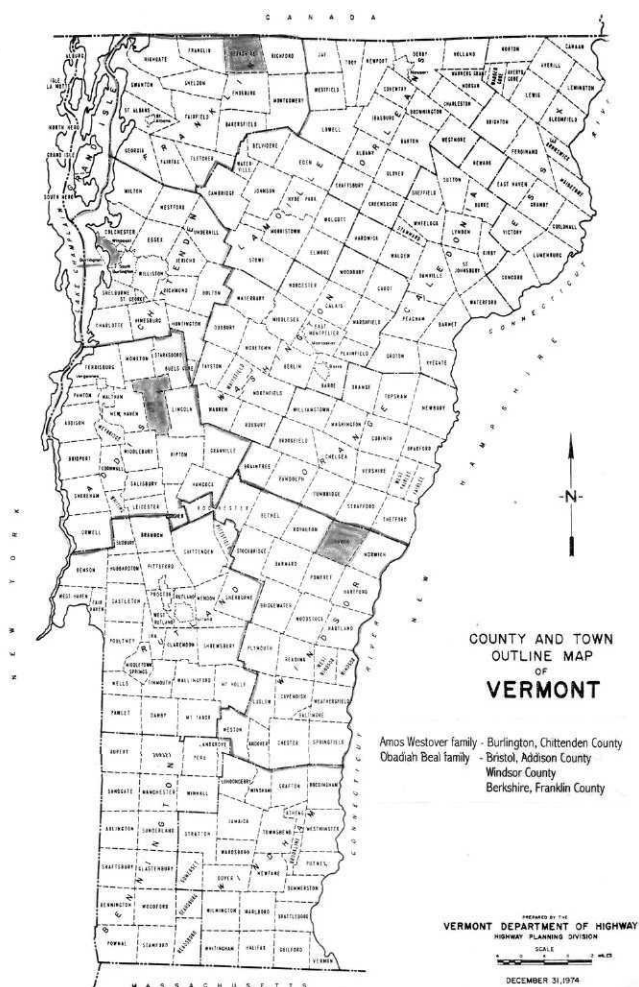


Figure 5: County and Town Outline Map of Vermont  
 (see figures below for expanded views of Bristol, Berkshire, and Burlington)

Asael Smith, the grandfather of the future latter-day prophet, Joseph Smith, Jr., was also a fellow resident with Obadiah of the town of Ipswich.<sup>25</sup> Asael was prominent in the civic affairs of the community. It is quite likely that the Smiths and Beals were acquainted with each other.

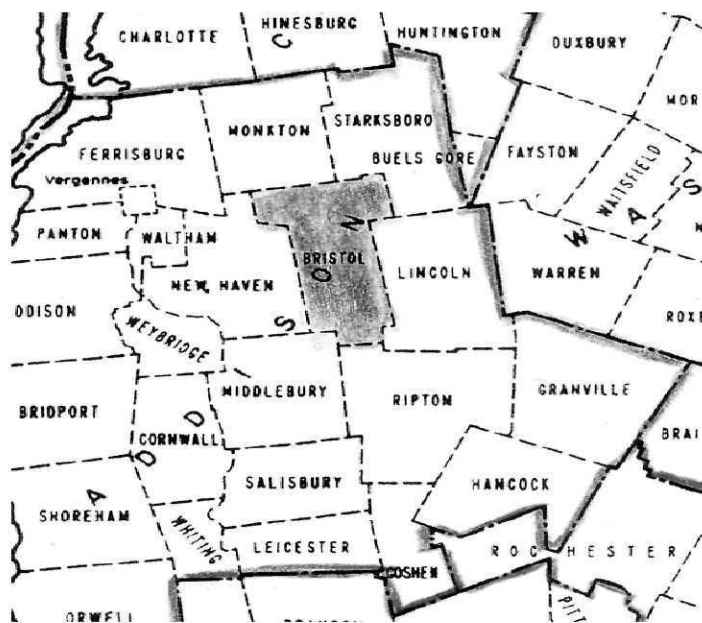


Figure 6: Bristol, home of the Obadiah Beal Family

The day came when both families decided that a brighter future lay in the newly admitted state of Vermont. Consequently, each family migrated there following the War of Independence. The Smiths settled in South Turnbridge in 1791. Asael's son, Joseph Smith (Sr.), and Joseph's wife, Lucy Mack, were trying to farm out a living in the same area as the Beals. When the Joseph Smith family was living in the township of Sharon in this same county of Windsor, Vermont, where the Beals had recently lived, Lucy gave birth to a baby boy on December 23, 1805. They named their third son Joseph Jr., after his father.

The cold and drought eventually forced the Beals, the Smiths, and probably the Westovers as well, along with scores of other families, to move from the state. Late frosts in June caused the Vermonters to lament that the year 1816 came supplied with two winters.<sup>26</sup>

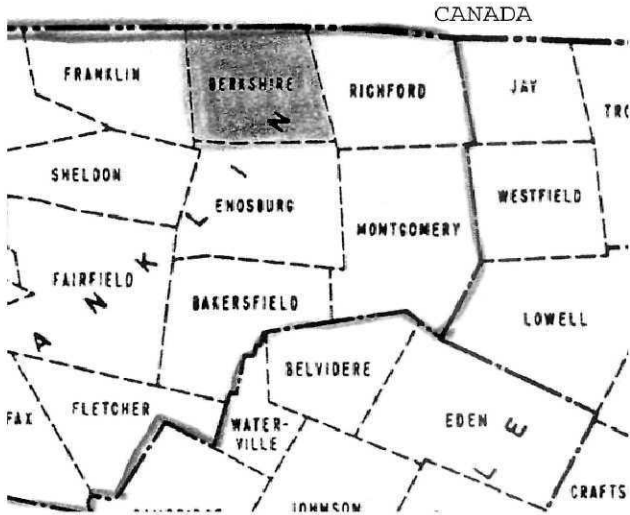


Figure 7: Berkshire, home of the Obadiah Beal Family

On moving south, Obadiah bought thirty-five acres of land on Treacle Creek in Goshen, Champaign County, Ohio, for \$80.00.



Figure 8: Burlington, home of the Amos Westover Family

Obadiah filed a will in Champaign County on November 5, 1822 which stated

In the name of God. Amen. Obadiah Beal of Champaign County in the State of Ohio, being sick and weak in body but of sound mind considering the certainty of death and uncertainty of the time, thereof and

being —— [illegible in original] to settle any worldly affairs, and thereby be the better prepared to leave this world when it shall please Almighty God to call me thence, do therefore make my last will and testament. I do give and bequeth to my son Daniel M. Beal all my personal and real estate. The said Daniel M. Beal is to give my wife Rebecca Beal, comfortable support through her life, and give my daughter Corry Beal a support through life also. Each other one dollar apiece.

/S/ Obadiah Beal

Witnessed: Jesfe S. Bates, Ebenezar Culver, James Douglafs

November the 5th 1822. A true record of the original notes of Obadiah Beal dece'd as proven in open Court by two of the subscribing witnessfses and ordered to be recorded. Attest John C. Pearson

Our family record states that Obadiah died September 11, 1832.

In the Probate Records of Franklin County, Ohio, dated March 31, 1846, Laura A. Beal was named as beneficiary and son-in-law Alanson Perry as executor, witnessed by William Chaplin and Elizabeth Chaplin of Franklin County. The will was signed July 26, 1845.<sup>27</sup> Rebecca died December 31, 1844, according to the family group sheet.

## II

---

# The Westovers of Ohio

ON FEBRUARY 13, 1823, ELECTA BEAL married Alexander Westover, a resident of the twenty-year-old Buckeye state, as previously noted. Eight months following Electa and Alexander's marriage, in a turnabout, Electa's brother, Daniel, married Alexander's younger sister, Olive.

Electa and Alexander's firstborn arrived on August 27, 1824, in Perry, Franklin County, Ohio, to whom they gave the name Edwin Ruthven. Two years later, while still living in Perry, their second son, Albert, was born, but he died in infancy. From Perry, the Westover family moved to Licking Valley in Muskingum County, hoping to improve their circumstances. The valley was so named due to the abundance of salt lick along the river, also named Licking.<sup>1</sup> It was there that another son was born on November 25, 1827, named Charles Beal Westover. Not long afterwards, Alexander and Electa and their two sons moved back to Franklin County. Their fourth son, Oscar Fitzland, entered the world in Franklin County on November 27, 1829, two days after his brother Charles's second birthday.

Alexander and Electa leased a piece of timberland in Goshen Township, Champaign County, Ohio.<sup>2</sup> The Westovers were off to Goshen again with renewed hopes for the future. Electa's parents, Obadiah and Rebecca, were still living in Goshen with their blind daughter, Laura.



Figure 9: Westover residences in Ohio

When Alexander and Electa and the three boys arrived, it was a joyful reunion for the Beal family. Electa's three married sisters, Polly, Sally, and Ann, as well as her brother, Daniel, and his wife, Olive, were also living in close proximity. The families enjoyed the support of one another.

Despite his failing health, Alexander built a small log home in a clearing on their land. Following an extended illness, Alexander died on March 12, 1834, leaving the young indigent family grief-stricken. The boys were only nine, six, and four years old. Before he passed away, Alexander described to his family a dream he had in which he saw people being baptized by immersion in something similar to a "tan vat." Their father's dream turned out to

have a special significance later in Edwin and Charles's lives.

Alexander's death left the Westover family devastated. Electa tried to keep her family together for a time, but finally had to give it up. She arranged for her three sons to each live with various families in exchange for the labor that the boys were able to provide. Edwin was sent to live with a family near Springfield in Clark County. Oscar lived with Electa's sister, Aunt Hannah Brown. Seven-year-old Charles ended up with Grandmother Beal for one winter and one summer. Then one day a man on horseback came and took young Charles to his home, ten miles away. As the stranger pulled little Charles on to the back of the saddle, the boy sensed that his life was going to take another turn for the worse. Tears filled his eyes as the lad waved farewell to his widowed Grandmother Beal. Rebecca watched her small grandson disappear around the bend of the road as an uneasy feeling stirred within her bosom.

Rebecca's concerns seem justified as years later Charles recorded this unhappy experience:

When I went with that man my troubles began. He had a wife but no children. Their name was Osborne. They worked me early and late. He and his wife seemed to take delight in thrashing me. They would send me upstairs to bed without supper. I would look down through a crack and watch them eating which made me feel very hungry.

Throughout his years on earth, Charles never asked for much out of life, and that seemed about his allotment. More than a year passed before Electa learned that Charles was being ill-treated at the Osbornes. Electa was outraged! She had trusted them with the welfare of her small son. She did not know what she was going to do with that boy, but she knew that Charles was not going to stay there another night with the Osbornes. She hitched up the team and off she flew

in a flurry of dust to fetch her mistreated son.

It was not long before Electa was able to place Charles with a family by the name of Savage who lived close to her sister, Hannah. That gave Electa some comfort. This made it possible for Oscar and Charles to see each other on occasion. Hannah had good words to say about the old gent. Mr. Savage was a tanner and a currier which gave Charles an opportunity to learn some useful skills in the technique of preparing animal hides. The son, Gypson, and his wife lived with the elder Mr. Savage in the same household. Charles recorded in his history that he “was in charge of young Gypson and his wife.” Charles’s perception of the scope of his authority must have been misconstrued because in reading Charles’s account further, one gets the distinct impression that Charles responded, willingly or unwillingly, to the directions of the young Mr. and Mrs. Savage. Gypson was kind to their young subservient, but according to Charles, “his wife was a tarter. I did not like her and was saucy to her and did not always mind her, unless I was obliged to, and that was against me.”

Charles must have been obliged to obey the young Mrs. Savage more than his nature was inclined because he stayed with the Savages for several months. Mrs. Savage certainly lived up to her name, as far as Charles was concerned. “The woman was cross and unkind to me—this made me worse than I otherwise would have been.”

Charles confessed that while living at the Savages he became infected with the “itch,” as well as a healthy dose of lice. It would seem to a layman’s mind that the itch and lice would go hand in hand. His body from his knees to his hips was a solid scab. Perhaps at the invitation of the Savages, or through his own desperation, Charles returned home to his mother’s loving care to find relief from this abominable affliction. It took several weeks before Electa was able to bring her son’s vexation under control through medication and a frequent combing of his hair. He then returned to the Savages free of lice and itch, but not of Mrs. Savage’s



contempt.

In spite of his improved hygienics, Charles's relationship with Mrs. Savage did not seem to improve. The time came when Mrs. Savage finally prevailed upon her husband to go to Mrs. Westover and ask her to find another place for her son. Partly due to Charles's independent nature, finding a home for him became a very frustrating challenge for Mother Electa.

From the Savage's home, Charles next stayed with a widow by the name of Tudger and her two grown children. Here, again, the situation was far from ideal. Charles was worked hard and remained under-clothed. Although he grew very fond of the good widow, her son, Peter, was difficult to work for. Charles managed to suppress his frustrations for the most part at Peter's demands; consequently, life became somewhat tolerable for this growing boy. There was cloth in the house that Mrs. Tudger had spun and woven and had sent to the factory to be colored, foiled, and dressed. She had promised to make this cloth into a suit for young Charles, but Peter would not allow it. Yet Charles remained with the widow Tudger until he was fourteen years of age.

While living with the Tudgers, Charles fell victim to an acute case of the measles. The measles epidemic had taken several lives in the area, including that of his cousin, Fedora. It was not long after Charles became sick that Electa once again took her son home with her to nurse him back to health. While recuperating from the effects of the disease, a Mr. Lapham came to see him. "He knew my condition—that I was overworked and scantily clothed." Mr. Lapham made a bargain with Charles. He was to work for nine months for him at \$4.50 a month. This was somewhat under the prevailing wage of \$10 for farm hands, but Charles was impressed with the kind demeanor of Mr. Lapham, so they sealed their agreement with a handshake. His wages were to be paid in clothing.

Soon after going to work for Mr. Lapham, Charles

suffered a relapse of the measles with complications of pleurisy, which brought him close to death's door. He ran a violent fever and had an excruciating pain in his side. An old retired physician, Dr. Tenney, gave what Charles described as "an old-fashioned sweat. He used boiled corn on the cob around me. After the fever broke he gave me calomel." Charles survived because of, or in spite of, the corn cob treatment. He felt that his life was preserved by the Lord and gave the corn cob remedy little credit.

Finally, finding peace and a sense of security in the Lapham home, Charles developed a sense of loyalty to his new employer. Mr. Lapham had taken a fatherly interest in the young lad. Charles's brothers, Edwin and Oscar, also worked for Mr. Lapham during the summers. Charles remained with the Laphams for five years.

While working for Mr. Lapham, nineteen-year-old Edwin married Sarah Sophia Darrow on February 11, 1844. A son was born to them on April 2, 1845, whom they named Edwin Lycurgus (LĪ-KUR-jus). Tragedy struck the young family three months later. On July 31, 1845, Sarah died, leaving the baby in the care of his grandmother, Electa. Sarah was buried in the Hazel Cemetery in Goshen Township, Champaign County.

During the summer of 1844, two Mormon missionaries, Jackson Goodale and Wakefield Howe, began preaching in the vicinity around the Scioto River near Columbus, Ohio. Aunt Hannah and her daughter Adeline were living in Franklin County in the area where the Mormon elders were proselyting. Upon listening to the message of Elders Goodale and Howe, Hannah and Adeline became converted and were baptized. Charles also had the occasion to listen to the elders preach and made it a point to carefully study the scriptures that were quoted, looking for errors in their claims. Charles was very prejudiced against the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints at this time and was disturbed when told that his aunt and cousin had accepted

baptism, convinced that they had been misled by the Mormons.

Upon Hannah's urging, Elders Goodale and Howe traveled to Champaign County to bring the message of the Restored Gospel to Electa and her other sisters: Polly Griswald, Sally Perry, and Ann Baker. The missionaries arrived on the last day of school. Traditionally, a spelling bee had been planned for that evening as a fitting climax to the school term. Surprisingly, the bee was canceled in favor of the elders preaching, as the schoolhouse was the only place to accommodate the event. Grudgingly perhaps, but likely due to his mother's persuasion, Charles gathered wood from the surrounding forest, chopped it up, and built a fire in the schoolhouse stove. By the time the people arrived for the meeting, Charles had the schoolhouse warm and comfortable. "The house was jammed full," Charles exclaimed.

Electa and her sons felt the spirit that radiated from these two humble missionaries. After listening to Elder Goodale preach, Charles's prejudices against the Mormons had vanished. He expressed his emotions of this singular experience that was to change the course of his life:

Such a sermon as we heard that night I never heard before. That night with all my prejudices, I was converted to the truth of Mormonism. I tell you all who read this sketch that Elder [Goodale] was most powerful and that he was filled of the Holy Spirit. His words pierced you through and through.

There is an incongruity in the time sequence as described by Charles in his history. The impression is given in Charles's history that Electa was baptized soon after the meeting. However, Electa's baptism is recorded as taking place on August 19, 1845. But Charles's conversion at the meeting took place *before* the martyrdom of the prophet, which occurred on June 27, 1844, unless Charles's memory was a bit faulty when he recorded the event several years

later. We have to place our trust in the record asserting that Electa was indeed baptized in 1845 and that Elder Howe both baptized and confirmed her as the first Westover to have joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Edwin entered the waters of baptism three weeks after his mother on September 13, 1845, shortly after burying his young wife, Sarah. Yet, Charles did not commit to baptism following the meeting, in spite of the conversion of the other members of his family to this new faith. He felt in his heart that the words spoken by Elder Goodale were true; the Mormon elder spoke with power and authority. But Charles was a serious and deliberate person: he wanted to ponder over these amazing claims before committing himself to baptism. He felt that sometime in the not-too-distant future, he would have to travel to Illinois to see and learn about this Mormon religion for himself.

Charles had learned the meaning of work many years earlier. Now at seventeen, he was wiry and strong. A restlessness began stirring inside of him. He wanted to do something with his life besides being a farmhand working for others. But what to do, he was not sure. It was at this period of his life that Charles decided to learn the carpenter trade. He was eighteen years old, and he felt a need to develop a skill which would assure him a respectable living. He agreed to work for a Mr. Sessions at Woodstock, Ohio, for three years for his board and clothes in return for his services as an apprentice carpenter. It was also agreed that Charles would be allowed to attend school for three months of each year. During that time he was to work nights and mornings. Charles later confessed,

My schooling did me little good as my teacher, a Mr. Joseph Smith, a little dark-complexioned highly educated man, spent all his time with a few advanced pupils.

As fate would have it, Mr. Sessions died before the first year was out. Back to the Laphams went Charles, where he

spent the next two summers molding brick. While he seemed to have a very unstable youth, having lived with a several different families and employers, Charles was receiving training that would prove invaluable later in helping to build the Lord's kingdom, such as farming, tanning, carpentry, and now masonry.

But Charles still could not get Elder Goodale, and those incredible claims, out of his mind. "God has shown himself to a fourteen year old boy! And God has restored his true Church upon the earth?" were thoughts that consistently distilled through his mind. These concepts seemed inconceivable, but gradually the troubling thoughts changed to enthusiasm and a new hope. He studied the scriptures, and even defended Mormonism when hostile accusations were made in his presence against this newly revealed faith.

News of the murder of the Prophet Joseph Smith soon after Charles's conversion came as a shock to the boy. Now what was to happen to this fledgling church without their prophet? A depression settled over Charles as he went about his work in a perfunctory manner in Lampham's brickyard. A strong feeling within his heart had only recently dispelled all doubts concerning the truth of Mormonism. Suddenly, his future had become strangely clouded.

A few years later, in February of 1848, Charles and Oscar traveled together thirty miles east to Franklin County to attend Edwin's second wedding ceremony. Edwin realized that his mother could not attend to his small son, Lycurgus, indefinitely. Besides, he had fallen in love with a pretty, young lass, Sarah Jane Burwell. The fact that she had just turned fifteen on January 29 and bore the same given name as Edwin's first wife was no deterrent. They were married on February 10, 1848. In keeping with the accepted practice of the time, the newlyweds, along with Electa and little Lycurgus (it is questionable if the accepted practice also included the mother-in-law and step-son), moved in with the bride's mother and step-father, Mr. and Mrs. Morse, also recent converts to Mormonism.

During Charles and Oscar's visit with their mother and older brother, a conference of the Saints was held fifteen miles north at the home of Electa's sister, Hannah Beal Kempton. Mr. Morse's son, Gilbert, was present. Gilbert Morse had recently arrived after being driven from his home in Nauvoo, Illinois. He was anxious to persuade his father to sell out and accompany the Saints on their pending journey west. Charles continues his account of this conference as follows:

At those meetings I saw the power of the Lord manifested to a great degree. Brother Sevey [who later married Hannah's daughter, Adeline] arose and walked the floor and sang psalms or songs. His face fairly shone. A number of people spoke in tongues.

Oscar was also convinced of the truth of Mormonism as a result of his attendance at this conference. His enthusiasm even prompted him to promise his mother that he would go west with them as their plans to do so now began to be formulated. But when he returned home, Oscar's convictions of these truths seemed to fade as he was influenced by the popular anti-Mormon sentiment of his companions at work. As for Charles, he knew that the time was ripe to search out this Mormon Zion. If he were to be baptized, Elder Goodale was the one to do it.

Two months later, in April of 1848, Electa with her two sons, Charles and Edwin, and the latter's bride, Sarah Jane, and three-year-old Edwin Lycurgus set off for the Saints' gathering place in the proximity of Council Bluffs on the Missouri River. Also in the company were Aunt Hannah and her second husband, John Kempton, and her daughter, Adeline, Sarah Jane's mother and step-father, Sarah and William A. Morse, Gilbert Morse, Aaron Sceva, and James Bay (a cousin of Edwin's first wife, Sarah Darrow), as well as several other converts.

Often, historians view the great migration of the Mormon pioneers as merely an escape from persecution.

But this was not the motivation of the Westover family and the company of converts with whom they were associated. They felt themselves called out of the world to go to Zion. The time of the harvest had come when the wheat was to be gathered from the tares. The missionaries had quoted from the scriptures, "Go ye out from Babylon. Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord."<sup>3</sup> They were to gather to Zion for "a refuge from the storm" that would soon be poured out upon the whole earth.<sup>4</sup> They would gather in one place "to prepare their hearts and be prepared in all things" for the second coming of the Lord.<sup>5</sup> This Electa believed; her faith was undaunted.

The group of converts met at the Kemptons in Franklin County, then together they traveled by wagon to Urbana in Champaign County, about thirty miles distant.<sup>6</sup> In Urbana, they boarded railroad cars that transported them on recently laid tracks for almost a hundred miles until they arrived at a port city on the banks of the Ohio River, probably Cincinnati, which was a major trading center, known then as the meat-packing center of the nation. From this point, the journey would be by riverboat on the Ohio River.

The waters of the Ohio were swollen by the winter snow melt, although there seemed to be no danger of ice floes now. Frequent stops were made at the several ports along the river to load and discharge cargo and passengers. At Louisville, Kentucky, they watched the slaves load the huge bales of cotton on board the steamer to take them down river to the cotton mills.

Day after day, they listened to the rhythm of the paddles and the frequent blasts of the ship's horn. The river teemed with life as boats and rafts of all sizes and shapes plowed endlessly through the murky waters. Life on the river seemed to be a world apart from the peaceful farmlands of Ohio. The river widened where the Wabash flowed into the Ohio. At the confluence of the Ohio and the Mississippi Rivers, the steamboat changed its westerly course and the paddles began laboring against the upstream current of the

mighty Mississippi as the bow pointed north towards St. Louis.

Before the city of St. Louis came into view, the passengers could see the layer of black smoke that hung over the northern horizon. Soon, smokestacks could be seen rising from the foundries and mills of the burgeoning city. Steamboats of every description lined the docks. Charles had never seen so many boats and so much activity. He was beginning to think maybe he had made a mistake to start on this adventure into this strange country. His group had sailed six hundred and ninety-one miles from Cincinnati to St. Louis, and they still had six hundred and thirty-one miles to sail on the Missouri to their destination at Council Bluffs.<sup>7</sup> A sailor's life was not for Charles. He felt more at home behind a plow and an oxen's hind quarters.

St. Louis was alive with commerce. The company of Saints disembarked into the swarm of humanity, horses, oxen, wagons, cursings, and mud. As they set foot on land, a couple of strangers hailed them. They turned out to be acquaintances of Gilbert Morse, and they requested the group to follow them to the next stage of their journey. They slowly made their way along the waterfront until they arrived at another dock that was bristling with activity. Tied to the dock's pilings was a large steamboat bobbing lazily in the current. The gold-leaf lettering on the side of the bridge identified it as the *Mandon*.<sup>8</sup>

The Ohio Saints boarded the big side-wheeler for their upstream journey on the Missouri River, the third river to take them on their cross-country migration. Captain Beers was the skipper of the steamer.<sup>9</sup> Already settled on board was a large group of Latter-day Saint converts. Now the company of Saints aboard the *Mandon* numbered 108. Their leader was Ezra T. Benson, a large, distinguished-looking man whom two years previously had been ordained an apostle of the Lord.





Figure 10: Ezra Taft Benson

Accompanying Elder Benson were Apostle Amasa Lyman, and two future apostles, Erastus Snow and Mathias Cowley.<sup>10</sup> The Westovers were certainly in good company. These brethren were returning to Winter Quarters from their “begging missions” to the East in an effort to relieve the Saints in their destitute state and to gather funds to enable them to reach their home in the Rocky Mountains.<sup>11</sup> Out of desperation, over one hundred brethren had been sent out to solicit help in November 1847, for as Brigham Young admitted, “The operations of the church are paralysed with poverty.” They had chartered the *Mandon* to transport the hundred or more Saints and about fifty tons of goods from St. Louis to Winter Quarters.<sup>12</sup>

On April 11, 1848, the steamer sailed from St. Louis bound for Council Bluffs, Iowa. The Missouri River was difficult to navigate due to the heavy amount of silt washing down, causing the river bed to shift, thus resulting in uncharted sand bars. The life span of the average steamboat on the Missouri was short, and hundreds sank.

Many succumbed to fire and burst boilers, but the majority fell victim to submerged “snags,” which punched holes in the hulls of unsuspecting ships like deadly rams.<sup>13</sup>

Of all the Western rivers, the Missouri was probably the most treacherous. “Every voyage was an adventure and every pilot a gambler,” wrote historian Louis C. Hunter.<sup>14</sup> After five days and one hundred forty miles sailing up the Missouri River, the *Mandon* fell victim to the Missouri’s treachery near Covington by striking a submerged rock, rendering the boat unsafe for sailing. Captain Beers told the passengers that he would go no further until his boat was repaired. The steamer was forced to return to port for repairs after leaving the passengers ashore. The company pitched their tents on the bank of the Missouri, where they remained for twelve days. Elder Lyman accompanied the boat and crew to ensure her officers complied with the contract and return for their stranded passengers. The men on shore had a chance to work in order to obtain much needed provisions during the extended layover.<sup>15</sup>

On April 29, after the long delay, the *Mandon* was once more plowing through the waters of the Missouri, her passengers and cargo secured. They had traversed the entire midsection of the state of Missouri as they steamed past the site of Independence. On the port side lay Jackson County and on the starboard, Clay County. There were a few in the company of Saints on board who had endured the Missouri persecutions and Governor Boggs’s infamous Extermination Order of members of the Mormon Church. Some had sought refuge in settlements across the river from Independence. While steaming past, many of the Saints aboard could not contain their emotions and tears welled up in their eyes. These landmarks, such as the hovels the Saints had dug in the bluffs along the river, brought vivid memories of the time they were driven from their homes in Jackson County into the November coldness of 1833. Even those aboard who had not experienced the atrocities of Missouri were aware of the savage barbarity and mobocracy

suffered by the members of the Church in Jackson, Clay, Caldwell, and Davies Counties. Electa surely felt a surge of compassion for those in the company who had endured the mob brutality of Missouri.

The *Mandon* docked at the busy river port of Kansas City.<sup>16</sup> The second half of their voyage on the Missouri River lay before them, now on a northerly course. The following morning, the huge side-paddles were once again churning against the current of the Mighty Missouri.

About sundown on April 28, their riverboat finally docked on the eastern banks of the Missouri River in the vicinity known as “The Bluffs.” The Journal History notes that on their arrival the morning was cool with the wind blowing in from the north. Mud was everywhere after the previous night’s downpour. After disembarking, the company of Saints ferried across the Missouri River to Winter Quarters, where they spent the next ten days preparing for the long journey across the plains.<sup>17</sup>

Upon arrival at Winter Quarters, across the river from Council Bluffs, Charles was beginning once again to have doubts about his decision to join with these Mormons on their trek west. He had searched the camps at Council Bluffs in an unsuccessful effort to find Elder Goodale.<sup>18</sup> Now Charles hoped to find some trace of the elder on the Nebraska Territory side of the Missouri River. The thought of finding himself fifteen hundred miles from his old home in Ohio, stranded in a strange land among an even stranger people, was beginning to give Charles an uneasy feeling.

Hundreds of log cabins lined the muddy streets with no distinction as to one’s social or economic status.<sup>19</sup> The layout of Winter Quarters looked more like a permanent settlement with its forty-one blocks surveyed in an orderly fashion and all the buildings evenly spaced with wide streets. Certainly this enormous undertaking to create a city from virgin land in the space of nine or ten weeks was a task that well prepared the Saints to survive in their future Rocky Mountain home.

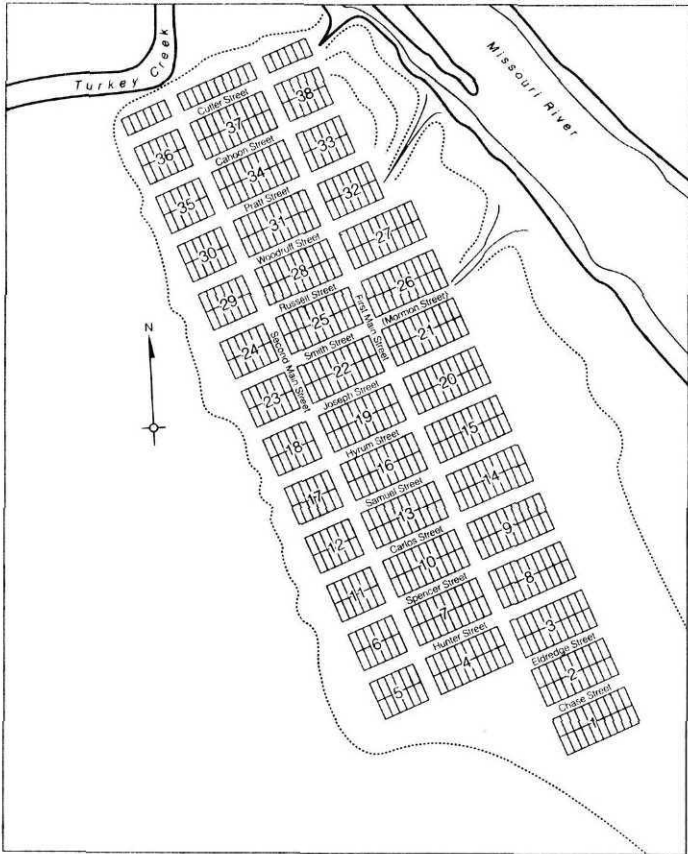


Figure 11: Plat of Winter Quarters

It seemed curious to Charles that this was merely a stopping-off place in the Saints's westward migration. Pawnee Indians swarmed throughout the settlement, trading robes and moccasins for corn and other items of interest. Everywhere Charles looked, he noticed men and women busy working on wagons, sewing or preparing and storing food. Even the children seemed to be occupied with one task or another. A sense of urgency filled the air. Although Winter Quarters was a city of logs and mud, there was an inner strength that gave purpose and hope to this destitute

people. A Mr. Bancroft, a non-Mormon historian of no small fame and who lived and wrote as a contemporary of these events, related the following:

With cheerfulness and courage, they adapted themselves to their many vicissitudes, their faith in their religion never swerving, and supported by it to a patient endurance beyond human strength. Most of them had exchanged their household treasures and personal effects, even to their table and bed furniture, for stores of maize or flour, which with milk were their only articles of diet. As evening approached, the tinkling of cattle bells announced the return of the men, when women went forth to meet them, and welcome them back to their log hut and frugal meal. Then a little later all sounds were hushed, save that on the still night arose the strains of the evening hymn and the murmur of the evening prayer, the day closing, as it had commenced, with a supplication for the blessing of the Almighty, and with heartfelt thanksgiving that he had been pleased to deliver his people from the hands of their persecutors.<sup>20</sup>

As the day wore on and his inquiries seeming more and more futile, Charles discovered that he had strayed near a graveyard on a hillside, dotted with a sea of markers of Saints who had made the supreme sacrifice for their faith.<sup>21</sup> Instinctively, Charles began wandering among the myriad of headboards and stone markers, although most grave sites were identified only by mounds of dirt. Perhaps Charles thought that his search for Elder Goodale might end there. The sun faded behind the western horizon while stars began to dominate the graying skies.

Charles was beginning to feel the despair of loneliness, confused as to where fate was leading him. He could not decide if he should return to his old home grounds in Ohio or cast his lot with the Mormons. He had no money and no prospect of getting provisions for the long trek to the Rocky Mountains. East or west, the future looked bleak. Before he was fully aware of what he was doing, he had fallen to his

knees, depressed in spirit, and began pouring out the longings of his heart to his Maker. Charles's prayer gradually took on the form of a heartfelt plea. He wanted to know—he needed to know—what direction the Lord wanted him to go.

As he opened his eyes, his face was towards the west. He noticed a star moving slowly toward the western horizon until it sank out of sight. Charles remained transfixed, staring into the blackness of the heavens. Finally, he arose with a sense of peace filling his soul. He had his prayer answered just as surely as though he had heard a voice from heaven. He knew now what he was to do. "With a strong feeling I took it to be a sign that I was to go west with the Saints," Charles affirmed in his later writings.<sup>22</sup> A surge of profound relief drained his body of the anxieties that had been building up within him until a few moments before. Charles now understood where his future lay.

The next morning, with a new determination, Charles went about the task of finding someone who could use the services of a strong, hard-working, young convert. He was informed of one who needed a wagon driver for the journey to the Rockies, a man by the name of Erastus Snow. Ah yes, Charles was acquainted with Elder Snow from their voyage on the *Mandon* of the past few weeks. Now there was a man Charles felt that he could follow to the Rocky Mountains, the good Lord willing.

Charles found Brother Snow in his corral working on a wagon. Charged with a feeling of optimism, Charles greeted Elder Snow with a cheery hello. Erastus looked up and, with a warm smile, extended his hand to the young fellow traveler. After Charles explained the purpose of his visit, a frown formed on Erastus's brow. "I'm sorry, Charles, but I have already hired Will Hamblin for the job." Charles's hopes were crushed. He was sure that this was what the Lord had in mind for him. He shrugged his shoulders and slowly turned to walk away. Brother Snow suddenly called him back. Erastus started shooting questions at young

Westover. Where was he from? What experience did he have in driving ox teams? Could he repair wagons, such as fixing on bows and projections on boxes? Why, sure! Charles had worked behind oxen almost all his young life. And a wagon box was no trouble for him with his experience in the carpentry trade.

The Lord surely had heard that boy's lonely prayer of the past night, because, right then and there, Brother Snow put Charles to work fixing a wagon. Erastus became convinced that this twenty year old was indeed capable of handling his wagon and team. Charles's account reveals his delight at this new opportunity: "It was a beautiful team to drive—a yoke of large stags on the tongue, a yoke of cows and a yoke of yearling heifers on the lead."<sup>23</sup>

Before leaving for the west, Charles asked to be baptized into this peculiar new faith at the hands of his newly found mentor, Erastus Snow. The Missouri River was only a stone's throw away, quite suitable for cleansing both body and soul of this young Westover lad. And that is where Charles's life took on a new meaning and purpose. William Snow, Erastus's older brother, confirmed Charles.<sup>24</sup> The date was May 17, 1848.<sup>25</sup>

A day's journey out of Winter Quarters, while they were camped near the ferry at the Elkhorn River awaiting the assembling of Brigham Young's company, Charles spied a comely young lass as she was helping her father yoke his oxen and cows. "She just took my fancy," he later wrote. Young Charles kept stealing glances at his phantom of delight at every opportunity as the sparks of true love started to flicker within his breast. It took only a week to find out that she was Eliza Ann Haven, daughter of Captain John Haven. But she was much too sophisticated and lovely to give her attention to such a common country-bred lad as he, Charles reasoned. "I managed to get acquainted with her; I hardly knew how, for as rough as I was then, I was very timid."<sup>26</sup>





### III

---

## The Havens of Massachusetts

ELIZA, INDEED, WAS A SPECIAL SPIRIT and quite properly bred at that. Her father, John Haven, had served forty years as a deacon in the First Congregational Church in Holliston, Massachusetts, as had her grandfather, Jesse Haven.<sup>1</sup> The Congregational Church was a state-sponsored religion that was supported by taxation of the people until a popular vote in 1833 made all religious groups “both self-governing and self-supporting.” Jesse was a patriot in the Revolutionary War, serving as a lieutenant in Captain Stone’s company when they made a ten-day march on the alarm of April 19, 1775 to Roxbury.<sup>2</sup> His son, John Haven, later carried the rank of captain, perhaps in the Massachusetts state militia, some years following the War of Independence.<sup>3</sup>

The original American of the Haven lineage was Richard Haven, who was born in west England in 1620. He and his wife, Susanna Newhall, were also of Puritan stock, having emigrated to America as newlyweds in 1645 and settled in Lynn, Massachusetts. Unlike Jonas Westover, Richard and Susanna arrived in America, not as indentured servants in bondage to the shipping companies in payment of their passage, but as freemen.<sup>4</sup> Richard served under Captain Samuel Brocklebank in the King Phillip’s War as a sergeant.

His military service extended from February 24, 1676 to a later date in 1677.

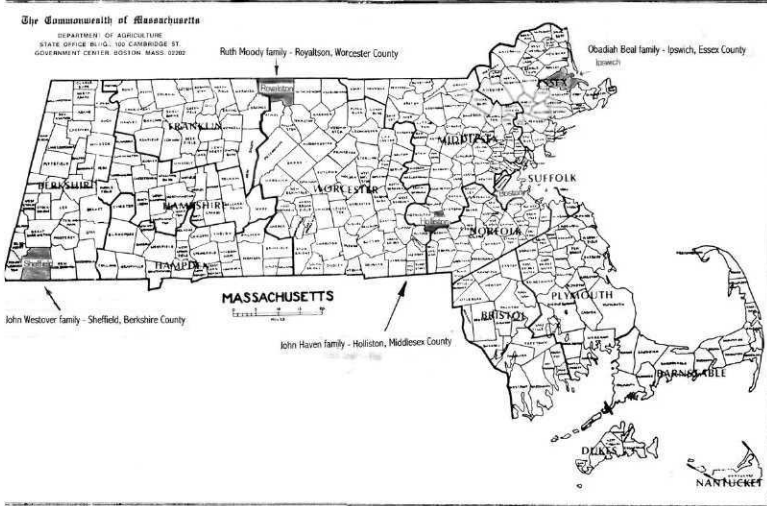


Figure 12: Massachusetts

Six generations of Havens had made Massachusetts their home. Among the fairer sex of the Haven lineage appear such interesting names as “Experience,” “Comfort,” “Prudence,” “Wealthy,” and “Relief.” All the children of Jesse Haven and Catherine Marsh had been born on the family farm in Holliston, including John, whose birth was recorded as March 9, 1774. After Jesse’s death on December 28, 1813, John continued to run the farm where all his children were born and raised. John Haven was a well-respected tiller of the soil. He had a good education and also had taught in the district school for several winters.<sup>5</sup> A daughter, Elizabeth, wrote in later years of her father,

My Father was a very religious man, and labored hard to impress on the minds of his children, faith in God as a guide to their lives.<sup>6</sup>

Eliza Ann Haven was born in Holliston on May 15, 1829. That same day, another momentous event unfolded less than three hundred miles from Holliston: an angelic visitation of John the Baptist to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery took place near the bank of the Susquehanna River in Harmony, Pennsylvania, where the heavenly messenger bestowed upon Joseph and Oliver the keys of the Aaronic Priesthood. The significance of this event touched Eliza Ann's life some thirteen years later.

Eliza Ann described the family farm in Holliston, which had been the home of four generations of Havens:

Grandpa owned a big farm, farming land, lots of timberland, and all kinds of fruit and berries. He generally kept ten cows, made lots of cheese and butter to sell. He did all his farm work with oxen. The snow in the winter was generally four feet deep.<sup>7</sup>

John Haven's father, Jesse, turned up on the 1771 tax rolls as having accumulated the following wealth on this same farm:<sup>8</sup>

Annual worth of the whole Real Estate .....	£2-6s-8d
Cattle .....	4
Goats and sheep .....	3
Swine .....	2
Acres of pasture .....	10
Cows pasture will keep .....	3
Acres of tillage .....	15
Bushels of grain produced per year .....	30
Barrels of cider produced per year .....	5
Acres of English and upland mowing land .....	4
Tons of English and upland hay per year .....	2
Acres of fresh meadow .....	3.5
Tons of fresh meadow hay per year .....	2

By modern standards, this farm would hardly seem adequate to provide a respectable living, but in those pre-Revolutionary War days, it probably not only satisfied the needs

of Jesse Haven and his family, but gave them cause to return thanks to their Maker for their abundance.

Holliston was a flourishing town twenty-five miles southwest of Boston. The rich soil contributed to the prosperity of the farming community. There were also several factories located in Holliston, chiefly involved in the manufacturing of shoes. The town population in the year 1830 was 1,304.<sup>9</sup> It is interesting to note that Holliston is located in the county of Middlesex, which was the scene of the birthplace of our nation, the Massachusetts Bay Colony. The first guns of the Revolution were fired in this county at Lexington and Concord. How can we forget the famous lines of Longfellow's poem?

So through the night rode Paul Revere;  
And so through the night went his cry of alarm  
To every Middlesex village and farm—

The battle that decided the destiny of the Colonies was fought on Bunker Hill in one of the towns of Middlesex County. And it was in that same county that George Washington took command of the Continental Army.<sup>10</sup> So that is why the blood of John Haven's descendants runs blue.

New England not only served as the cradle of the nation, but it also was the birthplace of many of the early church leaders, such as Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, and Willard Richards. Certainly the New England-bred principles of Puritanism had a profound effect on the practices and lifestyles of a large part of the early members of the Church. The principles of thrift, industry, independence, and devout worship of God were the molds that shaped the lives of these good people, including those of the Haven lineage.

John Haven's first wife was Elizabeth Howe, known also as Betsey. She and John were married on March 30, 1801. Through their union, seven children were born, some of whom became prominent in the early history of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints:

Pamela married Elijah Clark, a local protestant minister.

Mary Ellen married Joseph Ferron Palmer and they later migrated with the Saints to the Salt Lake Valley.

Nancy married Albert Perry Rockwood. Albert investigated the Church at Kirtland, Ohio. He was later ordained to the First Presidency of the Seventies and played a leading role in the building of Nauvoo and Salt Lake City.

John became a protestant minister in Maine and Massachusetts. His association with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints remains a mystery.

Elizabeth married Israel Barlow. Like the Rockwoods, they suffered the trials of the Missouri persecutions. Israel was prominent in the founding of Nauvoo and held leadership roles in Nauvoo and Salt Lake City.

Jesse became a devoted missionary and the first mission president of South Africa.

Phineas Brigham died in his ninth year of life.

Betsey's sister, Abigail, sometimes called Nabby, married John Young; and her other sister, Rhoda, married Joseph Richards. Brigham Young was born of the marriage of John and Abigail, and Willard Richards was the son of Joseph and Rhoda. John Haven thus became an uncle by marriage to these two future leaders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Elizabeth, the fourth daughter of John and Betsey Haven, wrote the following concerning the environment in which they were raised:

My cousins, Brigham and Willard, were raised strict observers of the scriptures and the puritan teachings as they understood them. In the early days before joining the Church they, too, believed that dancing and playing the violin were evil. At one time I heard Brigham say that to listen to the sound of a violin was

an unforgivable sin in his father's household. Later President Young became a wonderful dancer and loved all sorts of music and art.<sup>11</sup>

Brigham Young himself, affirms this observation:

When I was young, I was kept within very strict bounds, and was not allowed to walk more than half-an-hour on Sunday for exercise. The proper and necessary gambols of youth having been denied me, makes me want active exercise and amusement now. I had not a chance to dance when I was young, and never heard the enchanting tones of the violin, until I was eleven years of age; and then I thought I was on the highway to hell, if I suffered myself to linger and listen to it.<sup>12</sup>

Betsey Howe Haven died on March 31, 1821, leaving John with seven children to raise. However, the oldest, Pamela and Mary Ellen, nineteen and seventeen respectively at the time, were quite capable of helping their father in caring for the rest of the children. Two years later on February 9, 1823, forty-nine-year-old John Haven married Judith Woodbury Temple, a woman twenty-four years younger than he and only three years older than Pamela.<sup>13</sup> One year later, Pamela married Elijah Clark, making their home in Holliston.

Maria (pronounced Ma-RYE-ah) Susan, and Eliza Ann were the only children born of the marriage of John and Judith. Maria was born on April 10, 1826, and three years later, Judith gave birth to Eliza Ann, May 15, 1829; both were born in the family home on Cold Spring Brook in Holliston, as were all of John's children.

To insert a new twist to the story of the introduction of the Gospel into Holliston in those early days, Willard Richards had established a close friendship with his cousin Nancy and her husband, Albert Perry Rockwood. Willard was in the habit of often visiting Nancy and Albert, as well

as the Havens who lived nearby. On one such stay with the Rockwoods, Willard brought with him a most curious and fascinating volume of purported scripture entitled the *Book of Mormon*. He had borrowed the book from an uncle and aunt, Reverend Jereboam and Ann Howe Parker, who had received it from their nephew, Brigham Young. During this visit to Holliston, Willard put on a display of “Electricity” at a public gathering that he had previously arranged.<sup>14</sup> Willard had been lecturing on electricity and other scientific subjects throughout the New England States since 1827. There are innumerable testimonials preserved in favor of his lectures from men of high standing in the literary world.<sup>15</sup>



Figure 13: Albert Perry Rockwood

While at the Rockwoods, Willard’s mind had become inflamed with the contents of this remarkable account of the early inhabitants of the Americas and the Lord’s dealings with them. During his ten-day stay with Albert and Nancy, he read the book twice. Even though Judith Temple Haven, “young Aunt” or “Aunt Haven,” as Willard would refer to her (she was only a little over four years older than Willard),

had become his confidant, she was disdainful of Willard's captivation with the *Book of Mormon*. Uncle Haven, as well, was very contemptuous of all this nonsense of visions and prophets. But before leaving the Rockwoods, Willard had arrived at a decision: he would give up his medicine and go to Kirtland, Ohio, to meet this young prophet, Joseph Smith.<sup>16</sup>

At a later time, the daughter of Elizabeth Haven Barlow recorded the following:

In 1837, Grandpa's two nephews, Brigham Young and Willard Richards arrived in Holliston from Kirtland, Ohio. They brought a new book called the *Book of Mormon* and preaching a strange gospel, based on angels and revelations. Grandpa received his nephews with considerable doubt, especially when Brigham professed to be an Apostle of the Lord and one of the leaders of the new church. After they left, Grandfather shook his head, being sorry that his relations had been led away.<sup>17</sup>

Parley P. Pratt, an apostle of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, had been called on a mission to New York City in the summer of 1837. Parley recorded some of his experiences on this mission as follows:

Besides our labors in this city, I have been to Providence and Boston and from thence to Holliston, Massachusetts where I gave a course of lectures in the town house, and building was decently full at first, but the congregation continued to increase insomuch that some put ladders to the windows and listened from without by climbing to the second story. I baptized two persons in Holliston, and I think many more will come forward soon. Indeed the work must be firmly rooted in the minds of many in that place, judging from the attention of the people who listened with intense interest through a regular course of instruction.<sup>18</sup>



These two of whom Elder Pratt refers to as having baptized were probably Nancy Rockwood and her younger sister Elizabeth Haven. Elizabeth, and perhaps Nancy, too, were also confirmed members of the Church by this enthusiastic missionary, despite their father and stepmother's objections. Elizabeth was a very determined young lady and had developed a strong testimony of the validity of the *Book of Mormon*. John and Judith's disapproval was somewhat compromised by the fact that Pamela had already been baptized in 1836 by her cousin, Brigham Young.<sup>19</sup> Pamela had been a married woman for twelve years when she was baptized, so naturally her father's objections did not have the impact on her actions as on Elizabeth's. Nonetheless, Elizabeth's mind was made up.

Nancy had joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints the day previous to Elizabeth, following the example of her husband, Albert Perry Rockwood, who had been baptized two months earlier by Brigham Young during a visit with the latter's relatives in Holliston. In spite of the fact that Albert and Nancy were doing well as storekeepers in Holliston, they soon migrated to the frontier to join the body of Saints in Missouri. Albert became a mainstay in the development of the early church. On April 13, 1838, brother Jesse also joined the Church.

Within a few days following Jesse's baptism, April 22, 1838, Elizabeth and Jesse, along with their niece, Ellen Rockwood, bade farewell to the old homestead in Holliston and struck out fifteen hundred miles for Far West, Missouri.<sup>20</sup> The three young converts arrived in Far West at a time of great turmoil. David Whitmer and Oliver Cowdery and others in the leadership of the Church in Missouri had been excommunicated. But also there was tremendous growth taking place. In Caldwell county, the Saints now numbered over five thousand. The Prophet and his family had moved there from Kirtland, and he had received revelations concerning the establishing of the kingdom in Missouri.

The breaking away of John Haven's children from the traditional faith of their fathers only added salt to the wound of the good family patriarch. But at the same time, a seed was planted which likely gave John some sleepless nights.

After Elizabeth had arrived in Far West she recorded,

I continued to write my folks, bearing testimony regarding the Mormon Church. Then, too, the missionaries lent their aid and later in 1838 Father and his wife [Judith] and two children, [Maria and Eliza Ann, 12 and 9 respectively] joined the Church.<sup>21</sup>

On June 30, 1838, only nine months following Nancy and Elizabeth's baptism, John and Judith were baptized, along with John's married daughter, Mary Ellen Palmer; and John's son, John Jr. (Maria Susan and Eliza Ann were not baptized until May 2, 1842, in Nauvoo, Illinois.) Parley's prediction of many coming into the Restored Church in Holliston was coming to pass. A few years later at a family gathering in Nauvoo, Illinois, in spite of his pre-conceived prejudices, John Haven confessed that one of the factors involved in his conversion was

I looked Brigham in the face to see if he could say he was a Mormon and I found that he had courage to say that he was. I wanted to know what they said and then took the Bible to see if it was true. I found that they were the only sect that kept to the Bible in all its purity.<sup>22</sup>

Within a two-year period, there were five different occasions when local baptismal services of the Haven family had taken place, apart from other baptisms that likely occurred during that period in Holliston. Several of Deacon Haven's congregation followed his lead and aligned themselves with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The missionaries were evidently in and out of Holliston, finding a fertile field of labor there. The Havens soon became active in the work of the Restored Gospel as their

home became a base of operations for missionaries in that area.

Deacon Haven's minister, the Reverend Storrs, and many of his fellow parishioners must have been aghast at the curious behavior exhibited by this leader in the community! There was little delay in relieving Deacon Haven of his duties in the First Congregational Church. Even to John himself, there must have been moments when he just shook his head in disbelief over the events of the previous few months which had brought him to this situation. "A man of sixty-four years has no business turning his life around like this," he likely reflected sullenly. But he could not deny the burning inside of him when he read from the *Book of Mormon*, in spite of his earlier prejudices. "How Nephew Willard must have chuckled to himself when Elizabeth told him of our baptisms!" he perhaps mused.

John Haven and his son, Jesse, were largely responsible for exposing the myth that the *Book of Mormon* derived its roots from the Solomon Spaulding manuscript.<sup>23</sup> In the late 1830s, several of the congregation along with Deacon Haven were converted to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, depleting the flock of the Reverend Storrs. In retaliation, Reverend Storrs seized upon this tale of the Spaulding story propagated by some of the then current anti-Mormons. Storrs had printed a so-called affidavit in the *Boston Recorder* of the widow of Solomon Spaulding declaring the *Book of Mormon* to be an offshoot of her deceased husband's work. The Rev. Storrs evidently was misled by a Mr. Austin, who had briefly interviewed the widow but had taken gross liberties in rewording the conversation to suit his own purposes.

After Elizabeth and Jesse Haven had joined the Saints in the west, Jesse was called on a mission back to the eastern states. In a letter to his father, Jesse reported of an interview he had with the widow Spaulding and her daughter in their home in Monson, Massachusetts. By this time, the mother had remarried a Mr. Davison, and the daughter was married

to a Mr. McKinstry. They both refuted the *Boston Recorder* story to Elder Jesse Haven. In 1839, while still residing in Holliston, John Haven passed this information on in a letter to his daughter Elizabeth, who was now living in Quincy, Illinois.

Alexander Badlam, president of the Sixth Quorum of Seventy in Nauvoo, read John's letter and, in that same year of 1839, published a refutation of the *Boston Recorder* story in the *Quincy Whig*, a portion of which is given below:

"A CUNNING DEVICE DETECTED"

It will be recollected that a few months since an article appeared in several of the papers, purporting to give an account of the origin of the *Book of Mormon*. How far the writer of that piece has effected his purposes, or what his purposes were in pursuing the course he has, I shall not attempt to say at this time, but shall call upon every candid man to judge in this matter for himself, and shall content myself by presenting before the public the other side of the question in the form of a letter, as follows: "Copy of a letter written by Mr. John Haven, of Holliston, Middlesex Co., Massachusetts, to his daughter, Elizabeth Haven, of Quincey, Adams Co., Illinois.

'Your brother Jesse passed through Monson, where he saw Mrs. Davison and her daughter, Mrs. McKinstry, and also Dr. Ely, and spent several hours with them, during which time he asked them the following questions, Viz.:

Question—"Did you, Mrs. Davison, write a letter to John Storrs, giving an account of the origin of the *Book of Mormon*?"

Answer—"I did not."

The balance of the interview is not pertinent except John Haven's own words in conclusion:

Mr. Austin, in his great zeal to destroy the Latter-day Saints, has asked Mrs. Davison a few questions, then wrote a letter in his own language.

Elder Badlam then concludes the *Quincy Whig* article as follows:

This may certify that I am personally acquainted with Mr. Haven, his son and daughter, and am satisfied they are persons of truth. I have also read Mr. Haven's letter to his daughter, which had induced me to copy it for publication, and I further say, the above is a correct copy of Mr. Haven's letter. A. Badlam<sup>24</sup>

Elizabeth Haven Barlow was faithful in writing to her family and friends back in Holliston. She was not hesitant to express her love and testimony of the Restored Gospel in her letters. In spite of the hardships the Saints were undergoing and a precarious future which awaited them, Elizabeth continued to write to her family, urging them to join them in Nauvoo, Illinois, where the members of the Church were gathering after being expelled from Missouri. Judith responded with a request that Elizabeth write about her impressions of the Prophet Joseph Smith and explain her testimony as to the truth of the work.<sup>25</sup> Judith wanted some reassurance that the sacrifice that the Havens were considering would be right and in accord with the will of the Lord.

It appears that Elizabeth's persuasive letters had a strong influence on her father and step-mother. John and Judith had aligned themselves with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints the previous year by being baptized, but were not yet prepared to give up their home and roots. But Elizabeth was a strong-minded woman. Elizabeth wrote from Quincy, Illinois, on February 24, 1839, to her cousin Elizabeth Howe Bullard back home in Holliston. The letter reads in part

Perry [Rockwood] wishes Father to get his discharge from military duties and send it to Quincy immediately. We also want to have Father write us, as soon as you receive this, to let us know about his coming to the West, how and when, that we may know when to look for him. We all feel anxious to know how he has felt while Zion has been scourged, whether he is in prosperity or adversity. We want him to write within one week after you get this for we know not how long we shall remain here, but if we are not driven and can get into business very likely shall stay several months....Remember the Prophet and afflicted Zion at the throne of grace and receive this letter which is full of love and affection from a sister in the everlasting gospel, Elizabeth Haven.<sup>26</sup>

During the years that followed, the Haven family learned the true meaning of sacrifice. In the spring of 1841, three years following their baptism, they left their ancestral home in Holliston to follow a young prophet of the Lord bearing an amazing message of a God who speaks to man in this, the nineteenth century. John Haven's conversion must have been genuine for him to have given up at age sixty-seven the security of a prosperous farm and comfortable ancestral home along with a highly respected reputation in the community in exchange for a life on the fringes of civilization to live among an unpopular and maligned people.

The Haven family left for Nauvoo in company with several other members of the Holliston Branch.<sup>27</sup> Fifteen-year-old Maria was opposed to leaving her home and friends, but Judith promised her that if she still wished to return to Holliston by the time she reached eighteen, she would be free to do so.<sup>28</sup> The departing group consisted of John and Judith Haven with their daughters, Maria Susan and Eliza Ann; John's married daughter, Mary Ellen Palmer; Mary Ellen's husband, Joseph Ferron Palmer; their daughter and son, Mary Ellen and Edmund; Lucretia Morton Bullard and her two daughters, Elizabeth Howe Bullard and Harriet Bullard

Nurse; Harriet's husband, Newell Nurse; and Lucretia's sons, Isaac and Joel Bullard.<sup>29</sup>

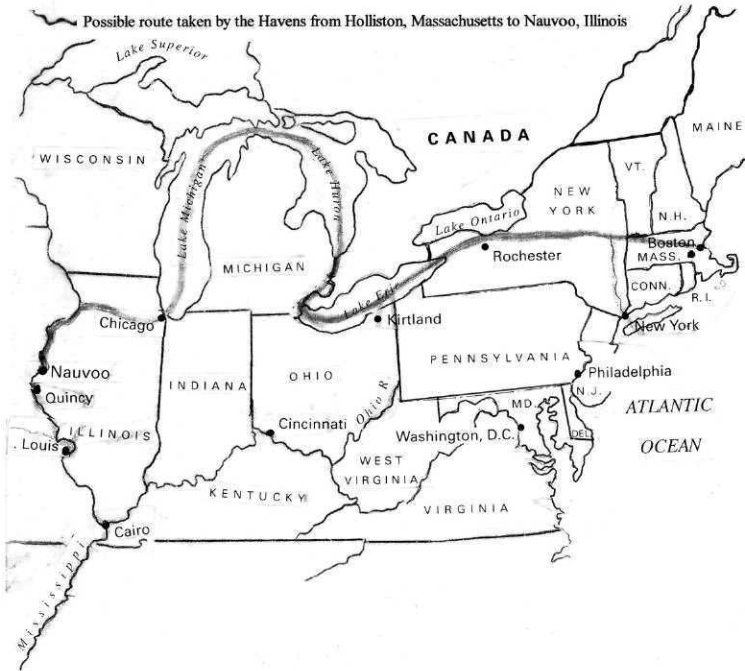


Figure 14: Possible route to Nauvoo taken by the Havens

With heavy hearts, the Havens left behind John's oldest child, Pamela, and her family. Pamela remained and died in Holliston. She supposedly was the first of the Haven family to have joined the Church (1836), even though her husband, Elijah Clark, was a local minister. A story of courage by being true to one's convictions could perhaps be told here.

In an attempt to demystify in part the activities of this eldest son of John Haven, also named John, we have learned that he was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints the same day as his father, June 30, 1838. John, the junior, was not a part of this new religious fervor that had been experienced by the Haven family. The younger John had trained for the ministry just prior to the

missionary activities that had taken place among his family. John (the son) had accepted a position in York, Maine, as the pastor of a church at an annual salary of five hundred dollars. Reverend Haven perhaps caught a glimpse of a testimony of this new religion that the other members of his family had embraced. While he was serving as a protestant minister, he was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Soon thereafter, his wife, Nancy Reed Haven, died. John continued to serve for ten years as pastor of a church in Stoneham, Massachusetts. He then moved to Charlton, Massachusetts, where he was pastor in the Congregational Church for thirty years. What effect his baptism into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints had on him is still puzzling. A John Haven is listed in the 1869 *Salt Lake City Directory* as a gardener. It seems improbable that this is the John Haven who was still serving as a pastor in Massachusetts. However, a picture of John Haven (Jr.) taken from Ora Haven Barlow's *The Israel Barlow Story and Mormon Mores* is shown there claiming the photograph was taken in Salt Lake City in 1869.



## IV

---

# Nauvoo: Genesis and Exodus

ALMOST EIGHTY YEARS LATER, Eliza Ann wrote in a letter to her son, Lewis, of the following memorable events:

In 1841 we left our native home for Nauvoo. Arrived there in May traveling by Canal, Railroad and Steam. The first to greet us on landing were our Prophet Joseph Smith and Brigham Young. After shaking hands and bade us welcome Brother Joseph's first question, had we any place to go, there were 4 families in the county. We had, for 2 of my half sisters were there.<sup>1</sup>

The two half-sisters were Elizabeth Barlow and Nancy Rockwood. Eliza's half-brother, Jesse Haven, was also in Nauvoo teaching school, having returned from his mission in the east. Elizabeth was a school teacher in Nauvoo as well, having the Prophet and Hyrum's children along with those of Brigham Young in her classes.<sup>2</sup> Education was a high priority; children were taught reading, writing, ciphering, geography, spelling, and deportment.

Just previous to the Haven's arrival, Apostles Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Wilford Woodruff, John Taylor, George A. Smith, and Orson Pratt had returned from their highly successful missions in England. Also, near that same

time, a brother and sister from England disembarked at the same Nauvoo landing, George Q. and Mary Alice Cannon. The Prophet was there to greet them, just as he had greeted the Havens. Mary Alice later wrote,

I knew him the instant my eyes rested upon him, and at that moment I received my testimony that he was a Prophet of God, for I never had such a feeling for mortal man as thrilled my being when my eyes first rested upon Joseph Smith.<sup>3</sup>

A contrasting point of view of their arrival was recorded by an antagonist of the Church, G. G. Foster, editor of the *St. Louis Pennant and Native American* newspaper. Mr. Foster seems to have written with more than a faint stench of animosity:

THE MORMONS. The Steamer, *Marmion*, arrived day before yesterday, and brought a large number of Mormons on their way to Nauvoo. We learn that this fanatic tribe are growing to an unparalleled extent, and they are sending out missionaries and establishing Jo Smith Bible Societies. The credulity and gullibility of human nature are enough to turn the heart sick, and lead an intelligent man to inquire of himself whether it be possible that he really belongs to the same race of beings as these wretched creatures.<sup>4</sup>

It is quite likely that the Havens and their party were counted among these “wretched creatures” aboard the *Marmion*, considering they perhaps arrived in Nauvoo at this same time.

At the period of the Haven’s arrival during the early days of Nauvoo, the docking of a river steamer was becoming rather common, making it even more of an honor for the Havens to have such a distinguished welcoming party as the Prophet and Brother Brigham to greet them as they disembarked. Brigham would have undoubtedly been present in any case to welcome his uncle and cousins to Nauvoo, but it

was a singular distinction to have the Prophet on hand to receive them.

Nauvoo was located on a bend of the “Father of Waters.” The steamboat that Eliza speaks of was the riverboat steamer, which was beginning to make Nauvoo a river port of some distinction, taking its place alongside Hannibal and Quincy. The landing was located next to the Nauvoo House on the south end of Main Street. In 1843, the New Haven, Connecticut, newspaper, the *Herald*, reported four or five steamboats docking each day at the Mormon City of Nauvoo.

As the riverboat rounded the bend, blasts from the boat’s horn would bring the dock alive with freight handlers and onlookers. Mark Twain, a cub pilot in later years, depicted the excitement of the steamboat’s arrival in these words:

[A] voice lifts up the cry, ‘S-t-e-a-m-boat a-comin’!  
Then such a scramble as there is to get aboard, and to get ashore, and to take in freight and to discharge freight, all at one and the same time; and such a yelling and cursing as the mates facilitate it all with!

Nauvoo was a river town, indeed. One old-timer speaking of life on the Mississippi is quoted as saying, “the sound of the riverboats hangs in your heart like a star.”

Also hanging in the air was the smell of fish, specifically catfish, frying for the evening meal. And there was the sound of rain on the water, the laughter of children in winter sliding on the ice-covered river, the eerie sounds in early spring of the great river breaking up its winter ice blanket, and the mournful tone of a steamboat whistle or bell in the distance—this all served to remind the freshly arrived Nauvoo resident that his or her life had certainly changed course. What did the future hold for the Havens and these other gathering Saints from distant lands?

Arriving at such a rich time in Mormon Church history, the Havens were among those who were involved in weaving the fabric of the early Restored Church. The Nauvoo

Temple was under construction, the Nauvoo Charter had been law only five months, the Nauvoo Legion was organized, the Female Relief Society had been born, revelations on eternal marriage and the new and everlasting covenant had been given, and the first baptisms for the dead performed. Three years hence, the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum would stab at the heart of the fledgling church, followed by the succession of the Twelve Apostles to the Presidency of the Church, which would give the church its direction. And then there would be the exodus.

Elizabeth recorded the reunion with her father and stepmother: “They were doubly joyful, having not only found their children but the true church as well.”<sup>5</sup>



Figure 15: Elizabeth Haven and Israel Barlow

After the Saints had been driven out of their homes and land in Far West, Missouri, they found temporary refuge in Quincy, Illinois, among many of the sympathetic residents. It was here on February 23, 1840, that Elizabeth Haven and Israel Barlow were married. Israel had been one of five members of a committee charged with finding a suitable

haven in which to locate the Saints following Missouri Governor Boggs's Extermination Order.<sup>6</sup> Through Israel's personal initial contact with Dr. Isaac Galland, the Church purchased from Dr. Galland with promissory notes forty-seven acres in Commerce, Illinois, and a fifteen-thousand-acre tract across the Mississippi River in Montrose, Iowa. The Prophet's approval of the transaction came while he was still incarcerated in Liberty Jail. After the Prophet's escape from prison and his rejoining the body of Saints in Illinois, the Church purchased an additional 123 acres in Commerce from Hugh White and thousands of acres in two counties fronting the Mississippi. In Illinois alone, the Saints settled at least nineteen different town sites.<sup>7</sup>

As a point of interest, at this time there was a difference of opinion among some of the leaders of the Church concerning the future direction that should be taken. Sidney Rigdon, Bishop Edward Partridge, and William Law felt that because of the Saints' bitter experiences in Ohio and Missouri, the gathering of the Saints only invited animosity and persecution from their neighbors. But the Prophet was firm in his conviction that the gathering was the will of the Lord, and Nauvoo was designated as the place for the Saints throughout the world to assemble.

Probably because of the key role Israel Barlow played in the land purchase in and around Commerce, he had enough foresight to purchase 160 acres of his own from Ethan Kimball of Vermont in what became known as "The Kimball's Addition," located four or five miles southeast of the Commerce land purchase. The Kimball's Addition was not part of the original purchase that the Church had made from Dr. Galland, but the largest of other developments within the city of Commerce.<sup>8</sup> The sale and purchase of land became one of the community's chief business pursuits. Israel was not a land speculator, but he knew there would be a need to accommodate the gathering of converts from the four quarters of the world into this frontier haven and this land needed to be in friendly hands.

After John and Judith arrived in Nauvoo, they purchased a lot from Israel next to Elizabeth and Israel's home in the Kimball's Addition. From the river, inland for about three quarters of a mile, Nauvoo was flat where most of the Church leaders had built their homes, a mere half dozen feet above the Mississippi's high water mark. Beyond the flatlands arose bluffs seventy feet in height where the Havens were located. Although this location was more remote, it proved more ideal because it was drier with fewer insects. Malaria had stormed through the lowlands, leaving many deaths in its wake when the Saints first settled there. This prompted them to begin the arduous task of draining this swampland.

On the bluffs, the building lots were lower priced as well. In a valuation report for 1844 by Jonathon H. Hale, the assessor and collector, John Haven was listed as owner of Lot 70 B2 with an assessed value of \$200.<sup>9</sup> The property faced Mulholland Street where it intersected Arlington Street going east out of Nauvoo.<sup>10</sup> It was only a half-mile directly east of the temple lot and was not far from the Prophet's farm. The transaction is listed as taking place on July 2, 1842, the consideration being \$50. The lot description is recorded as commencing at the southeast corner lot 70, north to Mulholland, west nineteen-and-a-half rods, south to south line to land owned by Herringshaw-Thompson, east nineteen-and-a-half rods to beginning, acknowledged by Daniel H. Wells, Justice of the Peace.<sup>11</sup> Mary Ellen and Joseph F. Palmer lived nearby, also on one of Israel's lots.

John and Judith Haven were located in the Third Ward Block 4 on the corner of Mulholland and Arlington Streets.<sup>12</sup> The Palmers were also in the Third Ward, while Albert and Nancy Rockwood lived in the First Ward. On the church records, John Haven was listed as holding the office of high priest. The Charles Shumway family were also in the Third Ward.<sup>13</sup> In spite of a six year age difference, it is possible that Eliza Ann Haven and Mary Eliza Shumway

were acquainted with each other during their days in Nauvoo. Naturally, they had no realization at the time that someday they would be sharing the same husband, for better or for worse.

Land values and purchases were not the only items listed in the assessors and collectors valuation records. Other properties owned by the citizens were itemized and appraised for tax purposes. Interestingly, a high value was placed on time pieces as compared to livestock. John Haven's cattle was appraised at eight dollars, while his clocks were valued at five dollars; and the horses belonging to his son-in-law, Albert P. Rockwood, also were shown to be worth eight dollars and his watches, five dollars.<sup>14</sup> Apparently, time was a valued commodity of this industrious people, despite living on the frontier, far from the "mad-dening crowd."

John and Judith must have been pleasantly surprised to find such a beautiful city on the frontier. It was laid out with streets eight rods in width (132.5 ft.), running directly north and south and east and west in regular patterns, much different from the narrow, winding streets of their native Massachusetts. Gardens were flourishing around each house, bordered with young fruit trees. Sections of the city were designated for erection of public buildings and recreational centers. Building restrictions controlled the location of manufacturing plants, mercantile establishments, and so on. In the residential sections, houses were erected a uniform distance from the street and were fronted with lawns and shrubs. Most of the homes were "block" houses, a few framed, and some log. Unsightly structures were prohibited. Nauvoo was a distant forerunner of today's zoning ordinances. It was probably the first city in the United States, and perhaps in the world, that had devised a master plan. Nauvoo was, as its name implied, "The City Beautiful."

Yet Nauvoo was not a utopia, especially in an economic sense. One thing that almost all the Saints of Nauvoo shared in common was their poverty.

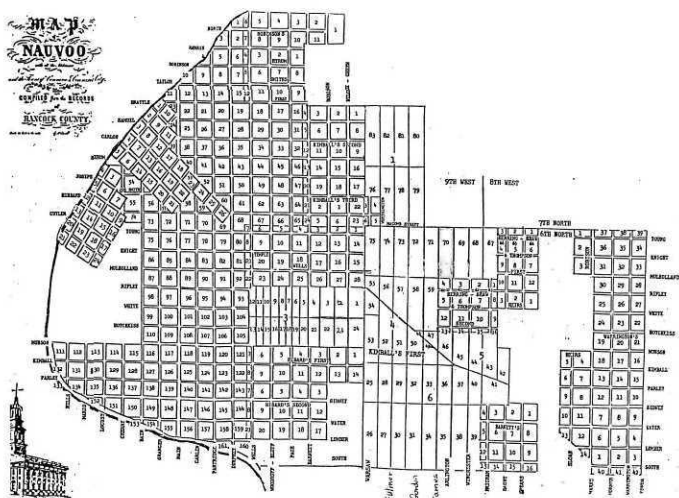


Figure 16: Plat of Nauvoo

There was no money for investment. There was little industry to bring hard cash into the community. Nauvoo had no banks or local currencies, so citizens transacted business by bartering and with vouchers and promissory notes.<sup>15</sup> In speaking of the gathering to the city on the banks of the Mississippi, Joseph Smith extended a rather foreboding invitation with these words: “Let all that will, come, and partake of the poverty of Nauvoo freely.”<sup>16</sup>

Horses, mules, wagons, and carriages were not easy to acquire. John and Judith, along with a good number of their fellow townsmen, were in the habit of walking to their destinations. But now, they could stop and visit along the way, and bonds of friendship were formed. It was not uncommon to find the Prophet Joseph strolling past, stopping to enquire about the health and well-being of a family and creating a feeling of caring and intimacy. A great-granddaughter of Eliza wrote in later years that the Prophet Joseph Smith was a frequent visitor at the Haven home in Nauvoo.



A little story she [Eliza Ann] often told us was how he enjoyed eating bread and milk with them, and how he would jokingly say he liked skimmed milk; he liked it skimmed into his bowl.<sup>17</sup>

A letter penned by an English convert, Francis Moon, gives us a peep into the economic life in Nauvoo that the Haven's faced:

Some may want to know the price of things. A man that works on farms is paid a dollar per day or something equal to it, 100 cents make one dollar, and five dollars one English pound. If a man be employed in digging potatoes, he receives one-fifth of what he digs, if he goes to cutting corn he receives one-eighth; for making pair of boots (and the maker does not find the leather), they give about a dollar-and-a-half. A pig a month or five weeks old is sold for 25 cents—a good cow about 14 dollars. Flour is about 4 dollars and fifty cents per barrel, a barrel weighs 196 pounds; potatoes are sold for 20 cents per bushel, good beef is sold for 3 cents per pound, pork at the same; butter is at about 10 to 14 cents, sugar at 12 cents per pound.<sup>18</sup>

One of the exciting events in which the Nauvoo citizenry was engaged at the time of the arrival of the Havens was the construction of their second temple, located on a bluff overlooking the Mississippi River. The partially completed white sandstone walls gleamed in the sun's rays. The temple was a crucial element in the worship of their God; a temple had been dedicated in Kirtland, Ohio, and temple sites were dedicated in Independence and Far West, Missouri. Wherever the Saints gathered, the building of their temple was a primary goal. Construction on the footings of the Nauvoo Temple had only begun in February of that year. John Haven was asked, as were all the other priesthood bearers, to give at least a tithe of their time, every tenth day, to the building of the House of the Lord. Those who worked on the temple full-time were paid one dollar a day, if there were funds available. To build such a beautiful edifice on

the banks of the Mississippi amid the privations and persecutions of the people of Nauvoo is indeed a monument to a mighty faith.

Of necessity, it was not long before John Haven was doing what he did best: plowing his field and planting crops.<sup>19</sup> A few years later, as a member of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, Franklin D. Richards recalled that during those early days in Nauvoo he received his first mission call at the age of nineteen. One morning, shortly after his call, Franklin looked up Uncle John Haven and found him busy hoeing his corn. Franklin crossed the furrowed rows where Uncle Haven stood wiping his sweating brow. Franklin respectfully requested his uncle to give him a blessing before he left Nauvoo for his mission. Franklin reminisced,

He stuck his hoe in the ground by a hill, and I knelt down, and he placed his hands on my head and gave me a blessing that I still remember and that is not all fulfilled yet.<sup>20</sup>

Farming was not the only pursuit of John Haven. The Nauvoo License Register lists John as a grocer with one hundred dollars worth of stock. Licenses were issued for one year on December 25, 1843 and again on December 25, 1844 at a cost of one dollar each. If that was not enough to keep John busy, he was appointed a school trustee.<sup>21</sup>

On October 11, 1841, Father John Haven sought out the church patriarch, Hyrum Smith, for a blessing. John was sixty-seven years old, and his stance was beginning to show the burden of years of toil. They had only been in Nauvoo for five months and John's faith in the Restored Gospel was steadfast. As Hyrum placed his hands on Father John's head, the latter could feel the power emanate from the beloved Patriarch. Brother James Sloan, a scribe for both the Prophet and the Patriarch, recorded Hyrum's words in a flowing archaic style as they were spoken:

Brother Haven, I lay my hands upon your Head in the name of Jesus to blefs you by the gift of my calling, with the blefsings of the Fathers Abraham, Isaac, & Jacob, those ancient Patriarchs, a lawful descendant of that Lineage having entered into the blefsings procured by their Faith, they have laboured & you have entered into their Labours they have obtained promises & you have entered into them, & received the blefsings, & because of these Blefsings you are entitled to the Priesthood with all its gifts and graces, & an Inheritance In the Lineage of your Fathers, as one of the remnants of Jacob in the midst of the Gentiles in the Lineage of Joseph in the midst of Joseph upon his Land in the Covenant made with Israel even the House of Israel. & according to the blefsings unto the Remnants of the seed of Joseph to the extent thereof, the same shall be given you & your Household & your Fathers Household also & notwithstanding your declining years you shall if you will be an instrument in the Hands of God of doing much good by your Testimony & in the service of God in magnifying your calling, in the Hour & places of deliverance, & upon your diligence in the Eleventh Hour, in your old age depends your Salvation & the Salvation of your House, & your Fathers House and the Salvation of many souls, both here & in your native place [~~“place”~~ crossed out] country & in the Land where you were brought up & I blefs you with the power of the Priesthood & the gifts & callings of the same in order that you may be qualified for your Mifsion to the low world & if you will ask fervently your days shall be many & shall see much of the Salvation of God. & shall rest in peace going down to your grave with Honour to your Name & shall have a Resurrection with the Just & your Name had in honorable remembrance perpetuated unto the latest Generation. these blefsings I seal upon your Head Irrevocable. Even so. Amen.<sup>22</sup>

After the Havens had settled in Nauvoo, Maria and Eliza often had an opportunity to hear the Prophet Joseph Smith speak. As a result, the young girls became firmly converted to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. On May

2, 1842, just a few days before Eliza Ann's thirteenth birthday, both she and Maria were baptized and confirmed by Brigham Young, in the waters of the Mississippi, in the shallows at the bend of the river.<sup>23</sup> The river was the usual setting for this ordinance. Also proxy baptisms had been performed there since September of 1840.<sup>24</sup>

In a short personal history written before her death in 1932, Mary Eliza Shumway Westover wrote of the Prophet during the Nauvoo period not long before his martyrdom:

I remember the Prophet Joseph Smith well. I loved to be in his presence and hear him speak. Once I heard him preach at a funeral of a man named King Follett, who had been killed while working on the temple. The funeral was held in a grove and the rain began coming down in torrents. As the people began moving away to find shelter, the Prophet promised that if they would remain quiet and pray in their hearts, the storm would cease. Then I saw through a break in the trees that the clouds were dividing. The rain stopped falling at the grove though it seemed to be pouring down all around. I knew then that Joseph Smith was a true Prophet.<sup>25</sup>

In spite of the beautiful city that the Saints had transformed out of a stinking, malaria-infested swamp, enemies of the Church never relented their howling for the blood of Joseph and his followers. The *Warsaw Signal* published this inflammatory statement (caps in original):

War and extermination is inevitable. Citizens ARISE ONE and ALL!!!—Can you stand by, and suffer such INFERNAL DEVILS! To ROB men of their property and RIGHTS, without avenging them. We have no time for comment, every man will make his own. LET IT BE MADE WITH POWDER AND BALL.<sup>26</sup>

The forces of hell were arrayed against the Saints in all their fury.

And, finally, their lust for blood was satisfied, but only for a season. The Prophet, accompanied by his faithful guard, rode past the Haven home on his way to Carthage—his final journey. Not far from there he gently pulled the reins of his steed to a halt and turned in the saddle to view the temple and the city he loved. Were they of the Haven residence close enough to hear the sigh as the Prophet spoke in mournful tones?

Oh city, once the most blessed, but now the most pitiful in sadness. This is the kindest and most godly people and most beloved by Heaven of all the world. Oh, if only they knew what awaits them.<sup>27</sup>

A youthful member of the Nauvoo Legion, Robert Taylor Burton, was one of those left to help guard the city as the Prophet and his entourage disappeared down the road leading to Carthage. Only a week before his death, Joseph had warned the Saints,

It is thought by some that our enemies would be satisfied with my destruction; but I tell you that as soon as they have shed my blood, they will thirst for the blood of every man in whose heart dwells a single spark of the spirit of the fulness of the gospel.<sup>28</sup>

Elizabeth Barlow wrote of those stressful times:

Joseph's prophecy to the effect that the Saints would continue to suffer much affliction and would be driven from Nauvoo to the Rocky Mountains caused much discussion. Many would apostatize, others would be put to death or lose their lives on the plains, but many would live to see the Saints become a mighty people in the midst of the Rocky Mountains. William Law turned traitor. Sidney Rigdon was little better for he left Nauvoo and went east to live in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Because so many of the brethren were turning against the Church, Joseph often remarked that he hardly knew whom he could trust. I'll never forget these trying days at Nauvoo. Never

since the Church was organized was the Prophet needed more than he was at the time he was martyred. When word reached Nauvoo that Joseph and Hyrum were dead, a pall of grief swept over the city. Almost twenty thousand people wept aloud.<sup>29</sup>

On Thursday afternoon, June 27, 1844, at 5:16 P.M., Joseph and Hyrum were murdered in Carthage jail by a blood-thirsty mob. News of the martyrdoms of their prophet and their patriarch swept through Nauvoo as though the angel of death had touched each soul. Louisa Barnes Pratt described those dark and sorrowful days, “It was a still night, and the moon was at the full. A night of death it seemed, and everything conspired to make it solemn!”<sup>30</sup>

The next day, the hearse wagon, accompanied by members of the Nauvoo Legion, brought the bodies home to Nauvoo. By the time the little caravan was passing the Haven home, scores of citizens had joined in the procession, very likely including John and Judith and the two girls. The cortege moved along Mulholland Street “amid the most solemn lamentations and wailings that ever ascended into the ears of the Lord of Hosts to be avenged of their enemies.”<sup>31</sup>

In an attempt to understand the dimensions of the character of the Prophet Joseph Smith, we might recall the scene when the Prophet on November 9, 1838, was held prisoner in Richmond jail in the state of Missouri. His jail mate, Parley P. Pratt, recorded the events of the night when the jailers taunted their prisoners with sickening vile and obscene oaths and blasphemies:

On a sudden he [Joseph Smith] arose to his feet, and spoke with a voice of thunder, or as a roaring lion, uttering as nearly as I can recollect, the following words:

“Silence, ye fiends of the infernal pit! In the name of Jesus Christ I rebuke you, and command you to be still; I will not live another minute and hear such language. Cease such talk or you or I die this instant!”

He ceased to speak. He stood erect in terrible majesty. Chained, and without weapon; unruffled, and dignified as an angel, he looked upon the quailing guards, whose weapons were lowered or dropped to the ground; whose knees smote together, and who, shrinking into a corner, or crouching at his feet, begged his pardon, and remained quiet until a change of guards.

I have seen the ministers of justice, clothed in magisterial robes and criminals arraigned before them, while life was suspended on a breath, in the courts of England; I have witnessed a congress in solemn session to give laws to nations; I have tried to conceive of kings, of royal courts, of thrones and crowns; and of emperors assembled to decide the fate of kingdoms; but dignity and majesty have I seen but once, as it stood in chains, at midnight in a dungeon, in an obscure village in Missouri.<sup>32</sup>

Today we may term it *charisma*, but it was Joseph's magnetic charm born of a natural affection for his fellow man that was admired by friends and enemies alike. Consider this example of loyalty that the Prophet inspired in others, at times even from total strangers:

While a prisoner in Missouri, Joseph Smith was delivered into the custody of his bitter enemy, General Moses Wilson. Later General Wilson said of him, "He was a very remarkable man. I carried him into my house, a prisoner in chains, and in less than two hours my wife loved him better than she loved me." Some years later, when the Wilsons had moved to Texas, the General was engaged in raising a mob against some Mormon elders in that area. Upon hearing of these plans, Mrs. Wilson, although an aged lady, mounted her horse and rode thirty miles to warn the elders. No doubt her esteem for the Prophet largely motivated her in the action. Charm, or charisma, is not an isolated part of personality. Rather, it is an effect often created by a totality of the personality and character.<sup>33</sup>

But there was another quality about this man that compelled multitudes to follow him, such as was only possessed by a prophet ordained of God. His works, not his personality, testified of his divine calling.

The enemies of the Saints were confident now that the Prophet was gone, the Church would disintegrate, and the “Mormon problem” would be resolved. The mobbers who were convinced that the Church was able to exist only due to the magnetic personality of their leader, had no understanding of God’s works.

They had murdered Joseph, but they could not murder the stirrings of the Spirit in the hearts of those who had a testimony, nor could they take away the priesthood keys.<sup>34</sup>

Sidney Rigdon had left Nauvoo for Pittsburg only ten days before the martyrdom of June 27, 1844. On August 4, he was back in Nauvoo trying to convince the Saints that he had a vision that the Lord had chosen him to be “guardian of the Church.”

In the absence of the majority of the Twelve, Sidney persuaded William Marks, the stake president, to call a meeting in the grove to sustain a new leader, namely, Sidney Rigdon.<sup>35</sup> Inopportunately for Sydney, on the evening before the meeting, Brigham Young and other members of the Quorum of the Twelve arrived from the east. On Thursday, August 8, the Twelve decided to hold a solemn assembly in the grove near the temple. Eliza Ann Haven was present with her family in the congregation of the Nauvoo Saints. She describes the events of this historic occasion as well as those preceding:

Brother Joseph with the other brothers and heavy guard rode past our house on their last ride. When word came that our Prophet and Patriarch were killed, what a gloom was over the city! Everyone was in tears. We were a flock without a shepherd. The ques-



tion was a general one: “What shall we do without a Prophet?” I was fifteen years old and I felt so sad!

I was to a meeting when Sidney Rigdon declared himself our true prophet and leader. Very few responded to the call. I am happy to say none of my father’s family felt that he was. Soon after, Brother Young came home from the east where he was on a mission. I was to a meeting when he said he was our Prophet and Seer. When he spoke it was in Brother Joseph’s voice. I gave a jump out of my seat and said “Our Prophet Joseph has come to life! We have our Prophet back!” And I looked up and there stood Brother Joseph just as plain as I ever saw him when alive. For a minute I saw Brother Joseph’s features and heard his voice! Then a mist seemed to pass from Brigham’s face and go up, and there stood Brother Brigham talking to us. Hundreds saw the same thing I did, but not all that were present.<sup>36</sup>

A young man, Benjamin Johnson, also testified of this same experience at the conference in Nauvoo:

My back was partly turned to the seats occupied by Apostle Brigham Young and the other Apostles, when suddenly, and as from Heaven, I heard the voice of the Prophet Joseph, that thrilled my whole being, and quickly turning around I saw in the transfiguration of Brigham Young, the tall, straight and portly form of the Prophet Joseph Smith, clothed in a sheen of light, covering him to his feet; and I heard the real and perfect voice of the Prophet, even to the whistle, as in years past caused by the loss of a tooth said to have been broken out by the mob at Hiram [while trying to pry open his mouth to strangle him with acid, which resulted in a whistle-like sound when speaking]. This view, or vision, although but for a few seconds, was to me as vivid and real as the glare of lightning.<sup>37</sup>

This day stands out as one of great significance in the history of the Restoration. On that day a miracle occurred before the body of the Church as the mantle of the Prophet

Joseph Smith fell upon Brigham Young, the senior member of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles. The succession crisis was clarified for the benefit of the body of the Church. Now there should be no misunderstanding who stood at the head of the Church. By a unanimous vote of the Saints, the Council of the Twelve was sustained as the First Presidency of the Church.<sup>38</sup>

There were expressions of desire to avenge the murders of Joseph and Hyrum made by several of those who grieved the loss of their beloved leaders. But Brigham Young knew that this would be folly. Brigham had the following counsel:

I remarked that the Lord would never suffer us to overcome our enemies while we cherished feelings of revenge; when we prevailed over our enemies it must be from a sense of duty and not of revenge.<sup>39</sup>

The first recorded Latter-day Saint family reunion that was held since the organization of the Church took place in the newly dedicated Seventies Hall in Nauvoo on January 8, 1845. The minutes described it as a meeting of the Richards and Young families, although, the common relationship of almost all those in attendance extended to the Howe and Goddard families, and, consequently, to the Havens. A feeling of deep humility must swell within the breasts of the descendants of John Haven who read this that their ancestors are numbered among this great elect of God's children. Please take note of the great and faithful souls who were in attendance at this first official family gathering in the Church. The opening paragraph of the minutes reads thus:

A meeting of the Young and Richards family convened in the Seventies Hall, Nauvoo, Ill., January 8, 1845, at 10 a.m. President Brigham Young, Willard Richards, Phineas Richards, Joseph Young, Lorenzo Young, Heber C. Kimball, John Taylor, A. P. Rockwood, Israel Barlow, John Haven, Joseph Tolmer, William Hyde, Joel Bullard, Edmund Ellsworth, Evan

Greene, Todde Decker, and families, Mother Smith [mother of Joseph Smith], Rhoda Richards [mother of Willard Richards and sister of Betsey Howe Haven], Franklin Richards, Samuel Richards and many others were present.<sup>40</sup>

A band (probably the Nauvoo Brass Band) and a choir participated. Those who spoke were Phineas Richards, John Haven, Brigham Young, Joseph Young, Heber C. Kimball, John Taylor, Father John Smith (uncle of the Prophet and future presiding patriarch), and Lucy Mack Smith, mother of the Prophet Joseph. Perhaps no other family reunion had such a distinguished array of speakers.

Phineas Richards called on the persons who had the Priesthood to stand. Of the twelve were Brigham Young, Willard Richards, and Heber C. Kimball. (John Taylor must have left before this part of the proceedings began.) Of the High Priests was Phineas Richards. Of the High Council were Levi Richards, John Haven, Isaac Decker, Evan M. Green, and Franklin D. Richards, who was later ordained an apostle. Of the Seventies were Joseph Young, Albert P. Rockwood, Israel Barlow, Jesse Haven, William Hyde, Lorenzo Young, Stephen Goddard, John Tach, Joseph E. Talmer, and Samuel W. Richards. Of the elders was Thomas Bullock.<sup>41</sup>

To be appointed to the High Council, as was John Haven, carried with it weighty responsibilities. The members of this council not only were concerned with things of a spiritual nature involving the responsibilities of church matters, but functioned as a city council as well. A mix of their duties involved setting fees, determining city boundaries, and loaning money for the relief of the poor. It was to the High Council of Nauvoo on July 12, 1843, that Hyrum Smith read the revelation on polygamy before it was made public. The First Presidency and the Nauvoo High Council determined where the Saints were to settle upon leaving Nauvoo, and the High Council heard Oliver Cowdery's petition to rejoin the Church. There was also a High Council of

Iowa located across the river. We of this generation would thirst to know of the feelings of Brother Haven as he sat in deliberation on these grave and historic matters.

Story after story has been told of the endless brutality inflicted upon the Saints by their enemies. The intensity and bitterness of these attacks are difficult to comprehend, let alone to justify. Mary Shumway recalls this scene as a youth in Nauvoo:

I remember a little girl at Nauvoo. She was an orphan; her father and mother were both dead. This little girl fell into the hands of some enemies; they used to abuse her because she was a Mormon child. Someone went there and saw how they were treating her. When her uncle heard of it he went and got her. When he brought her to his home her hands had been burned. When she didn't do everything they wanted her to they burned her hands. Her hands looked like cooked meat, and her toes were the same. This will show you how bitter the people were towards the Mormons; some of them couldn't be mean enough.<sup>42</sup>

Mobs began burning homes of the Saints located in the outlying areas around Nauvoo.

The burning became almost a ritual. The mob would arrive at a house and pull the family out, women and children being dragged out sometimes from beds of sickness. Then the family would watch helplessly as their cattle were scattered, their crops destroyed, and their homes, barns, and haystacks burned to piles of smoking ashes. The roads to Nauvoo were strewn with the homeless.<sup>43</sup>

The Nauvoo Temple was being built under the threat of mobs dedicated to driving the Saints out of their own city. Rooms in the temple were dedicated as they were completed so that ordinance work could begin as early as possible. On the evening of December 10, 1845, Brigham Young

and Heber C. Kimball began giving endowments to faithful Latter-day Saints. The work continued until 3 A.M.<sup>44</sup>



Figure 17: The Nauvoo Temple, historical Daguerreotype, circa 1846

Albert Perry Rockwood, the husband of Nancy Haven, was called as a member of the First Quorum of Seventy on December 21. He had previously served as a bodyguard to the Prophet Joseph Smith, as did Israel Barlow. Albert was also in charge of the quarry where the rock for the temple was procured. Nancy and Albert were endowed upon completion of the temple on December 12, 1845 and sealed on January 17, 1846.<sup>45</sup> Much could be said of the faith of the Rockwood family. Of the six children born of the marriage of Albert and Nancy, only one child survived to adulthood, Ellen, who later married Brigham Young, but never bore children. Thus, Nancy Haven Rockwood died in 1876 without leaving a posterity.

On Thursday, December 18, 1845, Brigham broke away from his services in the temple to go to the home of John Haven. There he performed the wedding ceremony for Robert Taylor Burton and Maria Susan Haven. Their sealing

would wait until March, 1856, after the completion of the Endowment House in Salt Lake City.<sup>46</sup>



Figure 18: Robert Taylor Burton and Maria Haven

The temple endowment ceremonies continued night and day. On Christmas day John Haven, his wife, Judith, and their newly married daughter of seven days, Maria Susan, were endowed. Maria's husband, Robert Burton, had received his endowments three days before the marriage. Brigham Young made note of the activities in the Temple on this same day:

Thursday, 25 ... Six P.M., the high council met for prayer in room No. 4; the high priests met in room No. 8. The Twelve met in my room for counsel and prayer. After considerable conversation about the western country we united in prayer: George A. Smith was mouth. One hundred seven persons received their ordinances. The business of the day closed at twenty minutes past ten o'clock, and notice was given that no more washings and anointings would be attended to at

present. Brother Kimball and I, with some few others, remained in the Temple all night.<sup>47</sup>

A few days later, on January 6, 1846, in the first company, nineteen-year-old Eliza Ann, apparently without the accompaniment of other family members, received the blessing of a temple endowment.<sup>48</sup> Why she did not join her parents in their endowment ceremony on Christmas Day is not explained. On this date it is of interest to again note Brother Brigham's attention to the work in the Temple in spite of the pressures that weighed heavily upon him:

Tuesday, 6.—Seventeen bottles of oil were consecrated. Ninety persons received ordinances.<sup>49</sup>

In January, Brigham Young recorded that

Such has been the anxiety manifested by the Saints to receive the ordinances, and such the anxiety on our part to administer to them, that I have given myself up entirely to the work of the Lord in the Temple night and day, not taking more than four hours sleep, upon an average, per day, and going home but once a week.<sup>50</sup>

Those were stressful days. The City of Joseph was still in its infancy. Yet the Saints realized that their time in Nauvoo was nearing an end, in spite of the promise of their enemies that the Saints would be permitted to wait until spring when the roads would be passable and the grass suitable for grazing. Long lines of faithful Saints, filled with anxiety, awaited each temple session. After all their suffering and sacrifice to build this edifice unto the Lord, they were not to be denied this blessing. Many of the public buildings were turned into workshops. Horses and oxen were purchased wherever they were available. Night and day, the pounding on the anvil, the sawing and nailing of wagon boxes, and the firing of the bellows could be heard throughout the City of Joseph.

If the Saints had been able to leave Nauvoo in April, as originally planned, they would have been much better prepared for the trials that lay ahead. The Saints had completed negotiations with their persecutors with Congressman Stephen A. Douglas acting as mediator. In exchange for an interim of peace, the members of the Church agreed to leave in the spring as soon as the grass on the prairie was high enough to sustain their livestock and the rivers and streams were free of ice. But the accord was shattered as the opposing forces soon continued their unmerciful harassment. The increased activity on the construction of the temple soon had rumors spreading like wildfire that the Mormons were planning on prolonging their stay in Nauvoo. Outlying farms and homes were pillaged and burned, families murdered. Pleas ascended to Heaven for mercy. When will the wrath of the Lord stay their persecutors?

When the Twelve fled to escape false counterfeiting charges, many of the Saints became alarmed. They did not want to be left behind without their leaders. Several of the previously appointed captains abandoned their assignments in order to align themselves with the vanguard companies and join with the Twelve. Let it be understood that there was no panic, but a feeling of urgency and fear did grip the hearts of this persecuted people, and it did give impetus to a premature exodus, even in the dead of winter. Although there was a semblance of order, the Saints in most part were pitifully unprepared for the trials that lay before them.

Charles Shumway and his family were the first of the Saints to cross the frigid waters of the Mississippi on February 4, 1846. On this maiden crossing initiating the exodus, little ten-year-old Mary recalled the temporary thaw that had taken place at that time. Great blocks of ice floated by, often risking a collision. Finally, the Shumways reached the western shore as the freezing cold settled in. Brother Shumway built a fire on the shore near Sugar Creek, Iowa, in a futile effort to keep his family warm while he returned to Nauvoo with the boat. His means of conveyance back to his



family was likely with others who returned their boats in the same manner. However, the river froze solid in the space of a few days, temporarily allowing many refugees to cross on foot or in wagons.

One week following the Shumways's departure, February 11, Maria and Robert Burton bade a sad farewell to their loved ones and joined the procession to the river and the flatboat ferry in a borrowed wagon. This was to be their wedding trip. In later years, Robert wrote of this adventure:

In the month of February when the thermometer was several degrees below zero, we crossed the Mississippi River, camped in the snow and pitched our tents as best we could. . . . I had a friend who lent me his team and I was requested to accompany President Young west [because of Robert's membership in Pitt's Brass Band]. I took my present wife, Aunt Maria as so many of you call her, packed up our duds and got into the wagon. It did not require many baggage wagons to hold them; we had about what we stood up in.<sup>51</sup>

John, Judith, and Eliza Ann remained in Nauvoo for a time. A deep sense of anxiety and despair must have been felt by the Haven family as they watched their children and families, along with their other neighbors, pack their wagons with what provisions they had on hand and start down the road to the landing at the river's edge. The creaking of the wagon wheels and the lowing of the cattle could be heard night and day as they plodded past the Haven home. Thousands of souls thus began one of the most remarkable migrations in the history of western civilization.

Elizabeth and Israel Barlow, along with Israel's second wife, Elizabeth Barton, were asked to remain behind in order for Israel to continue making wagon wheels. It would not be until June 15 when they would finally cross the Mississippi to join the Saints in the journey west.<sup>52</sup>

Upon his call as a missionary to South Africa, Jesse Haven had sent his wife, Martha Spring Haven, to live in Farmington, Iowa, twenty-five miles from Nauvoo on the

Des Moines River. A letter of July 4, 1846, from Martha to her mother noted that Jesse had sold his home to a Baptist minister for a cow and two pair of steers, worth about sixty dollars in trade. The minister also bought Joseph and Mary Ellen Palmer's home for the same terms: a "nice" cow and two pair of steers. Jesse's family turned up in Winter Quarters, according to a letter Martha wrote to her mother from "Winter Quarters, Omahaw Nation, January 3, 1848."<sup>53</sup>

On April 30, a group of twenty attended the Temple dedication dressed in temple robes, the dedicatory prayer being offered by Wilford Woodruff, a member of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles who had just returned from Great Britain. The next day, May 1, a public dedication was held with approximately three hundred people in attendance.<sup>54</sup> It is quite safe to conclude that the Havens and Barlows were in attendance, considering their sacrifices in helping to build the temple. The Journal History records that on May 10, 1846, about three thousand Saints met in the temple at Nauvoo, where Elder Wilford Woodruff preached and Elder Noah Packard bore testimony.<sup>55</sup>

Since the start of the winter crossing in February, the many Saints who still remained behind in Nauvoo were trying desperately to gather together the means to evacuate, while suffering financial loss of property in the interest of time. They were anxious to catch up with the main body of Saints along the trail in Iowa.

The exodus from Nauvoo did not take place as a single event over a period of a few days or weeks. Crossings were being made almost daily from February through June. There was a constant stream of communication between the advance company, headed by Brigham Young, and the Saints still in Nauvoo. Wagons were returning to Nauvoo frequently for additional supplies or family members. Even a form of mail service was established. After leaving their homes in Nauvoo, camps were made on the Iowa side of the river where the refugees remained for weeks while some semblance of organization was attempted. During this inter-

val, there was a continual flow of Saints between those who were now homeless in various camps on the Iowa side of the Mississippi and those still in Nauvoo who were in various stages of preparation for their pending homelessness.

A letter has been brought to light written in February of 1846 by Eliza to her sister, Maria, who was camped across the river in Iowa. This letter shows the intimate contact maintained by family members with those already on the trail in Iowa. Notice the intent of Father (John Haven) and Israel's planned visit to the Burton camp and the casual invitation for Maria to return to the Haven home in Nauvoo for a quilting session:

Dear Sister,

I don't know but you will get tired reading my scribbles, but as Father and Israel were coming over, I thought I would write a line. Mother is piecing up a bag to carry to California. I have been piecing up quilts. I have got one pieced ready to quilt. I would like to have you come over Thursday and help us quilt. If Robert will come and fetch his violin, in the evening we will have a dance (as you like to dance so well). Elizabeth is going to send you a rolling pin as a present. We now have a plenty of milk. I wish you was here to have some as I suppose you don't have any there. I guess you will think this is wrote in a hurry, I am writing on your singing book in my lap. You must write a note back by father and let us know whether you received the box and letter, much love to Robert.

Your sister,

Eliza A. Haven

P.S. I have wrote a little of everything.

Eliza

There is a ball down to Brother Beck's tonight. I can hear them calling the figures very plain.

Please bear in mind that Robert and Maria are camped in a tent on the west bank of the Mississippi River in the dead of winter. On February 16, possibly the following day, Eliza wrote once again addressed to Mrs. Maria S. H. Burton, Iowa Territory:

Father and Israel have concluded not to go over till tomorrow. I have been writing to Elmira, if you have anything to write to her, write it and send back by Father. Eunice Billings was married but I don't know who to. We are going to have a meeting next Sunday, so Brother Joseph says you must come over. I suppose you think you will have the best meeting there as Brother Brigham is there.

We have put some eggs in the box. You must have some fried bacon and eggs if you must send back word whether they got broke. Brother Scofield has had a letter from Mr. H.E. Wright. He was married last Christmas.<sup>56</sup>

A few months later, on May 2, a Brother Staley stopped by the Haven home with a letter from Maria. Brother Staley had just returned from one of the campsites along the trail in Iowa. By this time, the Burtons had plodded deep into the mire of the Iowa wilderness. With Brother Staley available to carry a letter back to Maria, Judith began jotting down lines of love and encouragement to her ailing daughter camped somewhere in the mud and cold of the Iowa prairie:

Nauvoo, May 3, 1846

Dear Child:

I received a letter from you last week. I felt very sorry to hear you are so unwell. I hope you will keep up with good courage and will gain your health soon. I saw your Father Burton today. They have gone over

Miss. River but cannot go further on account of the going. They think they shall start in two or three days. Sister F. Young was here Friday last. She told us they had a letter from Brother Brigham, which informed them that those that were appointed to go to England last fall must now fulfill their mission. He says the Brothers Burton will go as soon as they can leave their families. Sis. Young says she don't know why they should thus be singled out, but thinks they are not going at present. Be that as it may, whenever Robert goes, I shall depend upon your promise, that is, to live with us. Nothing short of that will make us happy Maria. Make no other calculation we are making all possible speed to come. We intend to make our tent this week. Whenever we can exchange our house and lot for a team and a little clothing, we shall come. There is a great many in to bye. They call on us often. Their people have not met our prices yet. We may sell within 24 hours.

Maria, I have sold your bonnet. I shall get you a dress. I have not sold Robert's hat yet but think I shall, and your bonnet. You must write as soon as you receive this and let me know what you want. Joseph and Jene have sold for 26 dollars a piece. Israel has not sold yet. Elizabeth has a fine son. She is smart. Chauncey West and Mary Houghlin were married today. We went into the Temple to meeting today. Brother Hyde preacht. It was very interesting. Porter Rockwell is in Quincy; sail Judith Morey May 5.

At this point, Judith must have lain down the quill to attend to other matters. So Eliza seized the opportunity to add a few words of her own to her sister, her lines running crosswise on the page so that they crossed her mother's at right angles, a nineteenth century custom to get more information on a page, due to the scarcity of paper. Eliza wrote

Sister & Bro. Staley was here last night. He said he was going directly to the Camp and I could send a letter and I embrace the opportunity. Mother has wrote in her letter that Chauncey and Mary were married.

They expect to start for the west in a few days. I was to meeting Friday. We had a good one. The house was not near full as all had to pay. I sat with the singers. We had no meeting Saturday. It was free for everyone on Sunday. I was there all day. Bro. Hyde preached in the forenoon. He preached excellent. I presume you will have the particulars in the Camp. Mellissa and Bro. Burton were over to meeting Sunday. They have been across the river about a week waiting for the roads. Cass [Charles] is very sick.... He felt very bad when he heard that you were sick.

Mother began her letter wrong and I don't know as you can read this.... We have sold our house and lot but have not got much for it. We got two yoke of cattle, a wagon and twenty dollars in money. We cannot get many clothes. If you want anything in particular send word or write what you want. We shall start in about two weeks. Father and Mother have been down and got us a tent and wagon cover.

Eliza continued her letter with bits of news and messages of greeting to and from friends and relatives, mentioning only first names. She concluded by sending her love and expressing dismay at the way they had to write to cover the paper, "Let no one see this but yourself, it looks so bad. I don't know as you can read this." There is also a note at the bottom written again by her mother, Judith, "E. filled my letter whilst I was gone so I can write no more. My love to Robert and I hope I shall see you soon. Mother."<sup>57</sup>

When Brother Staley caught up with the Camp of Israel somewhere along the trail in Iowa, Maria must have welcomed him with joy as he handed her the letter from home. Seated by the campfire, Maria probably read the letter time and again, thrilled to learn her family was finally about ready to join them on the trail.

To catch a glimpse of the struggles that these stalwarts were forced to endure, Robert Burton later recounted their

circumstance as the weather vacillated from intense cold and ice to rain, mud, and flooding:

As snow and frost gave way, then came mud and water; the streams were so swollen by the melting of the winter snow that they overflowed their banks untill whole sections of the pararie [sic] were covered with water. Sometimes we were compelled to camp where the water was several inches deep. Improvising beds by throwing down willows and brush enough to raise the bedding above the surrounding floods, and so diffacult was the traveling that in some instances we could only make three miles per day. During this slow and tedious march we were obliged to go to the settlements of Missouri and work for food for ourselves and animals, and what made it still more unpleasant for me my wife, being young and at that time delicate in consequence of these exposures, was attacked with chills and fever and would shake untill the bows of the wagon would rattle and but little could be done for her comfort. Thus we continued our weary journey to the west.<sup>58</sup>

From the sale of the house, John finally had a yoke of oxen and a wagon, and with the twenty dollars he was able to buy canvas for a tent and a wagon cover. The sale of the property must have taken place shortly after Judith had finished her part of the letter, as Eliza's note indicates that the transaction had been concluded prior to her addition. It took a few days for Judith and Eliza to sew together the material for their shelter and for John to make the necessary wagon repairs, grease the axles, attach the wagon cover, and store provisions for their long trek to the Rocky Mountains.

According to the Nauvoo Land Records, John and Judith sold home and property to Warick H. Cosgrove for \$175. Perhaps the yoke of oxen and wagon, plus the \$20, as noted in Eliza's writings in the letter to Maria, were valued at \$175.<sup>59</sup> It is interesting that there were sixty-six feet of the east original property that John had purchased from Israel that was not included in the sale to Cosgrove. This

section could have been dedicated to the city of Nauvoo to extend Arlington Street north alongside the eastern property line.

The sale was dated June 5, 1846, and recorded June 16. This date does not coincide with the letter of May 3 written by Judith and Eliza to Maria indicating that they would be leaving Nauvoo in two weeks. The Havens and Burtons were attending a wedding in Mount Pisgah on June 22, so the mid-May departure seems valid. Many of the Saints did leave the sale of their property in the hands of agents in order to leave early, and perhaps that is the reason why the sale of the Haven homestead was not concluded until June. John, Judith, and Eliza were deep in Iowa territory by the time the sale of their home was recorded.

The same Franklin D. Richards to whom Uncle Haven had given a blessing upon Franklin's first mission call was also forced to leave his home about this same time, taking with him two pregnant wives and one daughter. While still camped at Sugar Creek across the river from Nauvoo in a destitute condition, Franklin received another mission call. The family traveled on without Franklin. Before he returned, his plural wife, daughter, and newborn son died of hunger and exposure.<sup>60</sup>

At long last, the Havens loaded their wagon with their worldly belongings. After giving Elizabeth and Israel a warm farewell embrace, they began their own exodus down Mulholland Street to the ferry at the dock to take them across the Mississippi River. What lay ahead, they did not know. But they knew that time was getting short for those who remained. The "big battle," as Eliza termed it in later years, was near at hand. The enemies of the Saints were salivating at the prospect of feeding upon the carcass of the once City Beautiful.

The battle of Nauvoo began on September 10, 1846. By this time, less than fifteen hundred church members, too poor to leave, remained in their City of Joseph. Brigham Young did what he could do to offer protection to these poor



who had no means to travel west with the main body. But it was largely up to the individual families to devise their own means for survival. Almost all the Saints were in a state of destitution. Wagons returned daily to pick up many in an attempt to help them flee before their enemies. It was providential that the Havens were able to depart before these final days in Nauvoo. Those driven from their homes following the battle were destined to suffer privations as well as unexpected blessings which only added to their faith in those bitter days.

Traveling across Iowa in May was not the same as it was in February through April. The weather had improved, and the roads became somewhat passable, partly due to the efforts of the advanced party who were mindful of those who were to follow. Yet there were no bridges over the many rivers and swollen streams, leaving the crossings to their own devices. What had taken the early contingent of evacuees three months to cross Iowa took the Havens only five weeks in the spring. Somewhere along the trail, the Havens caught up with the Burtons. This was a blessing, because Robert and Maria had not team, wagon, or tent to claim as their own. Perhaps their rejoining took place at Locust Creek, where William Clayton composed the words to “Come, Come, Ye Saints,” or further along at the temporary settlement on the Grand River, Garden Grove. In any case, both the Havens and the Burtons were together in Mount Pisgah in June of that trying year of 1846.

Mount Pisgah was only one hundred and seventy-two miles from Nauvoo, but it took the main body of outcasts over two-and-a-half months to reach that point, slightly over halfway across the territory of Iowa.<sup>61</sup> Along with Garden Grove, Mount Pisgah became a semi-permanent camp where log cabins were built and crops planted for the benefit of those who were to follow. Mount Pisgah became a swarming community of two thousand as refugees from Nauvoo arrived at the rate of twenty to thirty wagons a day throughout the summer of 1846. Brigham Young and the

rest of the leadership had only paused at Mount Pisgah before they pressed on. There was a constant stream of communication from the rear about the number of wagons on the way and about the brutal treatment by the enemy accorded those left behind in Nauvoo. But there was no communication from those ahead to those back on the trail. There was an uneasiness of the people at Mount Pisgah over being left behind by their leaders without word of their circumstance.

Two weeks after leaving Mount Pisgah, Brigham Young established his headquarters camp at Council Bluffs on the east bank of the Missouri River. All hope of reaching their refuge in the Rocky Mountains that year had been abandoned; a place to winter was now the immediate concern. Even though it was late in the season, crops had to be planted in order to survive the approaching winter.

But before all the planting was finished, Captain James Allen of the United States Army arrived at Mount Pisgah on June 26 with a request from President Polk for five hundred men from the Mormons to fight in the war between the United States and Mexico, only recently declared. "This request is preposterous!" was a contention that likely ran through Father John Haven's mind. "Where was the United States Army when the Saints needed protection in Missouri and in Illinois? Now the government wants five hundred of our finest men to fight its war with Mexico. Is this a genuine need that the Army has, or is it a plot by the Administration to destroy our people, or at least cripple us sufficiently so that we cannot flee the jurisdiction of the United States?"

How well the Saints recalled Governor Boggs' Extermination Order against them in Missouri, President Martin Van Buren's weak remark that their cause was just but he could do nothing for them, the murder of their prophet by men who were quickly acquitted, and the mobs who laid waste of their rights, possessions, and lives. These thoughts were at the forefront of each of the Saints who were gath-

ered around the army officers as they listened with astonishment.

For better or for worse, Captain Allen was advised by the Administration to go to the Missouri River where he would find Brigham Young in one of the settlements. Surprisingly, Brother Brigham saw this as a blessing. He arranged with Captain Allen that if the volunteers would forego uniforms, that the money (\$21,000) would be used by the camp who were desperate for food and provisions. Besides that, their wages would be sent back to support the Saints for their westerly trek. Brigham understood that with the men gone, all hope of continuing on to the Rockies that year was futile. He secured permission from the army that the Saints could settle on Indian lands on both sides of the Missouri while they prepared to continue their journey west. It was a difficult three-week recruitment. Brigham declared,

If we want the privilege of going where we can worship God according to the dictates of our conscience, we must raise the Battalion. I say it is right and who cares for sacrificing our comfort for a few years?... After we get through talking we will call out the companies, and if there are not young men enough, we will take the old men, and if there are not enough we will take the women.<sup>62</sup>

Brother Brigham at last secured the enlistment of five hundred of the ablest men to fight for the country that had only recently withheld its protection in their hour of extreme need. This contingent of the “flower of the colony” became known as the Mormon Battalion. Their journey from Council Bluffs to San Diego became the longest infantry march in United States military history.

Early in July, the Burtons and Havens yoked up the oxen and left Mount Pisgah. The party was now composed of Robert and Maria; Robert’s parents, Samuel and Hannah Burton; Robert’s fifteen-year-old brother, Charles; and the Havens: John, Judith, and Eliza. It was about this same time

that the greatest casualties of the trek were experienced at Mount Pisgah. Malarial fever swept hundreds into the grave. Mary A. Rich noted in her autobiography that

While we were at Mount Pisgah...the plowing of the soil caused the chills and fever and about seventy died there in the wilderness, most of them buried without coffins.<sup>63</sup>

The Saints were malnourished because of the scarcity of food. Scores were buried in shallow graves wrapped only in blankets; others in coffins made from wagon boxes. Many were left widowed and orphaned.<sup>64</sup> Perhaps the recruitment of the Battalion was a blessing in disguise. Surely the Lord had not directed them to the banks of the Missouri only to die.

When the Burtons and Havens arrived at the Missouri, they found a great number of Saints camped on both sides of the river in a determined attempt to prepare for the winter, pressured by the lateness of the season.<sup>65</sup> When the main body of Saints had left Nauvoo in the early months of 1846, Brigham Young's goal was to reach their destination in the Rocky Mountains before winter set in. Their travel across Iowa proved to be ponderously slow. Heavy spring rains had made the trail a morass of mud. Brigham noted that one day they only had one mud hole to contend with, but it was six miles long.

The Saints as a whole were poorly prepared for their journey from the start. Hunger, sickness, and death plagued their every footstep. It was imperative that somewhere they would have to establish a settlement for shelter from the approaching winter. Wagons had to be repaired, provisions to be procured, the sick to be nursed; their very survival was at stake.

The headquarters of the Church was now established on the west bank of the Missouri River on Pottawattamie Indian lands after negotiations with the Otoe and Omaha

tribes, which is now Florence, or North Omaha. John Young described Winter Quarters as the Saints' "Valley Forge of Mormondom." But there were other camps in Council Bluffs on the Iowa side of the river, also at their semi-permanent camps in mid-Iowa at Garden Grove and Mount Pisgah, and still countless others scattered in towns and temporary settlements along both the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers. Nearly twelve thousand Saints were in varied stages of disarray and destitution. The malarial season was upon the gathering body of the Church, but as summer waned, the season of starvation crept among the mass of immigrants.

Samuel Burton could foretell that soon after arriving at Kaneshville that many of the thousands who were camped along the Missouri River would be facing starvation and exposure when winter set in. In a letter to his daughter, Samuel reflected his despair:

Some of our poor brethern that acrost the river with the Twelve I think will find a hard winter. There is not anything to earn to live on nothing but rough Indians. Near to them our settlement for 30 miles is full of Mormons everywhere.<sup>66</sup>

An excerpt from the diary of Hosea Stout bears out the suffering of the Saints that took place in Winter Quarters during that first winter of 1846:

Tonight myself and family had the pleasure of once more sleping in our own house for the first time since we left Nauvoo on the 9th day of last February, making nine months and fifteen days that we lived without a house. During which time we have undere went all-most every change of fortune that could be imagined. One half of my family so dear to me has been con-signed to the silent grave & we who yet remain have often been brought to the verge of death often in storms & rains have I stood to hold my tent from uncovering my sick family expecting every moment to see them exposed to the rain & wind which would

have certain death. often have I lain and contemplated my own sickness & feeble situation, without any thing for myself and family to eat with death staring me in the face and could only contemplate what would become of them in case I was called away. And worse yet how often have I behel[d] my family one by one yielding up the Ghost & bereaving me of every earthly prospect with the melancholy reflection that there was yet more soon to follow. How often in sorrow & anguish have I said in my heart. When shall my trials and tribulations end. But amid all these adverse changes, these heart wrending trials not once yet have I ever regreted that I set out to follow the council of the people of God & to obey the voice of the spirit to flee from the land of the Gentiles.<sup>67</sup>

After five months in the wilderness, the Saints still had no refuge. Their future was no more secure now than it was when they had left Nauvoo. The Burtons and the Havens once more headed for regions unknown. Again Robert gives us some insight into the dilemma that lay before them:

We thought it would be better for our family—that we could obtain the outfit for our journey quicker by moving down into the state of Missouri. Accordingly leaving the Bluffs and traveling down the Missouri River arriving at Atchinson [Atchison] Co., about the middle of August. In our little company were my father and my father-in-law [John Haven] and family. I purchased a claim near the mouth of the Nishbotna River. Here we erected cabins, cultivated land and I obtained labor, part of [the] time in Missouri.<sup>68</sup>

The decision to move down the Missouri River into an area that was not overrun by impoverished Saints proved to be a wise one. In the middle of August, the Burtons and Havens journeyed about forty miles to the southeast along the Missouri River until they found an area with good fertile land and groves of trees in the Austen Township of Atchison County, located in the northwest corner of Missouri. Near the mouth of the Nishnabotna River, the Burtons and

Havens erected log cabins and then began to plow the land. In this corner of Missouri, the Mormons were treated hospitably. The men were able to find work, and there was ample grazing for the livestock. Eliza wrote of these days in Austen Township with fond memories,

We raised fine crops, watermellons that I couldn't lift. Everyone there was so kind and friendly. We used to have quilting parties, and we Mormon girls were made much of. There were four other Mormon families besides us.<sup>69</sup>

On July 26, 1847, Robert's mother, Hannah, died, never being able to recuperate from the hardships of the Iowa crossing. Another event marked this sojourn of their lives in western Missouri—the following year on March 26, 1848, Maria gave birth to their first child, Theresa Hannah, in Austen Township of Atchison County, just a few miles south of Hamburg, Iowa.

While in Nauvoo, John Haven's son-in-law, Albert Perry Rockwood, had been ordained as one of the presidents of the First Quorum of Seventy in 1845.<sup>70</sup> He had been one of the principals in selecting the site of Winter Quarters.<sup>71</sup> On the original trip west, he was also one of Brigham Young's right-hand men "who acted for President Young in forming his camp, had selected and settled the order of the camp."<sup>72</sup>

Juanita Brooks, the noted Mormon historian, recorded the following:

As Brigham Young's first adopted son, Rockwood enjoyed many privileges and responsibilities, one [being] he was placed in charge of all the family [including the Havens] during the 1848 emigration.<sup>73</sup>

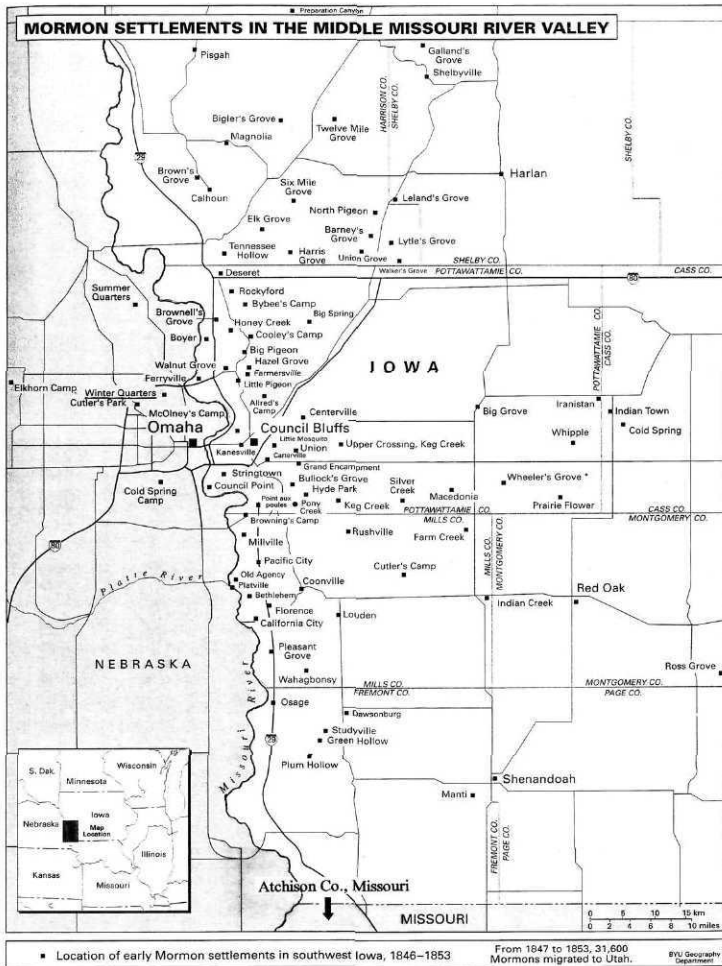


Figure 19: Winter Quarters and Atchison, Missouri

There was an area about eighteen miles from Winter Quarters, sometimes designated as “Summer Quarters,” where Brigham Young had his farm. Brother Brigham reserved this land for his “adopted children,” among whom were Albert P. Rockwood and Israel Barlow and their families. About four thousand bushels of corn were raised on this farm in 1847, undoubtedly with the help of these two stalwart sons-in-law of John Haven.<sup>74</sup>



This so-called practice of adoption became very disconcerting to many of the faithful members. The Nauvoo Temple records show that Albert Perry Rockwood and Nancy Haven Rockwood, along with Israel Barlow and Elizabeth Haven Barlow, were sealed to Brigham Young and Mary Ann Angel Young “to be their children to all intents and purposes named by the ordinance in the covenant and blessing at the altar in the usual manner” (pp. 593, 595).<sup>75</sup> Later, this practice was abandoned and, most assuredly, was much to the relief of Father John Haven. It seemed to take several years for the Saints to grasp a true understanding of the sealing ordinance.



Figure 20: Possible Haven home in Nauvoo which still stands. Photographed by 3g grandson, Dr. Douglas Chabries



# V

---

## The Trek

EARLY THE FOLLOWING SPRING, April 16, 1847, a vanguard company of 143 men, three women, and two children left Winter Quarters under the leadership of Brigham Young on their historic thousand-mile trek to the Rocky Mountains. In three months and eight days, Brother Brigham set foot on “the right place” in the Great Salt Lake Basin on July 24, 1847. Among these precursors of the Mormon migrations to the Valley of Salt Lake were Albert Perry Rockwood and Charles Shumway.

After remaining less than a month in the Valley, Brigham with about one hundred men, including Rockwood and Shumway, made a return trip to Winter Quarters. On the way back, they met approximately fifteen hundred Saints in ten separate companies en route to the destination in the “Tops of the Mountains.” In Jedediah Grant’s company of 150 were Mary Fielding Smith and also thirteen-year-old Mary Shumway. Mary Shumway’s mother and sister had been buried in Winter Quarters and now she was traveling with her father’s plural wife. Upon being reunited with his wife and daughter along the trail, Charles Shumway retraced his steps and returned to the Salt Lake Valley with his family. Brigham Young and the majority of the original company of pioneers were back in Winter Quarters October 31, 1847, to lay plans for the main body of Saints’ migration to the Salt Lake Valley the following year.

An event of special significance occurred during this second winter on the banks of the Missouri River in the settlement now known as Kaneshville. In December of 1847, a general conference of the Church was held in a specially built log tabernacle, which seated one thousand people. The assembled body of Saints sustained Brigham Young and his counselors, Heber C. Kimball and Willard Richards, as the First Presidency. The action was later ratified by the Saints in Iowa and Salt Lake City, as well as those in the British Isles.

In the spring of 1848, the call went out for the Camp of Israel to reassemble in Winter Quarters in preparation for the final push to the Salt Lake Valley. On May 17, the Burtons and the Havens left their homes and farms in Missouri, where they had been able to improve their economic situation during the last two years, and rejoined the Saints in Winter Quarters.

As a prolific letter writer, Elizabeth Barlow undoubtedly had kept in touch with her father and family, keeping them informed of the happenings and future plans of the main body of Saints. As well, there was a stream of communication up and down the Missouri River among the various Mormon settlements. In spite of their sense of well-being in Austen, it had always been John Haven's resolve to travel with the Saints to their new refuge in the west, and now they were ready. Their single focus during the past several months in Missouri was to prepare themselves for the final leg of the trek to the Tops of the Mountains. At last they felt that they had sufficient provisions to see them through their journey to their sanctuary across the plains and over the Rocky Mountains. The Burtons and Havens arrived May 28 in Winter Quarters.

President Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball had ordered their families down from their farms and prepared them for the final trek. The Haven family was now together again. Elizabeth and Israel, along with Israel's second wife, Betsey Barton, managed to switch from President Willard

Richard's company in order to travel with the Haven family. Journeying together in John's small fraternity was his wife, Judith, Eliza Ann, the Rockwoods, the Palmers, the Burtons, and now the Barlows.

Fatefully, it was in the spring of 1848 when the Havens had rejoined the Saints in Winter Quarters that the adventurous, young Charles Westover also arrived on the scene with his family. Sarah Jane, Edwin's wife, had come into a small inheritance so they were able to get an outfit of their own for the long western trek. Besides Charles, the family group on this epic journey consisted of Edwin and Sarah Jane; Edwin's infant son, Lycurgus; Electa and her sister Hannah; Hannah's daughter, Adeline Brown; and Hannah's second husband, John Kempton. Whether part of the family accompanied Charles in his wagon, we do not know. Although without doubt, being a faithful polygamist, Brother Erastus had Charles's wagon filled with part of his family and their belongings. To be sure, Charles was merely the chauffeur.

On May 19, 1848, with only the clothes on his back, twenty-year-old Charles took his place alongside the ox team that Brother Erastus had engaged him to drive. With a "gee!" and a "haw!" he maneuvered the wagon in line, giving the oxen time to adjust to this new voice and touch of the whip. Off the wagon train lumbered as the long shadows cast by the morning sun pointed the way toward their new home in the west.

Being well-taught by the Savages and Laphams, Charles felt comfortable alongside an ox team; but as for his English, Scandinavian, and German fellow converts, driving an ox team was quite another matter. It was a maddening experience for the trainer trying to teach the foreign converts, not only how to drive these slow-witted beasts, but to try to remain calm when near the oxen with the menacing horns.

In order to drive [the ox team] they [men and women alike] had to walk alongside the oxen and tug on the reins at the appropriate time.<sup>1</sup>

As the wagon train moved along the trail, buckets banged against the side-boards, beating a tedious cadence—along with the creaking of the axles and the occasional cry of a baby. Walking was the accepted mode of travel in order to lighten the load, except for the feeble, lame, and small children.

Lack of springs encouraged those who were able to walk to do so. The jolting movement of the wagon would incapacitate a healthy person quickly and the severely limited space precluded many passengers anyway.<sup>2</sup>

It was not far along the trail that the driver learned to throw four yards of black-snake whip with a skill and force that would make the buckskin “cracker” explode with a noise like the report of a pistol. With respectable accuracy, the novice learned to apply or release the brake and how to modulate his or her voice to let the oxen understand just how much to swerve to the right or to the left.<sup>3</sup> Young Charles was becoming a teamster, a “bull-whacker,” if you please. But he also knew that Brother Erastus, or Brother Brigham for that matter, would never tolerate the mistreatment of man or beast.

Twenty-three miles west of Winter Quarters, the wagon train arrived at the bank of the Elkhorn River where a ferry was located. This became the place of rendezvous, a staging area where the Saints could be organized and receive final instructions. By May 30, there were 457 wagons camped there, and still more were on their way. Forlorn shanties roofed with buffalo hides were scattered in disorder among countless wagons and beasts. Barrels and old wagon rims littered the landscape as smoke from hundreds of campfires meandered its way skyward. Those families who were living in and around Winter Quarters on Pottawattamie Indian lands were forced to evacuate by order of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. The Saints in Winter Quarters were obliged to either join the companies going west or resettle back

across the Missouri River, near Council Bluffs on the site known as Kanessville.<sup>4</sup> Winter Quarters was becoming a lonely and deserted outpost. It may seem a sad fate for what was once a bustling settlement; but, after all, Winter Quarters was born to die.<sup>5</sup>

We are reminded that one of the blessings of the delay at the Elkhorn was that it gave Charles a grand opportunity to study the movements of the fair Miss Eliza Ann Haven. She was so lovely and moved with such grace, even while tending to her ox team. Charles's heart began beating in a faster rhythm when these clandestine observations occurred. His only alternative was to give his submissive oxen a warm embrace while visualizing Miss Eliza fast in his arms.

Another blessing resulted from this sojourn on the bank of the Elkhorn River. It was indeed a blessing—a patriarchal blessing that Charles received at the hands of Patriarch Isaac Morley.<sup>6</sup> Charles was told that he was an Ephraimite with the promise that the Lord would bless him in the choice of a companion. Charles noted in later years,

Well, I shall have to make a trip back to Elkhorn for there is where Father Morley's blessing began to be fulfilled. Eliza Ann Haven became my bosom companion, as the patriarchal blessing said.<sup>7</sup>

At last, on May 28, 1848, Brigham Young arrived at the ferry. Without further delay, he proceeded to organize the wagon parties into groups of hundreds, fifties, and tens as it had been revealed to him earlier (see D&C 136). There were 623 wagons and nearly nineteen hundred Saints divided into two companies. Brigham Young would lead 397 wagons; Heber C. Kimball, with 226 wagons, would follow. Willard Richards and Amasa Lyman would lead a third company in July. Brigham cautioned his fellow travelers not to abuse their oxen or cattle, not to make noises or be up at night, attend to their prayers, go to bed at nine o'clock, and put out the fires. They were to tie their cattle outside of the corral with their horses inside; dogs should either be tied up or

shot, and other animals should not be permitted to run loose.<sup>8</sup>

On June 1, 1848, the first wagons of President Young's company were ferried across the Elkhorn and moved out onto the vast prairie. The first division of 397 wagons, 1,229 Saints, 74 horses, 19 mules, 1,275 oxen, 699 cows, 184 cattle, 411 sheep, 141 pigs, 605 chickens, 37 cats, 82 dogs, 3 goats, 10 geese, 2 beehives, 8 doves, and a crow began their journey to their "promised land."<sup>9</sup> And Moses was at the lead in the image of Brigham Young. Heber C. Kimball followed with his second division of 226 wagons and 682 Saints. A few weeks later, Willard Richards headed the third division of 169 wagons and 526 Saints. The total migration included over 2,500 people and 800 wagons. And among those pioneers were numbered the Havens and the Westovers.

By then, the main body of Saints had undergone a "hardening" process by virtue of the earlier persecutions and sacrifices. However, the Saints gathering from the western states closer to the frontier, such as Ohio, were generally more able to cope with the hardships on the trail than their eastern and foreign-bred immigrant brothers and sisters. Electa and her family had learned many years before the difficult lessons brought on by adversity. It required a steadfast faith to be able to endure the ceaseless buffeting of their enemies from without and from within. But they were confident that they were following men who were divinely inspired. They put their trust in God—and in Brother Brigham.

Before President Young, with the help of Isaac Morley, had a chance to complete the organization of the camp into hundreds, fifties, and tens, the heavens opened up and a heavy deluge of rain fell upon the camp. After three days of delay on the west bank of the Elkhorn, the camp finally moved out, but not before burying two members of the camp near the Liberty Pole and giving birth to two babies.



The daughter of Elizabeth Haven Barlow recorded the beginnings of this great migration:

In June 1848 almost three thousand people left for the Rockies. They were divided into three large companies with one of the Presidency in charge of each group. We came with Brigham Young. Father's [Israel Barlow's] outfit was made up of two horses and a wagon and several oxen and cows. The cows furnished milk and butter. Many a time when we baked bread, and since no wood was to be had, we made our fire of buffalo chips.<sup>10</sup>

Perhaps it would be appropriate, if not a little repugnant to those more delicately bred, to expand on the subject of "buffalo chips" which Elizabeth cites. While trees and other forms of wood on the plains were few and far between, buffalo chips were abundant along the trail as a timely contribution by the vast herds of the American bison. An English artist, Frederick Piercy, was quite taken with this strange source of fuel, as he witnessed firsthand the practicality of this curious product of the plains:

They are composed of grass, masticated and digested, and dried in the sun. It is a common joke on the plains that a steak cooked on these chips requires no pepper. It is marvelous the wonders time and circumstances work. Young ladies who in the commencement of the journey would hardly look at a chip, were now seen coming into camp with as many as they could carry. They burn fiercely and cook quite as well as wood.<sup>11</sup>

The marches of the previous year, 1847, had proven that

Oxen, unless horses and mules were grain-fed en route, made the better team for crossing the plains, as they would make from 15 to 25 miles per day and often gain in strength with no other feed than the grass of the plains and the brouse and grass on the hills.<sup>12</sup>

The oxen were easy to keep: they did not balk at mud or quicksand, they required no expensive and complicated harness, and Indians did not care to eat them, so seldom stole them. (However, they could be eaten; and, in extreme situations, often were.) Normally, between three and three-thirty in the morning, the oxen would be turned loose, giving them time to graze without being able to stray too far before yoking them up for the day's journey. Another advantage of the oxen was the misappropriation of the white man's horses—a temptation of which the Indians were not adept at resisting.

The large number of oxen in Brigham's company, along with the many immigrants, made their travel slower and more exhausting than that of 1847. Oliver Boardman noted in his diary that "the wagons formed a string three miles in length." Young Robert Burton wrote the following in his journal:

The teams of these companies were principally oxen and cows there being but very few horses and mules. Our march therefore was necessarily slow and tedious, having to travel in large companies for protection against Indians. Up the Platte River we traveled much of the way four teams abreast. Some difficulty was also experienced from the vast herds [of] Buffalo stampeding the cattle.<sup>13</sup>

The Mormons were not trail blazers primarily. Others before them had usually taken care of that. But to their credit, and just as crucial, they were road builders. Boulders were heaved aside; willows were grubbed; and approaches to fords, dug. The Mormon Trail improved much faster than its counterpart across the Platte known as the Overland or Oregon Trail.

They were different than any seen before or since on west-bound trails. Instead of hurrying through the country as others had done, they were coming to stay. Their road building was not just to get their own wag-

ons through; it would serve thousands of others they knew would follow.

They moved with discipline and purpose unknown among any other westering people. Every ax stroke, every pick-and-shoveling aside of every rock was part of The Gathering. The road they were building was to be the trunk from which branches would spread out to establish and colonize a 1,000-mile inland empire.<sup>14</sup>

The noted historian and author Wallace Stegner in his observation of the Mormon genius of organization, affirmed that

They were the most systematic, organized, disciplined, and successful pioneers in our history; and their advantage over the random individualists who preceded them and paralleled them and followed them up the valley of the Platte came directly from their “un-American” social and religious organization. Where Oregon emigrants and argonauts bound for the gold fields lost practically all their social cohesion en route, the Mormons moved like the Host of Israel they thought themselves. Far from loosening their social organization, the trail perfected it. As communities on the march they proved extraordinarily adaptable. When driven out of Nauvoo, they converted their fixed property, insofar as they could, into instruments of mobility, especially livestock, and became for the time herders and shepherds, teamsters and frontiersmen, instead of artisans and town-men and farmers. When their villages on wheels reached the valley of their destination, the Saints were able to revert at once because they were town-and-temple builders and because they had their families with them, to the stable agrarian life in which most of them had grown up.<sup>15</sup>

A great part of the journey paralleled the Oregon Trail, but the Mormon trains kept to the north side of the Platte River as much as possible, primarily to avoid a confrontation with old enemies. The south bank constituted the con-

ventional Oregon Trail and was well-traveled by western-bound wagons. Whether on the north bank or the south, the Platte was the pioneers' benefactor.

The Pioneers followed the Platte River system for six hundred miles. It is still broad, shallow and has many sand bars. So many, in fact, that westering Americans called it a river which "flowed upside down." Emigrants seemed to enjoy insulting this strange stream. It was referred to as being "a mile wide, a foot deep, too thin to plow and too thick to drink."<sup>16</sup>

In spite of the indignities heaped upon this wide and shallow stream, the pioneers dearly loved the Platte. Day after day the Westovers and the Havens trudged along the muddy stream. At the end of the day's march, both man and beast drank deeply from its waters. All found relief from the summer heat as they refreshed themselves in its coolness, or, at least, in its silt-laden wetness. Even when the pioneer camp was only a half mile from the river, the brethren would dig several wells to tap into the high water table.

Years later, Eliza Ann Haven Westover wrote in her letter to her son, Lewis, of the thousand-mile trek as though it were merely a family outing:

In the Spring of 1848 we left for Winter Quarters, the general gathering place of the Saints, then started for Salt Lake in President Brigham Young's company, a large one. He had most of his family in it. I had a very pleasant time. I was young with no cares. Father had a team of 2 yoke of oxen and two cows in the sling, so we had milk all the way. It was on the plains that I first met your father. He drove part of President Erastus Snow's teams across the plains. The first time he saw me I had one of Father's oxen by the horn leading him up under the yoke. Once on the Platte River the whole company had to stop to let a large herd of Buffalo pass. There were hundreds on the lope going to the river to drink.<sup>17</sup>

In regard to the buffalo, it is difficult to realize how such overwhelming numbers of these magnificent beasts could be reduced almost to extinction within the space of a few decades. To visualize the impact these herds had on the western migrations, consider the writings of Orson Pratt:

Between the buffalo and the prairie fires, the animals of the camp were nearly famished. The buffalo became very numerous. It was impracticable to give an approximate estimate of their numbers, say one hundred thousand or more. They were poor in flesh, and no more were killed than the necessities of the camp required. At one time a herd of several miles in extent was seen. The prairie was literally a dense, black mass of moving animals.<sup>18</sup>

When nearing these herds, there was always an element of apprehension that prompted the wagon trains to give these unpredictable beasts a wide berth. A pioneer, perhaps in the same company as our heroes and heroines, recalls his days on the trail:

A traveler once saw there a herd which could scarcely have numbered less than from fifty to sixty thousand. So vast were the herds in the valley of the upper Platte, that it would sometimes take several days for one to pass a given point. Woe to the small party of emigrants that happened to be in the track of such a herd of frightened buffaloes!

Scarcely less dangerous was a stampede of cattle. Helter-skelter, maddened by fear, blind as their wild fellows, the stupid creatures rushed recklessly on. No longer the patient, submissive beasts whose pace seemed ever too slow to our eager desires, but full of fury, dashing they cared not where. A stampede of yoked cattle was one of our most lively episodes.<sup>19</sup>

Once in every six or seven nights, Charles would be found standing guard duty, either the first half of the night or the second half. When they were camped on war ground

of the Indians, an extra sentry would be placed at the mouth of the corral. The Indians were known to have become quite skillful in stealing horses or other property of the camp. The more threatening the weather, the more alert Charles would have to be. At least guard duty was better than having to herd cattle along the dusty trail.

Whether young Charles was on guard duty this night along the trail we do not know, but Wallace Stegner records that one starlit evening, after the wagon of Brother Gates had been upset, Gates loudly blamed his women for the deed. A night guard with a sense of humor walked his rounds crying, "Eleven o'clock and all's well, and Gates is quarreling with his wife like hell."<sup>20</sup>

Often in the evening, the cheery sounds of the Nauvoo Brass Band provided a welcome diversion from the boredom of the day's trek. Robert Burton was a member of this musical entourage, playing first bugle. Maria was proud of her husband's musical talents and would sit by the campfire listening to him play until the last embers died. Father John Haven had long before retired to his bed in the tent beside his wagon.

Since the beginning of the trek, Robert's musical abilities as bugler had landed him the dubious honor of providing the wake-up call for the morning march, usually about four o'clock. If not for glory, this assignment likely kept him in footwear, or whatever a rudely awakened traveler might find to throw at one making such an early morning disturbance.<sup>21</sup>

One of the more common hazards which the pioneers were exposed to along the trail was the danger of being run over by a wagon wheel, usually their own. Often such an occurrence proved fatal. Oliver Boardman recorded an exceptional event:

About 3 p.m. Mary Ann Perkins, daughter of Wilson G. Perkins, aged 9 years, was run over by a wagon at Pawnee Village, near Cedar Creek. The wagon loaded with about 2,500 [lbs.] crossed her breast with both

wheels. The brethren administered to her and in about an hour she fell asleep, no bones broken. It was a miracle, and a witness to Bro. Perkins who had lately joined the Church.<sup>22</sup>

The pioneers found the Oregon Trail littered with a wide variety of discarded household articles, from cast iron cook stoves to beds, that had been heaved aside by previous travelers so that their beasts of burden would not become overly discouraged in their assigned tasks. The urge to retrieve such items was usually overruled by common sense.

To keep the camp organized, the captains of Tens appointed one man out of each company to hunt and no more. It seemed that about every man wanted to be a hunter, leaving the driving up to the oxen themselves, which did not appeal to Brother Brigham's penchant for order. To keep the stray hunters from getting lost, drums were beaten in camp to give its locality. Appleton Harmon was one of the hunters along the trail in 1848. In lyrical terms, he described the hunt in his journal:

Meney a sportive day we had and Meney a long tramp after the Buffalo and Antelope until our legs would git wearied looking for game or tracking them on the Sandy plains, wounding them, then in the chace, until the Sun would Sink behind the Rockey mountain range and we to our waggons repair, the night Creap on. the wolves howl and we by the range of Some promontory glittering in the pale Moons rays, gide the weary hunter to his home, with his venson.<sup>23</sup>

Days grew into weeks, weeks into months. About mid-way across the Nebraska Territory the Pioneers of 1848 began a slow steady climb in elevation. The landscape began to change from boggy prairie ground to sand hills and dry, barren, rocky stretches of the Great Plains, marking the entry into the Great American Desert. The dramatic landmark Chimney Rock came into view long before reaching

it. One footsore traveler complained that he “rode four days and never got any closer to the damned rock.”

On July 27, Elizabeth Barlow gave birth to her son, John, in a wagon box while wolves howled their mournful cries. She later sighed that she had “no bed, no nurse or doctor to send for, hired help scarce, so we continued our journey toward the setting sun.”<sup>24</sup>

At Fort John, later renamed Fort Laramie, the steady ascent found the Saints at four thousand feet above sea level. Here the pioneers were forced to cross the Platte to the south side due to the high bluffs four miles ahead which could not be crossed with loaded wagons. Even though the south bank was easier traveling and the grass better, now they had to compete with the mass of other immigrants for suitable campsites, grazing for the animals, and be subjected to provocations from some of their old enemies from the east. They had traveled one-half the distance to the Salt Lake Valley, 543 miles from Winter Quarters.

The long line of wagons now followed the more widely traveled portion of the Oregon Trail along the south bank of the Platte to Fort Bridger, a distance of 397 miles. Mosquitoes dined lavishly on the travelers’ exposed surfaces, and the misery the pests caused animals, whose only defense was a haphazard swish of the tail, must have been great. Rainy days proved a godsend. Not only would it mean a relief from the lance of the mosquito, but deliverance from dust-filled eyes and nostrils; their evening meal would be free of the clouds of fine dust: grit that had been ground to powder from thousands of hooves and wagon wheels.

At what is now Guernsey State Park in eastern Wyoming, a visitor can view some of the most dramatic and visible evidences of America’s westward migration. Register Cliff was a favorite place for immigrants to leave messages or carve their names and the date in the soft sandstone. Shoulder deep ruts from thousands of wagons that cut through solid rock can still be seen here.<sup>25</sup> The Sweetwater River provided the weary group of pioneers and animals



welcome relief from the thirst of the toilsome ascent of the terrain.

A large dome-like monolith rose from the Wyoming highlands. Independence Rock was one of the trails most distinctive natural landmarks. Young Charles in his youthful exuberance probably joined the others who climbed its slope to carve his claim to fame in the granite crust.<sup>26</sup> Thomas Bullock recorded that on August 11, 1848, President Young and a few others ascended the rock. The next day Father Morley and Thomas Bullock ascended the top of the granite rock and gathered gooseberries. Even though it was mid-summer, the evenings were cool and rain showers frequent.



Figure 21: Wagon ruts along the trail inspected by the writer

Farther along the trail, another landmark came into view—Devil’s Gate. This site had no special significance to the Havens or Westovers at the time, but in a cove nearby eight years later a Mormon handcart company from England under the leadership of Captain Edward Martin would be caught in an early season snowstorm. Of 576 pioneers in the company, 145 would die from exposure and hunger. Our redoubtable Robert T. Burton was in the forefront of the rescue of the Martin Handcart Company. Jesse

Haven was caught in the same storm with the Hodgetts Wagon Train at Devil's Gate while returning from his mission in South Africa. Concurrently, farther along the westering trail than the Martin company, a Captain James Willie's Handcart Company, caught in the fury of the same wintry blasts, would suffer a death toll of seventy-seven courageous immigrants at Rocky Ridge while also waiting for relief parties to reach them from Utah.

There were days when "the sun and the wind were taken into their veins" and their tread enlivened. But there were also times when the black clouds hung heavy and the drizzling rain soaked their bodies and spirits alike. It was days like these, whether drenched to the bone or with sand-filled nostrils, ears, eyes, and throat, that the true mettle of the Westovers and the Havens rose to the surface. Were they filled with selfishness, fault-finding, and self-pity, or instead, those rarer qualities of kindness, cheerfulness, and compassion? It all came out in times of tribulation. Alfred Lambourne, the poet/artist, who also traveled in the 1848 wagon train with the Westovers and Havens, expresses his thoughts of the challenges along the Mormon Trail:

In Mark Tapley's own phrase, it was all very well to "come out strong" when by the warm glow of the flames, or when moving along with the bright blue sky above us, but it was quite a different task to remain cheerful when the incessant rain made impossible even the smallest of camp-fires, and one crept to bed with wet clothes and chilled to the bone, without even the solace of a cup of hot coffee.<sup>27</sup>

One has to admire the morale of the Mormon pioneer who usually kept his grumbling to him or herself. Yet Brother Bullock wrote in a factual way, "There are six cases of Mountain Fever in the camp and altogether more sickness than at any time since we left Winter Quarters." We don't know if any in the Westover or Haven parties were among those afflicted. In contrast, one discouraged traveler

headed for the gold hills of California, mournfully described his predicament as “250 miles from the nearest post office, 100 miles from wood, 20 miles to water, and six inches from hell.”<sup>28</sup>

The Mormon wagon train traveled up the Sweetwater to South Pass, a broad expanse of terrain some 7,650 feet above sea level. The steep grade took its toll on man and beast. The air grew thin and rest stops became more frequent. When Charles gathered up the oxen in the morning, he often found their backs white with frost. It was there at South Pass, an almost imperceptible summit, that the flow of the streams and rivers was directed: instead of to the eastern waters, now to the west and on to the great Pacific. This was the dividing line, that mighty ridge that was the Backbone of the Continent, the Continental Divide.<sup>29</sup> It was with hope that this would also serve to divide the Saints from their tormentors.

Near this part of their journey, Robert’s cattle drank alkali water and died. The Burtons were forced to remain some two weeks until aid was sent from Salt Lake Valley. While camped here they endured a very severe snowstorm, which only added to their misery and further weakened their remaining animals.<sup>30</sup> The wagon train’s cattle died in increasing number, due primarily from their weakened condition as well as from alkali poisoning. The wolves became more numerous and braver as they “struck up a most doleful melancholy howling,” wrote Thomas Bullock in his journal as he traveled along the trail with the Westovers and Havens. Toilworn, Brother Bullock lamented before retiring for the night on August 16, “It appears that the way to the Valley of Life for the Saints is through the Valley of Death for our cattle, and it appears as if we are to get to our journey’s end by a miracle or very narrowly indeed.”

A miracle of sorts did occur when Lorenzo D. Young and Abraham O. Smoot arrived in camp on August 28 from the Valley and reported that fifty wagons and one hundred and fifty yoke of oxen would be at the last crossing of the

Sweetwater on Wednesday evening. The Lord was watching over his own.

From South Pass to the Green River was the most pleasant part of the journey: the grass was high and game plentiful. The choke cherries, gooseberries, and wild currents were ripe, and what a delight as their sweet juices saturated their tastes buds. The hunters brought in antelope and mountain sheep to eat. Ah, yes! That night in camp there would be a feast and perhaps time for some dancing for those with a reserve of energy, itchy feet, and music in their tired bones.

Leaving the Oregon Trail at the rather shabby, but historical Fort Bridger, the Mormon pioneers picked up the less-traveled two-year-old tracks of the ill-fated Donner Party, known as the Hastings Cutoff. Following the trail marked by the wagon wheels of several companies of pioneers in 1847, the Mormon trains forged ahead, paralleling the Wind River Mountains through an early season snowstorm. They worked their way over the rocks and brush of Echo Canyon. The road was rough but thanks to the efforts of their 1847 predecessors, many of the boulders and debris had been cleared aside. Charles could hear his commands to the oxen repeated as the sounds bounced back and forth between the walls of the narrow sixteen-mile gorge. The story is told of Jim Bridger, when en route from Salt Lake Valley to Fort Bridger in Wyoming, would make his first night's camp at the mouth of Echo Canyon. When ready for bed, he would shout up the canyon, "Time to get up, Jim," and retire. The echo would bounce back down the canyon at dawn to wake him up.<sup>31</sup> The canyon and its echo have now been excavated for the benefit of modern transportation.

The Mormon caravan pressed on across the broad Weber River Valley where the present-day I-80 and the I-84 interstate highways intersect. How Electa must have looked forward to their arrival as the company of pioneers drew closer to their journey's end! The last thirty-six miles stretched before them: from present-day Henefer up Hogs-

back Ridge to the summit where tracks from a thousand wagons are still evident. Up East Canyon Creek through the abominable willow thickets and marshes, the Saints pressed on. But the most strenuous part of the trek still lay ahead. The Big Mountain Pass was the third-highest point of the trek at seventy-four hundred foot elevation. This final challenge took the Donner-Reed party in 1846 sixteen days to traverse, yet the more disciplined Mormon wagon trains of 1848 were able to accomplish it in six days.

From the heights of Big Mountain, the awestruck Saints had their first view of their new home—the Valley of the Great Salt Lake. The sight of their promised valley must have clutched at their hearts as tears tracked down their dust-covered cheeks. Was this truly to be their home, or just another place to await their persecutors? No. This was their refuge, and they were Zion's children.

With a loud cheer and a crack of the whip, their wagons bounced and groaned as they inched their way down the precipitous slope of Big Mountain, dragging logs with wheels locked. They crossed the creek at Mountain Dell twelve times in five miles and forged over the barren Little Mountain to Emigration Canyon.<sup>32</sup> The Erastus Snow teams, including that driven by Charles Westover, entered the Valley on September 18, 1848. The Havens arrived two days later.

It seemed unbelievable that they were actually approaching their destination after so many hardships, so much sorrow. Hate was behind them—hope was their future. Seventy-four-year-old John Haven plodded on beside his ox team, almost too weary to drive the beasts. But he knew that this was to be their journey's final challenge. His parched lips moved in silent prayer as he reached down for an inner-strength to sustain him and his oxen over these last rocky miles. Anticipation mounted with each bend of the trail. Then out of nowhere, there it was: their journey's end! Tears began trailing down old John's weathered cheeks. Praise be to God! This was their valley where they

could build Zion, their dream of a place of refuge. But more than that, Zion had been instilled in their very hearts and souls ever since that testimony began flickering in their bosoms, which intensified as they endured the long years of trials and challenges.

The journey to build Zion was not taken only once in walking the trail; it was also a journey of the heart that continued through a lifetime, felt with every consecrated effort. The coming to Zion was not just a physical effort but also a spiritual one in which the souls of the Saints were transformed through sacrifice. Their hearts became altars upon which was laid their most precious possessions, even their lives.<sup>33</sup>

Did John Haven along with Judith, Eliza Ann, Maria Susan, and all the other members of their party raise their voices in a mighty shout? Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna!<sup>34</sup> What was going through the mind of Charles at this time? Did the enthusiasm of youth make him want to whip his sluggish team into a fast lope? Ya-hoo! What feelings must have torn at their hearts as the wagons rolled out on to the broad plain of the Valley. Surely, their faith had been tested—and they had prevailed. But for many, this was not the end. Their faith would be tested again and again—precept upon precept, trial upon trial, even to the limits of their endurance. In Isaiah 20:10 are found these words: “Behold, I have refined thee, but not with silver, I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.” A chosen people, yes, and among them were the Westovers and Havens, whose mettle was being tempered and honed through faith and obedience.

Each story of the thousands who came has its own drama, its own moment when the wilderness travelers had to square their shoulders under loads that threatened to break them. In this hour, as they took their own measure, most were not found wanting. They put one foot in front of the other, sometimes through tears and loss, and came to Zion. The wilderness would play its part in purifying their souls, binding the gen-

erations that followed through the invincible power of love and sacrifice.<sup>35</sup>

The fortitude of the pioneer woman! How can her contribution be overstated? There were literally hundreds, even thousands, who possessed the spunk to endure the hardships of the “crossing,” these mothers of Zion to whom we owe so much. Electa Westover, Eliza Ann Haven, Judith Temple Haven, Mary Eliza Shumway, and in a few years, Kirsten Funk, and Magdalene Westenskow are but a few in muted history as women of mighty faith and courage. It was their sweat and tears, and more especially, their faith and devotion to their Maker, that have blessed the lives of their posterity.

It may or may not have been characteristic of the Mormon companies that in many of the ox trains tracking westward, oblivious of the trials ahead, women often started out properly attired in the acceptable fashions of the day, adorned in their heavy fabric dresses with high necks and long sleeves. But it was not far along the trail that modesty was cast aside and practicality emerged as the fairer sex gradually discarded their long, cumbersome dresses and “both young and old alike became a community of women wearing bloomers without invidious comment, and eventually no comment at all.”<sup>36</sup>

Perhaps not as noticeable, but the same could be said of some of the men as the shoe leather wore out and patches appeared on clothing, pride was replaced with humility. Hatless and bootless men became a common sight. Bonnetless women were to be seen, strands of hair plastered against a sweaty brow. The grandmother’s cap was replaced with a handkerchief.<sup>37</sup> They wore what they had without regard to propriety or fashion.

How easy it is to summarize a journey of four arduous months in a few paragraphs. Neither Charles nor Eliza provided us with hardly more than a peek into their experiences

and challenges on the trek. It seems that the silent record of those who participated in the crossing assigned them to a backseat in the written history of this epic journey as well as the trials beyond. A descendant of this pioneer parentage, Melvin J. Westover, makes this insightful observation:

It is interesting to note that the pioneers seemed to remember mostly the good times on the march. Diversities were detailed only when the trials had spiritual edification. Truly these Saints were obeying the will of God and undoubtedly were accepted as a chosen and blessed people.

Nevertheless, the journey from Winter Quarters to the Great Salt Lake Valley was marked with grief and heartache as well as laughter springing from the confidence of youth. These people were driven by a faith that fortified them against the hardships that they faced daily. Reflect on these touching words as one pioneer of the company reminisced of life, and death, on the trail:

Countless in numbers almost were those silent witnesses of death by the way. The mounds were to be seen in all imaginable places. Each day we passed them, singly or in groups; and sometimes, nay, often, one of our own company was left behind to swell the number. By the banks of streams, on grassy hillocks, in the sands, beneath groves of trees, or among piles of rock, the graves were dug. We left the new mounds to be beaten upon by the tempests, scorched by the sun or for beauty to gather about as it had about many of the older ones. Sometimes where we camped the old graves would be directly alongside the wagons. I recall sitting by one that was thickly covered with grass and without a headboard while I ate my evening meal, and of sleeping beside it at night. One remains in my mind as a very soothing little picture—a child's grave, and it was screened around with a thicket of wild rose that leaned lovingly over it, while the mound itself was overgrown with moss. I fancied that the parents of that child, were they yet living, would



like to have seen how daintily nature had decked the last bed of their dear loved one.<sup>38</sup>

The numerous accounts of the overland journey to Utah describe the experience generally in positive terms. Very little is mentioned of trudging through a “trackless desert.” Yet at times there seemed to be a need for rhetoric in later years to dramatize and magnify the difficulties encountered by the mass of Mormon converts struggling to reach their Rocky Mountain Zion. Likely, Eliza’s memory of a pleasant journey to Utah was not faulty, but typical of many a youthful immigrant who had been conditioned to accept the hardships of the trail as a way of life. This is not to take away from the individual suffering and heartache that took place along the trail by many of the pioneers, including the Willie and Martin Handcart Companies. Without doubt, we of this age of remote controls and arm-chair recliners would unhesitatingly proclaim Eliza’s trek replete with disheartening challenges. Patience Loader, an aptly named young heroine of the 1856 crossings, scrawled the following in her journal along the trail:

It seemed the Lord fitted the back for the burden.  
Every day we realized that the hand of God was over us and that He made good his promises unto us day by day. . . . We know that his promises never fail and this we proved day by day. We knew that we had not strength of our own to perform such hardships if our heavenly Father had not help us.<sup>39</sup>

Nonetheless, it is a cause of sheer wonder how the Church, bankrupt and void of benefactors, could possibly hope to accomplish this impossible journey—the movement of thousands through a thousand mile wilderness—hopefully to a place of uncharted refuge. It was not governments or bankers who made it all possible, but it was the humble believers such as the Westovers, the Havens, and a multitude of faithful like them under inspired leadership. Let it be understood that a super-human effort was made by

many a lion-hearted Mormon pioneer—man, woman, and child—in the face of hunger, fatigue, sickness, and death. We should realize that our forebears were indeed mere mortals, encumbered with human frailties just as we. And this is what distinguishes their greatness as we now view their accomplishments. Perhaps Brigham Young University’s Richard Jackson in his article “The Overland Journey to Zion” best describes the appropriate perspective of this heroic event:

It would be unfortunate if the hyperbole hid the fact that these were ordinary men, women, and children; for it is their humanness which made the overland journey miraculous. Their accomplishment was epic enough: it need not be embroidered with raging deserts.<sup>40</sup>

But if the reader wishes to partake of a genuine flavor of life on the trail from 1846 through the 1860s, one need only read from the diaries and journals that were written by the light of the campfire following a long day’s march. Words scrawled on paper—plain, simple, factual. They speak of hunger, sickness, and death but not of sacrifice, regret, or self-pity. Their trials were just an accepted part of the journey to their Zion. Their reward lay at the end of the trail, whether it was in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake or in their heavenly home. Yet shipload after shipload, wagon train after wagon train, and handcart after handcart kept flowing to the “Tops of the Mountains.” Is it a cause to wonder why? The Proctors suggest:

All of us who share this kind of heritage are marked by it, especially in a modern, comfort-seeking world that pounds us to believe that nothing really matters that much. We can’t believe this. We will never believe this. As one writer said, cut us open and there is the trail. It’s a monument to something so precious that no matter what it cost, the price was willingly paid. We, the remnants of the pioneers, who live in

this casual twentieth-century world, can see how remarkable it is to hold something that precious.<sup>41</sup>



## VI

---

# The Salt Lake Valley

IN THE WAGON TRAINS THAT FLOWED into this bleak wasteland were some who hailed their arrival with tears of joy. Etched on the faces of others were disappointment and disillusionment as they contemplated this empty and mournful scene. But when Brother Brigham first viewed the panorama of the Salt Lake Valley, he looked past the parched and treeless landscape and saw the potential, and with that prophetic vision, he declared, "This is the right place. Drive on." What the Saints of the latter day had come to this desert wilderness to establish was neither a state nor a republic, but a kingdom without an earthly monarch.

The Salt Lake Valley was not always so foreboding. As geologists measure time, not long ago—a mere twenty-five to fifty millenniums—this portion of the earth's crust was part of an immense body of water which scientists have labeled Lake Bonneville. It stretched over what is now much of Utah, Nevada, and Idaho. This vast area, known now as the Great Basin, was formed by what geologists call the Cascade Disturbance, which was quite a disturbance considering it created the Rocky Mountains, including the Wasatch range that walls the Basin on the northeast. The only outlet was through Red Rock Pass in Cache Valley, out to the Snake and Columbia Rivers, and then into the sea. Gradually, as the climate dried up, the lake shoreline retreated. The glaciers no longer emptied into the great lake,

the water courses gave up being fjords and became canyons, and islands grew to be mountain ranges. All that is left of Lake Bonneville now are two or three puddles, one being the Great Salt Lake.<sup>1</sup>

Charles Westover was unconcerned how this hot, dry valley was formed as he drove the team of oxen into the confines of the fort that the men of last year's migration had constructed. He was tired, bone-tired; his body ached, his stomach growled. It was September 20, 1848. Four long months and a day on the trail. It was difficult to realize that this was the place of gathering. But it was not difficult for Charles to realize that he was penniless and hungry. He later wrote with a practical view of his economic status concerning his arrival:

Well, I landed in Salt Lake, September 20, 1848 without an ounce of provisions—only a scant supply of clothing—not even a blanket nor money to buy food with. I couldn't have bought food if I had had money.<sup>2</sup>

At least his mother had what was left of a barrel of flour to be shared among the family. But almost as important as food was finding shelter. It was getting late in the season, and the nights were becoming cold. Charles managed to get some logs and inside the walls of the fort he built “a room to the square with a flat roof on it.”<sup>3</sup>

The pioneers of the previous winter had learned a hard lesson concerning flat roofs. They had placed sod on the roofs, which seemed to be a sensible thing to do for the sake of insulation, but heavy spring snow and rain made them question the wisdom of this decision. “It was no uncommon thing to see a woman holding an umbrella over her while attending to her household duties.”<sup>4</sup> Here in their humble flat-roofed abode, Charles and his mother lived for some time; with or without the aid of an umbrella is not recorded.

Even though Charles was probably aware of the problems that a flat roof presented, the lateness of the season and the shortage of building materials left him no alternative. It

is likely that Edwin and his family shared this single room cabin with Charles and Electa. Edwin's history indicates that he and his family also spent the first winter in the Old Fort.<sup>5</sup> Such a cozy arrangement did not diminish the Westovers' gratitude to their Father in Heaven for the blessings that enabled them to join with the Saints in this Zion embryo.

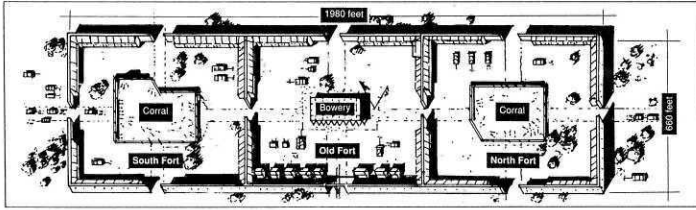


Figure 22: Old Fort

Upon their arrival in the Salt Lake Valley, John Haven, together with his son-in-law, R. T. Burton, were more fortunate, perhaps having a little more prestige than Charles and certainly more wealth, even if it were only a team of oxen and a wagon and perhaps a few coins in his pocket. Whatever the case, John Haven managed to acquire a good-sized log room in the the Old Fort. It was in this stronghold that both the Havens and Westovers spent the winter of 1848–49. There were 450 cabins built inside this spacious compound, surrounded by an adobe wall. Before the arrival of the 1848 Saints, two additions, called the North Fort and the South Fort, were added to accommodate the influx of Saints. The Havens set up housekeeping in the South Fort.

When spring arrived, it was time to find permanent homes. President Young's mind was already at work on solving this problem as soon as he set foot in the valley. He had surveyors lay out city lots of one-and-a-quarter acres each and five and ten acre farm lots outside the city. Rather than leaving the land and resource grabbing up to the individual, the land was apportioned by means of a drawing

without showing favoritism. Father John Haven ended up with a lot just southeast of the Old Fort.

John had his log room from the Fort moved onto his city lot, designated as Lot 6 of Block 36. This operation was likely accomplished by dismantling the logs of the house in the fort and hauling them to the new site to be erected in the same order as they were previously. John had at least five strong men to help him with this chore—his sons-in-law Albert Perry Rockwood, Joseph F. Palmer, Israel Barlow, Robert Taylor Burton, and Charles Westover. Elizabeth and Israel occupied the neighboring city lot to the west, and Mary Ellen and Joseph were located two lots to the east.

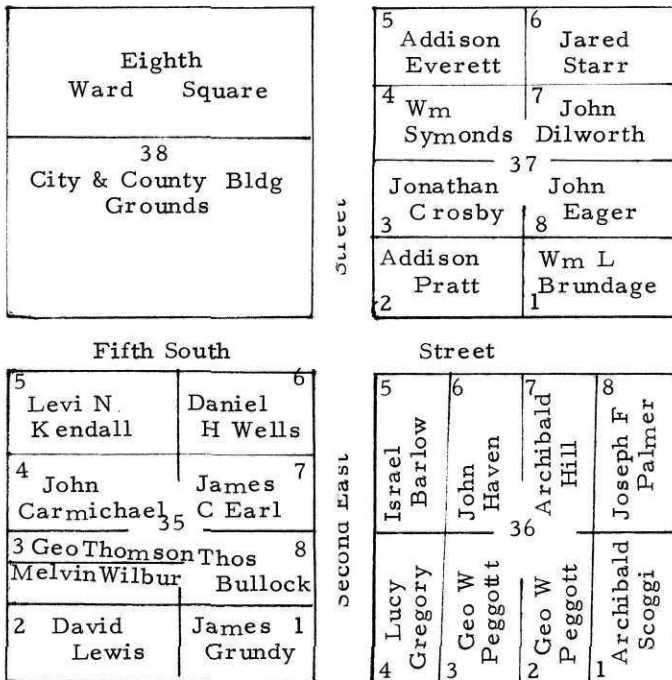


Figure 23: John Haven's city lot

Where John spent his remaining years is now the site of the offices of the Utah State Board of Education. Judith and



Eliza were happy to leave the fort because of the huge infestation of mice that seemed delighted to share the shelter and food with their benefactors.

As in Joseph Smith's Nauvoo, Brigham Young imposed an order in the erection of buildings on the city lots. The houses were to be set back at least twenty feet from the street, and the lots were sectioned off for a vegetable garden, small orchard, barn, chicken coop, and outhouses. Each lot had to be fenced within three years with posts at least four and a half feet high. Also, Brother Brigham wisely instructed that shade trees should be planted immediately.<sup>6</sup>

Eliza and her mother, Judith, worked at the straw business making hats. They had learned this craft in Holliston, where a straw factory was located. Even in Nauvoo, Judith, Eliza, and Elizabeth made use of this talent by providing for the millinery needs of the citizens of that community. Straw hats were a popular item and an essential source of income for the Haven family, whether by cash or barter. Straw hats were not only in style, but they were very useful to give protection from the rays of the desert sun. The three women kept themselves busy filling orders for their custom chapeaux.

Edwin's history notes that two weeks after their arrival, October 8, the Westovers were to a conference of the Saints where the family was spiritually uplifted by counsel from their president, Brigham Young, and other leaders. But the other days were set aside for work. Charles and Edwin were busy cutting and hauling wood down from the canyons, drawing salt from the lake, making adobes for homes and the Council House, and helping in the harvest of the crops. Every tenth day was for tithing; during this time, the tithing payers donated their labor to the Church.<sup>7</sup>

When the Westovers and Havens arrived, the settlement was harvesting their first year's crop. There was also a serious question about the sufficiency of the water supply for a city of nearly five thousand, when every man must be a farmer.<sup>8</sup> The harvest of 1848 was hardly adequate for the

thousands who now had moved into the valley; drought and the cricket plague had taken their toll. Food had to be rationed. Rawhide, sego lily roots, thistle greens, and various weeds helped sustain life.<sup>9</sup> Priddy Meeks murmured in earthy terms:

The Valley from a human standpoint presented nothing better than extreme suffering if not starvation... . It looked like there was a splendid chance for going naked.

Patty Sessions candidly noted that she did have something to be thankful for, even though her first husband died shortly after arriving in the valley, as another blessing materialized, "I was married to John Parry and I feel to thank the Lord that I have some one to cut my wood for me."<sup>10</sup>

In the meantime, Charles found work with the Thomas Grover family near Steed Creek, where Farmington is now located. Brother Grover had left on a church assignment. There was corn and squash as well as some beef. This was a heaven-sent opportunity for Charles to provide food for his mother and other family members. But the approaching winter did not come pussy-footing in like that of last year. The cold chilled the very bones of Electa and the others huddled in that crude log home as the winds seemed to blow with hurricane force through the log cracks. Probably Charles awakened each morning with the same prayer on his shivering lips as did Thomas Bullock, who felt inclined to thank God that the family had not frozen to death during the night.

By the first of December, each family was assigned a city lot in addition to a ten-acre parcel for farming, providing they could adequately care for the property. The farming was done in what was called "the big field," where Liberty Park is now located. No deeds or land titles were given, although there was a charge of \$1.50 for recording fees. By the spring of 1849, the city was laid off into nineteen ecclesiastical wards of nine block areas. The boys, Charles and

Edwin, and their mother found themselves in the Ninth Ward. Their ward house was located on the corner of Fifth East and Fourth South in Salt Lake City, only about four blocks from the Havens, who lived within the Eighth Ward boundaries.<sup>11</sup>

As an illustration of Charles's devotion to the Restored Gospel, he recounts an incident during the summer of 1849. A company of emigrants going to the gold fields in California were camped near his mother's home. Bishop Taft of the Ninth Ward was engaged in a conversation with them when the subject changed to derisive comments of the Prophet Joseph Smith. The bishop seemed rather passive and indifferent in his defense of the Prophet. Standing within earshot, Charles could not contain himself and waded into the foray with the declaration, "If any of you ever get into the Kingdom of Heaven, you will have to go through the door which Joseph Smith has opened." Charles's sincerity and courage made a deep impression on the gold seekers.<sup>12</sup>

The gold seekers did the Saints a service, nonetheless. Many of these "Forty-Niners" found their loads too heavy to carry on to the gold fields of California, so they lightened them to the benefit of the Saints, providing the latter with many precious necessities at a time when the specter of starvation loomed about them. Brother Brigham exhorted the Saints with vigor to not be misled by the temptation of the "yellow fever," as the gold hunger was called. The Westovers were content to stay put while they restocked their shelves with the goods, bacon, tea, coffee, and sugar as they traded their fresh vegetables with the gold diggers who cared not for the price. Brigham exhorted the Saints to be mindful that iron and coal had made England great, while gold had corrupted Spain.

Even though rebaptisms were not the general practice at this time in church history, the record shows that Electa deemed it necessary to be rebaptized. On June 3, 1849, in Salt Lake City, Electa for the second time submitted to bap-

tism, this time by Seth Taft and confirmed the same day by Chauncey G. Webb, assisted by Levi Stewart.<sup>13</sup>

Now that the Saints were established in the tops of the mountains, it was time to build up Zion and gather in her flock. The gathering had been under way for years in Ohio, Missouri, and Illinois, but now the Latter-day Saints felt like they at last had a real claim on their future. Visions of temples, fertile fields, cities, and people worshipping God in peace passed before the minds' eyes of the leaders of the Church. The call went out across the waters in a general epistle:

To all Saints in England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and the adjacent islands and countries, we say emigrate as speedily as possible to this vicinity ... bringing with you all kinds of choice seeds, vegetables, fruit, shrubbery, trees and vines, everything that will please the eye, gladden the heart, or cheer the soul of man, that grows upon the face of the whole earth; also the best stock of beast, bird, and fowl of every kind; also the best tools of every description, and machinery for spinning, or weaving, and dressing cotton, wool, flax, and silk, etc... So far as it can be consistently done, bring models and drafts, and let the machinery be built where it is used, which will save great expense in transportation, particularly in heavy machinery, and tools and implements generally.<sup>14</sup>

Even more important than seed, livestock, tools and machinery were the skills of the Church's converts. The English had a highly developed society in terms of trades and skills, which prompted Wallace Stegner to explain how the Mormons were able so swiftly to create a thriving commonwealth in the desert:

Though these English Saints might be incompetent on the trail, they had their own skills; they were bookbinders, bleachers, bakers, butchers, and bobbin reelers, dollmakers and diesinkers, file hardeners and

fustian dressers, hackle-and-gillpin scourers and horse-nail forgers, ropemakers and riggers, sword-makers and stone cutters and saddlers, tanners and throstle tenters and table-knife hafters, warpers and wheelwrights and whitesmiths.<sup>15</sup>

The early missionaries abroad were instructed to “Tell them to flee to Zion... Should any ask ‘where is Zion’ tell them the pure in heart... The Kingdom of God which we are establishing is not of this world, but the Kingdom of the Great God.”<sup>16</sup>

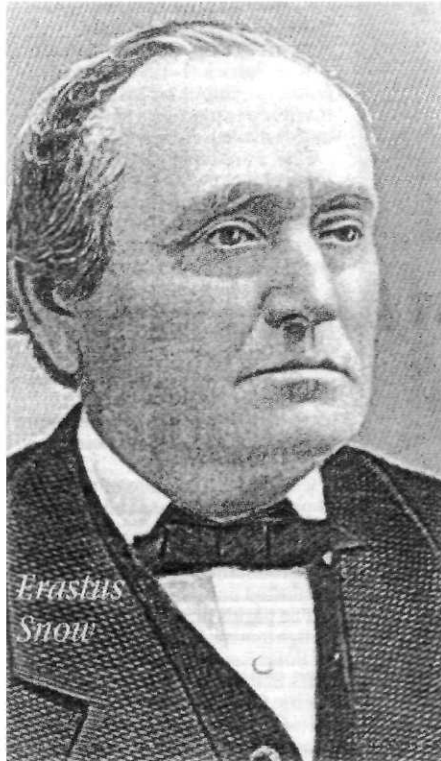


Figure 24: Erastus Snow

Charles continued working at odd jobs, often in the employment of his mentor, Erastus Snow. “All this time I did not lose sight of the young woman I first met at

Elkhorn,” he avowed.<sup>17</sup>It was slightly over a year since Charles’s arrival in the Salt Lake Valley, at October conference, that the newly ordained apostle, Erastus Snow, was called on a mission to Denmark. Realizing that he would be gone for several months, Erastus began making plans for the care of his family and farm. At the time Charles was making himself at home with the Snow family.

One evening he [Bro. Snow] clapped his hand on my shoulder and said he wanted me to stay with his family until he came back. He said as the Lord dealt with him so he would do with me. I took it at once as a call from the Lord and that it was nothing more or less than a mission.<sup>18</sup>

The next question raised a chuckle out of Charles. Brother Snow asked him about his matrimonial intentions. “I told him I hoped to sometime, but now I had nothing to offer but my poor self.” Elder Snow replied rather casually, it seems, “Fix it up with your intended and come here and live in this room with Minerva and Elizabeth.”<sup>19</sup>

With this gentle persuasion, Charles’s life took an abrupt and positive turn. To approach a young lady to discuss matters of the heart is one thing, but to include a proposition of eternal marriage without the customary groundwork involving courtship is quite another. But pioneer life demanded a large portion of practicalities while casting aside many of the traditional formalities that stood in the way of a well-defined goal, in this case, the enchanting Miss Eliza Ann Haven. Charles decided that the price of a few agonizing minutes on his knees before his lady love was worth the minute possibility of an answer in the affirmative. Years later in his recorded history, Charles reminisced of the occasion in rather blasé terms. But one can be assured that there was more fear and trembling, along with a generous amount of rose water, that went into the matter than Charles was willing to admit. “Well, I talked it over with the young lady

and we talked with her mother. It suited the mother who talked it over with the father.”<sup>20</sup>

By the time all the talking was over, Charles was probably as limp as an overcooked noodle. But he must have made a favorable impression, because John and Judith finally gave Charles their written consent to marry their last unmarried daughter, Eliza Ann. It is easy to visualize while Charles was on his way home that evening after he was out of earshot of the Havens, this young Romeo, letting out a blood-curdling “Holy catfish!” as he ran and jumped for joy down the lane at this unbelievable turn of events.

Charles and Eliza Ann were sealed for time and eternity as husband and wife in the home of Apostle Erastus Snow on October 14, 1849, by President Brigham Young.<sup>21</sup> Family tradition claims that they were the first couple married in Utah; however, this must be viewed with a touch of skepticism inasmuch as the Saints had been in the Valley for over two years at the time of Eliza and Charles’s marriage. Keeping intact the Mormons’ reputation for marriage and family and according to the Church Historian’s Office, we discover that the first marriage in Utah was performed less than a month after the Saints’ arrival in the valley. On August 17, 1847, Orson Pratt married William Tubbs and Sophia Smith in a civil union.<sup>22</sup> It was not until February 8, 1851, that the first law in the territory was passed requiring the registering of marriages. Eliza had taken out her endowments in the Nauvoo temple almost three years previously, but Charles was to wait until July 10, 1852, to receive his endowments.<sup>23</sup> Strangely, this order deviates from today’s accepted practice of the sealing following the endowment ceremony.

Perhaps in preparation for his life as head of a household, Charles concluded the proper thing to do was to secure a patriarchal blessing. Father Isaac Morley had given Charles a blessing on the bank of the Elkhorn River last year, but the blessing was apparently never recorded. Whatever the case, Charles arranged with Father John Smith, the

Presiding Patriarch of the Church and uncle to the Prophet Joseph Smith, for a patriarchal blessing on October 7, 1849, just a week prior to his marriage to Eliza. The blessing is recorded as follows:

A blessing by John Smith Patriarch upon the head of Charles Westover, Son of Alexander & Electa born Ohio Nov 25 1827.

Brother Charles, I place my hands upon thy head by the authority of my office and inasmuch as thou art an orphan I seal upon thee a father's blessing. In the name of Jesus of Nazareth for thou art of the Blood of Benjamin and inasmuch as thou hast obeyed the gospel in the days of thy youth thy name is written in the Lambs Book of Life and shall not be blotted out only through disobedience thou art entitled to all the blessings of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and an inheritance in the land of Joseph the Lord hath called thee to a mighty work in gathering the remnants of Joseph that are scattered in the wilderness and dispersed among the nations Thou Shalt cause rivers to Divide & lead the people Through on Dry ground be able to speak the Language of any People where thy Lot Is cast or Do any miracle that Is necessary to forward the cause of Zion. Shalt be Satisfied with the riches of the Earth & the riches of Eternity Shall be given unto thee until thou art Satisfied. Even so. Amen.<sup>24</sup>

One might speculate that one of the promises of this blessing was later fulfilled when Charles and other stalwarts of the future Cotton Mission did eventually change and “divide” the course of the Virgin River through a system of canals and dams. As far as the blessing pertaining to his linguistic abilities is concerned, we know nothing except he undoubtedly learned to communicate with the Indians by some use of both English and Indian dialects. We are told that he became a great storyteller to eager groups of young children.<sup>25</sup> For an adult to communicate in the language of a child is a rare blessing, indeed.



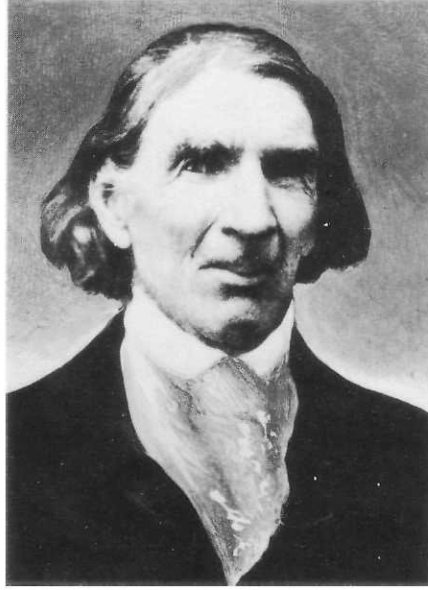


Figure 25: Patriarch John Smith

It took Erastus ten days

To square up my business and leave my affairs with my family in as good condition as I could have naturally expected in as many months. I made Brother Charles Westover steward over my temporal business and blessed him and his wife and all members of my family and commended them to the Lord.<sup>26</sup>

Charles and Eliza began their honeymoon by sharing a one-room log house with Artimetia, Minerva, and Elizabeth—wives of Apostle Erastus Snow in the Thirteenth Ward.<sup>27</sup> According to Charles's account, this seemed quite a satisfactory arrangement. No mention is made of Eliza's feelings about the situation. For three wives of one man living happily together under the same roof is quite an accomplishment in itself. Add to this the presence of a pair of nervous newlyweds sleeping within snoring distance without benefit of partitions to offer a smattering of privacy,

which would complicate matters significantly. This delicate arrangement poses problems that would be insurmountable in today's society. Yet in the frontiers of this unpretentious people, we find that modesty was seldom sacrificed regardless of the degree of privacy available. Credit must be given to the resolve of those plucky individuals who did what had to be done in spite of society's norms.

To complicate matters even more, Charles and Eliza presented the household with a bouncing baby boy, Charles Jr., two days before Charles and Eliza's first wedding anniversary. "The little whippersnapper is as healthy as a baby coon," his beaming father perhaps exclaimed amid an outburst of cries. But Minerva was a godsend to Eliza as she took charge of both mother and child. A second baby arrived eleven days previous to their third wedding anniversary. This baby was given the full name of Charles's younger brother, Oscar Fitzland, who by this time was in California either picking fruit or panning for gold. The wives of Erastus were unquestionably kind and patient; but after two years, Minerva found it necessary to go to live with her aged and feeble mother, while Elizabeth retreated to abide with her sister for the remainder of Erastus's absence.

Charles was conscientious about the responsibilities that had been placed upon him. To work a farm, oversee the maintenance of a home, attend to the needs of two women with children, along with caring for his bride who was sure to require some of his attentions would prove challenging to any twenty-two-year-old man. But Charles seemed to be equal to the task. He kept Apostle Snow informed by mail concerning the current affairs of the farm, while, at the same time, Erastus made sure that Charles never lacked for something to do. On his journey to the east, Erastus paused at South Pass long enough to write a brief message of instructions to his family to be passed on to young Charles:

I wish Charles to watch for an opportunity to buy the tens adjoining mine so as to get about 40 acres in a body if he can and have it well fenced before I get back, and sell the fu[r]thur lot No. 2 Block 40, but hold on to the five. When He builds the barn I want he should get Bro. Frost to make some iron to hold on to the ends of the cross beams so as to come outside the dobies to support the wall.<sup>28</sup>

With these instructions, almost given as an afterthought, it seems that Charles would have little trouble figuring out what to do in his spare time. This experience for a young man handling such an array of responsibilities must have helped prepare Charles for his future endeavors.

Probably in the same mail, Erastus found two letters delivered to his residence in Denmark from his wife, Elizabeth, and the other from Charles Westover. Charles was having some difficulty managing Erastus's affairs, but nothing that the young man could not handle. He reported the return of Parley P. Pratt from exploring southern Utah "after a very hard and laborious tramp through the snow." Elizabeth and Charles both mentioned the death of James Snow, Erastus's young son. She reported also that year-old Artimetia had measles and that little Erastus had recovered from them. Brother Bay, who was supposed to do some building for the family, had been sent on a mission,<sup>29</sup> and Charles was left single-handed to get things done.<sup>30</sup>

In a letter to Artimetia in February, 1852, Erastus wrote from Copenhagen instructing Charles to get logs to the mill for immediate sawing so that lumber could be "stacked by an experienced hand where it will not spring, warp or crack." Charles was also to get started on the ground.<sup>31</sup>

In the meantime, it may be assumed that Mother Electa was comfortably situated with her eldest son, Edwin, and his family during these early years in the Salt Lake Valley. This may be true to an extent, but the 1850 Federal Census lists Electa as living with Simeon Howd—age thirty-six, a native of New York—and his family. Perhaps she was tem-

porarily earning her room and board as a hired housekeeper at the time of the census.

While living with Brother Snow's family, Charles described an experience in which he acknowledged the hand of the Lord in saving the lives of those entrusted to his care:

On the way to Bro. Snow's farm when Artimetia and Minerva and young baby, and Eliza accompanied me I had some trouble. The road was very muddy and water was standing in puddles. One of the horses balked. I alighted to tighten the stay chain on the true horse. While doing so the horses started with a plunge, which broke the tugs and caused the tongue to drop and running into the ground and turning the wagon on its side. Eliza Ann was thrown out between the wheels. At the same time Minerva dropped her baby out at the back of the wagon face downward in a muddy puddle preparing to jump out herself. I had never let go of the lines and at that instant gave them a jerk to turn the wagon and prevent the hind wheel running over Eliza Ann. The line broke, but instead of what might be expected, the horses suddenly stopped. Eliza Ann ran and picked up the infant which would have drowned in a few minutes.<sup>32</sup>

As for mud holes, Charles describes another such encounter when Eliza Ann went with him for hay. Again the roads were wet and muddy so that the holes were difficult to distinguish. Suddenly the wagon jolted as a wheel dropped into a hole. Sitting crosswise of the load, Eliza Ann was thrown backward to the ground, landing on her shoulders. Charles jumped down from the load, but to his joy found his wife back on her feet, dripping with mud and laughing.<sup>33</sup> Eliza Ann must have possessed a timely sense of humor to have been able to laugh at such an assault on her womanly dignity, not to mention her anatomy.

Brigham Young was anxious to keep on friendly terms with the Indians in the territory. In spite of this, there were

depredations by the Indians that could not go unanswered. The Nauvoo Legion was called to help protect life and property of the Saints, which resulted in the Indian Wars. Charles was feeling the responsibilities of a provider when in 1850 he enlisted as a private in a detachment of the Nauvoo Legion. In his "Affidavit Concerning Service in Indian Wars Within the State of Utah and Of Service Relating Thereto" dated September 24, 1913, we discover that Private Westover was called upon on several occasions to bear arms to protect lives and property of the settlers in the valley. He was assigned to a company of Mountain Rangers commanded by Captain Andrew Lytle. He was "detailed under Captain Lytle with a squad of men, Bryant Stringham and James Cummings among the number, to guard the supply train in transit from Salt Lake City to Provo." During this term of service with the Volunteers, Charles continues a description of his experiences as an Indian fighter:

Served under [Captain] George D. Grant in two expeditions against the Goship [Goshute] one [against] bands of Indians in the county west of Tooele in Tooele County. Also served in an expedition against the Piute Indians in the country west of Utah Lake under an officer by name of Conover, was residing at Cottonwood at the time.

Charles added the following in the affidavit concerning the lack of witnesses:

Participated in an engagement against the Shoshone Indians in the vicinity and north of Ogden City, Utah. I also served under W.H. Kimball from June 20th to 27th, 1851.

The record of the above service is on file in the official records of the Walker war, but owing to the fact that I have made my proof of service before, which record is lost, and it being over sixty two years since said service was rendered, all the witnesses are dead,

so that it is impossible to secure witnesses to prove the above service.<sup>34</sup>

Charles's college-educated son, William, assisted his father in the legal aspects of submitting paper work for qualification for a pension. William also acted as a notary public. Probably Congress had belatedly appropriated funds to reward the Indian War veterans of Utah for their service rendered several decades earlier.

Ute Indian chief Wakara, who became known simply as Walker, began raiding Mormon settlements in spite of an earlier friendship pact because the Mormons had refused to buy horses stolen from the Spaniards. Walker rebutted, "My men hate the Spaniards, they will steal from them and I cannot help it." This led to strained relations between Walker and the Mormons. But when the Mormons tried to stop Walker from trading Indian children as slaves to Mexican traders, hostilities broke out and the Walker War resulted.<sup>35</sup>

Eliza supported Charles in his enlistment in the Walker War by melting lead in a spoon and pouring it into molds for bullets for Charles's gun. Lead had been mined in the territory, but the manufacture of ammunition was still in its infancy. Only shortly before his death in 1919, Charles was at last awarded a belated pension for his services in the Indian Wars.<sup>36</sup>

Early in 1855, several months after Apostle Snow's return, Charles and Eliza moved to Big Cottonwood on the southeast side of the Valley, but not before their third child, Eliza Ann, was born in the Erastus Snow home.<sup>37</sup> Charles and Eliza Ann with their three little ones, Charles, Jr., Oscar, and the baby, Eliza Ann, now had the opportunity to begin life as a family in a house they could call their own. Undoubtedly, Charles ventured up Big Cottonwood Canyon for logs to build their home. The humble log home was theirs, but the land that it sat upon was another matter. Six

weeks after the Saints arrived in the valley, the Twelve Apostles stated

We have no land to sell to the Saints in the Great Basin, but you are entitled to as much as you can till. . . . And none of you have any land to buy or sell more than ourselves; for the inheritance is of the Lord, and we are his servants, to see that every one has his portion in due season.<sup>38</sup>

During the previous year of 1854, the shadow of famine once again had passed over the valley as a plague of grasshoppers again devoured their crops. Charles felt the pressure of providing for his growing family as his plow dug into the virgin soil on his Big Cottonwood farmland.<sup>39</sup> Their food supply was meager, so they had to rely on a good harvest to prepare them for the onset of winter. But as the summer wore on, the heavens withheld their moisture and the crops withered and died in the fields. The winter of 1855 was cold with heavy snows burying rangelands. Herds of cattle and sheep starved to death or were frozen by the sub-zero temperatures. The pleadings of the Saints ascended heavenward. Charles and Eliza prayed for survival.

Blessings began to fall upon the settlers as the crops of 1856 matured into a bounteous harvest. Once again there was bread on the Westover table. Over the following years, their economic situation began to improve substantially in Big Cottonwood. Charles was becoming a successful farmer and an expert thresher. Eliza bore three more children while living in their Cottonwood home: Harriet Azalea, Marie Theresa, and Artimetia. Charles's mother, Electa, was now living with them. Eliza probably appreciated Electa's help around the kitchen and with the care of the six children. Brother Brigham knew the Saints had always been equal to adversity, but were they able to cope with prosperity? Charles and Eliza were willing to try.

Not long after Charles and Eliza had moved to Big Cottonwood, the Edwin Westover family settled nearby. Sarah

Jane now had two little ones hanging on to her apron (a son, William, had previously died in infancy). Lycurgus was ten years old in 1855 and was proving to be a valuable asset to his father at chore time. Having two sons and their families within hollering distance was a great comfort to Electa.

A trip into town was always an exciting event for the Westovers. On the way, Eliza always made a point of stopping by to visit her mother on Sixth South. The heart of the city was filling up with thick-walled adobe houses of a dull leaden-blue shade. The homes, barn-shaped with wings and lean-to's attached, sat back from the wide, dusty streets. On each side of every street was a pure stream of mountain water running down a ditch lined with grass and weeds. The water was used for drinking, cooking, and irrigating city gardens. Such a delightful sight of fresh, sparkling water flowing just outside their doorstep gladdened the hearts and lifted the spirits of this people who had endured so much suffering to reach their mountain haven.

Charles and Eliza thought little about it, but to a visitor in those early days it probably became a source of wonderment that here in this city of devout Christian worshipers, there were no churches. Instead, there were simple schoolhouses that also served as general meetinghouses. On Sundays, the Saints gathered in Temple Square in the large bowery—a pole, post, and beam framework supporting a roof of tree boughs where crude benches seated three thousand people. When the fall temperatures dropped below the comfort zone, the worshipers crammed indoors into the small adobe tabernacle south of the bowery, where the Assembly Hall was later erected.

Salt Lake City was showing promise of becoming somewhat of a metropolis. State and Main streets became the downtown business center where both Mormon and gentile stores lined the wide, unpaved streets. Here Eliza and Charles found bakeries, dry goods stores, a butchery, blacksmithery, a barber shop. But the heart of the business district was the Deseret Store and Tithing House on the northeast



corner of Main and South Temple, located where the Hotel Utah was later built and even later renovated to become the present Joseph Smith Memorial Building. The Tithing House pumped tithing produce and scrip in and out, serving as the life blood of the community of Saints. Tithing was paid in produce and labor. Cash was rarely used for the simple reason that there was little of that commodity to be had.<sup>40</sup>

Charles's brother-in-law, Albert Perry Rockwood, was one of the Presidents of the First Quorum of Seventy. In the Spring of 1852, Perry laid his hands on the head of Charles and ordained him to the office of Seventy.<sup>41</sup> Charles was assigned to the Sixth Quorum of Seventies, of which his brother-in-law, Israel Barlow, was the senior president. Israel left on a mission to the British Isles on June 22, 1853. At a quorum meeting on April 9, 1854, Charles had an opportunity to avow his faith by participating in the following declaration:

We the undersigned, agree to consecrate all our property for the interest of the Kingdom of God.

(Signed) William Wordsworth, George Whittaker, William Bramall Taylor, Thomas Stall, George Sims, David Candland, Fred V. Cook, Robert Wilson, Samuel Bennett, Jacob Peart, William Taylor, Charles Westover, Thomas Taylor, I. Hall, and Thomas McCullough.<sup>42</sup>

Since Israel's departure to the missionfield, Elizabeth and her family became victims of disease and poverty. As their situation became deplorable, the quorum realized that something had to be done to relieve the Barlow family from its plight. The minutes of the meeting on November 16, 1854, described their plan of action, underscoring a compassionate and generous side of Charles Westover:

Bro. Candland arose to lay before the Brethren and that was concerning the wants and necessities of Brother Barlows family, who was in need of assistance, both in fire wood and the staff of life, on account of a failure on the farm; Bro Westover arose and said he was willing to haul a load of wood, and that he was determined to keep up to the law of tithing.<sup>43</sup>

Following Charles's lead, each member arose and expressed their stand on the law of tithing and concern for the Barlow family. The minutes concluded with the following accounting of aid for the Barlows by Charles volunteering first to bring to the Barlow home a load of wood and hay. Other members of the quorum likewise responded with money, hay, corn, and wood.<sup>44</sup>

At a Sunday evening quorum meeting on March 4, 1855, Charles arose and "said he felt his standing in the Quorum and Church was dearer to him than anything of an earthly nature."<sup>45</sup>

Interestingly, Charles remained a member of the Sixth Quorum of Seventies even after his move to southern Utah. Another member of this same quorum who lived in the Dixie area was Jacob Hamblin, known later as the Apostle to the Lamanites. It was not until 1883 that President John Taylor coordinated the seventies' quorums within stake boundaries.

Little is recorded of the happenings and fortunes of John and Judith Haven after settling in the Great Salt Lake Valley on Fifth South in the Eighth Ward, just southeast of the present site of the City and County Building. John's granddaughter through Elizabeth wrote of the wolves howling around the wagon where some of the family slept while their double log house was being built. The Barlow's lived next to John and Judith, so all were serenaded by this eerie call of the wild as these creatures of the forest mourned the loss of their domain.

It's a sound like nothing else on earth. You could call it a howl, but it's also yelps and keenings, a wilderness aria composed of forest and ice and moonlight, a song that slips into your bloodstream to send adrenaline levels rising in marvel and fear.<sup>46</sup>

In the 1851 Utah Federal Census, we find that our poor John Haven was just that—poor! His real wealth was recorded as \$150 with no personal wealth. We cannot judge his living standards by today's values, so we can assume that he had the necessities of life and the comforts of a loving family to brighten his final years on earth. He had a sturdy log home that offered adequate shelter, an ox team and wagon to help with the crops, and, most importantly, a good wife to help him bear up under his load. At seventy-seven, he no doubt depended on the love and support of his daughters, Elizabeth and Mary Ellen, and their families, all of whom lived close by, as well as Maria and Eliza, who lived in more remote areas of the Valley.

A memorable day in the lives of John and Judith occurred on Sunday, January 18, 1852. Perhaps the unseasonably warm winter day brought him out of his office, but somehow President Young found time in his busy schedule to stop by his uncle John Haven's house. Whether it was prearranged or not, we do not know, but the visit was significant. On that visit President Young sealed, by the authority of the Priesthood, Father John Haven to his wife Judith Temple Haven in their home. Afterwards, with Judith acting as proxy for John's first wife, Elizabeth Howe Haven, President Young sealed John and Elizabeth. These sealings were later duly recorded in the Endowment House records.<sup>47</sup>

A little over a year later, on March 16, 1853, Father John Haven's life ebbed away in their log home on Fifth South in Salt Lake City. John's obituary in the Deseret News on March 16, 1853 read:

John Haven died in Great Salt Lake City aged 79 years. Mr. Haven was a native of Holliston, Middle-

sex, Mass. and was long a deacon in the Congregational Church in that place—like his father before him, beloved by all good men from his childhood, respected by his acquaintances, and enjoyed the confidence of all, by his undeviating, upright life. About the year 1838, he heard of the fullness of the gospel, investigated its merits and united himself with the Saints of the latter-days. As soon as circumstances would permit he repaired to Nauvoo, with most of his posterity. When, in 1846, the Saints were driven from the U. S. he followed and became a resident of this city, as early as possible. He was one of the men whose faith and knowledge are ever manifest by their works, a peace-maker at home and abroad, and at all times. He has gone to his grave like corn fully ripe, gathered in the garner, without blight or disease; and in the morning of the first resurrection will receive his reward among the sanctified.

John Haven's remains rest in the Salt Lake City Cemetery in block 14 Plat C Lot 10; he was one of the first to be interred there. His daughter Nancy Haven Rockwood and her husband, Albert Perry Rockwood, are laid to rest beside him. The names on the sandstone markers are now barely discernible.<sup>48</sup> While John's burial site lies within the Rockwood plot, Judith's grave is nearby in the large Burton plot next to her daughter, Maria. In June of 1994, as this writer visited the grave sites of John and Judith, he was deeply touched by a feeling of intimacy and a sense of special kinship as a result of his research into their lives.

The log home that John had moved from the Old Fort to Fifth South had served them well, for it was there in that humble dwelling that John Haven spent the remainder of his days. In a history of Salt Lake County, this impersonal observation was made:

On the first block of this ward, camp 8, in 1861 there were but five houses. One was a one-room log house owned by a woman from Nauvoo, who was called Mother Haven. The corner to the west of her home was owned and occupied by a Barlow family. . . . The

corner to the east was owned by Archibald Scroggie, and the corner where the chapel now stands was owned by Joseph Palmer.<sup>49</sup>



Figure 26: Headstone of Judith Temple Haven

Robert Burton noted in his journal that during the Utah War, when the city had been largely evacuated and he was left in charge to guard the city, that he stopped by the small log house on Fifth South and had dinner with his mother-in-law, “Mother Haven.” Judith was only fifty-nine years old, but being alone, the move to the south may have been too difficult, or perhaps it was just her independent nature that

prompted her to stay and defend her home, if necessary. In the 1874 Salt Lake City Directory, Judith is now listed as living in the Fourteenth Ward on First West between First and Second South, where the Salt Palace now stands.<sup>50</sup>

Judith Temple Haven lived long past her life expectancy. In 1881, her daughter, Maria, described Judith to her great-granddaughters:

Your great-grandmother is living now, 82 years old last December 18, a remarkable bright, active woman, does all her own work, has a very pretty flower garden which she attends to herself.<sup>51</sup>

Judith died at ninety-two years of age on August 25, 1891, widowed for thirty-eight years. She died without recognition of the hardships and sacrifices she so willingly made. The following article appeared in the Deseret Evening News on August 25, 1891:

DEATH OF SISTER HAREN [misprint of Haven]

We are requested to announce the death of Sister Judith Temple Haren, which occurred today, and to state that the funeral services will be held at the residence of Bishop R. T. Burton, 106 So. Second West street on Thursday next at 2 p.m. Deceased was born in Holden, Mass., December 28, 1796 and was the wife of the late John Haren [Haven], formerly of Holliston, Mass., where both embraced the Gospel in 1838. They removed to Nauvoo in 1841 and arrived in this city September 23, 1848. Deceased leaves two daughters, seventeen grandchildren and forty-two great-grandchildren.



Figure 27: Judith Temple Haven, Maria, and Eliza Ann

During the Cottonwood period of the lives of Charles and Eliza, a doctrine of the Church became of grave concern to the peace and tranquility of the Westover household—plural marriage. An added emphasis was now being placed upon the worthy priesthood brethren to comply more faithfully to this doctrine.

Contrary to traditional thought, further research suggests that there was a conformity to this practice that could not be called reluctant:

The prevalence of plural marriages indicates wide acceptance of the Church's urgings on polygamy, instead of the massive resistance found in other studies. Again contrary to other findings, polygamous fertility was the same as monogamous fertility, consistent with the Church's declaration that large families were necessary for heavenly glory.<sup>52</sup>

To appreciate the extent that this doctrine was adhered to, one study reveals that between 1852 and 1890, ten to twenty percent of the Saints lived in polygamous families, depending on the year and the place.<sup>53</sup> Still another study does confirm a reluctance to follow the doctrine of plural marriage:

It is evident that far from looking upon plural marriage as a privilege to be made the most of, the rank and file Mormons accepted it as one of the onerous obligations of church membership. Left alone they were prone to neglect it, and it always took some form of pressure to stir them to renewed zeal.<sup>54</sup>

Yet no period of Mormon history demonstrated a devotion to polygamous duty more than the two-year period of 1856 and 1857, known as the Mormon Reformation.<sup>55</sup>

Elder B. H. Roberts points out that in the early days of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, an unusual condition prevailed. More women than men joined the Church. This was true of the period at Nauvoo and for a number of years after the arrival of the Saints in Utah.<sup>56</sup>

On these grounds, women outnumbering men, persistent, but questionable justification has been upheld defending the practice of plural marriage in the early Mormon community as Brother William E. Barrett explains:

These were an isolated people. Marriage outside the Church was discouraged. There were simply not enough men to go around. Many women must live and die singly, deprived of the opportunity for development which marriage and a home brings. The alternative was plural marriage. It was not to stop prostitution. It was not to satisfy the lusts of himself or his followers that Joseph Smith taught and practiced the doctrine. The men and women who entered into plural marriage were among the most moral people this world has ever known.<sup>57</sup>



Regardless of the imbalance of the sexes in Mormon society, the underlying motivation that led both men and women to enter into plural marriage contracts sprung solely from their desire to be obedient to the will of the Lord as spoken through their prophet. The purpose, as stated by the Lord, was to “raise up a seed unto me.”<sup>58</sup> We can examine the fruits born of this commandment and feel assured that the Lord’s purposes were achieved.

Charles and Eliza were probably both swept up in this reformation wave. With a desire to conform to church doctrine, one version of family lore as told by a granddaughter, Theresa Hoskins, describes Charles and Eliza’s solution to the problem in this way:

A good friend of Eliza was a young woman by the name of Mary Shumway. Mary was twenty-one and unmarried. Eliza deemed Mary an acceptable wife for her husband, one she could love herself. Charles’s first attempt in winning Mary’s affections was rebuffed. Charles was a pleasant-looking fellow, bewhiskered in the style of the day. He stood at a respectable five foot seven or eight inches tall without his boots on. He was of slender build, weighing in at about one hundred and fifty pounds. He was kind and mild-mannered. Mary could have done much worse.

Eliza was determined not to be foiled in this challenge of selecting a wife for her husband. She dressed Charles up in his finest, perhaps offered him a little womanly advice on the art of courting, and sent him back to try again. This time Mary could not say no.<sup>59</sup>

Charles Westover and Mary Shumway were married on September 1, 1856, by President Brigham Young in his office although the ceremony was recorded in the one-year-old Salt Lake Endowment House, located on the northwest corner of the Temple Block.<sup>60</sup> But to complicate matters, Mary had a girlhood sweetheart named Jerome Bonapart Bradley. Before they had a chance to enter into a matrimonial covenant, Jerome died. Upon his deathbed, Jerome

extracted a promise from Mary that she would have herself sealed to him. Not long after Jerome's death, Mary complied with this promise. Therefore, according to Latter-day Saint belief, the children born to Mary and Charles, in the life after death, would become Bradley's children, and Mary would be Bradley's wife. But to confound the situation, years later Mary confided that she wished that she had never promised Jerome that she would be sealed to him. Her love for Charles deepened as the years passed.<sup>61</sup>

Regardless of the outcome of this triangulation, Charles was a very blessed man to have two such faithful women as his wives. Mary with her parents had joined the Church in Ohio and came to Nauvoo by means of a flatboat. She and her family were the first to cross the Mississippi River during the Nauvoo exodus in February of 1846. They had suffered the agonies of the trek across Iowa to Winter Quarters, where her mother died in the winter of 1846; her sister, the following spring. Mary traveled in the second company to reach the Salt Lake Valley, arriving October 12, 1847. After helping settle Manti, then Payson, the family moved to Big Cottonwood. It was there that Charles first met Mary. She bore two children while living in Big Cottonwood: Andrew Jerome and Julia Ann. The boy died at one-and-a-half years.<sup>62</sup>

Edwin was also awakened to the renewed inclination to adhere to the doctrine of plural marriage. Five months after Charles took Mary to wife, Edwin followed suit by marrying a nineteen-year-old lass from Scotland, Agnes Ann Findley, on February 2, 1857, in the Endowment House. Later in the same year, Edwin decided to move Sarah Jane and the children to Grantsville where Aunt Hannah lived with her daughter Adeline. Agnes remained long enough in Big Cottonwood to bear a daughter.

To help understand the tenderness that existed in many plural marriage relationships, let us ponder on the words written by Erastus Snow to his three wives while he rested

on a bank of the Sweetwater on his way to fulfill his Danish mission:

First I will say what I believe you will appreciate that I love you all most tenderly, and I know not how or where to make any distinction unless it be in the exceeding gratification I feel, at having been able to leave in the arms of Artimesia & Minerva, those little pledges, of mutual bonds & affection for them to rear & instruct, which will beguile their lonely hours and remind them of their absent father. But even in this: Elizabeth my ardent desire and fond expectation is, that you will not be one whit behind your elder sisters in a few months. . . . Elizabeth, fail not to write definitely of the subject by your first communication next Spring. And Minerva let me not remain ignorant of what you hinted at before I left concerning yourself which may heaven grant to be even so with yourself and Artimesia also. Fear not either one of you to write from the fullness of your hearts as if you were fast locked in my arms.<sup>63</sup>

There are many tales that could be told concerning the Saints' practice of plural marriage that would make those of conventional marital thought wonder. When David Udall and his second bride, Katherine, went over the honeymoon trail to the St. George Temple, their wedded bliss was restrained by the presence of the first wife, Ida.<sup>64</sup>

The sealing ordinance seemed to confuse many of the Saints. They wanted to be obedient to this doctrine without fully being able to understand it. It seemed important, especially to women, to be sealed to someone. Consequently, Electa felt it appropriate to have herself sealed to Eleazer Miller on December 18, 1849.<sup>65</sup> Eleazer, who was a captain of Fifty on their westward journey, happened to already have some wives. Perhaps as an insurance policy, on August 28, 1857, Electa was also sealed to Chauncy Loveland, who came across with the first company of Saints. He lived in Bountiful with two other wives. The consequences of being sealed to two men seems even more confusing than its

antithesis, one man to a plurality of wives. It is doubtful that Electa ever lived with either of these two men, at least for long. It is probable that just the comfort of knowing that she belonged to someone was enough for her. To contribute to the paradox, in 1852, Electa's sister, Hannah, had herself sealed to Aaron Sceva, her son-in-law.<sup>66</sup> To add to the confusion, Hannah's grave marker lies alongside Aaron's and Adeline's in the Grantsville, Utah Cemetery bearing the name "Hannah B. Sceva."<sup>67</sup> It would take several years for the general church membership to come to a true understanding of the sealing ordinance.

Brigham Young envisioned, as had the Prophet Joseph Smith, a land isolated sufficiently from the outside world where the Saints would have a chance to build a society strong enough to hold its own against their enemies. Let others answer the sirens' call to California gold fields. Brother Brigham felt satisfied that if left unmolested in the Great Basin for ten years, the Mormons would be able to take care of themselves without dependence on "gentile" goods and services.<sup>68</sup> By July of 1857, ten years had transpired.

Since leaving the Snow household five years previously and settling in Big Cottonwood, Charles's life became filled with new hope. Eliza had now borne four children: Charles, Oscar, Eliza, and Harriet. Charles had taken a second wife, Mary Eliza. The Westover farm was producing much of what was needed to sustain life for the families, in spite of the grasshoppers, the drought, and the killer winters of the previous two years. Throughout the territory during the early part of 1856, people were digging roots, many had nothing but potatoes and salt to eat. Because their teams had died, some farmers were forced to spade their ground to put in grain while others drilled the ground to drop each seed into the soil rather than broadcasting the scarce seed grain. And the Indians again began making forays against the settlements.<sup>69</sup> But now there was promise of better times as the

spring plantings matured and the fall harvest proved bountiful, ending the famine.

Up the canyon from the Westover home in Big Cottonwood, the Saints had gathered at Silver Lake (other sources describe the location as Brighton, probably one and the same) for a three-day celebration of the tenth anniversary of their arrival in the Valley. They came with their tents, bedding, and wagons filled with provisions for a fun-filled holiday. For Charles, Eliza, and Mary, this was a well-deserved respite. Led by Brigham Young, a gathering of 2,587 people, 464 carriages and wagons, 1,028 horses and mules, and 332 oxen and cows had assembled, along with six large brass bands. A platoon of the Lancers under the command of Eliza's brother-in-law, Colonel R. T. Burton, as well as several other detachments of the Nauvoo Legion, were conspicuous as they milled proudly about the area sporting their stripes and insignias. At the height of the celebration, about noon on July 24, 1857, Abraham O. Smoot and Porter Rockwell breathlessly sought out President Young. Abraham and Porter had just arrived from the east after discovering that the United States Army, officered by its very elite, was on the march to Utah to "suppress the Mormon uprising."<sup>70</sup>

Elizabeth Haven Barlow recorded the emotions caused by this sensational news:

Toward evening Brigham Young called the celebrators together, thousands of them, and told what was happening. A mighty hush fell over the merry-makers. President Young in a very bold manner predicted that God would fight the battle for the Saints and that the army should not possess our land. He called upon every saint to put his trust in the Lord. That night around the campfires the Saints reviewed their former drivings and sufferings and made solemn covenants with themselves and friends that the army, bringing a Gentile Governor and other officers, should not enter the valley. Far into the night the campfires burned, and by daybreak the outfits were on the move home.<sup>71</sup>

The Saints had long before learned to be distrustful of the political intent of the federal government, who seemed all too anxious to accept rumor at face value, especially when tainted with the usual anti-Mormon bias. On August 15, Colonel Burton with a small detachment of troops was sent to the east, under the guise of giving protection to the incoming Mormon emigrants. In reality, Burton was given the charge to learn the location, strength, and equipment of the United States army and to report the army's progress from day to day to authorities in Salt Lake City by means of "riders."<sup>72</sup>

While Colonel Burton's men were scouting the army troop movements, other parties of defenders were preparing a welcome that the army would find hard to forget. Delaying actions were employed by burning two of their own Wyoming Mormon outposts, Fort Bridger and Fort Supply, to prevent their use by the government troops. Army supply trains were destroyed by guerrilla tactics, grass to be used for the army's stock was set on fire, sniper outposts were constructed. The advance of Johnston's invincible forces was stopped cold. The United States Army was then forced to wait out the winter among the ashes of Fort Bridger, giving President Young the time needed to prepare for the impending invasion. Edwin Westover was serving under Major Lot Smith in Echo Canyon in this effort to hamper the army's advance.

On the floor of the United States Senate, Senator Sam Houston voiced his concern over the state of affairs with the army expeditionary force:

The more men you send to the "Mormon War" the more you increase the difficulty. They have to be fed. For some sixteen hundred miles you have to transport provisions. The regiments sent there have found Fort Bridger and other places, heaps of ashes. . . . Whoever goes there will meet the fate of Napoleon's army when he went to Moscow. Just as sure as we are standing in the senate, these people, if they fight at all,

will fight desperately. They are defending their homes. They are fighting to prevent the execution of threats that have been made, which touch their hearths and their families; and depend upon it they will fight until every man perishes before he surrenders. That is not all. If they choose to go into conflict immediately, they will secure their women and children in the fastness of the mountains; they have provisions for two years; and they will carry on a guerrilla warfare, which will be most terrible to the troops you send there. . . . But so sure as the troops advance, so sure they will be annihilated. You may treble them, and you will only add to the catastrophe, not diminish human suffering. These people expect nothing but extermination or abuse more intolerable than even extermination would be, from your troops, and they will oppose them.<sup>73</sup>

The battle plans were drawn. But instead of a battle, President Young realized the futility of opposing the United States Army. A complete reversal of strategy was formulated in a “Council of War”—the total abandonment of armed resistance to Johnston’s army. The plan was to retreat to the desert. The Sebastopol policy was presented—remove the grain and the women and children from the city and then, if needs be, burn the city and lay it to waste.<sup>74</sup>

Elizabeth Barlow records President Young’s following declaration:

If the Army breaks through, they will find Utah a desert, every house will be burned to the ground, every tree cut down and every field laid waste. We have provisions on hand for three years, which we will cache, and then take to the mountains. If the Government persists in sending an army to destroy us, in the name of the Lord we shall conquer them.<sup>75</sup>

In the spring of 1858, the Westovers were caught up in the excitement of events that had dominated the lives of all the Saints since that last summer’s day at Silver Lake. They had their grain ground to flour at the nearby newly erected

grist mill on Big Cottonwood Stream. Can we visualize the scene with all its stress and sorrow? When would persecution cease? Finally, the Westovers packed their wagon with provisions and their most cherished possessions for the move south. Charles's last act before closing the door was to place several forkfuls of straw inside the house to be ignited by a torch-bearer if the invading soldiers deviated one iota from their agreement to pass through the city without pillaging or any other offensive action. Charles and Eliza had worked hard for what they now had achieved. When would the Saints be free from their oppressors? Charles closed the door slowly and then gazed over his small farm, his freshly plowed fields. The lilac blossoms in the front yard gently waved in the soft breeze as if tendering their goodbye, scenting the air and their memories. Without further hesitation, Charles took his place alongside the ox team, and down the dusty road the Westover family began another journey into the unknown, not being sure when, or if, they would ever return. Eliza's gaze remained fixed on the road ahead as the tears silently trailed down her cheeks.

As the Westover wagon joined the exodus, both Eliza and Mary must have been reminded of another time twelve years previously when they were forced to leave their homes and all that they had worked so hard for in Nauvoo to travel to another unknown destination. "Hardship" and "Sacrifice" were old friends of theirs, so why should this fraternal bond be broken now?

As they ambled down the road, perhaps Eliza started to hum a familiar tune, and soon the rest of the family would be joining in singing the words that Brother William Clayton had written back in those trying days in Iowa. Again the words seemed to buoy up their spirits and their resolve: "Gird up your loins, fresh courage take. Our God will never us forsake...."

A young girl living in Centerville, Hulda Thurston, recalled the difficulty of the move:



During that exodus I shall never forget the distress and poverty of the people. I have seen men wearing trousers made of carpet, their feet wrapped in burlap or rags. Women sewed cloth together and made moccasins for their feet. Many women and children were barefoot. One good sister, a neighbor who had a family of seven, told my mother that aside from the clothing on their bodies, she could tie up in a common bandanna handkerchief every article of clothing they possessed. The people were all poor for we had had several years of great scarcity of crops because of the grasshoppers.<sup>76</sup>

Approximately thirty thousand Saints deserted their homes during the 1858 move south. “Teams were constantly on the road going and coming from the south, day and night. Some of the uprooted went as far as Fillmore, but the greater part stopped in Utah County.”<sup>77</sup> President Young had counseled the Saints of Big Cottonwood to remove to Beaver Valley, but when the general move took place in April, the majority of the Big Cottonwood Saints settled temporarily on the bottoms north of the Provo River, where they remained until their return in July.<sup>78</sup> The Provo Bench resembled a forest of tents and wagons, where the majority of displaced Salt Lake City residents had set up temporary quarters. Presumably, both the Charles and Edwin Westover families were with this contingent of dislodged members from Big Cottonwood.<sup>79</sup> One day in the distant future, several of their descendants would be building homes in this vicinity of Utah Valley under the same shadow of Mount Timpanogas north of the Provo River.

Such a curious welcome for an invading army was never afforded before or since. A soldier of Johnston’s army wrote of his impressions as he entered the valley of the Saints:

Opening out from the last rough gorge, we entered upon a broad plateau, or bench refreshed with its general appearance of neatness and order. The buildings were almost entirely of adobe, giving them the appearance of grey, cut stone. They were set well

apart, nearly each by itself, and within the enclosures about them one saw that which one so longs to see from long familiarity with these deserts—perfectly bright green and luxuriant trees and shrubbery. The streets as we viewed them from our height, are straight and wide, crossing each other generally at right angles. Beyond the city of the Jordan River running north and south. Beyond this the grey of the eternal desert, hemmed remotely by picturesque peaks and mountains. But soon colors flying again the regiments falls in and with the Band at front and whole column of Companies, we enter, after a short descent, the City of the Saints of our Latter Day. And now came a spectacle, not common. With the exception of a picked few of his ‘destroyers’ of decidedly rough and sinister aspect, left as a police, and with orders to fire the city in case we offered to occupy it, every man, woman and child had, under the direction of the prophet, departed—fled! In place usual crowd to gather and gaze at, or hang upon the heels of the troops, no single living soul, beyond the lounging vagabonds named, appeared—and these only by twos and threes at corners, or from behind fences, glowering from beneath their hat brims, with clubs in their hands and pistols ready slung at their belts. It was substantially a city of the dead, and might have been depopulated by a pest of famine. The rich strains of our Band, then were wasted somewhat except to our own ears, upon these echoing, empty streets and tenements.<sup>80</sup>

As a colonel in the Nauvoo Legion and also as county sheriff, Robert T. Burton was busy dealing with the crisis that disrupted the lives of the members of the Mormon community in the Salt Lake Valley. Burton’s own families were now located in Provo, but most of his time was spent in Salt Lake City with the evenings filled with loneliness in the almost deserted city. This was the occasion when he had dinner with Mother Haven, who happened to be one of only two women reported to have remained in Salt Lake City.<sup>81</sup>

Riding with Johnston's Army was Alfred Cumming, the newly appointed governor designated to replace Brigham Young as the Territorial chief magistrate. Wallace Stegner describes a situation awaiting the new governor-designate:

If Cumming did not already know it, he would have been told that some of these sad but uncomplaining people had previously given up homes at Kaneshville, and before that at Winter Quarters; and before that had been driven out of Nauvoo, and before that had fled from Far West, and before that perhaps from Independence or Kirtland. He would have been told that many whom he saw abandoning their homes in sorrow had come seven thousand hard miles, the last fourteen hundred on foot, to find hope and safety in this city from which the threat of the army was now driving them. He would have been told that 25,000 of the 45,000 people in the territory were already on the road, and their houses prepared for the torch.<sup>82</sup>

President Buchanan needed an out from his "folly," as the eastern newspapers termed his expedition to suppress the "rebellious Mormons." In April, 1858, he sent a peace commission with pardons for Brigham Young and all other Mormons who were guilty of "sedition and treason." The peace commission carried with them:

A proclamation of pardon, declaring the Church leader to be in a state of "rebellion" and "treason," yet in order to prevent the shedding of blood, granted a pardon to all who would submit to the authority of the federal government. The peace commission reached Salt Lake City June 7, and were astonished to find so large a city with its inhabitants fled. Even the Church leaders had joined in the move south.<sup>83</sup>

The proclamation was accepted by the church leadership with reluctance. The displaced inhabitants who were now settled in various locations of the southern reaches of the territory, began a return to their homes and farms. Not a drop of blood was shed in the Utah War, but the unwavering

position of Brigham Young and the courage of the people won the respect and admiration of the world. The Westovers evacuated their campsite near the Provo River and returned to Big Cottonwood.

Charles and Eliza found their home as they had left it, the straw still yellow and dry, but the weeds growing in the garden appeared as if they had been gone a year. To Charles's surprise, his fields were still green and flourishing, only a few crops had lost their chance to produce that year. His circumstances had improved immeasurably since that day at Winter Quarters ten years ago when he was penniless and faced with a decision to return to Ohio or go west with the Saints. Now he was a respected citizen with a hint of prosperity around the corner. As a respected citizen, on June 13, 1859, Charles Westover of South Cottonwood, along with several other men were summoned to serve as Grand Jurors, duly impaneled and sworn by the court for the month of June in the Probate Court.<sup>84</sup>

The 1860 Federal Census bears out the blessings of the Westover household. Within the walls of their humble abode, which appears to be in the Union post office district, Charles Westover, farmer at age thirty-two, dwelt as head of the household, the value of his real estate at five hundred dollars and his personal estate valued at twelve hundred dollars. His wives, Eliza Ann, age thirty-one, and Mary E., age twenty-four, dwelt under the same roof with nine-year-old Charles, seven-year-old Oscar, five-year-old Eliza Ann, and three-year-old Harriet, all of whom were attending school. Bringing up the rear were Theresa, who was one year old, and Julia, four months. And then there was the matriarch of the Westover family, Grandmother Electa, at fifty-seven years.

Success was slow in coming, but it was edging closer. Charles volunteered in a variety of community projects. He earned tithing credits for this work, which helped him and Eliza abide by this commandment. Besides a tenth of their increase of income and goods, Charles probably also

donated a tenth of his labor time to help construct roads, bridges, canals, the Salt Lake Temple, and other public works projects.<sup>85</sup>



## VII

# The Cotton Mission

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S EFFORT TO BUILD the "Kingdom" was not achieved in all aspects as he intended, such as self-sufficiency along with unity and order. But he did succeed in building the Utah commonwealth in ways that have been a blessing to Mormons and others alike. By the end of the nineteenth century, despite its natural and human obstacles, the establishment of Mormon settlements had provided the basis of support for a half million people in an area long and widely regarded as uninhabitable.<sup>1</sup> In spite of all their heartaches and sacrifices, the Lord had not forgotten his people.

Even as early as 1861, the Utah pioneers began to feel the effect of the Civil War. Cotton became a scarce commodity as the southern growers turned their energies toward war. This only underscored Brigham Young's determination to achieve a self-sustaining empire. With that in mind, he selected his capable and trusted friend, Apostle Erastus Snow, to explore the vast southern regions of the territory for tillable land on which cotton could be grown.<sup>2</sup>

Elder Snow traveled down the Rio Virgin. Near the present-day La Verkin, he found a bench averaging a little less than a mile in width and forming a tract of excellent land from fifteen hundred to two thousand acres, but no water. He was of the opinion that the water of the Virgin could be conveyed to that bench "if energetic men were to

apply themselves to the labor.” Further downstream was a thousand acres of good land on the south, opposite the settlement of Washington. In this whole lower valley, they found a body of tillable land comprising of four-to-five thousand acres, and perhaps more. In accordance with the President’s wish, he foresaw a city that would be built in this vicinity to be named St. George.<sup>3</sup>

It was not long afterwards that President Young himself made a trip down to visit the settlements along the Virgin. Near the junction of the Virgin and Santa Clara, the President stopped to view the surrounding landscape:

His gaze dwelt upon the snow-capped, cloud-touched Pine Valley Mountain raising its head majestically in the north, and then upon its foothills of vermilion set in a foil of black lava runs; his eyes took in the panorama of color stretching in all directions. . . . He saw trees and fields and homes softening the harsh contours of the giant relief map that stretched from his feet to the wide horizon, and with a sweep of his arm, he spoke impressively to his attentive listeners: “There will yet be built, between those volcanic ridges, a city, with spires, towers and steeples, with homes containing many inhabitants.” He was looking at the site of the present city of St. George. . . . Brigham Young knew what he intended to do; and when he made a prophecy like this one, he himself set to work to see that it was fulfilled.<sup>4</sup>

The story of the colonization of the Dixie Mission is a portrayal of the lives of Charles, Eliza, Mary, and their families in settling some of the harshest lands ever colonized by the Mormons. A panorama of their triumphs and heartaches is unfolded as one reads the histories of this epic struggle to settle this hostile wilderness. At the general conference of the Church in October 1861, three hundred and nine men, most of them heads of families, were called to establish a new town “between those volcanic ridges”: a town that was to be the center of the Cotton Mission, the future St. George, named in honor of Apostle George A. Smith.



Erastus Snow had scarcely time to draw a free breath of fresh mountain air before he and Orson Pratt were appointed to lead the company south. With Erastus were two of his wives, Minerva and Elizabeth, and their families. Artimesia came later.<sup>5</sup> Brigham Young was indeed blessed to have a man of the caliber of Erastus Snow to head this important mission.

He [Erastus Snow] was, without doubt, the greatest of Brigham Young's colonizing lieutenants. Young in all his colonizing projects was very much dependent upon such men as Erastus Snow, who took active charge of the work on the frontier. To Erastus Snow fell the task of directing the most difficult of all Mormon colonizing projects—The Cotton Mission, and in so doing he immortalized himself as one of the great colonizers of the Nation.<sup>6</sup>

Many of those called were not eager to once again pack up their world's belongings and start life anew. There were, as well, discouraging reports from others who had been exposed to the rigors of the harsh environment below the Rim of the Basin, south of Cedar City. Even though they were keenly aware of the hardships and privations awaiting them, the large majority responded with undaunted spirits—they were ready to answer the call as though the heavens had opened and the Lord had spoken in an audible voice.

One of those called, Charles Walker, who ordinarily had the capacity to laugh at his troubles, seemed quite solemn on this occasion. Charles Westover undoubtedly identified with Brother Walker's sentiments as the latter recorded these words:

Well, here I have worked for the last seven years, through heat and cold, hunger and adverse circumstances, and at last have a home and fruit trees just beginning to bear and look pretty. Well, I must leave it and go do the will of my Father in Heaven ... and I pray God to give me strength to accomplish that which is required of me.<sup>7</sup>

It was likely that those selected were not aware they were to be called before they heard their names broadcast from the pulpit at the October General Conference. Most of those called had been in the valley from ten to fourteen years. They now had productive farms where once there were nothing but sagebrush and greasewood; their homes were comfortable and a haven from the elements and beasts. The reward of their labors was at last peeking over the horizon.

So it was of Charles, Eliza, and Mary Westover. Big Cottonwood had been good to them. Mary records that she was comfortably settled in a new adobe house in the Cottonwood area, in the southeast Salt Lake City vicinity.<sup>8</sup> Charles had accumulated more of this world's goods than he had ever had in his lifetime, and, as history bears out, would ever have thereafter. Were they to give up all that they had worked so hard for and answer a call to leave their home and lands? In the thirteen years that they had been in the Salt Lake Valley, Charles now had two wives and seven children, a great blessing, but also a heavy responsibility. To add to his burden, and to his comfort as well, his mother, Electa, was also living with Charles.<sup>9</sup>

There is no reason to doubt the faith of Charles, Eliza, and Mary. To our modern-day minds, it would be incredulous to believe that this call did not weigh heavily upon their emotions. But there was no debating the issue—the Westover household accepted the call without murmuring and went about making preparations for their journey. Their devotion can be measured by their willing and positive response to the call. Charles's faith in the prophet of God had always prompted him to respond without hesitation. Now was not the time to falter. They were needed there, so to Dixie they would go. Electa elected to go to Grantsville to once again live with Edwin and Sarah Jane and family. Her sister Hannah also lived close by.

Apostle George A. Smith later voiced his disappointment that so few had previously volunteered before the call of the three hundred and nine:

It appeared as if some of the brethren ... had become fastened to the earth with tremendous roots, so that it was with considerable difficulty that they could be got up, but they had to be taken up, root and branch.<sup>10</sup>

It was in truth like being taken up—root, branch, and trunk. The Westovers were severing their ties to Cottonwood and the home they had grown to love. It was no easy matter for Charles to find someone to buy his place, along with much of his equipment and produce that he was unable to carry with him. There were over three hundred men trying at the same time to sell much of their assets in preparation for the move. Unfortunately, there were those among the Saints whose empathy for the Dixie-bound fell short of their predilection of a good bargain. The real-estate market seemed no better here than it was in the waning days at Nauvoo. Brother Stout lamented that all he could get for his home and farm in the Salt Lake Valley was “one yoke of oxen and a year-old heifer for my place, with the hay, potatoes and household stuff which I left; the whole worth 1200 dollars.”<sup>11</sup> It is doubtful that Charles was able to fare any better. It was very much a buyer’s market.

There was much prayer and forethought by the Church leadership that went into this call to the Cotton Mission. The experiences of the earlier colonists of 1857 who settled in the town of Washington had the church leadership keenly aware that men of ordinary strength of character would fail. It was imperative that none but the most stalwart be called.

Only men with an unflinching faith in the leadership of the Church, and possessing an immense capacity for “hard knocks” could be depended upon. One of the proverbial statements that aptly characterized the early pioneers of the “Dixie Mission” was to the effect that they were extremely loyal to the “call” of

their Church that had they been called to build their home on a barren rock they would have done so willingly, and would have remained there until released from that "call."<sup>12</sup>

In light of this assertion, Charles and Eliza might very well have considered their call to the wilderness of the Dixie Mission an honor to have been included with those endowed with an extra measure of faith and courage. President Young felt a vital need to make the settlement of the Rio Virgin Valley a solid success. The men who were called had been selected for their special skills and character traits. They were the most highly qualified; they were people who could be depended upon to deal resourcefully with the perils and hardships of a hostile environment. Of such character and ability was one Charles Westover. Undoubtedly, the attributes of the helpmates of these men were also a prime factor that was considered prior to their call, knowing that it took strong support of the wives to meet the challenges posed by such a difficult mission.

Specific skills were to be found among the newly called colonizers, that is, first and foremost, farmers, blacksmiths, coopers, masons, carpenters, a chairmaker, two wool-carders, a weaver, a tailor, one hatter, a brush-maker, a tanner, five shoemakers, one mineralogist, two miners, four musicians and a fiddler (the distinction between the last two is left without amplification), three school teachers, four clerks, a lawyer, one printer, two surveyors, two daguerreans, a butcher, a baker, and a castor-oil-maker, a manufacturer, a tobacco-maker, if you please, and lastly and (please forgive me, those of you with salt spray on your faces) *leastly*, a sailor.<sup>13</sup> Charles was an expert in harvesting, mostly in the threshing of grain, but it must be viewed with suspicion that Erastus Snow whispered in Brother Brigham's ear, "I want Charles Westover's name on that Dixie list."

President Young, in his anxieties for the success of the Cotton Mission, held several briefings with the newly called

missionary/colonizers at his school house in Salt Lake City. He gave instructions as to their duties and needs in establishing a new city on the slope north of the confluence of the Virgin and the Santa Clara Rivers.<sup>14</sup> He told them that they were to settle on the Virgin River to raise cotton, sugar, grapes, tobacco, figs, almonds, olive oil, and such other useful articles as the Lord has given us.<sup>15</sup>

As one speeds along the super highway today between Salt Lake City and St. George on an air-conditioned five-hour trip, the modern traveler has little appreciation of the challenge faced by the pioneers of 1861 in traversing this same landscape. It seems that Eliza and her family were probably riding (*walking* would perhaps be the more appropriate term) in a different wagon than Mary with her family. Little seven-year-old Eliza Ann took her turn at driving the oxen, as she recounted in later years. Then, too, as time went on, Mary could often be coaxed by her grandchildren to repeat the story of their memorable journey “down to Dixie” in their covered wagons, over the vast sage-brush flats, winding up the steep bench lands, and through the cedar and piñon pine: a plodding caravan of white, canvas-topped wagons, seesawing over the gullies, lurching treacherously as they snaked along hazardous trails, swaying precariously as they practically slid down the slopes, brake-bar squealing against the iron rim of the wheels in protest to the barlock. The canyon winds whipped the wagon tops with fury. The blowing sands felt like pellets against their faces as they climbed and descended from one elevation to another. To add to their privation, on November 15, the company of would-be Dixie colonists ran into a severe snowstorm near Round Valley, followed by ten days of bitterly cold weather. Again they ran into snow from Corn Creek to Cedar City. Their hardships were not unlike the Saints’s experiences through Iowa following their expulsion from Nauvoo.

It was toward the end of their three-week journey, after several days of pulling and straining up a steep, lava-topped

incline, that they found themselves on the crest of a high, perpendicular ledge, which they named “The Black Ridge” (also called Bellevue Ridge). This site is south of the present Ash Creek Dam (where the present freeway crosses Ash Creek Gulch), a few miles south of Kanarraville. Below them, a several-hundred-foot cliff of solid rock dropped abruptly into a large flat valley, extending many miles to the east and from ten to fifteen miles to the south.

Now the last, and most perilous, obstacle stood in the way of their destination. How would they descend this precipice that circled the valley from the east to the west of them? The caravan camped for several days atop the ridge while exploring parties rode in search of a canyon, a gully, or any kind of break in the lava-barrier that would allow a gradual descent into the valley. The explorers returned, shaking their heads. What were they to do now? They were left without a choice.

Twenty-six years earlier, the Bible-toting mountain man Jedediah Smith faced the same predicament. After attempting his descent down Ash Creek, he found the difficulties were too great, even for his experience. Instead, he chose to conquer the Black Ridge, possibly along Cedar Ridge and down Quail Creek.<sup>16</sup> Perhaps no other single man deserves more credit for exploring the extremities of the future state of Utah than does Jedediah Smith, the mountain man. Charles and his two families, along with all the rest of the company, did what Jedediah shrank from doing. They chose Ash Creek to make their descent. They began unloading their wagons of their earthly possessions. Then came the task of dismantling the wagons. Charles knew well the ways of wagon making. He had built these two wagons in Cottonwood, so it was no mystery to him how to take them apart. It took a spell, along with some muscle and sweat, but it had to be done. The men pitched in to help one another. Off came the wagon box from the running gears. The front wheels were separated from the back wheels by pulling the “reach,” a long pole that extended from a socket in the front

axle-tree to a similar socket in the back axle, a chore of no small magnitude. Finally, by neighbor helping neighbor, all the wagons were disassembled.

Piece by piece, they eased the wagon parts and their worldly belongings down the lava-strewn terrain to the valley floor below. The livestock proved to be a challenge, but with the exception of a stubborn ox now and then, the deed was accomplished. The company inched their way down the precipice on the west bank of Ash Creek. Then came the task of putting the wagons back together again. After several days of taking apart and putting together, they at last were ready to start the final leg of their journey.<sup>17</sup>

Other stories of this stretch of trail from the Black Ridge down to the floor of the Rio Virgin Valley tell of the pioneers carrying the load to the summit of the ridge and then cutting down cedar trees and attaching them as drags behind the wagons. One family in this mission to colonize St. George was the John Pymms. However, when they reached the Black Ridge, they decided not to undertake the descent until Sister Pymms had her baby, which she obligingly did, and then they completed the remainder three miles the next day. This portion of the trail was so steep and sideling, also very rocky, that it gained the name of “Peter’s Leap,” from Peter Shirtz the first road supervisor of Washington County, who laid out the road over this route.<sup>18</sup> We have to wonder if Mr. Shirtz was the one who also laid out the Hole-in-the-Rock road.

As the Dixie missionaries moved into the Rio Virgin Valley, a fork in the road lay before them. One road led to Toquerville, Grafton, and Rockville going upstream along the Rio Virgin; the other, south towards Washington and the site that was to be St. George. When they learned that Apostle Orson Pratt had gone to the upper Virgin, many decided to follow suit. Robert Gardner wrote of this moment of decision,

When we came to the forks of the road going to Toquerville and St. George, there was a long string of wagons going over the bench for Toquerville, but none on the road to St. George, hardly even a track. Bro. Lang and me felt a little lost a few minutes but we said we will go where we was told to go and help to make a track, and we have always been glad we done so.<sup>19</sup>



Figure 28: Peter's Leap as it appeared in 1994 (the vertical drop is 155 feet)

The Charles Westover family had the same decision to make at the fork, but they concurred with Robert Gardner that they should be obedient to the counsel given them by the prophet and remain true to their call. Their wagons soon were rolling along on their southward trek to establish the new city of St. George.

To Eliza, this red rock country looked lonely and sorrowful. Their gaze upon the striking scenery of this color country did not stir emotions of grandeur and awe as it does to today's travelers. Being totally dependent for survival on what the surrounding country in all its rawness had to offer, a far different perspective is given than if a hearty meal and



a warm bed awaits the traveler at day's end. The Westovers must have gazed upon the barren red cliffs and the thirsty stream, which dared call itself a river, with a feeling of distrust. The goodness seemed to have gone out of the land.

Across the hills of deep sand to Washington they headed, in spite of the reports of the dreaded malaria there.<sup>20</sup> The trail through these barriers of sand demanded the last ounce of strength from their weary oxen. From the Black Ridge to the approximate location of present-day Leeds was one of the most formidable trails that Charles had ever tried crossing.

It was a wicked piece of road. How much swearing and profanity it induced is anybody's guess, but that "often vexed words escaped, with a taint of profane" is a foregone conclusion. Many a choice expletive was wasted on the desert air without benefit of any audience save the tired and puffing oxen against which they were often unfairly directed.<sup>21</sup>

Robert Gardner faithfully reported Apostle George A. Smith's warning of the fate that awaited the Dixie settlers, spoken in a spirit of jest, but only added to Charles's apprehension:

Another advantage of the country was it was a great place for range, for when a cow got one mouthful of grass she had to range a great way to get another he sayed sheep done pretty well, but they wore there noses of reaching down between the rocks to get the grass.<sup>22</sup>

Another of Robert Gardner's yarns claimed that water left in the sun got warm enough to wash dishes, which is not hard to believe in Dixieland. As they were camped at Grape Vine Springs on the way to St. George, Gardner's wife thought she would see how hot a little water would get so she set a cup of water on the wagon wheel and in the morning it was frozen to ice. But her good husband explained to

her the reason the water did not get hot was because the sun did not shine that night.<sup>23</sup>

The sorry sight of Washington's discouraged inhabitants vividly confirmed their worst fears. Robert Gardner wrote his impressions of this 1857 settlement:

The appearance of these brethern and their wives and children rather discouraging nearly all of them had the fever and ague or chills as they called in this country, they had worked hard and had wore out there cloths and had replaced them from the cotton they had raised on there own lots and farmes which there woman had carded spun and wove by hand colored with weeds mens shirts woman dresses and the children dresses and Sunbonnets were all made of the same color being kind of a blue as most everyone had the chills. This tried me more than any thing I had seen in my Mormon experience, thinking that my wives and children ... would have to look as sickley as those around me.<sup>24</sup>

All the settlements along the Virgin were afflicted with the malaria fever, but Washington seemed to be a favorite breeding habitat of the culprit, the anopheles mosquito, whose dastardly deeds went undetected until the construction of the Panama Canal from 1903 to 1914.

The cheerless, forbidding country received the Westover wagon train into its bosom. The red rock landscape exposed its primeval beauty almost mournfully as Charles led his oxen past the wind and water-carved ramparts. In our day when conveniences keep us protected from any hint of discomfort, we can sit in our climate-controlled automobiles and think up superlatives describing the magnificence of the southern Utah landscape through which we pass. But when a man is battling cold and hunger, he has little will to burst forth in singing the praises of nature around him. The Mormon pioneer was more apt to fall to his knees and give thanks to his Maker for his Divine protection against the forces of nature that had tried to subdue him. Those with an

abundance of the spirit of adventure in their bones in attempting to prove their mastery over this primal desert land were soon humbled and had to concede that “Dixie’s desert wilderness was a killer, and the tragedy of man’s puniness as he ventured into it was repeatedly thrust upon Dixie dwellers by lonely death.”<sup>25</sup> This was God’s country and that suited many a discouraged settler who were willing to let it be so.

The company had left the Salt Lake Valley in November, and by the time all the families who were called to the Cotton Mission had arrived in the twenty-seven hundred foot high Rio Virgin Valley, the cold winds of December were heralding the approach of winter in angry gusts. The first business at hand was to unload a plow and tap into a stream. A furrow was dug a quarter of a mile long. The wagons were then lined up in two long columns, one on either side of the ditch, where the families would have access to the water. From this humble beginning bloomed the present-day heart of Utah’s Dixie, St. George. The axiom is borne out by this courageous party of pioneers: “The history of every country or settlement begins in the heart of a man or woman.”

Erastus Snow sensed the despondency that gripped the hearts of the company of settlers as they surveyed the rock, the sand, the barren waste. Apostle Snow recorded the following in his autobiography:

Many of those who had previously penetrated this country had abandoned it in disgust, and many of my own little party looked “chop fallen” in the extreme, but Elder George A. Smith and I inspired them with faith and hope for the future of this country, trusting in God and the strong arms and stout hearts of the colonists to grapple manfully with, and overcome the difficulties we had to encounter.<sup>26</sup>

Charles and Eliza’s imaginations were sorely put to the test as Brother Erastus pointed out the virtues of their new

surroundings. But discouragement was already etched on the faces of those within earshot of Apostle Snow's words. They were reminded that they were picked for this mission because of their staying qualities. In order to stir a deeper resolve within his flock, Erastus quoted the words of the prophet Nephi:

I will go and do the things which the Lord hath commanded, for I know that the Lord giveth no commandments unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which he commandeth them. (1 Nephi 3:7)

Upon arrival, the Saints assembled in their wagons and tents about a half mile northeast of the present site of the St. George Temple upon what was later called the "Old Adobe Yard." For days upon end, they remained in their canvas shelters while the leadership surveyed their town site. This was something that had to be done without delay. The surveyors mapped the blocks thirty-two rods square with eight lots, eight by sixteen rods for each block; streets were to be ninety feet wide, including twelve-foot wide sidewalks. The lots were numbered and drawn for by the head of each family. There were exchanges afterwards by some individuals, but the changes were by mutual consent. Charles drew a lot that was north and a little west of the temple lot and just a block south of the lot where the tabernacle was to be built. His backyard neighbor was Haden Wells Church, Dixie's first school teacher.<sup>27</sup>

The careworn Saints had scarcely time to buckle up their courage when "the great rain of 1861" unleashed its fury upon them. On Christmas day while the camp was in the midst of their celebration, the rain began. From January 4 to January 30, the rain came down almost without ceasing—twenty-eight days and twenty-eight nights of steady downpour. As a matter of fact, for forty days not a single twenty-four hour period elapsed without rainfall. The Virgin and its tributaries ran over their banks in a wild rampage.

The wagons became mired in the mud. The whole valley was transformed into a bed of quicksand. Cows, oxen, pigs, and sheep sank into the quagmire, often making it necessary to rescue the animals by rope or by some other desperate means. Mothers fought a losing battle in their attempt to keep their brood clean and dry. Mud was everywhere!

Seven years earlier, a company of Saints had settled on the Santa Clara River a few miles west from where the Colonists of 1861 were camped. A group of Swiss Saints called from Manti had just recently reinforced the settlements along the Santa Clara River. Now their adobe homes in Santa Clara were literally dissolving, melting away in the downpour. A dam that had required years for the original settlers to build was swept away in the flood. Acres of rich farmlands were carried downstream by the angry waters. Their rock fortress that protected them from Indian raids was partly destroyed. Their only grist mill and molasses mill and their home-made cotton gin were washed away in the torrent of water and mud. Tonaquint (originally named Seldom Stop, sometimes called Seldom Sop and occasionally Lick Skillet), at the mouth of the Santa Clara, was completely washed away, never to rise again.

But these were hardy folks for the most part with a steadfast faith in their God and a sense of purpose in their mission. Between deluges and with undampened spirits, the colonizers aroused the fiddler and with a lively quadrille, they danced away their frustrations on the wire grass bottom. Surely Charles felt the spirit of the occasion as he grabbed Eliza. And with an “Oh, Charles, no!” and a healthy scream, they were swinging and high-stepping their cares away. Robert Gardner commented in his memoirs that they danced until dark, then they put up a large tent and danced some more. Fresh courage take, that they did. Gardner wrote about some blessings that also rained down upon them:

But the rain continued for three weeks, this dance did not last that long, but we had a good time for we was united in every thing we went at in these days we had no rich nor poor our tents and wagons and what was in them was about all we had, and we had all things common in those days and very common to especialy in the eating line for we did not even have sargom in those days.<sup>28</sup>

It is not known precisely how many were originally called, but 309 of the names who were called out at the October Conference responded. A census taken in the summer of 1862 indicates that 245 of the 309 were now settled in the Rio Virgin Basin. Even though there were those who had become low spirited and returned to the Salt Lake Valley, about four-fifths were still there a year later.<sup>29</sup> Certainly, this is a tribute to their character when one considers the degree of hardships they had undergone and a rather dismal future dawning on the horizon.

While the heavy rains continued, on January 9, 1862 (about six weeks before the people even moved to their city lots), the Westovers were assembled with the other Saints for one of the frequent meetings called by Erastus Snow. The stalwart leader's gaze strayed from one stony expression to another. Erastus's eyes came to rest on his young friend, Charles Westover. There was a look of veneration in Charles's eyes as if to say, "Brother Snow just tell me what you want me to do and with the Lord's help, I'll see that it's done." But the vacant stare of many worried Erastus. He realized that besides building homes and organizing a government, there needed to be a common purpose that all these good people could work on together; temporal rewards were important, too. President Snow suggested that those now assembled in this barren valley erect a stone building for educational and social purposes, which later became the first public structure to be finished in the valley, to be known as St. George Hall. The group of citizens of the infant community were delighted at the prospect of having a

school for their children and a social hall for dancing, plays, and concerts.

At a follow-up meeting on January 12, a committee reported on the list of subscribers to the proposed structure. Charles Westover donated twenty-five dollars, a tidy sum for any of these half-starved, homeless faithfuls. Of the 120 who donated, \$2,974 was raised. Not one of the subscribers had a roof over his own head as yet.<sup>30</sup> Wagons and tents were still their only shelter. Martha Canfield described the challenges these early Dixie settlers faced:

I was three years old when I came to Dixie. There was nothing here to live in except dugouts, sheds, and tents for those who could afford them. The people lived in as bad of conditions as did the Indians. We lived in constant fear of the Indians of whom we were very frightened. One day we went out and dug loose roots to make soap out of. At nights the men had to guard the settlements to protect their animals from the Indians. The Indians could come almost right into the settlement with the aid of a piece of brush that was tied to their heads. Not being able to tell them from a brush, the whites did not know they were there unless they saw them move. One night the Indians stole the Thurston family's small boy. The child was never found although they hunted and hunted and offered rewards.<sup>31</sup>

Thus commenced the building of a city. The rains stopped at last, and in late February the Westovers were able to move on to their lot where Charles began building a home. We do not know what type of structure Charles provided for Eliza and her children on Second South, but on the same lot Mary describes her first home in St. George as being made of short sticks driven into the ground and willows woven through these sticks. A tent was fastened over the top, then a willow shed was built over the tent. At the time, they had no stove of any kind, having to cook on a fire made on the bare ground.<sup>32</sup>

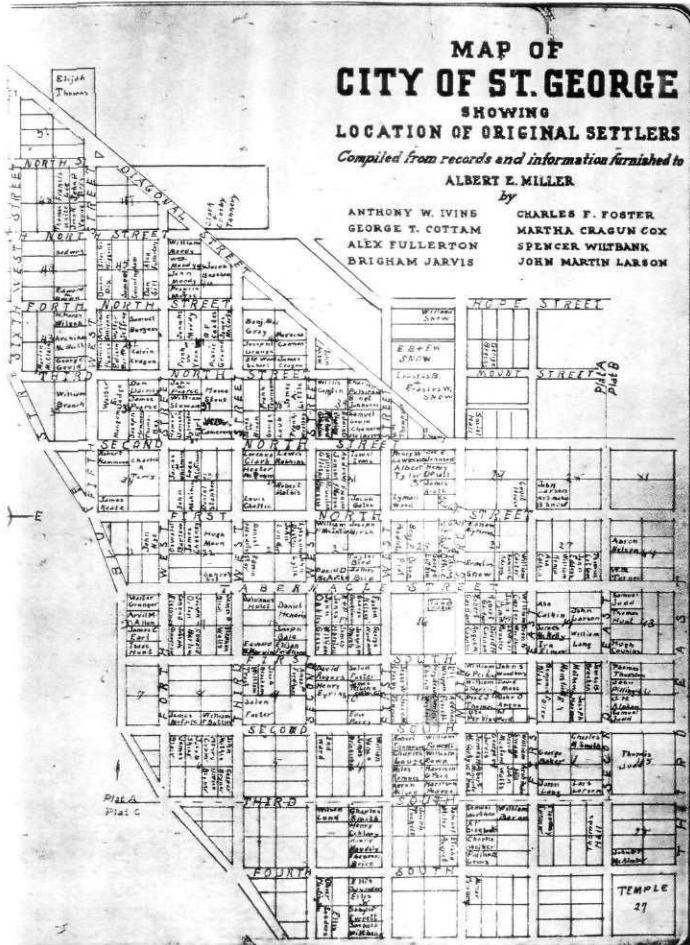


Figure 29: Plat Map of St. George, Charles Westover's lot, on 2nd South and between Main St. and 1st West, is shaded

A stand of trees was miles away; the building materials were left to their imagination.

This type of habitation, woven willows, may seem even more primitive when one realizes that even the Etruscans of pre-Roman days utilized a similar construction. Yet it was not uncommon for these early Dixie settlers to construct their homes with whatever materials they could find avail-



able, considering the area was almost void of trees. Their chief resource was their ingenuity in devising shelter for their families. In relation to this method of construction, after two years, the St. George Hall was still unfinished, but plays were presented in the basement with the luxury of “a willow roof over the heads of the ‘Stars.’”<sup>33</sup>

Willows were a common building material in that tree-forsaken desert place. Many willow shanties dotted the St. George landscape during those early years. Even the bowery where the Saints held their early devotions and public meetings was constructed of a:

framework of poles interwoven with willows from the stream courses. Frequently windstorms whipped up the dust from the sidewalk and street and blew it through the willows and into the faces of the assembled faithful.<sup>34</sup>

Even though the deluge of rain had depressed the spirits of the colonists, blessings awaited them as a result of the abundant moisture in the form of carpets of filaree, Indian paint brush, larkspur, sego lily, and most precious of all, grass and other vegetation for their livestock to feed upon. Their animals fattened and as a result, the beasts of burden were much better prepared for the toils ahead. Even for their own sustenance, Charles, Eliza, and Mary had learned from the Indians how to survive on native roots and plants, such as dandelions, pig-weed, and sego lily bulbs, which had now sprung up in abundance. As the Dixie sun warmed the earth, the desert began to blossom as a rose.

The mindset of Charles and Eliza never allowed them to engage in self-pity. Perhaps many would have given up the battle of the elements by this time had it not been for the “impelling force of their religious scruples which bound them to the mission.”<sup>35</sup> Charles Walker thought it appropriate to gird up the spirits of his fellow colonists by writing a few lines in a parody on the hymn “Come Let Us Renew”

with a prologue “Respectfully inscribed to those who stick to the Cotton Mission”:

We are but a few we own it is true,  
Rolled down in the South and we’ve never stood still,  
Or been down in the mouth. The old Chieftan’s will,  
We’ve endeavored to fill, and the desert improve  
By the patience of Job and no rain from above.

Our life on the stream, the old Virgin I mean,  
Glides swiftly away, and the old patched up ditch  
It refuses to stay. The water runs down,  
The breadstuff has gone; and the mineral so salt  
Rushes up to our view, and our virgin crops halt.

Let each in the day, of prosperity say  
I have put up my fence, I have worked on the ditch  
And have gained recompense. Oh that each from th’  
old Boss  
May receive this applause: Well and faithfully done  
Enter into the shade and don’t work in the sun.<sup>36</sup>

As the years passed, the Westovers were to find that this new settlement was going to twist and stretch their faith almost to the breaking point. But they had proven themselves before, and they already were conditioned in body and soul for the trials ahead. One of these good pioneer sisters gave a deep sigh as she recorded her despair:

Of all the territories colonized by the Mormon Church this Dixie Mission was by far the most difficult. Of all the God-forsaken lands that any human beings were ever asked to carve a town out of, that Dixie country was it. It was a hole bounded on the north by red sandstone cliffs, on the east and west by hills of black lava rock, and on the south by the mud-diast, dirtiest river imaginable. A river that meanders its muddy, lazy course part of the year and became a raging ferocious torrent, sweeping everything before it the rest of the time. The country was hot and dry. The temperature from April to October ranged from 80 to 116 degrees. The floor of the valley was red

sand and alkali over which hot dusty winds blew. The only plant life was cactus, mesquite, and sage brush. The animal life was rattlesnakes, lizards, gila monsters, and the coyote.<sup>37</sup>

They had hoped for mastery over the challenges they faced, but it evolved into a simple matter of survival. President Snow became concerned over the food shortages that existed in the settlements. One Saturday, March 19, 1862, he called a public meeting in St. George to inventory the amount of breadstuff on hand in the city. Something had to be done as many families faced empty tables with the harvest yet months away. During this survey, the records showed that Charles Westover had a family of twelve to feed, four hundred pounds on hand, and no articles to trade for more breadstuff. Actually, Charles had done much better than the majority of his fellow St. George citizens. The result of the inventory showed that for 413 souls, there was a total of 10,651 pounds of breadstuff, or less than an alarming twenty-six pounds per capita. President Snow wasted no time in sending a letter to church headquarters in Salt Lake City asking for a measure of relief.<sup>38</sup>

In order to have some type of produce for trade among the settlements, Eliza took up her craft that she had learned years before as a young girl in Holliston. Straw hats were badly needed in this desert clime, and she was just the person to provide this product. Eliza had woven her hats in Nauvoo, as well as in Atchison, Missouri, and then again in Salt Lake City. She shared her skills of hat-making with Mary, and soon both women were busy gathering the tall grasses that grew along the river bank and the straw from the fields and soaking them in warm water to make them more pliable. "Then the straws were braided, with seven straws used for work hats and up to eleven for dress hats. The braid was dampened and pressed flat under a heavy weight, then sewn into a hat shape with strong thread."<sup>39</sup>

Eliza and Mary would deftly weave them into beautiful head wear for women and men, girls and boys. In those

days, even in frontier society, a self-respecting lady or gentleman would not be seen on their way to the church or the social hall without their best head-covering.

Eliza was asked by the authorities to teach school due to her above-average education. This she did in spite of the demands of caring for a large family at home. Charles and Eliza remained in St. George for the first few years. It is difficult to trace the sequence of movements of the Westovers in Utah's Dixie. The various histories written of them give conflicting times and places. In a short dictated history by Lewis Burton Westover, Charles and Eliza's youngest son, Lewis only mentions living thirteen years in Pinto, located in the high country north of Pine Valley overlooking the Escalante Desert. Another history by Albert Westover, a son of Lewis Burton Westover, mentions his father's family living "up the canyon to the Ridges," moving to Silver Reef, and later to Washington. Mary Shumway Westover records living in Pine Valley for two years, Pinto for ten, and Hamblin for eight years before moving to Huntington. Eliza Ann Westover Redd, daughter of Charles and Eliza, describes her family moving directly from Big Cottonwood to Pinto, later to Silver Reef, then to St. George, and finally to Washington. Yet another history by Charles found in the BYU archives claims he moved his first wife to Silver Reef, then to a cotton farm on the Virgin River, up to Mountain Meadows, over to Washington, and in his old age to St. George.

However, the 1870 Federal Census confirms that Charles and Eliza were living in Pinto at the time and Charles and Mary at St. George. The 1880 Census finds both families living "happily" together in Pinto in the Pine Valley precinct. Even the church membership files fail to record dates. It adds to the confusion when we realize that both wives were not always housed in the same area. In this writing, we will follow the Westover trail as nearly as logic and investigation allow. Suffice it to say that the Westovers were in various parts of the Dixie area, and through their

struggles they were instrumental in building up that part of the kingdom.

Once this elite colony had arrived in this seemingly desolate area, planting crops was the immediate priority. It is easy to understand the urgency of this task when realizing the count of the population of people and animals that had to be fed. A census of the camp was taken not long after arrival that tallied 378 males, 370 females, 209 wagons, 121 horses, 34 mules, 569 oxen, 340 cows, 345 young stock, 677 sheep, 32 pigs, 92 plows, and 33 harrows. Plat A was so far completed that on Thursday January 23, 1862, the settlers began to move from the camp to the lots assigned to them by Erastus Snow.<sup>40</sup>

The bellowing of the cattle made Charles realize the critical need for more forage. There were over seventeen hundred head of livestock for the settlers to feed. Thanks to the recent rains, this immediate crisis was eased by the abundance of grass for grazing that was beginning to sprout. But besides subsistence crops for man and beast, a portion of the acreage of most farms was to be planted in cotton, since this was the underlying purpose of their mission.

The Civil War brought on a shortage of cotton as the southern farmer laid down his plow to shoulder a gun. The drastic drop in the cotton market was keenly felt, not only throughout the States and Territories but Great Britain and France had become greatly dependent on the cotton produced in the Southern States. During the Civil War years from 1861 to 1865, cotton was shipped by wagon and team from cotton fields in Utah's Dixie to various points on the Missouri River. On the return trip, the wagons often would carry Utah-bound immigrants. Tens of thousands of pounds of cotton were sold in this way, and probably several hundred immigrant converts were able to join the Saints in the territory of Utah.

President Young reasoned that if this Cotton Mission was going to succeed, it was vital that he be supportive.

Consequently, he advanced funds from his personal resources to build a cotton factory. The best place to locate the factory was found to be at Mill Creek in Washington. Over the ensuing years, the Washington Cotton Factory's great looms turned out thousands of cotton bats, blankets, denim, broadcloth, gingham, linsey, flannel, and even fine cloth for wrapping cheese.<sup>41</sup> But as a business venture, the Cotton Factory could hardly be called a success. Seldom was a profit made; it was nearly always in financial trouble.

Before the war, the cotton crop in the southern states was produced by slave labor. Following the war and the freeing of the slaves, they were left in worse condition than when they were owned by masters. Now their plight could be exploited as they were forced to work for the lowest of lowly wages. Under these conditions, Utah cotton was bound for failure.<sup>42</sup>

The cotton industry was profitable while the high prices for hauling freight across the plains or to the Pacific Coast continued. With the coming of the railroad in 1869, the industry was doomed. The railroad shipped in large quantities of eastern goods made from southern cotton. Only the loyalty of the Saints to their own establishments caused them to survive at all in the years following until the enterprise was gradually abandoned.<sup>43</sup>

In spite of its failure as a dividend-yielding investment, it proved a great blessing to the people of southern Utah. The Factory served as a clearing house for most of the products of the area taken in trade (1) Factory Scrip became a medium of exchange in the money-less society (2) it gave at least intermittent employment to many people (3) it brought new blood into the community (4) and it became a vital symbol of unity—something to buoy up and give encouragement to the far-flung chain of settlements along the Virgin and its tributaries.<sup>44</sup>



Figure 30: Washington Cotton Factory in its early days



Figure 31: Entrance to the Washington Cotton Factory in 1994

The Factory has now been restored to a measure of its original eminence. The looms are gone, but there remains the ghost of a bygone era, a time when this old mill served as the lifeblood of a gritty community. If your imagination is set free as you enter through the present-day portals of the old Washington Cotton Factory, you can sense the sounds of the looms working in steady cadences, the groans of the shaft as it was turned by the great paddle wheel which in

turn was propelled by the water of the mill race, and the muffled voices of the workers.

Irrigation proved to be the most critical problem in the Cotton Mission that required several years to solve. Robert Gardner pointed out the problem in a few terse words: “and the next thing (after surveying the city) was to locate fields and water ditches which was an uphill business it was hard to get the water and the land to connect.”<sup>45</sup>

A tunnel was constructed to bring water from the Rio Virgin to the entire southern part of St. George Valley. After the completion of this project, their troubles had just begun. There is no doubt that the Virgin River has been the most difficult stream in the west to control. This was primarily due to the shifting of the river bed, the quicksand bottom, and the torrential floods.

Irrigation was challenging and discouraging for the Dixie founders. Often crops planted with a hope of a bounteous harvest would be left to scorch in the hot summer heat. The first dam that was built across the Virgin was located about a mile and a half southeast of Washington on the north side of Shinobkiab mountain. It was soon washed out and another one built, but it, too, was carried away in the same season. This experience was repeated season after season. The war between the river and the people was waged for almost thirty years. All known methods of construction to divert the water into the canal had been employed. Brush and rock dam, a pile dam, a flume, and other schemes all ended in failure. Dam after dam was destroyed. After years of toil, the Rio Virgin was still undefiled and untamed. Of the \$167,421.50 spent in Washington County between 1857, the year Dixie was first settled, and 1865, the people of the town of Washington had spent \$80,000, nearly half the total.<sup>46</sup> In spite of the ravages inflicted by the Rio Virgin against the heroic efforts of the settlers, Charles Westover proved his mettle under such adverse conditions. In later years, his farm was located in Washington above the dam (but below the present dam). Charles was able to divert



enough water from the Virgin to develop his land into a thriving farm, as described by Andrew Karl Larson:

There was the Westover farm which was located on the south bank of the river, so called because it was owned by Charles Westover and his family for a good many years following the time it was known as Enterprise. This fine farm was owned during the time of the United Order by the community of Orderville who used it for the purpose of producing cotton for the Order's mill in Long Valley Canyon. There were farms on the north side of the river opposite the Westover farm which got their water from the river by means of a brush dam as did also the Westover farm.<sup>47</sup>

The day came when man finally prevailed. It was not until January 1891 after construction of a spillway and a dry dam that the course of the Rio Virgin was changed, and at last water flowed into the fields.<sup>48</sup> Even up to the present day, if its temper is provoked, the sleepy Rio Virgin is quite capable of showing its outrage by running roughshod over the limits imposed by man.

Tears and heartaches produced by the trials of trying to survive in such an angry environment is understated in a few poignant words by Eliza Ann Westover: "We lost our stock and often did not have enough to eat."<sup>49</sup> To underscore this simple statement, the year of 1864 became known as "the starving time." The Cotton Mission seemed to be on the decline. Many families had succumbed to discouragement and packed up their meager belongings and headed north to more hospitable climes.

Two years after arrival in the Dixie Mission on April 20, 1863, Charles and Eliza's seventh child was born, their first since arriving in St. George. He was named after his maternal grandfather, John Haven. Two years later, June 26, 1865, William Albert was born of this same union. St. George was also the birthplace of two of Mary's children: Charles Ed,

born May 4, 1863 (only two weeks after Eliza's John was born), and George Henry born October 25, 1865, still in the humble willow shanty.

The Mormon populace, wherever they were found, seemed to sense the need to season their allotment of affliction with an occasional dose of cultural refinement, interspersed with a touch of frivolity. What better medicine to ward off the pains of discouragement? At a concert in the St. George Hall, attended by President Brigham Young and George A. Smith, who were down for a conference in May of 1867 (and you can bet Charles and Eliza would not have missed it), a song written by Dixie's unofficial poet laureate, Charles L. Walker, was sung, entitled "St. George and the Drag-on":

Oh, what a desert place was this  
When first the Mormons found it;  
They said no white man here could live  
And Indians prowl'd around it.  
They said the land it was no good,  
And the water was no gooder,  
And the bare idea of living here,  
Was enough to make one shudder.

Chorus:

Mesquite, soaproot, prickly-pears and briars,  
St. George ere long will be a place that everyone  
admires.

Now green lucern in verdant spots  
Bedecks our thriving city,  
Whilst vines and fruit trees grace our lots,  
With flowers sweet and pretty;  
Where once the grass in single blades  
Grew a mile apart in distance,  
And it kept the crickets on the go  
To pick up their subsistence.

The sun it is so scorching hot,  
It makes the water siz, Sir.  
The reason why it is so hot,

Is just because it is, Sir,  
The wind like fury here does blow,  
That when we plant or sow, Sir,  
We place one foot upon the seed,  
And hold it till it grows, Sir.<sup>50</sup>

Another diversion which came natural to our pioneers was horse-racing. The horse was the king of beasts to the farmer, and if the horse could run, what more could be asked? Horse racing was the favorite sport. Horses were so vital to their way of life that to murder a man was less of a crime than to steal a horse.

The St. George Tabernacle arose from the desert sands to become an edifice of dignity and quiet beauty. It is one of the finest examples of the chapel builder's art in all Mormon history. The Westovers took pride in their contribution to this artistic structure. The construction of this remarkable building was a spiritual force that promoted unity in the Cotton Mission. It still stands today for all to admire, a five-minute stroll from the Westover lot.

A most unusual event concerning the St. George Tabernacle occurred shortly after completion of its construction during the time when Silver Reef was booming. Silver had been discovered in the hills north of Washington bringing adventurers and dreamers in droves. Father Lawrence Scanlan, a Catholic Priest, came to Silver Reef to look after the spiritual welfare of the numerous Catholic miners residing there. Everyone liked Father Scanlan, Mormons and Gentiles alike. During a business trip to Silver Reef, John M. Macfarlane, tabernacle chorister and surveyor, was informed by Scanlan that the Catholics had no place to hold a High Mass. Macfarlane was soon working on St. George Stake President J.T.D. McAllister and finally persuaded Erastus Snow to invite Scanlan to St. George to use the facilities of the newly completed tabernacle for the High Mass.<sup>51</sup>



Figure 32: St. George Tabernacle

Such an unprecedented request took some deliberation by the leadership. Would the Catholic church approve of a Mormon meeting in their cathedral? Nevertheless, an invitation was soon extended to Father Scanlan to use the facilities of the tabernacle. Not only the use of the building, but in a generous spirit of brotherhood, Macfarlane offered the talents of his Mormon choir to sing for the mass. This they did, and amazingly, after several rehearsals, the choir sang the words to the music of the mass in Latin. The service was well attended by Catholics and curious Mormons alike.<sup>52</sup>

One fine summer day, President Snow decided that a visit to various settlements was in order. He gathered

together some of the Mission's leadership, namely, James G. Bleak, Angus M. Cannon, Asa Caulkin, and John M. Moody and left St. George on July 31, 1865. They spent the first night in Dameron Valley, eighteen miles from St. George. Starting early the next morning, the company traveled eleven miles to George McLanes farm in Mountain Meadows. After breakfast, they rode fifteen miles to John Pulsipher's place in Shoal Creek. Finding that the menfolk had gone to an estray sale at Westover's Herd Ground about five miles distance on Spring Creek, the travelers decided that they had business to attend to there.<sup>53</sup>

About this time when the construction of buildings in the Cotton Mission was in full swing, a booming lumber business developed in Pine Valley, twenty-five miles west of St. George at the headwaters of the Santa Clara. This beautiful, peaceful valley, sixty-five hundred feet high, was surrounded by dense forests of ponderosa and western yellow pine. Not only was lumber being produced there, but the mountain-fed streams made Pine Valley a desirable place for growing crops and grazing cattle. What attracted Charles to Pine Valley, we are not quite sure, but there was money to be made there and heaven knows that the Westovers could use some of that elusive commodity.

Charles took the bull by the horns and decided that one of his wives and family should go to Pine Valley with him. Some discord was emerging between his two families. The children seemed to be quite compatible, but there arose friction between Mary and Eliza that disturbed Charles. He knew that Mary would like to leave St. George where she could be free to manage the affairs of family life without regard to another woman in the household. Upon approaching her on the subject, Mary was jubilant, even if it meant starting all over again. "That's all I've ever known, settling new lands, beginning anew," Mary declared.<sup>54</sup>



Figure 33: Charles and Mary Shumway Westover

Off to the valley in the pines and aspen went Charles and Mary and her three children. Alberto was born in that beautiful mountain abode on January 9, 1868. Charles divided his time between the two locations for the sake of his wives and children, but also to care for his farm and garden in St. George and his work freighting lumber from Pine Valley to Pioche, Nevada, and to settlements within the Virgin River Basin. The Union Pacific brought goods from the East to Pioche, so Charles was able to make the one hundred mile trip to Pioche even more profitable by freighting these goods back to the Dixie settlements.

By the time Charles and Mary arrived in Pine Valley, there were seven saw and shingle mills operating at peak capacity. Consequently, Charles found his services hauling lumber in great demand. Many other businesses were also flourishing in town including a tannery, a cheese factory, a flour and grist mill, and a barrel factory that also produced buckets, churns, and tubs for southern Utah.<sup>55</sup> The first

organ in the Salt Lake Tabernacle was made from the yellow pine that was harvested in Pine Valley.

Mary seemed content in Pine Valley for awhile, but there was also a downside to this mountain haven. The mining at nearby Pioche attracted not only fortune seekers, but outlaws also found it to be a lucrative market for their talents. The remoteness of Pine Valley made it an ideal hide-away for fugitives, thieves, army deserters, killers, and gamblers trying to escape the long arm of the law in Pioche, across the territorial line in Nevada. Several saloons sprang up in Pine Valley, stocked with Dixie wine from Santa Clara and whiskey from Pioche, which greatly rankled the early settlers. Consequently, the vices that became prevalent gave these notorious characters little reason to leave. As a result, Pine Valley achieved a bad reputation that most of the Mormon people there little deserved, including Charles and Mary.<sup>56</sup>

While Mary was enjoying her emancipation in Pine Valley, Eliza gave birth to a fine, healthy boy in their home in St. George on May 14, 1868. As a perspective to this period in history, President Abraham Lincoln had been assassinated only three years earlier. The baby was named Lewis Burton Westover. Baby Lewis was blessed by James G. Bleak, the reputable mission historian, and assisted by W. Carter. It is uncertain of the origin of the name "Lewis" in family relationships, but the second name, "Burton," was given him in honor of his uncle-in-law, Robert Taylor Burton, who at the time was serving as bishop of the Fifteenth Ward in Salt Lake City and was also a member of the prestigious Council of Fifty, which dealt with the political affairs of the territory of Utah.

Charles may have stayed home long enough to hold his newborn son a time or two, but it was not long before Charles was on his way to Salt Lake City. The *Deseret Evening News* published this interesting article in its June 10, 1868 edition:

Bro. Charles Westover has just arrived from St. George for another threshing machine for that region. He intends to return immediately, as wheat will be ready to thresh by the time he reaches home. He looks and feels well; says he never knew the crops to promise as fairly as at the present time. The weather has been very agreeable and the people generally feel well. Dixie is teeming with fruit on every hand.

St. George was growing, not as a boom town, but as a town whose future was promising. The local newspaper, appropriately named *The Cactus*, described the growth taking place:

The Court House is at last going up. A heavy corps of masons are busy laying the foundation. They are now at work grading Main Street. This street when finished will not only be the finest street in town, but the heart of commerce. It is at the head of this same street where dwell the editors, typos, lawyers, harness and shoe makers, carpenters and barbers; and by the way of a change, our Devil may not be found far off. All of the above busily employed in their various branches, will make it much more lively than any other part of the city. Diagonal Street is not at all behind the rest; in fact, it has already quite a business-like appearance. On this same street there are many creditable buildings, among them are the "Times" and printing office, H.J. Platt's saddle and harness shop, R. Morris's dwelling house and L.L. Riding's Tinware establishment. We will not forget to mention the smaller ones, such as C. Horseley's shaving saloon and J. Keate's shoe shop.<sup>57</sup>

After two years in Pine Valley, Charles and Mary gave up their home there for some unknown reason. Perhaps it was the grasshoppers and their gluttonous appetite or the water shortages that had developed there, or maybe the undesirable element accumulating in Pine Valley made Mary decide that life with Eliza was not so bad after all. So back to St. George journeyed Mary and her four children.



## VIII

---

### Pinto

IT DID NOT TAKE LONG to resalt old wounds. Perhaps as a temporary solution to this problem, Eliza Ann and her newborn, Lewis, and surely other of the small children, took a trip to Salt Lake City, probably visiting her mother, Judith Haven, and sister, Maria, where they stayed for several months.<sup>1</sup> But upon Eliza Ann's return, contentions again were generated to the point that Charles decided that another move was in order. Charles was not an accomplished referee in wifely disputes. When feelings surfaced between his two womenfolk, Charles figured it was time to tend to the cows. Nor was there marriage counseling in this far removed area as there was in the vicinity of Salt Lake City to help work out the problems that came naturally in a home with a plurality of wives. This time it was Eliza's turn to leave the home on Second South.

While hauling freight from Pine Valley to the northern Mormon settlements and often to the mining towns of Nevada, Charles would frequently stop over at a small settlement called Pinto, located in the Mountain Meadows area on Pinto Creek, also known as Painter Creek. Historians LeRoy and Ann Hafen claim that the name Pinto was perhaps a corruption of the spelling Piute, the name Addison Pratt gave to the creek in 1849.<sup>2</sup>

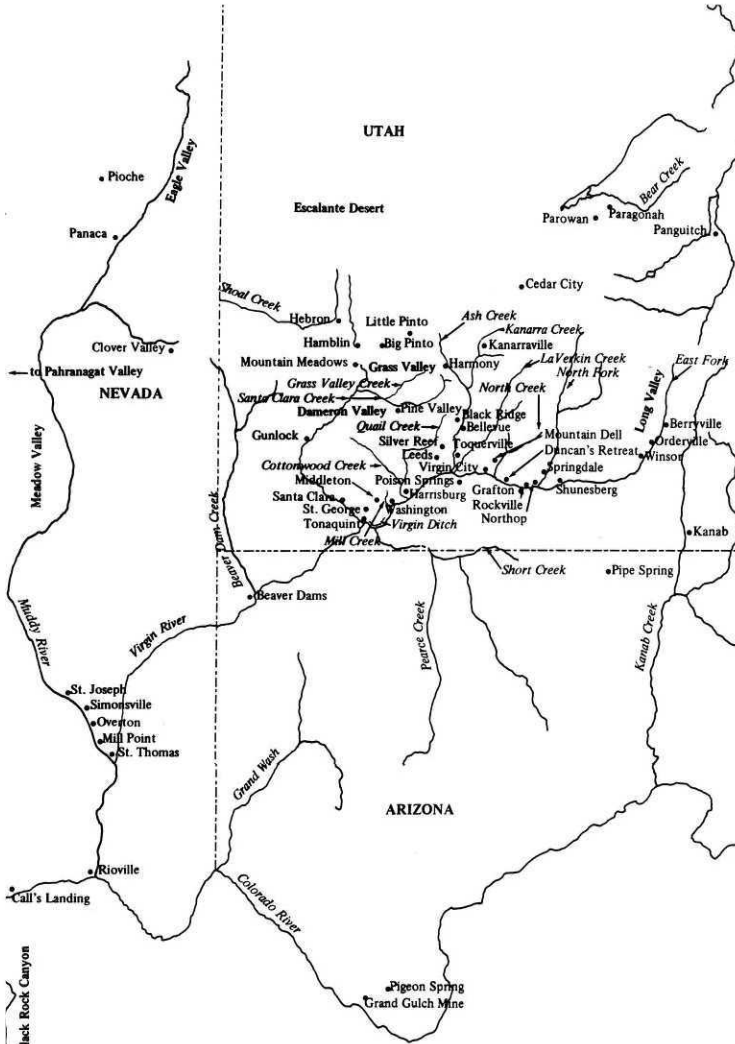


Figure 34: Cotton Mission Settlements

Pinto was a small village on the Old Spanish Trail, a well-known thoroughfare for travelers heading toward California. By the time Pinto became home to the Westovers, there were no Spaniards to be found along the trail. In fact, no Spaniard ever traveled its entire length. During the time the Westovers called Pinto home, many of the trappers

along the Spanish Trail had given way to discontents and adventurers seeking new homes and opportunities in California, as well as slavers, horse thieves, military expeditions, but still mainly traders.<sup>3</sup>

As to the origin of the Old Spanish Trail that winds its way through central and southern Utah, no name, other than Father Escalante, is written in history bolder than that of Jedediah Smith. In the Spanish Trail's hey-day twenty years earlier, one of the commodities for trade by the Spanish was Indian slaves captured mainly from tribes in Utah:

Hunting licenses were sold in New Mexico which included the right to buy or capture Pahute Indians. Indian men often traded their wives and children for horses. When asked why they did it, one replied, "We can make papooses. There is no other way to get horses." Many squaws feared their husbands as much as the Spaniards, and would hide themselves and their children until the caravan passed.

One writer has said, "The Spanish Traders built no towns for a thousand miles, plowed no furrows or planted no seed. Wherever they went, they left a trail of sorrow. They took from the country but gave nothing in return."<sup>4</sup>

The Utes were quick learners, for it was not long before they were cashing in on profits from the slave trade while preying on the weaker tribes of southern Utah. But the chief trading commodity was horses, thousands of them, pounding the dusty trail from the lush ranches of southern California to the Spanish settlements in New Mexico and beyond. Many Utah settlers were able to bargain for prime horses for their own use.<sup>5</sup>

Pinto had its beginnings about 1856 as an outgrowth of the Indian mission at Fort Harmony, the original seat of Washington County.<sup>6</sup> In 1862, the Saints residing in Pinto, Pine Valley, Shoal Creek (Hebron), and Mountain Meadows were organized into a ward, called Pine Valley, with the

well-loved Robert Gardner as bishop.<sup>7</sup> Pinto was organized into a branch in 1859 and became a ward on July 11, 1867. Now Pinto became the new home of Charles and Eliza and their children in the year 1869.<sup>8</sup> Little Lewis was barely one year old and still hanging onto his mother's flour sack apron.

The 1870 federal census-taker jotted down that Charles Westover, a farmer at age forty-eight, and Eliza, "keeping house," were residents of Pinto along with their seven children.<sup>9</sup> The same census counted Charles again listing him as a resident of St. George, but recorded his true age at forty-three. In St. George, the enumerator listed Charles as a day laborer and his wife Mary was doing the same thing in St. George as Eliza was in Pinto, "keeping house." There were four children in the St. George family.

Young Lewis kept many fond memories in his heart of the days of his youth in Pinto. Lewis admitted in later years that in his early days in Pinto, he wore dresses, probably at a time when his protests were pacified with a bottle of milk.<sup>10</sup> Lew attended school as far as the third grade, where he learned to do figures and reading and writing. But even at such a tender age, he was forced to put aside his slate and aspirations of higher learning to help out on the family farm. Life in Pinto was hard, although the boy did not realize it at the time. Long hours of toil and doing without were just part of daily life in the Cotton Mission. The Westover children never considered themselves deprived or poor, because their neighbors were in the same situation. There were few other standards by which to judge a family's economic status. They had enough food to eat most of the time, with notable exceptions, and clothes to cover their bodies, even if their attire looked more like a patchwork quilt. Sometimes the children would have to stay in bed while Eliza washed and dried their only wearing apparel other than what nature had provided. Even that attire was condemned to an occasional washing, traditionally on Saturday evening in the old tin tub by the wood stove.

About 1871, three years after Eliza had settled in Pinto, Charles decided, for better or for worse, to move Mary and her children to Pinto also. Perhaps his job of freighting did not take him to St. George as much as before, or the promise of better times at Pinto entered into his decision as California-bound immigrants increased along the Spanish Trail. He wanted his families close by; the women folk were just going to have to make the best of it.

As an inducement to persuade Mary to come to Pinto, Charles built her a house, not adobe or of willows, but of brick and sawed lumber with a shingled roof and a smooth board floor. He even provided Mary with a cast-iron stove with a smooth iron cooking top, an oven to bake in, and with a warming oven above the cooking top.<sup>11</sup> What woman wouldn't jump at the opportunity to enjoy such amenities of life! And so the two families were in close proximity again.

Life became acceptable, even quite felicitous at times for the Westover tribes. Many warm and pleasant memories were made by the families in the small village on the slope of the hill beside the creek. Mary was happier there than at any time during her married life. She loved Pinto.<sup>12</sup> The two Westover families began nuturing in a common bond with frequent exchanges of concern and garden produce. The children of the two households developed a warm relationship with one another. William and George, four months difference in age, became close companions. Lewis and Bert, also four months apart in age, became good chums and their play together was on rare occasions a higher priority than their chores. The children's friendships seemed to help soothe family tensions.

Pinto became the birthplace of Charles and Eliza's Minnie Temple and Clara Ellen.<sup>13</sup> Mary gave birth to Arthur Adelbert while living there. Places where babies were born seemed to naturally endear mother and child to those surroundings, be they ever so humble. Perhaps that is why so many fond memories of days in Pinto remained in the hearts of both Eliza and Mary.

Pinto Creek not only provided water for domestic use and irrigation, but it also served as the font where Charles baptized several of his children. On three occasions, Charles baptized one child from each of his two families on the same day. Artimetia and Charles Edwin were baptized August 10, 1873; Lewis Burton and Alberto on July 15, 1877; and Minnie Temple and Mary Louisa on June 23, 1879. Nine-year-old Lewis was confirmed by Bishop Robert Knell. The warm summer months were the popular time to arrange baptisms because the higher elevation in the Pinto area brought chilling waters down Pinto Creek in the other seasons. Even in the heat of summer, the cold mountain water of the stream turned the bronzed complexion of the candidates for baptism into a goose-bumped pink.

There were other significant events that took place while Charles and Eliza lived in Pinto. Their second son, Oscar Fitzland (named after Charles's younger brother), married Elizabeth Anne Robinson on June 19, 1874. Oscar and Elizabeth had four children born in Pinto. Later, we will find they traveled to Manassa, Colorado, with Lewis' in-laws, the Marcus Funk family.

Charles and Eliza's oldest daughter, Eliza Ann, attended the University of Deseret, where she met a fellow student, Lemuel Hardison Redd. Eliza returned to Pinto where she taught school for two or three terms. But her heart was with Lemuel and they were married April 11, 1878 in the St. George Temple. They then made their home in Leeds. Even though Lem had obtained his teaching credentials at the University of Deseret as well as Eliza, a teacher's wages were abysmally low. So upon moving to Leeds, Lem opened a butcher shop. In the fall of 1879, eighteen months after their wedlock, Lem and Eliza were called upon to settle another desolate area in the extreme southeast portion of Utah, the San Juan Valley. It was on this historic journey from St. George to the San Juan Valley that Lem and Eliza with other settlers (Charles and Mary's son, George Henry Westover, also accompanied them) found themselves on top

of a high plateau what is now the west wall of Glen Canyon, four hundred feet above the Colorado River with no means of descent except through a narrow crevice. Through this crack in the earth, they picked, shoveled, and blasted to the canyon bottom, taking them weeks in freezing weather. This trek became famous in Mormon history as “The Hole-in-the-Rock” story of pioneer courage and indomitable will. The Redds settled in Bluff, where they established deep family roots.



Figure 35: Lemuel Hardison Redd, Jr., and Eliza Ann Westover

About a month after Eliza Ann and Lemuel’s marriage, another member of the Charles and Eliza Westover family flew the nest. Marie Theresa married Bishop Knell’s son, Charles. While at Pinto, Charles Westover’s mother, Electa, and her blind sister, Laura Beal, came to live with Charles and his two families.

A prominent part of life in Dixie was death. That is to say, death lurked around the corner for young and old alike. The specter of death showed no bias, although the young were especially vulnerable. The small cemetery on the edge

of town seemed to take on a sacred quality to each member of the tiny community. The grave site of a family member became an extension of the home. To lay a loved one in the ground was heart wrenching, but it was accepted along with life's other tribulations. There was grieving to be sure, but then there were crops to plant and to harvest, clothes to wash and mend. Life simply had to go on.

Eliza and Charles left behind in St. George the grave of their seventh child, John Haven, a year and a half old at the time of his death, August 17, 1864. Also in Pinto, their two-year-old Clara Ellen joined little John in death, November 28, 1875. Mary and Charles had lost their fourteen-month-old Andrew Jerome while in Big Cottonwood. Mary had given birth to Arthur just three years before he was laid to rest in Pinto alongside his half-sister, Clara Ellen. It is sad to note that the last child born of each wife of Charles was laid in the grave while in infancy.

First, there was the "summer complaint" that preyed on the babies. Dysentery claimed the lives of many newborns, especially in the days of 1861 through 1865. It was said by the old-timers that there were years when more newborn babies died than lived. Epidemics of whooping cough, scarlet fever, "black canker," and diphtheria left in their wake rows of tiny graves in the local cemeteries.<sup>14</sup> Thus, the sacrifices that these early Dixie settlers were called upon to make were not merely counted in economic terms. Death was first and foremost an ominous part of childhood in the Dixie Mission. Newborns were partly protected from diseases by breast feeding. And when breast-feeding's protection was gone, children in the southern Utah settlements were even more likely to die than in their first year, leaving fewer survivors at age five per capita than in the rest of the United States and western Europe.<sup>15</sup>

Other challenges arose to add to the Saints' sorrows. In 1871, the federal marshals backed by the Morrill Law were on manhunts for polygamists, especially targeting those



associated with the leadership of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Robert Taylor Burton was indicted by a grand jury along with Brigham Young and other prominent Church leaders. By this time, Robert was a member of the Presiding Bishopric of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Consequently, Robert finally had to go underground to escape the raids by federal troops who were serving arrest warrants. On September 12, 1871, Robert was secretly reunited with Maria and her children at Spring Lake, south of Provo near Santaquin. The Robert Burton family then proceeded south, finally arriving in Pinto where they spent two days with Eliza Ann and Charles.<sup>16</sup> It would be several years before these anti-bigamy laws would produce the effect intended by the Congress. Even in this modern day, splinter groups whose basic tenets embrace polygamy operate with a certain degree of immunity from effective prosecution.

In 1877, Brigham Young arrived in St. George with Sisters Eliza R. Snow and Zina D. Young, at which time they organized the Primary. An account of the meeting with the Primary children is described by Albert Westover:

During the meeting with the children, they asked if there were any of their chums they would like to pray for. There was one who had been sick for many months and they prayed for him. In a few days the boy was up and around. After that Sister Snow talked in tongues for twenty minutes. After she was through she asked Sister Young to interpret what she had said. Sister Young took some length of time to interpret the words. It was during this trip to Dixie that President Young honored Charles and Eliza with a visit to their home.<sup>17</sup>

As an insight into this meeting, the question was asked at the time if anyone present had received the gift of interpretation of Sister Snow's remarks spoken in strange tongue. There happened to be a thirty-eight-year-old Danish

woman in attendance, Magdalene Funk, who had been given this gift on that occasion. Magdalene was shy and was not confident of her skills in the use of the English language so she hesitated long enough for Zina D. Young to give the interpretation. Magdalene always regretted not exercising this gift when she was given the opportunity.<sup>18</sup> She was the future mother-in-law of Lewis Burton Westover.

It was, indeed, a great honor to have Brother Brigham visit Charles and Eliza in their Pinto home. Perhaps one of the purposes of the Prophet's visit was to give himself a chance to rest before resuming his journey back to Salt Lake City from his winter home in St. George. The frailties of his age were taking their toll on this grand old standard bearer of truth and right. This stopover in Pinto also gave Brigham an opportunity to visit with his step-cousin, Eliza, and of course, his other fellow traveler across the plains, Charles Westover.

Albert Westover, a grandson of Charles through Lewis B., often related a story to his family of this incident that Albert's son, Reed, has recorded:

Charles and Eliza were married in Erastus Snow's home by Brigham Young before the temple was built. One day following the completion of the St. George Temple, they were discussing temple marriage. Eliza said, "Charles, inasmuch as we were not married in the temple, perhaps we should be remarried in the St. George Temple just to make things right." After giving the matter some serious thought, Charles finally agreed, "Eliza, Brigham is going to be here for conference and when he stops to visit us, we'll ask him."

The day that Brigham Young showed up at the Westover home, Eliza seated her distinguished cousin in a special chair. As the conversation progressed on various topics, Charles leaned over and whispered to Eliza, "It's time!" "Yes, I know," replied the embarrassed Eliza. Brigham then asked, "What is it you want to know, Charles?" Without further hesitation, Charles answered, "We were wondering, being as we

weren't married in the temple, do you think we ought to go get married in the temple now?"

Brigham pulled himself from the chair and walked over to the other side of the room, and turned around looking his hosts in the eye, "Charles and Eliza, if I had married you over a wagon tongue, it would have been just as binding. You were sealed for time and eternity in Brother Erastus's home, and there is no need to do it again."<sup>19</sup>

At the time of this episode, the energies of this latter-day Moses were fast dissipating. In August of that same year, 1877, Brigham's life in mortality would come to a close. It would be appropriate here to give this "Lion of the Lord" the credit due him. If a single word were used to describe this Mormon leader's personality, one might say Brigham Young was dynamic.<sup>20</sup> However, there are many words to describe such a forceful and devoted servant. For thirty-three tumultuous years, by force of personality, character, ability, organizing genius, and inspiration, he led The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

A mind that never tired of detail and that left nothing to chance was one of the greatest of his gifts. Coupled to all these capacities was an iron will that had been beaten on many anvils of adversity from Kirtland to Missouri to England to Illinois, shaped by the hammer blows of mobs and apostates to a cleaving edge. Tempered in faith, it was the driving power of the man through the fire and storm of one crisis after another through which he led the Church for a third of a century.<sup>21</sup>

Expressing the general feeling of the early settlers of Utah, and certainly including all the Westover family, Jedediah M. Grant, a counselor to President Young, aptly described Brother Brigham's character in the following manner:

I can't undertake to explain Brigham Young to your Atlantic citizens, or expect you to put him at his value. Your great men eastward are to me like your ivory and pearl-handled table knives, balanced handles, more shiny than the inside of my watch case; but, with only edge enough to slice bread and cheese or help spoon victuals, and all alike by the dozen one with another. Brigham is the article that sells out West with us—between a Roman cutlass and a beef butcher knife, the thing to cut up a deer or cut down an enemy, and that will save your life or carve your dinner every bit as well, though the handpiece is buck horn and the case a hogskin hanging in the breech of your pantaloons. You, that judge men by the handle and sheath, how can I make you know a good BLADE?

Even the caustic George Bernard Shaw praised Brigham Young with this double-entendre: “Brigham Young lived to become immortal in history as an American Moses by leading his people through the wilderness into an unpromised land.”

The Primary Association program of the Church was highly successful in establishing faith in the hearts of the children in all the settlements where it was organized. Lewis recalled, “The most faith I received when a child was when I lost a card given me by my Primary teacher to be memorized.”

His son, Albert, continued, “He [Lewis] also explained he was scared to death. He prayed to the Lord and asked him to show him where the card was. A few minutes later as he was walking down the street he met Joe Robinson who asked him if he knew of anyone who had lost this card, holding the card high.”<sup>22</sup>

The Charles and Eliza family spent thirteen years in the small settlement of Pinto, with Mary Shumway Westover and her children sharing ten of those years with them. Charles was appointed as an appraiser while in Pinto along with David W. Tullis and Oscar A. Wood.<sup>23</sup> Charles's spe-

cialty was truck gardening and orcharding, along with his freighting. Theresa Hoskins remembers her father, Lewis B., describing his father's vegetable gardens as the finest in all of Dixie.

Charles's strong work ethic never allowed him to rest when there were ways to be found to improve living conditions for his wives and children. The freighting business had slowed down and he realized that agriculture was undergoing a revolution as America was entering the Machine Age. The grain in Dixie was still harvested with the sickle and cradle. The grain was then loosed from the head by flailing or tramping by animals on hard ground or on a large flat rock. After it had been flailed or tramped out, it had to be winnowed to free the grain from the chaff. This was indeed a laborious and antiquated process.<sup>24</sup>



Figure 36: Charles Westover

A few years after arriving in Dixie, Charles was in the threshing business with his modern horse-powered threshing machine—nothing like it was to be found in all the southern Utah territory. Gone were the hours upon hours of back-breaking labor with the hand scythe. Now the grain

was harvested and separated from the straw in one operation. The grain still had to be winnowed, but the machine did the hard part. Charles and his threshing machine soon became famous throughout the Rio Virgin Valley, and his services became in great demand. This demon of modern technology has been described as follows:

The first threshing machine was brought in by Charles Westover. This was a small machine into which about half a bundle of grain could be placed. It threshed the grain from the heads and separated it from the straw and chaff. The motive power for this machine consisted of a tread mill which was an endless slat belt propelled by two large horses.<sup>25</sup>

Andrew Karl Larson noted the following in his historical writings:

Charles Westover of St. George and Pinto and later of Washington probably did the first custom threshing in Washington and Iron Counties. According to Albert E. Miller, Westover's machine was the first to be brought into Dixie. He traveled all over the two counties [Washington and Iron Counties], according to his son, Lewis B. Westover. This thresher was powered by horses.<sup>26</sup>

Charles's skill as a thresher in the Salt Lake Valley was perhaps one of the reasons President Young had chosen the hard-working young Westover to help settle Dixie. Charles seemed to have a gift for operating and repairing machinery. The threshed grain was hauled to the grist mill where it was ground into flour and bran. Erastus Snow owned the grist mill which stood on the right bank of Mill Creek, about a quarter mile below the Cotton Factory in Washington.<sup>27</sup> Charles, the expert thresher, worked hand-in-hand with Erastus in providing flour for the population of the Dixie Mission.

In spite of his reputation as a skilled thresher, Charles never seemed to accumulate any measure of wealth. The

long hours on the threshing machine and the overhead in maintaining the equipment never stood in the way of his compassion for his fellow Saints. “His pay could wait” was his customary rejoinder to a farmer with empty pockets. When he was paid, it was invariably in trade, and even then it seemed there was often little to offer for Charles’s services. Sometimes the farmer would compensate Charles with his labor in return. But those in business were never able to improve their circumstances to a significant degree simply because they had little money to pay for equipment and supplies, which were generally available outside the Mormon communities. Just cold, hard cash was the medium of exchange with the supplier or manufacturer. The Cotton Mission was primarily a money-less society. Lack of capital was the Saints’ shortcoming throughout all their settlements.

The salvation of many farmers, including Charles, came from the introduction of lucerne, now commonly known as alfalfa, into their hot, arid land. One story attributed a missionary returning to his home in Toquerville, following a mission in Australia, bringing back some lucerne seed. Another version of the introduction of lucerne into Dixie claims that Charles Staley brought it from San Bernardino when the Saints were called back to Utah in the winter of 1857–58.<sup>28</sup> The timothy and red-top hay was not successful in the lower sections along the Virgin River. The lucerne was found to be the best of feeds, especially for milk production.<sup>29</sup> It had a deep root system, protecting it from winter kill and being able to tap into underground moisture.

In 1880, despite a thirty-eight percent population increase, Washington County raised less grain than ten years earlier. The only real improvement in agriculture, not considering the threshing machine and the hay mower, was the widespread use of alfalfa (lucerne) to feed livestock in the 1870s.<sup>30</sup>

Silver was discovered just west of Leeds in a place that became known as Silver Reef. The silver ore had to be transported to the smelters at Pioche, Nevada. To take advantage of this new opportunity to improve his economic situation, Charles bought, or built, a heavy wagon designed to handle the weighty ore. To pull this load, Charles obtained an eight-team-span of mules. Now he was in the freighting business in earnest. The older boys soon learned the skills of handling the eight-mule team, four-span with two mules to the team. They learned to hold the reins, four in each hand, each set of reins in and between certain fingers. Often Charles would take along on his trips one or two of the boys to teach them the ways of a teamster. They would help by operating the brake-bar when inching their way down steep ridges, filling the mules' nose bags, hitching the team's tugs to the double-trees, as well as assisting with the loading and unloading of the freight.<sup>31</sup> At this time, wagon freighting in the southern reaches of the territory was not impacted as in the north where the screech of the Union Pacific locomotive penetrated the everlasting hills. Still Charles, the freighter with his span of trusty mules, foresaw the writing in the red sands of Dixie. Yet the opportunity was now. But it took more than good mules and a well-built wagon. The teamster had to be a hardened soul with a streak of stubbornness running through his insides, not afraid of anything, and as tough as boiled owl. And Charles Westover was that.

During the period that Charles lived in Pinto, his church records indicate that he was rebaptized by A. P. Windsor and reconfirmed by David H. Cannon. The record still retains an entry noting that Charles was originally baptized by Erastus Snow and confirmed by William Snow. In light of today's standards, it might be assumed that a serious offense was committed to justify excommunication, then through a process of repentance, a reentry into church membership by way of rebaptism. In Charles's case, there was no



violation of gospel principles, nor was his good standing at risk, but rather, in compliance to the accepted practice of the day.

A broader perspective of baptism developed in the early days of Utah's beginnings. Baptism was not only a means whereby one might gain entry, or reentry, into the Church, but at this particular time, rebaptism evolved as a practice to signify a recommitment to the teachings of the Church, whether or not there had been any infraction of conduct. There was hardly a faithful priesthood bearer who had not submitted to rebaptism.<sup>32</sup>

An evaluation of Charles's rebaptism should be considered in the light of a radical change in priesthood reorganization that took place during this time period. Several apostles had assumed responsibilities as stake presidents. At least fifteen presiding bishops were serving, each presiding over several communities. A languid Aaronic Priesthood had evolved, and Salt Lake Stake was regarded as an authoritarian "center stake."<sup>33</sup>

President Young's failing health in 1877 made priesthood orderliness urgent. Following the reorganization of fourteen of the twenty stakes, the First Presidency issued an historic epistle to the Church. "It was the most comprehensive policy statement about priesthood practices since the *Doctrine and Covenants* was first published."<sup>34</sup>

A few of the most significant statements can be summarized as follows:

1. Stake presidencies are responsible for all church matters in their stakes.
2. Bishoprics, to be properly organized, must have three high priests.
3. There will be no more local presiding bishoprics.
4. All members are to be enrolled in a ward or branch, visited regularly, and brought to repentance when necessary. If these conditions are not met, leaders share in their sins.
5. A priest, teacher, or acting priest presides over branches.

6. High priests are a stake quorum with unlimited numbers and are not to meet on a ward basis.

7. Seventies meet only for missionary purposes; otherwise, they should meet with high priest or elders.

8. No more high priests or seventies will be ordained without First Presidency approval.

9. Stakes will hold quarterly conferences which General Authorities will visit.<sup>35</sup>

There were threats to weed out those not adhering to these new guidelines, but there seemed to be no increase in excommunications. Rebaptisms were the order of the day:

But members were urged to repledge their allegiance or declare their disloyalty when offered the chance to be rebaptized. Many Saints had been rebaptized in 1874–1875 during the United Order movements, but many had not. So both types were given a second chance to be rebaptized in 1877, and hundreds of Saints were rebaptized.

The 116 rebaptisms at Nephi that fall made one St. Georgean think that a “silent reformation” was under way. The main reason for rebaptism, counseled Elder Erastus Snow, was to “draw the Saints more closely together and to separate the wheat from the chaff.”<sup>36</sup>

No dates are recorded for Charles’s baptism or rebaptism, although his rebaptism appears to be while he was a member of the Pinto Ward. As a matter of record, his son Lewis was rebaptized on April 23, 1889, just prior to being ordained an elder. In reality, it matters not whether Charles was baptized by Erastus Snow or A. P. Windsor. The important thing is that Charles Westover was baptized by one having authority; and from the day of his baptism in Winter Quarters, his testimony grew strong, and he remained true to those convictions.

The Saints of Dixieland were a unique breed as their faith was tempered and honed in the fires of adversity that they faced from season to season. More so than many

Utahns, they continued to believe in direct revelation, the infallibility of their leadership, and in an imminent millennium. They would tolerate the humble portions of the world's wealth entrusted to them for the sake of a heavenly reward. They looked to their priesthood leadership for guidance in secular matters as well as spiritual concerns. Stake presidents and visiting General Authorities were expected to make pronouncements on matters as various as water-witching and thyroid trouble. Their counsel was accepted without qualification. Rather than being dependent for encouragement and comfort from those of more prosperous settlements, this colony of believers were exporters of faith, and it was that attribute that sustained them, even in their extremities. The Westovers of Dixie were of that grit.

In an account of Lewis Burton Westover's life, a brief summary mentions the family moving up the canyon around 1874 to a place called "the Ridges" to milk cows as a community affair. "Lewis was six years old when he started to milk cows," Lewis's history relates. "At that time the Church was in the United Order, the Bishop managing all farming and other projects."

One day while Lewis was in the canyon tending the church cattle, he was attacked by a wild steer. The steer charged with the horn digging into Lewis's eye. When he was found, it was thought that he was dead, but little Lew outwitted the local sages and refused to die. "Well, surely he will be blind in that eye," they woefully predicted. Little Lew had other thoughts about his fitness and recovered with both his life and sight.<sup>37</sup> As a matter of fact, Lewis Burton hardly had a sick day in all his life, at least so as no one noticed. He later reminisced, "During my life, I have been through several scrapes, but nothing in the world could have saved me but the power of the Lord."<sup>38</sup>

Lew's father was not as fortunate. Eva Conover disclosed that Charles Westover had a heart condition that caused his feet and legs to swell and his breathing to

become labored. On one occasion when Charles became critically ill and needed medicine, young George Henry rode all night to St. George and back. Eva continues the story:

Grandpa [Charles], with the help from his medicine, and later, from the advice of a doctor, who told him that he must stop smoking, and to procure the liquid from steeped milk-weed root, and thus reduce his dropsical condition, became seemingly cured of his heart ailment, for he lived to be ninety-three years old!<sup>39</sup>

Due to the limited land that could be irrigated, many of the settlers turned to cattle and sheep as a means of survival. The problem of feeding the animals was solved by organizing “town herds” as part of a cooperative movement. In the morning, the owners would deliver their stock to a central corral where they were then driven by herders to the nearby hills along the streams where there were no farms yet. Not only Charles’s sons but likely his daughters, too, took their turns at tending the town herds while they lived in communities that were so organized. Herds belonging to the Church obtained through the payment of tithes in kind were included in this venture.

Brigham Young became disturbed over the growing materialism and bickering among the members of the Church. While in St. George in the winter of 1874, he instituted a list of rules of conduct, known as “The United Order of Zion.” Some of the rules covered such things as profanity, prayer, the Word of Wisdom, family harmony, fashion, etc. The rule that seemed to have the greatest impact at the time was

We will combine our labor for mutual benefit. . . . We will honestly and diligently labor and devote ourselves and all we have to the ‘Order’ and to the building up of the Kingdom of God.<sup>40</sup>

President Young must have felt that the Cotton Mission was the ideal place to launch this venture because of the common poverty of its people. It would be very difficult for a man of means to share his goods that he had gathered over many years. The United Order seemed much more attractive to those who had little to begin with. Because the “Order” was voluntary, not many stakes participated. President Young’s health was failing, which deprived the movement of its vigor. About the time of Brigham Young’s death in 1877, the majority of the stakes had abandoned the United Order, including the St. George Stake.<sup>41</sup>

Young Lew grew to love his home in Pinto. He cherished memories of his childhood in this humble, isolated community to his dying day. As a thirteen-year-old, he knew every ridge and draw and gully between home and the horizon. He probably knew where a covey of quail nested in the reeds, a fishing hole in Pinto Creek where trout found refuge from the summer sun, and a coyote den on the hillside where the female hid her pups. This small sun-drenched community was reflected in the heart and sinews of the boy. As the pioneer/romantic Alfred Lambourne philosophized,

A place becomes a part of us; we own it. We absorb it into our lives. It cannot be taken from us. It is ours, and without title or deed. . . . Our lives are shaped by it.

But a change for the Westovers was stirring in the wind. About the year 1881, on a warm August day, Will and his half-brother, Alberto (usually called “Bert”), were trying to figure out how to make the Sunday afternoon interesting. Grandma Westover (Electa), who was seventy-nine years old now, was staying with Bert’s mother (Mary) and family at this time. So the two half-brothers wandered outside in order not to disturb the grown-ups. A trail of dust stirred by their bare feet followed the boys as they strolled down

toward the barn. The day was hot and muggy. Suddenly, heavy black thunder heads began rising over the canyon to the west and north. Gusts of wind swooped down the canyon in blasts causing the boys to shield their eyes with their hands. The sun darkened and rain began pelting the ground. The air grew cold, and then there was hail, followed by lightning and thunder-bolts. The skies opened up and the rain and hail fell in blinding sheets. The boys ran inside the barn for cover. When they saw water streaming inside the barn floor, up to the hay-loft they climbed. The water inside the barn kept rising as the rain increased in intensity, driven by torrential winds. Looking out of the barn, the boys saw boards and logs from sheds float by and chickens roosting on fence posts. Then came calves followed by cows being pushed downstream by the muddy, churning water, at times only their heads visible. Even Jim Knell's clydesdales, still in harness, were floundering against the current. Not far behind was the wagon box with Jim clutching his two girls, floating helplessly downstream. Roof-tops, furniture, and debris of all description were at the mercy of the flood. When the boys saw the family's wooden churn float by, they became panic-stricken.

The barn had managed to remain on its pillar-posts. Some of the boards on the low side had broken loose, allowing the flood waters to pass through unimpeded. Finally, the rain stopped as quickly as it started. The water receded, making it possible for the boys to wade outside. It seemed that almost every house except the rock church house had been swept away! Their homes, their neighbors' homes, all the sheds and fences—it looked like a different world. Without hesitation, they headed for the stone church house. As they approached, they could hear voices, and then the door flung open and they ran into the arms of their loved ones. They were all safe! Tears of joys filled their eyes. Thirteen-year-old Lewis threw his arms around his older brother, Will. And then from other places of refuge came others until

all the members of the little community had been accounted for. Not one soul had drowned!<sup>42</sup>



Figure 37: Pinto Ward Rock Church

Eva Conover describes the scene from her grandmother's, Mary Shumway Westover, perspective:

Grandma, in the house with Grandpa's mother, Electa Beal Westover, had been busy reading from the Bible. Occasionally, she had stopped to listen to the wind and the downpour of rain. She had noticed the crackling of thunder, but remembering the terrible storms in Nauvoo, had not taken time to look out-of-doors. But suddenly a "rushing-sound" was heard and she hurried to the window to discover that flooding waters were swirling about the house, and rising rapidly. Worried now, she peered more intently into the storm. When the rain eased a bit, she could see the main stream of the current raging down the lane just north of the house. Hardly had she become aware of the seriousness of her situation, wondering how she could get Grandma Beal, a cripple, out of the house, when the door burst open and in came two strong young men and along with them, came rushing water. They swooped the women in their arms and carried them across the street to the church-house which stood on

higher ground. The water was waist deep, but the men knew they had solid footing. Within the church-house were most of the men and women of the village.

Now, as they looked out of the doorway, down to where the town had stood, they could see that all they had was gone. Homes, clothing, furniture, most of their livestock, their meadows and farm-land ruined. But thank-goodness, the people were safe! Even Jim Knell and his two little girls had survived; also, his fine team of Clydesdales had floundered to safety.<sup>43</sup>

Mary gives a much briefer account of the flood in her personal writings, and although Eliza and Charles were also involved in the deluge, typically, neither of them left any mention of the disaster.<sup>44</sup> But the flood changed the course of their lives, nevertheless. They had lost almost everything, including their farm land. In LaRue Westover's account of her grandfather's (Lewis B.) history, Mary's home was swept away and Eliza's became filled with mud.

Another story of the flood surfaces not long before publication as recorded by Eliza's granddaughter, Minnie Paxman Vincent, that she heard Grandma Westover (Eliza Ann) often relate:

One of your favorite stories was the time that grandmother and my mother [Minnie Temple Westover Paxman], who was about five years old, were alone in their home during a cloud burst which almost washed the little town away. Mother remembers the flood creeping under the door, rising higher and higher. Grandmother put her on the table to keep her dry. It floated around the room and stopped by the door. By this time Grandmother had opened both doors, hoping that water running through the house would save it from the force of the flood.

Like an answer to their prayers, a young man, Joe Platt, a neighbor and friend, came wading, swimming, hanging to fences and clothes, came to their door. He took Mother and started to a wagon that had become



lodged between two trees. Grandmother watching anxiously, saw him stumble and fall, both heads disappearing beneath the black water, but he struggled up again and carried Mother to the wagon, returning to take Grandmother to safety. It was only after the water subsided that they discovered that when he had fallen he had almost severed his foot by stepping on an ax that had become embedded upright in the sand left by the flood.<sup>45</sup>

What were they to do now? For every grain of wheat they were able to raise in this desert outpost, they had to beg from the soil. Now it all seemed to have been in vain. Charles felt like he had made little gain upon the wild land they had come to tame. The Westovers would now have to start over once again, but where?

The Pinto flood bore out one truth that seemed a hard lesson to learn. In spite of the fact that livestock was an essential industry of the early settlers, there was little concern by leaders and ranchers alike over what was happening to the range and watersheds. They were evidently unaware of the fine balance of nature, which could not tolerate the overuse of these vital but delicate resources.

One has only to observe the gutted bottoms of the Virgin and its tributaries to see the price paid for the quick profits made by grazing larger numbers of livestock than the range could long sustain. The unmistakable evidence is plain at Mountain Meadows, on the Santa Clara, LaVerkin Creek, Ash Creek, Orderville Gulch, Shunesburg Canyon, North Creek, Fort Pearce Wash, Gould's Wash, and other similar places. One hears much of how the desert was made to "blossom as the rose." But what of the barren waste that once was a desert in bloom?<sup>46</sup>



## IX

# Silver Reef

FOLLOWING THE PINTO FLOOD, Charles and his two families were left destitute. Well, it wasn't the first time they were in that fix. Charles still had some of his livestock and farm implements. Thankfully, he did not have to start over from scratch. The flood didn't wash away his know-how and his pluck, nor that of Eliza, nor of Mary, either. And more importantly, the flood hadn't destroyed their faith in God, their faith that they belonged here, even in this hostile land that seemed intent on destroying them, spirit and body alike. The season for grieving was over. Now it was up to the Westovers to roll up their sleeves, wipe away their tears, and start over, once again. It was no time to be low-spirited.

Mary's eighteen-year-old Charley had often ridden the hills and valleys of the Mountain Meadows area. There was another settlement five miles west of Pinto called Hamblin, named after Jacob Hamblin, the Mormon missionary to the Indians. The membership of the Church who lived there belonged to the Hamblin branch of the Pinto Ward. Jacob Hamblin had located his ranch there in 1856. Only a mile or so farther south from Hamblin was the site of the tragic Mountain Meadows Massacre of 1857, which still scarred the hearts of the those connected with the entire southern Utah experience. Regardless, Charlie suggested that Hamblin would be a good place to raise cows: plenty of pasture land and still on the Old Spanish Trail where they could sell

milk and butter to the immigrant trains bound for California, Nevada, and northern Arizona. Edwin Westover and his family were the first to build a home in what was then called Fort Hamblin. Later, the word "Fort" was dropped. Edwin was postmaster there for many years. Also living in Hamblin were Mary's good friends, the Jacob Trumans, who were some of the early settlers there along with the Edwin Westovers. Reluctantly, Mary gave in.

During their stay in Hamblin, Charles seemed to spend less of his time with Mary and the children there. Hamblin was higher than Pinto, six thousand feet above sea level. The winters were cold and windy; the snows fell early and remained late. Life in the more moderate climes of the Dixie Mission were hard enough without having to endure the added privations of long, bitter winters.

Even though it was not Charles's choice, Mary never quite forgave him for bringing her to this end of the earth. Eva Conover wrote in the history of her grandmother, Mary Westover, of these times in Hamblin being the worst of all the places Mary had ever lived. "Once she [Mary] said, 'How much longer, oh Lord, will I have to endure this dreadful place?' and from within her, a voice which was more like a thought addressing her, whispered, 'Eight more years.' It was exactly eight years later that she and her family moved to Huntington in Castle Valley."<sup>1</sup>

After locating Mary and her family in Hamblin, there was not much left in the way of farm implements and stock for Charles to start farming elsewhere. Eliza had no desire to call Hamblin her home, and so Charles had to scratch his balding head as to their next move. Subsequent to much earnest thinking, it became clear to him that Silver Reef was a practical place to start a new life, in spite of Brother Brigham's preachings about mining precious metals. Now all he had to do was to convince Eliza. Charles was relieved that he would not have to face President Young and explain where his next change-of-address would take the Charles

and Eliza Westover family. Charles reasoned that there was another way of looking at this Silver Reef situation. He got wind of some remarks by Dudley Leavitt, who justified the circumstances of mining the silver at the Reef quite logically, which made Charles feel better:

The silver has been there all the time, but the Lord had blinded their [gentiles] eyes and they didn't see it. Now, in our time of need, He has opened their eyes and helped them get it into circulation, that his children might get the means with which to build up his kingdom on the earth.

Charles's freighting had found him in Silver Reef often. He had become familiar with the ways of mining towns, tolerant of the boisterous and roughhouse lifestyle. Eliza was not nearly as enthusiastic of the idea of living in that environment. It was not easy to content herself with being part of this wild and rip-roaring mining town. Nor did she seem converted to Dudley Leavitt's philosophy of divine intervention. But she realized there were few options left—it was survival time now. Somehow Charles must provide for his families.

Charles and Eliza moved to Silver Reef in 1884 or 1885 and obtained a piece of land in what was known then as Bonanza Flat, close by the town's business district—the business, from a Mormon point-of-view, being mainly assaying, salooning, and prostituting.<sup>2</sup> But it was really more than that. It was a bustling little city, rivaling St. George in size, and boasting banks, livery stables, tailor shops, boarding houses, hotels, grocery, hardware, furniture, clothing, and drug stores, an express depot, a newspaper (Anti-Mormon, naturally. Newspapers have to be anti-something.), lumber yards, barber shops, churches, gambling houses, stationer stores, a dancing academy, blacksmith shops, boot and shoe shops, restaurants, bakeries, and laundries—to name a few.<sup>3</sup> The mines were scattered along the nearby reefs. Today, there only remains a faint memory

and a building or two along with a few holes in the ground as a reminder of the glory days of Silver Reef.

In Bonanza Flat, Eliza worked hard in helping to recover from their losses in the Pinto flood by taking in boarders. There was a critical need for housing by the silver seekers flooding into the small mining community, and Eliza was not one to sit around wringing her hands in despair and self-pity; there were children to feed and raise.

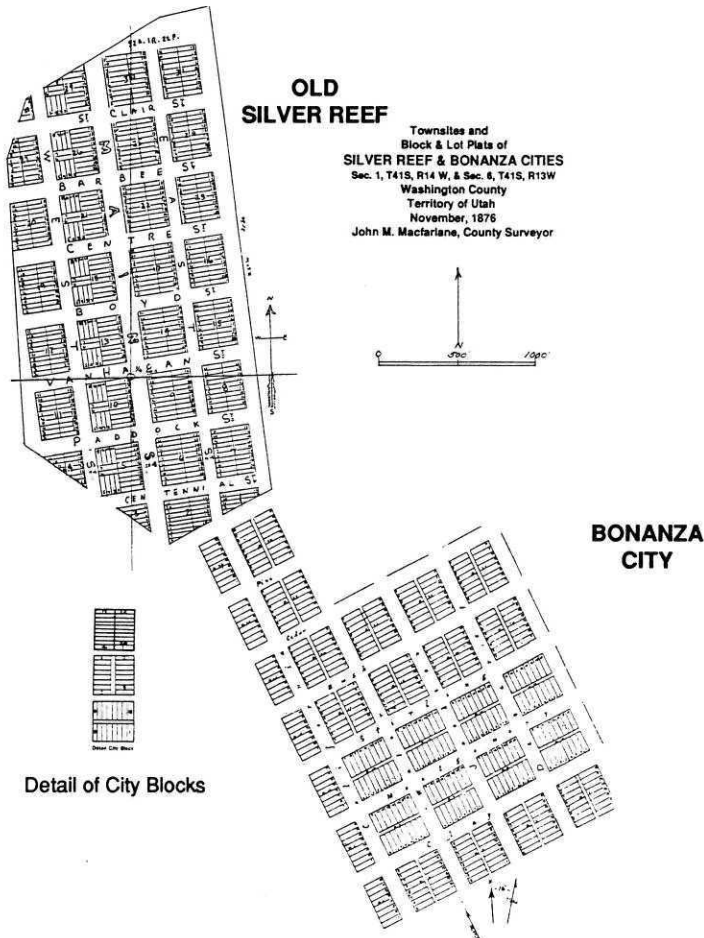


Figure 38: Plats of Silver Reef

Another puzzling aspect of the Westover's presence in Silver Reef is the discovery of a business described as a

“Brewery & Cellar?” [question mark included from original source] owned and/or operated by “Westover and Barlow” within Silver Reef City boundaries, located at B-13, L-11 dated 1880 listed under the title “Residents, Establishments and Possible Ownerships by Block and Lot numbers on Main and Contiguous Streets, Silver Reef, Utah.” In addition, Charles Westover had another lot in Silver Reef City, B-13, pt L-8, also dated 1880.<sup>4</sup> In the list of “Residents and Possible Ownerships by Block and Lot Numbers in Bonanza City,” again there appears “Charles Westover,” B-24, L-8,9, dated 1880 bought at Sheriff Sale from Peck, Theresa and Peck, J.W. ca. 1878–1880. It appears that Charles was well-established in Silver Reef.

Eva Conover retells the story narrated by her father, George Henry Westover, of an experience of his in Silver Reef a few years earlier that has become a rich part of family lore. While the Westover families were still living in Pinto, George accompanied his father, Charles, on one of his freighting trips to Silver Reef. Eva Conover recorded this wild-west scenario:

All of Silver Reef flowed up a gulch, over its crest to the south and to the west, and down into the next gully and into the next. Nowhere in all the town’s area had the terrain been leveled. The buildings followed the natural slopes, climbing hills, crawling along the canyon bottoms. It was a run-away-ramshackle-town, slapped together in haste.

A short distance south and east of the Gulch, on a level bench of land, the freighters had set up a camping ground. They enclosed it with a pole fence to keep their mules from straying at nights. Often, during the long, cool evenings of summer the tinny music from the open doors of saloons would drift over to the camp ground, sometimes punctuated by shots and loud vulgar curses.

“What’s a saloon, Pa?” George would ask. “What do they do in a saloon, Pa? Pa, I wanna see a saloon. Pa, please!”

Grandpa shook his head. “It’s not a nice place, son. Besides, they don’t allow minors in them. They’re usually full of drunken men and women, playing cards, gambling, dancing, brawling, cursing . . . you can hear ’em.”

“I wan’na see, Pa. Can’ I jus’ peak in?” And so George coaxed.

One night Grandpa gave in when one of his companion freighters, evidently tired of hearing George coax, remarked, “Oh, fer gosh-sakes, take ’im up to the one right over there, at the head of the Gulch. Let ’im peek in that window on the east side.”

And so, a group of the men sauntered up to the saloon with little George striding along beside them, feeling as big as any of them, and full of curiosity. The saloon, built on the east bank of the gulch, opened on the level of the bank with a door on the north. This door led to a balcony on the inside and stairs led down to the lower level where the bar and card tables and dance floor were built. Another door on the south opened into this main floor from the street level. On the east were some low-built windows from which a person on the outside could look down into the main room. It was to these windows that the men took George. With the boy in front, they all squatted down to peer inside, George on his knees, with nose pressed against the pane. The lamps were lit and everything could be plainly seen.

George saw the back of a man, who was playing a piano. He saw a couple of men standing at the bar, drinking from tiny glasses. He saw the door to the balcony open and a tall man enter. He stood for a moment surveying the occupants below. Then slowly he descended the stairs, hesitating on each step. Before he reached the bottom, the door on the south,



or the main door, opened and in came another tall, pistol-holstered man. He, too, stood for a moment, surveying the occupants. He took a step or two into the interior, scrutinizing every face. Then he raised his head to the stairs where the other man had halted. Instantaneously, they slipped their pistols from their holsters and commenced shooting. Bullets whizzed as tables over-turned and men plopped onto the floor behind them, seeking shelter. Lights were blasted out, and all was dark. Women squealed, men cursed, and Grandpa's hands shoved George's head into the gravel below the window ledge. The men beside George fell down, their faces in the earth beside him.

When the bullet-blasts became fewer, and scurrying sounds of men running came from the inside, one of the freighters whispered, "Let's git out of here." And all of them, bent low, commenced running toward the camp.

This was George's first introduction to the Wild West's mining camp life and its saloons.<sup>5</sup>

Silver Reef is nestled west of the present-day I-15 from Leeds. From 1878 to 1891, it was a boom town. Mineralogists of the 1880s did not believe it was possible for silver to be found in unaltered sandstone. Yet between 1876 and 1908, the sandstone formations at Silver Reef produced over 8.5 million dollars in silver.<sup>6</sup> After a cave-in at one of the mines, a forest of petrified trees well below the surface was discovered. In just one tree, seventeen thousand ounces of silver was removed as the petrified forest was destroyed. The Leeds Mining Company owned the Leeds Mill where Charles found employment. The new mill was actually the old "Maggie" mill that processed Pioche silver ore in Nevada.<sup>7</sup> Lew, who was a brawny seventeen year old at this time, got a job hauling ore down the Virgin River.<sup>8</sup>

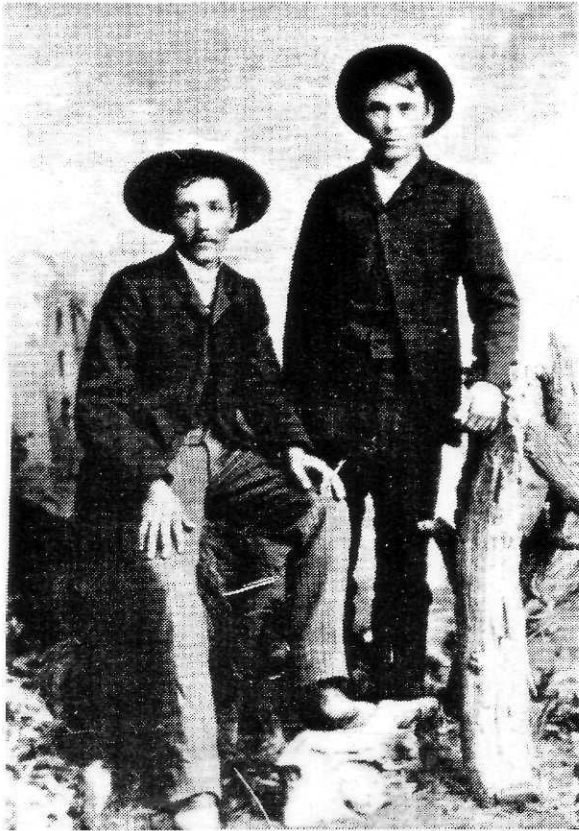


Figure 39: George and Alberto Westover

At the time this new mining district was organized, Brigham Young promoted the mining of iron ore and coal, but he strongly opposed the mining of gold and silver in the territory. Even the return of the members of the Mormon Battalion with glowing tales of Sutter's Mill did not change his mind. His purpose was to "build the Kingdom and this he and his people would do!" The fervor of Brother Brigham's oratory on the subject deprived but a few Mormons of sufficient courage to stake and hold mining claims.<sup>9</sup> In the *Salt Lake Tribune* dated February 12, 1876, a

reporter, identified only as W.H.B., wrote with more than a touch of sarcasm:

I found one hundred Saints and sinners, more or less, all building monuments, embryo millionaires (in imagination). Our Mormon friends are getting considerably excited about mines, and are highly elated at the success attending our effort to develop the mineral resources of the country. Even our Mormon brethren are getting chloride and horn silver on the brain.<sup>10</sup>

The editor of *The Silver Reef Miner* felt disposed to display his ludicrous prejudices by writing the following article:

Few intelligent men will regret that the polygamist Miles has been found guilty, in spite of all efforts made in his behalf to prove his innocense. Miles is a low-down wretch whom 'twere base flattery to call him a villain, and it is an insult to the average jail bird to force upon his society a man of such beastly instincts. If the inmates of the Detroit House of Correction, George Reynolds included, do not rise up en masse and protest against the presence of a criminal so thoroughly debased, then the prisoners of that institution ought never to be liberated. Judge Emerson has not yet passed sentence; but Miles should be punished to the full extent of the law, and we hope His Honor will fearlessly perform his duty, and stretch the limit as far as possible. The details of Miles' bigamous domestic life are so revolting that he really deserves imprisonment for life.<sup>11</sup>

The flavor of the Old West's sense of gentility is shown by another article in the *Silver Reef Miner* by our same forthright editor:

The Stormont City Brewery, formerly the Palace Saloon, started up Saturday night under new management of Niebling & Co. A bountiful free lunch was spread, and by the rapid manner in which it disappeared we should say it was a gratifying success—

especially to the bums who made a square meal of it. However, under the present management the house is bound to succeed, and we predict for it a liberal share of the patronage of those who love to indulge in the flowing bowl.

Even though Charles never staked a claim, in some respects Silver Reef did prove to be a blessing. Because money exchange was limited among the Mormon settlements, Silver Reef brought into the Dixie Mission communities hard currency to bolster their economies. The boom town offered the Saints a lucrative outlet for their products of fruit, hay, grain, and, most assuredly, Dixie wine that was gathering a respectable reputation among imbibers. Stake President J. T. D. McAllister was quoted as saying,

We want the tithing in grapes and not in wine. The water ought to be kept from the vines now, as both the grapes and the wine will be better by so doing. A brother has been appointed to make the tithing wine, that it may all be of the same quality.<sup>12</sup>

The benefits of the wine industry were offset by its consumption being extended beyond sacramental purposes. As one old Toquerville stalwart lamented, “some elders abuse this blessing by becoming dissipated.” President Young retaliated by recommending an ordinance limiting sales to lots of five gallons or more in order to reduce private sampling of the fruit of the vine. The effect of this tactic only led one unrepentant inebriate to declare, “it is utterly impossible to drink five gallons of wine and stay sober.”<sup>13</sup>

The report filtered down from Silver Reef that

Dixie’s red wine had a kick worse than a government mule, as many newcomers learned to their sorrow. Leeds, with its red wine cellars, was a convenient distance away. Wine was placed on the table in goblets. The natives were immune, but woe to the “stranger within the gates.”<sup>14</sup>

The Latter-day Saints who worked in the mines and affiliated businesses in Silver Reef for the most part lived in the nearby town of Leeds, where there was an active branch of the Church. Charles and Eliza's oldest offspring, Charles, or "Charley" as he was usually called, had married Ellen Parker, a sister to the famous (or infamous—take your pick) Butch Cassidy.<sup>15</sup> As a matter of fact, Charley and Ellen named their first offspring, Edgar LeRoy Westover, after Butch whose legal name was Robert LeRoy Parker. Charley and Ellen made their home in Leeds along with five other of Charles and Eliza's married children. Charley and Ellen moved later to a ranch in the Washington Fields and built a house there.<sup>16</sup> Eliza Ann Redd, Charles and Eliza's oldest daughter, with her husband, Lem, also lived in Leeds. As previously noted, Lem and Eliza later participated in the heroic "Hole-in-the-Rock" adventure.

The Westovers were apparently well represented in the Leeds Branch inasmuch as the Mormons living in Silver Reef were also within the branch boundaries. But strangely, the writer could find no trace of Charles and Eliza or their dependent children as members of record of that branch of the Church.<sup>17</sup> Pinto Ward records noted that the Westovers were removed to Washington with no mention of Silver Reef or Leeds.<sup>18</sup> Yet when the Westovers moved from Silver Reef to Washington, Charles's membership records reveal that they were sent to Washington Ward from the Leeds Branch on June 11, 1889.<sup>19</sup>

Early in December of 1870, President Young came to St. George for the winter. The President was not in good health, and the mild Dixie winters appealed to him. He was acquainted with the hardships that the Saints continued to live under ever since they had set foot on this land below the Rim of the Great Basin. For nearly two months while staying in his St. George residence, President Young made observations of the general feelings of the people in the Dixie Mission. Years earlier as Erastus Snow had sensed a

need to build the St. George Hall to combat a feeling of discouragement among the Saints, President Young knew that this good people needed, and deserved, a project that they could enthusiastically support, an iron rod to grasp.

With no previous public announcement, late in January of 1871 at the School of the Prophets in St. George, the venerable leader enquired of the assembled brethren what they thought of building a temple in St. George. The question apparently was a complete surprise. Erastus Snow's ejaculation, "Glory! Hallelujah!" was echoed by his excited companions. When the matter was put to a vote it was approved with hearty unanimity.<sup>20</sup>

On November 9, 1871, the assembled Saints heard President George A. Smith utter these words as he dedicated the ground for the building of the sacred edifice:

We thank thee, O God, for these barren hills, and for the shelter of these rugged rocks and deserts as peaceful dwelling places for thy Saints. Bless this land that it may be sacred as an abode of peace and safety and happy homes for the people. Bless this ground on which the Temple is to be erected, that it may be held sacred for this purpose; yea, do grant that this Temple ground may never be under the dominion or control of the wicked.<sup>21</sup>

On the very afternoon of the ground-breaking service, men were at work excavating the site with plows and scrapers. The footings were made by pounding thousands of tons of small black volcanic rock into the trenches. The rock for the foundation was obtained from quarries in the Black Hill west of St. George. The walls were of red rock, and the timbers for the joists and studding were cut and milled at Mount Trumbull, some eighty miles southeast of St. George near the deep canyon of the Colorado River.

Charles and his sons undoubtedly had the opportunity to contribute monetarily and in labor on the construction of this beautiful edifice, even though they were living in the extremities of the Cotton Mission (Pinto) during this time.

Eliza and Mary, as well as Electa, also likely had a hand in the erection of the Temple even if it were simply providing food or clothes for the workers. Whatever their job, it was truly a labor of love. At each stage of construction, the Saints assembled at the temple site and offered up songs of praise and prayers to the Almighty along with words of encouragement. Their enthusiasm for this ambitious project was manifest in their conversations and devotions throughout the Mission.

By January 1, 1877, the basement and first floor were ready for dedication. Following the pattern in the dedication of the Nauvoo Temple, President Wilford Woodruff offered the dedicatory prayer in the Font Room. “The Spirit of God Like a Fire is Burning” was sung with fervor. Then the congregation moved upstairs to the main room where Erastus Snow offered the dedicatory prayer for that section of the building. Brigham Young, Jr. offered the dedicatory prayer in the Sealing Room.

Finally President Brigham Young spoke. He was suffering with rheumatics, but he spoke with his old vigor. He warned the Saints to sanctify themselves and do the work of the Lord instead of shaking hands with the servants of the devil:

He warned them with all the energy he could command to “let those holes in the ground alone (the mines), and let the gentiles alone, who would destroy us if they had the power. . . . I see men before me in this house that have no right to be here . . . corrupt their hearts as they can be and we take them by the hand and call them brother!” He concluded by saying, “I . . . never expect to be satisfied until the devil is whipped and driven off the face of the earth.” As he said these words, he brought his heavy hickory cane down with terrific force lengthwise upon the pulpit surface to emphasize his strong pronouncement; the soft pine wood yielded to the impact of the hard cane and its knotted surface. Today its prints remain there,

a testimony of the righteous indignation of the “Lion of the Lord.”<sup>22</sup>

Charles was not engaged in the mines at the time, but he did freight to Silver Reef. If he happened to be in the congregation at the dedication, Charles perhaps squirmed a little in his seat and stretched his collar to allow for a healthy gulp at President Young’s display of wrath. If the Westovers were not able to attend the initial dedication, they likely made sure that they were present at one of the dedicatory services that were held April 4–8. President Young’s counselor, Daniel H. Wells, offered the final dedicatory prayer on Friday, April 6. Brother Brigham was in extremely poor health; he had to be carried in an armchair. But he spoke with strength and conviction belying the infirmities of age.

Thus ended what many consider the greatest event in the history of the Cotton Mission; the Temple stood as a symbol of hope and inspiration to all the weary Saints of Utah’s Dixie. And it still stands today in quiet dignity and refulgent grandeur, its vivid whiteness framed by the vermillion hills and black volcanic ridges. The St. George Temple remains as an enduring tribute to a people of mighty faith and devotion in the face of extreme adversity and as a final capstone to the life of their noble leader and prophet, President Brigham Young.

Charles and Eliza moved from Silver Reef to a cotton farm on the Virgin River belonging to the United Order in the town of Washington. They built a home on five city lots at the north end of Washington City. The Westover place was located NW of 100 East and 500 North with rolling sand hills behind it. In the northeast corner of the lot is the Westover Spring, which still flows a good stream of water. It was used for irrigation and is still used for this purpose.<sup>23</sup> A spring house was built over the stream where the milk and butter setting on bricks in the water were kept cool. Here they lived on a dairy ranch where they made butter and cheese.<sup>24</sup> It must be noted to the credit of Charles and Eliza



that they left Silver Reef with all its prosperity at the height of the boom years.



Figure 40: St. George Temple

The first owner of this land in Washington was Hyrum Boggs, then Charles Westover, and afterwards, grandson Haven Paxman. This property lies outside of both the original survey and the resurvey of the city. On the south of the property stands a large pecan tree. “The nuts are the typical kind that are usually born of a tree that comes from seed. They are rather small and have quite a hard shell, but are delicious.”<sup>25</sup>

In Washington, the grist mill and the cotton mill were not far away as well as the Cotton Factory. Some of the family found work at these establishments. Many lives were blessed by these businesses that seldom operated at a profit.

The Westover children were taught that Brigham Young was truly an inspired prophet of the Lord. In later years, Lewis recalled that “During my early years, I was taught

that whatever President Brigham Young said was what the Lord said—it was just the same as when the Lord was here; there was no difference.”<sup>26</sup> The children learned to work hard and be content with scarcity. Charles was ordained a high priest while in Washington and was a faithful ward teacher. Eliza was devoted to her responsibilities in the Relief Society, while at the same time raising a large family. As a school teacher, her pay was likely given in produce if there was any pay to be had. It was more of a community service than an inducement to improve her lifestyle. She was also called upon to attend to the needs of the sick in the settlement. Again, her son, Lewis reminisced: “In the little town where we lived, my mother used to be the doctor and nurse and everything else people needed her for and my father used to be the only man that could run a machine.”<sup>27</sup>

As the years passed in Washington, we find reference to the fact that William Westover had become involved in the Washington Dramatic Association along with another Washington resident, Matilda Funk, the second daughter of Bishop Marcus Funk.<sup>28</sup> The performers’ popularity and talents increased over the years. On one tour of the Dixie communities, they performed the play entitled “East Lynne at Silver Reef” in front of an overflow crowd of appreciative miners. “So realistic was it, and so well presented, that a grizzled miner, tears running down his cheeks, leaped up in the last act and pled with all the impressive words he knew: ‘Forgive her, man! Forgive her!!!’”<sup>29</sup>

The winter months allowed a slower pace, a less tense rhythm to daily life. At times, boredom rested heavy. Any distraction was welcomed. Breaking the tedium from time to time were the spring horse drive, one-man medicine shows, and begging bands of gypsies who made pathetic bears dance and do tricks. Even Mr. Smith, the traveling dentist, was something of an event as he made his rounds through the Cotton Mission settlements to knock out or pull a tooth or take a casting of some old-timer’s toothless gums.<sup>30</sup>

The era of the Cotton Mission seemed to fade with the death of Erastus Snow on May 27, 1888. This noble pioneer and colonizer had endeared himself forever in the hearts of the Westover family. He was as a father to Charles and a pillar of strength and wisdom to all Dixie's pioneers. Charles and Eliza deeply mourned his passing but felt assured that Brother Erastus had earned a great reward as a man of mighty faith.

Charles and Eliza spent the latter part of their child-rearing days in the town of Washington. They were well into their fifties when they moved to this small community of intrepid settlers. There were only four unmarried children left in the Charles and Eliza Westover family when they arrived in Washington: Artimetia, twenty-five years old; William Albert, twenty-one; Lewis Burton, eighteen; and Minnie Temple, sixteen. Even though she was already in her mid-twenties, it would still be a few years before Artimetia would say "yes" to Leonard Conger. Fate reserved for Will a life without wife or progeny. Lewis and Minnie were quite another matter.

The Washington Ward records indicate that the Charles Westover family membership records, including Artimetia (listed as a single-member family), William, and Lewis and Minnie were received from Leeds on June 11, 1889. This is an imprecise date reflecting their move to Washington as other records and histories clearly point out that the Westovers were established in the town of Washington long before this time.<sup>31</sup> For example, it was following the Westover move to Washington that Arthur Alfred Paxman, being made aware of her beauty, lassoed this pretty, petite filly, Miss Minnie Westover. They were married on Minnie's seventeenth birthday in the St. George Temple, November 18, 1887, almost two years before Washington Ward recorded receiving the Westover records from Leeds. Mish (Artimetia) married Len Conger on New Year's Day, January 1, 1895.

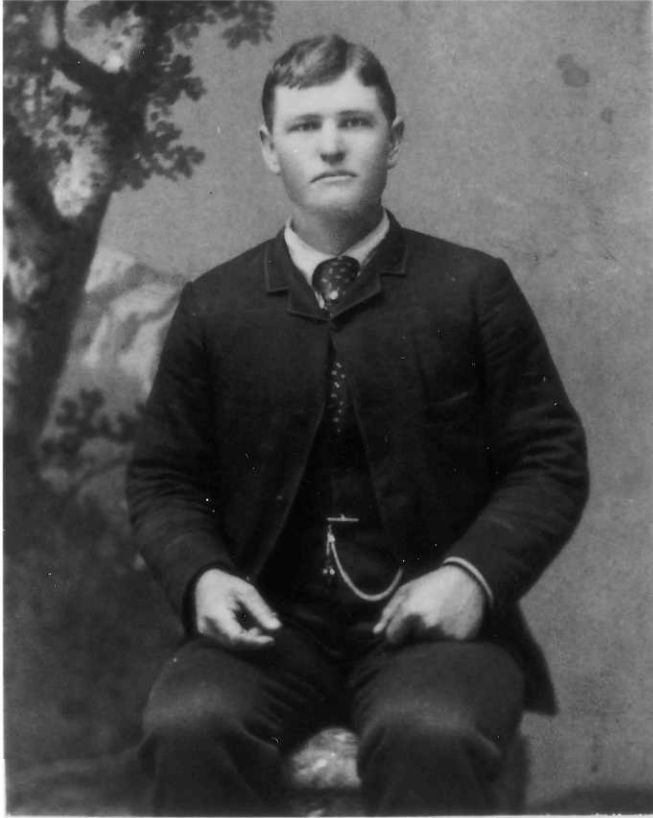


Figure 41: William Westover

As for Lew, he had little time to think about girls. Just hard work from early morning to supper time; and even after the bread and milk repast, there were a few more nightly chores to make sure he would be able to sleep soundly that night. But life has its quirks and surprises, even for such a work-oriented young fellow as Lew Westover.

Lew loved his pony. He had a fondness for animals anyway, but his pony was special. She was the foal of their best mare. He would spend long hours in the evenings grooming her until her coat would glisten in the moonlight. On this particular night, Lew wanted her to look her best, because he was going to ride her into town the next morning for the

annual twenty-fourth of July celebration, his favorite holiday. Perhaps he would even see his half-brothers there from Hamblin: George and Bert.



Figure 42: Eliza Ann Westover and Daughters

As fate stepped into the picture on that sunny July morning, perhaps we can be forgiven as we indulge in a bit of romanticism. The crowd was gathering along the main roadway for the big parade. As Lew rode up on his little bay colt, Miss Eliza Funk hollered a cheery hello from the crowd. Searching the many faces in the direction of the voice, his gaze finally rested on a little blonde-headed girl with a quick smile waving her hand. He knew Lizy from the Cotton Factory where she worked when he would go there for trade. Lew gasped for air.

Eliza Johanna Funk was the lass who Eliza Ann Westover had picked out as a prospective bride for her son, Will. Lena Funk, Eliza Johanna's mother, seemed to be leaning that way as well. After all, Will was a good catch for any of the belles of Washington society. Will had graduated from the Brigham Young Academy, attending the same class as

Francis R. Lyman, which was quite a feather in Will's cap. Eliza Ann figured that it was now high time that Will got down to the business of marrying. Miss Funk came from a good family. Her father, Marcus Funk, was bishop of the ward and mayor of the city of Washington. Will would be perfect for the bishop's daughter, Matchmaker Eliza reasoned. But Miss Eliza Johanna Funk had a mind of her own and was not about to be coerced by her parents or anyone else's parents. As Albert recorded in his *History of Lewis Burton Westover* "Mother always had her eye on Dad because he never bummed around town." That is not hard to believe, knowing LB and his affinity for work.

Eliza Johanna jumped from her seat next to her parents and siblings and rushed over to pet Lew's handsome pony. Lew's heart skipped a beat. Perhaps as a ploy, Eliza asked with a demure smile if she could have a ride on his horse. What could a tongue-tied lad say who was suddenly made aware of the beauty of such a fair maiden?

"Well, s-s-sure!" Lew stammered.

Lew guided Eliza's foot into the stirrup and then helped her onto the saddle. Suddenly, he was having misgivings—could this girl handle his prized pony? The pony suddenly leaped into a gallop as Eliza dug her heels into the pony's flanks. Lew had forgotten that she was the daughter of one the best horsemen in Dixie. Eliza's yellow hair flowed in the breeze. At the ditch, she whirled the horse around and was back by Lew's side before he had a chance to close his mouth. She slid off the saddle while Lew was trying to gather his senses together enough to offer help. After a laugh and a saucy "Thank you. Nice pony!" she ran back to her seat beside her mother and father. The vivacious Eliza Funk then turned and motioned to Lew to come sit beside her as she patted the space next to her. Lew was flabbergasted, but after a couple of blinks and a healthy gulp, he gathered his wits together, quickly tied up the pony, and hurried to Miss Eliza's side. And it was by her side that Lew's heart remained forever from that moment on.<sup>32</sup>

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord  
Thus much for him and me:---  
Only to live as once on earth  
With Love---only to be,  
As then awhile, for ever now  
Together, I and he."

from *The Blessed Damozel* by Dante Gabriel Rossetti



Figure 43: Main Street of Silver Reef likely before 1879.





## X

---

# The Funks of Bornholm

THE ISLAND OF BORNHOLM had been home to generations of the Funk family, or whatever surname each generation of Danes happened to assume. “Funk” or “Funck” seems to be the surname that Diderick and his descendants had finally settled on. The name seems to have a touch of Teutonic flavor.

Bornholm is one of approximately five hundred islands along with the mainland peninsula (Jylland) that make up the nation of Denmark. Bornholm sits as a rock in the deep—one hundred isolated miles southeast of Copenhagen—aloft in the middle of the Baltic Sea. A map of Denmark almost invariably treats Bornholm in the same way as a map of the United States depicts the Hawaiian Islands—it is set off in a box in the corner of the map, almost as if it were an afterthought. Because it is closer to Sweden and Poland (Poland alternated with Prussia) than Denmark, the dialect of the Bornholm resident is sprinkled with doses of their closer neighbors, along with other corruptions of the Danish tongue that is to be expected in such a solitary culture. The Bornholm Islander can be identified as soon as he opens his mouth, perhaps even before.

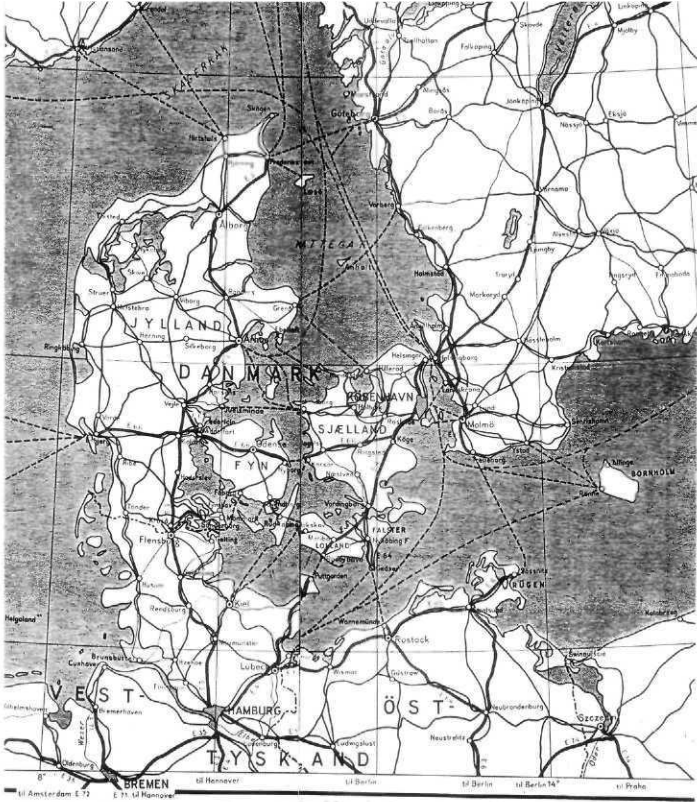


Figure 44: Denmark, with Falster (left) and Bornholm (right) indicated

Diderick Espersen Funk (also recorded as Dederik and Didrick Esbersen) farmed the same land that his ancestors had been farming for generations in the small village of Povlsker in Sondre (South) Bornholm. But, alas, a change was underfoot. Stavnsbaandet (Compulsory Residence) was abolished in 1788. Now a farmer could live where he wished and could stay on the farm and pay for it on reasonable terms until he became a freeholder. The state would even lend him money to do so. It appears that Diderick moved from Povlsker to Pedersker, Kirsten's ancestral home, upon their marriage.

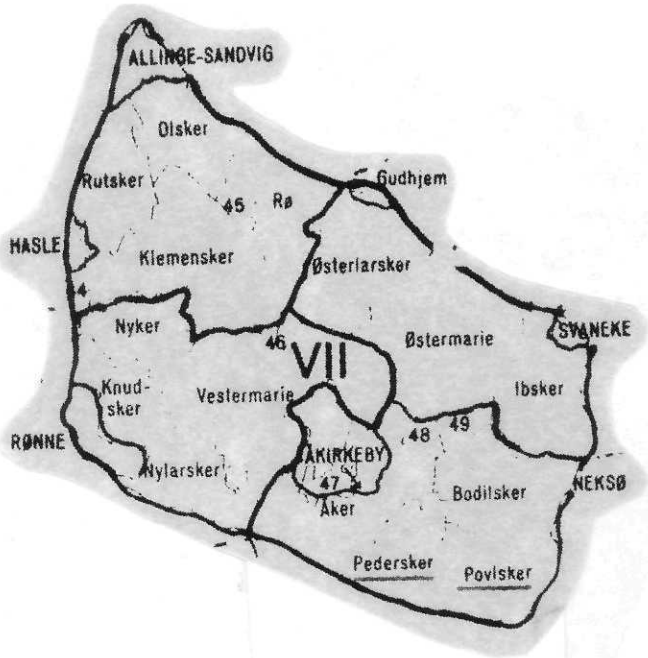


Figure 45: Bornholm

On the emigration records, Diderik's occupation is listed as a *thatcher*.<sup>1</sup> But in another account, "Dickery" is described as a "sailor who made several trips to Iceland, Greenland, and to other countries."<sup>2</sup> Diderick was highly respected for the superior crops he raised in spite of his extensive seafaring days. Even today a stranger may be directed to the Diderick Funk Farm as one of the beauty spots on the island.<sup>3</sup> A rather curious arrangement of the Danish housing and farming layout caused a visiting LDS church authority, Joseph W. Young to remark that "the stables connected to the dwellings bred the finest fleas in the world."<sup>4</sup>

It would seem that as a result of people living together on the same island generation after generation there would be a greater chance of crossbreeding. But these resourceful Danes had a solution for that: a betrothal usually took place

in the minister's presence with at least two witnesses who would attest that the couple was not related, had no other marriage obligations, and were free to be married.<sup>5</sup>

Diderick Funk married Kirsten (also recorded as Kirstine and sometimes as Christine) Madsen Hansen, daughter of Mads Hansen and Christine Jacobson, on November 12, 1825. Diderick and Kirsten made their home in Pedersker and it was there that all their children were born, including two sets of twins, although the Ancestral File with its several imperfections indicates that Marcus was born in Ronne, one of the largest cities on Bornholm.



Figure 46: Kirsten and Diderick Funk

The Danes believed that the more children they had, the more luck and blessings they would enjoy. A fruitful woman was considered to be most beautiful and esteemed of all persons.<sup>6</sup> The lovely Kirsten bore the following children, whose names had a variety of spellings: Elia (also Eliza Michelle); Elia's unnamed twin brother who was still-born; Jorgene (f); Christopher Madsen and twin Cecelia Kirstine; Jacobena (f); Hansmine (f); Kirstina Matilda; Hans Madsen; Didderikke Helena (f); Marcus Esbersen; Hannah Eliza (or Elise Johanne); and, finally, Willard Richards.<sup>7</sup> Marcus, their eleventh child, was born on December 3, 1842, and was baptized two months later in Saint Peders

Church on February 4, 1843. His Lutheran birth and baptismal certificate lists his name as Marius Esberien Funck.<sup>8</sup>

Den danske Folkekirke

## Fødsels- og dåbsattest

for

Slægtsnavn:	Funck.
Fornavn:	Marius Esberien
Fødested (på landet: by, sogn, herred og amt; i købstæder: købstaden og sognet):	Pedersker sogn, Bornholms amts søndre herred.
Fødselsår og -dag:	1842 - 3. december
Kirken, hvori barnet er døbt eller fremstillet efter hjemmedøb:	Sct. Peders kirke
Dåbsår og dåbsdag samt - hvis barnet er hjemmedøbt - år og dag for fremstillingen i kirken:	1843 - 4. februar
Forældrenes eller adoptivforældrenes stilling og fulde navne:	Udbygger. Didrik Funck Esbersen og hustru Kirstine Madsdatter.
Anmærkning angående optagelse i eller udrædelse af folkekirken:	

Overensstemmelsen med ministerialbogen bevidnes



Bodilsker, den 11. juli 1966

*B. P. Pedersen*

Embedestempel eller segl  
Nr. 56 A. % Olaf O. Barfoe & Co. s forlag.

Prestens navn  
kst. i Pedersker

Figure 47: Birth Certificate of Marius (Marcus) E. Funck

Presumably, all the children were also baptized in the same church.

The christening ceremony was an interesting tradition. Selecting a godmother was a very important aspect of this custom. Her health was considered because she would be obligated to accept certain responsibilities to the child if the parents died. Her physical appearance was another factor that entered into the selection of a godmother, because it was believed the child would grow up to resemble her. On the way to the church, the name of the child would be whispered to the godmother in secret by the father. At the church, the father would hand the baby to her ceremoniously, saying, "I deliver to you a heathen; bring me back a Christian."<sup>9</sup>

Following the christening, another excuse for a celebration was in order. The group would head to the child's home for dinner and a party. The godmother, who had little to do with the birth of the child, had the place of honor at the table. After dinner, the godmother and father would lead the dance in a slow waltz with the father holding the tiny infant. The party could last for two days.<sup>10</sup> It was not proper for the mother to attend (a rather unsporting custom, it would seem), because she would traditionally be confined to bed for several days following the birth.

Those of us who are descended from this lusty race of Vikings have an inherent right to take pride in our Danish roots. The Dane is typically a jovial, warm-hearted individual. Visiting Apostle Amasa M. Lyman, while touring Jutland in 1861, observed "a good Danish shake of the hand . . . no sickly, indifferent affair."<sup>11</sup>

Along with his gregarious congeniality, the Dane is also known as a heavy drinker. Now, please do not fret that perhaps this tendency has also percolated down into the genes of succeeding generations. Actually, it started out as the fault of the water. The drinking water had such a poor quality (the manure pile often being located near the well) that they would make the water more palatable by boiling it and then brewing it as only a Dane knows how to enhance the flavor, the stronger the better. The "water" then was fit for

drinking—and often in excessive quantities. To add to the problem, herring and other meat was cured with salt for winter consumption. It was not unusual for women and children to drink two liters of beer a day to quench their thirst, and, to be sure, the men of the village did not take second place in this addictive practice. Consequently, a serious alcohol problem arose in the Danish working class. Many families were brought to ruin because the man drank up the wages instead of bringing the money home to his wife and children. It was not until 1917 that the state increased the tax on liquor (the Danish snaps) to such a level that it became a luxury item.<sup>12</sup> Even so, still “the national drink is beer,” says genealogist David C. Ottesen, “and the national weakness is another beer.”<sup>13</sup>

Perhaps the typical Danish prayer might go something like this: “Give us this day our daily bread and mush and herring and beer.” Ottesen further reveals this other Danish passion:

The Danes eat all the time. It is a national pastime. We seldom discuss the weather, sports, or politics, we just talk about eating. Even better, we keep silent and just eat. Breakfast begins at 8:00 A.M. or earlier, a mid-morning snack at 10:00 A.M., lunch at noon, the main meal of the day, afternoon break at 3:00 P.M., dinner at 6:00 P.M., and evening snack at 9:00 P.M. or later. Food is rich with plenty of milk, cheese, butter, meat, pastries, whipped cream, and beer. . . . In the course of a week, mush was often served twenty-two times a week. Porridge was served in one large bowl (fad) with a hole in the center into which was poured butter, melted suet, or syrup. Everyone ate from the same bowl. Each spoonful of mush would be dipped into the hole and eaten. Sometimes one would merely dip a spoonful of mush into his beer and eat it.<sup>14</sup>

In Bornholm, Kirsten, as a dutiful wife, cleaned the fish that Diderick caught, milked the cows three times a day, churned butter, took the fish and butter to market, kept the house, and mended.<sup>15</sup> In the meantime, Diderick fished.

Under the inspired leadership of Apostle Erastus Snow, the Gospel was introduced to Bornholm in 1851. In the small fishing village of Arnager on the south coast of Bornholm lived the first Latter-day Saint convert on the island, Jens Nielsen. When the people of a neighboring farming district heard that the Mormon elders were spending the night at the Nielsen home, an attempt was made to enter the village for the purpose of “whipping the Mormons.” The villagers of Arnager arose to the defense of the missionaries and their converts and “hastily armed themselves with clubs, axes, iron rods, an old shotgun, etc., and drove the mobbers away, ‘for,’ said they, ‘the Mormons teach us correct doctrines, and therefore we will defend them.’” One of the leaders of this group of defenders was Didrick Funk, perhaps the one armed with a rusty shotgun, but with plenty of courage.<sup>16</sup>

A letter by Elder Erastus Snow written on December 15, 1851, to the Brethren in Salt Lake City described the persecution endured by the missionaries on the island:

Upon the island of Bornholm there seems to have been a regular and concerted war waged against the truth. It began in the chief town and spread through the island. It is some months since the seed was first sown on the island and five different brethren have labored more or less among the people, until, after baptizing between thirty and forty, they have been entirely driven from the island. The last two arrived here on the 5th inst. The missionaries, after having been watched and waylaid, were hunted and driven from place to place, and sustained considerable personal injury. Their friends attempted to rally to defend them, but their enemies, armed with various weapons and in large bodies, began the destruction of property, and the work of vengeance upon their friends with such threats that to save the effusion of blood their friends sent them away.<sup>17</sup>





Figure 48: Christopher Funk

Persecution of the Saints flourished in Denmark, but so did the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. A statistical report of the Scandinavian Mission for the year 1856 showed that three hundred sixty-seven persons had been baptized in Denmark, one hundred fifty-three in Sweden, and sixty-five in Norway. Bornholm had four organized branches.<sup>18</sup>

While Charles Westover was managing the Snow farm back in Utah, his mentor, Elder Erastus Snow, made the following observations:

In many places here [Denmark], to embrace the gospel is almost equal to the sacrifice of ones' life; and to travel and preach it, a man carries his life in his hands. The Danish Constitution guarantees the right, but it is not sustained by collateral laws, nor backed up by the moral force of the country. . . . The more I become acquainted with the Danish people the better I know them; they are the true descendants of the ancient Goths and Vandals. They are jealous and excitable, deadly enemies, but warm friends.<sup>19</sup>

In 1853, Mormon missionaries knocked on the Funk door almost thirty years and thirteen children from the day that Diderick and Kirsten exchanged wedding vows. In their souls, the words of truth found fertile soil.<sup>20</sup> The message that the missionaries proclaimed—that God had restored his Church through a living prophet—appealed to Diderick, especially since the prophet was not chosen from the reigning hierarchy of the current Christian churches. This young

prophet, Joseph Smith, was a farmer just like himself. Brigham Young was a painter and glazier; and Heber C. Kimball, his counselor, a lowly potter.

In April of 1852, their twenty-one-year-old son, Christopher, had wasted little time in requesting baptism into the Latter-day faith and assumed a leading role in the affairs of the early Bornholm Branch. In February of 1856, Diderick entered the waters of baptism. Kirsten waited until May 5, three months later, to be baptized, thus becoming part of the previously cited statistics. One version indicates that the Funk family was converted just after the birth of Willard in June of 1853. The elders arrived at the Funk home to give the new baby a blessing but the parents did not know what to call him, so the missionaries suggested “Willard Richards” after the Latter-day apostle.<sup>21</sup> And so it was. Since then, at various intervals, all the children gradually were baptized into the Church. At fourteen years of age, Marcus Esper Funk was next to the last of the family to join the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.<sup>22</sup> This was in January of 1857.

Bornholm did not have a monopoly on persecution. The missionary converts were greeted with open hostility from the populace in Copenhagen. The upside of being on the receiving end of this violence was that it conditioned the Danish converts for the persecutions they would find awaiting them in America. It seems that wherever there were Mormons, there would be mobs and violence lurking in wait. Regardless, Denmark proved to be a fruitful field for missionary endeavors, much more so than Sweden and Norway, where proselyting efforts outside the Lutheran faith were much more restrictive by law. In the 1850s, over three-quarters of Denmark’s total emigration to the United States was Mormon.

During the second half of the nineteenth century, thirty thousand Mormons left Scandinavia, seventeen thousand of them from Denmark, to follow the gleam to Zion, a movement as large as the Puritan migration

of the 1630s, though taking place over a longer time. The Danes were proverbially reluctant to sail out farther than they could row back; nevertheless, as Mormons, they ventured well beyond the frontier of Scandinavia occupation to the United States.<sup>23</sup>

When a letter was received from Zion, news of its arrival must have swept through the village like a wildfire, elevating the recipient to a position of respect, creating a legend even before the letter could pass from hand to hand. One such letter read

The Niensens have house and land—two town lots, twenty acres of plowland. They own the deeds! Christian says he built a mill for the town, Danish style. Three hundred Danish families live in their town, and everybody is independent. Son Fritz is conducting an English school for Danes. They say the children are already talking English and they can speak Indian as well. The Indians are friendly, but dirty, and they sell their children for slaves. One Indian wanted to trade his wife to Christian for an ox. Christian says they miss good Danish rye bread; but they eat all kinds of new things—have you heard of squash? It isn't true that the Mormons censure their letters; there is no wall around Utah.<sup>24</sup>

Scandinavian mission president John Van Cott observed, “We are not under the necessity of preaching the gathering, for as soon as any of the Saints can obtain sufficient means to take them to America, they want to go.”<sup>25</sup> Yet Zion was not always pictured as a land of honey and clover. Letters also arrived with the smell of sagebrush and greasewood with official epistles unsparing in their description of struggle in a wilderness. But never did they doubt Zion's destiny or its economic opportunity for those with daring and fortitude. Jedediah M. Grant, two-fisted counselor to Brigham Young, derided missionaries who preached “long and pious sermons” representing Zion as “one of the most delightful places in the world, as if the people in

Salt Lake City were so pure and holy that the flame of sanctity would almost singe the hair off a common man's head." President Jedediah Grant went on to declare that the imagination of some of the foreign Saints had been "so exalted that they suppose all our pigs come ready cooked with knives and forks in them, and running around squealing to be eaten."<sup>26</sup>

Sometimes the expectation of what awaited the new converts overwhelmed reality as was the case with Brother Borglum:

Some disaffected among them backtrailed from Zion itself, notably the family of joiner and woodcarver Jens Moller Haugaard Borglum, immigrant of 1864, from Hjorring, Jylland, who by a polygamous second wife fathered a pair of famous future sculpturers in sons Gutzon and Solon; Gutzon would one day carve Mount Rushmore.<sup>27</sup>

It was not long before Marcus's baptism that Diderick and Kirsten arrived at a momentous decision. They were going to leave the land of their birth and the farm. Just the thought of it would bring tears to their eyes. Should they really leave this piece of land that had become such a part of them, as it had been to generations of their forefathers? But the spirit of gathering to Zion in the "Tops of the Mountains" bore a strong witness to the Funk family that this pilgrimage was God's will.

The structure of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints made it possible to give foreign converts vital support from the President of the Church down to the local church officials in their efforts to migrate to Utah. Ever since 1849, monetary assistance in the form of the Perpetual Emigration Fund had been available to converts from across the seas to enable them to gather to Utah. The emigrating Saints were able to borrow from this fund with the understanding that it would be repaid as soon as possible. Unfortunately, by 1857, the funds had been depleted, so the

membership overseas were advised that they would now have to provide their own funds. Only those who could finance their own transportation to Utah were now encouraged to emigrate. Those who now planned to go by handcart were to send in twelve dollars and fifty cents each for railroad fare from the port of debarkation on the American coast to Iowa, and fifteen dollars to pay for the handcarts and outfit for crossing the plains. The ship fare was in addition to these amounts. Of the two thousand who emigrated from Europe under Mormon auspices in the spring of 1857, one thousand three hundred two left with the expectation of sojourning somewhere in the eastern United States or on the frontier until they could earn sufficient money to carry them to Zion in another year.<sup>28</sup>

The bookkeeping in the Emigration Records for the Funks is difficult to decipher but it appears that the Funks cleared their debt: 870.00 less 110.00 paid=760.00. Another subtraction of 50.00. Passage 556.20. Exchange 2634.00 less 200.00=2434. Freight 100.00. Settled and initialed U.I.<sup>29</sup>

Consequently, the Funks left Bornholm with only sufficient funds to take them as far as the Iowa frontier, where they would then remain until they secured enough finances to see them across the plains to Utah the following year. They had sold almost all their earthly possessions to finance the trip, even their home and farm. Though the Perpetual Emigration Fund was depleted, the Church still provided agents to guide the Saints along the journey to a safe haven in America. Diderick and Kirsten were soon notified when to assemble in Copenhagen with the other Saints in preparation for the migration of Danish members to America and on to Zion.

The Diderick Funk family packed their few worldly belongings that they had not sold or given away to friends and relatives and began their journey to a new land and a new life. They became part of the second division of the 1857 emigration. In Eva Bentley's *History of Marcus Funk*,

she states that two of the daughters had previously left to migrate to Utah. Matilda Kristine (also referred to as Kirstina and Christina) had worked for the Queen of Denmark. She had cooked for the royalty and performed other duties. Matilda had emigrated on April 25, 1857, less than one month after marrying Jens Peter Folkman. The newlyweds celebrated their honeymoon by sailing across the Atlantic on the *Westmoreland* and then joining the 7th Handcart Company in Iowa City, arriving in the Salt Lake Valley on September 13, 1857.<sup>30</sup> In the Emigration Card Catalog, "Crossing the Ocean," there is listed an Else M. [Eliza Michelle?] Funk from Bornholm with a corresponding age who emigrated the following year, March 22, 1858, aboard the *John Bright*.

The *Skandinaviens Stjerne*, the Danish Mormon newspaper, listed the items that would be needed for the journey to Utah:

cooking pot	water container
saucepan with handle	wash basin
frying pan	tin chamber pot
dish, bowl, cup	food bowl
spoon, fork, knife	food chest
coffee or tea pot	soap

Bedding, too, must be carried along, and perhaps a straw mattress or feather bed.<sup>31</sup> The diet that typified the weekly rations was generally superior to what they had been accustomed to: for each adult, two-and-a-half pounds of bread or biscuit, one pound of wheat flour, five pounds of oatmeal, two pounds of rice, a half pound of sugar, two ounces of tea, and two ounces of salt. Three quarts of water were allowed per diem. Twenty pounds of breadstuffs per capita and an allowance of butter and cheese were provided by the Mormon superintendent. Meat was often issued in lieu of meal or bread. All were required to be in their berths by eight o'clock; and before seven o'clock the next morning, the beds were made and decks swept.<sup>32</sup> Unfortunately, the

meals and accommodations usually did not live up to their billing.

The Funk family arrived in the city of Copenhagen, one of the great European capitals. Its ancient medieval fortresses with moats and canals, gardens and cobblestone streets lined by old gabled houses suggested a past glory. When the Funks arrived in this picturesque capital of Danish culture, sixty-two-year-old Hans Christian Anderson was nearby still writing his fairy tales with uncommon eloquence amid a touch of sadness. The Little Mermaid sculpture in the waters of the harbor was yet to be.

There were two hundred eighty-six souls in this emigration from Copenhagen, which took place on May 20, 1857. President Hector C. Haight accompanied them to Liverpool. The exodus from their homeland followed an established route that had been taken by former Mormon group migrations from Copenhagen. The typical movement had the Saints boarding a steamship in Copenhagen, the Scandinavian Mission headquarters, and sail on an eight-hour voyage southward through the Baltic Sea bound for the Schleswig-Holstein port city of Kiel. Likely, the red tape would have been previously cut by a Mormon agent, allowing passengers to cross the peninsula through Schleswig-Holstein by special train and on to the Prussian city of Hamburg on the Elbe River, about a three hour trip. Because Kiel would be the last stop before leaving Denmark, the Funks were checked for identity and citizenship to ascertain whether taxes had been paid or military service evaded as well as inspections for disease and disability. Soon the Funk family members were loaded down with mysterious bits of paper, stamped cards, and precious official documents that they must guard with their lives in order to pass the many inspection stations. For LDS emigrants, however, the process was rather smooth, thanks to the trained Mormon emigration agents who knew how to process the emigrants on a group basis.<sup>33</sup>

With a minimum delay at Hamburg, the Mormon converts were boarded onto an ocean steamer for nearly a five-hundred-mile voyage. After sailing up the Elbe River and then plowing a course due west across the North Sea, it took about one and a half days for the chartered ship to dock at Hull on the east coast of England. From Hull, the company of Saints was transferred to a steamer that took them a short distance up the coast to Grimsby, a fishing center and rail terminal. At the Grimsby wharf, another LDS emigration agent met them and offered them a welcomed pre-arranged lodging for the night. The next morning, they were whisked aboard a train across the breadth of England to Liverpool on her western coast.

Liverpool was a seaport of world-renowned grandeur amid squalor. Its docks were among the “wonders of the modern world with Chinese walls of masonry and piers of stone.” But the waterfront’s magnificence was degraded by the swarms of pitiful humanity in the form of paupers, beggars, drunks, and thieves.<sup>34</sup>

On May 29, 1857, the Funks boarded the square-rigged *Tuscarora* under the command of Captain Richard M. Dunlevy. Sailing by steamship was fast becoming the preferred method of transcontinental travel because of speed, cutting sailing time in half, and increased fares. The poor European Saints were quite satisfied with the sailing ships and the more modest fares. The *Tuscarora* was fairly large and sturdy, one thousand two hundred thirty-nine tons, three masts, three decks, a square stern, and a billethead. Owned by the Cope Line of Philadelphia, she sailed the high seas for twenty-five years until she was lost at sea in 1873.

On board the *Tuscarora* were five hundred forty-seven Latter-day Saints, of whom two hundred ninety-eight were from Scandinavia (one hundred eighty-five Danes). The rest were from Great Britain. Elder Orson Pratt was the agent attending to the embarkation of the Mormon emigrants. The European Mission Presidency had learned from experience how to cope with the problems associated with large migra-



tions of Saints under their jurisdiction. How were rules to be enforced? Sanitation was critical. How were the ill to be cared for? How were the food rations to be handled? How were disputes to be dealt with?

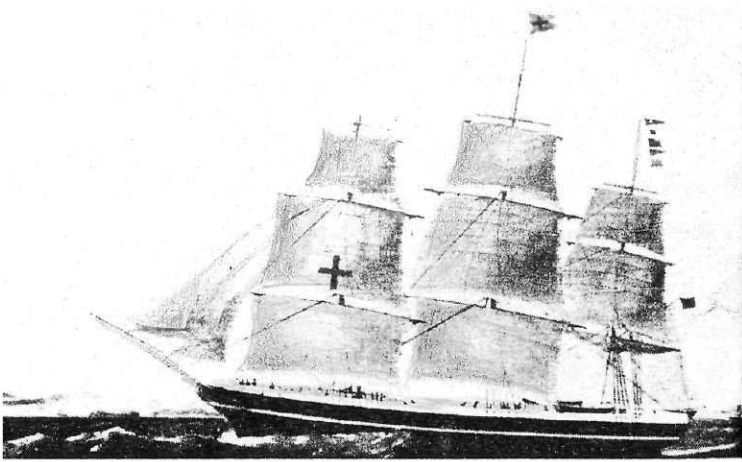


Figure 49: The *Tuscarora*

A general presidency was organized, then they divided the ship's company into small units identified as wards or districts, each with a bishop or president. Elder Richard Harper was chosen as president of the company aboard the *Tuscarora* with Joseph Stapleton and Christopher Madsen Funck (Diderick and Kirsten's son) as counselors. Christopher had been a member of the Church for several years, holding leadership positions in the Bornholm branch. On the British Mission Emigration Records, Christopher's age is noted as twenty-seven; his occupation, a sailor. The father, "Dederic," age fifty-seven, was listed as a thatcher; and Hans and Marcus, as laborers.<sup>35</sup>

Even as the Funks boarded, it was understood by the immigrants that "they contemplate going only to the States this season, there to labour and procure means to enable them to cross the Plains for Utah another year."<sup>36</sup> It appears that the *Tuscarora* was reserved for those who were not financially able to complete their journey to the Salt Lake

Valley that season, which accounts for the late departure from Liverpool.

Early the following morning, May 30, the *Tuscarora* was towed down the River Mersey. With sails furled, the vessel was towed past ships, steamers, boats, and yachts of all sizes and colors whose rigging made a massive forest, lining miles of docks. As the ship passed the New Brighton lighthouse, the pilot released the *Tuscarora* to the command of Captain Dunlevy and boarded the small steamer to return him to port. The crew then unfurled the sails and set a westerly course through the Irish Sea bound for America.

Ship disasters were not uncommon during this decade. But it is noted that “After a pleasant thirty-four-day voyage, the ship arrived on 3 July at Philadelphia.”<sup>37</sup> The *Tuscarora* was towed up the Delaware River to her berth at the docks in Philadelphia. Her arrival attracted the attention of a local newspaper reporter. The expected negative attacks and slurs appeared in the column, but the reporter grudgingly felt obligated to add a few positive notes to his column as well. The article was contemptuously titled “ANOTHER HERD OF MORMONS.”

Should the Salt Lake settlement continue to drain the old countries of their peasantry, as they are now doing, the Mormons will soon become a strong people. Another cargo arrived at the foot of Walnut Street, yesterday, per packet ship *Tuscarora*. This entire multitude were Mormons, only excepting one Irishman. Our reporter boarded the ship on her arrival, threaded his way through the disciples who thronged the decks. . . . The appearance and condition of the passengers are better than we have ever before seen in an emigrant ship. The contrast between these Mormons in point of cleanliness and apparent comfort with the passengers of the Saranak—a ship at the adjoining pier which was just then discharging a load of Irish—was strikingly in favour of the former. Their cheerfulness, too, was remarkable.

We were surprised at the degree of conversance which these people have gained with the Holy Scriptures. A man, to whom we spoke upon the subject of Mormonism under the impression that he was utterly ignorant of the Bible, astounded us by an exposition of his creed backed by scriptural quotations, so apt, that none but a well versed theologian need attempt an argument with him. It is unfair to characterize those Mormons as unlettered, or charge them with embracing the creed for the mere sake of promised happiness in an ideal country. On the contrary, they seem fully to realize the hardships before them. They appear to be a moral and correct set of people, with no such ideas as we find existing in the land of Brigham Young. The President, Harper, was the mouthpiece of the tribe. The mode of address among each other was brother and sister, while their intercourse appeared to be eminently cordial and affectionate.<sup>38</sup>

By 1857, America was a nation torn by hatred, bloodshed, and the lust for vengeance. In this year, marking the arrival of the Funks in the “Land of the Free,” John Brown, the fanatic abolitionist, hacked to death five pro-slavery settlers along Pottawatomie Creek in the Kansas Territory. The Supreme Court had just handed down its decision refusing freedom to an illiterate slave, Dred Scott, and with it, the Missouri Compromise. Amid the threat of secession of the Southern States with a certainty of war to follow, the prophecy of Joseph Smith, made twenty-five years earlier, was brought to the minds of leaders of the Mormon convert companies—war between the States would erupt with the rebellion of South Carolina.<sup>39</sup> Philadelphia was alive with talk of armed conflict. The newly elected democratic president, James Buchanan, demonstrated his weakness in fruitless attempts to unify a deeply divided populace. In an effort to salvage his tattered reputation, Buchanan was in the process of sending the U.S. Army to annihilate the Utah Mormons, a poorly advised stratagem that later became known as “Buchanan’s Folly.”

Philadelphia only marked the halfway point of the Funk family's long journey. It is likely that the party of Saints migrated westward from Philadelphia by both water and rail, still under the care of Church agents. From Rock Island, Illinois, on the Mississippi River, their means of westward travel was by the Mississippi and Missouri Railroad to its terminal in Iowa City. But the Funks, along with their fellow travelers, arrived at a different railroad terminal—Burlington, Iowa.<sup>40</sup> Burlington was located on the Iowa side of the Mississippi River, not far from the once beautiful city of Nauvoo, which the Saints had vacated eleven years earlier. From Burlington, the immigrants scattered in their endeavors to find employment and earn means wherewith to continue their journey to Utah the coming year. Church authorities advised the immigrant Saints to locate near Council Bluffs and Florence, where there was work available due to the rapid development of that area. The Funks, and probably many others in the company, started their migration westward from Burlington for about fifty miles until they arrived at Fairfield, Iowa. Here, they decided to settle, build a home, and plow the ground. They were ill-equipped to travel the breadth of Iowa to Council Bluffs. Their focus now was how to survive the coming winter and at the same time accumulate the equipment and supplies needed to continue their migration in 1858.

Bentley's *History of the Life of Marcus Esper Funk* indicates that it was necessary for the Funks to work for two years in Iowa to accumulate sufficient resources to resume their journey to Utah. To work for one year in America to fund the rest of their journey was the intent of the Funks as well as the other immigrants of the *Tuscarora*. But even if they had hopes of pressing on immediately to their new mountain home in the west, it became apparent that time was not on their side. Considering that this migrating party of Latter-day Saints did not reach America until July 3—a slow train ride to Iowa City taking at least ten days, followed by about a three-week trek across Iowa to Florence,

Nebraska—there would be no choice but to delay their journey for another season. The seventh and last company of handcarts in 1857 had left the outfitting post in Florence on July 6, the company in which Diderick and Kirsten's daughter Matilda and her husband Jens Folkman were members. The party from the *Tuscarora* was only three days out of Philadelphia at that time. It was only the previous year that the Church leaders were made painfully aware of the hazards of late crossings. The tragic events that surrounded the Willie and Martin handcart companies of 1856 still lay vividly in their minds. It would be foolhardy to try crossing so late in the season.

The plan from the inception of the journey was to wait until spring or the early part of the next summer to continue on to the Salt Lake Valley. Then, the Funks would be well prepared for the trials ahead. They could use the time to their advantage by working various jobs to replenish their dwindling supply of provisions. Perhaps there was time for a late planting in Iowa. There were many mouths in the Funk family to feed and a need for warm clothing and blankets to shelter them from the coming winter. The supply of provisions that they carried with them from Denmark was, by necessity, skimpy.

The summer of 1858 arrived, and with it came disappointment. The United States Army under the command of General Albert Sidney Johnston had marched to Utah to quell the so-called "Mormon Rebellion." Thirty-five thousand Saints in the northern part of Utah had moved south, leaving the Salt Lake Valley virtually deserted. Due to the turmoil caused by the "Utah War," all immigration to Utah in 1858 was delayed for a year.

After two long years, the Funks were anxious to renew their journey to the Rocky Mountains. They loaded their wagons and renewed their journey to Florence. It was late spring of 1859 when many other converts from foreign countries and from other parts of the United States were assembling just three miles northwest of Florence at the out-

fitting post. Excitement was mounting as General Eldredge, the Church agent, was busy organizing the camp. Elder George Q. Cannon, agent for the European emigration, was also on hand, trying to keep track of the foreign converts. Several weeks earlier, James S. Brown had been assigned by Brigham Young to go to Florence in the Nebraska Territory to purchase cattle and wagons and bring them to Salt Lake City along with a company of foreign Saints.

Within James Brown's journal, there is an account of the organization of the company. If the reader can be forgiving, the spelling and punctuation is as the stalwart Elder Brown recorded:

Sunday the 12 Eldredg and Canon came out and called a meting of the company; at which met they Organised By a nomintin me for the President and Cpt, of the Company. Then their was a Captain over each 10 wiggens Namely W. Steel; W. Williams; Christfer Funk; Niemburg; Hent; and Gidings. All was Sustained by the United voic of the company cocisting of 353 Soles this Companys out fit concisted of 59 Waggens and 114 yoak of Oxens a 11 horses 35 Cows; and 111 head of young loos Cattle with a Suply of provisions for 75 days. . . . This Company cocisted of English Irish Scotch and Welch Danes and Sweds and Islanders and Americans from the North and Southern States.<sup>41</sup>

The next day, June 13, 1859, Captain James Brown's ox train began rolling out on the prairie. The Funk family felt a surge of excitement course through their bodies as they took their place in the long line of wagons plodding toward the distant western horizon. There were nine different nationalities represented: Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Icelandic, English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, and American.<sup>42</sup> It must have been a replay of the Tower of Babel. But instead of confusion, a feeling of brotherhood and sisterhood transcended the language barrier.

Yet the initial problem did involve a lack of communication when it was realized that many of the foreign brethren who had spent their lives in urban centers of the old world had never before driven oxen. Just to catch and yoke the cattle was a formidable challenge for these novice pioneers. Many of them had never touched an oxen before, so that the wide-spreading horns of the untrained steers seemed to produce a most uncomfortable nervousness. When it came to driving, the apprentice teamsters were taught to drive with the team to the right. When he cries “Gee,” the team should go from him; and when he cries “Haw,” it should come toward him. Additionally, when the teamster cries “Haw,” it is usual with a lazy team to let them feel the whip over their necks; with “Gee,” the whip is felt over their backs. The teamster had to learn to follow behind the lead oxen in order not to frighten them and cause them to scamper to the right. As one instructor was heard reprimanding a neophyte driver: “Now you are a pretty teamster, aint you, to go and place your ugly body and long dangling whip right before their eyes, instead of keeping back as you ought?” Then away he would go, shouting and hallooing to another would-be “bull-whacker” who, in defiance of the sacred laws of teaming, would be driving on the right side of his team instead of the left.<sup>43</sup>

Even though they were experienced oxen drivers, Diderick and his sons still had a few things to learn about the American-trained beasts. They and the other Danes disliked the method of putting oxen in yokes, so they made harnesses, Danish style. But once harnessed, the oxen became frightened and “struck out in a wild run.” Danes had to be converted to believe that yokes and whips were necessities.<sup>44</sup>

The experienced ox teamsters managed somehow to avoid a cattle stampede, and the days passed without serious incident with only flies and mosquitoes as tormentors. Young Marcus was already skilled at driving these mighty beasts of burden in the style of a Bornholm farmer. How-

ever, the oxen were faced with the challenge of becoming skilled at recognizing their commands in a Danish accent.

One report of the company arriving at the Platte River, states

When the Welsh company, under Brother Smith, came to the river there was plenty of noise to hurry them over to the opposite side. Ezra described it as a "babel." The Welsh were shouting "Gee, Haw!" in their language. Ezra and the others shouted in English and the Norwegians in their language until the poor animals rushed pellmell for the opposite shore in an effort to get away from the noise.<sup>45</sup>

James Brown noted in his journal that on June 20, they camped at a small stream called Looking Glass Creek, where they baptized and rebaptized eighty souls. Each evening, the camp met together for prayer and instruction for the coming day.<sup>46</sup> Diderick and Kirsten witnessed a feeling of peace and a confirmation that this trail was truly leading them to Zion.

On the evening of the twenty-first, about ten o'clock at night, Captain Rowley's handcart company arrived at the camp of James Brown. Of the ten handcart companies that would cross the plains, Captain Rowley's was the eighth and the only one in 1859. The Rowley handcart company had left Florence two days before the James Brown ox train company, but the handcarts had a slow start due to foot-sore travelers at the early stages of the trek. This same company was later forced to endure hardships that strained human endurance. When the handcart train arrived at Big Sandy a few weeks later, the immigrant Saints were starving. There was a mail station at this point with three or four mountaineers and traders inside. The handcart company stopped by a nearby stream for water. With more whiskey in them than good sense, two of the mountaineers stepped out of the house and yelled, "We want to get a wife; who wants to



marry?" William Atkin, one of the immigrants, recounted the following in his journal:

To our great surprise two of our young women stepped out and said they would marry them. One of these young women had a lover in our company, and they had always appeared affectionate and kind to each other, but alas! their starving condition seemed to drive all natural feeling away from them . . . so there were two weddings celebrated that day in their mountaineer style.<sup>47</sup>

Thankfully, Brother Atkin provided a somewhat happy ending to this bewildering affair. He claimed one of the girls later brought her husband to Salt Lake City and subsequently the other came to the city alone and ultimately to her handcart lover, who forgave and married her.<sup>48</sup>

On June 24, an event occurred that made the Funks have second thoughts about gathering to Zion. A band of about a hundred fifty Sioux Indians rode up and formed a line of battle across the trail.<sup>49</sup> Diderick stared in alarm at the strange sight as Kirsten frantically gathered her brood around her. The Indians and their ponies looked frightful, adorned in boorish war paint. But it seemed an inappropriate time to be critical of the natives make-up. Children scampered to the side of their parents, many starting to cry and scream.

James Brown had never had an encounter with a Sioux before, but he had had many a run-in with various other tribes of Indians in the past. He was not intimidated by their appearance or threats. He advanced toward the line of Indians without the slightest evidence of fear. Although the Sioux had a strange dialect, he was able to communicate with them without great difficulty. The braves were on the war path, hunting the Omahas and Poncas. They didn't particularly like palefaces either, but they were hungry and they wanted food. Elder Brown sensed that this was no time to preach to these Lamanites about the Plan of Salvation. A

hungry Indian was long on appetite and short on temper, with or without war paint.

Captain Brown had a few demands of his own. He told the Sioux chief to keep his warriors one-fourth a mile off the trail to prevent a stampede or frightening the women and children. He said he would allow two of their braves to approach on foot and spread blankets along the roadway where the company could put such food as they had to spare.

Brother Brown then gathered the sergeant of the guard and the captains of tens around him. He wanted all the wagons to draw up in close order, all teamsters in their places, the women and children in the wagons, and for each man to have his gun where he could lay hands on it instantly. Christopher Funk listened intently to the deep, stern voice of the captain. The wiry leader did not need a translator to be understood. Each family was to place some food on the blankets. Not one team was to stop without orders. The wagons were to be corralled as quickly as possible at the first signal from the captain.

Christopher was surprised how outwardly composed his family seemed; inside, they were terror stricken. There was never excitement like this back in Bornholm, but this was America in the raw. Daring and resourcefulness were needed in this new land, but also a faith in God for guidance, now more so than ever. Christopher made sure all his company of ten understood exactly what they were to do.

When the Indians learned that this was a company of Mormons whom they were dealing with, they readily complied with the captain's terms and even rode up and shook hands with him. Kirsten felt limp from the stress of the encounter after the wagons had passed by the Indians.

If that wasn't enough of the wild west for one trip, a second encounter soon took place.<sup>50</sup> The ox train company was just preparing to camp for the evening on a tributary of the Platte River near the place where Almon W. Babbitt was killed by Sioux Indians just eighteen months earlier. With-

out warning, a large band of Sioux Indians flocked into camp, all well-armed warriors. There was no time for defensive action. Captain Brown called to the company to continue their camp duties, but for every man to see to his firearms quietly and be ready to use them if an emergency should arise. Then turning to the chief, he inquired if their visit meant peace. If it did, then he told them to go to the center of the corral of wagons and smoke the pipe of peace and have a friendly talk. Brown told the chief that he and his people were Mormons and friends to the Indians.

Diderick must have breathed a little easier when he saw the chief and several of the braves sit down in the center of the corral and bring out the peace pipe. Captain Brown grunted in his best Indian lingo that if their visit meant peace, why were they so well armed? The chief answered that they had just pitched camp a short distance back in the hills and wanted to find out who the white men were before laying down their arms.

There were almost four hundred immigrants in the company, but James Brown records that there were about three Indians to every white, making up a band of about twelve hundred braves. It was easy for the members of the Funk family to be nervous in such a situation. Even the captain probably had a bellyful of butterflies, but he did not let on in the least that he had any fear of this tribe of Sioux. When the chief told him they wanted to trade, Brown replied that it was too late in the evening: they had camp duties and had to find a place to feed their stock. As an attempt to discourage any appropriation of the pioneers' cattle by the Indians during the course of the night, he shrewdly explained that the stock would be guarded during the night to protect the herd from wild beasts, thieves, or enemies. His guards would shoot prowlers or anything that moved nearby.

One has to admire the audacity of this man of the frontier, James S. Brown. He had a pittance of a formal education, but he had raw courage and an acuity that is rarely seen. Eye to eye, he told this armed band of warlike Sioux

not to bother them too early in the morning, not when the sun's rays touched the mountain peaks, but when it shone on the wagon covers and tents. Then, they must leave their arms behind and come down as friends and trade their pelts, robes, and furs.

The chief grunted that this was heap good talk and ordered his people to return to their own camp. The pioneers were greatly relieved when the last of the Indians had departed. The Funks were getting a bad impression of life on the American frontier by this time.

In an edited version of the Captain's journal, he recorded the events of the following day:

Next morning, between daylight and sunrise, the Indians appeared on the brow of the hill northeast of camp. There seemed to be hundreds of them formed in a long line and making a very formidable array. Just as the sunlight shone on the tents and wagon covers they made a descent on us that sent a thrill through every heart in camp, until it was seen that they had left their weapons of war behind, and had brought only articles of trade. They came into the center of the corral, the people gathered with what they had to trade, and for a while a great bargaining was carried on. For once I had more than I could do in assisting them to understand each other, and see that there was no disturbance or wrong done in the great zeal of both parties.<sup>51</sup>

After the trading was over, it was uncertain who had the advantage, the Mormons or the Indians. Following a hearty handshake with the Sioux, the Saints packed up their bargains and started on their westerly way. Diderick undoubtedly figured they needed all the provisions they already had on hand, so he was unwilling to use any of their foodstuffs as bargaining chips, but the Funks perhaps divested themselves of what trinkets they had that were not of great worth to them in exchange for a few Indian ornaments and apparel. With a little twist of the imagination, we can visual-

ize Marcus roaring with laughter as his father, in a rare moment of levity, donned his newly acquired Indian blanket in an imitation of the big Sioux chief. There stood the impersonation of a Native American with a Danish accent.

Not only did Indians keep travel interesting along the trail, but there were all types and sizes of migrating parties: some going east, some going west, passing and being passed by numerous companies of gold seekers, freighters, and families of emigrants like their own. Some were with ox, horse, and mule teams; some with pack trains of horses and mules; while others were floating on the Platte in small row boats. It was almost like a holiday traffic jam.

It seemed like the whole nation was on the move. There was a restlessness that dug deep into the souls of some of the settlers who did not really want to settle, but to move on to discover and behold what this vast, wonderful frontier land held out to those with the hunger of adventure gnawing inside their stomachs. Catch the vision as one old-timer reflected of those days when the West was young and beckoned the daring and adventurous:

When we saw the mountains at last, we cried—all of us. But it wasn't getting here that mattered, it was movement and westering.

We carried life out here and set it down the way those ants carry eggs. The westering was as big as God, and the slow steps that made the movement piled up and piled up until the continent was crossed.

Then we came down to the sea, and it was done. . . .  
[Now] there's no place to go. There's the ocean to stop you. There's a line of old men along the shore hating the ocean because it stopped them.<sup>52</sup>

But the Funks had quite a different outlook on the trek across this vast continent. Their westering was merely a means to achieve a predetermined goal—to gather with the Saints in Utah where there would be found the Kingdom of

God. It was that faith that motivated them to keep pressing onward. Faith is something intangible, not easily understood. Yet this was the driving force that sustained the Funks and the thousands of others who were gathering to the "Tops of the Mountains." They crossed this great land in wagons, handcarts, and by foot to reach their "Promised Land," the good Lord willing. And there they would find, not gold and riches, but an inward peace, a place to worship their God in the manner they chose.

James Brown scrawled the following in his notebook by the evening campfire:

The Whole Platt Valley and River was a liv with Cattle and men moving East and West We met with a Number of Small partes of Indins who was friendly and to keep them So we parted with Some of owr provisions to them.<sup>53</sup>

Undoubtedly, the Indian tribes surveying the sight along the Oregon Trail had just cause to feel troubled concerning what the future held for their people. In a subtle indictment of the White Man's treatment, an inscription was carved on an Indian monument at Burial Mounds near Otsego, New York, which reads:

White man, greetings!  
We, near whose bones you stand,  
were Iroquois.  
The wide land, which now is yours,  
was ours.  
Friendly hands have given back to us  
enough for a tomb.<sup>54</sup>

The same day that the James Brown ox train arrived at Fort Laramie, they met up with Brother Horton Haight's train of seventy-five wagons of freight, which had started two weeks before they did. Captain Brown called a halt seven miles above the fort. A day's layover was needed to clean and reload the wagons, doctor sick cattle, wash

clothes, bake bread, and give sore and swollen feet a rest. The company was feeling the effects of the long and arduous journey. The Funk family walked all the way from Iowa, the children barefoot. The trek was but a tempering experience, a hardening process to toughen them for the trials ahead. And it was on the trail that they learned the true meaning of humility and the efficacy of prayer.

It did not take long for the foreign immigrants to learn the ways of frontier life on the trail. As one story goes, Caroline Butler in this same James Brown wagon train, needing soap, would gather fat and marrow from the bones of dead animals while traveling across the plains. She boiled these ingredients along with soaked cottonwood ashes. Properly made, the mix eventually became soft soap.<sup>55</sup> It was an unpleasant task, but if it meant achieving a degree of cleanliness, it was worth the repugnance. Kirsten Funk most likely agreed with reluctance and a twitch of her nose.

The wagon train proceeded on to the Black Hills, then up the Sweetwater to the “last crossing,” where they had to stop for another day of recuperation and doctoring sore-footed cattle. The Funks found the air thinning and their breathing more labored with the gradual ascent of the trail as they trudged up South Pass and across the Great Divide. While surveying the formidable Wind River Range to the north and the white-capped peaks of the distant Uintas to the southwest, they felt that they were on the verge of being on top of the world. What a sight to behold! God’s creations in all their glory! What a contrast to the flat land of their native home! The highest peak in all of Denmark was Ejler Bavnehoj—five hundred sixty-five feet high, hardly the top of the world. Marcus was beginning to feel a closeness to his Maker that he had never before felt. At Pacific Springs, for the first time in their lives, the Funks drank from water that flowed to the Pacific Ocean.

The humble written words from Brother Brown’s journal helps us to appreciate the spirit that was guiding this company:

I Generely Instructed the Company in their Severl  
duty as I considerd was for the mutel Benifit fo all;  
and the Spirit of the Lord Gav me utrenc from time to  
time and in that I can Say that the Spirit was with me  
and by that power I was enabled to keep the Company  
toGeth with all the hard Ships of Standing Guard and  
Going on foot al that distance we had but 2 deaths and  
5 Burths thus in peace and harmony we continued.<sup>56</sup>

By this time, Danes were communicating with the Irish, Welch with Icelanders, English with Swedes, Norwegians with the Americans. For some expressions that were difficult to interpret, a common use of hand signs was adopted. But it seems that there was little trouble in understanding Captain Brown's Americanized English orders. A bonding did take place that overshadowed the confusion of tongues.

After following the Little Sandy River and crossing the Big Sandy, the wagon train arrived at Simpson's Hollow. It did not take long for the "Down and Backers" to educate the foreign immigrants of the historic happenings that took place here a year and a half earlier. It was at this same location that the government lost several wagons at the courtesy of Mormon militiamen in an effort to impede the progress of the invading army. The Funks could still make out the burned remains of the ill-fated wagons.

After a day's rest on the bank of the Green River, the ox train pressed on to Fort Bridger and to the last one hundred fifty miles of the trek across the rugged Wasatch Range. They struggled over Quaking Aspen Ridge, the highest point crossed by the emigrant road. On August 8, while winding their way through the Rockies, ice and frost along the trail betrayed that it was mid-summer. One immigrant Saint in amazement wrote to her sister back in England that there was snow on the tops of the mountains all the year through.<sup>57</sup> They were getting dangerously low on provisions, forcing the weary travelers to push on day and night, all that the cattle could endure. In later years, Cecelia Funk Hyde, the twin sister of Christopher, wrote of this time:



Food became scarce, although we found wild berries and other edibles to supplement our supplies. Before we reached Echo Canyon, our supplies had dwindled until we were able to have only one slice of bread for each meal, with nothing on it. All we had left was a small amount of flour and in some manner this had got damp and became so hard that it could not be used, since it also had become mouldy. Mother made it into a “dough cake” and fed it to the dog. We all envied the dog and wished we could help eat the dough cake.<sup>58</sup>

It proved a blessing that they were able to keep the dog alive. When they got to Echo Canyon they met a man who offered to trade a fifty pound sack of flour for the dog. Even though the Funk family loved the dog, there was no hesitation to make the trade.

How often had visions passed through the minds of the members of the Funk family of the days of plenty back in Bornholm? Their Danish dishes were plain and unvaried, but wholesome and very delicious, much tastier than dough cake or even buffalo roast. Diderick’s mouth watered as he thought of his usual breakfast back in Pederesk of black rye bread boiled with beer and salted herrings, milk porridge for lunch, black rye bread with fish in the afternoon (smorgas, the Danish open sandwich), and then porridge in the evening.<sup>59</sup> The delicacies of life were not meant for the American Wild West, Diderick reasoned.

After inching their way down Echo Canyon and across the Weber River, the company of faithful Saints arrived at the foot of Big Mountain. Some of the canyons were so narrow that only one wagon could pass at a time. There, they were met by Apostles John Taylor and Franklin D. Richards. It was a special experience for Diderick and Kirsten to meet with these men who were so filled with the spirit of the Lord. The Funk family felt reassured that they were guided here by the hand of God.

The company of Saints struggled up and down Big Mountain and camped at the foot of Little Mountain. Mar-

cus and many other members of the company became sick from eating chokecherries and wild berries that grew in abundance in the canyon. Early the next morning, they climbed to the top of Little Mountain where they viewed the vast Salt Lake Valley with its now fertile fields and orchards. After making sure that the last wagon made it to the summit, Captain Brown rode ahead to report to President Brigham Young and to see to it that there were provisions awaiting the hundred or more of his company who were now without food.

The James Brown ox train arrived on the floor of the Salt Lake Valley on August 29, 1859, a seventy-seven day journey. After years of travel on the trail by thousands of immigrant wagons and handcarts, the road was greatly improved over the crude condition that the Havens and Westovers found it in 1848. Nonetheless, it was a challenging experience for all those devout members of the James Brown ox train company. These were people who had to learn a new set of skills on the trail and cope with different foods, customs, and perils. Marcus started the trek as a sixteen-year-old naïve lad—he arrived in the Valley a trail-savvy frontiersman, bronzed by the sun and learned in the ways of pioneering on the trail.

Captain Brown met his company as it was coming down the east bench of the city and then conducted it down to Union Square. Several members of the Quorum of Twelve visited the company and notified them that they would address them in the morning to orient them with their new home and give suggestions as to their next move. In compliance with President Young's request, many of the surrounding wards' bishops and members had a cooked dinner awaiting the hungry travelers. They made camp by the light of the moon and spent their first night in Zion with a wonderfully satisfied feeling in their stomachs.

Willard Richards Funk, the youngest of the family, described their arrival:

We arrived and camped in the public square. The people were very good to us and brought us all kinds of vegetables and bread. They brought us a large squash and mother asked what it was. They told her and said to cut it up in strips about two inches long and boil it like potatoes. We cooked it and tried to eat it, it was the first time we had ever tasted it and we could not. Mother cried because we had to throw it out.<sup>60</sup>

The Funk family remained in the square for a few days. This gave them a chance to investigate their new home in the Rocky Mountains. They had looked forward with great anticipation after sacrificing so much to get there. They found this city of Saints a great improvement over the cities that they passed through on their westward journey in the American frontier. Yet the appearance of the homes certainly lacked the warmth and style of those back in Denmark. The dull leaden blue adobe dwellings were a slight upgrade of a log abode. But what delighted the Funks after enduring the trek with its many waterless days were the streams of mountain water flowing down each side of the streets.

Marcus soon realized that his Danish tongue was not going to get him by in America even though his new Zion was made up in great part by foreign-speaking Saints. He made up his mind that he was going to have a fluent command of the English language, and the sooner, the better. He resolved to speak his native tongue only when addressing the older generation of Danes.

The Square was filling up with incoming immigrant trains, so the Funk family was forced to make up their minds where to settle. Captain Brown suggested they go to Ogden. Plain City was also in Weber County close to Ogden. That seemed to be the logical place inasmuch as Diderick and Kirsten's two married daughters now lived there. When Jens Peter and Matilda Kristine Folkman arrived in the valley two years earlier (1857) with the Christian Christiansen Handcart Company, they traveled south to

Lehi. After a six month stay in Lehi and giving birth to a baby, the Folkmans headed north to Plain City, where they settled permanently. For a year, the Funk family was all together.

# XI

---

## Richmond

BECAUSE THE UTAH WAR had been responsible for the withdrawal of many Mormons from the far-flung settlements in Nevada and California and the increased migration of foreign Saints, there arose a need to expand into areas that were still accessible to the center stake of Zion. Cache Valley had been considered as a prime location. The soil was fertile with wheat grass growing as high as a horse's belly, willows grew along the several streams that watered the valley, and nearby mountains could supply the need for timber. Trappers and Native Americans had referred to this choice spot of earth as Willow Valley. The early trapper Daniel Potts had described the valley as a "chief place of rendezvous and wintering grounds."

A group of stalwart pioneers, headed by Peter Maughan, had settled in the valley in the summer of 1855.<sup>1</sup> It proved to be a hard winter with snow piled two-and-a-half feet on the valley floor along with scant provisions. The frigid winter temperatures and deep snow of the first two winters almost convinced the settlers that the price they had to pay for settling there was too high. Maughan's Fort eventually became Wellsville, while Providence, Mendon, and Logan were settled later in the spring of 1859. In the summer of the same year, pioneers began staking claims in the Richmond area. By the end of 1859, one hundred fifty families now called this valley their home.

In the spring of 1860, word had spread of the beautiful and well-watered valley to the north. Besides settlers from other established Utah towns, immigrants from the British Isles, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Italy, and Switzerland were joining the growing Cache Valley population. Many of the Swiss converts wrote back to their relatives in Switzerland, telling how much the valley surrounded by mountains resembled their homeland.

The Diderick Funk family also responded to the call for settlements in Cache Valley, although the records show that only Christopher Funk was numbered among those early settlers. Christopher had always held leadership positions; consequently, his prominence apparently served as a representative of the entire Funk family. Although Diderick, Kirsten, and the other family members were not named as part of the original settlers, the entire Diderick Funk family planted their feet firmly on the virgin soil of Richmond concurrently with those of Christopher.

There was a rush for desirable property until a committee was formed to step off the land and apportion it out to settlers. Shortly thereafter, the territorial surveyor, Jessie V. Fox, arrived on the scene and made an accurate survey and prepared legal assignments of property. The fencing of property was mandatory; otherwise, the owner would risk losing his land.

Because this was Indian wintering grounds, President Young had advised the first settlers that a suitable fort should be built to protect themselves from attacks. The Indians of this region were Shoshone, and the braves were expert horsemen. In the early ward records of Richmond are found page after page of donations for the Indians as a price to pay for peace and friendship with these Native Americans. The Northwestern Shoshone cherished Cache Valley, or, as they called it, Seuhubeogoi (Willow River), as an important area for hunting bison, deer, elk, and moose. They also treasured its seeds from grasses, roots, and wild strawberries. It had been their homeland for several centuries

until the encroachment of the white man in the nineteenth century.<sup>2</sup>

As with other settlements, getting water to the fields was a primary occupation. The Funks and others of the newly arrived settlers rolled up their sleeves and yoked up the oxen to the plows, called bull tongues, and slowly the irrigation ditch from High Creek began to take form. The ground where the ditch was to be dug was plowed first, and then the dirt and rocks were pushed to the sides by several yoke of cattle pulling a go-devil, which was loaded with men. This implement consisted of logs fastened together to form a “V.” The finishing work was done by hand with picks and shovels, taking several years to complete.<sup>3</sup>

The small group of settlers who had arrived at Richmond during the latter part of 1859 were forced to survive the winter in dugouts and wagon boxes for the most part, living on boiled wheat and wild game. The following year, a large number of families arrived in this maiden community, among whom was the resolute Funk family.<sup>4</sup> The Funks built a one-room log-and-shake house located two blocks east of the present Benson Stake Center, where it remained until it was torn down in 1942. Diderick and Kirsten and the other Funk children, as well as Christopher, were plowing virgin soil, planting, and building for themselves and future generations.

Following the first winter after President Young had called Saints to colonize the northern reaches of the territory, many of the original pioneers of Cache Valley relocated to the milder Carson Valley in Nevada. On June 9, 1860, near the time that the Funks settled in Cache Valley, President Brigham Young and his first counselor, Heber C. Kimball, arrived in Richmond. Brother Heber delivered this message of hope:

I never have had better feelings in seeing any country, and to see the people in it who have commenced to improve it. We are pretty well satisfied that they are Saints that live here. A great many people, when start-

ing, said they were going to Cache Valley, but we do not find them here: they have gone to Carson Valley, or to some other place. I can say, Peace be to this valley, and peace be to the righteous; and sorrow and tribulation, weakness, and utter destruction from the angel of God waste away the wicked that will not repent. I pray that an Uncle Sam's army may never come into this valley, and if they do not come near you, this valley will be one of the greatest granaries that ever was in the house of Israel.<sup>5</sup>

President Young then gave counsel to this sturdy band of Saints to help them catch the vision that he beheld of this northernmost valley of the territory. He declared that no other valley where the Saints had settled was equal to this. "Fill this valley with those who love and serve God," he said, "and make your settlements as it were in Zion, an earthly paradise. . . . Wherein the wicked have tried to destroy us, they have built us up." He continued, warning them of the dangers of Indian attacks:

Build good stockades. Move your families and wagons close together, then, if you are disturbed, you are like a hive of bees, and every one is ready and knows at once what to do. . . . I feel to bless you and pray that you may dwell here and have wisdom to preserve yourselves and raise your children to be Saints, and sanctify yourselves that you may be prepared for the things that are to come, for great events await us. I have not time to say more. God bless you. Amen.<sup>6</sup>

Pathetically, the Northwestern Shoshone who had inhabited the valley previous to the white man's entrance, were now in a naked and starving condition. The fifteen hundred Shoshone were placed in a situation where they had to "starve or steal," as Jacob Forney, the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, warned.<sup>7</sup> Adhering to the policy of Brother Brigham that it was better to feed the Indians than to fight them, the early ward records of Richmond were replete with entries of donations for the Indians, even more



so than tithing donations. In the early 1800s, the Indians hunted buffalo in the valley, but as the herds vanished, the Indians would cross over the passes of the Rockies and hunt buffalo on the high plains of northern Colorado and eastern Wyoming. The Shoshone of this region depended on game for their livelihood due to their expert horsemanship. One of the tribes told of great Indian rendezvous that were held each year on the southern shores of Bear Lake near where Lake Town is now located:

Inter-tribal contests were held. Riding, shooting with the bow and arrow and with guns as well as other athletic events were participated in. In earlier periods, herds of buffalo had fed on the luxuriant grasses of this area. Peter Skene Ogden saw two large herds of buffalo in 1825, but they seemed to have all gone when John Charles Fremont came here in 1843.<sup>8</sup>

The settlers needed no more urging to follow the President's counsel. They built the fort, and most of the families found refuge within its confines. The Funk family along with the majority of the original settlers remained within the protection of the fort for four years. The fort was constructed with its center becoming what is now Main Street with homes on each side. A large public corral was built where all the horses and cattle were guarded every night to keep them from being stolen by the Indians.

Sugar was very scarce and considered a luxury. Practically every family planted sugar cane. Hyrum Bowman built a molasses mill. Each family owned what they called a "molasses barrel." After four years, the Fort began deteriorating and private lots and homes were established. These homes had meager beginnings, built mostly from logs cut from the nearby canyons with dirt floors and make-shift roofs. "But these dear old pioneer homes were very real—where love and laughter with voices of little children made them fit places for the Spirit of the Lord to dwell," reminisced William Hendricks, the town's first mayor.<sup>9</sup>

The first Christmas celebrated in Richmond by the Funks was in 1860 in the new schoolhouse.<sup>10</sup> Every housewife brought an abundance of food as the price of admission. Kirsten undoubtedly brought her favorite Danish dish if the ingredients were available, perhaps substituting trout for herring. The Funks had learned many of the American folk dances on the trail and so they undoubtedly joined in the dancing and other festivities with enthusiasm. Now they were, indeed, feeling that they were part of the great American West.

A city government emerged that was typical of Mormon settlements in those early days:

The legislative and the judicial bodies were made up of the adult male members of the ward. In this body was vested all powers of a temporal nature, including that of delegating certain power to committees elected by them and the Bishop of the Ward acted as chief administrator of civic affairs. The Bishop had full power of suggestion and recommendation, but he was not authority in and of himself. Civic meetings were held immediately following Sacrament Meetings and were presided over by the ecclesiastical officials. This form of government persisted until February 26, 1868, when Richmond was incorporated.<sup>11</sup>

For the first few years in Cache Valley, it was necessary to haul grain and other farm products to Ogden and Salt Lake City for exchange. One bushel of wheat would purchase less than two yards of “factory” (a term indicating fabric woven by a factory loom as opposed to woven by hand). Although the bushel of grain did not represent much cash, it represented a lot in hand labor from plowing, sowing, irrigating, harvesting with a cradle, and hand binding.

There were various difficulties against which the farmer was compelled to struggle. There was no market at first or definite price for produce. Families lived mainly by their own production and exchanged with their neighbors. “Every farm was a little kingdom by itself.

When the crops failed, then the families came together, talked things over, and shared with each other in whatever produce they might have left in their cellars or storerooms. They were all working together, and all had the same ideals. Their common interests and problems made them unselfish and charitable. They shared, and in their kindness to one another they found their greatest joy.<sup>12</sup>

This struggle with earth and spirit to create a paradise out of this raw land was an expression of their vibrant faith as they doggedly built the Kingdom of God in Cache Valley:

Cache Valley settlers believed that God was with them. They regarded themselves as partners with God in subduing the earth and making it beautiful. They believed it was their solemn obligation and privilege to unite in building the Kingdom of God—a Kingdom at once comfortable to live in and beautiful to behold.<sup>13</sup>

Doctors were not to be found in the newly settled town of Richmond, but the mid-wives were there to ably attend to the demands for services at childbirth. Mrs. Fellows was the first of these good women, whose fee for confinement was one dollar. Later, Malinda Knapp Funk took over the duties of mid-wifery and her fee was two dollars and fifty cents. Malinda was the plural wife of Christopher, and over the years of her service, she delivered over eleven hundred babies, besides caring for the sick. About 1880, Sarah Ann Lewis was set apart by Brigham Young to be a mid-wife. She was promised if she would do her part, she would never lose a patient. Aunt Sarah, as she was called, labored long as a doctor. About 1886, babies became more expensive, and the fee was raised to five dollars.<sup>14</sup>

A little over a year following the Funk's arrival in Utah, the oldest daughter of Kirsten and Diderick, Elia Mahella Funk Folkman, died. She had married a local Bornholm man, Christopher Folkman. Elia was one of the married

daughters who had migrated to Utah previous to the immigration of her parents and had resided in Plain City.

The Funks had been in Utah for five years. Their love of Richmond was slowly replacing that of Pedersker on Bornholm. Their crops were now doing well and they were beginning to feel quite comfortable in their log home in Richmond. Perhaps blessings did not shower upon the Funks, but there was a steady sprinkling that prompted them to kneel in prayer in thanksgiving to a loving Father in Heaven each morning and night. That is not to say that there were not adversities. The harsh winters, crickets, depravations caused by the Indians, and the challenge of getting water to their crops meant sacrifices that were seldom illuminated in recorded history.

Marcus had learned as a young boy from his father's example on their island home in Bornholm to love and respect the earth. The Funk lineage had consisted of tillers of the soil for unknown generations. But now Marcus's love of horses rivaled his attachment to the land. He had a natural way with animals and was sensitive to their needs and moods. He treated the horses with gentleness; they rewarded him with obedience. Young Marcus became noted for his ability to handle horses. The horses he raised and trained were always the envy of the community.

Marcus eventually became a teamster for William B. Preston whenever he was not needed on the family farm.<sup>15</sup> Brother Preston was the chief founder of Logan and the town mayor, as well as the bishop in Logan, in spite of being only twenty-nine years old and a member of the Church scarcely two years. Perhaps their common youth helped bond Marcus to Billy Preston. Bishop Preston possessed that southern charm and backwoods humor that endeared him to the Funks and other citizens of Cache Valley.<sup>16</sup> Preston, Idaho, a part of Cache Valley, was later named in his honor.

One of the distinctive characteristics of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, from Joseph Smith to the present-day leadership, has always been its organizational skills. Brigham Young was a master at planning and preparing ahead in minute detail for any expected, or unexpected, exigencies. The gathering of the Saints from the four quarters of the globe was a paramount concern and a challenge of immense proportions. But it was not consistent with President Young's character to despair when facing obstacles.

As early as 1849, the Brethren launched the Perpetual Emigration Fund, or the PEF as it was known. Its original intent was to collect funds from the Utah Saints to help thousands of poorer members who were still stranded in Iowa and to secure means whereby they could continue their trek to Utah. The Saints who were assisted by the PEF would be expected to labor on public works or pay back their debt in cash or in kind once they became established in the Valley, thus keeping funds available for future immigrants. But there were also thirty thousand members of the Church in England who were to be considered in The Gathering. And now that the missionary work had expanded to Scandinavia and other countries of the world, there was an even greater demand on the Perpetual Emigration Fund. The PEF was not only a lifesaver to many of the foreign converts in their effort to come to Zion, but it proved to be the lifeblood of this burgeoning emigrant society of believers in the Restored Church who chose to gather to the tops of the mountains.

To accomplish The Gathering from foreign shores, the Church employed various agents along the route to assist and escort the emigrating Saints. These agents soon became skillful in learning the intricacies of smoothly escorting large groups of Saints through official red tape from one principality to another. The agent in Liverpool, England, chartered ships, then assembled and instructed the parties of emigrants. By means of the telegraph or mail, the Church authorities were able to coordinate the movement of the

Saints from one point to another. An agent in one of the port cities of New Orleans, New York, Boston, or Philadelphia would meet the immigrants upon disembarking and book travel by rail and steamboat to the outfitting post in Florence and later the settlement of Wyoming in the Nebraska Territory. From there, the weary travelers would be led to their Zion homeland by wagon, handcart, wheel-barrow, or by foot.

In respect to this movement of companies of immigrating Saints across the plains and over the Rockies, if it were discovered that any company was in a life-threatening predicament en route, it became immediately a prime concern of the Church leadership. There was no time wasted in forming relief companies to go to their aid. President Young had been known to interrupt worship services to organize emergency relief trains to head east to rescue Saints in distress. Handcart companies were especially vulnerable to the whims of nature. Time meant life or death.

Florence, the site of the former Winter Quarters, had been the outfitting post for several seasons. The Westovers and the Havens, and later the Funks, had the beginnings of their overland treks from this historic locale. But in the early part of the year 1864, the location for preparation for the migration across the plains was changed to Wyoming (no connection to the present-day state of Wyoming), still in the Nebraska Territory. One reason for the switch from Florence to Wyoming was due to Indian skirmishes that broke out during the Civil War when many of the troops were withdrawn from military posts on the plains. The Sioux, Cheyenne, Arapahoe, and other tribes seized this opportunity to try to drive the whites off the Indian ancestral lands by attacking ranches and stage stations along the Oregon Trail.<sup>17</sup> However, a secondary reason for abandoning the outpost at Florence was that this site was filling up with apostate Mormons who were too weak in the faith to venture further.

Wyoming was a small bit of landscape along the Missouri River, about forty-five miles below Florence and six miles above Nebraska City. Elder Richard Bentley, a church agent on the frontier, described the new location as follows:

It is not much of a town, but so much the better; there are but a dozen houses in the place, but it is beautifully situated on the banks of the Missouri River, and is very well adapted for camping and outfitting purposes. We have two large warehouses of three stories each, storehouse, office and dwelling house, and are well-situated for doing business. We are now receiving a very large amount of provisions of dried apples, a stock of dry goods and groceries, stoves, etc. You see by the amount of provisions on hand that the Saints will not suffer while here or while crossing the plains.<sup>18</sup>

The port of Wyoming on the Missouri River has been largely forgotten: today, its site is marked by just another Nebraska cornfield.

From 1849 to 1855, wagons and teams were purchased by the Church near the outfitting stations for the trek to Utah. Because of the strain on Church resources, it was later decided that the gathering of the Saints could be accomplished more economically through the use of handcarts. Besides, there would not be the worry of the oxen going astray overnight, or Indians stealing them, or the need to herd the oxen far off the trail in search of feed and water after a day's long march, or the insufferable dust in nostrils, food, clothing, and bedding. Handcart travel was a successful endeavor between 1856 and 1860, with the exception of the tragic experiences of the Willie and Martin companies due to their belated start.

In 1861, the method of bringing the immigrants across the plains was again modified when the Saints were then escorted from the outfitting posts to the Great Basin by means of volunteer teamsters and wagons coming from Utah, supplied and financed by the stakes. As was his

nature, Brother Brigham devised a system to help the immigrant Saints gather to Zion in the most economical manner in order to preserve the Church's limited resources.

Finally, by rider from Utah, telegram from Nebraska, ship messenger from New York, and cablegram from Liverpool, President Van Cott received President Brigham Young's plan. It was a new system. Emigrants would not need to buy wagons and teams at Florence, Nebraska, and they would not have to build, buy, or pull handcarts. Instead, wagons and drivers from Utah would roll eastward to meet the emigrants at Florence. European leaders were told to arrange for their emigrants to reach New York in time for church agents there to forward them on trains and boats to Florence by late June.<sup>19</sup>

This new system of bringing the convert immigrants from the frontier "fitout" posts to the Rocky Mountain Zion came to be known as "Down and Back" wagon trains. President Young had asked Utah wards for loans of wagons and teams for the six-month round-trip in exchange for tithing credits. Seventy-five wards—nearly every ward in Utah—donated a fully outfitted wagon and yoke of oxen, and most sent two or more outfits.<sup>20</sup>

A company of immigrant Saints were heading towards the outfitting station on the Missouri River. President Young notified Bishop Preston that his assistance was now required in heading the wagon train that was to conduct the group from Wyoming to Salt Lake City. It was natural for Bishop Preston to turn to Marcus to drive one of the Preston teams, and there was no hesitation to accept the call on the part of his eager young friend. Bishop Billy Preston had no idea the part he was to play that would soon alter the course of young Marcus Funk's life. Another Cache Valley bishop, Henry Ballard, was called at the same time to head for the Missouri to help bring five hundred eighty foreign converts to their new Rocky Mountain home.<sup>21</sup> Brother Ballard noted the following in his journal entry of February 28, 1864:



The teams were again called to gather the poor 300 was called for this season and 30 of that number from Cache Valley and 6 from Logan Mules and horse teams were called for this season as well as ox teams Wm B Preston was again captain of the company going from this and adjoining vallies.<sup>22</sup>

The plans had been formed well in advance. The only thing in question was the time element, and even that had been closely approximated. It was not long before twenty-one-year-old Marcus Funk was retracing his tracks of five years earlier, but now with his face toward the rising sun. It is not clear whether Marcus was driving a team of horses, mules, or oxen, but he was nevertheless well-qualified behind a set of reins, regardless of the nature or species of the beasts of burden. When one considers the generations of Bornholm inhabitants perhaps never straying far from their island home, what adventures on the American frontier this young Dane was having! What stories he would have to share with his future children in front of the fireplace on stormy nights!

On April 16, 1864, the contingent of down-and-backers from Cache Valley started out for Salt Lake City. Loaded in the wagons were bags of tithing wheat bound for the tithing office at church headquarters. This part of the journey took seven days. The roads were barely passable as the wagon train made its way down Box Elder Canyon, crossing the Weber and Ogden toll bridges, and finally arriving in Salt Lake City on April 23. After unloading the tithing wheat, the William B. Preston train was joined by a wagon train from Salt Lake City with William Hyde as its captain. The wagon train proceeded up Emigration Canyon. Five days later they were joined by yet another contingent from Box Elder and Weber Counties that came up Weber Canyon.<sup>23</sup> Now they were at full strength. The size of the wagon train must have been impressive. Up Echo Canyon they drove, along the Muddy to Ham's Fork, then to the Green River,

passing near the site where Lot Smith had burned the wagons of Johnston's Army in the Fall of 1857. On they pressed past Big Sandy, Pacific Springs, South Pass, Sweetwater, Devil's Gate, Independence Rock, the Platte—mileposts of fame in Mormon history. Memories flooded Marcus's mind with each landmark. Captain Preston knew the landmarks well also—he was familiar with the challenges and hazards along the Mormon Trail, as were most of the teamsters in the train. They were trail-savvy pioneers with abiding testimonies in the divine nature of their callings. That was the reason, if some sense of justification for this incredulous act of mercy were required, they were on the trail heading east to help some strangers in need instead of being in their fields at home preparing for the advent of a hard winter. It would be well nigh into the end of the fall harvest before they would be back home again.

It was a comparatively uneventful trip with no children to look after, but the teamsters had to admit that their wives's company would have made the days more pleasant, and certainly the meals would have tasted much better if the womenfolk would have had a hand in the preparation. As the wagon train followed the worn tracks of thousands of wagons that had previously cut into the rock and soil of the trail, Marcus's thoughts turned back five years to his first venture into frontier life. He recalled the hunger, the sore and tired limbs, the Indians of the plains, the vast buffalo herds. He also remembered the simple but moving prayers of Captain Brown as the Saints gathered around the campfire, his own inward assurances that the Gospel was true and that he, Marcus Funk, was a part of a great latter day work.

Henry Ballard gives a day-by-day accounting of their route and places of encampment. His thoughts and feelings, he reserved to himself. Brother Ballard did comment on two attempted stampedes of their cattle that took place on May 17, five miles east of Devil's Gate. The next day, they crossed paths with old Captain Bridger of Fort Bridger fame. Rain came down in torrents. Rivers that were three-

quarters of a mile wide had to be crossed without benefit of a ferry. On June 5, Henry Ballard wrote in his journal that “We were meeting about 200 teams per day going to the new gold fields in the north, many taking their families with them to get away from the war that was still raging.”<sup>24</sup>

In later years, Marcus would relate to his children of these adventures on the trail. All the teamsters were on food rations for the entire journey. Marcus never knew what it was like during that long trek on the plains to go to bed with his appetite fully satisfied, but he knew before he left his home that there would be many days such as this.<sup>25</sup> Marcus felt that the Lord, and some poor Saints from foreign shores, were depending on him.

On June 21, 1864, the Preston ox train camped within four miles of their destination, the outfitting station at Wyoming on the eastern edge of the Nebraska Territory. It would still be three years before Nebraska would earn her statehood. The following day, several of the brethren ventured into the post located on a high bluff overlooking the Missouri River. Marcus was surprised to find that there were almost a thousand converts preparing to journey on to Utah. The immigrants had arrived in New York aboard the *Monarch of the Sea* and had reached Wyoming on June 15, 1864, the majority from Scandinavia. It was exciting for Marcus to converse with the converts from the old country. The Danes in the company peppered Marcus with questions concerning life in Zion. They were straining at the bit to resume their trek to Utah.

Beginning on June 28 and for the next five or six days, the men were involved in loading the wagons with provisions for the long journey to Utah. They could replenish some of their supplies at Fort Laramie, but most of the foodstuff would have to last until they reached the Salt Lake Valley. And there were yet more foreign immigrants heading towards Wyoming.

July 3, according to plan, eight hundred more immigrants arrived at Wyoming from foreign shores, mostly English converts who had sailed over on the *General McClellan*. Now there was little time for chatter—in the morning the wagon train would be moving out and heading for home. “Home. Ah, yes,” Marcus reflected. “That word has a nice ring to it.”

It was a treat for young Marcus to get acquainted with many of his countrymen from across the sea. As he listened to the news of happenings in Scandinavia, Marcus marveled at the growth of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in his native Denmark since his departure seven years ago. There was so much bitterness against the Funk family after they had joined the Church in Bornholm that its destiny there seemed in question.

There would not be many more Church-sponsored wagon trains to Utah. Due to the diversion of resources that had been used to help the poor gather to Zion, funds for work on the Salt Lake Temple were exhausted. President Young felt that it was important to now complete the sacred edifice without further delay. Consequently, the Church leadership decided that there would be no more trains sent to Wyoming next season, so that work on the temple could be expedited. The foreign Saints were still urged to come to Utah, but they would have to arrange their own finances to do so. The immigrant Saints were reminded that there were beautiful landscapes, fertile soils, and pleasant abiding places surrounding Wyoming where they could sojourn while earning the means to reach the Valleys of the Mountains. It was added that “Those who prove faithful and true will soon be enabled to go forward, and those who do not, it will be much cheaper for them to apostatize there, and save themselves the trouble of a long, wearisome and tedious journey.”<sup>26</sup> The company of immigrants had an odd assortment of wagons and handcarts. Now that there were no more handcart companies to cross the plains, there were probably some spare carts at the post waiting for some

intrepid pushers and pullers to take them to Utah. For a mixed company such as that, it must have been a difficult task for the handcarts to keep pace with the ox train, especially if the handcarts were pushed by the tender-footed and unhardened. In spite of Eva Bentley's statement in her history of her grandmother, Magdalene Westenskow Funk, and the help of two other girls pushing a handcart to Salt Lake City, it must be recognized that it is extremely impractical for handcarts to travel with wagon trains due to the slower pace of the handcarts. It is quite possible that the girls walked all that distance, just as Florina Funk Bentley described in her history of her mother, but it's difficult to imagine that they also pushed a handcart. But those plucky pioneers were certainly capable of doing the unimaginable.

After twelve days of grazing on the fields around Wyoming, the cattle appeared to be strong and rested. As the first rays of the sun broke over the eastern horizon, the oxen were yoked, the William B. Preston ox train lined up, and the teamsters stationed themselves alongside their wagons. In the company were three hundred eighty passengers and their baggage and provisions, as Brother Ballard recorded, and fifteen hundred pounds of freight to each of the fifty wagons. The day was July 4, 1864.

The William B. Preston company of Saints moved out taking the Platte road. Their wagons were heavily loaded, forcing the oxen to strain mightily against the yoke. Not far from Wyoming, the company camped for two days while waiting for Henry Ballard to return with "groceries." The delay gave the clerks a chance to settle up with the immigrants. When they arrived at Weeping Water, they realized the place was appropriately named: rain poured down relentlessly.

It did not take Marcus long to notice that one of the handcarts was "manned" by three women.<sup>28</sup> They seemed to be up to the job, but Marcus chose to keep an eye on them in case he could be of help. Marcus learned that one of the women was a fellow Dane named Magdalene Olsen, a small

slip of a girl.<sup>29</sup> She seemed very self-assured as though she could manage by herself quite well. But her independence wore thin when blisters on her feet started appearing. Marcus's offers to help were politely rebuffed. Yet there was something about Sister Olsen's independent mannerisms and her piercing brown eyes that made Marcus interested in knowing more about this "woman of the plains," as Marcus may have teased. Well, he would have his chance to help—it was a long hike to Salt Lake City.

As they were camped on the rolling hills of the Nebraska Territory on the night of the fifteenth, a woman and a child died. A sixty-year-old woman died four days later as the company traveled along the pioneers' old friend, the Platte River. The wagon train was now pushing along the south side of the Platte on what became known as the Oregon Trail instead of the north bank where the original Mormon pioneers traveled.

A child was born in camp on the approach to Fort Kearney, which brought cheer to several of the trail-weary Saints. The joy was short-lived. Two days later another child died just below the Fort. On the twenty-ninth, another woman died in camp below Cottonwoods Military Post.

The heat of summer bore down as they plodded along in clouds of dust. On August 2, a "man passenger" died in camp. Two days later, they came to a fork in the trail. Instead of continuing on the Oregon Trail as was customary, Captain Preston decided to take the Julesburg route that was known as the Overland Trail, believing the southern trail would be in better shape and not as dusty. This trail dipped down into Colorado and then up into Wyoming, rejoining the Oregon/California Trail at Fort Bridger. They had to double-team by yoking up a second team from another wagon to cross the South Platte, the water coming up to the wagon box.

One evening after a long day's trek when death again reduced their numbers, Henry Ballard philosophically

penned the following in his journal by the light of the campfire:

The Lord giveth and taketh away A period of less than 20 days has passed and 6 people have died For the surviving family members there is but one choice leave loved ones in a shallow grave and move on Death and hardship are not strangers to the Saints.<sup>30</sup>

On August 5, another baby boy was born near Julesburg. Freight trains that the Preston Company met going the opposite direction reported heavy losses of cattle, no reason being given. Brother Ballard scrawled in his journal on August 8 that the cattle in the forepart of their wagon train started running away, “but the hinder part of our train was behind a divide, so we did not see it nor our cattle partake of the spirit.”<sup>31</sup> An account of this incident is described by one of the Swedish immigrants, Mrs. Sprague, in which she writes that one of the oxen was bitten by a rattlesnake and his bellowing caused a stampede among the cattle.<sup>32</sup>

Marcus well-remembered the days of the 1859 trek when the Sioux Indians gave them some very anxious moments. So far, Indian troubles had been practically nil, but that was no guarantee that the situation could not change at a moment’s notice. In a letter written by George Q. Cannon to President Wells back in London in September of this same year, 1864, he wrote the following:

The Sioux, Arapahoe and Crow Indians had made a combined descent on the trails running to Santa Fe, or New Mexico, Colorado and Utah Territories, attacking settlements, mail stations, and Government and emigrant trains, killing great numbers of men, women and children, running off stock and carrying off their booty, of which they have captured great quantities, and creating great terror by the boldness of their movements as low down as the Little Blue and Big Sandy, and as high as Julesburg and Latham.<sup>33</sup>

On August 14, another child died one hundred fifteen miles past Julesburg. Four days later at Cheyenne Springs, another mother gave birth to a son. Water became scarce. Brother Ballard reported that “the wind was blowing the dust hard in our face.” At the head of Bitter Creek, another woman, sixty-years-old, died. During a heavy thunderstorm on September 4, near Rock Springs Station, another child was born. The trail took them thirty-to-fifty miles south of the present-day Interstate 80.

On August 28, the hardy company of pioneers crossed Bridger’s Pass at the Continental Divide. During a heavy thunderstorm on September 4, another son was born. A few days later, Brother Ballard noted in his usual factual style that two women died of dysentery. Their shallow graves (there was no time or means for a conventional interment) were added to the thousands of others that lined the trail. Tears were shed, children became orphans, dreams were often shattered, and lives altered as dirt and rock were piled over the beloved, and then wet-cheeked faces again turned westward and the wagon train moved on.

The company of Saints was now approaching the old Mormon Trail as they crossed the Green River and neared Black’s Fork. Henry Ballard noted that they only lost three head of oxen on the Pole Creek route (perhaps the Lodge-pole Creek). Regrettably, the human death toll was much greater.

Marcus’s attention to Magdalene’s needs became more frequent and eventually the object of his attentions did not seem to mind. As fate would have it, love blossomed along the trail. It seems strange how two young Danes found love six thousand miles from their native homes, homes which in Denmark were only a hundred miles apart. In the evenings near the campfire, Magdalene related the story of her life to her dashing hero.



---

## XII

# The Westenskows of Falster

MAGDALENE BEGAN THE STORY of her life by setting the record straight. First of all, the name she is known by is “Lena.” Magdalene (pronounced Magdalena) seemed too formal. She came from Ulslev on the Island of Falster.<sup>1</sup> Marcus knew of the island but had never been there. For that matter, he perhaps had never been off his Island of Bornholm before emigrating to America.

“I might as well tell you, I was twenty-four years old last December 1, but don’t call me an old maid. I had my chances, but I chose otherwise,” she may have confessed in a tone that defied comment by her admirer. Marcus had been thinking in terms of a more personal relationship with this feisty little filly ever since he spied her walking along the trail with such determination shortly after leaving Wyoming. He rationalized that she was only three years older—close enough.

Once Lena got started, she unraveled the tale of her life to the present. Her father, Ole Hansen, was a “parcellist,”

which in Danish means a small land holder.<sup>2</sup> Her mother was Maren Hansen, a good and virtuous woman.<sup>3</sup> Lena had two older brothers, Hans and Peter. She also had a half-sister, Anna Christina, by her father's first marriage, who was raised by Lena's mother. The family lived by the west forest on the Island of Falster. Because there naturally were other Ole Hansens on the island, her family became identified as the "Ole Hansen by the west forest," or, translated into Danish, "Ole Hansen westen skow."

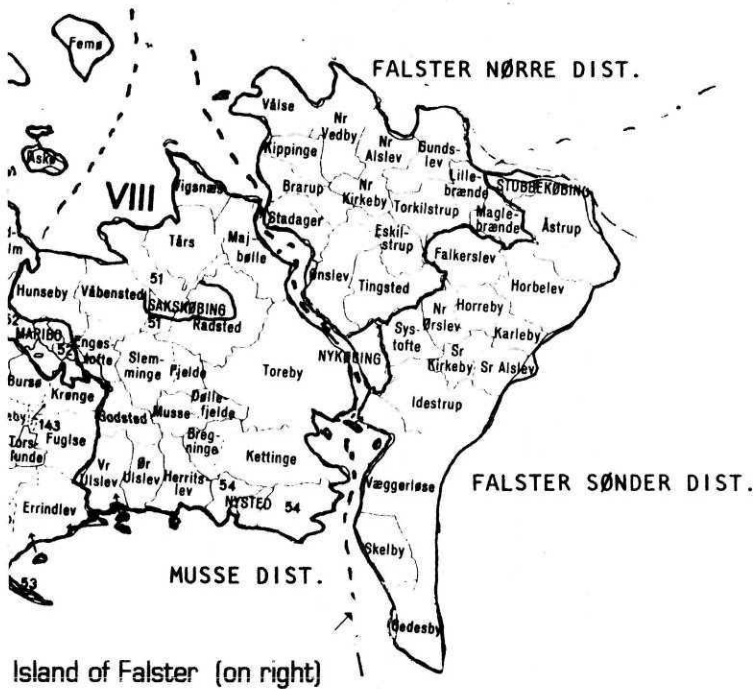


Figure 50: Island of Falster

A centuries-old Scandinavian tradition, known as patronymics, required that the father's first name be given as the surname for his children with the appropriate suffix added, *sen* (son) or *datter* (daughter). To complicate the ability to identify one Dane from another by appellation, there were only about thirty male given names to choose from and

about twenty-five female names. This custom begat many complications such as the story about the time when Brother Petersen was asked to close the meeting with prayer, and half the men in the congregation came forward. "I mean Peter Peterson."<sup>4</sup> Half of those sat down.

Due to the tendency at this time by the younger generation to adopt the anglicized method of surnames, Hans and Peter chose to be known by the surname Westenskow.<sup>5</sup> Lena felt obligated to follow the Danish tradition, and, consequently, she was identified on her emigration papers as Magdalene Olsen.

Lena graduated from the public schools in Denmark in 1853 at the age of fourteen, at which time she was confirmed a member of the Lutheran Church. After graduating, Lena worked away from home, doing housework such as cleaning, cooking, sewing, caring for the sick, tending the children, as well as milking the cows, plucking the geese, feeding the pigs and other animals, working in the garden, and, when necessary, working in the fields—all with meager pay. The Lord must have been preparing her for a greater work and a greater sacrifice.

On December 2, 1856, when Lena was seventeen, her mother, Maren Hansen, died. Maren's last words to her young daughter were "Always stay with your brothers." As tears streamed down her cheeks, Lena promised her dying mother that she would.

Lena's father was an accomplished musician whose profession was to teach music to the Danes on the Island of Falster. He taught his children to play various instruments, and they played as a family musical group for dances throughout the island. In later years, Lena's son, Marcus Orlando, wrote that "they were musicians who would charm the most hardened." Hans became the leader of his own band and also played the clarinet, cornet, flute, bass viol, as well as first violin.<sup>6</sup> Lena was second violinist.

In Hans delightful hand-written personal history, he recorded the following:

when i was 7 years all i comense to go to School. that same year my Father startet me to learn to play the Violin. about 2 years after my Brother Peter also startet to learn Musik, and this was the way that ve to Boyes startet outh in Life. her was one ting that vi hov to promis our Mother; and that was: that ve to Boyes naver would Dring Wisky or Brandy, and this promis ve hov allwaies kapt. vi hafдите good suksas whit our musik. when i was 20 years all, ve hat a good Bane of our own. I was Born th 17 of Sept 1839 Ulslev Falster Danmark. i was mariet the 18 Octob 1860 to Karen Petersen, Datter of Peter Jorgensen Luedker in Luedker in Stubberup Falster. Karen Petersen was Born 21 March 1839 and Died th 2 March 1884. vi recived the Gudspel in 1862 the 21 March, vu Emigreth in 1863. com her to Manti 12 of Sept that year. in 1864 my Brother hi come. her vi was working in the musicle Liev for menny yers. i was odaned en Elder 1863; was Ordaned a 70 th 25 April 1867 I the 48 Quorum; was Ordaned an sat apart as the first Counsler to Bishop Hans Jensen. this position I kapt ontill 1903 when ve was all reliest from that ofige. Karen Petersen is the Mother of 12 Children hues Names can be find in her Record in this Boock. I was also Mariet the 19 of April to Karen Elisabeth Hansen, Datter of Nikolai Hansen of BJORUP Falster. Karen Elisabeth is the Mother of 3 Children hues Names can be find in her Records. Karen Elisabeth was Born the 2 March 1852 BJORUP. I was one of the Workers her in the Manti Temple in 1888, and have ben a Worker in that Temple from time to time. i together whit my Family hav also don a good Deel of Work for our Reletives. vi hav about 2000, tow tausen Names inrolet in our Temple Boogs, and the Work is nearly done for all of dem.<sup>7</sup>

Harmony in the home became strained when Lena's father began drinking heavily following Maren's death. The Mormon missionaries had begun to make inroads on the Island of Falster by this time, in spite of the deep-seated prejudice against the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Hans and Peter accepted the gospel in 1862. Hans

had followed in his father's footsteps as a music teacher, as well as being a shoemaker, but his enthusiasm for his newly found faith began overshadowing his duties as a musician and shoemaker.



HANS WESTINSKOW

Born Sept. 17, 1835, Ulslev, Falster, Denmark. Came to Utah May, 1863, J. F. Sanders Company. High Priest; Seventy.

Finally, in the spring of 1863, Hans left Denmark for America, taking with him his wife, Karen and nineteen-month-old son, Ole. Hans, Karen and little Ole sailed from Liverpool on the *B. S. Kimball* on May 8, 1863, arriving in New York City on June 15. The next day, June 16, they arrived in Albany, New York, where their second child was born whom they named Peter..

Figure 51: Hans Westenskow

The Westenskow family crossed the plains with the Captain Sanders ox train, arriving in Manti, Sanpete County, Utah, on September 12, 1863, where a colony of Scandinavian Saints had previously made their home. Hans's brother, Peter, arrived in Manti early the following year.

Lena followed her brothers' example by entering the waters of baptism on February 7, 1864. She was baptized and confirmed by Peter Petersen.<sup>8</sup> Her father was outraged by his favored daughter joining up with those scandalous Mormons, even more so than when Hans and Peter had joined. This was the last straw! He threw open the door and demanded that Lena never pass over his threshold again

until she was ready to renounce her Mormon faith. Lena took her meager savings and her few belongings, including her violin and jewelry inherited from her mother, and left home, never to return.<sup>9</sup>

Hans Olsen was not the only antagonist whom she had to confront. Even in the eyes of former friends and acquaintances, animosity arose and she was treated with contempt. Lena had become a stranger among her own people. But that made the parting easier. She looked forward with hopefulness to the time when soon she would be together with those who were one in faith and spirit who cared not for the hatred of the world.

The Mormon elders assured Lena that the Church would be willing to assist her in going to America through the Perpetual Emigration Fund. Lena's meager savings would hardly buy her passage to Liverpool. What would she have done for her fare to America? A second-class ticket cost around ten shillings per adult.<sup>10</sup> Of course, she would have to go steerage, if at all. Then there was the cost of railroad passage from New York to the frontier, and then an arduous trip by wagon train to Utah. Each phase of the journey required more money. It would take her years to save up enough rigsdalers to pay her own way to her "Promised Land," which was gradually becoming an obsession. Besides her growing faith in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, she longed to join her brothers in Utah, in compliance with her mother's dying wish. She worked at odd jobs, but there was not much left over after paying for her room and food.

Lena realized that borrowing from the PEF was her only solution.<sup>11</sup> The expense of transportation to her destination was a costly sum of ninety-five pounds. This was more money than she had seen in all her life, but she was assured that she would be helped by the PEF. Ship's passage was fifty-two pounds and railway tickets were twenty-four, plus other expenses such as the cost to join a wagon train from the railroad terminal in Iowa to Salt Lake City.<sup>12</sup>

Lena's plans for emigration from her native land were ill-timed. The most practical and economical route for Danish emigrants was to assemble in Copenhagen, a short boat ride to Kiel, then travel through Denmark's Schleswig and Holstein into Prussia, board a ship in Hamburg on the Elbe River, and on to England, as the Funks had done. But Prussia and Austria had recently declared war on Denmark and had invaded the Danish territory of Schleswig and Holstein.<sup>13</sup>

The Saints were notified in all the conferences in Denmark that those desiring to emigrate were to assemble in Copenhagen. There were derisions cast against the large gathering of Mormons in Copenhagen by many of the residents. Since the breaking out of hostilities, every able-bodied man was subject to conscription into the military. Even newspapers directed their scorn against the Mormons, whom they claimed were trying to escape the draft. Fortunately, Hans and Peter had already sailed to America. But haste was needed as the German Army drove further into Jutland, for there was fear of the harbors being closed.

After assembling in Copenhagen, three hundred fifty-three converts were put on board a small steamer on April 10. Jesse N. Smith was in charge of the company of Saints. Also in the company was Parley P. Pratt and Patriarch John Smith, who had succeeded his great uncle, also John Smith, as presiding patriarch. The booming of the cannons from the bombardment on Alsan Island heightened the fears of the boarding emigrants. A great many young men stole away secretly and rejoined the group of Saints in England and New York.<sup>15</sup> Rain began pouring down in torrents as winds drove the waves over the deck. The steamer set a course for Oresound, the narrow channel separating Denmark and Sweden. Finally the rough seas persuaded the captain to anchor out of pity for the emigrants before sailing into the open sea. A young fellow-shipmate of Lena's described the situation as follows:

We were fairly out of the harbor when the heaving of the vessel began to cause a peculiar sensation as though my stomach was displeased with its present location. . . . When I now after so many years think of the night, how the sick people were laying in the hold on the floor in a promiscues way, men, women, and children, it is almost enough to sicken my stomach now.<sup>16</sup>

The next morning, the ship pulled anchor even though the storm had increased in fury. The waves rolled over the deck. All the passengers were sick and encouraged those who could walk to brave the storm on deck where the air was fresh. Nevertheless, the little steamer plowed through the waters of Skagerrak and into the turbulence of the North Sea. The storm tossed the vessel to and fro, up and down for forty-eight merciless hours.<sup>17</sup>

After a three-day voyage through heavy seas, the ship docked in Hull on England's east coast. The Saints were given shelter in a large warehouse. They now had access to their bedding, where they laid it out on the floor and laid down for a night of blissful rest. They spent several days here awaiting accommodations for the next leg of their journey. Our same H. N. Hansen wrote of this layover, probably also reflecting the perplexity of Lena and all the Danish Saints who were gathered in those new and alien surroundings:

As I was looking around in that neighborhood one day and with curiosity beholding what was going on in this new world, I would frequently listen to the conversation between men to try to catch some word that I could understand but in vain. I remember as I was pondering over this strange affair I noticed a rooster, and saw him flap his wings just as a rooster would do in Denmark, and was almost surprised to hear him crow exactly as a Danish rooster would do. I came to the conclusion while men in different lands spoke different languages, that rooster language was the same throughout the world.<sup>18</sup>



After a week's stay in Hull, the party of Saints resumed their journey across England's breadth by rail to the western seaport town of Liverpool, which was the home of the British Mission. This was Lena's first ride on a railway, as was the case with most of the other emigrants. In Denmark, people did not often travel long distances, unless they were fishermen. Lena probably never saw country and people more than fifty miles from her home on the island of Falster. The train ride was much more pleasant than the boat ride. Lena cared not to contemplate the voyage ahead.

The company of Saints arrived at the docks in Liverpool just before nightfall. After disembarking from the train, they were herded into an open shed where they were expected to spend the night on a stone pavement. After the wild boat ride across the North Sea, Lena felt she had no reason to expect anything better. Young Brother Hansen described his feelings as follows:

It was poor accommodations for human beings, but then we were only Mormon emigrants and I did not hear of much complaints. It was expected that the road to Zion would be a difficult one, that God's people should go through much tribulation whereby to become purified as gold. With this understanding all were determined to bear with meekness that which seemed to be their lot looking forward to the ultimate reward: a home in Zion.<sup>19</sup>

On April 26, 1864, the emigrant Saints boarded the *Monarch of the Sea*. This vessel was the largest ship ever chartered to carry Mormon emigrants. She was an exceptionally sturdy clipper ship, one thousand nine hundred seventy-nine tons. The ship measured two hundred twenty-three feet long, almost the length of a present-day Boeing 747 airliner. By today's standards, she would be considered a small ship, but in those days she was a queen, as her name implied. She sailed the seas for twenty-five years until she was lost at sea.<sup>20</sup>

According to Eva Bentley's *Magdalena Westenskow Funk*, Lena boarded the *General McClellan* for her voyage to New York on which there were primarily English, Scotch and Welsh passengers with only a sprinkling of Danish. There is no evidence in any passenger lists of that ship with the name Magdalene(a) Westenskow, Olsen, or Hansen. On the Scandinavian Mission Emigration Records, "Magdalene Olsen" is listed, age twenty, birthplace as Falster, and a spinster traveling alone assigned to the *Monarch of the Sea*, which quite accurately identifies Lena. This ship carried mostly Scandinavian passengers. The record of those indebted to the Perpetual Emigration Fund in 1864 lists the same name, "Magdalene Olsen."<sup>21</sup>

In contrast to the gloomy weather, the Saints were animated as they boarded the vessel. Lena had difficulty believing that she was actually about to sail for America. She was afraid that if she pinched herself, she would wake up to find herself back in Sonder Asley with her head pressed against a cow's flank engaged in her morning milking chores. There were nine hundred and seventy-four emigrating souls on board, all with plans of pushing on to the Salt Lake Valley as soon as they docked in New York. As they ascended the gangplank, many stole backward glances toward shore as tears filled their eyes, searching for friends or loved ones among the waving well-wishers on the dock. Lena had no loved ones on the dock to complicate the parting.

The passengers were housed on three decks. Families were berthed amidships, where there was somewhat more space, but single individuals, such as Lena, were cramped uncomfortably together. The resourceful company president came up with a logical solution. He suggested that betrothed couples be married without further delay to relieve the imbalance. Some couples subscribed to this common-sense suggestion and were promptly united in matrimony, and thus the congestion in the aft of the ship was partially eased. Lena chose to remain with the congested as there was no

suitable prospective husband within her grasp. But she tingled with excitement to finally be on the verge of sailing to America and then on to Zion.

1

No	No in Family	Names	Age	Sex	Birthplace	Occupation	State
			M	F			
<b>Dernes Conference</b>							
		Marie Cathr. Sandberg	23		Sealand	Wife	
3		Willard Joseph do	4		Fuen		
		Hanne do		3	Fuen		
1		Hans Peter Hanssen	21			Farmer	
		Jens Hanssen	28		Jutland	Farmer	
3		Maren K. do	22		Falster	Wife	
		Mahine Josephine do		1			
		Peter Hansen		X	Fuen	Farmer	X
		Olne E. do		X		Wife	X
6		Jens Elm. do		X		Farmer	X
		Johanne K.		X			X
		Nicoline Rasmussen		X			X
1		Frederikke K. Jensen	29		Lolland	Spinster	
1		Niels Jørgensen	51		Fuen	Farmer	
		Rasmus Jørgensen	36			Spinster	
3		Johanne C. do	26				
		Jens Peter do		3			
		Ellen W. Larsen		X	Jutland	Wife	X
		Marie A. Larsen		X	Falster		X
5		Christian Vilh. Larsen		X			X
		Johanne Sophie Lassen		X			X
		Rosald Andreas Larsen		X			X
		Christiane Nielsen	42		Fuen	Farmer	X
11		Anna do		X		Wife	X
		Jens Chr. do		5			X
		Aug Johanne Rasmussen	70				X
		Magdalene Olsen	20		Falster	Spinster	
1		Anders Pedersen	22		Lolland	Cooper	
		Frederikke Pedersen	30		Fuen	Widow	

Scandinavian Mission Emigration Records – Dernes Conference *Monarch of the Sea*  
 Magdalene Olsen: Age: 20 Birthplace: Falster Occupation: Spinster Destination: Florence  
 Deposited money: 100 + 5 Passage: 52 Railway tickets: 245 Exchange: 18-1 Foreign coins: 2-0-4

Figure 52: Scandinavian Mission Emigration Records—  
 Dernes Conference



Figure 53: Monarch of the Sea

While the ship was being loaded with cargo, the Saints were organized into wards. Elder John Smith, the Patriarch and grandson of Hyrum Smith, was appointed to preside over the entire company with Elders John D. Chase, J. P. R. Johnson, and Parley P. Pratt as counselors. Captain Kirkaldy seemed pleased that his passengers were under good supervision.<sup>22</sup>

The *Monarch of the Sea* strained against her moorings at the Bramley-Moore Dock as if anxious to break loose for the open sea. But there was still more delay. There was difficulty in obtaining sailors to man the ship. The bounty offered by the American Navy induced so many sailors to enter into their service at the height of the Civil War that it created a great scarcity of qualified seamen. Unfortunately, Captain Kirkaldy had to take on a certain amount of riffraff, which added to the tribulation of the passengers.<sup>23</sup>

It was not until two days later on the twenty-eighth that this large and proud vessel was towed out of the harbor into the sea again with her cargo of Zion-bound Saints, the largest Mormon emigrant party to ever sail the seas. As she watched the English shoreline slowly fade into the blue-

gray of the horizon, perhaps Lena's excitement yielded to feelings of apprehension. This certainly was a climactic event in the life of a small Danish maiden who had taken on such a daring solo adventure.

Even while the ship was being towed in calm waters, some of the passengers made their fears well-founded by resigning themselves to seasickness. Lena was somewhat accustomed to sea life, often going fishing with her brothers, but she endured only three days without seasickness during the entire voyage.<sup>24</sup> It seemed that there were many whose stomachs refused to harmonize with the rise and fall of the ship.

As the ship passed Holyhead off the northern coast of Wales, the pilot was given several letters written by the Saints to be mailed as a last farewell to loved ones in the "old country." The pilot boarded the tug as the passengers lining the rail waved their farewell to the last connecting link of their past lives. The *Monarch of the Sea* unfurled her sails, shuddered as she caught a stiff southwest breeze off the Irish Sea, and set her course toward the setting sun. For the next several weeks, Lena's eyes would be scanning the western horizon.<sup>25</sup>

The Saints quickly recognized that the crew members of the *Monarch of the Sea* were a rough and ill-tempered lot. They treated the passengers as though they were not fit company for them to associate with. If any of the emigrants happened to be blocking their way on deck they would kick and shove them, having no regard for either women or children.

Another problem that soon became apparent was the rations and cooking facilities. The church agents had stored on board hardtack, pork, peas, white flour, sugar, coffee, and a few other provisions. The ship furnished water at a very minimal portion to each individual daily. But the kitchen was not a tenth large enough.<sup>26</sup> Many days, several of the passengers had only hardtack to gnaw because their rations could not be cooked.

The voyage and its miseries lasted nearly two months, according to Brother Hansen, with no chance of washing clothes or bodies. If any of the passengers would attempt to wash their clothes and hang them to dry on the deck, the crew would throw the clothes overboard with out the least provocation. There was little chance for the clothes to dry below deck with its humid and stale air. Another fellow-passenger denounced the treatment received from the crew with a touch of vindictiveness:

I must mention we had the most cruel and wicked set of sailors that I ever met in my life, and they caused us some trouble. However, soon after our voyage, that ship went to the bottom of the ocean (Atlantic) and I suppose they deserved it.<sup>27</sup>

To the emigrants, the Atlantic Ocean in all its vastness created feelings of fear and loneliness. Converts to the Church who had never been far from home soon found themselves at the mercy of varying winds and relentless waves. At night, lying in her berth, at times terror-stricken, Lena listened to the creaking and straining noises of the ship, the flap of canvas, the wind whistling through the shrouds and rigging, and the shouting officers and crew scrambling on deck and aloft. Below deck, the emigrants' little world was dark and confining. It was a disharmony of children crying, the retching and vomiting of the seasick, the muttering and groaning of dispirited voyagers, and the waves crashing against the wooden hull and over the deck.

On May 10, while in the throes of a violent storm, a father tied his daughter to part of the ship's superstructure to keep her from being tossed about by the pitching of the ship. An old man had just cooked a big kettle of peas and was about to partake of his delicacy when he was thrown to the deck by the heaving of the ship and was sliding back and forth helplessly in a myriad of green peas.

As terrifying as the storms at sea were for the immigrants, it was the silent, deadly creeping of disease that

claimed the greater number of lives among the closely packed voyagers. The angel of death passed stealthily among the *Monarch of the Sea* passengers, as cholera spread from one to another, preying mostly upon the children. Cholera is highly infectious, carried in polluted food and water, but its cause was unknown in the nineteenth century, and speculation on its treatment ran wild. Some thought it was carried in the fumes of the air, so cities waged great campaigns to burn sulphur for purification. Lime was spread on the streets to disinfect them. Doctors tried blood-letting or burning the soles of the sufferer's feet as possible cures, remedies that usually accelerated the victims' deaths.<sup>28</sup> On board ship, there was little that could be done but pray and wait. Yet the specter of death always hovered near while journeying to Zion.

Brother Hansen made this sad observation, assuming the disease to be measles:

I think about 60 children died which included nearly all the little ones found among us. The disease among the children was said to be the measles. It was truly a trying time for parents and relatives of the little ones. No sooner was life extinct, but they would put their body in a coarse sack together with a piece of iron and dump them over board to sink.<sup>29</sup>

Ship wrecks were not an uncommon occurrence. During a fourteen month period ending December 31, 1841, five hundred fifty-seven vessels were reported wrecked—mostly along the North American Atlantic coast—and twenty-eight more were listed as missing. Some six hundred fifty lives were lost. But there was also an uncommon reason to be thankful:

The Mormons were fortunate in their choice of vessels. During the three decades under sail, their emigrant ships all made safe passages except the bark *Julia Ann*, wrecked in 1855 out of Australia. The Saints and some masters attributed this remarkable

safety record to the hand of Providence and the fact that ships were often dedicated and blessed before embarking on an emigrant voyage. Many of the vessels were eventually lost at sea, but not while carrying Mormon passengers. Some reported dismasting, shredded sails, serious leaks, and dismantled rigging during passage.<sup>30</sup>

About June 1, the eyes of the weary Saints beheld their first view of the shores of the new continent, the promised land for which home and its comforts had been sacrificed. Lena breathed deeply as her eyes beheld the green shoreline of the American continent and now the last phase of the long and tedious voyage with all its trials and hardships was upon them. At last, the difficult part of the journey was over, she reasoned, even though they were warned that there still were thousands of miles yet to travel before arriving at their Rocky Mountain home.

As the *Monarch of the Sea* approached the banks of Newfoundland, the Atlantic Ocean lapsed into its worst behavior. High winds whipped the sea into a foaming caldron of slashing waves. To sailors, these waters were aptly known as Iceberg Alley. Forty-eight years later along this shipping lane, this same briny deep would provide the burial site of the Titanic and fifteen hundred of her passengers. Lena's daughter, Florina, provided us with an insight into her mother's perilous voyage:

The ship she was on was a sailing vessel. The seas were rough with bad storms which made the long slow journey very unpleasant. They were on the water six weeks and five days, Mother being sick all the time except three days. One night during the voyage a terrific storm came up causing a great deal of damage. The main mast was broken and there was danger of the vessel's sinking. The passengers were warned of the danger and were prepared to take to the life boats. The storm passed over, however, with no loss of life. The next morning the captain called all the Saints on deck and told them that if it had not been for the faith



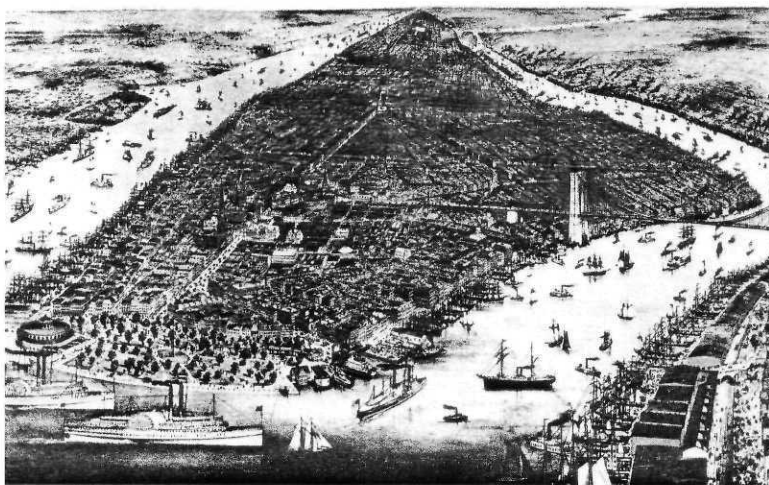
of those on board, the ship would have been lost. He acknowledged that a supreme power guarded the ship.<sup>31</sup>

But the storms and sickness were not Lena's only adversities. She had made friends with two other girls who were also without family. All three girls had managed to bring with them sufficient means to get themselves to Utah after they landed in New York. Lena had inherited from her mother a sizeable quantity of expensive jewelry that was to see her safely to Utah. But now the plot thickens. Sailing with them was a seemingly paternalistic Mormon elder who claimed that he was just returning from a mission to Denmark. After gaining the girls' confidences, the solicitous fellow passenger suggested that their money and valuables would be much safer under his watchful eye during the voyage. Lena could well recall the docks at Liverpool crawling with hordes of beggars and thieves as well as the shipping agents, baggage services, and other parasites who were not adverse to overcharging, lying, and cheating naïve and defenseless emigrants. Add to that the barbaric behavior of the crew and the girls agreed that they could use a watchful guardian of their properties. They decided to entrust their entire fortunes to the safekeeping of the "elder."<sup>32</sup>

The *Monarch of the Sea* was put in tow by a small tug steamer as she neared the mouth of the bay at New York. As soon as she dropped anchor in the Upper Bay, the ship and her passengers were put under quarantine awaiting inspection. After a considerable delay, the immigrants were put ashore at Castle Garden. This was the immigrant depot, a small fortified island located near the southern tip of the Island of Manhattan. This separation was later filled to become a part of the main island.<sup>33</sup> A Latter-day Saint immigrant from an earlier year voiced her impression of Castle Garden in no uncertain terms:

I had such glorious ideas of the New Country, and these dreams of America were somewhat shaken when I viewed the awful place with such a fair sounding name—Castle Garden. . . . We were all anxious to set our eyes upon the promised land, but landing at the unkept immigration quarters was enough to dispirit the bravest heart.<sup>34</sup>

Excitement heightened as the passengers became earth-bound once again, ending a thirty-one day voyage.<sup>35</sup> The average crossing by sail ship from Liverpool to Boston or New York was thirty-eight days. Three years later when steamships became the common means of transporting the Saints, the time for crossing would be cut in half. The shorter time was a welcome relief as the death toll decreased substantially.



Most Mormon voyages—especially after 1855—terminated at New York. In this Currier & Ives lithograph of Manhattan in 1876, Castle Garden is the circular structure in the lower left-hand corner between the Hudson and East rivers. *Courtesy The New-York Historical Society.*

Figure 54: Castle Garden

It was a strange sensation as Lena set foot on solid ground once more, her unsteady steps unconsciously expecting the ground to roll. She followed her fellow passengers as she gazed at her new surroundings, her body tin-

gling with excitement at the thought of being in America. One perplexed Italian immigrant wrote home after arriving a few years later, and said,

I came to America because I heard the streets were paved with gold. When I got here, I found out three things. First, the streets weren't paved with gold; second, they weren't paved at all; and third, I was expected to pave them.

Nevertheless, to Lena it seemed like a dream to actually be in America, the land of liberty. But the United States was not so united at the time; she was locked in the midst of a bloody Civil War. General Grant's Army of the Potomac had the Army of Northern Virginia under Lee's command in a state of siege at Petersburg, but at a terrible cost of human life, while Sherman was pounding on the door to Atlanta. Lena had left her native homeland while war was being waged there only to arrive at her adopted homeland in the midst of another war, only here much more devastating. The party of Saints was anxious to move on to distance themselves from the carnage caused by the conflict between the States.

But Utah was still far away, and, alas, so was the "benevolent" elder when the three shocked girls tried to find him to reclaim their money and jewelry. The thief was never seen or heard of again.<sup>36</sup> It would be many months before Lena would stop studying the faces in crowds who might resemble the malefactor.

There was a long delay at Castle Garden while the immigration officers made a thorough search of luggage, especially for contraband. It seemed that the custom officials charged for almost everything beside what individuals were clothed with. After all, the long drawn-out Civil War had to be financed. The three girls would have been stranded in New York had not some of the kind Saints in the company made it possible for them to continue the journey to Utah.

The company of Saints left New York in the afternoon for Albany by steamboat. Up the Hudson River they steamed for one hundred fifty miles. The Saints arrived in Albany early the following morning. They then boarded rail cars for Buffalo. From there, after another delay, they climbed on other rail cars for St. Joseph, Missouri. Although every coach was full to capacity, the Saints were delighted with the cushioned seats. Brother Hansen commented with satisfaction, "We began to enjoy our ride by rail in this new land where everything looked so strangely different to what our eyes were accustomed to behold."<sup>37</sup>

Their enjoyment, however, was short-lived. When night overtook them, the crowded conditions allowed little rest. The train was pitifully slow as it was frequently sidetracked for other trains with a higher priority, especially those engaged in the war effort. Their train arrived at a point where it necessitated a change where their cars with cushioned seats were exchanged for temporary board seats without back supports hastily put together in box cars. It was suspected that the military appropriated the more comfortable cars for the movement of troops.

The Civil War created prejudices and distrust against strangers, especially directed toward those speaking a foreign tongue, as illustrated in this episode experienced by Lena's company:

The Civil War was ending and some of the troops encountered by the emigrants on the way to the outfitting camps at Wyoming, Nebraska, manifested much bitterness towards them. At one point they drove the emigrants through a river with the rain descending in torrents, which exposure caused much sickness and some deaths in the company.<sup>38</sup>

Now conditions became ten times worse in the box cars. On one occasion, the Saints were shoved into cattle cars where hog excrement was covered with a thin layer of straw and with nothing to sit upon but the straw. On arriving in

Chicago, they were furnished with the luxury of passenger cars again as far as Quincy, Illinois. Probably the returning elders who were escorting the company of foreign Saints became absorbed in pointing out familiar landmarks as they traveled in the proximity of Nauvoo. Their luck ran out as once again they were offered box cars after crossing the Mississippi. By this time, the Saints' patience had run out with their luck. They refused to board the box cars. Lena was probably one of those who was determined to walk rather than endure more of the box car agony and stench. Of course, Lena had no money for train fare anyway, so that made walking all the more an acceptable option. They were informed that there would be no other cars available until the next day. There was no shelter and no access to their bedding. The company of Saints gathered in nearby woods, and by the use of shawls and overcoats made themselves tolerably comfortable. In fact, sleeping on the ground proved to be the most comfortable night Lena had spent in over a week.

The next day, the company was put aboard a regular passenger train that took them across the state of Missouri. The railway ride through Missouri was a harrowing experience. They noticed union soldiers stationed at bridges to prevent their destruction by the rebels. One immigrant in a passenger car traveling through Missouri reported that

Just before we arrived in St. Joseph, Missouri, the rebels, or bushwhackers, fired two cannon balls through our train, one shot went through the passenger car exactly eight inches above the peoples' heads and the other through a baggage car destroying a great amount of baggage.<sup>39</sup>

Here they traveled through scenes of the bitter Missouri persecutions. At last they reached the railroad terminal at St. Joseph, Missouri, a busy port on the Missouri River as well as a frontier post for westward overland migration. This was the doorway to those with the spark of adventure and

dreams of a utopia beyond the western horizon. While traveling through Missouri, Lena stared in horror at the ruins of whole towns that had been laid waste by the war. Here at the end of the Rock Island line, they were dumped off on the sand near the bank of the Missouri River to await a river boat. They had traveled by rail almost halfway across the continent.

But these Mormon immigrants had their hopes and dreams focused on things of a spiritual nature. It was their Zion in the valley of the mountains that beckoned them on. They now boarded a small wooden steamer that set her course upstream against the current of the mighty Missouri and the last leg of their journey to Wyoming, the outfitting post on the eastern edge of the Nebraska Territory. They were the first immigrants from overseas to arrive at this newly designated “fit-out” post, named Wyoming. Even though this small outpost had not been in existence long, there were already grave markers for those good souls whose physical endurance fell short of their goals.<sup>40</sup>

It was about the middle of June, and their Utah Zion was still over a thousand miles beyond prairies, plains and mountains. The company from the *Monarch of the Sea* was informed that there were others en route to join them. There would be a waiting period of several days before they would arrive. Magdalena, showing no signs of discouragement, began preparations for her sojourn at Wyoming.

A few members had tents, but those who were not as fortunate had to rely on their ingenuity for shelter. Consider that the majority of these foreign converts had never pitched a tent on the ground, cooked outdoors, or built a campfire. They had none of the skills that made frontiersmen. But they had the stuff of which heroes and heroines were made.

With willow poles for support, they piled brush, mostly sumac bushes, on the poles. This arrangement provided an excellent means of straining the rain water as it filtered in streams through their brush roof during the nightly down-pours. As for rain, Lena was often subjected to long and

steady periods of rain in Denmark, but here along the Missouri River she had never witnessed such “pour downs” along with thunder and lightning that left her numb with terror.<sup>41</sup> However, their brush huts did fine in providing shade from the summer sun.

Their trials and tribulations continued. Disease began to creep into the camp, this time attacking both old and young alike. The cholera epidemic struck with a vengeance. Their resistance to it was compromised by the climate, diet, and fatigue.

For six weeks, the *Monarch of the Sea* immigrants lingered in Wyoming as the burial plots increased in number.

Lena’s life story to the present made Marcus realize that here was a girl who was capable of handling life on the frontier. Besides her resolve, Marcus was able to discern a beauty that lay under the sweating brow and dust-covered cheeks. In the evening around the campfire, Marcus was able to persuade Lena on rare occasions to take out her violin and play melodies that were perhaps never heard on the trail before.

Lena and her two friends continued their trek over the rocks and sands of the endless plains, through streams, and over hills that steepened as they left the Nebraska landscape. The trail became less traveled in 1864; sometimes the only sign of human life other than their own train would be at an occasional stage station. The trek had its highs and lows of human endurance. Along the trail, a family brought their wagon to a halt and removed the body of a loved one who had died during the day. They hurriedly dug a shallow grave to the side of the trail. With little ceremony, while not betraying the extent of the pain they felt in their hearts, the body was laid in the shallow grave and then covered. The grieving family then hurried on to catch up with the train, leaving that sacred and lonely spot to be watched over by the howling winds.<sup>42</sup>

One of Lena's fellow travelers had the difficult task of writing a letter to Denmark to the husband of one of the women in the wagon train, Caroline Mortine Hansen, whose physical strength could not match her faith:

Dear Brother Hansen: . . . Will tell you a little about your wife Caroline, she walked as much of the way as she could. She was well most of the time. Toward the end she wasn't very well, then became very sick. Many of the Saints had cholera, it was a stomach trouble. She was too weak to go on, was only sick six days and on the 7th the Lord called her home to a better life. She died with faith, hope and love for her Heavenly Father. She was taken from us the 9th of September 1864, just six days before we reached Salt Lake City on the fifteenth. She was buried on the plains of Wyoming.

/S/ Trine Marie Hold

At the Bear River Station, Martin Wood, who was returning home from a mission in England, lost his life in an accident. Mourning was tempered with thoughts of home as they camped the next night at a trekker's favorite campground, Cache Cave. And then there were Echo Canyon, Silver Creek, Big and Little Mountains, and at last, the City of the Saints. Magdalene and the other two girls pushed and pulled the handcart all the way to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, riding only when crossing streams and rivers that were too deep to wade. Since the girls had no families of their own to care for, they went among the company helping with the children, caring for the sick, and giving whatever help was needed. They walked all day and when camped at night, they washed clothes for themselves as well as for those who needed help. In this way, the girls felt that they were repaying the kindnesses shown them by the several members of the immigrant company back in New York where the girls had found themselves penniless.<sup>43</sup>



After listening to Lena's account of her adventures, and misadventures, in arriving to this point of her journey to join the Saints in Utah, Marcus had become captivated by Lena's modest candidness. As the miles to their destination lessened, their affection for one another increased. Even though the cool winds of autumn were beginning to turn the leaves of the quaking aspen to a shimmering gold, spring was in the air as far as Lena and Marcus were concerned. By the time they entered the Salt Lake Valley on September 15, 1864, Marcus had proposed marriage and Lena had readily accepted. It seems natural that a Dane such as our young Marcus would be attracted to another of Danish femininity whose customs and language were commonly shared. There was a negative imbalance of Danish female immigrants, so Marcus realized the advantage of securing such a prize before other young bachelor Danes already settled in Utah took to the offensive.

From Salt Lake City, Lena turned south and on to Manti to join her brothers. Three days later in the company of the remainder of the William B. Preston ox train, Marcus arrived in Maughan's Fort, now known as Wellsville, to the welcome of loved ones and the strains of the Logan Brass Band. Henry Ballard's final entry in his journal of the 1864 wagon train trek on September 19 reads:

We arrived home safely feeling very thankful to our Heavenly Father for His mercies over us and families while traveling over two thousand miles, also very thankful to again enjoy the society of our families and friends and find them in good health.<sup>44</sup>

Marcus wasted no time in heading further north to return to the home of his parents in Richmond. He had exciting news and many stories to share with his family and arrangements to make for the arrival of his betrothed.

Lena was overjoyed to again be with members of her family in Sanpete County. Hans was already involved with

his music as a teacher and choir leader. He was also director of the brass band and orchestra, which would continue for twenty years.<sup>45</sup> Peter had arrived from Denmark earlier in the same year, while Hans and his family had been in Manti for several months. Manti history reveals that in February of 1899, children of Hans and Peter were among the first Mormon settlers in the Grande Ronde Valley of Oregon.<sup>46</sup> But in Manti, the Westenskows were fast becoming an integral part of this thriving community.

Before Lena hardly had a chance to catch her breath and nurse her sore feet, Hans and Peter had her playing with them for dances around San Pete County. There was little time or inclination for homesickness for her native land. Lena was with family in an exciting new world, full of vast empty spaces and kind hearts. And what was more, she was in love!

Isaac Morley, the patriarch who had given Charles Westover a blessing at the banks of the Elkhorn sixteen years earlier, had led the original group of settlers to what is now Manti. Since then many Scandinavian converts had flocked to Manti and surrounding settlements in Sanpete County, becoming known as Little Scandinavia. The result of this diversity of culture soon corrupted the spoken language into baffling and humorous distortions of the mother tongue, such as “God bless the President of the kwirk and also da twelf impossibles” and “multiply and blemish the earth.”

An anecdote that exemplifies the tendency of the misuse of English idiom is told of a funeral of a Brother Christensen, an original pioneer of Ephraim. A good brother who was prone to sprinkle a good part of his own personality into his oratories was asked to be a speaker at the services for the deceased Brother Christensen. The eulogy went like this:

De Bishop haf asked me to spake de funeral sermon of Brodder Christensen und I don't know anything dat vill gif me more joy. It vas yust a few veeks ago dat he vas galavanting around her full of vim und vitality, un now all dat is before us is yust de old carcass—de shell as it var; de nut has gone. Ven he vas sick it seemed for a little vile that he vould recruit but he suffered a prolapse un vent to his happy hunting ground ver der is no pain or tears, or Vord of Visdom.

Brodder Christensen vas a patriotic man un many a time he has sung de “Star Spangled Flag” und many times haf I heard him recite dos beautiful vords from dat grand old Patriarch George Vashington:

‘Breathes der de man vit sould so dead  
Who never said to himself  
Dis is my own, my native land,  
Veder he vas born here or in Denmark?’

Und always he was a minute man un a true soldier. All de time he was on de varpath. He fought shoulder to shoulder vit Blackhawk, und he fought hand to hand vit odder Indians for de people of Manti and Ephraim. Now finally he haf to lay down his arms. Und ven I tink of de character of dis vonderful patriarch, I feel it an honor to ad a bo-ket to de character of dis find ol veterinary.

He didn't know a great deal about dis vorld. He tought dat Henry Clay var a kind of adobe mud, but he var spiritually minded und more dan vonce he testified dat he had peered into the great behind. He loved de gospel. He loved it more dan anything in de vorld except maybe his second vife.

He was a very gud recitation speaker, und oh how I like to hear him recitation dat poem “Oh Death, var is thy stinger.”

And so considering all de vonderful characteristics of dis Brodder I tink ve can take him out un have him interned in dat barn from vich no traveling man

returns. He have given me a testimony of de great principle—de immortality of de soul, vich he had practiced all his life. Un now I close in de name of de Holy Ghost. Amen.

Perhaps repeating just one more anecdote of Scandinavian humor might be forgivable:

When a luckless Dane loses a finger to a buzz saw and his companion chides him, “Why, you fool you. You put your finger right into the saw,” he says, “I dit not; I jüst vent like dat—oops, der goes de udder vun.”

Marcus was in the mood for laughing and shouting and it did not take Danish humor to get him that way. He was going to be married, of all things. Diderick and Maren just had to smile and shake their heads at the change in their love-struck son. Like a whirlwind, Marcus soon found his way to Manti, the only place on earth where the Indians learn to speak white man talk with a Danish accent. Where was his comely brown-eyed beauty? He was a young man in love and Lena Westenskow (or was it Olsen, or maybe Hansen? Well, who cares? Soon it would be Funk.) was the object of his desire. Five weeks and two days after arriving in the Salt Lake Valley, Marcus and Lena were married in Manti, October 22, 1864. Lena could not be happier. Even though they were born and raised less than a hundred miles apart, it took over six thousand miles of rigorous travel over turbulent seas and in a strange land with even stranger customs to meet and fall in love.

Following their wedding ceremony in Manti, Marcus scooped up his lovely wisp-of-a-bride and off they rode to their castle in the sky, which turned out to be on a corner lot of the block south of the home of Marcus’s parents in Richmond. It was there that Marcus built their first home, a one-room log house, which became the birthplace of five of their eleven children.

Two months following their wedding, Marcus and Lena, together with Marcus's two brothers, Hans and Christopher, and their wives, journeyed to Salt Lake City where they all received their endowments and the three marriages were solemnized in the Endowment House on December 27, 1864. Marcus's brother-in-law, Charles W. Hyde, who was married to Marcus's sister, Cecelia, was a patriarch in Salt Lake City and a man of mighty faith. It may have been on this same trip that Marcus and Lena each received a patriarchal blessing from Charles Hyde.<sup>47</sup> Marcus was given this special blessing:

A Blessing by C. W. Hyde Patriarch Upon the head of  
Marcus Funk the son of Castina & DeDrick Funk  
Born Dec 3d 1842 Denmark

Marcus in the name of Jesus I place my hands upon your head and I seal upon the[e] a father's blessing for the eye of the Lord has been upon thee that thou shouldst do a great and a mighty work in Zion, and shall yet proclaim the gospel to thine own native land with the sound of a trumpet and shall push many people together and lead them to Zion with songs of everlasting joy and you shall have power to heal the sick yea and even raise the dead and do any miracle that was ever done upon the earth to forward the kingdom for you shall have an inheritance in Zion and your habitation shall be beautiful with flocks, herds and all manner of fruit trees to gladden your heart and thy table shall be spread with all the beautiful fruit of the earth and it shall be like the garden of Eden. Thou art of Jacob and a lawful heir to the fulness of the Priesthood with wives and a great kingdom upon the earth in due time and it is your privilege [sic] to stand upon the earth at the coming of the Messiah and converse with all the Holy Prophets since the world began. Therefore go thy [way] and no good thing shall be with-held from thee and in the end thou shalt be crowned with glory and Eternal lives to God and the Lamb forever and ever. Amen.  
S. Stageman Scribe & Recorder<sup>48</sup>

On February 26, 1868, Richmond was incorporated as a city with William C. Hendricks as mayor and Christopher Funk appointed as Supervisor of Streets. In July of that year, Marcus Funk, N. R. Lewis, and G. F. Burnham became members of the first city police force.<sup>49</sup>

Ten months from their wedding day, Lena bore her first child, Marcus Orlando. Marcus Orlando's history concedes that his birthplace was, of all places, in his grandfather's granary.<sup>50</sup> One and a half years later, William Jacob was born. Now that they had two healthy boys destined to help Marcus with the farm work, it was time for a girl. Obliging, on August 20, 1869, Eliza Johanna made her debut on earth in that little single-room log home in Richmond. By the end of the first ten years of marriage, two other children were born: Matilda Magdalena and Willard Peter.



Figure 55: Magdalene Westenskow and Marcus Funk

Marcus was blessed to have such a devoted and hard-working woman as a wife and mother of his children. Lena made her husband his first coat, which he wore with pride. And Lena was equally blessed to have such a good provider for a husband. Marcus farmed every available inch of their small acreage. The crops produced abundantly in response to Marcus's agrarian skills. It was not long before he was

able to buy additional farm land. His herds of cattle, sheep, and horses increased over the next ten years. He became one of the more prosperous farmers in Richmond.

No young man in the community had better financial prospects than Marcus. In the course of ten years, he had sixty acres of choice farm land, team, sheep, and many very good milk cows.<sup>51</sup> But the faith of Marcus and Lena was soon to be tested.





---

## XIII

# Washington

EVEN THOUGH PROSPERITY makes a cherished companion, there are more valuable lessons to be learned from Sacrifice. About the time of Willard's birth early in the year of 1874, at the suggestion of Marriner Merrill, who happened to have been their first bishop in Richmond and now a member of the stake presidency and a future member of the Quorum of the Twelve, Marcus and Lena were called by President Young to go to the Dixie Mission to help in settling the southern part of the territory below the Rim of the Basin.<sup>1</sup> Those struggling settlements could use a few good men and women like Marcus and Lena Funk. Brother Brigham noted that others when asked to go to St. George in 1874 responded, "St. George! Are you going to send me to St. George? Why, it's like sending me out of the world."<sup>2</sup>

It was troubling to have to sell their home and farmland and most of their livestock. They had no difficulty finding buyers for their property—it was one of the finest farms in Richmond. But what they had was built from their sweat and callouses. Their five children had been born within the walls of that little log home. Somehow it had all become a

part of them. Marcus's parents were getting along in years and they depended on Marcus and Lena for many of their needs. Nevertheless, this was a call from the Lord. "No need to fret and stew over the matter. The Lord knows what He is doing, so let's get on with it," was Marcus's likely response.

They sold their home and land and much of their livestock and a good part of their household possessions that they could not take with them. All that they were to take with them were seven horses, two wagons, and nineteen head of horned stock.<sup>3</sup> Then they loaded the remainder of their belongings in the two wagons, each drawn by four-horse teams with Marcus driving one team and the two older boys, Orlando, ("Orlando" was commonly used instead of his first name, "Marcus," to avoid confusion with his father) now nine years of age, and William, age seven, alternated between driving the second team and riding horseback to drive the cattle and sheep they were taking with them: quite a hefty responsibility for such young lads.

Saying goodbye to Marcus's parents proved difficult. Both Diderick and Kirsten were not well. Diderick's seventy-four years of living with his shoulder to the wheel had sapped his strength. Later in the same year of 1874, October 26, Diderick would be laid to rest in the Richmond Cemetery. Kirsten would follow two-and-a-half months later. Marcus sensed that it was a final goodbye to his beloved parents.

As Lena was just getting ready to climb up on the wagon beside her husband, her good friend, Martha, wife of Hyrum Karren, came scurrying down the road, her arms waving excitedly, calling for Lena to wait. As Martha approached the wagon, she pulled out a piece of paper from her apron pocket and breathlessly explained, "At the last minute I decided to share this canker medicine recipe with you. I know you will need this recipe where you are going, but I want you to promise never to give it to anyone."

It seems that having knowledge of a secret medicinal recipe carried with it a distinction of honor to those entrusted with such healing formulas in pioneer times.

“This is an old Indian recipe which has been handed down to me with my promise that I would not give it to anyone else.” Martha lowered her voice as she shared this treasured confidence. “I have given this medicine to anyone who needed it around these parts. I’m sure there’ll be folks down in Dixie that’ll be needin’ it from time to time. Now git yourselves down the road.”

Lena thanked Martha for her generosity and her confidence. True to her trust, Lena never gave the recipe to anyone, although she made the medicine for many canker sufferers over the years. Her youngest daughter, Florina, inherited the secret recipe and consequently Florina’s daughters, Gertrude and Eva Bentley became custodians of the formula. The Bentley sisters eventually decided that this recipe should not be lost to future generations so through their benevolence, the old Indian canker medicine recipe is unveiled:

#### GRANDMA FUNK’S CANKER MEDICINE

1 pint milk molasses (Grandma’s molasses is a milk product)

2 tbsp. burnt alum

1 tbsp. black gun powder (obtain from gun shop) 1 piece burnt copperas (ferrous sulfate) size of a bean 1 piece borax, size of a bean (probably a navy bean) To burn the alum and copperas (separately), place an amount of the substance on a pie tin that can be discarded, place over heat, stirring with a stick until copperas has turned a tan color and until the alum has melted and then solidified again. Pulverize, measure, and add molasses. Place mixture over heat and bring to slow boil. Cook for twenty-five minutes, stirring often. Pour into bottle and cover. Dosage: 1 teaspoon two to four times daily. This is also effective in treat-

ment of sore throat and common cough. Note: Stainless steel utensils should be used, as the medicine will discolor other types. Grandma always used a clean wooden stick for stirring, and we have continued to do the same.<sup>4</sup>

The Marcus Funk family had scarcely got on the road leading out of Richmond when Lena realized that her baby, Willard, was not well. By the time they arrived in Brigham City, the infant's condition had markedly deteriorated. Lena was sure that little Willard's illness had developed into lung fever, known now as pneumonia. Marcus's older sister, Cecelia, was married to Charles Hyde, a church patriarch in Salt Lake City who had given Marcus a blessing earlier. Lena was sure that if the baby could live until they reached Salt Lake City, they could have Charles, a man of great faith, administer to Willard and the baby would live. Lena kept urging Marcus to go faster; the baby's condition seemed to be worsening. In spite of the cold night air, baby Willard's flesh seemed to be on fire. The long distance and the heavy load were taking their toll on the horses. But Marcus kept them straining against the harnesses.

When the Funks finally pulled up to the front of the Hyde home, Lena rushed to the door holding her heavily wrapped baby. Charles was not at home! Cecelia did not know where he had gone and it would be useless to go looking for him. They waited and prayed as their anxieties deepened. They did what they could for the sick child, but nothing seemed to lower the fever.

They were beginning to give up hope for Charles's timely return. Time was an important factor since they were gambling on the weather by beginning their long journey in late October. The Funk family decided that they had to continue on their southward trek, trusting in God that He would preserve the life of their baby. As they were returning to their wagons to continue their journey, they saw Charles, a cripple, coming down the lane in his wheelchair as fast as he could make that rolling chair move.

“I’m coming, Lena! I’m coming! I know you need me,” was Charles’s cry. Marcus rushed to help his brother-in-law the last few yards. Once inside, Charles, still in his wheelchair, took the baby in his arms and administered to him and pronounced a blessing of healing upon the sick child. Almost immediately, baby Willard stopped his whimpering and the fever seemed to leave as if a vapor had risen from him. Willard opened his eyes and a faint smile seemed to cross his little face.

The Marcus Funk family pushed on through the populated Salt Lake City following the blessing. The road south in 1874 was now well traveled and clearly marked. In the higher elevations the ground was already beginning to freeze, but in the lower valleys the autumn rains were making the trail muddy, severely testing the teams’ endurance. Fortunately, the trail down the Black Ridge that caused the pioneers of 1861 so much grief was now much less formidable.

It almost seemed like spring instead of late fall as Marcus and his family moved out onto the plain of the Virgin River Valley. The relatively warm desert breezes pressed softly against Lena’s bronzed cheeks. Four-year-old Eliza Johanna coaxed to get down off the wagon so that she could walk beside her mother. Farmers were in the fields bringing in their last crop of hay. Marcus wondered about the fertility of the soil judging from the sparse cutting. The Virgin River had eaten away wide swaths of its banks indicating high levels of flow at times. But now the Virgin was only a trickle as though it were ready to sink into oblivion in the sands of the river bed. Its ill-mannered reputation was certainly only a tale that ballooned with each repetition, thought Marcus.

Marcus and Lena were in awe as they surveyed the vermillion cliffs, the long reaches of sand and sage brush. They had never seen country like this before. Marcus wondered if this soil would actually sustain them. It was no time for misgivings, as Marcus brushed aside those negative thoughts.

He had faith that the Lord had a reason for them to be here. The Lord would provide. Perhaps the rumors of the hard life in Dixie were largely unfounded. Grumblers and malcontents were a dime a dozen wherever one went, so maybe the reports that reached the settlements in the north about conditions in the Dixie Mission were exaggerated.

Once in St. George, they were directed to the office of Apostle Erastus Snow. There they were warmly welcomed by Elder Snow in their native Danish tongue. Now they were sure that their stay here in St. George was going to be enjoyable. But when Erastus told them that their assignment was to settle in Orderville where the United Order had just been organized that same year, they felt disappointed. Marcus was too much of an individualist to have to depend on others for life's necessities. But there was no questioning the Church leadership, before or now.

They obediently turned their wagons to the northeast toward Long Valley where the newly founded city of Orderville was about to be laid out. About three miles out of St. George, it began to rain. The rain continued without let up. Finally, the Funks decided that they had better make camp and wait out the storm. It was not like Marcus Funk to give in to obstacles, weather included, but the trail was turning into a stream bed as the wagon wheels sank into the muck.

For three days and three nights they waited for the storm to abate. The children were put to bed each night in wet clothing. Surprisingly they never caught cold or suffered any form of illness. The mud deepened while Marcus's patience shortened. He could stand it no longer. Marcus and the boys hitched the teams to the wagons but to no avail. The wagons were hopelessly rooted in the quagmire. Even with a wagon double-teamed, it refused to budge.

By the fourth morning, again after failing to pull the wagons out of the mire, Lena prevailed on Marcus that he should return to St. George and report their plight to President Snow and confirm whether they should still try to press on to Orderville. Marcus certainly did not want to appear

that he questioned the counsel of the Church authority, but out of frustration, Marcus saddled up one of the horses and returned to confer with Brother Erastus.

Marcus was surprised to hear President Snow counsel him to return to his camp, hitch up the teams again and proceed to the town of Washington and settle there. Marcus was greatly relieved upon receiving the change of assignment, but there was still the problem of pulling the wagons out of the mud.

The family rejoiced when they heard of the revised plans. They once again hitched up the teams, and amazingly, the mud released its grip as the horses surged ahead as though the wagons had never been stuck.

Soon after arriving in Washington, Marcus received word that his father had passed away shortly after their departure from Richmond. Marcus Orlando recalled the time in later years:

I well remember my father upon receiving the word [of the death of his father], leaving our campfire, for we were still in our wagons, and giving vent to his feelings in tears alone. Six weeks later his mother died. Faithful and true they went to a well earned rest.<sup>5</sup>

The Funk family resided in Washington for fifteen years, 1874 to 1889. The Washington Ward records disclose that their membership records were received from Richmond on November 30, 1874.<sup>6</sup> There is no date recorded, but it was likely that soon after arriving Marcus purchased property to build a home for his family on the desert sands of the town of Washington. A warranty discloses that he purchased a lot for five hundred dollars from Allen Taylor.<sup>7</sup>

The first few years in the Dixie Mission was a test of faith and endurance. Both Marcus and Lena suffered from malaria, referred to as ague or the chills at the time, a fever prevalent in Dixie and especially in Washington. There was

little quinine to fight the ravages of the disease. Marcus almost lost his eyesight due to the effects of the disease. For many days, he saw nothing, and could hardly stand the light of day. Lena was afflicted with chills and fever every third day, as her son Marcus Orlando wrote.

During these trying times, my brother, Will, and I, 10 years old, were compelled to plant our crops in the fields. We were so small that we would have to get upon the tongue of the wagon and then both of us would harness one horse at a time, and when we were plowing in the field, one would drive the team and the other hold the plow. Sometimes the furrows were so crooked that we would have to plow only part way through the land to straighten them out.<sup>8</sup>

Six more children were born in Washington to Lena and Marcus: Clara Ann; Florina Cecelia; triplets—Mary, Martha, and Thomas; and the youngest, Walter Richard, making a total of eleven children. Sadly, the triplets lived only a few days following their birth date on January 6, 1881, although at birth they appeared to be healthy babies weighing a total of eighteen pounds. The three little ones were blessed by their father on January 9, but later that day, Mary's spirit returned to her Heavenly Father. Martha and Thomas died five days later. Lena always felt their deaths were caused by exposure. Since triplets were almost unheard of at that time, people from all towns in the valley came to see them. The woman who cared for them placed them in the living room by the door so people could come in, view the babies, and leave at will. The door was kept open all the time, and even in Utah's Dixie it is too cold in January for such exposure to newborn babies. Within eight days each of the babies had died of lung fever. The three infants were buried in one grave, two in one coffin, in the Washington Cemetery.

Even though Lena bore eleven children, she always remained petite and trim. She kept her self-esteem intact by never wearing soiled or untidy clothing. She made sure she was presentable from the time she arose in the morning until



time for bed. In the early morning while the fire in the cook stove heated, she groomed her long curly tresses. Her granddaughter and namesake, Magdalene Westover Lake, reminisced that her grandmother “had the blackest hair and when she sat down in a chair it hung six inches on the floor.” Perhaps it would seem that Lena had a touch of vanity, but it was all to her credit that she never allowed life on the frontier to compromise her personal standards of cleanliness and appearance. Even in her older years, she took care to choose clothing of styles and colors that did not add years to her good looks.

Lena was an immaculate housekeeper, decorating her home with beautifully embroidered cushions and chair backs. Her Danish upbringing compelled her to sweep her dooryards clean each morning just as the floors inside her home. Her small five-foot frame scurried about her household and garden duties with the hustle and bustle of a bantam hen.

When it came to dinner time, Lena had no peers. Marcus and the children especially loved her Danish sweet soup and bread dumplings. In times of sickness in the community, Lena was one of the first at the home of the afflicted with her sympathies and her Danish sweet soup.

Following is a typical Danish Sweet Soup recipe:

½ pound of prunes and ½ pound of raisins—Cook in water until tender. Add 3 sticks of cinnamon bark. Stir in 3 Tbs of tapioca and juice of 1 lemon. Add sugar as needed. —Ellen Larsen Madsen.

Another admirable characteristic of Lena was her love of reading, such as any Church book or magazine, home-making and farm magazines, as well as books of fiction if they were uplifting and educational. Even her shyness could not hide her refinement and culture. But her one failing was that she never felt confident to write in English. Her only letters to her children were written by someone else.

Lena had a lovely alto voice, which she shared in group singing and church choirs, but never would she sing solo. She was also a talented violinist, but a regrettable accident put an end to her artistry on the violin. As was her nature to help others in need, Lena was washing a dress of a polygamist wife who was hiding from the U. S. Marshals. A large needle had been left pinned to the dress. Lena, not noticing the needle, pressed it deeply into her left hand. The dyes from the dress entered the wound and resulted in blood poisoning. She became very ill as her arm swelled. The doctor was called in and lanced her inflamed hand, but not being skillful in treating this type of injury, severed a tendon that left her hand crippled for the remainder of her life. As with other of life's trials, Lena accepted the handicap with grace, thankful that she still had a right hand to hold her children close to her.<sup>9</sup>

To give his family every advantage, Marcus never allowed the Danish language to be spoken in the home. Perhaps this was one of the motivations that prompted Lena to be such an avid reader. But Marcus understood the need to be able to communicate with others in this land where the use of the English tongue supposedly denoted the level of a person's intellect. He wanted his children to be able to cope and excel in whatever environment they were in. Marcus continued to follow the occupation he knew best, that of farming. It appears that all the farms in the town of Washington were located in an area referred to as "The Field." The family homes were built in town, typical of Mormon settlements. The Funk home was located on the corner, one block north and across the street from the ward house.

Lena taught her oldest daughter, Eliza Johanna, all the responsibilities and skills of a successful homemaker. Even in her tender years, Eliza Johanna took over many of the duties around the home under the watchful eye of her mother. Eliza's name evolved into "Lizy," by which she was known to her family and friends. She inherited her mother's petite build, but her blonde hair and blue eyes came from

her father. According to Eva Bentley, Lizy was delicate by nature. She wore her hair parted in the middle with a braid falling over each shoulder.<sup>10</sup> As time passed, Lena became increasingly reliant on her eldest daughter. At the age of eight, Eliza was baptized November 1, 1877, as a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by C. W. McKeavey and confirmed by Bishop Thomas Jefferson Jones on November 1, 1877.<sup>11</sup> By the time Clara Ann and Florina were born, Eliza Johanna at nine years of age had become quite proficient at cooking and tending the younger children.

Both Marcus and Lena became involved in church and civic affairs soon after becoming settled in their home in Washington. The Washington Ward Retrenchment Society was formed about the time of the Funk's arrival. One of the objects of the organization was directed to promoting economy and thrift among the young women of the Church. The girl's natural inclination to follow the styles of the day would often come under attack. In one of the early minute books, it was noted that the teachers urged the young female members to make their own hats and bonnets.

Bro. Funk lectured the young ladies considerably on the fashions of the world. Here was a subject the brethren could always draw upon for a good talk when they ran dry on other topics.

It was difficult to make a lasting impression on these young minds when the visiting women from the northern communities were beautifully appareled in plumed hats and fine cashmere dresses adorned with velvet and passementerie trimmings.<sup>12</sup>

Marcus was ordained to the office of a High Priest in 1877 by John Henry Smith, three years before the latter received his apostleship.<sup>13</sup> In 1882, Lena was called to serve as first counselor in the Washington Ward Relief Society Presidency and also as a visiting teacher.

On August 5, 1878, the City of Washington held its first election. Thomas Jefferson Jones was elected mayor and Marcus Funk was elected as one of six counselors to the mayor. About this same time, Marcus was called to serve as counselor to Bishop Jones, the third bishop of Washington Ward. The second counselor was Bishop Jones's father-in-law, Andrew Larson.

Times were changing politically throughout the nation, but Utah was far in front when it came to women's suffrage. It was fifty years after the 1879 Utah territorial legislature granted women the right to vote that the federal government passed the Nineteenth Amendment to the Constitution. Utah led the nation in the suffrage movement, undoubtedly leaving many of her defamers bewildered and silent for a time.

The Reformation movement was underway while Marcus was serving in the Washington Ward bishopric. In Pinto, Charles Westover was undergoing similar pressures involved in recommitment to the gospel. Like Charles, Marcus submitted to rebaptism while he was serving as counselor to Bishop Jones. Marcus was rebaptized by Bishop Jones and reconfirmed by Andrew Larson on June 25, 1879.<sup>14</sup> In later years, the First Presidency grew concerned that some were substituting rebaptism for true repentance. In 1897, the practice was discontinued.

Whether there was any connection between Marcus's rebaptism and his submission to the practice of plural marriage is unclear. But as events transpired, the day following his rebaptism Marcus took upon himself a second wife, June 26, 1879. Marcus was previously counseled by higher authority in the Church that this principle was divinely revealed and as such he would not be living the gospel to its fullest without its compliance. Marcus was the type of individual who would face a problem head on rather than procrastinate or circumvent it. But as he rode home from this counseling session, he agonized how he would approach Lena concerning the proposition of sharing her husband and

home with another woman. He knew Lena well enough to realize that there would be many tears shed in silence. But he also felt that Lena's faith in the priesthood would prevail. Lena had suspected for some time that the principle of plural marriage would someday encroach upon the peace and tranquility of her home life with Marcus. As one old-time Dane declared, "Polygamy and the Word of Wisdom—we Danes didn't take to either one."

True to Marcus's expectation, Lena's faith in the Restored Gospel prompted her to give her permission. But the pain in Lena's heart was more than Marcus had anticipated. However, Lena bore it well and her outward demeanor seldom exposed the trial she was undergoing. Thus, Anna Christina Eliza Iverson was sealed to Marcus Esper Funk in the St. George Temple on a summer day in 1879.

When Anna Christina married Marcus, she wouldn't be nineteen until October 30. She was known as Christina, but to Marcus and Lena's children she was affectionately referred to as Aunt Steenie. She was born in Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete County, Utah. Not long afterwards, her parents, Hans Peter and Anna Doretta Nisson Iverson, were recruited by Apostle Orson Hyde along with other Scandinavian Saints in Sanpete County to settle in Utah's Dixie in December 1861, the same time as the Charles Westover families.

It did not take long for Lena's feeling towards Marcus's young bride to soften. She recognized in Christina qualities that were uncommon in eighteen-year-olds. Christina was tall and strong, so it had been her lot to help her father in the fields. She had very little formal education, and her training at home was mostly field work with the men and working in the Washington Co-op store which her father managed. Consequently, she had learned little of the art of homemaking.

Lena generously took Christina under her wing and taught her how to cook and sew. In later years, Aunt Steenie

acknowledged that when she married Marcus she knew nothing about homemaking and that all she knew she learned from Aunt Lena. Christina could never be criticized for not doing her share of the work and the family grew to love and respect her. She eventually became the mother to seven of Marcus's children, three of whom were born in Washington.

The 1880 Federal Census indicates that Marcus at age 37 was a farmer; Lena, his wife, age 40, was keeping house; Christina, wife, age 19, was a clerk in a store; and there were seven children in the family (all born of Lena): Marcus O., 14, William J., 13, Eliza J., 10, Matilda, 8, Willard P., 6, Clara A., 3, and Florina, 1. Later Marcus and Lena were called to the temple to receive a special "second endowment."<sup>15</sup>

As further evidence of Marcus's dedication to his church, while still serving as a counselor in the bishopric, on November 8, 1880, Marcus accepted the added responsibilities of president of the Mutual Improvement Association in the Washington Ward, an auxiliary arm of the church that provided members wholesome outlets for character-building activities during the work week.<sup>16</sup>

Shortly afterwards, Washington Ward was honored with a visit by Eliza R. Snow and Zina D. Young on November 19, 1880, in an effort to organize the Primary Association in the various locations of the Utah settlements. It has previously been noted in this writing of the visit of these two stalwart sisters in the Pinto Ward and their contact with the Westovers on this same tour. Lena was in attendance when Eliza R. Snow spoke in tongues. Lena understood the message, but her lack of self-confidence in the use of the English idiom kept her from volunteering to interpret. In the organization of the Primary in Washington Ward, fifteen-year-old Marcus Orlando Funk was called as secretary, a weighty calling for such a young boy. The Washington Ward Primary minute book summarizes Sister Snow's message:

Told the children that if anybody said that Joseph Smith never had but one wife, to tell them they knowed [sic] better for they saw two of them at once, namely Eliza R. Snow and Zina D. Young. Sister Snow said they were both his wives. Bore her testimony that the principle of plural marriage was as pure and holy as any principle that was ever revealed and that anyone who raised their voice against it could not have the spirit of God with them.<sup>17</sup>

On March 20, 1881, Marcus was called to be the fourth bishop of Washington Ward. He was ordained a bishop by Wilford Woodruff, president of the Quorum of the Twelve at the time and future president of the Church.<sup>18</sup> Bishop Funk chose as his counselors John Peck Chidester and Virgil Kelly. One year later, Virgil Kelly moved to Canaan Ranch, and Peter Neilson, Sr. became second counselor to Bishop Funk. Peter Neilson died on April 9, 1883, and Robert F. Gould was chosen to fill the vacancy.<sup>19</sup> Marcus served as M.I.A. president for another ten months as well as bishop.

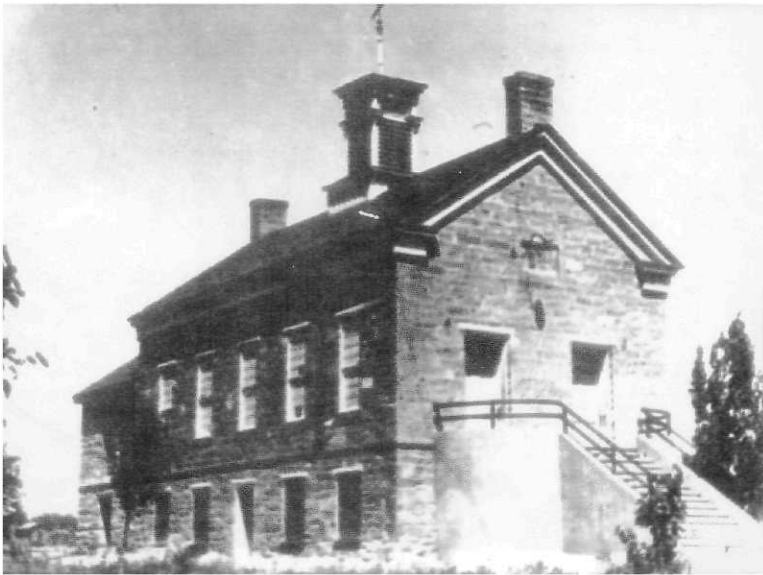


Figure 56: Washington Ward Stone Church

As bishop of the ward, Marcus had many dealings with the tribe of Indians living nearby in the Santa Clara area. The Indians had not been especially friendly with the white settlers. Even so, each year the Indians went into the various communities asking for food and clothing. When they came to Washington, Marcus was always warm and friendly to them and saw to it that they had food and clothing and a place to sleep. He encouraged the ward members to do the same for their Lamanite brethren. It was said that many times the Indians were given the last food in the Funk home. To show their appreciation and love for Marcus they gave him an Indian name and adopted him as a “blood brother” into their tribe. Ever since that first discomfoting experience with the Sioux while crossing the plains, Marcus had resolved any further dealings with Indians would be on a friendly basis. He felt a compassion for their plight as the western migration brought on suffering and hunger to this once proud race of Native Americans.

After serving as bishop for only two months, word arrived from Richmond that Marcus’s older brother, Christopher, had died on May 21, 1881. There is no indication that Marcus made the trip to Richmond, but probably by the time word arrived the funeral had already taken place. Because Christopher had played such a prominent role in the conversion of the family as well as serving as a leader in community affairs, his death grieved Marcus deeply.

As the wife of the bishop, Lena was often called upon to entertain visiting church authorities in her home, including President Brigham Young and his family, Eliza R. Snow, Zina D. Young, Lucy Y. Gates, and many other prominent leaders. Regardless of the strain on the Funk family reserves, these occasions were always considered a singular honor.

Marcus tried his best to be obedient to the counsel of the Church authorities. He was serving faithfully as bishop of Washington Ward and had taken a second wife according to



the urging of the stake president and visiting brethren. If that was not enough, as a leader he was now called on to take a third woman to wife. This required an added measure of faith for both Marcus and Lena and also a sharing of their sometimes meager resources. On January 30, 1885, Marcus married Anna Marie Sorensen Iverson, the widow of Christian Iverson, in the St. George Temple. Marie had only one child at the time of her marriage to Marcus, a daughter Annie. Anna Marie had buried three sons prior to her marriage to Marcus. Marcus and Marie had only one child, born March 14, 1888, a girl born in Washington whom they named Mina Elia.

Marie was born in Denmark on June 18, 1854. Mother and Father Sorensen, Andrew, and three-year-old Marie left Denmark and came to America in 1857, the same year as the Diderick Funk family migrated from Denmark. The Sorensens left earlier in the year and were able to complete their journey to Salt Lake Valley in the same year as their arrival in America. They became a part of a handcart company, leaving a baby in an unmarked grave along the trail in Iowa. Little Anne Marie rode most of those long weary miles atop the old handcart as her father and mother pushed and pulled. Five-year-old Andrew said, "I did not walk. I rode a stick horse all the way."<sup>20</sup>

Life for the Funk families followed the usual pattern of other families in Washington. The boys and younger children were expected to work in the fields and gardens while the older girls found work in the Washington Cotton Factory.<sup>21</sup> Eliza Johanna started working at the cotton factory as a young girl doing such jobs as washing, carding and spinning. Eventually she became a very accomplished weaver. She was considered as one of the very best weavers of ribbon employed by the Cotton Factory. Christina also found employment there, becoming expert in rug weaving.

The Cotton Factory was a place of gathering as well as a place of exchange. Stories were told and retold by those

who lingered in its summer shade. Perhaps when Lizy and Steenie were working at the factory they witnessed the birth of this oft repeated tale:

Chris Lingo came down to this part of the country one fall and stopped over by the cotton factory just at noon. They had between fifty and sixty girls working there then. They brought their lunches and spread them out under the trees, and Chris thought this would be a good time to look the material over. He was out in search of a second. Well, he wanted to get acquainted, and didn't know a better way, so he went and stood on a big rock not far from their table and took off his hat. You know he was tall and good-looking and had a fine head of curly hair. "Give me your attention," he called. "I have just come from Sanpete County in search of a second wife. Will you young ladies please look me over and if any of you think you would be interested, I would like to talk to you when you finish your dinner." Well, the girls did look him over. They joked among themselves and dared each other to talk to him. Finally, quite a crowd did go. He picked out Serenie, and later married her.<sup>22</sup>



Figure 57: Eliza Funk (seated, third from left) at the Cotton Factory

Marcus Funk had no time or will for taking on more wives. In light of his years as a member of the city council, and perhaps his prestige as bishop, Marcus was elected as the second mayor of the City of Washington, succeeding the man he also replaced as bishop, Thomas Jefferson Jones. Marcus assumed office on September 1, 1883, thus being the political as well as the ecclesiastical leader of the community.

Marcus was also named president of the Washington Field Canal Company and a member of the first Executive Committee (organized to carry on the actual work at the dam) composed also of such prominent figures as John P. Chidester, Charles W. Seegmiller, and Richard Morris. Of all the weighty responsibilities that rested on Marcus's shoulders, the Field Canal Company was the most challenging and distressing. Frustration infiltrated the deliberations of the board members as they tried to solve the problems presented by the impetuous Virgin River.

An atmosphere of gloom pervaded the meeting of the Board of Directors of the Washington Field Canal Company when they met on August 29, 1885, to consider again the problem that was almost as consistently with them as the weekly washday. President Marcus Funk presented the problem to the members for their consideration: the dam was washed out by the recent floods; what would be most advisable in rebuilding it?<sup>23</sup>

The end result was a pile dam. It was a decision made out of desperation. Such a dam required piles in the form of twenty-to-twenty-five foot timbers eight inches across at the tip obtained from Pine Valley Mountains and then driven into the river bed. Construction was not completed until 1889. For four years, there was little water for consumption and crops while sweat and money went into building such a formidable barrier against the irascible river.

Years later, Charles Seegmiller reminisced of the occasion at the completion of the pile dam, "Well, we finished it,

looked at it with satisfaction, and said, ‘Now there is a dam that will last; we have mastered the river at last!’” Now was the time to celebrate with a keg of Dixie wine. But more than likely the wine was turned into water.<sup>24</sup>

The sad truth has been foretold in earlier pages of this writing. A few short months later, the Virgin proved who was in reality the master by arraying its forces in a record flood. The piles were as straws before the onslaught of the waters of the Virgin River.

Even before the demise of the pile dam, Bishop Funk had other problems on his hands. The storm clouds began to gather around Marcus. The fact that he was a faithful polygamist and being prominent in the political and religious affairs of southern Utah made him a prime target of federal agents backed by the Edmunds-Tucker Act. Initially, it was the Morrill Law of 1862 prohibiting plural marriage in the territories, disincorporating the Church, and restricting the Church’s ownership of property to fifty thousand dollars. Through the ensuing years, several other bills were proposed to strengthen the government’s efforts to eradicate polygamy, but all failed until the 1874 Poland Law was passed. This act dismantled Utah’s judicial system by giving the United States district courts (controlled by non-Mormon federal appointees) exclusive civil and criminal jurisdiction.

In 1882 Congress passed the Edmunds Act, which defined “unlawful cohabitation” as supporting and caring for more than one woman or supporting and caring for any of her children. In their thirst for blood, anti-Mormon lawmakers managed to get passed the Edmunds-Tucker Act in March 1887, which required wives to testify against their husbands, and all marriages were to be publicly recorded. Women’s suffrage in Utah was abolished by the Federal Government. The Church was disincorporated, and authority was given to the United States attorney general to escheat all Church property and holdings valued over fifty thousand dollars. The aim of the provisions of these laws

was to destroy the Church as a political and economic entity. Would there be no end? In July 1890, the U. S. attorney began proceedings to confiscate the temples in St. George, Logan, Manti, and Salt Lake City. Polygamists were ineligible to hold public office and those who believed in plural marriage were disqualified from jury duty, voting rights were rescinded.<sup>25</sup>

In the early years the government's hounding of polygamists was confined to prominent church leaders. President John Taylor was forced to carry on the affairs of the Church while in hiding. George Q. Cannon, counselor to President Taylor, was eventually arrested by Federal Agents and sentenced to six months internment in the Utah State Penitentiary. We have previously noted that Robert Taylor Burton of the Presiding Bishopric was forced to flee to remote areas of Utah to escape the U. S. marshals.

Many Latter-day Saint men in the Southern Utah mission went "underground" to avoid arrest. Code names were made up to escape incarceration through a warning system by telegraph. St. George Stake President, J. D. T. McAllister had a code name of Dan, the community of St. George was White, Beaver was Black, and Toquerville was Cloudy. United States marshals were coded Ring, and Federal Judge Boreman was significantly named Herod.<sup>26</sup> It was a cat and mouse game. The federal agents would go to great length to devise plans and disguises to entrap the Mormon polygamists, while the latter went to great length to elude arrest. But alas, Bishop Funk fell victim to the claws of the U. S. marshal deputies.

On February 25, 1888, the warning went out that the federal agents were on Bishop Funk's trail. Marcus figured that rather than venturing to his home with Lena, he would be safer by spending the night with his good friend Andrew Sproul. When morning came he took to the hills north of town. Again a warning reached Marcus not to come home. But feeling that the officers had finally given up the search, he stole into the home of his third wife, Anna Maria, near

the northeastern edge of town. Marcus walked right into the arms, not of his Anna Marie, but of the cunning federal agents.<sup>27</sup>

Marcus's dilemma found its way into *The Deseret Evening News* on March 2, 1888:

A correspondent from St. George, Washington County, under date Feb. 26th 1888, states that deputy marshals visited that county on Saturday, the 25th ult., and succeeded in making three arrests, Bishop Marcus Funk and John Tanner of Washington, and Dr. Higgins of St. George, being the victims.<sup>28</sup>

On April 25, Marcus appeared before the federal magistrate at Beaver and was sentenced to serve a term of six months in the penitentiary at Salt Lake City and pay a fine of \$300.00. Three hundred dollars to a man of Marcus Funk's means with three families to support while the breadwinner languished in prison for six months was a heavy burden to bear for the Funks. Consequently, in lieu of the fine, Marcus was forced to serve an additional thirty days in jail. Marcus's families were left to struggle on in an effort to provide for themselves. It was a bitter pill to swallow, especially considering his third wife, Anna Marie, had just given birth to Mina Elia the previous month, March 14, 1888, shortly after his arrest.

Marcus had the pleasure of the company of his brother, Hans, as well as his brothers-in-law, Hans and Peter Westenskow, for a time while they all were guests of the federal government. The long arm of the law caught up with Peter bringing him to "justice" on October 11, 1888. Peter appeared in the First District Court at Provo before Judge Judd. He was sentenced to four months for unlawful cohabitation, as were the two Hans also, a charge very much in vogue in the territory at the time.<sup>29</sup>

The Utah State Prison in Salt Lake City was bounded on the north by 21st South, on the south by Parkway Avenue, and covered nearly all the area between 13th and 16th

Streets East, containing about 184 acres. It was built on the site of the old Eldredge Farm in Sugarhouse. There were 240 cells to accommodate 500 prisoners surrounded by an adobe wall 20 feet high, 4 adobes thick.<sup>30</sup> Marcus was in good company as the penitentiary was bursting at the seams with unrepentant “cohabers.” Life in the territorial prison was, paradoxically, a wholesome environment.

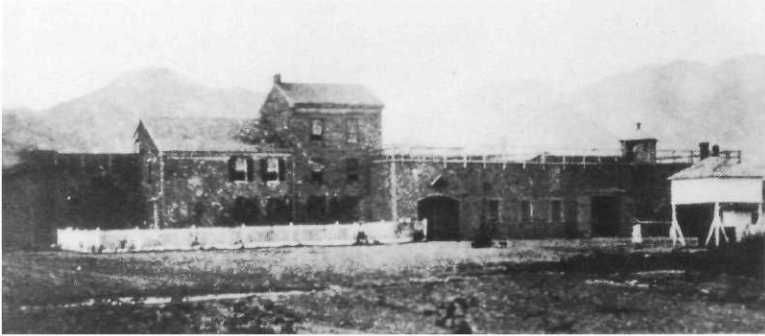


Figure 58: Utah Penitentiary

For a man used to working hard on the farm before sun up to long after sundown and serving at the same time as bishop, mayor, canal committee chairman along with an assortment of other duties, the doldrums of prison life proved very tedious for Marcus Funk. One of his many talents emerged from his days in prison. Those solitary hours began to express themselves in melancholy verse, intoned with an abiding faith in God:

In my lonely cell I sit  
Thinking of my home so dear,  
Far away from it bereft,  
No one here to love and cheer.

In the prison cell I sit  
Thinking of my family dear,  
How they wept and how they felt  
When I left them to come here.

God will bless you, family dear,  
 His special care to you be given;  
 Angels watching above,  
 They upon you smile from heaven.

In the prison yard I walk,  
 Waiting for the gate to open,  
 When I can to you return,  
 Never more from you be taken.

Always with you home again,  
 Sharing each one's joy and pleasure;  
 Working for each other's good,  
 And enjoy God's hidden treasure.<sup>31</sup>

While the foregoing gives us insight into the heart and soul of Marcus Funk, we can catch a glimpse of this good man's determination to keep his mind sharp and lucid while locked in his dreary cell by working on various mathematical problems.

March 25	Left with Warden Boat	7.50
	Spice for one day of blanket	
	Bookkeeping Books	5.00
	Spice for milk for the month	1.25
	Spice for slates & shooting month	1.20
	Shoemaker Shop	5.00
	Police work	25
	Library Donation	50
	Shooting for the month May	1.00
	Bookkeeping Month	5.00
	Shoemaker Shop	5.00
	Milk for the month June	5.00
	Donation for July by	25
July 20	Received for 4 months	2.50
July	Milk	5.00
	Spice Bill for live stock	50
July 21	Received from home	2.00
	Spice Received cash from home	
Aug 15	Spice	
	Spice Bill for Shop	



Polygamist prisoners shown in their striped attire.

Aug 27 Utah Penitentiary  
 A merchant has three kinds of  
 mine of the first 134 3/4 Gallons  
 of the second 128 3/4 " "  
 of the third 115 1/2 Gallons  
 He wished to ship the same in  
 full casks of equal size what  
 is the least number he can use  
 without mixing the different  
 kinds of mine how many  
 legs will be required. Ans 59

Figure 59: Marcus' Expenses and Problems as a "Prisoner in Stripes"



Marcus served his sentence, but during those long months behind bars he had a lot of time to think about his future. He knew his life had to change course in order to be able to provide adequately for his families. The U. S. marshals figured that seven months in jail was time enough to convince this seditious Mormon that he had better get rid of some surplus wives. Perhaps some did, but not Marcus Esper Funk. The same could be said for the great majority of those who served time along with Marcus. Marcus felt a profound sense of responsibility towards his families he left behind in Washington, for his love for his three wives and several children was deep and abiding. He knew when he was freed from prison that things were going to have to be different, but giving up his plural wives was never a consideration.

On September 24, 1888, Bishop Funk was released from prison. He made his way back to southern Utah and to the anxious and loving arms of his wives and children. As a fitting welcome home, Marcus's third child by Steenie, Wallace, was born nineteen days after Marcus' release from prison. *The Deseret Evening News* published the following article on September 24, 1888:

The following gentlemen were brought down from the penitentiary this morning. Henry G. Boyle of Payson, Joseph Lunceford of Provo, Henry Hamilton of Spanish Fork, Bishop William Bringham of Toquerville, Hiram Church of Panguitch, Dr. Silas G. Higgins of St. George, and Bishop Marcus Funk and John Tanner of Washington. Each of them served a six month's term for living with their wives, and thirty days additional for the fine imposed. They were taken before the Commissioner, and all were released on taking the oath, except Brother Church, who is under indictment for polygamy. He had given bail for his appearance for trial, but the bonds were burned in the recent fire at the court house at Beaver. He was therefore remanded to custody to be taken to Beaver, where he will be required to give new bonds in the sum of \$2000.<sup>32</sup>

As an insight into the personality of Marcus Funk, his granddaughter, Magdalene Westover Lake, drew this image from her memory:

My Grandpa Funk was a bishop in Washington, Utah all those years. Even when he was in prison he wore a white starched shirt. I don't believe I ever saw Grandpa Funk in anything but a white starched bosom shirt and dressed up clothes.<sup>33</sup>

Marcus Funk resumed his duties as bishop of the Washington Ward. While he had been incarcerated, a drive for better school facilities in the Cotton Mission had taken on a new life. But it was indeed poor timing in Washington to try to wrench from the citizenry the necessary capital. Bishop Funk reflected general discouragement that had come over his people as a result of their long battle with the unruly Virgin River and the ravages of malaria and the federal marshals. He wrote,

Some of the brethren have gone north and cannot be seen at present. Some are at the Reef. Others are in the Pen and others still worse in Exile with their homes broken up, and quite a number of widows from whom we cannot expect anything. All complain of the scarcity of cash. Many say with regard to the building part, very probably when the time comes for operations in that direction they will be able to do something.<sup>34</sup>

Amid all his challenges as bishop, mayor, and president of the Washington Field Canal Company, his primary focus now seemed to be on his own espousal arrangements. Bishop Funk was treading on thin ice while once again cohabitating with his three wives. The federal marshals were keeping a wary eye on Marcus Funk. A compelling urge born from his days within the confines of the penitentiary prompted him to sit down and write to his stake president, J. T. D. McAllister:

Washington, Utah, Nov. 18th, 1888

To the Presidency of St. George Stake.

Dear Brethren: My financial circumstances have been, and are of such a nature that I have felt for some time, that it would be necessary for me to make a change and go to some other part of the country where I could get a farm, and the facilities for making a living are a little better than they are in this place.

I came here to Washington 14 years ago. I brought some property here with me. I have worked hard trying to make a living by farming; have suffered much loss by floods washing away our dams and ditches and losing my crop several years. My family has increased, having small children depending on me for support, and will be for years to come, and after 14 years of hard work, I have less property than when I came here. I have therefore, felt that, if it can be approved by my brethren in the Priesthood and I can be released with your good feelings and blessings I would move in the Spring and go to San Luis Valley, Colorado.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain,  
your brother in the Gospel,  
Marcus Funk.<sup>35</sup>

True enough, Marcus had little to show for his fourteen years of toil in the southern Utah mission. If ever a man should have succeeded, it would be Marcus Funk. He had the drive and the business acuity that would normally have assured him a measure of prosperity. Yet even the most astute struggled for survival in this desert environment where water was such an elusive commodity. But it would seem out-of-character for Marcus Funk to give up while others persevered.

The truth seems to emerge when we realize that here was a true Latter-day Saint who had faithfully followed the teachings of the Church and the counsel of its leaders. Since

Marcus had accepted the law of plural marriage and all the moral responsibility that came with supporting three wives and ten dependent children, he was not going to let a group of calculating politicians try to legislate the break-up of his beloved families. So there lay the underlying motive for his request to leave the Dixie Mission—not the search for financial gain, but to find a refuge where he could fulfill his obligations as a devoted husband, father, and provider.

This decision cast a gloom on the community, for he had been not only the religious counselor and father to the people; he had served as mayor of the city as well and had been president of the canal company for a number of years. In addition he had been a member of the Executive Committee in carrying on the work at the dam. . . . The step Bishop Funk felt compelled to take was not made on the spur of the moment, but after careful deliberation.<sup>36</sup>

Others left as well as the Funk family, and Washington took on the appearance of a half ghost village; others remained because, as Henry Schlappi put it, they were too poor to move away.<sup>37</sup>

Throughout his long life, Lew Westover never failed to give his pony credit for bringing him and his lovely Eliza together during that holiday celebration in Washington. Yet in his heart, he felt confident that his Father in Heaven had much more to do with it than the pony. Their courtship was simple, complying with the norms of an isolated pioneer community whose lifestyle was centered in its devotion to God. Much of their courtship involved sitting side-by-side in church—an almost imperceptible touch of the shoulders, a sharing of the hymnal, a smile, but always respectful attention to the presiding authority on the podium, Bishop Marcus Esper Funk.

As the days turned into weeks, Lewis gradually began to develop the ability to articulate the emotions that were stirring deep inside of him. In order to muster up the needed

courage, Lewis took advantage of opportunities to be near Eliza, enjoy her perky laugh, feel the softness of her golden hair, and those blue eyes—blue as the morning sky at milkin’ time! Likely, there were moonlight rides up the canyons of vermilion cliffs in the family buggy, picnics along a shady bank of Mill Creek, dancing to the music of Washington L. Jolley’s portable organ, and enjoying plays by the Washington Dramatic Association where they could watch the theatrics of Lew’s brother, William, and Eliza’s sister, Matilda. The doldrums of hard work began to be overshadowed by a new zest for life.

Lew and Eliza fell hopelessly in love. A proposal of marriage soon followed, and Eliza’s answer was an unmistakable “Yes!” Now even the foreboding prospect of facing Bishop Funk, requesting the hand of his daughter in marriage, could not dampen Lew’s joy or courage.

Lew had little to fear from his meeting with Bishop Funk. Actually, the bishop had a good feeling about this young Westover lad, even though the boy did not have a drop of Danish blood flowing through his veins. Marcus knew that Lewis was a person of high morals, conscientious, and a hard worker. This young fellow was poor as a church mouse, but he had character. Yet his Eliza was such a sweet girl, Marcus pondered. What would they do without her pleasant and helpful presence in the Funk household? How the younger children would miss their Lizy! And Lena had grown to be so dependent on Lizy, especially since Lena’s health had not been good. Lena had expressed her reservations about the marriage. As a typical mother, she was not at all sure that Lew Westover boy was right for her Eliza. Nonetheless, Marcus realized that Lizy had her own life to live. With those thoughts fleeting through his mind, the good bishop extended his hand to his future son-in-law with his blessings.

How many of Lewis Burton and Eliza Johanna’s posterity have climbed those same steps of that historic Washington County Courthouse on the main street of St. George to

secure a marriage license? It was on March 11, 1889, that Lewis and Eliza stood before Seth Lyman, the clerk of the Probate Court, in the halls of that red brick courthouse, which still stands to this day, while Seth penned the happy couple's names on the license to be married.



Figure 60: Washington County Courthouse

In compliance to the custom of the day, especially when one is the daughter of the bishop, Eliza Johanna once again entered the waters of baptism on April 23, 1889, just the day preceding her marriage to Lew. On this occasion, she was rebaptized and reconfirmed by R. F. Gould.<sup>38</sup> Lewis's second son, Albert, recorded in his history of his father that Lewis was, as well, rebaptized on this same date and undoubtedly in the same ceremony, and by Brother Gould also, symbolizing a recommitment to the baptismal covenants. On this same date, Lewis was ordained to the Melchizedek Priesthood by the new bishop, Andrew Sproul.<sup>39</sup> It was quite a day, indeed. But the next day would be even more memorable.

On April 24, 1889, Eliza and Lewis entered the portals of the St. George Temple, and there they were sealed as husband and wife for time and eternity with David H. Cannon officiating and witnessed by Walter Granger and Henry W. Bigler.<sup>40</sup>

Marriage License Record.

The People of the Territory of Utah, }  
 County of Washington. } **MARRIAGE LICENSE.**

TO ANY PERSON LEGALLY AUTHORIZED TO SOLEMNIZE MARRIAGE, GREETING:

You are hereby Authorized to join in Holy Matrimony Mr. Lewis Burton Westover  
 of Washington in the County of Washington, and Territory of Utah, of the  
 age of Twenty years, and Miss Eliza Johanna Sunk  
 of Washington in the County of Washington, and Territory of Utah, of the age  
 of Twenty years.

Witness my hand as Clerk of the Probate Court and the seal of said court hereto affixed at my office in St. George  
 City, in said County, this Eleventh day of March A. D. 1889  
Seth A. Gunn Clerk of the Probate Court.  
 By \_\_\_\_\_ Deputy.

TERRITORY OF UTAH, } ss.  
 County of Washington. }

I hereby certify that on the Twenty fourth day of April in the year of  
 our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty nine at St. George in said County,  
 I the undersigned, an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, did join in the Holy Bonds of Matrimony, according to Law,  
Lewis Burton Westover of the County of Washington,  
 Territory of Utah, and Eliza Johanna Sunk of the County of  
Washington, Territory of Utah. The nature of the ceremony was according to the rites  
 and ordinances of said Church, and was a present mutual agreement of marriage between the parties for all time.

We were Married as stated in this Certificate, and are now husband and wife.

Signed Lewis B. Westover Groom.  
 Signed Eliza J. Sunk Bride.  
 In the Presence of Walter Granger and Henry W. Bigler Witnesses.  
David H. Cannon  
 Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Figure 61: Marriage License of Lewis and Eliza Westover

Wilford Woodruff had just been sustained in the April Conference as the new Prophet, Seer, and Revelator of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

In an interview by an unidentified grandchild years later, Lew confided:

When I married, I married the sweetest and dearest and best girl that ever walked the face of this earth, and I owe it all to a little bay colt. For, one night the girl that I had always thought to be so much above me, asked if she might ride him. Yes, my little horse did the trick, for we never separated after that.

It seems strange that Lew's father, Charles, had much the same self-deprecating attitude forty years earlier when Charles married Eliza Ann Haven. In each instance, both father and son could not help but marvel what powers could have persuaded their prospective brides to consent to marrying so far beneath them.

Lewis worked for the railroad at the time of his marriage, along with his father, Charles, and his oldest brother, Charles, Jr.<sup>41</sup> In the spring, Lewis took a job in Pioche, Nevada working on the railroad line between Nevada and Utah.<sup>42</sup>

While the Funk family still called Washington home, their oldest child, Orlando, left the family hearth to begin his own pedigree. On May 1, 1889, one week following Lewis and Eliza's marriage, Marcus Orlando and Forthilda Iverson exchanged vows over the altar in the St. George Temple, officiated by the same David H. Cannon. Years later, Marcus O. noted in his personal history that

No young lady ever had a sweetheart that was truer to her than I during those nine years [of courtship], notwithstanding that there were many other attractive propositions offered and I have tried to maintain that standard through life.<sup>43</sup>

During the years that Charles and Eliza Ann were living in Washington, Electa had made her home with them in Washington following her stay with her son, Oscar, in Petaluma, California. In her son Edwin's obituary in the *Deseret News* of December 25, 1878, it is indicated that his mother and a portion of Edwin's family were with Edwin when he died unexpectedly on his way to his mission assignment in Arizona, suggesting that Electa had planned to accompany Edwin in his calling. In the 1880 Federal Census, Electa does not show up in California with Oscar or with Charles in Pinto. But Electa and her blind sister, Laura, did live with Charles and Eliza Ann in Washington until Electa passed



away on August 1, 1889. While living with Charles and Eliza Ann in Washington, Electa and Laura performed considerable ordinance work in the St. George Temple after it opened in 1877. At this time Electa had herself sealed to Alexander, the father of her children. With a clearer understanding of the sealing ordinance, it seems she really made her choice.<sup>44</sup> According to one source, she was buried in the Old South section of the Washington Cemetery, although her grave marker is now found in the St. George Cemetery as a monument to a life of hardship but with a sustaining faith in the latter day work to which her life was committed. *The Deseret Evening News* simply and briefly printed the following:

Westover—In Washington, Washington County, Utah, August 1st, 1889, Electa Westover, born January 1st, 1802. Sister Westover gathered with the Church in 1848, and has passed through all the trials and proved faithful till death. G.M.C.



Figure 62: Headstone of Electa Westover



## XIV

---

# The San Luis Valley

IN 1847, THE SAINTS HAD SOUGHT the refuge of a desert land where no one else had cared to make a claim. But now, their old nemesis, Persecution, was again raising its ugly head against the Saints in Zion. While the anti-polygamy laws effected all the states and territories of the United States, the federal hounds were not as active in Colorado as in Utah. Marcus had learned of a Mormon colony that was established in the San Luis Valley in southern Colorado. What made this haven even more appealing was that the colonists in the San Luis Valley were in a large part Scandinavians recruited from San Pete County, primarily from Fountain Green and Moroni. President John Taylor had counseled them that "The San Luis Valley needs you," and the good people of San Pete responded without a murmur. Yet the settlers in this remote section of Colorado were struggling to induce the soil to yield its abundance. If Marcus Funk was primarily interested in increasing his economic wealth, he would not have chosen the San Luis Valley of Colorado.

Now that Marcus Funk had secured permission from President McAllister to leave the Cotton Mission and relocate his families in the San Luis Valley, he was anxious to get on with it. Prison life had not compromised his feelings about polygamy. Marcus had made sure that his real reason for moving to Colorado was cloaked under the guise of a

need to improve his economic circumstances. He did not want those annoying federal marshals following him to Colorado and counting the number of wives he was taking with him. If he were convicted and locked up again, the U. S. government might just throw the key away. Colorado seemed a logical choice. The alternative would be Mexico, as others had recently chosen.

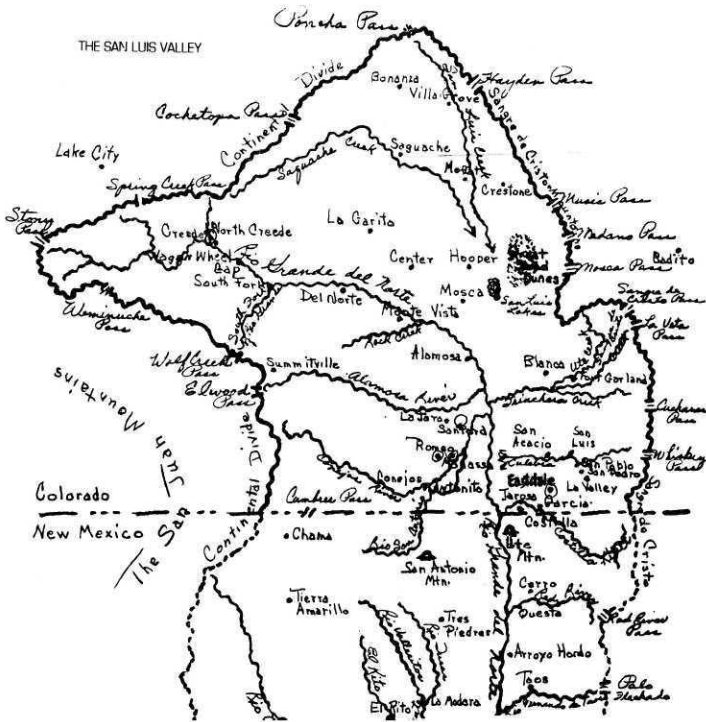


Figure 63: San Luis Valley

Once again, family histories are at variance concerning those who left Washington with Marcus Funk. Our faithful family historians, Eva and Gertrude Bentley, recorded in their *History of the Life of Marcus Funk* that “Marcus and Lena, together with all of their children except Orlando, who was now married, left Washington about June 1889, moving to the San Luis Valley, Colorado.” In the history

written by Lewis B.'s son, LeRoy, he also maintains that "A few months after they were married [Lewis and Eliza] my Grandfather Funk left Utah for Colorado and he insisted that my mother [Eliza Johanna] go along to take care of Grandma, which she did. Father stayed in Washington . . ." Another son, Albert, maintains in his history, *The Life of Lewis Burton Westover*; that the Funks along with Eliza Johanna left Washington for Colorado on January 1 following Eliza and Lewis's marriage. But to pursue this salient point into the realm of confusion, a history written by Zabelle Funk, Marcus Orlando's daughter, claims:

My grandfather, Marcus E. Funk, accompanied by the Simeon Dunn family, left Washington, Utah, for Colorado April 1, 1889. With him was his wife, Magdalene Westenskow and six of his eight children. The oldest son, my father, and the oldest daughter, Eliza, planned to follow later, bringing with them grandfather's two other wives and their children.<sup>1</sup>

To compromise the conflicting dates of departure and statements found above, it appears that possibly on May 16, 1889, Marcus Funk, Lena and their seven children, including Lizy (Marcus Orlando and Flothilda remained in Washington for three more years); Oscar Fitzland Westover (second son of Charles and Eliza), his wife (Elizabeth Ann), and their four children; and another fellow Washingtonian, Simeon Adams Dunn, his wife (Eunice Emily), and their five children started the long and difficult trip to San Juan Valley.<sup>2</sup> It is certain that they did not leave before Lewis and Eliza's wedding date, April 24, 1889, and likely they left not much earlier than May 16. Leaving as late as May 16 would mean that Eliza Johanna had a ten-month pregnancy minus six days, bearing in mind that her first child was born March 10, 1890, in Colorado. An earlier departure would have meant an even longer pregnancy.

The Simeon Dunn family had been members of Bishop Funk's ward. Marcus had always a high esteem for the

Dunns. They were faithful and always willing to serve in whatever capacity they were asked. The feeling of respect worked both ways. On October 13, 1882, Simeon asked Bishop Funk to administer to his wife who had been very ill, after which he asked the bishop to give him, Simeon, a blessing also. Simeon apparently was suffering from the same malady as his wife. After the blessing, Simeon noted in his journal that the disease left him and he had the first good night's rest in over a month. Bishop Funk had also blessed four of the Dunn's infant children: Levi, Tessa, Elmer, and Emily.<sup>3</sup>

Undoubtedly, Lewis welcomed the decision by his older brother, Oscar, and his wife, Elizabeth, to settle in the San Luis Valley with the Funks and Dunns. To have Oscar there to associate with and confide in would make living in that far off Colorado valley much more palatable. Oscar was fifteen years older than Lew and one whom Lew always looked up to with respect. In March of that year, Oscar and Elizabeth had lost a two-year-old daughter, Hattie. As fate would have it, Oscar and Elizabeth would continue to face the fires of adversity during their Colorado sojourn, their final move.

It is reasonable to assume that Marcus had been in the process of preparing for his departure to Colorado ever since he received permission to leave the Cotton Mission. But an incident described by his granddaughter, Magdalene Westover, expedited his plans:

After they let him out [of prison], he went up in the mountains and hid, because they were still after him. My mother sent my Uncle Willard, he was 9 years old, downtown on an errand and a man, well-dressed, accosted him, took him in and bought him candy. He got him in a talkative mood, then asked him "Where is your father?" "Oh," he said "he's up in the mountains hiding." Willard was pretty much elated to think he was such a big little guy to talk to a man like that, he rushed home to tell Grandma. She hitched up a wagon, threw things into it and went right up, picked

up Grandpa and they went to Colorado to get away from St. George.<sup>4</sup>

Marcus had to do some fancy side-stepping to again allude his old friends from the U. S. Marshal's office. But could they not plainly see that Marcus Funk was innocent as a newborn babe? He only had one wife with him as he headed down the road to far-off Colorado, and, certainly, cohabitation with his other two wives over several hundred miles seemed quite impossible, even for a man of Marcus Funk's ingenuity and devotion to his multiple help-mates.

Much of the livestock that the Funks were not taking with them had been sold or traded. The sale of their property to the new bishop, Brother Andrew Sproul, had been arranged previously, but the title transfer would wait until 1896, long after they were settled in Colorado. Orlando would take care of much of the details after they were gone. There was also their newly acquired son-in-law, whom Marcus learned he could depend on to look after things as well. In later years, Smoot Westover, a grandson of Marcus Funk, maintained that Marcus Funk wasted no time in relying heavily upon Lew Westover. As soon as Marcus arrived in Colorado, he wrote back urging Lew to come as soon as conditions warranted. He was going to need that young Lew by his side if they were to make a success of this Colorado venture.<sup>5</sup>

There was another detail that needed attending to that no one could do except Eliza Johanna. Saying goodbye to her husband of less than a month was heart wrenching for Eliza. It seemed unfair to expect so much from her, to be separated from her beloved Lew for several months. Two days previously, Eliza and Lewis must have spent a somber evening "celebrating" Lew's twenty-first birthday. But emotions never stood in the way of practicality when it came to pioneering, although there were some painful tugs on the heart strings.

Perhaps we can visualize this sad parting. Lew never felt so miserable in his whole life as he did while watching his Eliza waving from the wagon as it slowly disappeared in a trail of dust heading north. Lew stood motionless in the center of the road, already feeling the pangs of loneliness, wondering if and when he would be able to hold his Eliza in his arms again. Finally, reality set in—he had to get back to his job on the railroad and then off to Pioche, Nevada, where he had a job waiting for him.<sup>6</sup> He had money to earn to buy a team and wagon for his trip next year to Colorado.

The little wagon train lumbered on over the sands of the Virgin River Valley. It was not exactly a little train. There were ten wagons in the company: Marcus had five wagons, Oscar two, and Simeon three.<sup>7</sup> Ahead of them was an eight-week trek over some of the west's most inhospitable territory. Up the Black Ridge to the Rim of the Basin and on to Cedar City and then to Parowan.

In Parowan, Lena had a dear friend, Anne Nielsen, whom she had known in Denmark. Anne had married Rasmus Mickelsen and they were now living in Parowan. The visit was extended into several days at the insistence of the Mickelsens. When the group finally left Parowan, they continued north through Beaver to Cove Fort, through a pass over the Pahvant Range, and then to Richfield and Salina. When they arrived at the mouth of Salina Canyon, the party split with plans for reuniting in Castle Valley. The Funks decided to go north to Manti to visit Lena's brothers, Hans and Peter Westenskow. Lena apparently had strong feelings for family and friends, which accounted for the considerable delays. In those days of wagon travel, reality told Lena that there may never be another opportunity to see her brothers again in her lifetime. In spite of the long delay in Parowan, the Funk wagons headed north.

The Simeon Dunn and Oscar Westover families began the ascent over the Salina Pass to Huntington in Castle Valley where Simeon's uncle, Oliver Harmon, lived. This gave Oscar an opportunity to visit Aunt Mary (his father's plural



wife, Mary Shumway Westover) while in Huntington, providing she had arrived there from Hamblin by this date, the spring of 1889. The past winter in Hamblin in the Mountain Meadows had been very severe so Mary and the children who were still with her had just moved to Huntington during this same time frame. Several other families had moved from the Dixie Mission to Huntington and other places in Castle Valley. Huntington was much further than Hamblin from Washington where Charles and Eliza now lived. But Charles was spending less and less of his time with Mary while she was in Hamblin, so it did not seem to matter much to her where she moved. However, Mary does note that Charles did make an occasional trip to Huntington to visit her and the children. The Dunns and Westovers would wait for the Funks to catch up with them in Huntington.

The Funks stayed two weeks in Manti, indicating the value our good ancestors placed on family relationships as opposed to our present-day obsession with the element of time often at the sacrifice of close kindred ties.<sup>8</sup> Perhaps Peter had been released from prison by this time, giving Marcus and Peter an opportunity to renew their friendship of the days together behind bars. Another attraction in Manti that undoubtedly commanded much of their time was the temple that had just been dedicated the previous year.

While in Manti, Marcus had the opportunity to talk to friends and relatives of the Hans Jensen company who had been called from the Sanpete Stake to settle the San Luis Valley eleven years earlier. Marcus gained a deeper insight into the challenges awaiting them in the mountain refuge of Colorado. Rather than becoming discouraged, this faithful bishop remembered the words of the Lord spoken to the prophet Nephi, "For behold, I have refined thee, I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." (1 Nephi 20:10) Marcus felt strongly that they were being guided by the hand of the Lord.

The day came when the Funks had to bid adieu to Hans and Peter and catch up with the rest of the company waiting

in Huntington. Manti was separated from Castle Valley by the high Wasatch Plateau, necessitating retracing their tracks back to Salina. From there they would pick up the Old Spanish Trail over the ten-thousand-foot Salina Canyon Pass. It was only a few years previously that the Cox and Reid wagon train was making the same journey from Manti to Castle Valley, but it was February and the snow and cold was unfit for man or beast. At the summit near Meadow Gulch, they had to hack off a stand of scrub quaking aspen as they made their way through the pass. The next summer as they made a return trip over the Pass, they looked for signs of the chopped down scrub aspen to no avail until they looked up and saw the tops of the trees had been topped. They had traveled over snow thirty-five to forty feet deep.

After traversing the pass, the Funks made their way north again through Castle Valley and into Huntington. Edward Geary in his book *Goodbye to Poplarhaven* describes this part of God's earth as "an area of one thousand square miles known as Castle Valley. The soil did not appear very good, but there was plenty of it." Marcus would have agreed. At long last, the Funk family rejoined the Dunns and Westovers and were ready to start their trek through country that could be truly called "the Wild West."

With no hint of impatience, Simeon merely recorded the following:

When the rest of our company arrived, we then traveled east across some real rough country, some places the road went across solid rock, small canyons and hills. This country they called Holes in the Rock. There was no water only in holes in the rock which had been filled by the rains, some of which were quite deep.<sup>9</sup>

This terrain is now known as the San Rafael Swell, displaying the beauty of nature in the raw, forbidding and lonely. An account of an unappreciative traveler on the Col-

orado Plateau was printed in the *Deseret News* on September 25, 1861:

With the exception of Utah's Dixie, which lay on the California corridor, the Plateau country was a hinterland to Pioneer Mormons—a vast contiguity of waste . . . valueless excepting for nomadic purposes, hunting grounds for Indians and to hold the world together.

Yet there was another distinctive function that the San Rafael Swell served.

Place names such as Horse Thief Trail and Secret Mesa suggest that the area gave sanctuary to outlaws. Indeed, in the post-Spanish Trail days, Butch Cassidy and other members of the infamous Wild Bunch found escape routes through the labyrinth of rock. Lawmen were generally unwilling to chase bandits into the wild, almost frightening, array of canyons and sandstone formations.<sup>10</sup>

There is no record of the Funk wagon train coming face-to-face with Butch Cassidy and the Wild Bunch where they often managed to make their getaway in the San Rafael. If they had met up, perhaps Oscar and Butch would have recognized each other from days past when Robert LeRoy Parker was a bit more law abiding and church going. There was a bit of familiarity between the two inasmuch as Oscar's brother was married to Butch's sister.

The Colorado-bound wagon train passed by the Book Cliffs and arrived at the settlement named Green River. Here they came to a railroad bridge that crossed the Green River, but it was not accessible to wagons. Consequently, they had to use some of their funds to cross over on a ferry. They then proceeded across the Utah desert to Thompson's Springs.

The earliest Mormon colonists of the San Luis Valley who were called from Sanpete County continued east at this point through Grand Junction, across the Grand River, along

the Gunnison and the Uncompahgre Rivers, eventually arriving at the northern end of the San Luis Valley. Our colonists of 1889 were perhaps advised to take an alternate route by continuing to follow the Old Spanish Trail. At Thompson's Springs, they turned southeast to Moab, passing what is now known as Arches National Park. Simeon Dunn described Moab as a Mormon town on the bank of the Grand River. In these early days the river was known as the Grand from its source in the Colorado Rockies to the confluence with the Green River. The Grand River has since yielded its identity now to be included in its entirety to the name, the Colorado. Again, there was no bridge, but there was a ferry which escorted them across for another fee.

The Funk, Dunn, and Westover wagon train continued on their southeast course through hostile, desolate country where water was more precious than gold when thirst became overpowering, which was often the case. One night after setting up camp, they urgently needed water for the stock. Upon climbing up a small canyon, the men found a hole in the red sandstone filled with water. They dipped the water out with buckets and thus managed to save their stock.<sup>11</sup> Their own thirst seemed to be a secondary concern.

These valiant souls had learned through much experience the ways of coping with life on the trail. Lena continued with her expertise at the culinary arts by baking bread, biscuits, and even cakes on the open fire soon after the party halted for the evening camp. Early in the morning before the company got under way, Lena would mix the bread dough so that at camp in the evening it would be ready for baking. The children usually were assigned to churning the butter, inasmuch as milk cows were their fellow travelers.<sup>12</sup>

The company of colonizers passed by Monticello, crossed into Colorado, and through the towns of Mancos, Durango, and Pagosa Springs, following the trail that now is U. S. Highway 160. At Pagosa Springs, they turned south into New Mexico and over the Continental Divide to Chama. Then the wagon train turned north and over the

Cumbres Pass at the ten-thousand-foot elevation. As one quickly scans the words of this journey over the San Juan mountains, it is difficult to comprehend the actual challenges that the Funks, Westovers, and Dunns faced perhaps at almost every bend of the trail. This was wilderness in its primeval state.

The Cumbres Pass now was equipped with a narrow gauge railroad, which they followed most of the way into the San Luis Valley. They followed the Conejos River to the town of Conejos, past Guadalupe, and then at last before them lay their first destination, the town of Manassa. The day was the July 16, 1889, a two month journey to the day.

The party camped just north of town for one day while the men inspected the surroundings, trying to decide their next move. Marcus surveyed this broad valley bounded by the rugged San Juan Range on the west and the towering Sangre de Cristo Range on the east.<sup>13</sup> The peaks of these ranges are not as imposing as their elevation would suggest while viewing them from the seventy-five hundred foot level of the valley floor. In actuality, the several fourteen-thousand-foot peaks and above are among the nation's highest. Mt. Elbert of the Sangre de Cristo Range is bested only by the Sierra Nevada's famed Mt. Whitney by a mere sixty-two feet.

The history of the exploration of this valley is scarred with hunger, cold, and death—along with a little cannibalism. The Ute Indians, called the Blue Sky People by other tribes, had controlled the San Luis Valley for hundreds of years before Europeans ever set foot in the area. In 1806, an intrepid Lieutenant Zebulon Pike, after crossing the Great Plains, sighted a huge peak in the distance to the west. He immediately had visions of himself standing atop the mountain and proclaiming it to be known as Pike's Peak. When they finally reached the mountain and climbed its summit—Oops! Wrong peak! They gave up that pursuit and headed west seeking the Red River, which happened to be a part of

the Louisiana Purchase. They discovered the Royal Gorge, and after becoming lost, discovered it a second time.

Now that the Pike expedition was caught in the dead of winter, the party headed south, somehow crossed the Sangre de Cristo mountains and landed in the San Luis Valley on the west side of the Rio Grande near the present-day town of Sanford. They assumed they were on the banks of the Red River on American soil, so what better use could they make of their time than to build a fort? The site of Pike's stockade is situated about six miles northeast of Sanford. They then raised the Stars and Stripes and settled in for the remainder of the winter.



Figure 64: Pike's Stockade near Sanford, Colorado

Poor Lt. Pike's fortunes went from bad to worse after finding himself squarely in Spanish territory. The Spanish authorities did not take kindly to this invasion by Americans, and so they invited Lt. Pike to finish wintering in Santa Fe. Pike may have missed his mountain count, but he could count muskets and politely accepted the invitation. Convinced that Pike and his men were spies or an invading army, the Spanish governor then sent them five hundred

fifty miles further south to Chihuahua for more fun in the sun. The governor of that province, however, merely confiscated Pike's notes and sent the crew on towards Texas with the warning to never set foot on Mexican (New Spain) soil again.<sup>14</sup>

Pike pulled his fat out of the fire and forever etched his name in Colorado history and stone by an amazing bit of memory. Without notes, he penned the story of his trip. The public ate it up and he reached the peak of his fame. The mountain that Pike and his men couldn't climb but could see became Pike's Peak.<sup>15</sup>

The early years of the white man's debut into the San Luis Valley brought such legendary fur trappers, hunters, and mountain men into the valley as Jedediah Smith, Joe Meek, Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, and Antoine Rubidoux. Also the Pathfinder, John C. Fremont, etched his name in the snows and ice of the surrounding mountains and valley in the winter of 1848–49. Parson Bill Williams, rather than leading John C. Fremont's party to the portals of heaven, led thirty-two men straight into the gates of hell.

"Old Bill" Williams had given up the pulpit in favor of trapping many years with Jedediah Smith throughout the west. Despite his sixty-one years, Williams was chosen (an alternate to an ailing Kit Carson) to lead Fremont's party in search of a feasible transcontinental railroad route. An early winter changed the complexion of the scenery, and Parson Bill became hopelessly confused. The party pressed on across three feet of snow on the San Luis Valley floor and up the western slope of the San Juan Mountain Range. By this time, all the mountains looked alike to Old Bill. Finally, they made camp, appropriately calling it Camp Desolation. The eyelids of the expeditioners froze shut and many of the animals died, and Old Bill wanted to lay down and die himself. At this point the menu consisted of frozen mule meat. Losing faith in their guide, they finally turned back. At the next camp Fremont decided to use a little psychology by

naming it Camp Hope, an attribute that was in short supply at the time. Their Christmas dinner here consisted of “mule tail soup, baked white mule, and boiled gray mule. Relishes were tallow candles,” as one of the survivors later reminisced. Evidently, the mule meat supply gave out (they started with one hundred twenty mules), and the menu switched to human flesh. Soon afterwards, they were rescued and reached the San Luis Valley in January 11, 1849. The next Spring, at the insistence of Fremont, Old Bill and Dr. Kern were sent back into the mountains to recover the abandoned equipment. The tragedy of the ill-fated expedition was compounded when Williams and Kern were killed by Indians.<sup>16</sup>

In 1853, Fremont tried once again to find a central trans-continental rail route through the Medano Pass, across the San Luis Valley, and up Cochetopa Pass. Fremont’s recipes for cooking mule meat over tallow candles had to be put to use again. As an encore, his old enemies—snow, cold, and hunger—defeated Fremont. The Pathfinder’s career as an explorer came to a dismal end.<sup>17</sup>

The last of the notable early explorations that passed through the San Luis Valley was completed in 1858 by Captain Randolph Marcy. Colonel Albert Johnston, the commander of the expeditionary force sent to subdue the “Mormon uprising,” was feeling very out-of-sorts due to the harassment by the defenders from Utah who reduced his supplies to a point that was not compatible to the needs of a conquering army. Since the Mormons had destroyed Fort Bridger, which they, the Mormons, had previously purchased from Jim Bridger, Johnston made do with a hastily built outpost nearby, which he named Fort Scott. From this frigid Wyoming plateau, he sent Captain Marcy to Fort Union in New Mexico for reinforcements so Johnston could complete his conquest of the “rebellious” Mormons in Utah.

Marcy set out November 27, 1857, with forty soldiers, sixty mules, and a guide named Tom Goodale with his Indian wife and her pet pony. By the time they reached



Cochetopa Pass, they had been traveling in deep snow for two weeks, and half their food supply was gone. As the snow depth increased in the approaches to the pass, the men packed a trail by crawling on hands and knees, creeping inch by inch. The slow progress caused their food supply to run out. The next meal was the Squaw's pet pony. After that, the mules were next on the menu. Sprinkled with a little gunpowder, mule tasted almost as good as if seasoned with salt and pepper. In sight of the San Luis Valley, Marcy sent two Mexicans ahead to Fort Massachusetts for help on the final leg. Eleven days later the Mexicans, with supplies, met Marcy's party, minus several mules and a pony, on the western edge of the Valley. Marcy finally reached Fort Union in Taos, just south of the San Luis Valley. By an alternate route, he was back at Fort Scott by June enabling Johnston at last to be poised for his invasion of Utah.<sup>18</sup>

The above experiences of the forerunners of the Mormon settlers in the San Luis Valley illustrate the fierceness of the winter environment in the surrounding mountain passes. Even life on the valley floor demanded a resilience that was uncommon to many of those with just a glimmer of hope for a secure future. Perhaps Marcus should have taken his wives and families to Mexico after all.

Marcus and Lena were surprised to find that many of the people they talked to in Manassa spoke a strange dialect. It sounded somewhat like English but there was a slow, drawn-out drawl in their talk. After further inquiry, they were told that a majority of the town's residents came from the southern states, and that was the way people in the south talked. Of course, Marcus had a difficult time believing that there were still strong traces of Danish in his speech.

The many southerners in the valley were there due to the efforts of a John Morgan, who was a Mormon missionary in the south, eventually becoming the Southern States Mission president. After their conversion, Elder Morgan escorted the southern Saints to the San Luis Valley, making several trips. Eventually, over eight hundred southern converts had set-

tled in the valley. Manassa was settled mainly by these early southern converts in May of 1879. At the same time, many Church members in Utah, mostly from Sanpete County, were called by the Church to also settle in the valley. These Utahns had learned a thing or two about colonizing where no one had tilled the earth before. The Utah residents were more experienced in church practices as well as in irrigation methods, despite the origin of their birth. Consequently, the Utahns assumed more leadership positions.

As time passed, a division became apparent between the two factions. One of the problems that arose was that the southern Saints had difficulty warming up to the idea of “foreigners” telling them what to do in their native land. The southern Saints felt that they were relegated to a subordinate position to the Saints from Utah, who were for the most part of foreign birth. The root of the problem lay, not in disputes over doctrine or religious practices, but in the differing customs and cultural backgrounds of the two groups. When people band together within their own culture, sooner or later trouble often emerges with other ethnic groups. The Saints who came from the south generally settled in and around Manassa, while the ones from Utah were more likely to gather to the outlying communities.

When Marcus and Lena learned that many of the residents of a comparatively new settlement further north were largely Danish from the San Pete area, they decided that Sanford was to be their new home. Of course, it probably came as no surprise that there were many fellow Danes in Sanford, information that they must have known before starting their journey. There would likely be a better choice for a home and farm site there as the settlement was still in its infancy. Simeon Dunn decided to go to Sanford along with the Funks. But Oscar and Elizabeth were satisfied with what they saw of Manassa. Besides, they were weary of traveling. Oscar may have speculated that when his brother, Lew, would arrive the next year, perhaps he would bring his

bride to Manassa and set up housekeeping there, also. Oscar underestimated the persuasive powers of Marcus Funk.

The next morning, the Funks and Dunns set out for Sanford. As they made their way over the six miles to the north, Marcus was impressed by the immensity and flatness of the valley. At one hundred twenty-five miles long and fifty miles wide, it is one of the largest valley basins in the world.<sup>19</sup> There were a few gentle hills along the Conejos River, but the floor of the valley was as flat as Lena's ironing board. Now Marcus understood the need for the miles and miles of irrigation canals that fed the settlements. Marcus must have reasoned that the valley would be amply watered surrounded by these high alpine, snow-covered peaks. Sadly enough, he was disappointed to discover that while the adjacent mountains averaged fifty inches of precipitation annually, the valley was lucky to squeeze out less than seven inches in an average year. Many of the streams from the mountains were often sucked dry by the porous sand and gravel of the valley floor. What farmers of the San Luis Valley would consider a wet year, would be called a drought back East. As unlikely as it may seem, it has been discovered that this arid valley sits on top of a deep, enormous aquifer, just waiting to be tapped by drooling developers. One perceptive resident expressed his sentiments as such:

Seeing the aquifer as vital to the valley's agriculture, residents have successfully banded together to prevent outside sources from pumping the water out and using it to irrigate lawns in the suburbs of some far-off city.<sup>20</sup>

Down the middle of this parched valley, the legendary Rio Grande River snakes its way on through New Mexico, eventually forming the division between the United States and Mexico before emptying into the Gulf of Mexico.

But Marcus and Lena were not particularly interested in the meanderings of the Rio Grande as they were to see what

the town of Sanford looked like. In this high altitude, the time probably was already past for a late planting. As they jostled along the road, all they could see was rocky, white, alkaline soil with patches of thorny greasewood—no trees, no shrubs, no grass, except what the settlers had planted. The newly arrived company of Saints had been informed that due to the high altitude, the weather was cold during most of the year. The winter months were bitter—at times registering forty and fifty degrees below zero, chilling bones to the marrow. The three short summer months limited crop production to fast-maturing grains, hay, peas, and root vegetables.<sup>21</sup>

But there was sunshine aplenty, year-round, they were told. But to rival Old Sol for persistence was the infernal wind, the Chinook Wind, blowing across the valley almost without let-up, often at gale force for days on end, sweeping the skies clear of moisture-laden clouds. This was only one of the many things Marcus was finding out about the San Luis Valley that he was unaware of before leaving Washington. But he felt this was still the right move. He felt at peace with this decision. Marcus was a man who was in tune with his Maker, always trying to follow the whisperings of the spirit.

## XV

---

# Sanford

THE CHURCH AUTHORITIES in Salt Lake City were anxious for the outlying settlements to succeed. Missionary work was bringing converts into Utah, now largely from the southern states. Two years before his death, President John Taylor made a personal visit to the San Luis Valley in 1885. The settlement at Ephraim had become waterlogged from irrigation. President Taylor suggested in his tour of the wards and branches that the people of Ephraim move to the north about three miles to higher ground and that the small settlement in Richfield on the north join them. But it seemed visionary to some that this ground could one day support a flourishing community, as one eyewitness testified:

We rode the Sanford flat when there was nothing but prairie dogs, rattle snakes, jack rabbits—before the town was there. We chased wild horses in the east hills and swum the river. The soil hardly looked like soil; it was so dry, and it had always been dry. It was even too dry for brush to do good. The pasture up and down the river had literally been ‘sheeped to death.’ The very few trees had their leaves and branches eaten off by sheep and goats so that the trunks were bare for a long way up the trees.<sup>1</sup>

Actually, the soil was fertile although covered with white sage and rabbit brush. So with faith in the Prophet, the

people of Ephraim and Richfield began moving belongings and buildings to the designated site following the 1885 survey. By 1888, there were only a few families left in Richfield, those who had chosen not to move; Ephraim was entirely vacated. The people of Ephraim even brought their meeting house with them.

The town of Sanford assumed proportions even larger than those of Manassa, measuring one mile east and west and one-and-a-half miles north and south. Alma was the original name to be given the new settlement, but afterwards it was discovered that there was already a town in Colorado by that name. It was renamed Sanford, in honor of the San Luis Stake President, Silas Sanford Smith. By 1888, just a year before the arrival of the Funks and Dunns, the Sanford Ward was organized with one hundred forty families, including three dependent branches at Richfield, Jaroso, and Morgan. Soren C. Berthelsen, a fellow Dane, was called as bishop, a man who would enter intimately into the lives of the Funk and Westover families.

When the Saints began to obtain title to their lands in Sanford, it was decided to make two incorporations. Those from Richfield incorporated the northern half of Sanford under the name of Sanford Town Company, while those from Ephraim incorporated the southern half under the name of Sanford Land Company. There was no appreciable difference in the purpose of the two certificates of incorporation. However, a check of the names of those who signed the documents showed all were from Utah, and that the overwhelming majority of those forming the Sanford Land Company were of Scandinavian extraction.<sup>2</sup> Bishop Peterson of the Richfield Ward was given his choice of lots of the entire town site, and Bishop Rasmussen of the Ephraim Ward was given his choice in the south side. Assignments of the remaining lots were drawn from a hat. An entire lot was “set aside for Temple purposes.”<sup>3</sup> The Funks felt at home in the southern section of the town of Sanford.

The people from Scandinavia felt it important that their culture should be preserved by teaching their children family traditions. Occasionally, meetings were conducted in the Danish tongue. But the great majority of these Saints, and Marcus and Lena were by no means an exception, realized that it was vital that the children obtain a solid command of the English language if they were going to succeed in America. Very few second-generation children grew up knowing how to converse in the mother tongue. Consequently, when Marcus would say to Lena, "Jeg elsker dig," Lizy was the only one of the children at home who realized that her father was telling her mother, "I love you."

Upon arrival in the newly settled town of Sanford, the Funks and Dunns camped on the block where the high school now stands. A few days later, they were offered a place to stay at the home of Bishop Berthelsen. Bishop Berthelsen, an expert builder, had constructed a large red brick home. This home provided a place for the early Saints to meet, with an upstairs room being set aside for use by Church officials. Furnishings included an altar that was used for prayer meetings. Visiting authorities as well as the Funks and Dunns enjoyed the hospitality of the good bishop and his family.<sup>4</sup> The bishop and his brother, James C., had erected a brick kiln so that the Saints in the valley could replace their log homes with brick. A short time later, the Dunn family traded a team and wagon for a lot with a small house and dugout on it.<sup>5</sup>

Like most of the other early settlers in Sanford, the Funk's first home was probably a small log house with a dirt floor and sod roof. Even though rain was sparse, on such occasions the sod roof (hardly the waterproof variety) did present problems as the floor became muddy, along with the beds, furniture, and inhabitants. These accommodations were only temporary as Marcus promptly pursued ways to improve his family's circumstances. Certainly the neat and tidy Lena would not tolerate for long an unclean house. Later, the Funk family upgraded their living conditions by

moving into a three-room cottage where they spent the next few years.<sup>6</sup>

Food was sometimes a scarce commodity, especially when there was no crop to harvest, as was the case with the Funks the first season. The settlers ate bread and salt-side when they had it. In the spring, they cooked greasewood for greens. Thickened milk was sometimes the entire meal. But on rare occasions when prunes or plums were packed in by burro from Española in New Mexico, Lena would waste no time in whipping together her delicious Danish sweet soup.

At times when there was no kerosene to light their lamps, these pioneers were able to coax a dim light from a twisted rag laid in a saucer of pork grease. Quite appropriately, this was known as a “witches light.”<sup>7</sup> On such ghostly nights, it was likely that Marcus and Lena would find their small seven-year-old Walter snuggled in their bed between them.

A choice benefit of living in the San Luis Valley was that the valley was rich in wildlife. The older boys of the family took upon themselves the responsibility of hunting game for the dinner table. Thickened milk was not particularly their favorite dish; deer, elk, and antelope were much tastier. But what they most often settled for was the little conejo, otherwise known as rabbit—cottontail or jack. But first, they would have to beat the hungry coyote to the prey. When rabbit drives were held, what often would turn up in the center of the ring would be a couple of scraggly coyotes. The wary coyotes looked like they could use a rabbit or two, more so than the hunters. The cottontail was a tender morsel while the jack was tough and stringy. The jack was best served ground up and added to pork sausage. The much maligned coyote was never one to complain about the resilience of a morsel of rabbit meat.

Not long after the Funks were settled in their log home in Sanford, Eliza Johanna announced to her family, minus her husband, that she was expecting a baby. Yes, she was



sure. No, it wasn't indigestion. Undoubtedly, Lew eventually received word by mail that he was to be a father. Shock, joy, anguish—all these emotions mixed together hit this poor twenty-one-year-old expectant father like a cannon ball.

Eliza Johanna's self-diagnosis was correct. "Aunt" Cornelia Mortensen confirmed that little Eliza was indeed pregnant and that sometime in the early spring the big event was to happen. Besides being the San Luis Stake Relief Society Superintendent, Cornelia was the town mid-wife, and never a more capable deliverer of babies lived.

One night late, Aunt Cornelia Mortensen heard someone knock on her door, which wasn't unusual with her being a midwife of Sanford. She got up and went to the door and there stood a fellow who lived below the cemetery—about a mile south of town, and he said, "Can you come? My wife is in labor and she is all alone." "Yes," said Aunt Cornelia. He then said, "I don't have a horse, but I have a buggy, if you'll come." She took her little black bag and coat, and got in the little one-seat buggy. He got between the shafts and ran as fast as he could run, pulling Cornelia in the buggy, and got there in time to take care of his wife.<sup>8</sup>

Aunt Cornelia was rushed to the Funk household on March 10, 1890 to "put the woman to bed" as the mid-wives of the time described their duties. Fortunately, Cornelia was there to turn the breeched baby so that mother and son survived without further complications.<sup>9</sup> No birth certificate was ever recorded.

Eliza knew what the baby's name was to be; no discussion was needed. She chose Lewis after her beloved, but absent, husband. The second name was to be Esper, after her father, Marcus Esper (at birth Marcus's middle name was recorded as Esbersen and later as Espersen and finally fully anglicized as Esper). The name turned out to be very convenient inasmuch as the acronym of Lewis Esper's initials also formed the name he would always be known by: L.E.W.

The following month, Lewis Esper Westover was blessed by Soren Berthelsen.<sup>10</sup>

Back in Washington, Lew was like a caged wild bull when he found out he was a father. He wanted to head for Colorado without further delay. But the reality set in that there was still not money enough to buy a team of horses and a wagon. Certainly hitch-hiking was not a viable option.

At last Lew was ready to hit the trail to join his beloved Eliza. By mid-summer of 1890, he had his team and wagon. He loaded his life's possessions, including all of Eliza's and his wedding gifts, and bid his parents a warm good-bye. He did not know if he would ever return to southern Utah, if he would ever see his mother and father again in mortality. Thankfully, Lew had been present when his dear eighty-seven-year-old grandmother, Electa, passed away in Washington not long after Lizy and the Funk wagon train had departed.

Colorado seemed a world away. He loved the red rock country, but his heart was with his Eliza and his newborn son. Lew hopped up on to the wagon seat and with a click of his tongue and a gentle flip of the reins, he was on his way to the land of perpetual sunshine to join his wife and baby boy. Realizing Lew's eagerness to be with his small family, he probably minimized the inherent dangers of traveling alone in such desolate country. But common sense dictates that it was likely that Lew would not be traveling solo. His sense of sound judgement undoubtedly prevailed. Summer was a high-risk gamble in crossing the west's most barren stretches of mother earth.

When Lew reached the Grand River, either there was not a ferry or he apparently decided that the fee was not to his liking. Perhaps the challenge of the crossing tempted his adventurous nature. Whatever the reason, Lew urged the team to start across through the flow. He had made it across the Green without mishap, but the Grand was no Virgin River in the dry season. This time he apparently had mis-

judged the current or the depth of the river. Before he could reach the opposite bank, the wagon had capsized and Lew was swimming for dear life. Another problem immediately surfaced—Lew found himself below the surface, mainly due to the fact that he did not know how to swim. If there were others with him, thank the good Lord for his rescuers; if there were not others with him, thank the good Lord for miracles. In either case, it was a blessing that Lew escaped with his life, if not his belongings and wedding gifts. All their possessions along with the money that he had worked so hard for was forever lost in the submerged trunk.

In a recorded conversation in 1982, Magdalene Lake remembered her father, Lewis B., telling her that he traveled with two or three other wagons.

When they crossed the Rio Grande, Dad almost lost his life. . . . But the other men saved him. When they got him out on to the bank, he was dead. They emptied the water out of him, blessed him, and he came to. He never had another sick day in all his life.<sup>11</sup>

But it is unfair to blame the Rio Grande for treating Lewis so shabbily, inasmuch as that body of water flows to the east of Sanford. Likely Lew never crossed the Rio Grande on his journey to Sanford. The portion of the Colorado River, as it is now called, from its headwaters to the confluence with the Green River at that time was known as the Grand River (although a translation into Spanish would be Rio Grande). From that point down river, it assumed the name, the Colorado River. The upstream branch known as the Grand must have been the culprit which consigned Lew's treasured belongings to its watery grave.

There is little mentioned in family histories of Lew's trek to Colorado other than the Grand River crossing. Even church records reveal nothing of his leaving Utah or his arrival in Colorado. Yet to Eliza, her husband's homecoming on August 26 was a joyous event, not to mention Lewis's jubilation. They were together again to face a new

life as husband and wife, and now also as father and mother. If their prayers were to be answered, there would be other children to swell the circle of their love.

After making a modern-day trip to San Luis Valley, Reed Westover observed that

If they had stopped anywhere before they got there [Sanford], they would have been better off than getting there. I could see why LB soon as he got there, he wanted to bring the family back home.<sup>12</sup>

Soon after being reunited, Lew and Eliza somehow were able to purchase a lot in the town of Sanford. Lew hauled logs down from the canyons and began building their home. It was in this one-room log home with a lean-to, a sod roof and dirt floor that all their next seven children were born. In later years, one of the sons, LeRoy, recalled that between each log was plastered with cow manure and mud. LeRoy spoke of those childhood years in their humble abode:

We lived in this little log house all of us slept around the walls like the people do in New Zealand in their Whari Nui.<sup>13</sup>

The oldest daughter, Magdalene, remembered their Sanford home as being a three-room log house, perhaps still chinked with cow manure and mud.<sup>14</sup>

The Funks and Westovers discovered that there was an unanticipated blessing of living in the San Luis Valley during the early years of their stay. Not only did they find seated on the rostrum in their worship services the local authorities, but almost every Sunday there were also General Authorities presiding. This was the age of wagon travel, or at best, part way by a slow train ride. Marcus could not help but wonder about the nurturing from this array of prominent leaders of the Church, often at the same time, to their far flung outpost in Colorado. It did not take him long to realize that these honored guests had reason to be there

besides their concern for the spiritual welfare of the San Luis Valley Saints. Just as Marcus brought his families to this isolated valley in Colorado to find refuge due to his marital status, so it was with the leaders of the Church who had similar loyalties to their several wives and children.

Near the time of Lewis's arrival in Colorado, a stake conference was held in Manassa on August 17, 1890. A newcomer would have thought that the General Conference of the Church had suddenly been switched from Salt Lake City to the San Luis Valley. Present were such distinguished authorities as the President of the Church, Wilford Woodruff, his first counselor, George Q. Cannon, Apostle John Henry Smith, Elders John Morgan, a past mission president of the Southern States, and Brigham H. Roberts, a distinguished member of the Quorum of Seventy, as well as George Goddard, a member of the General Sunday School Superintendency. No matters of great consequence transpired at the conference that would justify the presence of such a respected array of Church leadership. Other frequent visitors were Apostles Francis M. Lyman, Heber J. Grant, Moses Thatcher, and Brigham Young, Jr.

There were undoubtedly others, but because names were frequently altered and written records studiously avoided in order to escape detection, a complete account is impossible. Even among the Saints, it was not uncommon to be unaware of the true identity of a newly arrived neighbor, and there was a general understanding that questions along this line were best left unasked.<sup>15</sup>

The hounds were still in hot pursuit of the hares. But the impact of the Edmunds-Tucker Act of 1877 went far deeper than the fear of imprisonment of practicing polygamists. Not only were wives required by law to testify against their husbands, but women's suffrage was abolished in Utah by federal mandate, the Church was disincorporated, and authority was given to the United States Attorney General to

escheat all church property and holdings valued over fifty thousand dollars. Voting rights were suspended, all buildings on Temple Square and other Church facilities were placed in receivership, and church funds were impounded. Federally sponsored persecution of the Church continued into the new administration of President Wilford Woodruff.<sup>16</sup> It was indeed a discouraging time for the leadership of the Church. Prayers ascended to the heavens for relief from the stranglehold of the federal government.

An answer to the prayers of the Saints came at last to the Prophet. Only a few weeks following the San Luis Valley Stake Conference a significant development occurred, and its impact was felt as a shock wave throughout the Church. On September 25, 1890, President Wilford Woodruff issued the "Woodruff Manifesto," which declared the contracting of plural marriages in the Church to be at an end. It could well be assumed that the Lord's purposes in giving this principle of plural marriage to his latter-day children had been achieved. A study of today's product of these marriages leads us to the realization that a righteous and faithful seed now guides the destiny of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Life in the Mormon communities in the San Luis Valley seemed to continue as before. There was not an increase in polygamous families locating in the valley, but the existing plural relationships did not decrease either. During the early years in the San Luis Valley, Marcus Funk had only Lena with him, but he continued to retain his familial ties with his two plural wives and children still in Washington, who were waiting to join him. President Woodruff did not declare an end to those marriages that had already been sealed by priesthood authority. The raids in Utah by federal marshals against men with more than one wife ceased. It was also generally understood that husbands would not be required to reject their plural wives and children.<sup>17</sup>

Despite the humble circumstances under which the children of Lewis and Eliza were raised, an atmosphere of love and respect prevailed within the confines of their home of hewn logs. LeRoy recalled the tenderness that existed between his father and mother:

I can't help but remember the greatness of his love and the greatness of the love of his wife. They were so attached to each other that it was almost impossible for one to get along without the other. A greater love no one has ever seen than was between these two people.

Eliza Johanna was of slight build, much like her mother. But she was also frail of health. Her daughter, Magdalene, attributes her failing health to the days working in the Cotton Factory in Washington:

She had a bad heart right from the beginning of her marriage. She worked in a cloth factory, making woolens and cottons, where she worked in a cold, wet room twelve hours a day. This gave her leakage of the heart. Those days there was no cure. She had to sleep propped up in bed to breathe.<sup>18</sup>

Eva Bentley described Eliza as a child this way: “She may not have been considered sickly . . . but was what you might call delicate by nature.”

Feeling the weight of responsibility of a growing family, and the necessity to provide, Lewis wasted no time in trying to find employment. The Grand River had swallowed up their savings and the shelves were as bare as Old Mother Hubbard's. There were some of the men in the valley “rail-roading,” which probably involved laying down a railroad bed for the expansion of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway along the middle of the valley floor. Farming was the chief occupation of the colonizers of the San Luis Valley, but there were farm implements, seed, food stuff, cloth, and other things that Lew and Eliza needed that required cash,

or at least goods for trade. The Lew Westover family had little of either.

By the time Lew had ventured on the scene, an air of excitement had filtered down into the Mormon communities at the southern end of the valley as only dreams of riches can foster. In the spring of 1890, an old time prospector hit a mother lode of silver in the San Juan Mountain Range at the headwaters of the Rio Grande. "Holy Moses!" shouted Nicholas C. Creede, when he had it assayed at eighty to one thousand dollars per ton. The discovery came at an opportune time as the Sherman Act of 1890 had just been passed by the federal government bringing the price of silver to more than one dollar an ounce. Along with the Holy Moses, other mines sprang up in the narrow, winding canyon of Willow Creek, including Bachelor, Happy Thought, The Last Chance, Amethyst, Solomon, and Bonanza. It did not take Lew long to figure out where to look for work. The Westovers had land to pay for, and Lew Westover was not one to feel comfortable with a debt hanging over his head.

Lew had mining experience from his days in Silver Reef. He did not tell Eliza all the loathsome and odious details of life in a mining camp, but even Lew was not prepared for the hell-bent ways of the camp at Creede. *The San Luis Valley Historian* gives a peek at the social climate in Creede: "It was absolutely lawless. There were ten thousand people there. Five hundred came in every day, and five hundred went out. There wasn't a decent citizen in the bunch."<sup>19</sup>

Perhaps the most respected citizen of the bunch was Bat Masterson, who managed the Denver Exchange, the largest saloon in Creede. The camp was ruled by con-man, "Soapy Smith," a notorious gambler, with his forty or more tin horns and bad men.<sup>20</sup> Bob Ford was another of Creede's perfidious citizenry. He was the chap who sent Jesse James to his reward with a gun shot in the back. Ford operated another saloon in Creede, where he spent most of his time sitting in



an observation chair overseeing his gambling operations. People would come in to buy a drink just to see him. One day while Ford was comfortably seated in his favorite chair, another outlaw, Ed O'Kelly, with a surly "Hello, Bob!" gunned Ford down with a sawed-off shotgun.<sup>21</sup> Jesse's brother, Frank, who had lingered in a nearby cliff-shadowed cabin, left quietly as Bob Ford was lowered in a shallow grave in Creede's boot cemetery.<sup>22</sup> Another from wild west lore, Billy the Kid, called Creede "home" for a spell.

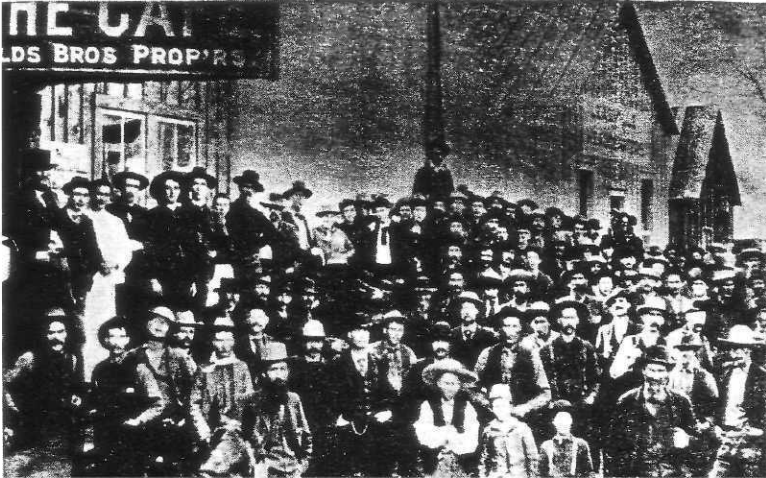


Figure 65: People of Creede Discussing the Bob Ford Shooting



Figure 66: Alice Tubbs

In order not to overlook the fairer sex, it should be noted that three of the notorious women gamblers in this lawless society were Poker Alice Tubbs, Calamity Jane Bourke,<sup>23</sup> and Killarny Kate, all of whom smoked mammoth stogey cigars while playing cards.<sup>24</sup>

And to make the environment complete, the flourishing trade of ladies of the night had a queen named Slanting Annie, who reigned in Creede society.<sup>25</sup>



Figure 67: Jim Town

Byron Reynolds, a Utah native, reminisced further of his experiences in Creede:

There was a mile between Jimtown and Creede. Every night there was a constant stream of fire from guns and pistols all along that mile, from dark to daylight. The reason was the hack drivers would shoot at people who didn't pay to ride that mile. People at first

didn't want to pay the quarter or fifty cents to ride, so they'd walk. The hack drivers would shoot them, just shoot them down! Many of the shots, too, went in the air to scare people. Believe me, nobody walked! They'd just kill them if they tried. There was no law there, you know.<sup>26</sup>

After June 5, 1892, the above problem was solved. Jimtown was destroyed by fire—one million dollars of whiskey, saloons, brothels, and hack-driver fees went up in smoke. But the boom continued as the prices shot up like the skyline. A German from Frankfurt had who just completed his house sold it one evening for five thousand dollars. The next morning he received a telegram offering him eleven thousand dollars. People streamed in with their pockets full of cash and dreams full of riches.<sup>27</sup>

Six of the best mines in Creede produced ten thousand dollars a day. Of the ten thousand people in Creede, it was estimated four thousand were rustlers and gunmen. There were seventy-three saloons.<sup>28</sup> In 1893 during a national panic with unemployment running rampant throughout the country, the Sherman Silver Act was repealed. This resulted in a paralyzing blow to Colorado's silver mining. As Creede was the leading producer of silver in the state, the repeal of the Sherman Silver Act in 1893 caused the area economy to collapse. Boom turned to bust in less than five years.<sup>29</sup>

Nostalgic reflections rise from the dust of these ghostly mining camps:

Most of the old towns are completely gone, and Bonanza is tired and falling apart; yet there is that glowing hope people cling to out of the bleached bones of shattered dreams and there will always be a few who will pick them up and carry on. . . . Man must do some giving and restoring if he expects to glean more of earth's riches. He cannot take and take and hope for continued response without development. Even the soil rebels at too much use, and depleted forests fail in reflection's job to make seasonal moisture. Mother Earth still hoards her trea-

sure, still measures out her portions as the years go by, but the very laws that govern her resources, she in turn demands her portion to be measured faithfully in return.<sup>30</sup>

William Funk, Eliza's older brother, also found employment in this rip-roarin' mining town. William had met Naomi Holman during her visit with her brother, Sanford, in Sanford. Naomi was from Fountain Green, near Manti. William and Naomi were soon married in the Manti Temple on March 26, 1890. They then returned to Sanford to make their home.<sup>31</sup>

As we read in Jack's tribute to his parents written in later years:

I remember my father working in Creede, Colorado, and one particular time before he left he called all of us children in together and counseled us what to do and the great thing that was in his mind was to be good and kind to our Mother. We were to do all the work. We were to take care of Mother. We were to love her. She was not to do one single thing and if you would have seen the love, the kindness, and the greatness in his voice, in his face. . . . Those things I shall always remember. As I go over his life and mother's life, I can't help but think how close they were woven together.<sup>32</sup>

Lew Westover and Will Funk were definitely out-of-character in the Creede environment. But the pay was right, if one dollar for ten hours of digging in dark, unhealthy, life-threatening tunnels qualifies as such. Of course they made sure that the Lord got the appropriate share of their wages. Wherever the boys bedded down for the night, they were probably never out of earshot of the pandemonium of night-life in Creede. Both Lew and Will lived for the day when they could return to Sanford and into the arms of their lovely brides.

Before that day arrived, a disaster occurred. Will was working a mine when the shoring gave way and the walls of

the tunnel he was working in came crashing down upon him. After being trapped for several agonizing hours, he was finally rescued but his back was broken. It took two years for Will to recover sufficiently before he could again put in a full day's work.

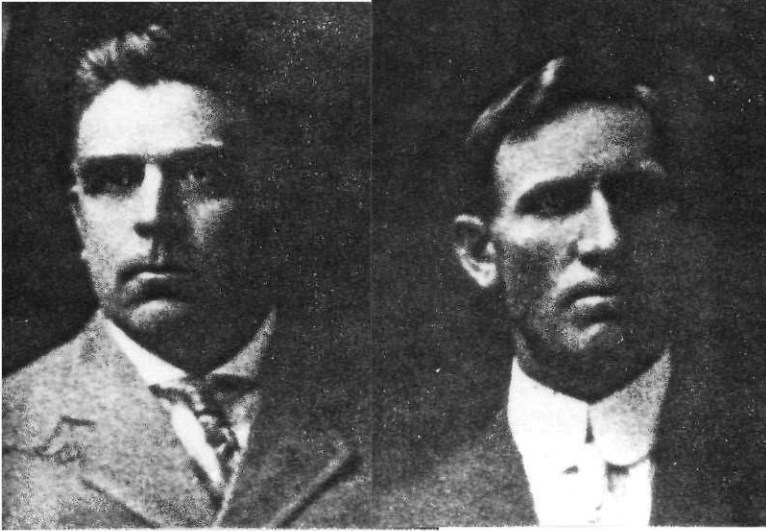


Figure 68: Marcus Orlando and William Funk

It probably did not take long following the accident for Lew to decide it was time to go home while he was still upright, in contrast to Will's horizontal frame lying in pain in the bed of the wagon. The two ex-miners, with money in their pockets, lumbered down the road with the creaking of the wagon harmonizing with the groans from poor Will as they made their way to the peace and quiet of Sanford and into loving arms.

Even though there was always work to do around the farm, most of the Sanford breadwinners found it necessary to hire themselves out in order to keep their families fed and clothed. One of the most common pursuits, other than mining, was railroading. The Denver and Rio Grande had a line running down the center of the San Luis Valley from Alam-

osa into New Mexico. Most of the ties were obtained and laid by Mormon help. Alamosa became known as the narrow-gauge capitol of the world. A ride over the Cumbres Pass was high adventure scarcely surpassed by today's trips into space. Sometimes six to ten engines were needed to get the loaded freight over the pass, and then there were only hand brakes to hold back the load on the steep down-grades.<sup>33</sup>

Lew found work on the railroad; but in what capacity, we do not know. Possibly he was laying ties or working on a railroad bed as he had done in Pioche. If he were engaged in the more glamorous job of stoking coal to fire the engine's boiler, Lew would have been the hero of all the boys in Sanford. The former situation seems the more plausible.

While Lew was mining, his father-in-law was farming. It was difficult earning a comfortable living by farming in this virgin valley. Even though Marcus Funk was quite expert in methods of agriculture, he, too, had to find ways to supplement his income, as Lew and Will had done. Over the years, Marcus had acquired skills as an accountant. Even in Utah, his advise was greatly respected in financial matters and bookkeeping methods. Whatever course Marcus chose to pursue, he did it with good judgement and a sense of perfection. With those traits, his services were sought by the residents of the San Luis Valley as they had been in Washington. Sometimes he was even paid for his services. But Marcus's chief occupation was still working the soil. He had purchased a threshing machine requiring six teams of raw horsepower to run the monster.<sup>34</sup> In the fall, Marcus hired his good neighbor, Simeon, to drive the horses for the grain harvest.<sup>35</sup>

Cornelia Mortensen had become a close friend of the Funk family following her mid-wifery duties at the birth of little Lewis, Marcus and Lena's first grandson. Cornelia recognized many outstanding qualities in Lena. It was not long before Lena received a call from the Stake Presidency to be Sister Mortensen's first counselor in the Stake Relief Soci-

ety. Lena held this position for fourteen years.<sup>36</sup> Cornelia and Lena spent many long hours traveling by horse and buggy among the far-flung San Luis Valley Stake Relief Societies, visiting and giving inspiration and encouragement to the sisters of these struggling wards and branches.

Almost two years past little Lew's birth, Eliza Johanna presented her husband with another son on February 11, 1892. Cornelia was there to take charge. For this baby's birth, the father was present, but his services in the delivery were firmly declined; he would be of greater help pacing the floor somewhere else. The baby was given the name Albert Haven. Lew was beginning to have dreams of expanding his farming operation in the future with the help of his two neophyte farmer sons. Perhaps there may even be more. Baby Albert was blessed the following month by his grandfather, Marcus Funk, in the Sanford Ward.

Spring of 1892 arrived and with it down the road rumbled a small company of wagons. Lena let out a squeal when she recognized her oldest son at the reins of the head wagon. She ran into the arms of Orlando as Forthilda lifted their three-year-old daughter, Annie Magdalene, from the wagon. Lena hugged her sweet grandchild for the first time. Annie was Marcus and Lena's second grandchild, born just a scant twenty-one days following little Lewis's birth.<sup>37</sup> What fun little Lew and Annie would have playing together! Their arrival in Sanford brought added joy to Marcus because in the group were Steenie with their three little ones: Anna, Loella, and Wallace. Being sisters, Til (Forthilda's shortened name) and Steenie found the tedium and difficulties of the long journey much more tolerable.

Also in the company was Marcus's third wife, Anne Marie (commonly called Maria), with her two daughters: Annie (by Maria's previous marriage) and Mina. What a treat for Marcus to see his little Mina! She was only a month old when Marcus had last set eyes upon her in Washington.

Now she was a pretty three-year-old and would always be one of her father's delights.

The three-room cottage that Marcus and Lena and their five children found adequate for their needs, if privacy could be sacrificed, now proved woefully undersized for the additional four adults and six children who now were to also call it home. But no complaints were recorded. The situation was relieved by one when Matilda decided to get married to Horace Mortensen before the month's end. That may have been a hasty decision made in desperation or accommodation, but surely, it was also a matter of true love.

It did not take long before Orlando was shouldered with priesthood responsibilities. At a special meeting on February 5, 1893, under the direction of Apostles Francis M. Lyman, Anthon H. Lund, and Elder B. H. Roberts, Marcus Orlando Funk was set apart as stake clerk.<sup>38</sup> To make his trips to the stake center in Manassa and other wards more enriching, he was also called as a member of the Stake Sunday School Superintendency and in the Stake Superintendency of the Y.M.M.I.A., concurrently or in sequence is not clear.<sup>39</sup> Forthilda was called as Sanford Ward president of the Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Association and Eliza Johanna Westover as her second counselor. Later in the year, Orlando was appointed to the Stake Board of Education, which controlled the schools located in all the Mormon settlements in the valley.<sup>40</sup>

Life was hard for these pioneers of the Sanford flats, but they looked forward with faith to the day that this land would become a choice place for their children to inherit. They were used to hard work and sacrifice, so they found that life in Colorado was not, in that way, different from the life they had left behind in the Cotton Mission. Families were close together, having time for friendships and visiting. They became familiar with each other's problems and shared the joys and sorrows that came to friends and neighbors.





Figure 69: Sanford Choir, 1899, Forthilda Funk seated 5th from left.  
Marcus Funk seated far right.

The woman was the heart of the home. Through her efforts, the log cabin was transformed into a home where warmth and love abided. But her role was often extended beyond the walls of the home. It was not uncommon to find the driver of the plow team wearing a sunbonnet and homespun skirt, chopping the kindling wood, carrying the water, spinning the wool, milking the cows, or raising a garden, often with a child or two holding to her skirt.



## XVI

---

# Eastdale

NOW THAT MARCUS HAD all his families together, it would seem that he would find contentment with life's blessings in Sanford. He did not have to keep looking back over his shoulder for snooping federal agents, the crops were promising, and there was a feeling among the community of love and cooperation. Nevertheless, thoughts of greener pastures were buzzing around in the back of Marcus's mind while trying to find a solution to the housing problem. The previous year on March 30, 1891, his good friend, Simeon Dunn, had decided to move his family to a new settlement located twenty-one miles southeast of Manassa, less than two miles from the New Mexico territorial line, quite a distance from Sanford. It was the only Mormon settlement located on the east side of the Rio Grande. The only way to reach Eastdale from Sanford and Manassa was by the inconvenient and unscheduled service of the ferry boat on the Rio Grande located east of Antonita. The only rail service was by the long road to Fort Garland.

Several other residents of Sanford relocated with the Dunns. The pioneers chose to call their new colony Eastdale. Back in 1887 or 1888, Anders Mortensen found the soil a dark rich loam in that area. By 1890, others had joined Anders and his brother, Ephraim, in developing the land by doing what always came naturally to Mormon colonists—digging an irrigation ditch and a reservoir. If they were

going to farm, there was little choice. The volume of water from nearby Costilla Creek was hardly adequate without a reserve. The reservoir was a blessing reserved for the future.

Notwithstanding, the plowing began. Young Oliver Jensen was quite a sight as he followed along behind his walking plow in his bare feet, doing some fancy stepping as he attempted to avoid the rattlesnakes that he frequently plowed up in the virgin soil. Many rattlesnakes were found in the fields and pastures, but not one person or livestock was ever known to be bitten.<sup>1</sup>

In the spring of 1891, Simeon Dunn and other Sanford residents began building their homes and moving south to the site. On August 23, 1891, a dependent branch of Sanford Ward was organized. Because of its location, Eastdale would normally become a dependent branch of the closer Manassa Ward. Eastdale lay south of Manassa, and Sanford was north of Manassa. But the social and cultural ties to Sanford were much stronger. The members of the Eastdale Branch, being largely of Danish extraction, would have difficulty adjusting to the ways of the southern Saints of Manassa Ward. After all, the southerners' corn fritters were not exactly Danish black rye bread. Simeon was called as the Presiding Elder and his wife, Eunice, was chosen to be Relief Society president of the Eastdale Branch. The Sanford Ward Bishop, S. C. Berthelsen, set both apart in their callings.

The excellent crops that grew in the rich loam of Eastdale were too much for Marcus to pass up. So once again the three wives began packing. These good women were quite congenial, managing to settle misunderstandings among themselves in a loving manner. There was a special closeness between Lena and Steenie. The children grew up under a canopy of love. Aunt Lena, Aunt Steenie, or Aunt Maria were always there for the others' children as much as for their own.

Steenie soon became pregnant. Inasmuch as she and Til were sisters, it would have been convenient to let Steenie

remain in Sanford with Til and Orlando until the baby was born, but Marcus was not content with more separation from his families. Steenie was a strong woman and even in pregnancy could still be counted on to more than hold her own in their pioneering struggles.

As for Maria and her two girls, they too accompanied the Marcus Funk clan to Eastdale. Eastdale Ward records noted that Maria Funk served as second counselor in the Relief Society. A history of Maria by her daughter, Mina, points out that they lived three years in Colorado, although it was probably closer to two years.<sup>2</sup> Sometime in 1894, Maria received word that her father was ill so she and the girls made a visit back to Utah to be with him during this critical time. He eventually returned to health, but before Maria could feel right about leaving her father, her step-mother unexpectedly died on December 31, 1894. Maria decided to remain in Washington to care for her aging father during his final years of life. She never returned to Colorado. Maria lived in Washington until her death on March 29, 1929. Anne Marie Sorenson Iverson Funk was buried in the old south section of the Washington City Cemetery.

Marcus and his three wives loaded the wagons and headed south for the fledgling community of Eastdale sometime during the year 1892, probably early enough for crop planting. Apparently, William J. and Naomi Funk also ended up in Eastdale for a time. According to Eastdale Ward records, the William J. Funk family belonged to the ward and was removed back to Sanford October 6, 1903, in spite of the fact that they had two children, William Orlando and Walter Angus, both recorded as being born in Sanford prior to this date.<sup>3</sup> Also, the Oscar Fitzland Westover family names can be found on the Eastdale Ward records (FHL microfilm no. 0002717). Yet his children who were born after moving to Colorado were recorded as being born in Manassa. Perhaps Eastdale was legally within Manassa's boundaries or the services of a mid-wife were only available in Manassa.

A few months after the Funk's arrival in Eastdale, Steenie gave birth to a daughter, Tina Rosetta, on January 27, 1893. She became known as "Teenie." Usually nicknames are derivations of a longer given name, such as a three syllable name reduced to one or two syllables, for example, "Forthilda" to "Til," "Christina" to "Steenie." In Teenie's case, there was no conservation of letters, and certainly no conservation of parental love.

Water was always a persistent problem of the newly found community of Eastdale. One day in the not too distant future, the lack of this essential commodity would spell her doom as a Mormon settlement. There were no natural artesian wells to tap from as there were in Sanford. In 1891, Christen Jensen dug a sixty-foot well on his property near the center of the town site. This well served for several years as the chief source of water for both culinary purposes and the watering of stock. Elder Jensen gives this insight:

At every hour of the day, the village is the scene of people, buckets in hand, wending their way to and from the faithful well, which so far has not failed to furnish the requisite. Beasts are not always liberally supplied—all day long horses and cattle loiter around the well anxiously watching their chance for a drink which can only be obtained when some kind-hearted person draws more water than his own animals need. The well is sixty feet deep, and hoisting of water for so many living beings is not a slight task.<sup>4</sup>

The Simeon Dunn family eventually tired of hauling water from the far-off Jensen well, so they dug a well eighty feet deep on their property. It was shored with timbers as they worked their way into the bowels of mother earth. It was an uneasy experience as the circle of light above the digger gradually diminished while he shoveled deeper.<sup>5</sup> Likely, the Marcus Funk family settled near the Dunns and perhaps benefitted from the labors of their friends, and even came to the Dunns' assistance. Digging a well was more than the fifty-year-old Marcus cared to undertake for the

present. The future may have required such an undertaking; but, for the present, the Dunns were pleased to share.

When the Funks arrived in Eastdale, there were only thirteen families with a total population of seventy. The settlers of the town were like one big family; sharing and helping were the means of survival. Harvests had increased each season until 1893, the year after the Funks arrival. That year a severe drought caused a crop failure as the creek and the reservoir ran dry. To add to the ordeal, that same year a national panic sent the country's economy into a tailspin, followed by the repeal of the Sherman Silver Act. A community that was entirely self-sufficient would not be troubled by the peril of a national economic collapse, but the pioneering settlements of San Luis Valley undoubtedly still felt the fallout of the crisis. Regardless, there were mouths to feed, so when the spring of 1894 rolled around, the Saints were back at their plowing and planting.

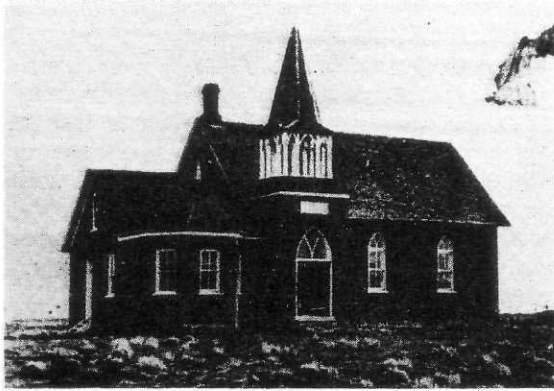


Figure 70: Church in Eastdale

After digging a ditch and a reservoir and building homes, usually the next item on the agenda in a typical Mormon settlement would be a school or a church house. Unlike today's separation of church and state, the church house and the school house were often the same edifice. Until then,

individual homes would suffice. But now, the Saints of Eastdale decided a church house was a priority. It was a community effort with no assistance from Salt Lake City or the stake headquarters at Manassa. Adobes were made to form a kiln. Piñon wood hauled down from nearby Ute Mountain was used to fire the bricks. The people took turns keeping the fire burning continually until the bricks were baked sufficiently for building. Women and girls prepared lunches as everyone worked together. For such a small community, the church house was a remarkable achievement.<sup>6</sup>

By 1894, the Eastdale Branch had grown sufficiently that President Albert R. Smith of the San Luis Stake felt that a ward organization would be justified. On January 29, Apostle John Henry Smith arrived in Sanford to organize Eastdale as a ward. Marcus Esper Funk was called and set apart by Apostle Smith to serve his second term as a bishop, with Simeon A. Dunn and Ephraim Mortensen as counselors. Soon, a ward choir was formed under the direction of Eunice Dunn.<sup>7</sup>

Like Mormon settlements anywhere, the Saints needed diversion from their labors and frustrations that are a natural part of pioneering. What better therapy than music? An orchestra was formed of five violinists and Eunice Dunn with her small organ that was carried from home to home for dances and parties. Later, a one-room log school house was built, which also became the community entertainment center. The school children sat on wooden slabs. Due to the shortage of paper, the children often had to take notes on the front and back of their hands. Sometimes to the delight of the students, they would be provided with slate shingles. One hour at night, if chores would permit, would be devoted to “skull practice.”<sup>8</sup> Baseball became a favorite pastime as teams from Manassa, Sanford, and Eastdale would travel to each other’s town to participate in games.<sup>9</sup>

After three and a half years as bishop of Eastdale Ward, Marcus decided that a return to Sanford was in order. His motivation for such a move is unknown, but on August 11,



1897, Bishop Funk was released and his move followed shortly thereafter. The Eastdale Ward continued with Christen Jensen called as its second bishop, with Simeon Dunn remaining as first counselor and Andrew Nielsen as second counselor. Eastdale's problems with water rights with the company from which they had purchased their land proved its demise. Eventually, this contest was resolved in the courts in favor of the land company. Eastdale gradually died as a Mormon community. Perhaps Marcus had such a premonition.



## XVII

---

# The Growing Years

AS IN OTHER MORMON COMMUNITIES, a common corral and pasture were created in Sanford. For each cow or horse that was pastured, the family was to furnish someone to herd the animals for one day. The herder was to drive the animals to the grazing land and gather and drive them back to the corral at the end of the day. The Westovers had some prospective herders awaiting their turn. It was a common sight to see pronghorn grazing with the cattle.<sup>1</sup>

Most of the year of 1893, Eliza Johanna was with child. Trying to care for her two rambunctious boys while carrying a child in her womb was almost too much for Eliza. Her strength often gave out, making it necessary for her husband to take little Lew and Albert out into the field with him on many occasions. During these growing years in Sanford, the youths learned early the ways of farming and the ethics of work. With patience, the father taught his sons how to herd the sheep and milk the cows, to plant the wheat and potatoes, to gather the eggs, to haul the wood to the house, as well as to help their mother in the home. The degree of help may have been questionable, but the building of character was sure.

Two days following her father's call as bishop of the Eastdale Ward, Eliza gave birth in their Sanford log home to her first baby girl. On January 31, 1894, Eliza Magdalene

was born. Faithful Aunt Cornelia once again had to turn the baby to avoid a breach birth. Mother Eliza was thrilled to now have a daughter to love, to dress in frills and lace, and to be her little helper. And a little helper she was as Magdalene (she became known only as Magdalene, perhaps to avoid confusion with her mother).<sup>2</sup> She learned early in life the art of cooking and homemaking from a watchful mother too ill to do many of the household duties herself. On April 5, 1894, Magdalene was blessed by Brother C. H. Johnson in the Sanford Ward. The names the baby were given were to honor her mother, as well as her paternal grandmother, Eliza Ann, and her maternal grandmother, Magdalene.



Figure 71: Sanford Stone Church

In the year 1887, ground had been broken for a church-house in Sanford. The foundation was dug with shovel and

pick. Huge stones were quarried, hauled by horse teams twenty-two miles from Hot Creek, chiseled and laid, all without use of heavy equipment or conventional tools. Lewis Burton, along with his offspring, were often found working on the stone church, as were almost every resident of the community. Most of the work was done in the winter when the farmers were not busy in the fields, when the steel of the chisel would chill to the bone the fingers clenched around it. Twenty years passed before the building was finally completed with its double doors at the east entrance, which were never locked. Inside the little vestibule was a ladder on the south wall that went all the way to the steeple. As daring overcame fear, probably many of the Westover children had scaled the ladder to a place of honor among their peers. It would be naïve to believe that Lew, Albert, or even little Jack, and probably Magdalene and Clara as well, would have passed up the opportunity to view the world from Sanford's only skyscraper. The stone church was a stately monument to the fortitude and sacrifice of the early Sanford Saints, accomplished at a time of extreme hardship in the day-to-day battle for survival.

Marcus and Steenie's second born, Loella Christina, yielded to the rigors of pioneer life. She died in their log home on June 11, 1895.<sup>3</sup> An insight into the customs of these pioneer communities when death beckoned a loved one is described in the biography of Olive Christensen:

There weren't any mortuaries and when somebody died the Relief Society came to the home, washed and prepared the body, and then took measurements for the clothing. They then went to the store with some members of the family and bought material to make the clothes. Materials and trimming for the casket lining were also bought. They were very pretty. Mama kept some pieces from all the trimmings and from the little pillow used when our brother passed away. All these things were so close to her heart—these precious things she kept.<sup>4</sup>

The summer passed and mid-September brought on a heavy frost, killing the grain left standing in the fields. Simon Dunn noted in his journal that later in the winter he helped Brother Funk thresh his grain that had been harvested and had taken it to Sanford. They also vitrioled some wheat that winter.<sup>5</sup>

As the year of 1895 wore on, Eliza Westover was again bearing a child. On December 5, 1895, another baby girl blessed the home of Lewis and Eliza. Magdalene was not yet two, but old enough to realize that a sister was just what she needed. Like her brothers and sister, Clara had brown eyes, but her hair was as white as bleached cotton with a complexion as pink as a fresh born piglet. She was blessed by William O. Crowther in June of 1896.<sup>6</sup>

On March 25, 1896, nine months following Loella's death, Aunt Steenie once again bore a child in their Eastdale home. They named the child Merrill Ezra. He was a healthy child, with one exception—the baby could not hear. Baby Merrill could feel the softness of his mother's breast and see her smile of love, but would never hear her song as she cradled him in her arms. A few years later, in a heart-rending decision, Merrill would be admitted to a school for the deaf in Colorado Springs.

In the year of 1896, Utah made her grand entrance into the Union. The long-awaited status of statehood was enthusiastically welcomed by the Saints. It was a time for rejoicing, even among the Saints in Colorado. Yet this did not mean automatic amnesty for all practicing polygamists, but it did mean representation in the halls of Congress with the opportunity at last for their voices to be heard. Still, it took more than statehood to seat their elected members to Congress. Elder B. H. Roberts was elected by the citizens of Utah to the House of Representatives, but he was never allowed to take his seat due to his polygamous ties. Reed Smoot, an apostle but not a polygamist, was elected to the Senate in 1903. He was seated while a two-year investiga-

tion as to his qualifications continued. He became one of the senate's most influential and respected members.

Lewis B. had never received a patriarchal blessing before, in spite of his deep love for the gospel. In Sanford Ward on a clear and beautiful day in August, he was given the following blessing by what appears to be the name G. C. Berthelsen, either a relative of S. C. Berthelsen, his current bishop of Sanford Ward, or possibly an "S" written to resemble a "G":

Sanford Ward Aug 1th 1896

A Patriarchal blessing by "G."(?) C. Berthelsen

L. B. Westover born May 14 1868 Utah of Charles Westover and Eliza Ann Haven.

Bro Westover in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ with authority given me as a Patriarch to the Saints of God in the San Luis Stake, because of your nobility of heart of your preexistence state you are granted the privilege to come down and receive a body among the chosen seed of Israel of whom the greatest promises have been made among the children of men, blest by the might of the First Born, that of Ephraim the son of Joseph who was sold into Egypt, but who secured the first-born blessing of Jacob. You are a rightful heir to the Holy Priesthood favored to be born at this precious time when you could learn the value of this gift and use it for the blessing of mankind. The Lord has accepted of your labor up till the present day, knowing the secret thought of your heart, it to be filled with love for the children of men, desiring to fulfill every call and requirements made upon you. You shall have the gift and power of the Holy Ghost to the convincing of many souls when called upon to leave your home and family to go among those who know not God and whose hearts you shall make rejoice when you shall testify unto them with boldness that God lives and you are his witness and none shall have power to disturb or molest you in any manner upon

[your] mission, and your needs be supplied. You shall return to Zion and your family filled with unspeakable joy for this privilege. You shall [be] a great use in aiding your bishop and the quorum to which you belong to raise a standard of righteousness for God has given you [to be] a great influence to wield for good. You are blessed with the spirit of discernment, with faith to heal the sick, with wisdom and with knowledge and by your faithfulness you shall obtain the blessings of earth. Be [a] lender and not borrow, faithful in your labor in helping to build houses of worship. You shall assist in building a temple to aid and wait upon those that come and there receive the visitation of angels who shall bring to your knowledge the genealogy of your forefathers, the way by which you may bring them out [of] their present condition to become heirs to salvation through the laws of adoption. You shall live upon earth to see wickedness lose its power and Zion arise in its beauty to see your sons and daughters become men and women in Israel assuming the responsibilities of an honor before God and [?] there shall be no end.

And when this body has become feeble God will call you to lay it down in Mother Earth and your spirit go into yonder world, there to bring light to all the children of God and when the trumpet shall sound in the morning of the resurrection, your record having been with the Great Judge and having set his seal of approval upon your acts in life permitting you to rise on the morning of the resurrection, call upon your family to go with you to receive your reward to the mansions of glory in the Celestial Kingdom. You shall be one of the hundred and forty-four thousand which John saw. These blessings I seal and confer upon you by the authority from God and through your faithfulness in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.<sup>7</sup>

As the ensuing years rolled on, L. B. Westover did prove he was, and always had been, a faithful servant, blessing the lives of his family and all others who came under his influence. He never had the opportunity to fulfill a mission



before marriage or while his sweetheart was still living and his children were dependent on him for their livelihood. But as time will tell, in his mature years he did leave home and family to serve two missions for the gospel he loved. He was a preacher and a practitioner of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He seldom met anyone but what he did not take time to share the truths of the Gospel that burned deep within his heart. He did, and always had, testified with boldness that God lives, and that he, Lewis Burton Westover, was his witness, so help him God.

One of Brother Westover's early church callings after moving to Sanford was to organize a prayer circle, a practice common in those days throughout the church. As Lewis acknowledged in a brief sketch of his life, "This I did, and we went there every Sunday morning dressed in our best clothes." Not long afterwards, Lewis was asked to teach in the Sunday School to a class of fifteen and sixteen-year-olds. He taught the same age-class for the twenty years he lived in Colorado. Later, while still living in Sanford, he was called as an assistant in the Sunday School superintendency but still continued teaching. LB (as he was often called by his friends) wrote in later years,

When I refused to become a Seventy, word got around that I had apostatized. But all I said was that I preferred working in the Sunday School.<sup>8</sup>

By the end of his days in Colorado, Lew was serving as first counselor in the San Luis Stake Sunday School.

One of Lewis B.'s memorable experiences while in Colorado was when a group of "Josephites" cornered him, deriding him about the Mormon practice of polygamy. "I told them that Brigham Young never started anything and that the commandment of plural marriage came directly from Almighty God."<sup>9</sup> The Josephites soon realized they had a tiger by the tail.

Typically, dates of happenings in the lives of our forebears have often been lost as death closed the books on their

mortal sojourn. Even accounts of the events themselves often vanish with the departed, much to the dismay of belated family historians. But our good sister-biographers reveal that sometime during the course of the Funk's stay in Sanford, Marcus provided Steenie and their children with a two-story "lumber house" with one room for Steenie's loom where she wove her rag carpets. She had learned well the art of weaving in the Washington Cotton Factory. The rags were woven in strips to the desired length and then sewn together. She charged by the yard for the weaving. Gertrude and Eva describe the method of covering floors, characteristic of early settlers:

Then the finished carpet was stretched over the straw and with tacks was nailed to the floor [assuming it was not a dirt floor]. Each fall the carpet was taken up and cleaned. The [old] straw was then removed from the floor and then was usually used for bedding for the cattle. Fresh straw was used to replace the carpet for another year.<sup>10</sup>

Soon after moving back to Sanford, Marcus bought farmland in the neighboring communities of Romeo and Bountiful.<sup>11</sup> Romeo was the site of a train station of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad line, located about ten miles southwest of Sanford. General Authorities from Salt Lake City were able to travel in comparative comfort on their assignments to the San Luis Valley. Consequently, Romeo's main distinction was that this was their debarkation point along with the U.S. mail. Bountiful was between Sanford and Romeo, only about four miles west and slightly south of Sanford. This little stretch of land was also near the railroad line but too insignificant for a traveler to notice.

Marcus began turning the soil, and the land reluctantly responded. Wheat was the common crop, and that is likely what Marcus sowed in the virgin soil: wheat which he would later haul to the Valley Rose Flour Mill at Los Cerros. The distance from home to the farm was too great for

daily travel—too much wasted time involved. Marcus and the boys decided the sensible thing to do was to stay on the farm from Monday morning to Saturday evening, returning home to attend church on Sunday. Perhaps there was already a small log house or a dugout on the property or they built one themselves. Marcus had good help from Willard, who was twenty-three; fifteen-year-old Walter; and young Wallace from his second family. The women folk back home in Sanford could manage. Steenie was quite capable of doing a man's work if need be. Even though Lena was approaching sixty years of age, she, too, was one determined to do her part. And there were daughters to help with the chores as well as the housework. Lena and Steenie would take weekly turns at preparing the grub box with food to last the men folk for the week.

Eventually, Marcus tired of being separated from his wives and daughters, as well as eating from the grub box each day. Eventually, he obtained a home in Bountiful, much more comfortable than the log shelter where the men were staying. Steenie and her family then moved to Bountiful and were able to take care of the farm workers during the week. It is probable that Marcus returned to Sanford for church services on Sunday. A dependent branch of the Church attached to Manassa Ward had been organized in 1889 in Sunflower, about a mile to the south of Romeo, known as Mountain View Branch, which included the areas of Romeo and Bountiful. It gradually wasted away as the turn of the century approached when the branch leadership abandoned the location. Sanford Ward records note that Steenie and her children were removed to Manassa Ward in 1908.<sup>12</sup> For the remainder of her days in the San Luis Valley, Steenie spent them at the Bountiful farm, where she taught her children to love the soil.

Many events lingered in the memories of the early Saints of the valley, but none more glowing than the visit of Apostle John W. Taylor, son of the late President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. With his ready

wit and homespun geniality, he became a favorite among members of the Church everywhere. The previous year, 1896, Apostle Taylor was appointed as President of the newly organized Colorado Mission. In this capacity, he made a trip to the San Luis Valley in August of 1897 to preside over a conference of the Stake. On his way through the valley, he stopped at homes of many of the Saints to introduce himself and to spend some time getting acquainted. He may have stopped at the home of Lewis and Eliza, or perhaps Marcus and Lena, although no record of such a visit has been uncovered by succeeding generations. As Elder Taylor was going about his good-will visits, he had skillfully organized a fishing trip up the Conejos Canyon and invited everyone to come along for a few days of fishing and relaxation before the conference. There still seemed to linger a degree of animosity between the southern Saints and those from Utah. Only the year before at a stake quarterly conference, Apostle Heber J. Grant said he had never before been in a conference where the opposition voted so heavily.<sup>13</sup> John W. Taylor was determined to do something about that.

Like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, the majority of the Saints dropped their shovels and brooms and followed the good Apostle up the canyon. This was an occasion that the



Figure 72: John W. Taylor

Westovers and Funks were not likely to have missed, even if they did not share the tale with their posterity. The fishing was great, but the highlights of the outing were the evenings around the campfire singing, telling stories, cementing friendships, and enjoying Brother Taylor's humor. Troubles were forgotten and personal antagonisms forgiven.

To add to the excitement of the affair, as if by coincidence, prominent Church brethren just happened to be traveling through and stopped off at the camp for a day or two of fishing. As a result, a touch of gospel doctrine was dispensed along with faith-promoting stories and good fellowship.

In a fitting climax to this glorious event, Apostle Taylor led the group back into the valley where meetings of the conference were conducted at the major settlements to overflow crowds.<sup>14</sup> The final session was held at Sanford. The Westovers and Funks for a certainty were in attendance, perhaps seated on one of the front rows drinking in every word spoken by this beloved Apostle. Following this session, a baptismal service was held, probably in the Sanford canal or Conejos River. Forty-two converts entered the waters of baptism on August 16. Uncounted others experienced a restoration of faith, happiness, and harmony.<sup>15</sup> One of the blessings that this extraordinary conference achieved was a breeching of past ill-feelings between the Utah and southern Saints. Elder Taylor was, indeed, an expert fisherman.

As the final quarter of the year of 1897 began, another significant event occurred in the Lewis and Eliza Westover humble log home. On October 3, Aunt Cornelia was again exercising her skills as midwife. The fifth child of the Westover family entered the world employing a healthy set of lungs. It was a boy, strong and robust. He was given the name of LeRoy, but his father soon began calling him “Jack” for reasons known only to his father. So “Jack” it was throughout his life on earth. But in his days of infancy, it was still “LeRoy,” and as such he was blessed by his grandfather, Marcus Funk, at the November fast meeting in the Sanford log church house. A few square feet of room was claimed for the crib once again in that lowly log home.

On March 10, 1898, little Lew’s eighth birthday, the family gathered at the icy edge of the Conejos River. March

10 was still very much like winter in the San Luis Valley and the river was frozen. But the ice was no deterrent to little Lew's father. Father led his son with chattering jaws through the broken ice and baptized his eldest by immersing him in the frigid waters. After the boy was partially thawed out, Lewis Esper was confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Bishop S. C. Berthelsen at the river's bank on that wintery day.<sup>16</sup>



Figure 73: Lewis Esper Westover

A story is told of one boy in the town of Richmond, Utah, who was subjected to a similar winter baptism as young Lew had been. After coming out of the water the newly cleansed lad exclaimed, "Hell, that water's cold!" He was immediately dunked a second time and wisely kept his mouth shut after coming up again.<sup>17</sup>

That same year found Colonel Theodore Roosevelt charging up San Juan Hill in Cuba in the Spanish-American War. However, another historic event occurred also in 1898. One of the greatest missionaries the Church had known, President Wilford Woodruff, died on September 2. In contrast to the usual lengthy elapsed time before the reorganization of the First Presidency, only eleven days following the death of President Woodruff did the prophetic mantle fall upon the seasoned eighty-five-year-old Lorenzo Snow. President Snow was the last of the General Authorities to have personally known the Prophet Joseph Smith. Lorenzo Snow was a man of great spiritual vision, as were his predecessors. His brief three-year administration guided the Church into the twentieth century, becoming strong financially as well as spiritually.

In 1899, Orlando received a call as first counselor in the Sanford Ward bishopric, while still retaining the position of stake clerk. It would seem that he would have been released from his callings in the Stake Sunday School and the M.I.A., but Orlando was trained from a youth, as were his brothers and sisters, to "thrust in your sickle with all your might."

Florence Ellaveve Funk was born to Steenie and Marcus on April 27, 1899. It was not long after Florence's birth that Steenie suspected that her baby was deaf as was three-year-old Merrill. It was a traumatic discovery for both Steenie and Marcus, assuming now that there was a genetic flaw in their biological union that could emerge in future children as well. With Steenie going on thirty-nine years of age and Marcus at a ripe fifty-six, it could be assumed that perhaps the child-bearing era would be ended. Six children (five liv-

ing) was a respectable number, even in a Mormon household. Yet Steenie still had room in her heart for more children to love and to raise. Before leaving Colorado still another child would swell their family circle.

Between the Funks and the Westovers, Aunt Cornelia seemed to always have her hands full of the newly born. Eliza Johanna gave birth to her bi-annual offspring on February 5, 1900, along with the celebration of the birth of the twentieth century. The little Westover baby girl was blessed on April 1, 1900, by Thomas A. Crowther, second counselor in the stake presidency. She was given the name Artimetia after her father's sister, but the baby soon learned that her moniker throughout life was to be simply Mish. However, affectionately, her father at times called her Mishy.<sup>18</sup> The baby girl seemed quite content with either name.

Albert took his turn in the waters of baptism on April 1, 1900, probably in the Conejos River or the Sanford Canal. The water was cold, but Albert's spirits were high. The San Luis Stake house in Manassa with an enclosed baptismal font had been completed in 1895, and perhaps this was the scene of the ceremony, considering Albert's health. The lad was baptized by Marion D. Malog and confirmed by Bishop William O. Crowther. Life was not all that kind to Albert. He developed rheumatism in his childhood, which prevented him from attending school much of the time. Throughout Albert's life, sickness seemed to continually be his tormentor, but not his subduer. His faith always remained undaunted.

Long distance travel for a mere visit with family and friends was not out of the question for these early forebears. Their mode of travel certainly demanded much in the way of patience and physical endurance. Likely, travel by railroad was considered the ultimate in comfort and speed as compared to the customary conveyance by wagon and beast. However, Lena managed; she apparently traveled to



Utah during the year of 1901, perhaps in the company of her husband, Marcus. Her patriarchal blessing was given in Kaysville, Utah, on October 14, 1901, by R. Hyde, perhaps related to Charles W. Hyde, the patriarch and brother-in-law who gave Marcus his patriarchal blessing.

Kaysville, Utah

Oct. 14, 1901

Patriarchal blessing given by R. Hyde upon the head of Magdalene Funk, born Dec. 1, 1839 in Denmark.

Magdalena, in the name of Jesus and by virtue of my priesthood and calling, I place my hands upon your head to pronounce upon such blessings as the Lord shall give unto me.

Thou art the daughter of Ephraim and heir to all the blessings of the new and everlasting covenant. The Lord hath been with you all the days of your life and He has watched over you from infancy to the present time; His angels hath been round about thee to shield and protect, and you are prepared to receive the Gospel when its truths are made plain before you. You have been greatly blessed beyond many of your sex, for you have been permitted to bring into this world sons and daughters whose spirits are pure and holy, and they have partaken of the spirit of the mother and father and they will praise the name of their parents long after you are gone, and they will always honor and venerate you and your husband. You will never be forgotten by them. They will be associated with you in your Father's kingdom, every soul of them. Your days of usefulness are not at an end for you will live as long as you desire life, and all blessings of the Lord will follow you. I now seal and confirm upon you all other blessings pronounced upon you by other patriarchs, and I promise you that all blessings of the Lord shall follow you; His holy spirit shall be with you and you will heed to the dictates.

Now dear Sister, when you have finished your days of labors and all the Lord requires of you, you shall go down to glory in peace, rejoicing that you were permitted to live in this day and age of the world, and you shall come forth in the morning of the first resurrection, and with your husband receive your glory.

All of which I seal and pronounce upon you, if you are faithful and true through your life. Amen.

According to the order of things maternal, Steenie had her next and last baby, Ida Josephine, on April 29, 1902, in Sanford. Steenie's prayers were filled with supplication to her Father in Heaven that her baby would not suffer the hearing defects of her last two, Merrill and Florence. Her prayers were answered.

Five days later on May 4, eight-year-old Magdalene Westover was baptized a member of the Church by Hugh A. Jones and confirmed by her uncle, Marcus Orlando Funk. The service may have been performed in the San Luis Stake house font in Manassa, but perhaps her father felt that the water in the canal would do nicely. Magdalene, a little lady with a mind of her own, may have had a different view of the matter. After all, little Magdalene was the family bread-maker and accomplished cook, even at this tender age. Maturity came early to the Westover children.

It may be difficult for us in the age of prepared foods abundantly stocked on the grocery shelves to fully appreciate the challenges that the young Westover children in Sanford learned to take for granted. Magdalene gives us a peek into the responsibilities that she shouldered without a whimper:

It was in Sanford that I learned a lot about cooking. My mother was a good cook and my grandmother [Lena] was an excellent cook, but I learned most of it when I used to cook out at the Hay Ranch. There was the Balee and Fawcett Hay Ranches, 16 men to cook for. I went out on those hay ranches and we'd cook for that many people and it happened at first that the

ladies of the house would help and they taught me an awful lot about cooking because they'd put on such great big good meals. Nothing was saved or neglected to make it good and wholesome for those men. From then on everybody knew about my cooking.<sup>19</sup>

Before the year was out, Eliza Johanna bore her seventh child in fourteen years of marriage on October 11, 1902. The baby boy was named after both grandfathers, "Charles Marcus." He was always called "Marcus," the name of the only grandfather he really ever knew. Marcus was blessed by his father, Lewis Burton Westover, on December 7, 1902. Marcus was born without a hip socket on one side and consequently his one leg was four inches shorter than the other. He always walked with a limp and with pain, at times almost unbearable.

Summertime was when golden memories were made in the San Luis Valley. Of course, the father was firm in his declaration that work was the first priority. But when the chores were hastily completed, off the Westover boys would scamper to the east side of town where the Conejos River meandered its way through the flat bottom land to its junction with the Rio Grande. The meadows, the grassy nooks, and the perfect fishing and swimming holes were the stuff that boys' dreams were made of.<sup>20</sup> Off the muddy bank, the boys would plunge into the cool water amid shouts of bravo with the sun reflecting off bare torsos—no girls allowed.

The fairer sex was more inclined toward sedate spring-time activities such as venturing about a mile to the east where the Rio Grande wound its way through grassy meadows. There the girls would gather wild flowers—blue daisies and sweet peas—and weave them into garland crowns for a May Queen and her princesses. When some would be more daring, they would bend down young saplings and then swing out for a thrilling aerial ride through space.<sup>21</sup>

The year of 1903 started off with the ordination of young Lew to the office of deacon by Bishop William

Crowther on January 12. Later in the year, Will and Naomi Funk returned to Sanford from Eastdale. Eastdale's days were numbered.

The Westover family was struggling financially until Lew decided to do something about the situation. His father, Charles, had made a decent living hauling freight. Lew had accompanied his father on several of his freight runs while living in Pinto. So Lew bought two large grey horses and began hauling freight for a contractor. He worked long hours and long distances, which kept him away from home much of the time. As a result, the Westover economic situation began improving. He owned his own cattle and some of the finest horses in all Sanford. The boys and girls were given adult-sized responsibilities running the farm while their father ran his freighting business. LeRoy's history by his son, Melvin, confirms the work ethic instilled into the Westover children: "There were always milk cows there and Jack along with his brothers were the milking machines. Hard work was expected in those days." But the father's long hours on the road had its downside.

One day Bishop Berthelsen asked Brother Westover to come to his house for a talk. Bishop Berthelsen advised this hard-working Lew Westover to come home and spend more time with his family. Lew did not need to be persuaded when he realized how much his presence at home meant to his family. As his son, Albert, recorded in later years, he had purchased an eighty acre and a sixty acre piece of land and with that he turned aside from freighting while farming became the family's only means of support.<sup>22</sup> Blessings did continue as the Westover's financial status continued to improve.

According to Jack's history of his parents, his father had obtained a farm in Bountiful: one hundred thirty-five acres of the finest land in that part of the country, probably the same acreage that Albert referred to above. This farm was separate from, but likely near his father-in-law's acreage.

Thirteen-year-old Lew was assigned to stay and work the Bountiful farm alone, coming home Saturday evening to spend Sunday with his family and to attend church. His father had his hands full with the farm in Sanford as well as managing the family and taking care of a sick wife, heavy with child. Lew Sr. would never leave his sweetheart if he felt she needed him by her side, particularly now as her time drew near. Even though Jack had barely turned six, his father elected the little fellow to take food out to his older brother, Lew, at the Bountiful farm. The good father had spent most of the day baking biscuits, cakes, cookies, and other dishes for his hungry son at the outlying farm. Lewis B. put the food in a flour sack and sent his small son on the four-mile journey.

Jack had to trudge through a desert of greasewood and sagebrush, the domain of rattlesnakes and coyotes. When the little fellow reached the Sanford Canal, with a resolve bordering on terror, he waded through with only his head and shoulders above the water, clutching the precious sack of provisions over his head. Those little legs eventually carried a very wearied boy all the way to the distant Bountiful farm. Jack stayed with Lew until Saturday when the two brothers, who were learning early how to be men, rode back to Sanford on Lew's little saddle mare. When the boys arrived home, they discovered that Aunt Cornelia was there. She had just delivered another tiny brother to the Westover family. It was October 30, 1903.<sup>23</sup>

Reed Smoot had been seated the previous March as senator from Utah. Yet there were hearings by the Senate to determine his worthiness to serve in that distinguished body. Many in Congress were concerned that Smoot was secretly a practicing polygamist, inasmuch as he was in the hierarchy of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Senator Smoot had been called as an Apostle three years earlier. Whether he was in the San Luis Valley on assignment as an Apostle or to seek support to maintain his seat in the senate

is not clear. At any rate, there was an unusual air of excitement to have an Apostle as well as a United States senator visit their stake.

Visits by General Authorities had become much more infrequent now that federal marshals were no longer hunting down Mormon co-habiters. Lewis Burton attended a meeting during the course of Smoot's visit. Lew was so impressed by Senator Smoot that when Lew arrived back home, he walked over to the bed where his newborn son was cuddled in his mother's arms, picked up his infant son

and addressed him as "Smoot." When Lew blessed his newborn, he gave him the name "Walter Reed," Walter after his wife's favorite brother who had recently moved to Sanford from Salt Lake City, and Reed after the distinguished Reed Smoot.<sup>24</sup> Throughout his life, there were very few who knew him by any other name than "Smoot."<sup>25</sup>



Figure 74: Reed Smoot

Near the close of the year of 1903, December 6, Clara entered the waters of baptism. It is logical to assume that Eliza Johanna was not going to allow her little Clara to be baptized in the frozen water of a nearby pond or river when there was a perfectly good indoor font available in the Manassa stake house, regardless of how much her husband glossed over the effect of an icy winter dunking. So off to Manassa the Westovers traveled, stopping on the way to visit Oscar and his family.

It was a sad day on May 10, 1904, for Lena, Marcus, and Steenie. Orlando and Til decided to move to a lower altitude for health reasons at the recommendation of the stake president. Thus, they traveled to Oakley, Idaho, in the Cassia Stake and to further faithful service in the Lord's kingdom.<sup>26</sup>

At twelve years of age, Albert was ordained a deacon on March 5, 1904, by Swen Peterson. Albert is quoted in his history as saying,

I was healthy and well at that time and functioned in the Quorum of Deacons, with my older brother Lewis E. as president of the Quorum. I wondered for two years, while he was president of the Quorum, why I couldn't be president of the Quorum. Then that time came.<sup>27</sup>

While there was only a year difference in the births of Marcus and Smoot, it was almost another two and a half years before the next little Westover joined the family nest. A tiny three-and-a-half pound baby girl entered the world on March 19, 1906. The Sanford Ward church house pew was fast filling up with little Westovers. On the Fast Sunday of June 3, the sacrament bread and water were passed to the congregation. As was the custom, the water was poured into eight-ounce glasses and blessed. Then the glasses of water would be passed among the congregation, each taking a sip from the common vessel. Following the sacrament, Brother Lewis B. blessed his baby daughter, giving her the name "Theresa."

Jack Westover notes in his history of his parents that soon after Theresa was born, his father bought a home at the opposite end of town from where they had been living in the little log home with a lean-to. It was like a palace! No longer would everyone have to sleep along the wall in one room. Now there would be a room for the five boys and a room of their very own for the four girls, counting baby Theresa. To add to the excitement, there was water running

right into the back porch from an artesian well on the property. All they had to do was prime the pump and work the handle a few times and, lo and behold, water would come trickling out of the nozzle. In their log home, water for the family's cooking and bathing needs had to be carried from a block away. But no longer. This was, indeed, the grandest house in all Sanford.<sup>28</sup>

A custom developed over the years in Sanford for all the family to gather at the home of Lena and Marcus on Sunday. David O. McKay of the Sunday School General Board had just made a visit to a conference in Sanford. At the usual family gathering afterwards, Marcus pounded the table with his fist exclaiming, "Mark my word, that man [David O. McKay] will one day be president of our church."<sup>29</sup> Marcus Funk's prediction became a reality many years later on April 9, 1951, when David O. McKay was sustained as the ninth president of the Church in solemn assembly.

With the warming breezes of June, Lew and Liza decided that it was high time for their eight-year-old son, Jack, to be baptized. Although Jack had been eight years old for eight months, the weather in June was much more agreeable for baptism by immersion. Even now, Jack had to catch his breath as he waded into the cool water that flowed down from the snow-laden mountains of the San Juan Range. Bishop William O. Crowther was on hand to confirm Jack a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on June 3, 1906.

Whether it was before Jack's repentance at baptism or after, Theresa recalled during an oral interview of an instance concerning her brother, Jack, and his brush with a fall from grace:

I'll tell you one weakness my mother had. She felt sorry for Jack. Dad was pretty harsh with Jack. Jack went swimming one day. Mother went out running through the orchard there in Sanford to warn Jack that Dad was coming and to hurry up and get out of that



water and get dressed. Dad never knew that Jack had gone swimming.

Although Lewis Burton never had an occasion to baptize any of his own children during the year of 1907, Sanford Ward records indicate that he was kept busy baptizing twelve children in the ward from May through November, including his deaf niece (Florence Funk) and the bishop's daughter, Janet Crowther. It would be interesting to understand the reason for the practice of often deferring the honor of baptizing, confirming, the blessing of an infant, or priesthood ordinations upon other than the immediate family priesthood holder. For example, the following year on July 5, 1908, little Artimetia Westover was baptized by Holman A. Mortensen and confirmed the same day by Swen Petersen.<sup>30</sup> Lewis Esper was ordained a priest by Bishop Crowther, even though the good father, Lewis B., was well-practiced and worthy. The custom of requesting other than the family priesthood holder was apparently done to show respect and honor to particular individuals. In later years, the father began exercising his priesthood responsibilities within the family structure.

Among the southern Saints in the valley was the Hyrum Dempsey family. The Dempseys had been converted to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in West Virginia and had migrated to Manassa in 1880 under the leadership of Matthias F. Cowley. On June 24, 1895, a son was born to the Dempsey family in Manassa who was named William Harrison after the ninth president of the United States. The Dempsey boy became better known as "Jack."

Harry (Jack) was baptized into the Church in Manassa when he was eight years old. In later years, he referred to himself as a "Jack Mormon," someone who no longer follows the Church's dictates. Even so, he always said he believed the teachings of the Church.

Fighting was the entertainment for all boys in Manassa. Jack first avoided fighting, but with the encouragement of his older brother, Bernie, he developed his first skills as a fighter and learned to like the sport.<sup>31</sup>



Figure 75: Jack Dempsey “The Manassa Mauler”

Lewis B. Westover had become skilled in the raising and handling of fine horses, as did his father-in-law. Percherons had become a popular breed in the valley, which was used for freighting ore, coal, hay, and grain. Many of the horse herds usually owned by the Mexican ranchers consisted of range horses that were rounded up once a year, branded, and sold for two dollars a head.

But Lewis wanted nothing but the best when it came to horses. The Dempseys bought a handsome matched team of white horses from Lewis.<sup>32</sup> It fell upon Lew (Jr.) and his little brother Jack to deliver the team to the Dempseys in Manassa.

Perhaps sons Lew and Jack had become acquainted with Jack Dempsey sometime before, but they struck up a friendship that lasted for several years. Jack Dempsey was between the two Westover brothers in age. Coincidentally, the Dempsey family resided in Creede about the time LB had his fill of the mining town. Mrs. Dempsey acquired a boarding house in Creede. While under Bernie’s tutelage, Jack acquired more of his boxing skills in that rough and

rowdy environment. After Jack Dempsey had become the World's Heavyweight Boxing Champion (1919–1926), known then as “The Manassa Mauler,” Jack Dempsey and Lew Jr. had a chance to renew their friendship in Salt Lake City, where both Lew and Dempsey's mother were living at the time. As a result of this meeting of two old friends, Jack presented Lew with a pure-bred Russian Wolfhound as a token of their boyhood friendship. The dog became Lew's constant and faithful companion.

On January 12, 1907, a church academy was organized at Sanford. Inasmuch as it was a three-year school, probably only seventeen-year-old Lewis Esper and fifteen-year-old Albert Haven attended, although thirteen-year-old Magdalene may have slipped in as well. In September of that same year, a red brick building was constructed in Manassa and the academy moved there. Wallace F. Bennett, the future U. S. Senator from Utah, was the superintendent of the San Luis Academy.<sup>33</sup> On a note of disharmony, some of the parents in Sanford preferred to send their older children to the far away Provo Academy instead, even though some Manassa members offered to room and board the Sanford students for fifty cents a day.<sup>34</sup>

Sometime during the year of 1907, King Driggs, freshly out of college, arrived in Sanford. While there, he married Pearl Mortensen, a local belle with a beautiful voice, and from that union emerged “The Driggs Family of Entertainers,” then “The King Sisters,” then “The King Family Singers,” and finally “The Singing Kings.” Clarinda Sewell gives us an insight into the King Driggs family:

King Driggs was a brilliant, but temperamental, musician. . . . Alternately a teacher, a composer-producer and a wandering minstrel, King led his growing family through the life of financial uncertainty. Each member had learned to play an instrument and family concerts were booked throughout the west. More often than not, they camped in the open, cooking over a campfire and hanging out laundry on the bushes.

Each member having their own musical instrument crammed into a 1924 jalopy must have been a spectacle, indeed! How they managed to also carry clothing, bedding and food is more than one can grasp. Frequently, musical instruments were pawned or mortgaged to raise cash. Once their instruments were repossessed and they were forced to fall back on their vocal talents, but it was a turning point in their lives.<sup>35</sup>

King Driggs attended the Brigham Young Academy, where he almost obtained a degree in teaching music in 1907.

Brother Driggs describes his early musical career:

January 1907 I wrote an application to the office of the church school superintendent H.H.Cummins for a position in any church academy that might be open the following fall term. A few weeks later I was called from my studies to come to Pres. Brimhall's office. Trembling I asked myself "What have I done now?" There sat the austere Horace H. Cummings. "I found your application," said he, "upon returning yesterday from Colorado and I came down here immediately to tell you that you do not have to wait until next fall. There is a nice position open for you right now in the colony of San Luis Valley southern Colo. if you don't mind leaving here in mid-year. The job pays \$200 for balance of the school year (Feb to May) plus a railroad ticket, a free pass on the D&RG which a citizen out there donated as his share toward the new institution. And by the way," he added as we departed from our interview, "perhaps you might get acquainted with a nice girl out there for your future wife." In this respect the dour old Scotchman proved to be a prophet, for that is exactly what happened. . . . Pete Peterson reached over from his seat behind me in class, punched me on the shoulder and said "You d—fool, leave what you've got here to go out to that god-forsaken valley in Colorado and live on peas and pork." The male quartett and Prof. Lund escorted me to the depot to see their basso off on the train and we sang our last quartette while the train was pulling in at dusk. We sang "The Soldiers Farewell."<sup>36</sup>

**HERE THEY ARE**

**THE DRIGGS  
FAMILY OF ENTERTAINERS**

Direct from Los Angeles, where for five years they have been one of the most popular and frequently sought groups for church, school, theatre, and club entertainments.



**Father, mother, two sons, and five daughters**

A model family in talent, training, and physical appearance, who inspire as well as entertain, with a program as refreshing as the breezy west in which they were born and raised.  
Originally a Utah Product.

W. KING DRIGGS, Company Manager  
Exclusive Management: Graham Music & Lyceum Bureau, Salt Lake City.

**SATURDAY AND SUNDAY**  
**JULY 7TH AND 8TH**  
**PROVO PARAMOUNT PROVO**

ACME PRINTING CO.

Figure 76: King Driggs Family of Entertainers

The Driggs and the Westover families became intimately acquainted while they both lived in Sanford. Professor Driggs does not mention his association with the Westovers in his charming hand-written autobiography, but he does give the reader a delightful account of his produc-

tion of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pinafore," which he directed and in which the lovely Miss Magdalene Westover had a prominent role as a dancer and a chorus girl. Professor Driggs wrote of this celebrated production:

When the academy folded up in May, I went right on working. There was an abundance of pupils. The people were starved for music. I wrote to Boshard who ran the only music shop at Provo asking him to send me copies of any light operas he had on hand. [Boshard sent "Pinafore."] Soon my little opera class was gaining momentum. The farmers left their loads of alfalfa on the hayracks and their cows half milked to hurry in to rehearsals. By mid July we had it memorized, staged and ready to present. The future Mrs. Driggs took the part of Josephine, her older brother (later a teacher himself in church academies) took the part of the captain, the walrus mustached southerner from Georgio, the part of Sir Joseph Porter. The production was a great success; at least from the standpoint of the natives. . . . By this time the Academy had been removed to Manassa, the stake center, seven miles south of Sanford. The people at Manassa had hurried up and added a second story onto their new town hall which amply provided classrooms for the Academy during the remaining years of its existence. My successor in the fall of 1907 at this new location was non other than young Spencer Cornwall, later the Tabernacle Choir leader.

King Driggs returned to Provo where he at last secured his degree. He continued:

After the 1908 Commencement I took off post haste for Colorado, gathered my old Pinafore chorus together, with some additions from the subsequent generation and began teaching them my newly composed operetta "The Navajo Princess." With prodigious efforts I turned out copies on a "hectograph" which I had learned in Prof. Eastman's art dept. The plot of my "Navajo Princess" was patterned somewhat after Balfes "Bohemian Girl." Instead of gipsies

stealing a nobleman's daughter, Dude tourists come on the scene singing "See America First." One of them discovers the white Indian girl and romance ensues, etc.

This operetta took the natives by storm, again we presented it three times at Sanford, once at Manassa and two nights in succession at the valley metropolis Alamosa.

Out of respect for the wishes of the conservative parents of my betrothed (who took the part of the Princess) we refrained from carrying out our daring and romantic idea of being married on the stage between acts. What a pity! And what a dramatic episode that would have been! There is no such thing as regretting to indulge in a little sin—if that could be called a sin. However a big wedding at the brides home did occur a couple of weeks later at which the leading girls of the chorus served as bridesmaids.<sup>37</sup>

Pearl's mother, Sister Cornelia Mortensen, would stand for no such foolishness as having her daughter married in such an unconventional manner. A proper church wedding in the Sanford chapel was the only fit place. But if Magdalene were alive today, how she would rejoice in the memories of those days when she performed in these operettas with King Driggs, and even perhaps serving as a bridesmaid to the blushing Pearl Mortensen. Brother Driggs continues to write that in mid-year of 1910 the Driggs returned to Sanford, "because my first born son was demanding birth and my good mother-in-law was a midwife par excellence, the bottom seemed to drop out of my further pursuit of a musical career."<sup>38</sup>

He continued to teach at Ephraim for a time, but the lure of show business started him and his family off on an adventure that would bring fame, and at times, starvation. Needless to say, it was the same Cornelia Mortensen who faithfully served as midwife to the ten children of Lewis and

Eliza, who also was the good mother-in-law of William King Driggs, musician and showman extraordinaire.

The popular “King Sisters” went on to national stardom; and in recent years, “The King Family Singers” followed in the footsteps of their parents and grandparents. When the King Sisters were in town, occasionally some of the Westovers would take advantage of the opportunity to renew old friendships. However, Magdalene’s musical talents continued to be appreciated. There was hardly a funeral or other special occasion when she was not called upon to sing.

Life in the frontier settlements of the San Luis Valley took its toll on the resilience of its own pioneer Saints just as it did in other Mormon colonizing efforts. Lew’s older brother in Manassa, Oscar Fitzland Westover, succumbed there to a heart attack at age fifty-six on August 7, 1908, leaving an ailing wife and seven children, three of whom were in their minority years. Oscar was buried in Ojo Caliente, Taos, New Mexico, for reasons unknown, on August 11 of that year. Because they were in their eighties, it is doubtful that Oscar’s parents, Charles and Eliza Ann, were able to attend the funeral.

To illustrate the hardships and grief endured by the Oscar Westover family the following year, on July 17, 1909, their eldest daughter, Elizabeth, died in Manassa. Six months later on January 13, 1910, Mother Elizabeth passed away with “heart trouble,” leaving six children, the youngest being fourteen-years-old. Only four days following his mother’s death, the oldest son, Oscar F. Jr., died. On December 9, 1911, the youngest, Minnie, joined her deceased parents and siblings beyond the veil.<sup>39</sup>

Living in these early settlements of the Valley had its bright side. To add flavor to life in a small Mormon community such as Sanford, the Fourth of July was indeed a time for celebrating in a grandiose manner.<sup>40</sup> It would all start in the early pre-dawn hours when the local blacksmith would



carry out his assignment to make certain that all the town's inhabitants, including dogs, roosters, and other livestock, were keenly aware of the arrival of the glorious holiday. The smithy would place a generous mound of black powder between two anvils and ingeniously cause a teeth-chattering explosion. In later years, the art of calling every sleeping body's attention to the dawning of the big day was refined with three blasts of dynamite in varying locations around the town's perimeter. This method seemed to effectively start the big day's festivities rolling by shaking the slumbering populace out of their beds, if not their wits.

In the event a groggy resident was tempted to go back to sleep with only a faint streak of light over the Sangre de Cristo Range, he or she would soon find themselves being serenaded by a splendid brass band on a bunting-draped hay wagon drawn by a team of horses. The melodic strains filled the early morning air throughout the town, only stopping when a considerate and sleep-deprived family would offer the merry music-makers refreshments. If the cows were still milkable after such a stressful and "dynamic" awakening, they were milked, and other chores were hastily done in time for the grand parade. Wagons and teams, adorned in asparagus stalks from the river bank and other fine greenery, would convey the honored citizenry, town dignitaries, and other bodies searching for a degree of adulation down the dusty street, flags waving, dogs barking, and children shouting.<sup>41</sup> To be sure, the Westovers and Funks were well represented in the fun of this wonderful day when work took a most unusual back seat. The tradition of the early morning dynamite and a band riding throughout the town, followed by an unpretentious, but fun parade may still be found in some of the rural Mormon communities today.

The parade would be followed by a program in the bowery (a framework of poles covered by willows or cottonwood boughs), where a distinguished orator with a healthy supply of wind would pay tribute to God, Church, and Country. The afternoon would be highlighted by foot races,

sack races, potato races, and other events for the lively and agile. In later years, Lewis Esper, with a chuckle, would reminisce of his experience on such an occasion when he entered a horse and buggy race. As the big white stallion dashed down the home stretch with the youthful Lew urging him on ever faster, a wheel of the buggy flew apart. But, alas, the trusty steed continued to charge ahead, pulling the buggy triumphantly in a most unconventional manner across the finish line in a blaze of glory and first place.

Dancing in the evening would be the focal affair for the grown-ups. The women would dress in their best gingham while the men would polish their boots with soot from the cookstove. They would kick up their heels as the gents would twirl his corner gal into the wee hours. There is something heart-warming about such an unpretentious celebration that makes one wonder if perhaps we moderns have erred by allowing such choice experiences in personal relationships to unwittingly fade away into oblivion.

Eliza certainly did not do much dancing due to her health and nine pregnancies. In spite of her being bed-ridden much of the time in Colorado, she continued to be active in the Church, doing what she could to assist the women of the Relief Society. Jack recounted how his father would counsel the children to care for their mother's every need when he was away. When his mother was pregnant with Zaetell, sometimes his father would be twenty miles away with his threshing machine, yet he would never miss a night being back home beside his ailing sweetheart. He would ride Lew's little saddle pony in, even though it was late at night before finishing his threshing, sometimes staying only a few hours and then back to work again in the early morning. "I never remember a time in his life when Mother was sick that Father didn't stay by her bedside," Jack reminisced. There was a tender love and deep devotion between his parents. Jack added in his history of his parents, referring to his father, that "his love was so deep that no

material things had a part in my father's life in comparison to my mother."<sup>42</sup>

Little Theresa was almost three-years-old and young Lew was pushing nineteen when Aunt Cornelia served the Westovers for the final time as midwife. Dark-eyed Zaetell made her debut into the world on January 4, 1909, as the tenth child of the Westover family. James P. Jensen had the honor of giving this newest darling of the Lew and Eliza Westover family a name and a blessing.

All ten of Liza's babies had been born in the cold months of the year, from October through March. But now the family did not have a drafty log home with a leaky roof and dirt floor to contend with. They now lived a "pampered" lifestyle in a home with a board floor and water pumped directly into the house. To keep them humble and thankful for the comforts with which they were now blessed, they still had a ways to go to the "two-holer" out by the barn. In wintertime, their hindmost parts would likely adhere to the frosty boards of the seat, and in the warm days of summer, it was a long time to hold one's breath, not to mention the rear attack by relentless flies.



## XVIII

---

### Cache Valley

THE YEAR 1909 WAS MEMORABLE for more reasons than the birth of Zaetell. Utah was once again beckoning to Marcus and Magdalene Funk. Still stored in their memories were the days when the future looked bright and filled with hope in the Cache Valley of thirty-five years ago where they had made their first home together.

Marcus had already made up his mind. He had recently purchased a farm in Trenton, a small community seven miles to the west of their old home in Richmond. Once again, Marcus began liquidating his holdings and equipment for the move. Marcus had accumulated quite a bit of land in the twenty years in the San Luis Valley, along with two homes, a threshing machine, and considerable livestock. As was his inclination to be surrounded by family, Marcus used his persuasive powers to try to convince his married children to accompany them. Orlando and Til had already gone to the northern end of Cache Valley in Idaho. Will was in Elko, Wyoming, working as a supervisor for his younger brother, Willard, in a coal mine.<sup>1</sup> But Marcus was certain that Naomi and the children would be willing to move to Utah. Lizy was not doing well in this high valley; Utah would be more suitable for her fragile health, even though Lew was doing better financially than ever before. Matilda and Horace Mortensen were rooted in the San Luis Valley with his family still there; even so, Matilda would move at

the drop of a hat. Clara and her husband, Amner Gheen would surely give the matter serious consideration.



Figure 77: Cache Valley

Quite likely, Florina and her husband, John Bentley, would be willing to make the move with a little persuasion. And then there was Walter who had just got himself married last year to Ellen Draper. Marcus was convinced that most

of the children would find their way to Cache Valley with them.

Little Zaetell was less than two months old when Grandpa and Grandma Funk left Colorado for Utah. On February 28, 1909, Marcus and Lena along with Florina and her children and Naomi and her children arrived at the station in Romeo for an exciting train ride to their new home in Trenton, Utah. Possibly Lew and Eliza escorted them by buggy to the station to bid them farewell and best wishes on another phase in the lives of the Funk family. Sixty-six-year-old Marcus and sixty-nine-year-old Lena must have felt in their hearts that they were returning to Utah to live out their final years. There were no more thousand-mile wagon train treks left in their aging, tired bones. Now they could sit back and relax as the Denver and Rio Grande took over the task of braving mountains and deserts. There were out-laws and train robbers on the loose in the still unsettled parts of the West where they now traveled, but many of those adventurous tales were to be left largely to the imagination of the future Hollywood film writers.

The narrow-gage railroad train chugged north to Alamosa, and then roared east over the ninety-four hundred foot high snow-packed mountain pass of the Sangre de Cristos, where only sixty years earlier the brutality of winter here had reduced John C. Fremont's railroad exploration party to cannibalism. The two graying pioneers of yesteryear's epic struggles peered out the window at the snow and cold with a degree of apprehension, but content that they were not out in the elements trudging along in a wagon train instead of riding in the comfort of a plush modern-day railroad car.

The train pulled into the station at Colorado Springs, where they were faced with a lengthy layover.<sup>2</sup> Marcus probably anticipated such a delay and had planned on taking advantage of the time by visiting with his son and daughter, Merrill and Florence, in the deaf school nearby. It is likely that he made arrangements at the time for the two children to rejoin the family in Utah at a later date. Their mother,

Steenie, would be making the same trip as soon as Marcus could make preparations for her and the children in Utah. Steenie would then have Merrill and Florence accompany her and the other children to Cache Valley, where they could be a complete family once again. After a ten-day train ride, the Funks arrived in Trenton on March 10, 1909.<sup>3</sup>

Back in Colorado on this same day, the Westovers were celebrating young Lew's nineteenth birthday, if you call working from dawn to dusk "celebrating," and dusk in March just marked the beginning of evening chore time. Even in winter, there were always a wide choice of chores to keep the Westover boys' attention directed toward wholesome pursuits. But when you have your feet planted in the soil as the Westovers had, there are few alternatives and birthdays offered no exceptions to the work that had to be done. Perhaps Magdalene or Clara at least had baked a cake to be cut following their usual supper of bread and milk to make the day special. Young Lew would still wait until December 13 of that year to be ordained a priest by Bishop William O. Crowther.

John and Florina Bentley's church records were transferred on April 18, 1909, according to the Sanford Ward records. It would not be long before a majority of the extended Marcus Funk family were in Cache Valley. On September 1 of the same year, Steenie packed up, counted her brood, and took their turn on the train to Utah. Apparently, Steenie picked up Merrill and Florence at the Colorado State School for the Deaf on her way, as was noted earlier. Once in Utah, Merrill and Florence were enrolled in the Ogden School for the Deaf.

Marcus anticipated the problem of housing two wives when he only had the one house on the farm. In order to provide a second home, he purchased a "city lot," which in early Trenton meant a lot near the general store and the church house inasmuch as Trenton was a comparatively new settlement. At a family meeting, the question was discussed—who was to live where? Marcus had to be at the



farm, which was a distance away from town. It was the consensus of opinions that because of Lena's advanced years and failing health that farm life would be too rigorous for her. Steenie loved farming and with Wallace's help (and Merrill's also during summer school vacation) it seemed logical that Steenie should remain on the farm and Lena live in town in the home Marcus was building. This arrangement seemed suitable to both wives. Normally, in Mormon society, the husband's prime residence would be with the first wife or at least evenly divided, but Marcus was needed on the farm so the bulk of his time was spent there. Jealousies and pettiness were never a factor in the Funk households. Of course, he was never far removed from either of the two.

Sometime during the remainder of the year, Naomi and the children joined Will in Elko, Wyoming, to spend the winter with him at the mining camp. In the following spring of 1910, the entire Will Funk family relocated in Trenton to run an orchard farm. Eventually, the town known as Benson became the permanent home of the Will Funk family.<sup>4</sup>

The 1910 Federal Census reveals that Marcus was engaged as a farmer in Trenton, on a farm with a mortgage. Annie C. [Steenie] was still listed as Marcus' wife with six out of seven children still living and Wallace (aged 21), Rosetta, Florence, and Ila J. living at home with the parents. Among the children of Marcus and Lena, Trenton Ward records show that the Bentleys, Gheens, Mortensens, the family of Will Funk, and perhaps others of the family made their homes in Cache Valley.

In spite of priesthood blessings and devotion of her family, Eliza Johanna never seemed to be able to regain her strength and health. It was nearing twenty-two years since she had arrived in the San Luis Valley. Life had been hard and the demands on her health at times had been almost more than she could bear. But when she looked upon those eleven loving faces who kept trying to find ways to make life easier for her, Liza felt that all the pain and limitations



Figure 78: Lewis B. Westover Family. back row - Clara, Magdalene, Albert, Lewis E., Jack (inset); front - Mish, Eliza Johanna holding Zaelte, Lewis B. with Theresa, Marcus, Smoot

that her disability imposed were worth the price she had to pay.

But Lewis was not so content with his wife's progress, or lack of it. At this stage of her life, Eliza had become bed-fast most of the time, unable to walk even a block.<sup>5</sup> Word was coming back from the folks in Trenton encouraging them to make the move. There were competent doctors not far away in Logan, Eliza's father would write, and the elevation was twenty-five hundred feet lower. Surely, Eliza's health would improve there. Lewis knew it would take time to sell his property and farm equipment, but concern for his sweetheart's welfare arose above any other thoughts that might discourage him from the move. Spring was coming and if he were to get a crop planted in Utah, he would have to start the plowing soon. A quick sale of his property was highly unlikely; the San Luis Valley's population count had remained stagnant. His only recourse was to leave it sit and hope that time would bring a buyer. He rented out what he could, leaving most of the farm and home empty, and prepared for the move to Utah. He left Colorado not owing a dime to any man.

Before their departure, the bishop ordained Albert a priest, skipping the office of teacher, according to Albert's own history.<sup>6</sup> At age eighteen, that seemed to be an appropriate move. Albert was always faithful and conscientious in the discharge of his priesthood duties. In those days, age did not seem to be a crucial factor when it came to priesthood advancements. Likely, the bishop was reluctant to weaken the deacon's quorum by advancing Albert to a higher office in the priesthood. Eliza always felt that Albert was blessed with a special sensitivity to matters spiritual.<sup>7</sup>

A trip by team and wagon for such a distance would surely further endanger the health of Eliza. With what little money they had, Lewis bought train tickets.<sup>8</sup> Clutching their few belongings, mostly rolled up in bedding, the Lewis and Eliza Westover family climbed aboard the Tuscan-red railroad passenger car with gold leaf striping and gold lettering

above the windows. The Sanford Ward Records recorded the date as May 3, 1910.<sup>9</sup> The good census taker in Trenton counted the Westover family on May 7, 1910, so the May 3 date seems a little belated.

The engine impatiently snorted clouds of steam. This was high adventure for the children to travel for days on this iron horse over mountains and across valleys, shaping memories to last a lifetime. The young ones had grown up in this broad valley, never venturing beyond its mountain borders where they had become familiar to the wailing of the Chinook winds and the lonesome howl of the coyote. But there was little thought of regret as excitement tingled inside their stomachs. Perhaps the older youths had mixed feelings about leaving friends behind but they too felt that Utah offered more hope for a better life and better health for the family.

As the children mashed their noses against the windows, the parents' thoughts turned to the wagon treks each had made more than two decades earlier. Lewis mused with satisfaction that old Grand River wasn't going to snatch his trunk of valuables this time. Even if it tried, there was not much to be had. His most priceless possessions were centered in his dearly beloved companion and ten precious children. To Lewis, riches never were all that important. What did matter was the Gospel and how well he and his family abided by its teachings.

While holding sixteen-month-old Zaetell on her lap, Eliza's thoughts turned to her suspicions that another little one, number eleven, had been assigned to join the Westover family on earth. How she would miss dear Cornelia! If only she could regain her strength so that she could care more for the children in Utah's more moderate climate. The Lord had richly blessed her with such a loving husband and obedient children. Eliza closed her eyes and let random thoughts flow across her mind. Loving husband, yes; obedient children? Well, most of the time. Lew and Albert could pretty much run the farm now. Usually, Jack could keep up with his older

brothers, but he was such a tease, and Smoot was beginning to be just like him, but the little fellow was learning how to work, too. Marcus was so attentive to her needs, in spite of his bad hip. Even though Theresa had just turned four, she was beginning to be a real help around the house and in watching the baby. And the older girls, Magdalene and Clara, were such treasures—doing the housework and most of the cooking. Even ten-year-old Mish was handy at making bread, as well as milking the cows. Yes, indeed, they were all good children, bless their hearts. In spite of all their trials, life had been good to her and Lew. She wondered what life had in store for her family in northern Utah. The clacking of the rails soon had Eliza joining little Zaetell in slumberland.

By 1910, as the Westovers caught their first glimpse of Cache Valley, it was blossoming as a rose. It was not always that way, to be sure. The same Colonel Fremont of San Luis Valley fame had previously set foot in this vicinity in 1843 and had “prophetically” declared that grain could not be ripened there due to the cold weather.<sup>10</sup> This prophecy was made previous to Fremont’s misadventures in the Colorado Rockies surrounding the San Luis Valley where he relearned the definition of cold weather.

Now as the Westovers were escorted by wagon to Lena’s home in the town of Trenton where they would reside temporarily, fields of wheat and sugar beets stretched out before them on every side. Marcus pointed out that a new sugar factory was now in operation in Lewiston that was processing seventy thousand tons of beets per year. There were sixteen flour mills throughout the valley. They noted two creameries and a condensed milk factory in Richmond.<sup>11</sup> There were now twenty creameries in Cache Valley. Cache Valley was becoming known as the intermountain dairy center in spite of the fact that there was no refrigeration or cooling system other than the streams

that flowed through the valley and no milking machines or milk parlors.

A canal had been recently completed to bring water to the arid western part of the valley. In 1895, Orson F. Whitney quoted a correspondent of one of the great New York journals who expressed his impressions of the Mormons and their efforts to colonize the valley:

Stand with me upon the bench land, between the plain and mountain in Cache Valley, gaze abroad upon those teeming acres reclaimed from the desert, farms and orchards dotted with the homes of a contented and happy people; gaze upon that picture, and then tell me you believe in your heart that Mormonism is either a fraud or a failure.<sup>12</sup>

Lew was no stranger to canals and fields, but he could not help but be impressed with the large dairy herds and the other industries that were there to support the farming in Cache Valley. He felt a tinge of excitement run through his frame as he visualized he and his boys working these fertile fields. This was his kind of country. Lew had an urge to get down on his knees, scoop up a handful of tilled soil, smell it, and then test it by letting the brown earth sift through his calloused fingers. Lew would have nodded in agreement with the feelings of Justin Isherwood, who wrote:

There is pleasure in being at the beginning of the chain, where it all starts—all the politics, all the religion, all the industry. The plowman is at the head of the parade, the place which all nations draw their power. . . . Fresh-plowed ground has a subtle fragrance. The dead of millions of years are in the earth, all the beasts and flying things, all the grasses, trees and bushes, all the bits and pieces of former lives. But the soil is not so somber as to be a grave alone. There are also the Tinkertoy parts for yet other lives, a gift the land just keeps passing around. Plowed ground smells of earthworms and empires.<sup>13</sup>

It was apparent that the future of this valley lay in the dairy industry. The widespread establishment of commercial creameries heralded a new era in dairying and farming. The concept of a farmer providing dairy products not only for his own household but also for others was an innovation in rural Utah.

Even the farmer's attitude toward the trusty old cow experienced a transition during this time period. For the first time, there was cash value in the milk produced by a cow. In a sense the cow's milk became a cash crop. For the first time, there was value in keeping an animal for something other than her labor, her meat, and her hide. This concept marked a significant change in the dairy industry. Prior to this, dairying was just one of the many chores that went along with farming. A cow or two was kept to provide milk, cheese, and butter for the home. In addition, she was used to suckle a calf, and whey from the cheese could always be devoured by a pig or two. Cows were bred to freshen in the spring and go dry in the winter months. Up until this time winter dairying wasn't practiced. Lorenzo Hansen's creamery in Logan was the first to operate the year 'round.<sup>14</sup>

It is quite certain even before leaving Colorado, Lew had enough foresight to make sure that there would be some means of earning a livelihood once they set foot on Utah soil. When one realizes that Lew was unable to sell his farm or home in Colorado, and there were twelve mouths to feed and no government subsidies, the time for wondering what to do was past. Whether it was before leaving Colorado or soon after their arrival in Utah, Lew Westover had a farm on his hands. He rented the Brig Benson place with a thousand acres, about three and a half miles out of town, the largest in the valley, as his sons, Jack and Smoot, each recorded in later years.

The Westovers must have been settled on the farm and had some of the planting behind them by the time the census enumerator knocked on their door in Trenton on May 7,

1910. The census taker perhaps had missed his afternoon nap that day as he recorded the Westover household with an extravagance of inaccuracies:

Lous B	Age 40	married 21 yrs	mother born in Missouri
Eliza J	Age 40	married 20 yrs	parents born in Denmark
Lous E	Age 20		born in Colorado
Albert	Age 18		born in Utah
E. Madalene	Age 16		born in California
Clara	Age 14		born in California
Leroy	Age 12		born in California
Metia	Age 10		born in California
C. Marus	Age 8		born in California
Walter R.	Age 7		born in California
Thesa	Age 4		born in California
Zetell	Age 1		born in California

Perhaps the same Trenton enumerator, who by this time was well rested and had made a sudden remarkable improvement in his spelling and fact finding, recorded one Funk family as comprising Marcus, Annie C., Wallace, Rosetta, Florence, and Ida J. Another Funk family was enumerated with only the head of the family, Magdalene Funk, and a son, Walter R.<sup>15</sup> The entire Westover family went to work on the Brig Benson farm. The morning chores started well before the first streak of dawn over the Bear River Range, and bedtime was a blessed event for those weary, aching bodies. It was a family effort to put bread on the table. The summer months wore on and the farm was beginning to slowly show signs of modest success. Nord Westover explained that the Westovers broke up sagebrush with a three-horse team pulling a plow and afterwards they would burn the sagebrush. Every other year they would plant fall wheat known as hard Turkey wheat. Originally, Thomas Jefferson smuggled some of this type of wheat out of France by hiding the wheat in an arm sling which he wore at the



time. This variety of wheat starts coming up in the fall as the blanket of snow protects it while the root system develops.<sup>16</sup>

The Westover family still had some decisions to make. One decision was already made for them: Liza needed a doctor's care and the best doctors in Cache Valley were located in Logan. Also, the older children needed to continue their education at an institution for higher learning that was not available in Trenton. Yet farming was their life blood, and it was the farm in Trenton that provided bread on the table and money for doctor bills and schooling. The Westover family arrived at a logical decision: a move to Logan for those who would be benefitted by the move and the others would remain in Trenton to run the farm. The candidates for Logan were Mother Eliza; the small children, Marcus, Smoot, Theresa, and Zaetell; plus the students, Lewis Esper, Albert, and Magdalene. That left Father Lewis, Clara, LeRoy, and Mish to do the farming and housekeeping.

From the various histories that have been handed down, we are informed that Eliza Johanna and most of the family lived in Logan during the first three winters of their stay in Cache Valley. Both the Brigham Young College and the Agriculture College were located in Logan. Young Lew, Albert, and Magdalene attended the schools in Logan at this time. Albert affirms that he attended school in Logan under the supervision of Dr. John A. Widstoe during the three winters that they lived in Trenton:

I went to Logan to school; and was under Dr. Widstoe. That was quite an item in my life, to know that I went to school those three years. I don't know that I learned anything, but it was still quite an item. I was in the humor and wanted to stay in school very much.<sup>17</sup>

Jack's history states that "We moved to Trenton up on the Brig Benson ranch. I think there were about 1,000 acres up there. We rented it for 3 years and did not do so well, in fact, Mother was sick most of the time. Father went to

Logan in the winter and stayed while the older children went to school [assuming it was the Logan Academy as Albert described above] & the younger ones went to school in Logan & we middle ones stayed up on the ranch & milked cows and fed the pigs.”



Figure 79: Brigham Young Benson

After winter set in, Lewis B. packed his suitcase and joined his wife and small children in Logan, leaving the largest farm in Trenton, if not in Cache Valley, in the care of fourteen-year-old Clara, twelve-year-old Jack, and ten-year-old Mish—quite a vote of confidence in those three undersized farmers. Clara and Mish did the housework and cooking and undoubtedly helped Jack with some of the chores. Melvin Westover, Jack’s son, disclosed in the history of his father that there were seventy-five head of horses and eight head of cows. Jack even churned butter and sold it. Character, with a strong sense of duty and trust, were woven into the fabric of these children’s lives.

After arriving in Trenton, Magdalene gives us an interesting insight into their family life while living for a time

with Florina and John Bentley until the Westovers were able to get settled into their own home:

We lived there for awhile with Aunt Florina. Aunt Florina, mother's sister, had a boarding house and of course I was helping her. President Grant used to come up about every other weekend. He was in some real estate deals up there. He used to come up to the boarding house to eat and sleep. He would sit down to Aunt Florina's organ and gather us kids around him and we'd sing and sing for hours on end. So that was my experience with one of the presidents of the Church.<sup>18</sup>

In reading Smoot's history, the work ethic of these young Westovers is revealed:

We run the Brig Benson ranch, it was one of the largest farms in the valley. That summer Jack and I [twelve and seven year-olds] did a good share of the work. My first real work was driving four head of horses on a plow of which I did most of that job. It was my first and most important lesson in farming and taking care of horses. Since my father always run a thresh machine, many years I was the water boy or took care of the grain bucket.<sup>19</sup>

Theresa claims in her history that "We moved to Logan for the winters so Albert and Magdalene could go to the Academy." Clara, Jack, and Mish were probably the exception, having to remain in Trenton to take care of the farm and livestock, as was pointed out earlier. Farm work always took precedence whether it was summer or winter, in sickness or in health, nor was it a respecter of age.

As Eliza had suspected on the train ride from Colorado, another life was forming in her womb. The unborn child demanded every ounce of strength that Eliza possessed. Even though some of the family histories claim that Eliza and most of the family were spending the first three winters

in Logan after arriving in Utah on January 4, 1911, Eliza Johanna gave birth to a male child in Trenton. The child was stillborn. This day was also little Zaetell's second birthday, but there was not much enthusiasm for celebration. The loss of this eleventh child lay heavily on his poor mother as well as the rest of the family. This was the first death in the Lewis and Eliza Westover family. Magdalene gives us an insight into this moment in the life of Eliza Johanna:

I was with Mother when she bore her last two children and watched what she had to go through. She suffered greatly and when the eleventh child was born, we were in Utah by then. Aunt Cornelia Mortensen was still in Colorado and couldn't be with Mother to turn the baby (every child was a breach birth). Dr. Schenk was the only doctor she ever had and the baby was born stillbirth, but he saved Mother's life then.<sup>20</sup>

Reason compels us to assume that Eliza spent that first winter in Trenton. When Eliza's time to bear her child was close at hand, surely it would have been unwise to have made the long trip from Logan to Trenton by buggy, especially in the middle of winter. It is likely the stay in Logan did not begin until the following year. Four occasions seem to substantiate the reasoning that the family spent the first winter in Trenton. Jack was ordained a deacon in Trenton by his grandfather, Marcus Funk, one day after Christmas, December 26, 1910. A few days later, on New Year's Day, Lewis Esper was ordained an Elder in Trenton. Two-and-a-half months later, Marcus, who had turned eight the previous October, was baptized into the Church on February 7, 1911, by Jacob Miller and confirmed by Thomas Morgan in Trenton. And in Trenton, Albert was ordained a teacher on February 20, 1911, a reverse order of ordinations seems to be the case with Albert.<sup>21</sup> Perhaps we should simply assume that Eliza at least spent the winter of 1912 in Logan under the care of Dr. Budge and probably remained there during

part of the year 1913. She rejoined her family either in Trenton before they moved to Lewiston or shortly afterwards.

The year of 1912 brought with it exciting events for the Westover family. On January 31, young Lewis was called and set apart as a missionary to preach the gospel of repentance to the people of the world.<sup>22</sup> The entire family was feeling the excitement that emanated from this young man. It was about time Lew considered fulfilling a mission. He was almost twenty-two years old, and he was getting rather serious about a pretty Trenton school teacher, a Miss Lorene Rankin of Franklin, Idaho. If he were to serve a mission, now was better than later. President Joseph F. Smith apparently felt the same way about the matter for he sent young Elder Westover a mission call to the Society Islands, located somewhere out in a lonely archipelago of the southern Pacific Ocean on the other side of the world.

On April 6, a significant day in Latter-day Saint theology, in the year 1912, Eliza Johanna gave birth to her twelfth and last child. He bore the name Ivan Burton Westover. Ivan was born in Logan rather than in Trenton, probably because his mother and some of his siblings were now living there. Ivan was blessed later in that same month by Christenson Olson. Ivan grew up as a loving and obedient child, but the poor health of his mother may have had a detrimental effect on his own well-being. The baby was born with a condition that effected his mental and physical development, later known as Down Syndrome.<sup>23</sup>

May 10, 1912, turned out to be another special day in the Westover household. Smoot was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by John Hawkswood (in the irrigation ditch) and confirmed by John Kemp.<sup>24</sup> On December 10, five days following her seventeenth birthday, Clara graduated from school in Trenton.<sup>25</sup> Lew and Eliza had a right to be very proud of their children.



## XIX

---

### Lewiston

There were probably several reasons that made Lew consider making another change in his attempt to provide for his large family. The Benson Ranch was not working out as he had hoped. Besides, working a farm that you did not own was something akin to working for someone else, Lew reasoned. He was too independent for that. He had had his fill of being indebted to an overseer when he worked the mines and railroad in Colorado. Lew Westover felt that the only way he and his family were going to have security and contentment was by working their own farm, in spite of the fact that farming was a gamble. You can be sure that seven times out of ten the weather would do something other than what you wanted it to, according to most farmers trying to outguess nature. At least, Eliza was always there to support her man in his decisions.

Lew had his eye on the town of Lewiston. Crops seemed to thrive better on the farms located in that area even though Lewiston was only about ten miles from Trenton. There is a definite geological phenomenon that accounts for this which never occurred to Lew. Dr. Bernhisel explains this interesting occurrence:

A long, long time ago, this level tract of land now known as Lewiston, Utah, just south of the Utah-Idaho line and extending south between the Bear

River and the Cub River, to a point in the south where the two rivers converge, was a part of the great lake bed known as Lake Bonneville. At the time Lake Bonneville was at its high water level, large streams of water emptied into this lake. The longest and by far the largest stream emptying into this lake was the Bear River beginning in the southwestern part of Wyoming and extending in a northwesterly direction to a point near Soda Springs, after which it made a rather abrupt turn to the south and west through a narrow valley, now known as Gentile Valley. As the stream left this valley its course became narrow, steep and rocky, emerging at a point north and east of the city of Preston, Idaho, where it cut a deep narrow channel, now known as the Bear River Narrows, through which the great volumes of water rushed in torrents, carrying with it great quantities of silt, caused by land erosion.

After passing through this narrow canyon at a very rapid rate, the river eventually emptied into the great Bonneville Lake, at a point a little to the west of Preston. As soon as the water of this gigantic stream began pouring itself into the lake, the force of its current became less, as a result of its having reached a low water level, as well as the widening of its channel after its rush through the narrow gorge.

It is readily understood that as a result of its slowing-up process of the great voluminous river, in those geological times, the heavily laden water, with all kinds of debris, silt and sand, was caused to give up its loads of sediment. . . . As a result of this deposition of sediment, a great delta was begun and continued for long periods of time, extending over a large area, the base of which had its beginning near the mountains at the north and east of Preston. As the delta spread out in its fan shape, it covered practically all of the level land between the Bear and Cub Rivers, now known as Lewiston, with the possible exception of a narrow strip of land that may appropriately be called the Worm Creek area or depression. . . . We should take



note of the fact that this fertile sandy loam is not to be found in any other spot in Cache Valley.<sup>1</sup>

The Westovers gathered their belongings together, which did not take long, and hitched up the team to the loaded wagon and off they headed for greener pastures, which in this case was only a morning's wagon ride to the northeast where Lewiston was nestled against the Utah-Idaho state line. According to Trenton Ward Records, the date for the Westover family's removal to Lewiston was April 7, 1913. It is interesting to note a few facts about this sparsely populated town that perhaps the Westovers were not aware of at the time. Lewiston was originally called Poverty Flats by those who were skeptical of Brother Brigham's promise that this piece of land would one day be the most valuable farmland in the Valley. In an attempt to fulfill the Prophet's promise, the early settlers modified that unseemly appellation by renaming it Cub Hill after the nearby Cub River. The settlers of Richmond and Franklin had been using this fertile land as pasture for their stock under the terms granted to them that Brigham Young had laid down which, incidentally, did not include a legal title. When the first settlers of Lewiston began infringing upon their pastureland, the ranchers became downright ill-humored. But by right of the Federal Homestead Act of 1862, the new settlers began laying claim to the same acreage. The ranchers' protests were to no avail while they watched their pastureland divided off into small farms.

In those early days, Lewiston was not readily recognized as a paradise in spite of her endowment of rich Wyoming silt. There was little water to be had and the wind blew with contempt for man's encroachment, constantly rearranging the landscape. Old-time resident, Theon Nielsen, claimed that Lewiston Flat was nothing but blow sand in those early days. The wind-blown sand would shave all vegetation off at ground level that struggled to grow. The story is told of Brigham Young as he passed by from Richmond

toward Franklin, Idaho on a windy day. The president was asked by some of the party who was with him, what he thought they should name that level tract of land across Cub River. As his attention was directed to the west and his eyes caught the dense cloud of dust drifting higher and higher into the sky, he turned and said with a smile, "It don't look like there is anything left there to name."<sup>2</sup>

This stretch of land did eventually measure up to Brigham's prophesy of Cache Valley's potential, but with much reluctance. In 1870, William H. Lewis was called to settle the region. He abandoned this mission with a feeling of hopelessness after the first year but was called to return and try again. It took years of cultivation before there was sufficient ground cover to keep the soil in place. Eventually Bishop Lewis saw harvests of over ten thousand bushels of wheat per year.<sup>3</sup>

In the year 1877, the settlers in Lewiston were uncertain of the virtues of the land they were tilling. They almost convinced themselves of the foolishness of coping with the overwhelming challenges that this part of Cache Valley presented, when who should show up to instill hope and inspire faith but the beloved patriarch Charles W. Hyde. Patriarch Hyde, brother-in-law to Marcus Funk, was the same good man who had blessed little Willard Funk three years earlier as the Funk family sought him out on their way down to the Cotton Mission. Brother Hyde was a humble person whose spiritual insights drew the Saints to his speaking engagements throughout the Mormon settlements. Assembled in the little bowery in Lewiston, William H. Lewis, Jr., the son of the pioneering Bishop William H. Lewis, recorded the following several years later:

This little bowery was just north of the little white Church Building which had nothing more than just a shade during the hot summer months. Lewiston had not been settled long and the people had had a hard time trying to make a living. Each year that came, the frosts came and the winds blew, the grasshoppers took

the crops and the canal that took so much time and labor kept sliding in from the clay banks above the canal until the out look seemed pretty discouraging.

It was at this time that Charles W. Hyde came to Lewiston to visit the Hans Funk family and other relatives. It had been noised among the Saints of this community that the well-known Patriarch would be at the meeting on that hot July day, so people from all parts of the flat from river to river came to the meeting to hear the patriarch speak.

After the preliminary part of the program was dispensed with and sacrament administered to, Bishop Lewis announced the speaker whom all was anxious to hear. Brother Hyde rose and spoke of the hardships that were endured by the Saints in this new section and said that was not uncommon for the children of the Lord in all lands and ages, but even at that this condition was better than the hand of persecution and robbery that their parents and some of them endured in the state of Missouri and in Illinois. But said he, this condition which you are enduring at this time will not always last if you will serve the Lord. . . .

After Patriarch Hyde had said these encouraging things to the people of Lewiston, his tone of voice changed and his whole countenance took on a look of spiritual dignity when he at last said, "The Lord has prompted me to say these things to you: The time will come when you will have a railroad serving you and it will come from this direction (pointing to the southeast part of the settlement)." Then he said, "The time will come when to the east of you, you will hear the wheels of manufacturing rumble and from these industries you will be blessed." Then he said, "In my spiritual eyes, I see way to the northeast, near the mountains spring water, water coming to your very doors."

When these prophetic words were spoken, the eyes of the little congregation were all aglow. Those who were weary and sleepy came to their senses and were

now fully awake. The whole congregation looked at each other in wonder.

At the conclusion of this momentous gathering of worn out and humble Saints, they began to wonder how long these wonderful things would be before they would come to bless their community. But years did pass away and the people continued to labor and toil until most of the people had forgotten this prophecy while others of a more courageous heart kept struggling on, saying to themselves and others "The words of the Lord never fails." And fail it did not, for in the year 1904, a modern Sugar Factory was built and the sound of which could be heard for some distance. Then as one thing brings another, railroads were built in all parts of this flat and to other beet growing centers. A short time after came the water from the mountains to the east to the very doors of which Patriarch Hyde spoke.<sup>4</sup>

Lew had pooled what assets he could round up and with his good credit he bought forty acres of land in the middle of this fertile (and dry) delta of which Dr. Bernhisel speaks. Of course Lew's reasons for buying the property were not due to anything he learned from the good doctor who at the time was merely an underclassman at Northwestern University. Lew knew a good piece of land when he saw it, thanks to the generosity of Wyoming and the ancient Bear River. He bought the property from Charles D. and Bertha S. Bodily on March 4, 1913 for four thousand dollars. It was not recorded until April 29, 1916, which apparently was not unusual for recordings to be delayed for lengthy periods of time in that day, due partly to the long trip to the county seat in Logan to record the transaction. Soon after the recording, Lew took out a mortgage on the property.<sup>5</sup> LB felt it was necessary to acquire more land than the forty acres, so he rented the adjoining ninety-five acres on the west from Bert Monroe. One thing that LB liked about Lewiston was that it was one of few farming communities where the farmer had his home, barn, and other improvements on his own farm

land. Most rural Mormon communities had their residences in a central location about the town, and the farmers traveled to the outlying areas to do their farming.

Zaetell claimed that there was a log cabin on the Monroe place where the family lived for some time. Smoot revealed that the Westover family moved to the Bert Monroe place, which is included in the land where Joycelyn and Del Tarbet (Smoot's daughter and son-in-law) now live and farm. Smoot recalled that he and some of his brothers lived in the log cabin when they were older. Jack adds more insight to this time period in his history that he dictated to Lucille Ward Wilkinson:

We were in Lewiston about a year when Father had a chance to buy a piece of land. We rented the Bert Monroe place and ran that for two years. Father bought a little house from Lawrence Baird and he moved that up on the forty acres and I remember so well that he and Mother would go up to that little house and fool around and they worked together and put a foundation under the house and they were happy in doing those things.

Smoot elaborated further that “The house was small for our big family so a tent was placed outside with boards about four feet high on four sides, making another bedroom for the boys. The first one in bed got to take the dog [and accompanying fleas] with him for warmth.” According to Zaetell, a few years later after Magdalene's marriage, her husband, George Lake, added on to the house and put in an upstairs. This remained LB's home until the last few years of his life.

One modern innovation that perhaps the Westovers were able to enjoy by the end of their first year in Lewiston was the water system installed by the Wheelright Construction Company. Most of the residents were now able to witness the marvel of having running water piped directly into their homes. Lewiston had already arrived in the twentieth century with the advent of electricity back in 1907—a bright

glowing light with the pull of a chain! Melvin Westover recalls the claim that the Westover home was one of the first in Lewiston to have an inside toilet. Eliza could certainly use all the conveniences that life could afford as her health waned.

Bob and LaRae Monson recite an interesting occasion involving LB and the electric company that took place just previous to Bob and LaRae's visit to Lewiston in the late 1940s. When LB would close down his farm and prepare to travel to St. George for the winter, he would make sure that no one would steal his electricity while he was gone. He would climb the power pole by some inconceivable means (bear in mind that LB was well into his seventies) and do the electric company a good turn by shutting off the power himself. As Bob continued the tale, LB received a bill from the electric company for power used during those months he was far away in St. George. This did not set right with such an economically minded consumer of electricity as LB. He proved his point when the collector from the electric company finally came out to collect the overdue payment for services unrendered. As the awe-struck collector, with a "Well, I'll be . . ." trailing from his gaping mouth, watched in amazement, LB shimmied up the power pole and pulled the switch. The bill remained uncollected, you can bet your britches on that.

Three days after her eighth birthday, March 17, 1914, Theresa was baptized a member of the Church by William Seamons and confirmed by Brother Thomas Morgan, the first ordinance performed for a Westover in the Lewiston Third Ward. While LB seemed indestructible as he toiled long hours, good health was not always a blessing to other members of the family. Eliza's precarious condition still confined her to long periods of bed rest; little Ivan at two years could still not walk or feed himself; Albert faced debilitating health problems throughout his life; young Marcus's hip caused him constant pain until a hip replacement

late in life; and Smoot had to miss much of his fifth and sixth grade schooling due to rheumatism.

Zaetell remembered that when the family moved to Lewiston, her father bought a threshing machine. He evidently raised grain, but since sugar beet production was in full swing in the valley in the early years of the twentieth century, he probably had part of his land in beets as well with the Lewiston Sugar Factory close by. Nord Westover affirmed that later on Grandpa had about a third of his farm planted in sugar beets.

But water was still a problem, although not to the extent that it was when Brigham Young viewed the windswept landscape of Lewiston back in the 1870s. The Cub River Irrigation Company had built a canal bringing water from the Cub River but the warm summer months put too much demand on its resources leaving little water for irrigation. When sugar beets became a popular crop to plant, the Cub River Canal proved inadequate. That is the way the situation stood when the Westovers arrived in Lewiston. But in the latter part of 1914, another source of water was contemplated to supplement the Cub River supply. On December 11, the Lewiston–Bear Lake Irrigation Company acquired water rights from the Bear River. The ditch from the Bear River would not be completed until the end of the year 1919.<sup>6</sup>

David Westover adds that “Grandpa did all the irrigating on his forty acres plus the twenty-acre church farm that was adjacent to his place.”<sup>7</sup> Myrtha confirmed that LB “took care of the church farm for years and years next to his where they grew hay, grain, or sugar beets.” LB was appointed as watermaster for the west canal of the Cub River Irrigation Company not long after moving to Lewiston. He served faithfully in this capacity from his early days in Lewiston through the early thirties. He made many lasting friends while working as watermaster. After he would measure out the water to the farmers, he would sometimes go back to

check if the head gates had been moved, just to keep the farmers honest. If he caught a farmer with his head gate up out of turn, he would close it, being true to the trust that had been placed in him as watermaster. If the offense was repeated he would slam a padlock on the gate, no questions asked.<sup>8</sup> His work as watermaster took him from the Lewiston Third Ward church house following the Bear River ditch and on to Whitney, Idaho. Reed Westover claimed LB was given the job of watermaster because the pump was on his property. He was watermaster for the canal that came from Bear River to Fairview, a distance of about twenty miles.

In every place our pioneer ancestors were called to settle, the first task was to alter the course of water from the streams and rivers to the furrows of the plowed fields by means of ditches. Ditches and canals became a landmark of the Mormon settlements and still are. There was a special kinship between LB and his shovel. Lewis B. Westover would never feel right in his fields unless his gnarled fingers were curled around a shovel handle slung over his shoulder as he trudged down the furrows or alongside a ditch bank. That was probably true of his father, Charles, and his father-in-law, Marcus Funk, and, yes, even some of our pioneer ancestors attired in bonnets and skirts.

There was a time when farmers began having trouble with morning glory (bindweed) along their ditches. Nord Westover recalled LB's sage advise on the matter: "If you get up early every morning and chop the morning glory off and do it each morning it would wear itself out." He would clear the ditch banks in his place, through the Drury place, and into Albert's fields. Folklore crept into the work of keeping the ditch bank cleared of weeds and probably it claimed its rightful share in LB's ditch experiences. Juanita Brooks recalled "ditching" in her youthful days in southern Utah:



The Big Ditch was cleaned once a year. Before work began each morning the Watermaster stepped off the stints and drove in a peg to mark the place of each man. . . . What discussions developed during the noon hour. Men who would shrink from speaking from the pulpit would wax eloquent over the shovel handles; men who turned to stone if asked to address the meeting could entertain the crowd with ease. Here the cloak of sanctity was torn off, tainted jokes were told, testimonies of the overzealous were repeated amid hilarity that was suppressed in church. Here, too, originated tall tales that became legends.<sup>9</sup>

Grandpa's work ethic has become legendary as well. Myrtha claimed that "Grandpa hauled more dirt in his wheelbarrow when they were fixing his irrigation system than they do with their scrapers and all in later years. He was a worker." During an interview of Aunt Zaetell by Joycelyn Tarbet, the subject of the ditch came up. Zaetell claimed that Grandpa dug the ditch at the pump on the property line with nothing but a shovel, pick, and wheelbarrow. While Grandpa was engaged in this project, Smoot and Marcus came by and were disturbed when they found out what their father was up to. The boys reprimanded their aging father and told him to rest awhile and they would go get the ditcher. "I don't need a ditcher for a job like that. I can do it myself," their father grumbled. The boys were not convinced and ordered their dad to sit down and relax for awhile and they would soon be back with the ditcher. Grandpa did not need those two young upstarts of his telling him what to do. When Marcus and Smoot returned with the ditcher, Grandpa had the digging finished and had done a better job than the ditcher could have done. With a chuckle, Del Tarbet summarized Grandpa's perception of work: "That's one fellow who didn't think there would be a tomorrow."

LB rode the ditch every day but Sunday for several years on his favorite horse, "Ol' King," with his lunch strapped on the back of the saddle. King was not only a

favorite of LB but of the children as well. "The children loved to see how many they could pile on Ol' King, from tail to mane, sometimes as many as eight would pile on," Zaetell reminisced. "If one of the children would fall off, Ol' King would stop until the child got back on." LB had another horse named "Don." Nord Westover recalled that his Grandad "treated them as if they were his own kids. He fed them good. King and Don were big horses with long legs. Pulling a mowing machine was hard on horses." On one occasion when LB had to have help mowing his field, "Grandpa told them to begin mowing the hay in the morning. 'When I get home from the milk run, I'll finish up.' About sundown, he hitched up King and Don and he had as much hay mowed between sundown and dark, as the others had done all day."<sup>10</sup> It took good horses to be a good farmer, and LB was just that. A farmer's success depended on the horses he had to till his land. Zaetell claimed he had another black horse with a star on its nose that he would hitch to the surrey to take the family to church on Sundays.

Zaetell recalls the day when mounted on King she could barely see between the old horse's ears. Early one morning her dad came into the house and said to her:

"Zaetell, I've got to have some help. Will you come and help me?" He had the team all hitched up. We took it down to the further end of the field on the road where Kate Bowles lived. And she was watching us come. He got me started and then left me. Awhile later when he figured I was done, he come back. Kate absolutely ripped Dad. [Her language wasn't always the best, according to Joycelyn.] She said, "The very idea, a great big team of horses and that little tiny girl! Why, she could have been killed a dozen times!"

As Joe Ward described the incident, "Kate gave LB the damndest Scotch blessing for allowing that little girl up on that horse." Kate may not have approved, but LB knew his little Zaetell along with Ol' King could handle the job. It

wasn't the first time Zaetell had been hoisted on to the back of that big old work horse to help out in a bind.<sup>11</sup>



## XX

---

# The End of The Trail

DURING THE SEVERAL YEARS that the Westovers resided in Colorado and now back in Utah, Lew's parents were still living in southern Utah. The years had taken their toll on those two veteran pioneers whose frames were now bent low with age. Yet Magdalene Westover Lake mentions in her history that her grandfather, Charles, had made two or three trips to Lewiston to visit his son and family. Grandmother Eliza Ann never made the long journey. Nor could Lew find time from his responsibilities on the farm and milk run to travel to the land of his birth to visit his parents. The Church Census taken December 11, 1914 lists Charles at eighty-seven, a High Priest; Eliza Ann at eighty-six; and still living with his parents was William A., forty-eight years old, an Elder and single. Perhaps rephrasing that more accurately, Will's parents were living with him. In any case, it must have been a blessing to Charles and Eliza to have Will attending to their needs during the twilight of their lives.

As the years passed, William Westover became prominent in the affairs of Washington society. In Minnie Paxman's granddaughter's *A History of Eliza Ann Haven Westover*; she characterizes Will as becoming the town wit and storyteller. We know that William was a notary public and undoubtedly had other distinguished pursuits. At a Pioneer Day celebration eulogizing the initial entry of the pio-

neers of 1847 into the Salt Lake Valley, William was honored as the Marshal of the Day. Andrew Karl Larson reflected on this occasion involving William and his aging father, Charles:

Sometimes the eulogistic sermons of the pioneer orators got a little long and perhaps wearisome to the young. I remember one occasion when I was a small lad that Charles Westover, Sr., was called upon to perform this duty. Brother Westover was then an old man with a voice lapsing back into a weak, childish treble. He got to reminiscing about pioneer times and forgot how long he had been talking. It so happened that his son William Westover was Marshal of the Day and therefore conducting the program. Noting the general unease, especially among the young folks, Will reached out and pulled his father's coat tail and whispered that his time had expired. The old gentleman was much nettled. "I'll stand here and talk as long as I want to, and I won't quit until I'm good and ready!" he said emphatically to his embarrassed offspring. He then continued for some time before he sat down.<sup>1</sup>

The willingness of Charles, Eliza, and Mary in answer to the call of their prophet to leave the comfort and security of their home and farm in Big Cottonwood was motivated by nothing more than a simple but sustaining faith in their God. This was the same level of faith that prompted the Saints to leave whatever they had accumulated of worldly wealth in the east and venture unto an unknown refuge in the Rocky Mountains. "But trials would always make the Saints stronger," Brigham asserted.<sup>2</sup> After years of tilling the soil, threshing the grain, caring for the livestock, and raising children, Charles and Eliza's rewards were not monetary, at least after the call to the Dixie Mission, as indicated by the Federal Censuses:

1. In 1850 Charles had a household of four, with a real wealth of \$50 and no personal wealth.

2. In 1860 Charles had a household of ten, with a real wealth of \$500 and a personal wealth of \$1200.

3. In 1870 Charles had a household of six, with a real wealth of \$500 and a personal wealth of \$150.<sup>3</sup>

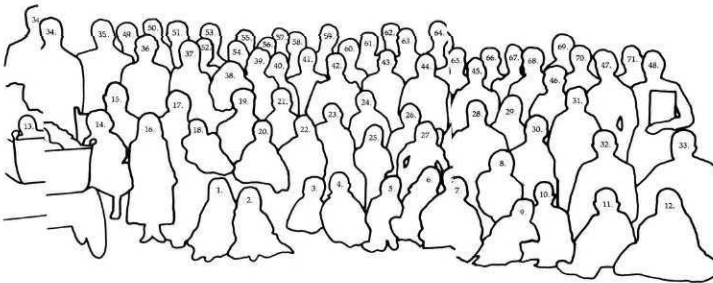


Figure 80: Robert T. Burton Family Reunion

---

**First Row**

- |                            |                         |
|----------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Alice Maria Burton      | 7. Charles Haven Burton |
| 2. Sarah Laurette Burton   | 8. Theresa Burton       |
| 3. Carl Cushing Burton     | 9. Phyllis Hardy Burton |
| 4. Williard Gardner Burton | 10. Ivie Rosalla Burton |

- 
- |                          |                        |
|--------------------------|------------------------|
| 5. Arthur Taylor Burton  | 11. Harold Haven Hills |
| 6. Theresa Louisa Burton | 12. Evadna Burton      |

**Second Row**

- |                                     |                                     |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 13. Lucille Burton                  | 24. Henry Fielding Burton Jr.       |
| 14. Julia Burton                    | 25. Vernico Burton                  |
| 15. <b>Charles Westover</b>         | 26. Elizabeth Borum McBride         |
| 16. Anna Gibby Burton               | 27. Mary Salisbury Burton           |
| 17. <b>Eliza Ann Haven Westover</b> | 28. <b>Marla Susan Haven Burton</b> |
| 18. Margaret Mitchell Burton        | 29. Leone Burton                    |
| 19. Elizabeth L. Pearl Burton       | 30. Ray Shipley Burton              |
| 20. Franklin Lebron Burton          | 31. Austin Garr Burton              |
| 21. Hardy Garr Burton               | 32. John Franklin Burton            |
| 22. Eloise Burton                   | 33. Lyman Wells Burton              |
| 23. <b>Judith Temple Haven</b>      |                                     |

**Third Row**

- |                                |                                  |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 34. Walter James Burton        | 42. Ella Mitchell Burton         |
| 35. Alfred Jones Burton        | 43. Melissa Burton Coray Kimball |
| 36. Lucy Ellen Brown Burton    | 44. Virginia Louise Burton       |
| 37. <b>Hattie Westover</b>     | 45. <b>Melissa Westover</b>      |
| 38. Clifford Pearl Burton      | 46. Eloise Crismon Burton        |
| 39. Anna Eliza Gibby Burton    | 47. Sarah Elizabeth Burton       |
| 40. Susan Ellen McBride Burton | 48. Mary Amelia Burton           |
| 41. Mary Jane Gardner Burton   |                                  |

**Fourth Row**

- |                                     |                           |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 49. <b>Robert Taylor Burton Jr.</b> | 51. Edgar S. Hills        |
| 50. Charles LaFayette Burton        | 52. Theresa Hannah Burton |

The 1880 Federal Census shows Charles with two wives and twelve children. (Altogether, he had fathered eighteen children.) Real or personal wealth ceased to be a statistic for that census.

It is difficult to identify what these hardened pioneer parents accomplished. In terms of worldly wealth, perhaps not much. In terms of their Latter-day Saint faith, their



descendants are serving throughout the Church. Yet today an economically strong and wholesome Utah's Dixie remains, produced in part by their humble efforts. But more importantly, a strong and vibrant faith in the principles that Charles and Eliza suffered for remains in the hearts of many among their posterity. Shortly before Charles died, he and Eliza celebrated their seventieth wedding anniversary. Those seventy years spanned much heartache; but, at the same time, an unwavering faith in God was deeply bred into their hearts as a result of their earlier trials. Charles died at the age of ninety-two. His obituary is found on the pages of the *Deseret News* of November 7, 1919:

AGED PIONEER DIES AT HOME IN ST. GEORGE

St. George, Nov. 4—Charles Westover, 92 years of age, who, Oct. 14, with his wife, 90 years of age, celebrated the seventieth anniversary of their marriage, died at his home in this city Tuesday, after a brief illness.

Until within a few days preceding his death Mr. Westover had been in excellent health, considering his advanced age, and his death came as a shock to his family and friends.

In addition to his wife, Mr. Westover is survived by three sons, four daughters, 45 grandchildren, 67 great-grandchildren and two great-great grandchildren.

Mr. and Mrs. Westover came to Utah in 1848 and were married in Salt Lake City Oct. 14, 1849, by the late President Brigham Young at the home of the late Elder Erastus Snow, Mr. Westover at that time being in the employ of Elder Snow.

Mr. Westover was a pioneer in this section of the state. He came here many years ago and settled at Pinto, later moving to Washington. A year ago he and Mrs. Westover came to St. George to make their home.

Mr. Westover was an Indian war veteran, and recently was granted a pension.

Funeral services for Mr. Westover were held this afternoon and were largely attended.



Figure 81: Charles and Eliza Westover



Figure 82: Headstone of Charles and Eliza Westover

DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH	
1 PLACE OF DEATH	
County <u>Washington</u>	State Board of Health File No. <u>72</u>
STATE OF UTAH—DEATH CERTIFICATE <u>701</u>	
Precinct <u>St. George</u>	
City <u>St. George</u> (No. _____ St. _____ Ward) (If Smith occurred in a hospital or health building use the number instead of street and number.)	
2 FULL NAME <u>Charles Westover</u>	
(a) Residence, No. <u>St. George</u> St. _____ Ward _____ (If non-resident give town or State)	
Length of residence in city or town where death occurred _____ mi. _____ sec. _____ ft. (See long in U. S. if of foreign birth) _____ mi. _____ sec. _____ ft.	
PERSONAL AND STATISTICAL PARTICULARS	
3 SEX <u>Male</u> 4 COLOR OR RACE <u>White</u> 5 MARRIAGE <u>Married</u> 6 DATE OF DEATH <u>Nov 3 1919</u> (Month) (Day) (Year)	7 DATE OF DEATH <u>Nov 4 1919</u> (Month) (Day) (Year)
8a If married, widowed, or divorced _____ HUSBAND OF WIFE _____	17 I HEREBY CERTIFY, That I attended deceased from _____ to _____ that I last saw him _____ alive on _____ and that death occurred, on the date stated above, at _____
9 DATE OF BIRTH <u>Nov 25 1827</u> (Month) (Day) (Year)	18 Where was disease contracted (Specify at place of death) _____
10 AGE <u>91</u> Years <u>11</u> Months <u>7</u> Days <u>14</u> Hrs. <u>5</u> Min. <u>0</u> Sec.	19 Did an operation precede death? _____ Date of _____
11 OCCUPATION OF DECEASED <u>Gardener</u>	20 Was there an autopsy? _____ What text condition _____ (Signed) <u>A. W. H. Hays</u> , M. D.
12 BIRTH PLACE (city or town) <u>Ohio</u>	(Address) <u>St. George</u>
13 NAME OF FATHER <u>Alexander Westover</u>	* Give the DISEASE CAUSING DEATH, or the lesion found at POST-MORTEM EXAMINATIONS, or the WEAPON AND NATURE OF INJURY, and the ACCIDENTAL, OCCASIONAL, or FORTUITOUS cause. Give extent also for all other causes.
14 MAIDEN NAME OF MOTHER <u>Electa Neal</u>	15 PLACE OF BURIAL, CREMATION, OR RE-INTERMENT <u>St. George</u>
15 BIRTH PLACE OF FATHER _____	16 DATE OF BURIAL <u>Nov 6 1919</u>
16 BIRTH PLACE OF MOTHER _____	17 ADDRESS <u>St. George</u>
18 Informant <u>W. H. Hays</u> (Name) _____	19 UNDERSTANDING SIGNATURE <u>Hatchett</u>
19 Signature <u>W. H. Hays</u> (Date) <u>Nov 21, 1919</u>	20 SIGNATURE <u>Hatchett</u>
20 REGISTRATION NUMBER <u>28</u>	21 SIGNATURE <u>Hays</u>

Figure 83: Death Certificate of Charles Westover

It was fitting that the funeral took place in the building in which Charles was involved in its construction, the St. George Tabernacle. The front page of the *Washington County News*, dated November 6, 1919, noted the passing of one of their own pioneers of 1861:

Charles Westover, Sr. passed peacefully away in this city at about 11:30 a.m. Monday, Nov. 3, 1919 of the infirmities of old age. He managed to get about until the day before he died, getting out onto the porch of his home to get his photograph taken along with his wife on the Friday preceding his death.

Charles Westover, Sr., was born at Licking, Ohio, Nov. 25, 1827, a son of Alexander and Electa Westover. His mother and brother joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and went to Winter Quarters. Charles accompanying them and being bap-

tized into the Church at Winter Quarters by Apostle Erastus Snow in the spring of 1848. He crossed the plains in Capt. Brigham Young's company and it was while crossing the plains that he met his first wife, Eliza Ann Haven, who was leading oxen when he first met her.

PERSONAL AND STATISTICAL PARTICULARS		MEDICAL CERTIFICATE OF DEATH	
1 PLACE OF DEATH County <u>Washington</u> Precinct _____ City <u>Washington</u> St. _____ Ward _____		State Board of Health File No. <u>631</u>	
2 FULL NAME <u>Eliza Ann Haven Westover</u> (a) Residence No. <u>Washington</u> St. _____ Ward _____ Length of residence in city or town where death occurred <u>8</u> yrs. <u>5</u> mos. <u>3</u> ds. dt. How long in U. S., if of foreign birth? yrs. mos. ds.		10 Date of death <u>Jan 20</u> 19 <u>23</u> (Month) (Day) (Year)	
3 Cause of death <u>Stroke</u> 11 I HEREBY CERTIFY, That I attended deceased from <u>Jan 16</u> 19 <u>23</u> , to <u>Jan 20</u> 19 <u>23</u> that I last saw <u>her</u> alive on <u>Jan 16</u> 19 <u>23</u> , and that death occurred, on the date stated above, at <u>2 P. M.</u> The CAUSE OF DEATH was <u>stroke</u> <u>due to cerebral hemorrhage</u>		12 Sex <u>Female</u> 13 Where was disease contracted If not at place of death? _____ Did an operation precede death? <u>No</u> Was there an autopsy? <u>No</u> What test confirmed diagnosis? <u>Dr. J. D. Goodhue, D. C.</u> <u>Jan 20 1923</u>	
4 Color of Race <u>White</u> 5 Marital Status <u>Widowed</u> 6 Name of Deceased <u>Charles Westover</u> 7 Date of Birth <u>May 15</u> 18 <u>89</u> (Month) (Day) (Year) 8 Age <u>33</u> yrs. <u>8</u> mos. <u>5</u> ds. If LESS than 1 day—how or _____ min?		14 Informant <u>Mr. George H. Westover</u> Address <u>117 E. 122 St.</u>	
9 Name of Employer _____ 16 Name of Father <u>John Haven</u> 17 Name of Mother <u>Judith Westover</u> 18 Name of Informant <u>Mr. George H. Westover</u> Address <u>117 E. 122 St.</u>		19 Place of Burial, Cremation, or Removal <u>Home</u> 20 Burial place _____	

Figure 84: Death Certificate of Eliza Westover

Mrs. Westover, whose memory is still very keen, relates what she considered the most exciting incident during the long toilsome journey, as follows: The company were encamped near the Platte river when a very large herd of buffalo, estimated of between four and five thousand came to the river to drink. The whole company were afraid that this vast number of animals might stampede in their direction and felt considerably relieved when they left. On arriving in Utah Mr. Westover settled in Salt Lake City.

When Apostle Erastus Snow was about to leave on a mission for Denmark in the fall of 1849, he asked young Westover to take charge of his place while he was away and advised him to get married. Westover and Miss Haven were agreeable and they were married by President Brigham Young in Apostle Erastus Snow's house on Oct. 14, 1849.

They were the first couple to be married in Utah and celebrated the 70th anniversary of their wedding day on Oct. 14th this year.

Of this marriage there were 11 children, seven of whom are living, also 45 grandchildren, 67 great-grandchildren and two great-great grandchildren. The children are Charles Westover, Jr., of Washington; Mrs. L. H. Redd of Bluff, San Juan Co.; Mrs. H. A. Gracey of San Francisco, Cal., who is here taking care of her parents; Mrs. L. S. Conger of this city; William A. Westover of Washington; L. B. Westover of Lewiston, Utah; and Mrs. A. A. Paxman of Washington.

Besides this family a second wife and family are living at Huntington, Utah. They are: Mrs. Mary Shumway Westover, wife; two sons, George and Alberto; and two daughters, Mrs. Julia Rowley and Mrs. Louisa Johnson.

Mrs. Eliza Westover is the only person living who received her endowments in the Nauvoo temple. She is 90 years old and enjoys good health; she spends most of her time knitting; her memory is very keen, but she is deaf to a considerable extent. While her husband was engaged in the Indian war in the early days she melted lead in a spoon and made the bullets which he used.

Mr. Westover was granted an Indian War pension in June, 1918.

Mr. and Mrs. Westover came to St. George in the fall of 1861, being called to the Dixie Mission to settle this country. They moved to Pinto in 1869 and stayed there 13 years, moving thence to Washington where they resided until three years ago when they made their home here.

All the children by the first wife except Lewis were here with their father when he passed away.

Mr. Westover was of a kindly disposition and cheerful temperament. He suffered considerably toward the last with severe pains in his chest, but bore up with fortitude and looked longingly toward the end when he would go to meet his reward. He was faithful to the end and sought the consolation which his religion offered, feeling assured of a glorious home in the Great Beyond.

Funeral services will be held in the tabernacle this afternoon.

Charles's death was also noted in the *Deseret Evening News*, November 7, 1919, as well as the *Improvement Era* of December 1919.

Four years later at the age of ninety-four, Eliza Ann joined her husband beyond the veil. A common headstone now marks the place of their burial in the St. George Cemetery, a few yards from the grave of Mother Electa Beal.

Eliza kept house until she was eighty-seven years old when she had an accident which clouded the remaining years of her life. She broke her hip, and as it did not mend, she was never free from pain again. She spent the last years of her life in an old rocking chair. Her granddaughter, Minnie Paxman Vincent, relates the following:

I can see her still, hunching her chair from room to room, cheerful and undaunted, insisting doing the things she could. Almost totally deaf, nearly blind, knitting, wiping dishes, writing letters in a fine old hand she was too blind to see, keeping track of her money in her mind. She remembered the past as if it were yesterday, down to the day, month and year, of all events of her life.

Living in the past, recalling all the memories of happy days from early girlhood to days of fulfillment of her later life, she was a living history of our church for our children to enjoy as we enjoyed the richness of her life.

After a rich and productive life, Marcus Funk died on November 19, 1926, in Trenton. His passing at age eighty-four marked the end in mortality of a life of faithful service to his church and to his families. His granddaughters wrote of his passing:

In 1926 when he became ill—his last illness—he said to his doctor, “How long will it be?” His life had been spared many times through his faith and that of his family but now Marcus realized that this was his time to go and he was ready. On November 19, 1926, just fourteen days before his eighty-fourth birthday, he died at his home in Trenton, Utah and was buried in the Trenton Cemetery.<sup>4</sup>

Less than a year and a half later, at age eighty-eight, Lena joined her husband in death on March 10, 1928. Florina Bentley observed: “After moving to Trenton, Mother never took an active part in the ward except as a visiting teacher as her age and poor health would not permit more. She was respected and loved by all who knew her.” Theresa maintained that when Lena died, her son, Will, assumed responsibility for the funeral and internment. LB “went over to his [Will’s] place and said ‘They told me you are taking care of the funeral arrangements. Well, I’ve come to give you some money.’ Uncle Will said, ‘I am not going to take your money.’ . . . My dad said, ‘My wife was her daughter. I figure the expense belongs as much to me as it does to you.’”<sup>5</sup>

Aunt Steenie continued living on the farm in Trenton, always finding work inside and outside of the house to occupy her time. At age sixty-five, Steenie was found shingling the roof of the barn, an activity not for the faint-hearted. The Bentley girls paid this tribute to their Grandfather Funk’s second wife:

Aunt Steenie was a very patient woman, always making the best of whatever came to her. She had many trials and heartaches. Her greatest sorrows came to

her two children's deafness and losing her three daughters, Loella, Rosetta and Ida, all having died of a kidney disease known as Bright's Disease, this disease also affected their hearts. Their illness was not short; they each suffered for a long time before their deaths. It was not easy for Aunt Steenie to watch her girls suffer but she never complained.

Aunt Steenie died in Huntington Park, California at the home of her daughter Doretta at the age of 78. Her death came October 15, 1938. She was buried in the Trenton Cemetery, Trenton, Cache County, Utah.<sup>6</sup>

Myrtha Westover remembered Aunt Steenie: "She was a darling lady. She lived on the farm and did all the dirty work. She was a good woman. Aunt Steenie was not dressy at all, not sophisticated in any way—just a good, hard-working farm wife." Marcus's third wife, Anne Maria Sorensen Iverson Funk, died in 1929. She was buried in the old south section of the Washington City Cemetery. Maria and Marcus's only child, Mina, continued making her home in Washington and raised a family there that contributed to the noble heritage of those early Dixie pioneers.

Christopher Funk, Marcus's oldest brother, had two sons who distinguished themselves in the field of politics and religion. The eldest, Clarence, was mayor of Richmond from January 1920 to January 1922, the original chairman of the Richmond Black and White Show, and a delegate to the National Holstein-Friesian Association of America. Clarence also served in the Utah State Legislature. His younger brother, James, also became a mayor of Richmond, President of the Utah State Senate, and a Representative to Congress. At a stake conference on October 22, 1921, under the direction of Melvin J. Ballard and Joseph Fielding Smith, Alma Merrill was released as the Benson Stake president and James Funk was sustained as the new president.<sup>7</sup>

What a grand legacy to leave a posterity! The stories of Charles and Eliza, Marcus and Lena, Steenie, and Maria were lived by thousands of early members of the Church.



Together they represent the pioneer heritage of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, a heritage that belongs not only to the posterity of the individual colonizers, but to all who are called Saints. What child of God would not be proud of such a legacy?

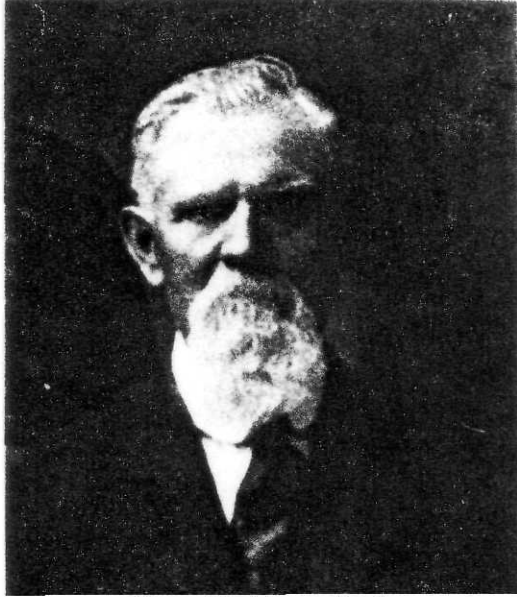


Figure 85: Marcus Funk

MARCUS FUNK.

A life sketch of Marcus Funk, written by a descendant, tells the story of a true pioneer. Thus: Marcus Funk was born in Denmark, Dec. 3, 1842. At the age of 14, he came to America with his parents, spending about three years in the east before coming on to Utah. Soon after arriving in Salt Lake he moved to Cache Valley, settling in Richmond. He was an active man in every way, and trustworthy, serving in civic as well as religious capacities. He was called by President Brigham Young to go to Utah's Dixie to assist in the settlement of that part of the country. Soon after his arrival in Washington, Washington County, he was chosen bishop. In

this capacity he served his fellowmen in building up the community and in the establishment of the cotton industry. This was his second turn at pioneering. His third came in 1885, when he moved to Sanford, Colorado. After a short stay in Sanford he, with a number of others, moved out about 25 miles further and established what was known as Eastside, in which place he was chosen bishop. There he remained until 1909, when he moved back to Cache Valley and settled at Trenton. In Trenton he was a successful farmer and an active worker in the Church. He died in November, 1926, revered and esteemed by a large family and by all who knew him."

Figure 86: Obituary of Marcus Funk

**Florina C. F. Bentley**

Mrs. Florina Cecelia Funk Bentley, 82, 11th South, died Saturday, 6:55 p.m., at her home after a long lingering illness. Born Sept. 5, 1878, Washington County, and Magdalena Westenkow Funk. Married to John William Bentley, Oct. 11, 1895, Sanford, Colo. Marriage later solempnized Logan Temple, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He died Dec. 28, 1958. Active member, Douglas LDS Ward. Survivors: two daughters, foster-daughter; Gertrude Bentley, Eva Bentley; Mrs. C. F. (Doris) MacDonald Chico, Calif.; seven grandchildren; sisters, Mrs. Matilda Mortensen Logan; Mrs. Clara Gheen, Richmond, Cache County; Mrs. Min Nielson, Washington, Washington County; Miss Florence Funk, Van Nuys, Calif. Funeral, Wednesday, 11 a.m., 38 E. 7th South, where friends call Tuesday, 6-8 p.m., Wednesday prior. Burial, Lewiston Cemetery, Lewiston, Cache County.



Mrs. Bentley

**Matilda F. Mortensen**

SMITHFIELD — Matilda Funk Mortensen, 88, died late Sunday following a 10-day illness. Born Jan. 18, 1872, in Richmond, a daughter of Marcus and Magdalene Funk. She spent her early life in Parowan and Sanford, Colo., where she was married to Horace Mortensen. He died in May, 1940. Came to Smithfield in 1913 and had resided there since. She was a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and was active in her early life in the auxiliary organizations. Survivors include a son and two daughters, Clyde G. Mortensen, Ogden; Mrs. Ferl Sunquist, Great Falls, Mont., and Mrs. Lola Ramsey, Los Alamos, N.M.; 20 grandchildren and 79 great-grandchildren; sister, Mrs. Clara Gheen, Richmond. Funeral services will be announced later.

Figure 87: Obituaries of Florina Bentley and Matilda Mortensen

**Annie Doretta Mortensen**

AMALGA, Cache County—Funeral services for Mrs. Annie Doretta Mortensen, 52, resident of Amalga for many years, who died Sunday at her home in Huntington Park, Cal., will be conducted Thursday at 2 p. m. in the Amalga L D S ward chapel by Ariel Jorgensen, bishop. Mrs. Mortensen was born in Washington county on April 2, 1891, a daughter of Marcus and Annie Iverson Funk. She moved to Amalga after her marriage to Jesse L. Mortensen, first bishop of the Amalga ward, and resided there until they moved to California 14 years ago. Mrs. Mortensen was active in L D S church work. Both in the Amalga ward and at the Logan L D S temple. Survivors include her husband; six sons and daughters, Jesse O., Merrill, Donald Grant, Mark, Fern and Faye Mortensen of Los Angeles, Cal.; two grandchildren and the following brothers and sisters: Wallace M. Funk of Trenton; Merrill E. Funk of Tremonton; Willard P., Walter R. and Florence Funk of Los Angeles; Mrs. A. L. Gheen of Worland, Wyo.; M. O. Funk, Mrs. J. W. Bentley and Mrs. H. M. Mortensen of Salt Lake City. Friends may call at the home of a brother, Wallace M. Funk of Trenton, Thursday until time of services. Burial will be in the Smithfield cemetery, under direction of the Kenneth Lindquist mortuary of Logan.

**Mariah Sorenson Funk.**

WASHINGTON, Utah — Funeral services for Mariah Sorenson Funk, 75, were held in the ward chapel Sunday under direction of Bishop Victor Iverson. Mariah Sorenson, daughter of Niels and Christina P. Sorenson was born in Thorland, Denmark, June 18, 1854. As a child she followed handcart across the plains, arriving in Salt Lake City in September, 1857. The family first moved to Sevier county then to Washington, Utah in 1861 where Mrs. Funk has since lived. She was married to Christian Iverson and later to Marcus Funk. Two daughters, Mrs. Annie Connel and Mrs. Nina Larson and five grandchildren in Washington and one sister, Mrs. Emma Monson, Monroe survive.

Figure 88: Obituaries of Annie Mortensen and Mariah Funk

### Forthilda I. Funk

PROVO—Mrs. Forthilda Iverson Funk, 91, died Thursday, 4:50 p.m. in a Provo nursing home of causes incident to age.

Born Aug. 18, 1887, Washington, Washington County, to Hans Peter and Dortha Nisson Iverson. Married to Marcus O. Funk, May 1, 1888, St. George Temple, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He died in 1945. Later lived in Colorado, Idaho, and Salt Lake City from 1914 to 1945. Active in Church.

Survivors: daughters, sons, Mrs. J. Wyley (Magdalena) Sessions, Provo; Mrs. S. E. (Zatelle) Sessions, Los Angeles, Calif.; Esper J., New Orleans, La.; Mr. Roland W., Salt Lake City; nine grandchildren; 16 great-grandchildren; two brothers and a sister, Walter and Wallace Iverson of Washington, Utah, and Mrs. Maggie McCord of Riverside, Calif.

Funeral, Saturday, 12:15 p.m. at Aura C. Hatch Mortuary, Provo. Burial, Salt Lake City Cemetery. Family requests no flowers.

Figure 89: Obituary of Forthilda Funk

DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH	
PLACE OF DEATH County <u>Cache</u> City <u>Trenton</u>	State Board of Health File No. <u>555</u>
<b>STATE OF UTAH—DEATH CERTIFICATE</b>	
FULL NAME <u>Marcus Esper Funk</u>	Sex <u>M</u> Race <u>W</u> Color of Hair <u>B</u> Color of Eyes <u>B</u>
(a) Residence, No. <u>Trenton</u>	(b) How long in U.S., if foreign born? <u>70</u> yrs. mo. <u>6</u>
(c) Residence in city or town where death occurred <u>17</u> yrs. <u>6</u> mo.	(d) How long in U.S., if foreign born? <u>70</u> yrs. mo. <u>6</u>
PERSONAL AND STATISTICAL PARTICULARS	DATE OF DEATH <u>Nov. 19 1926</u>
Age <u>83</u> Sex <u>M</u> Race <u>W</u> Color of Hair <u>B</u> Color of Eyes <u>B</u>	17 I HEREBY CERTIFY, That I attended deceased from <u>Nov. 19 1926</u> to <u>Nov. 19 1926</u>
Marital Status <u>Married</u>	that I last saw him alive on <u>Nov. 19 1926</u>
HUSBAND OF <u>Magdalene Westenschow</u>	and that death occurred, on the date stated above, at <u>Provo, Utah</u>
WIFE OF <u>Dec. 3 1842</u>	The CAUSE OF DEATH was as follows: <u>Senile degeneration</u>
PLACE OF BIRTH <u>Bornholm Denmark</u>	18 Where was disease contracted if not at place of death?
NAME OF FATHER <u>Detrich E. Funk</u>	Did an operation precede death? <u>Yes</u> Date of <u>Nov. 19 1926</u>
PLACE OF BIRTH OF FATHER <u>Denmark</u>	Was there an autopsy? <u>Yes</u>
NAME OF MOTHER <u>Christina Mattson</u>	What test confirmed diagnosis? <u>None</u>
PLACE OF BIRTH OF MOTHER <u>Denmark</u>	(Signed) <u>M. D.</u>
Signature of Physician <u>Mrs. M. E. Funk</u>	19 PLACE OF BURIAL, CREMATION, OR REMOVAL DATE OF BURIAL
Address <u>Trenton, Utah</u>	<u>Trenton, Utah</u> <u>Nov. 22/26</u>
Registered Number <u>1926-11-19-1111</u>	20 Substituted <u>19</u>

Figure 90: Death Certificate of Marcus Funk

The End of The Trail

STATE OF UTAH		DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH	
1 PLACE OF DEATH County <u>Cache</u> Precinct Village or City No. _____ St. _____ Ward _____		State Board of Health File No. <u>71</u> <u>5 20</u>	
<b>STATE OF UTAH—DEATH CERTIFICATE</b>			
2 FULL NAME <u>Madalene Westenskow Funk</u>			
(a) Residence, No. <u>Trenton, Utah</u> St. _____			
Length of residence in city or town where death occurred <u>19</u> yrs. mos.		(If non-resident give city or town and state) _____	
3 PERSONAL AND STATISTICAL PARTICULARS		4 MEDICAL CERTIFICATE OF DEATH	
1 SEX <u>Female</u>	2 COLOR OR RACE <u>white</u>	3 SINGLE, MARRIED, WIDOWED, OR DIVORCED <u>Widow</u>	4 IS DATE OF DEATH <u>Mar .10 1928</u> (Month) (Day) (Year)
5 (1) Married, Widowed, or Divorced HUSBAND'S (or) WIFE'S NAME <u>Markus E. Funk</u>		6 I HEREBY CERTIFY, That I attended deceased from <u>March 10th 1928</u> to <u>March 10th 1928</u>	
7 DATE OF BIRTH <u>Dec. 1 1869</u> (Month) (Day) (Year)		8 that I last saw her alive on <u>March 8 1928</u>	
9 AGE <u>58</u> yrs. <u>3</u> mos. <u>9</u> days		and that death occurred, on the date stated above, at <u>U.S. m.</u>	
10 OCCUPATION OF DECEASED (a) Trade, profession, or particular kind of work (b) General nature of industry, business, or establishment in which employed (see employer) (c) Name of Employer <u>at home</u>		The CAUSE DEATH* was as follows: <u>Apoplexy 9 months</u>	
11 BIRTHPLACE (City or town, State or County) FATHER <u>Falster Denmark</u>		Contributory (Secondary) _____ (Duration) _____	
12 BIRTHPLACE (City or town, State or County) MOTHER <u>Denmark</u>		13 Where was disease contracted If not at place of death? _____	
13 BIRTHPLACE (City or town, State or County) FATHER <u>Ole Westenskow Denmark</u>		Did an operation precede death? <u>no</u> Date of _____	
14 BIRTHPLACE (City or town, State or County) MOTHER <u>Maren Hansen Denmark</u>		Was there an autopsy? <u>no</u>	
15 Informant <u>Mrs Florensa Bentley Trenton, Utah</u>		What test confirmed diagnosis? (Signed) <u>J. H. ... M. D.</u> <u>March 10 1928</u> (Address) _____	
16 Filed <u>2 Mar. 13 1928</u> Registered Number <u>2</u>		17 PLACE OF BURIAL, CREMATION, OR INTERMENT <u>Trenton, Utah</u>	
18 No. of Burial or Cremation Permit <u>2</u>		DATE OF BURIAL <u>Mar 13 28</u> <u>Cache, Utah</u>	

Figure 91: Death Certificate of Magdalene Funk

After 5 days, return to

M. Funk

SANFORD, Condon Co., COLO.

MISS ANNIE C. SWEENEY

Washington

Utah

SANFORD MAR 20 1928 COLO.

Sanford Calo March 24<sup>th</sup> 1906

To my Daughter Mina

How are a brightly shining star  
Lovely Daughter mine you are  
hope of joy I have in thee  
Send your words of love to me  
Your Father

Trenton Utah Feb 10<sup>th</sup> 1915

My heart desire expressed in a few words

Father I come before thee now  
at thy Shrine I humbly bow  
make known to me thy Holy will  
with grateful heart I will fulfill  
I'll walk the path that is straight and bright  
I will do the works of truth and right  
I will serve thee while I am here on earth  
and then I will be born by a heavenly birth  
I will onward upward steadily climb  
and then I will hear the heavenly chime  
Say son come up here on I will  
Receive the crown and store for thee

Marcus Priest

Figure 92: Letter from Marcus to Mina (Poem)



## XXI

---

# Life Without Mother

THE YEAR 1915 HELD OUT JOYS and heartaches for the LB Westover family. By the end of 1914, war had broken out on the other side of the Atlantic involving most of the nations of Europe. President Woodrow Wilson vowed to keep the United States neutral. Elder Lewis Westover was still on his mission in 1915 after three years and Tahiti was a French possession. How would the war effect him? The family could only pray for his safety. Surely Lew was well isolated from the hostilities while tucked away in the far corner of the globe. Yet the tranquility of the island paradise was rudely interrupted by a bombardment from a German warship because the French governor on the island refused to supply the ship's crew with provisions.

The Westover family never heard much from their missionary, except that he spent much of his time sailing among the islands in Tahiti. Elder Westover apparently did not hear much from the family back home in Cache Valley either, at least when it came to receiving financial support. It seems that his father did not consider it necessary to entirely finance his son on his mission. Perhaps he felt that young Lew was no better than many of the other early missionaries who had entered the missionfield in abject poverty with nothing but a mighty faith and a satchel filled with copies of the *Book of Mormon*. Lew's missionary journal reveals a steady diet of "doughboys" and fish. Surprisingly, serving

with Elder Westover on the other side of the world were five other missionaries from the small farming communities of Lewiston and Trenton: Elders Ira Hyer, Ora Hyer, Martin Harris Pond, Otto Stocks, and Lewis Rigby. None pictured here seem to be showing signs of being penniless or malnourished.

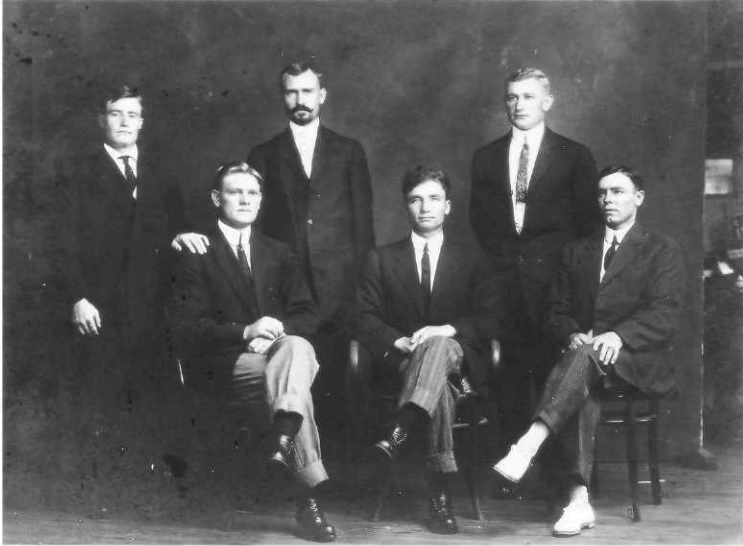


Figure 93: Society Island Missionaries from Lewiston: (front) Lewis E. Westover, Ora Hyer, Ira Hyer, (back) M. H. Pond, Otto Stocks, Lewis Rigby

Early in the year, January 18, 1915, twelve-year-old Marcus was ordained a deacon by his father and never was there a prouder bearer of the Aaronic Priesthood. Lew continued teaching in the Sunday School in Lewiston. Albert noted that his father “was put in as Sunday School teacher in the parent’s class in Lewiston 3rd Ward before receiving his recommend.”<sup>1</sup> Zaetell remarked,

He always taught the Gospel Doctrine class and they sat there with their mouths open and listened to him. It was just out of this world! He could explain it so people could understand. When Mother was too sick to



go, he would have us kids there with him even while teaching a class. . . . He was well read. He would sit at the table by the lamplight before we got electricity and read and read every night. He would study those scriptures.<sup>2</sup>

Magdalene corroborates this characteristic of her father: “He was well versed in the gospel, very well versed; in fact, everybody would come to him to have him explain things.”<sup>3</sup> LaRue Westover Ford added, “When Grandpa spoke, he spoke with authority. Everyone listened. He didn’t preach or holler. He could quote the Doctrine and Covenants verse by verse.”

On January 31, 1915, Magdalene would be reaching her majority. She was pretty, charming, and knew what she wanted out of life. She was a hard worker at home but she had dancing in her blood ever since her days in Colorado when she performed in the King Driggs’ musicals. For the past several months when there was not a dance scheduled in Lewiston on Saturday evening, she and several others would shuffle over to the other side of the Utah-Idaho line where dances were often held and new faces to scrutinize. It was on one of these occasions that Magdalene met the dashing George Lake from Fairview, Idaho. They made a great dance team. And as a result, they fell in love. After courting for one and a half years, they finally set the date for their wedding, January 27, 1915, only four days before Magdalene’s twenty-first birthday.<sup>4</sup>

The thought of leaving her family troubled Magdalene. Over the years as her mother’s health declined and Magdalene assumed an ever increasing responsibility in the care of the home and family under the direction of her bed-ridden mother, a close bond developed between the two. Her mother and siblings grew to depend on Magdalene greatly. But Clara had turned nineteen the previous month on December 5, and if there ever was a capable daughter and a loving big sister, Clara was the one. In spite of her

youth, Clara was not far behind Magdalene when it came to cooking and baking. Clara's pies were mouthwatering. So with that confidence in her younger sisters, both Clara and Mish, Magdalene felt assured that the family would be adequately taken of care without her presence in the home.

On the cold January morning of the 27<sup>th</sup>, Mother Eliza Johanna rose from her sick bed and accompanied the anxious couple to the Logan Temple where Eliza Magdalene Westover and George Lyman Lake were sealed for time and eternity by President Budge. Afterwards, the newlyweds rode up the road in their buggy pulled by Old Burt (or was it Babe?) to Fairview, Idaho, where they settled down in their little log home.<sup>5</sup>

When the family had left Colorado, Liza was unable to walk even a block and was bedfast most of the time. But after living in Trenton awhile, she gradually gained the strength to walk the three and a half miles from the farm to town with frequent rest stops to where her mother lived. Perhaps the move to Utah did improve her health, at least temporarily. Her niece, Eva Bentley, gives us an insight into the personality of this lovely woman:

Eliza was slight of build, never very strong; her health never the best but in spite of this she was always cheerful. Her whole concern was for her husband and children who never lacked for her companionship and teachings. They were never neglected no matter what her physical condition. She was very patient, kind and gentle. She was kind and considerate of others and gentle in her dealings with her husband and her children as well as her nieces and nephews who always loved going to her home because she always made them feel welcome.<sup>6</sup>

The improvement in Eliza's health did not last. With reluctance, she soon was forced to spend more of her time in bed as her strength slowly dissipated. Her son, Jack, remi-

nised about those treasured early days in Lewiston with his mother:

The last year that we had Mother was in the fall of the year. We had beets and we used to have to haul the beets clear up to the factory with teams and wagons and Father would do all the topping. Mother was out with him all the time and we used to talk to Mother, “Oh, why don’t you stay in the house? Wouldn’t it be better for you to stay in the house?” Her words were, “No, it would not be better to stay in the house. I want to be out with Pa.” That was her answer, she wanted to be with him. Greater love I have never seen than this.<sup>7</sup>

Eliza Johanna’s struggle finally ended as her life ebbed away on March 21, 1915. She was only forty-five years old and had borne twelve children. With an inner feeling that perhaps her life was drawing to a close, one of her heartfelt desires was now to live long enough to see her oldest son return from his mission. But three years was just too long to wait. Her youngest daughter, Zaetell, who was six-years-old at the time, shared these memories:

I remember the night she died. The girls came into the bedroom crying saying that Mother was about dead. I wanted to go in to see her but they said, “No, she is too sick. You can’t go in. Just leave her alone and let her die in peace.”<sup>8</sup>

Three days later the funeral was held. Zaetell remembered that there were two automobiles at the house to transport the family to the funeral. Those were the first cars little Zaetell had ever seen and she did not want any part of those horseless carriages. “They weren’t going to get me in no car,” she avowed in later years. She insisted on riding in the surrey with the casket pulled by the horses. Zaetell continues, remarking how Albert worshiped his mother:

Then we got to the cemetery. We had the casket in the surrey and it stopped right in front of the grave. When they lowered Mother in the grave, Albert fainted dead away down under the horses's hooves and all the family was scared that they weren't going to get him out from under the horses's kicking hooves.<sup>9</sup>



Figure 94: Obituary of Eliza Westover

Young Lewis Esper went ashore in San Francisco with the expectation of serving an additional six months in the “City by the Bay,” as requested by the Church authorities. He had served over three years in the Society Islands already but he was willing to abide by the wishes of the Brethren to extend his mission call even longer. The ship he had sailed home on had zig-zagged for the entire voyage in an effort to avoid being a target for German U-Boat torpedoes. This resulted in a long, tedious crossing. He arrived in San Francisco safe and sound but awaiting him was a telegram: “Mother has died. Please come home.”<sup>10</sup> And home he came to a grieving family, much different than what he had anticipated when he had boarded the ship in Tahiti. Lew arrived home from his mission on April 29, slightly over a month following his mother’s death.<sup>11</sup>

Each of the children treasured special memories of the mother they loved so dearly. Magdalene paid this touching tribute to her mother:

My mother was a Queen among Queens. When she died and left us, the dearest thing I had ever known was taken away from me. Everything I have ever

accomplished or done in this world or become, I owe to my angel Mother. Job didn't even know the true meaning of patience compared to her sweet, kind and patient way.<sup>12</sup>

And on another occasion, Magdalene added, “My mother was sweet, gentle, and beautiful. . . . She never spanked nor yelled nor boxed our ears. She just smiled and turned her lovely blue eyes on us and we melted.” LeRoy echoes some of those same heartfelt sentiments:

My Mother was the grandest person of all persons. My Mother, I think, was the Queen of Queens. Never in my life did I ever know my Mother to lose her temper. My Mother was always sweet and kind and generous, the most unselfish woman that ever lived. This is my story, of course, but we loved our Mother very much, all of us children and maybe too much. I think we made it awfully hard for my Father after Mother passed away because we thought we were the ones that had missed a mate. We felt that we had the blocks taken right from under us. We thought we had nothing left to live for, but oh how untrue and selfish we were and how untrue and selfish it was compared to what our Father lost. Our Father lost part of him and it will always be part of him. . . . When Mother was sick some months before she died, Father hardly left her bedside. It seemed like those two were inseparable and when they were together they did well. I think about how financially and how well spiritually he did in Colorado with Mother being sick most of the time, having so many children, and yet he did very, very well both spiritually and financially. After Mother passed away I think the bottom dropped completely from my Father. He worked real hard afterwards, but was unable to do the same things and accomplish the things that he did when he had his wife.<sup>13</sup>

Zaetell remembered the pain felt by her father during those first long months without his beloved companion, “Lots of nights you could hear him pining and moaning in his sleep for her.”

“Liza, my dear Eliza” were the yearnings of a broken heart.

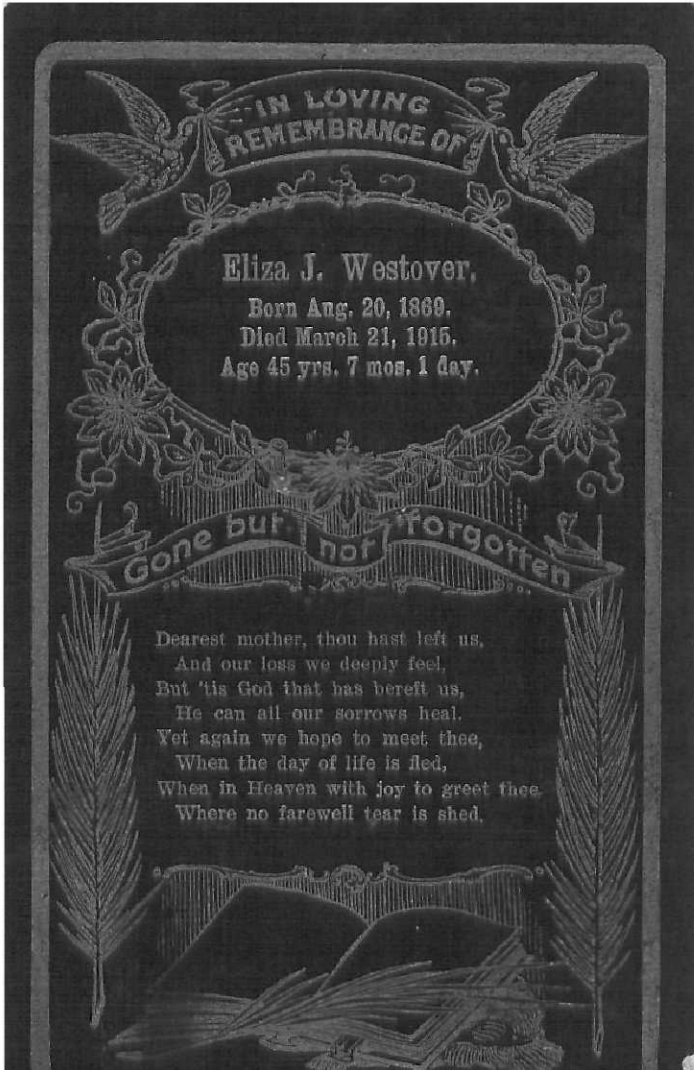


Figure 95: Eliza Johanna Funk Westover funeral card.

## XXII

---

# Raising Crops and Children

TWENTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD ALBERT WAS now anxious to return to his schooling at the Utah State Agricultural College in Logan. He felt that life had more promise after having some higher education in the science of agronomy. He was excited about his future. But before he could repack his suitcase, his father approached him with a request that he stay at home to help on the farm; he was needed now more than ever. With the extra burdens placed on his father, Albert was told his place was now with the family. Albert was sympathetic to his father's plight as he later recorded:

They were very poor, indeed. It was impossible for Dad to get along without me. So my older brother being on a mission, and I had to forget the school and stay home and help my father take care of things.<sup>1</sup>

Regardless, it involved much soul searching. Poor Albert was torn apart between his compelling desire to complete his education and his father's request to stay on the farm. In later years, Albert described this dilemma and a wondrous and sacred experience that finally brought him peace of mind:

I was past twenty-one years old at the time. I thought I couldn't stay around; I would at least have to leave. One night when I was sleeping, my Mother came to me in a dream all night. She asked me to stay. I dreamed she kept begging me to stay. I told her no, I couldn't stay around there. That morning I got up to the side of the bed and started to dress to go down to the barn to milk the cows. There at the door stood my Mother just like she always was, only she was in her white clothes. I knew she was dead. I knew it was her. There was not pretense, it was her. She said she was ready for the answer; and I told her yes, that I would stay. She immediately shut the door. When she went out the door, she went out like a mortal being. And the door made the regular noise of shutting as it would with anybody going out. That was quite an incident in my life, and everything I did for my brothers and sisters was a pleasure from then on, even though it took from my life the very thing I hoped to have. And yet everything I did was a pleasure and a joy to me.<sup>2</sup>

Young Lew's arrival at home in April was a mixture of joy, love, and heartache. The family was courageously picking up the shattered pieces of their lives in an effort to face what life now had to offer. Young Lew's several years of absence had only made his heart grow fonder for that lovely Trenton school teacher, Lorene Rankin, with whom he had been corresponding during his mission. He wasted no time finding his way to Miss Rankin's doorstep. The courting was resumed and a betrothal was soon in the spring air. Lew's stay at home would only be an interlude.

Life continued on in the Westover household; there was not much choice in spite of the heaviness that hung in the heart of each family member. It did not come easy, but now the good father took on the additional role of a mother. He did his best to exert a greater sense of compassion towards his children than ever before. In an effort to show his love and concern, LB decided to add on to the home to make life a little more comfortable for his motherless children. This is probably the occasion when his newly acquired son-in-law,



George Lake, took over the responsibilities of the LB building program.

But thank heaven there was Clara, only nineteen years old and assuming much of the role of a mother. What would her father have done without her! Her sister, Zaetell recorded later in life that “Clara was like a mother. She would sew and cook and she had us do the work that we could do. She did so much sewing for us.”<sup>3</sup> Fifteen-year-old Mish worked alongside Clara doing what had to be done without being asked. Jack was a mere seventeen as he shared a leading role in the work on the farm with Albert. However, following his mission, Lew remained on the farm for a year and a half. Marcus and Smoot, twelve and eleven respectively, were doing the work of men without complaint. Theresa had just turned nine and she pitched in with the housework as well as watching her little brother, Ivan. Ivan would not be three until April 6. He required a constant vigil. Zaetell was barely six years old and already learning the art of homemaking. It was not as though work was a new experience for these children; they had on-the-job training from the time they were knee-high to a grasshopper. This was the character of the Westover family in March of 1915 as they prepared themselves for life without a mother.

The year of 1916 started out with twelve-year-old Smoot being ordained a deacon on January 13 by his father. After a lengthy engagement, Lew and Lorene entered the portals of the Logan Temple without escort on September 16, 1916, where they were sealed together as eternal companions by Willard Young. They set up housekeeping in Trenton as Lorene continued teaching school there. Zaetell relates an occasion while she was staying with her oldest brother and his bride:

One time while at Trenton my Aunt Florina was going to Logan to work in the temple. So she did some baking for Uncle Will, she made some raisin bread. So I got Theresa and while he was gone we went and took

one loaf of bread. I was staying with my brother Lew while Aunt Florina was in Logan. Theresa was living with them and going to school. But that night we decided to go tell him we had taken the bread. He gave us 25 cents and an orange and banana; in them days that was really wonderful. We never did that again.<sup>4</sup>

Smoot was always intensely interested in sports. He never missed an opportunity to either play or watch a game if he could figure out a way to do so. While living in Trenton, his brother, Lew, became a manager of a baseball team. In later years, Myrtha remarked: "What Smoot wouldn't do to get ready to go to those baseball games with Lew!"<sup>5</sup> Smoot also pursued other forms of entertainment, such as locking the girls in the outdoor privy in the school yard when the temptation could not be resisted.

Theresa stayed with Lew and Lorene not long after their marriage. On Theresa's tenth birthday, as she later reminisced, "I went [to live with Lew and Lorene] when school started and stayed with them until the first of April. Lorene gave me a birthday party and invited all but a couple of kids I didn't want come, but they came anyway. There was only one girl come. All the boys in Trenton came to my birthday party."<sup>6</sup> Perhaps Lorene had publicly invited all the students in her class at school.

Theresa attended the first and second grades in Lewiston while her mother was still alive, then she went to school in Trenton for the third grade and three-quarters of the fourth grade, first staying with Aunt Clara Gheen, her mother's sister, and then with her oldest brother, Lew, and his bride, Lorene. She attended school in Lewiston for the rest of her educational career, but she could not complete high school because "there wasn't enough money to buy paper and books, although my pride kept me from asking for it."<sup>7</sup>

Zaetell stayed with Aunt Florina Bentley, another sister of her mother, in Trenton for two years, going home to

Lewiston on Friday night and returning to Trenton on Sunday while attending the first and second grades. After moving back home from Trenton, Zaetell recalled her school days there:

While in Lewiston going to school we had to walk one and a half miles. In the winter when the snow was deep the men used to take us in a sleigh. There were no buses then.<sup>8</sup>

Zaetell maintained that she and Theresa were allowed one half-hour to get home from school:

Dad wasn't going to bother worrying about us. The Hawks lived down on the corner and they had two girls, one age three and the other age seven. They got home before us and they met us and said, "Oh, you can stay and play awhile. We saw your daddy go to Preston with Albert and Liva so he won't be back for awhile. He's hurt—he couldn't move. A tree fell on him. He was cutting down trees and the tree fell the wrong way and hit his leg and broke it." So when we got home we thought we was walking in a house with nobody in it, and there he sat. We were quite surprised, you know. He just reached in his pocket and pulled out his pocket knife. He said, "Here, go out and get me a couple of switches." We went out and tried every limb on that tree on each other to see which one would hurt the least. Finally we decided to take one and Theresa said, "If you start to bawl, he'll quit. He won't hit you after you cry." So he hit us once and of course we started to bawl, and that was the end of it. He didn't hit us hard but the thing of it was, he sent us to bed without any supper.<sup>9</sup>

As for the tree and LB, the tree remained down, but not LB. That cussed tree broke his leg and he reluctantly went to the doctor, perhaps for the first time in his life, to have it set. LB never returned to have the doctor remove the cast or examine his leg again. Ten years later LB happened to bump

in to the doctor one day. The latter exclaimed, “I thought you had died!”

Smoot attended Stephenson Elementary in Lewiston, as Marcus probably did also. The white brick building across from the church accommodated four grades in each of its two rooms, later enlarged to three rooms. Smoot admitted that his and Marcus’s high school days were somewhat abbreviated:

After graduating from the eighth grade, the next step was North Cache High School where all the graduates were supposed to enroll. My father took me and Marcus over to Richmond where it was located and he thought he had us settled for another year. We could not find our way around that big building and were not about to try so we left, beating Dad home. That ended our formal education. I often think had Mother been alive to encourage us, our lives might have been different.<sup>10</sup>

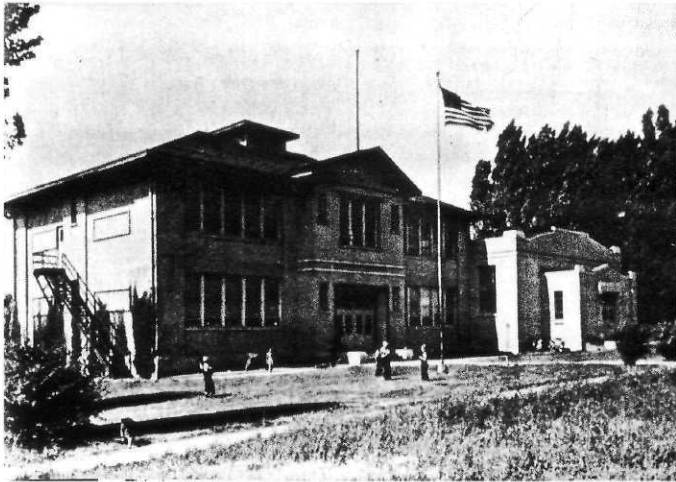


Figure 96: North Cache High School

Mish graduated from school in Lewiston, according to her daughter, Mildred Elder. Jack’s education was rather

neglected due to the need for his presence on the farm at those critical times in the life of the Westover family. It must be noted, however, that Jack was an achiever who rose above his lack of formal education to an upper management position later in life where he supervised many employees who greatly respected and admired him. As for Clara, her son, Bob, records that his mother graduated from school in Trenton just after her seventeenth birthday on December 10, 1912.

Although there is no record of Lewis B. ever seeing his mother again after leaving St. George for Colorado back in 1890, he maintained a limited correspondence with his parents, who were still living in Washington County. One letter that Lewis B. wrote to his mother requested that she send him a personal history of her early life. Out of this meager correspondence, a letter was written by his aged mother, Eliza Ann Haven Westover, dated July 2, 1916, to her son, Lew, which has become a crown jewel of Westover and Haven family histories, as well as a treasured document of Latter-day Saint pioneer history. The original letter was placed in the Church Archives by her great-grandson, Melvin J. Westover.<sup>11</sup>

Albert had resigned himself to life on his father's farm, but thoughts of his future kept surfacing in his consciousness. He later reminisced of this time in his life when another remarkable experience occurred:

I began to wonder about my status in life and what was going to become of me. I was getting to be 24 years old and I began to wonder if I was just meant for this. So one night, I went part way into the field and I knelt down and prayed to my Father in Heaven and asked him what to do. I'd like to go to school but what was I going to do with my life? Was I going to forfeit my privilege of having a family? In the next few nights, I had a dream. I was told in the dream that our Father Abraham wanted to see me and I knew where he lived. I had to go through a partial forest to get to his place. After I got there, it was a little log house. I

went in and there he sat. I knew him. He said, "I sent for you to give a present to you." As he said that, a door opened up. . . . It must have been a heavenly being, a wonderful, wonderful sight, that came in, and he had with him a girl. And they walked over and looked over to me and smiled. And they walked out of the room through another door. . . . And as they left, she looked back and smiled. After she was gone, Abraham said, "That's yours. That's the one your Father in Heaven has for you. That's the one you chose before you came to this earth."

I expect I'd seen this girl in the ward. I'd been to the ward then for a while. I expect I'd seen this girl but I never realized it until after that. The first Sunday I went to Sunday School, there she was leading the singing. I found out later that she was engaged to a missionary that was in Japan. She'd promised to wait for him. It looked like it was all a hoax, but I never gave up.

I used to go and ask the Lord, "Why can't there be another just exactly like her? Oh Father, why can't there be another just like her and no different for me? I don't want to deprive somebody else. But I want that girl; she belongs to me. Thou, I know, gave her to me."

I married that girl on the 20th of December, 1916 in the Logan Temple. It was sealed for time and eternity by Willard Young.<sup>12</sup>

This girl with whom Albert had hopelessly fallen in love was Liva Karren, the talented daughter of the Lewiston Third Ward's first bishop. In later years, Liva recounted this momentous day in their lives:

I remember the day we were married there. There was snow on the ground and we rode in a sleigh to Lewiston where we took the Burgerline, as they called it. We rode to Logan that day we were married and we went back that night. Albert was hauling beets at the dump. He went to work the very next morning.<sup>13</sup>

Albert still lived up to his commitment to help his father on the farm. Following their wedding ceremony in the Logan Temple, the timid bride arrived at the Westover home with her bags and trousseau to stay with the family. She and Albert had a bedroom in the small Westover home where they lived for two years and helped take care of the large family.

Eleven months following Albert and Liva's marriage, Liva gave birth to her first child, a baby girl. Sadly, the baby only lived a few hours. Before her last breath, her father took the little one in his arms and gave her the name Velda and a father's blessing.<sup>14</sup> Later that summer, Albert was drafted into the U.S. Army. That not only complicated his father's farming endeavors, but it gave his sweetheart, Liva, much distress. Thankfully, the war was brought to an end with the signing of the Armistice on November 11, 1918, before Albert was called to active duty. Now it was up to the American people to relearn to love those whom they had been taught to hate.

The good father made sure his children's spiritual needs were taken care of as well as their temporal well-being. On February 3, 1917, Zaetell was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Jacob Miller and confirmed by Thomas Morgan. She had just turned eight years old the previous month. Wintertime baptism ceremonies no longer involved the breaking of ice in a frigid river or canal as some of the older children were subjected to. The only worry the children now had was keeping their toes immersed in the water in the font along with the rest of themselves to make it a valid baptism. Clara decided that it was time for her Patriarchal Blessing. She sought out Patriarch William Skidmore in Richmond and was given a blessing on the last day of the year 1917. Marcus was ordained a teacher two weeks later on January 14, 1918, by his father. Later in the same year, on July 21, Albert was ordained a Seventy by President Alma Merrill.

The influenza epidemic quickly worked its way across the nation. Utah was not spared. As a matter of fact, it has been reported that quite likely Utah was hardest hit of all the states. During the last three months of 1918, more than forty-four thousand cases of influenza and twenty-two hundred deaths were claimed in the state. Public gatherings were banned, including church meetings. Armistice Day brought on impromptu celebrations, resulting in a swift increase in flu cases, bringing death to many. President Joseph F. Smith's death (not from influenza) eight days later resulted in no public funeral services. Even the April General Conference in 1919 was wisely canceled.<sup>15</sup> The Westover family members apparently survived, as no records indicate they were afflicted.

Lew and Lorene decided that a move to American Fork offered a chance to climb the first rung on the ladder to success, or perhaps it was only a means for survival. Lew and his brother-in-law, Ike Binns, went into the sheep business there in 1917. In 1918, Jack decided that sheep herding was the life for him as well, so he ventured to American Fork also to work for a man who raised sheep.<sup>16</sup> Perhaps he became involved with his brother, Lew, in raising sheep together in Utah Valley. Jack lived with Lew and Lorene while in American Fork. The 1920 Federal Census disclosed LeRoy (twenty-two) living with Lewis (twenty-nine), Lorena (twenty-six), and their daughter, Maxine (two and one-half) in the home at 30 North 1st West in American Fork on which Lew and Lorene had taken out a mortgage. Jack's father, Lewis B., felt that it was proper to also include "LeRoy" (recorded now as twenty-one) as a member of the Lewiston family in the same 1920 Census. Just because Jack was not living at home at the time, he was still a member of the family, his father must have reasoned. No occupation was listed for Jack on the Lewiston census, but Marcus and Smoot were accurately labeled as laborers and engaged in farm work. Marcus and Smoot would have readily agreed that they certainly labored when it came to thinning, hoeing,



topping beets, hauling hay, or a hundred other back-breaking tasks on the farm. LB is shown as a farmer with a mortgaged home. Besides LeRoy, the Lewiston enumerator listed Lewis B. (fifty-one), Netia (nineteen), Marcus C. (seventeen), Walter (sixteen), Theresa (thirteen), Zaetell (eleven), and Ivan (seven).

There were two other family members no longer counted in the 1920 Federal Census as members of the Lewis B. Westover household: Albert and Clara. The 1920 Census disclosed that Albert and Liva were now living in their own home with their two daughters, Ila and LaRue. Their home was located just a field away from LB's farm, so Albert was still able to help his father when needed. It was in this home that all of Albert and Liva's children would be raised.

As Nature's law decreed, love and a young fellow from Preston entered Clara's life. Vernon Lewis Monson was a trucker who possessed a jolly grin and a ready wit. They decided to get married on December 10, 1919, in the Logan Temple. Joseph R. Shepherd officiated. The happy couple then made their home in Preston, Idaho.

With Clara and Liva gone, the motherly duties of the family now fell on nineteen-year-old Mish. To be sure, this young lady was quite capable of caring for her remaining siblings and cooking for the family. Years later, Theresa remarked,

Mish Westover was one of the fastest persons I have ever seen. I have never seen a woman who could do as much work in a day as Mish could. She really was a worker. She worked fast and she worked good. Everything she did was good, and she did it quick.

About this time, Aunt Mish, LB's older sister, arrived for a visit. Theresa later claimed that Aunt Mish thought young "Mish was the clear stuff." Aunt Mish remarked after watching her namesake flying into the household chores:

“You’re a delight, Mish. You’re all Westover. You work just like the Westovers.”<sup>17</sup>

It may have been shortly after the census-taker visited the Westovers in American Fork that the miners at the Cascade Coal Mine in Carbon County went on strike. In an effort to keep the mine operating, the company advertised that there were jobs available with good pay. That seemed more lucrative than herding sheep, so Jack and a friend headed over Spanish Fork Canyon to Carbon County where they became coal miners for a season. Back in Lewiston, Smoot soon got wind of his brother’s exploits into the mining business, and so he got a hankering for some of that “easy” money, too. At sixteen, Smoot figured he could do about anything he set his mind to. And probably he was right, but Smoot soon realized that farm life was not so bad after all. In later years, he reflected back on his days in the coal mines:

A week later [after Jack was hired], I and a friend, with the idea of a get-rich-quick job, went also. We were there one week, just long enough to see what the lives of miners entailed—dark, hard work—and we left. We had just enough money to buy a box of raisins to eat while riding the rails home. I have never complained of the wages miners have received since those days.<sup>18</sup>

After “riding the rails home” (a term describing a stow-away passenger on a railroad train often found in the act of clinging to the exterior framework of a railroad car for dear life), Smoot arrived home in time to dust off his britches and be ordained a Teacher on February 2, 1920, by William J. Haslam. Two months later, Ivan was baptized by Stephen Thurston and confirmed by the old family friend, Thomas Morgan. Brother Morgan had confirmed Marcus, Theresa, Zaetell, and now Ivan, as well as the future wives of Marcus and Smoot, Leah Farrell and Myrtha Kent. One year later,

Marcus was ordained a Priest on February 21, 1921 by his father.

Beginning with those early days in Lewiston, LB was doing more than just farming, as though a farmer had time for other pursuits. First and always, LB was a farmer; plowing and planting and irrigating and all the toil associated with helping the soil yield its abundance was ingrained into the marrow of his bones. He had a forty-acre farm to occupy his time, but LB was a worker and he could use more income than what the farm was producing at the time. Besides, he had boys at home who were quite handy at running the farm. In those days, every farmer kept a few cows to help pay the grocery bill besides providing milk, cream, and butter for the family table. LB took on the milk route, picking up the ten gallon cans of milk from the farms in Lewiston and off he would giddy-up to the Morning Milk Creamery in Wellsville with his team and wagon. Later, he caught up with the times by buying a truck and for many years he continued the milk route to the same creamery, later becoming Carnation Milk, and finally the Cache Valley Dairy. His grandson, Vern Monson, remembered, "Grandpa Westover was a very honorable man, being notably strong and physically active, even in his advanced years, lifting by himself, 10 gallon milk cans on to the delivery ramp."<sup>19</sup>

Don Westover claimed that Grandpa could toss two full ten gallon cans of milk at a time onto the truck bed. Another grandson, Reed Westover, confirmed that Grandpa "could lift those 10 gallon milk cans easier than a young guy, even in his old age. When they were empty he would put four of them together and lift up all four at the same time onto the bed of the truck."<sup>20</sup>

Nord Westover, another grandson, noted that Grandpa would stop at almost everyone's place and pick up anywhere from a half can of milk to three or four cans. One old-time Lewiston resident, Wallace Wiser, remarked with a chuckle that LB would back up the milk truck until he hit

something, which served as a cue that it was time to change gears and go forward.



Figure 97: Cache Valley Dairy

LB's duties on the milk run did not end with his milk deliveries. The creamery in Wellsville was several miles past Logan. Logan was the central shopping center for almost all Cache Valley residents. On the return trip through Logan, LB would pull out the shopping lists given to him that morning by some of the good housewives on the route. Zaetell claimed that "Every woman on the route . . . would have him buy them girdles and braziers and everything [other unmentionables] for women on his way down from the dairy."<sup>21</sup>

At times, the Westover girls, Ila and LaRue, and sometimes Vera, would hitch a ride into the city and have their granddad drop them off in Logan to be picked up on his return trip from Wellsville. On rare occasions when Don could break away from farm chores, he would accompany his grandfather on his milk run. During visits with Grandpa, Melvin and Beverly Westover would sometimes make the rounds with Grandpa, picking up the milk cans and then heading to the creamery where they would be treated to a tour of the processing of the morning's milk. The highlight of the trip was a stop at the ice-cream shop in Logan. Melvin described this mouthwatering episode:

There was this ice cream shop with a large double cone displayed on the front. I'll tell you a double decker cone is something but a double decker double cone is the ultimate. I'm sure Grandpa made a regular stop there even when no one was with him.

Later, LB began hauling milk to the Seago plant in Richmond. He would return the empty cans out to the farmer's barn along with other dairy products they had ordered, as well as the all-important milk check.<sup>22</sup>

Nord Westover claimed that in the old days during the winter months, the temperature would sometimes drop to thirty to forty degrees below zero. LB was astute and industrious enough to drain the oil out of the crankcase of his truck each night when the temperature dropped below freezing. In the morning, he would put the pan of oil in the oven to warm it before pouring the oil back in the crankcase and firing up the engine on his truck. He worked the milk run well into his sixties. When he finally gave up the milk run, Smoot took it over. Albert stated, "It was the money from the milk job that got him ahead financially. That was when he started doing his great genealogy work."

Brother Westover was called to serve as the chairman of the Genealogical Committee in the Lewiston Third Ward. Perhaps he had previously been nudged by the spirit to do his own genealogical research, arousing his interest in this vital work. He was now going to the temple as often as his work and family obligations would permit, but Zaetell assured us that he was always home with the children at night. Lewis Burton recalled his service in this capacity:

The first thing I found out while in this position was that the people didn't have any temple clothes. So, we made 40 suits of temple clothes and distributed them among the people for just what they cost us: robe, 65¢ and temple apron (including cap), 65¢. Thus, we were able to furnish everyone with their temple clothes, and

after that we could get 35 or 40 people to go anytime we wanted to.<sup>23</sup>

Zaetell recounts that “he bought bolts of cloth and took measurements and took them up to Liva and she made temple clothes for all the people and he converted them to go to the temple. And if they said they couldn’t afford to go he said, ‘Yes you can. You’ve got the clothes free of charge.’”<sup>24</sup>

Albert added, “He was Genealogical Chairman for a number of years, during which time many of the teenagers of the ward took classes in genealogy and made records of their parents, grandparents, and great-grandparents.”<sup>25</sup>

It is difficult for the present generation of young people to imagine what life was like for their forebears who were deprived of the “wonderful” world of television and computer games. Zaetell gives us a glimpse of the days when children would use their ingenuity to manufacture their own forms of entertainment:

We used to have lots of fun on Valentine’s Day. Then at night we went to all the places [homes] and drop our Valentines, knock and then run. On Halloween we used to always have lots of fun. One time we wrapped our school teacher’s clothes around the line and tied them into knots, and she would probably spend a long time getting them from off the line. Another time we waxed her big front window. She sure had a hard time getting that off. We didn’t break anything but we had fun. We would make candy and play the player piano a lot for our fun too. We would play “All Bears Out Tonight,” “Kick the Can,” and several others.<sup>26</sup>

Edward Geary in his *Goodbye to Poplar Haven* reminds us of candy pulls, which were also enjoyed by Zaetell and her brothers and sisters and many of the succeeding generation:

Molasses boiled until it turned brittle in cold water.  
Then cooled. Now the fun really began. With butter  
and flour on their hands they would each take some of  
the cooled syrup and begin pulling and stretching,  
stretching and pulling. With jokes and pranks this  
would go on until candy became brittle and hard.  
Then it would be broken into pieces and what had not  
already been eaten would disappear as if by magic.

Life in early Utah was not all fun and games, however. In 1921, the nation became engulfed in another depression. Several businesses were forced to close their doors, among which were the Logan Sugar plant as well as the flour mill in Utah County where young Lew worked. Lew and Lorene lost their home in American Fork in 1922 after receiving Lew's back pay in worthless company stock. They were forced to move to an apartment building in Salt Lake City, where Magdalene and George Lake and their two children, George M. and Maurine, were now living. Lew found a job as an auto mechanic in a shop next to the Capitol Theatre. The sheep business faired no better and Jack returned home to Lewiston the next year. California loomed on the horizon.

These were hard times and jobs were scarce. It may be of interest to note how so many of the LB Westover family ended up in the small town of El Segundo in Southern California. Magdalene and George were feeling the pinch of the depression and George was facing a lay-off from his job as a finish carpenter in Salt Lake City. In November of 1923, George's brother-in-law, Glen Bigler, stopped by in his 1916 Ford touring car on his way to California, where the sun always shone and money was handy, according to Glen's optimism. That sounded good to George, so the two started down the bumpy road to sunny California with dreams of success. After an adventurous trip south, George found work at the movie studios, rented a house in El Segundo, and sent for his family. A few years later, evidently Mish was encouraged through word from her sister,

Magdalene, to join them in El Segundo. So Mish packed her bag and journeyed alone to the small oil town about 1925 or 1926. Jack and Vera arrived shortly after their marriage in 1927, and Jack found a job at the Standard Oil refinery where George was then working. Lewis Esper's job as an auto mechanic was not paying much, so in 1928 Lew also caught a sniff of that black gold and he, Lorene, and the two children headed for the Golden State, El Segundo in particular, where Lew was hired in the labor gang at the refinery in 1928. Jack and Lew spent several years working together in the Crude Stills while George became a foreman in the Carpenter Shop. It was about 1939 that Clara and Vern and their six children left their home and farm in Preston, Idaho, and showed up in El Segundo to join the clan. Vern found work on the graveyard shift at the Douglas Aircraft Company on the eastern fringe of El Segundo, making dive bombers for the Navy. Both Vera and Clara found employment in Magdalene and George's "Café Supreme." Later, after Magdalene retired from the restaurant business, Clara opened her own restaurant in El Segundo that she named "The Bluebird." These families in El Segundo developed a strong bond and worked together in times of need. The California Westovers usually made an annual pilgrimage back to their roots in Utah.

After returning home from his jobs in the sheep venture and at the coal mines, Jack felt his life needed to change. He longed to go on a mission as his brother Lew had done and as his mother would have wanted. The move back to the family home proved to be a blessing to Jack, and his dream of being a missionary was becoming a reality. He had been ordained a Priest on January 16, 1922, by his father, and the next year, November 25, 1923, he was ordained to the office of an Elder in the Melchizedek Priesthood.

Early in the new year, Jack was elated to receive a call to the New Zealand Mission from President Heber J. Grant. In preparation for his mission, Jack had the Benson Stake



Patriarch, William Waddoups, give him a Patriarchal Blessing. On February 1, 1924, Elder LeRoy Westover was set apart as a missionary for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The next day, filled with excitement and apprehension, off Elder Westover charged to convert the people of New Zealand. Little did Jack realize at the time that he was destined to do without a regular stipend from home, making his survival in the missionfield often up to his own creativity, or perhaps better said, to learn to rely more fully on the Spirit of the Lord. Lew could have warned him about this possibility. Theresa brought to light a point of interest about missionary funding as Lewis B. Westover viewed the matter:

Dad didn't believe in them [missionaries] having money. In the early days they went out without purse or scrip. My dad couldn't ever get over the early days. He never sent Jack or Lew one penny while they were gone. Your dad [Lew] owed some money and so did Jack to the Elders. I guess everybody loved Jack and Lew. You know Jack. You know what a likeable person he was. Jack could always see the best in everybody. Jack could be equally at home with a drunkard down in the gutter or with a college professor.<sup>27</sup>

On January 14, 1924, Smoot was ordained a Priest by his brother, Albert. With Jack gone, Marcus and Smoot now filled in under their father's direction. The forty-acre farm was providing sufficient for the family's needs and other expenses involved in running a farm. The Utah State Gazetteer listed their farm's assessed valuation at twenty-four hundred dollars in the years 1918–19, four thousand three hundred forty-five dollars in 1922–23, and four thousand fifty dollars in 1924–25.

The days rolled by and the next Westover child to take wings and fly from the family nest was eighteen-year-old Theresa. She had learned the art of housekeeping well for she not only worked at keeping house in the family abode

but she was in demand to do housework in several of the homes in Lewiston. But quite frankly, she mostly enjoyed working in the fields with her father. Theresa remarked in later years, "I worked hard all my life. As my father said, 'It's better to wear out than rust out.'"<sup>28</sup>

At age eighteen, Theresa went to Salt Lake City to work as a nanny and housekeeper. While there she met a young man by the name of Elijah Van Hoskins. They wasted no time falling in love and soon they were married on September 18, 1924, in Pocatello, Idaho. Their union was solemnized in the Logan Temple November 21, 1941. For the first two years, Theresa and Elijah lived in Blackfoot, Idaho, and then moved to Montana for two years, and eventually they established their roots in Ogden.

The ranks of the Westover family were thinning out. The 1925 Church Census now showed "Louis" B. (HP), Leroy (Elder) [serving a mission in New Zealand], "Metia," Charles Marcus (Priest), Walter Reed (Priest), Zaetell, and Ivan Burton. Mish decided that at twenty-five years of age, it was time for her to receive her Patriarchal Blessing. Consequently, she was given a blessing by Patriarch William Waddoups on February 3, 1925. The following year the Lewiston Third Ward Record of Members noted that both Marcus and Smoot were ordained to the office of Elder on the same day, January 31, 1926. Marcus was ordained by Edward Kemp, and Thomas. H. Merrill ordained Smoot.

The brothers, Marcus and Smoot, had formed a strong bond between them. They were only a year apart in age and they complemented one another in personality. Marcus was always a pillar of strength when it came to matters of a spiritual nature, but his physical impairment imposed limitations. He had an implicit faith in God. He loved his Maker and his church, but his deformed hip made some of the tasks on the farm extremely painful. But Marcus never used that as an excuse. His upper body strength compensated for the weakness in his hip. It may have taken him a little longer than Smoot to do some of the more strenuous work required

of a farmer, but Marcus took a back seat to no one when it came to effort, nor did he ask for any favors. He managed, and without complaint. His Individual Church Record showing “Important Events” in his life disclosed his special interest was, appropriately, “cows.” After all, he and those black and white milk factories shared a good part of their lives together, cheek to flank.

Smoot was always there to give his brother a helping hand if needed. Smoot’s membership in the Church was always dear to him. But when there was work to do, Smoot tore into it like a lion in a herd of wildebeests. In later years, his grandson, Jason, asked if he were to start over, would he still farm? His grandfather shot back this answer without taking another breath, “You bet I would! I was forced to when I did, but I loved it—the horses, cows, the whole bit.”<sup>29</sup>

In spite of the long hours of farming, Marcus and Smoot were always active in the ward. They were much like their older brother, Jack; when the bishop needed a task accomplished, he knew whom to depend upon to get the job done. Smoot was the perennial Ward Building Committee Chairman. Theresa quoted the bishop when it came to relying on her two brothers: “When we want to build something in the ward, or we need money for coal, or we’ve got to remodel something, who do we get to get the money for us? Well, Smoot and Marcus, that’s who.” Theresa added this insight into her brothers’ personalities: “Nobody would dare turn them down; they would embarrass them so bad they would get anything they asked for.”<sup>30</sup> Even in their younger days in the M.I.A., Smoot was called to raise funds for Mutual activities. Smoot claimed, “Our crowd drawing event was boxing between Marcus and Floyd Cregar when the fans would pack the room, even standing in the windows.”<sup>31</sup>

Jack’s two-year mission extended to the better part of three years. Elder Westover returned home from his mission among the Maoris of New Zealand on August 18, 1926.<sup>32</sup>

He developed a love for those humble people in the South Pacific and a deep respect for their way of life and their child-like faith in God. The following year, a beautiful young lady from New Zealand with whom Jack had become acquainted during his missionary days showed up in Lewiston to Jack's surprise, dressed in the latest fashion that New Zealand had to offer. Her name was Vera Beatrice Anderson. Jack and Vera were married and sealed in the Salt Lake Temple on June 29, 1927, by Joseph Fielding Smith of the Quorum of the Twelve and future president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Slightly more than two months following Jack and Vera's marriage, Mish also had found her true love in California. As noted earlier, in 1925 or 1926, Mish had moved down to the small town of El Segundo in Southern California, where Magdalene and George were living. However, the Lewiston Third Ward did not remove her name from their membership records until September 24, 1927; perhaps the impression was that she was only in California on an extended vacation. Mish may have stayed with her sister Magdalene and her family for a time but it was not long before Mish was living with a family by the name of "Black" in El Segundo. It was while there, she met a tall, handsome stranger with a slow western drawl from Oklahoma named James Clyde Osborne. Clyde would have to lower his head to get through many doorways, and Bill Pendleton noted that his hands were almost the size of a baseball glove. But he was as kind as he was big. Mish and Clyde were married on September 3, 1927, in Riverside, California. Riverside Ward records verify that Artemetia Westover Osborne was a member of that ward. Living in Riverside was Willard Funk, Mish's uncle, the younger brother of her mother, which may have accounted for Mish and Clyde's connection to Riverside. Willard had been engaged in researching the infant field of sonar, which drew Navy officials to investigate his findings. Also, a few of the descendants of Charles Westover's brother, Edwin Ruthven

Westover, were living in Riverside at the time as well as the Pauls, relatives of some of the El Segundo church members. Following their marriage, the Osbornes set up housekeeping in Riverside for a few months and then moved back to El Segundo by October of the following year.<sup>33</sup> Mish's "Individual Church Record" showing important events disclosed that she served a six-month mission for the Church during 1928. Eventually, Clyde was converted to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and their marriage was sealed in the temple on September 29, 1933. Clyde was ordained a High Priest by Joseph E. Young on July 22, 1934, and he served faithfully for the remainder of his life.

The Westovers of Lewiston were now reduced to Lewis B., Marcus, Smoot, Zaetell, and Ivan. When Mish left for the sunny clime of southern California, Zaetell, at the age of fourteen, took over the household duties single handedly. There were no other girls left with whom to share the womanly domestic duties. Zaetell was now in her first year of high school, so the responsibilities of housework meant early rising and late retiring with little time for school work. She confided the following:

Smoot and Marcus had to have a hot breakfast every morning with potatoes and meat and biscuits. Then I would run to catch the train two miles away to go to North Cache High. When I would come home, there would sit that big round table with dirty dishes. I hate round tables. I would have to wash those dishes and get stuff ready for breakfast. . . . The family would usually eat bread and milk for supper, but Marcus didn't like bread and milk so I would have to cook for him.<sup>34</sup>

On Saturdays, Zaetell would bake enough bread to last the family for the week. Finally, during her first year in high school, Zaetell had to quit school. However, she did not have the option of also quitting the housework. To add to her work load, in the summer months she would also cook

for the threshers who came to help harvest the grain crop. As the chief cook in the family, she maintained, "I would have to fix something for breakfast [for the threshers], their lunch and then I would fix their supper, and then I would start all over again." While shouldering a heavy responsibility for a young girl, Zaetell became expert in the art of homemaking, as this story illustrates:

There was a salesman come along that wanted to sell Dad one of those pretty Monarch coal stoves. It had a temperature gage on the oven even. I used to have to put my hand in; I could tell by the heat on my hand whether it was hot enough to bake bread or not. The salesman said, 'The very idea! You got this little girl here doing this work, and you should have the very best.' Dad said, 'Listen here, Mister, if you go anywhere in this valley and you can find anybody who can make better bread than that little girl can in that Majestic stove, I'll buy two stoves from you and I'll pay cash for both of them.' We never did see him after that.<sup>35</sup>

The years following Eliza Johanna's death were lonely times for LB, in spite of raising a large family and long hours of work. Zaetell recalls the days when she and Ivan were the only children left in the home that her father occasionally would "go a-courtin'":

He had two or three real nice women. One was from Ogden, Mrs. Johnson, and when he would go down there he would take Ivan and me with him. He would get her and her girls and bring them back to Lewiston for the weekend. She taught school. We would have to do her washing and ironing so she would be ready to go back to school Monday morning. One time she came up and Dad asked her where she would like to go the next day. She said "I would like to go see the Sego Milk plant." He used to haul milk there, you know. He said, "Well, we can sure do that." We were clapping, thinking that we could go too. He said, "No, you girls can't go. You have to stay here and do her

washing.” I said, “If we have that washing done before you leave, can we go too?” He said, “You sure can.” And we started right then. We put the boiler in and had to carry water in and carry the washing. We hung it out in the dark. But we got to go with them.



Figure 98: Sego Milk Plant





## XXIII

---

# The Depression Years

IT WAS INEVITABLE THAT THE DAY would come when the Westover household would be depleted of the fairer sex in the home. Who was left to do the cooking and cleaning? Sadly, only the father and the sons. It was not just having food on the table and a clean house that made life pleasant within the humble walls of the Westover home; the Westover girls would often sing as they flurried around busy with the household chores. Each was musically gifted—Magdalene, Clara, Mish, Theresa, and Zaetell. It seems strange that while each of the girls were talented vocalists, all the boys had singing voices that would curdle milk. But the girls' work was not confined to the home. From the days in Colorado to the present, the girls could also be found out in the barnyard feeding the chickens, gathering the eggs, milking the cows, hauling in coal, kindling wood, or out in the field working along with their brothers at threshing and haying times, as well as working their way down mile-long rows, bent over with short-handled hoes thinning beets.

The fateful day did arrive when Zaetell had an opportunity to go to Ogden to work. The thought of his baby girl leaving home must have troubled her father, but Zaetell was almost twenty-one and she had her own life to live. Perhaps there was a hidden purpose to her leaving that neither Zaetell or her father understood at the time. Not long after she started working in Ogden, she became quite ill. The result

was surgery for the removal of a goiter. Zaetell was having misgivings about leaving home in Lewiston but at least she was able to receive the expert medical treatment that was available in Ogden at the time.

After a few weeks, the doctor released Zaetell and pronounced her on the road to recovery but with restrictions on her activity, which did not include being smitten by the love bug. Clara and Vern drove down from Preston and took Zaetell home with them during her convalescence. Vern was a trucker who made his living hauling livestock for farmers and ranchers around Cache Valley. While Zaetell was recuperating at the Monson home, a young good-looking fellow by the name of Hyrum Ward came to the house with the intention of hiring Vern to ship a load of pigs to Ogden for him. It was only proper that Vern introduce Hyrum to Clara's little sister with the big brown eyes. Sparks must have started flying from that moment on because Hyrum and Zaetell soon began seeing each other on a regular basis. Less than a year later, Zaetell and Hyrum entered the Logan Temple where they were married on February 5, 1930. They made their home in the Preston Sixth Ward and spent an interesting honeymoon that summer herding sheep in Cottonwood. It is amazing what blessings can come to some people thanks to a goiter and a truck load of pigs.

With Zaetell absent from the home, life became more complicated for LB. He and his three sons could manage the housework, at least to their satisfaction. The meals perhaps were not as palatable and sometimes the dirty dishes stacked up and the beds left unmade. But a more pressing problem soon presented itself that needed a solution. While the men were out in the fields working, Ivan stayed in the house alone to perform a few simple routine household chores. But often the days were long and Ivan would find ways to entertain himself. He was always quite obedient and never caused the family hardly any trouble. But Ivan did miss the company of his sisters during the long daylight

hours. To make the days more interesting, Ivan would saunter over to the neighbors to pay his respects and perhaps be rewarded with a neighborly cookie or a piece of homemade pie. Ivan began to thoroughly enjoy these visits to various members of the ward, not wishing to deny any of the neighbors of his daily pleasantries. No one ever complained about Ivan, but it did bother his father.

At the age of sixteen, Ivan was enrolled in the Lane School for backward children located in Ogden. He attended the Lane School for one-and-a-half years. Finally, the day arrived when LB took Ivan for a long drive down to American Fork in Utah County where the state operated a school for the mentally retarded. Ivan was admitted to the Utah State Training School on November 25, 1931. This became Ivan's home for the next several years. The school is still operating in the same locality immediately to the west of the present-day Mount Timpanogas Temple. Ivan had a habit of always keeping himself clean and presentable and his personal belongings neatly stored away. Besides, Ivan had been taught to help with the housework at home although he did need direction. These traits were soon noticed by one of the women employees at the school. This good lady took Ivan under her wing and put him to work with her in the kitchen. She soon became like a mother to Ivan. Zaetell recalled an occasion a few months later when this lady telephoned Ivan's father to ask him if it would be agreeable for her to take Ivan with her on her two-week vacation. Permission was granted.

In 1930, the Great Depression had reverberated throughout America. Jobless men and women stood in long soup lines. There was little money for businesses to invest, bankruptcies became rampant.

As it turned out, Utah was one of the states hardest hit by the Great Depression, and prosperity was nearly a decade away. In 1933—at the worst of the Great Depression years—the unemployment rate in Utah

overall was 35.8 percent, the fourth highest in the nation. Thirty-two of Utah's banks had failed, one-third of the population was receiving all or part of their food, clothing, shelter, and other necessities from government relief funds, and farm foreclosures statewide had hit an unprecedented high. . . . A bushel of wheat that cost sixty-eight cents to produce during the 1933–34 season was selling for thirty cents a bushel and dropping weekly.<sup>1</sup>

The farmers of Cache Valley suffered along with the rest of the population, but their families seldom went hungry. They worked together and shared together. After all, the Westovers had the dark brown earth to till, the blue sky with fresh air aplenty, and all those animals for pulling and for milking, along with a love of farming in their bones. They were rich in important ways. Then, thankfully, they had their sugar beets from the 1920s and into the 1940s. Smoot recorded the following:

Beets were the big cash crop. There were five sugar factories in the valley in Franklin, Lewiston, Cornish, Amalga and Logan. Nearly half the land in the valley was planted in beets. They took lots of hard work, preparing the land which was a big job, drilling the seed, irrigating, thinning the little plants, hoeing and topping. This crop took many hands and hours of work. . . . Irrigating was a tedious, long job. With a ditch and a shovel, I had to get water to every corner of our crops. It was called sub-irrigating. . . . Labor was often hard to get. This was about the time of World War II. Labor was so scarce that the government sent the prisoners of war out and we had many thin our beets at this time. There was a knack to handling people when neither could understand languages, but we got along real well.<sup>2</sup>

The production of beets was a labor-intensive endeavor. Most farmers were blessed with large families as both boys and girls had to learn the art of beet farming at an early age. During the thirties, LB was fortunate to have some other

experts besides his own sons assist him in the task, namely, the Albert Westover boys. According to Nord, when harvesting LB's beets, LB would unearth the beets with a lifter, then the Westover grandkids would top them using a lethal weapon resembling a machete with a hook on the end. The toppers (the Westover boys) would deftly pick up the lifted beet on the ground with the hook, grab the beet with their left hand (providing they were right-handed) with legs spread an appropriate distance apart, and whack off the top. The topped beets would be scooped up on a conveyor and dropped into the loader (possibly a wagon). Occasionally, a leg or other bodily extensions would also be topped if their aim or rhythm was off. Smoot would then haul the beets to the factory. A Lehi beet farmer ignoring the childs' natural inclinations, purposely trained every other son to be left-handed so that the boys could work in pairs for a more efficient operation in the beet fields. The day's schedule for the LB beet crew would start at sun up, fifteen-to-twenty minutes for lunch, and then the work would continue until about 8 P.M. School would be dismissed for beet digging during part of October.<sup>3</sup> Following the fall beet harvest, returning to school would be a pleasure.

One fall, LB had six acres of beets left that had to be dug (harvested). It was Sunday and a snow storm was headed that way. LB met with the Westover boys during the day:

"You kids come over tonight to top those beets."

"But Grandpa, it's Sunday!" Nord complained.

LB quickly educated his grandkids on the matter. "The Sabbath is SunDAY—not SunNIGHT."<sup>4</sup> The Westovers managed to get the beets topped and hauled before the storm hit and without being struck by a lightning bolt from heaven.

After the beets were harvested and hauled to the sugar factory, it was time to prepare for the coming winter. LB would order a railroad car full of coal. After the car was pulled on to the siding, he had forty-eight hours to unload. With the help of his sons, they would shovel the coal from

the car into the truck bed and haul it home. It would take several truck loads to empty the large railroad car. It would also take a good scrubbing in the no. 2 tin tub to regain their identities. Of course there would be more coal than LB and the boys could possibly use over the winter, which was part of the plan. LB would sell coal to friends and neighbors for the same price he paid for it, not allowing for his work and expenses. The Anderson Lumber Company was not very pleased with LB's enterprise, which cut into their profits. But LB's profit was nothing more than good will from those who were benefitted by his generosity, which was good enough for LB. This good Samaritan hauled coal for his neighbors, friends, and family for many years, and the pay was always the same.<sup>5</sup> Smoot took over the coal enterprise following his father's term and for the same profit.

During the Great Depression, there were no jobs and a forty-acre farm was not adequate as far as Smoot was concerned. Smoot had his eye on an eighty-acre parcel owned by the Lewiston Sugar Factory, where his son and daughter-in-law, Craig and Barbara Westover, now live. Upon inquiring, Oral Hatch, the sugar company field man, told Smoot that the company wanted to sell. Smoot related to his brother, Marcus, the circumstances surrounding this newly found opportunity to become self-reliant farmers:

When I told Marcus he was really happy. Then I went back to the company to see how much they wanted for the eighty acres. At that time it only cost us \$14,000. There was an old house on it but the cattle had stayed in it one winter. The people who ran the farm did not live on the farm. With Dad's help we borrowed enough for the down payment which was \$500 and put the rest on a contract. When I told Dad about what we wanted to do, he went with us to Thatcher's Bank in Logan where we borrowed the \$500 for the down payment. We drove the cows out of the house, fixed the windows and doors, and moved in.<sup>6</sup>

Smoot and Marcus lived in that little house, bought a herd of twenty-four pure-bred Holstein cows, built a barn, planted hay, bought some used equipment, and borrowed from their dad and Albert for the rest of their needs. Later, they planted beets and bought more used equipment, but the two brothers were workers and they knew how to farm.

Smoot and Marcus worked long hours to improve their eighty acres. Smoot continued his account of those early years of testing their independence:

Wendell Godfrey stopped by the house and asked Marcus if he would like the eleven acres on the corner, south of ours. It was a “slew” piece of land that barely got dried out by fall. He [Marcus] let him know he was not crazy and had no use for it. When I came home and Marcus told me, I had a different feeling and went straight to Cornish to find out more about it. He wanted a thousand dollars and I was interested. I went to the Lewiston Bank, borrowed the money, and bought it. It took digging drains and much cultivating and fertilizing to get it to look and produce as I wanted. It was a good investment and still proves to be such.<sup>7</sup>

Following World War II, to add to the distress of the farmers growing sugar beets, a white fly plague was devastating their beet crops. Sugar beet production never regained its former status. Fortunately, dairying was emerging as the prime source of income for the Cache Valley farmer. The sugar plants were closing, but the milk and cheese plants remained productive, providing almost fifty percent of the gross income of the entire valley.





## XXIV

---

# The Missionary Years

A MARVELOUS EVENT OCCURRED in Brother Westover's life in the early 1930s—a blessing that he never expected would come to him in his lifetime. LB had always assumed that the promise in his patriarchal blessing would only come to pass by proxy through the missionary work of his children and grandchildren. It reads in part:

You shall have the gift and power of the Holy Ghost to the convincing of many souls when called upon to leave your home and family to go among those who know not God and whose hearts you shall make rejoice when you shall testify unto them with boldness that God lives and you are his witness and none shall have power to disturb or molest you in any manner upon your mission, and your needs be supplied. You shall return to Zion and your family filled with unspeakable joy for this privilege.

This humble servant received a call to the Northwestern States Mission as a proselyting missionary at the age of sixty-three. He entered the Mission Home in Salt Lake City on November 25, 1931.<sup>1</sup> He served most of his time in the Eugene, Oregon, area which was included in the Northwestern States Mission at the time. While tracting in the Eugene region, he distributed more copies of the *Book of Mormon* than any missionary had thus far accomplished—and per-

haps since. Jack Westover noted this about his father's missionary experiences:

My father went on a mission to the Northwestern States which then was the Portland Mission or the Oregon Mission and I think it covered some parts of Canada up as far as Vancouver, but my father labored mostly in Eugene. My father did a wonderful work on his mission. There were many people that loved him and every once in a while I meet someone that has labored with Father in the Oregon mission. Not long ago I met a man out in the Cottonwood Ward that labored with my Father and he remembers him so well and what a great work he did. I think my Father set a record of Books of Mormon that has never been equaled yet in the Church. That was one great thing he did after Mother died, one great and marvelous piece of work.<sup>2</sup>

Grandpa's great missionary achievements are reflected in his own words:

I have been told that I did a lot of good on my mission, if only in the distribution of Books of Mormon. I can remember giving out 96 books in two weeks. And as they told me, "Brother Westover, where you put those Books of Mormon, we now have stakes of Zion."<sup>3</sup>

Grandpa was again called to a short-term mission. He was set apart as a missionary to the Southern States Mission on March 13, 1946. Even in those days, the Southern States was a difficult mission due to deep-seated prejudices toward outside influences, perhaps a holdover from the days of the carpet-baggers following the Civil War.

Melvin Westover recalled an incident related by Grandpa while serving in the Southern States Mission, demonstrating a surprisingly ready wit:

He and his companion were tracting one day. After knocking on a door, a lady with red hair answered.

When she found out they were Mormon missionaries she said: “I know all about you Mormon missionaries, how you take women on the train to Salt Lake City and make them work in your temple.” Grandpa was quick to reply, “Well, I’ll tell you. You don’t need to worry; we took a car load of red heads back to Salt Lake and they just didn’t work out.” Grandpa said they all had a good laugh and they were able to have a gospel conversation with the lady.

Grandpa felt that his second mission was a success in one important aspect: “I believe the best thing I did in the Florida mission field was to set an example to my grandsons—I now have seventeen grandchildren who have fulfilled missions.” One of the chief points Grandpa would make when recruiting his grandchildren to serve missions was “Do you realize we have a debt to repay to those first two humble missionaries who brought the gospel to our forebears?” This venerable patriarch had an ardent desire to find ways to help his posterity achieve their potential as children of God. Soon after the conclusion of World War II when many of his grandsons were returning home from service to their country, Grandpa wasted no time in beginning his recruiting campaign. George M. Lake and Ila Westover had already served missions before and during the war. But the war had prevented several of his grandsons from serving missions when they had become of age and there were several in the wings whom he wanted to nudge in the direction of the mission field. Don Westover was the first grandson returning from the war to answer the call to serve a mission. Grandpa’s attention next was directed south to California. Boyd and Jack Lake needed no urging by Grandpa, but there was Paul Westover who could use a shove in the right direction. Paul relates his experiences at the time:

I felt an uncommon bonding when Grandpa made a special trip from Utah to California to recruit his grandsons such as Boyd and Jack Lake, Melvin Westover, and myself for missions following World

War II. Some months later as I left for the missionfield, Grandpa gave me his own scriptures he had used on his missions. He was so pleased with his success by getting me on the road to repentance and off on a mission that he offered to help support me while I was engaged in full-time missionary work. I managed without his financial help but I did learn to rely on his spiritual resources. During those two years in Maine, I received more letters from him, constantly giving me encouragement, than I received from anyone else. When it was almost time for me to be released, he informed my mission president, S. Dilworth Young (without my knowledge, mind you) that he could keep me out in the missionfield longer if he wished. I believe he was fascinated with the work without purse or scrip in which I was engaged in the New England Mission at the time which supported his theory of missionary finances. Can you understand why the Lord, and I, love this good man?

Melvin Westover related his experience when interviewed by Marion G. Romney for a mission. Although the minimum age of twenty for missionaries was in effect, Melvin, his stake president, and his father tried to persuade Elder Romney to make an exception as Melvin had only recently turned nineteen. Elder Romney let the application sit on his desk for some time. Grandpa knew most of the General Authorities on a personal basis. It finally took a phone call from Grandpa to the Church offices, not only to get Melvin's application processed, but to make sure Melvin was sent to the right mission field, which was his father's field of labor and the land of his mother's birth. After having a confidential conversation over the phone with Brother Murdock, secretary of the Missionary Committee, Melvin soon received notification from President George Albert Smith to serve in the New Zealand Mission. Melvin recites his experience involving Grandpa and his influence just prior to entering the mission home in Salt Lake City:

When it was time for me to go to the mission home, my father decided that it would be a good idea if I attended several temple sessions. This was in 1948, before the Los Angeles Temple was built. People in Southern California usually went to the Mesa or St. George Temples. We left the Los Angeles area and traveled by car to St. George. There we met Grandpa. My father, Grandpa, and I were up early in the morning after we arrived in St. George and went to the temple. Of course everyone knew Grandpa. In those days they held a special meeting in the temple chapel before the first session of the day. Usually they sang a hymn, had an opening prayer, a speaker, a closing hymn, and benediction. A member of the Temple Presidency conducted the meeting. This particular day my grandfather, father, and I were asked to bear our testimonies in the meeting. What a privilege and honor it was for me to participate. I remember my grandfather spoke first, followed by my father and I concluded. Grandpa and my father had prepared me well for my first visit to the temple. They spent time telling me the things that were going to happen. I was still apprehensive. After the endowment we spent time talking about the endowment in the Celestial Room. I learned a great deal. We attended the afternoon session and the evening session. The next day we attended all three sessions. After each session we spent time in the Celestial Room discussing the things that were presented. At the end of the last session I was able to do the endowment without help.

Later, when Reed Westover was preparing for his mission, Grandpa spent several days helping him memorize scriptures. Reed fondly recalled those days of Grandpa's training sessions:

Along about the third or fourth day, we were talking about the things I was going to have to know and he looked at me and said, "Reed, what's the greatest missionary in modern times?" After several guesses like Erastus Snow, Brigham Young, Orson Hyde, Temple Square, Tabernacle Choir, I knew he had been on several missions, so I said, "Grandpa, it was you!" "No,"

he said, “The Book of Mormon, the greatest missionary in modern times. Don’t be ashamed to show that copy of the Book of Mormon every chance you get. Use it. Don’t ever leave a copy of the Book of Mormon in a home without a prayer.”

To further illustrate Grandpa’s devotion to missionary work, David Westover describes the events at his own missionary farewell:

When I had my missionary farewell, I was concerned that I had not asked Grandpa to speak, but just to pray. I asked Dad if I should change the program and ask Grandpa to speak. He said Grandpa would say the same things whether it was in a talk or a prayer; so I left Grandpa as the opening prayer. Dad was right. Grandpa told the Lord how pleased he was with his missionary family, including how many had served, and how many would be serving. It has been a great blessing to be part of a great missionary family, and we owe it all to a great grandpa.

How thrilled Grandpa would be if he knew how far his influence has extended to future generations. In a family survey taken in 1996 by Jacque Lake Lee and Paul Westover, it was discovered that there were a total of 233 missions served by his descendants and their spouses. Perhaps Grandpa does know. Could Grandpa even now be laying the groundwork among those spirits assigned to his descendancy on earth? If Grandpa has his choice, the question needs no answer.

Smoot took care of the milk run during his father’s second missionary term and both Marcus and Smoot worked the farm. The boys had previously been doing a good part of the farming while their father ran the milk route and served as watermaster. When LB returned home from his mission, he once again began devoting more time to an activity that became of greater importance to him than anything else, even than farming. Service in the temple became his first

love; it was his passion. But the reality was that LB still had to farm and run the milk route again and perhaps a dozen other responsibilities which demanded his time. Yet he diligently served in the Logan Temple at every opportunity. During the last twenty years of his life, he would attend the temple in Logan and stay all day, one session after another without stopping to eat. He was fed spiritually for ten hours or more a day. For two or three years, according to his grandson, Don Westover, he had done more endowments in the Logan Temple than anyone else.

Despite his solitary and focused demeanor while serving in the temple, Grandpa made many friends there. One in particular was Elray Christiansen, the president of the Logan Temple and later, an assistant to the Quorum of Twelve. President Christiansen remarked one day, “Brother Westover, you don’t know it, but you were the one that taught me temple work.”

When Paul Westover was returning home from his mission in New England, he spent a couple of days with Grandpa before continuing on to California. Grandpa and Paul entered the Logan Temple one day to participate in an endowment ceremony. The only problem, Paul had not been home yet to obtain a temple recommend. That did not stop Grandpa. He got President Christiansen by the coat sleeve and persuaded the poor president to bend the rules and allow Paul to participate in an endowment session without a recommend. In his own way, Grandpa taught many the joys and blessings of the temple, especially his own children and grandchildren.

LB’s granddaughter, Carol Ward Henderson, recalled the day that her brother, Earl, and his bride, Anna Mae, were married. “He [Grandpa] didn’t get in a session in the temple so he came out of there and he grumbled all afternoon because the day was wasted because all he did was go up and witness a sealing.”<sup>4</sup> Grandpa enjoyed the society of family and friends, but while in the temple, there was important work to be done.

Albert and Liva would take LB with them often when they would attend the Logan Temple. According to Don, his mother, Liva, and Grandpa would do a lot of genealogy research together. It is estimated that he did over twenty thousand endowments for those who had died without that blessing and a good many were family names. Words of his Patriarchal Blessing had an abiding impact on Grandpa's life:

You shall assist in building a temple to aid and wait upon those that come and there receive the visitation of angels who shall bring to your knowledge the genealogy of your forefathers, the way by which you may bring them out of their present condition to become heirs to salvation through the laws of adoption.

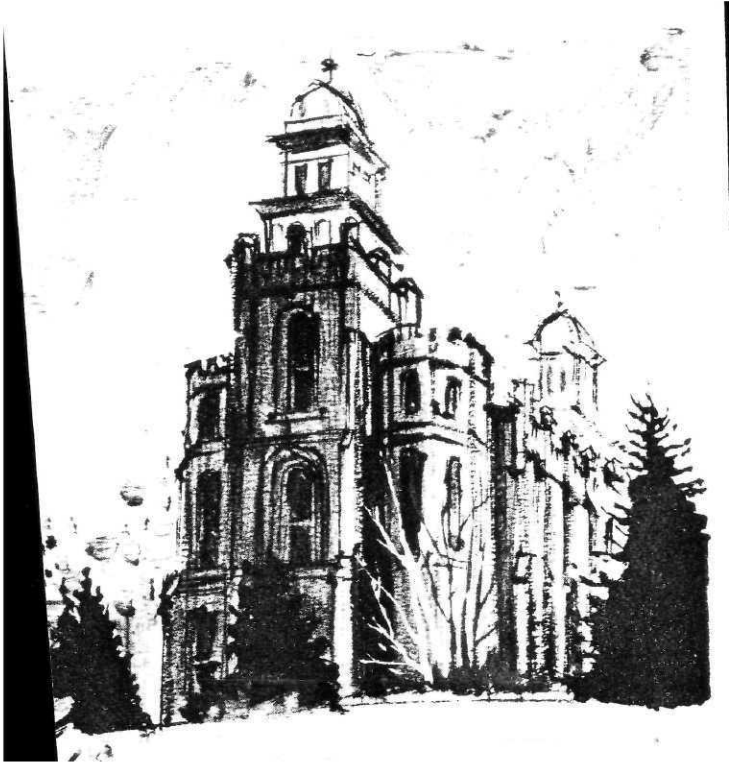


Figure 99: The Logan Temple



In 1964, Jack said this concerning his father's devotion to genealogical research:

Father did work in the temple some twenty years, the latter part of the twenty years up until now, I think work in genealogy and in the temple has not been equaled in the Church. I did not think so much about it until a few months ago when I began to go into it a little bit myself. I never realized that my father could have accomplished so much. My father did the most marvelous piece of work on his mother's side I have ever seen anywhere. . . . Father has the most complete work I have seen. His work is all placed in books in order and as I go over some of those sheets, it is my father's handwriting. He has made out a lot of the sheets himself. He has spent thousands and thousands of dollars on genealogical work. He has done hundreds and hundreds of names for the dead, all recorded and kept in these books.<sup>5</sup>

For several years before his own death, Jack had taken up the torch that had been borne by his father and had continued on in faithful pursuit of researching these noble family lineages, organizing and dispensing the genealogy among the Westover family members that he and his father had researched or had hired to have researched.

In later years, Grandpa would spend the winter months in St. George, where the days were milder and, most importantly, the temple was located there, the same site where he and his beloved Eliza swore their marriage vows decades ago. His stay in St. George seemed to lengthen as the years passed until he would arrive in September and remain until May or June. St. George had a very special place in LB's heart. He purchased a small home within walking distance of the temple and his work for his kindred dead continued almost without interruption.

David Westover writes of Grandpa's final days in St. George:

I went with Dad to pick up Grandpa after his last winter there. That was in 1959, so Grandpa would have been 91, and his kids thought he was too old to be so far away all by himself. He had kept on his calendar a record of the number of endowments he had done, and there was either 2 or 3 every day but Sunday when the temple was closed. Grandpa was looking forward to meeting the many people who had accepted the gospel that he had done work for. I'm sure there are many thousands who have been converted by his grandkids or who he has done temple work for. I would guess that right now Grandpa is preaching the gospel with all his might.<sup>6</sup>

As the years passed, many of his grandchildren from California drove to St. George to be married in the temple and witnessed by this grand old patriarch. Grandpa remarked, "I have had the greatest mission in St. George that I have ever had—I have never preached the Gospel so much in my life as in the last four years."<sup>7</sup>

As a side note, Paul and Dorothy Westover were visiting Grandpa in St. George in the early 1950s. Grandpa was complaining that he had recently hired one of the high councilors in his stake who was a plumbing contractor to fix some piping in his little St. George home. After he got the bill, LB confronted the high councilor with this scathing indictment: "I lived in the days of Jesse James, but he never robbed a man like you have robbed me." LB had difficulty relating to the inflated dollar.

## XXV

---

# The Lonely Years

Lewis Burton was no Adam, but he did raise a luscious “Garden of Eatin’.” His expertise as a gardener earned him a reputation throughout Lewiston. Zaetell declared,

Dad was a great farmer and a great gardener. He just made anything grow. There was nobody that ever had a better garden than he. He just had green thumbs. We would go out and pick a bushel basket full of cucumbers and the next day there would be another.<sup>1</sup>

Theresa verified her father’s prized gardens. “He grew a big garden in the summer and he expected us to use it. He never charged five cents worth of groceries. We ate what we had and if we ran out, that was just too bad; we’d eat beans. He set an example in health and living within your means.”<sup>2</sup>

As for beans, the acreage of beans proved to be a somewhat accurate barometer of the state of the economy in Cache Valley. If jobs were plentiful, a small amount of beans were planted by farmers; but if times were hard, a large acreage was produced to keep the family supplied with both work and food.<sup>3</sup> But the Westovers did not have to rely only on beans with Grandpa’s garden in full production. The garden provided the family with appetizing and nourishing meals year in and year out. LB bottled all the produce that was not eaten fresh, which would see them through the win-

ter months. LB saw to it that there was always enough to share with friends and neighbors.

LB's gardens were not only beautiful but they were big. David Westover claimed Grandpa's garden was large enough to feed the entire ward, and he had a standing offer, particularly to the widows, to come and take whatever was needed. "Grandpa liked the beans to get big before he would let anyone pick them, so they were always too tough, but Mother bottled them regardless and we had to eat them anyway," sighed David.

Grandpa was an innovator. Melvin Westover describes Grandpa's expertise in the production of the bean crop:

In those days the only string beans were the pole variety. Bush beans had not been developed. The trouble with pole beans is that you have to have poles for them to climb up on. Putting the poles in place for each plant is a lot of work and takes a lot of poles. Additionally, you have to clean the dead plant from the pole, remove it, and store it away for the next season. Well, Grandpa had solved that dilemma. He planted the corn spaced further apart than normal and then planted the beans by the corn. The corn became the pole for the beans to climb. It sounds great but there is more to it than that. I have tried to do this on a number of occasions without success. The timing is everything. If the corn is too high before the bean starts to grow, it will shade the bean and the bean will not grow. If you plant the bean too soon it will climb the small corn and weight it down. How Grandpa knew the exact time to plant is something I never discovered.

Albert and Liva confirmed that LB always had an exceptional garden:

He was a wonderful gardener, everything grew for him except weeds. His garden was always clean, watered, and vegetables ready for use early in the season. He raised a garden every year until he was 95

years old when he was moved off the farm. He took great pride canning fruit and vegetables.

His strawberry patch was the envy of all the children in the family. LaRue confessed, "Us kids knew that he would be gone until about noon or after [on the milk run] and we would get into his garden and eat all the strawberries we wanted. We would cut through the fields. He would sometimes complain that Albert's boys were getting into his strawberry patch."<sup>4</sup> But they were so delicious, and it seemed so unfair of Grandpa to leave such temptations withering on the vine while hungry eyes rested on those plump, red morsels causing salivating juices to overflow. When Vern (Jr.), Bob, Lois, and Donna Mae would come down from Preston, according to Vern, Grandpa would graciously invite them into his strawberry patch and the Monson kids would ungraciously gorge themselves on those delectable juicy berries.

La Rue remembered,

By his house was a garden with rows of carrots on one side of the door and some more rows of carrots on the other side. There were other vegetables too. Then around the back of the house were more carrots. Grandpa was big on carrots. The horses had to have one of those big carrots every day. There was nothing as good as a carrot. He would go out and pull a carrot and dust it off with his hands and eat it. In the afternoons, you would find him on his hands and knees going up and down his garden pulling weeds.

The subject of carrots in Grandpa's life deserve special mention, as most of the Utah relatives will agree. Those tapered orange beauties were the fruit of the gods. Carrots were not only morsels to excite the taste buds, but they were Nature's fountain of health. Grandpa was fully aware that a wealth of nutrients lay under the golden skin of the carrot; hence, if the cook insisted on removing the outer layer, he or she had better make the peeling thin or the peeler would

hear about it from Grandpa. The carrots growing in his garden were always the king-size variety. A pot of carrot soup (other vegetables that were handy were usually included) could always be found simmering on the back of his wood stove so that his meals were always pre-planned—breakfast, dinner, and supper—and eaten from a tin pie plate. The pot that the soup was in was too big to fit in his small refrigerator so he just kept it on the corner of the big coal stove, according to David. Don, King, and Prince likewise shared their master's love for the carrot with which their loyalty was rewarded daily. Grandpa raised a garden until he was ninety-five years old.

There must have been some truth to Grandpa's philosophy about carrots and other vegetables that were his staple diet. As was pointed out earlier, he never became intimate with doctors. David recalled how healthy Grandpa was and his refusal to be sick:

When Grandpa was about 84 or so, we were trying to load a steer into a horse trailer. We had made a makeshift shoot out of some lumber that was laying around. Grandpa was on one side holding the lumber in place, and the steer jumped up over the side and landed right on Grandpa. It knocked him down and one hoof landed right on Grandpa's chest. We were afraid it had broken some ribs and wanted to take him to the doctor. He refused to go saying, "I have never been to a doctor and I'm not going to start now."<sup>5</sup>

Grandpa's love for religion and farming did not diminish his political fervor. He was a Republican from his toupee down to the worn-out soles of his boots. After his daughter, Theresa, grew old enough to form her own political bent, Zaetell warned that when her dad and Theresa were in the same room together, never bring up the subject of politics or there would be shouting and screaming. It has been claimed that this grand old Republican had once made the dogmatic remark, "I don't see how anyone can be a faithful member

of the Church and still be a Democrat.” Perhaps Grandpa never had that point clarified by President Henry D. Moyle, among others. As a matter of fact, there were several prominent members of the Church years ago, and still many today, who were and are loyal to both the Church and the Democratic Party. Perhaps the Democratic Party loyalty is partly due to the way the Republican leadership mistreated the Church back in the days of Nauvoo. The infant GOP’s platform condemned the “twin relics of barbarism”—slavery and polygamy. It was a Republican Congress that enacted the Edmunds and Edmunds-Tucker bills, and a Republican president who appointed the prejudicial crusading judges while the national Democratic Party had tried to restrain the extreme anti-polygamy legislation. In the early twentieth century, Cache Valley was a democratic stronghold, leaving dear LB in the minority. In the latter part of the 1800s, James H. Moyle was recounting the gist of what George Q. Cannon stated at a meeting designed to find ways to influence the federal government to grant Utah statehood:

Our people were mostly Democrats. . . . But it would not do for all the Saints to join the Democratic Party, for, if they did that, the Gentiles would become Republicans and thus perpetuate the old feeling about politics. It would be best, therefore, for many of our people to become Republicans, to divide really and not nominally on party lines. We don’t want the old fight to continue.<sup>6</sup>

Kate C. Snow of Sanpete County described the political climate in Utah during that time:

Politics had little place in the lives of the people, for there was only one side represented—naturally they were nearly all Democrats. Most people took the semi-weekly Deseret News. . . . Judge C. C. Goodwin, editor of the Salt Lake Tribune, which was considered a Republican paper, fought many of the Mormon practices; while Charles Penrose, the able editor of the Deseret News and a Democrat, defended the church.

Anyone subscribing to the Tribune was almost considered an apostate. Uncle Tom Houston of Panguitch told me the following story: Utah felt it deserved statehood and had worked to that end for many years, but each time the leaders applied, they had been refused. The church felt that if the people divided on party lines, they might have a better chance. Consequently, men were sent through the territory with the message. One came to his home in Panguitch, where there were four eligible men, and said, "Now you two be Republicans, and you two stay with the Democrats." This they did, and the two brothers voted the Republican ticket so long, they really became Republicans.<sup>7</sup>

Finally, on January 4, 1893, President Benjamin Harrison, a Republican, granted amnesty—but only for polygamists who renounced the practice as well as their surplus wives. Those who continued to live in plural marriage still could be prosecuted. This was not all that the citizens of Utah had hoped for, but they were willing to take what they could get. This act solidified a Mormon-Republican alliance that continues to this day. Paradoxically, it was a Democratic President Grover Cleveland who, three years to the day after Harrison's amnesty, signed the proclamation making Utah the forty-fifth state of the Union.<sup>8</sup>

To show how times and loyalties have changed, in the 1992 and 1996 presidential elections, William Jefferson Clinton, a Democrat, received the smallest percentage of votes in Utah than in any other state of the Union. In the year 2000, of the five congressional seats representing Utah in Congress, Republicans occupy four, along with the governorship, a situation which would have suited LB just fine (except for that one darn Democrat).

Bishop Marler of the Third Ward called Smoot into his office one day to ask Smoot how he felt about fulfilling a mission. Smoot was quite happy and willing to accept a call, but after his father was told of the plan, LB had a heart-to-



heart talk with the bishop. LB felt that Marcus was older and first in line for a mission call. To run the farm alone that Smoot and Marcus had worked together would be a challenge considering Marcus' physical limitations [TB of the hip, as Smoot put it]. Smoot graciously supported his brother's call to serve a mission in his stead, as well as financially. In his closing years of life, Smoot acknowledged:

It was a great desire and goal of mine since I didn't have a mission, that each of my sons and grandsons would have that experience and having succeeded in this, it has been the crowning happiness in my life. Besides three sons and eight grandsons, there were two granddaughters. It seems that when Jason left that was the completion of this goal.<sup>9</sup>

On November 30, 1932, Elder Marcus Westover was set apart as a missionary to serve in the California Mission, a month and a half following his thirtieth birthday. This was a young man who was prepared and eager to go forth to proclaim the gospel of repentance and baptism. And that he did with vigor and conviction. On a brief occasion he visited his brothers and sisters in the small town of El Segundo on the California shoreline of the Pacific Ocean. But then it was back to the missionary work he loved. In later years, his older brother, Lewis Esper, while in a jocular mood, quipped about the time when Marcus' normal missionary term expired, Marcus simply stuffed the notification of his release in the drawer and continued his missionary activities without interruption, as though the release were only a suggestion. After two or three such notices, the elder from the beet fields of Lewiston, Utah, was finally convinced it was time to return home.

An incident occurred shortly after Marcus had returned from his mission that deserves retelling. It was at threshing time, and threshing was no small chore. It took about twenty men for a smooth operation with a threshing machine. The

farmers would work together to accomplish this major task at harvest time. On this memorable occasion while threshing, young Nord Westover was busy doing chores when one of the kids came running out of the house hollering to Nord, "Come to the house, quick!" Sister Bowden met Nord at the door, "Your dad is dying! Go get on a horse and tell the threshing crew!" Nord jumped on the closest mount and away he rode to the fields where the men were working. He first spotted Smoot and hollered to him. In a matter of seconds, the crew had turned off the threshing machine and piled on the milk truck and sped to the house, bouncing wildly over the furrowed fields. As the truck careened to a screeching stop in front of the door, Sister Bowden came out with tears streaming down her cheeks, "He's gone!" she cried. Still imbued with the missionary spirit, Marcus pushed past Sister Bowden and rushed to Albert's bedside. Without another word being said, Marcus placed his hands on his brother's head and proceeded to give him a blessing by the authority of the Holy Priesthood. Following the ministration, Albert sat up in bed and asked, "Where are my clothes? We've got to get the threshing going." Marcus just shook his head and sighed, "Albert, you have been living on borrowed time."<sup>10</sup>

About a year following Marcus's return home from his mission, there was another family member whose time did run out. Sadly, Mish developed ovarian cancer. It ravaged her body and left her in the throes of pain. Her cries could be heard next door where the LeRoy Westover family lived in El Segundo. Mish died on April 17, 1936, leaving a husband and two small children, Mildred and Bill.

Smoot was a busy farmer, especially while Marcus was away on his mission. But Smoot managed to find time to occasionally brush up on his social life. There was a lovely and congenial school teacher in Lewiston, Miss Myrtha Kent, whom he had been dating quite steadily for the last three years. Marcus had only been gone about three months

and Smoot did not care much for his solitary home life. Smoot made up his mind one evening to lay his emotions on the line to Miss Myrtha, "I'm darned tired of living alone, and if you are not going to marry me now, I'll find someone else!" In Smoot's history, he admitted that may not have been exactly the way he put it, but his bluff apparently paid off. Myrtha and Smoot started making plans for marriage. Myrtha wanted to finish her fifth year of teaching, but Smoot could not wait. They decided on December 16—it was Depression time and there was no money for a honeymoon anyway so why wait for the sun to shine? Smoot and Myrtha would make their own sunshine. Accompanied by Myrtha's parents, Melvin and Laura Kent, the happy couple drove to the Logan Temple on a cold winter day in 1932 where they met Smoot's father who had already been engaged in temple work that morning. Smoot and Myrtha were married by President Joseph Sheppard. Afterwards, the parents and the newlyweds celebrated by having dinner in Cheney's Café. They then drove the Kents back home to Lewiston, which also gave Smoot an opportunity to do the evening chores. After all the work was done, Smoot and Myrtha sped back to Logan and attended a movie and spent the night at the Eccles Hotel. Smoot was smart enough to have arranged for someone to take over the chores the next morning so they had a full day to "honeymoon."<sup>11</sup> Smoot undoubtedly agreed with the adage that "It is a rule of nature that taking a day off on the farm sets a farmer back at least a week."

Smoot and Myrtha made their home in the house on the eighty acres that used to be a winter retreat for the dispossessed cattle although the boys had since fixed it to suit their needs. The water was carried from an outdoor hydrant, baths were taken in a galvanized wash tub, and the toilet involved a long journey to the outhouse in a corner of the yard. Myrtha made the house a home without complaint, even though she was raised in much different circumstances. Smoot continues his narration:

When Marcus returned home from his mission in California, he was not used to such outdated ways and immediately went about making changes. A sink with running water by turning a tap and a bathroom with modern facilities were installed. It wasn't that we didn't know about such luxuries; Myrtha had left a modern home with all of them, but we couldn't afford them. There were so many places our money had to go.<sup>12</sup>

Leah Farrell was about the most gracious person a fellow would ever want to meet and she was attractive to go along with her pleasant personality. Marcus Westover would agree with that observation whole heartedly. In fact, Marcus was in love and this was the girl he wanted for his wife and eternal companion. In order to solve the problem imposed by an increase in the household of Smoot, namely Myrtha and Marcus, the boys decided to divide their property. Marcus took over the south forty acres with the house and barn. Smoot and Myrtha moved to a rented house on "factory row" in Cornish on December 2, 1936, in anticipation of Marcus and Leah's marriage. Leah and Marcus were married in the Logan Temple on June 9, 1937.<sup>13</sup> The bride and groom made their home in the house that Myrtha, Smoot, and Marcus had been living in on the eighty acres.

There were other changes in the wind as well. Farm work and church work were about all that LB knew ever since his beloved Eliza Johanna had left his side. But there was a loneliness for companionship that had been eating at him for twenty-four years. And, as always, there was Ivan and the boy's need for care and love. On what would have been Lew and Eliza's golden wedding anniversary, Lewis B. took Pearl Leonhardt to wife in the Logan Temple, April 24, 1939. There must have been a significance in the mind of LB to have intentionally remarried on that special day; not in thoughtlessness, but perhaps in memory of the woman

who for fifty years he had loved and cherished with all his heart, a sentiment he would take with him to the grave.

When Jack got wind of his father's plans for remarriage, Jack lost little time in traveling to Lewiston to counsel his seventy-year-old father, a twist in a father/son relationship. Nord remembers Jack's admonition to his father: "You've got to remember, Dad, that there is only one Eliza Johanna." LB would never have forgotten his Eliza.

LB brought his new bride to his Lewiston farm. Clarice Hatch, Zae-tell and Hyrum's oldest child, used to go over to her grandfather's house to give it a much needed cleaning. Clarice's only comment was "Whew! What a challenge!" With Pearl as the woman of the house, the cleaning took on major improvements. Pearl was a good woman who tried to please her husband and she succeeded in many ways. However, there was a problem that stood in the way of a happy marriage; in fact, there were two problems. Pearl had two daughters who did not particularly enjoy the country air of Lewiston; they much preferred the city life in Logan. Zae-tell had an opinion of her newly acquired step-sisters:

When they came to Lewiston, they came with the idea that "We're from the city. You kids look up to us. You do what we want to do." They never hit it off with the 3rd Ward people. So the kids come to her mother one day and said: "We're going whether you go with us or not." So she [Pearl] went to Dad and said, "Won't you sell the farm and go to Logan and we'll live in my home there. My kids aren't happy here and I'm going to lose them if I don't go." Dad said, "I can't sell my farm. I've got Ivan to take care of and I don't have any idea how long he is going to live. So I've got to keep my farm so if I die at least I'll know that he is being taken care of." So he told her that there was nothing that they can do then. Dad said that he didn't blame her for wanting to keep her kids. They departed good friends.<sup>14</sup>

Years later when Clarice and Irven moved to Benson, Clarice discovered her neighbor was one of Pearl's daugh-

ters. Clarice remembered the daughter to be pleasant and congenial.

Jack's perception of his father's second marriage is simplified in these terms, "My father married sometime again but it wasn't a success and I can understand why. My father can love no other woman on earth except my mother. My father can live with no other woman on earth except my mother."<sup>15</sup>

The experience of this marriage must have weighed heavily on Grandpa's conscience as the years passed. For some unexplained reason, he felt he had failed, failed himself as well as those he loved the most by remarrying. Sadly, later in life Grandpa remarked in a moment of reflection in Nord's presence, "There is one thing I am ashamed of and that is marrying again." "Grandpa, you needn't be ashamed of anything. You lived a noble and exemplary life"; which is a sentiment shared by all his family members who knew and loved him.

In one sense, the word "exemplary" may need qualifying. In the light of morals and virtue, there is no question. But when it came to housekeeping, perhaps the term may not be quite appropriate. Living alone allowed Grandpa a certain flexibility in how he arranged, not only the affairs of his life, but the living space in his house. It seems Grandpa wished to expand his farming operation by going into the turkey business. Because he lacked a brooder, he was forced to resort to other ingenious methods. There happened to be a room in his house that he felt was not needed at the time. He removed the furniture and installed the necessary equipment to make a suitable abode for his turkey chicks. Consequently, the turkeys and Grandpa spent the winter in the house together, making a convenient arrangement for both man and birds.

As spring rolled around, Marcus and Smoot got wind of this curious cohabitation, as well as occasional visitors. Needless to say, Grandpa was severely reprimanded as only

the two boys were capable of doing. Having survived the winter quite handily, the turkeys had fattened due to their pampered life style and were sold for a profit to LB's satisfaction. Marcus and Smoot were not so satisfied, as they had to devote a precious day cleaning and airing out the room. The boys let their poor father know in no uncertain terms that there would be no more turkey raising in the house. So ended Grandpa's venture into the turkey market.<sup>16</sup>

From then on, about the only association Grandpa had with turkeys was at Thanksgiving when he would provide two large gobblers for the Thanksgiving dinner table. All the family would gather at Grandpa's house. According to Joycelyn, Aunt Zaetell was the "pusher" in the family. She and the other women folks would get together and prepare a wonderful dinner with all the trimmings, including pies made with Grandpa's famous mincemeat. Joycelyn continued her description of the holiday get-together: "There was a big crowd that attended. We had lots of fun. I can remember how pleased Grandpa was to have the dinner there." Reed Westover claimed that if the weather permitted, tables would be set up outside while the cooking would be done in the house.

According to custom, following the meal the men folks would sit around talking while the women did the usual task of cleaning up. Normally, the conversation would turn to religion. Inasmuch as each of the sons had their own interpretation of the doctrines and policies of the Church, it would appear that those who were convinced that they who had the best arguments were the ones with the loudest voices. Vern Monson Jr. noted that Smoot, slyly, was usually the catalyst that led to such heated discussions. Grandpa would just sit quietly and let his sons engage in their vigorous disputations. Grandpa might interject an occasional "Oh, laus!"<sup>17</sup> or a quote from the scriptures to settle the matter and bring the voices to a more tolerable pitch. Vern

and the cousins would retreat to a more tranquil setting out in the barnyard.

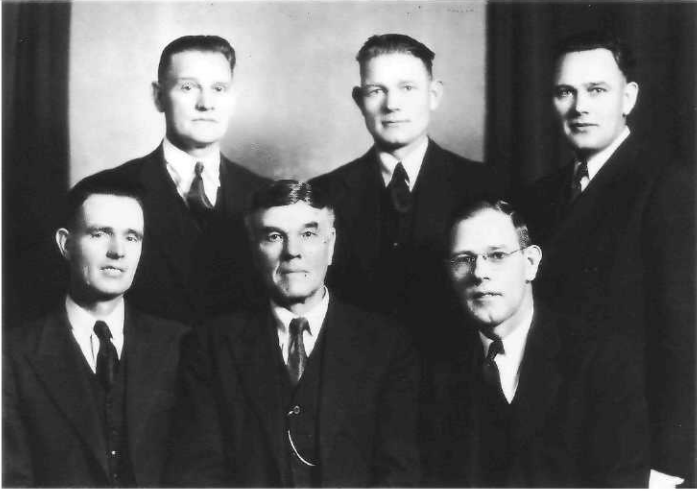


Figure 100: Lewis B. Westover and Sons  
(front, l-r: Albert, Lewis Burton, Marcus;  
back: Lewis Esper, Smoot, Jack)

Being a father to motherless children for many years gave LB an opportunity to develop homemaking skills uncommon to a farmer who knew nothing but work day in and day out. But the winter months made fewer demands, which allowed LB time for quilt making. He would buy out-  
ing flannel from the dry goods store, set up four chairs on which he would rest the poles on the chair backs, stretch the fabric and attach it to the poles, pin the batting and the top piece, and begin tying. Then he would bind it by hand. The finished quilt was not the work of an expert quilter, but it was tied and stitched with love. Over the years, he tied many quilts for himself and others. One winter, Grandpa, with Zaetell's help, made a quilt for each of his children.<sup>18</sup> Paul Westover still has the rust-colored quilt with green crocheted ties that Grandpa made for his son, Lewis Esper—a treasured family heirloom.



LB's own children were not the only ones he favored. His grandchildren were very special to him. LB felt that it was important that they grow up with a love for the Gospel and a high esteem for their pioneer heritage. He would sing nursery rhymes while holding their hands and teetering them on his knee for hours, according to Zaetell. The grandkids loved it when Grandpa came for a visit or when they went to Grandpa's place. Clarice remembered the mints, ginger snaps, and horehound that Grandpa would pass out to his grandchildren. Reed noted that one common question Grandpa would ask of his grandchildren, "Are you doing right?"

When Nord was in his teens, Grandpa took his grandson aside one day, "I'll make a deal with you," he said, looking Nord straight in the eye. "We'll borrow some money and get some cows. You milk them twice a day and I'll furnish the feed. The milk check goes for paying off the loan." That suited Nord fine, and Grandpa felt good about it too. They drove to the bank and applied for a loan. Mr. Salisbury, the loan officer, confided to LB "I'd loan you any amount you wanted." LB signed the note and as time passed Nord paid it off when due.<sup>19</sup> Grandpa would have helped any of his grandchildren learn the value of work and trust.

Grandpa was not much of a traveler, but when he did go he aimed to get there even if it was left up to his shanks' mares. According to Mildred (Osborne) Elder, the following story must have taken place about 1941 when she was eleven or twelve years old. Mildred relates the occasion:

Grandpa had decided to come to California for a visit with his kids there. He evidently didn't tell anyone he was coming (at least the exact day or time) because no one knew about his arrival. He took a bus to Los Angeles, then a streetcar to Inglewood which was about seven miles from El Segundo. Since all public transportation had stopped for the night to El Segundo, he decided to walk. This must have been some-

where between 10 PM and 1 AM. Anyway, he walked to El Segundo and stopped at our place (on Main Street) because it was the closest. He found the house, (or so he thought) and walked in and sat down in the living room to wait for us to get up.

Bob Monson interjects at this point that in order to find the right house, Grandpa searched the back yards until he found Clyde's cow shed located in an adjoining field.

Mildred continues:

Well, around 5 o'clock he felt we should be up so he went to the bedroom to wake up my daddy and step-mother [Mish had died several years earlier]. What a surprise it was for our neighbors, the Allens, to have this strange man telling them to get up [as only Grandpa could do it]. I'm sure Grandpa had his own surprise. Anyway, things got straightened out and he finally got where he was going. By the way, the Allens lived two doors south of us.

Grandpa was close but he never could figure out how that old jersey cow misled him.

The day arrived when Grandpa decided that it was time for Ivan to come home. His father was not satisfied with the care that his youngest son was receiving at the school for the mentally retarded in American Fork where Ivan had spent the better part of the past twenty-two years. Grandpa also realized that at 85 years of age, he was probably not going to outlive Ivan. He called the family together at Albert's home and admitted that Ivan needed the type of home life he was no longer able to provide. If one of the family would take over the responsibility of caring for Ivan, he would deed over his home and farm to that family. Marcus volunteered, not so much for the sake of the farm, but Marcus felt that his family could offer the love and care that Ivan needed. So in the winter of 1953, Ivan was brought

home to Lewiston to live permanently with the Marcus and Leah family.

One day soon after the meeting, Marcus stopped by at Zaetell's in Clifton, Idaho. Zaetell wondered if Marcus was taking too much responsibility on his shoulders in light of Leah's fight with tuberculosis:

I asked Marcus, "How would it be with Leah?" She had been in and out of the hospital in Ogden. "What if Leah gets bad and can't take care of him?" "Well," Marcus said, "There will be no worries about that. We've had it out with our family and my boys have said that they would take care of Ivan."<sup>20</sup>

About 1962, the family began worrying about their father living alone at the old homestead. When he had a problem that he needed help with, he would walk about one and a half miles to get one of the boys, rain, snow, sleet, or sunshine. At ninety-four years of age, this was unacceptable. Marcus and Smoot had a building from a railroad station moved on to the eleven acres that they had purchased from Wendell Godfrey several years earlier. They fixed it up and made a home for their father. The Marcus Westover family were able to keep a close eye on their independent by aging patriarch.

Ivan lived with the Marcus Westover family for twenty-three years until the death of Marcus in 1976. Leah had previously succumbed to tuberculosis in 1963. Ivan had become a loving and loved member of Marcus's family. Following the death of Marcus, Ivan was taken to Orem, Utah, to live with Marcus and Leah's son and daughter-in-law, David and JoAnn. "Ivan just loved JoAnn and David." Zaetell declared. "They really were good to him."<sup>21</sup> David gives us an insight into Ivan's personality:

He was extremely clean and neat. Everything had to be in its place. Even as he did the breakfast dishes on week days when all the children were gone to school and Marcus was in the fields. He would take all morn-

ing making sure everything was clean and put away in just the right place. He would hum to himself all the while. After he did the dishes it would be lunch time (dinner time on the farm). After eating he would wash the milkers in the same exact manner until you could see yourself in the buckets.

Everything Ivan owned had a place and everything was always in its place. If you wanted to make Ivan mad, all you needed to do was mess something up. For example, when Ivan undressed for the night he would fold his pants and shirt and lay them on the foot of the bed. His socks were folded and placed in his shoes, and the shoes were put under the bed directly under the pants and shirt. If anything got moved, even in the middle of the night, Ivan would repeat the whole process. Naturally Marcus's kids couldn't resist teasing Ivan now and then by rearranging his things. Ivan would get mad, but he would never retaliate in any way. If anyone was sad for any reason Ivan was also sad. He would get tears in his eyes and would say, "I'm sorry."<sup>22</sup>

In recording Ivan's history in 1996, David penned these tender sentiments in conveying an exceptional expression of gratitude as Ivan's spokesman: "Ivan was loved by all his family as much as he loved them, and he would like to take this opportunity to say thank you for all the many acts of kindness shown him throughout his life. He was a special spirit."

Ivan died in David and JoAnn's home in Orem on October 26, 1981. Ivan was sixty-nine.



Figure 101: Lewis B. Westover and Family (front, l-r: Zaelle, Lewis Burton, Theresa, Liva; back: Jack, Ivan, Albert, Smoot, Marcus)

## The Lonely Years

Grandpa's yard was a typical yard for that period. Everything was fenced in with gates from one area to another. This was because in the spring and the fall the animals ran free in the fields and the yards. In later years Grandpa lived basically in the east and south parts of the house. The east part of the house was a combination of a bedroom and living room. The southwest corner was his kitchen with a small bathroom between the two rooms which was rarely used. Grandpa Westover lived in an age when the outhouse by the chicken coop was a more common place.

When I was a young boy, his chickens didn't seem too friendly. The strawbery patch was large enough to satisfy anyone's appetite who were willing to sit down in the middle and pick his or her own, of which Grandpa invited anyone to do. The two apple trees on the west side of the house that set on each side of the septic tank were famous as "wormy" apples. It was difficult to find an apple that you could get one bite from that didn't have a worm hole. The garage served a two-fold purpose. It was a building that was moved on to the farm from the sugar factory. The bottom part was a garage for the milk truck which made its run 365 days a year taking milk from the farmers to the factory. The upper part was a granary which stored grain for the animals. The woodpile was a necessary item of those days which included limbs, posts, and lumber from corrals and buildings. It provided the kindling and firewood for their stoves for cooking and heating.

The animal barn served both as a milking area in the back for the cows and front part was a horse barn. The cement watering trough was to water the cows and the horses and to keep the ten-gallon cans of milk in to keep cool until they were put on the truck to take to the milk factory the next morning.

Sketch and text by Lewis M. Westover, grandson

YARD WAS IN  
THE SOUTH EAST CORNER  
OF GRANDPA'S 40 ACRE  
FARM.

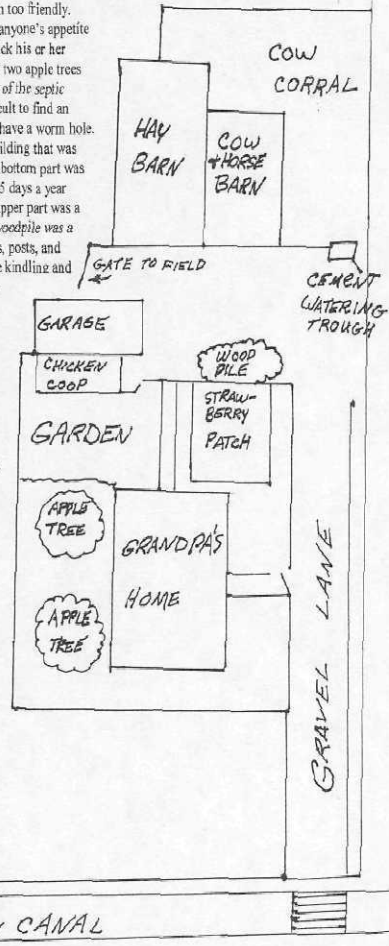


Figure 102: A sketch of Grandpa's farm by grandson, Dr. Lewis M. Westover.

## XXVI

---

# The Final Mission Call

THERE COMES A TIME when even the best of men have to call it quits. Well, Grandpa was no quitter, you can bet your bottom dollar on that. He still felt he was capable of dealing with whatever life had to offer, whether it meant weeding his garden, irrigating, or driving himself to the temple. His family thought otherwise. After all, he was ninety-six and it worried the kids that he would fall and injure himself or else burn the house down due to his forgetfulness. So the family came to a decision (with the father in absentia) that it was time for their beloved father to put aside his shovel and settle down in a rocking chair for a change. The children felt that he belonged in a home where he could have twenty-four-hour-a-day supervision. They located a suitable care center in Logan known as Sunshine Terrace. Zaetell and Hyrum were living in Logan and Magdalen and George Lake had also recently moved there from California so LB would have the benefit of their frequent visits.

When LB learned of his children's intentions, he did his best to veto the whole idea. He didn't need anymore sunshine. But at this stage in life, the parent/child relationship does a peculiar about face when the child emerges as the presiding authority.

The problems facing the family did not end with their father's admittance to Sunshine Terrace. He demanded, threatened, and pleaded to let him return home. Marcus

advised Magdalen and Zaetell to leave him alone; their visits only created more discontent. One day when the girls phoned to see how their father was doing, the woman at the home answered in exasperation: “He won’t eat. All he talks about is soup. We can’t make soup to satisfy him. Would you come up and set us straight on that soup?” Zaetell and Magdalen explained that was all he was used to eating, three times a day. The woman pleaded, “Would you make a pot of soup like you think he made and bring it here?”<sup>1</sup> After the cook at Sunshine Terrace learned the art of making carrot soup the “proper way,” Grandpa’s mood improved appreciably.



Figure 103: Grandpa and friends at Sunshine Terrace

Grandpa’s sunny disposition was short-lived, however. One day, this hardened veteran of years of toil, fell out of bed. Under protest, LB was rushed to the hospital with a broken hip where he spent the next two or three months. LB’s daughter, Theresa Hoskins, described his internment:

I’m telling you, he was the worst patient that hospital ever had. The head nurse on his floor used to work with me in the delivery room. I told her I want to see



my dad. She said it wasn't visiting hours. I said, "So what." [a chip off the old block, wouldn't you say?] She said, "We have a rule here. You visit patients only during visiting hours." I said, "You know as well as I know, rules are only made to be broken." She looked at me disgustedly and told me the room number where he was at. She told me that he was the meanest patient they ever had. They tried to force him to do things. Well, you didn't force LB Westover to do anything. I'll tell you he hated those people in that hospital. He couldn't wait to get back to the nursing home.<sup>2</sup>

Evidently from that day on, Grandpa had a new appreciation of Sunshine Terrace. However, Nord claimed that the nursing home broke his spirit. LB no longer had that same fire of independence he was once noted for. His way of life, his old vigor, his right to do what he danged-well pleased was now all plowed under. He did not complain about the soup they served him with the same old vitality. He seemed resigned to his fate. The attendants at the home were quite content with LB's milder disposition, but it gave his children cause for concern. Perhaps LB was contemplating his next calling.

LB's ninety-eight years of earthly toil, struggle, and caring finally came to an end. Grandpa died in his room at Sunshine Terrace on August 28, 1966. Two days later, his loved ones and friends gathered together at the Lewiston Third Ward chapel to pay homage to this faithful servant of his Father in Heaven. Members of various branches of the family participated in the proceedings of the service:

- Nord Westover (Albert and Liva's son) offered the family prayer with a reminder of the family's great heritage.

- Myrtha Westover played the organ beautifully and with feeling.

- Bill Osborne (Mish and Clyde's son) was unable to attend so Jack Lake (Magdalen and George's son) offered the invocation, acknowledging that the greatest tribute we as a family could pay our grandfather was to live as he had lived, to love and appreciate others as he had.

## Death Claims Lewiston Citizen, 98

**LEWISTON**— Lewis Burton Westover, 98, died Sunday at a Logan hospital of causes incident to age.

He was born in St. George May 14, 1866, son of Charles Westover and Eliza Ann Haven Westover. He married Johanna Funk April 24, 1889, in the St. George Temple. She died in 1915.

Mr. Westover had been active in the LDS Church throughout his life and had served in all of the organizations. He had done a great deal of genealogy and temple work, working in the St. George Temple winters and in the Logan temple during the summers. He served two missions, one to the Northwestern States and the other to the Southern States.

A retired farmer, he spent his early life in St. George, moving to the St. Louis Valley in Colorado after his marriage. After 20 years there he was in Trenton three years. He has been in Lewiston since 1912.

The father of 12 children, he is survived by five sons and three daughters:—Albert H. Westover and Mrs. George (Magablen) Lake, Logan; Leroy J. Westover, Salt Lake City; Mrs. Elijah (Therisa) Hoskins, Ogden; Marcus Westover, Ivan Westover and W. R. Westover, all of Lewiston; Mrs. Hyrum J. Zaetell) Ward, Clifton, Ida.; 55 grandchildren, 135 great grandchildren.

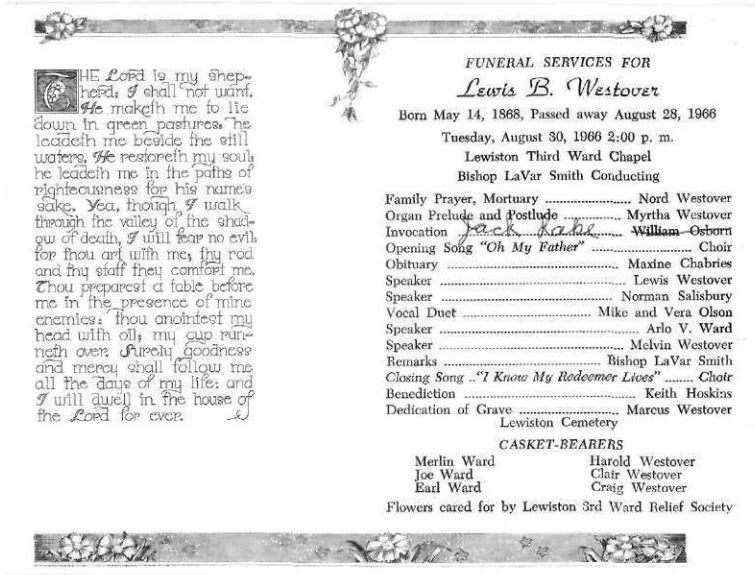
Funeral services will be conducted Tuesday at 2 p.m. in Lewiston 3rd Ward LDS Chapel with Bishop LaVor Smith officiating.

Friends may call at Hall Mortuary in Logan this evening, 7 to 9, and Tuesday from noon until time of funeral. Burial will be in the family plot in Lewiston cemetery.

- Maxine Westover Chabries (Lew and Lorene’s daughter), with emotion, shared priceless stories of Grandpa’s life, his influence among his family members and those he met, and of his devotion to his Maker. In referring to his patriarchal blessing, she stated, “He was one of those whom John the Revelator had beheld in vision as coming with Christ at his second coming.”
- Lewis Westover (Smoot and Myrtha’s oldest son) reminded the family of Grandpa’s love for temple work, the Church, and work itself. He pointed out that here is a man who should be buried with a golden shovel.
- Vera and Mike Olsen (Albert and Liva’s daughter and son-in-law) sang a lovely duet.
- Arlo Ward (Zaetell and Hyrum’s son) spoke of Grandpa’s great faith and example.
- Melvin Westover (LeRoy and Vera’s son) quoted from the scriptures concerning the Plan of Salvation and our hope to be reunited with this great man who had gone on to his reward.
- Bishop Smith was the concluding speaker and extolled the virtues of LB Westover.

Figure 104: Obituary of Lewis B. Westover

- The ward choir sang a hymn of hope and faith.
- The benediction was offered humbly by Keith Hoskins (Theresa and Elijah’s son).
- At the Lewiston Cemetery, Marcus Westover dedicated the grave with powerful words of testimony and tender love.



**FUNERAL SERVICES FOR**  
*Lewis B. Westover*  
 Born May 14, 1868, Passed away August 28, 1966  
 Tuesday, August 30, 1966 2:00 p. m.  
 Lewiston Third Ward Chapel  
 Bishop LaVar Smith Conducting

Family Prayer, Mortuary ..... Nord Westover  
 Organ Prelude and Postlude ..... Myrtha Westover  
 Invocation *Jack Balle* ..... William Osborn  
 Opening Song "Oh My Father" ..... Choir  
 Obituary ..... Maxine Chabries  
 Speaker ..... Lewis Westover  
 Speaker ..... Norman Salisbury  
 Vocal Duet ..... Mike and Vera Olson  
 Speaker ..... Arlo V. Ward  
 Speaker ..... Melvin Westover  
 Remarks ..... Bishop LaVar Smith  
 Closing Song "I Know My Redeemer Lives" ..... Choir  
 Benediction ..... Keith Hoskins  
 Dedication of Grave ..... Marcus Westover  
 Lewiston Cemetery

**CASKET-BEARERS**  
 Merlin Ward Harold Westover  
 Joe Ward Clair Westover  
 Earl Ward Craig Westover

Flowers cared for by Lewiston 3rd Ward Relief Society

*THE Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want,  
 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;  
 He leadeth me beside the still waters,  
 He restoreth my soul;  
 He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness  
 for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk  
 through the valley of the shadow of death,  
 I will fear no evil: for thou art with me,  
 thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.  
 Thou preparest a table before me  
 in the presence of mine enemies:  
 thou anointest my head with oil,  
 my cup runneth over. Surely goodness  
 and mercy shall follow me  
 all the days of my life: and  
 I will dwell in the house of  
 the Lord for ever.*

Figure 105: Lewis B. Westover Funeral Program



Figure 106: Lewis and Eliza Westover’s Head Stone

It was the type of funeral Grandpa would have wanted—family oriented with exhortation to his family to “live right.”

Tears were shed but the tone of the service was inspiring. Don Westover’s wife, Connie, who was unable to attend, asked her husband when he returned home if it had been a good funeral. Don answered, “No, it wasn’t good; it was wonderful!” Before Grandpa’s house on the original forty acres was dismantled, Joycelyn and Barbara (Smoot and Myrtha’s daughter and daughter-in-law) each took a start from the old birch tree that was growing in the front yard and transplanted it in their own yards. Both are still growing, still offering shade and a place for climbing for LB’s own.

Much could be spoken of LB’s life and his works. Zae-tell remarked with a tear wandering down her cheek, “He was good to us. He was good to me. I loved him for what he did for me.” In no uncertain terms, Theresa declared on one occasion with a finger waving over the nose of Paul Westover: “Just be thankful you have LB blood in you, boy. Just be thankful! LB Westover has got some of the greatest grandchildren and some greatest great grandchildren and some of the greatest great great grandchildren there is in the Church.” Jack Westover spoke from the heart as well: “I wish that I could match my life with my father but I know I can’t. I pray that God will bless all of father’s children that we might be united in love that through our efforts and greatness only will we obtain the privilege of being with our father and mother. They were so great.”

The truth of the gospel lives in our hearts. Smoot knew he would be reunited with his parents again. When Smoot lay close to death in later years, Joycelyn felt assured that her dad’s mother and father awaited him on the other side of the veil as she shares this treasured memory:

I feel that one of my greatest spiritual experiences happened just two weeks before Dad died. I had gone down to the nursing home to see him and as I walked

in I said hello to him. He always recognized my voice and was happy to have me come. He said hello to me then asked if I had seen his mother on my way in. That really surprised me because his mother had died when he was young and he remembered very little about her and I never heard him talk about her. I told him no, that I had not seen her. He said that I would have had to pass her in the hall because she had just left a second before I arrived. He continued on, "We had such a good visit and she is such a beautiful woman." I have no doubt in my mind that he saw and visited with his mother that day and he knew that very shortly he was going to be with her again and to catch up on all the time that they had been apart.<sup>3</sup>

Lewis and Eliza, at last together again, to part no more. LB was buried August 30, 1966, in the tree-lined Lewiston Cemetery alongside his beloved Eliza. "I can see him coming through the field, just about sundown after the evening chores were done," reminisced Albert. "He would sit and tell our children stories from the *Doctrine and Covenants* for hours, no book in hand, quoting what the Lord said to this people. They all know and love this book because of their grandfather's diligence in teaching the gospel to them from its pages."

When Superintendent of Church Schools, Horace H. Cummings, visited St. George a few years after the establishment of the St. George Stake Academy (now Dixie College), he asked President Edward H. Snow what the country raised. President Snow's terse reply was "Men and Women."<sup>4</sup> Our good friend, Robert Gardner, confirmed this same observation before his death in 1906, "The Dixie country was never much of a country in which to make money, but it was a fine country in which to make men."<sup>5</sup> And we might add "and women." So it was with our pioneer forbears who struggled in Dixie and other far flung Mormon settlements where men and women were raised in an atmosphere of faith and duty.

We all owe debts to the past. No person has arrived at the present entirely by his or her own struggle. The question is, what kind of legacy are we leaving to the future? Does that same spark of faith beat in our hearts that drove a loving grandfather to a lifetime of service and example? Does that same spark burn within the hearts of our children and our children's children? The truth is, we need each other. We need to share our love and our faith, to put our arms around one another and lift heavenward. Consider this:

Call it a clan, call it a network,  
Call it a tribe, call it a family.  
Whatever you call it,  
Whoever you are,  
You need one.<sup>6</sup>

It is a source of wonder to count how many times our pioneer fathers and mothers started life over. The chinking between the cracks in the logs hardly had a chance to dry before they were forced or called to settle elsewhere. If it were not their enemies forcing them to flee their homes, it was the Brethren calling them to leave what they had built and start over again in some other virgin territory. They built where no one else had built before, nor where others had chosen to build. They went from one log home to another, breaking virgin soil with their plows, hearkening to the voice of the prophet. It became a natural instinct to build and rebuild. It was simply a matter of faith. They seemed content to know that their reward lay in the spiritual realm rather than in worldly wealth or plaudits. What was important to our saintly forebears was to establish a vision called Zion. This was their motivation throughout the persecutions in the east. Even after freeing themselves of the vengeance of mobs, the dream of Zion remained an irresistible force that drove them along the trail and to hearken to their prophet's voice to settle a wilderness.

Even today, the city of Zion in all its beauty and peace worthy to receive the Lord and Savior remains a dream. The

Lord had first to build a Zion people where they would be tested and refined in the fires of adversity. The Westovers, the Havens, the Funks, and the Westenskows were in truth tested and tried. They were *Zion's children*.

Adversity is an ally of faith. Those who took up the sword against our early pioneer ancestors, whose only crime was believing in a God who lives and speaks to his children in this day, may have thought they were in God's service as they drove the Saints from city to city, state to state, and then to a far off wilderness. In the same sense, Saul of Tarsus was also bringing about God's purposes as was Pharaoh in the establishment of Israel in the land of Canaan. But it was not the persecution that motivated our progenitors' retreat to a desert sanctuary. It was faith in a living God that led them across a continent, and an ocean, to a land where they could worship a loving Father in Heaven who still speaks to his children through prophets. It was that faith that led them to settle the harsh lands of southern Utah and Colorado. And so it was that our pioneer grandparents planted in the hearts of their children an unshakable faith, a faith born of adversity and sacrifice, that has become a beacon of hope and a source of strength to us all who lay claim upon that sacred legacy.





# Appendix A

## **Funk Families**

### **Diderick Esbersen Funk (Kirsten Madsen)**

- Elia Mahella (Christopher Folkman) (twin)
- Son (unnamed) (twin)
- Jorgene Kirsten (Andrew Toolson)
- Christopher Madsen (Anna Elsinä Kofoed) (twin)
- Cecelia Kirsten (Charles W. Hyde) (twin)
- Jacobena (Charles John Spongberg)
- Hansmine (Robert McQuarrie)
- Kirstina Matilda (Jans Peter Folkman)
- Hans Madsen (Christina Swenson)
- Marcus Esper (Magdalene Westenskow)
- Johanna Eliza (William Thompson)
- Willard Richards (Sara Ann Bell)

**Marcus Esper Funk (Magdalene Westenskow)**

- Marcus Orlando (Fortilda Iverson)
- William Jacob (Naomi Holman)
- Eliza Johanna (Lewis B. Westover)
- Matilda Magdalene (Horace Mortensen)
- Willard Peter (Ida Stevenson)
- Clara Ann (Amner Gheen)
- Florina Cecelia (John Bentley)
- Thomas (triplet)
- Mary (triplet)
- Martha (triplet)
- Walter Richard (Ellen Draper)

## Westenskow Family

### Ole Hansen Westenskow (Maren Hansen)

- Hans Olsen (Karen Elisabeth Nicolaisen or Hansen)
- Peter (Annie Dorthea Madsen)
- Magdalene (Marcus Espersen Funk)

## Westover Families

### John Westover (Racheal Morton)

- Rachel
- Rachel
- John
- Abigail (Rufus Austin)
- Job
- Moses (Elizabeth Holmes)
- Rachel
- William Morton
- Joanna
- Noah
- Amos (Ruth Loomis)
- Rhoda

**Amos Westover (Ruth Loomis)**

- Abijah (1778) (Lois Carrier)
- Ambrus (1780)
- Hulda (1781)
- Levi (1783) (Elizabeth)
- Amos Loomis (circa 1796) (Penelope Thompson)
- Alexander (circa 1798) (Electa Beal)
- Olive (circa 1800) (Daniel Beal)

**Alexander Westover (Electa Beal)**

- Edwin Ruthven (Sarah Sophia Darrow, Sarah Jane Burwell, Agnes Finley)
- Albert
- Charles (Eliza Ann Haven, Mary Eliza Shumway)
- Oscar Fitzland (Esther Cooley, Mary Cox)

**Charles Westover (Eliza Ann Haven)**

- Charles (Ellen Parker)
- Oscar Fitzland (Anne Robinson)
- Eliza Ann (Lemuel H. Redd, Jr.)
- Harriet Azalea (Charles Grazey)
- Marie Theresa (Charles Knell)
- Artimetia (Leonard Conger)
- John Haven
- William
- Lewis Burton (Eliza Johanna Funk)
- Minnie (Arthur Paxman)
- Clara

**Charles Westover (Mary Eliza Shumway)**

- Andrew Jerome
- Julia Ann (Samuel Rowley)
- Charles Edwin (Zipparah Jones)
- George Henry (Alica Ann Leonard)
- Alberto
- Mary Louise (Lewis Johnson)
- Arthur

**Lewis Burton Westover (Eliza Johanna Funk)**

- Lewis Esper (Lorena Rankin)
- Alber Haven (Liva Karren)
- Eliza Magdalene (George Lake)
- Clara (Vernon Monson)
- LeRoy “Jack” (Vera Anderson)
- Artimetia (James Clyde Osborne)
- Charles Marcus (Leah Farrell)
- Walter Reed “Smoot” (Myrtha Kent)
- Theresa (Elijah Hoskins)
- Zaetell (Hyrum Ward)
- Ivan

## Beal Family





# Appendix B

WHAT FOLLOWS IS an unedited transcript of Eliza Ann Haven Westover's letter to her son, Lewis Burton Westover:

July 2, 1916

Dear Lew,

Since reading your last letter and you spoke about there being so few left that were acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith left on earth I thought perhaps in some of your lonely hours you would like to read a sketch of my early life. I was born May 15 1829 (the day our loved Prophet Joseph Smith was baptized) in Holliston Middlesex Co. Mass. Grandpa owned a big farm, farming land, pasture, hay land, lots of timber land, all kinds of fruit and berries. Generally kept 10 cows, made lots of cheese and butter to sell, done all his farm work with oxen. Snow in winter generally four feet deep. The first thing I remember I was playing in door yard was about four years old a hen flew at me and took a piece out of my head just on the edge of my hair, now at 87 yrs the scar is still there. The first Mormon Elders that I saw (I was eight years) were Prests Brigham Young and Willard Richards. Soon after two of my half sisters Your Aunts Nancy and Elizabeth joined the Mormon Church in 1838. My Father and Mother joined the church in 1841. We left our native home for Nauvoo. Arrived there in May traveling by canal, railroad, and steam boat. The first to greet us on landing were our prophet Joseph Smith and Brigham Young. After shaking hand and bade us welcome Br Joseph first question had we any place to go There were four families in Co. We had for two of

my half sisters were there. Br Joseph was a great lover of children. I never met him but I had a bow and one of his sweet smiles. Use to love to hear him preach altho then I was but a child he was always interesting. We lived on the main street going East out of Nauvoo. less than half mile from temple. Seldom a week but Br Joseph would go by either hors back or in his famly carriage with his famly. he was a noble looking man O Lew I could tell you things that I am not able to write for my strength will give out. Brs Joseph with the others Brs and heavy guard rode past our house on their last ride when word came that our Prophet and Patriarch were killed what a gloom was over the city. every one was in tears. We were a flock of sheep without a shepard. The question was a general one What shall we do without a Prophet. I was then 15 years and I felt so sad. I was to meeting when Sidney Rigdon declared himself our true prophet and leader very few responded to the call, am happy to say none of my Father's family felt that he was. Soon after Prest Young came home from the east where he was on a mission I was to meeting when he said he was our Prophet & seer when he spoke it was in Br Josephs voice I gave a jump of my seat and said our Prophet Joseph has come to life we have our Prophet back. I looked up and there stood Br Joseph just as plain as I ever saw him when alive. for a minute I heard Br Joseph voice and saw his features then a mist seemed to pass from Brigham's face and go up then there stood Br Brigham talking to us. hundreds seen the same that I did but not all that were present. (I forgot to tell you, I saw Brs Joseph & Hyrum after they were in their coffins the cruel bullet hole in Br Hyrums face. It was a sad day for the Saints in Nauvoo) After that all seemed at peace for a short time but our enemies found out they had not killed Mormonism in killing our Prophet. The temple was built through much persecution (dedicated) so the Saints could receive their Endowments Fathers famly myself included received our Endowments there. Persecution continued Father sold his home and we left Nauvoo before the big battle. We with Br RT Burton went to Missouri rented a farm and stayed two years to get a

fit out to come to the mountains. raised fine crops. watermelons that I couldn't lift everyone there were so kind and friendly use to get parties quiltings and us Mormon girls were made much of. There were 3 or 4 other Momon families beside us. in the Spring of 1848 we left for Winter Quarters the general gathering place of the Saints. Then started for SLC in Prest Brigham Young Company a large one. He had the most of his family in the company. I had a very pleasin time I was young no cares. Father had a team of two yoke of oxen and two cows in the sling so we had milk all the way it was on the plains I first met your Father he drove one of Prest Erastus Snow's teams across the plains. The first time he saw I had one of Father's oxen by the horn leading him up under the yoke. Once on the Platte river the whole company had to stop to let a large herd of Buffalo pass there were hundreds on the lope going to the river to drink. We used to have dancing & music while enroute to the city the Nauvoo brass band were in Co. Your Uncle R T Burton was one of the number. When we got to the city Father and Br Burton were blessed in getting a good sized log room where we both lived the first winter in the Spring Father had this house moved on to his city lot. Mother and myself worked at the straw business. Had all we culd do making hats. On the 14th of Oct 1849 I was married for three years we lived with Prest E Snows family while he was on a mission to Denmark. In the Spring of 1853 we moved to South Cottonwood. Here we lived and were highly prospered in getting nicely fixed. till 1861 when we were called to St. George. Sold our home and answered to the call well fixed. But here we seen hard times, lost our stock and often did not have much to eat. But you have heard of all this and know of my life since. Now my dear Lew, I will stop perhaps you cant read this or will not think it worth reading as my eye sight is so bad now here I am with my baby girl fast in my chair with broken hip. God grant that we be worthy when pass on to meet our dear Prophets and loved ones to part no more. Your mother

Eliza Westover



# Appendix C

## Branches of the Family Tree

### Mary Eliza Shumway Westover

Mary Shumway Westover resided (perhaps survived would be an appropriate term) in Hamblin for eight years. After the Manifesto was issued in 1890 Mary and her children moved to Huntington, Utah in the high desert terrain of Castle Valley. One account states that Charles went with them to Huntington, which he probably did, but he returned to his home with Eliza Ann in Washington after getting Mary settled. Mary lived in Huntington for the remainder of her life. She passed away December 2, 1932. There are still some of Mary and Charles's descendants living in Castle Valley, including a granddaughter, Eva Conover, whose fascinating anecdotes we have often referred to in earlier pages. Several of this lineage have drifted up into Utah and Salt Lake Valleys, as well as into California.

Mary's death caught the attention of The Deseret News on Saturday December 10, 1932 on its front page:

Mary E. Shumway Westover Ends Career of 97 Years

The ranks of the pioneers of 1847 has lost another of its few remaining members, in the death at Huntington, Utah, of Mrs. Mary E. Shumway Westover, 97.

Mrs. Westover was born in Worcester, Mass., October 27, 1836, a daughter of Charles and Julia Ann Hooker Shumway. She crossed the plains with the pioneers arriving in the Great Salt Lake valley in 1847.

After two years in Salt Lake she moved with her parents to Manti, and later to Payson, where she assisted in the pioneering of those two sections. She was married by Brigham Young in the old Endowment House to Charles Westover. Soon after the marriage the couple were called to St. George, and in 1889 removed to Huntington, where she lived until her death.

Surviving are two sons and one daughter, George Henry and Albert Westover and Mrs. Louisa Johnson, all of Huntington. Sixteen grandchildren and 14 great-grandchildren also survive.

Mrs. Westover has been an active and constant Church worker during her life and has experienced many of the trials and tribulations of pioneer life, having helped in the pioneering of many sections of the state.

There are many stories to be told by each child of the two families, some of which have been included in this writing. Surely, there are more tales of sacrifice and faith lying in wait to be revealed by a family super sleuth. It would be interesting to follow in detail the lives of each of these noble lineages.

### **Edwin Ruthven Westover**

During a visit to Grantsville in 1862, President Young was searching for more able bodies to strengthen the Dixie colonies. Edwin Westover was a logical choice. Consequently, Edwin and other Cotton missionaries met with President Heber C. Kimball at the Tabernacle on October 19, 1862, one year following Charles's call to Dixie. President Kimball told them that there was not one required to go unless they could go as well as not. The Presidency had selected good men, not one was sent to get rid of him. Whether these statements eased their minds or caused them to wonder, no one knows. President Kimball went on in an attempt to rally some enthusiasm by impressing on them the need for good men in the Cotton Mission who could be

relied upon. They were being called by inspiration from God. They knew not what the results of that mission would be but it was God's will that the Dixie Mission succeed. Perhaps President Young and himself would go down as well.

Soon Edwin and his two wives and eight children were on the road to St. George to join Charles and the other indentured settlers who were desperately trying to tame the harsh desert regions of southern Utah. Edwin became a member of the Eighth Quorum of Seventies with Haden Wells Church as senior president. Edwin's sightless Aunt Laura probably accompanied them on this hazardous trip to St. George. The 1870 Federal Census places Laura Beal living in Mountain Meadows with Edwin and his family.

Edwin Westover lived an eventful life. He assisted in the construction of the St. George Temple, then moved to Mountain Meadows where they lived for several years. His plural wife, Agnes Ann, decided that Hamblin was no place for her. Her parents traveled by team and wagon to Hamblin and returned home to Mendon in Cache Valley with Agnes and her four children. The 1880 Federal Census confirms this. Edwin journeyed to Mendon not long after Agnes's departure in order to bless his newly born son, Francis Edwin. It is questionable that Edwin ever saw Agnes and their children again.

Edwin and Sarah Jane were called on a mission to Arizona in December 1877. On the way, Edwin became afflicted with typhoid fever and died in a small settlement called Johnson in Kane County near Kanab, December 1878. His dying wish was that his family complete the mission to Arizona, which they did in Taylor, Arizona. Sarah Jane lived out her days in this small isolated settlement. Edwin lived an honorable life, faithful to the principles he believed in. His son Lycurgus carried on in that same tradition laying the groundwork for a righteous posterity for the Westovers of Arizona.

In the *Westover Magazine* compiled by Mary Westover Carroll, a description is given of Edwin's features, which

may be of interest to family members: five foot six inches tall, one hundred sixty pounds, dark brown hair and grey eyes. His picture reminds one of the youthful Brigham Young.

A faulty tale of family lore concerned a widow of a Westover who made her second husband, by the name of Despain, change his name to Westover. A more accurate version follows:

Edwin Ruthven Westover's oldest son, Edwin Lycurgus, whom we remember from the days in Ohio when the Westovers were converted to the Church, was living in Grantsville where he had married a young Swedish immigrant, Joanna Matilda Erickson, in 1874. Soon after the birth of their first child, they were called by Brigham Young to help colonize parts of Arizona, where they established a settlement on the Colorado River under the United Order. It became known as St. Joseph, later called Joseph City. Lycurgus suffered poor health. Having a premonition of his approaching death, while on a hunting trip with his longtime friend, Henry Despain, Lycurgus asked Henry to assume leadership of his family after his death, and raise more children for him by taking his wife, Joanna Westover, as Henry's plural wife. It should be noted that Lycurgus and Joanna had been sealed in the temple. Henry promised his friend that he would comply with Lycurgus's request.

Edwin Lycurgus Westover soon afterwards died in St. Joseph, Arizona. Joanna knew nothing of this pact before Lycurgus's death until Henry informed her by mail a few months later after she had moved back to Grantsville. At first Joanna resisted, but after having a dream depicting Henry beckoning to her at a doorway, she finally agreed to marry Henry as his plural wife. With the passing of time, Joanna had three sons and four daughters by Henry Despain who all bore the surname of "Westover" in accordance to Lycurgus's wish. Joanna was generally known as "Widow Westover." The children of Joanna and Henry respectfully spoke of Henry as "Brother DeSpain," in an effort to con-



ceal the polygamous relationship because of the government's efforts to imprison the husbands of plural marriages. Eventually the family was advised by church authorities to continue using the name of "Westover," as they were already doing. The children were born under the covenant of marriage to their mother and her first husband, Edwin Lycurgus Westover. The family remained in St. Joseph for the most part, and became a great force for good in Arizona.

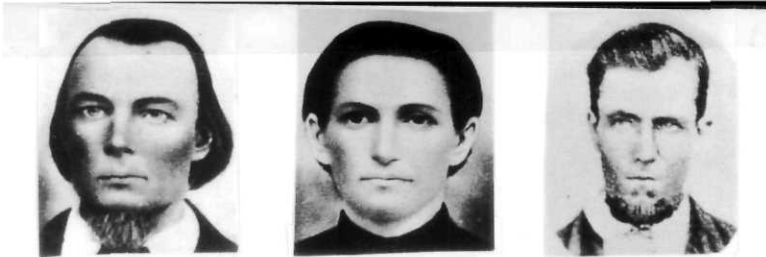


Figure 107: Edwin Ruthven Westover, Sarah Jane Burwell Westover, and Edwin Lycurgus Westover



Figure 108: Joanna Matilda Erickson Westover and Henry Waters Despain

### **Oscar Fitzland Westover**

It is reasonable to assume that sometime before or about the time of Edwin's call to the Dixie Mission in 1862, Electa ventured to California to live with her youngest son, Oscar, whose wife had died earlier. Oscar had decided years before that his destiny lay with the gold-seekers in California rather than joining the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day

Saints and crossing the plains with the rest of the family, as he had promised. According to the 1860 Federal Census, Oscar was a farmer in Petaluma, Sonoma County, just north of San Francisco Bay. The census reported him having a personal wealth of \$1,100 dollars so perhaps farming was more successful than gold panning. Some said that he was in the lumber business for a time as he was living in a lumber producing region. The 1870 and 1880 censuses listed him as a fruit-grower, still in Petaluma. In 1857 Oscar had married Esther Cooley Nickol, the widow of Augustine Nickol, both natives of Ohio. Esther had one son and three daughters by her first husband, Edward, Maud (or Amanda), Eliza, and Fanny, all born in Ohio. Esther was the daughter of Caleb and Matilda Buckingham Cooley. She was born June 16, 1828 in Cooleyville, Athens County, Ohio. After only three years of married life with Oscar, Esther died January 15, 1860 in Petaluma leaving him with four children from Esther's first marriage and two of Oscar and Esther's: Minnie M., born December 11, 1857, and Charles Henry born January 12, 1859, both in Petaluma Township. With six children on his hands, Oscar needed help—badly! The natural course of action, even as adult children do today in matters of child care, was to seek help from Mother, in Oscar's case, Electa. And surely enough, the 1870 census confirms that Mother Electa was now living with him in Petaluma.

After several years, on July 9, 1874 Oscar remarried, again to another widow, Mary Cox, a native of Kentucky with two children, Anna and George. In 1877, Oscar fathered one son by Mary whom they named Frank. There were possibly other children, but forty-eight-year-old Oscar likely had other things on his mind than rearing more offspring. About 1888 Oscar moved to Fort Bragg, farther north on the coast of Mendocino County. He lived there about seventeen years. He died October 15, 1905, and was buried in Fort Bragg. His wife, Mary, had died sometime previously.



Figure 109: Oscar Fitzland Westover

### **Laura Beal**

Jane C. Weaver, a historian of blind early settlers of the West, relates a touching account of this courageous woman, Laura Beal. In 1806 in Vermont when Electa was one-and-one-half years old, a sister, named Laura, was born to Obadiah and Rebecca Beal. After the family had moved to Ohio, Laura was accidentally struck in the eye with a pair of scissors, resulting in the loss of the eye. Soon after, the vision in the other eye faded in sympathy. She became totally blind. At the age of thirty-seven, she was admitted to the Ohio State School for the Blind at Columbus following the death of her mother, Rebecca. She remained there for six years. In this school, she received a good education, much better than any other member of her family. She became expert at sewing, knitting and reading raised characters while at the school. She brought with her to Utah from the east seven or eight volumes of the Bible in raised characters. One of these volumes is on display at the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers Museum in Salt Lake City.

Jane C. Weaver indicates that Laura became a convert to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Ohio and then came to Utah in 1848 in Brigham Young's company. A more accurate version is given in the *Westover Magazine*:

James W. Bay, a native and convert from Champaign County, Ohio returned to Ohio as a missionary from Salt Lake City in 1850. He called upon Laura at Milford, near Cincinnati, perhaps at the request of Electa before leaving on his mission. He told Laura about her sisters, Electa and Hannah, living in the West, and subsequently taught her the Gospel. When he left to return to Utah in April 1852, Laura with several others accompanied him. Elder Bay and his young bride were very kind and attentive to Laura. Consequently, Laura was baptized en route on May 24, 1852. Along the trail, James Bay felt a need to send a letter ahead directed to President Brigham Young, dated August 4, 1852:

‘Camped on the Big Sandy. I am well and most of the company well but our cattle are weak and if 12 yoke of cattle and 4 wagons can be sent to assist my company it will be thankfully received. There are 12 wagons now in company. . . . You may think I have been rather slow for I have got behind all of the Fifty and pushing them together. Brother Ely and Brother Buckwalters folks and several young men are along. Sister Call and family and I might say myself and Wife and Laura Abell [Beal], a blind woman sister to Electa Miller, her that was Westover, and if you will speak to Electa about coming to meet us it would be a great satisfaction to her sister Laura, for she is unwell and wishes assistance very much. My wife takes charge of her now and has since leaving Ohio. I am glad that I am so near home once more and may God bless you and all that pertain to you and all your counselors forever, I remain your brother in the new and everlasting covenant.

James W. Bay, Captain of the First Company of Immigrating Saints.

There is not a record of President Young's or Electa's response to Elder Bay's letter. The company arrived in the Salt Lake Valley on August 20. Laura proceeded to Grantsville to live with her sister Hannah's daughter, Adeline and husband, Aaron Sceva.

When Laura's parents died they had left all their property to their blind daughter. This property was later sold and put into a co-op store. Laura was comfortably fixed and would have been able to live well on the interest from this investment had she not met with misfortune in the person of a John Price. After coming to Utah she made the acquaintance of this Mr. Price who persuaded her to marry him. He was unscrupulous and dishonest and succeeded in making away with Laura's money. She eventually left her husband and again became dependent upon her sister's sons and families for her livelihood. When Edwin's oldest daughter grew up and married Moroni Canfield, Laura made her home with them in Hamblin. They had a little daughter named Allie who became Laura's constant companion.

Aunt Laura, as everyone called her, was a mathematical genius, and a wonderful teacher of Bible stories to the small children. She made her own clothes and knit thousands of pairs of socks for the family and community in southern Utah where she lived. One of her little friends said of her that she never saw a pianist's fingers fly as fast as Aunt Laura's did when she was knitting. She was always busy. She took care of her own room and helped with the housework. However, she did have one bad habit. She had learned to smoke a pipe many years before she came to Utah. She tried to break off smoking and succeeded to the extent that she only smoked once a day when all her work was completed and put away. When ready to light the pipe, she never lacked for little children to do this service for her. She lived until she was eighty years old, beloved by young and old alike.



# Appendix D

## Amos Westover Timeline

by Ross Westover and Ann Beal Logan

1. 6 Feb 1753. Amos's birth, probably in Sheffield, Berkshire, MA.
2. Parents: John Westover and Rachel Morton.
3. About 1777. Marriage to Ruth Loomis.
4. Children's births in Sheffield, MA, oldest four:
  - Abijah—23 Mar 1778
  - Ambros—7 Jan 1780
  - Huldah—27 Oct 1781
  - Levi—17 Dec 1783
5. 1784. Verbal contract with father regarding possession of some of his father's land in Sheffield.
- 5a. 1790. Amos is in Noyan, Quebec.
6. 1792. Proclamation of Governor of Canada inviting settlers into the wilds of Canada providing they took Oath of Allegiance to the British Crown.
7. Mar 1792. Amos receives order for land in Potton or Sutton Townships, Brome Co., Quebec.
8. 10 Oct 1794. Amos presents himself to the Commission of the Land Board at Missisquoi Bay.
9. 1795. Amos, along with brother, John, and nephew, John, appear on a list of Loyalists who are petitioning for land in Potton Township, Brome Co.
10. 3 March 1795. Amos also petitions for land in Township of Farnham, Brome Co., with John's children, William, David, and Isaac, all living in Caldwell's Manor (now Clarenceville), a temporary camp. They receive certification of recommendation.
11. 25 Jul 1795. Amos appears on a List of Persons having taken the Oath of Allegiance (with Isaac, David, John, Asa, and William), all residents of Caldwell's Manor.

12. Mar–May 1796. Amos gets the certificate required to obtain crown land.
13. May–Jun 1796. Certificate of Oath of Allegiance.
14. 6 Nov 1796. Amos appears on a petition for land in Sutton or Potton Townships on “a list of Loyalists who served his Britannic Majesty during the War in America and pray to have land granted to them agreeable to them what was held out to them entering into service.”
15. Jan 1797. Amos’s uncle [?], John Westover, died in a snow-storm on Lake Missisquoi.
16. 31 Mar 1798. Amos and group of associates (including Silas, Moses Jr., and William) request to know how much money should be paid for survey and other charges regarding their land grants in Potton and Sutton.
17. 27 Jan 1800. Land petition of 3 Mar 1795 rejected. Land in Farnham set aside for individual Loyalists, not group of associates.
18. 1 Jun 1800. Olive Westover born in Canada.
19. 3 Sep 1801. Land in Sutton ordered to be surveyed and notice placed in Quebec Gazette to call upon persons with orders for portions of land.
20. 29 Mar 1802. Land in Sutton deeded to Amos (and Isaac, David, John, Moses, and Asa). Letters of Patent granted.
- 20a. 1804. Amos witnessed a cousin’s land transaction in Dunham Township, Bedford Co., Quebec.
21. 1810. Amos appears with family in U. S. Federal Census in Burlington, Chittenden Co., VT.
22. Apr 1811. Amos applied for Crown lands in Dunham Township, Bedford Co., Quebec.
23. 7 Jan 1812. Amos leases land from the Crown in Dunham Township, Bedford Co.
24. 10 May 1813. Amos is in Sheffield, MA to lay claim to a part of his father’s land.
25. 1820. Amos appears in the Ohio Census, Licking Co., Hartford Township.
26. 14 Sep 1821. Ruth Loomis Westover died in Ohio.
27. 3 Oct 1821. Amos Westover died in Ohio.

## References

1. Patron sheet, LDS Library; no primary source known. [Temple Record Book kept by Edwin Ruthvin Westover]
2. Amos Westover’s deposition dated May 1813 (see document #5).



3. No marriage record found.
4. Sheffield, Berkshire Co. MA, Vital Records.
5. Amos Westover's deposition, Berkshire Co., MA Court.
- 5a. Letter from Silvia Brand of Noyen, Quebec. Primary source unknown.
6. History of Brome.
7. Sutton, Brome Co., Quebec deed (see document #20). Lower Canada Land Petitions (R G 1 L 3L) Vol. 62, p. 31143.
8. Lower Canada Land Petitions (R G 1L 3L) p. 34758.
9. Ibid. Vol. 81, p. 40713 (see #14).
10. Ibid. Vol. 69, p. 34626.
11. Ibid. Vol. 194, p. 92515, 92517.
12. Ibid. Vol. 69, p. 34648.
13. Ibid. Vol. 69, p. 34706, 34707, 34646.
14. Ibid. Vol. 81, p. 40716, 40719, 40720.
15. Ibid. Vol. 171, page group 83398-83407.
16. Ibid.
17. Ibid. Vol 69, p. 34859, 34860.
18. Beal family Bible (printed 1855), owned by the Daniel Beal family of Verona, Grundy Co., Illinois (date) U. S. Census, Illinois 1860, Serenca Twp. LaSalle Co., p. 174 and U. S. Census, Illinois 1870, Highland Twp. Grundy Co., Family #81 show Olive Beal, born Canada (place).
19. Lower Canada Land Petitions (R G 1 L 3L) Vol. 69, page group 34617-34903.
20. Ibid. Vol. 62, p. 31127-31147.
- 20a. Notes taken from Lower Canada Land Petitions and notarial records of L. Lalanne. Originals not copied.
21. U. S. Census Burlington, Chittendon Co., Vermont 1810.
22. Lower Canada Land Petitions (R.G. 1 L 3L) Vol. 202, p. 95384.
23. Ibid. Vol. 202, p. 95387.
24. Amos Westover Deposition (see #5).
25. U. S. Census 1820, Harford Township, Licking Co., Ohio.
26. Beal Family Bible (see #18).
27. Ibid.

### **William Beal of York Maine Timeline**

(Great grandfather of Obadiah Beal, husband of Rebecca Moody)

by Ross Westover and Ann Beal Logan

1. 1662 William Beale's sister Abishag born, Ref.. "Genealogical Dict. of Maine & New Hampshire" by Noyes-Libby-Davis, p. 83-4. Married (1) Henry Barnes, (2) Francis Carman. She lived to 1728.
2. Abt 1664 William born according to two depositions. "History of Winthrop, Maine" by Everett Stackpole, p. 271
3. 1675 Indian uprising in New England (King Phillip's War). William was now living with John & Elizabeth Hole.
4. 1682/83 William Beale lived from boyhood 18 1/2 years with John Hole (Howell), a sea captain whose wife, Elizabeth, was daughter of Richard Leader. Hole's lived at the upper end of Spruce Creek in Kittery, Maine. Carried on business as a merchant in Barbados, West Indies. (from Stackpole's history).
5. Abt 1690 William married Jane, daughter of Thomas Trafton who was the husband of Elizabeth, daughter of William & Dorothy (Dixon) Moore of York, Maine.
6. 1692 In January, Indians attacked York; records destroyed.
7. 1693 Sept. 13, William granted land in York near father-in-law, Thomas Trafton. Also probable date of birth of son, Richard, in York.
8. 1695 Listed as a tenant of Henry Deering; birth of son, Obadiah, in York, June 11.
9. 1698 Injured on scout duty; birth of son, William, in York April 1.
10. 1702 Probable date of birth of daughter, Joanna, in York.
11. 1704 Birth of daughter, Mary, in York, March 5 1704/05.
12. 1706 William's name appears on surety bonds July 2. Fined 5 shillings for selling strong drink without a license, Aug. 13. Granted appropriate license Oct. 4.
13. William seeks relief from service wounds (arm) Aug. 13. Relief granted—20 pounds.
14. 1708 Granted permission to operate ferry at Thomas Trafton's for 7 yrs. Apr. 6.
15. Granted permission to build a garrison.
16. 1711 Birth of son, Simeon, in York, June 3.
17. 1712 Daughter Joanna killed by Indians at Cider Hill May 27.
18. 1714/15 Mortgage; Edward & Elizabeth Beal to William & Jane Beal to Pepperrel 200 acres to York (Folio 69) Jan. 6.
19. 1715 William's name appears of surety bonds, Allen vs. Moulton Apr. 5.
20. Birth of daughter, Comfort, in York, Aug. 31.
21. 1717 William Beale deeded ten acres of land on northwest side of lot on Fulling Mill Brook extending to the Kittering line.

- (“Genealogical and Family History, State of Maine.” by Little).  
Deeded land to sister Ahishag & husband Nov 8.
22. 1718 William Beale deeded ten acres at Fulling Mill Brook extending to Kittering line to his son, Obadiah, who was living in Ipswich, Mass. (Ref. same as above)
  23. 1719/20 Son Benjamin born Feb. 6.
  24. 1757,60 Both Wm. and wife Jane still living. (Gen. Dict. of Maine & N.H. by Noyes)



# Notes

## Chapter 1

1. Eva Westover Conover, *The History of George Henry Westover*, privately published, 278.
2. *Ibid*, 278–9.
3. Randall T. and O. F. Murrill, compilers, *Genealogy of Westover Families of Missouri*, De Soto, Missouri, 3–4.
4. In *Genealogy of Westover Families of Missouri*, it points out that the Griswolds were one of the most illustrious families in New England. Considering its many branches, it embraces twelve governors and thirty-six judges.
5. The wills of both Jonah and Hannah were copied from records made available by Jacque Lake Lee.
6. *Genealogy of the Westover Families of Missouri*, 9
7. *Ibid*, 63.
8. The Massachusetts Tax Evaluation List of 1771, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.
9. Phyllis R. Blakeley and John N Grant, editors, *Eleven Exiles: Accounts of Loyalists of the American Revolution*, Dundurn Press Ltd, Toronto and Charlottetown 1982, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, 12.
10. David E. Maas, compiled and edited, *Massachusetts Loyalists 1765–1790*, published by the Society of Colonial Wars in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and the New England Genealogical Society 1980, 157.
11. *Genealogy of the Westover Families of Missouri*, 21.
12. *Massachusetts Soldiers and Sailors of the Revolutionary War*, vol. 16, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, 922.
13. *The American Genealogist*, vol XVII, 154; *Massachusetts Soldiers and Sailors vol 16*, 922.
14. C. Thomas, *Contributions to the History of the Eastern Townships*, Montreal, printed by John Lovell 1866, Family History Library, Salt Lake City, Utah.
15. See Appendix D, “Amos Westover Time-Line” for Amos’s persistent efforts to establish himself in the Eastern Townships of Quebec.
16. Land records of the Province of Lower Canada 1788–1867, Microfilm no. 1723570, Family History Library, Church of

- Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City, Utah; Microfilm no. 0413122, List of land grants by the Crown in Quebec 1763–1890. According to Ernest M. Taylor’s *History of Brome County, Quebec*, 78–80, Letters Patent were issued on 29 March, 1802 to 181 petitioners among whom were David Westover, John Westover, Amos Westover, Moses Westover, and Asa Westover.
17. Ptak, Diane Snyder, *The American Loyalist*, Albany, New York, Family History Library, Salt Lake City, Utah.
  18. C. Thomas, *Contributions to the History of the Eastern Townships*, Family History Library, Salt Lake City, Utah, 211.
  19. Marlene Simmons, compiler, “Sutton, Quebec Area Cemeteries,” published by Quebec Family History Society, Pointe Claire, Quebec, Canada, Family History Library, Salt Lake City, Utah.
  20. See Appendix D, “Amos Westover Time-Line” #18 in the Reference.
  21. Mary W. Carroll and Wallace W. Carroll, editors, *Westover Magazine*, “History of Electa Beal Westover,” Special Collections, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.
  22. *Massachusetts Soldiers and Sailors of the Revolutionary War*, prepared and published by the Secretary of the Commonwealth, Wright and Potter Printing Company, Boston, 1896, 849.
  23. In a letter from Ann Logan to Ross Westover, dated March 18, 1992, she writes: “Obadiah’s grandson, Daniel S. Beal, on application to become a member of the Sons of the Revolution stated he was a descendant of Obadiah Beal, New Hampshire, Private in Colonel Thomas Marshall’s Regiment of New Hampshire Troops from New Boston (N.H.) July 15, 1776. (reference N.H. Revolutionary Rolls, vol 2, 753.)
  24. Lewis H. Lapham, “Who and What Is American,” essay printed in *The Graywolf Annual Ten, Changing Community*, St. Paul, Minn.
  25. Asael Smith spoke prophetically before his grandson, Joseph Jr. was born: “It has been borne in upon my soul that one of my descendants will promulgate a work to revolutionize the world of religious faith.” *History of the Church*, 2:443.
  26. E. Kay Kirkham, *A Genealogical and Historical Atlas of the United States*, The Etherton Publishers, Inc. 1976. “Vermont - 1816 - A cold season in which snow fell on the 8th of June caused this year to have two winters. Severe summer weather with ice, caused much emigration out of the state.” The cause of

this phenomenon is attributed to the largest volcanic eruption ever recorded, that of Mount Tambora east of Java where 4,000 feet of its summit disappeared, disrupting the weather pattern across the globe by cooling the earth over one degree Centigrade.

27. Champaign County Will Books, Probate Court, Champaign County Court House, Urbana, Ohio.

## Chapter 2

1. Salt lick sometimes occurs naturally, as is the case along the Licking River, or is made available for domestic livestock in blocks. Animals often crave salt.
2. Charles Westover, *A Short Sketch of My Life From Memory*, Family Archives. In the *Westover Magazine*, reading from Electa Beal Westover's history, the township is identified as Rush, as opposed to Goshen township described in Charles's history. The following accounts and quotes of Charles's early life are taken from this source.
3. D&C 133:5.
4. D&C 115:6.
5. D&C 29:8.
6. In Mary W. Carroll's *Edwin Ruthven Westover*, it is indicated about April 1, 1848, that a large group of Ohio converts met at Sister Date's place in Springfield and then on to Urbana.
7. Distances according to "Missouri River Navigational Charts," U. S. Army Engineers Division, Corps of Engineers, Omaha, Nebraska.
8. This steamboat is recorded as the *Mandars* in John Henry Evans and Minnie Egan Anderson's *Ezra T. Benson, Pioneer-Statesman-Saint*. *Mandan* is correct according to Conway B. Sonne's *Ships, Saints, and Mariners*.
9. Conway B. Sonne, *Ships, Saints, and Mariners, A Maritime Encyclopedia of Mormon Migration 1830-1890*. University of Utah Press, Salt Lake City, Utah 1987, 137.
10. Journal History, microfilm BX No. 19, Reel 8, July 22, 1847-Oct 8, 1848.
11. John Henry Evans, *Ezra T. Benson, Pioneer-Statesman-Saint*.
12. Richard E. Bennett, *We'll Find The Place*, Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah, 301, 309
13. Fergus M. Bordewich, "Raising Arabia" printed in *Readers Digest*, November 1999, 122.
14. *Ibid.*, 125.

15. Journal History BX No. 19, Reel 8, July 22, 1847–October 8, 1848.
16. About three weeks later, on May 17, the *Mandon* was totally destroyed in the great fire at St. Louis that burned twenty-three steamboats. No lives were lost aboard the *Mandon*.
17. The events of the Westover family conversions and travels to Winter Quarters are a composite of the separate histories of Charles, Edwin, and Electa. The latter two are taken from the *Westover Magazine*, as previously cited.
18. Not long before the arrival of the Westovers at Winter Quarters, Jackson Goodale had aligned himself with apostates Hazen Aldrich and James C. Brewster becoming part of their “first presidency.” Their settlement in New Mexico finally failed. See B.H. Roberts, *Comprehensive History of the Church*, V.2, Ch. 65, 438–40.
19. “In Dec. 1846 at Winter Quarters there were 538 log houses and 83 sod houses, inhabited by 3,483 souls, of whom 334 were sick.” Church Chronology, 65.
20. *The Works of Hubert Howe Bancroft*, V. XXVI, History of Utah, The History Company, publishers, San Francisco, 250.
21. Colonel Kane reported 600 deaths in 1846 before cold weather brought some relief from the sickness but then the elements and fatigue began taking their toll. The Winter Quarters Temple now stands upon this sacred ground, which “was hallowed by the suffering of the Saints a century and a half ago.” (Dedicatory prayer offered by President Gordon B. Hinckley on April 22, 2001.)
22. Charles Westover, *A Short Sketch of My Life*, Family Archives.
23. Ibid.
24. William Snow eventually served as bishop of Pine Valley in southern Utah at a time when Charles resided there.
25. Early Church Information File, film no. 1750725, Family History Center, Harold B. Lee Library, BYU, Provo, Utah.
26. Charles Westover autobiography, *A Short Sketch of My Life*, Family archives.

### Chapter 3

1. The Daughters of Utah Pioneers have in the Utah state capitol an old hymn book entitled “Musical Monitor” or “New York Collection of Church Musick.” A notation in the front of the book reads: “This book was used by John Haven in the Congregationalist Church, Hollister [sic], Middlesex County, Massachusetts.”



2. Michel L. Call, *Index to the Colonial American Genealogy Library*, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah. Jesse's rank of lieutenant is confirmed in the DAR Patriot Index.
3. In the "War of 1812 Service Records," a Captain John Haven is listed as serving in Waldron's Command in the New Hampshire state militia, Roll Box 94, Roll Exct 602. It is questionable that this is the Captain John Haven of Holliston, Massachusetts.
4. Elizabeth Haven Barlow, "Autobiographies of Six Pioneer Women," an article in Kate B. Carter's *Our Pioneer Heritage*, Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Salt Lake City, Utah, 318.
5. Ora Haven Barlow, publisher, *The Israel Barlow Story and Mormon Mores* (Salt Lake City: Publishers Press, 1968), 139.
6. Sarah S. Arbuckle, compiler, "An Autobiographical Sketch of Elizabeth Haven Barlow," privately published, writer's files.
7. Eliza Ann Westover letter to her son, Lewis, transcript in family file. The original letter rests in the Church Archives, Salt Lake City, Utah.
8. Bettye Hobbs Pruitt, editor, *The Massachusetts Tax Valuation List of 1771*, G. K. Hall and Company, publisher, Boston, 1978.
9. *Early American Gazetteer*, 1833, Utah Valley Family History Center, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.
10. Samuel Adams Drake, *History of Middlesex County*, Estes and Lauriat, publishers, Boston 1880, vol. 1, p. 482.
11. Kate B. Carter, *Our Pioneer Heritage*, Daughters of the Utah Pioneers, SLC, vol 19, 319.
12. Brigham Young, *Journal of Discourses; London: Latter-day Saints' Book Depot, 1854-86*, vol. 2, 6 February 1853, 94.
13. Family descendants have always recorded Judith's middle name as "Woodbury." But on February 28, 1967, Ora Haven Barlow interviewed Mrs. Paxton [probably "Paxman"] at the home of Haven Paxton of Washington, Utah. Mrs. Paxton remembered Judith and that she complained that people were not spelling her name right. Mr. Barlow examined a signature of Judith's in which she wrote her name as Judith Woodby Temple Haven. Ora Haven Barlow, *The Israel Barlow Story and Mormon Mores*, 297, note 24.
14. Claire Noall, *Intimate Disciple*, University of Utah Press, Salt Lake City, Utah 1957, 100. According to Willard's journal, "I Was Baptized by Elder Brigham Young December 31, 1836." He noted in 1834 that he entered the Thompsonian Infirmary and practiced under the direction of Dr. Samuel Thompson. In

- 1835, at the request of Mr. Albert P. Rockwood, Willard went to Holliston and delivered lectures on the Botanic or Thompsonian practice of medicine, which created much excitement there and in surrounding towns. Willard moved to Holliston and practiced with success for one year, during which time he resided with the Rockwoods.
15. Willard Richards' Autobiography in the *Millennial Star* 1865 as cited in Infobases International, Inc., LDS Collectors Library 1995.
  16. Claire Noall, *Intimate Disciple*, 100–111.
  17. Kate B. Carter, *Our Pioneer Heritage*, 320.
  18. Parley P. Pratt, *Elder's Journal*, October 1837, 9.
  19. Brigham Young and his brother, Joseph, were in the vicinity of Holliston in the summer and fall of 1836. Pamela's husband, Elijah Clark, never joined the Church.
  20. Jesse Haven was baptized April 13, 1838, by Elder Joseph Ball. Jesse opened the South African Mission in 1853, serving as the president until 1855. Andrew Jensen, *LDS Biographical Encyclopedia*, 1901.
  21. Church records indicate that Eliza was not baptized until May 2, 1842, 13 days before her thirteenth birthday. At the time, the Havens were residents of Nauvoo, Illinois.
  22. Family Recordings of Nauvoo, Including Minutes of the First LDS Family Gathering, 23, 26.
  23. Ora Haven Barlow, *The Israel Barlow Story*, 279–281.
  24. *Ibid.*, 281. A detailed account of this controversy may be found in *Myth of the Manuscript Found by George Reynolds* published in 1883 in the Eleventh Book of the Faith-Promoting Series of the Juvenile Instructor Office.
  25. Ora Haven Barlow, *The Israel Barlow Story*, 146; In a letter of Feb. 24, 1839, from Elizabeth Haven to her close friend and second cousin, Elizabeth Howe Bullard.
  26. *Ibid.*, 147–8.
  27. A conference was held at Monmouth County, New Jersey, Friday April 9, 1839. Elder John P. Greene presided. Representatives came from nine different eastern branches, with the number of Saints in each branch being given. Holliston had sixteen members in attendance. (*Documentary History of the Church*, 4:19)
  28. Janet Seegmiller Burton, *Be Kind to the Poor, The Life Story of Robert Taylor Burton*, published by the Robert Taylor Burton Family Organization, 1988, 432.

29. Ora Haven Barlow, *The Israel Barlow Story and Mormon Mores*, 179–80.

## Chapter 4

1. Portion of a letter written by Eliza Ann Haven Westover to her son, Lewis, July 2, 1916. See Appendix B.
2. Ora H. Barlow, publisher, *The Israel Barlow Story*, 181.
3. *Young Woman's Journal* 16:554 as cited in Maurine Jensen Proctor and Scot Facer Proctor's *The Gathering, Mormon Pioneers On the Trail to Zion*, Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah, 45.
4. *Times and Seasons*, vol. 2, No. 1, May 15, 1841.
5. Kate B. Carter, *Our Pioneer Heritage*, vol 19, 325
6. It was only in recent years that the Missouri Legislature rescinded Bogg's heinous Extermination Order.
7. James B. Allen and Glen M. Leonard, *The Story of the Latter-day Saints*, published in collaboration with the Historical Department of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah 1976, 142.
8. Ora Haven Barlow, *The Israel Barlow Story*, 182–3.
9. *Ibid*, 186.
10. Nauvoo Restoration, Inc., Box 215, Nauvoo, Illinois 62354.
11. Recorded in Hancock County July 11, 1842, Book K, 359. Nauvoo Land and Records Office, Nauvoo Restoration Office, Nauvoo, Illinois.
12. February 1842 LDS Census, Nauvoo Land and Records Office, Nauvoo Restoration Incorporated, Nauvoo, Illinois.
13. Lyman De Platt, Nauvoo, *Early Mormon Records Series*, Highland, Utah, 1980, vol. 1, 67–8, 111, 138.
14. Ora Haven Barlow, *The Israel Barlow Story*, 192.
15. Robert Bruce Flanders, *Nauvoo, Kingdom on the Mississippi*, Urbana, IL, University of Illinois Press 1965, 153.
16. *History of the Church*, vol. 4, 178.
17. Minnie P. Vincent, *Stoop to Help Stand Tall in Pride—A Life Story of Minnie W. Paxman*.
18. Ora Haven Barlow, *The Israel Barlow Story*, 20.
19. According to an interview with John Haven's great-granddaughter, Helen B. Raybould, by Janet B. Seegmiller, John Haven may have been a merchant in Nauvoo. See Janet Burton Seegmiller's *Be Kind to the Poor, The Life Story of Robert Taylor Burton*, 54, 461.
20. Ora H. Barlow, *The Israel Barlow Story*, 536.

21. Nauvoo Land and Records Office, Nauvoo Restoration Incorporated, Nauvoo, Illinois.
22. Holograph copy of blessing in writer's files.
23. Eliza's church records while a member of the Pinto Ward, St. George Stake, set her baptismal date as Sept. 1841. Another History of Eliza Ann Haven Westover by a great-granddaughter sets her baptism on May 21, 1841, shortly after arriving in Nauvoo.
24. Miller and Miller, *Nauvoo: The City of Joseph*, 67, as cited in *Deseret News 1976 Church Almanac* G34. On November 8, 1841, the font in the temple was dedicated and the proxy baptisms were resumed there on November 21.
25. Transcript of Mary E. Shumway Westover history, Brigham Young University Archives.
26. *Warsaw Signal*, June 12, 1844 including capitals as cited in *The Gathering* by Maurine and Scott Proctor, 45.
27. Dan Jones, *The Martyrdom of Joseph Smith and His Brother Hyrum*, Ronald D. Dennis, translator, Brigham Young University Studies, 24 (Winter 1984): 86.
28. *History of the Church*, 7:431.
29. *Ibid*, 326
30. *Our Heritage*, 62.
31. Joseph Smith, *History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*. 7 vols. Edited by B.H. Roberts, Salt Lake City, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 1902–32. 6:626.
32. Parley P. Pratt, *Autobiography*, Deseret News Press, Salt Lake City, 1938, 228–30.
33. Robert B. Day, *They Made Mormon History*, published by Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah, 1968, 2.
34. Maurine Jensen Proctor and Scot Facer Proctor, *The Gathering*, Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah, 51.
35. Since worship was not conducted on a ward basis, public devotions and other assemblies were often held in a grove of trees on a hillside west of the temple, weather permitting, where several thousand people could be accommodated. Church authorities sat on a portable platform, while the audience rested on bricks, split logs, or on the grass. *Church History in the Fullness of Times*, prepared by the Church Educational System, published by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City, Utah, 249.
36. Eliza Ann Westover letter. - Appendix B.
37. Robert B. Day, *They Made Mormon History*, 5–6.

38. B. H. Roberts, editor, *History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City, Utah, 1948. vol. 7, 240.
39. *History of the Church*, vol. 7, 328.
40. Ora Haven Barlow, *Family Recordings of Nauvoo 1845 and before Including Minutes of the First LDS Family Gathering*, privately published.
41. *Ibid*, 26.
42. Mary E. Shumway Westover history, Brigham Young University Archives.
43. Maurine Jensen Proctor and Scot Facer Proctor, *The Gathering, Mormon Pioneers on the Trail to Zion*, Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah, 57.
44. *Church History in the Fullness of Times*, 303.
45. Nauvoo Endowment Register.
46. Janet Burton Seegmiller, *Be Kind to the Poor; The Life Story of Robert Taylor Burton*, 55.
47. *Brigham Young Manuscript, History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, published by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, *Deseret News*, Salt Lake City, Utah, 1964, vol. 7, 552.
48. Family group sheet temple records of John Haven.
49. *Brigham Young's Manuscript, History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, vol. 7, 565.
50. *History of the Church*, 7:567.
51. Janet Burton Seegmiller, *Be Kind to the Poor; The Life Story of Robert Taylor Burton*, 57–8.
52. Ora Haven Barlow, *The Israel Barlow Story*, 228-9.
53. Jacob Heinerman, *Letters of Massachusetts Mormons 1843-1848*, Special Collections, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.
54. William Edwin Berrett, *The Restored Church*, 310-11.
55. *Journal History of the Church* 10 May 1846:171.
56. The two letters written by Eliza to Maria were taken from *History of Eliza Ann Haven Westover* written by an unidentified great-granddaughter of Eliza, possibly a granddaughter of Minnie Westover Paxman.
57. Janet Burton Seegmiller, *Be Kind to the Poor; The Life Story of Robert Taylor Burton*, 63–4.
58. *Ibid*, 60.
59. Hancock County Land Records, June 16, 1846 Book P, P. 603. Nauvoo Land and Records Office, Nauvoo Restoration Incorporated, Nauvoo, Illinois.

60. Maurine Jensen Proctor and Scot Facer Proctor, *The Gathering, Mormon Pioneers On the Trail to Zion*, Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah, 92.
61. Iowa obtained statehood that same year of 1846.
62. *Journal History*, July 13, 1846 as cited in *The Gathering* by Maurine Jensen Proctor and Scot Facer Proctor, Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah, 98.
63. Kate B. Carter, *Heart Throbs of the West*, Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Salt Lake City, Utah 1943, V. 4, 341.
64. John Henry Evans and Minnie Egan Anderson, *Ezra T. Benson*, Deseret News Press, Salt Lake City, Utah 1947, 119.
65. Janet Burton Seegmiller, *Be Kind to the Poor; The Life Story of Robert Taylor Burton*, p. 65–6.
66. *Ibid*, p. 71.
67. Juanita Brooks, editor, *On The Mormon Frontier, The Diary of Hosea Stout, 1844–1861*, 213.
68. Janet Burton Seegmiller, *Be Kind to the Poor; The Life Story of Robert Taylor Burton*, 70.
69. Eliza Ann Westover letter to her son, Lewis 1918. Westover Family archives.
70. B. H. Roberts, ed., *Documentary History of the Church, 1830-1848*, vol. 7, 538.
71. Juanita Brooks, *On The Mormon Frontier*, 194n.
72. *Ibid*, 129, as cited in *The Israel Barlow Story*, 249.
73. *Ibid*, 59n.
74. Juanita Brooks, ed., *On the Mormon Frontier*, 1946.
75. Ora Haven Barlow, publisher, *The Israel Barlow Story*, 247.

## Chapter 5

1. Leonard J. Arrington, *Charles C. Rich, Mormon General and Western Frontiersman*, Brigham Young University Press, Provo, Utah, 113.
2. William C. Davis, *The American Frontier*, published by Salamander Books, Ltd., London, England 1992, 70–1.
3. Alfred Lambourne, *The Pioneer Trail, The Deseret News*, Salt Lake City 1913, 32–3.
4. Wallace Stegner, *The Gathering of Zion*, McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York, publishers, 197–8.
5. This site has had a rebirth as a temple now stands on this hallowed ground beside the cemetery where Charles had offered his heartfelt prayer.
6. Patriarch Morley founded a settlement on the outskirts of Nauvoo named Yelrome, his name spelled backward with an added

- “e.” In 1849, he led 225 colonists to Sanpete Valley in Utah. They spent a cold and difficult winter in dugouts on the hill where the Manti Temple now stands. After making friends with the Indians, the settlement succeeded.
7. Charles Westover history.
  8. Janet Burton Seegmiller, *Be Kind to the Poor; The Life Story of Robert Taylor Burton*, 85.
  9. *Ibid*, 85
  10. Kate B. Carter, *Our Pioneer Heritage*, vol 19, 329.
  11. Robert B. Day, *They Made Mormon History*, 106.
  12. B. H. Roberts, *A Comprehensive History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Century 1*, 6 vols. 1930. Cited in *Be Kind to the Poor; The Life Story of Robert Taylor Burton*.
  13. Janet Burton Seegmiller, *Be Kind to the Poor; The Life Story of Robert Taylor Burton*, 86.
  14. William B. Smart, *Old Utah Trails*, Utah Geographic Series, Inc., Salt Lake City, Utah, 1988.
  15. Wallace Stegner, *The Gathering of Zion*, McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York, 1964, p. 6.
  16. Stanley B. Kimball, *Emigrants' Guide*, 1983, 46-7.
  17. Eliza Ann Haven Westover's letter to her son, Lewis B. Westover, transcript in family file.
  18. James A. Little, *From Kirtland to Salt Lake City*, 82-3.
  19. Alfred Lambourne, *The Old Journey, Reminiscences of Pioneer Days*, Geo. Q. Cannon & Sons Co., publishers, 46-7.
  20. Robert B. Day, *They Made Mormon History*, 107.
  21. The writer sympathizes with Robert's plight as the former had the like assignment of awakening the camp of the 1997 Mormon Wagon Train Reenactment at 4:30 A.M. by means of a cow bell amid a few ill-humored remarks. No shoes donated.
  22. Oliver Boardman Journal, courtesy of Daryl Reynolds for the 1998 Westover Family Reunion. Several of the accounts recorded here are taken from this source, *Our Pioneer Heritage*.
  23. Wallace Stegner, *The Gathering of Zion*, 201.
  24. Sarah S. Arbuckle, compiler, *An Autobiographical Sketch of Elizabeth Haven Barlow*, privately published, writer's archives.
  25. Mormon Pioneer National Historic Trail, U. S. Department of the Interior, National Park Service, brochure GPO 839-150.
  26. Upon personal inspection of Independence Rock by the writer during the 1997 Mormon Trail Wagon Train Re-enactment, Charles failed to live up to expectations. No inscription of his name or initials were found. It was a common alternative to

- paint a name or initials on the rock, which was easier than carving but not as lasting.
27. Alfred Lambourne, *The Old Journey*, 43.
  28. William C. Davis, *The American Frontier*, published by Salamander Books, Ltd., London, England 1992.
  29. Alfred Lambourne, *The Pioneer Trail*, 68.
  30. Janet Burton Seegmiller, *The Life Story of Robert Taylor Burton*, 87–8.
  31. Peter H. DeLafosse, editor, *Trailing the Pioneers*, Utah State University Press, with Utah Crossroads, Oregon-California Trails Association, Logan, Utah, 65; The canyon has been widened and the roar of cars on I-80 has replaced the echo.
  32. The writer sensed the emotions experienced by the Westovers and Havens as they restrained their wagons against Emigration Canyon's descent. After two months on the trail in 1997, tears blurred his vision and exhilaration replaced exhaustion of the long trek as he "pushed" (served as a brakeman would be a more appropriate term) a handcart down this canyon and into the Salt Lake Valley. Ya-hoo!!
  33. Maurine Jesnsen Proctor and Scot Facer Proctor, *The Gathering*, Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah.
  34. Max Bertola, *The Pioneer Story*; The Hosanna shout was considered sacred by the Saints and reserved for only the greatest occasions of praise and thanksgiving. Two horsemen who entered the Valley on July 22, 1847, Orson Pratt and Erastus Snow, are depicted on "This Is the Place" monument shouting "Hosanna!" for joy.
  35. Maurine Jensen Proctor and Scot Facer Proctor, *The Gathering*, Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah, 156.
  36. Ezra Meeker, *The Oregon Trail or The Ox Team*, Special Collections, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, 69–70.
  37. *Ibid*, 70.
  38. *Ibid*, 35–6.
  39. Wallace Stegner, *The Gathering of Zion*, McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York, 3.
  40. Richard H. Jackson, editor, *The Mormon Role in the Settlement of the West*, Brigham Young University Press, 20–1.
  41. Maurine Jensen Proctor and Scot Facer Proctor, *The Gathering*, Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah 1996, 5.

## Chapter 6

1. Wallace Stegner, *Mormon Country*, published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce, New York, N.Y., 43.



2. Charles Westover, *A Short Sketch of My Life*, Family Archives.
3. Ibid.
4. Church Educational System, *Church History in the Fullness of Times*, published by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City, Utah, 339.
5. The site of the “Old Fort” is now included in present-day Pioneer Park.
6. William G. Hartley, *Kindred Saints*, 38.
7. Edwin Ruthven Westover history, *Westover Magazine*, Special Collections, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University.
8. Dale L. Morgan, *The Great Salt Lake*, University of Utah Press and Annie Clark Tanner Trust Fund, Salt Lake City, Utah.
9. William G. Hartley, *Kindred Saints*.
10. Patty Bartlett Sessions, *Diaries*, holograph, LDS Archives.
11. William G. Hartley, *Kindred Saints*.
12. Charles Westover, *A Short History of My Life From Memory*, family archives, 8.
13. Early Church Information File, FHL microfilm no. 1750725.
14. *The Latter-day Saints’ Millennial Star*, V. X, 81–8.
15. Wallace Stegner, *The Gathering of Zion*, published by McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York, 219.
16. *The Latter-day Saints’ Millennial Star*, V. X, 83.
17. Charles Westover, *A Short History of My Life From Memory*.
18. Ibid.
19. Ibid.
20. Ibid.
21. In the Temple Index Bureau files, it is listed “Eliza Ann Haven sealed to spouse July 10, 1852.”
22. *Genealogical Journal*, vol. 12, No. 1 Spring 1983; Lyman De Platt, *The History of Marriage in Utah, 1847–1905*.
23. This date was taken from family records. If this date is correct, it could be assumed that Charles may have taken out his endowments on Ensign Peak, as several others had done until the erection of the Endowment House in 1856. Mary Shumway Westover’s history indicates that Charles took out his endowments shortly before their marriage in September, 1856, which undoubtedly would have taken place in the Endowment House if this were true. Perhaps the official recording was made later in the Endowment House after the fact as was the practice.
24. Holograph copy in author’s files. A copy of the original was obtained from the Historical Department, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. It may be noted that according to Charles’s history, Isaac Morley indicated Charles to be of the

- tribe of Ephraim in contrast to Patriarch John Smith's blessing placing him with the tribe of Benjamin. Patriarch Morley's blessing was never recorded.
25. Charles Westover, *A Short History of My Life From Memory*.
  26. "Journal History," 19 October 1849.
  27. Artimetia, the first and oldest of the three wives referred to the other wives as "girls of the family."
  28. Andrew Karl Larson, *Erastus Snow: The Life of a Missionary and Pioneer for the Early Mormon Church*, The University of Utah Press, Salt Lake City, Utah, 201–2.
  29. It was on this mission that Elder Bay baptized and brought Eliza's sister, Laura Beal, unexpectedly to the west. However, Pinto Ward records state that Laura was baptized by Boyington, May 1852.
  30. Andrew Karl Larson, *Erastus Snow: The Life of a Missionary and Pioneer for the Early Mormon Church*, 218.
  31. *Ibid.*, 240.
  32. Charles Westover, *A Short Sketch of My Life From Memory*, *family archives*, 9.
  33. *Ibid.*
  34. Board of Commissioners of Indian War Records, Family History Library, Salt Lake City, Utah, microfilm no. 0485516.
  35. William B. Smart, *Old Utah Trails*, Published by Utah Geographic Series, Salt Lake City, Utah 1988, 50–1.
  36. Military Pensions, filed July 22, 1903, Application no. 8304.
  37. Big Cottonwood was also identified as South Cottonwood to differentiate it from North Cottonwood near Farmington. Big Cottonwood's boundaries are still undetermined, but the 1860 Territorial Census places Charles, Eliza, and Electa in Union. Union was just west of the present-day Big Cottonwood canyon.
  38. Wayne Sutton, editor, Utah, *A Centennial History*, vol. 11, p. 546, Lewis Historical Publishing Co., Inc. New York, N. Y. 1949 quoted from "Epistle of Brigham Young and the Twelve," *Journal History*, September 9, 1847, Ms.
  39. Until 1869, settlers in Utah were merely squatters on the public domain. The Mormons for two decades colonized land to which they had no legal title. Legally speaking, squatter right was untenable, but possession, reinforced by American custom and tradition, comprised nine points of the law; Kate B. Carter in *Heart Throbs of the West*, vol 4, 302–3, 308. A search in the Salt Lake County Archives by the writer disclosed no land titles granted before 1871.

40. William G. Hartley, *Kindred Saints*, 283–4.
41. Genealogy of Presidents and Members of the Sixth Quorum of Seventies, Seventies Quorum Records 1844–1975, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints Archives, Salt Lake City, Utah, Microfilm No. CR 499.
42. Seventies Quorum Records 1844–1975, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints Archives, Salt Lake City, Utah Microfilm No. CR 499.
43. Ora H. Barlow, *The Israel Barlow Story and Mormon Mores*, 373.
44. *Ibid*, 374.
45. Seventies Quorum Records 1844–1975, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints Archives, Salt Lake City, Utah, Microfilm No. Cr 499.
46. The soundtrack at the Wolf Education and Research Center on the Nez Perce Reservation in Winchester, Idaho.
47. *Journal History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, January 18, 1852. Cited in Westover family records and in *The Israel Barlow Story*, 277.
48. Ora Haven Barlow, *The Israel Barlow Story and Mormon Mores*, 297, n. 23.
49. Francis W. Kirkham, Harold Lundstrom, editors, *Tales of a Triumphant People, A History of Salt Lake County, Utah 1847–1900*, Daughters of the Utah Pioneers, Stevens and Wallis Press, Salt Lake City, Utah 1947.
50. *Gazetteer of Utah and Salt Lake City Directory*, 1874, compiled and edited by Edward L. Sloan, published by *Salt Lake Herald Publishing Company*, Salt Lake City, Utah.
51. Janet Burton Seegmiller, *Be Kind to the Poor; The Life Story of Robert Taylor Burton*, Privately Published by the Robert Taylor Family Organization, Inc. 1988, 433.
52. Larry M. Logue, *Belief and Behavior in a Mormon Town*, (In Dissertation Abstracts International), University of Pennsylvania 1984, 1500A.
53. Davis Britton, “Mormon Polygamy: A Review Article,” *Journal of Mormon History*, vol 4, 1977, 101.
54. Stanley S. Ivins, “Notes on Mormon Polygamy,” *Utah Historical Quarterly* 35 (Fall 1967): 309–21.
55. Richard S. Van Wagoner, *Mormon Polygamy: A History*, Salt Lake City, Signature Books, 1989, 92.
56. B. H. Roberts, *Comprehensive History of the Church*, vol 3, 291.

57. William E. Berrett, *The Restored Church*, Deseret Book Co. 1958, 250.
58. *Book of Mormon*, Jacob 2:30.
59. Theresa Westover Hoskins, granddaughter of Charles, in a taped oral interview May 1992, transcript in writer's files.
60. Mary E.S. Westover, *Reminiscences of Mary E. Shumway Westover*, family archives.
61. Eva Westover Conover, *The History of George Henry Conover*, 11.
62. Mary Eliza Shumway Autobiography transcript, Office of the Dean of Social Sciences, Brigham Young University Archives.
63. Andrew Karl Larson, *Erastus Snow*, 202.
64. Maureen Ursenbach Beecher, *Revealing and Concealing: Life Writings of Mormon Women*, "Everyday Life In Pioneer Utah" lecture series, Brigham Young University Conference Center, March 29, 1997.
65. In a letter from James Bay quoted in Appendix C, subtitled "Laura Beal," he refers to Electa as Electa Miller.
66. Mary W. Carroll, *Westover Magazine*.
67. Ancestry.com, Individual Database Search Results.
68. When used in connection with Mormon phraseology, the word "gentile" refers to those who are not members of the Church. It has been said in jest that Utah is the only place in the world where a Jew can be considered a gentile.
69. Wanda Snow Peterson, *William Snow: First Bishop of Pine Valley*, Community Press, Provo, Utah, 91.
70. William E. Berrett, *The Restored Church*, 450.
71. Kate B. Carter, *Our Pioneer Heritage*, article "Autobiographies of Six Pioneer Women," 318.
72. *Ibid*, 452.
73. Congressional Globe, 35th Congress, 1st Session, 25th Feb 1858, 874 quoted in William E. Berrett, *The Restored Church*, 459.
74. Paul Bailey, *Holy Smoke, A Dissertation on the Utah War*, published by Westernlore Books, Los Angeles, Calif. 1978, 121.
75. Kate B. Carter, *Our Pioneer Heritage*, article entitled "Autobiographies of Six Pioneer Women," 332.
76. Hulda Cordelia Thurston Smith, *Sketch of the life of Jefferson Thurston*, July 1921, typescript, Daughters of the Utah Pioneers Museum, Salt Lake City, 17–8.
77. Extract from Warren Foote's Journal, Historical Department of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, cited by Will-

- iam G. Hartley, *Brigham Young University Studies*, Fall 1979, vol 20, no. 1, 101
78. Francis W. Kirkham and Harold Lundstrom, editors, *Tales of a Triumphant People, A History of Salt Lake County, Utah 1847–1900*, Daughters of the Utah Pioneers, Published by Stevens and Wallis Press, Salt Lake City, Utah 1947, 74.
  79. In *The Life Story of Robert Taylor Burton*, 186, is noted that during the move south, the Burtons “left on the morning of May 25, encountered rain along the way, and stopped to wait out the storm at the home of Maria’s sister Eliza and her husband, Charles Westover, who lived in Draper.”
  80. Kate B. Carter, compiler, *Heart Throbs of the West*, vol. 10, Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Salt Lake City, Utah, 236.
  81. Janet Burton Seegmiller, *Be Kind to the Poor; The Life Story of Robert Taylor Burton*, 189–90.
  82. Wallace Stegner, *The Gathering of Zion*, published by McGraw-Hill Book Company, p. 284.
  83. William E. Berrett, *The Restored Church*, 463.
  84. *Journal History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, June 13, 1859, 2.
  85. William G. Hartley, *Kindred Saints*, 45.

## Chapter 7

1. Eugene England, *Brother Brigham*, Bookcraft, Salt Lake City, Utah, 190–1.
2. Albert E. Miller, *The Immortal Pioneers*, 13.
3. *Ibid*, 13–4.
4. Andrew Karl Larson, *I Was Called to Dixie*, 101–2.
5. Andrew K. Larsen, *Erastus Beman Snow*, 19.
6. H. Lorenzo Reid, *Brigham Young’s Dixie of the Desert, Exploration and Settlement*, Published by Zion Natural History Association, Zion National Park, Utah, 103–4. The title cited hereafter as “Dixie of the Desert.”
7. Diary of Charles Lowell Walker entry of October 19, 1862, as cited in Andrew Karl Larson’s *I Was Called to Dixie*, 103.
8. Eva Westover Conover, *The History of George Henry Westover*, 1.
9. The 1861 Federal Census.
10. Brigham Young, *Journal of Discourses*, vol. 10, 121 f.
11. *Journal of Allen Joseph Stout*, 24. Typescript in Washington County Library, quoted in Andrew Karl Larson, *I Was Called to Dixie*, 103.
12. H. Lorenzo Reid, *Dixie of the Desert*, 98.

13. Eva Westover Conover, *The History of George Henry Westover*, 2. As for the sailor, he earned his salt by successfully building a chapel in Pine Valley designed after a hull of a ship, upside down, which still stands today.
14. Andrew Karl Larson, *I Was Called to Dixie*, 107.
15. *Ibid.*, 13.
16. William B. Smart, *Old Utah Trails*, published by Utah Geographic Series, Inc., Salt Lake City, Utah 1988, 32.
17. For a detailed description of this arduous journey, see Eva Westover Conover's *The History of George Henry Westover*, 2–3. The substance and much of the wording of this narrative of the trek to St. George was taken from this source.
18. H. Lorenzo Reid, *Dixie of the Desert*, 101.
19. *Biography and Journal of Robert Gardner Jr.*, Special Collections, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, 47–8.
20. James G. Bleak, *Annals of the Southern Utah Mission*, 70.
21. Andrew Karl Larson, *Erastus Snow, The Life of a Missionary and Pioneer for the Early Mormon Church*, University of Utah Press, Salt Lake City, Utah, 326.
22. *Biography and Journal of Robert Gardner, Jr.*, Special Collections, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, 48.
23. *Ibid.*
24. Andrew Karl Larson, *I Was Called to Dixie*, 107.
25. *Utah Historical Quarterly*, vol. 49 no. 1, “Life in a Village Society,” 91.
26. Andrew Karl Larson, *Erastus Snow: The Life of a Missionary and Pioneer for the Early Mormon Church*, 327.
27. Charles Westover and Haden Wells Church are the great-grandfathers of the writer and his wife, Dorothy Church Westover.
28. *Biography and Journal of Robert Gardner, Jr.*, Special Collections, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, 83.
29. Andrew Karl Larson, *I Was Called to Dixie*, 105–6.
30. Albert E. Miller, *The Immortal Saints*, 20–1; *Journal History*, January 9, 1862.
31. Interview of Martha Canfield, Family History Library, Salt Lake City, Utah, microfilm no. 0485339.
32. *Westover Magazine*, Mary Shumway Westover history.
33. Andrew Karl Larson, *I Was Called to Dixie*, Privately published, 1961, 406.
34. *Ibid.*, 565–6.
35. *Ibid.*, 121.

36. *The Vepricula*, November 1, 1864, as cited in Andrew Karl Larson's *I Was Called to Dixie*, 121.
37. Wanda Snow Petersen, *William Snow: First Bishop of Pine Valley, A Man Without Guile*, Community Press, Provo, Utah, 93.
38. Andrew Karl Larson, *I Was Called to Dixie*.
39. Shirley B. Paxman, *Homespun, Domestic Arts and Crafts of Mormon Pioneers*, published by Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah, 1976, 83.
40. *Ibid.*, 40
41. *Ibid.*, 153–4.
42. *Ibid.*, 152.
43. William E. Bennett, *The Restored Church*, 418.
44. Andrew Karl Larson, *I Was Called to Dixie*, 203–4.
45. *Biography and Journal of Robert Gardner, Jr.*, 52.
46. Andrew Karl Larson, *The Red Hills of November*, published by The Deseret News Press, 1957, 78.
47. *Ibid.*, 78.
48. Albert E. Miller, *The Immortal Pioneers*, 72–7.
49. Eliza Ann Haven Westover letter to her son, Lewis B.
50. Andrew Karl Larson, *Erastus Snow, The Life of a Missionary and Pioneer for the Early Mormon Church*, 405.
51. John Menzies Macfarlane composed the carol “Far, Far Away on Judea’s Plains” and the hymn “Dearest Children, God Is Near You.”
52. Proctor and Shirts, *Silver, Saints and Sinners*, Brigham Young University, Special Collections, 90.
53. *Journal History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, July 31, 1865, 1.
54. Eva Westover Conover, *History of George Henry Westover*, 10.
55. Stephen L. Carr, *The Historical Guide to Utah Ghost Towns*, 145.
56. Andrew Karl Larson, *I Was Called to Dixie*, 57.
57. Excerpts from *The Cactus*, published in St. George, Utah in 1868–69 by G.G. Sangiovanni & Co. as cited in *Heart Throbs of the West* by Kate B. Carter V. 5, 147–8.

## Chapter 8

1. LaRue Westover Ford in her Book of Remembrance recorded *The Words of Her Grandfather*, family archives. Perhaps Charles took Eliza and the children with him on his trip to Salt Lake City where he obtained the threshing machine, leaving the family there for an extended visit.

2. Peter H. DeLafosse, editor, *Trailing The Pioneers*, Utah State University Press, with Utah Crossroads, Oregon-California Trails Association, Logan, Utah 1994, p. 27.
3. William B. Smart, *Old Utah Trails*, published by Utah Geographic Series, Inc. 1988, p. 48.
4. Cornelia Adams Perkins, Marian Gardner Nielson, Lenora Butt Jones, *Saga of San Juan*, published by San Juan Daughters of Utah Pioneers 1968, p. 17.
5. William B. Smart, *Old Utah Trails*, published by Utah Geographic Series, Inc., Salt Lake City, Utah 1988, p. 42–3.
6. Stephen L. Carr, *The Historical Guide to Utah Ghost Towns*, p. 148.
7. Andrew Jensen, *Church Chronology, 1805–1898*, May 6, 1866.
8. This date is substantiated in *The History of Lewis Burton Westover* written by Albert and Liva Westover.
9. Harriet Azalea, born 9 Dec 1856, was not listed on the 1870 Federal Census.
10. Albert Haven Westover, *The Life of Lewis Burton Westover*, family archives. A common practice to adorn babies in dresses with frills regardless of the sex and the male babies cries of protest.
11. Eva Westover Conover, *History of George Henry Westover*, p. 19.
12. *Ibid.*, p. 19.
13. Minnie was born November 18, 1870. Clara's birth was on February 10, 1873. Both babies were blessed by R. L. Robinson.
14. Andrew Karl Larson, *I Was Called to Dixie*, p. 639.
15. Larry M. Logue, *A Sermon In the Desert*, p. 33.
16. Janet Burton Seegmiller, *Be Kind to the Poor; The Life Story of Robert Taylor Burton*, p. 271
17. Albert H. Westover, *History of Lewis B. Westover*, family archives.
18. Eva Bentley, "Magdalene Westenskow Funk," *An Enduring Legacy*, compiled by Lesson Committee, Daughters of the Utah Pioneers, Salt Lake City, Utah 1986 vol. 9, p. 80.
19. Oral interview with Don and Reed Westover and LaRue Westover Ford by the writer on October 9, 1992 in Logan, Utah.
20. *Webster's Dictionary* defines "dynamic" as energetic, vigorous, tending to produce progress.
21. Robert B. Day, *They Made Mormon History*, pp, 38–9.
22. Albert Haven Westover, *The Life of Lewis Burton Westover*.
23. Andrew Karl Larson, *I Was Called to Dixie*, p. 220.
24. Andrew Karl Larson, *The Red Hills of November*, p. 52.



25. Kate B. Carter, compiler, *Heart Throbs of the West*, vol. 4, p. 388.
26. *Ibid.*, p. 53.
27. Albert H. Westover, *History of Lewis B. Westover*; family archives.
28. Harold P. Cahoon and Priscilla J. Cahoon, *Utah's "Dixie" Birthplace*, published by Washington City Historical Society, 2nd edition 1996.
29. Albert E. Miller, *The Immortal Pioneers*, p. 165.
30. Larry M. Logue, *A Sermon in the Desert*, p. 10.
31. Eva Westover Conover, *The History of George Henry Westover*, p. 20.
32. The practice of rebaptism was not unique to the Utah Mormon period. For one example, the *Book of Mormon* relates this practice of rebaptism by Alma and his people as a sign of recommitment to the Gospel of Jesus Christ.
33. William G. Hartley, *The Priesthood Reorganization of 1877: Brigham Young's Last Achievement*, Brigham Young University Studies, 1979, vol. 20, no. 1, 5–7.
34. *Ibid.*, p. 20.
35. *Ibid.*, pp. 20–1.
36. *Ibid.*, p. 25.
37. Albert Haven Westover, *History of Lewis Burton Westover*; family archives.
38. A dictated history by Lewis B. Westover taken in shorthand by LoRaine Ward.
39. Eva Westover Conover, *The History of George Henry Westover*, p. 24.
40. B. H. Roberts, *Comprehensive History of the Church*, vol 5, pp. 485–6.
41. *Ibid.*
42. Eva Westover Conover, *The History of George Henry Westover*, p. 40–1.
43. *Ibid.*, p. 42.
44. Mary Eliza Shumway Westover, transcript, BYU Archives.
45. Minnie Paxman Vincent, *A History of Eliza Ann Haven Westover*; courtesy of Alfred Paxman.
46. Andrew Karl Larson, *I Was Called to Dixie*, p. 248.

## Chapter 9

1. Eva Westover Conover, *The History of George Henry Westover*, p. 44.

2. In LaRue Westover's *The Life of Lewis Burton Westover* it is noted that the family moved to Silver Reef when Lewis was 17 years of age. On May 14, 1885, Lewis turned 17.
3. Andrew Karl Larson, *I Was Called to Dixie*, p. 319.
4. Proctor and Shirts, *Silver, Sinners and Saints*. pp. 210–1. Harold B. Lee Library, BYU, Special Collections.
5. Eva Westover Conover, *The History of George Henry Westover*, p. 26-7.
6. Paul Dean Proctor and Morris A. Shirts, *Silver, Saints and Sinners*, Paulmar Publishers, Provo, Utah, 1991, p. 26.
7. *Ibid.*, p. 27.
8. Albert H. Westover, *History of Lewis B. Westover*, family archives.
9. Proctor and Shirts, *Silver, Saints and Sinners*, pp. 27–30.
10. *Ibid.*, p. 40.
11. *The Silver Reef Miner*, Wednesday, May 14, 1879, Utah Valley Family History Center, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.
12. *St. George Union* newspaper, September 20, 1878.
13. *Utah Historical Quarterly*, vol. 49, No. 1, "Life in a Village Society," p. 88.
14. *Utah Historical Quarterly*, Winter 1981, vol. 49, No. 1, p. 88.
15. Author unknown, *A History of Eliza Ann Haven Westover*; courtesy of Alfred Paxman of American Fork, Utah.
16. *Ibid.*
17. Leeds Ward early records on microfilm no. 0026128.
18. Pinto Ward Record of Members, microfilm no. 0026420.
19. Washington Ward Records 1880–1900, microfilm no. 0027435 item 1.
20. Andrew Karl Larson, *I Was Called to Dixie*, p. 578.
21. *Ibid.*, p. 579–80.
22. *Ibid.*, p. 589-90.
23. Harold P. Cahoon and Priscilla J. Cahoon, *Utah's "Dixie" Birthplace*, published by the Washington City Historical Society, 2nd Ed, 1996, Family History Library, Salt Lake City, Utah, p. 111.
24. Charles B. Westover History transcript, Dean of Social Sciences, Brigham Young University Archives.
25. Harold P. Cahoon and Priscilla J. Cahoon, *Utah's "Dixie" Birthplace*, p. 111.
26. History of Lewis B. Westover as dictated to LoRaine Ward.
27. *Ibid.*
28. Andrew Karl Larson, *I Was Called to Dixie*, p. 418.

29. Juanita Brooks, *Silver Reef: Fact and Fiction*, p. 89 Charles Redd Monographs in Western History, BYU Press.
30. Lynn M. Hilton, ed., *Levi Savage Jr. Journal*, privately multi-lithed, 1966.
31. The Washington Ward records on the microfilm no. 0027435 indicate that Washington Ward received the Westover family records from the Leeds Branch on June 11, 1889. There was evidently a considerable delay in receiving these records as events involving the Westovers in Washington significantly precede this date.
32. The basis of this incident with the pony leading to the courtship of Eliza Johanna and Lewis Burton was taken from *The History of Lewis Burton Westover* written by Albert and Liva Westover: "He had a little pony which he was riding around during a celebration. Eliza asked if she might have a ride. He told her she could, and when she came back with the pony he took it to tie it some place during the program. To his surprise and joy Eliza had saved a seat beside her for him. This started a courtship that lasted as long as she lived."

## Chapter 10

1. Scandinavian Mission Records 1853–1886, Family History Center, Brigham Young University, microfilm no. 025,696.
2. Amos W. Bair, *History of Richmond, Utah*, Bicentennial Committee 1976, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, p. 239.
3. *History of the Life of Marcus Esper Funk*, compiled by his granddaughters, Gertrude and Eva Bentley, revised March 1979. Many of the facts included in this narrative of the Funk family have been taken from this source.
4. William Mulder, "Utah's Ugly Ducklings," *Utah Historical Quarterly*, vol. XXIII no. 3, July 1955.
5. David C. Ottesen, *At Home in Rural Denmark*, p. 25, part of a lecture series, "Scandinavia Emigration Records as a Family History Tool," Special Collections, Harold B. Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.
6. *Ibid.*, p. 27.
7. There is a conflict in various genealogies concerning the names and their spellings. Attempts to translate Danish names into English may contribute to the variance. The parenthetic "f" following some of the names is used to clarify the sex.
8. Birth and Baptismal Certificate, The Danish Peoples Church, Ministerial Book, B. R. Pedersen, Priest.

9. David C. Ottesen, *At Home in Rural Denmark*, p. 28, part of a lecture series, "Scandinavian Emigration Records as a Family History Tool," Special Collections, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.
10. *Ibid.*, p. 29.
11. William Mulder, "Utah's Ugly Duckling," *Utah Historical Quarterly* vol. XXIII, no. 3, July 1955, p. 235.
12. Hans H. Worsoe, "Life in the Cities of Denmark," part of the lecture series "Scandinavian Emigration Records as a Family History Tool," Special Collections, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.
13. David C. Ottesen, "At Home in Rural Denmark," p. 2, part of a lecture series, "Scandinavian Records as a Family History Tool," Special Collections, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.
14. *Ibid.* p. 2, 21.
15. Daughters of Utah Pioneers, *Pioneer Women of Faith and Fortitude, V. II*, p. 1037.
16. Andrew Jensen, *History of the Scandinavian Mission*, Deseret News Press, Salt Lake City, Utah 1927, p. 42
17. *Ibid.*, p. 44.
18. *Ibid.*, p. 117.
19. *Ibid.*, pp. 43–4.
20. Marcus Orlando Funk, *Autobiography*, p. 1, unpublished, courtesy of Amy Odell of Walnut Creek, California.
21. *Pioneer Women of Faith and Fortitude, V. II*, DUP, p. 1,037.
22. In some genealogies Marcus's middle name is recorded as "Esbersen."
23. William Mulder, *Denmark and the Mormons*, Princeton University Library Chronicle V. LII no. 3 Spring 1991 Special Collections, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah pp. 334–5.
24. William Mulder, *Homeward to Zion*, University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis 1957, p. 84.
25. William G. Hartley, *Kindred Saints*, p. 252.
26. William Mulder, *Homeward To Zion*, p. 89.
27. William Mulder, *Denmark and the Mormons*, p. 335.
28. LeRoy R. and Ann W. Hafen, *Handcarts to Zion*, published by The Arthur H. Clark Company, Glendale, California 1976, p. 149.
29. Scandinavian Mission Emigration Records 1853–1886, microfilm no. 025,696. Family History Library.
30. *Pioneer Women of Faith and Fortitude, V. II*, DUP, p. 984.
31. William G. Hartley, *Kindred Saints*, p. 256–7.

32. Kate B. Carter, compiler, *Heart Throbs of the West, V. 4*, published by Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Salt Lake City, Utah 1943, p. 146.
33. William G. Hartley, *Kindred Saints*, published by Eden Hill, Salt Lake City, Utah 1982, pp. 258–60.
34. *Ibid.*, p. 260.
35. British Mission Emigration Records, 1855–1863, Family History Library, Salt Lake City, Utah microfilm no. 025,691. The Scandinavian Mission Records, 1853–1886 confirms this data except the spelling “Diderick.” Marcus’s middle name was abbreviated “Esp.” FHL microfilm no. 025,696.
36. Daniel B. Wells, editor, *The Latter-day Saints’ Millennial Star*, Liverpool, England, June 13, 1857.
37. Conway B. Sonne, *Ships, Saints and Mariners*, University of Utah Press, Salt Lake City, Utah 1987, p. 189. Also *The Millennial Star*, June 13, 1857, reports the Tuscarora’s departure.
38. *The Latter-day Saints’ Millennial Star*; July 3, 1857, vol. 19, p. 571. The name of the Philadelphia newspaper was not given.
39. D&C Section 87.
40. Kate B. Carter, *Our Pioneer Heritage*, vol. 12, p. 471. In vol. 1, p. 4 “They Came in 1857” indicates they traveled by rail as far as Darlington, Iowa, where most of the Tuscarora passengers found temporary employment.
41. “Journal of James S. Brown,” diary record for 1857–1863 Special Collections, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah. Section 1, p. 9.
42. James S. Brown, *Life of a Pioneer*, Autobiography, George Q. Cannon & Sons Co., Printers, Salt Lake City, Utah, 1900, p. 397.
43. Robert B. Day, *They Made Mormon History*, pp. 107–8.
44. William G. Hartley, *My Best for the Kingdom: History and Autobiography of John Lowe Butler, A Mormon Frontiersman*, Aspen Books, Salt Lake City, Utah, p. 244. Quoted from Andrew Jensen, “Church Emigration,” Contributor 13 (Jul 1892): 408–19.
45. Nancy C. Williams, *After 100 Years*, Zions Printing and Publishing Company, Independence, Missouri 1951, p. 155.
46. James S. Brown, *Life of a Pioneer*, Autobiography, p. 398, 400.
47. LeRoy R. and Ann W. Hafen, *Handcarts to Zion*, Arthur H. Clark Company, Glendale, California 1976, pp. 173–5.
48. *Utah Historical Quarterly*. Vol. 49 no 1. “Handcarts to Zion.”
49. The events of the encounter with the Sioux Indians was taken from James S. Brown’s *Life of a Pioneer*, pp. 398–9.

50. Ibid. p. 401.
51. Ibid., p. 401–2.
52. John Steinbeck, *The Leader of the People*.
53. James S. Brown, *Life of a Pioneer*.
54. Kate B. Carter, compiler, *Heart Throbs of the West*, Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Salt Lake City, Utah 1940, vol. 2, p. 431.
55. William G. Hartley, *My Best for the Kingdom: History and Autobiography of John Lowe Butler, A Mormon Frontiersman*, Aspen Books, Salt Lake City, p. 249.
56. James Brown, *Life of A Pioneer*.
57. Kate B. Carter, *Our Pioneer Heritage*, V. 2 Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Salt Lake City, Utah 1959, p. 287.
58. Gertrude and Eva Bentley, *History of the Life of Marcus Esper Funk*, pp. 2–3.
59. The standard Danish diet as described by Henry E. Christiansen in his lecture “Scandinavian Emigration Records as a Family History Tool,” Special Collections, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, p. 4.
60. *Pioneer Women of Faith and Fortitude*, Daughters of Utah Pioneers, vol II, p. 1038.

## Chapter 11

1. Charles Shumway was one of the original 1859 Cache Valley pioneers, following his stay in Big Cottonwood where his daughter, Mary, married Charles Westover in 1856. Brother Shumway served as Presiding Elder in Mendon.
2. Scott R. Christensen, “Seuhubeogoi, What Cache Valley Meant to the Shoshone,” article appearing in *Pioneer* magazine, published by the Sons of Utah Pioneers, Autumn 1999, p. 16.
3. Ibid., p. 17.
4. Richmond Bicentennial Committee, *The History of Richmond, Utah*, 1976, p. 9, Family History Library, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City, Utah.
5. Heber C. Kimball, *Journal of Discourses*, vol 8, p. 90. LDS Collectors Library, 1995 Infobases, Inc.
6. Remarks made by President Brigham Young at Richmond, Cache Valley, June 9, 1860 as printed in the *Deseret News*, Salt Lake City, Utah August 1, 1860.
7. Douglas D. Alder, editor, *Cache Valley, Essays on Her Past and People*, Utah State University, Logan, Utah, p. 31.
8. Amos W. Bair, *The History of Richmond, Utah*, Richmond Bicentennial Committee 1976, p. 15, Family History Library,

- Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City, Utah.
9. Tad D. Hendricks, *Historical Events of William Dorris Hendricks*, p. 93.
  10. Susan Arrington Madsen, editor, *Christmas, A Joyful Heritage*, Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah 1984, p. 7.
  11. Amos W. Bair, *History of Richmond, Utah*, Bicentennial Committee 1976, pp. 73–4.
  12. Kate B. Carter, *Heart Throbs of the West*, vol. 4, p. 393.
  13. Leonard J. Arrington, “Life and Labor Among the Pioneers,” in *The History of a Valley*, edited by Joel E. Ricks, published by Cache Valley Centennial Commission, Logan, Utah 1956.
  14. Amos W. Bair, *History of Richmond, Utah*, Bicentennial Committee 1976, pp. 42, 257.
  15. William B. Preston became Cache Valley Stake President and eventually Presiding Bishop of the Church with our Robert Taylor Burton as first counselor. Cited in *The Preston Genealogy*, edited by L. A. Wilson, published by *The Deseret News*, Salt Lake City, Utah, 1900.
  16. Leonard J. Arrington, “W.B. Preston, First Bishop of Logan,” address given at Logan, Utah February 20, 1976, an article in Cache Valley, *Essays on Her Past and People*, Douglas D. Alder, ed. published by Utah State University, Logan, Utah.
  17. Stanley B. Kimball, *Discovering Mormon Trails*, Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah 1979, p. 39.
  18. *Millennial Star*, 26:461.
  19. William G. Hartley, *Kindred Saints*, p. 256.
  20. William G. Hartley, “Down and Back Wagon Trains,” *Ensign* magazine September 1985 published by the Corporation of the President of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City, Utah, p. 27.
  21. Melvin J. Ballard, Conference Report, April 1937, p. 92.
  22. Douglas O. Crookston, editor, *Henry Ballard: The Story of a Courageous Pioneer*, privately published p. 66, Special Collections, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.
  23. Private Journal of Henry Ballard 1852–1904, p. 41.
  24. Private Journal of Henry Ballard, pp. 43–4.
  25. *Marcus Orlando Funk*, Autobiography, unpublished, courtesy of Mrs. Wesley T. Odell of Walnut Creek, CA.
  26. The Latter-day Saints’ *Millennial Star*, September 17, 1864, vol. XXVI, no. 38, p. 600–2.

27. *The Private Journal of Henry Ballard*, p. 45. Because the Mormons could not produce all that was necessary to make them economically independent, the policy of carrying freight back to Utah with each wagon in the Church-sponsored ox trains was instituted.
28. Eva Bentley indicates in her sketch "Magdalene Westenskow Funk," printed in *An Enduring Legacy Daughters of Utah Pioneers* 1986 vol. 9, p. 75, that Magdalene and two other girls pushed a handcart all the way to Utah.
29. The surname "Westenskow" was adopted after settling in Utah.
30. Douglas O. Crookston, editor, *Henry Ballard: The Story of a Courageous Pioneer*, p. 73.
31. Private Journal of Henry Ballard, p. 47.
32. *Utah Pioneer Biographies*, Utah State Historical Society, vol. 27, pp. 51-2.
33. *The Latter-Day Saints' Millennial Star*, vol. 26:668, September 18, 1864.

## Chapter 12

1. Ulslev is a small village within the parish of Idestrup in the county of Maribo, the Island of Falster being within this county.
2. Hans Olsen Westenskow, *A History of Hans Westenskow*, family archives.
3. A family group sheet in writer's file lists Magdalene's mother as "Maren Hansdatter." Maren's father was Hans Petersen of Thoreby.
4. William Mulder, "A Sense of Humus" *Juanita Brooks Lecture Series*, published by Dixie College, St. George, Utah 1982.
5. Patronymics died out in the cities of Denmark about 1828, but it was not until around 1856 that the rural areas also began to adopt the family surname custom. The use of the term "datter" in the suffix had previously given way to "sen," regardless of the sex of the progeny.
6. The Lesson Committee, compiler, *Our Pioneer Heritage*, Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Salt Lake City, Utah 1977, vol. 20, p. 105-6.
7. *The History of Hans Westenskow, Autobiography*, unpublished, courtesy of Amy Odell of Walnut Creek, California.
8. Washington Ward Records, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, microfilm no. 0027435, item 1. Sanford Ward Records microfilm no. 0002771 indicates she was confirmed by a Jonasson.



9. Eva Bentley, "Magdalene Westenskow Funk," printed in *An Enduring Legacy*, published by the Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Salt Lake City, Utah, 1986, V. 9, p. 74.
10. *The Latter-day Saints' Millennial Star*; edited and published by Daniel H. Wells, Liverpool, England, 1864, V. XXVI, p. 460.
11. "Magdalene Olsen" was listed among the 1864 immigrants indebted to the PEF, microfilm no. 0025686 p. 128.
12. Scandinavian Mission Emigration Records 1853–1886 microfilm no. 025,696, Family History Library.
13. *The Latter-day Saints' Millennial Star*; edited and published by Daniel H. Wells, Liverpool, England 1864, V. XXVI, p. 281.
14. *Ibid.*, p. 282.
15. Kate B. Carter, *Our Pioneer Heritage*, DUP, vol. 11, pp. 275–76.
16. H. N. Hansen, "An Account of a Mormon Family Conversion," an article published in *Annals of Iowa* 3rd Series, V. 41, No. 1 Des Moines, Iowa. Summer 1971. Much of the detail of the journey from Denmark to Iowa is taken from this source. Special Collections, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.
17. Journal History, April 21, 1864. Also Andrew Jenson, *History of the Scandinavian Mission*, Deseret Press Salt Lake City, Utah 1927, p. 181.
18. H. N. Hansen, "An Account of a Mormon Family Conversion" as cited in *Annals of Iowa*, p. 714-715.
19. *Ibid.*, p. 715.
20. Conway B. Sonne, *Saints on the Seas*, University of Utah Press, Salt Lake City, Utah p. 83.
21. Grant Davis, compiler, *Perpetual Emigration Fund*, privately published, FHL microfilm no. 25686.
22. Daniel H. Wells, publisher, *The Latter-Day Saints' Millennial Star*, vol. XXVI, Liverpool, England.
23. *Ibid.*
24. Eva Bentley, "Magdalene Westenskow Funk" published in *An Enduring Legacy*, Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Salt Lake City, Utah, 1986, p. 74.
25. *Ibid.*
26. Kate B. Carter, *Our Pioneer Heritage*, vol. 11, p. 276.
27. *Ibid.*
28. Maurine Jensen Proctor and Scot Facer Proctor, *The Gathering*, Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah, p. 209.

29. H. N. Hansen “An Account of a Mormon Family’s Conversion” as cited in *Annals of Iowa*, V. 41, no. 1 Des Moines, Iowa, Summer 1971, p. 717.
30. Conway B. Sonne, *Saints On the Seas*, p. 58.
31. Florina Bentley, *Magdalena Westenskow Funk*, recorded by a great-granddaughter, Constance Christofferesen Hyer, Family archives.
32. Eva Bentley, “Magdalene Westenskow Funk,” published in *An Enduring Legacy*, Daughters of Utah Pioneers, V. 9, p. 477.
33. Kate B. Carter, compiler, *Our Pioneer Heritage*, Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Salt Lake City, Utah 1969, vol. 12., p. 464. In a conversation with Dean Garrett in January 2000, a former Park Ranger at the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor, he states, “The building known as Castle Garden, which was indeed used as an immigrant station prior to the opening of Ellis Island, is still standing in Battery Park.”
34. Kate B. Carter, compiler, *Our Pioneer Heritage*, Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Salt Lake City, Utah 1969, vol. 12, p. 465.
35. Kate B. Carter, compiler, *Our Pioneer Heritage*, article “Graves Along the Trail” p. 460. Florina Funk’s account of her mother’s voyage states “They were on the water six weeks and five days.”
36. Eva Bentley, “Magdalene Westenskow Funk,” published in *An Enduring Legacy*, Daughters of Utah Pioneers, V. 9, p. 75.
37. H. N. Hansen, “An Account of a Mormon Family Conversion” in the *Annals of Iowa*, p. 720.
38. Kate B. Carter, *Our Pioneer Heritage*, vol. 16, p. 459.
39. Kate B. Carter, *Our Pioneer Heritage*, vol. 7 p. 250, William H. Freshwater’s “Diary.”
40. *Millennial Star*, vol. XXVI, no. 33, August 13, 1864, p. 524-25. The events of the journey from Castle Garden to Wyoming were taken from this source.
41. H. N. Hansen, “An Account of a Mormon Family Conversion” in *Annals of Iowa*, p. 723.
42. Nels August Nelson, *Autobiography*, p. 5, typescript, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints Archives, Salt Lake City, Utah.
43. Eva Bentley, *Magdalene Westenskow Funk*, a biographical sketch appearing in *An Enduring Legacy*, vol. 9, p. 75.
44. *Private Journal of Henry Ballard*
45. Kate B. Carter, *Our Pioneer Heritage*, vol. 20, pp. 105, 106.
46. Kate B. Carter, *Our Pioneer Heritage*, vol. 16, p. 107.
47. Washington Ward Records 1880-1900, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, microfilm no. 0027435 item 1 indicates the

blessing was given by Orson Hyde who was a member of the Quorum of Twelve. Sanford Ward Records film no. 0002771 notes the blessing was given by Charles W. Hyde, patriarch. The recorded blessing verifies the latter.

48. Church Historian Archives, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City, Utah. Holograph copy in writer's files. Sanford Ward records also notes this blessing.
49. Richmond Bicentennial Committee 1976, *The History of Richmond, Utah*, p. 74, Family History Library, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City, Utah.
50. *Marcus Orlando Funk*, Autobiography, p. 2, courtesy of Amy Odell of Walnut Creek, California.
51. Ibid.

### Chapter 13

1. The call bore extra weight considering Brigham Young, Jr. was the Funk's stake president as well as serving as an apostle at the time.
2. *Journal of Discourses*, 17:42.
3. *Marcus Orlando Funk*, history.
4. Kate B. Carter, *An Enduring Legacy*, Published by the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers, Salt Lake City, Utah 1986. V. 9, p. 76-7
5. *Marcus Orlando Funk*, Autobiography, p. 2, courtesy Amy Odell of Walnut Creek, California.
6. Washington Ward Records on Church Microfilm no. 0027435.
7. Washington County Courthouse, Records Office Warrantees Book R Page 253 describes the property as Lot 5 in Section 23 Twp 42 south of range 15 west. Lot 1, 3/5 of Lot 8.
8. *Marcus Orlando Funk*, Autobiography, p. 2, courtesy of Amy Odell of Walnut Creek, California.
9. Gertrude and Eva Bentley, *History of the Life of Magdalene Westenskow Funk*, p. 7, family archives.
10. Eva Bentley, *Eliza Johanna Funk Westover*, family archives.
11. Washington Ward Records 1880–1900, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, microfilm no. 0027435 item 1. Lewiston Ward records indicate Eliza was confirmed by T. P. Jones.
12. *I Was Called to Dixie*, p. 604, 605.
13. Trenton Ward Records, microfilm no. 025,605, Family History Center, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.
14. Washington Ward Records 1880–1900, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, microfilm no. 0027435 item 1.

15. Gertrude and Eva Bentley, *Anna Christina Eliza Iverson Funk*, p. 2.
16. Rex R. Funk of Lancaster, California submitted to writer highlights of the life of his great-grandfather, Marcus Funk.
17. *Washington Ward Primary Association Minute Book A*, 1880–1887 as quoted in Andrew Karl Larson's *I Was Called to Dixie*, p. 602.
18. Andrew Jensen, *Biographical Encyclopedia of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, p. 593.
19. Personal files of Rex R. Funk of Lancaster, California, grandson of William Jacob Funk.
20. Mina Elia Funk Larson Sandberg, daughter, *Anne Marie Funk*, unpublished, author's file.
21. Eva Bentley, *Eliza Johanna Funk Westover*; Family Archives, p. 2.
22. William Mulder, *A Sense of Humus*, p. 5, Juanita Brooks Lecture Series, published by Dixie College, St. George, Utah, 1982.
23. Andrew Karl Larson, *The Red Hills of November*, p. 87.
24. *Ibid.*, p. 93–4.
25. Church Educational System, *Church History In the Fulness of Times*, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City, Utah, 1989, 425–37.
26. *Ibid.*, p. 427.
27. Andrew Karl Larson, *The Red Hills of November 1957*, p. 293.
28. *Journal History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, February 25, 1888.
29. *Deseret Evening News*, October 11, 1888.
30. *The Pioneer*, published by the Sons of Utah Pioneers, December 1936–January 1937, vol 1 no. 6–7, p. 7.
31. Gertrude and Eva Bentley, *History of the Life of Marcus Esper Funk*, revised March 1979, family archives.
32. *Journal History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, September 24, 1888, p. 3.
33. Jacque Lee interview, *Life History of George Lyman and Magdalen Eliza Westover Lake*, family files.
34. *I Was Called to Dixie*, p. 554.
35. Andrew Karl Larson, *The Red Hills of November*, pp. 92–3.
36. *Ibid.*, p. 92.
37. *I Was Called to Dixie*, p. 368.
38. Washington Ward records, microfilm no. 0027435.
39. Sanford Ward Records, microfilm no. 0002771.
40. Family History Center, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City, Utah, Microfilm no. 0484821.

41. Jack Westover, *A History of My Father and Mother's Life*, family archives.
42. Albert Haven Westover, *Life of Lewis Burton Westover*, family archives.
43. *Marcus Orlando Funk*, Autobiography, p. 4.
44. Mary W. Carroll, *The Westover Magazine*, Electa Beal Westover history.

## Chapter 14

1. Zabelle Funk, "San Luis Valley, Colorado," as cited in *An Enduring Legacy* V. 11, compiled by Lesson Committee, Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Salt Lake City, Utah 1988, pp. 210-214.
2. Vera Dunn Olivier, *A History of the Ancestors and Descendants of Simeon Harmon and Anna Buletta Jensen Dunn*, privately published June 1993. This date is verified in Marcus Orlando Funk's autobiography, "Two weeks after my marriage [May 1, 1889] my father and his family moved to San Luis Valley, Colorado." Also, Washington Ward Records, FHL film no. 0027435, noted that Marcus Funk records were removed May 23, 1889.
3. Simeon Dunn Journal, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints Family History Library, Salt Lake City, Utah, microfilm no. 0432635.
4. *Magdalen Eliza Westover*, personal history, family archives of Jacque Lake Lee, Burley, Idaho.
5. Oral interview of Myrtha Westover, Smoot's widow, by the writer on October 29, 1992.
6. Albert Haven Westover, *The Life of Lewis Burton Westover*. Pioche was the site of a silver mine where possibly Lew found work. Pioche was reported to be "so bad that 72 people died before one died of a natural death."
7. Vera Dunn Olivier, *A History of the Ancestors and Descendants of Simeon Harmon and Anna Buletta Jensen Dunn*, privately published June 1993. Courtesy Ina Dunn Olsen, St. George, Utah. Much of the narrative of the journey is from this source.
8. The Funk's stay in Parowan and Manti is found in Eva and Gertrude Bentley's *History of the Life of Magdalene Westenskow Funk*.
9. Vera Dunn Olivier, compiler, *A History of the Ancestors and Descendants of Simeon Harmon and Anna Buletta Jensen Dunn*, p. 20.

10. Peter H. DeLafosse, editor, *Trailing the Pioneers*, Utah State University Press with Utah Crossroads, Oregon-California Trails Association, Logan, Utah 1994, p. 19
11. Simeon Harmon Dunn history, p. 20.
12. Gertrude and Eva Bentley, compilers, *History of the Life of Magdalene Westenskow Funk*, revised March 1978, p. 6.
13. Sangre de Cristo is a Spanish term meaning the “Blood of Christ.” The mountains are bathed in various shades of red by the setting sun.
14. Jon Klusmire, *Colorado*, Compass American Guides, Inc., Oakland, California, 1992, pp. 78.
15. *Ibid.*, pp. 78–9.
16. Virginia McConnell Simmons, *The San Luis Valley, Land of the Six-Armed Cross*, Pruett Publishing Company, Boulder, Colo. 31–5.
17. *Ibid.*, p. 40.
18. *Ibid.*, 40–1.
19. Bruce Caughey and Dean Winstanley, *The Colorado Guide*, 3rd Edition, Fulcrum Publishing, Golden, Colorado 1994, p. 533
20. *Ibid.*, p. 535.
21. Zabelle Funk, “San Luis Valley,” p. 210, as found in *An Enduring Legacy*, V. 11, compiled by the Lesson Committee, Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Salt Lake City, Utah 1988.

## Chapter 15

1. Special 1980 Pioneer Days Celebration Publication, Sanford, Colorado.
2. J. Harold Flower, Jr., *Mormon Colonization of the San Luis Valley, Colorado, 1878–1900*. Master thesis, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, May 1966, pp. 93–4.
3. Compiled and edited by Carleton Q. Smith, Betty Shawcroft, and Robert Compton, *The Mormons, 100 Years in the San Luis Valley of Colorado*, published by the La Jara Stake of the LDS Church, p. 154.
4. *Ibid.*, p. 157.
5. Vera Dunn Olivier, compiler, *A History of the Ancestors and Descendants of Simeon and Anna Buletta Jensen Dunn*, Privately published June, 1993, p. 21.
6. Zabelle Funk Sessions, “San Luis Valley, Colorado,” article in *An Enduring Legacy*, compiled by the Lesson Committee, Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Salt Lake City, Utah 1988, vol. II, p. 213.

7. Special edition of the 1980 Pioneer Days celebration, Sanford, Colorado.
8. Ibid.
9. Magdalen Westover Lake interview by Jacque Suzanne Lake Lee, granddaughter, June 19, 1982.
10. Personal Record hand-written by Lewis Esper Westover in writer's files.
11. *A conversation between Magadalen Lake and her granddaughter, Jacque Suzanne Lake Lee*, June 19, 1982. Family archives.
12. Oral interview of LaRue, Don, and Reed Westover, 1992.
13. Jack Westover, *A History of My Father and Mother's Life*, as dictated to Lucille Ward Wilkinson, 1964. Family archives.
14. Magdalen Lake conversation, June 19, 1982, with her granddaughter, Jacque Suzanne Lake Lee, Family archives.
15. Judson Harold Flower Jr., *Mormon Colonization of the San Luis Valley, Colorado, 1878–1900*, Master's Thesis, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, May, 1966. P. 98.
16. Church Educational System, *Church History In The Fulness Of Times*, published by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City, Utah 1989. pp.433, 437.
17. Ibid., p. 442.
18. Magdalen Eliza Lake, *A Recollection of My Mother* as told to her daughter Maurine Lake Canfield, December 30, 1982.
19. Byron S. Reynolds, "Bob Ford and Other Creede Memories," *San Luis Valley Historian*, vol. XXII No. 2, 1990, p. 24.
20. *Colorado Magazine*, vol. 21, pp. 215-16.
21. *The San Luis Valley Historian*, vol. XXII No. 2, 1990.
22. Clarinda Knight Sewell, *Clarinda's Story of San Luis Valley Roots*, Special Collections, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, unpublished, p. 195. Ironically, Bob Ford's remains ended up in Richmond, Missouri where two witnesses of the *Book of Mormon*, Oliver Cowdery and David Whitmer, were laid to rest.
23. *The Daily Herald*, Provo, Utah, December 10, 2000. In her youth, Calamity Jane's family was moving west when her mother died. Her father farmed out his six children to Mormon families in Utah. Upset with the restrictions imposed on her Jane ran away, thus beginning her life of lost virtue.
24. LeRoy R. Hafen, editor, *Colorado and Its People*, vol. 1, Lewis Historical Publishing Company, New York, p. 458.
25. Bruce Caughey and Dean Winstanky, *The Colorado Guide*, 3rd edition, Fulcrum Publishing Company, Golden, Colorado 1994, p. 494.

26. Byron S. Reynolds, *Bob Ford and Other Creede Memories*, San Luis Valley Historian, V. XXII, No. 2 1990, 25.
27. Frederick Hale, editor, *Danes in North America*, University of Washington Press, Seattle and London, p. 64–5.
28. *The San Luis Valley Historian*, vol. 1, No. 3, San Luis Valley Historical Society 1969, p. 3.
29. Bruce Caughey and Dean Winstanky, *The Colorado Guide*, p. 494.
30. *The San Luis Valley Historian*, V. 3 No. 2, Spring 1971, 34.
31. *History of William Jacob Funk and Naomi Roxana Holman*, unpublished, author's file.
32. *History of My Father and Mother's Life* by Jack Westover as dictated to Lucille Ward Wilkinson 1964.
33. Beryl McAdow, *Land of Adoption*, Johnson Publishing Company, Boulder, Colorado, pp. 53–5.
34. Vera Dunn Olivier, *A History of the Ancestors and Descendants of Simeon Harmon and Anna Buletta Jensen Dunn*, p. 21.
35. *Simeon Dunn Journal*, Family History Library, Salt Lake City, Utah, microfilm no. 0432635.
36. Gertrude and Eva Bentley, *History of the Life of Magdalene Westenskow Funk*, revised March 1978, p. 6
37. Washington Ward Records indicate Marcus O. was removed March 30, 1892. Sanford Ward records receiving them in April 1892.
38. J. Harold Flower, Jr., *Mormon Colonization of the San Luis Valley, Colorado 1878–1900*, Master's thesis, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah 1966, p. 130.
39. *Marcus Orlando Funk*, autobiography, author's file.
40. J. Harold Flower, Jr., *Colonization of the San Luis Valley, Colorado*, Master's Thesis, Brigham Young University 1966, p. 152.

## Chapter 16

1. Carleton Q. Anderson, Betty Shawcroft, and Robert Compton, compilers, *The Mormons, 100 Years in the San Luis Valley of Colorado*, published by the La Jara Stake of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, p. 109.
2. Mina Elia Funk Sandberg, *Anne Marie Funk*, family files.
3. Sanford Ward Records, Family History Library, Salt Lake City, Utah, microfilm no. 0002771
4. Compiled and edited by Carleton Q. Anderson, Betty Shawcroft and Robert Compton, *The Mormons, 100 Years in the San Luis*



- Valley of Colorado*, published by the La Jara Stake of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, p. 108.
5. *Ibid.*, p. 108.
  6. *Ibid.*, p. 109.
  7. *Ibid.*, p. 109.
  8. James B. Allen, "School Life," *Everyday Life In Pioneer Utah* lecture series, Brigham Young University Conference Center March 28, 1997.
  9. *The Mormons, 100 Years in the San Luis Valley of Colorado*, p. 109.

## Chapter 17

1. Carleton Q. Anderson. Betty Shawcroft and Robert Compton, *The Mormons: 100 Years in the San Luis Valley of Colorado*, published by the La Jara Stake of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, p. 179.
2. This eldest daughter became known only as "Magdalene" perhaps to avoid confusion with her mother's name, Eliza. Later in life, Magdalene insisted that her name was properly "Magdalen Eliza." There is no birth certificate to confirm the correct spelling or sequence of names but her marriage license claims it was "Eliza Magdalene" who married George Lyman Lake.
3. Sanford Ward Records, FHL microfilm no. 0002771.
4. *The Mormons, 100 Years in the San Luis Valley of Colorado*, p. 157.
5. Simeon Dunn, *Simeon Dunn Journal*, Family History Library, Salt Lake City, Utah, Microfilm no. 0432635.
6. Sanford Ward Records, microfilm no. 0002771.
7. Archives, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City, Utah. Also in family archives.
8. A brief sketch of Lewis B. Westover's life transcribed by LoRaine Ward. Family archives.
9. Lewis Burton Westover's words taken in shorthand. Family archives.
10. Gertrude and Eva Bentley, *Anna Christina Eliza Iverson Funk*, family archives, p. 5.
11. *Ibid.*, p. 6.
12. Sanford Ward Records, Microfilm no. 0002771.
13. *The Mormons, 100 Years in the San Luis Valley of Colorado*, p. 68.
14. John W. Taylor was eventually excommunicated because of his refusal to abide by the tenets of the "Woodruff Manifesto."

15. Judson Harold Flower Jr., *Mormon Colonization of the San Luis Valley, Colorado, 1878–1900*, pp. 132–4.
16. Sanford War Records, FHL microfilm no. 0002771. In Lewis Esper's personal record he attributes his father as having confirmed him a member of the Church.
17. Susan Arrington Madsen, "Growing Up In Pioneer Utah: The Agonies and the Ecstasies," *Everyday Life In Pioneer Utah* lecture series, Brigham Young University Conference Center March 28, 1997.
18. Nord Westover oral interview by writer in 1999.
19. Jacque Lee interview, *Life History of George Lyman and Magdalen Eliza Westover Lake*, family files.
20. Clarinda Knight Sewell, *Clarinda's Story of San Luis Valley Roots*, unpublished, Special Collections, Harold B. Lee Library, BYU.
21. Zabelle Funk, (Daughter of Marcus O. and Forthilda Funk) "San Luis Valley, Colorado," quoted in *An Enduring Legacy* compiled by the Lesson Committee, p. 214, Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Salt Lake City, Utah, 1988.
22. *History of Lewis Burton Westover* by Albert and Liva, family archives.
23. Jack Westover's history of his father and mother as dictated to Lucille Ward Wilkinson in 1964, family archives.
24. Autobiography, *The Life History of Walter Reed Westover*, family archives.
25. *The Life of Walter Reed Westover*. Coincidentally, another Walter Reed, a famous U.S. Army surgeon, was responsible for proving that yellow fever was caused by a virus transmitted by the Anopheles mosquito, which led to the eradication of the disease in the Panama Canal Zone making it possible for the United States to complete the construction of the canal. He died the year previous to Smoot's birth. There stands today in Washington D.C. the U.S. Army Walter Reed Medical Center.
26. *Marcus Orlando Funk* personal history, family archives.
27. Albert Haven Westover, *Life History of Albert Haven Westover* recorded by Wesley Jay, Judy Ann and LaRue Ford December 8, 1968. His brother, Lew, recorded that he, Lew, was ordained a teacher the same year, 1904.
28. In Albert and Liva's *History of Lewis Burton Westover*, it indicates that five years after arriving in Colorado, Lewis bought a home and farm in Sanford.
29. Gertrude and Eva Bentley, *History of the Life of Marcus Esper Funk*, family archives, p. 16.

30. Sanford Ward Records, microfilm no. 0002771.
31. Beryle Vance and Elma Pagett, "Jack Dempsey, The Manassa Mauler," as appeared in *The San Luis Valley Historian*, vol. XXVII no. 2, 1995 p.41, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.
32. Many years later, Lewis B. confided to the writer that the Dempseys never completely paid the debt on the sale.
33. *The Mormons, 100 Years in the San Luis Valley of Colorado*, p. 59.
34. *Ibid.*, p. 68-9.
35. Clarinda Knight Sewell, *Clarinda's Story of San Luis Valley Roots*, unpublished, Special Collections, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, p. 82.
36. William King Driggs, *William King Driggs Papers* MSS 650, Special Collections & Manuscripts, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.
37. *Ibid.*
38. *Ibid.*
39. Oscar F. Westover family group sheet, Family History Library, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City, Utah.
40. *The Mormons, 100 Years in the San Luis Valley*, p. 93-4. Also the 24th of July Celebration Newspaper, Sanford, Colorado, "Sanford Celebration Holds Memories."
41. In her sunset years of life, Magdalen Westover Lake visited the town of her birth at the time of this annual celebration and was accorded a place of honor on one of the prestigious floats, a fitting tribute to one of the town's noble pioneers.
42. Oral history by Jack Westover of his father and mother's life, as dictated to Lucille Ward Wilkinson about 1964.

## Chapter 18

1. *History of William Jacob Funk and Naomi Roxana Holman*, family archives.
2. The Bentleys in *The History of the Life of Marcus Esper Funk* claim the train layover was in Pueblo at which time Marcus somehow made the fifty mile trip to Colorado Springs to the deaf school and back to the Pueblo train station without missing the train to Utah, even though Colorado Springs appears to be the next stop on the rail line.
3. Trenton Ward records noted the Funks as members of the ward on May 9, 1909. FHL film 025,605.

4. *History of William Jacob Funk and Naomi Roxana Holman.*
5. Eva Bentley, *Eliza Johanna Funk Westover*, family archives.
6. Wesley Jay, Judy Ann Wilkins Ford, and LaRue Westover Ford, recorders, *Life History of Albert Haven Westover and Liva Karren Westover*, December 24, 1968.
7. Lewiston Ward Records, FHL microfilm no. 0025600 as well as Trenton Ward Records (025605) notes that Albert was ordained a Teacher on February 20, 1911 by Charles Brown, apparently in Trenton.
8. In retelling the story of their move to Utah, Albert H. Westover claimed that the family was able to ride free because of his father's work on the railroad. Perhaps LB still was associated with DR&G in the later years at Sanford.
9. Sanford Ward Records, FHL microfilm no. 0002771, although Eva Bentley marks the date as "about January 1910" in her biography, *Eliza Johanna Funk Westover*.
10. George A. Smith, *Journal of Discourses*, V. 9 pp. 113–4, September 10, 1861.
11. Richmond Bicentennial Committee, *The History of Richmond, Utah, 1976*, p. 30, Family History Library, Salt Lake City, Utah. Richmond was the site of the first creamery in Cache Valley and the largest condensed milk plant west of the Mississippi.
12. Orson F. Whitney, *Collected Discourses*, V. 4, June 9, 1895, printed from LDS Collectors Library 1995 Infobase, Inc.
13. Justin Isherwood, "Wisconsin Trails and Tales," as quoted in *Reader's Digest*, "Points To Ponder," March 1997, p. 37.
14. Douglas D. Alder, editor, *Cache Valley, Essays on Her Past and People*, Utah State University, Logan, Utah, pp. 55–6.
15. The 1910 Federal Census, Trenton Precinct found on FHL microfilm no. 1375615 for both Westovers and Funks.
16. Nord Westover oral interview by writer in Clifton, Idaho July 1999.
17. *Life History of Albert Haven Westover and Liva Karren Westover*. John A. Widstoe was president of the Utah State Agriculture College at this time.
18. *The Life History of George Lyman Lake and Magdalen Eliza Westover* as told to Jacque Lee by Magdalen Eliza Westover Lake June 19, 1982. Family files.
19. Autobiography, *The Life History of Walter Reed Westover*; p. 1, Family files.
20. *A Recollection of My Mother* by Magdalen Eliza Westover Lake as told to her daughter Maurine Lake Canfield.

21. These four events are taken from the Trenton Ward Membership Records, FHL microfilm no. 025,605. It must be recognized that church records are as infallible as the clerk who recorded them.
22. Missionary Index, FHL microfilm No. 1913100, Family History Library, Salt Lake City, Utah.
23. The Utah State Development Center's records describe Ivan as a "typical mongoloid."
24. Individual History, Walter Reed Westover, Family Archives.
25. Robert L. Monson, *Some Remembered Events in Clara Westover Monson's Life*, Family Archives.

## Chapter 19

1. Dr. James M. Bernhisel III, *History of Lewiston*, privately published, pp. 1–2.
2. *Bernhisel Family Collection*, Special Collections, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, call no. MSS 1577, 2nd packet.
3. Yvonne Young Merrill, *Cache Valley, A Guide to Northeastern Utah*, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah. Hans Funk, older brother of Marcus, was first counselor to Bishop William H. Lewis.
4. *Bernhisel Family Collection*, Special Collections and Manuscripts, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah. Call no. MSS1577, folder 2, pp. 24–5.
5. Smoot's daughter, Joycelyn Tarbet, researched this material at the Cache County Courthouse in 1999. This property is now owned by Marcus' son and daughter-in-law, Steven and Jeannie Westover."
6. John M. Bernhisel III, *History of Lewiston*, p. 144.
7. David Westover, *Reflections On The Life of L.B. Westover*, family archives.
8. Zaetell Westover Ward oral interview.
9. Juanita Brooks, *Quicksand and Cactus*, Howe Brothers, publishers, Salt Lake City, Utah 1982, p. 107–8.
10. Nord Westover oral interview.
11. Zaetell Ward oral interview by Joycelyn Tarbet, 1999.

## Chapter 20

1. Andrew Karl Larson, *I Was Called to Dixie*, p. 289.

2. Larry M. Logue, *A Sermon in the Desert*, p. 33.
3. Utah Federal Census, 1851, 1860, 1870, as cited by Susan Easton Black, *Membership of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 1830–1848*, vol XLV, Compiled by Religious Studies Center, Department of Church History and Doctrine, Brigham Young University, 1989.
4. Gertrude and Eva Bentley, *History of the Life of Marcus Esper Funk*, family archives.
5. Oral interview with Theresa Hoskins on November 29, 1992.
6. Gertrude and Eva Bentley, *Anna Christina Eliza Iverson Funk*, family archives.
7. Richmond Bicentennial Committee, *The History of Richmond, Utah*, p. 239

## Chapter 21

1. Albert and Liva Westover, *History of Lewis Burton Westover*, family archives.
2. Zaetell Ward oral interview by writer, October 7 1992.
3. Jacque Lee, *Life History of George Lyman and Magdalen Eliza Westover Lake*, 1982, family archives.
4. Ibid.
5. *Life History of George Lyman and Magdalen Eliza Westover Lake* as told to Jacque Lee by her grandmother.
6. Eva Bentley, *Eliza Johanna Funk Westover*, family archives.
7. Jack Westover, *A History of my Father and Mother's Life*, dictated to Lucille Ward Wilkinson, 1964.
8. Zaetell Westover Ward oral interview on October 7, 1992.
9. Ibid.
10. Paul Lewis Westover, *A Sketch of My Father, Lewis Esper Westover*, family archives.
11. LDS Missionary Index, microfilm no. 1913100, Family History Library, Salt Lake City, Utah.
12. Magdalen Eliza Westover Lake, *A Recollection of My Mother* as told to her daughter Maurine Lake Canfield.
13. Jack Westover, *A History of My Father and Mother's Life*, dictated to Lucille Ward Wilkinson, 1964.

## Chapter 22

1. *Life History of Albert Haven Westover* recorded by Wesley Ford, Judy Ann Wilkins Ford and LaRue Westover Ford on 8 December 1968. Family archives.
2. Ibid.
3. Oral interview with Zaetell Ward, October 7, 1992. Family archives.
4. *The Life of Zaetell Westover Ward*, family archives.
5. Myrtha Westover and Joycelyn Tarbet oral interview, October 29, 1992.
6. Oral interview with Theresa Westover Hoskins, November 29, 1992.
7. *Theresa Westover Hoskins's Life Story*, Family archives.
8. Autobiography, *The Life of Zaetell Westover Ward*, Family archives.
9. Oral interview with Zaetell Westover Ward, October 7, 1992.
10. *The Life History of Walter Reed Westover*, Family archives.
11. A transcription of the letter may be found in Appendix B.
12. *Life History of Albert Haven Westover and Liva Karren Westover*.
13. Ibid.
14. Ibid.
15. Duane Jeffrey, "Science & Society," newspaper article in *The Daily Herald*, Provo, Utah.
16. Melvin J. Westover, *LeRoy "Jack" Westover*, Family archives.
17. Oral interview with Theresa Westover Hoskins.
18. *The Life History of Walter Reed Westover*, p. 2. family archives.
19. Vernon C. Monson, *Recollections of Grandpa Westover*, family archives.
20. Oral interview with Zaetell Ward, her daughters Clarice and Carol, and Reed Westover, family archives.
21. Oral interview with Zaetell Ward on October 7, 1992, family archives.
22. Oral interview of Zaetell Westover Ward by Joycelyn Westover Tarbet, 1999, family archives.
23. *Lewis Burton Westover* personal history as told to LoRaine Ward in Clifton, Idaho, family archives.
24. Oral interview with Zaetell Westover Ward, October 7 1992, family archives.
25. Albert and Liva Westover, *History of Lewis Burton Westover*, family archives.
26. *The Life of Zaetell Westover Ward*, family archives.

27. Oral interview with Theresa Hoskins on November 29, 1992, family archives.
28. Ibid.
29. *The Life History of Walter Reed Westover*, p. 5, family archives.
30. Theresa Westover Hoskins oral interview, November 29, 1992.
31. *The Life History of Walter Reed Westover*, p. 6.
32. LDS Missionary Index, Family History Library microfilm no. 1,913,100.
33. To track Mish's movements during this period, apparently Lewiston 3rd Ward sent her records to the Presiding Bishop's Office. On October 1, 1927, Redondo Ward received them from the PBO as El Segundo was included in the Redondo Ward boundaries at the time. In January 1928, Riverside received them from Redondo Ward and finally they landed in the newly formed El Segundo Branch of the Hollywood Stake on October 21, 1928, from Riverside.
34. Oral interview of Zaetell Westover Ward, October 1992
35. Ibid.

## Chapter 23

1. Joan Shaw, *The Depression Years—1929–1940*, Lewiston-North Cache Valley Historical Board, courtesy of Joycelyn Tarbet.
2. Smoot interview by Jason Westover, grandson, *The Life History of Walter Reed Westover*, family archives.
3. Oral interview with Nord Westover in 1999.
4. Ibid.
5. Ibid.
6. *The Life History of Walter Reed Westover*.
7. Ibid.

## Chapter 24

1. Lewiston 3rd Ward Record of Members and Missionary Index.
2. Jack Westover, *A History of My Father and Mother's Life*, dictated to Lucille Ward Wilkinson, about 1964.
3. Lewis B. Westover's history as dictated to LoRaine Ward by himself.
4. Interview with Zaetell Ward and her daughters, Clarice and Carol, and Reed Westover, October 9, 1992.
5. History dictated by Jack Westover to Lucille Ward Wilkinson approximately 1964. Family archives.



6. David Westover, *Reflections on the Life of L. B. Westover*.
7. Lewis B. Westover's oral history, recorded by LoRaine Ward, wife of Arlo.

## Chapter 25

1. Oral interview with Zaetell Ward on October 7, 1992.
2. Oral interview with Theresa Westover Hoskins, 1992.
3. Joel Ricks, editor, *The History of A Valley*, Cache Valley, Utah-Idaho, Cache Valley Centennial Commission, Logan, Utah 1956.
4. Oral interview with LaRue Westover Ford, Don and Reed Westover, 1992.
5. David Westover, *Reflections On the Life of L.B. Westover*, family archives.
6. Kate B. Carter, *Heart Throbs of the West*, Daughter of Utah Pioneers, Salt Lake City, Utah V. 10, pp. 25–6.
7. *Ibid.*, p. 43.
8. Peg McEntee, Associated Press, printed in *Deseret News*, January 4–5, 1993.
9. Autobiography, *The Life History of Walter Reed Westover*, p. 10
10. Oral interview with Nord and Carmen Westover, 1999. Along with other ailments, Albert was afflicted with Diabetes Insipidus, also sometimes called “Water Diabetes.” He would often drink a gallon of water through the course of a night.
11. *The Life History of Walter Reed Westover* and Myrtha Kent Westover oral interview.
12. *Ibid.*
13. Lewiston 3rd Ward record of members.
14. Zaetell Ward oral interview, October 9, 1992.
15. History dictated by Jack Westover to Lucille Ward Wilkinson, approximately 1964.
16. Nord Westover interview.
17. This novel epithet had escaped the attention of Noah Webster, so the precise spelling is up for grabs.
18. Clarice Hatch and Zaetell Ward oral interview 1992.
19. Nord Westover interview.
20. Zaetell Westover Ward oral interview 1992.
21. *Ibid.*
22. History of *Ivan Burton Westover* by David Marcus Westover 1996.

## Chapter 26

1. Zactell oral interview 1992.
2. Theresa Hoskins and her daughter Noreen Mecham oral interview 1992.
3. *The Life History of Walter Reed Westover*, p. 11 family archives.
4. Andrew Karl Larson, *I Was Called to Dixie*, p. 654.
5. Kate B. Carter, compiler, *Heart Throbs of the West*, Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Salt Lake City, Utah 1949 vol. 10, p. 324.
6. Jane Howard, "Families," Simon and Schuster, printed in *Reader's Digest*, December 2001.

# Bibliography

## Oral Interviews

- Hoskins, Theresa Westover and Noreen Hoskins Mecham, May 1992.  
\_\_\_\_\_, November 1992.
- Lee, Jacque Lake, interview *Life History of George Lyman and Magdalen Eliza Westover Lake*.
- Tarbet, Joycelyn Westover, interview of Zaetell Westover Ward, 1999.
- Ward, LoRaine, transcribed Lewis Burton Westover's history in personal interview.
- Ward, Zaetell, October 7, 1992, July, 1999.  
\_\_\_\_\_, Clarice Hatch, Carol Henderson, Reed Westover, October 9, 1992.
- Westover, Don, Reed Westover, and LaRue Westover Ford, October 9, 1992.
- Westover, Jason, *The Life History of Walter Reed Westover*.
- Westover, Myrtha Kent and Joycelyn Westover Tarbet, October 29, 1992.
- Westover, Nord and Carmen, July, 1999.

## Unpublished Family Histories

- Arbuckle, Sarah S. compiler, *An Autobiographical Sketch of Elizabeth Haven Barlow*.
- Bentley, Eva, *Eliza Johanna Funk Westover*.
- Bentley, Florina, *Magdalena Westenskow Funk*.
- Bentley, Gertrude and Eva, *History of the Life of Marcus Esper Funk*.  
\_\_\_\_\_, *Anna Christina Eliza Iverson Funk*.  
\_\_\_\_\_, *Anne Marie Funk*.
- Carroll, Mary W. and Wallace W., eds., *Westover Magazine*.
- Conover, Eva Westover, *The History of George Henry Westover*

## Bibliography

---

- Ford, Wesley Jay, Judy Ann Ford and LaRue Westover Ford, *Life History of Albert Haven Westover and Liva Karren Westover*; December 8, 1968.
- Ford, LaRue Westover, *The Words of Her Grandfather*.
- Funk, Marcus Orlando, personal history.  
*History of Eliza Ann Haven Westover*; by great-granddaughter.
- History of William Jacob Funk and Naomi Roxana Holman.
- Lake, Magdalen Eliza, *A Recollection of My Mother as told to her daughter, Maurine Lake Canfield*, December 30, 1982.
- Lee, Jacque Lake, *A Conversation Between Magdalene Lake and her Granddaughter, Jacque Suzanne Lake Lee*, June 19, 1982.  
\_\_\_\_\_, *Magdalene Eliza Westover*
- Marcus Orlando Funk, *Autobiography*.
- Monson, Robert L., *Some Remembered Events in Clara Westover Monson's Life*.
- Monson, Vernon C., *Recollections of Grandpa Westover*.
- Murrill, Randall T. and O. F. Murrill, *Genealogy of Westover Families of Missouri, De Soto, Missouri*.
- Olivier, Vera Dunn, *A History of the Ancestors and Descendants of Simeon Harmon and Anna Buletta Jensen Dunn 1993*.
- Sandburg, Mina Elia Funk Larsen, *Anne Marie Funk. The Life History of Walter Reed Westover. The Life of Zaetell Westover Ward. Theresa Westover Hoskin's Life Story*
- Vincent, Minnie P., *Stoop to Help, Stand Tall in Pride—A Life Story of Minnie W. Paxman*.
- Westenskow, Hans Olsen, *A History of Hans Westenskow*.
- Westover, Albert and Liva, *The History of Lewis Burton Westover*.
- Westover, Albert Haven, *The Life of Lewis Burton Westover*.
- Westover, Charles, *A Short Sketch of My Life From Memory*.
- Westover, David Marcus, *Ivan Burton Westover*; 1996.  
\_\_\_\_\_, *Reflections On the Life of L. B. Westover*.
- Westover, Eliza Ann, *letter to her son Lewis Burton Westover*.
- Westover, Jack, *A History of My Father and Mother's Life, dictated to Lucille Ward Wilkinson*.
- Westover, Mary E. Shumway history transcript, Brigham Young University Archives.  
\_\_\_\_\_, *Reminiscences of Mary E. Shumway Westover*.
- Westover, Melvin J., *LeRoy "Jack" Westover*.
- Westover, Paul Lewis, *A Sketch of My Father, Lewis Esper Westover*.
- Westover, Ross and Ann Beal Logan, *Amos Westover Time-Line*.  
\_\_\_\_\_, and Ann Beal Logan, *William Beal Time-Line*.

## Family History Library Microfilm Records

- Board of Commissioners of Indian War Records*  
*British Mission Emigration Records 1855–1863.*  
*Champaign County Will Books*, Probate Court, Champaign County Court House, Urbana, Ohio.  
Davis, Grant, compiler, *Perpetual Emigration Fund.*  
*Early American Gazetteer* 1833.  
*Early Church Information File*  
*Elders' Journal*, Parley P. Pratt, October 1837.  
*Genealogy of Presidents and Members of the Sixth Quorum of Seventies, Seventies Quorum Records 1844–1975.*  
*Journal History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.* Kimball, Heber C., *Journal of Discourses*, Vol. 8.  
*Land Records of the Province of Lower Canada 1788–1867.*  
*LDS Missionary Index*  
*Leeds Ward Early Index.*  
*Lewiston 3rd Ward Record of Members.*  
Martha Canfield Interview.  
Military Pensions, 1903.  
*Pinto Ward Record of Members.*  
*Sanford Ward Records*  
*Scandinavian Mission Records 1853–1886.*  
*Simeon Dunn Journal.*  
Smith, George A., *Journal of Discourses*, Vol. 9.  
*The Latter-day Saints' Millennial Star.*  
*Times and Seasons*, Vol. 2.  
*Trenton Ward Records*  
U. S. Federal Censuses  
*Washington Ward Records 1880–1900.*  
Young, Brigham, *Journal of Discourses*, Vol. 2.

## Published Materials

- Alder, Douglas D., ed., *Cache Valley, Essays on Her Past and People*, Utah State University, Logan, Utah  
Allen, James B. and Glen M. Leonard, *The Story of the Latter-day Saints*, Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah 1976.  
Arrington, Leonard J., *Charles C. Rich, Mormon General and Western Frontiersman*, Brigham Young University Press, Provo, Utah.  
Bailey, Paul, *Holy Smoke, A Dissertation on the Utah War*, Westernlore Books, Los Angeles, California.

## Bibliography

---

- Bair, Amos W., *History of Richmond, Utah*, Bicentennial Committee 1976.
- Bancroft, Hubert Howe, "History of Utah," *The Works of Hubert Howe Bancroft*, The History Publishers, San Francisco, California
- Barlow, Elizabeth Haven, "Autobiographies of Six Pioneer Women," Kate B. Carter *Our Pioneer Heritage*, Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Salt Lake City, Utah.
- Barlow, Ora Haven, compiler, *Family Recordings of Nauvoo 1845 and Before Including Minutes of the First Family Gathering*, \_\_\_\_\_, publisher *The Israel Barlow Story*, Publishers Press 1968 Salt Lake City, Utah
- Bennett, Richard E., *We'll Find The Place*, Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah.
- Bentley, Eva, "Magdalene Westenskow Funk," *An Enduring Legacy* compiled by Lesson Committee, Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Salt Lake City, Utah 1986.
- Bentley, Gertrude and Eva Bentley, comp., *History of the Life of Marcus Esper Funk*.
- Bernhisel, James M., III, *History of Lewiston*, Lewiston City Council, Lewiston, Utah.
- Berrett, William Edwin, *The Restored Church*, Deseret Book Company 1958.
- Bertola, Max, *The Pioneer Story*.
- Black, Susan Easton, *Membership of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 1830-1848*, Vol. XLV, Religious Studies Center, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.
- Blakeley, Phyliss R. and John N. Grant, eds., *Eleven Exiles: Account of Loyalists of the American Revolution*, Dundurn Press Ltd., Toronto and Charlottetown 1982.
- Bordewich, Fergus M., "Raising Arabia," *Reader's Digest*, November 1999.
- Britton, Davis, "Mormon Polygamy: A Review Article," *Journal of Mormon History*, Vol. 4.
- Brooks, Jaunita, ed. *On the Mormon Frontier; The Diary of Hosea Stout 1844-1861*, University of Utah Press, Salt Lake City, Utah.
- Cahoon, Harold P. and Priscilla J. Cahoon, *Utah's "Dixie" Birthplace*, Washington Historical Society, 2nd edition 1996.
- Call, Michel L., *Index to the Colonial American Genealogy Library*.
- Carr, Stephen L., *The Historical Guide to Utah Ghost Towns*, Western Epics 1986, Salt Lake City, Utah.

- Carter, Kate B., *Heart Throbs of the West*, Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Salt Lake City, Utah.
- \_\_\_\_\_, *Our Pioneer Heritage*, Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Salt Lake City, Utah.
- Caughey, Bruce and Dean Winstanley, *The Colorado Guide*, Fulcrum Publishing, Golden, Colorado 1994.
- Church History in the Fulness of Times*, Church Educational System, published by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
- Clayton, William, *Emigrants' Guide*, ed. Stanley B. Kimball, Patrice Press 1983, Gerald, Missouri.
- Davis, William C., *The American Frontier*, Salamander Books, Ltd., London, England, 1992.
- Day, Robert B. *They Made Mormon History*, Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah 1968
- DeLafosse, Peter H., ed. *Trailing the Pioneers*, Utah State University Press, Logan, Utah.
- De Platt, Lyman, *Nauvoo*, Early Mormon Records Series, Highland, Utah 1980.
- Drake, Samuel Adams, *History of Middlesex County, Estes and Lauriat*, Boston, Mass. Vol. 1.
- England, Eugene, *Brother Brigham*, Bookcraft, Salt Lake City, Utah.
- Evans, John Henry and Minnie Egan Anderson, *Ezra T. Benson, Pioneer-Statesman-Saint*, Deseret News Press, Salt Lake City, Utah.
- Flanders, Robert Bruce, *Nauvoo, Kingdom on the Mississippi*, Urbana, Illinois, University of Illinois Press 1965.
- Funk, Zabelle, "San Luis Valley," in *An Enduring Legacy*, Lesson Committee, Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Salt Lake City, Utah.
- Hafen, LeRoy R., ed., *Colorado and Its People*, Lewis Historical Publishing Co., New York.
- \_\_\_\_\_, and Ann W. Hafen, *Handcarts to Zion*, The Arthur Cook Co., Glendale, CA.
- Hale, Frederick, ed., *Danes in North America*, University of Washington Press, Seattle and London.
- Hartley, William G., *Kindred Saints: The Mormon Immigrant Heritage of Alvin and Kathryn Christenson*, Edin Hill 1982, Salt Lake City, Utah.
- \_\_\_\_\_, *My Best for the Kingdom: History and Autobiography of John Lowe Butler, A Mormon Frontiersman*, Aspen Books, Salt Lake City, Utah

## Bibliography

---

- \_\_\_\_\_, "The Priesthood Reorganization of 1877: Brigham Young's Last Achievement," *Brigham Young University Studies* 1979, Vol. 20.
- Jackson, Richard H., ed., *The Mormon Role in the Settlement of the West*, Brigham Young University Press, Provo, Utah.
- Jensen, Andrew, *Church Chronology, 1805–1898*.
- \_\_\_\_\_, *History of the Scandinavian Mission*, Deseret News Press, Salt Lake City, Utah.
- \_\_\_\_\_, *LDS Biographical Encyclopedia*, 1901.
- Jones, Dan, "The Martyrdom of Joseph Smith and His Brother Hyrum," Ronald D. Dennis, translator, *Brigham Young University Studies*, Vol. 24 (Winter 1984).
- Kimball, Stanley B., *Discovering Mormon Trails*, Deseret Book Co., Salt Lake City, Utah 1979.
- Kirkham, E. Kay, *A Genealogical and Historical Atlas of the United States*, The Etherton Publishers, Inc. 1976.
- Kirkham, Francis W., Harold Lundstrom, eds., *Tales of a Triumphant People, A History of Salt Lake County, Utah 1847–1900*, Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Stevens and Wallis Press, Salt Lake City, Utah.
- Klusmire, Jon, *Colorado*, Compass American Guides, Inc., Oakland, California 1992.
- Lambourne, Alfred, *The Old Journey, Reminiscences of Pioneer Days*, George Q. Cannon & Sons Company.
- \_\_\_\_\_, *The Pioneer Trail*, The Deseret News, Salt Lake City, Utah 1913.
- Lapham, Lewis H., "Who and What Is American," essay printed in *The Graywolf Annual Ten*, Changing Community, St. Paul, Minnesota.
- Larson, Andrew Karl, *Erastus Snow: The Life of a Missionary and Pioneer for the Early Mormon Church*, University of Utah Press, Salt Lake City, Utah.
- \_\_\_\_\_, *Erastus Beeman Snow: Son of the Dixie Cotton Mission and Son of Erastus Snow, the Apostle*, Pioneer Press 1973, Dugway, Utah.
- \_\_\_\_\_, *I Was Called to Dixie*.
- \_\_\_\_\_, *The Red Hills of November*, Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah.
- Little, James A., *From Kirtland to Salt Lake City*.
- Logue, Larry M., *A Sermon in the Desert: Belief and Behavior in Early St. George*, Utah University of Illinois Press 1988, Urbana, Illinois.



- \_\_\_\_\_, *Belief and Behavior in a Mormon Town*, University of Pennsylvania 1984.
- Maas, David E., comp. and ed., *Massachusetts Loyalists 1765-1790*, Society of Colonial Wars in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and the New England Genealogical Society 1980.
- Madsen, Susan Arrington, ed., *Christmas, A Joyful Heritage*, Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah 1984.
- Massachusetts Soldiers and Sailors of the Revolutionary War*, Secretary of the Commonwealth, Wright and Potter Printing Company, Boston, Massachusetts 1896.
- McAdow, Beryl, *Land of Adoption*, Johnson Publishing Company, Boulder, Colorado.
- Merrill, Yvonne Young, *Cache Valley, A Guide to Northeastern Utah*, Utah State University Faculty Women's League 1970, Logan, Utah.
- Miller, Albert E., *The Immortal Pioneers, Founders of City of St. George*, A. E. Miller 1946, St. George, Utah.
- Miller, David E., *Nauvoo: The City of Joseph*, Utah Historical Atlas, 1996, Bountiful, Utah.
- Morgan, Dale L., *The Great Salt Lake*, University of Utah Press, Salt Lake City, Utah.
- Mormon Pioneer National Historic Trail*, U. S. Dept. of Interior, National Park Service.
- Mulder, William, "A Sense of Humus," *Juanita Brooks Lecture Series*, published by Dixie College, St. George, Utah. 1982.
- \_\_\_\_\_, *Homeward to Zion*, University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis, Minnesota.
- Noall, Claire, *Intimate Disciple*, University of Utah Press, Salt Lake City, Utah 1957.
- Paxman, Shirley B., *Homespun, Domestic Art and Crafts of Mormon Pioneers*, Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah.
- Perkins, Cornelia Adams, Marian Gardner Nielson, Lenora Butt Jones, *Saga of San Juan*, San Juan Daughters of Utah Pioneers 1968.
- Peterson, Wanda Snow, *William Snow: First Bishop of Pine Valley* Community Press, Provo, Utah.
- Proctor, Dean and Morris A. *Shirts, Silver, Saints and Sinners: A History of Old Silver Reef*, Utah, Paulmar, Inc., [Utah?] 1981
- Proctor, Maurine Jensen and Scot Facer Proctor, *The Gathering, Mormon Pioneers On the Trail to Zion*, Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah 1976.
- Pruit, Bettye Hobbs ed, *The Massachusetts Tax Valuation List of 1771*, G.K. Hall and Company, Boston, Massachusetts 1978.

- Ptak, Diane Snyder, *The American Loyalist*, Albany, New York.
- Reid, H. Lorenzo, *Brigham Young's Dixie of the Desert, Exploration and Settlement*, Zion Natural History Association, Zion National Park.
- Ricks, Joel E., ed., *The History of a Valley*, Cache Valley Centennial Commission, Logan, Utah.
- Roberts, B. H., *Comprehensive History of the Church*, Volume 2  
\_\_\_\_\_, *Documentary History of the Church*, Volume 7.
- Seegmiller, Janet Burton, *Be Kind to the Poor; The Life Story of Robert Taylor Burton*, published by the Robert Taylor Burton Family Organization 1988.
- Shaw, Joan, *The Depression Years—1829–1940*, Lewiston-North Cache Valley Historical Board.
- Simmons, Marlene, comp., *Sutton, Quebec Area Cemeteries*, Quebec Family History Society, Pointe Claire, Quebec, Canada.
- Simmons, Virginia McConnell, *The San Luis Valley, Land of the Six-Armed Cross*, Pruett Publishing Company, Boulder, Colorado.
- Sloan, Edward L., comp. and ed., *Gazetteer of Utah and Salt Lake City Directory 1874*, Salt Lake Herald Publishing Company, Salt Lake City, Utah.
- Smart, William B., *Old Utah Trails*, Utah Geographic Series, Inc., Salt Lake City, Utah 1988.
- Smith, Carleton, Betty Shawcroft, and Robert Compton, *The Mormons, 100 Years in the San Luis Valley of Colorado*, La Jara Stake of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
- Smith, Joseph, *History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*.
- Sonne, Conway B., *Ships, Saints, and Mariners, A Maritime Encyclopedia of Mormon Migration 1830–1890*, University of Utah Press, Salt Lake City, Utah 1987.
- Stegner, Wallace, *Mormon Country*, Duell, Sloan & Pearce, New York, N. Y.  
\_\_\_\_\_, *The Gathering of Zion*, McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York.
- Steinbeck, John, *The Leader of the People*.
- Sutton, Wayne, ed., *Utah, A Centennial History*, Lewis Historical Publishing Co., Inc., New York City, New York 1949.
- Thomas, C., *Contributions to the History of the Eastern Townships*, Montreal, John Lovell 1866.
- Utah Pioneer Biographies*, Utah State Historical Society, Vol. 27.
- Van Wagoner, Richard S., *Mormon Polygamy: A History*, Signature Books, Salt Lake City, Utah.

- Whitney, Orson F., *Collected Discourses*, Vol. 4, June 9, 1895, LDS Collectors Library 1995, Infobase, Inc.
- Williams, Nancy C., *After 100 Years*, Zions Printing and Publishing Co., Independence, Missouri.
- Wilson, L. A., ed., *The Preston Genealogy*, Deseret News, Salt Lake City, Utah 1900.

## Periodicals

- Ballard, Melvin J., *Conference Report, April 1937*, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
- Christensen, Scott R., "Seuhubeogoi, What Cache Valley Meant to the Shoshone," *Pioneer magazine*, Sons of Utah Pioneers, Autumn 1999.
- Colorado Magazine*, Vol. 21.
- De Platt, Lyman, "The History of Marriage in Utah 1847–1905," in *Genealogical Journal*, Spring 1983, Vol. 12.
- Hartley, William G., "Down and Back Wagon Trains," *Ensign magazine*, September 1985, Corporation of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City, Utah.
- Howard, Jane, Families, Simon and Schuster, printed in *Reader's Digest*, December 2001.
- Isherwood, Justin, "Wisconsin Trails and Tales," *Reader's Digest*, March 1997.
- Invins, Stanley S., "Notes on Mormon Polygamy," *Utah Historical Quarterly*, (Fall 1967).
- "Life in a Village Society," *Utah Historical Quarterly*, Vol. 49.
- McEntee, Peg, Associated Press, *Deseret News*, January 4–5, 1993.
- Millennial Star 1865*, Infobases International, Inc., LDS Collectors Library 1995.
- Mulder, William, "Denmark and the Mormons," Princeton University *Library Chronicle* Vol V.
- Mulder, William, "Utah's Ugly Ducklings," *Utah Historical Quarterly* Vol. XXIII.
- Pratt, Parley P., *Autobiography*, Deseret News Press, Salt Lake City, Utah 1938.
- Reynolds, Byron S., "Bob Ford and Other Creede Memories," *San Luis Valley Historian*, Vol. XXII 1990.
- St. George Union*, September 20, 1878.
- The Daily Herald*, Provo, Utah, December 10, 2000.
- The Silver Reef Miner*, May 14, 1879.
- Vance, Beryle and Elma Pagett, "Jack Dempsey, The Manassa Mauler," in *The San Luis Valley Historian*, Vol. XXVI.

## Manuscripts

- Allen, James B., "School Life," Everyday Life In Pioneer Times lecture series, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, March 22, 1997.
- Beecher, Maureen Ursenbach, "Revealing and Concealing: Life Writings of Mormon Women," Everyday Life in Pioneer Utah lecture series, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.
- Bernhisel Family Collections, Special Collections, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.
- Biography and Journal of Robert Gardner Jr., Special Collections, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah
- Bleak, James G., Annals of the Southern Utah Mission.
- Brown, James S., Journal of James S. Brown, Diary Record for 1857–1863. Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.
- Charles B. Westover history transcript, Dean of Social Sciences, Brigham Young University.
- Crookson, Douglas O., ed., Henry Ballard: The Story of a Courageous Pioneer, Special Collections, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.
- Driggs, William King, William King Driggs Papers, Special Collections, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.
- Flower, J. Harold, Jr., Mormon Colonization of the San Luis Valley, Colorado 1878–1900, Master Thesis, May 1966, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.
- Hancock County Land Records, Nauvoo Land and Records Office, Nauvoo Restoration, Inc.
- Hansen, H. N., "An Account of a Mormon Family Conversion," Annals of Iowa, Des Moines, Iowa, Special Collection, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.
- Heinerman, Jacob, Letters of Massachusetts Mormons 1843–1848, Special Collections, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.
- Hendricks, Tad D., Historical Events of William Dorris Hendricks.
- Hilton, Lynn M., ed., Levi Savage Jr. Journal.
- Madsen, Susan Arrington, "Growing Up In Pioneer Utah: The Agonies and the Ecstasies," Everyday Life in Pioneer Utah lecture series, Brigham Young University, March 28, 1997.
- Mary Eliza Shumway Autobiography transcript, Brigham Young University Archives.
- Meeker, Ezra, The Oregon Trail or The Ox Team, Special Collections, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.
- Nelson, Nels August, Autobiography  
Oliver Boardman Journal

- Ottesen, David C., "At Home in Rural Denmark," lecture series, Scandinavian Emigration Records as a Family History Tool, Special Collections, Brigham Young University.
- Patty Bartlett Sessions Diaries, LDS Archives.
- Pioneer Women of Faith and Fortitude, Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Vol. II.
- Private Journal of Henry Ballard 1852–1904, Special Collections, Brigham Young University.
- Sewell, Clarinda Knight, Clarinda's Story of San Luis Valley Roots, Special Collections, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.
- Smith, Hulda Cordelia Thurston, Sketch of the Life of Jefferson Thurston, Daughters of Utah Pioneers Museum, Salt Lake City, Utah.
- Warren Foote's Journal, Historical Department of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
- Worsoe, Hans H., "Life in the Cities of Denmark," lecture series Scandinavian Records as a Family History Tool, Special Collections, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.



# Index

---

## Symbols

- "Lena" See Funk, Magdalene "Lena"  
Westenskow  
"Mish" See Conger, Artimetia  
"Mish" Westover  
"Steenie" See Funk, Anna Christina  
"Steenie" Iverson  
"Teenie" See Funk, Tina "Teenie"  
Rosetta

## A

- alfalfa in the Cotton Mission 217  
Alverd, Hannah Westover 5  
Westover, Abrus 10, 17  
America, described by a disillusioned  
immigrant 325  
Austin, Abigail Westover (Rufus  
Austin) 6

## B

- Baker, Ann Beal (Peter Baker) 24,  
29  
Ballard, Henry  
hardships of the Saints  
described 304  
baptism, difficulties of in cold  
weather 433  
Barlow, Elizabeth Barton (Israel  
Barlow) 83, 147  
hardships in Nauvoo described 71  
Barlow, Elizabeth Haven (Israel  
Barlow) 44, 47, 55, 59, 83, 102,  
114  
baptized by Parley P. Pratt 51  
Brigham Young, sealed to 99  
conversion of her family 52  
growing up, description of 47  
marriage of 62  
Mormon Uprising, reaction to 159

- teaching the children of Hyrum  
and Joseph Smith 59  
testimony 55  
Barlow, Israel (Elizabeth Haven,  
Elizabeth Barton) 47, 62, 83,  
102, 130, 147  
family sealed to Brigham  
Young 99  
land purchase 63  
Barlow, John  
birth of 114  
Barnett, Donna Mae 559  
Barton, Betsey See Haven, Betsey  
Barton  
Barton, Elizabeth See Barlow,  
Elizabeth Barton  
baseball 418  
Bay, James 32  
Beal, Ann See Baker, Ann Beal  
Beal, Corry 22  
Beal, Daniel M. (Olive  
Westover) 22, 23, 24  
Beal, Electa See Westover, Electa  
Beal  
Beal, Hannah See Kempton, Hannah  
Beal Brown  
Beal, Laura Adeline 18, 22  
Beal, Obadiah (Rebecca Moody) 16,  
17, 18, 23  
death of 22  
last will and testament 21  
Beal, Olive Westover (Daniel  
Beal) 16, 23, 24  
Beal, Polly See Griswald, Polly Beal  
Beal, Rebecca Moody (Obadiah  
Beal) 18, 22, 23, 25  
death of 22  
Benson, Ezra T. 34  
Bentley, Florina Cecelia Funk (John  
Bentley) 303, 322

- Berthelsen, Soren C. 392, 414  
 Book of Mormon 49  
 Bornholm Island 251  
 Bornholm Islander 251  
 Bourke, "Calamity" Jane 403  
 Bradley, Jerome Bonapart (Mary Shumway) 155  
 Brewery & Cellar 233  
 Bridger, Jim 300, 385  
 Brown, Adeline Westover 103  
 Brown, Hannah Beal See Kempton, Hannah Beal Brown  
 Buchanan's Folly 269  
 buffalo chips 107  
 buffalo, problems with 111  
 Bullard, Elizabeth Howe 55, 56  
 Bullard, Harriet 56  
 Bullard, Isaac 57  
 Bullard, Joel 57  
 Bullard, Lucretia Morton 56  
 Burton family  
     arrives in Winter Quarters 102  
 Burton, Charles 93  
 Burton, Hannah 93  
     death of 97  
 Burton, Maria Susan Haven (Robert Taylor Burton) 48, 52, 56, 80, 83, 93  
     baptized by Brigham Young 70  
     married by Brigham Young 79  
 Burton, Robert Taylor (Maria Susan Haven) 80, 93, 129, 130  
     hardships on the journey west 88  
     honeymoon, description of 83  
     marriage of 79  
     migration west, description of 108  
     Mississippi River, crossing with his wife Maria 83  
     Nauvoo Brass Band, member of 112  
 Burton, Samuel 93  
     letter to his daughter 95  
 Burton, Theresa Hannah  
     birth of 97  
 Byinton, Jane Westover 5
- C**  
 Cache Valley  
     Brigham Young, advice concerning 290  
     description of 289  
     difficulties facing farmers 293  
     faith of the settlers 293  
     Indians, feeding of 290  
     Shoshone, importance of 288  
 Canfield, Martha  
     describing the difficulties of the Dixie settlers 185  
 Canfield, Maurine Lake 649, 654, 656  
 canker medicine 341  
 Cannon, George Q. 60, 399  
     Indians, describing difficulties with 305  
 Cannon, Mary Alice  
     Joseph Smith, description of 60  
 carpet making, description of 428  
 Carson, Kit 385  
 Case, Abigail See Westover, Abigail Case  
 Case, Mary Westover 5  
 Case, Samuel 5  
 Cassidy, Butch 239, 381  
 Castle Garden, description of 323  
 Castle Valley, description of 380  
 Chabries, Maxine Westover 580  
 cholera 321, 329  
 christening ceremony (Lutheran), description of 256  
 Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints  
     persecution of 70, 78  
 Church organization, redefined 219  
 Church, Haden Wells, Dixie's first school teacher 182  
 Civil War  
     emigrants, effect on 326  
     pioneers, effect on 169  
 Clark, Elijah (Pamela Haven) 47, 48, 57  
 Clark, Pamela Haven (Elijah Clark) 47, 48  
     first Haven to join the Church 57  
 Conger, Artimetia "Mish" Westover (Leonard "Len" Conger) 145, 463, 467, 468, 469, 508, 515, 518, 523  
     birth of 434  
     marriage of 245, 434  
 Conger, Leonard "Len" (Artimetia "Mish" Westover) 245  
 Cotton Mission 170  
     hesitancy to colonize 173  
     United Order introduced in 223



- Council Bluffs 32  
Cowley, Mathias 35  
Creede, description of 402  
Creede, Nicholas C. 402
- D**
- Dane, description of 256  
Danish Emigrants  
    provisions needed 264  
Dempsey, Jack 444, 445  
Denmark 251  
    missionary work in 259  
    Mormon emigration 260  
Diderick Funk family  
    located in Cache Valley 288  
Dixie  
    common illnesses 210  
    mortality rates 210  
Dixie Mission  
    colonization of 170  
    colonization, difficulties of 188  
    colonizers, description of 174  
    crops intended to cultivate 175  
    flooding of 182, 224  
Douglas, Stephen A. 82  
Down and Back 298  
Dunn, Elmer 376  
Dunn, Emily 376  
Dunn, Eunice (Simeon Dunn)  
    president of the Relief Society in  
        Eastdale 414  
Dunn, Levi 376  
Dunn, Simeon (Eunice Dunn) 375,  
    388, 413  
    Castle Valley, arriving in 380  
    Presiding Elder in Eastdale 414  
Dunn, Tessa 376
- E**
- Eastdale  
    water needs, description of 416  
Echo Canyon 118  
Edmunds-Tucker Act 399  
education, importance of 59  
Elder, Mildred Osborne 518, 564,  
    571, 572  
Ephraim 391  
Espersen 252  
Extermination Order 63
- F**
- Female Relief Society 62  
Findley, Agnes Ann See Westover,  
    Agnes Ann Findley  
Florence (formerly Winter  
    Quarters) 296  
Folkman, Christopher (Elia Mahella  
    Funk) 293  
Folkman, Elia Mahella Funk 293  
Folkman, Jens Peter (Kirstina  
    Matilda Funk) 264  
Folkman, Kirstina Matilda Funk  
    (Jens Peter Folkman) 254, 264  
Ford, Bob 402  
Ford, LaRue Westover 226, 507,  
    633, 634, 636, 654, 656, 659  
Foster, G. G., describing the  
    Mormons 60  
Fremont, John C. 385  
    death of 386  
Funk family  
    Cache Valley, building a  
        cabin 289  
    Cache Valley, first Christmas 292  
    Cache Valley, living in the  
        fort 291  
Funk, Anna Christina "Steenie"  
    Iverson (Marcus Esper  
        Funk) 351, 355, 409, 414, 416,  
    424, 428, 429, 433, 436, 441,  
    458, 459, 497, 498  
    sealed to Marcus Esper Funk 351  
Funk, Anne Maria Sorensen Iverson  
    (Marcus Esper Funk) 498  
    death of 415  
Funk, Cecelia Kirsten See Hyde,  
    Cecelia Kirsten Funk  
Funk, Christopher  
    living in Cache Valley 288  
Funk, Christopher Madsen (Anna  
    Elsina Kofoed) 254, 267, 498  
    conversion of 260  
Funk, Clarence 498  
Funk, Dederick Espersen (Kirsten  
    Madsen) 251, 252  
    arriving in the Salt Lake  
        Valley 284  
    conversion of 259  
    death of 340  
    emigration of 262  
    encountering Indians along the  
        trail 275  
    marriage of 254  
    protecting the Mormon Elders 258

- use of the Perpetual Emigrating Fund 263
- Funk, Didderikke Helena See Harris, Didderikke Helena Funk
- Funk, Elia Mahella See Folkman, Elia Mahella Funk
- Funk, Eliza Johanna 247  
 birth of 336  
 failing health of 461
- Funk, Eliza Michelle "Elia" 254
- Funk, Florence Ellaveve 459  
 birth of 433
- Funk, Florina Cecelia See Bentley, Florina Cecelia Funk
- Funk, Hannah Eliza "Elise Johanne" 254
- Funk, Hans Madsen (Christina Svendsen) 254
- Funk, Hansmine See McQuarrie, Hansmine Funk
- Funk, Ida Josephine 436
- Funk, Ila J. 459
- Funk, Jacobena See Spongberg, Jacobena Funk
- Funk, Jorgene Kirsten See Toolson, Jorgene Kirsten Funk
- Funk, Kirsten Madsen Hansen (Diderick Espersen Funk) 252, 254  
 baptism of 260  
 death of 340
- Funk, Kirstina Matilda See Folkman, Kirstina Matilda Funk
- Funk, Loella Christina, death of 423
- Funk, Magdalene "Lena" Westenskow 332
- Funk, Magdalene "Lena" Westenskow (Marcus Espersen Funk) 247, 307, 309, 312, 314, 315, 316, 319, 320, 322, 323, 324, 325, 327, 328, 329, 331, 334, 335, 336, 351, 455, 457, 459, 463  
 America, experience on the boat to 313  
 bearing her first child, Marcus Orlando 336  
 canker medicine 341  
 Civil War soldiers, difficulties with 326  
 conversion of 311  
 death of 497  
 gift of tongues 212  
 hardships on the passage to America 319, 322  
 livelihood 309  
 Lutheran Church, confirmation in 309  
 marriage of 334  
 patriarchal blessing 335, 435  
 theft of money 323  
 Utah, emigration to 312  
 violinist 309
- Funk, Malinda Knapp  
 widow 293
- Funk, Marcus Espersen (Magdalene "Lena" Westenskow, Anna Christina "Steenie" Iverson, Anna Marie Iverson) 254, 260, 298, 363, 366, 418, 455, 457, 459  
 accountant 408  
 baptism of (Lutheran) 254  
 birthplace 254  
 blessing given by Charles Hyde 335  
 Bountiful, settling in 429  
 Dixie Mission, called to 339  
 down and backer 299  
 eyesight, loss of 345  
 falling in love with Magdalene Olsen 306  
 farmer, success as 337  
 healing the sick 376  
 hiding from authorities 376  
 home in Sanford 393  
 horses, love of 294  
 Lena Westenskow, courting of 307, 329, 331  
 Magdalene Olsen, meeting 303  
 marriage of 334  
 police officer 336  
 San Luis Valley 373  
 sealed to Anna Christina "Steenie" Eliza Iverson 351
- Funk, Marcus Orlando (Fortilda Iverson)  
 birth of 336  
 grandfather, death of 345  
 musician 309  
 stake clerk and member of the Sunday School Superintendency 410

- Funk, Matilda Magdalena See  
Mortensen, Matilda Magdalena  
Funk
- Funk, Mina 498
- Funk, Naomi Holman (William Jacob  
Funk) 415, 438, 455, 457, 459  
marriage of 406
- Funk, Rosetta 459
- Funk, Tina "Teenie" Rosetta  
birth of 416
- Funk, Wallace 459
- Funk, Willard Peter (Ida Stevenson)  
birth of 336  
miraculous healing of 343  
pneumonia 342
- Funk, Willard Richard 254
- Funk, William "Will" Jacob 223  
birth of 336  
marriage of 406  
miner in Creede 406  
mining disaster 406
- Funk, Williard Richards  
description of their arrival in the  
Salt Lake Valley 284
- Funk, Zabelle 457
- G**
- Galland, Isaac (Dr.) 63
- Gardner, Robert  
describing the Washington  
area 180
- Gifford, Joane See Westover, Joane  
Gifford
- Goddard, George 399  
godmother 256
- Goodale, Elder 28, 29, 30, 31, 32
- Grant, Heber J. 399
- Grant, Jedediah M.  
describing Brigham Young 213
- Grazey, Harriet Azalea Westover  
(Charles Grazey) 145
- Griswald, Hannah See Westover,  
Hannah Griswald
- Griswald, Polly Beal (James  
Griswald) 24, 29
- H**
- Haight, Hector C. 265
- Hamblin 229
- Hansen, Anna Christina 307
- Hansen, Caroline Mortine 330
- Hansen, H. N.  
America, hardships of the  
passage 321  
passage, description of 315  
train west, difficulties of 326
- Hansen, Hans 307
- Hansen, Kirsten Madsen See Funk,  
Kirsten Madsen Hansen
- Hansen, Mads 254
- Hansen, Maren See Westenskow,  
Maren Hansen
- Hansen, Peter 307
- Harmon, Oliver 378
- Harris, Diderikke Helena Funk  
(George Harris) 254
- Hatch, Clarice Ward 567
- Haven family  
Salt Lake valley, arriving in 119  
Winter Quarters, arriving in 102
- Haven, Betsey Barton (Israel  
Haven) 102
- Haven, Betsey Howe 48, 77
- Haven, Catherine Marsh (Jesse  
Haven) 44
- Haven, Charles  
testimony of Joseph Smith 133
- Haven, Deacon 52
- Haven, Eliza Ann See Westover,  
Eliza Ann Haven
- Haven, Elizabeth "Betsey" Howe  
(John Haven) 46  
sealed to John Haven by Brigham  
Young 149
- Haven, Elizabeth See Barlow,  
Elizabeth Haven
- Haven, Jesse (Catherine Marsh) 43,  
44, 47, 59, 116  
baptism of 51  
Seventies, member of 77  
Solomon Spaulding Manuscript,  
connection to 53  
South Africa, called to preach  
in 83  
wealth of 45
- Haven, John (Judith Temple) 43, 46,  
47, 56, 64, 65, 68, 72, 79, 89,  
93, 119, 129  
baptism 52  
birth of 44  
Brigham Young, visited by 149  
conversion of 52  
death of 149  
described by his daughter 44

- family endowed 80  
 Franklin D. Richards, blessed  
     by 68  
 grocer and school trustee 68  
 High Council, member of 77  
 high priest 64  
 Hyrum Smith, blessed by 68, 69  
 marriage to Judith Woodbury  
     Temple 48  
 migration west, determination  
     to 102  
 Nauvoo Temple, assisting in the  
     construction of 67  
 obituary of 149  
 poverty of 149  
 property, described 64  
 sealed to his wife by Brigham  
     Young 149  
 Solomon Spaulding  
     Manuscript 53, 54  
 speaking at the first family  
     gathering in the Church 77  
 uncle to Joseph Smith and Willard  
     Richards 47  
 Haven, John (son), baptism 57  
 Haven, Judith Woodbury Temple  
     (John Haven) 48, 56, 64, 72,  
     80, 89, 93, 130, 131, 151  
     baptism 52  
     death of 152  
     description of 152  
     obituary of 152  
     sealed to her husband by Brigham  
         Young 149  
 Haven, Maria Susan See Burton,  
     Maria Susan Haven  
 Haven, Martha Spring (Jesse  
     Haven) 83  
 Haven, Mary Ellen See Palmer, Mary  
     Ellen Haven  
 Haven, Nancy Reed See Rockwood,  
     Nancy Reed Haven  
 Haven, Pamela See Clark, Pamela  
     Haven  
 Haven, Phineas Brigham 47  
 Haven, Richard 43  
 Henderson, Carol Ward 553  
 High Council, duties of 77  
 Holman, Naomi See Funk, Naomi  
     Holman  
 horse-racing 197  
 Hoskins, Theresa Westover (Elijah  
     Hoskins) 463  
 Houston, Sam  
     Mormon War, opposition to 160  
 Howd, Simeon 141  
 Howe, Elder 30  
 Howe, Elizabeth "Betsey" See  
     Haven, Elizabeth "Betsey"  
     Howe  
 Howe, Wakefield 28  
 hunting, description of 113  
 Hyde, Cecelia Kirsten Funk (Charles  
     W. Hyde) 254  
     description of hardships on the  
         trail 282  
 Hyde, Charles W. 335  
**I**  
 Indian Wars 143  
 Indians, difficulties with 305  
 Iverson, Anna Christina "Steenie"  
     See Funk, Anna Christina  
     "Steenie" Iverson  
 Iverson, Anna Doretta Nisson 351  
 Iverson, Anne Maria Sorensen See  
     Funk, Anne Maria Sorensen  
     Iverson  
 Iverson, Hans Peter 351  
**J**  
 Jacobson, Christine 254  
 James, Jesse 402  
 Jensen, Oliver 414  
 Jereboam, Reverend 49  
 Johnson, Mary Louisa Westover  
     (Lewis Johnson)  
     baptism of 208  
 Johnston, Albert 386  
 Josephites 427  
 Jylland 251  
**K**  
 Karren, Hyrum 340  
 Kate, Killarny 403  
 Kempton, Adeline 32  
     conversion 28  
 Kempton, Hannah Beal Brown (John  
     Kempton) 25, 26, 32, 103  
     conversion 28  
     sealed to Aaron Sceva 158  
 Kempton, John (Hannah Beal  
     Brown) 32, 103

Killingworth 4  
Kimball, Heber C. 46, 59  
    describing Cache Valley 289  
Kimball's Addition, the 63  
Knell, Charles (Marie Theresa  
    Westover) 209  
Knell, Marie Theresa Westover  
    (Charles Knell) 145

**L**

Lake, Boyd 549  
Lake, Eliza Magdalene Westover  
    (George Lyman Lake)  
    birth of 421  
Lake, George M. 549  
Lake, John "Jack" 549, 579  
Lapham (surname) 27  
Larson, Andrew Karl  
    describing the Westover farm in  
    Enterprise 195  
Law, William 63, 71  
Lee, Jacque Lake 656  
Lee, Jacque Suzanne Lake 552, 615,  
    646, 647, 649, 652, 654, 656  
Leeds Mining Company 235  
Lewis, Sarah Ann  
    midwife 293  
Little Scandinavia 332  
Logan, Ann Beal 16  
Loveland, Chauncy 157  
Lyman, Amasa 35  
Lyman, Francis M. 399

**M**

Madsen, Kirsten Hansen See Funk,  
    Kirsten Madsen Hansen  
malaria 64, 94, 180  
Malog, Marian D. 434  
Manassa 387, 388  
Mandon, the 34  
Marcy, Randolph 386  
Marmion 60  
Marsh, Catherine See Haven,  
    Catherine Marsh  
Masterson, Bat 402  
Mayflower 6  
McQuarrie, Hansmine Funk (Robert  
    McQuarrie) 254  
Meek, Joe 385  
Mickelsen, Rasmus 378  
Miller, Eleazer 157  
Missouri River 35, 36

Moab 382  
Monarch of the Sea 301  
Monson, Clara Westover (Vernon  
    Lewis Monson)  
    birth of 424  
Monson, Robert "Bob" 559, 572  
Monson, Vern 525, 559, 569  
Moody, Rebecca See Beal, Rebecca  
    Moody  
Morely, Isaac 332  
Morgan, John 387, 399  
Mormon Battalion 93  
Mormon city government,  
    description of 292  
Mormon Rebellion 271  
Mormon Reformation 154  
Mormon Trail 108  
    challenges of 114, 116  
Morse, Gilbert 31, 32, 34  
Morse, Sarah 32  
Morse, William A. 32  
Mortensen, Anders 413  
Mortensen, Cornelia 395, 408  
Mortensen, Ephraim 413  
Mortensen, Horace (Matilda  
    Magdalene Funk) 410  
Mortensen, Matilda Magdalena Funk  
    (Horace Mortensen)  
    birth of 336  
    Washington Dramatic Association,  
    member of 244  
Morton, George 6  
Morton, Rachel See Westover,  
    Rachel Morton  
Mount Pisgah 91

**N**

Nauvoo  
    battle of 90  
    description of 61, 65  
    economy of 67  
Nauvoo Legion 62, 143  
Nauvoo Temple 61, 78  
    dedication of 84  
Newhall, Susanna (wife of Richard  
    Haven) 43  
Nielsen, Anne 378  
Nielsen, Jens 258  
Nurse, Newell 57

**O**

O'Kelly, Ed 403

Ohio River 33  
 Old Fort, description of 129  
 Olsen, Magdalene 303  
 Osborne (surname) 25

**P**

Palmer, Edmund 56  
 Palmer, Joseph Ferron (Mary Ellen Haven) 47, 56, 64, 84, 130  
 Palmer, Mary Ellen (daughter) 56  
 Palmer, Mary Ellen Haven (Joseph Ferron Palmer) 48, 52, 56, 64, 84, 130  
 Parker, Ann Howe 49  
 Parker, Ellen See Westover, Ellen Parker  
 Partridge, Edward 63  
 Paxman, Arthur Alfred (Minnie Temple Westover) 245  
 Paxman, Minnie Temple Westover (Arthur Alfred Paxman) 207, 245  
     baptism of 208  
     marriage of 245  
 Pedersker 254  
 PEF See Perpetual Emigrating Fund  
 Perkins, Mary Ann  
     miraculous healing of 112  
 Perpetual Emigrating Fund 262, 295  
 Perry, Alanson (Sally Beal) 22  
 Perry, Sally Beal (Alanson Perry) 24, 29  
 Pike, Zebulon 383  
 Pilgrims 3, 4  
 Pine Valley  
     bad reputation of 201  
     businesses 200  
     lumber production 199  
 Pinto  
     flooding 226  
     founding of 205  
 polygamy  
     acceptance of 153  
     reasons for 154  
     trials of 157  
 Povlsker, Bornholm 252  
 Pratt, Louisa Barnes  
     martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith, description of 72  
 Pratt, Orson 59, 266  
     describing the buffalo 111  
 Pratt, Parley P. 50

Joseph Smith, description of 72  
 missionary work, description of 50  
 Preston, William B. 294  
 Price, Laura Beal (John Price) 23  
 Primary, organization of 211  
 Puritans 3, 4

**R**

rebaptism 219, 220  
 Redd, Eliza Ann Westover (Lemuel Hardison Redd, Jr.) 239  
 Redd, Lemuel Hardison (Eliza Ann Westover) 208  
 Reynolds, Byron  
     describing Creede 404  
 Richards, Franklin D. 90  
     blessed by John Haven 68  
 Richards, Joseph (Rhoda Howe) 47  
 Richards, Rhoda Howe (Joseph Richards) 47  
 Richards, Willard 46, 47, 48, 50  
     conversion of 49  
     lecturing on electricity 49  
 Rigdon, Sidney 63, 71  
     attempting to lead the Church 74  
 Roberts, Brigham H. 399  
 Robinson, Elizabeth Anne See Westover, Elizabeth Anne Robinson  
 Rockwood, Albert Perry (Nancy Reed Haven) 47, 48, 64, 65, 101, 130, 147  
     adopted by Brigham Young 97, 98  
     baptized by Brigham Young 51  
     endowment of 79  
     president of the First Quorum of Seventy, ordained 97  
     sealed to Brigham Young 99  
     Seventy, First Quorum, member of 79  
 Rockwood, Nancy Reed Haven (Albert Perry Rockwood) 47, 58, 59, 64  
     baptised by Parley P. Pratt 51  
     death of 79  
     endowment of 79  
     sealed to Brigham Young 99  
 Ronne 254  
 Rowley, Julia Ann (Samuel Rowley) 156  
 Rubidoux, Antoine 385

**S**

**Saints**

blessings of 113, 118, 123, 145, 321  
 description of 60  
 faith of 124  
 hardships of 305  
 migration of 32  
 persecution of 78, 82, 90, 327, 373, 399  
 poverty of 35, 65  
 problems with malaria 64  
 testimony of 74  
 trials of 94, 95, 114, 120, 122, 132  
**Salt Lake City**  
 description of 146  
**Salt Lake Valley**  
 description of 127  
 organization of 131  
**San Luis Valley** 373  
 discovery of silver 402  
**San Rafael Swell** 380  
**Sanford** 390, 391  
**Sanford Land Company** 392  
**Sanford Town Company** 392  
**Savage, Gypson** 26  
**Sceva, Aaron (Hannah Beal Brown Kempton)** 32, 158  
**Sceva, Hannah Beal Brown Kempton**  
 See Kempton, Hannah Beal Brown  
**Shaw, George Bernard**  
 describing Brigham Young 214  
**Sherman Act** 402  
**Shirtz, Peter** 177  
**Shumway, Charles** 82, 101  
**Shumway, Mary Eliza** See Westover, Mary Eliza Shumway  
**Silver Reef**  
 description of 231  
 silver, discovery of 218  
 silver, production of 235  
 slave trade in Pinto 205  
**Smith, "Soapy"** 402  
**Smith, Asael** 19  
**Smith, George A.** 59  
**Smith, Hyrum** 68  
 murder of 72  
 reaction to his death 72  
**Smith, Jedediah** 176, 385  
**Smith, John Henry** 399

**Smith, Joseph, Jr.** 19, 20, 46, 59, 66, 69, 79  
 death, reactions to 72  
 description of 70, 72, 73  
 Haven family, greeting 60  
 Havens, visiting 66  
 John the Baptist, visitation of 45  
 murder of 31, 72  
 Nauvoo, description of 71  
 poverty of the Saints, description of 66  
 warning to the Saints 71  
**Smith, Joseph, Sr.** 20  
**Smith, Lucy Mack** 20  
**Smith, Silas Sanford** 392  
**Snow, Eliza R.** 211  
**Snow, Erastus** 35, 40  
 Bornholm, describing  
 persecution 258  
 Charles Westover, letter to 140  
 Cotton Mission, colonizing 171  
 death of 245  
 Dixie Mission, difficulties of 181  
**Snow, Lorenzo**  
 ordained as the prophet 433  
**Solomon Spaulding Manuscript** 53, 54  
**Spongberg, Jacobena Funk (Charles John Spongberg)** 254  
**Spring, Martha See Haven, Martha Spring**  
**Sproul, Andrew** 377  
**St. George**  
 description of by Brigham Young 170  
 founding of 170  
 growth of 202  
**St. George and the Drag-on** 196  
**St. George Hall** 184  
**St. George Tabernacle** 197  
 hosting High Mass 197  
**St. George Temple** 240  
 dedication of 241  
**St. Louis** 34  
**Stavnsbaandet** 252  
**Stegner, Wallace**  
 describing the Saints 109, 134  
**Storrs, Reverend** 53  
**Summer Quarters** 98

**T**

**Taylor, John** 59

- fishing in the San Luis Valley 430  
 teamster, difficulties of 273  
 Temple Square 146  
 Temple, Judith Woodbury See  
     Haven, Judith Temple  
 temples, importance of 67, 81  
 Thatcher, Moses 399  
 Thurston, Hulda  
     exodus from Salt Lake, description  
         of 162  
 Toolson, Jorgene Kirsten Funk  
     (Andrew Toolson) 254  
 Trumans, Jacob 230  
 Tubbs, "Poker" Alice 403  
 Tudger, Peter 27  
 Tullis, David W. 214  
 Tuscarora 266  
     description of emigrating saints  
         of 268  
 Twain, Mark, describing the  
     Mississippi steamboats 61
- U**  
 United Order of Zion, the 222  
 United Order, in St. George 344  
 Urbana 33  
 Utah War 271, 287
- V**  
 Virgin River, difficulties  
     concerning 194
- W**  
 Wakara 144  
 Walker War 144  
 Walker, Charles L. 196  
     on the Cotton Mission 171  
 Ward, Zaetell Westover (Hyrum  
     Ward)  
     birth of 453  
 Washington Cotton Factory 192  
 Washington, George 7  
 Welton, Joanna Westover (Seven  
     Welton) 7  
 Westenskow, Hans Olsen (Karen  
     Petersen, Karen Elizabeth  
     Hansen)  
     band leader 309  
     conversion of 310  
 Westenskow, Hansen Ole 307  
 Westenskow, Magdalene "Lena" See  
     Funk, Magdalene "Lena"  
     Westenskow  
 Westenskow, Maren Hansen (Ole  
     Hansen Westenskow) 307  
     death of 309  
 Westenskow, Peter (son of Hans and  
     Karen) 311  
     conversion of 310  
 Westover Spring 242  
 Westover, Abigail Case (Jonah  
     Westover) 6  
 Westover, Abigail See Austin,  
     Abigail Westover  
 Westover, Abijah (Lois Carrier) 10,  
     17  
 Westover, Adeline See Brown,  
     Adeline Westover  
 Westover, Agnes Ann Findley  
     (Edwin Ruthven Westover) 156  
 Westover, Albert 23  
 Westover, Albert Haven (Liva  
     Karren) 421, 462  
     baptism of 434  
     birth of 409  
     ordained a priest 461  
 Westover, Alberto "Bert" 200  
     baptism of 208  
 Westover, Alexander (Electa  
     Beal) 16, 17, 23, 24  
     death of 25  
     dream of baptism 24  
 Westover, Amos (Ruth Loomis) 7,  
     14, 17  
     as a Loyalist 11  
 Westover, Amos Loomis (Penelope  
     Thompson) 16  
 Westover, Andrew Jerome 156  
     death of 210  
 Westover, Arthur Adelbert 207  
     death of 210  
 Westover, Artimetia  
     baptism of 208  
 Westover, Artimetia "Mish" See  
     Conger, Artimetia "Mish"  
     Westover  
 Westover, Asa 10  
 Westover, Charles 1, 29, 32  
     speaking in tongues, witness to 32  
 Westover, Charles (Eliza Ann Haven,  
     Mary Shumway) 103



- Westover, Charles Beal (Eliza Ann Haven, Mary Shumway) 23, 25, 26, 28, 29, 32, 34, 130, 132  
 baptism of 41  
 Barlow family, assisting 147  
 Brigham Young, sealed by 212  
 Brigham Young, visited by 211  
 charity of 216  
 Church, importance of 148  
 consecrating his property to the Kingdom of God 147  
 conversion of 29  
 Cotton Mission, called to 172  
 Eliza Ann Haven, courtship of 136  
 Eliza Ann Haven, on first meeting 105  
 Eliza Ann Haven, sealed to 137  
 endowments 137  
 Erastus Snow, working for 41, 135  
 failing health of 221  
 faith of 133  
 freighting business 218  
 high priest, ordained as 244  
 Joseph Smith, on the death of 31  
 Joseph Smith, taught by 30  
 Lapham family, living with 27  
 lice, problems with 26  
 Mary Shumway, marriage to 155  
 measles 27  
 migrating with the Saints, decision to 40  
 Nauvoo Legion, experiences in 143  
 Osborne family, hardships of 25  
 patriarchal blessing 105, 138  
 polygamy 155  
 poverty of 128  
 rebaptism of 218  
 Salt Lake Valley, entering 119  
 Savage family, living with 26  
 Seventy, ordained as 147  
 Sliver Reef, moving to 231  
 St. George Hall, donation to 185  
 St. George, description of journey 179  
 teamster 104  
 threshing machine 202, 216  
 Tudger family, living with 27  
 Walker War, participation in 144  
 Washington, living in 242
- Westover, Charles Edwin (Zipparah Jones) 195  
 baptism of 208  
 Westover, Charles Jr.  
 birth of 140  
 Westover, Charles, Jr. "Charley" (Ellen Parker)  
 living in Leeds 239  
 Westover, Clara Ellen 207  
 death of 210  
 Westover, Clara See Monson, Clara Westover  
 Westover, David 481, 552, 555, 558, 616, 655, 658, 659  
 Westover, Don 525, 549, 553, 582  
 Westover, Edgar LeRoy 239  
 Westover, Edwin Lycurgus (Joanna Matilda Erickson) 28, 32  
 Westover, Edwin Ruthven (Sophia Darrow, Sarah Jane Burwell, Agnes Ann Findley) 1, 23, 25, 28, 32, 103, 129, 141  
 conversion of 30  
 Fort Hamblin, living in 230  
 marriage to Sarah Jane Burwell 31  
 polygamist marriage to Agnes Ann Findley 156  
 Westover, Electa Beal (Alexander Westover) 1, 18, 23, 25, 26, 28, 29, 31, 32, 103, 129, 141, 145, 223  
 baptism of 30  
 Chauncy Loveland, sealed to 157  
 conversion of 29  
 death of 396  
 Eleazer Miller, sealed to 157  
 faith of 33  
 rebaptism of 133  
 Westover, Eliza Ann Haven (Charles Westover) 41, 43, 48, 52, 56, 64, 81, 93, 105, 131, 144  
 Austen Township, life in 97  
 baptized by Brigham Young 70  
 birth of 45  
 Brigham Young, describing the transfiguration of 74  
 childhood home, description of 45  
 hat-maker 189  
 helping Charles marry his second wife 155  
 Maria Susan Haven Burton, letter to 85, 86, 87

- migration west, description of 110  
 Nauvoo, describing the journey to 59  
 school teacher 190  
 sealed to Charles Westover 137  
 straw hats, making 131  
 University of Deseret, attending 208
- Westover, Eliza Ann See Redd, Eliza Ann Westover
- Westover, Eliza Johanna Funk (Lewis Burton Westover) 248, 459, 461  
 description of health 401
- Westover, Eliza Magdalene See Lake, Eliza Magdalene Westover
- Westover, Elizabeth Anne Robinson (Oscar Fitzland Westover) 208, 376
- Westover, Ellen Parker (Charles "Charlie" Westover) 239
- Westover, Gabriel (Joane Gifford) 3
- Westover, George Henry (Alica Ann Leonard) 196  
 experience in Silver Reef 233
- Westover, Hannah Griswald (Jonah Westover) 4, 5  
 will 5
- Westover, Hannah See Alverd, Hannah Westover
- Westover, Harriet Azalea See Grazey, Harriet Azalea Westover
- Westover, Hattie, death of 376
- Westover, Huldah 10, 17
- Westover, Ila 549
- Westover, Ivan 471, 524, 540, 541, 572-574
- Westover, Jane See Byinton, Jane Westover
- Westover, Jane See Williams, Jane Westover
- Westover, Joane Gifford (Gabriel Westover) 3
- Westover, Joanna See Welton, Joanna Westover
- Westover, Job (Rachel) 6, 9, 10
- Westover, Johanna 5
- Westover, Johannah 5
- Westover, John (Jr.) 6
- Westover, John (Rachel Morton) 6, 10, 11, 14, 15
- member of the Massachusetts Militia 9  
 property 7  
 supporting the "Crown" 8
- Westover, John Haven  
 death of 210
- Westover, John Haven (Judith Temple) 195
- Westover, Jon'th 7
- Westover, Jonah 9  
 will 5
- Westover, Jonah (Jonas) 6
- Westover, Jonah (son of Jonah) 4, 5
- Westover, Jonas 3
- Westover, Jonathon 5
- Westover, Julia Ann See Rowley, Julia Ann Westover
- Westover, LeRoy "Jack" (Vera Anderson) 444, 462  
 baptism of 442  
 birth of 431  
 Lewis and Eliza Westover, describing the love of 401  
 Sanford, describing the house in 398
- Westover, Levi (Elizabeth) 10, 16, 17
- Westover, Lewis "Lew" Burton 396
- Westover, Lewis "Lew" Burton (Eliza Johanna Funk) 201, 376, 377, 378, 396, 398, 401, 402, 407, 408, 409, 427, 438, 455, 457, 461, 464  
 attacked by a wild steer 221  
 baptism of 208  
 Brigham Young, testimony of 243  
 Eliza Funk, courtship of 247  
 Eliza, love of 401  
 father, on receiving the news 395  
 Grand River, near drowning 397  
 mining in Creede 406  
 parents, recollections of 244  
 patriarchal blessing 425  
 rebaptism of 220  
 Rio Grande, trouble crossing 397  
 working for the railroad 408
- Westover, Lewis Esper (Lorena Rankin) 421, 439, 444, 462  
 accepting a mission call 471  
 baptism of 432  
 birth of 395  
 deacon, ordained as 437

- priest, ordained as 458  
Westover, Lorena "Lorene"  
Rankin 471, 514  
Westover, Lycurgus 31, 103, 146  
Westover, Margaret 5  
Westover, Marie Theresa See Knell,  
Marie Theresa Westover  
Westover, Mary 5  
Hamblin, life in 230  
hat-maker 189  
Westover, Mary Eliza Shumway  
(Charles Westover) 64, 101,  
214, 379  
courted by Charles Westover 155  
Jerome Bonapart Bradley, sealed  
to 156  
Joseph Smith, description of 70  
marriage of 155  
Mississippi, crossing 82  
Nauvoo hardships, describing 78  
Pinto flood, description of 225  
Westover, Mary Louisa See Johnson,  
Mary Louisa Westover  
Westover, Melvin J. 122  
Westover, Minnie Temple See  
Paxman, Minnie Temple  
Westover  
Westover, Moses (Elizabeth  
Holmes) 7, 10, 11, 14, 15  
member of the Massachusetts  
Militia 9  
Westover, Nathaniel 9  
Westover, Noah 7  
Westover, Nord 466, 481, 482, 484,  
525, 527, 564, 579, 652, 654,  
655, 658, 659  
Westover, Olive See Beal, Olive  
Westover  
Westover, Oliver 9  
Westover, Oscar 25, 26, 28, 31, 32  
conversion of 32  
Westover, Oscar Fitzland 140, 208  
Westover, Oscar Fitzland (Elizabeth  
Anne Robinson) 376  
Westover, Oscar Fitzland (Esther  
Cooley, Mary Cox) 23  
Westover, Rachel (daughter of John  
and Rachel Westover) 6  
Westover, Rachel (second daughter  
of John and Rachel Westover) 6  
Westover, Rachel (third "Rachel"  
daughter of John and Rachel  
Westover) 7  
Westover, Rachel Morton (John  
Westover) 6  
Westover, Reed 398, 482, 525, 551,  
569, 634, 649, 657, 658, 659  
Westover, Rhoda 7  
Westover, Ross 11  
Westover, Ruth 17  
Westover, Ruth Loomis (Amos  
Westover) 10  
Westover, Sarah Jane Burwell  
(Edwin Ruthven Westover) 31,  
32, 103  
Westover, Sarah Sophia Darrow  
(Edwin Ruthven Westover) 28,  
32  
death of 30  
Westover, Smoot 377  
Westover, Stephen 10  
Westover, Theoph's 7  
Westover, Theophilus 9  
Westover, Walter Reed "Smoot" 440  
Westover, William 7, 144  
member of the Washington  
Dramatic Association 244  
Westover, William Albert 195  
White, Hugh 63  
Wilkinson, Lucille Ward 479, 649,  
650, 652, 653, 656, 658, 659  
Williams, Bill 385  
Williams, Jane Westover (William  
Williams) 4, 5  
wine  
Dixie's vintage, reputation of 238  
Silver Reef industry 238  
Winter Quarters, description of 37  
witches light 394  
wolves, description of 149  
Wood, Martin 330  
Wood, Oscar A. 214  
Woodruff Manifesto 400  
Woodruff, Wilford 59, 399  
death of 433  
Wyoming (town)  
description of 297
- Y**  
Young, Abigail "Nabby" Howe (John  
Young) 47

- Young, Brigham 46, 47, 49, 50, 51,  
59, 74, 79, 87, 91
  - baptising Eliza Ann and Maria  
Haven 70
  - Cache Valley, advice to settlers  
in 290
  - description of 213
  - gold diggers, warning 133
  - John Haven, visiting 79
  - mining for silver and gold,  
warning about 236
  - Mormon Uprising, reaction  
to 159, 161
  - pardoned by U.S. government 165
  - president of the Church, sustained  
as 102
  - revenge, views on 76
  - Salt Lake, plans to burn 161
  - sealing John and Judith Haven  
along with Maria Susan  
Haven and Robert Burton 80
  - sealing ordinance, describing 213
  - St. George Temple, dedication  
of 241
  - transfiguration of 75
  - youth, describing 48
- Young, Brigham, Jr. 399
- Young, Ellen Rockwood (Brigham  
Young) 79
- Young, Zina D. 211