

# HISTORY OF GEORGE PETER PECTOL

1841-1929

Compiled by Golda Pectol Busk, Granddaughter

## INTRODUCTION:

The first part of this history of George Peter Pectol is written in first person as related to his son, Ephraim Portman Pectol, my father. It ended abruptly at the death of my parents this information was left in my trust, and I felt a sacred duty to catch up the loose ends and complete the history of his father. Before the death of Fredrick Christian Pectol, another son, he gave me additional valuable information. The genealogy and history has been extracted from the personal day book and account ledger of George Peter, as well as the personal diary of his father, George Pectol, research to confirm dates, places, events, records left by Uncle "Chris", and last but not least a desire to do this for his posterity. In compiling this history, I have tried to record events as they were given and written by him, hoping it will be of interest and value to those who read it, and worthy of a true Pioneer who was very spiritual, following in the footsteps of his father, as well as a very civic minded person.

## GENEALOGY AND HISTORY:

Micheal Pectol was born at Krefeld, Rhinel, Prus., Germany about 1757. He married "Mrs. Micheal Pectol" who was born 1760. He came to the United States from Kerfeld and settled in Maryland. The Pectols went from there to Virginia, Tennessee, Indiana and into Missouri for where the Line of George Peter Pectol branched off into Utah. Michael's son, George Peter was born in Tennessee about 1870 or 1871. This George Peter had two sons Frederick and Isaac, who lived in Clark County, Indiana. This George Peter married Elizabeth Lidikay or Ludeca or Lydica, a daughter of Jacob. He died 6 Sept. 1846, and she in 1845. The following children were issues of this marriage: George, Mary, Frederick, Isaac, Margaret, Robert, Henry, Richard, Elizabeth.

George was born 17 Dec. 1805 in Sullivan County, Tennessee. Died 28 Sept. 1869 at Washington, Washington County, Utah. He married Sarah Reasor 2 Nov. 1820 who was born 8 April 1810 in West Shelby County, Ky. She died 7 Jan 1861 at Manti, Sanpete County, Utah.

The following children were born to this marriage: Dorothy, Elizabeth, Eliza Ann, Eunice, Mary Jane, Jemima Bell, George Peter, (the principal of this history), James, and William.

George and Sarah were baptized into the L.D.S. Church, he March 29, 1846 and she March 30, 1846. This ordinance was performed in the Missouri River by Elder Serine. They had heard the gospel and had journeyed to Nauvoo to talk to the Prophet Joseph Smith.

George Pectol left Indiana and went into Missouri. He belonged to some orthodox religion, possibly Baptist, as he and his wife Sarah Reasor were married by a Baptist Minister. He was chorister in the village where he lived, possibly a very active member. While in Missouri he operated a small general store. His daily account book and personal biography and journal pertaining to his family, his testimonies as to the truthfulness of the Gospel, sermons to his

family and many more accounts, begins with the date 1838 and ends after his settlement in Manti, Utah 1850. A copy of this Journal is microfilmed and can be read at the L.D.S. Church Archives, Salt Lake City, Utah. This is a priceless treasure and has given much insight into the lives of members of this family.

Persecution to the Saints became so bad that in 1849 the George Pectol family had to leave Missouri arriving in Salt Lake Valley 6 Sept. 1850, in perhaps Daniel H. Wells company. They were, however, with an organized group of Saints under organization such as Elders, Presidents, etc. There were 100 wagons in the train which were divided into two divisions with these divisions into companies of tens with a captain over each. He says "its the first time I have ever been where there are so many together". When they reached Salt Lake Valley they camped on the "Eunion Square" (sic) south west of the Warm Springs. They met with Eliza Ann who had left with Shepherd Pierce Hutchings the year before; after visiting here for a few days they, along with a few of their company, left for Sanpete county 10 Sept. 1850. On the 20th they arrived in Manti "in tolerably good health. With joy and gladness I felt to thank my Heavenly Father for this great blessing".

Here they met Elizabeth who had married Solomon Cowles Case, and "again met our beloved brother James P. Brown and his wife Eunice, Sarah's sister."

GEORGE PETER PECTOL was eleven years old and schooled under the tutorship of a very strict father in the ways of the spirit as well as physical tasks, he began to take his place in this community with his parents family.

This family left Manti in 1855 at a call from Brigham Young and moved to Heverville, Washington County, Utah. Remained there on the Church farm under direction of Joseph Horn for a period of about three years then they returned to Manti 1858. After Sarah's death he went back to Washington County in what was known as the BIG MOVE and settled in the town on Washington about six miles East of St. George. On the 21th of March 1861 he marred Mrs. Sarah Blazzard in Sanpete County; the ceremony was performed by Welcome Chapman. This wife, George Peter said proved to be a very "incompetent stepmother and divided and broke up the family. I, James and William, the only children left at home, had to leave. As children, hand in hand without even a bed or change of clothes, we, supporting each other set out to find a home for each of us." This was a very touching incident as told to my father by Grandpa George Peter, but is not detailed.

It is here that the recorded words by Ephraim P. Pectol begins.

"I George Peter Pectol, son of George Pectol and Sarah Reasor was born 25 Aug. 1841 in Clark County, Indiana.

After leaving home as stated above, we three boys went to the home of Robert H. Brown, a brother-in-law who married Eunice and stayed one week when we had to leave because they could not take care of us without pay and live otherwise. My brothers James and William returned to my father's home after council with the Bishop. I went to live with Solomon C. Case who married my sister Elizabeth. I was disturbed at the turn of events especially in the case of

William because on the death bed of my mother she took my hand and asked me to take of him. He, of course, was the baby, and was rather sickly. After living with my sister for about a month I left for Glenwood, Sevier County 1863 to assist Robert Glenn, Isaac Sampson and a number of men who were called to survey the town on Glenwood.

This occupied at least two days after which we surveyed and staked out the land for fields in lots of 10 acres each. Lots were cast for city lots, as were the fields. Some received twenty acres, some ten each. this took several days. Some compensation was received for this service, not in cash but in land. I received a city lot of ten acres. An amusing incident follows: Surveyor Glenn said: 'Do you see that rabbit?', indicating its movements with his finger. "There is where the ditch will run to water this land'. There is where the ditch is to this day.

Immediately after this I began building a house or shanty on my city lot. With my other work this occupied about three months. I hauled scrub pine logs for this purpose with a small team of horses purchased while I was working with the town survey. My brother-in-law Solomon Case and family moved from Manti and lived in this house for about two years when I traded it and lot for another lot on which I made a dugout where Solomon moved. After this I worked for Wm. Shorts two seasons and bought a small adobe house and the city lot on which it stood paying him for it with my share of the crop raised. During these months of preparing and scheming to gather something around me for security, my thoughts were of Will, as we called him. I wanted, as soon as possible, to be able to have him with me in order to carry out my dying mother's request.

Purchase of this house built by a mason by trade, took place shortly after my marriage to Annina Conradina Peterson, a fourteen year old lovely little Danish girl who was my very ideal of womanhood. She was born 17 July 1850 in Copenhagen, Denmark, the daughter of James (Jens) Kanute Peterson (Big Pereson) and Helena Kristena Hansen (Wyne or Wine accepted in Denmark) who had moved to Glenwood two years previous. We were married Sept. 14, 1865 at the home of my wife's parents at which time we moved into our little adobe house and started married life together. I was 24 years old.

I had previously enlisted in Warren Snow's Company to make a trip to Rabbit Valley to subdue a band of Indian marauders. Before going it was thought best to get married. Accordingly we secured the services of Bishop James Warham and were married at the home of my wife's parents. The whole town turned out and celebration lasted far into the wee hours of the morning.

General Warren Snow on hearing next morning of this event released me from this expedition saying he did not want to take me from my wife for three years. The company went forward without me. About three days after, a messenger, perhaps Joseph West, brought word that General Snow and Orson Taylor were wounded. I was detailed with others to bring them in, but my father-in-law prevented my by going himself in my stead.

The battle in which they were wounded, in which I would have been in, took place near the old site of the Thurber (Bickness) at the narrows where the Fremont River breaks through between the Boulder and Thousand Lake Mountains. The wounded came in on the date we gave our wedding supper Sept. 18th. General Snow and all of his company partook of the wedding feast and drank of the wedding beer. We remained a few days after this before moving to ourselves.

Warren Snow had been gone home but a few days when a band of Indians made a raid on Glenwood. In this raid Merrit Stanley was shot but recovered shortly. Wyley Allred and Dr. Speed attended to him.

The following men took part in driving the Indians away: James Warham, Seth Warham, Wm. Shorts, Peter C. Peterson, Solomon C. Case, Joseph Wall, Henry Hendrickson, Frank Wall, Tom Goff, Isaac Allen, James K. Peterson, R. W. Glenn, Charley Ahorts, Peter Oldroyd, Wyley Allred, Dr. Speed, Niels Nielsen, Isaac Pierce, Edward Payne, George Powell, Andrew Heppler, George Peter Pectol, Fiddler Anderson, Archie W. Buchanan, Archie Buck Buchanan, Peter Norfors, Thomas Bell, John Bell, James Killpack, Wm. Sampson, J. K. Polk Sampson, Abram Shaw, Bill Lawrenson, John Olsen and his father, Isaac Herrin, Joseph Herrin (these names must be Herring) Jim Killian, Gourd Potter, Andy Jukkuab and others. (there has been considerable space for other names never filled in).

In this fight an Indian raised his head above a rock. I shot at him. Sometime later we learned the bullet had penetrated his jaw. Sometime later I had cause to come face to face with this same Indian who recognized me, but did me no harm. In this encounter I was leading Merrit Stanley's horse away after one had been killed, a volley of shots was directed at me, the bullets falling all around me. I turned the horse loose, a gun was handed to me which resulted in the above statement. Merrit Stanley was wounded and taken to my house where he was cared for.

The Indians were of the Black Hawk band. The Black Hawk war in Sanpete and Sevier counties was caused by, or the first deprecation done in this War was the killing of Peter Ludvickson or Ludricksen in Manti, and driving off a bunch of his cattle. This happened in the very early spring of 1865. At this time Artemus Millet, Captain Seth Warham, Joseph Herring, Guard Potter, Jim Killian, Andy Killian, Elias Pearson, Carris or Currus Hill, and myself were detailed to see if the Indians had gone through to Grassvalley and to intercept them if possible. We went to the head of Grassvalley; Joseph Herring, and myself walked the entire distance across the valley to learn if possible the trail of the savages, if any. We found it impossible on account of the snow for them to have gone this way, as it was at least five feet deep and no tracks were seen. We camped on what it known as "Mahogany Ridge" for the night without a fire. This was one of the bitterest nights I have ever experienced. Return to Glenwood the next day.

Going back to the time Merrit Stanley was shot, I would like to record an amusing incident at that time. The Indians rounded the cattle and was driving them off North of Glenwood by way of Indian Creek. James K. Peterson, my father-in-law tried to intercept the drive but failed. He did not know he was behind the drive. At this moment an Indian took aim to shoot at him. He, in a dare devil mood, turned up spatting the seat of his pants toward the Indian. The Indian fired and then in turn, he turned up spatting his seat while Mr. Peterson fired at him. This was exchanged several times between these two would be enemies.

Charley Shorts and I were sent as messengers to Salina. We started, accompanied by ten men at the Black Knowl. We proceeded and crossed the River at Sigurd, then known as Neversweet, and before reaching the Dry Wash, we saw at least twenty Indians in the ceders west of us and another bunch at Rocky Ford who would have hemmed us in, but we turned and made our ways

back to Glenwood. A number of men from Richfield and Glenwood finally carried the express to Salina.

Not long after this Jorgen Smith's daughter was killed on the dugway between Glenwood and Richfield. I was one of the first to give them assistance. A man and woman who were caring for the Smith girl were going to Glenwood to the store. At this point the Indians rushed them killing the girl and ox team. The other two managed in some way to elude capture at first, but were also killed, The bodies were horribly mutilated. (This Smith girl, Mary, was an Aunt to Claud Holt who married Leona Pectol, daughter of Ephriam P. Pectol). This event took place 21 March, 1867.

Shortly after this tragedy the entire population of Glenwood along with other settlements were vacated for protection. (20 April 1867). The Glenwood people moved to Richfield where they remained for the summer. Mr. Millet would not leave his property for the Indians. he remained not being bothered nor did the Indians bother Glenwood while he was there alone.

Sometime during this summer the Indians made an attack on Monroe driving off the "Monroe Herd". Fourteen boys, ten from Glenwood and four from Rickfield and Monroe were sent to bring back the cattle if possible. Big Peter from Monroe, Albert Lewis, Marion York and perhaps a Nielsen from Monroe were members of this company.

We found the cattle abandoned, but pressed on toward Marysville for fear that this settlement was at that time under attack. This was undertaken after night. About 2:00 a.m. we passed the cattle. (Here the narrative is a little confusing. He doesn't record that the cattle were returned or that they returned heading back to Monroe or went on to Glenwood. There were Forts in both settlements and he does not indicate which Fort he refers to, however, I will copy it as written. I have concluded it was Glenwood from statements further in the narrative). Fifteen minutes later and almost at the gate of the Fort, the Indians opened fire on us. I was riding by the side of Albert Lewis and on our way he told me of his call to the Endowment house for marriage, but had not gone. He was in a mood of depression and low spirits saying to me that he would never make it back to his home. (This must be Glenwood he talks about). He was killed by my side at the first volley of shot almost instantly. Marion York was wounded. Feeling sure that Albert was killed my thought was to secure his gun which was over the saddle horn. Foolishly I gave chase following him (the horse) to the river crossing before it dawned on me to capture the horse which I could have done several times before. Thus, I rode three times past the danger zone apparently taking my life in my own hands.

On reaching the Fort, I was determined to see my friend Albert Lewis again. Thinking he might have been only stunned. I asked for volunteers to go with me, but General Potter was the only one to step out, doing so with an oath and a promise to go. We dressed the wounds of Marion York and also washed and examined big Peters wounds as he was sure he had been shot, but did not know where. No wounds were found.

The two of us then left to see Albert Lewis. A few minutes out we were overtaken by Captain Pearson who said he would court marshal us if we went on, so we turned back to the Fort. When

morning came a wagon was sent to bring in his body. I was one of the detail sent to do this. His body was taken care of.

We then followed the Indians who were driving the cattle over the mountain toward Grass Valley. At the head of the canyon we were but ten minutes behind them. A council was called. It was decided we were too few to attack so returned to Richfield with dead and wounded. Marion York died shortly after from his wound, but was married on his death bed to Emma Nielsen of Richfield. During the remainder of the summer we stayed in Richfield keeping guard over the settlement, but no Indians showed up. In the fall we returned to Glenwood, gathered what volunteer grain grew during the summer, dried it by a fire and whipped it over a door for threshing. In this ways we gathered two loads of wheat and hauled it to Manti and had it ground into flour.

There were no Indian disturbances during that winter, however, on 15 April 1867, we again deserted the town of Glenwood moving to Manti. It seemed the Indians were determined we were not to remain in Glenwood for any length of time or at all for that matter, but our determination was as great as theirs. This place had good land and abundance of water which was what both Indians and Saints needed for survival. However, rather than have any more of our number killed or taken captive, we did vacate the town until a later date.

We camped at Willow Bend, now Aurora, Utah the first night. Here our first child, George James, was born in a wagon while the camp slept, 15 April 1867. What an experience for my sweet young wife who had so courageously and faithfully stayed by my side during the above harrowing experiences we encountered with the Indians. It was joy when we were together for I was not home with her very much during her first pregnancy. Her parents were wonderful to help us through these nightmarish experiences, and great comfort to her during her pregnancy. She was a delight to all of us. (Lack of modern conveniences didn't seem to hurt Uncle George. He grew into a big strapping healthy man). The next morning 16 April a child was born to Mr. and Mrs. James Williams. The next day 17 April we went as far as Gunnison arriving at Manti on April 18th, where we lived at the Albert Smith's house during the summer. He gave us a small piece of ground on which we raised garden truck. During the summer we built a house for father Peterson and moved in with them in the fall.

It was here in this year 1867 that I enlisted in Daniel Henries Company for protection against Indians. I took my turn standing guard during the summer, and it was during this summer that Foutz and Vance were killed on Twelve Mile Creek east of Gunnison. I was one of the party sent to bring them in. Apparently this was the last of the trouble with the Indians in this section of the country and was the end of the Black Hawk War. I served from 1865 to 67 in this War. Peace treaty was signed in outdoors in a beautiful grove of trees situated between Burrville and Koosharem.

Much more could be said of this affair and possibly should, but years have passed and with them incidents that should have been recorded as I will end this part of my life's story and begin on another phase."

I interrupt the narrative here to insert a matter of importance.

Department of the Interior, Bureau of Pensions. Washington, D. C. July 27, 1917. "The claim of George P. Pectol late of Captain Artemus Millets Co., Utah Cav for pension was received July 3, 1917, and has been numbered 14245. The claim will be considered when reached in its order, and the requirements, if any, duly communicated. The number of the claim, as given above, and the soldier's name and service should be indorsed on every paper relating thereto which may hereafter be filed in this Bureau. Very Respectfully, Signed G. M. Saltzgaberg, Commissioner". Through the act of March 4, 1917 he was duly registered as a Veteran of Indian Wars and received a small pension for such. He also received a medal presented to him by the State of Utah for his services. A Black Hawk War veteran marker has been placed on his grave at the Teasdale cemetery by the American Legion post in recognition of this service. Record of service in Indian War, in his own hand writing reads: "I enlisted about 1st of May 1865 in Glenwood Sevier County Utah. June 5th 1866, May 4th 1867 in Manti, Sanpete County, Utah in 1867". It appears there were two enlistment dates and discharge dates in Glenwood, and one in Manti.

Narrative continues: "I secured about two acres of land east of town, Manti, and five acres in the fields north of town. Just prior to this I went to our Bishop Andrew J. Moffet to rent a few bushels of wheat for planting and for flour. This he refused me and said he had no authority. I then asked for potatoes of which he had plenty. The wheat and potatoes were tithing. He had purchased the potatoes for himself and was feeding them to his calves. I became very angry and told him I would not pay any tithing again to him. This I should not have done, but my word was kept for he died shortly after, a year or two, on the street in some fit. (This light thrown on his character leads to believe he was "a man of his word!") His family had about all left him. Bishop Moffit made his own coffin, and one day Warren Snow called in his shop and seeing it hanging over head asked him why he had made it so far in advance. He replied: "I want everything dry and light so I can go through Hell a-flying, so I won't have to stop and see you."

In the spring of 1868 I left Manti with my family and returned to Dixie by way of Fillmore, Utah. I do not remember whether the team we used was mine or my brother Jim's (James), but my father met us at the foot of Black Ridge near Ash Creek, with an ox team. Two days later we arrived in Washington, Utah. Ten or twelve days were spent on the trip. My father and his wife, Sarah (2) had separated so we moved in with father. His wife occupied the old home on an adjoining lot. My brother James (Jim) had married Mariam Blazzard, a daughter of father's second wife. They had three children at this time, Effie May, James and Roy. Effie May died at age of two years. Shortly after we moved there James died of pneumonia. Mariam later married a man by the name of Steers. My brother William was at home with my father.

The next summer 26 July, 1869 my father walked from Washington to Toquerville and back, a distance of about 70 miles. On his return home he drank water from a cool spring known as Grapevine spring. This was the beginning of his last illness as it affected him immediately. He did some light work for awhile, but finally took to his bed and never recovered. He died Sept. 28, 1869 and is buried in the cemetery at Washington, Utah. His wife came and assisted in his illness which was very much appreciated.

As stated before, by request of my mother, after father's death Will lived with us. We stayed in Washington, Utah that winter where I worked at my cooker trade. Sarah Christena, our second child was born in Washington, Washington Co., Utah 22 Jan. 1869. Died Nov. 10, 1936.

Incident that strengthened my faith. Father Boggs took sick. Brigham Young was there. He said: "Do you want to go to meeting?'. Boggs said, 'Yes, if I could.' 'You may if you want to.' I was instructed to get a stick from a peach tree for a cane. Boggs got out of bed and walked to meeting. Was made well. George Ross was healed by my administration. I was called to administer to him. I called for Henry Herriman. He told me not to wait for him as I was needed. I found George Ross very ill and suffering out of his head. I administered to him. When Herriman arrived he was well and talking.

We moved to Springdale, Kane (Kane) County. A short time after, Will came to us on horse back. While in Springdale, we were there for two years, our twins Francis and Franklin were born, but died a few minutes after birth on Oct. 15, 1870".....

The narrative ends at this point. With the encouragement and support my mother, Dorothy Hickman Pectol, gave me and the keen memory of Uncle Chris Pectol, who at this time is living in American Fork, Utah at the age of 89 years, and his daughter George Pectol Gibbons, I am trying to pick up the loose threads hoping to weave them into a colorful story of this proud man, my grandpa George Peter Pectol.

Grandpa George again relates: "We moved from Springdale to Glenwood, Sevier County in the fall of 1871 where we made our home in an adobe house in the north west part of town. There on 2 Dec. 1871 my second son Frederick Christian was born. In the spring of 1872 we drew by lot ten acres of land and began farming at the same time working laying adobes, plastering, etc. (He was a proficient adobe maker and I have the old mold). I continued with this trade until the United Order was established in 1874 into which I entered.

On the 17 of April 1873 Lovina Loretta was born here. She died 24th day of Sept. 1874. May 16, 1875 another son Ephraim Portman Pectol was born to us. This was our 7th child in the ten years we had been married. (Ephraim's death came suddenly 8 Oct. 1947).

UNITED ORDER IN GLENWOOD: 1874-1879

COPY OF AGREEMENT TO LIVE THE UNITED ORDER - GLENWOOD, UTAH 22 Apr. 1874.

We the undersigned do mutually and severally agree to join the United Order of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints with full intent and purpose of living its spirit and objects to this, and we have hereunto affixed our names.

1.



2. -

3. Jens K. Peterson

4. Helena C. Peterson

5. Emma Peterson

6. Johanna Peterson

50. George P. Pectol

51. Annina C. Pectol

There are 117 names affixed to this document. Kens K's sons Joseph and James are also listed. On 11 July 1875 and July 20, 1877 all members were rebaptized with covenants to observe the rules given to the United Order. These baptisms were performed by E. K. Thurber and J. K. Peterson at Glenwood, Utah. This information was extracted from Film #25980 Glenwood ward membership records, p. 124, 128.

I turned my property into the Order and began work 1 Dec. 1874. My first assignment was on the railroad where I worked for 48 3/4 days at the rate of \$1.50 per day. I returned home on Feb. 3.

While in the order my work was varied, working on houses for different people, in the fields plowing, harrowing, leveling, planting, hoeing, mostly irrigating and harvesting grain. We did our cutting grain with the old time cradle, a frame of wood attached to a sythe for laying grain evenly at it is cut. We would race cradeling to see which could cut the most in a day. Have cradled as much as five acres in a day.

The following excerpts from my day book while in the order will give you some insight as to my activities at that time: I worked from the beginning until it broke up doing so with all my strength both spiritually and physically with only one goal in mind and that was to please my Heavenly Father.

Feb. 10, 1875, Commenced teaching school. Continued until March 26 having taught 26 days.

March 1, 1875 to 30. Work consisted of plastering making adobes, and all kinds of farm work tending stock, herding sheep fencing, cleaning grist mill cellar, etc.

June 30, 1875. Got Liberty pole for celebration.

August 13-31. Harvested, repaired threshing machine, fenced stock yard, threshed peas.

Sept. 21, 1875. Helped survey Kings Meadow. The rest of the month was spent cutting cane for molasses, hauling cedar posts working on granary and corral fence.

November 26, 1875. I prepared stage for theater.

Did very little work for myself this year.

Beginning Jan. 1876 a few more items of interest were added to this day book. I ground bark for the Tannery. Got wood for myself, distributed flower, attended a court case for C. Brimhall, C. Powel, C. Zufelt and others. Hauled house logs to Indian Creek. Today Feb. 21, killed a pig for myself.

March 1, I came home from work sick. It is spring and much work is needed to be done, even though I am still sick, March 22.

April 1, 1876. More spring work done on farms. Hunted shade trees, made roads and hauled shade trees to be planted.

April 16 was Sunday and I rested.

In June 1876 a saw mill was built after which I spent most of my time running it. I continued teaching school part time in the winter season. Was interested in dramatics and took part in most of the plays that were put on. I was a fairly good carpenter and I helped build stages and prepare scenery. Roads had to be built into the mountains for timber; a dairy was established in Grass Valley; fencing had to be done and I was detailed to help with much of this work. I presume I have helped build half the houses in Glenwood up to this time.

I did not neglect my church duties and was in attendance at all my meetings whether in Glenwood, Richfield or Salina.

July 4, 1876. Big Celebration. 24th I stayed home attended celebration.

Nov. 30, 1876. At home. Annina sick.

Dec. 25, 1876. Christmas

April 28, 1876. Attended meeting for President Brigham Young and Company.

Jan. 5, 1877. Prepared stage. Played "Robert M\_".

Jan. 19, 1877. Prepared stage for The Golden Farmer.

Feb. 15, 1877. Went to Monroe. Played The Golden Farmer on the 16th.

Mar. 10, 1877. Prepared stage. Played "All that Glitters in not Gold".

Mar. 11, 1877. Sunday. Day for rest.

Mar. 28-29, 1877. Went to Grass Valley to find place for dairy.

The following month is typical of my time spent:

April 1877

1. Sunday. Will's birthday. He came to live with us in 1872.

2. Running Saw Mill 1

3. Same 1

4. Fast day at home 1

5. Running saw mill 1

6. Same 1

7. Same 1

8. Sunday 1

9. Rolled A. W. Buchanan's land 1

10. Irrigated A. T. Oldroyd's ten acres 1

11. Rained 1/4

12. Irrigated A. T. Oldroyd's ten acres 1

13. Prepared stage. Played Mar Price Pops the Question 1

14. Rolled Herndricksons land 1

15. Sunday

16. Irrigated Hendricksons fraction 1

17. Irrigated A. T. Oldroyd's ten 1

18. Same 1
19. Same 1
20. Irrigated T. K. Petermen's land 1
21. Irrigated J. Herrings land 1
22. Sunday
23. Irrigated Petersons land 1
24. Irrigated J.K. Petersons land 1
25. Went to Grass Valley to work on dairy 1
- 26-27-28. Went to Grass Valley to work on dairy 3
29. Sunday
- 30..... 1

May 1, 1877. Have been in Grass Valley at dairy. Came home to find Annina quite sick.

May 31, 1877. All through the month of May, annina has been sick.

July 5, 1877. Fast day at home.

July 14, 1877. To Richfield. Elder Hide (Hyde) present.

On Dec. 3, a son William Wallace was born to us at Glenwood. Annina has had a hard time through this pregnancy. He died Oct. 8, 1878 at Glenwood, Utah.

Another page out of my day book is comparable to others. It begins on the following page.

Feb. 28, 1877 Dr. Cr.

to E. Peterson for saving \$2.00

to labor in shoe shop 85

to labor 1 load wood 2.25

by sawing 7557 ft. lumber 2/3 e \$50.36

Mar. 31

to labor in shoe shop 50

1 theatre ticket 25

18 bu wheat 4 months 130 23.40

45 lbs. chicken feed 2 1/2 97

60 lbs. chicken feed 1 1/2 90

1 theater ticket 25

by 2 day plastering J.K. Petersons house 3.00

1 day plastering C. Powells 1.50

3 3/4 Grass Valley 5.62 1/2

sawing 1219 ft. lumber 2/3 8.12 1/2

6 days H. Hendricksons 9.75

2200 adobes for Charles Powell 5.50

Apr. 1

to 1 load wood 2.25

Niels Olsen making gate 1.00

6 bu corn 96 5.76

by 7 1/2 days by C.P. Pectol 11.25

12 days by H. Hendrickson 18.75

sawing 2211 ft. lumber 2/3 14.74

40.38 \$128.30

By Bal. \$ 88.28

Jan. 4, 1878. Prepared stage and played Maralda and His Last Leggs

Jan. 25, 1878. Played Mary Price and the Yankey Peddler

Feb. 9, 1878. Went to elsenore (Elsinore) to teachers institute.

Mar. 28, 1878. Had meeting with E. Snow and W. Woodruff

April 10, 1878. Mary Jane, my sister, paid a visit.

I have made a few more entries in my day book which I thought should be recorded: On page 42 beginning with the 18th Nov. 1878 it reads:

Nov. 18, 1878. Sunday went to Salina and Redmond.

Nov. 19, 1878. The United Order has not been a success. Preparing to go to Grass Valley to build a house and ditch. Returned home on the 21st and made all arrangements Completed my log cabin and ditch. Returned home on the 21st and made all arrangements Completed my log cabin and ditch for water from Spring Creek and arrived with my effects on the first day of April 1879 to begin again, after five years of hard toil and little compensation, another chapter of my life hoping I could locate some place and make a permanent home for my family to enjoy along with the blessings they so much deserved.

April 15, 1879. Sowed wheat after grubbing the land. April 29, planted potatoes."

Before we leave Glenwood, I will add, there is a feeling of home there. A longing to return often and try to recapture the many situations, customs and a more personal insight of my grandparents. One reason this little town is so dear to me is because my father was born there and the little adobe house where he was born is still standing, vine covered and old. The short history he has left has added some interest to this history. He adds these thoughts.

"Shortly after the town of Glenwood was surveyed families began to sift into this picturesque pastoral countryside so full of charm and beauty, to make their homes. It was with nostalgia my mother's parents, Jens K. and Helena Peterson, thought this nearest to their beautiful Denmark and they were content to make their home here. It here they are buried.

By the time 1865 rolled around my father had establish himself as one of the very first settlers in Glenwood, and later his family through the marriage of my father and mother; two young people who had every right for romance, courtship, and marriage even though adversities surrounded their union for some time. The story of their hardships, deprivations, their fight for existence, their faith in a Supreme being, all lead us to believe that the tie of marriage and devotion to each other was not just a thrill of loves dreams pulsating in their beings, but some deep love of the old fashioned kind which they knew could and would last into the eternities. The story of their

romance is a closed book to us as it has gone to the grave with those two of whom we speak, as their personal secret and maybe that is how it should be. Their oneness with their everlasting love has endowed us with a proud heritage. My father was first school teacher in Glenwood, second assistant in the first Sunday School organized there May 14, 1871 for 6 years. He was road supervisor and justice of peace or constable; 1st counselor in Sunday School 1877 10 1880; Secretary 1881-87/ He was a musician and active in dramatics.

I remember as a child seeing father working on the house, one room. He molded the adobes, sun dried and mixed the mortar, did the mason work and completed it for occupation in three months besides earning a living for his family. I remember him shaving leaves from cane preparing stalks for crushing, the juice of which was made into molasses. He handled cow hides and worked in the leather tannery. I was just a small child, but I also remember everyone wore home-made shoes, overalls, jumpers, hats, etc. These things and pioneer incidents indelible themselves in my mind at that time.

I am not familiar with the childhood life of my father or incidents pertaining to it. Being part of pioneer life, I suppose it ran parallel to all other children of pioneer times. He was taught the value of hard work, dependability, concern for his fellow man, sacrifice, and above all honesty and integrity. I know he had a wonderful devoted mother whose family was everything to her. She cared for and loved her children with all the material and spiritual wealth she possessed. His father was a god-fearing man and his religion seems to have been the one thing that meant everything to him and he was concerned about their spiritual welfare. He counseled deep testimonies in the hearts of all their children, for it was for the gospel they had left their home in Missouri, friends, relatives and many earthly possessions to come to Utah. It was hard for Grandma Sarah to believe in the law of polygamy which caused much friction between them at times. However, I can say he respected her wishes and did not live it. She tried hard and did walk in the path of righteousness helping every way possible to keep her little family together although it was hard for her at times to submit to some of the hardships she had to endure. She became very lonely at times and longed to go back to see her parents whom she dearly loved. However, with the steady guiding hand of Grandfather, and her determination they guided their children with love and understanding. They have held fast to the truths of the gospel and were respected in the communities in which they lived. MY FATHER WAS ONE OF THESE CHILDREN. I am proud of the heritage that is mine through this family.

When Glenwood held its big fund raising celebration toward a new Chapel, 24 July 1946, I was given a special invitation to represent the Pectol family at this event. I have visited our little one room home which still stands and is lived in. May it always be a memorial to our family."

SPRING CREEK AND CLOVER FLAT, APRIL 1879-MAY 1888. Left Glenwood March 27, 1879. Again from Grandpa George Peter's day book we quote: "After planting was over worked a road in the canyon and got out some poles. On the 2nd of April 1880 J. E. Peterson, Uncle Eph, my wife's brother, arrived here with his effects. He built a house for me and moved into the one that I had built. My brother William Pectol and Joseph farmed with me this year. I continued

farming and improving during 1881. In the spring of 1882 we moved our effects down on the Manin Creek, where I settled on a quarter section of school land. (In teach township there were three sections set aside for school purposes. If sol, rented, leased or otherwise, all proceeds go to the schools for their maintenance. Section 2, 16 and 32 are set aside for this purpose). With all the home-made, awkward, inefficient farm implements I even took on six acres of land for Neals Johnson. Raised 180 bu. oats and 54 bu. wheat on his land and 242 bu. wheat and 95 bu. oats on my own land. A total of 571 bu. We had good water rights on the Creek, and rich virgin soil to till and raise crops in. In the spring of 1883 the boys and I grubbed (cleared land of sage brush and greasewood) about fourteen acres of land and put it into wheat and oats. Raised 260 bu. oats and 50 bu. wheat on my land, and 230 bu. on Neals Johnson's land. Total bu. raised during the summer of 1883 were 542.

We hauled timber and put up about 200 rods of fence on my own land in March 1884. I bought forty acres of land from Neals Johnson for which I gave \$1.25 per acre, and I also let him have about fifty or sixty acres of my school land. We cleared about ten acres of the land I bought from N. Johnson on the 5th of March 1884 as soon as the ice and snow began disappearing. Finished putting in our grain on the 10th of April 1884. Raised 482 bushels of wheat and oats all together during the summer of 1884. Myself and my boys put up about 100 rods of fence for ourselves. In 1885 myself and boys put in about 35 or 36 acres of grain on our own land, and about eight acres on Allen Froshees. Raised 1,134 bushels grain this summer.

During this summer there was trouble over the water and in the fall of 1885 there was a law suit about the same between Neals Johnson, James E. Peterson and George Brindley defendants, and James E. Forshee, Byard Smith, and Rubin Jolley, as Plaintiffs in which the defendants lost \$150.00 damages and about \$175.00 cost. This loss also affected all the farmer in the district. The water was taken away from us.

In the summer of 1886 our crops netted 228 bushels of grain.

This turn of event caused another set-back. In 1887 I went to Cainville, Wayne County, Utah where my sister Dorothy and husband William T. Carrell were living. This place seemed to be the answer to my prayers. I bought twenty acres from George W. Carrell, William T's father, and five from my brother-in-law William. I paid \$80.00 for this twenty five acres. I raised about thirty gallons of molasses, some corn and about five tons of lucern hay and a little garden stuff. This helped sustain us until I could get my effects in order to move to this place.

We left Clover Flat and wintered in Grass Valley in 1887 making plans to go East into Wayne County in the spring. I will say here that my eldest son, George James Pectol and Gertrude Clark, of Koosharem or Grass Valley, were married on the 10th day of May 1888.

My father, Ephraim P. and Uncle Chris, his brother, tell a few human interest stories that I would like to record here. "Spring Creek is a small stream running down from the West mountain past what we called the big black knoll. Father built a one room log house about one mile south east of the Black Knoll before he moved the family there. That summer was mostly spent in getting out timber for building corrals and stables, and a lean-to on the house when we were not clearing land or tending the small crops we had planted in the spring. We would go down to the



"bottoms" (meadow bottoms), cut the native grass with a sythe, rake it together with a hand rake and haul it home two miles for the stock during the winter. we stayed on Spring Creek only two summers. There was not enough water to insure enough crop for our sustenance, and in the winter of 1881 much suffering and loss was felt by the livestock all around us. The snow fell so deep that cattle could find nothing to eat; even the Sage brush was covered and so cold that many cattle froze to death. This known as and called thereafter the "hard winter."

One night about 9 o'clock the dog made an awful howl and wouldn't be quiet. Soon we heard the neighbor dog and upon investigating, discovered a man by the name of Ketchum and a boy about fourteen or fifteen years old riding up to the house. Mother soon had a warm drink for them. We also rubbed them until they were warm. Our brother George took the horses and fed them. After a warm supper our visitors felt better. Mr. Ketchum decided to go on two miles to James Forshees ranch, but the boy, I don't remember his name, stayed with us all night. When Mr. Ketchum came back the next morning, the sun was shining brightly and they felt very much refreshed and were on their way grateful in their hearts for what they had received from us.

The next summer we moved down on what was known as Otter Creek, as Uncle Chris remembers it. There was much more water there and we were closer to pasture for the cattle. We worked hard and soon had a large productive farm in operation. (The large farm of those days would be nothing compared with today.) We had changed our team of oxen to mules then to horses and George boasted about plowing two acres a day with his team and hand plow. We prospered there for quite some time. We had accumulated about twenty head of cattle, two teams, and a lovely riding horse; built three room home a very commodious house we thought, and had it furnished quite well. This little settlement of Clover Flat is now named Angle.

Uncle Eph, mother's brother, built what we called the Hawthorn Patch on the south side of a point later known as the Brindley Point and father built 2 1/2 miles further south. Niels Johnson was a swedish bachelor who settled near us and boarded with our parents. The Brindleys were an English family who settled on the river one mile above or north of the Brindley Point. Joseph West settled his family within three miles further north.

An irrigation company was formed and farming began on a much greater scale. Seborn Humphrey and family moved in in 1881 building near our home. Byard Smith and family with James Forshey, a bachelor, the Ruben Jolly family, stockmen, owned most of the meadow land between our pasture and the town of Coyote, now Antimony, This land is now covered with the waters of the Otter Creek Reservoir. Allen Forshey came from Washington County. In the midst of this small but interesting group, the next seven years of our family life is centered in Clover Flat. George, Christ, Stena and Port came with our parents from Glenwood.

While living in Clover Flat, Sunday Schools were held in our home. Father traveled from here to Beaver, Utah to serve on the Jury many times. He was the first school teacher at this place and our first schooling was under him. He was certainly a teacher of the "old school". My, what some interesting methods of punishment were used at that time! (Why weren't some recorded?). Mrs. Allen Forshey was the second teacher along with her father. School was held in one of the rooms of Allen Forshey's house. She taught there then later her son Bert taught. We remember times when the snow was so deep we children would wrap burlap around our shoes to keep our feet

warm. George would lead the way, Stena follow and the rest of us according to age followed. You who have lived through hard winters can only know what those winters were like. We were clothed in the warmest and best our mother could provide. We survived and were none the less bad off for this experience.

Father saw to it that Sunday School was held about every Sunday. First in his own home, and later at the home of Uncle Eph who became Superintendent. How we loved him! I can see him now standing there with his pencil for a baton leading the singing. How we would all try to sing as loud as we could. Father was not one to neglect his religious or church duties, and saw to it that we two, Chris and Port were baptized in the creek just in front of our house 16 August 1883 by Volney King. Chris was confirmed by Cluvert King and Port by father. We belonged to the Antimony Ward. Culvert King was Bishop.

We were happy in Clover Flat those years. Although we had but little of this worlds goods, we didn't worry much about it. At least we children didn't seem to.

There was no trouble to amount to anything with the Indians. However, we did get a scare one night when father was gone and we were having our "Saturday night bath". Little Port, as we called him, was in the tub when a knock came on the door and in walked several Indians. Mother almost drowned Port. As soon as they had taken as much food as they could find, they left with only a grunt. In her fright, mother had almost drowned Port!

Children born at Spring Creek and Clover Flat were: Dorothy Amelia, 18 Sept. 1879 at Spring Creek, died March 1930 at Salem, Utah. Effie or Effa May, born 26 August 1882, died 23 April 1884 at Spring Creek; Joseph Archie born 24 March, 1884, died 16 August 1896; Tilman Ray born 25 Oct. 1887 at Spring Creek, died 5 Feb. 1888.

Making plans to leave our home and farm was not easy. It was such a big part of us. George was 20, Stena 18, Chris 16, Port 12 and Tilman Ray just a baby few months old. We children felt this was OUR home for we had worked hard on the land, our roots were deep and we loved our home. Our father had made a decision, however, reluctantly, we tried to make believe we were all busy helping to sort, pack and load when all the time we were wishing it were only a dream. Our hearts were turned to our mother as we watched her caress one little keepsake after another. We listened to her hum one of her favorite hymns as she quietly supervised the packing of her household utinsles, clothing and furniture for the long hard, dusty road to Caineville about ninety miles east of Grass Valley. Dear mother, we marvel that your frail body withstood all the hardships and sorrows you bore during your lifetime. Now, when father came in, the hustle and bustle began. It was hard for him also, but never once did he add to our unhappiness by a negative word or action. We had to sell all our cattle but one spotted cow. This cow was tied behind the wagon, more easily led than driven. Some of us children had to drive her until she became used to the rope and would lead easily. Little Archie at four years tried to be a big help to mother.

After our family prayer, we started on our way. Some riding, some walking, all of us crying. The tear stained cheeks of our little mother will never be forgotten. She was a lovely, sweet, beautiful, affectionate, thoughtful mother, very small but ever willing to do her part. Her main

concern was her family. Her thoughts turned back to the little twin graves, Franklin and Francis, they had left in Springdale; Lovina Loretta and William Wallace, in Glenwood, and now they were leaving two more here. Effie or Effa had drown in Spring Creek 23 April 1884, and the baby Tilman Ray had died Feb. 5, 1888, four months old. Their little bodies had been put to rest by our parents with a little homemade wooden marker to indicate where they were, and dedicated to our Heavenly Fathers keeping. Thus my mother, father and we children turned our faces to the east and set out into another dawn.

### CAINEVILLE

We were five days on our journey. The country over which we traveled was beautiful in most parts, but the roads were, especially from Torrey on east exceedingly rough. Often mother would have to hold to the wagon or bows over which the cover was stretched to hold on and many times she and we children would get down and walk over some very bad places.

Down over Sand Creek, Sulpher Creek, past the twin rocks, on down to Chimney rock, the majestic red sandstone Rock which stands out away from the main ledge alone resembling very much a chimney hill. In many places the road was steep and always narrow. Sometimes it took more than two horses to pull the wagons up hill. It was almost impossible for wagons to pass each other if we had been unfortunate enough to have met one.

On down to Fruita a beautiful little vale almost surrounded by ledges several hundred feet high. There were only two or three homes there at that time. Thence south to the Capitol Gorge, or Capitol Wash as it was commonly called, a very narrow gorge with ledges on either side several hundred feet high at the entrance, but lowering as one passes on down. Those tall ledges were frightening. All we could see was the sky above us for miles through it. Our little caravan would have been doomed had a bad storm bee encountered while traveling this route. It is hard to explain traveling and camping conditions; there was much to be desired, but we got along with what we had. We knew no other way, and we accepted it. There were times of fun along the way climbing hills, looking for caves, wondering what was around the next bend. We played hide and seek in the hills along the way and when we camped, took care of our animals; exhausted we slept out under the stars anxiously awaiting what was ahead of us the next day. One cannot comprehend the beauty of the trees and wild flowers we found along the way. We swam in the Dirty Devil river which was an exciting adventure for kids whose swimming hole had been nothing but the small creek we lived on.

Pleasant Creek was the next stop where Jorgen Jorgensen and a family by the name of Smith lived. We found it very windy and the sand was blowing so hard we could hardly see. One day as we were cooking and eating our dinner Isaac Norton decided the place should be called "Unpleasant Creek."

From here on the road was more sandy and not so rough. These roads were no more than cow trails as we would call them today. However, what we called the "Blue Dugway" was a very

steep hill and quite often we would have to double up the teams on one wagon to get it up and then go back for the other. This dugway was very narrow; wagons, or even a horse and wagon, couldn't pass each other only in one or two places and, MUDDY! It was nothing but blue clay and would stick to the wheels of the wagons until sometimes the mud would rub up to the wagon box. It would have to be dug off with a shovel or big stick.

This hazardous piece of road lay behind us. We were now in Caineville Valley only two miles from the town. People, teams and all concerned gave a sigh of relief. On the 19th day of May we arrived with most of our effects in Caineville. When we gazed on this little garden of eden, we knew our father had not been wrong in bringing us here. Our mother's tears dried and we all began the task of creating a nice home and farm in this beautiful place."

Grandpa goes on to write: This summer we rented a farm from John and George Burr. During this summer 1888 we got out a set of house logs, but did not use them for that purpose. In the spring of 1889 we bought the farm and improvements on the rented farm. George and Gertrude had come with us so I let them have the house and farm I had bought of the Carrells. In the summer 1890 we commenced grubbing and improving, sowing lucern and we raised 150 gallons of molasses, some corn and 42 bushels of wheat, about eight or ten ton of lucern hay, a little garden truck and in 1890 we continued improving building corrals, stables also bought one set of house logs from Enoch Larson. Paid one cow and \$10.00 cash.

Jesse LeRoy was born to us 5 April 1889 the first year we were in Caineville. He was the last child born to our union.

We continued to improve and enlarge our holdings. We were happy and proud of this for the house that I had bought with the farm and the improvements we made, was the best one in the valley."

Grandpa's recorded words end here. However, I will continue with notes Uncle Chris gave me, as well as my own, and put it in the first person as though Grandpa were still telling the story.

In 1892 we continued to improve and enlarge our holdings. Nothing of an unusual nature happened, however, some facts of interest that are history making I will record here.

On Sept. 28, 1893 at a special conference held at Loa, the Saints residing in the Fremont Valley were separated from the Sevier Stake and organized into a new Stake called Wayne Stake of Zion. Six wards were created under direction of William H. Seegmiller who was president of the Sevier Stake of Zion. At that time it comprised all of Sevier county, the northern part of Piute county and 1/2 of Wayne County. Walter E. Hanks was set apart as Bishop with George B. Rust first Councilor and myself, George P. Pectol, as second. I held this position until I moved to Teasdale in 1910. this position afforded me a lot of responsibility, pleasant work and much satisfaction in knowing that I was engaged in the Lord's work. I will say there, that during my whole life since joining the Church 14 Jan. 1850, I have been active in the church wherever I have lived. I was ordained to this position by Apostle Francis M. Lyman.

While we lived in Caineville, our lives were filled with varied experiences. Even before our homes were ready to live in, we began bringing water in to irrigate our crops. When the canal company was organized I was appointed secretary, and did that service for a number of years. The upkeep of the canal was very expensive owing to the nature of the soil adjacent to the river and numerous floods to which the river was subject to during the later part of July, August, and September. It was almost, if not impossible to put a dam in the river that would stay longer than from one flood to another. Often the canal would be washed away in places near the river. Much time and hard work by all available manpower and horses was spent trying to keep water available for our crops. They consisted of sugar cane, alfalfa, grain in small amounts, corn, all kinds of vegetables, and melons which were available, which were the basic foods used for us. All kinds of fruit was abundant because of the climate. We would haul a load of molasses to Rabbit Valley (towns above Torrey in Wayne County), trade it for wheat, get it ground into flour at the old grist mill between Bicknell and Torrey to take home for bread and cereal foods. One gallon of good rich molasses was worth one bushel of wheat. Being so far away from market which had to be reached by team and wagon and over the kind of roads I have mentioned, sometimes requiring a weeks time for the trip, was very discouraging. We soon learned of, and developed ways of becoming more self reliant, independent of outside consumption, and ways to take better care of our surplus. O, yes, we had to scheme, plot and plan for existence. No one questioned whether or not we could...we did!

Hay was a scarce commodity. Some people had to cut their sugar cane when it was about four feet high. A good feed for stock, but difficult to cure. We herded our stock and grazed them along the river where there grew abundant wild cane and other forage which the cattle would eat. Here we faced another problem. There was quicksand at places in the river. Almost every day some animal would have to be dug out; other times we would be less fortunate and the animal would go under.

The river I speak of from Caineville to the Colorado River is known as the "Dirty Devil", a mighty good name for the water in it was muddy and dirty. When it flooded one would think the Devil surely was in it the way it tore its banks and washed land away taking crops, fruit trees, and even homes. Our canals would fill up with sand until we were compelled to devise what we called "sand gates" several of them down the ditch for about a half mile. These were placed several feet below the bottom of the ditch and when the hole and ditch above was full of sand the water master would turn the whole stream out until the sand was washed back into the river. This saved much hard work for us men.

In 1909 a disastrous flood came washing much of our crops, fields and homes down the Dirty Devil River (Fremont River) leaving chaos, utter disaster in its uncontrollable courses, taking with it the canal we had so laboriously built, and all we could do was stand and watch helpless, brokenhearted and discouraged. The task of relocating was so overwhelming that many of the old settlers, and in fact many of the younger ones, abandoned the town under the advice of the Wayne Stake Presidency. Some of us moved to a larger farm at Teasdale which the Church

bought from James Mansfield and divided it up among us who had left our homes, and sold it to us at cost. I drew 20 acres, John G. Carrell, 40 acres which he traded to my son Chris.

No more than ten families lived in Caineville at this time. William T. Carrell and some of his married children, the Chancey Cook family, Isaac Norton's family, Bill Foy's family, Stephensens. They were all sturdy and tried pioneers, farmers and stockmen. There was our family along with George and Gertie, and we all worked together helping each other as needs arose.

I was the third presiding Elder of Caineville as well as officiating in other organizations.

There was very little need of civic organizations here in Caineville. Every celebration, etc was under supervision of Church leadership. Even though there was little or no broken laws, I was elected Justice of the Peace for some time. (2 May 1892-96). The Pectol family took an active part in our social, educational as well as religious affairs. Chris was in charge of all dramatics for a long time and helped arrange and direct most all plays. Recreation consisted mainly of dancing and baseball. Blue Valley and Cainville used to join together in both sports although the towns were ten miles apart. We joined in sports competitively, other things socially. Those were the good old days and I thoroughly enjoyed them.

March 16, 1892 Sarah Christena was married to Joseph Huntsman Bankhead in the Manti LDS Temple. George James and Gertrude (Gertie) were sealed to each other 7 Nov. 1888 in the same Temple. Chris married Dorothy Lucinda Carrell on the 16th of June 1897 in the Manti Temple. This same year Chris was called on a mission to the Eastern states. He left in November of that year where he spent twenty-nine months preaching the gospel. After their son Floyd died 25 July, 1989, George and Gertie left Caineville and moved to Sigurd, Sevier County, Utah. He worked for Dr. Shock for several years. He died of the dreaded cancer suffering immensely. Both are buried in Sigurd cemetery. Dorothy Amelia married John William Carrell 13 April 1898 in the Manti Temple. After his death she married Heber Petty. Port married Dorothy Delilah Hickman 21 June 1899 in the Manti Temple. Jesse married Minnie Alveretta Carrell 28 Sept. 1911. They were endowed 18 Nov. 1912 at Manti, Utah. It gives me much pleasure to know that all my children have been to the house of the Lord to be married for time and eternity. The distance they had to travel to do this was no obstacle to them for they knew it was the right principle.

My good wife and I tried to give the children as much education as we could. Port was not a healthy child. After he had gone as far as he could in the school here, we sent him to Glenwood where he went to school and lived with my wife's parents for two years. In 1897 both Chris and Port went to the Snow Academy at Ephraim where Chris was when he received his mission call. Port also attended the B.Y.A., now BYU. In 1907 he was called from Caineville Ward to fulfill a mission to New Zealand where he was district president and taught school part of the time he was there. Port went out to preach the gospel leaving a wife and four little girls to support as well as help to sustain him on his mission. Dorothy (Dot) has told us she could not have managed without our help as well as brothers and sisters along with the wonderful people of Caineville. I failed to mention that when Chris left his wife pregnant with their first child.

It is with many regrets and many fond remembrances that we leave our homes in Caineville; over twenty years of our lives have been spent there. Many, many are the happy days, months and years spent here. Among our happiness have come some sorrows and sadness in misfortune, death, sickness and almost unsurmountable difficulties which beset us.

Our son Joseph Archie who was born at Spring Creek was accidently shot and killed while playing with a gun at the home of one of his cousins. We leave him buried in the cemetery by his little nephew Floyd and his grandparents William T. Carrell and my sister Dorothy who donated the ground for this purpose. There are others here whom we have loved.

After Grandfather Peterson died in 1899, Grandmother Peterson came from Glenwood to live with us until she died 1st June 1903. She asked Chris to promise he would see that her body was laid beside her beloved husband in Glenwood which he did. Chris took her body in a wagon to Glenwood which took nine days, but the satisfaction that came from it paid off in large dividends in happiness.

In 1909 on November 2nd I received a personal invitation to be a special guest in Manti, Utah as one of the "pioneers who assisted in the establishment of a settlement on Nov. 1849 or joined the colonists within the following ten years, Manti's 60th anniversary."

#### TEASDALE AND TORREY

After leaving Caineville with what we could salvage of our belongings, we went to Grover, Utah, 1910 and lived in a house Port had purchased from David Stewart until we moved to Teasdale in 1911 or 1912. All this has been very hard on her and her health which has not always been the best is now failing more rapidly, asthma being the main trouble. She is a wonderful wife and mother. Our youngest son Jesse is married now leaving mother and I alone again as before our children were born. Thirteen times she has laid her life down and some times dear death to bring into this world our wonderful children. We thank God that we have such loving and devoted children and grandchildren. They visit us frequently bringing cheer and happiness into our lives again. Now, may the good Lord see to it that in our remaining years we may have the privledge of enjoying each other in the quiet confines of our home.

We built a four room home on the lot we bought on Teasdale. William is living with us as he did in Caineville and Glenwood.

I tried to run the farm on the Mansfield tract and with the help of Chris did a fairly good job. I find I am not able to do hard work any more. I do the riding jobs, Chris does the harder ones. I am 71 years old now. Jesse moved to Upalco, Duchane, County.

I took great pride in my team of horses, Kit and Bess. When I was unable to do other work I took Bess and Kit on the mower and cut they hay or marked off the grain. I get much pleasure in seeing plants grow. I take inspiration from them.

We enjoy our association with the people of Teasdale. The same spirit is everywhere. My church work gives me much pleasure here as other places I have lived in. During my ward teaching I was assigned to a district in which the Niels Larsen family lived. The wife and girls were especially active members, but the husband wanted nothing to do with the Church. He had refused to listen to former Teachers, but somehow was attracted to what God had me say, and with the spirit accompanying it his heart was touched and soon after joined the church. He said I was the first teacher to touch his heart and I had made him the happiest man in the world. He died several years true to the faith.

On Dec. 3, 1918 my good wife Annina died. This one of the hardest trials of my life. Blessed be her name. We buried her in the Teasdale cemetery. After her death my daughter, Dorothy, whose husband had previously died, came to live with me. She was a comfort and help to me. She lived with me for two years when she married Heber Petty. After she left I discontinued farming and rented my farm out to Chris. He also managed the cattle.

Dorothy kept in touch with me often. I worry about her, but she tells me in her dear letter that she is fine.

Port and Chris are so good to Will and me, each in turn providing a home for us and their good wives taking care of our needs. Although I must quit most of my physical labor, I help a little with the garden, and putter around at the farm with Chris. It is only three miles to Torrey to Ports. I enjoy each change.

A year after I moved in with Chris, his house burned down so they moved into my house to care for Will and me. Chris built a sawed log room on the North end of my house where Will and I spent most of our time reading, talking, playing a game of solitaire, a game of checkers which we especially enjoy, or just reminiscing of bye gone days.

There is not much Will and I can do any more. (1925) We know the time for our passing is not far away. Will has been a blessing to us, always helpful and understanding. He never married. There was not a single girl around who could say that Will Pectol did not show her the best times, escorting a wagon load of them at a time to dances and parties. He could not have been contented with any other life than a bachelors. He enjoyed seeing all his "girls" having a good time.

What we have learned of life and experiences of those have gone before, we must all return to earth. I contemplate on this event. Sometimes a smile of pleasure permeates my face as I think of the happy meeting with my good wife, children, relatives and friends over there waiting for me. The thought of leaving those who still remain is painful, but I know they will continue to do well taking their place in this world of men, remaining upright and steadfast to the gospel. My presence is not helpful here any more and I am sure I will be able to find something I can do when I leave this earth.

Having been active in the Black Hawk War, the Government granted me a small pension of \$24.00 a month. With it and the rent from the farm I am able to increase my savings a little for the children when I am gone.



May the time not be too long. God bless all of you I pray."

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF GEORGE PETER PECTOL OF TEASDALE, UTAH

I, George Peter Pectol of Teasdale, Utah, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, and wishing to make just disposition of all my worldly effects, do hereby make, publish and declare this to be my last will and testament, hereby revoking all former Wills and Testamentary writings of whatever nature heretofore made or signed by me.

First, I direct that all of my just debts and funeral expenses be paid by my executors as soon after my demise as possible.

Second, I hereby give and bequeath the remainder of my property to the following names heirs and equal one seventh or share and share alike, as it has increased or decreased from the property as herein-after listed:

Sarah C. Bankhead, Fredrick C. Pectol, Ephraim P. Pectol, Dorothy A. Petty, Jesse L. Pectol and Gertrude C. Pectol and William Pectol.

Third, I hereby nominate and appoint my sons, Frederick C. Pectol, Ephraim P. Pectol, and Jesse L. Pectol executors of this will to act without bonds. And I direct that they immediately after my demise proceed to distribute the property I may have in accordance with the directions above.

The following represent my earthly possessions and I declare it to be my sole estate undivided either by deed or contract written or implied, on this the date of my signature to this document.

One farm of 40 acres of land near Teasdale, Utah

Value-----\$2000.00

One house and improvements with two city lots in the town of Teasdale,

Value----- 1040.00

Cash in bank----- 277.00

Cash with E. P. Pectol----- 1298.00

Cash with F. C. Pectol----- 150.00

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Total 4766.00

Household and personal effects to be distributed by my executors. It is further understood the land and improvements has been deeded to Fredrick to hold in trust for the above heirs.

In witness, thereof, I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed my seal this 3rd day of April, 1926.

George P. Pectol

Signed, sealed and declared by George Peter Pectol as and for this last Will and testament in the presence of us, and each of us, and we, at his request and in his presence, and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses on this 3rd day of April 1926.

William Smith, residing at Torrey, Utah

Alfred Ostberg, residing at Caineville, Utah

, residing at , Utah

Note: The page of this document is torn. Cents on the valuation total are missing leaving incomplete entries.

George Peter Pectol passed away 14 Jan. 1929 at the age of 88 years. He was living at the home of his son Port (Ephraim P. Pectol) at this time, Torrey, Utah, buried at Teasdale, Utah at the side of his wife Annina.

Grandpa had never had any serious illness. His death was contributed to his age. However, a year or so before this he was hit in the head by a belt which had slipped off a gasoline powered motor while working at some job in the yards at the farm. Even at that age he was active and I am sure Uncle Chris let him do small easy jobs to keep him happy and gave him the feeling of being needed and of some help. He was never completely well after this accident.

Before his death Grandpa was bedfast for several months. Due to the fact that his other children lived quite a long distance from Teasdale and Torrey, Uncle Chris, my father and their wives, the two Dorothy's, saw to it that he had the best care they could give him. I remember the constant care he required, and without a washing machine, dryer, hospital equipment, it was a hardship, but they did not complain and had no regrets in doing this for one they loved. Eventually there was a gasoline powered washing machine which Grandpa generously provided for there two women.

Grandpa was always so proud of his farm and surroundings. He worked hard and it was sure death to any weed that got in his way. He enjoyed helping in the home gardens; he loved to see things grow. It was said that George Pectol was the only one in Caineville who could raise

potatoes. The secret was in the irrigating. He always watered his potatoes during the night when it was cool, claiming the warm water and hot sun during the day would scald them.

He always raised good crops; they were the blue ribbon crops of Caineville. The first grain he raised there was threshed by driving or riding the horses over the grain and straw that had been scattered on a packed dirt floor. When the grain was all out of the heads, the straw was removed and chaff winded out by pouring the grain out of a bucket into a wagon cover. The chaff was blown away leaving the big yellow kernels of grain on the cover.

"Molasses Candy Pulls" were always fun times to get together. this sort of candy pullins is called Taffey now. Nothing went to waste in those early days. The skimmings from the molasses was made into "White Eye", a spirits drink.....and did they enjoy it! I remember a story my father told about a neighborhood get together while they were in Clover Flat. He was just a small boy, but remembers the dancing and fun making went far into the night. He was awakened by the men trying to see which one could kick his leg up and touch the ceiling of the house. What a competitive feat in athletics! Homemade, homespun fun. The ingenuity of these pioneer people amazes me. In early pioneer days the word of wisdom was not observed as strictly as it is now. I wonder if it didn't take some of edge off everyday life in order to take out a living and keep their sanity in some of the godforsaken places they lived in.

Grandpa was baptized 29 June 1850, in the Platt River by Elijah Evrett, and confirmed that same day by his father George Pectol. He and Grandma were sealed in the St. George Temple 26 Oct. 1874. However, index card from the Church Archives says it was done in the Endowment House. I use this record, as they were living in Glenwood at that time and Salt Lake was closer, as well as having relatives living near there.

In the early years of the Church everyone was re-baptized several times or whenever they felt the need for spiritual uplifting. Grandpa was re-baptized in Manti 11 May 1851 by Orvel S. Case and Charles Shumway confirmed. If a re-baptism would make better people, his children could have been angles for he did rebaptize them also. He probably got the idea from his father George who was always baptizing his children upon the least provocation.

Ordinations:

Deacon, Washington, by Robert Covington, 1855 (Covington was the Bishop)

Teacher, Washington, by Robert Covington, 1859

Elder, Manti, by Gustus E. Dodge, 1863

High Priest, Loa, Apostle Francis M. Lyman, 1893

Grandpa paid his tithing faithfully. His son Uncle Jesse says he remembers he had a trunk full of tithing receipts. He never went in debt for anything.

He also recalls that his parents studied the scriptures and there were very few men who knew the Bible as well as Grandpa did.

Caineville Ward microfilm records let us know that he was "duly called and appointed to write the church records and history of the Caineville Ward, and it is filmed in his own hand writing. He was a beautiful penman. Sometimes I do believe Grandma taught him some fancy Danish letters which he used in his handwriting. This film also records the Pectols in Caineville 29 May 1887. This is possible for he was in Caineville himself before he moved his family there.

Recorded on the 14 May 1888 he was first Assistant Superintendent to C.H. Cook in the Sunday School. He loved his Sunday School.

I have a copy of the old Sunday School Record book of Caineville. I wish everything recorded therein could be given here. According to the record he prayed in most every meeting. He must have known how to petition the Lord for most anything he wanted for the people of Caineville. It is interesting to note that whoever was presiding had the chance to pray, or those presiding seemed to think the Pectols could deliver good prayers. George James, was superintendent of Sunday School in 1889. He was also a teacher in Sunday School and taught the principles of the gospel thoroughly and carried on class discussions with the older men as well as teaching the younger ones. He was released 1894 on the 9th of Sept. His wife, Gertie, was the only Secretary throughout all the years she and George lived there.

Grandpa really was a spiritual man, and very Temple minded. After Grandma died he did ordinance work in the Manti LDS Temple for several years, for his own family as well as others. Gerti was his companion on these occasions as Uncle George had previously died.

The first meeting house in Caineville which was built under the supervision of Bishop Hanks, George Rust and George Pectol was also used as a school house. Caineville and the area surrounding was the most populated in the early years of Wayne Stake. Because of this is and climate, there being no problem for fresh foods and good food prepared by the people, Stake Conferences were held here also in this 30 X 15 one room log building. The amazing thing was that an Organ for these conferences was hauled from Loa down and back in a wagon. What dedication!

Grandpa owned and operated a sorgum mill in Caineville, in fact it was the largest, Isaac Norton and George B. Rust and Seamon Goulding were partners. Apologies to you dear brethren, but was this where the white eye was made?

There is a little one room log cabin with a fireplace and a lean-to along the old road going into Caineville which Grandpa purchased from E.C. Behunin. Is covered with wild shrub and falling down. There is a beautiful marker placed in front of it honoring all the early pioneers of Caineville. Since the new road has gone through, it is isolated and very few people know it is there. History lovers and tourist are denied its quaint structure, and the beauty of the Marker.

Uncle Jesse leaves these thoughts also: "Father and Mother's standards were to go beyond the call of duty, or in other words, go the second mile and feel good about it. I have seen them when

selling honey, potatoes, hay or grain, add an extra piece of honey to honey buckets, and an extra bucket of potatoes to the sack, and a little extra grain or hay. I never questioned whether they were right or wrong in the things they did because I knew the spirit of the Lord was their constant companion.

I never knew my father to ever miss his Ward teaching call. When he got so he couldn't walk very far, he would put a horse on the little black top buggy and go.

I can still see Mother at the old spinning wheel turning out yardage which she had made by washing the wool, carding it and making her own yarn."

Grandpa was a fairly large man. He was a stately person always neat and clean in his appearance as well as his person. I remember his beautiful white hair and long white beard, the twinkle in his eyes, the spontaneous smile, and the round knob cane he was so proud of. I always remember him in a white shirt, never without suspenders and arm bands around the upper part of his arms to hold his shirt sleeves in place. Could have been fashionable for my father wore them; or as the saying goes like father like son. In my memory too is the last picture of him and Grandma together in their old buckboard leaving Torrey after a visit with us. This was early fall and my grandmother died in December.

There were many amusing incidents in our lives when Grandpa and Uncle Will (his brother) lived with us. One was their eternal checker games over which many explosions erupted over some little fool thing one or the other did or said. I remember Uncle Will jumping up scattering checkers all over the room with disgust, and can still hear him say, "George Pectol I won't plan another game with you." We children watched in amazement the next day or even a few hours later they would be finishing the game. I realize as I grow older that such trivial matters can soon be patched up through love. There two lonely brothers needed each other. Will died the following year Oct. 1st 1929.

With apologies to my Grandfather I must relate this amusing incident. While he was living with us it was his privledge to go to the store and pick up his peppermints which he always carried in his pocket. Occasionally he like a little "chaw of tobacco", and when he got his peppermints he would sneak a small cut, not realizing anyone saw him. One time this backfired and he looked like a child caught with its hand in the cookie jar. Bless his heart we loved him. He didn't want to hurt any of us by letting us know he enjoyed that little vice--possibly another thing we could contribute to his long life.

Grandpa was a firm believer in discipline and the family worked hard for what they had. He was an optimist believing everything possible. I definitely believe he was the boss in his family. Do you?

He was, however, openminded and made it possible for both old and young to enjoy happy times in their home. I believe Grandpa sent out the invitations and told Grandma about it later.

My sister Fontella Webster says she has helped him pick out christmas presents in our store for his grandchildren always remembering them whenever possible.

How many words I have written describing my Grandpa Pectol, I won't count, but I hope you who read it can find in this history many admirable qualities he possessed and tried to pass them on down to his posterity.

The following quotation from Alexander C. Bell gives me more courage to be the kind of person that my Grandfather would be proud of. Too often we do not realize the potentials that are ours and grasp man made things so easily obtainable. With all our wants supplied, and most of us are endowed with the luxuries of life, yet we complain and ask for more.

When one door closes, another opens;

But we often look so long and so regretfully

upon the closed door that we do not see the one

which has opened for us.

When one door closed for Grandpa, did he stop and wait for a miracle to show him the way to turn. No! He opened another door and grasp those opportunities and blessings which follow reverses, for it is only through obstacles which are put in our paths that make us develop and grow to be able to cope with and overcome difficulties which make us better citizens in our communities, better parents, and more able to live the laws of the Gospel which our Grandfather practically have his life for and would have done, had he been asked to do so.

Now the last door has closed for Grandpa George Peter Pectol, but I still remember.....

Grandfathers pocket always held a store

of peppermints--not to be eaten fast

but agate hard, which a small tongue might explore

and savor slowly,

a sweetness that could last.

Inseparable from him as were his cane

and pocket watch; aroma of the mints

accompanied his voice and sage advice;

Tell "talk" with grandfather left their mezzotints

upon my growing mind

as flavorsem and nice.

Rhia later day memory--dipped mint scent

brings back those flavored hours to be respent.

(R. Society Magazine)

Like Grandpa's peppermint, the nostalgia of years past is ever sweet.

Note: His pocket watch was given to Fontella Pectol Webster. The sword, a beautiful piece of steel was given to Junius Blaine Covington, a great grandson.

Companion histories are: His father George Pectol and Sarah Reasor

His wife Annina

Jens K. and Helena Peterson, Annina's parents

Patriarchal Blessing 1. 31 Oct. 1898, Loa, Utah by Patriarch Blackburn Lineage, Ephraim

2. 15 March 1854, Isaac Morlwy, Manti, Utah, Lineage, Ephraim

3. 9 Jan. 1916, Grover, E.K. Hanks, Lineage, Ephraim

F # 14-259

Gen. Library

Children of George Peter and Annina Conradina Peterson:

George James, Born 15, April 1867, at Willow Bend, Aurora, Sevier, Utah. Blessed in Manti, Sanpete County, by A.J. Moffit. Baptized at Glenwood, Utah by Jens K. Peterson 15 April, 1875, confirmed by I.W. Pierce and Joseph K. Rogers. Died Oct. 10, 1916, buried Saigurd Sevier, Utah. Md. Gertrude E. Clark at Junction, Sevier (Piute) County, by John Morrell, 12 May 1888, died 7 Nov. 1888 Manti.

Sarah Christena Pectol. Born 22 Jan. 1869, Washington Washington, Utah. Blessed by Samuel Goold and George P. Pectol 2 Feb. 1869. Baptized by Joseph K. Rogers, confirmed by Isaac Pierce at Glenwood, Sevier, Utah. Died Nov. 10, 1936, Moab, Utah. Md. Joseph Huntsman Bankhead in Manti Temple by Apostle Antone H. Lund, 16 March. 1891. (1892).

Franklin and Francis Pectol, born Oct. 15, 1870 at Springdale, and (Kane) county, Died shortly after birth.

Frederick Christian Pectol, born 2 Dec. 1871, Glenwood, Sevier, Utah. Blessed by Geo. Wilson and George P. Pectol at Glenwood. Baptized by Volney King, Clover Flat, Piute, Utah. Confirmed by George P. Pectol. Md. 15 June 1897 Dorothy Lucinda Carrell, Manti Temple, by John D.J. McCallister, end same date. Died 8, Dec. 1964.

Lovina Loretta Pectol, born 17 April, Glenwood, Sevier, Utah. Blessed by John Oldfield and George P. Pectol. Died 24 Sept. 1874, Glenwood. Sld to Wilford Woodruff Aug 1874. (This is not right. It was done after her death sometime.)

Ephraim Portman Pectol, born 16 May 1875 at 9 o'clock p.m. in Glenwood, Sevier, Utah. Blessed by Isaac W. Pierce and Geo. P. Pectol. Baptized 19 Aug. 1883 (Chris the same day), by Volney King at Clover Flat, Piute, Utah and confirmed by George P. Pectol same day. Died 8 Oct. 1974 at Elsinore, Sevier, Utah. Bd. Torrey, Utah. Md. Dorothy Delilah Hickman, 21 June 1899 at Manti Temple by Pres. McCallister.

William Wallace, born 3 Dec. 1877 at Glenwood, Sevier, Utah. Blessed by A.W. Buchanan and Jens K. Peterson. Died 8 Oct. 1878 Glenwood, Utah.

Dorothy Amelia Pectol, born 18 Sept 1879 at Glenwood. Blessed by Jens K. Peterson and George P. Pectol. Baptized 1 Aug. 1888 by Chauncy H. Cook, Caineville, Wayne, Utah. Confirmed by George P. Pectol, same day. Died March 1930. Md. 13 April, 1898 to John W. Carrell Manti Temple.

Effie or Effa May, born 26 Aug. 1882 Spring Creek, Piute, Utah. Blessed by Culvert King and George P. Pectol, 5 Sept. 1882. Death due to drowning 23 April, 1884, Spring Creek Grassvalley, Piute, Utah.

Joseph Archie, born 24 March 1884 at 8:00 p.m. Spring Creek, Piute, Utah. Blessed by C.H. Cook and George P. Pectol. Accidently shot to death at Caineville, Wayne, Utah, 16 Aug. 1896. Baptized 1892 by William Bean, confirmed same day by George P. Pectol.

Tilman Ray, born 25 Oct. 1887, Spring Creek, Piute, Utah. Blessed 2 Nov. 1887, by Jens K. Peterson and George P. Pectol. Died 5 Feb. 1888 Spring Creek.

Jesse LeRoy, born 15 April 1889, Caineville, Wayne, Utah. Blessed by George P. Pectol and D.H. Dalton 15 April 1889. Baptized 6 June 1899 by , confirmed by . Md. Minnie Alveretta Carrell 28 Sept. 1911. Manti Temple.

## PEOPLE LIKED HIM

People liked him, not because

He was rich or known to fame;



He had never won applause  
As a star in any game.  
His was not a brilliant style,  
His was not a forceful way,  
But he had a gentle smile  
And a kindly word to say.  
Never arrogant or proud,  
On he went with manner mild;  
Never quarrelsome or loud,  
Just as simple as a child;  
Honest, patient, brave and true:  
Thus he lived from day to day,  
Doing what he found to do  
In a cheerful sort of way.  
Wasn't one to boast of gold  
Or belittle it with sneers,  
Didn't change from hot to cold,  
Kept his friends throughout the years,  
Sort of man you like to meet  
Any time or any place.  
There was always something sweet  
And refreshing in his face.  
Sort of man you'd like to be:

Balanced well and truly square;  
Patient in adversity,  
Generous when his skies were fair.  
Never lied to friend or foe,  
Never rashin word or deed,  
Quick to come and slow to go  
In a neighbor's time of need.  
Never rose to wealth or fame,  
Simply lived, and simply died,  
But the passing of his name  
Left a sorrow, far and wide.  
Not for glory he'd attained,  
Nor for what he had of pelf,  
Were the friends that he had gained,  
But for what he was himself.  
---Edgar A. Guest

#### A REAL MAN

Men are of two kinds, and he  
Was of the kind I's like to be.  
Some preach their virtues, and a few  
Express their lives by what they do.  
That sort was he. No flowery phrase

Or glibly spoken words of praise  
Won friends for him. He wasn't cheap  
Or shallow, but his course ran deep,  
And it was pure. You know the kind.  
Not many in a life you find  
Whose deeds outrun their words so far  
That more than what they seem they are.

There are two kinds of lies as well;  
The kind you live, the ones you tell.  
Back through his years from age to youth  
He never acted one untruth.  
Out in the open light he fought  
And didn't care what others thought  
Now what they said about his fight  
If he believed that he was right.  
The only deeds he ever hid  
Were acts of kindness that he did.

What speech he had was plain and blunt.  
Yet children loved him; baby and boy  
Played with the strength he could employ,

Without one fear, and they are fleet  
To sense injustice and deceit.  
No back door gossip linked his name  
With any shady tale of shame.  
He did not have to compromise  
With evil-doers, shrewd and wise,  
And let them ply their vicious trade  
Because of some past escapade.

Men are of two kinds, and he  
Was of the kind I'd like to be.  
No door at which he ever knocked  
Against his manly form was locked.  
If ever man on earth was free  
And independent, it was he.  
No broken pledge lost him respect,  
He met all men with head erect,  
And when he passed I think there went  
A soul to yonder firmament  
So white, so splendid and so fine  
It came almost to God's design.

--Edgar A. Guest

JAMES (JENS) KANUTE PETERSON AND HELEMA KRISTENA HANSEN (WINE)

The childhood and adolescence years of Jens and Helena are not recorded. This along with their acquaintance and courtship has gone to the grave with their passing. One can only guess from the areas where they were born and lived, just what these might have been. Like all Danish children in rural areas, they were taught to be industrious, hard working, self supporting, and a very strong sense of family ties. This has been apparent throughout their lives.

To us, their posterity, it is known that James (Jens) Kanute Peterson, was born in Nors, Thisted, Denmark, located in the upper north and west on the Mainland or Jutland, on May 19, 1815 to Peder Christian Jorgensen and Ana Cathrine Christensen. His petite wife, Helena Kristena Hansen or (Wine) accepted in Denmark, was born on 25 March, 1815 in Fredericker, Vejle, to Hans Hansen or Wine, and Ane Kristen Dold or Dahl, just south of his birth place. Their marriage must have been consecrated in heaven for their paths to meet even within a radius of a few miles, for at that time people did not travel great distances even for employment. It is also known they were married 10 Oct. 1848 in Nors Thisted Denmark.

Jens was acquainted with life in Copenhagen for at the age of 21 years he served the next five years in the Kings Guard. This would lead us to believe that he served his military duty as all young men in Denmark did. It is possible that on his trip to Copenhagen he met Helena in her home town.

Evidently these two people wanted to spread their wings and left the nest at thirty-four years of age, went over to Zeland Island and settled in Copenhagen where their first child and their first child Hans Christian was born 30 July 1848. (The birth of this first child and their marriage date is not an unusual circumstance for Scandinavian people).

While in Copenhagen he hired out as an apprentice learning the copper trade. In his spare time he made hooks and eyes to supplement his income. Jens and Helena opened up a small coffee shop selling lunches and coffee. Their second child Annina Conradina was born 17 July 1850 at their residence in Copenhagen.

Jens and Helena were married! They were doing well financially. They worked well together and were contented. They had each other and two lovely children to be thankful for. Within the next year their third child, Caroline Amelia, or little Carrie, as she was often called, was born 22 Sept. 1852 at their residence, 1330 Myndergade, Copenhagen. Now Annina had a little sister for a companion which made her very happy.

Their lives seemed to be complete; however, a change for the better came into their lives, for it was here they embraced the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. The Missionaries had taught them; their testimonies became a great strength to them, and they along with others prepared themselves to go to America where they could be closer to the body of the Church and its blessings.

They sold their belongings, equipped themselves with the necessities for this journey, both working hard and saving to make their dream come true. They were not apprehensive about the step they had taken for they knew their Heavenly Father would guard and protect them from any danger they might encounter on their way to Zion.

Jens secured passage from Copenhagen for his little family to Liverpool, England. From there arrangements were made to sail to America on a Sailing Ship by way of Florida, New Orleans and up the Mississippi River to Omaha, Nebraska.

The long time of preparation was over. They were at last leaving their beloved homeland, parents and family to enter a new world, with different customs and language, but the Gospel was the same wherever they would go, and they knew this change was vital in their lives. Even though they were spiritually motivated, this move was reality, and the challenge was a traumatic experience to these inexperienced converts.

The voyage on this ship was rough. Everyone on board suffered emensley. Little Caroline who was only six months old fell desperately ill (reportedly with measles) and as the small boat was tossed to and fro, the waves lapping its sides like a thirsty sea monster, members of the Crew feared sharks might attack the ship. Believing the baby's life had been despaired of, they advised Helena to throw the seemingly lifeless body of the child over board to the sharks, but a Mother's love nourished the little one until life flowed back into her body and with her baby in her arms, after two months of more in crossing, they reached the shores of America.

In my minds eye I can picture the five of you as you stepped off the ship and onto America soil, gazing into the future hand in hand, in your wooden shoes and quaint Danish dress, with everything you owned in very few packages, trying, in your fluent Danish language, to find someone who could tell you where you were to go next.

They stopped in Florida for two days. Jens said it was a wonderful sight to see everything in blossom and oranges on the trees, for when they left Denmark it was middle of winter. This was a beautiful introduction to America.

At Omaha they outfitted themselves with an Ox team. Those who could walk did so all the way to Utah. Crossing the plains was so dry and hot they had to stop often to rest and let the animals eat when possible. They arrived in Salt Lake Valley early fall 1854. It was a happy day for all.

Their stay in Salt Lake was short, only long enough to be assigned to a place of residence, and to procure a few supplies. They had but few friends, no money, and very few clothes. The first winter was spent in Lehi, Utah. In the early all of 1855 they moved to Ephraim, Sanpete County, where they made a permanent residence. At that time, the house Jens built was considered a very good home. Here they also owned a good farm, cattle and horses.

On November 16th 1855 a fourth child, James Ephraim was born here, as was Joseph, their last child, 14 March, 1859.

To all worthy men in the Church the principle of plural marriage was taught as revealed to Joseph Smith. Jens was no exception. Helena dutifully accepted, and graciously lived it. He took Emma Albertina Goud or Gard as his second wife 13 Feb. 1864. Five children were the issue of this marriage; Erastus, Jens, Alexander, Sopheronia and Malvina K. They made home in Ephraim. However Jens and Malvina were born in Glenwood, Erastus, Ephraim and Alexander and Sopheronia in Manti.

Jens was a Lieutenant in the Black Hawk War. While living in Sanpete County he held the office of school trustee, county commissioner, was a member of the Legislature, and a Bishop to Ephraim war.

When the Black Hawk War ended, he was called to Glenwood, Sevier County, where he helped to organize the United Order in 1874-79. There are 117 names appearing on this contract. His name third down the list, Helena fourth, and Emma fifth. This move was early spring of 1864.

The rest of his life was spent in Glenwood, Utah a faithful Latter-Day Saint, and a very civic minded person. He died 12 October 1899 at his home after an illness of only one week, but was not bedridden. He is buried in the Glenwood cemetery. His wife Helena went to Caineville, Wayne County, Utah after his death and lived with her daughter Annina and George Peter Pectol who were living there. She passed away at Caineville 1 June 1903. According to her wishes her grandson Fredrick C. Pectol took her body to Glenwood where she is buried by her husband.

Where is Emma buried?

I am so grateful to Uncle Alex (Alexander) as we called him who gave me the bulk of this information in a letter 14 Sept. 1955. He did not include any information about his mother Emma. She must have been a very special woman as was Helena. I would like to know more about her and her family. Alex visited my home once and it was a very special and meaningful visit. I have not heard from him since. I used the story about Caroline from her history by Elzina H. Smith, and Glenwood ward membership microfilm.

Glenwood Ward membership records read: Jens Copenhagen Peterson

1 baptism, April 1853, Denmark

2nd baptism, 18 July 1875, Glenwood, Utah

Helena:

1st baptism April 1852, Denmark, by Abe Jensen

2nd baptism July 11, 1875, Glenwood, Utah

In looking closely at the entry on this record it appears that the date of Jens' first baptism could have been either 1852 or 1853. Record is smudged. I am trying to locate the first baptism from original records of the Danish Mission. The second Baptism was when they joined the United Order in Glenwood, Utah of which they were very active members while it lasted which was almost 5 years.

Feb. 18, 1984

With the help of Jody Covington Keys the following information seems to clear up many questions in my mind and makes a more comprehensive history of these two people and their family after they joined the church.

Florence Pectol Covington Winebrinner, my sister, and Jody's grandmother had written a history of these people which I did not know of. Jody gave me a copy. Florence did not list where much of the material came from so we began an intensive search to verify her material. According to her history and research I have done, the following is information taken from histories and early records as I feel is a very accurate history of their lives as can possibly be found. Much of their personal views and thoughts have been lost for there were no journals kept and only oral histories were given.

I quote from Florence: "Shortly after the organization of the Mormon Church, the Missionary system spread to all parts of the world. In 1850 the first Elders were sent to open a Mission in the Scandinavian countries. Elder Erastus Snow, President of the Mission arrived in Copenhagen, Denmark June 14, 1850. The Elders immediately started preaching the gospel to these people. Numerous converts were soon made in Scandinavia, especially Denmark. According to the history of Denmark the newly converted Saints were much persecuted by the Political and the Leaders of other Churches, as well as being ostracized by their families and friends. They were made subject to all manner of unchristian treatment, so they were very glad to leave to Zion."

The first Company of 300 Danish Saints left their homeland on 20 December 1852. James (Jens) Kanute Peterson (note it's spelled with an O, not SEN), his wife Helena and three small children left their beloved Denmark in December 1853 in the second company of about 700 saints who sailed away from Copenhagen in small ships. Hans Peter Olsen was in charge of this large group. As always the North Sea was rough causing much sickness. (This could have been where little Caroline was so desperately ill for she says it was on a small wooden sailing ship).

After landing at a Port along the coast of Germany on January 1, 1854, they took passage on a stream ship for England docking at Liverpool. Here they were divided into two groups. Charles



J. Larsen was in charge of 333 souls on the "Jesse Munn" which left Liverpool on January 3, 1854. (One of Florence's histories says Jan 22.) Which docked at New Orleans. The Petersons were put on the ship "Benjamin Adams" with Hans Peter Olsen as their leader. This ship left Liverpool January 28, 1854 and docked at New Orleans March 23, 1854. They were 53 days in crossing. The Benjamin Adams accommodated 384 people with a capacity of only 1,170 tons. The Log for the Benjamin Adams also states that Jens Peterson was 38 years old, Helena, his wife 38, Hans their oldest child 5 years, Annina, 3, Caroline 1. (Film # 200177).

On March 24, 1854 they left New Orleans arriving at St. Louis, Mo. April 3, 1854. Here they met the Saints of the "Jesse Munn" and went together to Westport (Kandad City, Mo.) to outfit themselves for the trek to Utah. By this time of the original 700 saints here were only 550 left. They pooled their money and all they had, purchased wagons, \$300 purchased oxen and cows; \$150 was spent for a horse for the Scout which left \$200 for extra provisions to be purchased on the way to Salt Lake Valley. On June 14 they started their journey with 69 wagons. Four oxen pulled each wagon and behind each wagon there were tied two cows. Often there were several families to each wagon. Only the very young and very old were allowed to ride. Hans Peter Olsen had been appointed Captain of the Guard.

Pioneer History Vol. 4 records: "Of all the companies which have crossed the plains in 1854, the Scandinavian Saints suffered the most with Cholera and other afflictions. Scores succumbed to the disease and many were buried by their friends and relatives without coffins. So great was the mortality of these Saints from the north that of the 700 souls who had sailed from Copenhagen the previous winter only 500 reached their destination. On page 2 I mentioned their arrival was early fall. Fortunately I have found the date which was October 6, 1854 when they arrived in the Salt Lake Valley.

According to the Scandinavian LDS Mission, Copenhagen District 1850-53 Film #41940, P49, #479-480, James (Jens) K. Peterson's birth is recorded as 19 May 1815, into the LDS Church are recorded as 21 April 1854, by Hans Peter Olsen and they were confirmed the next day by him also.

Caroline was born Sept. 22, 1852 in Copenhagen. Her history says she was only six months old when she came over. It is possible the ship Log recorded ages in years and not months of age. The other ages seem to be recorded correctly.

Ref: Florence History - Scandinavian Mission, by Jenson

Treasures of Pioneer History Val. 4 - Heart Throbs, Vol. 12

History of GEORGE PECTOL born 17 December, 1805. Sullivan Co., Tenn. Died 28 Sept. 1869, Washington, Wash. Co., Utah.

Son to George Peter Pectol and Elizabeth Lydica or Lidicki or Ludeca

Compiled by Golda Pectol Busk, Elsinore, Utah. Great Granddaughter, 1969. Revised 26 Jan. 1987

George Pectol came to Utah arriving in the Sault (Salt) Lake Valley 6, September 1850 in an unorganized company (indications are it was with a Daniel H. Wells company. Nothing definite as of this date). On 20 September, he with his family arrived in Manti, Utah where he made his home. They were among the first settlers in that town and he did much to develop agriculture there.

He belonged to some orthodox church, possibly the Baptists. He was chorister of the church in the village where he lived. Upon arriving at Manti, they lived in a dug-out for a short while where they were bothered considerably by snakes. However, he was a good mason and built several homes in Manti. One rock home he finished in May 1851 was a two story home with a fire place. After 136 years, this home is still standing and is lived in. It has been remodeled some and is quite a modern home. On the front of the mantel is the original engraving, very legible, which reads May 1851. This fireplace is also being used.

On 13, February 1851 he was called to be Clerk of the Elders Quorum in Manti. April 3, 1851 he was elected Treasurer in the first city elections of Manti, in 1855 he was elected a city Counselor. He was the first City Clerk of Manti. On 30 April, 1851 he became a member of the first High Council there. Eleven others were called at the same time, but he does not list their names. One time a first prize was given to him for having the finest field of grain in Utah.

George Pectol's history begins with his birth on 17, Dec. 1805 in Aullivan County, Tenn., the son of George Peter Pectol and Elizabeth Ludeca (Lidiaky, Lydica or Lydica). The Pectol family moved from Tennessee to Floyd County, Indiana where he, George Pectol, met and married Sarah Reasor, who was born 8 April, 1810 in Shelby County, Ky. She was a daughter of Frederick Reasor and Sarah Kester Reasor. She had moved with her parents from Kentucky to Floyd County, Indiana.

The marriage of George and Sarah was performed on 2 November 1828 in Greenville, Indiana by her father who was a hard-shell Baptist Minister.

From 1829 when their first child, Dorothy, was born they lived in Floyd and Clark Counties, Indiana, until 1841 when George Peter was born, after which they moved to Madison County,

Mo. Sometimes during these years he owned and operated a small store. Here in Madison County he owned and operated another store. Through contacts in his business, he secured a Book of Mormon and became interested in Mormonism. His primary reason for coming to Utah was his membership in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. He had a strong testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel and was faithful to his convictions until the time of his death.

The following is condensed from an original diary an biography written in his own handwriting, his own words and spelling. Some of the spelling I will use as he spelled it, as well as his usage of words which should make it more interesting as it is read. It is a most remarkable account of him and his family's activities a short while before and after his conversion to Mormonism, up to the time of his death. A number of pages are missing at the beginning of his story, as well as a number throughout the entire biography, which seem to have been cut out or torn out for some reason. An interesting fact pertaining to this diary is that it has been recorded along with an old store ledger and account book of his. The bookkeeping is just something "we read about" today and the varied merchandise he sold along with its cost is legendary. It is typically old time "cracker barrel" country store type. (Copy is at the Brigham Young University and the L.D.S. Church Library in Salt Lake City). This Ledger-Diary is full of recorded testimonies as to the truthfulness of the Gospel, and are outstanding faith permoting discourses. He was a deeply religious man and had left some strong admonitions for his children to follow. He wanted, so much, for his family to sense the deep love and testimony he had of this Church, that it seems he was forever telling them about the beauty of it and its rewards..

The first date recorded at the top of the ledger page is 1838. It is hard to tell exactly when it did begin because, some of the first pages are so old and faded. However, the first readable entry is Mar. 31, 1838 through Nov., and continues with a definite date of January 1839. This 149 year old story surely must have been preserved for a special purpose. It has traveled over the miles from Madison Co., Mo., to Manti, St. George, Glenwood, Caineville, Grover, Teasdale and Torrey, Utah. this history was found, by my parents, in a trunk belonging to George Peter Pectol, my grandfather, George Pectol's son, at the time of George Peter's death 1929. He had faithfully preserved and kept this diary among his most cherished possessions, unknown to any of his family until that time. It has been guarded and cherished by our family as something more valuable than money, for through it we have learned to appreciate, more fully, our pioneer ancestors and the heritage they have left us. This precious history has been in my possession since my parents died and I have shared it with all those who have wanted to get information from it. I feel a great responsibility in having it left with me. Now, it is almost too brittle and worn to handle, but with the help of my Heavenly Father and the love I feel for my great grandfather, somehow, I will see that it is preserved for future reference for is posterity.

Golda Pectol Busk

The following recap of his ledger-diary was written in first person by George Pectol. The first and last pages are missing. Inserts from the old store ledger-diary have been added to clarify a few instances and to add more personality to this writing:

....."There is a Prophet on earth, that an Angel will ever visit the earth, or that there will ever be revelation given to men as in the days of old. They contend that they have a Bible and that contains the word of the Lord, and all that he will ever give, for that is enough. The Latter-Day Saints only excepted.

Now when I rightly began to look at those things and impartially investigate them, and seek for truth with a determination to embrace it as I found it, and prayed to God for his spirit to direct me aright, I began to see where and how the sectarians (sic) of the day came short of the gifts and blessings that was anciently enjoyed by the saints. In the meantime the Book of Mormon came into my hand which I determined (sic) to read for information and I was then determined (sic) to receive (sic) the truth let it be where and what it might be. I, therefore, read it with prayerful attention and let me here say that every page of that book carried the strongest testimony of its own divine authenticity (sic).

I always thought I believed the Bible and the religion of Jesus Christ. By the time I had read that good book half was through (Book of Mormon), my faith in the Bible and the religion that it presented was greatly increased, and it was strongly confirmed. The Bible bore testimony in favor (sic) of the Book of Mormon, and the Book of Mormon favor of the Bible and the testimony was so grate (sic) that by the time I had read that book half through I was fully convinced that both the Bible and Book of Mormon contained the word of the Lord to the people in their day and that the religion contained in the Bible and Book of Mormon was the same. I, therefore, soon determined to go to Nauvoo (Illinois) to where (sic) I could see and hear of the Mormons for myself, for I had never heard any of these people preach nor did I know much of their faith or principals of religion. I had learned through Brother James P. Brown and a few others that they professed to have the gifts of blessings among them that the ancient Saints had.

And as I had become satisfied that the Book of Mormon was what it professed to be, I thought that it was a strong testimony in favor of Mormonism so much so that I could not reconcile myself not to go to Nauvoo. I, therefore, went and took my wife along with me. There I soon had the opportunity (sic) to hear Elder Serine preach a discourse on the first principle of the Gospel. I believe what he said and immediately after the discourse I demanded baptism which was granted, and the next morning 29 March, 1846 I went down to the River with many others and was baptized by Brother Serine. He also baptized a number of other men and women and we were confirmed by the laying on of hands and for the gift of the Holy Ghost which blessing I received according to the promise while on my way home. On the 30th of March, 1846 Sary (Sarah), my wife, was also baptized and confirmed. On the 31st we left Nauvoo for home.

Whilst on our way to St. Louis (Mo.) I got acquainted with Brother Farnham who enquired whether I had been ordained an Elder or not. I told him I had not. He told me that I should be ordained an Elder when we got back to St. Louis. Accordingly after we had landed he took me to the President of that Branch and laid my case before him, and he told Brother Farnham to ordain me if the spirit so directed him. He accordingly took me to another house and ordained me an Elder in the Church and we in a few hours went aboard another boat and went on to St. Genevieve and from there we walked home.

After we got home our neighbors (sic), many of them, came to see us and hear what we had to say respecting our visit to Nauvoo. I endeavored to present the truth to them to the best of my ability. It had quite an effect on many of the people around us. Some seemed to admit many of the ideas and principles I presented to them and seemed willing to hear for themselves and receive the truth, whilst others raged and rejected nearly every word I said. It was said I was a "liar", "A knave", and many other hard names. But I know that I was truthful then as I ever was before and that I was as honest also and that my designs were as good. Before I joined the Mormons, my word was considered good as most any man's, and I was never accused of dishonesty or any deception I know of, but soon after, I was called by some a liar and by some dishonest and by some that I was deceived and others that I was delighted by the Mormons. Some thought that after awhile I would see my folly and retract. Some thought it more than right to take me through a course of sprouts, as they call it, whilst some others contended that it was not lawful for a Mormon to live in the state; and then there were some other that contended that if there was any driving to be done, that they that wanted to do it might try their hand on them, for Pectol was an honest truthful man and had done no man any harm and he should stay as long as he pleased, or they would have to have more power than they had.

I had a meeting at y house and presented some of the reasons that I had for joining the Mormons a short time before I left Madison Co., Missouri (1846), and at time it was said that some seven of eight men meet in a thicket no great distance from my house for the purpose of lynching me. They sent one of their company to see how the feelings of the people was and if it seemed that their purpose could be carried out without making much fuss among the people, that he should return and inform them, and if not to inform them of that. He stopped quite a while with us then returned, but in as much as he found that part, the majority of people would stand up for me, they finally thought it best policy to abandon the contemplated design or whipping. I will hearsay that the company, as I was informed, was the most of them before I embraces Mormonish, my warmest friends and especially their leader, Henry Shock. I do not know that the above is correct, but I was told so by some of my friends afterwards. I know that if it was the case, it was not because I gave them any provocation accept (sic) my embracing what was called Mormonism provoked them. I done them no harme (sic). My only motive was to do right, do good unto all men, to lead an honest upright life and to the best of my ability live pieciably (sic) with all mankind.

I will now remark that William T. Carrell, a native of East Tennessee (sic) laterly of Ilenoy (sic), born 18 Sept. 1819 in Knoxville, Tenn., a son of Thomas Carrell and Nephinia Hodges or Hudson, and my oldest daughter, Dorothy, was married by a methodist preacher on the 15th day of January 1843.

When we left Madison Co., Mo., as I said, him and his family (sic) (himself, wife and one child, Sarah Jane) started along with us but had not yet been baptized into this Church, but as soon as we went on our journey being camped on the bank of the river on the night of the day of 1846, at the close of our evening prayer, he demanded baptism at my hand. I went down to the river with him and upon the profession of his faith an determinations, I baptized him and confirmed him and not long after this I ordained him an Elder in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. [Endowment record shows 15 Aug. 1847 which could have been a rebaptism]. He went on with us, stopped with us and we have lived and worked the most of the time together till I

started to the Valleys of the mountains. We was blessed in our labours (sic) and increased in property. When I left Council Point, he did not think that he had a sufficient (sic) outfit to go along. He, therefore, resolved to stay on another year and he was greatly blessed in so doing.

MARCH 10, 18\_. This morning I set down to write again concerning the movements of things in my observation. I have contracted my clame (?) to Wm. T. Carrell for the some of \$50.00 to be discharged in the way of outfitting or cash.....He says he will not go until he can have a plenty....he wants to be able to make a living by his own hands and in a measure by independent, nor will he take any help from any one here to help him there to be repaid back.....He will not depend on any one for a living. Now my feelings are different. I would like to have a full outfit and plenty to take along with me and help others out too, but I will be glad to go even if I was necesitated (sic) to receive help of those who are able and replace it as soon as I get able. I have confidence in the Saints.....

William T. Carrell came to this valley (Sanpete) with a comfortable outfit and settled in Manti by my side 20 September 1851 and we went to work on the same principles that we did in the states, ie, in connection one with another, not in joint copartnership, but assisted one another in our labour (sic) and when either of us had need of assistance in means and the other could supply, it was done.

I will now make a few remarks on the events that passed whilst on our journey and whilst stopped in Jackson County, Mo. (1847). I often endeavored to teach the principles of the Gospel, the principles of salvation, often had my mind illuminated by the Holy Spirit of the Almighty both in speaking and meditation and in praying, etc. Also I was blessed with a firm faith in the work of God that I had embraced and with firm determination to go ahead in it.

I had lerned (sic) that the principle of poligemy (sic) was incorporated in Mormonism and I believe it to be right in so much as it was prictized (sic) by the Ancient (sic) Saints and Prophets of God, and was acknowledged of him. But, I did not teach it, not even to my family for I knew that they could not abide by it. Had my wife to have learned at the beginning of polygamy was incorporated in the principles of Mormonism, she would have not even started with me from Madison County, Mo., but I knew that it was better for her to come along to where she could learn not only this but every other principle that appertains to salvation, even those that I was ignorant of myself.

Perhaps it would not be amiss to make some remarks respecting our stay in Jackson County, Mo., for that was the county from which the Latter-Day Saints were driven, and there was a spirit of opposition in some, perhaps a little more than what was common in the world but not a very great deal. I find that among those that rejected the Gospel, they sanction and justify the persecution and drivings as much as those that were in it and done it, and thus they were just as guilty as if they were with the mob that done it. I found warm friends in Jackson County as I did in Madison County and I found as hostile enemies there as I did in other places and not much more so. I found some men the Jackson County that were as ready to hear the Gospel as I did in Madison County, but I found some in both places that assented to the principles that I taught them but could not prevail on them to embrace them.

I will relate one circumstance. I taught Mr. James Dayley the principles of the Gospel as it was antiently (sic) taught, as it now stands in the Bible with many of the predictions of the old prophets concerning the latter days and proved to him that they must be fulfilled somewhere near the present day according to the signs of preach those principle publilcally, on one year I would raise a church or more than one hundred members, and at another time said that if he had the whole world at his command he would give it freely for the knowledge that I had in the principles of salvation.

I had never told him that I was a Mormon or that those principles were incorporated in that order of things. I taught them as the principles taught in the Bible and never had told him they were now Mormonism, or incorporated in it. I now felt to inform him on this part of the subject. I accordingly did, I told his that what I had taught him was all incorporated in what was called Mormonism. That was the people and work that the Bible declard (sic) that God would set up in the last days, and by it he would judge the nations of the earth, etc. This was like a death blow to him, he saw in a moment that if he embraced it he would sacrifice his good name among his associates; that all manner of evil would be charged upon him, guilty or not. He could see at a glance how the Mormons had been treated. He realized that if he became a Mormon he would have to share with them in the evil reports as well as in the good. This was more than he could well endure. I had told him in addition to the above that I was an Elder in the Latter-Day Saint Church and had the right to administer baptism, if required, and that I was willing to do it if he wanted me to do so. He said that he wanted to wait awhile and consider what he was doing. I thought that the truth under the idea of Mormonism was not worth half as much as he thought it was before he learned that. No doubt, he thought about it, but finally he came to the conclusion that it was not worth as much as his good name among men, and of course was not baptized.

After this he began to tell people around that I was a Mormon although he had promised me that he would not till I left there. I found some of the people after this was for driving me away from Jackson County because it was not lawful for a Mormon to live an honorable life ever since I was among them and as long as I done as I had done, that I should stay there in peace till I got ready to. I left there some warm friends when I went away. where many events transpired that I often reflect upon with interest, but space here forbids me to record them. I will, therefore, proced (sic) with my remarks.

I have already remarked that we got through to the Council Bluff all safe. Here Dorothy, Elizabeth, Eliza Ann, Eunice, Mary Jain (Jane) and Jemima was all baptized into the Church. Here I was called to act at clerk for the Elders Quorum at Caineville in which place I acted until I left for the mountains.

(From Ledger P. 120): "Arrangements had been made for one of the girls to go to the Valley with Brother Blackburn provided that we could furnish provisions of flower (sic) to last her there, but it was not to be had for less that \$6.00 per cut, I found I could not fit her to go with him. We, therefor, sent by him a variety of garden seeds and a letter to be delivered to Brother James Brown in the Valley. (James Brown had married Eunice Reasor, Sarah's sister). I asked him his charge. He said: "I don't know that I will charge anything." I told him to take the seeds and deliver them to brother Brown and he might divide them with him according to what was right. He took them and went his way for the valley in the first company.

After this we made arrangements for Eliza to go with brother Shepherd Pierce Hutchings to the Valley. He agreed to take her, find her provisions and see that she got to her Uncle's when they got to the Valley for services on the way, and if Brother Brown was not in a situation (sic) to take her with him until we came the next season, he would and do a good part by her. I wrote a letter of instructions to her how that she should do what was right to be subject to councils of those who was authorized to council and ...take the best course she could in everything, to be chaste, live virtuously...and I gave her a promise of blessings upon the conditions of her faithfulness...and on Monday they all started (the company that she went with) for the crossing of the river. (This appears to be July 1849. At this time she was 17 years old.)

Before Eliza went to the Valley, Elizabeth went to the Highland Frove settlement to work for brother, Wm. Cizar at the rate of what is thought to be right after a few weeks trial. Sarah did not consent that she should go for less than 75 cents per week. Wm. Cizar seemed to think 50 cents was sufficient. I therefore, thought and proposed that she should go and try a few weeks and then both parties could go into future arrangements with more certainty. She returned in a short time and circumstances was such at home that we thought it best for her not return to work for brother Cizar.

Family: Dorothy Born 8 Oct. 1829, Indiana

Elizabeth " 9 Apr. 1831, Indiana

Eliza Ann " 18 Nov. 1832, Indiana

Eunice " 27 Sep. 1834, Indiana

Mary Jane " 23 Mar. 1836, Indiana

Jemima Bell " 31 Mar. 1839, Indiana

George Peter " 25 Aug. 1841, Indiana

James " 25 Nov. 1847, Missouri

I will now make a record of the birth of another son which was born the first day to April, 1850 in Porrawattami Co., Iowa. He is small but appears to enjoy as good health as is common to infants and he grows and gains strength. We call his name William. May the God of Israel bless him and raise him up to do much good in his day. Sarah, his mother, was much blessed in her delivery. She is gaining her strength fastly, and I hope that she will be able to bear with much fortitude the fatigue (sic) of the journey to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake this spring.



April 27, 1850 I sold my claim of improvements both in field and belongings to Council Point and house and lots and agreed to break up the ground ready for planting and to furnish one bushel of potatoes and what corn I have to plant and all of which I sold for \$60.00 cash and received in hand \$30.00 in gold and silver of the amount and remainder according to contract. I see too with my might and strength to prepare for to emigrate to the Valleys of the mountains with my family. I was much blessed in all that I set my hand to. Everything seemed to prosper with me and in due time I have a comfortable outfit and was ready to start with the company the 2nd day of June, 1850.

I had, when we left the Bluffs, a small old wagon, worth about \$25.00, another larger wagon worth, say, some \$60.00. To this wagon I hitched four yoke of cows and to the small one, one yoke to steer. Weight of freight was 1900 lbs. in large wagon, and 500 in small. This included all eatables, clothing, wares, etc." (End ledger quote).

This was an interesting journey, the first that I ever traveled in where there were so many together. As I have already said, we had over one hundred wagons in our train and they were divided into grand divisions with a Captain over each division and those divisions were divided into companies of tens...being thus organized we commenced our journey. We were nearly two days crossing the Missouri River at what was called Platsburgh (sic). We then went up the south side of the Platt River and on the 28th day of June 1850, we passed Fort Carney (Fort Kearney).

Having lost of our company eleven persons by death, four of which was said to be of colery (cholera). Several cases of healing was experienced (sic) by the laying on of hands and prayer. One was Brother Elijah Everett in an attack of Cholera. When it was supposed he was dying, he was almost instantaneously (sic) healed. Saturday the 29th of June several new cases of cholera was reported. This same day Bro. Smith's wagon run over one of his little boys and crushed it severely, but by the blessings of the Almighty, through the laying of hands, etc., he was healed. We stopped at an early hour and our women went to washing our clothing, and here many of the brethren and sisters were rebaptized for their health and the remission of sins. Here I and my family were rebaptized as the others above named. Here George Peter, my son, was baptized into the church, 29 June 1850.

Sunday morning the 30th of June we generally took out the contents of our wagons and spread them out to the open air and sunshine and washed and swept our wagons clean. When we had done this we were invited together to worship and hear instructions which was interesting and edifying. Monday morning resumed our journey as usual, and were blessed notwithstanding we had some sickness and a few deaths.

July 25th we passed Ft. Laramie (Laramie). The 29th I was taken of cholera morbus, or something like that, and by laying on of hands and some remedy I was healed so that by the 31st I was well. Aug. 3rd we crossed the Plat (Platte) River at Deer Creek; the 4th Sarah was taken of dierea (diarrhea). By the 8th all was about well. Camped near the Saleratus ponds. The 19th gathered up a quantity to take along with us. Passed the Independence Rock, noon (?) at the Devils Gate. 25th, crossed the Green River. I caught some speckled trout fish. On the 26th discovered snow on the mountains west; crossed Black Fork, and Thursday, 29th, passed Fort Bridger and camped near by.

September 1st crossed Bear River; 3rd crossed the Weber River; 6th landed safe in tolerable health in Great Salt Lake City and camped on the Union Square south west of Warm Springs. Met with Eliza Ann, our daughter whom we sent last season through in charge of Sheperd Pierce Hutchings who married her 1 Jan. 1850. she was delivered of a daughter 7 Sept. 1850, and they called her name Mary. (They lived in Springville, Utah). The 10th day of September we with a few of our company left for Sanpete, and on the evening of the 20th landed in the settlement, (Manti) in tolerable health. Here again we saw our beloved brother James P. Brown and his wife Eunice, Sarah's sister, and family enjoying good health. With joy and gladness, I felt to thank God my Heavenly Father for this great blessing.

September 21st 1850 we learned that the father of an Indian child struck it with a club and thereby disabled or wounded it which enraged it's mother. She snatched up a rifle and shot it and it expired immediately. I thought this was a rough introduction to our new red kneighbours (sic).

Here was, when we come in, the big Utau (sic) Chief "Walker" with some near 200 of his tribe as I was informed. They was a rude savage set of beings, some of them nearly entirely naked, others a Buffalo robe, or some other skin wrapped around them. They had the appearance of a miserable, degrade, low, ignorant set of beings. They appeared to be governed by unprincipled impulse of their veign (sic) imagination. We were only a handful in their midst, without anything to defend us but a few firearms...no fortifications and only a few of our brethren had a cabin to shelter themselves in. Thus, we were to all appearance, in the hands of unprincipled savage. There was an over-ruling providence on our side. Sometimes they appeared almost determined to cut us off, but somehow they could not, of did not. I believe that there was nothing but the interposition of God's blessings toward us that saved us, for which I am thankful to Him.

I immediately went to work and assisted in harvesting the wheat that the brethren had raised, after which I went to the mountain and cut house logs, brought them down and erected a house at the stone quarry sufficient to render us reasonably comfortable through the winter. I had not sufficiency of bread stuff to last us till another harvest. I, therefore, sold two cows to James P. (Polly) Brown for eighteen bushels of wheat. This with what I brought with us from the states, and what I could obtain by my labour (sic) and otherwise was enough to take us through tolerable comfortable.

Feb. 9th, 1851 M.....Hamilton killed J.M. Vaughan for unvirtuous conduct with and in his family in his absence. Said Vaughan was Clerk of the Elder's Quorum when he was killed. Thursday evening 13th I was elected Clerk of that Quorum to fill the vacancy by said death. I acted in that place until the 30th day of April, 1851 when I was selected in connection with eleven others to be a High Councilor for this stake of Zion. Their names are, Artemas Millet, Gardner Snow, Edwin Whiting, John Lawson, James P. Brown, Joseph S. Allen, George Pectol, Elijah Everett, Jeseral Shoemaker, Welcome Chapman, John Carter and Apostles, who in connection with the first Presidency of the Church and others had paid us a visit into our camp yesterday. They tarried with us, had a dance at night and the next day, Thursday, May 1st 1851 left for little Soult (Salt) Lake or Iron County.

I will now state that my family has been rebaptized since we came to the Valley. September 15, 1851 Wm. T. Carrell and family arrived all here in this valley and city. No deaths since we left

them in Pottawattami Co., Iowa, but one birth, George William Carrell born 15 March 1851 at Council Bluff.

In July 1853, the Eutau Indians commenced hostilities against us and killed quite a number of our brethren and caused us considerable trouble and hindred (sic) us much in our work which caused us to remove all our log houses from our lots and rebuild them in Fort order and compelled us to get our fire wood, harvest our wheat, travel, etc., in companies and have a guard out continually day and night, and to have a strong guard with our cattle and horses while they were on the range.

Shortly after the war was commenced, the Indians (Eutaus) rushed upon the hird (sic) belongings to what was then called Little Denmark on Cannell Creek and drove it nearly in to-to (?) away to the mountains, and killed and wasted nearly the whole of it. That Branch or settlement was compelled to leave that place and they were moved to this by our brethren, and we as a people assisted them to harvest their wheat, which because of its backwardness was cut short for the want of water. The sawmill at Pleasant Creek with considerable lumber was burned down and the grist mill considerably indured (injured). the losses amounted to many thousands of dollars. Five Indians was shot in our city because of their pretended friendship, and at the same time at every opertunity (sic) was stealing our property and conveying it away and concealing it. They was considered our enemy though they pretended to be our friends. This lead our people to stop them from their further deprodatons (sic) by killing them.

(The following paragraph from the Ledger gives this incident in a little more detail): 'There is but little passing and repassing from us or to us of any of the settlements. I will here observe that a few weeks ago the Indians came down from the mountains and reused upon the herd of cattle and some horses belonging to Father James Alred and Hamilton settlements and drove off soon near two hundred head into the mountains. Immediately after which settlements removed with our assistance to our city into our Fourt (sic). A few nights after the Indians came down to the saw mill formerly belonging to Hamilton and Potter, now Solomon C. Case, and set fire to it and burned it down. Several hundred dollars worth of property. They (the Indians) left considerable quantity of wheat standing in the field exposed to destruction, but it was so that the grain fields was not destroyed'.

Heare (sic) I will now say that after we came to this Valley of Sanpete I had much opposition to withstand Sarah, my wife, who should be by co-worker, a partner, a friend, a helper, one with myself, was my opposer in the most of my concerns in life especially in regards to my religious views and instructions to my family and of the point of Doctrine of the Church of Latter-Day Saints....such as that of Poligomy (sic), pre-existence of man and as to the wife being amenable to the husband, was absurd in the extreme, and as to serving God any better in the Valleys of the mountains than we could in the states or nations of the earth, it is not so. She contends that she can serve God as well and be a Baptist as she can and be a Mormon. And she did better, said the people of the sects lived a better religious life than the Mormons did. She also urged on returning back to the States to where we could do better than we can here. I contended that we could not for the gathering was a command of God. As I looked at it, our obeying God's command was more pleasing to him than our disobedience. I, therefore, was not going to leave these Valys (sic) of these mountains yet. That I would wait until there was a call to return before I went back. this

determination grieved her and filled her with anger for she saw plainly that if she left me to go back to the states that she would have to leave her children. She often said that was all that kept her here. As to knowing that Mormonism was trew (sic), she did not nor did she believe that any man or woman on this earth did know it. They might believe it, she believed they did believe it, but there was a great difference between knowing it to be true and believing it. No man can know it unless God would come and declare it himself and that he never would do.

I have had much opposition is the principles of Mormonism from time to time ever since I embraced it, but I have ever felt to preseveare (sic) in it. I never had the smallest idea of backing out of it, nor have I ever doubted for one moment at I know of the validity of it. This was the ground work of all the opposition.

She (Sarah) was an industrious woman, a woman of economy, careful to have her family well provided for, both on food and clothing and every necessary to make life comfortable. It was her disposition to work to do her family good even when her feelings was in opposition to them. I can trewly (sic) say that before we embraced Mormonism, I never had her to oppose me so. The opposition was not so much in regards to our temporal concerns, as it was in regard to religious matters of faith, etc. Let this suffice on this head for the present. (As to polygamy he states further in the Ledger that one wife was enough for him at that time).

On Sunday 11th of May 1851 Sarah was rebaptized by Orvel S. Case and so was my daughter, Eunice, and confirmed the same day by brothers Charles Shumway and Nelson Higgins.

Thursday June 5th, 1851, this day and every firth Thursday of each month, according to the order of the Church is set apart to be a day of fasting and prayer. I therefore, took this opportunity to make some remarks by way of instruction to my family whilst is in substance as follows (viz):

In as much as this day is set apart for fasting and prayer, it is our duty as Saints to God to observe it, not only abstaining from our food, but also our labours (sic) and every evil. It is not so much (sic) in abstaining from our food and labour as it is to abstain from doing wrong. We should feel in our hearts to do our duty in all things. It is my duty to do what is required of me, and it is your duty to do what your are required to do also. I have a place to till in the Kingdom of God and when I fill that place correctly, it is all will with me. when you fill your places each of you correctly, all is will with you also. It is my duty as a man of God and servant of Christ to stand up to instruct and council, in righteousness, my family, and to lead out in the principle of life and salvation. It is your duty to be taught and led my me, just as it is my duty to be taught and led by those who are over me in the Priesthood. I see no great difference. One stands just before me and I stand just before you. I am guided by him that is before my, and you are by me and him, that is just befoare (sic) me, is guided by him that is before him and thus er are all subject one to another as the Apostal (sic) recommended. (This is a hard paragraph to understand, but it is the way he wrote it).

It is not enough for us to do to observe our days of fasting only. We should attend to our fast days according to the order in the time thereof. It is not all the duty that we owe to our God and our religion, we owe a duty to each other. We should discharge all those duties faithfully. We should attend to our prayers, and from time to time public prayers. All should be attended to in

their time punctually. Now let us attend these things. Let us do our duty. Let us walk humbly before our God that we may be accepted of Him. We will trye (sic) to eund (?, can't make the word out) in prayer before our Heavenly Father.

We knelt down and prayed according to the above instructions. After these things, I spoke considerably showing the resemblance or likeness of the Former day Church and the Latter-Day Church having both Appostals (sic) and Prophets; the gifts about the same, the sick was healed antiently (sic) and also in these the latter days. Devil was cast out then and so are they now. Then the true Saints were hated and persecuted even to death, and so they are now, etc.

Monday, March 1st 1852 I and Sarah, my wife, received our washings and anointings in the house of the Lord (endowments) and was sealed the same day for time and all eternity by Heber C. Kimball, March 31, 1852. Roberet H. Brown and Eunice, my daughter, were married by President Isaac Morley on 31 March, 1852. (This contradicts the year 1853 on family group sheet). These things are not just in their proper place according to the order of this book, but I, since I wrote a short account of the Utah Indian troubles from my former journal (old Ledger) I discovered those times last named, not written, which I want in this book which I now have written. (This means the recap diary of which this is a copy).

July 18, 1853 Sarah, my wife, and me started with a company for Sault (sic) Salt Lake City. The names of our company are as follows: Bro. Isaac Morley, President of our Branch, Joseph A. Allen, L. Buonc (?), Amesey Mererien, Isaac Behunen, Wm. Sweet and James Nellson. We all left Manti city Monday morning and got to G.S.L. city Saturday little before noon, all well as to health. We stayed in the city until Tuesday morning July 26, and left for home. I took two barrels tar to sell which I endeavored to sell to the emigrants passing through to California gold mines, but made but few sales and finally left the most of my tar with individuals to sell for me. I left one barrel with brother M.H. Peck to sell for me. He advanced my \$10.00 cash and I left a part of a barrel with brother Allen and Molener and they advanced me \$5.00 cash.

Monday before we left the city I heard for the first time that Walker, the head Chief of the Eutau Indians had declared war against us. We did our business so far as we could, new goods not yet arrived, and started for home Tuesday morning. Wednesday morning the 27th on Dry Creek Euta (Utah) Valley we learned that one of our men was killed at Hobble Creek by the Indians supposed to be Arepene (?) and another of his tribe. Here I began to think that caution was dead felt. We here got in company with Rease Thomas and brother DeMill and Partialm (?) and agreed to go home together. We went on to Provo city not just together nor a great way apart. I went on to Hobble Creek and left the two waggons (sic) above named at Provo. Here we found the report respecting the man killed to be verily trew (sic). Wednesday evening a little after dark another was shot but not killed while on guard. All gathered the women and children about the center of the place and here we stayed. I harvested for brother Mendenhall until about noon Friday July 29, 1853, when the two waggons we left at Provo and three more came up and we left there and went on to Poteteneet (?) settlement, and here we came up with some more of the brethren bound for Nephi, at Salt Creek. We left there Saturday morning and got to Nephi that evening and stayed there until Monday morning. Here we left my waggons and team and some other goods and got into the horse wagon with a few articles and left; three waggons for Sanpete Valley, two for Manti and one for Allreds settlement. We all passed through to Sault Creek

Kanion (canyon) and nearly to Sanpete together. Here we divided the waggon, Allred's went on to the settlement and we went on for Manti and reached home just before sunset awhile. Found the people generally moving into the Fort. We also immediately loaded our bedding and what we could into a wagon and went into the Fort the same night. An order was given that all the log houses in the city should be forthwith removed and set in Fort form in compliance (sic) therewith. I commenced Tuesday morning with my might to move my house to the place assigned in the new Fort for it, and continued my labor until I got it so I could get my family into it, and then as I could made every improvement in my power until this day Sunday Aug. 1, 1853. I have not worked but a small part of my time laterly at my house. Yesterday, fastened on the ruff (sic) and put on some dirt.

October 1854. The people of Manti resumed their work on the building of the Fort wall surrounding nine blocks of the city survey, the Temple Block, the center block. This Fort (sic) wall was partly built before this time, each man having his portion laid off for himself to do. According to the suggestion of President B. Young, the portion that was not done should be completed by the people working in mass. The whole was organized in three companies and each company worked two days in each week. The work was soon done eight ft. high and three gates nearly completed, but not quite.

January 9, 1855. Mary Jain (Jane) has been very sick for 7 weeks, but now on the ment and I hope soon to see her well for it is her desire to live and do the work that she come here to do. I do believe she will yet live and complete the work. She was married to Daniel B. Funk. (Several places in the Ledger he mentions Sarah has been, and is terribly sick. He voices his concern about her condition always with kindly expressions).

In 1855-7 there was a few items that I would like to see on their record, but I cannot give them now accurately with the dates, but they are of minor importance. I, therefore, pass over the time unnoted except a few words in regard to what was called the Reformation. This was set forward by the leaders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. They for a long time taught the people the necessity of living an honest upright life without which we cannot be save in the Kingdom of Heaven, and in as much as there was some, yes many, that did not live according to the word of the Lord, it was urged by the servants of God to come forward with humility and honesty of heart and make a confession of all their sins, and inasmuch an any man or woman have done wrong to their kneighbours (sic) in any way, they should go and confess to them the same and make restitution to the satisfaction of those they have wronged and when a clean sweep was make, all wrongs right, and a full determination to do right for the future, then such persons should have the privilege of being baptized for the remission of their sins. Any person refusing to comply with this requirement should not hold a place in this Church. Many came forward and confessed their wrongs and restored to those that they had wronged to their satisfaction. All that did confess and make all thing right, were baptized for the remission of their sins and the Holy Ghost was poured out upon many. Others became excited and run to some extremes, apparently supposing that the Holy Ghost operated upon the human mind as a whirl wind upon a sand hill not realizing that it's voice was calm and serene bringing light and intelligence with it, and guiding the understanding into correct principles deliberately showing things that are past; things that are present and things that are yet to come. The Reformation was good. The design was for the good of the Saints. By it the minds of all were enlightened. Both Saints and sinners could see

something of how God would put an end to sin and transgression, and would promote the righteous and raise them upon high. In fact.....set forth the principles of judgement so plainly everybody could see the ground on which he stood.....so.....principles of right and wrong set forth....that him that did.....right out would do that which was wrong should.....would have to say amen to their own condemnation. All my family except James was baptized. (These last few lines are so torn and worn they cannot be read). One thing more I will here relate. Before this Reformation above, I consecrated all my property to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. (Commonly known as the United Order).

Feb. 16, 1858, being previously called in connection with James Richey, 2nd Counselor of President Welcome Chapman and Henry B. Stevens, we having our business matters so arranged that we this morning about 10 o'clock started for Washington county on the Riovergin (Virgin) River to try to raise cotton for Sanpete county under the supervision of Brother Joseph Horne. We landed at their camp called Heberville, 9 miles below Washington the evening of 28th of Feb. We presented our letter of recommendation and was received as co-workers together with them the 1st of March and commenced operating with them. Our first work was building a dam to raise the water to irrigate the farm. We got considerably labor done by the brethren of Washington on labor tithing. Got the water out on our field the 29th of March, 1858. May 6, commenced to plant cotton seed. Finished 3rd of June."

The last entry of this diary is 3 June 1858. As stated before, several pages are missing and the years between this date and the death of Sarah have not been recorded elsewhere. I will conclude the history of his life with material I have taken from my Grandfather, George Peter Pectol's history, narrated by him to my father Ephraim Portman Pectol, his son.

It is not certain whether or not his family went with him when he left to fulfill this call to work at the Church Experiment Station at St. George, Utah to raise cotton, nor how long he was there. After this call was completed he returned to Manti. On 7 January 1861 his wife, great grandma Sarah, died leaving him with their three youngest children William age eleven years, James age fourteen and George Peter age twenty. The stone that marks her grave in Manti city cemetery was made by him and erected as a memorial to her. On March 1st 1861, just two months after his first wife's death, he married Sarah Scercey Blazzard, 12 March 1861 in Manti, Sanpete County, Utah. The marriage was performed by Welcome Chapman. Great-grandpa George took her and her six children along with his three, and moved back to Washington County, Utah settling in the town of Washington. He had previously been called to settle Washington County in what was called "the big move."

This marriage did not work out. George Peter says that he and his brothers had to leave home without even a change of clothes and hand in hand walked to the home of their sister, Eunice who had married Robert H. Brown. They stayed there for awhile but had to leave due to financial conditions. Their father and his second wife maintained separate homes. William and James returned to their fathers home and George Peter lived, for one month, with his sister Elizabeth who had married Solomon C. Case after which he left for Glenwood, Utah where he helped colonize.

On July 26, 1869 he, George Pectol, walked from Washington to Toquerville, Utah and back a distance of about seven miles. On his return home he drank water from the cool spring known as Grapevine Spring. This was the beginning of his last illness as it affected him immediately. He did some light work for awhile, but finally took to his bed and never recovered. He died 28 September 1869 and is buried in Washington, Utah. His wife came and assisted in his illness which was greatly appreciated by his family.

In the meantime James had married Mariam Blazzard, a daughter of Sarah Nov. 17, 186\_. George Peter had married Annina Conradina Peterson, of Glenwood, Utah, 14 September 1865. William went to live with George Peter who promised his mother on her death bed that he would take care of him, which he did as long as they lived.

We know nothing about the early years of our great grandfather, George Pectol until the time of his marriage. What could those years unfold to give us a better insight to this God fearing man? The characteristics we find in him are admirable. He must have been a kind man with the welfare of his family uppermost in his mind. His parents must have been religious, and he was brought up to be likewise. Little George was taught to work and assume responsibilities for he knew many things. He must have had a fair education which is exhibited in his Journal writing. Did he love sports, did he hunt, did he like music? What were his early ambitions? Hopefully, someone reading this can enlighten me on the early years of our great grandfather.

The marriage of children not listed in narrative are:

Mary Jane, Md. Daniel Buckley Funk 15 Oct. 1856

Jemima Bell, Md. Newman Brown, 4 May 1856

William, not married

What can be written about our dear Sarah? I would like to have known her. What stamina must have been her's. What impelling force caused her to assume the responsibilities and obligations she accepted in her marriage to George Pectol. I am sure she was brought up in a religious home under the guiding hands of a good mother and father. She must have been taught that her role would be as a wife and mother and she respected both obligations. How lonely she must have felt at times without, her family, among strange people, and a strange new religion. Her heart must have ached when she left her home in Indiana knowing she may never see her parents again. I feel the love she had for them and the respect she gave them. I can only hope and pray that



someday, someone reading this will fill the gaps in her story. Her life as a child, her education, and the things she did as a child could help us to understand her more. She was born in West Shellyville Shelby, Ky. 8 April, 1810 to Frederick Reasor and Sarah Kester.

Could we have survived under the strict hand of GEORGE PECTOL?