

ON THE RAGGED EDGE

The Life and Times of Dudley Leavitt

By

Juanita Brooks

1973

ON THE RAGGED EDGE

Introduction

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Come, Let Us Anew

Come, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,

And never stand still till the Master appear.
His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope and the labor of love,
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

Our life as a dream, our time as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The Arrow is flown, the moments are gone,
The Millennial Year
Presses on to our view, and eternity's here,
Presses on to our view, and eternity's here.

O that each in the day of His coming may say,
"I have fought my way thro,-
I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do."
O that each from the Lord may receive the glad word:
"Well and faithfully done;
Enter into my joy and sit down on my throne,
Enter into my joy and sit down on my throne."

This has become the family song of the Leavitts, to be sung at the funeral services of the older members.

Author's Statement

In 1941 I was married to William Brooks then postmaster in St. George. Our "compound-complex" family consisted of my son, Ernest pulsipheer; three of Will's who were at home - Bob, Grant, and Clair; and our common daughter, Willa Nita. Walter was married and set up in his own place. (I mention this only to show that I already had more to do than I could get done.)

Early that spring my came up from Bunkerville, Nevada, and my father did not wait long to state the reason behind their visit.

"I hear that you are writing the life of Uncle Jacob Hamblin," he said.

Who had told them that? I wondered. I had thought it a secret.

"I'm not exactly writing it yet, but I have been fathering material with that in mind," I confessed. I hadn't thought of any family tie that should make him "Uncle Jacob," until I remembered that his third wife was Grandpa Leavitt's baby sister, Priscilla.

"Uncle Jacob! Uncle Jacob! Everybody talks about Uncle Jacob!" Pa broke in bitterly.

"When Uncle Jacob had a job that was too big for him, who did he send? Dudley Leavitt and Thales Haskell, or Dudley Leavitt and Ira Hatch! When the whole outfit was almost dead of hunger and exposure there at Pipe Springs, whose horse was shot for food? Not Jacob Hamblin's! It was Dudley Leavitt who had to walk most of the way back to the Santa Clara. And when the lyats were making trouble down at Las Vegas, who did he send? Dudley Leavitt and Ira Hatch! They lost their horses and almost their lives.

"Now you forget Jacob Hamblin and write the life of Dudley Leavitt. Your sketch in the family record book will help, and if you look for it, you'll find material. Father was born on the frontier: he had very little schooling. From Canada to Nauvoo and on out here he proved himself always able to meet situations, though he didn't writ them down. If you talk to the family members who are still living - I mean Aunt Hannah and Aunt Sadie and the others that are left - you'll get some help. The main thing is to get started. Don't put it off! Get going!"

So I promised that I would, and I really intended to start, but one thing or another pushed the project aside. When the folks came again about a month later and Pa asked how I was getting along with my book on Grandpa, I was much embarrassed.

"To tell the truth, I haven't actually started to write it yet, but I went over and talked to the printer and we decided on the size of the book and number of pages. He says he will

print 500 copies for \$600. He wants \$50 down as earnest money and \$50 a month until the book is done. If it's not all clear by that time, I can have sixty days longer in which to sell books enough to settle it."

Without a word, Pa pulled out his check book, wrote a check for \$50, and handing it to me, ordered, "Now you get busy, and don't you stop until this is done and ready to hand out to the family."

In spite of this reluctant beginning, I soon became much involved in the project. I spent some time with Aunt Hannah Terry who was then visiting with her daughter, Exie Blake, in St. George. As the oldest child of all the family, she could remember far back, indeed. If only I had a recording machine to get her stories exactly as they were told! But I did the best I could with scattered notes that later were sometimes not very helpful. Printed sources, written journals, and letters would be easier to handle and more reliable.

Aunt Salena Leavitt, the family genealogist, became the best real help, for she had been making the study of family genealogy her main interest. Yes, indeed, there was material enough. Diaries of John Pulsipher, Orson W. Huntsman, Myron Abbott all mentioned Grandpa as being involved in their common undertakings; family folklore and pioneer experiences fathered from one and another, filed and used in its place - these the base on which I must build. A chapter at a time, longer or shorter as they could be crowded in among my other duties, was knocked out, carried cross-lots to the printer, and promptly set into type. In a remarkably short time the little volume was done. I was conscious of its shortcomings but made no apology. I felt that just the appendix at the end was worth it.

These were depression times in southern Utah and Nevada. Many needs must come before books, so that it really took some time to sell enough to cover the cost. Fact is I had to borrow money to clear with the printer. For me, the greatest surprise and the greatest reward came several years later when I made my first trip to the Henry E. Huntington Library at San Marino, California. I had received word that the Huntington Library had recently secured some original diaries of John D. Lee. I was eager to these, so I wrote to ask if they were available. The answer, Though evasive, included an invitation to visit the library.

I hadn't imagined what a deal it was to gain admittance to this place until I passed the footman at the gate, another at the door, a man at the desk in the outside room, and at last reached the inner sanctum. Here I was greeted by Mr. Leslie E. Bliss, who said, "I'm very happy to meet you, Mrs. Brooks. I've enjoyed your book on Dudley Leavitt very much. You see, my wife is a Leavitt from Massachusetts." There on the table lay the little blue-backed volume! How he found it, I can never guess, for it had no printed advertisements.

However it was, I have given this book credit for getting me acquainted at Huntington Library, which in turn gave me a project for collecting original Mormon material and finally a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation to write my first real book, *The Mountain Meadows Massacre*.

After some twenty years had passed and the Dudley Leavitt books were all sold, a printer asked if I would object to his republishing it. I now believe that he had it all done before he approached me on the subject. I supposed, of course, that he would reproduce it as it was. How sadly was I disappointed. In order to make more profit, he had printed it on cheaper paper in smaller type, making the whole volume smaller. It was not only difficult to read, but the pictures were ruined. My own father looks out at me with white holes for his eyes from a coal-black face. This issue, I understand, is now depleted.

In doing further research on the family, I have found much new material which I have included in this volume, enriching it greatly and giving a better overall picture of the times and places in which the families lived.

The statistical material at the end has been enlarged also.

The new title, *On the Ragged Edge: The Life and Times of Dudley Leavitt*, refers, of course, to the numerous times he was called to move from one frontier to another.

I now feel that I have truly kept the promise I made to my father so many years ago.

Juanita Brooks

FROM CANADA TO ILLINOIS

ON THE RAGGED EDGE

FROM CANADA TO ILLINOIS

Since the subject of our study is Dudley Leavitt, we shall begin with his birth at Hatley, southern Canada, on August 31, 1830. His great grandfather, Nathaniel Leavitt, had moved into this area before 1789, so the family was by now well established. Though his grandfather, Jeremiah I, was quite long ago dead, his grandmother, Sarah Shannon Leavitt, was still very much alive and kept in close touch with all her children, as a true matriarch should. She was much concerned that her descendants live Christian lives by observing the Sabbath, attending to morning and evening prayers in their homes, reading and discussing the scriptures, doing good, helping those in distress, and walking uprightly before their God.

When the first ancestor arrived in this place it was virgin land, well wooded but with areas for farming, and also suited to lumbering, fishing, and hunting. As the town grew, businesses were established, churches were organized, and a social life based on relationships or mutual interests developed. Entertainment was home made: programs, celebrations, and athletic competitions for the holidays; yes, and much activity centered also in the town saloon.

Joseph Fish, writing many years later, told an incident that will illustrate the frontier conditions. It seems that there was a very large bear in the surrounding woods, one so fierce that no man dared to tackle him alone. So the use strategy. They put out a little trough of sugar, well soaked with whiskey, which the bear lapped up with great relish. The men found him dead-drunk, so sound that in no way could they rouse him. So they loaded him onto a heavy sled and hauled him by team into the public square, where they chained him fast to a large pole, thinking that they might eventually tame him. When he awakened and became himself again, he was so ferocious that they had to kill him after all. In the meantime, down in the United States, events were transpiring which would change the life pattern of the entire Leavitt family.

Sarah Sturdevant Leavitt wished to be a part of a Christian congregation. Because she believed in baptism by immersion, she joined the Free Will Baptist group in Hatley. She attended the meetings, read the scriptures, and prayed earnestly for guidance but was never quite satisfied.

In the meantime, over the line in Vermont, Joseph Smith had grown to young manhood. In answer to his petition asking which of all the churches was the right one, he received the assurance that none was true, and that he himself might be the man through whom the ancient church would be restored.

Later, from a heavenly visitor, he learned of and finally received custody of the records of an ancient people who had inhabited this continent. These, with the help of Oliver Cowdery, he translated and printed under the title, *The Book of Mormon*. On April 6, 1830, in the home of Peter Whitmer, in Fayette, Seneca County, New York, with six members, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was formally organized.

In spite of persecution, the church, commonly called Mormon, grew with amazing rapidity, branches being established in New York, Pennsylvania, and west into Ohio. In 1835, Parley P. Pratt went on a mission to Canada, and by 1836 he had organized a large branch in Toronto, with smaller ones in outlying settlements. Among his converts was John Taylor, who later became president of the Mormon Church.

When John E. Page was asked to go on a mission to Canada, he objected, saying that he had no suitable clothes. Joseph Smith took off his own overcoat and handed it over saying, "Go on this Mission, and the Lord will bless your labors." Within the two years John E Page had baptized upwards of six hundred people!

The Prophet himself, accompanied by Oliver Cowdery and Newel K. Whitney, took a brief mission into eastern Canada, beginning October 3, 1833, and continuing until October 29. They held meetings almost daily, speaking usually to large crowds. After one such meeting, twelve people applied for baptism, though this was the first time they had heard of the Restored Church.

In 1838, John E. Page organized a company of Canadian Saints, consisting of fifty wagons and several hundred people, and brought them to Far West. A second Canadian company was later organized.

With all the missionary work to the east of them, the town of Hatley saw no Mormon elders. They had only word-of-mouth accounts of this ancient church restored and of the great zeal of the converts. Finally, a man who had attended a Mormon gathering came into town carrying two books, *A Voice of Warning* and *The Book of Mormon*, which he loaned to

the Leavitt family. Night after night the members gathered to read the books aloud and discuss their contents. As Dudley's father would write later, "We believed them without preaching."

Dudley, not yet seven years old, was sensitive to the spirit of the older members of the family. He felt the eagerness of Grandma Sarah Shannon Leavitt; he saw her face light up in the discussions. His own mother, Sarah Sturdevant Leavitt, was equally enthusiastic with the evidence that the Second Coming of Jesus Christ might be within their time if the people were prepared to meet Him. The family must move to the gathering place.

For weeks and months they studied maps and gathered information. Finally they decided to make their first stop at Twelve Mile Grove, near the southern point of Lake Michigan. Chicago was not yet founded, but Joliet was a booming center in lumber, and these people knew the lumber business. There was also free farming land waiting for settlers.

After weeks and months of preparation, the company left Hatley on July 20, 1837. It included all the sons of Mother Sarah Shannon Leavitt and all her daughters but two, of whom we have no record.

The train of seven wagons pulled out in good order; all agreed that they might not stay together long. Each would manage as best he could, but in the end he would arrive at the Twelve Mile Grove.

No. 1 Frank Chamberlain, husband of Rebecca, Leavitt's eldest daughter, led the train. They had five children ranging from fourteen down to three years of age. Since this was the best outfit on the road, Mother Sarah Shannon Leavitt traveled in it. Frank Chamberlain, an excellent frontiersman, would arrive okay.

No.2. Horace Fish drove this outfit. His wife was Hannah, Mother Sarah's youngest daughter and mother of three children. Of these three uncles, Dudley was most fond of Horace Fish, for in his mind Uncle Horace could do most anything, make it or fix it. His son, Joseph Fish, writing as a mature man, said that these three families traveled together and arrived at Joliet, Illinois, on September 19, 1837, which meant that they were just three months to the day on the road. None of the others was that fortunate.

No. 4. Weare (Wier) Leavitt, Mother Shannons's eldest son, was now fifty-two years old. He had along the three children of his first wife, Abigail Cole. After her death he married her sister Phoebe, who had four additional children, the youngest now two years old. They followed close on the three first wagons, arriving one day later.

No. 5. John Leavitt, whose wife was Lucy Rowell, had six young children, but they arrived at their destination in good time.

No. 6. Nathaniel Leavitt, aged forty-seven, did not do so well. He had along the three sons of his first wife, Debrah Deland. His second wife, Betty Bear, had three young children. They were forced to stop and work for provisions; Nathaniel grew ill and died. The wife, discouraged and disillusioned, took the outfit and her three children and returned to Canada. The three older boys remained to join the company with their Uncle Jeremiah II.

No. 7. Since Jeremiah II and his wife Sarah Sturdevant Leavitt are the chief characters in this part of our history, we shall follow their family in some detail, by getting acquainted with each member.

Later Sarah described her husband as a kind man, gentle with the children, thoughtful of his animals, slow to anger. Perhaps he depended on her judgment at times; certainly she was more aggressive and talkative than he. Physically he had the traditionally large Leavitt body.

Their eldest daughter, Louisa, now eighteen, had been in poor health for more than a year. Of her , her mother wrote:

Louisa had been sick for a year, under the doctor's care, and had taken much medicine, but all to no purpose. She was very feeble, could sit up but little. She had been in the states with my friends for more than a year.

Her father and myself went after her with a light carriage. As she was 18 years old, I gave her her choice to go home with us or stay with my sister. My sister told her that if she would stay with her she would never want for anything, but she said she would go with her father and mother. My sister said, "Louisa, if you get well, don't say that Mormonism has cured you.

Perhaps we should add here that Louisa did get well and later was married to William Jones. But for most of the journey she rode in the lead wagon.

Jeremiah III (Jerry) at seventeen was able to do a man's work; he handled the team well, and knew how to use an ax, pick, shovel, and gun.

Lydia was also a delicate girl, not sick exactly, but not active and robust. Her delicate beauty would appeal to a fine young man who would become her husband.

Weare (wier) was the strong one of the family. He gloried in athletic feats, was always tackling man-sized tasks, and often romped with the younger children, often carrying them on his shoulders.

Lemuel (Lem) was a quiet, slender chap of ten with a mind of his own and a determination to stay with any job that he undertook.

Dudley celebrated his seventh birthday a few days after they left Hatley. He was a sturdy, healthy, independent child who asked no help but tried to care for his sister Mary and baby brother Thomas, both of whom were younger than he.

For this long journey Jeremiah II had two wagons. The larger one traveled ahead all the way and carried Louisa, Lydia, and the two younger children. Though little Tom often rode on the pony or on Wier's shoulders. For the most part, all walked who were able to walk, and on steep or difficult places everybody got out and walked.

Jerry drove the second wagon, loaded with necessary gear, with sometimes one or another beside him on the spring seat. The days fell into a natural pattern - beds on the ground in clear weather and in rain under one of the two tents which were closely rolled up during the day. Meals were served on a "table" - a thin, light plywood board three-by-five feet which was neatly fitted into the side of the baggage wagon and could be easily pulled out and put back into place.

Clean hands and faces were demanded at the table, older children helping younger ones to get ready to sit up. The one unbroken rule: no one touched any food until after the blessing was asked.

This family did not follow the Lake Road all the way as did the others. They turned off and stopped to visit Kirtland, Ohio, where the parents and Louisa were all baptized into the church. In her record, the mother wrote:

We had a prosperous journey of eight hundred miles to Kirtland, Ohio....We stayed at Kirtland about a week and had the privilege of hearing Joseph preach in the thing the Baptist said they called a meeting house, which proved to be a very good house. We went into the upper rooms, saw the Egyptian mummies, the writing that was said to be written in Abraham's day, Jacob's ladder being pictured on it, and lots more wonders that I cannot write here, and that were explained to us.

But our money was all spent, we could go no further. We had to look for a place where we could sustain ourselves for the present, while the rest of our company went on to the Twelve Mile Grove in Illinois. We promised we would follow them the next year.

This was the first of September [1837]. My husband found a place ten miles from Kirtland - Mayfield, a little village with mills and chair factories, and every chance for a living that

one could wish....There was a man by the name of Faulk that owned almost the whole village. Of him we hired a house....

But it was a hard case when the children would come from school with their nose bleeding and crying, saying that they had been pounded most unmercifully. I went to the teacher very candid and told her that unless she could stop the scholars from abusing my children I should have to take them out of school. She said she would.....

I wanted very much to get the good will of my neighbors, for I knew I could give no success in preaching Mormonism unless I did....By and bye, being free with all, I got the good will of some of them....

Mr. Faulk, the man in whose house we lived, was noted for his wickedness....but I had got his good will, and he would come in often and have a talk with me. At last I told him I had some books I wanted him to read....I gave him the "Voice of Warning." He took it home and read it. Then I gave him other books, and at last the "Book of Mormon."

....The time drew near for our departure. My husband had not only provided for his family, but had got considerable besides, but only \$30 in money. He told Faulk he wanted to settle, but he wanted him to take other property, as he had but little money. But Mr. Faulk would not settle with us until we got our team harnessed to start.... Then he did not want a cent, nor would he take a cent....

He hallowed to the merchant and said, "Put up half a pound of tea for this woman and charge it to me, and another half pound and charge it to yourself. She must go to the Mormon swamps, and not drink the water. It will kill her."

I will only add that Faulk joined the Church and came to Nauvoo afterward.

Their detour to Kirtland and work in Mayfield had delayed them more than a year and lengthen their line of travel. Jeremiah's brother, Nathaniel, had come up by Lake Michigan, and like Jeremiah, he was forced to stop and work for provisions at a place called White Pigeon. Of this, Sarah Sturdevant Leavitt wrote:

When we got to that place, we heard that Nathaniel was dead and that his wife had took all the property and gone back to Canada and left three children that were his first wife's children, among strangers sick with ague....They were all three at different houses: their names were Nathaniel, Flavilla, and John....We took them along with us, which increased our number to eleven....

The three boys were aged fifteen, thirteen, and twelve, all willing to work, all determined to stay together until they reached their final destination.

Dudley, now past nine years of age, had looked forward to their arrival at the Twelve Mile Grove, thinking that as soon as they could join their family things would be just wonderful. But they were all sorely disappointed. Grandma Sarah Shannon Leavitt was dead, just worn out with the rigors of the long journey. Uncle Wier was dead, too, Pa's favorite brother, the one Dudley's big brother had been named after. Many of the others were sick and discouraged. It was the swampy nature of the country, they told each other, for so many were plagued with the chills and fever.

The Chamberlains were doing quite well, and Uncle Horace had his little sawmill running and his forge going most of the time, but there was no uniting influence of the church, no central leader to direct meetings where they might encourage and strengthen each other. Nearly every one had been sick with the ague; but with the coming of fall, the chill season would be over, when all would be well again.

But Jeremiah had a large family to support; he must get work for cash. At Joliet, fourteen miles from their location at the Grove, a large canal was under construction. He took his family, along with the three extra sons, and set up there. Work with the team meant \$3.00 a day; shovel hands and general labor \$1.25 a day. Sarah advertised to do laundry work - washing, ironing, and mending - and with the help of her children almost made more money than her husband.

With the coming of spring they moved back to the farm they had staked out at the Twelve Mile Grove and put up a one-room shelter where a new baby sister was born May 12, 1839. For five years Tom had been the baby, favored, carried, teased, and loved; now he must become a little man with a baby sister. They named her Betsy Jane, and she was a constant joy to the whole family.

They prospered greatly at this location. They cultivated the land and had an abundant crop; they enlarged and improved the hove and moved into it in early November. Then during the winter Sarah became very ill with some complaint they did not understand - she who had held up so well during all the long journey and the many hardships. With a young baby needing her care, with the whole family looking to her for direction, she felt that something must be done to help her regain her strength and faith.

In all the four years that they had been moving from place to place they had never once had any Mormon elders in their home. Except for the brief stay in Kirtland they had no contact with the church. Now two elders came to visit in this area, hold meetings with the

members, and proselytize among nonmembers. They encouraged all to move down near Nauvoo, the new city which was being established on the site of the town of Commerce. The Saints from Missouri, literally driven from their holdings in Far West, were re-crossing the Mississippi River to safety. Converts from the eastern states were flocking in, while ships especially chartered by the church were bringing converts by the hundreds from England.

Their location here on the southern tip of Lake Michigan did seem to have a good future financially, but it was far from the church. What had they emigrated all the way from Canada for, if not to be affiliated with and active in the church? Their journey from here would be relatively short; they were on the same side of the river; there was much good land near Nauvoo.

So they moved again. Jeremiah, with his love of high places, secured a location on The Mound, some seven miles from Nauvoo. Here they would be permanent; here among the Saints he could raise his family.

There had been some complications as to the actual property lines, but by peaceful negotiation the difficulties were settled, and the family was settled on an eminence with the crossroads running near their door - one road leading to Nauvoo, the other to Warsaw. They were also near the holdings of the brothers-in-law, Frank Chamberlain and Horace Fish.

When they left Canada, Frank had been selected to be captain of the company because of his ability to build a farm out of a piece of land. Now they all cooperated in the business of clearing, grading, and leveling the new holdings. Such native growth as was there - willows, young trees, wild berry bushes - must be either torn away or carefully protected. Those which offered straight sticks or poles of any size must be cut, trimmed, and stacked for use in building corrals, sheep and pig pens, and fences between the different plots. Only the brambles were burned and their ashes scattered to mix with the soil. Areas of promising growth were left in many of the hollows.

Working together, they each had a beautiful farm. Uncle Frank's was so productive that later when the exodus to the west came, his family refused to leave. The three combined farms would represent an easy living. His descendants were still operating the place in the 1870s when one of the cousins was called back to this area on a mission.

Uncle Horace Fish, on the other hand, was a natural mechanic. His sawmill could convert poles to lumber; his blacksmith shop was well stocked with tools. He built wooden carts complete with wheels, but his specialty was wooden buckets, tubs, kegs, barrels. In fact,

he was known as an expert cooper. In the evenings, as a side-line, he repaired or made shoes. For Dudley to "chore around," fetching and carrying, was an education of a kind and very valuable in his later life.

Aunt Hannah Fish had three daughters before she had a son whom she named Joseph. Dudley was ten years old at the time; now the twelve-year-old became a companion of the two-year-old, a happy relationship which lasted throughout their lives.

In the spring of 1841 Dudley's mother was going to give birth to another child, and this time she felt strongly that she must go into Nauvoo for her confinement. Always before she had faced her ordeal with only a midwife or her husband for help. But this was different. At least she thought it was different. So on the last day of April 1841 she left the family in charge of the older girls and had Wier drive her to town. At seventeen Wier was almost a man grown; he could take the outfit down and return with it to be used at home during her stay.

Her premonition was right. It was fortunate indeed that she had expert help. The child was born on May 8, 1841. Two weeks they rested, and then brought home another baby girl, just two years younger than Betsy. But this child was like none of the others. She had a heavy head of coal-black hair and blue eyes. All the other girls had brown hair, ranging from blonde to darker shades of brown but none approaching black. She was also large of frame, with no plumpness; it was easy to see that by the time she could walk, she would be as large as Betsy. They named her Priscilla. Dudley immediately adopted her as his special pet; all her life long she would turn to him for support and counsel.(note: I believe she latter marries Jacob Hamblin...MRH)

By 1842 the family had quite grown up. Jerry, now past twenty-one, was working for himself and courting the lovely girl who would the next year become his wife. The two older girls, Louisa and Lydia, were both preparing to get married. Wier was more than ever the young giant, and Lemuel was shooting up like a bean pole. Dudley was low in command, but for all those younger - Thomas, Mary, Betsy, and Priscilla - he was the ideal older brother. He could make willow whistles that were high and shrill and spool tops that would spin. He could rig-up stilts for muddy weather and quail traps complete with figure-4 triggers which often meant meat for dinner.

He did not read well, so he preferred to listen to someone else read. He was never set to writing, either. But his ability to memorize was amazing. The Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, the Twenty-third Psalm, and the Nineteenth Psalm were favorites. Thanks to his mother, who through all the years had held evening devotions where a

section of the scriptures was read before the bedtime prayer, he was able to quote excerpts without knowing their chapter and verse. This was especially true of Psalm 91. In his later years he seemed to gather strength from repeating its promises.

For four years they lived in peace and happiness on The Mound. Their home was comfortable, but they planned another, larger, for which they had the foundation of stones gathered and the brick bargained for. Soon there was word of marauding bands raiding the countryside. From their elevation on The Mound they could see distant fires evidence that barns or homes were being burned.

Only one time was the Leavitt family threatened. In the summer of 1843 a group of six horsemen came galloping up to the gate and stopped in a shower of gravel. Out in front to meet them was Wier, only twenty, but a young giant. Walking calmly across the front yard and out to the gate he said, "Come on in, fellows, and have a drink. Come right in!"

He led them around the side of the house to the dugout cellar in the back yard. Here he picked up the ten

gallon keg of wine, poured out a quart cup full and handed it to the first man who took a good swig, and handed it to the next until it was gone. Wier refilled it and started in again from the other side. Then picking up the barrel, he drank from the bung hole. They watched in amazement, noting how his muscles bulged beneath his shirt and the cool fearlessness of his eyes.

In the meantime, his father came into the picture, himself a powerful man in his middle years, backed by Lem, Dudley, and Tom - just boys, but boys to be reckoned with. Looking them over, the leader cleared his throat and said, "Well - well, thanks a lot!" at which they all mounted and rode away. The Leavitt family was never threatened again.

By 1843 Jerry had set up his own work with his own team and wagon. He had met Eliza Harrover, a young lady who was both beautiful and accomplished. Of her past we know only that she had lived in Washington, D.C., for some time. In early 1844 they were married and had set up for themselves, independent of either family. Their first child, a daughter, was born December 26, 1845. They called her Clarissa.

Louisa, now also of age, had grown to be a healthy woman; whether or not the transformation was the result of her baptism into the church, she would not say. It was enough to be well. She was courted by William Jones, their wedding following close upon Jerry's. Soon after that, Lydia became the second wife of William Snow.

This left Wier the oldest one at home, and he took this position seriously. For all his outgoing personality, his abundant energy, and his big voice, he was especially tender and considerate of his mother.

Communication was slow. Here on The Mound the family had most of its news from passers-by on the road. They had heard that the Prophet had been taken prisoner along with several of the other brethren, but he had been in prison before and had got away. Surely God would watch over and protect this man, his Prophet.

TRAGEDY AND NEW BEGINNINGS
ON THE RAGGED EDGE
TRAGEDY AND NEW BEGINNINGS

When word came of the death of Joseph and Hyrum, the people were all thunderstruck. What could they do? What, indeed? They could hurry into Nauvoo to learn more of the details, to share in the general mourning. Everywhere were crowds of people, weeping and talking through their tears. Gloom on every face, hopelessness, confusion. With their Prophet gone, what could they do?

Later, as the bodies lay in state, the Leavitt family all passed to take their last look at Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum. Dudley was so impressed by the calm majesty of their faces that even after he was an old man himself, he declared that if he had ever been uncertain before of the divine mission of this man, he now knew of a surety that here was a Prophet of the living God. No hardship could shake his faith.

Now the threat of mobbing grew to such a state that the Mormons agreed upon the sound of a great drum to warn the Saints. They were gathered at the home of William Snow, who was the husband of Dudley's sister Lydia. The women and children were in the darkened house, while men stood guard outside.

"Arm and be ready," a rider called as he passed by. "The mob is out to destroy every Mormon!"

One of the women began to cry, begging her husband not to go.

If I had forty husbands and as many sons, I would urge them all to go," Dudley's mother said. "If I could, I'd go myself."

But that night they did not need to go nor for some time later. For several months the people went about their labors in peace, but they were like sheep without a shepherd. They lacked direction and purpose. "What can we do now?" they asked each other.

In the meantime the members of the Council of Twelve Apostles began to gather in Nauvoo. Most of them had been absent at the time of the martyrdom of the Prophet, and they had hurried home as soon as the word reached them. Sidney Rigdon was one who felt that he should be the next president of the church, since he had been a counselor to the

Prophet. Joseph's wife, Emma, felt that the leadership should remain in the family. It was not until Brigham Young and a number of the Twelve had returned that a public meeting was held to determine the successor to Joseph Smith.

All the Leavitt family were present on that occasion, August 8, 1844, for to them this was a matter of great importance. Fourteen-year-old Dudley was with his friends near the back of the large audience which had gathered to hear the talks of the authorities. On the stand the men were arranged according to their rank in the priesthood, the different quorums grouped together. After the preliminary opening exercises, Brigham Young arose to speak. Sidney Rigdon had already pressed his claims at a meeting the day before, but no vote had been called.

On the edge of the crowd, Dudley whispered to some of his companions. Suddenly they all stopped and listened. It was their Prophet Joseph speaking! How well they knew his accents. They raised up and looked toward the stand. For a second, they thought it was the Prophet who stood there. But they knew it was not, and soon the vision passed. It was so real to Dudley that it made a lasting impression. For him, the mantle of Joseph had in reality fallen upon Brigham. As long as he lived he loved to retell the incident.

The whole audience seemed to have had the same experience, for when a vote was called they were almost unanimous in saying that they would be led and directed by the Twelve Apostles, with Brigham Young at the head.

United again under a competent leader, the people went on with their work, finishing the temple and carrying on their church duties. The persecutions, temporarily stopped, now began again. Again marauding bands scoured the countryside at night; again burnings and mobbings became common. At The Mound the Leavitt family kept a constant watch, for two roads went directly past their home, one from Warsaw and one from Carthage, and they must be alert for enemies from either. Dudley took his turn at standing guard with the older boys.

With the Prophet dead and the new leadership under Brigham Young getting organized, the unrest everywhere quieted some what. Converts continued to come; new businesses were established. Work on the temple was being pushed in all haste that this part of their ordinances might be performed. True, the Old Police remained intact and were increased in numbers; the cavalry still had their horses and uniforms and arms; and the two pieces of ordnance were ready for immediate use.

Hosea Stout, in charge of this, kept a daily diary; John D. Lee did also. By the fall of 1845 the Mormons felt that they could defend themselves against thefts and marauders and, if necessary, strike back.

The state officials were much disturbed by the evidence of Mormon military might. There should be some understanding between the leaders of the two factions to prevent civil war. Meanwhile, the temple had been finished, and the faithful were crowding to get their endowments in it, secure in the knowledge that it was kept under heavy guard day and night.

Finally, a truce was made in which the state military and local citizens would cease to rob and pillage among the Mormons if they would promise to leave the state enmass "as soon as grass grows and water runs." This, it was generally understood, meant April through May. But by early February the mob became restless again, and the Mormon leaders knew that they must leave. Among the first were Brigham Young himself with a part of his family, John D. Lee, and Hosea Stout. Behind them, in Nauvoo, the people were busy building wagons and securing tents, wagon covers, and supplies.

Soon after a part of the families of the leaders were across, the thermometer fell until at one point the river was frozen over strong enough that some wagons were driven over on the ice. Perhaps the most vivid account of the hazards was written by Hosea Stout, captain of the military and also of the police.

On the ground or on a horse, Stout was a man of great courage; he had repeatedly given evidence of his clear-headedness in a crises. But evidently he was afraid of the water, so that his experience in crossing the river was a traumatic one indeed.

Monday Feb 9th 1846...I wet with my family to the river to cross over into Iowa...at length we went aboard an old small boat and started over. The wind being quite high & the river very ruff. While on the water I beheld the most heart rending and dangerous scenes that I was ever called upon to witness....there was a man and two Boys in a Skiff coming from one of the islands with a load of wood. The Skiff was loaded down almost to the top and upon coming out into the open water began to fill with water. The man did not know how to manage a water craft....The boys were frited at every wave and would scream...in a short distance his Skiff Swamped... all on our boat stood petrified...while the screemes of the boys thrilled through every heart. A short distance behind us was another larger ferry boat coming over with two wagons, two yokes of oxen, and about twenty people on board. They saw the situation...and turned down-stream & took them in & saved them from a

watery grave...but we were called upon to see a ten-fold more melancholy event transpire. We were alarmed by the Shrieks & cries of the men, women & children on the boat...we saw that their boat was sinking in the middle of the river. They made every sign token cry scream gesture & manifestation of distress that I ever saw in my life...and all was hushed as the boat went down. In a few minutes we saw them scattered like so many wild fowl in the water...some were on feather beds, lumber, sticks of wood...and some climbed up on the wagon, which did not quite go under, while the cows and oxen were seen swimming to the bank from whence they came....

A Boat which was crossing back empty came to them and with some Skiffs & Sail boats Succeeded in Saving them...not one were lost, though some were so near gone that they could not speak. And one yoke of oxen was drowned.

Stout concluded that God had cursed the water!

Thomas Cottam, a convert from England, was on this boat, and he told the story much as it is told here, but he gave blame for the trouble to a young man who spit tobacco juice into the eye of one of the oxen. The animal, crazed with pain, floundered around until he broke some of the planks off the boat. The official account in the History of Brigham Young was much more explicit, though it did not name the guilty man:

A filthy, wicked man squirted some tobacco juice into the eyes of one of the oxen attached to Thomas Grover's wagon, which immediately plunged into the river, dragging another ox with him, and as he was going overboard, he tore off one of the side boards, which caused the water to flow into the flatboat, and as they approached the shore the boat sank to the bottom....Some of the brethren were picked up in an exhausted condition. Two oxen were drowned and a few things floated away and were lost. The wagon was drawn out with its contents damaged.

The point to be made here is that the top men of the Mormon Church were first to cross the river to safety in Iowa. At this point they were not certain of their destination; they knew that there must be way stations where people could stop a season to raise crops or in some way earn the means they would need to reach their final homes.

The Leavitt family had felt safe in their location on The Mound, but with the coming of spring they realized their precarious position. Sarah later wrote in her record book:

We soon found that we had to leave the place if we meant to save our lives, and we with the rest of the brethren got what little we could from our beautiful farm. We had forty thousand bricks that my husband and sons had made for to build a house, and part of the rock to lay the foundation. For this we got an old bed quilt and for the farm a yoke of wild steers, and for two high post bed-steeds we got some weaving done. Our nice cherry light stand we left for the mob, with every other thing we could not take along with us.

The Leavitt family had lived through the winter in their home in comparative comfort, for they waited until April to move. By this time the bitter cold of February, the flood time of the March thaws in crossing the river, and the first hazards of loading and docking had been cleared. Even so, they had troubles enough. They had been forced - "called upon" sounds better - to give up one wagon for the general emigration which meant that the one remaining was overloaded. All must walk, all the time.

The general plan for the migration was that the authorities, along with the police and the guards, should go ahead as far as Council Bluffs and there make a temporary settlement until they could be better prepared for the long trip across the Great Plains and the Rocky Mountains to their new home, wherever that might be. The route of travel was due west across lower Iowa. The Leavitt family stopped at the Mountain Pisgah station about midway on the road. Winter Quarters, on the east side of the Missouri River, would be the main settlement.

Jeremiah chose a location near one of the families of Lorenzo Snow, and Sarah was most appreciative of the help she gave her.

Jerry and his wife had come ahead and had left the main line of travel to get work at a place called Bonaparte, so Jeremiah decided to join them there, taking Dudley along. It seems that the three sons of Nathaniel also went, for by now they were able to draw men's wages.

This left the mother with only Mary, Tom, and the two younger children, Betsey and Priscilla. After her husband had been gone about two weeks Sarah became very ill, and if it had not been for the help of these good neighbors she well might have died. But they brought her food, took care of her laundry, and sat with her at night until she finally recovered.

One little incident says much for her character: One morning after the people who had stayed through the night had left, she raised up to see a "monstrous, big rattlesnake with eight rattles" coiled up on a bench. It had evidently been there all night. She called Tom

and told him to take it out and toss it off the bank but not to hurt it, for it had been a friend in the house and company all night.

It was past time for her husband to return; she looked for him day and night. Then just before daylight one morning a horseman came carrying the news of his death. He was so reliable, so dependable, it had not even occurred to her that he might die. But she knew she must be strong to keep the children together and get them to Zion. She sums up the situation:

Wier and Lemuel had gone to Council Bluffs, and got news of their father's death and my sickness, and Lemuel came to Pisgah with a team and some medicine that would stop the ague, and other things for our comfort. Jeremiah came with the team his father had taken to Bonaparte and brought Dudley with him....

My husband died 20th of August 1846. He had but two children married, Louisa and Jeremiah, and one grandchild, Jeremiah's daughter, Clarisa. He sang "Come let us Anew, our Journey Pursue, Roll Round With the Year and Never Stand Still Till the Master Appear."

He sang that hymn as long as he had strength to sing it, and then wanted Elsa to sing it. He died without a struggle or a groan.

Dudley, now just sixteen years old, had been at his father's bedside through it all, and was deeply affected by the experience. Many years later he would sing the same song as he passed into eternity.

A most interesting item, in the hand writing of Jeremiah II, was found and is preserved at the Genealogical Library files:

Genealogy of Jeremiah Levet

who was born May 30th 1797 in the state of New Hampshire town of Grantham, my father's name was Jeremiah. In my first year my father moved to Lower Canada and died there in his 46th year of his age in full assurance of a glorious resurrection leaving nine children.

I returned to Vermont where I married Sarah Sturdevant. We removed to Canada where we joined freewill baptists. We remained with them until we saw the Book of Mormon & Covenants and believed them without any preaching. We went to Kirtland where we was baptised. Went to Twelve Mile Grove where I was ordained a Teacher under the hands of King Follett, and from there went to Nauvoo where I was Ordained into the Sixteenth Quorum of Seventies by order of the Council....

One of the most tragic periods of all Mormon history is that of the two years at Winter Quarters, built in an area now adjacent to the city of Omaha, Nebraska, where there are literally hundreds of graves. Old and young, they died of exposure, malnutrition, and actual starvation, until at some times, in some areas, there were none able to bury the dead. Council Bluffs, across the valley, was also a part of the great encampment. Dugouts, cellars in the ground, mud-covered willows - few, indeed had adequate shelter. The mother wrote:

The boys made a camp of hay and I crawled into it, glad to get any place of shelter. I had to live there while they built a house, and suffered very much for want of proper food and with the cold as we could have no fire in a hay camp....In all my sickness, I have never complained or looked back, for I was sure there was better days coming. I knew that Mormonism was true and better days would surely come.

My health was poor all winter. At first I could get but little that was fit for a sick person to eat, but soon we had plenty....We lived only a few rods from the Pottowatamie chief. He told the boys that if there was anything that they wanted that he had, to come and get it and he would wait until they could pay for it.

There was violence as well as suffering in the camp. She witnessed a murder in front of her house. Brother Lilace W Conditt was shot through the heart by John Gheen (she spelled the name Jean) in a dispute about land. According to her story, Brother Conditt had been very sick and was not well when he put on his blue coat and stepped out onto Gheen's land - or his own land which Gheen claimed.

After he had been dead a few days, one night after his family were all asleep but Sister Conditt, he came in and went to the bed where she lay and commenced talking. At first she was frightened, but soon all fear left her and she talked to him without any fear...he told her he wanted his body took up and buried on high land, as the place where he lay would be washed off into the river....She had his body took up and buried where he wanted it, and the land did wash off as he said it would.

John D. Lee wrote the full story of the Conditt death but did not name the murderer, probably because he was a brother of two of Heber C. Kimball's Wives:

Summer Quarters Sund April 16, 1847....

Reported that Bro Lilace W. Conditt was shot through the heart by [John Gheen] who had before forbid him passing through his garden 3 times & just before a mob passed through to taunt him. He raised his piece, but it missed fire, As soon as the Horrid Deed was done the man whose hands was stained with Blood was most shockingly beat by the Spectators & then bound in chains.

Sarah Sturdevant Leavitt mentioned several people whose names appear later in Utah history. One was a Dr Vaun (Dr. Vaughn) whom she distrusted very much. She also reported that there was a bogus press in this place and that a man drowned in the river trying to drive cattle while his companions stood on the bank and made no move to help him.

Thomas told them if they would let him have a horse, he would go and save him, but they did not like to venture heir horses in such a dangerous place. Benway, the merchant, cured them and told them...There was little Thomas Leavitt that would have gone into the river and would have saved him, too, but you was afraid your horse would drown - Oh, Shame!

Benway was a great friend to Thomas and gave him many presents. Thomas was thirteen years old and his good conduct mad him many friends.

Also how Jean's wife had a frightful monster born; and how I had the offer of marriage; and Sister Adams and Lydia Snow both died; and Robert McLean and Father Richards both apostatized, and how many debates I had with them; and a thousand other things too numerous to relate.

For all, the first and major concern was food. John D. Lee was appointed to go on trading missions upon which he would accept whatever a man had to spare: fancy dishes, kitchen gadgets, quilts, clothing, tools - just anything they could spare. Lee and the owner agreed upon the value of the articles and a record was kept, the pay to be in food. He took a train of three wagons and made a number of trips out among the farms and settlements, where he would buy whole beeves, pigs slaughtered on the ground or cut up and cured, corn,

potatoes, wheat by the two-bushel sack, butter, lard - anything edible. Lee was a good trader, and these trips saved many lives.

So many stories have come out of this starvation time. One is the Apostle George A. Smith, later called "the Potato Saint." His family had only potatoes to eat, so, being kind to his wife and children, he gave them all the heart of the potato while he subsisted upon the raw peelings. "The Lord blessed the peelings, so that Brother Smith was able to work hard all day, while his wife and children died," his neighbors said. at that time vitamins were unknown.

How eagerly the people welcomed the spring. Digging wild roots and gathering dandelions, pigweeds, or any succulent plant for greens became daily tasks for all. With the spring came better health.

The 1847 company, consisting of 143 men, 3 women, and 2 children, was organized to cross the plains, select a location for the church, make a preliminary survey, and help build a fort for the first winter. Most of the teams and all the horsemen would return to Council Bluffs to assist in the mass migration of the next year, but instead of the one hundred men left, the population of the Salt Lake Valley that winter was increased by newcomers from Pueblo, Mississippi, and Winter Quarters to total 1,671 souls. Somehow most of them managed to survive.

The 1848 emigration drained Winter Quarters. All who could go did so, some leaving quite comfortable homes. The Leavitt family moved into one of these where they got along very well indeed. Meanwhile, Jerry and his family remained at Bonaparte, Pottawatomie County, where he still had permanent work. His wife had given him another daughter, Lucy Ann.

Wier who had been living with Jerry and working with him came home to help his mother move into the new quarters mentioned above, for since his father's death he felt a special responsibility to care for his mother. He was so pleased to see her situated where she not only had heat and shelter but room enough to use her own skills to advantage. An excellent cook, she could now take in two or three boarders; she could make bread, cookies, and cakes of all kinds to sell; she could do sewing or laundry. He was pleased with all this, but he did not want her to start on the long journey west without his help. "you are not going to the Valley this year, are you, Mother?" he asked. "Don't try to go until I can come to help you."

There seemed little possibility that his mother could get an outfit together in one year, but she made no promises. Wier's last words as he left were, "Mother, wait for me to help you into the Valley."

In good health again, Sarah was pleased in general with the way things were shaping up for her. Lemuel had joined Bill Hamblin in driving two of the wagons of Apostle George A. Smith's family train to to Utah. This would give him employment and put him in Zion early. This left only Dudley and Thomas and the three younger girls - Mary, Betsy, and Priscilla - at home. She could use the girls to good advantage in her work. Dudley had employment with Brother Peter Maughan who was running a store. Almost nineteen years old, Dudley felt that he was a man grown, while Brother Maughan constantly marveled at his strength and agility.

One day a group of soldiers were wrestling among themselves in a good-humored test to see which was strongest. Brother Maughan watched for a while and then said, "I've got a boy here that can throw any one of you."

This brought a loud cry of derision. They'd have to be shown!

The wrestling was side-holds: the two opponents' feet placed side by side, each with one hand holding the top of his opponent's pants in the back, their other two hands clutched together in front. The object was to trip your opponent or by sheer strength to pick him up and slam him down. Dudley had played this game before. He knew that agility was important as well as strength. He threw one after another as soon as they stepped up until at last there were no more volunteers.

Peter Maughan was so elated that he cupped his two hands around his mouth and gave a whoop that raised the echoes. Then reaching into this pocket, he threw out a silver dollar which he tossed at Dudley's feet. "Take that, for the best show I ever saw put on," he said. Meantime, though his mother was using every skill she had to make money, she knew it would be a long time before she could earn enough to even begin to get the wagons and teams she would need.

Many years later, writing in the journal, she said: "But through energy and faith and the Blessings of God, we got a good fit-out." She should have added that the specific "Blessing of God" came on the day that Dudley picked up a purse containing a large sum of money. He immediately took it to Peter Maughan.

"What are you going to do with it?" his employer asked.

"Try to find the owner," Dudley said promptly.

"Don't be silly," Peter Maughan cautioned. "Just hold it a few days and say nothing. See if anyone advertises for a lost purse. With the hundreds of outfits that are going through here every day, the real owner may be anywhere between here and the Rocky Mountains. "This just might be the Lord's way of helping you to the Valley," he went on. "Look how hard your mother is working. Think of all she has gone through. How long will it take her to earn an outfit? This may just be the answer to your mother's prayers."

How true! How true! Not only had his mother been left a widow to fend for herself, but she had been forced to live in the most horrible places, and under the most difficult conditions. Not since she pulled away from her home in Hatley, Canada, had she had as good a place as she was in right now. And what was that? A deserted house that belonged to nobody.

Dudley remembered how Wier had pled with his mother not to go west until he could go with her. Now Wier had been dead more than a year - dead of the same disease which had taken his father, and in the same month of the year, August 1848. This death had been especially hard for his mother; she had relied on Wier, perhaps because he was so free to show his affection for her. Even with his rough handling, his "joshing" and teasing and singing, he left no doubt that he expected to take care of his mother.

With Wier dead and Jerry still at Bonaparte, not able to get an outfit together for two years or more, and Lem gone ahead to Zion, Dudley was left to be the man of the family. Dudley trusted his purse of money to Brother Maughan. How much was in it? We may only guess by the list of things it purchased. To list first things first, the list begins with: two yoke of oxen, a large prairie schooner, four cows, and a good supply of flour and groceries. Now they could go to Zion!

THE LEAVITTS HEAD FOR ZION

ON THE RAGGED EDGE

THE LEAVITTS HEAD FOR ZION

The year 1850 was the peak year of the gold rush in California. Word had gone out of the fabulous riches to be found there, and people from every station set out to get their share of it. The total immigration westward for the year was estimated at 55,000 persons, of whom 5,000 were Mormons enroute to Utah

The first Mormon train crossed the Missouri on the first day of June 1850, with Captain Milo Andrus in charge, and made its real start west on June 3. It consisted of 51 wagons, 206 persons, 9 horses, 6 mules, 184 oxen, 122 cows, 46 sheep, 6 yearlings, 19 dogs, 1 pig and 2 ducks. The church historian estimated that between seven and eight hundred wagons carrying passengers to the valley as well as two new carding machines and other machines crossed the plains this year. They took along about 4,000 sheep and 5,000 head of cattle, horses, and mules.

Just before the company left the Missouri River, Apostle Hyde called them together and spoke to them. He told them that if they would be faithful and live their religion they would be blessed with health and their lives spared. He mentioned especially the reverence for the name of God. "Keep the name of God sacred," he promised them, "and your lives will be preserved."

Dudley heard the promise and was much impressed by it. In his later life he used to tell how about the third day out, one of the oxen became obstreperous, and he, forgetting himself, cursed it soundly, using the name of God. For two years before he had worked among rough, unbelieving men, and while he had always tried to be careful of his language, it seemed that the words in the back of his mind came out in his excitement. In the midst of his anger, Brother Hyde's words flashed across his mind. He was instantly filled with remorse and shame. He dropped the yoke where he stood and walked, head down, to a clump of willows, where he dropped on his knees and asked forgiveness of his Father in Heaven. He promised that he would never again use the name of Deity in anger or passion. "From that day to this, I have never taken the name of God in vain," he always concluded. The company got along very well as far as Salt Creek. Here the stream was so swollen that the bridge had been carried away. Nothing daunted, they set about making rafts on which to cross. They fell to with such vigor that they built for rafts in one day and the next day

ferried all their wagons across. That was better than camping on the bank and waiting for the flood to subside.

Early in the journey there were a few who felt that they could travel faster than the company. This having to stay in order and wait for the slow ones annoyed some of them. Captain Andrus, hearing of it, called the camp together. To those who wished to go ahead, he said to go on and the rest of the company would wait two or three days to give them a good start. For them he had no promise, but for those who stayed together and remained united, he had the promise that they would have a prosperous journey and would reach the Valley in safety. After this talk, no one wanted to go on.

That night an incident happened which seemed to challenge that promise. A child fell out of a wagon and a wheel passed over her head and crushed it. She was picked up for dead, but some of the brethren administered to her and she was restored almost instantly. She was able to be around and eat her supper that night. It was such a miracle that all who witnessed it were impressed, and as the word of it spread through the camp, the people felt that God had his watch over them.

The Leavitt family had an uneventful trip. Dudley and Mary cared for the team and the cattle; the mother looked after the cooking and camp arrangements; Thomas gathered wood and carried water and chored around generally. For the little girls, Betsy and Priscilla, now eleven and nine years old, it was one unending adventure. They played with other children at camp time, racing among the wagons in games of tag or hide-and-seek; they hunted flowers and pretty rocks; they waded the creeks; they even improvised dolls out of knotted sticks or bleached bones.

One morning they wakened to find one yoke of their oxen gone, a young yoke that they had worked on lead. They had had a chance to sell them but had refused, because they needed them to draw their heavy load. They searched all around camp and circled far out, but they could not find any trace of them. In the meantime, the rest of the camp had moved on. Dudley and his mother met back at the wagon. What should they do? Hitch up and go with the group and trust their one yoke of oxen to handle the load, or risk being left behind alone by stopping to hunt further? They decided to ask the help of the Lord and make one more effort before giving up.

Together they knelt and laid their troubles before Him. Rising from their knees, the mother went one direction and Dudley the other, agreeing to return to the wagon within an hour. The mother walked straight to a clump of willows where she found the missing animals. They were soon on their way and overtook the company before they camped for

noon. After they came to the steep mountains, they knew that they could never have made it without that extra yoke of oxen; without them, they must have left a part of their load by the roadside. In setting up their new home in Zion, they would need everything they had been able to bring.

At this most difficult point, Uncle Horace Fish and family were met by their daughter Sarah and her husband, John C.L. Smith, who had come over in 1848. Now they brought a load of fresh vegetables and green corn, and an extra team to take the place of their jaded one. Several others from the Valley came also, making everyone take on new hope. These were allowed to go on ahead, so they reached their destination one day in advance of the main company, for there were still many miles to cover.

The morning dawned clear and bright. Dudley was stirring as soon as it was light enough to see, his mother and the girls preparing breakfast. An air of eager expectancy hung over the entire camp. Today they would be in Zion! Three long, hot months they had been on the road. They left on the third of June, and here it was the last day of August. He just remembered that it was his birthday. Twenty years old, he was, and though there was only a light fuzz on his face, he felt he was a man. Had he not brought the family across the plains safe and sound?

On the whole, it had been a good trip. They had all taken the counsel of Elder Hyde seriously, and there had been a good attitude throughout the camp, no swearing and no trouble among the immigrants. Though there was sickness and death before and behind them in other trains, they had remarkably good health. They had one birth and one death in their company, and so arrived in Salt Lake Valley with the same number they had when they started.

This is remarkable, because the cholera raged along the road that season. Jesse W. Crosby's journal tells how he passed them sick and dying: "(June 21) Cholera still bad, nearly every wagon had lost some; one wagon of three men had lost two; one woman said she had lost her father, mother and sister; herself and another sister remained alone." Another correspondent said he counted forty graves in sixty miles. On June 7 he saw "three wagons with only one man able to sit up; originally twelve; six dead and buried; for dying of cholera...sixteen out of seventeen of one train were sick; another buried seven, and had five or six sick, one dying. In two instances the correspondent passed trains where all but one had died. He saw five graves beside one tent standing and another struck. Thinks 250 had died in the last fifteen days." With some 55,000 people on the trail headed westward, some to Utah, some to Oregon, but most of them to the goldfields of California, it is not

strange that disease should run rampant. The remarkable thing is that this company should escape.

Dudley did not think of all these things; his only feeling was a wish that they would hurry and get there. If only he might go on ahead. But he knew that would never do. He must keep his place in the line, the third wagon of the second ten. Finally, after what seemed an endless wait to him, they were on the move, the wagons ahead moving up the canyon, those behind taking their places in the long line.

The sun was high when they pulled out of the canyon, round a curve, and into the open. The broad expanse of the Valley stretched out below them. Captain Andrus directed the teams to pull out and stop, so they all could get a view of their new home. Though it was hardly noon, they would rest here and feed their animals.

At the first glance the Valley was covered with a mist, but even as they watched, it dispersed, melted in the sunlight. There lay the broad lake glistening; there were squares of brown earth freshly plowed and green and yellow fields outlined with young cottonwood trees for fences; there were city squares etched in black and green. He saw his mother wipe her eyes and move her lips in a prayer of thanksgiving. Mary, sober and sweet, stood with some other girls, while the irresistible tomboys, Betsy and Priscilla, climbed on the wagon wheel, waved their sunbonnets and shouted, "Hurrah for Zion! Hurrah for Zion!" As for himself, Dudley could not swallow the lump in his throat. He could not breathe deeply enough. The sight filled him with such exultation that he could hardly contain it. He walked away, Took off his hat, rumbled his heavy light brown hair, and looked as if he could never get enough of the scene.

Home at last. No more drivings or burnings or mobbings. No more trouble. Now they could settle down and make a home and be happy, free of fear of any enemies.

Already he found himself planning for a farm. They had good cows along, so they would have milk and butter for the winter; their supply of flour and bacon would last until he could earn more.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon when they passed through Great Salt Lake City, then a town of some five thousand people. There were adobe homes of one or two rooms on the blocks on the outskirts of town. As they neared the business district, two-story buildings outlined their bulk against the sky: the tithing office and the Council House and the Deseret News Building. Captain Andrus had two large banners painted and fastened to the cover of his wagon, the first one of the train. One read, "Holiness to the Lord," the other, "Hail to the Governor of Deseret."

People came out of the houses to wave them greetings. The trees along the wide open ditches were getting large enough for shade; flowers bloomed in the yards; corn stood ready to tassel; and bean vines were climbing long poles in the gardens. Truly this seemed like a Zion indeed, a haven for weary travelers.

They pulled into Union Square just before sunset. Captain Andrus, on horseback, directed the camp. He sat more erect than usual, his large hat and his black coat brushed, his neckerchief clean. Even his horse seemed to sense that this was an important occasion, for it curved its neck and pranced, as it had not done for days along the road. When the last wagon was in place, he lifted his hand for attention.

"Brethren and Sisters," he said, "we are at the end of our journey. We have been blessed in it. The Hand of God has been over us. After we separate here it will be up to each of you to locate according to your own judgment and counsel of the authorities. Let us unite in thanksgiving to the God who has brought us here in safety."

Instantly a hundred heads were uncovered, as men, women and children bowed together in the brief thanksgiving. As soon as the Amen was said, the bustle began. People from town were gathering to meet friends or to inquire of others still on the road.

They knew that Lem would be there to meet them, but in the crowd that was assembled none could find him, until Priscilla recognized the tall, bearded young man pushing his way toward their outfit.

"Here's Lem, Mother!" she called. "Here's Lem!" as he caught her up and tossed her into the air, waiting to give her a bear hug on the way down. Yes, indeed, it was Lem, grown taller and broader and with this heavy beard to proclaim himself a man.

The greetings over and the supper eaten, they had still a long evening in which to visit. All were eager to learn more of their new location and neighbors, so Lem explained as best he could. A part adjoining had been called Centerville, but the little group of cabins where he lived were known as "The Deuel Settlement," because Brother Deuel had built the first log house there. Some relatives were there: Uncle James Adams whose wife was a Leavitt, George Leavitt, John Leavitt, and Edward Thompson whose wife was their cousin, Julia Fish. Uncle Horace and his family had come ahead with their daughter Sarah and husband, John C.L. Smith. Aunt Mary Smith and her two sons, Silas and Jesse, were also there. Besides these there were the Deuels, the Kettlemans, the Brinkerhoffs, Porters Parrishes and perhaps one or two more. Some of them had already decided to leave the next spring. Lem had one log cabin finished for himself, because he was engaged to be married in a month or so. But he had another cabin under construction, a little larger than his, to

which he thought they could add a lean-to as and extra bedroom for Dudley and Tom. The girls and mother could sleep in the larger room, or they might make different arrangements after they looked things over. The important thing now was that they were all together and all in Zion, or that this many of them were here.

It was too early for supper. Dudley took the little rawhide-bottomed chair from the back of the load, placed it in a level place, and taking his mother's arm, led her to it.

"Here," he said. "Sit here. Lem had something in his hind pocket that he's forgot to bring out. Open it up and look it over. Might be something interesting in it. The Deseret News, it says."

Sarah unfolded the paper to its full size - such a large paper, so closely filled with print. Scanning the first pages she noted:

A. NEIBAUR, SURGEON-DENTIST

3rd Street East 2nd South of the Council House

Will attend to all branches of his profession

The Scurvy Effectually cured

How interesting. They had known Brother Neibaur in Nauvoo when he had his dental office in Brigham Young's front room. They knew, also, that for a while, he spent some time every day reading German with the Prophet. How wonderful to have him here. On the next page:

BLACKSMITHING

In the 17th Ward a little NW of the Council House

and a few blocks west of Messrs, Livingston &

Kinkade's Store

All who want Blacksmithing can be accommodated
on the shortest Notice & Reasonable Terms

WILLIAM McBRIDE

Lem explained that these two men had carried identical notices in every issue of the News, while some notices were only in once. Here, now, was one he had not seen before:

J.M. VAUGHAN MD. PHYSICIAN,
SURGEON, & OCULIST

At the home of Timothy B. Foote. Block 138
NEAR THE BATH HOUSE

Sarah knew this man all too well, though she had never seen his name spelled out before. He had boarded at her home there in Winter Quarters, and thought Sarah was too strict with her daughters because she would not let them walk out with him. So here HE was again! Another of whom she was suspicious read: "Dr. D. Dame will Phrenologize on any person's head for the price of one dollar."

They must remember that the advertisements were but a small fraction of the paper. When Sarah could read the longer articles, she would really appreciate the Deseret news. A list of migrants passing through Salt Lake City en route to California had left their names and addresses and paid for the paper to be sent on to them. Another issue had the names of more than 300 persons who had letters awaiting them at the post office. These were alphabetically arranged, so that the names could be easily found.

One item from the national capital, another from elders in England made the paper seem all the more important and truly worth preserving.

Sarah was held by a notice that the Council of Health was meeting for a discussion of the medicinal value of various herbs and roots. How she would like to sit in on that. She knew a great deal about the value of some herbs as medicine.

Another notice announced that the band would give a concert at the bowery next Saturday. How she would enjoy a band concert.

For the immediate present, the newcomers were advised to stay two or three days in the city before going on to their various locations. They should take time to call upon friends here and to visit the stores and business houses where they might find articles not available in the smaller settlements. Their animals, too, needed the rest.

Lem suggested that they look up the Sisters Snow who had been so helpful when their mother was ill at Mount Pisgah. Dudley should take it upon himself to locate the Snow family and report that his mother had arrived.

Dudley walked out into the street and asked the first man he met if he could direct him to the homes of the Lorenzo Snow family. No, he couldn't, but an approaching lady could. At least she could point in the general direction and tell him to inquire again as he neared the place. This was not the time of day, he told himself. He would wait until early in the morning.

Before daylight he was out and headed in the direction given him the night before. Finally he decided on what he thought was the right place: a two-seated buggy in a shed, several horses in the corral behind. A large pile of newly cut willows and tree toppings were behind the house, and a chopping block with an ax in it nearby. Here, now, was something he could do while he waited for the family to get up. This was an art with him, retained until he was an old man: stand the limb on its end and peel off the branches, then with the left hand hold it the right length on the chopping block, and with one stroke reduce it to a stick of stove wood. In less than an hour, he had a neat pile of stove wood on the opposite side of the chopping block.

Before he had finished the whole pile, a little boy came out of the house, talked to him briefly, and ran back inside again. Soon his mother came out.

Yes, she was Sister Snow, and she remembered his mother, Sister Leavitt, very well, indeed, a remarkable woman. He must come in and have breakfast with the family; after all this work, he would be hungry. He accepted the invitation gladly. Sister Snow would be glad to take his mother out to see the city.

Back at the camp, he told Lem his plan. He had provided the buggy, now he wanted to ride Lem's horse and explore for himself, while Lem took over the family for this one day. Lem consented, and all were happy.

How wonderful to ride a horse. How it enlarged the view. From this elevation, places and objects fell into their proper perspective. Dudley felt that he had earned the privilege of having the horse for this one time; he had walked beside the ox team almost every foot of the way out. One thing he could say for Lem, though: his horse was in good condition. Lem and the family would likely go straight uptown toward the Council House and the Tithing Office. Well, he'd not trouble about them; he'd start out to circle the valley in the other direction.

He had heard of the Chase Mill and its importance; now it looked even larger than he had expected it would be. A few miles beyond he found the sawmill. Archibald and Robert Gardner had to build a millrace two and one half miles long to bring down the water power

with which to operate it. "The first canal of any importance to be made in Utah," someone had called it. Piles of lumber were already stacked.

Turning west, he skirted some large farms, and came soon to the Jordan River. It was much narrower than he thought it would be, but deep - at least it looked to be. Here was a bridge across, a sturdy big bridge. But he would not cross it on this trip.

His chief interest in this area was the fact that in Nauvoo he had known Dan Jones and had heard over and over again about his night in the prison with the prophet, just a day or two before the martyrdom. Joseph had told Dan that his life would be spared and that he would go back to his native Wales, preach the gospel, and bring many to Zion. In 1849 Dan Jones brought a company from Wales, and they settled first "over Jordan." They were there right now. Dudley knew they were not the first; in 1848, Brother Joseph Harker had built the first house in the area; Bill Hickman also lived there, along with several Bennion families, a total of nine altogether.

As he turned back toward the city, he could see quite clearly the outline of the first fort in the valley with a few of the first buildings still standing. Just to think that more than 1,600 people had wintered here during 1847-48. By now - August 1850 - the city had been laid out in blocks with eight units to a block, each block supporting eight families. These, in turn, were grouped together as stakes, each of which should be responsible for its own meetinghouse and school facilities. A few stakes had built log fences around their entire area, evidently to help control cattle, for all had gardens, lucerne patches, young trees, and vines to be protected.

The Council House stood alone in its unfinished majesty. How it towered above everything else in the area! The large black foundation stones, the rock walls of the first story, turning to brick for the second story, gave evidence that the builders were trying to speed up the work,. All of the chimneys were finished, and workers were busy with timbers on the roof. Word was out that it was to be completed before the year was out, when it would be dedicated with appropriate ceremony.

The busiest place in town was the Tithing Office. Its porches were flush upon the side walk, its fences stretching out to enclose a fourth of the block behind.

Dudley did not stop but turned to ride up Main Street. Along Third Avenue was a long line of log houses adjoining each other, where Brother Brigham's families were waiting for their new home to be finished. Here, too, a little above them was a little mill which "chopped" barley and ground wheat into unbolted flour. Above this, Arsenal Hill was too high and steep for his pony. Anyway, he had heard somewhere, from his mother reading from the

Bible or from a speaker quoting, a sentence that went something like this: "Now the city was large and great, but the people were few therein, and the houses were not builded." What a true picture of Great Salt Lake City in late August of 1850..

Back at the wagon Tom and the girls were all so eager to tell of their experiences: how they had gone into the Council House and were ordered out by the watchman. But not before they had seen enough to be impressed with the greatness of it. Then at the Tithing Office. What a lark that was. Lem had talked with the manager in the yard at the back of the house - found him to be a young man that he had known in Nauvoo. Anyway, they would stop there on their way out in the morning and get grain and hay for the team. Dudley thought his mother was unusually silent as she went about getting supper. Just tired, maybe. Maybe a little discouraged. All the way on the road she had been the one to be cheerful, to encourage them all, to look forward to better things in Zion. Now she just occupied herself with getting everybody served and then promptly clearing up. The two little girls had literally run themselves out with the long day until they could hardly get themselves to bed. The others sat around for the usual evening visit. Dudley took his regular place beside his mother, close enough to pull her over to relax and lean against him.

"What's the matter, Mumsy? Too tired? Did anything go wrong?"

"No, I guess not. We had a beautiful day. Sister Snow was so gracious and friendly. It's only that, having come this far, I wish that I could stay here. In Zion. Where there are band concerts and a Shakespearean club, and a Council of Health, and people who read books. I mean that the Zion I have dreamed about would have these in addition to the prophets and the power of the priesthood. It seems that we have never been IN Zion. We only 'Hang on to the ragged edge,' as your father said just before he left me for the last time."

"But Zion is more than just Salt Lake City," Dudley reminded her. "Zion is a large kingdom, and the outposts are important, too."

"I know. I know," Sarah conceded. "I know that there's not an inch of land for sale within the city limits, even though some folks are moving out."

"That's the very reason why we're going on," Dudley reminded her, "to get land free for the taking. In town here you might build up a good business sewing or cooking. Mary, here, and the two younger girls might be trained to help, or maybe get work in stores or offices. But your sons must have land - enough land to support their families."

"I know it all too well. I've pondered over it day and night. But just being here and going about the city today meeting some of my old friends has done something to me. I envy them being able to live here; I'd like to be a part of this society. 'The ragged edge' may have some advantages. I only hope that I may be able to find them."

So the family went on to the Deuel Settlement, where Lemuel was set up, and his girl friend was ready for marriage. County lines were pretty tenuous and indistinct, for the census taker that fall recorded them all as residents of Tooele County, giving only age and place of birth. This does verify their location, however.

Sarah Leavitt 53 born in N.H.

Dudley Leavitt 20 Lower Canada

Mary Leavitt 18 Lower Canada

Thomas Leavitt 12 Illinois

Betsy Leavitt 12 Illinois

Lemuel Leavitt 24 Lower Canada

Melvina Leavitt 18 N.Y.

SETTLING IN TOOEELE
SETTLING IN TOOEELE
ON THE RAGGED EDGE

It was clear that there was no land for them here in Deuel Settlement, either. The first settlers had it all divided among themselves and were holding it for family members on the road. Lem's cabin was finished; his mother's was almost done when they arrived. With all hands at work, and some help from the neighbors, they had a comfortable home for Sarah and the children. It had a large fire place with a wide hearth. The wagon pulled alongside provided good storage space.

Then word came that many of the Andrus Company had been called to settle in the far end of Tooele County, to join Brothers John Rowberry and Cyrus Nolan who had taken a company there last year. Should not Dudley take a part of the outfit and go there now, when he could get in on the ground floor in the division of land? He could come back and move the family down next spring.

Lem and his wife were very comfortable here; Tom could help get wood out for them all, and they had some provision for winter. Dudley could take part of the outfit and go to the Tooele village, but he must go prepared to support himself, and with tools and animals. So it was that Dudley took one yoke of the oxen and one cow. He secured a solid cart from Uncle Horace Fish in which to haul his bedroll, clothing, temporary supplies, and a few necessary dishes.

Lem and Thomas would have the other yoke of oxen, a cow, and most of what had been hauled across the plains. And Lem would let Dudley take his horse, with the understanding that it would be returned in the spring when Dudley would come to move the family down to the Tooele settlement.

They must travel slowly, stopping for the animals to feed wherever there was any browse or grass. At one place Dudley cut young cottonwood trees for their evening meal, and by morning every trunk was stripped of its bark and all the twigs and leaves devoured.

As he rode along, he thought of the Scandinavian brother who was trying to pronounce the word "Tooele." One told him that an Englishman looking at the landscape said, "It's too 'illy." It was indeed, too hilly. Others said it was the name of an Indian chief; still others

that it had been named for the tules or heavy flag grass that grew in the bottoms.

Whatever it was called, it would be his home for the next five years.

From a distance he could see the fort of the last season's settlers: two rows of log houses facing each other across a lane wide enough for a wagon to pass with ease. The newcomers were not building onto this established community, but had started one farther to the south but of the same pattern. The idea seemed to be that they could build a cattle tight corral between the two communities by a line of fence at each end.

Dudley at once sought out Jacob Hamblin, his only reason being that his older brother, Lem, and Jacob's younger brother, Bill, had been companions during 1848 when they drove two of Brother George A. Smith's wagons across the plains. He knew also that Brother Jacob's first wife had turned back after that horrible time of sickness and death at Winter Quarters. He understood that her testimony had never been very strong and that she just couldn't face the long trip across the plains when back at home she had an inheritance from her parents that would keep her in comfort. Of course, she could not take the children: the rule of the church was that the children belong to the fathers. So she could do nothing else.

Dudley had heard also that there was a bit of divine providence in Jacob's meeting Rachel Judd, for he found in her a wonderful mother for his motherless children. At this time the oldest boy, Duane, was nearly nine years old, Martha six, Maryette four, and Lyman, the baby, just two. Rachel was most cordial in her invitation for him to come right in and wait; Jacob would be in before long. But Dudley made an excuse that he must take care of his animals and get in touch with the man in charge, whoever he was.

Out by the corrals he found Jacob, who at once took a special interest in him. They needed strong young men in the colony. Jacob knew of Dudley's mother and of the trials she had gone through; he knew from his brother Bill the caliber of the Leavitt family. Yes, indeed, Dudley must come in for supper, but in the meantime they would have to decide about a location for his home and his stock. If he had come to be a part of this undertaking, the sooner he could learn his position, the better. He could put his animals in the common corral; he could set up a temporary base with his tent while the weather was still fine - but that could be only temporary. Of course, he must also get some land in his own name and some for the family. He must also have a building lot on an equality with all others.

So it was that while Dudley did get his own small shelter with his own fireplace and sleeping quarters he was almost an addition to the Hamblin home, bringing in an occasional rabbit or duck or grouse to help with the dinner.

Things in the valley looked quite favorable until the Indians began to be troublesome, slipping in at night to steal their cattle or horses. Brigham Young advised Jacob to get a group of young men to go into the mountains and surprise the Indians in their camp.

Dudley was along when they did raid the Indians so that they scattered in every direction. He started after the one who seemed to be the leader of the band. He had instructions not to kill unless it was necessary; he, himself, did not want to kill. Since the brave would not stop at his command, he must catch him. All day long he followed him, up steep mountain sides, down deep gullies, through the brush, over the rocks. Like a deer the Indian seemed tireless. Dudley himself was in excellent shape, as fit for the chase as a blood hound. So the Indian could neither run away from him nor stop to get a chance to aim an arrow at him.

It was evening before the chase ended. Both men, completely worn out, stopped at the base of a cliff. Dudley, his trousers in strings and his boots worn through, shot into the air three times for help and then held the Indian at point of his gun until some of the posse came up. When Dudley took the knife, the bow and arrows from his captive, the native pulled open his buckskin shirt and pointing to his breast said, "shoot."

Dudley told him no but motioned for him to follow the other men, at the same time telling his companions to take him on. The Indian stood sullenly, refusing to move. He would not recognize the authority of others. It was Dudley who had captured him by literally running him down; it was Dudley to whom he had surrendered his weapons. He would go with no one else.

When they took him into town the people were jubilant. They held a council to see what to do with him. The men, remembering the depredations of the Indians, the number of horses they had stolen, and the trouble they had given, thought it might teach the others a lesson if they killed this one.

"What do you say, Brother Leavitt?" The bishop asked Dudley, who had been sitting back from the council guarding the prisoner.

"I wouldn't take a sheep-killing dog a prisoner and then kill it, to say nothing of as fine a looking man as that," Dudley answered.

They all looked at the Indian. He was a fine looking man. Tall and well proportioned, he stood erect and with his arms folded as though expecting no quarter and asking none. This put the matter in a different light.

When Jacob Hamblin returned, he also favored kindness. They sent word to Brigham Young who told them to feed the Indian and let him go. They kept him a while before they sent him for his squaw and papoose. All winter he stayed in the fort with the whites and did not return to his people until spring.

Years later this same man was the means of saving the life of a Brother Harris who was cutting timber in the mountains. He had a large tree felled and was trimming it when he was suddenly surrounded a whole band of Indians, all armed with bows and arrows. It looked as though his doom were certain when this friendly brave who had lived with the whites all winter in Tooele Fort appeared. He jumped onto a log and began to talk eloquently with his people. So convincing was he that his neighbors dropped their bows and went their way. Though Brother Harris did not understand a word of the speech, he knew that the Indian was telling of the good treatment he had received the year before at the fort.

At another time Dudley went out with Jacob Hamblin and others after a band that had stolen some horses. The posse separated, some going one way and some another, with the plan of surrounding the Indians. Dudley was stationed on a mountainside overlooking a well-worn trail. Just as he had made up his mind that the band had gone, he saw on the trail below a brave and his squaw. It was Old Big Foot, the leader of the band. His squaw had just given birth to a baby, and he had remained with her a few hours until she was able to travel. Now she carried the child on her back as she walked along the path behind her husband. He was one who had resented the whites and with whom they had not been able to come to peaceable terms.

A little snow had fallen and lay in patches on the mountainside. Since this brave was one with whom they had repeatedly had trouble, Dudley decided to shoot him. He dropped to one knee to steady his nerves and get a better aim. Just as he was ready to shoot, a flare of snow came up in his face. He thought there wasn't breeze enough to blow the snow, but anyway it spoiled his aim. He got up and went along the side of the hill, keeping in sight of the Indians. Again he took aim and was ready to shoot, but this time his gun missed fire. Running along the mountain, he again dropped on one knee. This time he took careful aim and fired, but the bullet struck the rocks above the Indian's head scattering them into the air.

Big Foot turned to him and said in plain English, "Who are you shooting at?" Later he seemed to be totally ignorant of any English words, but he did permit Dudley to take him, or rather, to hold him there until Jacob Hamblin and the posse could come and take them back to the settlement where, against the wishes of some members, they were kept and fed through the cold weather and sent home in the spring with some presents.

Dudley's main concern during this season was not Indians; it was getting land in the fields, getting it cleared and planted, and going to the canyons for logs with which to build his mother a home. He exchanged work for work, helping Jacob Hamblin and others with the understanding that they would return it. This they all did most generously.

Letters from his mother at Christmas told of the marriage of his sister Mary to William (Gunlock Bill) Hamblin. They were married in Salt Lake City and moved at once to his claim north at Wellsville, where Lemuel also had land.

Later word from Jerry was that their two little girls were doing very well, and all were happy to welcome little Jeremiah IV who had arrived all in good order on February 7, 1851. They were very comfortable there; he could not leave his work for another year at least. This letter was just to speed the news of the new son's arrival and to wish them all well in Zion.

Dudley knew that if his mother moved to Tooele, he must take the full responsibility.

There was no use to wait for Jerry, or for Lem, either. Lem's claim in Wellsville adjoined Bill's and Mary's, so now young Tom had gone north to Wellsville, too, to help both on the land.

By late spring of 1851 Dudley had moved his mother and two girls, Betsy and Priscilla, to Tooele. The house he had built here was larger and better than the one she had been living in and had several minor improvements besides. He was sure that she would be pleased with the whole settlement. They had no midwife here, but she had delivered many babies. And they did have a good meetinghouse complete with a belfry and bell. A church didn't seem a church without a bell.

The first woman to call after Sarah was settled was Rachel Hamblin, for she was going to have her first baby - and she nearly thirty years old. What a joy to have a child of her own. Rachel loved her husband's little brood: Duane, ten years old, Martha and Maryette, eight and six, and little three-year-old Lyman. This lad was almost like her own son, he was so young when she came into the family. Then Jacob had brought home the Indian boy, Albert, who was five; he was so sweet-tempered and eager to please.

Sarah Leavitt had known Jacob's first wife very well, but she made no reference to her. Let her remain dead and forgotten to them all. Rachel Judd was a perfect mother in the home, just such a woman as Jacob needed. When she gave birth to a fine baby girl June 15, 1851, she was elated. She appreciated Sarah's understanding and help, and soon the two women became almost as sisters.

The Leavitt girls made friends quickly, and their mother's ability was greatly appreciated. Dudley was happy to see his family so well accepted, for he had already entered into all community activities, church and civic, competing in athletic contests and joining in wholeheartedly at the dances.

Before the summer was over both Lemuel and Bill Hamblin decided to follow them to Tooele. Lem's wife was not well, and Dudley knew that his mother would be a real help. Bill's wife, Mary, would be glad to be near her mother when her baby arrived.

Tom refused to leave Wellsville where they had two fine farms just coming into production, fences, corrals houses - small to be sure - but houses. He was not of age, but would they sign a bill of sale which he could hold until he was? They just might change their minds and decide to come back. In the meantime, he would stay right there and claim the property by right of possession, work the land, improve the one house, at least and fend for himself. The Leavitt family all fitted into the activities of the Tooele community, church and civic. From the first Dudley had made a place for himself. He had been attracted by Mary Huntsman who was three years younger than he. They danced well together and were part of the teenage group at parties and "bees" of different kinds. She was noisy and enthusiastic in her cheers for him when he entered the athletic competitions: broad jump; hop, hop, jump; high jump; run-and-jump; stand-and-jump. He was not the best on the short races, but on the mile run he came in rods ahead of his nearest competitor. His real strength was the wrestle; few ever challenged him the second time.

During the holidays of 1852-1853 Dudley and Mary became engaged. He had no ring except one pounded out of a horse-shoe nail with the head taking the place of a precious stone. A different kind of engagement ring, but Mary wore it proudly, for she knew that the love behind it was genuine.

Dudley had long ago determined that his wife would not have to live in with his mother, so he went about putting up another log house for himself while Mary prepared quilts, fancy work, and a wedding dress. She also put up fruit in season and made jellies, pickles, and preserves, as well as several cheeses. They would be married in Salt Lake City at the Endowment House.

They traveled to the city in two wagons, she with her parents in theirs, and he with his mother in his. Each wagon was loaded with produce and items to trade or sell. The trip took three days, but they were pleasant ones. Dudley could hardly imagine the changes in Salt Lake City in only three years. The Council House was finished and in use, of course; the new Social Hall was also completed. The White House - later called the Lion House - was almost ready for occupancy. The Tithing Office and yard were teeming with visitors. But it was the number of homes that impressed them most - small homes, many of them, but houses on nearly every block, with many picket fences and young trees shading the sidewalks. They spent the evening walking about the city.

The first order of business the next morning was the visit to the church office where the young people secured their license - after they had presented their recommends from the bishop. They were instructed to be back at three o'clock that afternoon with their parents as witnesses.

Dudley left the crowd long enough to go to Brother E. T. Benson's place to arrange for a wedding dinner that evening and a room for himself and wife for the night. Sister Benson had the reputation for being equal to any emergency, and she proved it here. Another leaf in the table, a bit of decoration on the cake just out of the oven, a little extra in the soup pot. If he wanted wine, he would have to furnish it himself; otherwise she would serve milk, a fruit drink, or coffee. An extra bedroom? Yes, she could easily manage that. Just come to supper prepared to stay the night.

Everything went off well. The host, the parents, the other guests at the table joined in with toasts and good wishes and an impromptu song from one in which all repeated the refrain. A very happy evening to remember always.

Dudley's mother traveled back in the Huntsman wagon that the young people might have at least three days of honeymoon. Back home, they set up their own establishment, certain that they would live happily ever after. Their wedding date was August 30, 1853, - Dudley's twenty-third birthday.

Soon after this, Jerry arrived from Pottowattomie County with his wife and three children. They moved in with Mother Sarah and proceeded to build on extra rooms. Their fourth child, Louisa, had been born two weeks before Dudley's wedding.

The Deseret News, addressed to Sarah S. Leavitt, Tooele, Utah, instead of being passed around among the family, became the occasion for the group to gather. Dudley's Mary read the articles aloud, with pauses for comment and discussion. With a bit of refreshment, it came to be a "sociable" to include interested neighbors and was looked forward to and

prepared for each week. Of course, Mother Sarah would have perused it carefully in advance, marking items of special interest to her.

They noted the calls of the various groups that were sent on missions of different kinds: preaching, exploring, or colonizing. In the spring of 1852, for example, almost one hundred missionaries went out to all parts of the world, to distant India, China, Japan, and the islands of the sea, that all nations might hear of this new church and kingdom of God upon the earth. More important still, the Divine Law of Plurality of Wives was now taught openly and proudly. For ten years it had been practiced among the leaders secretly and denied publicly. Now it was demanded of all who would live the "Higher Law."

Much attention was being paid also to Indian problems, as towns were established along the California road: Parowan in 1850, Nephi in 1851, Fillmore in 1852. They were hardly surprised when at the conference on October 1853 Jacob Hamblin's name was among the thirty-two men called to the Southern Indian Mission. His experiences with the natives in Tooele had attracted the attention of Brother Brigham; the story of Old Big Foot become legend.

Strangely, the conference was in session at the same hour that Rachel was in labor at the birth of her first son, October 6, 1853. Rachel had set such a store on giving birth to a son that she had the name already chosen: Joseph. When Dudley, paying his respects to the newborn, suggested that he was named for the Prophet Joseph, Rachel said quickly, "No, he is named for Joseph of old who was sold into Egypt."

Then, noting his expression, she said impulsively, "Pull up a chair and sit down, and I'll tell you the story of the baby's name. We've kept it a secret between us, and I'd rather you didn't repeat it until it is fulfilled:

My sister Mary was married Thomas B. Marsh, one of first Quorum of the Twelve chosen in 1835. He was a good man, very loyal and active. When the law of Plural Marriage was started, I became his first - and only - plural wife. But many other things entered in, and he became estranged and dropped out, so that he didn't come West.

I was determined to come, so I left him and came out with my brother, Zadoc K. Judd, and his wife Minerva Dart. At Winter Quarters during that time of starvation, I met a fine man whose wife had died, leaving him with two young sons. He asked me to marry him, which I did, but he, too, died before spring. The boys and I managed to weather through, and I felt that, with the outfit, I could make it to Zion.

Then my husband's brother and family arrived at the Bluffs. They were not Mormons; they were going to California. They persuaded the children to go with them, as they had only two of their own, a boy and a girl. My boys seemed eager to go, so I didn't hold them. So here I was, a lone woman with a good outfit. You know about Jacob's wife, Lucinda. She was not a bad woman, she was just weak. As the time to go west came on, she felt she couldn't face it; we were all still badly under-nourished. She had a way to return to her home and plenty, and she took it. I do not entirely condemn her.

You know the story from there. Someone told Jacob about me, and he came to my cabin; I had the door locked and was busy reeling a hank of yarn into a ball. When he knocked, I called out that he'd have to wait a while until I got my arms free so that I could lift the latch.

He had to wait a few minutes, but when he did come in, we both liked each other instantly. I gave him a chair, and he told me his story. I wanted to marry him, but I thought I should be fair with him.

"In justice to you, Jacob, I must tell you that I may never be able to bear you a child. I have been married to two good men, and never conceived."

"You shall not only bear a child, but you shall bear children," Jacob said at once, "and like Jacob and Rachel of Old, our sons shall be Joseph and Benjamin."

Dudley kept his promise. He heard the story again from the lips of his sister, Priscilla, many years later, after Rachel's death.

ON THE SANTA CLARA
ON THE SANTA CLARA
ON THE RAGGED EDGE

Jacob Hamblin did not have to report for this mission until April 10, 1854, which gave him almost seven months in which to arrange his affairs and to see his family through the winter.

This mission is very fully reported in the writings of the historian, Thomas Dunlop Brown. In his record we get clear pen pictures of the natives and learn something of the problems connected with the effort to convert the Indians to Mormon ways. Jacob is reported as being one of the most effective missionaries of them all.

Then on May 6, 1855, he was reported to be ill. He became so bad that his life was despaired of, and he was given permission to go home for a time in order to recover. On his way, he stopped in to report to President Young who said to him, "Take what time you need, but take your family with you; go, and don't neglect your mission when you get there."

The idea of "Taking your family," how far could that extend? To only his wife and children, or to his brothers and their families? Would it not be best to take all who were interested to go? His brother Oscar at once decided to join him. And Gunlock Bill, his younger brother, along with his pal, Lemuel Leavitt, wanted to try it in the south. Jacob especially wanted Dudley Leavitt to come; they had shared so many experiences. Dudley's wife Mary was enthusiastic at first, but when he suggested that her sister, Mariah Huntsman,* come along as a second wife, she was not so enthusiastic. Nor her mother.

"The girl is too young, Dudley," her mother declared. "She's not even sixteen years old yet. Give her time to grow up."

On the other hand, Mary was pregnant again. Might she not need help with two babies? Mariah was always so cheerful, so quick to see the bright side, the funny side. Might she not be really a help? Does Mariah herself really want to go under these conditions? Of course she did. Wasn't the law of Celestial Marriage or plural wives being stressed now as the highest, holiest order?

Jacob Hamblin was able to leave before most of the others were ready, but before he did so he went to the County Recorder's office and made out his consecration deed. Because it gives such a detailed picture of his finances it is included here.

JACOB HAMBLIN

Tooele County Recorder's Book B

A.D. 1855 Page 21

Be it known by these presents that JACOB HAMBLIN of Tooele City in the County of Tooele, and Territory of Utah, for and in consideration of the good will which I have to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, give and convey to Brigham Young, Trustee in Trust, for said Church, his successors in office and assigns, all my claims to and ownership of the following described property, to wit;

Six oxen	\$300.00	
Two waggons		125.00
Nine cows		270.00
Eight two-year old steers	260.00	
Six two-year old heifers		159.00
Six yearlings		90.00
Eleven calves		85.00
Twenty-four sheep		120.00
Household and kitchen furniture		\$200.00

Dudley made out a similar consecration deed.

DUDLEY LEAVITT

Tooele County Recorder's Book B

A.D. Oct. 2, 1855 Page 22

Be it known by these presents that DUDLEY LEAVITT of Tooele City, in the County of Tooele, and Territory of Utah, for and in consideration of the good will which I have to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, give and convey to Brigham Young, Trustee in

Trust, for said Church, his successors in office and assigns, all my claims to and ownership of the following described property, to wit:

Two horses with harnesses & waggon	\$200.00
Two oxen	75.00
Two cows	50.00
one calf	6.00
one waggon	20.00
Household and kitchen furniture	100.00
	\$451.00

Jacob Hamblin's Journal says:

Sept 11, 1855, I started for Santa Clara with Oscar Hamblin, my brother, and Dudley Leavitt and his families. We arrived there the 18th of October. We were kindly received by the Lamanites; they were almost overjoyed to see our women and children.

It must have been a strange caravan that left Tooele that September morning. The horses and cattle were driven on ahead by Duane on horseback. The sheep traveled more slowly and were followed by the younger children. Then came the covered wagons, loaded with household furniture, food, clothing, and seeds. Barrels of water were tied on the outside, frying pans stuck upright in the bolster, buckets and kettles dangling underneath, the shovel and ax easy of access along the wagonbed. At the back of each wagon protruding poles carried crates of chickens or little pigs. Since they could not carry feed for their cattle, they must travel slowly enough to let them feed on the way, stopping for long noon rests and early evening, staying a day or two where they found good feed, and then crowding over the barren stretches. What wonder that they were six long weeks on the way.

Dudley did not leave as soon as Jacob's company did, but he traveled faster, so that he was less than a week behind them. When they arrived at Santa Clara, the crops were ready for harvest. The corn, squash, pumpkins, and beans had done very well, while the few cotton rows, planted from a half-cup of seed, were thrifty and loaded with bolls.

Chief Tutsegavit greeted them cordially, glad to have them back. The three families at once took possession of the three pole houses that the missionaries had built earlier. Each

family must fix its own out door "stove." Before cold weather set in they must "muddy-up" the three pole houses, chinking them up with mud inside and out to keep out the wind. Bundles of tules must be placed on the pole roofs, the whole covered heavily with earth that they might be waterproof.

They must have extra bedrooms for the older children. Two of the wagon beds were set up on loose rock foundations, their covers pulled down tightly and fastened. These were located just behind the pole house, all the boys sleeping in one and all the girls in another. Mariah Huntsman slept in with the girls, since she was only a few years older than some of the others.

Now with teams and a plow, one or the other of the men began turning up the soil while the others with grubbing hoes or shovels started clearing new areas.

All winter these three families lived here with no thought of trouble, the friendly natives helping to carry rocks off the land to make fences around the cleared areas in exchange for meat or bread or cooked beans.

With the approach of spring, word came that the Indians farther north were angry and threatening. It was suggested that the families might do well to move to Harmony until a fort could be built on the Santa Clara. Three men could hardly defend their families alone. All were reluctant to leave until Dudley Leavitt had an experience which convinced them all that they should move. This story has been told so often that it has become legend. The family call it:

The Letter to Shanob.

Dudley was riding along the Mogotsu Creek one night, letting the horse pick its way along the trail. The night was pitchy black with low, threatening clouds and occasional lightning and thunder. Dudley, who always talked to his horse almost as if it were a human companion, said, "Take it easy, Maje, old boy. Take it easy. Once we get out of here we'll make better time. It won't be long now."

Or he would break into a song, either a hymn or a fun song like "On the Road to Californee," making the echoes ring with his great voice. He had no fear, for he had no enemies, and he wanted anyone in the vicinity to know he was there so that they would not be taken by surprise.

As the horse clambered over a great, slick rock into a small clearing, it shied, threw up its head, and stopped. Dudley could hear its nervous little snort and feel the flesh on its front shoulder quiver. He himself now had a sudden premonition of danger, an instinct which

told him that he was not alone. He later said that he "smelled" Indians. He sat silent and motionless for a few seconds, when a brilliant flash of lightning threw the whole valley into clear relief.

Indians! A whole circle of Indians, every one with his bow drawn to the last notch! To try to stampede through them in the darkness would bring a rain of poisoned points into both himself and his horse. Besides, there was no clear trail, and a stumble would be disastrous. More important still, he did not want to run.

"Wamptun Tunghi!" he called loudly. "Me Wamptun Tunghi!" He knew all the local Indians would recognize him by his name. "Tick-a-boo! Too-wich-a-weino-ticka-boo!" This was to say that he was a friend, a very good friend.

There was no answer, but he could hear them closing in on him, and the next lightning flash one grabbed the bridle bit and held the horse while others dragged him to the ground. He was a powerful man, so he shook them off while he tried to explain that he was a neighbor and friend, that he had given them bread when they were hungry and meat when he killed a beef. He had even traded a horse to one of them.

Nothing appealed to them now. While one led the horse ahead the others came with him, two holding firmly to his arms and the others behind. He tried in vain to learn the reason for this ambush. What had he done to make them so surly and angry? Why would they gather here to stop their good friend?

They led him on in silence along a secret trail to a place where the stream had cut a high, steep bank against the hill. In front of this was a smoldering fire with a large pile of wood in readiness beside it. The Indian in charge of Old Maje stopped at the edge of the clearing a short distance away, Still holding the reins. The two guards led Dudley between the cliff and the fire and stood firmly, one on each side of their captive, while the band formed a half circle in front.

Dudley could see that his chances for escape were not good, unarmed as he was, but he was still puzzled to know the reason for this strange action. He thought he was acquainted with all the Indians of the Santa Clara and Toquer bands, but most of these here he did not know.

From their talk he could soon tell that they were trying to decide how best to kill him..

Rush on him with knives? Bind him fast with his own lariat, put all the wood on the fire and throw him onto it? Or torture him first by twisting the burning end of a fagot into his flesh? Each of these were suggested by one or another, and he gathered that because two Indians

had been killed by white men and only one white man was caught to atone, he should die twice as hard. How else could the two dead friends be properly avenged?

Dudley knew it was time for him to do something. But What?

Acting on a sudden impulse, he reached into his pocket and drew out the small notebook that he always carried. Then, sensing that the Indians were all watching him, he pretended to search everywhere to find the little stub of a pencil that he well knew was there. Wetting it with his lips to make the soft lead write darker, he began to draw heavy circles and strange figures. He kept at this until he knew all the Indians were watching with so much interest that they had stopped their talk.

Knowing that he now had their full attention, he tore the page out, stepped to the fire, and held one corner in the flame until it started to burn. Then he stood up tall and held it high toward heaven, and as it blazed he began his prayer:

"Pi-ump Shanob! Epawk-i!" (Great God, or Almighty God, hear my distress cry. Or, more literally, Help! Help:)

Dudley went on to tell God how he had always befriended the Indians, given them food and helped them to get meat for their children. Now they were heap tobuck. They were going to kill him, their very best friend.

He had noticed that the gaurds on either side had stepped back a few paces, and the circle beyond the fire had retreated a little as every eye watched the magic words burst into flame and whirl away.

As he stood thus with his arm extended and repeated his cry for help, another flash of lightning cut the darkness and struck a pine tree high up across the valley. At the same instant the crash of thunder shook the earth. It could not have been timed better.

Instantly every Indian disappeared. There was the fire burning; there was Old Maje standing patiently with dangling reins. But where were the Indians?

Dudley mounted and as he rode along sang out loudly, "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform."

Soon after this, they moved their families to Harmony where they remained until a group of missionaries had built a stone wall between and around their homes to make a solid enclosure, with large double gates to admit a wagon to the inside if it seemed necessary. The record says that this wall was one-hundred feet square, eight feet high, and two feet thick, set together with good lime mortar so that there was solidarity which was reassuring

to them all. They also built a solid pole corral for their cattle and enclosed a yard adjoining for their hay, grain, squash, and sugar cane.

Three other families now joined them. In addition to Jacob and Oscar Hamblin and Dudley Leavitt, there were Zadoc K. Judd, twenty-nine, his wife Minerva Dart Judd, not yet eighteen years old and the mother of two children. Thales Haskell and Samuel Knight, both in their early twenties, had brought brides to this frontier. Thales' wife Maria Woodbury, had been a neighbor girl back in Salem, Massachusetts; Sam's wife, Caroline Beck, was a Swedish girl, newly arrived, who was struggling with learning the language; They were all young and full of vigor and faith, with great hopes for the future.

The girls helped each other with washings and ironings, with baby sitting and hand sewing. Then in the evenings they gathered to sing. Maria Haskell had a concertina which she played with great skill. She herself had a strong soprano voice, while Caroline Beck had a full alto. These two would lead out, while everyone else joined in, even some of the children; almost every evening there would be a sing-a-long of sorts under the stars. It was a great morale builder.

They would need a morale builder this season, too. The February to April rains did not come; the water in the creek began to fail. The Indians felt that the Mormons had brought this curse upon the land, and old Agarapoots became angry and threatening. He demanded that Jacob's God bring rain.

In the meantime other members of the Leavitt-Hamblin families had come south, not as missionaries, but as colonizers. Jeremiah brought his mother and Priscilla along with his wife and four children. Lemuel's family also consisted of his wife and four children, while William (Gunlock Bill) Hamblin had Mary Leavitt and her two children and her sister Betsy, his second wife, with one child. Of the family of Mother Sarah Strudeviant Leavitt, only Tom remained in northern Utah. He would not desert the farm in Wellsville.

If Mother Leavitt felt that she had been living "on the ragged edge" of civilization before, she found that she had moved farther out. But her chief concern was that she be near her family and that they all be active in the church.

Jerry selected a site for his home on the creek some eight to ten miles northeast of the Santa Clara settlement and promised himself that this would be his last move. He did not keep that vow but he did keep the one NOT to take a plural wife. About a half mile below his home, he built one for his mother - far enough away to be removed from his family problems and close enough that he could easily make a daily check on her. Bill's holding was next, and still lower down was Dudley's. The official record says: "Dudley Leavitt and

William Hamblin, without council, moved out of the fort and settled on the creek." The place became known as "Gunlock."

The move out of the fort, "without counsel," was due to several things. First, the water had failed until none was running as far south as the fort. The women must get their water from pools. Second, they had no fear of the Indians who thought that Gunlock Bill had eyes in the back of his head and never missed a shot. Third, there were larger patches of tillable land nearer the water.

There was, indeed, some trouble with Indians. Chief Tutsegavit and his tribe were friendly, but Agarapoots had killed a beef, and he stalked about with glowering, angry looks that frightened the women and children.

One evening when the whole group was assembled outside for their evening sing, Jacob called them all to attention and held up an empty bullet shell. It was a 45-60 brass bullet. "I want you all to see this," he told them, "and I want you to hear it. It is to be our signal of trouble, a call for everyone to drop whatever he is doing and come in to the Fort. It must never be taken from this place unless it truly needed. Then he demonstrated. "Press it against your chin and blow hard down into it like this." The whole valley echoed with a shrieking, piercing sound that would curdle the blood.

A few days later the women were so warm and uncomfortable in the fort, the children cross and fretful, that they decided to open the gate and all go down to the creek bed where there was shade and puddles of water. It was so pleasant to relax here, so cool, so wonderful. Then suddenly, there was old Agarapoots and his band horseback, dashing over the low hills. How the women hurried to get the children inside, carrying them, dragging them, hurrying them along. They were all safely inside, but the women could not pull the heavy gates together in time. The old chief and two of his men got inside.

"Get the whistle and lift Lyman over the wall. He must catch a horse and go for the men," Rachel ordered. Then maintaining a calm exterior, she said, "See - my wickiup. Come. Shotcup!" She held out a part of a loaf of bread just as the sound of the whistle cut the air. The men would soon be here!

Now the old chief wanted to get out, but she pretended that she could not open the gate or all the other Indians would rush in. The Indians outside were frightened too. They yelled at Lyman and shot arrows in his direction, but he was out of range. The Indians outside yelled something to the chief as they turned their horses to run away. Agarapoots and his companions just couldn't get out of there fast enough and away over the hill. In the end, it resulted only in reminding the girls that they would do well to obey counsel, and it

demonstrated the value of the alarm whistle. Soon after this, old Agarapoots fell sick and some of his men thought the Mormons had put a curse upon him. When he died and the long-awaited-for rain came at last, the natives argued among themselves as to whether the rain had to stay away until this evil chief had died. In reporting the events of this year, Zadoc K. Judd became eloquent:

The greatest production of the earth that I ever saw. Peach trees grew from the pits ten feet tall the first season; squash vines grew over the fences and into established trees, the squashes hanging like giant fruit from the branches.

James G. Bleak records that the Saints at Santa Clara planted five acres into cotton, which meant 200 pounds. Their attempts to remove the seeds the year before led Zadoc Judd to invent a crude cotton gin. It was constructed on the same plan as a clothes wringer, the two rollers about three-quarters of an inch in diameter. A crank was attached to each roller, turning them in opposite direction. Two people were needed to operate it, one to feed the cotton in with one hand and turn the crank with the other. His companion pulled the cotton out and turned the other crank. "By diligent labor, these two could clean about two pounds of lint a day with four pounds of seed."

James G. Bleak recorded that thirty yards of cloth was made by Caroline Beck Knight, Maria Woodbury Haskell, and Sister Lyman Curtis. Minerva Dart Judd wrote in her record that, "This fall Mother Leavitt came down and being an experienced weaver, taught us the art of weaving. We made thirty yards of cloth."

This all sounded so encouraging that samples of the cloth were sent to Brigham Young who forwarded one to England for evidence. All were elated with the prospect of a major industry in southern Utah. The very next spring fifty families from the southern states would be called to settle the town of Washington and raise cotton. The church would move to build a factory to handle it, to be ready by the time enough could be raised to pay. Meanwhile Mother Leavitt was encouraged. Here she could be of service as a midwife and could train some of the young women in the art of spinning, weaving, and dyeing of cotton materials.

That fall Dudley went north for a load of provisions for the winter. Mary hated to see him go for she was expecting her second child soon. They all knew that he must go before the roads were closed with snow, and he figured that he had time. He tried to console Mary

with the fact that his mother would be there, and she would be worth more than a dozen men.

So he went and was detained. When finally he did drive up, he was met by Mariah, her hands on her hips, ready to scold him soundly. "A fine husband you've turned out to be," she said. "You had as well turn around and go back. We don't need you now."

Mary was in bed, a bundle by her side. The new son was the first white child born in Utah's Dixie, November 30, 1856. It was also the first delivery that Mariah assisted with. For though they sent word for Mother Leavitt to come, she didn't make it in time, either. From this time on into her old age, Mariah Leavitt acted as midwife, delivering in the neighborhood of two hundred babies. This first one they named for his father, Dudley Leavitt, Jr.

Things at the fort on the Santa Clara were quiet that morning of June 19, 1857. The men were all away at different tasks; the women were busy with their morning chores. Thales Haskell had been detailed to go up the creek some twelve miles and remove some beaver dams so that the water could run freely and not be backed up into this miniature lake. His wife, Maria, was busy about her cabin when a young Indian boy came to the door. Thales had taken a special interest in this lad, taught him some English words, and hired him to do some small tasks. He had been away for several months now, so Maria was rather surprised to have him here - surprised and a little frightened - for she had never been able to conquer her fear of the natives.

Why did he come here now, she wondered. Why hadn't he gone with Thales up the stream? She must try to appear brave, as Rachel and all the others had learned to do. He just walked around and looked at things without giving any reason for coming or stating any errand. She dared not order him to go; she would fix him something to eat, and then maybe he would leave. She saw him reach for Thale's gun, but she dared not cry out against it.

A shot rang out. The gun fell with a clatter. Maria her hand holding her side, staggered through the door, while the Indian boy, looking at her, hesitated a second and then started running up the trail toward the creek as fast as he could run.

Mary Judd came running, a dish in her hands.

"What is the matter?"

"I think I am shot."

In an instant all the women were there. Rachel took Maria back into the house and on the bed stripped her clothes off to examine the wound. The bullet had entered through the

hip on the left side and gone through the abdomen and now lay just under the skin on the right side.

"Take it out. Take it out,": Maria begged. If you can get the bullet out, maybe it will be all right."

Rachel bathed it with turpentine and got the razor ready to cut, but here heart failed. She could hear Jacob hurrying up the path, for the Indian boy had gone straight for Jacob, thinking that he had medicine strong enough to cure anything.

"Put Lyman on the buckskin horse and send him for Thales. It's a long trip. You'd better send some food along. And tell him to remember that twelve miles is too far for any animal to go top speed. He'll get there quicker if he is mindful of the horse. Thales will take care of his end of it."

Jacob did get the bullet out, but that made little difference. Without any sedative to deaden the pain, they could only keep hot packs on the wound and give her some whiskey-sling to drink.

Dudley had been working nearby and he too came running. They all knelt around her bed and prayed earnestly for God to be kind to her, to spare her life if possible.

Thales arrived just at sunset, a haggard, grief-stricken man. He had been at work since daylight; he received word of the accident just after noon. He knelt by the bed and took her hand; for a brief instant she opened her eyes with the light of recognition in them. All through the night the little group kept their vigil - all but Dudley. He went straight home, told his mother, and got her off in the wagon. She would be a source of strength to all the girls.

"She cannot last long," he said. "And with the weather hot as it is, we'll need to get her buried before noon." He began assembling lumber for a coffin, which meant that he took apart a wagon box from one of his own wagons and proceeded to plane and fit the boards into a solid box with a lid.

Finally, just before daylight, Jacob called Thales aside and after talking seriously to him for a few minutes came back to the group.

"We have decided to dedicate her to God, to ask Him to release her from her suffering," he said. "Brother Leavitt and Brother Knight, will you assist? The others of you wait outside. It's cooler there."

The women stood silent with bowed heads. After a few minutes Jacob joined them. "She is resting now," he told them.

In less than an hour she was dead.

The women who had so stoically controlled their tears now wept freely, clinging to each other for strength. Caroline Knight was inconsolable. Maria had been her idol, her closest friend, her one bright spot in this vast, barren land.

There was no time for tears. They must act quickly to get the body buried while they could still handle it. Already the odor was getting heavy.

While the men helped put the finishing touches to the coffin, Aunt Rachel and Mother Leavitt bathed the body, put on the underwear, the petticoat, and the wedding dress not quite a year old.

Now that she was relaxed, Maria did look lovely, except for a dark streak which was creeping up the side of her neck. Rachel had wound the long braids in a coronet around her head, then put her one fancy comb in and pinned her favorite broach at her throat. It was a sad little group that followed the casket to the meetinghouse in the corner of the fort. How could they sing without Maria? She had always set the pitch and led in the melody. And what could anyone say? Empty words? But they did have a brief service, lowered the box into the grave to be opened in the area that had been set aside for a cemetery. No one blamed Thales for walking away, silent. He needed to be alone.

RUMORS OF WAR
ON THE RAGGED EDGE
RUMORS OF WAR

Before the Month of June was over, the families at the fort knew that they must the their cattle north to Mountain Meadows for summer pasture. Here there was good feed, several small springs, and watering places, so that the young cattle and dry stock would all thrive with little herding. The milk cows would have to be rounded up and corralled each night. There were too many for the young ones, Duane and Albert, to handle alone, so two young men from Parowan came down to help for the summer and take their pay in butter, cheese, and meat for the winter.

Though Jacob went up and stayed for a few days at a time, he felt that as Presiding Elder here he must remain if this project were to succeed. The water was low again, but they had been able to water the crops, though it left the creek almost dry in town.

One afternoon about the middle of the month, the women were all working and visiting - some mending, others knitting or doing fancy work - while the children ran unafraid. As the evening came on, someone suggested that they gather all the children and take them for a general wash-up and clean-up before they took them home to supper.

"Let's get some buckets of clear water out for the homes before we let the youngsters muddy it all up," someone else suggested.

"Look. Someone's coming. Someone's coming," the cry went out.

All hurried toward the fort. The boys bringing in the cows also saw the horseman and speeded up their gait. Jacob was at the corral gate when the rider reined up.

"Brother Jacob Hamblin?"

"That's me."

"A letter from President Young. Brother George A. is on his way down, visiting all the settlements. He should get here about the 19th. They don't expect you to answer this. They just said to hand it to you, and to tell you to prepare the best you can for coming events."

"We have a letter from President Young. Get your chores done and suppers over and gather here in our central place. The house is too hot." Jacob repeated the announcement that all should hear.

The moon was in its first quarter, high and bright, but, with the crowd assembled, Zadoc Judd held his coal oil lamp while Thales read the letter:

President's Office
Great Salt Lake City
August 4th, 1857

Elder Jacob Hamblin,

You are hereby appointed to succeed Elder R.C. Allen (whom I have released as President of the Santa Clara Indian Mission.) I wish you to enter upon the duties of your calling immediately.

Continue the conciliatory policy towards the Indians, which I have ever recommended, and seek by works of righteousness to obtain their love and confidence, for they must learn that they have either got to help us, or the United States will kill us both. Omit promises where you are not sure you can fill them; and seek to unite the hearts of the brethren on this mission, and let all under your direction be knit together in the holy bonds of love and unity.

We have an abundance of "news". The Government have at last appointed an entire set of officials for this territory. These Gentry are to have a body guard of 2500 of Uncles Regulars. They were to start from Fort Leavenworth July 15. 400 mule teams brings their personal dunnage, & 700 ox teams 15 months provision, 7000 head of beef cattle are to arrive here to supply them. General Harney it is supposed will command the expedition. There errand is entirely peaceful....

The current report is that they somewhat query whether they will hang me with or without trial. There are bout 30 others whom they intend to deal with. They will then declare a general jubilee, afford means and protection to those who wish to go back to the States. We feel first rate about all this and think every circumstance but proves the hastening of Zion's redemption.

All is peace here and the Lord is eminently blessing our labors; Grain is abundant, and our cities are alive with the busy hum of industry.

Do not permit the brethren to part with their Guns or ammunition, but save them against the hour of need. Seek the Spirit of God to direct you, and that he may qualify you for every duty, is the prayer of

Your Fellow Laborer in the
Gospel of Salvation,
Brigham Young

Several times during the reading of the letter, members of the group broke in to protest or deny or swear a little under their breath.

Jacob knew that as president he must choose his counselors. This he did, naming Dudley Leavitt first and Samuel Knight second. Then he must go at once to the Mountain Meadows to talk another matter over with Rachel. As president he would be required to take a plural wife, and Rachel must help him select one. Also he must get butter, cheese, and beef to bring back. Brother George A. Smith must be served as befitted the second most important man in the church.

Jacob took the letter along, and together he and Rachel read it carefully. He told her of his having his councilors chosen, and she agreed that they were the two best fitted. Now, what about another wife? Rachel had evidently read his heart better than he guessed, for she said, "Well this last few days I've wished that I had Priscilla Leavitt here to help some with the chores She's so full of life and vigor."

Jacob gave the excuse that she was quite young, to which Rachel only commented, "She'll get old fast enough." What a relief to have this over. Long ago Rachel had guessed his secret; she knew him better than he knew himself.

Back at the fort, Jacob went to Mother Sarah and asked for permission to marry Priscilla.

"She is too young, Jacob," Sarah told him. "Give her a chance to grow up!"

"She'll grow old fast enough," Jacob quoted. "Why don't we ask her? Call her in and let's talk to her about it."

Priscilla had been at some running game, for she came in quite breathless and stopped short at the sight of Jacob. Sarah nodded for him to make his own proposal. There was an awkward moment before he managed to say, "Priscilla, I have just asked your mother's permission to marry you, and she is leaving the decision up to you. Could you marry an old man like me who loves you very much."

Priscilla hesitated just a second, and then, Oh, yes. Yes, I can." She came to his side, and he put his arm around her but did not kiss her. There would be time for that later.

"I'll want to go in to the city with Brother Smith when he comes. Thales will be going up too, and we plan to take some of the Indian Chiefs along. After this letter, I want them to take orders from headquarters. I will start with Tutsegavit here and pick up others on the way."

"but she has no wedding dress, nothing much in the way of a trousseau. A mother needs time for these things, and the girl needs time, too," Sarah pleaded.

"I felt that we should go to the Endowment House, but if you would rather wait a month or so, maybe we could just go to Parowan and have the president of the stake perform the ceremony." Jacob felt sure that this alternative would be turned down. And it was.

It was soon agreed that Priscilla and her mother would ride in Jacob's wagon as far as Parowan. Here Sarah would stay with Sarah Fish Smith, her niece and namesake, until she could find a way home. She said nothing aloud, but Sarah knew that she could accomplish quite a bit during that time. Priscilla could go on to Salt Lake City with Brother Smith and his wife and be married from their home. And she'd have a nice new wedding dress besides.

Brother George A. Smith arrived a few days before he was expected. The group were traveling in Brother Jesse N. Smith's two-seated carriage with him as teamster. Besides President George A., William H. Dame was along with his secretary, James H. Martineau. Brother Dame was president of the stake. It was almost high noon; they had been traveling through sand, blistering hot, and Brother Smith was almost overcome with the heat. He directed the driver to stop in the shade of a cottonwood tree.

"What weather," he exclaimed. "How can you live in this heat."

"Oh, this isn't too bad," Jacob answered lightly. "You should be here when it really warms up."

But this was no laughing matter. Brother George A. just could not take it. He did not mean to even get out of the carriage. "Where does Bill live? He and Lem both told me how pleasant their situation was. He invited me to a cool place."

"They live about six miles further on, up the creek. It is cooler there, much cooler. But you must change teams if you go on. This one has had about all it can take."

Minerva Judd came out with a bucket of water and a dipper. The bucket was swathed in a wet cloth and had been hanging on the north side of the house. Brother Smith had the first drink, and the bucket was passed around. All the others climbed out, but Brother Smith

could see that this was the deepest shade in the area. He would stay where he was. It would be easier than climbing back in.

It did not take Jesse Smith and Jacob long to change horses; the jaded ones were given a drink and fed, and the fresh ones were ready for action. Jacob had sent a boy ahead to give the word so that the folks could make at least a few preparations.

Six or eight miles is not far, except when it is on an upgrade all the way and following a creek bed. Then it means almost two hours of travel. But the air was cooler, and before long Brother George A. was more like his good-natured self again.

Mother Sarah had wondered why she made that big pot of soup, except that she had some jerky she wanted to use up, and the carrots and onions and new potatoes were just right. She would divide it with the girls. The cake with the cherry filling in the bottom she had made because when you fire up the stove, the oven heats, too, and you might as well make the most of it.

When the boy came dashing up on horseback to tell of company on the way, she breathed a prayer of thanks that she had followed her hunch. Last evening's melons were in the shade under a damp burlap - small sugar mush-melons and one large watermelon which she thought might be ripe enough. The girls might have to hurry a little to prepare for company, but she was ready. The visitors would eat at her table.

Jerry lived above her. Dudley had a home for each of his two wives nearly a mile below, and Lem and Bill lived in the cottonwood grove. Already the place was called Gunlock - Bill Hamblin's nickname. The Indians had one for him which meant "eyes in the back of the head."

It was past the noon hour, so their families had been fed, but corn on the cob and summer squash cooked quickly. This was a meal that Brother George A. never forgot. In the cool shade near the stream, with th contributions from Mother Sarah and the rest, it was perfect.

As he relaxed after it, he said to Mother Sarah, "Here, come and sit down and visit a little with me. I almost know you from your son and son-in-law, even if I haven't met you before. But I must tell you that in our office your name is well known. You are considered a very important person. You will go down in history as the first woman to weave cotton cloth in all the intermountain west. And you will be remembered as an angel of mercy here on the growing edge of our settlements. God bless you as he has done in bringing you here to serve his daughters in their need."

"The Growing Edge" sounded better than "The Ragged Edge," and Sarah was pleased to know that her contribution here was recognized and appreciated, even by Brother Brigham himself.

Brother George A. did not call the brethren together for a drill or inspection of arms. The clerk merely made a list of the men and the type of gun each had with the total ammunition at the fort.

Thales and Jacob set out in separate wagons the next morning, each to bring back a new wife from the city, after they had taken every Indian chief of the area in and had him talk to the big captains.

Mother Sarah's plan to stop in Parowan until Brother George A. Smith went north worked out beautifully. Sarah Fish Smith welcomed them cordially, dropping her own work to assist in getting a pretty wedding dress ready for Priscilla. By traveling in Brother George A.'s lighter carriage, they arrived in the city ahead of the wagons.

The records show that Jacob Hamblin and Priscilla Leavitt were married in the Endowment House September 11, 1857, at one o'clock. It was rather a coincidence that at the same hour of the same day the terrible massacre at the Mountain Meadows was being carried out. The Indian chiefs had arrived from the north just in time. Orders had come to Dudley Leavitt to collect the local Indians and bring them at once to the Meadows. Brother Knight was there already, having taken his wife up to be cared for during her first confinement. With Mother Leavitt away, she depended on Rachel Hamblin to act as midwife. Her child was more than a week old when her husband was ordered to bring his wagon and report at the camp on the lower meadows. Dudley was there as an independent scout, the few Indians from the Santa Clara area having joined the larger band. This is not the place to go into detail of what was done and by whom on that dark day. Dudley was there and shared the horror of it, taking the oath of silence with the others and keeping it for more than forty years and then alluding to it only. For on that day a whole company was killed; only eighteen children were spared.

"I thank God that these old hands have never been stained by human blood," he said many years later, stretching his hands in front of him. That might have meant that he had never killed an Indian, but without doubt he referred to the Mountain Meadows Massacre.

"I was riding along one day in my wagon, taking wheat to mill, when three horsemen dashed up, stopped me, and demanded to know my name. All were armed. My brother Lem was in a wagon following me.

'Someone has been talking,' the leader said.

'I don't understand. Talking about what?'

'The affair at the Mountain Meadows.'

'What affair? I have never heard of any affair. You are the first that I have heard say a word about the Mountain Meadows. You see the fellow in the wagon following me? He won't be afraid to tell you his name, either. And you'll be first to tell him about any affair at the Meadows.' They all put the spurs to their horses and dashed away."

Just an old man musing in his chair fifty years after the massacre was likewise threatened by the Indians. The natives had tasted blood; they were anxious to push this war against the "Mericans." But evidently horror-stricken at the news of what had happened at the Meadows, President Brigham Young had ordered that this company be taken safely through to California. Ira Hatch acted as their guide. When word came to the leaders that the Indians on the Muddy planned to exterminate this company also, Jacob Hamblin sent Dudley Leavitt and others to the scene. Jacob's journal says:

Brother Dudley Leavitt came in from the Muddy and told me that the Indians had robbed the company (previously spoken of) of near 300 head of cattle. They made their descent upon the train 7 miles west of the Muddy by moonlight and by taking advantage of the deep ravines they completed the design. The missionaries went with the cattle and Indians according to the instructions given to Brother Leavitt to prevent further outbreaks. The brethren saved nearly 100 head of cows from being destroyed and wasted by the Indians, and brought them to the Mountain Meadows.

From this it would seem that this attack was part of the Mormon warfare against the United States, wherein they were determined to weaken the enemy without shedding any blood. Lot Smith and his men were carrying on similar activities with regard to the army to the east. In his later life, Dudley told of this incident.

"It was like taking our lives in our hands," he said. "if any one but the servants of God had asked me to go on that trip, I would have refused, but when I was told to go, and promised that I should go in peace and return in safety, and that not a hair of my head should be injured, I went." Then he told of how he found the Indians gathered and dressed in their war paint and feathers; how he talked with them and persuaded them to take the cattle and let the company go on in peace; and how tying a red bandana around his head and giving a mighty whoop, he led the stampede himself. "The next spring I had to ride the

range three weeks to gather the cattle up again and give them back to the agent who came back from California for them," he always said to end the story.

FIRST INDIAN MISSIONS
FIRST INDIAN MISSIONS
ON THE RAGGED EDGE

Later that same fall Dudley was sent with Ira Hatch on a mission to the lyat tribe in the south. That meant that he left at the Santa Clara mission his two wives and two children, Hannah, now past three years old, and Dudley, Jr., just one year old. The fall work was done, and since they were going south into the desert country, the logical time would be to go in the winter. Jacob Hamblin's handwritten journal tells the story of what happened to these men as they told it to him when they met him at Las Vegas on their return on the last day of December 1857.

We left the Vegas with three of our old Pah-ute friends, traveled three days and arrived at the first lyat village. A portion of this village were Pah-ute descent and were our warm friends. They told us that if we sent to the main village, where the War Chief resided, they were afraid we would be killed. The next day, notwithstanding, we pursued our journey - quite a company of Pah-utes followed us and directed us to the head War Chief. Shortly after our arrival we were informed by our Pah-ute friends that the lyats intended to kill us. The lyats took both of our animals and gave us to understand that we could not leave.

We met with an lyat that could speak a little English - we told him that we were friends and had come a great distance to see and talk with them. He said, " White men mean and dishonest and are not our friends." A large number of lyats soon gathered around us. The Pah-utes told us that the lyats were going to kill us, and began pleading with tears in their eyes for our lives to be spared. One of the Vegas Indians came to Brother Hatch and said, "We told you last night they would kill you if you came here." And then burst into tears. The Chief then called a vote to see who would sanction our death. All of the lyats formed themselves in single file with their chief at their head, showing by this that they sanctioned our death. The Pah-utes gathered around us - some of them wept aloud. Brother Hatch then asked the privilege of talking to the Great Spirit before dying.

He then knelt down and offered a simple prayer in the Pah-ute tongue, asking his Heavenly Father to soften the hearts of the Indians that they might spare our lives, and that they might know we came here to do them good and not harm. This the Pah-utes interpreted to the lyats. Chah-ne-wants, the chief, was much affected, and his daughter, and amiable looking girl, seemed to take up warmly in our favor. The old chief then hurried us back into the end of a long lodge, and built a fire in front and stood guard over us. They then brought one of our animals and tied it to the door post. One of our Pah-ute friends came in and told us that the lyats had killed the other animal and that many of them were determined to kill us before we left. We spent all the fore part of the night talking to the chief through the Pah-ute interpreter, giving him much good instruction - telling him things that must shortly come to pass with the Indians. The next day we were permitted to leave with our worn out mules and scanty supply of provisions. We made the best of our way to this place.

Since this conversation took place either on the last day of December 1857 or the first of January 1858 we may assume that Dudley arrived back at Santa Clara within two weeks. In his later life he often told of the hardships of that trip from the lyat village to Las Vegas. The desert country over which they passed offered little for food except the long pod of the mesquite tree, which at this time of year would be gone. They were forced to kill desert animals for food, lizards and snakes and chipmunks. They debated as to whether or not they should boil up their moccasins to eat. But they tightened their belts and pushed on to Las Vegas where they found friendly Indians and food.

At Santa Clara they found an increase in the population from the Saints that had left San Bernardino, Las Vegas, and other points south. The first San Bernardino Saints went as far north as Beaver, where they stopped to strengthen that colony. The second group established the town of Harrisburg near the Leeds settlement. This was soon a thriving little village.

Those who stopped at Santa Clara that winter and applied to President Brigham for permission to stay permanently were: Hiram Judd, Lucius Fuller, John W. Young, Lorenzo Allen, David Pettit, Robert Crowe, Brown Crowe, William Hamblin, Edwin Hamblin, Thomas Leavitt, William Crosby, Taylor Crosby, Sidney Burton, Andrew Gibbons, and Decater Thompson. About ten other families were living in Santa Clara temporarily.

All were full of vigor, so they pitched in and built a good adobe meetinghouse, sixteen-by-twenty-four feet with a lumber and shingle roof. With the adobe mill running, several

other dwellings were built, some with pole and tule roofs covered with sod. Every home had the one essential - a fire place.

Although the name of Thomas Leavitt was listed among those who asked to stay in Santa Clara, it is clear that he did not do so. On March 1, 1857, he had married Ann Eliza Jenkins. Whether he brought his bride south with him, we cannot be certain. His first child, a daughter, arrived February 9, 1858, at Wellsville, Cache County, Utah. We hope that her father was present. He surely arrived soon after.

Several of the other brethren moved to Pinto, Newcastle, Toquerville, and Kanarra.

As spring opened, it was possible to get lumber from Pine Valley where there were both lumber mills and shingle mills.

Dudley had been on the road so much that he had had little opportunity to provide for his families, but as spring opened and some other brethren, discouraged by the lack of tillable land, wished to move on north, Dudley was able to purchase two of the better homes - that is, he paid for them in cattle or horses or some of each.

His earlier adobe buildings, floorless, with flag and soil roofs and heavy canvas windows and doors - the great fireplace the only comfort - were available for any who had no shelter at all.

Early in March 1858 Jacob Hamblin was sent south again, this time to investigate the presence of a steamer on the Colorado River. He took with him five men, one of whom was Dudley Leavitt. The excitement regarding the army had not abated. In the north the people were preparing to leave their homes and flee south. Rumors had come that an army was going to be sent against the Mormons from California, so this ship was viewed with alarm.

The party went to Call's Landing, some one hundred and seventy miles from Santa Clara and some thirty miles from Las Vegas. The steamer was under command of Lieutenant Ives and was a government exploring party. When the Mormons reached the shore near where the vessel lay, they sent Thales Haskell out to the ship to see what he could find out of the party and its purpose. There was mutual distrust, the Mormon man wanting to learn what he could without telling his identity and the explorers suspicious of him and his motives. He learned little beyond what he was able to observe and returned to his companions the next morning. He knew it was not a war ship, that it did not carry soldiers, and that its mission probably had little to do with the difficulties in Utah.

When the group reached Las Vegas they left Oscar Hamblin there to help the Indians plant crops and to maintain friendly relations with them. Two of the brethren returned to Santa

Clara, while Jacob and Dudley went thirty-five miles south to where there was a deposit of lead. With the condition of war existing it was important for them to get lead for bullets. Jacob Hamblin's biography says only: "Having some little knowledge of smelting the ore, our efforts were a success." They built a crude smelter, the furnace walls of adobe and the container on top of tin, something like a molasses boiler. The hard mesquite wood made a fire hot enough to melt the lead, which they ran through a pipe in the bottom into places hollowed out in the sand. For years the remains of this lead smelter stood there, near where was later the Portisee mine.

Dudley had been put in charge of the horses and cautioned not to let them get out of his sight. He thought he was watching them. As he went about preparing the supper over the campfire, he looked up to see his mares just rounding the point of the hill. Calling out to them, he ran to head them off, and since he did not have his gun he picked up two rocks in his hands as he ran.

But he was not quick enough. He followed as fast as he could go, but when he came to the mouth of the wash he could only see a cloud of dust far out on the desert as the fleeing Indians left him with no means of pursuit. This was a real tragedy. To be left on the desert with an outfit was bad enough, but to be on foot was serious indeed.

They agreed that Dudley should go back to Las Vegas for help and that Jacob should remain with the wagons. Jacob's biography tells of his experiences but says nothing of Dudley except that he started back thirty-five miles on foot to Las Vegas. Dudley told how, after he had sent Oscar Hamblin out with a team to get Jacob, he started home on foot. He was not twenty-eight years of age and in excellent condition; he might as well be going toward home as waiting around for a week or two for teams. So he set out. He went some fifty miles across the desert to the Indian village on the Muddy River. Here he rested a day or two and looked around in the hope that he might find his horses. When he was ready to go on his native friends filled his pockets with parched corn and gave him a little jerked horse meat. He did not know whether this came from the hind quarter of one of his own mares or not, but he accepted it gladly.

Leaving the Muddy, he followed the course of the Virgin River up to near where the town of Littlefield now stands and then across the mountains towards Santa Clara. This last thirty miles proved almost too much for him. His scanty supply of food was gone, and he was weakened by his long journey. The desert offered little at any time; now it seemed more barren than usual. He trudged along, a lone figure in the expanse of sage and rabbit brush, tightening his belt and looking out for any sign of food. He often told in his later

years how he came to a place where a California immigrant had camped and picked up the kernels of barley that had dropped from the horses' nose bags. He even kicked apart piles of dry manure in search of whole kernels that the desert rats had not yet carried off.

At last he felt that he could go no farther. He used the last bit of strength he had to climb a large rock to lie down, thinking that here, perhaps, the animals could not get at his body or that a passing wagon would be sure to find him. He had not been there long when a friendly old Indian came along. He had no food, but he had a pipe with a little tobacco. He gave Dudley a few puffs, wrapped his oose-rope tightly around the hungry man's body, and offered to help him to the Indian camp. Stimulated by the tobacco, sustained by the rope corset, and buoyed up by the thought that help was near, Dudley made his way to the tepees. The squaws would give him only a little bit at first, a few kernels of wheat to chew slowly. After a little while they gave him more, until at last he was able to take a gourd full of stew which they were cooking. He was forced to remain here resting a day or two before he could make the few remaining miles to his home.

It was now April and time for the crops to be in, though the wheat was already well up. Dudley entered into his work with his usual vigor, planting not only cotton but sugar cane and vegetables. By this time, peace was established; word came that the Saints in the north were moving back to their homes, and the terror and tension were over. There was every promise of a good harvest.

The people of the south decided to really celebrate the Twenty-fourth of July. It was the first time they had felt like having a hilarious time since they had come south. The first years were so hard and they were so few. Then the year and a half just past had been one of worry and concern. Now they decided to all go to Washington, the newly established town some ten miles away, and celebrate.

Such a bustle of preparation. There were clothes to be made ready, made over, or retrimmed or freshened up. There was cooking to be done, for everyone must take his own food along and some to spare.

In the Leavitt wagon were the two wives, the two children and Dudley's mother. Everyone else was going, too, so they planned to travel together. They left Santa Clara after an early lunch and arrived in Washington after sunset. They camped on the public square where there were also some wagons from Harmony and Toquerville. Around the campfires they visited, told stories, and sang songs. The next morning they were awakened by shots of cannon - improvised by placing anvils on top of each other with a shot of powder underneath.

The meeting at nine o'clock consisted of spirited toasts and speeches, songs and music by the band, a flute and drum. In the afternoon sports of all kinds were held: foot races, wrestling, boxing bouts for the men, visiting in the shade for the women. A grand ball finished the day. The ground had been cleared, packed, and dampened; a bonfire gave light. How they cut and swirled and "swung their partners."

Dudley loved to dance. No one was lighter on his feet than he. He could go through the intricate changes of the quadrille; he could make the Jostler's Four look like a piece of art. He was one of the few who could do justice to the double shuffle. John D. Lee was another who could dance and enjoy it, the fringed ends of his long red sash swinging wide on the turns. Mariah and Mary were not less keen in their enjoyment, nor Minerva Judd, nor Caroline Knight, nor any of the other young women. After all, they were only girls in years and girls at heart, though they were married and some of them had babies.

The next day they stayed until after noon, resting and visiting, the men swapping yarns and the women exchanging patterns and recipes. After dinner they hitched up their teams and started for home. The occasion would be a bright memory for them all and would give them talking material for months. It seemed so good to have moved out from the cloud of fear and hate and suspicion which had surrounded them, to know that the war was over and that peace was established.

After the fall work was done, Jacob Hamblin decided that they should visit the Moqui Indians across the Colorado River. After all, they had been sent here as missionaries to the Indians, and it was their duty to do all that they could to gain the friendship of the natives and to try to teach them the ways of civilization. The work among the Piutes and Piedes had been discouraging, because these tribes were very backward. Jacob thought he would like to spend some effort with what he called "the nobler branches of the race."

In September 1858 they held a special conference at Santa Clara to decide upon policies to pursue among the Indians. Since the natives at the Muddy Valley and Las Vegas had been so thieving, they decided to withdraw the missionaries from those two places and work instead among the Mavajos and the Moquis.

It was the last of September when they set out. Jacob Hamblin's biography gives the list of those who went as Ammon M. Tenney, Durias Davis, Frederick and William Hamblin, Dudley and Thomas Leavitt, Samuel Knight, Ira Hatch, Andrew S. Gibbons, Benjamin Knell, and a Piute guide, Naraguts. The minutes of the meeting also give the names of Thales Haskell and Lucius Fuller as among the party.

The country over which they must travel was largely unexplored, a barren, rocky land destitute of food or game. After ten days' journey, much of it over dangerous rocks and cliffs, they came at last to: "The Crossing of the Fathers" on the Colorado River. The next day the mule which carried the provisions was either lost or stolen, so they were three days without food except what they could shoot. Then they came to a garden growing. Risking the displeasure of the owners if they were caught, they took a large squash. They cooked it and decided that it must be a different variety than they had at home because it was so much sweeter. Later they decided that it was just their hunger that made it taste sweeter.

In his biography, Jacob Hamblin describes the Indian villages thus:

Four miles further on we came to an Oriba village of about three hundred dwellings. The buildings were of rock, laid up in clay mortar. The village stands on a cliff with perpendicular sides, and which juts out into the plain like a promontory into the sea. The promontory is narrow where it joins the table land back of it.

Across this the houses were joined together. The entrance to the town on the east side was narrow and difficult. The town was evidently located and constructed for defense from the marauding bands around.

The houses are usually three stories high. The second and third stories are set back from the front the width of the one below, so that the roofs of the lower stories have the appearance of terraces.

For security the first story can only be entered by ascending to the roof, and then down a ladder into the room below.

After our arrival in the village, the leading men counselled together a few minutes, then we were separated and invited to dine with different families.

Jacob's account goes on to describe the homes and food of these Indians and the way they contrived to live here in the midst of the desert. Luke Johnson gave an account of the trip to George A. Smith on December 28, so they must have been back by that date. He also told of their cliff dwellings, accessible only by foot or muleback, and of the cisterns in which they stored their water.

Of the hardships on the way home, he said nothing. Jacob's biography outlines them briefly, but in the minds of the men who endured them, they were never to be forgotten.

The missionaries had heard a legend that some Welshmen had disappeared into this section several hundred years before, had intermarried with the Indians, and lost their identity. There were supposed to be some descendants with light hair and fair skins and some Welsh words incorporated into the Indian language. The group of Mormon visitors found none of these evidences. They stayed long enough to establish friendly relations. Then leaving four of their number - William Hamblin, Andrew Gibbons, Thomas Leavitt, and Benjamin Knell - to remain with the natives, the rest of the group started back to Utah.

The trip home was long and hard. Winter had set in. All day they faced a piercing wind and at night did not dare light a fire for fear of roving bands of Indians. They had expected to get food at an Orubi village but were disappointed. To add to their troubles one of their horses carrying what little provisions they had got away. That left them entirely without. To add more to their troubles, it began to snow until in a whole day they went only eight miles.

When they camped at Pipe Springs the snow was knee deep. They pitched their tent and prepared to face another cold night without food. For two days Jacob had ridden almost in silence. Some of the men thought he was angry, but as a matter of fact, he was worried and almost ill from exposure. After huddling a while in the rude shelter, Dudley and Lucius Fuller went out and began saddling their horses. Jacob came out and asked them what they were going to do.

"We are going home, or we are going to die in the attempt," they told him.

"The chances are you can't make it," Jacob told them. "Your horses are already jaded, and in this storm it would be hard to find the road. If you did get through, you could not get help back to us for a week, and we cannot go hungry that long. I see no way but to kill one of the horses for food."

Without a word, Dudley pulled the saddle from his mare and motioned for his companion to shoot it. Jacob turned and walked into the tent, tears running down his cheeks. He felt that he had got the group into this difficulty and was afraid the men would complain or argue among themselves as to whose horse could be shot.

"Some of the men had steaks cut out of the hind quarters of that horse almost before it stopped kicking," Dudley said years later. "No meat has ever tasted so good since."

For two days the men lived on horse flesh without salt. After the first hunger was satisfied, it did not seem so good, but it was better than nothing. On the third day the storm was over, and the men, eager to get home, would brave a snow-covered plain.

Dudley's saddle and bridle and gear had to be added to the loads of the other pack animals,

while he had to "ride and tie." That is, one man would ride ahead some three miles, stop and tie his horse and walk on. Dudley would mount the horse and ride until he overtook the owner, who would take his mount.

The whole Santa Clara settlement came out to meet them. Dudley's mother and his two wives were among the most concerned, especially when he trudged in more than an hour behind. Mary was expecting her third child in January, and Mariah her first in April.

Dudley had kept his pledge to her mother that he would wait until she was eighteen years old before he would make her his wife in fact. Dudley was proud that now he had two good houses for his wives, and a place for his mother as well. Thomas, as he had expected, had gone back to Wellsville, where he had an excellent setup, a home and forty acres of land.

Mary and Mariah had been left alone so much that they came to depend upon each other. They shared the household chores and worked for their mutual good. Mariah had always helped Mary through her confinements; now Mary could take a turn helping her through. Mother Leavitt would be her main support. This time one layette would almost do for both babies. Mary would be ready to "shorten" hers in three months. The main work for all was to get their houses finished.

THE FAMILY GROWS
 THE FAMILY GROWS
 ON THE RAGGED EDGE

The people of Santa Clara, remembering the celebration last year at Washington, decided to have a street dance of their own on the Twenty-fourth of July.

Both of Dudley's wives could dance now; both enjoyed dancing. Dudley danced with each in turn and took both out to show off the "Polygamy Dance" in which one man danced with two partners. Then when it was a "Spat Waltz" a strange little girl became IT, and she at once chose Dudley for her partner. They finished the whole long dance together. Could it have been by accident that they had two more dances together that evening?

Who was this little stranger? Word went around that she was a daughter of the new tinsmith who had been sent into this area, Christopher Lister Riding, a convert from England. He had been sent south to help with the machinery necessary to handle the cotton and cane of this year's crop. Brother Brigham had big plans for Utah's Dixie. Yes, they were members of the church; he had been presiding elder for some years in the Manchester District. Mary and Mariah watched with some misgivings, but Thirza danced merrily on. She had found her man. She didn't care how many wives he had, he was still her man, the first she had ever met that she knew she could love for always. In less than two weeks they were married, traveling to Manti where Father Isaac Morley performed the ceremony, August 11, 1859.

Thirza was born in Manchester, England, May 14, 1843, the daughter of Christopher Lister Riding and very studious and religious man who became a minister in the Methodist Church, but upon hearing of Mormonism he left his post to be baptized. Finally he made his way to Nauvoo by getting the materials of his trade carried across the ocean and up river to Nauvoo free of charge as ballast in the ship. He had a good supply of sheet tin and iron, tools solder, and everything necessary for his trade.

In Nauvoo Brother Riding also prospered, but with the evacuation he must have church help. His services would be worth the expense of transportation of his goods by church teams. Arrived in Salt Lake City, he had a shop between Second and Third Souths where

again he was making a good living. Now to be called to Dixie was a different situation; the people were poor; there as yet no church projects of any importance. He must trust to minor repair jobs and to taking as pay produce or whatever "chips and whetstones" the people had to give. His covered wagon was his home and shop, a small one-horse cart loaded with tinware his store. The camped for a time at Santa Clara.

Though there were some heartaches and resentment in the hearts of Mary and Mariah, they accepted Thirza with as good grace as they could. She was so much younger - only sixteen - so full of energy, so completely in love, so not ashamed to show it, that she wasn't really as much help as she otherwise might have been.

Dudley had started a home for her, higher up on the hill from Mariah's. It would be log, also, and much the same pattern as the others. This year (1859) was a dry year - such a dry year that the wheat crop did not mature. The wives had to try to find substitutes for flour. Corn was their chief diet: corn bread, corn meal mush, and hominy. They tried to get variety but it was still corn, though there were beans, squash, melons and greens to go with it. If they had a small biscuit of flour bread for Sunday dinner they thought they did well.

One encouraging feature: the county seat was moved from Harmony to Washington. Not that this would make much difference to the folks of Gunlock, for at either town produce would be accepted as taxes: wheat, cotton, and cleaned, washed wool, none of which they had.

Early in 1860 Dudley made a trip north taking molasses and dried fruit to trade for such items as usual at the home of his cousin, Sarah Fish Smith McGregor at Parowan, a daughter of Aunt Hannah. On the way back he also put up his team in her yard but did not come into the house. He had known her first husband, John C. L. Smith very well, but was quite unacquainted with her second husband, William C. McGregor.

Years ago Sarah had adopted an Indian girl, Janet, who now went by the name of Janet Smith. She had lived in this home since infancy, had grown up with children, and had the same training. She attended school and took part in church activities as they did; she helped with the home work but was in no sense a slave.

On his way home, Dudley got out early. He pulled out of the yard before sunrise without waiting to eat breakfast with the family, for he hoped that he could get home in two more days. He had got out of town, past the fields and to the open road, when he was overtaken by a boy on horseback.

"Brother Amasa Lyman wanted to see you before you left town," the boy said and then wheeled his horse and galloped back without explaining what was wanted. Dudley supposed that the apostle had some message to send to Jacob Hamblin, or some instructions with regard to the Indians. So he turned his team around and went back to town.

Apostle Lyman was waiting for him alone in the parlor. He hesitated a little and then asked Dudley if he had ever considered marrying an Indian girl. This question came as a complete surprise to the young man. No, he couldn't say that he had. Brother Lyman went on to say that it would be his counsel for Dudley to marry the girl, Janet Smith. This, too, was a surprise. He had known her for years but had never thought of her as a wife. Brother Lyman went on to explain that the girl had received an offer of marriage from a white man as a plural wife but had refused it. The family could not understand why she had turned down so good an offer; they felt that the opportunity to marry a white man was one she could not afford to pass up. For a long time she would tell them nothing, but this morning after Dudley had left in such haste and without even a leave taking, she had broken down.

"There is only one man that I have ever seen that I would like to marry," she said, "and that man is Dudley Leavitt."

He went on to enumerate the girl's good qualities and to show that with her training she should make an excellent wife. Then, too, there was the promise that the Lamanites should yet become a white and delightful people; they were of the blood of Ephraim and would eventually come into their own.

Dudley hesitated. He thought of the three wives at home, Thirza a bride of less than six months and both the others with young babies. This last season had been so hard that he could barely provide for the family he had, and he dreaded the complications that might arise by bringing in another wife, especially an Indian.

"If you will take this girl, marry her, give her a home and a family, and do your duty by her, I promise you in the name of the Lord that you will be blessed. From her seed will come some of the finest of your posterity." Apostle Lyman said solemnly.

"I'll do it," Dudley answered.

The girl and her family were all called in, the marriage ceremony performed, and Janet's things were loaded into the wagon. The couple started out on their strange honeymoon on March 8, 1860. It took two days to travel from Parowan to Washington. Memories cannot be depended upon for exact dates, but in this case, John K. Lee pinpoints it for us. Writing

at Washington on March 10, 1860, he says: "About 11 at Night Bishop Crosby, Hamblin & Leavitt arrived from G.S.L.C. Dudley Leavitt had an Indian girl sealed to him by A. Lyman, the girl was raised by J. C. L. Smith's widow." [Mormon Chronicle, Vol. I, p. 242]

The story of Dudley's arrival home has come to us by word of mouth. His three wives were anxiously waiting; the other teams had been home before sunset, and here it was dusk. Thirza was at the back of the house scraping the mush kettle into the swill barrel, for supper was over and the children asleep. When she saw a woman being lifted to the ground and recognized her as an Indian, she dropped the kettle, went in the back door, bundled up her things, and cut cross-lots to her parents' wagon. Another wife! That would be bad enough, but an Indian! She'd not live with a squaw man!

One cannot help feeling sorry for the girl who received such a cold reception. Mary said little. As the first wife, her duty was to maintain order and dignity in her husband's house. She would wait for Dudley's explanation. Mariah sputtered a little softly; Thirza's absence left a place for Janet to sleep.

At home Thirza received no sympathy. Both her father and her mother told her that she was wrong to be so jealous and stubborn.

"You take your things and go right back," her father told her. "You should be ashamed to make such a fuss. He had two other wives when you married him, and they were kind and accepted you into their home. Do you think it was easy for them? You go right back. Dudley has acted within his right; this might have been the counsel of the authorities. You go back, act like a lady, and hold you tongue."

But Thirza did not go back that night nor the next day. She wanted Dudley to come after her, love her a little, and ask her to come home. Then as evening came, she remembered the mush kettle. How could they get along without that? It was the only one of the right size that they owned. They would have hunted the place over without finding it.

Taking her bundle of clothes, she came by the back way, reached into the swill barrel, and pulled out the brass kettle. The sour milk had brightened it up until it looked just like new.

"I just remembered the mush kettle," she said, as she opened the door. "I knew that you couldn't get along without it. I dropped it into the swill barrel when I saw the wagon drive up with a woman on the seat. I'm sorry if you've been put out."

Everyone was happy, for now Dudley would unload the wagon and divide the things. He never gave one anything that he did not give the others; the cloth was divided equally;

they all had new shoes at the same time. If there was only one package of tea, it was divided equally among them.

And the expression, "I just remembered the mush kettle," was used whenever one was trying to save face.

Mary and Mariah were quick to see that Janet had a much nicer trousseau than any of them had brought into the home. She had been raised as a child of the stake president; her mother had given her every opportunity. She sang the lead soprano in the choir, read well, was a good cook, and could serve the apostles with ease. She had three beautiful quilts and one camp quilt, a pair of blankets, and three sheets. Some of her pillow cases had embroidery and knitted lace; one pair was heavy and serviceable. Her towels, dish towels, stand covers, and doilies were very nice. Her house dresses were very attractive and her aprons practical, with two pretty ones for dress up. She said little, but there was a quiet dignity about her that they had to admire in spite of her dark skin.

This spring of 1860 Dudley had all his wives in Gunlock. Mary and Mariah were each in a home built earlier. Thirza lived in another of almost the same size and pattern (a large room with a shed behind.) Janet's was a dugout with the fireplace in the back against the hill; part of the sides were squared out, and there was a window on the east and one in the front door. As did the others, she had her own cow, pig, and chickens. The garden belonged to them all.

The family must be where their father could see every one of them every day. He slept in turn in the different homes, ate breakfast and dinner there, and went to the next house for supper and to sleep.

Naturally there were many adjustments to make. Occasionally there were bitter words, but in general the wives were congenial. Dudley treated them tenderly and was gentle and cheerful. He loved his children; they ran to him and climbed onto his lap whenever he sat down. He observed family prayer, the group kneeling together morning and evening to ask God's blessing and guidance and strength to do right. Though in some ways these early years were hard, they are remembered by the children as being the best.

At Gunlock they had planted an early garden; the fall wheat was up and looking well. With the arrival of hot weather in June, they moved their stock to the Mountain Meadows. Here they would spend the summer letting the dry stock and milk cows all have the advantage of the abundant grass, while they made butter and cheese to market in the fall. The census taker listed them in July 1860 as:

Dudley Leavitt	30 M	born in Canada
Mary	23 F	born in Iowa
Mariah	19 F	born in Illinois
Thirza	17 F	born in England
Jeanett	14 F	born in Utah
(Hannah)Louisa	6 F	born in Utah
Dudley	3 M	born in Utah
Orin David	1 M	born in Utah
Orilla(Maria)	1 F	born in Utah
Jeremiah Steiner	15 M	laborer Wisconsin

This is clear evidence of the family setup: Mary with three children, Mariah with one, Thirza a bride of eleven months, and Janet three months in the family. It also accounts for the orphan boy, Jerry Steiner, who was one of the family, living in Mary's home and always speaking of Dudley as "Father Leavitt." When Jerry was ready to be married, Dudley gave him a team, wagon, two cows, and some necessary tools. They always maintained a father and son relationship.

Their location at the Meadows was at the eastern end of the valley where the largest springs were. Just above them on the hill Jacob Hamblin had a small home, a milk house, and corrals with a fenced yard.

Throughout the summer, Jerry made weekly trips to Gunlock to irrigate the grain and gardens, bring up such vegetables as were ready, and look after things in general. As the early fruit ripened, one or the other of the wives in turn would go down with him to put the apricots or plums out to dry, or pick wild cherries to bring back for pies.

In the fall of 1860 the first Washington County Fair was held at Washington. The report said:

September 7, 1860. The Washington County Agricultural and Manufacturing Society held its first exhibition at Washington, the county seat. A splendid collection of fruits and other products were brought in. Among other things a cotton stalk containing 307 bolls and forms and a sunflower which measured three feet in circumference. The ladies' department also represented a very creditable appearance.

Again the Leavitt family joined to share in the festivities and display samples of their crops and articles of their handiwork.

Some of the 1857 group who had come under Robert D. Covington had moved on to California, and the young men who had lived through the "Experiment Farm" under Brother Joseph Horne in 1857 and again in 1858 were back in Salt Lake City, but the men who had been called on the earlier Indian missions had remained in the area, settling in Pinto, Kanarraville, Newcastle, and New Harmony. These men all would participate in this county fair, for they were permanent and determined to succeed. Their wives were also busy experimenting. As James H. Martineau had written to headquarters on August 22, 1857:

While at Harmony, Mrs. E. H. Groves showed us a piece of the cloth, the warp being cotton grown at Santa Clara and the filling being the bark of a species of milkweed, the fibre being long, and almost as strong as silk.

THE SETTLEMENT OF DIXIE
THE SETTLEMENT OF DIXIE
ON THE RAGGED EDGE

In May 1861, President Brigham Young, George A. Smith, Daniel H. Wells, John Taylor, Bishop Edward Hunter, and others visited the southern settlements. They reported twenty families in Santa Clara and seventy-nine in Washington County. The Deseret News reported:

At Santa Clara there are several fine young peach orchards. It is estimated that 1000 bushels will be produced there this season. Jacob Hamblin has a hundred bearing trees. Mr. I. Dodge has a fine young orchard and vineyard consisting of apples peaches apricots, nectarines, plums, pears, quinces, almonds, figs, English walnuts, gooseberries, currants, and Catawaba, Isabella, and California grapes, all in thrifty and promising condition. The cotton crop looks very well, but not as forward as usual, and crops in general were backward.

The result of all these reports was that Brigham Young decided to colonize southern Utah. He would establish the city of St. George, with some 300 families. He also decided to send a colony of Swiss immigrants to Santa Clara to raise grapes and fruit. Among all the Mormon colonizing in southern Utah, perhaps none was more heroic than this. These people had come from Switzerland across the ocean and to the Missouri River with the help of the Perpetual Emigration Fund. There they found handcarts which they loaded with their belongings and dragged all the weary fourteen hundred miles to the Salt Lake Valley. When it was decided to send them another tree hundred miles south to this last frontier, local people were asked to provide teams and wagons for their transportation. One man would haul a family from Salt Lake City to Provo, another from Provo to Nephi, from there to Fillmore, Fillmore to Parowan, and from there to Santa Clara. An old Brother Jones of Cedar City, in speaking of this said,

I was just a boy, sent to drive my father's team from Cedar City to Santa Clara to take a father, mother, and four children. I unloaded them in the sand underneath an old willow tree. I can never forget my feelings as I turned my team around and drove away. I thought I was leaving that family there to starve. They had a roll of bedding, a small box of clothes, a chest with some carpenter's tools in it - all that they had been able to haul across the plains in their handcart. There was not a shovel, a hoe, or an ax, any of the tools they would really need. There was little food, and no evidence of where they might get more when that was gone. All my life the memory of those people has haunted me. The morale of the company seemed to be high, however, for George A. Smith, writing in the Millennial Star said,

We met a company of fourteen wagons led by Daniel Bonelli, at Kanarra Creek. They excited much curiosity by their singing and good cheer. They expected to settle at Santa Clara village where there is a reservation of land selected for them that is considered highly adaptable to grape culture. Six of their wagons are furnished by the church.

The company arrived November 28, 1861, and camped around the adobe meetinghouse. As soon as their first rude shelters were made, they began on their ditch and dam. It was completed on Christmas Eve and was the occasion for a town celebration. At \$2.00 a day, it had cost \$1,030.00 in labor.

The next day the rain began. Oldtimers claim that it rained for forty days. At least the rainy season did last more than a month, and the storm was general, reaching even into southern California. The tree hundred families at St. George had not been able to leave their wagons, but waited the storm out in them. Clothes and bedding were wet and could not be dried. Food molded. Fires could hardly be kept going. It was a month of misery and suffering for all southern Utah. The Fort at Harmony literally melted away.

Then came the flood. For days the creek had been rising, until it was many times its normal size. One night the people were awakened by its roaring like a wild beast unleashed. Every few minutes there would be a loud splash as a large piece of bank fell into the water. The fort had been built well back on higher ground, but now it was plain that it was in danger. Those nearest the stream started to higher ground. They picked their way through the darkness carrying their quilts to the top of the hill and tucking shivering children into their damp folds. A few pine torches flitted about; one or two had

made lanterns of candles stuck into the side of tin cans. But the light was a feeble flicker, making the darkness outside its tiny circle seem even more dense.

Those in charge ordered everybody out of the fort. But it was not enough just to get out; they must move their food and clothing and bedding. A woman who had given birth to a baby the day before must be carried to safety. Long before they were through, the water was nearly waist deep through the fort. They tied a rope from the gate to a tree on the higher ground, which was a real lifeline for the people so frantically trying to carry out their stores of wheat and molasses. By keeping a firm hold on the rope, they could be sure where they were going and more sure of their footing. The horror of it all, the darkness and the savage stream, made some of them wonder if this might be the end of the world. When the first faint streak of light along the eastern horizon told them morning had come, it brought only a more clear predicament. The mad river was slashing into the bank, carving out pieces as big as a house. Already one corner of the fort was gone.

Jacob Hamblin ventured too near the edge, and the piece of ground on which he was standing slipped into the water. Such a panic! While the women and children screamed and cried, his Indian boy, Albert, untied the rope which had been their guide all through the night, made a lasso of it and threw it to him just as the last of the soil on which he stood dissolved into the water. With the help of all hands on the bank, he was hauled back to safety.

All day long they watched the fruits of their six years' labor go. Tree by tree their largest orchard went, each one bending down slowly as if bowing to the will of the river. The men had been frantically trying to move the wheat from the store room in the fort. They went on until one corner and part of the wall had caved in. With all their efforts, much of their bread supply was lost. By nightfall the whole little colony was washed away, and the people stood shivering and shelterless on top of the hill, their few household effects piled in confusion about them. The flood was receding but somewhere away downstream buried in mud were the grist mill, the molasses mill, and the homemade cotton gin.

Left now to start all over, they decided to locate the town up round the point of the hill from where the fort had been. They lost no time in marking lots, the men drawing cuts for their locations. Shelters were erected, most of them dugouts against the hill with the fronts held up by poles and thatched with willows and earth to protect them against the cold weather. Work on the new ditch and dam commenced at once, February 17, 1862. It was finished March 16 at a cost of \$4,000. According to the irrigation reports of 1865, Santa Clara had a main canal three miles long, five feet wide and three feet deep, costing

\$8,000. Before the flood the creek could be stepped across in many places. After 1862 it was 150 yards wide and 25 feet deep.

At the time of this flood Dudley had his families all at Gunlock, each in a log house. They were built close together in the shape of a fort. When the rain continued and the creek began rising, the women cooked up what they could and moved a part of their things up the hill. When the heaviest flood came in the night, they all had to get out. Hannah, then only six years old, remembered the incident well and told of this in her later years. Her uncle, Joseph Huntsman, carried Dudley, Jr., in his arms and her on his back up into the rocks for safety. The mothers and Dudley had all they could do to handle the others. Mary had two, Orilla and Elsie; Thirza had one; and Janet one - eight babies under six years of age to move in the night to beds in the open. The houses were washed away, but through the family's foresight, nearly everything else was saved.

This spring and summer was a hard one for all the Santa Clara settlement. St George did not fare so badly, for they had brought provisions to last until another harvest. But the Swiss colony was in dire circumstances. It was at this point that Dudley and his brother Lemuel had a chance to show their true character. Dudley made a trip north for a load of flour which he divided among the people according to the need and the size of the family, a pan full here, a part of a sack there. Every dust of it must be saved. During the summer, he killed several beeves and divided them in the same way, giving each family a piece of flesh and some boiling meat. He had cattle of his own, and he also killed wild cattle from the Bull Valley herd. Every part of the animal was used. One old lady said that the sweetest meal she had ever eaten was of tripe or part of the stomach lining of one of these.

Dudley's daughter Mary Ellen tells this incident:

I was visiting Santa Clara years later as a young woman. My cousin and I were going down the sidewalk when we met one of these old Swiss ladies. My cousin introduced me as the daughter of Dudley Leavitt. The old woman threw her arms around me and began to hug and kiss me between laughing and crying at the same time. I didn't know what to make of it. I wondered if she had lost her mind. "I love anyone who is anything to do with Dudley Leavitt," she said. "I love the sound of his name. He saved our lives. He brought us flour and meat when we would have died without food. He didn't sell them to us. He gave them to us; he divided what he had. May the Lord bless him."

When Mary Ellen got home she said, "Father, why didn't you ever tell us about the early days at Santa Clara when you took the settlers food?"

"It was nothing," Dudley answered. "I couldn't see them starve, could I?"

Dudley not only had his own families to care for, but he had other obligations. His mother lived with him much of the time. He had children not his own to provide for. One was Jerry Steiner, a boy whose mother had died on the plains and whose father went on to California. Dudley kept the in his home until he was old enough to go out for himself. During the years that he lived in the Leavitt home, Jerry took a team and a load of provisions back to meet immigrants on the way. Two different times Dudley sent outfits back to Missouri to help bring to Utah those with no way to come.

In her later years, Aunt Hannah Terry wrote an account which gives some interesting highlights. Let her tell it:

One of Jerry's trips for emigrants, he brought home a cotton gin, or Spinning Jinny, as it was called. Ike Sears ran the Spinning Jinny both in Santa Clara and later when we moved to Clover Valley. I used to feed it for him. When I did extra well, he would tell me I was a lady, all but my feet, and they were pig's feet. It used to make me feel so bad to have them called pig's feet; I used to go barefoot, and of course my feet got chapped and dirty. A Spinning Jinny would take the seed from the cotton, card it and spin it into yarn, about six spindles at a time. It could be turned by water power, but Ike turned it with a crank.

With all the work to get the yarn made and then to thread it onto the frame of the loom and weave it by hand, we can understand why the mother could not move until she had finished the web of cloth, which was something of the value of a new dress or shirt.

Jerry also brought mother a stove, the first I ever saw, and some coal oil in a can under the bed. I remember how the children used to crawl under the bed and come out holding their noses, making an awful fuss over it.

In the spring of 1864, father started to move his families to Clover Valley, Aunt Mariah and Aunt Janet went first. Later, he took Aunt Thirza and mother's three oldest children, myself, Dudley and Orin. Mother had a web of cloth in the loom at Santa Clara and stayed behind to finish it. I think a number of families were called to be on guard there for treacherous Indians. Brothers Lude and Matthew Syphus, Brothers Amos and Bradford

Hunt, Brothers Brown and Hamilton Crowe and Brother Young all had their families there. Also Brother Blair had both his families there.

Minty Young was a girl about my age, Lavina Syphus was a little older, Leath Crowe, Eliza Ellan and Linda Hunt, Louisa and Eliza Leavitt, Uncle Jerry's daughters, were all girls together and we used to have a real good times dancing and skating.

The houses were built close together in the shape of a fort, the school house being partly across one end, and the town ditch ran through the center of the fort. The first corral was built at the northwest end of the fort. The fence at one end of the fields forming one side of the corral. Later, a big public corral was built on the south side of the fort. We used to take out knitting and go out in the shade of the big haystacks. Lavina Syphus always took more yarn than the rest of us; she was a faster knitter. We all knit our own stockings. The Indians were quite peaceable when we first moved there. They would bring dried berries and pinenuts to trade for flour and potatoes. I remember the large sacks of pinenuts that used to stand behind the door.

Once, when the Indians got hungry, they sold Susie to father. The Indian put down a blanket and father poured wheat on it as long as any would stay on without rolling off. I can still see father holding the bucket and pouring it on. He also let them have some sheep that were killed before they went away. Susie was a little Indian girl about five years old. Aunt Janet took care of her. I can still see her crying when the Indians went away. Father kept her five years and let Brother William Pulsipher have her for a span of oxen.

This extract from the oldest child in the family tells many things about their home economy. Though she was only twelve years old at the time, she had always assumed responsibility and was mature for her years. Besides knitting her own stockings, she must help with those of the rest of the family, while she seemed never through with dishwashing. By this time there were eleven children in the family younger than she. Her own mother, Mary, had four others, Mariah had three, Thirza two, and Janet two, a total of twelve children under twelve years of age.

The custom of buying Indian children was quite common. Earlier, the Utes had carried on a business of buying or stealing them and selling them to the Mexicans for slaves. The Mormons opposed this, and through their influence had it stopped. But they themselves sometimes bought children, always if the parents were forced to sell one to get food for the others. The thing that prompted this was their belief that the Indians would be redeemed, that they would become a "white and delightsome people." This was one way in

which the Mormons could help the process of civilizing the natives. The Indian children were taken into the family, trained to do home work and farming, and taught religion. They were not, in the common sense, slaves.

When the colony first moved to Clover Valley, they thought it was in Utah, but later surveys showed it to be in Nevada. It was a delightful spot, a small valley running east and west, carpeted with grass and watered by several fine springs. Surrounding it on all sides were low, rolling hills covered with sagebrush and cedar trees, and excellent range for cattle. By this time, Dudley had a good herd.

The first year was very happy and successful, the winter, mild and open, and the crops good. During the next summer a sickness came among the babies. One writer said that it terminated in the death of every baby in town under six months of age, twelve in all. Hannah Terry's account said that all but three babies died; Thirza's baby, Mary Ellen; Aunt Selinda Huntsman's baby, Luna; and the Syphus baby, Levi were spared.

During the second summer a camp of prospectors had begun some mining activities at the lower end of the Meadow Valley. Soon they began to have trouble with the natives. Instead of using the Mormon methods, they decided to fight it out. When some Indians stole their horses, they took three of them prisoners. One of them got away. In her story of it, Minerva Judd says, "I never saw such running before. The shot at him, but he darted this way and that and evaded them. He went like a kite in the wind. He beat both horse and foot." the others tried also to escape and fought like bloodhounds. In the struggle they were killed.

That was the way the trouble began, and the spirit of unrest and enmity grew. Throughout the southern part of the state the Indians seemed to be watching every opportunity to harass the settlers. Chief among the troublemakers in the Clover Valley section was old Bushhead. Though the whites gathered their cattle in at night and kept a strong watch around the corral, some were missing.

One night it was Bradford Hunt's turn to stand guard. Several times they had found evidence that the natives were trying to break into the corral. So Bradford Hunt was cautioned to keep a careful lookout for any attempt to break through. The night was stormy. As Brother Hunt made his round, a flash of lightning revealed the crouched figure of an Indian with his bow drawn, sitting in the corner of the fence. The same instance Bradford fired. They found the Indian next morning slumped down where he sat, his bow dropped, and a bullet through his heart. Knowing the Indian temperament and fearing for his own safety, Bradford Hunt soon moved north.

Bushhead continued his thieving. Again and again he took cattle; always he was inciting the others to malicious attitudes. At one time Dudley led a group of men to the head of the Beaver Dam Wash in search of the band. They saw the campfire after night, the Indians gathered around roasting a beef that they had killed. At the approach of the white men the Indians scattered like quail. Dudley called out to tell them that it was Wamptun and that he would not hurt them. They came back hesitatingly, knowing that he had plenty of cause to be angry. They sat around the fire and talked things over, and Bushhead promised to do better. In the meantime the wives and children at home were filled with fear because the pony which Dudley rode, Buttermilk Dave, had come back with his reins dangling, and they were afraid the rider had been shot by an Indian.

Again and again Bushhead broke his word until he became a menace to the whole section. Finally, Dudley went to St. George to ask Apostle Erastus Snow what should be done. He was advised to have Bushhead killed but to have the Indians do it. Bushhead had killed some miners who were going through the country which made him an outlaw even among his own people. When Dudley came back he called the Indians together and told them the decision of the Mormon chief. He showed them how to build a scaffold on which to hang Bushhead for murder. Then Dudley left the Indians to carry out the orders. When the old chief was caught, he called all day for Wamptun. If Wamptun were here he would do something to save him. But Dudley was gone and did not come back, and Bushhead had to pay the penalty.

The next winter was severe. The Navajos from across the Colorado raided parts of the country. Whitmore and McIntyre were killed at Pipe Springs in January. The Berry brothers were murdered near Short Creek, and two of Powell's men were ambushed and killed near Mt. Trumbull. The uprising seemed to be so general that President Young sent word for those living in scattered communities to move together for safety. Apostle Erastus Snow visited Clover Valley on July 12, 1866, and advised the people to abandon the place because they were so few and so far from help that the Indians might slaughter them all. Obedient to counsel, the people hurried their harvests and prepared to move before another winter should set in. Part of them went to Shoal Creek above where the town of Enterprise now stands. Since Shoal Creek had so few homes, Dudley decided to send two of his wives, Mariah and Thirza, to Santa Clara for the winter. Jerry Steiner, then quite a large boy, would go along to do the chores and outside work and would also go to school. Janet and Mary would go to Shoal Creek. It was hard, this dividing the family up, but all understood that it was only temporary.

At this time there were five families living along Shoal Creek and two on ranches eight miles apart. They all moved together and located at the big willow patch at the junction of the stream. Those living there were Zera, John, and William Pulsipher; Thomas S. Terry; and Levi H Calloway. Those coming in from Clover Valley were old Brother James William Huntsman and his sons, Joseph S., and Hyrum R.; Dudley Leavitt and his brother, Jermiah; Amos Hunt and his sons, James W. and Jonathan; Zodac Parker; and Brown B. Crowe. As before, they built their houses in a hollow square or fort, leaving room in the enclosure for other homes, and several of the young men married during the winter. Some of the houses were made of logs, some of adobe, and some of rock. They all faced in, with no doors or windows opening to the outside. All were thatched with grass and willows covered with dirt, a good enough shelter unless it rained hard and long, when they leaked mud for days.

The settlers sank a well in the center of the fort, which gave plenty of clear, cold water. The first colonists reserved the small plot of two or three acres, which they had previously used for a garden, but they divided their farm land equally, and the men drew lots for it, the oldest having the first chance.

On January 2, 1867, an express from Pine Valley brought word that the Indians had taken a band of horses from Cyrus Hancock and left him wounded. A scouting party, of which Dudley Leavitt was a member was sent out to watch the various passes and to warn the people at the Meadows. In a few days William Pulsipher came back with the word that he was a member of the posse from St. George which pursued the thieves eight miles, surprised and killed all but two of the gang, and brought back the stolen stock. In the fall of 1867 they built their new school house. Orson Huntsman's account gives a good picture of community activities:

Later in the fall the brethren got pine logs out of Little Pine Valley and hewed them and built a meeting house 18 by 25 feet, with a big stone fireplace in one end. It was built at one end of the fort, covered with lumber and dirt, and was ready for use on the first of January, 1868. This house was used for meetings, schools, and a dance hall. And to get wood to warm the building and to make work light they chose up sides; there was five men to each side to do the chopping and four teams with teamsters. They were to work two hours and the side that got beat was to furnish supper and a dance for the town. One side got nine cords of good cedar wood, the other twelve, making 21 cords in all in two hours

work. This wood lasted two or three years, besides making a good lively time and a good dance and supper.

That winter the rains began in December, and great floods came down, washing out deep gullies and making the roads impassable. Later, it began to snow, so that the people were completely shut in for months. So long as they had plenty of fuel and enough food, they got along very well. They made their own amusements. One town activity was the organization of a Mutual Benefit Society, for the improvement of the speech of old and young and particularly for practice and experience in public speaking.

The winter storms meant good crops in the spring and summer. On July 15, 1868, Erastus Snow, Joseph W. Young, Jacob Gates, and others paid them a visit. The whole southern section was going to celebrate the Twenty-fourth of July among the tall pines in Pine Valley, so the people of Shoal Creek decided to join them. The Staheli band was up from Santa Clara. Many people from all the towns were there, and there was a general celebration which lasted several days, enough to make up for the forty long miles they had covered to get there.

About a month later Erastus Snow and James Burgon came to survey the little town. Heretofore they had all lived in the fort; now they were to form a regular settlement. Erastus Snow went over the ground and said the land was all right, but the water was in the wrong place. He advised laying out the town by the water, but the people were partial to the level open space, and he acceded to their wishes. John Pulsipher suggested that they name the place Hebron, the scriptural name of the place where Abraham took his flocks. It was accepted without a dissenting vote.

On Monday, August 31, the survey began. After chopping their way for three days through the sage, some of it above their heads, they finished laying out the town. There were three streets running east and west, the center one for Main Street, and five running north and south, with nine blocks, each containing four lots, and some half blocks. They figured a total of forty-seven lots, each with a frontage of thirteen rods. The streets were all five rods wide, except the main street, which had an extra rod.

When the survey was completed, the people met again, selected a central lot for the church and meetinghouse, and drew for the others. This time, instead of putting numbers into a hat and each drawing one, they gave the men their choice of lots, the oldest first, and so on, according to age. The record, kept by John Pulsipher, says that "the best of feelings prevailed."

People immediately began to move out onto their lots, so that before winter set in most of them were on their own places, and the old fort site was abandoned. In all the town there was but one house with a shingle roof(John Pulsipher's), though many secured them later. Dudley now had all his family together again, each wife with her own small home and large family. During the summer one might go to Gunlock to take care of the fruit there, and one or two to the Mountain Meadows to look after the dairy there, while one remained at Hebron. In this way all the families would have dried fruit and butter (packed into large five-gallon crocks) and cheese for winter. The older children were sent wherever their work would be most helpful, regardless of which mother presided at the place. Dudley moved among them as he could, directing and helping, but the united efforts of all were needed to succeed. From accounts of the living children, they did seem to manage with a minimum of friction. During the winter they were all back at Hebron, living on the same block.

Toward the end of September 1868, Dudley and his first wife, Mary, went in to Salt Lake with a load of produce, and to attend conference. It was her first trip back since she had come down as a young wife fourteen years before. They traveled in company with Hyrum Huntsman, Levi Calloway, and others, and took only their younger children along.

This was really an event for them. The city had grown and changed so much that they could not get enough of looking around at the stores and public buildings. As they listened to the instructions of their leaders, they felt the importance of the work they were doing in the southern settlements to help establish Zion. They started home strengthened and renewed.

They had shopped in Salt Lake City, exchanging their fruit and molasses for cloth, shoes, spices, coal oil, and notions. But they could not begin to supply their needs. So on their way down, they stopped at George Hancock's general store and purchased cloth by the bolt and shoes and clothing for all the children of all the families on credit. The next month they rounded up the cattle necessary to pay the debt and had some of the older boys help drive them up.

Upon their arrival home, all the wives were called in and the goods divided. This rule, begun early, was never deviated from. Dudley always divided what he brought; no wife ever touched anything until it was given to her. If she could not be present at the division, her share was carefully put away for her.

AT HEBRON AND GUNLOCK
AT HEBRON AND GUNLOCK
ON THE RAGGED EDGE

In November 1868 the town of Hebron was organized into a ward. The authorities evidently felt that there was no one there who would unite the people, for they called a young man, George Crosby, to be the bishop. He was also to teach school. The beardless young man arrived late in November and opened the school. In December he went to get his wife, arriving back in Hebron on Christmas Eve. That very night their first child, a son, was born. Orson Huntsman comments that "they might named him Santa Claus, but they didn't, the called him George."

New Year's Day was celebrated with a town dinner and dance, a climax to a "scalp hunt" in which the losing side furnished the meal. The first Sunday, January 3, 1869, the whole town gathered in the little log schoolhouse for the first real meeting under the new bishop. A pitch-pine fire burned in the large fireplace. The women came with their shawls over their heads and their waist aprons on. The children were all in home-knit stockings and mittens and made-over coats. The bishop completed the organization by selecting Dudley Leavitt as his first and Richard Bird his second counselors. John Pulsipher was the superintendent of the Sunday School. The people were happy, with high hopes of building a fine community here. There were enough to make activities interesting and to have a good school; there was plenty of good land (if they could only keep water on it). At least there would be plenty of labor, if they could only have the satisfaction of conquering this desert land. Confident and full of hope, they set out to do it.

The new settlement was soon to have its first experience with the Indians. The very week after the ward was organized, an express came telling them that the Navajos had crossed the Colorado and were making raids on the different settlements, driving off cattle and horses.

John Pulsipher wrote quite a detailed account of their experience in his journal:

We gathered our horses, kept armed herdsmen with them days & and armed gaurd at the corral with them at night. This was a heavy expense on us, few as we are, but we kept on

hunting and gathering stock as well as picket guarding, which we were careful to attend to, so that we may not be surprised by any large force.

Time proved that we did not gather our stock any too soon, for the Indians were spying around every night as sly & cunning as foxes. Every morning we could find tracks where they had walked or crawled around the corral in the darkness of night, but they could not break the fence or open the gate, so they must try some stratagem.

A pair of horses were taken from Father Pulsipher as they were eating at his stable just at dark before being put into the big corral. We then fixed stalls in the big corral to feed them and the saddle horses where they would be safe.

The rascals were very anxious to have our little band of horses - 170 head - but they were all so well-guarded it bothered them. So one day while the horses were out to feed, the sly rogues crawled from the hills north among the sage brush and chopped several of the pickets nearly off at the back side of the corral so they could be easily broken, to let the horses out. But this was discovered before dark and we prepared for an attack tonight. Moved families together and every man armed and made ready. Put a stronger guard with the horses and the rest to guard the women and children. We did not want to kill any of these warriors if we could avoid it, & we did not want them to kill us. Being some acquainted with Indian customs, I advised the guards at the corral not to leave their places & run into the light, even if any building should be fired.

Just as I had said that much, a light flashed up. It was Orson Huntsman's haystack a little west of us. It made a great flame, as it was very dry. It burned down very quietly, not a man rushed into the light to be shot, neither did we leave our charges for them to take. The Indians, brave as they are, fear to die, & getting no advantage of us, abandoned their design that night. The next day, Feb. 6, we took our band of horses down the valley to Pinto station and herded with them about 10 days. We then built a corral and herd house about five miles below our town at the edge of the valley, kept our stock on our own range & when the wild Indians had left the country & spring come, we could let our stock have their liberty again.

The Navajos always made their raids during the winter months, crossing the Colorado while the water was low. This was the reason they were forced to go back early in February before the spring thaws began and the river became impassable.

In the spring of 1869 Dudley traded for Orson Huntsman's house so that he now owned and entire block in Hebron with one family on each corner. Here they were comfortable during

the winter months, though they continued to scatter for a time during the summer, one or two at the Meadows to make butter and cheese, and the others at Gunlock to take care of the fruit. That fall Dudley made another trip to Salt Lake City, this time taking two of his wives, Mariah and Thirza. The records of the Salt Lake Temple show that he had them both sealed to him in the Endowment House on October 5, 1869. Mariah was now the mother of six children, the youngest, Sarah Mariah, being hardly three months old; Thirza had four, her youngest, Lister, being eighteen months.

In the meantime the people of Hebron had begun to experiment with ways and means to bring water to more land. When Erastus Snow first looked their project over, he told them they had the town in the wrong place and that they should try to take up land nearer the water. They preferred to do otherwise, and he did not oppose it too vigorously.

First, they built a ditch along the hill which cost \$665 in labor. The next year they made it higher and longer at an additional cost of \$1,520 and still later enlarged it at a cost of \$400. This made the price of water for their little town nearly two thousand dollars that year(1870).

Pioche had opened up as a flourishing mining town, so that those who had hay or produce to sell had a ready market. They hauled loose hay over the fifty miles of dirt road for \$27 a ton.

Sometime in 1870 the census taker arrived in Hebron. His record is accurate as to age and place of birth of the wives and names of the children.

1870 Census, Washington County, Utah

HEBRON

Dudley Leavitt	39	Farmer	Canada
Mary	33	Keeping house	Iowa
Louise[Hannah]	15	at home	Utah
Dudley	13	at home	Utah
Orin D.	11	at home	Utah
Orson	9	in school	Utah
Alonzo	7	in school	Utah
Samuel	7	at home	Utah
George E.	1 mos.	at home	Utah

Mariah	19	keeping house	Illinois
Aureill[Orilla] 11		at school	Utah
Eliza[Elsie]	9	at school	Utah
Hyrum	7	at school	Utah
John	3	at home	Utah
Sarah	1	at home	Utah
Thursa[Thirza]	25	Keeping house	England
Ware[Wier]	11	at home	Utah
Helena	7	at school	Utah
Mary E.	4	at home	Utah
Christopher L.	3	at home	Utah
Henry D.	2 mos.	at home	Utah
Jennette[Janet]	21	Keeping house	Utah
Annie	9	at school	Utah
Calvin	7	at school	Utah
Jane	2	at home	Utah
Heleman	4 mos.	at home	Utah

Mary's 6th child Joseph Henry Leavitt died in July 1866

Mariah's 4th child, James William died September 16, 1866

Jennette's 3rd child Adelbert Leavitt died September 9, 1866

All died at Clover Valley in the plague which took a total of 12 children under three years of age.

Early in 1871 the measles broke out, and every family in town had them. Though there were no deaths, there were many sick children and some eye and ear injuries as a result. Then in June, just as their crops were looking their best, a horde of grasshoppers came. In swarms that darkened the sun, with a sound like a humming engine, they settled on the fields. They were traveling from east to west, lighting, eating, jumping over each other as they moved forward, and leaving the fields behind utterly desolate. They spared nothing. To try to fight them would be like trying to fight rain or hail.

They stayed only a few days, long enough to leave the crops in ruin, and then moved on. The last of them had hardly taken flight before the people were out, ploughing their fields again. Though the season was late, they hoped to get a crop of corn matured.

Early in 1871 the people of Hebron decided to build a new adobe meetinghouse. The old one was too small and was away off over in the old fort. They taxed each man according to his holdings, with the total of the first levy being \$962.32. Of this, Dudley Leavitt's share was \$33.60. This was about the average, being much less than that of some and more than that of others. It would indicate that he owned little property other than the block upon which his families lived or that they made some concessions because of the number of his children.

They worked at the meetinghouse all summer as their farm work permitted. In the late fall everyone joined in the labor in order to have it completed for a social on Christmas Eve. It was not plastered, but it had a solid floor in and a roof overhead, while a large stove in the center, whose lengths of pipe twisted about in search of an outlet, gave off plenty of heat. Coal-oil lamps set in front of circles of tin for reflectors, furnished the light. The people felt that they had something fine and up-to-date and celebrated accordingly with a dance and picnic.

Because of the visit of the grasshoppers the summer before, flour was scarce. By May even their corn meal was getting low, and it was more than a month before harvest. A serious shortage was prevented by a call from the authorities at St. George for teams to collect donations for the building of the temple there. The ground had been dedicated in November, and all the church was to contribute to it. Orson W. Huntsman and Charles Pulsipher were to travel through the towns holding meetings and taking up donations. The people of Hebron sent three four-horse teams and three two-horse teams. The people of the north gave what they could: wheat, potatoes, butter, cheese, pork, dried beans, cloth - whatever they had. When the teamsters returned to St. George with their loads, they were paid for their services in foodstuffs. On their arrival back at Hebron, they found the whole town out of flour.

By this time the telegraph line was finished through Hebron to Pioche and Bullionville. In 1866 it had been completed from Logan to St. George, connecting all the settlements enroute. In 1871, with Pioche running full blast, and with eleven stamp mills in operation in Bullionville, it was decided to connect those towns with St. George. The people of Hebron were given their quota of poles to get out and set and were given tithing scrip for pay. Dudley Leavitt and his older boys helped with the project.

In May Major Peck, a cattle buyer from Pioche, came to town. Every man in Hebron sold him some cattle. Orson Huntsman gives an interesting account of the trip across the desert with them:

May 27, 1872. Arrived at Mountain Springs at 9 a.m.]It was necessary to make night drives because of the heat and the desert country. We watered 186 head of stock and seven horses with the bucket; that is, we dipped water from the spring and carried it two rods and filled a trough and paid 18 cents a head for the water.

At the end of the trip they received \$2,247.00, which was divided according to the number of cattle each man had sold.

The year 1872 brought another event of moment to the Dudley Leavitt family. Dudley took another wife, this time Martha Hughes Pulsipher, the widow of Zera Pulsipher. In some ways, this was a greater trial to Mary than his earlier marriages had been. The other four had all been girls together; they had sacrificed for each other; they had worked together; they had stood by each other in sickness; they had grown old before their time, together. Now to have their husband pay attention to this lively, twenty-seven-year old widow while they cared for their families was really a trial. The courtship was short. The young woman, left with four children, had few resources and had been working out in the various homes to support herself. The marriage took place November 30, 1872, in Salt Lake City, with Daniel H. Wells officiating. Once it was over, she took her place with the other wives, receiving no favors and fitting into the family very well.

In 1872 there was a heavy flood at Hebron which washed out their flume and ditch along the hillside. People, generally, were very much discouraged, for it would mean such a lot of hard work to rebuild it. Dudley still had holdings at Gunlock and Mountain Meadows as well as a small place at Santa Clara. Except for the block on which they lived, he had little at Hebron, so this year they decided to sell out and care for their other places. They had plenty of fruit and farm land at Gunlock to keep them busy.

The family record says that nine children were born while they lived at Hebron: Frank and George to Mary; Sarah, Albert, and Hubert to Mariah; Lister and Henry to Thirza; and Jane and Heleman to Janet. Perhaps Aaron should be included in this group, for he was born during the summer before they finally moved away. His mother, Mary was at Gunlock at the time. Hannah, the oldest girl, tells the incident thus:

I was there a day, and the next day Aaron was born, 17 Aug. 1871. Father and I were all the help mother had...he hadn't had time to build a house, and Aaron was born in a wagon box. Father handed him to me wrapped in mother's skirt, and aunt Emma Huntsman and I washed and dressed him out under the cottonwood tree. But I had most of it to do as she was just newly married and had no experience with babies.

For an unmarried girl of sixteen, this was quite unusual. It does not take a very vivid imagination to reproduce the whole scene with the covered wagon box and the crude arrangements under the tree. In spite of it, the baby did well, and the mother was soon up and around again.

The establishment and care of the family was now at its heaviest, for there were twenty-five children living (Mary had lost one baby, Mariah one, and Janet two), and they were all quite young. The oldest girl, Hannan was seventeen, and the boys just younger were large and husky and accustomed to work. Even so, much of the responsibility was left to the mother, for try as Dudley would to divide his time equally among them and to keep in touch with them all, it was almost more than one could do.

The thing that is most remarkable is that he had as much influence with them as he did. Interviews with every one of the living children show without exception, that it was to their father that they turned for affection and guidance. "I used to think that if father were only home, nothing in the world could harm us," one of them said. "In my childish heart, my greatest wish was that we could have him with us all the time." They all tell of how their father loved them, of how kind and considerate he always was, and how full of faith. His daughter, Lena, tells this incident:

I remember once when I was a little child about eight or nine years old, and Wier was eleven or twelve. One of mother's babies was real sick. Alma, I think it was. In the night father came to my bed and woke me up. He went and got Wier up, too.

"Get up children," he said, "we have a very sick baby, and we need your help. Mother and I must have your support and faith and prayers, for we have done all that we can."

We got up and all kneeled around the bed. Father prayed and mother prayed; then he asked Wier to pray, and I prayed. Then father prayed again. After a little while, as he sat watching the baby, he said, "Now you can go to bed. He will be all right." We did go to bed, and the baby slept until morning and got well.

Hannah tells how he used play with the children, dancing them on his knee and singing to them or romping with them. On moonlight nights he would get out and play Run, Sheep, Run and Steal Sticks with the older boys. It always made the game twice as interesting if father played with them. He went to the dances and joined in the fun there. From several of his children came incidents which show his treatment of them. His daughter Lena tells this one:

When I was a little girl we were traveling up the creek when it had a flood in. At one crossing the water ran up into the wagon box. I was back under the cover and was frightened nearly to death. I screamed and cried at the top of my voice. When we got across, he stopped the team and got out and took me in his arms. Instead of scolding, he was so tender and kind with me. "Father wouldn't let anything hurt his little girl," he said. "Why if you fell in, I'd jump right in after you." And he held me close and petted me until I was quiet and happy before he started the team again.

Mary Jane tells of a similar experience:

One time when I was a little girl, I had a big boil on my arm and father was bringing me to St. George to see what to do about it. I was sitting on the hay in the wagon and went to sleep. When we were crossing the creek in one place, I fell out. I was crying at the top of my voice, but he couldn't hear me above the jolt of the wagon over the rocky bottom and the sound of the water. It wasn't deep; I could have waded out easy enough, but he stopped and came back for me, wading right into the water. He picked me up and carried me out. I would have expected him to stand on the bank and call me to come on. I wasn't hurt.

Betsy tells this one, which though it happened years later, still shows his way with his family:

I remember when we were quite small, but old enough to know better, and father and the boys had been making adobes. They had them out in long rows in the sun to dry. There were five of us little girls within a year or two of each other. We began playing around the yard and ended up by walking up and down the rows of adobes, stepping into the middle of every one.

When the older boys saw it, they certainly were angry. They scolded and swore and said for us just to wait until father came and saw what we had done. We were so frightened that

we all ran and hid. When father came, the boys took him out to show him how we had ruined their work.

"Well, now," he said laughing, "I think that is right cute. I don't know what I would rather have in the walls of my house than all those pretty little foot prints."

When we heard that, we weren't afraid to come out of hiding.

The next few years, while they lived at Gunlock, were prosperous ones. The Indians were peaceable, and Dudley cultivated their friendship. The first harvest he invited them all in to a feast, barbecued a young beef, roasted a load of corn in the husks and had plenty of melons. The Indians danced and feasted and celebrated in general for three days. They raised all the wheat, corn, beans, squash, and other vegetables they needed; they had a surplus of molasses and dried fruit to sell and their own flock of sheep furnished them wool for clothing. An incident recorded by Orson Huntsman shows something of their setup. In the early winter he came to St. George to buy chickens and pigs to peddle in Pioche for Thomas S. Terry. He bought twelve little pigs for one dollar each and three hundred chickens. It had begun to storm on his way down; before he left St. George the snow was eight inches deep. He received the following telegram:

Hebron, Dec. 8, 1873

Snow three feet deep and still snowing. Take load to Dudley's and stay storm over. Don't try to come until road is open

T. S. Terry.

Orson Huntsman's diary tells how he went to Gunlock and turned the pigs and chickens all loose onto Dudley Leavitt. On January 10, more than a month later he went back for them. That seems evidence that they knew Dudley would have a surplus and be able to feed them.

In 1874 Mariah's oldest daughter, Orilla, was in Hebron working for Bishop Crosby. She was a beautiful girl of fifteen. Early in March she was taken ill, and though they did all they could for her she got no better. They sent word to her family. Dudley went on horseback, leaving Mariah and Mary to come in a wagon with one of the older boys. He arrived in time to hold his daughter's hand at her passing. Though they met the wagon with fresh horses at

the Meadows, the women were too late. This death was a blow to all the family, for it was the first time an older child had died. During the plague year at Clover Valley they had lost three babies, and Janet had another die soon after birth.

Their philosophy that "whatever is, is best," that the matter of life and death is in the Hands of God, and our finite minds cannot always understand his infinite wisdom, made them able to accept it. To them immortality was real and unquestioned. If God wanted this lovely girl, why should they protest? It was part of their duty to be submissive to His will.

THE UNITED ORDER AT BUNKERVILLE
THE UNITED ORDER AT BUNKERVILLE
ON THE RAGGED EDGE

In February 1874 Dudley brought a part of his family to St. George to attend conference, for Brother Brigham was to be present. The townspeople had made great preparations. They had cleared the sidewalks of weeds, swept yards, and cleaned their homes. Everywhere were newly whitewashed walls and fresh straw under rag carpets. For weeks ahead women had been preparing their clothes, making new bonnets and knitting stockings. Groups of boys went out to clear the road from town to the Black Ridge. Old-timers said that some of the men took some twenty or thirty dimes and put them under rocks along the way, so that the laboring boys would get some little reward. The discovery of a dime would set the whole crew working with renewed vigor and accelerate the road cleaning greatly.

On the day of Brigham Young's arrival, crowds thronged the streets, eager for a glimpse of their beloved Prophet. James Andrus, on a fine horse, rode up and down the waiting lines. A large banner stretched across the street proclaimed a welcome in foot-high letters. A group of little girls in white dresses held arms full of fruit blossoms to strew in the way of the carriage. No king ever received a more ardent homage.

When at last the carriage arrived, Brigham Young arose, lifted his hat, and bowed to the right and left at the assembled people. One young woman who had been standing in line all forenoon said, "Is that all he is going to do? It looks like he might at least have stopped the carriage and spoke to us." An elderly lady nearby overheard the remark. "My child," she said in a reproving tone, "don't you know that you have seen the Prophet of the Living God?"

This was Dudley's attitude. In his eyes, Brigham Young could not err. Whatever Brother Brigham advised, Dudley was glad to try to do. That is why, at the meeting in the Tabernacle the next day, he did not doubt the wisdom of the counsel given. He knew that, for him, it would be more satisfying to follow it.

President Young left no question in the minds of his listeners as to what he wanted done. That should stay and build up the waste places of Zion and strengthen the Kingdom of God

instead of racing off to mining camps because there were higher wages there. They should stay on their farms and sell their produce to those who wished to work in the mines; they should not desert their land, nor should they waste their time prospecting.

"Turn your attention to the building of the Kingdom of God," he told them, "that is your mission." Then he called for a showing of the hands of those who were willing to abide by his counsel. Dudley raised his hand in the pledge. And he kept it.

Many years later he thought he found what he called, "The Lost Lead," a rich vein of ore which has since become legendary. He said the eyes of his vision were opened and he saw this vein of ore running perpendicular through the mountain containing wealth untold. It was somewhere in the Bull Valley district. Though he thought he had marked the place and though the samples of ore which he took from it assayed a high percentage of gold, he never again could find it. In his later years he used to say, "God is saving the wealth of those mountains until the day His people will need it. Then it will be discovered and its riches used to build up Zion."

For the time being he returned to his place on the creek, satisfied that he was fulfilling his part in the Great Design.

For the time being he returned to his place on the creek, satisfied that he was fulfilling his part in the Great Design.

At Gunlock the families continued to live well so far as food was concerned, though they did not have a great deal of money. They raised all they needed and they learned how to preserve it. They made peach preserves by the barrel, washing the fuzz from the clingstones and dropping them into the molasses when it was about half done. The fruit and syrup were cooked together to make an excellent preserve. They dried corn, peas and beans, and even large circles of pumpkins.

The families got along. One of his daughters, Mary Jane, said,

Father never quarreled with his wives. I have heard them at different times get angry and scold him, but he usually ignored it. He would take one of the babies on his knee and bounce it and sing an Indian song, or he would joke with her. If he could not win her over, he would walk out. My sympathies were always with father, as I believe all the other children's were. When my own mother got to scolding him, I used to think that if I were in his place, I'd...well, I'd kick her a mile!

Another said,

Nobody ran father's business, and nobody ran father.

He had five wives, and they would all have liked to manage him but they couldn't. He treated them all the same. None of them had any right to be jealous. I never did hear the wives have any fuss. And I never heard father quarrel with his wives, any of them.

And so their comments go. Jeremy, speaking of the home relations, always said, The only difference that I could see was that I had three mothers instead of one. I was never at Martha's or Janet's much, but at Aunt Mary's and Aunt Thirza's I was as much at home as in my own mother's house. One time I was sick at Aunt Mary's and no child ever got more tender care than I did.

The thing that they all speak of most often was his great faith and his power over sickness. Medora tells how as she was going to the creek one day for water she heard her father's voice as though he were talking to some other man. Looking through the willows she saw him on his knees talking to God in a simple, straight-forward manner, asking His protection and blessing on a son that he felt was in danger. It was his implicit trust in God that impressed itself most upon them all.

While at Gunlock the saddest accident in the history of the family happened. Little George, eight-year-old son of Mary, was walking across a log over the stream just above the water wheel which ran the mill. He missed his footing, fell into the water, and was carried into the wheel. There was no way to get him out and no way to stop the wheel but to turn the water out of the ditch above. In the meantime, he was crushed and mangled and many of his bones broken. His father got him out, carried him to the house, and laid him on the bed. Then kneeling beside him Dudley placed his hands on the child's head and dedicated him to the Lord, asking God to take him peacefully and not to permit him to suffer more. In less than an hour the child was dead.

During the years at Gunlock, from their return there in 1872, the family had little trouble with the Indians. One winter as the band passed they left an old squaw to die. It was their custom to just go on and leave the old and blind to follow as they could. This old woman was nearly two days behind the band and without any chance of catching up with them. Dudley fixed her a good solid wigwam of willows, covered it with bark, and banked it up around the bottom. Mary Ellen says: "The boys chopped her wood and we carried food to her. We never thought of eating a meal until we had taken the old squaw hers. We kept

her all winter and when spring came, and it got warm, the tribe came back and took her with them."

There was one Indian in the neighborhood of whom they were afraid. This was old Watermann. He delighted to frighten the children and would sometimes take the lunches from the little boys when they were out herding the cows. If the children saw him when they were away from home, they would run up into the rocks or willows to hide.

Watermann had a dog of which he was very fond. The coyotes had become such a menace to Dudley's chickens that he decided to put out some poisoned meat. He went to Watermann and told him what he was doing. "You keep your dog tied up at night, and I will take the meat away in the morning. Then the dog will not get it," Dudley said.

Watermann did not heed the warning, and his dog died. In a rage he came to Dudley. He found him working at his forge shaping some iron. The Indian stepped to the door, his bow drawn, the arrow aimed at Dudley's heart. "See, Wamptun, how quick I could send you to the Happy Hunting Ground," he said, threateningly.

Like a flash, Dudley leaped at him, grasped him by the throat, and thrust the red hot iron near his face. "You see, Watermann, how quick I could send you to the Happy Hunting Ground," he answered.

When the Indian found that Dudley was not to be frightened, he listened to reason. Dudley reminded him of the flour and meat he had given him and insisted that he wanted to be friendly. That was why he had warned him about tying up the dog. Watermann left but was still sulky.

Not long after this, when Dudley had gone to Santa Clara, three of the boys, Dudley, Jr., Wier, and their cousin Ed, were camping at the lower field under a big cottonwood tree. They were in bed, when they saw Watermann approaching with a hatchet upraised in his hand. With yells of fear, they clamored out of bed and started to run wildly down the creek. They were boys twelve and fourteen years old, and their first thought was to get to their father. It was nearly daylight before they arrived where he was staying with his brother Lemuel. They had come twelve miles. When Dudley heard their story he got on a horse and went back to Gunlock. He got Watermann by the nape of the neck and kicked him soundly. "If you ever touch one of my children, I'll beat your brains out," he threatened.

In telling of it, Watermann said, rubbing his rear dubiously, "Wamptum Tunghi, he kick-a-my ass," an expression which became a byword among the people.

Soon after this incident, Dudley called all the Indians together at his home. Standing on a log, he preached to them in their native tongue. "I have always been your friend," he said. "I have given you much flour and meat. You steal from me; you frighten my children. If you keep on this way, I will send a letter to the Big Father and tell him, and he will kill you all. He will send sickness like the big plague you had a long time ago, and wipe you all out."

Thoroughly frightened the Indians promised to do better and to be "To-wich-a-weino Tickaboo." Then Dudley, to show his good faith, fed them on barbecued beef and gave them some corn and squash to take home with them.

Early in 1877 a group decided to move further down onto the Virgin River and set up a community where they could live the United Order. Edward Bunker was in charge of the enterprise, and Dudley's brother Lemuel was going with him. Dudley decided to go, too, but he could not take all his family at once. His older boys were now grown young men, ready to make homes of their own, and he was anxious to help them get established where there was more land. In February 1877 he sold one Gunlock field to Orson Huntsman for \$400 to be paid in cattle.

At this time the Silver Reef near Leeds was opened up and beginning to do a thriving business. Its population was fifteen hundred people, and a daily stage ran over a newly constructed road from Silver Reef to Pioche. It was a regular stagecoach drawn by four horses and was typical of the western boom country. Dudley and his many boys might have made good money at the mines, but he was mindful of the pledge he had made to stay on the land. He wanted to establish his sons on the land also.

Accordingly, when the first group went to settle Bunkerville in January 1877, some of his older boys went along. Dudley himself did not go for nearly a year. Orson Huntsman's diary has the following entries which give some light on his activities:

April 28, 1877 I went to St. George in company with Dudley Leavitt. Arrived about noon, went to the public square where the men were drilling, trying to make soldiers out of themselves.

Sunday, June 3, 1877 Pres. J. T. D. Mcallister of St. George, Bishop Ensign and Samuel Knight of Santa Clara Ward held meeting with us and organized Gunlock as a branch of the Santa Clara Ward, with Dudley Leavitt as presiding High Priest.

July 4, 1877 we celebrated Independence Day by a public dinner at the house of my sister Mary (Dudley Leavitt's first wife), in a bowery in front of her house where we had been holding our Sunday services.

In January of the next year, 1878, Dudley sold the rest of his Gunlock field to Orson Huntsman, though he retained ownership of his houses and lots, and some of his wives stayed there a short time.

Because Bunkerville was the place where so many of his older children made their home, it may be interesting to have some detail of the activities of the first settlers. Most of Dudley's sons and daughters began their married life there; some have remained through all the years.

Of the establishment of this community, James G. Bleak's record, Book D, page 136 says:

A few persons including Edward Bunker and family, Lemuel S. Leavitt and family, and Edward Bunker, Jr., and family, and family, and others being desirous to enter once more into the united order, held a meeting at Santa Clara on the first of January 1877 and organized themselves into a company for that purpose, with Edward Bunker, Sr., as president and Lemuel S. and Dudley Leavitt as counselors, Mahonri Steele as secretary, and Edward Bunker, Jr., as treasurer. Their company numbered in all 23 persons. On the 2nd of January they started for the Mesquite Flat on the Rio Virgin River and were joined by Lemuel Leavitt and daughter, also by Samuel O. Crosby. The company had 6 wagons and 70 head of cattle. They arrived at Mesquite on January 5. On further examination, they decided to locate on the south side of the river instead of the Mesquite side. On the 6th day they crossed the river and pitched camp at a point about 2 1/2 miles northeast of where the town of Bunkerville now stands. They started work at once, and on the very day of their arrival put up a small lumber building on top of the hill and called their location Bunkerville after Edward Bunker, Sr., the leader of the company.

On the 7th which was Sunday, the first meeting was held at Bunkerville, then consisting of one house and six wagons....

On Monday, Jan. 8, the brethren commenced work on a canal to convey the water from the Rio Virgin to the flat which they had selected as farm land on the south side of the river. They vigorously prosecuted this work during the week.

On Sunday 14 of Jan. the second meeting was held, on which occasion the Sunday School was organized, with Elder Samuel O. Crosby as superintendent....There were present eighteen members in all.

Mrs. Ella Abbott Leavitt, who came as a girl to Bunkerville in its first year and later married Thomas Leavitt, son of Lemuel, makes some interesting comments. She says:

The place was called Mesquite until in June 1879 when we got a mail line and a Post Office, and then it was named Bunkerville. Calista Bunker and Deborah Leavitt, both girls, came with the very first company, and the hill where they built the first shack was called "Calista's Lookout."

That they really accomplished a great deal the first season is shown by this report of a sermon delivered in conference in St. George by Bishop Edward Bunker, Sr.:

On January 22 they finished their irrigation ditch, a mile and a half long and four feet wide, costing 108 day's labor. This ditch was afterwards increased to 2 1/2 miles in length. They set to work and cleared 75 acres of land. Had harvested 22 acres of wheat, 14 acres of cotton, 7 acres of sugar cane was in a healthy condition, and the balance of the land was in corn.

Before fall Dudley had moved some of his family down to Bunkerville. He put everything he had into the United Order - the cattle he received for his land at Gunlock as well as those he had before, horses, wagons, and all. He had his son Wier haul the big waterwheel down from Gunlock and install it about one and one-half miles above the present townsite on the fall that is still known as the "gin ditch." He had purchased a burr flour mill from Dee Thompson at Cedar City. (Dee Thompson was Lemuel's brother-in-law). He also installed a cotton gin here, run by the waterwheel.

At first the people lived the United Order very literally, eating at the same table and sharing all things in common. They had one big dining room and kitchen, with individual bedrooms. It was customary for all to gather for morning and evening prayer and for frequent council meetings.

The men and boys old enough to work in the field or on the ditch were always served first, the women and younger children eating later. The women divided their work, some

cooking, others washing the dishes, others caring for the milk and butter, while still another group was responsible for the clothing, including washing, ironing, and mending. Their tasks rotated in regular order.

The first harvest was a great relief to the settlers, as they were forced to haul all their provisions so far. They cut the first grain with a cradle, threshed it by driving cattle over it on a hard clay floor, and winnowed it in the wind. Since James G. Bleak reports, "New Year's Day 1879 the burr mill at Bunkerville did its first grinding. Turned out a fairly good grade of flour," we may be sure Dudley was there and established before that time. In speaking of this burr mill, one of his older daughters, Sarah, said, "I remember the old burr mill. My daughter, Mina, still has the stone at Las Vegas. How often mother and I have had to clean it after it was used to grind rock salt before we could use it to grind flour. We always had to clean and wash the wheat and pick out the smutty kernels so the flour wouldn't be so black."

The summer had been a sore trial to the settlers. In January their location on the top of a barren hill would be pleasant, but by June it would be like an oven. The scrub vegetation around it would hardly shelter the lizards that darted from one little bush to another to avoid the burning rocks. Added to the heat was the bad water - alkaline, muddy, and hard. They called it "virgin Bloat" and told jokes about how it was so thick they had to bite it off in chunks. Worst of all was the malaria which the swarms of mosquitoes from the river bottoms carried. The diary of Myron Abbott tells of nine down at one time with chills and fever, of others suffering with boils, and of frequent calls to go administer to the sick. James G. Bleak gives two slightly varying reports of that first harvest. On page 136 of Book D, he says:

The season of 1877 the Bunkerville company of the United Order produced 400 bushels of wheat, 700 gallons of molasses, 9,040 pounds of cotton lint, as well as corn, squash and other vegetables.

Book C, page 206 says:

Bishop Edward Bunker addressed the saints in the tabernacle. He reports the results of working the United Order of Bunkerville, Nevada, being satisfactory. In 1877 the first year, they produced 450 bushels of wheat, 12,000 pounds of cotton on the seed, and 600 gallons of molasses.

Since the first company arrived in Bunkerville in January and consisted almost entirely of grown-ups, no school was held that year. By the next fall so many families had arrived that a school was held for four months in the shanty on the hill. Charlie Hoath was the teacher. Dudley had his families at the gin and mill site, a mile below, so that his children had quite a distance to walk. The only equipment was rough, backless benches of split cottonwood logs, a bit of a blackboard, and a long table. The teacher had a spelling book, arithmetic book, and two or three readers, most of them beginners' books. That same year Myron Abbott taught a night school for the men and boys who were old enough to work. The community was organized into a ward just a year after their arrival, January, 12, 1879, with Edward Bunker, bishop, Edward Bunker, Jr., as first and Myron Abbott as second counselors. George Lee was ward clerk.

Since the population had grown and the work had been scattered, it was not practical for them to live any longer with a common dining hall. Each family lived by itself, and each man was made a steward over a certain part of the property. All crops were placed in a common store-house, and all families received what they needed. For example, Brother Freeman was in charge of the vegetable garden. He raised all the vegetables that were needed by the entire community and gave them out to the people as they came for them. The second summer James G. Bleak reports:

In 1879 they produced 1600 bushels of wheat, 30,000 pounds of cotton on the seed and from 1500 to 1600 gallons of molasses. This year a thresher was brought in, being hauled by team all the way from California, a three-weeks' trip. Joseph Hammond of St. George arrived Nov. 24, 1878, with thresher, after threshing wheat and barley at Bunkerville. This month the first house was erected on the Bunkerville townsite.

The life in the United Order, begun with such high hopes and noble ideals, soon began to be unsatisfactory. The way of having only what his neighbor had, of sharing everything, and holding all property in common would not satisfy many of the members. James G. Bleak, Book C. page 296 says:

This month, Oct. 1880, it became manifested in the Bunkerville Ward, where the workers in the united order have been working as stewards, that some stewardships, through their economy and industry were gathering and laying in an abundance while others through

carelessness and bad management were wasting the means of the company, each year increasing in debt. This was very unsatisfactory to those whose ambition was to accumulate at least the necessities of life. The result was that a general meeting was held at which it was decided that each stewardship should have the right to draw 80% of the proceeds of their labor, the 20% to be retained in the treasury as a fund to keep the capital stock good. This proved acceptable to some, and they gave notice of withdrawal. This caused a settlement to be made of the whole business. Dissatisfaction increased and it was decided to disorganize the Bunkerville United Order. The company paid off the capital stock and 17% of the labor performed.

Page 231, Book C under the date of August 5, 1880, says:

The settlers at Bunkerville on the Rio Virgin, having worked in the United Order upwards of 2 1/2 years, have this date commenced to divide its property for distribution. In settling up, the company paid all the capital stock invested and 18% interest on all labor performed from the first of January to date.

This business of settlement was very complicated, and required a long time. We get suggestions of it from the diary of Myron Abbott, but the records seem to have been destroyed. Through the years comes the suggestion that Dudley was not pleased with what he got out of it - for his cattle were divided among others - and he came out of the experiment poorer than he went in. Whether it was dissatisfaction with the order of things in Bunkerville or whether he wanted more land perhaps we shall never know, but upon the settlement and the breaking up of the order, he moved across the river to the site of the present town of Mesquite and set up his families there.

Through all the years after she received the blessing of Apostle George A. Smith there at Gunlock in August of 1857, Mother Leavitt had treasured his promises to her: that her name should go down in honor through future generations for her service in teaching the young women some of the household crafts of manufacturing cloth, for her skill as a midwife in delivering babies, and for her testimony of the Gospel and mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

She needed her own private little home to come back to, but she also wanted to be where she could be most helpful. The winters in Hebron were too cold, and there was no fruit there. As a result she spent much of her time in Gunlock. In 1877, when Dudley and Lem

were joining the United Order at Bunkerville, she continued to live in Gunlock. She read much, and she wrote a long and detailed story of the family from the time they left Canada - a truly enlightening volume. (This has since been copied and printed by the family.) Jeremiah was not well during this winter, so his mother moved into their home where she had a private bedroom and could be near if she could be of any assistance. She herself was failing, also.

In late March of 1878, as the United Order was breaking up, Jeremiah sent word to Dudley and Lemuel that their mother was in very poor health and failing fast. Though they knew that they should be here to guard their interests in the division of property, they went to Gunlock at once, traveling together in a light buggy and taking Mary and Mariah along. It was clear that mother could not last long, though she recognized them all and seemed comforted to know that they were with her. Knowing the need for a hasty burial, the boys selected the place for the grave, cleared the area of brush, and outlined the size. They also measured and dressed the lumber for the coffin.

They would wait until after the burial to send word to Tom in Wellsville, Cache County, Priscilla in Arizona, and Mary and Betsy in California. Mother Leavitt had her own burial clothes ready; she knew the importance of haste, and she was fastidious upon this point. She must go to her grave properly clothed, with carefully stitched apron and properly tied white moccasins, the ribbon bows according to pattern.

Word had gone out among the scattered families so that a crowd of some thirty persons gathered to pay their respects. Hymns were sung by the audience, words of appreciation and love from several, and the final dedication of the grave ended the service.

Following it, the group gathered at Jeremiah's house where his capable wife had refreshments and where all shared in stories of Mother Leavitt's ministering hand in sickness and her skill in teaching the homemaking art - or, more properly, the cloth-making art.

Mother Leavitt's service ended in the forenoon of April 6. Lem and Dudley went home immediately, Dudley to remain at his new "camp" on Lewis Bottom and Lemuel going on to his families in Santa Clara.

Within a few days, each was filled with great concern for the family at Gunlock. True, they were all well and full of energy on the afternoon of the sixth; but now in the middle of the night of April 10 Dudley was on horseback and headed for Gunlock. Before daylight he saw another horseman coming from the north. They met at the crossroads. Lem also had been unable to stay in bed, so strong was his premonition of trouble at Gunlock.

They did not arrive too soon. In fact, they were almost too late. Jeremiah, so well and healthy and strong when they left, was now struggling in the last stages of pneumonia. The cause? He had been hurrying to get in his spring wheat - delayed by the funeral. He had soaked his seed in Paris green to kill the smut, and it seemed that in walking and casting the seed out into the wind, he had inhaled some of the lethal dust.

It seemed impossible. Here they had left Eliza to write the letters about Mother Leavitt's death, because she was the best educated, wrote a fine hand, and was certain of her spelling. They had joked her then about their courtship - how when she was a waitress and served him food for the first time she told her companion waitress, "There goes the man I am going to marry." Poor Jerry, he hadn't a chance when a girl from a wealthy home, well educated and beautiful, set her cap for him. He didn't try to escape, either, and they had truly lived happily ever after.

Now with all his strong constitution, he was powerless. He died on April 12 and was buried in the same lot with his mother.

DODGING THE OFFICERS
DODGING THE OFFICERS
ON THE RAGGED EDGE

For four years the family lived in Mesquite and was an independent, self-supporting unit. They raised everything they ate; they had molasses and honey; they hauled rock salt from St. Thomas; they had their grains, fruits, and vegetables; they always had milk, though there were times when there was no butter, and they kept pigs and sheep so they could have meat on occasion. By hard work and judicious use of all his "boy-power" Dudley was again able to expand his holdings and improve them. Every morning the boys would gather at Mary's, as it was most central. Often they would eat breakfast there, and then they would go with their father to whatever task he had set out.

Then came one of the disastrous floods for which the Virgin River has always been notorious. Their ditch was completely ruined. As he walked up along it and saw what a lot of labor would be required to rebuild it, Dudley debated as to what to do. He had good fields. There was plenty of land cleared and fenced but valueless without water. But how to get the water? He could see no way but to move again.

It was a major decision to make, but he finally concluded that he would have to scatter his families. All these years he had struggled against odds to hold them together and to keep them where he could be in daily contact with them all. Now he must change the procedure.

Four years earlier, while they were still in Bunkerville, in 1878, he had taken a contract to run the mail. Wooley, Lund & Judd had contracted with the government for carrying the mail in all the southern district. At first Edward Bunker, Jr., and Dudley Leavitt were in together, Dudley carrying it from St. George, Utah, to St. Thomas, Nevada, and Brother Bunker taking it from St. Thomas to Kingman, Arizona. Then Dudley made a separate contract with Wooley, Lund & Judd. For more than twenty years this was an occupation which he followed, and which meant a sure source of revenue, though a small one.

The following contract, one of the latest, will show something of the prices and conditions under which it was run. It is handwritten in ink on paper bearing the Wooley, Lund & Judd, General Merchandise, stamp.

Established 1875

General

Merchandise

Branch House

Silver Reef, Utah WOOLEY, LUND & JUDD

Robert C. Lund

I hereby offer and agree to carry the U.S. Mail on Route 75177, St. George, Utah, to St. Thomas, Nevada, according to the advertised schedule three (3) times per week for the sum of thirteen hundred & seventy five (1475.00 per annum - subject to any change of schedule or increase or decrease of number of trips as may be ordered by the P.O. Dept., with corresponding increase or decrease of pay - from July 1st, 1898, to June 30, 1902, said \$1375.00 to be paid as follows $66 \frac{2}{3} \%$ to be drawn from time to time in mdse from the store in St. George at same prices as other cash accounts and charged for mdse by said store.

$33 \frac{1}{3} \%$ to be paid in cash quarterly when payments are made by the P.O. Dept. for the service.

Provided that if more than the $66 \frac{2}{3} \%$ is drawn in mdse during any quarter, during the life of this contract, that said excess above the $66 \frac{2}{3} \%$ shall be deducted and paid from said cash payment of $33 \frac{1}{3} \%$.

Dudley Leavitt

The foregoing is hereby accepted and made a contract.

Robert C. Lund.

It does not take much figuring to see that these trips would net something less than nine dollars each. When one considers the distance, some one hundred and eighty miles for the round trip, the number of horses needed and the expense of maintaining them, it seems strange that Dudley could have made anything at all.

During all the first years the mail was run by pony. A boy would leave St. George about midnight, change horses at Littlefield or Leavittville, just below, and meet another boy who had started from St. Thomas, at Bunkerville. All the younger boys had their turn at this work; some of them stayed with it for months and years at a time.

This made it necessary for Dudley to place his families at different points. Thirza was established at St. George, where we lived during most of the twenty years while they ran the mail. Martha was stationed at Bunkerville, while Mary lived at Tunnel Point and later with Mariah and Janet at Leavittville.

All the boys who had experience running the mail, tell of the long rides, of leaving in the night with mail sack strapped behind the saddle and a sandwich tied on the side, of falling asleep to the monotonous jogging of the horse, and of sometimes getting off and running a mile or two down the slope to get warm and to keep awake. As he grew older and heavier, Dudley had a two-wheeled cart made for him to carry mail on. It was drawn by only one horse and was so light that the animal could trot most of the way.

His son, Jerney, tells these incidents of the mail carrying days:

All the time father had the mail, neither the government nor the state nor the counties ever put one cent on the roads, if roads they could be called. I never went with him, and I went many times, when he did not stop and work road, taking out rock, cutting the higher sides and building up the lower. He never camped all night. He always planned to stop in the roughest places, bait the horses, as he called it, while we made road, maybe sleep an hour, and then up and digging again. I am sure he saved many a heavy loaded salt wagon from breaking down or getting stuck,

When we lived at the Hancock ranch just west of Littlefield, it was along the last of father's mail contracting. He was getting badly crippled up and seldom went with the mail, unless some one went with him. It was all night riding. One cold winter night he decided to go with the mail alone. He just wouldn't be talked out of it.

This night he had Doll, a fine sorrel animal, high-lived and very skittish, and a two-wheeled cart made especially for the business. He was bundled up with clothing and large over coat, a napkin on his head - he looked like Santa Clause.

About two o'clock in the morning he was going down the Clara Creek. The road followed the bottom of the canyon down to the Three Mile Place, crossing the stream every little ways. While crossing the stream, Doll tried to get her head down to drink and pulled the

bridle off one ear. He didn't notice it for a while. When he did, he stopped and got out to fix it. As he came around in front, it scared her.

Like a shot out of a gun we whirled, lifting the cart right into the air, and was out of sight in a few seconds. The way the cart bounced when it hit the boulders, he was sure it would go to pieces. She was soon out of hearing.

He said the only prayer he ever offered without faith then. In a few words, he asked the Lord to stop the horse. As best he could he went back to the road and started walking down it. He hadn't gone far when he met Doll coming back, cart right side up! She came right up to him and stopped. He never knew how or why or by whom she was turned around, but he always thought it was some super-natural power. And he did not forget to express his thanks to God for it.

During these years the fight against the polygamy began. The government, determined to stamp out the practice, began a campaign of prosecution that amounted to persecution. During the years from 1875 to 1888, 589 men were imprisoned for this practice, and fines amounting to \$48,208 were collected. During the whole period of prosecution 1,300 men served sentences in the state penitentiary.

Southern Utah was the center of many polygamist families. Many men moved their wives to different towns; some, rather than divide up their families, took them and went to Mexico to escape imprisonment.

Dudley was proud of his wives. He loved his children. Not for anything would he have renounced one of them. But he did not want to be locked up, either, and sometimes he was hard-pressed.

The people had various ways of avoiding the officers. Every stranger was regarded with suspicion; children were taught that they must not talk to strangers nor answer questions. At Silver Reef, two young Mormon boys ran the telegraph office. People from the north always stopped there to rest and feed their teams. As soon as the U. S. marshals, McGeary and Armstrong, came to the Reef, one of these boys would send the message, "Send up two chairs," to the store in St. George. This was the code which meant that the officers were on their way. Instantly, word went out to every polygamist in town, enabling him to arrange his affairs and go into hiding while the officers drove the twenty-two miles from the Reef.

Even so, some were caught. Invariably they were given a town party when they left to serve their six months' sentence, and the band met them at the Black Ridge when they returned.

At one time, Dudley came into St. George with a load of wood for Thirza, arriving after dark. The marshals were in town that night, so his family was very concerned for his safety. Thirza was so nervous she couldn't sleep, for she knew the habit the officers had of raiding homes in the middle of the night. She knew they were especially anxious to get Dudley, because he not only broke the law but was proud of it and had made statements to the effect that no power on earth would make him desert his family. Before daybreak the family was up, had the wood unloaded, and was prepared for Dudley to leave town. They rolled him up in the bedding, and some of the children sat on him as one of the boys drove through town. Once past the Black Hill, the children walked back, and Dudley drove on. Mary Jane relates another narrow escape:

One day I went with father to the cotton factory at Washington. An Iverson girl was the clerk. We had just got our cotton unloaded, when the blacktopped buggy that carried McGeary and Armstrong drove up. The girl was in a panic.

"Run," she said. "Run, Brother Leavitt. Here come the officers. They will get you sure. Quick! Hide!"

Father knew it was useless to run, so he snatched up an old coat, pulled a slouch hat down over his eyes, picked up an oil can, and started to oil the machinery. He was the busiest man you ever saw climbing up the ladder to get at some parts, and going about it as if he were an expert.

The officers came in, went through the whole place, kicking at trap doors, going through cotton bins, turning over boxes, and trying to find concealed hide-outs. Father went about his work, apparently paying no attention. At last they got into their buggy and rode away.

Clarence tells how once when the officers were in town; he went to Wooley, Lund & Judd's store for some supplies. His father was lying flat in the bottom of the wagon box with some quilts over him. As they drove up to the store, there stood the marshals just outside, watching the streets and keeping their eyes open for members of polygamist families. Clarence went in, got his order of groceries, threw them into the wagon box, and drove away. His father often said that he wondered why they didn't search wagons as well as they did houses.

At still another time, Dudley was at the shop where Hardys had their waterwheel and turning lathe. He was seated on the curb with some other men, his back to the road, when one said, "You'd better get going, Dud, here they come." Out of the corner of his eye, Dudley saw the carriage coming down the street. He knew that to run would be disastrous; it would be sure to attract attention. So he sat perfectly still and did not turn around to give the passing outfit even a look.

His companions kept telling him in undertones that the officers were watching him, that they were trying to look through from back to front, and that they had his number. But they were not certain enough of themselves to stop. As soon as they rounded a curve, Dudley obeyed his impulse to leave. He went into hiding in a tamarack thicket behind the house. Sure enough, the carriage turned around and the officers came back. This time they stopped, but the only man they wanted was gone, and none of the others had any idea where he was.

Once at Mesquite the church authorities came to call, and since Dudley was in charge there, they wished to find him. Some of his children were pulling weeds in the garden, and when the men stopped and asked about Dudley Leavitt, the children couldn't tell them a thing. They didn't know who he was or where he had gone to when he would be back or anything else about him.

When the visitors finally did find him, one of them told him how the children had acted. "You can't blame the children," he said. "We have trained them not to know anything if a stranger is around."

Many an interesting legend has grown up about the visits of the marshals. The story is told that Thomas S. Terry had his home on the Utah-Arizona line, one room in Utah and one in Arizona, the two connected by a cottonwood shed. If the officers came for him, he had only to go into the other room to be in the other state and out of their jurisdiction. People made up songs about McGeary and Armstrong, so vigorously were they hated. "McGeary searched McArthur's House," was often sung by children in derision as they went down the street.

During these years Dudley's children were growing up and the older ones marrying. As with any family there were problems; there were times when their parents were troubled over some of their actions and attitudes. Clarence tells how, as a boy, he became disgruntled and ran away from home, going down to Bunkerville to live with Wier who was married and established there. After a few days he became so homesick he couldn't stand it and came back home. His father was so glad to see him that like the father in the parable of the

Prodigal Son he made him more than welcome. "He didn't need to let me see how glad he was to have me back," Clarence said, "I was a lot gladder to be back than he was to have me."

William Abbott likes to tell how when he was courting Mary Jane he met her father going up the river with such a heavy load that he got stuck on a hill. The young man came up just in time to double teams and get the load up without further trouble.

"I appreciate that," Dudley told him with genuine gratitude. "If I can do something for you sometime, you let me know."

William hesitated a minute. "I believe I'll collect right now," he said, "I would like to marry your daughter, Mary Jane, and I'd like your consent and blessing."

"Well," said Dudley with a grin, "she's just a kid and don't know nothing, but maybe you can teach her. Take her and welcome."

On his sixty-fifth birthday, the family decided to honor Dudley with a surprise party at his home at Leavittville, just below what is now Littlefield. For weeks ahead they talked and planned, sending word to the scattered members of the family in different towns. The wives began preparing, and Dudley, guessing what was coming, had a calf and a pig ready to kill.

The crowd began to arrive late in the evening the day before, for many of them had come long distances, most of them at least seventeen miles or a day's travel in a wagon.

Children, grandchildren, in-laws, and friends all came. The first evening was spent in visiting and in arranging sleeping places, though since it was August and the visitors brought their bedding this was not a serious problem.

The next morning there was a bustle of preparation. The calf had been in the barbecue pit all night, but there were pies and cakes to bake and vegetables to prepare. Young people hitched up a wagon and went to the field for a load of melons, children swung under the cottonwood trees, and men arranged a long table of sawhorses and planks. It stretched out under the row of cottonwoods, a long table, but filled at noon with slices of the steaming beef, roast pork, pots of string beans, corn-on-the-cob, baked squash, with red slices of watermelon for dessert. People helped themselves, or were served by the row of women, and then sat down in the shade to eat.

After dinner the sports began: wrestling, boxing bouts, jumping, running, horse races, and horse and foot races (turn the stake and back). Children waded and splashed in the warm ditch, adolescent girls squealed and ran as the boys engaged them in a "water fight." Older women held their babies and visited.

The real party was not until at night after a supper, which was largely a repetition of the dinner, after the youngest were put to bed in the wagon boxes or on the hay, after a bonfire had been built. They did not need its heat, but they wanted its light and cheer, and it gave them a center around which to gather. They began with songs, group songs, hymns they knew and loved: "O ye Mountains High," "Come, Come Ye Saints," "Hard Times Come Again No More," and others. Young Mary Hafen, on her way to St. George to be married, played the guitar and led out, striking a few chords to give them all the pitch. Then Dudley rose to speak. These were his children, and no matter if they did have families of their own, it was still his right to counsel them. He was not one to mince words, and he told them what he expected of them. They should live their religion, pay their debts, attend to their prayers, especially their family prayers, get out of debt, and own their own homes. In no other way could they be free, and he did not want them to be in bondage to any man. Most important of all, they should keep alive their testimony of the Gospel which was so dear to him and for which he would give his life. He closed, as he always did, by telling them that he knew that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of the Living God, that he had seen and heard him speak and knew that he spoke with power. He told them again the incident when "the mantle of Joseph fell upon Brigham," and he told of times when he had been guided and protected by the power of God.

The party was closed by prayer. The next day some of the crowd started home early. Others waited until afternoon, but by evening they were all gone. Dudley looked over his gifts and treasured the list to be reviewed often, for even the five-cent pieces and box of rivets which his younger grandchildren left were precious to him. This is the list, included because it shows who was there and the types of presents they brought.

AUGUST 30, 1895

A birthday party for Dudley Leavitt at the Leavitt Ranch.

Mary H. Leavitt, a pair of garments.

Mariah H. Leavitt, a book, "The life of Heber C. Kimball".

Thirza Leavitt, a lamp

Orin, Aaron and Dan Leavitt, 2 shirts

Hannah Terry, a book, "Forty Years Among the Indians".

Weir and Della Leavitt, cloth for a white shirt.

Johnnie and Sadie Hansen, a hat.

Heber and Betsy Hardy, cloth for two shirts.
Charley and Larena Hardy, collar and pin and pair of cuff buttons.
Mary Jane Abbott, a pair of overalls.
Annie Sprague, a light shirt.
Lydia Leavitt and Edgar Leavitt, a pair of winter pants.
Lon, Henry and Ben Leavitt, a pair of pants.
Mary Ellen, a pitchfork.
Albert Leavitt, a silk handkerchief.
Theresa Leavitt, a necktie and suspenders.
Mabel Waite, a pair of woolen socks.
Herbert Waite, 25 cents in money.
Nora Leavitt, a pair of woolen socks and silk handkerchief.
Susan Hunt and son, George, a pair of socks and handkerchief.
Dora Waite, a cravat and handkerchief.
Jessie Waite, a pocket book and pencil.
Mary Lizzie Leavitt(Bowman), a pair of cotton socks.
Sarah Waite, a pair of cotton socks.
Jeremy Leavitt, necktie and handkerchief.
Ira Leavitt, a handkerchief and a box of shaving soap.
Ellen Leavitt, a pair of spectacles.
Ithamer and Orson Sprague, two handkerchiefs.
Zera Leavitt, a cake of soap.
Ernest Leavitt, 5 cents.
Christina Abbott, 5 cents
Oliver Sprague, 10 cents
Rozena and Deborah Leavitt, 50 cents.
Parley Leavitt, 10 cents.
Thirza Leavitt, 5 cents.
Merlin Hardy, 5 cents.
Mina and Christina Hansen, a box of rivets.
Mary Hafen, a silk tie.

THE CLOSING YEARS

THE CLOSING YEARS

ON THE RAGGED EDGE

By this time Dudley was getting to be an old man. His hair had turned gray years before; some of his younger children say that they cannot remember when their father's hair was not snowy white. To the end of his days it was unusually thick. He had powerful arms and shoulders, but his legs became bowed, as though they had bent under the weight of his great trunk. He had the habit of setting to work. He would take a homemade chair wherever he went, carrying it in one hand and a cane in the other. He sat to clean ditch, working right along with young men, reaching far out to the end of his shovel handle before he moved his chair. He sat to chop wood, cutting piles of green cottonwood poles into stove lengths and splitting them.

His one outstanding physical characteristic was his teeth, for they were perfect until his death. There is a story that he could and did bite a ten-penny nail in half. He did take pride in cracking hard-shelled almonds with his teeth. There have been many conjectures as to why they were so well preserved. Some of his children say it was the pine gum he chewed that gave them exercise and kept his mouth free of acids. Others claim that it was his diet, the whole grains and molasses and vegetables, and the fact that he loved to eat the bones of animals as well as the flesh. Whenever they cooked a chicken he always crunched the softer bones and the joints of the larger ones, sucking out the juices. He never used a tooth brush, but he always picked his teeth after every meal and polished them off with a stick.

His home was always open to the traveler, whether stranger or friend. Of his hospitality his daughter Nora says.

We always fed everyone who came along. A great many tramps were moving through the country, and it used to make us out of patience sometimes because the people at Littlefield would send them on to us to feed. "The Leavitt family always takes in everybody," they would tell them.

I remember that one morning we had four, one right after another and when the fifth came, mother told him she hadn't anything to give him. He turned and started away, but her conscience got the best of her and she called him back. We fixed a meal, and he certainly was hungry. Of all the men we fed, he seemed to appreciate it most. He couldn't get through thanking us.

But it was not only tramps, it was the visiting authorities; it was cowboys on the drive: it was freighters. We could never keep light bread enough on hand. I remember one night after we had been in bed and asleep we had to get up and get a meal for hungry cowboys, baking big pans of hot biscuits.

Aunt Mary always kept the missionaries. She was an excellent cook and a good manager. At one time when they came, she had no white pillow slips clean. She had colored ones that she used on her beds, but she thought they were not good enough. So she took two white shirts and put them on the pillows, folding them neatly and buttoning them on the under side. Then she worried all night for fear her guests would turn their pillows over or shift them around. But it was the best she could do.

There are many stories of how the family took in visitors. At one time when a full load came from St. George and Salt Lake, including Eliza R. Snow and Zina D. Young, the women gave their own bed to their guests while they fixed one for themselves in the cotton bin on top of the unginned cotton. The next morning the oldest son at home, Dudley Junior, presided and led in the family prayer in the absence of his father. The visitors were much impressed with the home setup.

Ed syphus told how he and his brother were taking a load of rock salt to St. George. They had to cross the Virgin River some twenty-two times and had some trouble with their outfits. When they arrived at the Leavitt ranch, they were out of provisions both for themselves and their teams. Dudley walked out to meet them when they stopped.

"Unhitch and put up your teams," he said, and they knew that meant that their horses would be well cared for. Then looking at the boys closely, he said, "You're hungry, too, aren't you? Come right in and I'll have the women fix you something."

"That was the best thing I had heard for a long time," Brother Syphus said as he told it. "We were hungry, but we were just big, bashful boys and wouldn't have dared ask for anything. One of his wives baked a pan of biscuits, and we had hot bread and butter and molasses and milk. I think I never tasted a better meal. And when we left, we had another pan of

biscuits to take along with us. Soon after we were on the road, we killed a rabbit with a rock, so we fared very well until we delivered our load."

When the family left Mesquite, Mary had protested against having to start all over again. "I have done nothing but pioneer new places all my life," she said. "We just get a comfortable place established and have to move. I'm through pioneering. This is the last move I will make." She lived at Tunnel Point and later with Mariah in the big rock house at Leavittville. Then in 1893, her Frank's wife, Malinda, died, leaving him with two small boys, so she went to live with him and take care of the children. She spent the last years of her life in Frank's home.

Mariah was a midwife who served throughout all the southern country. Sometimes she went out as far as Clover Valley, traveling in a wagon and staying until the mother could be up and around again. In her early married life she had been "called" to this work by Sisters Eliza R. Snow and Zina D. Young, who blessed her and set her apart to do it. They suggested that her fee for the delivery of a child be three dollars, a price which she kept all her life. Even after she became quite an elderly lady, people sent for her because the women had such confidence in her. She said once that she always prayed silently as she worked, and she always felt that God heard and helped her. Whenever the people saw a team tearing through the streets with Aunt Mariah holding on to the spring seat, they knew that some woman was in labor.

Dudley had taken all his wives but Janet to the Endowment House or to the Temple at Salt Lake City and had them sealed to him. After the St. George Temple was completed, he had this ordinance performed, taking Janet and nine children there on June 2, 1882.

During their later years, both Janet and Martha lived with their children, Janet with her daughter, Jane Barnum, and Martha with hers, Lydia Hughes.

For many years Thirza and Mariah lived together in the rock house at Leavittville. Each had a large rock living room with a kitchen behind and an upstairs bedroom. Of their arrangements at the time, Nora says:

Theresa and I were little girls about the same age. We went to school at Littlefield, three miles away, and as we had to walk, we always got up early and ate breakfast by lamplight. When father was not there, we each slept with our own mother, but when father was home we both slept with my mother one night and hers the next. Father changed regularly and we slept with the wife he didn't sleep with.

We were very friendly. I don't have a sister who is as dear to me as Theresa, because we were together so much.

This same thing seems to be true throughout the family. The children who were the same age and who grew up together were more attached to each other than were those of the same mother who were widely apart in age. Everyone with whom I have talked says the same thing; their best friends were their brothers and sisters by the other wives. Their father never let them be referred to as half-brothers. Since they were all his children, they were all brothers and sisters.

Late in his life Dudley received one thousand dollars from the government for his services among the Indians. It came unsought and unexpected. His first thought was to put it where it would do the most good. His wants were few and simple; his children were all married and established. All his life he had spent in helping to build up "The Church and Kingdom of God," and this seemed an opportunity to do more for it. He went with the money to his bishop and asked where he thought it would do the most good. First he paid an honest tithing from it, one hundred dollars. Then he donated seventy-five dollars to the temple and sent some to help the missionaries who were out before he would use any for himself or his wives. This is typical of the way in which he always put the interest of the church before his own private interest.

By 1905 it was thought by many of the children that their father and his two wives were getting too old to stay on the ranch at Leavittville, since it was so far from any neighbors, and nearly all their children were married. Accordingly they divided the cattle and sold the ranch. Mariah went to live with her son Ira at Mesquite, and Dudley and Thirza moved back to a rock house in Bunkerville, near their children. This was his home until his death. As the family grew older and married, they still turned to their father for counsel.

Especially did they depend on him in times of sickness. Many of them tell incidents of their father coming to them when they were in trouble, of how through his administration and blessing one or another of their babies had been healed. They seemed to feel that he had a sort of sixth sense by which he discerned things. Clarence tells how, when he was younger, the boys tried to deceive him by killing a calf while they were on a drive and telling him that it got its leg broken and they had to kill it. He listened to their story and then said, "The next time you want to kill a calf, you drive it home and kill it. It will be easier to take care of the meat. And you needn't bother to break its leg, either."

Of her father's ability to almost read minds, Lena said:

One time I planned to leave my husband. We were living in polygamy and I got discouraged, and maybe a little jealous. With two families, it seemed like we could never get ahead. So I decided to leave the three older children with their mother, while I went on to Salt Lake to take a nursing course. I thought that if I got that nursing course I could make my own way better alone.

I did not say a word about what was in my mind to a soul, but I had thought about it and planned on it for quite a while. So when father came down, I asked if I could go to St. George with him to visit my mother. I got ready and left, never letting on that I was not planning to come right back.

Father didn't say anything until the second day out. Then as we were riding along he put his arm around my shoulders and said, "Lena, you are feeling bad and discouraged, but I promise you that if you will stand by Orange and stay with him, the Lord will bless you and you will be better off than if you do what you have on your mind."

At first I denied it. "I don't know what you mean. I don't have anything in my mind," I said. "What makes you think I have?"

"You plan to leave your husband and take up nursing to support yourself," he said. "But don't do it. You will be happier if you stay with your husband."

He talked to me just like I was a little girl instead of a married woman with four children. He advised me to do my duty and said that was the path that would have the fewest regrets for me. I went on to St. George and stayed a few days with my mother. Then I came back home and even my husband didn't know a thing about it. Father never mentioned it again.

Dan tells an incident which shows how literally and fully his father trusted the men who were over him. He said:

You know father had a perfect set of teeth, the finest I ever saw in my life. I was always joking him about his teeth, until as he grew older, he used to ask me nearly every time I came in if I didn't want his teeth. One day I went to see him and found him sitting and looking into the fire. Instead of joking as he usually did, he looked up and said, "Dan, you don't believe it, do you?"

"Believe what?" I asked.

"What the prophets have said."

"Well, it all depends," I parried.

"No," he said. "You don't believe what the ancient prophets said, and you don't believe what the modern prophets have said."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you don't believe what President McAllister prophesied that there will be a paved highway running for miles down through this country."

"Oh father," I laughed. "Don't be silly. How could anyone believe that? What is there here to ever bring a paved street?"

"Now let me tell you, son, the Lord never spoke anything through the mouths of his prophets, either ancient or modern, that he will not bring to pass. I may not live to see it, but you will. There will be a paved highway as straight as an arrow running for miles down this flat. And don't you forget it."

He was so earnest and so impressive that I didn't forget it, and I often think of it today when I drive over Highway 91, which runs right down the street he pointed. Then it was only a stretch of sand filled with mesquites and chaparral and cactus, with a wagon road winding in and out among them. We made a joke out of the idea that there would ever be a paved road there.

The move to BUnkerville was the beginning of a new lease on life for Dudley. This solid, two-room rock house was in every way sufficient for their needs, while the vineyard in the back was a constant joy from pruning the vines and clearing the ditches to eating the grapes, pickling some of them, and hanging large bunches from the rafters in the cellar to be brought out at Christmas time or for special company.

Dudley was expert at cutting up the cottonwood timber that was always trimmed in winter. He not only cut it in stove lengths, but ricked it up neatly against the house. All this was done sitting on his chair. He also cleaned the ditches, expertly doing each stint in tree strokes: one along each side and one on the bottom.

But his greatest pride was digging the cistern for Henry. It was a large, round hole twenty feet across. With his chair in one hand and his cane in the other, he would hobble along down the block between their homes. Then he would shovel until noon, taking only one or two brief rests between. He would be served a hearty meal at noon and rest an hour on the bed in the out-of-door, screen bedroom. Up and at it again by two o'clock, he would shovel again for three hours, at the end of which time he always carried home his wages in

hard money - two dollars in silver coin. If Henry was away with the mail, his wife had it ready.

For a while, Dudley went down the ladder into the cistern, but as it grew deeper, he was persuaded to let younger men fill the bucket which the horse drew up with a pulley. Even after he had stopped digging himself, he would come down every afternoon to see how the work progressed, and when at last the water was running in, he sat by, saying that it was music to his ears.

Because he could not walk any distance and it was so hard for him to get in and out of a wagon, some of his sons or grandsons made a set of steps to get him into the light wagon in which he traveled. By taking out the endgate they could put the steps at the back of the wagon, steady him as he went up them, and then let him sit in his chair close behind the spring seat.

On one occasion they took him to visit his children from one end of town to the other, stopping briefly at each place, and inviting the folks to come out and talk with him. Thirza's oldest son, Wier, lived in the last house to the west, with Mariah's daughter, Sadie, just across the street, and in the next block, Alonzo, and Dudley, Jr. a block away. On the other end of town at the far east lived his daughter Nora with her husband, Nephi Hunt. Counting them all, he had a total of twelve children and their families in Bunkerville, and he stopped briefly at every one.

"Well, Father," Henry said, "You thought you came out on the short end when the United Order broke up in Bunkerville, but twelve of your children are raising fine families here. And across the river at Mesquite there are even more, if you count the married grandchildren. Fact is, they need to get out - they are getting out, going to the Muddy Valley, Las Vegas, and ranches between, then in the Delta-Hinckley area, and on into northern Utah. It is well that they leave.

"Dudley was regular at church, and at the Old Folks' Party he sat proudly with his wives on either side.

Dudley's repeated moves had kept him always ahead of the modern improvements. When he saw the first binder, he was astonished. After all the grain he had cradled, to see it cut and bound so easily was like a miracle to him, especially the tying of the bundles. "The Millennium is not far off," he said. "When man can invent a machine that has fingers, there isn't much left to do."

With the telephone it was the same. Totally unbelieving when his sons tried to tell him about it, he refused for a long time to try to use it. At last they persuaded him to come to

"Central's" office, the one telephone in town and had him talk to his wife in Mesquite, five miles away. When he recognized her voice his wonder knew no bounds.

He never rode in an automobile; he knew nothing of the conveniences which have developed from the use of electricity. His reading was limited to the Scriptures. He clung to the homely, elemental things of life. He represented them.

As he grew older he talked to his children more and more of the value of owning their own homes, keeping out of debt and having a store of food on hand sufficient for two seasons, against the time when "you can't buy a barrel of flour with a barrel of gold." He spoke often of the time when "war will be poured out upon all nations," and told them that they would live to know the truth of his words.

"My mind is still active, but my feet drag," he told one of his sons. "If my feet would follow the dictates of my head, I could get over the ground like a mountain sheep."

"These old, useless, crippled legs," he said one day. "How glad I will be to be rid of them. There are so many things I want to do, if I were not chained to this old wornout body. I'll be glad to lay it down. Maybe then I can accomplish something again."

During the summer he lagged a little. He spent more time indoors, musing over the past or just sitting in that semi-blank state which he called "studying."

One evening he began to sing. That was not unusual, for he often sang Indian songs, hymns, and rollicking folk ballads. But this was different. It was "Come, Let Us Anew," but sung with a new feeling. When he came to the last verse: "I have fought my way through/I have finished the work Thou didn't give me to do," it was like the death chant of a warrior, an announcement of the end. With the next lines his voice rose in the assurance that his Father would approve of his life's work: "And that each from his Lord/Should receive the glad word/`Well and faithfully done/Enter into my joy and sit down on my throne.'"

He knew that he was near the threshold, but he had no fear. All his life he had walked by faith; by faith he would take his last step. He had faced death many times from exposure, heat, starvation, and Indians. Now it came as a release, or, as he said, a promotion.

The next morning he did not get up. During the day the word went out that father was not well, so most of his family called on him. For several days he still had visitors, and seemed to enjoy them, though he was failing fast. He knew everything until he fell asleep on the evening of October 15, 1908, when it soon became evident that he would not wake up.

There was something dignified about his passing. No hysterical weeping, no shaking him and calling him back, no nurses punching needles into him or poking oxygen tubes up his nose. His family accepted the inevitable calmly, as he would have wished. He had lived a

good life; he was ready to go. Why should they hold him? They gathered in the yard or wept quietly in an adjoining room, but where he lay, all was peace. A son sat by his bed, felt his pulse, touched his lips with water, or shifted him slightly. Death crept up so slowly that it was hard to tell when the end came.

A tired old man had passed, and his going marked the end of an era. It was as if the curtain had fallen on another act in the great drama of the West. Without education, without culture in the common meaning of that word, without wealth, he still had left his imprint upon the whole of the section in which he lived. He had blazed the way for the conquering of the desert; he had helped to establish friendly relations with the Indians. Most of all he had left in the hearts of his many children a standard of conduct which would include honesty, integrity, Christian fellowship toward their neighbors, and an unwavering trust in God.

At the funeral the next day, his family fathered - his four surviving wives (Janet had died in June 1907), his children, his friends - to pay tribute to him. The crowd that gathered and the spirit of the occasion were evidence of the esteem in which he was held. He was buried in the cemetery at Bunkerville, Nevada.

Of his surviving wives, women who had stood shoulder to shoulder with him through the years of pioneer hardships, one, Martha, died the next year, in June 1909. The other three, Mary, Mariah, and Thirza lived on for quite a number of years. Mary went on January 31, 1922; Mariah, her sister, followed in six months, July 30, 1922; while Thirza lived until August 27, 1927. A full biography could be written on the lives of each of these women, but from their early girlhood their fortunes were so closely bound to Dudley's that it would seem enough to tell his story in full.

APPENDIX A

APPENDIX A

ON THE RAGGED EDGE

THE LEAVITT COAT OF ARMS

Families who can boast a coat of arms are usually very proud, for this indicates that long, long ago - three hundred years before Columbus discovered America - an ancestor of theirs had earned distinction in the Crusades. These were organized expeditions of warriors from the Christian nations, England, France, and Germany, against the Moslems, who had possession of the Holy Land. Each Crusade meant a long grueling journey, whether by sailboat or overland, and bloody fighting when they arrived.

In those days war was hand-to-hand with sword or knife or ax if the combatants were on foot; it was spear and lance if they were horseback. In either event, survival depended on speed, skill, courage, and endurance. To survive at all was a distinction.

Each warrior had as a very important part of his equipment a shield fastened to his left arm, and on his skillful use of this his very life depended. When he entered the service, he carried a blank shield with no inscription. At the end of the undertaking he was awarded his military honors in the form of an inscription on his shield. The different symbols had different meanings; the colors of the backgrounds were different, all indicating the rank of the owner in the royal retinue. The Leavitt coat of arms is especially impressive.

On a field of blue is pictured in black and white a Lion Rampant wearing a crown - all symbolic of the British nobility. Swords with the Christian cross on the handles indicate the various crusades and battles, and an inscription in large capital letters along the bottom describes the personal qualities of the wearer. On the Leavitt shield these are:

MENS, which is Latin for mind or intellect;

CONSCIA, Latin for sensitivity, awareness, empathy

RECTI, uprightness, honesty, fair dealing

All are qualities which men of every age and clime will do well to emulate.

The coat of arms is clear evidence that the Leavitt family was closely identified with the royalty; in fact, one researcher says that our ancestors came from the mainland with William the Conqueror in the year 1066. For our purpose here, the most important source of information is a book, *The Leavitts of America*, compiled for and published by Mrs. Jane Jennings Eldridge of Woods Cross, Utah, in 1924. Since it includes all the Leavitts of America, our part is very small, but it is important for us to see our line in its place among all the others. In order to make it workable, the family is divided into sections A,B,C,D,E, representing the five brothers who came first to America, and F for scattered individuals not accounted for elsewhere.

Besides this division, every head of a family is given a number by which he can be identified and can be placed in relation to the family into which he was born, and later the family of which he is the head. Every female is also numbered, so that the total named adds up to more than 3,500 persons.

Our first immediate ancestor was Deacon John Leavitt, who came to America about 1636, married and settled in Hingham, Massachusetts, where he lived all his life. He died in 1691. He had thirteen children by two wives, our ancestor being Moses, second son of the second wife.

Moses Leavitt married Dorothy Dudley, daughter of Reverend Samuel Dudley and granddaughter of Governor Thomas Dudley of Massachusetts. This brings the Dudley name into the family. Moses' son Joseph, his fifth son of six, is our ancestor.

Joseph Leavitt married and had eight children, his eldest, Nathaniel (married) being our ancestor. Sometime during the opening years of the American Revolution, the family moved into Canada, for our next ancestor, Jeremiah Leavitt I was buried in Hatley, Canada about 1762. He married red-haired Sarah Shannon, of Irish descent. She was the first of the Leavitt family to be baptized into the Mormon Church. Her second son, Jeremiah II and his wife, Sarah Studervant Leavitt, are the parents of Dudley, the central figure of this book.

APPENDIX B

APPENDIX B

ON THE RAGGED EDGE

GENEALOGY

The study of genealogy is so fascinating that a person could well devote a lifetime to it. At the present time, Mrs. Mary Terry Bunker is doing more in genealogical research along the Leavitt lines than any one else in Utah. In 1924 Mrs. Cecialia G. Steed prepared a book, *The Leavitts of America*, under the direction of Mrs. Jane Jennings Eldridge of Woods Cross, Utah, which is very good. In 1942, Mrs. Emily Leavitt Noyes of Tilton, New Hampshire, published a book on the Leavitt and Dudley genealogy, a more up-to-date and complete work. For our purposes here it is enough to list that Dudley traced his lineage back to John, the first Leavitt to come to America. John married Sarah Gilman, and Dudley's line is through his son Moses who married Dorothy Dudley, their son Joseph who married Mary Wadleigh, their son Nathaniel who married Lydia Sanborn, their son Jeremiah who married Sarah Sturdevant. Dudley was the fourth son in this family. Mrs. Noyes's book gives interesting sketches of all these ancestors, along with copies of their wills and other interesting data. We would suggest that all who are interested in genealogy would purchase this book.

From this point on, we trace here only the children and grandchildren of Dudley in order that his descents may know their relationship to each other.

DESCENDANTS OF DUDLEY LEAVITT

CHILDREN OF DUDLEY AND MARY HUNTSMAN LEAVITT

Louisa Hannah b. 16 March 1855; m. Thomas Terry

Dudley b. 31 Nov. 1856; m. Mary Elizabeth Pulsipher; d. 21 Feb. 1931

Orin David b. 8 Jan. 1859; d. unm.

Orson Wecome b. 13 Feb. 1861; d. unm.

Alonzo Thomas b. 13 Nov. 1862; m. Udora Hunt

Joseph Henry b. 23 June 1865; d. July 1866

Franklin Samuel b. 11 March 1867; m. Malinda Hunt; m. Selina Hafen
George Edward b. 16 Nov. 1869; d. 11 Oct. 1878
Aaron Huntsman b. 17 Aug. 1871; m. Clarissa Ellen Hughes; d. 15 Dec. 1907
Mary Jane b. 16 July 1873; m. William E. Abbott
Mabel Lillian b. 28 Dec. 1874; m. Herbert Wm. Waite
Daniel Lemuel b. 23 June 1879; m. Penelope Burgess

CHILDREN OF DUDLEY AND MARIAH HUNTSMAN LEAVITT

Orilla b. 28 April 1859; d. 17 March 1874
Elsie b. 18 Dec. 1860; m. Samuel Hooper
Hyrum Ralston b. 4 Nov. 1862; d. 27 Nov. 1886
James William b. 20 Feb. 1867; d. 10 Sept. 1866
John Willard b. 1 Feb. 1867; d. Jan. 1877
Sarah Maria b. 23 July 1869; m. John P. Hansen; m. Andrew M. Pulsipher
Charles Albert b. 14 June 1871; m. Lillie May Barnum; d. May 1929
Hubert Arthur b. 19 July 1873; m. Sarah E. Canfield
Medora b. 8 Feb. 1875; m. Jesse Waite
Nora b. 13 Dec. 1877; m. J. Nephi Hunt
Jeremy b. 19 April 1880; m. Martha Hughes; m. Lorena White
Ira b. 30 Dec. 1883; m. Josepha Abbott

CHILDREN OF DUDLEY AND THIRZA RIDING LEAVITT

Alfred Weir b. 27 Dec. 1860; m. Idella Hunt; d. 23 Dec. 1939
Thirza Helen b. 29 Sept. 1863; m. Orange D. Leavitt
Mary Elenor b. 7 Feb. 1866; m. Orange D. Leavitt
Christopher Lister b. 1868; m. Annie Barnum
Dudley Henry b. 19 April 1870; m. Mary Hafen
Betsy b. 4 June 1872; m. Heber H. Hardy
Emma Lorena b. 17 Dec. 1874; m. Charles M. Hardy
Theresa b. 18 April 1877; m. Solon Huntsman
Alma Clinton b. 29 Jan. 1880; d. 29 Feb. 1880
Knewell Taylor b. 11 Aug. 1882; d. 29 July 1883

CHILDREN OF DUDLEY AND JANET SMITH LEAVITT

Annie Marie b. March 1861; m. Ithamar Sprague
Calvin Smith b. 18 Feb. 1864; m. Mary E. Waite; d. 21 Dec. 1894
Adelbert b. 15 Dec. 1865; d. 9 Sept. 1866
Marinda b. 30 June 1874; m. George Hooper
Sarah Jane b. 9 March 1868; m. A. James Barnum
Helaman b. 28 March 1870; d. 1871
Clarence Dudley b. 25 Jan. 1872; m. Nellie L. McKnight
Benjamin Heber b. 30 Jan. 1876; unm.
Oliver b. 2 July 1880; d. young
Deborah b. 18 April 1886; unm.
Rozena b. 18 July 1888; m. Wright McKnight; d. 19 Sept. 1932

CHILDREN OF DUDLEY AND MARTHA PULSIPHER LEAVITT

Lydia b. 25 Dec. 1873; m. Walter Hughes; d. 17 Nov. 1917
Minerva died infant
Dudley Charles died infant

GRAND CHILDREN OF DUDLEY AND MARY HUNTSMAN LEAVITT

CHILDREN OF LOUSIA HANNAH LEAVITT AND THOMAS S. TERRY

Maud Etna b. 25 March 1880; m. John S. Patten
Mary Elsi b. 15 Aug. 1881; m. Ezra Bunker
David Dudley b. 29 Jan. 188e; m. Stella Iverson
Jedediah Merkins b. 3 April 1885; m. Clara Woods
Edward S. b. 21 Dec. 1886; m. Florence Woodbury
Exie b. 4 Dec. 1888; m. Rowland Blake

CHILDREN OF DUDLEY LEAVITT AND MARY ELIZABETH PULSIPHER

Dudley Edgar b. 18 Nov. 1879; m. Bertha Hafen
Zerah Royal b. 28 Aug. 1881; unm.
Alonzo Milton b. 16 April 1883; d. 1883
Orson Welcome b. 3 Sept. 1887; d. 22 Oct. 1915 unm.
Mary Ann b. 3 Dec. 1889; d. 6 feb. 1890
Mable Lydia b. 15 Feb. 1891; m. Fred Rushton
Martha Minerva b. 15 Feb. 1891; m. William Clark McKnight
George Albert b. 17 May 1893; m. Christie Prescott
Laman Pulsipher b. 21 July 1895; m. Donna Rushton
Retta Vivian b. 3 July 1897; m. Lawrence Prescott
Camilla Adeline b. 10 July 1900; m. Hollis Hunter

CHILDREN OF ALONZO THOMAS AND UDORA HUNT LEAVITT

Alonza Ralph b. 9 Dec. 1889; m. Elsie C. Lewis
Roxie Charlotte b. 22 Dec. 1891; m. Calvin Memmott
Agnes Melinda b. 18 May 1894; m. Lemuel Leavitt
Hannah Inez b. 4 Nov. 1898; died infant
Elva Udora b. 15 Oct. 1902; m. Samuel J. Hollinger
Alton Clement b. 6 April 1906; unm.
Mary La Rue b. 24 Sept. 1909; m. Lewis Earl Christian

CHILDREN OF FRANKLIN SAMUEL AND MALINDA HUNT LEAVITT

Franklin Ernest b. 16 Oct. 1890; m. 1st Martha Barnum; 2nd Mary Marie Leavitt
Samuel Edward b. 20 March 1893; m. Clara Hughes

CHILDREN OF FRANKLIN S. AND SELENA HAFEN LEAVITT

Franklin Odell b. 25 Nov. 1908; m. Alta Hardy
Malinda Selena b. 3. Nov. 1910; m. James J. Brown
Martin Samuel b. 14 Jan. 1913; unm.
Wendell b. 27 April 1915;m. Wilma Glenna
Orsen b. 3 Jan. 1918; m. Berniece Pulsipher

CHILDREN OF AARON HUNTSMAN AND CLARISSA ELLEN HUGHES LEAVITT

Aaron b. 16 Sept. 1899; m. Grace Lowe
Leora b. 26 Oct. 1901; m. Arthur S. Reber
Mary Marie b. 8 Oct. 1905; m. Ernest Leavitt
Leonard Fay b. 20 March 1908; m. Lenora Sylvester

CHILDREN OF MARY JANE LEAVITT AND WILLIAM E. ABBOTT

Abigal Christina b. 22 Jan. 1891; m. John Jensen
Dorothy Ellen b. 19 Oct. 1892; m. Alfred Frehner
Mary Emily b. 19 Dec. 1899; m. James Elmer Hughes
Jospha b. Oct. 1894; m. 1st Ira Leavitt, m. 2nd William M. Jones
William Orval b. 28 Oct. 1896; m. Lodisa E. Thruston
Stephen Oscar b. 29 Dec. 1901; m. Mary Hughs
Gussie b. 4 June 1904; d. may 1905
Anthon Moroni b. 25 March 1906; m. Nellie Johnson
Harmon Deloy b. 4 May 1908; m. 1st May Burgess, 2nd Zelma Cooper
Owen M. b. 4 Aug. 1910; died Dec. 1910
Rulon Sidney b.....1911; m. Thelma McKnight
Claudius b. 1 Jan 1914; m. Marjorie Bowler
Ethan Allen b. 6 Jan. 1916; m. Lucille Leavitt

CHILDREN OF MABEL LILLIAN LEAVITT AND HERBERT W. WAITE

Hannah Detura b. 28 June 1893; d. infant
Mabel Vinda b. 25 Feb. 1895; m. Robert E. Reber
Velma Leila b. 19 July 1897; m. Louie Rumell Reber
Herbert Marvin b. 10 May 1900; M. Glenna Sylvia Leavitt
Leland William b. 18 Dec. 1902; m. Mary Rose Giardina Bunker
Dinnah b. 18 Jan. 1905; m. Edward Kane
Delbert b. 21 June 1907; m. Ethelyn Robinson
Evan b. 15 Sept. 1909; m. Dorothy Hunt

Moroni b. 5 April 1912; m. June Leavitt
Denzil b. 12 June 1914; m. Iona Peterson
Dan leavitt b. 21 Oct. 1916; m. Fern Adams
Rodney b. 7 Jan. 1919; m. Marie Iverson

CHILDREN OF DANIEL LEMUEL AND PENELOPE BURGESS LEAVITT

Rex Daniel b. 10 Dec. 1902; m. Erma Potter
Pear. b. 20 March 1905; m. Elden D. Emett
Raymond A. b. 26 May 1907; m. Verna Caudel
Ether M. b. 7 June 1910; m. Lillard French
Radna b. 3 May 1918; m. Dennis H. Juchness

GRANDCHILDREN OF DUDLEY AND MARIAH HUNTSMAN LEAVITT

CHILDREN OF ELSIE LEAVITT AND SAMUEL HOOPER

Orilla b. 10 July 1884; m. Sidney E. Roberts; d. 17 Aug. 1938
Bertha Maria b. 29 June 1885; m. William E. Howard
Lydia Ellen b. 23. Feb. 1887; m. Paris Leon Fillnore
Medora b. 16 Nov. 1888;m. Samuel A. Day; d. 8 Jan. 1941
Thomas Dudley b. 7 March 1890; m. Ina Gee(also given an Frances S.)
Samuel Melvin b. 27 Oct. 1892; m. Olive S. Newby; d. 18 Sept. 1939
John Albert b. 15 Sept. 1894; m. Ruby E. Murdoch
James Edward b. 4 Feb. 1896; d. 26 April 1896
Duane b. 24 Sept. 1897; d. 10 March 1929 unm.
William R. b. 13 Feb. 1901; m. Vida M. Brown
Walter Jay b. Feb. 1905; m. Mary Annetta Fowles

CHILDREN OF SARAH MARIA LEAVITT AND JOHN HANSEN

Elmina b. 3 June 1887; m. William J. Stewart
Mariah Christina b. 24 July 1889; m. George H. Hunt; d. 12 March 1915

Rhoda b. 20 May 1891; died infant

Annie Charlotta b. 29 March 1893; m. 1st Wm. Colman, 2nd Joseph Sinclair Eaton

CHILDREN OF SARAH MARIA LEAVITT AND ANDREW M. PULSIPHER

Cleone b. 28 June 1902; m. John H. Pulsipher

John Andrew b. 11 Nov. 1903; d. 16 March 1925

Sarah Saphrona b. 31 July 1905; m. Walter Pulsipher

Williard Dean b. 4 June 1912; m. Laura Elva Frampton

Dora Martha b. 4 June 1912; m. Ray Robinson; m. Kenneth Miller

CHILDREN OF CHARLES ALBERT AND LILLIE MAY BARNUM LEAVITT

James Albert b. 21 Aug. 1895; m. Esther Chloe Heaton

Leila May b. 13 July 1898; m. Warren D. Hardy; d. 25 Sept. 1919

Vertie Ann b. 16 May 1900; m. Kenneth Owen Earl

Jetta Mariah b. 10 June 1902; m. Solon Ralph Huntsman

Hyrum b. 26 April 1904; d. June 1904

Erma b. 17 June 1905; m. Vincent E. Leavitt

Randy b. 5 June 1907; m. Emma Ilene Chamberlain

Rulon Doyle b. 8 May 1909; d. 14 April 1928

Aschel J. b. 31 March 1911; m. Rhea Thomas

Elsie b. 25 Sept. 1913; m. Joe Bonafus

Ethel b. 1 Sept. 1915; m. Lorin A. Leavitt

Eleanor b. 24 Sept. 1918; m. Perry Floyd Waite

Amy b. 17 June 1921; m. Jack Leavitt

CHILDREN OF MEDORA LEAVITT AND JESSE WAITE

Jesse Leroy b. 21 March 1895; m. Lucina Bowman

Laprele b. 17 Feb. 1897; m. Leroy M. Naegle; 2nd m. Harry E. Fields

William Noble b. 25 Sept. 1898; m. June Harriman

Hazel b. 6 June 1900; m. Loron Phillips; d. 8 Sept. 1930

Iris b. 20 Nov. 1902; m. Johnson E. White

Guy b. July 1904; d. 29 April 1904
Glen b. 27 Jan. 1906; m. Verda Hunt
Nelda b. 29 Jan. 1908; m. David E. Houston
Flossie Iola b. 19 Dec. 1909; m. Alva L Hunt; d. 2 July 1939
Donna b. 14 Nov. 1911; m. Howard Burgess
Rowena b. 7 April 1914; m. Durrell K Adams
Jessie b. 12 Jan. 1917; m. Ivan Holt Hunt
Margaret b. 12 March 1920; m. Pierce Ian Jarvis

CHILDREN OF NORA LEAVITT AND JONATHAN NEPHI HUNT

Nephi Ralston b. 18 Jan. 1900; m. Edith W. Wagstaff
Vera Benita b. 3 Jan. 1902; m. Victor Casper Lee
Fay b. 8 Sept. 1906; m. Nellie Louise Roberts
Paul b. 10 July 1908; m. Irma Souter
Ava b. 22 Jan. 1910; m. Ernest Brown
Claud Archial b. 22 Jan. 1912; d. 20 Nov. 1912
Elnora b. 27 Sept. 1913;
Golda b. 15 Feb. 1915; m. William Edward Roberts
Verda b. 10 Feb. 1918; m. Christian Lester Skeam

CHILDREN OF JEREMY AND MARTHA M. HUGHES LEAVITT

Nora b. 23 Dec 1902; d. 25 Feb. 1903
Vilda b. 12 April 1904; m. Reed E. Lowe
Erving Jeremy b. 27 Oct. 1905; m. Lillian E. Abbott
Hubert Lee b. 27 March 1907; m. Letty Mann Anderson
Genevieve b. 27 Dec. 1908; m. Joseph E. Bethers
Maida b. 12 May 1910; d. 20 Sept. 1930
Lula b. 3 Aug. 1912; d. 15 May 1920
Ruth b. 8 Sept. 1914; m. Nelton Burgess
Porter R. b. 6 May 1916; m. Nydia M. Perkins
Clarissa b. 27 June 1918; m. Walter Lamoreaux
Lyman b. 12 April 1920;

Norman b. 25 June 1923;
John b. 6 May 1925; died infant

CHILDREN OF IRA DUDLEY AND JOSEPHA ABBOTT LEAVITT

Daphney b. 11 Oct. 1914; died infant
Ira Curtis b. 29 Nov. 1915;
Ilia b. 24 Dec. 1918;
Clausen b. 11 March 1920:

GRANDCHILDREN OF DUDLEY AND THIRZA RIDING LEAVITT

CHILDREN OF ALFRED WIER AND IDELLA HUNT LEAVITT

Ellen b. 7 May 1883; m. Albert Hafen
Alice b. 22 Aug. 1885; m. Ithamar D. Sprague
Parley b. 13 May 1889; m. Martha Lovena Hafen
Thirza b. 16 June 1892; m. William M. Dykeman
Idella b. 4 June 1894; m. Charles Bowler
Susan Rachel b. 21 Sept. 1896; m. Joseph Banner; d. 6 Nov. 1917

CHILDREN OF THIRZA HELENA AND ORANGE D. LEAVITT

Elmira b. 24 April 1883; m. Asheal J. Barnum
Orange W. b. 30 Jan. 1885; d. 23 Feb. 1885
Alma Decator b. 23 Feb. 1886; m. Ivie J. Cox
Newell Knight b. 17 June 1889; m. Nettie M. Earl; d. 12 Sept. 1921
Dudley b. 11 Sept. 1891; d. 12 April 1892
Washington Edward b. 12 Feb. 1893; m. Amelia Bunker; m. Elizabeth Thomas
Theodesia b. 9 Aug. 1895; m. Leon Bowman
Charles Clinton b. 9 Aug. 1899; m. Rhoda Hafen
May Eleanor b. 22 Jan. 1904; d. 16 April 1905
Melvina b. 16 Nov. 1905; m. George N. Parras; d. 13 Dec. 1932

CHILDREN OF MARY ELENOR AND ORANGE D. LEAVITT

Thirza Olive b. 11 Oct. 1887; m. Joseph H. Hardy
Betsy b. 18 Oct. 1889; m. Oliver Sprague
Alfred Hale b. 2 Aug. 1892; d. 5 Aug. 1892
Elmer b. 11 July 1893; m. Emma Sophia Burgess
Leah b. 8 May 1896; m. Harmon C. Tobler
Theresa Gladys b. 23 Dec. 1898; m. Jergen Leroy Felt
Veda Bell b. 27 May 1902; m. David Marineer Cox
Elfonda b. 12 March 1905; m. Myron S. Horsley
Sarah b. 4 Au. 1907; m. John D. Barnum
Lemuel Smith b. 18 July 1910; m. Laura H. Bowler

CHILDREN OF CHRISTOPHER LISTER AND ANNIE BARNUM LEAVITT

Annie Donetta b. 28 June 1899; m. William W. Potter
Lucinda b. 9 Feb. 1900; m. Lawrence R. Nelson
Lister Hale b. 21 Dec. 1902; m. Cordelia Dearborn
Glen Henry b. 10 Dec. 1904; m. Rachel Bowler
Jacob Hamblin b. 26 Jan. 1907; m. 1st Anna M. Potter; m. 2nd Sylvia Button
Ross b. 8 Dec. 1908;
Evan b. 24 Nov. 1910; m. Edna McBride
Nell b. 13 Oct. 1912; m. Walter Granger
Barnum b. 13 Aug. 1914; m. Berniece Reber
Jack b. 4 June 1916; m. Dorine Beatty
Theron b. 29 March 1918; m. Faun Gardner
Ila May b. 15 Jan. 1920; m. Arthur Justin
Stella b. 31 Jan. 1922; m. Gerald Pingle
Gene b. 18 Oct. 1923;
Gilbert b. 26 July 1925;

CHILDREN OF DUDLEY HENRY AND MARY HAFEN LEAVITT

Orpha Ora b. 23 Nov. 1896; d. 28 Aug 1898

Juanita Leone b. 15 Jan. 1898; m. 1st Leonard Ernest Pulsipher; m. 2nd William Brooks
Charity b. 8 Dec. 1899; m. Vernon C. Rowley
Aura Ola b. 27 Nov. 1901; m. Joseph Carl Allen
Melvin Henry b. 28 March 1903; m. Myrtle Wittwer
Laurel Evan b. 17 Dec. 1905; m. Melva Durrant
Daisy Ina b. 28 Sept. 1907; m. Leonard Reber
Eva b. 20 Feb. 1909; m. Walter J. Miles
Fancis Hale b. 20 June 1911; m. Marian Holmes
Dudley Maurice b. 17 July 1913; m. Evy Rean Cox
Mary b. 17 Sept. 1915; m. Fenton Frehner

CHILDREN OF BETSEY LEAVITT AND HEBER H. HANDY

Heber Merlin b. 19 April 1892; m. Vida Earl
Warren Decater b. 23 JULY 1894; m. 1st Leila Leavitt; m. 2nd Naomi Palmer
Dudley Leavitt b. 14 Jan. 1897; m. Vera Witter
Ethel Ramona b. 2 Feb. 1899; m. Ruben J. Bradshaw
Tamsen b. 10 May 1901; m. Thomas Harley Adams
Emmarene b. 8 Feb. 1904; m. Elmer A. Graff
Gile Wilford b. 5 Feb. 1906; d. 25 Oct. 1908
Rozella b. 19 May 1908; m. Douglas D. Hall
Grant b. 21 Feb. 1910; m. Leila Miller

CHILDREN OF EMMA LORENA LEAVITT AND CHARLES M. HARDY

Leo Milton b. 16 March 1896; m. Cornelia Barnum
Charles Alfred b. 25 Sipt. 1897; m. Faun Lowe
Nevada b. 5 Nov. 1899; m. Charles William Pulsipher
Mark b. 12 Dec. 1901; m. Delila Tobler
Heber Vernon b. e March 1904; m. Margaret Sylvester
Orpha b. 22 Oct 1906; m. Joseph F. Woods
Lister Dean b. 28 Aug. 1909; m. Mabel Leavitt
Vonda Lorena b. 31 Aug. 1914; m. Joseph W. Wilson

CHILDREN OF THERESA LEAVITT AND SOLON HUNTSMAN

Ira Hale b. 26 Aug. 1909; m. Leah Fugal
Theresa May b. 24 Feb. 1911; m. James Willard Cook
Erwin Parker b. 16 Aug. 1913; died infant
Millie b. 24 Aug 1916

GRANDCHILDREN OF DUDLEY AND JANET SMITH LEAVITT

CHILDREN OF ANNIE MARIA LEAVITT AND ITHAMAR S. SPRAGUE

Ithamar Dudley b. 8 April 1881; m. Alice Leavitt
Oliver b. 17 Nov. 1882; m. Betsy Leavitt
Orson M. b. 19 March 1886; m. Bertha E. Sampson
Milo b. 20 Jan. 1888; died
Harvey b. 18 July 1890; m. Nellie Carter
Marley b. 9 Sept. 1902
Vilate b. 2 Oct. 1905; m. Reuben Leavitt

CHILDREN OF CALVIN SMITH AND MARY E. WAITE

Elizabeth Rebecca b. 3 July 1892; m. Elmer S. Bowman
Calvin Willard b. 14 May 1894; m. Elva Hughs

CHILDREN OF MARINDA LEAVITT AND GEORGE HOOPER

Emily Ellen b. 20 June 1896; m. Harry Ball
Irene b. 14 March 1898; m. Henry Shaller
Annie Victoria b. 30 Jan. 1900; m. Rodney O. Colton
Calvin b. Feb. 1902;
Rhea b. 15 July 1904; m. Frank Steward
Fern b. 26 March 1907; m. Emerson Mann

William b. 5 April 1909; m. Mrs. Clarise.....

Thomas b. July 1910;

CHILDREN OF SARAH JANE LEAVITT AND A. JAMES BARNUM

Calvin Dudley b. 18 March 1888; m. Lucy Jepson; d. 3 July 1928

Sarah Ann b. 7 Aug. 1890; m. P. A. Leatham

Jeannetta Minerva b. 20 Sept. 1892; m. C. Stanley Pulsipher; d. 27 Feb. 1929

Naomi b. 7 Jan. 1895; m. 1st Lyman Abbott; m. 2nd Amos Hunt

James Murray b. 12 April 1897; m. 1st Loretta Liston; m. 2nd Annis Laub

Verneth b. 4 Dec. 1899; m. Lapreal Pace; d. 23 May 1939

Virginia b. 2 June 1901; m. Reinhold Miller

James LeGrand b. 30 Aug. 1909; d. July 1910

CHILDREN OF CLARENCE DUDLEY AND LILLIE McKNIGHT LEAVITT

Lela b. 8 May 1903; m. Burdett C. Williamson

Blanche b. 24 Sept. 1904; m. William L. Bennett

Alta Jenett b. 10 Feb. 1906; m. John W. Anderson

Sarah Helen B. 31 Jan. 1908; m. Shelby J. Carr

Claudia b. 2 Sept. 1909; m. William C. Ponton

Evan Clarence b. 18 July 1911;

Marion Ezra b. 10 Nov. 1913

James Donald b. 29 April 1915; m. Ruth Bowler

Woodrow Dudley b. 20 March 1917; m. Carol Hewett

Ruby b. 28 Nov. 1918; m. George R. Earlywine

Madge b. 30 Aug. 1922;

Stanley b. 20 April 1926;

CHILDREN OF ROZENA LEAVITT AND WRIGHT McKNIGHT

Preston b. 25 April 1906;

Ida b. 19 June 1908; m. Frank Hardy

Sheldon b. 27 June 1910;

James Dudley b. 29 June 1913;
Jerome b. 14 June 1915;
Lawrence Wilson b. 27 March 1918
Sarah Jane b. 9 Nov. 1923;
Vivian b. 27 Nov. 1923
June
Harrison

GRANDCHILDREN OF DUDLEY AND MARTHA PULSIPHER LEAVITT

CHILDREN OF LYDIA LEAVITT AND WALTER W. HUGHES

Lydia Afton b. 11 July 1898; m. Stephen R. Linge
Warren Milton b. 20 April 1900; m. Aldine Rackliff
Martha Vilate b. 27 Jan. 1903; m. Jesse Victor Knight
Albre Z. b. 28 May 1905; m. Hazel Bell Julion
Fancetta b. 11 Aug. 1908; m. Floyd Bishop
Maybelle b. 24 April 1912; m. Ebbie H. Davis

*Mariah is also spelled Maria, but for consistency and because it is pronounced as if it had the "h," the author has used that spelling throughout.

Leland William b. 18 Dec. 1902; m. Mary Rose Giardina Bunker

Dinnah b. 18 Jan. 1905; m. Edward Kane

Delbert b.