

Mrs. E.F. Lowe  
Composition Notebook (full)

Who can adore a friend at will  
Just because he seems welcome there  
And know he's but one among many  
All whom she has let care

Could love be true yet forgiving  
Of all one might do or say  
True in its destination  
Ever content to obey

Great was the love I had cherished  
In whom I once thought a friend  
Though stained by silent deception  
Time is too precious to spend

- - - - -

Last night I had a funny dream  
I dreamt that I were you  
That you were foolish like I am  
And act quite like I do

So often did you call on me  
That I began to hate  
To hear your dizzy ways of love  
And let you stay so late.

My nerves were getting tender  
But you heeded not at this  
Invariably you would depart  
Your silly goodnight kiss

Then when at last you'd journeyed home  
And I had gone to bed  
I dreamed you took a tumble  
From what was left unsaid

The next night dawned and noon came  
I felt so good I cried  
In the happy thought of you away  
Not tagging by my side

To know again that I was free  
And you far from my sight  
Was like a gift from God himself  
Could I have but been right

On wakening my heart grew cold  
For I was me, 'tis true  
And knew beyond one's questioning  
I hold no chance for you

EFLowe

- - - - -

Many a fool word is spoken  
Leaving false impressions expressed  
Great in the loss to ones person  
From opinions wrongfully guessed

- - - - -

Why ask of me the cause to smile  
When luck is shot asunder?  
If you'd but see what's here for me  
You too would cease to wonder.

A pal as such most men dream of  
Yet very few can find  
Who lives to make life manifest  
To none other than mind

Such pals are scarce as they are dear  
And true beyond conscription  
This smile you see, She pinned on me  
The dream of love's reception

- - - - -

Joy has been mine since the 4<sup>th</sup> of May  
Each day adds a touch to life  
Since the pal of my heart consented to  
Share love as a good true wife  
I'm not the sort to be selfish  
Even though I do hog for her near  
Many times has her heart called out to me

Yet she sent me away with a tear  
Just to make sure I would tarry  
Expressing extreme her desires  
Striving to make me forget her  
Suffering from false it requires  
Intending to make or hoping to break  
Every care of a lover that tires.

EF Lowe

- - - - -

Fair as an Easter Lilly  
Pure as the skies so blue  
Wonderful disposition  
Yet might she be untrue

Considerate of ones feelings  
For the present time alone  
Soon as the lights are doubted  
All care and love are flown

List to your bosom's pleading  
Act as your judgment bids  
In many a tear is rendered  
Because of the woman who kids

Not knowing your cares or worries  
Believing in what I see  
Bearing the strain of your liking  
In the thought that I'd like to be

Doubting my claim to your person  
Grieving from loves neglect  
Tortured by loneliness always  
Knowing not what to expect

Give me a brief explanation  
Lift the dark cloud from my heart  
Surely your failings are certain  
In the sense of man's loving art

- - - - -

November 1929

## Just Nothing

What have I to be thankful for  
when this day of praise draws night?  
There is nothing within my powers to grasp  
And I haven't the means to buy  
Though work I've sought 'till my feet are sore  
There none has offered a hand  
Oh God, what a beautiful living hell  
Exists in this glorious land  
Ignored by the fellows who are ahead  
Nor aided by those who should care  
You're soon trampled down and walked upon  
'Till your soul's filled with despair  
Unlike the many who gloat in cash  
I'm striving each day for a snack  
To brace myself just another day  
In hopes to do something for Jack

- - - - -

## History of Mary J. Matson

Mary J. [Guymon] Matson was born on the 25<sup>th</sup> of Oct. 1838 in Caldwell County Missouri near Far West on the night of the crooked river battle in which Apostle David W. Patten was killed. Her parents were Noah T. and Mary Dudley Guymon. Her grandparents were Thomas and Sarah Guyman and Joseph and Polly Dudley. Her mother died on March 1<sup>st</sup> 1845 – leaving three little girls Mary J. Lucinday H. and Emma.

She was baptized a member of the church when 8 years old. In the fall of 1846 at Council Bluffs Iowa by her father Noah T. Guymon. Confirmed by H.C. McAleny. Crossed the plains in 1850 in the Aaron Johnson Co. Mathew Caldwell Captain of 50 arrived in Salt Lake City Setp. 2<sup>nd</sup> 1850.

Settled at American Fork where she assisted her father to build the first house three others being in course of construction namely A Adams (?), Mathew Caldwell and Henry Chipman. She also helped her father in clearing a small farm of brush and willows.

As soon as house was completed that is the logs up and the roof on it was covered with small poles on which wild cane was laid then covered with earth. Then father and Uncle Mathew cut and hauled wild hay to feed the cows and oxen through the winter. Then they took their teams and wagon and went to Sale Lake City to work for wheat and potatoes and other vegetables to last through the winter and for seed to plant in the spring. Bro. Ariza Adams also went to move the rest of his family and house things,

taking his oldest son. Leaving Joshua a younger son and Bro. Chipman with the three families of women and children alone and entirely defenseless so far as human protection was concerned for although we had not yet seen any Indians the next day after they left Walker and a large band of his braves came and pitched their tents near us. Bro. Chipman went and talked with the chief who said they were friendly – that he along with some of his lesser chiefs were on their way to visit Salt Lake City to see and talk with the big white chief Brigham Young. He said that his people would hunt and fish, gather acorns which grew in abundance along the creek bottoms, turn their horses on the bottoms to get fat. He told his men not to molest the white people. Nevertheless we were very much afraid for some of the more unruly who were very annoying coming into our cabins and helping themselves to whatever they took a fancy to, such as milk or any other thing eatable. As our cows had helped draw our wagons across the plains and had given milk all summer, they were very dry and milk was a great luxury to us and our provisions were getting scarce as all we had was what we had brought with us in one wagon and there was seven of us in the family. When a great big Indian would come in and go to the box we used for a cupboard and picked up a pan of milk take a big drink then pass it to 2 or 3 others until there was none left. We knew we would have to eat our bread dry but we were very thankful to get of that easy and new if it were not for our Heavenly Father's protecting care we might have all been killed.

Father was gone 3 weeks. He got a chance to help one of his friends (a Mr. William Casper) thrash wheat, dig and haul his potatoes and haul some lumber from the canyon. With some of the things he brought with him which he sold, he obtained enough wheat and corn and potatoes for seed and also fed us until we could raise a crop.

Bro. Casper also came home with him and with his team helped to haul the provisions. He wanted me to go back and work for him as his wife was sick. This was the last of Nov. 1850. I was 12 years old Oct 25, 1850. I stayed with them until the following May.

I came home and worked for B. #, Harrington and John Eldridge's families until Aug. 1851 then went to bottom Wood and worked for the family of Warren Smith. I came home and as father was going to move to Springville I came with them, and that winter went to school in the old log school house in the fort. School was taught by a Mr. Ingall a non Mormon but a good man. A fine teacher who was on his way to the California gold mines but decided to stay in Utah until spring. I assisted father in planting the crops in the spring and then went to school for 6 weeks the school was taught by Marilla Danniles. That was the last school I went to only the hard school of experience. The latter part of July I went to Salt Lake and worked for a family by the name of Alexander until after the Oct. Conference at which father was called to go to England on a mission.

I came home and gave that I had earned through the summer to help father. That left me with very scarce clothing for winter. After he had gone again I went to bottom wood to my aunt's (Mrs. Warren Smith). They were very poor and could only give me my board although I worked very hard.

As soon as she was able I went to work for Bishop Smoot for 75 cents a week. I stayed until March when I was taken sick and was taken to my Aunt's as soon as I was well I came home and stayed until the April Conference when I again came to Salt Lake to get a place to work where I could get better wages as I felt I was capable of earning much more than I had been getting.

Although the people were poor and could not afford to pay more besides one board.

My Uncle James Guymon was going to Conference and would take me free and try to get me a place to work so I went. I was there at the laying of the cornerstone of the Salt Lake Temple April 1853. Also I saw the beautiful carved emblems of our loved state; a large beehive with bees and a morning glory vine in bloom twining around it, carved from our native stone.

While in the city we stayed at the home of Sister Sylvester Earl whose husband was sent on a mission the same time father was. I did not know that there was a person in the city that I knew at that time, but when the last cornerstone was laid and I was coming away I met a young girl whom I had known in Hansville out who had come to the valley in '47. After talking over old times I ask her if she knew of anyone wanting to hire a girl. She said she thought she could get me a place. We went to several places but did not succeed in finding employment. It was now dark and I knew Uncle would be uneasy about me. So I returned to Mrs. Earl's tired, hungry and almost discouraged for Uncle had not been any more successful than I in finding me a place. I was afraid I would be obliged to return home without getting work and my shoes were nearly off my feet. As I had walked from one end of the city to the other several times besides tending to meeting twice every day. But next morning a lady who lived in Springville came to see if Uncle would take her back home. He told her if I got a place that day he could do so but if not he would take me back and wouldn't have room. He was loaded and could only stay the day. She told him her sister whose husband was also on a mission would like to get a girl to stay with her and make her home. She would clothe her and send her to school in the winter.

We went to see her. She talked very fair but I did not feel quite satisfied, but Uncle thought I ought to try it. So I told her I would stay until I got a place where I could get definite wages as I would rather know what I was getting. This was on the 7<sup>th</sup> of April 1853. I was 14 years and 6 months and I can truly say in all my life I never worked harder. She had 4 children – the oldest a boy of 12 herded cows. I got up in the morning, made the fire, milked two cows, fed the pigs, got breakfast, put up his lunch in fact did all the housework and worked in the garden, watered the lot, did the washing

and ironing, also serving for 3 months and all I got for it was one pair of shoes and one calico dress and two aprons, and lots of very fair promises but I found that I could not clothe myself on that and concluded that before what few clothes I had was entirely worn out that I would have to go where I could get more so I got a neighbor whom I had become acquainted with to try and find me a place as I could not get time to go anywhere.

She told me she had heard that Mrs. John Young wanted to hire a girl. I got permission to go uptown on an errand and went to see Mrs. Young. When I made my errand known, she said, "yes, I want to hire a girl but you are too young and frail to do my work.

"I have just discharged a great strong Irish woman that would weigh as much as 3 of you and she said the work was too hard for her."

I asked her what wages she was paying and she said \$1.50 if the girl did the washing, or \$1.00 if she hired the washing done.

I told her I would try it for a week and do the washing. If she is not satisfied she need not keep me at the end of the week. She was more than satisfied. In fact both she and her husband were so well pleased that they told me if I always proved as satisfactory that I never need to look elsewhere for a home. And after a while they offered to write to England to my father for his consent to adopt me, to clothe and educate me and in every way treat me as a daughter. I told them I would rather work that summer for wages and they could see how they would like me and I them. While I was working for Mrs. McArthur I had formed the acquaintance of a young man by the name of George B. Matson whose lot adjoined Mrs. McA. He was an intimate acquaintance of hers and called on them quite frequently and after I went to Mrs. Young's he continued to call and to accompany me home from meetings and took me to parties and theaters, and in time asked me to be his wife. I referred him to Uncle John as I always called Mr. Young in fact that was the name he usually went by for he had a host of nephews and nieces for he was the oldest brother of President Brigham Young, our revered leader and although he had asked me several times to be his wife I always laughing told him that I would just as soon think of marrying my own father, for such he really seemed to me, for he and his wife treated me more like a daughter than a servant.

Although I had to work very hard, I always found time of an evening to read. Uncle John noting this asked me one evening to come into the parlor and read aloud which I did. That was one accomplishment I was not ashamed of for I was a good and natural reader. In fact I cannot remember when I learned to read. After that I always had to read to the family of an evening even when company was present.

Before Mr. Matson had asked me to be his wife I had not allowed him to stay of an evening after the usually time of the family to retire generally 7 o'clock but after Uncle John had given his consent to his being my steady company he thought I ought to be more lenient and allow him to stay later so

I asked Mrs. Young if she had any objection if George stayed a while after the family had retired. She said not in the least if he would obey certain rules. That he would not stay later than 11 o'clock. We had the privilege of the parlor but must never put out the lights. She said she did not approve of young people keeping to late hours for it unfits them for the labors of the day. And I can truly say we never went beyond and very seldom to the limit of the time. For if he did not leave by half past ten I went and got his hat and coat, and told him time was up, that I had to rise very early on Monday morning as it was wash day and that was a very hard day for me. That was the happiest and most free from care winter I ever spent. I had found a good house among people who took an interest and watched over me, gave me good advice, treated me as an equal and I was earning good wages for those things and could clothe myself. If not elegantly at least neat and becomingly and as I had learned to sew and made my own clothes since I was 10 years old I did not have to hire any sewing don. But besides doing all my own I found time to stitch bosom (?) and collars and cuffs of three shirts for Uncle John besides hemstitch several handkerchiefs for him and Mrs. Young. Which so pleased him he made me a present of a fine pair of shoes and a gold dollar. What a contrast to the previous winter and early summer when I had to work far beyond my strength to receive a mere pittance. My father gone to the other side of the world – it seemed I could only hear from him once in six months. Then I was sick and friendless. He had at the time 2 wives, each with 3 children besides my youngest sister. My other sister found a home with our grandparents. They that are father's wives had all they could do to provide for their own children and I was too ambitious to be a burden to them.

I was married on the 25<sup>th</sup> day of Jan. 1854 at the home of Bro. Young, he performed the ceremony, quite a number of friends being present.

Among the members were Patriarch John Smith and wife, Henry Richards and wife, Jessey P. Steel and wife, they having been married a few months before. Mr. and Mrs. Childs, Bro. James Brockshan and 2 wives, Uncle John and his 3 wives, Bp. Jacob Witer (?), wife and daughter besides several others. Mr. Matson had bought a home (the fall previous) at Springville where we moved the fore part of Feb. where we passed through many trying times such as the Walker War and Tintic and Grasshopper Wars, going on Indian expeditions, standing guard all night helping to build the wall around Springville City, making canals to bring the water from the canyon to irrigate the farms and city lots, making roads in the canyons to get poles to fence our farms and for wood and building material. Although I didn't do any of this kind of work I bore my full share of all the burdens making homes in a new country and oh the many anxious hours I have passed watching for my husband's return from the mountains where he had gone on Indian expeditions or for wood. For many times, he would be as late as 12 'till 1 o'clock at night, or he returned often with a broken down wagon. In those early days women had to do most of the outdoor work such as

watering and working in the garden, milking and driving the cows to and from the pastures, besides making nearly all the cloth for our clothes by carding, spinning, and weaving the wool and cotton in all of which I became quite [good]. In fact I never was as proud of any suit of clothes I ever had as I was of one I made for myself in the year 1862. I also made one for my little girl and for my husband's mother who lived with us and one suit for my husband.

I had taken particular pains to select the finest wool and colored it in 2 different colors black red and white mixed and had it carded all together which made a beautiful steel gray, spun it very fine, had it woven into flannel and made it into dresses and large capes (for myself and little girl and trimmed with black velvet and buttons. I also made what in those days we called Nabies, something like the fascinators of those days to wear on our heads, of fine white yarn colored with some delicate colors such as blue, pink, or lavender and trimmed with cord and pompoms made of the same kind of material. My husband's suit was of the same kind of wool only woven different – what we called the Kersey weave. Very few in those days could afford even homemade carpets on account of the scarcity of warp but our bright homemade rugs looked very nice on our whitely scoured wood floors.

Thus passed the first two years of my married life. Occasionally a wool-picking bee or quilting or spinning bee and in the winter dancing parties or theater until the year 56-7. That year the people undertook to cross the plains with handcarts. The early train got in all right but the winter set in earlier than usual and very severe. It caught the trains just entering the Rocky Mtns and much suffering and many deaths were the consequence.

Help had to be sent from the valleys, teams, provisions and clothing and bedding – in fact every thing that people in such an extremity would need. But the people responded nobly. Every one donated all they possibly could. My husband took his team, fitted himself out with provisions and all the clothing we could spare and went to help the poor people in. This was in Dec. 1856, and in April my husband was again called to fit himself out to go across the plains to the Missouri River.

He went with the YX Co. to help establish a mail route across the plains. He again having to furnish his own team and provisions and clothing. He started on the 10<sup>th</sup> of May leaving me with 2 children – a boy 2 years and 3 months old and a baby 5 weeks old beside his aged mother. I took two young men to board taking in pay for their board washing and mending – two days work apiece out of every week. So this way with their help I carried on. The farm raised a good crop of wheat, corn, and potatoes besides hay and a good garden. We had then one yoke of oxen a wagon, two good cows besides pigs and chickens. When my husband returned the grain was all in the slack, wood enough to last all winter hauled from the canyon and all I owed was six dollars for two days harvesting.

The YX Co. was a failure as the government refused to allow the Mormon people to carry the mail as the president was then sending out troops to suppress what was then called the Mormon rebellion. My husband never received one dollar for his summer's work with his team and he lost one of his horses.

The next summer was the move of all our people from the north part of the state to Utah County and farther south on account of misunderstanding between the leaders of the Mormon Church and the government officials but the difficulty was finally settled. The troops passed through Salt Lake City and camped some 45 miles south-west of the city and the people went back to their homes.

That fall my husband took a contract to build government headquarters that is houses for General Albert Sidney Johnston and all his officers, besides a large government corral.

He took his men from Springville and Provo mostly and I went with him to cook for them. The work lasted until cold weather and we did very well. The money we made my husband sent to California and bought goods which we sold for a good profit and bought more land, stock and horses.

That winter Springville Home Dramatic Co. was organized and I became a member and for years we played for the entertainment of the people of Springville and neighboring towns of the original Co. of 25 there is none living to my knowledge but 4 namely Henry Roylance, Mrs Harriet Huntington, Electa Wood Bullock and myself. In July 1851 my third child a son was born. For the next few years my husband worked at his trade of mason at farming and freighting...

(As far as Great Grandmother wrote)

-----

A Short Sketch of History  
October 10, 1933  
Life of Evalyn Mattson Perry  
By Evalyn Perry at the age of 76

My parents: George Britton Matson and Mary Jane Guymon Matson

They were early pioneers to Utah. My father came to Salt Lake City in Abraham O. Smoot Co. in Oct. the year 1847. My mother came in 1850 where her father helped to build the town of American Fork, putting up the first home there. Later my mother went to Salt lake City where she met my father and in 185# (4?) they were married in the Endowment House. Then they moved from Salt Lake City to Springville where I was born. We lived in Springville until I was about seven years old and then my father, thinking he could better his financial condition, moved to Fountain Green, Sanpete Co. in

southern Utah, but as it was the time of the Blackhawk Indian War, my father didn't do as well. I can remember as a child the many nights while my father was out on guard, my mother and we children would crouch down in the corner away from the Indians never knowing when they would break in and kill us.

This went on for several months and then the people broke up our settlements moved to another town. At this time my father was very ill with the sickness they termed as Mountain fever and my second brother was ill with inflammatory rheumatism and my mother had a new babe of two weeks old.

So kind friends took us in a carriage to an old school house of one large room where we dwelled with them [and] two other families for six weeks. When we moved the soldiers told us it was very dangerous and we shouldn't attempt it. But we moved to Springville. Even after all these years I can picture very plainly as if I were a child again as Mother and Father sat perched upon the high spring seat at the front of the covered wagon. My mother with her babe in her arms and we six children sitting back under the cover in fear, telling one another what we would do if the Indians attacked us. As we went through the narrow canyon with high trees on each side, it looked like ugly Indians ready to spring out upon us. How frightened we were when we passed two big rocks and to our stricken eyes saw the marks of a family killed a few weeks before by the Indians. But to our relief we passed through the canyon safely and a few days later arrived in Springville.

There I lived until I was nineteen years old. I can remember the first Sunday school that was organized in Springville, also the first Mutual Improvement Association. Instead of mutual then it was called Retrenchment Society. We had many enjoyable times at these gatherings, but oh how times have changed now the young people's pastime is car riding, dancing, and card parties. Then it was wool picking, carpet rug bus, peach cuttings and candy pulls.

My girlhood days passed quickly. By and by in January 27<sup>th</sup> 1876 I was married to John Sylvester Perry. We were married in Salt Lake City in the Endowment House by Daniel H. Wells. In Feb. of the same year my husband and I with a Co. of sixteen other people left for Arizona, being called by the president Brigham Young to go on a mission and we were to settle on the little Colorado River in that state. It seemed a big undertaking in those days without many conveniences and an automobile being unheard of, but we started out with our relatives and friends gathered around to wish us goodbye. Some of the young people went one days journey with us and returned in the evening. And we resuming our journey through the mud and snow as they didn't have roads then like we have now.

There were several families in the Co. who had children, therefore traveling in a covered wagon with all you possessed was a more

serious affair. Yet we young people had a happy time traveling all day then gathering around a big bonfire after supper, singing and telling stories.

Nothing particular happened until we reached Orderville, a small town in souther Utah near the border line between Utah and Arizona. We found the people living in the United Order. Their property was all put together and they lived as one big family, yet each family having his own home, the home usually consisting of one room, yet all eating in a big hall. It seemed very queer to us, yet they seemed happy. We stayed there one day and night, resting and preparing for our journey over the divide.

The following weeks were ones of hardships and difficulties. Bad roads, cold weather, snow and ice were the obstacles that stood in our way. We were several days going thirty-five miles going over the divide. There was no water and we had to melt snow for our cattle to drink. We would put several span of horses to one wagon and go a little ways then go back for the others.

At night our clothing would be wet and frozen so we would make a big bonfire to dry them. The next day after traveling through all the snow we came into sand and sunshine. We soon arrived at the place they called House Rock Springs. A small pool of water lay at the foot of high red cliffs of red stone where a stream of water burst forth from the smooth cliff of rock about six or eight feet up above. The water, pure and cold, did indeed look good to us and our cattle. We camped there two days, resting and preparing for the journey.

One thing I must tell about before we left camp. The scenery had changed. The mountains were of a red color and many of them looked like huge walls of castles. The boys climbed to the top of the cliff and raised a flag and carved their names in the rocks. We girls started to climb after them. The road didn't look so difficult going upward, although sometimes we would stand out on a large rock and it would shake under our feet as though it was going to fall and I fear it would have if the boys had not met us. Nothing of importance happened from there to the big Colorado River.

We could see in the distance the huge mountains like banks of the Colorado River and wishing to get a closer view of the river. The boys took ropes with them and following the gulch leading to the river, they let themselves down the cliffs to the river. We girls too were very curious to view the river we had read so much about in school, so we got one of the boys to go with us and started across the country but we forgot to take any water with us. After several hours we reached the mountain where the mighty Colorado River cut through and as we stood and gazed down on what seemed to us a silver thread of water glistening below, we could scarcely believe it was the mighty river we had heard so much about.

The boys who had gone down to the water's edge looked like mere specks. It was indeed a grand sight. We has a very hard time getting back to camp. We began to get thirsty looking at the clear water below. But

it could not be helped, so we started back with our mouths getting dryer. By the time we had reached the little gulch with its wet sand, our tongues were so sore we could scarcely speak. We dug a hole in the sand and when the water slowly began to arrive we lay down on our stomachs and we drank and drank then went on our way. Soon we met one of the men with a canteen who had started to meet us.

The next day we reached what was called Lu's Ferry (?) just below Grand Canyon. We ferried across the river here. It took some time to ferry us all across as there were dangerous riffles just below and they had to start their boat a half mile above to avoid the riffles. At last we got across safely. And to show you that young people were just as fool hardy in those days, if not more so than they are now, I will write what we did. While our husbands were preparing to go over the mountains, a couple of we girls with two young men in the Co. took the only little row boat there was and went a few miles up the river. The river was swift and quite narrow and the banks were mts. high, the boys began to rock the boat and it was just luck that kept us from turning over.

At last we got back to camp where our husbands waited anxiously for us. So we continued our journey over territory what we called Lu's backbone, a very difficult and dangerous road if one could call it a road. It was very narrow and rocky. The river lay at one side of us and the mountains near on the other side. At last we came to a petrified forest. At one time these forests had been huge trees. Now the trees lay stretched on the ground. Even walnuts lay upon the ground. When they were broken open the nut looked perfect, but it was petrified as the trees. It certainly was a wonderful sight.

As we traveled now we saw nature change every few days. Sometimes we would come upon country lands of low hills. They looked purple, yellow and gold in the distance and when we got near them, they were only a grey bed of grey ashes. Other days the rock formation was as black as jet. And so the days passed by as over the sandy roads we slowly wended our way.

We had a chart given to us by a Mr. Brown, who had explored the country. The map told us of the bad places and where we would find water for our cattle and our own use. Sometimes the places would be dried up. At other times the water would be blackish and full of alkali and we dared not let our cattle drink of it. Then we would have to wait until we got to the next place. Sometimes the rain fell in holes where huge rocks were and sometimes it was not dried up.

At last in the distance we spied something that looked like trees. So we finally came to the little Colorado River. As the days went by we passed Black Rock Falls, also Grande Falls. Then we crossed the river. There was quicksand so the men swam ahead to find the safe way. We at last crossed the sand with all our people, even if we had lost several of our cattle. In a few days we reached our destination, but oh what a desolate place. No mountains, no trees, no living water. Just red, sluggish water of Little

Colorado which was a rushing torrent in rainy season. In the dry season, the bed of the river was dry and dusty and always the water was red and you could not settle it. We were hundreds of miles from white people. Fort Winsgit (?) was our nearest trading post. There were several camps located up and down the river. Each camp had about fifty occupants in their outfit.

So we planted a few cottonwood trees along the river to make a shed frame. We lived in our tents.

Our food consisted mostly of bread and water gravy. As the hot days came along this food seemed very monotonous. The men toiled on and on. Some trying to make a dam in the river. This proved to be very difficult as the ground was very sandy. Others tried to plow and prep the ground so we could plant the few seeds that we had brought. But after a few months they began to see they wouldn't get any returns that year, so they called a meeting and decided to send several men back to Utah after supplies. My husband was chosen as one of the men to go. So he had to take my bedroll so I just put on my bonnet and went with them. There were four men with this train and wagon boxes and I was the only woman. We started the journey of many hundreds of miles with only 25 pounds of flour, one dozen and a half eggs, some little strips of jerked meat. The Indians had shown us how to prep the meat. They cut it in narrow strips, dip it into boiling hot brine, then you build a scaffold, covered with the green willows. Then the meat was layed on the willows and smoked and dried. After eating bread and water gravy the jerked meat tasted good to us. But we were headed for home and most anything tasted good.

So we traveled along. When crossing the Black Skin Mountains, we found some rabbits and shot them. They surely tasted good. But as we had no grease to fry them and no salt to salt them they soon got tiresome. For many years afterwards I could hardly near the smell of rabbit cooking. At length we reached the big Colorado River and were ferried across. Then our feed began to get low for our cattle and ourselves.

In Sept. the grass was burned and dry and where had been our watering places while going down now were dry holes. But at last we reached upper Kanab in the southern Utah. It was getting dark and all we had was a little bread. In the distance we saw a light and upon searching found it to be a dairy. We got some cheese and had bread and cheese for supper, saving part of it for our breakfast. The next morning just at daylight a flock of geese flew low over our camp and the men were not slow in getting out their guns. Soon we had four or five ready to cook. As we had not salt nor grease, one or two of the men found a nickel and a dime and away they went to the dairy for butter and salt.

Talk about a feast. Yum yum. Fried chicken, bread, and butter and cheese. One must live on bread etc. As we did for months before they appreciate food. So we went on and on like this barely getting enough to live on. And at last we reached our home and loved ones.

They were overjoyed to see us again. They begged and pled with us not to go again but we knew those we had left in Arizona were depending on us and would be anxiously waiting for us to come with the supplies, so we gathered everything we could, and started on our journey.

We found them anxiously waiting for us. We found the people had built a fort about a mile and a half farther up the river and had moved. They had built the fort as a protection against the Indians of which there were several different tribes. They were all friendly toward us at this time, but we did not know which they would do otherwise. The Indians of the Apache tribe were more or less on the warpath.

And here is where we enter into the United Order. What little property we owned was appraised into the order at a certain price and we all worked together as one family.

On May 31, 1877 our first baby was born. A little girl and we named her Clara Maud. There were no doctors, nurses, or hired help, but when one was ill we cared for each other. I was very ill for a long time after my baby's birth, but through the goodness of God I gradually grew stronger.

And so days came and went. Each day was somewhat like the other; the men trying to build dams and raise crops, and we women baking bread and making water gravy. In the year 1879 August 10<sup>th</sup>, our second daughter was born Ida Luella.

When she was six years old, we with two other families left Brigham City Arizona finding we were unable to live there. We started for Colorado where the Latter-day Saints were colonizing and had a little ward at Manasseh, Conagus Co. Colorado. After a long tedious journey we reached Manasseh and found kind friends who although were strangers to us, were very kind and took us in and provided shelter and food for us. My husband could get work, and although we arrived penniless, my husband soon got work freighting for the Mickelsons (?). I was often left alone with my two babies in strange places. After we had been there about two years, my husband took a job on contract of railroad building out in Gunnison country in Colorado.

Not wanting me to be alone he took me with him. It was indeed an experience for me. On the Gunnison River in Black Canyon where some of the camps saw only a few hours of sunshine because of the narrowness of the canyon just barely room for the river and the railroad in some places. They cut into the side of the mountains to build the railroad. It was a wild, rough country and miles away from Mormon things. Only the railroad workers. They were blasting rock all the time. Several times a day we would have to run as far away as we could and crouch down as the small pieces of rock came down upon us. How well I remember one evening when we had just made camp when one of the workmen told us we would have to move immediately as they were putting a blast in about a half an hour. We had our stove up and our things out but we didn't have time to reload our things so we ran as

far as we could up the hill. The blast went off and when we got back to camp it was somewhat of a wreck. One rock had struck the stovepipe, cutting into it and several other things were smashed. So we loaded up our things and moved. Another day Mr. Perry and the other men had to Gunnison City after supplies, leaving me alone with the two little girls when the oldest one came running in saying, "Mamma, there is a man down in the willows." I didn't know what to do as I only had a butter knife to defend myself and my babies. The only help was a camp across the river. They were negroes. But with a prayer in my heart I waited and in about a half an hour he went on. This incident may not seem much to one who does not know conditions, but we were in a wild country where all kinds of men were employed and thought nothing of taking a life.

At length, the contract was finished and my husband was obliged to return to Manasseh and not wanting to take me back there on account of my health, he sent the children and me back to Utah. This was in Sept. and the following December 8, 1881, our third little girl was born Edith Estella at my father's home. My husband arrived a few weeks later and our friends and parents begged us to stay. So we never returned. We left all our things in Colorado and started anew.

Then came the first great sorrow in our life. Our oldest little girl died. May 15 1882. The year following we bought us twenty acres of land in Mapleton, a little town upon the bench about two miles east of Springville, our old hometown. It was just sagebrush land. Mr. Perry cut and hauled wood from the canyon to pay for it. He was away much of the time but he found time to clear the land and plant fruit trees and beautiful shrubbery. We were beginning to think we would never have a nice home.

In Oct. 10, 1885 our first baby boy was born John Sylvester Jr. How proud we were of him, but we only kept him a short time, for in April 1888 he died of the same disease that took his sister Maud – Membranis Croup. (?) The loss of both of them left me a nervous wreck for many years. Our second boy (George Steven) was born February 13, 1888 about seeks weeks before we lost our oldest boy. My baby was a great consolation to me and always has been so. It seemed now that I was more of a burden to my children that a help.

Time softens all sorrow and on the 39<sup>th</sup> of November 1891 we were blessed with a dear brown eyed baby girl (Mable?) who in measure took the place of the little girl we had lost by death. And so the years sped on, with me trying to care for our family of little ones. And my husband working hard to procure the necessary things of life and improve our home. I also tried to do my part in a social way, attending church when possible.

About this time I was chosen for a counselor in the Mutual and held the position for nearly three years. At this time we had been living in a house of two rooms but in 1894 we built a nice brick house. In Aug 3, 1894, twin boys were born. We named them Jesse and Jasper. We were surely

proud of them. By this time we had a lovely home with choice assortment of fruit trees and flowers. And I supposed we would end our days there but in the year 1899 the Utah Capitalists built a sugar factory in Le Grand Oregon. The people there knew nothing of raising sugar beets, [so] the officials of the factory chose men from Utah to go to Oregon and instruct them along that line. Mr. Perry went taking our eldest boy along for company while I stayed at home to care for things, little dreaming that in the near future that Oregon would be my home, for I felt that I had pioneered enough. I soon found my husband was very much enthused with Oregon. And in a few weeks time he sent for our oldest daughter to come and cook for them.

On July I received word that the children had been exposed to measles. I could not think of them away out there and perhaps ill and no one to care for them, so I packed my trunks and taking my youngest girl and my two baby boys and started for Oregon.

It was a very good thing that I did too, for they soon had the fever and it seemed in spite of all we could do they would die. One can imagine my feelings – a stranger in a rude farm home a thousand acres farm, not knowing a soul, but after weeks of watching over them they all recovered and life went on.

We were very lonely as people were not of our religion. Weeks and weeks may go by before I would see a woman. My husband was involved with the place that we finally bought a place and settled there. His brother and he had been cooking at a large farm of six hundred and sixty acres. So my husband went back home to dispose of his property there. And on returning they bought the property I mentioned. It was a beautiful farm. Later they cut it into smaller farms and sold it to friends who came from Utah. We soon had a thriving little ward. We built us a nice little church house to meet in. Before we had been meeting at one another's homes to have Sunday School and church.

We were very proud of our little Church and I think everyone helped to build it. I know we tried to get it finished so we could have our Thanksgiving dinner in 1901 in it. We all worked hard but on account of not getting the windows in time we could not finish it. But we were not daunted for while the men were busy hammering away, we women cooked and took quilts and tacked over the windows and hung our lace curtains over them. And on rude tables we spread our nicest linen table cloths and set our nicest dishes.

Although rather late, we had a wonderful feast of good things and it was all enjoyed. Thanksgiving in Mt. Glen. That was what we named the small town.

That was not the last picnic we had, for we had many good times. It was not long until wards were organized in La Grande a few years we had one of the finest stakes installed. It surely looked like the Lord was blessing us as a people. A large sugar factory was built in La Grande and the people were happy, prosperous, and contented.

We built us a lovely home and with our children with us we should have been the happiest people in the world but it seems one does not fully appreciate their blessings until they are deprived of them. Although a person shouldn't grieve when their children leave them to make homes of their own, there is always a heartache when they go one by one.

I was first counselor in the primary and first counselor for the Relief Society for several years there. The Church was on one corner of our land as we gave the land for that purpose. And the years slipped by one by one until our oldest boy was called to go on a mission to the Southern States. Our two oldest daughters were married and our oldest son returned from the mission and married.

In the year 1914 we moved to Idaho where our youngest daughter was married. Then came the world war and our twin boys both volunteered and went and we were left alone. God was good to us and after the boys went through those terrible battles they came home to us.

Jessie married and has five lovely children – four girls and a boy. Jasper married later. George's wife died in May 1930 and we took their two little girls – the oldest five and the youngest one three years old. The two girls and their father have made their home with us ever since. Helen is now nineteen and Verna seventeen. They are a great comfort to me now when I'm not able to do much as the years have slipped by. Some of them with joy and pleasures yet with struggles and sorrows.

Yet I have many things to be thankful for. We have six children in our life living. They have none caused us any real sorrow and they are true to the gospel. We gave two back to God in their childhood. We have twenty-nine grandchildren and eight great grandchildren and my greatest desire is that they will all prove faithful to the faith which the grandparents and parents have endured so much to maintain. Then I will feel I have accomplished much in this life.

One by one the grey-haired sisters  
Have answered the Master's call  
And soon the work began so nobly  
Will upon their children fall.

Then children polish up your armor  
Holding fast the iron rod  
Let your thought be forever  
Your religion and your God.

Copied by her granddaughter Helen Perry

Grandma died at the home of a daughter Edith Estella Perry Snow. 6 April 1952 at the age of 95 years young.

-----

## Life History of Edith Estella Perry Snow

I was born Dec. 9<sup>th</sup> 1881 at my Grandfather's George B. Matson Sr. farm in Springville Utah. My parents moved to Mapleton when I was a small child. There I grew up and attended school, Sunday School, Primary and M.I.A. I loved to ride horses and roam over the hills and was pretty much of a tomboy. I liked to help my father on the farm better than to do housework. In 1899 when I was eighteen the family moved to the Grand Ronde Valley in eastern Oregon. There on the west side of the valley about five miles north of Le Grande I lived on my father's farm a little more than four years. There were very few Latter Day Saints in that part of the country at that time and the missionaries used to visit us and hold cottage meetings. Then a branch was organized and later Union Stake of which our little ward which we called Mt. Glen was a part. We had very happy times and I worked in the Sunday School, Primary and M.I.A.

I also attended school two winters in Le Grande. In March 31<sup>st</sup> 1904 I was married to Charles Eben Snow by Bishop E.W. Whiting. The next day we left by train for Utah visiting relatives and friends in Provo, Springville, Mapleton and Salem, then to Salt Lake City and on April 7<sup>th</sup> 1904 we went to the temple and were sealed. We then returned to Oregon and as my husband was in the employ of the Amalgamated Sugar Co. we went to an island in the Columbia River about thirty miles west of Pendelton Ore. To experiment with sugar beet culture. Beets not being successful we returned to Le Grande and continued there for the sugar Co. for the three following years during which time we were blessed with three nice babies, Clarice born Mar. 21<sup>st</sup>, 1905, Jessie M. born April 16<sup>th</sup> 1906, and Bernard Sylvester born Oct. 11 1907.

My husband then started working for the railroad Co. as fireman where he worked for two years.

On Mar. 6<sup>th</sup> 1909 Evalyn Nancy was born and that fall my husband went back to work for the sugar Co. at Enterprise Oregon about eighty miles north of Le Grande where we lived the following year and a half during which time baby Evalyn who was not very strong was stricken with infantile paralysis. She was helpless for some time but gradually grew stronger until the weakness was left only in her left leg and right arm.

The spring of 1911 we moved to Lostine a small town about 15 miles below Enterprise where on June 20 Alice Maple was born. In the fall of 1912 we returned to Le Grande then the following spring we moved to the sugar Co. farm near Union and that fall back to La Grande where we lived the following six and one half years during which time my husband worked at different things, mostly teaming and truck driving and two more baby boys were born to us. Charles Perry born Jan 25<sup>th</sup> 1916 and Leo J. born June 25 1918.

In the spring of 1920 we moved to Salem Utah and engaged in farming Oct. 16<sup>th</sup> 1920. Howard Lovell was born in the spring of 1921. Evalyn was operated on at the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake City after which she was not so lame.

In Dec. 18 1922, Jean Lula was born. We continued farming until 1926. In the winter of 1924 Jessie, our second daughter, went to Denver Colorado to work for a Salt Lake Candy Co. about two months later she was stricken with appendicitis. She was taken to the best hospital in Denver and four of the best Drs. Cared for her. They operated and said there was very little hope for her recovering. We were unable to go to her but her Aunt Sadie Stewart went.

For a week she lay at the point of death. The Drs. all gave her up and said she could not live.

All this time we were holding prayer circles and exercising our faith in her behalf. She did live and get well and the Dr. said it was a miracle and I believe it was through the mercy of God she was restored to us. In Dec 27 1925 Clarice our oldest daughter was married to Carlisle Van Patten and she now has three lovely little daughters, Pauline, Fern, Shirlie and Edith Lucile (1934 June 17<sup>th</sup> Norma June).

In 1926 we bought a small place in Salem and for about three years my husband worked at teaming. May 4 1929 Jessie was married to Earl F. Lowe and she has a sweet little daughter Laurel Jean (born Oct 17<sup>th</sup> 1930).

In July 2 1929 Alice was married to Richard H. Jones and she also has a dear baby girl Evalyn Marlene. Alas in July 3 1929 my daughter Evalyn went to Los Angeles and has lived since with my youngest sister Mrs. H.A. Hutchins.

In the fall of 1929 we moved to Park City Ut. where my husband and oldest son Bernard have worked in the mines. At the present date Apr. 29, 1932 I am fifty years and nearly five months of age, the mother of nine children, four boys and five girls all living. I also have five granddaughters.

- - - - -

Sketch of the Life of Alice Smith

(see separate entry)

- - - - -

Sketch of the life of Bernard Snow

(see separate entry)

- - - - -