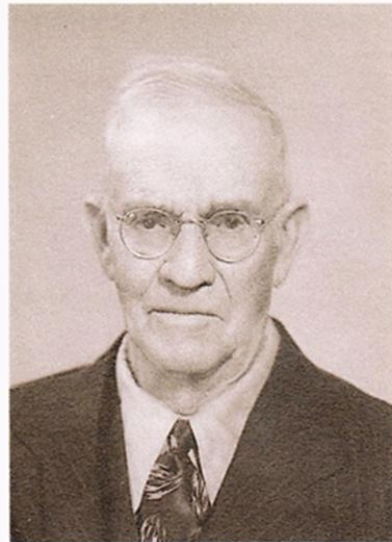


# David Crookston



24 Oct 1862 - 13 Mar 1948

## HISTORY OF DAVID CROOKSTON

by Emma Crookston Dunn

My father, David Crookston, was born Oct. 24, 1862 in Moroni, Sanpete County, Utah. He is the 8th son of Robert Crookston and Ann Welch Crookston, L.D.S. converts and pioneers of 1852.

My grandfather, Robert Crookston, was born in Scotland, Sept. 21 1821 and joined the church in 1840. On Sept. 7, 1841 he with his father and mother and one brother set sail from Liverpool for New Orleans and later sailed up the Mississippi River to Nauvoo. Later they moved to Winter Quarters where he met our grandmother Ann Welch. She was born Dec. 18, 1826 in Derbyshire, England and emigrated to America in 1842. They were married June 20, 1847. They crossed the plains in 1852 with ox teams, having three small boys at the time: George, William, and John. John was born on the plains. They arrived in Salt Lake City in September. They had a home on the lot where the governor's mansion now stands. They lived there until they had three more sons: James, Robert, and Nicholas. James died in his second year. Grandfather worked in a rock quarry and as a rock mason. In the spring of 1848 he was called to move south to help build up that part of the country, and particularly to rock up wells. They first lived in Payson, and then in Moroni. There the seventh son was born, named Frank, and the eighth son, David soon followed. It was here that the eldest son, George died on March 6, 1862 of the influenza.

In the spring of 1864 the Crookston family moved to Cache Valley and settled in Logan on Main Street. Grandmother gave birth to three more children: Daniel, Mary Ann, and Ezra.

My father's earliest memories were of going up to the tithing office yard to watch the emigrants come in. There were apartments on the east side of the tithing office where the church allowed the newcomers to stay until they could find better homes. His oldest brother, Bill, drove four mules back over the plains to help the poor and the handcart companies that needed help. Bill made trips for the church before the railroads came in 1869.

Little David herded cows in the summer west of Logan. He dug sago-lily roots, and in the winter went to school in the old Fourth Ward adobe school house which stood in the center of the block, and was south of where the Courthouse now stands. John T. Caine II and Ida Cook were his teachers. As a youth he worked on the farm and in the canyon getting out fire-wood for winter.

When he was 20 years old there was an epidemic of black smallpox. At first, nearly everyone who contracted the disease died. They built a pest-house up on the foot-hills east of the cemetery where they put the sick ones to wait on each other. Uncle Nick was Sheriff at the time and had to enforce the quarantine. Father hauled the sick up there, and he drove up every day to take supplies, medicine, food, water and wood. Grandfather Crookston had had smallpox in Scotland and was not afraid. He even went in and administered to them.



Ann was President of the Relief Society at that time, and she and her counselors prepared food, brewed herbs and did all they could on the outside. My father and others who helped never received a penny for the work they did or the risk they took. After it was over, and the ones who lived through it could return to their homes, they burned all of their clothes and bedding, and they even burned houses down.

I have heard grandmother tell how (of all her large family and the orphans she raised) David was the hardest to raise. As a child he was not as robust as the others, and the boys nick-named him "Skinny Dave". When he was in his teens, he nearly died of typhoid fever and when he was getting well, grandmother thought that a change might help him. She let him go to the canyon where his older brothers were working and getting out logs for lumber. He got in the way and a heavy log came rolling down the hill and ran over him, smashing him and breaking his ribs. He was unconscious for hours. They put him in a wagon-box and hauled him to town. He said that he could hear the boys praying for him, but he could not make a sound. My grandmother was a natural born nurse and often practiced as a midwife. Her instinct told her what to do with the injured boy. She pressed on him, bound him up, and he recovered. In fact, he was much better and put on weight after the accident. He outlived all of his more robust brothers.

In the spring and summer father helped break up land in North Logan. In winter he helped in blasting out solid rock to build the Hyde Park and Smithfield canals that ran through grandfather's rock quarry. Their pay was water stock for the North Logan land. Grandfather had a farm out there at the time which he later turned over to his son Nicholas.

During the polygamy raid when Uncle Nick was sheriff, he would be notified that the deputies were coming, and as an officer of the law it was his duty to help them in their search for the men who had more than one wife. He felt sorry for the men they were after, and he would tip my father to go and warn the polygamists. Father had a fast trotter horse and a cart which he would drive to Wellsville, Hyrum, and Paradise. He got the grapevine going so the hunted men could hide out. One man in Hyrum hid in an old threshing machine. Another had a dugout behind a bush on the hillside with a cot and food where he could be safe as long as the danger lasted. A man in Paradise had a trap-door in the floor over which his wife kept a braided rug. At one time his wife left the door off and spread the braided rug over the hole. She caught the deputy and the husband got away through the cellar window and hid down in the bottoms until the searchers had left town.

Father joined the first volunteer fire department. They had two hose carts, one hook-and-ladder, and a pump cart. These were pulled by the men who also had to pump the water out of wells or ditches. Later when the water was piped into town, he drove the first water wagon. It was square and was pulled by a team of horses.

Father hauled rock from Green Canyon for the Logan Temple and remembered when the Tabernacle was built. He was ordained a Seventy by Paul Cardon on January 19, 1887. Then on January 26, 1887 he married my mother, Tena Josephine Hartivgsen. She was born August 4, 1865. At that time in order to go through the Logan Temple, they had to be re-baptized. It was necessary to cut a hole through the ice in the mill-race in order to baptize them. The people who lived near let mother change her clothes in their house, but father rode a horse home over a mile and his clothes were frozen stiff when he got home. They were very happy. They lived in the two north rooms of the Crookston home where I was born on January 21, 1888.

Father got logs for lumber and built a nice two-room house on First East Street between First and Second South in Logan. His brothers Nick, Dan, Bill, and Rob all lived in that neighborhood at that time. They moved into the new house just before my sister Josephine was born on our father's birthday. She was born Oct. 24, 1889. Mother got up too soon, or perhaps did not have the proper care, caught cold and died on November 22, 1889. She didn't want to die, and she had everything to live for. She was only 24 years old. The firemen turned out in a body for the funeral and they carried the casket three blocks from the little house to the Logan Tabernacle where the First Ward held their meetings.

Father was on the Logan police force at that time. He took Emma and went back to live with his parents. Grandma raised me and Uncle Nick's wife, Aunt Alice, nursed Josephine along with her own baby until father got a Mrs. Munk to take her until he re-married.

Father had a good baritone voice and sang in the choir. In 1891 George Thatcher organized an opera company and they sang in the Opera "The Black Mantle". Father had a solo part in it, and Aunt Mary sang in the chorus. They performed several nights in Logan and two nights each in Brigham, Ogden, Salt Lake City, and Provo. They wore wonderful velvet and silk costumes and put on a very fine performance.

In 1892 Father went into the livery-stable business. He was always a very good hand with horses. But he was too easy going and let his partner handle the money. He skipped out and father lost everything.

On November 29, 1893 he married my mother's sister, Mima Amelia Hartvigsen. Josephine and I always called her "Aunt Millie". She was born June 20, 1873. They took Josephine and lived in the little house he had built for my mother. Aunt Millie's first baby was born February 20, 1895. He was named David James, but his life was very brief. He died March 2, 1895. In the spring of that year father sold the home and bought a small ranch up in Blacksmith Fork hollow. It was a pretty place but not very profitable. The rest of the family were born there with just a mid-wife to help bring them into the world. Their names and birthdates are as follows:



Russell Lowell	was born	February 6,	1896
Jesse LeRoy	" "	February 14,	1898
Jennie	" "	May 17,	1900
Helen	" "	April 11,	1902
Bessie	" "	May 17,	1904

The house had two rooms and a shanty and a cellar underneath. There were two fish ponds with trees around, well stocked with English Brook trout. Father had a good team of horses called Rock and Button, a border Collie dog named Sport, lots of chickens, geese and ducks. The ducks used to march single file from the coop to the fish ponds with the old drake in the lead. Four good cows and a few pigs completed the livestock. The ranch had a good orchard, garden, and pasture. The rest of the land was in lucerne. There were springs on the hillside where the best of the watercress grew. They used coal-oil lamps, the plumbing was out-of-doors, the culinary water was carried from the spring a good half-block. The washing was all done on a washboard, and all of the sewing was done on an old-time machine.

Aunt Millie was a good cook and housekeeper. She made things over and made the best of everything. She was a very good manager. She made excellent butter, and when father was away working, Aunt Millie or Josephine and I used to walk across the hill to Hyrum and to the Unsworth's store and carry butter and eggs to sell. They paid 17¢ a pound for butter and 9¢ per dozen for eggs. We took it out in trade.

It seemed that father couldn't make a living on the ranch and he had to go away to work. He worked on a thresher, drove the horses. The thresher was run by horse power, and there were not many threshers in the valley. It took quite awhile to get the harvest done. He also worked in the canyon helping to build the Telluride Power Plant. He also worked on the pole line that runs from Logan to Provo. The family moved to Cache Junction when Jesse was a baby, and father worked on the section of the railroad until just before Jennie was born. They moved back to Blacksmith Fork hollow.

Father was elected Game Warden, but there was not much money paid in that position at that time. In fact there was very little money in circulation.

At that time there was no school house in the hollow, because there were not enough children to justify building a school. There were no school buses. Josephine had to go to work in Hyrum for her board in order to attend school. My parents decided to move to Hyrum. They sold the ranch to T. P. Farmer and bought a place in the Second Ward in Hyrum and moved there when Bessie was a baby.

## PART TWO

by Jennie Crookston Glenn

We moved to Hyrum City across the street from the Second Ward Church in the spring of 1905 in a three-room house. Shortly after this mother's sister, Annie Ames, died. She was struck by lightning

while holding her baby son in her arms. The baby seemed all right. My father and mother took him to raise, and they did all they could for him. He didn't do very well and died a few months later. The lightning seemed to have affected him.

Dad built three more rooms on his house, doing all the work by himself. He even went to the canyon and got out the logs. I can remember them being stacked at the side of the house, and how hard dad worked on it after doing a hard day's work at another job.

On February 26, 1909 father and mother went to Logan on business in a horse drawn buggy. There was construction work being done on the Logan bridge. It frightened the horse and they had a runaway. This was a common thing in those days. They hit a pole, and father was thrown out of the buggy into the air. Several ribs were broken, and a big cut was on his side. Mother was unconscious for days. She had a big gash in her head. When they found her one eye was laying out on her cheek. They put it back in place and sewed up her head, and they were grateful that she could see out of that eye. Her right leg was broken in two places close to her hip. They had my little sister Bessie with them. She was five years old at the time, and she got shook up badly. Mother had to stay in the hospital for a long time, which was very expensive. It was hard for dad as he had five small children to take care of. His second daughter, Josephine, by his first wife was working in Logan, but she came home and tended the children. She kept house the best she could. A year later my mother, still on her crutches, was coming home from church, slipped and fell off the bridge and into the ditch. Her leg was broken over again in the same place and also in another place. She had to lie down again for a long time. In those days they strapped the patient to the bed with a bucket of rocks for a weight to stretch the leg. Dad did not have enough money to hire the sewing to be done, and I remember mother sewing our school clothes while flat on her back. Dad was always so kind to all of us. He would carry us on his shoulder into the kitchen by the stove and help us dress on cold mornings when we were small. Finally mother got on her feet again and was able to do her housework. Dad's daughter, Josephine Crookston married Joseph Unsworth from Hyrum in the Logan Temple on June 22, 1910. Another daughter, Emma Crookston married John W. Dunn of American Fork, Utah on Sept. 21, 1910. At about this time Father served as Hyrum City Marshall for 8 to 10 years. He was well liked and had many friends and no enemies that we knew of. He was ordained a High Priest by James L. Jensen on February 9, 1913.

In 1918 during the first World War their son Russell was drafted and went to serve his country. On October 1, 1919 his daughter Jennie married William H. Glenn of Wellsville in the Salt Lake Temple. About the time that Russell was on the water sailing for Europe, the Armistice was signed, so the men were sent back to the United States, and Russell came home. In March 1920 Russell became very sick and had to go to the hospital. He had pernicious anemia. He died after suffering a great deal on April 28, 1920 and was buried in the Logan City Cemetery. Father had to give up his job at the sugar factory at Amalga and come home. It was hard for mother and dad to lose their 24 year old son.



Father started working as a carpenter's helper which in those days did not pay very much. Another daughter, Helen, married Warren Jensen of Hyrum on December 19, 1923 in the Salt Lake Temple. Dad helped his children when they needed him, either tending their children or helping them to build their houses. It didn't matter. The days were never too long. You never heard a cross word out of him. Mother used to say that the kids could lift the roof off, and he would never complain. Everyone liked to go Uncle Dave's and Aunt Millie's as they were called. They always set a good table and made everyone welcome.

Their son, Jesse, married Phyllis Garr from Millville, Utah on June 2, 1930 at Pocatello, Idaho. In the fall of that year Mother took sick and was very ill for a long time. The doctors said she had a tumor on the pullmonary arteries of the brain. We girls took turns going home to care for her. With good care, and our faith and prayers, administrations of leaders of our ward, mother recovered from her illness and was able to do the housework again. Bessie married William E. Thomas of Malad, Idaho on June 5, 1935 in Brigham City, Utah.

Two highlights of dad's life were: First--his 80th birthday on Oct. 24, 1942. The family held Open House at his son, Jesse's home in Hyrum. Many friends and relatives called to pay tribute to him. The second one was mother and dad's 50th Wedding Anniversary. This was held at their home in Hyrum on November 29, 1943. Their children were all there, and also the majority of their grandchildren, which at that time were six children living, 19 grandchildren, and 9 great grandchildren.

Dad was a ward teacher for years and sang in the choir until he was 80 years old. He was custodian of the Second Ward church building for 6 or 8 years.

In the fall of 1945 mother had a stroke and was sick for 6 weeks. She died Sept. 15, 1945. After mother died home wasn't the same to dad any-more. He spent most of two years with his son, Jesse, and family. Jesse's home was on the same lot, so it seemed more like home to him. His children were all very good to him. He would come to visit with us girls for awhile, but he always wanted to go back to Hyrum. In February of 1948 he was staying with his daughter, Bessie, in Malad, Idaho. She had her neighbor make a record of dad singing. He took sick and spent the last two weeks in bed at my home in Wellsville. He died on March 13, 1948 and was buried in Logan Cemetery beside his two wives and his two sons.

My mother, Helen Crookston Jensen, had a hand-written account of the funeral service held for my grandfather, David Crookston. The prayer in the home was given by Bishop W. Loyal Hall. The Pallbearers were: Reed C. Jensen, David Unsworth, Richard Crookston, William Dunn, Lowell Glenn, and Robert Mortensen.

#### FUNERAL PROGRAM

Prelude and Postlude Music-----Vinnie Clawson

Song: "Though Deepning Trials"-----2nd Ward Choir

Prayer ----- Pres. Edwin Clawson

Vocal Duet: "There is a Land"-- Parkey Hall & Nellie Leishman

Speaker: -----C. A. Nielsen

Piano Solo: "O My Father" ----- Marilyn Crookston

Speaker: ----- Bishop Larn Crookston

Vocal Duet -----Thelma Petersen & Ruby Oldroyd  
"The Lord is my Shepherd"

Speaker: ----- Alban T. Clawson

Remarks: ----- Bishop Levi J. Anderson

Song: "God Be With You Till We Meet Again"----- Choir

Prayer: ----- Fred Crookston

The dedication of the grave in the Logan Cemetery was given by Jacob Hartvigsen.

LUANA J. MORTENSEN