

History of Bernard Snow Jr.
By his granddaughter Evalyn

On the 17th day of December, 1856, a boy was born to Bernard Snow and Alice Smith Snow at Great Salt Lake City, Utah. He was named Bernard Snow the 3rd, as his father had named his first son by a previous marriage Bernard Jr. This child had died.

In September of 1856, Bernard Sr. had left for a mission to England so was away at this time. The name had been decided on before he left home.

Before the father returned, the family was sent to Manti to live and soon after his return, he was called to go to Ephraim to build a saw mill and also a grist mill.

About this time, the Black Hawk war was raging and Bernard remembered so well the beat of the drum that gave the alarm of an Indian attack, and the excitement that followed as the men made ready to fight and the women gathered the children into a place for safety, Thompson's two-story rock house. One day when he was about nine years old, his father had just returned from building a saw mill, several friends had gathered to welcome him home and admire a Henry rifle that had been presented to him by his fellow workers when he finished his task of building a saw mill in Strawberry valley and prepared to go home.

"I dreamt I was fighting old Black Hawk last night," said Snow with a smile.

Just then the old bass drum – the alarm drum – began throbbing through the town. Major Charles Whitlock's wife came hurrying over. She told how a timber cutter had run into town, carrying the news that Black hawk and his warriors were killing men in the canyon. Summoned by the drum, the minute men gathered. Major Whitlock told Bernard Snow to go to the town herd, which almost invariably lured the Indians, and save the excited cattle. "If ten men will go with me, I will save them," declared Show. He got only half that many but went anyway. Major Whitlock set out for the canyon with another little band in an attempt to save the life of wood haulers who might not yet be killed.

To elude the force, many of the Utes climbed out of the main canyon, descended into another, and thereby rode down into the settlement.

A group of them attacked Bernard Show. He shouted an order to the men he was leading. There was no response. They had become separated from him through a misunderstanding or had let prudence become the better part of valor; he was alone. Now the 14-shot repeater proved its worth. He began shooting and momentarily repelled the Indians. They sought cover and tried to surround him. He dashed to a partial shelter behind a large boulder. Here he beat off a rush, killing at least one of his assailants.

The rapidity with which this lone paleface fired surprised the braves and made them warier. Again they tried to rush and again he repelled them.

This time when they dropped back, he sprinted to a cedar tree. In the shelter of its gnarled trunk he made another stand. Then when he had regained his breath and opportunity offered, he ran to his grist mill at the mouth of the canyon. Here he had lived with his family before Indian troubles had compelled them to move into Ephraim. He found Frank Hyde at the mill. They climbed to the second story, and scrutinized the vicinity. They saw ox teams approaching on the road from Circle Valley. The teams drew up at the mill bearing frightened women and children. The men had gone to try and keep the Indians back.

Before the teams continued toward town, Bernard Snow counseled a young woman to keep herself in concealment as much as possible, or she would invite attack from the raiders. She quailed, "We'll make a major out of you tomorrow!" Snow responded jocularly, evidently trying to raise her spirits. The ox teams went on to Fort Ephraim. The millwright stayed to keep the Indians back.

His daughter Verona tells that he stood a lonely siege during a considerable part of the day, thus partly through the efficiency of the weapon and partly perhaps through the bewilderment of the attackers, Snow saved his life. After that, the Indians feared Snow's gun. Later they told fellow tribesmen that he loaded it on Sunday and shot all week. (From the story of the Black Hawk War. It ran in the Deseret News in 1834.)

Little Bernard, when the drums sounded, slipped away in the excitement to the southeast of town to see what was happening. There were some Indians coming toward him, but they spied a team of beautiful roans and a white top coming around the bend into sight. The Indians were trying to take the three occupants; Andrew Whitlock, Meria Snow (the old doctor lady) and L.C. Larson. Bernard ran for home and when he drew near he could hear his mother calling him. She was nearly frantic as he reached her. From an upstairs window, the women and children watched the exciting chase as the white top sped towards town with the Indians in hot pursuit. Whitlock the driver lashed his horses into a run. They were spirited race horses and they left all the Indians behind but Yenewoods. He rode alongside and aimed a pistol at Larson within a yard. Larson did a perilous thing to escape; he sprang over the dashboard onto the tongue and rods for perhaps a mile. The Indian shot an arrow under Whitlock's left shoulder. When Larson understood the driver was hurt, he climbed back into the seat and took the lines. One of the horses was hit and dropped dead as soon as the harness was taken off. Alice Smith Snow and Matilda Whitlock helped Dr. Benson draw the arrow out of Andrew Whitlock's back.

Little Bernard decided he didn't like war, however, he did go with his father so he could drive the team while his father used the rifle to defend them against the Indians.

Not long after, Bernard Snow Sr. was called to go to Moroni to build a saw mill and later to Fountain Green where he built a saw and grist mill.

One Sunday soon after the mill was finished, a crowd of people went up to see the mill. Little Bernard went too. Someone asked his father to start the mill so they could see how it worked. He did, but someone had moved one of the knee blocks so when he ran the carriage back, it struck the knee block and the saw broke into a thousand pieces. Bernard Snow Sr. was the only one hit and as the piece struck his stiff straw hat, it didn't cut but bruised his head.

Bernard Snow built a grist mill below his home and a saw mill one and a half miles above it. Young Bernard worked in the grist mill, and at times the mill ran day and night. So most of their time was spent on the frontier where there was very little chance for school, but as his father had a very good education, he passed on to his son a great many of the teachings he had received as they traveled along the way or rested by the campfire at night, sometimes giving a whole drama from memory.

When the railroad was being built, the family moved up on the Weber River where his father took a sub-contract to build the grade through Echo Canyon. They bought some land and the boys tended it and milked several cows, selling the milk to the building crews and camps.

When Bernard was a young man, they moved to Springville where they lived for some time. Bernard and his brother Herman took part in many plays their father produced at that time. His older sister Alice married Ira Gardner and moved to Salem. Bernard went there to help with building onto their home. While there he met and fell in love with a girl by the name of Nancy Jane Killian. They were married 1 Jan, 1883. They lived on a homestead East of Salem until after they had improved upon the place. During this time a little red-haired girl Effie Mae, and a brown-eyed boy Charles Eben, and a beautiful girl Edna Verona came to bless their home.

He sold the place and moved to a ranch in Spanish Fork Canyon near the red narrows. Their new home was between the railroad and the highway and was a favorite stopping place for travelers, as there was a nice grove with good water. They raised hay and grain, kept cows, goats, turkeys, and chickens. There were also fruit trees and berries. Bernard bought a place at Salem for his mother, a house and six acres of land.

The angel of death called on the first of May, 1889, and took Edna Verona, the baby, away. Just a short time before this, one morning just as the family was ready to sit down to breakfast, a white-haired man slipped up to the door. The folks were surprised as their dog would never allow anyone to approach unannounced. He asked if he could have food. They invited him in and Nancy set a place for him. He washed himself and combed his hair, sat at the table and ate with them. After the meal he asked Nancy if she would like to hear from her relatives in Germany. She and father both thought him crazy, so she told him no. He then placed his hand on her head and gave her a wonderful blessing. Then he placed his hand on Edna Verona's head and said, "this is one of God's angels." He then picked his little pack up and thanked them for his breakfast and left. Bernard and Nancy

looked at each other, then went to the door to see which way he was going, but he was nowhere to be seen, although they looked everywhere. He was gone, had disappeared, for it would have been impossible for him to get out of sight so quickly. So when the baby was taken, they couldn't help but wonder about the strange experience they had, and it helped them to overcome their grief.

About a year later, 4 March 1890, another girl was born to them. She proved to be a real joy and comfort, and her name was "Ellen Susan." Soon after this, Grandmother Snow's health failed and it was necessary to live at Salem part of the time to care for her. She was called home 2 February 1893, and her husband followed her just twenty days later. In the fall of the year, another girl came to them, Alice Delilah, and about three years later, Sadie Leona was born 10 September, 1896.

They sold the home and moved to Thistle so the children would have a better school. Nancy kept boarders and it was through some of them and the members of the Thistle Branch that Bernard and family joined the LDS Church.

Bernard and family, except Effie and her husband, moved to La Grande, Oregon with the family of William Clegg, Bernard's boyhood pal. He bought a farm three miles east of La Grande. The girls went to school at Grange Hall and the family took an active part in community activities. He helped his neighbors and it was not unusual for one of them to walk up and hand his billfold and tell him to take out for his work. He helped to put on amateur dramas to get a library and other projects there.

His only son Charles was married to Edith Estella Perry of Mount Glenn. Ellen, or Nell as we called her, married John Thomas Harvey, and Effie who had lost her first husband married Henry L. Winn while they lived at Grange Hall.

He sold the farm to Alex Lindsey and bought a home in town. He worked at the Palmer Mill and at construction work. In September 1913, he with his wife Alice, and Sadie came to Utah on a visit, intending to stay two months but found Grandma Killian in rather poor health. As Aunt Patience died in just a few days, leaving no one to care for her, Nancy felt she must stay. Sadie married Frank Roy Davis one year later. Nancy died 3 November, 1915. This was a terrible shock to him. Grandmother had insisted that Bernard stay and take care of her, so he and Alice remained a year, then she married Theodore Hatch, and Ellen who had left her husband came and kept house for her father and grandmother. He and Nell both helped a great deal with theatric entertainments. During that time, Nell was married to Arthur L. Hatch in the fall of 1917.

Bernard made his home with his sister Alice for a while, then lived with his daughter Sadie after her husband Roy died with the flu in 1919. Then he went to live with his daughter Alice. He made his home with her for

many years living in Salem, Garfield, and Salt Lake City. In May, 1933, the angel of death called his daughter Nell to join her mother and sister.

In the spring of 1931, his brother Herman became very ill with pernicious anemia. He wanted Bernard to be with him and help take care of him. At this time, Bernard had a paralytic stroke which left his right leg affected and his heart bad for a time. His health improved but on the 15th of January, 1940, he suffered another stroke and without regaining consciousness, died the morning of January 23 at Sadie's home in Salem. He was buried in Salem.

The last time I saw grandfather was when I was at Aunt Alice's home in Salt Lake right after Dale, Helen was born. She was born on his 83rd birthday and he was holding her just before leaving for Salem. He said to me, "Evalyn, take good care of my birthday present." The next day we got word of his stroke and in a few days he was gone.