Biographies and Autobiographies of

Heber Charles and Asineth Jarvis Cottam and Their Ancestors

Cottam
❖
Jarvis
❖
Foster
❖
Forsyth

Compiled by Ellen Raye Cottam Brown

Published December 2003

Tell Them Today

If I possessed a castle grand
And greatest riches in the land,
I'd barter them most any minute
For home with Dad and Mother in it.
I'd come from any distant land,
Once more to clasp my Father's hand,
Or give a field of flowers away,
For one white rose for Mother's Day.

– Mabel Jarvis

FORWORD

Every family has a story to tell, unique and distinct from all others, and the Cottam-Jarvis family is no exception. As each of our family lines came together to make up the Cottam-Jarvis family, we find a group of people who are carved from some of the best stock of several European countries, primarily England, Scotland and France. Lest the knowledge of who we are is lost, we submit this compilation of histories of our ancestors, written by various people who knew them and embellished with pictures that we hope will entice each descendant to read about and become acquainted with each of our ancestors, whether you are a Jarvis or a Cottam or both. To read about their lives, their hopes, their struggles, their attainments is to feel a love for them and a greater appreciation for the sacrifices they gave in order for us to have the blessings we enjoy today.

May each of us live our lives to bring honor to our family and not stray from the teachings we have each received from our parents and from the examples for good set for us by our ancestors.

A NOTE OF APPRECIATION

Appreciation is expressed to all of those who have helped to bring this book into existence. To Iris who felt that we needed a hard copy of these histories and has supported this effort. To the several proof-readers who have helped eliminate errors including Iris, Merv and a friend of Naomi's. To Darle Fitzgerald for her generosity in getting pictures to us of numerous family members. To each of my family who have been more than willing to share the time necessary to get the text and pictures into the computer (Blair, Kelly, Russell, Sheldon and his daughter Amanda, Ryan, Patricia and Carmen). To Ryan, who has spent the summer running from house to house keeping our computers running so that this project could proceed (this summer seemed to have a jinx on it for our computers) and to Blair and Jocelyn who have overseen the final merging of text and pictures. Without the help of each of them, this book would never have happened.

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Heber Charles Cottam and Asineth Jarvis

Pedigree Chart

of Heber Charles Cottam

Alma COTTAM

B 15 Sep 1855
P: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA
M: 10 Apr 1880
P: Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah,USA
D: 15 Jun 1925
P: Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah,USA

Heber Charles COTTAM

B: 8 Jan 1885
P: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA
M: 17 Mar 1910
P: St George,Washington,Utah,USA
D: 28 Apr 1948
P: St George,Washington,Utah,USA
SP: Asineth JARVIS

Elizabeth (Bessie) Spark FOSTER

B: 21 Jul 1855
P: Plymouth,Devonshire,Devonshire,England
D: 24 Dec 1943/1944
P: Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah,USA

John COTTAM, Jr.

B: 10 Dec 1823
P: Meadowhead,Yorkshire,England
M: 14 Oct 1843
P: West Bradford,Yorkshire,Clithroe,England
D: 21 Jul 1903
P: Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah,USA

Ann SMITH

B: 18 Feb 1824
P: Chadburn, Nevby, Yorkshire, England
D: 2 Jan 1890
P: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA

Edward FOSTER

B: 24 Dec 1827
P: Lydford, Devonshire, England
M: 7 Oct 1854
P: Plymouth,Devonshire,England
D: 12 Feb 1881
P: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA

Amelia Ambrosina Frances WILLIAMS

B: 25 Dec 1834/1836
P: Plymouth,Devonshire,England
D: 10 Jan 1919
P: Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah,USA

John COTTAM, Sr.

B: 25 Jan 1792

Catherine LIVESAY

B: 3 Jul 1794

John SMITH

B: 19 Mar 1796

Nancy or Ann DEAN

B: Abt 9 Jul 1800/1802

Edward Langworthy FOSTER

C: 10 May 1795

Sarah SPARK

B: 28 Jul 1805

Joseph WILLIAMS

B: Abt 1804/1808

Susan (Suzanne) DE LA RUE

B: Abt 1804/1812

Pedigree Chart

of Asineth Jarvis

Brigham JARVIS, Sr.

B: 20 Oct 1850
P: Stepney,London,Middlesex,England
M: 11 Jan 1877
P: St George,Washington,Utah,USA
D: 15 Sep 1933
P: St George,Washington,Utah,USA

Asineth JARVIS

B: 6 Nov 1890
P: St George,Washington,Utah,USA
M: 17 Mar 1910
P: St George,Washington,Utah,USA
D: 19 Jan 1966
P: Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah,USA
SP: Heber Charles COTTAM

Mary FORSYTH

B: 28 Mar 1857
P: Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah,USA
D: 27 Nov 1938
P: St George,Washington,Utah,USA

George JARVIS

B: 25 Mar 1823
P: Harlow,Essex,England
M: 19 Oct 1846
P: St Savior South,Surrey,England
D: 6 Jan 1913
P: St George,Washington,Utah,USA

Ann PRIOR

B: 30 Dec 1829
P: St George in the Stepney,Middlesex,England
D: 10 Jan 1913
P: St George,Washington,Utah,USA

Thomas FORSYTH

B: 20 Sep 1813
P: Kelso,Roxburyshire,Scotland
M: 20 Aug 1853
P: Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah,USA
D: 25 Mar 1898
P: Toquerville,Washington,Utah,USA

Mary BROWETT

B: 25 Jun 1823
P: Bottesford, Leicester, England
D: 18 Jun 1915
P: St George, Washington, Utah, USA

Thomas JARVIS

B: 29 May 1789/1790

Elizabeth BILLINGS

B: 6 Feb 1788

William PRIOR

B: 13 Jul 1780

Catherine McEWAN

B: 7 Sep 1781

Thomas FORSYTH

B: 4 Jun 1782

Isobel or Isabella JACKSON

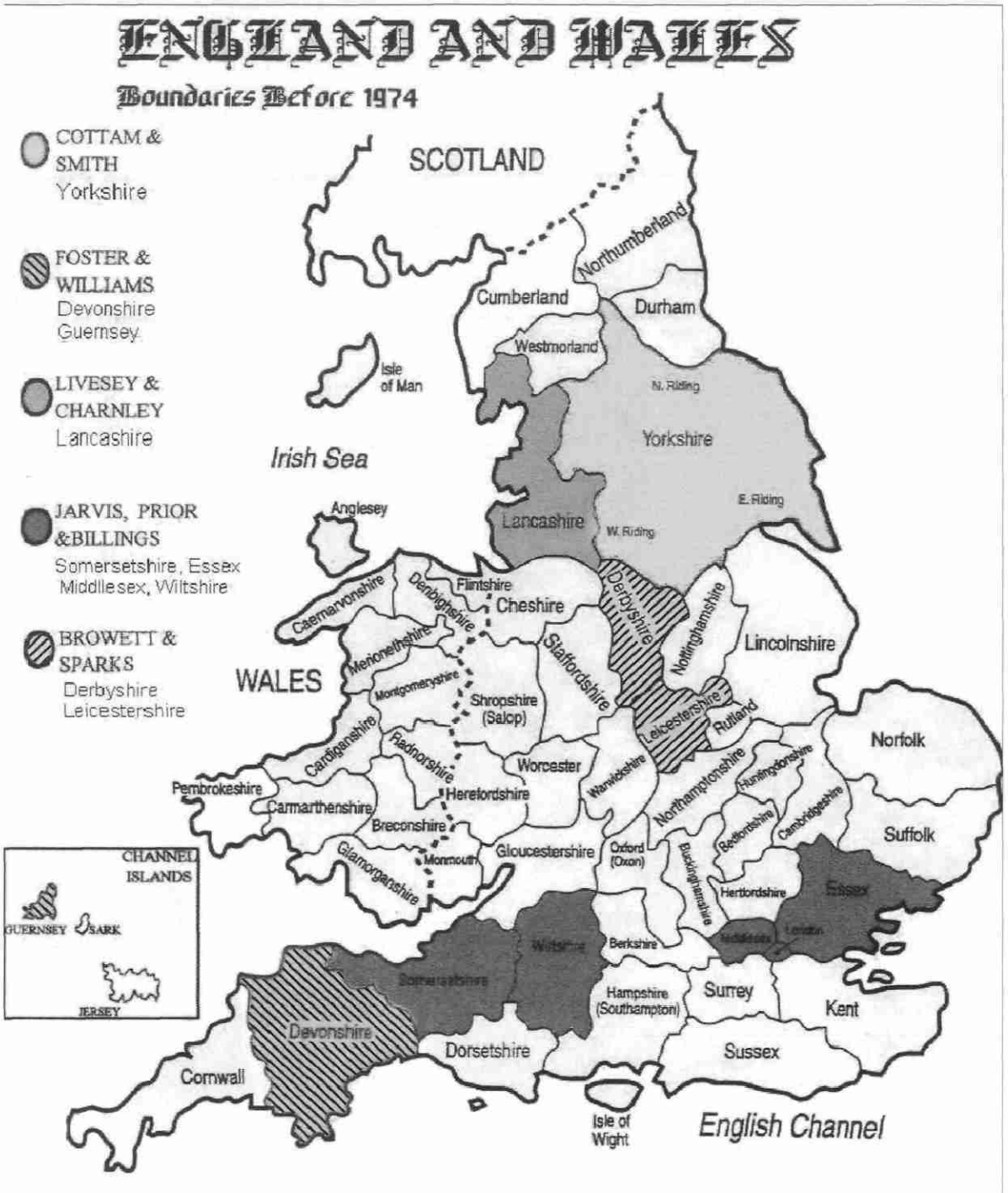
B: 30 Sep 1779

Benjamin BROWETT

B: Abt 1797

Mary SPARKS

B: Abt 1801


ENGLAND AND WALES
Boundaries Before 1974
COTTAM & SMITH
Yorkshire
FOSTER & WILLIAMS
Devonshire
Guernsey
LIVESEY & CHARNLEY
Lancashire
JARVIS, PRIOR &BILLINGS
Somersetshire, Essex
Middlesex, Wiltshire
BROWETT & SPARKS
Derbyshire
Leicestershire
SCOTLAND
Northumberland
Cumberland
Durham
Westmorland
Isle of Man
Irish Sea
N. Riding
Yorkshire
E. Riding
W. Riding
Lancashire
Anglesey
Caernarvonshire
Denbighshire
Flintshire
Cheshire
Derbyshire
Nottinghamshire
Lincolnshire
Merionethshire
Montgomeryshire
Shropshire (Salop)
Staffordshire
WALES
Leicestershire
Rutland
Norfolk
Cardiganshire
Radnorshire
Worcester
Warwickshire
Northamptonshire
Huntingdonshire
Pembrokeshire
Carmarthenshire
Herefordshire
Breconshire
Bedfordshire
Cambridgeshire
Suffolk
Glamorganshire
Monmouth
Gloucestershire
Oxford (Oxon)
Buckinghamshire
Hertfordshire
Essex
CHANNEL ISLANDS
GUERNSEY
SARK
JERSEY
Wiltshire
Berkshire
Middlesex
London
Somersetshire
Hampshire (Southampton)
Surrey
Kent
Devonshire
Dorsetshire
Sussex
Cornwall
Isle of Wight
English Channel


SCOTLAND
(Boundaries before 1974)
McEWAN &
FORSYTH
Perthshire
Roxburgshire
ATLANTIC OCEAN
Orkney
Shetland
Hebrides
Caithnesshire
Sutherland
NORTH SEA
Ross and Cromarty
Nairnshire
Moray
Banffshire
Aberdeenshire
Invernesshire
Kincardineshire
Angus
Perthshire
Fifeshire
Argyllshire
*Cla
Kinrossshire
Dunbartonshire
Stirlingshire
West Lothian
East Lothian
Midlothian
Berwickshire
Renfrewshire
Lanarkshire
Peeblesshire
Selkirkshire
Roxburghshire
Buteshire
Ayrshire
Dumfriesshire
IRISH SEA
Kirkcudbrightshire
Wigtownshire
ENGLAND
IRELAND
*Clackmannanshire

Descendants of Heber Charles Cottam

December 2003

1. Heber Charles COTTAM (b.1885;d.1948)
sp: Asineth JARVIS (b.1890;m.1910;d.1966)

- 2. Lea COTTAM (b.1910;d.1935)
- 2. Alma COTTAM (b.1911;d.1989)
  sp: Merideth Naomi MELVILLE (b.1913;m.1939)
  - 3. Stephen Melville COTTAM (b.1941)
    sp: Veda JoAnn WILKINSON (b.1941;m.1964)
  - 3. Bruce Douglas COTTAM (b.1942)
    sp: Sylvia RHEAD (b.1942;m.1966)
  - 3. Spencer Dana COTTAM (b.1946)
    sp: Mary Margaret STRINGHAM (b.1948;m.1970)
  - 3. Mary Lou COTTAM (b.1948)
    sp: Scott Alan TAYLOR (m.1971(Div))
    sp: William Rex THORNTON (b.1947;m.1972)
  - 3. Clifford Lowell COTTAM (b.1950)
    sp: Rebecca Susan GEE (b.1950;m.1975)
  - 3. Darlene COTTAM (b.1952;d.1957)
  - 3. Roger Gibbs COTTAM (b.1955)
- 2. Iris COTTAM (b.1914)
  sp: Glenn Bayles ORTON (m.1935)
  - 3. Sally Raye ORTON (b.1947)
    sp: Eric SHOWGREN
  - 3. Lester Calvin (Pete) ORTON (b.1948)
    sp: Vickie Lee ANTONINO (m.1968)
  - 3. Eric Glenn ORTON (b.1950)
    sp: Joan CRANDALL
  - 3. John Bayles ORTON (b.1951)
  - 3. Larry Cottam ORTON (b.1953)
    sp: Lee Ann OAKLEY (m.(Div))
    sp: Sonja WHITTEN
  - 3. Darrell Dean ORTON (b.1955)
    sp: Karen BOSWELL (m.(Div))
    sp: June RUNYON
  - 3. Brent Cottam ORTON (b.1958)
    sp: Helen Marie WHITE
- 2. Jean COTTAM (b.1916)
  sp: Eben Lee SINGLETON (b.1916;m.1947(Div))

2. Elizabeth COTTAM (b.1919)
sp: Neil Hortt ADAMS (b.1920;m.1941;d.1989)
- 3. Dennis Jack ADAMS (b.1948)
  sp: Kathleen Marie PINKSTON (b.1951;m.1971)
- 3. Kenneth Deane ADAMS (b.1951)
  sp: Iris Thelma CONDIE (Div) (b.1953;m.1971)
  sp: Donna Jean Schiers PICKINS (m.1995)
- 3. Barry Gene ADAMS (b.1954)
  sp: Vicki IVERSON (m.1976)

2. Lester George COTTAM (b.1921;d.1989)
sp: Lorna LITTLE (b.1922;m.1944)
- 3. Lester Gary COTTAM (b.1951)
  sp: Julianne SNARR (b.1953;m.1972(Div))
- 3. Lea Jean COTTAM (b.1955)
  sp: Tim THOMPSON
- 3. Kathy COTTAM (b.1958)

2. Heber Calvin COTTAM (b.1926)
sp: Georgia Loraine PRISBREY (b.1927;m.1948)
- 3. Glenn Corwin COTTAM (b.1952)
  sp: Debbie Marlene
- 3. Lori Ann COTTAM (b.1955)
- 3. Gayle COTTAM (b.1956)
  sp: Hal BENT (m.(Div))
  sp: Steve CARTER
- 3. Travis Jay COTTAM (b.1958)
  sp: Cynthia Dawn SMITH (m.1979)

2. Ellen Raye COTTAM (b.1928)
sp: Mervin "R" BROWN (b.1925;m.1957)
- 3. Blair Jarvis BROWN (b.1957)
  sp: Jocelyn HOFELING (b.1968;m.1991)
- 3. Kelly Alma BROWN (b.1959)
  sp: Alvia Jean ENDITO (m.1998)
- 3. Russell Alexander BROWN (b.1960)
  sp: Kathryn Leah KELSON (b.1965;m.1983)
- 3. Sheldon Paul BROWN (b.1963)
  sp: Michelle Lee KOKKOLA (m.1994)
  sp: Patricia BODILY (m.1987(Div))
- 3. Ryan Dexter BROWN (b.1966)
  sp: Stacy Jeane GRATE (m.1993)
- 3. Patricia Lynn BROWN (b.1968)
  sp: Erdman JAKE (m.1993)
  sp: Stanton Scot VAN WAGONER (m.1987(Div))
- 3. Carmen Kaye BROWN (b.1971)
  sp: Zachary Glen BRIMHALL (m.1990)

Section One

First Generation

Heber Charles Cottam and
Asineth Jarvis

Under this Roof

Under this roof the Cottam family came into existence. This family began on March 17, 1910 in the St. George Temple and by years end, a beautiful, blond, blue-eyed little girl came to bless this marriage. The following year, this home was constructed and as each new member arrived they breathed their first breath of life under this roof.

Under this roof we were taught to pray at our mother's knee. We were taught the gospel and learned the plan of salvation. Each day of our lives we saw the gospel in action, not always by precept, but more importantly, by example. We saw in our daily lives the way we should live. We learned about our heritage under this roof; about our great grandfather Jarvis who sailed the seven seas and saw much of the world and how his skills were used to build the St. George Temple. We learned about our great grandfather Forsyth and how his small son told him that this gospel is true. We were taught about our great grandfather Cottam and of his many skills in carpentry and how these skills have been passed on to his sons and their sons. We learned about our great grandfather Foster and how he lived on the Island of Guernsey and learned and spoke French until after they came to Utah. We learned of the struggles of each ancestor in this harsh new land and of their faith and dedication to their beliefs.

Heber Charles Cottam's St. George Home about 1940

Here under this roof and in the shadow of the St. George Temple we grew and learned the truths of the gospel, that prayers are answered, that miracles happen, that there is a life after death, and we learned how much this knowledge meant to our parents, grandparents and great grandparents. Here we were educated in schools and churches built by our ancestors that we might be blessed by their efforts. From under this roof we went bravely out into the world to seek our fortunes and to try to be what we had been taught to be at the knees of our loving parents and to honor the good name of Cottam.

Brothers and sisters are forever and families are like a pot of stew. Each member adds his distinct flavor to the mixture and due to the characteristics, personalities and experiences of the group, the mix becomes unique and different from any other group. Reminiscing on the funny, the sad, and sometimes the weird happenings in the family as we all grew, are special indeed; and you will also find a few warts along with the humorous antics of this unique and happy family.


Ann Amelia Cottam
18 Feb 1891 – 11 May 1947
Thamson Cottam
28 Nov 1893 – 19 Oct 1966
Elizabeth Cottam
14 Oct 1898 – 20 Oct 1988
Eva Cottam
2 Aug 1883 - Dec 1916
Heber Charles Cottam
8 Jan 1885 – 28 April 1948
Elizabeth Foster Cottam
21 July 1856 – 24 Dec 1943
Alma Cottam
15 Sept 1854 – 15 June 1925
Edward Alma Cottam
10 Jan 1881 – 31 October 1965
William Osborn Cottam
13 Nov 1888 – 10 Mar 1949
George Cottam
1 Dec 1894 – 13 Jul 1918
Archibald Cottam
29 Sep 1887 – 10 Sep 1950

Heber Charles Cottam

1885 - 1948

(Memories of our Dad compiled by three of his daughters between 2000 and 2002)
Iris Cottam Orton, Elizabeth Cottam Adams, and Ellen Raye Cottam Brown

Our Dad was an example of all that a Christian should be and he lived as he believed. He was soft-spoken and kind and was known by everyone for his honesty and integrity. He was a man of few words and one who was highly respected in his adopted home-town of St. George, Utah as well as in Salt Lake City, Utah where he was born and reared. He lived by the creed, ***"If a job is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well"*** and this was evident in all of his carpentry work and in his farming, as well as in his everyday living. His word was his bond, and on occasion, he was able to borrow from banks without a formal contract being signed. His word promising repayment was all they needed. He was known to pace the floor in worry over a four-dollar debt. He was charitable to those in need. Another creed Dad had and lived by, was, ***"There is no excuse for anything short of absolute honesty"*** and another was ***"If a thing is worth going to, it is worth going to on time!"***

Dad had a sense of humor which showed up especially when he was telling about hunting or fishing trips, but because he was a quiet man, you had to listen carefully when he was telling his stories, or you'd miss his jokes. When Dad talked, you listened. Dad was also a tease.

Dad was the third in a family of nine children. His brothers and sisters in the order of their ages were:

- Edward Alma, born 10 Jan 1881;
- Evalyna (or Eva), born 2 Aug 1883;
- Heber Charles, born 8 Jan 1885;
- Archibald, born 29 Sep 1887;
- William Osborne, born 13 Nov 1888/1889;
- Ann Amelia, born 18 Feb 1891;
- Thamszon Celene, born 28 Nov 1893;
- George Elmer, born 1 Dec 1894;
- Elizabeth (Bess or Bessie), born 14 Oct 1898.

All of the children were born in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake County, Utah.

Dad's father and mother were Alma Cottam born 15 Sep 1855 in Salt Lake City, Utah, and Elizabeth Spark Foster born 20 July 1855 in Plymouth, Devonshire, England.

Approximately 1889 - 1900
Age 4 - 15

As a child, Dad was visiting his Grandmother Ann Cottam with his Brother Ed, whom Grandmother seemed to favor and whom she would take inside and give special treats to. When Uncle Ed came out with his hands full of treats, Dad took after him to take them away. Grandmother saw what was happening and chased Dad, who ran and jumped up and over the stone fence, landing in a pile of ashes which were still hot, burning the bottoms of his feet. Grandmother laughed at him but he shouted to her, "Well, I got the cake, didn't I?" As the story goes, Dad wouldn't eat any butter for the next few days because he had used the cream Grandmother was saving to make butter to soothe his burned feet and he didn't want to eat any of "that" butter.

Dad was guilty of being a typical teen-ager and one Halloween, instead of joining most of the others his age in pushing over out-houses (toilets) and removing gates, he and some of his friends spent the whole evening taking a wagon apart (it belonged to an old fellow they considered "grumpy"). Then, they somehow got all the parts up on his barn and put it back together, straddling the ridge of the barn. I never did hear the final outcome of that, but my guess is, knowing Dad, that he offered his and his friends' help getting it back down without admitting they had put it up there. The group probably became "friends" with the older gent after that.

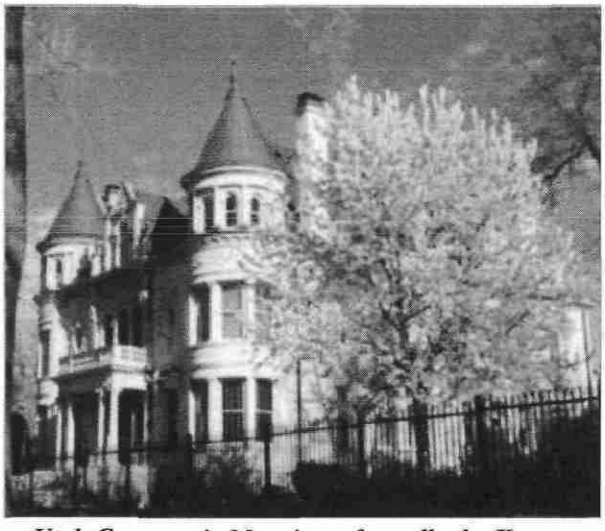
As a teen-ager, one of his first paying jobs was "delivery boy" for some of the Salt Lake businesses. He also began helping his father and grandfather, who were both carpenters, and became an excellent finishing carpenter whose work was in demand whenever attention to detail was especially important. He built some of the homes, as well as the one we all grew up in, that are still standing here in St. George.

He also helped with home fires in the Salt Lake area. Because he was a builder, he knew how to effectively minimize damage if it was possible. Here in St. George, when the Temple annex caught on fire, his knowledge of building helped him to attack the fire and cut it off so that flames did not reach the main part of the temple.

As a young man in Salt Lake, the story is told of him on his way home (at 319 North 6th West) coming to the Jordan River and finding two little neighbor boys (twins) floundering in the water. Seeing their plight and their danger, he stopped and helped them out of the water and onto the bank of the river. When he had them safely on land and knew that they were okay, he sent them home to their mother. Later, (several days, if I remember correctly) his mother asked him about the incident, which she had heard about from the boys' mother. Dad had to admit that he had saved the two youngsters from drowning, but had come home and

never said a word about it to anyone. That was typical of Dad. He is credited with saving more than one person from drowning.

Coming from a family of carpenters, Dad learned his trade from his father and grandfather. There were at least four generations of carpenters and turners before him. They took great pride in their workmanship and were known for the quality of their work. As a young man, Dad worked on many of the early buildings in downtown Salt Lake and he told both Jean and Iris that he had worked on what has become the Governor's Mansion. It was built as the Kearns Mansion shortly after the turn of the century which would make Dad somewhere between 15 and 23 at the time. Unfortunately, many of the buildings he worked on he didn't identify for us.



Utah Governor's Mansion - formally the Kearns Mansion

Dad did the work of two men on any job he worked on, and many people he worked for commented on this trait. He believed in giving a full days work for his pay, and more.

On one job Dad was working on, one of the workmen found a baby bonnet, which he playfully put on Dad's head. By the time they quit work, Dad had forgotten all about the bonnet and he went home on the streetcar with ribbons dangling down both sides of his head. He got as much of a kick out of it as did everyone who saw him.

1907
Age 22

Dad was called in and interviewed for a mission. At the time, he had signed a contract for some construction, so he told them that as soon as he had completed his contract, he would serve. He bought his Bible and other things in preparation. However, soon after he had completed his commitment, he took a bet and made a trip to St. George where he met our mother. This changed his plans and he didn't serve on a mission.

He was on his way home one day and stopped at the train station to see a couple of his friends who were leaving on a trip to southern Utah. He said something about wishing he was going with them. They bet him $5.00 that he couldn't get home, pack a bag and be back before the train left in 20 minutes. He took them up on the challenge, since he had a cousin in St. George he could stay with, and was back in time to make the trip with them. While in St. George, he met our mother, Asineth Jarvis, who was visiting with her Aunt Emeline Jarvis Cottam, and who just happened to be the wife of Dad's cousin, Thomas P. Cottam. Before

Dad left to return to Salt Lake, he asked Mom if she would answer a letter if he wrote to her. She said she would and that started a correspondence between them.

1910
Age 25

It didn't take long for the two of them to realize that they had found the companion they were looking for. On 17 March, 1910, they married in the St. George Temple and shortly thereafter, left for Salt Lake City, where they resided for about six months. They returned to St. George where they lived in a tent east of Mom's parents' home (47 East 2nd South).

- Their first child, Lea, was born there on 7 Dec 1910.

They tell the story on Dad that when Lea was born, Dad was working in one of the surrounding towns and when they called Dad to tell him that he had a blonde, blue-eyed daughter, Dad's quip was, "Those damn ward teachers!" (It seems we had two gray- haired older men as ward teachers at the time).

- Alma, born August 19, 1912;
- Iris, born October 6, 1914;
- Jean, born November 20, 1916;
- Elizabeth, born July 19, 1919;
- Lester George, born October 25, 1921;
- Heber Calvin, born January 6, 1926;
- Ellen Raye, born December 24, 1928

Dad had two "pet" names and as each child arrived, he or she acquired one of Dad's "pet" names. The girls were nicknamed "Sally" and the boys were "Dutch." As a new baby came, the appropriate nickname was attached and the older child gradually dropped it. Since I (Ellen Raye) was the youngest and no one else arrived to take over the nickname, Ellen Raye and "Sally" became my names and have remained so for life. I was also called "Tiny" as a child, but I soon outgrew that one. Elizabeth was called "Bill" after Cal insisted to Iris that Elizabeth (and not her) read him *The Three Billy Goats Gruff*, saying, "No! Billy do it!" "Bill" was also easier for a neighbor boy who had called her "E Widge-E-Bah". We sometimes shortened Lester to Les and Calvin to Cal, but the rest of us had short names anyway.

Grandfather Jarvis, a staunch believer in the Patriarchal order, felt it was his right and privilege to manage any monies that came into his family, including his sons' and daughters-in-law. Knowing that Dad had saved some money from his construction work in Salt Lake, Grandfather approached Dad about him managing the six hundred dollars he had saved. Wisely, but kindly, Dad declined and told Grandfather that he was going to use the money to build Mom a home, which he soon did.

Another example of Grandfather exerting his supposed "right" as the Patriarch of the family, is when he would intercept letters coming to Uncle Brig (Mom's brother) from Aunt Zora (the girl he married). Grandfather would pick up the mail addressed to Brigham Jarvis, read it, and then tell Uncle Brig what Aunt Zora said in her letters.

Heber Charles Cottam's St. George Home about 1940

Our home in St. George was built by Dad and his cousin, Thomas Cottam who did the masonry and plastering. All of us kids, except Lea, were born and raised in the house Dad built. Ours was one of the nicest homes in St. George at the time and it has the distinction of being the first home that was wired for electricity during construction. There were other homes that had added electricity, but ours was put in as it was built. We also had one of the early "indoor" bathrooms. Our home in St. George was at 242 South 100 East on property that our Grandfather, Brigham Jarvis, Sr., gave to Mom. About 1922 or 1923, Grandpa Alma Cottam came from Salt Lake to help Dad build a screened back porch on our home.

Our front porch was the neighborhood playground because it was shady nearly all day long and presented a nice place for us to bring our friends. In the late afternoon and evening, it was our family practice to sit out on the front porch and visit. As neighbors walked past, they would often stop and come up on the porch and join us. It was not uncommon for our porch chairs and the front steps to be full of neighbors, and sometimes it would extend on down the front walk (after Dad put the cement work in). People always seemed to feel welcome and at home at our place, and I never remember having to have our front door locked. Our neighbors would open the door and shout something like "Sineth," or "Sis" as she was called, "Are you home?" and when Mom answered, they came on in. This was true of both our front and back doors.

Dad took Alma as a young man and our cousin George Jarvis out hunting with him one year. George saw a deer and shot at it. The report of the rifle startled him and he took off running. Dad said George ran "like a mad god after a Lamanite."

About 1915
Age 30

Dad's youngest brother, George, served in the first world war and was killed in France in 1918. Dad, in spite of the fact that he had three children, volunteered to serve, but because of his family, he was not called.

Dad loved to swim and won many medals in races in the Great Salt Lake and other places. He took his suit with him wherever he went, even into middle age. He swam the night before he went in for major surgery.

About 1917
Age 32

About the first memories I (Iris) have of Dad was when Jean was a baby. He would carry her, hold my hand and take us for a walk, explaining about all the things we saw. Holding Dad's hand was absolute security and nothing was scary or frightening as long as he held on to my hand. Some of our walks (to get us out of Mom's way) were after dark and his hand was my security. When I was frightened or hurt, all I wanted to do was to find Dad and hold his hand. I knew the bad feelings would go away.

When Mom was busy fixing dinner or something and the baby was cross, Dad would carry the baby (whichever one it was) and walk up and down the room singing "Um Po Pum, Um Po Pum" and it worked when rocking wouldn't help. Dad really had a very good voice, but he didn't sing to us-- "Um Po Pum" was more effective. Dad always loved to hold one of us in the big rocking chair (Dad's chair). That chair has so many memories. Even when Ellen Raye was school age Dad would say, "Come and let Dad rock you."

As I (Iris) was growing up, Dad was there to fix things--a sore knee--a stubbed toe--a broken toy. He would say, "Come let "Uncle Fuller" fix it."

Dad always insisted in his kind way that we do the **right** thing. He would not tolerate quarreling of any kind and would say, "If you can't settle it peaceably, I will decide what is right." He never yelled or slapped one of us kids. He was always calm and in control and I have always wanted to be like him. If we misbehaved he would say, "That's enough!" or "That'll do ya!"

When it was about time for Dad to come home from work we (all us kids) would go out, stand on the sidewalk, look up the street and watch for Dad. We'd spot his legs about a block and a half away, start cheering and run to meet him. Dad almost always carried a lunch bucket, which was a **bucket**, and we were anxious to see what he brought home for us as a treat, which was almost always the dessert (cookies) that Mom had put in for his dessert - or sometimes a stick of gum if he had a dime.

Dad had a terrible infection in his knee. It was a great big abscess and the doctor came and took care of it at home. They thought it was a scorpion sting. He was in a lot of pain, but tried not to show it. When the doctor poked a lot of gauze into the abscess to keep it draining, he pretended to laugh (for our sakes). I know he was off work for some time.

Dad always helped me (Iris) with my math when I was in school. He had never finished grade school, but he was as smart as our teachers, or smarter. He used great English (or grammar).

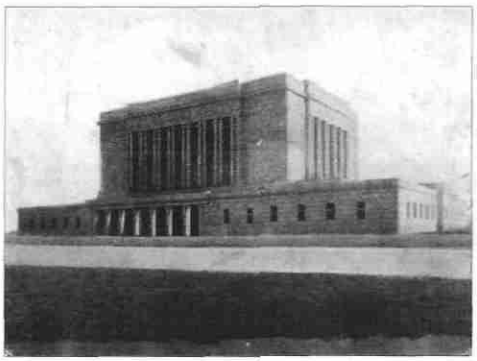
1922
Age 37

Dad and Mom would not tolerate profanity or bad language of any kind. I think Alma got pepper on his tongue a time or two. One day, Bill (Elizabeth) was sitting on his lap in the "big chair" (Mom's rocking chair) and Dad said, "Hell!" She climbed down from his lap without saying a word, went into the kitchen, came back, climbed back on his lap and held her hand up to Dad's mouth. When he opened it, she put pepper in. We all had a great laugh over that. Dad never swore, but when he was completely disgusted or upset he would say "Hell" or "Damn" and that was all.

Heber Cottam by date palm tree in Mesa, Arizona

About 1924
Age 39

When I (Iris) was about eight or ten years old, Dad was called to work on the Mesa Temple. He was known for his beautiful work in wood. He and one other man (Brother Andy Schmidt) did all the "finishing" work in the temple. He was gone nine months and Mom would wake me each morning about dawn to take a letter up to the post office, 3 1/2 blocks away, to post the letter she had written the night before. I remember being half awake as I ran the errand. Dad sent us pictures from Mesa of getting the ground ready, putting the footings in and the progress as the temple was being built. He also sent us dates and olives (bitter raw olives) and pictures of the cactus and the date trees. Dad also was away from home for quite some time working at Bryce Canyon, building the lodge and cabins, etc.



Mesa Temple during construction

As I grew up and started to try and act like an adult--heels on my slippers--touch of lipstick--hair do's--dances etc., Dad would always say, "She's not

that old!" And as each one of us "progressed" he seemed so shocked and would always say, "They're not that old!"

Note: (Many years later, Ellen Raye and her family found themselves living in the same ward with Andrew Schmidt's son, Andrew, and have become good friends with him in Sandy, Utah.)

Bryce Canyon Lodge

About 1925
Age 40

Dad was in bed for nine months with sciatica and rheumatism in his leg. He was in great pain and was unable to walk or put any pressure on his leg. He crawled to the bathroom rather than have anyone wait on him. The doctor told him he wouldn't be able to work for a year or so. But, as soon as he was able to step on his leg again, he went back to work.

1932
Age 47

Dad danced with me (Iris) at my high school graduation. He was the smoothest dancer I have ever danced with and Mom said that he always had that reputation.

1935
Age 50

Our sister, Lea, was killed in an oil well explosion on 7 March 1935. She was twenty-four. Ten people were killed. The well was about seven miles south of St. George. See "The Wrong Car Came" pg. 26 for complete story.

Patience was one quality both Dad and Mom had in abundance. When I (Elizabeth) was in high school and would stay up too late studying or just tinkering with the piano and would lose track of time, Dad would come in and quietly say, "Don't you think it's about bed time?" Even though I was keeping him awake, he was never cross with me. If he felt that any of us were bettering ourselves in any way, he would support us however he could.

Dad was always a very healthy man because of his lifestyle. Shortly after Lea's death, Dad was down at the family farm doing his night irrigating when he was struck with a severe pain in his lower abdomen. After some time the pain stopped and he finished his irrigating and went home, never mentioning the incident to anyone. This happened on Thursday or Friday night. Uncle Brig came by on Saturday morning to try to convince Dad that he was sick and should go to the hospital, because of a dream he had about Dad the night before. Dad scoffed

at the idea and reminded Uncle Brig that he was not cooperating about getting his hernia attended to even though Dad had offered to pay for it. Uncle Brig went home and got his niece, who was a nurse, to come over and see if she could convince Dad to see the doctor. Sunday afternoon, to quiet Uncle Brig's concern, he consented to call the doctor, who told him to come in Monday morning, that they had his hernia operation scheduled. (Dad had a hernia and was planning to take care of it.)

When they got into the operation, they found that his appendix had ruptured. Dad was filled with peritonitis throughout his abdomen. He was administered to by Uncle Brig, and Mom and Iris, who were at the hospital, received the impression that Dad would be okay. From this time on, they had the assurance of his recovery, even though his prognosis had become very grave and the doctors didn't expect him to make it. Word went out from the hospital that there would be another funeral in the Cottam family. The local mortician found out about it and started making his preparations. By the end of the day, when the mortuary had not received any word from the hospital, the mortician, who was Dad's friend, came to find out why. Doctor Reichmann came to see Dad and when he visited with him, he commented to Mom and Iris that he was too good a man to die. Dr. MacGregor, who had done the operating, stayed by his side for two or three days and nights until his condition had stabilized, which was not the usual practice for doctors. When he had recovered, Dad got quite a kick out of finding out that the mortician had been all ready to receive him. Dad thought it was a great joke. Again he was told he would not be able to work for a year or more, but he was back to work in a few weeks.

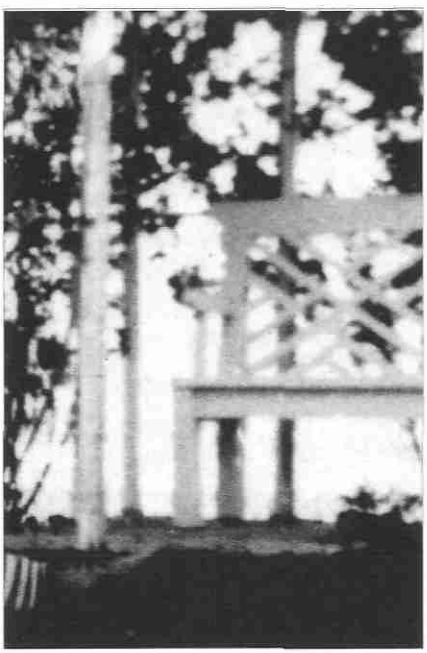
Soon after that, I (Iris) was married and moved away , but the visits that we had were special. Dad always let us know how much we meant to him and how proud he was of the kind of lives we lived. He had taught us to be honest, good citizens and to do only right. I think one of the best descriptions that fits Dad was his absolute honesty and integrity in all his dealings and his responsibility of doing good at all times. I always thought of him as the most handsome, kind, caring, wonderful man.

Dad helped on two remodeling projects in the St. George Temple. One was quite an extensive remodeling (probably during the 1930's) and during his work, he found the secret door in the temple that had been used during polygamy days as a hiding place from the federal agents who periodically came hunting for them. The temple originally had a much shorter tower than it has now and there was a lookout tower on the northeast corner of the temple block that was used to watch for these federal agents. Word would go out that the agents were coming and the polygamists would run into the temple and hide in the basement of the temple until the agents left. The door was the entry to a stairway that went into a basement area below the font room. Those who were in charge of the remodeling thought that the door was well hidden and that no one would find it, but Dad did.

Sometime after 1934 and before 1941 a fire broke out in the annex of the Temple. Dad was one of those who went to help put it out, since St. George had no fire department at the time. Dad had worked some in Salt Lake with putting out fires and knew a bit about the

methods. He went up on the roof of the annex and chopped a firebreak in the roof to prevent its spread to the Temple proper. He received quite a bit of criticism from some of the fire fighters who didn't realize the wisdom of what he was doing.

No history of our family would be complete without including one of Dad's good friends whom he met in Salt Lake doing construction work. This was Anton Nelson, from Denmark. Anton and his sister Maren "Marie" Anderson had moved to America after they had joined the church. Anton eventually moved to St. George and built himself a home there. We were told that Anton had a sweetheart in Denmark. When he came to America, the plan was for him to earn passage to America for her and then send for her so that they could marry. About the time he had saved the money needed for her passage, she took sick and died. Anton never married. Anton came to our home for Sunday dinner every other Sunday, and as kids, we would keep track of time by whether this was Anton's Sunday or not. After dinner, he and Dad would spend the afternoon, usually on the front porch, just visiting. Anton's sister "Marie" Anderson visited Anton and her daughter Marie Cannon in St. George. She and Mom became good friends and all of us kids called her "Grandma" Anderson. She rented an apartment across the street from our home. Grandma Anderson loved cottage cheese and came over almost daily for her "clabber and sugar." These two people became an important part of our family. Grandma Anderson had a son, Maurice, who lived in Salt Lake and ran a men's clothing store in Hotel Utah.



One of three benches in the rose arbor at the St. George Temple built by Heber Charles Cottam

Anton did some beautiful inlaid woodwork and made most of the furniture in his little home. He made gifts for each of us girls, like lamps, serving trays, clocks, etc. We each treasure the items which he made for us. He made a telephone stand for Mom, which was in our dining room under the phone niche, for many years.

Dad worked on many homes and buildings in St. George, Santa Clara, Washington and other towns. He helped build the lodge at Bryce Canyon. Some of the landmarks that he worked on include the kitchen at the Woodward High School, The Dixie College, the desk at the County Library, two remodeling jobs at the St. George Temple, the decorative screens for the organ pipes in the Tabernacle and also in the old South Ward chapel, the building of the South Ward Chapel, and the wooden benches that were in the rose arbor on the St. George Temple grounds.

Dad built some of the furniture in our home; an oak bed for him and Mom, a double bed and a single bed. These were each four-poster beds. He built the cabinets in our kitchen, (two sets of cabinets) the original corner cabinets in the northeast corner of the

kitchen, which were backed by a china cupboard that was in the "dining room" and the set of cabinets that stood on each side of the kitchen windows on the south wall of the kitchen with a window seat under the windows. The stairway when we remodeled and built bedrooms upstairs, the phone niche in the dining room, a child-size cupboard which resided in the front hallway, and three chairs (two rockers) which we used on the front porch. He built cedar chests for each of us girls and a small cedar chest for each of us kids. He also built a chest of drawers for several of us out of blue pine. He also made stools so the smaller family members could be more comfortable at the table.

Child's china cupboard built for Lea Cottam by Heber C. Cottam. This cupboard was passed down to each of the Cottam girls and was then given to granddaughter Lea Cottam Thompson, who is the current possessor.

1940's
Age mid 50's

One of the more fun projects he did was to build a fishing boat with two of his friends. They pooled their money and bought an outboard motor and Dad made the fishing boat to use with it.

For five or more years, during the 1940's, Dad was on the Scout committee, and while he was serving there, he helped instigate and build a cave for the scouts to hold their pack meetings in. They found a formation that was "just right," up on the Red Hill east of the "Light Cave" and "Sugar Loaf." Two formations came almost together and erosion had carved a cavern like a cave under the formation. They formed a cement ceiling about one foot to two feet wide to weld the two rocks together, built a fireplace at the back and sealed that end up with cement. Then they constructed a sandstone wall with a doorway for the front of the cave. There is a natural amphi-theater that is part of the formation, just to the west of the cave, and this project furnished the scouts, as well as all the youth of the ward, with an ideal place to have parties. Each spring for years, the "closing social" of the MIA was held at the Scout Cave where dinner was served and games, like softball and Run My Sheepy Run, were played. The scout master told stories until almost dark and then everyone gathered around the amphi-theater for the lighting of a bonfire and a program. Dad was responsible for the bonfire-lighting ceremony. As a youth, they had saved up old worn-out socks and formed them into tight balls about the size of a softball. When they were ready to use them, they soaked them in gasoline and lit them. Dad suggested this to the scouts, who thought it was a great idea. The scouts worked all year for the privilege of being the one to light the bonfire.

Heber Charles Cottam and Charles Merkley on roof of scout cave

From the vantage point of the highest peak, which was behind and to the west of the amphitheater, scouts spaced themselves at intervals from the peak, down to where the last scout could toss his "fireball" into the bonfire and light the fire. Of course, they all had to wear leather gloves to protect their hands and arms from the fireballs. This ceremony became the highlight of the entire evening.

1945
Age 60

After the war, when Neil and I (Elizabeth) moved back to St. George, Dad was looking forward to the birth of our first child. None of the rest of the family had lived here when a child was expected. Since he was making a chest of drawers for Mom, he decided to also make one for the baby and was getting materials together for a baby bed. He had almost completed the chest when he was taken from us, but the chest will always have special meaning for me.

I remember Dad jokingly saying one time that there are two kinds of people in the world, those who are willing to work and those who are willing to let them.

Dad and Mom never argued in front of the family. They had differences, of course, but it never developed into an argument. If Dad felt the disagreement was in his department, he would tell Mom that this was his department and if Mom felt the choice was hers, she would say so and they supported each other in their decisions.

They often went for walks in the evening when the family was taken care of. This was their "date time" and they enjoyed the time together to talk without interruption.

Sometimes they would get us kids in bed, and when we were safely asleep, Dad would walk into town (two or three blocks) and pick up some ice cream as a little treat for Mom. (Sometimes us kids would rouse from sleep and get to join in the treat.) Iris seemed to be particularly adept at "hearing" the ice cream.

Dad and Mom loved to go horseback riding in the Dixie countryside, especially at Pine Valley and on Kolob. Mom often said that Kolob was her favorite spot to ride. At one time,

Dad planned to build us a cabin on Pine Valley Mountain where we could spend the summers. The forest service denied him a permit to build, so this dream never materialized.

Dad enjoyed the deer hunt and was a successful hunter. He would come home with a deer when no one else in his party got one. The same with fishing. He had a knack for getting fish, often making the biggest catch of his group. After he got the boat made, he enjoyed trolling from the boat instead of casting from the shore. He fished at all of the lakes and reservoirs around St. George.

Note: I (Ellen Raye) went fishing and hunting with Dad during the second World War while the boys were in the service. We went to Enterprise Reservoir, Pine Valley, Duck Creek, Silver Reef and other places. The fact that we didn't own a car didn't hinder him. He always had plenty of friends that had cars and Dad had a reputation as a skilled sportsman, so his friends liked to go with him. We often went with Vivian Leany who was our neighbor and he would take his daughter, Velda, who was one of my closest friends. These are memories that I dearly treasure.

There were two Heber Cottams in St. George. The other one was a second cousin to Dad whose family helped settle St. George. He was known as St. George "Heb" and Dad was known as Salt Lake "Heb," since he moved there as a young man. People would often have to clarify who they were talking about, so they used these terms.

Dad farmed as an avocation. It was his relaxation and something he enjoyed doing. As usual, he became skilled at it. Many men in St. George watched in the spring to see when Dad plowed up the ground to plant our vegetable garden. When they saw him out plowing they figured it was time to plant. Dad was the first person I know of to stake up his tomatoes in rows, both to keep them off the ground and keep them from rotting, but also to make them easier to pick. Today, this is a common practice.

Dad was a quiet man. He didn't make "small talk" just to be talking and he didn't try to force his opinions on any one. He was friendly to everyone and the best of neighbors to all in our neighborhood. Dad loved to read and read whenever he could. He was always at home when he wasn't at work.

Dad and Mom went to Yellowstone with us (Iris) one summer (Glenn had meetings there). It was so wonderful to see him enjoy it so much and be so interested in everything. He was always such a pillar of strength to all of us, as well as to Mom.

One of the lasting pictures from my early years was seeing Dad starting out to a new job with his tool-box on his shoulder--we didn't have a car; they were few and far between in those years.

Dad always valued an education and wanted all of us kids to get as much schooling as we could, even though he had very little himself. I remember him telling us how he'd leave

home for school, hide his books a short distance from home and go fishing instead. Fishing was a pastime he always loved. When he got older he realized the importance of an education and attended night school after work.

As with most families locally, hair cuts were a home affair. There was always "hair cut day" for all of us kids, sometimes with a few neighbors added. Lea was the one exception. It seemed she cried so hard as a child that Dad wouldn't cut her hair again. As a result, she had beautiful long hair most of her life. The clippers we had were not electric. To have them cut, you had to squeeze the handles, a squeeze for each cut. They could really pull your hair if they weren't squeezed fast enough.

I don't believe anyone loved children more than Dad and Mom did. After Dad built his shop and started to do most of his work there, it seems that every little kid in the neighborhood would come over to visit with "Uncle Heber." He always had peppermints or some hard candy to treat them with while they sat and talked as they watched him work.

Dad loved each of us kids and delighted in holding us on his lap and rocking us each evening while he read the day's paper. Many are the nights we remember Dad calling us to come and sit on his knee, if we hadn't already come on our own, while he rocked in Mom's rocking chair and read the paper. More often than not, we would fall asleep on his knee and Mom would tuck us in bed. We can remember getting rocked at least until the time we went to school.

When Dad passed away on 28 April 1948, Mom commented to our neighbor Judge Leroy Cox (Iris' brother-in-law) that Dad had never spoken an unkind word to her. This brought tears to the Judge's eyes and he expressed the wish that the same could be said of him. Judge Cox was one of the speakers at Dad's funeral.

After Iris was married and was living in Springville, Dad was visiting with her and expressed his concern that he hadn't been able to provide for us all of the material things that he had planned to provide. He felt that this might make a difference to us and our feelings toward him. Iris told him that he had given us the things that really mattered; his love and time, a sense of self worth, confidence, a love of the Gospel and a faith in its truth, values that would make us better people, and that he had set the example of what he believed and taught in the life that he lived. Dad seemed somewhat relieved and asked her if she thought the rest of us kids felt the same way. She assured him that we did. We all loved our Dad and were privileged to be his sons and daughters. The life he lived taught us more than mere words could ever teach us and his life was, and is, a beacon light for each of us to follow.

"The Wrong Car Came"

Dawn was just sending its golden rays up over the black ridge to the east on this Wednesday morning, March 7, 1935 as this city of about 2000 awoke with a sense of

anticipation and excitement. Spring was in the air and the hint of cherry blossoms gave the air that special freshness and fragrance of blossom time in Utah's "Dixie."

The townsfolk had been hosts to the Escalante #1 well of the Arrowhead Oil Company since August, 1933 and drilling for oil had proceeded intermittently since that time. As the drilling had proceeded through the winter the optimism of the citizens had increased.

This small community had been established just seventy-three years before. Many of the original settlers were still living and remembered, only too well, the struggles they had endured trying to make a city in this hot dry desert. All had endured poverty as they struggled to bring water to the parched land so their crops could survive. Life had been extremely difficult and they had learned to go without many of the niceties of life just to exist in the harsh climate where summers often found the temperature hovering around 110 for days, and sometimes weeks, at a time.

Now there was new hope for better days ahead. The oil crews had been drilling through the sandstone and with each passing week there was renewed anticipation of what striking oil could mean to the prosperity of the citizens. The drilling had not been easy. Beneath the surface lay underground voids that had to be filled with cement so that the oil would not reach the subterranean caves and spread out before ever reaching the surface.

In town, just seven miles to the north, the day's activities were just beginning at the company office. Lea Cottam, Una Pickett and Rosamond Snow had arrived to take up their duties as secretaries, and Charles D. Alsop, general manager of the oil company, had arrived. Joseph Empey, the electrician, and some of the men had gone out to the site to prepare for drilling and were getting charges ready to set off later that day. They felt they were very close to bringing in the oil. They had drilled to a depth of 4250 feet. Several months earlier, an attempt had been made to shoot the well at that depth, but it had proved unsuccessful. They had encountered trouble with a lost string of tools and caving formations. In view of this situation, it is thought that the driller this day was attempting to shoot the oil sand at the 3200 foot level.

In the afternoon, workmen burst into the office with the news that with one more blast, they would bring in the oil. Mr. Alsop thought this was just the time for a celebration and plans were made for all the employees to meet at the drilling site that evening for a party. They would all be there when the oil gushed out of the ground and into the sky heralding new prosperity for the people of St. George, Utah.

Lea Cottam and friend Una Pickett about 1934

Around town, different scenarios were playing out as townspeople began their day's activities and each of those who were going to the well, made their preparations. One of those who had a busy day scheduled was Viola Woodbury, a friend

and classmate of Iris, Lea's sister. She had her appendix out that morning and spent several days in the hospital in recovery. Una and Lea, who were inseparable friends, worked until 5:00 p.m. and then walked home. One of the workmen had seen them at the office just before they had left and told them to hurry home, get something to eat and someone would come by to pick them up and take them to the site. They talked as friends do as they walked the two or three blocks to their homes. As they reached Una's home they parted, Lea continuing the half block to her home.

Inside, something interrupted Una's thoughts and instead of hurrying and eating, she laid down on her bed and was soon in deep sleep.

Lea arrived home to find a bustling home life with her parents and seven brothers and sisters getting ready for their evening meal. Lea told her family of the plans for bringing in the oil and there was a sense of excitement in the family. As Lea talked to her mother, they remembered that Lea had made an appointment with Dr. Harris for a chiropractic adjustment that evening and she expected his house call shortly. Lea told her mother that if Dr. Harris came first, she wouldn't go with her company friends out to the well.

The night was dark as a car pulled up in front of Lea's home and as she went to the door to see who it was, she turned to her parents with the remark, "The wrong car came." Then she was off.

Mr. Alsop had invited many of the townspeople to come to share in the excitement at the well site and there was a sizeable group that planned to be there. However, there was a school basketball game that night, too and quite a few of the players and their families had to make a decision of going to the well or going to support the team at their game in Cedar City. Many of them chose the game, but more than a hundred people gathered at the well to see it "blow in."

Thus it was that a group of eight or ten employees and a group of spectators gathered to watch as the charge was set. The driller who was in charge of "shooting the well," objected to having others there and told Mr. Alsop that this wasn't party time. It was dangerous work and he didn't want anyone there but himself as he set the charge and ignited it. Alsop pooh-poohed his concerns and they exchanged some heated words. The driller made his decision. If people other than himself were going to be there, he was leaving--and he did. Alsop, not to be thwarted in his plans, proceeded to get things ready to blast.

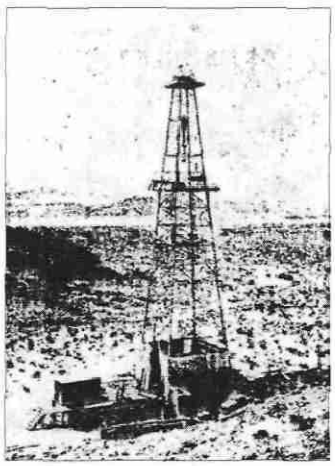
Lea turned to her friend Rosamond Snow, who had come with her mother, Mrs. Joseph S. Snow, and said, "There's a bad feeling here, let's leave." They both turned and started to run from the scene. They had not gone far when the night air was shattered with the noise of a tremendous blast.

As reported by the Deseret News, "six torpedoes, each 10 feet long and five inches in diameter, had been fastened together in a string and hung from the derrick, for lowering into

the well. Each torpedo was loaded with nitroglycerin and TNT. Two caps were attached to each torpedo, connected by wires. The crew was all set to start the machinery for the lowering operations when the torpedoes exploded."

So violent was the explosion that it was heard distinctly by the residents of St. George and many rushing out of their homes to try to determine what had caused it, saw the flames billowing into the night sky. Hundreds of townspeople hurried to the scene.

Over a hundred spectators who had come to watch the well "blow in" were thrown into a panic by the explosion. Scores suffered minor injuries. Those who were uninjured ran to the assistance of the dead and injured and rushed them to the St. George hospital.



The oil well derrick

Sheriff John H. Cottam rushed a group to the scene to battle the flames at the well. At first they could not determine whether it was the oil ablaze or if gas that had been brought to the surface was burning.

The derrick was blown to bits and the nearby storehouse, which contained another 1000 pounds of nitroglycerin, was blown to bits and burned. Altogether, there was a ton and a half of Nitroglycerin that exploded. More than 800 pounds of explosives that had been used in the torpedoes ignited and sent a shaft of fire into the sky. Those who were nearest the derrick were either burned badly, mutilated or crushed by the falling timbers.

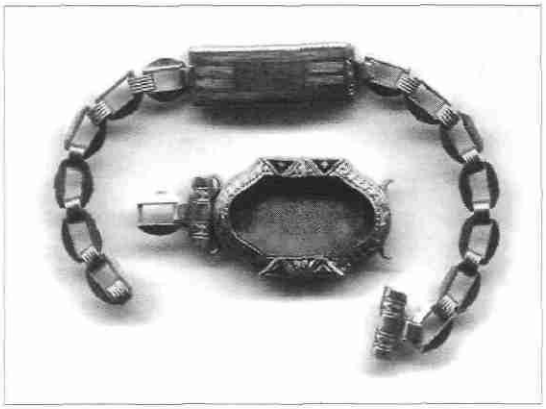
One of the spectators, Ellis Pickett, an attorney, who with his wife had come to witness the event were nearby. Ellis was right up by the derrick and his wife, Ruth, sitting in their car. His wife became nervous and asked him to move further back from the site for safety. He ignored her concerns and stayed where he was. She kept insisting that he move the car farther away from the derrick. After she kept up her requests, he became irritated and finally stalked over to the car rather angrily, got in, started the car and backed it up some fifty feet or more. They had just watched the men finish loading the cartridge of nitroglycerin and start sending it down the casing. He had just shut off his motor and was about to open the car door when the blast occurred. As he described the scene, "flames shot into the air, the derrick collapsed upon the heads of the watching crowd, and the air was rent by the screams of men, women and children."

He jumped from his car and ran to see if he could give help. He met 'Swede' Erickson and Bert Covington, both of whom were badly injured. He transported them to the hospital and returned to give more help. He estimated that the cartridge had been lowered about halfway down the shaft when it exploded.

He and his brother Henry had learned that their sister Una's best friend, Lea, had been one of the victims and they were both frantic. "Where's Una? Find Una." His brother assured him that Una had not come. She was safe at home. But he could not accept that. "Find Una. If Lea was here, Una was here. They are always together!" Again his brother assured him that their sister was not there.

Clark Empey

News of the tragedy quickly reached St. George residents. One of the people to hear was Fay Terry, a neighbor of the Empeys. She rushed over to the Empey home and banged on the door until eighteen year old Clark Empey answered. She told him there had been an accident at the well and did he know how to shut off the power? Yes, he did. He had worked at the well on numerous occasions with his dad, Joseph Empey, so he knew what had to be done. They put him in a car with some of the men going to the site. He was not prepared for the sight that would meet his young eyes that night with flames shooting up, lighting the disastrous event. He could not reach the switch without being lifted up by two of the men. Upon being boosted up, he reached up and pulled the switch that would prevent the rescuers from becoming victims themselves. Back in town he spent a sleepless night unable to get the scene out of his mind as the realization of his personal loss of a father and brother-in-law sank in.



The watch Lea was wearing. The only clothing that was not blown off was part of the front panel of her brown felt skirt and her underpants.

As the injured were taken to the hospital in St. George, the commotion disturbed the patients there, including Viola Woodbury. As she lay in her bed wondering what was going on, but not getting any answers from the nurses or hospital staff, she heard a girl calling, "Mama! Mama!" Startled, she recognized the voice as that of her friend Lea, but no one would tell her what was going on. It was not until the next day that she learned the truth and realized that the calls for "Mama" were indeed those of her friend.

The search for the remains of the other five victims went on the next day. The bodies of Nelson, Kitterman, Mrs. Alsop, Mrs. Snow and Fleckinger were taken to St. George Thursday morning. Rosamond Snow and Lea Cottam had been taken to the hospital during the night, along with others seriously injured, where Lea died at 2:15 a.m. Rosamond was not expected to survive.

County Attorney Orval Hafen, who went to the scene of the disaster and took charge of the investigation said, "Many bits of human flesh and bone were scattered around the area and identification of some of the bodies would be impossible."

Mrs. Joseph Empey, wife of the electrician, was ill with heart problems and was bed ridden. She begged the searchers to please find something that they could identify positively as her husband and that she could put in his casket. They finally found a piece of his distinctive salt and pepper hair which clung to a small portion of his flesh and a piece of skull.

Fearing that an earthquake had occurred in southern Utah, several of the surrounding towns, including LaVerkin, 20 miles away and Leeds 18 miles away, telephoned to learn what the shock was that they had felt the night before. The flames from the column of fire could be seen clearly in Hurricane, 18 miles away.

Blast Occurs While Lowering Dynamite in Arrowhead Petroleum Well

(As reported in the Washington County News of March 7, 1935)

Nine people, two of whom were women, were instantly killed when the shot which was being prepared to be lowered into the Escalante oil well exploded at approximately 9:40 p.m. Wednesday night, from causes unknown. Two women, Rosamond Snow and Lea Cottam, who were part of the group, were so badly injured that the latter died after they had been taken to the Washington County hospital and Miss Snow is so badly injured that it is not known whether she will live or not.

Two men, Bert Covington and Elmer "Swede" Erickson, spectators, were injured by the blast, Mr. Erickson seriously when a piece of metal was blown into his chest. Considerable blood was lost by the injured man before he was given medical attention at the hospital. Dr. McGregor reports that surgery will be required before they know the extent of his injuries. Mr. Covington was bruised and lacerated about the head and his ears were injured but it is thought that his case will not prove to be serious.

The known dead are: Charles Alsop, president and general manager of the Arrowhead Petroleum Company, by whom the Escalante Well is leased and was being drilled; his wife, Mrs. Mabel Alsop; C. M. Flickenger, veteran oil driller who was handling the shooting; Joseph Empey Jr., electrician; his son-in-law, Kall Nicholson, assistant electrician; Billy Maloney, oil worker, son of Mrs. Vivien

Maloney; Mrs. Olive Bleak Snow, wife of Joseph S. Snow; Ray Nelson, son of Mrs. Ernest Nelson; Joseph F. Kitterman, druggist at the Liberty Drug Store.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Pickett; Wallace Blake of St. George; A. Samson, an oil land salesman; Jack Williams, oil well driller; Mrs. C. M. Flickenger and her sister, and Tex Bethea, driller, were also spectators at the scene, but had all retired a distance from the well and so were not seriously injured.

According to Mr. Pickett, his wife and he had parked close to the well along with others, but Mr. Bethea came by and suggested that since they were under some high tension wires it would be better if they moved their car to another spot. Mrs. Pickett was nervous and so when they got to the place they first thought to move to, a spot about seventy-five yards from the well, she asked him to go a little farther so that the place where they stopped was approximately 100 yards from the well. They had the back of the car toward the well and were sitting there listening to the radio. Mr. Picket bases his estimate of the time when the explosion occurred by the fact that the 9:30 program had just been announced and he figures that it was about ten minutes from that time when the explosion came. Although they were 100 yards from the well, the top of their car was blown in. Mr. Picket received a slight wound on the side of his head and the right window was shattered, although it is of unbreakable glass. Several dents were made in the side of the car and one of the fenders was bent.

Immediately after the explosion, Bert Covington and Elmer Erickson came staggering out from among the falling debris, both injured as described. Not knowing how badly the men were hurt, and realizing that help must be secured, Mr. Pickett immediately put those two men in the car and started for St. George. George A. Samson also came in, went to the Liberty Drug store and asked that they get doctors out at the well immediately. Mr. Pickett also attempted to get in touch with the doctors and left word that they be notified.

Cars loaded with men were rushed out to the scene as no one knew the extent of the damage although it was thought that some of the ones that were in close could be alive.

Tex Bethea also left at the same time as Mr. Pickett and drove to the Hyrum Leany place where he phoned for Sheriff Cottam, who left at once for the well. On his return, Mr. Bethea helped rescue Rosamond Snow and Lea Cottam, put them in his car and brought them to the hospital.

According to Wallace Blake's son, his father was the last man to leave the derrick and the first man back to the well after the explosion. Mr. Blake picked up Miss Snow and attempted to carry her out, but because of a recent sickness, had trouble doing so. He had her away from the well though when Mr. Bethea came back.

Rescue work was handicapped by the many live high tension wires that were scattered by the blast. Extreme caution had to be used until these were turned off by Bert Riding when he had been notified to do so, by C. W. Love, Jr., who was one of the first to arrive. Mr. Love immediately turned around and came back into town to notify Mr. Riding. It is believed that the power was turned off at about 10:30 p.m.

Mr. Blake's son states that his father had felt a premonition of the disaster. He and Mr. Samson had gone to Ray Nelson's car about 500 feet from the well and were sitting in it when the accident occurred. The back of the car, which was toward the well, was blown in and the back window smashed. Mr. Blake feels that had they not had the windows of the car up, they would both have been seriously hurt.

People for miles around felt and heard the explosion. Many St. George residents were conscious of it, but didn't associate it with anything serious, since there had been considerable blasting being done in connection with the installation of the St. George sewage system.

Drilling operations had been going on for some time at the Escalante well and several oil sands had been encountered showing fine indications of oil so it had been decided to shoot the well. Preparation had been made during the day by the day crew and everything was ready at about 8:00 p.m. when the group left here. It is estimated that between 700 and 800 pounds of explosive material had been raised in preparation to letting it down into the well. This was in cartridges approximately ten feet long. Five or six of these having been raised at the time the accident occurred. The men had planned on lowering this to an oil sand strata located about 3,000 feet deep. There was more powder in the powder house which was to be used if other shots were thought necessary. This powder burned without exploding.

The first arrivals after the accident found a terrible sight with the derrick a tangled mass of wreckage and fire burning in the different parts of the wrecked derrick. Although this structure was of steel, cement and galvanized iron, there

was some timber among it and it was this that burned.

A coroner's inquest was held Thursday morning at the well under the jurisdiction of Harold Snow, Justice of the Peace, and a jury was sworn in. An investigation was made of the bodies and C. M. Flickenger, Ray Nelson, Mrs. Joseph Snow, Mrs. Charles Alsop, and Joseph Kitterman were identified. The bodies of the other four; Charles Alsop, Joseph Empey, Jr., Kall Nicholson, and Billy Maloney were not found.

Joseph Kitterman, 46, was born at Salida, Kansas. He leaves a wife and two children who reside at Salt Lake City. The body was sealed in a casket and shipped Thursday to that city.

Officials of the Arrowhead Petroleum Corporation report that their employees were covered by compensation insurance in the amount of $5,000 each. This of course, doesn't cover the spectators who were there at their own risk.

Grave side services for Mr. Flickenger will be held in the city cemetery at 10:00 a.m. Friday morning. Funeral services will be held for the rest of the group on Friday afternoon in the tabernacle. Business houses will close their doors and the entire town will turn out to mourn their dead. Obituaries will be published in the next issue of the News.

Deseret News Report of Explosion

Ton and a Half of Nitroglycerine Explodes at Well
Scores Hurt at St. George When Premature Discharge at
Escalante No.1 Oil Well Sets Off Terrific Explosion

By A Staff Correspondent

ST. GEORGE, Utah, March 7--Ten persons lost their lives three others are in a dying condition, and several others were less seriously injured when a ton and a half of nitroglycerin and TNT exploded at the Escalante No 1 well of the

Arrowhead Oil company, seven miles south of here at 9:30 last night.

Four of the bodies are still unrecovered.

THE DEAD

MRS. JOSEPH S. SNOW, 60, wife of the Washington county Democratic committeeman and former legislator, residing at St. George.
CHARLES D. ALSOP, 50, St. George, general manager of the company.
MRS. CHARLES D. (MABEL) ALSOP, 45, St. George.
JOSEPH KITTERMAN, 43, 1371 Ramona avenue, St. Lake, druggist.
CAIL NICHOLSON, 24, 618 south Seventh West street, Salt Lake.
C. M. FLECKINGER, of California, who was in charge of "shooting" the well.
RAY NELSON, 21, St. George.
WILLIAM MALONEY, 19, of St. George.
JOSEPH EMPEY, 47, St. George.
MISS LEAH COTTAM, 25, DAUGHTER of Heber Cottam, St. George contractor.

CRITICALLY INJURED

MISS ROSAMOND SNOW, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Snow, who lost her sight, and whose face was badly injured. She is regaining consciousness.
"SWEDE" ERICKSON, St. George workman.
BERT COVINGTON, St. George service station operator.

The bodies of Charles D. Alsop, William Maloney, Joseph Empey and Cail Nicholson have not yet been recovered. Nicholson was a son-in-law of Empey.

Miss Cottam died this morning, despite efforts of doctors and nurses who worked over her all night.

Charge Goes Off

The blast is believed to have been caused when the shot that would have brought in the well exploded prematurely.

The explosion struck death to the gay throng gathered at the well which was to bring "black gold" from the ground and give southern Utah one of its first producers.

Suddenly, as the nitroglycerin charge was being lowered into the casing, more than 800 pounds of explosives ignited and sent a flaming shaft of fire into the sky. The oil derrick toppled, and those nearest the structure were either burned badly, mutilated, or crushed by the falling timbers. So terrific was the blast it was heard distinctly at St. George.

Storehouse Explodes

A ton of nitroglycerin in a storehouse a few feet from the well also exploded. Both the well derrick and storehouse were blown to bits and burned. Spectators who were standing near the well were killed by the blast or showered with dirt and bits of metal and wood from the derrick.

County Attorney Orval Hafen, who went to the scene of the disaster last night and took charge of the investigation, said that many charred bits of human flesh and bone, were scattered about and identification of some bodies would be impossible. He continued the search for bodies when daylight came.

Six torpedoes, each 10 feet long and five inches in diameter, had been fastened together in a string and hung from the derrick, for lowering into the well.

Saw Flames

The explosion was so violent that residents of St. George heard it distinctly, and many rushing out to determine the cause of it saw the flames rising from the well. Hundreds hurried to the scene.

More than a hundred people, gathered at the well to see it "blow in", were thrown into a panic by the explosion. Scores suffered minor injuries.

The uninjured ran to the assistance of the dead and injured. And rushed them to St. George, where all available hospital service was provided for burns, cuts, and broken bones.

A force rushed to the scene by Sheriff John H. Cottam began fighting the flames at the well. At first it could not be determined whether the oil was ablaze, or whether gas brought in by the blast was burning.

Witnesses' Story

Ellis J. Pickett, St. George attorney, said that he and his wife were sitting in their car, waiting for the blowing in of the well, and watched the men finish

loading the cartridge of nitroglycerin and start sending it down the casing. He said his wife became nervous, and suggested moving further back to avoid any danger.

Turning his car about Mr. Pickett moved it another fifty feet away from the well and had just shut off his motor when the blast occurred.

He estimated the cartridge had been lowered about half way down when it went off.

As described by him, flames shot into the air, the derrick collapsed upon the heads of the watching crowd, and the air was rent by the screams of men, women and children. The top of Pickett's car was blown completely off.

Jumping from his car he ran to the scene to see if he could give help. First he met Erickson and Covington, both of whom were badly injured. He took them to the St. George hospital.

S. L. Dixon auditor of the Arrowhead corporation, said that he couldn't understand how the explosion occurred. Others suggested friction had set off the cartridge.

Mr. Dixon said there are four wells being operated by the company in this district.

Called Accident

Death by accidental explosion, the cause of which is a mystery, was the verdict of a coroner's jury at an inquest into the disaster this morning. On the jury were Washington County Attorney Oval Hafen, Sheriff John H. Cottam, Clair Morris, Morris Whitehead, and Hubert Snow.

Zora Alsop, about 8 years old, who was reported dead, earlier today, was said by St. George Justice of the Peace Harold S. Snow, to be safe at home with her sister, Virginia, 18; they are both survivors of Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Alsop, victims of the tragedy.

The work of recovering the bits of the missing five bodies was going forward at noon today, under direction of Sheriff Cottam, with the assistance of city and county officials, and members of the oil company oil well crew. Sheriff

Cottam gave orders that the canvasses in which the victims are being wrapped must not be undone yet, because of their mangled condition.

The bodies of Nelson, Kitterman, Mrs. Alsop, Mrs. Snow, and Fleckinger, were brought to St. George this morning. Sheriff Cottam stated that there was little hope of ever identifying the other five because of their mangled condition.

Community Memorial services are being arranged in St. George Friday afternoon for all of the victims except Joseph Kitterman, whose body will be removed to Lehi this afternoon.

Fearing that an earthquake had struck southern Utah when they felt the shock of the explosion last night, residents of LaVerkin, 20 miles away and Leeds, 18 miles away from St. George, phoned to learn what the trouble was.

Tragedy Well Center of Prospecting Work
Drilling Done by Canadian Corporation
Had Reached Good Showing at 3200 Feet.

The Escalante well No. 1 of the Arrowhead Petroleum company, situated on the Bloomington structure, about 7 miles east of St. George, where 10 persons were killed in an explosion last night, has been the center of oil prospecting operations for over four years.

The well was started originally by the Escalante Exploration Corporation, a Canadian corporation financed by the Timming interests in April 1931. The Canadian organization drilled to a depth of approximately 3600 feet and in August 1933 sold the well to the Arrowhead Petroleum Corporation.

This company was organized in the state of Nevada and had been active in the St. George field for a number of years. The Arrowhead company began operations in August 1933 and continued drilling intermittently since that time.

Strong Showing Made

A strong showing of oil was encountered at a depth of 3200 Feet, but this horizon was passed up for what was believed to be a better oil sands below. Last reports from the well were to the effect that it had reached a depth of 4230 feet.

Several months ago an attempt was made to shoot the well at 4250 feet in an effort to bring in production. This attempt was unsuccessful and in trying to drill deeper trouble was encountered with a lost string of tools and caving formation. In view of this, it is believed that the driller was attempting to shoot the oil sand at 3200 feet when the explosion occurred.

Has Other Prospects

Besides this well, the Arrowhead company has wildcat tests on the Punch Bowl, and Virgin structures near St. George and the Antelope structure, just over the line in Arizona.

The tragedy well is located on the northeast quarter of section 19, township 43 south, range 15 west.

St. George Holds Public Services For Ten Victims

Searchers Abandon All Hope of Finding Four Remaining Bodies;
Two Others Critically Hurt

ST. GEORGE, Utah, March 8--General community memorial services for the ten victims who lost their lives Wednesday night in a dynamite-nitroglycerin explosion during the blowing in of Escalante No. 1 well of the Arrowhead Oil company, seven miles south of here, were held at 2 o'clock this afternoon, under direction of the St. George stake presidency.

Miss Rosamond Snow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Snow, who lost her sight, and whose face was seriously injured in the explosion, was in a more critical condition today after a restless night, and her recovery is not expected.

Elmer Erickson, 32, of St. George suffered a punctured lung and other internal injuries, also was in a critical condition. He was given a blood transfusion today after a two-inch steel fragment had been removed from his chest.

Meanwhile search for the unrecovered bodies of four of the ten dead, was abandoned. A force of 15 men, working all day Thursday was unable to find any traces of the missing persons known to have been killed in the premature explosion of 752 pounds of nitroglycerin.

Believed Destroyed

County Attorney Orval Hafen said that bodies of the missing blast victims had probably been blown into small bits and could never be recovered and identified.

The six badly mutilated bodies that were found in the wreckage were being prepared today for burial. That of Mrs. Charles D. Alsop, 47, wife of the promoter of the well, whose body was not recovered, is being held while an airtight casket is being obtained from Salt Lake City. It will be held here for two days and then removed to California for further services and interment.

Will Honor All

The body of Joseph F. Kitterman 47, pharmacist of 1371 Ramona avenue of Salt Lake City, was removed yesterday to Lehi, for funeral services which will be held in Lehi First ward Sunday at 12:30 p.m.

The St. George services this afternoon will be for all of the victims:

Mrs. Olive Bleak Snow, 62, St. George, wife of the Washington Democratic chairman, Joseph S. Snow, who also is a former state representative.
Cail A. Nicholson, 22, oil well employee, formerly of Salt Lake City.
Joseph Empey Jr., 47, St. George electrician and father-in-law to Mr. Nicholson.
Charles D. Alsop, 47, St. George, promoter of the well.
Mabel Boyce Alsop, 46, wife of Charles D. Alsop.
C. M. Fleckinger, 50, oil driller and powder expert of Virgin City, Utah.
Joseph R.F. Kitterman, 47, pharmacist of 1371 Ramona Avenue, Salt Lake City.
William Maloney, 16, St. George, spectator.
Ray B. Nelson, 22, St. George, spectator.
Leah Cottam, 25, St. George, spectator.

Among the others injured are:

B. L. Covington, 30, St. George, minor cuts and bruises.
A. Sampson, 50, St. George, minor cuts and bruises.

The bodies of Nicholson, Empey, Charles D. Alsop, and Maloney are still unrecovered.

The explosion was accidental a jury found at an inquest here yesterday. Officials of the company said that surface property valued at $125,000 was destroyed. This included more than 1,500 pounds of powder, which burned but did not explode.

Under Stake Head

The community memorial services today were to be held in the St. George Tabernacle, under direction of Stake President, William O. Bentley and his counselors, with the bishops of the three St. George wards in charge of pallbearers and other parts of the services. The bishops are Vernon Worthen, West ward; Harold B. Snow, South ward, also justice of the peace; and Arthur K. Hafen, East ward.

The bodies of the victims who have been found will lie in state at the tabernacle. Speakers will be David H. Morris, former district judge and representative in the state legislature.

A concurrent memorial of condolence to those intimately connected with victims of the St. George oil well tragedy, passed by the Utah state legislature, was extended at the memorial services here today.

An offer of assistance and an expression of sympathy was sent today by the Salt Lake chamber of commerce to the St. George organization as a result of the oil well explosion disaster near St. George.

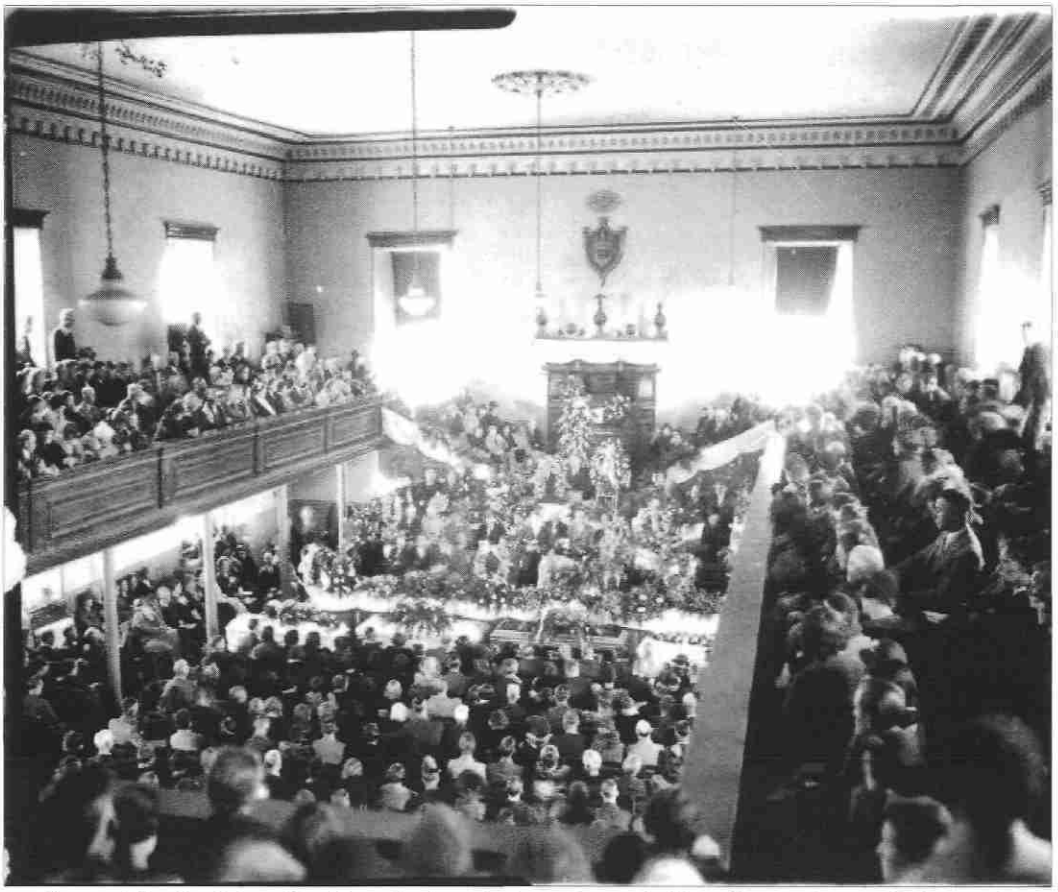
Paul F. Kayser, Salt Lake chamber president, in his wire said: This organization joins with the balance of the community in expressing sympathy to you and the people of your community over the tragedy which occurred yesterday. We tender you any assistance we can render in mitigating the tremendous loss which has been suffered by the community as a whole and particularly the families of the victims.

Few people are left today of those who were intimately effected by this terrific explosion. Any additional efforts to drill for oil in the area were abandoned. The search for prosperity from "Black Gold" did not materialize. But a new type of "gold" has brought unexpected prosperity to this desert land. "Yellow Gold" from the sky has brought people in

droves to play in the abundant sunshine in great part from the advertisement, "St. George, Where the Summer Sun Spends The Winter."

Each year, as March approaches, Clark Empey remembers that night vividly. He relives the sights and sounds, remembers his feelings at the time and how devastated his life was and that of his family. He remembers the others who lost loved ones and how the whole town mourned. He wonders if others remember.

Today, Una Pickett contemplates the events that kept her home that fateful night, of how all thoughts of the planned gathering suddenly left her mind, and of the dream she had of her classmates being at a funeral. She awoke from her dream at 2:15 a.m., just as her friend Lea had appeared in her dream to tell her that she would not be able to go with them (This was the very time that Lea died). She thinks, too, of the many times growing up that the two of them had "girl talks" about the type of person they wanted to marry. On each of these occasions, Lea's response would be, "I'll never marry."



Funeral for 5 of the oil well explosion victims. It was held at the St. George Tabernacle, March 1935. Coffins from left to right: Leah Cottam, Mrs. Olive Snow, Ray Nelson, Joseph Empey, and Kall Nicholson.

Lea's sister, Iris, recalls that she was baby-sitting Beth Dixon, whose father was the company auditor. She was at the hospital with her parents when her sister died. And the next morning it was she who went to tell Una of Lea's death. Iris recalls the three of them (she and her parents) stood around Lea's bed in the waiting room at the hospital as she became weaker and her breathing became increasingly more shallow---and then stopped. Her father, after realizing that she was gone and being in shock, half staggered over and sat on a nearby couch. His first words were, "I thank God for letting us have her this long."

Oil well explosion site as it looks today

Una's mother felt that Lea's death must have been why Una could not sleep after awakening at 2:15 a.m.. Iris describes the area where the blast occurred as looking like a herd of elephants had trampled it.

In the few weeks that followed the explosion, a group of townsmen sought to sue the oil company for the loss of their loved ones and visited the families of each of those whose family was involved to gain support for their lawsuit. When they visited at the Cottam home and talked to Lea's parents, her father was silent for a few minutes after he had heard their proposal and then answered them with this, "Will that bring her back?"

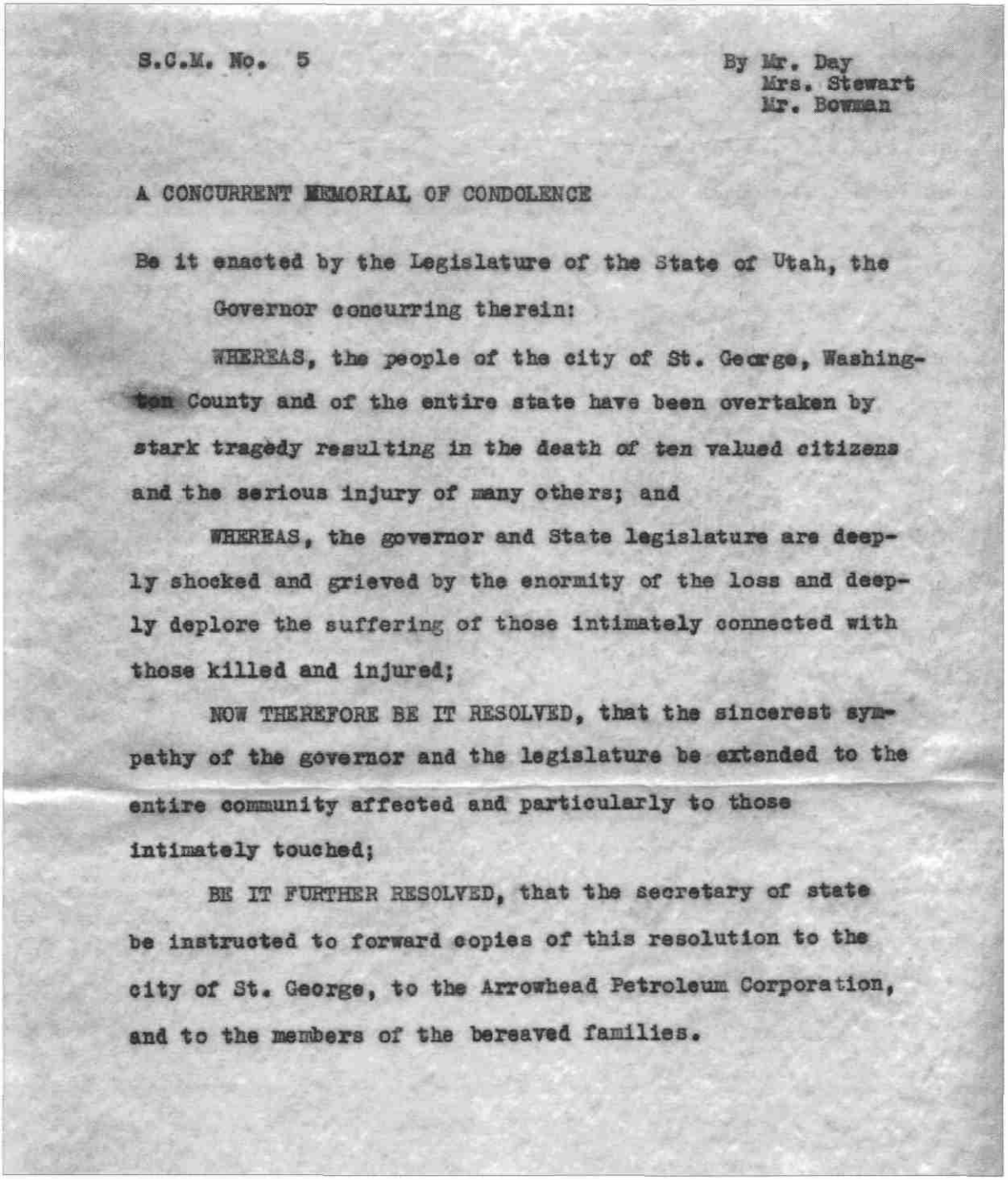
Rosamond survived, married and lived her life in St. George. She lost her sight in one eye and the steel that had embedded itself in her face was a long time in completely healing.

Today, the spot is used for target practice and spent cartridges from shells litter the ground. Anything that can be used as a target has been riddled with bullets. A scant half mile distance, a major industrial area is rapidly growing and the site could easily be bull-dozed in the name of "progress" unless something is done, and soon.

No plaque or monument of any kind marks the spot where one of the most devastating events of Utah's history occurred (and certainly the most devastating accident in the history of St. George.) As the area grows, houses creep ever closer to where ten people lost their lives. Soon, if nothing is done, the spot will be lost in the sands of time and the memory of those who perished, will be dimmed and disappear. Those who come to play will know nothing of these events unless efforts are made now to preserve the history and to mark the spot of this tragedy.

By Ellen Raye Cottam Brown
For the Heber C. Cottam family

Historical Note: This story was submitted in 2003 to the Val A. Browning Library at Dixie State College of Utah for inclusion in their Special Collections section of stories of the history of Dixie. It has also been requested by the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers Camp in St. George for inclusion in their collection of history of the locality.



S.C.M. No. 5

By Mr. Day
Mrs. Stewart
Mr. Bowman

A CONCURRENT MEMORIAL OF CONDOLENCE

Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Utah, the Governor concurring therein:

WHEREAS, the people of the city of St. George, Washington County and of the entire state have been overtaken by stark tragedy resulting in the death of ten valued citizens and the serious injury of many others; and

WHEREAS, the governor and State legislature are deeply shocked and grieved by the enormity of the loss and deeply deplore the suffering of those intimately connected with those killed and injured;

NOW THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED, that the sincerest sympathy of the governor and the legislature be extended to the entire community affected and particularly to those intimately touched;

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that the secretary of state be instructed to forward copies of this resolution to the city of St. George, to the Arrowhead Petroleum Corporation, and to the members of the bereaved families.

THE STATE OF UTAH
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE
SALT LAKE CITY

MILTON H. WELLING
SECRETARY OF STATE
FRANK E. LEES
DEPUTY

March 8, 1935

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE BEREAVED FAMILIES
In the Arrowhead Petroleum Disaster

St. George, Utah

I am directed by the Legislature of the State of Utah, His Excellency our Governor, Henry H. Blood concurring, to transmit to you SENATE CONCURRENT MEMORIAL No. 5, which carries with it the deep sympathy and the universal bereavement felt for you by every citizen of this Commonwealth.

Very respectfully yours,

M. H. Welling

M. H. WELLING
SEC. OF STATE

MHW:M
Inc.


Brigham and
Mary Jarvis Family
Brigham Jarvis, Jr.
1 Aug 1880 -
31 May 1950
E. Leon Jarvis
14 Nov 1882 -
12 Mar 1971
Brigham Jarvis, Sr.
20 Oct 1850 - 15 Sep 1933
Ethel Jarvis
19 Jul 1884 -
22 Jun 1925
Mabel F.Jarvis
29 Aug 1888 -
3 Aug 1955
Asineth Jarvis
5 Nov 1890 -
19 Jan 1966
Mary Forsyth
28 Mar 1857 - 27 Nov 1938
William Jarvis
10 Oct 1893 -
2 Dec 1894
Vilate Jarvis
16 Jan 1898 -
5 Dec 1901

Asineth Jarvis Cottam

1890 - 1966

To My Family
By Asineth Jarvis Cottam


I was born very young (that was your Dad's way of expressing it.) I was number eight in a family of 12. Those before me were Mary, Christina, Brigham, Jr., Erastus Leon, Ethel, Thomas and Mabel, then myself. After me were William, Ellen, Josephine and Vilate. Only Brig, Leon, Ethel, Mabel and myself lived to maturity. Thomas died at about 12 from a spider getting in his ear and causing infection. The others were babies, from birth up to about four.

Well, it all happened like this, Dad brought a sick mare home for Mother to take care of, and he went back to the mine to do some assessment work. I've forgotten what they called the mare's sickness, but her hide was loose and buckskin rowels were put low on both sides of her neck. These, Mother had to turn twice a day to let the air escape so the hide would settle down to the flesh. Then, too, she had to feed and grain and water the animal, having to hold its head up while it drank.

What's all this got to do with my birth? Well, perhaps I looked at the horse's head as Red Riding Hood did the wolf. Perhaps the horse's eye frightened me because they were so large, likewise the ears, nose and mouth; or perhaps I didn't like the feel of that head as Mother held it up to have a drink. Or maybe it was because I wanted to stay in the house those cold November days; or maybe it was because Mother was working too hard. (She had five others to care for ranging from 10 years to 2 years and 3 months, besides her housework, and a cow to milk--mornings and nights--and then the horse to care for.)

Dad always thought Mother could do everything--You know--recognized her capabilities--and she could do everything--You know: nursing sick horses and milking cows to knitting, sewing, cooking, washing (by hand) repairing machinery which she had, to having babies.

Who was she besides being a mother? Mary Forsyth until she married Brigham Jarvis, my Dad. That's really where the story begins.

On November 6, 1890, I decided to come whether anyone was ready for me or not. I should have waited another three months. Consequently, all I did was worry everyone but Uncle Charles Seegmiller. Oh, Yes, I moaned, but never opened my eyes for two months.

Mother sent for Grandfather to come. (We always called Grandpa when trouble came. He always knew what to do and say.) When he came, Mother asked him to administer to me. They expected me to die, but it was always comforting to a Mother to have an elder or elders administer to a baby. He said, "Mary, I can't administer until she is named." So Mother being too ill to even care about names said, "Go ahead, Pa. Any name you give her will be OK." "Asineth" (biblically Asinath) - that's what saved me.

Let's go back to the arrival. As soon as Mother knew I'd made up my mind, she sent Brig for Aunty Harmon, an elderly mid-wife. She was very efficient and kind.

1894
Age 3 - 3 ½

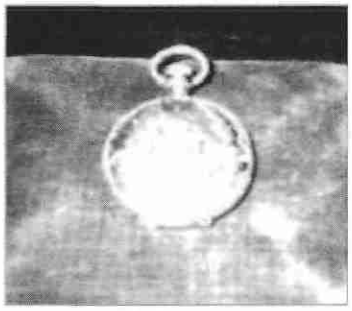
Kid-hood was much the same as all kids have, getting spoiled and bumped and spanked. One bump was a real bad one, a broken arm. I was 3 or 3 1/2. Mabel and I were watching the boys play ball in our street. The school (ward) house was just across the street from our place and we always liked to see the boys play. This day we got up on some packs of grain on our porch. Mabel was on the fullest one and me standing on the other. In our excitement over the game, down we went, me and Mabel and her sack. There was no doctor in the town, just a medicine man (Georgia's great grandfather) who did his best to serve in the capacity of a doctor. My grandfather went for him. When he came, Mother had put me in my nightgown and my arm was so swollen the sleeve had to be cut. I can feel it now, the doctor cutting my arm along with the sleeve, just a good nick, but it hurt, and to cap it all, he set my arm with paste board splints and vinegar soaked cotton. Well, the cut got better fast, but there was a blister where the vinegar had touched my side, as well as on my arm. They sent for the doctor several times but he never came near and the arm got no better fast. Dad and Grandpa and Brother Faucett (a white-haired and whiskered neighbor; a patriarch, (and I always called him "Heavenly Father") administered to me several times during a period of two or three weeks. Then Sister Hannah Faucett, our primary president, called a primary fast. I fasted, too, and went to Primary. A number of grown people came, too. I sat by Linzy McAllister (Lenzy Sullivan's uncle) and he was like a big brother. My arm was still in a sling. I've forgotten who spoke besides Aunt Hannah, or the songs they sang or who prayed, but I do remember that I knew my arm was well when the meeting let out and tears were in lots of eyes. It was one of the quietest meetings I have been present at.

I went home with Mother and asked her to take the sling off for me. She did and I went to our drinking barrel and dipped a cup of water and drank it, with the hand on the broken arm. I've never had one bit of trouble with my arm since, really. I've never been able to tell as far as feel goes which arm was broken.

Around 1895 - 1897
Age 5 - 7

When I was five or seven years old, I remember Aunty Harmon, the mid-wife, at Aunt Minnie's. She said to Mother, "And is this the wee bairn? Well, when you were born I could put you in a quart cup and put a bucket lid over you, but you are no such wee bairn now."

I spoke of Uncle Charley - when they told him of my arrival and how tiny I was, he hurried on his way from the field to see Mother and me too, of course. To console Mother, he kissed her cheek and said, "Don't cry, Mary, she has all the world to grow in." I can just see him with his arms out to show Mother how much room was for me. (I almost got away with it, too, didn't I?)



Asineth Jarvis' watch

He was a sweet old dear--lived to be 103. You would all have liked him.

Of course, when babies are born there's clothes to think of. Well, Mother thought of them, but that is all she had time for. So a pillow was made on which I was carried around, and Cousin Susan Milne (Webb) undressed her doll so I could be made presentable until clothes could be made--seven hours after the beginning of it all.

Maybe you would like to know just a little about my grandparents.

Mother's father was Thomas Forsyth (born in Scotland) a lumberman and carpenter by trade. Oh, yes, he was Scotch, but not the tight-fisted kind. He was too easy going for that. He joined the L. D. S. in Canada. It happened when his Uncle James wrote to him via his sister Jean to enquire about the church. He had never heard of it but asked a co-worker that he knew about Mormons and found that there was a meeting to be held in a neighboring town. In order to get information for Uncle James, he and his friend decided to go. Grandma Isabella, his wife, was fixing his tie and Uncle Robert, their first child and only 20 months old, was sitting in his little chair with a piece of blank cardboard to play with. All of a sudden he lifted the cardboard and said, "These Mormon missionaries preach the gospel of Jesus Christ." That was Grandpa and Grandma Isabella's conversion. Isabella was his first wife. She died, I believe after they came to Salt Lake City, leaving him with seven children..

At that time, Mary Browett Holmes was working at the home of Brigham Young and was engaged to Brother Twelves. Her husband, George Holmes, died in St. Louis on their way to Utah. They had joined the church in England. When she told Brigham she was going to marry Brother Twelves who already had two wives, he told her it was her right to choose, but he would like her to meet Brother Forsyth with his seven children who needed her more than Brother Twelves did. She took his advice and soon she was Marry Browett Holmes Forsyth.

She had seven children in the same line-up of boys and girls as his first wife had. Mother was their second child.

Now for Dad's parents, George and Ann Prior Jarvis, you have heard of Grandpa as a sailor's first mate on a British ship.

Ann had never met him but became acquainted with his sister Philis who invited her with others to their home. As Grandpa passed the window on his way in, she caught sight of him and said to Philis, "There is the man I'm going to marry.", not knowing it was Philis' brother. Well that's how it happened. They had a family of ten children, Dad being the third one right after Aunt Annie (Ann C. Milne).

Dad and Mother met at school here in St. George, I believe, in grade school. I don't know which grade. As they went out to recess the lace piece on her dress or apron fell and being mischief-minded, he shouted out, "Some girl has lost her front." Of course, the time came when he had to apologize. Well it went from an apology to an engagement and then to marriage. They were married January 11, the opening day of the St. George Temple and they were the first single couple to be married there. There were plural marriages the same day and other couples, but they were the first of the single couples.

Now we are back to me. I've already told my place in the family and the long time I had being the youngest in the family due to the four younger ones having died.

1896
Age 6

I never thought much of my dreams but once, at the age of six, it was more than a dream. I had always resented having to wear red flannels. I wanted white ones and fussed to my Dad about it. He told me that if I lived right, I could go the temple and have white ones like his and Mother's. I thought and worried about it a lot and one night I dreamed of going to Uncle Isaac McFarlane's with Mabel to get a paper signed by him so we could go the temple for our white garments. I thought I was the one who urged it. We went in Uncle Isaac's office (which at the time of my dream was their front room). He was siting at his desk in the northwest corner of the room and when we went in, he turned on his swivel chair and said, "Can I guess what you are here for?" After talking so very seriously for a while he wrote out and signed slips of paper for us. On our way home we crossed the street to where Mathis Market now is, and were stopped by two men--one several years older than the other. They wanted us to go in the door. I said, "No", but before Mabel could say a word they had pulled her in the door and were stripping her clothing down to her red flannels. I batted on the door and showed my slip of paper and said she had one, too. They let us go and after Mabel put her clothes on, we went home. We were so frightened we could hardly talk. We went to the temple and got our garments and all fear left us. We knew no one would harm us.

I woke up crying and crawled in bed with Dad and Mother and told them what I had dreamed. Dad said that it was a warning to me to live so that I could have a recommend to go to the temple. That fear stayed with me until I did go to the temple and receive my garments. There were lots of chances to sidestep, but I'm glad I didn't. I was afraid to tell Mabel about my dream until after my marriage.

Every bit of that dream has been lived though Mabel wasn't stripped of her clothing. We did meet two men at the place mentioned. They had ideas. (I was engaged.) I'm a little ahead of some of this. The dream took place about 14 years before Mabel and I did go to Uncle Isaac's. (He was our bishop then) for our recommends. I almost froze in my tracks when we went in his office and found it just as I'd seen it, even to him at his desk on a swivel chair. The questions he asked were no surprise to me. It has always been rather sacred to me, and I've never told it publicly. I always choke up when I think about it and know my garments have been a protection to me.

1900 or 1901
Age 10 or 11

When I was ten or eleven I had another knock out. I fell over a rock and tangled in a pair of wheels from an express wagon, chipping my hip (that's what Aunt Annie said). Dad and Mother were in Salt Lake to conference and again I was healed by administration and faith.

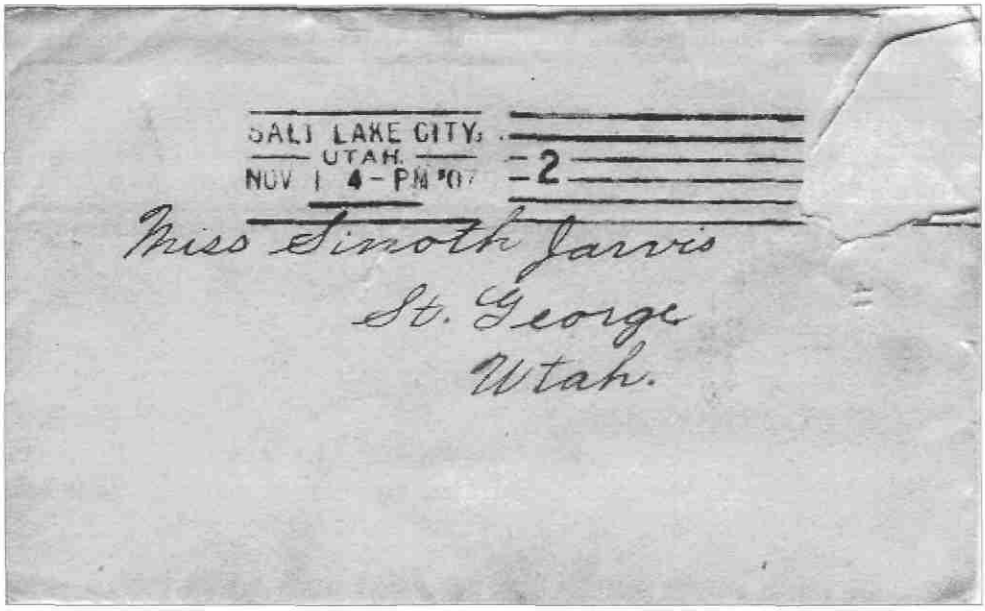
1907
Age 16

Here is where Dad comes into the picture. He came to St. George on a bet. Jode Edwards and his sister, relatives of the Uncle Charles Cottams, were coming on a visit. Dad and Uncle Ed and several others of their gang were seeing them off. Dad was on his way home from work. He said he would like to come along and see the place. He knew Thomas Cottam. Jode looked at his watch and said, "You can't make it home and back in 20 minutes for $5.00 can you?" Dad said, "I'll take that bet!" He rushed off to get his suitcase and made it just in time to get a ticket. They came by train to Modena, by stage from there, stopping at Chad's ranch for dinner.

We were living at the farm but I always kicked around with the older kids when I came up on Sunday. This particular Sunday there was George Thompson, one of Mabel's old flames, Martha Baker who later married Uncle Leon, and Maggie Cottam, (Petty now) and Dad and Mabel and I. We went on Baker's lawn and sang. We had met Dad at church. He was tired from his travels and said he thought he would sleep if there was a pillow around. I furnished my knee and the crowd went on singing for an hour.

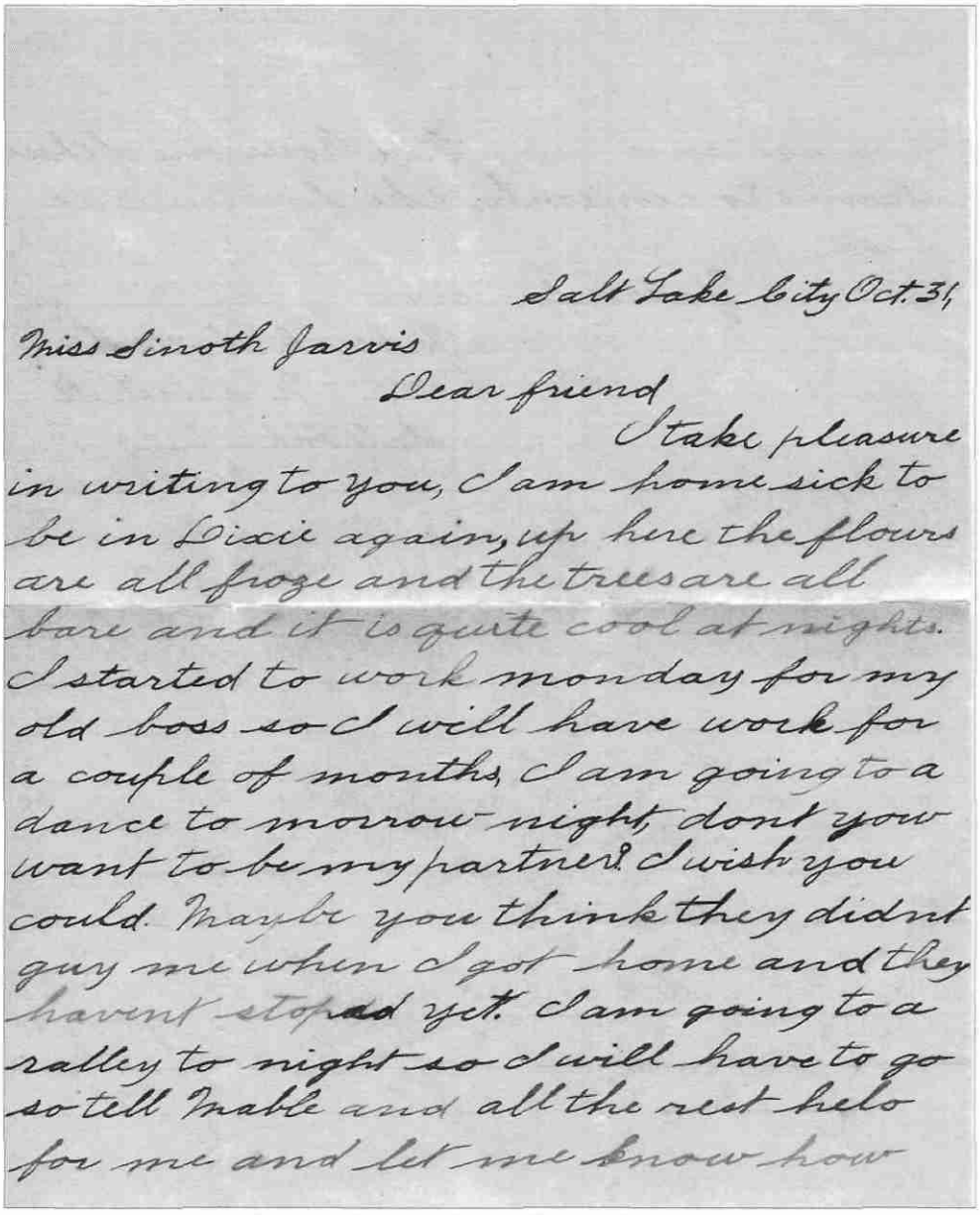
We had met, and he liked hunting so he came my way hunting quail. Of course he said, "Hello." He really was bashful. During the two weeks he was here we went to church

and Mutual and one dance. It was time for him to go and he asked if I'd answer a letter if he wrote. He wrote to both Mabel and I and in the fall came visiting again. He preferred our bunch to the crowd George and Leon and Maggie ran with and somehow I rated. I got two letters from then on and in 1910, March 17, I got the man.



The envelope from a letter written to Asineth Jarvis from Heber Charles Cottam. It is postmarked November 1, 1907.

The picture of himself that Heber Charles Cottam included in his letter



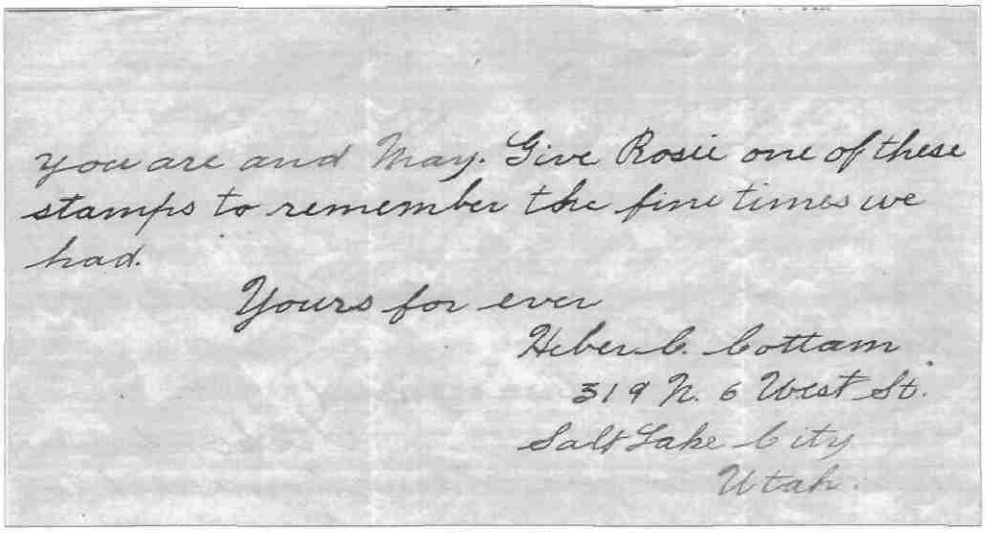
Salt Lake City Oct. 31,

Miss Sinoth Jarvis

Dear friend

I take pleasure in writing to you, I am home sick to be in Dixie again, up here the flours are all froze and the trees are all bare and it is quite cool at nights. I started to work monday for my old boss so I will have work for a couple of months, I am going to a dance to morrow night, dont you want to be my partner? I wish you could. Maybe you think they didnt guy me when I got home and they havent stopped yet. I am going to a ralley to night so I will have to go so tell Mable and all the rest hello for me and let me know how

Letter written by Heber Charles Cottam to Asineth Jarvis on October 31, 1907 (page 1)



you are and May. Give Rosie one of these stamps to remember the fine times we had.

Yours for ever

Heber C. Cottam

319 N. 6 West St.

Salt Lake City

Utah.

Letter written by Heber Charles Cottam to Asineth Jarvis on October 31, 1907 (page 2)

Maybe you would enjoy a bit of his younger life. He was born January 8, 1885 in Salt Lake City. He was always rather quiet, but a tease. As a kid he enjoyed marble playing and he liked to tend the shop for his grandfather (Chairmaker Cottam). One day while his grandfather was gone and he was on duty, but playing marbles as usual, an old man came along and said, "Hey Bub, I want to see the Cottam chairmaker." Dad was furious as he thought from the way the fellow talked that he had said "that--God damn--chairmaker). His grandfather found it hard to convince him otherwise.

He was by no means his grandmother Cottam's favorite. No, that was where Uncle Ed rated. When they used to go and see her, she would shut all but Ed out and feed him on cake and cookies. Invariably when he came out with food in his hands, Dad would take it away and when Uncle Ed cried, he would call him "bawl--bawl!"

One day when this happened their grandmother came out to set things right (she often did). She chased Dad. He climbed the rock wall and jumped. He landed with his cake in a pile of hot coals they had dumped out. His feet were cooked but he yelled back at his grandmother who was laughing, "Well, I got the cake".

I've never been sorry one minute and when I would otherwise be lonesome I call up the pleasant memories of our life together. He, like myself, was, and am proud of our family of wonderful kids.

(From a hand-written history apparently done in 1957)

Asineth Jarvis Cottam, eighth child of Brigham and Mary Forsyth Jarvis was born November 6, 1890 in St. George, Utah. Attended school in St. George, completing the 8th grade at the Woodward School. Has been active through the years in Sunday School, Primary and Relief Society, serving as secretary for a number of years in the latter call, also as Visiting Teacher for many years. On March 17, 1910 in the St. George Temple I was married to Heber Charles Cottam of Salt Lake City, son of Alma and Elizabeth Foster Cottam. We made our home in St. George and are the parents of eight children, three boys and five girls:

- Lea, born December 7, 1910;
- Alma, born August 19, 1912;
- Iris, born October 6, 1914;
- Jean, born November 20, 1916;
- Elizabeth, born July 19, 1919;
- Lester George, born October 25, 1921;
- Heber Calvin, born January 6, 1926;
- Ellen Raye, born December 24, 1928.

All grew to maturity and with the exception of Lea, were married. Lea died following an oil well explosion, March 7, 1935. At the age of 24.

Heber Charles Cottam was born January 8, 1885. He was a carpenter and worked on many buildings in this area including Dixie College, remodeling of the St. George L. D. S. Temple, on schools and other buildings in Cedar City, Hurricane, and in Nevada. He worked for nine months on the construction of the Mesa Temple in Arizona. In later years, because of poor health, he confined his work to cabinet making. The large desk in the St. George Public Library is his handiwork and a piece of art. He died April 28, 1948 at his home in St. George.

Their children all attended grade and high school and were graduates of Dixie College here in St. George, some of them later attended the B. Y. U. at Provo, and the U. of U. in Salt Lake City.

Lea Cottam was active in church organization work; her interests were mainly with the Y. L. M. I. A. where she was a teacher. She was employed by the telephone company for several years. At the time of her death she was employed as secretary for the Oil Company that was drilling in this area.

On September 19, 1939, Alma Cottam married Naomi Merdith Melville of Salt Lake City, in the Salt Lake Temple. Naomi is the daughter of James A. and Maude Crane Melville. They went to Chicago where he attended Rush Medical College. He interned at St. Luke's Hospital in Denver. After serving overseas as Captain in the Army Air Medical Corps, they made their home in Salt Lake City, where he is now practicing. They have had seven children.

- Stephen Melville, born March 19, 1941 in Chicago, Illinois
- Bruce Douglas, born October 25, 1942 in Denver, Colorado
- Spencer Dana, born December 9, 1946 in Salt Lake City, Utah
- Mary Lou, born June 17, 1948 in Salt Lake City, Utah
- Clifford Lowell, born February 22, 1950 in Salt Lake City, Utah
- Darlene, born January 20, 1952, in Salt Lake City, Utah
- Roger Gibb, born May 12, 1955, in Salt Lake City, Utah

Stephen filled a two-year mission for the L. D. S. church in Argentina, South America, returning home May 4, 1963. A week later Bruce left for the Central British Mission. He previously attended the Church School in Hawaii for five months in 1962. Both boys have attended the B. Y. U. All the children are good students and all are faithful in attending their church duties.

Iris Cottam married Glenn Bayles Orton on July 9, 1935. He is the son of Orson O. and Mary Leonora Bayles Orton of Parowan. They were later married in the St. George L. D. S. Temple. They live in Springville, Utah with their family of seven children:

- Sally Raye, born February 9, 1947, in Spanish Fork, Utah
- Lester Calvin (Pete), born September 16, 1948, in Spanish Fork, Utah
- Eric Glenn, born December 24, 1950. in Payson, Utah
- John Bayles, born September 19, 1951, in Payson, Utah
- Larry Cottam, born March 29, 1953, in Payson, Utah
- Darol Dean, born May 9, 1955, in Payson, Utah
- Brent Cottam, born August 23, 1958, in Payson, Utah

Sally Raye is very talented with both the piano and the violin. She is a member of the Utah Valley Symphony at Provo. She shares her talents willingly at both Ward and community functions. Farming is a family hobby and the boys are good and willing workers, with an education and a mission in mind. They all love to be counted at church. Glenn is a member of the Bishopric of their ward with full support of his wife and family. Iris is active in Sunday School, M. I. A. and scouting. Glenn is a prominent physician of Springville.

Jean Cottam chose teaching as her profession and has spent many years in the classroom both as teacher and student. She has never ceased to try and improve her education. She attended the B. Y. U. and the U. of U. She has taught in Kanab, Utah and in Salt Lake City at the Jefferson and Franklin schools. She did secretarial work at Fort Douglas during World War II.

Elizabeth Cottam married Neil Hort Adams December 24, 1942 in Las Vegas, Nevada. She traveled much of the U. S. while Neil was in military traveling, returning home when he went overseas. She worked for sometime at the Washington County News office as linotype operator and at various other places. Like other members of the family, she finds that all studying doesn't need to be done in the classroom. They have three sons:

- Dennis Jack, born July 1, 1948 in St. George, Utah
- Kenneth Dean, born December 16, 1952, in St. George, Utah
- Barry Gene, born February 27, 1954, in St. George, Utah

The family loves to enjoy fishing and horseback riding and gardening together, all are fond of pets. Their home is in St. George where Neil follows the barber trade. Neil is the son of George James and Pearl Cornelia Hort Adams of Kanab. He received his early education in Kanab, later attending Dixie College, then Barber School in Salt Lake City. He served overseas during World War II.

Lester George Cottam and Lorna Little were married January 7, 1944 in Phoenix, Arizona. They live in Kanab, Utah, where they are in business. Lester joined the Air Force after graduating from Dixie College. He was a pilot instructor after completing his training in that division. He and Lorna were married the day he received his wings. Lorna is the daughter of Lester and Madge Cram Little. She attended school in Kanab and the A. C. at Logan. She was a stenographer at the State Capitol in Salt Lake City for a number of years. After his release from military duty, they went to California where Lester attended a watch smithing and engraving school. They have three children:

- Lester Gary, born April 18, 1951, in Salt Lake City, Utah
- Lea Jean, born May 15, 1955, in Kanab, Utah
- Kathy, born August 23, 1958 in Kanab, Utah

Heber Calvin Cottam joined the Navy after his graduation from Dixie College. He trained at Great Lakes Naval Base in Chicago; at Hershel College, Chicago; Texas A. & M., at Corpus Christy, Texas; finishing training in San Diego, California. After returning home, he married Georgia Loraine Prisbrey Sept 29, 1948. She is the daughter of Glenn Mathis and Jessie Higgins Prisbrey. Calvin ran a Utoco Service Station in St. George before joining American Oil and moving to Salt Lake City, and later to Twin Falls, Idaho. He is still with American Oil. Their children are:

- Glenn Corwin, born June 30, 1952 in St. George, Utah
- Lori Ann, born June 30, 1955, in St. George, Utah
- Gayle, born November 28, 1956, in St. George, Utah
- Travis Jay, born May 25, 1958 in Salt Lake City, Utah

Ellen Raye (Sally) Cottam was born December 24, 1928 in St. George, Utah, the eighth and last child of Heber Charles and Asineth Jarvis Cottam. She received her early schooling in St. George, graduating from Dixie College. She worked for some time as telephone operator, and was employed at the Washington County News office. After her father's death, she attended the B. Y. U. and the U. of U. On February 8, 1957, she married Mervin R. Brown in the St. George L. D. S. Temple. Mervin is the son of Alexander and Pearl Diantha Bramsted Brown of Melba, Idaho.

Memories of Our Mom

(Compiled by three of her daughters, Iris Cottam Orton, Elizabeth Cottam Adams and Ellen Raye Cottam Brown - Written between 2000 and 2002)

If I were to pick out a single trait of Mom's to help you get to know her, I guess I would have to choose her many and varied talents and skills. She was artistic and poetic. She had a knack of making close friends. As a mother she was kind, but firm. She taught us self-reliance and responsibility and gave us confidence in our own abilities. She let us know that we had the capabilities to do anything we set our mind to. She encouraged education, and excellence in all we did. She was our greatest cheering section but didn't push us.

Mom embodied so many skills and admirable traits that it's difficult to pick just a few memories that would acquaint a stranger with the exceptional person she was. Devoted to Dad and her family, patient with everyone, gladly doing without herself for others, a good cook who could make a meal out of almost anything--add to that her talent for making flowers out of paper, satin or anything that would lend itself to forming the delicate petals. Then there was her hand work that would be a challenge for anyone to duplicate, examples of which we all cherish.

Mom was born on 6 November 1890 to Brigham Jarvis and Mary Forsyth in St. George, Washington, Utah. She was premature, just six months, and weighed two and one half pounds at birth. She was so tiny that they feared to hold her so she was carried on a small pillow. She was kept warm in front of a wood stove on her little pillow and in a shoe box for protection. Because she was so fragile, she received her name when she was but one hour old. She was named by her Grandfather, who had been reading in Genesis about the Egyptian Pharoah giving Joseph Asenath, the daughter of Potipherah, Priest of On, for his wife, but he changed the spelling to Asineth. We are not sure which grandfather it was, Brigham Jarvis Sr. or Thomas Forsyth as both of them lived in St. George at this time, and they both lived at the home of her mother for a time.) She acquired the nickname of "Sis" and was called by this nickname about as often as she was called Asineth. We are told that she didn't open her eyes for three months. When she survived and gained in her health and strength, she was renamed at church. Mom's first clothes were a doll layette donated by a cousin of hers. She was the eighth child in a family of twelve children and one of only five to survive to adulthood. The other family members in the order of birth are; Mary, Christine, Brigham Jr., Erastus Leon, Ethel, Thomas Forsyth, Mabel Forsyth, Asineth, William J., Ellen, Josephine, and Vilate.

As a child and young woman, she, along with her sisters, had the responsibility of milking the family cows. Her father believed in the English custom of girls being "milkmaids".

St. George was settled as a cotton-growing settlement and as a young girl, Mom helped with the process of cotton-growing and carding it into thread for spinning into fabric. St. George also raised silkworms and made silk. Mom helped with the silk worms and gathering silk. She took care of the silkworms when they were spinning their cocoons. They ate on Mulberry leaves, and this is why there are still quite a few mulberry trees in St. George; they were brought there by the pioneers to help in their assignment to produce fabric for the settlers. Mom gave a talk in grade school many years later, and told of how she helped with the silkworms. A copy of her story is included with this history.

Grandpa Jarvis' brother William was hit by lightning on the steps of the Tabernacle. Later, his headstone was also hit by lightning on three different occasions.

1894
Age 3

Mom broke her right arm as a child, and the "doctor" put vinegar on it to help it to heal. It blistered her arm and did no good toward healing. After a couple of weeks, the primary held a fast for her. Mom fasted even though she was quite small, and during the Primary meeting held at the end of the fast, she felt that her arm had been healed. She went home and began using her arm and had no further trouble with it. Her personal account of this healing is included.

As our family grew to teen-age and began going out, Mom would say to us as we were about to leave, "*Remember whose son (or daughter) you are.*" Or sometimes it was "*Remember who your father is.*" Mom didn't want any act of ours to reflect adversely on the good name our parents had built and her reminder was enough to keep us in line and made itself manifest if we came into temptation while we were out. We were proud of the esteem with which our parents were held, too, so the reminder, *"Remember whose child you are"* served its purpose well.

1907
Age 16

Mom and Dad met in St. George when Dad came on a visit to his dad's cousin in 1907. Mom went to visit her aunt Emmeline Jarvis Cottam, Thomas' wife and that is how they met. Mom was sixteen at the time and Dad was 22. After Dad returned to Salt Lake, he and Mom corresponded and on 17 March 1910, they were married in the St. George Temple.

1910
Age 19

Mom was raised on a farm down by the Virgin River and had done a man's work helping Granddad in the fields and milking cows while her brothers and sister (Mabel) were in school and at college. She had never done easy ladies' work while growing up. She said

she hadn't cooked or sewed or done handiwork until after she was married and she taught herself. She remarked to Dad before they were married that she didn't know how to cook and he replied, "You know how to boil water, don't you?" That was alright with him.

After Mom and Dad were married and living in Salt Lake, they were walking down the street one day when suddenly, the elastic in Mom's pants gave way and she grabbed at her clothes to preserve her dignity. Dad, seeing the problem and being the tease he was, shouted out, "Jerusalem, she's losing 'em."

1910 - 1930
Ages 20 - 40

Mother was always there. We never had to hunt for her because she was always there when we came in from play or errands or school. If she had to go over to Grandma's she always left word with one of the kids and we would go through the block to be with her.

Dad was as bad as we kids were. When he came home from work the first thing he would say is "Where's your mother?", or he'd walk right through the house--even if all of us kids were there, and go over to grandma's where Mom was because it wasn't home without her.

Mother was a beautiful person. She had large dark brown eyes and lots of beautiful black hair with red lights in it when the sun shone on it. She was, I think about 5" 7"---neither fat nor skinny---just right.

A saying that we heard quite often was, "*Better a poor belly burst than good food waste.*" I don't remember the origin of the saying, but I suspect that it came from England, as did other sayings that we came to know well. It was also indicative of the times and the fact that people were very conscious of wasting anything--they had suffered many hardships and were grateful for anything they had and felt it was sinful to waste. Two other English adages we heard and used originated from our Great Grandfather Jarvis being a sailor. On the sea, sailors would take note of the skies to predict the weather. They said, "Red at night, sailor's delight. Red in the morning, sailors take warning." On land, the ditty changed to, "Red at night, storm in sight. Red in the morning, fair weather warning."

Our family had a Model "T" Ford which I think was in the early 30's. I (Ellen Raye) can remember taking a ride in it from Washington to St. George. When I asked Mom why we sold it to Uncle Brig Jarvis, her brother, she said it was because Dad had hit a chicken as he was driving. I'm not sure about this story, but never-the-less, we never bought another car. We developed strong leg muscles, though.

Mom's family had property along the river in the southeast corner of the valley, and Mom tells of the flash floods that came down the Virgin River that would sweep away cows and horses, trees, and farm equipment. At that time, the river bottom was wide and had no vegetation along it. Our family had a party at Grandpa Jarvis' farm, and I remember vaguely

the house that was there. I remember the tamarisk trees in pink, white and lavender that were at the farm, and I remember Dad taking me, Calvin and Lester to wade in the river. Calvin got a little too adventurous and ventured out where there was some quick sand. Dad was right there, but perhaps turned his head for a moment, and when he turned back, Cal had gone away from where Lester and I were and had stepped in some quick sand. Dad rushed to help him and got him before he was in real trouble, but we have always felt that Dad saved Cal's life. That was the only recollection I have of our family parties at the farm. I know we had others but I don't remember them.

Mom didn't resort to spankings with us kids unless we deserved it, because she was afraid that if she disciplined us in anger, she might spank too hard. She always let herself "cool off" before giving us our deserved whacks.

Mom always seemed to be working whether moving around or sitting, rocking a baby. She made many beautiful things with tatting, crocheting, netting or knitting while rocking babies. She loved many beautiful things, especially flowers and plants, and our window sills were always loaded with them and flowers and roses were out front in her flower garden and up against the house.

Mother made all the girls' dresses as she learned to sew and she made little boys' shirts, etc., and also our underwear, slips (petticoats) and stocking harnesses (I don't remember now what they were called), our pantiwaists, panties etc. She made her own patterns.

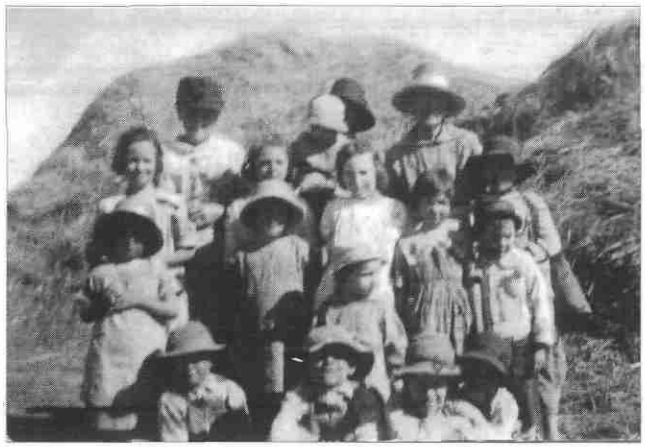
She did all the heavy housework, mopping, scrubbing, etc. and would let us girls do the easy stuff like dusting because she said the other work was easy for her because she had done hard farm work.

Mother mixed twelve loaves of bread every other day. It was the best bread! Our cousins would come over to have some of her bread because it was so much better than their mother made. We all had to go to grandma Jarvis' every day for our bread and butter and apple butter because her apple butter was so good. And I think it was the love it was served with because I've never been able to make or buy apple butter that tasted like grandma's.

Mom supported us in all the school activities we were in and helped us with our studies when we needed it, although she had never had the opportunity to go past grade school.

When we were little she always sat beside us and listened to us and helped us when we knelt to pray. And even though she didn't make it to church often (babies, pregnancies and not having proper clothes at times) she always encouraged us to go--in fact I can't remember missing except for a few times in my growing up years.

We always had one special Sunday meal in the dining room. The rest of the time the dining room table was covered with school books where we kids studied.



Cottam and Jarvis kids at Grandpa Brigham Jarvis' farm by the Virgin River (about 1920)

Mom took us kids up to Dodge's Pond on the northwest edge of town in the summer for a day's outing on occasion. We'd take a big lunch which included a watermelon when they were in season. We'd usually go with our cousins (Aunt Zora's family). Most of the time we'd walk. Another outing was down to Grandpa's farm by the river where Mom had grown up.

Mom commented numerous times as we grew that her favorite place to go horseback riding was at Kolob. (Because I [Ellen Raye] was the youngest and they were busier and older, they didn't do any of this that I remember, and I never knew where Kolob was until after I was married and had children of my own. It had been just a name to me until then. It truly is a most beautiful part of Southern Utah, or anywhere else for that matter. I can see why it was a favorite spot with her.)

1930's and into the 1940's
Age 40's and into her 50's

For many years, St. George had no florist. Mom became an artist in making floral sprays and baskets for funerals and flower sprays for school activities. She learned how to cut each petal and put them together to make her floral pieces. There were many flowers she made including roses, carnations, sweet peas, orchids, or about anything anyone wanted. She would look at a picture and then cut a pattern for the leaves and work until the finished product met her approval. She made sprays of flowers for the girls to wear in their hair to dances and she made corsages and flower sprays to be used in school drama productions. She made her flowers out of crepe paper for a long time, and then some of our relatives in Salt Lake sent her a new item they had found in a craft store in Salt Lake. It was called wood fiber and it had an oily feel to it and made much more realistic flowers. Before this time, Mom would sometimes stay up all night with two or three others to create their funeral pieces and have

Prize-winning float. Most of the flowers were made by Asineth.

them ready for a funeral the next day. They sometimes dipped the crepe paper in wax to keep them from sun-fading and to help to preserve the bouquet, and sometimes they would add fragrance to their flowers.

The artificial flowers she made were always in demand for all occasions until we got a local florist. One Fourth of July she did most of the work on the prize-winning float. It was a huge basket of flowers with the state flower of every state, each large enough that many of them used a child for the center. One year for a parade, one float was filled with children, each child the center of a flower. Mom had made all of the flowers.

After Flo Brooks' husband's death, Flo went to California and learned the florist trade. Mom worked in her shop for years, doing what she already knew how to do, but with live flowers.

About 1935 until about 1942
Age 45 - 52

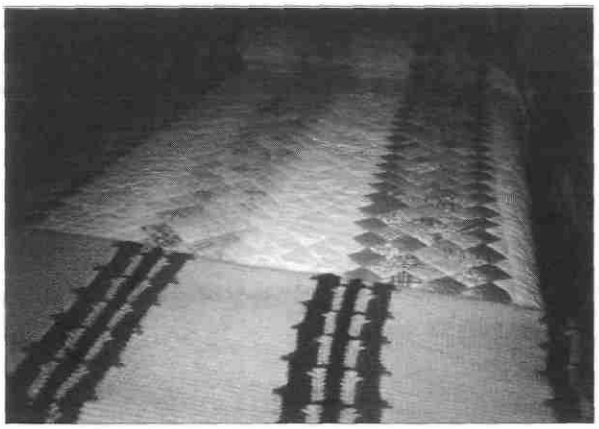
Our sister Lea was killed in an oil well explosion in March of 1935 which occurred about seven miles south of St. George. For a complete account, see *"The Wrong Car Came."*

Mom served as Relief Society secretary for many years. During those years, I (Ellen Raye) was small, and Mom would let me help record the "dues" that the ladies had donated. This was usually in the amount of a few pennies or a dime each month. The Relief Society had to provide for themselves so each sister had to "join" Relief Society. Her record book contained the records for five years at a time, and I remember learning the years and how to count money as I "helped" her with her secretarial work. Sometimes I would go visiting teaching with her, and after I was in school, I would sometimes go to Relief Society with her and sit on the back row, being as quiet as I knew how, which wasn't very, because there was no one at home for me to be with.

Mom's mother became bedridden in her last years and nearly daily, I was sent over to see how Grandma was and to give her a kiss. She lived just through our back yard and through a couple of neighbors back yards. It was one of the ways she kept track of her mother until she could go over herself.

1940's and into 1950's
Age 50's and into her 60's

As girls in St. George grew to womanhood and began thinking about marriage, they spent a lot of time preparing a trousseau, which was a collection of many of the household linens including a wardrobe, which they would need in their new home. They made and embroidered and crocheted dishtowels, sheets, pillowcases, doilies, aprons, dresses, quilts, etc. and the popular thing to have was a satin quilt, especially one designed and marked and worked on by Mom. She did dozens of quilt designs, each one an original and there were few



Quilt and afghan made by Asineth Jarvis

girls married in or around St. George who did not have a satin quilt that Mom had designed. She truly was an artist and had an eye for beauty.

Mom wrote poetry, but for many years, she kept it to herself and we knew nothing of this talent. One poem she wrote was penned just a few days after Lea's death. We are including it with this history. Another was a tribute to her sister Mabel, who wrote poems, tributes, programs, etc. and whose poetry was constantly being used publically. Mom felt that Aunt "Mame" had no family and probably needed the attention she got from her writing. Mom had her family and felt she didn't need the added glory, so kept her writing rather quiet. To us, Mom's talent was just as great as Mabel's and perhaps even greater.

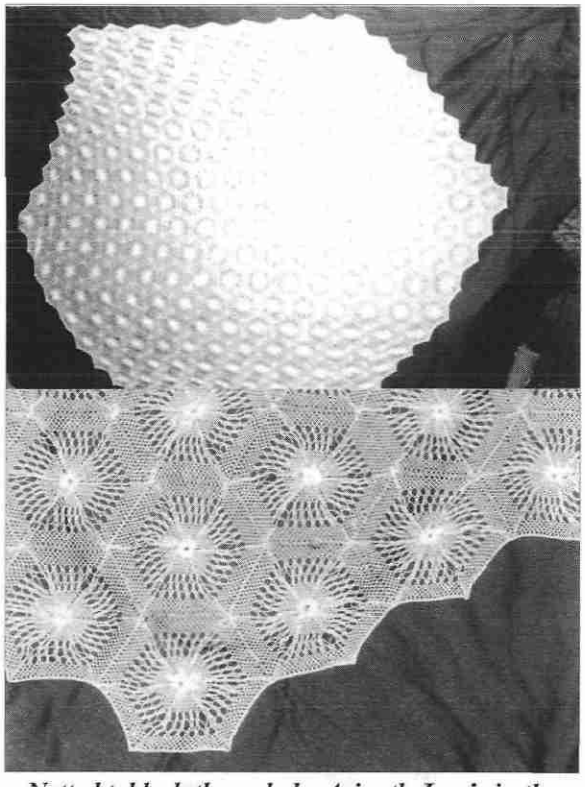
Mom and Dad enjoyed taking walks around town in the evening. It was their outlet and their time to be alone together and have a chance to talk without interruptions from us kids. They got along as a couple about as well as any two people we have known. They kept their disagreements to themselves and never argued in front of us. They would go somewhere private to iron out any differences, so we never saw any disharmony between them.

We always liked the dressing that Mom made at Thanksgiving. She put apples and raisins and nuts and onions in it and it always tasted **so good**!

Our home was a gathering place for the neighborhood and we never locked our doors. People would just come to the door, open it and shout "Are you home?" and then walk in. They knew they were welcome. We had a close association with our neighbors. None of them were related to us, but we called them Aunt Lottie and Uncle Ten (Tennyson Atkin), Uncle John and Aunt Ada (Schmutz), Uncle Harold and Aunt Lydia (Snow), Judge Cox and Lillian and Mr. Moody and Aunt Hazel. We were a little more formal with the Watsons, they were always Mr. and Mrs. Later on, Clark and Lila Empey moved into the Snow home and they soon became Clark and Lila. By that time, I (Ellen Raye) was baby-sitting age and the older kids were off at school and getting married. Friends would often seek Mom out when they were feeling down and she always seemed to be able to cheer them up. They valued her thoughts and advice.

Another of Mom's artistic pursuits was netting. This is a skill developed by the fishermen's wives and was the knot they used to make fishing nets for ships. As far as I know, it was used in England and most probably in other countries where fishing was a major industry. Anyway, as women will do, they took a practical skill and developed it into an art form. Using thread instead of rope, they varied the size of the loops and grouped loops

together and joined the loops into circles and voila!, they had a beautiful doily. At the time Mom learned how to do this work, it was nearly a lost art. After all, they had lived on the deserts of Utah for over 75 years now, and what use had they for fishermen's knots and fishnet? So a lot of the old timers who had come from England and other European countries had passed on, and there were few who remembered how to do the knot. Mom went to Aunt Tina (Christina) McFarlane and began learning to net. As she became more skilled and practiced at the art, she began developing her own patterns and tried new and interesting ideas on her work. Each of us have beautiful handkerchiefs, doilies and other articles that Mom crafted from this old, almost forgotten art. Mom won a blue ribbon at the State Fair one year for a tablecloth she had netted. It was made by joining small doilies together until she had the size and shape that she wanted. Numerous patterns and stitches that Mom developed, I have seen in no other place and I have watched at State Fairs and other places just to see if someone else might have stumbled on to the same stitches Mom had used, but I have not found her equal. She truly was an artisan. She learned to duplicate the popular "Pineapple" pattern from crocheting into netting and learned to form hexagons, octagons, etc. with her work. She developed a "double stitch" that I have seen nowhere else. She made designs in her pieces with weaving. She also tatted and knitted items like pillowcase lace.

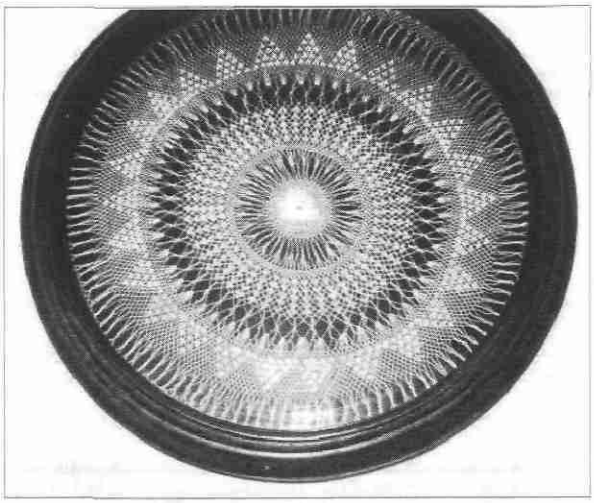


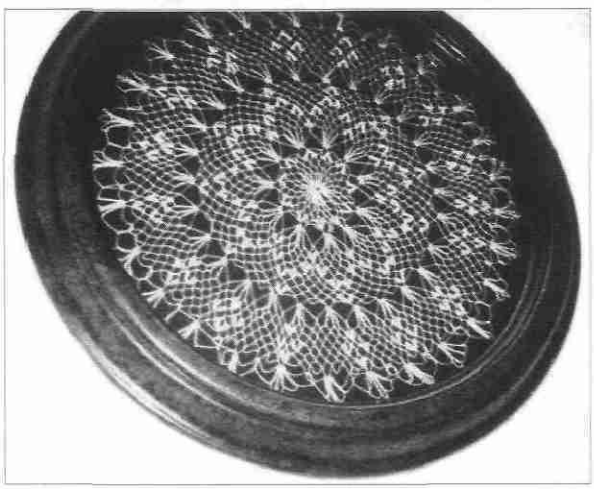
Netted tablecloth made by Asineth Jarvis in the 1940's. Won blue ribbon at State Fair. In possession of Elizabeth Cottam, daughter. Top photo: tablecloth at a distance Bottom photo: tablecloth up close.

As I (Elizabeth) look back, I feel very fortunate to have moved back to St. George and to have become so close to my parents. We became very good friends as well as family. Mom was always willing to baby-sit and would comment if I hired someone instead of asking her. She loved her loaf of hot bread each week when I baked and would often share it with her friends, but her Christmas cake was "hers" and she would only share it with family.

1948 - 1966
Ages 58 - 76

After Dad died and Cal and family moved away, on most Sundays, Mom would have dinner with us and spend part of the afternoon. She especially liked it if we were going out for a ride. At one time, when we went fishing, Mom caught a very large fish and was so proud





Netting done by Asineth Jarvis
In possession of Lea Thompson

of it that she took it all around the neighborhood to show everyone what she had caught, and when she cooked it, they all had to have a taste. When she was reeling it in, she was so excited I was afraid she'd lose it before I could get it in a net. She often went out to Kanab with us so she could visit Lester and his family while we were down at Neil's Mom's place and she never tired of the ride through Zion Canyon.

Dad had stock in Pickett Lumber Company and after his death, Mom got the notice for the annual stockholder's meeting. Mom had never gone to one of the meetings with Dad and she didn't feel at all comfortable at the thought of going to the meeting, but she felt she needed to represent her shares of stock, so she asked me (Ellen Raye) to go with her. It was a new experience for me and I was eager to go. As we sat in the meeting, they gave the financial report of the company, the revenue earned, expenses, expenditures, etc. Some of the prominent entries were at the end of the report, large Christmas bonuses to "this" Pickett, and "that" Pickett and to yet another Pickett and on and on. When they got through "Christmas Bonusing", all the profits for the year were gone, which of course meant that the stockholders who put up the money for them to start their business in the first place, had no dividend. You could feel the frustration of the stockholders, but when they opened the meeting for comments, no one stood for a minute, and much to the surprise of everyone there (and most of all me) Mom jumped to her feet and very loud and precise and with some disgust in her tone said, "Well it looks to me like all the profits of this company went into "Pickett Pockets." With this comment, she sat down again, but a ripple of laughter and approval and applauding came from everyone there, except the Picketts. The meeting ended shortly and we went home, but the next morning as I approached the front door of Dixie College I found Matthew Bentley, another stockholder, and secretary of the college, standing at the door waiting for me--and he was still laughing. He said something to the effect that he didn't know Mom had it in her to be so outspoken, but that it surely did need to be said. He said that he didn't know when he'd enjoyed so much, hearing someone get a tongue-lashing like the one Mom gave the Picketts.

Mom was known locally for her ability to grow beautiful flowers even when others were unsuccessful with some varieties. One neighbor commented that she could put a dry stick in the ground and have it turn into a tree. Some people gathered seeds from other geographic places and brought them to her because, they'd say, "You can grow them if anyone can."

At one time Dad told Mom that one of the things that really attracted him to her was the patience she showed with children she was tending. This trait was one that she never lost and it extended to everyone, but especially her family.

1960's
Age 70's

After Mom started to have heart problems we had many long talks, especially while she was in the hospital where we were not interrupted as we were when she came home. It was time spent together that I (Elizabeth) will always cherish.

Mom had a very optimistic attitude. People who came to visit us in the hot summertime would often comment on how hot it was, often in the 105 to 110 degree range. Sometimes they would ask Mom, "How can you stand to live here where it gets so hot?" She would say," Well, we only have to live one day at a time, and **anyone** can stand ONE HOT DAY."

As you can tell from our reminiscing, we had an exceptional mother. She and Dad can take the credit for any good that their children have done in life and for the values that they instilled in us to live the gospel, be Christian in every sense of the word, to live the golden rule and to be an example for good to all we came in contact with, to be honest in our dealings and to uphold the good name they gave us doing nothing to tarnish that respected name. Mom passed away on 19 January 1966 after suffering a heart attack in the fall and then getting an upper respiratory infection that she couldn't seem to get over. She spent some time in Springville with Iris and then came on up to Salt lake where she stayed with Jean. She passed away in Salt Lake City as she and Alma were on their way to his office to check her over to see if she was well enough to make a trip back to St. George. She wanted very much to return to her beloved home and sit once again in her sunny kitchen and absorb the welcome sunshine of "Dixie."

Poems by Asineth J. Cottam

Spring Time

Drowsy bees a humming,
Flowers bright and fair,
Busy ants keep coming,
Filling cells with care.
Buds on trees are bursting,
Birds are singing clear,
Lazy clouds are drifting,
All nature's full of cheer.
Gentle breezes blowing,
Children full of glee,
'Tis Springtime in its glory,
Both for you and me.

Gentle Pussy Willow
Nodding in the breeze,
I see you from my pillow
'Neath the budding trees;
Gaily colored flowers,
Birds with cheery song,
Both beside the bower,
In such a happy throng.

God gave us the flowers, and springtime and May,
And a wonderful earth, where we all might stay.
He gave us His love, and the sunshine and rain,
And Summer and Winter and Springtime again.

Mother's Day

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the days occupation,
That is known as MOTHER'S HOUR.

In her easy chair by the floor lamp,
And close to the radio, too,
She settles down for well-earned rest,
But her hands have something to do.

The finest lace she fashions,
Of thread so fine and white,
The patterns are dainty and lacy,
And she makes her stitches tight.

Her needles are used for knitting
A jacket, or shoes or cap
For the tiny one that is coming
To sit on grandma's lap.

The day has been full of labor,
For she tries to leave nothing astray,
So the hours that come in the evening,
Makes it always MOTHER'S DAY.

My Version of The Old Virgin Ditch
Apologies to Mabel

It was in the year of (18)64
As near as I can tell,
My Granddad and his neighbors
Tried to save this place from hell.
They plowed and leveled farmland

And planted seeds you know,
But without the aid of water
Their crops would never grow.
So a big canal they builded
And rejoiced when it was done,But alas, my friends, I"m telling you,
Their task was just begun.
The loose dirt banks kept washing out,
The water went rampant.
This really was a problem
But they never said "I can't."
Now this is how they did it,
These sturdy Pioneers,

I've often heard them tell it,
And laughed myself to tears.
A friendly, stalwart Indian
Their hapless efforts saw,
Straightway he cupped his copper hands
And summoned his plump squaw.
Down in the gap he bade her sit,
She grunted "Wah-mei-a."
With the brush and the rocks against her back
And dirt, almost a ton,
That old canal was mended
And the dreamed-of task was done.

Another Version of
The Old Virgin Ditch

"Twas in the year of (18)64
As near as I can tell,
My Grandpa and some other men
Tried to wrest this place from hell.
They sweat and toiled and labored,
Built dams and ditches, too,
But the water it kept going out
No matter what they'd do.
Old Hairlip Joe, an Indian
That lived down in the valley,
once helped them mend that ditch
Him and his Squaw "Sally."

The rocks and brush they used
Just washed away like sand,
So Joe just called "Taw-wan-ne"
And right away,
She answered his command.
He bade her sit down in the gap.
She complained "A-man-i-si"
But squared herself
And filled the gap
And braced herself, 'Tis true.
The men they started piling brush
Agin that sturdy back,

And sand and rocks
And heck knows what,
Until they all agreed
That Sally saved the day for them
And the Old Virgin Ditch was made.

Jack Frost

Jack Frost rapped
On the window pane
And knocked on the door
With his icicle cane
I'm sorry, I said
The door is shut tight
I'd rather you wouldn't
Come in tonight.
My dolly sneezed
As he went past
And wrote his name
On the window glass.
Achoo!

Lea

A stranger knocked upon my door,
One who had not called before.
He asked not for bread or things to eat
But in he came and took a seat.

How could I know, how could I see
That this was death who called on me
To rob me of a treasure rare,
A treasure God left in my care.
My heart is filled with deepest sorrow
I cannot see that new tomorrow
I can but hope.

A flower beautiful and fair,
One that earth could not well spare
Has gone beyond.

But we must live each day to do
The tasks the Father sent us to
On this His earth.

And so I pray that I some day
May have the courage to a friend to say,
Just "Carry On."

But friends have come
And pressed my hand,
The friends who know
And understand.
They bring a courage sweet to know
And tell me God has willed it so.

That we must part e'en though in pain
But in His time we'll meet again.

Death stalked that day from door to door
And took a toll of many more.
Not greater is our loss than theirs
Nor is God prone to hear our prayers.

This is the faith she left with me
That treasure that God gave to me.
And we have treasures seven more
That make this life worth living for.

March 16 to 20th 1935
(Nine days after Lea's death)

My Sister

Written for Me (Mabel Jarvis) by my sister,
Mrs. Asineth Jarvis Cottam, August 29, 1940

My sister she's a poet;
She writes the nicest things
And reads them out in public
And tears or laughter brings.
And when the shindig's over
Folks come and grasp her hand;

I know because I heard them say,
Mabel, it was grand!"

Now, she's a missionary,
And boy she loves her work;
Her mind is on it all the day,
She isn't one to shirk.
She meets the best of people,
Who travel through the land;
She tells them of our Pioneers,
That valiant Mormon band.

She loves to work, to live, to do;
To help in any way.
There's many lips can tell you,
The things I needn't say.
No one asks but she gives
Out of her meager store;
No one knocks, but she opens wide
Her hospitable front door.

And her talent oft you've seen
In verse and pageantry;
The wealth of culture's knowledge rare,
That comes so easily.
And when the shindig's over,
Folks come and grasp her hand,
I know, because I hear them say,
Mabel, it was grand."
A. J. Cottam

Note--One of the happiest moments of my life, and I have had many, was when my Sister "Sis" we always called her, handed me these verses penciled on pages from her pocket loose leaf. So far as I know this is the only poem ever ascribed to me. Sis says she lacks capacity to do things. This is her own contradiction. She has always done things for me, material things, cooking, washing, sewing, so much I couldn't do. But nothing in all the years could have meant more to me than this, which I know, comes from her heart. --Mabel

Talk Given by Mrs. Asineth Cottam to the third grades in the East Elementary School in St. George, sometime between 1950 and 1967

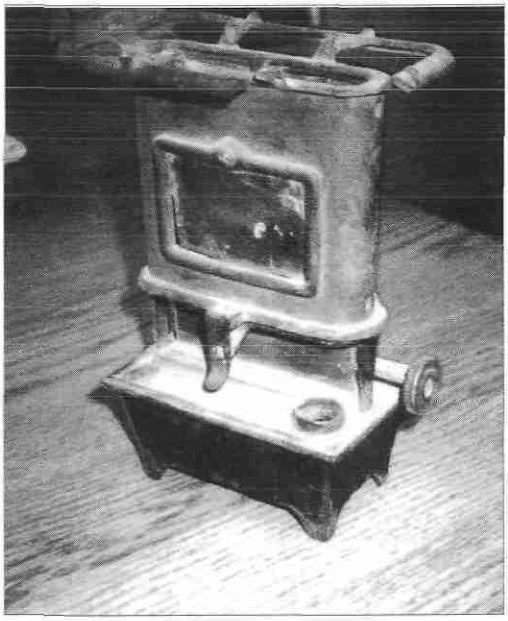
Boys and girls, I don't know how much you have studied about silk worms and how silk is made, so I want to tell you some of the things I remember about them. When I was about 12 or 13 years old, my mother was one of the women here in St. George who raised silk worms for two or three years. They were testing to see if they might have a silk industry here. It didn't work out very well because not enough people were interested, and cocoons brought only 25 cents a pound and it took a lot of cocoons to make a pound. Silk worms are different from other worms; they have a purpose in living. They have work to do, work for us. They make the silk which when woven makes beautiful cloth for our dresses and shirts.

Lets pretend for a while that we are going to visit where silk worms are being raised. Where does the silk worm come from? First we have a gray moth, not a pretty one at all. It lays eggs. One moth might lay a hundred or more eggs, which are so small they look like tiny little specks. After laying the eggs, the moth dies, but in time the eggs hatch and we have a bunch of tiny gray worms, so tiny you can hardly believe that they really are worms. They are little, but they are hungry and squirm around hunting for something to eat. Let's put them on a clean piece of newspaper and watch. What do silk worms eat? Who can tell me? Mulberry leaves! (We had a row of ten mulberry trees out front. My sister and I had to climb the trees and gather the leaves.) They are little worms, so they must have tender little leaves, and we must cut the leaves up fine and sprinkle them over the worms, not too thick or we might smother them. (You have seen your mother sprinkle coconut on your cake.) That's the way we will sprinkle the leaves. In just a few minutes the worms are eating, and in no time at all there are no leaves left. We will have to gather more leaves for in two hours we will have to feed them again. We will have to feed them every two hours night and day for a week or more. We must be very quiet while we are feeding them or their little heads will come up and they will stop eating.

After they grow a little bigger, we can feed them bigger leaves and we won't have to cut them up but we will spread more papers for them so they won't be too crowded. Then we will spread the fresh leaves on and when the worms crawl on them we will lift leaves and all onto the clean papers. Worms are like boys and girls; they like clean places to live. Besides old papers get sour and stale smelling and might make the worms sick.

Now they only have to be fed every three hours. They grow quite fast and as they grow, they shed their old gray skin and become white and pretty. Soon they are fed every four hours. It takes lots of leaves now for they eat a lot. If the leaves are dusty and need washing they must be left to get dry before they are given to the worms. They don't like water at all, they get sick like people, with pneumonia.

It takes several weeks for the worms to mature and be ready to spin their cocoons. They are now about four inches long and about as big around as a piece of chalk. One way we can tell that they are about ready to spin their cocoon, they change from white to a cream color and they don't eat much. In fact they quit eating and crawl around hunting for a place to make their cocoon. We will put some small branches or leaves over them and watch them start to spin. They fasten their thread to a leaf or a stem and then working their head in a figure eight, they fasten the thread as they go. Soon they are weaving all around themselves and it isn't long until they are just a shadow on the inside. We must be very quiet as we watch or they will break the thread and stop spinning and the cocoon will never be finished.



Kerosene heater used to process silk

Finally, the cocoon is finished and the worm is ready for a rest. His work is done, and he goes to sleep in his little house. We will have to wait for several days before we can gather the cocoons. Then we will heat them in the oven, being careful not to let them get too hot or the silk will scorch and be no good. By heating them, the worm is killed and we can prepare the silk for the weaving. When we take them from the oven, we will light this oil stove and put a pan of water on to heat. Now we will put some of the cocoons in the hot water and tap them gently with a stiff brush until we catch a thread from each cocoon; then we thread this reel and unwind the silk. After all of them are unwound into skeins, it is ready to be spun into thread for weaving. Some of the silk is white but most of it is a pale yellow.

Now if we take all the cocoons for silk how will we get more worms. Let's look around; maybe we missed some. — Sure enough, there on the curtain we hung at the window to keep the light out are some cocoons we missed. Look close and you will see a hole in each one of them. The worm has turned to a moth as he slept and not far away, we find it ready to lay more eggs to hatch more worms.

A German man by the name of Hoff had his spinning wheel and loom in a house up where the Post Office is now. He wove the beautiful cloth. I'm sure Mrs. Foremaster has shown you her mother's silk dress made from silk that he wove.

Early Day Parks and Entertainment

The only park we had when I was your age was known as Dodge's Pond, up north west of town. It was a very nice and beautiful place with lots of beautiful roses and shrubs and

trees, and nice big lawns that Mr. Dodge kept trimmed and neat. Every thing was clean and nice, even the pond and the tow boat. For ten cents you could have a ride in the boat and stay until another group wanted to ride. Only four could ride at a time.

Generally, on May Day, or perhaps at some other time, like the Fourth or Twenty-Fourth of July, people who wished, could harness their horses on to their buggy or wagon (we didn't have cars), take our lunch and, most always, a freezer of ice cream. (Most people milked their own cows so it was no trick at all.) We could buy big blocks of ice down at Atkinville. That was a big farm down on the other side of the river from Bloomington. It belonged to Brother Atkin (grandfather of President Atkin). It was fun to pound the ice and rock salt to freeze the ice cream.

When it came time to eat our lunch we would spread a quilt on the lawn, put a tablecloth in the center and have a feast. We couldn't buy a lot of things for picnics like you can today. We never even heard of potato chips, they didn't make them. And of course there were no ice cream cones or ice cream sandwiches, but we had all the ice cream we wanted, anyway.

There were not slides or "Jungle Jims" or things like that, but we enjoyed ourselves very much. While we had our lunch the horses had theirs, too.

When our school took an outing for May Day or Easter, we would go up on the Red Hill to the Sugar Loaf. Can you guess how we got there? We marched, of course. Some of the boys thought they were smart and would take all the short cuts. That wasn't being kind to their teachers. Besides, someone might get hurt.

There was a swing in the cave and we all took turns and had a swing, even the teachers. It was fun, too. Then we would sit around in the cave on the rocks and eat our lunch before time to come home. Some of us would climb up on top of the Sugar Loaf if the teacher didn't mind. We always had to walk home, too.

Once in a while we might go up to the West Spring just for a spring hike. We would take our lunch. Most of us would gather a bunch of water cress to bring home. We might find some pretty ferns in the tunnel, too.

Games We Used to Play

At School	At Parties (indoors)	Outdoors
Jump Rope	Turn the Chair (Musical Chairs)	Drop the Handkerchief
Hop Scotch	Thumbs Up	Farmer in the Dell
Guinie	Charades	Copenhagen
Jacks (with marbles)	Hide the Thimble	Ducks a Rowing
		Run Sheep Run
		Kind Neighbor I Come to Bother You

Piute Indian Words and Their Meaning

These words are as Given to Mrs. Mary Ella Leavitt by Foster Charles Toab

Counting - 1 to 10

suis	One
wye-ony	Two
pye-ony	Three
wats-ony	Four
mana-gony	Five
nabi-ony	Six
Nabi-cabuk	Seven
warums-ony	Eight
Suroms-ony	Nine
Thami son	Ten

A nea ya	exclamation
Aiuputs	double
aub	now
casawba	musk melon
coon	fire
Fuada	my son
heep winau	very good
im po	what
Imme nun ni	me
In antituk	this side
Kanab	lots of willows
Kanarra	willow Canyon
kbau	here
ke kun kie	laughing, happy
Kiabab	high mountains
Kibe	hill or mountain
Kotch	do not
Maganece	many colors
Magotsua	lots of underbrush and brush
me pootch	small
me peet bet	fly
Moance	father
Moapa	lots of water
Moon	month
Motoqua	down in a hole
na kau mi	sick
Naminz	younger sister
Narawaup	trade
Neab	Chief
Nipats	boy
on i hump	enough
Oomie(immie)	you
Pacheets	daughter
Panaca	money
Panguitch	lots of fish
Paragoonah	red hills
Paranaget	standing water
paranga	squash
Parowan	dangerous water

Paruse	river
paschawany	tell
Pau veets	brother
Pau	water
Pau Coon	hot or warm water
paveets	oldest brother
Payson (formerly Peteets nete)	louse head
pe kun kui	hurt
Pe teet	louse
Peads	mother
Peeup neab	big chief
Piaugament	sweet, sugar, syrup, etc
Pikay	come
Pike way	go
po up	blood
Poah	louse
poonee	see
Pu suidu way	understand
Pua shant	lots of water
Que antituk	other side
Queschupou	dirty water
sanda cut	watermelon
Santaquin	stream with lots of moss
Schareai	scared
Scharee (or Scharnee)	scared
schaw gi ab	abdomen or belly
schawpi (quawp)	tobacco
schawputs	double
Schawqueger	green
se boy	understand
Shoshone	name of a tribe
shot cup	food
Sinawava	coyote
Skites	younger brother
Sleep	day
Sum mi	to think
Sun	year
ta wi cha	much or great
Ta schaw ger	white
Ta win nee	hurry here
Ta win nee pi kee	come here quick
tau wits cha	very, extremely, a lot
Ti ca boo	friend
Tow umaba	also
To buk	angry
Tonapah	dark water
Tonaquint	dark, muddy water
toqu	alright
Toquer	black
Toquerville	black rocks
Tu idu ba	a lot of anything
Tu rab bi	trade
tun ki	recognize, know, hear
Tuweep	dirt
Un quwger	red
Wasatch	great mountains
Waum peep	ash wood
Wicka up	house
win nau	good
yaw qui	out of sight
Yuiq way (or Yuiqu way)	die

Section Two

Second Generation

Alma Cottam and
Elizabeth Foster

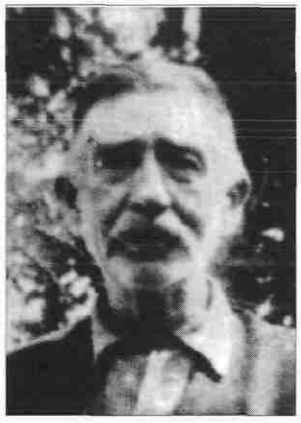
❖

Brigham Jarvis, Sr. and
Mary Forsyth

Alma Cottam

1855 - 1925

(Memories of various family members)



The fifth son and seventh child of Ann Smith and John Cottam, Jr., Alma Cottam was born 15 Sep 1855 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA. His brothers and sisters in order of birth were:

- William, born 12 Feb 1844 in Waddington, Yorkshire, England;
- Catherine, born and died in 1846 at Nauvoo, Hancock, Illinois, USA;
- Smith, born in 1848 in Kanesville, Pttwtt, Illinois, USA and died as a child;
- Thomas, born in 1850 in St. Louis, St. Louis, Missouri, USA;
- John, born in 1853 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA and died as a child;
- Alma, born 15 Sep 1855 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA;
- Heber, born 27 Jun 1858 in American Fork, Utah, Utah, USA;
- Hyrum, born 20 Feb 1861 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA;
- Albert, born in 1863 in Salt Lake City , Salt Lake, Utah, USA and died as a child;
- Ann, born 30 Dec 1865 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA and died as a child;
- Daniel, born 30 Dec 1867 in Salt Lake City , Salt Lake, Utah, USA and died as a child;
- John, born in 1868 in Salt Lake City , Salt Lake, Utah, USA and died in infancy;
- A boy who died a day after birth, date and year unknown.

Only three of these thirteen children grew to adulthood: William, Alma and Heber. They grew up in the family home at 5th West and North Temple.

1863

Age 8

On 28 Feb 1863 his father, John Cottam, Jr., took a plural wife, Mahala Billngs. Of this marriage we know practically nothing. We have been told that she was quite a young girl and that she left soon after their marriage. There were no children born to this couple.

1864
Age 9

His father took a third wife, Mary Reid, a Swiss immigrant, on 24 Oct 1864. No children were born to this couple.

1870 - 1880
Age 15 - 25

Alma was taught the carpenter trade by his father, John, Jr., and most likely, his grandfather John, Sr., both of whom lived nearby. They were all skilled craftsmen who took a great deal of pride in their work and who worked on many of the buildings in the Salt Lake Valley. His father, John, Jr., had the first furniture manufacturing business west of the Mississippi River and had built a lathe that was turned by a blind mule. Alma's father turned all the carvings for the ends of the benches in the Salt Lake Tabernacle. We can justly assume that Alma worked on these projects along with his father.

On 27 Dec 1878, Alma's father took a fourth wife, Anna Gustava Johnson. There were five children born to this couple.

- A son, John Engelbreht, was born 27 Sep 1878 in Salt Lake City;
- A daughter, Mary, was born on 27 Sep 1878 in Salt Lake City. She died at birth;
- A son, Samuel, was born 30 Mar 1880 in Salt Lake City;
- A daughter, Charlotte Livesay, was born on 9 Jul 1882 in Salt Lake City;
- A son, Nephi Livesay, was born on 5 Dec 1883 in Salt Lake City.

In the late 1870's the federal government was making raids on the polygamists and after avoiding capture for some time, Alma's father John Cottam went to San Francisco and worked in the turning mills there for two years. After his return to Salt Lake, he gave himself up to the authorities and was incarcerated at the State Penitentiary for six months.

1880
Age 25

Alma married Elizabeth Spark Foster (Bessie) in Salt Lake City on 10 Apr 1880. They were married by Judge Pypa in his home in the 11th or 13th ward. They rented two rooms from Alma's mother, Ann, on North Temple and 5th West where the Cottam property was.

1881 - 1898
Age 26 - 43

Alma's and Elizabeth's first child was born in 1881 while they were renting from his mother, Ann. About this time, his mother was undergoing some trying times in her marriage.

Alma Cottam and Elizabeth Foster home at 319 North 6th West, Salt Lake City

His father had built his third wife, Mary Reid, a home. His mother, Ann, found to her dismay that he had mortgaged her home and appeared to be planning to leave her without anything. She sued for divorce and was able to get her home plus five acres of land they owned. She felt that she had obtained about half of their property and had a means of keeping herself and her sons.

Sometime after the birth of her last child, Anna took sick and died, leaving the raising of her children to the third wife, Mary.

Alma and Elizabeth had the following children:

- Edward Alma Cottam, born 10 Jan 1881 in Salt Lake City;
- Evalyna Cottam, born 2 Aug 1883 in Salt Lake City;
- Heber Charles Cottam, born 8 Jan 1885 in Salt Lake City;
- Archibald Cottam, born 29 Sep 1885 in Salt Lake City;
- William Osborne Cottam, born 13 Nov 1888 in Salt Lake City;
- Ann Amelia Cottam, born 18 Feb 1891 in Salt Lake City;
- Thamszon Celene Cottam, born 28 Nov 1893 in Salt Lake City;
- George Elmer Cottam, born 1 Dec 1894 in Salt Lake City;
- Elizabeth Cottam (Bess), born 14 Oct 1898 in Salt Lake City.

Alma's brother, William, had moved to Escalante and was living there with his family. His brother, Heber, was still living at home.

His mother also had other renters in another part of the house and was expecting her sister, Mary, and Mary's husband, Joseph Boothman, to arrive from Missouri soon to live with her.

A cousin of Alma's, Lotta Crabtree (Charlotte), was a popular and quite famous actress of the day. When she had performances on the West Coast, she would stop to visit them and would leave her pet canary with them to care for until she returned to her home in the East. She was born in New York and died in Boston. She never married and had no known survivors. Upon her death, her considerable fortune, several million, was left primarily to charity. A number of the family tried to prove their relationship to her and share in her wealth, but were not successful.

Alma had the Cottam trait of being a quiet person. Friendly enough, but not an impulsive talker. Honesty and pride in workmanship were more of his traits.

Alma Cottam passed away on 15 Jun 1925 in Salt Lake City, Utah at age 69. To the knowledge of his grandchildren, no history was written of his life. Those of us still living are left to record the few things we remember being told or have recollections of from our early years. Some of the grandchildren were born after his death and did not see or know him personally.

He made a trip to St. George sometime between 1921 and 1924 to help his son, Heber, dig a cellar and add a covered porch onto the back of the family home. This was his only trip to St. George as far as we know. At that time, our (Heber's) family consisted of five or six children, all under the age of fourteen. His few weeks there were the only chance we had of getting acquainted with him or remembering anything about him. I remember a picture that was taken of two men working on our back porch and of being told that it was Dad and Grandpa Cottam. I never saw Grandpa.

---Ellen Raye C. Brown,
granddaughter

My memory of grandfather Cottam is just a mental picture and I can recall absolutely no incidents where he was involved. As nearly as I know, his visit to St. George was to help Dad excavate a "cellar" and put up a covered sleeping porch as the family had grown large enough that the house was too crowded. At the time, the back porch was just a large, flat, boarded area with steps down to ground level.

Heber Cottam children. Picture taken about 1921, before back porch was added. (Back row: Lea, Alma, Iris. Front row: Jean, Elizabeth)

The mental picture I have of grandfather is of a rather slight man, quite a bit shorter than Dad, with a fairly bushy, tobacco-stained moustache. I don't recall ever seeing him without a hat or of ever feeling very close to him in any way--of course, I was very young, and it's possible I have even mixed his memory with someone else!

---Elizabeth Adams, granddaughter

Darle remembers Grandfather playing "Shoe Pad Shoe" on the bottom of her feet to get her giggling. I think we all remember that Grandfather ate with his knife. Grandfather was a builder, a fine carpenter. His family loved and respected him. He played the flute but I never heard him play.

---Darle Fitzgerald, granddaughter

Kobina remembers grandfather as a slight, quiet man working in his yard. He worked at a wooden sawhorse cutting wood. She was only about ten when he died.

---Kobina Binnall, granddaughter

Iris recalls a time during Grandpa's visit to St. George that our dad and mom took one of their evening strolls and Grandpa was left with the children. As children do, this seemed like a good time to "show off" and they began chasing each other through the house and getting progressively louder and more rambunctious. Grandpa took it for a time, but he soon had enough of our antics and took Alma by the arm and gave him a cuff to get us to settle down. That was an unexpected turn of events and had the desired results, but we were rather cautious about becoming too friendly with him after that. ---Iris Orton, granddaughter

Alma Cottam by Salt Lake home about 1910

Elizabeth (Bessie) Foster Cottam

1855 - 1943

(Information compiled by Granddaughter Ellen Raye C. Brown
from family group sheets, personal research and from an interview taken
by Maude C. Melville on 18 Sep 1939)

Elizabeth Foster was just a baby when her parents, Edward Foster and Amelia Williams left Plymouth, Devonshire England and went to live on the Isle of Guernsey in the English Channel. They had joined the Mormon Church in 1853. Elizabeth was born on 20 July 1855. (Film #087027 in the Genealogical Library shows that Edward and Amelia moved out of the Plymouth Branch on June 7, 1857, which may be the time they moved to the Island of Guernsey. This would make Elizabeth almost two years old when they moved.)

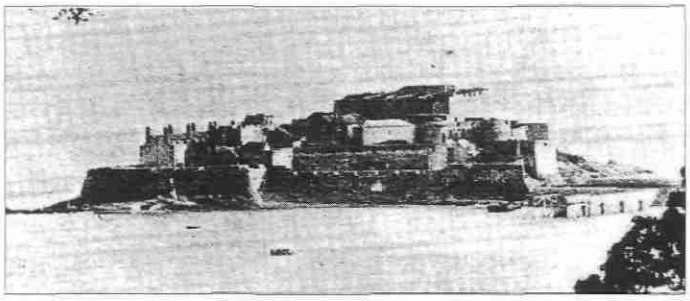
1857
Age 2

They lived on the island of Guernsey at St. Peter Port (called City to Steps) where they went to the Church of England. After it was learned they had joined the Mormons, the Church of England members would not let them in because they were Mormons. Four women left the branch her mother belonged to. Elizabeth didn't remember much about England since she was just a baby when they left there. Her best recollection of the old country was Guernsey .

- Her sister, Sarah Amelia, was born on 28 Oct 1857 on the Island of Guernsey;
- Her brother Joseph Williams was born on 6 Feb 1860 on the Island of Jersey(?);
- Her brother Edward Williams was born on 27 Sep 1862 on the Island of Guernsey;
- Her brother, Charles Henry, was born 4 Feb 1865 in Salt Lake City, Utah;
- Her brother, Martin Williams, was born 17 Sep 1868 in Salt Lake City, Utah;
- Her brother, Alfred John, was born 6 Dec 1870 in Salt Lake City, Utah;
- Her sister, Sarah Amelia, died in 1872 at the age of fifteen in Salt Lake City, Utah;
- Her brother, Lorenzo, was born on 27 Jan 1873 in Salt Lake City, Utah;
- Her brother, George, was born in 1875 in Salt Lake City, Utah;
- Her brother, Frank, was born on 23 Nov 1877 in Salt Lake City, Utah;
- Her sister, Amelia Sarah (Millie), was born 15 November 1879 in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Elizabeth's mother told her, "Your birth is recorded in the new church district and my (Bessie's) birth is recorded in the old church district." (This apparently refers to Elizabeth and her sister Sarah Amelia.)

They lived about one block from the ocean. There were steps called "Lover's Bench" and her mother would take Elizabeth and Sarah up there to watch the ships come in.



St. Peter Port about 1860

Her mother Amelia went to Newton, England to visit her grandfather (Edward Foster's people). Her Great Grandfather Spark lived at Newton and used to lease a moor (farm). Her grandfather used to live there and cut cabbage for the animals.

1863
Age 7 - 8

Elizabeth, her parents, sister and two brothers crossed the ocean in 1863 while the Civil War was in progress. She was seven years old. While crossing the ocean in the ship "*Antarctic*", the ship had trouble and they were 48 hours without food. At last someone called out with the speaking trumpet, "We are all lost! We are all lost!" The passengers felt awful. Then the first mate took the speaking trumpet and said, "No Captain, we won't be lost because there are Mormons on this ship, and a ship has never gone down to the bottom with Mormons on it." Elizabeth's mother said this put hope in the passengers. Most of the emigrants were Mormons. Soon the storm calmed. They were eight weeks on the water. She says that she remembers the hard biscuits and that they had to put something in the water to keep down disease among the passengers.

After arriving in America, the family of five made their way to the frontier where the L.D.S. people were gathering for their trip across the plains. They joined a company and made their way across the plains with the others in their company. Elizabeth had her eighth birthday on the plains.

Another brother, Elizabeth tells us, was born and died on the plains, but there is no known record of this event nor do we know his name. She says that her mother had three daughters and nine sons and that the sons came one after another.

When they arrived in Salt Lake City, they landed in the 8th ward square. The teamster, Bro. Squires, took their things out of the wagon. Brother Moyle, the missionary who taught her parents, went to the 8th ward square and found that all their belongings had been placed nearby. Jim Moyle had built two little rooms and he commented to her, "Well Millie, I didn't

expect to see you here. He sent old man Russel with an Indian pony and a little wagon to help them with their belongings and Russel took them to Moyles. Brother Moyle and Elizabeth's mother Amelia enrolled in school and her parents rented from the Moyles. Her father tried to find work but could find none. Jim Moyle, father of the mission president, was a stone cutter. Her father, Edward Foster was also a stone cutter.

1864 - 1866
Age 9 - 11

Her brother Edward Williams died in 1864 in Salt Lake City, Utah. He was just two years old.

They lived in an adobe room between first and second south on fifth west. They lived there about two years, then her father took up on shares from an old Scotsman. Her father bought 2 acres for $300. At 8th West North Temple. This is where the 38th ward is. That is where Elizabeth's girlhood was spent.

Their first year here they paid $25.00 a hundred for flour. They thought that flour was getting a good price when they paid $10.00 per hundred.

Elizabeth's father was called to go to the Muddy, but her mother Amelia was sick and he couldn't accept the call.

Their first house was made of slabs. When there were floods, water from City Creek ran in their house, and the children would jump up and down on the slate floor so as to make the water splash.

They were here three years before they could get any writing paper at all. When they did get some, her father wrote her mother's people. It took six months for the letter to arrive. Then when they got a reply, her grandfather Williams said, "We mourned you dead for three years as we thought you got on the ship that went down."

1866 - 1872
Age 11 - 17

Her sister Sarah Amelia died at age 15. Elizabeth was 17. Sometime before this, she remembers her mother going to Auerbach's store when it was one room, where she bought her a dress. She paid 75 cents a yard for cloth with blue background with a little flower in it. She and her sister called them their American dresses.

1873
Age 18

She was called with others at the age of 18 years to have her endowments. This was about 1873. She belonged to the Retrenchment Society (later called Relief Society). They had to have plain bonnets which they made themselves from the straw in the stack. She and her girl friend went to the store and got brown for their dresses, as it had to be plain, somber colors. Her mother thought they had selected an awful color.

1880
Age 25

Her father Edward died 12 Feb 1880, just three months after Amelia Sarah was born.

Elizabeth was 25 when he died. She was married 10 April, 1880 in Salt Lake City to Alma Cottam by Judge Pypa in his home in the 11th (or 13th)) ward. The judge once asked her to go into polygamy with him. Elizabeth and Alma rented 2 rooms on North Temple and 5th West from Ann Smith Cottam her mother-in-law, where the Cottam property was. Alma's and Elizabeth's family home was at 319 North 6th West, Salt lake City, Utah.

1881 - 1898
Age 26 - 43

- Their first son, Edward Alma, was born on 10 Jan 1881 in Salt Lake City, Utah;
- A daughter, Evalyna (Eva), was born 2 Aug 1883 in Salt Lake City, Utah;
- A son, Heber Charles, was born 8 Jan 1885 in Salt Lake City, Utah;
- A son, Archibald, was born 29 Sep 1885 in Salt Lake City, Utah;
- A son, William Osborne, was born 13 Nov 1888 in Salt Lake City, Utah;
- A daughter, Ann Amelia, was born 18 Feb 1891 in Salt Lake City, Utah;
- A daughter, Thamszon Celene, was born 28 Nov 1893 in Salt Lake City, Utah;
- A son, George Elmer, was born 1 Dec 1894 in Salt Lake City, Utah;
- A daughter, Elizabeth (Bessie), was born 14 Oct 1898 in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Elizabeth worked in the Daniel H. Wells home. Heber J. Grant's mother was a Relief Society teacher and they would donate to the Relief Society. Some days she would collect as high as $14.00, half of which went to the St. George Temple as a donation.

While she worked for Daniel H. Wells he lived south of the Hotel Utah. He had five women who worked for him. She did general house work and washed all day long for 5 years. There were eighteen members of his family. She got breakfast for the family and they used 5 quarts of flour in biscuits, had barley coffee and cocoa and eggs and ham. She would ring the bell for breakfast. Usually people came with recommends to be signed on Wednesday morning. She got them all signed.

She used to wish they would take the men out of the kitchen. They had complaints about their wives. One fellow had a large list of complaints. Daniel H. Wells told him to "go home and be more kind; if you can't get along with one wife, you cannot with two wives."

Her father and mother worked in the Endowment House for years.

A man by the name of McGregor, a Scotsman, got mad at her father and said, "I will never pay for that flour I owe you." After that, Brigham Young paid her father for the flour.

She died on 24 Dec 1943 in Salt Lake City, Utah at age 88.

What I Remember about Grandma Cottam
By Darle McMurdie Fitzgerald

Grandma's neighbor, Mrs. Miner, remarked that Faye and Darle were sure small. Grandma said, Choice flowers grow slow, weeds spring up in a hurry.

Grandma made pioneer type sun bonnets for her granddaughters and her granddaughter's friends. She made her own dresses and aprons as well as quilts from the scraps of material left from her sewing. She was always crocheting. She kept her hands busy.

When Ann and Tham started dipping chocolates at Sparkes Candy Company, they bought and decided to share a box of face powder. Grandma was very upset about this and she wouldn't speak to her girls for two weeks.

One day Grandma was in her front parlor and she let Darle and her little friend "Tootie" play the phonograph. She had a record that when it started out, the man would sing, then he would laugh, then sing, until soon he was laughing and laughing. This got Darle and "Tootie" laughing and rolling on the floor.

Uncle Arch would go fishing, usually with Johnny Foster and bring home some trout. Grandma would tell my mother Ann to be sure and have Darle come for breakfast because she was having trout. Darle loved fish. Grandma could really make trout taste delicious. It was always crisp on the outside and she

(L to R) Back Row: Asineth Jarvis, Elizabeth Foster, Heber Cottam, Middle Row: Lester Cottam, Front Row: Iris, Jean, and Lea Cottam about 1922.

From L to R:
Thamszon, Elizabeth, and Ann Cottam.

cooked it in butter, real butter. Sometimes Uncle Arch would find mushrooms and we would have mushrooms too. Grandma fixed a nice big lunch for Uncle Will every day.

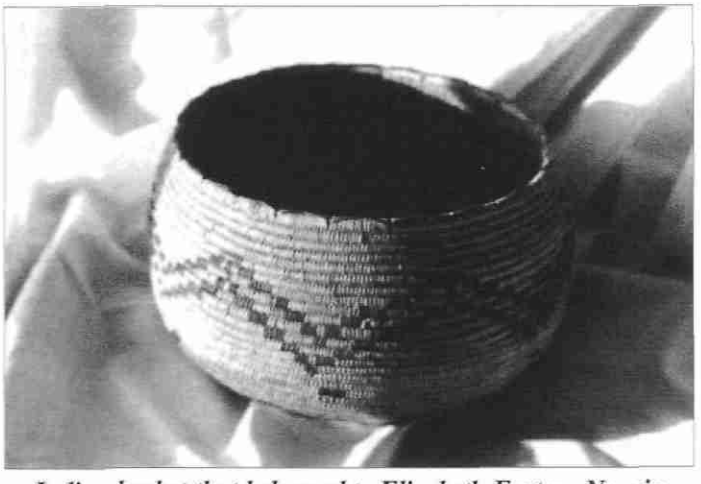
Grandma hated the Indians. She said they were mean and dirty. One night Grandma said the old bucks were drinking and they took a squaw and burned her fingers off one by one and had her screaming all night. In the morning all of her fingers were gone. Yes, Grandma hated the Indians.

Grandma forbid her girls from playing with the Indian girls. But Annie and Tham played with them anyway. Both of the girls got head lice. Grandma took the girls in the back yard and poured coal oil on their heads. Mrs. Miner said, "You will ruin their brains." Grandma replied "Not as much as the lice."

Grandma always wore pioneer type clothes, long sleeves, high collars, long skirts to her ankles and shoes that came over her ankles. She was a wonderful, loving and very good person. I sure loved her and I am so blessed to have her for my grandma.

When we came to Salt Lake during the depression we didn't have a radio. Grandma had one, so after dinner, Mother, Faye and I would go to Grandma's to listen to "Mert and Marg" and "One Man's Family" on Grandma's radio. Grandma really enjoyed those programs. If the weather was cold or even cool, Grandma would have a fire in the heater and the door of the heater part way open and no light on. It was cosy, warm and relaxing.

Grandma would not ride in a car with anyone but Harry. When we were going to Tham's in Park City, my father Harry would ask Grandma if she wanted to go. She would reply "No, I don't want to go in that machine." Next morning Father would say "We had better see if Grandma wants to go with us", and sure enough, Grandma would be standing at the gate with her hat on, ready to go in "that machine."



Indian basket that belonged to Elizabeth Foster. Now in possession of DarleFitzgerald, granddaughter.

Grandma kept two large oval pictures on easels in her living room. One was of Grandpa Cottam and the other was of George, their son who was killed in France during World War I. We are told that one day a man came to Grandma's door and asked her to keep the picture frames for him and that he would return for them. She agreed to keep them for him but he never did come back for them.

I think we all remember that grandfather ate with his knife. Grandfather was a builder, a fine carpenter. His family loved and respected him.

When Grandmother came to this valley, she was eight years old. Her sister was seven. They were called the two little French kids because they spoke French. When crossing the plains she would gather Buffalo Chips with Herbert B. Maw, who became Governor Maw.

Grandmother always turned the covers down for the boys at night. Every night she would go to Grandma Foster's (her mother) and see that she was alright, and to make sure she got in bed alright. They enjoyed a hot wine toddy together.

A baby was left on the doorstep of Lily Hughes, one of her cousins.

Grandma was a short lady who had blue eyes and black hair.

Following are some things Grandmother has told us about her ancestors. There is not yet documentation for most of this information.

My mother had three girls and nine boys. The boys came one after the other. Mother's mother had seven--5 boys and 2 girls. My mother's sister, Aunt Amelia Bradsford (or Blackford) had 15 children.

My father's father, Edward Langworthy was educated for the ministry of the Church of Wesleyan, Church of England at Newton, Devonshire, England. This Edward Langworthy had three daughters and two sons. The sons married farmer's daughters and their father disinherited them because they had married "beneath their station." It was then they took the name of Foster, their middle name and their mother's maiden name. Soon after this, their father was hunting and when his horse jumped a hurdle, it fell and Edward Langworthy was killed from a broken neck.

Amelia (Millie) Williams Foster: Husband died when last child was three months old. She had 13 children. Register of birth in old church history. Would have been 103 years old in 1938. Born on Christmas day.

Joseph Williams parents: His mother was a proud English woman, never told her children who her parents were because she said if he settled an estate on her, she didn't want 1st husband. (1st husband Wm. Lloyd) (Her name and 2nd husband name not listed.)

Susan Valock: First husband, Wm. Lloyd, a Welch captain. Second husband, Martin De La Rue, whose first wife died.

Put two children in a convent (appears to be Wm. Lloyd's children). Cholera broke out in France, Grandmother (Susan Valock) went back to France to find her step-children, a boy and a girl, but could not find any trace as they were older than she was. A captain Logire (?) Sp? wanted her.

Another page says 1st husband of Susan De La Due was William Lloyd. (Believe it was Susan Valock De La Rue?)

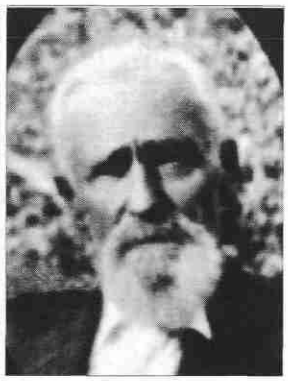
Peter Valock: Scotch chief. Had one son Peter, married had family of 11 children. 2 sons, 9 daughters.

Martin De La Rue: French.

Amelia Bransford: (or Bradsford or Blackford) had 13 children.

Sketches From The Life of Brigham Jarvis, Sr.

1850 - 1933
Commander, Camp George A. Smith, No 20. U. I. W. V.
By Mabel Jarvis, his daughter

Brigham Jarvis, Sr., was born in Stepney,[1] London, England, the twentieth of October 1850, the third child of George and Ann Prior Jarvis.[2] Brigham's father was an English Jack Tar, and Brigham learned a love of the sea and a sailor's love of action from him. He mourned greatly when his father left on voyages to China or Australia, because he could not go with him.

1857
Age 6

The family lived in London till the spring of 1857, and then immigrated to America with 800 Mormon converts. They sailed in the *Good Ship George Washington*, were 21 days on the sea, and finally landed in Boston Harbor, arriving just at the time of the panic of '57 and

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[1](Stepney, London, is the correct English spelling. Ann Prior Jarvis, mother of Brigham Jarvis, Sr., wrote it Steffeny)

[2] (Brigham Jarvis, Sr., was blessed and named "Brigham" by the father of Nephi M. Savage, who was then president of that branch in London. George Jarvis, Brigham's father, dreamed he'd have a son and he should be named "Brigham." (This is according to a copy of the autobiography of Ann Prior Jarvis in my possession. --Zora Smith Jarvis.)

Brigham Young Jarvis' line of ordination to the Melchizedek Priesthood.

1. Brigham Young Jarvis, Sr., was ordained an Elder the first of January 1877 by
2. President Brigham Young, a member of the first original Twelve Apostles in the latter day, who was ordained by
3. The Prophet Joseph Smith, who was ordained by
4. Peter, James and John---1829

Brigham Jarvis, Sr., ordained his eldest son, Brigham Jarvis, Jr., an Elder in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on the fifth of July 1898. --Zora Smith Jarvis (1967)

the move west of Johnston's Army. Brigham clearly remembered the hardships and disturbances incident to those events.

The next three years were spent in Boston and vicinity where he attended his first school and, as part of the school work, made his first garden plot. The school was under a form of military discipline, and this left its impression on his entire life.

1860
Age 9

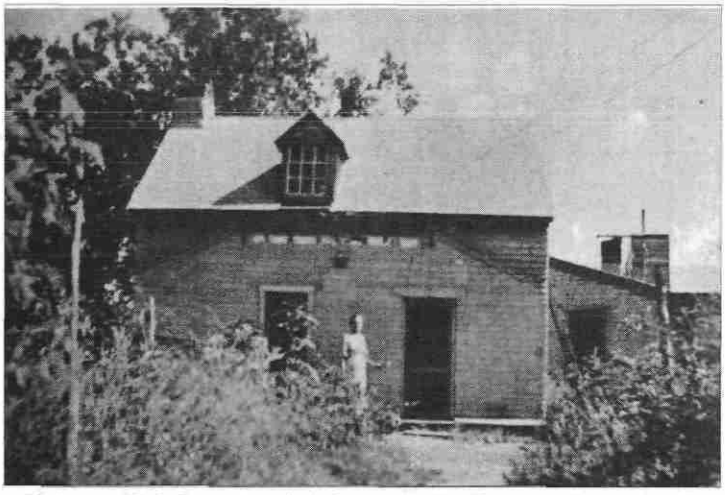
The family left Boston for Utah in 1860. They traveled by train to Missouri, where they took a flatboat up the Missouri and Mississippi rivers to Council Bluffs. There they made camp and waited for the needed forty-five wagons to be made for the emigrants who were there. With his brother George, he assisted his father in making tents and wagon covers for the company. His father's seamanship and the fact he had his sailor needles with him gave him this job. From Council Bluffs they walked the entire distance across the plains except for the crossing of the Platte and Green rivers. They arrived in Salt Lake City, August 4, 1860, full of experiences from the prairie, herds of buffalo, desert storms, and contacts with friendly and unfriendly Indians.

Historical Note: (Brigham often told the following story of one experience on the plains.) Just before they left Boston for the trek west, Brigham had purchased a new pair of boots for the trip. They had come some distance from Council Bluffs and were among unfriendly Indians. It was hot and sticky and he and a friend wanted to go down to the river to cool off, but his mother said no, they needed to stay close because of the Indian danger. However, he and his friend decided to go anyway. What could it hurt? Once by the river, they took off their shoes and left them on the bank and splashed along the bank totally losing track of time. Suddenly, they looked out across the prairie and saw the wagon train quite a way ahead. They suddenly felt the fear of being alone and didn't dare backtrack to get their shoes. They took off on a run to catch up to the wagon train. Needless to say, there was no way they could replace his lost shoes so he walked all the way barefoot. It was a very sobering lesson to him about minding his mother.

In Salt Lake City, Brigham attended the mixed school for a few weeks, working for his board. The family then moved to Sugar House Ward, where he fired the furnace in the Daniel H. Wells Nail Factory, where the tires from the Johnston Army wagons were made into nails. He left this work gladly when his father rented a small piece of land and gave him the job of caring for it. Here he made his first irrigation ditch and raised cucumbers, melons, corn, potatoes, and sugar cane to assist with the family provisions.

1861
Age 11

In the fall of 1861, the family was called with others to move south to the Dixie Mission, where cotton raising was to be the project. Here they had their experiences in growing, picking, and hand-ginning cotton. The family arrived with the first large company at the Old Camp, December 5, 1861, and when the first school opened in the spacious tent of one of the pioneers, A. A. Calkin, Brigham was enrolled in school again. In this tent he also enjoyed, with others, the first Christmas dinner and dance in "Dixie".



This was Brigham Jarvis's home in St. George. It originally belonged to his parents, George Jarvis and Ann Prior. Originally, this house had a porch. You can see the dark marks still left on the front of the house from the porch.

Very soon after arriving, the work of laying off the fields began and of making the survey for an irrigating ditch. Brigham was only twelve years old but worked side by side with mature men, making dams, tunnels and canals.

The following spring, when the city lots were drawn, Brigham drove his father's oxen onto the first officially occupied lot in the valley. This was the home of his parents while they lived, and at their death, he bought out the other heirs. He resided there until his passing.

1865
Age 15

At the age of fifteen Brigham was called, with others, when the first military unit was organized for protection against the then marauding Indians. At the request of the officers, he lent his horse and equipment to his older brother, while he remained as a member of the Home Guard. He received regular duty at guarding. On one special occasion he was appointed a special guide (with his elder brother) to convoy a party of emigrants over one of the most dangerous trails to the Muddy Valley.

His interest in farming led him to divert the heavy flood waters of the Rio Virgin over their banks to form a deep soil over sixty acres of river marsh, which he farmed for many years. Above this land he built the Jarvis Dam, historically known in this section. During his experiments and work on this dam, he evolved the idea of spillways. This is the first known use of spillways in irrigation, and for this word and work he will eventually be given full

credit. The building of this farm was done after hours of work on the St. George Temple. He also assisted in the construction of the St. George Tabernacle.

Heber Charles Cottam kids at Grandpa Brigham Jarvis' farm by the Virgin River. (L to R) Iris Jean, Mary Jarvis (cousin), Elizabeth, Lea, Ellen Raye, (front) Calvin. Picture taken about 1930.

1874
Age 24

In the year 1874, he helped locate the first copper mines in the vicinity. These mines have produced much wealth for this section. He was a good contractor in the days of the Silver Reef, and at that time held the record for felling and chopping the most wood per hour and per day among the men. While hauling wood on the Silver Reef contracts, he suffered a severe accident when a heavy load capsized, crushing his right leg. After many months, he recovered full use of the limb. On a later occasion he fell while binding a load of hay. He badly fractured his spine at the base of the neck. This injury was a constant source of suffering as long as he lived.

1877
Age 26

On the eleventh of January 1877, Brigham married Mary Forsyth, daughter of Thomas and Mary Browett Holmes Forsyth of Toquerville, whom he had met on one of her visits to St. George.[3]

To them were born twelve children, only four of whom survived him: a son, Brigham Jarvis, Jr.; two daughters, Mrs. Asineth J. Cottam and Miss Mabel Jarvis; and another son, Erastus Leon Jarvis of Salt Lake City. He was also survived by 21 grandchildren; a brother, Heber Jarvis, of Mesa, Arizona; three sisters; Mrs. Anne C. Milne of Salt Lake City, Mrs. Margaret Jarvis of St. Johns, Arizona, Mrs. Emmaline Jarvis Cottam and Mrs. Victoria Josephine Miles of St. George, Utah.

1877 - 1896
Age 27 - 46

In 1877, Brigham was road supervisor, and for many years was supervisor of the Santa Clara Creek. During this time construction and the setting up of the first wiers ever used on that stream took place. In 1912, after heavy floods had taken out the dam that supplied water for his farm in such a way as to make its replacement almost impractical, he devoted his energies to re-checking on a high line diversion canal farther up the river, which would not only supply the lower valleys, but would bring under cultivation more than fifty thousand acres of wonderful fruit land. He was assisted in this for several months by his nephew, U. S. Engineer C. S. Jarvis, now of Washington, D. C. They both lost heavily in time and money when the project and the lands were withdrawn by the Government for soldier homes. He was restricted from diverting his shares of Primary Water Right on the higher points. This has always been a great sorrow to him. However, the project is now being sponsored by a company (at the time Mabel Jarvis wrote this sketch) who purchased the maps and surveys from one of Brigham's associates, a Mr. A. B. Christensen. It is understood Government money is to be used to develop the project. Brigham may not be given the credit, but the fact remains that the first surveys and work on the project were his, and he assembled the information which is now being used.

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[3](The St. George Temple archive records show that on the eleventh of January, 1877, President Brigham Young performed the marriage of Brigham Young Jarvis and Mary Forsyth. They were the first single couple to be married, a special honor. Brigham Jarvis never used the Young as part of his name in his family, business, political or religious activities or in his writings, he was known only as Brigham Jarvis, Sr.

--Zora Smith Jarvis 1967)

1896
Age 46

After other attempts failed, Brigham agreed with the board of commissioners of St. George City to deliver the Cottonwood water to the city of St. George over a distance of eighteen miles with a cash outlay not to exceed $2,000. This was to be spent for needed explosives and supplies, the balance of cost to be met with water stock. This was accomplished as per agreement. Brigham, a natural surveyor, was familiar with the geology and structure of the country for a radius of many miles. After his accomplishment, which was completed in September of 1896, he was made a member of the city council for four consecutive terms.

Historical Note: See *The Cottonwood Water Story* herein recorded for the complete story of bringing water into St. George and the prominent part played by Brigham Jarvis, Sr.

He began early to accumulate a better grade of dairy stock, and for a number of years owned a herd of 72 fine dairy cattle, many of which received blue ribbons at local county fairs. He also owned some of the finest draft and trotting horses ever known in this section. For years before the use of automobiles, he was called upon to drive Church, Government, and Court officials from the railroad terminus to their destinations and back.

He was appointed chairman of the "Old Folks Entertainments" in the year 1896 and held this position for a period of 29 years.

1898 - 1931
Ages 48 - 81

For 33 years, from 1898 to 1931, he was captain and custodian of the St. George City flag. He took over this duty from his father George Jarvis, who held the office since the arrival of the first settlers in the year 1861. Many children will long remember him in this capacity.

Brigham was active in ecclesiastical work connected with the Mormon Church to which he belonged at the time of his passing. He held many positions of responsibility and served for 25 years as a member of the Stake High Council. He was a temple worker in the St. George Temple for many years.

Since its organization, he was commander of Camp George A. Smith No. 20 United Indian War Veterans and organizer for the states of Utah and Nevada. Ill health hindered his activities for some time.

1933
Age 82

He passed away at his home at 3:30 p. m., Friday, September 15, 1933, following a ten-month severe illness. He had a severe attack of diabetes ten years previously. His final illness

was a result of diabetes. Hundreds of people attended the services held in his honor in the St. George City Tabernacle for he had endeared himself to both old and young throughout the entire section of Washington County. His wife, always his helper in all of his work, survived him, along with the children, grandchildren and others mentioned. His wife was a marvel of calmness and sweetness at the age of 77, for she knows, at best, the time of separation cannot be long.

Religious Life of Brigham Jarvis. Sr.
By Zora Smith Jarvis

Our father, Brigham Jarvis, Sr., was a devout convert to the Mormon Church and lived its teachings all his days. He had an abiding testimony that the gospel is the only means of obtaining salvation. He believed in beginning and closing the day with family prayer, and living with a secret prayer in his heart at all times. He repented of any wrong he ever did and sought forgiveness from his Heavenly Father, as well as the one wronged. He would never hold a grudge, even if it took weeks or months of fasting and prayer to wipe out vengeful feelings from his heart. I hope his descendants will read that statement many times and ponder it. In lieu of a story, I'll just make this statement, he always went worthily into holy priesthood prayer circles and meetings.

The family was industrious and every member, who was able, worked. He was a cattleman and at one time owned 72 milk cows. Mother Mary made butter to supply Silver Reef and the mines at that time. He was the owner of many fine horses, a mine, and best of all, he was a farmer.

The bins were habitually running over by the end of harvest time. No one went hungry if Brigham Jarvis, Sr., knew it. When he went to the mill in Washington, he usually had a thousand pounds of wheat ground into flour and put into seamless sacks that held at least 100 pounds of flour.

Sometimes Brigham had a strong prompting or impression to do, or not to do, a certain thing. By obeying that prompting, invariably he would find it was Heavenly Father's way of directing him to serve Him in aiding and comforting some of His needy children. Sometimes Brigham found it a personal warning against unhappy situations or events.

When I married Brigham Jarvis, Jr., and came to St. George to make my home, I became friends with Lottie Rose Smith Carter's family. She and my father, Charles Warren Smith, were cousins. Their fathers, John Lyman Smith and George A. Smith, were brothers.

One day, when I was visiting "Aunt Lottie" as I called her, she looked me over quizzically, a way she had, as if appraising my worthiness to hear her story. Then she began, "When my husband John Carter was on a mission to Great Britain, traveling without purse or

script as the Elders called it, I was left with five small children to manage as best I could. One morning I knew I didn't have one single crumb of bread nor a dust of flour in my cupboard. I called my hungry children, and we went into the bedroom. We knelt with our arms around each other while I prayed to our "Father who art in Heaven"' and asked Him to send us food. Twenty minutes later, Brigham Jarvis knocked on the door, then opened it, and eased a 100 pound sack of flour onto the floor, saying, "Sister Carter, I felt impressed that you might be needing flour, so I swung a sack over my shoulder and trotted up with it."

You might ask if I got the other side of the story. Now what do you think? Father Jarvis lived next door and the event was sacred to him too. I heard him bear that testimony.

Farming
by Zora Smith Jarvis

As soon as the Dixie Pioneers were able, they took up farm land along the Virgin River. Then they sought to get the water from the nearby Virgin River to irrigate the land. A long, heart-breaking, disappointing story could be told of their toil, fatigue, undernourishment, and failure.

George Jarvis and his young son Brigham took a prominent part in that project. I'm including a poem that Mabel Jarvis wrote from an actual experience that took place. It was told, and retold to her by both her father Brigham Jarvis, Sr., and her grandfather, George Jarvis.

The Old Virgin Ditch

My grandfather told me some stories one day 'bout
The Old Virgin Ditch.
How the Pioneers first led the water that way, through
The Old Virgin Ditch.
How they sweated and toiled, while the summer sun broiled
And the ditch banks went slipping out like they were oiled.
No doubt your grandparents have told tales to you
As full of excitement and equally true.
For every old settler has something to say
About irrigating the Pioneer way
On that Old Virgin Ditch.
One time when Grandfather was called to patrol
On the Old Virgin Ditch

For two days and nights with shovel and pole,
On the Old Virgin Ditch,
He tramped down and back, mending each break and crack,
That the burned, thirsty acres no water should lack
And only one dish of bran porridge he'd eaten,
Without any milk or sugar to sweeten.
Though weary and famished, he kept the patrol
Up and down, back and forth, with shovel and pole
On that Old Virgin Ditch.
On another occasion, a gopher's foul prank
On that Old Virgin Ditch,
Had caused them the loss of some five feet of bank
On that Old Virgin Ditch.
With shovel and spade, the hillside they flayed
For fully an hour, but no progress they made.
As fast as they flung in the gravel and earth
The stream bore it onward with garrulous mirth
'Til exhausted both Grandpa and Father agreed
To keep up the battle was useless indeed
On that Old Virgin Ditch.
From his wigwam close by came Buck Hairlip to aid
In mending the Ditch.
And they sent the earth flying with shovel and spade
On that Old Virgin Ditch.
But 'twas useless they saw,
Then the Indian called "Squaw-w-w!"
"Taw-winnee, tawwinne," She replied, "Auman-hyah!"
Again the buck shouted, then swiftly came,
Across the rough furrows, his ponderous Dame.
From her loud protestations, the men feared a scrap
'Til she flung herself, back upstream, into the gap
In the Old Virgin Ditch.
In another ten minutes, the break was repaired
In the Old Virgin Ditch.
And the farmers rejoiced that their crops would be saved,
'Long the Old Virgin Ditch
But you'll pardon them both, I am sure, if they smiled,
As the earth against Sally's broad quarters they piled,
And always thereafter, Grandfather would say,
"Be kind to the Indians" Remembering that day.
Oh it's often he's moved us to laughter or tears
Rehearsing the hardships of those Pioneers
Of the Old Virgin Ditch.

--Mabel Jarvis

The Cottonwood Water Story
by Mabel Jarvis

One of the most intriguing stories of St. George is the history of this city's culinary water supply. This water is proved by chemists to be as pure as Ivory Soap, and much better tasting. It reaches the consumers without coming in contact with any polluting agents from the time it bursts forth in large springs known as "Cottonwood Springs" at the foot of the south slopes of Pine Valley Mountain, until it reaches the city. This is the story, gathered from city minute book records, from written histories, and from those who took part in bringing this supply eighteen miles over ridges, gullies, and swales.

When the pioneers landed in St. George valley in early December 1861, they found springs both east and west of the town site. These afforded sufficient water for general use as well as for irrigating a portion of the valley on which the lots were laid out. There were also two or three smaller springs higher up on the red hills that were, in time, developed to supply those who made their homes in that area.

Glad as they were for this water supply which, of course, was responsible for the location of the town site, it was not long before they found that the water, especially during the summer months, had a brackish taste. They were sure the elements it contained were responsible for the prevalence of mouth canker, dysentery, and other ailments.

In order to get this water in as pure a state as possible, the city established what was known as "The drinking hour", when animals must be kept away from the streams while the people filled their barrels, buckets, and tubs for the day's use. This was really a great improvement, and people were generally willing to cooperate.

In the winter the drinking hour was usually from 7:00 a.m. to 8:00 a.m., and in the summer was usually from 5:00 a.m. to 6:00 a.m. At this time, the streams at the east and west of the city were divided so that for a full hour a small stream would run down one side or the other of regular ditches on every north and south street in town. And while the stream ran, or within the hour, people were required to carry the water in buckets from the street ditches to their homes. People in the middle of the blocks really had a job, as they had to have fresh water every day, especially in summer, for with the constant dipping into the barrels, the water soon lost its freshness. In the summer people packed the outside of their barrels with pieces of carpet or discarded quilts, dampened just to keep the water a trifle cooler. The shadiest spot near the house or on the porch was always chosen for the "Drinking Barrel", and a clean cloth was used to cover the top of the barrel to keep out dust, flies and other possible waste. Even with all this care, the water was often unpleasing to the taste, especially if a person were ill. In July and August it was almost impossible to get a cool drink.

People today, who draw cool, clear, pure water from their taps, can't realize how different it used to be. There are many still living who remember clearly and who watched with keen interest everything that was done to improve the water supply They also had to dip up water in barrels for laundering, but this was usually done when the water was on their lots for irrigating. It was often a job the children had to do. It was really work, and in those days not many people had lawns for the water had to be used for gardens, though we did have flowers and shade trees, grape vines, and fruit trees.

When storms came in those days, the water would be muddy although not for long, but the water ditches had to be cleaned often or the water did not taste so good. Generally, at every corner and here and there along each block, stone or wooden water falls were made. This kept the ditch banks from wearing or washing out so fast and afforded an easier place to dip the buckets of water. Often, too, when there was sickness, people would drive over to Washington for barrels or bottles of water, but that took much time out of a busy day.

As early as 1865, enterprising men of the city were out looking for other sources of water. The best supply from the first was the water of the big Cottonwood Springs, which many men had enjoyed when they went to the mountains for wood. There were also cold springs on the mountain ranch taken by the Blakes of St. George and Gublers of Santa Clara. I can well remember, even in the early 1890's. before the Cottonwood water was brought to town, how glad we were when Father came home from that area with a load of wood or posts and brought his five-gallon water keg at least partly full of that good clear water. It was great to fill our cups from the keg when they took out the wooden corks or stoppers. We were cautioned not to waste it.

Early in 1879 the people of St. George often talked of bringing the Cottonwood supply down. The idea was discussed at city meetings and in church, but everyone knew the cost of such a project would be terrific, also finding the course over which it might be brought was something to puzzle even surveyor's heads. But that was the water supply they wanted, and the idea was often discussed and wondered about. The people knew that if they could just have this water, it would mean improvement in health, to say nothing of other advantages including more water for irrigation.

One day during the hot summer of 1874, Brigham Jarvis, then a young man, rode horseback over to Washington with the head of this mission, Erastus Snow and Anthony W. Ivans (who later became an Apostle of the L.D.S. Church.). They went mainly to see if it would be possible to divert a portion of the Factory Wash stream, provided they could purchase it, across to St. George. They all understood a little about land elevations and were quick to see that this would not be feasible.

Then they began talking about the Cottonwood Springs. Turning to them, Erastus Snow said, **"Someday St. George will have that water supply, and I shall not be surprised, Brig, if you help make this possible."**

During the 1880's people had become more and more determined to get Cottonwood water into St. George. The idea was studied by the city council, local surveyors, and others who made several trips to study the possibilities. Money was appropriated for surveys, one of which proposed bringing the water down what is known as Cottonwood Wash, damming off the wash, and bringing the water across from that location to St. George. However, tests and rechecking proved this and other schemes out of the question. Almost eleven thousand dollars was spent in these surveys.

From the time Erastus Snow had made his statement, Brigham Jarvis was deeply concerned. He went over the area repeatedly in his wagon, on horseback, and on foot, and surveyed it with his homemade surveying equipment. Finally, he told the city council he knew the water could be delivered by canal. Some men present ridiculed the idea, called him crazy, and said the route he outlined on paper would take the water uphill. But Brigham insisted it could be done. On suggestion of the Mayor, Edward M. Brown, a motion was put and carried, for a group to go over the proposed route with Brigham Jarvis, which they did. It did look like an impossibility. However, in time the city council accepted the proposal made by Brigham, that he be permitted access to two thousand dollars in cash, mostly for explosives and a little for the men, and be permitted the authority to issue labor certificates. These labor certificates allowed the men to get shares of water stock to hold until such time as increase in the city population demanded the entire supply. Then the stockholders could be bought out at a reasonable price. The work began in earnest.[4]

City Surveyor Isaac MacFarlane, was authorized to make an official check of the proposed line. He did and approved the route. The project was launched, and it required many months. Though men still insisted the project would fail, the work went forward.

Brigham Jarvis worked for the same wage as the regular laborers. Every group was given so many feet, or rods, to complete. As each day's work was completed, the water was turned down and allowed to run through the night to wash the loose soil out and to prove that the engineer of the project, Brigham Jarvis, had made no mistake.

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[4]The homemade surveyor outfit that Brigham Jarvis, Sr., made and used for this Cottonwood water project, was later used on all his other water projects or any fence, ditch, or land that needed a correct line.

The tripod was made of hardwood. This tripod was given to my husband, Brigham Jarvis, Jr., after his father's death. The tripod is still in our shop (in St. George), but the spirit level was given to our son Dr. George A. Jarvis of Los Alamos, New Mexico, for a valuable family souvenir. The spirit level is still usable. Mabel Jarvis took pictures of her father and his surveyor outfit along the Cottonwood water line. See "Of His Work", page 124.

--Zora Smith Jarvis (1967)

Many men still live (January 1953) who well remember the patient, arduous work, and what cheers went up when finally (1896) the water same pouring over the red hill.

Brigham Jarvis surveying St. George water line

This was an occasion for public celebration, and people did celebrate in a big way. It wasn't too long before the city water system was put in, the water being settled first in an open pond and later in a brick-walled head-house. Now it is piped the entire distance.

One fact is worth mentioning. Later when the pipe was laid from the springs, the pipe was laid in the original canal without further excavations. This is a tribute to the man who first laid out the water course with only an ordinary spirit level, which he purchased for $75.00.

The water first came over the red hills in the summer of 1896. The city made its first extensive piping in 1918 and completed piping in 1936. In 1946. they added the water of the Blake and Gubler Springs as well as developing the original supply.

One fact that the children of Brigham Jarvis and others remember is that for several years, before the project was started and even after the project was completed, he kept valid filings on this water in the name of the city at his own expense so that the city's rights would not be jeopardized.

Today when you draw a glass or bucket of this clear, pure, good-tasting water; when you turn on the hose to water your lawns or wash your cars; when you see how this city has grown; when you see how many modern conveniences the people enjoy; even how much property loss is averted because the very efficient city fire department can draw an adequate water supply; remember with kindness what the people who first came to this city went through. Remember how constantly they labored to bring about the luxury we enjoy today with one of the best and purest water supplies in the entire west. --January 1, 1953

A Visit with George E. Miles
(A record of a visit by Zora Smith Jarvis with her uncle,
George E. Miles[5], on October 20, 1966.)

During the morning of October 20, 1966, I visited Uncle George E. Miles, who is 100 years old and whose mind is alert and clear as can be. I opened the front door of his St. George home, walked down the long hall, and opened the door to the big living room. He recognized me instantly and invited me to come and sit by him.

I felt he could tell me much about the St. George water problem, and I was not disappointed He said that he had served 25 years as the St. George stake clerk, and during that time the Church was working with the city council at all times, urging and helping in any possible way to better the city's water supply.

We began an animated discussion about the visit George and Ann Prior Jarvis made to Arizona at the time the St. George Temple tower was being done, to see if the change would help Ann's asthma. Uncle George thought that they would have stayed and made their home in Arizona, but George Jarvis was called home to make the tower on the St. George Temple higher. He did the scaffolding as he had done for the walls of the temple during its construction.

We talked about the early pioneer days and the alkali in the water. Then he arose and raised his arms in a circular position and said, "Brigham Jarvis was the man who was helping everyone with water problems. With Brig it was always water, water, water." He told of a number of Brigham's activities. It thrilled me, as his wonderful mind was sharp and clear in detail. Then he exclaimed, "Brigham finally brought the Cottonwood water into the city." Lowering his voice to a deep bass, he continued, "Of course, the city paid him $2,000, to get the job done." Then he added, "The present pipes are laid in the same canal Brig had the men make at that time."

Brigham Jarvis, Sr., and Cottonwood Water — St. George
by Claude Cannon

Brigham Jarvis made a tripod and used a spirit level with two peep sites on each end as he surveyed the ditch which brought the Cottonwood water into St. George, Utah.

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[5]George E. Miles married Josephine Jarvis, sister of Brigham Jarvis. Uncle George blessed me with health and ability to pay honorable tribute to Brigham Jarvis, Sr.

When they got to "Jackass Point" they couldn't get to the top with a team and wagon. They hauled an anvil as close to the point as they could but had to leave it there. Brigham expected the men to carry it on up the mountain, but they had failed in the attempt. The next morning when the men got there, they found the anvil was where they needed to use it. Brigham Jarvis had carried it up himself. The anvil and forge were needed to sharpen the tools they used to dig the ditch.

He rode a mule and carried his tripod and spirit level to each point as he made the survey. He measured the normal step of the mule and rode him so many steps around the mountain side. He then put a stake at that spot as an approximate marker for his survey. In this way he followed the contour of the mountain instead of trying to go up over the point where they had previously planned. As the men dug the ditch, water was run to that point.

This was the procedure carried out which brought the water into St. George. This route is the same one that is still used to bring culinary water to St. George. At this time it is syphoned through a pipeline over the mountain.

My father, David H. Cannon, told me many times that the L.D.S. Church had put out a great deal of money investigating the feasibility of the project, and had finally decided the water could not be brought in at that time.

I understand that much of the money Brigham Jarvis, Sr., got from his mine was used to finance the project.

I, Claude Cannon, born and raised and having lived in St. George all my life, am of the opinion that Brigham Jarvis did more regarding water in the early days for St. George than any one man. --Signed by Claude Cannon, May 19, 1963

Note: In a recent interview with Claude Cannon, he said ,"I was the most intimate friend and companion of Thomas, son of Brigham Jarvis, Sr. who died at the age of twelve. We used to play with his father's span of mules." --Zora Smith Jarvis (1967)

This article and a picture were submitted to the Washington County News by E. L. Jarvis, historian. (Published Thursday, September 16, 1965.)

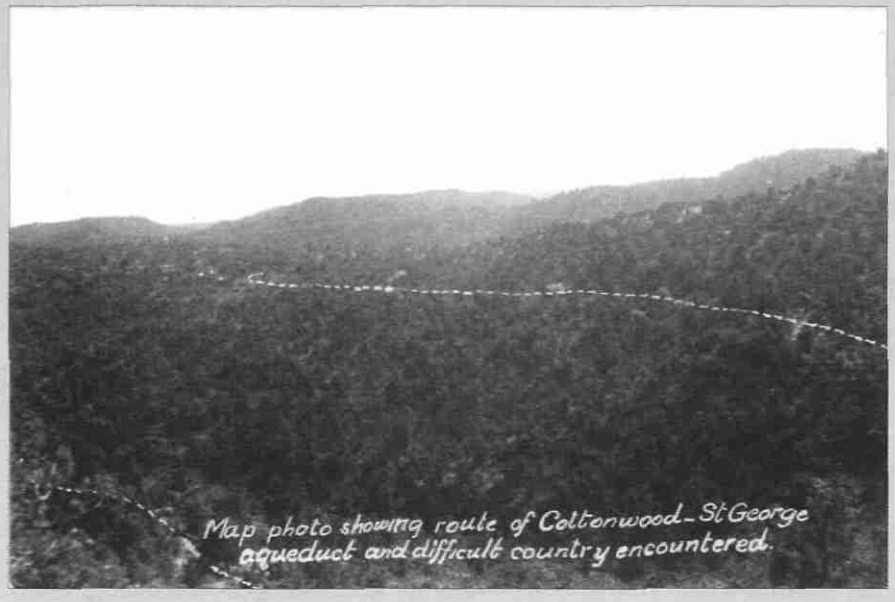
Out of the Past

by E. L. Jarvis

A group of Piute pine-nut harvesters came to Cottonwood Creek on the south slope of Pine Valley Mountain for water. They found the water running in a four foot wide ditch. An old Indian was first to come along down the ditch, and when he found Brigham Jarvis looking through his transit, he saw his helper drive a grade stake.

The stream was running back into the creek bed nearby, and he examined the operation, then came back and exclaimed, "Nuny Kutch Sabby, water all time down hill, Jarvis water uphill." It really looked that way because of the fast receding creek bed and the towering hillside. Jarvis was the city councilman assigned to do the job.

The enclosed view along the 18 mile open ditch of most difficult terrain shows a challenging task indeed. Mr. Jarvis was self-taught and had gained desire and incentive through working along with his father, George Jarvis, as water boy while George drove the piles in the Dixie Cotton Mission diversion dam on the Virrgin River, a little southwest of the cotton gin and factory and near Washington, five miles east of St. George Tabernacle. The piles have since



decayed or eroded away. He drove the first ox team on the newly surveyed town and helped his father pitch the first tent on lot 6 of Block 1, plat A, St. George City Survey. They had helped surveyor Angus M. Cannon lay out the new city. The lot is still owned by a member of the family.

Brigham laid out dam sites and surveyed ditches. He also organized the Jarvis Dam and Ditch Company and blasted out a spillway using sand gates. He helped build the Washington field dam and used a spillway there also. When the Jarvis field land was washed away and abandoned, he bought up the 10 second feet and filed to use it at the Hurricane Canal where he, with others from St. George, Hurricane, and LaVerkin, organized the Dixie Irrigation Project. They filed on more water and also bought the LaVerkin hot springs.

Another project was to water the desert west of Pinto and north of Enterprise. Still another, was the Green River to Dog Valley survey northwest of Cove Fort.

Quotations Concerning Brigham Jarvis
from *IMMORTAL PIONEERS*, by Albert E. Miller

Later generations may wonder why the pioneers crossed over the east black ridge, going up over the steep rocks and not around the south end near the Virgin River. At the south end at that time was a deep swamp which reached up to the end of the ridge. Here the huge black rocks projecting into the swamp blocked the making of a road. This breeding place for malaria was made into a farm by Brigham Jarvis. He rolled down the rushes and washed in sand with the water from the Virgin ditch, accomplishing three objects-doing away with a breeding place for mosquitos, making a farm, and preparing a road.[6]

On January 4, 1896, Edward M. Brown became mayor with John G. McQuarrie, Brigham Jarvis, Samuel Miles, Jr., George T. Cottam and C. F. Foster as city councilmen; Clarence Jackson, recorder. Later, F. L. Daggett, deputy recorder, filled the office.

Brigham Jarvis, who had contracted to bring cord wood to Silver Reef, believed that a route for a canal could be located between the two previous diversions which had failed.

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[6]Albert E. Miller, *Immortal Pioneers*, p. 29

This would be at a point where all the water could be secured and brought to the north of the valley, reaching all parts of the city.

On January 23 and 24 a route was leveled by Brigham Jarvis to the head of Washington Hollow. On Tuesday, February 1, he went on to Cottonwood to level and explore; and continued on 12th and 13th. On Friday, the 14th, I. C. MacFarlane, city engineer came and started the survey. The diverting of the Cottonwood stream was done by interested persons who desired to do the work for stock in the supply of water secured. (Mr. Miller fails to mention that Brigham Jarvis was the man chosen by the city council to take charge of the work and engineer it on the route Jarvis had surveyed and the city surveyor I. C. MacFarlane had okayed. Also, he fails to mention that Jarvis was given $2,000, for expenses and also given the right to write out the claims for stock certificates to the men who worked on the ditch.--Zora Smith Jarvis, 1967.)[7]

Thus, in two years was accomplished the most beneficial piece of work ever to be done for the growth and progress of St. George City. The same city officers were retained for the next term of office. On September 13, 1897, Councilmen Cottam and Jarvis and the Mayor were named to select a route from the gulch to the city. The selection was made by the end of the week, and by the end of the term of office of these men, the work was completed, the water entering the valley over the red hill to the north. It thereby provided a water supply for the installation of a water system later, a system equaled by few and surpassed by none.[8]

During the term of Albert E. Miller as mayor in 1936 and 1937 and through the aid of the Federal Government, the water was piped from the springs, coming out of Pine Valley Mountains to the city a distance of 18 miles. By this piping, a saving was made of half the water, which had been lost through the canal system.

Through the aid of the Federal Government and a revenue bond at an expenditure of $157,000, the dream of each administration from the founding of the City was accomplished.[9]

Quotations about Brigham Jarvis

from *I WAS CALLED TO DIXIE*, by Andrew Karl Larson

John G. McQuarrie, a member of the St. George City Council during the period when the water was finally brought to St. George, said of Jarvis, "He saw the possibility of turning this priceless stream of water over a canyon wall a thousand feet high, thus changing a course from the southwest where it is now. Like the rock that Moses smote in Horeb's burning sand,

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[7] Ibid., p. 501

[8] Ibid., p. 52

[9] Ibid., p. 87

it sent forth its healing waters to gladden all the land. For 20 years Brig continued to talk Cottonwood water. Others joined in the chorus."

There seems to be a general agreement of opinion that it was Brigham Jarvis, Sr., who kept alive the agitation for bringing the Cottonwood water to St. George. It was his idea that it could be brought over the present route when the deceptive topography of the country argued it would make the ditch so expensive that it would be impractical.[10]

The Spillway

Brigham Jarvis introduced an innovation in dam building on the Virgin when he conceived the idea of a spillway to control the excess water which came down the river. Jarvis pioneered this device in Utah and was perhaps the first to use it in the West . . . At any rate, Jarvis' idea was put to practical use on the Virgin River at a later date when the present St. George and Washington Field Canal Company built its dam during the early 1890s. The device was used later in the construction of storage reservoirs in Utah and in projects all over the West, some of them gigantic in size. The idea was original with him.[11]

Report by the Editor of *The Union*, April 2, 1896

The editor of *The Union* writes, "Progress of work on the ditch to bring the Cottonwood water to St. George, I am informed that about one-fourth of the labor to bring the water to Washington Hollow is already done, and about thirty men are still at work. If our young men who want homes are not wide awake, the time to insure some of this water will soon pass by as men of means are not slow to see a good opportunity in which to invest their money. I would say, 'Boys round up your shoulders and grasp the opportunity to get some water rights, as water means homes where you can have the comforts of life, and this can now be obtained with the poor man's capital--that is, labor--so I say, don't wait till it is too late.'"

News Story from *the Union*, November, 13, 1897

This newspaper gives Brigham Jarvis credit for discovering the feasible route for the canal. It said, "After thoroughly examining both of the old routes, they made a preliminary

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[10]Andrew Karl Larson, *I Was Called To Dixie*, p. 614.

[11]Ibid., p. 361.

examination of Mr. Jarvis's route and unanimously decided that it was by far the best route for the canal. In fact it proved to be much better than Mr. Jarvis himself had expected to find it."

Taken from a bound copy of *The Union* (Newspaper) for the year 1896, now in possession of Archie D. Wallis, St. George, Utah. (1967) He has the County News from the earliest times to the present in bound volumes.

A Brief Review of the Cottonwood Water History and the Present Situation
(Written in August 1927 and revised in August 1928)
By Brigham Jarvis, Sr.

The question of water supply for St. George has been one of great importance ever since the settlement of the country as the local springs were small, furnishing only one and one-half second feet of water of a very poor quality. This spring water was also found to be poisonous and dangerous, causing canker in people and being hard on plant life.

An effort was made by the city to get artesian water with the hope that more water of a better quality could be obtained. A well was drilled on the Public Square, to a depth of more than 200 feet by September 23, 1863, but to no avail. Next, a charter right was secured on the Santa Clara stream, it being thought this could be utilized, and though surveys were made, a drought set in, the creek dried up and the Santa Clara people were obliged to haul water from St. George for their own use. This plan was therefore abandoned and no further efforts have ever been made to bring the Santa Clara water into St. George, although there continued to be much sickness at that time, many children dying, it was thought, as a result of the bad water.

In 1865, the question of our water supply was being discussed by George Albert Smith of the First Presidency of the Church, (Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints) and in commenting on the sickness caused by the bad water he recommended the use of a goodly portion of fats with our foods to overcome the effects of the alkali in the water, and at the same time predicted that this city should yet have plenty of good water for culinary purposes.

Following the above prediction, considerable effort was made in trying to locate a route by which the Cottonwood stream could be brought into St. George. This water was then running down through Harrisburg Canyon into the Rio Virgin, and was being used by some of the early settlers in Cactus Flat and elsewhere along the stream. Among these users were the Leanys of Harrisburg, and "Mone" Alexander of Washington, who later sold to Richard Prince his interests near the head of the stream, after having used it for two years. Richard Prince held this for the succeeding seven years, during this time increasing the acreage up to about ten acres.

About this time Houston and West, then merchants of Silver Reef, being interested in the idea of building a city on Harrisburg Bench, offered Richard Prince $1,500 for his interests

in this stream, Prince being among others also connected with this movement. Some work was done, but owing to drought, there was a halt in their operations.

At this time, another project was under way by which in 1879 a survey was made with the purpose of bringing the Cottonwood stream into Spring Hollow by means of a canal and tunnel. This project would have required about three quarters of a mile of canal and approximately 2,000 feet of tunneling. Some work was done in the fall of 1879, until snow set in and it was resumed the following February (1880) when the snow melted, but discontent arose over delayed supplies, as well as other matters on which all were not agreed, one particularly discouraging feature being the difficulties arising as a result of the red clay encountered at the head. As fast as a canal was finished and the water turned in, the clay soaked and softened, allowing the side hill to slide down, carrying with it brush and debris, and causing much trouble and dissatisfaction. The men finally discontinued work and returned home, and thus the idea prevailed that the project had been abandoned. As a result of this idea, the other claimants on the stream, being unable to come to an agreement with those undertaking the project, decided to arbitrate the question and if possible bring about a settlement. The arbitration date was set, the claimants agreeing to meet in St. George.

Meantime, a second survey was made by John MacFarlane under the direction of Erastus Snow. This line was surveyed below the upper site, and because of being run too low would require over a mile of tunneling, hence the apparent cost made this route prohibitive.

The above arbitration was called and Richard Prince, being dissatisfied with the way matters were progressing, left the meeting to return home, but was overtaken by A. W. Ivins and the then Mayor R. C. Lund, who there negotiated a purchase of his rights, Prince explained that he had refused $1,500 for his interests, but if, as they assured him the water was to be used in St. George, he was willing to relinquish his claims without further protest and would abandon his ranch. However, they insisted that he should have some recompense and asked him what the ranch had cost him. Learning that he had paid $200. for his holdings they agreed to make this amount good to him, which was done. (See minutes at the Washington County Court House.) Following this, A. W. Ivins also obtained from Hyrum Leany his interests, he being the other one of the two largest owners. Mr. Leany, however, received no money settlement, surrendering his rights willingly and abandoning his holdings on Cactus Flat upon being told that the water was to be used in St. George, for culinary purposes. There were in addition, two other smaller claimants who surrendered their rights for the sum of $40 each, according to the best memory of the writer and affirmed by others familiar with the case.

As a result of these acquired rights, under the direction of the City Council of St. George, a survey was made to divert the Cottonwood water from its regular channel with the idea of maintaining title. This survey extended from the Prince ranch to the head of the factory Wash, a distance of more than two miles, and was only intended to serve until such time as the people were able to locate some satisfactory route by which this stream could be conducted to St. George. This canal was constructed at a cost of more than $4,000,000, most of the money used being hired from Mrs. Alice Pendleton and George Woodward. Before any of this

expense had occurred further than the cost of the survey, a citizen, familiar with this part of the country condemned the proposed route on account of the gyp formation through which it would pass, and offered to show the City Council a canal line by which the water could be delivered as desired. His information and offer were, however, rejected and the work on the canal was pushed forward. When the water was finally turned in, the absolute futility of the work done was manifest, the gyp formation making it impossible to keep the stream in. But though this condition existed, and the canal line was as much as 335 feet lacking in altitude, the next incoming council persisted in trying to maintain and extend the canal. In spite of the two men employed to patrol this canal, large breaks occurred, causing much additional expense, some of the breaks requiring some seventy odd dollars for repairs, only to wash out again. And thus the disaster continued.

Since the work on this route was begun during the incumbency of Mayor R. C. Lund, the writer asked him for an expression as to why this persistent unnecessary expense on a useless route, and Mr. Lund reaffirmed the idea previously given out that the only purpose was to divert the water from its regular channel in order to maintain title. The work on this project had been carried forward without the advice of President Erastus Snow, known as the Father of this Dixie Country, and upon whose counsel the people were wont to rely, but he was at this time out of the country and therefore not available. At an earlier date the writer had discussed the route he had defined with President Erastus Snow and both had foreseen that unless some immediate action were taken, title to the water would have to be secured by purchase, as finally proved to be the case.

In 1896, a final effort was made by the aforementioned citizen, who asked that a town meeting be called where the question as to formations that will hold water be discussed. This meeting was called by F. I. Daggett, who was then Mayor, and at the session the citizen reported a feasible route which would bring the water through granite, sandstone and basalt formations most of the way. His report received favor, whereupon, it was moved and carried that this citizen be made a member of the City Council and be placed in charge of the proposed project, and a committee of five citizens was appointed to accompany the incoming council in looking over the proposed route.

During this inspection trip an incident occurred which provided occasion for the naming of Snow Hollow. E. B. Snow, Sr., (now deceased) then a member of the St. George Stake Presidency, did not leave with the main party but followed them later in the day. While trying to locate the others, darkness came on, finding himself in a high-walled box canyon with no apparent exit except by retracing his course. He therefore dismounted and sat alone in the canyon all night, holding his horse by the reins. Knowing he was to join them later, and fearing, as night came on, that he had lost his way, the others tried to find him. Although they could hear him "halloing", and he could hear their voices, their voices reverberated from the walls of the box canyon and left him unable to determine what direction to take. When he ceased calling, it was decided he had returned home, and the search that night was discontinued. But, he joined them the next morning, having found his way out of the canyon after daybreak, and was quite ready for the hearty camp breakfast, which all enjoyed. Because

of his name and the experience of the previous night, it was decided to call this echoing canyon, "Snow Hollow", and an almost snow-white ledge in the canyon adding purposeful effect to the name.

The program of inspection was continued, the entire party being greatly delighted with their findings, and on their recommendations the launching of the project was authorized and work was commenced immediately. In order to provide sure title, and to quiet title to all possible claims, the Superintendent of Canal Construction made filings to cover the eight second feet of water and transferred the same to the City of St. George for bare cost of filings.

About this time a change in the Stake Presidency brought Edward H. Snow into office and from the first he manifested keen interest in the project. Knowing that 800 feet of tunneling through the south wall of Snow Hollow would replace the one and one-half miles of canal, and that 1,300 feet of pipe-line across another canyon at Tunnel Ridge, would have another three-quarter mile of canal, besides preventing the washing of accumulations of decayed vegetable matter and other debris, and that the fifty feet of extra fall provided would supply the necessary head pressure for the pipe-line, the Superintendent explained these items to President Edward H. Snow, and on request the President accompanied him on a trip to go over the situation. Although the tunneling and pipe-line were not planned for, the Superintendent felt the facts merited consideration before the project was carried beyond this point, the tunnel site at Snow Hollow being approximately two hundred rods from the head of the canal. President Snow, however, expressed regret that the funds necessary could not be obtained by the city at that time, since the annual revenue did not exceed $1,500.00. The canal project was therefore continued and in due course of time the much needed supply of water was delivered into the City of St. George. Much joy was expressed when this splendid stream was seen plunging down over the red hill at the foot of the Sugar Loaf, and a general city celebration marked the occasion.

As soon as the water reached the city, President Snow began urging the cultivation of vacant lots, and has never ceased to advise and encourage every movement looking to the building up and developing of the resources of this country.

This canal was completed by 1898, having been accomplished at a cost of approximately $8,924.59 with an actual cash outlay of $823.05, which amount was appropriated by the city to purchase supplies for such contractors as were unable to finance their own outfits, and this cash outlay was fully recovered by water script or credit as the city's portion of title. Practically all of the construction work down to the Divide at the head of Washington Hollow was done by contract job, the contractors receiving water credit in recognition of their rights as per their agreement with the city to become pro rata stockholders according to the credits set opposite their names in the Superintendent's report and copy of agreement attached hereto. From the Divide on down the work in the main was done by day's labor, including the laterals necessary to connect with the city ditches.

Soon after the water was brought into the city, Jean F. Webb, representing the Utah and Eastern Copper Company, then operating a smelter at the head of Diagonal street, presented his company's offer to pipe the Cottonwood water from its source in return for the privilege of using the stream in connection with the West Spring, which they were then using, to increase the power for their smelter. This would have delivered the water to the city in its pure state, however, Mr. Webb's proposition was rejected.

During the time of construction of the canal, what was thought to be a splendid site for a storage reservoir was investigated, but was condemned on account of its formation, the ground proving to be unfit for the purpose desired since it contained fissures, seams, cinder beds and sink holes, some of which would take the entire stream for weeks without any apparent tendency to fill up. It was not at this time generally known that the stream would serve eventually for culinary purposes only, and was not so much adapted for irrigation, as the water flow lowered perceptibly during the late fall, was frozen up at the head during the winter, etc., the highest flow coming in the late spring from April to June. Therefore, the idea of reservoiring would be rather a disappointment than an advantage, and was abandoned by the council then serving. A later council revived the idea and prepared plans and estimates for the proposed reservoir.

The first cause of dissatisfaction occurred after the Cottonwood stream reached the town, when the city council began to make distribution of the water. According to the contract, the city was only entitled to water credit sufficient to cover the cash outlay made during the canal construction of $823.05 plus the amounts paid out to the original water users for their interests as heretofore explained, and plus the $73.05 for powder, fuse and supplies delivered and distributed on the work. But the city assumed the right to take credit to cover the cost of the former abandoned canal, in spite of the fact that this canal was not, nor ever could have been used in connection with the route completed. The contractors therefore felt that the city had in this way broken faith with them in that they were failing to live up to that part of the contract and agreement which provided for the pro rata division of the water. (See contract--not reproduced in this compilation). This the contractors considered was in direct violation of what they maintained was a legal and binding agreement, and they felt that their contract prices might as well have been cut in two.

In order to allow the credit assumed by the city it would have made necessary a division of the shares originally agreed upon, which was unfair to the contractors, and to this they were directly opposed since they also realized that they must yield their entire interests whenever the growth of the city demanded the use of the entire water supply for culinary purposes. They were, however, willing to submit to any advisable or necessary tax for the improvement and maintenance of the project during the time that these shares were in their possession.

The city had been unable to finance the project on account of the heavy obligations they were still under as a result of borrowing money for the project that had been abandoned, and the amount needed was beyond the city's bonding privileges at that time. This

responsibility was therefore assumed by the contractors after having obtained advice from Judge Thurman of Provo, then recognized as the best advisor in the state. A copy of the contract was sent for his consideration and opinion, which he expressed freely to the effect that since the city was unable to finance the project, should the citizens be willing to assume the obligations there would be no objection to the proposed pro rata division of the stock as per the agreement. But in spite of the complete report of the Superintendent, showing the credit due the different citizens , and in direct disregard to the advise of Judge Thurman as to the legality of the matter, a resolution was drawn up, proposed, and carried, authorizing the city to assume the water credit being then protested by the original, or contract stockholders.

A motion then followed proposing that inasmuch as the city had assumed the right to said credits, the water covered by the same be distributed equally throughout the city for regular use, a tax of fifty cents per share to be added for its use, this added tax to take care of the city's portion of the expense of upkeep and assist in paying off the obligations they were carrying. This motion was carried and served in a measure to appease the contractors, who realized that in this way the water would be assured for culinary purposes for the city for some time to come, which was in effect the purpose of the motion, and whatever surplus there might be would continue to serve for use on the lots.

On account of the expense incurred in constructing the lower abandoned project, the city was still deeply in debt, and the contractors knew that as property owners they had been and would continue to be taxed to meet the payments on the George Woodward and Mrs. Alice Pendleton notes, of which only part had thus far been paid.

So long as the city distributed this water equally to each lot the probability of litigation seemed less apparent, but when this water was withdrawn and rented to others, a new situation arose. Sufficient water was retained by the city for culinary purposes, which was right, but although the remainder was rented to land holders in the valley, the citizens continued to be and still are taxed the extra fifty cents per lot without the use of the water, and those to whom the water was rented are also taxed, making this in effect double tax on the same shares.

There seemed to be a lack of revenue to meet the city's requirements, hence the original shares of water held by the stockholders were cut in two. This was termed a doubling of the shares, but since all shares continue to be assessed the same as original shares, it was in reality creating a second double tax. This action was not warranted by law for no company or corporation has any legal right, after acknowledging a stockholder, to change the established time schedule of an individual's water right without his knowledge and the voted consent of the stockholders. (See Kinney on Irrigation.)

The attention of the citizens was next called by the city to the construction of the proposed storage reservoir. Judge Thurman was again consulted and advised as to what the city proposed to do. The Judge gave an opinion against any such action. His advice, however, was ignored, and as has since been stated by one individual when asked as to why, that "had the Judge's opinion not been ignored, the reservoir would never have been built."

The stockholders knew that the reservoir plan had been condemned, but labored under a variation of ideas, the one most definite being that of overcoming the former objection by increasing the shares of stock, and from the sale of this proposed new stock to finance the construction of the reservoir, instead of assessing the original shares as the stockholders anticipated would be done for any and all improvements that might be made.

The vote of consent at the meeting where the reservoir project was presented, was a mass citizen vote rather than a majority vote of the recognized stockholders, and was the result of the desire on the part of the citizens to obtain water for irrigation purposes, rather than to obstruct the interests of the original stockholders, but few, if any, were clear as to the actual facts in the case.

On April 9, 1912, following the above mentioned mass meeting, D. R. Forsha, then city recorder, issued according to instruction, a notice substantially as follows:

The subscription list is now open at my office to all those wishing to take stock in the Cottonwood Reservoir, according to the following rules and regulations:

Provided that five per cent of all subscriptions shall be paid down on the date subscribed.

Provided that the original stockholders shall have a preference right to take up to 90% of their holdings.

It is further provided that any person who is a property holder in the city may take stock, but in no case shall anyone be permitted to take the amount of $500.00 or less than one-fourth of a share.

That the city may put in some amount later. (Amount not stated.)

It is plain to be seen that the phases of this notice are conflicting, since those who held seven shares or more of the original stock could not take the allowed 90% without exceeding the $500.00 limit, original shares being valued at $125.00. Nor were such stipulations lived up to, for later on new purchasers secured as many as twenty shares of this Reservoir stock. Neither did the above notice make any provision for the equalizing of the original and reservoir shares.

At first there was talk of allowing original stockholders two shares of Reservoir stock for each $100.00 worth of credit they obtained. Later it was decided to charge $125.00 for each and every share both of the original and the reservoir stock.

The work of constructing the Reservoir was finally begun and a trench was made in which to lay up the face wall of the Reservoir dam. In this trench, cinder beds were opened up which fairly drank in the water and could not be dammed off, notwithstanding a force of

men and teams were used. The water was then turned off above, the trench filled up with earth hauled into it and another wall was constructed some twenty feet east of the first one, but on the same black lava ledge. During the process of construction, several test pits were made which revealed the fissured condition. These cinder beds and sink holes were cleaned out to various depths and filled with earth in the hope of making them retain water.

As the work progressed, several of the subscribers became convinced that the reservoir was more or less of a speculation and some of them transferred, sold, or otherwise disposed of what credit they had accumulated, and had it not been for the promise that the reservoir stock would be made of equal value with the canal stock, it is certain that many who continued to work out their subscriptions, would also have taken the same course. As it was, the city was obliged to appropriate several thousand dollars to complete the reservoir. Never since the canal was completed and the water turned in, has the average annual flow been sufficient to justify the expense of this reservoir. Nor would this expense be justifiable if the water supply were sufficient, since the reservoir will not retain the water, as experience has proved.

The present water master's statement is to the effect that during the past three years there has never been sufficient flow of water to justify wasting it in the reservoir, especially during the years just past (1926). From observations he has concluded that the greater pressure of water occasions greater proportionate loss through the porous seams of the rock bed of the reservoir. This fact has been noted by him and by others more deeply interested, there being a rise in the water for a few days followed by a perceptible lowering without any decrease of the inflow, or increase in the outflow. A repetition of these variations has been observed by the water master, the present Mayor and the writer.

This condition was particularly noticeable last year, for although we experienced the most open winter known in the history of the country, and the inflow was more regular than ever before--there having been an interruption due to freezing of three days only--it required only one week to draw out the entire accumulation from the reservoir. On June 1, 1926, the stream was measured, showing a flow of nine (9) second feet at the head of the canal. At this time of the year the stream is usually at its highest flow.

On account of the open winter more call was made for water for gardening, as a result of which more than the regular amount used for culinary purposes was turned through the culinary pipe for irrigating, the stream being too small to divide for both purposes. There was also a very small amount drawn from the reservoir to meet the demands of a few lots in the East District.

During the winter of 1924, conditions were different. The weather was decidedly colder and more difficulties were experienced with ice flow along the Gulch. Also, due to the extreme cold, less water was required for winter gardening, and though the flow at the head was somewhat larger, the reservoir accumulations were drawn off in four days. When measured in May, 1925, there were less than four second feet of water at the head. This

amount showed no appreciable increase at any time after this measurement, but continued to decrease throughout the season.

It has been noticed also that during storm periods, when the water was muddy, the waste in the main canal from the head down, was proportionately less than when the water was clear and less in volume. For this reason the need of improving the canal from the head down to the reservoir by cementing, piping, etc., is very apparent, as in hot weather and low stages there is a loss of nearly 50% of the water, due to soakage and evaporation, between the headwater and St. George, a distance of sixteen miles.

Since neither the reservoir accumulations nor the actual stream volume could supply sufficient water for the shares of Reservoir stock that had been sold to original stockholders and new purchasers, the only possible recourse would have been a division of the original stock. It is plainly neither right nor just for any company or corporation to diminish the volume of water by attempting any division whatsoever of the original stock, nor by putting the same into any reservoir that fails to retain the water supply. Nor is it just or reasonable that the original stockholders be asked to accept Reservoir stock as of equal value with their original shares. But, should it be determined to make this division, why should not the distribution of water be made direct from the canal instead of attempting to turn it into the reservoir where its value will be so diminished and wasted.

One item worth considering at this point is the fact that up to the present time the city has never presumed to assess the so-called new shares of stock, commonly known as Reservoir stock. This is no doubt because of the continued dissatisfaction and the apparent uncertainty of their being legally recognized.

Some people were unwilling to purchase this Reservoir stock and others were unable to do so. Such individuals have been termed unwilling to support the city in its projects, yet willing to share in whatever advantages and benefits came therefrom. However, the fact remains that those who bought Reservoir stock were merely cutting their own original shares in two and paying for the privilege of so doing, a fact overlooked by those who agreed to the proposition and purchased Reservoir stock.

Some claim that the work on the reservoir protected the city's rights to the water, especially in the winter time. This, however, is not correct, for while the reservoir was being constructed, the canal was permitted to fill up with gravel and debris from a dislodged portion of a ledge having fallen into the canal at the head, as a result of which an overflow occurred whereby five of the original thirteen second feet of water were lost, filings on this having been made and allowed. It is claimed that the city regained five second feet at least by a later filing. It is not possible that this could be other than secondary water right as long as the filing made and allowed earlier is not allowed to lapse, as there is not available the eighteen second feet of water which this would otherwise necessitate.

Now, had the money put into the reservoir construction been spent at the head of the canal in tunneling, cementing and improving, thus shortening the course, it is not difficult to determine what results could have been obtained in retaining and controlling the water supply during the entire year. During the winter months the flow becomes so reduced that the canal, being frozen at the head, serves as a sort of natural pipe-line and no overflow results. Now had the debris and gravel been kept cleaned out at the head, the spring season overflow which was lost by filing would never have occurred. If cemented at the head where needed, the water would be delivered safely throughout all seasons of the year and under all conditions.

It would seem, therefore, that the only just and sane solution would be for the city to take over the stock in its entirety, renting back to the stockholders whatever surplus is available over and above that needed for culinary purposes. By so doing the stream would be established primarily for culinary purposes and the dangers of litigation would be eliminated. In this way the water would be made to serve the dual purpose of city and stockholder until such time as the entire supply is needed for culinary purposes. But so long as the present unsatisfactory conditions maintain, a litigation is at any time possible, probable.

For the current year the matter has been tabled and no immediate action will be taken, the water master having been ordered to make distribution according to the former schedule.

Since it is now a matter of general knowledge that this stream should and will be depended on for culinary purposes only, we should do everything possible to insure the safe delivery of the entire volume in its pure state. Already $10,500 has been spent on the city water system and an additional $35,000 on the culinary pipeline from the city to the reservoir. Of this last bond issue voted there is still a few thousand available. Let us hope that as soon as consistent this will be used to improve the canal from the head down, to avoid the waste which now occurs.

And because this stream must eventually be used entirely for culinary supply, we should look to supplying the valley with irrigating streams from the Virgin river. A feasible plan for thus utilizing the waters of the Rio Virgin is now outlined and could be put into service. Also, a reservoiring of the local irrigating supply should receive consideration, so as to avoid the necessity of nighttime and Sunday irrigating, and affording a possibility of making this a real city of roses as it should become. The prediction concerning the supply of culinary water has been fulfilled. Shall we not then fulfill the other prediction made that "this city shall be built from ridge to ridge with the Temple standing in the center thereof."(This paper was written in August 1927 and revised in August 1928) --Brigham Jarvis

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Of His Work
by Mabel Jarvis

The country was rocky,
The water was bad;
But such minor problems
Could not baffle Dad.

To bring in the Cottonwood
Spring's stream required
A man of keen vision,
One truly inspired.

They told him he couldn't
Run water uphill;
"Very well," he replied,
"We'll just see if it will."

He had studied the country
and tested the grade
And pure water followed
The course he surveyed.

He'd had no schooling
Save experience
With spirit level and
Surveyor's tools;
But lines for roads,
Canals, grades, or a fence
He ran correctly--without
Help of schools.

His eye was quick to
See the natural lines
That many failed to
Find with lens and staff—
He surveyed lands for
Ditches, farms, and mines,
And there were none
Could give his work the laugh.

Those eighteen miles
Of rocky, bush-grown waste
That stretched along the
Course the stream must take,
Required hours of study but with haste
The task was finished
For the people's sake.

How often he patrolled from dawn til dark
To see that every rod should be well done—
Within his heart that ever-flaming spark
The will to finish that which he begun.

At length the stream
Coursed gaily down the hill.
And waiting crowd "hurrahed" for very joy—
They brought great pails that
They might drink their fill
Of water, pure as gold without alloy.

Today, through iron pipes the same supply
Of culinary water serves our needs,
And few there be, if any, will deny
His sacrifice--the valor of his deeds.
His heart was set in doing that always
Which would best serve the greater multitude.
And still men ask, who understand surveys—
How could he do such work with tools so crude?"

Visit With Albert E. Miller

(A record of a visit by Zora Smith Jarvis with Albert E. Miller, author of "*Immortal Pioneers*" In April, 1967.)

Albert E. Miller reiterated the fact that Brigham Jarvis, Sr. for many years raised the national flag for all needed occasions, here in St. George. The first place for the flag pole was in front of Dixie College gymnasium. When the college needed it moved, the city of St. George bought a place for it on the northeast corner of the Washington County Library. Another location for the flag pole is on the northeast corner of the Post Office lot.

When President Warren G. Harding visited the far West, he first flew to Alaska. On his return, he stopped in San Francisco where he died. Albert E. Miller said at this time, that young Brigham Jarvis, Jr., was operating the first known radio in the city of St. George. On the early edition of the news he received the very startling word of President Harding's death. This he told his father, who trotted up to Mayor Miller's home, tapped on his window and told him the news. Brigham queried, "Now what shall I do, Mayor Miller?" Mayor Albert E. Miller said he replied, "Go raise the flag, then lower it to half mast." Brigham Jarvis, Sr., did so.

As people got up they gathered around the flag pole in crowds, wondering who had died. They thus received the news before the word was verified by wire.

Resolutions of Sympathy and Respect for Miss Mabel Jarvis, County Treasurer, at the Passing of Her Father, Brigham Jarvis, Sr., the Great Pioneer and Builder.

WHEREAS, IN THE PROVIDENCE OF God, He has seen fit to call from our midst that pioneer and builder and stalwart citizen, Brigham Jarvis, Sr., the father of Miss Mabel Jarvis, County Treasurer, and our esteemed and loved fellow officer; and,

WHEREAS, Brigham Jarvis, Sr., by his vision and constructive imagination, saw how the water from the Cottonwood Canyon could be successfully brought to St. George, and under his leadership and that of the city council, a canal was duly constructed, and the water brought to St. George to assist in the irrigation of our lands; and above all to furnish a supply of water for culinary purposes, which had made possible our present city water system; which water we fondly hope, may soon be piped from its source at the foot of Pine Valley Mountain and delivered to our homes in its pure state, thus giving the people of St. George an ideal water system and fulfilling the dreams of Brigham Jarvis, Sr., who longed to live to witness its accomplishment; and,

WHEREAS, Brigham Jarvis, Sr., was one of the first to envision the bringing of the waters of the Rio Virgin from a point below Virgin City through a tunnel and delivering it at a point near Hurricane, from which it could be

conveyed to 50,000 acres of land between Hurricane and St. George and south of us; he devoted the best years of his life trying to bring this about, but was hindered as a result of the World War and the withdrawal of the lands in question to form a soldier's reclamation project. It is possible that the very near future may see his dream realized, though had it occurred while he yet lived, it would have been full satisfaction for all his struggles and losses, in trying to bring it about, and,

WHEREAS, Brigham Jarvis, Sr., had always been a willing, energetic and capable public worker, in all lines of endeavor; whether in the city council laboring to improve the city water supply and to make possible the growth and development of the city; or on the Old Folks committee, making glad the hearts of the old and the homebound, and the sick and needy; or as a worker in the ward, always upholding the hands of the bishopric and putting over ward projects, including ward teaching, and visiting the sick and the homebound, and the otherwise afflicted in their homes. His services were always given generously and without stint. NOW, therefore,

Be it Resolved by the Officers of Washington County, Utah:

That in this hour of bereavement and sorrow, we extend to Miss Mabel Jarvis, our esteemed and beloved fellow worker, our heartfelt sympathy and love; and this extends to the bereaved widow, Mary Jarvis, and to the entire family; we feel, however, that the sorrow and grief will be lightened, by the knowledge that he has gone to a rich reward, and by the trust that his bereaved family will meet him again in that better land, where the sufferings of his life will be unknown.

Dated at St. George, Utah this 16th day of September 1933.
Laura A. Gates, Orval Hafen, Ellen Carter, John T. Woodbury, Sr., William Brooks, Sr., Henry T. Atkin, Morris Wilson, William Lund, Ella J. Seegmiller, Annie M. Webb, and Charles Bringhurst.

Brigham Jarvis, Dixie Pioneer of '61 Passes to Great Beyond
(News story from the *Washington County News*, 21 September 1933.)

Funeral services were held in the stake tabernacle at 4:00 p.m. on Saturday afternoon for Brigham Jarvis under the direction of the South Ward Bishopric, Harold S. Snow presiding. A large crowd was present to pay their respects to one of God's noble servants who had completed well his mission on earth.

A mixed quartette composed of William A. Whitehead, Pratt Miles, Mrs. Alice Cannon, and Miss Ruth Allen, sang "Oh My Father."

Prayer was offered by George E. Miles.

A vocal duet, "In the Garden" was rendered by Miss Ruth Allen and Pratt Miles.

John T. Woodbury, Sr., the first speaker felt it an honor to be able to say a few words because he had known and respected the Jarvis family since he could first remember.

Joseph W. McAllister expressed his appreciation for the life of the departed and for the privilege he had of living near him. Stated with emotion and trembling voice that it was through him that he was able to attend the BYU as a boy. Song "One Fleeting Hour". (Joseph Wm. McAllister was then chorister for Dixie College and also the St. George Stake Tabernacle Choir--Z. S. J.)

Dr. Joseph Walker spoke of the life of such a fine man, of the trials and hardships he had endured in the early days and of his achievements in life. He said, "I have known him for forty years and know how he worked to make the desert blossom as a rose and of his contribution to science, and agriculture and to the world."[12]

James McArthur told of his early associations with Brother Jarvis and of experiences he had with him proving his distaste of profanity. He came of goodly parents and was thankful for that. He spoke of the splendid character of Sister

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[12]Joseph Walker spoke in glowing terms of Brigham's accomplishing his ideas. He elaborated for sometime on "Jarvis's idea of the Spillway", which was then being used throughout the Intermountain West. ---Zora Smith Jarvis

Jarvis' people, the Forsyths, also Dixie pioneers. Brother Jarvis laid down his life for friends and was faithful to the end. He hoped that joy and gladness would dwell in the hearts of the grandchildren because of their association with him and that they would follow in his footsteps.

Mrs. Zaidee Miles expressed her appreciation for association with him in this life and told of his splendid character. She said that in earlier days they had termed him a "dreamer" and he was--but he always struggled to make dreams come true, and in nearly every case he had succeeded. She read a tribute written by her brother Joseph Walker.

Bishop Snow commented on his life and endorsed the words of previous speakers.

A vocal duet, "Whispering Hope" was rendered by Mrs. Mamie Paxman and Mrs. Viola Gentry.

Those attending the funeral from outside places were, B. H. Forsyth and Mrs. Mary Bringhurst and son Charles of Toquerville; Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Walker and daughter Miss Rowena of Hollywood, California; and Mr. and Mrs. Ephaim Webb; Mr. and Mrs. Ira A. Bradshaw; Joseph Webb and John Sanders of Hurricane.

E. L. Jarvis, a son, of Salt Lake City was unable to reach here in time for the funeral, but has been with his mother since then.

(A splendid two full-length columns of his life history followed the report of the funeral services. I will record items not included in the sketches written by Mabel Jarvis.

--Zora Smith Jarvis

From Obituary

He joined with A. F. Gregerson in gathering wood supply, contracting for Silver Reef, locating Mr. Gregerson in with him in the Paymaster and Utah Copper Mine which he had located in the West Mountains in 1874.

He was always ready to go on with the work when everyone else was tired. He was never addicted to use of any stimulants and was able to withstand the hard work and cold weather.

After long and intense suffering he passed away at his home at 3:30 p.m., September 15, 1933. With him at the time were his wife; his son Brigham, Jr., and wife; and daughters, Mrs. Asineth Cottam and Mabel Jarvis; his sister, Mrs. Josephine Miles; and George E. Miles.

During his entire life he was active in ecclesiastical affairs of both ward and stake, having served as bishop's counselor to Thomas Judd in the old First Ward. He worked long as a Sunday school superintendent. Was a ward teacher, officer in MIA and was High Councilor, having held this last position for a term of 25 years. He was active in the early dramatics of the community, playing in the "Lady of Lyons," "English Orphans," and many of the early and well-remembered plays.

There is scarcely an event since the settlement of this valley that has failed in knowing his active services, but space will not permit even a brief rehearsal of his life of constant activities.

Descendants in 1966

Children — 12 (one living)
Grandchildren — 25
Great Grandchildren — 50
Great-Great-Grandchildren — Brigham's line 14
Asineth's line 1

Book of Mormon Quotes Brigham Jarvis Loved

"And it came to pass that I Nephi, said unto my father: 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

"And this land shall be a land of liberty unto the Gentiles, and there shall be no kings upon the land, who shall raise up unto the Gentiles.

2 Nephi, 10:11

". . . for it is a choice land, saith God unto me, above all other lands, wherefore I will have all men that dwell thereon that they shall worship me, saith God."

2 Nephi, 10:19

"And when ye shall receive these things, I would exhort you that ye would ask God, the Eternal Father, in the name of Christ, if these things are not true; and if ye shall ask with a sincere heart, with real intent, having faith in Christ, he will manifest the truth of it unto you, by the power of the Holy Ghost.

And by the power of the Holy Ghost ye may know the truth of all things.

Moroni 10:4-5

Sketches from the Lives of Mary Forsyth Jarvis and Her Family

1857 - 1938

By Zora Smith Jarvis

Mary Forsyth Jarvis was of Scotch and English descent. She was born on 28 March 1857 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake County, Utah. Her parents were Thomas Forsyth and Mary Browett Holmes Her family was called to the Dixie Mission in 1861.

1861 - 1868
Age 4 - 11

Mary said: "We lived in Santa Clara the first year we came to Dixie, then we moved to Pine Valley, then to Bellview. Later we lived in Forsyth Canyon in the summer and in Toquerville in winters."

Mary was the second in a family of ten children. The children in order of birth were:

- George Joseph Browett, born 17 March 1855, in Salt Lake City, Utah;
- Mary, born 28 March 1857, in Salt Lake City, Utah;
- Baby (sex unknown), born about 1857, in Salt Lake City, Utah. Died as infant;
- William, born 9 December 1858, in Salt Lake City, Utah;
- Christina, born 9 December 1858, in Salt Lake City, Utah;
- Baby (sex unknown), born about 1859, in Salt Lake City, Utah. Died as infant;
- William B. H., born 8 November 1860, in Salt Lake City, Utah;
- Ellenora, born 10 October 1863, in Salt Lake City, Utah. Died at age two;
- Agnes Browett, born 10 October 1865, in Toquerville, Kane County, Utah;
- Benjamin, born 18 November, in Toquerville, Kane County, Utah.

Mary had to do her share of the work. Her mother was very exacting of her family. There could be no idlers among them. When in the canyon, each girl in turn had to milk, and help make butter and cheese, even at a young age. Sometimes Mary thought the butter would never come.

Her father worked at the sawmill. He supplied a lot of the lumber from Forsyth Canyon for the St. George Tabernacle and Temple and some for homes. He was a

conscientious bookkeeper so his records were exact. (I have handled and read his personal journal.---Z. S. J.)

The boys made big gardens to supply the needs of the family and company, as they had many visitors; and had plenty to share with their neighbors. Besides this, the men took care of the farms of wheat, rye, and barley and kept pasture fences in repair and cared for the cattle. Later the older boys owned their own wagons and teams and freighted. Mary the mother was a forceful, tireless worker.

All in all, working together they were able to measure up to their mother's idea of a full larder. The mother had the driving power and the father the ability to cheerfully follow her lead.

They took their pigs from Toquerville to Forsyth Canyon for the summer; then in the fall they took them back to Toquerville. By feeding the pigs potatoes, the pigs traveled along with little difficulty.

After the large fruit orchard began bearing, their father provided dryers, and the women prepared the fruit. This job lasted until every surplus fig, apricot, peach, pear, and plum was dried.

Then in the fall, the pigs, sheep, and cattle were ready for butchering. This was the men's job. Grandmother and all the girls helped in getting much of it ready for the large smokehouse. After the required period for curing was over, there was the exacting period of carefully loading the wagon with their year's supply for market. There would be butter, eggs, cheeses, dried corn, hundreds of pounds of dried fruit, and a lot of cured ham, bacon, and delicious Scotch ham.

The homecoming of father and mother with the things they traded for was even more exciting. The trading was always good and there would be huge barrels of oatmeal, sugar and rice and plenty of salt and spices, tools for the men, bolts of cloth to make shirts, dresses, underclothing and bedding, etc. It didn't matter if all the dresses and shirts were alike.

In the midst of these busy days, two babies came: Agnes, who was born 10 October 1865, in Forsyth Canyon, then their seventh and last child, a son named Benjamin Henry, who was born on 18 November, 1868.

1868
Age 11

As Mary reached her eleventh year, she took her place in the family as an adult. She now had to do housework, sew, and knit. At this period there was a demand for kid and buckskin gloves, so Mary's mother decided to compete with the market. This was a way of

making money and they needed money to build a home. Besides the curing of meats in the smoke house, they now used it for curing of hides for glove making. Leon Jarvis states, "They obtained many of their hides from the Indians."and "They understood and spoke the Piede language."

Buckskin gloves made by Mary Forsyth

All the women sat in a circle and were given their gloves to make. They were timed by the clock and had to be through by the time set. They used three-sided buckskin needles, good strong thread, and plenty of beeswax to rub the thread through. They all became very skillful and speedy. They usually worked from 7 a.m. to 2 a.m. (Next morning). They never stopped to eat meals at the table. The hired woman brought a tray of food to them, usually every two hours. If Grandmother was nursing a baby, she fed it by the clock. It was always brought to her.

The girls who helped in the glove making business were Minnie, Bell, Mary, Christine (Teenie), and later Aggie. They made both work and dress gloves. Some had furred gauntlets, some were embroidered and some were plain.

If the girls became drowsy, a sharp needle met their nose; the promised number of gloves had to be ready by the time set.

President Brigham Young placed large orders with Grandmother, and he always made it a point to eat at their home when going south or returning north.

Brigham and Mary Forsyth Jarvis home - side view with grape arbor.

They built a two-story building; the inside was lined with adobe, and the outside built with red sandstone set on a sound foundation. There was a lean-to on the west side. This house is still standing in fair condition. (1963).

They paid for this house mainly with the money received from glove making. Sometimes they had to have money to buy more building material, so Grandmother would borrow what was needed and promise to pay it back on a certain day, which she did even if she had to borrow it from someone else. Finally the glove making money did pay off the debt.

As Mary's father grew older he turned the heavy farm work over to the boys who were then at home. He liked to be among people and sell things. Sometimes he would be away for a long time, and during one of these absences, the girls packed mortar and adobes to build the walls of the house. He was a skillful carpenter and was able to finish the home in fine shape.

Mary Forsyth Jarvis' organ

They had time for pleasure too. Mary's parents enjoyed having their house full of company. The young folks were allowed to go to parties and dances. Mary, who had a good ear for music, and some training, played with the town orchestra for the dances for years. Her son Brig had this same musical gift.

Mary, with her brothers and sisters, attended Toquerville school, then went to St. George to Dr. Shipman's classes in the stake academy. While at school, Mary lived with her sister Minnie (Mrs. Charles W. Seegmiller). It was here in St. George she met Brigham Jarvis, Sr.

The girls wore white bib aprons to school. Someone untied Mary's apron strings, and right behind her, Brigham Jarvis picked up her apron. He said, "Some girl has lost her front." She soon became his girl.

She learned telegraphy and was an operator at the Kanarraville office for a year, earning $30 a month. She taught her children and grandchildren how to send and receive messages by use of a spoon, sounding a dot and dash.

1877
Age 19

Mary Forsyth married Brigham Jarvis, Sr., on the opening day of the St. George Temple, 11 January 1877. They were the first single couple married by Brigham Young. Quoting Mabel Jarvis, "Their marriage was one of importance in that day. The band from Cedar City came almost to Leeds to meet them and escorted them back to Toquerville where the entire community, young and old, participated in the wedding celebration held during the afternoon and evening."

Mary Forsyth Jarvis' Family
1878 - 1890
Age 21 - 43

Brigham and Mary made their home in St. George. They were the parents of twelve children, four sons and eight daughters. Two sons, Brigham, Jr. and Leon and three daughters, Mabel,

Asineth and Ethel grew to adulthood. Their posterity included 23 grandchildren and three great grandchildren at the time of her death.

Mary F. Jarvis

The first daughter, Mary F. Jarvis, was born 8 January 1878, and died the same day.

Christina Jarvis

On 18 December 1878, her second baby, Christina, was born and died. Mary was feeling quite distressed, and was en route to her sister Merimne (Minnie) Seegmiller's home, (her husband was away working at the reef - Silver Reef) when a large dog jumped at her, frightening her so much that her baby was born. Mary caught the baby in her skirt and sat down on a stump and screamed. Aunt Minnie heard her and came running to her rescue, and helped her into the house where they found that the baby was dead.

Brigham Jarvis, Jr.

Some thought she could never have another baby, but the Lord blessed her and on 1 August 1880, she gave birth to a son, her third child, Brigham Jarvis, Jr. She said he brought comfort and peace to her and honored his mother's teachings.

He was a hale and hardy babe and his birth was received with rejoicing by all the family members. Grandmother Forsyth bought and filled an intriguing small trunk full of lovely baby clothes for her first grandchild. This trunk was treasured in his mother's home and she gave it to us (Zora Smith Jarvis) sometime after our marriage. We, too, have sentimental regard for it in our home.

Brig inherited some of his mother's choice talents, e.g., playing any or all musical instruments by ear, also understanding the relationship of all mechanical parts one to another, etc. There was beauty and precision in his work.[13]

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[13]Brigham Jarvis, Jr. was ordained a High Priest in the Melchizedek Priesthood by Stephen L. Richards 18 March 1923 and sustained a member of the St. George Stake High Council the same day, being the third Jarvis to be called to that position. He held this position for twelve and one half years. His father, Brigham Jarvis, Sr. and grandfather, George Jarvis, preceded him. The church service that brought the greatest joy and happiness to his heart, as well as to his father, mother, and every member of his own family, were those years when the scouts put on plays, took hikes, and built the scout house from bulrushes.

Erastus Leon Jarvis

Erastus Leon was born on 14 November 1882, the fourth and second child to live. He wrote the following about their family life: We always had prayers kneeling by our chairs with our backs toward the table. Then we sat up and asked a blessing on the food before we ate. I remember the fine Sunday dinners of meat, pie, cake, plum puddings, etc. We usually had one or more guests, frequently among them was President Erastus Snow who always sat next to me."

Leon learned the power of the Priesthood in his home. One time when his Father had a very serious accident, with a six-horse wood outfit and got his leg crushed when the load turned over, he was preserved very miraculously and missed having his leg amputated through the faith and administration by President Wilford Woodruff and Elder McMurrin. (E. L. Jarvis).

He again learned the power of the Priesthood from his mother who told him of a childhood incident. "You always wanted to go with your Father, and he loved to have you with him. One day he was turning the wagon around over the garden rows. You ran toward him, and he stopped and put you on the running gears, but you fell off and the hind wagon wheel ran over your head. Your father picked you up unconscious. He blessed you to live. Your mouth, ears, eyes, and nose were bleeding, but you finally got well." (E. L. Jarvis).

Leon writes: "I am truly grateful for my dear sweet mother. She was loving and devoted to her husband and to her children and did her best to care for them, being very competent in preparing nourishing, savory food and in making and mending their clothing. Her sweet lullabies I shall never forget."

We, Genevieve and Leon, were indeed grateful for her help and guidance, especially at the birth of our children.

To Mother

Mother, the muses seem to claim my thought for you,
They take me back to when by your knee at close of day
I knelt; my lisping, listless tongue you knew
Guiding my thoughts; you taught me how to pray,
Prepared my food, and sewed the patches on my clothes;
Imparted balm when I was in distress.

Oh, Mother dear, when on these things I muse,
I find no words that will my love express;

Through every trial my woes and ills you bear,
With Father leading on to greater things,
My every disappointment with me you share,
And my success your measured glory brings.

To have two souls so true entwined through love around my soul
As Father dear and you must surely be,
Is recompense enough, and teaches me to know life's goal,
Continuing the Lives Eternally.

You've taught me Parenthood is nobler than is the crown of kings,
And crowns us Kings and Queens in realms above.
This day I honor you for teaching these great things,
There's nothing that transcends pure Mother Love.

E. L. Jarvis - Mother's Day, 9 Mar 1926

Ethel Jarvis

In due course of time their fifth child, Ethel, a daughter, was born on 19 July 1884. Ethel added greatly to the family's happiness. When old enough to work, she tried in every way to add both comfort and beauty to her mother's life. Ethel was very intellectual, so her parents enjoyed the fruits of her gifted mind. When she married Stephen John Bennett and left the home, some of her poems show her longing and love for her loved ones. I will record one of my favorites. (Z. S. B.)

My Home by the Old Willow Lane

Oft' in dreams when I'm living in days that are past
And it seems I am young once again,
Comes a vision of home--how I wish it could last—
My home by the old willow lane.

From the top of the brown willow fence I could see
Many acres of clean waving grain.
How I wish that an artist could paint it for me,
With the cows and the trees in the lane.

The grass was so green and the days were so fair,
I knew neither sorrow nor pain.
And my mother's sweet smile made it heaven all the while,
In that home by the old willow lane.

The white cot was hidden by sheltering trees
And the flowers seemed to smile through the rain.
And my dear father tumbled me around on his knee
While I coaxed him to "do it again."

I oft would awake from my slumber so deep
When the meadow lark whistled at morn,
And a thousand sweet murmurs would lull me to sleep,
As the wind softly sighed through the corn.

But I wandered away to seek wisdom and wealth,
Oh, the long years are weary with pain.
Give me back all the joys and the blessings of health,
That I knew in the old willow lane.

I can smell the sweet clover, the blossoming pear,
As I dream of the orchard again,
Take me back to the old folks and happiness there,
In my home down the old willow lane.

Ethel wrote some beautiful pageants, and while she was president of the Primary of the Granite Stake, Salt Lake City, she wrote and directed a very appealing, fantastic, yet joyful Fairyland Fantasy, especially interpreting child life and dreams. It was played a number of times to crowded houses in the Old Salt Lake Theatre before the building was torn down.

Ethel died 22 June 1922. Stephen John Bennett died 28 May 1951.

Thomas Forsyth Jarvis

The sixth child born to them was a son, Thomas Forsyth Jarvis, named after his grandfather. He was born 12 Nov 1886 and died 30 Mar 1898. Leon writes the following stories about his younger brother Thomas: "The first incident I remember well was when Thomas was about two years old. He was wearing a pair of little red boots. I took him out for a walk to the east of our house. I left him seated on some clean grass and when I got back a few minutes later, our old white turkey gobbler was waltzing on his chest and picking at his red boots. Red boots were too much competition for the old white Tom.

"I shall never forget my training, nor how particular Mother was when instructing me to watch over my brothers and sisters. She said, 'When you take your baby brother out, you must never leave him alone. Just think if old Tom had picked out his beautiful eyes.' That is how she taught us children."

When Thomas was past twelve, he was ordained a deacon. Leon relates the facts about Thomas' untimely death by being bitten in the ear by a spider. Quoting Leon, "This was one

of my mother's most trying experiences, and the shock almost caused her death. Mother said he was her most obedient child. It was indeed a terrible, exacting ordeal and one that weakened her heart, but she increased her activity in the Church.

"Mother was always aware of the particular need of each one of her children. I have marveled how mothers seem to intuitively sense individual children's needs, and know how to protect their weaknesses and build them into men and women fit to return to their Heavenly Father unashamed. My mother certainly had this gift highly developed and used it." (E. L. Jarvis).

Mabel Jarvis

Mabel, the seventh child, was born on 19 August 1888. She was a strong child and helped in the home and with outside chores. She felt at ease with all the farm animals. Though in later life she was afflicted with arthritis, she stoically carried on and accomplished many outstanding achievements that are monuments to her memory.

When Ethel married, Mabel took over where she left off in both financial and educational support of the family. She made friends easily, and many sought her out and came from far and near to visit with her; her memory of happenings and people of Dixie was outstanding. She loved the Dixie pioneers and wrote much about them.

She was a prolific letter writer and her correspondents extended from coast to coast. Mabel was the best known of the family circle. She had ability in both Church and community affairs. Like Ethel, she honored her mother in some of her best poetry. I will record some of it.

Tell Them Today

If I possessed a castle grand,
And greatest riches in the land,
I'd barter them most any minute
For home, with Dad and Mother in it.
I'd come from any distant land,
Or give a field of flowers away
For one white rose for Mother's Day

Mother of Mine

I have heard the great artists sing "Mother Machree"
And I've thrilled with the words of the sweet melody,
As in fancy I picture the boy standing there
Beside his dear mother, a 'stroking her hair.
It seems I can see every wrinkle and trace
By toil and time left on her beautiful face,
As I follow, with tender reflections, each line
Describing a mother so nearly like mine.
There are beautiful ballads whose fond words express
A mother's devotion, her tender caress,
There are sweet lullabies whose expressions recall
The dear days of childhood familiar to all.
I smile when they're joyful, and weep when they're sad,
For it seems songs can make one feel tearful or glad,
And I'm thinking if I were a poet, I'd write
A ballad of love to my Mother tonight.
.It's strange how we'll read songs or poems and say,
"I'll prove to my mother, from this very day,
How dearly I love her," And fondly we'll plan
To make her life happy as long as we can.
And then, 'spite of good resolutions, we'll scold
Over some trifle, forgetting she's old.
Oh, often I've carelessly chased the sunshine
And the smiles from the face of this Mother of mine.
The dear Lord added just one other gift to the rest
Of the virtues by all loving Mothers possessed;
It's that wonderful something that helps her to say
As often at twilight she kneels down to pray—
Dear Lord, you'll forgive his unkindness, I know.
My child could not see it would torture me so."
It is this sweet compassion which renders divine
The love of this wonderful Mother of mine.
It seems as her birthday comes 'round every year,
The meaning of Mother to me grows more dear.
I find myself clinging more close to her heart,
With fear lest the time ever comes we must part.
Her eyes have the brightness of starlight to me,
And I'm learning all things through her vision to see.
With heart brimming over I'm writing this line
Of love to this wonderful Mother of mine.

--- Mabel Jarvis - March 28, 1922

Mabel wrote and directed many skits and pageants on both a small and large scale. She wrote jointly with Juanita L. Brooks and Grace A. Woodbury in 1925, Dixie's first Historical Pageant. Then in 1947, she wrote the main script for the beautiful Centennial Pageant, "The Spirit of Dixie," which was presented three times on the southeast side of the Temple to thousands of people.

The 1925 pageant script included her lovely poem entitled: The Legend of the Dixie Sego Lilies." It was based on a true story, which took place between David H. Cannon and his wife Wilhelmina.

Legend of the Dixie Sego Lilies

So sun-baked, barren, bleak, and full of tears,
This wasteland seemed; so hopeless stretched the years;
One pioneer woman, weeping, said that "Not
one evidence of Art, nor verdant spot'
Nor smallest sign of Beauty could she see.
And when her husband begged to disagree,
She bade him bring one gift of loveliness—
A pretty flower to pin upon her dress,
And she would praise this valley with her song,
Cease weeping, and be glad, the whole day long.

Day after day, as from the fields returning
With shouldered shovel, he was searching, yearning,
For some small offering that would bring peace
Into his home; and bitter tears might cease.

At length his faithful searching was rewarded—
No lovelier floral gift has earth afforded
Than those sweet Sego Lilies, which he brought
Whose brown eyes in their lavender chalice sought
The eyes of her who said no art was found
In all those many miles around.
She clasped them to her heart and blessed the hand
Of him, with whom she came to Dixie Land.

---Mabel Jarvis - 25 May 1926

Asineth Jarvis

Asineth Jarvis, eighth child of Brigham and Mary Forsyth Jarvis, was born at St. George, Washington County, Utah, 6 November 1890. She is the mother of eight children, three sons and five daughters. Talking with me recently, she said, "My major interest in life has been by husband, my children, and my grandchildren." She has certainly been faithful, devoted, and full of love for all of them.

She married Heber Charles Cottam on 17 March 1910, in the St. George Temple.

Like her talented mother, she too is a skillful needlewoman. Her artistic ability is revealed in her growing of flowers, in her designing, marking and quilting of beautiful quilts, and again in her crocheting, tatting and netting of exquisite, first place, State-Fair-winning doilies. She wrote the following article about her mother's work in the silk industry.

Mother's Part in the Silk Industry

It was around 1898 that Mother became interested in the raising of silk worms, first on a small scale, then later on a larger scale. Why not, for there were nine white mulberry trees lining the ditch bank in front of our home, worm feed going to waste. Later Dad planted a row of these trees inside the lot to increase the supply of food.

The first few worms, a thousand perhaps, were raised successfully in the one-room house on the corner that Dad and Mother first lived in. It was lined with deep shelves to accommodate several thousand worms. These shelves were lined with old newspapers as it was necessary to change them often, just as the papers in a bird cage are changed. The tiny worms, slightly larger than a speck, were sprinkled on the paper so as not to be crowded. Now for the feed. The fresh young leaves from the ends of the branches of mulberry trees were gathered and shredded real fine and sprinkled over the worms. It was amazing how fast this feed was eaten, but like other babies, feed and sleep is what they thrived on.

At this stage they had to be fed every two hours, night and day. As they grew, feeding time changed to three, then four hours. Fresh leaves had to be gathered for each feeding. Of course, we children had to help with the gathering of leaves and feeding the worms, but Mother supervised, making sure it was done right. The leaves had to be free from all moisture as the silk worms were susceptible to chills; if the leaves were dusty the dust was wiped off or washed off and the leaves thoroughly dried.

As the worms grew, the leaves could be cut coarser and larger leaves could be used. Finally, small twigs or branches were used. As soon as the fresh leaves were put in, the worms would crawl on them, making it easier to transfer them to fresh papers much quicker, too.

It was necessary to spread them out more, too, as they grew larger. What started out as one paper full finished up shelves full.

This feeding and changing went on for nine weeks (I believe that is correct). Then the worms refused to eat and began to hunt for a place to spin their cocoons. The worms were now about two and one-half inches long and of a milk-white color. Baby sister Vilate used to like to let them crawl on her dress or in her hair. They never seemed like creepy, crawly worms to her.

A funny thing about silk worms, they don't like noise. They quit eating and remain absolutely still if loud talking is going on. If they are spinning, they often break their thread or just stop spinning.

When they were ready to spin, fresh branches of leaves were placed in the trays and then the worms spun their cocoons among them. This took about two weeks. Then the cocoons were gathered and treated to kill the chrysalis so it would not change into a moth and eat its way out, spoiling the silk.

The cocoons were weighed and ready for sale or to reel into thread for the loom. Mother had her own reel and bobbins and oil lamp or stove (it is very small) and enjoyed making the thread. The cocoons were placed in hot water on the lamp, and as they softened a soft firm brush was used to find the thread. The size of the thread was determined by the number of cocoons used. The reel was threaded, and as one hand guided the thread, the other twined the handle to wind the thread on the bobbins.

I can see Mother now as she sat at her work, fully enjoying it. She made several picture throws with bobbins of silk. They were very pretty when the ends were tied and fringed. They were popular too and used to hang over the corner of a picture frame. Today we would call them "dust catchers". They were, too, but they were pretty ones. Much of the silk Mother raised was woven by Brother Armond Hoff of Washington, Washington County, Utah.

The silk industry didn't last many years because it took too many cocoons to make a pound or because not enough people were interested. The cocoons sold at twenty-five cents per pound. Had a company been formed and proper housing been available, the silk industry might still be going on. Mulberry trees are still plentiful. Mother really enjoyed this project and always was interested in learning all she could about it. (Asineth Jarvis Cottam).

William J. Jarvis

William J. Jarvis, ninth child of Brigham and Mary Forsyth Jarvis, was born 20 October 1893, at St. George, Washington County, Utah, and died 2 December 1894. He was fourteen months old.

Ellen Jarvis

Ellen Jarvis, the tenth child of Brigham and Mary, was born 25 July 1895, and died the same day.

Josephine Jarvis

Josephine Jarvis, the eleventh child of Brigham and Mary was born 24 July 1896 at St. George, Washington County, Utah, and she died 13 February 1897, age six months.

Vilate Jarvis

Vilate Jarvis, the twelfth and last child of Brigham and Mary Forsyth Jarvis, was born 16 June 1898, and lived until 25 October 1901. Vilate was a bright, beautiful child and was the center of love and affection as long as she lived, three and one-half years.

The effect of the loss of these babies left the imprint of silent suffering in Mary's heart all the days of her life, yet she trusted her Heavenly Father and knew he had not forgotten her. She turned her efforts to succor the needy and to comfort the sick and sorrowing. She sat up many nights with the sick and dying and prepared many children's and women's bodies for burial. The touch of her hand was soothing, and her tender voice inspired faith. She was present with all of her children when their babies were born. We all wanted her and felt safe in her hands. I feel we all gratefully acknowledge her motherly kindness to us. She treated us all alike, and we loved her dearly.

Then she began to make temple clothes and burial robes and aprons. I was struck with the beauty of the fine pleated linen robe and cut-out apron she made for my husband Brigham Jarvis, Jr., at the time of our marriage in the Salt Lake Temple. Afterwards she told me she had gathered fig leaves from her own trees and arranged them so they would fit together, making a complete apron. Then she traced around the leaves to get her pattern. Then she cut out one dark green silk leaf and one white linen leaf from each of the nine patterns. She lined the silk with the white linen material and buttonholed around the edges and veined the leaves with green thread. She worked by the clock and it took her 45 minutes to make a leaf. Her hemstitching looked like machine work it was so even.

The Relief Society sisters had a controversy over how to make the aprons, so at one conference her husband took one of her aprons to President Joseph F. Smith to obtain his advice concerning this matter. President Smith said her apron was 100% right. The aprons should show leaves covering the entire apron, whether cut-out leaves or not.

Church Activities

Mary Forsyth Jarvis early in her life was filled with the spirit of Church activity. Brigham Young organized his daughters into the "Young Ladies' Retrenchment Society." When this Society was brought to St. George, Mary was the first secretary in the old St. George First Ward. In 1906 she served as couselor to Annabella M. Morris in St. George East Ward Relief Society, and in 1908, when the Relief Society was reorganized, she was again selected as counselor to President Henrietta A. Morris. She held this position twelve years. Later she was a member on the Relief Society Stake Board, serving with President Emily C. Brooks for ten years and with President Josephine J. Miles for seven years--a total of seventeen years. She also served as a Relief Society visiting teacher many years.

She served with her husband on the Stake Old Folks Committee for thirty-five years. She could converse with the Indians and was "Ticabo" with them. She was lovingly known to young and old as "Aunt Mary." (Z. S. J.)

Mary had a lingering sickness for a number of years before she died. During this time she became quite helpless. She was uncomplaining, patient, and appreciative of all that her daughters and granddaughters Iris and Jean did for her.

She died November 27, 1939, in St. George, Utah, age 82 years.

I am closing this sketch of our beloved Mother Mary F. Jarvis with a few lines written by her daughter Ethel. It is unique that Ethel wrote these lines a short time before she herself died, preceding her mother.

Mother

Death's sweet sleep has closed her eyes
In peaceful, dreamless rest.
The tired hands are folded now
Serenely on her breast.
And yet--we cannot think she's gone
With the heart's arrested beat—
We wait to hear her gentle voice,
The soft fall of her feet—
But wait in vain; her feet are still,
And we shall never hear
Again except in memory,
The voice of Mother dear.

In tenderness we speak of her,
And oft at eventide,
We gather 'round her vacant chair
And lonely fireside,
And there recount the things she did,
The things she used to say.
We never knew we loved her so
Until she went away.
We speak of how she cared for us
Through childhood's tender years;
Memories of many a sacrifice
Hallow with our tears.

We wonder if she knows tonight
How sincere is our love;
And if her thoughts are drawn to us
From that bright realm above.
Ah, yes, we know where'er she is
That Mother loves us yet.
God never made a mother's heart
To love and then forget.
And we must not forget to keep
Enshrined and burning bright
The fires of faith she lighted here
To guide our steps aright.

But life is brief, and soon we know
Our own last call must come,
With Mother there to welcome us
'Twill be just "going home!"
And we shall find that "better world."
Me thinks, so much like ours,
And Mother will be happy
In a garden full of flowers
Just making Heaven more beautiful.
So let us bear the pain
Of parting now, sustained by faith
That we shall meet again.

During our mother's last years she became quite infirm. She was very patient and uncomplaining, and she always had a sweet smile for her many friends and loved ones, long after she lost her power of speech.

Her daughters, Mabel and Asineth, and her granddaughters, Iris Cottam Orton and Jean Cottam, as well as others, gave unstinted years of tender care to her ailing body.

Her husband, Brigham Jarvis, Sr., preceded her in death. He died September 15, 1933. Mary died November 27, 1938.

Mary Forsyth Jarvis, Dixie Pioneer,
Dies Here Sunday, November 27, 1938
(Funeral Services from the *Washington County News*, St. George, Utah.)

Funeral services were held in the South Ward Chapel at 2:00 p.m. Tuesday with Bishop Harold S. Snow presiding. There were many floral offerings.

Seth Harper played an organ solo combining religious themes, and Mrs. Keith Macfarlane sang, "After Awhile."

The South Ward Quartet, with Mrs. Annie Whipple, Mrs. Melba Baker, William A. Whitehead and, Lenzi Sullivan, sang "Behold, 'Tis Eventide" and "Oh, My Father", with Ada Cannon at the organ.

The speakers were a brother-in-law, George E. Miles, and Patriarch George W. Worthen, both of whom bore testimony to the life of Mary F. Jarvis, her usefulness and her religious activities, and of her great patience in suffering. They also told of her parental background and that of her husband, emphasizing the excellent records made by them.

Bishop Harold S. Snow made concluding remarks telling of his long association as neighbor of the deceased.

Prayers were by Bishop Arthur Cottam and President W. O. Bentley.

Pallbearers were her grandsons, B. Hilton Jarvis, Allen M. Jarvis, Lester Cottam, and Gene Parsons, and two nephews, Arthur Cottam and Ronald Cottam.

Burial was in the St. George Cemetery with Milton E. Moody dedicating the grave.

Section Three

Third Generation

John Cottam, Jr. and
Ann Smith and
Mary Reid (3rd Plural Wife)

❖

Edward Foster and
Amelia Ambrosina Frances Williams

❖

George Jarvis and
Ann Prior

❖

Thomas Forsyth and
Mary Browett Holmes

John Cottam, Jr.

1823 - 1903

Low Moor farm and manor had been the family home of the Cottam's for several generations before the birth of John Cottam Jr. The family had worshiped there, been married there and died and were buried there. John was the third child of John Cottam, Sr. and Catherine Livesay. The children in the family were as follows:

- Jenny Punter, born 2 Mar 1818/1819 at Meadow Head, West Bradford, Yorkshire, England;
- Thomas, born 20 Oct 1820 at Meadow Head, West Bradford, Yorkshire, England;
- John, born 10 Dec 1823 at Meadow Head, West Bradford, Yorkshire, England;
- Ellen (Helen), born 15 Nov 1825 at West Bradford, Yorkshire, England;
- William Livesay, born 1 Aug 1833 at Waddington, Yorkshire, England.

Low Moor is situated on Meadow Head Farm near West Bradford, Waddington and Clithroe. Chatburn is another nearby town. These towns are adjacent to the River Ribble and are near Preston.

John's father John, Sr. farmed and was also a carpenter, as was his grandfather Thomas and great grandfather Thomas Cottam, Sr. The family enjoyed a fair amount of prosperity when the children were young. Their mother was an outgoing, friendly woman who loved to entertain as well as be entertained at parties given by their many friends.

As the older children were reaching their teen years, the family's financial situation took a turn for the worse, as told in the Thomas Cottam (1820) history, excerpts of which are below, written by Glenna Cottam Sanderson and W. Howard Thompson. (A second version is told by Evelyn Cottam Riddle and is included with her history of the family after they reached Salt Lake City).

1836
Age 13

The face of the father, John Cottam, was grim as he loaded the last of his family's furniture, barrels of dishes, kettles, utensils, and linens, together with his woodworking tools, onto a wagon. The force of something within him seemed to add a passionate vigor to his exertions and a spark of fire to his quick glance. His elder two sons, Thomas, 16, and John, 13, helped him with the lifting, then sat on either side of him on the plank which served as the driver's seat. Thomas was quiet and fair like his father, but, unlike him, was small of stature.

His lip quivered to repress the pain of a trauma which would spread its influence deep into his life and years and character, and even into succeeding generations. John was almost as tall and strong as Thomas, impetuous and outgoing. The sadness of that day always remained bright with the two boys who were old enough to realize what was happening.

The mother, Catherine Livesey Cottam, sat like a stone in her little cart, reining in her faithful pony, awaiting the signal to start. Her dark eyes were red and bright from weeping. Trunks of clothing were behind her in her cart. Beside her sat Jenny, the eldest 18, now in the bloom of young womanhood, who leaned on her mother's shoulder, sobbing openly, while tiny William on her lap stared in troubled wonderment. Little Ellen on her mother's other side looked at her, then at Jenny, then cried because they were crying. At last the signal came from John, the father. The horses jerked against their unaccustomed heavy loads and the family moved towards the town of Waddington and into a new chapter of their history. Their beloved ancestral home, Meadowhead Farm, passed into alien hands.

(Historical Note: Most of England's open land was in those times held in exceedingly large estates, of which smaller farm parcels could be leased to men of sufficient means. The leaseholds would run from generation to generation if they kept up the rent to the lord of the manor. From the land tax assessments records of 1827 including Waddington and Bradford West is found the name of John Cottam listed as "Occupier" and the "Proprietor" as Joseph Fenton, Esqu.)

The house was a fine old manor and the barns and outbuildings were strong and well built. Several men were hired on this farm. The elder son Thomas spoke of this area as "my native land...birthplace and also the resting place of my forefathers for perhaps many generations. We are not sure if he meant Meadowhead specifically or the general area. He gives us a little of the Cottam family genealogy as follows: "My grandfather's name was Thomas Cottam. He died at his home called Meadowhead, betwixt West Bradford and Waddington at a small farm house. There it was Jenny, Thomas, John, Ellen and William were born. My great grandfather's name was also Thomas, but I know but little about him only what is engraved on my childhood memory and that he was a jolly old man, he would go from Meadowhead, the place where we were born, to the Waddington Almshouse occasionally and pretend to say he had come a courting the old ladies there, and on one occasion of his visits he was found dead in a field near the roadside. His wife's name, I think, was Ann.

(Historical Note" Southwestern Yorkshire under the slopes of the Pennines has a rich soil which produces luxuriant vegetation and much lovely scenery. The name Pennines" probably came from the Celtic "pen" meaning "high". The West Riding, from the word "thrydings", meaning "thirds", referring to the division of the county in 875 A. D. by the Danish conquest, is rich in coal and iron, but more and more the spinning and weaving and making of clothing has predominated as industry. Most buildings are of magnesium limestone, of a handsome cream color, but long years of coal smoke have turned it dark.

"In summer, the meadows are a palette of buttercups, harebells and daisies, clover, and sorrel. A farmer in a mountainous region near the lakes remarked, beautiful now, yes, but it changes all the time, in autumn the bracken starts turning and the trees in the valley turn, and there are lovely views in winter when snow comes to the mountains, and there are beautiful moonlit nights when you wouldn't think you were in the same place as during the day. About November 10 we lose our sun. It sneaks up the fields and up the mountains to the tops, and it doesn't come back until February. During that period we get no sun at all in our valley. "Chilly but beautiful" is the description of most visitors to West Yorkshire.")

John Sr. began working at wood turning and chair making before he lost the ancestral farm. Thomas tells us: "My parents kept the farm for several years and also carried on the business of chair making, and after a time father John Sr. increased his business by renting a water-powered shop. It has been chiefly used for making factory bobbins, and turning woodwork. He had an average of ten or twelve men or boys at work. He carried the joint establishments on for several years but finally he gave up the farm where I was born, and we moved to Waddington where the water power was.

"My parents were rather inclined to Methodism, while living at Meadowhead, as the Methodist chapel was near, but occasionally went to the old established Church of England, and then when we moved to Waddington we went to the old church."

Thomas described his native area: It is a country rich in legendary lore being the scene of prolonged strife and the bloody wars carried on for a long time betwixt the houses of York and Lancaster. I have when a child played in old Waddington Hall in a room now called King Henry's, where he was taken prisoner being betrayed by one of his party...He was taken to London, confined in the Tower and afterwards suffered death.

There are many places and scenes of old antiquated castles, abbeys and relics of antiquity. Clithroe Castle over on the Lancashire side of the River Ribble is a very old building, having been beseiged and battered by Oliver Cromwell in his time. A few miles from my old home is Whalley Abbey where a last old abbot was taken prisoner, conveyed to London and I think was executed. In a western direction a few miles from my old home is the Stoney Hurst College, a very pretty place.

That John's father John and grandfather and great grandfather were all wood turners or chair makers before him is evident from the wills of the two Thomas Cottams. The elder Thomas Cottam, whom we will identify by his wife Ann Greenwood, who had already passed on (buried 29 March 1794) drew up his will 6 November 1797 listing his occupation as chair maker and Cooper. He bequeathed his estate, which was under twenty pounds, to his son Thomas, except for five pounds to his daughter Alice and three pounds and 17 to her son, and one shilling to a "husbandman" (meaning a farm laborer) named Chadburn, his son-in-law. The younger Thomas Cottam, critically ill at age 51, drew up his will just a few weeks before leaving his wife (Jenny Tattersall) a widow in 1807 "My dear wife Jane," he called her formally, although she had signed her marriage certificate as "Jenny," He bequeathed to his

sons Thomas and John, if they wanted them, "my tools and implements of trade," which suggests woodworking when one considers his father's trade and that of his sons and of succeeding generations. He endowed all his goods according to their discretion "upon any emergency or upon any difference happening to arise amongst my said family'--suggesting a peace-loving father who contrived a way to maintain peace in his family even after he was gone.

(Historical Note: In July of 1837, just three days after the young Queen Victoria had ascended to the throne, Heber C. Kimball embarked on the shore at Liverpool to begin a labor which would change the direction of the Cottam family and of many thousands of Englishmen. His biographer, Orson F. Whitney, said, "At no time in its history has the church seemed so near destruction as in early... 1837, the period of the opening of the British Mission...No persecution, martyrdom or pioneer suffering have hurt it so much as when Mammon strove in the hearts of his people. The tens of thousands of consecrated British converts were to bring to the Church the strength it needed; thus in their darkest hour the Prophet Joseph was commanded to call his most valiant leaders to arise from their sick beds in deep poverty and to open the British Mission. Opposition arose worthy of the significance of the mission. The weather seemed also to conspire against them in the most bitter cold winter that country had ever known. Although no part is more than 65 miles from an ocean or sea, which oceanic air is a moderator of temperature, yet Elder Kimball in baptizing had to go through twelve to fourteen inches of ice. He wrote of widespread starvation, beggars crowding on many streets, children and others in bitter cold without shoes or stockings--all this, while hundreds and thousands were living in wealth and splendor. In only eight months some two thousand had joined the Church in the Preston area.)

1837
Age 14

Young John Cottam, at the time only fourteen, was the first one of his family to join the Church, 8 June 1838. Catherine, the mother, followed on 7 Jul 1839; all of the family including some aunts and uncles joined except for the oldest sister Jenny Punter. Thomas joined in 1841.

1841
Age 18

John became engaged to a girl when he was eighteen years old and they had posted banns in the church twice and at the third posting, his mother Catherine, objected to the marriage. They parted and soon drifted apart.

1843
Age 20

Soon, he met Ann Smith a girl from nearby Chatburn and they married on 14 Oct 1843. John was just twenty years old and Ann nineteen. They soon emigrated to America and came west to join the main body of the church.

1845
Age 22

John and Ann Smith came to Nauvoo in 1845 but when the people were forced out in 1846, they were not prepared for the journey West and so went to St. Louis. His brother Thomas had arrived at Nauvoo in 1842 and there Thomas's wife Ann Howorth died and was buried along with a daughter. During part of the time that they were in St. Louis, they had Thomas's motherless son living with them. Thomas later married Caroline Smith and the two brothers traveled to Utah in the same company.

Crossing the Plains

1852
Age 29

John and Thomas Cottam and their wives and families came across the plains together in the Joseph Outhouse company, the Fourth company that left in 1852. Each of them had two children that came with them. They each had one wagon, four cows and two oxen. The company departed from Winter Quarters. By the time they reached Wood River, about 200 miles from Winter Quarters, contention was a problem among the members of the company. They had been three weeks getting to Wood River from the Missouri River. They didn't like the way Outhouse governed and there were those who sought to leave the company. William Kilshaw Barton, a leader of ten wagons was one of these. He went to Outhouse and asked permission to leave the company. This request was denied. Instead, Outhouse gave him some orders which he instructed him to pass on to his ten wagons. This he did, but the orders were not received well. Upon learning how the members had reacted to his orders, Outhouse denied having given them. With this turn of events, Barton left the company and invited his ten wagons to come with him, but they opted to stay with the main company. He came the rest of the way on his own.

After the rest of the company arrived in Salt Lake, Barton learned that the day after he left, the rest of the company ousted Outhouse and put in another leader. Outhouse didn't like taking orders from someone else and the company broke up into small parties and continued their journey. After arriving in Salt Lake, Outhouse and his family left the church and went on to California.

(This chain of events may be one reason why we have not known more of the Cottam's experiences in crossing the plains.)

An old friend of John and Catherine Cottam in Salt Lake City quoted Catherine as saying in her English dialect, "There is a vast difference between our Thomas and our John. Our Thomas says to me quietly, 'Good morning, Mother, how are you this morning?' Our John, gruffly, 'Hello. What's news?' In their English home kitchen there were hooks screwed into the exposed rafters for hanging up sacks of dried food, meat, quilting frames, etc. The two boys used to play there, jumping from hook to hook. John missed catching onto the hook once, but caught his finger and tore it open. He carried the scar ever after.

Catherine Livesey Cottam was able to read and write, which would indicate a higher social-economic background than was common for a woman born in 1794 in England. Her daughter-in-law Ann Haworth, had to sign her marriage certificate with her X mark. In their later life in Salt Lake, Catherine often took Mary Reid Cottam, her son John's third wife, when she went out to make calls. She would say, "Come, let' s go to Fuller's Grove," or to town or to see some English friend. She was always so anxious to help someone else. John would say, "My mother was a good woman but she nearly ruined my father with her generosity. Thomas seldom spoke so frankly.

Historical Note: On September 2 1887, John Omerod wrote to Thomas Cottam about the old home at Meadowhead, "Yes, old friend, George Hitchen who lives at Meadowhead is a son of the late Synderish Hitchen who was a great friend of your Mother."

"The Pioneer Wood Turner"

A Sketch of the life of John Cottam by his daughter Evelyn Cottam Riddle
Published in the Daughters of Utah Pioneers book, "*Our Pioneer Heritage*"
"By Their Works They Shall Be Known" page 450 to 459.

Much has been written about pioneer groups who left Nauvoo in 1846 and 1847. Little is known of those who did not have enough to outfit themselves for the first march across the plains. They wandered aimlessly down the Mississippi River, halting at various places. Some found a resting place in St. Louis. Because so many left the faith, it was called *The Devil's Kitchen.* John Cottam and his wife Ann were among those who filtered into the city of St. Louis. They were among those, however, who remained faithful to the Church. He was a wood craftsman, having learned the trade in England. He readily found work in the mills while his wife took up work in a factory making sails. When the work was slow in the mills, he found employment working on the flat boats as they plied up and down the Mississippi River.

John Cottam Jr. was born 10 December 1823, in West Bradford, Yorkshire, England. His father John Cottam Sr., was born 25 January 1792, in West Bradford, Yorkshire, England. His mother was Catherine Livesey, born 3 July 1794, in Mellor, near Preston, Lancashire,

England. John had a brother Thomas, another brother William Livesey who died at the age of 9 years, and two sisters, Jenny C. and Ellen. While they were young the family lived on a beautiful estate at Low Moor. There were hawthorn hedges, and primrose flowers blooming on the edge of the roads and beautiful green fields of grass as high as the middle of the cattle. The skylarks sang their sweetest songs as the boys drove the cows into the barns to be milked. The house was a fine old manor and the barn and outbuildings were strong and well made. Several men were hired on this farm. The father John Sr., was 6'2" in his stocking feet. He had kind blue eyes and light brown hair. He was very honest, easy going, good natured, and God-fearing. Catherine, his mother, was short with black hair and black eyes, full of humor, loved company, and in fact was popular socially.

Many of the men that his father hired took advantage of his good nature. They did poor work, neglected the animals and the crops and things started to go bad at Low Moor. His wife gave many parties at the manor. She had fine china, linens, and silverware and she served expensive wines, cakes, cookies and candies. She had her own horse and carriage and visited her many friends in the nearby towns and villages at their parties. She was a very good woman but loved gaiety and fun. She did not count the cost, did not keep books and so the money flowed out and little came in. Debts piled up and hard times came with not enough income to meet the creditors; so the beautiful manor, farm, buildings, and fields were put on the block. It was a sad, sad day for the Cottam family. The poor little boys and girls saw their beloved home auctioned off by the bailiff. The boy John never forgot it. He lived 80 years and the sadness of that day always remained vividly in his memory.

The family took their few household belongings and a cart and horse and moved to nearby Clitheroe to make their home. Father John was clever as a wood craftsman so he put up a small shop and made chairs, tables, and other similar furniture. When he had a supply of furniture, the boys, Thomas and John, filled their cart and went to the different villages to sell the furniture. As the horse was very old, he became blind so that one of the boys had to lead the blind horse. Mother Catherine had very few friends now that her parties were a thing of the past. If she entertained now, it was very simple and much different from the entertainment in the manor.

1838
Age 15

In the year 1838 they were well established in Clitheroe where they became devout church members of the local Protestant church. Prior to this, however, they were members of the Catholic faith. About this time news came that preachers were preaching a very strange religion in Preston, a nearby city. The Cottam family had friends in Chatburn, Waddington, Downham and Preston. These friends told of the many conversions to the new church. They heard of meetings held in the cockpit which had once been used for cockfighting and now was a temperance hall. The Cottam family became interested. They listened to the elders and accepted their teachings. The boy John was baptized in April of 1838. In time all the family joined. When the time came for Heber C. Kimball to leave the vicinity, the Cottam family

tearfully bade him goodbye. The new gospel gave them a new way of life and they were very happy.

1841
Age 18

When son John was about 18 years of age, he fell in love with a beautiful girl. They were to be married. The cries had been given in her church twice and on the third cry his mother objected because of his age. They drifted apart and never saw each other again.

1843 - 1850
Age 20 - 27

In 1843, when he was 20 he married Ann Smith, a girl from Chatburn. On 12 February 1844, their first child William, was born in West Bradford. In 1845 they immigrated to America, going to Nauvoo where in 1846 a daughter Catherine was born who died in infancy and was buried in Nauvoo. Soon trials and hardships came to this little family. The gospel had given them inner spiritual values which sustained them in all outward circumstances. They were driven from Nauvoo in the pioneer exodus. They did not have enough money to finance themselves for the trek across the plains, so they drifted to Kanesville, Missouri, where a son, Smith was born. His frail little body could not endure the rigors of pioneer life, consequently, he died very early. When they arrived in St. Louis in 1850, a child Thomas was born.

1852
Age 28

In 1852 they prepared to make the journey to the West. There were John and Ann and two children, William and Thomas. They had a wagon, two yoke of oxen, four cows, bedding, clothes and food. One exciting experience which Father related was one time he foolishly shot into a herd of buffalo. This of course stampeded the herd. They started after him. He ran and jumped into the river, swimming fast and all the time praying for protection. As they traveled they gathered buffalo chips for fuel and saleratus to use in their biscuits. From the records of the Church Historian's office the following information was obtained:

The immigration of 1852, fourth company, Joseph Outhouse, Captain. Second ten, Daniel Page, Captain. The *Deseret News* of September 8, 1852, gives the list of those who had arrived up to that time. Among the names mentioned is that of Thomas Cottam. The record gives the name of John Cottam with Thomas Cottam's name appearing immediately above his; hence Thomas and John arrived together on or before September 8, 1852.

They located on the northwest corner of North Temple and 5th West. Their very dear friend and neighbor, Henry Cumberland, located on the northeast corner. A half-block east was the home of their beloved friend and bishop Frederick Kessler. A half-block west were

other neighbors, the Hunters, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. John built a fine adobe two-story home, a two-story wood turning shop, barns and outbuildings. In the spring high waters came rushing down City Creek and many times Father jumped out of bed to right the stream, throwing down planks, etc. He hauled many loads of earth and gravel to protect his home. He finally decided to build a cobble rock wall around his property, to protect it from the ravages of the flood water.

(I will insert the description of John Cottam's turning mill,
written by my brother, John E. Cottam, a son.)

In the early days of Salt Lake City, Utah, there was a wood-turning mill that was operated by the power of a horse. The building was situated about eight rods north of the southeast corner of the block that was bounded by Fifth West Street, First North Street, Sixth West Street, and North Temple Street. The mill belonged to John Cottam, who had come to Salt Lake Valley in 1852, from Clitheroe, Lancaster, (I think this should be Lancashire) England. The structure was in use from about 1860 to 1900. It consisted of two parts--a two-story adobe shop facing on Fifth West Street, and an open circular cone-topped wooden shed attached to the shop on the west side. The conical roof was supported along its edge by several cylindrical posts, which formed a circle.

Embedded in the middle of the ground under the shed was a tree trunk, lying in a horizontal position. Upon this trunk a metal plate was riveted. In the plate was a hole about two and one-half inches in diameter and about three inches in depth. In that hollow rested a lubricated bolt that extended from the middle of the bottom of a vertical column that was about ten feet in length and about one foot, six inches in diameter. A similar bolt, protruding from the center of the top of the column, entered a hole in a metal plate fastened to a piece of timber that rested on two opposite roof supports.

Around the top of the vertical column were spoke-like planks, which were about three inches thick, one foot wide, and ten feet long. A rim holding wooden pegs fitted into a horizontal, wooden, barrel-wheel, that surrounded a post, about fifteen feet long, that extended beyond the cone-shaped shed. At the external end of the post was a wheel, about eight feet in diameter and about one foot wide. A leather belt connected the wheel with smaller, interior, overhead wheels. A narrower belt joined one of them to the turning lathe.

About three feet above the ground, and extending horizontally from the vertical column was a piece of timber about eight feet long, eight inches wide, and eight inches thick. Near the end was an iron hook to which a singletree could be fastened. A harnessed horse would be brought in, the tugs attached to the end of the singletree, and a rod about an inch and a half in diameter, having been connected with one of the overhead spokes, was joined to the horse's bridle. A small boy, occupying a seat on the beam behind the animal, was the driver. The boy gave a gentle command and the horse would stretch slowly forward, pulling the beam, which,

being a radius-lever, caused all the machinery to operate. Treading the same circular path, hour after hour, the horse provided the energy that was transformed into mechanical motion.

In the adobe building, John Cottam, the turner, stood at a bench. He would insert a piece of wood having square ends, and with his chisels of many shapes and sizes, which he would rest upon a metal bar, he would carve off chips and shavings from the rapidly revolving stick. He thus made beads, rosettes, rolling pins, potato mashers, chair legs, stairway posts, balusters, and porch columns.

For several years the source of power at the turning mill was a medium-sized white horse, familiarly called *Old Dan*. Adults and children often visited the mill and gazed at the horse as he walked around and around. They entered the shop and saw the turner as he first sent out a spray of wooden splinters from the four-edged block and then shaved off long strips of thin ribbons. The boys liked to frolic in the heaps of turnings. Sometimes the turner would make a little ball bat for a boy or a doll for a girl.

Mill, horse and turner are no more. The adobes of the shop became a part of the earth's surface. The shed and the wooden machinery were used as fuel. In a field where wild flowers bloom and meadow larks sing, *Old Dan* lies buried. In 1903, he who had wrought so artistically with chisel and wood joined those whom death had taken into his realm.

On the front porches of some of the older houses in Salt Lake City, and in private dwellings and public edifices, may be seen balusters, columns and other objects which, decades ago, were made in the Fifth West Street turning mill by a horse's strength and a workman's skill. Mill and horse and artifices have vanished. Things that they produced still remain. The present is the beneficiary of the past.

The wooden part of the machinery in the Fifth West Street turning mill was constructed by the owner, John Cottam, from hardwood obtained in the mountains surrounding the Salt Lake Valley. The iron parts were made by Henry Cumberland, a blacksmith, whose shop was at the northeast corner of the intersection of Fifth West Street and North Temple Street. The balusters and other turned objects in the Salt lake Temple, Salt Lake Tabernacle, Assembly Hall, and Beehive House were made by John Cottam.

1858
Age 34

In 1858, when Johnston's Army came to Utah, Father took his wife Ann, and children to American Fork, where another child Heber was born June 17, 1858. Father returned to Salt Lake, placed kindling near his house ready to fire it if the Army came to take possession of the city. He was appointed Captain of a group of men who were stationed in Echo Canyon. The family has possession of a sword which father received from one of the soldiers of the army.

After the army left, many of the people returned to their homes in Salt Lake. Some did remain in the various towns and helped build them. Father returned to Salt Lake and soon life went on as usual. He worked in his shop making chairs, tables, bureaus, beds and almost everything which could be made of wood. He made wooden dolls, spool holders, rolling pins, potato mashers, bins, dollies for washing machines. The modern washer is similar to the dollie. It had a long turned shaft with four or five pegs, and it was a great help in washing clothes. The shop was a rendezvous for all ages and types. The old men gathered there to exchange stories and jokes. Young folk loved to see the shapeless pieces of wood placed in the lathe, and under the skillful hands holding the chisels of various sizes, come out a beautiful piece of work. There were heaps of shavings and sawdust in which the little children loved to play and the same shavings became the bed for some who had indulged too much in whiskey. It was warm and soft and a good place in which to get sober. Resting in the shavings and sawdust was *Old Jip* the water spaniel, the pet of everyone.

One of the tragedies that came to Father was a fire. The barn was full of hay and grain, cows and oxen, and tools, when the fire broke out. All went up in smoke. Water was thrown on the shop and the house. Water was drawn from a well, and from City Creek which ran down North Temple Street. All the neighbors and family were fighting it furiously when President Brigham Young rode by in his carriage and shouted "Brother John, dig a trench and divert the water from the creek." The men started digging and soon they had the water running around the house and shop.

1864
Age 40

On October 22, 1864, Father married Mary Reid, a convert from Scotland, in polygamy. She was, indeed, one of God's noble women.

Father was a great sportsman. He loved to go to the sloughs west of the city and shoot ducks. It was a common thing for him to bring home a wagon load of ducks which he gave to his friends, neighbors and anyone who passed his way.

For many years John Cottam performed baptisms in City Creek, Jordan River, and the Endowment House. He performed so many he was called *John the Baptist*. Very often in later years, he would have people stop him on the street and say, "Brother Cottam, I want to shake your hand. You baptized me." On the records of the Sixteenth Ward he had the distinction of having performed more baptisms than anyone else in the ward. These records also show his fine record for contributions, tithing and work in the ward.

Father's wife Mary helped build a house. She picked fruit, dried it and sold it to the agents for the mining camps. She made butter and cheese and sold milk and eggs and with the money, bought some lovely things for her home. For many years she made rush bottoms for the chairs that father made.

Father secured several pieces of property and had quite a tract of land on South State. He also had a hay field on Camp's Lane, a 5 x 20 lot on Sixth West between South Temple and First South, and a 10 x 10 on Seventh West between lst and 2nd North. This piece he bought for a wagon and a pair of oxen from a Billy Dobson who traveled in the wagon to Richmond in Cache County where he made his home.

Father had a herd of cattle and a flock of sheep which he gave to his son William who was a pioneer in the Escalante area. He always had horses, cows and pigs. We had the old wagon in which he crossed the plains, until 1906. Scarcely any part of the original wagon was left because when one part wore out a new part replaced it and all the parts wore out in time. Before the Sixteenth Ward had a place for the Relief Society to meet, it was held in our home. He brought planks in for the sisters to sit on. He played a great part in the growth of the Sixteenth Ward.

1877
Age 54

The romances in the ward were heartwarming. Captain William Hooper was a friend of father's. Father was looking for another wife. William said, "John, I have a fine Swedish girl who is my cook. She will be a good wife for you." So he introduced them, and on December 27, 1877, Father married Anna Gustava Johnson, a Swedish convert, whom I am very thankful to call my mother.

1878 - 1883
Age 55 - 60

On September 27, 1878, a pair of twins were born, named John and Mary. Mary died at birth. On March 30, 1880, a son Samuel, was born. In the fall of that year father and his wives, Mary and Anna, moved to a new home on Sixth West. It was a three-room house; later two other rooms were added with porches and outside rooms for summer use. Father built a spacious barn, sheds, and coal house. It became a grand place in which to live. We children spent a very rich childhood in this home. Father continued to work in his shop and also to work in the Morrison-Merrill shop as well as the Armstrong Turning Shop.

In 1882 I was born, and in 1883 my brother Nephi was born. In the late 80s the polygamist raids took place. My father was hounded from pillar to post. He was on the underground for a long time. He went to San Francisco, and found work in the turning mills of that city. He related an interesting incident which happened at the home of Lotta Crabtree, who was a great actress of her day and who was his cousin. She invited him to dinner. It was served in grand style with fine china, linen and silverware and with servants to wait on the guests. The servant brought the soup course in, and as father was very hungry, he cupped the soup and asked for a second helping. He filled up on soup so when the main course came he had no room left.

After being away for two years he came back to Salt Lake City and gave himself up to the authorities. He was tried in the United States Court by Judge Baskin and was found guilty of unlawful cohabitation. On the court records still in existence, the case is listed as "The U. S. against John Cottam for unlawful cohabitation." He was sentenced to six months in the Utah Penitentiary and fined fifty dollars. Please note that at that time there was not a law against polygamy in the United States. The Edmunds-Tucker bill had been drawn up but had not been passed by Congress.

Well, the sweetest, gentlest, kindest and most noble man I ever knew put on prison stripes with a number on his back and his head was shaved and he went behind prison bars for what? Because he was my mother's husband and the father of her children, and he had married her when it was not against the laws of the land.

The pen was filthy as a pig sty. Bed bugs, mice and flies kept the inmates in misery. Food was poor, and the beds were not fit for human beings. My mother drove a wagon with a white horse, Dan, to the pen once a week to visit Father and to take him provisions. Once we four children went with her. We entered the room where the prisoners came in walking lock-step. My father stepped out and came over to his little brood. We were so happy to see him we showered him with kisses and embraces.

He had a beautiful fan made of wood for me and three toys for my brothers. They were carved wooden men with hammers and when you pulled a stick, they came down with their hammers. Some inmate had made them for father. He also had a stuffed yarn doll with the initials "L. C." in colored yarn which was made by an inmate for me. Father was a good prisoner. He was obedient to orders. There were some who were put in the "sweat box" for insubordination, but father had no trouble with the guards.

On Christmas my Aunt Mary and Mother made a grand big box for him. Aunt Mary made a three layer Christmas cake, frosted it, and sprinkled candies and caraway on it, together with the love birds on top. It was really a thing of beauty. Mother drove the old white horse to the pen. It was bitter cold. She had hot rocks in the wagon but she froze her hands and feet and never quite recovered from that experience.

My aunt had dreams that always meant something. One morning she arose and said, All is not well with Father. I dreamed last night that he opened his Christmas basket and threw back the lid with disgust." The next week mother went to see Father and she asked, "How did you enjoy your Christmas?" He said, "I had the skeleton of a turkey and some rotten apples." One of his friends had sent him a roasted turkey. The guards had taken his Christmas box, had a feast, and gave him the scraps. A number of years later while father was on Main Street, a beggar asked him for a handout. Father recognized him as the guard who had taken his Christmas box years before. Father gave him some coins. Our neighbor, Thomas Howells, said, "How could you do it?" to which father answered, "I hold no malice. I am not his judge."

About the time his stay was nearly up in the penitentiary, he became very ill. An operation was necessary. There was at this time no anesthetic. They proceeded to practically butcher him and then sewed him up. Arthur Pratt was the warden. He had been kind to Father and when he saw father he said, "We cannot let Uncle John die here." A hack drawn by two horses was sent to the pen. Three of Father's friends brought him home. As they carried him in, Aunt Mary said, "Is he dead?" To this they replied, "Not yet." Aunt Mary and Mother nursed him back to health. When he was well he had to live away from home because they were not allowed to live with their "second families." So a room was furnished in the upstairs of his work shop and there our beloved father had to live for a number of years. Three times a day his meals were carried to him.

It has been said that Father was a great sportsman. He loved the prize fight and on the walls of his bunk were pictures of the prize fighters of the day. To show his love for England he had many pictures of the various ranks of the English army and navy and proudly pointed out the beloved Queen Victoria. He had lived in England when she had made so many reforms to help her people. He had a very beautiful framed picture of her and when news came of her death, he wept.

My mother, my brother John, and I had typhoid fever. Mother was very ill. Aunt Mary had everything to do, the milking, housework, cooking, and nursing the sick. Father was not allowed to even come home. We all recovered but Mother was not well after that. She developed Bright's disease, which later caused her death.

At another time Father fell from a streetcar and injured his arm. A doctor was called who pronounced it only a sprain. My aunt rubbed it day after day, but it did not get better. So a well-known pioneer, Dr. Anderson, was called in. He looked at Father and said, "Your arm is dislocated. If it were not for the fact that you look like you would live ten or fifteen years I would not undertake to fix it." So once again, without an anesthetic, two of his friends held his body while another man and the doctor pulled the arm back into place. With tender nursing he came through this although he could never put on his shirt or coat or fasten his shoes without help.

About 1903
Age 75

As my mother died about this time, Father was left with just one wife and was allowed to stay at home. There were no more deputy raids, no more prison bars, no more lonely nights spent in the bunk above the shop. He was home with his wife Mary and his children. We adored him. We loved him more than anything else in the world. Peace and tranquility came after a life of tempest. He had a horse and buggy and the boys harnessed it whenever he wanted to go see his friends. He was a champion checker player and often went to visit his old friends for a few games of checkers. William Hodge, a Scottish friend of my Aunt Mary's came to the house and they played game after game, Father winning every time. After being walloped, William would look up and say, innocent like, *Mon, I just ge'it to ye.* Samuel H.

Smith was another friend of Father's who liked to play checkers and as he was a watchman at Saltair, Father often went there to have a game with Sammie. When he came home he always jumped off the train at Sixth West because the train had to stop at the crossing. This time he jumped and fell. It did not seem to hurt him much at the time. The next day was Sunday and he was asked to pronounce the benediction in meeting. He gave a very short prayer and said to Aunt Mary, "I made a mess of the benediction but a pain struck me in the stomach and I could not go on." It was the pain of death and twenty-four hours later, he died in the arms of my brother John. His brother Thomas had come for him. He fixed his eyes on the corner of the room and said, "He has come for me." We asked, "Who had come?" and he answered, "My brother Thomas has come." He closed his eyes in death. I am sure he and his brother together "went home".

It is difficult to analyze a great character. True greatness stands for the simple, homely virtues. Greatness is not fame, glory, wealth, pomp, splendor. They all vanish when the knight of death comes. Honesty, integrity, unselfishness, kindliness, love of fellow men, chastity, these are the simple virtues which never depart but go with one on the long journey. They are the inward spiritual values that support one in all outward circumstances. My father possessed all these virtues. He did not amass a fortune, but he owed no man a dollar. He hated debt as he hated the gates of hell. What he could not pay for, he went without. He was fearless as a lion in defense of righteousness, but gentle as a lamb when any creature was suffering. When his faithful old horse was accidentally shot in the leg, he shed tears. He had a bed behind the stove for his dog Jip and when remonstrated with about the care he gave the dog he would say when the family accused him of thinking more of the dog than of them, "Well, you can talk and he can't."

To me he was truly great. Again the question arises, how could one endure so much, and again the answer comes that the inward spiritual values sustained him in all outward circumstances.

The information in this sketch is taken from Church records, the *Deseret News*, personal contacts, and information from reliable people. If any statement is not correct, I shall be most happy to change it.

John Cottam, Chair Maker

by Elizabeth Cottam Walker, a granddaughter

John and Ann Cottam had crossed the plains into Utah in 1852, coming from Yorkshire, England where they had embraced the new religion that was so abhorrent to their families.

The next year tools and machinery for his trade of furniture maker arrived in Deseret, having been ordered before he left the east for this desert gathering place of those whose acceptance of God was like his own. It had traveled the long way around the horn of South America, a dangerous journey.

John had used the time between his arrival and that of his machinery to build a house for his wife and small son, William, and an adobe shop on the corner of his large lot, next to a dug well.

John soon had his shop in good working order. A large wheel turned "round and "round and the finished product of this small factory was rungs for chairs, legs for beds, and chair back posts.

John and Ann shopped a long while before they found the horse they must have. Blind Nell walked an endless circle, pulling the wheel. A horse must be blind for this task; one that could see would soon go crazy walking in the same small circle day after day.

John had a special way of tucking the ends of the cane in so they never came loose, and this became a trademark of the Cottam furniture. In late autumn he gathered the bull rushes from the edge of the Jordan River. These he spread out on the ground for the sun to dry. He turned them daily, sometimes wetting them down if they were drying too brittle. It was a slow process, for the rushes must be pliable and strong. John sorted them, and discarded most, keeping only the young, subtle growth for his work.

In the winter, when cold and snow brought his shop's work to a standstill, John would roll the reeds between his palms until he had the size and shape of caning he required. At this time he caned the chairs he had made during good weather, and people brought damaged chairs to be mended or renewed. He provided well for his family, taking food or articles for the home in payment when necessary.

He was an ardent worker in the early church, having the reputation of baptizing more converts to the Mormon faith than any other man in the territory. This won him the affectionate title of "John the Baptist" in the town. It was in this way that he met and became firm friends with President Brigham Young.

One day a spark from the wheel set fire to the shavings and sawdust on the floor of the factory. Soon it was blazing, and Blind Nell, caught in a corner, was screaming in terror. The fire whistle blew and men rushed to help save the small factory.

Brigham Young was driving leisurely down the street in his beautiful buggy, its fringe swaying in rhythm to the horses' trot. He was dressed ornately, as befitted his position as head of a growing church. Top hat and vest, he sat erect, holding the reins firmly. He drew his buggy to the ditch-bank as the fire whistle blew.

"Whose place is on fire?" he asked a passer-by.

"The Cottam furniture shop."

President Young didn't need to know more. Racing his horses, he was soon at the scene of the blaze. He stripped off his coat and vest, and grabbing a bucket, joined in the battle against the fire. Hearing the frantic screaming of Blind Nell, he knocked out the window, and pried at the adobe wall. Soon he led the blind horse out, comforting the frightened animal.

John Cottam's work still stands as a monument to pioneer industry and ingenuity; the bench ends in the tabernacle and assembly hall, and part of the pulpits are products of this factory, as is the spiral staircase in the temple. Family history tells us that he also carved the first eagle on eagle gate, a small bird figure soon replaced by a larger one, then by the one still used.

The Cottam factory was operated for many years, going out of business when commercially-made, bulk furniture began arriving in Utah from the large eastern factories.

However, those who may still have a chair made by this pioneer artisan in their homes, know it to be as strong today as when it was first turned out in this humble shop. And to see and treasure a length of board and note its perfect grooving tells a tale of pride in accomplishment that only those who work with their hands can know.

Mrs. Ralph Bishop
726 West South Temple
Salt Lake City, Utah
Cousin of Heber Cottam - Has chairs made by John Cottam

Chair made by John Cottam, Jr. Owned by Edwin "Ted" Bishop of Bountiful, son of Ralph Bishop. Picture taken in 2003. Chair is well over 100 years old and has original cane seat.

Ann Smith Cottam

1824 - 1890

(Written by Alice Cottam Bishop, daughter of Heber Cottam)

Ann Smith Cottam was born in Chatburn, Yorkshire, England on February 18, 1824.

1838
Age 14

She was converted to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and was baptized March 14, 1838. This is the year in which the gospel was taken to Great Britain.

1843
Age 18

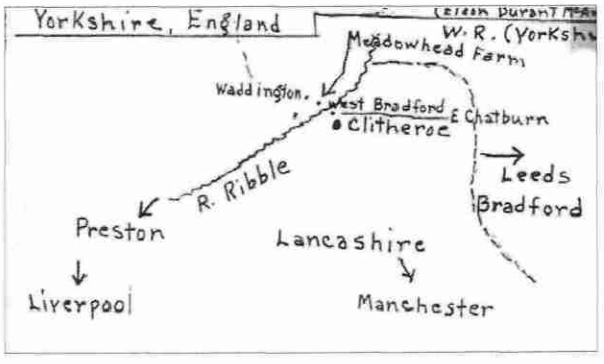
In 1843, at the time she was a little over 18 years of age, she met a young man by the name of John Cottam, also a member of the Church. Soon after this, they were married.

1844 - 1846
Age 19 - 22

They left for America in 1845, accompanied by a young son, William, who was born in West Bradford on February 12, 1844. They first went to Nauvoo where in 1846 a daughter Katherine was born. She died in infancy and was buried in Nauvoo.

Ann, and her young husband, John, were driven from Nauvoo in the exodus, but inasmuch as they did not have sufficient money to finance the journey across the plains, they drifted to Kanesville, Missouri, in search of work. Here a son Smith was born. His frail little body could not endure the rigors of pioneer life; he died at an early age.

1850 - 1852
Age 26 - 28



This young couple with their little son William, located in St. Louis. Ann gave birth in 1850 to another son who was named Thomas. While in St. Louis, they were forced to eat much coarse corn meal. As there was little or no shortening for the corn cakes, they had to be dug out of the pans. From this one

can readily understand how difficult it was to eat this diet and it gave many of the saints, including the Cottam family what was then known as the "bloody flux" or bleeding of the bowels. The father worked for some wheat flour. This was made into biscuits which in time relieved the condition from which they were suffering. He was so thankful for this wheat flour which relieved the suffering of his family that he wept.

For the next two years, John Cottam worked on the flat boats on the river as he could find no work in the mills as a wood turner. Ann supplemented their income by working long days in a sail factory. She had to leave William, who was only about six years of age, alone all day with his baby brother. At noon time she would come home to get them something to eat. William remembered well being left alone and how a playmate gave him a trinket to play with; he took the trinket home. When his mother found he had something which did not belong to him she explained he must take it back as it was not honest to bring things home. He rebelled, but she took him back and insisted on his returning the article. He never forgot this and told the story to his own children and grandchildren to impress upon them the lesson in honesty.

At the end of two years, after John and Ann had both worked very hard, they had sufficient money to outfit themselves for the trip to the West. They started with a wagon, two yoke of oxen, four cows, bedding, clothes and food.

1852
Age 28

About September 1852, they arrived in the Salt Lake Valley where they located their home on the northwest corner of North Temple and Fifth West streets. They built a comfortable, two story home with a barn, a work-shop and outbuildings. John was an excellent cabinet maker; he soon established a fine business, making tables, chairs, columns and balustrades. Their home was comfortable and their life happy.

At that time City Creek flowed down North Temple, passing the south side of their property. In the spring, the floods did considerable damage to the property, so his young sons hauled cobble rocks from the canyons, and together they built a strong rock wall. The neighborhood boys spent many happy hours on this wall because, with its flat board top, it was a convenient place to sit. All around this street corner were box elder trees and in a few years the shade was very pleasant on hot summer days. In later years when many of the boys who played there were grown to manhood, they would relate how happy they had been because they were made so welcome by Sister Cottam's kindnesses.

1853 - 1868
Age 29 - 44

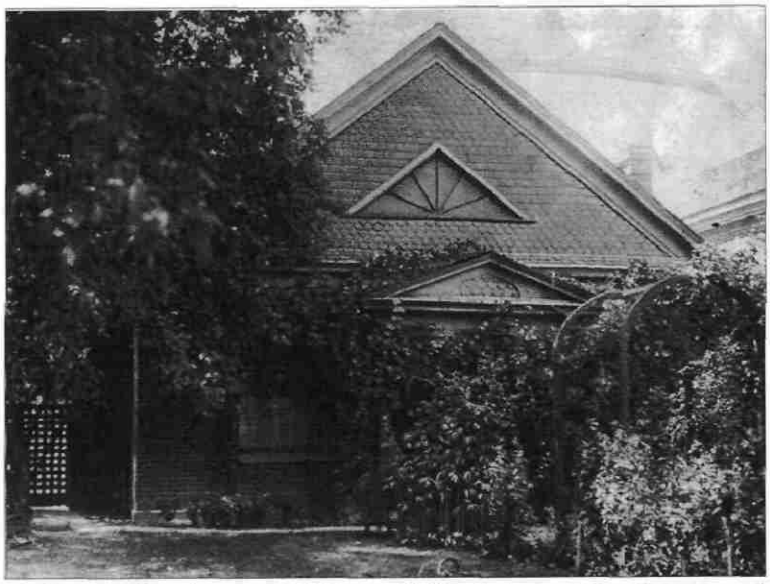
All went well, and Ann was very happy, except for the fact that many of their beautiful children died. After arriving in Salt Lake City, she gave birth to the following children:

- John, born in 1853;
- Alma, 1855;
- Heber, 1858;
- Hyrum, 1861;
- Albert, 1863;
- Ann, 1865;
- Daniel, 1867;
- another son, named John, was born in 1868;
- a baby boy, who died a day or so after birth.

William, Alma, and Heber were raised to manhood. Hyrum was the victim of a peculiar accident when he was hit in the head by a rock thrown by a playmate. He suffered intense pain for 13 weeks, passing away just one month after his 13th birthday. Ten of her thirteen children died which saddened the family.

1864
Age 40

In the year 1864, Ann gave her consent for her husband to marry a second wife, Mary Reid. An addition to the house was built.



Built sometime between 1852 and 1868. Built by John Cottam and Ann Smith. (First home was two-story adobe house on corner of lot at 5th West and North Temple. Address: 117 North 5th West (now 6th West). 5 generations lived in this home.

After several years, Ann's health began to fail, and for many years she suffered intensely. Matrimonial difficulties crowned her life, and she finally sought her freedom in the courts, being awarded a divorce and her rightful share of the property. She rented part of the home she was given and retained only enough for herself and her youngest living son, Heber. Because she failed to consult Fredrick Kessler, the

bishop of the ward, he cut her off the church, stating that when she asked forgiveness in fast meeting, she would be reinstated. She told him that she had committed no sin, that she still believed in and kept the principles of the gospel, and she would not do as he asked.

She sang alto in the Tabernacle choir for many years. Many times she testified to her family that she knew the gospel was true, and she remained firm in her faith to the last.

1862
Age 38

The following is quoted from a copy of her Patriarchal Blessing we found in her Bible. "Your pathway shall shine brighter and brighter, ever until the perfect day. You shall be able to comprehend the principles of the kingdom and be a blessing to your father's house and a blessing to all you are associated with and inasmuch as you desire to do good, no good thing shall be held from you. I seal upon you the blessing of life and of health and say under all difficult circumstances which you may have to pass through, the angels of mercy shall be with you and the angels of health will administer unto you. Wicked men or devils never shall have power over you. The fostering hand of your Heavenly Father shall be over you continually and your guardian angel shall lead you forth in the paths of truth and righteousness, and your heart shall rejoice and you shall live on the Earth as long as life is sweet unto you and have power to fill up the measure of your creation with usefulness. The blessings of many shall rest upon your head in consequence of your firmness and perseverance." This blessing was given in Salt Lake City, 26 October 1862, by John Young.

Shortly before her death she worried because she owed someone for a sack of salt. She told her oldest son, that if he would take the money to the person she owed it to, that all her debts would be paid and she would owe no one.

Some ten or fifteen years after her death, the unjustness of the excommunication of this noble woman was investigated by President Joseph F. Smith, and his permission was given to have her temple work done, thereby restoring her rights. This work was done in the St. George Temple through the efforts of William E. Thompson, a temple worker and a dear friend of the family.

1890
Age 66

Ann Smith Cottam died in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 2, 1890 of cancer. The writer of this history remembers very well several dear friends of this good woman who testified many times of her kindness, her courage, her patience and her devotion to her remaining sons and their families.

The two oldest grandchildren, Nelson and William Allen Cottam, remember her kindnesses to them. They loved to stay overnight in her home. Nelson said he has never

forgotten the molasses cookies that she always had ready for them and the thrill of having his first suit which his grandmother sent to him. They remembered also that although she suffered much pain, she was exceedingly patient and kind. In a letter written to her sister, which was found many years later in a trunk belonging to her sister, she told of how good her son Heber was to her and how hard he had worked to give her the medicine she needed and the things she could eat.

Copies of Letters Written by Ann Smith Cottam
To Her Sister and Brother-in-law, Joseph and Mary Smith Boothman

Address on the envelope
1349 North 15 Street
St. Louis, Mo.

Sixteenth Ward
Salt Lake City, Utah
March 2, 1880

My Dear Brother and Sister.

Your letter came to hand 20 February and I was much pleased to hear from you and to hear you are both well. You say you would like to come to stay if you had any encouragement. I do not know what to say to encourage you but there is a home for you to come to and stay until you think you can do better. As for living I don't see why you cannot live here. There is the same chance for you as there is for everybody else. Folks come here to live and not to starve.

I have seen Brother Ellison since he returned and he gave me the news. I have heard from May Ann Ellis. She is much pleased to hear you are coming out. She says she will be at the depot waiting for you and will see that you are made comfortable as long as you wish to stay in Ogden. When you get there you will be right in the heart of the Emmet family for they all live there and are all very comfortable in circumstances. Mary you have got many friends and acquaintances here and they all seem pleased that you are coming. It will soon be 28 years since I saw any of you to speak with you and during that time I have had much sickness to contend with and have often felt I would be glad to have had a mother or sister near me. I have got a good home and plenty to eat, drink and wear. As far as they go I have sufficient and I shall be greatly disappointed if you do not come.

I have lately had a letter from Willie and they are all well and doing well and he expects to come up next fall. The two boys are living at home but I think Alma will be married soon but I don't know when.

I don't know that I have any more to say. When you write, direct the letter to Mrs. Ann Cottam 16th Ward Salt Lake City, Utah. Please write soon. P.S. Grandmother Cottam is failing fast, and this is her sick day. Willie's address is William Cottam, Escalante, Iron County Utah.

Sixteenth Ward
Salt Lake City, Utah
January 3, 1881

Dear Bro. And Sister.

I received your very welcome letter December 31 and am glad to hear you both are enjoying good health and am glad to hear you are coming out for I shall be as glad to see you as you will be to see me. When I received the letter you mentioned there was a lawsuit going on at the time between John and myself and I did not know how it would terminate. Before I entered suit against him I discovered he had mortgaged my home for $1,000, payable at ten percent in two years. We had a property in the Fifteenth Ward worth from twelve to fifteen hundred dollars that was deeded over to the second wife, also ten acres of lucerne land over the river so you see he intended to disinherit me and the boys. So in order to get my rights I was compelled to sue for a bill of divorce and I gained the suit but he was obliged to compromise with me and I got the homestead and five acres of lucerne land.

I think I have about half of what he was worth. The boys are living here, Heber with me and Alma and wife in another part of the house. I expect there will be an increase in their family in about a month. In another part of the house I rent 4 rooms and this leaves me with six for myself so you see there is a prospect for me of a living. I am obliged to keep a girl on account of my health.

Well, Mary, be sure and come for I shall be so glad to have one with me belonging to my own family. Grandmother Cottam is well as can be expected. Helen Marsden and boys are well. Thomas and family are well. Mary, I will now draw to a close not having much more to say this time. You wanted to know how John is. He and his families are well. I think I have no more to say this time so will conclude with our love to you both from your affectionate sister, A. Cottam.

Address: Mrs. Ann Cottam 16th Ward Salt Lake City, Utah

16th Ward
Salt Lake City, Utah
February 12, 1881

My Dear Brother and Sister:

I received your letter dated January ninth but have not had time to answer it sooner as Alma's wife has been confined. She has a little boy Born January 10th. She is not doing very well on account of gathered breast. I received a letter from Willie the same day I got yours. His family are well and doing well but Heber has been off work since the week before Christmas but I hope in a little time he will get work. I don't know that I can write much today for I am far from well. In your next letter let me know when you think of starting. We learn by the papers there has been some severe weather in the East with heavy floods. I believe we are favored here in these valleys. We have had much snow but the most of it is in the mountains and will remain there until summer when it will be used for irrigating the land. I have not seen or heard anything of the Emmet family for several months but Heber saw John Ellison last Saturday who inquired after you. He seems anxious for you to come out and so am I. We shall be greatly disappointed if you do not come.

I think I must draw to a close as I don't feel well enough to write more this time so good bye. We all send our love and good wishes to you both. From your loving Sister.

Ann Cottam

275 Hubbard Ave.
Salt Lake City, Utah
May 16, 1967

Dear Cousin Ruby:

At long last the letter you wrote to my sister Leila Ashton has reached me and I surely am sorry for the delay as I note your letter to her was dated April 21.

Leila's eyes are not too good and as she says genealogy makes her very nervous so she has asked that I write you.

Yes, Ruby, I do remember your visiting at our home years ago and have never forgotten that I enjoyed you, your husband and I believe two of your daughters. This was years ago, before the state purchased our old home for the freeway. I believe it was your brother, a Milton Twitchel who contacted my husband and we later sold and bought my present home which is about a quarter of a block off 9th South, and between 2nd and 3rd East. However just before we moved, my husband went into the Veterans Hospital and three days after my sons moved me here, my husband passed away. (This was in January 1959.)

I will be happy to give you what I have on Grandmother Cottam's line. I do not have it all on the sheets because I have had a great deal of sickness in my family. Two years ago my daughter's husband died suddenly in Lewiston, Idaho and asked me if I would take care of my daughter and two teen age boys so they came here and have been living with me. Then she had a very serious operation a year and a half ago, and she has been in and out of the hospital many, many times. My oldest son died two years before his Father did. His widow had two cancer operations and in fact she still goes every other week for treatments.

My two grandsons who are living with me will go to Idaho for the summer with their mother, so that I am hoping I can get these sheets completed. However I shall be happy to give you what I have and it may be that you can use the information in completing your sheets. When I was going thru some papers found in my sister Minerva's home after her death, I came across two letters that were written by my grandmother

Cottam, and I believe you might find them interesting so I shall send you, under separate cover a copy of these letters. They were written to her sister Mary Smith Boothman while she was in St. Louis. This Aunt Mary and Uncle Joe lived next door to my parent's home, and Leila and I remember them very well. They left the church however, and joined the Josephites where he was custodian of that church for several years after they came to Salt Lake . This Mary Boothman is the only one of Ann Smith Cottam's family that I have any record of so you can see there will have to be a great amount of research done. This should not be too difficult especially as I live not too far from the source of this information, and I shall try very hard to get to this at an early date.

Sincerely,
Alice C. Bishop

Salt Lake City, Utah
June 25, 1967

Dear Cousin Ruby.

I shall make no excuses for neglecting to send you the letter, dated May 16th, except to tell you at the time I wrote it I was not happy with so much I had written concerning myself and family and I felt I should re-write it. But time marches on and so decided to enclose said letter.

Another thing I wanted to see if I could find anything additional to send you. (Gee I'm all shaken up, the daughter and daughter-in-law of my very good neighbor just came to tell me their father had passed away. He was 77 years and has been ill one month. He and his wife have been my special dear friends and neighbors so naturally I feel sad.

And now to go on. - Quite a few years ago I wrote a story of my Grandmother Cottam for the Daughters of Pioneers and as I recall, it was around 1947 when they were celebrating the big time and dedicating the big Pioneer Monument. At any rate I did not send it in because Aunt Lottie, Grandpa Cottam's daughter by another wife, had sent in a big

story of her father and his wives and she mentioned his wife Ann. My story was somewhat different and I did not agree then, nor do I now about the reason for the divorce. She said it was jealousy and I cannot buy that so I find it is better to talk of other things whenever we meet.

I am under the impression I sent you or someone in your family a copy but if you would like to have one I will copy it and send it to you. One thing I have changed is that she died of Cancer. Some of her dear friends used to visit Father and one of them had said she felt all the pain she had suffered during the years was due to Cancer but I don't think this is correct and not having the opinion of a doctor at that time it is best to skip the cause of her death.

Two of her dear friends who came to our home many times to visit were Elizabeth Bouck, and Sister Cumberland. So I remember many of their conversations. Another was Nelson Cottam who remembered many things and told me in later years when he would visit Father, and after his death he visited me.

On my next visit to Logan I will bring you some pictures that Minerva has pasted in her story under Union Girls' Project and perhaps you could have some copies made.

It is time to get ready for my sacrament meeting so for this time, Bye -

Sincerely,
Alice Bishop

Mary Reid Cottam

1827 - 1915
Third Plural wife of John Cottam
By Lottie Cottam Hatch

Before industry was centralized in the big industrial centers of the British Isles and the Continent in the early 1800's, many of the homes had spinning wheels and weaving looms. There were great cities such as Glasgow, Edinburgh and London, but the majority of people lived in villages. People's possessions were meager. They did not know luxury, so they did not expect much and accepted their lot and were rather content. Some of the men had shops in their homes that brought in a living doing such jobs as cobbling or tailoring, or they had tools to use in the manufacture of woolen articles, the spinning and dying of yarns, and weaving yarns into cloth.

Each village had its church and minister, its crude schoolhouse, and a schoolmaster who usually ruled by the cane and rod.

On November 28, 1827, a little girl was born to John and Mary Ferguson Reid in the village of Kilburnie, Ayreshire, Scotland. Their home was a small cottage with a flagstone floor that was sanded and always swept very clean. The windows and doors were small and low. Above the door was a shelf on which were kept the crock jars and other dishes. A huge fireplace on one side of the room was used for cooking, and there were heavy iron pots and kettles. Good old Scotch soups; scones; plum puddings; curley kale and other greens; and oatmeal mush were some of the staple dishes of the day. This was a happy home.

John Reid was an honest, substantial, hardworking, God-fearing man. Mary was a refined, gentle, delicate woman who came from a long line of well-respected people. Ferguson was a name well thought of. The little baby was a welcome addition to the family. All went well for a time but soon the mother sickened and grew pale, with bright red spots on her cheeks. She was always tired and it was hard to breathe. She had the dreaded consumption and, in a few weeks, she died. An Aunt took little Mary and suckled her, for she had a baby the same age. Mary remained with her aunt until her father married again and took her home. While yet too young, she had many responsibilities. She polished the kettles, sanded the flagstone floor, carried water from the spring, and took care of the younger children. She was not aware that her mother was actually a stepmother until one day her aunt informed her of that fact. Mary's childhood was not a happy one. Her stepmother was hard and did not understand her.

The water from the spring was contained in a pool, and gooseberries, blackberries and English currants were planted on the banks, and there was a slight incline around the pool. Mary would carry her brother Andrew--he had a beautiful curly "heed" and blue eyes--to the

well and let him pick the berries. One day he wandered to the spot alone. They searched for him and found him drowned. Mary never ceased to grieve over that.

Mary attended the village school. The schoolmaster was old, cross, lame, and very exacting. He used a bone cane to help him walk and also to rule his school. He taught reading, writing, spelling and hymn singing. The Bible, *Pilgrim's Progress,* and Burns's poems were taught. The children had to say "good morning" and curtsy to the master as they filed past him to their seats. Mary hated to bow to him. One day she thought she had got by but he called her back and gave her some strikes on the hand with his cane.

Her people were deeply religious. There was no loud laughter, for that was of the devil. On the Sabbath the blinds were drawn and the family gathered around to hear the father read the scriptures. They went to the kirk where they listened with great earnestness. One day Mary heard the minister declare, "There is no doubt in my mind that the devil is working in thousands of infants no bigger than a span, to get them into hell because they were not baptized." It was a terrible picture. She decided God was not very just to allow that to happen. She pondered long and was much distressed.

1847
Age 20

About this time some missionaries from America, traveling two by two, were teaching a very strange doctrine. The village was quite upset. Mary's people would have nothing to do with them, and were very grieved because Mary found their message sweet to her searching heart. She was baptized in November 1847 when ice had to be broken for the ceremony. She was a weaver and worked in the factories in her locality, and when there was a strike (strikes were rather common in those days) she went to the factory in some other location so that she was seldom out of work. She had a keen sense of beauty in color and design, which was manifest in all she did. In her home it was the custom to learn passages from the Bible, Robert Burns, and the songs of Scotland. One time she learned the longest psalm, for which she was rewarded with a shilling.

1853
Age 25

In about 1853, Mary left her father's home and went to live in Glasgow to work in the weaving mills. She had no trouble getting work, for her reputation went before her. In time she lived in the LDS conference home, where she remained eight years. Elders Sands, Cunningham, Pyper, William Stains, Robert Patrick, Hamilton Park, and Malcomb McCallister were among her cherished friends. The last three spoke at her funeral fifty years later.

She passed out Church tracts on the Latter-day Saint principles. She preached the gospel and was fearless in its defense. The time was approaching when she would leave for Zion. She went to bid her friends and relations in Kilburne good-bye. Her father said, "If you

will go to Canada (her two brothers were there) I will pay your way, but I won't give you a penny to go to those despised Mormons." Because Mary was not too strong, her stepmother said, "You will not live to get there." and she wept. Mary replied, "If I die that will be alright, I will have been on my way." After farewells and parties, she set sail on the ship *Cynosure.* After eight weeks on the ocean the *Cynosure* docked in New York Harbor. There had been adverse winds and a rough sea. Sickness was frequent, measles broke out, and some died and were buried at sea. Food and water became scarce and there was much distress before the journey was over.

The war between the states was on. Soldiers had the immigrants swear their allegiance to the United States. There were two or three Brits who would not denounce England and swear their allegiance to the United States, so they hid from the soldiers. It caused some unrest among the Saints. The trip from New York to Florence, Nebraska, was by train. At Florence the people were outfitted for the trek to Utah. Mary had a very dear friend living in Florence, Ellen Watson, who had married one of the Pyper boys, George D. Pyper's uncle. They were very happy to see her but feared for her health, as she was not well, so they outfitted her with moccasins and a large sunbonnet and other articles that would help on the journey.

Crossing the Plains

1860's
Age Mid 30's

On the trail Mary gathered buffalo chips for fuel, and saleratus for a leavening agent in making bread. She walked much of the way, but occasionally rode with one of the drivers and his sweetheart. It was a happy time when the day's travel was over and the camp was drawn up for the night. The supper, though humble and coarse, was relished. Songs of Zion were sung with zest. The fiddler struck up a jog, and many joined in a dance. Prayers were said and the camp was soon asleep.

When Mary arrived in the Salt Lake Valley, she went to some Scottish friends, the Hamilton Park family in Plain City. She related an incident that happened here. The people were living in log cabins or dugouts. This day the people of the village had gone to the river to fish. Mary did not want to go, so stayed home, keeping herself busy about the house and doing some mending and knitting outside the cabin. She looked up from her work and saw a cloud of dust off in the distance. She said to herself, "Surely they haven't had time to go to the river and fish and get back so soon." The dust came closer and closer. Soon she saw Indians on horses. She went into the cabin and closed the door, frightened and praying for protection. The Indians had on their war paint and feathers. They surrounded the cabin, yelled and danced and pointed to a hole, grinned, showing their teeth, and said, "White squaw

afraid." Mary, knowing the Indians admired bravery, answered, "No, what would I be afraid of?" They grinned, danced around the cabin, yelled, jumped on their horses and away they raced through the village. They did not bother her again.

After a few weeks in Plain City, Mary went back to Salt Lake to seek work. She found employment in a doctor's home. She was not strong and the work was very hard. The mistress was a severe taskmaster. One day after Mary had washed many clothes, prepared the meals, and washed the dishes, the mistress brought out a large sack of yarn to be washed. Mary said, "I will not do another piece of work today." The lady said, "Are you in the habit of talking to your superiors that way?" Mary said no more but would not wash the wool. Soon after that John Cottam began courting her, and they were married October 22, 1864.

Now began the time that tried her soul. There was work, endless work. She helped in the home of the first wife--cooking, washing, and helping raise and teach the children. Later she had a home of her own. All the beauty of her soul went into it. She hung muslin curtains at the windows with knitted lace on the edge, boxes of verbenas were blooming in the windows. The four-poster bed had a white muslin canopy and a spread with knitted lace (the feather and shell pattern), and there was a white cover on the chest. In time she purchased a dark dresser with marble top and looking glass. This came from the states. She bought some lovely china and sterling silver and a linen tablecloth. She bought two beautiful decanters and glasses, as well as odd bits of dishes, vases and pictures.

She dried peaches and apples and plums and sold to the agents of the mines. She sold butter and cheese to pay for these lovely things that had been brought by ox team to be sold in Zion. For many years she wove the rush bottoms for the chairs that John made.

She was a devout worker in the Sixteenth Ward Relief Society, serving as a ward visiting teacher for many years. In those days, the Relief Society teachers gathered donations such as butter, flour, sugar, dried fruit, etc. It was her job to weigh the products and articles and place a value on them. She had a wonderful sense of weight. Her loaves of bread would not vary a fraction of on ounce. Before the ward had a hall for the Relief Society, meetings were held in her home. Mary made delicious pies, and John's sons would say, "Aunt, give me a piece of pie; you know you bake better pies than Mother." She would give them half the pie and soon they would be back saying, "Oh, that was so good; give us the other half, and they would get it.

John's son Hyrum, was hit on the head by a rock from a flipper. Today they would operate and save the victim, but then no one could help him. His skull was pressing on his brain. He suffered terribly as Mary watched and nursed him for thirteen weeks. Though she was exhausted, she never left him. Hyrum passed away when he was thirteen years old. Mary had loved him dearly, and she often talked about Hyrum and wept when she recalled his suffering. She did not have any children of her own, but was "Aunt" to countless children who loved her dearly. She had many friends who loved her, too, and visited her and partook of her hospitality.

1877 - 1883
Age 50 - 56

On December 27, 1877, John married Anna Gustava Johnson. He brought her to Mary's home and they became very good friends. In 1878, a pair of twins was born to Anna. The girl died at birth and the boy was in bad shape. Mary slapped him to get him to breathe, she put him in cold water and then in hot water, and then in desperation she poured whiskey on his chest and rubbed and he gave a gasp. In 1880, a boy, Samuel, was born, and a few months later, Mary, Anna and John moved to a new home on Sixth West. It was November and so cold that their winter supply of potatoes froze before they were placed in the cellar.

On July 9, 1882, a baby girl was born. Mary received her, rubbed her with oil, wrapped her in cloth, and called to John saying, "I have a roly- poly pudding for you," and when he saw the baby, he smiled all over. They named her Charlotte and called her Lottie, after John's cousin, Lotta Crabtree, an actress of note.

1883
Age 56

A baby boy was born on December 5, 1883, to Anna. Mary named him Nephi. Mary helped with the cooking and housework, nursed and sacrificed her life for the four children who were her husband's. It was a happy home, though all had to work. Then came the polygamist raids. John went on the underground and Mary and Anna kept the home together. They planted gardens and harvested, milked cows and sold the milk, sold eggs and fruit. Officers raided the house, pulled the beds apart, went down the cellar, and searched in the barn out-houses and grain bins. Once they came when the family was ready to eat. Mary had cake and red currant jelly on the table and she served some to the officers. At another time they were hunting Mary, and she slipped through their fingers in her nightclothes with her clothes over her arm and went to the neighbor's where a kind girl helped her dress. She then fled to a friend's home to stay for a few days. Finally John gave himself up to the officers and went to the penitentiary, which was called "Uncle Sam's College."

It was a severe winter, bitter cold, with much snow. Nephi was very ill and Mary nursed him night and day. Anna made a medicine of sulphur, cream of tarter, alum, soda, and a little whiskey and filled the bottle with water. This was given to Nephi by the teaspoon. Another cure was to gargle with sulphur, soda and water then put a cloth on the finger and clean the black coating off. When John became ill and required surgery, the warden thought he was going to die, so he sent him home where Mary and Anna nursed him back to health.

After his term in the penitentiary, John still had to be underground, so he lived in a room in his shop. There was endless toil and sacrifice, but the children were able to help now. John was nearing seventy and Mary was not far behind. She had been in ill health and John often said, "You must be good to Aunt; she cannot be long with us." When Anna and two of the children had typhoid fever, Mary again straightened her shoulders and met the challenge

of nursing them back to health. When Anna became ill with Bright's Disease and, in a few years died, Mary said, "I was ready to go myself but when Annie left I had to square my shoulders and live for my children."

1905
Age 78

At eighty John died, and Mary still had to live to take care of the children. In about 1905, the Western Pacific Railroad bought the homes on Sixth West for a right-of-way. The home was a beautiful place. Fond memories clung to every shrub and flower and tree.

The children thought it would kill Mary to leave her home, and, when all the furniture was moved out, they put her easy chair on the lawn so she could look at it for the last time. There was a tinge of sadness, but with her characteristic attitude of squaring her shoulders to the task at hand, she left the old home. The family bought a new house on West Second South which was a modern and very convenient place and she adjusted readily.

Mary became very ill when she was eighty-five, probably from a stroke. She kept repeating over and over, "God moves in a mysterious way." She could not remember some of this song, and it worried her. The doctor came and said to the family, "It is the beginning of the end. She may last only a few hours." A nurse was hired for two weeks. When Mary was better, she was taken to Lottie's home to be cared for. She recovered and had better health than she had enjoyed for many years. She helped with dishes and tended the babies. Her remaining friends came to see her.

Her last days were peaceful and happy, her life a benediction. She became ill again and was ready to go. On March 28, 1915, her unconquerable spirit left her body. She was eighty-eight years old and surely one of God's noble daughters.

Edward Foster

1827 - 1880

(Information compiled by Ellen Raye C. Brown, A Great Granddaughter from family records and from an interview given by his daughter Elizabeth Foster to Maude C. Melville in the 1940's)

Photo of Edward Foster not available

Lydford, Devonshire, England was the birth place of Edward Foster. He was born on 24 Dec 1827, to Edward Langworthy Foster of Ashburton, Devonshire, and Sarah Spark of Widecombe in the Moor, Devonshire. His parents were married on 20 May 1827, in the Lydford parish. His father Edward Langworthy Foster was born 13 Apr 1795 at Ashburton, Devonshire and his mother, Sarah Spark was born 28 Jul 1805 at Widecombe in the Moor, Devonshire. We have no record of his childhood. He was the eldest child in his family. The siblings that we have located so far are:

- Mary, born in 1829;
- Elizabeth, born in 1832;
- Susannah, born in 1834;
- Charles Henry, born in 1837;
- John, born about 1844;
- Susan, born about 1846-7.

As a youth he was hunting work and got a job with a stone cutter. The man gave him what he could earn. Some of the men working there gave him some food. At last the stone cutter said to him, "Well son, I know you are my brother's son. I just wanted to test you out." After that, he was kind to him. He became a stone mason. Whether or not this uncle apprenticed him or not is not known.

1853 - 1854
Age 26 - 27

Edward joined the Mormon church 24 Apr 1853, and was ordained a Priest on 19 Apr 1854. These ordinances were performed by Elder James Moyle.

At age 27 Edward married Amelia Ambrosina Frances Williams, age 19, at Penny-Come-Quick, Plymouth, Devonshire, England, on 7 Oct 1854. Amelia was baptized, also by J. Moyle, on 23 Aug 1853. Edward's father is listed as a labourer, and Amelia's father is listed as a lawyer. William Thomas Collings and Elizabeth Palmer witnessed their marriage.

1855 - 1862
Age 28 - 35

- A daughter, Elizabeth, was born on 20 Jul 1855 at Plymouth, Devonshire. Shortly after her birth, they moved to the Island of Guernsey, at St. Peter Port.
- A daughter, Sarah Amelia, was born on 28 Oct 1857.
- A son, Joseph Williams, was born on 6 Feb 1860 on the Island of Jersey (?)
- A son, Edward Williams, was born 27 Feb 1862 on the Island of Guernsey

St. Peter Port Harbour 1857

They lived about a block from the ocean. The City was called City to Steps. From the ocean, as the island is approached, it appears that the houses are two or more stories high, but as ships come into port, it becomes evident that it is because the city is built on a steep slope and the houses are actually one behind the other. This steep rise makes for the necessity of many flights of steps to navigate the city. Here they attended the Church of England, but when it was found that they had joined the Mormon church, they were not welcome any longer.

Victor Hugo

Historical Note: The Channel Islands are 10 to 30 miles off the Normandy coast of France, and French was the official language spoken. The years that they spent on Guernsey was the same time period that Victor Hugo lived in exile there, and it is where he wrote *Les Meserables.* The Island of Jersey comprises 45 square miles, and Guernsey 25 square miles.

1863
Age 36

Crossing the Ocean

Leaving Guernsey in 1863, Edward and Amelia traveled to Liverpool, and sailed for America on the ship *Antarctica*, with 486 other passengers from 13 countries. Their ocean voyage took eight weeks.

The ship Captain was George C. Stouffer. The LDS leaders aboard ship were John Needham, president; Philip De La Mere, first counselor; and H. B. Smith, second counselor. As they gathered on board before departure, President George Q. Cannon boarded, and

bestowed a parting blessing on the ship and company. He blessed them that they would be preserved to reach the Valley of the Mountains in safety, and that they would be preserved from every danger.

The ship was organized into several wards, and Elder De La Mere was assigned to the French-speaking saints. Elder De La Mere had presided over the Channel Islands since his arrival in 1860. They left Liverpool on 23 May 1863, the ship starting to move at 10:40 a.m. The ship's log mentions that they held a dance on deck the second night out. They also had measles break out on May 26, and in total about 40 cases of measles were contracted during their voyage. On Sunday the 31st, a heavy gale hit at 3:00 p.m. and they were 48 hours without food. Many of the passengers thought the ship would sink, but the first mate took the speaking trumpet, and told them that they wouldn't be lost because there were Mormons on board, and no ship had been lost with Mormons aboard. Sacrament Meetings were held in each ward on Sundays, and Fast Sunday was observed on June 7th.

The voyage was troubled by head winds nearly all the way, which held back their progress. Sometimes there was no wind at all, so their crossing took an unusually long time. It is reported in some of the journals kept, that it was a fine ship and well equipped. There were three marriages performed and several deaths reported. Their ship was met in New York by William C. Staines and John Young, who came aboard. They arrived in New York Castle Gardens port on 10 Jul 1863, and docked by 11:00 a.m. By six p.m. that day, they were en route for Florence, Nebraska. They traveled by train to Albany and then to Niagra, Detroit, Chicago, Quincy, and St. Joseph, Missouri. From there they went by steamer to Florence, Nebraska (Winter Quarters).

Historical Note: Philip DeLaMare was a 28 year old Mormon convert, living on the Isle of Jersey. He was approached by Apostle John Taylor in the fall of 1850 for financial assistance, as well as aid in the translation of the Book of Mormon into French, and help in publishing the equivalent of the *Millennial Star*----the *Etoille du Deseret*. DeLaMare had been a very successful bridge builder and had considerable means for that time. In the spring of 1851, the two men traveled to Arras, France where sugar beets had been grown extensively. They studied the operation thoroughly with an eye to returning to Utah and setting up a sugar beet industry here. Brother DeLa Mare and his family moved to Utah in 1952, and he played an important part in assembling the machinery, and teaching the saints how to raise sugar beets and turn them into sugar. For a complete story of his involvement in this endeavor, see the Sons of Utah Pioneer magazine *Pioneer* the Autumn 2002 issue.

The church sent 10 ox teams that year to meet incoming saints, and there were three that left that summer. (This information can be found on the CD, *Mormon Immigration Index*. Check these sources also: BMR book 1047, pp 257-276; and FHL film # 025,691)

Crossing the Plains

Historical Note: The Civil War was in full swing when the Fosters arrived in America. In the east, the fighting centered in Pennsylvania and in the west, at Vicksburg. Missouri had just undergone a six-week siege at the hands of General Grant and his 40,000 men. The Confederates, 30,000 strong, were garrisoned at Port Hudson. In spite of these troubled times, emigration did not cease, but the trek must have been more challenging given the circumstances of their voyage.

Their arrival at Florence was just days after the siege had concluded at Vicksburg. There were ten companies of ox teams that crossed the plains that year, but probably because of the war there are no rosters turned in to the church naming the groups that crossed the plains in these companies. We are not sure, therefore, which company they came on. We do know that they were on the plains when their oldest daughter, Elizabeth, had her eighth birthday on July 20. We have found no written records of the ten ox teams that crossed the plains in 1863. Perhaps at some future date, more information will be found.

The ten companies are as follows:

• John R. Murdock Company	1st Church Train
• Alvus H. Patterson Company	
• John F. Sanders Company	2nd Church Train
• John R. Young Company	
• William R. Preston Company	3rd Church Train
• Peter Nebeker Company	4th Church Train
• Daniel D. McArthur Company	5th Church Train
• Horton D. Haight Company	6th Church Train
• John W. Wooley Company	7th Church Train
• Thomas E. Ricks Company	8th Church Train
• Rosel Hyde Company	9th Church Train
• Samuel D. White Company	10th Church Train

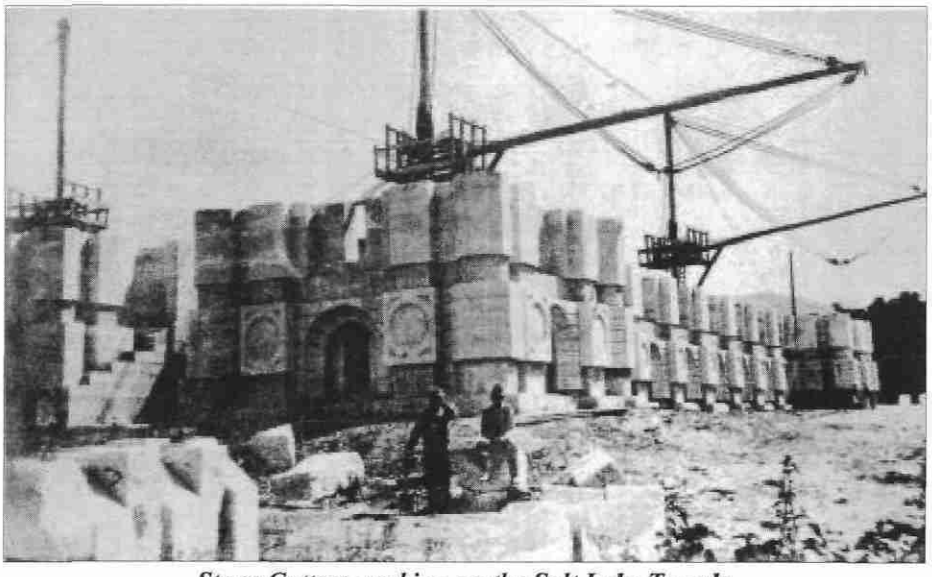
- A son was born and died on the plains, but we have found no records to tell us when or where this happened. This was their fifth child and third son.

When they arrived in Salt Lake, with Bro. Squires as teamster, they landed at the 8th ward square, where their belongings were unloaded. Brother Moyle and Amelia enrolled in school.

After crossing the plains that year, they settled in Salt Lake City. At first they rented from Jim Moyle. They lived in two small adobe rooms, between first and second south on fifth west. They lived there about two years and then Edward bought two acres of land for $300 at 8th West and North Temple.

1865
Age 38

Their first home was made of slabs and when City Creek would flood in the spring, their home would get flooded. The children loved this and jumped up and down on the flooded slabs so the water would splash. Edward started work on the temple block the first year they were here. He was a journeyman stone cutter on the Temple for 17 years. He served as head teacher in the 38th ward for 17 years.



Stone Cutters working on the Salt Lake Temple

Edward was called to go to the Muddy, but Amelia was sick, so he didn't go.

- A son, Charles Henry, was born on 4 Feb 1865.

1866
Age 39

Because of the Civil War, they were here three years before they could get any writing paper at all. When they did get some, Edward wrote to Amelia's family. When they received an answer more than six months later, they found that their families had assumed them dead, because a ship was sunk about the time they left England, and the family thought they were on the ship that sank.

1868
Age 41

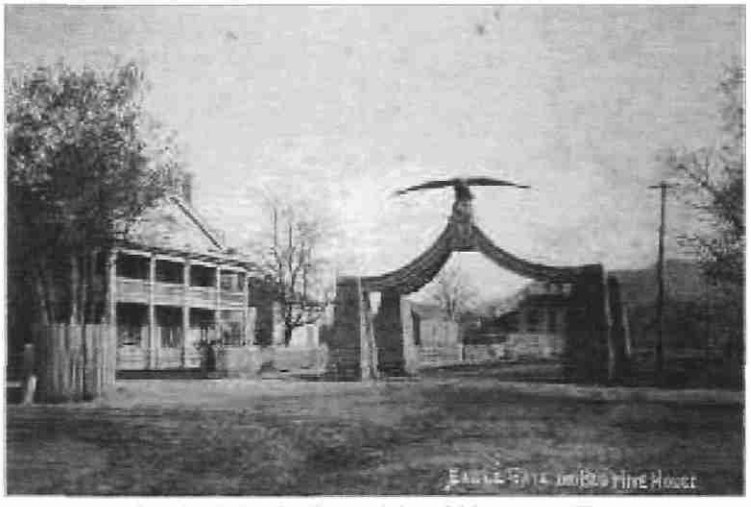
Their family increased after they arrived in Salt Lake. The additional children were as follows:

- A son, Martin Williams, was born on 17 Sep 1868;
- A son, Alfred John, was born 6 Dec 1870;

Their second daughter, Sarah Amelia, died and was buried on 25 Dec 1872, in Salt Lake City, Utah. This was Amelia's 38th birthday.

- A son, Lorenzo, was born on 27 Jan 1873
- A son, George, was born in 1875
- A son, Frank, was born 23 Nov 1877
- A daughter, Amelia Sarah (Millie), was born 15 Nov 1879

Historical Note: Edward's son Lorenzo, was told by his father that he (Edward) did the masonry work on the base of the original Eagle Gate. The bald eagle, which once guarded the entrance to the Brigham Young estate, is shown in this picture with wings outspread to challenge the people who travel north on State Street. In early days, tolls were collected at this gate from those who cut fuel logs from City Creek Canyon. The taxes collected were used to



Original Eagle Gate with cobblestone pillars

maintain the canyon road. At sundown each evening the gate was closed and locked. The eagle was designed by Truman O. Angell, original architect of the Mormon Temple. In 1859, the bird was carved by Ralph Ramsey. Five blocks of wood were used for the body of the eagle and the beehive upon which it rests. Summer rains and winter snows beat upon it for more than thirty years before its weatherbeaten form was coated with copper and replaced on

top of the large gate now spanning the street leading to the State Capitol. (Historical information courtesy L. D. S. Church.)

While working on the square of the temple, one of the men slipped and fell from the top of the wall to the ground and was killed. The shock upset Edward. When he went home he acted unusual and Amelia called Dr. Anderson who left some pills for him but Edward wouldn't take them, and called them monsters. It was later found that he had a tumor on the brain.

1880
Age 53

Edward died on 12 Feb 1880, three months after his youngest daughter was born. They had twelve children in all. He was just 53 years old. Amelia lived to be 84. She died on 10 Jan 1919.

Both Edward and Amelia worked in the Endowment House for years.

Family tradition tells us that Edward's father, Edward Langworthy was educated for the ministry of the Church of Wesleyan, Church of England, at Newton, Devonshire, England. This Edward Langworthy had three daughters and two sons. The sons married farmer's daughters, and their father disinherited them. It was then they took the name of Foster, their middle name and their mother's maiden name. Soon after this, their father was hunting, and when his horse jumped a hurdle, it fell and the boys' father was killed when his neck was broken.

Note: Recent research has shown that Edward's father was Edward Langworthy Foster and his Mother was Sarah Spark. His grandfather was Edward Langworthy and his grandmother was Mary Foster, so just how true the information in the above paragraph is, is very questionable. Further research is going on at this time, so perhaps we will be able to piece together what actually took place (2003).

Amelia Ambrosina Frances Williams

1834 - 1919

Information compiled by Ellen Raye C. Brown, a Great Granddaughter

Amelia Williams was born on 25 Dec 1834 at Plymouth, Devonshire, England, to Joseph Williams and Susan Bowe. Her father also married Suzanne Delarere of France. (We have no information about this marriage, whether it was after his marriage to Susan Bowe or before, or whether there were children from this marriage.) Amelia was the eldest of seven children, five boys and two girls. By age they were:

- Amelia, born in 1834;
- a brother, born about 1836-7;
- a brother, born about 1839-40;
- a brother, Joseph, born about 1842-43;
- a sister, Mary Jane, born about 1845-6;
- a brother, born about 1849;
- a brother, George H., born about 1850.

1853

Age 18

When she was eighteen, she heard about the Mormon church, possibly from her Aunt Amelia Blackford. One evening her friend Amelia Collings heard the Elders singing and joined in. Amelia went to the L. D. S. church with her friend Amelia Collings. When they kneeled down to pray, Amelia turned her back and stood with the handle of her umbrella to her mouth. Then it was a voice said, "You wanted the truth, here it is." She joined the Mormon church and was baptized on 23 Aug 1853 by John Moyle, just three weeks after she first heard the missionaries. Amelia Blackford had entertained the missionaries some time before this; her aunt lived at Lands End, Plymouth, Devonshire. Jim Moyle, Sr. was the speaker at church when she would not kneel down.

Typical Devonshire Village

When Amelia joined the church, her father, Joseph Williams, sent her away from home, so she went to her aunt Amelia Blackford's home. When she had trouble, a voice would say, "This is where you asked God to lead you." Amelia's father was a lawyer.

Soon after she had joined the church, she met Edward Foster of Lydford (a nearby parish), who had also recently joined the Mormon Church. He was born on 24 Dec 1827, at Lydford, and was baptized on 1 May 1953, by J. Moyle at Plymouth.

Typical English Countryside

Devonshire Countryside

1854
Age 19

Edward was ordained a Priest by James Moyle on 19 Apr 1854. They were married at Plymouth on 7 Oct 1854. William Thomas Collings and Elizabeth Palmer were witnesses to their wedding. Here their first child,

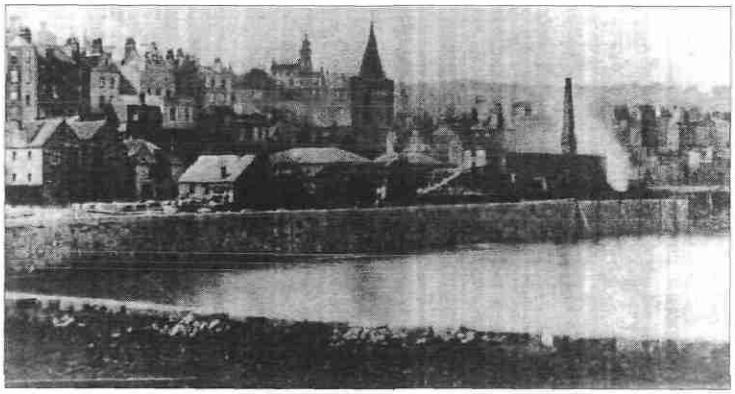
- A daughter, Elizabeth, was born at Plymouth, on 20 Jul 1855.

1855 - 1856
Age 20 - 21

Amelia went to Newton, England to visit Edward's people. She had to walk one mile through fields to their home after she left the bus and she was frightened of the animals in the fields. She thought all cows were bulls. She was frightened of the pig that had little ones and all the other animals.

Records show that in June of 1857 shortly before Elizabeth's second birthday, they left the branch at Plymouth and moved to St. Peter Port, Island of Guernsey, where three more children were born:

St Peter Port Wharf - 1850's



St Peter Port Harbour in 1857

1857 - 1862
Age 22 - 27

- A daughter, Sarah Amelia, was born 28 Oct 1857, at St. Peter Port, Guernsey.
- A son, Joseph Williams, was born 6 Feb 1860, on the island of (Jersey ?).
- A son, Edward Williams, was born 27 Sep 1862, at St. Peter Port, Guernsey.

1863
Age 28

Crossing the Ocean

In 1863, Edward and Amelia and their four children traveled to Liverpool and joined in the immigration of the Saints to Utah. They sailed on the ship *Antarctica* with 486 other passengers from 13 countries. Their ocean voyage took eight weeks. The ship Captain was George C. Stouffer. The LDS leaders aboard ship were John Needham, President; with Philip De La Mere, first counselor and; H. B. Smith, second counselor. As they gathered on board before departure, Pres George Q. Cannon boarded and bestowed a parting blessing on the ship and company. He blessed them that they would be preserved to reach the Valley of the Mountains in safety, and that they would be preserved from every danger.

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The ship's log mentions that they held a dance on deck the second night out. They also had measles break out on May 26, and in total about 40 cases of measles were contracted during their voyage. On Sunday the 31st a heavy gale hit at 3:00 p.m. and they were 48 hours without food. Sacrament Meetings were held in each ward on Sundays, and Fast Sunday was observed on June seventh. The voyage was troubled by head winds nearly all the way which held back their progress, and sometimes there was no wind at all, so their crossing took an unusually long time. Many of the passengers thought the ship would sink, but the first mate took the speaking trumpet and told them that they wouldn't be lost because there were Mormons on board, and no ship had been lost with Mormons aboard.

It is reported in some of the journals kept, that it was a fine ship and well equipped. There were three marriages performed and several deaths reported. Their ship was met in New York by William C. Staines and John Young, who came aboard. They arrived in New York, Castle Gardens Port, on 10 Jul 1863 by 11:00 a.m. By six p.m. that day, they were en route for Florence, Nebraska. They traveled by train to Albany then to Niagra, Detroit, Chicago, Quincy, and St. Joseph, Missouri. From there they went by steamer to Florence, Nebraska (Winter Quarters).

The church sent 10 ox teams that year to meet incoming saints, and there were three that left that summer. (This information can be found on the CD, "*Mormon Immigration Index.*" Check these sources also: BMR book 1047 pp 257-276 and FHL film # 025,691)

Crossing the Plains

Their arrival at Florence was just two days after a six-week siege had concluded at Vicksburg, Missouri and the Civil War fighting was centered around that area. They were in Nebraska just days before leaving with a company that was crossing the plains to Utah.

Historical note: The Civil War fighting in the east was centered in Pennsylvania, and in the west the Confederate troops, 30,000 strong, were garrisoned at Port Hudson. General Grant had led his 40,000 men in a six-week siege of Vicksburg, and it had just concluded when the Fosters arrived with their group that had just crossed the ocean. There were ten companies of ox teams that crossed the plains that year, but probably because of the war, there are no rosters turned in to the church naming the groups that crossed in these companies. We are not sure, therefore, which company they came on. We do know that they were on the plains when their oldest daughter, Elizabeth, had her eighth birthday on July 20.

- A son was born and died on the plains, but we have found no records to tell us when or where this happened. This was their fifth child and third son.

When they arrived in Salt Lake with Bro. Squires as teamster, they landed at the 8th Ward square, where their belongings were unloaded. Brother Moyle and Amelia enrolled in

school and the family rented two small adobe rooms from the Moyles. This was between first and second south on fifth west.

Salt Lake City in the 1860's

1864
Age 30

- Child number four, Edward Williams, died 18 Oct 1864, in Salt Lake City, Utah.

1865 - 1866
Age 31 - 32

They lived in the Moyle home about two years, after which they bought two acres for $300 at 8th West North Temple. Edward, being a journeyman stone mason, built their first home of slabs, and when City Creek would flood in the Spring, the children had fun jumping on the slabs and making the water splash.

- A son, Charles Henry, was born on 4 Feb 1865, in Salt Lake City, Utah.

The Civil War ended in 1865. It was three years from when they arrived in 1863 before they could get any writing paper. They were finally able to write to their parents and let them know they had arrived safely, and when the answer came, more than six moths later, they found that their family had thought them dead. It seems another ship, which left about the same time as theirs, sank, and Amelia's family, The Williams, didn't know that they had come on a different ship.

1868 - 1879
Age 34 - 45

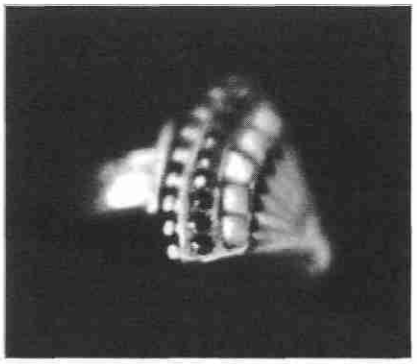
Meanwhile, their family was growing.

- A son, Martin Williams. was born 17 Sept 1868. in Salt Lake City, Utah;
- A son, Alfred John, was born 6 Dec 1870, in Salt Lake City, Utah;
- Child Number two, Sarah Amelia, died and was buried on 25 Dec 1872, in Salt Lake City, Utah. (This was Amelia's 38th birthday.)
- A son, Lorenzo, was born 27 Jan 1873, in Salt Lake City, Utah;
- A son, George, was born 23 Nov 1877, in Salt Lake City, Utah;
- A son, Frank, was born 23 Nov 1877, in Salt Lake City, Utah;
- A daughter, Amelia Sarah (Millie), was born 15 Nov 1879, in Salt Lake City, Utah.

1880
Age 46

Just three months after her last child was born, 13 Feb 1880, Edward died from a tumor on his brain. He was just 53 years old. He had been a journeyman stone cutter on the Salt Lake Temple since the year they arrived in Salt Lake, seventeen years earlier. He also constructed the pillars for the first Eagle Gate.

Both Edward and Amelia worked in the Endowment House for years. Amelia lived for thirty nine more years. She died on 10 Jan 1919 in Salt Lake City, Utah at age 84. She taught school four days before she died. She read a chapter from the Bible every day, then prayed.



Amelia Williams' garnet and turquoise ring

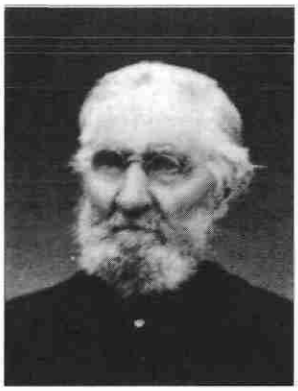
Amelia owned a beautiful Garnet and turquoise ring which she brought to America with her and which came from France. The ring is shaped like a fan and has a row of garnets and a row of turquoise sets. She passed this ring on to her oldest daughter, Elizabeth Foster Cottam. Elizabeth then passed the ring to her oldest daughter, Ann Cottam McMurdie, and Ann passed it on to her oldest daughter, Fay McMurdie Cox. After Fay's death, it was given to Fay's sister, Darle McMurdie Fitzgerald, who currently has it (2002). The ring is about a size five, which, if she got the ring as an adult, shows what a slender finger she had. It may be an indication of her height and general build as well.

Sketches From The Life of George Jarvis

1823 - 1913

The Jarvis Family Tree

By Nellie I. Cox



Its roots were watered in the River Thames in eighteen forty-eight
on Christmas Day,
When George and Ann, his wife, subscribed their names as converts
to the one exalted way.
Unnumbered years--nay, centuries--before the parent roots of
favored Israel's stock
Had drunk life's Waters on fair Canaan's shore--a chosen people
founded on "The Rock."
Yet, even then, their prophets bridged the years to warn of parched
day and nights of dearth
When roots should shrivel, limbs grow twisted--sere--and Living
Waters be not found on earth!
How they survived, what scanty sips sustained from doctored scriptural page, from Luther--
Hess,
In spite of man-made doctrines which profaned what they professed to hallow and to bless
Is mystery. And yet they <u>did</u> endure that Joseph's fruitful bough as Jacob told
A greening symbol of those aims so pure might 'breach' the wall, fulfilling words of old.

In eighteen fifty-seven George and Ann to Boston sailed upon the ship *George Washington*
Transplanting thus, according to God's Plan both root and branch--two daughters and three
sons,
George F., Ann Catherine, young Brigham too, Amelia and small Sam. Soon destitute
They trusted God to somehow see them through and help them nourish well each little "root."
Soon, Margaret came, their first American; then followed next the wee Elizabeth.
They buried her in Boston's alien land, snatched from their arms by cold, unfeeling Death.
The time had come for them to journey west. Pregnant once more and burdened, mind and
frame,
Ann thought with dread, "What if I fail the test to bear myself and child across the plains?"
Then joyfully learning that some other Saints would share a wagon that had been supplied
She vowed she'd gladly stifle all complaints, if, should strength fail, she'd be allowed to ride.
She walked, her children walked, and each one bore some small possession all that weary way.
They walked until their very bones were sore. They walked till day merged into night and
night to day.
Ann tramped until her swollen feet would trip, until her swaying form assayed to faint
When, clutching at the wagon, a vicious whip flicked at her from the hands of that same
"Saint."

Their half-told sufferings wring our hearts with pity, the thorns, the choking dust, the lack of food,
Yet, six weeks after reaching Salt Lake City, Ann added baby Heber to her brood.

How great his mission was, could George have seen when sent to colonize in Dixie Land?
He builded dam and ditch and soon a green and thriving town replaced the thorns and sand.
And Ann, that English lady, grew adept at "making do" with poorest substitute.
She dug for sego bulbs and often wept to find so few of this life-saving root.
Soon, happily, their vines and orchard trees bore copiously, with grain fields' golden store.
While cotton, mulberry worms, and honey bees supplied their simple needs and even more.

A temple rose, and George was glad to bring experience as a sailor long ago
To engineer the Temple scaffolding and place the oxen by the font below.
Eight children? What splendid work begun, sealed to George and to his lovely spouse.
Three others followed, in the Covenant, born in the shadows of God's Holy House.
As patriarch, and known far and near, George helped to lighten many a downcast face,
And heart as well, of burdened Pioneer in this unkind and saleratus place.

They saw their sons and daughters choose their mates and bring rich offspring to the Family Tree
Endowed with noble characters and traits, fair jewels upon their crown of ancestry!
These too, received from their own Patriarch rich promises of great things yet to come,
To be fulfilled through faith and sealed by work, enduring through the great Millennium.
As teller of wonderful tales of the sea, George's hearers would beg him for more,
While with music and singing, with flowers and trees their small home outshone others by far.
And roots first watered in the River Thames and fed and nourished through succeeding years
Became, to us who bear the Jarvis name, honored symbols of a heritage most dear.

Together in life, together in death. "Pa, wait at the river for me.
I shall not be long." So said Ma, Ann, of the Jarvis Family Tree!

Nellie I. Cox of the Samuel Jarvis family (1967)
Great-granddaughter of George and Ann

Autobiography of George Jarvis, Written as a High Priest Genealogical Assignment in the Year 1884 for the St. George Stake

(Wesley B. Jarvis, president of the Jarvis Family Organization, 878 West 2000 North, Provo, Utah 84601, gave Zora Smith Jarvis the first privilege of using the following material.)

Book #15649 p. 98 Line #1
1884 GENEALOGY OF GEORGE JARVIS, ST. GEORGE
23 March - copy - Grandfather Jarvis lived in Shepton, Sommersetshire, England.

I, George Jarvis was the son of Thomas Jarvis and Elizabeth Billings. I was born in Harlow, Essex, England 25 March 1823. My parents had eight children, five boys and three girls. I was the fourth son. I commenced to make my living by herding and farming until I was fifteen years of age. Then I worked in a flour mill for two years, and for some time I had a desire to go to sea. I was apprenticed to the owners of the *Bargus Diadem*. My first voyage was to South Australia, and my second was to West Australia; and from there to Java, Canton, China and back to London. My third voyage was to the Cape of Good Hope with troops for Kaffa War, at which place my apprenticeship expired. I continued my voyage to Ceylon with government stores and from thence to Calcutta and left the ship *Diadem* there and shipped on board of the *John Dibby* bound for China and thence to London, calling at St. Helena. On the voyage home, I had the misfortune to lose my big toe. Next voyage was to Kathann Stuart Forbes to North America up the St. Laurence River up to Parver De Loupe from thence to London. I joined H. an service and sailed in the *Alarm* to the West Indies where I had my eye hurt and lost sight of it. I was left in Jamaica for two months, was sent home to Hasler Hospital, was discharged from the service with a small pension for life which laterly I forfeited in not going to the Russian War. I married Ann Prior in 1846 and joined the service for five years for harbour duty. I heard the gospel and was baptized in the River Thames at Woolwick when I left the service and joined the Poplar Branch. Was ordained a Teacher in 1854, was ordained a priest a year later, was ordained an elder, was Superintendent of Sunday School, worked at my daily labor, acted in the capacity of a teacher, preached on Sundays at Westham and wherever I was sent. I took a few short trips to sea, went supplied with tracts and preached every time that I could get a chance on board the vessels, took a voyage to China, earned enough to bring myself and family to America. The man that had his passage free had to work for us. He was a lands man and was sick so I had to cook for 800 Saints on board of the Ship *George Washington* and landed in Boston in 1857. Presided over the 1st City District of the Boston Branch under Elder James Cleary from Utah. In 1859 I sold my things, stove and feather bed and came to Florence with my wife and children. I made tents and wagon covers and bought provision for our journey across the plains. I walked all the way. I had a ride for about half an hour through the kindness of brother Morris of this city. Arrived in Salt Lake City in 1860, and in 1861 we received our endowments and in the same year came to St. George. My wagon was the 21st. I was ordained a high priest in 1863. I labored very hard on ditches and dams, worked in the tunnel until it was completed, worked on the foundation of the Tabernacle, and worked on the

Elizabeth Cottam and Ralph Bennett in the doorway of the first home of George Jarvis and Ann Prior Jarvis. The home became Mary Forsyth and Brigham Jarvis' who are standing to the right.

Temple three years and a half. Built the scaffold for the new tower in the winter of 1882 and finished in 1883. As soon as the Temple was opened, I worked for my dead and received my 2nd anointings July 1877. Was set apart as second counselor to Bishop Miles F., Romney and when he resigned, continued my labors to Acting Bishop Fawsett of the 1st Ward, St. George and am at present 23 March, 1884, acting as Presiding teacher of the ward.

Signed George Jarvis. (OK)

A Brief Outline of My Father's Life

By Josephine Miles, his daughter

George Jarvis was born in Harlow, Essex, England, 25 March 1823. As a boy and youth his time was occupied on the farm. Later he worked in a grist mill. The owner of the mill had often heard him express a love for the sea. The miller, through his recommendation and influence, got George a position on shipboard where he was a bound apprentice for four years.

1840
Age 17

At the age of seventeen he started on a voyage to South Australia, visiting China, India, and South Africa; his voyage lasted about a year.

Another voyage was to West Australia, China and the Malay Islands. The ship loaded with tea in Malay and returned to London, being gone twenty-two months. The ship again loaded with troops for South Africa; then went to Ceylon; thence to Calcutta. He left the ship and went to China in another one; there the ship was loaded with tea and returned to London. He went on a voyage to North America, where they got a load of lumber and then returned to London, being gone three or four months. He joined the British Navy and went to the West Indies. There he was unfortunate, and he lost his big toe. He also got sick and was blinded in one eye. He was in the hospital at Jamaica where he remained for four months. He was invalided home to London, passed a medical examination by a naval surgeon, was an out patient of the hospital, and given sixpence a day for life. (He lost his pension, however, when he left the country.)

1846
Age 23

He had previously met Ann Prior, a beautiful girl of seventeen, and they were married 17 September 1846. They went to Woolwich, and he was given the job of ship-keeper in the British Navy and served her Majesty's Flagship about three years.

1848
Age 25

Here in Woolwich he first met Lorenzo Snow and Franklin D. Richards. He and his wife were baptized by Ira Bradshaw on Christmas Day 1848. They had previously met Mormon missionaries and believed the gospel as soon as they heard it, being baptized two weeks after first hearing it.

He then went to work for Ravenhill and Miller of Blackwall, London where he was leading seaman for rigging purchases used for lifting machinery. He worked at that job off and on for nine years, sometimes going on short voyages. He went on a voyage to China to get means to emigrate. Was gone a year and soon after returning immigrated to Boston, having a family of five children. With the help of one man he cooked for eight hundred on the voyage over, as the man who had been employed was sea sick all of the time. In Boston he worked at all sorts of things for three and a half years, contending with sickness and poverty. His wife was ill all the time in Boston and was bedfast four months at one time. Two children were born in Boston, Margaret and Elizabeth. Elizabeth later died of cholera when four months old.

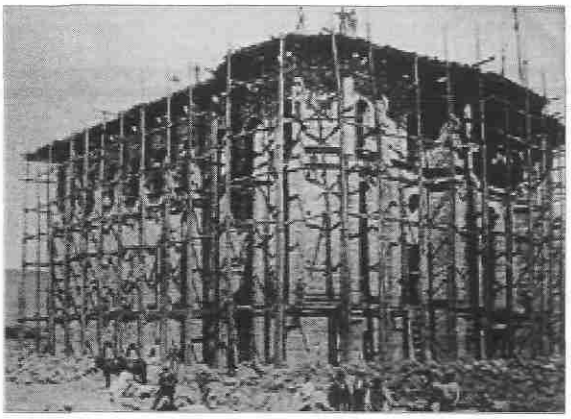
By selling everything they owned, they raised means enough to immigrate to Florence, Nebraska, the frontier of the United States, about 1,000 miles from Salt Lake City. Here they met Amasa Lyman, Charles C. Rich and Francis M. Lyman. Through the intercession of the apostles their light luggage was distributed among one of the companies, on condition that they all walk. They walked all the way to Salt Lake City. A son, Heber was born two weeks after reaching Zion in 1860. Father worked to create a paper mill in the Sugar House Ward.

(Note: In the sketch of Ann Prior the time given is six weeks after their arrival in Salt Lake that she gave birth.)

George Jarvis and Ann Prior

1861
Age 37

That year, President Young, with a company of explorers, came down to the Dixie country and the site for the city of St. George was located. At the October conference, he called 300 families to the Dixie Mission. George Jarvis was not called, but he volunteered to come. Since he was not so well supplied with the necessary provisions as many others, he consequently suffered more in the early days of Dixie. He was the first to move onto a city lot after it was surveyed.



St. George Temple under construction

His arduous labors in the Dixie country are well known to the older residents here.

He was bishop's counselor in the First Ward for many years, performing the office of bishop much of the time. He was also Sunday School superintendent and presiding teacher. He was in charge of the scaffolding while the St. George Temple was being built. The font was lifted in place under his direction. Three children were born in St. George, Emmeline, Josephine, and William.

1902
Age 79

In 1902, he was ordained a patriarch by Apostles Rudger Clawson and Matthew Cowley. He gave several hundred blessings since then and took great comfort and joy in his work, expressing himself to me as more pleased with that calling than if a legacy of millions had been left him. He never did crave riches, often quoting: "Riches take unto themselves wings and fly away." He had accumulated no wealth, yet to my mind he is rich, vastly so, in the record he made of honesty, temperance, purity of life and integrity to the gospel.

St. George Temple with short tower

I lived at home until my 29th year and can testify that I never heard or knew of a dishonest act of his. I never heard him utter a vulgar or profane word; he was as modest as a woman. He was always loyal to those in authority in the Church. Never a word of fault finding of others was allowed in our home. He was the kindest and most indulgent father. Words fail me when I try to express my love and admiration of his character.

During an illness, he was talking with my brother Brig, who was waiting on him. He said, "Brig, I have traveled all over the seas, have visited many countries, and I thank God I am as pure as the day my mother bore me." He traveled 500,000 miles and visited Australia, Africa, Holland, Spain, China, Portugal, West Indies, Ceylon, Gibralter, Bengal, and Java.

During the last years of his life his health was poor and his memory failed to some extent. Mother waited faithfully on him until her health was so poor it became impossible for her to give him the care he needed, and she asked me to bring him home and take care of him.

I took care of him the last five months of his life, and considered it a privilege. He had blessings for us all and behaved like a courtly gentleman, and I became more fond of him.

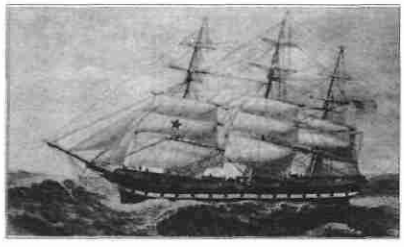
1912
Age 89

On Christmas 1912, he seemed to enjoy the day, but the next day he commenced to cough, and we could see that he was taking the Grip, which was then prevalent. He grew rapidly worse, and then rallied for two or three days. I thought he would recover, but he became restless on Friday. On Monday, January 6, 1913, he passed quietly away. He would have been ninety years old in March. Although we miss him, we cannot grieve, for he was anxious for Father to call him home, and there was no pleasure for him in this life. His sight and hearing had failed considerably, and he could not do much but sit and wait for the call.

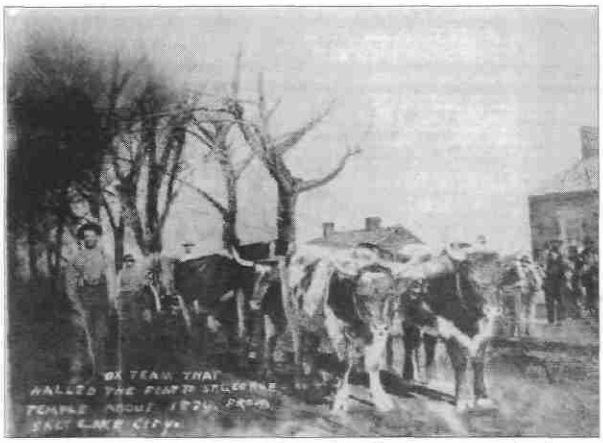
On December 19 he asked me the day of the month. I told him and he said, "Five more days, and the call for me will come." It came and thus passed one of the noblest men in the Church. When mother realized that Father was gone, I am sure she prayed continually that she might soon follow. She had always said that if he went first, he must wait on the bank for her. She did not keep him waiting long. At 1:45 a.m., January 10, she followed. They had lived together more than 66 years and were not separated in death.

Memories of Grandfather, George Jarvis
by Mabel Jarvis, granddaughter

Grandfather George Jarvis was tall, square shouldered, and impressive. He loved cleanliness of person, of countenance and of language, and embodied all of these in his daily life. He was commanding without being offensive and was a great friend of little children, who loved to hear his stories of the sea.



Whenever he made a promise to anyone, child or adult, he kept it, and he always said "Kept promises are the best bank account a person can have." He was especially concerned in keeping his promises with the Lord, in payment of his tithes and offerings, and in the discharge of his priesthood duties. To have helped in building the first temple in the West was cherished in his heart till the close of his life, not because of the actual work he did, but the thought that he possessed a skill that could be used in the erection of "The House of the Lord," He spent many years doing Temple work.



Ox team which hauled the St. George Temple font from Salt Lake City to St. George (about 1874).

Many still live who remember his skill in the splicing and tying of ropes, and in the building of scaffolding. A picture of the Temple under full scaffolding is an evidence of his knowledge in this respect. From his work on the sea, he had gained a knowledge of hoisting that came into special use in the lifting of the great blocks of rock for the temple, both at the quarries and at the building site. The baptismal font at the temple also carries a story of his wisdom and ingenuity. When the font arrived from the Salt Lake foundry it was in sections which were welded together on the floor of the room in which it now stands. When the great metal bowl was ready to be lifted into place on the backs of the twelve bronzed oxen, it weighed a mere nine tons. Men standing around began to suggest how many mules or oxen would be needed to lift this great weight.

With his greater understanding and experience, Grandfather told them that neither mules nor oxen would be used since their uncertain movements might defeat the purpose to be achieved. But, he would teach them the routine of sailor calls for hoisting, and when they had learned it sufficiently well to move as one, the font would be hoisted into place by the workmen. "If you work unitedly with me," he promised, "the font shall lift into position the first try, and it won't be a quarter of an inch out." Later I asked him, "Was it a quarter of an inch out of line?" "Not a sixteenth of an inch, my lady" he answered, chuckling. "Those men moved as if a single arm was doing the work."

Grandfather Jarvis liked nothing better than to have us children come to him for our lessons and especially with arithmetic and geography. He made problems so easy to solve and could tell us such wonderful stories of the different colored sections on the geography maps, that even today, when I look at a colored map, it represents the realities of the many lands as he explained them to us.

When he apprenticed for the sea, Grandfather said he had no desire for liquor, nor for the idle pastimes so many of the boys followed, so he used his spare time in learning what was then called "the tonsorial art" and became skilled in dressing women's hair. He did Grandmother's beautiful hair for her until he was an old man. Sometimes he would dress it high with curls and waves. Sometimes he fashioned the braids, plaited as he called them, into a basket across the back of her head and pinned a sprig of red geranium or pomegranate blossom in it. I can still hear him singing as he did this task with the gentleness of a woman. He had little music in his voice, but he was always humming a song of the sea.

As he grew in years, he permitted his own hair to grow a little long, and it curled about his head with a most pleasing effect. I often think of his impressive picture as he sat on the porch of his home or in Church on Sunday with his sprig of mulberry leaves in his hand. He was not inclined to seek public recognition, but when called on to speak he left a message of inspiration which became the subject of many conversations throughout the week. His unusual gift of language, and his experience in many lands gave him a source of information that made his sermons really mean something.

Outstanding in his life was his graciousness and deference to all women. He always called Grandmother, "My Little Lady," and he treated her as a real lady would wish to be treated. Speaking of his service on the sea he would say, "Yes, I was an ordinary sailor in the service of her Majesty, Queen Victoria, God bless her." He had a gentility of speech to women which impressed everyone, and when he became a patriarch, his great humility in this calling, along with his unusual command of language, made it a sacred experience to be a scribe to him. During the last ten years of his life, I spent many hours with him, especially when he was in poor health, and I heard him say, "I am proud of my body. I have kept it clean, and when my time comes, you may lay me away unashamed."

Sketch of Ann Prior Jarvis

1829 -1913
Wife of George Jarvis
by Zora Smith Jarvis

Ann Prior was born 29 December 1829 in Stepney, Middlesex, London, England. Her father was William Prior, Jr., who belonged to the gentry. Catherine McEwan was a governess in the Prior home. When William's first wife died, Catherine stayed on caring for his seven sons. She was married to him in 1824. Three children were born to this marriage, Margaret, a son who died soon after birth, and Ann.

March 1830
Age 3 months

When Ann was three months old, a fire destroyed their lovely home, money, savings, tools, etc. Her father got a house in a poor district in London. He was discouraged and never overcame his sorrow.

1837
Age 7

Her father William Prior, Jr. died when Ann was seven years old.

Ann's mother, Catherine McEwan, was born in Perth, Perth, Scotland. She was educated to be a governess and was a bright, lovable woman.

In Ann's autobiography she tells of her mother's struggles, health, home life, and their great love for one another.

Ann tells about her first meeting with George Jarvis at her friend's home. She knew at once she was going to marry him. That was a characteristic trait. Ann was given impressions throughout her life that would forecast future events.

George Jarvis and Ann Prior were married 19 October 1846, St. Savior, Southwark, Surrey, England.

When George heard the gospel and told Ann about it, she had an impression come to her and she told George, "It is true."

Ann Prior was often mistaken for Queen Victoria

Ann's Faith

George and Ann helped feed and clothe the elders. Quoting Ann, "Mr. Jarvis and I could tell of fifty times when we have given the last money we had to the elders and thought we would have to sell or pawn our clothes to get bread for ourselves. We have had it returned to us with interest. I am certain if our faith was greater in this respect, it would be better for us."

Cholera

Ann tells about her siege of cholera while at her mother's house, saying, "Many neighbors would be well one minute and dead in less than two hours." Ann became stricken with it. Her diary reads, "What could I do, or what could my mother do with my baby (George Frederick) in her arms! I had the good fortune to have a bottle of 'consecrated oil' where I could see it in the window, but I could not speak. I pointed to the bottle of oil. My mother did not know but what it was hair oil. I had not told her about it. I had told her about baptism, but she did not believe. I asked the Lord to add to my testimony by staying the continual retching, and I was healed. . . "

Ann's love for her mother was so great that she couldn't tell her that she and George were leaving for America, so George went and told her goodby.

Ann was to pass through many severe trials in her wonderful life, but she met each hardship and trial with dauntless faith and courage, always putting her best foot forward.

During the time they lived in England, Ann gave birth to five children: George Frederick, Ann Catherine, Brigham, Amelia, and Samuel Walter. George suffered great financial losses before leaving England, thus this family of seven landed in Boston almost penniless, among very unfriendly Irishmen.

In Boston Ann Gave birth to Margaret and to a daughter named Elizabeth, who died soon after birth.

1860
Age 30

The family came across the plains in 1860. Ann walked every step of the way and her son Heber, was born six weeks after their arrival in Salt Lake City. BrighamYoung gave them food to help them through the winter.

1861 - 1881
Age 31 - 41

George volunteered to go on the Dixie mission with the pioneers of 1861. They were poorly equipped for this undertaking and likely suffered more than many others.

Here in St. George, Ann gave birth to her last three children: Emmaline, Victoria Josephine, and Thomas William, who died 5 April 1881, being struck by lightning on the St. George Tabernacle steps. Here Ann stoically faced near starvation along with her husband and children and would have preferred to die rather than beg for food. Aunt Josephine Miles told, "At one time Mother was making butter to sell and always kept a whole pound to put on the table should important visitors, like Apostle Erastus Snow and wife, come for a meal, but we children knew better than to touch the least tiny bit of it."

Ann was a sweet singer and a good chorister, so many evenings this family gathered on the front porch and sang their favorite ballads and lullabies, followed by stirring, inspiring songs of Zion.

At last brighter days came to Ann and George. They saw their posterity becoming staunch and true to the gospel of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. They saw them prosper in the land and receive many of the bounties of the earth. These were their good days, these were their glad days.

(Note: In A Brief Outline of My Father's Life, by V. Josephine Miles, the birth of Heber is given as two weeks after their arrival.)

Ann's Words to Memorize and Live by

"If we can live so we have the whisperings of the good spirit all of the time, I know that every trial and affliction will tend to purify us."

1913
Age 83

George and Ann were sweethearts to the end. When Aunt Josephine took her father George Jarvis home for those final months of tender nursing, Grandma Ann exclaimed, "Pa, when you go over there just stay at the river, I won't keep you waiting long." George died 6 January 1913 and Ann died 10 January 1913.

Evening Prayer

Words by C. M. Battersby
Music by Charles H. Gabriel

If I have wounded any soul today,
If I have caused one foot to go astray,
If I have walked in my own willful way.
Dear Lord, forgive.

If I have uttered idle words or vain,
If I have turned aside from want or pain,
Lest I offend some other thru' the strain,
Dear Lord, forgive.

If I have been perverse or hard or cold,
If I have longed for shelter in Thy fold,
When Thou hast given me some fort to hold,
Dear Lord, Forgive.

Forgive the sins I have confessed to Thee,
Forgive the secret sins I cannot see,
O, guide me, love me, and my keeper be,
Amen.

May 12, 1911

Mrs. A. Cathrine Milne

My dear daughter,

Your welcome letter deserves to be answered. I was very glad to read you met dear Maggie. I was pleased to hear Sister Milne was having a nice pleasure trip. I can be truly sorry for Mrs. Bertram. It is a living death.

I was afraid your eyes would trouble you when you had them hurt, you know. How concerned I was about them. Your Papa is quite as well as he was when you were in St. George.

I am so pleased with the pin you gave me at parting. I have had several small ones, and I always lost them.

(This letter is in the possession of Josephine Milne Hamblin, who is the daughter of Ann Catherine Jarvis and David Milne. She gave me this copy of her grandmother's (Ann Prior Jarvis) letter to Josephine's own mother, Ann Catherine Jarvis Milne.)

---Zora Smith Jarvis

Following Is an Outline of the History of the Jarvis Family
Written by a daughter, Mrs. V(ictoria). Josephine Jarvis Miles

Ann Prior Jarvis was born in London, England, on 31 December 1829, but all her records show that she was born 1 January 1830. The correct date was found late in her life. Her father died when she was about seven years old. He was well off financially, but through some technicality, Grandmother got very little for the support of her children. She was a splendid strong character and was from the highlands of Scotland. She worked hard and sent her children to school. Mother attended until she was about eleven years old, when, to help her mother she went to work making shirts. She saved her tuition and earned about fifty cents per week. She did this for some time before her mother knew of it. Later, she was apprenticed at dress-making and learned to do very fine stitching. Mother was a good reader, writer and speller, and would have been better educated had she followed her mother's advice. However, she never regretted helping her mother.

When at school reading the New Testament, and all during her childhood, she wished that she lived when Christ was on the earth, being of an intensely religious nature. Naturally, she rejoiced when she heard that the gospel had been restored. When Father told her the strange news that an angel had appeared to Joseph Smith, she listened intently, and then said: "George, it is true." This testimony never left her. Mother had "impressions" that were true. As children, we knew that we could never hide our misdeeds, however guileless the expression we wore. She was thus "impressed" when she first met Father. She had been invited to a party, celebrating Father's return from a voyage. He was busy relating his experiences and paid no attention to her. His brother Jonathan, was her escort. But when she returned home she told her mother that she had seen her future husband. Her mother replied, "Silly child, I've never heard you talk so foolishly." But after his return from another voyage it so came about, and they were married when she was sixteen years old. Her life from that time on can best be told in connection with father's.

Copy of a Clipping from an English Newspaper
Sent to Father When His Mother Died in Harlow

The late Mrs. Jarvis

A correspondent draws attention to the recent death of Mrs. Jarvis at the advanced age of ninety-two. She will be greatly missed by both rich and poor. Her experience as a midwife and nurse goes back almost beyond the memory of anyone now living in the Parish. In all cases of sickness her aid was sought as eagerly as if she had been some skilled physician, and in her life she had rendered good service when cholera and fever had been rife. She was ever ready to attend the call of any person, no matter what their station in life— if they were ill they needed no other claim upon her sympathy and good will.

Her good qualities too, as a wife and mother, deserve to be remembered. It would be much better for the nation at large, if there were more mothers of her independence of character, cheerful disposition and sterling integrity. She was a woman of vigorous powers and retained her faculties to the last. Her end was a peaceful one and she was buried amidst the general (-------et) of all who knew her, for she was very deeply esteemed by a large circle of acquaintances. Her offspring are numerous and have spread themselves to all parts of the globe. She had been married sixty-three years. She died October 17, 1875, aged ninety-two.

George Jarvis

George Jarvis was born in Harlow and was the fifth child and fourth son of a large family. As a boy and youth, he worked on a farm and in a grist mill. He had a great love for the sea and at the age of seventeen, he was bound as apprentice on ship-board for four years, and went on different voyages to foreign counties. When the time of his apprenticeship expired, he went to China, and soon after joined the British Navy and went to the West Indies. There he injured his foot, resulting in the loss of a big toe. A rope struck him in the eye, causing total blindness in one eye. The other eye was not affected. Soon after he became very ill and was in the hospital for four months. As soon as he could travel he was sent to London and was an out-door patient of the hospital. He was given a pension for life. He lost that, however, when he came to America.

He had previously met Mother and they were married in September 1846. They went to Woolwich where father was ship keeper in the British Navy. He belonged to Her Majesty's flagship for three years. In Woolwich they met Lorenzo Snow and Franklin D. Richards. They believed the gospel when they first heard it and were baptized on Christmas, two weeks later. This occurred in 1848, in the Thames River.

Soon after, father worked for Ravenhill and Miller and was leading seaman for rigging purchases, for lifting heavy machinery. He worked at this for nine years, sometimes going on short voyages. He was anxious to immigrate to Utah, and went on a voyage to China to get money for that purpose. On the voyage over, the chief engineer was very friendly and told father that he would keep him on the steam-boat to run from Hong Kong. Soon, however, he was discharged. This caused him to feel grieved and disappointed. "He went to the engineer and asked if he had not given satisfaction. The engineer replied, "Yes, George, you know how I like you, but you are a married man, and I think you had better go back to England." Father tried to get work elsewhere, and succeeded in getting on another steamboat, but he had a large boil on his arm and was sent to the hospital, which cost him four dollars per day. Everything seemed to go against him, and he felt so discouraged that he went on a mountain and prayed for guidance. An impression came, — "Go Home."

At first port on his way home, he heard of the massacre of European sailors. The Chinese War with England had begun. Had he remained there he might have been slain with many other sailors. The Lord over-ruled for his protection.

He had only sufficient means with what Mother had earned and saved to bring them to Boston. This was in 1857. Father cooked on the way across the ocean, leaving Mother alone with the care of five children.

In Boston, he worked for small wages and at anything he could get to do for three and one-half years. During this time they contended with sickness and poverty. Mother was ill all the time while in Boston, and in bed for four months. The only place they could rent was in an unhealthy quarter, near the water. The cellar was full of water. Father would have to leave Mother and the children at home alone while he worked. Thus Mother and the small baby were left to the care of the other children. They could not afford any help.

There was a great deal of prejudice, at this time, against the Mormons. It was, also, the time of a panic, and Father found it very difficult to get work. When he did have a good job, he lost it because he defended Brigham Young, and thus quarreled with his boss. It was desperately cold--potatoes would freeze near the fire. They suffered for food and fuel. Mother's nature was one of pride and independence. She kept one pound of butter for show in case anyone called at meal time.

She was so loyal to the Church and to Father, that she failed to make friends of her would-be sympathizers. These people blamed Father for bringing her from a comfortable

home. She told them that she would have come alone if Father had not brought her. She failed to make friends, but maintained her loyalty, pride, and independence.

While mother was so very ill, Brother George Q. Cannon came to Boston and came to administer to her. He told father the only chance for her life was to get her out of Boston as soon as possible, they sold their few belongings, and managed to get to Florence, Nebraska, the frontier of the emigrants, about one thousand miles from Salt Lake City.

Father was employed by Brother Cannon making tents and wagon covers for the church. Through President Cannon's intercession, the light luggage of the family was distributed among the company on condition that they all walk, except mother. President Cannon made arrangements for her to ride in a light wagon of his, and had employed a man named Hunt, to drive. As soon as Brother Cannon was out of sight, (he traveled ahead of the company), Hunt and his wife were very unkind. Mother was not permitted to ride and, if while walking she put the baby in the back end of the wagon, they objected. Father had wanted to get a hand cart before starting, but Brother cannon arranged for Mother to be more comfortable, he thought. Now they longed for a hand cart as the younger children had to be carried. Brother Richard Morris was very kind. The only time Father rode was with him, for a little rest. Father had said, when he was trying to get means to emigrate, that he would go to Zion if he had to walk, and so it came about.

There were some mishaps on the plains, but their lives were spared and they reached Salt Lake City in August, 1860. Six weeks later a son was born, whom they named Heber. The journey had been a very trying one for Mother. She records that one day she was so weary, she could not possibly go any farther. She announced that she did not care if the Indians did get her, she had to rest. It was against counsel to lag behind. As she and another woman were resting, they fell asleep. Her little girl, Amelia, awoke them saying that the Indians were coming. The train of wagons were just going around a corner out of sight. They forgot their weariness and lost no time in catching up with the company. They found later that the supposed Indians were men of the company out hunting.

Quoting from Mother---"When I saw the valley where God's people were, I felt that I could endure a great deal more for the same privilege. I felt thankful to see Brigham Young and to hear him speak."

They had been in Salt Lake City about one year and were beginning to be comfortable as father and the boys had work, when at the October Conference in 1861, President Brigham Young called for volunteers to Dixie. Father was one of the first to stand up. Mother was less impulsive, she knew that they were not prepared for such an undertaking. She had suffered so much and wanted to stay at head-quarters, so she pulled father's coat, but he paid no attention to her. He had no wagon nor team, but he was determined to come, so mother helped him to get ready. He bought an old wagon that was condemned before it left Nauvoo. President Young was owing father enough to get a good yoke of cattle, so for Dixie they started. They bought a quantity of Brother John Eardley's pottery, which was very heavy. The

poor old wagon could not stand much, so they all walked. Mother and the children threw loose rocks out of the road to prevent a break-down, while father was trying to drive--perfectly ignorant of the art. Sam was a little fellow and one day was so tired, that he told Brother Turner he would be his second wife if he would let him ride in his wagon.

The family arrived at the adobe yard with the first company, on 5 December 1861. Father could not bring a year's provisions as had been counseled, so they had very little to eat. The first Christmas day in Dixie they had bran for dinner. They had no stove nor anything for their use. Their first meal on the city lot (the first lot to be occupied after the survey) consisted of flaxseed.

They had seven children, hearty and hungry, and often, Mother says she has seen the tears roll down their cheeks because of hunger. She had no food to give them. Father sold his yoke of oxen for a few hundred pounds of flour. They mortgaged their land, after it had been cultivated, for one hundred and seventy-five pounds of flour. Mother was always dainty and she just could not eat cane seed, bran, shoots, etc. Father had a patch of turnips that he was raising for seed, and orders were given that they must be left alone--Mother used to limit herself to one a day--just one raw turnip to ease her conscience for she didn't want father to know.

In preparation for a layette for sister Emma, Mother washed pieces of an old tent, rubbing it to soften it, as an important part of the layette. (Emma was born in 1863). Mother cut up her own underskirts, and took in washing to earn a few yards of muslin. No doubt I inherited that same layette.

There were years of great poverty in Dixie. Fortunately for herself and family, Mother was of a cheerful and jolly disposition. She did not complain but made the best of things. One night during a severe wind and rainstorm, Mother sat and held on to the tent to prevent it from blowing over. During this time she sang all the songs she knew.

She had cards and a spinning wheel and washed to pay for the weaving of the cloth for the clothing of the family. Their dresses were beautifully dyed by the pioneer processes.

Father and the boys worked on the ditches and dams in the early days. They also worked on the St. George Temple and the St. George Tabernacle. Father worked on the temple the entire time it was being built. He was in charge of the scaffolding for the temple and the tabernacle. The baptismal font was lifted into place on the oxen, under his direction. It was fitted together by a man sent from Salt Lake. Then father stationed four sailors, (Ebenezer and Charles DeFriez, John Miles, and Thomas Crane), in each corner of the room manipulating ropes at his command. There was a crowd of spectators and some of the "land lubbers" had the temerity to shout instructions. Father endured it for a while, but it was causing confusion and father was responsible, so he ordered every man to shut his mouth and keep it shut until the font was in position. They did so. Then with a few "nautical orders" to his men, the font rose slowly and was swung over onto the oxen without any trouble.

Father's labors in the Dixie country are well known by the older people. He was always interested in horticulture. Grandmother Prior sent some grape-seeds to him in a letter. He planted them and they grew. The Gardner's Club named them the "Jarvis" and "Rio Virgin" grapes.

In addition to his hard manual labors Father raised a family of ten under trying circumstances, often going to his work without any pretense at breakfast. He was always an active church worker. In Woolwich, England, he was presiding teacher, in Boston he was Sunday School Superintendent. In the First Ward in St. George, he was a bishop's counselor for a number of years, and was Sunday School Superintendent for years.

In 1902, he was ordained a Patriarch and expressed himself as more pleased than if a legacy of millions had been left him. He performed this labor faithfully and gave hundreds of blessings.

To my mind, Father was almost a perfect character. He was very upright and honest--I never knew or heard of an act that was dishonest. I never heard him profane or use a vulgar word.

During his voyages, he visited Australia, Africa, Spain, Holland, China, Portugal, West Indies, Ceylon, Gibraltar, Bengal and Java. This in itself was educational and he was a great reader.

Father lived to be nearly ninety years old. Mother helped and encouraged him in all of his labors. Mother was a woman of rare principles and noble character. When she knew that Father was dead, I am sure that she prayed to soon follow. She had always said, "Father, if you go first, you must wait on the banks for me." She did not keep him waiting long. In four days she followed, aged eighty-three. They had been married sixty-seven years.

Ann Prior Jarvis

Written by Henry J. Miles, a grandson

Of the ancestors of Ann Prior Jarvis, little is known. Her father, William Prior, was English. His occupation was that of a contractor and builder. He was a skillful carpenter and owned a valuable set of tools. He was an honest man and always paid his bills when they were due. He served seven years as a soldier in the Crimean War. He had asthma and died from the effects of severe coughing at the age of fifty-seven, when his daughter Ann was but eight years of age.

The mother of Ann Prior was Catherine McEwan, a hardy Scotch Highlander who, in childhood, spoke the Gaelic language. She was a splendid type of woman, honest, self-

sacrificing and industrious. She was a member of the Presbyterian Church. She died at the age of eighty-five. Of the political affiliations of her parents, Ann knew little.

Ann Prior, at the age of sixteen, was married to George Jarvis. When their family consisted of two children, (George Fredrick and Ann Catherine), her husband first heard the gospel. When he told his wife, Ann, the strange news that an angel had appeared to Joseph Smith, she listened intently, then said, "George, it is true." She believed every word of it and very soon after they were both baptized in the river Thames on Christmas night 1848. She was the only member of her family to join, and from the time she was a small child, had longed to see apostles and prophets and had thought how she would have enjoyed living on the earth with Christ and his apostles.

At the time they joined the Church, they were living on board one of her Majesty's ships. The President of the Branch wished George Jarvis to be more useful, so he left the Royal Navy and joined the Poplar branch of the church. He was ordained to the priesthood, and became very active in church work--Superintendent of the Sunday School and counselor to the President of the Branch. In all this work he was encouraged by his noble wife. She always had great faith and has recorded instances of remarkable healing by administration of the elders of the church. About seven years after joining the church their desire to immigrate to Zion became so strong that Brother Jarvis, following the advice of the Branch President, took a voyage to raise sufficient means, so he started to China. While he was gone Ann Prior lived very frugally and by sewing and washing helped to earn money, although at this time she had five small children. The uncertainty of her husband's return was a great trial, as she heard of the death of many of his ship mates and was unable to get news from him. She was only twenty-five years old and had been the youngest at home and the pet. Now to be without friends, in a great city and with such great responsibility and anxiety was a great trial to her. She could not get her husband's wages from the ship-owner.

After joining the church, their former friends deserted them. Finally, she received twenty pounds from her husband and while taking her daughter Amelia, who had fractured her shoulder, to the hospital, she lost her purse. It looked as though they would have to go without fire and bread that winter. But the purse was returned to her in a miraculous manner in answer to prayer.

Ann Prior Jarvis related this incident: When Brother Jarvis went away he expected to get enough money to immigrate, as the chief engineer had promised to keep him on the steamboat which was to run to Hong Kong. As soon as he reached his destination, the engineer discharged him and kept another man on. Brother Jarvis asked if he had not pleased him. The engineer replied, "Yes, George, but you are a married man, I think you had better go back to England." Brother Jarvis felt bad as he knew he would not have enough money, so he tried to get on other steamboats but he became ill and went to the hospital. They charged him four dollars a day and it seemed everything was against him. He prayed, and the impression was "Go home," so he started for England and at the first port he heard of the massacre of the European sailors. The Chinese War had begun with England. Had he stayed

there, he might have been one of the slain, but the Lord had worked on the heart of a man who had always liked him, to discharge him, and against the wishes of all he had to come home. He returned with barely enough money to pay their passage to Boston. Ann left her dear mother knowing she would never see her again. They sailed on the ship, "*Washington.*" They landed at Boston and had great difficulty in securing lodging, as no one liked to take a family off a ship, and there was great feeling against the Mormons.

They finally got a room close to the water. They fared very poorly in Boston as the weather was very cold and Sister Jarvis was ill all of the time. They remained in Boston three years. While there, two children were born, one of whom died in infancy of cholera. By selling everything hey had they raised enough money to immigrate to Florence, Nebraska--a thousand miles from Salt Lake City. While there, Brother Jarvis was employed by the church in making wagon covers. He intended to get a hand-cart and hurry to the Valley, but Brother George Q. Cannon said it would be better to come in his wagon as the team was lightly loaded. A man named Hunt was driving Cannon's team. The oxen and wagon had been sent on where there was grass. Several days after the Jarvis' were told to follow. They carried their cooking utensils and marched along. It was a warm day, and Sister Jarvis and all the family were compelled to walk all the way. She suffered a great deal while crossing the plains. They reached Salt Lake City in September 1860. A son, Heber, was born six weeks after their arrival. Thomas Stolworthy, to whom they had been kind in England, gave them shelter. Sister Jarvis said, "When I saw the valley where God's people were, I felt well repaid for all I had endured. I was thankful to have the privilege of seeing Brigham Young." At the October Conference, she heard Heber C. Kimball and Brigham Young talking of affairs in general, and the remark was made that the time would come when men would be afraid to become President of the Untied States, for fear of assassination. President Lincoln was elected that fall.

Brother Jarvis and the older boys got work and they were becoming comfortable. They moved to Sugar House Ward and sheltered two families for several weeks. At the October Conference in 1861, Brigham Young called for volunteers to settle Dixie and Brother Jarvis volunteered. He had no wagon and he had always said he would never travel again without a team. He bought an old wagon that was considered unsafe before leaving Nauvoo, but it had crossed the plains alright, so he bought it and got a yoke of cattle and started for Dixie. Sister Jarvis and the children walked on ahead, removing the rocks to make the road better for the old wagon. The Jarvis family had lost their money, which was deposited in a bank in Boston, because of the panic of '57, and had been in Salt Lake City only a year. They were utterly unprepared for life in Dixie, and had not brought a year's provisions, as had been advised, therefore they suffered more keenly the hardships of the new country than many others.

They arrived in St. George, 5 December 1861, and camped on the old adobe yard in the eastern part of the valley. Their first Christmas dinner in St. George consisted of bran only. They had no stove, and it rained some every day for the first forty days. So they were exceedingly uncomfortable. The first meal on their city lot consisted of flaxseed. Sister Jarvis had always been dainty--she would go without rather than eat such food. She tells of living,

at a later date, on turnips which she could eat better than cane seed, but the turnips were being saved for seed, so she couldn't have what she wished of them. In those first days, she often saw her children hungry and the tears rolling down their cheeks for want of something to eat. Her son, Heber, a baby, was very ill for a long time and nearly died, just for lack of nourishment. He would have died, but for the kindness of Alice Thompson Lougee who gave her a little milk each day for him. Very many of the babies in those early days died because of the heat and lack of food. At this time, Sister Jarvis was but thirty-one years old--the mother of eight children - one buried in Boston. The others were hearty, hungry children. Brother Jarvis was very industrious; there was plenty of work on dams, ditches, etc., but no pay. They lived on shoots and cane seed but couldn't eat too much of that. They sold their yoke of cattle for flour and mortgaged their land after it was cultivated for one hundred seventy-five pounds of flour. Flour was at that time twenty-five dollars per one hundred pounds. A daughter, Emmaline, was born in March, 1863. An old tent was washed and rubbed to make it softer, this furnishing some necessary clothing for her. These were years of great poverty in Dixie. Two other children were born, Josephine and William. At the age of seven, the latter was killed by lightning, on the St. George Tabernacle steps, 5 April 1881. Brother Jarvis and sons worked on the Tabernacle and Temple and he and his wife were among the first to receive blessings there.

Sister Jarvis' distinguishing characteristic was her unfailing cheerfulness through all her trials. Her first home in Dixie was a tent and she has said that the happiest days of her life were spent in it. Some nights, during wind and rainstorms, she has sat up singing and holding on to the tent to keep it from blowing over and exposing her sleeping children to the drenching rain. The childhood of Ann Jarvis was a happy one and she thought her home the dearest spot on earth.

She couldn't remember when she first went to school, but remembered reading in the New Testament the first chapter of John when very small. She had a common school education, was a great reader, always - and was a good speller and writer. She might have been better educated, but when her mother sent her to school she went and worked at sewing, thus helping her widowed mother. She never regretted that. After she was eleven years old she left school and worked at dressmaking until her marriage and for some time after that. She was but seventeen when her son George F. was born. Her life's work was that of rearing a large family under very trying conditions. Her ideals were satisfied, to the extent that her posterity are faithful members of the Church, and upright honest citizens, helpful in the community for the betterment of humanity. That was her greatest pride and joy. The gospel was the most precious thing that had come into her life, and it influenced her above all else, helping her to bear all trials that came to her as a result of embracing it. She was willing to endure and suffer for its sake.

She was too busy in her younger days to be a public worker, and later, when the cares of her family were over, her health was very poor and she was unable to walk much. However, she was an active worker in the Relief Society for many years and contributed of her means. She always attended her Sabbath and other meetings, as long as it was possible for

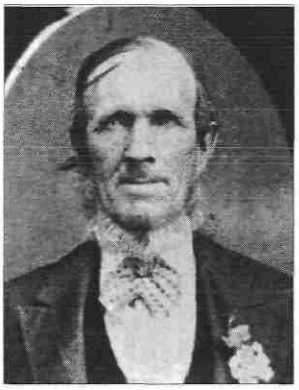
her to do so. Her influence was always for good, her conversation was nearly always on gospel topics and she taught her children correct principles and tried to instill faith in their hearts.

She died at the age of eighty-three in full possession of all her faculties, on 10 January 1913, just four days after her husband's death. They were not long separated.

I remember grandmother as a noble cheerful woman. I have never known or heard of anything in her character that I didn't admire. She was keen and bright in her intellect and I am proud to know I had such a splendid grandmother.

Thomas Forsyth Autobiography

1813 - 1898



St. George May 26, 1896

(Note--Grandfather Thomas Forsyth began this autobiography at our home in St. George, May 26, 1895, but returned to his home in Touquerville, where he died in March 1898 without going on with it. Hence we supplement this with what his descendants remember. This account is also available in Thomas's handwriting in the Jarvis family records. This record has had some editing of spelling and punctuation.)

Mabel Jarvis, Granddaughter

"Top of The Mornin' to Yez"

I was born in the town and parish of Kelso in Roxburghshire, Scotland, on the 20th day of September 1813. My father's name was Thomas, my grandfather's name was James and my great grandfather's name was Thomas. My mother's name was Isabella Jackson. My mother was born in the parish of Nanthorn, Roxburghshire; also my sister Christena and Henery and Agness. An Agness that died in infancy and a William that died in infancy. I had two younger sisters what were born in Glascow, Isabella and Jean. I can remember my grandfather Jackson coming to see us with grandma with him just before we moved from Kelso to Glascow. I can see him in my minds eye today, although I was only about two years old then. We lived in Glascow about four years. My father superintended what-they-called-then a secret works at a place called Nuglenbridge. The works was close to the bridge. I can remember it well. I used to go to the works often. We lived not far from the works. I can remember in the fall and winter of 1819 of seeing the rebbles or those they called rebbles marching past our house in great numbers mostly after dark. They wanted to put royel charley on the throne. My mother kept a grocery store. She was very sickly and the doctor advised my father that a change of climate was the only thing that would do her any good. So he concluded to go to America and in the spring of 1820 we sailed from Greenock in the ship *Commerce* and we were 14 weeks and 4 days in getting to Quebec. The steam boat came alongside and took the passengers up the St. Lawrence River to Montreal from which place we were taken by carts to Rockville and then north to Pearth (town) 120 miles from Lenerk, the county town of our destination. All the immigrants that came that year were brought out at the expense of the government and every male over 21 years old were given 100 acres of land and provisions for one year for every family. Every adult over 14 years old got one pair of blankets and all under 14 a single blanket and/or a certain amount of money. I think it was Lb 5.00 for those under 14 and Lb. 10 for all over 14, paid in installments the first year. Every family was furnished with all kinds of farming tools. They were also furnished with one set

of mechanical tools for a certain number of families and mechanics were sent to do any and all kinds of labor to make us self-supporting in the near future. And all this expense, together with the price of the land, was to be paid back to the government in 20 years. But when the 20 years was expired, or about expired, the people petitioned the government to forgive the debt or take the land, with their improvements, for it; so the government chose the former, forgave the people and issued the "pettents." Now when we landed in Pearth, or very shortly after, my mother died in that town. Late that fall my father and my two brothers, Robert and Henery, put up a very good log house and moved us into our land which was 7 miles from Lenerk, the county seat. There were no roads yet made from the County Seat, consequently our luggage had to be packed on the backs of those that were able to pack it. And all, young and old had to do their part in this labor. But the more bulky things had to be left til winter when a pathway could be made, the brush cut out of the way and the snow tramped down through the woods and the ice on the creeks and lakes wide enough for a hand sledge to be drawn along. My father and my brother went to work and made a number of hand sleighs in the fore part of winter and as soon as the ice was strong enough on the creek and lake, and deep enough to make good tracks for their sleighs, my father got all the young men he could and went for the heavier part of our luggage. My father objected to my brother Henery going, as he said he was too young and could not stand the trip, but he (Henery) would go whether or not, and that was the last day, for he expired within sight of our house sometime in the night. His death was caused by over-fatigue and cold. My oldest brother and sister went out to work as soon as they got the family settled and a little land cleared off for father to put in some crop. This was, I think, in 1821 or 1822, but our family misfortunes had not ceased yet, for my father was killed by a tree falling on him. He was buried on his farm at the root of a large white pine tree that stood a short distance from the house. The only pine tree there for miles around. My father would not see it cut down, and when I left that part of the country in 1829, it was still standing there to mark my fathers last resting place. The death of my father called my brother and sister home. But in those days, it took a long time to get the news to them. There was no telegraph then, there were scarcely any horses to be seen and very bad roads and in many parts, no roads at all, but only trees marked or blazed as we called it, in sight of each other from one place to another through the woods. Well, in a few years, my brother and sister got married, each taking two of us younger ones. It fell my lot to go with my brother and shortly after he married, he moved to Montreal where he worked at his trade on the great Catholic church in that city being superintendent of one half of the building. The main building covered one acre of ground. It required one month labor of one of the best mechanics to make one window sash. I here went to school for the best part of two years. And in 1826, my brother was engaged as superintendent of public works for the government, to go up the Grand Ottawa River to build a line of bridges across that river to connect the two provinces (Canada East and Canada West). He had a great part of the time (three years) 360 men to work after he completed the bridges and other works connected with them. He then took contracts from the government for the construction of the Riddo Canal from Bytown to Kington. When the canal was finished, he and a Mr. Robert Drummond went in partnership building and running steamboats from Bytown to the head of Lake Ontario and continued in that business until the year 1834, when they both died of cholera within 20 days of each other. In the fall of 1837, I went up the Grand Ottawa River to lumber or get out square timber for

Quebec market. This was 300 miles above or northwest of any settlements. The next year, I went up the Madawasky River about 200 Miles, a tributary of the Grand Ottawa. I went to Quebec in the summer of 1838. On my way back, I stayed at Sorel, a port on the St. Lawrence River 45 miles below Montreal, where two of my sisters were living. Their names were Agness (the older) and Jane (the younger). They had married two brothers, ship carpenters by trade. Their names were Hugh and Mitchel Convery. Hugh married Agness about the year 1828. Jane did not get married for several years after that, in the spring (April) of 1839. I got married to Isabella Donald, daughter of George and Jennet Taylor Donald, both of Lenark Canada West. They crossed the ocean with us and was my father's nearest neighbor at the time of his death. My wife Isabella bore to me 7 children, 3 sons and 4 daughters. My wife Isabella was born in Glascow on the 17 of March, 1819. She died of a cold which settled on her lungs in Salt Lake City, in May 1851. I moved in company with my mother-in-law and family to the London district of Kent, Canada East. Took up 200 acres of land and afterwards, I bought another 100 acres. I ran a saw mill (a mully mill) at Port Sirnice for Durant. During surplus water seasons, two years in 1841, I went back to Sorel to collect money I loaned in 1838, but failed to get it. I went to work in a shipyard to get money to take me back home. Before I left home, I had agreed with a Mr. Smith to bring his family back with me. She was living with her folks a little way from Montreal. I called and brought her along. She had two children, but she had very little money and I had to take our passage on a sailing vessel to save money. Coming up Lake Ontario, the captain had to call at Osswago and we were wind-bound for several days there. As soon as the weather would admit (permit?), the captain put to sea near night, but he had not been out to sea long before a heavy gust struck us and the vessel rolled and pitched terrible. I slept in the hold and Mrs. Smith slept in the cabin. In the night, the mate woke me and asked me if I was not afraid. I said no. Sometimes I was nearly on my feet in my bed and then on my head, or nearly so. But towards morning, Mrs. Smith came out of the cabin into the hold and came right into my bed without asking me any questions. I got up and went on deck and found the captain alone, trying to manage the vessel alone. He said he was glad to see me and asked, "Can you take the wheel or manage the boom?" for his sailors were all seasick and could not come on deck. We were very near the Canada shore and running as close to the wind as possible. We had hard work to keep of land and were running almost on her broad side to keep of the land. Shortly after daylight, the wind fell considerable, and we make Fort Hamilton the next day and found out that the main mast was sprung. We had to lay by to put in another, which took two or three days. Then we went through the Wellington Canal into Lake Erie and had a pleasant time, until we landed at Fort Sinnia, near the outlet of Lake Huron, and 7 miles from my home. That fall or next spring, my sister Christina wrote me a letter that she had received a letter from my Uncle James, in Scotland. I wrote to her to send me his letter. When I received it, I wrote to him all the particulars about our family from the time we left Scotland up to that time, and also for all of our ages, as we none of us knew our age. And in due time, I received his answer with all of our ages, but one, in it and also his request for me to let him know what the Latter-day Saints were doing. He said you will know them. Joseph Smith is the head one of them. I never had heard of the Latter-day Saints 'til he asked me that question in his letter. In order to answer all his questions, I began to inquire how these Latter-day Saints were and where they were. I could find out but very little about them. But all I could learn of them I wrote to him. But the next

year (1843) there was a Mormon Elder came to my mother-in-laws' place about 7 miles from my place and gave out notice he would hold a meeting there. I was, at that time, very anxious to find out whether there was a God or not, and if there was any way to worship Him. For all I could hear in that line was a mass of confusion to me. So, when I heard of this Mormon Elder going to preach the next day (Sunday), I said I would go and hear him. My wife's youngest brother was at my house that night and was going home next morning. I made up my mind to go with him and as soon as breakfast was over, I went to fix to go. My wife was in the act of putting a necktie on me. Her brother stood close by and my oldest and only son, at that time he was twenty months old, was sitting in his little chair with a piece of pasteboard in his hands. We were not talking about the Mormons nor about what they preached, for we did not know anything about them yet. But all of a sudden, my son commenced to read from the pasteboard he held in his hands, and moving his head as if he was following the lines of reading and repeating these words. "They mormons preaches Jesus gospel." and repeating these words some three or four times, as plain as I or any one else could say them. When we heard him say these words, we were struck with astonishment, for we knew he had never heard these words spoken by any one. When he noticed us looking at him, he laughed and threw the pasteboard away. We went to the meeting, heard the elder preach and I knew then and there that he preached the truth and commenced to investigate it and soon was convinced that there was a God and that I had found that which I had been looking for and praying for. For I truly had been praying for about two years for this very thing and no one knows the joy that filled my bosom (only those that has experienced the same feeling that the finding of the gospel brings to him). There was great opposition to that elder in this place, however, I made preparations to move west and came to Kalamazoo Michigan. At a place called Gailsburg, 9 miles east of Kalamazoo, I went to work. There I could not hear of any Latter-day Saints for a long time. At last on the 4th of August 1844, I told my wife I was going to hunt up some Mormons if there were any in the county, so I started south not knowing where I was going. I traveled 'til I came to where the road forked. Seeing a team coming on the road south, I went on to meet it and asked the driver if he knew of any Mormon meeting in that part. He said "yes," but what do you want with a Mormon meeting. I said that was my business, not yours. He said "Take the first road leading to your right hand and go on about two miles and you will find a meeting there. But when I came to the road going on the right, I only had to go about 50 or 60 rods to find the place I was hunting for. I was baptized that day, August 4, 1844 by M. E. Webb. I got a Book of Mormon and Voice of Warning, which I prided very much. But when the people of Gailsburg found out that I had joined the Mormons, they were very much excited. And some came to persuade me not to go to Nauvoo. When I came home from being baptized and brought with me a bundle of Joseph Smith's verses of the powers and policies of the United States government and distributed them, which caused considerable excitement; some very much in favor of them saying they were the best they had ever seen. Others condemning them only because they were of Mormon origin. I had been working for nearly a year for two firms, the first for Mills & Co, and the later for Ransom and Gray, making potash. They were to pay me the money for my work on the first of June, 1845. All went nicely 'til some time in the winter of 1844 and 1845, when they (Elders) were sent out from Nauvoo to collect tithing to finish the temple. There F. D. Richards came to the district where I lived on that business, and Bishop David Evans going to him, stopped with me a few days

to recruit, himself. I paid to Bro. Richards, one-tenth of all I was worth to the skin on my back. I let him draw the amount out of the two stores I was working for as I could not demand the money until the first of June 1845, according to agreement. Now this made my employers very mad & would have discharged me if they could have found anyone to fill my place, but that they could not do. My son George Joseph was quite sick at that time with a gathering as large as a goose egg on his jugular vein. I had Bro. Richards & Bro. Webb lay hands on him & he was healed. This also excited the people & many came to see for themselves for they did not believe the boy could be cured. Bro. Richards also laid his hands on me and blessed me & said I was the only man in all his district that had paid a full tithing, that there never would be a principal revealed but what I would receive, and up to this time, every principle I have heard from the prophets of God has been plain to me and nothing has ever from that day to this weakened my faith in the gospel and I have been offered many inducements to apostatize, but I always told them that offered such, that I embraced the gospel for the love of the truth and I was going to see the end of it God being my helper. I was urged in Nauvoo not to go west with the church for if I did I would see my children crying for bread & have none to give them. I would see the red men butcher us on the plains. I refused all their offers & said I knew the gospel was true & I would never forsake it come life or death, it is all one to me. I never take the back track. Well, when the first of June 1845 came, I went to Mr. Ransom & asked him for my pay. He said he would pay me out of the store in goods, but no money. I declined to take goods as my contract said I was to be paid in money. I went to see if I could not compel him to pay me the money. I was told I could, but that the law would allow him to keep me out of it for a year or more, so I went back & offered to take the goods, but he said if I had taken the goods at first, I could have had them, but now he would not pay me the goods.

(Here his personal history ends) The following is personal data Thomas sent to the compilers of the LDS Biographical Encyclopedia:

Biographical Encyclopedia

Name:	Thomas Forsyth
Place & Date:	Toquerville, Utah, April 20, 1892
Position:	Farmer and Carpenter Seventy in 30th Quorum of Seventies
Parentage:	Thomas and Isabella Jackson Forsyth
Birth:	Perish of Kelso, Roxburghshire, Scotland, 20th September 1813
Baptism:	4 August, 1844, by Milo E. Webb, Kalamazoo, Michigan, confirmed by M. E. Webb
Personal:	Height: 5 ft. 7 3/4 in.
Weight:	146 lbs.
Complexion:	Medium
Color of Hair:	Dark Brown originally

Remarks

Immigrated to America in the year 1829. I was ordained a priest in the winter of 1844 and 1845 in the branch where I was baptized. I cannot remember by whom but I think it was F. D. Richards. Came to Nauvoo in 1845 and was ordained a seventy in the 30th quorum under the hands of Jahial Savage, Senior Priest of that quorum. I joined the artillery under Commander John Scott and I went as a volunteer with a Mr. Bodell then Post Master at Warsaw who had to flee from the mob and came to Nauvoo for safety and undertook to carry a petition to the Colonel for redress of our wrongs. We went to Montebello eighteen miles down the river and was to go from there in a rowboat to Quincey; but when we got there, the moon was bright and he would not go in the boat past Warsaw as the mob had cannons on both sides of the river and would not let us by. I had to return and we could get but one horse and that from a Mr. Miller.

Biographical Encyclopedia

Thomas Forsyth, Farmer and Carpenter, also holding the office of a Seventy in the 30th Quorum in the Priesthood. My Father's name, Thomas Forsyth; my Mother's maiden name was Isabella Jackson. I was born in the parish of Kelso, Roxburghshire, Scotland, in the year 1813 on the 20th of September. The family moved into the city of Glasgow in the year 1816 and in the year 1820 immigrated with government immigrants to Canada. My Mother died just as we landed and two years my father was killed by the falling of a tree upon him. I heard the gospel in the year 1843 and believed the first sermon I heard but did not get baptized until the 4th of August, 1844, in Kalamazoo County, Michigan, by Milo E. Webb, an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, who also confirmed me at the water's edge. Came to Nauvoo in the fall of 1845 bringing with me the glass for the windows of the Temple. I also brought with me George P. Dykes and family from Notoway, Fox River Illinois. I worked on the Nauvoo House and worked there until called to protect the Saints.

Original Nauvoo Temple

I then joined Colonel John Scott's artillery regiment and was called upon by Colonel Scott to go as a guard with Mr. Bodell, Post master of Warsaw, Jack Mormon, to carry a petition to the Governor in behalf of the Saints and was charged to hear all communication between him and any other person as he might prove untrue. We went to Montebello eighteen miles down the river. Here Mr. Bodell thought it too risky to go by water as there were cannons placed on both sides of the river at Charlesville and Warsaw. However he got a horse and carried out the original plan alone and I returned to Nauvoo. I will here correct a statement made and published, I think by George Q Cannon, that George Miller was the man who went with Bodell which he did not. I was the man who went and would have carried out my instructions at the risk of my life as there were pickets all along our route. I had three

brethren whose names I did not know. One was James Goff, I did know. We counseled together to let Bodell go alone and he alone (did) just as well as though we had all gone along with him. I crossed the Mississippi River May 11, 1846, and followed the trail of the Saints and arrived in Salt Lake City on the 4th of October, 1850, and 1861 I was to Dixie on a mission to Dixie and here I remain.

Sketches from the Life of Thomas Forsyth
compiled by Zora Smith Jarvis

Quoting from the words of Thomas Forsyth, as he wrote in his autobiography, "I was born in the town and parish of Kelso, Roxburghshire, Scotland, on the 20th day of September 1813. My father's name was Thomas; my mother's name was Isabella Jackson. She was born in the parish of Nanthorn, Roxburghshire, Scotland, 30 Sep 1779."

Continuing, he writes, "My father was a carpenter by trade. (Thomas also learned the carpenter trade.) My eldest brother, Robert; sister, Christina; brother, Henry; sister, Agnes; another Agnes; and a brother William; both of whom died in infancy, were all born in Kelso. Two other sisters, Isabella and Jean, who were younger were born in Glasgow."

1820
Age 6 ½

Thomas sailed in the spring of 1820 with his parents and the other six children, in the ship *Commerce*, for America. They settled in Canada. His mother died shortly after landing and his father was killed by a falling tree about 1821 or 22. Thomas went to live with his brother Robert who lived in Montreal.

1934
Age 20

After his brother Robert's death from cholera in 1834, Thomas went up the Ottowa river and engaged in lumbering. In 1839, he went to Quebec, and from there to Sorel, a port on the St. Lawrence River, to visit his two younger sisters, Agnes and Jean, who had married two brothers, Hugh and Mitchel Convery.

1839
Age 25

In the spring of 1839, he married Isabella Donald, a daughter of George and Janet Taylor Donald, both of Lanark, Canada, West Province [now Ontario]. With his wife and Isabella's parents, they moved to the District of Kent, Canada, West Province, where he operated a sawmill. Then they moved to Gailsburg, Kalamazoo County, Michigan, and went to work in the Potash mills. At this time, his sister Christina forwarded, at Thomas's request,

a letter from their Uncle James in Scotland telling about things that had happened since they left Scotland. Thomas answered this letter, telling him all that had happened to them since coming to America. He asked his uncle to get them a record of the ages of all his brothers and sisters, as they had forgotten some of them.

1844
Age 30

His Uncle James answered, giving the information of all save one, and much besides. Thomas said, "He also made a request for me to let him know what the Latter-day Saints were doing. He said, 'You will know them. Joseph Smith is the head of them.'"

Soon after that, Thomas heard about the Mormons. (For faith promoting incidents, read his interesting autobiography.) He met the Mormon elders. He and his wife were converted, and he was baptized 4th of August 1844, by an Elder M. E. Webb.

1840 - 1853
Age 27 - 40

Experiencing many hardships, he and his wife Isabella and children, namely;

- Thomas, born 20 September 1840, in Sorel, Canada;
- Janet, born 29 March 1842, also in Sorel, Canada;
- George James, born 23 May 1844, in Gailsburg, Michigan;

arrived, or at least were in Nauvoo by March 1846, at the time the exodus was at its height, and the Saints were fleeing from Nauvoo for their lives. Their fourth child,

- Isabella Jane, was born on 2 March 1846.

On 24 January 1846, Thomas and Isabella had their endowments in the Nauvoo Temple.

We trace them next to Rey Creek, Pottawattame, Iowa, where their fifth child,

- Marimne (Aunt Minnie Seegmiller), was born on 6 April, 1848.

They struggled here for existence and were still in the same place when their sixth child,

- Neil Donald, was born 4 August 1849.

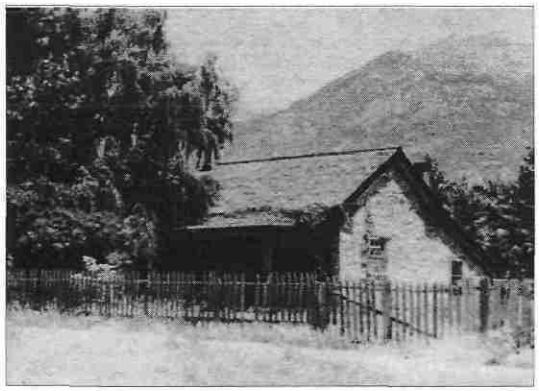
They were in Salt Lake City when their seventh and last child,

- Seville Delinia, was born on 1 September, 1851, and died on the 25 November 1852.

And to add to this sorrow, his wife Isabella died on the 23rd of December, 1852 or 1853. (I believe her death was in 1852, as Thomas married Mary Browett Holmes on the 20th of August, 1853.--Zora Smith Jarvis.)

1861 - 1898
Age 48 - 86

Thomas was called to the Dixie Mission in 1861 because of his experience in lumbering."

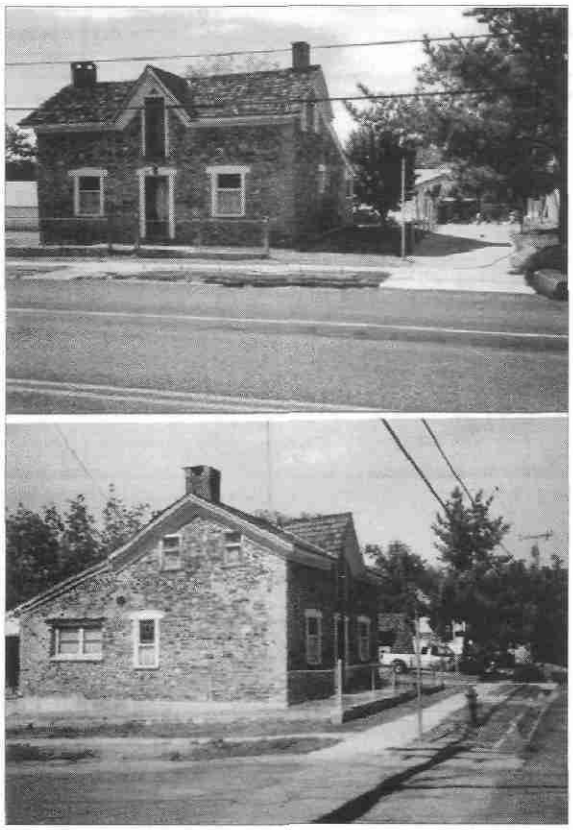


Forsyth home in Pine Valley

Quoting his granddaughter, Ella Seegmiller, "They settled first in Santa Clara, the father and part of the family going to Pine Valley in the spring of 1862, but conditions did not suit them, and in 1863, he decided to build his lumber mills in Ash Creek Canyon, commonly known as Forsyth Canyon. In 1865, he moved his family from Santa Clara to Toquerville, where he made his home until his death at the age of 86."

She continues, "One day, while at work on his farm, he was approached by a lean, miserable--looking man, who, seeing him using tobacco, offered to work for him for a month for some tobacco. Grandfather handed the tobacco he had to the man, then went into the house and got all he had. Returning, he gave it to the man, saying, 'Mister, you can have it all, and before I become such a slave to the weed, I'll die.' For a time he suffered greatly, but never to the time of his death did he return to the use of tobacco.

"From the time he entered the Dixie Mission with his family, he became well known as a friend of the Indian, and especially was this the case after they moved to Toquerville. It was not unusual for a group of the Navajo or other Indians, who came to trade during the days of Silver Reef, to feed their horses and store their belongings at 'Forsyth's'"



Thomas Forsyth and Mary Browett Holmes home in Toquerville, Utah. Built in 1868.

He had the Scottish love of entertainment and was always happiest when the house was full of company. He was a lover of music, dancing, and poetry, and at the age of 84 was still a graceful dancer, especially known for his step-dancing and waltzing.

"He endured patiently all the hardships incident to Pioneer life. He was a faithful, consistent Latter-day Saint."

--Ella Jarvis Seegmiller

Grandfather worked on the temple during the entire time of its construction. When it was finished, he and Grandmother attended the first session and went quite regularly as long as they lived. He did the temple work for many of his direct Scottish lines, thus making him a true Savior on Mount Zion. He died 25 March 1898.

--Zora Smith Jarvis

Front door of Thomas Forsyth and Mary Browett Holmes home in Toquerville, Utah. Pictures taken 2002.

Windows of Thomas Forsyth and Mary Browett Holmes home in Toquerville, Utah.

Sketch from the Life of Mary Browett Holmes Forsyth

1823 - 1915
compiled by Zora Smith Jarvis

Mary Browett, mother of Mary Forsyth Jarvis, writing about herself, begins, "I was born June 25, 1823, at Bottesford, Leicestershire, England, my parents being Benjamin and Mary Sparks Browett. My father died when I was nine and one half years old. In May, 1833, I commenced to work out."

Mary was just ten years old when she went to work for her living, never again to receive any support from her home. She was strong, healthy, intelligent, and good looking; added to this she was alert, painstaking and full of humor. She worked for a wealthy family named "Winder." She was a chambermaid there for twelve years. As she was very talented, she often gave readings when the gentry were having parties. If the Duke of Rutland was present, he always called for her to recite.

After I (Zora Smith Jarvis) married into the family, Grandmother told me the following incident with a merry twinkle in her eye. "The cook was sick, so the mistress came to me and asked me to take over in the kitchen, and that she was having Lord and Lady R[utland?] for dinner, and among other things to have a good pan of baked beans. I cleaned those white navy beans very carefully, according to instructions, and put them on to cook in a pot of cold water. After quite a while I looked into the beans and saw a few little pink worms floating around. In horror I took them off the stove and threw them away, and frantically rushed another potful on the stove. After they had cooked about as long as the other batch, I looked into the kettle of beans, and lo and behold, I saw the same little pink worms floating around. I was desperate, time was passing rapidly. I grabbed the beans and was just going to throw them away to join the others, when the mistress entered. I mustered up courage to show her the little pink worms. She laughed until the tears came, then said, 'Well, Browett! Those little worms are just the poppers of the beans.'" (Z. S. J.)

1850
Age 27

Those years of service had been full and happy. She had loved the family and now, at 27, romance came into her life. On March 21, 1850, she married George Holmes of Brampton, near Chesterfield, Derbyshire, England. He was born May 4, 1824.

George was a Mormon when Mary married him. They attended the LDS Church together. She writes about this, "I first heard the gospel of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints from the lips of Elder John V. Long in Chesterfield in 1850 and was baptized on December 31, 1850 by Elder Long at Music Hall, Liverpool, England, and confirmed on the ship *Helen* by Elders James Cummings, William Moss, and Charles Dunn on January 1, 1851. The ship set sail for America the same day.

1851 - 1852
Age 28 - 29

We arrived in St. Louis in March 1851, where we stayed over on account of Brother Holmes's illness. He was afflicted with mountain fever before we reached St. Louis, and while there he was seized with cholera in August, and he died on the 20th of the month.

"After his death I went to work in the city hotel to wait till the steamboat came to take the company who were going to cross the plains. We left for the Valley in May in Brother Jepson's Company. I walked all the way across the plains, excepting one afternoon, when I forded a river on foot and got in the quicksand, which made my ankles too weak to walk the rest of the day.

Crossing the Plains

Mary Browett Holmes crossed the plains in the second Company that left in 1852 under James J. Jepson. They departed from the Upper Ferry, 12 miles from Kanesville on 29 May, 1852. They arrived in Salt Lake City on 10 Sep 1852. There are no written records of their journey available at the Church History Library or the family History Center or the Archives. The only record found shows her traveling alone with no other details of the journey.

"We arrived in Salt Lake Valley on August 7, 1852. I went out to work."

1853 - 1860
Age 30 - 37

One day, Grandmother (Mary Browett Holmes) went to President Brigham Young and asked his advice about marrying a man with two other wives. President Young said, "If you wish to do good, I advise you to marry Thomas Forsyth, a widower with six children." She accepted the President's advice.

"I was married from the home of Ezra Taft Benson to Thomas Forsyth on August 20, 1853. He was a widower with six children, which made a family of eight. Three sons and four daughters were born to us by this union," Mary wrote.

They made their home in Salt Lake City. During the time they lived there, four of the children were born:

- George Joseph Forsyth, born March 17, 1855;
- Mary Forsyth, born March 28, 1857;
- Christina Forsyth, born December 9, 1858;
- William Forsyth, born November 8, 1860.

Christina Forsyth MacFarlane with some of her netting

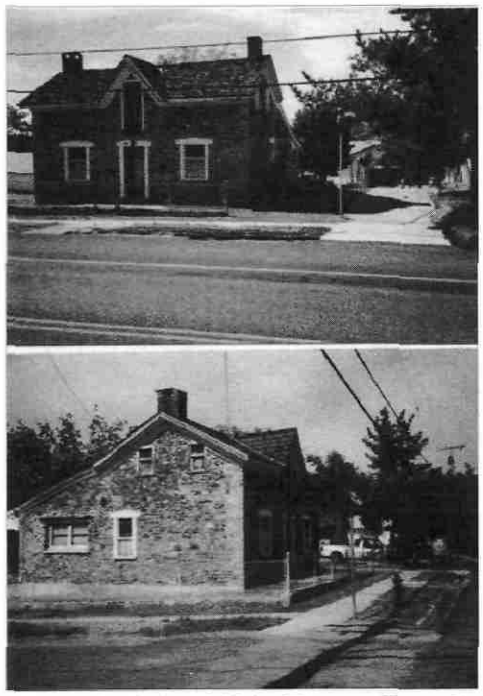
1861 to 1868
Age 38 to 45

They were called to the Dixie Mission in 1861. Here three more children were born.

- Eleanora Forsyth, born in Toquerville, Kane County (now Washington County), Utah on October 10, 1863. She died on March 3, 1865.;
- Agnes Forsyth, born in Forsyth Canyon, Pine Valley Mountain, Washington County, Utah on October 10, 1865;
- Benjamin Forsyth was born in Toquerville, Kane County (now Washington County), Utah on November 18, 1868.

Mary Browett and several of her children helped Thomas construct this home in Toquerville in 1868. It is still standing and in good condition (2003).

She died at St. George, Utah, on 18 June 1915.



House built in 1868 by Thomas Forsyth

Section Four

Fourth Generation

John Cottam, Sr. and
Catherine Livesey

❖

Thomas Jarvis and
Elizabeth Billings

❖

William Prior and
Catherine McEwan

John Cottam, Sr. and Catherine Livesey

1792 - 1878 and 1794 - 1883

Prepared by Lottie C. Hatch, granddaughter

John Cottam was born 25 January 1792, in West Bradford, Yorkshire, England. He married Catherine Livesay, who was born 3 July 1794, in Mellor, Near Preston, Lancashire, England. The following children were all born at West Bradford, Yorkshire, England: Jenny 2 March 1818; Thomas, 20 October 1820; John, 10 December 1923; Helen, 1825; William Livesay, 1833, died 25 March 1842.

When the children were young, the Cottams lived on a beautiful estate at Low Moor. There were the Hawthorne hedges, the primrose blooming on the edge of the roads and the skylark singing its sweetest songs as the boys drove the cows into the barns to be milked. The house was a fine old manor and the barns and out-buildings were strong and well-built. Several men were hired on this farm.

John, the father, was six feet-two inches in his stocking feet. He had kindly blue eyes and light brown hair. He was very honest, easy-going, good natured and God-fearing. Catherine, his wife, was short and "bunty" with black hair and black eyes, full of humor, loved company and, in fact, was a social favorite.

Many of the men that Father John hired took advantage of his good nature. They did poor work, neglected the animals and the crops, so that things started to go bad at Low Moor. Mother Catherine, as I have mentioned, was socially inclined. She gave many parties at the Manor. She had fine china, linens, silverware and served expensive wines, cakes, and cookies and candies. She had her horse and carriage and visited her many friends in the nearby towns and villages at their parties. Mind you she was a

Low Moor farm - photo taken in 1987

very good woman, but loved gaiety and fun. Of course, we can hardly condemn her for that because the sad old world needs that. But she did not count the cost. She did not keep books and so the money flowed out and little came in.

Debts piled up and hard times came with not enough income to meet creditors, so the beautiful manor farm, buildings and fields were put on the block. It was a sad day for the Cottam family. The poor little boys and girls saw their beloved home auctioned off by the bailiff. The boy John never forgot it. He lived eighty years and the sadness of that day always remained vivid in his memory.

They took their few household belongings and a cart and horse and went into Clitheroe, a small village nearby to make their home. Father John was clever as a wood craftsman, so he put up a small shop and made chairs, tables and other similar furniture. When he had a supply, the boys, Thomas and John, filled the cart and went to the different villages to sell the furniture. As the horse was very old, he became blind so that one of the boys would lead this blind horse. The mother had very few friends now that her parties were a thing of the past. If she entertained, it was very simple and much different from the entertainment in the Manor.

1838
Age 46

In the year 1838, they were established in Clitheroe where they became devout members of the established church. Before this, however, they were members of the Catholic faith, on both sides of the family.

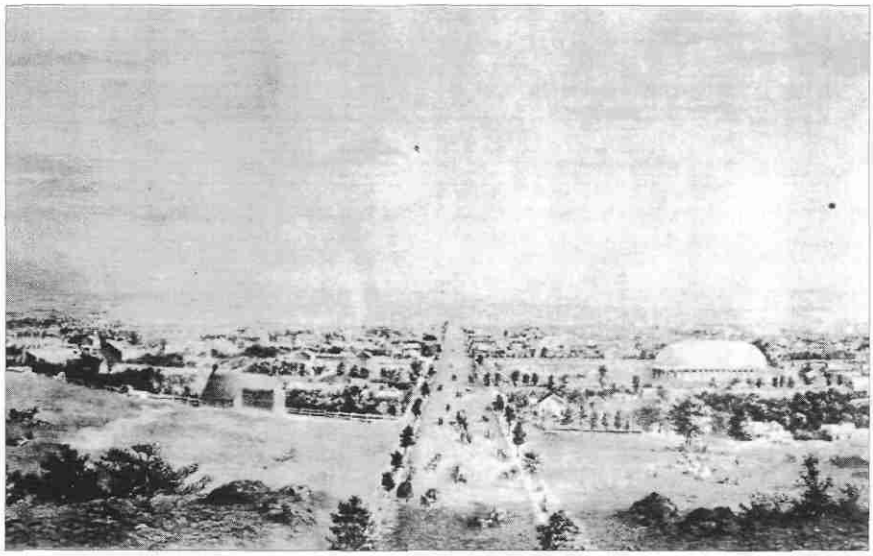
About this time, news came that preachers were preaching a very strange religion in Preston, a nearby city. The Cottam family had friends in Chatburn, Waddington, Downham, and Preston. These friends told of the many conversions. They heard of meetings in the cockpit which had once been used for cock-fighting, and now was a temperance hall. This family became interested. They heard the elders and to their ears it was true. The boy, John, was baptized in April of 1838. In time all the family joined. When the time came for Heber C. Kimball, the Elder, to leave the vicinity, the Cottam family stood on their steps and with sadness and tearful eyes, bade him goodbye.

1852
Age 60

The new gospel gave them a new way of life and they were happy. They looked forward to the time when they could join the saints in America. Their dream was realized, and they were united with their children in the 16th Ward in Salt Lake Valley in 1852.

You will note that John Cottam, Sr. was sixty years old when he arrived in the valley. He probably followed his trade as a wood craftsman. The lumber used was taken from the

nearby mountains, dragged by oxen to the valley. The nails were the square type made by the local blacksmith. The glue was made in the shop by boiling the hoofs of animals and extracting the glue. In the shop on Fifth West and North Temple, the glue pot was always on the stove. The furniture made by John Cottam and his sons, John and Thomas, never came unglued or un-nailed, which is more than can be said of furniture today. Some of this furniture made by these skilled artisans is still in existence and is priceless. Some of the chairs made by the son, Thomas are still in the St. George Temple.



Salt Lake City in the 1860's

1852 - 1887
Age 60 - 86

John Cottam, Sr. lived in the valley thirty-five years from 1852 to 1878. He saw it grow from log cabins to a city of fine adobe houses and a main street of progressive business houses. He saw the railroad enter the valley. The depot was just two blocks east of his home. With the older men of that section, he watched the incoming trains with their passengers. Many of his countrymen came as immigrants. Then there were happy reunions, friendships renewed, and new friends made. The turning shop, built by his son John, was the gathering place for old friends. They hummed old tunes, exchanged jokes, told stories, gave the topics of the times and toasted their toes and backs by the cheerful fire that was fed with the shavings and pits of oak and cedar wood. There was Henry Cumberland, the blacksmith, and his wife Sarah who called him to dinner in no uncertain terms, and Isaac Hunter, who sometimes prayed on the Sabbath, "Oh Lord, may we not aggravate Thy feelings". His sons, Ike, Jacob and Abraham joined the group. Sometimes Frederick Kassler, the spiritual guide, for he was bishop, would call on the group and admonish them to righteous living. And even Brigham, the great friend and councilor of everyone would occasionally call to see how the turning trade was progressing.

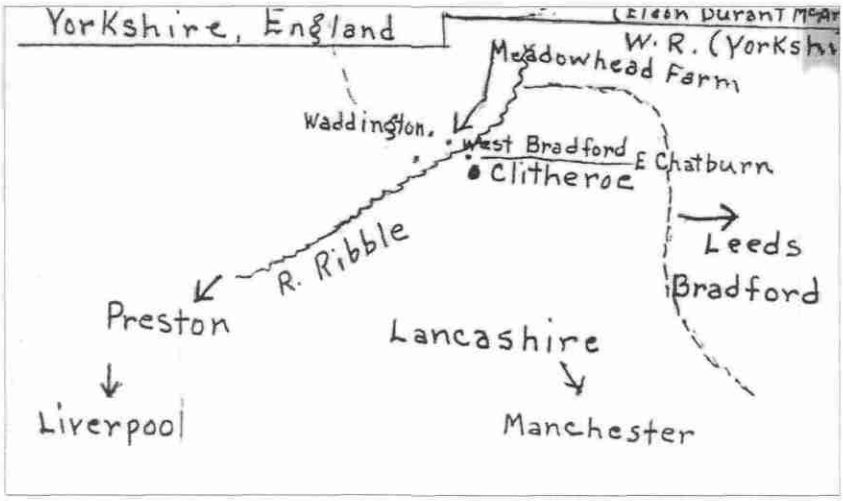
The tall, thin, blue-eyed kindly John Cottam moved among his fellows giving cheer and the friendly hand clasp. His name spelled honesty, personal integrity and the brotherhood of man. He spoke with the "Thee and Thou" of the Quaker. His daughter-in-law said of him, "He was a man without guile." He was eighty-six years old and was ill. His faithful wife and

helpmate had waited on him until she showed signs of weariness. He looked at her with his kindly, sad eyes and said, " Thou cans't to thy bed old darlin!" He turned his face to the wall and closed his eyes and took the long last journey home.

(From the history of Thomas Cottam, John's older brother, written by Glenna Cottam Sanderson and W. Howard Cottam. We have taken excerpts that give us a more complete history of John Sr. and Catherine Livesey.)

1836
Age 44

The face of the father, John Cottam, was grim as he loaded the last of his family's furniture, barrels of dishes, kettles, utensils, and linens, together with his woodworking tools, onto a wagon. The force of something within him seemed to add a passionate vigor to his exertions and a spark of fire to his quick glance. His elder two sons, Thomas, 16, and John, 13, helped him with the lifting, then sat on either side of him on the plank which served as the driver's seat. Thomas was quiet and fair like his father, but, unlike him, was small of stature. His lip quivered to repress the pain of a trauma which would spread its influence deep into his life and years and character, and even into succeeding generations. John was almost as tall and strong as Thomas, impetuous and outgoing. The sadness of that day always remained bright with the two boys who were old enough to realize what was happening.

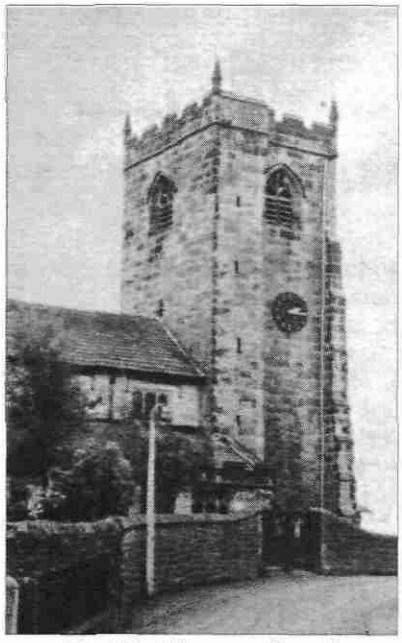


The mother, Catherine Livesey Cottam, sat like a stone in her little cart, reining in her faithful pony, awaiting the signal to start. Her dark eyes were red and bright from weeping. Trunks of clothing were behind her in her cart. Beside her sat Jenny, the eldest 18, now in the bloom of young womanhood, who leaned on her mother's shoulder, sobbing openly, while tiny William on her lap stared in troubled wonderment. Little Ellen on her mother's other side looked at her, then at Jenny, then cried because they were crying. At last the signal came from John, the father. The horses jerked against their unaccustomed heavy loads and the family moved toward the town of Waddington and into a new chapter of their history. Their beloved ancestral home, Meadowhead Farm, passed into alien hands.

The house was a fine old manor and the barns and outbuildings were strong and well built. Several men were hired on this farm. His elder son Thomas spoke of this area as "my native land...birthplace and also the resting place of my forefathers for perhaps many generations. We are not sure if he meant Meadowhead specifically or the general area.

Historical Note: Southwestern Yorkshire under the slopes of the Pennines has a rich soil which produces luxuriant vegetation and much lovely scenery. The name "Pennines" probably came from the Celtic "pen" meaning "high." The West Riding, from the word "thrydings," meaning "thirds," referring to the division of the county in 875 A. D. by the Danish conquest, is rich in coal and iron, but more and more the spinning and weaving and making of clothing has predominated as industry. Most buildings are of magnesium limestone, of a handsome cream color, but long years of coal smoke have turned it dark.

"In summer, the meadows are a palette of buttercups, harebells and daisies, clover, and sorrel. A farmer in a mountainous region near the lakes remarked, beautiful now, yes, but it changes all the time, in autumn the bracken starts turning and the trees in the valley turn, and there are lovely views in winter when snow comes to the mountains, and there are beautiful moonlit nights when you wouldn't think you were in the same place as during the day. About November 10 we lose our sun. It sneaks up the fields and up the mountains to the tops, and it doesn't come back until February. During that period we get no sun at all in our valley. 'Chilly but beautiful' is the description of most visitors to West Yorkshire."



The Waddington Church

John Sr. began working at wood turning and chair making before he lost the ancestral farm. Thomas tells us: "My parents kept the farm for several years and also carried on the business of chair making, and after a time father John Sr. increased his business by renting a water-powered shop. It has been chiefly used for making factory bobbins, and turning woodwork. He had an average of ten or twelve men or boys at work. He carried the joint establishments on for several years but finally he gave up the farm where I was born, and we moved to Waddington where the water power was.

Catherine Livesey Cottam was able to read and write, which would indicate a higher social-economic background than was common for a woman born in 1794 in England. Her daughter-in-law Ann Haworth, first wife of son Thomas, had to sign her marriage certificate with her X mark. In their later life in Salt Lake, Catherine often took Mary Reid Cottam, her son John's third wife, when she went out to make calls. She would say, "Come, let' s go to Fuller's Grove," or to town or to see some English friend. She was always so anxious to help someone else.

That John, Sr.'s father, Thomas, and his grandfather, Thomas, were wood turners or chair makers before him is evident from their wills. The elder Thomas Cottam, whom we will identify by his wife Ann Greenwood, who had already passed on (buried 29 March 1794) drew up his will 6 November 1797 listing his occupation as chair maker and Cooper. He bequeathed his estate, which was under twenty pounds, to his son Thomas, except for five pounds to his daughter Alice and three pounds and 17 to her son, and one shilling to a "husbandman" (meaning a farm laborer) named Chadburn, his son-in-law. The younger Thomas Cottam, critically ill at age 51, drew up his will just a few weeks before leaving his wife (Jenny Tattersall a widow in 1807). "My dear wife Jane," he called her formally, although she had signed her marriage certificate as "Jenny," He bequeathed to his sons Thomas and John, if they wanted them, "my tools and implements of trade," which suggests woodworking when one considers his father's trade and that of his sons and of succeeding generations. He endowed all his goods according to their discretion "upon any emergency or upon any difference happening to arise amongst my said family'--suggesting a peace-loving father who contrived a way to maintain peace in his family even after he was gone.

1855
Ages: John 63, Catherine 61

On 22 April 1855, John and Catherine Livesey, accompanied by their daughter Ellen Pilling and her two children, William Alma and Catherine Margaret, sailed from Liverpool for America. The log of the ship, the *Samuel Curling,* shows that they did not pay for their passage, but were given passage under the auspices of the L.D.S. church's Perpetual Emigration Fund, which had been arranged in Salt Lake City. Their sons , Thomas and John, had arranged for their parents to come to America and guaranteed the repayment to the Perpetual Emigration Fund for the costs of passage. We can imagine their joyful reunion with their two stalwart sons who had overcome and suffered and grown so much, and to meet Thomas's wife Caroline and the many grandchildren for the first time. John the wood turner and chair maker must have been pleased and impressed with his son John's large wood turning shop and his notable achievements--He had a great lathe operated by horse power, on which he fashioned balusters and many wood objects for-- in due time-- the Temple, Tabernacle, Assembly Hall, Beehive House, and many private homes. They enjoyed being together there in the 16th Ward for several years before the call came in October of 1861 for Thomas to go to Dixie. Apparently Thomas left his home for his parents to rent out for him after he left for Dixie just as the Civil War was starting.

John Sr. died in Salt Lake City on 27 May 1878 at age 86 and Catherine followed on 5 Feb 1883 at age 88.

Written to Thomas and Caroline Cottam from John and Catherine Cottam is a letter dated April 29, 1872, written by the hand of Catherine. Most women born in England in 1794

could not read nor write; this letter reveals the typical casual approach to spelling of a person of that era. It also reveals a mother's tender concern, and indicates some of the pioneering hardships suffered by both families. Howard Thompson explains the circumstance of the father and mother sending money to Thomas and Caroline: "Lucille (Fish) told me that she remembers her father Charles saying that Thomas never sold his home in Salt Lake City, when he was called to St. George by Brigham Young, but left it for John and Catherine to live in. In the letter it would appear that John and Catherine have acquired a home of their own, but are trying to keep Thomas's place rented and to collect money and send it to Thomas." One can almost hear her crisp English accent:

Salt Lake City
April 29, 1872

Dear Son and Daughter

I write a few lines to inform you that we got a letter from you yesterday you must have sent one that we have not got for we have not got one since that leter March 17. I addressed hit and put 4 Dolors in it I hope you got hit we got the enclosed letter soon After it and I have been looking for it for some time Son I hope you let us know if you got it we have had a Splended Confrence of 7 days yesterday was best of them all But I downot need to tell it to you as I Expect you will larn all particklers by the newspapers it as been a Bisey time we had Bro. And Sister Armsted and there Daughter and her husband and child and Bro. And Sister Filing there was more pepil yesterday I believe than Before for it was a verry fine Morning. But it was verry wet and could when it blowed I got wet and ham verry poorly today I can scarce rite a line for coffin and your Father is poorley and as been a few days. But I hope we shall (be) better soon but the wether is very changling it is verrey could and snowing but it thaws fast it will not stop long.

Dear Caroline I ham glad to here your health is Better. I hope you will have your health as you Get older I must say I have not been so well for som time Nether as Father it is hard work to go to the Sity and Back But I have not much work I have been trying to clean house. I had Mary one day to help to whitewash. She is verr kind and help me to wash onst a month. But she as plenty of work and as to Bottom Cheres (weave rush seats for chairs made by her husband John). Our cow is still dry so we have both milk and Butter to By. It as been a long time dry. Saw your Bro. Tanner yesterday at the meeting the are all well I told him I would right today. Dear Thomas I was in hopes of sending you some Monney in this But Cannot at present for that Man that did live in the little House as Left and he could not pay as he had No work for some time and Mr. Green is short of work we have let the house in the Garding to a Danish womon with one Child her husband is Coming out in the first ship with imgrants. But I must conclude for the present with our kind Lov to you all from your affecnant Father and Mother John and Catherine Cottam.

After John and Thomas's father, John, Sr., died, his wife, Catherine, went to live with their daughter, Ellen Marsden. When she was 89 years old, an incident occurred which probably hastened her death, which gives insight into her dominant characteristic of helpfulness. A neighbor, John Rolf, across the street south lost his pig, and Catherine attempted to help him. At that time City Creek filled North Temple Street, and she got wet and chilled. She sat by the fire for a while, but a stroke followed, and she died February 3, 1883.

Thomas Jarvis and Elizabeth Billings

1789 - 1867 and 1788 - 1875

Thomas Jarvis was born on 19 May 1789/1790 in Shepton Mallet, Somerset, England. He was the son of John (Jervis) Jarvis a clothworker and Elizabeth _____. He was the second child and first son in a family of nine children. There were six daughters and three sons in the family. In order of birth, there were Martha, Thomas, David, John, Sarah, Phillis, Elizabeth, Martha and Harriet. Thomas's occupation is listed as an ostler.

Historical Note: Strong evidence has been found that the above John Jarvis is the same John Jarvis who was a member of Bergoin's Mounts during the American Revolution. During his service he was captured and suffered some great abuse and escaped to Nova Scotia. (For a more complete account, see George Jarvis and Joseph George DeFriez Genealogy by Margaret J. Overson, p. 9 thru 16.

In 1813 when he was 23 years old, he married Elizabeth Billings, daughter of James Billings and Sarah Dausett (Dowsard). She was born 8 Jan 1783 at Hallingbury, Essex, England. She was over six years older than Thomas. Her occupation is listed as a nurse.

They had the following children:

- Phillis Payne, born 23 Apr 1813/1814 in Harlow, Essex, England;
- Mark James, born 2 Feb 1816 in Harlow, Essex, England. He died 21 Apr 1873 in Dunedin, Otago, New Zealand;
- Henry Harry, born 15 Aug 1818 in Harlow, Essex, England, an omnibus driver;
- Charles, born 31 Aug 1820 in Harlow, Essex, England, was in the coastguard. He died 9 Oct 1880 at Folkestone, Kent, England;
- George, born 25 Mar 1823 in Harlow, Essex, England, a sailor. He died on 6 Jan 1913 at St. George, Washington Co. Utah, USA;
- Jonathan, born 29 Jan 1826 in Harlow, Essex, England, an engineer. He died at sea;
- Sarah Elizabeth, born 20 May 1828 in Harlow, Essex, England;
- Martha, born about 1830 in Harlow, Essex, England;
- Martha, born 7 Aug 1831 in Harlow, Essex, England;
- Jane, born about 1832 in Harlow, Essex, England.

Except where noted, the other children remained in either Middlesex or Essex. The last three children we do not have the place of death.

(The following account of Elizabeth is from the George Jarvis family history by Margaret J. Overson) There is some evidence that she had been married and had a son by a former husband, but our record is not clear on this point. She must have been a very wonderful woman, and was a splendid wife and mother, and an unusually strong, energetic woman, as the following article from an English Newspaper indicates.

Copy of an English Newspaper clipping
sent to George Jarvis (who was then in St. George, Utah),
concerning the death of his mother in Harlow, Essex, England.

The late Mrs. Jarvis

A correspondent draws attention to the recent death of Mrs. Jarvis at the advanced age of nine-two. She will be greatly missed by both rich and poor. Her experience as a midwife and nurse goes back almost beyond the memory of any one now living in the Parish. In all cases of sickness her aid was sought as eagerly as if she had been some skilled physician, and in her time she rendered good service, when cholera and fever have been rife. She was ever ready to attend the call of any person, no matter what their station in life,--if they were ill they needed no other claim upon her sympathy and good will.

Her good qualities, too, as a wife and mother, deserve to be remembered. It would be much better for the Nation at large if there were more mothers of her independence of character, cheerful disposition, and sterling integrity.

She was a woman of vigorous powers, and retained her faculties to the last. Her end was peaceful, and she was buried amidst the general regret of all who knew her, for she was deeply esteemed by a large circle of acquaintances. Her off-spring are numerous, and have spread themselves to all parts of the globe. She had been married 63 years, and left at her death, seven children, fifty-eight grand children, forty-three great grandchildren and four great-great-grandchildren.

Copy of a card sent to her son, George Jarvis, by members of her family in England at the time of her death.

In loving remembrance of Elizabeth Billings Jarvis, of Harlow, Essex, England, who died October seventeenth, 1875 aged 92 years.

Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth"
---(St. Luke, ch. 8:52 v.)

Thomas died on 17 Mar 1867 at Harlow, Essex, England at age 77/78 and Elizabeth died on 17 Oct 1875 at Harlow, Essex,. England at age 92.

William Prior, Jr. and Catherine McEwan

1780 - 1837 and 1781 - 1867

Photo of William Prior, Jr. not available

William Prior Jr. was born 13 Jul 1780 at Trowbridge, Wiltshire, England. There is an air of mystery surrounding him. Our family records show him to be an illegitimate child and his parents are shown to be William Prior Sr. and Elizabeth McDonald. but another record shows his father as James Grey and his mother Elizabeth Jarvis.

His occupation is shown as carpenter. His first marriage was to Sarah _____ . His second marriage was to Catherine McEwan. He seems to have had three different wives and fathered 14 children. He often hinted (in his cups) that he was of royal lineage, but lost his rights by marrying beneath his station. Catherine was his morganatic wife, before he married her legally. She nursed his wife Sarah and cared for his children until Sarah's death, then he married Catherine. This second marriage took place on 10 Mar 1822 at St. Mary, Whitechapel, London, England (another record shows the marriage to be in 1824 place not specified). They had three children;

- Margaret Prior, born 21 Jan 1823 at Finsbury, St. Luke, Middlesex, England;
- _____Prior, born about 1826 at Stepney, London, England, sex and name unknown;
- Ann Prior, born 30 Dec 1829 at St. George in the East, Stepney, Middlesex, England.

Catherine McEwan was born 7 Sep 1781 at Perth, Perthshire, Scotland, to Joseph McEwan and Margaret Rutherford. She was trained as a governess. The 1841, 1851 and 1861 census records all show them living in Middlesex, England. The 1841 record gives their address as 14 Fair Place, Mile End Old Town, the 1851 census shows them at St. George in the East.

William died on 24 Nov 1837 at Mile End Old Town, Stepney, Middlesex, England. He was 57 years old and Catherine was 56. Their children Margaret and Ann were fourteen and eight. The middle child appears to have died as a child.

Ann married George Jarvis, a sailor on 19 Oct 1846. They left England for America in 1857 with their five children. Catherine, at this time was 76 years old. Her daughter Margaret remained in England with her. Catherine died on 16 May 1867 at age 86.

(Following account written by Margaret Jarvis Overson)

William Prior, Jr. was father of Ann Prior Jarvis, wife of George Jarvis, Pioneers, who came from England to Boston in 1857, and to Utah in 1860.

William Prior, Jr. was born in 1780, at Trowbridge, Wiltshire, England, son of William Prior and wife. We have not been able to find any record of these parents,, their marriage or their children. We have written to Wiltshire for information, and have been told that the old Church at Trowbridge was long ago destroyed by fire, and there seems to be no knowledge of the records. We find that the Town was at first a Royal Estate, and the first inhabitants were Royalty, with their servants and attendants.

William, Sr. is said to have left a large estate at his death, sufficient to have given his children a splendid start financially, but his wife, who soon re-married, managed affairs so as to dis-inherit her own children, and transfer the means to her new husband.

For this reason her family seldom mentioned her, and would have nothing to do with her. In our grandmother (Ann Prior's) record, the only mention of her father William Prior, Jr.'s mother was that she lived to be past ninety. There is no mention made of her name, neither her given name, maiden name, or surname of the man she married after her husband's death. We have been unable to find any clue of the parents or family of our grandfather on that line.

William Prior Jr. lived in London where he was a well-to-do builder, carpenter and, or, contractor. He had a wife and large family, and lived in a wealthy part of London. He had servants and a private Governess for his children.

Catherine McEwan was born in Perth, Perthshire, Scotland. For some reason that we do not understand, she was brought by an Uncle, Alexander McDonald, to England, supposedly to inherit his estate. Her native tongue was Gaelic, but she was educated in England until she was qualified to serve as a Governess. She was only twelve years old when she left her native Scotland, never to return. Now her uncle decided to take to himself a wife, and this proved to be the end of any inheritance for Catherine. The wife would not have the girl in her home, and she was forced to seek employment. She was recommended to the Prior Family, and accepted. Catherine won the respect of the parents and the love of the children. After a time, the wife and mother sickened and died. The husband was happy to keep Catherine on in charge of his children. After a respectable time had elapsed according to law or Custom, and although she was a servant, and not an equal to Mr. Prior, he offered Catherine marriage, which she accepted. She was now past thirty-five years old. Again misfortune struck the Priors. Their fine home and workshop with his tools, accounts, and his business interests in fashionable London were all destroyed by fire. This caused him to become discouraged and morose. He was an old man, too, by now, and all his affluence had been swept away.

Mr. Prior procured a small home in a poorer part of the city, and arranged a hundred year lease, and they moved into a far different environment. But his health soon began to fail and he died when our Grandmother, Ann Prior, was a small girl, less than 8 years old.

Catherine Prior did her best, by hard work and economy, to rear her two daughters well, and see that they had opportunity for a fair education. She was a strong character, and lived a good life, though a lonely one, until a ripe old age, 88 years.

(Note: Numerous dates and places conflict and further research needs to be done.)

Section Five

Name Origins and Coats of Arms

Cottam

❖

Jarvis

❖

Foster

❖

Forsyth

❖

Prior


FIDELITAS VINCIT
Cotton

ARE YOU A COTTAM?

What are your roots?
Where did you come from?
What is the origin of the name "Cottam"?

"Cottam" came from the older form, "Cotham". "Cotham" came from two old English words, "Cot" and "ham", meaning "woods" and "village" or "village by a woods". The name seems to be exclusively indigenous to southwest Yorkshire and adjacent Lancashire. There were many ethnic groups which formed the people who today are called the English: the original Celts, some Romans, then many Danish, Angles, Saxons, Jutes Normans, Franks, and Vikings. The fair Celts tended generally to be peaceable farmers, loyal, who could be stubborn for a cause. The Anglo-Saxons are pictured as blond warriors and hunters who liked to loaf, gamble and drink. The Normans and Franks were darker, Wiley, astute, sometimes treacherous and corrupt, liking and claiming aristocracy, with a consistent strength of leadership. The blond giant Vikings were plunderers, ruthless and violent, yet loyal and valiant to tribes and gods. Any Nineteenth century Englishman is likely to be a mixture of these various roots.

John Cottam Sr., of the southwest Yorkshire farmers and artisans--quiet, fair, gentle, peaceable, of great integrity and loyalty--seems to fit the description of the northumbrian "Celtic Fringe" of the second half of the first millennium B. C. They adhered to the ancient Irish form of Catholicism (like St. Patrick's). Ruled by abbots instead of bishops, and stubbornly resisted the Roman papacy. (From *The Making of England, 55 B. C. to 1499 A. D., pp. 12-128, by C. W. Hollister.)* Yet after their king gave in to pressures and accepted the Roman Church, all those Celts still on the edges of Yorkshire and in Ireland remained loyal to the Roman Church long after the Church of England became a legal requirement for all citizens, sometimes on pain of death.

The Cottam ancestry is said to be Roman Catholic, yet John and his wife Catherine Livesey were said to lean toward "Methodism". After they lost their beloved Low Moor at Meadow Head and moved to Waddington, they attended the Waddington parish church, where all of their christenings, marriages and burials were recorded.

Most of England's open land was in those times held in exceedingly large estates, of which smaller farm parcels could be leased to men of sufficient means. The leaseholds would run from generation to generation if they kept up the rent to the lord of the manor. From the land tax assessments records of 1827 including Waddington and Bradford West is found the name of John Cottam listed as "Occupier", and the "Proprietor" as Joseph Fenton, Esqu. (Historical excerpts from W. H. Thompson history of Thomas Cottam.)

When Elder Heber C.Kimball and his group were ready to sail for America, they planned the April 8 conference in Preston, and he visited the villages near the Cottam home. He recorded his poignant feelings:

I went and visited the branches in the regions of Clitheroe and Chatburn, and on the morning when I left many were in tears, thinking they should see my face no more. When I left them, my feelings were such as I cannot describe. As I walked down the street I was followed by members, the doors were crowded by the inmates of the houses to bid me farewell, who could only give vent to their grief in sobs and broken accents. While contemplating this scene I was constrained to take off my hat, for I felt as if the place was holy ground. The Spirit of the Lord rested down upon me and I was constrained to bless that whole region of the country. I was followed by a great number. My heart was like unto theirs, and I thought my head was a fountain of tears, for I wept for several miles.

Orson Whitney records that "The Prophet Joseph told him in after years that the reason he felt as he did in the streets of Chatburn was because the place was indeed "holy ground", that some of the ancient prophets had traveled in that region and dedicated the land, and that he, Heber, had reaped the benefit of their blessing." (From *Life of Heber C. Kimball,* pp. 120-191, by Orson F. Whitney.)

Some of the common variations of the name Cottam are Coton, Cottam, Cottom, Cotten, Cotton and Cotume. Randulf de Coton' (1185) and Ralph de Cottum (1212) Stephen de Coten' (1297) are examples of other early spellings. Cottam is associated with the areas of Notts. and Yorks. Other spellings were common in other areas of England. The *-um* is preserved only in Durham, Lancs. Notts and Yorks. Cot(t)on is found in the midlands, in Cambs. Ches. Derby, Leic. Lincs. Northants.Salop. Staffs.Oxon.Warwicks.cf COTE.

The Coat of Arms pictured may or may not have a direct tie-in with our Cottam Line.

Jarvis

Your Jarvis Ancestry!

The name Jarvis appears very early in history. The earliest found dating back to the 3rd Century A. D., in South East Normandy, Baptistry St. Gervais. The next, central Normandy, in 1180, the name Richard Gervaisus appears. The first known group location was Bretagne, France. It is generally conceded that the name, originally "Gervais" is of French origin, and from there they went to England, Jersey Isle, etc. The first location in England seems to have been Hamford, Hampfordshire, about 1400. We find the name now in almost every State in the United States, and every City, in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, the various Islands, Mexico, etc.

There are at least seventeen different spellings of the name, all supposed to be variations of the same name,--Jervis Jervies, Jarveis, Jevoise, Jarveis, Gervaise, Gervays, Gerveis, Garveys, Garvies, Jarvis, Jervies, Jarvice, Gervais, Gervasius, Gervys, Gervase.

Many of the Jarvises were said to be top horse breeders, and as such were sought after by the Kings of England. One William Jarvey in the 16th Century was given full charge of the breeding and care of the King's horses.

It is also mentioned that the Jarvises were owners of Coach Lines running to all parts of England, but of course, had to give up their work as the Railroads took over.

A quotation from the book "The Jarvis Family", published in 1879, by George A. Jarvis and others, of Brooklyn, New York, is as follows;

> "The descendants of the founders of our government, who were mainly of English origin,---find it extremely difficult, in many cases, to trace with certainty, their descent from those who first emigrated from Great Britain to the Colonies.
>
> Jarvis families and their descendants are found in almost every State of the Union, and by the unfortunate division of families during the Revolution, in the British Provinces of North America. In every branch of these families are found men of talent and exalted worth."
>
> "It is generally conceded that the Jarvis families of the United States and of British America are of English extraction, though originally from Normandy."
>
> "Both in Europe and this Country, persons by the name of Jarvis have been enrolled in almost all the learned professions and pursuits of life,---the bench and bar, medicine and surgery, the pulpit and stage, poetry, music and

painting, deeds of daring.--renowned Admirals.--Earl St. Vincent, and Sir John Jervis, are especially mentioned."

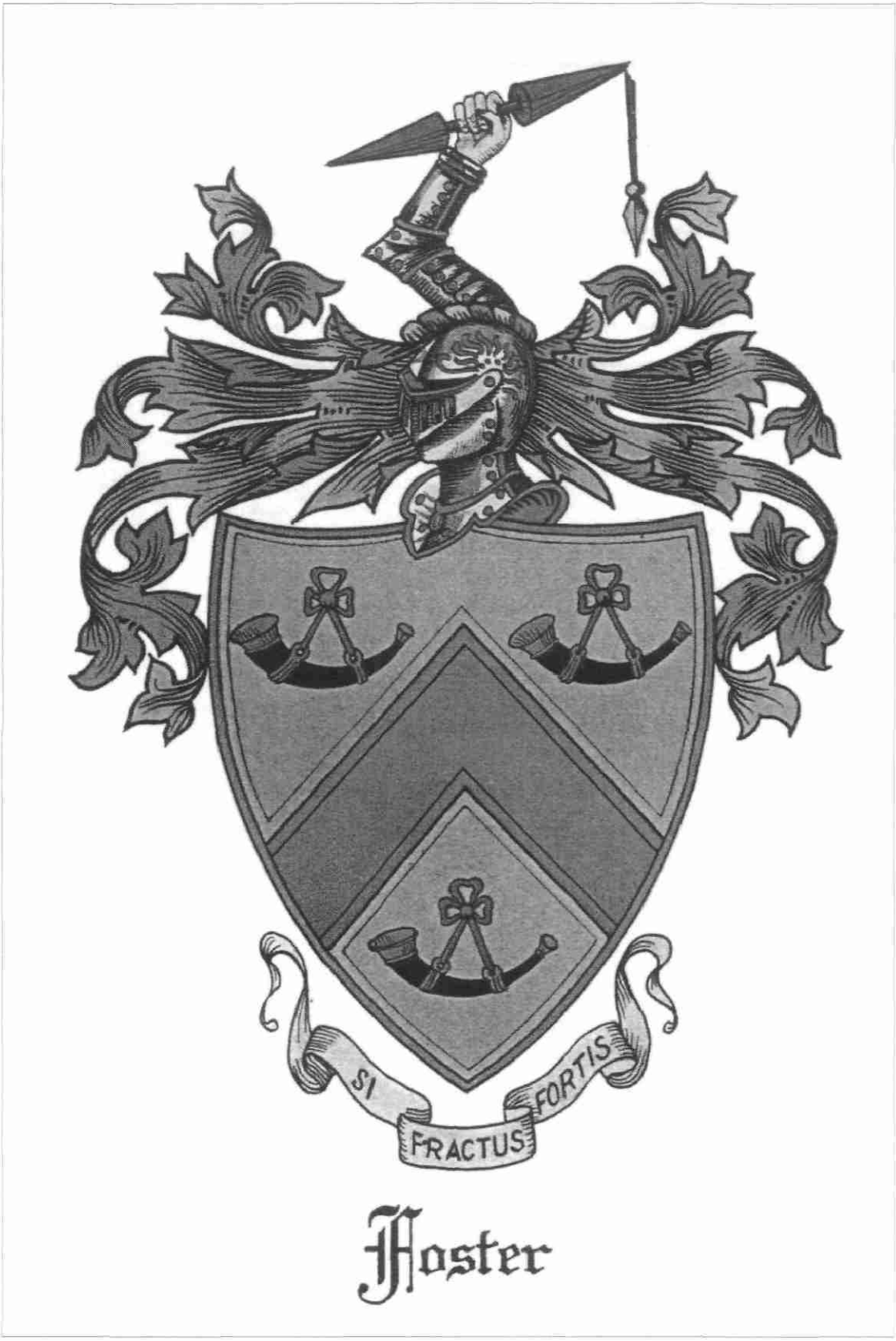
(From the book George Jarvis and Joseph George DeFriez Genealogy by Margaret J. Overson)

Jarvis
Description of the Coat of Arms

Arms--Azure, six ostrich feathers argent, three, two and one.
Crest--A lion rampant gules.

(Burke: "General Armory.")

The Jarvis families in the United States and Canada are generally believed to be of British extraction, although they were originally from Normandy, where their seat was Bretagne. The name, which has ramified into innumerable variants, some of them being Jervis, Gervais, Gervis, and Jervais, is derived from "the son of Gervase," which is a French form of the personal name Gervasius, corrupted to Jarvis. The earliest mention of it is Richard Gervasius, of Normandy, 1180-95 (from Americana Illustrated 1932, published by the American Historical Society, Inc.).


SI FRACTUS FORTIS
Foster

Your Foster Origins

The name Foster is of English and Jewish origin. The English name was originally Forster and has undergone several changes as it became Foster. Several possible origins have been listed: 1) It is derived from the Old French word "forcetier," meaning scissors. The name was given to those who used scissors in their work. 2) derived from the Old French word "fust(r)ier," meaning woodworker. The name was given to those who worked as such. 3) It is derived from the Middle English word "foster" meaning foster parent. The name was given to those who took in children. Forster (English, German): derived from the Middle English word "forest" meaning forest. The name was given to those who lived near or worked in a royal forest, meaning a place reserved for the king and his court for hunting. The Jewish is derived from the German word "forst," meaning forest. Forstel: derived from the Middle High German word "fuerst," meaning prince. The name was given to those who were considered to be haughty. The Jewish origin is of uncertain etymology. There is not a clear-cut agreement on the origin of the name as you can see.

Another explanation of the name's origin shows up in the 1370's as Forester or Forestier. From there we find the name changing to Forseter "shearer", then to Forster and finally to Foster.

There have been numerous famous people in America who were named Foster. Among these are: ABRIEL FOSTER (1735-1806) of Massachusetts who was a Federalist, a supporter of the Revolution, and a member of Congress from New Hampshire after the war. HANNAH WEBSTER FOSTER (1758-1840) of Massachusetts was the author of *The Coquette* and *The Boarding School"*. STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER (1826-1864) of Pennsylvania was a songwriter who wrote for the then-popular Negro minstrel troupes. Some of his classics are "My Old Kentucky Home," "O Susanna," "Camptown Races," and "Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair."


Forsythe

Where Does the Name Forsyth Come From?

Among the mythology and traditions of the great northern peoples of Europe is where we first hear the name FORSYTH. He was the grandson prince of the great chief of the Aryan warriors, Odin. Odin, was the original Aryan, according to traditional tales, to immigrate from the middle eastern area near Turkey to the northern countries of Scandinavia in about 70 B. C. The dates of course are pure conjecture, since there are no historical facts concerning him.

Tradition has it that Odin and his wife Frigge had a son, Balder, the Beautiful and the Good. He was worshiped as a youthful warrior, whose wisdom and valor were equal to his beauty and goodness. Balder and his wife, Nannie, had a son called Forsite, the Just. He was known as the honorable and honored one. He is said to have become king of that part of Northern Europe known as Friesland. Friesland covered the coastal area now known as the Netherlands and northern West Germany. His palace, Glyner, was celebrated for its magnificence and his reign was noted for peace and justice.

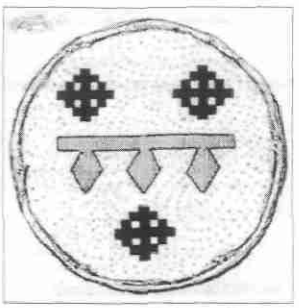
Many histories and genealogies have attempted to connect all the Forsyth clans of Scotland with the ancient Gothic King Forsite, the Just. How accurate they are shall probably have to wait until the millennium to be straightened out. One fact, however, is clear. Among the great peoples descending from the Aryan or white race, whose home is supposed to have been the great central plateau of Asia, from which they wandered south, north and west, were the Gothic and Teutonic tribes.

These were the tribes, many describe as barbarians, that destroyed the great Roman Empire. From these came the Franks, the Norsemen, and the Scots. The name Scot means man of the North or Northman, while Gothic comes from the word Gat or Got, meaning a man of war. The Scots, like their brethren of the North Aryan race, who were tall with hazel, gray and blue eyes; brown and blonde hair and very fair complexions; and were of the purest Gothic Aryan blood belonging to the Scandinavian division of Teutonic stock.

The Family Coat-of-arms

From earliest times it was the custom of nations, clans and families to adopt a symbol to distinguish them from one another in the confusion of battle. These special marks were usually placed on helmets, shields and flags. Each family, clan, or individual had its own

symbol by which it was known. In ancient times a badge or a symbol was a sacred thing, and for a tribe or family to adopt that of another would have been an act of dishonor. In more modern times this became known as the family "Coat-of-Arms."



The seal of Forsyth de Fronsac. Brought to Scotland by Osbert, son of Guirand de Forsyth Chevalier de Fronsac before 1250 A.D.

The symbol of Odin was the raven. It was also the symbol of the wild, marauding Norsemen of ancient times. From this symbol comes, it is said, the black eagle used in the arms of Germany, Austria, and Czarist Russia.

The symbol of Forsite, Forsate, Forsath, Forsyth, Forsythe, as it is variously spelled, was the griffin, a fabulous creature, winged, with the head of an eagle and the body of a lion. It denotes vigilance and strength. The race whose badge was the griffin controlled both places which were later called Friesland and Denmark.

In the annuls of Scottish history it is retold that one of the royal races that came from Scandinavia into Scotland bore the griffin as its symbol. In the early history of the Forsyths in Scotland, they were known as the "Race of the Griffin" because they bore the griffin on their armor and coat-of-arms as the symbol of their race. According to the ancient law of heraldry, the science of coats-of-arms, the symbol which is shown on the first page of the Forsyth section of this book was exclusively the badge or symbol of Forsite or Forsyth, who first adopted it, and his descendants.

Other family coat-of-arms were adopted by the different clans of Forsyths in Scotland and are just as authentic, and real as the first. All are properly registered by the people who follow the science of Heraldry. [Origin of the forgoing: Jennie Forsyth Jeffries, A History of the Forsyth Family. (Wm. B. Burford, Printing, Binding, and Stationery, Indianapolis, Indiana, 1920), p. 9. The account of Odin was transcribed by Snorro Sturleson from the Ynglinga Saga. It can be found in Tourville's "French History of the Formation Particulariste", Chapter II, page 15, 16 and 18. It is also found in "A Forsyth Family History" by Marion G. Forsyth, pages 4 and 5]

A Forsyth family coat of arms

Forsythe spelled with an 'E' is said to be from Ireland, if spelled as Forsyth, from Scotland.

Forsyth Clans

In Scotland and Ireland, the Forsyths conformed for many years to the clan organization. Clans were an integral part of Scottish history. Scotland was divided into large territories.

The person (chief) who held title to the land in each territory became responsible for all who were living within that territory. The people came to depend on the chief and developed a great loyalty to him. This dependency and loyalty led to the development of clans. Often it is thought that a clan is a group of people who have descended from a certain chief, but there was not always a blood relationship between clan members. The name of the chief was the binding link between the members of the clan.

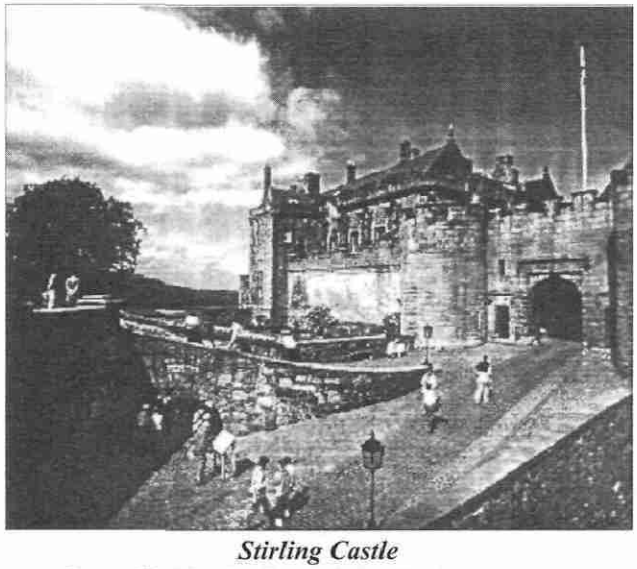
These clans were gradually dissolved after 1628. In the records are mentioned many groups, such as the Forsyths of Failzerton in County Ayr; the Forsyths of Tykes in County Lanark; the Forsyths of Nydie in County Fife; the Forsyths of Tailzerton in County Stirling; and the Forsyths of Mardyke in County Cork, Ireland. The Forsyths scattered throughout the world have undoubtedly descended from the Scottish clans that bore this name. It has been a persistent family.

(Coat of Arms and Historiography, Halberts, 3687 Ira Road, Bath, Ohio 44210 and Americana Illustrated circa 1928 to 1935)

Forsyth

This name appears to have two origins; the first, from some place, location unknown, the second, from an old Gaelic personal name, *Fearsithe* or man of Peace..

About 1308, Robert the Bruce gave to "Osbert filius Forsyth" a grant of a hundred shillings land in the tenement of Salakhill, (now Sauchie) in the sheriffdom of Stirling. Another Forsyth received a grant of land, also near Stirling, from Robert II, while in 1368, "Fersith" is recorded as Constable of Stirling Castle.



Stirling Castle
Controlled by the Forsyth family for centuries.

From the evidence of our records, this name appears to have been widely spread throughout the Lowlands of Scotland. (The Scottish Tartans Society, Comrie,. Perthshire, Scotland)

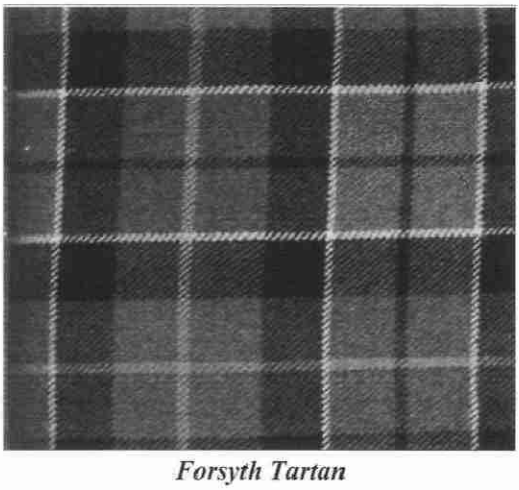
Forsythe

Description of the Coat of Arms:

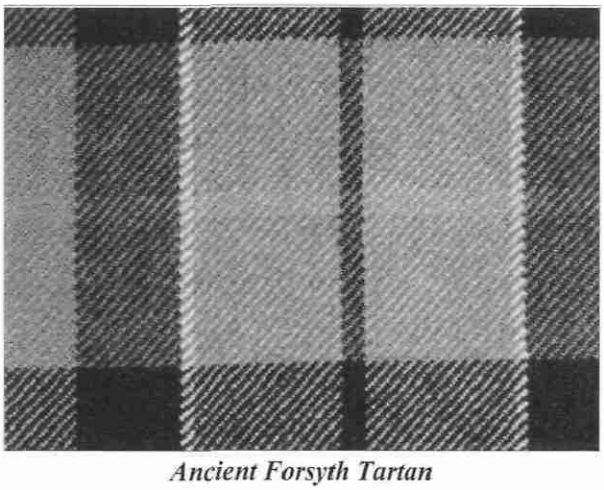
Arms--Argent, a chevron engrailed between three griffins segreant vert, arms and ducally crowned or.
Crest--A demi griffin vert, armed and ducally crowned or.
(Burke: "General Armory.")

The Tartan

The Scottish Tartans are symbols chosen by the Chief of the Clan (family). They were worn as a symbol of loyalty to their chief and anyone who pledged loyalty to the Clan (whether a blood relative or not) were entitled to wear it. For many years it was looked upon as being a symbol of rebellion and enemies (especially England) tried for many years to stamp out their use. For a time this effort was partially successful, but the fierce loyalty to "Clan" has prevailed and today, unlike the European Coats of Arms in England and on the continent, anyone with a Scottish ancestry may show his loyalty to his ancestry, and is encouraged to do so, by wearing the Tartan of his Clan. In contrast, European Coats of Arms were awarded to an individual and were to be used ONLY by the direct descendants of the person to whom it was awarded and only if it had continued to be properly registered. In Europe, Coats of Arms became a class distinction (a social caste system) whereas in Scotland, the Tartans and the Arms were symbols of unity.



Forsyth Tartan



Ancient Forsyth Tartan


Prior

Origin of the Name Prior

The family name Prior is derived from the ecclesiastical office of prior, next in rank to the abbot of a monastery. The family includes several armigerous branches residing in Ireland; in counties Essex, Oxford, Lancaster, Cambridge, and Kent, England; and in localities not designated. The coat-of-arms described herewith is recorded by Burke without designation of locality.