

HISTORIES OF
Luella Jane Stolworthy Nelson

&

Joseph Outzen Nelson



MY HERITAGE

This is my country, from many Nations my people came,
To find peace from persecution, freedom to worship. To build a home
To say "This is God's world"
They fought for what they made and dying, handed me the Torch
I raise it high with hope and a prayer in my heart For-
This my heritage.

I was born on a hot sultry night, July 17th, 1900, at Kirtland, New Mexico. I was the twelfth child to be born to Lydia Roseana Young and Henry Thomas Stolworthy. I was the eighth living child as Mother had lost three baby boys before my birth and two after I was born. I have often wondered why, of six consecutive babies born, I should be the only one to live. Aunt Abbie Young, wife of Brigham Young Jr. acted as midwife at my birth. She told me that she found me on her second story balcony where the stork had dropped me and knowing how sad my mother was because she had buried three babies, she decided to give me to her. I loved the story and never passed the house without a look at the balcony.

Our family lived on a farm, east of Kirtland, on the banks of the San Juan River. A big sand hill rose to the north of our farm, protecting our fruit trees and other crops from the cold north winds. Aunt Lue Palmer, Dad's sister, lived at the top of the hill. Our home was of adobe, flat roofed and consisted of three large rooms, built in a "L" shape. There was a fire place in the large living room and on the long winter evenings we spent many happy hours parching corn over the hot coals, and singing, playing games and just talking.

Even though Mother had buried six of her fourteen babies, our family was large. Dad's plural wife, Aunt Hannah, had died about a year before my birth and Mother had taken the motherless children to care for. Chastie, the oldest of Aunt Hannah's children went to Orderville to live with her mother's folks and married there. My oldest sister Tilda, was married and lived in Huntington, so when I was born there was Lucy, Allie, Pearl, Hazel, Wilma and Jess of my mother's children and Willard, Lottie and Carlos of Aunt Hannah's children. As we were raised together, they all seem like full brothers and sisters to me. In the summer we slept out under the big cottonwood trees that shaded our little home from the sun and did much of our working and living under a bowery porch Dad and the boys built of poles and green limbs. After a day's work Daddy loved to get his arms full of little ones and then he'd close his eyes and sing as he rocked in the old rocking chair. The songs I remember best are "Pretty Quadroon", "The Sly Old Crow" "Old Dan Tucker" and "Camptown Races". Every night was "Home Night" for us, and very often our family joined with Aunt Lue's for we were as close as brothers and sisters.

Living on a farm, we seemed to have plenty of nourishing food but not much money and we would go barefoot all summer excepting on a Sunday. Our Sunday shoes were precious. I would run over the hot sand with my bare feet as far as I could stand it then I would jerk off my sunbonnet and stand on it to cool my burning feet.

Sand lizards were everywhere. Blow snakes came into our houses for mice, our cellars for milk and into the chicken coop to rob the hens' nests for their eggs. The older children would hold a stick on the lizards' tails and they would scurry for cover leaving their tails on the sand. They may have come back and hooked on to their tails for we never saw any tail-less lizards running around or any extra tails lying on the sand.

The sand storms that came up the river always terrified me. You could see them coming for miles. I would run for the house and my Mother crying "The valley winds are coming". We lived so far from school that I did not go until I was eight years old. I was my Mother's shadow and was terribly spoiled and petted.

As far back as I can remember my mother was not well, she was very frail and had a bad heart condition. When Mother would have a heart attack, the older girls would be frantically working over her but I would slip out to a clump of wild rose bushes in our yard and on my bended knees I would plead tearfully of my Heavenly Father to spare my dear mothers life. I grew up with that fear in my heart, that she would leave me.

Although mothers health was not good, she loved to work in the church organizations. She was President of the Primary for many years. Aunt Lue was her counselor. They would walk the two miles to the little ward church in Kirtland and I and my cousin Sally, who was a few months younger than me would ride on an old gray mare we called old doll. Mother and Aunt Lue would walk along deep in conversation, knowing Old Doll and her cargo would be right behind. One day they looked behind to find old Doll at their heels as usual, while Sally and I sat in the sand about ablock back too disgusted for words. Later Dad and Uncle Ace managed a horse and buggy for Mother and Aunt Lue to drive to Primary and Relief Society Meetings. Sally and I really enjoyed those rides.

Our Family always attended church. Before the Kirtland Ward was organized, we had to go to Fruitland, about five miles down the valley. Most families drove to church in a buggy but no buggy could accomodate our family so we rode in a spring wagon with two seats and a quilt in the back for the rest of us. Dad was driving a pair of good looking mules at the time and Old Nell formed the habit of braying each time when we were about a block from the church. It was a loud bray and delighted the younger children but embarrassed the older ones and Mother. The good people at the church would smile at each other and say "Here comes Brother Stolworthy". We always took our lunch and waited for Sacrament meeting at two o'clock. Grandpa Young lived at Fruitland at the time and quite often his good wife Aunt Tamar served us all at dinner. I loved to hear Grandpa tell of his experiences as a pioneer of 1847. He had many experiences to tell about as he had served as an LDS missionary in England and had served on two missions to the Hawaiian Islands. I was especially interested in the Hawaiian songs and stories. Grandpa called me "Sunflower" because of my red gold hair.

Dad and Mother belonged to the "Dramatic Committee". They put on two or three plays in a year. It furnished entertainment and also helped finance the ward. Dad usually had a part in the play but Mother stayed behind the scenes as director and promptor. All of us looked forward to these plays, the lights, music and romance gave us more excitement and thrills than the lush movies of today.

The visit of the Ward teachers each month was quite an occasion to us. Dad would gather all of the family, whatever we were doing or getting ready to do could wait. We would place our chairs in a big circle and then Dad would look around to be sure we were all there, then he would say "Brethern we are in your hands". First we would kneel and have prayer together, sometimes we sang a hymn; then the teachers would give their message to us. After giving their speeches, they would call on my father to speak. Father would stand up behind his chair put his hands on the back like a pulpit and he would humbly thank our Heavenly Father for all of our blessings and bear his testimony to the truthfulness of the gospel. Always he expressed an earnest desire to live better and keep the commandments of God. When father finished, mother was ask to express her feelings, if she was not feeling well she sat in her chair while she too gave thanks for our blessings and bore her testimony. Now, each one of us children up and down the line must arise and in our own way give thanks and express our budding testimonies of the gospel. As soon as the older ones were big enough, they too stood behind their chairs. It was something to lean on and it fascinated me and I looked forward to the time, when I too would be tall enough to do the same.

When I was eight years old Dad was chopping wood and a splinter hit his eye and lodged in his pupil. He suffered wxtreme pain. The Doctors in Farminton sent him to an eye specialist in Salt Lake City. Mother went with him and wherever Mother went I went too, so I got my first train ride and my first real trip away from home. Aunt Nora was always so kind to my mother and she helped us get ready to go. She was a wonderful seamstress and made me the most beautiful dress I had ever had. It was of blue silk and is the first dress I can remember. We were in Salt Lake for several weeks, the pain in his eye stopped but his vision in the one eye was gone forever.

Our river was called "The Sunny San Juan" but it had a cruel side too. It's Whirlpools were relentless, if man or beast got in their power, they were sucked under and away in the swift current. In the summer the river was restless, the violent thunder storms and sudden heat melting the snow in the Colorado Mountains which are at its head would swell the stream. They called them Flash Floods. Many a night when we were warned of a flood, Mother and Dad would take our clothing and bedding and with all the children, climb the hill to Aunt Lue's house and spend the night. After each flood-the main river bed would b a little nearer to our house and some more of Dad's farm would be river bed.

In the year 1910 Dad gave up his fight with the river and he bought a house in the town of Kirtland. It was a brick house with four bedrooms upstairs, three large rooms, a pantry and a screened porch on the main floor and a cement cellar basement. There was also a real lawn and a water pump close to the kitchen door. At the farm we had hauled our drinking water in barrels from the river, when it was very muddy mother put milk in the barrel to help settle the mud.

To help pay expenses we now took school teachers to room and board. Dad was a member of the school board and we lived near the school house. Our two biggest and best bed rooms were always rented through the winter. Hazel

and Wilma were the oldest girls home as Lucy and Pearl were married and in homes of their own. Willard was on a mission to the Southern States and Jess was away working most of the time. Lottie had gone to live with Chastie and that left only four children at home. Wilma and Hazel took all responsibility as mothers health had grown continually worse. Most of her days out of bed were spent on the screened porch in her big chair knitting or crocheting lace for petticoats and pillow cases or making mittens or caps for the grandbabies.

Having the school teachers in your home is not always pleasant. I remember one time when it proved very unpleasant for me. I was in the sixth grade. Our teacher was a man who was a bit short in patience. One of the big boys in our grade was constant thorn in his side so one day the teacher attempted to put George in his place. George resisted violently and it resulted in a real fight, in the process the stove pipe was knocked down and every one was very excited. I rushed home with the story never suspecting that Mr. Shea (the teacher) was there before me. I had just finished my version of the fight and believe me it had lost nothing in the telling; when in came Mr. Shea and he didnt look very pleased. I wished with all my heart I was anywhere but there at that moment. He just said "Now Luella, will you please start over and tell your father what really happened" That was a very good lesson for me. I have tried not to exaggerate things since, but it is very hard not to do so. When your father is on the school board and the teachers live to your place, you really have to mind your "p's and Q's"

Now that we lived so near the church we sometimes had the General Authorities come to our place to stay at Conference time. I especially remember Apostle Melvin J. Ballard, he was so friendly and kind, so full of spirituality. I was awakened that Sunday morning by hearing him out in the yard singing to the rising sun "Have I Done Any Good In the World Today?" I also remember how very much he enjoyed our tree ripened peaches and cream.

Always, night and morning our family would kneel in family prayer--no one was excused. All of our boarders were invited to join with us in prayer, some did --others refused, but the prayers went on, each of us taking our turn as soon as were were old enough to talk.

South of the San Juan River is the Navajo Reservation, with its almost hidden hogans. Its scattered herds of sheep, and the mysterious people who live there. They came across the river only to trade their wool, blankets and jewelry for provisions, melons and fruit. They bought bright cloth for their colorful dresses and machine woven shawls for their heads. When I was a little child I was always afraid of them. Later in my life I spent one summer at my brother Willard's Indian trading post and was very interested in their ways and customs. The trading post was in Arizona and was called "Tees noz poz." From our side of the river, the north bank, we could see some of the special activities of the Navahoes. When they had a special dance, "Yabachi" for rain or other purposes they would keep the fires and dance all night with drums and a low chanting for music. When one of the tribe died the hogan was set on fire to get rid of the evil spirit, as the fire burned the braves of the tribe would mount their horses and armed with guns or bows and arrows they would ride around and around the burning hogan shooting and yelling in a savage way until the leader saw the evil spirit leave, ~~then they~~ would all chase after it in a "Follow the

leader line until they had chased it into the river. Now the job was done and they would ride quietly to their scattered homes.

1913 was the year of the big flood in the San Juan River. We were thankful that we were living in town that night for the swirling waters took all of our adobe farm home. The northern bank where the town of Kirtland was built is high and out of the reach of the angry waters. We watched as the terrible flood went by. Other farms had not been so lucky. All kinds of furniture and farm implements as well as cows, pigs and chickens went swirling by. A horse still hitched to the shafts of a buggy, a chicken coop with some of the chickens still clinging to the roof and a man hanging to the rafters of a barn sailed by as we watched. A rope was thrown to the man as the barn passed under the swinging bridge which crossed the river at Fruitland and he was saved. After it was all over many farms as well as ours lay under the water for the San Juan had chosen a new course for her main stream.

The years passed on. Willard came home from his mission and married. Hazel married and moved to Blanding Utah. Jesse married a girl from Colorado. Carlos went on a mission to the Western States. One of his mission companions was a young man by the name of Spencer W. Kimball. Wilma and I were home with Mother and Dad. Wilma taught school at Kirtland and took care of Mother and the home. Christmas 1915, Mother got the flu and the Doctor said the end was near. December 29th Mother passed away. I was spending the night at Aunt Lue's place. About midnight, Willard came for me, they said Mother kept calling my name. The snow was falling as we walked the short distance home. I was shaking with cold and fear. Lucy, Pearl, Hazel, Wilma, and Jesse were all there with Dad, as I looked at her her eyes were closed, but she seemed to sense my presence, she said my name faintly again, I kissed her dear face and they said that she was gone. Gone Forever.

After our Mother's death, the winter seemed long and dreary. Dad was lost in his grief, he would sit for hours just looking into the fire. Wilma was teaching school and keeping our home as best she could. She needed me to help her but I was like a wounded animal fighting back all who tried to help me. I hated to go home and would stay after school with any friends that would stay with me. Usually, Wilma would come and drag me home with much protesting on my part. I really don't see how she got through that winter. I was impossible in school too. We, eighth graders had a real young girl for our teacher and she had no control over us at all. One day we kidnapped her, put her in a buggy and pulled her up into the foot hills and kept her there all afternoon. Of course she reported us to the Principal and we were all expelled from school. We had to ask forgiveness to get back in school, this we did with a great flourish and many mock groans and tears. Result--the rest of that school year was a farce.

In the Spring, Wilma certainly needed a rest so she and Dad decided to go to Idaho and have a long visit with Tilly and Allie and their families, who lived there. So I was parceled out. First I went to Willard and Ethel, they had an Indian Trading Post at the Hog's Back Mountain. Ethel had small children and was baking bread to sell to the Navajoes. I had plenty to do, tending babies and I got to be a pretty good bread maker too. After about two months here I went out to Anneth, a Trading post near the "4 Corners". Jesse and his wife Lula were there. There was an epidemic of influenza, I got it from the Indians and was very ill. The Navajoes died like flies but I recovered and although I was exposed many times in my life, I never took the Flu again.

In the Fall Wilma and Dad came home but Hazel needed help very badly in Blanding so I was sent to Blanding to help her and go to High School. I went with Uncle Ray Young in a big covered wagon and it took us three days. Hazel and her husband, Francis Washburn had taken a dry farm from the Government and were trying to improve it. It was about 20 miles north east of Blanding. They were very poor, Francis was at the Dry Farm until the snow got too deep and Hazel had three small children and very poor health. She really needed me. I did try my best to help her and I got lots more practice making bread and taking care of babies. I lived with Hazel 2 years and in the meantime she got another baby. There were no Doctors and a Mid-wife had to take care of her. There was no one else, so I had to help her. Francis was at the farm. After that I was a little doubtful about having babies. The child was a red headed boy and we called him Troy.

In spite of the poverty and cold I loved Blanding and High School. My cousin, May Young lived there and although she was a year older than I, she took me under her wing and I was accepted by the crowd. The activities of the High school thrilled me. Still I was very homesick and at times I felt that I could'nt live without my Mother and my home. Through the block that Hazel lived on, there lived a family named Hurst. They had a boy my age. Phil was tall, very dark complexion, good looking and cocky. Hazel disliked him and could hardly stand for me to look at him. She tried her best to interest me in a boy she admired by the name of Willard Porter. Willard was willing and altho I went with him almost steady, I was not attracted to him as I was to Phil, but we had very good times together. The crowd always went together. There was sleigh riding in big bob sleighs, chicken roasts at "West Water", horse back riding and hikes up to the hills as well as the dances and in-door parties. In spite of my homesickness, I had more fun than ever before in my life. Sixteen is such a fun age. For Christmas, Wilma sent me a pale yellow crepe dress. It had rose buds around the sorta low neck. Dad sent me some shoes. This is the second dress I remember.

That summer Wilma came down and stayed with us for her vacation. We all had fun. The next school year started fine but all of the boys in our crowd got patriotic and enlisted in the Army. They were put into the "145 Artillery and sent to France as soon as they finished their basic training. We girls, tried to live without the boys but it was'nt much fun. We knit wash cloths for the Red Cross and made dishtowels for our Hope Chests. We also wrote many cheerful letters to our soldier boys. That winter, Hazel had better health and I needed money so I worked for Willard's mother. She was postmistress and telephone operator for Blanding. I worked after school and on Saturday.

That spring, I went back to Kirtland. Dad had married again, to a young widow named Jane Black Cooper. She had a girl 15 and a boy age 12. Jen, as we called her, was jealous of Wilma and really made life miserable for her. It was hard to see her taking Mother's place which Wilma had done for so long. She was better to me and that year I went to High School at Kirtland. I didn't stay at home much, it was'nt home any more. I worked wherever I could get a job or for any sister or brother who was having a baby and needed help.

In Nov. 1918 , the Armistis was signed and the boys were soon home. I was going to school at Kirtland that year. Willard wrote that he was coming to see me but I gave him no encouragement and he didn't come. I worked all summer and in the Fall of 1919, Wilma had saved some money and decided to go to the B Y U to school. I begged her to take me with her and that Fall I started my last year of High School at the B Y U . May Young came up from Blanding and she, Wilma and I, lived together in one room. May and I had to work after school and on Saturday and Sundays to keep up our expenses. Jesse Knight was mother's Uncle and trustee at the "Y", gave us our tuition and fees.

In November Willard came up to Provo to see me and he wanted to be married right then. I was very interested in school so I told him "no" not now anyway. All the soldier boys had married as soon as they got home and Willard was going to, too, so he went home and married a girl older than he and one he had never gone with before.

In 1920, I was graduated from the B Y U High School. Our money was gone and I didn't see how I could graduate with out a dress. Then my sister Allie did a wonderful thing, she sent me 25 dollars for graduation. May and Wilms worked overtime to help make my dress. It was flowered chiffon over white satin. I thought it was beautiful, it was the third dress I remember. I had enough money for white pumps, too. On Commencement day, I recieved a corsage of red rose buds from a school mate, Amanda Haws. My cup was full. Surely, I shall never forget the acts of kindness.

After Graduation, Wilma went back to New Mexico. She took a good job as book keeper for a big mercantile company in Farminton. May went back to Blanding. I didn't know where to go or what to do. A girl I kniw from Blanding was working in Salt Lake so I went up there. I got a job working for a Doctor Hulme part time and took Book Keeping at the "U" for six weeks. My job was to tend a colicky baby and help feed and care for two older children. About a week after school was out a real mean burlar broke into their house and scared me half to death so I went to room with Lena Nix, from Blanding and got work at the Seeet Candy Factory. I worked there for 9 months. Winter was coming again, Lena went home and I was alone. Carlos who was in Orderville wrote to me and ask me to come to Orderville for the winter. Aunt Rose Lamb (Dad's sister) offered me a home with her so I took the D and R. G. to Marysvale and went on to Orderville with the mail truck. Aunt Rose was very nice to me. I had a nice room with a feather bed and always plenty of good food. The young people in Orderville were friendly and nice. Carlos was very popular there and I was his sister. After about 3 months of fun and enjoyment, I got word that Francis had been killed in a farm accident. It was Nov. 21, 1921. Hazel was in very poor health and the shock of the accident and responsibility of six little children under 10 years had broken her vlaient spirit. The Bishop of the ward, who was Jap Redd's Father had contacted my Dad and they decided I should go stay with her. The trip from Orderville was a nightmare. Heavy snow covered all of Southern Utah. I had to go to Marysvale in a sleigh and stay in a rickety hotel with no lock on the door. Then I took the D. and R. G. to Thompson Springs near Moab. I passed through Richfield twice and I never dreamed that in a few years I would be living there the rest of my life. The train was slow and stopped for every milk can along the way. I was the only woman on the train and we got to Thompson about four o'clock in the morning.

In the little depot, men were every where, sleeping on the benches and floor. I was frightened and lost, the good conductor could see my plight, he took me to a nearby rooming house, woke the land lady and got me a room. It was bitter cold and there was no fire. The next morning I took the stage to Monticello and from there to Blanding.

I'll never forget-when I got to Hazel's place, it was just after dark, about a foot of snow on the ground. Hazel was out milking the cow and doing the chores. I went into the house, baby Hugh was crying. Troy and Ardell were cross and hungry, too. I took the baby in my arms and comforted him and after that he was my baby. Hazel seemed to be in a state of shock. I had all of the care of the baby. Evil spirits seemed to be within, there was an eerie feeling. The children would scream out at night. Bishop Redd was very concerned. He finally got Hazel to attend a seminary class and her spirit got better. Altho Francis and Hazel had always been short in material things their home was rich in love and laughter. Hazel had a keen sense of humor and when she was herself, we laughed and sang together. Francis was a great tease and teased me about my boy friends a lot. I really enjoyed living with them. By Spring, 1922 Hazel and I had had it. As soon as the weather permitted Willard came down and moved us to Kirtland. We got Hazel settled in a small but comfortable home. She didn't need me now and I was one more mouth to feed so I got a job in Fruitland helping the lady who had the Post Office

In May of 1923, Wilma decide to marry a Provo man, named Willard Hawkins. I went with her, intending to work part time and go to school. She was married June 6th. I got a job at Sutton's Cafe and took book keeping classes at the "Y". I lived with Wilma, she had become a second mother to me. A big boy was born to her on April 21, 1924. They named him Keith.

Hazel suddenly took very sick and we got word of her death, October 25, 1925. I went to the funeral. Wilma was very miserable and pregnant so she didn't go. Hugh, who was now 4 years old was still having trouble keeping his food down, so the families decided to have me take him with me to Provo and get him to a good Doctor. Next to his mother, he still loved me most. I had to quit school and work full time to make ends meet. We lived with Wilma for the first few months but after her second boy Carl was born, I rented a small apt. across the street and Vivian came to live with me and help care for Hugh. She was 13 years old and that Fall she went to school in Provo. She had a long way to walk and every one was strange, it was a real trial for her.

About this time I met a young man from Richfield. He ran the Roller Skating Rink at Glengary, north of Springville. His name was Joe Nelson, he lived with another Richfield man and they ate at Suttons. Times were hard and Joe was lonely and discouraged. I was lonely too and we became good friends. On his 24th birthday, January 5, 1927- I had him down to our apt. for dinner. Sutton's cook made an elaborate birthday cake for the occasion. Joe was very good to Hugh. He sorta took the place of the father he had lost. He took him to the Doctor each time for his treatment. Hugh had a restricted esophagus and they tried to stretch it with a gadget like a bicycle pump. Vivian was in school and I was working so we were unable to go. Hugh was such a good little guy, he would take Joe's hand and walk the long distance, take his treatment and then walk home again without a murmur.

Joe and I decided to get married, we chose February 14th for our wedding day. That day we took the interurban train to Salt Lake City and were going to the court house to be married. We got there five minutes after four and the court house was closed. I had a girl friend in the city and Joe had several boy friends, so we made an appointment to meet at 2 o'clock the next day and get the job done. Ivy and I were there promptly at 2, but we waited and waited for Joe. I almost gave up and went home but finally, the groom arrived and the ceremony was performed. We rode back to Provo on the urban. It was a beautiful moonlight night and I'll never forget the ride.

We got along in our little apt. Joe was very good and kind to both Hugh and Vivian, altho he teased Viv a lot. I had never met any of Joe's folks and one day in April his mother came up on the train to look us over. She stayed with us for a few days and we learned to love her. She was always fond of little boys and played with Hugh a lot. Grandma as we called her was always kind and loyal to me.

The first of May, Joe got a job in Richfield driving a Texaco truck for Charlie Card. Times were hard and I decided to stay and work until Viv was out of school. Hugh got very sick, the Doctors said that somehow they had scratched the stomach lining and peritonitis set in. His suffering was so great, I could hardly stand it. May the 12th, he passed away. All day his eyes had been on a certain corner of the room, he reached out his little arms and said "Take me, take me" and then he died. We felt sure his mother had come for him. I had a life insurance on Hugh for \$500.00. It paid for his funeral expenses. I gave his Grandpa Washburn \$30.00 for coming up and taking his coffin back to Blanding for burial. Vivian went back with them.

I had been off work while Hugh was sick and I never went back. Joe was anxious for me to join him in Richfield. So we gathered our few bits of furniture and our clothing and moved there. There was a little three roomed house on the south corner of the block where Joe lived. It belonged to his mother, she had given Lora a piece of ground east of her home and they built a lovely new home there. We needed a place to live so she deeded the little house to Joe. For the first time since Mother died I had a home. I had \$60.00 and Joe had some money so set about fixing up the house. We lived with Grandma until we got it done. Jim Hansen built us a kitchen cabinet, and altho it isn't pretty, we are using it now, 44 years later. Joe changed a window. We ~~re-~~omined and painted it inside and out. We loved our home, humble it was but it was ours. Joe worked at night putting water in the house. We had a kitchen sink. The toilet was still outside but it got painted too.

I was expecting a baby and Hughes death had been very hard on me. Grandma Nelson was very patient with me thro those trying weeks. Joe planted us a garden. He had to work so hard at his job. Then at home too. He has had a wonderful garden every year since. November 19th a little girl came to make us a real family. We called her Mary MaVon. We were very happy and how could I be lonely with a darling baby to take care of. In 1930, we added a bedroom, service room and bath. It was wonderful to have a bath room and it was finished just in time for on August 23, 1930, we welcomed into our family a big bouncy baby boy. He weighed 11 lbs and had red hair and big blue eyes. I had a rather hard time having him and we never had any more babies after that. We called him Joseph Garn.

The years rolled by swiftly when Garn was about 9 months old. I started working in the Third Ward Primary. For about 12 years, I had done nothing in the way of service to the Church, now I enjoyed it so much.

1944 was the year we built two nice rooms on the front of our house. I was so thrilled with my corner window and my hard wood floors. There was a large living room and a smaller room for Mavon to sleep in. Joe was a good provider and wanted me to have a nice home and so many other things, we couldn't afford.

Mavon married Jack Herring when he came home from the war in 1945. He served in the Phillipines and other Islands. They were married December 27th, 1945 and in October 19th, 1946 gave us our first grandchild, a wee girl, we called Karla.

June 24th, 1949, Garn married a sweet little Richfield girl, Phyllis Ferguson. Our first grand son was born to them March 17th, 1950. Of course they called him Patrick. Mavon had another baby girl the 19th of September 1949. She was born in Logan. They called her Kathy. Grandma Nelson passed away December 5th, 1949. We all felt a great loss at her going.

As the years flew by, Mavon had two other girls, Randa Jo, January 6th 1953 and Julie, who was stillborn. Garn and Phyllis had two girls, Brenda, born August 20th 1952 and Marie, September 20th, 1956 and last but not least twin boys born January 27, 1961. They were very small and had to stay in the hospital until they weight 5 lbs. They named them Gene Ellis and Jon Eric. Surely we had never dreamed of such happiness. So we have 8 lovely grandchildren and we are so very proud and grateful for every one of them.

Mavon and Garn, Jack and Phyllis have matured and grown into honorable citizens. All serve in our church. We have two great grandchildren. A boy through Karla's marriage and a girl from Kathy's. So far all have been married in the Temple for Eternity. I thank my Heavenly Father for blessing me with an honorable hard working husband who has room in his heart to love all of us and for all of our children.

At one period in my life when I was lonely, sad discouraged and felt I could not go on--I found a poem that helped me all through life. I leave it to you now in this year 1971. What ever the future brings, it may help you.

Build for yourself a strong box, Fashion each part with care.
Fit it with hasp and padlock, Put all your troubles there.
Hide therein all your sorrow, and each bitter cup you quaff-
Lock all your heart-aches in it, Then sit on the lid and laugh.

Tell no one of it's contents, never it's secrets share
Drop in your cares and worries, Keep them forever there.
Hide them from sight completely-the world will not dream the half,
Fasten the lock securely- then sit on the lid and laugh.

As I look at this era of fantastic automobiles, jet planes and luxury boats-water skiing, snowmobiles and motorcycles, my mind goes back to the late twentys and thirtys. When Garn was a baby and Mavon was three years old, I would put the two of them in our wicker baby carriage and wheel them down across main street to Aunt Molly Black's place. In 1930, we got our first car. It was a Dodge coup, and Joe traded a calf and fifty dollars for it. I tried to drive for awhile but the gears completely frustrated me and I soon decided that I would never be a driver and I never have been. The first jet plane I saw was a thrill, I rushed in the house, got my camera and took a picture- a white streak through the blue sky. I never dreamed then that I would ever ride one. In 1966, Joe had a bad seige with bleeding ulcers. He could not work so we took some money out of our savings account and flew on a B 727 back to see Mavon and family. They lived in Barron, Wisconsin. Garn, Phyllis and family took us to the Salt Lake Airport. I felt perfectly o k on the plane until the Stewardess announced "We are cruising at a speed of 600 miles an hour, at an altitude of 37,000 ft." Then for a minute I felt sorta dizzy. The air port at the Twin Cities overwhelmed us and we were certainly glad to see Jack and Mavon waiting for us at the gate. It took us as long to go by car to Barron, as it took us to fly from Salt Lake City.

Here it was like another world, from the air we had seen a hundred lakes shining in the green. Rivers so big that the Sevier looked like a canal in comparision, with grass, shrubs and trees everywhere. No bare or dusty soil along the highways. Mavon lived in a big white Colonial style home, 14 rooms, on a hill, they called it the "City View Farm" To the East and South were rolling pasture land and on the West a beautiful forest of hardwood trees. When our time to go home came, Jack got his vacation and they took us home in their car. We went to Illinois and had a tour of Nauvoo and also twenty miles down the bank of the Mississippi to Carthage Jail. Big river boats carrying freight and passengers were going up and down the river, the big wheels at the back turning and splashing vigorously. We crossed over to Missouri and spent the night. We found the Missouri River big and beautiful, not so muddy as the Mississippi. In 1967, we flew back to Wisconsin again, this time, Voin and Karla went with us. We bought round trip tickets. this trip and flew back to Salt Lake. Voin and Karla stayed on in Wisconsin. One of the things we enjoyed most was when Mavon took us to Duluth Minnesota. We went on a pleasure cruise by loat on Lake Superior. We saw Cargo boats from many different countries loading at the docks, each flying their countries flags. Coming over the high Utah mountains and landing at the Salt Lake Airport was exciting, not so smooth as the long graceful landing at the Twin Cities. We had phoned and made an arrangement to meet Garn at the airport. He was after a load of gas and we rode with him to Richfield in the big Phillips gas truck. That was quite an experience too.

In the Fall of 1953, Joe slipped on the loading platform as he was loading gas into the Texaco Truck and injured his back and right knee. It got worse as the months wore on and March 1954, he entered the L.D.S. Hospital at Salt Lake for an knee operation. After the surgery, they said that the knee would be 40% normal. It was paid for by the State Industrial Insurance and they gave him a cash settlement of \$500. Thatknee was painful for a very long time, then in November 1970, he had to have surgery on his left knee. Dr. Henrie did the work at the Holy Cross. It was not so successful as the first one, but of course Joe was 16 years older, so he was forced to retire.

The years passed, in 1976 a great sadness came to our home and to Mavon. Jack had a great passion for a 19 year old girl named Mary Sorensen, who lived in Axtel. For seven years, Jack and Mavon had lived in Manti where Jack had served as County Agent for Sanpete County. Throught the 4 H program the girl and Jack had been in contact with each other, a great deal. In the Spring of 1975 when Jack and Mavon came home from Israel, where they had been for six months on a project for F A O. Jack started to talk to Mavon about a divorce, after thirty years of married life together. Mavon still loved him although she knew that from time to time, Jack had not been faithful to her. They had been sealed in the Holy Temple for time and eternity and Jack had been a Bishop in St. George Ward for many years. Jack wouldn't go with her to a marriage counselor. In September, Jack left his home and moved into a room near the girl who was living in Mt. Pleasant. His family fasted and prayed for him but nothing changed. The Bishop advised Mavon to get a divorce, this she did and Jack never came to the hearing or contested in any way and the girls name wasnt mentioned. On January 22, the divorce became final. Karla, Kathy and Randa are married and live in their own homes but they were humiliated and saddened. Mavon was left in her lovely home alone, lonely, rejected and broken hearted. Mavon had the courage to go to Snow Colledge and take a secretarial course. She had been out of school for thirty years and her classmates were young and it was easier for then to do the college work. She was graduated and received a Sectretarial Certificate in May of 1976. Needless to say we are very proud of her for we know the tears of sorrow, of loneliness and of frustration she shed every day. We try to understand the rejection she felt at being abandoned for a 19 year old girl. Jack has paid a big price for his passion. He lost for Eternity a beautiful wife, a lovely home, his daughters respect and was disfellowshipped from the true and only church wherein one can reach eternal glory. This has been very hard for Joe and me to bear for we love Mavon dearly and are concerned about her future. No one can fully realize the tears and the struggle, Mavon has had this year but she has been very brave and proved herself to be a special person. I know our Heavenly Father loves her and as she continues to live near to Him and to keep His commandments He will take care of her and guide her to Eternal Joy. Can she ever forget?

I am growing old and before I go to my Heavenly home I want to bear my testimony so that all my children, grandchildren and great grandchildren may know that I know this Gospel of ours is true. It is the Church of Jesus Christ, and He is a living Father to His children here on earth. I know that Joseph Smith is a Prophet of God and he restored the Gospel here on earth. How can I doubt it when my great grandparents, (on my mother's side) all knew him and were his friends. Joseph Knight said in his diary that young Joseph worked on the farm for him and if Joseph Smith said that he saw an angel and the angel gave a record to him, then it was true for Joseph Smith would not lie. My great grandfather, Newel Knight and Lydia Goldwaithe were the first couple married by the prophet.

I was brought up in a home filled with love of the Gospel and love for each other. I was taught to keep the commandments of God and to accept the work I was called to do in the wards and stakes, and to do it with all my heart. When I have strayed, it was not my parents fault, only my human weakness. My Father was a very good man who said with Joshua of old "As for me and my family, we will serve the Lord" He died as a patriarch of the San Juan Stake. His parents came from England to be with the Saints in Utah.

Remember you are from good people and where much is given, much is expected... You are all children of God and He loves you. May the blessings of our Father in Heaven be with you, may His Holy Spirit ever guide you. I pray this, because I love you... In the name of Jesus Christ.

Amen

Luella Jane Stolworthy Nelson

SATAN

Satan sat silent, deep in thought
A plan to destroy mankind, he sought
His plans had been many, His failures few
And now he didn't know what to do?
He had called his Imps and deamons in
But nothing they planned appealed to him,
So now he sat with furrowed brow
Remembering his rather boastful vow--
"That all mankind should through his fall
NEVER reach the heavenly goal at all".
I'll help you, Sir Satan" a gruff voice spoke
When Satan looked up he thought it a joke,
For there stood a weed of faded brown
With a sullen face and a smoking crown,
Yet feeling humble in his great need
He condescendingly ask the weed
"Who are you? And what is your plan
To bring destruction on earth to man"?
The weed drew up with a haughty mien
And answered "I am Sir Nicotine
Without you, I'm helpless" he went on with a moan,
"For without temptation, men leave me alone
But once they are tempted my weed to take
They will give up all else for its sake,
For nicotine soothes them and puts them to sleep
So they never dream of the harvest they'll reap.
In that vile smoke my deamons lurke
And while man is soothed, they do their work.
They ruin his digestion-cause his lungs to decay,
Weaken his heart, take his resistance away
So man will sink lower and lower in sin
Yield to temptation and then we win!
When my Deamons have done all that they can
Theres not much left of man, thats REAL MAN".
Then Satan looked happy and said with a smile
"Your plan sounds practical and worth while
Return to Earth and grow your weed
And I amsure we shall succeed".

The one thing Satan forgot that day
Was a little Band called "The MIA".
When they got on to Satan's plan
They said "We'll stop him as soon as we can
We'll stand together and fight with our might
'Til this weed disappears and its wrongs are made right.
This will be our watchword and motto
"WE STAND FOR NON USE AND NON SALE OF TOBACCO"
"Stand firm and true in this fight we must
To prove that we are worthy of the trust
That was a part of God's most glorious plan
When He gave FREE AGENCY to man.

MIA Slogan 1918

by Luelia Stoolworthy

Joseph Outzen Nelson

My grandfather was Augustinis Nelson. He was born in Nørre, Sorgen Weile, Denmark. April the 14th. 1833. His father was a shipbuilder and a cork maker, named Nials Jensen. As was the custom in Denmark, the sons became Nielson or Nial's son. Later the family dropped the i and were called Nelson.

Augustinis worked with his father until he was about 15. he became very good at his trade. He met some Mormon Elders when he was 17 and became very interested in the Church. His family belonged to the Lutheran faith. At the age of 17, he was baptized into the Mormon Church by Anton A. Lund. It was so cold that they had to break through 4 inches of ice to get to the water. He was called on a mission to Germany. He left for that mission the 4th of December, 1852. Here he learned to speak the German language fluently. After a year he returned to Denmark to finish his mission there. In 1853, he met and converted a young girl. Her name was Ane Bendicta Engelbert Hansen. Altho her mother had secretly joined the church two months before, her step father was furious and sent her from his home. Ane was baptized March 6, 1854.

Augustinis and Ane were in love with each other but they had no place to go as his family had disowned him too, so they decided to go to America. They sailed to Liverpool January 22, 1854 on the ship Benjamine Adams. They were married on the boat February 5th, 1854. They landed at New Orleans, sailed up the Mississippi to St. Louis. The young couple stayed there until they were sent to Kansas City to join a company of Saints who were going to Utah. They left Kansas City, June 15th 1854 in the company of Hans Peter Olsen and they arrived in the valley October 5th, 1854. Ans was very well educated and spoke 7 different languages. Her mother was a Doctor.

Augustinis and Ane settled in South Cottonwood District. Here he was made High Councilman (48th Quorum of Seventies) and was a member of the first Militia in Salt Lake City. They were sent as guards to Ogden Canyon when Johnson's Army came to Utah in 1857.

The Augustinis Nelsons were sent to settle Ephraim in 1857 and a year later were moved to Mt. Pleasant where they made their home until they were called with nine other families to settle Sevier County in January of 1864. They arrived in Richfield, January 6th 1864. In 1867, Indian troubles caused the small settlement to leave what they called Omni Sevier. August went back to Mt. Pleasant and here on June 14th 1869, my father was born. They named him George Christian Nelson. Peace was made with the Indians and in the Spring of 1871, they returned to their homes. Others soon followed, a town was laid out and called Richfield.

August Nelson lived his religion the best way he could. He loved the gospel but in 1876, he was dis-fellowshipped from the Church. He repeated a remark he had heard Brigham Young say. The authorities in Sevier said the remark was not true. August was proud and would not publicly retract his statement. Personal feelings became involved between him and the local authorities and they took action against him. He would not take off his garments and the local Church leaders were pretty upset about it. The General Authorities re-instated him in 1871 with all his former rights and blessings and he was buried in his temple clothes. But the damage had been done and continues to this day. The 12 Nelson children felt very bitter about the action of the Church and turned against it.

My father, George Christian Nelson was the son of August and Ane Bendicta Nelson. He was born in Mt. Pleasant June 14, 1869. Chris as he was called was only three years old when the original settlers came back to reclaim Sevier. When my father was 10 years old (1879) Grandpa took up land under Government permit and started to clear the land. It was very hard work for all of them. The August Nelson family was industrious and also musical. The boys all played instruments and the girls played the piano and they all sang. They enjoyed this music in the home very much. The boys played in the first Richfield band.

Chris was very industrious. He worked hard on the farm, he also played in the local orchestra for all the community entertainments. When he married my Mother September 15, 1894, he had a nice brick home built on the farm ready for his bride. They had six children, five boys and a girl.

Lora Edith	born June 24, 1896
Aaron Nathaniel	July 30, 1897
Emeron George	July 17, 1900
Joseph Outzen Nelson	January 5, 1903
Asahel Neal	May 14, 1906
Ellis Glen	July 18, 1908

Now I must tell of the life of my mother, Jessiphina Outzen and how she came to America and finally to Richfield, Utah where she met and became the wife of Chris Nelson. My grandfather Jens Christian Outzen was born October 24, 1824 in Holmsland, Rulgeburg Germany. He came to Denmark, as a soldier in the war between Germany and Denmark. He met and married Martha Maria Christiansen. She was born in Randers, Denmark-February 2, 1830. Their first child was born in Randers, in 1854. They named her Augusta Marie and she married Jesse N. Smith, a missionary from Arizona, in 1869. Jesse N. Smith was instrumental in converting the Outzen Family and returned to America on the same boat with them in July 1870. (Augusta was just 15 years old and a plural wife of Jesse Smith)

Grandpa and grandma had eleven children born in Randers, Denmark. Three of them died at an early age and were buried in Randers. One little girl, Eda Kjarstine, became ill on the boat. She was born the 27th of October 1862 and died July 19th, 1870, on the boat near Liverpool, England. Grandma could not bear to bury her little 7 year old girl at sea so Granpa and Jesse N. Smith landed at Liverpool with the body and buried her there. They later rejoined the family at sea. My mother was three months old at the time of her voyage.

When the Outzen family got to Utah, they were sent to Parawan as Grandpa was a very good carpenter and cabinet maker. While they lived in Parawan, Grandma gave birth to two baby boys. Peder D. born July 25th, 1871. died August 25, 1871. and Jens C. born May 11th 1872--Died Aug. 11th 1872. They were buried in Parawan.

Richfield was growing fast and there were many buildings to be built. J. C. Outzen made a trip to Parawan and moved the Outzen family to Richfield. Grandpa built a lovely little home for his family on 4th South and Main and there they lived the rest of their lives in Richfield. Granpa helped build the big tithing office and the old tabernacle and many other historical buildings in Richfield.

Grandma died on the 3rd of June 1905. She was a wonderful mother, grandmother and dear friend to many. She was long remembered for her "Danish" hospitality. Granpa was very lonely after her death and came to live with us. He was 81 years old and I was two but I remember him. My mother and father were very good to him and he passed away peacefully May 15, 1908. Mother had a little baby boy while he lived with us. Asahel born in May 1906. Ellis was born 2 months after his death.

I was born January 5, 1903. The fourth child of George Christian and Jessiphina Outzen Nelson. I was a very large baby weighing 13 lbs. at birth. I was only three months old when Aaron died with scarlet fever, I had it too and it left me with some complications. Little Emerson died of internal hemorrhage, January first 1901 at the age of 6 months. Aaron died the 2nd of April (scarlet fever) at the age of 6 years. Mother was very brave altho her heart was broken she tried to be cheerful and accept her loss.

We lived in the house Dad had built on the farm. There was no water in the house but there was a well on the east side. There was an outside toilet which was not too convenient, especially in cold weather. This out-house never lacked for paint. Whenever Mother had a dab of paint left over it was not wasted--it went on the outhouse. There was no electricity in Richfield and I remember Mother filling and cleaning her kerosene lamps every day.

Dad farmed for his mother on shares and he also was a musician and played the trombone and a "B-Flat" coronet. He played for local dances at the Star Pavillion, which was owned by the Nelson Brothers. He also played for the old silent picture shows and was accompanied by my sister Lora as soon as she was old enough. My dad belonged to the first Richfield City Band. Mother had a fine alto voice and sang in the Stake Choir.

Mother hated to be alone the nights Dad and Lora were playing and would give me coffee to drink so I would stay awake with her until they got home. When I was six years old I started to milk cows. We had about a dozen cows and usually a bull, which Dad took care of personally. Milking meant that I had to get up before daylight even on cold miserable days. After milking we ran the milk through a separator and Mother sold cream and butter. Of course we always had milk, cream and butter for our own use. There were cured hams and bacon and on occasion a beef or mutton. Flour and wheat in the grainery in those days we truly provided our own living and it was good.

When the dancing season slowed down, Dad ran a skating rink in the Pavillion. I learned to roller skate at a very young age and I became a good skater. I also learned how to take proper care of the skates. In school I loved the athletic programs. I liked track and football best. I had to do a lot of practice on the field and as I was needed at home, it caused some trouble at home. I never remember that one of my family ever came to watch a game that I played in, even an important one. I won my letter "R" in the Richfield High and I was very proud of it. They gave us a gold pin with the letter "R" on it. One time after we were married we had a man in to paint our bathroom. He took off with my pin and also my Odd Fellow Lodge pin, we never saw him again.

As I grew up I worked at many things, at many different places. I was a farm hand, worked in the mines up to the Bully Boy Mine West of Marysville. I fired on the D and R.G. on the beet run from Thistle to here. Mother had to sign for me because I was not old enough. After my father passed away, I ran the Skating Rink in Glengarry by Springville, Utah. While working at Springville, I roomed in Provo and ate at different cafes. I met a waitress at Sutton's Cafe in Provo. She was friendly and nice to me. We became very good friends and later on February 15, 1927, we were married in Salt Lake City.

While I was going to school, Art Storrs, the depot agent called me into the office one day and offered to teach me to box. The boys who were bugging me did not know about the boxing lessons and had some surprises when I could take them all on. After that I got interested in boxing. I boxed alot with Jake Johnson and as we got better at it we traveled to different towns and boxed for money. The money helped at home and helped to keep me in school. I didn't box much after I was married and had a steady job, but I was ask to referee many Boxing and wrestling matches. Some were girl wrestlers and this often proved to be embarrassing. These matches were brought in by Ira Dern and were held in the Richfield Armory.

Later, I had to pay for all this physical activity. Arthritis set in early. When I was about 52 yrs. old, I slipped on the platform where I was loading gas and hurt my back, ribs and knee. About six months later, I had to have my right knee operated on. I went to the L. D. S. Hospital in S.L.C. My surgeon was Doc. Okelberry. About 50% of the use of my knee was restored. Arthritis set in and I never was intirely out of pain again. In 1970, my left knee locked on me and I had to have it operated on also. Doc. Henry did this surgery and I was in the "Holy Cross" Hospital. Brenda Lee was in the city at the time working and Luella stayed with her and the other girls where she roomed. It helped us a lot and we have always appreciated Brenda's being so kind and thoughtful to us. This left knee has constant pain.

Arthritis always settles in an injured joint. I am forced not to do many of the things I loved to do. I never could content myself with reading, or doing things in the house. My last years have been lonely at times, especially in the Winter months. My children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren have been a great comfort to me. I love my family and they are everything I live for. I want them to remember this when I am gone to my final rest.

* * * * *

Luella Jane Stolworthy Nelson

My grandfather was Thomas Stolworthy, he was an iron worker and was born on the 8th of December, 1828, in Great Yarmouth, England. He was the youngest of a family of ten children. He married Matilda Jinkensen. She was born the 13th of August 1827 in Olton, England. Her father was Thomas Jinkersen and her mother was Christianna Lovick. She was the 10th child, too and she and Grandpa used to say that they were the tithing children.

This young couple met in Great Yarmouth and were married in the year 1849. A year or so later, Mormon missionaries came to their home, they liked what they heard and in 1853, Thomas joined the church. He was baptized by Elder Richard Cook. Six months later Matilda joined the church also. The young couple were disowned by their families for this act and decided to go to America and join the Latter Day Saint People who were now in Salt Lake. They set sail on the boat Clara Wheeler, November 1853. They were on the ocean 6 weeks and landed at New Orleans on New Years Day.

Grandma had lost two babies in Great Yarmouth and they lost a third one while at New Orleans. They crossed to the Salt Lake Valley in the Company of Captain James Allred and arrived in Salt Lake in 1855. They had not been in Salt Lake long until President Young called them to go to help settle Cache Valley, here another baby girl was born. It was the first white child born there and they named her Liza Cache, she also sickened and died and another tiny grave was left by the wayside.

Grandpa was called to go to Parawan to start a bucket factory and foundry there. A baby girl was born to them there and soon after they returned to Salt Lake City. They built a cabin where the Union Depot now stands. Soon sadness was in the little log cabin for the little baby girl lay dying. The mother's heart was broken and the tears fell on the baby's face. As she prayed to the Lord to spare her babe. The door opened and a strange man came in. "I came to see your sick little one" he said. He crossed the room to the baby's crib, then he said softly "Sister Stolworthy, you have had much sorrow and bereavement, but this little child shall live, and you will yet raise a family."

He gently touched the baby's head, murmuring words Grandma could not understand. He lifted his hand and said "peace be unto this house", went out and closed the door. The baby's fever was broken. Grandma felt the cool moist brow and ran out the door to thank the strange man. She followed his footprints to the gate. There were no foot prints farther in the snow. Surely it was one of the "Three Nephites" whose desire had been to remain on Earth and bless the people.

Many years later, Grandpa was called to go to Southern Utah. They belonged to the Holy Order in Orderville. Here on September 3rd, Grandpa passed away at the age of 88 years. Grandma lived 2 years longer and passed away November 28th, 1918-age 91 years. They were laid to rest side by side in Orderville, Utah.

My Father, Henry Thomas was born in Salt Lake City, November 15th, 1860. A sketch of his life is given in his printed obituary in this book.

My maternal Grandfather was John R. Young. He was born April 30th, 1837 at Kirtland, Ohio. He was the 3rd son of Lorenzo Dow Young and Persis Goodell Young. His father was a glazier and a brother to Brigham Young. He and his wife were numbered early among loyal followers of the Prophet Joseph Smith. Grandpa remembers the tragedy of Nauvoo and he crossed the plains when he was 10 years old, in Jedediah M. Grants company as chore boy. Being without his family and welcome at any campfire, he called himself "an orphan of the plains"

He met and married Lydia Knight, who was born of noble parentage, Knewel Knight and Lydia Goldthwaite. Lydia's parents too, were loyal and close friends of the Prophet. In fact, they were the first couple to be married by the prophet. So this marriage unified two loyal forces for the Prophet Joseph. The Youngs and the Knights.

Lydia Knight and John R. Young were married January 1st, 1861, in Salt Lake City, Utah. (My Mother was a plural wife.) Grandfather was a small man full of the gospel and energy. He went on several foreign missions and was called to help settle many towns in Utah. His wives (and he had four of them) had a very hard time taking care of their children. Grandmother taught school and bent over a wash tub, whatever gainful work she could do. When my Mother was 12 years old, Grandmother was baptized into the Holy Order and ~~had~~ ~~seven~~ years of security and peace. She was in charge of the milinery dept. and learned to braid straw and made beautiful hats for the ladies and practical hats for the men. She also taught school in the winter. When the "Order" was dissolved, Grandpa who was being hunted by the law for polygamy decided to take his plural wives to Old Mexico. He left Grandmother in Bublun, Mexico and took Tamar to Pechesco, Mexico. His first wife stayed in Wayne County, Utah and his 4th wife died when her first child was born. When the minifesto was signed my Grandmother would not come back to Grandpa. She died in Dublan, Mexico, June 5, 1905 and was buried there.

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My Mother was Lydia Roseana Young. She was born October 28th, 1862 at Provo, Utah. She was the first child of John R. and Lydia Knight Young. They were both Utah Pioneers and suffered all the hardships of the early pioneers as children. Lydia, my Mother was born into a pleural family. She did not have her father with her a great deal when she was young. But I remember that when we lived in New Mexico that Grandpa Young was very fond of her and came to visit us often. He was a great comfort to Mother, who was almost an invalid. Once he brought her a high backed rocking chair. She loved to lean against its padded back and knit and crochet. Her hands were always busy and tho ill she was very sweet and patient.

When Mother was 12 years old, John R. was called to organize an "order" east and north of Mt. Carmel. They called it Orderville. Here Mother grew to young womanhood and met and married a dashing young cow boy named Henry Thomas Stolworthy. He was known around Orderville as Buckskin Tom. They were married December 12, 1879 in the St. George Temple. Mother gave birth to two baby girls while living in the Order.

When the Holy Order was dissolved by order of President Brigham Young. Many of the young families moved to Huntington, Utah. Most of them, as had my father, married another wife and the law was trying to break polygamy in Utah, they felt they would be safe in such a far out place as Huntington. They got very little in possessions out of the order and were very poor, so life there was extremely hard. Mother gave birth to nine children in Huntington and 4 of them died in their infancy and are buried there.

In the year 1898, life was so bad for the pleural families. Many fathers were jailed, so some of them with my father sold their land and moved their families to Old Mexico. I am sure Mother was glad to go. Her Mother was already in Dublin and Huntington had been a place of death and fear of the law. When the manifesto was signed. Mother still stayed on with her Mother. Dad had bought a farm in New Mexico on the banks of the San Juan River, but when fathers second wife passed away leaving 4 children, 1899. Mother came back to Kirtland, New Mexico and became a mother to all the children. I was born in 1900 and Mother had two more babies after me, who only lived a short time. Her health was very poor, yet I remember her as faithful to the church, living the commandments and doing any job she was called to do, to the best of her ability. She served the Lord and loved the gospel.

Mother passed away December 29, 1915 at Kirtland, New Mexico and was buried there January first, 1916.