

This Story was written by Alice Pitman Nielson

Father

My father Daniel Pitman was born in Blaenavon Llanfoist Monmouth England, August 15 1857 son of James and Ann Hamblin Pitman. They joined the church and emigrated to America in September 1877. They had a long rough journey being three weeks on the ocean. They located at Spanish fork, Utah. Their first home, being a black smith shop. Later father purchased weeks on the ocean. They located at Spanish Fork bench and had a small adobe house built one large room in front and 2 small rooms in back. They planted fruit trees and alfalfa. It was very nice and comfortable and it was so neat and clean. Father was a coal miner and knew little about other kinds of work. He left his parents in Spanish Fork while he went to looking for work, I have heard him tell many times how he walked carrying his blankets on his back, and he also said at times he had woke up in the morning with six inches of snow on his bed. He worked at Mercur in early days and at the old bullion Beck mine at Tintic. He was leaded while working there and was very ill for some time. He worked the coal mines in Scofield being one of the first miners in the new camp.

When I was nine months old he moved mother to Scofield. He had built a little lumber shack one large front room with a lean to. The ceiling was factory and large flowered cretonne covered the large room. The winters were very cold and snow very deep. Mother and father said they suffered terrible the first winter in camp. This little shack was built on the hillside high up the wagon road we called it the dugway, went around the mountain just above the house. The powder house was just a short distance below, that was where the coal company stored the powder (black powder) used for shooting the coal in the mine, the railroad track was in the bottom. The canyon called Winterquarters was a long narrow canyon, houses built on the mountain sides it was a beautiful canyon, tall pines reaching high heavenward on the one side on the other beautiful wild flowers, quakenasp and large rocks it was indeed a beauty spot, a creek of lovely clear water made it's way on down the canyon alongside the railroad track. Later father bought a larger home further up the canyon it was much nicer and we were more comfortable. Our first home was just a short distance from Number 2 mine, and Number 1 was just across the canyon and the company store was near number 1 mine. The company office and boarding house was just across the canyon and the company store was near number 1 mine. The company office and boarding house were all near by.

Father worked long hours in the mines and much of the time during the winter months would not see daylight only once a week on Sunday, going to the mine before daylight and returning after dark. He was compelled to buy everything needed from the company store and prices were very high for everything. Father was considered a very good miner and had began working in the coal nits in Great Britain when only eight years of age. His father's health was not very good after coming to America and when I was a baby he suffered with a stroke, losing the use of one side of his body. After this my grandparents made their home with father and mother, also a young brother Meshach. Sometime later grandfather had a second stroke and passed away. A Mr Eccles made the casket for grandfather and father brought his father's body to Spanish Fork for burial. For sometime Grandmother and Uncle Meshach made their home with us. Later Grandmother married a Mr Thomas R. Williams a widower with 2 young sons Don and Edward. There were two older daughters, but they were married.

Father was very ambitious and liked to have things orderly and convenient he always told us children that if anything worth doing at all, was worth doing well, he always did his work

