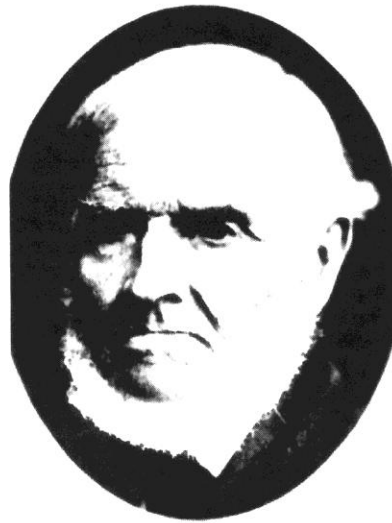


Robert Crookston - Title Pg.

Robert Crookston

1821-1916



Autobiography of Robert Crookston Sr.

I, Robert Crookston, was the son of James Crookston and Mary Young Crookston. I was born on the 21st of September 1821 in the town of Anstruther, Fifeshire, Scotland. My father, James Crookston was born in Terent (probably Tranent) East Lothian, Scotland about the year 1785. My mother was James Crookston's second wife. His first wife's name was Janet Lock.

My Father had moved from Terent to Fifeshire to work at his trade of making wrought iron nails. Anstruther was a fishing village, consequently a great many fishing boats were built there and he did very well until some merchants got busy and undersold him and in consequence he became discouraged and moved toward the west about 30 miles and got work at the coal mines. My Father was sober, saving and industrious. He was always good natured, could play the violin - - in fact he made several, one of which he brought to America with him. The nearest town was two miles from where we lived. We used to do our trading there and it was called East Wemyss. As there was no school near, I was sent to Anstruther to my Grandfather's and Grandmother's to go to school. My mother would come to see me as often as she could by stage coach. My Grandparents were very religious and went to the Lutheran Church regularly and had family worship daily. Grandfather used to pray and read a chapter from the old family Bible and then sing a few verses of the Psalms of David. They also taught me to pray.

My Grandfather had a nice garden near his house and several nice apple trees and gooseberry bushes. Sometimes I found it rather lonely for a boy. I think it was about three years that I lived there, then Grandfather died. He had four sons and two daughters: John, a shoemaker in Williams Street, Edinburgh; William a wine merchant in High Street; David in Anstruther had several sons; George in Strickness was a farmer, also had a family (I was not acquainted very well with any of them); Sophia Robinson and my mother Mary Young Crookston. Grandfather was about 70 years of age when he died. At the funeral it was decided that my mother take Grandmother home with her, which she did and made her comfortable the remainder of her days, which were about three years. Her dying wish was that she be buried by Grandfather in Hilrinnce Church Yard. She was buried there where many of our ancestors were also laid.

In Wemyss Parish our home was near a woods. There were plenty of hares and rabbits, wild birds nests, heather and whin bushes. It was a beautiful place in summer, commanding a fine view of the south bank of the Firth, or Forth, where could be seen all manner of fishing boats and crafts by the hundreds with May Island (probably Inchkeith) between Cyrat (?) and Leith. We could also see East Lothia, south of the Firth. To the

northwest there stood the lofty Ben Lomand, spoken of in Burns' Poems, then low hills extending east to Large Law which is quite a large hill. All the slopes of these low hills were covered with farms and fields well cultivated and fenced with hawthorn hedges. About harvest time when the green and yellow fields lay side by side it was a beautiful picture. It was a pleasant, happy home. We had a good garden of vegetables and as mother was a flower lover we also had plenty of them. Also the house, rent and coal were free. I attended school at Weemers, and on my way I carried my Father's breakfast to the top of the coal shaft, and it was let down to the miners at nine o'clock every morning. I used to play with four or five other boys along the road which was an old railroad along the grade of which licorice root grew plentifully and we would dig it up and chew on our way to school. The Master's name was Walter Burt. These schools were graded as they now are. The text books consisted of the Bible and a spelling book. Writing and arithmetic were also taught. I attended that school until I was about fourteen years of age when Father had me go down in the mine to work with him. I received one fourth of a miner's wage. When Father had a easy place to work, he would do my share and his own and send me out to play awhile. Father was always good to me and sang as merrily as a lark at his work.

We used to go down on summer mornings and the birds would be singing so sweetly, the hares hopping in the furrows among the green wheat fields, the hawthorn hedges white with blossoms, the perfume so pleasant that it took a stout heart to light a stinking lamp and go down into the bowels of the earth for eight or ten hours, but we could take a day's rest once a week, then we would work in our vegetable gardens.

Mother had lots of flowers - - many roses and honeysuckles. There were several girls working in the coal pits along with their fathers and brothers. They pushed small cars on the track, containing about 600 pounds each. They were good girls and seemed to always be treated with respect. After working hours they always dressed up like ladies. I am glad to say there are no women allowed to work in coal pits now as they have found other better employment.

When I reached my seventeenth year I went to church with Father and Mother to Buckhaven, about three miles distant, lying close to the seashore and inhabited by fishermen. At the close of the morning service, I would take a walk on the seashore and sometimes gather some pretty shells. We sometimes went to a public house where we would get some bread and cheese and a bottle of Port and then back to meeting in the afternoon. We thought our preacher was the best in the country because he could deliver his sermon extemporaneously and most ministers read their sermons, though like all the rest he preached faith in the Lord Jesus as being all that was necessary to be saved. A saving faith was all required. I never could understand what he meant by a saving faith, although he had been preaching to us for years. At last he said that we had to know that our sins were forgiven before we could be in a saved condition. I began to think he could not tell us how to be saved. I went to hear others to see if they could, but they were all

alike, preaching for hire. I had no idea but that some of them could be right. I began to be uneasy concerning the matter. My Aunt Sophia and cousin Margaret Robinson wrote me from Edinburgh that they had joined the Church of Jesus Christ and invited me to come and hear their minister.

Accordingly, I went and heard for the first time the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I believed every word of it. Elder George D. Watt preached the sermon in Whitefield Chapel, Edinburgh. Orson Pratt organized a branch there and sent Brother Watt to preside. He preached faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, repentance from our sins, baptism by immersion for the remission of our sins, and the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost. He showed that a man must be called of God as was Aaron. I was converted on the spot and was baptized that very evening in Duddingston Lock or Lake. I received a testimony of the truth of the Gospel and many other things were made known to me concerning the coming forth of the work by the Ministering of Angels, which I thought was just what was needed in the present state of Priestcraft. A flood of light burst upon my mind that I had never before experienced. I felt a love for all mankind and I thought that I would only need to tell my people and friends about the truth of the Gospel and I would be able to convert them all, but I soon found this to be impossible.

Jesus said: "My sheep know my voice and they will follow me, but a stranger they will not follow."

After my baptism, I bought most of the then published works of the Church. Among them was "The Voice of Warning," by Parley P. Pratt, Letters and others so that I was pretty well armed. My father, mother and half-sister Janet were all soon converted. Some of my friends and neighbors were favorably impressed at first but later they turned their backs upon us and became our most bitter enemies.

Our Minister had no doubt heard something about my trip to Edinburgh, so he came to our house one evening, although, he had not visited us for some two years. We were regular attendants at his church and he thought, I suppose, that we were safe. He said he had missed me at Church and he thought I should be there. I told him I had been to Edinburgh and heard the Gospel from men called of God as was Aaron. That they preached the same Gospel that Peter did on the day of Pentecost when the multitude were convinced that their sins pricked in their hearts and cried out, "What shall we do to be saved?" and Peter answered them, "Repent every one of you and be baptized and you shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost."

I told the Minister I had been baptized. He said, "Had you not already been baptized?" I said that I had been sprinkled when an infant but that was a man made device and that infants were innocent and were not subjects for baptism, as Jesus said, "Suffer the children to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

I cannot go any further into this discussion. Several neighbors had slipped in when they saw the preacher come, thinking perhaps that it would be some entertainment for them. I kept cool and collected and was able to show from the scriptures that what I

advanced was the truth, which made the Reverend Pollock so angry that he frothed at the mouth and predicted all manner of evil for us, showing to all present, especially my own people, that he had a bad spirit.

Soon after that I sent for Brother Watt to come over and try and raise up a branch. He came and I went to meet him at Dysart where the steamer landed.

When he took my hand I felt that he was the only man that held the Priesthood on the north side of the Firth. It was a beautiful day in the spring of 1840. As we walked along all was quiet except for the whistling of the birds. Brother Watt called and said, "Robert, the Savior said He came not to bring peace to the earth but the sword. Continuing he said, "There will be more turning over of the leaves of dusty Bibles in the next three months than has been in the past 20 years." And it was so. I rented a large hall for him to preach in and at first the people flocked to hear about the Gospel and nearly twenty were baptized then. Brother Watt had to leave. He made his home with us while there. When he went home he sent two other Elders who also stayed with us. Their names were William McCann and Robert Menzies. They also preached in the hall I had rented, but the people were losing their interest except the few who were really converted.

I was full of enthusiasm and did all I could to further the work. I had some amusing incidents. For instance, I approached an old man, a friend of our family. He listened awhile, then laying his hand on my shoulder, he chuckled and said, "Ah Crookie, let the Minister do the preaching, he's paid for it."

My father had saved quite a sum of money for his old age and I also had quite a little, so we decided to emigrate to America where we could be with the body of the Church. My Aunt Sophia, or Suffie we called her, and Cousin Maggie were anxious to go with us so we told them we would pay their passage. Uncle William Robinson had not joined the Church. He drank a good deal and he and Aunt Suffie were not living together. He felt very bad and wanted to go with us, but had no money. He was a good natured, kind man but father and mother did not like him. His daughter loved him and I felt sorry for him and finally the folks consented and we brought him over. We could not afford to pay his passage, so we pulled the feather beds to the front of a bunk and hid the old man under the quilts while the inspector went through. All of us would smuggle food down to him and take him up on deck at night for some fresh air. After he had been in Nauvoo awhile, he joined the Church but was not robust and died at that place. The folks had to bury him.

Our Scotch neighbors thought we were crazy, and as they knew that we could not take much of our possessions with us, we had to sell everything at a great sacrifice. But we wanted to come to Zion and be taught by the Prophet of God. We had the spirit of gathering so strongly that Babylon had no claim on us, so on the 7th day of September 1841 we sailed from Liverpool on the ship Sydney.

Captain Cowan, Levi Richards, President with 180 passengers. Among the number were George Z. Cannon, Angus Cannon and their mother, George D. Watt and family. We had a voyage of eight weeks. It was not a bad trip and we would have enjoyed a lot of it had not mother been ill a lot of the time and a very sad thing happened. The mother of the Cannons died on the ship when in sight of the West India Islands. They were not permitted to land with a body on board, so she was consigned to a watery grave. It was a very solemn occasion. At last we were towed up the river to New Orleans and so had a chance to set our feet on terra firma. Our President, chartered a large steamer which took us up the river 1200 miles to St. Louis. We rented a house for a month, as the river up to Nauvoo was frozen over. When our month was up, we took a steamer to Alton, twenty-five miles up the river and got employment in a packing house there. They killed 38,000 hogs during the winter. The people there were very friendly and treated us fine. The wages were low but everything was cheap. Flour was \$3.00 per barrel, sugar 18 lbs. per \$1.00, and everything else in proportion. When the river opened up we started for Nauvoo, a distance of 300 miles. As we approached the landing place, to our great joy we saw the Prophet Joseph Smith there to welcome his people who had come so far. We were all so glad to see him and set our feet upon the promised land so to speak. It was the most thrilling experience of my life for I know that he was a Prophet of the Lord.

The only house we could get was a shell of a place made of rails set in the ground and covered with boards 4 feet long, split out of logs. It, of course, was very cold and when it snowed, it covered the floor and beds. We were not there so very long when an old acquaintance of father's from Leith, Scotland who had emigrated a year before us came to see us from Macedonia. He advised us to go to that place as he thought we could do better there. His name was James Fife. There was a branch of the Church there, so we moved there. Macedonia was a small town of about 80 families, about 25 miles east of Nauvoo and miles from Carthage. We found that we could get no house to rent so Fife's took us into their home. You may know we wanted a home of our own very badly. Father made a bargain with a man for lumber and to hurry the deal up, paid for it, but then before he could saw it, the stream that ran the mill went dry and we got not lumber for several months.

While there, my brother James and I were called out to attend military drill at Nauvoo. The Prophet Joseph was the General and paraded the Legion. Jimmie was never very robust, like myself, so when it came on one of those heavy rains common to that part of the country and we were drenched to the skin, he took a severe cold and when we got home he was taken very sick and what is now called pneumonia soon carried him off. In a small chamber off the main room of Brother Fife's house Mother and Sister Fife did all they could for him with what they had to do with, but he, like many a poor soul, died of privation.

Soon after this we were fortunate enough to rent a house from Brother Perkins. We took in a man who was a weaver who had his family still in the old country. He agreed to keep us in firewood if we would let him work in our house and Mother to do his cooking. So they agreed. I thought at least that Father and Mother would be kept warm, and as I needed to be earning, I went to Alton. But only earned enough to barely subsist on. I caught a severe cold going down the river and was not well for some time. The most I was able to save was two barrels of pottery ware which I took home with me and sold very readily. We went up the river to Nauvoo on a small steamer called the Maid of Iowa, belonging to the Church. It had come from New Orleans and brought a cargo of Saints, a number of whom came from the Isle of Man. Among them was William Waterson, his father and mother, Brother Tarbet, Brother Cowley and family, Brother Crook and family, who, after coming to Utah, settled in American Fork. This steamer was much longer on the trip than we expected as the engines were too small to stem the heavy current of the lower Mississippi.

The Prophet and many other were there on the wharf looking for her and waiting to welcome the Saints. The Captain and myself were the only ones on board who had ever seen the Prophet and they were all anxious to have us point him out. I remember Old Crook when he got hold of his hand, said, "I've come a long way to see the Prophet." "Yes," said Brother Joseph, "You have, but you will never regret it." And he never did. He was a faithful Saint and lived to a good old age.

The journey, in those days, took men and women of faith. It was so long and tiresome. A good many of the people settled in Macedonia. I got a city lot and commenced to build. Brother Fife did the framing. I found a coal mine while looking for rock 12 miles east of Macedonia and on some land called patent land that nobody claimed. It was the only coal that had been found in that section of the country. I camped there and blacksmiths from Nauvoo and other places sent for coal. The teams came in the evening and the drivers sometimes stayed all night. I often had to work all night to get the loads ready for morning. I did my own cooking, which usually consisted of a slice of bacon, then some of the fat kneaded into some flour with which I baked scones. I went home every Saturday. Father and Mother were always glad to have me home. They were living in our own little home with a prospect of being somewhat comfortable yet. They missed James greatly. Father fenced a piece of land close to town and raised corn, potatoes, and other garden stuff. On our city lot we also had a good cow.

Uncle John Smith, who was President of the Branch and was also a Patriarch, came to our house and always gave us blessings. He also sealed my Father's two wives to him for time and eternity. Joseph had authorized him to seal the old people that might not live to see a temple constructed. We were happy about this and as the old Gentleman was not so very well fixed for clothing, having been driven so much and as we had brought quite a lot of shirting cloth from Scotland, we were able to supply his wants in that respect.

The Saints were all willing to divide their substance with each other as long as they had anything to spare.

Joseph and some of the Twelve came to Macedonia to preach to us. There was a large gathering of people, member and others. He took his text from the first chapter of the Second Epistle of Peter. There was a portion of which was reported and it appeared in the new edition of the Doctrine and Covenants. The place where he preached these was first called Ramas and later Macedonia. He said that it was a man's privilege to have revelations for himself. That his name was written in the Lamb's book of life. He preached in a grove that surrounded the house where we lived and in selecting the best place to face the congregation moved his chair nearer the house. The brethren who were with him moved theirs also, except Bishop Miller. Joseph said, "Brother Miller, are you going to forsake me?" To which he replied, "Oh no, Brother Joseph." But I met that same man turning his back upon the Church when we were at Winter Quarters.

It reminded me of what Jesus said to one of his disciples. "Will you also turn away?" He said in his remarks that there were three degrees of glory in the Celestial Kingdom, and to attain the highest, a man must abide the law of that Kingdom.

Some will say that polygamy was not practiced in those days. Brother Thomas Callister had two women sealed to him at one time with whom I was personally acquainted. Uncle John Smith's daughter was one and Ellen Clark the other. Callister was later Bishop of Fillmore, Utah.

The Prophet Joseph was Mayor of Nauvoo City. Some apostates published a paper with so many malicious lies about our people that the city council proclaimed it a nuisance. They then raised the hue and cry of rebellion of our people against the government and collected a mob so as to get Joseph in their power.

I was called with a number of the brethren to protect the city. I was just recovering from a spell of fever and ague. My legs were so swollen I could hardly walk the length of a block, far less travel twenty miles across a prairie half a leg deep in water about half the distance, on account of heavy rains. The fever sores on my legs forbade me getting wet under any ordinary condition, but I had faith in God and the blessing of our grand old Patriarch who promised that I should take no harm and would return in safety to my parents. We started in the evening and reached the city in the morning. We were quartered in a large brick house yet unfinished, belonging to a man by the name of Foster. Joseph reviewed the Legion that day on the flat and spoke encouragingly to them. Drawing his sword, he said that if there was a drop of blood spilt, it should never again be sheathed until this nation is drenched in blood.

The last time I saw him in life, he and his brother Hyrum, Brothers Taylor and Richards were on their way to Nauvoo on horseback. Joseph's horse was a pacer and the other three were trotters. He rode his horse in a kingly manner. I was standing in the doorway of Brother Frocham's house when they passed. Frocham and his wife and

others were there. Brother Frocham's wife, with a look of fear on her pale face, said, "Poor Joseph. We will never see him again," and rushed into the house and threw herself on the bed and wept aloud.

Her impression was right. He and his brother were martyred the next day. Our company had been dismissed. Brother Fife and I started for home alone, but we mistook the Carthage road for the Macedonia Road and walked into Carthage where we were arrested and placed in Carthage Jail under guard until morning. We were then escorted to the Court House where the Judge merely asked us what we wanted there. Brother Fife had a happy thought and spoke up, saying, "We want a pass to Macedonia." The Judge, turning to the clerk said, "Write these gentlemen out a pass to Macedonia."

They had gotten what they wanted. Joseph and Hyrum were in jail and they did not want any more Mormons around- - so we went home, the distance being about eight miles. We were not molested, but we overheard threats as to what would happen to the Smiths, so we went to our Captain and entreated him to call out our brethren and go within a half mile of Carthage to strip off timber and lay in ambush. But he refused saying that the Governor had put the county under martial law and anyone bearing arms under his command would be liable to arrest. We told him we were willing to risk that but he was firm in his purpose. In the afternoon the troops from Macedonia who were friendly to the Mormon prisoners were sent home. They said they would not give a button for the lives of the Smiths, but if that damned old Governor had allowed them to remain they would have seen to it that the prisoners would have had a fair trial. But the Governor left them to the mercy of a mob, while they, themselves, went up to Nauvoo to argue the people about being law abiding citizens, knowing full well that the mob at Carthage were doing their bloody work.

When the awful tidings reached us the people wept aloud. One could hear the sobs and crying from every quarter. They felt as though the hosts of Hell were let loose to do their murderous work of extermination if possible.

The Gentiles approved of the ghastly deed and predicted that it would be the end of Mormonism.

I will never forget the heartache and desolate feeling I had when I looked upon the faces of our martyred Prophet and Patriarch.

At a conference in October, 1844 I was ordained a member of the 21st Quorum of Seventies by President Joseph Young. When the Nauvoo Temple was completed I received my Endowment. Soon after which we began to prepare for the migration to the west.

Brother Fife started with many others to make the woodwork for our wagons. He made mine and a blacksmith for whom I had furnished coal made the iron. Having a chance to sell my lot, I managed to get a yoke of eight year old steers for the house and lot. This was all the team I had. There was a Brother Don Nance by name who had a herd of cattle and horses who kindly lent me a yoke of cattle well broken. He had eight

wagons. I helped him to harness his teams and Father rode on horseback and helped to drive the sheep. He had two daughters who drove mule teams. Brother Nance was a good, kind man and all his family were good to us. We traveled over country which was mostly uninhabited. Hardly any roads, and in many places we had to stop and cut bulrushes to put in the swampy holes to that our wagons could pass over. Yet there were no murmurings in the company although we had nothing except what we had in our wagons and knew not where our next stopping place would be, or what it would be like. We were cheerful and hopeful for we knew that we had men to lead us who were inspired of God. There were several camps made on the way that the people might stop and recruit. Luckily, or unluckily, for me I was not in time to join the Mormon Battalion or I would in all probability have answered the call. There were very few who felt incline to leave their loved ones and cross a desert to fight the battles of a country which had made outcasts of them, but every one, loyal to the Priesthood, marched away and God was with them and this fact constitutes one of the best arguments that we can produce to prove our loyalty to the Government.

When we arrived at the Missouri River we drove the cattle in and they swam across, some of the outfits landing a mile below on the other side.

There was a ferry boat to take our wagons across at a place called Cutler's Park, where there were several hundred wagons waiting to cross on it. It so happened that my wagon was next to a young man's outfit by the name of John Welch. He was an Englishman who had a young, good looking wife whom he called Eliza, his mother and sister Ann. Ann was, to my notion, a very attractive young lady, cheerful, refined in manner, a good companionable person with a sweet voice. Many a night she cheered the company with her singing of old songs, many of which were Scotch. In fact, I concluded that there were no songs then written with which she was unfamiliar.

They were very fine neighbors and soon we felt as if we had always known them. My Father and Mother soon grew very fond of Ann, to say nothing of myself, and I determined to win her if I could. She seemed to have a natural gift for cheering and caring for the sick and was always on hand to do so without money or price.

About this time we organized into a company to cut out and haul hay. Brother Vance was our captain. Some were to cut, some to rake and some to haul, of which John Welch and I did a lot. Others did the stacking. By that time we had organized our camp on a piece of land near the river which was called Winter Quarters. Brother Welch and I built our cabins near each other, covered them with cottonwood bark which made a good thatch. We then cut large trees, notched the bark in feet lengths, peeled it off in large flakes, and placed them on the roof. We then weighted them with other logs to keep them from warping in the sun. While we were building our house we camped out. Father and Mother had their bed in a good sheltered place in a covered wagon box. I am thankful that I did everything I knew how to make them as comfortable as possible. We used to sit around a campfire of evenings. Father would play his violin and we sang

hymns and songs. Father, I thought, was a good singer and Ann would often be with us singing also. In fact the Welch family and our were quite neighborly. After the house was finished, the winter wood hauled and all, a man came up from Platt County, Missouri, wanting a company of men, all kinds of builders, to go with him to build a mill. He got about twenty men. So on the 20th day of November 1846, I left Father and Mother and went with them to Missouri to work all winter. About a month after I left, Father died, very suddenly. It would be near Christmas time. He had been as well as usual, apparently, until one day he said to Mother, "Mary, I would like some clean underwear." She got it for him and prepared a bath. He shaved, and while doing so said to her, "Mary, I think I am going to die today. I see a look of death on my face." She was horrified, and said, "James, you must not say such a thing. Jimmie is dead and Rob is away and you can't leave me here alone." He did not argue with her but took his bath, seemed cheerful, and talked a good deal about the old Scotch home and his son George who had not yet emigrated. After awhile he went and opened an old chest, looked over some letters, and then took out a little wooden box made in the shape of a large red apple cut in half in which were some little trinkets, among which was a lock of golden hair of his first wife. He said, "Mary, ye mon give these things to Georgie when he comes." Mother felt very badly and chided him for giving way to such feelings, so he got up and said, "Well, I think I'll just lay me doon and dee." Mother helped to make him comfortable, and being alarmed by that time, went to tell someone. Some of the neighbors came in and he talked to them, but seemed to be growing weaker, and toward evening quietly passed away.

Mother, naturally, was quite heartbroken and alone in the world. The Welch's of course, came in to try and comfort her and she persuaded Ann to stay with her—which she did a great deal of the time. There were many deaths in Winter Quarters that winter. All the lumber used had to be sawed with a whip saw, and some of the people who died were buried without coffins. Mother was afraid that Father would be, but thanks to Father Lot, who used to live on Joseph Smith's farm and was a good friend of ours, ordered a coffin and said I would pay for it and if not he, himself, would. So Father got a comparatively decent burial and I paid the bill.

Brother Welch was down in Missouri at the time of Father's death. Ann was a great comfort to my Mother. She also helped to nurse some of the sick of which there were a good many. My Mother was among the number. I had my cattle and wagon with me. They had been well wintered and were in good trim when I came home in early spring. I brought a load of provisions and pork up, broke up a lot of land and planted a good garden. The Brethren broke up about 1500 acres of prairie land and planted corn.

In June, on the 20th day, 1847, Ann Welch and I were united in marriage. The ceremony was performed by Elder Joseph Fielding in our neat, new little cabin. A king in his palace was no happier than was I. I was sure I had got the smartest girl in the camp of Israel. Her words were like proverbs. She was well read and had a wonderful

memory, one of the sweetest voices I had ever heard and often entertained us with reciting the poems of Robert Burns and many others. She was a splendid housekeeper, always keeping within our means and had quite a good understanding of the use of herbs which came in handy very often.

About two months after our marriage I left my wife and Mother and my brother-in-law and went to Savannah, Andrew County, Missouri, to work. It was about 140 miles. John and I got work at digging a well. We struck water at 40 feet and the people were delighted. We got a good number of wells to dig for them and they were always ready to pay us when the work was done. Although it was the state that had driven the people out, yet it was far north of the county where they had lived and died and there seemed to be no mob spirit there.

It had been predicted by the leaders that those who needed an outfit to go on to the valleys of the mountains and went down to Missouri to make one would find employment and be blessed, but if they stayed after they had sufficient means to come on the Lord would cease to bless them and they would grow poor, lose the good spirit and be unable to follow the Church. This I have seen bitterly fulfilled. There were brethren there who were much better off than we. They thought they would just stay one year more. The last I heard of them, they had not emigrated. The counsel we had received was for us not to come on without eighteen month's provisions, so that a good sized family had to have two wagons, so we had to stay until the crops were harvested. We stayed in Savannah until late in the fall, then went home.

While I was away, Ann, my wife had been taking care of Mother who was getting old but who was pretty well. She also had been helping care for any sick in the camp. One of these whom she had visited frequently was a lady, Mrs. Holland by name, who had lost her husband. She had two or three sons, boys rather, and a little girl, Carolyn by name. It seemed that this Mrs. Holland had been influenced to remarry with the promise of getting herself and children taken to the valleys of the mountains. She had not been as comfortable in this marriage as she had expected in more ways than one. She was very sick and very unhappy in the thought that perhaps she was not going to get well, and did not like the prospect of leaving Carrie in the family into which she had married. She therefore asked Ann one day if she would take Carrie in case she died. Ann did not know what to say to this. She told her she would be willing but that her husband was away and she could not do so without first consulting him. As it happened, I came home about that time. We talked the matter over and decided to take the little girl home with us in case her mother did not recover. The poor soul passed away in a few days and after the funeral, which we both attended, we took her by the hand home with us and she seemed glad to go. Carrie was a good little girl and we tried to do the best we could for her. We were all fond of her. Mother took her in her bed and was kind to her.

Soon after this we moved down to Savannah. John and I had engaged a house of William Manning, two miles east of Savannah. There we two families lived in this

house. We dug a well there on the place. The owners were so pleased that they would do anything they could do for us. We fixed up the place better than it ever had been. We lived well for those times and our cattle were well wintered. We considered our cattle and wagon our temporal salvation. There were no Vain or Schullter Wagons in those days. They were all homemade and the timber was not very well seasoned. We moved from there the next spring to another place, rented a farm and a house for each family from a man by the name of Rhodes. They were good neighbors and seemed to like us. It was what would be called a backwoods , but it was a pretty place; there were large quantities of wild fruits, crab apples, blackberries and hazel nuts.

There on July 27, 1848 our first son was born. That day my wife said was the happiest day of her life and I certainly was a proud and happy father. He was a fine baby, grew fast and was unusually bright. We called him George, after her little brother who had died in Nauvoo.

We stayed there two years and got plenty of work and gathered around us the things which we needed, we also were treated well. We moved from there into the town of Savannah where most of our work was. I rented a house at the edge of the town where there was a large pasture where we could keep the cattle. We also dug a well for the owner, Monroe by name. This paid for our house rent. While there a great excitement arose over the gold mines in California, and Brother Welch, being a cutter, started to make Bowie knives to sell to the emigrants who all wanted a knife with a guard on the handle and a scabbard to hang on their belts, also a pair of goggles before they could cross the plains. Our women folks were able to make the goggles. Mother and Ann made them at \$.25 a pair. They sold \$18.00 worth. Many a man left there expecting to make his everlasting fortune, but goodness only knows how many found their dreams realized. When they got to Great Salt Lake City they were so excited by seeing a few small sacks of gold dust they exchanged their whole outfit of three or four yoke of cattle, wagons loaded with provisions for a couple of plug ponies to pack what they could and rush on the rest of the way. These things were just what the people of Salt Lake needed and what Heber C. Kimball predicted.

When the people were getting badly off for clothing and other necessities and could not see their way clear to obtain any more, this servant of the Lord stood up and told them that they need not be discouraged for there would be goods brought there and sold cheaper than could be bought in St. Louis. He almost doubted it himself, after he said it, but it came nevertheless according to his predictions.

Before leaving the Rhodes place, another son was born to us on the 18th of October, 1849 at Savannah, Andrew County, Missouri, and named William after Ann's other brother who died in Nauvoo. He was a fine boy like the first.

While we lived at Savannah, I dug a well apiece for most of the businessmen and got good pay, so that when we left there in 1851 I had two yoke of oxen, two yoke of cows and a good outfit of clothing and provisions for the family. We started in company

with Brothers Welch, Gray and Lever. The season was so rainy that the roads were very bad to travel. The streams were running over their banks and covering the bottom land on both sides half a mile wide. There were the Nodaway, the two Tarkios (Little Tarkio and Tarkio) and the Nishnabotna, four large streams which we had to cross in ferryboats between Savannah and Kaneshville.(Council Bluffs)

At Jackson's Point, Holt County, Missouri, another son was born to us on the 1st day of June 1851. A week after we started on our journey we named him John.

We arrived safely at Keg Creek where there was a branch of the Church presided over by Lillis T. Coons at a place called Glenwood. Here we were counseled to remain until spring as it was too late in the season to cross the plains. Here I built a good log cabin and corral, thinking that I would be able to sell it for what it cost me as the place was expected to become the county seat, but I was disappointed and only got twenty dollars for the house, lot and corral.

Brother John Welch and I rented a piece of land to raise corn to feed our cattle that we might have them in good order for the spring. Here my mother was very ill and died. Before dying, she said one day that she felt like she did not care to go on, that she had rather not go any farther away from where Father was laid. So I had buried them all now in the course of our travels, my brother James, Father and Mother. We missed our dear Mother. She and Ann were good companions. She used to help nurse the children of whom she was very fond. She would sing all manner of old Scotch ditties to them. George would climb on her knees and say, "Sing, Granny," telling her what song. She would say, "Oh, you Bairns, ye make you auld Granny daft."

I took a team and went back to Missouri to make another outfit and was glad that we had little Carrie to be some company for Ann and the children. There was a young man, James Curry, a blacksmith, with whose family I had been acquainted from my earliest recollection. I was the means of bringing the Curry family into the Church. They came from Estrette in Fifeshire, Scotland. They were at this time in Coonsville. James and John Welch worked together. He stayed at Welch's and Ann cooked his meals. He proved a very good friend to us, was kind to the wife at doing chores and cutting firewood. I got work again and came back with a good lot of supplies.

We started once more to try and reach the Valley, as we called it, early in the season or as early as possible. There were ten wagons. Captain Betz, a blacksmith, John Welch, Mr. Workman, Serogy and myself. The Indians were bad at times on the plains so it was advised that the people travel in large companies. We traveled between large companies, sometimes being one day apart from them, but in Indian country we traveled with other small companies when there were signs of danger.

We saw a great many Indians near the Black Hills, but had no trouble. We always had a night guard to watch the cattle. We traded flour to the Indians for buckskin and buffalo robes. We killed a large buffalo and divided the meat, each getting a washtub full. We jerked the meat by hanging it in the smoke of the campfire at night to dry it and

prevent it from spoiling. We saw Indians every few days but had no trouble with them. We had our wagon box made with projecting boards so our beds could be made up at night with our provision boxes underneath. We had a door in the side of the wagon box and Mother Ann could step out when the wagon was moving. He had a large yoke of red oxen on the tongue, one yoke of cows, and a yoke of four year old steers on the load. The buffalo we killed was on the North Platte. The meat was very good.

We had no trouble on the plains with Indians, were comparatively well, were very anxious to seek the Valley. We knew that we would be very glad to settle down after our weary march. We arrived in Salt Lake City, September 1852.

I bought a choice adobe house in the first ward and lived there two years. Had a good garden of different kinds of vegetables.

Our baby boy James was born in Salt Lake City, April 27, 1853. He seemed delicate and died in his second year, September 18, 1854.

I worked in Red Butte Canyon quarry with Adam Hunt and Andrew Burt, father of Captain Andrew Burt of the police in Salt Lake City, in 1883 killed while on duty by a Negro.

I helped to load the cornerstones of the Salt Lake Temple and was present when the stones were laid.

We moved again in 1856 to the 20th Ward. That year my half-brother, George, came from Scotland and he and two of his sons worked in the temple quarries. I continued to work there until 1857. We built tents of poles covered with grass and cedar bark big enough for ten men to sleep in and do their cooking. We stayed there all winter.

In the spring, I took my family south to Payson, Utah County, while the army marched through Camp Floyd.

I built a house in Payson. My nearest neighbors were Hezekiah Thatcher and William Booker Preston, later Bishop Preston.

When Johnston's Army were stationed at Camp Floyd, I in company with Mr. Bellingston, went out there and made dobys (adobes) for barracks for the Army. We got ten dollars per thousand. We also hauled cedar for firewood and sold it to the Quartermaster. We would camp in the cedars and make a load each day.

In 1859, I moved to Moroni, Sanpete, County. We lived there until 1864, but I am ahead of my story.

While in Salt Lake City, our son Robert was born on March 6, 1855. Our fifth son. We used to say Robert was our first son born in the covenant as not long before he was born, we were privileged to go to the Endowment House and receive our blessings and sealings.

On October 22, 1857 our sixth son Nicholas Welch Crookston was born in Salt Lake City.

While in Sanpete County our eldest son George died on March 6, 1862. This was our greatest sorrow. Ann never seemed hardly reconciled to losing her bonny, blue-eyed boy, and as for myself it was a real bereavement.

While at that little settlement we made some very close friends who were our neighbors. One family in particular was the family of N.L. Christensen. They were more like relatives than just friends. Also the Coveys and Lutzs and others. Ann was a member of the choir.

Benjamin Franklin Crookston was born October 20, 1860 at Moroni, Sanpete County. David Crookston was born also at Moroni, Sanpete County, October 24, 1862.

While living at Moroni, I was persuaded to go north to Cache Valley by Hezekiah Thatcher and his sons. They had visited the valley and said it was a fine valley with a beautiful townsite, the coming City of Logan, through which flowed the Logan River. The people were digging canals and they wanted to build a flour mill and wanted me to go with them to do quarry and mason work. I came to Cache Valley and liked the looks of it fine. I also was very glad to meet some of my old friends and fellow travelers. I went back to Moroni and told my wife about the place. She did not seem to be very enthused about leaving Moroni. Of course, it was hard to be moving around about every three or four years. I could see that she was getting tired of it, but I thought we would be better fixed after awhile and I like the prospect fine, so we got ready to travel. We were very sorry to leave our good neighbors and also the grave of our boy. We paid a visit to my brother George who was then living at American Fork, also my sister Janet Hutchinson

This is as far as Robert Crookston got with his history. The following is written by Mary Crookston Farmer, his only daughter.

Father had an eventful life and established a reputation for honesty and integrity second to none. He was the father of eleven children, ten sons and one daughter, most of whom survive him.

My parents, Robert and Ann W. Crookston, moved from Moroni, Sanpete County to Logan in the spring of 1864 with six sons, namely: William, John, Robert, Nicholas, Franklin and David.

Father bought a city lot ten by eighteen rods, with a small house of logs upon it. It stood on the ground where the Pela D'or Dance Hall now stands. He bought it from Nathaniel Haws.

Soon after my folks settled there, father helped to build the old Thatcher flour mill and other buildings. Mother said that when they drove into Logan and up Main street going north, they were about in front of where the Tabernacle now stands, she said to Father, "Now, Rob, where from here are you taking me." He pointed north about two blocks and said, "You see those big cottonwood trees up there? Well, that's the place."

She said, "Well, I hope I'll never move again while I live. I'm tired of it! And she never did.

On October 16, 1864, Daniel was born, the ninth son.

Mother said that she had some good neighbors, one family in particular Silvanus Collett, by name, and a Mrs. Montrose, and Pursers. Old gentleman Purser had been a seafaring man and delighted the boys with his thrilling sea stories.

Mrs. Collett's name was Lydia. Liddy, they called her, and I doubt if Mother would have loved her more had she been blood kin. They were the best of neighbors for several years. Liddy died after a very long, serious illness. Mother helped nurse her and mourned her as if she had been her own daughter. Ever after this, Mr. Collett, or Bill as he was called, always addressed my Mother as "Mother." His father and mother also were very good friends of our folks.

Nephi Tarbet and his wife, Florence, were also very fine neighbors. They moved north later. Then there were George and Louisa Ballif Benson across the street where the fire station stands, William Palmer and wife Jane and family, and an aged couple Samuel Evans and wife on the south corner of the block and later Andrew Peterson and family next door to the south - - - very good people. Good neighbors on the north of were John Smith and wife and Eliza with a large family. Our neighbors were all good ones, but I think of all the rest we were more intimate and chummy with the Hurst family, Fred Hurst and wife Aurelia. She and Mother seemed to love each other dearly. When any of them were sick they always wanted Mother to nurse them and Father to administer to them. In fact, my folks seemed to be in great demand all over the neighborhood.

In 1870 on the 7th of April, I, Mary Ann Crookston, was born, making the tenth child. Mother said to me one day, "You ought to be a very nice, good girl, Mary, you know you are the tenth. That should be the tithing." I guess I was quite a little girl, and I thought, "Wouldn't it be awful if they had to pay me in for tithing." Then the thought came to me, "Well, I won't go. She can just pay one of the boys, she has ten boys now." I guess they did not want to get rid of me as Mother said they were all delighted to have a sister.

On the 18th of May, 1873, Ezra was born - - the tenth boy and the eleventh child.

Ezra and myself were born in our new house. It was finished in 1870. I remember it quite distinctly. It was a log house, two rooms in front, a living room at the south and a bedroom on the north, had a large fireplace, a large kitchen at the back and west and two bedrooms upstairs. Under the stairs was a closet opening from the living room. I remember that there was a wooden keg in the closet with peaches preserved with the stones in, done in molasses, also crabapples in a big earthen crock. They were very handy, too, with the stems on. Then Mother had watermelon preserves and potawatami plums. Mother also had lots of dried apples, plums, sweet corn, and beans. I neglected to mention that we had lots of native currants, black and yellow. They used to clean them, then scald them a little to set the juice, then spread on places and dry. We used

to parch corn on the kitchen stove in a frying pan. If we could get any sweet corn we thought we had a treat. Nothing went to waste in those days. When there would be a squash cut up to cook for pie or baking, we would get the seeds, dry them, and have them to eat by the fireside.

I remember while we lived in that house, Rob brought home a small harp or lyre. It used to hang on a nail on the wall above an old lounge which could be drawn out large enough for a double bed. At night we had grey lincy sheets for winter which Mother had spun the yarn for. I remember her walking back and forth pulling the wool out. I used to wonder how she got it so fine without it breaking, which it did sometimes. But she would pause and take up the ends and splice it, then go one with her singing to the hm of the gib wheel. Maybe the song would be "I'll hang my harp on a Willow Tree," or "Gentle Annie," or "Love Not," or "The Mistletoe Bough," or perhaps a hymn. She seemed to have an unlimited supply. It seemed to me that my Mother was just a little smarter than any of the women whom I knew. She used to have a lot of herbs hanging in bunches to dry -- dandelion hops, sage, plantain, burdock, catnip, mullein, peppermint, spearmint, elder, oldman, parsley, yarrow, tansy, and a lot more. If anyone came to her complaining of an ailment, she would fix up something or tell them how to prepare it for themselves.

I remember how we used to have great high piles of logs at the back of the house, and the boys would saw a great block off and split it for the stove or fireplace. They used to bring in a large piece they called the back log and put it at the back, then build a fire in front of it. The log would burn all night and sometimes longer. Mother had candles on the mantle place, and lots of times we did not need them the fire was so bright.

I've seen Mother make those candles many a time. I've also seen her make a light for the boys to take upstairs with just a little tallow on a saucer with a little bit of white rag in for a wick.

She used to try and have some new stockings for us for Christmas. I remember mine had striped legs of gray and red or black and red. She could knit and read at the same time and she did read, too, a great deal. It was worthwhile reading, consisting of history, standard novels such as Scotta, Woverly novels, Dickens, and anything worthy of reading. She took some of the first church publications: Juvenile Instructor, Women's Exponent, and Deseret News.

Bob was a very quiet fellow. We hardly ever heard his voice when all the rest were singing some of our old favorites such as "Another Day has Fled and Gone," to the tune of "Bonny Doon," but he would sit and pick out some sweet tunes on his little harp.

I remember some knitted lace curtains which used to be in Mother's bedroom. She said that she made a suit of clothes for a neighbor Mr. Allan, by name and helped many of the women by cutting clothes and teaching them how to finish them. She made suits for Father and the boys, in fact, did everthing to them except weave, even pulling the wool off the sheep skins, carded, spun, colored it, cut and made it up by hand. She never sewed a stitch on a sewing machine. When I was grown up one day I tried to get her to

try my machine which Father had bought me, a New Home, which I still do all kinds of sewing on. She said, "No, I think I won't bother now. I don't need to sew now. If I had been able to have one when I needed it I would have been glad, but it came too late for me." The first rag carpet I remember was made in stripes of brown and green. It was so fine and even I thought it beautiful. It was made for the front room in the new frame house. Mrs. Lundahl wove it for ten cents a yard. Mother was very particular as to how it was swept and always did that herself. Whenever she was able, we always had a good garden. Father was a careful gardener and had one of the best in the neighborhood. He could always thin out a nice bunch of green onions and carrots for soup for anyone who needed them and never took pay from them.

About the new house - - Mother loved the log house and thought it good enough. She said she did not want it pulled down, but my older brothers wanted a frame one and were willing to go to the canyon and get out the timber. Brother Will had married Agnes McKeller of Tooele County by that time and had lived with Father and Mother. They had two children, William Jr. and Margaret Ann. They had moved to their own little house on the Island which N. W. and some of the others had helped to build on Second South and First East where Agnes or Addie was born.

John also was married to Elizabeth Maughan. Bessie we called her. They lived on First East between Center and First North Street.

Brother Nick had been working with a Mr. Ben Clough, a builder, for quite awhile and had gotten experience as a carpenter, so they built the new house and I thought it was a wonder. It had a large front sitting room, a bedroom, clothes closet in front, a large kitchen table by the pantry on the northwest, a little built in nook over the sink for spices and other little things, a large cupboard for the china and other tall things, a nice corner to sit with a big rocker and a lounge, a dining table in the center, and a wainscoting about three feet high all around the room. The big kitchen stove stood on the west side between the two windows. All the housework was done on the side with the sink. Mother planned the room. She said she wanted to be able to get a meal without going in front of anyone when they were sitting down if they were all at home. I can see her in my memory going to and from the stove to the pantry or cupboard preparing supper. She would start up a hymn or a song in her sweet soprano and we would all join her, and there were enough of us to make a chorus. When I think of it now it seems like a little bit of heaven. We had two bedrooms upstairs and a wide landing where it was large enough for a bed and a clothes closet. The house was trimmed with a lot of scroll work and painted tan and white. I thought we had one of the prettiest houses in town. We had some beautiful box elder trees on the lawn and always there was a good swing beneath a large tree. South of the house was a well from a spring which was always cold and clear and plentiful all the year round. On the front was a portico over which grew a Virginia creeper. There were lots of hollyhocks, purple lilacs and other shrubs.

We had another well for the cattle and horses at the back under another tree near the barn. We had a shed in the garden with several hives of bees and nearly always had plenty of honey.

Father raised sugar cane and we could make molasses candy all winter and pop corn. The south porch was a nice place to sit of a summer evening. Another big tree hung over it. There was a large barn at the back of the lot and quite often the boys made their beds up on the loft in the hay. It usually had plenty of hay for comfort. We always had chickens to furnish our eggs and a couple of pigs to kill in winter and also a cow and horses.



Robert Crookston and daughter Mary Ann Crookston Farmer

The following was written by Emma C. Dunn (Granddaughter)

Not only did my grandparents raise their own large family, they raised Mrs. Lyon from the time she was five years old until she married. They also raised uncle William's three children part of the time after their mother died. Their names were: William Jr., Annie and Addie. They also raised me from the time my mother died on Nov. 22, 1889 when I was 22 months old until grandmother died on Feb. 3, 1904.

In his prime grandfather was heavy set, about 5 ft. 8 inches tall and weighed about 180 pounds. He was large boned, had dark curly hair and brown eyes, was strong, slow, steady, orderly, honest, reliable and charitable to a fault. He was hardly ever sick. As he grew older his eye-sight and hearing failed him, but he was always well, never lost his appetite, loved hard tack candy and peppermints. Ten cents worth of peppermints would last him a week, just sucking on them one piece at a time. He never used tobacco or strong drinks.

He worked as a stone mason on the Tabernacle, Temple, 4th Ward and Mendon church buildings a great deal, donating his work. He built rock homes, some of them still stand in Logan, Mendon, and Wellsville. He built the Thatcher Mill, Relic Hall and three houses on Second West in Logan.

He homesteaded a rock quarry by the side of the mountain where the Utah Power and Light Plant now stands. He built a small house there. He worked in the rock quarry until he was over 80 years of age. Most of the time he walked up there and back every day. He sold the site to the Hercules Power Co. to build an electric power plant about 1897, but he kept the right to quarry rock. He only got \$200.00 for the site. About 1905 cement was shipped in and used and they stopped quarrying rock.

Grandfather had a contented disposition. He could have been rich if he had not been so easy going. He never wanted more than he could take care of. At one time he had a farm in North Logan and 25 acres of good land in the west field and the rock quarry. He turned the farm over to Uncle Nick, the west field land to T.P. Farmer and the quarry to Uncle Rob. The old home was sold after he died. It was located where Sears store is now. (Note: Sears store was later taken down and the Logan City Office Building was built on the spot 1990's).

He was always very religious, had great faith and the gift of healing. He did a great deal of administering to the sick all of his life whenever asked to do so. He always had family prayers and the blessing on the food, generally doing the praying himself. He always went to church on Sunday and was a High Priest in the 4th Ward where he lived. He often read the Bible and Book of Mormon and the Deseret News.

Aunt Mary was married to Thomas P. Farmer July 12, 1899 and moved to Star Valley, Wyoming and came back the spring of 1901 and stayed because grandmother was in poor health, and I was only 12 years old. House work was not as easy as it is today. Grandmother had heart trouble and dropsy. She died on Feb. 3, 1904. Aunt Mary stayed and kept house for grandfather, uncle Ezra, and her husband. I quit school and got a job doing house work.

I was married at the old home on grandfather's 89th birthday Sept. 21, 1910. We lived in Mercer until the spring of 1912. Mercer was going downhill and Aunt Mary wanted us to move to Logan and live with them. Uncle Please Farmer was running a butcher shop in Bancroft, Idaho. That fall Aunt Mary moved to Bancroft to join her husband and left me to take care of grandfather. Ezra had gone to Yellowstone where he and Uncle Frank worked in the Park in the summer and homesteaded a ranch at Grayling, Montana. Grandfather was getting feeble then and could not see to do anything. We took care of him until my husband got work at the Lewiston Sugar Company and moved up there in the spring of 1914. Then Uncle Nick took him out to his farm in North Logan and took care of him until he died on his 95th birthday, Sept. 21, 1916.

His funeral services were held in the 4th Ward meeting house on Sunday afternoon. The house was packed. Bishop John H. Anderson conducted the services, prayers were by F. W. Hurst and Hugh Adams. Addresses by Bishop David Lyon of the Ensign Ward in Salt Lake City and Bishop John H. Anderson. All of them paid tribute to the integrity, honesty and general worth of the departed. Vocal solos were rendered by Prof. Durham and Mr. Frank Baugh, and a violin solo was played by Mrs. R. Y. Crookston. William Watterson dedicated the grave in the Logan Cemetery. Grandfather was the first person taken to the cemetery in an automotive Hearse in Logan. Up until then the undertakers had two hearses, a white one drawn by white horses and a black one drawn by black horses. They also had two closed carriages drawn by black horses for the main mourners. Most everyone wore black to funerals in those days. The Pallbearers were given white gloves to wear. When Uncle Ezra worked at the Livery Stable he would drive the horses that pulled the Hearse.

Grandfather was buried on Sept. 25, 1916 in the Logan Cemetery.

ROBERT CROOKSTON FAMILY



George



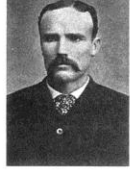
Robert



Daniel



Robert Crookston



William



Nicholas Welch



Mary Ann



Ann Welch Crookston



John



Benjamin Franklin



Ezra



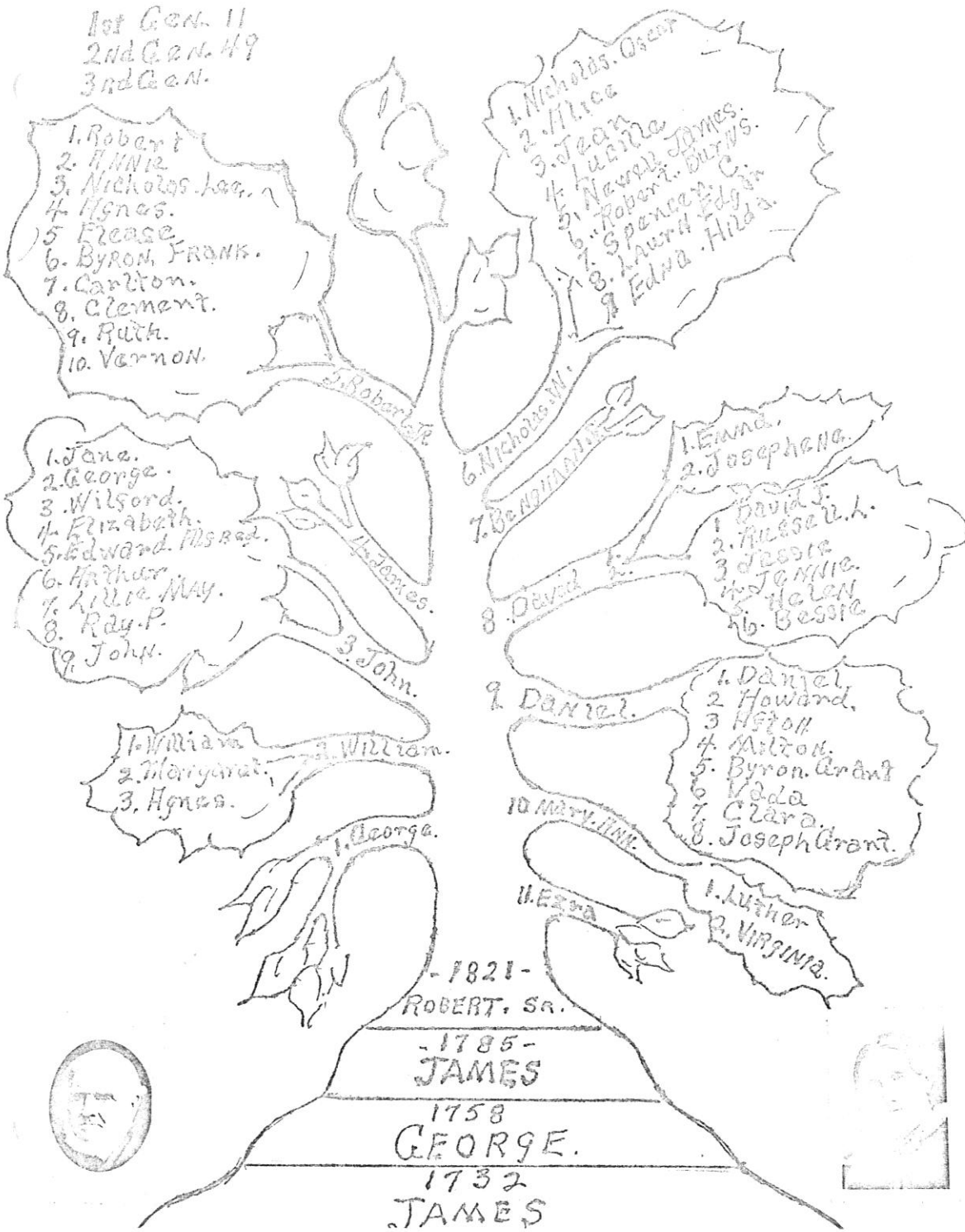
James



David

FAMILY TREE.

1st Gen. 11
2nd Gen. 49
3rd Gen.



Robert Crookston Time line 1.

YEAR	EVENT	Approximate AGE
1821	Robert Crookston born - 21Sep 1821- Anstruther, Fifeshire, Scotland	
1835	Started working in the coal mines with his father	14
1841	Baptized in Duddingston Lock near Edinburgh 1841 Sailed for America on the Sydney 7 Sep 1841	19
1842	Meets the Prophet Joseph Smith upon landing in Nauvoo	20
1844	Patriarchal Blessing by John Smith 8 May 1844 In Carthage on June, 27 1844 when the Prophet is killed	21
1845	Called to the 21 st Quorum of Seventies 6 Oct 1845	23
1846	Endowed in the Nauvoo Temple 3 Feb 1846 Leaves Nauvoo - travels through Iowa to Council Bluffs	23 24
1847	Marriage to Ann Welch 20 June 1847, Winter Quarters, Nebraska	25
1848	Son - George Crookston born 27 July 1848, Savannah, Andrew, Missouri	26
1849	Son - William Crookston born 18 Oct 1849, Savannah Andrew, Missouri	28
1851	Son - John Crookston born 1 June 1851, Jackson Point, Holt, Missouri	29
1852	Crosses the Great Plains with the Welch, Gray, Lever Company –Arrives Salt Lake City in Sept.	30/31
1853	Son- James Crookston born 27 Apr. 1853, Salt Lake City Salt Lake, Utah	31

Robert Crookson Time line 2.

1854	Robert and Ann Crookston sealed 28 Feb 1854- Endowment House- (older Children not sealed till 1917) Son - James Crookston died 15 Sep 1854, Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	32
1855	Son- Robert Crookston born 6 Mar 1855, Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	33
1857	Son- Nicholas Welch Crookston born 22 Oct 1857 Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	36
1858	Called to move to Payson, Utah	37
1859	Called to move to Moroni, San Pete, Utah	38
1860	Son - Benjamin Franklin Crookston born 20 Oct 1860 Moroni, San Pete, Utah	39
1862	1 st Son - George Crookston died 6 March 1862 (Age 13) Son - David Crookston born 16 Oct 1862 Moroni, San Pete, Utah	41 42
1864	Family moves to Logan, Cache, Utah Son - Daniel Crookston born 16 Oct 1864 Logan, Cache, Utah	43
1870	Daughter - Mary Crookston born 7 Apr 1870 Logan, Cache, Utah	49
1873	Son- Ezra Crookston born 18 May 1873 Logan, Cache, Utah	52
1903	Wrote affidavit and had it witnesses and sealed Logan, Cache, Utah- 3 Feb 1903	82

Logan, Cache, Utah- 3 Feb 1903

Robert Crookston Time line 3.

1904	Wife - Ann Welch died 3 Feb 1904 Logan, Cache, Utah	83
1916	Robert Crookston died 21 Sep 1916 on his birthday North Logan, Cache, Utah Buried in Logan City Cemetery	95

