

ANN WELCH CROOKSTON

Ann Welch was born Dec. 18, 1826, the daughter of Nicholas Welch and Elizabeth Briggs Welch. Her father was of Scotch-Irish ancestry and a potter by trade. He was also a Methodist preacher, and Sunday School teacher.

Ann was the only living daughter and her father was fond of her, and would often take her on long walks to visit the sick and poor.

Her English mother was a lace worker; the lace was embroidered on fine bobb net. One evening in the fall of 1841 as her mother was returning home from delivering lace, she noticed a crowd of people, and being curious she drew nearer. She saw what looked like a mere boy standing on a box talking to the crowd, and found to her surprise that he was preaching.

Although Ann's mother was not religiously inclined, she stopped to listen. She was impressed, and invited him to her home to meet her husband and family and tell them about the gospel. Elder Cordon did come and teach them and they were baptized soon after.

In the Spring of 1842 the family, except Ann's oldest brother, John left their comfortable home and beautiful furniture and many other nice things , and sailed from Liverpool in the ship :Hope of Barraw Dock" by way of New Orleans. They were eight weeks on board, and arrived at Nauvoo, Illinois that summer.

Their living conditions were very poor. Her father could only get work in an adobe yard, which was too hard for him. His feet swelled and in the swampy location by the river, he received a severe cold and died in November of that year. Their house leaked, and her two little brothers became sick and died, all within two weeks, with Ann and her mother left alone in the poor hovel.

Brother Hyrum Smith heard about them, and to save their lives he moved them to a little house on his own farm on the upland, there they were more comfortable. Ann missed her father and brothers.

They left in the Spring of 1846, but had to wait for the ferry boat when they came to the Missouri River. It was there at Cutters Park that Ann met Robert Crookston, and they were married on June 20, 1847. The next spring they moved to Savannah, Missouri, and then to Jackson Point . In 1852 they moved to Glenwood and built a log cabin.

In the spring of 1853, they started across the plains with the Welch, Gray, Lever Company. After their marriage at Winter Quarters they now had four children: George, born July 27, 1848, William, born Oct. 18, 1849, John, born June 1, 1851, and James born Apr 27, 1853 who died.

They arrived in Salt Lake City, Utah in September 1853. They bought an adobe house on the lot where the Governor's mansion later stood.

Robert was born on March 6, 1855, and Nicholas was born on Oct. 22, 1857. In the Spring of 1858, they were called to move to Payson, the next year to Moroni where Nicholas was born on Oct. 22, 1857, Benjamin Franklin was born Oct. 20, 1860 David on Oct. 24, 1862.

In the spring of 1864 they moved again--this time to Cache Valley, Utah. They bought a home in Logan and Ann decided that she was never going to move again, and she never did.

Daniel was born on Oct. 16 1864, and Mary Ann (Farmer) the only daughter was born on Apr. 7, 1870. They had 10 sons and one daughter when Ezra was born on May 18, 1873.

Ann worked all her life in in the Church. She was President of the Relief Society for seventeen years. She was tall, straight, and well read. She had a beautiful singing voice. She could converse on any subject. She was a hard worker, a good nurse, and a mid-wife.

Ann died on Feb. 3, 1904, and her husband Robert Crookston died Sept. 21, 1916. They both died in Logan, Utah and are buried in the Logan City Cemetery on the west side which is just east of the Utah State University Spectrum.

Ref: "Pioneer Women of Faith and Fortitude, Volume 1, page 718, published by Daughters of Utah Pioneers.

NOTE: Many histories have been submitted by DUP Members as follows:

Millie Ewer, Burley, Idaho Gr. Granddaughter
Marilyn C. Smith, Hyrum, Utah " "
Donna Jenkins, Logan, Utah " "
Helen Hill Jumner, WA
Rebecca H. Johnson, Millville, Utah

I am including the Autobiography of Ann Welch Crookston dictated to Mary Crookston Farmer by her mother, Ann Welch Crookston. I am also including the history written by Jane Crookston Smith of St. George, Utah which has the following sources of information. Robert Crookston Journal, Emma Crookston Dunn, Mary C. Farmer,

gite

HISTORY HISTORY

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ANN WELCH CROOKSTON

dictated to
Mary Crookston Farmer
by her mother

This copy made available through the
courtesy of the International Society
DAUGHTERS OF UTAH PIONEERS. may
not be reproduced for monetary gain.

DUP PREVIEW PAGE

Ann Welch Crookston was born in Walton Parish, Derbyshire, England, December 18, 1826, a daughter of Nicholas Welch and Elizabeth Briggs Welch. Her father's father's name was Nicholas Welch, a native of Ireland, a bachelor who emigrated to England in company with two nieces in the year 1790. He purchase property on Beaver Street, so-called on account of a factory for making beaver hats. He established an inn called the Hat and Feathers. At about the age of sixty he married Mary Preston. They had three children, William, Margaret and Nicholas, my father. Nicholas was about three years old when his mother died. She had one sister Sarah Preston Booker, and one brother, Benjamin Preston of Lincolnshire, England. Ann W. Crookston said, "When I was about fifteen years old, my Aunt Sara Booker still lived at Sheffield with her only daughter."

My mother's father's name was John Briggs, son of John Briggs of Stone Edge near Mat Lock. Her mother's name was Ann Bower of the same place, daughter of Nathaniel Bower.

My father was a devout Methodist, a local preacher and Sunday School teacher. I was the only living daughter and my father seemed very fond of me. Very often he would take me on long walks to visit the sick and poor.

Our family consisted of my father Nicholas Welch, born at Derby, England, date unknown. My mother Elizabeth Briggs Welch was born in 1799 in Derbyshire England. Children: Sarah, born about 1821, died in infancy; John Welch, born January 6, 1823; Mary Ann, died in infancy; Ann Welch, born December 18, 1826; William Welch age 10 years and George Welch age 8 years, born in England and both died in Nauvoo, Illinois, all born in Brampton Moor, Derbyshire, near Chesterfield, England. (John Welch died at Paradise, Cache County, Utah, November 8, 1910).

My father and Uncle William were brown ware potters by trade. Welches' pottery was situated on Brampton Moor near Chesterfield.

My mother was a lace worker before her marriage to father, after which she became agent for a Mr. Fisher of Nottingham. The lace was embroidered on fine bobbin net in pieces of about thirty yards in length and 3/4 of a yard wide for ladies dresses. She used to go up to Chesterfield and get materials and patron. She would then let it out to ladies and girls in our neighborhood and superintend the work. When it was done, she delivered it at Chesterfield and paid off the hands. She sometimes made beautiful, fine black lace veils. She continued to be agent until 1842.

Our home was situated in Beaver Street. This property was bequeathed to my father Nicholas Welch by his father Nicholas Welch. It was a four-room cottage which fronted to the east. Directly opposite was a vacant lot, also the property of my father upon which he subsequently built a more modern house just prior to my birth in 1826 where we remained until my fourteenth year.

I remember that we had some beautiful pieces of mahogany furniture which my mother used to keep polished up with beeswax and turpentine. I also remember that above the settee or lounge in the living room hung a large, beautiful picture of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." We also had a number of brass candlesticks, and irons and other things.

We had a dear, young aunt, my mother's sister, who lived with us after her parents died. Her name was Kissiah Briggs. she was very delicate and was an invalid for quite a long time. At last she became bedridden and stayed in a sunny cheerful upstairs room. I can't say how long, but I spent a good deal of time with her. She would read to me and sometimes when she was feeling a little better, would sing. I think her lungs were affected. She was keeping company with a young man when she became ill. He was faithful in his attentions to her until death. He used to bring her little gifts and read to her. His name was William Randall. He was always a good friend of ours.

Ann Welch Crookston

by

Mary Crookston Farmer

Things told her many times by her mother

Mother said that she and her mother had a hard time to get along and were glad to do anything that they could get to do. A good friend of theirs, Brother George Grant, told them that he had some friends in Chicago who wanted a girl to help with the housework, so her mother consented to let her go with him to a Mr. Hogan's family. Brother Grant took her with him in a buggy and drove to Chicago. The Hogans were very nice people and treated her almost as one of their own. She lived with them for quite awhile, a year or more. Mrs. Hogan was a delicate woman and appreciated her help.

Mother went to see her mother after she had been away several months and found to her sorrow that her mother had remarried. The man's name was Robert Madison. He was a bachelor and was comparatively comfortable and could take care of their mother, and she had been advised to marry him. My mother said that he was very good to her and tried to make her feel at home, but she said, "I could not bear to have anyone take my father's place and wanted to back to Chicago. The Hogans had moved away, but I was acquainted pretty well with other people, so I went back and got a place with a family by name of Clayburn. They had a large place not far from Lake Michigan in the suburbs. He was in the meat market business and had seven meat markets in Chicago City. They were very good to me although there was a lot of work. Mrs. Clayburn had a sister living with them who did a lot to help. They had three young daughters and two sons. They had a private school in the house with a teacher who lived with them, also a governess. They had singing classes often at night and read standard novels. They always came and called me to come and join them, and if I was busy they would come and help me so I could have time. In that way I had an opportunity to learn quite a good deal. I had free access to all of their books. They knew I was a Mormon, but that made no difference to them. I learned a great many of their good, old songs. Those girls seemed as happy as larks and never left home without some of the grownups as escorts. I stayed with them until my brother John had emigrated and had been in Nauvoo a good time.

In the meantime my mother was a widow again. Mr. Madison had taken a fever that was so prevalent there and had died. He was a very good man and very good to Mother.

My brother John Welch came in a buggy to Chicago to take me back to Nauvoo, Illinois. Mother was very glad to have me with her. The people were broken-hearted about the cruel murder of their prophet and patriarch and were looking toward the Rocky Mountains where they could be in peace and safety. The martyrdom took place while I was in Chicago working. We attended meeting in the Nauvoo Temple. I had not been able to attend many meetings for a year or so and enjoyed the privilege very much. It read thus. "The Lord hath beheld our sacrifice, come after us."

President Brigham Young and his associates had left to find the promised Zion in the West.

I noticed especially some of the sweet—faced young women who were sitting in the choir seats. One in particular was Lucy, a wife of the Prophet, who was afterwards known as Lucy Walker Kimball. At this meeting my testimony was much increased and I wished to cast my lot with the people of God and continue the work.

My mother and I got some work to do. She could do very fine hand sewing, and I was able to get a little house work, but there was no choice in the matter and we were glad to get anything we could to help make an outfit for the journey which we expected to make.

herself. Along in her fifties her health broke—she was worn out—had heart trouble and couldn't do so much, but she always did all she could at home. Not only did she raise her own large family and Caroline H Lyon, but also her son William's three children, William Jr., plus Annie and Addie part of the time.

When my mother died I was 22 months old. She took me and was more than a mother to me, until she died when I was fifteen years old. My earliest memories are of helping her water her flowers, she with a large water can and I with a small one. We carried all the water from the ditch that run in front of the place. She never had a sewing machine. We never had electricity or city water or coal until after she died. Only coal oil lamps, a well for water and wood for fuel. All the washing was done on a wash board.

Aunt Mary married July 12, 1889 and went to live in Star Valley for a while but come back to live with the folks the spring of 1901 on account of her mothers health. Grandmother had dropsy. She died Feb 3, 1904 sitting in her big rocking chair. She had not been able to lie down for some time. I was there reading at the time, the rest of the family had gone to bed. Her funeral was held in Logan Tabernacle Feb. 7, 1904. She was buried in the Logan Cemetery.

HISTORY HISTORY

50 AM
5 PM
1852
page 65

PIONEER HISTORY TITLE PAGE

(Please submit a completed title page with each history submitted)

September, 1852 Betz Company

DATE ARRIVED AND COMPANY

made available through the
courtesy of the International Society
DAUGHTERS OF UTAH PIONEERS. may
not be reproduced for monetary gain.

DUP PREVIEW PAGE

NAME OF PIONEER Ann Welch Crookston
(Complete name, including all married names of women)

BIRTH DATE & PLACE 18 December 1826 Walton Parish, Debershire, England

DEATH DATE & PLACE 03 February 1904 Logan, Cache Co, Utah

SPOUSES (1) Robert Crookston (2) _____

(3) _____ (4) _____

PARENTS Nicholas Welch Elizabeth Briggs
FATHER MOTHER

COMPILED BY Jane Crookston Smith DATE October, 1999
WRITTEN BY

ADDRESS 210 N Mall Dr.#3 St. George, UT 84790

SUBMITTED BY Jane Crookston Smith

ADDRESS same as above

CAMP NAME DESERT ROSE CAMP HISTORIAN Evelyn Olsen
ADDRESS 210 North Mall Drive, #66

St. George, Utah 84790

COMPANY NAME WASHINGTON COMPANY HISTORIAN
ADDRESS Leda Hendrix

1360 North Dixie Downs Rd, #43
St. George, Utah 84770

SOURCES OF INFORMATION Robert Crookston - Journal

Emma Crookston Dunn, History of Ann Welch Crookston, Mary G Farmer, Oral History of Ann Crookston, Kathleen Warnick & Shirley Nilson, Legacy Of Lace

I hereby give this history to the International Society Daughters of Utah Pioneers with the understanding that

1. The Daughters of Utah Pioneers has the right to edit and publish it.
2. If publication is not indicated, it shall become a part of the archives to perfect the record of the Utah Pioneers.
3. The Daughters of Utah Pioneers has the right to reproduce the history for the benefit of its members, and descendants of the pioneer.

Jane Crookston Smith
Signature of author or owner of this history

Date sent to Company 4/6/00 Date Company sent to Intl 5-20-00

Date Company notified of receipt by Intl _____ Date camp notified _____

HISTORY OF ANN WELCH CROOKSTON
18 December 1826 - 03 February 1900

Ann Welch was born in Walton Parish, Derbyshire, England, December 18, 1826, daughter of Nicholas Welch¹ and Elizabeth Briggs Welch. Her father's father's name was Nicholas Welch, a native of Ireland, a bachelor who emigrated to England with two nieces in the year 1790. He purchased property on Beaver Street where a factory for making beaver hats was located. He established an inn called the Hat and Feathers. At about the age of sixty he married Mary Preston. They had three children, William, Margaret and Nicholas, Ann's father. Nicholas was about three years old when his mother, Mary, died. She had one sister, Sarah Preston Booker, and one brother, Benjamin Preston of Lincolnshire, England. When Ann was about fifteen years old, her Aunt Sarah Booker still lived at Sheffield with her only daughter.

Ann's father, Nicholas, married Elizabeth Briggs, daughter of John Briggs, son of John Briggs of Stone Edge near Mat Lock. Her mother's name was Ann Bower of the same place, daughter of Nathaniel Bower.

Nicholas and his brother William were brown ware potters by trade. Welches' Pottery was situated on Brampton Moor near Chesterfield. Nicholas, a devout Methodist, was also a local preacher and Sunday School teacher.

Elizabeth Briggs Welch, mother of Ann was born in 1799 in Derbyshire, England. Before her marriage she was a lace maker.² After her marriage, she became an agent for a Mr. Fisher of Nottingham. The lace was embroidered on fine bobbin net in pieces of about thirty yards in length and three-fourths of a yard wide for ladies dresses.³ She used to go up to Chesterfield and get materials and patrons. She would then let it out to ladies and girls in the neighborhood and superintend the work. When it was done, she delivered it at Chesterfield and paid off the hands. She sometimes made beautiful, fine black lace veils. She continued to be an agent until 1842.

Elizabeth and Nicholas had six children: Sarah born about 1821 died in

¹ birth date unknown

² It was the custom to begin teaching boys and girls by the age of five the "Gentle Arts" of lace making. By the age of ten, they were paid for their work.

³ Since the machinery for making net lace had been invented, it may be assumed that the netting was not hand made. The patterns and embroidery would have been made by hand using the bobbin and needle method. A very tedious, lengthy process.

infancy, John born January 6, 1823, Mary Ann, died in infancy, Ann, born December 18, 1826, William, (no date), George, (no date). Ann wrote that her father seemed very fond of her, their only living daughter, and often he would take her along when he was visiting the sick and the poor.

The home was situated on Beaver Street on property bequeathed to Nicholas Welch by his father, Nicholas Welch. It was a four- room cottage which fronted to the east. Directly opposite was a vacant lot, also the property of the Welch family, upon which Nicholas built a more modern house just prior to the birth of Ann. They remained in this home until Ann was fourteen years old.

The home had some beautiful pieces of mahogany furniture, which Elizabeth used to keep polished with beeswax and turpentine. Above the settee or lounge in the living room hung a large, beautiful picture of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." Other decorations were a number of brass candlesticks, brass andirons, and several pieces of fine china.

One evening in the fall of 1841, Elizabeth was returning home after having delivered some of her lace at Chesterfield. She noticed a crowd of people on a street corner and being curious as to what was going on, drew nearer. She saw what looked to her like a mere boy standing on a box talking to the crowd. As she drew nearer she found to her surprise that he was preaching. Elizabeth was not religiously inclined even though her husband was a preacher. She never gave serious thought to his work. On this occasion she was curious and then interested, so she stopped to listen. Although he was small of stature and looked very young -- he was about twenty-two years of age. His name was Alfred Cordon, a local elder of Stratfordshire. He later came to Utah and settled in Willard, Box Elder County.

The things she heard impressed her deeply and after the meeting she stepped up and shook hands with the young man, asked his name and where he was from. She then told him her name and where she lived and invited him to her home to meet her husband and family and tell them about the Gospel.

It was about a mile to her home. When she reached home, the family was all there except the eldest son John, who was at Sheffield serving an apprenticeship in the cutlery trade. Elizabeth walked in and set the basket down on the table and said to her husband, "Nick I've heard the Gospel." He looked at her in surprise and replied, "Oh, you have; that's funny for you." She replied that she had indeed heard the

Gospel and that she knew that it was true. She also told him that she had invited the young Elder to visit and tell more about it to the family.

Elder Cordon did come and teach them further concerning the truth. They were baptized and made members of the Church Of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints soon after.

In the spring of 1842 the little family left their comfortable home, with the exception of John, who still had some time to serve at his trade with the George Worstinholm and Sons cutlery business in Sheffield. They sailed from Liverpool in the ship Hope of Barrow Dock. They were eight weeks on board and came by way of New Orleans. They arrived at Nauvoo in the summer of 1842 and located with the Saints. The only house Nick could obtain was a very poor one. It was very hard to become accustomed to such conditions after having been used to a comfy home in England.

Nick could only get work in a brick yard. The work was too hard for him and his feet were swollen all day. He took a severe cold, and the swampy location and everything else seemed to be conspired against him. It was a sad experience for all the family. The house leaked and then the little brothers took sick. They all three were down at once. It was November, the latter part, in the year 1842 when Nicholas died and within two weeks the little boys too had died. The mother and daughter were left alone in a hovel on the Mississippi shore. The neighbors did all they could to help them, but so many of them also were in trouble with sickness, poverty and death that it became a dreadful time to remember.

Brother Hyrum Smith heard about their situation and to save their lives, he sent his team with helpers and moved them to a little house on his farm on the upland where they could be more comfortable. They were all alone and the neighbors were quite a distance away. It was about a mile to the business part of the town. Ann could get nothing worthwhile to do at that time--she was about fifteen. To get things they needed her mother would send her to town with something of their belongings to sell or trade for a few provisions. One day while on her way to sell their silver teaspoons, she met a gentleman. He seemed to know who she was and stopped her to inquire about her mother. She asked him if he would like to buy the spoons, showing them to him. He took from his pocket a dollar and pressed it into her hand, patted her on the shoulder and said, "You go and get something with that, my girl, and take the spoons home to your mother." She found out later that he was Joseph Young, brother of

Brigham Young.

They were very lonely and Ann missed her brothers and father very much. Her father was always loving and kind. Brother Will was such a dear, good boy as was the baby brother Georgie. Ann felt the world was a dreary place for her.

A good friend, Brother George Grant, told them that he had some friends in Chicago who wanted a girl to help with the housework, so her mother consented to let her go with him to a Mr. Hogan's family. Brother Grant took her with him in a buggy and drove to Chicago. The Hogans were very nice people and treated her almost as one of their own. She lived with them for quite awhile, a year or more. Mrs. Hogan was a delicate woman and appreciated her help.

After Ann had been away for several months, she returned to visit her mother and learned to her sorrow that she had remarried. The man's name was Robert Madison. He was a bachelor and was comparatively comfortable and could take care of her mother; she had been advised to marry him. Her mother told her that he was very good to her and tried to make her feel at home. Ann could not bear to have anyone take her father's place. She returned to Chicago.

The Hogans had moved away, but she was acquainted pretty well with other people, so she got a place with a family by the name of Clayburn. They had a large home not far from Lake Michigan in the suburbs. He was in the meat market business and had seven meat markets in Chicago City. They were very good to her although there was a lot of work. Mrs. Clayburn had a sister living with them who did a lot to help. They had three young daughters and two sons. They had a private school in the house with a teacher who lived with them, also a governess. In the evening they often had singing classes and read standard novels. She was always invited to come and join them, and if she was too busy they would come and help her so she could be with them. In that way she had an opportunity to learn quite a good deal. She had free access to all of their books. She learned a great many of their good, old songs. The girls seemed as happy as larks and never left home without some of the grownups as escorts. They knew she was a Mormon, but that made no difference to them. Ann stayed with them until John had emigrated and had been in Nauvoo a good time.

In the meantime, her mother was a widow again. Her husband had taken a fever which was so prevalent there and had died. He had been very good to his wife.

Ann's brother, John came in a buggy to Chicago and took her back to Nauvoo

where her mother was most happy to have her with her again.

By this time, the Prophet had been killed and the Saints were looking toward the Rocky Mountains where they could be in peace and safety. President Brigham Young and his associates had left to find the promised land. The temple in Nauvoo had been completed and Ann was able to attend meetings there. She had not been able to attend many meetings for a year or so and enjoyed the privilege very much. She was strongly impressed by an inscription on the back of the pulpit on the wall. It read thus: "The Lord hath beheld our sacrifice, come after us." While in the temple, she especially noticed some of the sweet-faced young women who were sitting in the choir seats. One in particular was Lucy, a wife of the Prophet, who was afterward known as Lucy Walker Kimball. At this meeting her testimony was much increased and she wished to cast her lot with the people of God and continue in the work.

Ann and her mother found some work; her mother could do very fine hand sewing and Ann was able to get a little housework. There was no choice in the matter and they were glad to get anything they could to help make an outfit for the expected journey.

The Welch family history continues at a place called Cutlers Park beside the Missouri River where the travelers camped. There were several hundred wagons waiting to be ferried across the river at this point. It so happened that they were parked next to the wagons of a family by the name of Crookston, who had emigrated from Scotland. The son, Robert was about the same age as Ann's brother John and they became good friends. Ann and Robert were attracted to each other and he was greatly impressed by her beauty, gentle manner and her sweet voice. His father and mother grew very fond of Ann, who 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. Robert determined to win her if he could.

When they arrived at Winter Quarters, the Welch and Crookston families built their cabins next to each other. In November, 1846, Robert left for Missouri where he had work for the winter. About a month after he had left his father died very suddenly, which left his mother alone. She persuaded Ann to stay with her which she did much of the time. There were so many deaths in Winter Quarters that winter that some of the people had to be buried without coffins.

When Robert returned in the spring with cattle, wagon and provisions, he

broke up a lot of land and planted a good garden. The brethren broke about 1500 acres of prairie land and planted corn.

In June, on the 20th day, 1847, Ann and Robert were united in marriage. The ceremony was performed by Elder Joseph Fielding in their neat little cabin. Robert wrote that a king in his palace was no happier than he. He was sure he 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 he had ever heard, and could entertain with reciting the poems of Robert Burns and many others. She was a splendid housekeeper, always keeping within their means and had quite a good understanding of the use of herbs which came in handy very often.

About two months after the marriage, Robert and Ann's brother, John left for Savannah, Andrew County, Missouri to work. It was about 140 miles away. They wanted to earn enough to provide for the intended journey to the Rocky Mountains. Ann was helping to care for the sick in the camp, one of whom was a Mrs. Holland, who had lost her husband. She had two or three sons, and a little girl, Carolyn [Caroline]. 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 unhappy in the thought that perhaps she was not going to get well, and did not like the prospect of leaving Carry in the family into which she had married. She therefore asked Ann one day if she would take Carry 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. Robert returned about that time and they decided to take the little girl home with them in case her mother did not recover. The poor soul passed away in a few days, and after the funeral she seemed glad to go home with them. She was a dear little girl and they were all fond of her.⁴

The following spring the Crookston and Welch families moved to another place where they each rented a farm and a house from a man by the name of Rhodes. They were good neighbors. The area could be called backwoods, but it was a pretty place; where were large quantities of wild fruits, crab apples, blackberries and hazel nuts. There on July 27, 1848, their first son was born. They named him George after Ann's little brother who had died in Nauvoo. He was a fine baby, grew fast and was

⁴ Further information regarding Carolyn is given in Emma Dunn's portion of the history.

unusually bright.

They stayed there two years and got plenty of work and gathered the things they needed. A second son was born to them there on the 18th of October, 1849. He was named William after Ann's other brother who died in Nauvoo. He was a fine boy like the first.

They then moved to town on Savannah where most of their work was. There was a lot of excitement at that time about the gold mines in California. John 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. Ann and her husband's mother made the goggles for twenty cents a pair. They sold about eighteen dollars worth.

They earned enough money there so that when they left in 1851 they had two yoke of oxen, two yoke of cows, and a good outfit of clothing and provisions for the family. They started their journey in company with Brothers Welch, Gray and Lever. The streams were running over their banks and covering the bottom lands on both sides half a mile wide. There were the two Turocs, and the Nabhonabatona--four large streams which they had to cross in ferry boats between Savannah and Kanesville.

A week after starting their journey, at Jackson's Point, Holt County, Missouri, another son was born to them on the 1st day of June, 1851. He was named John.

They arrived safely at Keg Creek where there was a branch of the Church presided over by Lilis T. Coons at a place called Glenwood. They were counseled to remain until spring as it was too late in the season to cross the plains. The men built good log cabins and a corral, thinking that they could sell them for what it cost as the place was expected to become the county seat. They were disappointed and only got twenty dollars for the house, lot and corral. It was here that Robert's mother died and was buried. She had been a good companion to Ann and used to help her with the children, of whom she was very fond. She would sing all manner of old Scots ditties to them. George would climb on her knees and say "Sing, Granny," telling her what song. She would say, "Oh, you Bairn, ye make your auld Granny daft."

Once again Robert returned to Missouri to work for another outfit. On his return, they started once more to try to reach the Valley leaving early in the season. There were ten wagons. Captain Betz, a blacksmith, John Welch, Mr. Workman, Serogy and

the Crookstons. The Indians were bad at times on the plains so it was advised that the people travel in large companies. They traveled between large companies, sometimes being one day apart from them, but in Indian country they traveled with other small companies when there were signs of danger.

They saw a great many Indians the Black Hills, but had no trouble. They always had a night guard to watch the cattle. They traded flour to the Indians for buckskin and buffalo robes. At the North Platt, they killed a large buffalo and divided the meat, each getting a washtub full. They jerked the meat by hanging it in the smoke of the campfire at night to dry and prevent it from spoiling. The meat was very good. They saw Indians every few days but had no trouble with them.

The wagon box had been made with projecting boards so the beds could be made up at night with the provision boxes underneath. There was a door in the side of the wagon box so Ann could step out when the wagon was moving. they had a large yoke of red oxen on the tongue, one yoke of cows, and yoke of four-year old steers on the load. They arrived in Salt Lake City, September, 1852. It had taken five years since Ann and Robert had married to join the body of the Church in Utah Territory.

Robert bought an adobe house in the First Ward where they lived for two years. On April 27, 1853, baby James was born. He was delicate and died in his second year, September 18, 1854. The following year, 1855, son Robert was born.

In the year, 1856, another move to the Twentieth Ward. Robert worked in the temple quarries and it was at this time that Johnson's Army was approaching Salt Lake City. Robert was assigned to John Sharp's Company in Echo Canyon the winter of 1857. They built tents of poles covered with grass and cedar bark big enough for ten men to sleep in and do their cooking; they were there all winter. While he was gone, Ann gave birth to her sixth son, Nicholas Welch on October 22, 1857.

Another move for Ann and the family came about in the spring of 1856 when the Army marched through Salt Lake City and encamped at Camp Floyd at the northwest end of Utah Lake. The little family built a home in Payson near Hezekiah Thatcher and William Booker Preston.

The army provided necessary work for the Mormons, who supplied them with wood and dobies for their barracks. They were paid ten dollars per thousand bricks. Robert, along with other men, camped in the cedars where they cut the wood and took a load a day to the army. They made the dobies on site.

With the Civil War impending, the troops at Camp Floyd were ordered back to the United States by President Lincoln and the Camp was abandoned, which, of course, ended the need for help from the displaced Mormons. They were able to salvage some of the supplies which were not destroyed by the military. Most of the heavy equipment was thrown into wells.

In 1859, the family moved to Moroni, Sanpete County where they lived until 1864. While there, their eldest son, George died. When people traveled at that time it was necessary to stay with friends and family, who were happy to share their home. One night, when space was needed for guests, George slept in the wheat bin. Apparently there was some mold or moisture in the wheat and he later died of pneumonia. This was March 6, 1862; he was not quite fourteen. Ann had always called him her "Bonnie Laddie." This was a great loss to the family.

Two more sons were born in Moroni, Benjamin Franklin, October 20, 1860 and David, October 24, 1862.

Hezekiah Thatcher, who had been a neighbor of the family in Payson, persuaded Robert to move to Cache Valley to build a mill for him. The valley was prospering and the Thatcher family wanted to be a part of it. After visiting the Logan area, Robert convinced Ann that it would be a good move. She was reluctant to leave the grave of her dear son and also had become very close to some sisters in the area. They moved in the spring of 1864 with their six sons.

As Robert and Ann were traveling north on the main street in Logan, she expressed her desire to never move again. When they were in front of the block where the Tabernacle now stands, she said to him, "Now, Rob, where from here are you taking me?" He pointed to the 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.

Ann became very close to her neighbors; one became as close as blood kin. Her name was Lidia Collett. They were the best of friends for several years and when Lidia died after a very long, serious illness, through which Ann nursed her, she mourned her as if she had been her own daughter. Lidia's husband always addressed her as "Mother."

Early in 1870, a new log home was built on the lot where the family was living.

It was a spacious two story home, which Ann was very happy to have. In later years her daughter, Mary told of the home and how she watched her mother spinning yarn. She walked back and forth pulling the wool out; if it broke, she would pause and take up the ends and splice it, then go on with her singing to the hum 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 Mary that her mother was just a little smarter than any of the other mothers. 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.

On the 7th of April, 1870, the tenth child was born. A daughter at last, Mary Ann. Since she was the tenth child, Ann told her at one time, "You ought to be a very nice, good girl, Mary; you know you are the tenth. That should be the tithing." Mary said later on that she wondered if they would pay her in for tithing and then decided she wouldn't go, they could pay one of the boys.

Ann made her own candles as did most of the women of her day. She knit new stockings for her family each Christmas. Some had striped legs of gray and red or black and red. She could knit and read at the same time and she read a great deal. She enjoyed history, standard novels such as *Scott's Waverly Novels*, *Dickens*, and anything worthy of reading. She took some of the first church publications: *Juvenile*, *Woman's Exponent* and *Desert News*.

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

Ann loved her log cabin and thought it was good enough but her sons wanted to build her a frame home. They had planned to pull down the log one and go to the canyon for new timber. She finally agreed and set about to plan her new home.

It had a large front sitting room, a bedroom, clothes closet in front, a large kitchen with a porch on the south, a pantry and another small room to the north. The kitchen was very convenient, It had two windows on the west, one on the south, built in bookshelves on the south, a sink and a 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 for sitting 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. Ann planned the room. 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. There were 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.

There were some beautiful boxelder 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. The south porch was a nice place to sit on a summer evening.

There was a large barn at the back of the lot and quite often the boys made their beds up on the loft on the hay. It usually had plenty of hay for comfort.

There was a second well for the cattle and horses at the back under another tree near the barn. A shed stood in the garden with several hives of bees and honey was usually available. They always had chickens to furnish their eggs and a couple of pigs to kill in winter.

Robert raised sugar cane. From it, the family would make molasses candy in the winter, and pop corn on the hot stove. Their evenings were enriched by their singing and laughter.

Ann enjoyed her new home for many years. Sometimes, when the need arose, her children and their families also became part of the household. Emma Crookston Dunn, a child of Robert's brother David, was one of these children. Her mother died when she was twenty-two months old and Ann took her in, raising her as her own daughter.

Emma later wrote:

While in Winter Quarters, Grandmother nursed a dying lady, who begged her to adopt her five-year old girl, which she did. Her name was Caroline Holland. (She later married the L.D.S. poet John Lyon, who wrote some of our L.D.S. hymns.)...

Grandmother was tall, about five feet eight and straight. Her eyes were

blue. She was very economical and thought it a sin to waste anything, even time. She was well read, a real student always studying something; the night before she died she was reading all about radium, which had just been discovered. She could talk on any subject and always knew what was going on at home and in the world.

I can see her now, reading with her book on the corner of the table while she churned the butter or knitted stockings for the entire family. Her mending basket was kept handy where she could pick up work when she had visitors and she had lots of friends, that come to talk over things and tell her their troubles.

She was generous, would help people and give away things sometimes that she needed herself. Along in her fifties her health broke; she was worn out and had heart trouble and couldn't do so much, but she always done all she could at home. Not only did she raise her own large family and Caroline H. Lyon, also her son William's three children. Wm. Jr., Annie and Addie part of the time.

When my mother died I was twenty-two months old she took me in and was more than a mother to me, until she died when I was fifteen years old. My earliest memories are of helping her water her flowers, she with a large water can and I with a small one. We carried all the water from the ditch that run in front of the place. She never had a sewing machine. We never had electricity or city water or coal until after she died. Only coal oil lamps, a well for water and wood for fuel. All the washing was done on a wash board.

Grandmother had dropsy; she died February 3, 1904 sitting in her big rocking chair; she had not been able to lie down for some time. I was there reading at the time, the rest of the family had gone to bed. Her funeral was held in Logan Tabernacle February 7, 1904. She was buried in the Logan City Cemetery.

Bibliography:

Robert Crookston, *Journal*

Emma C. Dunn, *History Of Ann W. Crookston*

Mary C. Farmer, *Oral History of Ann W. Crookston*

Kathleen Warnick & Shirley Nilson, *Legacy Of Lace*

Compiled by Jane Crookston Smith 1999

ADDENDUM:

The L.D.S. Church Ancestral File has a record of a third marriage of Elizabeth Briggs to Edmund Ellsworth (no date), and of her death on 7 Jan 1867 at Three Mile Creek, Box Elder Co. Ut. She was buried in Willard, Box Elder Co.UT.