

# **Orson Gurney Smith**

*And Wives*

**Caroline Mariah Carpenter**

**Sarah Ann Obray**

**Mary Ellen Wright**

**Compiled by Quinton Smith Harris**

Salt Lake City, Utah

July, 2011



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The *Smith surname or family name* is the most common of all names in the United States, the United Kingdom and Australia. It is held by more than one person in 100 in each of these countries. It is the most frequent name among those of English and Irish descent. At least 3 million in the U.S. and more than one-half million in the United Kingdom share this name. It was so prevalent in England at the end of the 19<sup>th</sup> century that it was said that the Smith's were common to every village in the north, south, east and west. It is also very common in Canada, surpassed in number by only one other name. Germany is also the home of many with the equivalent name/s.

The Smith name is derived from the Anglo-Saxon term *smitan*, meaning to smite or strike. This led to an occupational name of smith and perhaps the most well known name of blacksmith because the workers who specialized in this trade had to strike, hit or hammer the hot metals in order to shape them. The development of metallurgy required specialists to apply their knowledge and skill to all of the related metals and the end products to be developed. Many other occupational names are related, including tinsmith, goldsmith, silversmith, coppersmith, gunsmith, arrowsmith, shoemsmith, and others. It should be noted that these are very important specialties that are critical in agriculture, industry, manufacturing, artistic jewelry design and fabrication, sculpting and in making the weapons of hunting, protection and war. Plow shears, horseshoes, wagon wheels, guns, arrows, statues, steel ships, rings and other jewelry, are just a few of the results of their labors. In the early times, the name was relevant to those who worked not only with metals, but also to those who worked with wood and all of the mechanical occupations. This helps to account for the very large numbers of people who carry the Smith surname.

Many who are named Smith or any of the related names or derivatives did not obtain the name through an occupation. Some adopted it when they migrated to America or to Europe to make it easier to fit in and be assimilated, while others were seeking to avoid being noticed or set apart because of their ancestral countries, cultures or names. Many of African descent involved in the slave trade were given the Smith name. There are many similar names throughout the world that have much in common with the Smith surname. These include such names as but certainly not limited to: Smyth/e, Schmid/t, Schmit, Smitas, Szmidt, Smeets, Schmieder, Smed, De Smid, and De Smedt. There is much more to learn about this very common and prominent surname and its many regional and national variations. Knowing more about it will improve our family history and genealogy research and reporting.



# MEMORABILIA OF ORSON GURNEY SMITH

This book contains many of the pictures, histories, documents, patriarchal blessings, and other material pertaining to Orson and his families. Almost every year on his birthday until he died the family congregated in Logan to celebrate his birthday. During the illness of his 3<sup>rd</sup> wife, Mary Ellen Wright Smith, she wrote her history and he wrote his. I have included the recorded minutes of the travels of Thomas X and Margaret Gurney Smith from England to Utah because Lucy was 1 year old when they came, and Orson was born on the trail west. Most of the records record his birth near Keokuk, Iowa. In reality the minutes show that he was born 4 hours after they crossed the Nowatna River in Western Iowa, near Kaneshville. Imagine Lucy trying to learn to walk on a tossing ship and then barefoot across the plains, and Orson being but a babe in arms for most of the trek west. The maps give a graphic vision of the facts.

Orson and his family were true pioneers, and we owe them a debt of gratitude for what they accomplished in building up the western part of this country. They were among the first families in Logan, Utah and worked all their lives to give us what we have today. The first winter in Logan Lucy and Orson slept in a wagon at the side of their humble home. Fred, their brother relates that he was 8 years old when he received his first pair of shoes. Imagine walking in the snow with feet wrapped in cloth for years. Orson sired three beautiful families. The wives accepted their lot without murmuring. Caroline took full responsibility of running the farm in Paradise and taught school while Orson was away. Sarah Ann was a great helper for Caroline and did most of the sewing, cooking, and house work. Mary Ellen cooked for the workers while Orson built rail lines in Montana and spent several years in Canada raising her family.

Throughout his life Orson kept a journal available in another book, which reveals the struggles he went through to provide for his three families and avoid the federal marshals. Later the wives then had to avoid the law, which made it difficult on the families they raised. That is why Sarah Ann went to Rexburg and Oregon with Orson, and Mary Ellen went to Montana and Canada. It is a wonder that the Church survived with most of the leader's away hiding on the underground. Their letters were kept by Caroline. Even after the Manifesto, which ended polygamy, it was very difficult for Orson. He refused to abandon his families. Then when he lost everything, he struggled to support them. He looked for every opportunity to earn a living. He traveled extensively and tried to pay off every debt until he died. In his spare time he planted a beautiful garden to provide food, and did temple work for his ancestors. One of his last ventures was to work the La Plata mine. That is why I have included its history here.

Compare their early homes in Cache Valley to what the Smith family left in Eaton Bray, England. They never complained, but accepted their challenges gracefully. They gave their all and obeyed every request of the leaders of the Church. Their testimonies of the gospel were strong. We, their descendants, can be forever grateful for their sacrifices and hope that we can be as effective in our lot.

Quinton S. Harris  
Grandson





# Photo Gallery

The Thomas X Smith and Margaret Gurney Family

William Gurney and Three Children including Margaret

Portrait Pedigree Of Olena Smith Harris and Orson

Orson Gurney Smith at Different Stages of Life

Orson Gurney Smith and His Three Wives:

*1<sup>st</sup> Wife, Caroline Mariah Carpenter is in the middle*

*2<sup>nd</sup> Wife, Sarah Ann Obray is on the left side*

*3<sup>rd</sup> Wife, Mary Ellen Wright is on the right side*

Orson G. Smith and Mary Ellen Wright Family

Orson G. Smith and Sarah Ann Obray Family

Orson, his father Thomas X, his son Ezra, and grandson Clain

Orson and his four sisters: Drucilla, Alice, Florence and Hattie

(This is in his later years, perhaps in the early 1930's)

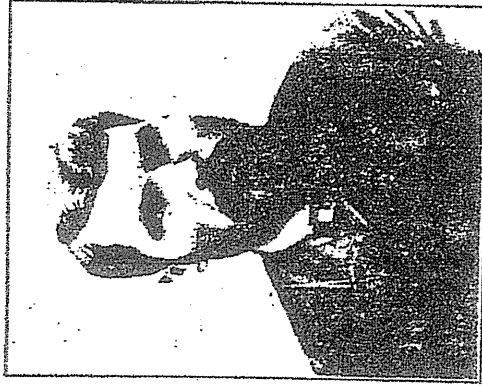
Zion Leaders of This Dispensation, Orson G. Smith as a Stake President

Orson and Wives with Their Family on July 4, 1923

Five Grandchildren of Orson G. Smith taken in 2007, including Quinton S. Harris, Robert Jordan, Gibbs Smith, Thomas Caine, and Ruth W. Austin



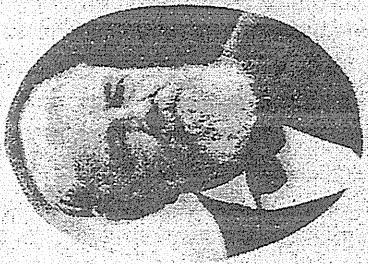
SMITH, Orson, president of the Cache Stake of Zion, is the son of Bishop Thomas K. Smith and Margaret Gourney, and was born July 4, 1853, in Iowa, while his parents were traveling toward Utah, having emigrated from England that year. After arriving in the valley, the family located in Farmington, Davis county, where Orson was partly raised, but they settled in Logan, Cache county, in 1860. Orson was ordained an Elder Sept. 13, 1868, and later sent to Iron county with a co-op shepherd, on which trip he was gone ten months. In 1875 he was called to preside as Bishop in Paradise and moved his family to that place in December, 1875. He acted as Bishop there until May 17, 1883, when he was



chosen and set apart as second counselor to Charles O. Card in the presidency of the Cache Stake of Zion. Aug. 3, 1890, he was set apart by President Wilford Woodruff as president of the Stake, which position he held until 1899.



THOMAS X SMITH ~ MARGARET GURNEY

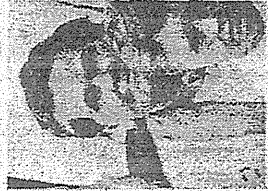


A N D

FAMILY



FRED



ALICE



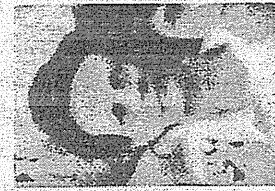
HARRIET



ORSON



EMMA



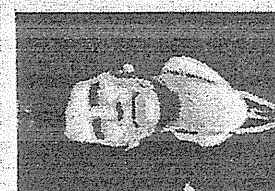
FLORENCE



LUCY



CATHERINE



MARGARET DRUCILLA

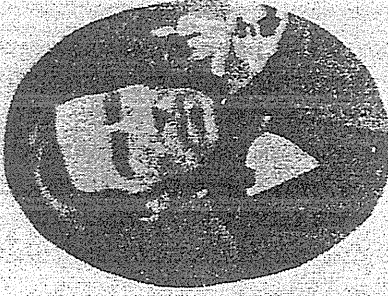


EMMA ~ CATHERINE - HARRIET ~ LUCY ~ ALICE

WILLIAM GURNEY & CHILDREN



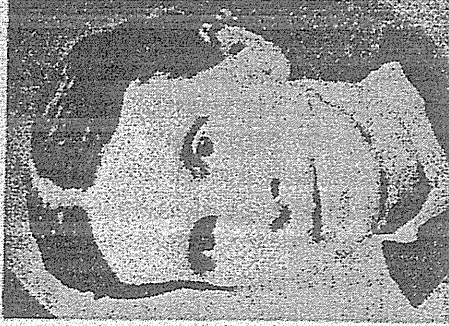
WILLIAM GURNEY



SOLOMON GURNEY

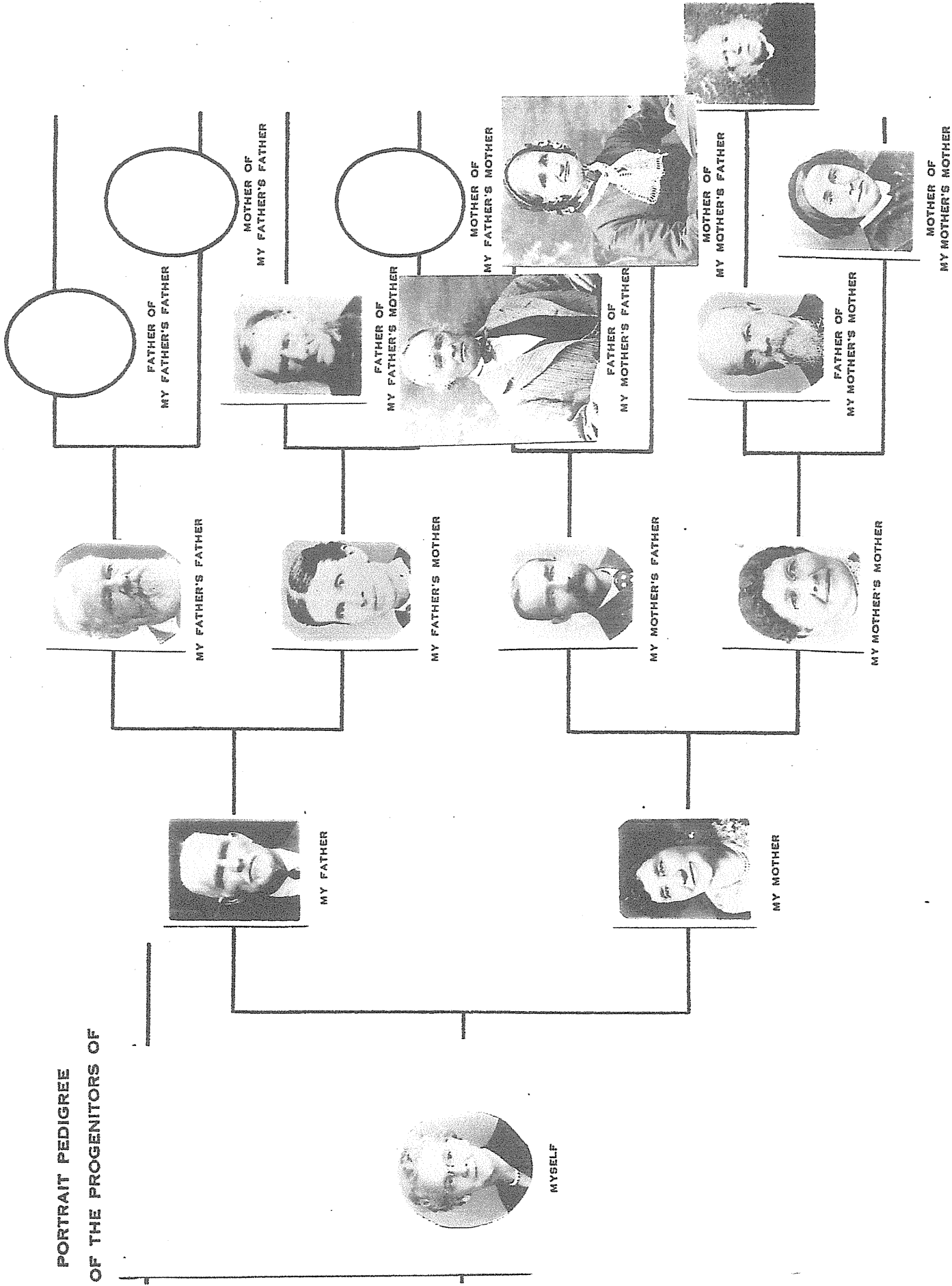


FANNY GURNEY

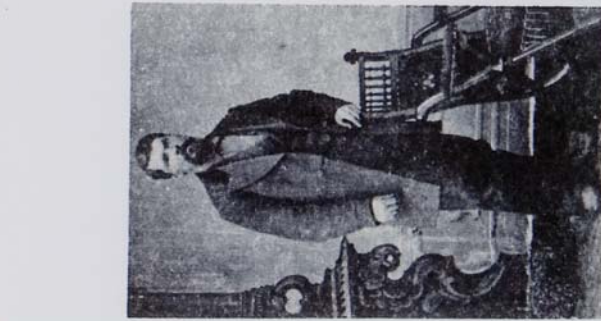


MARGARET GURNEY

**PORTRAIT PEDIGREE  
OF THE PROGENITORS OF**



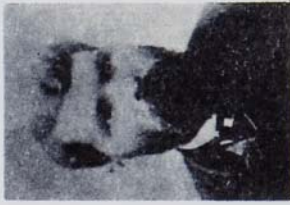
ORSON GURNEY SMITH



ABOUT AGE 30



ABOUT AGES: 22



30



40



ABOUT AGES: 55



55



80

1875 - 1933



ORSON AND WIVES CAROLINE, SARAH, AND  
MARY ELLEN





ORSON G. SMITH  
1933-



MARY ELLEN WRIGHT

ORSON G. SMITH ~ MARY ELLEN WRIGHT FAMILY



-1945-

HARRIET S. WOOLLEY ~ GLADYS S. CAINE ~ MARY S. JORDAN ~ OLENA S. HARRIS  
OWEN ~ ELLEN S. GRANT ~ MARTHA S. LEE ~ GEORGE



Orson Gurney Smith



Sarah Ann Obray



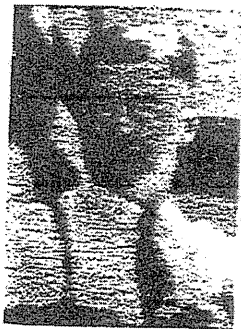
Ezra



Everett



Emma Stephens



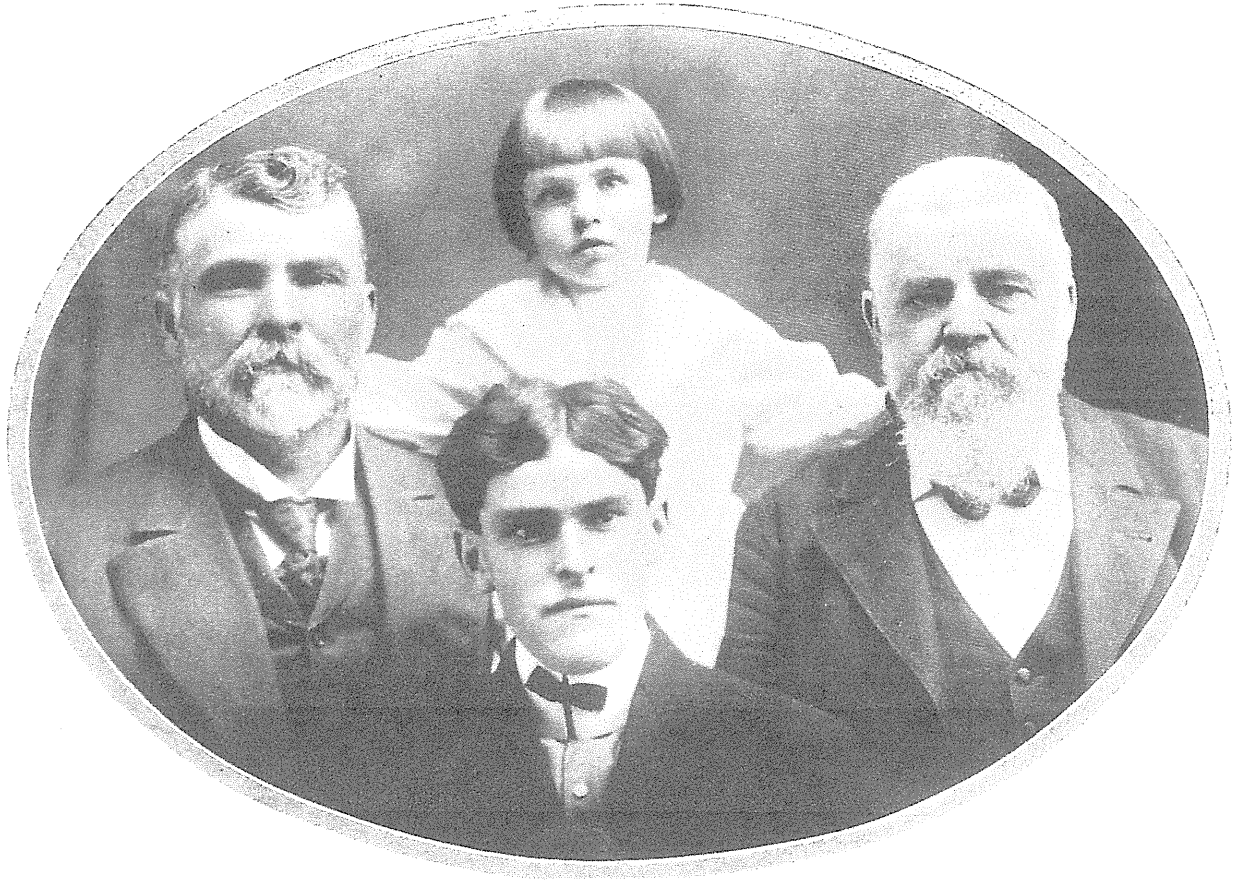
Lyman



Hortense



Melba Debry



Four generations: (clockwise) Thomas X, Ezra, Orson, Clain



Orson with his four sisters: ( ~~right~~ to left)  
~~Drucilla~~, Alice, Orson, ~~Florence~~, ~~Hattie~~  
*Harriet Drucilla                  Lucy Alice*

# ZION LEADERS OF THIS DISPENSATION, PAST AND PRESENT.

Copyright, 1900 by Geo. W. Chas. W. Co., 17 N. Main, Salt Lake City, Utah. This work is approved by the President, A. W. Cannon.

- 1 Kirtland Temple, Kirtland, Ohio.
  - 2 Nauvoo Temple, Nauvoo, Ills.
  - 3 Logan Temple, Logan, Utah.
  - 4 St. George Temple, St. George, Utah.
  - 5 Mantz Temple, Mantz, Utah.
  - 6 Salt Lake Temple, Salt Lake, Utah.
- OUR PRESIDENTS.**
- 7 Joseph Smith, 1st President.
  - 8 Brigham Young, 2nd President.
  - 9 John Taylor, 3rd President.
  - 10 Willard Washelf, 4th President.
  - 11 George Q. Cannon, 1st Counselor to the President.
  - 12 Joseph F. Smith, 2nd Counselor to the President.
- THE THREE WITNESSES.**
- 13 Oliver Cowdery, to the book of Mormon.
  - 14 David Whitmer, to the book of Mormon.
  - 15 Martin Harris, to the book of Mormon.
- DECEASED COUNSELORS TO THE FIRST PRESIDENCY.**
- 16 Hyrum Smith, to Joseph Smith.
  - 17 Heber C. Kimball, to Brigham Young.
  - 18 Josiah D. Wells, to Brigham Young.
  - 19 Daniel H. Wells, to Brigham Young.
  - 20 George A. Smith, to Brigham Young.

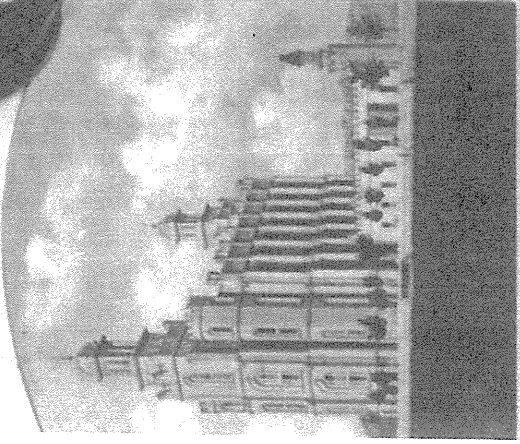
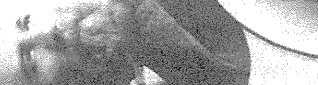
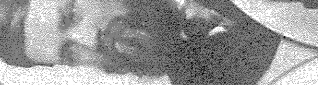
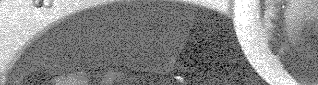
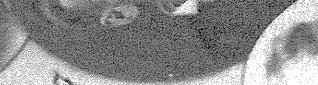
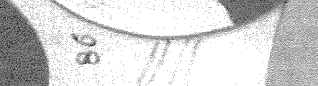
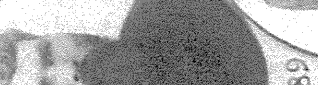
- DECEASED APOSTLES.**
- 21 David W. Patton.
  - 22 Orson Hyde.
  - 23 Orson Pratt.
  - 24 Parley P. Pratt.
  - 25 Willard Richards.
  - 26 Ezra T. Benson.
  - 27 Charles C. Rich.
  - 28 Francis Spang.
- Patriarchs DECEASED.**
- 29 Joseph Smith, 1st Patriarch.
  - 30 John Smith, 2nd Patriarch.
- Presidents of Seventies DECEASED.**
- 31 Joseph Young.
  - 32 Levi W. Hancock.
  - 33 Daniel W. Milon.
  - 34 Henry Horloman.
  - 35 Albert P. Blackwood.
  - 36 John Van Cott.
  - 37 Homer N. Eldredge.
  - 38 William W. Taylor.

- BISHOPS DECEASED.**
- 39 Edward Partridge.
  - 40 Samuel K. Whitney.
  - 41 Edward Hunter.
  - 42 Leonard J. Hartz, Counselor to Bishop Hunter.
- APOSTLES.**
- 43 Lorenzo Snow, President of Apostles.
  - 44 Franklin D. Richards, also Historian.
  - 45 Brigham Young, Jr.
  - 46 Moses Thatcher.
  - 47 Francis M. Lyman.
  - 48 John Henry Smith.
  - 49 George Fensholt.
  - 50 Heber J. Grant.
  - 51 John W. Taylor.
  - 52 Martin W. Merrill.
  - 53 Nathan H. Lund.
  - 54 Abraham H. Cannon.
- Patriarch.**
- 55 John Smith.
- SEVEN PRESIDENTS OF SEVENTIES.**
- 56 Jacob Galen.
  - 57 Seymour B. Young.

- 58 John Morgan.
  - 59 Carl D. Fritchard.
  - 60 Brigham H. Roberts.
  - 61 George Reynolds.
  - 62 Jonathan G. Kimball.
- BISHOPRIC.**
- 63 William B. Preston, Bishop of the Church.
  - 64 Robert T. Burton, 1st Counselor.
  - 65 John R. Wadler, 2nd Counselor.
- Church OFFICERS.**
- 66 George D. Merrill, sec'y Gen'l Bap't of Sunday School.
  - 67 Karl G. Mauser, President Church Day Schools.
  - 68 John Jaynes, Assistant Church Historian.
  - 69 Joseph D. C. Young, Church Archivist.
  - 70 John Stedman, Clerk of Conference.
- Presidents of Stakes of Zion.**
- 71 Charles O. Carl, Alberta, Canada.
  - 72 Thomas E. Burke, Tennessee, Utah.
  - 73 William DeLay, Bear Lake, Idaho.
  - 74 Rudger Clawson, Box Elder, Utah.
  - 75 Charles D. Whit, Beaver, Utah.

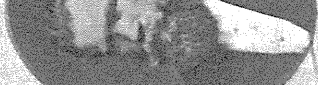
- 76 Owen Smith, Carls, Utah.
- 77 Herbert D. Haight, Casper, Idaho.
- 78 William R. Smith, Davis, Utah.
- 79 Christian G. Larson, Emery, Utah.
- 80 William Ferguson, Jack, Utah.
- 81 Edwin D. Wadley, Kanab, Utah.
- 82 Charles I. Bolton, Maricopa, Arizona.
- 83 Ira S. Hunkley, Millard, Utah.
- 84 Orson C. Hendrick, Mohab, Utah.
- 85 Willard G. Smith, Morgan, Utah.
- 86 George C. Parkinson, Orem, Idaho.
- 87 James W. Croody, Panguitch, Utah.
- 88 Frank Jones, Parowan, Utah.
- 89 Angus M. Cannon, Salt Lake, Utah.
- 90 Albert R. Smith, San Luis, Colorado.
- 91 Francis A. Hammond, San Juan, Utah.
- 92 Cassius Peterson, San Pete, Utah.
- 93 Christopher Lawrence, St. Joseph, Arizona.
- 94 James N. Smith, Snow Flake, Arizona.
- 95 William Suggs, Warner, Utah.
- 96 Donald D. McArthur, St. George, Utah.
- 97 David R. Child, St. Johns, Arizona.
- 98 W. W. Clark, Stansel, Utah.
- 99 Hugh S. Edwards, Tropic, Utah.
- 100 Samuel H. Benson, Tropic, Utah.
- 101 Abraham O. Seward, Utah, Utah.
- 102 Abram Beck, Wanship, Utah.
- 103 Lewis W. Sherrill, Wicker, Utah.

**BISHOPS  
DECEASED.**

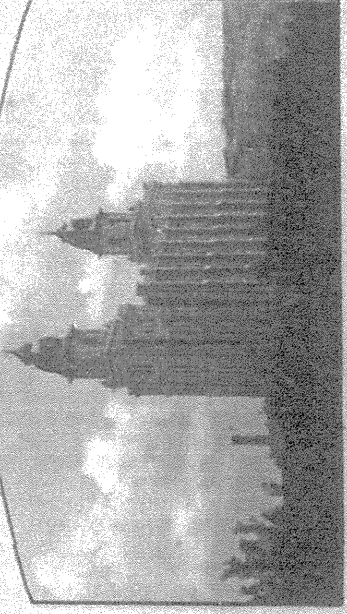


LOGAN TEMPLE

**CHURCH OFFICERS.**



**PRESIDENTS  
OF  
STAKES OF ZION.**



MANTI TEMPLE



July 4, 1923

SMITH FAMILY REUNION---Logan, Utah---July 4, 1923

Front row:

1. John O. Reeve (Geneve's son)
2. Don C. Brown (Salome's son)
3. William s. Reeve (Geneve's son)
- 3a. Helen Grant (Ellen's daughter)
4. Gurney S. Lee (Martha's son)
5. Owen Smith (Owen's son)
6. Orson Smith (Owen's son)
7. Morris Wright (Bert Wright's son)
8. Burns Lee (Martha's son)
9. Christian C. Lee (Martha's son)
10. Orville S. Lee (Martha's son)

2<sup>nd</sup> row:

1. W. Eldredge Grant, Jr. (Ellen's son)
2. Mary Grant (Ellen's daughter)
3. Imogene Lee (Martha's daughter)
4. Sarah Smith (Ezra's daughter)
5. Roma Smith (Ezra's daughter)
6. Betsy Jane Steffen (Ione's daughter)
7. Ella Smith (Ezra's daughter)

3<sup>rd</sup> row (seated)

1. Alice Smith (Orson's sister)
2. Lucy S. Cardon (Orson's sister)
3. Mary Ellen Wright Smith (Orson's 3<sup>rd</sup> wife)
4. Orson Gurney Smith
5. Sarah Anne Obray Smith (Orson's 2<sup>nd</sup> wife)
6. Margaret S. Watson (Orson's daughter)

4<sup>th</sup> row (standing)

1. Dora Wright (Mary Ellen's sister)
2. Ione Steffen (Ida's daughter)
3. Stella Madsen Smith (Owen's 1<sup>st</sup> wife)
4. Olena Wright Smith (Orson's daughter)
5. Martha Smith Lee (Orson's daughter)
6. Evaletta Grant (Ellen's daughter)
7. Dorothy Smith (Ezra's daughter)
8. Ella Bailey Smith (Ezra's wife)
9. Ezra Obray Smith (Orson's son)
10. Clain Smith (Ezra's son)
11. George G. Smith (Orson's son)

5<sup>th</sup> row:

1. Orville L. Lee (Martha's husband)
2. Ellen Smith Grant (Orson's daughter)
3. June Grant (Ellen's daughter)
4. Emma Smith Stevens (Orson's daughter)

5. Florence Smith (Orson's sister)
6. Geneve Smith Reeve (Orson's daughter)
7. Salome Smith Brown (Orson's daughter)
8. Walter E. Grant (Ellen's husband)

6<sup>th</sup> row:

1. Owen Wright Smith (Orson's son)
2. Hattie Smith (Orson's sister)
3. Mary Smith Jordan (Orson's daughter)
4. William Watson (Margaret's husband)
5. Drucilla Smith (Orson's sister)
6. John W. Reeve (Geneve's husband)
7. Barbara Reeve (Geneve's daughter)
8. Don Brown (Salome's husband)
9. Gaylen C. Smith (Orson's son)



**Title:** Orson Gurney Smith

**Image:** OGS-FAMILY-0022



**Names:** Thomas H. Caine, Ruth Woolley Austin, Gibbs Smith, Robert Jordan, Quinton S. Harris

**Date:** 2007

**Location:** Home of Quinton S. Harris

**Notes:** All grandchildren of Orson Gurney Smith

**Title:** Orson Gurney Smith

**Image:** OGS-FAMILY-0023



**Names:** Ruth Woolley Austin, Bob Evert (Jane Jordan's husband), Mary Ellen Caine (Tom's wife), Jane Jordan Evert, Gibbs Smith, Robert S. Jordan, Quinton S. Harris, Ruth Ann Harris (Quinton's wife).

**Date:** 2007

**Location:** Quinton's living room in Salt Lake City, Utah

**Notes:** Grandchildren of Orson Gurney Smith and their spouses.

# HISTORY OF ORSON GURNEY SMITH

(WRITTEN BY HIMSELF)

November, 1934

My father, Thomas X Smith, was born in December 25, 1828, at Eaton Bray, Bedfordshire, England. My mother, Margaret Gurney, was born Sept. 28, 1830, at Stanbridge, Bedfordshire, England. They were married January 6, 1851, at Eaton Bray. Both joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1849 in Eaton Bray. Their kindred and friends turned against them; no one of them had gone to see them off when they left for America and Utah in 1853. It was far from easy to leave the land of their birth, the graves of their dead, brothers and sisters and relatives, all that was dear to them on earth. They did not know if they would ever see those dear and familiar scenes again. Can you sense the pain and sorrow that filled their hearts?

The father, Thomas X Smith, was scarcely 21 and Margaret Gurney, his wife, was just 20. They had come from long lines of good English stock with a record of frugality, honesty, trustworthiness, and charitable inclination to mankind in general. They were independent in thought and action. They were liberal in their views and accorded all the same as they claimed for themselves. But one thing became more dear to them than family. When the sound of the restored gospel of Jesus Christ reached their ears, they saw the light of truth. It burst upon their souls like a flash and aroused them to a sense of obligation that compelled them to accept it regardless of price. This they did and what a heritage they left me of faith, courage, determination, love for God, truth, honesty, integrity and loyalty to principle. I am proud of it and realize the great responsibility left upon me to see that my part be as nobly done as they have done theirs.

After a trip of stormy weather, the light weight sailing vessel landed at New Orleans. From there they moved up to St. Louis by boat where they were fitted out with an ox team, entirely strange to Thomas, for a trip of about fifteen hundred miles of more to Utah, across the plains by way of Omaha, Nebraska. He soon became an expert ox team driver, mastering "Whoa, Haw, Gee." On reaching the plains of Iowa, near the present city of Keokuk, on the 4<sup>th</sup> of July, 1853, at 3:00 a.m. I was born in a wagon. We were in Captain Brown's Company of 60 or more ox teams.

During the night of the birth, July 4<sup>th</sup>, 1853, a large dog, probably part wolf, appeared from nowhere and crouched under the wagon until they started forward again. Then it disappeared and was not seen again. Our wagon and one other were permitted to halt for two days and then ordered to proceed as rapidly as possible to overtake the train. An old lady, experienced in maternity matters, remained with the waiting wagon to care for the mother there who was expecting her second child. Under such conditions one can imagine my mother's plight, young as she was, and unaccustomed to outdoor life and hardships of any kind. It took the courage of a Saint to endure.

For three months she rode in that dead ox wagon over plains, rivers and mountains to the uninhabited valleys of Utah and settled first at Farmington, late in the month of September, 1853.

Father secured about one acre of land on which he built an adobe house 16 x 20 feet with a fire place in the West end, a door in the East end, a window on the South side, a dirt floor and board roof. Thomas had had no previous experience in building in England since he had been a factory worker most of his life. The adobe was not a building material used in England, common only in dry arid climates such as the Great Basin desert of Utah. He learned pioneer skills from scratch.

He cultivated the lot and raised good garden stuff after the first season. Food was scarce and we were forced to resort to native greens and sego root and wild potatoes that were found on the bottom lands. Thomas' brother George Smith and wife Catherine and their family of three children located about 40 rods South and built a cabin there. Here for three years the struggle for an existence was a real battle. Hatters by trade back in England, and eight months of travel by sea and land, dropped down in a wilderness with no experience in roughing it--this was their situation. Father had learned to drive oxen from St. Louis and became expert at that, although he had never yoked a pair before. Now came the tug-of-war. It was a road hog or die. They set out to work; a bake oven was the principal cooking utensil. It served as bread baker, meat and vegetable cooker, soups and mush also--all done on an open fire place. Flour was a luxury, so that the shorts and bran mixed was often used as a substitute. Thus we managed to live—a living faith, a fixed purpose and determination to succeed. A heaven born courage, with God's help won out over all the discouraging obstacles. Thomas had charge of Willard Richard's grist mill in Farmington.

Then came the sad word that a U.S. Army was on its way to Utah to destroy the Mormons. The men were called to arms; among them our Father. They drilled as best they could and, in due time marched to Echo Canyon to prevent the army from entering the valley. Mother, with her three children, were now left to shift for ourselves. But good neighbors always ready to help and were kindly disposed to take up the load and see us through that period. All these things that I have written to this point have been told me by others, but now I write from my own memory of things in my 4<sup>th</sup> year I remember.

On my Father's return from Echo Canyon, my sister Lucy and I walked up the street hand in hand, bare-footed and scantily clad, jubilant in spirit to meet our Father, in high hopes of his having something for us. Ragged shirt, pants and shoes, a powder horn by a strap over one shoulder, a bullet pouch over the other, an old muzzle loader, Kentucky rifle, no hat, long beard, a motley sight for a hungry child to behold. However we were thrilled to have him home once more. Now came another change to meet which required additional faith and courage. Word came for all to move South as the army was coming. Father and Mother and three children, Tom and Electy Hunt, all our belongings were loaded into one wagon drawn by one ox and one cow, a pig and chickens and everything we owned but some books that they buried in the ground in a trunk.

Away we went destined for who knew what. Our first camp was made in Salt Lake City some good friend inviting us in out of the rain. As I approached a good fire blazing across the room I saw what I thought was a great pan of biscuits. I rushed up in anticipation of getting one to appease my hunger, to find it to be hearth made of sun-dried bricks. Imagine my disappointment if you can. We were early on our move next morning on our way to somewhere. On this journey in some unaccountable manner the pig and I fell out of the wagon. The pig was missed and back they went and found the pig and I together. I don't know what would have become of me had they not missed the pig. That was the choice and valuable animal in that day and time. After three days of travel we reached Clover Creek, Utah County, and on Cheney's ranch pitched our teepee for the winter of '56 and '57. Houses all along our way were filled with combustible material ready to set fire to by a squad of men left for that purpose providing the soldiers undertook to take possession or destroy in any manner any of the buildings. But they marched through without halting or breaking ranks to a place in Cedar Valley, 40 miles south of Salt Lake City, where they camped and called it Camp Floyd.

At this place they stayed until the Civil War broke out, when they disbanded, some going to the Southern, some to the Northern armies. They came with the vow of destroying the Latter-day Saints, called Mormons, and as a curse they left to be destroyed in that great fratricidal war, and left with a blessing in all kinds of teams, wagons, and merchandise of all kinds, foodstuffs, and other needful things.

Our winter home at Clover Creek was a willow teepee like the Indians had. Willows stood on end tied at the top, spread out at the bottom to make room for beds and shelter, around the outside any kind of covering available was placed to keep the cold and wet out. It was a hard winter, with deep snow. Cattle died from the cold and insufficient food. When spring arrived, word came that we could return to our homes, which we did as soon as we possibly could. We found our place as we had left it, although wet had got into our books and spoiled them—quite a loss to us.

The greatest joy was when Father returned from Echo Canyon and was released from the army. Lucy, my older sister, and I walked hand in hand, barefooted and scantily clad but jubilant in spirit, to meet him. We were in such high hopes of his having something for us, but what a disappointment! He was worse clad than we were, ragged shirt, pants, shoes, a powder horn slung by one strap over his shoulder, a bullet pouch over the other, an old muzzle loader Kentucky rifle, no hat, and a long beard. He was a motley sight for a hungry child to behold. However, they were thrilled to have him home once more.

Our neighbors were the Earls, Mannings, Gleasons, Wellings, Lethheads, Hunts, Rogers, Smiths, our Uncle George Smith and his family, Clarks, Hesses, Steeds, Leonards, Broadbents, Willcoxs, Ellises, Williams, and Morgans—all fine people, full of faith and helpfulness. So we lived those years 1857-8. Many of these same men, including Father formed a brass band and made music, for the town. William Knowles was a mooning spirit among the musically inclined, especially the children, and many good times were enjoyed in music and drama, under his leadership. Thus was spent another winter.

During that time a cult arose called the Morrisites, led by one named Morris, who committed degradations against society that necessitated the calling out of the militia to suppress. Some lives were <sup>lost</sup> ~~long~~, among them John Banks and Morris. I remember seeing the body of Banks when brought through Farmington from their rendezvous near Ogden on the Weber River.

Now another important change occurred in our lives in the spring of 1859. Father Thomas went north to Logan, in Cache Valley, with others to check it out. There he built a log house and came back and took his family, now numbering six in all—father, mother, Lucy, Orson, James and Thomas E., to Logan to live.

“Logan, now the county seat of Cache County, is located in one of the most beautiful valleys in the world. Formed in early geologic periods by the recession of Lake Bonneville, which covered the area to a depth of 500 feet, this lovely valley is completely surrounded by mountains. Like a great elongated bowl, with towering peaks to the east and west, it stretches north and south for a distance of fifty miles and is about nine miles wide. The range of mountains on the east forms a great watershed, and many canyons pour out their clear, cold streams into the rich agricultural area, both for culinary and irrigation usage. The soil, being the deposit in the ancient lake bottom, is very fertile and provides some of the finest farming land in the west.” (Logan Almanac)

Cache Valley was discovered in 1824 by Jim Bridger, an early trapper and explorer of the Rocky Mountain area, who gained some prominence at the time of his forays into hither unknown country. It is because of Jim and some of his trapper friends, who hid their furs there until favorable conditions would allow them to be removed to trading posts, that the valley received the name “Cache Valley.” The “cache” of furs usually was made at a point near Hyrum, Utah.

The region was first settled by colonists sent out by Brigham Young in 1856. The first groups arrived under the leadership of Peter Maughan and established what was then known as Maughan’s Fort, now the city of Wellsville. Logan was settled in 1859 by a group sent by Brigham Young, that first settled in Smithfield, but because of the threat of Indians, they returned to a location near the Logan River and named the city Logan, after an old Indian chief, Logan. The leader of this group was John Pannell Wright. Favorable conditions for settlement in this area made it apparent that this was destined to be the county set and largest city in the valley.

These early Mormon settlers, sent out to conquer the wilderness and build homes and farms, showed much foresight, industry and fortitude in overcoming the hazards of the early days, which is evident today. It was only 14 years after the first white people came to the valley that the Mormon temple was started. This magnificent edifice stands today as one of the most beautifully proportioned and perfectly situated of any building in the state. Built of native stone and lumber by pioneer hands, it is a marvel of early day construction.

Pioneer foresight also is responsible for locating the city at the very entrance to Logan Canyon where cool breezes and pure water are much more appreciated now than they were when survival was the main challenge. The town was originally laid out with broad streets and large blocks, which conform now to modern ideas in city planning. Being essentially a city of homes, schools, and churches, in the center of a rich agricultural area, its environment is unmatched anywhere. The undesirable problem of a transient population is absent, due to the city being off the main railroad. The high type of citizenry, beauty of surroundings, wonderful climate and easy accessibility to mountain playgrounds make Logan and Cache Valley ideal places to live and enjoy living.

Our house stood on the west side of what was then known as the George Farrell block. To reach it we had to travel North through Ogden, Brigham City, Deweyville, over the Collinston Hill into Cache Valley, South by way of Mendon and Wellsville, around by Hyrum, Millville and Providence, all a wilderness then. We forded all the streams and the Logan River near where the River Heights bridge is now, and arrived at our home in the fall of 1859.

We found it unchinked or plastered. The wagon box was placed on the east end for a bedroom for the children. It was a severe winter. The snow was three feet on the level and there was much below zero weather. Of course, their parents stopped all the cracks and holes they could, but Orson, looking back, wondered how they survived and commented that God surely knew how to take care of his children and make the back for burden.

While they were living here, James fell into the fireplace and was badly burned and died. Orson recalled his father and Uncle George making the little coffin and carrying it under their arms to the cemetery and burying it with no further ceremony. Some time later Thomas E. had a similar accident but survived it. However, the shock affected his heart ever afterwards until he died at the age of sixteen. Those cold winters took their toll as the children instinctively wandered too close to the fire.

From this home my sister Lucy and I began going to school, which was located on the J. R. Edwards lot on Center and 2<sup>nd</sup> West St. A log house 36 x 18 feet. The teacher was John B. Thatcher first, a Mr. Savage later and then Aaron DeWitt and Richard Evans. While going to that school, the following incident occurred that I well remember. One day a black bear had been chased from the brush in the west field and he ran across several blocks. As he came to the block west of the school house, my sister and I were going right on the bear's course to school. We saw him in time to climb up on the top of a five pole fence and he came rushing right under the panel we were sitting on, men hollering and shouting at the bear. As he reached the north side of the fence of the Dr. Cranney block on 2<sup>nd</sup> North Street, an Indian shot and killed him. That was one scare of our lives.

After residing on the Farrell Block for three years, Father Thomas moved to the corner of 2<sup>nd</sup> North and 1<sup>st</sup> East Street. The lot was one and one-fourth acres in size. Here he built another log house 16 x 18 feet with a door in the west and a window in the south and

fenced it with a four pole fence. This home was roofed with willows, straw and dirt. The floor was also dirt. A log stable and sheds covered also with willows and dirt were built. Our neighbors here were Charles Hurst on the East, Charles Barrett on the West, Robert Chambers on the North, and on the South Neils Mickelson and John Dalhe, closest neighbors all of them.

Now we had plenty of food; land was rich and crops abundant, when we could harvest them. The grasshopper and cricket pests were terrible. They would hatch out every spring for a number of years, so thick that the ground looked like a living mass of earth. They ate everything that was green and the saving of crops looked hopeless. The fight for life was on. Men, women and children were out every day to keep them from devouring the crops, by driving them into trenches, throwing dirt on them and destroying them in every conceivable manner. When they could fly, they kept them in the air with flapping sheets, caps, and other things to keep them in the air so that they should not rest to eat the green grain. They drove them into trenches and threw dirt on them. They tried to drown them and burn them.

Rollers, which ran by flutter wheels and water power, were placed across the canals. Thus they were ground up. Some insects were two inches long. Straw, when it was available, was placed around the farm where the insects would gather by the millions in the evening to keep off the cold ground. Then they could be burned. Thus they saved food and seed grain during the years of the grasshopper war. Finally, the insects died off and left the country. Both pests became extinct and they never wrought such great destruction again. This was a marvelous divine intervention for the saving of the people.

Here we found the Indian in all his primitiveness. Cache Valley was a paradise for them. Fish in abundance were in all the streams. Elk, moose, deer, bear, and some buffalo sometimes strayed into the valley. Two or three children were stolen from the whites in this valley. A few deaths by Indians were recorded, but by patient and friendly handling of them, our wise leaders won them over in Cache Valley. They said they were living on Indian lands and that we were obligated to feed them, which we did. I have seen a thousand Indians come into Logan and demand food and the people would donate oxen, kill, cook and feed them. The Indians would go off happy but gradually became extinct or gathered onto reservations, as a remnant of their former greatness, conquered, subdued, and broken, before the onward march of a greater and more powerful civilization.

I never had any real trouble with them; from early childhood I associated with them, and became familiar with their customs and habits. I learned to love them and pity their plight. My love for them grew out of my study of their history contained in the Book of Mormon, which relates where they came from, who they are, who their progenitors were, how they came here, and what made them come, and why they have a dark skin. We called them Redmen, for they are not so dark as the Negro. As a boy I played with their boys. As a man I associated with them by sleeping in their homes, by eating with them, by hiring them as laborers in the woods, and as herders of cattle and horses, as ditchers, teamsters; and in all such work I found them trustworthy, faithful and dependable as long as they understood what was wanted of them.



I was once caught in the mouth of Logan Canyon by a party of them while herding sheep all alone. They took all my dinner and told me to "git." I got out as fast as I could with my little flock, and was so frightened that I never stopped until he reached home.

A child was stolen soon after that, and Pat Conner, commander of a company of soldiers stationed at Fort Douglas, came in search of the Indians who had the child. Some of the Indians camped near Logan fled up Providence Dry Canyon with the soldiers after them. One who happened to be left behind tried to make his getaway by running north through Benson Block and on through the block north of that to the north side where two soldiers, one from the east, one from the west, cornered him with drawn pistols as though to shoot him down.

At this juncture, Father, who was nearby, stepped up and said, "Hold on, there, you can't shoot that Indian right here in the street in cold blood." They put up their guns, put the Indian on a horse, and rode away. After investigating they found that the cohorts of these Indians were not the ones who stole the child, and released them.

A few months after, as Father was walking along the street an Indian ran up to him, and threw his arms around him and hugged him like a bear would. It proved to be the Indian whom Father saved from being killed by the soldiers. He always thought Father saved his life, and I guess he did. If you can make the Indians your friend, they will always be a friend. If you make him your enemy, he will be your enemy always, so I found them. Wahike, Sagwich, and Arimo were chiefs that I knew as a boy. Father was always kind to them and they loved him.

Peter Maughan was a power for good among them, and saved the people many times by his influence among them. They greatly respected him. Apostle Ezra T. Benson, I. J. Clark, Samuel Whitney, and many others helped to pacify and make peace with the Indians. Considering the few whites that were here in the valley, and the host of roving Indians, it is nothing short of miraculous that we survived that early period of our history. Wise men and the favor of God saved us. I have been among the Bannocks, Shoshones, Utahs, Piutes, Blackfeet, Bloods, Idahos, Pieads, Navajoes, Nez Perces, Apaches, Siwashes, Alutes, and Esqumau. All tribes are distinct from one another and have their tribal geographic boundaries. They warred with each other at times. They principally lived by the chase, fishing and hunting. The land was all theirs and they killed only what game they needed to live on and there was always plenty in the land. I was never injured, had anything stolen or destroyed by them

The settlers of Southern Utah were not so fortunate. They were at war with them for a number of years. The whites stole from them, and they stole from the whites. Their title to this entire nation is better than ours, for God gave it to them 600 years before Christ through their Father Lehi and his descendants. Some day they will come into their own.

Brigham Young said it was cheaper to feed them than to fight them. That policy made friends of them, and saved many lives. Chief Washakie, a great chief, was always

friendly and counseled his people to refrain from stealing and killing anyone and enforced his commands by punishing those who did.

Their teepees were made of straight poles 2 inches in diameter, 16 feet long fastened together at the top and spread out to the desired size at the bottom. Buffalo robes were stretched around for cover, with a fire in the center. A small opening at the top was for a smoke outlet and one at the bottom for the door. This provided a warm, comfortable house for winter and all kinds of weather. Wolves were tamed for dogs. That one that stayed under the wagon the night I was born was probably one of these.

They had ponies, which were native to the land and were used for all purposes. These were all their domesticated animals until the whites taught them agriculture. Now they have everything the whites have. Their food was wild meat from the buffalo, elk, moose, deer, rabbit, wolf, mountain sheep, small rodents, roots of various kinds, all of which they ate raw or cooked. Their weapons were bows and arrows of wood, knives and tomahawks or hatchets, until the whites introduced firearms.

They moved often from place to place as the seasons changed, for sanitary purposes. They were primitive in their lives and nomadic in their nature, children in a sense. Now they are wards of the government, being assembled on reservations and schooled in all the arts and sciences of the whites and taking their place in all walks of citizenship. I have seen all this happen, and the future generations will see them a white and delightful people and again favored of the Lord as they once were.

I always enjoy citing the promises that have been pronounced upon them, for they are of the House of Israel, descendants of Abraham, through Isaac and Jacob, Joseph and Ephraim and Manasseh his sons. They must again rise up to fulfill their destiny and build the City of the New Jerusalem in Jackson County, Missouri, U.S.A. The whites who live in that day may be privileged to help them. Such is the irony of fate--the tinsel king of today, the footman of tomorrow. Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud! The Washakie Indians in Malad are farming their own lands, encouraged and helped by the Mormon Church, and many are members of that church and work in the various quorums and organizations and are progressing nicely.

The last battle with the Indians of Northern Utah was fought near Franklin at Battle Creek on the Bear River, near Preston, Idaho, where the United States' troops from Camp Douglas, Utah, under the command of E. P. Conner, with the help of some local citizens, surrounded chief Bear Hunter and his tribe and 250 or more were killed and their camp destroyed. I always thought it was needless slaughter and more of a massacre than a battle. Men, women, and children succumbed in the withering fire of the guns of the whites in the dead of winter. It was in 1862 or 3 when I saw the soldiers as they went north through Logan, and when they returned I saw their dead soldiers, 14 of them. An inscribed marker was placed at the site of the battle on Monday, September 5, 1932. Over 5000 people attended the dedication.

Native clothing was made from skins of animals, tanned by a process of their own that kept the hides soft and pliable, sewed together with sinew from the muscles of animals. Their bow strings were of the same material, very strong and durable. Their shoes (moccasins) were made of the same thing, using the thickest of the skins for soles. Now they clothe as we do.

Our Western or Mountain Indians were the poorer in every way than the Eastern and Southern Indians, owing to the ruggedness of the country and the severity of the weather and scarcity of game. There were comparatively few buffalo in the mountains from which the Indian obtained his warm and valuable clothes, bedding and shelter. A buffalo robe makes a good warm bed; it will last a long time in constant use. There were millions upon millions of the animals in 1856, but now what are left are found in the zoos and parks. Their bones were gathered up for fertilizer and sent east to be ground up to use upon farms. They were swept away before the ruthless sway of the white man; both Indian, moose, deer, elk, bear, fish and fowl perished. Until now they live and survive only by protective laws. The Indians' whoop is heard no more, his chant and song are of the past. The white man's bullet, bread and civilization have done their work.

The Indians' revival is slow but sure, increasing in numbers and education. He is coming back to fulfill his prophetic destiny. The time will come when he will become a white and delightful people, leader of his white brother. Retribution follows in the wake of wickedness. For the wickedness of his forefathers he has suffered untold misery. Righteousness follows in the wake of repentance.

So shall the truly repentant rise to heights of glory, praise, and honor commensurate with his efforts. His possibilities are unlimited. The tide has turned, the work of redemption has begun. His history revealed by the hand of God speaks to a slumbering world in no uncertain tone of the falling of a race through iniquity and sin. This will befall any people who will not repent and turn to the God of this land, who is Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of the world.

Eventually we had no more trouble with the Indians. All these things with roads to build, canals to make, meeting and schools to build, fencing of lots and farms kept the people busy both night and day. Father was a real leader and was constantly on the go. His own and public work took all his time and attention. He was city alderman for a number of years, and then city judge for years, prominent in every move for building up the new commonwealth. In 1865 Logan City was divided into four ecclesiastical wards and Father was made bishop of the Fourth Ward and held that honored position for 42 years or until he died in 1907 at age 78 years--honored, respected and beloved by all who knew him. Mother shared in everything he did and stood faithfully by him, supporting him to the last. She bore him eleven children and died at the age of 50, while Father was on a mission to England. On her death bed she was asked if we should send for father to come home. She said, "No he can do no good, let him stay and complete his mission." The life of this good mother is and has been an inspiration to all of us. She braided our hats, made our clothes, cooked our food; all under trying and most primitive conditions and circumstances. She met them with superlative courage that stamps her as one of God's

noble women, and a heroine of the first magnitude. When I think of the heritage these good parents left me, I wonder if I can ever repay them or in any way approach the standard they set for me. That it may be possible for me to go where they are. Father and Mother were both of a long line of good old English stock with a record of frugality, honesty and trustworthy, charitably inclined to mankind in general, independent in thought and action, liberal in their views, and accorded to all the same as they claimed for themselves. When the gospel sound reached them, they saw the light of the truth. It burst upon their souls like a flash and aroused them to a sense of the obligation that rested upon them, to accept it regardless of the cost. This they did. Mother was baptized Oct. 7, 1850, and Father in March, 1850. No sooner was it known that they had joined the Mormons than their own kindred turned against them. Not even to go say goodbye to them when they left for America. Such was the price they paid for obeying the truth. In due time they left the land of their birth, graves of their dead, brothers and sisters and relatives, all that were dear to them on earth, not knowing whether they would ever see those dear and familiar scenes again. Can you sense the pain and sorrow that must have filled their hearts? Father was about 21; Mother about 20, when they left all under the circumstances I have recorded here. What a heritage they left me of faith, courage, determination, love for God's truths, honesty, integrity, loyalty to principle. I am proud of it and realize the great responsibility left upon me to see that my part shall be as nobly done as they have done theirs, that my life shall always reflect credit on their lives and labors.

Now I return to the story of my own life. At eleven years of age I drove two yoke of oxen to the canyon for logs and fire wood. Father would go early and I would bring the team. He would have the load cut out by the time I got there and we would snake it to the road, load the wagon and return home. Thus each year we provided fuel and timber for use at home when not working the farm. Shoes were a luxury and most of this work was done bare foot, or in rag shoes. In time a tannery was built and leather made by Thomas Weir and Barney Stanford. Then we had shoes. Andrew Frederickson came from Denmark about this time and brought tools for making wooden shoes out of cottonwood and box elder. I wore some of them. They hurt my instep and I had to carry them when I ran. Another kind of shoe was made with leather top and a wooden bottom that was better for slow travel.

My schooling was obtained by attending three months in the year. Teachers that I had were Charles W. Penrose, John Chambers, Chas. G. Davis, Ida Ione Cook, James Z. Stewart—all in Logan and John Dark of the University of Utah in Salt Lake City, where the Deseret News Building now stands. I reached that school, but never graduated, unfortunately for me.

At 15 I was ordained an Elder and sent on a mission to Southern Utah with John Reeder and Ephraim Humphries of Wellsville, Nathan Ricks of Logan, with 3000 head of sheep for the Coop. We drove them down and wintered on the desert west of Cedar City and back to Logan in the Spring. We were ten months on that trip. We lost but few, and lambled many and the wool made wonderful growth. Wolves were bad. We had to guard every night by taking turns of four hours each. We killed hundreds of wolves with

poison bait placed on sharp sticks at short paces apart all around the herd at night, and we would gather all the bait that had not been eaten in the morning to save our dogs from getting it. One night we got nine wolves with twelve bait. It was a winter of hard work. Nathan and I were about the same age and became very much attached to each other for life. An old Indian with two children about eight and ten camped near us on the sinks of Cedar Creek. After dark I saw their fire and went to see who was there and came on them—all three sitting around the fire with little clothes and that little made of rabbit skins. They were frightened at first. I could make out they were of the Piead tribe and that the mother was dead. The old man wanted to sell me the girl for my rifle. I told him to sell me the boy. "No," he said, "He seemed to be very bitter against some other tribe, so we made no trade. We had no difficulties with the Indians on that whole trip, which we thought very fortunate.

Once I got lost in the desert and had been without water for three days. I was led by prayer to find water, and after I reached it, but for the promptings of the Spirit, I should have killed myself by drinking too much. Another time I lost a large pocketbook away out on the desert among the sagebrush and had no idea where I had dropped it, but in answer to prayer I found it.

In my youth I had all the temptations that any generation has to meet, but I never forgot to pray. I attribute my power to resist temptations to that one thing. There were many simple things that I went to the Lord with that would seem small things to us now to bother the Lord about, but in my innocence I did it and my prayers were answered.

Once when I was ten years old, I was placed on the back of an ox. He was a big one but gentle. In some way he became frightened and ran away, throwing me to the ground. I was unconscious for hours but life was spared me.

Then I worked in the canyon at the saw mill as off bearer with Sydney Savage. He got his hand badly cut and had to quit and Soren Sorenson came and was the sawer for a time. In the winter I attended school. When I was 18 I ran the mill some myself with Andrew Anderson, son of Hans Anderson, a partner of Father's who owned the mill. I had two narrow escapes from instant death while at work there. I will relate one. The mill race was about one-fourth mile long and when freezing weather came on we closed the gates at the dam and opened the wheel gates to let the water all drain out of the race. It was a Leffel wheel, 40 horse power. This night I shut the head gates at the dam, opened the wheel gates as usual. It froze quite hard and in the morning I went up and turned in the water and came down to the mill, got my file, sat on the saw frame with the saw between my legs to steady it and commenced filing. Something said to me, "Get up." I took no notice of it and again it said, "Get up." And as if some power lifted me, I sprang to my feet just as the saw spring spun like lightening and would have cut me in two that instant had I not moved. The gates of the wheel had frozen to the rim of the wheel and the water was running through, and as soon as the water thawed the gates loose from the rim of the wheel, it flew with the saw too. I was saved by a miracle by my Heavenly Father.

My labor often led me into the mountains among the timber and often have I knelt down all alone and poured out my childish soul to God, and invariably I have felt a warm glowing feeling in my bosom as if in answer to my prayer, and I lost all fear. I have been snatched from the jaws of death so many times that I know there has been a divine hand over me.

I was once met in the canyon by a band of Indians who were on the warpath. Some children had been stolen by some of the roving bands, and I, of course, knowing all this, wondered what was going to happen to me. I crawled off the trail into the rocks but they saw me and came after me. I had some dinner with me so I invited them to eat with me, which they did, and ate every bite I had, but it bought my liberty, for they left me, and I made my way over the cliffs and out of the mountains toward home as fast as possible. I could run like a deer in those days.

Other escapes from death occurred when I was older working on the train as brakeman. While I was coupling two cars, the upper draw gear slipped by the lower one and I was between them; another foot and I would be cut in two. I reached out my hand and waved the engineer to move ahead and thus was liberated without a scratch.

Another time between Richmond and Franklin, Idaho, when the road was new and rough, on a very dark night, the train broke in two. We had no air brakes then, and braking was done by hand. I was on top of the box cars running along when all of a sudden I stopped. Had I stepped another step or two I would have fallen off the car between the rails and been run over, for the section ahead had broken away and parted right there just as my lamp went out. I freely and honestly acknowledge God in all these things.

For some purpose known to Him, He has delivered me from the rushing torrents of the mighty Yukon rapids and from starvation and destruction on the great Pacific Ocean, and from the guns of savage Indians and outlaws in Death Valley when J. J. Cannon and I walked into the muzzles of their loaded rifles. God protected me from destruction on the Southern Pacific Railroad when the trucks of the tender turned at right angles with the engine and miraculously prevented the ditching of the entire train from falling over cliffs hundreds of feet high. He has rescued me from drowning in rivers I have crossed. Some power greater than mine has watched over and kept me.

But of all the escapes that have come to me, the one I prize the most is my escape from tobacco, whiskey, coffee, tea, and women. I thank God with all my soul for this above all else that He has done for me. Now I can meet any man, woman, or child, living or dead and without fear or shame look them in the face and say that I have set them an example that they can follow. By doing as I have done I testify to you that no greater joy can come to the soul of man from any source in life than the one this will bring.

On my return from school at Salt Lake City, I taught school in my 19<sup>th</sup> year, under the Superintendency of Miss Ida Cook. The second year I taught the first grade school, for that year the schools of the city were graded. It was this year I met Miss Carrie Carpenter, who became my wife in 1875. When the school year closed, I worked on the

Utah Northern Railroad as brakeman and had two narrow escapes from death on that line, both I miraculously escaped from as related above. I worked there one year and went in the school room again and taught another term when

Carrie was born Carolyn Mariah Carpenter in the state of Wolfden fame, Putnam, Windham County, Connecticut, April 15, 1857. She was the first child of Ezra Davis Carpenter (born July 30, 1833, died April 23, 1893 at Logan, Utah; and Jane Betsy King, born January 15, 1836, died October 4, 1920, at Jerome, Idaho).

At an early age, Carrie, as she was called, developed sincere and earnest devotion for religion. Her people belonged to the Baptist church. At the age of eleven years she applied for membership. In her own words:

“I well remember the evening when I and a number of others who were candidates were asked to rise to our feet in turn and tell why we wished to join, and the reason and ground work of our conversion. I trembled much at the prospect of having to rise before so large an audience, many of whom were my associates. However, I was sustained in the strong assurance that baptism by immersion was so plainly portrayed in the pattern set by the Savior that I felt it must be plain to everyone that immersion was the only reasonable way to be baptized. I told them all what I thought, and the aged minister, Reverend Charles Willet who presided, was so delighted that he arose and complimented me then and there for the clearness of my ideas at so tender an age.

No less profound were the impressions I gained two years later when we were aroused and startled by the message of my father’s half uncle, Ira Allen, who had come east to obtain genealogy. He brought to us a knowledge and understanding of the Bible in its entirety. When he returned home, he left a number of books, among other was the volume of *The Seer*, which contained the revelation on “Celestial Marriage,” also a treatise on the same subject by Parley P. Pratt. I was then 14 years of age. I read this book carefully alone to myself, and decided it to be correct. I could not see why one woman should be favored with a home and a good husband, and another equally good woman should have to live single if she could not find one. This was very plain to me, and I mentally determined that if I had a good husband, and some good woman would like to have him, too, I would share with her, believing that she would appreciate my unselfishness and reward me with a good share of her love, too, a thing which I lived to realize.”

She learned to play the organ at an early age, and when she came west to Utah (in 1873), her father brought her organ which she continued to play. She became organist for Evan Stephens when he led the choir in Logan. It was during this time that she taught school for two years in Logan.

The incident of the meeting of Orson and Carrie is related by Orson:

“Near where the stake house now stands, Carrie was driving a cow which had strayed from home. She had on a sun bonnet, and when she lifted her pretty head,

I saw the loveliest face I had ever seen, and something said to me, ‘Someday she will be your wife.’ I laughed at the thought, I was so different from her, but the thing came true.”

This acquaintance ripened into a most congenial attachment, which was finally consummated in marriage Thursday, October 4, 1875, in the Endowment House at Salt Lake City with Joseph F. Smith officiating. We lived at Father Carpenter’s for 2 months while I was building a house of my own, which we moved into in November, 1875, and I was engaged to teach school in the Fourth Ward of Logan. We had scarcely got settled down nicely, when I was called to go to Paradise, a small town 12 miles south of Logan, to preside and be the Bishop of that Ward. This was a blow to my prospects, for I had long wished to become educated, and I thought I was just getting in good shape to do so. But I felt my duty to the Gospel and Church, of which I claimed to be a member, was more to me than anything else. With this feeling, I made a determination to go and do the best I could. I came over with (Apostle) Brigham Young, Jr. and Bro. William B. Preston, and on December 12, 1875, I was ordained an High Priest and to the office of Bishop, and to preside in the Paradise Ward.

Never in all my life will I forget my feelings at that time. Here I was a young man of but 22 years, sent to preside over men old enough to be my father. Some of them felt very indignant at the idea of such a thing. With these things staring me in the face, and a keen sense of my inability to perform my mission, all tended to make me shrink from the task. My motto was, “Where there is a will, there is a way,” and trusting in the Lord I went to work. From that time until now I have seen the manifestations of God in my behalf in numerous ways, and have realized the truthfulness of the saying that “He who trusts in (the) Lord, He will sustain, and all things will be brought about to answer His mighty purpose, and who will say ‘Nay.’” It was a school of experience for me and I felt to profit by it.

Being impressed to enter upon the duties of my calling forthwith, and not daring to contemplate the unpleasantness of the mission, nor the comfort of my family, I left my home in Logan, which I had just finished and fitted up, and occupied but 3 months, and with goods and chattels arrived in Paradise on the 29<sup>th</sup> of December, 1875, not knowing where I was going to stop. Brother Harry Shaw was kind enough to let me have one of his rooms, where we lived for 8 months, after which we moved to John F. Wright’s place where we lived for 9 months, during which time I was enabled to build a house of my own, and into which we moved July 22, 1877

People were all strangers to me. I met with them and worked with them, and before Spring succeeded in getting started on a meeting house, and I hauled the first load of rock with Father’s team. Jerome Merrill quarried it and got out a good lot of fine rock for the next winter. I later rented the old home of John F. Wright in 1876, and lived there until I built a two roomed log house of our own on our own lot south of the square. When the ward was fully organized Henry C. Jackson became my first counselor and Harry Shaw my second, and they proved true and helpful men to me and the ward all the time I presided there—12 years.



Not long after they had moved to Paradise, Orson was approached by the general authorities of the Church asking him if he would be willing to take other wives as this was expected of leading men. Of course, he said he would certainly have to take this up with his wife Caroline. She insisted that he do as he was asked and when the brethren came to get his answer, she said to them, "Yes, I'll share my husband with some good women, and I will go with him to court them." By this time we had two sweet girls born to us (Margaret Jane and Ida Cook Carpenter).

It was in Mutual, the young women's organization, that she met the two young girls who later became her companions in marriage. Sarah Ann Obray was a child in the large family of Thomas Lorenzo Obray and Caroline Brenchley. He was from Wales and a shipbuilder by trade, and Caroline was from East Kent, England. Annie, as Sarah was called, was a sweet girl devoted to the gospel, being born into the Church September 27, 1859, in Wellsville, Cache County, Utah, and was accustomed to pioneer life. She was married to Orson on Sept. 12, 1878, also in the Endowment House. She was welcomed into the house where Carrie and she lived and reared their children together. Strangers visiting the home could not tell which was the mother of the various children. They loved each other dearly, even more than sisters. Business and distant work and the law compelled a separation for about four years. During this time Carrie and Annie took over the management of a large farm with its attendant cares. They shared each other's joys and sorrows until to separate seemed like death, but which under the circumstances became inevitable. The government relentlessly pursued and imprisoned all polygamous men who didn't flee.

From time to time during my administration in that ward, I was permitted a leave of absence to avoid the government marshals. In 1879 I went up north to load ties, which occupation I followed at different times until Dec. 14, 1880, when I was sent down into New Mexico where I took charge of a log camp for John W. Young, who had a large contract on the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad. Here I labored at Bacon Springs. I went to St. Louis, Missouri, bought a saw mill and logging wagons and other supplies, brought them out, put up two mills, cut and hauled lumber, ties and piling timbers to the Springs for one year. When the mills were sold to J. M. Lotta of Indiana, who wanted me to continue with him and take the mills on the San Francisco Mountains, but I refused to stay longer away from home and my ward. My father and Carrie's parents were also in New Mexico working for Mr. Young, in a store at Holbrook and stayed there for nearly two years when they returned to Logan. They had come to this new country as raw greenhorns, knowing nothing of pioneering, but they had the faith and courage to stick it out. Ezra, her father, worked at anything he could find. His trade was merchandising so that work came more naturally.

After working in a saw mill for awhile he worked in a store in Logan, then Smithfield, then Lewiston, then Franklin and finally died at Lewiston. He was an honest and upright man. Mother Carpenter returned to Logan with their two remaining daughters, Lulu and Salome. The youngest married John Smith and moved to Jerome, Idaho, where Mother Carpenter died and was brought back to Logan to be buried in the Logan Cemetery, near

Father Carpenter. They were beloved by all who knew them, and they had done more for me than he could ever do for them.

I had not been home long before I was sent for by Washington Dunn, who had a 50 mile contract on the line of the Northern Pacific, just building through Montana. I met him at Dillon, Montana on the Utah Northern Pacific. He wanted me to go over the timber adjacent to his contract on the Northern Pacific, which I did for a month. I bought a horse and saddle and lit out alone. I hired a guide whenever I needed one. I went around Fort Ellis and Boseman on the Madison, Jefferson and Gallitan Rivers skirting the now Yellowstone National Park, and back to Dillon and made my report, which pleased him. Then he wanted me to join him in his contract, but I felt that my place was at home with my family. However, my lot seemed to be cast away from home, for after a short stay at home, where I leased and farmed a small piece of land for a year, planted Lucerne on another piece, and got me a fine team of horses and a wagon by selling my home in Logan. I helped on the new rock meeting house and saw it finished and prepared for use. After the first load of rock was hauled the ward turned out the next winter and hauled enough to finish it. We burned the lime and laid all the rock.

We got timbers for the roof, ceiling and windows and closed it in, plastered it just as a cold spell came on in November and we threw it all open and let it freeze dry. That plaster has never moved or fallen off. By the first of January we had it so we could use it. David James, a former Bishop, gave us a bell, and it still hangs there. An addition has been put on the East under Bishop Samuel Oldham and gave more room and other conveniences that make for the better enjoyment of that community.

Then I was sent by President George Q. Cannon to be one of a party to go and look out a line of railroad from Tooele on through to California, west of and out of the Meadow Valley Wash. I agreed to do so, came home, got ready and with J. E. Langford, two Andrews boys and a surveyor by the name of Sharp, two saddle horses, and team and wagon, left Salt Lake and traveled west to Tooele, on to Gold, and to Sharp and on to Groom, Pahranaget Valley and back by way of the Pahranaget Valley, Desert Springs and Black Rock and home. The Los Angeles and Salt Lake Railroad Company bought Union Pacific road bed to Meadow Valley Wash, and built it on to California as the line now stands. We returned home and report all our findings. They were never used.

Once more I was home and took up my work in the ward. While on that trip we got interested in a gold mining venture that resulted in building a mill, laying a pipe line and then moving the mill on to another property called Chirpa and the buying of the Johnie (Mine), from which was taken about \$90,000, but the long haul and wild country were against the successful operation of the property. J. E. Langford was the Superintendent and together we got a buyer and recommended a sale of the whole property for \$250,000, but that was over ruled. Then trouble began. Our foreman was killed, our new mill was jumped by renegades, and Hugh Cannon and I walked up in the face of their guns to parley with them, but of no avail. So I went to Belmont, the county seat of Nye County, got the Sheriff, and by the time we got back they had had a skirmish, their leader was killed, and the rest arrested and convicted and jailed. In our absence someone set fire and

burned the new mill and all that was left, and we never went back and all was lost. A splendid gold property was gone for the want of protection from mobs and money to put in good producing shape.

I was called and set apart as second counselor to Charles O. Card, President of Cache Stake in 1883. Here I served for 7 years, during the crusade against the Mormon plural marriage system, and was absent from the State for six years. I spent this time railroading, first in Montana and then in Oregon and Washington with F. S. Allen. We built 19 miles for the Montana Central, six miles for the Seattle and Lake Shore Railroads.

On July 4, 1884, I married Mary Ellen Wright in the Logan Temple. She was born in the Church, the oldest of a large family, on January 4, 1865, at Old Paradise, now Avon, Utah. Her parents were John F. Wright and Martha Gibbs, of England. She became acquainted with her future husband when she was twelve years old and always admired him from a distance. She attended school at Paradise and one year at Draper, graduated from the grade schools and received a scholarship to the University of Utah. Her parents did not wish her to go so far from home, so she attended the Brigham Young College at Logan.

After having two children, Ellen and Martha, we went to Cardston, Canada, to avoid imprisonment while Annie stayed and lived with Carrie. Carrie would hide her from the deputies of the U.S. government. Geneve, Carrie's sixth child, had the duty to be on the alert for the white covered wagons which the deputies used to travel in and notify Carrie so she could hide Annie, for they would search the house for me or one of my plural wives. In the meantime, Mary was with me while I was railroading in Montana and Washington, and finally built a home in Canada where two children, a son and daughter, Owen and Harriet, were born. She stayed three years there. I built her a home and stable and dug a well and fenced a lot. When their fifth child, Gladys) was two weeks old, Mary returned to Utah where she was watched over by her two sister wives.

I came home (to Paradise) and then went to Oregon and placed and ran two saw mills at Pleasant Valley for David Eccles. For one season my wife, Annie O. went there with me all the time I was there, and wintered in Rexburg. Here Lyman was born. I went back to Canada and helped build a log meeting house and assisted all I could in other ways.

After going from one State to another for 6 years engaging in all kinds of enterprises, I sold my outfits, came home with my three families, settled down and gave myself up. I was arrested, tried and acquitted. The Manifesto sustained by the Church, by which the Church abandoned the practice of polygamy and peace was declared. Statehood was obtained for Utah. I was then called and set apart as president of the Cache Stake and served in that calling for 9 years, when I was honorably released. Simpson Malen and Isaac Smith served as my counselors.

During my incumbency as President I sold my farm at Avon and built in Logan, the three families now lived in separate homes, but the lots were adjoining. Their whole attitude

was to live harmoniously and perfect their lives for the celestial degree of glory, which they all worked on. The reason for polygamy, as they understood it was to raise up a superior group of righteous people in this new country that was being established, to give the unborn spirits a chance to tabernacle in the flesh. They had left a land of oppression to come to a land where they could worship God as they chose. According to the witness of all Orson's children they did live in harmony, enjoying the spirit of the Lord.

I did some farming in College Ward and Smithfield, which I suspended and most of my time was occupied with Church work, which covered all of Cache Valley and kept me traveling most of the time. I drove a team of tall young mares, and could reach the farthest settlements and return home the same day when not detained to night meetings. My wives, all of the very finest type of women, threw their whole souls into my work with me. Sustained me in every way by faith, prayers and works. No women could do better. Carrie was Stake President of Y.W.M.I.A. and traveled extensively and was beloved by all who knew her. Sarah Ann labored in ward Primary and Relief Society and was greatly respected. Mary was always active in Relief Society and Sabbath School, was secretary for Stake Relief Society for years. They all raised large families.

(One's mate) is the greatest gift of God to man. I feel myself blessed beyond my worthiness. I humbly pray that I may be worthy of them and go where they go. Among the many and varied interests I tried to look after, I was elected Post Master and served for three years with Joseph Squires, assistant, a fine man, clean, honest and trustworthy. At this time it was hard for the people to sell their wheat for cash with which to pay taxes. I was urged to find a cash market to help them out. I did so, and before I knew, I was in the grain business and for three years I struggled with that. I bought and sold 600 cars of wheat; put through the First National Bank of Logan \$970,000 interest in a time when a great break in the market and the cleaning loss in Port Casta, California, broke me and left me in debt to farmers and business men \$34,000 besides \$30,000 of my own property. I was in San Francisco when I found out my loss. I settled up with McNear and drew all that was coming to me, sent it home to the bank and I was so broken hearted that for a time I knew not what to do. I had helped stake three men in the Alaska gold fields, and I decided to go there and see what they had, if anything to help recoup my fallen fortunes. I had also managed the Studebaker Wagon Company under Charles A. Quigley, and on my way to California I saw him and drew my wages and with that and a little more amounting to \$300 all told I boarded the boat Arizoba for Skagway, Alaska. No one will ever know what I suffered. Honored and respected as I was by my people and all who knew me; always helping others by making work for them, and aiding in every helpful way. Meeting my obligations like this was more than I could bear and face at the moment. So after serious thinking it over and praying, I decided to go away for a time, until I could get hold of myself and see if any help was for me in the North, where the men we had staked had gone. I found one in Seattle before I left; he had done nothing. Reaching Skagway after a voyage of a thousand miles up the inland channel, I took the train to the summit of Whitehorse Pass, then sleds to Lake Bennett. Here I found another of our men and he had nothing.

I bought a flat bottom boat, 28 feet long, four feet beam, and with another young man started out for Dawson, down the lakes and Yukon River. Lakes Bennet, Linderman, Tagish, LaBarge, camping on the shore at night. At the squaw rapids of the Yukon River we hired a guide to help us shoot the rapid, which was needless if we had known, however we came through fine and were on our way after discharging our guide. We reached Whitehorse Rapids and shot them fine. Camping on shore each night enabled us to get a fair view of the land and river. On we went to and through the five finger rapids. Here the river was so divided into five streams by huge boulders—a dangerous looking place. On and on we went. At the junction of Stewart River with the Yukon is a Canadian Fort and all must report there. We also had to (report) at another fort on Lake LaBarge. We passed muster and went on and reached Dawson; here I found our third man. He had nothing and was no good for himself or anybody else. I scoured the mines of Dawson and found nowhere that I could get a lease or work, so I left my companion and boat and boarded a river boat named the Rideout and started down to St. Michaels on Baliuok Bay on the Bering Sea. After leaving Dawson the river was larger and more sluggish. It abounds in fish and game and timber in great abundance. On reaching the Arctic Circle, July 16<sup>th</sup>, I stepped ashore. (There was) sunshine all night and I pulled wild timothy hay four feet long. I was surprised. There were Indians' villages scattered along at intervals where the boat took on fuel for engines.

At these villages great stretches of pale panels were to be seen with salmon on them drying. It was their harvest time and they certainly make use of the long days to prepare for the long nights. Finally we reached St. Michaels. Here we boarded a sailing vessel for Nome, the new gold find. We had now traveled from the head waters of the Great Yukon River 1900 miles, a wonderful trip of never ending and ever changing scenery of transcendent beauty. To see all this and the thrilling experiences where were daily met with, took my troubles off my mind, rested me and gave me a firm hold on myself that nothing else could have done. I now felt that I could meet and overcome anything. God remembered me and his hand was over me, and I could see and feel it. We soon reached Nome and anchored off land about a mile. We were landed in small drays.

Here I was a stranger in a strange land and among strangers. I at once sought work, for I must earn enough to get back home, where I wished I was then. I went up the beach to the North, saw men panning gold from the sands. I reached Anvil Creek and up that to No. 1 above, and there hired out to a Mr. McArthur, leader of that claim and built for him the first line of sluice boxes on that claim, for \$10 dollars per day and stayed there for some time, then quit and went on the beach and there rocked and panned out almost \$900 (gold). I obtained some leases on the beach and on the gulches. I got two claims and boarded a schooner, a small sailing vessel for home, as the ice was forming on the creeks and flowing into the Bering Sea from the Arctic Ocean. The boat was fitted up with lumber bunks and about fifty men bought tickets for \$50 each and the voyage began.

The Bering Sea was rough night and day. Waves broke into foam and at night it was a sight to see phosphorus light as the waves broke up. It lighted up the sea as far as the eyes could see. (What a) picture. It was discovered after we were out three days that food was scarce and poor quality and we were put on rations and from that time on

trouble was brewing. Each day it became worse. Men got sick, head winds delayed us, and storms forced us out of our course. A mutinous spirit arose and threatened to take the ship in hand and beach it on an unknown coast. The more conservative warned the rebellious they would not stand for that. I told one of the leaders that we needed the pilot worse than we needed him and if he laid hands on any of the ship's crew he would be the first to go overboard. That silenced them; we had no further trouble from them.

Dysentery set in and two men died. One was buried at sea, the other brought to land. We were miles out of our course and things getting worse all the time. Food almost gone and what there was was not fit to eat. Human nature showed up at its worst, hoarding every scrap of food or crust of bread they could lay hands on regardless of anyone else. It was awful. There we were out on the Pacific Ocean, lost to all appearances, twenty eight days since we left Nome. At last the U.S. Revenue Cutter Grant found us, gave us some food, and went for a tug to tow us in. The tug Sea Lion came finally and drew us into Seattle. Thirteen of the men died altogether. The Captain thanked me for saving him from being thrown overboard by the toughs that were aboard. I was thinner when we landed, but otherwise uninjured by the experience. I attributed my escape to the loving kindness of my Heavenly Father. I was well all the time. No tobacco, liquor, coffee or tea was ever in my body or blood and I profited by it. In Seattle, I first bathed my filthy body and then drank a few glasses of milk, cleaned my clothes as best I could and ate some food. I was soon my natural self again. Next day I went to the U.S. Mint, cashed my gold, boarded a train for home. Was met by Ezra and Everett at Cache Junction and rode home with them. I found some of my family quarantined with smallpox. I was so happy to be home again. I had not money to pay my debts, but I did have my health and control of myself. I found all of my belongings had been sold and taken away—teams, wagons, machinery. I had built a twelve thousand bushel elevator. The bank had that and my homes under mortgage. My family saw all these things happen under their eyes. It was a trying scene for them. They had to see it all and I was accused of running away with the people's money; when I never took a cent of their money. I lost all I owned and had to start again. I would not have cared a bit of it, if it had all been mine that had been lost, but to think that others should lose because of my failure almost broke my heart. No one can ever know my feelings nor what I went through. I immediately went to every man or woman that had lost with me, and told them the truth about how we lost and promised them to try to get their money for them, and that if I ever did they should have it. I was received and treated fine and almost every case told to do the best I could.

I was honorably released from the presidency of the Cache Stake and, being now free from all that responsibility I set to work to provide for my family in every way I could. I spent the winter at home in various kinds of labor and made ready for another trip North to see if I could gather enough to pay my debts. Spring found us ready to go and when May came I went with F. S. Allen, a son of J. E. Langford, my son, and some others gathered in Seattle ready for a trip to Nome on the steamship Oregon. Frank Allen had put up \$1500 against the two beach claims and one hill claim that I had and with the money we bought supplies, food and lumber, tools and nails, and some machinery and tickets.

We went the outward route over the Pacific Ocean through Uninak Pass and Dutch Harbor into the Bering Sea. We made fine headway until we reached Dutch Harbor, where we stayed about a week because of ice in the Bering Sea. About 400 people had stopped there. It was a sight to see so many people headed for the new gold fields with every kind of device known to man for the working of the sands and saving the gold. When the ice went out, the whole fleet was off and moved into the ice packs where the ship nosed carefully through one pack after another, until we arrived off Nome, about one half mile. Our freight was loaded onto litters and towed to the beach. In a few days 10,000 people had landed on that beach and laid out and commenced building the city of Nome. We started to work our beach claims, but failed to make it pay. Frank got discouraged, never worked a day and quit us after visiting our hill claim where he and I stayed one night in a small tent, but never prospected the claim at all. On our way back, he hardly spoke a word. I was sorry then I ever took his money or had him along. His boy had quit us too; they returned home with the next boat. Then the rest of us moved into Buster Creek where we worked until it froze up. We took out about \$6000 at a cost of about \$3000 and returned home on the Oregon. Nome built up fast that year and many wintered there on a tundra running back from the sea, on a gentle slope.

When storms would rage, the sea would sweep the beach back up into the main street and destroyed buildings until they gradually moved back farther. Reindeer from Russia were introduced there by Jackson and Ambercombe for the Eskimos and were used for packing in summer and sledding in winter and for meat. It was good. The range was good for them, there being plenty of it. They multiply fast and at this time numbered millions and have made many natives rich, I am told since I was there in 1901. After spending another winter at home, Everett and I went up to Skagway and over to Lake Tagish by rail and across the lake by boat to Atlin, British Columbia. We worked in a placer mine there for awhile; made a little and came back home.

Abut this time Goldfield, Nevada was beginning to attract attention. I went there in 1905 and worked there at Bullfrog where I fell in with Owen Young, who was interested in the bank there and entered into an agreement with me to stake me to cash to work with, and we would divide the profits equally. Then ( I went) to Round Mountain where I bought three groups of claims and had them surveyed, staked and mapped. Worked the assessments and sold two groups for a good price. I organized a company on the other group. I worked for the company, put on an engine and hoist, sank a shaft 100 feet in gold ore; took 40,000 shares for my share. Sold that and came home after settling up with Mr. Young and making him good money and to his satisfaction. I spent three years in Nevada, made a little, but not enough to meet my debts. I proved that Round Mountain was as good as it afterwards proved to be by producing a large amount of gold. I missed my chance there to have gotten out of debt by not prospecting the surface for placer gold. Hundreds of thousands were taken out of the loose surface sands on these claims.

My wife Caroline died before I entered the grain business, at the birth of Galen, That was a blow to me that I have never. She was a noble, sweet, pure woman, capable and well educated, true to her faith, her God and her family. My wife Sarah Ann took Galen

and with all of Carrie's children, became a faithful mother to them all and endeared herself to them by a band of love and friendship that has never been broken or impaired and I hope never will be. Maggie, the oldest girl, stood next as mother to her brothers and sisters, and worked hard and long to help support them and has always been a true friend and support to them all. Ida did the same and faithfully labored all her days and gave generously of her income to the support of all the family. Ezra did so too, until he married. In fact all who were old enough did likewise and made it possible to continue my efforts away from home, continually trying to pay my debts and regain my financial standing. One by one they married and became a unit by themselves with all its attendant cares and burdens.

I moved about as long as I could and as far as I could financially. I went to Chicago with a railroad patent tie, but accomplished nothing with that mechanism, and from there went to Oklahoma and got into the oil business, which led to Texas. However, I made nothing, not having enough capital to work with. That had always been my trouble, plenty of the best of opportunities, but lacked the capital.

Next I got interested in a gas machine with two men, Morley and Manker. I capitalized this to start with and went to Oklahoma with it to test it out thoroughly, but Manker was a drunkard and not dependable and Morley was crooked. He went to Pittsburgh with them but got disgusted with the whole thing and left them with it. He never heard a word from them again. I then went to Oklahoma again with a gasket for an auto tire, but got nowhere with that. I got interested in oil again, but to no purpose. I made a little, but not enough to justify staying with it, so left and came home by way of Los Angeles, California.

Here I met Everett, my second eldest son, who had been with me all through my travels and shared my experiences in mining in Alaska, Utah, Nevada, and was still with me in the California venture of great magnitude.

Again he returned home and stayed for a while, doing all kinds of work around home and in the garden, working in the temple, which he continued intermittently the rest of my life. Then came a year of languor. I did not feel well; I had to urge myself to do anything, very unlike me. This condition continued until it centered in a vital part. My water stopped completely and a doctor was called. He relieved me temporarily, but soon after, I was struck again, in Salt Lake City. I was in most excruciating pain. A medical friend tried to relieve me, but failed miserably. So I was rushed to another doctor, who relieved me briefly, but determined that an operation was necessary. I was taken to the LDS Hospital and put to bed for three days, when Dr. Floyd Hatch operated. He removed the prostate gland very successfully in about thirty minutes.

After being taken back to my room I lay about six weeks, came home recuperated and have never been troubled since. My children came to my aid and paid part of the cost, which was about \$650. My clean life of abstinence from all kinds of stimulants of any kind stood me well in hand again. Thanks be to God for His divine guidance and care of my life, which was preserved and my health unimpaired. I now found myself worse off



than ever financially. Broke beyond repair to all appearances, I remained inactive for months depending on my friends and family for support. My homes were all taken over by the Church and held for me, and thus gave me shelter. Al else swept away. Despondency would have overwhelmed me but for the sustaining power of God, my Eternal Father. The comfort and consolation that He brought me was most astounding. He lifted me out of the mire of despondency and again manifested such an interest in me, that I can never forget or fail to accord Him all praise, honor and glory for my assistance, and support throughout my life.

My family was almost all married at this time. The following gives a record of each child:

Margaret married William Watson and had one child, Margaret, who married Chester Younker, and had two children.

Ida married Arthur Thomas, had two children; Carrie married to John Ely and had four children; Ione married Edward Steffens, and had one child.

Ezra married Ella Bailey, had six children; Dorothy married Peter Evans; Ella married Nathan Eller, and had one child; Clain married Emma Nelson.

Adeline married Stanley Stevens, had one child Stanley, who married Maxine Leonard, and had one child Peter Stevens.

Geneve married John W. Reeve, three children.

Gaylen married Lydia Rolfe, two children.

Nellie W. married Walter E. Grant, seven children.

Martha W. married Orville L. Lee, six children.

Harriet W. married J. F. Woolley, five children.

Owen W. married Mattie S. Madsen, three children.

Mary W. married Ralph B. Jordan, five children.

Gladys married Arthur H. Caine, four children.

Lyman married Golda Parsons, four children; one, Lenore, married Fred Olsen, one child.

George (not married at this time, 1934) later married Iola Heiselt.

Emma married J. R. Stephens, two children.

Melba married Frank Debry, two children.

Everett married Mima White, one child.

Olena married A. E. Harris, two children.

Salome married Don Carlos Brown, two children.

Eight of my children died before reaching their majority. I fathered twenty-seven in all.

Death has taken Adaline and Ida, both lovely women. Ida was killed by an automobile in Salt Lake City. Adaline died of dropsy caused by a weak heart, followed by her husband in three months, (who was) killed in an auto crash.

After I was fully restored to my normal health and strength I engaged with someone who claimed a process of making magnesium metal out of limestone. After repeated tests and expenditures of \$70,000, buildings, pipelines, engines, boilers, and other equipment proved a failure, and the outfit stands as a monument of mistaken scientific experiment. Many thought it could be done and if it had proven a success it would have enriched Cache Valley by millions of dollars. It is a very light and strong metal of great value in the manufacture of airplanes, car bodies, and innumerable articles of constant use. So that fell through.

I continued to labor about home at whatever I could find to do, working in the temple not engaged otherwise. I enjoy work and am not content to be idle. A. E. Harris and I made an attempt to revive the old LaPlat Mining Company, took a lease on it, fixed a collar on the old shaft and put a windless on it. Al explored the old working sufficiently to determine its value and found it of no value to us without large outlay of money, and then not what he wanted so abandoned that after spending \$1500. So we hauled our stuff away that was not stolen. This proved to be my last venture and I guess the Lord didn't intend me to be a rich man. It might have ruined me. So I have remained at home for months working around as usual awaiting development of freedom from the California lease which Everett had and from which they still hoped to pay their debts.

In 1932 my wife Mary developed a cancerous growth in the abdomen and it troubled her continuously for two years, one year very bad. We had all the medical skill obtainable and could give her no relief. We waited on her night and day. Olena, especially, waited on her continuously for four months after she came home from the hospital, where she was operated on to no purpose. She gradually grew worse until death released her. On the morning of the 27<sup>th</sup> of January, 1934, she went peacefully to sleep. What a loss to me. (She was) a dear companion for 50 years, less 6 months. (She was) a woman of rare ability, mentally and physically strong. She brought into the world 10 beautiful children under most strenuous conditions. She was faithful to her family, to here church and to her God. She was loved and honored by them all. Two sons preceded to the grave. I honor her memory and hope I can be where she had gone through all eternity.

weak heart followed by her husband in 3 months, killed in auto crash. (He forgot to mention Ellen, Martha, Owen & Mary.)

After I was fully restored to my normal health & strength I engaged with some men who claimed a process of making magnesium metal out of limestone. After repeated tests and an expenditure of \$70,000, (for) buildings, pipe lines, engines, boilers, & other equipment, proved a failure & the outfit stands as a monument of mistaken scientific experiments. Many thought it could be done, who had tried, as they thought, to their own satisfaction, & if it had proved a success would have enriched our valley by millions of dollars. A very light & strong metal of great value in the manufacture of air planes, car bodies, & innumerable articles of constant use. So that fell through. I continued to labor about home at whatever I could find to do working in the temple when not engaged otherwise. I enjoy work & am not content to be idle. Al E. Harris & I made an attempt to revive the old Loplatt mining company & took a lease on it & fixed a collar on the old shaft & put a windless on it & Al explored the old workings sufficiently to determine its value & found it of no value to us without (a) large outlay of money, & then not what we wanted, so abandoned that after spending about \$1500 dollars. So we hauled all our stuff away that was not stolen. I have remained at home for (a) month working around as usual. At home I settled down to temple work & gardening awaiting development of the California gold lease which Everett has, from which we still have hopes of freedom from debt. Our latest advices are encouraging.

In 1932 my wife Mary developed a cancerous growth in the abdomen & (it) troubled her continuously for 2 years, for one year very bad. We had all the medical skill obtainable & could give her no relief. We waited on her nite & day. Olena waited on her continuously for 4 months after she came home from the hospital where she was operated on to no purpose. She gradually grew worse until death relieved her on the morning of Jan. 27<sup>th</sup>, (1934). She went peacefully to sleep. What a loss to me. A dear companion for 50 years less 6 months. A wom(an) of rare ability, mentally & physically strong, brought into the world 10 beautiful children under most strenuous & trying conditions, faithful to her family, to her Church & to her God, loved & honored by them all. Two sons preceded her to the grave. I honor her memory & hope that I can be where she has gone & through all eternity.

Day by day I am going that way.  
I care not how soon or when,  
Just so I can say to my latest day,  
I am still just as true as I ever have been.  
I look forward with joy  
With the sweetest alloy,  
For the day that again we shall meet,  
Where no power can destroy, nor harm can annoy,  
Over there when each other we greet.  
So I bow to my fate, and without any hate,  
To what God may yet have in store,  
For me to perform, whether sunshine or storm,

And do my level best evermore.

I try to keep in close touch with all my large family by letter & verse so that although they are scattered thousands of miles apart I shall by this method convey to them my love for them & the spirit that animates my soul, by which they may be lifted up to greater heights of perfection, greater endeavors & accomplishments to the honor & glory of God. My soul is wrap(p)ed up in their noble mothers & in & through them I carry on forever. I love them all for beyond their ken for they cannot see as I see for lack of experience, but that will come & to their joy for the older they get they will understand me & my mission & the more they will have and respect me & their mothers & the heritage we have left them. We are all decendants (descendents) of Joseph that was sold into Egypt by his brothers through the loins of Ephraim, his choice son. No greater blessing or heritage can come to any man or woman, & in addition to that they have all been born in the new & everlasting covenant, heirs to all the gifts and blessings of Abraham, Isaac & Jacob, sealed upon them through their parents & they will have them sure, if they will be faithful in keeping all the laws & ordinances of the Gospel.

I would not change my life thus for  
For any king that reigns.  
Earthly honors fade & mar  
The soul, with aches & pains.  
I would not change for all the wealth  
Of Cresus or his gang,  
It could not buy my life long health  
Nor make me what I am.  
I would not change for earthly power  
Of all the dukes and lords  
For that can vanish in an hour  
And leave me no rewards.  
I bow to one who lives & moves  
In majesty & power  
Controls them all, and works & loves  
To blessings on us shower.  
In Him I found a friend indeed,  
With power to bless & save  
To give to me, my every need,  
From my cradle to my grave.  
Why should I want to change my place  
Or the path that I have trod,  
For I shall see him face to face  
My Father and my God.

Orson Smith

I try to keep in touch with my large family by letter and verse so although they are scattered thousands of miles apart, I shall by this method convey to them my love for them and the spirit that animates my soul by which they may be lifted to greater heights of perfection, greater endeavor and accomplishments to the honor and glory of God. My soul is wrapped up in their noble mothers and them. In and through them I carry on forever. I love them all far beyond their ken for they cannot see as I see for lack of experiences but that will come and to their joy for the older they get they will understand me and my mission the more they will love and respect me and their mothers and the heritage we have left them. We are all descendents of Joseph that was sold into Egypt by his brothers, through the loins of Ephraim, his choice son. No greater blessings or heritage can come to any man or woman, and in addition to that they have been born in the new and everlasting covenant, heir to all the gifts and blessings of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, sealed upon them through their parents and they will have them sure if they are faithful in keeping all the laws and ordinances of the gospel.

This letter I wrote to my boys in March, 1915, and I reaffirm its contents today for it is my testimony today (17 Nov. 1934), and the desire and sentiment of my heart are all for my boys and girls alike, for all are as one to me. I dearly love and appreciate every one that God has given me, and what I say to one I say to all. I have sent a copy to almost every one and will send one to all who have not received one and place here now:

*My Dear Children, As I have time this evening, I desire to write a few lines to you; and since I am longer away from you than I expected to be, I know you will accept a letter including all of you. Since I am as interested in one as in the other, my feelings are the same for all of you, my hopes for you are the same. I have met many people, talked with them, walked with them, and have found out how densely ignorant they are about our people in Utah and the doctrines of our faith. I have men come to me to my face and say that there is something about me that attracts them and they ask me what it is.*

*I tell them that I am a Mormon and they exclaim, "Well, what do you believe in anyway?" I tell them all they ask for and they are pleased. One man said to me, "Brother Smith, I see you never smoke, drink, or swear, and you show it in your face. I can see you never read novels for you have something good to say all the time. I never hear you use bad language or superfluous words and really it is a pleasure to meet you." Another said, "Mr. Smith, I shall feel lonesome when I do not meet you, for you impress me as being a clean, sweet man, and I have enjoyed your acquaintance."*

*Now my boys, there is nothing out of the ordinary about me that men should voluntarily tell me such things, but it is God who magnifies me in the eyes of such men because I have kept His commandments. He has blessed me with power to keep clean and sweet from the use of forbidden things, and men see it stamped on my face and in my acts among them. I could not do it alone, but every night and morning I kneel beside my bed and ask God with all my soul to help me to keep His commandments and he does it.*

*I feel the power of His spirit and in humility I thank Him for His help. When I was your age, I had all the temptations that you have to meet, but I never forgot to pray. I attribute my power to resist temptation to that one thing above all others.*

(Then Orson recounts many of the incidents that have already been reported about his many escapes from danger and death, crediting the Lord with them.) He continues:

*This does not say that I have done right all the time, for I am weak as you are, left to myself, and I have my careless ways, and I have done many petty things of which I recall some. I played truant, disobeyed my father and mother, and a lot of things I wish now I had not done. I might have been more kind to my dear mother and lightened her burdens more.*

*I trust God now as I never could have before because the grosser sins He has helped me to avoid and for so many things He has done for me. I know what I believed when I was young, that we shall stand before our Creator and face up with our lives in all their detail, and we shall need no reminder of our acts, for they shall roll forth from the great phonograph of God, and then we shall see all we have done.*

*I know these things are true, boys and girls, and when a stranger says that the purity of my life is stamped on my face and in my acts, I can tell you, boys, that I am amply paid. I want you just as clean as the father from whom you sprang. You should be better than I for you had a better start. Do not risk another moment of your life in disobedience to God's laws, for every day is a day lost or gained whichever way you go.*

*There are but two ways, right or wrong, good or bad, up or down, light or darkness, purity or impurity. Choose you now which way you will go. One brings unending sorrow and remorse. I believe in you. I have faith in you and down in your hearts there is something telling you that these things are true. This is the still small voice of the spirit; listen to it and it will grow and grow until it will become your guide.*

*I pray for you always and if my life shall inspire you to pursue the paths that I have trod, I tell you in all confidence you will be blessed and you will never regret it. I am proud of my father for he did leave me rich in faith, health, and happiness. Receive my blessing, boys and girls, and prize it as a jewel, for such it is and you will know it some day.*

*Your loving father*

*Postscript: I am now working in the temple and have been for years, for my dead kindred; and at home I garden and do all other kinds of labor necessary to keep things in shape and provide a livelihood for Mother and myself (now Annie is left). I find time for ward teaching monthly, priesthood class meeting, Sunday School, Sacrament meetings; I try to go regularly and enjoy it all. Near three thousand persons I have worked for in the temple.*

LIFE STORY OF ORSON SMITH  
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF  
NOVEMBER 17, 1934

(This is taken from Orson Gurney Smith's original Life History in his own handwriting.)

My Father, Thomas X Smith was born Dec. 25, 1828, at Eaton Bray, Bedfordshire, England. My Mother, Margaret Gurney was born Sept. 29, 1830, at Eaton Bray, Bedfordshire, England. They were married Jan. 6, 1851 at Eaton Bray and both joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1849 and left for America and Utah March, 1853 in the ship Falcon, a sailing vessel. After a (3 months) trip of stormy weather, landed at New Orleans. From there they moved up to St. Louis by boat. There they fitted out for a trip of fifteen hundred miles or more to Utah across the plains via Omaha, Nebraska. On reaching the plains of Iowa, near the present city of Keokuk, on July 4<sup>th</sup>, 1853, at 3 a.m., I was born in a wagon. We were in Captain John brown's company of 60 or more ox teams. Our wagon and one other were permitted to halt for two days and then ordered to proceed as rapidly as possible to overtake the train. Under such conditions one can imagine my mother's plight. Young as she was, unacostomed (unaccustomed) to outdoor life & hardships of any kind. It took courage of a Saint to endure. (Margaret, their oldest child relates that "Aunt Lucy stated that her mother told her that only one wagon remained & that only over night & they traveled 18 miles to catch up to the company next day.")

For three months she rode in that dead ox wagon over plains, rivers, and mountains to the uninhabited valleys of Utah & settled first at Farmington. Late in the month of September, 1853, Father secured about one acre of land on which he built an adobe house, 16' by 20' ft. with a fire place in the west end, a door in the east end, a window on the south side, dirt floor & board roof. (He) cultivated the lot and raised good garden stuff after the first season. Food was scarce and we were forced to resort to native greens & sego roots & wild potatoes that were found on the bottom lands. Uncle George Smith & Aunt Catherine & their family of 3 children located about 40 rods south and built a cabin there. Here for three years the struggle for an existence was a real battle. Hatters by trade back in England & eight months of travel by sea & land, droped (dropped) down in a wilderness with no experience in roughing it. This was their situation. Father had learned to drive oxen from St. Louis & became expert at that, although he had never yoked a pair before. Now came the tug of war. It was road hog or die, and they set to work. A bake over was the principle cooking utensil. It served as bread baker, meat & veg. (vegetable) cooker. Soups & mush also—all done on an open fireplace. Flour was a luxury, so that shorts & bran mixed was often used as a substitute. Thus we managed to live. A living faith, a fixed purpose & determination to succeed, a heaven born courage with God's help, won out over all the discouraging obstacles. Then came the sad word that a U.S. Army was on its way to Utah to destroy the Mormons.

Men were called to arms, among them our Father. They drilled as best they could & in due time marched to Echo Canyon to prevent the army from entering the valley. Mother, with her 3 children now, left to shift for ourselves. But good neighbors always ready to

help, kindly disposed, took up the load & saw us through that period. All these things that I have written to this point have been told me by others, but now I write from my own memory of things.

In my 4<sup>th</sup> year I remember my father's return from Echo Canyon. My sister Lucy & I walked up the street hand in hand, bare (bare) footed & scantily clad, jubilant in spirit to meet our father, in high hopes of his having something for us. We met him & he kissed us, but what a disappointment. He was worse clad than we, ragged shirt, pants, & shoes. A powder horn (hung) by a strap over one shoulder, a bullet pouch over the other, an old musket (muzzle) loader Kentucky rifle (rifle), no hat, long beard, a motley sight for a hungry child to behold. However, we were thrilled to have him home once more.

Now came another change to meet, which required additional faith & courage. Word came for all to move south as the army were (was) coming. Father & Mother & 3 children, Tom & Electy Hunt & our belongings were loaded into one wagon drawn by an ox & cow, (with) pig, chickens & everything we owned, but some books that they buried in the ground in a trunk. Away we went, not knowing where we were destined for. Our first camp was made in Salt Lake City. Some good friend invited us in out of the rain. As I approached (approached) a good fire blazing across the room I saw what I thought was a great pan of biscuits. I rushed up in anticipation of getting one to appease my hunger (only) to find it to be a hearth made of sun dried bricks. Imagine my disappointment if you can. We were early on the move next morning, on our way to somewhere. On this journey in some unaccountable manner (manner) the pig and I fell out of the wagon. The pig was missed & back they went and found I and the pig together. I don't know what would have become of me had they not missed the pig that was a choice & valuable animal in that day & time. After 3 days of travel, we reached Clover Creek, Utah Co(nty) & on Cheeney's Ranch, pitched (pitched) our teepee for the winter of 56 & 7. Houses all along our way were filled with combustible (combustible) material ready to set fire too by a squad of men left for that purpose, providing the soldiers undertook to take possession or destroy in any manner any of the buildings. But they marched through without halting or breaking ranks to a place in Cedar Valley, 40 mi. south west of S.L.City where they camped & called it Camp Floyd.

At this place they stayed until the Civil War broke out, when they disbanded, some going to the South, some to the Northern armies. They came with the avowed (desire) of destroying the Latter-day Saints called Mormons, as a curse & left to be destroyed in that great fratricidal war, & left with us a blessing in all kinds of teams, wagons, mds. (merchandise) of all kinds, (of) foodstuffs & other needful things. Our winter home at Clover Creek was a willow teepee like the Indians had. Willows stood on end tied at the top spread out at the bottom to make room for beds & shelter. Around the outside any kind of covering available was placed to keep the cold out. It was a hard winter, deep snow & cattle died from cold & insufficient food.

When spring came, word came that we could return to our homes, which we did as soon as we possibly could. (We) found our place as we had left it although we had got into our cache of books & spoiled them; quite a loss to us. Our neighbors were the Earls,



Mannings, Gleasons, Wellings, Leithheads, Hunts, Rogers, Smiths, our Uncle (George) & his family, Clarks, Hesses, Steeds, Leonards, Broadbents, Willcox, Ellises, Williams, & Morgans—all fine people full of faith & helpfulness. So we passed that year 1857-8.

Many of these same men, including Father formed a brass band & made music for the town. William Knowles was a moving spirit among the musically inclined, especially the children & many good times were enjoyed in music & drama under his leadership. Thus was spent another winter. During that time a cult arose called Morisites led by one named Mor(r)is, who committed debradations (degradations) against society that nesitated (necessitated) the calling out the malitia to suppress. Some lives were lost among them—John Banks & Moris. I remember seeing the body of Banks when brought through Farmington from their rendervoise (rendezvous) near Ogden on the Weber River.

Now another important change of our home location took place in the spring of 1859. Father went north to Logan, Cache Valley with others, built a log house, came back & took his family, which now numbered 6 altogether—Father, Mother, Lucy, Orson, James & Thomas E(dwin). James fell in the fire & was so badly burned that he died. I remember seeing Father & Uncle George take the little coffin under their arms to the cemetery & burry (bury) it, no other ceremony. Thomas Edwin had a similar accident, but survived it, but the shock effected (affected) his heart ever afterward until he died at 16 years old. Our house stood on the west side of what is now known as the Geo. L. Farrell block. To reach it, we traveled north through Ogden, Brigham City, Deweysville, over the Callinston Hill into Cache Valley, south by way of Mendon & Wellsville, around by Hyrum, Millville, & Providence—all a wilderness then. (We) forded all the streams & the Logan River near where the River Hights Bridge is now & the north branch, which was the largest of the two, near where the central mill is now, & arrived at our home in the fall of 1859. (We) found it unchinked or plastered. Our wagon box was placed at the east end of the house for a bed room for us children & there we passed a severe winter. Snow fell 3 ft. deep on the level & much zero weather. Of course our parents topped all the cracks & holes they could, but looking back over it now, I wonder how we survived. God surely know(s) how to take care of his children & make the back for the burden.

From this home my sister Lucy & I began going to school, which was located on the J. R. Edward's lot on center & 2<sup>nd</sup> West St.—a log house 36 x 18 ft. Teacher (was) John B. Thatcher first, a Mr. Savage, later Aaron Dewit & Richard Evans. While going to that school the following incident occurred that I will remember. One day a black bear had been chased from the brush in the west field & he ran across several blocks. As he came across the block west of the school house, my sister & I were going right on the bear's course to school & we saw him in time to climb up on top of a 5 pole fence & he came rushing right under the panel we were sitting on, men hollarring (hollering) & shooting at the bear, whenever they got an opportunity. As he reached the north side fence of the Dr. Cranney block on 2<sup>nd</sup> North St., an Indian shot & killed it. That was one scare of our lives. After residing on the Farrell Block for 3 yrs. Father moved on the corner lot on 2<sup>nd</sup> North & 1<sup>st</sup> East—1 ¼ acres in size. He had built here another log house 16 by 18 ft, a door in the west, a window in the south, fenced with a 4 pole fence. The house was

roofed with willows, straw & dirt. Floor dirt also, a log stable & sheds covered with willows & straw. Our neighbors here were Charles Hirst on the east, Charles Barrett on the west, Robert Chambers on the north, on the south Neils Mickelson & John Dalhe, closest neighbors all of them. Now we had plenty of food. Land was rich & crops abundant when we could harvest them. The grasshopper pest & the cricket pest were terrible. They would hatch out every spring for a number of years, so thick that the ground looked like a living mass of earth. They ate everything that was green & the saving of crops looked hopeless. The fight for life was on. Men, women & children were out every day to help keep them from devouring the crops by driving into trenches & throwing dirt on them & destroying them in every conceivable maner (conceivable manner).. When they could fly they kept them in the air with sheets, ropes and other things, so that they should not rest to eat the green grain. Other methods were adopted. Rollers were placed across the canals which ran by a flutter wheel, water powered, that ground them up, especially the crickets, that grew in size 2 x 1 inches. These were driven into the canals & smashed by the two rollers one above the other. Another way was to place straw in piles around a farm when straw was available & they would gather on that in the evening to keep off the cool ground by the millions, & then we would burn them. By these simple means & great diligence we managed to save food & seed grain during the years of the grasshopper war. Finally they died off, left the country & both pests became extinct, so that they never have wrought the great destruction that they did then. A marvelous divine interposition for the saving of the people!

Here we found the Indian in all his primitiveness. Cache Valley was a paradise for him. Fish in abundance in all the streams, elk, moose, deer & bear & some buffalo some times strayed into the valley. A few deaths by the Indians are recorded. Our wise leaders & patient & friendly handeling (handling) of them, feeding them when hungry, at last won them over in Cache Valley. The settlers of Southern Utah was not so fortunate. They were at war with them there for a number of years. Two or 3 children were stolen from the whites in this valley. I have seen about a thousand Indians come into Logan & demand food, & the people donate oxen, kill & cook & feed them (to the) Indians & they would go off happy. They said we were living on their land, eating their fish & game & we should feed them (good & just logic) & we did until they too became extinct or gathered onto reservations as a remnant of their former greatness, conquered, subdued, & broken, before the onward march of a greater and more powerful civilization. I never had any real trouble with them. I learned to love them & pity their plight.

I was once caught in the mouth of Logan Canyon by a party of them, all alone. They took all my dinner & told me to "git" & I got as fast as I could with my little band of sheep. I was so frightened that I never stopped until I reached home. A child was stolen soon after that & Pat Conner, comder (commander) of a company of soldiers stationed at Ft. Douglas came I serch (search) of the Indians who had the child, & some Indians (who) camped near Logan fled up Providence Dry Canyon, & the soldiers after them. One who happened to be left tried to make his getaway by running north through the Benson block & on through the block north of that to the north side, about the middle, where two soldiers, one from the east & one from the west caught him with drawn pistols as though to shoot him down. At this juncture Father steped (stepped) up & said, "Hold

on there, don't shoot that Indian right here in the street." They put up their guns, put the Indian on a horse & rode away. After investigation they found that these were not the Indians that stole the child and let them go. A few months after, as Father was walking along the street, an Indian ran up to him & threw his arms around Father & hugged him like a bear would. It proved to be the Indian who Father saved from being killed by the soldiers. He always thought Father saved his life, & I guess he did. If you make the Indian your friend, he will always be your friend. If you make him an enemy, he'll be your enemy always, so I found them. Washike, Sagwich, Arimo were chiefs that I knew as a boy. Father was always kind to them & they loved him. Peter Maughan was a power for good among them & saved the people many times by his influence with them. They greatly respected him. Apostle Ezra T. Benson, another friendly man, had power & influence among them. J. G. Clark, Samuel Whitney & many others helped to pacify & make peace with the Indians. Considering the few whites that were here in the valley & the host of roving bands of Indians, it is nothing short of miraculous that we survived that early period of our history. Wise men & the favor of God saved us. I have been among the Bannocks, Shoshones, Alutes, & Esquiman. I was never injured, had anything stolen or destroyed by them. I have traded with them, employed them & always got value received.

The last battle with the Indians of Northern Utah was fought near Franklin at Battle Creek on Bear river where the U.S. troops surrounded Chief Bear Hunter & his tribe & used them up. Some soldiers were killed. I saw their bodies as they came through Logan on their return from the battle in sleighs, as this occurred in the winter. We had no more trouble with Indians. All these things, with roads to build, canals to make, meeting & school houses to build, fencing of lots & farms, kept the people buisy (busy) almost night & day. Father was a real leader & was constantly on the go. His own public work took all his time & attention. He was city alderman for a number of years & then city judge for years, prominent in every move for building up the new commonwealth.

In 1865 Logan City was divided into 4 eccleastical (ecclesiastical) wards & Father was made Bishop of the 4<sup>th</sup> Ward & held that honored position for 42 years or until he died in 1907, aged 78 yrs. honored & respected & beloved by all who knew him. Mother shared in every thing he did & stood faithfully by him, supporting him to the last. She bore him 10 children & died at the age of 57 yrs., while Father was on a mission to England. On her death bed she was asked if we should send for Father to come home. She said, "No, he can do me no good. Let him stay & complete his mission." The life of this good mother is and has been an inspiration to all of us. She braided our hats, made our clothes, cooked our food, all under the most primative (primitive) & trying conditions & circumstances. (She) met them with superlative courage that stamps her as one of god's noble women & a heroine of the first magnitude. When I think of the heritage these good parents left me, I wonder if I can ever repay them or in any way approach the standard they set for me, that it may be possible for me to go where they are. Father & Mother both were of a long line of good old English stock with a record of frugality, honesty, & trustworthy & charitably inclined to mankind in general, independent in thought & action, liberal in their views, & accorded to all the same as they claimed for themselves. When the gospel sound reached them, they saw the light of the truth. It burst upon their

souls like a flash & aroused them to a sense of the obligation that rested upon them to accept it, regardless of the cost. This they did. Mother was baptized Oct. 7, 1850, and Father Apr. 17, 1849. No sooner was it known that they had joined the Mormons, than their own kindred turned against them & became so bitter that they would have nothing to do with them, not even to go & say good bye to them when they left for America. Such was the price they paid for obeying the truth. In due time they left the land of their birth, graves of their dead brothers & sisters & relatives, all that was dear to them on earth, not knowing whether they would ever see those dear & familiar scenes again. Can you sense the pain & sorrow that must have filled their hearts--Father about 21, Mother about 20 yrs. They left all under the circumstances I have here recorded. What a heritage they left me of faith, courage, determination, love for God's truths, honesty, integrity, loyalty to principle. I am proud of it & realize the great responsibility left upon me to see that my part shall be as nobly done as they done (did) theirs. That my life shall always reflect credit on their lives & labors.

Now I turn to the story of my own life. At 11 years I drove two yoke of oxen to the canyon for logs & fire wood. Father would go early & I would bring the team. He would have the load cut by the time I got there & we would snake it to the road, load the wagon, & return home. Thus each year we provide(d) fuel & timber for use at home when not working the farm. Shoes was (were) a luxury & most of this work was done bare (bare) foot or (with) rag shoes. Andrew Frederickson came from Denmark about this time & brought tools for making wo(o)den shoes out of cotton wood & box elder. I wore some of them. They hurt my instep & I had to carry them when I ran. Another kind of shoe was made with a leather top & wood bottom, that was better for slow travel.

My schooling was obtained by attending 3 months in the year. Other teachers that I had were Charles W. Penrose, John Chambers, Chas. G. Davis, Ida Jane Cook, James Z. Stewart—all in Logan & John R. Park of the U. of U. (in) Salt Lake City, where the D(eseret) News bld. (building) stands now. I reached that school, but never graduated unfortunately for me.

At 15 I was ordained an Elder & sent on a mission to Southern Utah with John Reeder & Ephriam Humphries of Wellsville, Nathan Ricks of Logan with 3000 head of sheep for the coop. We drove them down & wintered on the deseret (desert) west of Cedar City & back to Logan in the spring. We were 10 months on that trip. Lost but few & lambded many & the wool made a wonderful growth. Wolves were bad, had to guard evry (every) night by taking turns of 4 hrs. each. Killed hundreds of wolves with poison bait placed on a short stick, at short spaces apart all around the herd at night, & we would gather all the bait that had not been eaten in the morning to save our dogs from getting it. One night we got 9 wolves with 12 baits. It was a winter of hard work. Nathan & I were about the same age & became very much attached to each other for life.

An old Indian with two children about 8 & 10 yrs. old camped near us on the sinks of Cedar Creek. After dark I saw their fire & went to see who was there & came on them, all three sitting around the fire with but little cloths (clothes) & that little made of rabbit skins. They were frightened at first. I could make out that they were of the Piead Tribe

and that the mother was dead. The old man wanted to sell me the girl for my rifle. I told him to sell me the boy. "No," he said. He would grow to be a great warrior to kill their enemies of another tribe. He seemed to be very bitter against some tribe. So we made no trade. We had no difficulties with Indians on that whole trip which we thought very fortunate.

I then worked in the canyon at the saw mill as off bearer with Sydney Savage. He got his hand badly cut & had to quit & Soren Sorenson came & was sauyer (sawyer) for some time. In the winter I attended school. When I was 18 I ran the mill some myself with Andrew Anderson, son of Hans Anderson, a partner of Father's who owned the mill. I had two narrow escapes from instant death while at work there. I will relate one. The mill race was about ¼ mile long & when freezing weather came on we closed the gates at the dam & opened the wheel gates to let the water drain all out of the race. It was a leffel wheel 40 horse power. This night I shut the head gates at the dam, opened the wheel gates as usual. It froze quite hard & in the morning I went up & turned in the water & came down to the mill, got my file, sat down on the saw frame with the saw between my legs to steady it, & commenced filing. Something said to me, "Get up." I took no notice & again it said, "Get up," & as if some power lifted me I sprang up just as the saw spun like lightening and would have cut me in two that instant had I not moved. The gates of the wheel had frozen to the rim of the wheel & the water was running through & as soon as the water thawed the gates loose from the rim, the wheel flew & the saw too. I was saved by a miracle, wrought by my Heavenly Father.

On my return from school at Salt Lake, I taught school in my 19<sup>th</sup> year, under the superintendency of Miss Ida Cook. The 2<sup>nd</sup> year I taught the first graded school. For that year, the schools of the city was (were) graded. It was this year I met Miss Carrie Carpenter who became my wife in 1875. After the school year closed I worked on the Utah Northern R.R. (railroad) as brakeman & had two narrow escapes from death on that line, both I miraculously escaped from. I worked there one year & went in the school room again & taught another term, when I was called at 22 to preside as Bishop of the Paradise Ward.

I had just married, built a small home in Logan 4<sup>th</sup> Ward & moved in when the call came, so on Jan. 1<sup>st</sup>, (1876), I borrowed Father's team & loaded all we had into a bobsleigh & went to Paradise. (We) rented a room of Bro. Harry Shaw & began our mission. I was then 22 years old. People (were) all strangers to me. I met with them, worked with them & before spring (was) succeeded in getting started on a meeting house & I hauled the first load of rock with Father's team. Jarome Merrill quarried it & got out a good lot of fine rock for the next winter. I later rented the old house of John F. Wright in 1876 & lived there until I built a two roomed log house of our own on our own lot South of the square.

When the ward was fully organized Henry C. Jackson became my first & Harry Shaw my second counselor & they proved true & helpful men to me & the ward all the time I presided there—12 years. I was ordained a High Priest & set apart as Bishop by (Brigham Young, Jr.) During my administration in that ward I was permitted by leave of absence to go to New Mexico where I took charge of a log camp for John W. Young,

who had a large contract on the Atlantic & Pacific R.R. Here (I) labored at Bacon Springs, went to St. Louis, Mo., bought a saw mill & logging (logging) wagons & other supplies, brought them out, put up two mills, cut & hauled lumber ties & piling timbers to the springs for one year. When the mills were (sold) to J. M. Latta of Indiana, who wanted me to continue with him & take the mills on to the San Francisco mts. (mountains), but I refused to longer stay away from home & my ward. By this time we had two sweet girls born to us. My Father & Mother-in-law were also in New Mexico working for Mr. Young in a store at Holbrook & stayed there for 2 years nearly, when they returned to Logan. He was converted to the Gospel by his Uncle Ira Allen in Connecticut in 1871 & they came to Utah in 1872 & all this country and people was new to them, but they had the faith at heart & the courage to stick it out. He worked at anything he could get to do. His trade was merchandizing & so fell into that work. After working in a sawmill for awhile, then in the store at Logan, then Smithfield, then Lewiston, then Franklin & died at Lewiston—an honest, upright man. Mother returned to Logan with their two remaining girls. The youngest married John Smith & moved to Jarome, (Jerome) Idaho, where Mother died & was brought to Logan & buried by Father Carpenter in the Logan Cemetery, beloved by all who knew them. They done more for me than I can ever do for them—(they gave me) my wife, who bore me 10 lovely children

I had not been home long until I was sent for by Washington Dunn, who had a 50 mile contract on the line of the Northern Pacific, just building through Montana. I met him at Dillon, Montana on the Utah Northern. He wanted me to go over the timber adjacent to his contract on the N.P. which I did for a month. (I) bought horse & saddle & lit out alone. Hired a guide whenever I needed one. (I went) around Fort Ellis & Boseman on the Madison, Jefferson & Galitan (Gallitan) Rivers skirting the now Yellowstone National Park & back to Dillon & made my report, which pleased him. Then he wanted me to join him in his contract, but I felt that my place was at home with my family. However, my lot seemed to be cast away from home, for after a short stay at home, where I leased & farmed a small piece of land for a year, planted lucerne on another piece, (I) got me a fine team of horses & a wagon by selling my home in Logan. Helped on the new rock meeting house & saw it finished & prepared for use. After that first load of rock was hauled, the ward turned out the next winter & hauled enough to finish it. We burned the lime & laid all the rock. Timbers for the roof, ceiling & windows & closed it in, plastered it just as a cold spell came on in November & we threw it all open & let it freeze dry. That plaster has never moved or fallen off. By the first of Jan(uary) we had it so we could use it. David James, a former Bishop gave us a bell & it still hangs there. An addition has been put on the east under Bp. Samuel Oldham & gave more room & other conveniences that make for the better enjoyment of that community.

Then I was sent by Prest. George Q. Cannon & asked if I would be one of a party to go & look out a line of R.R. from Toole (Tooele) on through to California, west of & out of the Meadow Valley Wash. I agreed to, so I came home, got ready & with J. E. Langford, two Andrews boys & a surveyor by the name of Sharp, 2 saddle horses & team & wagon, left Salt Lake & traveld (traveled) west to Toole (Tooele) on to Gold & to Sharp & on to Groom Pahrum Valley & back by way of Pahranaget Valley, Deseret Springs & Black

Rock & home. The Los Angeles & Salt Lake R.R. Co. bought out U.P. road bed to Meadow Valley Wash & built it on to Calif(ornia) as the line now stands.

We returned home, reported all our findings, but they were never used. So once more I was at home & took up my work in the ward again. While on that trip we got interested in a gold mining venture that resulted in building a mill, laying a pipe line, & then moving the mill on to another property called Chirpa, and the buying the Johnie Franz (mine), which has taken about 90 thousand dollars, but the long haul, wild country, was against the successful operation of the property. J. E. Langford was the superintendent & together we got a buyer & recommended a sale of the whole property for \$250 thousand, but that was over ruled, then trouble began. Our foreman was killed, our new mill (was) jumped by renegades & Hugh Cannon & I walked up in the face of their guns to parley with them, but of no avail. So I went to Belmont, the county seat of Nye Co., got sherrif (sheriff) & by the time we got back they had had a skirmish, their leader killed & the rest we arrested & convicted & jailed. In our absence someone set fire & burned the new mill & all left & never went back & all was lost--a splendid gold property gone for the want of protection from mobs & money to put in good producing shape.

I was called & set apart as second counselor to Charles O. Card, Prest. of Cache Stake. Here I served for 7 years, during the crusade against the Mormon plural marriage system & was absent from the State for 6 years. I spent this time railroading, first in Montana & then in Oregon & Washington. With F. S. Allen (we) built 19 miles for the Montana Central, 6 miles for the Seattle & Lake Shore. Went to Canada & helped to colonize Cardston. My wife, Mary E(llen), was with me in all this work & stayed 3 years in Canada. I built a home there & stable & dug a well & fenced a lot. I came home & went to Oregon & placed & ran two saw mills at Pleasant Valley for David Eccles. For one season my wife S(arah) Ann O(bray) went there with me all the time I was there & wintered in Rexburg, where Lyman was born. I went back to Canada, helped build a log meeting house & assisted all I could in other ways. Owen was born there. After 6 years of going from one state to another, engaging in all kinds of enterprises, I sold my outfits, came home with my three families & settled down & gave myself up. (I was) arrested (arrested), tried & acquitted. Statehood was obtained for Utah & the Manifesto (was) sustained by the Church, by which the Church abandoned the practice of polygamy & peace was declared.

I was then called & set apart as Prest. of Cache Stake by (Prest. George Q. Cannon) & served in that calling for 8 (9) years, when I was honorably released. Simpson Malen & Isaac Smith served as my counselors during my incumbency as president. Sold my farm at Avon & built in Logan & done (did) some farming in College Ward & Smithfield, which I supervised & most of my time was occupied with Church work, which covered all of Cache Valley & kept me traveling most of the (time). I drove a team of tall young mares & could reach the farthest settlements & return home the same day when not detained to night meetings. My wives, all of the very finest type of women, threw their whole souls into my work with me, sustained me in every way by faith, prayers & works. No women could do better. Carrie was Stake Prest. of Y.L.M.I.A. & traveled extensively, & was beloved by all who knew her. Sarah Ann labored in ward

Primary & Relief Society & (was) greatly respected. Mary was always active in Relief Society & Sabbath School & secretary for stake Relief Society for (many) years, besides rearing large families—the greatest gifts of God to man. I feel myself blessed beyond my worthiness. I humbly pray that I may be worthy of them & go where they go. Among the many & varied interests I tried to look after, I was elected post master & served for 3 yrs. with Joseph Squires, assistant—a fine man, clean, honest, & trustworthy.

At this time it was hard for the people to sell their wheat for cash with which to pay taxes, & I was urged to find a cash market to help them out. I did so, & before I knew (it) I was in the grain business & for 3 years struggled with that. I bought & sold 600 cars of wheat, put through the first National Bank of Logan \$970,000 in that time, when a great break in the market & the cleaning loss in Port Costa, Calif. broke me & left me in debt to farmers & business men \$34,000, besides \$30,000 of my own property. I was in San Francisco when I found out my loss. I settled up with McNear & drew all that was coming to me, sent it home to the bank & I was so broken hearted that for a time I knew not what to do.

I had helped stake 3 men in the Alaska gold fields & I decided to go there, see what they had, if anything to help recupe (recoup) my fallen fortunes. I had also managed the Studebaker Wagon Co. under Chas. A Quigley & on my way to Calif. I saw him & drew my wages, & with that and a little more, amounting to \$300.00 all told I boarded the boat Arizona for Skaguay (Skagway), Alaska. No one will ever know what I suffered. Honored & respected as I was by my people & all who knew me, always helping others by making work for them, & aiding in every helpful way, meeting my obligations to all men & dreading to be in debt to anyone, & to be plunged into an obligation like this was more than I could bare & face at the moment. So after serious thinking it over & praying, I decided to go away for a time until I could get hold of myself, & see if any help was for me in the north, where the men we had staked had gone. I found one in Seattle before I left. He had nothing. Reaching Skaguay, after a voyage of a thousand miles up the inland channel, I took (the) train to the sumit (summit) of Whitehorse Pass, then sleds to Lake Bennett. Here I found another of our men, & he had nothing. No good atoll (at all). I bought a flat bottom boat 28 ft. long (with) 4 ft. beam with another young man. (We) started out for Dawson down the lakes & Youkon (Yukon) River, Lakes Bennett, Linderman, Tagish & Labarge, camping on the shore at night. At the squaw rapids of the Youkon River we hired a guide to help us shoot the rapids, which was needles(s) if we had known, however we came through fine & was (were) on our way after discharging our guide. We reached White Horse Rappids (Rapids) & shot them fine. Camping on shore each night enabled us to get a fair view of the land and river. On we went to and through the 5 finger rapids. Here the river was divided into 5 streams by huge boulders, a dangerous looking place, (and) on & on we went. At the junction of Stewart River with Youkon is a Canadian fort and all must report here, as we had to at another fort on Lake Labarge. We passed muster & went on & reached Dawson here. I found our 3<sup>rd</sup> man. He had nothing & was no good for himself, no(r) anybody else. I scoured the mines at Dawson & found nowhere that I could get a lease or work, so I left my companion here & boat & boarded a river boat named the Rideout & started down to St. Meichel's on Galiwick Bay on the Bhering Sea. After leaving Dawson the river is larger & more



sluggish. It abounds in fish, game & timber in great abundance. On reaching the Ar(c)tic Circle July 16<sup>th</sup>, (1899), I stepped (stepped) ashore, sunshine all night, & I pulled wild timothy hay 4 ft long. I was surprised. There were Indian viliges (villages) scattered along at intervals where the boat took on wood for fuel for engines. At these villages great streches (stretches) of pale panels with salmon drying on them were to be seen. It was their harvest time & they certainly made use of the long days to prepare for the long nights. Finally we reached St. Meichel's. Here we boarded a sailing vessel for Nome, the new gold find. We had now traveled from the head waters of the great Youkon River 1900 miles, a wonderful trip of never ending & ever changing scenenery (scenery) of transcendent beauty. To see all this & the thrilling experiences which was (were) daily met with, took my troubles off my mind, rested me & gave me a firm hold on myself that nothing else could have done. I now felt I could meet & overcome anything. God remembered me, & his hand was over me, & I could see & feel it.

We soon reached Nome & anchored off land about a mile. We were landed in small darys. Here I was a stranger in a strange land & among strangers. I at once sought work for I must earn enough to get back home, where I wished I was then. I went up the beach to the north, saw men panning gold from the sands. I reached Anvil Creek & (went) up that to No. 1 above & there hired out to Mr. McArthur, leaser of that claim & built for him the first line of sluice (sluice) boxes on that claim for \$10.00 per day & stayed there for some time, then quit & went on the beach & there rocked & panned out about \$900.00 dollars (of gold). Obtained some leases on the beach, & on the gulches I got two claims, & boarded a scooner (schooner), a small sailing vessel for home as the ice was forming on the creeks & flowing into (the) Bhering (Behring) Sea from the Arctic Ocean.

The boat was fitted up with lumber bunks & about 50 men bought tickets, \$50 dollars each & the voyage (voyage) began. (The) Behring Sea was rough night & day. Waves broke into foam & at night it was a sight to see—phosphorus light as the waves broke up. (It) lighted up the sea as far as the eye could see—a picture to see. It was discovered after we were out 3 days that food was scarce & poor quality & we were put on rations, & from that time on trouble was brewing. Each (day) it became worse. Men got sick. Head winds delayed us & storms forced us out of our course. A mutinous spirit arose & threatened to take the ship in hand & beach it on an unknown coast. The more conservative warned the rebellious they would not stand for that. I told one of the leaders that we needed the pilot worse than we needed him & if he laid hands on any of the ships crew he would be the first to go overboard. That silenced them. We had no further trouble from them. Disintary (dysentery) set in & two men died & one was buried at sea, the other brought to land. We were miles out of our course & things getting worse all the time. Food almost gone, & what there was not fit to eat. Human nature showed up at its worst, hoarding every scrap of food or crust of bread they could lay hands on, regardless of anyone else. It was awful.

There we were out on the Pacific Ocean, lost to all appearances, 28 days since we left Nome. At last the Revenue Cutter Grant found us & gave us some food & went for a tug to tow us in. the Tug Sea Lyon came finally & drew us into Seattle. 13 of the me(n) died altogether. The captain thanked me for saving him from being thrown overboard by the

toughs that were aboard. I was thinner when we landed but otherwise uninjured by the experience. I attribute my escape to the loving kindness of my Heavenly Father. I was well all the time. No tobacco, liquor, coffee or tea was ever in my body or blood & I profited by it. In Seattle I first bathed my filthy body & then drank a few glasses of milk, cleaned my clothes as best I could, & ate some food. Was soon my natural self again. Next day I went to the U.S. Mint, cashed my gold, (and) boarded a train for home.

(I was) met by Ezra & Everett at Cache Junction & rode home with them. Found some of my family quarantined with small pox. I was so happy to be home again. I had not got money to pay my debts, but I did have my health & controle (control) of myself. I found all my belongings had been sold & taken away--teams, wagons, machinery. I had built a 12 thousand bushel elevator. The bank had that & my homes under mortgage. My family saw all these things happen under their eyes. It was a trying scene for them. They had to see it all & me acused (accused) of running away with the people's money, when I never took a cent of their money. I lost all I owned & had to start again. I would not have cared a bit if it had all been mine that was lost, but to think that others should loose (lose) because of my failure almost broke my heart. No one can ever know my feelings nor what I went through. I immediately went to every man or woman that had lost with me & told them the truth about how we lost & promised them to try to get their money for them& that if I ever did, they should have it. I was received well & treated fine & in almost every case told to do the best I could. I was honorably released from the presidency of the stake & being now free from all that responsibility I set to work to provide for my family in every way I could.

spent the winter at home at various kinds of labor & making ready for another trip north to see if I could gather enough to pay my debts. Spring found us ready to go & May came with F. S. Allen & son, J. E. Langford & son, I & two sons & some others gathered in Seattle ready for a trip to Nome on the steamship Oregon. Frank Allen had put up \$1500.00 against two beach claims & one hill claim that I had & with the money we bought supplies. Food, lumber, boots, nails & some machinery & tickets. We went the outward route over the Pacific Ocean through Uniwak Pass & Dutch Harbor into Behring Sea. About 4000 people had been stoped (stopped) there. It was a sight to see, so many people headed for the new gold fields with every kind of device known to man for the working the sands & saving the gold. When the ice went out, the whole fleet was off & moved into the ice packs where our ship nosed carefully through one pack after (another) until we arrived off Nome about one half mile. Our freight was loaded onto liters (litters) & twoed (towed) to the beach. In a few days 10,000 people had landed on that beach & laid off & commenced building the city of Nome.

We started to work our beach claims, but failed to make it pay. Frank got discouraged, never worked a day & quit us after visiting our hill claim where he & I stayed one night in a small tent, but never prospected the claim atoll (at all). On our way back he hardly spoke a word. I was sorry then I ever took his money or had him along. His boy had quit us too & they returned home with the next boat. Then the rest of us moved onto Buster Creek where we worked until it froze up. Took out about \$6000 dollars at a cost of about \$3000 dollars & returned home on the Oregon. Nome built up fast that year & many

wintered there on a tundra running bak (back) from the sea on a gentle slope. When storms would rage the sea would sweep the beach away, back up into the main street & destroying buildings until they gradually moved back further. Raindeer (Reindeer) from Russia was (were) introduced by Jackson & Ambercombe for the Esquimos (Eskimos) & were used for packing in summer & sled(d)ing in winter & for meat. It was good. The range was good for them & plenty of it. They multiply fast, & at this time number millions & have many of the natives rich I am told.

Since I was there in 1901, after spending another winter at home, Everett & I went up to Skagway & over to Lake Tagish by rail & across the lake by boat to Atliiss, British Columbia. Worked in a placer mine there for awhile, made a little & came back home. About this time Goldfield, Nevada was binning (beginning) to attract attention. I went there in 1905 & worked there & at Bulfrog where I fell in with Owen Young, who was interested in the bank there & entered into an agreement with me to stake me to cash to work with & we would divide the profits equally to \_\_\_\_\_. Then to Round Mountain where I bought 3 groups of claims & had them surveyed, staked & maped (mapped). Worked the assessments & sold 2 groups for a good price, organized a company on the other group, worked for the company, put on an engine & hoist, sank a shaft 100 feet in gold ore, took 40,000 shares of stock for my share. Sold that & came home after settling up with Mr. Young & making him good money, and to his satisfaction. I spent 3 years in Nevada, made a little but not enough to meet my debts, proved Round Mountain to be good, as it afterwards proved by producing a large amount of gold. I missed my chance there to have gotten out of debt by not prospecting the surface for placer gold. Hundreds of thousands were taken out of the loose surface sands on these claims.

My wife Caroline died before I entered the grain business, at the birth of Gaylen, a blow to me that I have never gotten over. A noble, sweet, pure woman, capable & well educated. True to her faith, her God & her family. My wife Sarah Ann took Gaylen and with all of Carrie's children became a faithful mother to them all & endeared herself to them by a bond of love & friendship that has never been broken or impaired & I hope never will be. Maggie, the oldest girl stood next as Mother to her brothers & sisters & worked hard & long to help support them & has always been a true friend & support to them all. Ida did the same & faithfully labored all here days & gave generously of her income to the support of all the family. Ezra did so too, until he married, in fact all who were old enough did likewise & made it possible to continue my efforts away from home continually trying to pay my debts & regain my financial standing.

One by one, they married & became a unit by themselves with all its attendant cares & burdens. I moved about as long as I could & finally got as far as I could go financially & came home after going to Chicago with a patent tie, but did nothing with that & from there (to) Oklahoma & got into the oil business & from there to Texas. Made nothing, not having capital to work with. That had always(s) been my trouble, plenty of the best of opportunities but lacked capital. Next I got interested in a gas machine with Morley & Manker. Capalized (capitalized) it to start it, went to Oklahoma with that, tested it out thoroughly, but Manker was a drunkard & not dependable & Morley crooked. I went to Pit(t)sburg with them, got disgusted with the whole thing & left them with it. Never

heard a word from them again. I then went to Oklahoma again with a gasket for an auto tire, got no where with that. Got interested in oil again, but to no purpose, made a little, but not enough to justify staying with it. So left & came home by way of Los Angeles, California where I met Everett, my second eldest son, who had been with me all through my travels & shared my experiences in mining in Alaska, Utah, Nevada & (was) still with me in a California venture of great magnitude. I came home from there, stayed for awhile, done (did) all kinds (of) work around home & garden & worked in the temple & have continued that work intermittingly (intermittently) ever since.

Then came a year of languor. I did not feel well. I had to urge myself to do anything. This condition continued until it centered in a vital spot. My water stopped completely & a Dr. was called. He relieved me temporally (temporarily), but soon after I was struck again & in Salt Lake City & in the most excruciating pain. I went to a medical friend of mine who tried to help me, but failed miserably. I was rushed to another Dr. who relieved for the time being & after a thorough examination decided an operation was necessary. I was taken to the L.D.S.Hospital & put to bed for 3 days when Dr. floyd Hatch operated, removed the prostate gland very successfully in about 30 minutes. Taken back to my room where I lay 6 weeks, came home, recuperated & have never been troubled in the least ever since. My children came to my aid & paid part of the cost which was about \$650.00 My clean life of abstinence from all kinds of stimulants of any kind stood me well in hand again. Thanks be to God for his divine guidance & care. My life was preserved & my health unimpaired.

I now found myself worse of(f) than ever financially. Broke beyond repare (repair) to all appearances. I remained inactive for months depending on my friends & family for support. My homes were all taken over by the Church & held for me & thus gave us shelter. All else swept away. Dispondency (despondency) would have overwhelmed me but for the sustaining power of God, my Eternal Father. The comfort & consolation that He brought to me was most astounding, lifted me out of the mire of despond (despair) & again manifested such and interest in me that I can never forget or fail to accord Him all praise, honor & glory for my assistance (assistance) & support throughout all my life.

My family were almost all married by this time. Margaret to Wm. Watson & they have one child. Ida to Arthur Thomas & has 2 children. Maggie's child is married to Clem Yonkers & they have one child. Ida's are both married & have children, one Carrie to John J. Eeley with 4 children, Ione to Edward Steffens with one child, all fine. Ezra to Ella Baily with 6 children, one Dorothy married to Peter Evans, one Ella to Nathan Eller, with one child, one Clain to Emma Nelson, Adaline to Stanley Stevens, one child, S(mith). S. Stevens, married to Maxine Leonard, Geneve to J. W. Reeve, 3 children. Salome to Don Brown, 2 children. Gaylen C(arpenter). to Liddy Rolfe, 2 children. Harriet to J. F. Woolley with 5 children, Gladys to Arthur H. Caine with 4 children, Lyman to Golda Parsons with 4 children, one married to Fred Olsen with one child. Olena W. to A. E. Harris with 2 children, George not married at this time, 1934, Nov. 12<sup>th</sup>. Emma to L. R. Stephens, 1 child, Melba to Francis DeBry, 1 child, Everett O(bray). to Mima White, one child. Death has taken Adaline & Ida, both lovely wimen (women). Ida was killed by an automobile in S. L. City. Adaline died of dropsy superinduced by a

weak heart followed by her husband in 3 months, killed in auto crash. (He forgot to mention Ellen, Martha, Owen & Mary.)

After I was fully restored to my normal health & strength I engaged with some men who claimed a process of making magnesium metal out of limestone. After repeated tests and an expenditure of \$70,000, (for) buildings, pipe lines, engines, boilers, & other equipment, proved a failure & the outfit stands as a monument of mistaken scientific experiments. Many thought it could be done, who had tried, as they thought, to their own satisfaction, & if it had proved a success would have enriched our valley by millions of dollars. A very light & strong metal of great value in the manufacture of air planes, car bodies, & innumerable articles of constant use. So that fell through. I continued to labor about home at whatever I could find to do working in the temple when not engaged otherwise. I enjoy work & am not content to be idle. Al E. Harris & I made an attempt to revive the old Loplatt mining company & took a lease on it & fixed a collar on the old shaft & put a windless on it & Al explored the old workings sufficiently to determine its value & found it of no value to us without (a) large outlay of money, & then not what we wanted, so abandoned that after spending about \$1500 dollars. So we hauled all our stuff away that was not stolen. I have remained at home for (a ) month working around as usual. At home I settled down to temple work & gardening awaiting development of the California gold lease which Everett has, from which we still have hopes of freedom from debt. Our latest advices are encouraging.

In 1932 my wife Mary developed a cancerous growth in the abdomen & (it) troubled her continuously for 2 years, for one year very bad. We had all the medical skill obtainable & could give her no relief. We waited on her nite & day. Olena waited on her continuously for 4 months after she came home from the hospital where she was operated on to no purpose. She gradually grew worse until death relieved her on the morning of Jan. 27<sup>th</sup>, (1934). She went peacefully to sleep. What a loss to me. A dear companion for 50 years less 6 months. A wom(an) of rare ability, mentally & physically strong, brought into the world 10 beautiful children under most strenuous & trying conditions, faithful to her family, to her Church & to her God, loved & honored by them all. Two sons preceded her to the grave. I honor her memory & hope that I can be where she has gone & through all eternity.

Day by day I am going that way.  
I care not how soon or when,  
Just so I can say to my latest day,  
I am still just as true as I ever have been.  
I look forward with joy  
With the sweetest alloy,  
For the day that again we shall meet,  
Where no power can destroy, nor harm can annoy,  
Over there when each other we greet.  
So I bow to my fate, and without any hate,  
To what God may yet have in store,  
For me to perform, whether sunshine or storm,

And do my level best evermore.

I try to keep in close touch with all my large family by letter & verse so that although they are scattered thousands of miles apart I shall by this method convey to them my love for them & the spirit that animates my soul, by which they may be lifted up to greater heights of perfection, greater endeavors & accomplishments to the honor & glory of God. My soul is wrap(p)ed up in their noble mothers & in & through them I carry on forever. I love them all for beyond their ken for they cannot see as I see for lack of experience, but that will come & to their joy for the older they get they will understand me & my mission & the more they will have and respect me & their mothers & the heritage we have left them. We are all decendants (descendents) of Joseph that was sold into Egypt by his brothers through the loins of Ephraim, his choice son. No greater blessing or heritage can come to any man or woman, & in addition to that they have all been born in the new & everlasting covenant, heirs to all the gifts and blessings of Abraham, Isaac & Jacob, sealed upon them through their parents & they will have them sure, if they will be faithful in keeping all the laws & ordinances of the Gospel.

I would not change my life thus for  
For any king that reigns.  
Earthly honors fade & mar  
The soul, with aches & pains.  
I would not change for all the wealth  
Of Cesus or his gang,  
It could not buy my life long health  
Nor make me what I am.  
I would not change for earthly power  
Of all the dukes and lords  
For that can vanish in an hour  
And leave me no rewards.  
I bow to one who lives & moves  
In majesty & power  
Controls them all, and works & loves  
To blessings on us shower.  
In Him I found a friend indeed,  
With power to bless & save  
To give to me, my every need,  
From my cradle to my grave.  
Why should I want to change my place  
Or the path that I have trod,  
For I shall see him face to face  
My Father and my God.

Orson Smith

This letter I wrote to my boys in March, 1915 & I reaffirm its contents today for it is my testimony today, Nov. 17, 1934, & the desire & sentiments of my heart for all my boys & girls alike, for all are as one to me. I dearly love & appreciate everyone & will send one to all who have not received one & place one here.

My dear boys,

As I have the time this evening I desire to write a few lines to you & since I am longer away from you than I expected to be, I know you will accept of a letter including both of you, since I am as interested in one as the other. My feelings are the same for both of you. My hopes for you are the same. I have met many people, talked with them & walked with them & have found out how densely ignorant they are about our people in Utah & the doctrines of our faith. I have men come to me to my face, that there is something about me that attracts them & they ask me what it is. I tell them I am a Mormon & then they exclaim: "Well, what do you believe in anyway?" So I tell them all they ask for & they are pleased. One man said to me, "Mr. Smith, I see you never smoke, drink or swear & you show it in your face. I can see that you never read novels for you have something good to say all the time. I never hear you use bad language or superfluous (superfluous) words, & really it is a pleasure to meet you." Another said, "Mr. Smith, I shall feel lonesome when I do not meet you, for you impress me as being a clean, sweet man, & I have enjoyed your acquaintance." Now, my boys, there (is) nothing out of the ordinary about me, that men should voluntarily tell me such things, but it is God who magnifies me in the eyes of such men, because I have kept His commandments. He has blest me with power to keep clean & sweet, free from the use of forbidden things & men see it stamped upon my face & in my acts among them. I could not do it alone, but every night & morning, I kneel beside my bed & ask God with all my soul to help me to keep His commandments & he does it. I feel the power of His Spirit & in humility I thank Him for His help.

When I was your age, I had all the temptations that you have to meet, but I never forgot to pray. I attribut(e) my power to visit temptation to that one thing above all others. There (are) many little simple things that I want, (that) I went to God with in my youth, that would seem small things to bother the Lord about, but in my innocence I did it, & my prayers were answered. Once when 15 yrs. of age, I was lost in the desert & had been without water for two days & was led by prayer to water & after I reached water, but for the prompting of the Spirit I should have killed myself by drinking too much, for I was 3 days before finding it. At another time I lost a large pocket book away out on the desert among the sage brush & had no idea where I had drop(p)ed it, but in answer to prayer I found it. My labor led me much in the mountains among the timber & often I have knelt down all alone & pour(e)d out my childish soul to God & invariably I have felt a warm glowing feeling in my bosom as if in answer to my prayer & I lost all fear. I have been snached (snatched) from the very jaws of death so many times that I know there has been a divine hand over me. Perhaps if I enumerate a few, it might interest you enough to preserve it in memory at least.

At about ten years of age I was placed on the back of an ox. He was a big one, but gentle. (In) some way he became frightened & ran away throwing me in force to the ground. I was unconscious for hours, but my life was spared. At another time, I was then about 17 yrs. of age & was running a saw mill, while filing the saw & holding it between my knees, not realizing my danger, an audible voice said: "Get up." And a second time it so impressed me that I jumped up as if someone had forcibly lifted me. At (an) instant the circular saw flew like lightning. I would have cut me in two in another instant. I walked out of the mill & almost feinted (fainted) for fear of what might have been my fate. I was once met by a band of Indians in the canyon all alone. They were on the war path & some children had been stolen by some roving bands & of course, I was knowing to all this & wondered what was going to happen to me. I climbed out of the trail into the rocks, but they saw me & came after me. I opened my dinner & invited them to eat with me, which they did & ate it all, not leaving me a bit, but it bought my liberty for they left me, & I made over the cliffs (cliffs) & out of the canyon & as fast as possible for home. I could run like a deer (in) them (those) days. As I grew older I could see the hand of God in my escape from death in so many ways.

Twice while I worked on the train as breakman (brakeman) I was miraculously saved, once while cupling (coupling) cars, the draw head slipped by the lower one & I was between them. Another foot & I should have been cut in two. I reached out my hand & waved the engineer to move ahead & was thus liberated without a scratch. At another time between Richmond & Franklin, when the road was new & rough, on a very dark night the train broke in two. We had no brakes then. All was done by hand. I was on top of the boxcar running along when all of a sudden I stop(p)ed. Had I stepped (stepped) another step or two I should have fallen off between the rails & been run over, for the section ahead had broken away & parted right there, & my lamp went out. I could recount numerous other thrilling escapes, but perhaps these will suffice to show what a preserving care has been over me up to this time, & I freely & humbly acknowledge God in all these things. For some purpose in Him he has delivered (me) from the torrents of the mighty Yukon Rappids (Rapids) & from starvation & distruction (destruction) on the great Pacific Ocean, & from guns of savage Indians, & outlaws in Death Valley when H. J. Cannon & I walked into the muzzles of their loaded rifles. I afterwards assisted in arresting and convicting every one of them, with the Sherriff of Belmont Neye Co., Nevada. (We were saved) from destruction on the Southern Pacific R.R. when the trucks of the tender turned at right angles with the engine & miraculously prevented the ditching of the entire train from falling off of cliffs (a) hundred foot (feet) high, from drowning in rivers I have crossed. But enough at this time. It will show that some power greater than mine has watched over me & kept me. But of all the escapes which has (have)come to me & which I prize most, is my escape from tobacco, whiskey, tea, coffee & women. I thank God with all my soul & above all else for this He has done for me. Now I can meet any man, woman or child living or dead, & without fear or shame, look them in the face & say without fear of contridiction (contradiction) that I have set them an example, that they can well follow & by doing as I have done. I testify to you that no greater joy can come to the soul of man from any source of life than this will bring.



This does not say I have done right all the time boys, for I am weak as you are, if left to myself & I have my car(e)less ways & have done many petty things of which I recall some. I have played truant, disobeyed my father & Mother, taken things that they had forbid(den) me taking & a lot of things I wish now I had not done. I might have been more kind to my dear Mother & lightened her burdens that much more. I might have loved her more & all my kindred, & so many petty things I fell into in my youth. But the grosser sins God has helped to avoid. I trust Him now as I never could before, because of so many things He has done for me. I know what I believed (believed) then, that we shall stand before our creator, & face up with our lives in all their detail, & we shall need no reminder of our acts, for they will sale (sally) forth from the great phonograph of God & we shall hear & see all we have done. I know these things are true, boys, & when a stranger comes up to me & says that the purity of my life is stamped in my face, & in my acts, I tell you boys, I feel amply paid & rewarded for obeying God's laws. I am proud of you, boys, & I want you just as clean as the Father from whom you sprang. You should be better than I for you have a better start. Do not risk another moment of your lives in disobedience to God's laws. Do not do it, boys, for every day is a day lost or gained, which ever way you go. There is but two ways, right or wrong, good or bad, up or down, light or darkness, purity or impurity. Choose you now which way you will go. One brings happiness & peace of mind. The other brings unending sorrow & remorse. I believe in you. I have faith in you & down in your hearts there is something telling you that these things that I am telling you is the truth. Now this is the still small voice of the Spirit. Listen to it & it will grow & grow until it will become your constant guide. I pray for you always & if my life shall inspire you to persue (pursue) the paths that I have trod, I can tell you in all confidence you will be blessed & you will never regret it. I am proud of my Father, for he did leave me rich in faith, health & happiness. Recive (receive) my blessing, boys & prize it as a jewel for such it is & you will know it some day.

Your loving Father

I am now working in the temple & have been for years, for my dead kindred, & about my home gardening, & all other kinds of labor necessary to keep things up in shape & provide a livelihood for Mother & I. I find time for ward teaching monthly, priesthood class teaching, Sunday School, & Sacrement (Sacrament) Meetings. I try to attend regularly & enjoy it, temple work every day of some kind & have done for years. Near 3000 persons I have worked for. President of the temple, J. R. Shepard died at 5 a.m. on Jan. 28, 1935—a fine man 68 years old. He makes the 3<sup>rd</sup> president of the Logan temple to die since 1884 when it was dedicated.

A tragedy occurred Sunday Feb. 3, 1935, at the state dam, when 5 young people broke through the ice, 2 of whom drowned & 3 were saved, but shocked & were rushed to the hospital & are recovering. 100 people were on the ice & lost their heads & all rushed to help save the children & came near all going down together. The ice began to sink & the retreat was just in time to save a terrible disaster. As it is the whole community is shocked. I called at the house today & extended our sympathy. My temple work has continued as the days & months go by without cessation, with an unutterable joy, for my health is good & I feel that my work is accepted by those I work for. Friends of long standing are passing almost daily, of old age or accident. The last I mention here Joseph

T. Pond, who died suddenly last Sunday, the 17<sup>th</sup> of Mar. (1935), (of) Thatcher, Idaho, about 80 years old, near my own age. I have always loved that man & his family

Mar. 17, 1935: Today our ward was reorganized & I now live under my 8<sup>th</sup> bishop here in Logan & have never changed my residence. George B. Everton, Bp. Gunner Rasmussen, 1<sup>st</sup> & Earl Hanson, 2<sup>nd</sup> Counselors & Walter Barrett, clerk, now preside over the 11<sup>th</sup> Ward where I live. They are good young me(n) & should succeed as their former bps. have. I would that all men were Bps. or had the experience of Bps. It would be good schooling for them.

Apr. 5, 1935: Listened to one of the best annual conferences that I ever heard, the 105<sup>th</sup> of the L.D.S. Church, spirited & powerful testimonies of the divinity of Christ's mission & labors & of the mission & labors of the Prophet Joseph Smith & associates & the growth & development of the Church since 1830, from 6 members to 753 thousand now in 105 years. With all the prejudices, hatred, drivings, persecutions that prevailed all that time. Make its marvelous growth all the more wonderful & God approved. The struggle is still on but the powers of darkness are gradually giving way to the powers of light & bespeaks a future of redoubled & rapid (rapid) progress

Apr. 6, 1935: Today the Church authorities were sustained & addresses were delivered by Apostles Widstoe & J. F. Smith & Prest. J. G. Kimbal(1) & L. E. Young & Mission Prests. Wonderful testimonies were borne by all in a powerful spirit. I never heard better. I could hear everything clearly.

Apr. 7, 1935: Prests. J. R. Clark & D. O. McKay & Apostles Clawson, Hinkley, & mission prests. Occupied the time with the same emphasis (emphasis) & spirit of all the rest of the 105<sup>th</sup> annual conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of L.D.S., making it the very best ever held. At 11:30 a.m. I went to our ward fast meeting & bore my testimony with others. Fine spirit. The weather is stormy & too wet for planting. I go to the temple once almost every day, sometimes twice, the balance of the day I work about home & keep things us as best I can & enjoy my work. The 15<sup>th</sup> was my wife Carrie's 78<sup>th</sup> birthday, remembrance of that day & other happy incidents of her sweet life flit through my mind as usual. I have planted my garden once more, all fine & in good shape. I attended our Logan Stake Conference last Sunday morning, (in) afternoon the funeral of Mrs. Robert Murdock. There I met four of my sisters. Weather conditions are better after a three day storm of wind, snow & rain.

Apr. 26, 1935: Yesterday I listened to the opening of the Mark Twain Meusium (Museum) at Han(n)ibal, Moussi (Missouri) by the citizens of that city and the presentation by his daughter. It is fine & an honor to that wonderful man. I have listened to numerous fine things over the air & appreciate them as the handiwork of God from whom all blessings flow. Sermons of the Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of L.D.S. to all the world spreading the gospel truths with divine authority. The welcome home of the Bird Expedition from the Antarctic by President Roosevelt. The earthquake of Japan & Armenia, the twenty-fifth year of the successful of reign of King George, the Fifth of England & his speech from London. Heard it plain. All these great events flashed over

the air are the miraculous things of this 20<sup>th</sup> Century. Our youngest son George was married May 1<sup>st</sup>, 1935 at Oakland, Calif. to Iola Heiselt by Prest. McDonald of that city & stake & they pd. (paid) us a visit on the 8<sup>th</sup> & returned home on the 10<sup>th</sup>. Today May 12<sup>th</sup>, Mother's Day. A S(unday). S(chool) programm for Mothers honor(ed) with potted geraniums for each mother present. All very fine & becoming.

June 24, 1935, One week ago yesterday Martin Pond was buried, an old friend since pioneer days, a good man. Yesterday the 23<sup>rd</sup>, George W. Lundquist was buried, same ward & same blok, 4<sup>th</sup> Ward. This was held in the tabernacle & it was full up with friends & kindred, the most flowers I ever saw at a funeral in Logan. He was 1<sup>st</sup> Counselor in the Cache Stake, a fine man, a true friend & a gentleman, 73 yrs. old, a life long friend of mine. Our parents live(d) neighbors all their lives in Logan. The passing of these two men removes two more of my pioneer acquaintances (acquaintances) & leaves me still more lonesome.

Not many left now that were my pals  
And school day chums,  
As each one passes on.  
Of those I knew so well,  
as each life's work is done  
And they go home to dwell.  
It seems more lonesome here,  
And makes me feel a stranger in this land,  
Although my life has been to me most dear.  
I seem to have lost my boyhood band.  
I formed attachments of the very vest.  
We shared conditions of our time,  
And now that they have gone to rest,  
My life has lost its usual rhyme.  
A stranger in the land I dearly love.  
The very best I ever knew,  
But as my old friends go above,  
That feeling to go comes upon me too.

Orson Smith

June 27, 1935: I have enjoyed a week of temple work, once every morning session. On returning home worked in garden the balance of the day to my joy & pleasure producing something worth while—strawberries, peas, carrots, beets, onions, radishes & spinach. Some of these we have every day & potatoes, corn & beans coming on rapidly. I receive letters from some of the children once a week & sometimes oftener, which I am at once to keep my hand in & to never al(l)ow my correspondence to pile up & go unanswered. I have written several poems of late for my own amusement & entertainment of my decedents (descendants). If they get anything out of them, I am repaid. I especially dedicated one each to every living child of their mother.

July 3, 1935: Was at the temple once today, then watered all of my garden this afternoon.

Tomorrow morning at 3 a.m. I was born 82 years ago in a covered wagon on the plains of Iowa, near the city of Keokuk, now called. I am hale and hearty, work at something every day, have a good ap(p)etite, sleep well, and have no aches or pains, only when I walk fast, the calves of my legs hurt me some, so I go slow.

#### MY THOUGHTS AT 82 ON JULY 4, 1935

In reminiscence of the eighty two  
Years that I have sojourned here,  
I make a summary that will do  
To quiet all of any kind of fear.  
I've seen some mighty changes in that time,  
And felt their value in the make up of my life,  
From youth to manhood in its prime  
And shared life's battles & its strife.  
The iron horse on ties and ribs of steel,  
When first it crossed this mighty land  
To link two oceans and to feel  
The thrill of life on every hand,  
Unseen words with the iron horse  
Like lightning sped its way,  
By that ingenious Charley Morse,  
The telegraph was made to pay  
I next observed the telephone  
For every office, shop and stand  
And for every house and home,  
For everybody in the land.  
The ether waves are now in use,  
The greatest marvel of this age.  
Every day the latest news  
Is flashed upon the world's great stage.  
The auto car of travel fame  
Conveying people everywhere  
Has put the iron horse to shame  
With comfort and in fare.  
And now to imitate the bird  
And drive him from the sky.  
The human bird can now be heard  
Carrying its precious burden by  
The roads are now made by low  
By best of road engineers,  
With rod & compass not a flow  
Are found to cause our fears.  
I have seen men's anger grow to war  
Against each others racial blood  
And claiming how they did abhor

Still blood flowing like a flood,  
I have seen men judge their fellow man  
By what other men have said  
Without a hearing or defensive plan,  
But sentence him instead  
I have seen blind prejudice at work  
That worst bone of humankind  
In shades of darkness it will lurk  
For some chance to strike behind  
I have seen true friendship magnified  
And proved beyond a doubt  
Truth of the heart personified  
As facts have been brought out  
I have seen most every phase  
Of human sin and shame  
Of human weakness as it plays  
This earthly human game  
And I'm convinced beyond a doubt  
By the things that I have seen  
'Tis ignorance that brings about  
The acts that we call mean  
No wonder God demands that we  
Judge no one of all His kind  
But let Him do the judging see  
Forever keep this warning dear in mind,  
I've had the very best of all that I could ask,  
Sealed upon my head and given  
If I can only complete my talk,  
My passports sure for heaven  
I have seen the growth of God's great work  
Amidst these grand old peaks  
Where beautiful rich valleys lurk  
The handiwork of God so loudly speaks.  
While all these scenes have passed before my eyes  
My own weaknesses have come to view  
So many little mean things I despise  
Are buried in the knowledge of the new  
And now I see from heights above the hills  
My vision clearer and defined.  
My soul with heaven rapture thrills,  
And all those petty things are left behind  
My life has been a happy, joyous life to me  
For all the way we felt the care of God.  
He has seemed to be so near & kept me free  
From all corrosive sins & taught me good.  
I have met and walked the earth with men

Of God, from Brigham Young, the lion of the Lord  
To Heber J. Grant. All these God's spokesmen have been  
My tutors and in both deed and word  
Hosts of others who hold the priesthood true  
Have been to me an inspiration dear  
And to my faith have added faith anew  
And who I value for their cheer

I have seen the Redman in his pride  
A native savage of the land,  
When he owned the whole country side  
And all was at his bold command  
Now he is known no more  
As owner of this vast domain  
His power and glory and reign is o'er  
And scarcely is he seen again.  
I have seen this land a wilderness,  
A vast and unattractive scene  
The pioneers all in distress  
From grasshopper famine seen  
Myriads of black & yellow crickets too  
Played havoc with the crops,  
Concerned the people what to do  
To save their grain from the hops  
I have helped to build the canyon roads  
From the first and great canals  
I have driven the oxen with the goals  
And helped to dig the wells  
I went to school and learned some things  
That helped me on my way  
To teaching others, which now clings  
As memories happy day  
Logging and milling in the hills  
In several states around  
Railroading and farming occupation fills  
Up my work with ground.  
I have tried about most everything  
To make an honest living,  
I have tried my very best to bring  
Some joy to all by my self giving.  
I have traveled over many states  
On business and for pleasure  
But always thankful that the fates  
Had planted me in Cache Valley, a treasure  
Spot of beauty unsurpassed among  
The mighty mountains of the west

Where parents and children all belong  
The most beautiful and best  
There I raised three families of real worth  
Thirty one souls including parents too  
A jolly throng of joyous with  
To grace the earth, and help to make it new  
And now we number eighty five  
Twenty four family units counting all  
Are taking part in making each a hive  
And go and come at Heavenly Father's call.  
Such is what I have seen and done  
In the time that we sojourned here.  
And I am blessed and honored by every one,  
I think of them and they of me, most dear  
There are many other details left unsaid.  
In this short summary of active years.  
But in my memoirs. When I am dead  
A completer history there appears  
Now if I add no more to this rhyme  
What is here written is the truth  
And twill show we had a busy time  
And hope it will encourage all the youth  
In everything I have done & said & wrought,  
The Lord, my God, has been my stay  
For all the good we done (did) He brought  
Me out triumphant to this day.

O. Smith

July 18, 1935: Since my last recording I have attended several funerals, one of them a dear friend Geo. W. Lindquist, who I have known all his life & (lived) near to me. Many meetings of various kinds and to the temple once every day, some times twice a day. Have written many letters & some pieces of poetry and two stories, one of my own life and one, why I love America, both of which are interesting and instructive. I am doing this for the benefit and blessing of my children and kindred.

Aug. 3, 1935: since last recording several important things have occurred, calling for recognition from me since they signify mighty changes I have lived to see. 88 years ago the Mormons came into Utah driven by their enemies with the sanction of the highest officials of the U.S. 10 years later the flower of the U.S. Army was sent to pillage & drive again all of these trying incidents of persecution have passed and today the flower of the U.S. Army—80 bombing planes came to help celebrate the 24<sup>th</sup> of July, our State holiday—some change of sentiment I say.

THE HILL CUMORAH, JULY 21, 1935

Cumorah, thou hill of hills  
Made so by the records of the past.  
My heart with rapture thrills  
With joy, that 'twill always last  
When Jared and his people came  
A wilderness they found,  
But thou, oh hill, stood just the same  
Sacred depository ground  
When all his people strayed away  
From God and from His plan,  
Thou hill drank up that blood of say  
Of that nation to one man.  
When Lehi came with all his kin  
He found a desolated place,  
Ruins without and ruins within  
Was (were) left of that mighty race  
As Nephi's people wandered north  
And departed form the land,  
Thou, oh hill, showed thine ancient worth  
For all God's sacred word.  
And when upon thy sacred breast  
The Nephi's stood their ground  
Thou, oh hill, as with the rest  
A place for them was found.  
That sacred history, long has laid  
Within thy blessed soil  
A monument of granite now is made  
To grace thy head and testify to all  
Orson Smith

LOGAN, 7-4-35

Today we celebrate our nations birth  
The one hundred and fifty ninth of life  
Under the Constitution of such worth  
To all who come and join its glory rife  
The declaration has been read today  
Of rights it guarantees to everyone  
And smacks of liberty and points the way  
To perpetuate the freedom just begun.  
Orators laud its virtues and its power  
To make a nation strong and of the best.  
If they but guard it safely every hour  
The God of heaven will see it forever blest



With every needful blessing in His power.  
Multitudes will shout its praises now  
Stars & stripes will flutter in the breeze  
Emotion will cause our heads to bow  
In honor of our flag as it stands for all of these.  
Great is the joy that we have shared  
Beneath the folds and what it represents,  
The Constitution's promises are based  
To all who understand its sacred contents.  
And now our country's future all depends  
Upon our patriotism and defense  
Of all the laws and principles it lends  
To make a nation of good sense.  
Thus the foundation laid secure  
For the greatest nation on the earth,  
God inspired and its object clean & pure  
To all who love to foster joy & mirth..

O. Smith

Sep. 1859 we arrived here

June 18, 1935

#### BEAUTIFUL CACHE VALLEY

God's handiwork in every line I trace  
In beauty, design, mountain leaf & tree  
My life long home & dwelling place  
Which makes it the dearest spot to me.  
From mountain tops o'er cast in snow  
When winter time holds sway,  
A scene depicted far, far below  
Began description in every way  
The spreading fields in checkered style  
And threading streams present a view  
Unequaled in a thousand miles,  
That no where on this earth could do.  
'tis here, the native Indian was found  
A summer paradise of fish & game  
With deer and elk and bear abound  
Until the white man came.  
We met them in the bush & fen  
Along the streams & in the hills  
It all belonged to the Indian then  
Now the Indian whoop, the white man stills.  
Towns & cities, farms & fields

Dot the whole from end to end,  
From mountain base the valley yields  
Abundant food for man to tend.  
Forty thousand souls now grace  
This beauty spot, by nature grand.  
Indians all have left the place  
And the white man owns the land.  
The winters now are more mild  
Than first we entered on the scene,  
When everything was running wild  
All nature found us new & lean.  
With faith in God & courage strong  
The land subdued & water turned  
To quench its thirst & lead along  
And saved the grain before it burned.  
Now stands an empire bold and true  
With schools & temples beautiful to see  
Embellishing this beauty spot anew  
And makes it doubly dear to me.  
It was here I met companions good & true  
Parents of honor, trust, and love  
The like which I never before knew.  
And whom I hope again to meet above  
Many now lay sleeping in this place  
To me the choicest place on earth  
May God's mercy and His grace  
Protect this spot of so much worth.  
No wonder that I love this place so well  
With such endearing ties around  
No wonder that I want to forever dwell  
Where every mortal tie is found.  
When my time shall come to pass away  
No matter where I chance to be  
Just bring me home to stay  
In my beautiful Cache Valley.  
Orson Smith, 6-18-35

#### TESTIMONY

I know that my Redeemer lives  
By what He has done for me.  
And every day He always gives  
The things I need to live and be.  
He silences all my fears and cares  
And by His still small voice  
He whispers to my soul & shares

My trials & makes my heart rejoice.  
The burning in my soul I feel  
A testimony so true and bright  
And makes His own dear life as real  
I know it is His light.  
The Holy Ghost, that birth of fire  
Which makes the truth so clear  
Has led me on and truth acquire  
To bring Him very near.  
The way my life has been preserved  
Through all the changing years.  
I know He has my life observed  
And has wiped away my tears.  
I know He lives and loves us best  
Of all His works on earth.  
By numerous ways that He has blest  
And showed man his true worth .  
I know by every fiber of my soul  
That He lives and loves us all,  
And wants us all to reach the goal  
That no harm shall us befall.

O. Smith

#### THAT OLD CEMENT CELLAR ROOF

As days & years have come and gone  
In memory they remain.  
And scenes are pictured one by one  
As we live them o'er again.  
That cellar roof among the rest  
Where kids were want to slide,  
Looms great if not the very best  
Where evil doings did abide.  
Their pants were worn out to the skin  
Their shoes about the same,  
And mother's tempers worn so thin  
When trying to stop the game.  
But still they came in flocks & herds  
When no one chanced to see  
Just like a flock of sparrow birds  
As merry as could be.  
The same old game is carried on  
By each succeeding clan  
We think this crowd will soon be gone  
When another has begun.  
And so its been by rich & poor

From near & far away  
They've had to try that cellar door  
And wear their pants in fray.  
The mothers all rant & cry  
When they see the house surought  
But childish fun we can't deny  
And their presence is not sought.  
O. S.

MOTHER'S DAY  
May 12, 1935

The world around this day  
Is sacred to her name.  
What ever else we do or say  
Today we tell her fame.  
With pride we tell of days gone by  
When to her side we clung,  
Our every wish to gratify  
When we were all so young.  
Those happy days soon slipped away  
We hardly knew their worth,  
Until our manhood came to stay  
Our days of youthful mirth.  
'Twas then we came to understand  
The cast of mothers care.  
Our thoughtless self demand  
She always tried to share.  
A priceless jewel I see here now  
With faithful patient treat,  
Our daily duties show us how  
To work for daily bread.  
Our spiritual guide she tried to be  
In every way she could.  
Taught us a prayer of faith to see  
The way to choose the good.  
And thus she plodded day by day  
With never a rest to find  
Her path of duty she would say  
And God's forever kind.  
O.S.

THAT OLD APPLE TREE

What memories that you could tell  
If words you could command

The fifty years you lived so well  
Laden with luscious fruit at hand.  
Each year without one miss  
In all that time from bearing  
And seemingly with joy & bliss  
To see so many sharing.  
The ruthless kids would scale thy sides  
And tear thy bark asunder  
In thy sturdy branches hide  
And eat away thy plunder.  
No sooner would your fruit appear  
Of any size whatever,  
They'd pounce upon it, never fear  
And keep it up forever  
Until the very last had gone  
And they had searched the ore & ore,  
Your bounteous harvest was done.  
They'd avail & wish for more  
Oh, how well you'd done your part  
By all who shared your border  
And thus endeared you to our heart  
You could not have worked harder.  
Your every life you gave to all  
That came to share your bounties  
Until you could not work atoll (at all)  
Most blest tree of our countries.  
So this I say, your memorial be  
The old red astrican apple tree  
O.S.

#### MY THANKS

For parents good and true  
Who sacrificed their all  
To do the will of God they knew,  
It was His command and call.  
For birth upon this promised land  
Where saints of God may dwell,  
And build at His command  
Temples we love so well.  
For a home among these mighty hills  
And valleys rich and fair,  
Where sails productive larder fills  
Our every need and to spare.  
For wives of noble men  
To share my life and love

True and faithful to obtain  
Eternal life above.  
For children of that loving type  
To cheer and cherish me,  
Maturity and wisdom ripe  
With man and womanhood so free.  
For God's goodness all day long  
To me and all of mine,  
Health and strength to me belong  
All my life long time.  
For friends and kindred dear  
Who help me all the way,  
To make me happy while I'm here  
And so I am thankful every day.

O. Smith

#### WHEN THE CHILDREN PRAY FOR ME

I feel no fear from any source  
When the children pray for me  
Its just a matter of fact of course  
That protected I shall be  
The innocence of little ones  
Appeals to heaven's host  
The answer to their prayers becomes  
Assurance not a boast  
Their simple faith become a power  
Unequaled by the best  
And blessings follow in a shower  
At the little one's request  
God so loves the pure in heart  
He hastens to their aid  
Whenever asked to take their part  
And their speedily repaid  
Oh yes I feel myself secure  
From harm and danger too  
When little ones so clean & pure  
Proove themselves so true.  
It makes my heart rejoice to know  
I have their faith & love  
No greater blessing here below  
Could come from God above  
Oh may I live my whole life thru  
That I may always share  
The confidence of children true  
And have their constant prayer.

O. Smith

MY 82<sup>ND</sup> BIRTHDAY

July 4, 1935

What wonderous things have I beheld  
In my short life of eighty two.  
A broken nation and its meld  
A band of steel from sea to sea.  
The iron horse & train  
Wire and space astonish me  
With music sweet refrain.  
I have seen an empire rise upon  
The mighty plains and hills.  
A race of sturdy men such on  
The rivers and the rills.  
The vaults of nature opened wide  
Rich treasures to unfold  
From river sands & ocean tides  
Streams of yellow gold.  
I've seen men take the air with birds  
Annihilating space  
The hills abound in flocks and herds  
To beautify and grace.  
I've seen God's temples dot the land  
Redemption for the dead.  
Millions for their fathers stand  
The light of truth to shed.  
So rich has been my years of grace  
The whole time Ive been here.  
So mightily have they set the pace  
That I'm left behind I fear.

MY CHRISTMAS GREETING TO JOSEPH R. SHEPARD

1934

I wish I had the power to give  
Health & strength that you mite live  
And feel the tang of blooming youth  
To carry on the work of truth.  
I know how you feel the smart  
Of shattered nerves that tore apart,  
The strong desire to do  
The part assigned to you.  
And yet there's comfort in the thought  
Of all the labors you have wrought.

For mortal man can't always last  
His time of trial so soon is past,  
And if he always does his best  
In health or sickness, he'd be blest  
So dear friend I wish you cheer  
And health & strength the coming year  
With what the season brings to all  
Until the Master makes His call.

Orson Smith

#### WHEN I AM DEAD

Whoever asked to speak of me  
When standing at my bier,  
Say what they personally mean to be  
The truth of my career.  
Just what they know of my real worth  
And not what others said,  
In verse or prose or authors mirth  
Of others long since dead.  
They never knew of me at all (at all),  
Then why quote them o'er me?  
This is my funeral & my pale  
Treat it as such you see.  
I've read the authors all my life  
And quote them one by one.  
I know their grand & beauty rife  
But when my life is done  
Just tell some little thing you know  
That smacks of help & cheery  
For some poor mortal here below  
To make his life more merry.  
For that I've labored long & hard  
Along life's trail of trouble.  
Let them who know me not the bard  
Speak of my worth or bubble  
My funeral's mine, the last I'll get  
Then make it mine in indeed,  
By telling all you know & let  
My record be my creed..

Orson Smith



## AN INCIDENT

A short time after the death of my first wife, I was riding on the train over the Tehantipe Pass in California & was sleeping in an upper berth. In the night I arose & went to the state room, & in some unaccountable way I found myself lying on the floor, & still I was standing over my body & looking at it. At once my wife & 3 of our little children, who had died, stood there & we moved away together & traveled some distance holding hands. In our travel we came to a river of considerable size, & we all step(p)ed across as though it was but the size of a small water ditch. The scene was beautiful as far as we went and our hearts were at(t)uned to it all. I could not tell how far we went nor what we said to each other, but suddenly I found myself standing over my body on the train, looking at it, & finally entered it & got up and went back to my bed in that upper berth. Went to sleep until daylight. I saw no one & no one saw me, but the incident was real & the experience overwhelming, & has never left my memory. I have never feared nor dreaded death since then. My wife & little ones were together & happy.

Orson Smith

## AN UNANNOUNCED VISITOR, WHERE DID IT GO?

The night before the morning of my birth, (at) 3 a.m., July 4<sup>th</sup>, 1853, on the plains of Iowa, a large black dog came to the wagon that was stop(p)ed for the event, while the train had gone on. He stayed all night & kept close watch of everything until after I came into the world, then disappeared. No one saw him come, nor depart; just came at once, stayed all night & vanished. The country uninhabited, a bleak prairie & no visible objects to be seen. Mother told this story repeatedly after we reached Utah. The wagon stop(p)ed one day, then had to hur(r)ry on to overtake the train. Whatever was the meaning of the curious incident? It bode nothing bad for me, for some unseen power has watched over me for 82 years & has miraculously shielded me from serious harm. I have not seen them with my natural eyes, but I have heard them audibly with my ears & have felt their presence. So the visit of that friendly dog at my birth has meant well for me & I esteem a dog man's very best animal friend.

## THE OLD & NEW New Year's Eve, 1934

Now the year draws to a close  
What tomorrow brings no one knows.  
The chapter ends, the leaf is turned,  
What we are is what we've earned.  
We cannot change it if we would  
It stands for bad or it stands for good.  
Our regrets & wishes too  
Do not make the past anew.  
The only chance that's left us now  
Is the new year, chance to show us how  
To better grow, with the now.

Improved ourselves all the year thru.  
What a blessed thing to have a chance  
To start again to advance  
Turn around & look ahead.  
And thank the Lord that we're not dead.  
Another chance to make the grade  
Meet all comers not afraid,  
A chance to step a little higher  
Out above the filth & mire  
Into the light of noon day sun  
Insure ourselves a task well done.  
Oh how we hail the bright the new,  
The chance to show what we can do.  
Once more, oh get control  
Of mortal self and save our soul.  
So we hail the bright new year  
As one more chance for us right here.  
Orson Smith

#### NOT UNDERSTOOD

What man can judge his fellow man  
Who like himself has just began  
To learn the rudiments of life  
And meet temptations so rife.  
In this wonderful mortality  
Pryor to entering eternity.  
Here prejudice the bane of men  
Will blind the brightest of them  
And cloud the vision of the best  
And way the judgment of the rest.  
How human tests take one side  
How difficult to decide,  
In righteousness to both  
What man can judge without both sides  
Are heard and then again besides  
The witnesses who tell their tale  
Upon their oath they will not fail  
To tell the truth & nothing but the truth  
So help them, but now forsooth  
Some ifs & buts may now come in  
And thus commit a little more sin.  
So we go on judging one another  
And never, never get together  
Until the day God's judgment came  
And mortal man is gathered home

There to meet God face to face  
See how much we do, depends upon His grace  
We'd need no one tell us there  
God will then the truth declare

#### NOT UNDERSTOOD

How can it be in mortal life  
With all its weaknesses & strife  
Men judge from what they see  
But they are mortal as can be  
They cannot see within the heart  
And that's where all the actions start  
Nor can they see the motive there  
Nor all the powers brought to bear  
To change the course of every man  
No other one but God can  
He knows because He made the heart  
And also every other part  
And why it moves and acts & does  
So many things & knows the cause  
That pent up soul don't come to view  
Its secret may be old or new  
And still its motives may be good  
If mortal man but understood  
And so we go on day by day  
Judging each other on the way  
With never a thought the wrong we do  
Nor the sorrowing hearts we pierce thru  
Oh when shall we ever learn  
To judge ourselves & never turn  
One single charge against the good  
In any man, not undersood  
Oh may the light of God come thru  
To see ourselves as we ought & shore  
Two'od make of man a prince of peace  
And God's love would then increase.

O.S.

#### MY PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING

1934

Oh, Lord, the God of all the earth  
And all there is therein  
To thee I meekly bow in mirth  
This time of thanks givin

I thank thee for this glorious day  
When angles come again  
To teach the straight and narrow way  
And make the truth more plain  
For prophets that with you converse  
Explain thy mighty plan  
That governs all the universe  
And the destiny of man.  
For priesthood power that made it all  
To work unceasing and sublime  
And save thy children, great and small  
That they to thee may climb  
For sealing power to endless day  
Of father, mother, children too  
To beautify in every way  
While glorifying you  
For homes upon this holy land  
So sacred in thy sight  
The birth place of thy chosen band  
Who stand up for the right  
For men who dare to live and die  
And women too the same  
For truth and virtue ever try  
To honor thy great name

For friends and kindred ever dear  
Defenders of the truth  
Through pains & sorrow ever near  
To help with vigorous youth  
For parentage of noble sire  
And Mother by his side  
Whose lives continue to inspire  
With hope in thee abide  
For wives of noble birth and faith  
Who battle by my side for thee  
To glorify thy law that saith  
Eternal lives through all eternity  
For children from such blessed source  
Who honor thee the Lord  
And strive to take that happy course  
Obey thy holy word  
For health of precious worth to me  
Through all my varied life  
Obedience to thy law I see  
Thy handiwork so rife  
And now I bless thy name, oh Lord

With all my power I do  
For I have proved thy holy word  
And I owe it all to you  
Oh, may I to the end be found  
Still clinging to thy sod  
Oh, may I hear that joyous sound  
Of welcome home to God. Amen  
Orson Smith

#### A TRIBUTE TO LIFE

What tiz to have a chance to live  
Upon this good old earth  
And of ourselves a chance to give  
To others of its worth  
To see the lives of each unfold  
Achieving highs of joy  
As step by step they daily mould  
Themselves with life's allay  
Mighty changes day by day  
Leave their impress sure  
Many in our lives must stay  
The good, the bad, the pure  
We learn the beauty of the flower  
The sun, the moon, the stars  
The fiercest storms, the gentle shower  
The love that never mars  
Here we learn our neighbor, man  
And as we homeward tread  
We learn to help him all we can  
As Christ our Lord has said  
Its here we learn to look to God  
The author of it all  
And learn the path that He has trod  
And answer to His call  
This school of life of as much worth  
To every being here  
Make dearer still this precious earth  
Prepares a greater sphere  
Orson Smith

#### THANKSGIVING RAIN STORM

1934 has left its scar upon this land  
Drought stricken spots on every side  
Slights hard to understand

Have left our lovely land sundried  
The hay, the grain are swept away  
The ranges brown & bare & dry  
No winter's feed, there is no hay  
The beast must be killed or left to die  
Thousands must be slaughtered now  
And canned for human food  
To save the family cow and the horse to plow  
For the coming year & for our good  
The summer gone & winter's plight  
Now dauns upon the scene  
No moisture comes to our sight  
Nor streams that once have been  
The people bow in humble prayer  
To God, who rules ore all mankind  
Beseaching Him in great despair  
To hear & answer & be kind  
November comes, He hears their cry  
And showers send to set the grain  
That man may live & better try  
To worship Him the more profound  
The storms increase the whole month through  
The ground is wet to stay  
May God be praised by me & you  
On this Thanksgiving Day.

O.S.

#### DON'T WEEP FOR ME

Don't weep for me when I am dead,  
Nor sorrow when I'm gone  
Just ponder over what I've said  
And think of what I've done  
I'm not averse to shedding tears  
To relieve the aching heart  
But for joy, and not for fears  
Shows well, the better part  
I've lived a long and active life,  
Nor loafed away a day  
I've done my best thru trials rife  
And nobly fought my way  
I would not have you weep and sigh  
Because I've gone to sleep  
Just let me rest, and harder try  
My counsels faithful keep  
We lived beyond the allotted time

Of man upon this earth  
I've shared God's mercies so sublime  
He has watched me from my birth  
He has snatched me from the jaws of death  
He has filled my soul with love,  
He filled my soul with faith in every breath  
And I know He lives above.  
Rejoice and be exceeding glad  
I have lived and done my best.  
Hold fast the good, eschew the bad,  
And be forever blest.

Your Father

Orson Smith

August 5, 1935: On this day it is told that Orson smith rose as usual at 4 a.m. and worked for awhile in his garden. He cleaned up and went to the temple returning about early afternoon. A letter from his daughter Olena was awaiting him. Immediately he answered her letter and walked up to the post office to mail it, arriving home a short while before dinner. While reading his mail, he suddenly realized that that day, at an hour that he could decide, he was to leave this mortal life. It had been shown to him. He went into the house and told his wife Annie, to prepare her. He visited with his children who came to see him, and wrote a few poems:

#### AT THE CLOSE OF DAY

Why should we want the sun to always shine  
 And darkness always stay away?  
 We would not know that either were so fine,  
 Were we deprived of either night or day.

And so we love the morn, its beauty rare  
 Inspires the soul, expands the breast  
 To breathe the morning air,  
 And urges all to do their level best.

When the sun has reached the zenith of the sky,  
 How nice to rest the weary bones a while,  
 And eat the noonday meal before we try  
 To finish up the day, and then we smile.

But, oh, the joy of eventide  
 When shades of eve overcome the heat.  
 No matter then what may betide.  
 We feel relief and rest our aching feet.

We do relax and rest around  
 And spend our time in every way  
 That joy and comfort may abound.  
 So it is with life's eventide.

The summing up of all the past,  
 The ripening of old age, from prime,  
 The drawing of life's close at last,  
 Such is the close of the day.

The best of all the rest.  
 To sweep the trials away  
 And place us in eternal life, the best.



He told Auntie (as we called his 2<sup>nd</sup> wife, Sarah Ann), he would lie down to rest while she prepared dinner. She gathered in the wash, and came in to call him to supper, when she found he had slept quietly away. She went to call for help and as she opened the door, all she could hear was the singing of many birds. It was five in the evening and no one was near.

When his dear sister Lucy heard about his passing, she asked them not to move him until she could come and see him, which she immediately did.

His Patriarchal Blessing told him that a guardian angel was assigned to him at birth and he would be watched over all his life. He knew this person, not by sight, but by his nearness so many times during his lifetime. His children had been by his side when he was told them of this presence.

God was so kind to him. He gave him many choices that helped him through hard experiences. The children felt that god truly loved their father. He and his good wives walked close to their Maker. Mary Ellen said many times that if she was a good character and an understanding woman, it was largely because of him and the way he didn't judge people, and the kind of a life he lived. There was never any quarreling in their midst. There were 27 children and with a common play yard, yet they never had any hard words. Neither did the wives ever have differences that were visible to the children.

They never heard an unkind word spoken to or of each other. This peaceful life often made it very hard when they went out of the home to mix with others who didn't enjoy such a wonderful childhood. They never had any gossip in their home and were never allowed to say anything that was not good about anyone. The same has been said about the home Orson was raised in. Only good was ever spoken, or they were told to say nothing.

His children buried Orson and such a wonderful sweet spirit was felt by all of them as they bid him farewell, so Margaret reports. He was a wonderful father and husband. He did love his fellowman and any mistakes he might have made in his lifetime were surely never intended and he sorrowed for them. His was a very special spirit.

He was buried in the Logan City Cemetery which had been his homestead and which he donated to the city for a burial place.

The man who will be remembered by mankind with love and gratitude is the one who has been inspired and who has lifted mankind to the highest ideal in life. The name of Orson Smith has gone down in history among those men and will be remembered forever.

ORSON SMITH'S LETTER TO HIS GRANDSON  
WILLIAM SMITH REEVE  
JULY 25, 1935

(This letter was given to me by Barbara Reeve Butler, sister to William Smith Reeve, recipient of the letter, and is here reproduced, since the original remained in the possession of William. William wrote the typewritten copy to his nephew, Reeve Butler, son of Barbara. Barbara and William are children of Geneve Carpenter Smith & John William Reeve, Geneve being a daughter of Orson Gurney Smith & Caroline Mariah Carpenter.)

A letter written to William Smith Reeve by his Grandfather Orson Smith of Logan, Utah, on July 25, 1935. Sent originally to Bill while he was in the Forest Service in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, it did not reach him, but was returned to Logan. This letter eventually wound up in the effects of his Aunt Margaret Watson, and after her passing it was forwarded to Bill with other mementos. It was not until three days ago, August 9, 1962, that it came to his attention among several papers in his file—so this letter, mailed 27 years ago, was finally “delivered.”

This copy is being made to preserve my Grandfather's sentiments towards me (Bill) and my then occupation. Another copy is being sent to my nephew, Reeve Butler, who at the same stage of life as I was then, is currently spending his first summer in the Forest Service. Reeve, your Great-Grandfather Smith knew the outdoors better than you or I ever would, and obviously loved it greatly. Here's his letter, with my “Amen.” (Grandfather Smith died just a few days after writing this letter—Aug. 5, 1935.)

Logan, 7-25-35

Dear William,

Your card came this morning, glad indeed to hear from you. Sorry I did not see you on your way out there. You are certainly in the wilds. It must be beautiful. It takes me back to my early days when all of this western country was just like your location, wild and in the raw. In addition to wild animals we had the wild Indian, more dangerous than all the animals. I love the wild now with nature in all its primeval beauty, to breathe the pure uncontaminated air, with the aroma of the pines and wild flowers, to drink the sweet and pure water that flows from the everlasting snows, embedded in the gulleys and peaks of the mountains that are the crown of the North American Dominion, choicest of all lands. To think of it makes me shout in my joy at being born upon this land. Oh, my America, proudly I think of thee sweet land of liberty. I have seen all this western part of the U.S. in raw wild state and have roamed its mountain reaches, its beautiful valleys, eaten the luscious wild game meat and fish. I saw the steady spread of civilization and the retreat of the wild animals to the most secluded spots (like where you are now) surrounded on every side by cities, towns and villages with people that never see beyond their boundaries and know nothing of the wilds as you see it there. You will appreciate that all the rest of your life. The silence of the wild is most impressive and puts one

nearer to our great creator for there we see God in action plainer than any other place. All nature bespeaks (of) his handiwork and as all natural laws are God's laws we see him in action in all these things. It brings us face to face with Him in his works around us. His power, might and majesty speak loud and proclaim His glory. The hills and dales are His temples. How hallowed we feel in them, as we are the temples of our spirits so are all created beings and things temples sacred to Him and for our progress and His glory. How we should try to be in harmony with our surroundings, sweet, clean, and wholesome, that like the temples around you His spirit can dwell in us. The more we do this the nearer we get to Him and the plainer we see His handiwork in flower, bird, and tree and all things around us. And in that line of progress we shall see Him face to face and we shall be like Him. I hope you see these things and remember to honor and obey all his divine laws for our salvation and eternal life. Good luck to you. Make the very best use of your time for advancement. Covered wagon days are over once more. Auntie went, but I stayed home. A multitude of people sweltered under a burning sun, but of course they enjoyed it all and will repeat it all another year. My health is very good, but these last few days I have felt the heat pretty bad. In fact, I am dizzy all the time today and feel like I would fall over. Its old age, I guess, and I have to make the best of it. I cannot hope to be here much longer now, 82 years old on the 4<sup>th</sup> (of July), so what can I expect at that age. I have had a long happy and useful life, and I know now I am slipping down the hill to the inevitable. How long it will take I do not know. God knows and as He wills, I acknowledge and bow to His will. Where is Jack? Give me his address if you have it.

Your loving Grandfather Smith

## ORSON GURNEY SMITH

Logan, Cache County, Utah  
September 9, 1884

(A blessing given by John Smith, Patriarch, upon the head of Orson Gurney Smith, son of Thomas X and Margaret Gurney Smith, born near Keokuk, Iowa on July 4, 1853)

Brother Orson, Thou art of the house of Israel numbered with the sons of Zion, and thy path is marked out inasmuch as thou wilt listen to the whisperings of the Spirit and be obedient to the priesthood, for the eye of the Lord has been upon thee from thy birth. He has preserved thy life for a wise purpose. He has a work for thee to do, in which, if thou art faithful, thou shalt see His name glorified and His arm made bare in behalf of Israel, for thou shalt see many changes and witness crying even among the people. It shall be thy lot to travel much at home and abroad and assist in gathering scattered Israel. If thou wilt seek wisdom, thy mind shall expand the vision of thine understanding, shall be opened and thou shalt comprehend things past and to come. If necessary thou shalt prophesy and perform miracles in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, for the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon thee in mighty power and make thee equal unto every task. The angel who was given thee at thy birth will warn thee of danger, give thee counsel in time of need and power over evil and unclean spirits. Therefore listen to the promptings of the monitor within thee and then shalt thou find friends wheresoever thou shalt sojourn, and so long as thou art in the discharge of thy duty. No power shall prevail against thee. Many times thou shalt be warned of events to come by dreams of the night and thy duty shall be made known by visions of the day. Many will seek therefore counsel, and wonder at thy wisdom and rejoice in thy teachings. Thou shalt also be a peacemaker among thine associates. Thou art of Ephraim and entitled to the blessings of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, with every gift and privilege promised unto the fathers in Israel. Thy name shall live in the memory of the Saints. Thy children shall grow up around thee and bless thee in thine old age, and all shall be well with thee. This blessing I seal upon thee in the name of Jesus Christ, and I seal thee up unto Eternal life to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection a savior in thy father's house, even so, Amen.

John Smith, Patriarch

*Orson Gurney Smith  
Died July 4, 1858  
Pioneer of 1853*

## Pioneer of Logan Dies, Funeral Set

LOGAN, Aug. 6.—Funeral services will be held Friday at 2 p.m. in the Logan tabernacle for Orson Gurney Smith, beloved pioneer of Logan, who died peacefully at his home late Tuesday afternoon. He had lain down to rest and when his wife attempted to rouse him for dinner, she found him dead.

Mr. Smith was very prominent in early Cache valley history. For 25 years he was bishop of Paradise and later became president of the old Cache stake.

### Bishop at 22

Born in Keokuk, Iowa, while his parents were en route from England to Utah, he was the son of Thomas X. Smith and Margaret Gurney, born July 4, 1853.

The family first lived in Farmington and in the fall of 1860 moved to Logan. After attending Logan schools he entered the University of Deseret, then taught first grade school in Logan.

He was made bishop of Paradise ward when 22 years of age and served in that capacity for 12 years. He became counselor to Pres. Charles O. Card and served 7 years and then became president of the stake.

### Goes to Gold Fields

He served for 2 time as Postmaster of Logan and also as Manager of the Consolidated Wagon and Machine Co. He lost his fortune in 1907 and left Logan for gold fields of Alaska. Upon his return he has lived in Logan devoting his life to Church work. He was a zealous worker in the Logan temple.

Twenty-seven children, eleven daughters and 6 sons survive him, besides his widow, Sarah Ann Obrey Smith; 52 grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren. Sons and daughters who survive him are: Mrs. Margaret S. Watson, Logan; Mrs. Geneva S. Reeve, Ogden; Mrs. Salome S. Brown, Pocatello; Galen C. Smith, Salt Lake City; Ezra O. Smith, Logan; Everett O. Smith, Los Angeles; Lyman O. Smith, Salt Lake City; Emma S. Stephens, Mimia, Fla.; Melba S. Debry, Ogden; Nellie S. Grant, Woods Cross; Martha S. Lee, Paradise; Harriet S. Woolley, Honolulu; Owen W. Smith, Salt Lake City; Gladys S. Calne, Boise; Olena S. Harris, Rexburg; Mrs. Mary S. Jordan, Oakland; Dr. George W. Smith, Oakland; sisters, Lucy S. Cardon, Alice G. Drue and Hattie Smith, Logan; Mrs. John L. Balliff, Rexburg and Mrs. William Baesett, Provo.

## Passing of a Logan Pioneer

ONE of the pioneers of Cache county, Orson Gurney Smith, passed away in his sleep yesterday afternoon at his home in Logan. The son of Thomas X. Smith, he was born while his parents were crossing the plains on the 4th of July, 1853. At the age of 22 he was placed at the head of Paradise ward and later became president of Cache stake.

He was postmaster of Logan at one time, but lost his savings in the storage of grain for farmers of the valley. To recoup his fortune he went to Alaska where he prospected and mined for several years.

Orson Smith was a devout but tolerant churchman, a loyal friend and an enterprising citizen.

### LOGAN PIONEER PASSES

*Orson Gurney Smith*  
*Aug 7, 1935*

ORSON GURNEY SMITH, 82, who died Tuesday at his home in Logan, has taken an active part in the civic, industrial and religious affairs of Cache Valley. The son of Thomas X. Smith he moved with his parents to Cache Valley in the fall of 1860. For twenty years he served as bishop of Paradise ward. Later he became counselor to Charles O. Card in the presidency of the Cache stake and upon the release of Mr. Card he was chosen stake president. He was also postmaster of Logan and president of the Consolidated Wagon and Machine company.

Mr. Smith lost his savings in 1907 in the storage of grain for the farmers of the valley and shortly thereafter he left Logan for the gold fields of Alaska. During recent years in Logan Mr. Smith has devoted his life to Church work and has been a zealous worker in Church organizations and in the Logan temple.

Mr. Smith has a wide circle of relatives and friends throughout the state who esteem and honor him for his service to his community and state and for his integrity, friendliness and loyalty of character.

## Orson Gurney Smith

LOGAN—Funeral services for Orson Gurney Smith, 82, former president of Cache L. D. S. stake and former Logan postmaster, who died suddenly Monday night, will be conducted Friday at 2 p. m. in the Logan L. D. S. tabernacle, with burial in the Logan cemetery, under the direction of the Lundquist & Sons mortuary. Bishop George Evertson of the Logan L. D. S. Eleventh ward will have charge of the services.

Born in Keokuk, Iowa, July 4, 1853, son of Thomas X. and Margaret Gurney Smith, the family lived in Farmington, but in 1859 came to Logan.

He attended Logan schools and later matriculated at the University of Deseret, now the University of Utah. He taught in the first grade school in Logan, and in 1877 was called by the L. D. S. church to become bishop of the Paradise L. D. S. ward. He served as bishop there 12 years and was called to Logan, where he served a counselor in the Cache L. D. S. stake presidency seven years, then became president for four years he lived at Orderton, Canada.

Mr. Smith served as postmaster in Logan for a short time, and later became manager of the Consolidated Wagon and Machine company. For several years he was interested in the grain business, but suffered reverses in the panic of 1907. Following this he went to Alaska, where he worked for two years in the gold fields later working in Nevada and Idaho mines.

He homesteaded in Logan, where the present Logan city cemetery is now located. This land was presented to the city by Mr. Smith.

Two wives, Mary Ellen Wright Smith and Carrie Carpenter Smith, are dead while his third wife, Mrs. Sarah Ann Obrey Smith, survives, with 11 daughter and six sons. Mrs. Margaret S. Watson, Ezra O. Smith, Logan; Mrs. Geneva S. Reeve and Mrs. Melba Debry, Ogden; Mrs. Salome S. Brown, Pocatello, Idaho; Gale C. Lyman O. and Owen W. Smith, Salt Lake City; Everett O. Smith, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mrs. Emma S. Stephens, Miami, Fla.; Mrs. Nellie S. Grant, Woods Cross; Mrs. Martha S. Lee, Paradise; Mrs. Harriet S. Woolley, Honolulu; Mrs. Gladys S. Calne, Boise, Idaho; Mrs. Olena S. Harris, Rexburg, Idaho; Mrs. Mary S. Jordan and Dr. George W. Smith, Oakland, Cal.; 53 grandchildren; nine great-grandchildren.

## Early Pioneer of Logan Succumbs

LOGAN — Orson Gurney Smith, 82, pioneer of Logan and one of its early leaders, died suddenly at his home, 172 East Second South street, Monday afternoon. Mr. Smith had lain down on a couch for a rest and when members of the family went to rouse him they found him dead.

He was born in Iowa, July 4, 1853, while his parents were en route to Utah. He was a son of Thomas A. and Margaret Gurney Smith. He had been a resident of Cache valley since 1859 and for 25 years was L. D. S. bishop of Paradise and later was president of the original Cache stake, which covered all of Cache valley. During his life in Logan he had been an ardent L. D. S. temple worker.

Two wives, Mrs. Mary Ellen Wright Smith and Mrs. Carrie Carpenter Smith, are dead, while his third wife, Mrs. Sarah Ann Obrey Smith, survives, with several sons and daughters.

One brother and six sisters also survive him: Fred Smith and Mrs. Emma S. Balliff, Rexburg, Idaho;

# Orson Smith Services Set For Tabernacle

Services For Zealous Religious Leader To  
Be Held Friday Afternoon  
at 2 O'clock

Death came peacefully late Monday afternoon to Orson Gurney Smith, highly esteemed Logan pioneer resident and at one time president of the old Cache stake when that district embraced the entire territory in Cache Valley.

He had been in good health continuously with the exception that during Monday afternoon he had a few pains around his heart. Sunday he attended Sunday school session in the Logan Eleventh ward as was his wont. In the afternoon he attended the funeral services of Mrs. Rebecca Rawlins in Lewiston, and in the evening was at the conjoint meeting in the Logan Eleventh ward.



ORSON GURNEY SMITH

Monday he was up and around the house as usual. Late in the afternoon after he had written a letter to one of his daughters living in Rexburg, he laid down on the sofa to rest. From that rest he never arose. Peacefully he entered eternity.

About 5:30 o'clock when he failed to respond to Mrs. Smith's invitation to come to supper, she tried to awake him. Becoming alarmed she had a neighbor telephone his son-in-law, William Watson, who conducts a grocery store on Federal Avenue. Mr. Watson hurriedly responded to the call. He sent for a physician who pronounced Mr. Smith dead.

Born in Keokuk, Iowa, while his parents were enroute from England to Utah, he was the son of Thomas X. Smith and Margaret Gurney. He was born July 4, 1853.

The family first lived in Farmington and in the fall of 1860 moved to Logan. Since then Mr. Smith had lived most of his life in Cache county where he took an active and leading part in the

University of Deseret, now the University of Utah, and then taught the first graded school in Logan. In 1875 when he was only 22 years of age he was called by the Mormon church to become bishop of Paradise. Moving to that community he served there as bishop for 12 years, during which time he aided and encouraged the settlers in redeeming the waste places. He returned to Logan when he was called to be-

come a counselor to President Charles O. Card of the Cache stake. He served as such for seven years and was then called and set apart as president of the Cache stake which then embraced the territory from Avon on the south to Oxford on the north.

During his incumbency as stake president he visited every community in the stake with a horse and buggy. For four years he lived in Cardston, Canada, assisting in building up that Mormon community.

For a time he served as postmaster of Logan and was also the local manager of the Consolidated Wagon and Machine company. For several years he was in the grain business, but lost everything he had accumulated during the panic of 1907.

To recuperate his lost fortune he went to Alaska where he worked in the gold fields for two years. Later he worked in the mines in Nevada and Idaho.

In the early days he homesteaded the original Logan city cemetery which he later presented to Logan city free of charge.

All his life Mr. Smith has been devoted to his religion and has always taken an active and leading part. Zealously he expounded the principles of his religion, and never wavered even when financial difficulties almost overwhelmed him. During the latter part of his life he was a regular worker at the Logan temple. On the first day that ordinances were performed in the temple in 1884, Mr. Smith officiated at the baptismal font.

Mr. Smith was the father of 27 children, 11 daughters and six sons of whom survive him. He is also survived by his widow, Sarah Ann Obray Smith, 52 grand children and nine great grand children.

His sons and daughters who survive him are Mrs. Margaret S. Watson of Logan, Mrs. Geneva S. Reeve of Ogden, Mrs. Salome S. Brown of Pocatello, Galen C. Smith of Salt Lake City, Ezra O. Smith of Logan, Everett O. Smith of Los Angeles, Lyman O. Smith of Salt Lake City, Mrs. Emma S. Stephens of Miami, Florida, Mrs. Melba S. DeBry of Ogden, Mrs. Nellie S. Grant of Woods Cross, Mrs. Martha S. Lee of Paradise, Mrs. Harriet S. Wooley of Honolulu, Owen W. Smith of Salt Lake City, Gladys S. Caine of Boise, Idaho, Mrs. Olena S. Harris of Rexburg, Mrs. Mary S. Jordan of Oakland, and Dr. George W. Smith of Oakland.

He is also survived by the following brothers and sisters: Mrs. Lucy S. Cardon of Logan, Mrs. William Bassett of Provo, Mrs. John L. Bailif and Fred G. Smith of Rexburg, Miss Alice G. Smith, Miss Drue Smith and Miss Hattie Smith of Logan, also the follow-

Marie S. Kimb  
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# SHOWDOWN EXPECTED MOMENTARY

# Former Cache Stake President Dies

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ORSON GURNEY SMITH

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The family first lived in Farmington and in the fall of 1860 moved to Logan. Since then Mr. Smith had lived most of his life in Cache county where he took an active and leading part in the up-building of cities and communities.

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(Continued On Page 3)

### HERE'S MORE ABOUT

### Orson Smith

(Continued From Page One)

come a counselor to President Charles O. Card of the Cache stake. He served as such for seven years and was then called and set apart as president of the Cache stake which then embraced the territory from Avon on the south to Oxford on the north.

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Mr. Smith was the father of 27 children, 11 daughters and six sons of whom survive him. He is also survived by his widow, Sarah Ann Orrey Smith, 52 grand children and nine great grand children.

His sons and daughters who survive him are Mrs. Margaret S. Watson of Logan, Mrs. Geneva S. Reeve of Ogden, Mrs. Salome S. Brown of Pocatello, Galen C. Smith of Salt Lake City, Ezra O. Smith of Logan, Everett O. Smith of Los Angeles, Lyman O. Smith of Salt Lake City, Mrs. Emma S. Stephens of Miami, Florida, Mrs. Melba S. DeBry of Ogden, Mrs. Nellie S. Grant of Woods Cross, Mrs. Martha S. Lee of Paradise, Mrs. Harriet S. Wooley of Honolulu, Owen W. Smith of Salt Lake City, Gladys S. Caine of Boise, Idaho, Mrs. Olena S. Harris of Rexburg, Mrs. Mary S. Jordan of Oakland, and Dr. George W. Smith of Oakland.

He is also survived by the following brothers and sisters: Mrs. Lucy S. Cardon of Logan, Mrs. William Bassett of Provo, Mrs. John L. Ballif and Fred G. Smith of Rexburg, Miss Alice G. Smith, Miss Drue Smith and Miss Hattie Smith of Logan, also the following half brothers and sisters: Mrs. Fanny S. Goodsell, David Smith, Mrs. Patience Adams and Mrs. Marie S. Kimball of Logan, and Eugene Smith of Rexburg.

Funeral services will be held Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the Logan tabernacle under the direction of Bishop George Evertson of the Logan Eleventh ward. Interment will be in the Logan city cemetery under the direction of Lindquist mortuary.

### Obituary.

Carrie M. Smith, whose death occurred in Logan City, Utah, July 21, last, was the daughter of Ezra and Jane Carpenter, and was born in Putnam, April 15, 1856. About twenty years ago she left Putnam for a home in the far West, leaving behind her many friends who still love and cherish her memory.

For a few years past she had very much desired to visit the home of her early years. Probably she would have done so had her life been spared.

She was the subject of early religious impressions, having been converted at the age of ten years, and united with the Baptist church in this place.

Death came to her suddenly and unexpected, but found her ready. The day on which she died she called her family to her bedside, her husband and seven children, giving them instruction and advice. Realizing what she had to leave, she said it was all right. God knows why He does it. With a heavenly expression on her countenance she passed to the spirit land.

A. L. A.

Putnam, Sept. 20, 1894.

The Logan City Herald, Utah, gives the following notice of the death of Mrs. Smith:

"Carrie M. C. Smith, beloved wife of President Orson Smith, passed from this life Saturday, July 21, 1894, at her residence in the Sixth Ward, of puerperal fever.

Sister Smith was the daughter of Ezra D. and Jane King Carpenter, and was born on the 15th of April, 1856, at Putnam, Conn. In her childhood Sister Smith was of a devout and religious character, and joined the Baptist church while yet a child.

When, in 1873, Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter and family united their destinies with those of the new sect known as the Mormons, and emigrated to Utah, it was much against the wishes of their friends. However, on the 4th of April of that year the Carpenter family arrived in Utah, and ever since that time have been closely connected with the organization for which they made so much sacrifice. And Sister Smith especially, for ever since the organization of the 'Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association,' in Utah, she has been the President of the Cache Valley branches of that organization until quite recently, when on account of family and other duties she was compelled to resign. She was always an earnest worker in the cause of truth, and made herself beloved by all who came in contact with her by her lovable, gentle and womanly disposition, and her demise in the prime of life has not only inflicted a terrible shock on husband, children and relatives but upon the entire community, for Sister Smith was universally beloved.

A gloom has been cast over the community by the sad occurrence, and universal sympathy goes out to the bereaved relatives in their affliction, with the hope that He who marketh the sparrow's fall will comfort their hearts and show them that it was His will."

Dear sister, thou hast to rest,  
Gone from all cares of life,  
Gone to dwell among the blest,  
Free from all this world of strife.

Thou hast triumphed over death,  
Thou hast gained the victory,  
Thou hast joined the heavenly choir,  
In the song of liberty.

Oh yes, we fain had kept you,  
Had our Father willed it so,  
But when he calls his children,  
We dare not answer, no!

Deeply we will mourn thy loss,  
Mourn thy absence from our side,  
Still we feel to bear the cross,  
And pray the Lord our steps to guide.

—Rev. Mr. Houghton and other dele-



FUNERAL SERVICE FOR ORSON GURNEY SMITH  
 LOGAN TABERNACLE, LOGAN, UTAH  
 AUGUST 9, 1935

Bishop George Everton of the Logan Eleventh Ward presided and first Counselor Gunnar Rasmusson conducted.

Singing by the choir: "Count Your Blessings."

Prayer: Patriarch S. B. Mitten.

Selection: "The Lord is My Shepard: by Imperial Glee Club

Remarks: Thomas Kerr of Wellsville, Utah

Remarks: Andrew Fuhriman of Franklin, Idaho

Vocal Duet: Mr. & Mrs. L. J. Bailey.

Remarks: D. M. Bickmore of Hyrum Stake Presidency.

Remarks: Joseph E. Cardon of Cache Stake Presidency.

Remarks: Apostle Melvin J. Ballard.

Remarks: Gunnar Rasmusson of Logan Eleventh Ward bishopric.

Singing by the choir: "Abide With Me."

Benediction: Patriarch O. P. Satterwaite.

Grave at cemetery was dedicated by Fred Smith of Rexburg, Idaho

THOMAS KERR:

Brother and Sisters, I feel it is a great privilege to have the opportunity to present myself before you this afternoon by request of Brother Orson Smith before his death. No matter what I say will help Brother Smith. He has returned to his God to seek the Lord that he has served so faithfully on the earth

Death isn't much. I often picture it as a sleep. We go to sleep and rise in the morning with the same things on our minds and the same acts as the day before. I believe if a man spends his time here hindering the progress of God's blessings he is just as apt to do the same hereafter. On the other hand those that spend their time doing good, teaching the truth, are just as anxious to do right as he was here. His whole life's aim was spent trying to do good,

I have know Brother Smith for a number of years. Thirty-four years ago this fall I applied for a job at the Logan Sugar Factory. He had charge of the hiring of the men. I went to him and asked him for a job. He hired me and assigned me to a particular task. Next morning he came around as usual and I asked him if there was a better job I could have. He thought for a moment and then said there was a man who had come to work drunk on two or three occasions and told me I could have his job.

I have been in his home many times and have talked with him on different subjects. I have always felt better by having visited with him and his family. It was just last fall I received a letter from him. It was one of the most encouraging letters I have ever read from a man, telling me how he enjoyed his work at the temple and said he knew he was

getting above the age limit and that he realized life might part at any time. He said, "Brother Thomas, I have one request, no matter where you are that you will come and talk at my funeral, if I should die first." That is why I am here.

The time will soon come when Brother Smith will have the privilege of taking his wives by the hand and saying Carrie, Annie, and Mary you are mine for time and eternity. Come let us go on.

We are told that it is a great blessing to bring one child into the world. Brother Smith's blessing must be great for bringing twenty-seven children into the world and educating them as he has.

A short time ago I met a man in Salt Lake City. We had been great friends in years past. We discussed these friends of ours who have lived here in Logan. He mentioned Brother Orson Smith. He said, "In just two words Brother Smith gave me something that stayed with me. I was broke, and had lost practically everything. It was just a short time after he had experienced the same thing. He told me how sorry he was for me, but he said, "Keep sweet, don't sour and you will succeed." These words have stayed with me.

As I stated before I received a letter from him last November and in that letter was a copy of a letter he had written to his sons, giving them advice on how to live and it was one of the most faith promoting letters a person could read. It said, "My sons may not value this letter now, but in later years they will when these boys and girls, daughters and sons, take out these letters, know that he has gone from them, they will value those letters very much. I hope and pray that they live lives equal to their father's for as he told them in this letter, they had a better chance than he had to make good because conditions were much better.

May we all have a desire to do right, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

ANDREW FUHRIMAN:

My brothers and sisters, I desire an interest in your faith and prayers for the few moments I stand before you, that I may be influenced by the Spirit of the Lord to say something that will be consoling to those that are called to mourn and a benefit to each and every one of us.

In coming into this tabernacle I was trying to think of the first time I remember seeing Brother Orson Smith, and if my memory serves me right it was somewhere in the neighborhood of fifty years ago. I came here to a conference with my good father and I sat right there (pointing), and I as I gazed upon Brother Orson Smith and heard his talk, he made an impression upon me that has never been diminished to this day. He has impressed me more than any other man in this earth next to my good father.

As time went on I had the good pleasure of laboring with him at the sugar factory, at the time they built the Logan factory. As we became more acquainted with one another, the

stronger our ties became and the greatest honor ever bestowed upon me by man was the recommendation of Brother Orson Smith recommending me to the authorities of our Church to be worthy of going out into the world and being a missionary of the Church of Jesus Christ.

I don't know my brothers and sisters, where a man could receive a higher calling than that of accepting an apostleship of the president of this Church. If you will pardon me for referring to my personal experience I will say that If it hadn't been for Brother Orson Smith, I don't believe I would ever have gone on my mission. At that particular time, a younger brother was in the mission field, and my father, who was the father of seventeen children, felt he had all he could do to support that younger brother. I went to Father and he said it would be fine and desired that I should go, for he wished every son of his to have that opportunity, but it would be wise if I would wait until Frank came home. The more I thought about it the more it bothered me. My wife encouraged me to go and the quicker the better. I came to Logan and consulted with Brother Orson Smith. I told him my circumstances and I told him how I felt that it was impossible for me to go. He said, "Brother Andrew, I will promise you in the name of the Lord, if you will go on that mission all will be well with your good wife when you return, and the Lord will administer friends to your needs and wants. Go on your mission, the sooner the better. If you do I will promise you will never regret it and if you don't you will always regret it."

I went to my father and said, "Father I have made up my mind to write to the authorities of the Church and tell them I will accept and go, the sooner the better." Father said, "All right, and whatever I can do for you I will do it." I told Father that Orson Smith made a promise to me and that I was going to see if it will be fulfilled, and I did see it fulfilled to the letter, for many friends administered to my needs and wants. That has always been a testimony to me that the gospel is true. At that time I did not know whether the gospel was true, but I went on my mission. I told Father not to send me one cent until I wrote for it. In those days it was customary to get a collection for a young missionary. They took up a collection among my good friends and the bishop told me that they collected \$190, the greatest collection ever known to be made to a young missionary that left our ward to go on a mission. It made me feel happy.

Brother Smith also gave me some more good advice. He said, "Don't go into the world expecting to convert the world to Mormonism. Make all the friends you can." That advice was a blessing. It wasn't a hard job to get even the policemen to help arrange meetings, places to meet, or any help needed after you once made friends with them.

Brothers and sisters, I am only mentioning these experiences to prove to you that I cannot otherwise but believe Brother Orson Smith was a man of God and inspired by God.

When I returned home a few years later and heard of Brother Smith's misfortune in losing all his worldly possessions, my heart ached for him, and it has ached many times since. I have gone through the same experience. I was the first man in the State of Idaho to have what was known as an accredited herd of pure bred Holstein cattle, and the land I had cannot serve me as my character which Brother Orson Smith helped me to make.

The word of God is much more than all worldly things. Some people have ridiculed Brother Smith. They have ridiculed me. They have claimed we were unsuccessful men, but brothers and sisters let me ask you what is real success in this life. It means to me the conquest of the individual; the man who has bettered himself, not how has he bettered his fortunes. The great question of life is not what I have, but what I am. A man is only repaid or discredited in the city or church to which he belongs, but those that will be remembered by mankind with love and gratitude are the ones who have inspired and lifted mankind to a higher ideal in life and the name of Orson Smith has gone down in history among those men and will be remembered by mankind in gratitude and love forever.

Remember my brothers and sisters, that when we come to the earth all things we gain cannot be taken with us, but the wealth of the soul, the good that we have done for others will follow us through forever and forever, and will be the measure of our character in storing treasures in heaven where moth and rust cannot destroy or thieves break through and steal. Brothers and sisters, sons and daughters of this good man, let us control ourselves and conduct our lives as Brother Smith has done, that when the time comes we may lay our bodies down and have that great and wonderful blessing bestowed upon us the morning of the resurrection, that we will be found worthy to be with Brother Smith. I pray that God will bless and comfort his family, the wife that is left and may God bless us all to this end, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

C. W. DUNN:

Thirty eight years ago on the 24<sup>th</sup> of July I stood as a boy and saw them erect a monument to the early pioneers. That year there was an army of them—today only 12 left. One by one they have gone to their reward. Brother Smith is one of the pioneers, not a pioneer of 1847, but a pioneer of 1853. As a boy, a young man, and a man of experience he has experienced the hardships and trials of a true pioneer. He was one of the fruits of a real pioneer family.

I well remember him first as president of the stake. I remember his testimonies in our conferences in this building. I remember the testimonies he bore when he came to our ward and how every member of the ward was filled with joy when Orson Smith came to the ward to speak to the people. Sometimes our servants who are called to responsible positions feel that the people are ungrateful that they do not appreciate what is being done, but I am one of those who, having known President Smith, rise up today and call him blessed for the things he has done for me, for the inspiration given to me, for the examples he has set, the testimonies which have remained in the hearts of the young men and women of his time.

The one most outstanding thing or principle stimulated the life of Orson Smith was the principle of faith. I have never seen a man to possess and exhibit a higher quality of enduring faith than Orson Smith. In all the avocations of life, in his trials and hardships he always had a great amount of faith. It was the principle of his life and was the anchor of his soul. He always exhibited his faith and gave it to others.

I am sure when the poet wrote these lines he had a great amount of faith:

When the dark days come and the clouds grow grey,  
 All men must brave them as best they may  
 With never too much repining;  
 And bravest is he when the shadows fall,  
 Who sees the gloom of his darkened hall  
 The light of his faith still shining.

In those lonely days when his heart shall ache,  
 And it seems that soon shall his courage break,  
 There is only one place to borrow  
 One place to go for the strength he needs;  
 He must bind with faith every wound that bleeds,  
 And cling to his faith through sorrow.

For truly forlorn is the man who weeps  
 When his dead lies buried in floral heaps  
 And friends are lining;  
 And a pitiful creature he's doomed to be  
 If he cannot look through the gloom and see  
 The light of his faith still shining.

All through his life Brother Orson Smith looked through the gloom. His faith was his watchword. I want to say to the sons and daughters of Brother Smith, he has left you a wonderful heritage. He has not left it in silver and gold, or precious stones, not flocks or herds or lands, but something of greater value than all of these; something finer than gold. It is that wonderful faith that has characterized his life, the wonderful testimonies which he bore to you and to me through all his days and which influenced hundreds and thousands of boys and girls, men and women of this valley.

I cherish to you, cherish that faith, cherish that testimony of this gospel which was so dear to his heart. Carry on as he would have you carry on. Work to support the work of the Lord. He knew it was true.

I bear you my testimony that that faith which he had, that testimony which he had was a testimony of the truth and divinity of this work, and it is true. Just a few days before Brother Smith left us he wrote a wonderful poem. It is a good by to his children. Among all the fine gifts which he had, he had the gift of writing. I would like to read the poem to you.

Weep not for me when I am dead,  
 Nor sorrow when I'm gone,  
 Just ponder over what I've said,  
 And think of what I've done.

I'm not averse to shedding tears,  
 To relieve the aching heart,  
 But tears for joy and not for fears,  
 Shows well the better part.

I've lived a long and active life,  
 Nor loafed away a day,  
 I've done my best through trials rife,  
 And nobly fought my way.

I would not have you weep nor sigh,  
 Because I've gone asleep,  
 Just let me rest and harder try,  
 My counsels faithful keep.

I've lived beyond the allotted time  
 Of men upon the earth,  
 I've shared God's mercies so sublime,  
 He has watched me from my birth.

He has snatched me from the jaws of death  
 And filled my soul with love,  
 And filled my heart with trusting faith,  
 And I know He lives above.

Rejoice and be exceeding glad,  
 I have lived and done my best,  
 Hold fast the good, eschew the bad,  
 And be forever blest.

May the Lord comfort the heart of Sister Smith and these children of Brother Orson Smith. May they find joy and satisfaction in the memory of their father, and especially the wonderful testimony which he has borne. May you be inspired to live your life as he would have you live it, to hold fast to the iron rod, to cherish in your hearts the same love for the gospel of the Master, which your Father had in his heart, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

D. H. BICKMORE:

I feel very keenly this afternoon the responsibility that has been placed upon me to speak for a few moments on the work of Brother Orson Smith. In his passing I feel that I have lost a wise counselor, for many is the time that he has given me good advice and good counsel.

I believe that in the passing of Brother Orson Smith there goes from this earth one of God's noblemen. When he came to this earth, he was endowed with wonderful talents,

with a wonderful spirit and during his life he improved those talents and cultivated a wonderful spirit, therefore today when he goes back home and gives an account of his life and standing on earth it will be acceptable to our Father.

My first recollection of Brother Smith was as Bishop of Paradise Ward. He was the first bishop that I ever knew anything about. We were close neighbors. My mother was a widow at that time, associated with this family a great deal and it was then that I began to form a very high regard for our bishop. He became in many ways my ideal. I believed in him explicitly.

I have listened from time to time of the wonderful words of praise that were given of him by the older members of the community, for that keen interest which he took in the ward and in the ward affairs. It was a small place when he came. It was Brother Smith who extended the boundaries of the cultivated land in Paradise, and helped many families on to land where they could support themselves. With all of the practicability he was always highly spiritual. He was a man who impressed everybody with his fairness and with that high degree of spirituality, which he possessed. I think he was sincere to the very highest degree.

I have never in my life had any reason to question the sincerity of President Orson Smith. There are times when we are lead to think that some men are insincere, but not so with him. He was willing to do everything he could in the community and lead out in all of their temporal affairs. He was leader in a great many things. I have seen this man engaged in all kinds of manual labor. He was practical, therefore I admired him. He was the type of man you could set at the head of any community and he would help develop the resources of that community. Later on he was called from our community to the presidency of the Cache Stake of Zion, when it extended from the southern boundaries of Cache County up to Gentile Valley. He labored in the stake with the same zeal and fidelity as he did in the ward. With the modes of travel that were in vogue then, he visited his flock wherever they were located. I am sure if the older people were called, they would testify of his faith, his devotion and advice and counsel he gave to them in his visits to their wards.

After a time I remember he returned to us. On this occasion the house was filled because Brother Smith had been absent for a number of years and they were glad to welcome him. He had been away because of some of the enemies of the Church were desirous of taking away from him his liberty because he had entered into some of the principles taught by the Church. He told us of his trials and hardships. He said, "You think I have forgotten you, but I haven't. Many times in the still hours of the night have I passed through this village to see how things were, and to visit my family."

I am sure in the homes of the older people, will be recounted the life's labors of this good man. It is much greater to live in the hearts of the people and respect and love them than it is to have monuments of marble erected to their memory.

I have never known the time when the heart of President Orson Smith was not true to the principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ, in poverty or in wealth you always found him true. I believe there is a reason for that. I see my time is passing, but I will relate this one example.

Brother W. C. Parkinson said once in my presence that as a young man he was going up Logan Canyon for a load of wood. Brother Orson Smith was going up the same canyon. As they were riding along Brother Smith said, "William, I am going to find out whether there is anything in this thing they call Mormonism or not." Later he told Brother Parkinson that he did find out. He found that it was the plan of life and salvation, that God lives and that is the reason why he was always true to its principles. Men sometimes, in adverse conditions, waver, but this man has been tried and he has never yet been found wanting. Some people criticized him, but they did not know him. His desires were for righteousness and it is my belief that he never tried to harm any one in any way. And so I rejoice that I have ever known such a man as Orson Smith. I rejoice in the peaceful way in which he passed away; I thank God that he did not call upon him to suffer, that he passed away like one who went to pleasant dreams.

May the Lord bless his family that they will always remember his kindness and may we all strive to live as he lived, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

JOSEPH E. CARDON:

I think we are highly honored today I having Brother Ballard with us. I know why he came, for the same reason that we are all here, because of the love and appreciation for this wonderful character.

I have never known in my experience a stronger individual respecting the truths, which God has revealed to the earth than was Brother Orson Smith. I know his heart and soul was the gospel. I have counseled with him scores of times. I have never seen within his soul one single hatred toward any human being. When a man achieves that height in life, he can not reach a higher one in mortality. When the life of the Son of God was being taken He said, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." When Joseph Smith was lead from Nauvoo to Carthage he expressed the same sentiment, "I go like a lamb to the slaughter, and it shall yet be said of me, it was murder in cold blood."

Those kings reached the greatest height that any soul could reach for—that is the foundation stone upon which we will reach perfection. I believe that Orson Smith reached the greatest height that the mortal soul can reach for he was able to adapt himself to the environments which surrounded him and rose above all in loving his fellow men. I do not know of a greater achievement.

I learned to love him. Upon my return from my mission I labored under him in the Presidency of the Cache Stake of Zion. I learned to love him. I am grateful that this good man has traveled in the footsteps of his great and kind father who served the people so long and faithfully in this community. They have erected monuments to their honor



and memory and they shall never be effaced by the elements of time because they have served well their people.

I do not know of a single case in which Brother Orson Smith has not served his fellow men when he has been called upon to do so. The testimonies, which he has borne to men in the world, shall live on forever and forever.

I want to say to this wonderful family of his if they would please their father, they can do so by serving God and keeping His commandments. They can only show their love for God by keeping His commandments to the extent that these wonderful parents did, that they love their fathers and their mothers, who have gone before them. The way to live is to follow in their footsteps and do the things that these wonderful parents want them to do. That is the thing that will bring Brother Orson Smith the greatest happiness throughout the ages of eternity, for it brought him happiness and peace of mind and contentment of soul here in mortality.

I pray the Lord to bless Sister Smith and the family, all of whom revered their father and loved him and I want to say that you continue, my brothers and sisters, by following in the footsteps of your father. By doing this it will lead you back to his presence and the presence of your mother and the presence of God Almighty. That you may become perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect, for that will be your exaltation and his happiness and his joy eternally. I pray that you may do it, and that we may all follow Brother Smith's example, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

**ELDER MELVIN J. BALLARD:**

I am happy to represent the Presidency of the Church and the Council of the Twelve here today. We have always regarded Brother Orson Smith as a man of God, dependable and trustworthy with an untiring love of his brothers. It is a joy to represent the Church here today, because of my own personal acquaintance with Brother Smith. I am proud of his association. He has been a father to me. I had the privilege of laboring in this stake as an officer of the Mutual for a number of years and knew of his work. It has been a privilege to know him well.

I was well acquainted with the situation that was such a disappointment to him and others in the venture that cost him his life's savings. I was an employee of the First National Bank of this city, which transacted the business in which he was engaged. I would like to bear this testimony concerning him, that under those circumstances I do know in my own positive knowledge that the undertaking he set about to accomplish was for the purpose of not so much profiting and benefiting himself as it was to bring a better price to the farmers of this valley who were going to share at the time of the transaction. He was willing to risk himself to secure their money so these farmers could get the benefit. The unfortunate ones who had to wait until the close of the transaction were the ones who suffered the greatest loss. It was just unfortunate the whole transaction. The matters were taken out of his hands, and he was compelled to unload the wheat at a high price on a declining market. I know the disappointment of the man when he could not meet his

obligations honorably. Some criticized him because he went away to Alaska, but he went because he had high motives to retrieve the losses that others had suffered. He did it with all his energy and soul.

When he came to the point of apparently meeting his obligations through his mining operations in Nevada, it was his soul's desire to satisfy them all. He always had a desire to satisfy every claim, and not to be able to do so was a terrific disappointment to him. I know this from my personal contact with him. To please others was the motive of his heart. He was just a victim of circumstances.

One thing he did do, he practiced what he preached—to keep sweet. Many people who meet similar circumstances are unable to face it and kill themselves under the strain. Others turn bitter, and become sour, but through it all he kept his faith. He kept sweet and he set an example for others. I doubt if there are many of us who could pass through what he did and still keep sweet.

At one time he expressed his disappointment at not being able to meet his obligations and claims, and I said to him, “It is all in the hands of the Lord, if you can't do it. Don't let it darken your spirit. Do the things you can do, and be as happy as you can.” He did. If any of you have any claims that you feel should be satisfied, Brother Orson Smith will satisfy them, if not in this life, in the life to come, for he had that in his heart. God will not desert him, but will provide a way for his faithful servant, and he will be able to look every one in the face, and not one will be able to raise an accusing finger against him.

He has lived long and has been such a comfort and a blessing to his family and if they will only listen to the counsel given them, all will be well with them. I sincerely hope that they can pass on to their children and children's children the integrity and faith of their father, their grandfather.

How beautiful it is to go as he did. He went so quietly and he was so well prepared to go into a real life. I thought the other day, as I was standing in the sacred grove, of how beautiful life was. It must have been just such a morning the morning Joseph Smith came into the grove. It had rained the night before and everything was so fresh and so clean. As the group was assembling the birds were singing and the whole grove was busy with life. As I observed the life of the birds, the insects and everything I realized how independent their life was of the realm in which we live. They were unconscious of us. I thought then it must be the same with the life above our state of existence. We are just as aware of that life as the insects are aware of our realm.

Then another time I thought of this was when I went to South America. I was impressed with the life of the sea fish. The flying fishes would come out of the water into the air and then back into the sea. They lived in another element, another world, and if they had intelligence they might have been conscious of our realm, but when they tried to live out of the water died. The same is true of the deep sea fish, they have a world in which they live. The same is true of us, we know of the greatness of God and do not understand it. We are only a little speck in the great universe. The sun is so much larger than our

universe that it would take 1,300,000 world the size of ours to make one university the size of the sun. What are these planets used for? Is there life upon them? Oh, how little we know. We just know about our own existence. God has created all things for use and every creature that lives has a body suited to the elements in which it lives and it moves in its realm independent of all others and there is evidence that there is life everywhere.

Brother Orson Smith stepped out of this life. The spirit stepped out through an open door into another realm that is just as real as our realm, as real as the realm of the fishes at sea. Because we cannot see it is no evidence that life does not exist. Could Joseph Smith have looked into another realm and spoke with Jesus Christ?

So it is that we pass out of this life into another realm that is as real as the one in which we live. It can only be understood by those who dwell in that realm. And so we pass from one to another.

I think Tennyson expresses this thought so beautifully:

Sunset and evening star  
 And one clear call for me!  
 And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
 When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seem asleep,  
 Too full for sound and foam,  
 When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
 Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
 And after that the dark!  
 And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
 When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne of time and place  
 The flood may bear me far,  
 I hope to see my pilot face to face  
 When I have crossed the bar.

And when we pass from this life we will then be living in another realm. We will meet our pilot face to face and live as real as we live now.

Just another word brothers and sisters, and members of this good family. I know the desire of your soul is to go where your father and mother are and to be permitted to enter into the same family circle and enjoy the same life that has come to them. If you go where they are you must be like them. All your desires to meet with them, all the love you had for them will not bring you across the bar unless you work for it. I may go into another kingdom and have a real existence, but I must live to be worthy to enter into the

celestial glory to dwell in celestial holiness. There is not power on earth or in heaven that will stop me from crossing the bar if only I live worthy to do so.

Some men's and women's deeds and actions go before them to judgment. Some of us pay all our debts in this life and some of us have all our debts to pay after. I would like to pay all mine as Brother Orson Smith has paid his, he paid the price and his deeds went with him. When next you see Brother Orson he will be a rich man, rich in the things of God.

I am glad I have known him. His life has been an inspiration especially under the trials as I saw him stand firm and true. It ought to be a lesson, an inspiration and hope to every one who knew him. God bless his memory. His glory will be as great as any man can obtain.

God bless his family. They should feel proud to have come from such an ancestry. Bless them that they shall preserve all the good that he taught them, and pass it from generation to generation. God bless us who are here today that we may be like Brother Orson Smith, that we may be ready when the summons come.

If we knew we were going to live just so long we would not be putting off our works day after day. My advice is to go from these services before it is too late, so we shall be ready whether the time be long or short.

God bless us that we may be prepared to meet our Maker, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

**GUNNAR RASMUSSEN:**

In behalf of the members of our ward I desire to say one or two words in tribute to the memory of Brother Orson Smith. We, members of the ward, bear testimony to his human understanding, and his love and devotion to the gospel of Christ for which he worked so valiantly throughout his life. We shall miss him in our gatherings, because he was one of the most faithful attendants we had at our ward meetings; for his honest expression of the gospel truths which he fully understood and loved to discuss. We shall miss his sympathetic understanding, words of encouragement and ambition to press on in the work of the Lord.

With his fervent testimony ringing in our ears, and warming our hearts, we shall strive to emulate his character, and practice more diligently the life giving principles of the restored gospel of Christ. No greater monument could any man build for himself than this family of sons and daughters, all of whom are here testifying in their own hearts of the fatherly love and devotion he bestowed upon them. He was tender and considerate in his life.

My they always cherish his memory and build their lives so that when they shall face him on the other side, there shall be no charges, no regrets. God bless his memory. In behalf

of Sister Smith and family they extend sincere appreciation to every one who has assisted or said anything in these services for and in behalf of Brother Smith. The entire family appreciates everything that has been said or done.

Orson Smith, a native of England, emigrated to Utah in 1853, locating first at Farmington, later made Logan his home. As a child he attended school, C. R. Savage being one of his teachers. He graduated from the University of Deseret. Then returning to Logan he taught school. At this time he met Caroline Mariah Carpenter, a talented young convert from Putnam Connecticut. The incident of the first meeting of Orson and Carrie is related by Orson in the following words:

"Near where the stake house now stands, Carrie was driving a cow that had strayed from home. She wore a sun-bonnet and when she lifted her head, I saw the loveliest face, and something said to me, 'some day she will be your wife.' I laughed at the thought. I was so different from her, but the thought came true. Our meeting ripened into the most congenial attachment which finally was consummated in marriage."

Three months after their marriage, Orson was called to Paradise, to preside over the ward. They took up their new duties, with love for the work and devotion to the cause of truth.

Carrie was called to be the first president of the Y. L. M. I. A. of Paradise, by Eliza R. Snow. It was in Mutual that she met the two young girls who later became her companions in marriage.

Sarah Ann Obray was the child of Thomas Lorenzo Obray and Caroline Benchly. Annie, as she was called, was a sweet devoted girl, born September 27, 1859. She was accustomed to pioneer life. Annie was married to Orson Smith, October 1879, in the Endowment House. She was welcomed into the family home where the wives lived happily and reared their children together. Strangers visiting the family could not tell which was the mother of the various children. They loved each other dearly, even more than sisters.

Business and work away from home compelled Orson to be absent

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from home about four years. During this time Carrie and Annie took entire charge of a large farm. They shared each other's joys and sorrows.

July 4, 1884, another young girl, Mary Ellen Wright, came into this family. She was born in Paradise, Utah, January 4, 1865. She became acquainted with her future husband when she was twelve years old. She attended school at Paradise, graduated from grade schools and received a scholarship to the U. of U.

Orson took Mary Ellen to Cardston, Canada, pioneered and built a home. Here two children were born. They had two children before they went to Cardston. When her fifth child was two weeks old she returned to Utah.

The three families lived in separate homes, but the lots were joined together. Orson provided all sorts of sports and amusements for his 27 children, and they had their pleasures in the home. He spent a week with each family, but never a night did he retire without visiting each family, having prayers with them, and kissing all good night. Often a family meeting was held where different members of the family took part on the program. Instruction, council and advice were given those present. There was no gossip. If a child was chastised, it was never in the presence of another. There was no doubt differences of opinion among that trinity of mothers, however the children grew up without that knowledge.

Three months before Carrie's death, she called her oldest daughter to her and said, "If you have ever seen in me anything contrary to the spirit of love for Auntie, or for Aunt Mary, it is of the head and not of the heart." Annie cared for Carrie's baby when the mother passed away, and later came to live in Carrie's home. For many years she labored in the temple. Mary's Church activities were varied and many. She devoted her life to the Church of which she was an ardent member.—*Margaret Smith Watson.*

#### A NEIGHBOR'S TRIBUTE

I have known Brother Orson Smith and his two wives, Sarah Ann Obray and Mary Ellen Wright, very intimately. They were indeed a very united, loving family, and if "By their fruits ye shall know them," theirs indeed was a blessed and glorious union of souls. Having known most of these twenty-seven boys and girls, I take pleasure in saying this of them. They are intelligent, industrious, high-minded and good moral people, loving and kind to their parents, loyal to their religion and their country. They are refined, well poised and of very pleasing personalities.

—*Julia M. Sullivan Greene.*

*Heart Throbs of the West*

*by Kate B. Carter p. 293, 294*

### AT THE CLOSE OF DAY

Why should we want the sun to always shine  
And darkness always stay away?  
We would not know that either were so fine,  
We're deprived of either night or day.  
And so we love the morn, its beauty rare  
Inspires the soul, expands the breast  
To breathe the morning air,  
And urges all to do their level best.  
When the sun has reached the zenith of the sky,  
Now nice to rest the weary bones awhile  
And eat the noon day meal before we try  
To finish up the day, and then we smile--  
But, oh, the joy of eventide--  
When shades of eve o'ercome the heat,  
No matter then what may betide,  
We feel relief and rest our aching feet.  
We do relax and rest around  
and spend our time in every way  
That joy and comfort may abound.  
So it is with life's eventide,  
The summing up of all the past,  
The ripening of old age, from prime,  
The drawing of life's close at last,  
The best of all the rest,  
To sweep the trials away  
and place us in eternal life, the best.

Orson Smith

### THE WAY THINGS GO

No matter what we try to do  
Or how we try to do it;  
We can't just seem to put it thru  
Nor make our plans just fit,  
There's always things come in the way  
To change or prevent our doing  
The things we thought would stay  
Just the way we were pursuing.  
It seems so strange that it is so;  
We are so disappointed,  
When we can't make our wishes go  
And our plans are all disappointed,  
I wonder if it isn't best  
Just as it is, for education,  
We'd lose all energy and zest  
That come from expectation.  
For if we cannot have our way  
In every move we make,  
It keeps us thinking every day  
Some better road to take.

Orson Smith

### POSTSCRIPT

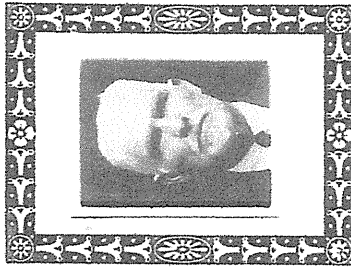
The morning of the 5th of August 1935 he went out to get his mail and sat down on the perch to read his letters. The next thing he knew was one hour later when he realized that that day at an hour that he could decide, he was to leave this mortal life. It had been shown to him. He went into the house and told his wife Annie, to prepare her. He visited with his children who came to see him and wrote the enclosed poem. He ate his dinner and wrote letters. At evening time while Auntie was out gathering in the clothes he laid down. When she came in to call him to supper-she had placed on the table-she found he had slept quietly away. She went to call for help and as she opened the door all she could hear was the singing of many birds. It was 5 in the evening and no one was near.

When his dear sister Lucy heard about it, she asked them not to move him until she could come and see him, which she did first thing.

His Patriarchial Blessing told him that a guardian angel was assigned to him at his birth and he would be watched over all his life. He knew this person, not by sight, but by his nearness so many times during his lifetime. His children have been by his side when he has told them of this presence. God was so kind to him. He gave him many choices that helped him through so many hard experiences. We always felt that he truly loved our father. He and his good wives walked close to our Maker. Mery Ellen said many times that if she was a good character and an understanding woman it was largely because of him and the way he judged people or didn't judge them, and the kind of life he lived. There was never any quarreling in our midst. There were 27 children and with a common play yard, yet we never had any words of quarreling. Neither did the wives ever have differences that were visible to the children. They never heard an unkind word spoken to or of each other. This peaceful life often made it very hard when we went out of the home to mix with others who didn't enjoy such a wonderful childhood. We never had any gossip in our home and were never allowed to say anything that was not good about anyone. The same has been said of the home he was raised in. Only good was ever spoken or they were told to say nothing.

His children buried him and such a wonderful sweet spirit was felt by all of them as they bid him farewell. He was a wonderful father and husband. He did love his fallowmen and any mistakes he might have made in his lifetime were surely never intended and he sorrowed for them. He was a wonderful spirit.

He was buried in the Logan City Cemetery which had been his homestead and that he gave to the city for a burial place.



JULY 4<sup>TH</sup> BIRTHDAY PARTY FOR ORSON G. SMITH



MIDDLE ROW OF ADULTS L → R

1. ANNIE OBRAY SMITH
2. ORSON GUERNEY SMITH
3. MARY ELLEN WRIGHT SMITH
4. OLENA WRIGHT SMITH HARRIS — ALVIN IN FRONT
- 5.
6. WALTER ELDREGE GRANT

BACK ROW

1. GEORGE GIBBS SMITH
- 2.





SMITH FAMILY REUNION July 4, 1927

SMITH FAMILY REUNION--Logan, Utah--July 4, 1927

First Row

1. Alan Dale Smith (Ezra's son)
- 2.
3. Roma Smith (Ezra's daughter)
4. Ella Smith (Ezra's daughter)
5. Barbara Reeve (Geneve's daughter)
6. Renee DeBry (Melba's daughter)
7. Imogene Lee (Martha's daughter)
8. Virginia Lee (Martha's daughter)
9. Don Brown (Salome's son)
10. Gurney Lee (Martha's son)

Second Row

1. Orville S. Lee (Martha's son)
2. Burns Lee (Martha's son)
3. Christian C. Lee (Martha's son)
4. Dorothy Smith (Ezra's daughter)
- 5.
6. Melba S. DeBry (Orson's daughter)
7. Lou Carpenter (Orson's sister-in-law)
8. Ezra O. Smith (Orson's son)
9. Geneve S. Reeve (Orson's daughter)
10. Margaret S. Watson (Orson's daughter)
11. William Watson (Margaret's husband)
12. Olena S. Harris (Orson's daughter)
13. Alvin E. Harris, Jr. (Olena's son)

Third Row

1. Clain Smith (Ezra's son)
2. Mary Ellen Wright Smith (Orson's 3rd wife)
3. George G. Smith (Orson's son)
4. Orson Gurney Smith
5. Gaylen C. Smith (Orson's son)
6. Annie Obray Smith (Orson's 2nd wife)
7. Mrs. Dunford (neighbor)

8. Lucy S. Cardon (Orson's sister)
9. Harriet Smith (Orson's sister)
10. (baby)
11. Martha Lee (Orson's daughter)
12. Mrs. Rose (neighbor)
13. Alice Smith (Orson's sister)
14. Drucilla Smith (Orson's sister)

SMITH FAMILY REUNION--Logan, Utah--July 4, 1933

First Row

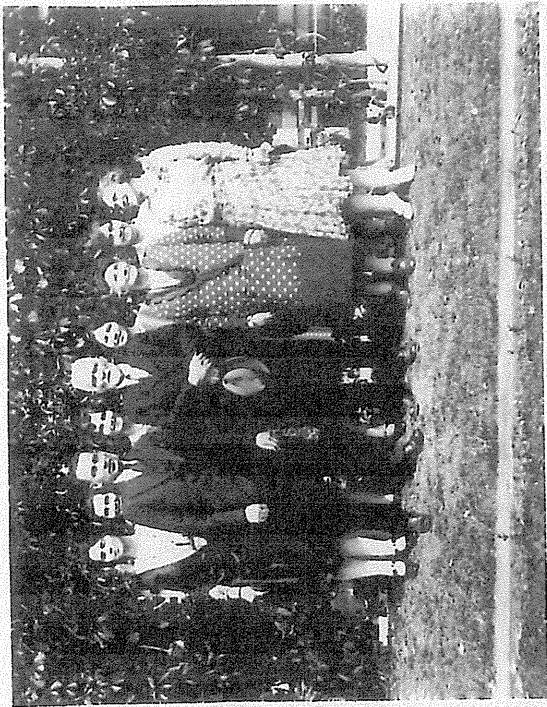
1. Quinton S. Harris
2. Ruth Woolley
3. Alvin E. Harris, Jr.
4. Walter Smith
5. Frank Woolley
6. Mary Alice Woolley
7. June Grant
8. Dixon Caine
9. Rosamila Grant
10. Virginia Lee
11. Richard Grant

Second Row

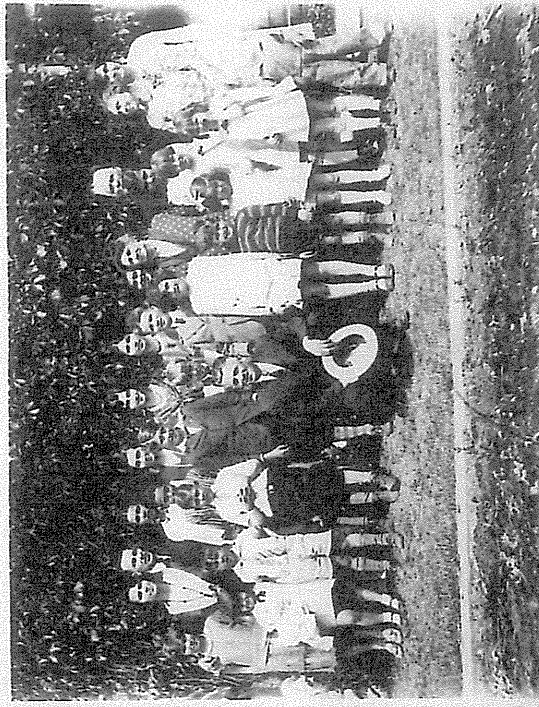
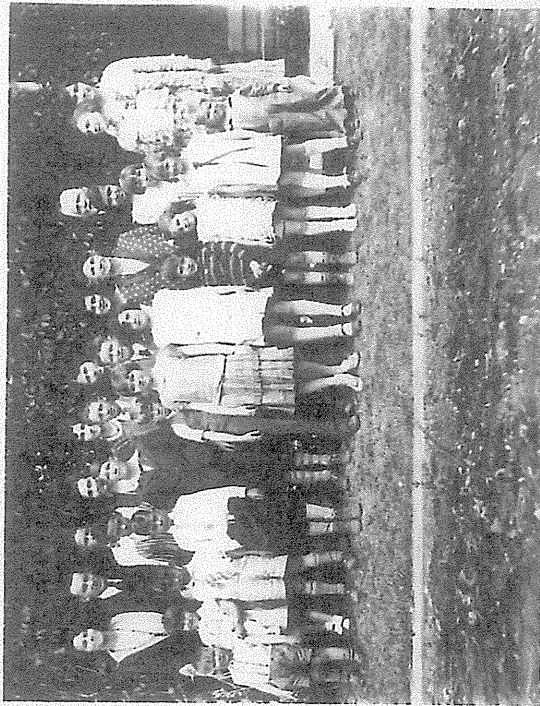
1. Owen Smith, Jr.
2. Christian C. Lee
3. W. Eldredge Grant, Jr.
4. Gurney Lee
5. Mary Ellen Wright Smith
6. Helen Grant
7. Imogene Lee
8. Harriet Woolley

Third Row

1. Olena S. Harris
2. Owen Smith
3. Orion Smith
4. Gladys S. Caine
5. Evaletta Grant
6. Martha S. Lee
7. Mary Grant
8. Orion G. Smith
9. Ellen S. Grant



(3)



(2)

(1)

**Orson Gurney Smith—family #16**

**Picture #1**

**Front row: Owen Smith, Orson G. Smith, Mary Ellen Wright Smith, Harriet Woolley,**

**Second row: Olena S. Smith, Gladys S. Caine, Evaletta Grant, Martha S. Lee, Ellen S. Grant**

**Picture #2**

**Front row: Mary Alice & Ruth Woolley, Alvin Edward Harris, Jr., Walter Smith, Walter E. Grant (kneeling), June Grant, Dixon Caine, Romania Grant, Virginia Lee, Richard Grant.**

**Second row: Olena S. Harris, Owen Smith, Orson Smith, Owen Smith, Jr., Gladys S. Caine, Christian Champ Lee, Evaletta Grant, Frank Woolley, Martha S. Lee, Gurney Lee, Mary Grant, Mary Ellen W. Smith, Orson G. Smith, Helen Grant, Harriet Woolley, Ellen S. Grant.**

# THE SMITH WOMEN AT THE 1931 REUNION



GLADYS, OLENA, EV, MARY ELLEN, ELLEN, HATTIE, MARTHA

SMITH FAMILY REUNION-----Logan, Utah-----July 4, 1947

First Row

1. Shru de li Smith (George's daughter)
2. Gibbs Smith (George's son)
3. Margaret Thompson (Evaletta's daughter)
4. Walter Clark (Mary Grant's daughter)
- 5.
- 6.
- 7.
- 8.

Second Row

1. Harriet Smith (Orson G. Smith's sister)
2. Lucy S. Cardon (Orson G. Smith's sister)
3. Annie Oldham (Sarah Ann Obray's niece)
4. Patience S. Adams (Orson's sister)
5. Emma S. Stevens (Orson's daughter)
6. Margaret S. Watson (Orson's daughter)
7. Clarence N. Woods (Geneve's husband)
8. Geneve S. Reeve Woods (Orson's daughter)
9. Fannie S. Goodsell (Orson's sister)
10. Drucilla Smith (Orson's sister)
11. Lou Carpenter (Orson's sister-in-law)

Third Row

1. Orville L. Lee (Martha's husband)
2. Bishop Hall (11th Ward)
3. Mrs. Rose (neighbor)
4. Mrs. Dunford (Neighbor)
5. George G. Smith (Orson's son)
6. Iola H. Smith (George's wife)
7. Salome Carpenter Smith (Orson's sister-in law)
8. Walter E. Grant (Ellen's husband)
9. Harriet S. Woolley (Orson's daughter)
10. Martha S. Lee (Orson's daughter)
11. Evaletta G. Thompson (Ellen's daughter)
12. Ellen S. Grant (Orson's daughter)
13. Frank Woolley (Harriet's husband)
14. Russell Thompson (Evaletta's husband)
15. Barbara Thompson (Evaletta's daughter)

Fourth Row

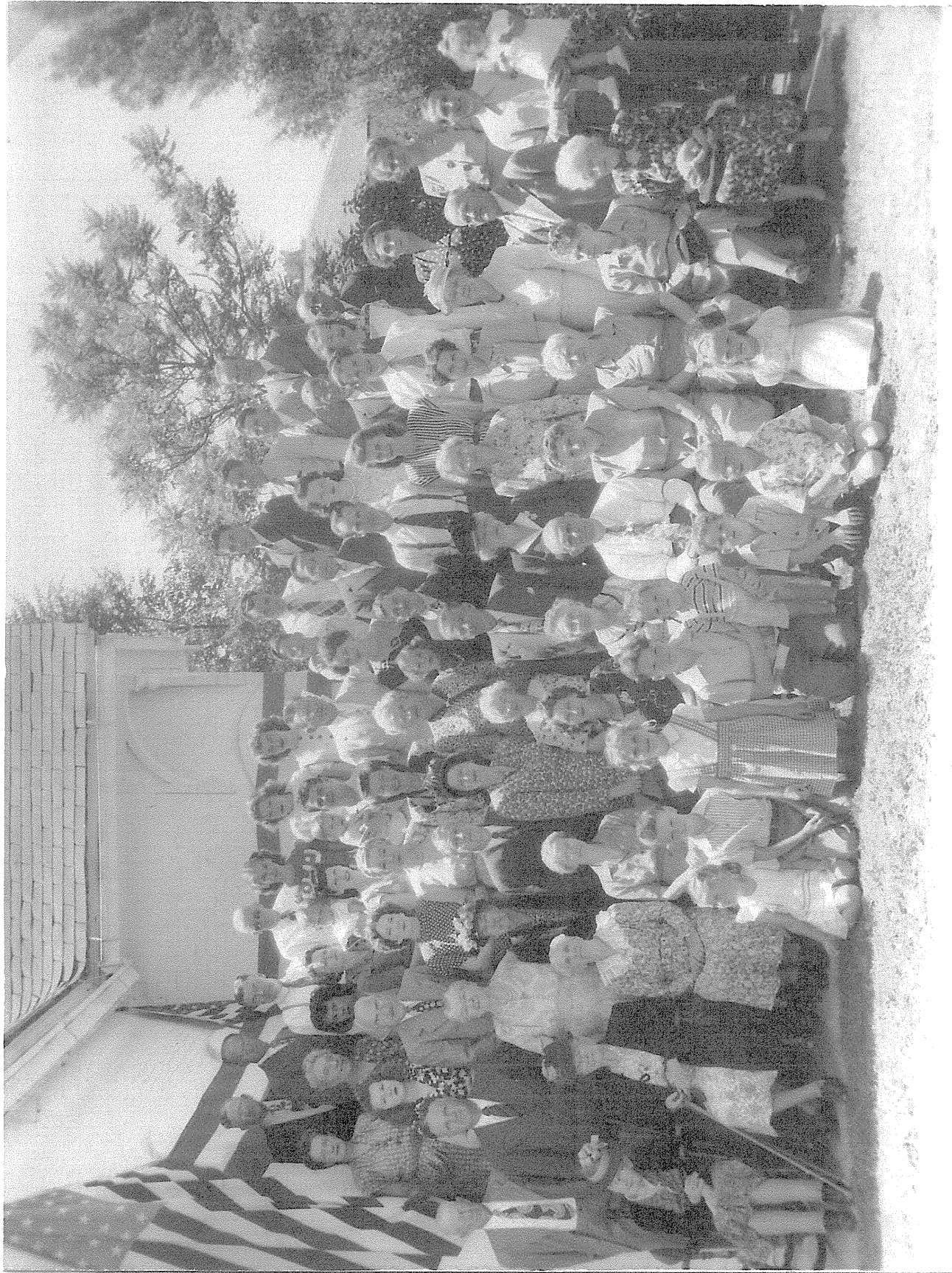
1. Dorothy Smith (Gaylen's daughter)
2. Gaylen C. Smith (Orson's son)
3. Lydia Smith (Gaylen's wife)
4. Ione S. Steffen (Ida's daughter)
5. Dorothy S. Evans (Ezra's daughter)
6. Ella Smith (Ezra's wife)
- 7.
8. Ezra O. Smith
9. Elwood Clark (Mary Grant's husband)
10. Beryl Grant (Eldredge's wife)
11. W. Eldredge Grant, Jr. (Ellen's son)
12. Gladys S. Caine (Orson's daughter)
13. Olena S. Harris (Orson's daughter)

Fifth Row

- 1.
2. Goldie P. Smith (Lyman's wife)
3. Lenore Smith (Lyman's daughter)
- 4.
- 5.
6. Joyce B. Smith (Alan Dale's wife)
7. Paul Alan Smith (Alan Dale's son)
8. Alan Dale Smith (Ezra's son)
- 9.
- 10.
- 11.
12. Virginia Lee (Martha's daughter)
13. Orville L. Lee (Martha's husband)
14. Imogene Lee Allen (Martha's daughter)
15. Alvin E. Harris (Olen's husband)

Sixth Row

1. Don Brown (Salome's husband)
- 2.
3. Lyman O. Smith (Orson's son)
- 4.
- 5.
- 6.
- 7.
- 8.
- 9.
10. Thomas Caine (Gladys' son)
11. Richard G. Grant (Ellen's son)
12. Joseph Allen (Imogene Lee's husband)
13. Gurney Lee (Martha's son)



JULY 4, 1947

SMITH FAMILY REUNION-----Logan, Utah-----July 4, 1947

First Row

1. Shru de li Smith (George's daughter)
2. Gibbs Smith (George's son)
3. Margaret Thompson (Evaletta's daughter)
4. Walter Clark (Mary Grant's daughter)
- 5.
- 6.
- 7.
- 8.

Second Row

1. Harriet Smith (Orson G. Smith's sister)
2. Lucy S. Cardon (Orson G. Smith's sister)
3. Annie Oldham (Sarah Ann Obray's niece)
4. Patience S. Adams (Orson's sister)
5. Emma S. Stevens (Orson's daughter)
6. Margaret S. Watson (Orson's daughter)
7. Clarence N. Woods (Geneve's husband)
8. Geneve S. Reeve Woods (Orson's daughter)
9. Fannie S. Goodsell (Orson's sister)
10. Drucilla Smith (Orson's sister)
11. Lou Carpenter (Orson's sister-in-law)

Third Row

1. Orville L. Lee (Martha's husband)
2. Bishop Hall (11th Ward)
3. Mrs. Rose (neighbor)
4. Mrs. Dunford (Neighbor)
5. George G. Smith (Orson's son)
6. Lola H. Smith (George's wife)
7. Salome Carpenter Smith (Orson's sister-in law)
8. Walter E. Grant (Ellen's husband)
9. Harriet S. Woolley (Orson's daughter)
10. Martha S. Lee (Orson's daughter)
11. Evaletta G. Thompson (Ellen's daughter)
12. Ellen S. Grant (Orson's daughter)
13. Frank Woolley (Harriet's husband)
14. Russell Thompson (Evaletta's husband)
15. Barbara Thompson (Evaletta's daughter)

Fourth Row

1. Dorothy Smith (Gaylen's daughter)
2. Gaylen C. Smith (Orson's son)
3. Lydia Smith (Gaylen's wife)
4. Ione S. Steffen (Ida's daughter)
5. Dorothy S. Evans (Ezra's daughter)
6. Ella Smith (Ezra's wife)
- 7.
8. Ezra O. Smith
9. Elwood Clark (Mary Grant's husband)
10. Beryl Grant (Eldredge's wife)
11. W. Eldredge Grant, Jr. (Ellen's son)
12. Gladys S. Caine (Orson's daughter)
13. Olena S. Harris (Orson's daughter)

Fifth Row

- 1.
2. Goldie P. Smith (Lyman's wife)
3. Lenore Smith (Lyman's daughter)
- 4.
- 5.
6. Joyce B. Smith (Alan Dale's wife)
7. Paul Alan Smith (Alan Dale's son)
8. Alan Dale Smith (Ezra's son)
- 9.
- 10.
- 11.
12. Virginia Lee (Martha's daughter)
13. Orville L. Lee (Martha's husband)
14. Imogene Lee Allen (Martha's daughter)
15. Alvin E. Harris (Olen's husband)

Sixth Row

1. Don Brown (Salome's husband)
- 2.
3. Lyman O. Smith (Orson's son)
- 4.
- 5.
- 6.
- 7.
- 8.
- 9.
10. Thomas Caine (Gladys' son)
11. Richard G. Grant (Ellen's son)
12. Joseph Allen (Imogene Lee's husband)
13. Gurney Lee (Martha's son)





# HISTORY OF CAROLINE MARIAH CARPENTER

(This biography will be gathered from the writings of her daughter, Margaret S. Watson and her husband, Orson Smith.

Amid the densely wooded hills and moss-covered brooks and ponds of Connecticut, in the town of Wolf Den fame, Putnam, Windham County (the name given in honor of General Israel Putnam of the Revolution) on April 15, 1857, there came to grace the home of Ezra Davis Carpenter and Jane Betsy King, the beautiful spirit of Caroline Mariah, named for her two grandmothers. She was the oldest child of the family. A brother Ezra Elliot, was born February 4, 1861, but died a month later of brain fever while his father was a prisoner of war in the infamous Libby Prison of Civil War history. This left Carrie, as she was called, to be the sole comfort of her mother in that trying period. She was of a deeply religious nature, serious and sincere.

Her father, Ezra D., joined the Baptist church when he was fourteen years of age. His father was a deacon of that church. The mother, Jane Betsy, and the grandmother, Caroline Snow King, were also members of the same church, making this sect the main choice of the family.

When Carrie was eleven years old she applied for membership. No child was allowed membership until he should give evidence of being convinced and propound the reasons. Her presentation has been detailed in the biography of Orson so here we will just briefly say that she so deeply impressed the presiding minister with her clear reasoning that she was given a hearty welcome into the church.

Later her Uncle Ira Allen of Hyrum, Utah, came east to gather his genealogy and had brought to the family a knowledge and understanding of the Bible in its entirety. She said:

“I thought then, if I had believed before in baptism by immersion because the Bible so plainly taught it, I should surely have to believe in Mormonism, because the Bible so plainly taught all that Mormons believed. I sat up until twelve, one and two in the morning, listening to my father’s uncle as he unfolded the gospel of Jesus Christ, and I never felt weary, but often would go to bed at those late hours and lie awake thinking of what I had heard.”

“We knew what a dreadful people the Mormons were accused of being, and to have a sudden light thrown on them of so different a character was so astonishing that it drove sleep from me.”

After studying carefully the volume “*The Seer*” which Uncle Ira had left behind, she was in complete accord with celestial marriage. She was fourteen years old at this time.

Her girlhood was a happy one, though her parents were very strict. She attended school in the higher levels of learning at Danielsonville, a town on the main line between New York City and Boston. One day as she boarded the train for school she met Tom Thumb

5. SMITH ~ CAROLINE CARPENTER FAMILY



THOMAS ~ ADALINE S. STEVENS ~ GENEVE S. REEVE WOODS  
 GARET S. WATSON ~ GALEN ~ SALOME S. BROWN



ORSON G. SMITH



CAROLINE CARPENT



GENEVE ~ IDA ~ ADALINE  
 MARGARET ~ SALOME



Family of Caroline Carpenter: Caroline, Mother Jane Betsy King, Father Ezra Davis Carpenter, Sisters Lulu and Salome, and Mother Jane Betsy in her old age.

and his tiny midget wife. When they were settled back into their seats, their little feet stuck straight out because their legs were so short. They were very attractively and becomingly dressed like ordinary people and had attendants with them. She often told her children of this incident.

She received a good education and could play the organ and sing well. Her father brought her organ to Utah, and it was among the first in Logan. It is still in the family and yet able to be played. Her older children can remember her singing the old Southern melodies, "*Sweet Belle Mahone*," "*Come Birdie, Come*," "*Will you Love Me When I am Old*," and many others. "*Oh Ye Mountains High*" was her favorite hymn.

After locating in Logan, she played the tabernacle organ under the leadership of Evan Stephens while he was a resident there.

Her father, Ezra D. Carpenter, was a lieutenant in the 10<sup>th</sup> Regiment of the Connecticut Volunteers which served in the Civil War. He was taken prisoner soon after his regiment was stationed to guard a bridge, and he was driven with the other prisoners like cattle to the infamous Libby Prison where he remained for about two years. He had a rather frail constitution and the treatment he received there was so severe that his wife and daughter despaired of his life and felt they would never see him again.

If the soldiers, by any means, could obtain money, they received better treatment. Carrie's mother, learning of this fact, put five dollar gold pieces into butter and sent it to him. He thought out a way by which she understood that he had received them. All mail was very closely censored so that soldiers had to be extremely careful what they wrote to prevent such things from discovery.

Through a thick wall the prisoners dug out a tunnel, and Ezra was one of those to escape. After working his way through, which was very difficult, he had to climb a high fence; he was so weak because of bad food that he fell to the ground on the other side and lay there until he could gather strength sufficient to hunt for protection. Being in prisoner stripes, he knew he would have to go to the Negro quarters.

After almost being detected by a white southerner, he was taken in by a good Negro mammy who gave him nourishing food and found some civilian clothing. When he had regained enough strength to return to join his Union regiment, he discovered that the war had been declared over just two days after his thrilling escape. He was soon released and returned to his home.

After his return, Ezra decided to go to Florida, where he thought he could become a rich man sooner than in Connecticut. He was in that frame of mind when his uncle from Utah appeared. He had regretted being taken prisoner so soon after entering the war, but after hearing the gospel message, he rejoiced because he never knew of taking a single life.

A daughter, Lulu, who was born after his return home, became very ill and he was obliged to remain at home and assist in caring for her. While keeping watch at her

bedside, he read, pondered and studied over the literature his uncle had left them and continued to send. "*The Deseret News*," which came weekly, contained the sermons of the apostles. Soon the child recovered, and he had become convinced of the truth for he had prayed earnestly about it.

Carrie later told her children many times that she would have come to Utah alone if her parents had failed to come, for she firmly believed in the truth of what she had heard, and she forever blessed the day that their uncle had come to them. In August, 1872, he sent her the first volume of poems written by Eliza R. Snow, a book most choice to her ever after.

Recounting later, she wrote:

*"My father was a man of moral courage and integrity. He read and reflected carefully on what he did read, and finally decided that if he was honest with his convictions, he must change the whole course of his life and embrace an unpopular faith. He seemed to know that it would cost him much. He enjoyed so good a reputation in the community in which he lived that when he announced his intention of selling all he had and going to Utah, instead of people feeling hard toward him, they preferred to believe his mind had become partially affected and that he was religiously crazy. They could account for it in no other way as his judgment and mental faculties were considered exceptionally good. He had constantly filled offices of trust and emolument from the town and county in which he had resided from earliest manhood, and was well known and respected."*

The transfer of himself and family to Utah cost him something exorbitant, as his property was chiefly railroad stock and bonds which are up one day and down the next. Fate seemed determined to try him, for these holdings persisted in staying way down for a number of months until he finally decided to sell anyway before he lost the spirit of the work if he delayed. So anxious was he for the welfare of his family that he made the trip to Utah alone, because his wife was delicate, to see what the conditions were there. He almost lost his life in the mountains between Brigham City and Logan. The train went only to Brigham and since he was a good walker, he secured the directions, thinking he could reach Hyrum, but became lost.

He was rescued by Samuel O'Bray, who took him to his home, where his good wife worked over him. Under good care he recovered enough to be taken to his uncle's house. This experience showed him how dangerous the wide open spaces in the west could be, but it didn't deter him. April 25, 1873, found the family, which consisted of father, mother, little sister Lulu, and Carrie, in the lovely valley of Cache, not yet having been baptized. Uncle Ira Allen met them at the train that had just come into Logan, and he took them to his home where they received a hearty welcome. They remained there about a month until father Ezra decided what to do.

As soon as they were located in Logan, they immediately applied for baptism. Carrie was baptized by Elder Charles Olsen and confirmed by Apostle Moses Thatcher, May 25, 1873. Again she writes:

*“Trying were the first associations among a strange people whom we had never met before; but ample was the reward of the spirit for the sacrifices made. Noble were many of those we met, while others seemed to have lost all light of the gospel, and dreadful were the recitals of the imaginary tribulations they had endured in Utah. These things affected us but little as we had expected to find no bed of roses. The gospel plan clearly indicates sacrifices of a lifelong character; this is what we expected, and we were not disappointed.*

*--“Two months later I made the acquaintance of Mr. Orson Smith, a plain unpretentious young man of staunch integrity and exemplary in all his habits: free from those which too often undermine youth. To him I owed much for companionship and kind sympathy, extended during the homesickness which usually follows everyone who makes a new home among strangers.”*

Carrie taught school for two years during which time this acquaintance ripened into a most congenial attachment and finally was consummated in marriage October 4, 1875 in the Endowment House at Salt Lake City, with Joseph F. Smith officiating.

Carrie was about five feet, two inches tall at the time of her marriage. Orson recounts their first meeting in his history, including his memory of the pretty face he saw under the sunbonnet and his feeling that he would some day marry her.

When Orson was called to be bishop over the little settlement of Paradise, an entirely new phase of life began for Carrie, and one not the easiest to fulfill, as all bishops' wives can tell. She did not falter, but with full courage, determined to be the helpmate her husband needed in every deed and thought, and ever sought to do what good came her way to those around.

Three years later, 1878, she was asked by Sister Eliza R. snow, the general president, to preside over the Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Association in that ward. This organization was new and seemed to strengthen and fortify her for others duties yet to come. Sister Snow blessed her by using the gift of tongues, greatly to the surprise of Carrie, who had never heard the gift before, and the blessings there given have been verified.

The most pleasing feature of her new work was found in the intimate acquaintances so closely formed between her and the young girls of the ward, and which resulted in one of them coming to make her home with Orson and Carrie as his second wife. When Orson, as a thriving young farmer and bishop, was asked to take a second wife under the practice of polygamy, which was extant at the time, he said he would have to ask his wife. He was hoping she would not agree as they were very happy together. However, he hadn't counted on Carrie's dedication to every principle of the gospel as she learned it, and she

insisted that he do as he was asked. As is related in Orson's history, she had gained a testimony of plural marriage after reading "*The Seer*," by Parley P. Pratt. She was prepared for this opportunity, as she viewed it, to grow more unselfish. She chose one of her Mutual girls, Sarah Ann O Bray, to be her sister-wife and the two of them lived together for a number of years in the same house. Together they raised their children until the law later compelled a separation. They loved each other dearly, even more than sisters, and strangers visiting the home could not tell which was the mother of the various children.

Business called father Orson away at first, and afterwards the pursuit of the law compelled him to delay his return for almost six years. During that time Carrie and Annie cared for their children and managed a large farm with all its cares. They shared each other's joys and sorrows until to separate seemed like death, which at last, was thought best to do.

During the time that Carrie and Annie were living together on the farm, Carrie was blessed with a son (Orson Carpenter Smith), the third child in her family, just one year after Annie's marriage, and as the male members of the Carpenter family had died in their youth, his birth was a source of untold joy to all the family. But at eight months, scarlet fever claimed him, and daughter Margaret lay prostrate with it for three months, but finally recovered.

Carrie afterward lost in succession two other children, a daughter and another son (Carrie & Thomas). These sad experiences grieved her greatly and enfeebled her health for a time. But at the birth of another daughter, Adeline, she began to improve, and when this child was three years old, she was called on June 7, 1884, to take the presidency of the Y.L.M.I.A. of the Cache Stake. Orson, a few months before, had been called to act as counselor to President C. O. Card of Cache Stake, thus releasing him from the bishopric at Paradise.

Carrie made her home in Logan during the winter, but returned to the farm in the summer and actively filled her calling among the young ladies while rearing little Adeline, taking her in her travels around the stake. It would have been extremely hard for her to perform this labor without the love and faithful assistance of Annie, given then and always, many times sacrificing the care of her own children to care for Carrie's.

The experiences in the Stake Y.L.M.I.A. were many and varied. Carrie traveled from Dayton, Idaho, on the north to her Avon farm home on the south, going in all kinds of weather and many times driving her own team. There were no outlines for lesson work from the general board at that time, so one duty was to prepare programs, which she and her board did. The board members were: Ione Cook, Ida Thatcher Langton, Alley P. Martineau, and Ellen Barber. During the time she was president, the board was later changed to Zina Y. William, Marretta Armsby, Elizabeth Toundsand, Armenia P. Adams, and Rhoda L. Merrill.

The program consisted of testimony meetings, essays written on gospel themes, questions asked on gospel doctrine and answers to the same, also essays written on virtue, health, ideals for young girls and all subjects of uplift. There also were songs, recitations, and selected readings.

President Elmina S. Tayler said of her, when at one time she felt pressed to resign because of family cares, "You do untold good with your pen right in your home, in planning outlines for the work, and your officers catch the spirit of love you bear for the work, and they carry it to the girls." She enjoyed her work and inspiration was given to her on many points. Her faith was strengthened and joy and satisfaction came to her, as well as inspiring others. She wrote many letters to the presidents of the wards bearing testimony and encouragement to renew effort and faith in God, virtue and right living.

She became the mother of ten children, three preceding her in death. Her life was one of devotion to her husband and his friends, and to the large family of her husband as he married yet another wife, Mary Ellen Wright, and twenty-seven children came into the family.

The children belonging to her are: Margaret Jane, Ida Cook, Orson Carpenter, Carrie, Thomas, Adeline, Geneve, Gurney, Salome, and Gaylen.

The country fairs were held in the basement of the Tabernacle in those days, and a spelling match was conducted, among other activities. Dr. Arthur Stover, Professor William H. Apperlay and Carrie herself were among those who entered the match. She out-spelled the rest.

On October 29, 1891, after more than seven years of efficient service, she was released from her stake work. She was still the president of the Women's Hygienic Physical Reform class at the time of her death. Along with these responsibilities, she had always done temple work, doing much for her father's line.

On July 12, 1894, she gave birth to another son (Gaylen), which was a joy to her, though she welcomed all her predominantly female children. For a number of days she seemed to be doing fine, but fever set in and all that loving hands, care and faith could do was done. A prayer circle was held around her bed and powerful faith exercised for her, but our Heavenly Father willed otherwise and on July 21 her lovely spirit took flight. Her husband stood by the bed and held her hand. She was conscious to the very last and told those gathered there that it was all right and she was happy. She surely had a glimpse of the other world before she left, for she said there were throngs of people whom she could see.

She embraced every principle of the gospel and taught the same by precept and example with faith and fortitude unceasing to the end. Her death was indeed a calamity to the family, but they learned that it was all right.



Resolutions written by Mattie B. Hanson and a poem by Mollie McCann of the Y.L.M.I.A. class were read at her funeral service. Her husband, Orson, wrote and dedicated this poem to her on her thirtieth birthday:

Born in a far distant land, by the sea,  
Surrounded by plenty, happy and free.  
Brought up by parents whose aim was to try  
To bless you with knowledge in days gone by.

There in a home that can ne'er be forgot  
Where fond recollections make dear every spot.  
Kind friends and playmates all seeming to try  
To make your life happy in days gone by.

There in the midst of such pleasures as these  
The spirit of truth came in by degrees,  
Calling oh all, to Zion to fly  
Who desire salvation as the days go by.

Obedient to God in his mandate of might  
Away to the mountains you came with delight.  
Here in the chambers of Zion so high  
You mingled with strangers in days gone by.

Not strangers in spirit for many there were  
Who seemed quite familiar, but came from afar,  
To home with people whose aim is so high,  
They'll partake of eternity's wealth by and by.

Willing to meet the scoffs of the world  
Which at the Saints are continually hurled.  
Teaching your offspring to trust him on high  
Who will surely deliver his Saints by and by.

A kind wife and mother to husband and child,  
All thanks to our Father who lovingly smiled  
And bade us unite in life's journey, to try  
To love one another, in that day gone by.

Devoted to God, your labors have been  
Unselfish, His love and favor to win.  
That truth you've upheld, no one will deny,  
A reward is waiting for this by and by.

Already there's one who does freely impart  
A place of true merit in, I trust, a true heart.

Although far apart, this boon we will try  
To accord to each other, now, and by and by.

This history comprises the last thirty years;  
In all of its changes much good appears.  
Oh memory! You will not this history deny  
Such a comfort to think of the days gone by.

At her death Orson wrote this poem:

### YOUR MOTHER

A girl of inestimable worth  
To all who knew her here on earth,  
A faith and trust in God so sublime,  
A love for all his creatures all the time,

Her thoughts exalted and so true  
To all that's pure and beautiful to do,  
A character above reproach and dear  
To penetrate by all her kindred dear.

True to the truth in every act and word  
Nothing mean, nor low, nor absurd.  
A smile for everyone she met,  
I see her now and she is smiling yet.

A healing hand she sent to everyone  
That needed her, with others or alone.  
Her foresight was uncanny to the—last.  
To see ahead and reconstruct the past.

Her intellect the brightest and the best,  
Her knowledge others always blessed,  
She grasped the truths of heaven one and all  
And spread them over great and small.

Where e'er she went she left a charm.  
What e'er she did she left no harm.  
Such were the graces of your mother dear.  
Such were the jewels she left for you here.

No words of mine can adequately express  
My love and estimate of her that never can be less  
And when the time shall come to pass away

My faith, my hope, my wish to be with her to stay.  
Your father, Orson Smith

The following memorial to Caroline should be recorded here:

There is gone from our midst a woman,  
Womanly in all her ways. She shed a luster  
about her home and among her sex. To her  
husband she was at once a counselor, sup-  
porter, friend, and filled the duties of wife to  
an uncommon degree of perfection adding  
grace to duty and love to law—forever in an at-  
mosphere of buoyant faith. As Sarah to Abra-  
ham, she administered to her husband, and in  
self-denial rich spiritual blessings became hers  
to enjoy

Her children she served untiringly, lovingly,  
Adding example to precept, pointing the sky to Heaven.

Fit to lead yet, content to follow, in her la-  
bors as president of the Young Ladies Mutual  
Improvement Association of Cache Stake, she  
Was ever clear in thought and fluent in expres-  
sion, presiding with ease and dignity. Her in-  
structions were full of wisdom in line with the  
truths of Heaven, teaching faith in God.

Possessed of a noble spirit, she improved  
Upon her talents, lived under the blessings of  
Heaven and was prepared to die.

--Joseph E. Wilson

## HISTORY OF AVON, UTAH

Avon (Cache County), Utah is a small agricultural community on U-165 eleven miles south of Logan and three miles southeast of present day Paradise. It was settled in 1860 and originally known as Paradise, but was abandoned in 1868 because the settlers were having trouble with the Indians. Mrs. Orson Smith named the community in honor of Avon, England, the birthplace of William Shakespeare.

John W. Van Cott

# HISTORY OF SARAH ANN OBRAY

(WRITTEN BY HERSELF, Feb. 17, 1932)

I am the oldest daughter and second child of Thomas Lorenzo Obroy and Caroline Brenchley (his third wife). I was born the 27<sup>th</sup> of September, 1859 at Wellsville, Cache, Utah. We children, a family of nine, grew up during pioneer days and knew the hardships of the same. My father was a man who worked incessantly to provide food for his families.

During the grasshopper time we children had to go with switches and bed cord and walk around, as well as through the wheat, to keep the hoppers moving, and twice we saved our crops. Father, Mother, and all able turned out for this work.

Our schooling was meager. Brother Charles Shaw was the teacher. He held school in one of the rooms of his log house. He taught us reading, spelling and arithmetic. When he got to long division, we had to turn back to the first of the book again. This school was held during the winter only. We were well and happy with it all.

There is one lesson that mother taught me that has been of value to me through life. Sleigh riding and dancing was all the amusement for a time the young had. Of course, like most young girls, I would dally over my work when there was a chance to go out for some fun, but mother always said: "Your work must be finished first." Many is the time of fun I missed and felt badly about it, but I helped me later in life. I have been able to sacrifice and go without for others, and it has not been the hardship it would have been if I'd always had my own way.

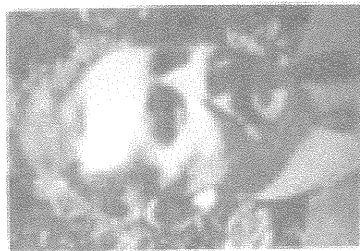
We had Sunday School and Meeting, which everybody attended. In August of 1878, Sister Eliza R. Snow came to Paradise and organized the first Young Ladies Mutual. Carrie C. Smith was put in as President with Elizabeth Sandifer, 1<sup>st</sup>, and Sarah Ann Obroy, counselors. It was the 10<sup>th</sup> of August 1878, and was my first introduction to public church work.

I was married to Orson Smith the 12<sup>th</sup> of September, 1878, in the Endowment House at Salt Lake City, a step I have never regretted. He was the Bishop of Paradise at the time. My oldest child Ezra O. Smith was born in the large frame house at Paradise the 14<sup>th</sup> of February, 1880. Everett Obroy Smith was born 29<sup>th</sup> of August, 1881, Leonard Obroy Smith was born 27<sup>th</sup> of October, 1883. He died the 23<sup>rd</sup> of February, 1884, and is buried at Paradise.

My husband and we, the two wives, lived happily together. Our children often did not know which was mother or aunt as all were cared for alike. In the spring of 1884 father bought a large farm in what is now Avon. We moved into the one log room on the place and began farming for a living. It was not long until we had a large frame house again to live in. There was a lovely spring on the place and over this we build a cellar for our milk.



EZRA

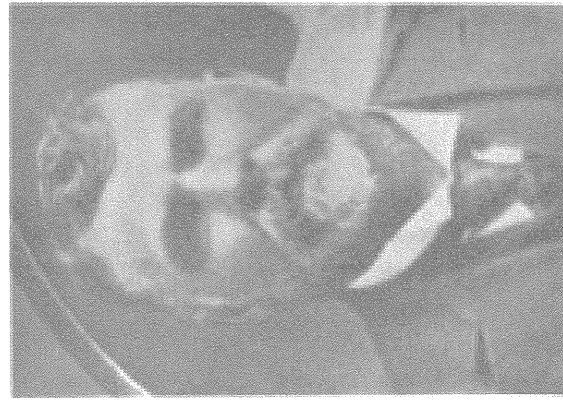


EVERETT



LYMAN

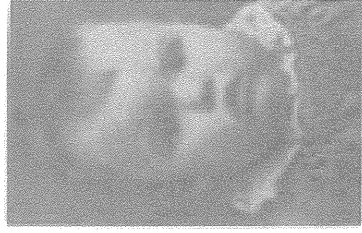
ORSON G. SMITH - SARAH ANN OBRAY FAMILY



ORSON G. SMITH



SARAH ANN OBRAY



HORTENSI



EMMA S. STEP



MELBA S. DEB

My son, Lyman O Bray Smith, was born there the first of April, 1885. We were living happily and getting along well for these times when Congress passed the Edmunds Tucker Bill making it unlawful for a man to either live with or support his families. This necessitated either father or I leaving, so I took my baby and went to Hyde Park and stayed at Brother John Woolf's place. This was a real trial for me to leave the rest. My two boys remained at home with Father and Carrie. After a time, Father went away railroading so I went back home. Carrie, the children and I lived there for a time. We tried to carry on the farm, but it was very difficult without a man's help, but we did the best we could. In the winter Carrie taught school in what was then Old Paradise, while I stayed home and took care of the family.

When Lyman was 5 years old, father was hired to work for Eccles and Nibley in Oregon. I took my baby and went with him for the summer. In the fall, I came back as far as Rexburg and stayed there for the winter. My daughter, Hortense, was born there the 13<sup>th</sup> of April, 1890. She lived only a few months and died Wednesday, February 4, 1891. During the winter I came from Rexburg to Franklin, Idaho. That is where my baby died and was buried for a time, but she has since been brought to Logan. That was a sorrowful time to me, away from my husband, family, and alone in my trouble. I felt to depend upon the Lord for strength. It was so cold and so much snow that my husband (who came up) and one friend were the only ones to bury the baby.

Father at this time had been sustained as President of Cache Stake, so the family left the farm and moved to Logan. The Christmas of 1890 I came to Logan and spent it with the family, but had to leave right away after. In March of 1891, I came back to Logan. During that summer I was called by President Marriner W. Merrill to officiate in the Logan Temple, and was set apart for that work by him. I worked for two years enjoying it very much.

Gaylen, Carrie's youngest boy, was born the 12<sup>th</sup> of July, 1894. Carrie lived 10 days and died on the 21<sup>st</sup> of July, 1894, leaving the baby. I came to her home to care for the family of six, the baby and my three boys. Having so much to do, I had to give up my church duties. Previous to this time I had labored as Sunday School teacher as well as my temple activity, but at Carrie's death, I relinquished all.

As soon as I could begin to leave the family, I was sustained as teacher in the Primary Association of the 6<sup>th</sup> Ward; later as a counselor for several years. This I enjoyed very much because I am so fond of children. I also took up Relief Society, was called as an alternate teacher, then a regular Visiting Block Teacher, a position I held at this writing, the 17<sup>th</sup> of February, 1932. While here in Logan I went out nursing to help in the family, have visited the home bound and helped lay away the dead, trying to do a little good as I journeyed along.

My daughter, Emma O. Smith, was born the 1<sup>st</sup> of March, 1897, in Logan. My daughter, Melba O. Smith, was born the 26<sup>th</sup> of April, 1899. I pass over the struggles we had during the rearing of the family but will say that Maggie, Ida and each as they grew to earning power helped with home burdens.

When Melba was a little tot I went in the buggy one evening with Lyman to get the cows from the pasture in the west field. He had a long whip, which he popped to start the cows on their homeward way. It frightened the horse and it ran away throwing Melba over the buggy and me into a wire fence. I was badly cut and brought home unconscious. It took 25 stitches in head, face and arm to sew the cuts. The scars I still carry, but through the mercy of the Lord, I was not killed, and I feel to acknowledge His kindness. Father was in Alaska at this time. When I could leave the family, I went to the temple doing ordinance work, and since 1925 have gone quite regularly, only missing for sickness or death in the family.

I have been endowed for over 700 persons, and am thankful at this writing to say I still go to the temple. My knees make walking rather difficult. I am happy to say all the families are married and father and I are still together happy in each other's company, while many of the members of the family have passed on.

## HISTORY OF SARAH ANN OBRAY SMITH

(Written by Orson Smith)

Sarah Ann Obroy was born September 27, 1859 at Wellsville, Utah. Daughter of Thomas L. and Caroline Brenchly Obroy, a pioneer family. Among all the trials and troubles incident to that early day in Utah, opportunity for schooling was meager, but she lost no time in obtaining what she could. Her family moved to Paradise where I first met her. We were married Sept. 12, 1878, in the old Endowment House at Salt Lake City, by Daniel H. Wells. From that time we have lived the wholesome happy life of Latter-day Saints. She has participated in every move and every labor that I have been called to make, as Bishop, Counselor to President and President of Cache Stake, and in every way has supported me whole heartedly. A more faithful and devoted wife and mother never lived. Owing to my large family she shared in all the trials and persecution that we were subjected to under the Edmonds-Tucker Law and the privations of these times, never flinching, never complaining.

Words cannot express my love for her. When Carrie died she took right hold of here children and became a mother to them, and won their undying love and respect. To this day, 1934, they all treat her as a mother and honor her as such. She is the mother of seven of her own—five boys and two girls, five of whom live to bless her declining years. She has won the love and respect of a host of friends by her kind and charitable ministrations among the people where she has lived, and numerous kindred all love and call her Auntie.

To her I owe more than I can ever repay for the love and devotion she has shown me, for the unity that has prevailed in my family all these years; for the willing sacrifice she has made for the benefit of all of us.



She was active in the Relief Society and Primary organizations of the Church and had done much temple work. She was a member of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers in Logan.

## POSTSCRIPT

At her funeral, President C. W. Dunn of Logan Stake told how she fearlessly and unselfishly assisted his family during the bad flu epidemic and of the many thoughtful things she did for every one around her. She died July 18, 1941, at Ogden, and was buried at Logan, on July 21, 1941.

## YOUR MOTHER

A noble soul of truth and worth  
 As any I know on this earth  
 Patient in trials of every kind  
 The like of which is hard to find;  
 Love for God and all His host,  
 Beast and bird and children most,  
 Faith in every principle and law  
 Revealed by God, without a flaw  
 Determined only for the right  
 Incessant labor all her might,  
 Character of strength and will  
 Determined her part to fulfill  
 Wise in selection of the best  
 Of friends, and people, and the rest  
 That make for usefulness and good  
 When everything is understood,  
 Always seeking all the while  
 To drive away the clouds and smile;  
 True and devoted to the truth  
 Her entire life, from youth  
 Such are the gifts and graces too  
 That your mother has bestowed on you;  
 She's never left a stone unturned  
 That would enhance the life you earned;  
 She gave to all her very best:  
 With such a mother you are blest.  
 When God the Father takes me home  
 I hope I shall not be alone;  
 For where she goes, may I go too—  
 It will be good enough for me and you.

Father

## TO MY WIFE SARAH ANN ON HER SEVENTY FIFTH BIRTHDAY

With you dear wife we celebrate  
 Your 75<sup>th</sup> and as my mate your 56<sup>th</sup> year of life  
 As child, as mother, and as wife.  
 We cannot say the things we feel  
 Our heart throbs are too real  
 But simple tokens we present  
 Our feelings partly represent  
 The path you tread from day to day  
 Has helped us all along the way.  
 The faith you've shown in human lives  
 Instilled in us that righteous cause  
 Has prompted you to sacrifice  
 That we with you might rise  
 To heights of glory there to stand  
 Among the honored of our land.  
 Your worth to us looms big today  
 For which the flesh can never pay  
 Perhaps however, there'll be a time  
 Your work through us may be sublime.  
 Yours years have helped us understand  
 The constant labors of your hand  
 And now we see more nearly through  
 The way you wanted us to do.  
 We offer thanks to God today  
 That he sent such a one our way  
 To Mother us in mortal life  
 A noble Mother, Friend and Wife.  
 Father

### HER SEVENTY FIFTH BIRTHDAY

September 21, 1934

Dear Mother and Auntie we love you  
 For the part in our lives you have played,  
 You have gone straight along through the shadows,  
 Your example and faith we have weighed.

You have played the part of a Mother  
 Played it nobly t'is grand to behold,  
 Not alone to your own, but to others  
 And they honor and value the mould.

There are some who tonight are absent

But they join in the love that we bear  
 Their hearts are with the purpose  
 And your welfare they also share.

We cannot pay too much homage  
 To one who sacrificed all,  
 That we might advance and develop  
 In the gospel's glories call.

You have rendered service unselfish  
 To many far and near,  
 And now as the evening of life appears  
 You have no cause for fear.

May joy and gladness fill your heart  
 And peace for ever dwell  
 Within, without, around about  
 And made your bosom swell.

Maggie

Postscript written by a great-grand daughter, Karma Albiston

I am so grateful to Sarah Ann for leaving us this brief account of her life. There is so much that we don't know or understand fully, about how these marvelous women lived through the years of polygamy and the hardships that the families went through. I have a greater appreciation for this dear lady who was so willing to give her all to the family. She was such an example of strong faith and prayer. As I learn about our ancestors, they become real people, not just names on a page. I can feel of their Spirit, their strengths and faults. I have learned to love them, and appreciate all they have done for us.

Thank you Sarah Ann  
 From your great-granddaughter  
 Karma smith Albiston



BEAUTIFUL MARY ELLEN IN 1920

MARY ELLEN WRIGHT



ABOUT AGE 20



ABOUT AGE 47



ABOUT AGE 50



AGE 68

THIRD WIFE OF ORSON G. SMITH

BORN: 4 JANUARY 1865

DIED: 27 JANUARY 1934

THE SMITH FAMILY

Front row, left to right: Ellen, George, Mary Ellen, Seymour, Martha.  
Back row: Olena, Gladys, Owen, Mary, Harriet. Inset: Orson Gurney.



# History of Mary Ellen Wright Smith

## An Autobiography

(Written during her last illness)

Mary Ellen Wright was born at Old Paradise, now called Avon, on January 4, 1865. We lived here but a few years, when the folks advised us to move farther down, as it was so close to the mountains and Indians were quite troublesome. I just remember a few things—the row of log houses. I was at the neighbor's playing with Louise Bishop and proposed making yeast for sale so we got some eggs from under her setting hens, stirred them together and put in ashes to thicken them when Brother Bishop caught me, and was I frightened! I scampered through the five pole fence without going to the gate.

My father and mother were married in February (Feb. 23, 1864). Some months after, my father dreamed that he was to be careful of my mother on the 11<sup>th</sup> of August. He was so impressed with the dream that he got up and wrote down the date. One day they were invited to grandmother's for dinner. She had a large box with pork salted down in. They had hung up the hams and shoulders so it was nearly empty. It had a loose board across the top and father and mother sat on it to eat their dinner. Father left the table first and mother moved around. The end slipped up letting her down into the box backward. Father went to her telling her to keep right still and he carefully drew her up and put her on the bed. He told her to rest awhile and he looked at his book and it was the 11<sup>th</sup> of August. That afternoon she felt life for the first time. From that time on my birth was an important event to my Father. We were always very near to each other. Years afterwards, when I was away on the underground, his letters to me were always so tender and full of sympathy. My friends used to say those letters sound like a mother's, so full of feeling.

After we moved from Old Paradise, my two grandmothers lived within two blocks from us. I was named after each of them, being the eldest in the family. I had a very happy life going from one to the other. How different they were always, yet how wonderful in each of their lives. I have written a biography of each from a child's standpoint as I viewed them. I wished I had known more about them after my mind was matured.

They used to parch field corn and make molasses. I ate heartily of it and one night, oh how sick I was! I think I was unconscious for a while and father went for Grandmother Gibbs, who was a midwife. I remember coming to and she was rubbing me with camphorated oil. I was soon better.

My life was smooth and uneventful till I was eleven years old. My mother kept a good girl. The same one lived with us for seven years. My sister Martha and I were required to do our share of the work. The girl would have gladly done it herself, but Mother saw to it that we did our share, principally dishes. We both had the measles, my sister and I. How impatiently we waited for the girl to black the stove, scour the chairs, table and floor with sand, rub the brass kettles with

ORSON G. SMITH ~ MARY ELLEN WRIGHT FAMILY



ORSON G. SMITH



MARY ELLEN WRIGHT



OWEN

OLENA ~ GLADYS ~ MARY ~ HARRIET

ELLEN ~ GEORGE ~ MARY ELLEN WRIGHT ~ SEYMOR ~ MARTHA



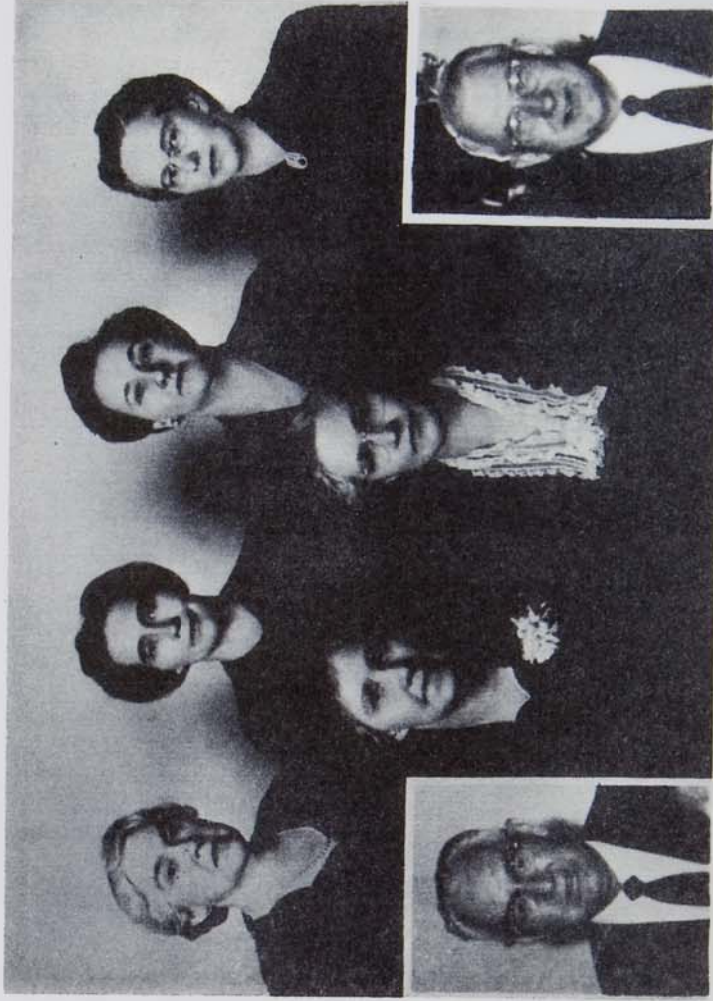


ORSON G. SMITH  
1933-



MARY ELLEN WRIGHT

ORSON G. SMITH ~ MARY ELLEN WRIGHT FAMILY



-1945-

HARRIET S. WOOLLEY ~ GLADYS S. CAINE ~ MARY S. JORDAN ~ OLENA S. HARRIS  
OWEN ~ ELLEN S. GRANT ~ MARTHA S. LEE ~ GEORGE

vinegar and salt, and shine the row of tin cans on the shelf with ashes till you could see your face in them. She then went to the sheep grounds to gather tea leaves and made some tea to bring the measles out good. It must have helped as we got along fine with no bad effects. Then we had the chicken pox on the Fourth of July. We lived across the street from the public square and could see all that went on in bowery, races, etc. This was quite a trial. Brother Thomas came in and brought us some candy after the parade. I never forgot his kindness.

My mother was president of the relief Society. She used to take me to meeting with her. I think the other children were easier to manage without me. I was useful to the sisters at first to wipe their eye glasses on my cotton apron. They wore the home made Linsey dresses. My grandmothers each bought me one as their name sake; calico was fifty cents a yard then. I soon got so I could find the page in the hymn book for those hard of hearing. They moved the benches in a circle so as to be close together, much to the annoyance of the deacon, an elderly man, so I used to stay and shift them back in place. There was only mail once a week in those days. Sister Davis was sent as a representative from Salt Lake to visit the small towns in the south end of Cache Valley. A letter was sent announcing her coming and a special meeting was to be arranged. The mailman also carried passengers and Sister Davis came to the house first and the letter was delivered later. I did not want to miss a good meeting, and this had promise of being unusual, so I offered to notify the Sisters. I ran from door to door while Sister Davis and the family ate dinner. I remember how diplomatic I was trying to arouse the sisters' curiosity, to get a goodly number out! I found some washing, one making home-made soap, boiling it in a big kettle with three sticks propped up. I told them Sister Davis was there in haste with a special message. Then I ran home and got myself ready and over to the meeting house to see what results I got. As each of those very busy ones came in I sat shaking hands with myself and feeling my importance to the work.

In the very early days, there was but one wash tub in the town—a large wooden one which was passed around. The people were very accommodating. At the age of eleven I began running the sewing machine, hemming diapers and all straight seams. I soon got quite expert at it. There were few machines in those days and mother was a good seamstress. Her father was a tailor and she had learned to sew in the old country. She made beautiful plaid velvet vests for my father's father from pieces of material she brought with her. I have a very old picture of him wearing one of them. The neighbors brought in stitching for me to do for them while they did my dishes. When I was twelve our maid got married. Mother was confined that winter with her seventh child. She was very sick and never left her bedroom for five months. We had a good woman come to do the washing. Grandmother lived a half block away and took care of mother and the baby. She also supervised us. At first I was very happy to try my hand at many new things, but the bread mixing grew to be very irksome. It was that winter I met and became acquainted with my future husband. They were getting rock from the mountains to build a new meeting house. Father had a yoke of oxen and Orson Smith came every morning while I was doing my dishes and cupboard to get the oxen to put on his sleigh to go for rock. He was a Logan boy called to be Bishop. He and his wife had not been married long.

The next year Father moved the log granary down in the field one and one half miles from Paradise where he had a good farm. The day we moved he took the cupboard, table and dishes on the first load, then the family. Mother walked into her new home and a little blue racer snake ran across the floor and under the cupboard. Father killed it and mother sat down and cried. She thought she must go back. We were leaving a good sized comfortable home. It was made of logs with weatherboarding and was plastered. There were shade trees, grass, and a good orchard with no incumbrances, but it took so much time going to and from the farm. We had quite a herd of stock and Father wanted to be where he could do a lot of things before breakfast. We had a loft upstairs and the boys had a wagon box with a cover on it where they slept. Grandfather and grandmother Wright had moved to Draper a couple of years before and they invited me to come. I went and stayed a year. The schools were much better there and mother was anxious for me to get good schooling.

When my father was a boy, and his parents first came to Utah from England, they built a home and settled in Draper, later moving to Cache Valley, so I met many of father's old friends who were friendly and nice to me. Father built a large frame home on the farm. Mother kept a girl who did the spinning and from her I learned to knit stockings and mittens. I remember one day the sun was clouded like it would rain, then a whizzing, roaring noise, and next thing a cloud of grasshoppers settled on wheat field just heading out. By night the leaves and tops were gone, just one stubby straight stock standing stripped of everything. I also remember the crickets and how they fought the big black things.

I saw different improvements in machinery from the days of the old cradle and the days of gleaning. The shortage of food I never understood much about as we had our gardens and plenty of milk, but were taught to waste nothing.

I remember the night my brother Fred was born, in October. Father brought home a forty gallon barrel of molasses. We had no bread or flour in the house, so we borrowed a pan full and next day Father sold a young heifer for wheat and had it ground into flour which lasted until February, when father got his threshing done.

I graduated from the district schools and received a scholarship to the University of Utah. Father did not want me to go so I went to Logan for higher education. I attended the B.Y.C. They met in the basement of the tabernacle and later at the college. It was there I studied theology under J. Z. Stewart. He especially emphasized the marriage covenant with plural marriage as the most desirable. The first wife was as a good foundation while, if you stopped there, the main structure was never completed. This and many more he used as illustrations for that principle. I was converted. In reflecting back now there was a goodly number of that class impressed and went into it, boys and girls.

I was married in the Logan Temple on the fourth of July, 1884. No one outside of my family knew of my marriage the first year. I stayed at home with Father and Mother. I stayed on the farm. Grandfather and Grandmother Wright moved back to Cache Valley

and father built a small home for them just a few yards from ours. My first baby, a girl, was born the 27<sup>th</sup> of April, 1885 (Nellie). The persecutions were on then. When the baby was three weeks old, at five o'clock one afternoon, C. C. Goodwin, an apostate of the Mormon Church, and Wetstone, A U.S. Deputy Marshall of Ogden, drove to our home with papers prepared to search the house for me, rumors having got out of my marriage. There was just a few minutes to whisper when they were at the door. Father knew Goodwin very well, so he opened the door and treated him as though he was making a friendly call. They had Mr. Blanchard's team from the hotel in Logan, friends of my parents, and where they always stayed. They had driven twelve miles so while I was hiding upstairs, father asked them without hesitating if he could take their team to the barn and feed them. They wanted to go with him, which he hoped they would, of course. There was only one place in Paradise where they could get a lodging—at Mr. Goldsberry's, an apostate Mormon. Father stayed with them showing them around as long as he could, trusting Mother to do the rest. Her head worked fast as she took babe and me over to Grandfather's, a couple of rods away, put every vestige of baby clothes under lock and key, and made up warm fires. The men had come in a sleigh although it was the middle of May. She started the girls on a good supper, opened up all the upstairs doors, threw open the double doors in the front part of the house, put on a pretty light dress, then began to set the dining room table, and in they came. There was a small potato cellar under the kitchen floor in front of the sink that had a trap door we lifted up. Down on the floor was an armful of straw and a linsey quilt, and the bottom of an old chair to step down on. All winter the lid had been raised last thing at night, and it was understood that if a knock came on the door, Father was to go quickly to open it. I was to go just as quickly to the cellar, while mother was to close the lid, draw the rug over it, and on top of that put the tin tub as though someone had bathed the night before. We could not use it now because the baby was here and I could not go there in the dark with her.

Grandfather was very angry with Father for taking such trash into his home and feeding them. He swore under his teeth. I stayed close to the window watching to see if Goodwin should step over to shake hands with Grandfather. In that event I was to get under the bed that had the old fashioned valence around it, with my babe. They ate supper and while eating Goodwin said, "Where is your daughter; I see the piano. Can't we have some music?" Father said, "I'm sorry, but there is no one here that plays; my daughter went south three days ago." At that time some were going to Mexico, so they just concluded that that was what had happened. Goodwin and Wetstone exchanged glances. Mother got a deck of cards and proposed a game of five up, to which the men consented. During the shuffle and deal mother said, "I was cleaning out an old trunk not long since and among the things I burned was a letter of yours, Goodwin, to my sister Emma Bullen, who is dead. Emma Gibbs she was then. You were proposing a marriage to her to be your plural wife. Wetstone looked at Goodwin whom he had not known very long. They had picked him up because he knew the people and was a Mormon hater. At ten-thirty they left for Logan. I went home and went to bed. It was not easy for me to stay in such close hiding now with a baby, and to arrest me meant five years in the penitentiary for my husband. We never repeated to anyone our joke on them. People felt too good to keep making it hard for some later. Twenty years later, when I had seven

children, I lived only two blocks from Goodwin and neighbor to a very young and beautiful Eastern woman who visited frequently at Goodwin's where they carried on spiritual séances. I told her one day of the trick we played and she went down the next day to twit him of it.

A few weeks after the Goodwin visit I went to Ogden where I stayed three months. My husband had to leave the state, so he and Frank Allen took a contract at Helena, Montana. He sent for me. The work proved to be all rock so they were stationed and we had a large camp. They were watching the mails, and we were afraid of our whereabouts being known, so we took a covered wagon with springs, a bed, a sheet iron stove, grub boxes, and dishes. Under that we got out through the end gate of the wagon. We could very quickly put up our small tent and get a meal. Thus we traveled down to Great Falls. Going over the Missouri on a ferry was a new and exciting experience for me. I had always been afraid of water. We had just fifteen cents when we landed at Great Falls. My husband bought a box of Shinola, cleaned his shoes, bought a newspaper, and saw where bids were advertised for the excavation of a big bank. We needed money badly, and had to stay in seclusion, so we could afford to bid low, but there was this to consider: It was in the heart of town with big buildings near. It proved to be rock excavation of a solid nature, and we were responsible for damage to windows, etc. The explosives were expensive also, so it was a great venture. He put in a bid and got the contract. He sent to town for a boy, team, and scrapers, and went to work. It proved to be soil with some rock, but it seams, so they had to use crowbars, picks, etc. My husband hired some single men who had no families and wanted board. We were camped on the Missouri River under the trees. A meat and milk wagon passed by, so with my two hole sheet iron stove, I cooked and boarded them. We fixed up three sticks on which we hung a kettle and boiled meat and suet puddings, which were a cheap desert. I made lots of dumplings with the meat from the suet. When we settled up and paid the men I found I had cleared \$200. We also had something like six or eight hundred from the job. It was quite a lot for those days, more than a man could earn on a good sized farm, and this was in two or three weeks.

I was terrorized with thunder and lightening. I never had experienced anything like it, and I was alone some distance outside of town. The water snakes were also hard on me. I was naturally afraid. Scared of Indians, tramps, and everything. Going out of a large family where boys were with us made me frightened. We went back to Helena to camp where work continued until Christmas. They had Gumbo clay to work in, and only cleared expenses on a whole with their summer's work. The men of course drew wages and were glad for the work. Many were from home towns.

My little girl Nellie was two years old in the spring, and I was to be a mother again the next March. While I was cooking over the campfire I was deathly sick many times. One Sunday morning I was forced to ask my husband to lift the three loaves of bread out of the oven. I couldn't make the effort; I was so weak. Monday morning after the men went back to work, I felt better, and was not so bad again. The men went into town Saturday nights to drink up their week's wages, no one else to spend it on.

After the work was finished the men and outfit were sent back to Helena. We then visited the Falls, going up to Ft. Benton. We there saw the larger boats that came up the Missouri River bringing lumber, etc., taking out wool, pelts, and many other things. Going back to Helena most of the men left for home. We drove our wagons under the large cook tent. Father Smith was with us. I did the cooking for those that were left.

We stayed there until Christmas, then came down on the train heavily veiled to Smithfield. I talked to the mail carrier, went up town where a rig met me and took me to Paradise. I stayed home then until the latter part of February when I went to stay with some people I had never seen (in Smithfield). I took the name of Mrs. Wilson. I had always told my little girl her name was Nellie Post. One day she came crying as some children had called her Nellie Slab and she said, "My name is Post, eh, Mamma?" They knew it was some kind of wood and got mixed on the kind. I intended to stay there until the last of March and go home to be confined, but I stayed a week too long and was taken sick there. All my mail came through Will G. Raymond, readdressed to me. He brought it to me and I mailed out a note to Mother for my trunk with my little clothes in. My brother Fred and sister Martha brought it to me, staying but a short time, then going back home. The place where I stayed was the home of a man who carried the mail and walked up from the depot with me in the fall. He asked me one day if I had come from Canada when I came from the North. I asked him how he knew I came from the North. He never saw my face. He said he heard my voice and would know it again in Europe.

My baby was another little girl (Martha). I got along very well, and was up on the tenth day. The next day the deputies were very active in the north and he advised me to move quarters. That morning he and his wife put my things and tiny baby in a clothes basket and put some soiled aprons and dresses like they might be taking a wash, and walked four blocks to a sister of his. I put on an old shawl and sun bonnet and crept along behind far enough to have no connection with them, yet keeping them in sight. I was weak and looked seventy years old going along. That afternoon my baby was cross. I was tired and worried and my milk upset her. I was among perfect strangers and she cried so. I walked the floor for hours with her. An old gentleman, their grandfather, asked me how old she was. He said in England where he came from her little pink nose would not be out of the blankets yet.

At ten that night a rig came for me with all my things and drove me home. Some more strangers, a young man and his girl. They made me a bed in the back of a heavy buggy out of quilts, and I raised on my elbow often, instructing them where to go. We reached Mothers at two in the morning, then they started right back and I went to bed. When the rig stopped my baby, who had been good, from the jolt of the wagon, woke up and cried out. Father was startled out of a sound sleep, hearing that tiny cry and it was a cold night; he rushed down the stairs in his night clothes three steps at a time to open the door. The roads in Cache Valley in those days were terrible. The mud was up to the hub, and it froze so hard. It was terribly rough.

After a few days the deputies were searching the south end of the valley. Father had bought a piece of farm land adjoining his field on the brow of the west hills with an old

house on it. He cut some pine wood that would make little or no smoke to heat water, and at night moved me over with just what I needed to get along with. They brought me some cooked food every night and fresh milk. I had neighbors on the south a few rods away, but they never knew I was there. My blinds were never raised. My brother Fred had a couple of quilts for a bed on the floor and stayed with me at nights. I was going to say he slept there, but he scarcely slept at all. He took turns with me walking the baby. She had what they called the three months colic. I was worried all the time as strange men in new buggies would drive up through the field, and I never knew just when the children would drop a word and my whereabouts would be known. Worry and a cross baby took all my strength. In May the raid was over and things quieted down for a time, so I went over home.

The 1st of May my sister Evelyn went to Paradise to do some shopping for me. Mother cautioned her if the store keeper should ask about me, she was to know nothing. They had not heard for some time and she did not know. She got through the usual inquiry, did the shopping, and there was some change left. They asked her if she would have candy. "No," she said, "Mary Ellen had told her to get stamps for the balance." The cat was out. She came home and told us what had happened. "Oh, dear. Oh, dear."

At this point my husband was moving his outfit that wintered at Helena to Spokane, Washington, where he and Frank Allen, a partner, had taken another contract. He sent for me to take the train to Spokane the second of June, which I did. I was very nervous traveling with two children, especially until I was well out of the state. After being in such seclusion, if a stranger looked curiously at us, I shivered so that I could not relax and enjoy anything, although the view was very pretty most of the way. We crossed a branch of the Colorado. The water was so blue and different. We crossed on an iron bridge at one hundred and fifty feet elevation. That made it look blue, I guess.

My husband was never at the train to meet me. Some strange man would approach me by descriptions given and although I would be looking for someone, I always got a chill when a stranger approached me. I slept in a wagon box and lived in the tent that summer. The climate was ideal, the vegetation very pretty, and while I never left camp, I enjoyed the feeling of security and the rest to my nerves. My baby continued with colic over the six months. Every day at four she began. I had to get her feet in the oven, make catnip tea, and sometimes resort to paregoric. I never got her settled down before eight o'clock. A colony of our people was settling in Canada, so we decided to go there and build a home. Frank Allen sent for his wife to meet him in Montana and we started out in November traveling through Cour de Lane. We went over the old Mullen trail, the first road built by the government with Cour-de-Lane bridges. The poles were pinned down with wooden pins but they were loose and the poles were spreading as soon as touched, and the fear of the horses getting their legs through and broken was an awful dread. It was a pretty lonesome trip through all that timber. We met a couple of desperadoes on horseback one day who took a new gun from Brother Allen's wagon.

We traveled early and late and by the time we got to Milk River it was very cold with snow behind us. One river we crossed forty-three times in two days on the trip, a branch

of the Clark River, I think they called it. The horses had to almost swim at first, but it was just a small creek at the last. On reaching Lee's Creek we stayed with Aunt Zina Card a few days, then moved into the new granary they had just completed, where I stayed with the children while my husband went into the mountains and got logs for a log room, which he built with a small lean to with no floor, which we put our tents and tools in. These shovels, picks, etc., were traded for vegetables for winter use. We put the top bed of the wagon in the corner of the log room with my bed on. We made a trundle bed that fit in the foot of it. I was still frightened of everything, and especially Indians here, and I was located between two big reservations, the Blood Indians on one side, and the Pegans on the other. They were related and did lots of visiting back and forth. I did not dare to think what I would do when I would be left alone those hundreds of miles from home and my people.

The time came very quickly when this thing happened. Soon after we moved into our new home, Apostle Amasa Lyman called on me. He sat in the only chair we had, and I sat on the stool at his feet, while he told me of his early married experiences and their home made furniture in those pioneer days. As he went over his experiences I fancied he was enjoying an environment and association that lingered with him. I thought at that time I was passing through all I could bear, but years afterward I knew that I did not know what trial was then.

I taught school two terms that first year, carrying my baby (Martha) to Aunt Susan Smith each morning, who took care of her and I taught her boy at school. I took my eldest girl (Nellie) with me. We were not able to get good water on the lot where we lived. It was hard, bitter, and sort of brackish. I could not even wash with it. We had to haul water in a barrel from Lee's Creek, which froze solid forty gallons of it the first winter, and I had to skimp along with bucketsful. When my husband came to visit us two years later, we took a new lot one and one-half miles farther west on the hill, where we built three rooms. We had the first wall papered room. We stretched factory on first, then papered over it. Aunt Zina covered her walls with brown outing flannel. We got the idea from a Mutual book. Blizzards and winds were so bad on the north and west we had to put weather board on, the first house with weatherboard on the outside. We had two cows and sold milk along with teaching for a living. I fed and milked them. I came to Salt Lake to the dedication of the capstone of the Salt Lake Temple, and brought the children. Hattie was the baby then. I stayed at Silver Bow, Montana, all one day waiting for train connections and four hours in Pocatello. Aunt Zina and a large company came then.

I didn't teach after Hattie and Owen were born. I adapted myself to the country while I was there, but when I left I didn't look back on it with any longing. I never expected to go back and never did. Sister Zina Card, Mary Ellen Wolf, and Mary Anderson were all very dear, good, and kind to me. I was always invited to everything when the apostles were there. My husband came up once in a while. He was there when Hattie was born, but left when she was ten days old. I paid a girl \$1.50 a week to stay with me for three weeks. I also took Mrs. Kerr to stay with me for a boarder for six months. I took care of her when her baby was born. She took sick and was threatened with a miscarriage and was in bed three days. Hattie fell in a post hole the day Mrs. Kerr's baby was born. She



was two years old and followed after Indians. I ran after her. The Indians had her but gave her back. It was while alone with my two babies that the fear of thunder and lightening left me. I was frightened to death of Indians in those days although I came from an Indian country.

When Owen was three months old I moved down to Logan to a little old house. I had light yellow blinds so the light came through. I never had the blinds up. No one ever came but the Relief Society teachers the first summer. I put the baby in the back in a tub for a sun bath. McKinley went in as president that fall and was good to our people and defended our cause. The Manifesto came just before Hattie was born.

I went up to Preston in June to Brother Cowley's. They were very kind to me. I stayed there until Gladys was two weeks old, came home on the train in a drifting snow. I packed all my things that morning but lost a sack of pretty things off the wagon. I couldn't advertise for anything and they were part of my trousseau. Dora (Wright) came to Preston and stayed after the first week, and stayed until I went home.

During my stay in Canada I was first counselor to Aunt Zina (Card) in Mutual and took full charge for three months while she was in Utah. Sister Stewart was president but resigned to go to Preston. I was secretary of the Relief Society in the Sixth Ward in Logan in the early spring. I took kindergarten work during the summer at the B.Y.C. (Brigham Young College). It was a six week course. Sister Barber and Marion Todd also took it; Rose Jones was the teacher. It cost me ten dollars and I washed and ironed to get the money. While Owen was a baby, Brother Molen put me in as stake treasurer of the Relief Society. I was counselor to Lucy Hogan in the Sixth Ward in Mutual. I was put in Relief Society at conference at Wellsville. I also acted as secretary most of the time. I was released on account of poor health. I went away for six months and when I came back they put me on as a board member for two years in the Stake Relief Society. I then served as stake secretary until the stake was divided, and then acted on the Logan Stake Board until Sister Barber was released and I went to Honolulu.

I was county chairman of the Woman's Republican Club for a year. I was asked why a Republican and answered, "I took four little children clinging to my skirts under a foreign flag in my maiden name and voted for a Republican. They legalized the children, and McKinley was the man elected." I was also appointed publicity woman for the Republican Club during the war. Janet Hyde made the appointment and gave me one hundred dollars for the work. I acted for a year or so until after the war. No pay went with war work.

After I came home from Honolulu I was put on the Genealogical Board with Brother Scholes and acted until he was released. I was also magazine agent in Relief Society in my ward and class leader for teachers for more than a year. I was also a visiting teacher for a year. I have made five trips to California, nursed forty-eight women with new babies, went to the B. Y. to school for a year after Nellie was born. My mother took care of Nellie. I didn't graduate but they gave me a certificate to teach. I was pregnant with Martha and couldn't graduate as I had to go away. While in Canada I did a great deal of

sewing. I always followed the counsel of the Priesthood. My children are all working in the Church, which is a great comfort to me. They have all been through the temple. I am now the mother of ten.

POSTSCRIPT, written by a daughter, Olena Smith Harris

All of these experiences were shadows and forgotten when she told of the visits of the leaders of the Church in her home, and what it meant to her. She says she sat spell bound listening to Apostle Amasa Lyman tell of his early married life, experiences in pioneer days and she knew she should cheerfully bear hers. She made several trips down to Utah with other leaders of her community; one was to attend the dedication of the capstone (ceremony) of the Salt Lake Temple. When her fifth child was born her husband's 2<sup>nd</sup> wife (Annie) suggested that she name her Gladys, to bring cheer and gladness, and she such proved to do. When her baby was two weeks old she did all her own packing and took the train for home, her things coming later by wagon. She lost a sack of her lovely handwork, some had been in her trousseau, but she did not dare to advertise for it.

Her keen bright mind was always searching for improvement and even with six children she attended a six weeks course in kindergarten work at the Brigham Young College with other leading women of Logan. She was secretary and chairman of the Republican Women's Club, and during World War I was appointed publicity woman. During her whole life she found the best avenue for expression and use of her talents in working for the Church. She was counselor to Aunt Zina Card in the Y.L.M.I.A. in Cardston and to Aunt Lucy in the Logan Sixth Ward. It was in the Relief Society work that she loved most and she devoted her life to it. She wrote of it: "The Relief Society to me is as a grand encyclopedia, organized as it is by the Prophet of God and working under the divine guidance of the Priesthood. All other societies and clubs outside are counterfeit to this model. Its organizations placed us on an equal with the greatest benefactors of our race, and surely the poor of the earth rejoice.

"The work means more than is often attached to it. The particular line of work our name at first suggests is for caring for persons who are in need of assistance, which of itself is a most glorious and commendable work. The spirit which attends such charitable acts is in almost all cases ample reward for the effort put forth, but in addition to this there is much implied in our name and which we are expected to teach and practice testifying of the restoration of the gospel to each other, and our neighbors, using due diligence to uphold and sustain each other, speaking of every good we know of each other, even to magnifying it to such an extent to make it far greater than weakness, burying each others faults and failings by extolling the virtues. No portion of our lives could be spent to greater profit to ourselves and no greater good could be accomplished in our communities. It would uplift ourselves in the estimation of our children and they in return would learn to look for the good in mankind. So I may safely say the mission of the society is but half done when we have discharged the temporal part. The Prophet Joseph Smith realized this when he instructed the sisters at the first organization of it. He said, 'I now turn the key for women and from this time forth blessings shall flow down upon you. Improve yourselves, lift one another up to your scale of being, that you may

When the Bailey boys sang "I Go To Prepare a Place For You," at her funeral, her children knew she would do just that. She had been doing that for them all their lives. It will be such a happy reunion when this family does meet again in the hereafter. They know from her good teachings that there will certainly be a hereafter where they will all enjoy each other again.

When any of her children or sisters gave her anything nice and she went to visit her married children, she usually left the gift with one of them. She loved to see them look nice and she shared. Sacrifice was her life. Her happiness was making others happy. She could see some one needed a lift and tried so hard to give it. She had a wonderful sense of humor and made others happy. Her daughter Mary is so like her in this respect. She was a wonderful mother and wife. She loved father's other wives and said often that she looked forward to an eternity with them. Her testimony was strong and she loved her Maker. She lived the gospel as nearly as any mortal could. She was so kind to everyone and sometimes tried her children with the people she would bring in and feed. They hadn't lived as long as she had.

When she was a small girl and her parents moved about one and one half miles from town, she thought nothing of walking into town in her eagerness for associations, and regularly attended all religious and social gatherings. She tells of attending dances with her father who played the violin, long before she was old enough for her to participate.

In later years she was on the Genealogical Board of the Logan Stake. She enthusiastically explained and worked out every phase of that work. She also worked in the temple for our own dead and interested other members in temple work. She encouraged and helped her children to keep their temple clothes in readiness and to take advantage of every opportunity to visit the temple. Every phase of the gospel she understood, accepted and supported.

Mary Ellen Smith had the rare gift of being interested in and friendly to all she came in contact with, and anyone who came to her with their troubles found sympathy and understanding that encouraged them to do better in life if in the wrong. But, in her eyes they were always right unless proved otherwise. She loved the radio and the information she received from it she joyfully passed on to those about her. She said that the last years of her life were the happiest, and they were full and rich to the day of her death on 27 January 1934. Death came after a long and valiant fight (with cancer) but not until she had no more desire to live. Her every wish was realized through the efforts of a patient and devoted husband, a host of loving friends and neighbors, and children, ten in all, six girls and four boys. Two boys had preceded her in death.

## LIFE OF MARY ELLEN WRIGHT SMITH

By Martha S. Lee

Mary Fish Wright was born Sept. 14, 1803, on the Isle of Guernsey. Her Father was in the British regiment and her mother accompanied him. She later died and was buried at sea and Mary was cared for as best a soldier could until an opportunity came to send her back to her grandmother in England who later raised her.

Ellen Phillips Gibbs was born in Pembrokeshire, South Wales, in 1813. Like the other grandmother she was deprived of a mother at a tender age and cared for by a loving father. Before she died he left her rich with the thought tucked away in her mind that the true Church of Christ was not upon the earth, but according to the Scriptures it was soon to be restored. She knew the gospel message as soon as she heard it and feverishly went about greeting her people acquainted with it. Truly it was a light in her life for their interest was aroused through the change it had made in her. This spirituality together with her thrifty, practical natural gifts made her a blessing to her associates.

Mary Ellen Wright was born at Old Paradise, now called Avon, Jan. 4, 1865. She was named for both these grandmothers who lived within two blocks of each other and in her early childhood she tells of what a happy life she had going from one to the other. How different they were yet how wonderful each in their own lives. Her earliest recollection of Relief Society work was of her mother, who was president, taking her with her to meeting to tend her and how useful she was to let the sisters wipe their eyeglasses on the little calico aprons she wore, given her by her grandmothers. She distinctly remembered running from house to house inviting the sisters to hear Sister Davis of the General Board.

When twelve years of age she first became acquainted with her future husband. He had been called from Logan to act as Bishop of Paradise and came there with his young wife. He was getting out rock for a new meeting house, and called at her father's house for his oxen. His first impressions of her were in his Sunday School class where she attracted him with her keen, bright mind and ever ready questions and answers.

Her parents moved about a mile and one half from town yet she thought nothing of the walk in her eagerness for associations and regularly attended all religious and social gatherings. She tells of attending dances with her Father, who played, long before the accustomed age for her to participate.

She attended schools in Draper one year when the schools there were better than in her own community, graduated from the district school and received a scholarship to the University of Utah. Her parents wanted her nearer home, however, so she attended the Brigham Young College at Logan when held in the basement of the Tabernacle, and later at the college site. She studied theology under J. Z. Stewart and it had a great influence in her life.

Accepting all the principles connected with her religion as advised at that time by those placed over her, she was married July 4, 1884, when nineteen to a man with two families and entered into that principle willing to do her part to further the work of the Lord as it might be called of her. This principle of her faith cost her much in sacrifices but throughout her whole married life of fifty years, she never voiced a regret and always looked forward to a glorious reuniting with the others in the family comparable only with that of those who made similar sacrifice. She considered it a privilege to pay her tithes and offerings and had undaunted faith in her Heavenly Father and His promises concerning them, also that He would protect and watch over her wherever she might be. She put all this to the test for early in her married life she was forced to leave her people and friends and find refuge in a foreign land.

Her experiences as a young woman in the early settlement of Canada are full of interest. Blessed with a keen observation and deep appreciation of nature and understanding of humanity, an unusual memory and gift of word pictures she made her many travels valuable to herself and family. She had previously gone with her husband and first baby (Ellen) on trips into Montana and Oregon, but now she was left in a strange land alone. This time she had two children, a baby three months old (Martha). The first winter she taught school leaving her baby at a neighbors and taking her eldest girl and the neighbor's boy with her. She had her third child a girl (Harriet), and her first boy (Owen) born in Canada. She lived in a three-roomed house on a hill near where the Canadian Temple now stands. She stretched factory on her walls first then papered over it. Hers was the first house weather boarded there as the winds were so bad from the Northwest. She thought she had all the fears that she would need a man to protect her. She had inherited some of the superstitions of her people and a dreadful fear of lightening. She conquered most of them but the little settlement of Cardston was between two Indian reservations and Indians were constantly passing her home and she never quite got over her fear of them, especially after they tried to take her little fair-haired girl (Harriet) who had followed after them. I remember peeking under the blind into the black eyes of two big Indians loath to leave until Mother had given them something and she was too frightened to open the door. I also remember her being caught outside and afraid to go in least they follow her and her sweeping and sweeping the paths and yards trying to appear busy.

But all these experiences were overshadowed and forgotten when telling of the visits of the leaders of the Church in her home and what it meant to her. She says she sat spell bound listening to Apostle Amasa Lyman tell of his early married experiences in pioneer days and knew she should cheerfully bear hers. She made several trips down to Utah with other leaders of her community, one was to attend the dedication of the capstone of the Salt Lake Temple. When her fifth child was born, her husband's first wife suggested she name her Gladys, to bring her cheer and gladness, and such she proved to do. When her baby was two weeks old she did all her own packing and took the train for home, her things coming later by wagon. She lost a sack of her lovely handiwork, some had been in her trousseau, but she did not dare advertise for it.

Her keen, bright mind was always searching for improvement and even with six children she attended a six weeks course in Kindergarten work at the Brigham Young College with other leading women of Logan. She was also secretary and chairman of the Woman's Republican Club and during the World War was appointed Publicity Woman. But throughout her whole life she found the best avenue for expressing and use of her talents in working for her church. She was counselor to Aunt Zina Card in the Y.L.M.I.A. in Cardston and to Lucy Hoving in the Logan Sixth Ward, however, it was the Relief Society work she loved most and devoted her life to. She wrote of it:

“The Relief Society to me is a grand encyclopedia, organized as it is by the Prophet of God—and working under the guidance of the Priesthood. All other societies and clubs outside are but counterfeits to this model. Its organization placed us on an equal with the greatest benefactors of our race and surely the poor of the earth rejoice. The work means more than is often attached to it. The particular line of work our name at first suggests is the caring for persons who are in need of assistance, which of itself is a most glorious and commendable work. The spirit which attends such charitable acts is in almost all cases ample reward for the effort put forth, but in addition to this there is much more implied in our name and which we are expected to teach and practice—testifying of the restoration of the gospel to teach each other and our neighbors, using due diligence to uphold and sustain each other, speaking of every good we know of each other, even to magnifying it to such an extent far greater than a weakness, burying each other's faults and failings by extolling and virtues. No portion of our lives could be spent to greater profit to ourselves and no greater good could be accomplished in our communities. It would uplift our selves in the estimation of our children and they in turn would learn to look for the good in mankind. So I may safely say the mission of the society is but half done when we have discharged the temporal part. The Prophet Joseph Smith realized this when he instructed the Sisters at the first organization of it. He said, ‘I now turn the key for women and from this time forth blessings shall flow down upon you. Improve yourselves, lift one another up in your scale of being that you may become a light in your homes and a blessing to your race.’ Our work circumscribes all that we want to study, the field is broad enough for all our abilities. What is there that is good for us to have or to do that we cannot find under this our banner? Think of it sisters and see if the thought will not inspire us all to renewed diligence and respect for it.”

She filled almost all of the positions connected with the organization she loved. She was ward secretary, visiting teacher, teacher supervisor, agent for the Women's Exponent and the Relief Society Magazine, board member, stake treasurer but perhaps as Stake Secretary she found the most joy for she had a remarkable gift of conversation herself and of grasping and repeating other people's expressions. She was chosen Stake Secretary 18 My 1901, had been Stake Treasurer since July 20, 1893, Lucy S. Cardon was president with Luna Y. Thatcher and Rebecca Eames as counselors. It was at the time when the whole Cache Valley was one Stake in Relief Society as well as Stake work. She was released on account of ill health and took a trip to the Hawaiian Islands and California visiting her children. On her return she was chosen a board member and in 1912 again Stake Secretary. When the Logan Stake was organized, June 5, 1920, she was chosen as Secretary with Ellen Barber, President and Olive L. Bjorkman and Ida T.

Quinney counselors. She never grew old and loved the work and did it as efficiently as she had twenty years before. She dearly loved the women she labored with and wrote, "If I should think of compensation for sacrifices and trials it would be to have the confidence and association of those women I have contacted in Relief Society work."

In later years she was put on the Genealogical Board of the Logan Stake and enthusiastically explained and worked out every phase of that work, also working for her own dead and interesting other members of her family in Temple work. She encouraged and helped her children to keep their temple clothes in readiness and take advantage of every opportunity to visit the temple. Every phase of the gospel she understood, accepted and supported.

Mary Ellen Smith had the rare gift of being interested in and friendly to all she came in contact with, and anyone who came to her with their troubles found a sympathy and understanding that encouraged them to do better if in the wrong, but in her eyes they were always right until proved otherwise. She loved the radio and the information she received from it she joyfully passed on to those about her. She said that the last years of her life were the happiest and they were full and rich to the day of her death, Jan. 27, 1934. Death came after a long and valiant fight but not until she had no more desire to live. Her every wish was realized through the efforts of a patient and devoted husband, a host of loving friends and neighbors, and children.

(She had) a long useful and interesting life and through it all acknowledged and thanked her Heavenly Father for it all. Mother of ten children, six girls all married in the temple and working in the Church, she said is a great comfort to me; and four boys, two preceding her in death, equally comforting. She ably prepared herself for future progression along with those she so admired.

## MARY ELLEN WRIGHT SMITH

Salt Lake City, Utah

October 6, 1921

(Blessing given by Hyrum G. Smith, Patriarch upon the head of Mary Ellen Wright Smith, daughter of John Fish Wright and Martha Duggan (Gibbs) Wright, born Jan 4, 1865, at Paradise, Utah.)

Sister Mary Ellen W. Smith: In the authority of the Holy Priesthood I give unto thee a blessing and pray the Lord to direct it for thy comfort and benefit because of thy faithfulness and devotion in the past. And I say unto thee rejoice in thy blessings for the Lord has been mindful of thee for good; He has heard thy prayers; He has seen thy trials; He has sanctified unto thee thy sacrifices and will continue to comfort and sustain thee because of thy faith and thy true devotion.

Therefore, hold sacred thy covenants, and continue to keep thy trust in the Lord, and thy teachings both by precept and by example will live in honorable remembrance, as well as thy name, both in the midst of thy children and thy children's children and in the midst of thy friends. Be comforted, therefore, for the Lord will bless thy labors and continue to sustain thee so long as thou wilt hold sacred thy covenants. Be true unto thy privileges and thine obligations.

Thou shalt also receive further strength in health through observing the laws of Nature and the Words of Wisdom and striving to teach and to practice the principles of the Everlasting Gospel. Thou shalt also rejoice over the fruits of thy labors in behalf of others, both the living and the dead. And for all of thy unselfish deeds the Lord will abundantly reward thee both in this life and in the life to come. Thou shalt also be enabled to see the sunshine, the joy and happiness for the Lord will multiply unto thee thy righteous desires and help thee to see the fruits of thy labors and to enjoy them both in this life as well as in the life to come.

Therefore, be of good cheer; allow not the spirit of gloom, or despondency to come into thy life, for these are tricks of the Evil One to place barriers in thy pathway and to cut short thy usefulness in mortality. Therefore, look upon the bright side of life through cultivating the spirit of cheerfulness, and the Lord will remember thee in mercy and will help thee to meet the obligations required at thy hands in order to fulfil thy mission. And when that is fully accomplished thou shalt go to thy rest in peace surrounded by thy friends and loved ones, crowned with thy blessings among those who have fought the good fight and triumphed in victory.

I seal this blessing upon thy head through thy faithfulness. And I seal thee up even unto eternal life, to come forth in a glorious Resurrection with thy kindred and many friends, by virtue of the Holy Priesthood and in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.



**Title:** Orson Gurney Smith

**Image:** OGS-FAMILY-0014-A



**Names:** Orson Gurney Smith Family Reunion

**Date:** July 4, 1923

**Location:** Logan, Smith

**Notes:** Front row (sitting on ground) John O. Reeve (Geneve's son), Don C. Brown (Salome's son), William S. Reeve (Geneve's son) Helen Grant (Ellen's daughter), Gurney Lee (Martha's son), Owen, Jr., and Orson Smith (Owen's sons), Morris Wright (Bert Wright's son), Burns & Christian Champ, & Orville S. Lee (Martha's sons).

Second row: W. Eldredge, Jr. & Mary Grant (Ellen's children), Sarah and Roma Smith (Ezra's daughters)

Third row: Alice Smith and Lucy S. Cardon (Orson's sisters), Mary Ellen Wright Smith (Orson's 3<sup>rd</sup> wife), Orson Smith, Imogene Lee (Martha's daughter on Orson's lap), Sarah Ann Obray Smith (Orson's 2<sup>nd</sup> wife), Ella Smith (Ezra's daughter), Margaret S. Watson (Orson's oldest child).

Fourth row: Evelyn Farr (Mary Ellen's sister), Ione S. Steffen (Ida's daughter) , Stella Madsen Smith (Owen's 1<sup>st</sup> wife), Olena Smith, and Martha S. Lee (Orson's daughters),

**Title:** Orson Gurney Smith

**Image:** OGS-FAMILY-0014-A

Evaletta Grant (Ellen's daughter), Dorothy Smith, (Ezra's daughter), Ella Bailey Smith (Ezra's wife), Ezra Obray Smith, Clain Smith (Ezra's son), George G. Smith.

Fifth row: Orville Lee (Martha's husband), Ellen S. Grant (Orson's daughter), June Grant, Emma Smith (Orson's daughter), Florence Smith (Orson's sister), Geneve S. Reeve & Salome S. Brown (Orson's daughters), Walter E. Grant (Ellen's husband).

Back row: Owen Smith (Orson's son) Hattie Smith (Orson's sister), Mary Smith (Orson's daughter), William Watson (Margaret's husband), Drucilla Smith (Orson's sister), John W. Reeve (Geneve's husband holding Barbara), Don C. Brown (Salome's husband), Gaylen C. Smith (Orson's son).

**Title:** Orson Gurney Smith

**Image:** OGS-FAMILY-0010



**Names:** Orson Gurney Smith family reunion

**Date:** July 4, 1927

**Location:** Logan, Utah

**Notes:** Mary Ellen Wright Smith is on right and Sarah Ann Obray on left of Orson Gurney Smith.

First row: l. to r. Alan Dale Smith (Ezra's son), ?, Roma and Ella Smith (Ezra's daughters), Barbara Reeve (Geneve's daughter), Renee DeBry (Melba's daughter), Imogene and Virginia Lee (Martha's daughters), Don Brown (Salome's son), Gurney Lee (Martha's son)

Second row: Orville, Burns, and Christian Lee (Martha's sons), Dorothy Smith (Ezra's daughter), ?, Melba DeBry (Orson's daughter), Lou Carpenter (Orson's sister-in-law), Ezra O. Smith (Orson's son), Geneve S. Reeve, Margaret Watson, & Olena Harris (Orson's daughters). William Watson (Margaret's husband) is peeking from behind his wife. Alvin Edward Harris, Jr. is sitting on Olena's lap.

Third row: Clain Smith (Ezra's son), Mary Ellen Wright Smith (Orson's 3<sup>rd</sup> wife), George Gibbs Smith (Orson's son), Orson Gurney Smith, Gaylen C. C. Smith (Orson's son), Sarah Ann Obray Smith, (Orson's 2<sup>nd</sup> wife), Mrs. Dunford (neighbor), Lucy S. Cardon (Orson's older sister), Harriet S. Woolley (Orson's daughter), a baby?, Martha S. Lee (Orson's daughter), Mrs. Rose (neighbor), Alice Smith and Drucilla Smith (Orson's sisters).



SMITH FAMILY REUNION July 4, 1927

SMITH FAMILY REUNION--Logan, Utah--July 4, 1927

First Row

1. Alan Dale Smith (Ezra's son)
- 2.
3. Roma Smith (Ezra's daughter)
4. Ella Smith (Ezra's daughter)
5. Barbara Reeve (Geneve's daughter)
6. Renee DeBry (Melba's daughter)
7. Imogene Lee (Martha's daughter)
8. Virginia Lee (Martha's daughter)
9. Don Brown (Salome's son)
10. Gurney Lee (Martha's son)

Second Row

1. Orville S. Lee (Martha's son)
2. Burns Lee (Martha's son)
3. Christian C. Lee (Martha's son)
4. Dorothy Smith (Ezra's daughter)
- 5.
6. Melba S. DeBry (Orson's daughter)
7. Lou Carpenter (Orson's sister-in-law)
8. Ezra O. Smith (Orson's son)
9. Geneve S. Reeve (Orson's daughter)
10. Margaret S. Watson (Orson's daughter)
11. William Watson (Margaret's husband)
12. Olena S. Harris (Orson's daughter)
13. Alvin E. Harris, Jr. (Olena's son)

Third Row

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Clain Smith (Ezra's son)</li> <li>2. Mary Ellen Wright Smith (Orson's 3rd wife)</li> <li>3. George G. Smith (Orson's son)</li> <li>4. Orson Gurney Smith</li> <li>5. Gaylen C. Smith (Orson's son)</li> <li>6. Annie O Bray Smith (Orson's 2nd wife)</li> <li>7. Mrs. Dunford (neighbor)</li> </ol> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>8. Lucy S. Cardon (Orson's sister)</li> <li>9. Harriet Smith (Orson's sister)</li> <li>10. (baby)</li> <li>11. Martha Lee (Orson's daughter)</li> <li>12. Mrs. Rose (neighbor)</li> <li>13. Alice Smith (Orson's sister)</li> <li>14. Drucilla Smith (Orson's sister)</li> </ol> |
|---|---|



SMITH FAMILY REUNION July 4, 1927



SMITH FAMILY REUNION July 4, 1931

SMITH FAMILY REUNION--Logan, Utah--July 4, 1927

First Row

1. Alan Dale Smith (Ezra's son)
- 2.
3. Roma Smith (Ezra's daughter)
4. Ella Smith (Ezra's daughter)
5. Barbara Reeve (Geneve's daughter)
6. Renee DeBry (Melba's daughter)
7. Imogene Lee (Martha's daughter)
8. Virginia Lee (Martha's daughter)
9. Don Brown (Salome's son)
10. Gurney Lee (Martha's son)

Second Row

1. Orville S. Lee (Martha's son)
2. Burns Lee (Marthas' son)
3. Christian C. Lee (Martha's son)
4. Dorothy Smith (Ezra's daughter)
- 5.
6. Melba S. DeBry (Orson's daughter)
7. Lou Carpenter (Orson's sister-in-law)
8. Ezra O. Smith (Orson's son)
9. Geneve S. Reeve (Orson's daughter)
10. Margaret S. Watson (Orson's daughter)
11. William Watson (Margaret's husband)
12. Olena S. Harris (Orson's daughter)
13. Alvin E. Harris, Jr. (Olena's son)

Third Row

- |   |                                     |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Clain Smith (Ezra's son)                   | 8. Lucy S. Cardon (Orson's sister)  |
| 2. Mary Ellen Wright Smith (Orson's 3rd wife) | 9. Harriet Smith (Orson's sister)   |
| 3. George G. Smith (Orson's son)              | 10. (baby)                          |
| 4. Orson Gurney Smith                         | 11. Martha Lee (Orson's daughter)   |
| 5. Gaylen C. Smith (Orson's son)              | 12. Mrs. Rose (neighbor)            |
| 6. Annie O Bray Smith (Orson's 2nd wife)      | 13. Alice Smith (Orson's sister)    |
| 7. Mrs. Dunford (neighbor)                    | 14. Drucilla Smith (Orson's sister) |

SMITH FAMILY REUNION--Logan, Utah--July 4, 1931

First Row

1. Quinton S. Harris
2. Ruth Woolley
3. Alvin E. Harris, Jr.
4. Walter Smith
5. Frank Woolley
6. Mary Alice Woolley
7. June Grant
8. Dixon Caine
9. Romania Grant
10. Virginia Lee
11. Richard Grant

Second Row

1. Owen Smith, Jr.
2. Christian C. Lee
3. W. Eldredge Grant, Jr.
4. Gurney Lee
5. Mary Ellen Wright Smith
6. Helen Grant
7. Imogene Lee
8. Harriet Woolley

Third Row

1. Olena S. Harris
2. Owen Smith
3. Orson Smith
4. Gladys S. Caine
5. Evaletta Grant
6. Martha S. Lee
7. Mary Grant
8. Orson G. Smith
9. Ellen S. Grant

SMITH FAMILY REUNION--Logan, Utah--July 4, 1931

First Row

1. Quinton S. Harris
2. Ruth Woolley
3. Alvin E. Harris, Jr.
4. Walter Smith
5. Frank Woolley
6. Mary Alice Woolley
7. June Grant
8. Dixon Caine
9. Rosania Grant
10. Virginia Lee
11. Richard Grant

Second Row

1. Owen Smith, Jr.
2. Christian C. Lee
3. W. Eldredge Grant, Jr.
4. Gurnay Lee
5. Mary Ellen Wright Smith
6. Helen Grant
7. Isosene Lee
8. Harriet Woolley

Third Row

1. Olena S. Harris
2. Owen Smith
3. Orson Smith
4. Gladys S. Caine
5. Evaletta Grant
6. Martha S. Lee
7. Mary Grant
8. Orson G. Smith
9. Ellen S. Grant



**Title:** Orson Gurney Smith

**Image:** OGS-FAMILY-0012



**Names:** 1931 Orson Gurney Smith birthday party reunion

**Date:** July 4, 1930

**Location:** Logan, Utah

**Notes:** Front row: Quinton S. Harris, Ruth Woolley, Alvin E. Harris, Jr., Walter Smith, Frank Woolley, Mary Alice Woolley, June Grant, Dixon Caine, Romania Grant, Wirginia Lee, Richard Grant.

Second Row: Owen Smith, Jr., Christian C. Lee, W. Eldredge Grant, Jr. Gurney Lee, Mary Ellen Wright Smith, Helen Grant, Imogene Lee, Harriet Woolley.

Third Row: Olena S. Harris, Owen Smith, Orson Smith, Gladys S. Caine, Evaletta Grant, Martha S. Lee, Mary Grant, Orson G. Smith, Ellen S. Grant.



THE SMITH WOMEN AT THE 1931 REUNION



GLADYS, OLENA, EV, MARY ELLEN, ELLEN, HATTIE, MARTHA

SMITH FAMILY REUNION-----Logan, Utah-----July 4, 1947

First Row

1. Shru de li Smith (George's daughter)
2. Gibbs Smith (George's son)
3. Margaret Thompson (Evaletta's daughter)
4. Walter Clark (Mary Grant's daughter)
- 5.
- 6.
- 7.
- 8.

Second Row

1. Harriet Smith (Orson G. Smith's sister)
2. Lucy S. Cardon (Orson G. Smith's sister)
3. Annie Oldham (Sarah Ann O Bray's niece)
4. Patience S. Adams (Orson's sister)
5. Emma S. Stevens (Orson's daughter)
6. Margaret S. Watson (Orson's daughter)
7. Clarence N. Woods (Geneve's husband)
8. Geneve S. Reeve Woods (Orson's daughter)
9. Fannie S. Goodsell (Orson's sister)
10. Drucilla Smith (Orson's sister)
11. Lou Carpenter (Orson's sister-in-law)

Third Row

1. Orville L. Lee (Martha's husband)
2. Bishop Hall (11th Ward)
3. Mrs. Rose (neighbor)
4. Mrs. Dunford (Neighbor)
5. George G. Smith (Orson's son)
6. Iola H. Smith (George's wife)
7. Salome Carpenter Smith (Orson's sister-in law)
8. Walter E. Grant (Ellen's husband)
9. Harriet S. Woolley (Orson's daughter)
10. Martha S. Lee (Orson's daughter)
11. Evaletta G. Thompson (Ellen's daughter)
12. Ellen S. Grant (Orson's daughter)
13. Frank Woolley (Harriet's husband)
14. Russell Thompson (Evaletta's husband)
15. Barbara Thompson (Evaletta's daughter)

Fourth Row

1. Dorothy Smith (Gaylen's daughter)
2. Gaylen C. Smith (Orson's son)
3. Lydia Smith (Gaylen's wife)
4. Lone S. Steffen (Ida's daughter)
5. Dorothy S. Evans (Ezra's daughter)
6. Ella Smith (Ezra's wife)
- 7.
8. Ezra O. Smith
9. Elwood Clark (Mary Grant's husband)
10. Beryl Grant (Eldredge's wife)
11. W. Eldredge Grant, Jr. (Ellen's son)
12. Gladys S. Caine (Orson's daughter)
13. Olena S. Harris (Orson's daughter)

Fifth Row

- 1.
2. Goldie P. Smith (Lyman's wife)
3. Lenore Smith (Lyman's daughter)
- 4.
- 5.
6. Joyce B. Smith (Alan Dale's wife)
7. Paul Alan Smith (Alan Dale's son)
8. Alan Dale Smith (Ezra's son)
- 9.
- 10.
- 11.
12. Virginia Lee (Martha's daughter)
13. Orville L. Lee (Martha's husband)
14. Imogene Lee Allen (Martha's daughter)
15. Alvin E. Harris (Olen's husband)

Sixth Row

1. Don Brown (Salome's husband)
- 2.
3. Lyman O. Smith (Orson's son)
- 4.
- 5.
- 6.
- 7.
- 8.
- 9.
10. Thomas Caine (Gladys' son)
11. Richard G. Grant (Ellen's son)
12. Joseph Allen (Imogene Lee's husband)
13. Gurney Lee (Martha's son)

**Title:** Orson Gurney Smith

**Image:** OGS-FAMILY-0017-A



**Names:** Reunion of the Orson Gurney Smith Family

**Date:** July 4, 1947

**Location:** Logan, Utah

**Notes:**

First row: Shru de Li Smith & Gibbs Smith (George's children), Margaret Thompson (Evaletta's daughter), Walter Clark (Mary's son), ?, ?, ?, ?.

Second row: Harriet Smith & Lucy S. Cardon (Orson's sisters), Annie Oldham (Sarah Ann's niece), Patience S. Adams (Orson's sister), Emma S. Stevens (Orson's daughter), Margaret S. Watson (Orson's daughter), Clarence N. Woods (Geneve's husband), Geneve S. Reeve Woods (Geneve's husband), Fannie S. Goodsell (Orson's sister), Drucilla Smith (Orson's sister), Lou Carpenter (Orson's sister-in-law, sister of Caroline, Orson's 1<sup>st</sup> wife)

Third row: Orville L. Lee (Martha's husband), Bishop Hall (11<sup>th</sup> Ward), Mrs. Rose (neighbor), Mrs. Dunford (neighbor), George G. Smith (Orson's son), Iola H. Smith (George's wife), Salome Carpenter Smith (Orson's sister in law, sister of Caroline, Orson's 1<sup>st</sup> wife), Walter E. Grant (Ellen's husband), Harriet S. Woolley & Martha S Lee

**Title:** Orson Gurney Smith

**Image:** OGS-FAMILY-0017-A

(Orson's daughters), Evaletta G. Thompson (Ellen's daughter), Ellen S. Grant (Orson's daughter), Frank Woolley (Harriet's husband), Russell Thompson (Evaletta's husband), Barbara Thompson (Evaletta's daughter).

Fourth row: Dorothy Smith (Galen's daughter), Galen Smith (Orson's son), Lydia Smith (Galen's wife), Ione S. Steffen (Ida Carpenter S. Thomas' daughter), Dorothy S. Evans (Ezra's daughter), Ella Smith (Ezra's wife), ?, Ezra O. Smith (Orson's son), Elwood Clark (Mary Grant's husband), Beryl Grant (Eldredge's wife), W. Eldredge Grant, Jr. (Ellen's son), Gladys S. Caine & Olena S. Harris (Orson's daughters).

Fifth row: ?, Goldie P. Smith (Lyman's wife), Lenore Smith (Lyman's daughter), ?, ?, Joyce B. Smith (Alan Dale's wife), Paul Alan Smith (Alan Dale's son), Alan Dale Smith (Ezra's son), ?, ?, ?, Virginia Lee (Martha's daughter), Orville L. Lee (Martha's husband), Imogene Lee Allen (Martha's daughter), Alvin E. Harris (Olena's husband).

Sixth row: Don Brown (Salome's husband), ?, Lyman O. Smith (Orson's son), ?, ?, ?, ?, ?, Thomas Caine (Gladys' son), Richard G. Grant (Ellen's son), Joseph Allen (Imogene Lee's husband), Gurney Lee (Martha's son).

**Title:** Orson Gurney Smith

**Image:** OGS-FAMILY-0021



**Names:** Christian Champ Lee and his daughter

**Date:** unknown

**Location:** unknown

**Notes:**

