

**History of
Lucy Smith Cardon
Cache Valley's Aunt Lucy**

and

**Tommy Gordon,
Bugler, Co. G, U.S.
Infantry
(Thomas B. Cardon)
Civil War Hero to Business Leader**

Compiled by

James L. Macfarlane

Photo Gallery

Lucy Smith Cardon

Lucy Smith Cardon and Thomas B. Cardon Circa 1871

Cardon Family Circa 1905

Smith Sisters Celebrate Palm Sunday

Leroy Cardon in Touring Car Circa 1908

Cardon Jewelry Parade Float 1907

Cardon Furniture Store Circa 1892

Cardon Jewelry Store Number 2

Cardon Jewelry Store Number 3

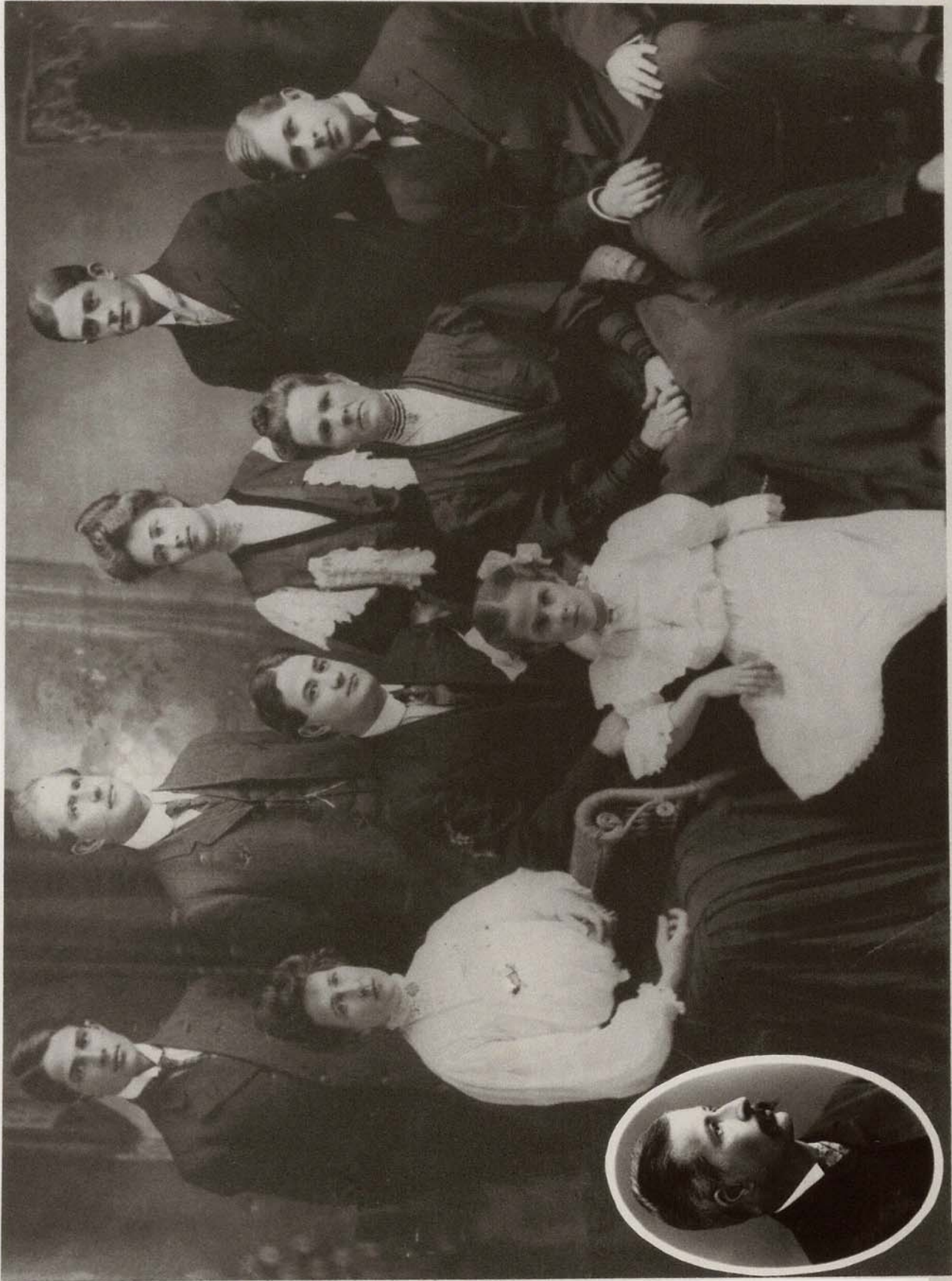




Lucy Smith Cardon



Thomas B. Cardon



LUCY SMITH ~ THOMAS B. CARDON FAMILY

VINCENT	LE ROY	MARGARET (GREHTA)	ARIEL
INSERT-THOMAS B. CARDON	EDNA	CLAIRE	GUY
	BARTLIE	LUCY SMITH CARDON	



Emma Catherine Harriet Lucy Alice Smith

Logan Library - Historic Photo Collection

Touring car

Date: c1910

Address: Logan Canyon

Roy Cardon sits on his 1908 "Pathfinder". Roy's car was one of the first in Logan.

Source: Raymond C. Somers' Historical Photographs, Logan Library's Special Collections.



Logan Library Special Collections: 721 Box A1 fd 8

Logan Library - Historic Photo Collection

Cardon Jewelry Parade Float

Date: July 24, 1907

Address: Main Street

Cardon Jewelry Company's entry in the parade on Main Street. Cardon's slogan included: "At the sign of the clock". The Cardon Jewelry Company later became S.E. Needham Jewelers.

Source: Raymond C. Somers Photograph Collection



Logan Library - Historic Photo Collection

Cardon's Furniture Store

Date: about 1892

Address: 37 to 55 North Main

The Thatcher building, People's Store, Cardon's Furniture Store, Harness shop, Lumber Yard and United Order building on Main Street. The People's Store was a branch of the Logan Z.C.M.I. It was a long narrow room, approximately 25 feet by 150 feet, with two women clerks who worked for \$30.00 per month.

Source: Raymond C. Somers Photograph Collection



Logan Library - Historic Photo Collection

Cardon's Jewelry Store 2

Address: 41 North Main

A view towards the front of the store. Mr. Cardon was active in the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association and the Sunday School. He was one of the directors of the Logan Commercial Booster Club.

Source: Raymond C. Somers' Historical Photographs, Logan Library's Special Collections.



Logan Library Special Collections: 721 Box F1 fd 7

Logan Library - Historic Photo Collection

Cardon's Jewelry Store 3

Address: 41 North Main

Thomas B. Cardon began business in Logan in 1867 as a jeweler. Besides his jewelry line which included silverware, Cardon dealt in furniture.

Source: Raymond C. Somers' Historical Photographs, Logan Library's Digital Collections.



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Eaton Brae to Logan

Lucy Smith, the daughter of Thomas X. Smith and Margaret Gurney was born January 5, 1852 in Eaton Bray, Bedfordshire, England. It was from these humble beginnings that a journey of 100 years began. In March of 1853, little Lucy and her parents gathered together their few possessions and sailed for America. Thomas was 21 and Margaret was 20 when they sailed for America as new converts to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

Lucy learned to walk on the 3 month trip across the Atlantic, which included much bad weather and heavy seas. The family gratefully landed in New Orleans then sailed up the Mississippi River to Keokuk, Iowa, where they fitted out for a trip of 1,500 miles to Utah. They were in Captain Brown's company of 60 or more teams. On reaching the plains of Iowa about 20 miles east of Council Bluffs, Margaret gave birth to a second child, Orson; it was 4 p.m., July 4, 1853 in the back of their wagon. Their wagon and one other were permitted to stop for two days while a Sister Roberta Orr helped Margaret. Both wagons were then moved quickly to overtake the wagon train. One can imagine Lucy's reaction, now 18 months old, to this new fine baby brother. For the next 3 months, they rode in that wagon; over plains, rivers and mountains, to the sparsely populated valleys of Utah. Lucy's father had no experience in driving ox teams so this was a trial for him. They were blessed and reached the Salt Lake Valley on October 1, 1853, where friends reached out to help them a great deal.

They settled in Farmington in 1854 where Lucy's father purchased an acre of land on which he built an adobe house 16' x 20' with a fireplace in the west end. There was a door in the east end and a window on the south side. There was a dirt floor and a roof of

boards. At last, little Lucy had a home of her own. Her father cultivated the lot and raised a good garden. After the first season, food was scarce and the family was forced to eat native greens, sego roots and wild potatoes that were found on the bottom lands. During the three years in Farmington, three more children were born to Thomas X. and Margaret; James, Thomas and Frederik. Tragedy struck the family when baby James, in an unguarded moment, fell into the fireplace which resulted in his death. Thomas made a little casket and Margaret, Lucy, Orson, Thomas and Fred sat on the doorstep and watched Father Thomas and his brother George carry the baby to his resting place. Lucy was only 5 years old as she watched and felt of a final earthly separation.

In 1857 – 1858, the family moved to Cedar Valley, Camp Floyd and Cedar Creek, where Johnson's Army came to Utah. They did not stay for the winter but moved back to Farmington in the fall. The Farmington years created many hardships for the family that was finding life in the wild west very challenging. Thomas was a scout in the army during these years, spending many months away from home. During one of these times, after hearing of his return from Echo Canyon, Lucy and Orson walked up the street in hopes of him having something for them. He kissed them but what a disappointment; he was worse clad than they were. Ragged shirt and pants, shoes, a powder horn held by a strap over one shoulder, a bullet pouch over the other, an old muzzle-loader Kentucky rifle, no hat, long beard. It was a motley sight for a young child to behold. Lucy and Orson did not care – Dad was home!

In the spring of 1859, Thomas X. went north to Logan, Utah with others. Here he build a log house, came back to Farmington and took his family which now numbered six to their new home. The family made this trip with one wagon, a yoke of oxen and one of

their cows. To reach Logan, they had to travel north through Ogden, Brigham City, Deweyville over the Colliston Hill into Cache Valley by way of Mendon and Wellsville, around by Hyrum, Millville and Providence. It was all wilderness then; they forded the Logan River near where the River Heights bridge was later erected. It was the north part of the river and the larger of the two. They arrived at their home, located on the west side of what is known as the George Ferrel block, in the fall of 1859. It was unchinked nor plastered. The wagon box placed on the east end of the house as a bedroom for the children and thus they all passed a severe winter. The snow fell three feet deep on the level. The little family's strong faith carried them through this difficult time.

Lucy was now 7 and soon to be 8. For some time, she had done her share of work to help her Mother in and out of the house. It was while splitting wood, she cut her foot so severely that through her life the scar was plainly visible. A Mrs. Hyde, in her kindness, took care of the wound and saw that it healed properly, thereby preventing blood poisoning.

The original Logan home was replaced after 3 years when they moved into a new, 4 room adobe home which stood, until the spring of 1928, on the corner of 1st East and 3rd North. It was here the Smith family grew to number 11; 7 girls and 4 boys – a loving, happy family and a very devoted to Lucy, a second mother to the children.

Lucy was very eager to go to school and made every effort to take advantage of the opportunities to do so when they were available. She received her first instruction in the log schoolhouse located in the J.R. Edwards lot on Center and 2nd West. It was small in size, only 36' x 18' (648 square feet). As a young girl, she would help with the family washing and general house tasks in the early morning. Sometimes, with feet wrapped in

rags to protect them from the snow and cold, she would hurry off to school to study reading, spelling and arithmetic. Later, her education continued in the Fourth Ward Schoolhouse, where she was taught by Mrs. Hyde, John Reed and Richard Evans. When she was 16, Harriet A. Preston was her teacher. But, actually, experience was Lucy's teacher and continued to be throughout the years. Books had come into Lucy's life and every book that came within her reach was read. Later in life, she gave her own children the best books and magazines she was able to obtain.

Lucy's mother Margaret was a great influence in her life. She passed through many trials in incident to the early settlements which she bore with great patience and fortitude. She was a kind mother and tried to instill the principles of truth into the minds of the children. Lucy would need all of the qualities of endurance that her mother taught her in the years ahead.

Thomas B. Cardon (Bugler Tommy Gordon)

Lucy, now a teenager, had not yet met Thomas B. Cardon, her future husband. His life was moving in a quite a different direction.

After the “Utah War”, was over and peace proclaimed, Thomas B. Cardon, who had been detailed as one of the home guard, assisted his family in their return to their home in Weber County.

In the fall of 1858, young Cardon visited Camp Floyd for the purpose of obtaining employment. At the camp, he met a number of his countrymen, who had enlisted in Johnston’s Army and the soldiers told him that if he would enlist he would have the privilege of attending the school in the camp for free. Thus induced, he enlisted as a Bugler in Company G, United States 10th Infantry. However, he did not attend school but received his education in the English language from a comrade who came from New Orleans and who, like himself, spoke French. This man’s name was Eugene Le Roy. So anxious was young Cardon to store his mind with a fund of useful knowledge that he frequently pursued his studies all night until daylight. This, from a natural love of intellectual and moral culture pursued industriously through his life, Mr. Cardon became a fairly educated man.

In the spring of 1860, the company to which Mr. Cardon belonged was sent to Fort Bridger to relieve other companies who had been ordered elsewhere.

In the fall of that year, being tired of an inactive life, Bugler Cardon applied for his discharge and would have received it but it was delayed and had not arrived when, in 1861, the Civil War broke out. Thomas withdrew his application and went with his company on a forced march to Fort Leavenworth, en route to Washington D.C. They wintered at the national capital.

On March 10, 1862, his company was called into active service. They were crossing Long Bridge en route to the Battle of Manasseh when a ghastly sight was witnessed by young Cardon and his comrades. The bodies of many of the victims who had fallen at the battle which had been recently fought had been recovered from the river and stacked up on either side of the bridge. That terrible scene had a very powerful effect on the mind of the youthful soldier.

He was with the headquarters of General George B. McClellan from the opening of the campaign in 1862 in Virginia until after the battle of Malvern Hill. He was in active engagements at the battles of Big Bethel, the capture of Yorktown, at Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, etc. He also participated in the memorable 7 days fight before Richmond, which began June 26th in which the Union losses were severe and very heavy. At the Battle of Gaines Hill, the brigade to which Cardon belonged was placed in a very critical position being between two hostile forces and exposed to the firing of both armies.

On the 27th of June, Thomas fell by the bullets of the enemy. He was wounded in the left arm and in the left side. He was picked up and taken by comrades to the temporary hospital. They had proceeded with him but a few yards when a leg of one of his supporters was severed from his body by the explosion of a bombshell. They had moved only a few paces further when another of his comrades fell dead at his side, having been killed by a ball from the rifle of one of the enemy's sharp shooters. It was from a similar source that Thomas Cardon had received his wounds. At the hospital, the army surgeon had decided to amputate Cardon's leg and he was left among others to await the convenience of the doctors to deprive him of that limb. Meanwhile, the patient swooned. So lifeless did he seem that he was reported dead and consequently left in the

chapel house with the corpses of those who had died of their wounds. That night, the Union army retreated across the Chickahominy. About daylight on the morning of the 28th, Thomas Cardon revived. On looking around him, he beheld a scene which almost paralyzed him. The mangled bodies of many of his comrades lay there rigid in death, far from home, friends and loved ones; no mother, sister or wife to close their eyes or hear them breathe their sad but fond farewell to earth and all it held most dear to them.

With heartfelt gratitude to God that his own life had been almost miraculously preserved and that he was still in possession of all of the members of his body, Thomas arose to his feet. He was very weak from the effects of his wounds and the loss of blood but he was nevertheless glad to escape from that scene of horror. He started out to find his brigade. He had not gone far before he was seen by the enemy's pickets and pursued by them. Fortunately, he escaped being captured and reached the Union army in safety. In time, Thomas recovered. His wounds were healed but he was rendered incapable of further actual service and, on February 23, 1863, he was honorably discharged. He received a pension of \$10 per month for the hazardous services which rendered to his country in defense of the Union.

When he first enlisted in the Army, he was only 16 years old; he was 21 when he retired.

After leaving Washington, Thomas B. Cardon visited York, Pennsylvania, where he met many of his army friends. He remained there about 5 months. While at York, he studied and learned the art of photography. He subsequently went to Harrisburg where he obtained a situation and worked at a business. He subsequently opened an art gallery. In 1865, he sold out his interests there and came west as far as Nebraska City, Nebraska, where he remained for 2 years and again turned his face to the setting sun.

In 1867, Mr. Cardon returned to Utah and settled in Logan, where his father and other members of his family had preceded him. Here, he established himself in business as a watchmaker and jeweler.

A Fine Romance and Eternal Marriage

Lucy's history describes her romance with Tom:

It was as Thomas B. Cardon was riding west from Nebraska City on a little black mare, along the projected line of the Union Pacific, at the very time that Lucy was cooking for her father's construction crew, who were helping on the Central Pacific eastward over the Promontory. Yet neither Lucy nor Tom knew of the other's existence nor did they dream that within a short time they would become man and wife. That was in 1867, two years before the spike was driven, joining the two railroads. Lucy tells with her eyes sparkling of the first letter she wrote to Tom. She had barely known him, although she had admired him silently for months. The only veteran of the Civil War in that frontier colony, Tom was naturally the center of attraction among the younger people. And, being a fine looking young man, he was the apple of many a girl's eye. So Lucy was both elated and worried when she received his first letter, written from a ranch in Wyoming where he had gone to visit a sister, Mary Guild. His letter, received in Logan, in Lucy's opinion a masterpiece. He was well read, well traveled and experienced in the ways of life and able to tell a girl things in very nice language." In December of 1870, on a visit to Logan, Tom proposed marriage and was accepted Lucy was then 19 and Tom 29. Letter after letter followed and 13, November 1871, they married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. They had driven a team of horses on a buckboard from Logan to Ogden and then traveled by the Utah Central Railroad to Salt Lake City. By the time they got back to Logan, winter had set in and they were snowbound for months.

Two weeks later, the cherished wedding ring arrived from New York and this little symbol of their marriage rested snugly on Lucy's left hand all of her life.

A little house on First North Street became their first home. Part of this place was used as a shop where Thomas carried on his trade of watchmaker while in the other part Lucy made a true home. Both worked unceasingly to make his trade a successful one and, through their untiring efforts, they built the foundation on which the business flourished. Lucy worked both in the shop and in the home and did all she could, as the business grew, to encourage her husband.

Lucy was also a very busy mother with her children being born and adding to their family. Thomas LeRoy, on 20 September of 1872, Lucy Edna on 27 June 1874 and then again heartache struck the family when Eugene was born in July 1876 and Elmer in 1878 both lived only a few months. Lucy and Tom mourned the loss of two sons however with undaunted faith; the sting of death was eased and the same faith gave them strength to go on. Joy and happiness returned when a fine new son Ariel was born on 26 June, 1880.

The year 1880 was a pivotal year for Lucy. Her greatly loved father Thomas X. Smith accepted a mission call to England, departing in March. Her stalwart mother, Margaret, was in declining health and Lucy the oldest daughter was ever found helpful. Margaret's health continued to decline and on December 3, 1880, a noble and faithful wife and mother passed from this life. She was tired and God, in His mercy, gave her rest. She had requested that Thomas X. remain on his mission and therefore the family locked arms and bravely said goodbye to their much-loved mother. There were now six Smith daughters left at home; Catherine, Emma, Alice, Drucille, Florence, and Harriet. Lucy, from all accounts, stepped in to help and provided stability and love to her siblings. Her life was busy with helping Tom in his growing business and raising her own 3 children. Lucy and Tom settled in during the 1880's, growing a thriving business and family. To make room for the steadily increasing number of children, Tom built first one and then another addition to the house, always providing ample room for everyone. Into that home, in the eighties, came 4 more children – Grehta, Bartlie, Orson and Vincent, making seven in all. Claire was born later, in 1896; Lucy had lost three children as infants – Eugene, Elmer and Alice.

Tom's business had grown and expanded until his affairs included, besides watch making and photography, a jewelry business, furniture and farming. He had land, Jersey cattle, standard-bred horses and fine carriages. "Charlie" and "Ben", a spanking bay team, drew a bright and sturdy wagon to all parts of the valley. Tom sold to young couples their engagement and wedding rings, photographed the brides and grooms, furnished their homes and supplied the families with birthday and Christmas gifts. Many a household in northern Utah and southern Idaho displayed photographs, watches and other items bearing his name.

But Tom was too liberal in the extension of credit. The panic of 1893 caught him all sprawled out financially and broke him flat. Although the money differences between survival and failure was pathetically small, interest rates were running as high as twenty-five per cent and Tom struggled vainly for five years to gain his financial feet.

Lucy Goes It Alone

The winter of 1897-98 was filled with the deepest sorrow and anxiety. Tom became ill and steadily grew worse until February 15, 1898 when death came to release him from his severe suffering. All through his sickness, Lucy was near him, administering the comfort which eased his pain and soothed his tired nerves. When death had taken him, she once more turned in grief to God with the glorious faith which was hers and therein found solace and peace.

The following obituary appeared in the 17 February 1898 Utah Journal

Newspaper:

T.B. Cardon Dead. Passing Away One of Logan's Most Highly Respected Citizens. The hand of death has again been thrust into our midst and has plucked from amongst us one whom, not only his family, but the entire community, will miss and mourn for. Thomas B. Cardon passed away at his home on Tuesday evening after an illness reached its culmination in an attack of pneumonia which developed recently, and was the stated cause of death.

Nervous prostration, brought on by worry over business reverses which a less honest man than he would not have noticed, which had weakened his body and made it an easy prey to disease, was the real cause of death. He built up a magnificent business here, and then when the panic came a few years ago he lost it all, simply because he gave every man credit for being as honest as he was himself. He never recovered from the shock of the affair, but fell prey to needless worry; for no man in Logan would have deemed Thomas B. Cardon's word less than his bond. But the strain was too great; the magnificent brain wore itself out and the big, honest heart of Thomas B. Cardon was stilled forever. He leaves a wife and family behind him, who will miss him as much, but will treasure within their hearts the memory of his worth and goodness.

A biographical sketch of Mr. Cardon was partly prepared for this issue but was withheld at the request of the relatives, in order to obtain some additional information in regard to his life. The funeral services will be held at one o'clock on Friday in the tabernacle.

- Utah Journal Newspaper, February 17, 1898.

Tom's death left a huge hole in Lucy's heart; he had been her first love when just 18 years old. Tom told of looking at Lucy through a transom while working blocks away and wrote this poem to her while recovering at the Utah Lake Resort on August 6, 1897.

At Utah Lake Resort

by T.B. Cardon

Provo, Aug. 6, 1897

I.

I stand beside the restless lake
And hear the sea gulls weird haloo
The waves come to my feet and break
Like my poor heart at missing you
Sweetheart, at missing you

II

The moon in pity veils her face
And softer grow the sea gulls' cries
The waves come on with gentler pace
And scalding tears now fill my eyes,
Sweetheart, now fill my eyes

III

Do they, like me, remember dear
The happy answering sigh for sigh
When hand in hand while standing here
Your "Yes" made one of you and I.
Sweetheart, of you and I.

IV

But soon upon the golden shore
I'll hear you voice so fond and true
And soul to soul, joy fill once more
My breaking heart, at meeting you,
Sweetheart, at meeting you.

Lucy was just 46 years old and now must look forward to being alone. As always, she accepted her fate without a whimper and moved forward, carrying her grieving family with her.

Left almost without resources, her brave spirit bruised but uncomplaining, Lucy made plans to care for her eight fast-growing children. The eldest was Roy, who was called to carry on the business after it had been rescued from the receiver's hands by John F. Bennett, a friend who proved his sincerity ten times over. The following excerpt from the family records described John F. Bennett's role in the family's history:

Tom and his family enjoyed and benefited by the constant and consistent help and guidance surrendered by John F. Bennett of Salt Lake City. As a young traveling salesman, "Brother Bennett", as we called him, had sold his first order to Tom with it there developed a profound and lasting friendship. John was named by Tom to represent the Preferred Creditor when the crash came and, in that capacity, John protected Tom and his family as far as humanly possible.

"John later told me that his admiration for Tom reached its greatest height when Tom's innate honesty forbade his taking from the cash drawer the last dollars available to him as means from which to purchase groceries. John hinted that Tom might take his money as his just dues in the circumstances, but Tom said he was in the hands of his creditors and that the cash with all other property belonged to them.

"Upon Tom's death, John immediately took hold of the family affairs and, until we were all grown, he was our respected and devoted counselor. Indeed, he continued in that role until his death. We could never express adequately our appreciation of John F. Bennett but can cherish his memory always.

The old home was saved for her by the contributions of many friends. Her family did not know then that she kept the name of every contributor and noted opposite each name the amount contributed. Many years later, she called her children together and, her black eyes beaming, announced that at last from meager savings she had paid back every cent and checked off every name on her list.

Lucy had now survived the death of her beloved husband, three of her own children, a near collapse of the family business and an uncertain future. Despite what might have appeared to some as a bleak future, Lucy turned her life into a beacon of light to those around her. She continued her daily tasks of raising her family and of serving diligently in her church callings. She was proven in the fires of adversity and strengthened with a powerful faith that all would work out. She always faced every adversity with a simple pronouncement: "we have much to be thankful for".

Service to Others

Although sorrow was heavy upon Lucy and the cares of her family weighed on her mind, she regularly discharged her duties as President of the Cache Stake Relief Society. She had worked in the capacity of Counselor for some time but on May 18, 1897, she accepted the presidency, thus complying with an expressed wish of her sick husband. It was only after seeking the counsel of God in prayer that she decided to continue the position which she filled so splendidly for twenty-three years. Throughout the entire valley, women loved her dearly because of her warm heart, her great faith in God and His work and her cheerful spirit and kind, comforting words.

As Tom died, Lucy put her arms around some of her younger children and told them he was gone but they would all be together again sometime, if they would live the word of the Lord. “We have much to be thankful for”, she told them. Shortly thereafter, the sheriff came and took away all of the livestock, farm implements, wagons and carriages, except for Lucy’s own carriage, a Phaeton, which Bart said the boys had thoroughly hidden in Uncle John Bailiff’s barn. As President of the Cache Stake Relief Society, Lucy later used that carriage for twenty-three years. She would hire a horse from the liveryman, “Cache Valley Hans”, and drive with her counselors to all parts of the valley, visiting the poor and afflicted and bringing them comfort, food and a blessing.

Lucy increased her efforts to serve in the church and many felt of her courage and faith that had been developed through the trials of her life. During this period of church history between 1900 – 1920, a practice of women “washing and anointing” the sick and afflicted was approved apparently by Joseph F. Smith. The following comes from *Women and Authority: Re-emerging Mormon Feminism* by Maxine Hanks:

“Evidence shows that this practice continued in similar form for several decades. In Cache Valley a 1910 Relief Society meeting was devoted to the topic of healing. President Lucy S. Cardon ‘read some instructions to the sisters on the washing and anointing the sick, and how it should be done properly’ adding a testimony of the importance of having the spirit of the Lord. One sister asked a question on ‘the sub(ject) of washing and anointing’, and sister Martha Needham, with brisk earthiness, answered that she had done ‘as much washing and anointing as anyone in this Stake...she said she had written to Pres. J. F. Smith on the sub and he told her to keep on & bless & comfort as she had done in the past. It was gift that was only given a few, but all sisters who desired and are requested can perform this.’ Relief Society president Margaret Ballard added ‘how she had been impressed to bless and administer to her father who was sick and suffering and he had been healed. Had also been impressed to bless her husband and he was healed’ The meeting closed appropriately with the singing ‘Count Your Many Blessings’.”

Lucy was blessed with a spirit of love for those needing help; she, as a matter of necessity, blessed her family with her strong testimony of the power of the Holy Spirit and probably during her 23 years as President of the Cache Valley Stake relief society ministered to many in this way.

Lucy was active in her support of Brigham Young College as illustrated in the following article from The Salt Lake Herald Republican of December 19, 1909:

“The Alumni association of the Brigham Young college held a social on Saturday evening. There was a brief business meeting and then the time was given over to social pleasures. Mrs. Luna Y. Thatcher entertained a number of her friends Wednesday afternoon. There was a brief musical season and a fine dinner was served. Those present were Mesdames Luna Y. Thatcher, Moses Thatcher, Adeline Barber, Hannah Thatcher, Lucy S. Cardon, M.R. Needham, Mary Thatcher, D.H. Thomas and Nettie Sloan.”

She also may have touched her toe into politics in 1903 as reported in the local newspaper:

There is this to be said of the Democratic convention in nominating Mrs. Lucy Cardon as its candidate for city treasurer; it was an astute, clean, clear-cut political trick, and we give the originator it credit for possessing a long head but it is only on the principle that ‘all’s fair in love and war’ that the trick can be justified. Mrs. Cardon is a sister of Miss Hattie Smith, a precinct Recorder and candidate for Ion on the Republican ticket. It is hoped that Miss Cardon’s unquestioned popularity will elect her but above all else it is hoped that her presence on the ticket will weaken her sister’s candidacy and that in the event the vote is close between Miss Ormsby and Miss Smith, sufficient votes will be taken from the latter to make Mrs. Ormsby’s election certain. It is not for Mrs. Cardon’s stake that she was put on the ticket but Mrs. Ormsby’s benefit and the control of the Treasurer’s money and she has been the victim of political trickery in order that her sister may be sacrificed. Mrs. Cardon knew nothing of the intention of the Democratic convention, and the matter was sprung on her as a surprise. In the excitement of the moment, she accepted. Since that time she has expressed a desire to resign, but the Democrats who tricked her refuse to listen to her and now that they have tricked her are attempting to bluff her into submission. The whole thing is one of the keenest, most palpable insults that could be placed on any woman. It showed that the men who engineered the scheme hoped to catch her or attributed to her a character so small that she would become their tool willingly. This is not the work of men but scheming tricksters who care naught for anything but political triumph. We do not say the entire convention of Democrats is a party of this

miserable affair, for undoubtedly most in that body were ignorant of this scheming trickery as was the victim herself and it is only at the few who were directly concerned in originating and carrying out the scheme that we direct these remarks. We have sufficient confidence in the great majority of that Democratic body to believe that had they known that they and Mrs. Cardon were being worked by a few scheming men, they would have revolted at the idea. The Democratic party has the right to name its candidates, and any person named as the right to accept but neither that nor any other party has the right to take any man or woman at a disadvantage and offer such an insult as has been offered to Mrs. Cardon. In thus taking advantage of her and in making her a tool to further political designs and against her sister. It will be difficult to have Mrs. Cardon take her name from the ticket, and thus stigmatizes the fair name of the family, of which she has the honor of being a member. Mrs. Cardon's statement is that no pressure has been brought to bear. Mrs. Cardon should not be bluffed from that ticket any more than she should be bluffed into staying by that ticket but it is certain that, under the circumstances, she is not obligated to the party in the least.

Although the party nominated her and would nominate her at any time she wanted any office, the party in this instance was unconsciously the victim of the men who engineered the scheme. If Mrs. Cardon chooses to return the insult offered her and take her name from the ticket, she should do so without fear of injuring herself. Whatever course Mrs. Cardon takes finally will be along the line she believes is right and not the result of influence one way or the other and she should be and will be respected in her decision although some may not agree with her.

Politics in 1903 were rather mean-spirited between the political parties and sometimes innocent people were unfortunately involved. This election turned out very well, contrary to the newspaper story, for the Smith sisters with the following results:

For Treasurer:

Hyrum E. Crockett (Republican) – 931 votes

Lucy S. Cardon (Democrat) – 979 votes

Elizabeth Crowther (Socialist) 133 votes

For Recorder:

Hattie Smith (Republican) – 989 votes

Maretta S. Ormsby (Democrat) – 956 votes

Henry C. Olsen (Socialist) – 122 votes

(source: Jason Cornelius, MLS)

The sisters Lucy and Hattie, representing different political parties ran for different offices and both won. It is quite apparent that both were supported in the community despite the parties they represented. Lucy has now added a new responsibility to her busy life.

Lucy needed to somehow provide for the seven children living at home, ages two (Claire) to seventeen (Bartlie), and also be concerned with the two polygamist wives and families of Tom. Roy took over the family businesses, working with John F. Bennett, with Lucy the new Municipal Treasurer.

President Brigham Young constantly urged them to greater diligence and one must remember that the ward Relief Societies had been appointed and the work commenced throughout the entire stake, which comprised all of Cache Valley. Quilts were made, mulberry trees planted and silk worms imported making silk to spin and weave, it was their feature project. Wheat gathering was begun, visiting teachers were chosen and their work outlined. The stake extended from Avon to Mink Creek, a distance of about 50 miles. It was almost a two week undertaking to visit all of the wards. The meetings were held regularly in both the stake and wards. Work meetings were held regularly and the articles were used for charity. One president reported that a party was given to raise money as the society had been called on for more assistance than they could supply. These women were resourceful; if there was no way, they found one and if there was no opening, they found one.

During the period that Lucy Cardon was president, meetings were held faithfully and regularly on alternate weeks in the wards and monthly in a stake capacity. All wards in the stake were visited twice a year. This visit was often made under difficulties as vehicles were scarce and horses were hard to get. The meetings were frequently held in cold and uncomfortable school houses with few present; but the members were always blessed with the Spirit of the Lord. Love and unity existed among the sisters and much good was accomplished. Work and testimony meetings were held once a month and every ward collected wheat and struggled to store it safely. Relief Society officers and teachers administered to the needs of the poor, laid out the dead, made burial clothes and gave comfort to the distressed.

Lucy, in addition to serving in the Cache Valley Stake Presidency, for over 43

years with 23 years as president, also served from October 10, 1892 to October 5, 1902 on the General Board of the Relief Society. The board as it was constituted in 1899, consisted of the following: Zina D.H. Young as President; Jane S. Richards as First Vice-President; Bathsheba W. Smith as Second Vice-President; Sarah J. Cannon as Third Vice-President; Emmeline B. Wells as Secretary and M. Isabella Horne as Treasurer. Serving as Directors were: Romania B. Pratt, Emelia D. Madsen, Lucy S. Cardon, Susan Grant, Mary Pitchforth, Harriett M. Brown, Martha Tonks, Helena E. Madsen, Aurilla Hatch, Hattie Brown, Martha B. Cannon, Emma Woodruff, Julia L. Smith, Emily S. Richards, Rebecca Standring, Ellis R. Shipp and Julia P.M. Farnsworth.

Lucy's service to others enabled her and gave her the strength to always move ahead in her personal life. On January 1, 1907, her beloved father Thomas X. Smith passed away at the age of 78. His influence and love had been an anchor to Lucy. He had been "her" Bishop since she was eleven years old – all of her adult life. Lucy's younger brother Orson said, of their father, "Thus we lost a noble father and honored leader. Beloved by all who knew him of our faith. His life held out a picture for us all to look at and ponder over all of our lives. I have never heard him in all my life utter one word I could not repeat before a lady. I have never seen him commit an act I could not emulate." Though we do not have any of Lucy's thoughts about her father, I feel certain she grieved the loss of her great father.

Lucy's family grew, married and made homes of their own. One day, the old home was sold and Lucy – Aunt Lucy to everyone in the valley by this time – moved into a new bungalow on First North and First East next to her oldest son. It was the house in which she enjoyed her hundredth birthday party.

Roy had supervised the construction of that home with keen interest, for in it he

knew his mother would be comfortably located near the Logan Temple and be able to enjoy her later years. But scarcely had she moved into it before tragedy struck again. On the 18th of November, 1914, Roy, a lover of the great outdoors, was killed while duck hunting. Roy was Lucy's oldest son and was greatly loved by the family.

True to form, she stoically saw Roy to his grave, then turned to her remaining children and again offered assurance that, although Roy had gone ahead to join Tom, they would all be reunited in time. As always, she reminded them that they had much to be thankful for.

The record from 1914 to 1920 is replete with accomplishments. During this time, World War I was raging and the Relief Society responded to every call. Educational lectures on the conservation of food and clothing were features. Sewing committees were organized and the women remodeled used clothing, made bandages, knit sweaters for the servicemen and for those suffering the ravages of war.

Prior to 1914, no official guide was given to the Societies for the conducting of their meetings. Cache Stake featured President's reports, readings and special lectures in their meetings. Later, genealogy was studied or the life of some great man or woman treated, with a particular focus on biblical characters.

The time had arrived, however, when Relief Society women so hungered for knowledge that an organized program of study was needed. Consequently, in 1914, courses of study were introduced. To provide a means of distributing the outlines for these courses and the material for the lessons among the leaders and members, the General Board instituted the publication of Relief Society Magazine. The Exponent was discontinued and the magazine has enjoyed increasing popularity through the years.

With the inception of the new accelerated program, board meetings as well as ward meetings were scheduled weekly. In these meetings, the stake board gave consideration to the prescribed lessons, ward and stake business and inspirational messages from the members of the general authorities. The minutes of these years testify to the great love that existed among the officers and board members. The names of brilliant, capable women appear on the roll. One minute reports a testimonial given in compliment to President Cardon and her counselors; another is a copy of resolutions of sympathy and condolence sent to Sister Cardon at the time of her son's death; another, of an earlier date, reports a testimonial to Anna Anderson who was moving away.

On October 2, 1916, the Relief Society was requested to sell its wheat. This, at the time, seemed a trial because the wheat had been gathered and gleaned in times of poverty. But obedience to authority was ever the first thought of these good women and the wheat was sold at \$1.75 per bushel. It was sent to those starving in Europe so its destiny was fulfilled since it had been gathered to be used in time of need. For many years, interest on the money received from selling this wheat was paid annually to each ward.

An influenza epidemic swept the land in October of 1918 and many deaths occurred. At this time of quarantine and fear, Relief Society women did much to alleviate the suffering and to assuage sorrow. In March 1919, fifty quilts and pillows were sent to the servicemen stationed at the Utah State Agricultural College. In May 1920, an announcement was made in an officers meeting of a community nurse who would respond to any emergency call or go to wherever help was needed.

The following is an excerpt from the life story of Adeline Hatch Barber, written by Verna R. Daines:

At the request of Brigham Young in April Conference, 1877, it was moved and seconded and unanimously carried 'that the Relief Societies throughout the Church should take a MISSION to raise silkworms and do all in their power to clothe themselves and their families.'

Adeline Barber was president of the Cache Stake Relief Society and her faithful first counselor was Lucy S. Cardon. Both of these ladies were determined to do all in their power to carry out this assignment. Cache Valley was a big territory but both Adeline and Lucy had a good horse and buggy and a host of willing helpers. There was Susannah Cardon, who had learned the art of silkworm culture in Italy. Mulberry trees were planted and eggs imported from Italy. Adeline and Lucy took care of the hatching and feeding of the silkworms and, before long, they were spinning the slender threads into things of beauty.

There is a notation in the book 'A Century of Relief Society', published during the Relief Society Centennial, which states:

'Susan B. Anthony, the great woman's suffrage leader, during the Chicago World's Fair, wore with pride a dress made of Utah silk, presented to her by the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. The material of which this dress was made was woven by Adeline Barber and Lucy Cardon.' The last of the old mulberry trees had been grubbed out of the Cardon lot, on Second North, west of the courthouse in Logan, Utah. The project was done away with as the Industrial Revolution moved in, but something remains more worthwhile – the dignity of toil, the love of beauty and the dedication to a call. In the 'Logan Journal' of March, 1918, was the account of the death of Adeline Hatch Barber. The funeral was held in the Logan Tabernacle and the article had one statement that seemed a bit out of order: 'The Stake Presidency and the President of the Cache State Relief Society occupied the upper stand and president of Ward Relief Societies the lower stand. President Lucy S. Cardon presided and made various announcements.'

Lucy S. Cardon was still alive in 1949, in good health and extremely alert at 98 years of age. She was living in Logan on First North, just about 1st East and was interviewed about the article. 'Did you really preside at the funeral of Adeline H. Barber?' and this is what she said: 'Well, if the newspaper said so, I probably did but I don't recall that particular point but women did a lot of things those days that they don't do now.'

Lucy S. Cardon died in January 1952, shortly before her one hundred and first birthday. She had been made Stake President of the Relief Society when Adeline resigned on account of her age and poor health at the turn of the century and was still the president in 1918 when Adeline died.

Lucy Cardon had served for 23 years as a Cache Stake Relief Society President. She had been working in the Cache Stake Relief Society in some capacity for 43 years – 1877 to 1920, when a division of the stake was made in March of 1920, she was honorably released.

Kennie B. Caine was chosen as president with Lizzie B. Owen and Laura Merrill as counselors. Violet West was secretary, Ina Barrett was assistant secretary and Inulia Blair was treasurer. Lucy Cardon and Margaret Morrell were retained as honorary members.

Ariel Cardon, speaking about his mother at the time of her release said "She had become Aunt Lucy. She was the Relief Society worker who was known from one end of the valley to the other. Thirty years of unselfish work as Counselor to the President and

as the President. She devoted herself to the purposes of the Society, performing acts of mercy and comforting the afflicted. That work began with Cache Stake consisted of all of the valley within Utah. She traveled by team in winter and summer, through wind and snow, over primitive roads similar to the ones so often reported by Tommy in his diaries”

Final Years & Thoughts

In reading partial life histories of Lucy written by members of her family, including Claire and Vince, there is no mention of polygamy. Thomas B. Cardon had three wives; Lucy, married November 13, 1871, Amalie Jensen, married July 24, 1884 and Ella Hinckley, married June 24, 1885.

On October 15, 1886, Thomas B. Cardon was arrested on a charge of unlawful cohabitation. His bond was originally set at \$15,000 and later reduced to \$5,000. The case was eventually dismissed and all charges were dropped on March 12, 1887. Though he was only held for 24 hours, the ensuing 15 months must have been difficult for the three women.

Time heals all wounds and hopefully the emotions of the difficulties suffered by the families served to strengthen children and wives.

There is no evidence that Lucy ever complained about any hardships, including being a polygamous wife. Tom's other wives were not known by many of the Lucy Edna Cardon Langton families until 1990. This certainly suggests that some of Tom and Lucy's children had some difficulty dealing with polygamy. Hopefully, 113 years since Tom passed away, all are now at peace.

Lucy's love, honesty, loyalty and concern for others embodied all of her earthly contacts with people. These same qualities were passed on to her children, exemplified by how they loved and supported each other. My grandmother, Lucy Edna Cardon Langton, wrote the following in her life history:

I want to write a few lines about my brothers and sisters who were very kind to me. I loved each one of them. They were kind and understanding. When sorrow came to me, each of them was there to help me bear my load. Guy always sent candy to us at Christmas. The children always looked forward to Uncle Roy's box at Christmas time. Later Guy, Bart and Vince were thoughtful and very kind to us.

Grehta was wonderful. When I went to Logan in the summer time and took the children, she would sew lovely dresses for us to wear."

The Cardon family stuck together through the good times and bad; a great bond was created in their home by Tom and Lucy. The following insights about Tom and Lucy were provided again by grandmother Edna's history:

During the time I was in Logan, my mother sponsored many carpet rag bees. The women would all bring their carpet rags to a central place, like my mother's home, where they would first sort out the different colors into the respective piles and then therags of the same color would be sewn and wound into a ball. The white rags and lighter shades were saved to make the carpet for the Logan Temple. All of the early carpets used in the temple were made in carpet looms by the people of Cache Valley. This was tedious and exacting work, but the women were glad to perform it because they knew it was their work which made the Logan Temple the beautiful spot that it was with their homemade rugs on the floors.

My mother was President of Stake Relief Society in Logan for a period of 23 years. Her first counselor was Mrs. Luna Thatcher, who was Brigham Young's oldest daughter. Mrs. Ames and Mrs. Morrell were counselors at different times. When they went by buggy on Relief Society business, mother always did the driving and wore out two buggies on the many trips. She knew personally all of the presidents of the Church, from Brigham Young, including the present president, David O. McKay. The president of the church, upon visiting Logan in the later years of her life, would always take time to come to her home to pay her his respects.

My father was an ambitious, dominant person. He built the first house he lived in Logan from logs cut, shaped and fitted with his own hands. He later employed a contractor to build a fine jewelry store in front of the house and a photograph gallery above the home. Many of the early pictures of Logan society, political life, note-worthy characters were taken in this gallery. My mother was a member of the Logan Choir, and the choir had many social events including banquets which were held in our downstairs living quarters. After the banquets, the choir would go into the photograph gallery, remove the equipment, and hold a dance. Brother Alexander Lewis was the conductor of the choir and Miss Lamoreaux, contralto and Ann Cowley, soprano, were soloists. The choir consisted of about thirty persons and was considered an excellent singing group. They also had a very fine social time together

My father was an artist in everything he did. When we went to church on Easter Sunday, he would stay at home, blow the yoke out of the eggs and, with pen and ink, would make beautiful pictures and drawings on the egg shells and give them to us upon our return from church.

Among the important social events of my early life was the dancing around the Maypole on May 1. This was one of the most memorable events of a social nature during the school year.

Transportation in Logan consisted of a streetcar, which ran from the old depot on Center Street east to Main Street, north on Main Street to 4th North and east on 4th North to the foot of college hill. I always walked to school and when I was in college on some occasions I rode in a carriage or surrey. In the summertime we took trips to Bear Lake in a white top. This is a light wagon with a white canvas top, which was well known in those days as a white top. We took our food and stayed a number of days to fish, boat and have a pleasant time.

Lucy's life was filled during her declining years with continuing service to the church and her many friends in the Cache Valley. She continued to support the Relief Society, to crochet beautifully, and to lift her many friends and family. Visits to her loved sisters, who lived close by was a daily adventure for Lucy.

When Lucy was eighty-seven years old, she had her hip broken and needed additional care. Grehta, a daughter, and her husband Ted Rechow lived with her and provided wonderful care for her. Lucy spent many a happy day on her front porch visiting with her many friends and kin. She was always cheerful and interested in others' lives. She enjoyed going to Logan Canyon with Grehta and Ted to visit the Bambi cottage there and partake of the fall and spring glories. She did welcome a chat with her grandchildren and great-grandchildren who were good to her and very thoughtful of her. It was necessary to get in the side of her good ear and speak loudly and plainly. She looked them in the eye and spoke directly to them, showing her knowledge and love with each one. She was an impressive person and at times could be intimidating because of her commanding presence.

On April 7, 1952, death came again to Lucy's household and took away another son, Bart, as he was about to leave his home for the jewelry store. The first impact of this shock left her wondering why he was chosen to go ahead of her but, as usual, she accepted the will of the Lord and was consoled by her belief in an early reunion.

She not only was a source of strength to her own children and a great inspiration to all Cache Valley women, but she also was a great strength to her own sisters and brothers who had been motherless for so many years and fatherless later. They turned to her for guidance and comfort in their trials. She was so wise and kind.

On January 5, 1952, Lucy enjoyed her 100th birthday party, given by her children,

where all of her friends and relatives gathered at her home to celebrate with her. She was surrounded by 100 red roses and 100 burning candles. Lucy enjoyed every minute of the party with over 60 descendents and many friends.

Lucy Smith Cardon, a gallant, brave and loving child of God, returned quietly to a heavenly home on August 20, 1952. She left behind six living children and joined five in paradise. All eleven were the final legacy of an extraordinary life. She had finished her journey with honor. She is buried in the Logan City Cemetery next to loved ones.

APPENDIX A

Lucy was honored in a 1939 edition of the *Relief Society Magazine*:

In commemoration of the organization of Relief Society in Nauvoo, March 7, 1842, programs were held in all the wards in Cache Stake. These programs also honored Lucy S. Cardon, 87 years old, who served as President of the original Cache Stake for 23 years and who has been a devout member and loyal supporter of Relief Society during her entire lifetime. She is the only living member of the first Relief Society organized in Cache Stake in 1868. The original Cache Stake over which she presided has since been divided into 7 stakes.

Sister Lula Y. Smith, the present President of Cache Stake, pays the following tribute to Sister Cardon: “She has won the love and respect of everyone who knows her and in the twilight hour of her life she still sheds the inspiration of a great personality. Years of public service remove all sham and reveal a spirit aglow with an inner glory. This is true of Sister Cardon. 87 years have added to the charm of her gracious dignity, stately bearing and humility of soul. Her life is a lesson in the power of serenity and understanding to shed great peace. Her courage and faith through all the trials of life have given strength to so many of those who know and love her. Her dignity, her wonderful service and inspiring personality will live with us always as a monument to a life made perfect. She truly exemplifies Relief Society in it’s highest form.”

In appreciation of her wonderful life and her untiring devotion to the Relief Society cause, which she still supports in her inimitable way, the wards of Cache Stake presented her with a beautiful flowering plant and a letter expressing their love and appreciation.

Julie F. Lund, General Secretary
“Notes from the Field”

MOTHER TELLS ALL

It would seem that mother, after many years in the Cache Stake Relief Society, was asked for a short sketch of that work. It must have been written after her retirement which followed 30 years of labor. The old paper is still in her children's hands. It was headed,

Relief Society Work by me since May 18th, 1877

I was chosen as a second counselor to Sister Elizabeth Benson. We traveled around the Stake under very trying conditions to try and do our duty. No carriages in those days, but lumber wagons and spring seats. But we had the Spirit of the Lord and we enjoyed our labors and were received well by our sisters, although the work was new for me. I was then one of young mothers having my third baby in arms; but whenever it was possible for me to go I went and took my baby, which I have continued to do up to the present time.

In 1885 Sister Benson was honorably released from being President on account of ill health. Sister Adeline Barber was chosen to fill her place with myself as First Counselor and Luna Y. Thatcher as Second.

On the 18th of May, 1897, Sister Barber was honorably released and Lucy S. Cardon was sustained as President with Luna Y. Thatcher* as 1st and Rebecca Eames as 2nd Counselors of the Cache State Relief Society.

The first conference held after I became President, Sister Thatcher presided. I was absent on account of my husband being very sick. We left home on the 2nd of August and remained until the 28th. We went to Provo and had a very pleasant time as his health improved. Rest was what he needed. After we got home he began to overwork and his health began to fail until the 15th of February, 1898, he passed away. He was a great help in my Society work, always encouraging me and helping me in every way he could.

May 18, 1897, Lucy S. Cardon was set apart by Pres. Orson Smith; Luna Y. Thatcher by Simpson Molen; Rebecca Eames by Isaac Smith.

Mother continued in her position for ten years after father died.

* Luna Young Thatcher , daughter of Brigham Young

APPENDIX B

Lucy's Funeral

Funeral Services for
LUCY SMITH CARDON

Held

Saturday, August 23, 1952, 1:00 p.m.

Logan Fourth LDS Chapel

Grant Sorenson, conducting

REMARKS by Grant Sorenson:

Brothers and sisters and friends of the Cardon family, we have assembled on this solemn occasion to pay sincere tribute to a queenly, noble pioneer saint who was privileged to live on this earth one century, seven months and fifteen days. An extremely unusual span of time. Those of us here are highly honored to be present I am sure.

On her 100th birthday, family, friends and neighbors joined in a celebration in her distinguished honor. Many extended personal greetings, sent generous amounts of beautiful flowers, and among those to send congratulations by telegram were Governor J. Bracken Lee, Governor of Utah, and President David O. McKay, President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Since that occasion, however, her son, Bartley Cardon, has passed away.

To her six living sons and daughters, Dr. P. V. Cardon, Washington D.C., Mrs. Claire Sullivan, Los Angeles, O. Guy Cardon and Mrs. Gretha Rechow of Logan, and Mrs. Edna Langton of Salt Lake City and Ariel F. Cardon of Los Altos, California, she is known as mother, the sweetest word ever spoken. To her 24 grandchildren, 34 great-grandchildren and one great-great grandchild she was known as grandmother. To her two living sisters, Alice Smith and Drue Smith, she is known as Lucy. To countless friends and neighbors she was known as Aunt Lucy. And to the membership of her great church she is known as Sister Cardon.

Lucy Smith Cardon was born January 5, 1852 in Eton Brae near Dunstable, Bedfordshire, England, and passed away while asleep on August, 20, 1952, at her home, 109 E. First North, Logan, Utah.

Her courageous father, Thomas X. Smith, a hat braider by trade in England, presided over the Logan Fourth Ward as bishop for forty years. Her devout mother was Margaret Gurney.

In behalf of the Fourth Ward we would like all of you to know that Sister Cardon was held in high esteem. She was very generous with her tithes, offerings and time to the Lord and was stern in defense of truth and right. When she was only 14 months old, her parents, converted by missionaries of the Mormon faith, migrated to Utah. In a booklet written by her son, P. V. Cardon, in honor of her 100th birthday, an account is given that

she learned to walk as the family was sailing across the ocean and that her oldest brother was born in a covered wagon while crossing the plains.

Among the countless services filled by Sister Cardon to her church and community was Cache Stake Relief Society President. She and her counselors visited the poor and afflicted, taking them comfort, food and blessings. She also was one of the first officiators in the Logan temple.

Some writing has been done, but many interesting volumes could be written about her colorful life of joy, sorrow, romance, and hardships; spiced by her intensely keen sense of humor.

On various occasions of a Sunday afternoon Bishop Newel S. Cahoon, accompanied by some members of the ward Priesthood visited and administered the sacrament of the Lord's supper to Sister Cardon, for which she was always appreciative.

Her declining years were ideal and made pleasant in that those who cared for her were loving, kind, considerate and administered to her every need.

Commendable services have been arranged by the family for this occasion. Brother Grant Macfarlane offered the prayer at the home. Mrs. Kenneth O. Lindquist is at the organ and played the prelude and will play the postlude. A double quartet from the Imperial Glee Club will sing one of Sister Cardon's favorite hymns, "Come, Come Ye Saints". Sister Elaine Johnson will accompany them. Brother Serge B. Benson will offer the invocation. Sister Laura Merrill will be the first speaker.

(A double quartet from the Imperial Glee Club sang, "Come, Come, Ye Saints".)

INVOCATION by Bishop Serge B. Benson:

Our Father and our God, humbly we bow before Thee this beautiful day to pay our respects to thy beloved daughter, one of the choicest daughters and mothers that ever lived. We thank Thee, our Father, for her life because it has been a noble one. We have known her these many, many years. We have received instruction and encouragement from her. We realize the wonderful life she lived, the beautiful family she has brought into the world and her life has certainly make this world better.

May the peace of heaven be here this day, that our hearts will be touched. May those who speak or sing be touched with Thy holy spirit that we may be inspired to go on and carry forward. We realize that she has done much these many years. She has been devoted to Thy cause and has been a responsible citizen.

Bless her family, those who have been so true and kind and sweet and spent so many hours to make her life comfortable and happy. May Thy spirit be with them in their

homes, that they may be comforted and realize the wonderful mother that they had. May the peace of heaven be with us all, I humbly pray through Jesus our Lord, Amen.

REMARKS by Laura Merrill:

My brothers and sisters, I am grateful to see you all here. You surely are the people she loved to see about her. And it is a great honor for me to represent the women of this valley, for that is who she worked with.

We don't gather to mourn, but rather to pay our meager tribute to this century old daughter. How wonderful to have lived for 100 years, with your mentality keen, your speech and hearing and eyesight functioning to the very last. With a rich zest for life, for her marvelous family and her friends and the whole community. To have a supreme faith in God and love for all his children.

As I wrote that I thought John Gunther must have had her in mind when he wrote about the Mormons as being "flint-hard believers" in the living God. And certainly He lives.

I think of her, even in this 100th year, with her magnifying glass in her hand pouring over the Relief Society magazine or the National Geographic, or other times with crochet hook and beautiful gay yarns fashioning table mats for all her dear one. Her brain and hands were always active. Her table close by, laden with choice things and always fresh flowers. She aged as gracefully as age the years – spring, summer, autumn and winter. Always attractively dressed, spotlessly clean and always eager to greet any coming guest. She always reminded me to the last of a Royal Dalton figurine, only with spiritual eyes expecting to greet you. All of this seemed to be accomplished by magic, but not so. Gretha and her husband, who was a son to her, along with her own sons and daughters performed the most faithful service you can imagine. I am sure you know how wonderfully they cared for her. They all seemed to compete to see that nothing was missing.

A truly queenly mother who can preside in a home for 81 years and have such consideration and have such fine sons and daughters and more than half of that time she was without her husband. There is a powerful germ of greatness in these two powerful pioneer families, Thomas X. Smith and Thomas B. Cardon. It is evident in so many of their lives, so you who are heirs should make a great effort to build into the lives of your children some of the gifts that are bound to reach back to their forebears.

She presided in Cache Stake when it extended from Preston to Paradise. The truly great women who worked with her in those days have all gone on before, such as the Barber sisters, Sister Caine and the Caryles and a host of others. I am sure you will remember. They traveled in wagons and white tops when roads were muddy and they had children at home and they had their own work. It was the time of taking silk from the cocoons to weave cloth, of making your own clothes, of women suffrage, yes, and often they were the

only morticians. Think of it! They worked along with Eliza R. Snow, the first general president, Emily B. Wells and all that have followed in the general presidency.

Since I have been home I ran across what I thought was such a choice poem and I went over to share it with her, but it wasn't convenient at that time so I would like to give it to her now. It was written by LeRoy B. Meagher and it is called "Deseret".

Freedom
 was a flame
 carried oxen-paced
 across a desert waste;
 Courage
 was a song
 of handcarts
 and searching hearts;
 Peace
 was a dead land,
 wakened by plow seams
 and mountain streams;
 Faith
 was a quarried stone
 lifted by tithing hire
 into a temple spire—
 Those are the words
 Time cannot erase, Not these:
 "This is the place!"

How fitting her!

This service today is by no means our final tribute to her. She will be remembered by women all over this whole valley, all over this state, I am sure, who can't be here but who will pay tribute to her in their own wards. And each of us will reach up in our lives a little higher because of her high standards. And certainly not least will be how we treat her children and her grandchildren to the last generation. There is nothing makes a mother's heart glow so much as somebody being interested in her children. So be sure you remember them, not only them, but Alice and Drue who are working on.

But don't worry about death. It is a friend no to be feared in any way. I am sure that no life ends when the body disappears. They enter the stream of life and function in stronger mediums than before. Her salvation was earned not on Sunday alone, but she was always living her religion as she worked her daily affairs. No doubt she arrived at the time in the

autumn of her life when God was her main source of help and she found that He was enough.

We are grateful she live for 100 years among us. We are all richer for that experience. Bless her family and all of her devoted friends – all of the old dear ones who could not be here, bless them all.

Now I would like to close with some lines I have cherished for many years. You have heard them before, but they are precious to me and I think you will find them useful. They were written by an American, but they were made famous, almost, at the coronation of the late King of England. He recited them. This is only a part. But if you are ever in a tight place they will help:

“I said to the man who stood at the gates of the years, ‘Give me light that I may safely travel into the unknown.’ And he replied, ‘Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God. That shall be to you better than light and safer than any known way.’”

I pray that you will all do this, the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Grant Sorenson, Dr. Ariel Ballif, a nephew will sing a solo, “Count Your Many Blessings”. He will be accompanied by Mrs. Kenneth O. Lindquist. President Ira N. Hayward, a member of the Cache Stake Presidency will then speak to us. Dr. E. G. Peterson will be the concluding speaker.

(Dr. Ariel Ballif sang, “Count Your Many Blessings”.)

REMARKS by Ira N. Hayward:

It is with a very sincere feeling of being greatly honored that I occupy this position today. I see so many here who knew Sister Cardon long before it was my privilege to know her, yet I feel that I have known her almost all my life so very deep was the feeling of love and respect that I had for her. From the first time I met her she commanded love and respect, and that, when you think of it, is a rather rare combination. There are many people who we can't help but respect, but who rather awe us with a feeling that we can hardly describe as love. She did have that rare combination of ability to command both respect and love.

I made of a point, as often as I could to visit her during the years I was bishop of the Fourth Ward. It was my pleasure to visit her many times. I formed her acquaintance at just about the time of the accident that left her partly crippled in the later years of her life. I was impressed with the fact that it seemed as if there was a spirit that rose magically above the flesh. I never had the feeling that if the occasion demanded it she could go out and do a hard days' work. She gave that feeling of self-command in every ligament of her body.

With Sister Merrill I was impressed always with the beauty of her appearance, her immaculateness. It was always a pleasure to see her. When Guy called and asked me to speak, he said he would rather I didn't say much about the family, but I do want to acknowledge Ted and Gretha for their devotion. I am sure their lives are going to be rather empty for awhile, but it will be a great comfort for them to know there was never a day, or an hour that she was in any doubt that whatever she needed it would be provided. And that great commandment of, "Honor thy father and thy mother", was kept to the letter by these fine people. God bless them and comfort all the family for their devotion.

The beautiful testimonial on her 100th birthday anniversary. The windows of the glassed in sun porch blazing with 100 candles; the home beautified with flowers and guests from every walk of life coming and being welcomed. Several times in both written tribute and comments made the adjective "queenly" has been used. If ever I saw queenliness exemplified it was there, as I saw her alert and keen receiving the guests that came to pay their respects.

I have been thinking a good deal about what it has meant to live for the past 100 years in terms of world history. When this woman was born this country barely extended to the Mississippi Basin. Half of the states approximately, maintained the law of the institution of human slavery. The Civil War was nearly 10 years away. There was no Germany. What is now Germany was a few small states alternately dominated by Austria and Prussia. No Italy. What we know now as Italy was part of Austria or the Papal States. There was no French Republic such as fought through the First World War and the Second. It wasn't yet born to the modern world. She was a girl with a memory that could well extend to the time when the Golden Spike was driven at Promontory. Her history was the history of Logan and Cache Valley, in the modern sense.

Yet we don't measure lives in terms of years lived. Within the past week I tried, and I know I failed, to comfort the heart of a mother, whose son was shot down over North Korea – a jet bomber pilot. A boy as pure and as beautiful as an angel. And it seemed as we talked that we wondered why a life so promising should be cut so short. And yet I couldn't help but think that life had been majestically full. A span of only 20 years and yet what a rich life and what a magnificent finish to a life. He died clean, noble, in the cause of liberty and right. What more could anyone ask of life than that.

And here a life of 100 years. Not one day wasted. Busy, not just busy about petty little details – for as the philosopher Thoreau said, "Our lives are frittered away by details" – and we do not fritter away our lives by details so often. But this woman's life was focused on the greatest of things. She never held a political or public office, outside of the office in the church. She wasn't active in the field of business. But she presided over her home and her family. Bereft of a companion at a very critical period and yet not one of these children was left without guidance and care. I know that guidance and care has gone right on. What a priceless heritage these men and women have to look back on. A life so full and rich, the consul of such great wisdom throughout their lives. What a blessing!

Devoted to her family constantly. I never went to the home that she didn't tell me what a grand family she had and how she loved them and how she loved her grandchildren and what a comfort their lives were to her. And her devotion to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the great plan of life and salvation revealed to us in these days. That was her great concern outside of her family. Her faith was the sort of faith that moves mountains. That magnificent hymn that she loved so that was sung at the opening of these services, expressing the spirit of this woman – her devotion to God, her faith in Him, unwavering faith. Her constant study of the gospel. Her ability to converse, her fondness for conversing on the principles of the gospel.

And so she has lived her life. A life that has radiated her love for the fine things, for the noble things. There was never a good cause sponsored in this community that she didn't applaud and there was never a degrading thing done that she didn't condemn. Always on the side of a fine community. Always appreciating the lives of fine people.

And so 100 years full of rich experience, full of service and as Sister Merrill has said, lived up to the very last minute in the full possession of her mental keenness, of her senses, able to converse, fond of conversing, delighting in conversation and friendliness. And I would like to pay my personal little tribute. I thank God for the strength that her character and example added to my life during the years I knew her. And I pray that we may all of us keep her memory green in our hearts and remember the fine things she stood for, that we may live as she lived and be worthy of the reward that she has so richly earned.

I am sure there is rich rejoicing in the courts above today for the return of this faithful woman. I am sure her husband, her grand father and all her loved ones who have gone before have received her with open arms. And I am sure she has earned that great last tribute, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord." May God bless her memory, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

REMARKS by President E. G. Peterson:

We have all been touched, my brothers and sisters, I feel, by this service. We have been thinking not only of this magnificent life which we are thinking of now particularly, but we are thinking unquestionably of our own parents and grandparents who traveled much of the same road – the story of pioneer life, the story of the trek across the desert and the settling of the desert and the barren valley at that time. My own grandmother, a little Scotch girl 16 years of age, walked quite a bit of the distance from Omaha to Salt Lake in the early 50's. And we all know something of the struggle which followed the trek across the desert, something of the desperate kind of character that was required, determination and courage, blind courage sometimes, to start to build a new civilization in these valleys. The story of the part the pioneer women played in the pioneer history has never been told, but I hope it will be told. There has been no one properly write it.

Brother Hayward spoke of the rich heritage to us, of the courage, the faith, the nobility, of all the characteristics of man. I was talking this morning about Sister Cardon's work over 20 years in the Relief Society. All you who have touched that beautiful organization or have been touched by it, I am sure feel deeply the sanctity of it. What ministering must have been carried on in those days, as this mother and friend traveled throughout this large valley in horse and buggy to help those in need. It was a work instrumental, not only for the relief of those who needed help but for the development of the character we are talking about.

Today we have glorified those who played this part. The history of this region, not only our own state, but surrounding states is replete with memories and records of these great women. It was a testing period for character development. A time, not only crossing the desert, but the infant civilization that followed.

I have often thought that deserts served a great purpose in life. Remember the one Moses had to cross. It took long years to cross an area that could now be crossed in hours in an airplane. But he had to take the children of Israel out in the desert until most of the unworthy ones had died off and a new generation was raised worthy of the promised land. That wasn't true of the pioneers of our church. They were mostly worthy. The weak physically, the weak mentally were filtered out; they could not cross the desert and only the strong and the valiant, speaking generally, survived, and many valiant did not survive, and many faithful. It was a time of hardship and I think that we, surrounded by our numerous gadgets and embellishments, sometimes over-estimate the hardships. It was a glorious time. The building of a new kind of civilization. It was a challenge in the minds of these people and it was a time of victory, great victory. So, though we have felt the feelings of remorse that we are not able to supply to them the blessings of civilization, to our mothers and grandmothers, the dream of their lives, the struggle of it and the embellishments could be compared to the magnificent vision which was in their hearts and which they brought to realization.

We might on occasions such as this ask the question, "What was the cause of this nobility of character in these great mothers of ours. Not only of our own limited history, but throughout all the world's history. Those magnificent men and women who established principles on earth that made our blessings possible. I guess we have all thought about that a great deal, as to what this cause was that created this to sacrifice so much that we might have so much by way of blessings and opportunity. The answer, I think, has been already suggested by Sister Merrill. It was a true faith in God. Probably the most powerful motive that can reside in the heart of man. Not a superficial or merely surface impression, but a persistent, dynamic force, as has been called a "flint-hard faith in a living God."

Well, the name and life we all turn to in great crisis and in the presence of death is the name of Jesus of Nazareth, the Savior of the world. He himself has said that He was given all power in heaven and on earth. It is a faith in Him that characterized a good life. A

faith, these circumstances permit us to say, a faith that has been revitalized and expressed powerfully in human society by modern revelation.

The world now in these immediate years is coming to know what faith is and what it does to men and to nations when that faith dies. Witness great Germany. Such a masterful people, a more masterful people has never lived on earth. And the ordeal through which that great people has been forced to go under the rule of anti-Christians. And witness the threat today to the freedom which it has taken a century to recover, witness, modern Russia, determined to control the world. A nation dedicated to the belief that there is no God and that religion is an opium that puts people to sleep. And witness for a moment, and recognizing the great intelligences that have come from the people of the Orient, but witness the powerful tragedy of the Orient which has been denied adequate knowledge of the true God. We have been so concerned in these modern days with the marvels of science and other progress that we often overlook it's significance, because we don't think it's modern enough. We overlook the majesty of the human spirit as manifest in a living faith. No matter what the other attainments of the individual may be that is the greatest attainment, that is what distinguishes those who so order their lives in faith.

Many years ago I made a clipping from some source, I don't remember where, and have carried it in my desk since, relating to Charles Lamb and some of his brilliant associates. And, of course, we are all aware of Lamb's great contributions in his essays. This is the clipping: "One evening, Charles Lamb, and a company of friends, learned men, were engaged in an interesting pastime naming great personages they would like to have known. Actors, artists, and poets were named. Finally Charles Lamb arose and in his usual quiet way closed the discussion: "After this there is but one name left. If Shakespeare came into this room we would all rise to greet him, but if this other were to come we should fall down and try to touch the hem of his garment."

I wanted to read that in connection with a statement from St. Mark. Jesus was talking with some of the learned of his day about the fact that men arise from the dead and one of the scribes came and having heard them reasoning together, and perceiving that he had answered them well, asked him, "Which is the first commandment of all?"

And Jesus answered him, "The first of all the commandments is, Hear, O, Israel the Lord our God is one Lord;

And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength: this is the first commandment.

And the second is like, namely this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these.

And the scribe said unto him, Well Master, thou hast said the truth: for there is none other but he:

And to love him with all the heart, and with all the understanding, and with all the soul, and with all the strength, and to love his neighbor as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these.

And the scribe said unto him, Well, Master thou hast said the truth: for there is one God; and there is none other but he:

And to love him with all the heart, and with all the understanding, and with all the soul, and with all the strength, and to love his neighbor as himself, is more than all whole burnt offerings and sacrifices.

And when Jesus saw that he answered discreetly, he said unto him, Thou art not far from the kingdom of God. And no man after that durst ask him any question.

That, I think, possibly was as beautiful a statement of the spirit which moved this great woman as anything that could be said. You saw in her every act, love and patience and devotion to society. And may the memory of a great mother and friend be sanctified to the good of the fine family she reared and to the good of all of us who have admired her. And may we all, from the contemplation of such a life gain new strength and understanding of the meaning of life and what it is, after all, that constitutes true victory and glory in the struggle we all must make in the good and evil that surrounds us. Amen.

Grant Sorenson: It is only because of the absence of Bishop Cahoon that this opportunity has come to me. I am grateful for it. I think we all consider it a privilege to be at the service of this good woman. Very few people are privileged to live for a century.

In talking previously with Brother O. Guy Cardon, he suggested and hoped that this funeral would be a good, old-fashioned one. In my heart I feel that it has been just that. The songs that have been sung, the spoken word, has been true and inspiring. I hope that we shall someday in part have such said of us, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

In behalf of the Cardon family and relatives we wish to express sincere appreciation to those who have taken part during these services; are: Guy Cardon, Sidney Cardon, Phillip Cardon, HowardBaugh, Grant Macfarlane and James Macfarlane.

The double male quartet will now sing "The 23rd Psalm". President Joseph E. Cardon will offer the benediction. We will then proceed to the Logan cemetery where Dr. V. P. Cardon, son of Sister Cardon will dedicate the grave. After the closing prayer the congregation will remain seated until the family leaves the building.

(The double quartet sang "The 23rd Psalm.")

BENEDICTION by Joseph E. Cardon:

Our kind Heavenly Father, humbly and meekly we bow before thee in the outpouring of thy Holy Spirit upon those who have come here to honor this wonderful daughter of thine. She has been true and faithful all the days of her life. She has been loved by all who ever knew her and she has finished a mission which will bring back into the presence of God, the Eternal Father, and she will dwell with him throughout the eternities in the Celestial Kingdom of our God.

The family, the sons and daughters; grandsons and granddaughters, down the line have been devoted to her welfare and blessed will they ever be because of this they have done for a dear mother who has done so much in the world for them and for her fellowmen in holy places.

May this day ever be remembered by us all, which I feel it shall be. For she has been the means of bringing joy to our souls and helpfulness in our ministry among the people here.

We know that no one could do more than has been done for Sister Cardon and in this connection Brother Rechow and his darling wife have been there night and day to wait upon their mother. Bless them and comfort their hearts.

Go with us now to the cemetery. May we arrive there in peace and safety to place the mortal remains of this good woman until the morning of the resurrection and she will come forth and go on and on, forever and forever. These things we pray for humbly and we do it in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, even so, Amen.

DEDICATION OF GRAVE:

Our Father in Heaven - in thy name we have dedicated this grave.

For in it we are burying our Angel Mother --

Whose sweet and noble spirit thou hast taken to grace thy heavenly home.

Dear Lord, cause the birds to sing above here --

The four seasons to caress this hallowed spot,

The sun, stars, and moon to keep their constant watch.

And may the bright light of her dear spirit guide us, her children, till we meet again. Amen.

GRAVE DEDICATION OF LUCY SMITH CARDON

August 23, 1952
By her son, Vince

Oh God, The Eternal Father:

We offer now a humble petition for Thy protecting influence over this grave, wherein as a last, sad rite we place with tender, loving hands the mortal remains of one who, for a hundred years, labored nobly in Thy vineyard.

Each day she exemplified the teachings of Thy son, Jesus Christ. In every act, she conformed to Thy will. In every child she instilled devotion to Thy cause. In every friend and associate she inspired love, hope and charity. She noted with tolerance and kindness the human weaknesses that marked the sphere of her existence in our midst. Yet she neither thought nor spoke ill of anyone. She knew pain and sorrow, too; but always with courage—never with complaint or resentment.

At this final stage of her sojourn among us, we do not mourn her passing. Rather we rejoice, believing that her days on earth, rightly lived, are now transfixed into eternal life. We believe thus, because at her knee we were so taught; because by her faith all doubt was dispelled from our minds.

We see her now with Thee. We see her queenly presence welcomed by the hosts of Heaven—welcomed as one whose exalted soul imparts an aura, even in the light of everlasting glory.

This body which we lay aside with tender care is all of her that is left to us—a mere remnant of the mother we knew, and loved, and cherished. But we would have Thee protect and preserve it for whatever purpose, in Thy great plan, it may best serve at the dawn of Thy promised Day of the First Resurrection.

All of her that is left to us, did I say? Then, indeed, I spoke in error. For we have a far greater heritage—in our veins, in our hearts, and in our minds. By that heritage our lives have been bettered, and will be, forever.

Hear now the voice of my sister, Claire, raised to Thee in further supplication:

“Our Father in Heaven—in Thy name we have dedicated this grave.

For in it we are burying our Angel Mother,

Whose sweet and noble spirit Thou has taken to grace Thy
Heavenly home.

Dear Lord, cause the birds to sing down above her here—

The four seasons to caress this hallowed spot—

The sun, stars and moon to keep their constant watch;

And may the bright light of her dear spirit guide us,
her children—till we meet again.”

Thus, with Thee, in Christ's name, we leave her. Amen.

Appendix C:

Lucy

Lucy Smith Cardon

Written for Lucy Smith by Claire Cardon Sullivan

(Appears to have, at one time, been in booklet form)

Feminine of the Latin Lucious, “light”. In Roman mythology, Lucina was the goddess of childbirth and the moon, but the light names that honor her memory are favorites for a child born at dawn. Three saints changed the pagan origin of the name to one of the greatest feminine Christian names and it is Saint Lucia, virgin martyr and patroness of Italy, to whom the Italian fishermen sing one of their most haunting melodies, “Santa Lucia”. The Normans took Lucianna and Lucia to France where they were made Lucienne and Lucie and thence into England, where Lucy began. The name, once borne by Roman empresses, became a favorite cottage name and Wordsworth sang of Lucy “fair as a star”. But the classic Italian forms still held, Lucasta, from the Italian masculine variant Lucanus, with the added meaning of “the chaste”, joined the list of favorites and it was to her that Lovelace wrote the poem:

“I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honor more.”

Twenty-two years ago, Vince and I compiled a little book relating some of the interesting events of Mother’s life. As mother is now nearly ninety-six years of age, the events of these twenty-two years should be written down and added to the others. We wish her to know that we want her charm and spirit to be chronicled in order that the children who never actually knew her may, in this way, know what a splendid woman Grandmother Cardon was.

Many of her brothers and sisters have passed on. She, the eldest, has lived to see those whom she cared for as a child laid away – their souls gone on to join the mother and the father who wait for them. Her three sisters, Alice, Drue and Mattie, whose lives have been examples of faithfulness and unselfish service, live in the Smith home and though good health is not their blessing, they are surrounded by living friends.

Until eight years ago, Mother was able to go to her sisters' home as often as she liked. At that time, however, she suffered an accident which fractured her hip, making it impossible to attend her beloved church and to visit her friends. But, whenever she can be taken out, her first wish is to visit her sisters.

Grehta, whose serious illness just preceded the accident, met the crisis with a brave heart and mind. She and Ted have made Mother's life a happy one, surrounding her with every comfort. The responsibility has been great and the card binding, but they have helped Mother's brave spirit survive the ordeal. They softened the first bitterness of losing one's ability to live independently of the care of others. I know of none, save these two, who could have done the task so well.

Guy, whose loving thoughtfulness for Mother, I can remember even as a small child (he brought peanut brittle every night, which I ate every morning) has, when in town, visited her daily, invariably bringing a little gift with this love. Bart has come often, bringing news and cheer.

Edna's beautiful spirit and understanding has been given freely at all times. Since the death of Uncle Jay, she has been able to go to Logan and stay with Mother, giving Grehta and Ted a chance to enjoy their lovely cabin.

These years spent caring for Mother have been years of adjustment for all those who assumed this care. Certainly Mother would never have brought this physical handicap upon herself. Many times she prayed that a miracle might restore her to usefulness and free those who are so kind and good to her to go more freely about their own lives but it was not God's will.

Mother's faith and superb courage never falters. Her daily life is a positive inspiration to those around her. We who have lived away have missed doing for noble a Mother whose care of us exceeded eight years many times.

Though Mother has been forced to give up the daily tasks which she had always performed without complaint, she has kept her fingers busy and has crocheted afghans for all of her children and some grandchildren. Her needlework excels even that of her daughters. When World War II came, she knitted for the Red Cross and would have gladly done more had she been physically able to do so.

The Church has not forgotten her years of devoted service and has sent to her home the Sacrament, which has meant so much to her.

Ariel and Vince have not been mentioned in the foregoing pages by the same token I have not. We have been away the past ten to twenty years and unable personally to do the things the others have done. Though our interest and love of home is as deep, our letters and visits have had to suffice.

Mother made my family's visits home occasions which are still remembered with the keenest joy. Ariel, on her last trip here, said how wonderful folks had been to him, making each of his visits home an "event" in his life. Vince, too, has in his letters

expressed to me how much Mother has done for his children and regretted, along with Ariel and me, that we could not do for Mother in any way other than writing to keep her informed as to our lives and gifts which in a meager way express our love for her.

Mother's eager mind has kept alert and only until recently have her eyes failed to let her read as much as she desired. With better bearing the time could have been passed more pleasantly because then she could have enjoyed conversation and the radio. Her interest in a good story has never been wanting and the hours of good music would have delighted her. With these denied her, she has endeavored to keep busy and amuse herself. Her sense of humor is as keen as ever.

Friends there have always been but now most of her generation are gone. Those with whom she worked so long and faithfully have long since preceded her into God's Kingdom. Yet Mother truly is not of one generation only. Her amazing adaptability makes her a part of all groups and ages. Her tolerance of the shortcomings of others and her happiness in the success of others both make her the confidante of many.

Mother's life has been full. She has lived through years of war and peace, love and deep sorrow, to attain in a near-century of experience the mien and bearing of a queenly woman. It has been a life of constant service devoted not only to her loved ones but to all those about her.

Thanksgiving Day 1947

This morning, Grehta called to say Mother had fallen and hurt her foot and perhaps would be laid up for some time. However, she was at the time smiling and in good spirits. We send our love and best wishes to her and may God in His wisdom care for her.

Claire and family

The cover is taken from a tea set given to Mother by Father during their earlier years together.

Mother has attained the summit of greatness for it only in the forgetfulness of self that life is truly and richly and completely lived. Beyond doubt, we the children of such a mother, whose love and compassion is dedicated to those about her and whose faith in God is unswerving and everlasting, should constantly strive to emulate her innate goodness, precept and example as a benediction to her blessed memory that will surely shower the blessings of the Lord upon us and our children and our children's children for ever and ever.

To the wives and husbands of Mother's children, to the grandchildren, and the great-grandchildren and the great great-grandchildren, whose love and devotion has meant so much to Mother, her heart swells with pride and thanksgiving to God who has so blessed her earthly life.

Postscript from James L. Macfarlane, a great-grandson of Lucy Smith Cardon

It has been an honor to assemble information from several life histories prepared by family members and LDS church records detailing the life of Lucy Smith Cardon. Lucy passed away on August 20, 1952, almost 59 years ago, at the age of 100 years. A journey like Lucy's cannot adequately be told in the few pages that have been written but much can be learned from her exemplary life. She exemplified loyalty in every facet of her distinguished life. Loyalty to family, friends, leaders of the church, community and country. She taught the value of honesty and lived life to the fullest. She was kind to all, particularly to those in need. She was grateful for the blessing of life and courageous in her support of the gospel of Jesus Christ. She was a person of great faith and understanding and never afraid to call upon God in support of her family and those in need. She led with a sweet humility and love in her callings. She suffered trials of immense proportions and never faltered, though she was a widow for the last 54 years of her life.

She was well acquainted with death, with failure, with disappointment but she was able to overcome all with her undying belief in her savior, Jesus Christ.

We must read her story and rejoice for the example she has left for us to follow. In her own words: "We have much to be grateful for."

**History of Tommy Gordon
(Thomas B. Cardon), Bugler,
Co. G, U.S. Infantry**

By A. F. Cardon

The Cardons are said to have originated in a little village called Cardonna near Barcelona, Spain. Whether that is so, or whether the place of origin was in France, near Lyons, will perhaps never be known. Nor does it matter. The date, if in Spain, was likely prior to 1,000 A.D. From some sources we gather that the Cardons were Spaniards who spread into France, Belgium, Germany and Italy. But the Cardons closest to being identified as our ancestors are those who were near Lyons, France, where they became disciples of Peter Waldo (1170), known as Waldensians.

Peter Waldo, a wealthy merchant of France at Lyons, had apparently been reading his Bible, in particular Luke 18:22. According to that account, "a certain ruler" had asked Jesus what he should do to inherit eternal life. Jesus recited several of the Ten Commandments. The ruler said he had kept them from his youth. When Jesus learned how faithfully the ruler had followed the Hebrew Commandments, He added "Yet lackest thou one thing; sell all that thou hast, and distribute unto the poor, and thou shalt have treasures in Heaven; and come, follow me."

Peter was so impressed upon reading this admonition that he resolved to follow it; he disposed of all his treasure, either by selling it or giving it directly to the poor, and then went among the people, preaching whatever he felt was right to conform to the teachings of the Master. Many people believed his teachings, some of the more ardent ones desiring also to go among the poor with this new doctrine of simplicity, obedience to the moral codes of the early Christians, and faithful obedience to Jesus. Waldo had the New Testament translated into Provencal; and the French Pastors, with such an aid, traveled among the people, preaching what he had been saying and what Christ had proclaimed throughout the shores of Galilee and the hills and temples of Jerusalem. That brought upon the heads the Waldensians the wrath of the Pope.

Peter paid the Catholic priests little heed, continuing to preach to the poor about simplicity and being free, being content to live humbly, walking the straight and narrow path, and being unmindful of the things inflicted upon by them by the Roman Church. Since Peter, after seven or eight years, remained steadfast in his quaint views, the Pope excommunicated him.

The many forms of discipline directed against the Waldensians over the ensuing years were so severe that they departed Lyons, some going north of the Alps and some to Lombardy. In due time, another body of Waldo's converts escaped the ire of the Catholics by settling in the remote valleys along the eastern slope of the high and rugged Alps. They became known as Vaudois, still speaking French and practicing what Waldo had preached many years before; they toiled out an existence in the lands bordering the Pelice, the Angrogne and the Clusone rivers, and mounting the slopes of the Alps.

Their beliefs did not bring them peace in religious nor civil matters. They were regarded as a thorn in the side of the rulers of the Savoy. Even Louis XIV, helped by an Irish Brigade that didn't like Cromwell and crossed the channel to France, sent soldiers against the odd people. Then Cromwell stirred up so much sympathy for the Vaudois that the English gave them a subsidy and Milton wrote this sonnet about their sad lot:

ON THE LATE MASSACHER IN PIEMONT
Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered Saints, whose bones

Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold
Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old
When all our fathers worshipp'd Stocks and Stones
Forget not: in they book record their groanes
Who were thy sheep and in their antient Fold
Slay'n by the bloody Piemontese that roll'd
Mother with Infant down the rocks. Their moans
The Vales redoubl'd to the Hills, and they
To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O're all the Italian fields where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow
A hunder'd fold, who having learnt thy way
Early may fly the Babylonian wo.

-Milton

At the time of the French Revolution the English stopped paying the Vaudois a subsidy, but Napoleon, great hearted as usual, paid them one from his own coffers. But it didn't fasten a peace on the luckless people, only a form of turmoil. After Napoleon fell for the last time, an Englishman, visiting the Vaudois, wrote feelingly about them. There followed an upsurge of compassion for the people, augmented by funds sufficient to establish much needed schools and churches. One English Colonel, who had lost a leg in war, devoted himself so unselfishly to the Vaudois cause that no fewer than 120 schools were established. Not only that; he had the Italian language replace French language in the churches which may have been his way of getting back at Napoleon.

By this time, the Nineteenth Century was well on its way. In 1801, my grandfather, Phillippe Cardon, was born. He lived until he was over 88 years old, long enough for the Cardons in Cache Valley to know him. In 1842, my father, Thomas Bartholomie Cardon, was born. Both of these births and seven previous to 1842 came to the Cardon family of that age in the little village of Cardon, high in the Alps from Prarustin, close to Pignerolo, in Northwest Italy.

In the middle of the Nineteenth Century, a new era opened for the Vaudois. It brought for the Cardon family a reawakening of the Waldo spirit. A missionary named Lorenzo Snow came to the Alpien valleys, preaching that the message of Christ had been lost to the world for many centuries, but was now restored to Joseph Smith, jr., a prophet of God. The Lord, advised Lorenzo Snow, wanted the Vaudois to adopt this message which denied the Roman Catholic Church to be the true church bearing the gospel of the Savior, and advocated a return to the simplicity of the early church.

The good people around Prarustin listened with close attention to Lorenzo and his fellow missionaries. One can imagine their astonishing reflections:

Weren't these messages but the echoes of Peter Waldo's voice, coming through the 700 years since that good man spoke? Even though we are hidden in these high mountains, we suffer persecutions; then why linger here when we can go to the Rocky Mountains and be free from these evils, have lands for ourselves, even in abundance, and be blessed by the same good Lord?

Among those who listened eagerly was the group living at Cardon village, at the end of the trail leading away from San Barthelemie. A descendant of those people visited Cardon 85 years after the time the first missionaries brought them the message of Joseph Smith, jr., who wrote:

...we went into the simple Waldensian church – (Leah was given one of the old hymn books). – After a bite to eat we started for the villages following old trails hundreds of years old, - on foot, of course, for there were no roads. We left our tiny car at the Pasteur's house.

It is a beautiful country, green with woods and grassy slopes and colored by many wild, brilliant flowers, like poppies, pink scabiosa, wild red geraniums, blue flowers and yellow. The villages are tiny clusters of crude rock houses clinging to the slopes in clearings devoted to tiny patches of grain, potatoes or grape vines. Some villages have a dozen or more houses, some only three or four, a few only one or two. And the villages are widely scattered.

But the Pasteur who was accompanying as a guide said the Cardon village was still further on.

Leah said she saw disappointment flood my face. Had I come all this way only to be denied my goal?....So Leah and I, determined to see the village of Cardon, pressed on, guided by our new friend Rivoir who could understand some English, speak French and Italian and some Spanish.... Up and down, up and down, up some of the steepest trails. At times I could scarcely breathe, my head and heart pounding, my face purple!

At last we came to an old church, much older than the one at San Bartelemio which could have been (probably was) the one in which father worshipped as a boy. Under its floor were buried two German noblemen who came to the village as soldiers of the Duke of Savoy!

On up the hill another half hour of steep climbing – and we reached Cardon, a village of 12 families as high on the slopes as any in that valley. (Cardons were ever thus.)

But there were no Cardons today where they once thrived. Old homes are there....occupied by others...But I rather think father's home stood on what is now only a foundation surrounding a neat garden.

And that was the way that Dr. Paul Vincent (P.V.) Cardon and his wife Leah found the birthplace of the Cardon family that left the Vaudois back in 1853. There is where Grandfather Cardon grew to be 14 years old by the time Napoleon fought the Battle of Waterloo. The record shows the family to have consisted of Cardons intermarried with Jahiers and Malans and Tourns running back to 1599; and all of them lived in the little villages almost within a stone's throw of each other. Or course, the wives were wooed in the valleys of Rora, Tour, and Pramal, all within about 10 or 12 miles of Prarustin.

The conversion of some of those Cardons, along with others, was followed by departure from the Vaudois in 1853. To Liverpool and to America they traveled, accompanied by the 11 year old lad called Tommy, across the wide ocean, over the settled parts of the country to the Missouri, and thence across the plains by ox team, horse, mule or afoot, any way to get to their goal. After reaching Salt Lake City, only seven years after the first Mormons arrived there, they looked around for a place to settle, finally choosing Ogden's Hole, later known as Five Points, north of Ogden. In time, some of the family went to Cache Valley, some stayed near Ogden and the women followed their husbands to Wyoming to establish ranches. They became part of the early settlers of Zion and played their several parts, some more, some less than was to be expected.

PART II – THE BUGLER OF COMPANY G

As for Tommy, the adventurous lad getting into half way of his teens, he was looking for work; in fact, he might well have been taught and required to do so by the frugal ex-Vaudois. In 1858, like everyone else in the valleys of Utah of that time, Tommy heard of Johnston's Army where work might be found in the setting up of Camp Floyd, west of the Jordan river, not so far from the Point of the Mountain. Hearing that the installation wanted workers, Tommy left his family and made his way to the new site, seeking a job. In addition to finding what he went to get, he met a Frenchman named Eugene LeRoy.

His new friend was born in Marseilles, France, had left there for America and had in due time joined the Army. He was a clerk soldier, black hair, dark brown eyes, complexion dark and five feet five inches high, according to the records kept by Uncle Sam. He liked Tommy and Tommy liked him. The two made a pact to stick together and Tommy would learn to write and speak English, as taught by the soldier clerk. LeRoy also taught Tommy the art of watchmaking.

Army records show Thomas Gordon, bugler, infantry, enlisted September 1, 1858, to serve five years. Born at Pignerolo, Italy, 15 years of age. 5 feet, 2.5 inches tall. Fair complexion, hazel eyes, brown hair. By occupation a laborer. Given discharge at Washington, D.C., on February 3, 1862. Character, "good". There is a Surgeon's Certificate of Discharge.

Copy in possession of Philip Cardon, Logan, Utah

Then Tommy, on September 1, 1858, enlisted in the United States Army and made his mark instead of writing his name. The Enlistment Officer understood Tommy to have pronounced CARDON as GORDON and so he entered Tommy's name as such. That same officer thought Tommy gave his age as 15 but Tommy had turned 16 on August 28.

Yes, Tommy knew little English and was uneducated. Eugene LeRoy took him in charge and had him speaking and writing English in due time, as attested by the diaries. He was an inquisitive lad to whom the prospective soldier life, especially with his tutor on hand, was appealing. He would learn things he wanted to know and perhaps get opportunities to make something of himself. In the end, he got both, sometimes with regrets and sometimes with great satisfaction as we shall see.

His first recorded adventure was a log of the trip made by a squad of soldiers out of Camp Floyd, sent to the scene of the Mountain Meadow Massacre in 1857. The expedition started April 21, 1859, about six months after Tommy's enlistment. He was along. Since he had hardly started to learn English, it couldn't be expected that he would have a diary of the trip; but he did make notes of the marches, the distances traveled each day and the site of each camp. From these notes he made up the record shown on page 50..

But where Tommy failed, H.H. Bancroft succeeded. Of that trip, Bancroft, in his History of Utah, had the following to say after he had described the massacre:

It was not until nearly two years later that they were decently interred by a detachment of troops, sent for that purpose from Camp Floyd. On reaching Mountain Meadows, the men found skulls and bones scattered for the space of a mile around the ravine, whence they had been dragged by wild beasts. Nearly all

of the bodies had been gnawed by wolves, so that few could be recognized, and their dismembered skeletons were bleached with long exposure. Many of the skulls were crushed in with the butt-ends of muskets or cleft with tomahawks; others were shattered by firearms, discharged close to the head. A few remnants of apparel, torn from the backs of women and children as they ran from the clutch of their pursuers, still fluttered among the bushes, and nearby were masses of human hair, matted and trodden in the mold.

After burying the remains as thus described, the soldiers proceeded to Santa Clara and then began the return trip May 16, taking 14 days to reach Camp Floyd.

Tommy was enrolled in Company G, 10th U.S. Infantry, later listed as Bugler. The soldiers he was with were the ones who had marched across the plains and mountains to put down the Utah “Rebellion” that proved to be such a fiasco. But it was time, in 1860, to disperse that army.

On March 7th, 1860, the Deseret News reported that General A.S. Johnston, Commanding Officer of that noted trip, had left Camp Floyd a few days before that date, on his way through California and the Isthmus of Panama, to Washington, D.C. The News said that there were many reports of the purpose of Johnston’s visit, “...but he unquestionably goes in strict obedience to orders.” Colonel Phillip St. George Cooke, the man who commanded the Mormon Battalion during its travels to San Diego in connection with the Mexican War, took over command at the camp.

According to the Deseret News of April 11, 1860, Secretary of War, John D. Floyd, for whom the camp was named, issued orders to reduce the camp’s military force to 3 companies of the 2nd Dragoons, 3 companies of the 4th Artillery and 4 companies of the 10th Infantry, Tommy’s outfit. Since the Cardon family has no record of Tommy having traveled with the forces transferred to other points and has a record of the 10th having gone into the Virginia Campaign of 1862, it can safely be assumed that our father remained at the camp until the remaining soldiers were transferred in 1861 to a point not far from Washington, D.C.

Bancroft said of this last move, in reviewing the events in Utah in 1860 “...about a year later, war between the North and South being almost a certainty, the remainder of the Army was ordered to the eastern states.”

By wagons, teams, horseback and afoot, the last troops of the Johnston’s Army, the forces of that meaningless expedition, gathered at a point not far from Washington, D.C. It is probably, though not demonstrable, that Tommy had been keeping some records which he referred to as his Journals; but his known journals are as diaries, the first entry being:

March 10, 1862: We start today for the other side of the river at 2 o’clock. A.M. Arr in camp at 7.

The exact location of this camp is not given in the diary but was, no doubt, near Alexandria. There the troops rested until March 15, during which time there was rain and waiting for orders. On that date, the soldiers moved to within 2 miles of Alexandria and then it really rained, according to Tommy, who wrote:

The camp was a perfect flood until morning; everybody was soaked to the skin all night. No one slept, for the tents could not protect us any. I was on guard and had to stay up all night.

Tommy caught cold, his eyes were sore, the rain continued and “most everybody was out in the woods making large fires to keep warm” The soldiers had little to eat and no coffee. Tommy went to Washington but was so sick that he could hardly make it back to camp. In the woods, he even walked into trees, his eyes were so bad.

This series of troubles for the Army near Alexandria ended March 25, when they “...got board the steam boat...in the stream all night.’ The stream was the Potomac River.

But even going down stream had its drawbacks. The steamboats swerved and “...we had to turn back & got two schooners...” to turn them around and get them going again downstream. Tommy wrote:

March 27th, 1862 Started at 10 o’clock kept on the Potomac all day. At about sunset came in sight of Chesapeake Bay.

March 28th At sunrise we were right abreast New Point Comfort. Entered the harbor at Fortress Monroe at about 12 o’clock. Landed about (?) marched about 8 miles in the mist so thick that we could hardly see anything and no water but swamp water. Camped without coffee or anything else all night, the wagons not being able to reach us. In night a very strong cold wind arose. Some get up and build fire in the camp, others went in the woods and built them.

Tommy was sick and the weather was not doing him any good, no doubt treating at least some of the others in the same manner. But the men, laying over for a few days, sought entertainment, as Tommy reported:

March 31st: This was a beautiful day – the sun shone all day. 5 men of the company & I went down the beach after oysters. Met plenty oyster boats but no oysters until we came to a beautiful farm on the southwest side of Hampton Harbor. The ruins of a beautiful farmhouse stands there yet but no one lives there. Also, huge oyster beds, but no one to take them, only when the tide is very low, the soldiers go in up to their knees and get the smallest ones around the edge of the bed. The men enjoy themselves very much except me; I was too sick to do anything. I ate a few oysters – that was all I could do. The men I went with went in up to their waist & got some very large & fat ones, better than I ever saw in Washington & good many other places.

We went away before the order came for monthly inspection and drill so we were absent from both. We expected to be confined as soon as we got home but the orderly sergeant was too good to report the men absent and the man that has charge of the bugler did not report me absent and the adjutant did not take notice so none of us were confined.

Of course, Tommy was sick so he went on the sick report. But the weather improved greatly, the roads getting dusty for April 4 when the Brigade marched northward to Little Bethel. General George B. McClellan was getting ready to lay siege to Yorktown* while Major General George B, McClellan directed the Peninsula campaign march to August 1862. The Brigade reached Big Bethel at noon on the 5th, according to Tommy’s report:

A negro who was there said that the rebels left there in the morning on the advance of the army. They were just about eating breakfast when they were surprised. They left everything as it was and only fired three shots out of some

* Major General George B. McClellan directed the Peninsula campaign March to August 1862

heavy guns they had there & then run. The Union troops captured six of their guns. We stopped there till about 3 o'clock to let the troops ahead of us go further & let those we past in the morning get past us again. We then marched about 3 miles further and came to some rebel barracks which we occupied for the night. Some of the quarters were full of hogs which the soldiers were not at all vexed at for they had no meat of any kind for some time the most of them especially fresh pork. Not as long as long as they have been soldiering except they bought it out of their own pockets & soldiers are not likely to do that. Great many of them had nothing to eat that day so they went right to work and killed a good many of them. There was some of the officers killed some themselves and others were putting the men in the guard house for it. They then drove them out in the woods and killed them there, but there were patrols sent out after them. They took some and others got away, even some of those they took got away from them as they were coming in with them.

Tommy further reported that April 6th saw a renewal of the pig slaughter because that was all they had a chance to eat until nearly night, when the wagons got in with pilot bread and coffee. Pilot bread is hard tack – a hard biscuit or loaf made from flour and water without salt, baked into a hard loaf. He was revived by the hog meat, coffee and bread and felt better than any day since he went to Washington and got sick.

The Brigade lay over for days except for the fatigue parties formed to build fortifications nearer to Yorktown. Tommy reported occasional picket firing and exchange of shots between the two forces but nothing of any consequence. Large siege guns were being brought up the river – the York – to help McClellan lay siege to the rebels in Yorktown. On the 11th, the Brigade got orders to lay-in a three day supply of rations. The diary for the 12th was as follows:

We started at nine o'clock and waded through the mud in the woods for about three and a half or four miles. We then came to a large field not far from York Town right in the bend of the river & camped. Orders were given by General McClellan not have any call of any kind; beat on the drum or sounded with the bugle trumpet or anything else. No noise of any kind no discharge of fire arms, &c. Serg't Carroll and another man of the company went about a quarter of a mile from where were our pickets are from where they could see the rebel batteries and sentinels. They were told that on the night of the 11th they were fired into by the rebels and two of their number were killed and 2 or 3 horses also that 2 shells were fired where we are camped the place being occupied by some vols. without doing any harm only making them leave to go further back.

On the 14th:

An engagement took place between three gunboats and some rebel batteries on the other side of the river. One of the shells took effect on the rebel flag staff, cutting it in two, about the center, after which they fired five shots and stopped and the boats drifted down the river a little further.

While Tommy lay in camp he heard the reports of heavy firing, the engagements between gunboats and shore batteries, the calling out of fatigue parties and the occasional capture of a prisoner or two. This program continued until April 28 when Tommy reported:

Lay over warm and sunshine all day. At 5 o'clock in the evening my co. and another out of the 17th were called out under arms. Every man then got a shovel and in co. with two more cos. out of each battalion in the Brigade went out towards Yorktown. When we got within 700 yards of the rebels' fortification we stopped behind some hills and woods. At about 8 the rebels began to throw shells among and around us. One man of the 4th Inf. got wounded in the thigh, it was thought mortally. At about 2 in the morning an officer came and ordered us to go to work on the fortification about 300 yards further, but when we got there we were ordered back again by the Chief Engineer who said that he had not sent for us, that if he wanted us he would send one of his own officers. We then went back and stopped there until 4 when we started for camp.

This sort of shilly-shallying folded around proceedings. The rebels threw shells into the Union forces and the Union forces answered with their 100-pound guns. These guns were heavier than the Rebels were used to, so they brought up heavier guns to make answer. More heavy guns were brought up for firing until the air was filled with the shells and the steamboat landing at Yorktown was reduced and Rebel batteries exploded. McClellan thought he was ready to take the town and the area between the York and James rivers, while General Jos. E. Johnston was preparing to withdraw from Yorktown as a result of a decision on the part of the Confederates that their position was not tenable. Off Fortress Monroe, the Monitor had defeated the Merrimac previous to the arrival of Tommy and his buddies in a great armada. The rains were making a quagmire of the countryside and the roads. Men were being run down and captured, whole regiments were surrendering, brigades were slushing through marshes trying to retreat and others were slushing forward to capture the fugitives. Men stopped to tell what they had seen, what they had been told was happening.

The tales differed very much. In the wild melee the real situation was lost. Tommy and his comrades heard only a word of the entire story; the rest of the fateful words were drowned in the thunder of the guns set in motion by the men back of the lines, far away.

The sweep of Confederates away from Yorktown as witnessed by Tommy was recorded as follows:

May 4th Half past four in the morning: Yorktown is ours. The brass bands are playing, bugles and drums are sounding and camp is a scene of rejoicing all over. 9 o'clock A.M. The following particulars about the taking of Yorktown are in camp: this morning at about 2 o'clock, General Smith made a charge on the Rebels' works and took them so much by surprise that they could do nothing but run, leaving their arms stacked, cannons loaded and many were taken prisoner.

Wrote Bruce Catton in the Terrible Swift Sword, page 278:

Joe Johnston had gone, leaving empty trenches, a number of abandoned cannon, and a set of live shells with trip wires attached buried in the works to discourage Yankee patrols.

Tommy continues:

All their fortifications are full of torpedoes and nobody is allowed to go inside the works on account of them. It is also reported that the Rebel Irish Brigade laid

down their arms and refused to fire for them (they were stationed at Yorktown) and that they began to evacuate Yorktown four days ago.

Immediately after the capture of Yorktown the gun boats came up the river and the Stars and Stripes hoisted on Gloucester Point. The boats continued up the river.

12 o'clock M. Heaving cannonading has been heard up the river for about one and a half hours. It is reported that the gun boats are shelling the woods where the Rebels are retreating.

6 o'clock P.M. The cannonading is still going on, prisoners are continually coming in.

12 o'clock at night It is raining, the cannonading is still continuing. The cavalry is called out.

The next day, wrote Tommy, there was still cannonading north of them. "Some cavalry men that just came in from where they are firing say the Rebels are completely hemmed in by our troops. Also that 8000 prisoners were taken, including those taken yesterday." All day the cannons roared and Tommy hovered over his diary telling that "...a man from the battlefield says our troops took Williamsburg once but were driven back again." He continued:

9 o'clock P.M. We have just received orders to start to reinforce the troops at Williamsburg, taking three days' rations and everything else belonging to us.

15 minutes later Orders have just come for us to pitch our tents again and to go to sleep until one o'clock. All the companies have coffee made for the men before they go.

30 minutes later The distant booming of cannons is still heard but we are not ordered out yet and everybody is going to bed again. It has been raining all day and night.

So they didn't go to reinforce Williamsburg, and the next evening according to a man from the field of action, there was no reason to go to that point because "...our forces are in possession".

The following day, May 7, "...the latest intelligence..." from the battlefield was that McClellan came up with the enemy about three miles beyond Williamsburg and "...after a pretty severe skirmish with his rear put him to flight across the Chickahominy Creek." In fact, for four days Tommy's information, set down in the diary was all the conflict he had to endure. He was waiting to be called into battle, the battle whose guns roared like the cannonade he heard the first day he started to write.

Things took a new turn on the 9th. At 3 o'clock in the morning of that day, "we have just had reveille and are going to start at 5 A.M." And that evening he wrote, "7 o'clock P.M. Have just arrived in camp after having marched all day in mud up to the knee most all day". He continued:

We passed through Yorktown and from there to Williamsburg and from there about six miles further where we are now on the same road that General McClellan took pursuing the Rebels. The day was awfully warm and the men suffered very much from the want of water.

Tommy's experiences during May 10 included: the same wading through water, the same trouble getting good water to drink, the same blistering of feet, Rebel prisoners on their way to Northern prisons, and a tramping of 10 miles. The march was for four miles only the next day, and when they stopped they found that McClellan had also stopped to establish his headquarters. So the marchers lay over May 12th to take on a supply of bread and other rations. As for the beef, a three days' supply, it was left behind when the march was renewed because they had no transportation for it. The march, begun at 8 :30 A.M. of the 13th, took them 14 miles to Cumberland Landing on the Pomunkey River.

Tommy's next entry lacked excitement:

May 14th Lay over. All the troops here, consisting of 40,000 were reviewed in the evening by the Secretary of State (sic). Along with him were McClellan and staff. They could not have a regular review on account that there was no room, but he rode in front of every battalion. As he came to the end they gave him three cheers while he was riding in front with his hat off. When he came to Syke's Brigade of regular infantry General McClellan said, turning to the Secretary, "This is my brigade."

With this pat on the head, Tommy and his comrades slept through the night with rain relentlessly pouring down. Next morning they waited, according to orders, to march at 8:30, then at one o'clock in the afternoon. But at noon orders came that they would not march at all that day. So they went to bed to listen to rain falling harder than ever, all night.

After another day's lay over:

May 17th, 1862 We started at 9 A.M., arrived at the White House* at 1 P.M. where we camped. The road from Cumberland Landing to here is lined with wagons and they cannot move on account of the mud. Even the troops sunk in the mud up to their knees most of the way here.

This condition of muddy roads and heavy rains became a factor in the Peninsula Campaign. McClellan didn't need this condition thrust upon him as a means of slowing his campaign. His bent was delay, even without the rains and mud.

The evening of the next day – a warm and beautiful one – the companies drew four days' rations and got orders "to cook all the meat we had", for they would have to march on the morrow. "The reveille will be at 2 and march at five" in the morning!

And at five they started and at 11 they camped at Tunstall's Station. The army was moving toward Richmond, but before going farther it lay over for the purpose, apparently, of forming Syke's Brigade into a Division. "Artillery and cavalry with some infantry joined us. The 10th is now the 2nd Brigade..."

Tommy might have added that General Philip St. George Cooke, in command of McClellan's cavalry, was his last commander at Camp Floyd; and that his first commander was one of President Davis' right hand men, General Albert Sidney Johnston. But Bugler Tommy may have been totally ignorant of who all the big shots were.

On the move at 9 A.M. May 21st the troops marched 8 miles toward Gaines's Mill, about 8 or 8 miles north of Richmond. After a seven mile march the next day they were near the north bank of the Chickahominy, a country soon to be wracked with guns

* The White House was General McClellan's headquarters

and cannons of a mighty battle. The troops were allowed “a gill of whiskey to be issued to each soldier each day until further orders, but we have got none yet,” and he wrote that four days after the orders.

On the heels of the reported attempts by the Rebels to burn the bridge across the Chickahominy the troops moved to a point about a mile from the stream. The companies were so close to Richmond “...no calls were allowed to be sounded whatever”. But firing was heard off toward and north of Richmond, caused in part by the taking of the Richmond and Potomac Railroad, so Tommy was told.

Then on the 28th he wrote:

We started from camp at sunrise, leaving all behind us with the exception of canteen, haversack and two days’ rations, leaving the cook and sick to guard them...we came to some troops that were engaged in yesterday’s action. Two of them told me the following:

“Yesterday we came to the railroad about a mile from here and took possession of it. We then placed two pieces of artillery on the track. Pretty soon a train came up and we fired into it, the train stopped and we tore up the track and run the train off. It was full of baggage and medicine. We took what we wanted and destroyed the rest. We then proceeded toward Richmond and found a bridge and destroyed it, placed some artillery along the road in some woods. Soon a large train came up full of soldiers going to reinforce Stonewall Jackson. We fired into and took them so by surprise that they immediately surrendered.”

Tommy’s informants said their troops were in full possession and that the captured men consisted of one brigade of infantry and one battery. Tommy and his buddies, in that day’s march, had reached Peake’s Station and the next day returned toward their camp near the Chickahominy. The sights along the road back were:

...there were many dead horses on the road and along side and unburied, which had been lying there for two or three days which caused rather disagreeable marching. The men are rather worn out, having had nothing but pilot bread to eat and bad water to drink with two days hard marching, but, still, they do not complain.

The troops had nothing else to do on the 30th than to meet a sudden thunder and lightning storm that came “down as if a thousand fire engines were playing at one place”. Everything got wet, the storm continuing until midnight. On the 31st, with the Chickahominy rising rapidly because of the heavy storm, Tommy had to go on fatigue at two o’clock in the morning, accompanied by a company from each battalion, slowed down in their performance of duty by a rather unsuccessful search for tools to throw up embankments and build bridges to span the Chickahominy to the south.

We went to one bridge* and were not needed so we had to turn back again the same road we came, when about half way back we took another road** leading to another bridge higher up the river.

* Perhaps Grapevine Bridge

** Perhaps New Bridge

We soon came in sight of the river and a large body of water covering the bottom land. We soon got to it and stuck in with good will, sinking into the mud and water at first only up to our knees, but got deeper and deeper until it was up to the waist.

After 20 minutes wading we came to a pontoon bridge which was not yet completed. After stopping there for about an hour, in which time the water raised 8 inches, flooding all the low lands, woods and plowed fields, we were ordered to go through the swamp to some timber lower down the river so that the batteries could fire across. We stuck in fully determined to do our best. For about 1,000 yards, we had to go through a newly plowed field where the water had just worked through to the surface. In this we sunk up to the knee, sometimes deeper. After this we struck the water, in which we went up to our waists, getting deeper and deeper until we had to swim, when we turned back again and took a more circuitous road; but this was worse than ever, it being full of ditches in which the men would go over their heads, but they soon became cautious and to look out for them and to jump them, but many of the men in attempting to jump would fall in and would have to be helped out.

In this way we proceeded, wading and swimming, until we came to an island about the center of the swamp*. Here we stacked our arms and rested.

After a while an officer started toward the timber and waded until it got so deep that he had to swim when he saw at once that there was no need in making any more efforts, for the water was so deep, and very likely deeper, where the trees were as where he was. Consequently we determined to make our way out of there as quickly as possible.

This was not so easily done as we thought. But we started anyway, the nearest way to the hill. After wading out for some distance we became entangled in the weeds and the water became so deep that we could not wade any more. And there we were, could neither wade nor swim! The only thing left for us to do was to turn back, and even this was rather difficult on account of the weeds. We at last succeeded in getting back to the little island we had left, but which was almost flooded by the time we got to it again.

From here we took another direction for the much wished-for hill, which we reached after three hours of wearisome wading, swimming and pulling. Here we rested for about half an hour when we started for camp. From this hill we could see the Rebel pickets walking about from tree to tree on a hill across the river. The batteries opened fire, shelling the woods on the other side of the river to the great discomfort of the Rebels, who could not see any fun of it. The balloon Constitution was up all this time signaling to the batteries where to direct their fire.

So Tommy saw not only the famous Monitor but also this balloon which was the first to be used for spotting the enemy from the air.

While Tommy and his comrades were splashing, wading and swimming around in the waters near Chickahominy Creek on June 1, the battle of Seven Pines was coming to a close. It was in that battle that the Rebel command was also slushing around so clumsily that their attempt at annihilation of McClellan May 31 – June 1 was messed up.

During the night of that doleful June 1, orders came that the companies should

* Perhaps Boatswain's Swamp

start the next morning at six. But no troops moved then nor did they later. Facing a front 15 miles long, firing was constant. But for Tommy and his buddies, all they had to do June 2 was to drill twice a day, an order repeated daily for some time. As a diversion, an address by General McClellan was read June 3 to the troops, with General Sykes attending. General Sykes added to the address, when it was given to the 2nd Brigade: "Soldiers of the 2nd Brigade of Regulars, do you hear what your General says, 'Trust in your General and he will trust in you.' The Volunteers expect you to do whatever you undertake and so do I." Tommy said, "It commenced raining about this time and continued all night."

From the 4th and to 4 P.M. of the 13th Tommy wrote nothing of importance took place. Reports came in that many prisoners were being taken and dispatches advised that 10,000 of Beauregard's troops with 15,000 stands of arms had been captured. It was during this period of idleness, it seemed, that Brigadier General J. E. B. Stuart, at General Lee's orders, encircled the oncoming Union troops by riding with about 3000 cavalry forces from Ashland, Virginia, eastward to a point near McClellan's headquarters at White House, then south to a point near the James River and then up that river to Richmond. Of course, as usual, Tommy and his comrades knew nothing of the ride at the time it was happening.

But at 4 P.M. of the 13th, when Stuart was ringing the Feds in that strange ride of 48 hours, Tommy was writing,

We just got orders to be ready to start at a moment's notice. 5 minutes later. Got orders to fall in immediately with haversack, canteen and 3 days' rations. 15 minutes later. The whole division is ready to go. This morning at about 4 very heavy firing was heard on our left, but stopped again about 6:30. 5:30 P.M. We crossed swamp behind us about quarter of mile above Gaines's Mills and are now in a line of battle along side of it through the woods. 6 P.M. We are ordered back again to stack arms on the company's grounds, not to take off our belts,....to fall in at a moment's notice...take off their belts and go to bed...be ready to turn out at 3 o'clock A.M.

Tommy was north of the Chickahominy a mile or so near Gaines's Mill. He could hear desultory firing but there was no general action pending the reorganization of the Confederate troops under their new commander, General R. E. Lee. And, too, it was a period of time when rain was an important factor to be considered, and Tommy's diary shows the extent of that sort of weather. Rain, rain, rain.

On June 23 he wrote:

About 1 o'clock it began to thunder and lighten, continuing a perfect flash and roar until about two when the rain began to fall so fast that everything was immediately flooded and the water was running all over the camp like a river, though the camp is most all sand hills. It...continued very heavy all night.

The situation was scarcely changed for the next two days. But June 26 was a decided change for Tommy as though he felt the sudden sweep of battle, closer and closer.

6 A.M. It is reported that Stonewall Jackson is at our left with 35,000 men. (This report was not true. Jackson was on the way from the Shenandoah Valley, but to Lee's chagrin, had not arrived. He was 12 hours late.) 10 A.M. Very heavy firing is going on our right. An order just came for us to pick up and stack arms

and be ready to march with three days' rations in a moment's notice. Firing on our right is getting heavier and heavier all the time. 3 P.M. We just got orders to march immediately. The firing is heavier and heavier still, being a continuous roar of artillery all the time but here we go for it. 6:30 P.M. We are drawn up in line of battle in front of the enemy but have not yet participated in the fight. Expect to shortly. It is getting so dark that I cannot write any more. 12 P.M. Firing has ceased. No particulars are given with the exception that we are to remain on the field.

What was happening that day while Tommy stood practically, but not quite, under fire, was that General A. P. Hill impetuously attacked the Union forces north of the Chickahominy, not even waiting for the arrival of Jackson. He fought bravely but futilely. Later that day the famous Stonewall Jackson arrived before all was lost. Lee's plan for General Jackson was to have him strike eastward at McClelland's headquarters at White House, and force him back from the northern position. Having done this, with McClellan falling back, the Rebel forces would drive him to ground.

Even though Tommy had made entry at midnight in his diary, he was up at 3 A.M. of the 27th of June and was ready to march at 5 only to find the troops retreating.

...Firing has commenced again and we are retreating, but we are giving it to them hot and heavy. 10 A.M. We are now about three miles from Gaines Mills in an open field and are ordered to put our knapsacks in the wagons and ready for immediate action. 12 M. The shell and grape shot are coming into us like hail.

Three hours later Tommy was wounded. On the 28th day of June 1862, his diary continued:

I was wounded about 3 P.M. yesterday, keeping me from writing anything just then. A minnie rifle ball, that is the kind but a good deal longer, went through my (left) elbow and came out a little above my wrist and went in my side. Green and Vollmer of my company conducted me to the hospital a mile from the battlefield, where I was left until this morning, when the Rebels came in sight and there being no one to protect it, we had to leave without transportation. I am now at Savage's Station, eight miles from where I started. My wounds are not dressed yet; they nearly drive me crazy.

So while Lee was gambling on Jackson and A. P. Hill turning McClellan's right flank, Tommy got wounded and had to flee from his hospital, toward Rebel forces coming around that flank, and crossing the Chickahominy to be with his retreating army.

At Savage's Station, where Tommy was, Lee brought on a battle again. McClellan was fighting a rear guard action and doing fairly well on the 29th. McClellan was not being drowned in White Oak swamp, much to Lee's disappointment. But Tommy had a set of problems that took his mind off battles and centered them on his wounds and his desire to reach City Point, McClellan's goal. Wrote Tommy:

We have just been told to start for City Point if we don't want to be taken prisoners, but there is no transportation of any kind to be got. Here goes; I will try it anyhow before I will stop here and be taken prisoner. There is about 500 or 600 men here; most of the doctors have left.

Evening. I am worn out; my wounds drive me crazy. Oh, why do I suffer thus? I have marched all day in water and mud almost to my knees. I am completely worn out; and the enemy is only about half a mile from here. They tell me that I have taken the wrong road and I am almost among the enemy; that I will have to go back and take the right road and go to City Point yet tonight. What shall I do! It is getting dark. Oh, if I was only well! Oh, my arm and side! My clothes are saturated with my blood. I have not eaten anything for three days. I feel faint. Oh, my God, deliver me!

I am now at a little house some distance from the road. Mrs. Stockton, Col. Stockton's wife, is dressing my wounds and bathing them with cold water. She also gave me a cup of tea- the first I have had for six months.

Dark. I have had to start again. I feel a little better, but O! how tired and weak from the loss of blood and having eaten nothing, not even a cup of tea or coffee, for so long until now. They say it is 11 or 12 miles to City Point yet, but it must be done, or stay and be taken prisoner.

No longer is Tommy concerned about the heavy cannonading, even though it is not far off. He ignored the battles, although they were so vital for either side. Like any wounded man scarcely able to stand erect, he felt for himself, alone. City Point only would satisfy him.

In the mean time, General Lee on the afternoon of June 30 launched an unsuccessful attack against the Union forces at Glendale (Fraser's Farm) and followed that fighting with another attack the next day. The Union forces held as they gathered to City Point. Lee, failing in his final effort of the day, returned to Richmond. McClellan's army reached City Point on the James River, the Peninsula Campaign a dismal failure.

Tommy, it might be said, was fighting or fleeing through all the Seven Days battle, carrying with him his wounds and spilled blood. On the 30th he wrote:

2 o'clock in the morning. I am almost dead. I have marched all day and night. I have often wished that I had been killed on the battlefield rather than suffer as much as I do, but God's will be done, not mine. I am now in a wheat field along side of the road to City Point. I am completely worn out. I must lie down and try to sleep. I have not slept any for four days and nights. There is only another man with me. He says he is sick but I do not believe him. I believe he is afraid.

That's what's the matter.

Sun rise. The man with me has made a cup of tea for me. It is very good. I feel a little refreshed after having slept a little and partaken of some tea. Whatever this man may be I think he is very kind and I hope he may never suffer as I do.

Yesterday and last night there were so many ambulances going along, all empty. I tried to get into some of them but could not.

7 o'clock. I am now at a large farm house about one and a half miles from City Point. There are about ten or 12 negroes of all descriptions running about here making faces at the soldiers. There is one kept at work drawing water for the wounded soldiers as they pass. The water is very good. Some men coming from the Point say that the boat is ready to start. I must hurry.

9 o'clock. I am now a few hundred yards from the landing. There is a guard here who has orders to let nobody pass except the wounded but through some mistake they are keeping everybody out.

12 o'clock. Here comes an order to let you pass (that is, all the wounded) The surgeon is sending some back; their wounds are not bad enough, and I am afraid mine are not. That is, he may not think so. But here I am at the gates, and the

surgeon, instead of turning his back, as I thought he would, looks at me with a sympathetic look and turns to two of the guards and tells them to conduct me to the boat.

I now see why some are turned back. There are some who are not wounded at all and are trying to make him believe that they are, but he cannot see it and sends them back. There was one right in front of me that to see him anyone would think that he had had his arm taken off by a shell, but there is nothing the matter with him, only a buckshot touched the back of his hand. Such men ought to be out in front of the army and made to fight whether or not.

On the boat. There are about 500 or 600 aboard, all wounded with the exception of a few who only pretend to be. There are about six or seven other gunboats around with the Monitor besides this one.

1 o'clock P.M. We are about to start. There is another boat along with us to escort us some distance down the river on account that some of the boats were fired into yesterday by Rebel batteries on the opposite side of the river.

About 2 o'clock. We have passed City Point and all danger and the gun boat that came with us is returning.

Evening. Some salt pork and pilot bread has been thrown about the decks for the men to eat; not half as decent as a farmer would feed his hogs. I just gave 25 cents for half a pint of tea without sugar but it is better than none at all and I hope will keep life until I can get something to eat and drink.

It would seem that Tommy's tribulations would have been assuaged, his wounds dressed, his stomach fed. But floating, or steaming down the James River alone could not fulfill his hopes. His wounds were minor, no doubt, but what he had gone through from June 27 to July 1 aggravated their seriousness. He continued:

July 1. If I do not get relief soon I shall not last long. Last night was another sleepless night for me, the boat being so crowded I could not find a place to lie down or sit and had no water to bathe my wounds. My arm and side are all black and swollen to three times their size. My clothes are stiff upon me, the blood being dry. Oh, that I were dead! I have not eaten or slept any for five nights and days. I feel very weak. At about twelve last night we came to Newport News and I was hoping we would disembark and go to a hospital, but after staying there for some time we started again for this place, Fortress Monroe, where we arrived about two o'clock this morning. It is now about half past five o'clock and we are about to land.

6 o'clock. I am now lying in the shade of a large tree inside the fort. A cup of good coffee and a piece of fresh bread has just been brought to me, the first I have had for about four months. It tastes very good. There is a very nice little surgeon who is very busy dressing wounds and I hope he will soon come to me. Here he comes now. I am afraid he will want to amputate my arm....the surgeon tells me my arm will have to be amputated. Oh God, have pity on me for I would rather die than lose my arm. I tell him I would rather die and he shakes his head and says that I may save it yet if I keep it constantly bathed in cold water and that is shall be saved if possible. I thank him kindly and he dresses it carefully.

10 o'clock. I feel a great deal better after having my wounds dressed and bathed in cold water for some time and having partaken of some refreshments, but we have to start for the boat again and go to Newport News, about 10 miles from here. Oh, well, it is not very far.

The almost hourly account of Tommy's war was at an end. He was under actual fire June 29 for only a few hours when he suffered the shot that put him out of the war in due time. But he was surrounded by events that moved the pulses of the nation: the heavy cannonading, the twisted travails of the Confederate command, the futile fumbling of the Union command sluggishly prodding toward Richmond, the Monitor pounding the Merrimac (later, the Virginia), J.E.B. Stuart riding around the enemy's army. General Robert E. Lee writing his name on the hearts of the nation that finally emerged. When Tommy reached Fortress Monroe he had learned the language and the demands of army life and had shown himself prepared to fulfill in full the oath taken in 1858.

At this point, the Vaudois lad, not yet 20, had virtually met the fire of his new land. His wounds might well have been fatal in view of the cruel flight he had to make from the field of battle to the rescue ship. Even on that ship, perhaps like many other young soldiers, he strove for the attention to his wounds that might very well mean life.

From Newport News Tommy, with many others, was taken to York, Pennsylvania, where the U.S.A. General Hospital was located. His treatment at that institution mellowed his moods. Life was not all misfortune. He was sympathetically nursed by one young lady who gave him this sad but soothing message for his diary:

May God bless my friend Tommy and restore him to perfect health and may his path through life be strewn with friends and flowers and may nothing mar his pleasure and happiness through the journey of life, and when at last he is called to leave this world of trouble and sorrow, may he be received into the shining portals of that blessed Home prepared for all the blest.

(signed) Lidie

With such a blessing wringing his heart he recovered his health during the succeeding six months, his wounds fairly well healed. On December 23, 1862, accompanied by 49 other men, he left the hospital for his regiment. Tommy told this story:

December 24, 2:30 A.M. We have just arrived and are now in some barracks near the Soldiers' Retreat. The rooms are very large and only one little stove in them, which I did not get a chance to see until the men had all left for breakfast, I being determined to see it before I left Washington D.C. At about 9 we were put under guard and marched to the landing at the foot of 7th Street, where we met a part of our squad that had left us in the morning early for their regiment but had not gone yet.

So Tommy, with some of his squad, crossed the Potomac to enter the Convalescent Camp near Alexandria, Virginia. Settled in No. 6 tent, Ward A, he turned to his diary:

These are Sybley tents with a board floor, a stove which renders them pretty comfortable. Here I met with three men of my regiment, the first I have seen for almost six months. Having no blankets with me and not being able to draw any, they shared with me what they had. I gladly accepted.

Christmas morning found Tommy yearning, along with the other men, for a good Christmas dinner. But that was to come late in the afternoon. In the meantime, he watched some 30 men shooting rabbits in a half acre patch of brush. Some of the hunters went through the brush to flush the rabbits while the others banged away as the flitting hares scampered about. Commented Tommy:

I thought it rather careless business and went to my tent.

Pursuing the Christmas idea, he wrote:

A Christmas tree was raised in the next street to this...with a piece of bread, a few beans, a piece of pork and pilot bread. About five in the evening we got Christmas dinner with consisted of the following articles: one turkey, seven five-cent pies, thirty potatoes, 32 turnips, 29 apples and 21 onions. These were to be divided between 250 men. A great many men had not eaten anything all day for fear they would not be able to eat enough of the grand dinner that was to come from the ladies of Washington. I hope they got enough.

Some New York troops reported later that their Christmas dinner consisted of a head of cabbage for every 18 men.

As the year 1862 came to a close, rumors had it that the Rebels made a raid on the Alexandria & Manassa Gap R.R., capturing 100 mules and a train of wagons. The rumors persisted that:

All the cars in Alexandria were ready to be run into Washington and all the store houses ready to be burnt in case the Rebels should advance.

Tommy went to Washington on December 31 for his pay but got none. On his way back he ran into some citizens who had been peddling to the soldiers; they were in a panic, crying that the Rebels were descending upon the camps. Tommy continued:

I asked one of them what was the matter and the answer was, "Don't you hear all that firing? The Rebels are on the Stragglers Camp killing all they meet and are marching on the Convalescent Camp. Oh, hear that!" And with this he was about to jump the little creek in front of him, but in his hurry he stumbled into it, carpetbag and all. He did not stop to pick it up but skidaddled and that is the last I have seen of him. The firing was nothing more than the men of the two camps firing the old year out. There is a great deal in imagination.

Tommy was bent on knowing what the current life of the soldier was, how he survived the camps and wounds and what was the layout for the defense of Washington. He found out about the quartering of convalescents, what was being done at Long Bridge for such men, the fortifications for ten miles round about, the number of men coming in each day and the action of discharges. As to those men who were being examined and listed for discharge, he had this to say in his diary:

Some get discharged for nothing, whilst others that should be discharged are returned to duty and sent to the Stragglers camp...There are no regulations about this place whatever; if a man comes here he can stay here all the time or go away, just as he has a mind to. When a squad is to be sent to its regiment the ward masters go to each tent in their ward or tell the men to fall into a line and all who

wish to go to their regiment can do so by giving their name to the ward master. A squad is then formed and sent to the Stragglers camp, there to remain until the corp they belong to sends for them, and then there are a great many that say they are sick and so come back to this place where they are called from.

There has been no roll call since I have been here, and those who have been here five or six months tell me there never was any. Some of the men go away and stay away for weeks and months at a time and then come back without any of the officers knowing anything about it. Others have been here ever since the camp was first organized simply because they are afraid to go to the front. Others have been here because they are not able to work, nor are they able to soldier and if they were discharged they would have to work for a living. A pension would not be enough to keep them if they would get full pension which I very much doubt they would, so they stay here where they need not work, nor need they soldier, nor do anything else except wash their clothes if they are not too lazy and are able to, or get them washed if they have money to pay for it. If not, they get lousy as a great many do. Each tent cooks its own victuals.

Hardly had Tommy gotten this line of reporting than he had to change the tone somewhat. He wrote that a new Board of Doctors was to be established at the camp to examine all men for the purpose of discharging them from the army or sending them to the hospital or the Stragglers Camp. "It is the best thing the Government has done for some time", wrote the Bugler. As for himself he wanted to be discharged or returned to his regiment. What he heard as a report turned out to be true. At 3 P.M. on January 5, 1863,

We fell into two ranks and two doctors then made their appearance and one inspected or examined the front rank and other the rear rank, and about a third of the men were marked for their regiments. As usual some were sent away that were really sick and others that were well were kept. There are patients for almost every disease in the world.

Those that are really sick do not make much of a fuss over it, while others put on such awful faces that anyone would think them almost dead. Some stood pale and trembling and almost falling, but it was not sickness that made them do so – it was fear of being sent to their regiments. For a few minutes before the doctors came they were running around as well as any man could be. Some when the doctors asked them what the matter was with them, would study a while and then stammer out some decease (sic), they knew nothing about.

"Well, how does it affect you?"

"Oh, I don't know know – all over"

"Let me see your tongue – that will do. Put this man down for duty"

I have seen men take chalk in their mouths and work into their tongues so as to make it look white and sickly when the doctors come around. Others went away and did not show themselves all day. These are to be examined tomorrow if they can be found, and if not they will be sent immediately to the stragglers camp on their return.

Although Tommy had expressed in his diary that he would take either decision the doctors might make – to go back to the regiment or to be discharged – it was an anxious moment his coming up for final examination. The entry for January 5 continued:

I expected to see those who were not fit for duty put down for discharge, but I was mistaken very much for by all appearances they are not inclined to discharge anyone, especially those disabled by wounds. I would advise all those coming here not to complain of rheumatism for they are not pitied at all, no matter how bad they are. One man complained of rheumatism

“Oh, you look healthy and fat. I should judge better able to march than half the men here.”

“But, doctor, I cannot. I am so completely worn out.”

And the poor fellow fairly cried and begged to be kept here, but it was all in vain; he had to go. I pitied the poor man but I could not help him any.

Next...came three or four disabled by wounds. One a broken shoulder, another a broken arm (was broken by a minnie ball at the battle of Gaines’s Mills on the Chickahominy, Virginia on the 27th of June, 1862, on the same day I was wounded.) The bone never knitted. Another was shot twice through the hand and had no use of it. I was next.

“What is the matter with you, young man?”

“Shot through the arm, sir”.

“Alright”

And passed on to the next.

The next man there was nothing the matter except the “skiddadling fever”, but he said he had a broken arm and the doctor passed on.

Palpitation of the heart is very frequently answered and I think is the prevailing decease (sic) here.

Nor did Tommy overlook the part played by certain ladies who, for a consideration, would undertake to pass themselves off as the wife in a particular case.

Any woman can come here and say a certain man is her husband or son and have him examined immediately for discharge and get it in ten days. Men of influence also get men out, but a woman will get an audience before a man. Five men bribed one woman from Washington to take them out of the service. She took them out in five days, one each day. The doctors took notice of it when discharging the last one and asked her if she had any more relatives to be discharged. She said, “Yes, one more.” “You may have but no more will be discharged for you”. These men were no relation to her whatever.

According to Tommy, passes to Washington were given to some men who then went over, got examined by the General Board of Doctors and obtained discharges at once. The practice was stopped when the facts were learned by the doctors.

As to Tommy’s ailments, he suffered headaches, aching arm, and pains in the chest, all of which were duly observed by the doctors. Finally one doctor asked him if he wanted to be discharged. Tommy said he did and his name was put down for a further examination “two days hence”. When he showed up at the examination tent there was such a string of men he was not called at all. The next day he made it, but there was no immediate report as to the doctors’ decision.

Tommy then learned that the board of doctors who had examined him was under arrest for showing too much partiality and “sending men to their regiments and hospitals that ought to be discharged.”

When men under guard, Tommy learned, were called for fatigue duty, many of them ran off as soon as they were reported in. Wrote Tommy:

All have to take their time at fatigue without any regard as to what ails them. Go where they assemble and you can see cripples with two sticks and cripples with one stick; cripples with only the use of one arm or hand; some blind in one eye and can hardly see with the other. Something is the matter with them all; either real cause, laziness or because the officers have no right to make convalescents work. But no one can get off....if he can run the guard he is all right.

On January 17, 1863, soldiers of the 5th Army Corps at the camp were examined. Some fit for duty were sent to Stragglers camp. Three days later two thirds of Tommy's ward were down for examination by the General Board. Tommy was in this group and, next day, was put down for discharge. But it was a twelve day wait for the actual event.

While waiting for the outcome, he noted men and women getting relatives out in a hurry. By this time he saw one thing that caused uneasiness:

Hundreds of men can be seen every clear day along the creek end at the springs washing their clothes and picking the vermin off of them. Others draw new suits and go out in all directions and throw off the old clothes which are fairly covered with vermin and almost crawl away as soon as they get free from their respective owners. This is getting to be a dangerous place and I am trying to get away as soon as possible.

He got away on February 2, 1863, at 4 P.M., was on his way to Washington one half hour later, and was paid \$193.20 the very next day. In the matter of pension he engaged a Washington attorney and got two men to swear that his real name was Thomas Cardon, not Tommy Gordon. Then he boarded a train for York, Pennsylvania.

PART III TOMMY CARDON, EX-BUGLER TOMMY GORDON

The world of Tommy Cardon was not the same as the world of Tommy Gordon. Tommy Gordon, for the last six months, was a soldier ailing from wounds inflicted in battle during his last eight months in the U.S. Army. He was cared for by sympathetic ladies. Among them was Lidie of York, Pennsylvania; so he fled to York where he had such warm friends, unknown for all the years since leaving Camp Floyd. Lidie's mother, too was his mother away from home. They welcomed him again in York and made him at home and comfortable. But the 20-year old veteran didn't have a job and had less than \$190 in his jeans.

With time on his hands he visited with Mr. H. Barrett of York, a photographer by profession and willing to teach Tommy the art if Tommy didn't set up shop in York in opposition to him. It was so agreed.

But though Tommy was not in the Army he was soon to find that he was in the general area of the greatest event in the Civil War, and that he was getting reports, partially understandable, concerning the movements of the two armies leading to the Battle of Gettysburg.

As early as June 15, he wrote that rumors had the Confederate at Hagerstown, Maryland, en route to York. More tales said the enemy was at Chambersburg. By evening the people of York were "wild with excitement...."

The soldiers in the U.S.G. Hospital here have all been armed and are ordered away. That is, all that were able to carry arms and those that were not were sent to Columbia, PA.

On the morrow the soldiers were sent to Harrisburg and confirmation came that the "Rebs" were in Chambersburg. In the evening, Tommy thought everybody was taking it more coolly and observed many people in town from other places. In the midst of such excitement he went to Harrisburg, perhaps intending to enter the photographic business there; family records don't say.

Since Tommy left the Vaudois he had sailed the Mighty Main, traveled by railroad to the Missouri, crossed 1000 miles overland, pioneer style, helped to bury the bleached bones of the victims of a horrible frontier massacre, marched with the Army from Camp Floyd to points east, marched through the Virginia Campaign with its numerous "lay-overs", fought though briefly but in blood, weathering the convalescent period for six months. And he was not yet twenty-one!

He had arrived in America with a limited knowledge of his native tongue and with practically no education other than what he had received among the Vaudois. If one is to judge the matter from his diary, he had learned rapidly under Eugene LeRoy. But that tutor was discharged from the Army in 1860, so Tommy had two years at the most to learn English. At Harrisburg he no doubt met with reverses with turned his mind to finding himself and getting a start in life.

While he was doing that he heard the rumble of the Gettysburg battle again. On June 27 he wrote:

Morning: The city has been all excitement all night and all day yesterday. All the storekeepers are packing up their goods and sending them off, and most every citizen is taking up arms in defense of the city. This morning at 2 o'clock the telegraph was no more in operation to Carlisle. It is believed that the Rebels are there in force.

1 P.M. A telegram has just been received at the Capital that the Rebels have passed through Carlisle and a skirmish has taken place within two miles of Mechanicsburg, which is about nine miles from here. Nearly all the troops have been ordered over the river, and nearly all the citizens have been armed and sent over also.

Evening. The citizens are being armed rapidly and sent over the river. Troops are arriving from Philadelphia and other places and being sent over immediately. Some report our forces over 40,000. The Rebels seem to be making demonstrations on a number of points at once with a view doubtless of distracting our attentions.

Sunday morning, June 26th. The excitement continues. Citizens are still arming themselves and marching around the city. Rebels are still advancing.

11:30 A.M. An Army officer just came in who reports the Rebel cavalry within two and a half miles of Oyster Point and about four and a half miles from here. The excitement is increasing.

Evening. The Rebels are still reported at Oyster Point. Some troops have arrived from Philadelphia and marched over the river. Some of the companies formed in town have gone over also. Companies have been organizing and drilling all day. The excitement has been so great that very few of either sex attended divine services today. The cars have been running free all day for all women and children to leave the city.

The Rebels were at Carlisle as Tommy was told. On the 28th, Sunday, they hoisted the Confederate flag over a barracks. General Ewell, in command, and General Early ordered reconnoitering around Harrisburg which was the objective of the Rebels. General Lee, who was further south in Pennsylvania, heard that General Meade, the Union commander, was on his way north from Frederick, Maryland. Faced with this attack from the rear Lee then ordered Ewell to abandon the Harrisburg objective and to concentrate on Gettysburg.

On the 29th Tommy reported the excitement naturally continued in Harrisburg, troops were training and being sworn into the Federal forces, nearly all stores and shops in town were closed, and skirmishes went on thereabout. That same evening he heard that 12,000 or 15,000 Union troops under Major General John G. Foster were coming from North Carolina to support Meade. In addition, there were 7,000 troops in Philadelphia for the upcoming campaign. In fact, this 20 year old bugler, keeping abreast of the movements of the armies as well as he could, was hearing from the forces across the Susquehanna that they were confident of holding out against Ewell's pressure. As for General Early, he was said to be at York with 15,000 troops to enforce his demand for \$150,000, 40,000 pounds of beef, 50 bags of coffee, and large quantities of merchandise. Continued Tommy:

A large number of Rebels (prisoners) and deserters were brought in this city and the Provost Marshalls are constantly engaged in examining them. Forty one were sent east yesterday and among those sent away was John D. Cruise who had been hovering around here for some time. Two men were arrested after dark this evening below the Half Way House, rounding the river. They were discovered by our pickets and, when hailed, paid no attention to them until eleven shots were fired, when they surrendered. They gave their names as Shaefer and Wilson (son of Ephraim Wilson). They had a long thin pole with a heavy lead and a small signal whistle.

The citizens of Harrisburg, so Tommy reported, were sure that a battle would involve that town on the morning of June 30. During the 29th, skirmishes were heard of in the neighborhood. But later the news was that the Rebels were retreating and that Union General Alfred Pleasanton had arrived at Gettysburg with a large force of cavalry. As for York, where Tommy's dearest friends lived, the Rebs had to be content with taking \$27,000 in cash and \$7,000 worth of goods. But they destroyed 58 freight cars.

Then, in the cockpit of the Civil War all hell broke loose. According to one report, a Rebel force moving into Gettysburg to get shoes for its men, encountered General Meade's forces on Seminary Ridge. From then on the Union men and the Rebels succeeded in killing each other at a furious rate. Under such terrible fighting, Tommy wrote on July 1:

The movements of the troops today were all strictly confidential. No passes were issued to the citizens to cross the river and reporters were positively forbidden to cross, or in any way to make use of information concerning the operations of the Army of the Susquehanna.

Having thus sealed off Dame Rumor and confined the Press to the innocuous area, the Army left Tommy without the facts of the Gettysburg battle. However, he related that the Rebels evacuated Carlisle.

...last night at 11 o'clock. They did not destroy the garrison and they certainly intend to come back.

7:30 p.m. There are several reports in town all to the effect that the Rebels have surrounded our troops at Carlisle. The reports vary in the number of Rebels near Mechanicsburg from 3000 to 8000 (cavalry) If so, our forces at Carlisle will fare badly.

The Rebels finally set fire to buildings there, thought by Tommy to be the barracks. The roar of the Rebel artillery and the Union reply in kind aroused the people of Harrisburg who gathered on the banks of the Susquehanna to see what was happening.

To that account, Tommy added:

Pleasanton's cavalry fought the Rebels' cavalry yesterday at Hanover Junction, killing and capturing 4000, taking six pieces of artillery. Our loss was 200.

What Pleasanton did related to General Lee's predicament at Gettysburg where he looked in vain for the cavalry support that would have been so valuable to him. As for the barracks at Carlisle, Tommy's diary of July 2 gives this report:

After evacuating Carlisle early on yesterday morning Gen. Fitz Hugh Lee's cavalry returned, evidently for the purpose of surprising any force which might have advanced to take possession of it. The Rebels came upon Gen. Smith's force sooner than they anticipated and when they were near Carlisle a sharp skirmish commenced at the end of which the Rebels sent a flag of truce demanding the unconditional surrender of Gen. Smith. Gen. Smith promptly refused to consider the demand and immediately resumed the fight which raged fiercely for an hour. Our troops drove the Rebels steadily for about 15 minutes, compelling them to fall back. At length, the enemy broke and fled through the town, burning the U.S. barracks and gas works.

How Tommy got all his information about the progress of the battles is a mystery unless his nose for military news, sharpened by four years in the army, and his innate inquisitiveness, drove him across town to see what he could pick up for his diary. His report on July 3 follows:

Morning. An officer from Gen. Reynold's staff says that our forces passed through Gettysburg at 10 o'clock yesterday morning and when a quarter of a mile west of town encountered Longstreet and Hill, who attacked Reynold's Corps which was in advance. It stood the force of the attacks until relieved by the 3rd Corps. It was here Generals Reynolds and Paul were killed by a volley from the Rebel infantry. At the close of the evening the whole Army of the Potomac had arrived and Gen. Meade had arranged for the renewal of the battle this morning. Our loss in officers is severe. Cols Wister and Stone and others are wounded. The enemy's loss is fully equal to ours.

General Schenk just telegraphs that our forces captured 6000 prisoners. It is positively asserted in military circles that Jeff Davis was in Green Castle yesterday and it was inferred that he himself will conduct today's battle.

According to Tommy, writing the morning of the 3rd:

Great excitement and anxiety continue to prevail here about the battle fought here yesterday and last night between Gens. Lee and Meade. The roar of artillery was distinctly heard at Columbia, Bainbridge and vicinity of York. At times very rapid and heavy. It was again renewed this morning at daylight. Rained very heavy all night.

This rain proved to be an important factor in the military movements that followed. Lee formed his forces to meet what he thought would be an attack by Meade on the morning of the 4th, but the rain was so heavy he concluded to withdraw under its protection, thinking Meade would not follow too closely. Meade didn't. The battle was over and the Rebels marched out of the North.

IV TOMMY TURNS HOMEWARD

Tommy's efforts to make use of his training in the watchmaking business and in photography, acquired from Eugene LeRoy and Mr. Barnett, bore little fruit. He said nothing in his diary about it; in fact, from the close of the Gettysburg battle to November 1865, he left no record of any kind. He was oppressed in mind by memories of Lidie, by lingering pain and suffering in his arm and side, by lack of personal friends. He felt let down, with an albatross around his neck. His thoughts turned to his home in Utah where his parents still lived and his brothers were hopefully getting along. Tommy had had no word from any of them since he left for Camp Floyd in August 1858.

It was perhaps 1865 when he reached the decision to return to Utah. He kept his unfilled diaries, only to be leafed through while he spent some unhappy hours sitting "in the gallery of his memories" as he expressed it, and occasionally being stirred enough to jot down those few uneventful happenings cluttering his way.

The first of these entries was made in Waterloo, Iowa, November 27, 1865, where his search for work, after leaving Pennsylvania, sent him on to Dubuque with a letter of recommendation from a friend. He wrote for that day:

I fear I shall fail for I can bring no recommendation from influential men, not having been in this part of the country long enough to be well known.

He went on to Webster City in February where it was so cold that men, out of doors for fifteen to twenty minutes, had their faces and ears frozen. He suffered likewise at St. Charles.

A friend of his in Webster City asked him to go examine a horse in the country for which he wanted to trade. Tommy recorded that he paid little attention to the horse since his eye was on the "tavern" they visited. While the friend horsetraded Tommy noted "...the poorest excuse for a tavern I was ever in. With a doz. snotty noses to it, and a woman (dirty) with her dress all torn and bearly (sic) covering her knees &c, Perf. sight"

He was plainly out of practice in writing since his 1863 entries. With no income or other resources, he had to do something besides writing in that diary and looking at taverns with "snotty noses" and tattered mothers.

Pursuing the job problem, he went to Ft. Dodge and then to Nebraska City, Nebraska, reaching there sometime that winter or the following spring. By May 16, 1866, he had reached the west bank of the Missouri River and had only about 1000 miles further to go to reach home – across the very plains he had twice trod, as an emigrant lad and as a soldier.

He renewed his diary on that May day with this opus:

This is a most lovely morning. It is just sun-rise and the birds are singing so charmingly their praises to God in the highest. And Nature has put on her brightest garb to greet the Day. God, rising, so majestically, and give praises unto the Creator of all things. From my window I have a beautiful view.

Even though he was a bit mixed up, he was on the right track again and bid well to improve his English.

At the time Tommy landed there in 1866 Nebraska City was a frontier river town, the railroad not having reached it at that time. The diary indicated the usual social

gatherings such as church parties, skating affairs, local concerts and dinners consisting of chicken, been, venison and desserts such as ice cream, cakes, pies, pickles and preserves.

The war over, the menfolks were sprinkled with some ex-Rebels, Copperheads* and rough river men bent on a night of gambling, as Tommy soon discovered before writing the following:

I wish I had the peculiar gift of some people and that is of being at all times and under all circumstances as agreeable to such as people as I do not like as to those I do; and stand and talk for half an hour or more at a time and answer all kinds of foolish ...questions that are asked by these confounded Ran-away-Rebels and Copperheads, the half of whom are too ignorant to know whether they came from Missouri, N.C., America or Africa; to spell or write their names. I am inclined to believe that some of them do not know yet that the Rebellion was a failure, and that the people, Light and Freedom rule the United States and not Traitors, Darkness and Despotism. And yet these same contemptibly chivalrous wretches expect every Union-loving subject to get down on his knees to them and cry "Lo,m Lord and Master, I am but a miserable worm in thy presence. Do thou as thou wilt with me and mine." If he does not do this, he might just as well leave at once, as he will never be countenanced by these intelligent traitors.

Tommy must have been sorely provoked that day.

This was the town where Tommy found work as a clerk in the post office at a salary of \$700 per annum. He was to sleep in the post office and board at the home of the postmaster who was very kind, Tommy felt. As for that job which included distributing mail, closing up and sweeping out, when needed, besides serving at the general delivery, he had this to record:

Some people think it is fun to stand in a post office and hand out the mail to them, and that they ought to get their mail just whenever they see fit to call, even if it were fifty times a day and whenever you have anything to give them or not, also that you must bow and smile on them under all circumstances no matter how many boorish questions they see fit to ask or uncivil they may be. It may be very pleasant to be a postoffice clerk but I do not think so, especially at the General Delivery.

When the postoffice job started, Tommy was short of being 24, had a mass of brown hair, hazel eyes the bearing of a soldier, about five feet eight and a general appearance of intelligent interest in life. He had that grace and masculinity attractive to ladies. In fact, judging from the many diary entries showing his "dates" with the fair sex, it was at this time that he picked up in attention to amatory matters and dropped off some of his melancholiness. In fact, he seems to have overdone this.

Many of the tragic stories of the West impressed Tommy who spent much of his time in the office sweeping out, walking up and down and distributing the mail that came in after he spent a night at the lodge.

Tommy proved to be a joiner. For nearly five years his companionship had consisted of soldiers. With a longing for home, he gravitated to the fraternal organizations of Nebraska City, becoming a member of Oteo Lodge No. 4, Independent Order of Good Templars as well as Frontier Lodge No. 3, Independent Order of Fellows.

* A Copperhead is a Northerner who sympathized with the South during the Civil War

As Worthy Secretary and Worthy Financial Secretary of the Templars, he sought better organization than existed in those lodges at that time. In the spring of 1867 he was installed as Worthy Chief Templar.

As for the Odd Fellows, he experienced difficulty in finding his fraternal brothers at the hall. But he did find them there once in March when they suspended one of the brothers for drinking “spirituous liquors”, gambling and drawing a revolver. He hoped the action would be “...a warning to anyone who may feel inclined to follow in his footsteps.” The regrettable instance was further emphasized in a statement that the Order does not admit to membership men who have these degrading and contemptible traits. But sometimes, in spite of all their vigilance, they slipped in and caused the Order damage.

Here and there in his diary are indications that he had the desire to have the imagination of a poet, the language of an author and the capacity to spin tales that would delight the world, all leading him on to an absorbing interest in words and their use. Clearly, he had ambitions to get above the menial tasks of the clerkship he held.

Not having an opportunity to achieve distinction in the literary field, he concentrated on his “dear journal”, as he termed it, pouring out his heart on such subjects as the weather, the arrival of mails from East and West and North and South and by packet from St. Joe, and the longings he had for the companionship of others, particularly some young and charming ladies of about any age from 18 to 22 or even older. He even plucked a rose from the garden where he stayed, and pressed it between the leaves of Mrs. Felicia Hemans’ poetical works.

On the tragic side, he learned of an agreeably beautiful young lady who on a Sunday morning was struck down by a bolt of lightning during a terrible storm. Again he was told of an altercation between two drunks in front of a saloon when one pulled a knife and stabbed the other twice, into his heart, killing him instantly. A young German lad committed suicide by discharging a shotgun into his side horribly mangling his body. The poor soul was known to be short of good sense, Tommy added. A Mr. Flannery was shot through the groin in a gamblers’ row in a gambling hall. He was a peace officer from Iowa “...the same who arrested Dirks, the murderer of the boy Hammond, last summer.” He died a few days after the shooting. Before he died he acknowledged to the man who shot him, “Ransford was acting in self defense.” that he, Flannery, was choking the other man.

When it came to the weather, which was something that happened oftener than any other episode in Nebraska City, Tommy outdid himself. He found days to be lovely, pleasant and filled with the golden sunshine of the Great West. As for snow, he took note of it in January, 1867, because it brought sleighing that buried him in self pity:

I wish I could do a little of it myself. But I am tied down here, and besides am too poor to indulge in such things. Once I used to, every day and night nearly, be out sleighing, driving or riding. But (He seemed to sink into a pond of despair) ...that time is gone, and I think I will never see any more like it. Then, I had many friends, now they are precious few, if any.

With the thawing of the snow and ice, however, the despondency also melted and left him face to face with having met “L.R.” again and once more “...looked into those beautiful, deep, soul-inspiring eyes, so candid, truthful and reliant. O how they remind me of hers who now ‘sleeps that knows no awakening’ in a cold, cold snowclad churchyard, far, far away: thousands of miles.”

He was lost in the agonies of remembrance, although in none of his diaries can be found a trace of any of his romantic girls indulging in that memorable slumber. Or,

mayhaps, it was the Muse of Poetry stirring his soul. One can never tell. Later in life he gave vent to quite a lengthy poem on the theme of his days in battle. It began with this tribute to his youth in among the Vaudois:

I was carried away in a beautiful dream
And I wandered again by my native stream
Where often, when a little boy
I sauntered in my childish joy
And found new pleasures in each nook,
In every barn a picture book
Wherein I read some fairy tale,
Of gifts of God that never fail.

I saw again the sloping mountain,
The flowery valle and crystal fountain,
That sparkled in its granite bed
And from the living rock was fed;
To feed in turn the passing lip,
For who'd refuse to take a sip
From such a sweetly smiling face
Offered with such enchanting grace,
To lonely youth or wrinkled age,
To charming lady or her page,
For all alike the laughing hint,
"Come and drink me without stint".

Nor did he forget his mother:

Then from this most inviting spot,
I turned aside to view the cot –
The dear old cot where I was born –
And often in life's rosy morn
I sat beside my mother's knee
And in attentive infant glee
I listened to some tale she told,
That never wearied or grew old.

In January, 1867, sidewalks and streets were covered with ice "so that it is rather dangerous to perambulate". Toward spring his concern centered on why there should be so much rain and snow and cold and freezing then muddy roads and sidewalks. Then would come such radiant sunshine and clear skies, except for a flitting cloud or two, that life was an ecstasy of loveliness. Ice formed and skating entered his head; but he found out that after 12 or 14 years he had forgotten the best of his ability to skate. With two or three boon companions, however, and some young ladies, he quickly picked up his artful ways and again was on top of the world.

Nor did he neglect the coming and going of the mails, so erratic at times, so persistent in coming at all hours of the night, so stacked up after a week's delay because of floods and the failure of the packet from St. Joe. Sometimes he was sorely beset as he returned from Lodge meeting to find two or three hours of work sorting letters that arrived in his absence.

There were dramas and sideshows and comedies, all of interest to the young postoffice clerk. Besides the Siamese twins, Chang-Eng, the Bearded Lady, and the Wild

Men of Borneo, there were the California Minstrels, the melodramatic “Ticket of Leave” and the tragic “Lucretia Borgia”. He did not neglect to vent his criticism of each show and even pulled the whiskers of the Bearded Lady (at her invitation) to confirm their authenticity. As for Lucretia, she was most effectively butchered throughout the play. Tragedy, he thought, was not the itinerant groups’ forte. The afterpiece, “The Rough Diamond”, gave general satisfaction. As for the Wild Men of Borneo, their enormous strength was shown when one of them, a small weazened old man of 60 or 70, seized below the knees two large men, arms entwined and weighing in the neighborhood of 300 pounds in all, and hurled them to the floor three feet away.

Not the least of the engaging social refinements of the town was the theological aspect of all Sundays and sometimes midweek get-togethers. The Sunday displays were by Reverend Doctors of Theology, of which he listed eight, supplemented by a Bishop whose sermon was the best Tommy had ever listened to. One of the Reverend Doctors, however, impressed Tommy as a man characterized altogether with an “I” and “U” complex. Another was a Spiritualist whose forte was to sustain Modern Spiritualism by the Bible and, in that connection, to prove that there are several heavens and a also a key to unlock the universe, all of which he proceeded to elucidate. One of the good doctors frowned on that spiritualism as of the devil.

All in the stay in Nebraska City was filled with the common things of frontier life, even from his menial job to his exaltation as Worthy Chief Templar. He entered social life, with the ladies, the men and the clergy; and he left them, seemingly, with their good wishes for a safe and successful journey by wagon train to Salt Lake City. He and his black mare Puss faced the rigors of the trail with Dr. Ralph.

PART V: TOMMY RIDES PUSS TO UTAH

In preparation for the long journey between the Missouri and Salt Lake City, Tommy went to the country on July 16, 1867 to pick up his black mare for some training. He said he took a long ride and found the mare rather manageable; but during the next effort to tame her, Puss rebelled furiously for half an hour, giving Tommy a rough go to stay aboard. But the persistent Tommy, after some further rounds with his mount, was ready to make the long journey with Dr. Ralph.

Tommy neglected to say just how many wagons were in the train, but the entry in the diary showed them to be several. The entries indicated as that Tommy, while not holding the post of Wagonmaster, had a degree of usefulness shared with Dr. Ralph. Unquestionably, he had many things to do, from standing nightherd to rounding up cattle of a morning.

The train, without Dr. Ralph and Tommy, started July 20, but cattle trouble limited the mileage to nine miles in three days. Meeting Dr. Ralph the morning of the 24th, arrangements were made to start that afternoon to overtake the herd.

The days' drives were started around five to six of a morning, pushing on until 10 o'clock and breakfast. As soon as a good camping place with water was reached in the afternoon, the train halted. In this manner about 18 to 20 miles were covered each day over the trails east of Wyoming.

The trail from Nebraska City was well south of the Platte River, heading toward Big Blue River, and then on along the south side of Beaver Creek which the men of the train bridged. This was done on the last of day of July. The train had had more cattle trouble; the herd, joined by the horses, stampeded two or three nights when Tommy was on watch. He found that horse thieves caused some of these troubles, but when shots were fired, the thieves were discouraged.

Traveling on the south side of Beaver Creek they had some difficulty finding good water, preventing stampedes and finding good camp sites. They met a train of 9 or 10 wagons the first day of August that was returning from California and Oregon. The 25 men accompanying the wagons said they had seen no hostile Indians at any time. One the following day, they met another train, this one from Salt Lake City. The travelers told Tommy they had been in Salt Lake City and vicinity for 19 years and were going to the States to see how things were. They also reported no Indian and no trouble. Such news made Dr. Ralph's crew feel better.

That night, in spite of the reports from the other trains, Tommy said there were "Indians prowling the hills all night."

By this time they were leaving the last camping place on the Beaver Creek and two days later were on the Platte River. Wrote Tommy:

Saw several men at the ranch where that woman was killed & the two young ladies and 2 boys taken prisoners by the Cheyennes (sic) about the middle of last July.

After a drive of 9 miles on August 7, camp was made near Kearney. Tommy said the fort and the city were deserted, although some people were there "...too mean as a general thing to live anywhere else." Traveling next day from Kearney "...deer and the remains of buffalo killed yesterday" were found, but no signs of Indians. The following day Tommy wrote:

Learned from the operator at Plum Creek that on the 6th inst. a large body of Cheyenne Indians crossed the river at a point about 12 miles above here & attacked a (railroad) train of 9 cars on the U.P.R.R. carrying away nearly everything, tearing the track up 1000 yards and killing four men. I heard of this at the telegraph in Kearney, but no particulars. Evidently were only warriors, for although there were very few lodges there were many ponies.

Upon arrival of the train where the Indians crossed the river Tommy found all was peaceful, and yet he knew it was hostile Indian country where to be alert was smart and necessary. Wyoming was not too far off and the wind that usually blows over that high country was due to meet them soon. Tommy reported:

Camped on a sloo for dinner. The weather could not be more favourable, the roads ditto. Afternoon drive 10 miles. Camped about 1 ½ miles from Gillman's Ranch. Several men, women and children there going away to Kearney tomorrow or next day. They report Indians are very bad about Cottonwood. The mosquitoes were so bad that hardly and sleep blessed our eyelids all night.

Reports concerning Indians were not reassuring but trouble came to the train from another source that had nothing to do with the Bugler. It came from the railroad building between Omaha and Ogden immediately at their side. On Monday, August 12, at breakfast time, about five miles out from Cottonwood, something went wrong with the telegraph poles along the railroad right-of-way. When the Wagonmaster, W. M. Curlew, reached Cottonwood, he was arrested for burning down or cutting up some of those poles. But Dr. Ralph told the arresting officers that he himself was the responsible party leading the train and he would make good any harm that was the train's doing. So the Wagonmaster was released while Dr. Ralph spent the night in the guardhouse. The telegraph operator was a friend of Dr. Ralph. He assured the law men that he would be responsible for Dr. Ralph.

The facts were that one of the drivers bumped into a pole, breaking it in two. Instead of repairing the damage the driver left it on the ground. So Dr. Ralph repaid the telegraph people, and the driver went on his way. The next day, when the train was about five miles west of Cottonwood, a soldier and the operator arrested the driver, although Dr. Ralph thought he had settled the matter. But it seemed to Tommy that such a procedure was wrong and the action of the proprietor in settling the matter should have relieved the driver. Along this line he proceeded to write a thesis on the legality of the various procedures. That was something Tommy thought he had to get off his chest.

The train, continuing on its way, drove through hordes of grasshoppers, so many that travel was difficult. The weather was hot, the roads and trails were dusty, and water and grass for the cattle were scarce. That night the cattle became restless, got away from the nightherders and stampeded for something to eat and drink. The following morning the boys had to turn out to find the beasts before the trip could be resumed. Thereafter, for some time, Tommy found himself hunting cattle before a move could be made to the West.

It was Indian country all right, Pawnees and Cheyennes to the north of the Platte and Arapahoes along the South Platte. The train was approaching the present Nebraska-Wyoming border. Tommy saw where a band of about 70 Indians had crossed the trail, going to the hills. There was no incident that could be said to have endangered the train in the least, merely putting the party on the alert. On August 16, getting close to the border, four soldiers, coming to camp, said Indians were all around in the hills adding

“...they all have two revolvers and a Henry and Spencer rifle.” That information, if possible, further alerted the party.

Tommy noticed some bizarre characters, not the least of which was the one described in the entry for August 17:

Drove 11 miles, camping 9 miles from Beauvar's Ranch. Very warm and sultry. A man with a dare-devil face, both eyes bunged up (black) & blood on several parts of his attire, came to camp about 1 P.M. Wanted to know if there were any ranches on the road to Nebraska City and if anybody lived in them. Told him there were plenty of ranches but no one in them, except here and there a telegraph station, bunks and Jack Mormon ranches. He had no arms and nothing to eat. Gave him dinner and he started off East. He said he was from Ft. Sedgwick. I think him a fugitive from justice.

Less bizarre were these animals, encountered on the 18th:

The buffalo gnats are swarming the road and they cover the wagon, stock and everything else. Drove through the flying aunts (sic) 8 miles.

The travelers, stopping a short distance east of Sedgwick and not far from Julesburg, began unloading wagons at a stage station in preparation for crossing the South Platte river. The crossing began at 6:20 P.M. “While the train was in the river,” wrote Tommy, “a severe storm came up, and by the time we got to camp about 500 yards this side it turned to heavy hail which continued for about an hour.” The refurnishing of the train extended over to the afternoon of the 22nd.

As for Tommy, he hounded the postoffice at Julesburg in vain for letters which, he knew, must be there because he had written certain young ladies giving Julesburg as the point to write to. He ascribed his failure to turn up the correspondence to the inefficiency of the postoffice. They weren't even polite.

The stop at Sedgwick was a refurnishing that had to last for many a mile; and the stay ought to signal a good time for the wayfarers. The night before the train left, Tommy gave this account:

Will start tomorrow for Ft. Bridger and Salt Lake City, Utah. Gave tickets to all the boys to go to the varieties last night and this. Nearly everybody about the train drunk.

For one or two days there appeared to have been a general let-down following the drinking spree, joined in by the Wagonmaster and his assistant. One of the nightherders became “outrageously crazy drunk. Had to tie him up, and one of the men got a black eye from him while doing so.” Tommy, however, did not in any manner implicate himself in the orgy.

The train got on its way again on the 23rd, heading toward Lodgepole Creek. Quite heavy showers and a sort of hurricane interfered with comfortable travel. The hurricane started just after the cattle were unyoked and hit with such force the wagons were nearly upset. The boys then turned to a little fishing, getting some nice eight inch trout. Upon reaching Lodgepole Creek, called by Tommy Pole Creek, the train turned westward from the Oregon Trail onto Bridger Road, proceeding generally parallel to the new railroad and the creek.

The long trail from California and Oregon, as well as from Utah, headed into this Bridger road at a point near Julesburg. The traffic on this highway by 1867 was getting

heavy. Dr. Ralph's train was being joined by others, and the U.S. Army was using the road to move its equipment eastward. The grading of the railroad was going to parts farther west. Traffic and railroad building were being duly noted by Tommy.

As they approached the Laramie river country the road to that point was left to right as the train proceeded northwest. A squadron of cavalry passed on the 26th and that night, so Tommy reported, was the coldest they had spent on the road. The train was still on Lodgepole Creek, but the road being traveled was in bad condition and so crooked that the train, the next day, had to ford the creek twice in 100 yards. Encountering mush sand hard to pull through, they pulled onto higher ground. Other trains joined them, whereupon the total strength, thought Tommy, could repel any Red Man assault. But the high ground afforded less water suitable to drink, making necessary a trip to railroad camps, a mile and a half away, for a supply.

The train was traversing antelope country. The men shot a number of them but some got away, slightly wounded. They were nearing Wyoming but going rather slowly because of the bad condition of the roads. On the 30th, camp was made near Pine Bluffs on the state line. During the day Tommy saw a company of 2nd U.S. Cavalry going east. Next came about 40 Pawnee scouts from the west, camping by the train. Tommy wrote: "We gave them some matches and a few other things." Camp was made on the bluff opposite Pine Bluffs. The whole day was spent in rain.

It should be borne in mind that the train was traveling almost parallel to the line of the railroad, that it was traversing Indian country, that the Indians resented the appropriation of their lands and foresaw the influx of more unfavorable people. These things were fermenting in the Indians' minds, but likely left the travelers unmindful of what might happen. The white men saw the Redmen as enemies ready to pounce on them. The Redmen no doubt saw the white men taking possession of their lands.

Tommy said nothing much to show he had any other than white men attitudes. His mind centered on the train and the trail. On Saturday, August 31, he wrote:

Left 5:40 A.M. and drove 11 miles before we came to water; camped for breakfast. A Gov. train of 50-odd 6-mule teams passed us while in camp. In the afternoon we drove about 7 miles and had to camp about 3 miles from water. Took the cattle for water and had enough in the kegs for coffee. The nights and mornings are getting colder each day.

The events of today along the roads of the same country, filled as they are with autos and tourists, are in strong contrast to those described by Tommy on Sunday, September 1, 1867:

Started at usual time and made 11 miles before breakfast. Passed several parties of Pawnee scouts and 3 or 4 water wagons, hauling water to the railroad grading 3 miles south of us. Made about 10 miles in the afternoon and had again had to camp without water, the creek being dry for 3 or 4 miles on each side of us. Had nothing to eat as we had no water in the kegs to cook.

Monday, September 2nd: Started about 5:40 A.M., went about 4 miles & found water & grass, so we camped. Saw two herds of antelope and some ducks. Drove about 10 miles in afternoon and camped on Pole Creek as usual and found good grass.

This last camp was about west of the present site of Cheyenne. The next day brought them close to the mountains extending toward Laramie:

Tuesday, September 3: Started about 5:30 A.M. and camped at 11:25 A.M. making a little over 12 miles. Antelopes line the hills upon each side of the road. Went 6 miles and camped near Fort Waldack at the foot of the Black Hills. Warmer all night than for some time.

According to Tommy, the train next day camped on top of the Black Hills. They sent the cattle to a little valley for water and grass. On the 5th the Laramie River was reached at a point about two miles below Fort Saunders. There, he received letters from Mollie, Ella, Emma and others. For the 6th, he recorded:

Layed over all day. Were examined by the officers at the fort. Answered all my letters and wrote others. The Snowy Ridge is in full view from here. All the letters I got yesterday inform me that letters were sent to Julesburg for me. And I know they must have been there when I inquired, as they no doubt had the necessary time.

The train had had minor troubles with steep hills and banks of rivers, like all pioneer outfits, one of which occurred on the 7th:

Left early and started to cross the river. The sixth wagon turned over going through the cut in the bank to the water but did not reach the water. Damages about \$25. Made about 7 miles and a dry camp for breakfast. Very windy and dusty, of course. Went 10 miles further and camped on the Little Laramie. Called at P.O. in the morning and could not get my mail, or was told nothing was in the office or me. My friend, Mr. Stonebreaker, called a few minutes after for another man and got five for me. These petty P.M. do not half attend to their business and are too independent to give a civil answer at any time or look for letters when inquired for. It was thus with the P.M. at Julesburg when I was there, as some left Omaha on the 13th of August and it only takes 24 hours.

An ex-employee of the P.O. Tommy felt it his duty, it would seem, to criticize the service of "these petty P.M.S.", even though some of his complaint may have stemmed with dilatory dames in writing.

As to the resiliency of the female in times of stress, he had this to record on the 8th:

Started early again but in crossing river a yoke broke & it was sometime before it could be replaced. Made 10 miles this morning or have since left Ft. Sedgwick. There was an increase in our numbers last night. An episode occurred with a man and wife who joined us at the Black Hills from Standish's train. She was harnessing and hitching horses yesterday & they are traveling again this morning. Afternoon drive of about 8 miles brought us to Cooper's Creek at dusk. Eight soldiers are here guarding this station. They report having seen eight Indians going up the hills.

Tommy saw plenty of the animal life, particularly the antelope:

Monday, September 9: The usual time saw us on our way, all right side up with care & no accident of any consignment (sic), beyond the breaking of a few keys to place throughout the drive. Made 9 miles and camped on the creek at Albert Huston's old ranch. Coming through a little valley we saw hundreds of antelopes and deer on all the hills around. Dick Malam killed a fine yew (sic) antelope and

we had a splendid dinner. Went 3 miles in the afternoon drive and camped on Rock Creek.

By this time, the train was nearing Medicine Bow, the locale of The Virginian. Tommy made no note of that since The Virginian's publicity agent had not been employed at the time.

About six miles west of Medicine Bow they reached Fort Halleck, virtually abandoned with only a few soldiers on hand to do the odd jobs for such an installation. On the 11th and 12th, up hill all the way, the train made but 12 or 15 miles a day. Leaving Pass Creek on the 13th they made 16 miles and camped a mile from the North Platte and 2 ½ from the ford. The area is historic as Tommy's entry from the 14th infers:

Forded the river and camped on the West Side, about 3 miles from last night's camp. For a little over half a mile the teams had to be doubled, this includes the crossing itself. The Standish mule and horse team passed us last night in camp and we ditto it this morning. I found a great deal of mail lying along a river bank & at an old mail station. I found a large piles of paper for California, Oregon and Idahoe (sic), with a mail bag marked for Sacramento, California. Stages run higher up the river, at the new crossing now. Laid over for repairs the remainder of the day. The Standish train passed us again. Nearly all the boys went out hunting and all brought in from 1 to 4 rabbits a piece. Very windy all afternoon and night.

The country being traversed was over 7500 feet in elevation and in the immediate vicinity of the summit of the Rocky Mountains. There were still 50 or 60 miles to go, but the whole atmosphere of the trip was changed from one of apprehension about Indians to the fierceness of struggle through mud and high, clayey country. The pass to the Pacific side of the country was one the railroad was headed for. South Pass, used by the Oregon Trail and the early Mormons, was northwest about 50 or 60 miles.

So far the trip of the Ralph train was rather uneventful, as compared to what other trains had gone through. But it nevertheless had much of the same quality of work and strain and fight to make progress each day. It is noticeable in the diary entries that Tommy wrote little compared to how he expanded on his troubles in the Virginia Campaign.

As the train approached the hump of the Rocky Mountains the weather changed:

Sunday September 15: Made a very early start and passed the Standish train at the first station on Sage Creek, 6 miles. Camped at the 2nd station on Sage Creek and so did the other train. Very stormy and snowing in the mountains ahead of us. Standish broke an axle and camped near us. Drove 4 miles in afternoon and camped on Willow Creek. Took the stock to the mountains for feed.

Early in the morning of the 16th the weather turned cold, followed by snow, hail and rain until evening. The drive was for 5 miles only and then they had to lay over. Snow fell that night and the outlook for travel next day was bad. The train laid over all of the 17th, with more snow, hail and rain. The cattle became restless during the night and wandered off so the lads had to turn out for a hunt the next day. The next day was warm and pleasant although the night was very cold, followed by a frost.

This high country was cut by small streams and no particular large one. One creek the followed was damned every few hundred yards by beaver dams. The country side was covered with brush and willows and cattle could soon get lost to the herders.

Tommy's experience on the 20th illustrates the minor things:

Roads very bad with grading in some places. Made about 6 miles before breakfast, camping at 10 o'clock about a mile beyond (west) of Sulphur Springs. Started again about 5 o'clock and went 4 miles further across the hills, camping on the same creek. Found pretty good cane grass. Lost a steer at breakfast and I ventured to get it, but after finding and chasing it 3 or 4 times across the creek it got dark and I had to give it up and come out to camp without him.

On my way up the hill I found Mr. Rees and the mess wagon with one yoke of oxen. The wagon way(sic) across the hills and he half frightened to death. "What is the matter Mr. Rees?" I said. "Broke 'im tongue and 'ad I no put 'im break hon'e mash'im all to pieces."

Having no ropes or anything else to fix it, I rode on to camp and reported the case, when another yoke and the necessaries to bring the wagons were sent back in charge of John Rummans and Jim Burnes. They did not return until nearly 11 o'clock and in consequence thereof we had no supper.

The train started the next morning without anything to mar the peace of the travelers. But Tommy, telling the Assistant Wagon Master, Mr. Rummans, about the steer in yesteday's troubles, was joined by Rummans in a hunt which, in the end was successful. Although they found tolerably good feed on the hills they had to abandon a weakened ox, a further depletion of their travel assets.

They were camping on what Tommy called the Muddy, due to its clayish appearance. On the 22nd, the last camp on that stream was made after only 4 miles of travel. Ten miles further they reached Duck Station, but "...we could find no lake or water for the stock, although it got some good feed and they looked well in the morning. Were compelled to leave another wornout steer behind. Sam Tate's train of 35 4-mule teams, and the Standish train, camped with us tonight".

It took the train 9 days to travel from the east bank of the North Platte to the last camp on the Muddy, a distance of about 60 miles. Added to the snow, the rain and the sleet was further trouble. Tommy wrote on the 23rd:

The water (in a creek) is strongly impregnated with alkali and the surface of the ground is covered with it. We drove to a station on the hills in the afternoon and camped for the night without water, there being only a little spring at the station and just enough water for themselves and horses. Sent the stock about a mile south over the hills to graze.

The train was at Barrel Springs. The next day they reached Laclede and Bitter Creek. The going was rough, the crest of the Rockies was being passed and tragedy plagued the agent of the Stage Line. Sam Tate was waiting for feed from the agent, who had to go to Sulphur Springs where a man, in pulling a shot gun from the boot of the stage, let his revolver drop to the ground. It went off, the ball passing from his right side below the ribs to his heart and out his left shoulder.

Wednesday, September 25: Only made one drive and that for 11 miles. Started from camp at 11 o'clock and camped again at 4. Road not very good. Sent stock to the other side. All had to swim and mire but got out all right. After camping, the boys had a treat killing sage hens and rabbits.

From the standpoint of the stock, the next day was no better:

Most all stock mired again, and one steer could not get out and had to shoot him. At about 11 A.M. the train left and Frank Williams, the night herder and I remained to hunt a steer that was lost. I found about 2 P.M. and started the train with Sam Tate in front of us. We had a pretty hard traveling to keep up. I ate some bean soup in the morning and about 3 miles before I reached camp had such cramps that I could hardly sit on my horse. As soon as I got into camp I took two doses of opium and laudanum with whiskey and painkiller, and in about two hours felt pretty good again.

All the men complain about being covered over the head and nearly all over the body with little bumps which itch and burn, ever since we passed Barrel Springs. I too have been troubled very much with these. Tate camps with us tonight.

According to Tommy's account, the chief concern of the trains – there were three now – was getting feed for the cattle and keeping them near the camps. Each morning for the next three days it appears that the herders slept (mountain fever?) and the cattle strolled out for something to eat. As a result the trains couldn't start until late and the mileage for the day was just about half the usual amount. Then Standish's train ahead of Dr. Ralph's got stuck crossing a little gully and they had to double every team to get going again. Each train helped because Standish was in lead and therefore blocked all traffic.

Running out of flour September 30 left them with a menu of "coffee, bacon and rabbit, with those who had it, and the others was bacon and coffee". On such a meager diet they hunted, next day, on the surrounding hills where the antelope roamed by the hundreds. That night they were at Rock Springs, after having a number of minor accidents such as broken axels and getting stuck in deep ruts requiring unloading and reloading the wagons.

Wednesday, October 2: After putting in the new axel, drove in the stock, and at 2 P.M. broke corral and by sunset camped, having struck Bitter Creek again at 6 miles.... The three last days have been very windy and extremely dusty. Bought a bag of flour, \$17 and one of barley, \$15.

There is a stage station and a ranch here. The latter, of course, keeps all the necessities of life, even including ugly squaws and whiskey, with a number of trappers and mountaineers lounging around.

Bad weather, ratty roads and hungry, restless cattle were obstacles to overcome each day as they dragged on to their goal. Not the least set-back was their running out of flour; the fact that others had a supply to part with was reassuring to the weary travelers, although the cost was high.

Thursday, October 3: Broke corral at 10 A.M. and arrived at Green River at 7 P.M., 11 miles. Two tongues were broken and a new one put in, and one wagon unloaded and reloaded on the way. Road very rough and hilly. Camped on the high hill east side of the river and found good grass around its breaks.

The trains continued to find difficulties along the route. One October 4, Tommy wrote:

Crossed Green River and camped about a mile from the ford at 5 P.M. Doubled all the teams in crossing. Gravel bottom. Grazed the stock on the river. Had

nothing but beans, bacon and about 2 pounds of flour for supper. Kept the beans for breakfast.

Saturday October 5: made a dry camp at 7 miles for breakfast, as we met a train in the morning from which we obtained a sack of flour for \$10. The second drive brought to Hambs (Hamm's) Fork, 7 miles, on which we camped. Good feed. My mare kicked at another horse a few days ago and struck her hock joint against some bar iron ends, bruising it badly. It is so swollen today that she can hardly walk...

High country, miserable roads, Hamm's Fork and threatening weather remained obstacles of no mean size.

October 6: Started early, taking the river road; very bad. Drove about 8 miles before breakfast. All the travel had gone the other road, with the exception of one train, since the storm. Afternoon we made about 2 miles and had to camp at the ford, as it was in an impassable condition, owing to the banks having been washed away by the high waters, and we didn't have time to fix them before sunset or dark. Made a bad mistake in not taking the other road, even if it is 18 miles without water.

It began snowing again the next morning, accompanied by cold that hampered the travel. They made camp on the last crossing of Hamm's Fork that evening, in one and a half inches of snow.

Tuesday, October 8: Started early and on the way were overtaken by two teams from S.L.C. Made arrangements with one to go to S.L.C. with him. Got my things out and started, going to Jack Robinson, two miles from Brid.(Bridger)

So Tommy had made his decision to hasten as much as possible, making his peace with Dr. Ralph. Nor was he prepared for the turn of events in this high, cold country. On October 9:

Started early and at Bridger got 7 letters from friends in the states. Drove to Muddy and found my sister Katie in a Ranche. Did not know her for some time, nor she me. Had then to stay the remainder of the day. Her husband, Mr. Byrne, was out to Pioneer Hollow after timber, and to a meadow after a mowing machine. Came home about 9 o'clock.

After thus greeting the sister whom he had left nine years before, he felt like he was getting back to his family. On the 10th, he went on, stopping at an oil spring to dip out enough medicine for Puss' injured leg to get it back in shape again. He was elated.

Friday, October 11: Drove about 15 miles and camped for dinner. Started again and went a few miles further and met my brother Paul with a two-horse wagon. He inquired if I knew where Dr. R's train was. Answered accordingly & asked his name. Paul Cardon, said he. Told him he need go no further as I was the man he was in search of. We did not know each other until then. Drove about 10 miles further and camped for the night.

Having found sister and brother, Tommy was making good entry into his long-lost family. He was weary of so much trail-traveling, of being lonely for young

companions, of being footloose in the great stretches of country he had seen. Not only that, he had little heart for writing in his “beloved journal”, as it can be noted in the entries he made; sparse to the extreme about suddenly meeting brother and sister. And too, the long trip from Nebraska City where he desponded of ever being rich enough to continue his journey to Utah and family, his fear perhaps of the Indian – all these things were at an end. The unheroic, uneventful journey was over for the dedicated Civil War soldier. He had need only to descend the mountain trails and roads into Salt Lake City.

As he moved forward with his new companion he noted many changes:

Saturday, October 12: The day’s drive took us to Parley’s Park, where we passed the night. The roads have all been changed since I was in the country and are all toll. A man had better take his pocket book out at Bridger and not keep it in his hand until he reaches Salt Lake if he does not wish to wear his pockets out.

When he reached Salt Lake City he found more changes. He was there on the 13th and gone on the 14th for Logan where most of the family were living. He and Paul stopped at Ogden to see their brother John, living at Five Points. Tommy wrote:

Tuesday, October 15...took breakfast south of Ogden at James Beus’ After, drove to Chas. De Saule’s & an Italian’s and then to brother John’s. Only his wife at home. Went to the farm, or rather, sugar mill and saw him.

October 16: Left Ogden Hole early in the morning and drove to Willow Creek where Paul wished to buy some peaches, but did not succeed as they were all sold, although the crop has been large. Drove to Box Elder valley...from there to Logan, Cache Valley, Utah, where I am now staying. Here I found my father and mother, Mrs. Paul Cardon and friends.

VI: THE CONVERSION OF TOMMY

Tommy, in returning to the bosom of family, found what he did not expect. In joining the Mormons his family had adopted a new faith, a new way of looking at spiritual things, a new way to conduct their lives. Not only were these alterations made in their thinking and practices, but they had experienced the necessity of adapting themselves to a new physical environment far away from the Vaudois valleys where a reasonable amount of rain provided moisture for their growing crops, they now had to follow up the stream flowing from the mountains to a point where they could plan to bring the water to the farms through canals. Nor could they do that alone; it had to be done by joining with others. There were other hardships to overcome; e.g. fighting Indians.

As for Tommy, he had wandered among the people of the East, the soldiers of the war, the sort of people living a frontier life of a different character. When he went to church, it was to a Methodist or Baptist or an Episcopalian service, even, as we have seen to a Spiritualist. He had found them kind and considerate toward him and he had mingled freely with them in their fraternal lodges.

Now in Utah, he met people whose beliefs clashed with those held by his associates of the past nine years. When he went to church in Logan he met many different nationalities with strong views of their new faith, and people who were of the opinion that their new religion and new way of life were superior to those of other people. At first, Tommy was dismayed and didn't like what he saw, even though his parents were part of the Mormon community. Then he saw certain merits, learned to respect the people and was convinced of their faith and of his necessity to join them in their religious life. Which he did.

As for his ambition to write, his diaries showed a decreasing intention to pursue that work but he did not forget it entirely. After a few years he was writing poems addressed mostly to his experience in the war. Some of them show an attachment to the first girls he met in Pennsylvania. After he met a sweet lass of 17 or 18 in Utah, however, nearly all his poems were addressed to her and to her alone. More of that later.

Hardly has he become settled in Logan when he wrote:

Everybody is in a bustle and preparing for the drill since yesterday afternoon.*
Went to the camping ground with Maj. M. Lewis & his battalions. They were about to be on the ground at 8 A.M. but kept coming in till dark. At about 2 P.M. the troops that were on the ground began to drill. Very poor maneuvering. Put one in mind of raw recruits or worse, as there is no discipline among them.

Lack of discipline would be noticeable to a wartime soldier. Tommy didn't allow for that fact in his further report of the camping and drill. He continued his account of the first day:

About 2 P.M. General Wells made his appearance on the parade ground and he was received in a kind of matter-of-fact way. Col. Winder of his staff then drilled the Cav. For about 2 hours and they were dismissed. Gen. Welles and young Brigham Young were on the ground. The Gen. is about 50 years old and a shrewd looking man.

* It was the start of a three day drill under General Daniel Wells, Commandant of the Saints' forces accompanied by Brigham Young, jr.

Tommy, the bugler, got a better view of the assembled men the next day when he brought his writing instincts more into use:

Drill commenced at 9 A.M. and continued until 12 M. These Mormons are a motley crew. Carry all styles of arms, from a bellmuzzle blunder buss to Henry's and Spencer rifles. No uniforms and their dress or clothing is made in all styles from the time of the pioneers and Mayflower to this day. The Infantry is much more skilled in the manual of arms than the cavalry. The Cav. Men are generally good riders, & pretty well supplied with carbines, but few revolvers and no sabers. Even the officers, or some of them, are minus the sword, & the majority of those who have them know nothing about them, & look very much like a New York counter jumper handling a pick for the first time to dig gold.

The forenoon was taken up with sham fighting, and the afternoon with the Grand Review. The evening was taken up with much horse and man racing.

I came home rather sick of the drill and everything else, as well as bodily. Having had cramps about my chest and lungs with a bad cold, owing to sleeping in the cold last night, although inside the tent.

The General leaves for Box Elder tomorrow morning. After the Review he made a braggadocio speech the effect that the Mormons were and are able to whip any force that can be brought against us.

Tommy busied himself with such chores as building and equipping a room for himself, tinkering at odd jobs for his Aunt Suzette, who immigrated as a young girl from the Vaudois, and going to the canyon for wood. While there on one occasion he let a log fall on his foot, doing minor damage; his brother Paul was injured by the wagon running over his left foot; and his father in falling off the wagon was quite painfully injured. Tommy sharpened and counted two saws, began on the making of a writing desk (escritoire) for himself and went hunting ducks and chickens without meeting much success. He also attended a business meeting of the Saints that opened with prayer, followed by singing and general exhortation to obey the brethren and to have 20 of the men take up the work of building a road through Logan Canyon to Bear Lake. He was not idle.

The room was finished by November 22 and Tommy promptly moved in his own habitation. "it is very damp yet, and I fear unfit to be in". But let him tell his story:

Monday, November 25: Went to bed about 9 o'clock, Paul and Suzette putting a pan of charcoal in my room to warm it. After being in bed a while I felt a choking sensation and severe headache. I did not know what to make of it and tried to go to sleep. Slept a while and awakened worse than ever. Tried to get up and make a noise, but could not. Such a weary, drowsy feeling was upon me, altogether with a headache that I could not move. I knew then what it was. My room was very close and did not allow the carbonic acid or gas to escape and I was being smothered to death by its poisonous effect.

I gathered all the strength and energy I could command and got out of bed to open the door. I was unable to stand and fell forward against an escritoire and book case opposite my bed. I managed to reach the door and take hold of the latch and pull, from which time I knew nothing until stiff and cold with a terrible headache and suffocating sensation in my throat and chest.

I tried to call my brother but was unable to do so. Tried to get into bed but failed. I felt my chances for life were growing less every minute, and that I must do something soon or it would be too late. Creeping to the desk I succeeded in

getting upon my feet, then, by leaning against the wall, to cross another room and open another door immediately in front of my brother's door, calling him all the while.

From here I do not remember anything till I was lying on Paul's bed and I was telling him what was the matter. The next thing I remember was Dr. Cranney was administering a emetic. By morning I was recovering, and late in the evening of Tuesday I was just able to stand on my feet. Had I thought of it when the coals were put into my room, I would have known the effect it would have on animal life, as I have seen and read of several cases of death by it.

Tommy's life in Logan, up to 1871, was spun of such small and large events. He tinkered and repaired and learned of the ways and needs of his brothers and sisters. He even met another brother, Phil, whom he didn't know and hadn't seen for many a year. He went to Wyoming, on one occasion, to see Katy and Mary, his sisters, and while there received a letter from Lucie.

The letter from Lucie was the reply to one Tommy had sent to Lucy Smith, daughter of Thomas X. Smith of Logan. Lucy was born January 5, 1852, in Eton Brae, near Dunstable, Bedfordshire, England. Her father and mother, converts to the Mormon church, made arrangements to migrate to America, along with many other English converts. The journey began in March, 1853, when Lucy was 14 months old. The ocean part ended at New Orleans, which was the common port of entry for most of the emigrants of that time. The customary travel from there was up the Mississippi River to Keokuk, Iowa or St. Louis, Missouri, and from thence (Keokuk) overland through Iowa to Council Bluffs on the Missouri River, or from St. Louis up the Missouri to whatever frontier departure to the plains had been chosen.

During the three months' sea trip Lucy, she later told her children, learned to walk aboard ship. In the days when she was getting quite old, she thought she had walked along a handcart when she had left the Missouri at Council Bluffs; but when she was reminded of her age and found out that the handcarts were not put into use until later, she understood and accepted the version that it was her father's wagon that she was walking alongside of, which was something of accomplishment at that, for the young miss was a mere toddler less than two years old. She gained a brother as the emigrant train was crossing Iowa when the Smith wagon pulled from the train to accommodate the newcomer. All went well and the new baby, Orson, with the family overtook the train as life went on as usual* .

The father of Lucy was a braider of straw hats in England. It is understandable that he must have encountered hard going in his new place at Farmington, Utah, to sustain his growing family by manufacturing straw hats. Lucy used to tell her children, later in life, that she could remember the hardships of poverty and the little help her family could secure from neighbors equally hard put for food. She went over to a neighbor's house one wintry morning to borrow something of other just as the woman of the household threw out onto the snow a crust of bread that mother promptly reclaimed.

* The family has written about this voyage, using the date of departure as 1854, but if Lucy did so much onboard ship it must have been 1853. On the other hand, she could have walked along side a wagon much better when she reached two and better. I think the 1853 date was correct.

But the family continued to survive somehow or other, until 1858, when Johnston's Army was nearing Salt Lake City* . Along with the bulk of the Mormon families, they "went south" to remain out of reach of the Army. When that fiasco was at an end, the summer of 1858, the father took his children, numbering more than two by this time, and his dear wife to Willow Valley or now and better known as Cache Valley. They reached their destination in 1859.

Cache Valley today is a prosperous, beautiful area, about eight miles wide and forty miles long, extending into Idaho on the north. The mountains on the east and on the west form a water supply that gives the farmers one of the best in the State. But in the 1860's, especially in the early part of that decade, the settlers had a hard time to earn a living the same as those living elsewhere in the country. The Shoshone Indians, natives of the area, gave little trouble after an early round of fighting between them and the Mormons**.

It must have been a rather bleak valley when mother and her family arrived. She was one of the first white girls to live in Logan. When she arrived there she was seven or eight and lived in a wagon for some little time until the father could throw together a better habitation. The new abode was made of adobes, molded by the father at odd times from the heavy clay soils to be found in the lower parts of Logan. Some of the families had log cabins and later some of them build substantial limestone houses, long on thickness and durability but short on beauty.

Lucy was 15 years old when Tommy returned to his folks and settled with them at Logan in 1867. Before he arrived there Lucy went with her father to be the cook for him and his workers who contracted to build part of the Central Pacific Railroad into Ogden where it was to join the Union Pacific. While Lucy cooked Tommy was traveling along the line of the Union Pacific, as recited in the diaries.

When Tommy reached Cache Valley he was the only soldier there who had fought in the Civil War. Along with his military bearing, he had those brown (or hazel) eyes, rather luxurious brown hair and an air of having seen the world, as America was at that time. Placed in the frontier setting of Logan in the latter part of the '60s he was naturally a hero and, very likely, a good catch for some of the girls. And so far as Tommy was concerned Lucy was a favorite.

When Tommy returned to Logan from the visit with his sisters, he proposed to Lucy and was accepted. They were to be married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. Tommy started once more his beloved journal; after father's death years later mother read his account of the journey, then wrote across the top of the pages:

*We kids used to play Johnston's Army, the army lads reversing their coats and the Mormon lads wearing their coats naturally. All lively kids wanted to reverse their coats

** I remember being picked up by a Shoshone chief just in front of father's jewelry store. About 20 braves surrounded us. The chief liked father and playfully patted me on the behind, then he let me off his pony.

“THIS WAS MY HONEYMOON!”
MOTHER

Tommy had written:

Logan, Utah, November 10th, 1871 – 6 o’clock A.M.

I this morning start for Salt Lake City with Lucie Smith to get married.

10 o’clock we camp at the 2nd spring in Wellsville canyon for an hour.

3 P.M. We camped again for dinner and fed the team. Started at 4 and drove through to Ogden. Stopped at Rawlings*. Got in at 9 P.M. A little cloudy and cold till evening when it grew warm.

May God bless us and make us worthy of his many good gifts and mercies. And may He give us of His Spirit to guide us in the path of virtue and righteousness.**

Ogden, Nov. 11th 71

Have run about all day to buy an outfit. Warm in the morning cold and cloudy at noon, and commenced raining very hard at three turning to snow at 6 P.M.

Ogden, Sunday, November 12, 71 8 o’clock A.M.

Lucie and I start now for Salt Lake City on the 8 o’clock train. It is clear and pleasant.. Noon. We dine at Miss Alice Vincent’s. Cold but clear. 2 P.M. the funeral of John Kimball is just passing by. There are 52 carriages.*** Staid all night at Mrs. Julia D. Saule. Andre was there.

Salt Lake City, Monday Morning, November 13th, 1871 6 A.M.

We go to get married at 7 A.M. It has the appearance of a nice day. Sister Julia has breakfast ready.

May God bless and guide us with his spirit that we may love him for his many blessings and mercies, and do His will with all our hearts and might, and our thoughts and hearts be free from all evil.

Got through the House at 4:20 P.M. and started back for Ogden on the 5 o’clock train. Arrived about 8 P.M.**** Started for home about 9:30. Missed the road and got on the Ogden Hole, which road is none at all, as it is only a series of holes*****.

Tuesday, November 14th, 71 4 o’clock A.M.

We have just stopped after traveling all night. It looked so very stormy we thought we’d better get as near home as possible before the storms would set in and make it bad to cross the mountains. Cloudy and cold.*****

* The distance from Logan to Ogden is about 56 miles. A fair day’s travel by team over a bad canyon road a good part of the time.

** Father’s sincerity in his prayer was of the same kind he felt through his military experiences and which he bore to his death in 1898.

***I have a feeling that this solemn count of the funeral carriages interfered no whit in his devotion to his soon-to-be bride. He was being factual as he was in recording the weather

****This slow time for 36 miles was excusable. A new line just finished.

*****Same road I traveled with same holes, perhaps, in 1914.

*****Cache Valley has a history of heavy storms in winter, coming about November. I can’t blame them for their anxiety. Calamity comes with snows.

Started again at six. Found the road over the mountains badly cut up and muddy. Camped at the Spring at the head of Wellsville Canyon for dinner at 12:30 P.M. Left again at 2 P.M. Met G.L. Farrell and Bishop Preston at Wellsville with congratulations. Also Brother Musser and M. Thatcher* . Arrived at Logan at 6 P.M. very tired. Ate supper at Paul's and then went to see Lucie's folks. Only found her mother and the children at home, her father and Orson being in the canyon. (They) Returned at about 9 P.M. Weather a little stormy and cold. Paul had unloaded the wagon and put things in the room. Everything all right.

Wednesday, Nov. 16, 71

Made the bedroom carpet and put it down. Cleaned the stoves and c. Weather cloudy and rainy at times. Rained all night.

Thursday, November 16th, 1871

Worked at fixing up again. Rained at intervals. Evening, went to see Lucie's folks. Saw mother and the children. Father and Orson still in the cano (canyon). Returned at 8 o'clock. Cold and the wind blowing in from the North.

So they were wed and lived happily. In all, eleven children blessed the union, eight of them growing to adulthood. The first child, a boy, was named Thomas LeRoy after the soldier in Camp Floyd who taught many things to Tommy, including English. A girl, named Edna, was the second and a wonderful girl she turned out to be. The third and fourth children died early in life; but the third one was another that took that soldier's name of Eugene. Elmer was the fourth. The fifth child, Ariel, was given that name – he suspicions – because father leaned to poetry and he had read Keats' poem. Father told Ariel that the name, rare at the time in that area, came from the Bible: "Woe until Ariel, to Ariel the city where David dwelt". Ariel has since learned that, in the crossword puzzle world, he is an Asiatic gazelle, and African gazelle, a Shakespearean sprite, a word from the Vulgate, a "lion of God", a satellite of Uranus. With such confusion he rested, looking no further.

Father established his business ventures in 1871 under the name of T. B. Cardon, starting on a modest scale in part of the home he had determinedly built on 1st North between Main and 1st West. It was there his jewelry and photographic enterprises found birth. He added to his home a gallery encased with a skylight above and common walls elsewhere, a skylight that was a source of wonder to us children.

How we used to love that commodious northern light! Also, in time, we came to recognize it as a source of so much of our trouble in stormy weather; for the rains and winds caused it to leak like a sieve. And when a heavy snow storm settled over it and the weight made itself felt, the problem of getting that snow to start sliding and making an avalanche without damage to the glass became a major project.

* M. Thatcher was an Apostle who wanted to be Senator along in the 90's. G.L. Farrell was the father of dry farming. I never knew Musser. Bishop Preston was a very able man and lived across the street from mother later.

We never could keep on hand enough tin cans, basins and such water catchers to save the leaks, even though repairs may have been made, from running through the floor and into the dining room immediately below. We regret now that some of those leaks stemmed from prankish boys' badly directed rocks and baseballs.

Returning to the matter of children, Grehta – Bright Eyes to Ariel – grew into a thatch of golden curls set off by blue eyes that were simply wonderful. Bartlie followed, given a second name in commemoration of the Logan Temple that opened about the same time. Bartholemew Temple Cardon was the third manager of the Cardon Jewelry Company, more of which later. Orson Guy was the chief founder of The Bluebird, a candy store and restaurant that is yet as widely known as the Cardon Art Gallery. Phillip Vincent won a doctorate degree at the University of California and further distinction in the United States Government. Lucille died at birth. Claire was the last of the children, a talented woman loved by her Colonel husband and a host of friends. The mother of this brood never had caused to mourn its existence.

Father's business adventures continued to grow. The jewelry store, occupying the front of the building and immediate forward of our parlor; and the Cardon Art Gallery along side and upstairs filled out the boxlike frame building housing his enterprises. In fact, business grew so well that father engaged a Mr. Harrison as watchmaker and general factotum of the jewelry venture. When I was only a little boy – up to six years of age – I haunted Mr. Harrison almost to his distraction. As soon as closing time approached it was my assumed duty to march into the store and, confronting the factotum, demand "When are you going to shut up?" Sometimes he pleasantly replied "Right now", as he began stacking trays of rings, watches, brooches and chains for storage in the safe at the top of which was T. B. Cardon in rather fancy paint design. At other times he regarded the inquiry as impertinent, when he went about his duty with silent lips and beatled brow.

Father supplied many a family with the usual jewelry items and the ubiquitous bride and groom picture, followed by pictures of the children. Although the Gallery has been closed for more than 70 years many of the pictures are still treasured.

In due time father moved his jewelry store to Main Street, across from the Tabernacle – a monumental limestone structure. The building he occupied was also built chiefly of limestone quarried, I believe, from Nick Crookston's quarry in Logan Canyon. It was then he put in a furniture line, occupying the second and third stories and extending to a two story annex on the south. By the time all this happened he had extended credits to many people. Then from 1893 to 1896 came trouble. Father had to capitulate. John F. Bennett of Salt Lake City came into the picture and reorganized father's business. Father stayed on until February 1898, when sorrows, sickness and troubles ended the Bugler's career. He was such a gentleman, such a poet and, in some ways, such a dreamer throughout all his attention to the life about him.

At this point I must fill in with some of my recollections. About one week following father's death in February 1898, the news of it reached me in a small community in the mountains of North Carolina. My companions were three other Mormon Elders who comforted me. But memory of father was uppermost in my mind for some time. He had accompanied me in the previous June when I went to Salt Lake City to receive instructions for my missionary work. When departure day arrived father and I walked to the Rio Grande station; and as we waited he talked to me. I listened but I am afraid with little understanding. Climbing aboard the train, I went to the rear car and from its end I stood waving at the lone figure of father.

Less than two months later, father was not so well and, with mother, went to Provo for a vacation from his problems. While on an outing to Utah Lake he wrote as follows:

AT UTAH LAKE RESORT

Provo, Aug. 6, 1897

By T. B. Cardon

I

I stand beside the restless lake
And hear the seagulls weird haloo
The waves come to my feet and break
Like my poor heart missing you
Sweetheart, at missing you

II

The moon in pity veils her face
And softer grow the seagulls' cries
The waves come on with gentler pace
And scalding tears now fill my eyes
Sweetheart, now fill my eyes

III

Do they, like me, remember dear
The happy answering sigh for sigh
When hand in hand while standing here
Your "Yes" made one of you and I
Sweetheart, of you and I

IV

But soon upon the golden shore
I'll hear your voice so fond and true
And soul to soul, joy fill once more
My breaking heart, at meeting you
Sweetheart, at meeting you

AUNT LUCY

A widow at 46, mother was faced with the usual problems attending such circumstances. She had eight children ranging in age from 1 to 25 years. But the family was fairly compact, generally devoted to one another and the common knowledge of mother's predicament. Roy headed us up and he did a good job along with his handling of the Cardon Jewelry Company.

The entire Cache Valley community, it might be said, knew mother and her brood. She had been in that valley for nearly 40 years, was, it might again be said, one of the founding mothers. A subscription list was circulated by her friends for funds to tide her over. The response was generous. Mother kept the list of Good Samaritans until she was in financial shape to return each subscriber the full amount given her. Her Logan friends got her into the office of Recorder and Uncle Sam came along, in due time, with a pension for the widow of Tommy, the Bugler.

In turn the children lived lives that helped their mother hold her head reasonably high. Some of the youngsters may have slipped here and there in their play or otherwise; but, on the whole, they took their parts in the community without dishonor to anyone. The building of a family by a lone woman, as in mother's case, is somewhat analogous to the construction of a building in the community. Each window, each door, each porch has a critic each one of whom has an individual view of what the completed structure may be like. The quality of a family is likewise judged, the best judgment coming when the family is adult.

The judgment of mother reached its highest point when the years accumulated to 100. She had become Aunt Lucy. She was the Relief Society worker who was known from one end of the valley to the other. Thirty years of unselfish work as Counselor to the President and as the President. She devoted herself to the purposes of the Society, performing acts of mercy and comforting the afflicted. That work began when Cache Stake consisted of all of the valley within Utah. She traveled by team in winter and summer, through wind and snow, over primitive roads similar to the ones so often reported by Tommy in his diaries.

The family gave a dinner for her, with the home decorated as perhaps no other ever had been. Vincent and Tedd set up the pink candles gracing the porch, fifty on each side of the entrance. Vincent chronicled the event by issuing a little booklet to the family in which he told of Albertine Gruber's cleaning of the home as a gift, Anthon Pehrson's delivery of 100 red roses given by the Fourth Ward and Cache Stake Relief Society authorities, the arrival of many, many bouquets and potted plants from friends far and wide. Congratulatory telegrams, cards and letters came in bundles, among the senders being President David O. McKay of the Mormon church and Governor Bracken Lee. Mother was so enraptured with it all that she tired, was helped to bed and there served with the refreshments. Leah, according to Vincent, heard her singing, very quietly, "Come, Come Ye Saints" and responding to the theme, "All is Well! All is Well!"

How poetically inspired Tommy would have been to see and understand all the acclaim of his Lucie!

What fate pulled these two to America, he from the Vaudois and she from merry England?

A POSTSCRIPT

Many notes have been accumulated in the preparing the body of this account of father and mother, most of which were incorporated in the writing but not in full. Other notes didn't fit just right. As a consequence this Postscript seems necessary so that the story will be in full, if that is what the children want to wade through.

The account is a family affair in the main, but much that pertains to father is being offered to the Utah Historical Quarterly for publication. (only the Mountain Meadow part was accepted)

The log of the march of the soldiers out of Camp Floyd was prepared by father and evidently was done at the time. The paper on which he wrote is in poor shape but I am protecting it as well as I know how.

The diary account of the march from Washington D.C., to Virginia, part of which was by steamer down the Potomac River to Fortress Monroe, is contained in some extra papers found since I began compilation of the account. It clears up some things I did not know until recently.

The poems of father are not in order due to some poor calculation on my part; however, they are all in here and certainly reveal the poetic yearnings of our parent. I think the one done at the Utah Lake is the best of all, and reveals that father did some good work on that score, regardless of the mediocre nature of some of the rest.

The Lidie Miles' papers are included just to have them in an available place. I think the young lady was very kind and devoted to father, and was certainly imbued with solicitude for his future. Mother was a little touchy, I understand, about this female.

Mother Tells All is a simple account of her work in the Relief Society, a labor she had every right to regard as a crowning success. I just know she struggled mightily to do that writing.

Father's surveying work was not so prosaic that it smothered his touching love for mother. His peeking through the transit at picket fences, houses and chimneys for a look at Lucie is understandable.

**TOMMY GORDON'S LOG
MARCH OF 1859 TO MOUNTAINMEADOW
BY
SQUAD OF SOLDIERS SENT BY COMMANDANT OF CAMP
FLOYD**

1859	Notes	Distance marched	Total distance
April 21	Left Camp Floyd, U.T. arrived at 6:15 a.m. and arrived at Goshen at 2:20' P.M.	27	
22	Left camp 5:20' A.M. Arrived at Nephi 12:45' P.M.	21	48
23	Left camp 5:30' A.M. Arrived At Chicken Creek 10:45' A.M.	18	66
24	Left camp 6:30' A.M. Arrived at Sevier Bridge 9:30 A.M.	10	76
25	Left camp 6.5' A.M. arrived Buttermilk Creek 2:20 P.M.	25	101
26	Left camp 5:45 A.M. arrived at Meadow Creek 12:30 P.M.	18	119
27	Left camp at 6 A.M. arrived at Cove Creek 3:15 P.M.	28	147
28	Left camp at 6:30 A.M. arrived at Pine Creek at 9:30 A.M.	7	154
29	Left camp at 6 A.M. Arrived at Beaver City 1 P.M.	20	174
30	Lay over		

May 1	Left camp at 6:15 A.M. Arrived at Dry Creek at 10 A.M. snow water	12	186
2	Left camp at 6:15 Arrived at Parona 20 M 15 miles and at Parawin 1:30 P.M.	20	206
3	Left camp at 6 A.M. arrived at Cedar City 12 m. 17 miles Camped 3 from the city.	20	226
4	Left camp at 6:20 A.M. Arrived At Iron or Cold Springs at 12:30	18	244
5	Left camp at 6:15 A.M. Arrived at Mountain Meadows 12 M.	16	260
6	Lay over encamped on the ground where the Arkansas train was massacred September 10, 1857. Helped to bury the bones that were laying overground in two graves, the first one 2500 yards North of the Spring and 45 yards from the left hand side of road (Men's grave). Second grave 150 yards north of first and (Women's) grave 50 yards from road on same side as other.		
7	Left camp at 6:30 A.M. Arrived at camp on the Santa Clara at 12 M	18	278
8	Left camp at 7 A.M. Arrived in camp D.O. at 10 A.M.	8	286
9	Lay over		
10	Do.		
11	Do. California train passed		
12	Do.		
13	Do.		
14	Do.		
15	Do.		
16	Left camp at 5:30 A.M. Arrived At Mountain Meadows 3 P.M.	26	26

17	Lay over		
18	Left camp at 7 A.M. Arrived at Iron Springs 11 A.M.	16	42
19	Left camp at 6 A.M. Arrived at Cedar City at 1 P.M.	20	62
20	Left camp at 7 A.M. Arrived at Summit Creek at 11 A.M.	15	77
21	Left camp at 6:25 A.M. Arrived at Red marked Fort (?) at 10 A.M.	12	89
22	Left camp at 6:15 A.M. Arrived at Little Salt Lake	14	103
23	Left camp at 6:20 A.M. Arrived at Indian Creek 12 M.	18	121
24	Left camp at 6:35 A.M. Arrived at Cove Creek 12 M.	19	140
25	Left camp at 6:25 A.M. Arrived at Corn Creek 1 P.M.	20	160
26	Left camp at 5:45 A.M. Arrived at camp near Cedar Springs	20	180
27	Left camp at 6 A.M. Arrived at Round Valley 12 miles from Sevier River 10:30 A.M.	12	192
28	Left camp at 5:25 A.M. Arrived at Sevier River Camp 8 miles from bridge 1 P.M.	21	213
29	Left camp at 6 A.M. Arrived at San Pete River at 1 P.M.	20	233
30	Left camp at 6:25 A.M. Arrived at camp 5 miles from Mantua* & 2 from Ephriam. Fort at 12 M.	17	250

* This is a misspelling of Manti. Apparently Tommy stopped short of Camp Floyd which was still northwest a day's march.

TOMMY GORDON'S MARCH WASHINGTON D.C. TO VIRGINIA

March 10, 1862: We start today for the other side of the river at 2 o'clock AM Arr in camp about 7.

March 11, 1862: We start for camp at 6 o'clock, arr in camp 7 o'clock

March 12th: Lay over in camp waiting for orders

March 13th: Lay over. Rain a little in the evening

March 14th: Lay over. Rain in the evening very stormy.

March 15th: Moved within 2 miles of Alexandria. Rained all the way until evening and then it poured down enough to drown the camp. The camp was a perfect flood until morning; everybody was soaked to the skin all night no one slept for the tents could not protect us any. I was on guard and had to stay up all night.

March 16th: Lay over cloudy, cold all day nothing to eat or drink but hard bread and water. Everybody tried to dry their clothes but the weather would not permit we've had no coffee now for three days. I have sore eyes from the wet and cold. I can hardly see anything.

March 17th: Lay over cloudy and cold wind all day. Most everybody was out in the woods making large fires to keep warm. I went with them but I had to get a friend to lead me for I was running against every tree that came in my way. We got a little coffee tonight.

March 18th: Lay over. Cloudy most all day. Were reviewed by the brigade commander Brig. Gen. Sykes. My eyes are better I can see a little.

March 19th: Just the same as yesterday until about ten o'clock at night when it began to rain & is raining today yet don't expect it to stop for five or six days. We were reviewed again by the same man.

March 20th: Rained all day and all night. Everybody was out walk round for they could not stay in their tents all their blankets and everything else was soaked through and laying in mud.

March 21st: Cloudy and cold all day until about 10 o'clock at night when it began to rain and rained until morning.

March 22nd: The sun would come out for half an hour and then going again at about 6 o'clock at night a little hail storm came last about half an hour ago. Rained a little in the night.

March 23rd: The same as yesterday in every respect.

March 24th: Went to Washington fair all day started at 10 A.M. in the city at 12.

March 25th: I was sick all night. Could not sleep. Started at 10 arrived in camp at 2 o'clock. It was all I could do to get home for all day.

March 26th: Left camp for Alexandria got board the steam boat yesterday in the stream all night.

March 27th: Found out if a little down stream. Had to turn back & got two schooners to turn (?) with us (?). Started at 10 o'clock kept on Potomac all day. At about sunset came in sight of Chesapeake Bay.

March 28th: At sun rise we were right abreast with New Point Comfort. Entered the harbor at Fortress Monroe at about 12 o'clock. Landed about marched about 8 miles in the mist so thick that we could hardly see anything and no water but swamp water. Camped without coffee or anything else all night the wagons not being able to reach us in night a very strong cold wind arose some get up and build fire in the camp others went into the woods and built them.

March 29th: Lay over at about 12 o'clock M it began to rain and rained all night everything was wet as before.

March 30th: Lay over stopped raining at about 8 a.m. the morning very foggy all day rained a little once in a while all night. I have had the chills now for 6 days I feel very weak and sick.

March 31st: This was a beautiful day the sun shone all day. 5 men of the com. & I went down the beach after oysters met plenty oyster boats but no oysters until we came to a beautiful farm on the south west side of Hampton Harbor the ruins of a beautiful farm house stands there yet but no one lives there also huge oyster beds but nobody to take them only when tide is very low the soldiers go in up to their knees and get the smallest ones around the edge of the bed. The men enjoy themselves very much except me I was too sick to do anything. I ate a few oysters that was all I could do the men I went with went in up to their waist & got some very large and fat ones better than I ever saw in Washington & good many other places. We went away before the order came for monthly inspection and drill so we were absent from both we expected to be confined as soon as we got home but the orderly sergeant was too good to report the men absent and the man that has charge of the bugler did not report me absent and the adjutant did not take notice so none of us were confined.

April 1st: I went on the sick report this morning I feel very sick with the headache and pain all through my breast the day was beautiful a little cloudy at night.

2nd: Lay over and had brigade drill the day was beautiful very cloudy at night thunder shower at about 3 in the morning.

3rd: Lay over very warm & fair all day and night.

4th The Brigade left camp at 8, marched 8 or 9 miles & camped at Little Bethel the 12th captured one rebel and shot another the day was very warm the road very dusty we passed three other Brigs. Resting they passed us again in the evening.

5th: We left camp at about 8. Came to Big Bethel at about 12. A negro who was there said that the rebels left there in the morning on the advance of the army they were just about eating breakfast when they were surprised they left everything as it was and only fired three shots out of some heavy guns they had there & then run the Union troops captured six of their guns. We stopped there till about 3 o'clock to let the troops ahead of us go further & let those that we passed in the morning get past us again. We then marched about 3 miles further and came to some rebel barracks with we occupied for the night. Some of the quarters were full of hogs which the soldiers were not at all vexed at for they had no meat of any kind for some time the most of them especially fresh pork. Not as long as they have been soldiering except they bought it out of their own pockets and soldiers are not likely to do that great many of them had nothing to eat that day so they went right to work and killed a good many of them there was some of the officers killed some themselves and others were putting the men in the guard house for it they then drove them out into the woods and killed them there but there were patrols sent out after the men they took some and others got away even some of those they took got away from them as they were coming in with them.

April 6: Lay over. Most everybody was out trying to kill pigs which was all they could get to eat until near night when the wagons came in and we got some pilot bread & coffee. The day was warm and beautiful. My health was much better than it has been since I left Washington.

April 7: Lay over a large fatigue party out of every company was called out to make a road to Shipping Point to get provisions. Came in again at night. Commenced raining at about 3 o'clock & rained all night very cold and foggy all day. 3 men were shot by those that were shooting pigs one through the heart another the foot & the other the arm. My health is worse than ever.

April 8: Lay over a party was called out the same as yesterday. Rained all day very cold my health is still very bad.

April 9: Lay over rained all day and night a party was called out the same as yesterday. Check roll-call at twelve and 3:30 minutes

April 10: Cloudy in the forenoon sunshine afternoon fair all night. A party was called out same as yesterday.

11th: Lay over the day was beautiful & night also. Got orders in the evening to start in the morning with three days rations cooked. We are to go forward toward York Town.

12th: We started at 9 o'clock and waded through the mud in the woods for about three and a half or four miles we then came to a large field not far from York Town right in the bend of the river & camped orders were given by General McClellan not to have any call of any kind beat on the drum or sounded with the bugle trumpet or anything else. No noise of any kind no discharge of fire arms & c. Serg't Carroll & another man of the company went about a quarter of a mile from here where our pickets are from where they could see the rebel batteries and sentinels. They were told that on the night of the 11th they were into by the rebels and of their number killed and 2 or 3 horses also that 2 shells were fired where we are camped the place being occupied by some vols. without doing any harm only making them leave to go further back.

13th: Lay over everything quiet only the pickets firing a shot once in a while. Four large siege guns came in with a large siege train. A fatigue party was called out to build roads. In the night a slight skirmish took place between the pickets no particulars given.

14th: Lay over 3 prisoners were brought in this morning taken last night. An engagement took place between three gunboats and some rebel battery on the other side of the river one of the shells took effect on the rebel flag staff cutting it in two about the center after which they fired five shots & stopped and the boats drifted down the river a little further.

15th Lay over. Another engagement took place between the gunboats and rebel batteries also another on land above Yorktown. The weather is very warm good many of the men have their face neck and ears a perfect blister from the scorching sun.

16th: Lay over. Heavy cannonading was heard early in the morning above Yorktown which continued all day at about six in the evening it slackened a little but continued all night. The gunboats also had an engagement with some batteries near Yorktown firing a few shells over them when they answered making the gunboats go further off one shell burst under the bow of one and another right over another boat. We drew rations for two days & got orders to be ready to start in a moment's notice. The weather was very warm.

17th: Lay over. Heavy cannonading the same as yesterday only yesterday it was heaviest in day time & today it was in the night. We have had to drill twice a day every day since we've been here.

18th: Lay over. Nothing of much consequence took place only last night one of the gunboats went up in front of a rebel battery & fired five or six shells into it when they answers it dropped down the river again.

19th: Lay over. Nothing more than yesterday. At about 6 in the evening it began to rain very heavy and continued all night. My health is very bad it is all I can do to move around a little.

20th: Lay over. Rain most all day & night.

21st: Lay over. Rained all day and night everything is wet as usual large fatigue parties are still called out sometime almost everybody has to go. 10 siege guns, 10 pounders came in yesterday.

22nd: Lay over at about noon the whole brigade except the old & new guard was called out to work on the road to Shipping Point at about 3 o'clock some pretty hot firing took place between our battery and rebel batteries this side of Yorktown & continued for about 15 minutes.

23rd: Lay over rained most all day nothing of importance took place.

24th: Lay over. The whole camp was called out for fatigue except those that were on guard.

25th: Very foggy all day rain all night. Cold.

26th: Lay over. Rain all day everything is wet as usual. Half past six in the evening the whole Brigade except 2 Co. out of each battalion to do guard was called out with their arms and ammunition for fatigue to put up breastworks with 700 yards from the enemy.

27th: Lay over. Very cloudy all day and night no fatigue on account of it's being Sunday.

28th: Lay over warm & sunshine all day. At 5 o'clock in the evening my company and another out of the 17th were called out under arms every man then got a shovel & in co. with two more co. out of each battalion in the Brigade went out towards Yorktown when we got within 700 yards of the rebel's fortification we stopped behind some hills & woods. At about 8 the rebels began to throw shells among & around us which continued all night, 40 of them bursting among us. One man of the 4th in Infy got wounded in the thigh it was thought mortally. At about 2 in the morning an officer came & ordered us to go to work on the fortifications about 300 yards further but when we got there we were ordered back again by the Chief Engineer who said that he had not sent for us that if he wanted us he would send one of his own officers we then went back & stopped there until 4 when we started for camp.

29th: Lay over. The sun shone all day warm all night. The man that was wounded last night died another of 2nd Infy was killed today. The rebels opened fire again at 6 in the morning & continued all day & night.

30th: Lay over. We mustered this morning at 10. The rebels still continued their fire all day & night but were answered by our batteries. No 1 100 pound guns which kept them from firing so much as they did yesterday and last night. But they fired heavier pieces than they did before. It appears as heavy as ours for they throw shells clear over battery #2 & over our camp. A piece of one of their shells was brought in camp today it was made of copper and about inches in diameter.

May 1st, 1862: Lay over. Batter No. 7 commenced a pretty sharp fire this morning at break of day & were answered by the rebels equally as sharp throwing their shells about the same as yesterday. The enemy also kept up a pretty sharp fire from smaller batteries on the entrenchments that we were to work at on the 28th ulto, killing one man & wounding another.

2nd: Lay over. The whole Brigade was ordered to fall in under arms this morning at four o'clock. The men were up and ready to go in a few minutes in about 75 minutes after they fell in boxes of pilot bread and kettles of coffee were fetched out for them to eat. The cannonading was going on heavier than it was ever heard before. I have heard since that we were turned out in anticipation of an attack from the enemy but after standing out until sunrise we were dismissed. The firing was kept up all day & night heavier than it was ever heard before. The report is current in camp that a rebel gun bursted and our battery No. 7 has the steamboat landing at Yorktown all destroyed.

TOMMY'S POEMS

The poetry of Tommy Gordon dealt with his immediate problems. His first essay, from all we know, was about the battle in which he suffered his only wound; but it was a severe one, made more so by reason of his failure to find relief and the necessity of retreating with the Army almost in sight of the enemy.

According to the heading of the of the poem produced by Claire in her book of father's poems, what may have been the first poem was the result of a dream. The title was "A Dream on the Battlefield Near Mechanicsville, Virginia, June 26, 1862." That date was the day before the battle in which he was wounded. In it he refers to his buddy "Eugene" who had resigned from the Army at Camp Floyd in 1860. The reference is therefore a poetic license.

The second poem was titled "Battle Ground of Gaines' Mill, Virginia, Friday, June 27, 1862". That poem represents the actual battle of Gaines' Mill, fought within a short distance of Richmond and which sealed the fate of McClellan even then in retreat.

The third effort of the redoubtable Tommy was made in prosaic form but which has a short poetic paragraph. The description that he then made of the battlefield has poetic leanings. It was written June 27, 1863, the first anniversary of the battle.

Thereafter father wrote poems but not in a heroic vein. He expressed his love for maidens, praised the Lord and usually shrouded his words in somber, death-dealing references. He seemed to lapse readily into remorse over his wanderings before meeting Lucie. Then upon meeting Lucie he devoted his talents to paeons for her, for which none of us will complain.

All of the poems I have found, and which include the collection made by Claire, are herein reproduced as faithfully as I knew how.

BATTLE GROUND OF GAINES' MILL, VA
FRIDAY, JUNE 27TH, 1862

Under the trees of this once lovely orchard
I'm lying tonight mid the wounded and slain
My head is racked and my heart is tortured
By the rending cries of my comrades in pain.

The mighty harvester came with grape shot and shell
And only stumps remain of the fruit laden trees
Beneath their branches many a noble heart fell
And the wail of the harvest is borne on the breeze

The moon looks down on a field of slaughter
Where last night she looked on an orchard fair
And rivulets of blood instead of clear water
Make music on the Death burdened air

Many there are in the South and the Northland
Who know peacefully dream of someone held dear
But never again will they clasp the warm hand
Of him that departed a brave volunteer

And now our friends gather from among the dead
Those that still live and their wounds kindly bind
With care they are taken from their gory bed
By hands that are rough, but loving and kind

They all pass me by and leave me for dead
And most heartily I wish that I were
With this gash in my side, my aching head
This shattered arm, and my clotted hair

What if my mother should be dreaming of me
Dreaming of me this dreadful night
And her youngest darling with agony see
Lying here in this awful plight

Alas! These home thoughts only cause the tears
From my burning eyelids faster to pour
I must banish the thoughts of other years
They only make my poor heart bleed the more

But must I die and be buried here –
Where hostile armies their blood have poured
Without a prayer, without a tear –
To mark my grave not even a board –

Oh, No! No! it must not, must not be
I will away though I have to crawl
But Oh, there is my wounded knee –
May God have mercy I fall, I fall –

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

It is morning again and in the east
I see the hallow of the rising sun
I dreamt last night that a joyful feast
I sat with my mother, my dearest one,

And a sweet angel came who took my hand
Bidding my mother weep not for her boy
He led me away to a sunnier land
Where all dwelt in peace and in endless joy

And soon my mother followed us there
And the angels sang such a sweet song
Upon her brow was a crown most fair
And we wandered the angels among

And still the sweet strain rings in my ears
And methinks I see the angels here
Soothing my pain and banishing fears
And waiting for the poor volunteer

I care not now longer to live
'Tis sweeter far to die
Oh, God, to thee my soul I give
And mother – dear – Goodbye –

June 27, 1863: This day a year ago I was on the battlefield of Gaines' Mills on the Chickahominy, Va., four and a half miles from Richmond. O what scenes are crowding upon me now, as I sit in my room. Yes, there is the battlefield with all its horrors before me as vivid as it was then. I see again the wounded and dying, enemies and friends grouping together in the last struggles of death. Some with prayers upon their lips; others with curses, even in their last moments on earth. O, the many, the numberless souls sent to their Maker unprepared upon that day.

I hear again the roaring of artillery and musketry, the clanging of sabers and bayonets, the shouts of the charging columns as they rush to meet each other or as they rush on victorious over their retreating and fallen foe, alternately like wild fiends, the vengeance depicted upon every face. I hear again the shrieks of the wounded and dying as the wild columns are charging over them, some cursing their ill luck and all around them, others lifting up their hands or head in supplicating prayers for mercy.

I look upon the bloody plain
And wherever I turn I see again
The splintered bone and splatter brains.

But see! Our forces are getting weaker every volley and very small compared with the enemy who is bringing new troops into action mostly every charge. Our forces though brave and resolute begin to waiver before the charging columns of the enemy and their raking fire, and no reinforcement for us is coming; - we have been in it all day, the men are tired and worn out. We are retreating behind the hills to rally for a charge. We are now ready to meet the enemy; he is coming up the side of the hill. On, on to him ere he breaks the brow of the hill or we are lost. Yet we will conquer. Onward, onward, my brave companions. But, O, everything is confusion - it is getting very dark - I feel faint and stunned. My arm is all twisted and thrown upon my back, and something has pinned my side. I take hold of my arm and bring it back but it falls powerless by my side. I am wounded. I heard the fatal ball coming and it seemed to tell me it was for me. I was saying so when I was wounded.

Two of my comrades came to assist me off the field. I will go for I am just in the way now.

It is now nearly 6 P.M. Dark. They tell me the Irish Brigade drove the enemy off the field and they show no disposition to come back again tonight. I am in a little house just back of the field, used as a hospital. I am lying in a little room where the surgeons are busy at work attending to the wounded. The blood is already two or three inches on the floor. My wounds have not been dressed yet. I suffer very much from loss of blood and I have not ate anything for three or four days, only some cherries I had before the battle commenced. There are great many wounded here and there are more coming all the time. See what piles of legs and arms are lying around here.

The battle has been a terrible and bloody one on both sides. And such is war. It will not be long before such battles will take place in Pennsylvania. Tommy.

(The foregoing was written while Tommy was hearing reports that enemy forces were in Maryland, Pennsylvania and elsewhere, pointing to Gettysburg)

A Dream on the Battlefield near Mechanicsville, Virginia

June 26th, Thursday 1862

I'm glad you're awake, my dear Eugene,
For I wish to tell you what I've just seen,
Ere yet again my limbs must yield,
To slumber on this awful field.

I was carried away in a beautiful dream,
And I wandered again by my native stream;
Where often when a little boy,
I sauntered in my childish joy,
And found new pleasure in each nook,
In every barn a picture book
Wherein I read some fairy tale,
Of gifts of God that never fail.

I saw again the sloping mountain,
The flowery vale, and crystal fountain,
That sparkled in its granite bed,
And from the living rock was fed;
To feed in turn the passing lip,
For who'd refuse to take a sip,
From such sweetly smiling face,
Offered with enchanting grace,
To lonely youth, or wrinkled age,
To charming lady or her page,
For all alike the laughing hint,
"Come and drink me without stint".
Around it many a rockhewn seat
Covered with moss, cozy and neat;
Invited all, to balmly rest
Beneath the broad and waving crest,
Of the shady connealian trees,
Among whose branches played the breeze,
And the fruit around the brink,
That all might eat as well as drink.

Then from this most inviting spot,
I turned aside to view the cot –
The dear old cot where I was born –
And often in life's rosy morn,
I sat beside my mother's knee,
And in attentive infant glee,
I listened to some tale she told,
That never wearied or grew old.

And Oh! How sweetly from the grove,
Came the song of praise and love;
Unto him for blessings given,

Unto him that dwells in Heaven.
From all around there rolled along,
The feathered songsters evening song,
From the meadow, from the bowers –
From amid the lovely flowers;
The Jessamine and Columbine,
Honeysuckle, and Eglantine;
From the lily and the rose,
Came sweet praise at evening close.

All the doors stood open wide
And all along the porch outside,
Sat my mother and my father,
And there just a little farther
Were my sisters and my brothers,
And beside them many others;
That I ever shall remember
Until quenched is life's ember.

And then over the barns
The harvesters spun their yarns,
Of the wonders they had seen,
Oft somewhere they'd never been.
I sat upon the brooklet's bank
And the sun watched as he drank,
From the cool and laughing stream,
With his warm and searching beam.

There was the fig tree and the vine,
With all the fruits that could combine;
The pear, the apple and the peach;
All within the easy reach
Of those who sought the grateful shade
By the freighted branches made.

There I played beside my mother
With my sisters and my brothers;
There my father talked of fame
And in my being lit the flame
That has led me to this life,
With its ever changing strife.

Then I saw that home no more,
But instead a foreign shore,
And far in the "Desert West",
Saw a people that were blest,
Blest of God with great increase –
Blest with Wisdom, and with Peace –
Peace and Plenty everywhere,
And my people with them there.

Another change came o'er the scene,
A wall of fire rose between,
With but one solitary door,
Where Guardian Angels stood before;
And over it in letters of gold,
"NO WOLF SHALL ENTER IN MY FOLD".
Each Angel bore a flaming sword
And proclaimed that God restored
The "Gospel Banner" to the world
That was by Joseph unfurled,
For which in Carthage he had died,
And Christ Himself was crucified.

I called aloud to pass beyond
But ere the Angels could respond,
The awful spell like magic broke,
And from my vision I awoke.

Awoke to find that I was buried alive
By an enemy's shell in its hideous dive
Into the bowels of the earth ,
Calling into sudden birth,
Thus becoming warrior grave,
Fit for the bravest of the brave,
That on this unhappy day
Unto Death have fallen prey.

"But what think you, dear Eugene,
Of this vision I have seen?
With it's awful wall of fire
Ever burning higher – higher –
Till the thunder clouds were riven –
Even reaching up to Heaven?"

"It was grand, my dear young friend,
And most strangely does it blend
With the earthy and sublime
Of the Old and Present Time;
But though it is a beauteous theme –
Remember that 'twas but a dream."

Still, although 'twas but a dream,
All so perfect it did seem,
That its shadow haunts me yet,
And my heart cannot forget
The many things in it I saw
To fill my soul with joy and awe.

If on tomorrow's battlefield
I should be called upon to yield –
Yield my spirit to its God,

And my dust unto the sod,
Write to my people, say I'm dead,
For the Union I fought and bled –
Say that God – the Potent One –
Just recalled an erring son;
And that in that happy land
I will long to take the hand
Of them all, that yet must roam –
Fondly bid them welcome home.
Then, Eugene, just o'er my grave
Say I died this flag to save –
That is all – now let us sleep;
But, dear friend, you must not weep –
Sooner or later we all must die –
And where so many why not I?

This poetic paper refers to the Vaudois, his birthplace. See pages 5 and 6 for Vince's account.

TO MY BELOVED

O! dear one! There's a beauty
Around thy fair young brow
And in thy soft eyes, resting
So fondly on me now,
That wakes the deepest feelings,
My heart can ever know –
Fond thoughts of thee, that ever
Within my soul doth glow.

There seems around thee ever,
An atmosphere so rare,
So purified, so peaceful,
That banishes all care –
All thoughts of worldly struggles;
And often, unaware
I find myself imagining
A halo's around thy hair.

For I am sure thy spirit
Is beautiful as those
That erst old famous painters
By inspiration chose,
To glow upon the canvas
And shadow in their eyes
Their soul's exquisite beauty –
The gem that never dies.

How with their upturned faces,
Those more than mortal eyes,
They've turned the thoughts of hundreds
Beyond this world's emprise,
To think of a hereafter –
Of another home than this –
Where they shall dwell immortal
And realize the bliss.

That's shadowed o'er their faces,
And o'er their brows so fair –
Upon the mystic circlet,
The halo round their hair!
No wonder then so often
I likened thee to them –
Yet think thee are dearer,
My brightest, purest gem!

Thy eyes can smile upon me,
Thy brow my flowers wear,
And I can twine my fingers
Amid thy golden hair

And I can softly pillow
Their head upon my breast
And know that there 'twill ever
In all its beauty rest!
Thou art the saving presence,
The day star of my life –
An angel ever near me –
My loved and loving wife!

A VALENTINE TO MY WIFE

O that I had the language to bring
Love's quick flashes to thy lovely eyes;
With unwanted joy cause them to fling
Their light, like stars, from midnight skies.

And O! What pleasure, if I might write,
The devotion of my heart to thee;
And on thy face waken smiles as bright
As those thou lovest best, often see.

But what can I, poor wretch, hope to say,
That will interest thee? I know not.
My words, though listened to today,
Would tomorrow be by thee forgot.

And yet would I most sincerely pray
That sorrow may afflict thee naught;
And that in His mercy God will stay
All things that would mar thy happy lot.

February 14, 1870

ON THE BRIDGE

I gaze beneath in the waters deep
That under the bridge sluggishly flow;
Whilst on their bosom silently creep
Shadows that speak of the long ago.

They tell of one who stood by my side,
Watching the ships that lazily pass,
Who promised to be my own dear bride,
Through Summer's mild air or Winter's blast.

We met again, But O! Her brow,
With sorrow deep was overcast;
And ever since that night till now,
I've been in the wintry blast.

She spoke of her father's stern command
Who of gold had made his idol God,
And swore for gold she should give her hand,
Or under his roof never more trod.

I fondly prest her to my heart
As she said, in a sad, sweet tone –
“My dearest love, now let us part, -
My father's will and not my own.”

One thrilling kiss, and she sped from view; -
I wished that I'd never been born;
She tread square on the edge of my shoe
Where lodged my most favored corn.

Logan, Utah
April 14, 1870

CHEER UP! MY HEART

Cheer up, my heart, this is New Year's Day;
From sad repining turn away;
I know that cause thou hast to mourn,
From thy loved hast thou been torn;
But there will dawn a brighter day,
So cease thy sad, repining lay.

I WOULD NEVER TAKE THY HAND

Though thy parents may command
Thee, to give thy hand to me,
I would never take the hand
Where the heart can never be.

Though with hopes 'tis hard to part
That have been cherished for years,
If thou canst not give thy heart
I will never have thy tears.

Though my fondest, brightest hopes
Crushed, alas, have ever been
Still I trust the future opes
A better and fairier scene.

And though with grief I must contend,
May it never be felt by thee.
But shouldst though ever need a friend,
My dearest one, remember me.

Tom

Piedmont, Wyo.
May 30, 1871

THE FLIRTATION

"Tis true that last night I adored thee,
But 'twas moonlight, the Song and the Wine;
The cool morning air has restored me.
And no longer I deem thee divine.
I confess thou art pretty and tender,
And when thou canst catch me again,
As last night, on a desperate bender,
Once more I'll submit to the chain.

A VISION OF DEATH

Eternity's river dawns on my sight,
As lying here in the pale moonlight;
My soul is leaving this form's weary clay,
Beyond that river to wander away.

And beautiful forms in that sunny land
Beckon me to join their own bright band;
And voices, far sweeter than music, say,
"Come here from night to Eternal Day".

Beside my couch now are bending two forms,
Calming disease in his wasting storms;
The current of life through my heart soon must cease,
For these are the Angels of Death & Peace.

Nearer and nearer the River now draws;
Over my form its cold waves it throws;
Nearer and nearer, - it touches my feet, -
Over my soul flows melody sweet.

How darkly depicted has been this tide,
As one whose bosom no bark could ride;
Over its waves came never a gleam
From Heaven above to light this stream.

Strangely different it appears to me,
Lighted, my God, from heaven by Thee;
Over its bosom Thy Angels, tonight,
Carry me, Lord, on a bridge of Light.

Great God, I pray Thee, that thy Gospel revealed,
May from Thy people never more be concealed;
And may its bright banners of Freedom & Right
Bridge Eternity's River with Heavenly Light.

THE LIDIE MILES PAPERS

Lidie Miles, serving as a volunteer nurse at the U.S. Military General Hospital at York, Pennsylvania, met Tommy Gordon in 1862. She seemed to have taken a fancy to the young Bugler, judging by the following notes she indited and left with the young man:

LINES BY LIDIE MILES TO THOMAS GORDON

Those words were written in an ornate hand on an envelope bearing a red, white and blue box inscribed with the word UNION and flanked by the seal of Maryland, surmounted by Liberty, the flag of the Union and the further statement "Loyal to the Union".

On a sheet decorated by the flag at full mast, in color, and also flanked by "And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the Free and the home of the Brave"

The missive itself is as follows:

August 7th, 1862

Lines written at U.S.M. Hosp. for Thomas Gordon, by a friend.

May your path through life, be imbued
With every pleasure, and let no future sorrow,
Nor coming care, erase the thought, that a kind
Friend has placed this here.

Friendship

Friendship! 'Tis a brighter gem,
Than sparkles in a diadem.
Brighter, purer far I ween,
Than the brightest gem e'er seen.
Diamonds glitter, glow and shine,
Like the gem in every mine,
But the light in friendships eye
Sparkles far more brilliantly.

(second page)

LIDIA MILES

Lidia A. Miles, York, Penna.

May Heaven's choicest blessings ever rest upon my friend, Tommy, is the sincere wish of a friend.

The "Stars and Stripes, shall ever wave,
At Liberty's defenders
To traitor friends, and coward slaves,
It never will surrender.

To A Friend

Bright be thy path o'er the changing sea of life. May the clouds be few to
intercept the light of joy, And bear thee safely, to meet in peace, thy Savior and thy God.

Is the wish of a friend.

August 25th/62

Lidie Miles of
York, Penna.

FATHER HELPS ON RAILROAD SURVEY

Utah Northern – 1872

Mother must have found solace in reading father's notes and diaries. He had a little book in which he made notes on some survey work he did for the Utah Northern Railroad in 1872. Mother looked into that, too. She wrote in the front: "These notes were written while father was helping to survey the Utah Northern in 1872". In this connection, it should be noticed that the survey was done or started, about four months after the wedding trip to Salt Lake City.

Mar. 17th, 1872. Sunday:

In the morning about 9 o'clock Mr. Martineau came and asked me if I was ready to go on the U.N.R.R. survey. Said the party would like to start in about half an hour. I said I would try and be ready.

Started about 10 and drove to Wellsville where we dined at Minnerly's after which we drove to Mendon and stopped at Jap. Lemon's large stone house, which is quite comfortable. Jap got us a good supper. After talking a while we retired in a large hall up stairs where we made our beds on the floor.

Poor Lucie, how I hated to leave her, and miss her now, at bed time, where ever since we were married we never missed our evening prayer, that we might be preserved in truth, in health and strength, and have such blessings as our Heavenly Father has promised to His children. Here, in the midst of so many men, I am lonely, oh so lonely without you, darling Lucie.

This is our first parting, and though 'tis but a while, a few days, the parting of loving hearts is at all times sorrowing.

Monday, March 18th, 1872

We went to the Divide and ran a line north of the little valley East and found we could run about 64 feet lower than any other previous line.

I looked many times toward Logan and home. I could easily see the stovepipe above the roof but saw no one in the yards. How I wished to see dear Lucie.

Tuesday, March 19th, 1872

I was not able to go to work today, my head ached so all night and ever since yesterday afternoon. I am so lonely without you, my darling wife. May God bless and preserve you from all ills and render you happy and contented.

Wednesday, March 20th, '72

Today we went over the mountain to Biggler's and gave grade to a company working on the hill side. Got back about sunset. The road was very bad to the Divide but good on the other side.

Thursday, March 21st, 1872

Ran another line from the Divide to this side of the mountain, South of the Valley of Rice. It is 17 feet above the North line.

The day was so clear that I could easily count the pickets on the Logan Park fence. I looked for Lucie but in vain. We got through about 3 o'clock.

Friday, March 22nd, 1872

Had nothing to do for the want of the Trans Tripod. I wanted to go home. Henry, Alf and ditto Dick. I proposed that we should drive to Wellsville and if the tripod was there to return, if not to go home. We all agreed at once and off we went, exerting much faith that we would not find it. We asked at the proper place, Bishop Maughan. He was not home and his wife said it wasn't there but might be at the office. We had no faith in the supposition and went home.

Lucie was so happy to have me home again, and her eyes shone with such joy & thankfulness that I felt as though I could never leave her again.

Saturday, Mar. 23rd, 1872:

I stayed at home all day and worked at watch making and thinking how _____

Sunday, March 24th, '72:

Started again for the Mendon side at 11 AM. It was hard to leave poor Lucie with tears in her eyes but I had to, and asking God to take care of her I left, arriving in Mendon About 6 P.M.

Mond. Mar 25th, 1872:

Run a preliminary line towards Logan from the lower side of town. We were in water nearly all day. Went as far as Spring Creek and came home.

Tuesday, Mar. 26th, '72:

Ran the line from Spring Creek to Logan River, and hunted for a cropping. Didn't decide upon one. It got too late to come home so we went to Logan and staid the night.

Wed. Mar. 27th, '72:

Left at 10 o'clock for the survey; put up two poles for signals to run to from Mendon and then proceeded to Mendon arriving at about 4 o'clock.

I went to the store after dinner and bought a number of things for my wife.

Thursday, Mar. 28th, '72:

Started to run a new line from the North East corner of Mendon. Went as far as Logan River and came home after dark. Were in the water, nearly all day again.

Friday, Mar. 29th, 1872:

Started early and drove to the Logan River. After a thorough trial of the cropping we found it impracticable and had to hunt for another. Duck, Vic and Alf brought a boat down from Logan city for the purpose crossing back and forth in laying out the line. Henry, Ed and I got in and had a row. Vic and Dick wanted to get in; I had an idea that something would happen, so I got out, Ed followed and Vic, Dick, Jap and Alf got in; Henry remaining. They shoved out in the middle of the stream when Dick commenced rocking the boat. Of course, Vic helped and in a few minutes the boat sank, and there was a scrambling for the shore. Vic got there first, Dick followed and Alf next. Jap and Henry stuck to the boat, standing a foot on each side. They finally had to get out too, and all work to get the boat on shore, bailed it out and came back to the starting point on our side. We then selected the most Northern cropping and started for home and arriving a few minutes after sunset.

Sat. Mar. 30, '72:

We ran a line from the North East corner of Mendon towards the North crossing of the Logan.

Sunday, Mar. 31, 1872:

Stayed here all day expecting that J. W. Young would come, but was disappointed.

Monday, April 1st, 1872:

We started at the point we quit at on the line and ran to Logan.

Memorandum: The men involved in the survey were likely:

Mr. Martineau was Lyman R., son-in-law of Bishop Preston

Jap. Lemon. I know of Lemons in Mendon but no Jap.

Little valley mentioned 3/18 was part of Farrel farm, perhaps, the place where dry farming was successfully developed.

Bigglers' – I don't know the place, but it seems to me there was a Biggler who owned a purebred stud.

Logan Park fence, through which and over which I made my way.

Henry – A Watterson? A Reese?

Alf? A Lundahl? A Picot?

Vic – Crockett, jailer?

Ed – Ed Hanson was a surveyor. Likely the one.

Dick – a Stumper? What man was called Dick?

J.W. Young – Son of Brigham Young and noted across the land for his promotional schemes. He was superintendent of the Utah Northern, then under construction. Senator Smoot had much to say of this promoter. He kept his fellow Senator from getting hooked.

No doubt, when father got home he told his Lucie of gazing through the survey instrument trying to spot her. I wouldn't be surprised to know that she appeared in the yard daily when Tommy went to the survey. She might have waved.

It was a gay crew with the capacity to work and get its job done right, and with the inclination to rock a boat or find the right line for the railroad to follow. That line turned out to be a narrow gauge affair which I remember, I feel sure. And I recall when it became a broad gauge.