

KINSMAN

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The family reunion this year was acclaimed an enjoyable and successful occasion by all who attended. Group gatherings were held at the homes of Lawrence Smith; Samuel F. Smith; Julia Ballard; Rebecca Rogers and Lorana Broadbent in Snowflake at 10:00 a.m. A program was presented to about 350 persons in the afternoon in the Chapel. Don C. Smith, president, was in charge. Phosia H. Smith led community singing. Samuel F. offered the opening prayer. There were 20 of the 21 living children of Jesse N. Smith present. Susie Jarvis was unable to be there. A letter from William C. was read. Each family was given fifteen minutes in which to entertain the crowd. A character skit from Aunt Janet's family was conducted by Luella B. Webb. Solo by Glen Shumway. Trio composed of Emma Hall's family and a reading by Emma Hall was rendered from Aunt Emma's family. Skit - Scenes from Aunt Augusta's home was conducted by Ida S. Church and a string trio by Gerda H. Flake and daughters followed. A reading, Moo Cow Moo was given by Geo. M. Papa, Jr., gr. grandson of Aunt Augusta. A Tribute to Mary Aikens Smith was given by Ida Smith Hendrickson. Marion Rogers, grandson-in-law of Aunt Margaret read The Yankee in Love: Aunt Em's family presented a Trio composed of Phosie and Karlie Smith and Emma Broadbent followed with Instrumental music from the Aikens Smith family. Closing prayer was offered by W. D. Rencher.

At 4:00 the swimming pool was reserved for the family. At 5:00 p.m., everyone gathered on the Chapel lawn and ate Pot Luck. At 7:30 a business meeting was held and the following officers were elected for next year: President, Hyrum Smith, First vice - J. Fish Smith, Second vice - (secretary) Moroni Smith, Third vice - (treasurer) Henry Smith, Fourth vice (chairman resolutions committee) Glen Smith Fifth vice, (chairman genealogical committee) - Margaret Jensen. Dancing in the evening concluded the reunion. Program committee for the reunion were Mauretta B. Thomas, chairman, Stanley Rogers, Luana Shaw, Phosia Chastain and Elwin Bushman, members.

Clarinda Knight Sewell, great granddaughter of Uncle Silas S. Smith of Monte Vista, Colorado attended the reunion.

It was discovered that several members of the family have birthdays on Grandmother Mary Aikens' birthday including Leah S. Udall a daughter of Jesse N., but only one descendant out of the approximate 1500 has a birthday on December 2. This honor falls on Maxine Larson Cole, a granddaughter who feels that if she had her life to live over she would change her birth date because it is too much of a responsibility.

As we go to press we learn that the Editor has become a grandfather. A daughter was born to Phosia and Bob Chastain the morning of August 30.

Chicago
Aug. 3, 1949

Dear Uncle George:

Once again we greet you from Chicago, but this will be the last time, at least for some time to come. We are leaving about the end of this month to return to Provo, Utah, where I have been fortunate enough to join the Brigham Young University faculty.

We were happy to receive word a few weeks ago that I passed the C.P.A. examination that I took in May of this year. And now I am working on my thesis in order to obtain my Master's Degree in Business Administration. We have enjoyed the year we have spent here in Chicago, but are looking forward to returning to the West.

We are all well. Our two year old daughter and six-month-old twins are growing rapidly.

One purpose of this letter is to give you a change of address. Until further notice will you please send our copies of The Kinsman to: 5348 W.3500 So. S.L.C.

Sincerely, Robert J. Smith

(We understand that Bob made straight A grades and established a record in the school of Commerce in the U.S.) This makes three grandsons of JNS who will be teaching in the BYU.)

THE LIFE of MARY AIKENS SMITH

by

Ida S. Hendrickson

When I was a child of three, I faintly remember looking at the picture of an elderly woman. The picture was in a book at Aunt Em's house, and I remember someone telling me on more than one occasion, that it was the picture of my great-great grandmother Smith. My interest and curiosity were never greatly aroused however until I was asked to present a short sketch of her life at this Smith Family reunion which is being held on her 152nd anniversary. August 13, 1949.

Upon examining her portrait more critically, I gleaned these ideas concerning her physical characteristics. She was of medium height and quite slender. Her facial expression was one of dignity, reserve and firmness. The clothing she wears in the picture bespeaks a love for fine clothes and adornment. In talking to three of her grandchildren, two of whom remember her very well, I gleaned the following facts about her personality. She was exacting. Things done just any old way, didn't satisfy her. Everything had to be done right. Her bearing and hands in the photograph indicated grace and dignity. According to her grandson Samuel F. she was quiet and unassuming, always staying at home managing her own affairs and taking great pains in the rearing and teaching of her children. It has been said that her granddaughter Lorana resembles her more than any of her descendants.

Mary Aikens was the daughter of Nathaniel and Mary Aikens. She was born in Barnard, Windsor County, Vermont, August 13th 1797. Practically nothing is known concerning her life up to the time of her marriage to Silas Smith in 1828. According to the story that has been handed down by her children's children, she was teaching school in Stockholm, St. Lawrence County, New York when Silas Smith, a widower of 47 years became interested in her. His first wife Ruth, who had borne him seven children, had died two years before, twenty years after their marriage. This is the approach that Silas made to the reserved and efficient Miss Aikens, who no doubt was aware of the probability of having to live a life of spinsterhood as she was then 31. "How would you like to change your occupation?", the gentleman asked. "Can you offer me something better?", queried the miss. "Would you be interested in teaching in a private

school?" "How many pupils?" "One." No one knows her exact words to his plea, but events following leave no room for conjecture on that point. They were married March 4, 1828. On Oct. 26, 1830 Silas Sanford was born. John Aikens was born July 6, 1832 and Jesse Nathaniel was born Dec. 2, 1834. I've been told that Jesse was not weaned until he was old enough to be bribed with a pair of little red boots. Her son Jesse kept a journal as he grew up and he says this about his father, the man whom Mary Aikens married. "He was one of nature's noblemen A man six feet tall, well proportioned and weighing around 200 pounds having great personal strength. His talents were of a most commanding order although his education was limited. I think I will not be extravagant in saying that my father was calculated to shine in the social circle, the Hall of State, and the tented field." Concerning his Mother he made only this characteristically terse comment, which infers much more than it actually says. "My mother was a fit companion for him."

They were visited in 1830 by Joseph Smith Sr. and his son Don Carlos. The Prophet's father was a brother to Silas. They bore their testimony of the truthfulness of the Book of Mormon and the principals advanced in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Silas believed the message but on account of opposition from among his own family he did not join the church until August 1835. Mary however was a staunch Presbyterian and she was not convinced that the new Church was true.

In 1835 the family moved to Kirtland, Ohio to be near other members of the church. While they were there the following incident occurred: On a late summer day Mary and her youngest son were attending the Presbyterian church. It was hot and sticky and the sermon seemed to drag on in endless monotony. Suddenly there flashed through her mind a vivid picture of the east end of the Kirtland Temple and she seemed to hear these words "Thereby best friends and kindred dwell. There Christ thy Savior reigns." A wave of restlessness surged through her. Besides, her little son was becoming tired and fidgety. Finally he said, "Mother get the dumbelly (umbrella) and let's go home." She walked out of the church never to return, and from that time on she was vitally interested in Mormonism. She opened her eyes and soul to the new religion. Then she embraced it and from then on she was devout Latter day Saint. She took great pains to implant the gospel into the lives of her boys. But little did she dream that the future would be filled with hardship, sorrow and disappointment, as well as great happiness and joy from serving the Lord, in casting her lot with the much persecuted and driven Mormons.

To be continued.

THE KINSMAN

A monthly publication of the Jesse N. Smith Family for the fostering of good will among its members; for the recognition of family and individual responsibility for each other; for honoring a noble lineage; and a little chit chat.

George A. Smith, Editor; Rt. 2 Box 261 A, Mesa, Arizona.

JOURNAL OF
JESSE NATHANIEL SMITH
Cont'd

We came upon a region of bad lands. The Moencopy village comprised a few missionaries to the Indians with their families. It was situated on a southern slope of a hill and they got water from a spring in a ravine, where some gardening was done. A Moqui Indian named Tuby owned the place. He was a member of the Church and with his wife had received his endowments in the Temple. 7 families of the Saints resided here. With Bro. Hinckley took supper at Alonzo Farnsworth's by invitation. The Indians had a flock of four hundred horned sheep, the first of that kind I ever saw; their wool was coarse and one-half of them were black. There were some goats among them. Andrew S. Gibbons was in charge of the missionaries. The brethron had opened a vein of stone coal nearly five feet thick. Saw an old ruin on a high bluff. A meeting was called in a public stone house. The sisters sang with a will. All the visiting brethren spoke except John Starley. Tuesday, Sept. 17, 1877: Bro. Seth B. Tanner invited me to breakfast. I had known his wife in Denmark. Went with Bro. Snow and others out to Mush's Springs a short distance north where Bro. Snow indicated a place to build a little town. Off at 12 m. Crossed the delta between the Moyabby and the Moencopy washes, following down the latter. Reached the Little Colorado river at 8 p.m., 28 miles, much of the way over bad lands. Wed. Sept. 18. The morning showed the valley of the river to be very flat and on a level with the river bank, mostly a stiff clay with occasional ridges of sand that had drifted in from the mesas on the sides of the valley. The course of the river seemed to be from southwest to northwest turning to the west below, and fringed with very scrubby cottonwoods. Feed abundant. Drove 38 miles to Grand Falls, stopping at Black Falls 13 miles below for a short time. Here a stream of lava seems to have come down from the volcanic cones on the west above which the San Francisco mountain towers majestically, and to have filled up the river bed and the valley of the river also. Thursday, Sept. 19. Went and saw the falls where the river tumbles over a succession of irregular cascades, in all about 100 feet, the west bank being volcanic rock and the east bank limestone and sandstone. Our animals having taken a runaway freak we did not get off until 12 m. Met Bros. Bowen and Steele. Five miles from Grand Falls crossed at the ford where the drift wood showed that the water had been wonderful high. Nine miles farther crossed the mouth of San Francisco Wash full of soft mud brought down by the late rains. Met Geo. B. Gardner and family. Overtook E.W. East and family and A.V. Greer. Camped with them. 21 miles. Friday Sept. 20. About 18 miles travel brought us to Brigham City, going around to avoid a mud lake and the overflow of the river. Were kindly received by Bishop Lake and by Pres. Lot Smith from Sunset across the river. Took supper at the big table. Called on James T. Woods and wife, formerly of Parowan. Slept at a Bro. Oversons. Notwithstanding the very poor prospect for farming on account of poor land and the great difficulty in damming the river with clay banks and quicksand bottom, yet the people had the water in the ditches and had raised considerable grain. Sat. Sept. 21. Looked over the grist mill on the river, a substantial structure erected by Warren Tenney. Meeting at 10 a.m.; spoke a short time; again at 2 p.m.; spoke longer. Went over to Sunset; plenty of nice melons. Slept at Bro. John Bloomfield's. Sunday Sept. 22. Returned to Brigham City and attended meeting at 10 a.m. Met Bro. L.H. Hatch. Two politicians came in from Prescott on electioneering business; Col. Wolsey of Maricopa County running for delegate to Congress and Mr. Beach editor of the Arizona Miner. Bro. Snow occupied the most of the a.m. with other brethren. I spoke in the p.m. Wrote to each of my wives and to J.N. Smith, jr. Slept at Bro. Overson's. Monday, Sept. 23. Looked over the fields and examined the surrounding country for a townsite. Found no suitable place. Took dinner at Sunset. Looked over their field and adjoining land. Visited the ruin of an ancient Moqui village on the point of a bluff below which seemed large enough to have contained 3000 inhabitants. No show for a townsite at Sunset without taking to the high lands on the east above the reach of water for irrigation. Attended evening meeting; spoke. Bro. Snow set apart Bishop Geo. Lake of Brigham City, together with his counselors, also Bishop Levi M. Savage of Sunset with one of his counselors, the other one being absent and a Seventy named Andrew L. Rogers to take charge of the Elders for the present. Slept at Bro. Bloomfields. Tuesday, Sept. 24. The mail arrived from Utah, but brought me no letters. The animals strayed off during the night. Bro. Snow and Nuttall went ahead with Bros. Hatch and Lake. Our animals came in at 4 p.m. Left my mules here to recruit. Drove on, Bro. Lot Smith accompanying us. Camped at a water hole. Wed. Sept. 25. Drove to St. Joseph before breakfast, 25 miles from Sunset. Bro. Skousen entertained us. Attended meeting. Bro. Jos. H. Richards was set apart to act as Bishop until the return of Bro. William C. Allen. At 2 p.m. we drove on to Woodruff, 25 miles, arriving at 7 p.m., road good. Here the people lost their crop by the failure of the dam in the river, a terrible place to get out the water, they being compelled to raise it 35 feet perpendicular by building a dam across a chasm with rocky sides and a clay bottom. Thursday, Sept. 26. A smart shower about 4:30 a.m. my bedding got wet. Meeting at 9 a.m. Spoke with others. Drove on to Stinson's ranch on Silver Creek, 22 miles. This place was lately bought by Bro. William J. Flake. Meeting was held at Bro. W.D. Kartchner's camp; spoke with the others. Saw Bros. David W. Johnson and Ninyon Miller. Went over to Stinson's and passed the evening. He seemed a jolly Irishman of doubtful morals,

about 38 years old. Friday Sept. 27. Bro. Snow located the site for the town of Snowflake. Stopped a moment at the little of Bagley, afterwards Taylor, drove to Cluff's $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles above Cooley's ranch, 22 miles from Snowflake. Here were Father and Mother Cluff, he 84 years old, she ten years younger. Took supper with Moses Cluff. Sat. Sept. 28. Went back to Cooley's and bought some beef. Took breakfast at Bro. Jenson's formerly of Mount Pleasant, Utah. Drove off the road 8 miles west to Forest Dale; held meeting; spoke with others. Bro. Snow ordained Oscar Mann Bishop with Orson Cluff his first counselor and Peter McBride his second counselor. Sept at Orson Cluff's with Bro. L. H. Hatch. Sunday, Sept. 29. Bro. Snow indicated a place for a townsite. Drove over to the Clark ranch on the Showlow four miles above Cluff's, which Bro. William Follett was renting. Took dinner. Here Bros. Hatch Lake and Wilhelm left our party and Bro. William Follett joined it. Drove on crossing the Corduroy 9 miles and 5 miles farther camping at forks of the road station. Traveled all day through a pine forest with some scrubby oaks interspersed. Monday, Sept. 30. Bro. Snow notified me that as he had charge of settling the Saints in this territory he had concluded to call me to come out here and take charge of a stake to be formed out of the upper settlements in this country. Proposed to send me with Bros. Nuttall and Hinckley to negotiate the purchase of St. Johns for the Saints, but concluded that we would all go on together. Drove 20 miles to Fort Apache. Crossed the White river just before we got there. Bro. Snow obtained some information about the at the adjutants office, Drove out about five miles and camped in a canyon where there was wood, grass and water. Tuesday, October 1. Bro. Follett returned. Climbed the seven mile hill, very difficult, steep and rocky, five miles brought us to Turkey Creek, thence to Black river, ten miles; all the way malipds like the Black ridge in Southern Utah before any road was made over it. Ascended a most extraordinary bad rocky hill just after crossing Black river. Camped at tanks three miles farther. Wed. Oct. 2. Beautiful park and forest scenery but road very rocky. Met two travelers on horseback. Descended the Black Canyon, it being a chasm of volcanic rock. Held our wagons over the most dangerous places. Camped at the outlet of Black Canyon; water plentiful in pools; 20 miles. Thursday Oct. 3. Down across the rockiest point on record to Ash Creek and across the dry valley. Rising a high ridge we saw the deep narrow chasm called the valley of the Gila from whence we descended very rapidly to the Gila river, somewhat larger than Black river. The water was warm and possessed a mineral taste. 20 miles from last camp. At the crossing saw a number of Apache Indians who appeared to be entirely idle. Turned down the well beaten freight to the branch of the San Carlos Indian agency, and enquired our road. The agent or subagent gave the required information. He also said there were 1000 Indians registered at that place and 3000 more at the agency down the river. Returned up the river and camped about five miles above the crossing; the road extremely dusty. Friday Oct 4. We found the valley of the Gila very narrow at this point, mostly flat bottoms liable to overflow in high water, and whitish clay bench lands. We soon turned up to the southeast following a dim road to the old Camp Goodwin, formerly a military camp on a spring of clear water. Some colored people informed us that everybody who tried to live there had the ague. Eighteen miles brought us to Cottonwood Springs, a small place kept by a negro with a white woman living with him. This was near the summit of the pass. Here met Pony Duncan formerly of Utah with a small party of packers. Crossed the divide and 18 miles more brought us to Eureka Springs ranch where we camped. Sat. Oct. 5. Down the Sulphur Springs Valley, Camp Grant away at the foot of the mountains on our left. Nooned at a Mexican ranch. Went in. There were one man, three women and seven children, all in squalid poverty. Called a moment at Point of Mountain ranch to enquire the way, 30 miles to Eureka. Here we turned to left of the main road and eight miles brought us to Croton Springs ranch, where we passed the night. Sunday Oct. 6. Off early, crossing a divide we followed a dim road down the wash to the San Pedro. Reached P.C. Merrill's Camp, afterwards St. David, and found all, old and young, down with the ague. 30 miles. Tuesday Oct. 8. Bro. Snow set apart P.C. Merrill to preside over the Saints in this region of country with Dudley C. Merrill and Joseph McRae as his counselors. Off at 12 m. Bro. August Wilcken and Jessen. and Frank Perkins joined us, the latter suffering with ague. We followed down the San Pedro to the Tucson road where it crosses at Tres Alamos, when taking this road we drove to Ciouega or swamp, 30 miles road good. Wed. Oct. 9. Reached Tucson, 30 miles, the former capital of the territory, a Mexican-American town said to contain 4000 people. The place is watered by the Santa Cruz which barely suffices for the wants of the people. The people were principally Mexicans occupying miserable mud huts with flat earth roofs. All classes appeared to spend their time in the open air, the men sauntering about the streets and public grounds, the women seated on the ground in the shade of the houses dressed in white cotton fabrics with a black scarfs upon their heads. The streets were narrow and crooked. A steam mill for grinding grain was in operation. Saw some Chinese washermen washing clothes at a water ditch. The mercantile business seemed the most prominent as this was the place for obtaining supplies for an extensive mining and pastoral region. The American custom house made a prominent figure but it was said that a great deal of smuggling was carried on, to and from Mexico. Lot Smith indicated the place where the Mormon Battalion camped. Drove out nine miles and camped. Got water at a well; paid five cents per head for watering the animals. Thursday, Oct. 10. I have not mentioned the semi-tropical vegetation

most striking of which is the many varieties of the yucca and of the cactus plants. These have abounded since reaching the valley of the Gila. Our road turned towards the west leaving the valley of the Santa Cruz on our right. Watered our animals at Desert Station, 14 miles, where they raised the water by horse power out of a well 250 feet deep. In their corrals they supply their stock with water in troughs. Reached Picacho Station well, 160 feet deep and 27 miles from the last well. Met some immense freight trains freighting from Yuma to Tucson through this level region. Some teams had six and eight spans of animals and three heavy wagons with 100,000 lbs. of merchandise and over. Friday Oct. 11. Reached Florence on the Gila 22 miles, nearly north from last camp; road good; a Mexican looking town of about 800 inhabitants. Nooned at a Mr. Stiles' on the north side of the river. Bro. Wilcken took a severe ague shake. Drove out onto the high dry plain between the Gila and Salt River about fifteen miles. Camped at a water hole. Sat. Oct. 12. 25 miles farther without water brought us to Jesse N. Perkin's camp on the Salt river. Afterwards drove to C. Crismon's camp some three miles farther down the river, where I found letters from my son Joseph W. and from Joseph Fish giving an account of the death of Zilpha Smith at Parowan on Sept. 10th., and also of the death on the same day of my little grandson, John Riley Hulet, jr. Thence called at George Sirrine's camp, and from there proceeded to D.W. Jones' camp some two miles farther, where we stayed over night. The weather extremely warm; all kinds of vegetation that was watered showing a marvelous growth, but where not watered nothing growing but mesquite and cactus and a kind of brush common on the desert. Sunday, Oct. 13. Meeting called at 10 a.m. All the visiting brethren spoke, including myself. Meeting again at 2 p.m. The brethren here occupied the time in remarks, confessions, debates, criminations and recriminations. Went to dinner at Bro. Ross R. Rogers. With Bro. Hinckley was appointed a committee to examine some of their order accounts and we succeeded in reconciling some differences among the brethren. Monday, Oct. 14. Took breakfast at Bro. Thomas Bigg's. Went out to a camp of the Pima Indians. They thatch their wickiups with straw and make no fire in them. They are local in their habits and do not depend upon hunting for a living but raise wheat, corn and vegetables. They are said to be very industrious in cultivating their fields. There were Maricopas among them with whom the Pimas were nearly affiliated. Took a trip out on the bench to see the canal constructed by the brethren, it being about eight miles long. About one-half that distance they had utilized an ancient work called the Montozuma ditch. We visited an ancient ruin where the people who built the ditch seem to have lived. It appeared to have been a fortification and quite extensive. There were other ruins near that we did not visit. Meeting at 2 p.m. at Bro. Perkins' camp. He was set apart to preside over the Saints in this part of the country with Bros. Henry C. Rogers and George Sirrine as his counselors. Held evening meeting at Bro. Jones' with the Lamanites, several of whom who had been baptized were confirmed. Tuesday Oct. 15. Started at 9 a.m. Crossed the Salt river at the McDowell ford. Nooned on the Verde 12 miles near Camp McDowell. Lieuts. Kendall and van Schwabe and Br. Todd came down to our camp. The latter said there was no hope of escaping the ague anywhere on the San Pedro or its tributaries. He had analyzed the water and found the disease therein. Traveled 16 miles farther to Sycamore Creek over sandy and hilly road. Wed. Oct. 16. Bro. Jones and the three Maricopa Indians who came with us from Salt river left us to return. Our general course was up the Sycamore creek over a very mountainous and rocky road upon which considerable labor had been expended. Still, in some places the hills were very steep and difficult. It was the military road to old Camp Reno. While descending the mountain after nightfall our carriage upset, throwing out Bros. Snow, Nuttall, Hinckley and myself. Fortunately no one was hurt beyond a few trifling bruises, but the carriage top was badly damaged. Finding water nearby we camped for the night, 25 miles. Thursday Oct. 17. Soon reached old Camp Reno, now abandoned, thence to Tonto Creek over a bad hilly road, following the creek a few miles we left it on our right and passing over a very mountainous and rocky country almost without any road we came to Bro. Price Nelson's camp on Rye Creek, having traveled 20 miles. Only the one family here. Friday Oct. 18. Traveled up Rye Creek, 11 miles, thence up a wash four miles, thence over a thickly wooded divide five miles to the East Verde, 20 miles in all. Stopped with a part of John B. Freeman's family, with whom two young men were staying. Sat. Oct. 19. Off at 7 a.m. Crossed the rough dividing ridges between the East Verde and Pine Creek. Bro. Staley shot a turkey. Thence to Strawberry valley, 22 miles. Camped at a ranch. Sunday Oct. 20. Climbed onto the Mogollon mountains, turning east on the Verde road. Nooned at Baker's Spring, the road very hilly and rocky. Ascended Baker's Butte from whence there was a grand view to north-west of mountain and forest just east of the Butte. We left the road and turned north following a few wagon tracks. Camped at quaking Asp Springs, 30 miles. Tuesday Oct. 22. Still north through the pines. Left the tracks and turned more to the west to strike the road from Sunset to the saw mill, ground rocky. Crossed the Prescott road with Jay Cox's tanks on our right and Pine Springs on our left. Reached the Sunset saw mill, 15 miles. Meeting. Wrote to Joseph Fish. Wed. Oct. 23. On to Pleasant Valley, a magnificent ranch. It may have once been the crater of a volcano, it being a great depression in the volcanic formation which surrounded it. The valley is from four to six miles across, covered with luxuriant grass. There is a lake in the center fed by rains and springs from the west side of the valley. Here I found my mules in good condition, they having been brought from Sunset, 60 miles east of here.

Meeting was held, the people being here to attend the dairy from Sunset and St. Joseph. Thursday, Oct. 24. Started across the country for Grand Falls on the Little Colorado, hauling water. No wagon has ever been through, but H.R. Burk, our guide, had been most of the way on horseback. Started late, our course rather east of north. Climbed the volcanic rim of the valley. Nooned at some shallow lakes, but the water was pure and good. Continued on through dense pine and cedar woods. Camped in a grove of cedars, 14 miles. Friday Oct. 25. Moving early, still through a cedar forest found water in the San Francisco wash in Burk's tanks. Here one of Bro. Noble's mules getting separated from the other animals and being unable to see the wagons, became frightened and bewildered and started on the back track, calling loudly for its companions. It was out of sight in a moment. It was thought it would be difficult to bring it back, and as it was believed that it would go directly to Pleasant Valley it was placed in the care of Bro. Burk. At our noon halt Bros. Burk and Tenney and the son of the latter returned to Pleasant Valley. Soon crossed the Boale road which Bro. Lot Smith took to go to Sunset, while we in a northeasterly direction passed between two conical volcanic peaks and down into the valley of the Little Colorado, the black volcanic sand impeding our progress. Arrived at Grand Falls at dark, 31 miles and 45 miles from Pleasant Valley without so much as a track to follow. Sat. Oct. 26. Here we take our road back. Nooned 6 miles below Black Falls. Reached the point near where we leave the Little Colorado river. Sunday, Oct. 27. Horses gone until near sunset. Moved about 3 miles. Camped in a sandy wash down which we reached the river. Monday Oct. 28. Off early. Went by way of Moyabby, were entertained by the family of the late John D. Lee. Ascertained that John W. Young was at Moencopy. Bro. Snow sent a message to him. Drove on to Willow Springs, 30 miles. Bros. John W. Young and Andrew S. Gibbons came in camp at 10 p.m. Tuesday Oct. 29. Took leave of the brethren. Nooned at Cottonwood tanks, 15 miles, thence to Limestone tanks, 20 miles farther, camped. Here was Professor Gilbert with a party of topographical engineers. Wed. Oct. 30. Drove to Navajo Springs, 20 miles, nooned. Drove to the ferry and crossed. Camped at Mrs. Emma Lee's who provided supper for our whole party. Thursday Oct 31. Breakfast furnished same as supper. Drove past Jacob's Pools, fully 30 miles of heavy road. Friday Nov. 1. Drove to a point on the Buckskin mountains, about 30 miles. After prayers meeting was held in camp at which all spoke. A very pleasant occasion. Sat. Nov. 2. Drove to Navajo Wells before breakfast. Where the road turned off for Johnson we separated, Bros. Snow, Nuttall, Oliphant and Noble going to Kanab and Bros. H. Inckley, Wilcken, Starley and myself taking the way to Johnson. At the last named place I heard of the death of my little Maud. She died of whooping cough Oct. 7th. Sunday Nov. 3. Took breakfast at William D. Johnson's, dinner at Bro. Charles Pulsipher's in Sink Valley and supper at Bro. Prime Coleman's at the Canaan ranch in upper-Kanab. Monday Nov. 4. Dined at Seth Johnson's in Hillsdale, stopped for the night at Pres. James Henrie's in Panguitch. Tuesday Nov. 5. Crossed the mountains to Paragonah on muleback as I was anxious to vote at the election for delegate, leaving Bros. H. Inckley and Starley to follow the road. Bro. Wilcken took the way down the Sevier. Reached home in time to vote for George Q. Cannon. I soon reported myself to Pres. Taylor as ready to start for Arizona, and I also reported the names of those who volunteered to go with me. He replied that he was pleased with my alacrity and gave a recommend to me and those who should accompany me. He also said that he wished all who should settle in the south to work in the United Order and especially that all public interests such as stores and mills should be owned cooperatively. He referred me to Bro. E. Snow for particulars about organization, etc. A short time afterwards I received another letter from Pres. Taylor appointing me to take charge of the Eastern Arizona Stake of Zion to comprise all the settlements of the Saints east of a north and south line running through Barado's ranch, afterwards H. Olbrook, on the Little Colorado river in the territories of Arizona and New Mexico. Thursday Dec. 3. I started for my new field of labor accompanied by the following persons: my wife Janet and five children, all girls; Joseph Fish and wife Adelaide with three children; Silas S. Smith, jr.; John A. Smith; John R. Hulot and wife; Smith D. Rogers and wife and two children; Amos Rogers; Cornelius I. Decker; John H. Rollins and two sons; Margaret West and Lehi West and wife and two children. I had with me 1 wagon, 2 horses, 2 mules and 2 cows. There were in the company 10 wagons about 2000 lbs. load for each with a number of loose cattle and a few horses besides the teams. Camped at Paragonah with my brother Silas. Wed. Dec. 4. Reached Upper Bear Valley and camped. The night was very cold. Thursday reached the Sevier River. Camped just below Tebbs ranch. Friday Dec. 6. Passed through Panguitch. Bro. Silas was there. Janet's brother James came along with the mail, he being the carrier. He took her with the children on to Hillsdale. Camped at Butler's farm above Panguitch. Sat. Dec. 7. Nooned at Hillsdale; as we started on old Bro. George Wilson made some very flattering predictions about the importance of the mission that we were upon. Camped in a dry valley on the east side of the Sevier river about 8 miles above Hillsdale where there was plenty of white sage for the animals. Sun. Dec. 8. Reached the crossing of Upper Kanab Creek, not much feed for our stock. Monday, Dec. 9. Filled our barrels at the spring in Sink Valley. Camped without water in the canyon about 10 miles above Johnson. Good feed and wood. Discovered that the hind axle of Mother West's wagon was breaking badly; lightened her load. Weather very cold. Tuesday Dec. 10. Reached Johnson early. Procured a stick of oak and Brother Fish put a new axle in Mother West's wagon. We expected to meet some parties here from Orderville, but they did not come.

To be continued.