

Charles Crismon

Some months passed uneventful. Then a sudden change took place: a young woman, the undivorced wife of Charles Crismon of Salt Lake City, came out to Grantsville to visit her parents Peter and Margaret Hessel. I was introduced to her and in our conversation she told me that she was fully determined to secure a divorce. This she did. Pres. Brigham Young without hesitation granted it. She was now free and so was I. It seemed from the very first glance at her that she was to become my wife.

We were married for time and eternity in the Endowment House, Salt Lake City on June 24, 1872. During the whole of our married life she proved herself to be a true and noble wife, kind to my children, void of even the shadow of duplicity, truthful under all circumstances and highly exemplary in public and in private life.

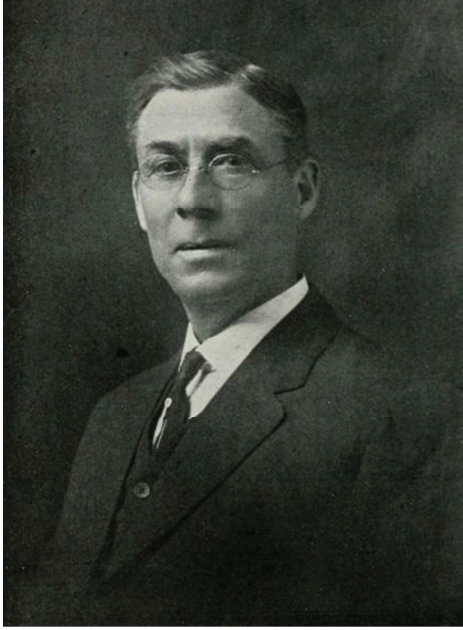
I think it was in the late fall of 1867 that a man by the name of James James came to our home in the 15th Ward and asked me to come and teach school at E.T. City, Tooele County. I readily accepted the invitation and often did I walk back and for a distance of 23 miles, one way. After being there 24 weeks, I returned to the City. At this time we had 3 children: Catherine, Josephine and Alma. My family moved to E.T. for a short stay.



Endowment House, Salt Lake City, Utah

While at work laying rock in a culvert on North Temple street in 1868, a man by the name of Elisha Hubbard of Grantsville, Tooele Co. invited me to teach school at that place. That fall we moved there and commenced teaching and continue in that business for about 9 years. In addition to teaching school at Grantsville, I served as president of the Grantsville Dramatic Association, president of a literary association, chairman of a debating club and assistant superintendent of Sunday school and active teacher. I was the first president there of the Y.M.M.I.A.

In 1878 I moved to Spanish Fork, Utah Co. Ut. at the very earnest solicitation of my mother who was then 78 years of age. Some time after settling in Spanish Fork, I became acquainted with the school teachers and other prominent men and women. George Brimhall was then the principal of the school district, now at the head of the B.Y.U. at Provo, a position he richly deserves. Then there was Irvin Wilson, Maryan McLean and a Bro. James Higgison. I was invited by the school trustees, Chas. Hales, William Creer and James [blank] to teach an "overflow" consisting mostly of young men and women and a fair sprinkling of married women. I accepted the position. While



George Brimhall

thus teaching I organized a dramatic club out of my school material, played a number of times that season and for some years afterwards.

Amelia had a sweet little girl by the name of Lulu by her first husband. She now, Dec. 26, 1913, lives at Palmyra, west of Spanish Fork. Her husband is Peter Nelson. They have a large family. The oldest boy, Roy, is on a mission in Ireland. Margaret the eldest girl has recently married. All are Latter Day Saints.

My first family:

- 1st Catherine Elizabeth 1864 - January 31st, died about 1917 Tacoma, Washington
- 2nd Josephine. 1864 Oct. 30th, died July 20th 1905 at Sanfrancisco
- 3rd Alma - 1867 - Feb. 8th; died April 16 - 1889
- 4th Hyrum 1868. About July 24th. Don't know his whereabouts.
- 5th Maryan January 1872, died a babe. Buried in coffin

with her mother.

To Amelia and me were born

- 1st Amelia, May 22 1873
- 2nd David, Alexander Mch 8 1878
- 3rd Alfred, Feb 9th 1876
- 4th August, Mch 8 1878
- 5th Sylvia, Sept 12, 1880
- 6th Maryan, April 25 1883
- 7th Maud, Aug 8 - 1886-1885
- 8th Esther, Nov. 17 - 1888-1887
- 9th Bessie, December 10 - 1890-1889
- 10th Bella, March 16 - 1892
- 11th Octavia, June 1 - 1894
- 12th Leah Jane

This, added to my first family plus those of my third family as appears below constitutes a proud list marred in places.

My third family:

- 1st Drofna born at Sandy, S.L. Co. April 9th 1905 (5:15 A.M.)
- 2nd William, next to Drofna died shortly after birth, March 4, 1907
- 3rd Alexander born May 24th, 1908 at Santaquin, Ut. (9 A.M.)
- 4th Marcellus born Aug. 12th, 1910 at Santaquin, Ut. (6 A.M.)

I shall now return to my narrative and continue it as my memory furnishes material.

My second wife's name was Christina Amelia. She was born in Sweden and came to Utah in her early teens. Her mother, Margaret Hassel was a very devout woman full of zeal. She lived at my home at Spanish Fork for many years and there died. Her father Peter was deaf from early manhood. He, too, made his home with me until Amelia's death when he was taken to the Utah County Infirmary. Here he died at the age of 92.

Amelia was stricken with paralysis some 4 years and over before her death. During this time her mind became weakened and her body lowered in vitality. She passed away quietly at Spanish Fork. She now quietly sleeps along side of our little daughters Augustus and Leah; Alma my son by Maryan, my dear mother and Amelia's parents Peter and Margaret Hassel all recline near her.

I've taught school at this place, Santaquin, for the last 12 years, during which time I've been principal. Here I became acquainted with a widow named Caroline Blixt whose husband's name was Joseph Olson. Not until after her husband's death was Caroline and her four children--Verna, Ada, Vivian and Sylva--sealed to her husband.



Elder John Moore

On the second day of June 1904 Caroline and I were married by Elder John Moore at Spanish Fork, Utah County, Utah. (member of High Council). On April 9th, 1905 at 5 o'clock A.M. at Sandy, Salt Lake County there was born to us a baby girl whom we named Drofna. Our next children born are William on the 4th day of March 1907. He was blest by me and Dr. Tilson of Payson, soon thereafter died and the next day, 5th of March was buried at Santaquin, Utah. Alexander, on the 24th day of May 1908. Marcellus, August 12th, 1910 it being Friday and at 6 o'clock A.M. that day.

I became very much interested in the general welfare of Spanish Fork and especially in the education of the children. I continued teaching here for 20 years, 14 of which I was principal of the school district--succeeding Prof. Brimhall who was called to take part in the then B.Y. Academy.

For 8 years previous to my leaving Spanish Fork I taught a high school--the first high school in the State, outside cities of the first class, and schools of secondary instruction. For two years I was a member of the Territorial Reform School at Ogden and teacher of normal school which I organized and conducted. I acted in the capacity of member of the city council as alderman which conferred the duty of Justice of the Peace. For a period I was prosecuting attorney for the city, also Chairman of the People's Party. Some of my most delightful positions were supt. of Sunday school and President of the Mutual Improvement Association.

Many summers, I taught private school in the day time and in the winter evenings I had at one time spelling contest schools, but chiefly I taught good sized classes of adults and youth in Book Keeping and Commercial Arithmetic. At other times, during vacation, I would go peddling in which I was quite successful although I hated the work, and at other times I canvassed books.

I resigned my position of principal and as teacher because the school trustees niggardly refused to pay us the teachers one half of our monthly salary for a six week's

time in which the schools were closed owing to a smallpox scare. All other school trustees from Lehi to Payson paid on half the regular salary, but ours flatly refused. I appealed to the State Supt. of school who after quoting precedents decided that each of us teachers was legally entitled to full pay. At this they demurred but agreed to place the case before Judge John E. Booth of Provo. The judge forcibly confirmed the opinion of the State Superintendent, J.R. Parks and ordered the school board to pay us "Full Salary". Conquered in their stingy action they asked us if we were willing to take half pay, the sum we first asked for.

This offer I indignantly refused because of the meanness and littleness of their shabby course towards me and fellow teachers, and demanded what the law and my contract said I was entitled to. As this was the first time I ever had any disagreement with any school board and as the tension between us was too tense for the good of the district, I sent in my resignation which was accepted in an apologetic manner.

I fully appreciate the good feelings of the great majority of the people of Spanish Fork towards me continuously, and especially on that occasion. In order to prove their appreciation of my efforts while among them they celebrated my 70th birthday at their pavilion in a manner that left no doubt of their crystallized feelings.

The leading educators of the place and others of the County outside of the district, former school boards (including a repentant member of the Jackass trio) scores of my graduates and hundreds of citizens and nearly all the children of my second marriage were present. My children's presence filled me with joy. An excellent program was rendered, a huge rocking chair was given me, and an enlarged picture of mine exhibited, and upon motion, unanimously carried, it was decided to place it--also one of Dr. George Brimhall--"in plain sight--and in a conspicuous place in a room where the most advanced students received their instruction".



Territorial Reform School, Ogden (later became the Utah State Industrial School)

This is the first evening of the year 1914. For about two months past I've suffered from a peculiar ailment. In the school room or at home I have no trouble. It is while walking up town and back that the attack comes on. It consists of a fullness of the chest which is quite distressing coupled with a heavy dull pain in the biceps and shoulder of the left arm. I am unable in consequence to walk and that, too, slowly but a short distance until compelled to rest, until the effects of the attack disappear. I've taken doctor's stuff for some time without any good result. The first two prescriptions having failed, I now take the third.

At my age it is difficult to forecast the development of disease or prognosticate results. I am not tired of life. I would be very thankful to live long enough to see my little ones in position to do for themselves after receiving a fair workable education. I expect to improve.

In taking a retrospective view of my life, I can plainly see during my boyhood period up to about 16 a commendable degree of honest enthusiasm in my religion and religious duties. Soon after this the territory of Utah became entangled in difficulties with the government through foul misrepresentations of federal officials. A military spirit possessed our people, military drills were frequent, the patriotic utterances of church leaders and the inspiring music of military bands all consorted to fill my youthful spirit with warlike ardor. My zeal for the Right as I then understood it was acute. I felt it to be my duty "By Brigham Young to Stand. And if our enemies do appear, to sweep them off the land." And I did it all but the sweeping.

[After leaving the main body of the church for Wales until my return in the late fall of 1861 my life became very much checkered. Easily I fell into traps insidiously laid. Easily I fell a victim to some of the evils I once detested. I was anxious to rid myself of the entanglements that bound me. Truly did I send prayer after prayer to God to rescue me. Finally, my good, dear mother who had always been my guardian angel and who preceded me back to Utah the year before, after a great struggle managed to get enough money to pay my passage from Liverpool to Salt Lake. After much tribulation I arrived safely at my mother's side.]

I now had to work. What could I do? My education was nil. I was not versed in the use of tools. I had not learned to plough nor bind. Mechanism was foreign to my understanding. Even to the simpler industrial processes I was a stranger. I was, however, dextrous in the use of the axe. I could handle the pick and shovel and wheel the barrow. I found a sympathetic companion, Wm. Ajax, and with him was among the first to help make a State Road beginning on the southern limits of Salt Lake City.

Bro Ajax was about 40 years of age, a linguist of some note and above all an inspirer. After this I found but little trouble in getting work at the same time a something seemed to urge me to develop my mind for usefulness and to cultivate my habits so as to be more and more in harmony with an ideal that never forsook me.

I was presented with an English dictionary by "Davis-Porthcawl". It was the first I had ever seen. With unquenchable avidity and deepest interest I pursued its contents step by step from cover to cover determined to get out of them all my untrained mind was capable of getting. At times I would visit the Welsh poet William Lewis, surnamed Gwilym Ddu. I would listen to and admire

his poetical effusions. At last I became so interested in literature--prose and poetry--that I ventured to take part in those early gatherings of the Welsh people called Eisteddvodai. Succeeding--at least in a small part--in my humble efforts and receiving encouragement from a few friends I determined to make the best use I could of those higher activities inherent in me.

Finding myself anxious to put into practice the gifts and powers--weak as I knew they were in order to strengthen and to increase them. I looked around here and there and everywhere for a place for their proper exercise. Often, indeed, I was bewildered. No one capable to give me direction or assistance or put forth a willing hand. Maybe I was prematurely anxious. Possibly the germinating period hadn't arrived. The time to fully answer my prayers was yet in the future. Probably my uncouthness stood in my way--that I was the deterrent factor operating unconsciously against myself. Yet I kept on preparing for something I knew not what. Something must, shall turn up.

One cold, snowy night while Maryan and I sat by the fireside our little babe sweetly asleep--a knock at the door interrupted our conversation. In stepped an acquaintance of 1856 and who now lived in Tooele County. He delivered his message: "William Lewis" (Gwilym Ddu) tells me that you will make a first class school teacher. We need one at E.T. City where I now live and am one of the trustees and I came to see you to find whether you'd like to accept the position." "Maryan", said I, "what do you think about it?" Without a moments hesitation she answered, "Yes, no one can do better than you". I then agreed with Bro. James James to "try it". This was the great turning point in my life.

I spent a most happy time at E.T., although, as may be expected, it was the happiness of ignorance. Fact is, my learning was very meager, my knowledge of how to teach was ridiculously poor, my school and class government along pedagogical lines was, indeed, distant as yet. But my enthusiasm was boundless, my anxiety to improve and to do my full duty was sincere. I won the affections of all the pupils and the patrons dealt very kindly towards me and mine. For pay I received from the patrons \$4 for each pupil for 12 weeks "teaching". My larder was well filled with chunks of bacon, butter, molasses, flour and my wood pile with little stacks of sage brush.

The following incident shows the prevailing sentiment regarding discipline and how to maintain it in our schools some 40 or more years ago. At the opening day of school good Bro. James brought with him a bunch of willows. In the presence of the school he handed it to me, saying: "Joseph, here is your authority--and if any of these big fellows don't mind you, you lam them like hell". I didn't "lam" them, nor had I occasion to do so.

My self reliance increased, egoism decreased, and I was in a fair way to launch myself on a sea of worthiness. As yet I had no quadrant or compass but a whole complement of sail. Nor was I well ballasted. I came to the conclusion that God puts the oak in the forest, pine on the mountainside and says to men, "There are your houses, go hew, saw, shape, frame and build." I accepted the condition.

For the next nine years, I passed through a period of educational incubation. Not a school journal did I see during that period nor had I the privilege of communicating with any teacher save one

and he was completely fossilized. I mastered the contents of the text books, however, and prided myself on my erudition. In 1877 I passed my first formal examination and judging from the flattering certificate I received I was "fully competent to teach the common branches of education in any of the Common or District schools of the Territory of Utah". Thus armed and equipped, boldly did I take my first examination of 3 days at Provo for another certificate. I fell and failed. While I considered myself a good speller I knew nothing of its underlying principles. Hygiene, too, was a branch of learning of which I was oblivious and when it came to psychology and pedagogy, I was a stranger to even the terms.

Did I falter? No. I renewed my efforts at study. I procured the necessary books and without stoop or hindrance easily absorbed and retained my new learning. Annually, I successfully passed examinations and in July 1886 I passed an examination before Benjamin E. Cluff, Geo. H. Brimhall, James Talmage and Carl G. Maeser with the result of "Full" in all branches except one. In 1890 Aug. 12 while within two days of my fiftieth birthday year I received a Five Years Certificate and then another in 1905. On January 3rd 1899 I received a Grammar Grade Life Certificate and on Oct. 6, 1906 I received a High School Life Certificate.

During about 5 years of the above period I served as member of the Examining Board of Teachers in Utah County.

I most sincerely thank my Heavenly Father for His mercy and His help to me through all my endeavors. My intentions have at all times been as good as my understanding was of Good. He, knowing my innermost desires aided me in my endeavors to accomplish among my fellows and especially my families and those I took under my protection and care the best I could.

Little, indeed, have I cared for the plaudits of men. These, I considered too unsubstantial, too vapory to be of aught but transitory value. I would not have it inferred, however, that I underestimated the approbation of the servants of God for deeds I truly deserved. Such I much appreciated. After all, the conscious knowledge of having thought and acted strictly right is the pinnacle of reward; with this the soul rests content.

I am not certain of my first teaching at Spanish Fork--that is the year, but it was in the neighborhood of 1870. That same year and with members of my class--many of whom were adults--I organized and conducted a theatrical troupe. We had a jolly time.

Afterwards I taught school at Spanish Fork about 19 or 20 years. During a part of this time George H. Brimhall was principal. After his resignation I was appointed in his place which position I held for about 12 years. The first 9th and 10th grades of High School work were taught by me at Spanish Fork and are acknowledged to be the foundational or opening work of that kind under the jurisdiction of school districts in Utah.

Besides teaching and supervising the schools at Spanish Fork I was honored by my church as acting priest, Supt. of Sunday school and President of the Y.M.M.I.A. I was appointed by the City Council of the same place as City attorney and at another time alderman. In the year 1900 I engaged to be principal of the schools of Santaquin. Here I taught four years after which I accepted a position as principal of schools at Sandy, Salt Lake County in 1904. For two school

years I remained in charge of the schools at the same time teaching the higher branches of the common school curriculum and for a time the 9th grade.

The school board at Santaquin wrote me letters asking me to return and agreeing to pay me an addition to the salary I received of them before my departure to Sandy. My wife preferred Santaquin, her home town, so I concluded to sell our beautiful home in Poplar Avenue and return, which we did in June 1906.

Ever since our return, I've been engaged as principal and teacher of 7th and 8th grades until February last (1914) at which time a severe spell of sickness forced me to resign. During the summer of 1914 I was engaged a considerable part of the time in writing applications to the government for water from the High Line Canal of the Strawberry Valley Project for land owners. I was also engaged by the Utah County Abstract Company in obtaining work for it from among the farmers of this place.

On the 19th of August 1914, my wife Caroline and I performed certain ordinances in the temple at Salt Lake City. As stated in another part of this record we were married for time at Spanish Fork, John Moore a member of the High Council officiating. After investigation we concluded to have the ceremony repeated by higher authority in the temple.

Aug 22, 1914 My little boys, Alexander and Marcellus took a buggy ride with me to the grist mill at Payson to buy some wheat. There I purchased 70 bushels at 80 cts per bushel.

Early in September 1914 I commenced teaching in the Payson High school on half time and half pay. Because of the serious illness I suffered, it was the opinion of the County Supt. Prof. John P. Creer and also of the Board of Education that I could not stand strenuous application of school work and for that reason I was put on half time. Ever since the commencement of school, this year, I've travelled daily in a school wagon along with the students without special discomfort.

On the 22nd of November 1914 (Sunday) my daughter Drofna (in her 10th year) and I went to Salt Lake City, she to visit her brother and sisters and I to attend a convention of the Utah school teachers. We had a delightful time. My daughters treated us royally so did sons in law, Charles Bissell and Frank Harmon.

It is now June 7th, 1915. At the close of my school labors, May 22nd last, I felt physically and mentally in a much improved condition. Indeed, I felt myself improving from the start. It seems that the jolting of the wagon gave my muscles healthy exercise and the class work the right kind and degree of mental stimulus. I doubt if ever a teacher was blest with a more courteous, affable and obedient students or pupils than those I had the honor of being their teacher at the Payson High school.

The superintendent of the County, Prof. John P. Creer, the principal of the school Prof. Melvin Wilson together with each and all the teachers showed me marked respect. Shortly after the commencement of school, I accepted the position of Bible class teacher under the auspices of the church. This did not interfere with my other duties but rather gave zest to them. About a month before the close of school I was informed by the principal and by Peter A. Peterson, a member of

the school board that my services as teacher for the next school year--1915, 1916, at \$800, had been decided by unanimous vote. Right here I once again record the true and living fact that my Heavenly Father has indeed been a father to me. I rejoice in knowing it and sincerely hope and pray I may be ever worthy of a continuation of his divine assistance.

At this writing my daughter Octavia is home for a spell, and just recently my daughter Bessie paid us a short visit.

On June 11th, 1915 I went to Salt Lake City to visit my children and old time friends. Alfred secured for me a 30 days ticket on his account. I found 30 days 15 days longer than I wanted to stay, so that when the 25th came around, I was home again. During my stay I enjoyed myself very much. My children and friends did all they could to make my stay as pleasant as possible. Charles Bissell, Amelia's husband and Frank Harmon, Sylvia's husband--my sons in law--were particularly interested in adding to my enjoyment.

A special feature during my visit was a small number of tried and true acquaintances who were invited to meet me at a cafe one noon hour. My son Alfred--always anxious to honor me--on his own initiative and expense was responsible for the results as briefly noted as follows:

While in the city I visited several people and was treated fine. Nothing impressed me more than the excellent directing power of Amelia in home affairs, and that atmosphere of willing obedience pervading. I was delighted with Ida's four healthy, robust and intellectual boys. Their home environment seems to be ideal. Alfred and Ida are in reality "Two souls with but a single thought. Two hearts that beat as one" in the training of their boys. May their most cherished hopes be more than realized.

Frank and Sylvia's open door policy made me feel at home with them. Genial, affable, courteous, liberal without bogus ostentation or parade made me feel at home. Their son Dean promises well for his future.

It is not a difficult matter on entering a home to at once distinguish between the ozone of welcome and the inhospitable carbon of pretence veneered with gloss.

I found Zella somewhat nervous, and no wonder. To be stuck in a cramped place with no association save a telephone apparatus for 5 or 6 years is certainly a test of nervous endurance.

Bessie has a splendid position. I have the satisfaction of confidence in character conduct of the two girls. In future years, may they with honest smiles review their thoughts and accomplishments.

I accepted an invitation by Senator Williams to dine with him and family, also by Capt. David L. Davis and by Thomas Jeremy. I responded to each. At each place cordial expressions of unmistakable sincerity were uttered and I felt quite at home among them. Amelia and I visited Jane Bowen now Hodgins. She taught school as one of my aides for 5 years at Spanish Fork. We were received with joy and joyfully we appreciated those feelings of long ago still fresh and fragrant.

Zella always indulgent made Amelia and me a present of a ticket each to Pine Creek, Emigration Canyon. Down this gorge came the Pioneers in 1847. Up this mountain cliff I, with many others in the late autumn of 1857 carried our firearms as we wended our way toward Echo Canyon to obstruct the incoming of Buchanan's army sent against the "Mormons" as a result of false and malicious charges. In the fall of 1862 I had the honor to escort at night time, down the same canyon and to my mother's home in the 15th ward, Salt Lake City a young lady who, the following spring, became my wife--Maryan Jenkins of Fishguard, Pembroke Shire, South Wales. Having a stop over R.R. ticket I detrained at Provo in order to pay a visit to Judge Andrew Morgan and his estimable wife both of whom were at one time my school pupils and graduates. I fully enjoyed their whole heartedness usually characteristic of those who received from me instruction.

From Provo I took a journey to Springville where I stayed over night with another of my dear daughters, Maryan and her family. Needless to state, Welcome was apparent in every word and act of every member. George, the husband I deem as a kind, thoughtful and honorable man in every way worthy of being mated to the clean minded noble acting daughter of mine. While there we were informed that my daughter Esther of Oregon was on her way to pay us a visit and on the Los Angeles train that evening she would pass through Springville bound to Lulu's at Palmyra.

Maryan and I were ready to greet her at the depot. As the train pulled in she was at one of the windows watching. In a moment down the steps she came abounding in liveliness. Such a meeting! What joy! I couldn't talk then. I boarded the same train and at Spanish Fork that Christian spirited loyal and sincere first child of my wife Amelia with open arms received my little girl. That night I spent at her home a sweet time. Indeed Pete, the boys and girls were of one accord endeavoring--as if to outdo each other in practical kindness--to let Esther know that their home was here. How glad it made me!

Next day I arrived home and was thankful to see my dear wife and little ones all well. After all home is the resting place if love and peace are there. I had been home but a few days when an invitation was sent me and Caroline to be present at a wedding reception--the happy couple being my daughter Zella and Harry Robbins of Salt Lake City. The couple were united at my son Alfred's home 9th East and between 9th and 10th South, Bishop Ashton officiating. Present at the wedding were Alfred and family, Chas. Bissell, his wife Amelia and son Francis; Sylvia and her husband and son Dean; my daughter Bessie, Caroline and I. Of Harry's folks there were present his father, mother, brother and two sisters and some of his chum friends. Everything passed off quietly and harmoniously. This took place July 15th, 1915 in the evening about 9 o'clock P.M.

While on this trip our little boy Alexander 7 years old wandered from home (Amelia's home) one evening, lost his bearings and was taken in an auto to the police station. Much excitement followed. My daughter Bessie phoned the police that our boy was lost and in response it was stated that the lost was found. Thereupon Bessie took the first car up town, found the lad and brought him back smiling. I asked "Alex" how he got along to which he replied, "I had a nice auto ride".

On the 18th my little boy and I returned home but Caroline remained until the 24th. On the 24th of July 1915 Santaquin appeared in her best pride and loyalty. The oldest settlers claim that no past celebration compared with it in quality and quantity of parade, program of usual exercise or in sports and amusements. Mr. Erick Bylund is particularly credited in producing such a fine showing. At the meeting house the services were conducted systematically. The choir, the martial band, the Mc. Laird[?] band, the singing and recitations were in perfect harmony with the occasion. One feature of the occasion stands preeminent and will be remembered because of its historical clearness, its patriotic fervor and its intensity of earnestness--the oration given by Professor John Preston Creer, supervisor of the Nebo schools.

On Sunday August 8th, 1915 Esther came to wish us goodbye. "Pete" and Lulu and Ralph were with her. Her intention was to return to California, stay with Maude awhile and probably get married soon after. Dear little Esther.

August 12th, 1915: This is our youngest child, Marcellus' birthday. He is five years old, weighs forty five pounds and in disposition kind, loveable and obedient.

August 14th 1915: Seventy five years ago this day I was born, and now, with the goodness of God, I feel quite well. Caroline, always thoughtful, prepared a bounteous dinner to celebrate Marcellus and my birthday. Around the table sat my wife and I, our children Sylvia, Drofna, Alexander also my daughter Amelia Bissell and her two youngest children Alfred and Blanche.

October 18th, 1915: Since the last paragraph was written I've taught six weeks in the Payson high school building. The school closed last Friday for a two weeks vacation occasioned to give the boys and opportunity to work in the beet fields.

Jan. 1st 1916. This opening day of a new year brings to mind how time fleets, how events multiply rapidly, how scenes--some entirely unexpected--unroll to vision depicting human greatness in successive progressive steps on one hand and the untamed passions of lust, cruelty and barbaric hatred on the other. Today and for about 18 months past a majority of the leading nations of Europe are putting forth their utmost might to strangle their adversaries to extinction. Already two powers--Belgium and Serbia--have practically lost their identity as nations and others are today trembling in the balance.

The predictions of the prophets, including those of the noblest of them--Joseph Smith--are being literally fulfilled. How soon the terrible carnage will cease is deeply problematical. Probably not until the sovereignty of kings, emperors and their satellites is demolished and its tyrannical stead universal equality is dominant may we expect "Peace on Earth".

I am now enjoying a two week's vacation which terminates Monday next at 9 A.M. at which time my labors at the Payson High School re-commences. Ada paid us a short but very pleasant visit, arriving on Christmas day and returning to Salt Lake City on the 28th. She brought a number of presents for the little ones and a beautiful silk waist for her mother. Octavia, too, came to spend 10 days. She seems to continue enjoy herself and give us pleasure with her presence.

She returns to Salt Lake City tomorrow on the Salt Lake afternoon train. My other children did not forget us with timely presents.

Just before the holidays I attended a convention of teachers in the Capital and had the opportunity of seeing Alfred and family, Amelia, Sylvia, Zella and families, also Bessie. Esther, being a nurse at the Dee hospital in Ogden, failed to meet me because required there.

June 23rd, 1916. On May 19th the doors of the High School at Payson closed and my labors ceased as teacher--as regular teacher with the probability of continuing in the educational field as occasional substitute.

On the 17th inst. I went to Springville to meet my daughter Maud who came from Sanfrancisco, Cal. to pay a visit. In the afternoon of same day Maud and I took the Orem R.R. to Salt Lake City, where I stayed visiting my children until the morning of the 20th inst., with proud feelings of having after about 10 years absence, seen her many relatives and friends. While in the City I had a private talk with Alfred in regard to "Teacher's Pension", Indian War Veterans Pension, family matters in which he is vitally interested, my financial understanding, work for the dead and other important matters.

An event of my life, one never to be forgotten, occurred the Sunday I remained in the City. Amelia my daughter, and I visited a Liberty Stake Business meeting relating to Sunday school work. At this meeting Elder Pack superintendent of the Stake schools, because of much laborious professional work at the University of Utah also other positions of trust and honor coupled with declining health, tendered his resignation as Superintendent. To fill the position he so faithfully and efficiently had done was an exceedingly important matter--a matter duly and thoroughly scanned, weighed and deliberately considered by the authorities of the S.S. Board. Well, my boy Alfred was the chosen one. What was said of him by Brother Pack and others that Sunday afternoon filled my soul with unmeasurable delight. Amelia, too, felt much as I did. Alfred is climbing upwards.

I am proud to have one more of my children baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. This one is Alexander. I paste his Certificate of baptism and confirmation hereto.

Joseph A. Rees.

July 13th 1916. Octavia leaves home today at 4:15 P.M. in a journey for Payson and from thence to Salt Lake City to seek employment. Here is a brief statement of hers just before starting.

[Octavia's handwriting] My intentions are going to the city for employment and always to keep the best of company. Octavia.

Octavia's resolution sounds well. If she puts her statement into living action her future will be one of comfort and personal happiness. The present-day, however, is crowded with temptations and sinful allurements, especially for unsophisticated youth who are, in many instances caught in traps cunningly set for their destruction.

The Evil One presents so many inducements, many of which to the innocent seem harmless. Picture shows under the guise of decency sometimes suggest thoughts of an immoral nature that find lodgment in the unsuspecting mind and there take root and grow, nourished by subsequent presentations and finally bear fruit of destruction.

A fruitful source of lust and crime is the dance hall with its fearful looseness, exciting passion to an uncontrollable degree and ushering both senses into the whirlpool of vice. Irresponsible persons in many places are the main ones--who for sordid gain and heedless of sin committed--in charge. Rules and regulations for the maintenance of good conduct are absent resulting in base capricious actions which if seen in a decent parlor would be sufficient cause for immediate expulsion.

A source of deep depravity is found in the so called "Joy Rides". At every hour of the night is witnessed young people whirling from place to place unprotected. According to reliable reports a majority of those night riders are more or less under the influence of intoxicating drinks which not only inflame their sexual passion to the degree of indulgence--a sad lowering of virtuous standards--but rob the intellect of caution, create a bogus bravado culminating in negligence and carelessness and often ending in a serious wreck.

I am of the opinion that a change for betterment can be secured through a close alliance of the various leading factors of society. Today each family stands more or less isolated from the rest of society as regards moral behavior. Again there is a very loose connection between the home and the school in so far as mutual cooperation based on an intelligent understanding is concerned. The laws, also, are extremely lax in their execution. The churches have their doors wide open on usual times, yet the attendance is very slight. Considerable stress is placed on learning languages, music, art and science which is commendable, but moral teaching as a distinct branch of learning is pitifully absent. A general spirit of material aggrandisement permeates the whole of society much to the exclusion of those more weighty matters that are calculated to enrich the soul.

Ada came home on a visit on the 3rd of this month, August 1916 bringing with her very acceptable presents for each member of the family besides giving her mother a five dollar bill. Ada has been and is considerate of others as well as her own welfare. In her employment she gives full satisfaction and consequently doesn't change positions. On the contrary, her employer is so pleased with her dependable work that rather than lose her service, high wages are paid to retain her services. She returned to Salt Lake on the 18th of August 1916.



Salt Lake Knitting Works

My daughter Bessie came on a visit three days after Ada's coming. Bessie is employed at the Salt Lake knitting works--Joseph F. Smith president. She, too, is reliable and constant in all her endeavors which, indeed, have proved worthy of her standing. It may be said that her ambition and foresight coupled with much independent exertion have placed her in the important position of Correspondent in the business affairs of the institution. Bessie's free heartedness will not be forgotten. Time after time she favors me with socks, garments etc. Nor does she forget her foster mother to whom she shows due respect in a practical way. Other members of the family are not forgotten by her. Bessie is my fourteenth child.

To pay me a visit on my birthday, August 14th, 1916, my daughter Amelia Bissell and her children Francis, Alfred and Blanche arrive a day before except Francis who came a few days before. It is exceedingly gratifying to have those so near and dear to me come with hearts full of love and words of comfort and deeds of help. Since her mother's death, Amelia has acted her part nobly with her sisters in open door, a welcome table, a restful bed and words of uplifting advice. She and children will return to their home 824 Washington Street, tomorrow August 17th, 1916.

August 22nd 1916. Recently I received a kind word from Maud who now lives in Pine Street Sanfrancisco. About the same time on the occasion of my 76th birthday my daughter Esther Leona wrote me from Klamath Falls, Oregon. Not only was her dear heart poured out in love and respect, as always, but inclosed was a Five dollar bill. Esther is one of the most thoughtful and charitable. A practical act of kindness, unsolicited, is a fair proof of the inward disposition of the giver.

On the 22nd day of August, 1916 my wife Caroline took the Salt Lake Route for Salt Lake City on a 10 day ticket purchased by Alfred C. Rees for \$1.80cts. On the 23rd, 24th and 25th she did temple work for the dead. On the 29th she returned home. While in the city she stayed with her sister Martha Hopkins and visited Amelia, Sylvia and Zella and was in company with Ada her daughter and with Octavia my daughter.

Oct. 17th, 1916. On page 141 I stated that my labors as a regular teacher are at an end. For 46 years I've devoted my best energies in the school room, in many church capacities, in some public affairs and in my dear home with wife and children--the most sacred place on earth.

I do not regret retiring. It is a necessary condition incident to advanced age. I am not forgotten, however, neither is justice asleep. The Board of Education having considered my long service as principal and teacher decided to keep me this school year in their service as substitute teacher at a salary of \$50 per month. Up to date my service as such has not been required. However, I've not been idle. In the interest of absentees I've visited the principal parts of the Nebo school district and held close correspondence with the teachers and a certain class of parents and guardians. I've been officially complimented on the results of this class of work in a leaflet published last month by John P. Creer, supervisor of the Nebo schools.

March 1st 1917. Since writing the last paragraph news reached me by letter from my nephew Zoram Rees of Lake Vista, Dolores, Colorado that his father, my brother David Leyshon Rees died at that place on the 2nd day of December, 1916 and was buried there.

I am the sole survivor of a family whose history is one of change. I well remember our strong family attachment, our devotion to the "new religion" we all embraced in 1848, our calmness while persecution raged, our boundless happiness in our religious gatherings and our love towards the travelling elders as they bore the gospel truths without purse or script. Then again when the spirit of gathering possessed us. It is far beyond my power to describe our joyous feelings in anticipation of the time when our "deliverance" would come. We sang and prayed and for years prepared for the event.

At last the time came. It was in the spring of 1855. No tears were shed although sorrow was in our hearts at parting with the Saints left behind and in bidding farewell to our dear relatives and many friends who were not of our faith.

Now concerning my brother David. He and I were baptized into the church the same night by Elder John T. Evans. As I now recollect, David had no strong and abiding interest in church work. His early inclination was to roam. He lacked the qualities of persistence and steadfastness. Soon after coming to Utah he left for California in 1856, returned in either 1858 or 1859 and soon went back to the coast. In 1863 he visited Utah again and in a few years after went east where his career had been more or less unknown to me. In the latter part of his life he became very much interested in the Book of Mormon but was utterly opposed to the "Mormon" Church.

I have strong reason to believe that he was very much deluded and that his delusion was an effect of antecedent conditions partly of his own making and partly from those over which he had little or no control. In his 80th year he passed beyond where he will be rewarded for all the good accomplished by him on earth.

Of late I've been seeking and getting subscribers for Whitney's Popular History of Utah in Santaquin. In this I've succeeded very well. When spring comes I expect to continue the same line in Payson, Salem and Spanish Fork.

Since the beginning of the year (1917), at definite, stated periods, I've been an agent here for the Utah Power & Light company, Provo. During about three days a month I read meters and for about the same length of time I gather light bill collections. I have found the work strenuous and difficult in going from house to house and from attic to attic through very deep snow and over

slippery places. However, I've mastered the work and mastery in a profitable cause satisfies the soul.

On the 11th of April, 1917 I went by rail to visit my children. My daughter Zella was quite ill. Her sickness was brought on by nervous prostration. She had been ill several weeks. Amelia and Bessie and I were with her Sunday April 15th and urged the presence of a doctor and a nurse. We succeeded. By letter I learn that she is improving. I visited at Alfred's. His wife and four fine boys seem to be doing nicely although Alfred's health has suffered of late through excessive mental labor. I also visited Sylvia's rented home. Sylvia although troubled with a mild form of tuberculosis has the merit of splendid energy in full action. Her husband, Frank, is a steady, sober man and Dean their son has a promising future.

I returned on the 16th of April but not until I secured passage to California of my daughter Octavia who will visit my daughter Maud at Kentfield, Marin County, Cal., her present address. I found Alexander and Marcellus in bed with measles. All others well.

Climbing.

Perseverance
Persistency
Proficiency
Faithfulness
Reliability
Loyalty

These and others equally meritorious have been the characteristics of my son Alfred whose portrait is on this page. May he ever continue along the path of honor and with his family, his father and sisters occupy a stand that all good men and our Heavenly Father will approve.



June 28th 1917. Of late I've had pleasurable visits of friends and relatives. Pete Nelson, His wife Lulu and some of their children came in their auto. Along with them was my daughter Sylvia and her husband Frank Harmon and their boy Dean.

Last Sunday the 17th inst. my daughters Maryan and Sylvia paid us a glad visit. Leona, Maryan's eleven year daughter came with them and remains with us for about a week--as Drofna's guest. Drofna expect to return the visit, accompanying Leona to Springville, her home. Leona is an exceptionally bright girl and has so many characteristics of her mother and in facial outlines so much alike.

George Goddard, a man with whom I was well acquainted, was a leader in organizing the first Old Folk excursions. On August 5th, 1915 I attended the Old Folks outing at Spanish Fork, and at Santaquin as seen below. These special gatherings are a great benefit in many ways: Renewing

old acquaintances, recovering forgotten memories, retracing scenes of former comradeship, rejoicing once more in the festivities of long ago, recounting mutual labors in many spheres of activity, refreshing the mind with music and song and speech, and appetite with the choicest delicacies. I fervently hope my posterity may, one and all, have the privilege to live to be one of those numbered as "Old Folks" and until then to always show heart felt respect to those who have lived worthy lives and are now nearing their journey's end.

On the 13th of July 1917 Octavia paid us a short visit of four days, and on the 22nd Amelia visited us bringing with her her little daughter Blanche, 3 ½ yrs old, to remain with us while her mother is away on a three weeks vacation in California. Ada, Caroline's eldest daughter, came from Salt Lake on the 9th of August 1917. She has worked at the Intermountain Telephone Company for about a year past and returned on the 23rd. While here she signed a Warranty Deed conveying her interest in the house and lot in which we live to her mother. Her visits are always pleasant.

I am closing my 77th year today or rather at 1 A.M. tomorrow. My dear mother who gave me birth was about 40 years of age then and afterwards lived about 48 yrs. At present I am in moderate health and am able to provide for myself, my wife Caroline, her daughter Sylvia and our three children Drofna, Alexander and Marcellus. We have an abundance of coal and wood, flour enough to last us about one year, a barn full of hay, a productive garden, about \$375 in a bank and withal we owe no person a penny.

As seen on page 150 I have a position for next school year and am now employed as meter reader and collector by the Utah Power and Light Company from which I realize on an average about \$23 per month of about 7 actual busy days. With this amount we are able to pay current expenses.

I never forget to rely on my Heavenly Father nor to sincerely thank him for his preserving care and many blessings. My wife, too, is devout in prayer and worthy action, and all our children are habituated to approach Him at meals and at bed time. Each of them send their supplications daily.

August 14th 1917. This is my first day of my 78th year. A brief retrospective reveals many events: bright and beautiful, grand and gloomy. Of 21 of my children 9 have parted this life and 12 remains. Maryan and Amelia are in the spirit world--noble women, faithful wives and devoted mothers.

Of my parents' family I alone remain. Of the saints I knew and loved in Wales up to my 15th year I know none who are today alive. Of those who crossed the Atlantic in 1855 and of those who crossed the plains same year but few remain.

Of those who with me volunteered to repel the invasion of Albert Sidney Johnson's army in 1857-1858, and who were my associates and companions in same during that troublesome time I am not aware of but one, "Tom" Winegar who survives. Later: Died March 1921. General Daniel H. Wells, Major Melancthon Burgess, Captain Thomas Howell prominent in the "Echo War", have long since departed.

My bishops during my youth and early manhood--Nathaniel V. Jones, Mitchell Cunningham, Robert T. Burton and Joseph Pollard each has made his home "in the silent halls of death".

Among the many illustrious, noble, God's servants whom I knew and whose memories I revere are Brigham, Jedediah, Heber, Orson and Parley P. Pratt, Charles C. Rich, Erastus and Lorenzo Snow, E.T. Benson, Franklin D. Richards, Orson Hyde. These are a few of the superb galaxy who have indelibly impressed their characters for all time among the Latter Day Saints and upon the growth and development of Utah and contiguous states. Their works while living were heroic, tempered with righteousness and justice leaving guide posts to direct the physical, moral and mental activities of those living after them along the way to material, intellectual and spiritual success.

Those I worked with, about 1866, on a culvert on north temple street--John Evans (Brenhin Sir Abertif[?]), Joseph Mathews, Theophilus Davis (Hoffe), John Isaacs sub contractor, Brother Mellon (one of the first Utah brewers), William Treharn and others whom I cannot now recall have passed away. How Strange!

Today I enjoy the happiness of a quiet home, a dutiful wife and loving children to which are added Peter Nelson, his wife Lulu and one of their children, also my daughter Maryan and her husband, George Reynolds and three of their children. Together we had a very pleasant time.

On the 27th of August 1917 my daughter Amelia and her husband, Charles Bissell came to take to their home in Salt Lake City their little daughter Blanche since the 22nd day of July, 1917. They returned after a very pleasant but too brief visit on the 24th.

On the 3rd October 1917 my wife attended conference in Salt Lake City, did work in the temple two days and returned home on the 12th of October bringing with her my daughter Octavia. Although I have written in brief about this summary for immediate convenience and all or nearly all whose names appear below I will make to bring the matter more in uniform with Temple statistics.

1. Name in full	Born			Where Born
2	Day	Month	Year	
3. Joseph Rees	14	8	1840	Fishguard, Pembroke
4. William Rees - father			about 1800	Dinas parish, Pembroke
5. Elizabeth Evans - mother			about 1800	Newport, Monmouth
6. Elizabeth - sister			probably 1832	South Wales

7. William - brother	5	7	1833	Fishguard, Pembroke
8. David - brother		1	1837	Fishguard, Pembroke
9. John Rees my father's father			about 1780	Dinas parish, Pembroke
10. ? - John Rees's wife				
11. David Rees - John Rees's son my uncle			toward close of 18th century	Dinas parish, 3 miles
12. Hannah Richards, father's sister			early part of 19th century	Dinas parish, 3 miles
13. Ann (Nanny) Lewis, father's sister			early part of 19th century	Dinas parish, 3 miles
14. John Lewis, Ann's husband			early part of 19th century	Dinas parish, 3 miles
15. Ames Richards, Hannah R's husband				Pembroke Shire
16. Catherine Rees - my half sister by my father	2	11	1863	Fishguard, Wales
17. Hannah Roberts, my father's wife, Catherine's mother			1841	Fishguard, Wales
18. Ann Rees, half sister, as above	30	12	1874	Fishguard, Wales
19. Mary Anna Rees, half sister, as above	31	7	1864	Fishguard, Wales
20. Elizabeth Covington Rees, my brother William's wife			about 1834	Haverfordwest, P.S.

1. Born	Died day-mo-yr	Baptized	Endowed	Manner of Proxies
2.				
3. Shire, Wales		1849		

4. Shire, Wales	19 - 3 - 1875	1849		
5. Shire, Wales	16 - 4 - 1887	1849		
6.	about 1833			
7. Shire, Wales	April 1885	about 1852		
8. Shire, Wales	2 - 12 - 1916			
9. Shire, Wales	6 - 8 - 1815			
10.				
11. From Fishguard	11 - 1 - 1838t Bengal, India army. His wife's name was martha. Died at Bengal, India after long service in the English army			

My daughter Bessie came down from Salt Lake on the 3rd of November 1917 and returned on the 5th. Bessie is now 27 years of age and unmarried, self sustaining and creditable. God bless her.

On the 21st day of October, 1917 I was ordained a High Priest of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter day Saints, at Payson in the tabernacle, under the hands of Jonathan S. Page Sr., Samuel Taylor [illegible] bishop and Elder [blank] Ellsworth. I had been an Elder since my wife Maryan and I were married in the Endowment house (prior to Alma's birth), about the year 1866 the year I took a company to defend the settlers of Sanpete Valley. Many a scene has passed since then, among them the sad loss of Maryan and Amelia, my wives, also the passing into eternity of several of my dear little ones.

January 15th, 1918. Since I last wrote herein some changes have taken place in my family: Alfred, after years of service in the Deseret News office took the position named on page 151. His wife gave birth to a baby boy the fifth in succession. My daughter Sylvia and Zella and their small families are in California for a brief period. Octavia gave birth at our home to a premature baby boy and at this writing Ada is home on a visit.

February 2nd, 1918. Yesterday I returned from an official visit to some of the schools of Payson, Spanish Fork and Springville. I also went to Provo and secured 21 subscriptions to Whitney's



Provo City Library Historical Photographs

Parker School, Provo, Utah

Councillor, Nicholas Wilson Principal at the Parker, Wells Brimhall of the Stock Exchange and Dr. Ephraim B. Hughes. While absent Vivan Olson, Caroline's son returned.

[Large illegible section]

I learn, since, from her that she is clerking in the Cohn's store, Salt Lake. I've recently received letters from Alfred who has just returned from a business trip to New York, Chicago and St. Louis Mo. Amelia, Esther (in Oregon), Sylvia, Maud and Zella in California have written lately.

On the 15th of this month and year--March 15th 1918--my wife, Caroline and I attended the dedication of the Rees school at Spanish Fork. Preparations of an elaborate and fitting character were amply executed, with Supt. of schools, John P. Creer conducting the exercises. About 800 school children, quite a number of citizens, former school trustees and once was County Superintendents, a representative of the State superintendency, some of my dear graduates together with a band of High school musicians and local singers were in attendance. Pete and Lulu, by special invitation, attended also.

Speeches were given in the following order, interspersed with music, solos, etc.: Joseph A. Rees, John P. Creer, Lars Eggerson, principal of the Provo schools and James L. Brown of the Brigham Young University, and a short talk by the architect of the building. After the exercises a banquet was given in my honor at the High school building and in the evening a public meeting commemorative of the event was held at the 2nd ward chapel. All in all it was an appreciative affair in honor of services I rendered as principal and as teacher in the Spanish Fork schools for about 20 years. With feelings of deepest respect for the tribute paid me I thank the promoters

Popular History of Utah. While at the Central in Provo Supt. Lars E. Eggerton invited me to speak in its Assembly Hall to a large number of pupils. I also spoke at the Parker in Provo and to two classes in Springville and also had the pleasure to teach a class 45 minutes in Springville. I stayed two nights at my daughter Maryan's place and one night at E.G. Bylund's in Provo. Wherever I went I was treated royally especially by my old-time students at Provo. Among them whom I saw at Provo were Judge A.B. Morgan of the Fourth Judicial District, Hyrum F. Thomas a Provo City

thereof and above all I do acknowledge the aid, the direction and the inspiration received of the Almighty.

Mr. D.H. Christensen, whose letter is on opposite page, was county superintendent of Utah County schools for 6 years during which time I was a member of the Teacher' Examination Board. After returning from the superintendency of schools, by voluntary resignation, he and family moved to Salt Lake City. His fame as teacher and his clean habits of life together with his broad mindedness soon elevated him to dignified positions one of which was Supt. of the Salt Lake City school a position he held for several years and until he resigned to take up the position printed in the above letter.

June 10th, 1918. Today I received a card from Bessie in which she states that she is troubled with weakness of the heart. Her work as stenographer and type writer is very exacting. That along with her natural tendency to be "on top" must cause her much physical discomfort. I pray God to aid her. Same day I received a letter from Esther at #709 Overson. , Portland Oregon. At date of writing she was engaged as telephone operator at the Campbell Hill Hotel and was "feeling fine". She writes, "Rec'd a letter from Maud today. Dave has been offered a position as assistant auditor on the New York Examiner. They leave Sanfrancisco this week for New York. Makes me feel very blue & alone to think of them going so far away from me as we have been so dear and near to one another. But I guess I'll save up enough money and go to New York too."

My children are widely scattered with no present prospect of all meeting at one time or at any time unless in the mercy of the Almighty we may meet on the other side. God be with them.

July 10th, 1918. Ada paid us a pleasant visit remaining until the 14th inst.

July 12th, 1918. Went on an Old Folks Excursion to Spanish Fork where I met many of my best friends. I also went to Springville to visit George, "Mae" and family. As usual I found them busy as bees. "Mae" is troubled with periodical headaches same as her mother and grandmother had.

August 14th, 1918. This day I am 78 years old and blest with moderate health. I have the pleasure of the visit of some of my children; namely, Amelia, Maryan with their (some of) children also Peter E. Nelson, Lulu his wife and one child, Bessie visited for a few days previously. Caroline [illegible] herself to the utmost in preparing for the occasion in which she was decidedly successful.

Were I to diagnose my physical and mental condition today with a degree of accuracy I would have to return to the days of my prime and compare my then with my now. Doing so I find myself sliding downward gradually. My steps are much shorter and slower and what was once considered a short distance is now quite long. I have a constant dull, but not [illegible] pain in my back. My memory is declining and my former alertness of recognition fades perceptively. My hearing grows duller. While not engaged in the service of the Utah Power and Light Company I devote my time tending cow, calf, two pigs and 45 chickens, besides I do some gardening, watering, etc. I do not allow any important news to escape my attention although I forget much in a very short time.

Sept 1st, 1918. This day I had the exquisite pleasure to see my baby boy--my 21st child, fully initiated a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Elder Alvin Elijah officiated in the baptism and Chas. A. [illegible] was oracle in the confirmation. My wife Caroline, my daughter Drofna and my 10 year old boy Alexander were family witnesses on the occasion.



Brigham Young entering Salt Lake Valley, July 24, 1847

Sept. 2nd. Drofna and both boys entered school for another year. Oct 3rd. Caroline in company with her mother, her brother Pete, her sister Christina and her brother in Law Axel Ahlers.

I am pleased with all progress and improvements for the betterment of man and can, therefore, but admire the lofty genius of the people of Utah in transforming the Utah desert into a Utah garden of rare fertility. For heroism in action and divinity in thought nothing in our whole history equals the sublime purpose, the unflinching integrity and pure devotion of those men and women representing the vanguard of those God-led exiles in their wearisome march and final

entrance into the Valley of the Great Salt Lake. To me there is a special charm attached to the slow but faithful ox team. How much more to that great leader, Brigham Young, also for Erastus Snow, Geo. A. Smith, Willard Richards, Chas. C. Rich and Ezra T. Benson seen viewing the wild waste of an immense solitude on the 24th day of July 1847.

J.A.R.
July 23rd 1917

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From a scrap just found!--

“Joseph A. Rees joined the Latter Day Saints church in the fall of 1849, was ordained a deacon in 1850, was ordained a priest in 1852. Preached in Fishguard, Dyffryn, Llandudoch, Aberdyfi, (Cardigan) and other places while under 14 years of age. Emigrated to Utah in 1855, arrived in Utah in October of the same year, was in Echo as a soldier part of the years 1857 & ‘58, returned to Wales in 1858, arrived there December 1858 and returned to Utah in 1861.”

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[News clipping of Melancthon Burgess, JAR's major during the early part of the Echo Canyon military imbroglio]

Matter that should have been incorporated.

In the early '60's General Connor, U.S.A. encamped at Fort Douglas attempted to over awe the Mormons by marching his troops down the East Bench towards the City. Among a number of others--being a minute man--I hurried to the defense. We rallied within the rock wall that enclosed the Des. News office, the tithing office and Pres. Young's mansions--the Bee Hive and the Lion House.

The day was somewhat exciting. We thought our Prophet was in danger of capture and yet to all appearance he was entirely unruffled. The civil law was supreme at the time and was respected and honored by all. Why then should the military assume the prerogative of the civil law or menace the peace of an orderly, law abiding people? "It shall not" was seen in all our actions that day, and it was well for Connor and his men that he hesitated, turned right about face and marched back to military barracks. Wise Mr. Connor.

I am proud of my record that day, proud that my humble presence inside that wall mingled with other willing men to do what I could and all I could to oppose military tyranny conceived in malice and directed against "Brigham Young the Lion of the Lord."

Indian Troubles

In 1866 the Indians were very troublesome in Sanpete County. I was appointed captain of a company to go to the aid of the settlers. My company consisted of John Wixey (dead), John Balser, James Ure (dead) William (Bill) Bess (dead), Robert Granger (dead), John Jones surnamed Sligo (living), Thos. J. Williams (living), Richard Keep[?], Wm. D. Johnson, John Smith, Ole Olson, and two others.

In May, probably the 11th, of that year we started on our journey arriving safely at Moroni in about 4 days. The most important event of our campaign was a sudden call while we were attending Sabbath services at Moroni June 24th to at onces start for Thistle Valley to aid Major Dewy and his company who were then besieged by the Indians. You bet we hurried. Towards sun down we reached the camp June 24, 1866. The Indians seeing a strong reinforcement of infantry, and cavalry commanded by John Ivy of Mt. Pleasant withdrew to the hillside covered with cedar and pine.

That morning (Sunday) two of Dewy's command went up a ravine close by to pick chewing gum. They fell into an Indian ambush. Charles Brown, one of the boys was instantly killed. Dave Jones escaped unhurt. The following day, Monday June 25th I was appointed by the officers in command to take the body of poor Brown to Mt. Pleasant for burial and Thomas Snarr to receive surgical aid. During the Sunday battle Thomas was shot through the upper part of one leg. The Indians by a clever ruse captured nearly all the horses and mules including a \$500 span of large mules belonging to Mr. Dinwoody a furniture dealer of Salt Lake City. I assure you that we were on the watch on our journey. For miles thick cedar bordered the road--a most convenient battle ground for the lurking Redman.

After this I was assigned to Wales, a straggling village on the west of Sanpete valley and about 6 miles from Moroni. We were away from home about 4 months for which I recently received the munificent sum of \$23.00 from the State of Utah "for service faithfully rendered". My military career ended in guarding Pres. Young in Grantsville in the early 70's. The pasted, printed matter appearing below appeared in the Des. News shortly after Maryan and I were married. The lines were written by that prince of Welsh poets, William Lewis.

To those living and to their posterity I here append a few condensed thoughts for their consideration:

1. The piety of usefulness is better than the usefulness of piety.
2. He who is induced to pursue that conduct which is most useful can be made agreeable by habit.
3. Error should be treated as a defect of knowledge rather than as a defect of right intention.
4. As the possible energy supplied by food is changed into the actual energy of heat and mechanical work, so may the soul food supplied in the revelations of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day saints be transmuted into spiritual and moral power of divine worth.
5. Truth taken for authority is fundamental, but authority taken for truth cripples the mind if accepted without rational investigation and logical deduction.
6. That which is incapable of proof is usually decided by desire and is without the foundation of certainty.
7. Virtue crowns only the brow of him where and when it is possible for him to choose vice.
8. A greatness of intellect without the heart touch of love and sympathy for others perishes.
9. The necessary raw material is freely furnished out of which the fabric of life, be it noble or ignoble, is woven.
10. Chemistry determines the component parts of soils, teaches the value of fertilizers in their relation to the growth of plants, but where is the science that can analyze even with a medium degree of accuracy the mind of man?
11. Zoology deals with noxious insects and the devastating effects of entozoa but I know of nothing that prevents the intrusion of evil thoughts nor a complete deterrent to bad actions.
12. Democritus declared that objects are always throwing off objects of themselves (eidola) which enters the recipient's soul. Is it not reasonable to believe that each individual emits, in invisible manner, the true, the real essence of his character? And if so, the emanations are so complex, so subtle as to defy tangible, reliable conclusion. But this does not prove their unreality.
13. The energies of youth impounded to a degree in a carefully and wisely constructed dam may be drawn in after time to run the engine of life along a well prepared track of usefulness, pass stations where commerce awaits and where multitudes of people applaud the wisdom of conserving possible energy for needed action.
14. Ambition is the spur to action, without it mankind would remain on the same level forever.
15. Unless ambition is wisely directed by reason a species of insanity urges its votaries into many unwise and dangerous excesses. Often the road it travels is too narrow for friendship, too crooked for love, too rugged for honesty and too hilly for happiness.

16. Children should not be kept in a state of dependence. They should be trained to do from an early period and thus learn the first lessons of industry that lead to self-sustenance.
17. Absolute contentment is not happiness. It is the rust of stagnancy and not the oil that lubricates the wheels of action.
18. Trial tests the fiber of man as the storm does the ship on the sea
19. Man is on a higher level now than ever before. Within ten late years more than 90 treaties agreeing to submit international difficulties to the Hague for arbitration have been consummated, yet wars may be expected.(Now and since August, 1914 Europe is ablaze in war)
20. We climb from level to level and the one occupied by us today is the criterion of what we are and not of what we've been. One continuous ideal of conduct is not to be expected at different levels of development.
21. Europe spends \$7,000,000,000 for war vessels etc. and has 6,000,000 men in uniform. Of all its revenue 72% is for war and only 28% for other purposes. Is that the way to usher in the Millenium? Swords, as such are not instruments of agriculture.
22. Of the immortality of the soul Plato believed that it existed in a potential condition in the womb of eternity during all the past and until it revealed itself on earth. Absolute potentiality implies absolute stagnation which would be a reversal of the doctrine that everything is in motion from the mote that floats in the sunbeam to multiple stars that revolve in space.
23. Gautama taught Nirvana as a state of absolute rest for the disintegrated soul that each atom of it would forever remain in a conscious condition of rest and peace. Untold, unnumbered millions have been and are adherents to that doctrine and eagerly wait their time of departure to enjoy their anticipated rest. On the other hand the Brahmins believe in the absorption of the soul into and by the Supreme Being. Christian ministers taught in my hearing, when I was young, that two states or conditions existed hereafter: one of everlasting singing and the other of eternal groaning. Mormonism teaches there are three degrees of glory either of which may be secured according to the merits of each based on compliance with the requirements of salvation and exaltation. Isn't this reasonable? Is it not just? But, then Mormonism teaches what God has revealed.

After remaining a few days at Pete's and Lulu's, Esther came in an Auto with them to our place. No one could have felt prouder than I to once more shake the hand and plant a kiss on the lips of one so true to me and mine. Caroline, too, received her with open arms as also did Octavia, Ada, and the other children.

Note

My brother David died at Lake Vista, Dolores, Colorado on the second day of December, 1916. Peace, David. Peace.

My brother David was three years and seven months older than I. We were baptized by Elder T. Evans at the same time in or near Fishguard, Pembrokeshire, South Wales in the year 1849. With the family consisting of our parents, our brother William and wife Elizabeth whom we called

Betsy, we emigrated to Utah in 1855 arriving in Salt Lake City towards the last of October in the same year. David went to California the next spring but returned to Utah about 1859. He returned however and came back again, this time as a soldier in Patrick Connor's army of California volunteers.