

BIOGRAPHY OF JAMES TUNIS STAPLES

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by his grandson, George Grant Staples

James Tunis Staples was indeed a devoted family man and pioneer of Utah, Arizona, and Idaho. He was born on 29 Apr 1860 in Lehi, Utah County, Utah, the third child of thirteen children born of George Staples and Lauraetta Rappleye.

James Tunis Staples married Ruthetta Gardner on 14 Dec 1881 in the St. George Temple. They started their married life farming in Inverury (Central), Sevier County, Utah.

James Tunis, better known by his family as Tune, during his youth had a life full of frontier experiences.

George Staples, his father, had lived with a Sioux band of Indians for two years when he was fourteen years old, as recorded in the "Heart Throbs of the West, Volume 9." George also had worked on the Salt Lake Temple as a stone mason with his father, James Staples. Therefore, he knew the Prophet Brigham Young. George had lived in Salt Lake City and Lehi, Utah County, Utah when he was sent by President Young to the southern part of the state to help settle some of the communities in that region.

George and Lauraetta had three children when they were sent on this mission. George Ammon had been born on 1 Jan 1856 at Salt Lake City, Salt Lake County, Utah. Sarah Louisa had been born on 18 Jan 1858 at Lehi, Utah County, Utah, and James Tunis, my grandfather, had been born on 29 Apr 1860 at Lehi, Utah County, Utah. President Young knew that George was knowledgeable about the ways of the Indians. The Indians were prevalent throughout the southern part of the state. George, knowing

somewhat about the ways and customs of the Indians, always carried with him an Indian peace pipe and tobacco.

Their fourth child, Lauraetta Jane, was born at Round Valley (Scipio), Millard County, Utah on 7 Jun 1862. He and his family also lived in Kanab, where Joseph Levi was born on 22 Jun 1864 and then they moved to Rockville, Washington County, Utah where William Henry was born on 25 Dec 1866. Clara Samantha was born on 27 Jun 1869 at Rockville. Mary Sophia was born on 24 May 1872 at Corn Creek (Kanosh), Millard County, Utah. Ammon Franklin was born on 25 Jul 1874 at Corn Creek (Kanosh). Alveretta Augusta was born on 4 Oct 1876 at Inverury (Central), Sevier County, Utah. Rachel Alice Dora was born on 12 Apr 1879 at Central, Sevier County, Utah. Moroni Andrew Alexander was born on 11 Apr 1881 at Central, Sevier County, Utah. Eliza Roxie was born on 15 Mar 1884 at Alma Ward, Maricopa County, Arizona.

James Tunis knew what sharing meant because he was reared in a large family.

I have planned some of the facts of this biography from the "History of William H. Staples," compiled by his granddaughter, Clarissa Staples Davis, 1982, and from "They Loved Their Fellowmen," a biographical sketch of J.L. "Leo" Staples by his daughter, Anna Laura Staples Etters, Feb 1976.

William H., called "Uncle Will," by my father, George Tunis Staples, tells some interesting happenings involving himself and Tune (Tunis) during their youth while living in Corn Creek (Kanosh). They lived near the tribe of Chief Kanosh and intermingled with the Indians when they came to visit the George

Staples' homestead. George Staples knew it was better to feed the Indians than to fight them; therefore, Indians were always visiting and eating at the Staples' home. Will remembers being jounced on the knee of many an Indian brave.

I remember Grandfather Tunis telling my brother Claude and me about playing with the boys from Chief Kanosh's tribe and how he accidentally shot an arrow that pierced the cheek of a young Indian boy's face, entering his mouth. The family was afraid that the Indians would be mad and cause trouble, but nothing came of it.

Will relates a story about a confrontation that he and his brothers had with some young bucks from the tribe. He was about nine years old and was with his older brothers, George A. and James Tunis and two neighbor boys. They were sitting by a clear spring about six miles from Kanosh. All at once, there was frightening yelling of Indians as a group of strapping young bucks rode up and challenged the boys to a fight. They tried to make peace with the Indian bucks because there were too many of them to fight. Besides, the Indians were much older. They challenged the boys, saying that the boys were afraid to fight. Soon, one of the Indians jumped off his horse, ready to start it. Will states that his older brother, Tune, struck the Indian, knocked him down, and jumped on him. Then the group of Indians piled on top of Tune. As luck would have it, one of the Indians grabbed Tune's arms and tried to pull him off the Indian who was on the bottom of the heap. In order to help his brother, Will grabbed the Indian by the braid and pulled as hard as he could. This effort brought Tune out of the heap, and as he came out, his

sharp brass spur on his foot raked the Indian on the bottom, and along the thigh of his naked leg, cutting a gash from his hip to his knee. This must have caused a blood vessel to be punctured, for the blood flowed fiercely, causing the Indian to faint. This stopped the battle. Tune was wearing a clean white shirt, which he tore up and made into bandages to wrap around the open wound. When this was done, they got the wounded Indian on his horse and the Indians rode away. Tune and his brothers lost no time in getting home.

About two weeks later, Will and the same boys had been up to New Town, now Kanosh. They were heading home towards Petersburg (Hatton), when they were attacked by a larger group of young Indian braves. This time, the boys were all on horseback, so they tried to make a retreat. The other four boys were doing fine with the retreat, but Will was on a lazy mule. He said that he had a club and that he was beating on the mule to make it go faster, but to no avail. Tune hollered back for him to hit the mule on the ears, saying it would go faster. Will struck a blow at the mule's ears, but he missed the ears and hit its head, knocking the mule to the ground. Before Will could get up, the Indians were on top of him. The boys had no guns or arms of any kind, so all four of them whirled their horses and galloped full speed over the group of Indians piled on top of Will. Will, being on the bottom, did not get hurt too badly. The boys whirled their horses and again ran over the Indians. This put many of the Indians out of commission. Will said that the boys picked him up and put him on a horse, and that they soon arrived

at home.

It was not long until Chief Kanosh came down to see what the trouble was all about. Will was resting on a blanket in the shade of the house with his mother tending to his wounds. The Chief was very angry and said that the boys had cut up his braves. Will's father, George, said that his boys were going along the road peacefully and that the Chief's braves took after them, caught this young boy, and jumped on him. The only way that the boys could get the braves off of Will was to run their horses over the Indians. That was the only way that they could save this young boy's life, pointing to Will, who was very pale, lying there on the blanket.

Will relates that Chief Kanosh said "wino, wino," meaning it was alright. He went back to the village and had six of the meanest leaders of the group whipped and told them that they had to stay in camp for one moon, meaning one month. Staying in camp was terrible punishment for an Indian.

Tunis and his family had a lot of experiences with the Indians.

Anna Laura, in the biography of her father, tells of her grandfather, George Staples, being a "Minute Man" while living in Rockville, until the Indian troubles were somewhat settled. He also participated in the Black Hawk War of 1865-69.

Anna Laura, relates that the George Staples family moved from Kanab, Kane County, Utah, where her father, Lee (Levi), was born on 22 Jun 1864. Lee was just a baby when the family moved to Rockville, and he was seven years of age when the family moved to Corn Creek, about one mile from Kanosh. When he was eleven

years of age, the family moved to Central, Sevier County. When the George Staples family moved to Central, they left about fifty head of cattle at Corn Creek. A year later, they went to gather them.

When Lee was thirteen, he cared for his father's farm while his father, George, and two older brothers were away on a job. They returned to help with the harvesting. One of the elder brothers would be Tunis and the other would be George Ammon. When Lee was fourteen, he and one of his brothers supplied cordwood for the mines at Frisco for \$7.50 per cord.

George Staples decided to sell out at Central and to go to Mesa, Arizona. That summer, Lee went to Idaho to work on the railroad, which was under construction from Pocatello to Wood River, a distance of one hundred twenty five miles. Lee returned home in the late fall and found the family ready to move. His father, George, had bought some land in Mesa, Arizona.

William H. Staples, in his history, relates that when he was about fifteen that his father, George Staples, moved his family to Mesa, Arizona. They started in the late fall of 1881 and arrived at Mesa in January of 1882.

The trip of the George Staples family to Arizona is told by William H. Staples, and it is recorded in his history. It is authentic, and I recommend it to be read by the descendants of George and Lauraetta Rappleye Staples.

James Tunis did not leave with his family for Arizona because he was planning to be married. He and his sweetheart, Ruthetta Gardner, were married in the St. George Temple on 14 Dec

1881 and farmed at Inverury (Central) where their first child, Tunis, was born on 3 Sept 1882. He died shortly after birth.

The Mesa Tribune published a series of stories in 1969 and 1970 about the history of Mesa and its people. From this information, a book was published and it contained two hundred seventy one pages, with illustrations, maps, and an index. It is entitled "One Hundred Years."

In one of these articles, it tells of two George Staples families, father and son, arriving and settling on String Town Road with several families from Utah. It was recorded that as the area grew, that a parcel of land was given to the L.D.S Church by George Staples Sr., and that a meeting house was soon built. The record states that the building was built of brick, but it was probably adobe. George was a skilled stone mason, having worked with his father on the Salt Lake Temple.

Tunis and Ruthetta, after the death of their first born, must have moved to Mesa, Arizona to be with their family, because their next child, Lauretta Ellen, was born on 31 Aug 1883 at Mesa, Maricopa County, Arizona. Their third child, George Tunis, my father, was born on 5 Feb 1886 at Mesa, Maricopa County, Arizona.

George and Lauraetta Rappleye Staples were blessed with their thirteenth and last child, Eliza Roxie, born on 15 Mar 1884 at Alma Ward (Mesa), Maricopa County, Arizona.

Tunis must have farmed with the family and freighted on the Santa Fe Trail. I can remember my grandfather telling me and my brother Claude about freighting on this route. William H. states that his brother Lee, who was about eighteen, was fitted

with horses and wagon and given the task of freighting to keep the family in food while they cleared the land. Lee freighted supplies to the United States Army along the Mexican Border where United States soldiers were fighting Chief Geronimo. William assembled a wagon, a four horse team, and received a contract to haul lime to the city of Phoenix.

After this contract was completed, Will and his brother Tunis, with their cousin Henry Barker, decided to go hunting deer in the Superstition Mountains. They had to cross the Verdy River where they shot a goose for camp meat. It took two days to reach the mountains and deer country. They made camp, built a fire at the end of a large log, and rolled out their bed roll by it. During the night, a wind came up and the fire followed along the log, completely burning one of Will's boots. It looked like the hunt was off for Will, but Tune said that he would tie a sack on Will's foot and that he could poke around camp. By doing so, he might still get a shot at something.

The cactus and briars were thick. It was difficult to travel without getting in them, so Tune thought his younger brother, Will, would stay in camp. He did not; he left camp and was soon on the trail of some deer. He soon jumped the herd and wounded a large buck. He decided to follow it. It was leaving patches of blood, but Will soon discovered a lion was also following the deer. He soon came upon the deer, but the lion was also claiming the kill. Will shot the lion, but only being wounded, it dragged itself into a thicket. Will then discovered the fix he was in; his foot was hurting from the cactus needles in it, so he

headed for camp. When he arrived there, he fell on his bed and said nothing.

Tune realized what Will was going through, so he removed the sack and discovered a foot full of cactus. Tune had an old pair of pliers, and he went to work pulling out the cactus needles. The blood ran freely, which was probably a good thing. Tune then bathed the foot in a salt water solution, which served as an antiseptic. Will, feeling a bit better, told his story and said that in the morning he was going back for the deer and the lion. Tune said no way, and he insisted on going home and taking Will to a doctor. They left at day light for home, and after arriving there, they took Will to a doctor. The doctor said that Tune had done a good job in caring for the foot, and in ten days, Will was walking again and working on the farm.

They lived on a forty acre farm and had another farm of one hundred sixty acres near by.

In the early spring of 1886, the George Staples family left Arizona and headed back to Utah. Apparently, the Salt River heat had been bad for Georges' health.

The journey was long and hard. They finally reached the Colorado River, and it took all day to ferry across. It was a hot day, with the temperature reaching 110 degrees. They finally reached Sevier County in June of 1886, after a long and hot journey.

George bought a home in Elsinore and the same farm he had owned while living in Central (formally Inverury).

My father, George Tunis Staples, was born on 5 Feb 1886, in Mesa City, Maricopa County, Arizona, and his sister, Lauretta

Ellen was born on 31 Aug 1883, in Mesa City, Maricopa County, Arizona. Therefore, Lauretta Ellen was three years old, and my father was just a baby when Tunis and Ruthetta made the trip back to Utah, by team and wagon, with the George Staples clan.

After the families had again become established back in Utah in the Sevier River Valley, a tragedy struck them. George Staples was gored by a bull on 30 Oct 1890 and died shortly thereafter; he was fifty six years old.

As recorded in "They Loved Their Fellow Men," written by Anna Laura Staples, her father, Lee, twenty six years of age at the time of his father's death, assumed the care of his mother and the younger children, ages 16, 14, 11, 9, and 6. He ran the farm for his mother, and he supported the family until the brothers and sisters were old enough to be on their own. He rented the farm for two years to his brother Tunis, who had been married for nine years. During this two year period, Lee went west to again freight in the mines. After returning, he resumed farming and raising stock for the remainder of his life. Lee, who was four years younger than Tunis, married at the age of thirty nine. He married Matilda Anderson on 16 Mar 1904 in the Salt Lake Temple.

Tunis had farmed at Thistle, Sevier County, because their fourth child, Joseph Levi, was born on 20 Dec 1887 at Thistle, Sevier County, Utah. Jenette was born on 2 Dec 1889 at Central, Sevier County, Utah. Carl Joshua was born on 1 Nov 1891 at Annabelle, Sevier County, Utah and Rye Marrien was born on 15 Sept 1894 at Elsinore, Sevier County, Utah.

Tragedy again struck the James Tunis Staples family on 21 Mar 1896 with the death of Ruthetta Gardner Staples at the age of thirty two. She was a wife and a mother of six children, ages 2, 5, 7, 9, 10 and 13. Rye was 2, Carl was 5, Jenette was 7, Levi was 9, George Tunis was 10, and Ellen was 13. She was buried in the Elsinore Cemetery.

The death of his father at the age of fifty six was a blow to Tunis, but the loss of his wife at the tender age of thirty two was indeed a tragedy.

I have no way of documenting what took place after the death of Ruthetta, my grandmother. However, I can remember in my youth of my father, George Tunis, telling his children about the period of time that he and his brother Carl lived with his Uncle Lee and Aunt Tilley in Elsinore, and how good they were to him.

Father was always telling my wife, Erma, how much he thought of his mother and how Erma reminded him of her.

In February of 1966, Erma and I took a trip to Texas to see our first grandchild. We decided to stop in Elsinore and look up Aunt Tilley. She was in her nineties and was in good health, living with her daughter, Anna Laura Etters. Anna Laura and her husband had retired in California and had came to Elsinore to live. They remodeled and restored the old family home. They had so many beautiful things in it, and they were taking care of Aunt Tilley.

This was a choice experience for me, talking with Aunt Tilley. She could remember my father and Carl living with them. She said that my father was a quiet, obedient boy.

My first memory of Grandfather Tunis was after he had lost

his farm at Firth, Idaho. He would visit us at Eden for a week or so in the fall of the year. I was about ten or eleven years old the first time I met him. He was a mild mannered man, and he told me and my brother Claude some stories about when he was freighting on the Santa Fe Trail and some of his experiences with the Indians.

His left lower eye lid drooped, and I asked him what caused it. He told me a stick flipped up, injuring his eye, and causing the lid to droop.

I can very well remember one evening that we had just finished doing the chores at the barn. We were walking to the house, a distance of about two or three hundred feet, when Grandfather Tunis challenged me to a foot race to the house. I thought that I could easily out run him, but he beat me.

One late afternoon, Grandfather Tunis and I were sitting in the dining room by the warm coal heater. I started to do my school work, so he retired to the couch and soon fell asleep. All at once he started to snore; it just about raised the roof. I now know why I snore so loudly. I must have inherited it from Grandfather Tunis Staples.

James Tunis bought a farm in Firth, Idaho and moved his family there.

George Tunis, my father, got a job with the Lindsay - Bitton Livestock Company at Idaho Falls, Idaho, he being the oldest boy in the family. He was about seventeen years old at the time, and he soon became Walter J. Lindsay's right hand man over the sheep operation. They ran twenty bands of sheep.

I interviewed Wells Robins of Scipio, Millard County, Utah when he was in his nineties, and I taped the interview. He told me that he and my father were about the same age. Wells was working with the cattle, and my father was working with the sheep. This interview was very informative to me. Wells and my father became good friends, and they often visited together. Wells said that my father was sending his check home each month, to his father, to help buy the farm. Grandfather Tunis had bought at Firth, Idaho. Wells also told me about Grandfather Tunis losing his farm, and that Eugene E. Stevenson, who had married my father's sister, Lauretta Ellen on 18 Mar 1903, took over the farm when Grandfather Tunis got into financial trouble.

Father was married on 20 Dec 1911 to Margie Robins, so he was sending money home for eight years after Ellen was married.

I do not remember this being talked about very much in our home, but my father did not have much contact with his family while I was growing up.

Grandfather Tunis was killed by a horse at Firth, Idaho on 19 Sept 1930, when I was a senior in high school. I can remember that only my father went to the funeral.

In July of 1983, while celebrating our fiftieth wedding anniversary, Erma and I retraced our honeymoon trip. We stopped at Idaho Falls and looked up Clyde and Ada Gardner. Clyde was a grandson of Lauraetta Jane Staples Gardner, a sister to James Tunis Staples. James Tunis had married Ruthetta Gardner, a daughter of Elias Gardner.

I think this is why James Tunis Staples moved his family to Idaho; to be with some of his family. James Tunis never

remarried.

Erma and I had a good visit with Clyde and Ada, and we exchanged some genealogy sheets and other information. Clyde said that Grandfather Tunis was helping his son, Lee, hook up a colt to a mowing machine, getting ready to cut hay. Clyde said that the horse reared up, knocking Grandfather Tunis down, lunging forward, and coming down with his front feet on Grandfather's chest, killing him. Grandfather was a good hand with horses, having had a lot of experience; but being seventy years old, his reflexes were not very good.

In 1982, after moving to St. George, Utah for the winters, Erma and I went over to Elsinore to look up the grave site of my grandparents, James Tunis and Ruthetta Gardner Staples. We could find a marker for Ruthetta, but none for James Tunis. As luck would have it, Anna Laura Staples Etters came to the cemetery at the same time to visit the grave site of her parents, Levi and Matilda Staples. We had a good visit. She could not verify that James Tunis had been buried in the Elsinore Cemetery, but offered to research the records.

Anna Laura was very helpful, sending us the information and verification of the burial site for Grandfather Tunis. I received Anna Laura's opinion and suggestion for a headstone for Grandfather. Based on her opinion and mine, I ordered a new headstone with the names of Grandfather Tunis and Grandmother Ruthetta both on the headstone marker.

It was a choice experience for me to become acquainted with Anna Laura and to learn of her great personality and spirit, and

to obtain a head stone for my grandparents' final resting place.

By researching and documenting this history, I have come to know my grandparents and great grandparents and their families. I have enjoyed looking at their pictures and reading some of their history. I am grateful for my heritage and the privilege of belonging to the Staples family. They sacrificed a lot for the gospel of Jesus Christ and they passed on great blessings to their descendants. James Tunis must have reared his family under the influence of the gospel of Jesus Christ, because all his children were endowed and married in the temple.

With love and respect,

G. Grant Staples

## OUR PIONEER ANCESTORS

### A HISTORY OF JAMES STAPLES AND SARAH LIMBRICK

By Teressa Staples Johnson

(A copy of this story was filed with the  
Daughters of Utah Pioneers, September 2, 1947)

#### SOURCES OF INFORMATION

In this humble attempt to write a brief story of my father's parents, James Staples and Sarah Limbrick, I have put forth great effort that all I write about them be correct and accurate. I realize and know that a record of any kind is of no value if it is not correct, and would be a waste of valuable time and effort.

My Grandfather died before I was born, so I was not privileged to know him personally, and my Grandmother died when I was a very small girl of eight years. Therefore, my memory of her is very limited. For those reasons, the sources of information for what I have written is that which I have received from older relatives and members of the family, and from what items concerning them I have been able to glean by research of the records of the Church, from the Church Index Bureau, and the Microfilm Records of the Genealogical Library of Utah, and also from the Early British Mission Records now in the Church Historian's Office in Salt Lake City.

My quest for this information has been both gratifying and enjoyable, and I feel repaid for both the time and effort needed in obtaining it. In this way, I have become acquainted with them, and have felt the nearness of their personalities as a guiding spirit in directing my efforts. From the sources of information as mentioned, I have written this brief record story of my father's parents.

Teressa S. Johnson

(A copy of this History was placed on file with the Geneological Library of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints at 80 North Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah, on Tuesday, March 21, 1950). T. S. J.

In the City of Bath, in far away England, on the 18th of January, 1810, my Grandfather, James Staples was born. He was the son of Henry Staples of Bath, Somerset, England, who died at Red Morley, England, about 1817.

(Note of Correction): About 1817 was the year of death found on meager scraps of record kept by older members of the family, but since writing this story, I have obtained new information from the Parish Church of Red Morley that the death date for Henry Staples of Bath was February 22, 1822, at the age of 54 years.

The year of his birth then would be 1768. The Sir name was registered there as "Stapleton", though definitely why or when the name was changed to "Staples" we have as yet been unable to find out. Proof that this is the record of death for this Henry Staples of Bath is shown by the recorded names of other members of the family, including my Grandfather's name. The name was called "Stapleton" until about 1841, when it was recorded as "Staples" in the Early Church Records of the British Mission, at the time my Father's parents became members of the Church).

(Note of Correction): Here again is another correction I wish to make. In the meager scraps of family record, I have spoken of, the names of the parents of Sarah Limbrick were given as Richard "Limerick" and Elizabeth "Fable". But since

this story was written, definite information has been obtained from Elmstone Hardwicke Parish Church, Cheltenham, England, that the name of these parents were Richard Limbrick and Elizabeth Turner, not "Fable". The name of my Grandmother's father was often written or called "Limerick" instead of Limbrick.)

Teressa S. Johnson

Grandfather was married to my Grandmother, Sarah Limbrick on April 12, 1830 at Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, England. Unknown to them at the time, they were married just six days after the organization of the Church that was to play such an important part in their lives. She was born August 14, 1804 at Uckington, Gloucestershire, England, and was the daughter of Richard Limbrick and Elizabeth Turner, both whom died in England.

At the time of their marriage, they lived at Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, England, where three of their children were born. Their baptismal record shows that they moved from Cheltenham in 1848 to the London Conference of the Church and lived at 22 New Ann Street, Waterloo Road, London. Some of the baptismal records for different members of the family show that they must also have lived at two other places, as the addresses 8 1/2 Green Street, Theobald Road, and 16 Hastings Street, New Road are given. I deeply regret that, other than that, I have been unable to learn anything of their early life.

It is but one small example of how easy it is for incidences in the lives of people to be forgotten or lost from one generation to another, unless records are kept. Often the day by day events in our lives seem so commonplace and of such a small

and unimportant nature that we decide they are not worth the effort to record. In this way we fail to keep any record at all, and often let pass the important events of our lives along with the commonplace ones. Soon all is forgotten, and those who come after us find it quite impossible to learn about them no matter how great their desire may be, or how hard they may seek. And so it has ever been.

Soon after the Church was organized, Missionaries were sent to England and other countries, to carry the message of the Restored Gospel to the honest in heart, wherever they were found, and to tell them that God had spoken again in this the beginning of the new dispensation of the Fullness of Times. That God had restored the authority of His Holy Priesthood in order that His Church might be established again on earth for the salvation and blessing of all mankind who listened and accepted the Gospel Message.

To some, this may seem a bold declaration to make, as well as a hazardous and venturesome thing to do--to cross the mighty ocean for the express purpose of carrying this message to the people in those far countries--when to do so, in those early days, was often extremely dangerous. But one whose heart is filled with a testimony of the divine truth, as the gift from God, always speaks of it with boldness and has no fear of dangers when commissioned by His Authority to carry the message to His children wherever they may be, even if it means to cross the mighty ocean. They fear neither ridicule, persecution or

the hardships of poverty, as has been proven by many of the early missionaries and members of the Church.

Among some of the first, in that far away land of England who listened to the Restored Gospel Message brought there by humble missionaries were my Grandparents, James Staples and Sarah Limbrick. The Church had been organized only a little more than eleven years when he was baptized on December 18, 1841, and his wife was baptized December 25, 1841. This was two years before my father, Henry, was born. At that time they had four children, each of whom became members of the Church: Ann, baptized February 1848 at age 17; George, baptized February 20, 1848 at age 14; Elizabeth, age 11 and James Jr., age 8, were both baptized November 27, 1848.

You will notice that a period of seven years had passed from the time the parents were baptized in 1841 before their children were baptized in 1848. This leads me to believe that these children became members of the Church of their own free will, and perhaps after diligent study and thought, and not alone because it was the desire of their parents that they should do so. My father, Henry, their youngest child, was born December 9, 1842, and he, too, was baptized a member of the Church on May 23, 1851 at the age of 8 years and 5 months. I found a record of all these baptisms, which were copied from the early Church records of the British Mission and filed on cards in the Church Historian's Office in Salt Lake City.

From the time of their affiliation with the Church, I have been told, it was the great desire of my Grandparents

to go to the land of Zion, which is America, where they would be free to worship according to the dictates of their own conscience, and also where they would have the privilege of receiving and enjoying all the blessings of The Restored Gospel. They were truly converted, and it was the sincerity and power of the testimony they had in their hearts that motivated them with the desire and spurred them on to action in so shaping their affairs that they might go to this new land and make a new home, where they might enjoy all the blessings they were seeking.

They were in humble circumstances, and it required several years of rigid economy planning to save enough for the expense of undertaking such a long journey. Grandfather was a rock and brick mason by trade, and I have been told by older members of the family who had heard our Grandparents say, that he had worked on the Parliament House in London, England, and that Sarah Limberick had, before her marriage to Grandfather, been in the service of the Queen, who was Queen Victoria at that time.

In digressing from my story, I wish to say that I have often wondered if Grandfather had really worked on the Parliament House, as I thought surely it had been built before his time. But just recently I found an entry in the "Encyclopaedia Britannica, Vol. 23, p. 126, stating that the old Houses of Parliament had been burnt down. It also states that the problems connected with the building of the new Houses, suggested the desirability of arranging for a Royal commission to consider the best means to maintain and promote the Arts and Sciences.

Prince Albert, husband of Queen Victoria, presided over the commission, and while doing so, he got the idea of a great Art Exhibition, which was held in 1851, the first of its kind. So from this item, the conclusion is that the new building was completed before 1851, and was built in Grand-father's time; and the statement that he worked on the Parliament House can very well be true. Since reading this item, my doubt about it is entirely removed. I wish also to state, that I have heard my own parents comment on the love and respect they had for Queen Victoria. At the time of her death in 1891, our family was living in Idaho, and I remember hearing them express their sorrow, and my father made the remark that the English people had lost a loyal and understanding friend.

Yes, my parents and their parents before them had been loyal in thought and deed to their Queen in the land of their birth, and they were always loyal, true and patriotic to the Constitution of this New Land to which they had come and became faithful citizens also in thought and deed.

Hard as they tried, it was impossible for my Grandfather to save enough money to bring all members of his family to this new land at one time, so it was necessary for some members of the family to emigrate and leave others to follow as soon as proper arrangements could be made. First George, the eldest son of the family, at the age of 16, came to America in 1850. It has been thought that he came at the age of 14, but this cannot be correct, as he was born June 8, 1834, which

would make him 16 years of age at the time he left England in 1850. He sailed on the "S. S. Argo", January 6, 1850 for New Orleans, with the John Banks family in the President Clinton Company.

What a trial it must have been to these parents, to see their young son sail away, not knowing how long it might be before they would see him again, if ever. Even though he was in the care of the Banks Family, who perhaps were his friends, I am sure the misgivings they must have felt for his welfare could only be overcome by their faith and trust in divine providence, that he would reach his destination in safety.

The boy, George, arrived safely in America, but while crossing the plains enroute to Utah, he became very ill with Mountain Fever, and was too ill to travel. It was necessary for the Company he was with to continue their journey, so they were forced to leave the boy with a fur trader, and later he was left in the care of friendly Indians who took care of him until he recovered from his illness.

The following year, on Wednesday, January 22, 1851, Grand-father sailed from Liverpool, England for America, on the "S. S. George W. Bourne". This is the date of sailing as given in "Church Chronology 1851" by Andrew Jenson. In the Emigration Shipping Book No. 1943 years 1849 to 1851, page 114 which is in the Church Historian's Office. The time of the sailing of this ship is listed as January 9, 1851. Sometimes a delay in sailing was necessary while waiting for favorable weather. At this time

the Ship "George W. Bourne" carried 281 Saints under the direction of William Gibson, and arrived in New Orleans on March 20, 1851.

On his arrival in Salt Lake City, Utah, expecting to see his son, George, he learned that the boy had been left behind because of his serious illness. The father immediately returned to Fort Laramie, Wyoming, in the anxious search for his boy. The means for travel was extremely slow and tiresome in those early days, and it is easy to understand the anxious time he must have spent, until the efforts of his search was rewarded. He found his boy in the care of the Indian squaw who had nursed him during his long illness.

The other members of Grandfather's family consisting of his wife, Sarah Limbrick Staples, at age 47, and four children: Ann, age 20; Elizabeth, age 14; James, age 12; and Henry, age 9, as listed on their Contract Ticket No. 9 sailed February 6, 1852 from Liverpool, England, on the "S. S. Ellen Marie", with 369 Saints, under the direction of Issac C. Haight, and arrived in New Orleans on April 6, 1852. I have seen and examined the Contract Ticket No. 9, as mentioned, and was privileged to obtain a photographic copy from it, which I have filed in my Book of Remembrance. The original ticket had been kept by Grandmother, and she gave it to her daughter, Elizabeth, who in turn gave it to her daughter, Marie Baker Stone. It is now (1944) in the possession of Mrs. Stone's daughter, Daisy Stone Wintle of 878 24th Street, Ogden, Utah. Mrs. Wintle is a great granddaughter of James Staples and Sarah Limbrick.

These last five members of the family who emigrated to America continued their journey from New Orleans, up the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers to Council Bluff, Iowa. From there they crossed the plains with the first company of Perpetual Emigration Fund Emigrants of thirty-two wagons, with Captain Abraham O. Smoot in charge. They arrived in Salt Lake City, Utah, on September 3, 1852, about two weeks before the Father, James Staples, had returned to Salt Lake City again from his long and anxious search for their son, George.

The Perpetual Emigration Fund was instituted to help early converts of the Church to emigrate to Utah, where the main body of the Church was located. I have been told that only sincere and worthy converts were given the privilege of this assistance. Such assistance was always returned to the Emigration Fund as soon as the emigrants were settled and in a position to earn money, so that others might receive the same help.

It is interesting to ponder over the conditions under which many of the emigrants from different countries of Europe first came to America, no matter for what reason they came. Hardships and extreme discomfort was endured by many while crossing the ocean in those days. And so it was when my Grandparents came.

From instructions concerning the privileges and provisions which the passengers on the ship "Ellen Maria" were entitled to as printed on the "Contract Ticket No. 9", which I have previously mentioned, it is evident that the conditions under which they made the long trip across the ocean could not have been the most comfortable or pleasant.

This Ticket provided my Grandmother and her four children, as named on it, with a "Steerage Passage" for the sum of 16 pounds, 17 shillings and 6 pence, which would be equivalent to about \$82.12 in American money at that time. This was considered to be a large amount of money at that time, especially for people in their circumstances. Grandmother and the two oldest daughters, age 20 and 14, were rated as adults at full fare. The two younger sons, age 12 and 9, of whom my father, Henry, was the youngest, were rated at one-half fare. Their group of five persons were rated as four adults, and allowed 10 cubic feet of space for luggage for each adult. Fires and suitable places for cooking were provided.

They were also allowed a certain amount of provisions, which included for each adult 3 quarts of water daily; and for each adult, there was allotted per week: 2 1/2 pounds break or biscuit, 1 pound wheaten flour, 5 pounds oatmeal, 2 pounds rice, 1/2 pound sugar, 1/2 pound molasses, and 2 ounces tea.

They had the privilege of exchanging one pound of oatmeal or rice for five pounds of potatoes if they so desired. According to these specifications, they would receive one-half portions each for the young two children, which would bring their allotment to the amount given for four adults.

They were required to bring their own utensils for eating and drinking, and also provide their own bedding. They were advised not to rely alone on the amount of provisions which the Master of the Ship was bound to give them, but that they should take an extra supply along.

Their ticket was dated February 2, 1852, listed to sail February 6, 1852, and signed by Franklin D. Richards, who was the Licensed Agent at that time.

The Dictionary states that "Steerage" means: "That part of a ship allotted to the poorer passengers". I have been told that many of the early Converts of the Church, as well as others, came in that way because they were unable to pay a higher rate. How different were those conditions from the luxury, comfort and ease that passengers of every class can enjoy trips across the ocean in our time. In order to make the trip at all, as I have stated before, my Grandparents had to practice the strictest economy, and so were willing and prepared to endure whatever the conditions might prove to be. They had not begun such an undertaking with a thought in their hearts or minds of failure.

What a happy day it must have been for my Grandfather and his family when they were once more reunited. They had been separated from January 6, 1850, when young George emigrated to America, and the father emigrating in 1851, until September, 1852, when the Father, Mother, and all their children were together again in Salt Lake City. This was a period of about two years and nine months time which had been required to complete the emigration of the whole family.

Surely it had demanded great faith and courage on their part, for such an undertaking, when, in those days, to cross the ocean was hazardous in the extreme. What anxious feeling must have filled their hearts, as some members of the family

sailed away to a new and unknown country, leaving the others in that far away land which they did know, and which had always been their home. And then, even after arriving at their destination in the new land, there still remained before them the hard and toilsome journey across the trackless plains, often requiring weeks or months of slow and extremely uncomfortable and tiresome travel, before they could reach the place they were seeking. Surely it was a test of their faith! Only their prayers, and their faith in the cause they had accepted could have given them the courage, under such circumstances, to leave their home, humble though it may have been, and attempt such an undertaking.

Yes, they listened to the message brought to them by the humble Missionaries--they believed it--they obeyed their call--and now they were once more together! I know they received the blessings they had made sacrifices for. Did they regret the choice they made? I am sure they never did, for they could have given it up at any time and returned to their former home, had they so desired. Instead, they had cast their lot where they might live according to the plan they had accepted. They were content and happy; they had no thought or desire to return to the place from whence they had come.

We, their descendants, what about us? Do we listen to or believe when we hear the message? Have we made sacrifices for the blessings that have come to us so freely--so lavishly? Do we show our appreciation for the great heritage that is ours, because of their sacrifices? Or, do we think so

indifferently of it that we let it slip from us until it may perhaps be too late to redeem the birthright that could have been ours? Do we seek to know for ourselves if what they sacrificed for is the truth above price? Surely we owe them that much, at least, to seek to "know of the doctrine, whether it be of god," as they truly believed and received testimony of, or whether it is a fabrication from the brain of man. Smart, indeed, would be the man capable of such a fabrication. We can know if we seek sincerely and diligently enough.

Instead, are we casting aside this pearl above price, that is within our reach, for something that glitters with inferior and disappointing brilliance, and then, when our need for comforting influence is greater, it suddenly fades completely, leaving us empty handed? Are we condemning as untrue and of no value the very principals that gave them courage to make the sacrifices, that we might be born in this goodly land, choice above all others? Are we doing that without even so much as the benefit of a hearing or even a curious desire to know the reason which prompted their actions? Can we claim to be fair, honest, and respectful of their memory, or even intelligent, if we cast aside and condemn as untrue something we have not taken the time or trouble to investigate? This should be our challenge, and each of us alone can best answer these questions for ourselves.

I have digressed again from my story, but my heart is filled with a deep gratitude that is almost overwhelming, for the great blessings that have come to each of us through the

faithfulness of our Grandparents, who were the first to receive the Gospel message. Great blessings and privileges may be ours, if we but have receptive minds and a desire to receive them. I have felt the inspiration of their influence as a guide ready to lead me along the straight and narrow path, the vision of which they saw, accepted and followed. It is an influence which has given me a deep appreciation for my people--our responsibilities toward one another for our actions--and the affect on each one of the course we take in life. It has filled me with a desire to reach out and share with them this Pearl of Great Price, that it was intended by our Heavenly Father all should have and enjoy together. These are the thoughts that fill my heart and mind, whenever I have occasion to ponder over these things.

It had been less than five years from the time President Brigham Young, on July 24, 1847, had looked from Emigration Canyon, over the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, and said, "This is the Place", that my Grandfather, James Staples, first arrived there in 1851. Later, in 1852, when all members of his family had finally arrived, and they were united again, they settled in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Very little of a permanent nature, could have been established there during those first five years at least, due to the isolated, barren, and untamed location, lack of materials, and the extreme poverty of the people, and for many other reasons. The first concern of necessity had been to establish ways and means to eke out enough for food and shelter.

So my Grandparents were, in truth, some of the very early emigrant pioneers, and they helped in building the first permanent landmarks of the City. They lived in a one story adobe house located about the middle of the block on First South Street, between Second and Third West Streets. Grandfather and his family were all members of the 15th Ward. He owned his home there, which was just across the street from where the old 15th Ward Store Building (now torn away) was located and from where next to the Store, the James F. Griggs' old home--a two-story brick building--is still standing.

(1942)

I visited the spot with my sister, Laura Staples Johnson, on the 6th day of May, 1942. She explained to me all about the definite location of my grandfather's home and the surrounding neighborhood, which she had known from early childhood. She had lived in Salt Lake City from the time she was just a small girl with my mother's mother, Ann Whitehead Duncanson, whose home was located down First South Street on the Southwest corner of Sixth West Street.

She explained to me also the changes that had come to that neighborhood with the passing of time and the coming of the Union Pacific Railroad into the Salt Lake Valley on March 8, 1869, and which had been built along Third West Street. These changes made it necessary for many of the old buildings in that location to be torn away. She stated, that at a much later time, the old 15th Ward Meeting House, where they had for many years

attended Church Services, and which had been located on the Southwest corner of Third West Street, was also finally torn away because of the further expansion of the Railroad. A lumber yard had been built on, or at least near the very place where Grandfather's home had been. In her own words, Laura said, "I am sure of all these items I have told you, as I lived here from the time I was old enough to go to school until I was about 30 years of age. I attended my first M. I. A. Meeting when 14 years old. It was held in a hall above the 15th Ward Store, which was owned by the Relief Society."

At that time, as we walked along and my sister, Laura, was explaining the location to me, I could not help but feel impressed, as I realized that we were walking in the same place where our ;randparent's had walked, and where our own father had lived and played as a small boy. They seemed very near to us that day, and in our thoughts, we were visualizing the place which had been their home.

Another description of their home was given to me in a letter I received from Rosa Belle Sawyer Chase of 1140 Adams Avenue, Ogden, Utah, dated December 30, 1941. She is also a granddaughter of James Staples and Sarah Limbrick. Her mother was their daughter, Elizabeth. Rosa Belle was five years old at the time of Grandfather's death, and afterward she lived with Grandmother for some time. It was her letter that impelled me to visit the place with my Sister, Laura, in 1942.

From her letter I learned that it was a very humble home-- much the same as were many of the other homes there in the early days. It stood facing the North, with a gable at each end to the East and to the West. Leading up to the front door was a neat cobblestone walk Grandfather had made by in-bedding the rocks into the ground, and there was a picket fence in front of the house. At the back was a garden spot, where vegetables were raised, and through it ran a small stream where water cress grew. Besides supplying water for the garden, it was probably from this stream that water was also obtained for their household purposes.

I was told that Grandmother was emaculate in her house-keeping duties, even with the very limited facilities they had at that time. Everything was kept neat, tidy, and in perfect order. The daily routine was carried on in strict regularity, that would insure the needs and greatest comfort of the family. She added adornment to the home by the work of her hands in making rag rugs for the bare wood floors. And even though in later years when her eye sight was failing, she still, with nimble industrious fingers, made use of her needle, and with the aid of having others thread it for her, she did sewing of different kinds.

In adding to this, the limited memory I have of her, my thoughts go back many years, to a time when Grandmother lived at our home. My father had gone by wagon team to Ogden, where his mother lived alone, to bring her to live with us.

She had moved there some years after the death of her husband in 1874.

Our home was at Inverury, Sevier County, Utah, where we had just recently located, after moving from a two year stay in Mesa City, Arizona. It was in order that he might take care of his Mother in her old age that Father sold his home in Arizona and moved back to Utah. As near as I can determine, this must have been about 1886 or 1887 that she came to live at our home.

I have a mental picture of her sitting quietly in her rocking chair in one corner of the "Front Room". She must have been about 83 years of age at the time and was unable to enjoy much activity, and she was almost blind. Even so, I, too, remember threading needles for her for bits of sewing and mending she still tried to do. She made rag dolls for us younger girls which we thought were grand. We were glad to thread the needles and watch as she took stitches here and there in shaping the dolls. With black thread she would stitch the eyes, nose, and mouth on the face of the dolls and explain that the creases and folds made in the cloth at the back of the head was the hair. To us they were beautiful.

Just how long she remained with us I do not remember, but later Uncle George, her eldest son, moved back to Utah from Mesa City, Arizona, where he also had lived. He bought a home at Elsinore, a small town about 2 1/2 miles west from where we lived, and after a while, Grandmother went to live there.

She was there but a short time when she died quite suddenly on May 24, 1889. She had been feeling as well as usual I have been told. Then one evening she closed her eyes calmly and peacefully in a sleep from which she did not awaken. She had gone to join the husband who had preceded her fifteen years before. She is buried in the cemetery at Elsinore, Sevier County, Utah.

Of her it may be said that she cultivates and acquired the qualifications and properties, and thereby was deserving of the praise of the good wife, as is written in the Book of Proverbs, 31:27-28:

"She looketh well to the ways of her household,  
and eateth not the bread of idleness;

Her children arise up and call her blessed;  
her husband also, and he praiseth her."

My Grandfather, James Staples, worked as a stone and brick mason for President Brigham Young from the time he arrived in the Valley until the time of his death, April 8, 1874--a period of about 23 years. During this time, construction of the Salt Lake Temple was begun, and he worked as head mason on this magnificent Temple. Proof of this has been discovered in the finding of a small "Time Book" in the Church Historian's Office, in which he kept the time of masons and tenders of masons who worked with and under him. As far as is known, this book is the first record that was kept of the work done on the Temple. It is a small book, and on the front cover is written, "Staples Time Book A". It is now still kept in the Church Historians Office. I have seen the book and held it in my hands, and I

have a photographic copy of the front cover and two pages of it, which I keep in my "Book of Remembrance."

The "Time Book" was shown to me by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, who so kindly took my sister, Laura Ann, and I to a room in the highest part of the Building where the Book was then kept.

On February 14, 1853, the Temple site was consecrated, and on April 6, 1853, the corner stone was laid, and construction work begun. But because of struggle and much hardship, it took 40 years before the Temple was completed. It was dedicated April 6, 1893, which was attended by a total of nearly 75,000 people. The services were repeated daily until April 24, 1893, in order that all who wished to could attend.

I distinctly remember that my father went to Salt Lake City to attend one of the dedicatory services. Because of being in delicate health at the time, which was shortly before the birth of my youngest sister, Annie, my dear sweet mother was unable to go with him. But I can understand better now why she willingly and urgently insisted that he should go, at a time when such an important and anxious event was expected. It was the dedication of the Temple on which his Father had worked for so many years and faithfully helped to build. Perhaps my Father, too, had worked along with him, as a helper, in it's construction. Father returned home in time for the expected event, and all was well. He was grateful for the privilege he had enjoyed.

Through further research in the Church Historian's Office, proof has been found that James Staples worked on the construction of the Salt Lake Theater. In a letter dated August 11, 1944,

from my sister, Laura Staples Johnson, the following item was sent to me which she had copied from the "Journal History", July, 1861 to December, 1861, under the date of August 21, 1861:

"Wednesday, August 21; - The following are interesting items concerning the Theater: President Brigham Young is the designer and general dictator of the whole affair. William Folsom, Architect, and Joseph A. Young is the superintendent. The following workmen were engaged on the building: 16 stone masons under James Staples, 8 stone cutters under Alexander Gillespie, 16 diggers under William Wolstenholme, 3 carpenters under Joseph Scofield. The building is to be finished by the last of October." Records show that it was finished March 5, 1862.

This building was considered to be a work of art in those early days. Even after many years, people from everywhere who visited it wondered and marveled and still considered it to be a work of art in advance of the times. After the passing of time, and it was found necessary to tear it down, George D. Pyper, in his book, "Romance of an Old Playhouse" said of it: "--And let us not forget that this romantic old playhouse, this Cathedral of the Desert, has been a sacred shrine, symbolizing the sentiments and ideals of our revered Pioneers."

And as one of those Revered Pioneers, my Grandfather had done his part in this building, and by the work of his skillful hands in the Art of Masonry, had added his share of the sentiments and ideals which were symbolized in this memorable "Cathederal of the Desert."

Another momument of the masonry done by him is that which was

done on the Eagle Gate which arches over State Street at South Temple Street in Salt Lake City. I have heard my own Father, Henry, youngest son of James Staples, speak many times of working with his Father on the construction of this gate. My Father was the only one of the three sons to follow the trade of his Father, with whom he worked in his early boyhood. Under his capable instruction, Henry became an efficient and expert brick and stone mason.

One may perhaps truthfully conclude that the hands of James Staples helped in much of the other brick and stone work of buildings erected during those 23 years, beginning with 1852, that he worked as master mason for President Brigham Young.

One cannot help but feel deeply impressed, when looking at these old landmark buildings, that have stood the test of the elements of time. They all speak so plainly of the sterling qualities of character of those whose hands had fitted each stone in place. They stand as the creations and expressions of the deepest hopes and desires, inspired by the religious faith of those who built them, in those times of severe hardships and trials.

The Eagle Gate, which originally really held double gates, and which, I have been told, was as an entrance to the property where President Brigham Young lived--the cobble-stone fence, which had been built around his home, but now partly torn away and removed--and other historical monuments--standing as the staunch testimony of the industry and culture of the pioneers

of those early days--I hope may never be removed.

In imagination, I have a mental picture of Grandfather, with my Father by his side, going about doing their part in the erection of these monuments of industry. One cannot help but feel that truly the "inmost soul" of the builders are disclosed in these buildings, as described in the following poem:

We are building every day  
In a good or evil way,  
And the structure as it grows  
Will our inmost soul disclose.  
It may grow a castle grand  
Or a wreck upon the sand.

Build it well what e'er you do  
Build it straight and strong and true  
Build it clean and high and broad  
Build it for the eye of God.

Truly, they did build "well, straight, strong and true", as well as "clean, high, and broad", with thought and mind entirely single for the advancement of the purposes of God. And in their efforts to build for the "eye of God", these qualities became a part of their very lives.

The most outstanding characteristics in the personality of James Staples were his honesty, loyalty and trustworthiness. President Brigham Young, in referring to his Master Mason, while preaching a sermon in the Tabernacle on one occasion said of him: "James Staples is an honest man who works as diligently in one's absence as when he is present." (This statement was copied from a small book called the "Genealogist" compiled by Merlin J. Stone of Ogden, Utah, in 1915., Page 17.)

Grandfather was an honest, hardworking man, and though quiet and unassuming, he was always firm and staunch in his

di  
convictions of what was right. He never wavered in his loyalty  
to the principals of the Gospel which he had accepted. What  
A greater tribute could be given to any man than to be spoken of as  
IR an Honest Man by a Prophet of the Lord. We who come after them  
should emulate in our own lives these sterling qualities of  
Y character and follow the noble examples which have been left to  
al us as a heritage by our Granparents.

In this same little book I have spoken of, it is stated  
r that in November, 1913, the Daughters of the Pioneers at Ogden,  
t F Utah, were extended an invitation to place their relics in the  
er Carnegie Library there, which they accepted. Their relics were  
sai placed in the reading room of the building. They, in turn,  
je extended an invitation to the Stones-Jones Genealogical Society  
act to also place their exhibit of relics with them. This they  
irv did with the understanding that all articles were loaned to the  
p Daughters of the Pioneers, subject to recall at any time by the  
sy owner. Among these relics placed there December, 1913, and  
cr listed in the little book as Article No. 37, is the "James  
uir Staples Gun", brought to Utah in 1851 by James Staples. In  
is 1877, Mrs. James Staples gave the gun to her son, Merlin J.  
: C Stone, Jr., who was the owner in 1915. So this gun which my  
the Grandfather, James Staples, brought from England was placed,  
ing along with other articles with the relics of the Daughters of  
obi the Utah Pioneers in the reading room of the Carnegie Library  
oy at Ogden, Utah. I hope I may have an opportunity sometime to  
H see it.

James Staples died in Salt Lake City on April 8, 1874. He was laid to rest in the City Cemetery there in Plot B, Block 13, Lot 1, Central Avenue, between Grand and 6th Avenues. In the same lot with him are buried three children belonging to my own parents. There his body has rested for many years without a slab or stone of any kind to mark the spot. About 1940, the Staples Family Genealogical Organization appointed a Memorial Committee who began collecting contributions to a fund for the purchase of a marker for his grave. His numerous posterity who contributed to this fund were made happy when this marker was purchased. On September 30, 1941, it was placed at the grave just one hundred years from the time he affiliated himself with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

The stone selected is a beautifully polished grey Granite stone. It is conservative in size, but of high quality and signifies reserve, purity, and faith. The lines upon its surface are straight, symbolizing dependability and straight-forwardness, and as far as is known, all these were characteristics of James Staples, our honored Pioneer ancestor.

His descendants gathered there from far and near when the Memorial Marker was dedicated to his memory. The services were conducted by the Memorial Committee, consisting of Alvaretta Staples Engar and Laura Staples Johnson, granddaughters; Laura Robinson, a great granddaughter; and Irene Staples, relative by marriage. The dedicatory prayer was offered by William H. Staples, a grandson. Flowers brought from the garden of my sister, Laura Staples Johnson, were placed on the grave.

The relatives in attendance at this important event, felt honored with the presence of Elder Nephi L. Morris, son of Elias Morris, whose name is found as one of the masons in the James Staples' Record Book of work on the Salt Lake Temple. George D. Pyper, who was interested and associated with the Salt Lake Theater for so many years was invited because of his great appreciation and reverence for all the valiant workers who, without machinery built with their own hands, strength, and genius, these magnificent monumental buildings.

After the conclusion of the Memorial Service, the members present of the Staples Family Organization gave further honor to the name of James Staples, who is the Heir of their Family Temple Record, by attending the evening session of the Temple Service--the temple he had helped to build--doing work on the Staples Line.

This was a very fitting climax to a well spent day in which the realization of a most worthy endeavor had been accomplished. An article written by Alvaretta Staples Engar concerning this event appeared in the Church Section of the Deseret News on November 8, 1941. I deeply regretted that it was not possible for me to attend this Memorial Service. How I would have enjoyed being there and partaking of the spirit of the occasion, words cannot express! But my daughter, Marguerite, and her husband, Archie Griffin, attended the General Conference of the Church held the following October, 1941, and they brought some splendid pictures of the Marker to me.

It is to be regretted that the mortal bodies of our Grandparents are not resting side by side. But circumstances over which

there was no control made it impossible for Grandmother, at the time of her death, May 24, 1889, at Elsinore, Utah, to be taken to Salt Lake City for burial beside her husband who had preceeded her by death fifteen years before. The distances were very far in those days, and the only means of travel was by wagon team, which would have required perhaps several days to make the journey there. The railroad had not been extended that far. But what matters is when we know that their spirits are united in that Heavenly place for which they had prepared themselves to enter! We can feel assured that they are together to enjoy the blessings for which they sacrificed, and which are the sure reward of the faithful.

What a debt of appreciation, loyalty and reverence we owe to their memory! If we fail to remember and honor those who have gone before us, who have proven themselves worthy, we have no claim to be honored or remembered by those that come after us. However, the great purpose is not entirely that either they or we may be honored or remembered--only as we truly merit it--for the real purpose is greater than that. It is that we each fulfill the part in life that was divinely ordained for us by our Heavenly Father in the Gospel plan. So the worthy accomplishments of their lives often serve as a reminder that we, too, have great responsibilities, and by emulating their worthy examples, we may influence the lives of others for good.

We, the descendants of James Staples and Sarah Limbrick, are privileged to be citizens of this beloved land of American, because of their conversion to the Gospel as taught by the Church

of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. What a binding obligation rests upon each one of us to search out and know for ourselves the truth of the principles that so filled their hearts and motivated their lives with such living faith and courage--principles for which they considered no sacrifice too great!

Their acceptance of the restored gospel as brought to them by sincere and humble missionaries was the impelling force which induced them to emigrate to this country. If for no other reason than respect for their memory and their sincere efforts and sacrifices, we owe it to them to seek for an unbiased understanding of these principles. Surely we could do no less than that. Are we afraid to do it?

It is my hope and my prayer always, that we live to be worthy of our lineage and appreciate our great heritage.